

Palestine: The Wounds of the Land and the Endurance of Hope

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## المقدمة

فِلَسْطِينُ، أَرْضُ الرِّسَالَاتِ وَمَهْدُ الْحَضَارَاتِ، تَشْهَدُ الْيَوْمَ وَاحِدَةً  
 مِنْ أَفْطَحِ الْمَآسِي الْإِنْسَانِيَّةِ فِي تَارِيخِنَا الْمُعَاصِرِ. إِنَّ قَضِيَّةَ  
 فِلَسْطِينِ لَيْسَتْ مُجَرَّدَ نِزَاعِ جُغْرَافِيٍّ أَوْ سِيَاسِيٍّ؛ إِنَّهَا قَضِيَّةُ الْحَقِّ  
 أَمَامَ الْبَاطِلِ، قَضِيَّةُ شَعْبٍ يُقَاوِمُ فِي سَبِيلِ أَرْضِهِ وَكَرَامَتِهِ  
 وَحُرِّيَّتِهِ. فِي خِصَمِ كُلِّ مَا يَحْدُثُ، تُصِرُّ الدَّوْلَةُ الصَّهْيُونِيَّةُ عَلَى  
 انْتِهَاكِ حُقُوقِ هَذَا الشَّعْبِ وَتَشْوِيهِ تَارِيخِهِ وَهُويَّتِهِ، مُحَاوَلَةً  
 فَرِضَ وَاقِعٍ بِالْقُوَّةِ وَالْعُنْفِ، لَكِنَّ الْحَقَّ لَا يَطْمِسُهُ بَاطِلٌ، وَلَا  
 يُسْكِتُ صَوْتَ الْحُرِّيَّةِ. فِلَسْطِينُ، تِلْكَ الْأَرْضُ الَّتِي اخْتَضَنْتَ بَيْنَ  
 طَيِّبَاتِهَا تَارِيخِ الْأَنْبِيَاءِ وَحَضَارَةِ الْأَجْدَادِ، تَقِفُ الْيَوْمَ شَامِخَةً أَمَامَ  
 مَشْهَدِ مَلِيٍّ بِالتَّحَدِّيَّاتِ، كَأَنَّهَا تَكْتُبُ مِنْ جَدِيدٍ فَصْلًا مَلْحَمِيًّا فِي  
 سِجْلِ الْإِنْسَانِيَّةِ. هُنَا، حَيْثُ تَتَعَانَقُ آلَامُ الْحَاضِرِ مَعَ أَخْلَامِ

التَّحَرُّرُ، يَنْبِضُ قَلْبُ الْحَقِّ بِقُوَّةٍ لَا تُقَهَّرُ. إِنَّهَا قَضِيَّةُ الْأَرْضِ الَّتِي  
ارْتَوَتْ بِدِمَائِ الْأَخْرَارِ، وَقَضِيَّةُ الشَّعْبِ الَّذِي لَمْ يَخُنْ يَوْمًا عَهْدَهُ  
مَعَ الْكِرَامَةِ. أَمَامَ هَذَا النَّبْضِ الْمُتَوَاصِلِ، تَقِفُ الدَّوْلَةُ الصَّهْيُونِيَّةُ  
كَكَيْيَانٍ بَاطِلٍ، تُحَاوِلُ فَرَضَ وُجُودِهَا بِالْقَهْرِ وَالظُّلْمِ، مُتَجَاهِلَةً أَنَّ  
الْبَاطِلَ، مَهْمَا طَالَ، لَا يَنْتَصِرُ فِي وَجْهِ الْحَقِّ. فِلَسْطِينَ،

## introduction

**Palestine, the Land of Prophets and the Cradle of Civilizations, Today, Palestine witnesses one of the most atrocious humanitarian tragedies in modern history. The Palestinian cause is not merely a geographic or political conflict; it is a struggle, between right and wrong, a cause of a people resisting for their land, dignity, and freedom. Amidst everything that is happening, the Zionist state insists on violating the rights of this people and distorting their history and identity, attempting to**

**impose a reality through force and violence. Yet, falsehood can never erase the truth, nor can it silence the voice of freedom.**

**Palestine, that land which cradled the history of prophets and the civilization of ancestors, stands tall today, facing a scene full of challenges, as if writing a new epic chapter in the annals of humanity. Here, where the pains of the present, intertwine with dreams of liberation, the heart of justice beats with an invincible strength. It is the cause of a land watered by the blood of the free, and the cause of a people who have**

**never betrayed their covenant with dignity. In the face of this unwavering spirit, the Zionist state stands as an illegitimate entity, trying to assert its existence through oppression and injustice, forgetting that falsehood, no matter how long it prevails, cannot triumph against the truth.**



## الإهداء

إِلَى إِخْوَتِي فِي فِلَسْطِينَ :  
 لِإِخْوَانِنَا فِي فِلَسْطِينَ أَهْدِيكُمْ هَذَا الْكِتَابَ، تَحِيَّةَ إِجْلَالٍ وَإِكْتِبَارٍ  
 لِصُمُودِكُمْ الَّذِي يَخْتَرِقُ حُدُودَ الْمُسْتَحِيلِ، أَنْتُمْ يَا مَنْ تَحَدَّثْتُمْ  
 الظُّلْمَ رِجَالًا وَنِسَاءً وَأَطْفَالًا. أَكْتُبُ كَلِمَاتِي بِمَدَادِ كُلِّ قَطْرَةِ دَمٍ  
 نَزَفَتْ مِنْ أَجْسَادِكُمُ الطَّاهِرَةِ، رَاجِيَةً أَنْ تَعْلُوَ فِي سَمَاءِ أَرْضِكُمْ  
 أَصْوَاتُ النَّصْرِ الَّتِي تَتَأَجَّجُ فِي مَيْدَانِ الْمَعْرَكَةِ.  
 أَعَاهِدُكُمْ أَنْ أَبْقَى وَفِيَّةً لِقَضِيَّتِكُمْ، مُتَمَسِّكَةً بِالْحَقِّ الْفِلَسْطِينِيِّ،  
 حَتَّى يَأْتِيَ الْيَوْمُ الَّذِي نَنْتَظِرُهُ جَمِيعًا، يَوْمٌ يُبَشِّرُنَا فِيهِ الْخَبْرُ  
 الْعَاجِلُ الَّذِي لَا صَوْتَ يَعْلُو عَلَيْهِ: "تَحَرَّرَتْ فِلَسْطِينُ".

