

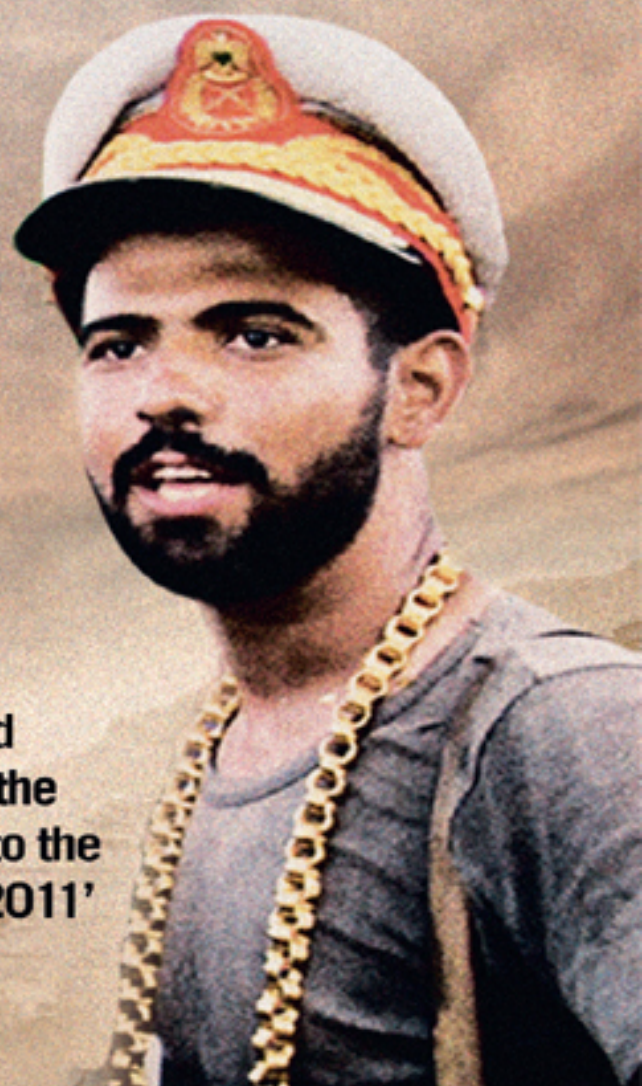
A TYRANT FALLS AND A NATION RISES...

ALEX CRAWFORD

COLONEL GADDAFI'S HAT



'Alex Crawford
will forever be the
journalist linked to the
Libyan rising of 2011'
GUARDIAN



Alex Crawford
Colonel Gaddafi's Hat

«HarperCollins»

Crawford A.

Colonel Gaddafi's Hat / A. Crawford — «HarperCollins»,

Colonel Gaddafi's Hat is both a gripping and deeply moving account of the Libyan uprising from the lone journalist who was able to report from the rebel army convoy that captured Green Square, in the heart of Tripoli. Alex Crawford's daring reports were beamed across news networks from around the globe, and against a dramatic backdrop of celebratory gunfire, Alex and her team showed the world the final symbolic moments of the fall of a regime that had held power for more than 40 years. The euphoria and chaos of that atmosphere of jubilation was soon overcome by the realities of conflict, and the story of the following days that Alex so viscerally tells in this remarkable account is an eye-opening journey full of human stories that are both shocking and touching. A portrait of the last gasps of Gaddafi's regime, Crawford's book is an extraordinary insight into modern political conflict and the nature of journalism. The first journalist to be on the scene at a number of key points in the Libyan conflict, Alex has been arrested, shot at, tear gassed and interrogated in the course of her career, and paints a fascinating picture of war journalism. A heart-stopping ride through a dramatic moment in modern history, Colonel Gaddafi's Hat is a window into both the craft of journalism and the amazing story of Libya's road to Freedom.

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THE REAL STORY OF THE LIBYAN UPRISING
ALEX CRAWFORD
COLONEL
GADDAFI'S
HAT



Dedication

To Rick, Nat, Frankie, Maddy and Flo, without whom I can do nothing

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PROLOGUE

Saturday, 5 March 2011

I look over at Martin and catch his eye and I know instantly he is thinking the same as me. We're going to die.

We actually can't get out of this. The tanks are outside. Right outside where we are sitting. Gaddafi's soldiers seem to be all around us. This is it. I had often wondered how I would go, what the end would be like. I hoped it would be after my four children had had their own children. But no. We are actually going to die alongside strangers in this mosque in Zawiya, a long, long way from home.

Martin's face is shiny with sweat. His big eyes seem even bigger than normal. He's looking at me from across this small room. We stare at each other without saying anything for several seconds. I can see my own fear reflected in his face. He looks terrified. I think I must look the same. I know I feel it.

Oh God. I don't want to die. My youngest child is only 8. Nat is my oldest and he hasn't even finished school yet. I haven't said goodbye to any of them. I haven't seen them grow up. I haven't seen how they'll do at school, who they'll marry, what jobs they will choose, where they will live. I glance over to Tim. He has his head in his hands, looking at the floor. He has three sons. He's thinking all these things too. Christ, this is bad.

Quick, awful, selfish thoughts hurtle through my mind. Will it be quick? Will it hurt? But these are quickly replaced by regrets. Regrets at all the love I am about to say farewell to. All the children's hugs I will miss out on. All the things I won't be able to do now. All the places I won't be able to see. All the adventures I planned with my family but never did. Oh God.

And then there's all those special occasions I've missed because of reporting far, far away – birthdays, school plays, anniversaries, friends' dinner parties, holidays cut short. How will my children cope? How will Richard, my husband, cope? Will my friends miss me?

Then I stop myself. Shit, I think, if we're going to die I'm bloody well going to let everyone know what happened to us, what's happening to these people around us. My phone still has a signal. Unbelievable. I ring the office in London and ask to be put on air.

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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