

**A C**

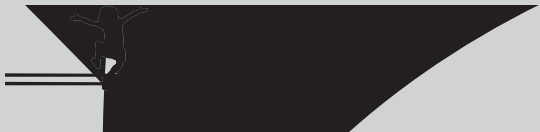
**C**

*A Young Woman's Escape from ISIS*

**E**

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with



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## A Note from the Authors

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April 15, 2014

*The walls of our house shook.*

*Trucks roared down the road. Some were sparkling white, with missile launchers in the cargo beds. Some were armored trucks with long gun barrels.*

*I ran.*

*Suddenly, I wasn't in Kocho anymore, but in a thick forest of Zagros oak trees. I seemed to be in the hills near the Turkish border. A man was chasing me, calling out in a language I recognized from news reports as English.*

*It was no longer day, but night. The only light came from a half-moon behind a thin veil of clouds. I tripped and fell, hitting my head on a rock. My head throbbed with pain, but I scrambled to get up. The man was approaching fast.*

*I called out for help, but all that came back to me was my own voice bouncing off the rocks.*

*Soon I was running again, until I spotted Eivan. He was slumped beside a stream, as if leaning into the water to play. I was so happy to see him. But as I neared, I realized that he wasn't playing at all, but, asleep, with one hand in the stream.*

*The other was twisted behind his back, as if it was broken. I screamed.*





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## *The Purpose of Life*





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*I am poor. I am a war widow. My husband was martyr,  
 a . I have two small children to care for and no family  
 to take me in. Please help.*

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B I... '... ☒ ☒ ☒, I ☒. I'...  
☒.

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☒, ☒... ☒... M... ☒...  
☒... ☒... ☒... O...  
☒ ☒ ☒... ☒...  
☒... ☒...

H... ☒... ☒...  
M ☒, H ☒, ☒... ☒... ☒...  
I... ☒... ☒... ☒... ☒...  
A... ! C... ☒... ☒...  
C☒... ☒, ☒... ☒... I... ☒...  
☒... ☒...

A I... , I... H... ☒...  
I... ☒ ☒... ☒... E... ☒... I...  
☒... ☒... ☒... ☒... ☒...  
☒ ☒... L☒... ☒... ☒... I... ☒...  
I... ☒... ☒... ☒... ☒...