## dedication

**To my brothers and sisters in Palestine:  
I dedicate this book as a tribute of  
reverence and admiration for your  
unwavering resilience—men, women,  
and children alike. I write it with the ink  
of every drop of blood you have shed,  
hoping that the echoes of victory will  
soon ignite across the battlefield.  
I pledge to remain steadfast in my  
loyalty to the Palestinian cause, with  
unwavering faith, until the only  
breaking news I hear is: "The  
Liberation of Palestine."**

## ملائكة السماء

قال الله تعالى. {وَلَا تَحْسَبَنَّ الَّذِينَ قُتِلُوا فِي سَبِيلِ اللَّهِ أَمْوَاتًا بَلْ أحياءٌ عند ربِّهم يُرزقون}

اليوم يرقد أطفال غزّة تحت التراب، لكنّ في عين الله لهم مكانة أعظم. نعم، رحلوا عن عالمنا تاركين وراءهم أحلامهم وأهاليهم وأمانهم، ولكنّ السماء احتضنتهم كما لو أنّها تقول: تعالوا إلي حيث تتحقّق أحلامكم، فقد ضاقت الأرض بها. وكأنّها تهمس بأنّ القصف والصواريخ لا تتماشى مع براءتكم، وأنّ المستعمر لا يستحقّ أن يعبث بوجوهكم النقيّة. وكانّ الله يخبرهم بأنّ الجنّة تشاق لإستقبالهم، وكأنّها تقول: أريد أبناء وأهل غزّة، حتّى وإنّ كان الثمن هو فقدان حياتهم البريّة كلّ يوم.

## The Angels of Heaven

**{And do not think of those who have been killed in the cause of Allah as dead. Rather, they are alive with their Lord, receiving provision.} (Surah Al-Imran, 3:169)**

**Today, the children of Gaza are beneath the earth, but their status with Allah is far greater. Yes, they have departed our world, leaving behind their dreams, their families, and their aspirations. Yet, the heavens have embraced them, as if to say, Come to fulfill your dreams, for the earth could no longer contain them. It is as if the heavens are saying, "The**

**bombings and missiles are not fitting for your innocence." As if the heavens are proclaiming, "Enough for the oppressor to taste the purity of your faces." It is as though Allah is telling them, "Paradise longs for your visit." The heavens seem to be saying, "I desire the children and people of Gaza as your numbers increase day by day in martyrdom."**

احبة الضاد

## يُصَلِّى رَغْمَ الْجَرَاحِ

أَيُّهَا الْإِنْسَانُ، اعْلَمْ أَنَّ الْبَلَاءَ مَهْمَا اشْتَدَّ، وَالْخُطُوبَ مَهْمَا  
تَعَاظَمَتْ، وَأَنَّكَ مَهْمَا عَانَيْتَ مِنْ نَوَائِبِ الدَّهْرِ وَأَثَخَنْتَكَ سُيُوفُ  
الْإِبْتِلَاءَاتِ، وَأَوْهَنْتَكَ مَشَقَّاتُ الْحَيَاةِ، فَإِنَّ صَلَاتَكَ هِيَ الَّتِي تَرْفَعُ  
رُوحَكَ إِلَى عَنَانِ السَّمَاءِ، تِلْكَ الرُّوحُ الَّتِي لَا تَعْرِفُ الْخُضُوعَ،  
وَتَظَلُّ ثَابِتَةً عَلَى الْحَقِّ بِإِيْمَانٍ لَا يَزِيغُ، وَهَمَّةٍ لَا تَتَزَعَّزَعُ. لَا تَدَعُ  
مَشَقَّةَ الْعَمَلِ أَوْ وَطْأَةَ الْمَرَضِ تَكُونُ لَكَ عُذْرًا لِتَأْجِيلِهَا أَوْ التَّخَلِّي  
عَنْ أَدَائِهَا فِي وَفْتِهَا. فَانظُرْ إِلَى فَلَسْطِينِ، تِلْكَ الْأَرْضُ الْجَرِيحَةُ،  
وَرَغْمَ مَا يَمُرُّ بِهِ أَهْلُهَا مِنْ ظُلْمٍ وَحِصَارٍ، نَرَى أَبْنَاءَهَا يَتَحَدَّوْنَ  
الْعَجْزَ، وَيَرْفَعُونَ أَيْدِيَهُمْ فِي كُلِّ صَلَاةٍ، دَاعِينَ اللَّهَ بِقُلُوبٍ خَاشِعَةٍ  
أَنْ يَنْصُرَهُمْ. وَفِي جَبِينِ كُلِّ ابْنٍ مِنْ أَبْنَائِهَا، تُكْتَبُ فَلَسْطِينُ، حُرَّةً  
وَأَبِيَّةً.

## Praying Despite the Wounds

**O human being, know that no matter how severe the trials or how daunting the adversities, and despite the suffering from the calamities of time, the wounds inflicted by the trials, and the hardships of life, it is your prayer that elevates your spirit to the heavens. That spirit, which knows no submission, remains steadfast in truth with unwavering faith and resolute determination. Do not let the difficulty of work or the weight of illness serve as an excuse to delay or abandon your prayer. Look to Palestine, that wounded land, where despite the**

**oppression and siege faced by its people,  
we see its children defying helplessness,  
raising their hands in every prayer,  
imploring God with humble hearts for  
victory. On the forehead of every child  
of Palestine is written: free and proud.**



## وأشدد عضدك بأخيك

لَيْسَ لَدَيَّ أَخٌ، وَلَا أَعْرِفُ هَذَا الشُّعُورَ أَبَدًا. طَالَمَا سَمِعْتُ عَنْهُ مِرَارًا وَتَكَرَّرًا، حَتَّى أَوْشَكَ أَنْ يَمَلَأَ أُذُنِي. شَاهَدْتُ مَشَاهِدَ كَثِيرَةً تُجَسِّدُهُ، لَكِنِّي لَمْ أَفْهَمْهُ حَتَّى وَقَعْتُ عَيْنَايَ عَلَى هَذِهِ الصُّورَةِ. هُنَا فَقَطْ، فَهِمْتُ كُلَّ شَيْءٍ بِطِفْلٍ صَغِيرٍ، ضَعِيفٍ الْجَسَدِ، لَكِنَّهُ أَشْرَفُ وَأَقْوَى مِنْ ذَلِكَ الْمُحْتَلِّ الإِسْرَائِيلِيِّ. قَدَّمَ حَيَاتَهُ فِدَاءً لِأُخْتِهِ. يَا تُرَى، مَنْ عَلَّمَكَ كُلَّ هَذَا يَا بُنَيَّ؟ هَلْ بَلَغَ بِكَ حُبُّكَ لِأُخْتِكَ أَنْ تَعْتَبِرَ حَيَاتَهَا أَعْلَى مِنْ حَيَاتِكَ؟ هَلْ وَصَلَتْ بِكَ غَيْرَتُكَ عَلَى عِرْضِهَا وَشَرَفِهَا إِلَى هَذِهِ الدَّرَجَةِ؟ وَأَنْتِ، أَيَّتُهَا الْفَتَاةُ الصَّغِيرَةُ، مِنْ أَيْنَ لَكَ بِهَذِهِ الثَّقَّةِ الْعَمِيقَةِ بِأَخِيكَ، بِأَنَّهُ لَنْ يَتَخَلَّى عَنْكَ مَهْمَا حَدَثَ؟ لَا يَسْعُنِي إِلَّا أَنْ أَقُولَ: مَنْ أَرَادَ أَنْ يَتَعَلَّمَ مَعْنَى الْأُخُوَّةِ الْحَقِيقِيَّةِ، فَعَلَيْهِ أَنْ يَتَعَرَّفَ عَلَى الْأَخِ الْفِلَسْطِينِيِّ. عَاشَ الْأَخُ الْفِلَسْطِينِيُّ!

