

The Struggle for Freedom

A young man once tried to soar high and felt that he could affect regime change through the January revolution.

He believed that freedom and love are the best things in life.

He participated as a doctor at Rabaa El Adawiya Mosque, where he saw the remains of martyrs and made efforts to save the lives of a few, but God willed to welcome them into paradise by his side, leaving us to continue demanding justice for the martyrs' rights.

I did not give up on demanding the freedom of prisoners of conscience or seeking justice for the martyrs, and I did not lose my spirit which I believed was capable of change. I also participated in Ramses events. They completely changed my life after my companion died next to me. I sat by his side at the mosque that they locked us in. I then heard the officers negotiating and asking us to leave, but how can I leave without you, my friend!!!

The security forces separated us. I went to the prisons on earth, while your soul was freed from them, ascending to the freedom of heaven.

After years of mental and physical abuse, the young man that dreamt of change turned into one whose dream is to live with his family.

As I left the prison's walls, I would stand in any spot on this Earth... Feeling that I do not belong to it. By standing here, I am not saying that I do not have the energy anymore, but my ability to accept reality has become very limited.

The truth about this country is that it does not belong to us, we do not grow for it. We grow up to pack our bags which lay waiting for us to travel and leave.

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