

Center for the Victims of Torture

Torture, Former Combatants, Political Prisoners, Terror Suspects, & Terrorists

<https://www.cvt.org/what-we-do/survivor-stories/noors-story>

Campaign and Advocacy

We were surrounded by snipers; the streets were full of tanks.

I was married very young, only 16, and I got pregnant two months after my wedding. I have two daughters and a son. Our life in Syria was very simple. In 2011, the events started in Ghouta, not far from where we were. We started to hear about the demonstrations. We started to feel afraid. Our neighborhood was raided all the time and there were many security forces there. We would sleep with our clothes on to be prepared in case they raided our house at night. There was no safety anymore, we were so restricted.

We'd hear the sounds and I would gather my children and stay in one corner of the house. It is a feeling I cannot describe. When I heard the sounds of the bombings and shooting we'd wake up startled, and we'd all start crying.

The area I lived in became a military zone. There was a bridge nearby that separated our area from Ghouta, and the military forces stationed on that bridge. The problems escalated because if demonstrators were coming out of Ghouta the army would confront them and stop them; they would shoot them or arrest them. Snipers were on the roof tops of the nearby buildings. We were surrounded by snipers, the streets were full of tanks, and army forces were all around in our neighborhood.

After many attempts, we fled and came here to Jordan and stayed with my sister-in-law.

I got out of the war but the war stayed with me because I left a part of my soul there.

When my younger brothers tried to leave Syria, they were taken by the regime at a checkpoint. They were 13 and 14 years old. They were beaten severely. One of my brothers talked but the other didn't. They released the one who didn't talk, but they didn't release the other one. My parents started the chase between the security stations, searching for him. The last time my father went to ask about him, they gave my father his ID and told him not to ask about him again, that he died while being tortured.

Some time later, a bomb was dropped on my parents' house. They were killed, but my brother was alive. At that moment I wished that I had died.

My brother was injured in the bombing. He woke up and found himself in the hospital. He lived through the first shock of losing his brother who was with him in detention and the second shock of the death of our parents.

It is not only me; I am not the only one who got hurt, millions of Syrians did. There is a missing or dead person in every Syrian house.

We are broken. We all have the same pain. You won't find a Syrian person who wasn't harmed by the war.

This affected me with depression and anger. I took sessions at CVT, and they were very helpful and I benefited from the exercises I learned. I want to continue healing. I am injured with a big wound.

Syria was the country of safety and goodness and Syria opened its doors for everyone. Syria was our loving mother and it hugged all of us.

Even if one day there was a trial, there won't be justice, because nothing will bring back my family who died.

I would like to say to the world, We are here; Look at us. There is pain inside of us.

**The author chose to use this pseudonym for confidentiality and security purposes.
Photo by Agnes Montanari. For security purposes, this is not a photo of Noor.*

Read the full version of Noors [story here](#).

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We **advocate** for the protection & care of torture survivors and an end to torture.

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877.265.8775 cvt [at] cvt.org

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