

“The Journey is something we’ve all had in our heads from the time we were born. Everyone has friends and relatives who did it, or who in turn know someone who did it. It’s like a mythological creature that can just as easily lead to salvation or death. No one knows how long it might take. If you’re lucky, two months. If you’re unlucky, as long as a year, or even two.”



Don't tell me you are afraid is a novel of formation, it is the testimony of the growth of a young girl, Samia, who is described by the simple Catozzella's pen.

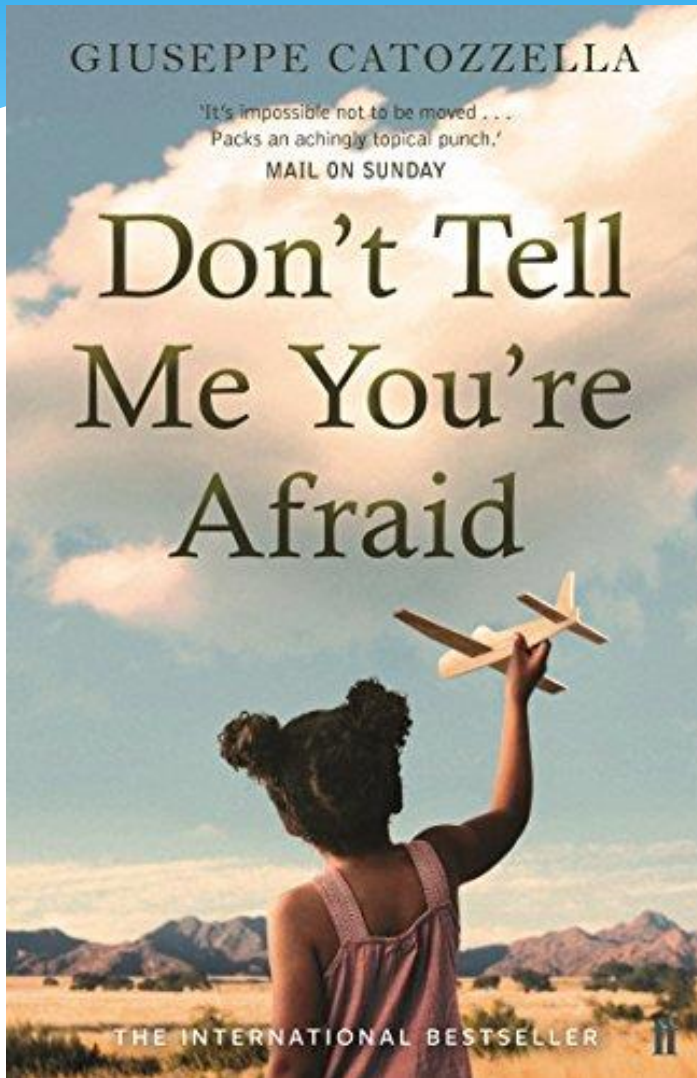
We think it's possible to compare Catozzella with Dante (who is the most famous writer in the Italian literature).

Dante describes Ulysses and his «crazy metaphorical flight». Catozzella repeats the same experience for Samia. In fact she crosses Mediterranean sea on the dirty big boat. Where she will meet a lot of «excited, hopeful, silent ghosts», passing before through the hell of the Sahara and the sea where she'll die.

Such as Christian religion, Sahara is the hell for Samia and the sea is the paradise, where she'll find the eternal salvation: freedom. In conclusion Dante speaks about freedom in the same situation for Ulysses.



DON'T TELL ME YOU'RE AFRAID



A little girl with dark skin (Samia) from the back, raises a small airplane towards the blue of the sky, in the background stand the Somali highlands. The plane and the sky, of course, are the symbol of freedom and hopes, of dreams cultivated by those who leave their land.



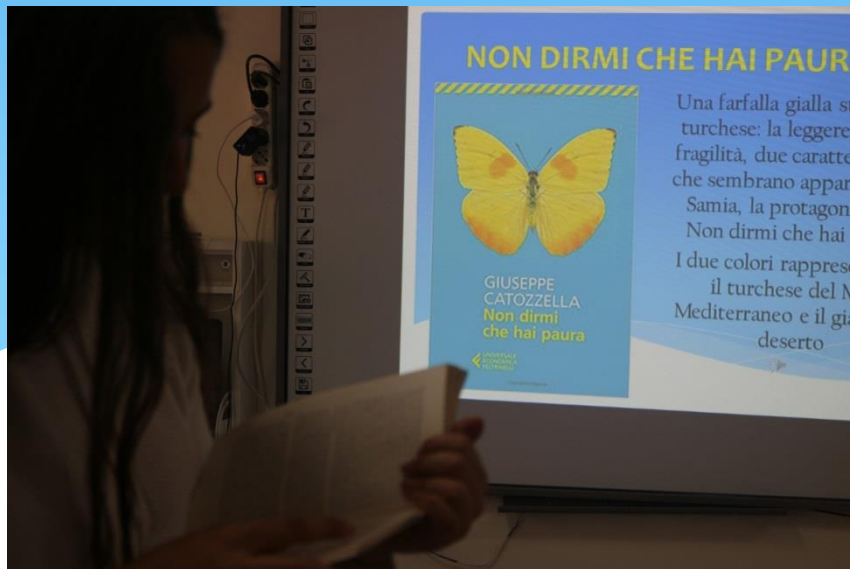
During the
“Reader’s day” on September
from 14th to 16th 2019 we read
this emotional book.

NON DIRMI CHE HAI PAURA

A yellow butterfly on a light blue background: lightness and fragility, two characteristics that seem to belong to Samia, the protagonist of *Don't tell me you're afraid*.



The two colors represent: the light blue of the Mediterranean Sea and the yellow of the desert.



