

It only takes 48 hours and then you're finished with the bombs the explosions the human pulp.

Hang on in there hang on in there just a bit further till the end

whole bunches of kids would throw themselves under the tanks they were crushed to death whole groups of them others set on fire with flame-throwers
human torches still running for another hundred yards.

All for one more second of life.

Blood filling your hands clothes eyes walls.

Slaughter slaughter slaughter.

KERPOW! The other guy falls you step over him you don't see anything any more you move forwards a corpse falls on top of you explodes into bits and pieces all cut to shreds and splashing you in a shower of blood.

At every step children in little bibs babies their heads burst open

disembowelled women holding on to their children you're like an animal it's them or you
fire — bang! — at anything that moves a kid a cat a pal.

Bang bang bang save your skin bang bang bang bang.

He falls and does not move.

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CROSSFIRE

by Michel Azama

See note on the play on page 23.

In this powerful play about the atrocity of war, fifteen-year-old Ismail and Yonathan have been inseparable friends. Now there is civil war, based on religion, and Yonathan is leaving to join the 'other side'. Ismail is talking to Yonathan.

Accent: any.

ISMAL: Have you gone mad or what?

It's crazy. You were born here. We've always played soccer together. It's crazy.

No-one will hurt you here. You come from round here.

We're trapped. I feel lost. I try and understand what's going on. I listen to the radio. I try and keep up. This war's a war of lies. Everybody's lying. You can't know any more.

Wait. You can't just leave like that. We'll still see each other.

When we were kids the war was just a good excuse for bunking off school. You remember, we used to say: no school today! today's a bombing day!

You're my mate. My mate. One hundred per cent. I can't think of you as the enemy, it's impossible. I'd get killed for you here and now like a shot... Like a shot.

You remember you wanted to be a doctor and me an engineer.

On my fifteenth birthday we had a party, a picnic by the sea with some girls.