

My name is Abeer. I am 30 years old. I am a Syrian refugee living in Jordan.

I came to Jordan in October 2012 after 2 years of civil war in Syria. I live here with my mother Motea'a and two brothers. When the Syrian revolution began we were separated. I was living in Damascus with my elder sister who is married now with a Jordanian man. She was a fine art student (high degree).

My family was living in my hometown in Dara'a south of Syria. We had an olive and wheat farm there. My mother was a teacher and a freelance artist. She has a degree from Fine Art Faculty at Damascus University. My brothers were studying also. One was studying accounting in Dara'a city, and the other was in second secondary (junior high school). I was a student at Damascus University in my last year of English Literature. I could not stay to finish university. I was a freelance artist also. I worked for an animation company (Star Animation - Emari Toons) for five years. After that I worked freelance for many TV shows and games companies (Joy Box) and TV of China TV of MBC.

Things that happened in Syria were unexpected. We wanted freedom and dignity. Nothing more. As any free human being we never knew that things cost a lot. Price was our lives, our homes. Everything we had.

We are against killing and terrorism we have now in my country. We ran away after losing our homes. We could only take necessary things. We hid first in Damascus in Yarmouk camp until it became too dangerous. We ran away to Al-Maidan in Damascus, but later it became too dangerous also. Bombing was daily, and many were arrested suddenly. We were afraid to leave the house. We decided to run away out of Syria.

We ran away near the Jordanian borders. First my brother Amjad passed the borders to Zaa'tari camp because he did not have a passport. We were hiding him so he was not kidnapped or arrested because those things happened to many young men we knew. One of those men was my cousin. He was killed on his way to Turkey. We were afraid of the same things happening to my brothers, but we had to go. We had to pass the borders. Majdy was only 17, and he came with us (mother, sister and I). My father went with Amjad, but he did not cross the borders because he wanted to be sure we were all safe. He is still in Syria because the borders are closed. He is hoping to get to Kuwait where he has a friend who will help him renew his residence there. (The UN has pulled out of Syria, as it is too dangerous for them to have an office there). After 11 hours of travel, we arrived in Amman.

We could not finish our studies in Syria, so for now my brothers began studying again in Jordan. Amjad is now a graphic design student in AlQuds Faculty, and Majdy is in third secondary now. My mother volunteers as an educational rehabilitation teacher, and I do freelance illustration and animation when I can. It is very difficult to work here, and many times we do not get paid.

I have conducted three interviews with the UNHCR concerned and explained my need to migrate to Canada. I have also explained that I am an Artist working in cartoon animation and illustration areas. I have friends in Canada who are artists as well, who promised to help me finding a suitable job once I get there and be allowed to work. They also offered their gentle help in finding a house for settlement, and are now raising money for us to live.

We have suffered of the war. We felt desperate for a long time. I want to live some day in peace and have a beautiful family. I cannot go back to my country because there are many armies (Assad, ISIS, Russia, Jabhat, Alnosrah, and many other small groups).

I hope someday I forget all I met and faced in the last five years. My life must start. I want to feel real freedom as a woman. No fears, no forces.

Please consider this message as a call-for-help or an SOS call and consider it my last door behind which I stand; longing for another life rather the one I am having now in our extreme conditions.

Thank you for helping my family and me.

Warmly,

Abeer.

December 2015