



Darfur person

رواية

Atef Ayat

Darfur person

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About story:

In a corner of Sudan, where hunger meets
gunfire and despair sits upon the ruins of
burnt homes, stands the people of
Darfur—homeless, without provisions,
guarded only by the sky from the cold of

night and the blaze of day.

This is not the story of an individual, but
of a people who bled from exile,
displacement, and famine until their tears
dried, yet still search among the rubble
for a fragment of life.

The sun that morning was scorching, as
if proclaiming its anger upon this
exhausted land, and the wind swirled
through the empty village square,
carrying dust mixed with the scent of
ash. Between cracked mud walls, a
barefoot child sits, hugging his knees to

his chest, his eyes chasing a flock of migrating birds, as if they carry a promise of departure to another place... far from the sound of gunfire and the silence of graves.

Here, in Darfur, the story is not about a single house that has collapsed, nor a single family lost amid the rush of displacement, but about an entire people driven from the warmth of life into the exposure of mere survival. Hunger here is not merely a sensation in the stomach, but a knife that cuts through children's dreams; fear is not fleeting, but a long shadow that does not fade even in broad daylight.

On this land, every child carries in their eyes an age greater than their years, and every mother carries in her heart graves more numerous than the names she calls out. And yet... amidst the ashes, there remains a small ember of hope, resisting the wind, in the hope that one day it might ignite and restore warmth to what remains of the people of Darfur.

Chapter one

The refugee camp

My name is Adam. Since I lost my father, my name has become nothing more than a letter in the air of the camp. The sky no longer holds a safe color, and the ground no longer offers a place where I can rest. I was small when the war began; I used to run through the fields, hearing my father's laughter as he called my mother. Now I run among the tents, hearing the creak of the canvas, the wind, and the footsteps of women and children racing in search of food and water.

I will never forget the night we fled the village. The sound of gunfire was louder than any storm, smoke filled the air, and people screamed without pause. My mother carried my little sister and

shouted in my face, “Don’t look back!” But
I heard everything... the screams of
people, the explosion of houses, and the
cries of children who still did not
understand why the world had changed
so quickly.

We reached the camp after days of
walking. The path was full of dust and
heat, and our feet were bare. There, the
tents were scattered without order; each
tent held a family, sometimes more than
one. Water was scarce, and food barely
enough for a few bites. Children cried
from hunger, mothers fell silent, afraid
their strength would collapse, and men
tried to find anything that could help
them survive.

Every day in the camp was the same: the sun burned us by day, and the cold stung us by night. I watched children collect scattered grains of corn from the ground, and sometimes I saw children steal the little food others had. No one blamed them—everyone was hungry. My sister Reem tried to play with a torn piece of paper, but she soon fell silent, her eyes filling with silent tears.

Diseases crept here like threads of smoke. Diarrhea struck the weak children, and fevers crept into their small bodies. Doctors were few, and medicines scarce. Sometimes I watched people die before my eyes, then their bodies were

quietly taken away, without a funeral, as if death had become a part of life here.

The night was worse than the day.

Darkness was heavy, and the wind carried the sounds of torn tents and the cries of children who had lost their parents. My mother tried to calm me, saying we must endure, that there is hope, but I saw fear in her eyes and heard sorrow in her voice.

Sometimes I remembered the village: my father's laughter, the smell of fresh bread, the sound of flowing water in the river, and the leaves dancing in the wind. All of that became a distant dream, as if I missed it in another world. Sometimes I

wondered: will we ever return? Will there
be a place for us in this world?

Despite everything, we try to survive. We
smile a little to ease one another, share
stories, and look for small moments of
joy, even if it is just a game with a piece
of paper or talking about the past days in
the village. But the heart remains heavy,
the eyes fill with sorrow, and the soul
learns from a young age that life in Darfur
is nothing but a struggle to survive, for
every new day, for every small moment of
safety.

