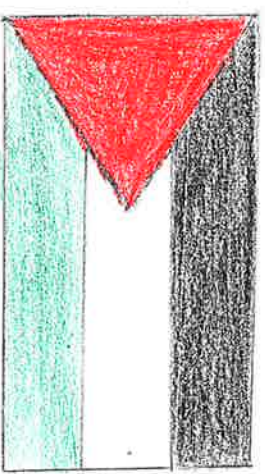


لا تفرحوا
بالتغلب

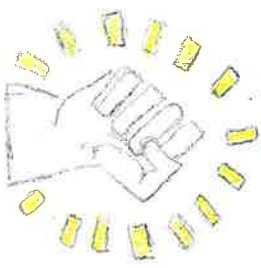


Don't loose hope

Face to Face with a Soldier

ye nae a lot
o courage tae
spek up fae
yer sel, and

ye richts ye
nae as a
human tae live.



My name is Raghad, and I'm 16 years old. I'm from Gaza City. On the morning of January 29, 2024, while my family was asleep, we suddenly heard the sound of tanks. We all woke up and gathered together. My father and my two brothers went downstairs to check. That was the last time I saw them. They didn't get back.

After the call to prayer at dawn, the sounds of the tanks didn't stop, and the voices of the soldiers grew louder, as if they were inside the building. In fact, they were. My heartbeat raced, faster and louder than any sound around me.

I thought of nothing but Allah. I prayed and read some prayers from my notebook. Everything around me was filled with fear and crying, but in that moment, all I could think of was my mother. She remained calm, sitting on a chair, trying to support us. Suddenly, she wasn't there anymore. I rushed out of the house without thinking, and I saw her standing in front of the soldiers, speaking with them. I found the courage in her, so I rushed to her side and translated what she was saying to them. An English conversation began between me and the soldiers. I assure you, I wasn't the same Raghad who had been afraid inside the house.

The soldiers ordered us to go south. We left. We had no choice. I thought that dad and my brothers would find a way to leave and join us. We had no idea what had happened to the others: to dad and my brothers. It was raining hard. It seemed that the sky was crying for what had happened.

A day later, my brother joined us, but alone. The words he spoke were harsh, but they had to be said. They fought, they tried to escape, but a tank shot my older brother in the head and my father in the back. My brother was a witness to it all. He called for help, but no one answered. He nearly died, but by Allah's protection, he survived.

I thanked Allah for keeping him safe, knowing that everything that happened was part of His will. Despite all the hardship and fear, my heart still holds on to one wish: peace. It's the one thing that keeps me going, even through the darkest times.

I am just a young girl who once lost her dreams, but now, I've found them again. They shine brighter than ever before, unshakable and filled with hope for a future where peace will finally prevail.

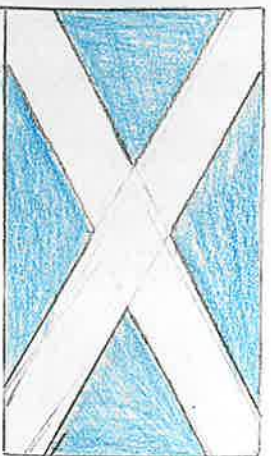
Also wie nae
Kenin if yer
brither an
fither is
a live or nae
but ye naed
tae keep
gain wihtoot
them tae
be able tae
stay a live.

an naed
tae keep
gain we
a hope tae
one day
there will be
peace.

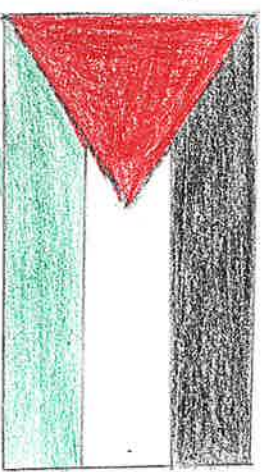


Fan ye
Food oor
bath yer
older brither
an fither naed
been killed
an could nae
de ony nae

I canna imagine how feart ye mawn been tae be face-tae-face we a soldier and nae kenin fit could nae happened next of if they would nae let ye store the kin or nae.



لا تقبل الهزيمة



Don't loose hope

Face to Face with a Soldier

ye hae aot
o courage tae
Spek up fae
yer se, and
ye richts ye
hae as a
human tae lve.



Fan ye
Food oor
both yer
older brither
an finer noed
been killed
an could nae
de onyhang

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Kenin if yer
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either is
oive or nae
but ye naed
tae keep
gain wihtoot
them tae
be able tae
stay oive.

an naed
tae keep
gain we
a hope tae
ine day
there will be
peace.



I canna imagine how feart ye maun been tae be face-tae-face we a soldier
and nae kenin fit could nae happened next of if they would nae let ye store
the kin or nae.

Sending ma
L♥VE

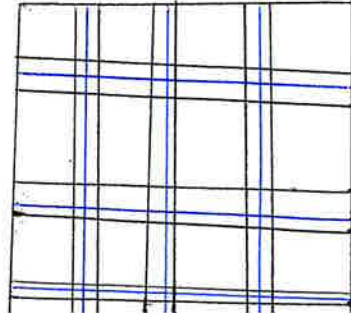
I'm glad
ye have yer
family ♥



You must
be gey
hungert

I'm affa
Chuffed ti
hear yer
hoose wisna
destroyed or
bombed 

You're
affa
Strang



Amidst the Ruins

My name is Rozan, and I am 13 years old. I live with my family in Khan Yunis. Like any other person, I dream of a peaceful and calm life. I want to study and attend university so that I can use my knowledge to benefit the world.

Before the war, I had a stable life. Each member of our family had plans and dreams for the future, and we worked hard to make them come true. But then, we heard the news about the invasion of military tanks and planes into the Gaza Strip. The war began in the north and gradually moved south, where we were. It was a devastating war. Schools were closed, bakeries shut down, and buildings were bombed. There was a severe shortage of food and water, and we had no electricity or fuel. Tanks fired their shells, and planes launched missiles everywhere. There was no safe place in Gaza.

We had to flee to save our lives. We left our home and found ourselves in an area I had never been to before. It was empty, with no water, food, or homes. We managed to set up a tent, but it was cold in the winter and unbearably hot in the summer. Insects were everywhere, and with them, diseases like hepatitis, anemia, infections, and diarrhea spread. Those were the most difficult days I have ever experienced. I couldn't sleep at night because I never felt safe.

