

Another kind of Occupation



Every night, we dream about what we love. But there's a big fear that the occupier make us feel. The farmer who dreams of planting and taking care of his olives is afraid that his trees may be stolen or cut; the teacher who is anxious to meet his students and enjoy teaching them is afraid of being arrested or his school being closed; or that mother who sends her son to school just hoping him to come back home safely is afraid that her child may be captured or killed.

We all dream of the demise of the Israeli occupation, and this dream came to my grandfather, my father, and my children after me too, but without avail. We have a story with the Israeli occupation that began and didn't end; my people resist it in various ways to get rid of it to live like other nations; to liberate his land and sky, to build a future for his children.

Suddenly the herald called out that another kind of occupation was coming.

Alas, **Palestine** is under two **occupations**! And the story of the other occupation began!

The winter season of the year 2020 is almost over, the news started from the city of Bethlehem; It was occupied, then Jerusalem, then Nablus, and then the rest of the Palestinian cities; during a month, all Palestine was occupied.

Factories, universities, homes, schools, and streets were closed, curfews were back again, checkpoints were installed, cities, neighborhoods and places of worship were cut off.... Everything stopped; We are trapped internally and externally.

We got used to bullets and tear gas, various weapons, and night invasions through the Israeli occupation, but the new occupier started shooting at us by spreading its germs and viruses everywhere from the earth and sky. The injuries became many, hospitals and health centers were filled with the injured, and the death season began; Our great loved ones were the first victims who witnessed the Israeli occupation and dreamed of its demise one day.

My city, like the rest of the world's cities, then the new occupier imposed its bacterial power in my city, closed all its facilities, family visits were prohibited, dispersed families, dispersed members of the same family, mentally dispersed souls and minds, and mouths covered with masks. The shadow of death attacks every day the residents of my city; the smell of death spread among people, some of them lost a relative, friend, or dear neighbor... my city became a ghost city.

The occupiers agreed to break the strength and the will of my people; The Israeli occupation cut the salaries of employees for several months for political reasons, which led to a bad economic situation even the poor became poorer, and the settlement expansion around my city, and the night raids and arrests didn't stop, so our livelihood became unbearable even for the camel.

As is our habit of resistance, we have resisted this occupation by placing a mask, social distancing, and used alcohol sterilization.

Finally, after a year of the occupation, vaccination reached us in all its forms and colors, most of the city's residents were vaccinated, and vaccination is still ongoing.

The story isn't over yet, the idea of coexistence with this new occupier appeared, life began to return again slowly , but with caution because the waves and remnants of its viruses work invisibly and cunningly, we don't know who drove it and who controls it, but it lurks from time to time with the dear to us to join the ranks of the dead and the martyrs who were killed by the Israeli occupation until now.

My city, like the rest of the Palestinian cities, is resisting these two occupiers with patience and courage. Our eyes are towards freedom and dignity, living in safety, security, and health as well as safety for all people in this world.

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2nd of Oct. 2021.