Chapter two

A New Confrontation in the Refugee Camp

On another morning, I woke to the cries of children, the sound coming from the large tents designated for water distribution. A long line of people stretched under the scorching sun, everyone pressing against one another, trying to reach the small buckets containing less water than they needed. My mother grabbed my hand and said, "Be patient, Adam... we'll get a little." I tried to smile, but fear made my heart race; the lines here knew no mercy, and every moment could turn into a struggle

for life.

While we waited, I saw a child younger than me suddenly collapse to the ground, unable to walk due to hunger and exhaustion. I tried to help him, but a man slapped him aside and took his place in line. My mother screamed and pulled us away, but the shock stayed in my chest... this is the camp world, a place that knows no justice, only survival for the strongest.

After hours, we received small buckets, barely enough for a single sip each. The water was muddy and smelled strange, but everyone drank it, for death from thirst comes faster than death from

contamination. My mother said to me, “You have to drink, Adam... water is life.” I tried to understand what she meant, feeling nauseous, but I drank.

The food was worse. Small bowls of corn mixed with muddy water, shared by at least ten people. My sister Reem held a tiny portion in my hand and said, “I’ll eat it later.” I looked at her and thought: Can we even save a little food in this place?

Maybe, but it won’t be enough for yesterday, today, and tomorrow together.

At noon, a man from a relief organization came to tell people that some tents would be evacuated due to resource shortages. The women screamed, and

the children cried. My mother grabbed my hand and pushed me into the tent: "Don't cry, Adam... we'll find our place." But I felt broken. Every day here brought news of losing something, of new shortages, of a life shorter than yesterday.

In the evening, as I sat near my sister, a cry came from the edge of the camp. A small child had lost his mother in the crowd. I tried to approach, but a man said, "Stay away, this is none of your business." I felt angry, but I could do nothing. I had learned since the first days of the war that some things are bigger than the strength of any small child.

The night in the camp was harsher than

any night before. The wind carried the scent of dust and death, and the cries of terrified children filled the air. My mother tried to calm us, but she seemed weak this time. She sat beside me, took my hand, and said, "Tomorrow will be better, maybe." I looked at the dark sky, seeing no promise... except for a distant point of light, a weak ray, whether a star or just an illusion, I did not know.

Despite everything, we sat together, my little sister trying to sleep on my mother's shoulder, and I tried to remember the sounds of the old village. I saw my father's laughter in my mind, imagined the river, streams, and trees... and realized these memories are all we have

left, and the camp is nothing but a daily struggle to survive, each day bringing new pain and fear, but perhaps, one day, we will find our way back to life again.

Chapter three

Voices of the Camp

Dreams Beneath the Ashes

As the sun set, the camp began to sink into a heavy silence, broken only by the sound of the wind striking the torn tents, carrying with it the scent of dust, sweat, and dirt. Here, in the heart of this place that no longer held any safety, Adam sat on the ground, his ten-year-old eyes full

of longing and confusion. He had lost his father months ago, and his memories of the old village had become mere fading images in his mind. Every tent, every corner, every step on the sand made his heart shrink in fear of the uncertain future.

Beside him, Reem, his little sister, tried to play with a torn piece of paper, but she soon left it to sit in their mother's lap, her wide eyes filled with terror. She did not understand why they had to leave, and could not grasp that life had changed forever. The cries of other children echoed around, some screaming, some laughing strangely, as if trying to pretend that everything was normal, while the

truth was that innocence had vanished
from their faces.

Adam's mother, a thirty-two-year-old woman, stood despite extreme exhaustion, trying to distribute the small amounts of ground corn onto wooden plates. Every movement she made was weighed down with anxiety and fear: water was nearly gone, the children were sick, and patience was running out along with her strength. She tried to appear strong for them, to make them feel safe, even if for a moment, but she knew her heart, heavy with fear, would never calm. Every passing moment, every scream or cry of the children, reminded her of everything she had lost during this war.