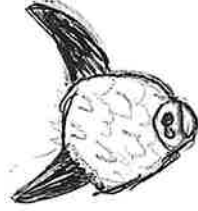
Despite how hard life was, we found a way to adapt and survive. I learned to cook on an open fire and make bread with my mother. We stayed there for about four months.

One day, we heard that the army had retreated from our neighborhood. When we returned, we were relieved to find that our house was still there. It wasn't bombed or destroyed, though it was partially damaged. My father fixed the windows and patched the holes in the walls. Our neighbors, however, had lost their house, and they had to put up a tent over the rubble. There's truly no place like home.

I am thankful that we were able to return home, unlike thousands of other Palestinians who still can't go back to theirs. I still have to carry water from a nearby area, but I never complain. I'm grateful that no one in my family was hurt and that we are all together.



I'm gey Sorry ti here- fit yer gan through
It must be affa Skeerie



I houp
athin
better
gets
♥

Canna think
fit yer
gan through

Im affa
Sorry ti hear
ye loss yer
hame for a
few month

We're a
thinkin o'
ye ♥

Were thinking o ye
 ye man
 be terrified


Fear, Faith, and Survival

My name is Tala, from Gaza and I am 15 years old. One of the hardest days during the war started like any other. After more than two months of displacement, we were having lunch together in peace. Suddenly, a deafening explosion shattered the silence, followed by more rockets hitting one after another. My younger brother, who had been playing outside, suddenly disappeared.

I heard my mother screaming his name hysterically. I tried to rush down the stairs to look for him, but thick smoke filled the air, making it hard to breathe. Looking out of the window was far too dangerous because of the flying shrapnel.

A few moments later, strangers arrived and warned us that the block we were in might be bombed. They told us to leave immediately. In the chaos, we discovered that unknown people had taken my brother to the hospital. We had no idea who they were or when they had taken him, as communication was nearly impossible during the war.

We desperately tried to contact my father, who had gone out to fetch supplies. He was far away and struggled to return, but after walking a long distance, he finally made it back. Without hesitation, he rushed to the hospital to find my brother.

When he arrived, the hospital was crowded with people. My brother was lying on the floor because there were no available beds. My mother, who was pregnant at that time, stayed behind with some family members to comfort us. Meanwhile, the rest of us moved to another shelter hoping that it was safer.

Days later, my brother was referred for treatment outside Gaza because the hospital facilities could not handle his condition. He had lost the ability to walk and speak. Due to the circumstances, we had no choice but to send him with my grandmother, a decision that broke our hearts.

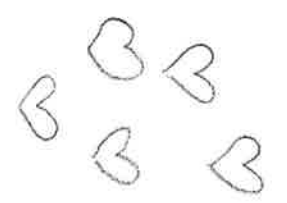
This brutal war has changed me forever. I learned to appreciate every blessing: family, food, water, and health. During the war, food was scarce, and even the water was contaminated. Many people had no access to these essentials at all.

The war forced me to grow up quickly. It taught me patience, resilience, and gratitude. I learned to express my love for my family because any moment could be our last together. Yet, despite everything, I still dream of peace. I long for the war to end, for life to return to normal, and for families to reunite.

This story is just one of many that countless people in Gaza have lived through. Although the pain is overwhelming, I hold on to the hope that one day we can rebuild our lives and create a future without war.



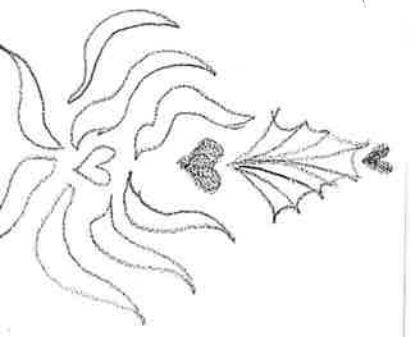
were
 thinking
 o ye



you
 survive
 after
 bomb



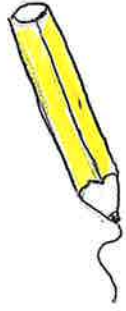
I'm
 get
 Sorry ti hear
 about is war



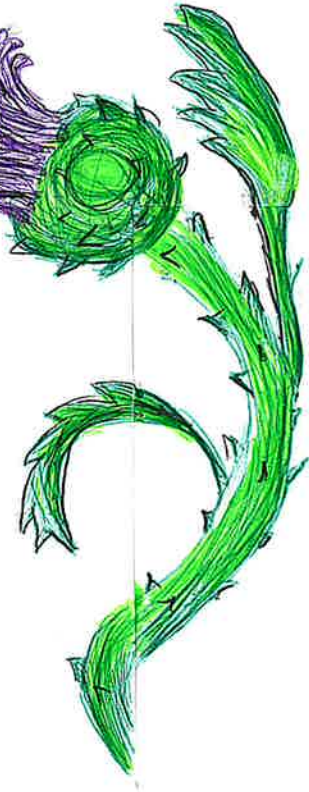
we're
 Whaechin
 Love an
 keep over
 ti ye

I couldna
imagine
fit yey
gan through

you scribe
affa bonnie



Im chuffed
yiv got ffed
aroon ye folk



Surviving Gaza's Hell

My name is Zain, and I was 10 years old when the war started. War is the worst thing in the world. We've faced it many times in Gaza, but this war was the hardest and most painful experience of our lives.

On October 13, 2023, we left our house and went to my grandpa's home because heavy bombing was taking place near us on Al Nasser Street. Just as we arrived, my dad came back from the hospital where he worked as a doctor. He told us to pack up our important things because we needed to leave and head to the south of Gaza, which we thought would be safer. But it wasn't safe at all—it felt like we were living in hell.

We stayed at Al Amal Hospital in Khan Younis with my dad. He treated many people there, while my mom, my sister Seba, my brother Talat, and I stayed in a room within the hospital. It was very difficult. There were many strangers, and the airstrikes were happening all around us. One day, my dad and brother were outside in the hospital yard when a powerful airstrike hit nearby. Shrapnel flew through the air. My mom, sister, and I didn't know what to do. We just waited. Later, my dad came to check on us, and thankfully, we were all okay. We had some small injuries, and our car was damaged, but we were alive.