## **Strengthen your arm through your brother**

**I have no brother, and I've never known what that feels like. I've heard it spoken of countless times, so often that it nearly echoes in my ears. I've witnessed many scenes that try to capture it, but I never truly grasped its essence until my eyes fell upon this image. Only then did I understand it all. A small child, frail in body, yet nobler and mightier than that Israeli occupier. He sacrificed his life for his sister. I wonder, who taught you such profound values, my dear boy?**

**Has your love for your sister grown so deep that you deem her life more**

**valuable than your own?**

**Has your fierce protectiveness over her honor and dignity driven you to such heights?**

**And you, little girl, where did you find such unwavering trust in your brother, knowing he would never forsake you, no matter the cost? I can only say this:**

**Whoever seeks to understand the true meaning of brotherhood must look to the Palestinian brother. Long live the Palestinian brother!**

## الطَّلَقَاتُ الْمَائِيَّةُ

بَاتَ الْمَاءُ أَدَاةَ قَتْلِ بَدَلًا مِنَ الصَّوَارِيخِ، بَعْدَمَا كَانَ سِرُّ هَذِهِ  
الْحَيَاةِ، بِهِ تَلِينُ الْأَرْضُ وَيَحْيَى الْبَشَرُ، أَصْبَحَ حُلْمٌ كُلِّ فَلَسْطِينِيٍّ  
الْيَوْمَ قَطْرَةَ مَاءٍ تُبَلِّلُ رِيقَهُ وَتُشْفِي غَلِيلَهُ مِنْ صَهْدِ الْغَاشِمِ وَنِيرَانِ  
طَلَقَاتِهِ، حُرِّمُوا مِنْ أَبْسَطِ حُقُوقِهِمْ لِلْعَيْشِ فَقَطُّ، لَا لِلْعَيْشِ  
بِسَلَامٍ، مُتَلَهِّفِينَ لِسَمَاعِ لَحْنِ خَرِيرِ الْمِيَاهِ، يَحْمِلُونَ قَارُورَاتِ  
وَكُلُّهُمْ أَمَلٌ أَنْ يُنْزَلَ اللَّهُ عَلَيْهِمْ قَطْرَةً مِنَ السَّمَاءِ تُنْسِيهِمْ خُطُوبَ  
الْحَيَاةِ وَتُخَمِدَ النَّيْرَانَ الَّتِي أَوْقَدَهَا الْإِسْرَائِيلِيُّ بِدَاخِلِهِمْ. فَعَلُوا هَذَا  
ظَنًّا مِنْهُمْ أَنَّهُمْ أَحْيَرًا عَثَرُوا عَلَى نُقْطَةِ ضَعْفِ الْفِلَسْطِينِيِّ وَهُنَا  
تَنْتَهِي رِحْلَةُ فِلَسْطِينِ. هَذَا مُجَرَّدٌ وَهُمْ، بَلْ هُنَا تَبْدَأُ رِحْلَةُ فِلَسْطِينِ  
لِيُسَجَّلَهَا التَّارِيخُ فِي أُولَى صَفَحَاتِهِ بِأَخْرَفٍ مِنْ ذَهَبٍ

## Water Bullets

**Water has become a weapon of death instead of missiles, after it was once the secret of life, making the earth soft and giving life to people. Today, every Palestinian dreams of a drop of water to moisten their dry mouth and quench their thirst from the oppressive heat and the fire of bullets. They have been deprived of their most basic rights—not just to live, but to live in peace. Longing to hear the melody of flowing water, they carry bottles, hoping that God will send down a drop from the sky to make them forget the hardships of life and extinguish the fires ignited within them by the Israeli. They thought they had finally found the Palestinians' point of weakness, and that Palestine's journey**

**would end here. But this is merely an illusion; in fact, Palestine's journey begins here, to be recorded in history's first pages with letters of gold.**

احبة الضاد

## دَفَاتِرُ الطُّفُولَةِ تَمَرَّتْ قَبْلَ أَنْ تَنْسِجَ الْأَخْرُفَ خُيُوطَ الْحِكَايَةِ.

دَفَاتِرُ الطُّفُولَةِ تَمَرَّتْ قَبْلَ أَنْ تَنْسِجَ الْأَخْرُفُ خُيُوطَ الْحِكَايَةِ،  
وَابْتِسَامَاتُ الْبِرَاءَةِ وُئِدَتْ وَسَلِبَتْ. أَوْزَاقُ حَمَلَتْ فِي سَطُورِهَا  
أَوْجَاعًا وَأَهَاتٍ، لَكِنَّهَا لَمْ تَبْلُغْ يَوْمًا وَجْهَتَهَا، فَقَدْ تَلَاشَتْ قَبْلَ أَنْ  
تَكْتَمِلَ حُرُوفُهَا، وَكَأَنَّهَا انْهَارَتْ عَلَى أَعْتَابِ الْكَلِمَاتِ الْمُنْهَكَةِ. وَرَغْمَ  
جَبْرُوتِ الْمُسْتَعْمِرِ الْغَاشِمِ، ظَلَّ هَؤُلَاءِ الْأَبْرِيَاءُ أَوْفِيَاءَ لِعَهْدِهِمْ،  
مُتَشَبِّهِينَ بِدَفَاتِرِهِمْ الْمَجْعَدَةِ، ففِلَسْطِينُ وَلَدَتُهُمْ أَبْنَاءٌ لِلْعِلْمِ  
وَالْحَقِّ، يُعْظَمُونَ الْعِلْمَ وَيُؤْمِنُونَ بِأَنَّ كَلِمَاتِ اللَّهِ مَا كَانَتْ عَبَثًا.  
فِي نُورِ الْمَعْرِفَةِ يَجِدُونَ سِرَاجًا يَهْدِي عُقُولَهُمْ، وَيَعْتَقِدُونَ أَنَّ أَيْدِي  
الْأَبْرِيَاءِ هِيَ الَّتِي سَتَشُقُّ طَرِيقَ الْحُرِّيَّةِ لِفِلَسْطِينِ. وَسَطَ هَدِيرِ  
الرِّصَاصِ وَلَهَيْبِ النِّيرَانِ الَّتِي تَلْتَهُمْ مَنَازِلَهُمْ، تَظَلُّ أَعْيُنُهُمْ شَامِخَةً  
لَا تَنْكَسِرُ تَحْتَ نَظَرَاتِ الْمُحْتَلِّ الْمَاكِرَةِ. فَاَلْمَوْتُ عِنْدَهُمْ لَمْ يَكُنْ إِلَّا

شِفَاءٌ لِحَرْحٍ لَا يَبْرَأُ، وَأَبْصَارُهُمْ تُرَدِّدُ: "سَنَبَقَى مُتَلَاحِي الأَيْدِي،  
نُقَاتِلُ العَدُوَّ بِعَزْمٍ لَا يَلِينُ، وَلَنْ نَسْمَحَ لَهُمْ بِسَرْقَةِ أَرْضِنَا." يَا  
أَبْطَالَ فِلَسْطِينَ، بَعْدَ هَذَا الصُّمُودِ وَالتَّشْبُثِ بِالعِلْمِ، لَعَلَّ أَوَّلَ  
صَفْحَةٍ تُخَطُّ فِي دَفَاتِرِكُمْ المُحَرَّرَةِ تَحْمِلُ عُنْوَانَ "فِلَسْطِينَ حُرَّةً،  
أَبِيَّةً، شَامِخَةً."