«You're a little warrior running for freedom, whose efforts alone will redeem an entire people.» -Aabe



«If you really believe it, then one day you will lead Somali women to liberation from the bondage in which men have placed them. You will be their leader, my little warrior».

«Well, war, as I said, took the sea away from me.
But on the other hand, it made me want to run.
Because my desire to run is as deep as the sea.
Running is my sea.»





My legs, compared with those of the other women, looked like two dry sticks. They were straight, with no muscles. The others looked like bodybuilders compared with me. I not only didn't have the machines to develop those muscles, but I didn't even have a coach. And I didn't have enough food , except for what Hooyo managed to get hold of. *Angero* and water. Or rice and boiled cabbage. I was the shortest, the thinnest, and the youngest. It exposed me: That merciless mirror exposed me before the race. In addition, the others wore beautiful, brightly colored outfits that matched the colors of their countries 'flags. T-shirts and shorts in high-tech fabrics that clung to their powerful bodies. I had on my usual good-luck garb.

Within a few weeks, life in the city became impossible. Especially for women, though not only for them.

Then, in a single day, what should never happen anywhere happened. In one day, a day like any other, with nothing on the horizon, no cataclysms or revolutions.

From one day to the next everything changed.



Then, on a morning like any other, which gave no sign of what was about to happen, Aabe went out to go to work in the Xamar Weyne district.

[...] I stopped to think a little, then asked him:

«Papa, aren't you ever afraid of the war?»

He turned serious. «You must never say you're afraid, my Samia. Never. Otherwise the things you're afraid of will seem big and they'll think they can beat you.»



«If there were rules than explained it, the universe couldn't be so bad. Maybe someday we would come to discover the laws that led men to wage, and when thast day came we would eliminate it forever. It would be the greatest day in the history of mankind.»



Because the war couldn't take away the only thing that was important: what he was to me (Ali) and what I was to him.

We can take away other things, but not that.

«I was so sad that I wasn't afraid of anything. Fear is luxury afforded.»



«Complaining only makes you keep doing what you don't like»

[...] «If you really don't like something, you just need to change it, my little Samia. I love my work, and I love it because I do it for you. This makes me happy.»

MA DIMMI TU QUESTI NEGRI

Ma dimmi tu questi negri,
che vengono a prendersi per disperazione
ciò che noi ci prendemmo con la violenza,
la spada e la croce santa
lasciandoci dietro solo disperazione.

Ma dimmi tu questi negri
che hanno cellulari e guardano le nostre donne,
mentre noi da sempre amiamo le loro
nelle strade nere delle periferie,
e prendiamo il silicio dalle cave delle loro terre.

E come osano poi questi negri
avere desideri uguali ai nostri,
manco fossero umani.



Ma dimmi tu questi negri,
che attraversano il mare
come fosse messo lì per viaggiare
e non per tenerli lontani,
per galleggiare e non per affondare,
per andarsene e non per arrivare.
Ma dimmi tu questi negri,
ex schiavi dei bianchi,

che vengono qui a rubarci il pane,
proprio ora che gli schiavi siamo noi,
messi in ginocchio e catene
da politici e finanzieri bianchi,
con colletti bianchi,
e canini e incisivi sorridenti
perfettamente bianchi,
che in meno di trent'anni
ci hanno fatto servi.



Ma dimmi tu questi negri,
che hanno scoperto ora che la terra è una,
è rotonda,
e che a seguire la rotta della loro fame
si arriva dritti qui alla nostra opulenza.

Ma dimmi tu questi negri,
che facessero come i nostri avi:
cioè tornare nella giungla sui rami più alti,
visto che sono loro i nostri progenitori
e che, piaccia o no,
l'umanità è tutta africana.



Ma dimmi tu questi negri,
Che non rispettano i confini della nostra ignoranza
Né i muri della nostra paura.
Ma dimmi tu questi negri,
Che persino si comprano le sigarette
Dopo che noi ci siamo fumati
Le loro foreste, le loro miniere,
Il loro passato, il loro presente,
Ma abbiamo commesso l'imperdonabile errore
Di lasciargli una vita e un futuro
A cui non rinunciano mica.

Ma dimmi tu questi negri,
che si portano il loro Dio da casa
anziché temere il nostro,
e sanno ninne nanne e leggende e favole
più antiche delle nostre,
e osano parlar male la nostra lingua
ma benissimo la loro,
che, però, noi non capiamo;
ma dimmi tu questi negri,
a cui non vogliamo stringere la mano
né far mettere piede in casa,
seppure,
a ben guardare,
abbiano i palmi delle mani e dei piedi
perfettamente bianchi,
proprio come i nostri.



Fly, Samia, fly, like a winged horse through the air...

Dream, Samia, dream, like the wind playing among the leaves...

Run, Samia, run, as if there were no particular reason...

Live, Samia, live, as if everything were a miracle...



I always had in mind the wind, which Ali told me to ride. Expanses of green sprayed with wind and yellow butterflies



COMMENT / REFLECTION ABOUT THE BOOK "DON'T TELL ME YOU'RE AFRAID "

Samia runs and it seems to her like flying.

Samia lives to realize her dream in a country where it is forbidden to cultivate them.



Because as the motto of the European Union says, we must be **UNITED IN DIVERSITY.**

This story has taught us that we must always fight to realize our dreams even when it seems impossible, the only limit is in our mind: fear. Fear is an obstacle to human happiness. There are many forms of fear but the most destructive is the fear of the diversity, of the foreigner. We must learn to open the borders of our hearts and minds, passing the barriers of the laws. We must act against the injustices suffered by immigrants because we are human beings and citizens and it is our responsibility.

STUDENTS:

- VALENTINA DE SISTO
- PAOLA LAVERMICOCCA
- VITA STOLA

3 ASU