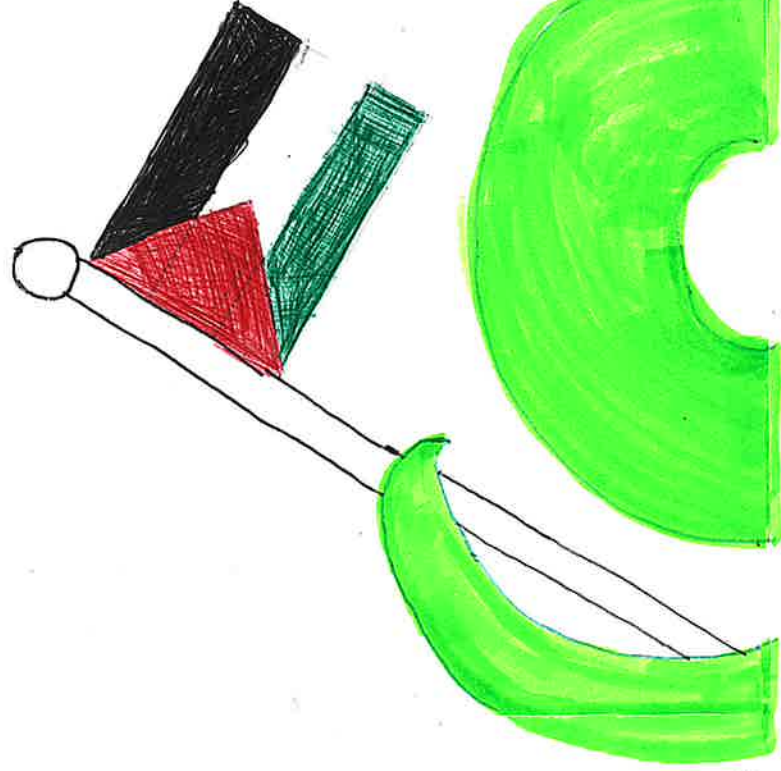
After three months at Al Amal Hospital, the situation worsened, and we had to leave again. We didn't know where to go, but we ended up at a field hospital in Rafah. We stayed in a tent camp, but even there, it became too dangerous.

My family made the decision to move to Al Zawaida town to stay with my grandparents, aunts, uncles, and cousins. For the first time during the war, I felt a sense of happiness. It was still dangerous there, but being with family made it feel warmer, like a piece of my old life had returned. I played with the other kids, and for a moment, I felt like I had something normal again.

But happy moments don't last long. On May 4, 2024, my brother, aunts, uncles, and cousins had to leave for Egypt. I was left behind, the only child without my brother or my friends. I stayed with my grandmother, and we shared the same sadness.

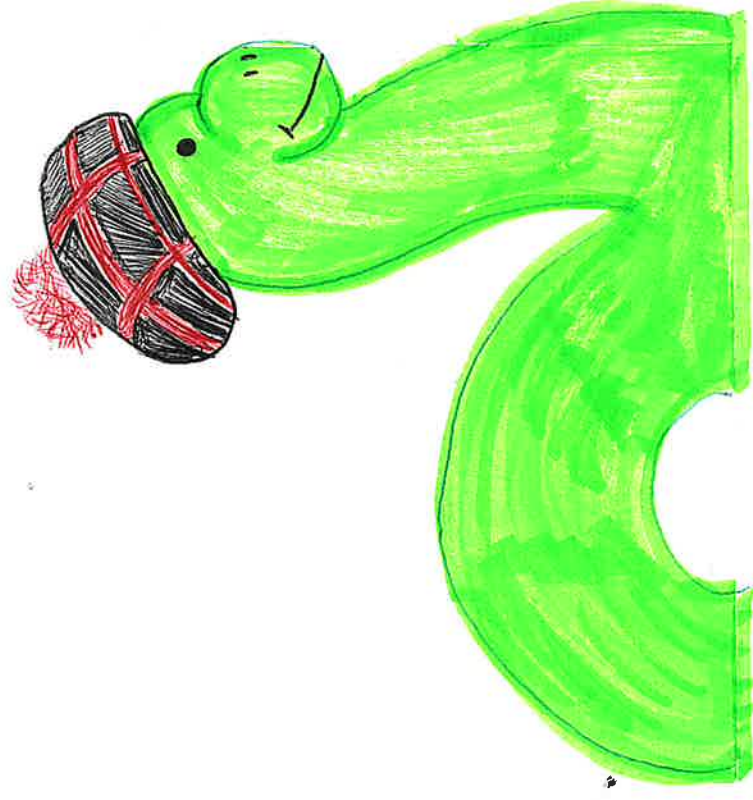
Although the war has taken much from me, I've learned to hold on to the moments of happiness we had, and the strength that comes from being with family.

hud
gan!!!



Im
sorry + i ge
about i hear
gan fit's
on

I da ken
how ye could
cope



we're thinkin
o ye



I jist dinna feel
ven foo ye mawn 

Were thinkin o ye



I'm gey
Sorry Fi hear
alboa + Fi hear
yeer gaan through



A Bright Moment in the Dark

Hello, my name is Hanan, and I'm 15 years old from Rafah, Palestine. January 8 is my birthday. The night before my birthday was filled with bombs and explosions, but I woke up to a beautiful morning. My relatives, aunts, their children, and many people I love came to visit and wish me a happy birthday. My cousin and his wife sang a song for me in Korean, knowing how much I love this language and its culture. They had practiced the song just for me, and despite their pronunciation being a little off, it was the sweetest gesture. As they sang, I couldn't help but laugh. Hearing them sing in Korean, with their voices full of love, was something I would never forget. The joy I felt in that moment was overwhelming, and for a few minutes, it felt like the whole world had stopped. I felt like the happiest person on earth, surrounded by people who cared about me so much. Their effort made my day incredibly special, and I couldn't have asked for a better gift.

For lunch, we gathered around a small table, and mum cooked some spicy Korean noodles—just the way I like them—and noodles with a creamy white sauce. The flavors were amazing, so different from the usual meals, and every bite felt comforting. We all ate together, sharing stories and laughing between bites, creating an atmosphere of warmth and love. It was simple, but being together made it feel special.

Then it was time for presents. They weren't extravagant, just small, thoughtful gifts, but they meant the world to me. In a time when life felt so uncertain, these small acts of kindness meant everything. The thoughtfulness behind each gift made me feel truly loved.

As evening fell, we gathered again in the living room, where we made a cake from scratch, whipped up cappuccinos, and snacked on popcorn. We sat together, sipping cappuccinos and munching on popcorn, exchanging stories and talking about everything and nothing.

Despite the war raging around us, this day felt like a small pocket of peace. The laughter and love I felt that day were enough to make it one of the best birthdays I've ever had, and I'm so grateful for the people who made it possible. Even in the darkest of times, it is moments like these that remind me how powerful love and human connection can be.



