

I'll Dream Of Kosovo

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ACT 1

Song 1: Welcome To Kosovo

JETA March 18th, 1999.
Dear Diary,
Today is my 11th birthday and you're one of my birthday presents. A gift from my mum and dad! I can't promise I'll write in you every day, but I'll try. It's been a strange birthday; mum and dad have hardly smiled. We were supposed to be having a party, but it was cancelled at the last minute. All my friends were stopped from coming by their parents. It's all to do with this stupid war. I don't really know much about it, and I don't want to either, but I think it's got something to do with people who have a different background to us, and someone else called NATO, I think! All I know for certain is that my dad keeps disappearing into the other room to listen to the news on the radio. I don't mind not having a party with all my friends, but I was hoping that some of my relatives would come. Mum said she thought they might have been prevented from coming, but she didn't say who or what might have stopped them. I suppose it's partly because we live so far from the town, so far from anyone else at all. In the end it's just my mum, my dad, my sister and me.

Song 2: When The Soldiers Came

JETA March 21st, 1999.
Dear Diary,
I can't believe that just a few days after my birthday, you're the only possession I have left, apart from the clothes on my back! Fortunately, I had you in my pocket when the soldiers forced us to leave. I'm sorry I haven't written in you for a few days, but this is the first chance I've had. My mum, my sister and I have been walking and running for a few days now with no food. As much as I want food and shelter, what I want more than anything is just to know for definite what happened to my dad. We all heard the gunshot and we saw our house on fire, so we fear the worst, but it's the not knowing that's hurting so much. I've got to stop writing now. Mum wants us to get going again.

Song 3: She Said