**The notebooks of childhood were torn apart before the letters could unite to tell their story.**

**The notebooks of childhood were torn apart before the letters could unite to tell their story. The smiles of innocence were buried, stolen away. Pages, filled with sorrow and anguish, never reached their destination—ripped apart before their words could fully form, as if shattered upon the threshold of weary language.**

**Yet, despite the cruelty of the oppressive colonizer, those innocent souls stood firm, clinging to their worn-out**

**notebooks. For Palestine gave birth to them as devoted children of knowledge and truth, honoring education and believing that God's words were never sent down in vain. In the light of knowledge, they see a beacon guiding their minds, convinced that it is the hands of the innocent that will one day forge Palestine's freedom.**

**Even as the sound of gunfire rings out and flames of hatred consume their homes, their eyes remain unbowed, unwavering under the occupier's treacherous gaze. Death to them is but a remedy for a wound that refuses to heal,**

**and their gaze defiantly declares: "We will stand united, hand in hand, fighting the enemy without hesitation, and we will not let them take our land."**

**O innocent children of Palestine, after all this endurance and dedication to knowledge, may the first page in your liberated notebooks proudly proclaim: "Palestine is free noble, and unyielding."**

## المَوْتُ أَقْرَبُ مِنْ الْخَبْرِ

فِي رِوَايَةٍ مَنْسُوبَةٍ إِلَى الْخَلِيفَةِ عُمَرَ بْنِ عَبْدِ الْعَزِيزِ، يُحْكَى أَنَّهُ  
عِنْدَمَا أَتَى إِلَيْهِ بِأَمْوَالِ الزَّكَاةِ، أَمَرَ بِتَوْزِيعِهَا عَلَى الْفُقَرَاءِ. وَلَكِنْ  
عِنْدَمَا أُبْلِغَ بِأَنَّ الْأُمَّةَ لَمْ يَعُْدْ فِيهَا فَاقِرٌ، أَمَرَ بِتَخْصِصِ الْأَمْوَالِ  
لِتَجْهِيزِ الْجَيْشِ وَتَزْوِيجِ الشَّبَابِ وَسَدَادِ دِيُونِ الْمَدِينِ. وَلَمَّا تَبَقَّى  
مِنَ الْمَالِ قَالَ: "اشْتَرُوا بِهِ قَمْحًا وَاثْرُوهُ عَلَى رُؤُوسِ الْجِبَالِ، لِكَيْ  
لَا يُقَالَ: جَاعَ طَيْرٌ فِي بِلَادِ الْمُسْلِمِينَ". وَلَكِنْ، أَتَدْرِي مَنْ الَّذِينَ  
يُعَانُونَ الْيَوْمَ يَا عُمَرُ؟ لَيْسُوا طَيْرًا، بَلْ هُمْ أَهْلُ غَزَّةَ الْأَبْرِيَاءِ،  
بِرِجَالِهَا وَنِسَائِهَا وَأَطْفَالِهَا. يُلْقَى لَهُمُ الْقَمْحُ مِنْ أَعَالِي الْمَبَانِي وَكَأَنَّهُمْ  
طَيْرٌ لَا تُعَدُّ وَلَا تُحْصَى، وَكَأَنَّ حَيَاتِهِمْ لَا قِيَمَةَ لَهَا فِي عُيُونِ  
النَّاسِ! إِلَى أَيِّ دَرَجَةٍ وَصَلَتْ قَسْوَةُ الْقُلُوبِ؟!

حَتَّى أَصْبَحَ الْبَشْرُ بِلَا وَزْنٍ وَلَا شَأْنٍ. فَاتَّقُوا اللَّهَ فِي غَزَّةٍ، فَأَلْزَمَ الْوَجْهَ  
لَيْسَتْ مُجَرَّدَ أَرْقَامٍ، بَلْ هِيَ أَمَانَةٌ أَوْدَعَهَا اللَّهُ فِي أَيْدِينَا.

أحبة الضاد

## **Death is closer then bread**

**In a narration attributed to Caliph Umar ibn Abdul Aziz, it is said that when the zakat funds were brought to him, he ordered them to be distributed among the poor. However, when informed that there were no longer any poor people in the nation, he directed the funds to be used for equipping the army, helping young men marry, and paying off the debts of those in need. And when some money remained, he said, "Buy wheat with it and scatter it on the mountain tops so that it will not be**

**said: A bird went hungry in the land of the Muslims."**

**But do you know who suffers today, O Umar? It is not the birds, but the innocent people of Gaza, with their men, women, and children.**

**Wheat is thrown to them from The rooftops as if they were countless birds, as if their lives hold no value in the eyes of people! How hard have hearts become, to the point where human beings are weightless, without worth? Fear Allah concerning Gaza, for souls are not just numbers; they are trusts that Allah has placed in our hands.**

## الْحَجَرُ أَرْقٌ مِنْ الْقُلُوبِ

الْحَجَرُ، عَلَى بُرُودَتِهِ، بَدَا أَرْقٌ مِنْ قُلُوبِ الْمُحْتَلِينَ. فَتَاهُ  
 فَلَسْطِينِيَّةً، رَقِيقَةً الْقَلْبِ، بِلَا مَأْوَى وَلَا عَائِلَةٍ تَحْتَضِنُهَا لِتَمْنَحَهَا  
 الْأَمَانَ. لَقَدْ أَحَسَّ الْحَجَرُ بِضَعْفِهَا، وَكَأَنَّهُ قَالَ لَهَا: "سَأُحْمِيكَ."  
 اسْتَلَقْتُ عَلَيْهِ بِطُمَأْنِينَةٍ، بَعْدَمَا أَدْرَكْتُ أَنَّ قَسْوَتَهُ أَخَفُّ بِكَثِيرٍ  
 مِنْ قَسْوَةِ قُلُوبِ مَنْ يَدْعُونَ الْإِنْسَانِيَّةَ. اسْتَسَلَمْتُ لِقَدْرِهَا بِيَدِ  
 خَالِقِهَا، وَاثِقَةً تَمَامًا أَنَّ مَنْ خَلَقَهَا لَنْ يَتْرُكَهَا. رَغِمَ أَنَّهَا فَقَدَتْ كُلَّ  
 شَيْءٍ، إِلَّا أَنَّ إِيْمَانَهَا بِاللَّهِ بَقِيَ ثَابِتًا، وَالْإِيْمَانَ بِقُوَّتِهِ كَانَ حِصْنَهَا  
 الْحَصِينَ أَمَامَ كُلِّ جَبْرُوتٍ عَلَى الْأَرْضِ. بِهِذَا الْإِيْمَانِ، أَصْبَحَتْ فِي  
 حَصَانَةٍ لَا يَقْدِرُ أَحَدٌ عَلَى اخْتِرَاقِهَا. نَعَمْ، سَيَأْتِي يَوْمٌ تُرْفَعُ فِيهِ  
 تِلْكَ الصُّخُورُ الْمُتَنَائِرَةُ لِتَبْنِيَ لَهَا بَيْتًا يَحْمِيهَا، وَسَتَظَلُّ هَذِهِ  
 الصُّخُورُ وَفِيَّةً لَهَا، وَكَأَنَّهَا تَهْمِسُ: "سَأُظَلُّ دَائِمًا سَنَدَكَ رَغْمَ عِنَادِ



المُحْتَلِّ. " فَقَطُ اصْبِرِي، فِي يَوْمٍ مَا، سَتَعُودُ فِلَسْطِينُ حُرَّةً أَبِيَّةً

بِفَضْلِ ثَبَاتِكَ.

