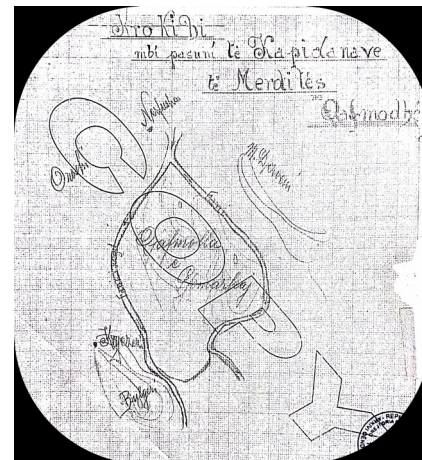
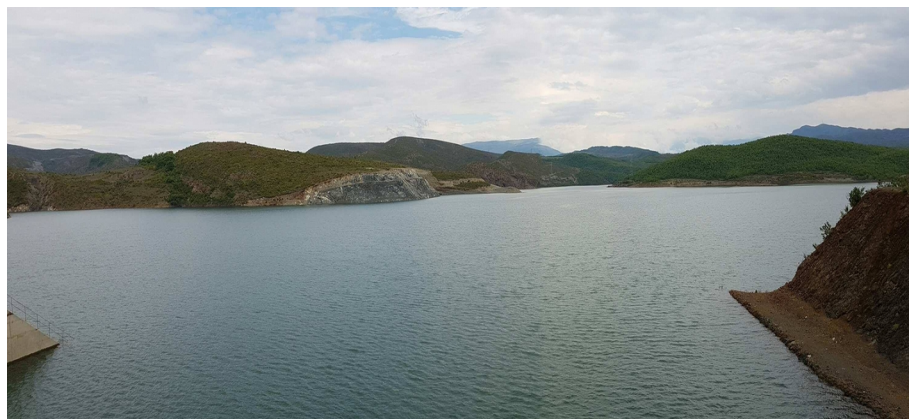




## REPORT FROM QAFE-MOLLE



Somewhere over the open roads with scarcely visible remains of the pits where the tractors are pulling, the aroma of thyme has just begun, the green grass is dotted along the old paths.

Qafe-Molle and Kosovo resemble the history of the conquest of the invaders. I walked on those paths growing up, barefoot, collecting corn, thyme and scallops during the summer to secure the few Lek that I put in my school trousers for books and notebooks.

Exactly at this juncture, where the Dam is, somewhere in the middle, beyond the Great Fan river, was the place of a shady tree under which a band of State Sigurimi killed my grandfather in December 1946 and then loaded his body and sent it to the abyss of Shpalin to eradicate it. Here is the eastern boundary of the Qafe-Molle forest as written in the Gjomarkaj Family Deeds, which are loaded with this property. The Northeast border appears to be far beyond the hills of Llusku, hiding the meadows of Dibri and Majen, among which the beautiful and courageous Captain Llesh Gjonomarku was killed on August 9, 1947. They say that the slain body had blocked the gate support in one of the Junipers and for a long time the security gates were not closed because the dead were feared.

Here is the Hydropower Plant today!

This land is covered with crystal water but it cannot hide the traces of its gods. Where the dam is today, my father explained to me, beside the river, was the cable car built by the firm "Pistulli", which had contracted the forest for exploitation for a period of 15 years, a contract made with its owners: Gjon Marka Gjoni, Nikolle Prengje Lleshi and Kole Mark.

From the Dam to the road that follows the river is Karma, Suka, Qardak and farmland, there was a mill, and to the left of the mill is the old land of Gjon Marka Gjoni, while on the right of the mill is the old land of my grandfather.

The two streams descending from Maja e Qana to the inhabited districts are called: Ndoue Gjon's Brook, while the other bearing the water mill was called Brook of Dode Llesh.

Loving friends and readers who follow us. Here I was born and suffered the condemnation of totalitarian power, to be a monitored child and forbidden to enjoy the right of this property among the properties that my grandfather had in co-ownership with Kapidan Gjon Marka Gjoni.

I ask: Why did Democracy come?

This question must be thought through. What is happening with our properties is a flagrant violation of the right which the Constitution and the Laws of Human Rights guarantee.



# ***The Hydropower Plant Is On Our Property!***



I grew up during and under the violence of dictatorship. Our families suffered the deaths of the bravest boys in the House of the Kapidan. They dismembered their bodies, and the properties of our great-grandfathers flourish in the Hydropower plant today. The roads are driven on as if this land was without God or history.

Here was a river that divided the 800 hectar forest, the property of Gjon Mark Gjoni, Nikolle Preng Lleshit and Kole Marku. Was the river not enough for the small fish that a Dam had to be built to catch the big fish? How many millions of euros have been spent on this project? Among those millions of euros, couldn't there have been some chance for someone to provide a 10 euro receipt for the Albanian Central Archive to send the builders the facts on the ownership of the property?

In which country of the world is a private enterprise done with a state license on private property belonging to someone else?

You have followed us in the open letters that we have sent to the US Embassy and the European Union Delegation.

This Hydropower Plant is built on our private property!

This is only one of the properties for which we are fighting. We are not trying to interfere with the production of the Hyrdopower Plant, or the State's efforts through that letter. We want to overcome injustice and we also want to enjoy the rights that pertain to us.

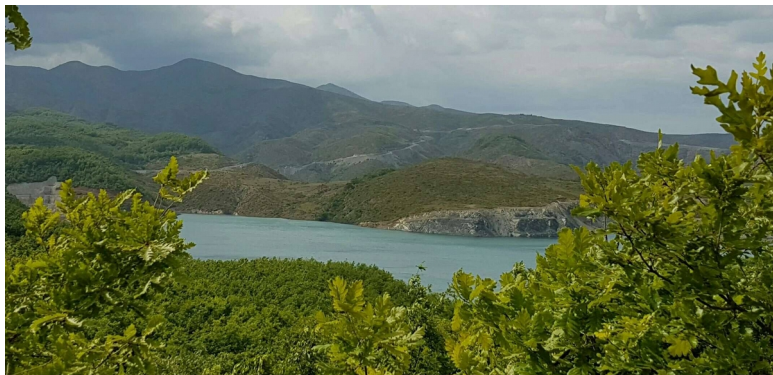
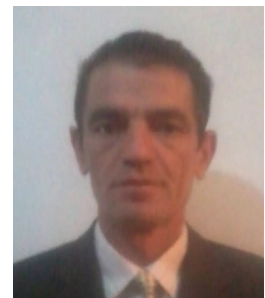
Bianca.

Thank you for being with me and taking a closer look into our grandparents' property and forgive me for my suppression as I looked silently in places where State Security killed my grandfather Nikolle Preng Lleshi and your uncle Llesh (Aleksander) Gjomarkaj.

Next time when you come to Mirdita I will show you where the western boundary of our property is; the Rrasa e Gurit and the border with Malcine and Lezha, and I believe in those hills we can easily see the properties belonging to us in Lezha, Balldren and Kallmet.

Yours

Artan Lleshi.



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