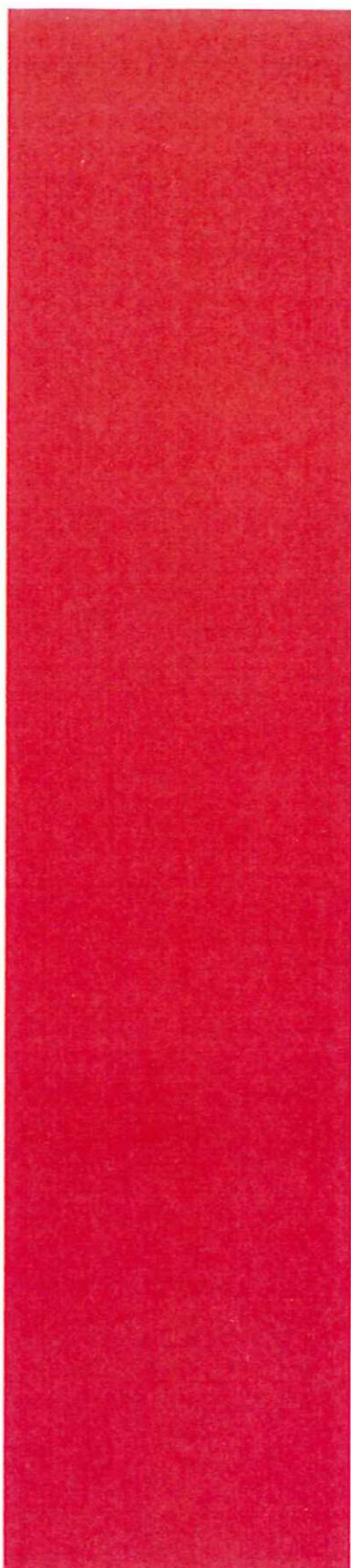
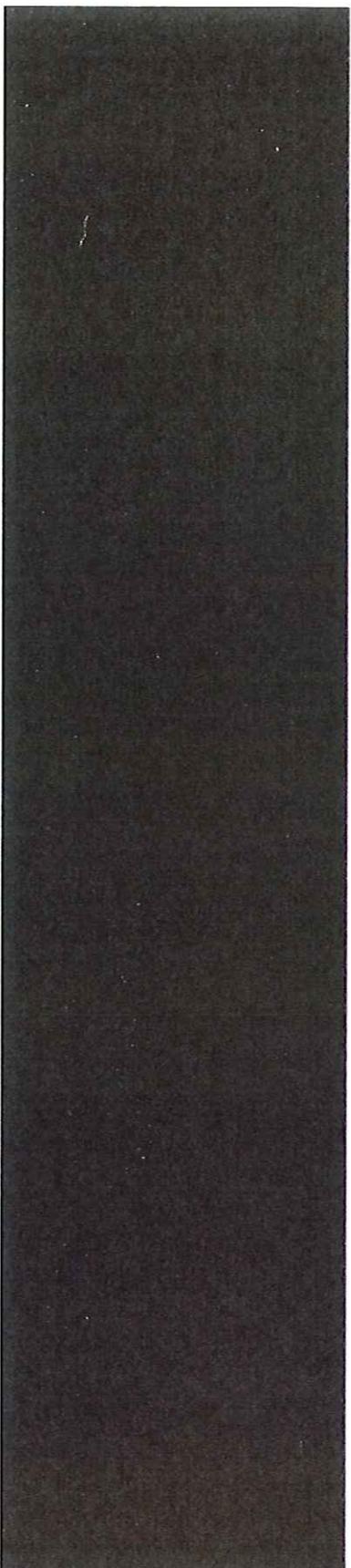


الله أكبر



Fatimah Alsammarraie

Beaverton High School

Beginner ESL

Entered United States in December 2012

I will speak about the national of Iraq and what I love and what I hate..

First what I hate. I hate sectarianism .I hate Killings in the nation. I hate parties. I hate the police in Iraq .I hate no freedom in my nation. I hate violence. There are a lot of things that I hate in my Country .

What I love is only this: just my country not politics

In my country no freedom.

In my country there is no love.

In my country no safety .

In my country no child Rights and no rights for women and no rights for anything .

In my country children are homeless.

In my country many mothers have lost her babies because killed in an explosion.

In my country when you think you want freedom, it does not allow you freedom, they put you in jail and when we say we want to give safety, we get liar promises to make the situation worse and when we say the right word does not allow us saying a single word.

I will a short story happened to me and stuck in my memory , and the same story occur every day with every family in the national and happened to many of the stories in my family . I tell story in one day I was in the house and I was sitting with my family and it was in years 2010 ,when I was sitting with my family I heard a very loud screaming sound came from outside the house. My mother and I went to see about this sound and we heard knocking on the door. The we opened the door and then I saw a group of men all covered with only their eyes showing. They were gunmen and carried big guns. The wanted entry and access to the house, but my mother did not allow them to enter into the house. They wanted my father, but he was not home. You see my aunt was working for the American Army and these men wanted to hurt my father, because my uncle was in America and they did not like my aunt working for the Americans. We told them my father was not in the house , but did not believe this speech and insisted access to the house. They insisted on the house, but my mother tried to block them. Then the men pushed my mother onto the floor. The scene was terrifying and I was very afraid and my sisters were crying and screaming. The men were pointing their guns at us, then breaking everything in house on purpose. They were looking for my father, but they did not find him. When they did not find my father they were very angry and they were threatening to kill him. And then they just left. They told my mom to make sure my father knew they were here .Because of this incident my mother broke her back and became unable to move. For this reason I decided I want to join in the army in the United States. Now my mother is in the process of recovery and is much improved, but the

incident and fear and all this is not forgotten by my family too. This is what happened to me and many people everyday in the nation of Iraq. When I came to America, I saw love and freedom and all was different. Someday I hope to return to Iraq and not lose the event that happened to me. I also hope to improve the situation in Iraq.