In a corner of the camp, Ahmed, a twelve year old boy who had lost his entire family, sat silently, watching the world. He tried to keep away from others, for fear of adults and of hunger had made him hide in the shadows. Loneliness pressed on his chest more than anything else, but he had learned that silence sometimes protected him from pain and disappointment. His eyes were always searching for any chance to escape reality, for anything to remind him that life had not ended yet, despite all the destruction around him.

At the edge of the camp, Sarah, a seventeen year old girl, stood trying to

organize the children and protect them from the crowd and violence. She had lost school and family, yet still retained some inner strength. Her heart was heavy with sorrow, but her mind refused to give in. Every action she took reflected an attempt to face despair, every word she spoke to the children was an effort to preserve what remained of hope. She felt a deep loneliness, but she knew that her presence among these children might be the only thing keeping a part of their lives alive.

As night fell, the wind lashed the tents, producing frightening sounds, as if whispering to every child that the world had become harsher than they could

bear. My mother tried to calm them while the children tried to sleep, their stomachs weighed down by hunger, the cold creeping into their small bodies. Every tent carried stories of loss and fear, and every corner hid the cries of children who had seen death and sat silently before it.

Adam, looking at his sister, tried to remember his father's laughter, the sound of birds in the village, and the green colors of the fields—all to escape, even for a moment, the harsh reality. Reem tried to sleep on their mother's lap, but her eyes did not close, and every movement of the wind startled her awake.

Ahmed raised his hand to the sky, imagining he could touch the freedom he had lost, wishing he could escape this place, this silence that weighed on his heart. Sarah tried to inject some energy into the children, telling them stories of the future, of a life that might return, but she knew that words alone were not enough, and that pain lurked in every corner of the camp.

The entire camp groaned under the weight of hunger and fear, under the silence and cries of the children, under the heat of the sun and the cold of the night, and under the absence of any promise of a normal life. Yet there was one thing that united them all: small

fingers clinging to life, hearts trying to endure, and a faint glimmer of hope still alive, like a distant ray of light among the ashes, reminding everyone that life had not yet ended.

Chapter four

The Camp Under Attack: 'The Cry of the Torn Tents

It had only been minutes when the footsteps of the armed group began to draw closer, each step echoing across

the muddy ground of the camp. The sounds of shouting and running filled the torn tents, and the children began to cry and shiver from sheer fear. The wind whipped dust through the air, carrying with it the smell of fear, sweat, and dirt swirling from every corner.

Adam held his sister Reem's hand tightly, feeling that she had become an extension of his small soul, and that any threat would reach her directly. There was no longer a safe place; every corner carried danger, and every scream from a woman or child intensified his pain and fear. He didn't know from where the threat would come, or why every step in the camp felt like a challenge for survival.

Little Reem, clutching her mother's dress, began to scream in a strangled voice, unable to comprehend the magnitude of the terror around her. Every sudden movement, every child's scream, every strike of a stick reflected the violence surrounding her, and her tiny heart choked on helplessness and fear.

Adam's mother, trying to protect her children, felt powerless despite all her efforts. She tried to hide the children in corners, conceal them among the tents, but the armed group stormed through the open spaces with terrifying speed. Women began to scream, children cried, and men tried in vain to repel the

attackers. Every moment felt like a test of survival, and one wrong move could cost lives.

Ahmed, accustomed to silence and caution, found himself forced to move quickly among the injured children and frightened women, trying to protect them from the assaults. Every step was fraught with danger, every wrong move could place him in the group's line of fire. But he had learned that silence was no longer enough, and that survival required courage, even if it was very small.

Sarah, the teenage girl, moved between the tents, trying to calm the children and protect the women from any direct

attack. Every scream heightened her tension, every moment challenged her mind and her small heart. She tried to seize any chance to protect whoever she could, but she felt the weight of responsibility heavier than ever, realizing with each passing moment that life in the camp was no longer familiar or safe.

The attack did not stop at screams and fear; it included looting and stealing food and water, as if the armed group wanted to leave the camp without any resources, without any chance of survival. Some men tried to resist, but the number and brutality of the attackers were too great. The sounds of moans, screams, and running mixed with dust became a

symphony of terror in the camp.