I canna believe fit yer gaan through 

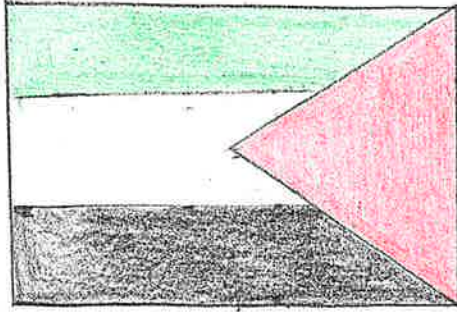
ye mawn
be terrifeed

we're wheechin
love an
houp ower
fi ye.

Dear Hala

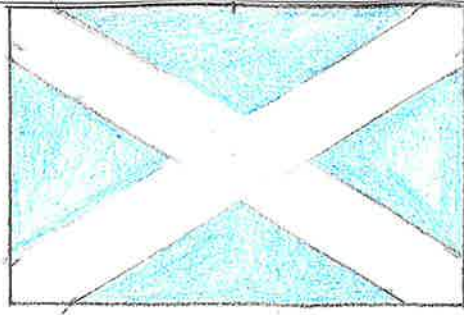
We're thinking o ye.
Reading yer letter made me realise
the horrors ye hae tae live wee everyday.

Fear



Terrified

Terrified



Fear

A Journey Through War and Hope

My name is Hala, a 15-year-old student in the 10th grade. I don't know where to begin, but I will never forget the day we were ordered to head south. We packed a few belongings and left our home with feelings of sadness and disappointment, heading towards a house my father had rented in a place called Al-Nuseirat.

All of my family got out of the car to carry the luggage, except for my sister and me. Suddenly, without any warning, the street we were on was bombed. I closed my eyes, and when I opened them again, the car was filled with ash and dust. It was hard to breathe, and the glass from the windows shattered, cutting my sister and me on the head. I managed to get out of the car and yelled for my family. Then I saw my brother lying on the ground and his head was covered in blood. He was unconscious. We all screamed in panic around him. I couldn't believe what was happening. The pain and fear were overwhelming. I screamed so loudly that my head felt like it was going to explode from crying. For the first time in my life, I saw my father crying, and his tears broke my heart.

The ambulance arrived and took my brother to the hospital. Thankfully, his injuries were moderate. We returned to our home in the north for one last day. Afterward, the Red Cross, where my father works, learned about what had happened to us and came to take us to a shelter in Rafah called the Grand House. We stayed there for six months, along with many families of Red Cross employees and foreign nationals.

I will not lie—it was a place where I felt both safe and fearful. There was constant bombing, and the shelter, which was near the sea, was often disturbed by the sound of naval boats. Many things happened during my time in that shelter, but they are too numerous to mention here.

After this exhausting period, I left Gaza and traveled to Egypt. Saying goodbye to our relatives and friends was one of the hardest days of my life, and sadly, my father could not join us because of his work commitments. That day was full of tears, but I am thankful to be safe now, away from the conflict. Even so, my heart and mind are still there.

Through everything I have experienced, I have learned lessons that I will carry with me for the rest of my life: patience, a deeper love for my family and my country, and the true value of things we often take for granted—until we lose them. I hope and pray that the war will end soon, and I can return to my homeland, to live in peace, just like the rest of the world.

I'm gey sorry tae hear about yer Brither
Ana



Ye must be so saunnert moun about
a the time

I canna believe fit yer gaan through.

Hud Gaan

Ye Maun be terrifeed

Firm and Unbroken

My name is Layan, and I'm 15 years old. I live in Gaza City. When the war broke out in Gaza, we were warned to leave the city and head south. As a family, we made the decision to stay in Gaza and not leave, standing firm like the land beneath us that refuses to break. Despite the constant bombing and destruction, we didn't leave our home until the ground beneath us began to burn.

One day, we saw papers falling from the sky, thrown by military planes. We watched them float down, the papers carrying warnings for people to evacuate the city. Some of my uncles, aunts, and cousins decided to head south, as the situation seemed to be getting worse. But we chose to stay in Gaza.

A few days later, the shells started falling closer to us. We had no choice but to flee, leaving with nothing but the clothes on our backs. We found refuge in my grandfather's house; still in the city, but in an area that was thought to be safer. At my grandfather's house, 85 displaced people sought safety. We stayed there for a while, but soon, that area became too dangerous too, and we were forced to leave once again.

When we tried to leave, a missile exploded just a few blocks away. It was too close. We quickly turned back to my grandfather's house and stayed with our relatives, sharing in the fear and the patience.

In the midst of all this darkness, I learned that you don't truly know people until you live with them. I saw so much kindness in the hearts of those around me, and it gave me strength.

Today, after the ceasefire was announced, by the grace of God, we've returned to our home. Our loved ones are back, and our house still stands strong, just like we did. Alhamdulillah for His hidden mercy. May Allah have mercy on our martyrs, heal the hearts of those who have lost loved ones, and protect our people and our land from all harm.

I W's Shocked at f00 bad the conditions were at yer home.

We're thinkin Oye.

Keep yer heed up.

Ye man have felt absolutely terrified

We're wheelin' love in
hopp over ti ge

A Day I Will Never Forget

My name is Lamar, and I am 14 years old, from Khan Yunis City in Palestine. There are moments in life that are so intense and unforgettable that they stay with you forever. For me, one of those moments occurred on the 4th of March, 2024.

It was around midnight when I was in the Hamad neighborhood, and we began hearing the sounds of tanks, gunfire, and bombings. Military planes attacked nearby buildings, and the army declared our area a military operation zone. This meant that anyone in the area could become a target. We were trapped in our apartment, unable to leave or even look out the windows.

Suddenly, our building was attacked. Soldiers broke into the apartments and took the men with them. They gathered all the women and children and locked us in a room without food or water. We stayed there for about 24 hours, listening to the bombings outside, the roar of the tanks, and the shouting of the soldiers. Time seemed to slow down, and fear filled my mind. I feared that someone might come in and shoot us or that the building would be hit and we would be buried under the rubble. All we could do was pray to Allah to protect us.

Then, after hours of silence, we heard someone approaching the door. When it opened, a soldier shouted at us in Arabic, "Stand up now and line up! Do not look right or left!" We followed him, leaving the building. Outside, the tanks were everywhere, like a park of military vehicles. Hundreds of soldiers were on the ground, and planes flew low above us. As we walked, I was horrified to see dead bodies in the streets. I cried silently. My neighborhood was barely recognizable; many buildings had been bombed, and the streets were filled with sand and rubble.