أحبة الضاد

## **The stone is more tender than the hearts.**

**The stone, despite its coldness, seemed gentler than the hearts of the occupiers.**

**A Palestinian girl,**

**tender-hearted, without shelter or**

**family to embrace her and provide her**

**with safety. The stone felt her**

**vulnerability, as if it said to her, "I will protect you." She lay on it peacefully,**

**realizing that its hardness was far less**

**severe than the cruelty of those who**

**claim humanity.**

**She surrendered to her fate in the hands of her Creator, fully confident that the One who created her would never abandon her. Though she lost everything, her faith in God remained unwavering, and her belief in His power became her fortress against any tyranny on earth.**

**With this faith, she became untouchable, beyond anyone's harm.**

**Yes, the day will come when those scattered stones will be raised to build her a home, and they will remain loyal to her, as if whispering: "I will always**

**be your support despite the occupier's stubbornness.**

**"Just hold on, for one day, Palestine will be free and proud, thanks to.**

**your steadfastness**

## براءة تدفن

تَذْرِفُ الْأَرْوَاحُ الْبَرِيئَةَ دِمَاءَهَا كُلَّ يَوْمٍ، فَلَا تَجِدُ فِي أَعْيُنِ الْبَشَرِ  
 شَفَقَةً أَوْ رَحْمَةً. تَسْقُطُ وَكَأَنَّهَا لَمْ تَكُنْ يَوْمًا مِنَ الْبَشَرِ، إِذْ يَرَى  
 الْمُحْتَلُّ أَنَّهَا لَا تَزِيدُ عَنِ الْحَشَرَاتِ، فَتَسْحَقُ تَحْتَ جَنَازِيرِ دَبَابَاتِهِ،  
 تِلْكَ الَّتِي تَكَادُ تَصْرُخُ مِنْ ثِقَلِ الدِّمَاءِ الَّتِي تُخْضِبُهَا. حَتَّى  
 الرِّصَاصَاتُ، الَّتِي قَدْ تَكُونُ مَلَاذِمًا الْأَخِيرَ، تَتَرَدَّدُ لِحُظَّةٍ قَبْلَ أَنْ  
 تُمَزَّقَ أَجْسَادَهُمْ، وَكَأَنَّهَا تَعْتَذِرُ بِصَمْتِ قَائِلَةٍ: "لَسْتُ قَادِرَةً عَلَى  
 تَغْيِيرِ الْقَدْرِ". أَمَّا قُلُوبُ الْمُحْتَلِّينَ فَقَدْ تَحَجَّرَتْ، لَا تَعْرِفُ مَعْنَى  
 الرَّحْمَةِ. الْأَبْرِيَاءُ تُنَزِعُ مِنْهُمْ الْحَيَاةَ فِي كُلِّ ثَانِيَةٍ، يَسْقُطُونَ  
 بِالْعَشْرَاتِ. وَأَمَّا الْأُمَّهَاتُ، فَهِنَّ يَغْرَقْنَ فِي الْحُزْنِ حَتَّى يَفْقِدْنَ  
 عُقُولَهُنَّ مِنْ وَقَعِ الْفَجِيعَةِ، حَيْثُ لَمْ يُكْتَبْ لِبَعْضِ أَبْنَائِهِنَّ حَتَّى  
 أَنْ يَرَوْا ضَوْءَ الْحَيَاةِ، إِذْ يَلْفُونَ بِالْأَكْفَانِ قَبْلَ أَنْ تُلَامِسَ أَقْدَامُهُمْ

الأرض. إلى متى ستظلُّ جراحك يا فلسطينُ نازفةً بهذا الحزنِ

العميقِ؟ متى سيعودُ حفيدُ صلاح الدين ليحرّرَ القدسَ، ويوقفَ

نزفَ دماءِ الأبرياءِ على هذه الأرضِ المقدَّسةِ؟

أحبة الضاد

## Innocence is buried

**Innocent souls shed their blood every day, finding no compassion or mercy in the eyes of mankind. They fall as if they were never human, for the occupier sees them as nothing more than insects, crushed beneath the treads of his tanks, which almost scream from the weight of the blood staining them. Even the bullets, which might be their final refuge, hesitate for a moment before tearing through their bodies, as if silently apologizing, saying:  
"I cannot change fate."**

**As for the hearts of the occupiers, they have turned to stone, knowing no mercy. The innocent have life stripped away from them every second, falling by the dozens. And the mothers, they drown in sorrow until their minds break under the weight of the tragedy, as some of their children were never even destined to see the light of life, wrapped in shrouds before their feet ever touched the ground.**

**How long will your wounds, OPalestine, continue to bleed with such deep sorrow? When will the descendant of Salahuddin return to liberate Jerusalem**



**and stop the shedding of innocent blood  
on this sacred land?**



## صَدْمَةٌ أَسِيرٍ

يُسَجِّنُونَ فِي وَطَنِهِمْ لِأَنَّهُمْ تَجَرَّأُوا عَلَى النُّطْقِ بِالْحَقِّ، لِأَنَّهُمْ قَالُوا  
 بِبَسَاطَةٍ "هَذَا وَطَنِي." فَيَدْفَعُونَ ثَمَنَ الْحُرِّيَّةِ غَالِيًا، وَيُوَاجِهُونَ  
 أَقْسَى أَنْوَاعِ الْعَذَابِ، حَتَّى الدَّبَابَاتِ وَالصَّوَارِيخِ الَّتِي تَسْحَقُ  
 أَجْسَادَهُمْ تَبْنُ تَحْتَ وَطْأَةِ الْأَلَمِ. عِيُونُهُمْ تَرَوِي حِكَايَاتِ صَامِتَةٍ،  
 حِينَ تَعْجِزُ الْأَلْسِنَةُ عَنِ الْبُوحِ. يَا قُدْسُ، كَيْفَ انْقَضَتْ سَنَوَاتُ  
 عُمْرِي وَأَنَا فِي عَزْلَةٍ قَاتِلَةٍ؟ بَعِيدًا عَنْ حَنَانِ الْأُمِّ الَّتِي يَحْمِينِي،  
 وَعَنْ الْأُخْتِ الَّتِي تُوَاسِي هُمُومِي. سَتَبَقَى فِلَسْطِينُ تَسْكُنُ بَيْنَ  
 أَهْدَابِ عَيْنِي، بَيْنَمَا تَسِيرُ قَافِلَةٌ الْوَفَاءِ صَوْبَ شُهَدَائِهَا الطَّاهِرِينَ.  
 وَكَأَنَّ تِلْكَ الصَّدَمَاتِ، رَغَمَ الْقِيُودِ، تَهْتِفُ فِي صَمْتٍ: "أَنَا حُرٌّ!"  
 وَرَغَمَ التَّغْذِيبِ الَّذِي يَنَالُ مِنْ جَسَدِهِ وَرُوحِهِ، مَا زَالَ فِي قَلْبِهِ

