**The Karabakh War, a story**

**The red rose of the Martyrs**

It was a dark and a gloomy day of the September 28th. It was raining heavily, and Yasemin was sitting on her window side, by her bed, and staring at the window intensively. Something was not right. Her parents, downstairs, were talking with her older brother, Kamran. Her mother was weeping, and she could hear the scaredness in her father’s voice.

“My son, Kamran, please don’t do it!”, begged her mother.

“Mama, I have to do it. I have to do it, so kids like Yasemin could one day live free, their own lands.”, said Kamran.

Her mother’s weeps, and pleads made Yasemin’s heart shatter into pieces.

Her Baba, Zaur, had sadness in his voice. As if he was scared?

There was suddenly a knock on her door. Yasemin got out of her bed, and opened the door. Behind the door, were her twin sisters, Selin and Amina. They were 3, too young to comprehend anything. She let them come into her room, and Selin asked Yasemin, “Yasemin, why is Mama crying?”

“I dont know” she said, biting back her tears. Something was coming, and it was very scary.

That night felt like a century. Yasemin went to bed silent crying, so that no one could hear her. After 2 days, her brother hugged Yasemin, Selin and Amina. Her mother couldnt say goodbye to her son, and her Baba, embraced his son, and with tears in their eyes, they let their only son, the proudness of their family, go to the counter-offensive operation, to serve their country, and to protect thousands of children like his own sisters.

Seconds turned to minutes, minutes turned to hours, hours turned to days, and days turned to weeks, weeks of waiting, weeks of being scared, and not knowing what to do.

Although she was very scared, scared for her brother, Kamran, scared for her family, she remained hopeful. “He is doing the right thing”, she said, every night before going to sleep. She prayed every night, prayed every night for all the boys of Azerbaijan, going to serve for their country. Their bravery in front of the enemies eyes. Their patriachism before their motherland.

Yasemin wrote every day to her brother, hoping that he would reply to her. On the days when she was going to loose hope, she remembered her brothers words, the words that he whispered to her, before he left.

“Stay strong, my flower”.

She would stay strong for her brother.

Weeks passed, october went by like a flash. It was the 1st of November, and Yasemin had stopped crying every night, because she knew that everything would be fine. Until that day came.

On november 2nd, at 6pm, someone knocked at their door. Her Baba opened the door, and it was a officer standing at their door. Yasemin was sitting on the couch, and her heart dropped.

“Is this the house of Kamran Alizade, Zaur Oglu?”, said the officer, with a strict face.

“Yes, this is his house”, said Baba.

After the next words of the officer, Yasemin’s whole world turned upside down.

“We would like to offer you our condolenses, but our soilder Kamran Alizade, Zaur Oglu, has unfortunately passed away, at an open combat with the enemy. May he rest in peace, with the guide of Allah, may his soul be in Jannat.”

Yasemin went pale as a ghost. Her eyes went blank, and her ears could only hear her mother screaming, and wailing. Her Baba’s legs went weak, and he had to sit down, to comprehend the information. The officer had to call an doctor for her Baba, and some “Valyeran” for her mother. No one checked up on her, only Selin and Amina, after hearing the screams of their mother, came downstairs, and saw the horror. Their mother, on the floor, crying, and weeping, and their Baba, given some medications by the doctors.

After Kamran’s death, no one really talked much, the house was pretty much silent. Her mother, from time to time, cried in her room. Baba spent most of his time at work, and didnt come home much.

On November 8th, on the news, it was announced that Karabakh was Azerbaijans. Yasemin, for the first time in weeks, went outside, and was mesmerized by the view. Baku was filled with Blue, Red, and Green colors. Everywhere, people celebrated. Cars honking, and people raising the Azerbaijani flag, with proudness in their eyes.

The Alizade family, to not dissapoint their son, went outside, and with proudness in their eyes, celebrated, they didnt cry because their son passed away, they celebrated because their son sacrificed himself for the motherland.

Yasemin raised the Azerbaijani flag, and her brothers picture, and with her prominent eyes, she was proud, proud that he brother would be the reason, why kids all around Karabakh would return to their motherland.

Weeks passed, people would not forget the martyrs who sacrificed their lives for Azerbaijan. However, it was not over yet. When Yasemin went to check the mailbox, she saw that there was a letter in the mailbox. It read:

“Dear Yasemin,

It is I, Kamran, if you are seeing this letter, it probably means that I have passed away. I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country. Don’t cry because they died, laugh because they lived.

Ps: here’s a rose, for the prettiest Yasemin in the world.

Love,

Kamran”

Tears fell on the letter of Kamran, and she quickly wiped them away. She rushed home, put the Rose inside a vase, and placed it in her room. Every morning, when she woke up, she would look at the rose of her brother, and with proudness in her eyes, she got ready for school.

The End.

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