Eventually, we reached an area where many other people had gathered. We were held there for about six hours, forbidden to speak or even look around. Then a soldier came and ordered us to leave for the south, to Rafah City. We were told to walk without looking back. We walked for hours, and as we got close to an area where we could see people and cars in the distance, I dared to glance back. I saw my mother and sisters, and my mom told me, "Keep walking!" At that moment, everyone started running, and I ran with them until we finally reached safety.

Some kind people gave us water and biscuits. We made our way to Rafah, where we stayed with a relative. Two weeks later, my father was released and joined us in Rafah.

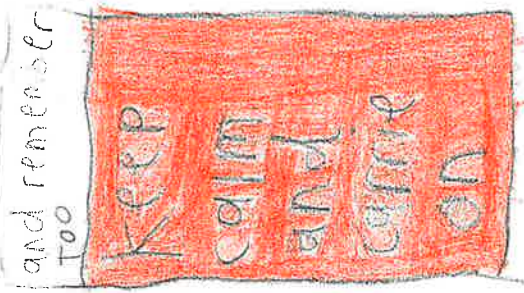
No words can truly express the fear and emotions I felt during those hours. That day will stay with me forever, and I will continue to share this story with everyone I meet for the rest of my life.

I canna imagine hevin' any o that happen to me,
nuc being able to look out my window, or hevin' to walk in
a straight line for hours without looking back.

eye down
good

gayle? next 9 been 2 part
trough at th? am 2100 that
yer still su119 Hap ever + po99n -hap
dark Tim 25
we'll be thinking o' ye

Hud
chapain



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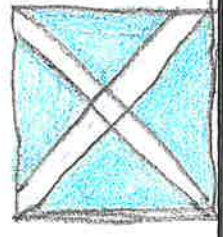
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damn that's sad



SHOCKED

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It was around midnight when I was in the Hamad neighborhood, and we began hearing the sounds of tanks, gunfire, and bombings. Military planes attacked nearby buildings, and the army declared our area a military operation zone. This meant that anyone in the area could become a target. We were trapped in our apartment, unable to leave or even look out the windows.

Suddenly, our building was attacked. Soldiers broke into the apartments and took the men with them. They gathered all the women and children and locked us in a room without food or water. We stayed there for about 24 hours, listening to the bombings outside, the roar of the tanks, and the shouting of the soldiers. Time seemed to slow down, and fear filled my mind. I feared that someone might come in and shoot us or that the building would be hit and we would be buried under the rubble. All we could do was pray to Allah to protect us.

Then, after hours of silence, we heard someone approaching the door. When it opened, a soldier shouted at us in Arabic, "Stand up now and line up! Do not look right or left!" We followed him, leaving the building. Outside, the tanks were everywhere, like a park of military vehicles. Hundreds of soldiers were on the ground, and planes flew low above us. As we walked, I was horrified to see dead bodies in the streets. I cried silently. My neighborhood was barely recognizable; many buildings had been bombed, and the streets were filled with sand and rubble.

Eventually, we reached an area where many other people had gathered. We were held there for about six hours, forbidden to speak or even look around. Then a soldier came and ordered us to leave for the south, to Rafah City. We were told to walk without looking back. We walked for hours, and as we got close to an area where we could see people and cars in the distance, I dared to glance back. I saw my mother and sisters, and my mom told me, "Keep walking!" At that moment, everyone started running, and I ran with them until we finally reached safety.

Some kind people gave us water and biscuits. We made our way to Rafah, where we stayed with a relative. Two weeks later, my father was released and joined us in Rafah.

No words can truly express the fear and emotions I felt during those hours. That day will stay with me forever, and I will continue to share this story with everyone I meet for the rest of my life.

HOPE

HOW

STAMMY GASTERT!

AFRAID FEART

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 to yi



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 hounp abdy is deerny
 alright n i'm gee seeing
 ei neae about yee uncle
 i hope yee in a afa

safe place uoc.
 yi must be
 afa fed up
 after fits can
 on.

The Day We Lost Him

My name is Mais, and I'm 15 years old, from Gaza City, Palestine. During the war on Gaza, I experienced deep feelings of loss, pain, and separation, but I also learned what resilience and coping truly mean. My story takes me back to a single moment during the siege of Al-Shifa Hospital—an event that forever changed my family's life.

When the war forced us to evacuate our neighborhood, we sought refuge in Al-Shifa Hospital, hoping it would be a safe haven as we had no other place to go. Amidst the chaos of war, I lost a beloved uncle, and the weight of that loss still resonates with me.

On March 26th, the seventh day of the siege that was imposed on Al-Shifa Hospital by the army, we were fasting while the sounds of shelling and tanks echoed dangerously close to us. We couldn't escape, as the hospital had encircled by tanks from all directions.

At midnight, we received a call informing us that one of my uncles had been shot in the neck by a quadcopter bullet. Because we were hungry, we couldn't help him, and he was left lying in the street. Later that night, my other uncle managed to pull him away, risking everything to escape with him. They buried him in the ground, and we were unable to say our final goodbyes or even see him one last time.

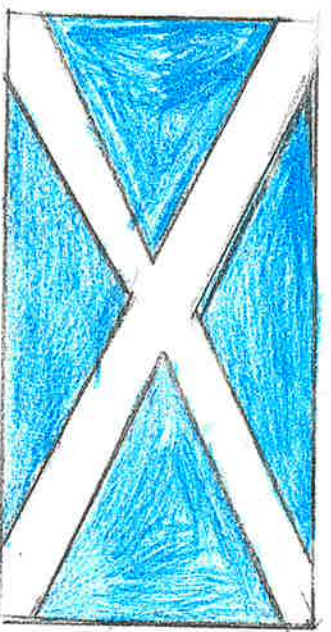
He was the uncle closest to my heart, and I never imagined we would one day have to live without him in our home. Our entire family was filled with grief over the loss of our beloved family member. We were fasting, but we had no desire to eat. Night fell, and everyone eventually slept, but I couldn't find peace. I cried through the night, unable to stop until morning.

We were forced to endure days we never imagined we would face; days that were filled with loss, fear, and uncertainty. Despite everything, we clung to our faith, hoping for strength and solace. May Allah have mercy on all the martyrs, and may we find peace in the memories of those we have lost.