Adam tried to stay close to his mother and sister, watching everything unfold with eyes full of fear, but he noticed some children falling to the ground, their cries mixing with blood, sweat, and dust, and how women were being pushed mercilessly by the attackers. His heart ached, but he could do nothing except stay near those he loved.

Reem clung to her mother, holding onto her small life in her mother's arms. Whenever she tried to move or cry out, her mother held her close, attempting to shield her from the direct violence.

Ahmed, who had grown used to observing everything, felt anger mixed with fear, but he did not know where to go or how to protect those around him. Everything had become chaos, everything a test of survival.

Sarah, despite her fear, did not stop protecting the children. She tried to calm them, keep them away from direct assaults, and search for any tent that could provide temporary shelter. Every movement she made was calculated, every word an attempt to give the children even a moment of safety amidst the violence and chaos.

As the sun set, and the attacks and

looting continued, the entire camp became almost devoid of safety. The children were exhausted, the women were drained, and the men felt powerless in the face of the attackers' strength. Yet there remained a faint ray of hope: small children's fingers clinging to life, hearts striving to endure, and the presence of loved ones giving them the strength to survive, even for a moment.

Tomorrow was unknown. The camp had become a testing ground for survival, and every character had their role in enduring, every moment leaving a deep impact on the children who witnessed life changing before their eyes in just a few hours.

Chapter five

The Road to the Border Camps

Feet on the Scorching Sand

The journey began before dawn, as they withdrew from the threatened camp, every step measured, every movement filled with caution. The sun had not yet risen, but the heat was already seeping into the air, and the wind would not relent, carrying sand everywhere, making every breath difficult.

Adam, holding his sister Reem's hand, felt the weight of every step. The sand

beneath his feet was scorching and endless, and every small stone or thorn hurt more than the last. He did not know how much farther they had to go; all that mattered was staying beside his sister and protecting her from immediate danger.

Little Reem began to tire quickly. Tears streamed down her dusty face, and each time she tried to walk, she had to stop from sheer exhaustion. Their mother tried to carry her, but her body, weakened by sleeplessness and anxiety, made it difficult. They had to keep moving, or they would lose any chance of survival.

Ahmed, despite his usual silence, began

to show his inner strength in monitoring the path. He guided the children, suggested temporary shaded spots, warned them of the hot sand, and paced their walking according to the condition of the children. Every step was fraught with danger—from the sun, from exhaustion, and from the possibility of encountering another armed group.

Sarah, despite her young age, stood beside their mother, trying to organize the march, calm the children, and encourage them to keep going. She had to carry the little water they had, ration the food as best she could, and try to prevent anyone from collapsing from extreme fatigue.

As the days passed, signs of exhaustion and hunger became clear on everyone.

Some children fell from sheer fatigue, and illness devoured the little strength they had left. One child suffered severe diarrhea from the small amount of contaminated water, and their mother tried to clean him and ease his pain with the energy she had left. There was no doctor, no medicine; all they had was patience and determination to survive.

The nights were harsher than the days.

Sudden cold, small sandstorms, and strange sounds around the temporary camp made the children cry endlessly.

Adam and Reem stayed close to their mother, trying to warm her with their

small hands, while Sarah did her utmost to find a safe place to sleep, even for a few hours.

On the third day of the journey, some people in the group began to collapse from hunger. An elderly woman suddenly fell; the men tried to carry her, but the hot sand and psychological pressure made movement difficult. They had to leave her behind, with a trembling promise from some of the men that they would return if possible. It was all incredibly harsh for everyone, but it was their new reality: survival depended on constant movement, even if it meant losing others along the way.

Adam began to feel the weight of responsibility more than ever. Every tear from Reem felt like a new wound in his heart, every scream from a sick child echoed his own feelings of helplessness he had known years before. Yet he had learned that stopping was not an option, and that any moment of weakness could mean the end.

