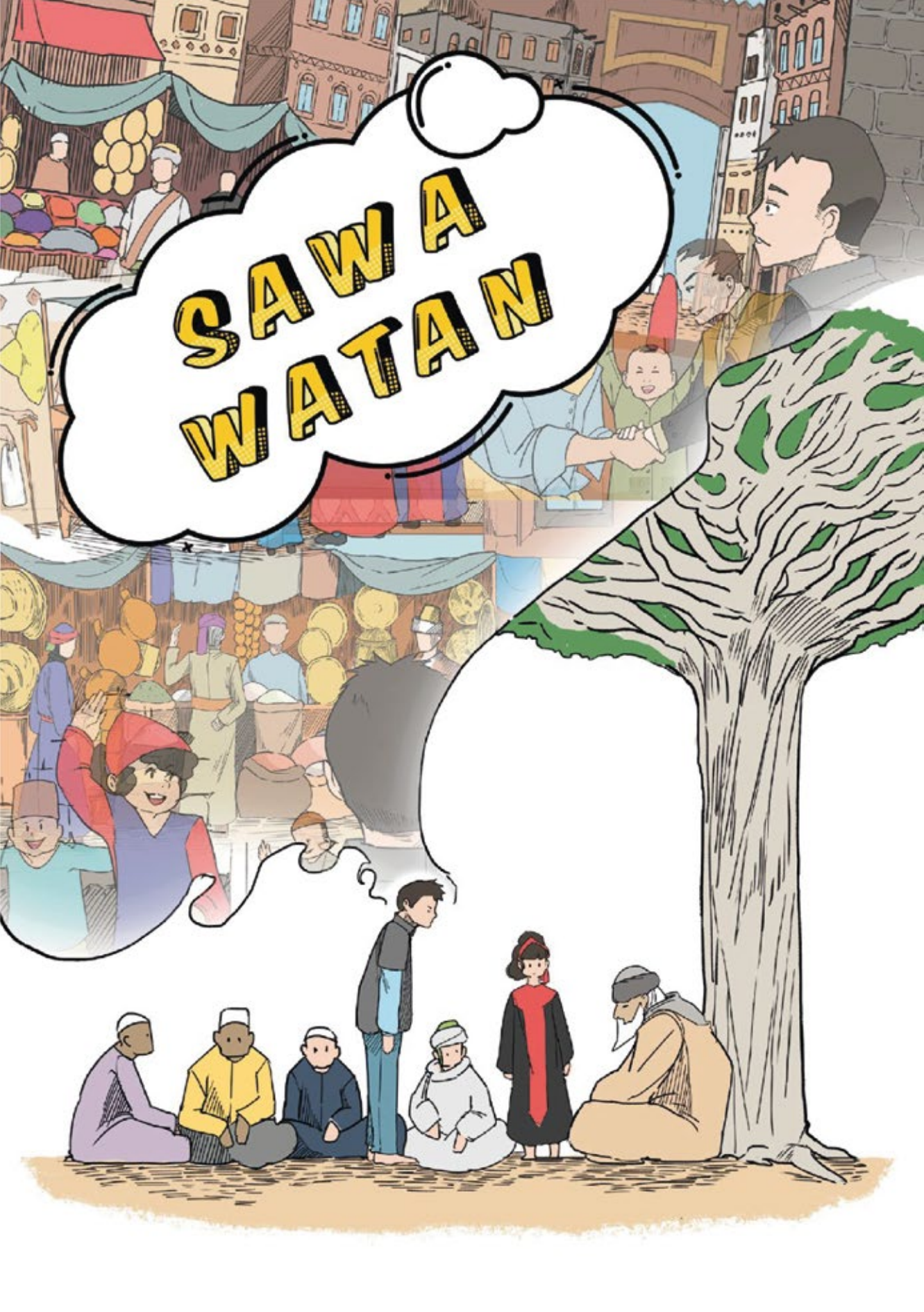


SAWA WATAN





WORK TEAM



ARTIST
RANA AWADH



SHAHENAZ
BAMOSA



TIMO
JDR



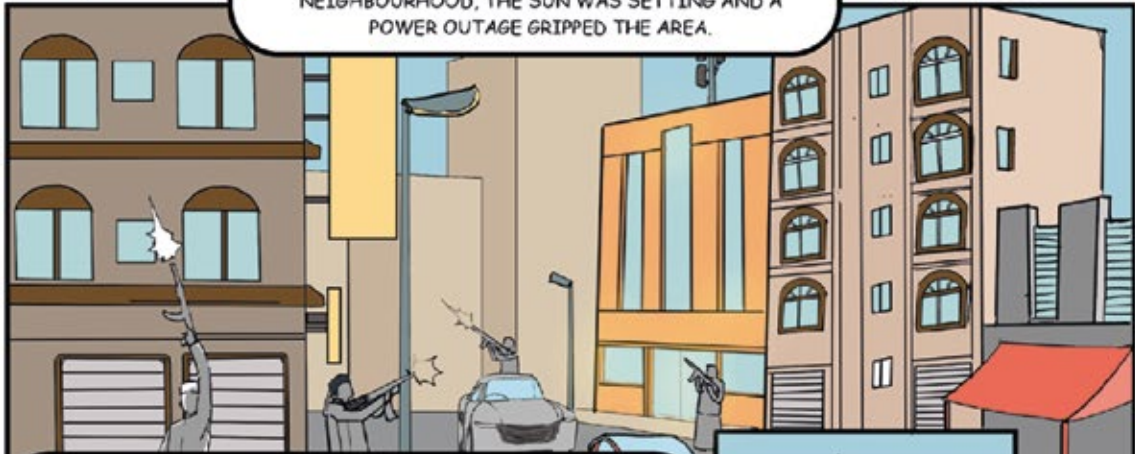
NAJD
NEJAD



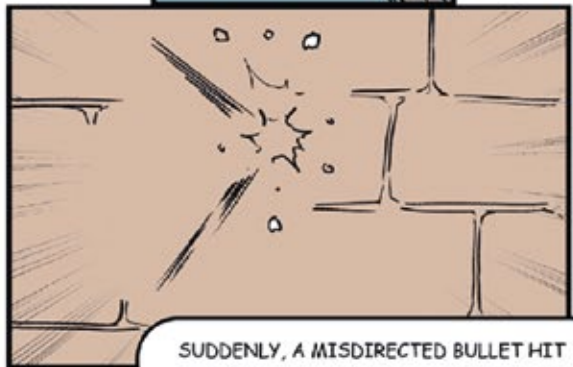
INTRODUCTION



ONCE UPON A TIME, IN A SMALL RESIDENTIAL NEIGHBOURHOOD, THE SUN WAS SETTING AND A POWER OUTAGE GRIPPED THE AREA.



TWO SIBLINGS, YAZAN AND HANNAH, PEERED OUT OF THEIR WINDOW, THEIR FACES FILLED WITH FEAR AS THEY WITNESSED WEDDING SHOOTINGS OF THEIR NEIGHBOURS ON THE STREET.

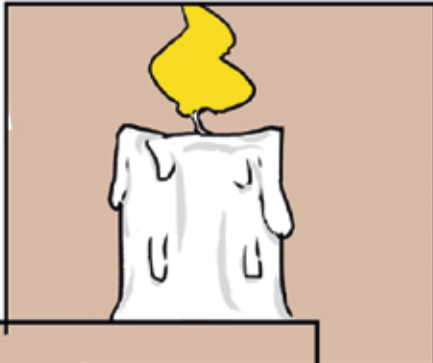


SUDDENLY, A MISDIRECTED BULLET HIT THEIR HOUSE WALL NEAR THE WINDOW.