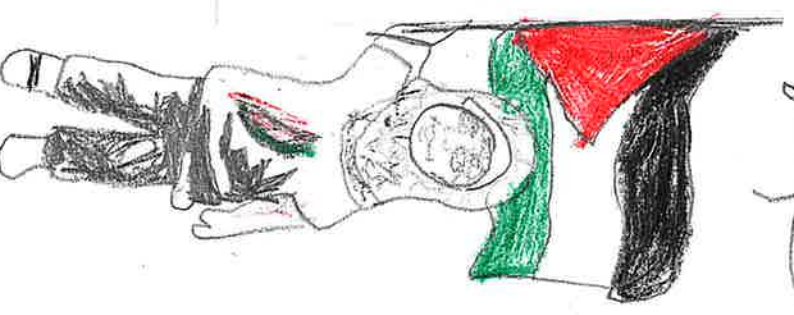
Barakallahou fik...
 may allah bless you.

بارك الله فيك

4/5



FREE PALESTINE





Surviving the Siege



My name is Jana. I once lived as a fifteen-year-old girl, but the war on Gaza, which began on October 7, has aged me decades in pain and suffering. The brutal events we have endured are not like anything I ever imagined: they have become permanent nightmares etched deeply into my memory. Among these harrowing experiences, there is one moment that changed my life forever, a moment I will never forget.

Last July, as we were adjusting to the harsh new reality, news spread that evacuations were happening near our home. Though we were frightened, we felt a sense of relief that our house was not one of the affected areas. We welcomed relatives who had fled from the danger, but that night was filled with tension. The sounds of explosions echoed, and distant screams pierced the air. We prayed for everyone's safety, thinking that the evacuated areas were the primary targets.

Just before dawn, I woke to hear unfamiliar screams from outside. I tried to wake up my sister, but she ignored me and kept sleeping. I couldn't just lie there, so I woke up my brother, who immediately got up to check. Then, I woke up my parents. My father and brother went outside, and moments later, they returned with shocking news: the army was advancing into our area, the area where people had sought refuge. That was the beginning of a suffocating siege that we had never anticipated.

By sunrise, we realized that the neighborhood was surrounded by tanks. Evacuation was no longer an option. The skies were filled with military planes, snipers targeted any movement, and the sound of tanks grew louder with every passing moment. Death loomed at every corner of our home. Our resources quickly ran out, deepening our sense of despair. By the third day, we had no water, and hopelessness began to settle in. We couldn't leave for fear of being shot; stepping outside meant death.

Then, one day, the explosions stopped. We decided to take risk. With our hearts pounding in our chests, we crept to our neighbors' homes, hoping to find water. Fortune was on our side, and we returned with just enough to last us a while. Each moment felt like a battle for survival, and each day became a test of our resilience.

Eventually, the army withdrew, leaving behind nothing but devastation. Homes were reduced to rubble, roads were destroyed, and bodies lay scattered in the streets. Those haunting scenes will stay with me forever. The siege ended, but it left scars that will never heal.

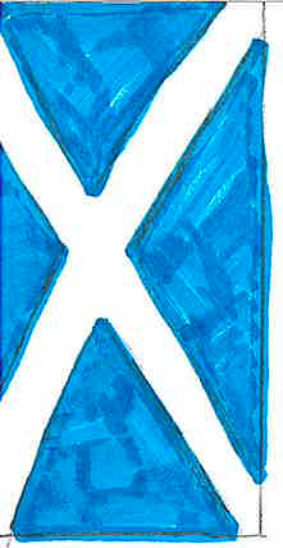
This experience taught me that life can bring unimaginable challenges, and surviving them requires an inner strength I never knew I had. I've learned that even in the most profound pain, resilience can be found. Those days taught me to treasure the simplest blessings — a moment of peace, a sip of water, and reminded me that hope is the flame that keeps us alive.



"BELIEVE YOU CAN. YOUR ALMOST THERE"



IM GEE SORRY TI HEAR ABOOT FIT YER GOING
THREW. I WUNNER HOW FEART YE ARE,
YE MAUN BE TERRIFIED.
I CANNA BELIEVE FIT YER GAAN THROUSH.
HOWP YER DAEIN BETTER.
YE MAUN BE SO DOUBT YE LOSS YER NAME.



"TOUGH TIMES NEVER LAST, BUT
TOUGH PEOPLE DO"



Fit like mabade, I'm one o the students
for best academy. I've read your
description and I canna believe fit
yer gaun through.

I'm glad i hear
your aunts
smoothing
ment

You must be so sunnere o everything and iuse warning ti go home.

I'm gey sorry ti hear about
how you had ti leave
your name.

Journey Through Fear

My name is Malak, and I'm from Beit Lafia in the north of the Gaza Strip, Palestine. I used to live in a beautiful house surrounded by orange and olive trees. One day, while we were at home, the alarm sounded, and it felt as though the apocalypse had arrived. The war had begun. Panic and fear quickly spread as we were forced to evacuate our house immediately.

With tears streaming down our faces, we rushed to my aunt's house in search of safety. As darkness fell, my pregnant aunt began to groan in pain, signaling that it was time for her to give birth. Fear gripped us even tighter as the sounds of missiles and artillery shells mixed with my aunt's groans. At 1:30 a.m., her labor pains intensified, and we called for an ambulance. But the heavy shelling made it impossible for the ambulance to reach our house. My aunt was carried to the front of the neighborhood, where the ambulance was waiting for her. Finally, she was taken to the hospital, and thankfully, the delivery went smoothly.

With the sunrise, the phone rang, announcing the arrival of a new member of our family, a baby boy named Muhammad. Our tears of joy at his birth overcame the fear that had filled our hearts. Later, my aunt returned home, and we all congratulated her on the baby. For me, the birth symbolized our unwavering right to life on our land.

A few hours later, phosphorus shells rained down around the house from every direction. A warning rocket hit our neighbor's roof, signaling us to leave. We lived through terrifying moments of extreme fear, unsure of what to do or where to escape. Moments later, we received threatening messages and phone calls urging us to flee south. The situation escalated quickly, and we were overwhelmed with fear of the unknown.

Then, we heard that a safe route had been opened for displaced people to leave the north and head south. We had to make a decision fast, as time was running out, and death seemed so close. Amid the screams of children and my mother's tears, my grandfather decided we had no choice but to pack up and leave. Everything happened quickly, and we left our home behind. The streets were eerily silent, except for the sound of drones flying overhead.

As we passed through the streets, we saw destroyed houses, burned factories, and empty mosques. When we reached the Al-Shuja'iya area, several kilometers away from our home, we were shocked by the number of displaced people. It looked like a scene from the Day of Judgment. Suddenly, a car was bombed. I saw the car flying high into the air in flames. Many were wounded, and some martyrs fell. We were left in confusion and fear, uncertain of what was to come next.