Reem, despite her extreme exhaustion, tried to keep walking, clinging to Adam's hand, seeking any sense of safety in his grasp. She knew that, despite his young age, he now represented her whole world.

Ahmed was the watchful eye over everyone. He did not leave any corner of

the path unobserved; any sound or movement he analyzed quickly. Any suspicious group on the road frightened him, but he did not show fear to the others, keeping the small group calm.

Sarah had become stricter. She assigned tasks, prevented the children from stopping for long periods, and divided the small amount of food and water among everyone. She knew that any moment of weakness could cost everyone their lives.

After six days of walking, with all energy nearly depleted, the features of the border camps began to appear on the horizon. Tents arranged in a better order, relatively clean water, some food, and the

sounds of other children reflected a sense of reassuring life. It was not the end of suffering, but it was the first time since leaving that they felt a clear glimmer of hope.

The mother, despite exhaustion and wounds, felt tears streaming down her face—not from sorrow, but from an unfamiliar sense of temporary peace. Adam carried Reem on his shoulder for a while, while Sarah and Ahmed helped the others reach safety.

Every step in the new camp was a lesson in survival. Every new face carried another story of war, loss, and suffering, and every tent witnessed the daily battles

that each family endured.

Chapter six

Life in the Border Camp

Temporary Tents and Faint Sounds

The small group reached the border camp after long days of walking under the scorching sun and winds filled with dust. The tents here were more organized, the water available was scarce

but clean, and the food was limited but present. For the first time since their departure, they felt that they had a chance to survive, even if only temporarily.

Adam, looking around, noticed the other children who had lost some or all of their families or were suffering from illness. Some children were completely silent, as if they had lost the ability to cry or laugh, their eyes carrying grief that words could not describe. He felt fear for the future, but he realized that this temporary tent might give them the first sense of safety in weeks.

Little Reem, despite her exhaustion,

began to notice the other children. Some cried silently, while others tried to play despite hunger and illness. Her eyes met those of another child who had lost his parents, and she felt a connection with him, as if their shared fate bound them in a silence deeper than any words.

The mother felt the weight of responsibility multiply. Despite the relative comfort, she knew that the new camp would not be without problems. Water was limited, food insufficient, and disease spread quickly among the children. She began organizing the area around them, trying to find a safe corner to rest and using her modest experience to ease some of the suffering.

Ahmed, now accustomed to observing the environment around him, began to notice the movements of people in the camp. Some were slightly aggressive due to scarce resources, and some tried to control the water or food. Ahmed felt the need to pay attention to every movement to prevent any child from becoming a victim of a sudden conflict.

Sarah, despite her extreme fatigue, did not stop helping others. She assisted children in reaching the tents, distributed food and water as available, and tried to calm the women who were losing their composure under the pressure of hunger and fear. She felt the weight of

responsibility, but she did not lose her courage, always keeping her eyes on every corner of the camp to ensure the safety of the small group around her.

As days passed, some small problems began to appear. The lack of water forced women to wait hours for small buckets, children began fighting over the little food available, and some men tried to impose their power over others. Every situation was a new test of patience and endurance, and every small decision could turn into a major conflict.

Adam, seeing the other children face the same hardships, began to understand the meaning of inner strength and patience.

He was no longer just a scared child; he became an observer of what was happening around him, quietly trying to help and bolstering his little sister's resolve to face the days ahead.

Reem, despite her young age, began learning how to stay calm amid the chaos, how to wait her turn for water, and how to cling to her mother whenever danger arose. Each day was a lesson for her in patience, caution, and relying on others.

The mother started establishing a daily routine: waking early, searching for water and food, caring for the sick, and protecting the children from any internal

or external danger. She knew that the relative peace in the camp would not last, and any moment could turn into a new crisis.

Ahmed and Sarah became the mother's supporting team, helping arrange the tents, watch over the children, distribute resources, and prevent conflicts arising from hunger or fatigue. They all knew that their lives now depended on organization and constant vigilance.