يَقِينُ لَا يَتَزَعَّزَعُ، بِأَنَّ اللَّهَ سَيُحَرِّرُ هَذِهِ الْأَرْضَ، وَسَتَعُودُ فِلَسْطِينُ  
حُرَّةً شَامِخَةً، كَمَا هِيَ فِي جَوْهَرِهَا مُنْذُ الْأَزَلِ.

أحبة الضاد

## The Captive's Agony

**They are imprisoned in their homeland for daring to speak the truth, for simply saying, "This is my country." They pay the price of freedom dearly, facing the harshest forms of torment, as even the tanks and missiles that crush their bodies groan under the weight of pain. Their eyes tell silent stories when their tongues fail to speak.**

**O Jerusalem, how have the years of my life passed in deadly isolation? Far from the mother's warmth that shields me, and the sister who consoles my sorrows. Palestine will forever reside in the lashes**

**of my eyes, while the caravan of loyalty marches towards its pure martyrs.**

**Despite the shackles, those shocks seem to cry out in silence: "I am free!" And despite the torture that attacks his body and soul, his heart remains unwavering in its certainty that God will liberate this land, and Palestine will return free and proud, as it has been in its essence since time immemorial.**

## لَبُوءَ فِلَسْطِينِ

يَا لَبُوءَ فِلَسْطِينِ، يَا رَمَزَ الصَّبْرِ وَالْجَلْدِ، يَا مَنْ تَشْهَدِينَ آلامَ الدُّنْيَا  
وَتَتَجَرَّعِينَ مَرَارَتَهَا دُونَ انْحِنَاءٍ. صُلْبُ قَلْبِكَ، وَقَفْتِ تَشَاهِدِينَ  
فِلْدَةَ كَبِدِكَ تُنْتَرَعُ مِنْ بَيْنِ يَدَيْكَ، وَزَوْجُكَ يُمَزَّقُ جَسَدَهُ أَشْلَاءً  
دِفَاعًا عَنِ كَرَامَتِكَ، تِلْكَ الَّتِي لَا تَقْبَلُ الْمَهَانَةَ وَلَا تَذَلُّ. كُلُّ هَذَا  
الْعَذَابِ فِي سَبِيلِ فِلَسْطِينِ، فِي سَبِيلِ الْحُرِّيَّةِ الَّتِي تَرْتُو إِلَيْهَا.  
وَكَأَنَّكَ تُخَاطِبِينَ الْعَدُوَّ بِلِسَانِ حَالِكٍ قَائِلَةً: "إِفْعَلْ مَا شِئْتِ، فَلَنْ  
تَنَالَ مِنِّي خَوْفًا وَلَنْ تَرَى فِيَّ رُعبًا." أَنْتِ الْمَرْأَةُ الْفِلَسْطِينِيَّةُ، الْأُمُّ  
الَّتِي تُنْجِبُ رِجَالًا يُرْهَبُونَ الْأَعْدَاءَ، وَالْأَخْتُ الَّتِي تُلَقِّنُ الدُّنْيَا  
دُرُوسًا فِي الرُّجُولَةِ وَالْكَرَامَةِ. وَيَسْأَلُونَكَ مِنْ أَيْنَ تَسْتَمِدِينَ قُوَّتَكَ؟  
إِنَّهَا مِنْ فِلَسْطِينِ، مِنْ أَرْضِ الْأَنْبِيَاءِ،

مِنْ الْمَجْدِ السَّلِيبِ. لَا تَسْتَسْلِمِينَ، بَلْ تَتَحَدَّيْنَ الزَّمَانَ  
 وَالْعُدْوَانَ، عَازِمَةً عَلَى أَنْ تَسْتَرْدِي مَا سَلِبَ مِنْكَ، مُؤْمِنَةً أَنَّ مَا  
 أَخَذَ بِالْقُوَّةِ لَا يُسْتَرَدُّ إِلَّا بِالْقُوَّةِ. وَكَأَنَّكَ تَقُولِينَ لِلْعَالَمِ وَالْعَدُوِّ مَعًا:  
 "سَنَنَالُ حَقَّنَا، وَسَنَعُودُ لِوَطَنِنَا، وَلَوْ كَرِهَ الْمُجْرِمُونَ" وَهَذَا أَنْتِ،  
 رَغْمَ قَسْوَةِ الْأُمَمِ وَتَخَاذُلِهِمْ، تَقْفِينَ كَالصَّخْرَةِ الصَّمَاءِ، تُعَلِّمِينَ  
 أَبْنَاءَكَ الشَّجَاعَةَ وَالْبَسَالَةَ، تُنِيرِينَ لَهُمْ دَرْبَ الْحُرِّيَّةِ وَالِاسْتِقْلَالِ.  
 كُلَّمَا نَظَرْتِ إِلَى هَؤُلَاءِ الْأَطْفَالِ، رَأَيْتِ فِيهِمْ أَمَلًا جَدِيدًا، وَرَأَيْتِ  
 فِيهِمْ فِلَسْطِينَ الَّتِي لَنْ تَمُوتَ. عَلَّمْتِهِمْ أَنَّ مَا سَلِبَ مِنْهُمْ سَيَعُودُ،  
 وَأَنَّ الْوَطْنَ هُوَ حَقُّهُمْ الْأَبَدِيُّ، مَهْمَا طَالَ الظُّلْمُ وَاشْتَدَّ، سَيَظَلُّ  
 حَقُّهُمْ قَائِمًا لَا يُمْحَى.

