

It was my last chance. My last chance to be happy, to be normal. To be a mother, a good mother, not like mine... I had Abby when I was forty five years old. It is late, but it was so difficult to have her... She will be the only one, and I gave it all to her... I don't understand... She had a happy childhood, she was surrounded by love, by joy, by trust, by kindness... I didn't see anything...what am I going to do now ? What am I going to be ?

We came back from Paris, we made that trip because of the work of Mickael, my boyfriend, the stepfather of Abby. She, she preferred to stay at home for revising her classes. We could understand it, she wanted to succeed her exams of entrance to a big business school. So she stayed alone one month. I was really looking forward to see her, even if she called us everyday to tell us that she was fine and to tell us what she was doing ...

We were in front of the apartment's door, I smiled of impatience, Mickael opened the door : « Abby, here we are !! » I waited for an answer while I let the suitcases on the floor. Maybe she didn't hear us ?

- Abby !! Repeated Mickael. We are at home ! Surprised by the silence, I went to her room.
- Abb... I stayed immobile a few moment. She was not in the there.
- Mickael, call Abby on her cell phone, she must have gone out. Before leaving the room, I was attracted by her computer still switched on : it wasn't business classes on the screen, but a bill of a ticket airplane for Syria. Worried, I looked at the other pages : « map of Syria », « trip for Syria », « page of Facebook connection »...
- Oh my god ! Miceal, Miceal, come on !! Now ! Look at this ! He looked at all the pages before to show me a book that he found on the sofa of the lounge.
- What is that ? The Coran ?! But why ? Did she answer ? Where is she ? Where is she !
- No, he said, I had her voice mail. I called her three times.
I went through all the apartment calling her stronger. Mickael did the same in the hall and out of the window. I panicked. I turned to see him :
- Where is she, Miceal ! I asked foolishly, huh ? Where is my daughter ! I started to cry. Mickael tried to calm me down and I sat on a chair.
- I am going to call her friends, Sally, calm down. After one tens of calls, he went to see the neighbours :
- Hello Sonia, I look for my daughter, Abby, she disappeared, she can't be found, she's not taking my call, and she's not with her friends. Do you know where she can be ?
- Oh my god ! Abby has disappeared ? Bryan, come on ! She turned towards her husband. Didn't you tell me that Abby came to see you on wednesday evening ?
- Abby ? Yes, she came, and she let me her cat and she told me that she went on holiday for few days with her boyfriend, and that you would come get the cat this weekend, he answered.
Mickael looked at me :
- Did Abby warn you about a trip with her boyfriend ? He asked, very worried.
- Abby don't have a boyfriend.

He stayed dumb a few seconds, took his phone and called the police. So worried, I came back to my daughter's room, to try to find more clues about her trip to Syria. I searched all her room, her books, her clothes, her books of classes, her bed and her desk. And under her computer, I found a letter. It was her writing. It was carefully rowed in an envelope with written on it : « Mom, Mickael », I read it :

« *Dear family,*

I met someone. His name is Yaman and he is twenty two years old. We knew each other five months ago now. He is a Syrian, and I want to help him to fight for his country. I love him. I love him so much that it's difficult to me to live without him. He promised to take care of me. Don't worry for me, everything will be fine. Please, don't worry. Trust him, trust me. We do love each other.

When you will read this letter, I would be probably arrived. But Yaman doesn't want me to write you of letter when I would be there. He also asked me to throw my cell phone once I was arrived. He said that I would not need it, because I would be safe. I know that it's the war, I know it will be difficult but I want to help him, to help his country. When I will be major we will get married.

I won't come back.

*I love you,
Abby »*

It was my last chance. I won't be happy anymore. I didn't know how to protect my daughter and how to keep her safe. Now she is gone...