As weeks passed, some routines began to emerge in the camp. Children tried to play for a while, women cooked whatever food they could, and men helped dig small wells or transport water.

Nevertheless, no one forgot the terror
and loss they had suffered in the
previous camp, and each new day carried
painful memories from the long journey
and past attacks.

Adam, watching these children, felt that
his own small suffering was not the end
of the world, and that patience, vigilance,
and attentiveness could give them a
chance to survive. Reem became calmer,
and their mother felt some relief for the
first time since leaving. Ahmed and Sarah
continued protecting the small group, and
every step carried a lesson about
strength and cooperation in facing harsh
conditions.

In the end, despite all difficulties, the new camp became the beginning of a temporary life—a life full of ongoing challenges, but one that offered them a chance to grow and survive, even if briefly, in a world where safety existed only as a small breath between ash and fear.

Chapter seven

The Camp on the Brink of Collapse

The Cry of Fear and Vanishing

A full year had passed since the war, and the border camps were no longer a refuge; they had become arenas of continuous suffering. Children walked slowly, their bodies frail, their eyes pale, and many had lost the ability to play or laugh. Malnutrition had become a daily reality, and in every corner of the camp, the cries of children moaning in pain or exhaustion could be heard.

Adam watched the children around him, his hand sometimes clenching when he saw little ones collapse from weakness. Every day he collected whatever water and food could be distributed, fearing each time that it might not be enough. Reem, now more aware of danger, held

his hand tighter than ever, seeking safety
in every moment.

The mother, despite her constant exhaustion, sometimes felt despair. Every child's death was a new wound in her heart, and every day without enough food increased her worry for her children's lives. She knew that the war had left them with nothing but survival, and life in the camp had become unbearably difficult.

But the danger was not limited to hunger and disease. With growing chaos, incidents of assaults on women increased day by day. Beatings, humiliation, and rape became frequent

news, spreading terror among the women in the camp. Every strange sound at night caused alarm, and every distant step triggered trembling and fear.

One dark day, an event occurred that turned their lives upside down. Sarah, who had always been beside the mother helping protect the children, was suddenly kidnapped by an armed group amid the screams of women and children. One child screamed, Adam stammered, and their mother felt her heart stop. Every moment of delay could mean losing Sarah forever.

The shock left its mark on everyone. The camp, which had provided them with a

faint sense of safety, had now become a place unbearable to remain in. Children shivered, women cried, and the men tried to search for any trace of Sarah, but the roads surrounding the camp offered no protection or refuge.

Despite his young age, Adam decided that they could not stay. He decided they must begin a new journey of escape, this time facing even greater danger, but they had no choice but to leave. Their mother, with tears and anger, gathered whatever food and water remained, urging them to move quickly before staying became deadly.

Reem held her brother's hand more

tightly than ever. She was scared but began to understand that survival now depended on movement, on escaping the camp, and on finding a safer place—even if the road was long and harsh, as it had been the last time.

Ahmed, who had witnessed so much danger and violence, became the leader of this journey. His eyes scanned the path, every movement, every shadow, every sound, every suspicious group. Every step was carefully calculated, and every minute could mean the difference between survival and disappearance.

As they began their march, the sun disappeared behind the barren sands,

and the scorching wind filled the air with dust. Every step was difficult; every moment was a test of endurance. The children, the women, and all who had survived were once again learning the meaning of fear, strength, and patience in the face of a reality that had never spared them.

Chapter eight

The New Camp on the Border

The Shadow of the Last Tents

They arrived after weeks of exhausting travel under the scorching sun and dust-laden winds, to a new border camp. The tents were close together, the water scarce, and the food barely enough. But for them, simply being alive felt like an achievement. A temporary, fragile feeling—but better than the previous camp, where Sara had been kidnapped, and many children and women had fallen along the way.