## The Lioness of Palestine

**O Lioness of Palestine, symbol of patience and endurance, you who witness the world's suffering and swallow its bitterness without bending. Your heart is of steel, standing tall as you watch the flesh of your own being torn from your arms, and your husband's body ripped apart in defense of your dignity—dignity that neither accepts humiliation nor succumbs to disgrace. All this agony for the sake of Palestine, for the freedom you long for. It's as if you are addressing the enemy with your unwavering resolve, saying:**



**"Do what you will, for you shall not see fear in me nor terror in my eyes." You are the Palestinian woman, the mother who gives birth to men who strike fear into the hearts of enemies, and the sister who teaches the world lessons in manhood and honor.**

**And they ask, where do you draw your strength from? It is from Palestine, from the land of prophets, from the stolen glory. You do not surrender; you defy time and aggression, determined to reclaim what was taken from you,**

**believing that what is seized by force can only be reclaimed by force. It is as if you declare to both the world and the enemy:**

**"We will claim our rights, and we will return to our homeland, no matter how much the criminals may resist."**

**And here you are, despite the cruelty of nations and their betrayal, standing firm like an unyielding rock, teaching your children courage and bravery, lighting their path toward freedom and independence. Every time you gaze into the eyes of those children, you see a new hope, and in them, you see a Palestine**

**that will never die. You've taught them that what was taken will be returned, and that the homeland is their eternal right—no matter how long the oppression endures, their right will remain, never to be erased.**

## ابتسامه بريئة

ابتسامتك يا صغيري بعثت في رُوحِي الأملَ بعدما كدّْتُ أفقده،  
 كأنّها لؤلؤةٌ تلمعُ وسطَ ظلامِ الأحجارِ السوداءِ. إنّها ابتسامَةٌ  
 تنطقُ بكلِّ شيءٍ دونَ حاجةٍ إلى كلماتٍ. ابتسمِ يا صغيري،  
 فابتسامتك هي السلاحُ الذي لا يملكُهُ المحتلُّ، سلاحٌ يواجهُ  
 جبروتَهُ ويهزُّ عرشَهُ.

هدموا منزلَكَ قبلَ أنْ تتذوّقَ ذكرياتِهِ وقتلوا عائلتكَ قبلَ أنْ يُبللَ  
 الحُبُّ رُوحَكَ الطاهرةَ. سرقوا منك كلَّ شيءٍ، ولكنهم لم يتمكّنوا  
 من سرقةِ تلكَ الابتسامَةِ التي تُذيبُ الحَجَرَ وتُداوي الجِراحَ التي  
 غرسها الاستعمارُ في قلبِ كلِّ فلسطينيٍّ. إنّها الابتسامَةُ التي تظلُّ  
 مُشعَّةً، رغمَ كلِّ ما قد سلبَ منك، لأنّها تعبيرٌ عن حياةٍ أبديةٍ لا  
 يستطيعُ أحدٌ أنْ يسلبها.

## Innocent Smile

**Your smile, my little one, rekindled hope in my soul when I was on the brink of losing it, like a pearl glimmering amidst the darkness of black stones. It is a smile that speaks volumes without the need for words. Smile, my little one, for your smile is a weapon the occupier does not possess—a weapon that confronts his tyranny and shakes his throne.**

**They demolished your home before you could savor its memories, and they killed your family before love could bathe your pure soul. They stole everything from you, but they couldn't**

**steal that smile, the one that softens stone  
and heals the wounds planted by  
colonization in the heart of every  
Palestinian. It is the smile that remains  
radiant, despite all that has been taken  
from you, because it expresses  
an eternal life that no one can ever take  
away.**

## رَجُلُ الْحَقِّ.

يَقِفُ الْعَالَمُ بِأَسْرِهِ خَلْفَ كَلِمَةِ رَجُلٍ وَاحِدٍ، رَجُلٍ يَتَحَدَّى أَعَاصِيرَ  
الظُّلْمِ وَالذَّمَّارِ، يَسْعَى لِتَحْقِيقِ حُرِّيَّةِ فَلَسْطِينِ وَاسْتِقْلَالِهَا رَغْمَ  
جَبْرُوتِ الإِخْتِلَالِ وَصَوَارِيخِهِ المُدْمِرَةِ، وَرَغْمَ دَبَابَاتِهِ الَّتِي دَاسَتْ  
عَلَى بَرَاءَةِ الأَطْفَالِ. لَكِنَّهُ لَمْ يَهِنْ وَلَمْ يَتَرَاجَعْ عَن قَوْلِ كَلِمَةِ الْحَقِّ  
حَتَّى وَارَاهُ التُّرَابَ. إِسْمَاعِيلُ هَنِيئَةً، هَذَا الرَّجُلُ الَّذِي لَمْ يَعْرِفْ  
طَرِيقَ النِّفَاقِ وَلَا سَارَ فِي دُرُوبِ المَذَاهِبِ المُنْحَرِفَةِ، نَحَسَبُهُ  
كَذَلِكَ، وَاللَّهُ حَسِيبُهُ. وَفِي حِينٍ تَتَرَدَّدُ بَعْضُ البِلَادِ العَرَبِيَّةِ عَن  
النُّطْقِ بِكَلِمَةِ حَقٍّ خَوْفًا مِّنْ بَطْشِ العَدُوِّ، كَانِ هَنِيئَةً ثَابِتًا فِي  
مَوْقِفِهِ، لَا تَخْفَى عَلَى عَاقِلٍ حِكْمَتُهُ وَلَا حُسْنُ تَدْبِيرِهِ. رَحِمَ اللَّهُ  
إِسْمَاعِيلَ هَنِيئَةً، وَأَسْكَنَهُ فَسِيحَ جَنَاتِهِ، فَقَدْ كَانَ قَائِدًا يُقْتَدَى  
بِهِ، وَصَوْتًا لَا يَعْرِفُ الخَوْفَ.

## Man of Justice

**The entire world stands behind the word of a single man—a man who defies the storms of injustice and destruction, striving to achieve the freedom and independence of Palestine despite the tyranny of occupation and its destructive missiles, despite the tanks that have crushed the innocence of children under their tracks. Yet, he did not falter, nor did he retreat from speaking the truth until he was laid to rest beneath the earth. Ismail Haniyeh, this man who never knew the path of**



**hypocrisy nor walked the crooked ways of deviated ideologies—so we believe, and Allah is his judge.**

**While some Arab countries hesitate to utter a word of truth out of fear of the enemy's wrath, Haniyeh remained unwavering in his stance, with wisdom and sound judgment apparent to all who possess reason. May Allah have mercy on Ismail Haniyeh and grant him a place in His vast paradise, for he was a leader worthy of emulation, and a voice that knew no fear.**

## أَشْلَاءٌ لَا يُمَكِّنُ النَّظْرُ إِلَيْهَا:

مَنْ يَجْرُؤُ عَلَى النَّظْرِ إِلَى هَذَا الْمَشْهَدِ سَيَفْقِدُ عَيْنِيهِ مِنْ هَوْلِ مَا يَرَاهُ، وَإِنْ بَقِيَ بَصَرُهُ، فَلَا شَكَّ أَنَّ قَلْبَهُ سَيَتَحَطَّمُ بِلَا رَجْعَةٍ. هَكَذَا تَرَكَهُمْ الصَّهْنِيُّونِي، أَبْرِيَاءَ مُبَعَثَرَةً أَشْلَاؤُهُمْ، كَانَتْهُمْ أَوْزَاقُ شَجَرٍ تُلْقَى فِي الرِّيَّاحِ، أَوْ كَانَتْهُمْ مُجَرَّدُ نُفَايَاتٍ تَنْتَظِرُ مَنْ يُلْقِي بِهَا فِي الْقُمَامَةِ. وَكَأَنَّهُ لَمْ يَعُدْ فِي نَظَرِهِ شَيْءٌ سِوَى وَليمةٍ مِنَ الْخَرَابِ، جَاعِلًا مِنْ أَزْوَاجِهِمْ طَعَامًا لِلَيْلَتِهِ الظَّالِمَةِ. أَعْجَزُ عَنْ وَصْفِ هَذَا الْمَشْهَدِ، الْكَلِمَاتُ تَخُونِي وَتَدُوبُ فِي فَجِيعَتِهِ، فَالْمُنْظَرُ أَعْظَمُ مِنْ أَيِّ يَصِفُهُ تَغْيِيرًا أَوْ يَشْرَحُهُ وَصْفًا.

