**The Dove of Peace**

I was born in a peaceful idyllic place, where the mighty Volga splashes its waves against the steep sandy banks. My brightest reminiscence from those days was the state of happiness which lifted me up and made me move up and down restlessly all day long. I saw people working in their green gardens, laughing children and brightly blue sky. In those days things were simple, joyful, and peaceful. But I wanted more. I wondered if all creatures could enjoy the same things equally: the sun, the fresh breeze, the thickness of twilights and the comfort of home.

So one day I escaped, I flew away, far to the unknown world which tempted me so much. I crossed the mountains and vast plains, fruitful valleys and rivers. I saw quite different nature, but when I got to the places where there were hundred times more people than in my native place, some things disappointed me: my body got a kind of greyish tint and sometimes it became difficult for my lungs to breathe. Thus in such a way I understood the meaning of the word “ecology”.

More than that in some places people were not as friendly as they were at home, it was poor ecology in their souls, I thought. They grumbled, hasted, quarreled with each other and I always tried to leave such places as quickly as possible. How naïve was I then, thinking that living there was the worst fate for anyone.

Things changed forever when I carried out my long-cherished wish to settle in the place where they said to be a sacred land, a land of Thousand and one night: Arabian Peninsula.

Oh, heavens! What’s this? The sky is dark from the smoke of charred ruins, thousands of poor homeless people are wandering through the burnt land. There is no fairy-tale at all, there is a WAR! People came mad! They devastate their fruitful land and turn it into ruins; they kill each other with awful weapons invented by them to kill people similar to themselves. I want to stop them. I try to descend. I am lower and lower. People, look at me! I’m the white dove, the symbol of peace! Stop! No! A new explosion….

I want peace. I am whispering: “Only peaceful, truthful people can see peace. Remember, peace begins with you”.