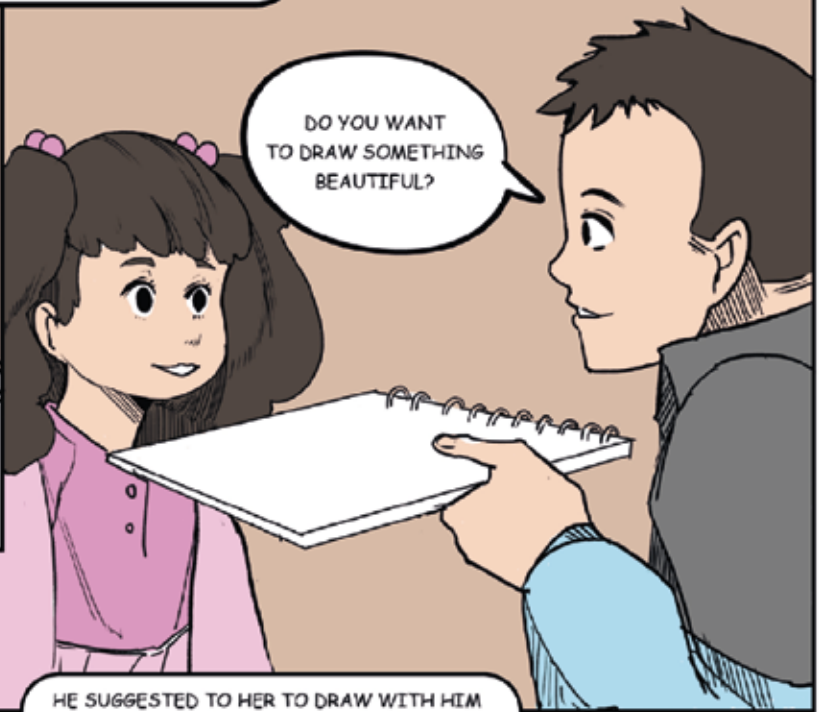


SENSING HIS SISTER'S DISTRESS, YAZAN WENT TO HER SIDE TO REASSURE HER.



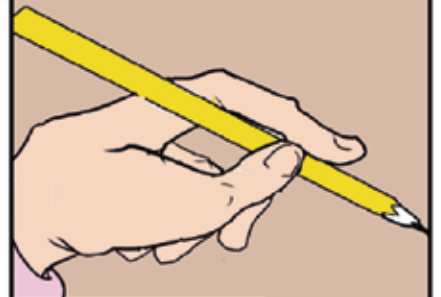


HE BROUGHT HER DRAWING KIT, HOPING IT WOULD HELP HER FORGET THE CHAOS OUTSIDE.



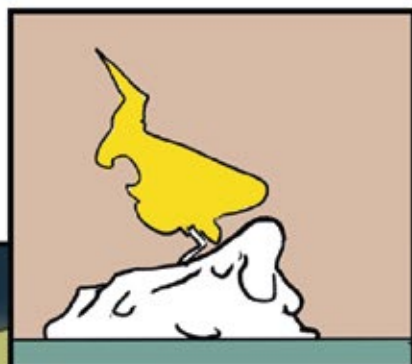
DO YOU WANT TO DRAW SOMETHING BEAUTIFUL?

HE SUGGESTED TO HER TO DRAW WITH HIM THEIR OWN IMAGINARY WORLD -



A PLACE WHERE THEY COULD FIND COMFORT AND HOPE FOR THE FUTURE.

THE TWO IMMERSSED THEMSELVES IN THEIR ARTWORK UNTIL THE CANDLE FLICKERED AND FINALLY EXTINGUISHED, PLUNGING THE ROOM INTO DARKNESS.



UNBEKNOWNST TO THEM, THE NIGHT HELD MORE SURPRISES IN STORE.

TAC TAC TAC TAC TAC TAC TAC TAC TAC TAC



YAZAN, HEARING THE SOUNDS OF NEARBY STEPS, SLOWLY OPENED HIS EYES, FINDING HIMSELF LYING IN A NARROW SIDE ALLEY. HE COULD HEAR THE DISTANT SOUNDS OF LIFE EMANATING FROM ITS END.



HE VENTURED OUTSIDE TO SEE WHERE WHAT WAS GOING ON, TO HIS ASTONISHMENT, HE FOUND HIMSELF STANDING IN THE MIDST OF A BUSTLING BAZAAR.



DO YOU NEED ANY HELP?

HOW ABOUT WE GO SHOPPING?
GOOD IDEA.

قهوة
THIS COFFEE IS ON ME.

THANK YOU!

GIVE IT TO OUR NEIGHBOR.

CELEBRATE THE BRIDE! LOLO.

THIS PLACE IS FULL OF LIFE

WOULD YOU LIKE SOME TEA?

HOW ARE YOU TODAY?

I HAVE NEVER HEARD OF A PLACE LIKE THIS! THE PEOPLE'S CLOTHES LOOK LIKE THEY COME FROM ALL OVER YEMEN.



SAWA WATAN

THE BAZAAR WAS FULL OF PEOPLE IN VIBRANTLY COLOURED CLOTHING REMINISCENT OF THE YEMENI FOLK ATTIRE.



WHAT IS THIS PLACE AND WHERE AM I?



AS YAZAN'S GAZE WANDERED, HE NOTICED THE CHILDREN PLAYING FOOTBALL.



HANNAH!!!
WHAT ARE YOU
DOING HERE?!