As we continued our journey to the south, we saw the devastation all around us. The streets were filled with people who had lost everything, just like us. But in the midst of the chaos, there was a strange sense of unity. We all shared the same pain, the same fear, and the same hope for survival.

The world may have been crumbling around us, but we were still alive, and that gave us strength. We carried our memories of better days with us, and I knew, deep down, that one day, we would return home.

Until that day comes, we continue to survive, to hope, and to dream.

canna believe fit your gaun through
must be so heartbreaking, were
thinkin o ye's.

we were
thinkin
o ge
best
academy
at

As I say I
fit your gaun
thruough sounds
terrible.

I canna imagine hearing alarms and kerruning you hae ti
leave your name and might nae be able ti go back.

A Bright Moment in the Dark

Hello, my name is Hanan, and I'm 15 years old from Rafah, Palestine. January 8 is my birthday. The night before my birthday was filled with bombs and explosions, but I woke up to a beautiful morning. My relatives, aunts, their children, and many people I love came to visit and wish me a happy birthday. My cousin and his wife sang a song for me in Korean, knowing how much I love this language and its culture. They had practiced the song just for me, and despite their pronunciation being a little off, it was the sweetest gesture. As they sang, I couldn't help but laugh. Hearing them sing in Korean, with their voices full of love, was something I would never forget. The joy I felt in that moment was overwhelming, and for a few minutes, it felt like the whole world had stopped. I felt like the happiest person on earth, surrounded by people who cared about me so much. Their effort made my day incredibly special, and I couldn't have asked for a better gift.

For lunch, we gathered around a small table, and mum cooked some spicy Korean noodles—just the way I like them—and noodles with a creamy white sauce. The flavors were amazing, so different from the usual meals, and every bite felt comforting. We all ate together, sharing stories and laughing between bites, creating an atmosphere of warmth and love. It was simple, but being together made it feel special.

Then it was time for presents. They weren't extravagant, just small, thoughtful gifts, but they meant the world to me. In a time when life felt so uncertain, these small acts of kindness meant everything. The thoughtfulness behind each gift made me feel truly loved.

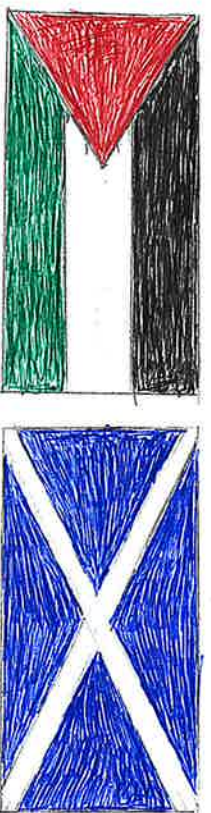
As evening fell, we gathered again in the living room, where we made a cake from scratch, whipped up cappuccinos, and snacked on popcorn. We sat together, sipping cappuccinos and munching on popcorn, exchanging stories and talking about everything and nothing.

Despite the war raging around us, this day felt like a small pocket of peace. The laughter and love I felt that day were enough to make it one of the best birthdays I've ever had, and I'm so grateful for the people who made it possible. Even in the darkest of times, it is moments like these that remind me how powerful love and human connection can be.

DEAR HANAN,

HELLO, MY NAME IS PHOEBE, I AM 16 YEARS OLD, FROM BANFF, SCOTLAND. I AM GEE SORRY TI HEAR THAT YE ARE GOING THROUGH THIS. IT MUST BE REALLY HARD TO THOLE, YER BIRTHDAY SOOND GLAMOURIE! YER BIRTHDAY DENNER SOOND MUCKLE!! I TOO AM ALSO GEE TEEN WI KOREAN CULTURE AND LANGUAGE! IT IS REALLY BONNIE THAT YOUR FAMILY MADE YOUR BIRTHDAY SO SPEESHALL! YOU SCRIEVE AFFA BONNIE! WE'RE THINKIN GF YE! WE'RE WHEECHIN LOVE AN HOWP OVER TI YE!

KIND REGARDS PHOEBE ☺





I couldnae imagine
how your feeling, it wae
be a different n' get only
young
a fa
young

The Day We Lost Him

My name is Mais, and I'm 15 years old, from Gaza City, Palestine. During the war on Gaza, I experienced deep feelings of loss, pain, and separation, but I also learned what resilience and coping truly mean. My story takes me back to a single moment during the siege of Al-Shifa Hospital—an event that forever changed my family's life.

When the war forced us to evacuate our neighborhood, we sought refuge in Al-Shifa Hospital, hoping it would be a safe haven, as we had no other place to go. Amidst the chaos of war, I lost a beloved uncle, and the weight of that loss still resonates with me.

On March 26th, the seventh day of the siege that was imposed on Al-Shifa Hospital by the army, we were fasting while the sounds of shelling and tanks echoed dangerously close to us. We couldn't escape, as the hospital had encircled by tanks from all directions

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wid terrifie ma

At midnight, we received a call informing us that one of my uncles had been shot in the neck by a quadcopter bullet. Because we were besieged, we couldn't help him, and he was left lying in the street. Later that night, my other uncle managed to pull him away, risking everything to escape with him. They buried him in the ground, and we were unable to say our final goodbyes or even see him one last time.

nae being able
ti sleep at night
must nae be gweed
for yi

He was the uncle closest to my heart, and I never imagined we would one day have to live without him in our home. Our entire family was filled with grief over the loss of our beloved family member. We were fasting, but we had no desire to eat. Night fell, and everyone eventually slept, but I couldn't find peace. I cried through the night, unable to stop until morning.

We were forced to endure days we never imagined we would face; days that were filled with loss, fear, and uncertainty. Despite everything, we clung to our faith, hoping for strength and solace. May Allah have mercy on all the martyrs, and may we find peace in the memories of those we have lost.

keep your heed up n keep gon!



It was a terrible night
I was so scared
I couldnae imagine
leaving ma hoosen
na family
they are
kenning fit
gon through

I could nae
imagine
leaving ma hoosen
na family
they are
kenning fit
gon through

Am afa sorry ti
hear about yer
peer uncle

It's
long for
now
gon

We're thinkin' o' ye at
bein' academy.

It's heartbreakin' her people,
to her ages is
the pupils an' similar are o' em
myself at bang me are o' em
academy are through this
thinkin' o' ye. o' ye rough time.
canna imagine it.

ye thinks M'st
the weel scary

Loaves of Hope and Resilience in Gaza

In the city of Gaza, where the sounds of life can barely be heard above the bombs and explosions, there lived a sixteen-year-old girl named Rahaf. She grew up in a home filled with love and joy, where her parents pampered her and life was full of fun and happiness. But when the war started, everything changed. Life transformed in an instant, and the family that was once full of laughter and joy was scattered. Rahaf and her family were displaced multiple times within the northern part of Gaza City.