Adam, holding Reem's hand, felt the weight of the memories piling up in his mind: images of children who had lost their lives, screams of assaulted women, and the long nights when fear was his

constant companion. Every step here reminded him that life was not mercy, but a continuous struggle to survive.

Little Reem, despite her young age, began to understand danger differently now.

Every movement in the new camp followed her, every sound at night sparked anxiety, yet she started clinging to the little safety around her, holding Adam's hand tighter than ever.

Their mother sat on the ground, watching the other children in the camp, trying to give what little water and food she could.

Her eyes could not ease the pain that gripped her heart over Sara's disappearance, over the children who had

died from hunger, and over every moment they had lost the ability to protect. She felt as though everything around her was fading, and that her responsibility now was not just for her small family, but for survival itself.

Ahmad became the watchful eye of the new camp. Every movement, every struggle over water or food, he monitored carefully. He had learned that safety here was relative, and any moment could turn into disaster. Yet he showed no fear in front of the others, remaining the silent support of the group.

The nights in the camp were different: sounds of crying between tents, wailing

of women who had lost everything, and the wind whistling through the tents—a mixture of constant pain and fear. Adam sat beside his mother and Reem, feeling the weight of each moment, but he began to realize something he had not understood before the war: that patience, vigilance, and small human bonds could become a source of life, even if temporary.

Sara's painful absence was present in every detail. When they passed by an empty tent in the camp, they remembered the moment she had been kidnapped, and the silence that followed the screams of children and women that night. All of it made them understand that

complete safety was impossible, and that grief and loss had now become part of their existence.

As the days passed, the children began to move a little more freely, the women tried to cook with whatever they had, and the men helped carry water and organize the tents. But the physical and psychological scars remained: the pangs of hunger, constant fear, trauma from assaults, and the absence of loved ones. Every small movement reminded them of past suffering, and every faint smile carried the burden of memories.

Adam, watching the other children, began to feel real responsibility: not just to

survive, but to carry the memory of those who were lost and protect those who remained. Reem occasionally smiled, slowly, but she had learned that laughter was temporary, and every moment of safety was fragile and required caution.

The mother, despite all the pain, felt a small measure of relief. The road was still long, and the war still loomed on the horizon, but their presence together, even under the shadow of the last tents, gave them a chance to survive. Ahmad continued to monitor the camp, maintaining his calm and silence to preserve at least a sense of security around the group.

And so, as the sun set between the new tents, they all sat together: Adam and Reem, their mother, and Ahmad. Sara was not with them, nor the children who had lost their lives on the way, but their presence together, with all the wounds and losses, carried a faint ray of hope and survival, even if temporary, in a world that had never spared them.

Life in the camp had not ended, difficulties continued, and the scars would remain with them forever. But in this final shadow of the tents, they learned one lesson: survival, despite all the pain, was the greatest victory a Darfuri human could achieve.

The Author's Message

Perhaps this story is just a small part of what the children, women, and men of Darfur have experienced, yet it carries the echo of every moment of pain, every tear, and every cry silenced in the deserts and abandoned villages. The suffering here was not merely hunger, disease, or fear, but a series of events that carved indelible scars into human souls, making

every moment of life precious, no matter
how difficult.

Adam, Reem, the mother, Ahmed, and the
absent Sara in our minds are not just
characters; they are symbols of the
human being forced to endure against all
odds, who refuses to break even when
everything is taken away. This novel is
not meant to evoke pity, but to remind us
that, even in the darkest circumstances,
humans carry within themselves the
capacity for resilience, love, and
protecting others, even if the whole world
stands against them.

The war may not end tomorrow, and the
camps may remain filled with grief and

despair, but there is something injustice
cannot erase: the human spirit that
insists on surviving, no matter the losses,
no matter the darkness.

If you are reading these words, remember
that every child in Darfur, every woman
seeking safety, and every man trying to
protect others deserves to have their
voice heard, their story told, and their
suffering remembered. This is not just a
tale—it is a testament to humanity that
defies cruelty and continues to endure
despite everything.





Darfur person

رواية

Atef Ayat