For 18 years of my life, I have lived in a Palestinian refugee camp called 'Ein Al Helweh' which is, for me, a place that I have mixed feelings about. My refugee camp is surrounded by walls, which makes it look like a ghetto, and checkpoints built by the Lebanese government to search cars and people entering and leaving the camp. Palestinian refugees in Lebanon face employment restrictions, are denied the right to inherit and own a house, and most of them lack any coverage when it comes to social security and healthcare. Even after five years of moving out from Lebanon to start my university in Europe, the effect still refuses to wear off. It lingers on you because life there has a different time and meaning. Despite it being unchosen statelessness and refuge, Palestinian refugees just like all refugees worldwide are dehumanized, vilified, and 'othered' daily in a widespread prejudiced media rhetoric. People do not understand that being a refugee means two things: what you could have, have been taken away from you. And that you are doing the best you could with what you have, know, and allowed.

Just like any refugee, I think we can collectively agree that refuge life there has stable factual traits which are passed on from one generation to another. Firstly, the trait of '**endurance'**. It places you in the most unfortunate circumstances where you know that this geographical area will make you miss so much of life, and eventually makes you understand a universally accepted, sad reality called 'intersecting oppression' of womanhood and refuge. Secondly, the trait of **'hope'**. It teaches you that while all indicators point out to an effectively indefinite and multigenerational refugee status, your people still hold onto the keys because they will always perceive this status as temporary. Thirdly, the trait of **'knowledge'**. It encourages you to deeply reflect on concepts like 'nation', 'belonging', 'privilege', 'oppression', and 'unfairness'. Fourthly, the trait of **'curiosity'**. It provokes you to seek answers of the truth beyond documents and passports, checkpoints and walls, camp vendettas and turmoil, predetermined realities and 'whys', and tearful eyes with waving napkins. Fifthly, the trait of **'humour'** which might be interchangeably used as **'irony'**. The irony of fate, the irony of it all, feeling like a 'global citizen' which means belonging everywhere and belonging nowhere at the same time. Sixthly, the trait of **'resistance'**. It does not only mean fighting, but also resisting recurring definitions of what a refugee is, and what his defeats, victories, features, temper, fears, doubts, and joys are. Seventhly and finally, the trait of **'normality'**. This is where the world's unusual stories and indoctrinated legends about what a refugee is become shattered in front of a little refugee child's dreamy, torn aspirations. Refugees are neither heroes nor victims. They are neither unbreakable nor desperate. They are normal people born into abnormal circumstances and are forced to endure and adapt which hampers them from living a dignified life- a life that so many in the world take for granted.