**1 VII, NIGHT**

This was the day, when we did a stopover in Resafa city. I’d rather call it village, maybe not. I can’t really tell how what was it. The glory of this place has past. The war has highly touched them, both the city and people. The only thing that keeps me digging deeper into this mess is vision of you – waiting for me. Here I made an interview with with two children, in the same age as you. World needs to know what they feel. I’ll public it as soon as we come back home. Our reportage of Syria contintinues as planned. In the morning we are moving south.

**2 VII, AFTERNOON**

I don’t undearstand. It was supposed to be safe out there. The only thing I recall was the shout, terrible and loud. The shout of rifles, the shout of skin ripped off it’s blood. Other reporters were still sleeping, why did they woke up? Just to realize they would never see their families again. And just to fell asleep again, for eternity this time. May Our Father take care of theirs’ souls. I am the only survivor, their bounty. Will I ever see you again? See my chilren smiling to me. I see them you time I close my eyes. I see them in my tears that hit the sand. Where am I? In a cavern. That’s all I can say, rugged stone and metal bars. I hear them from time to time. These beasts that believe they can decide who lives and who dies.

**4 VII, EVENING**

This morning they took me out, from the dakness of the cave to the dreadful shine of eastern sun. They gave me my speech, they set up the camera. The words they made me say, were not mine. Terrible words, about the responsibility, about fault and about false feeling of beeing save. At the beggining I had refused, they used violance - the universal language of the world. I was strong, but there were too many strikes and I wasn’t able to stand the impact, my body surrenderd. Now only the God in heaven, may convince people, back in the fatherland, about my courage and real believes. The fortress of mine, which is the willpower, started to be besieged. They forced the first gate, they will push again, harder, then again and even harder. But these barricades inside of me can’t be destroyed. The flag in my heart won’t get sinked in the madness of my enemies. They promised they would strike again. I have to gather strenght and be ready for the sunrise. But still, determiantion won’t survive without the body. And my body is getting weaker every breath I take. I need water, I need food, although I won’t make any deal. I wont’t let them sneak up and attack from behind my needs. I will remain strong, even if the strenght kills me.

**6 VII, EVENING**

I hope one day you will understand. I gave my life to make the world aware of what is happening here. No I know how it all is going to end. There was a correspondent from Western Europe. Was. The execution took place early in the morning. Even the sun was saved from seeing this act of violence. Pure attack against human rights. A man in cheerful mood came to me with the bag, it was around midday. I though it was a food and water, like yesterday. These heartless killers brought me something I can’t describe. Actually I do, I can describe it. I just don’t want to. I wasn’t afraid. I looked in his eyes. Empty eyes, but in the same way full of despair. I did everything I could, just to keep humanity alive, even in such horrifying place. In the darkest corner of the cave sand reaches a yard. That is the place where at least a bit of him lies and won’t be disturbed ever again. I have been asking myself for the whole day „Will I end up the same?”. They had a great idea to break my hope, but this hope won’t me broken. There is a butcher who regulary comes to present his fake superiority. Obviously he has a key to my cell. If I could just for a moment geather all my potency and beat him. I might be able to escape. Last night they pulled me out to record some footage of moon sinked in stream of my blood, some kind of terroristic art. As far as my astronomy knowlage holds up this place is located on west from the ambush site. Closer to the coast, where coalition warships are located. If I could anyhow contact them, I would be saved.

**7 VII, AFTERNOON**

He was stronger, I lost. Am I going to die? Propably yes. How do I feel? Like a dying man. Have been saying goodbye to my soul, but it is still with me. Although I feel like the body said that to me few hours ago. I can’t even tell what the colour of my skin is. Now I believe it might be red, dyed by the blood, that has been masking my body for so many days. I would like to die now. How am I going to make earth a better place to live, from this worst corridor of world’s hatered? That’s why I came here, and that’s what I failed at. Death is now the fastest way of escape. I would just took a bit of haviness from our Earth’s arms. I would just make it easier to keep mankind floating around the Sun. Or maybe I shall not. I might remain alive just to see how the world dies. It needs to die. If I was the maker and if I know what I do know now, I would never give us free will. My dear children, look though the window. Look how we devastated the beauty of this world. We didn’t deserve to have a power to do that. Such a great inventors, covering our past. Maybe they were worst criminals universe has ever seen. Every idea we came up with, could be used as a weapon to destroy someone other’s life.

**9 VII, EVENING**

Why do I keep writing this. Will you ever manage to read it? I don’t think so. They will throw this notepad away with rest of unwanted staff. But neither my love to you nor my allegiance to the cause will pass. I could have ended my journey two days ago, after my failoure but I haven’t. Why? Why are they letting me breath. They could have just ended this pointless odyssey with just move of a finger. Now I wonder to whom does this odysses belong? To me? Not even a bit. They took me out from my dream. The dream of beeing usefull to the world. Showing people, that are not aware of this crysis, what does it really mean to suffer. I though I knew it, what it means mean to suffer. I didn’t know then. Now I do. They showed me the suffering. I know it and I understand it. These might be the most terrible words I have ever written in here. You may not agree with them, but maybe that’s how it is meant to be. We messed up with them in our way, now they repay in their own way. Pain is easier to suffer if you understand it.

**10 VII, EVENING**

„Tommorow’s going to be a big day, you’d better get ready” that’s what I’ve heard. No doubts, here comes the great ending. I am not afraid. I will welcome it with open arms and I will say „Here I am”. People are scared of the unknown. And the death is the most unpredictable enemy on the path of our lives. That’s not how I believe it is. I think that death is just a emissary, carrying the message about the end of our time. It’s just such a cruel messanger. No time to even say goodbye to these who have been standing next to us for the whole life. I wish I was there with you, I wish I had these night to tell you what I feel, what I won’t be ever able to say to you. As I think of you, I wonder why we were given the love. We can share it and then what? Life can end in just a moment. While you are doing everyday stuff, or while you are trying to put this falling apart world back togheter. No excuses. The day will come when you are not ready. I am ready. I know what I did and what I didn’t manage to do on time. I was thinking today and I forgave my oppressor. I looked through their eyes, I saw pain and fear of what is coming next. They reside in it and they don’t have any opportunity to quit. Still, are among them these, who carry out satisfaction from this falling apart world. There will come a day when their arrogance and violate passion will become their downfall.

**11 VII, DAWN**

Here I come.