

Blessing Adejoro, Sara Schekeb

## Daydreaming Monologue

I woke up quite early, and saw my lovely wife preparing breakfast. I grabbed my coffee, kissed my wife and left. I decided to go by foot instead of driving my car. I needed the air, the sky and the tweeting birds. It calmed me. I needed it desperately, I knew that today should be a special day. My special day! A new project that I have worked on since I can remember. I was so excited that last night I didn't get any sleep. Of course, because today might just be my life changing day. When the sun goes down this evening my career might hit its highest point.

Only 2 hours later I could finally say "I did it! My concept of a foundation is now built." Just like in my dreams. So, what should have distracted my happiness, maybe any kind of uproar, my colleague and his uproar. His mentioning of a ... war?

Nonsense, what kind of war should that be? Not in this sacred country, not on this mighty soil! Any country, but not mine. There couldn't be no war, who should then replace me in the company? Maybe that douche of a colleague, whose plan was to scare me out of this country, out of my company?

Stupid war thoughts. They made me lose my way. Damn it I was on the wrong track. Though I have been settled here for more than 10 years. I knew this place like the back of my hand. I had no idea where I was. And I just couldn't wait to come home to Sheerin, to spread the good news.

"Sheerin, my darling, your husband is now a man of honour and success." But what invaded my joyful mind? A crying voice ... a child? Not any child. My child! I ran towards the little crying Waleed. What was he doing all alone? And where was Sheerin...? Was that little shaking picture of a misery her? Where was her beauty, her purity, her smile? I looked into her face and everything was gone. Why was something missing, and what could it have been?

Immediately I thought of Ali "Ali?!" my other son "Where is Ali?" I shouted towards my wife. No answer.

"Where is Ali?" I screamed about three times. These seconds felt like hours. No answer.

"Where is my other child?"

"They took him. They took him away!"

"Who?"

"The ISIS."

I started to shake ... and everything went by in slow motion. My bones felt like jelly, my muscles were tingling. Just a few moments ago I saw light, the shining sun, now I see darkness and blackness in front of me. My sight is weakened ... as if I'm asleep. Maybe I'm dreaming, and this is just a nightmare ... Just another nightmare, like one of those that everyone has.

Maybe I'll just close my eyes, and tomorrow I will wake up quite early, and see my lovely wife preparing breakfast. I will grab my coffee, kiss my beautiful wife, and leave, present my project as if it was my special day.