STRANGELY ENOUGH, ONE OF THEM BORE A REMARKABLE RESEMBLANCE TO HANNAH. OVERWHELMED BY THE PECULIARITY OF THE SITUATION, YAZAN GOT SOME STEPS CLOSER, ONLY TO FIND HIS SISTER GLEEFULLY PLAYING WITH A GROUP OF SAME-AGED CHILDREN. PERPLEXED, YAZAN EXCLAIMED:



HAHA,
YOU ARE FINALLY HERE!
I HAVE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU
FOR QUITE A WHILE. WELCOME TO
OUR WORLD!
I KNEW IT WAS A DREAM ALL
ALONG!

YES, OF
COURSE IT'S A DREAM.
SO MANY UNTHINKABLE THINGS
HAVE CONVERGED HERE! BUT IT FEELS
SO REAL! OH, HOW I WISHED THIS
WAS REALITY!



ISN'T IT
BEAUTIFUL, YAZAN?
YOU HAVE FINALLY ARRIVED
TO THE LAND OF HAPPINESS WE
HAVE SO LONG BEEN
WAITING FOR!

THE LAND OF
HAPPINESS?!

YES,
THIS LAND IS THE
DREAM OF EVERY
YEMENI CHILD.

HERE, CHILDREN
FROM ALL CORNERS OF
YEMEN GATHER TO SHARE
THEIR COLLECTIVE DREAM OF
A JOYFUL AND PROSPEROUS
HOME THEY WOULD ALL
LOVE TO LIVE IN.




YOU SEEM TO KNOW A LOT ABOUT THIS PLACE, HANNAH. HOW LONG HAVE YOU BEEN HERE?

WELL, NOT MUCH LONGER THAN YOU, BUT BEFORE I MET YOU HERE, I ENCOUNTERED THIS WISE UNCLE WHO SHARED ALL HIS STORIES WITH ME.


I DON'T KNOW WHO HE IS EXACTLY, BUT ALL THE CHILDREN LOVE TO SIT WITH HIM AND LISTEN TO HIS STORIES. COME, LET ME INTRODUCE YOU TO HIM.




WELCOME YAZAN,
TO THE LAND OF
HAPPINESS.




FORGIVE ME UNCLE, ARE
THESE STORIES ABOUT THE
LAND OF HAPPINESS THAT
HANNAH TOLD ME TRUE? THEY
ARE JUST DREAMS, AREN'T
THEY? CAN THEY BE REAL?



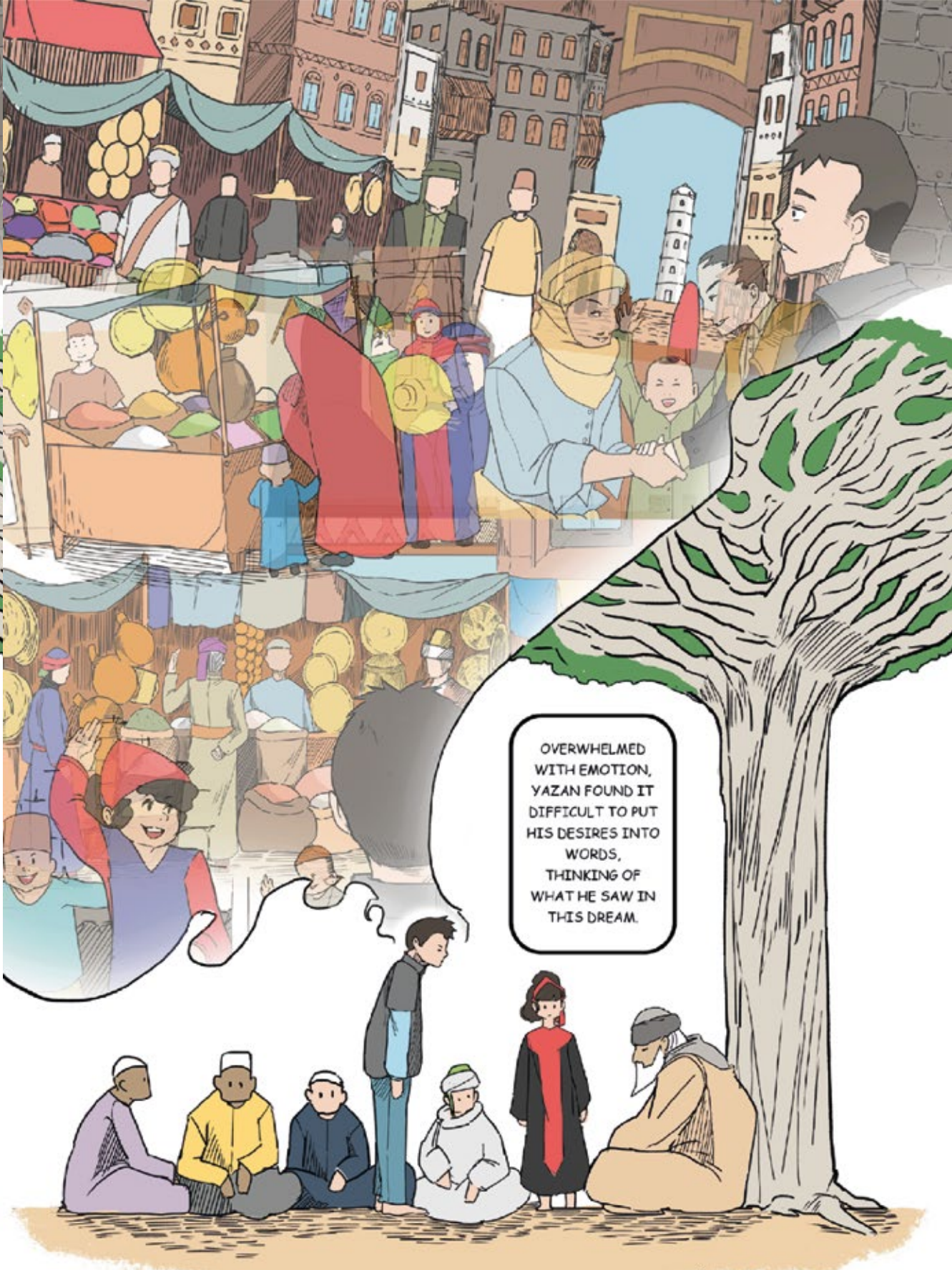
WHAT DO YOU THINK,
YAZAN? WHO IS RESPONSIBLE
FOR DETERMINING WHETHER A
DREAM REMAINS A DREAM OR
BECOMES REALITY?