The arrival of her niece, Rana, named after Rahaf's late sister who was killed during the war, was bittersweet. Just a day after Rana's birth, Rahaf and her family were forced to leave. On November 11th, the day they had to part, the family was torn apart. Rahaf, her sisters, nieces, and brother had to leave for the south, while her father and brother remained behind, their parting filled with unbearable sorrow. They didn't know when they would see each other again.

Her father, with tears in his eyes, hugged her one last time, reminding her to stay strong and trust in God. "The world is full of pain now, but you will remain strong," he told her. Rahaf longed to tell him how much she loved him, but there was no time. Military planes flew overhead, and destruction consumed everything around them.

Her brother, a few years older than Rahaf, also shared his final words with her: "We will meet soon. I don't know when, but we will meet." Their hearts ached as they watched their father and brother from a distance, knowing they were leaving them behind in a world that seemed to have no place for love or farewells.

From that moment, Rahaf's true suffering began. They walked for hours on a rough road, filled with debris and destruction. The streets were quiet, the scorching sun adding to their exhaustion. Her mother carried her grandchildren, while her sister, still recovering from childbirth, could barely walk. Hours passed until they finally reached the south, but relief was short-lived. Food was scarce, water was even harder to find, and the bombing continued.

Despite the hardships, Rahaf held on to hope. She knew that surviving meant finding creative ways to keep going. Every day, she prayed and read the Quran, keeping her spirit alive amidst the bleakness. With little more than four walls surrounding her, she found a way to bring comfort to her family.

Rahaf, with determination and care, learned to cook. She began making bread, mixing flour and water, praying it would be enough to feed them. Her hands, dry and tired, pressed the dough, stretched it and folded it over and over. Kneading, for her, symbolized her will to keep going. As the loaves baked, the weak fire flickered and the winds threatened to extinguish it, but Rahaf refused to give up. Her brother would walk for hours to gather firewood, but they still had so little, so she had to bake with the little wood she had.

When the bread was finally done, it was flat and darkened by the weak fire, but Rahaf was proud. "This is the bread I made with my own hands," she thought. Over time, she improved her bread-making skills, using the limited resources available to her. Despite the exhaustion, the pain, and the lack of materials, Rahaf continued baking, feeding her family, and learning how to survive.

"I am Rahaf," she thought to herself. "In this war, I have learned that loss is not the end. Love and hope can survive anywhere, no matter the circumstances." The bread she baked was more than just food; it was a lesson in survival. It was hope in its purest form. In every loaf, Rahaf baked not only bread, but a future. She learned that survival isn't about the abundance of food, but about a will that refuses to break.

I juse dimna Ken
foo ye maun feel right
noo.

I dinna know how you
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home we me with o
Nahin Kamin you
Mist never see it again

ye sister is a ye
gimme opine for Nahin
can out after birth

ye maun be terrified
fit's happening

It's some skill
at Nahin bread off
a bonnie wee only
floor in water

I hope you kin send
me rest o' yer family

I couldn't see at
kin me father
chin

Ain awya sorry the hear
above whies happened
canna imagine the feelin' ye
ye're a daen time

Whishin the ye beese
all

I canna imagine
fit your gun through

I'm gey sorry i hear above
your late sister.

hoping yer all deans alright. fit's gan hi happen
terrified of



FEART

terrified

Door in the moon

I canna believe
fit yer gam through

A Family's Fight for Life

My name is Raneem, and I am sixteen years old and come from Gaza. On July 7, 2024, my family and I were sitting in the living room watching the news together. Suddenly, I noticed my father secretly signaling my mother to join him in the kitchen. They started talking in hushed voices and I realized that something was wrong.

As a girl from the Gaza Strip in times of war, I instinctively watched the news. My fears were confirmed: The army forces had announced that we would have to evacuate our area. Fear and apprehension filled the air as we took our pre-prepared bags.

My father asked me and my younger brothers to wait on the street corner while he and my mother gathered the rest of our belongings. We did as we were told and hurried to the street corner. But surprisingly, the quadcopter plane hovered near a school in the area, which was right next to our house. I pressed my hands tightly on my brothers' hands so as not to lose them in the chaos; it was a big responsibility to protect them. So, we ran together as fast as we could to save our lives.

The situation was getting scarier by the minute. I took out my cell phone to call my mother, but the signal was too weak and I couldn't reach her. People were running all around me and I followed them, not knowing where I was running to. Finally, my phone rang, it was my mother. She asked if we were safe and where we were. An elderly man nearby told us the name of the area and I passed it on to her. Finally, we gathered with our family at my uncle's house.

We had lunch together, trying to regain some normalcy, and prepared for sleep, thinking the worst was behind us, but without warning, everything rumbled and the window collapsed on me. The stones and broken glass hit my family. My cousin was injured, her head was covered in blood.

For the second time, we grabbed our bags and hurried down stairs to the basement, believing it to be the safest place in the building. There were 33 of us in total. The women sat in the hallway, the small children huddled in a small room, and the men and older boys took up positions on and under the stairs.

It was a trap. They wanted people to gather in one place, only to narrow them down and target them.

We started praying, reading the Quran and asking God to protect us. My father made one last phone call to his father and brothers. The moments were terrible. Shots, drones, helicopters and F-16s could be heard everywhere. We were frozen and didn't know whether to stay or go; either could mean our death.

We stayed awake all night and sat on the cold floor without food or water. We couldn't make a sound, couldn't move and couldn't do anything but wait. We feared that the army would break down the door, arrest us or worse, kill us.

Finally, our parents made the difficult decision to leave the house, we stepped into the street while the tanks were in the area. By God's grace, we escaped safely, filled with gratitude for the protection of our lives.

Though the road ahead remained uncertain, we knew that our strength and faith would guide us through whatever came next. And no matter how dark the world seemed, the light of hope would always shine through, even in the midst of war.

I hope yer cousin is
alive,

Must of been boring
and scary

we think o ye an I jist din a ken soo ye maan seel,
ye maan be terrified an were gey sorry to hear about yaus,
I canna believe sit yer baan through. Jist had chappin,

I hope yaus never
hid to go through it
again.

your family to be
your family to be
your family to be
your family to be

Smart for having your
bags prepared