



NADA DOSTİ | 8 Thousand and Still Counting... (About Srebrenica Genocide)

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**Türü:** Hikâye

**Geliş Tarihi:** 15 Mart 2023 | **Yayın Tarihi:** 21 Aralık 2023

Close your eyes for a few moments and imagine yourself in a big warehouse...! Empty...! Full of moisture! Darkness! Dullness! Very few rays of sunlight make it through this eerie space.

Cold! From the kind of cold that makes you shiver even in the middle of July.

July 11.

A black day.

They still hadn't told us where they were taking us. We knew it was a historical place, a place of remembrance, but it was neither a museum nor an art gallery.

We froze!

As if a cold current from another season or another world had just passed nearby. We later understand that it was about the largest European slaughterhouse after the Second World War. An unimaginable number of people had gathered right where we were standing.

We were all stunned!

It was not a warehouse of goods but of people. People like me and you..! White skin, blue eyes. Men, women, children and older people. approximately two thousand souls were taken in a dungeon that, with the naked eye, you could swear that only five hundreds of people could fit in, and even those packed like sardines.

Imagine "two thousand" souls in just one day, on that cold scorching mid-July day.

Try to close your eyes again and imagine that you are being chased by a heartless enemy, and you think that you have found refuge from the so-called "peacekeeping forces", hoping that they are



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protecting you and giving you shelter from the Serbian hunter, but there you go. Death itself in front of you. Right from that hand that was supposed to protect.

8 thousand and more souls were planted underground as seeds whose justice will wander over the earth in the form of a white flower with a green crown. White are also the scarves of the mothers of the martyrs, who refuse to mourn, but the prayers of their pain direct them high up to the sky! To the Supreme Judge!

8,000 or more cups of coffee moaning, "STO TE NEMA", why aren't you here..

This black drink, although bitter as a pleasant ritual, traditionally brings together family members as well as neighbours.

But after that black July, the coffee turned into poison, the cups remained empty, while the white-headed mothers stood at the door waiting for the justice that never came.