



Victim's Letter on the Occasion of the International Day of the Disappeared 2025

Letter by Ibrahim Abdullah, son of a disappeared

My name is Ibrahim Abdullah. I am twelve years old, and I am writing this letter not with a pen only, but with my heart. When my Baba left me, I was only two years old. At that time, I could not speak, I could not explain my feelings, I could not even eat on my own. People used to feed me, bathe me, and carry me. But now, after ten long years, I have grown up. The world calls it ten years, but for me, these ten years have felt like centuries.

Baba's absence has left a space in my life that no one can fill. My Amma, my Dadi, my Dada, even my Nana and Nani, all tried with endless effort to cover that space. They gave me love, they gave me support, and they tried to be both father and mother for me. But Baba, the truth is, there is no substitute for you in this whole wide world.

Sometimes I wonder: Why do good people suffer? I don't know what mistake my Baba made, I don't know what mistake I made. But I do know that I am growing up with a weight on my small shoulders, a weight of responsibilities that children my age do not usually carry. I help my mother, I go to the market when she asks me, I support my grandparents, but deep inside, I am still just a boy who misses his father every day.

When I look at my Dadi and Dada, my heart aches. Once they were strong, walking freely without support, but now their backs are bent, and their hands hold sticks. When I look at my Amma, I see silver coming into her hair, and I know it is because of worries and burdens that she carries alone. I want to share my heart with them, but I stop myself, because I don't want to add to their sorrow. That is why I am writing to you today.

When I see other children with their fathers, playing, talking, riding on their shoulders my heart quietly asks: "Why not me?" I am not jealous, but I am broken. I study hard, I try to be a good boy, and whenever I win a prize or a certificate, everyone claps for me. But at that moment, I remember my Baba most. I imagine him smiling, clapping, and saying, "Son, I am proud of you." But instead of hearing his voice, I only hear silence.

I am twelve years old now. I am not that two-year-old child anymore. I am big enough to carry responsibilities, but I am still small enough to need my father's love. My humble request is this: please help me. Please let me meet my Baba. Please let me see him, talk to him, and get to know him.

This is the deepest wish of my heart. I have waited ten years already. Please do not let me wait my whole life.

With hope,

A son who longs for his Baba ❤️