IT IS TRULY
MAGNIFICENT, BUT
IT'S STILL JUST A
DREAM.



WHAT IS IT
THAT YOU WISH TO
ACHIEVE, YAZAN? DON'T
YOU WANT IT TO BE
REAL?



OVERWHELMED
WITH EMOTION,
YAZAN FOUND IT
DIFFICULT TO PUT
HIS DESIRES INTO
WORDS,
THINKING OF
WHAT HE SAW IN
THIS DREAM.

THE UNCLE, UNDERSTANDING YAZAN'S UNSPOKEN HOPES, SMILED AND WHISPERED TO HIMSELF:

YES.

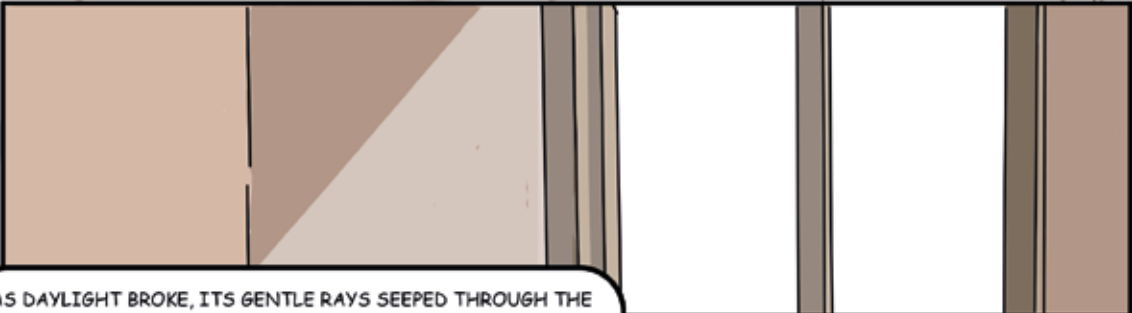
AAAHH!!!

SUDDENLY, AN INVISIBLE FORCE PULLED YAZAN UPWARDS, AS IF CARRIED BY THE WIND.


WHAT...?!!!

HE WATCHED AS THE CITY BELOW, RESEMBLING HIS BELOVED YEMENI HOMELAND, BEGAN TO FADE AWAY BENEATH THE CLOUDS.





AS DAYLIGHT BROKE, ITS GENTLE RAYS SEEPED THROUGH THE WINDOW, ILLUMINATING THE ROOM WHERE THE TWO DREAMERS LAY SLEEPING ON THE GROUND.



BESIDE THEM LAY THE PAINTING INTO WHICH THEY HAD POURED THEIR HEARTS, DEPICTING....



THE END



ARTIST
RANA AWADH





