

## **The Unforgettable Diary of CMC Candidate Bara' Abu Eisheh**

*Bara' was deeply involved in his daydreams, interacting with the dream as if it is a reality, not knowing that he was asleep. He was dreaming of the success that he wished since years when his mother's voice came calling him, "Bara', wake up!" It was as a nightmare that he wished it won't happen.*

*Bara' got up actively. Why? That day was the day when he wished success... The day of elections for the Children's Municipal Council in Nablus. But will this happen?*

I felt confused and afraid sometimes and felt optimism and self-confidence other times. I put my clothes on and combed my hair. It was 7:15 Thursday morning. I went to school. It looked like a campaign center for a candidate, full with cartons and photos posted on the walls. I was one of the candidates.

In the school I met with a number of candidates, including Jasser, Ahmed, and Hamido. We sat together and talked until the bell rang. The principal announced that the day is the Election Day for the Council and all students from grade 7 and up to grade 10 have the right to participate in electing 3 candidates out of 11.

Students entered the classrooms and we, the candidates, remained outside to help the teachers to prepare the library room, where the elections will take place. We entered the large library room and sat waiting and encouraging each other, telling jokes and chatting.

On 8:15, the principal started to bring students from the classrooms in an organized way, starting from grade 7. When the first student entered, I felt my heartbeats increase rapidly. I did not know who he will elect. Students entered one after the other and my fears increased. On 9:15, grade 7 was completed, but then there was a surprise! When my classmates entered the room I was surprised with the order. We had a physical education class and my classmate preferred to lose this class in order not to lose more important classes, such as the math. They showed courtesy by preferring to give away an entertainment class rather than a disciplinary one.

My classmates voted and I also voted with them. Then, they went back to the classroom and started chanting, "Bara' is the only one!" I felt a higher morale and all the school started chanting. My classmates were punished for what they did and I wished I was included in the punishment.

Grade 8 started to enter with all classes, and then grade 9 with all classes, except for my class, who voted earlier. It was 11:15 when grade 9 was completed. It was time for grade 10. Students continued to vote up to 12:15. Grade 10/4 had an exam. Most of the students voted and stopped before 6 of them could vote. The exam was finished at 12:30 and the students hurried to the hall before it is closed. I looked with surprise at such concern!

Voting ended at about 12:45. My heartbeat was so fast. The principal announced the completion of elections. The hall was rearranged and we went to the sorting room, knowing that all those students who have the right to elect participated.

We went to the sorting room, which was my classroom. The box was opened and emptied. All papers were put out on the table. We, the candidates, sat with tension apparent on our faces, unable to hide it. Sorting started.

Two teachers, Mr. Karim and Mr. Abed, stood in front of the blackboard to register the votes. A third teacher read the names registered on each paper. The first paper carried the names of Bara', Ahmed and Samer. I felt more confidence and votes started to flow for me. The teacher started to raise his voice every time he reads my name.

The first stage was in my favor. Then the votes started to be distributed to me and to my friends. Then there was competition between me and a candidate named Abdullah until the sorting was over and I got the second place, with Abdullah getting the first place. He got 3 votes more than what I got.

I went back home at 3:00 PM feeling good. I sat until the sunset thinking of what I will be do next and wondering who won from the other schools in order for me to be able to judge whether the Council will succeed or fail.

My dream became a reality and I won. I wish I will be that successful all my life God willing.

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