## **Shattered Remains Beyond Bearing**

**To dare look upon this scene is to risk losing one's sight to the overwhelming horror. And if the eyes somehow endure, the heart will surely break, irreparably. This is how the Zionist left them—innocent lives, their remains scattered like leaves swept by a cruel wind, as though they were nothing more than discarded refuse. In his view, there is nothing but a banquet of devastation, feasting on their souls in the darkness of his merciless night. I am utterly incapable of conveying the full weight of this atrocity; words falter and dissolve in the face of such devastation. The scene defies any attempt to capture it, a tragedy too vast for language to contain, too profound for any description to hold.**

## أَفْلَازُ كَبِيدِي تَحَطَّمَتْ:

يَكَادُ صَوْتِي الْمَكْتُومُ يَصْرُخُ مِنْ أَعْمَاقِ قَلْبِي الْمَمْرُوقِ، فَلَا شَيْءَ أَشَدُّ  
 أَلَمًا مِنْ رُؤْيَيْكُمْ فِي هَذِهِ الْحَالَةِ. كَيْفَ لِي أَنْ أَصِفَ حَجْمَ الْفَقْدِ  
 الَّذِي عَصَفَ بِرُوحِي؟ إِنَّهَا أَفْلَازُ كَبِيدِي، يَا اللَّهُ! أَرْجُوكَ أَنْ تَغْمُرَنِي  
 بِصَبْرٍ مِنْ عِنْدِكَ، فَأَلْبِي عَظِيمَ وَالْكَلِمَاتُ عَاجِزَةٌ عَنْ وَصْفِهِ. كُنْتُ  
 أَحْلُمُ أَنْ أَرَاهُمْ فِي أَجْمَلِ حَالٍ، كَأَطْفَالٍ سَائِرِ الْأَوْطَانِ، لَكِنَّكَ  
 قَدَّرْتَ يَا رَبِّ، وَلَا رَادَّ لِقَضَائِكَ. أَرِنِي فِي أَفْلَازِ كَبِيدِي مَا يَعْجِزُ هَذَا  
 الْعَدُوُّ الْجَاوِدُ عَنْ رُؤْيَيْتِهِ، ذَلِكَ الْعَدُوُّ الَّذِي لَمْ يَتْرِكْ لِي قَلْبًا  
 يَنْبِضُ إِلَّا وَتَرَكَهُ يَتَقَطَّعُ، وَأَنَا أَتَحَلَّلُ أَلَمًا وَلَا مِنْ رَاحِمٍ.

## The Shattering of My Heart's Pieces

**A stifled cry rises from the depths of my torn heart, for there is no pain greater than seeing you in such a state. How can I begin to express the magnitude of the loss that has ravaged my soul? They are my very essence, O God! I implore You to envelop me in Your boundless patience, for my pain is too great, and words fall woefully short. I once dreamt of seeing them flourish, as children do in other lands, but You have willed it, and none can alter Your decree. Grant me the vision to see in my children what this merciless enemy will never see—the**

**enemy that has left no part of me  
unscathed, tearing my heart to pieces.  
Here I stand, disintegrating in my grief,  
with no reprieve in sight.**

أحبة الضاد

## مَطَّمُ أَنَا

تَحَطَّمُ الْبَعْضُ عِنْدَ خَسَارَةِ وَظِيْفَةٍ أَوْ عِنْدَ عَدَمِ تَحْقِيقِ مُعَدَّلِ

قَبُولِ، لَكِنْ مَاذَا عَنِّي ؟ مَاذَا عَنِ قَلْبِي الَّذِي تَحَطَّمُ بِخَسَارَةِ بَيْتِ

وَأَطْفَالِ ؟ زَوْجَةٍ وَأَبٍ ؟ إِلَى أَيِّ مَلَاذِ أَلْجَأُ ؟ هَلْ مَنْ يُخْبِرُنِي ؟

أَصْبَحْتُ كُلَّ الْأَشْيَاءِ حَوْلِي أَطْلَالًا فَوْقَ أَطْلَالٍ. هَلْ مِنْ عَيْنٍ تَنْظُرُ

إِلَيَّ نَظْرَةً إِنْسَانِيَّةً ؟ لَمْ يَدْخُلْ فِي لُقْمَةِ طَعَامٍ مُنْذُ أُسْبُوعٍ. مَاذَا

سَأَفْعَلُ بَعْدَ أَنْ رَأَيْتُ تِلْكَ الْأَلْعَابَ الْمَلَطَّخَةَ بِدِمَاءٍ مَنْ فُقِدْتُ ؟

تُذَكِّرُنِي بِوُجُوهِهِمْ فِي كُلِّ لَحْظَةٍ. أَرْجُو أَنْ يَنْتَهِيَ كُلُّ هَذَا وَإِنَّ ظَنِّي

بِرَبِّي أَنَّهُ عَلَى كُلِّ شَيْءٍ قَدِيرٌ.

## **I Am Shattered.**

**Some are shattered by losing a job or failing to meet a required grade, but what about me? What about my heart, broken by the loss of a home and children? A wife and a father? To what refuge can I turn? Is there anyone to tell me?**

**Everything around me has become ruins upon ruins. Is there any eye that can look upon me with humanity? I haven't had a bite of food in a week. What will I do after seeing those toys stained with the blood of those I've lost? They**



**remind me of their faces with every passing moment. I beg for this to end, though my faith in my Lord is unshaken, for He is capable of all things.**

أحبة الضاد

## غزة تموت جوعا

هَيَّحِرْقِنِي دَمْعُ عَيْنِي وَهُوَ يَتَسَاقَطُ مُرْهَفًا، فَقَلْبِي يَكَادُ يَنْفَطِرُ عَلَى  
أَوْلِيكَ الْأَطْفَالِ الَّذِينَ يَتَلَوُّونَ جُوعًا عَلَى هَذِهِ الْأَرْضِ الْمُنْكَوبَةِ.  
صَارَ الْجُوعُ أَخْطَرَ عَلَى بَرَاءَتِهِمْ مِنْ أَزِيرِ الْقَدَائِفِ، وَأَشَدَّ فَتْكًَا مِنْ  
الْحَرْبِ نَفْسِيهَا. حُرِّمُوا مِنْ أَبْسَطِ حُقُوقِهِمُ الْإِنْسَانِيَّةِ، لَكِنَّهُمْ رَغَمَ  
ذَلِكَ يُوَاجِهُونَ الصِّعَابَ بِصَلَابَةٍ لَا تَلِينُ، يُلَقِّنُونَ الْمُخْتَلَّ دُرُوسًا فِي  
الشَّجَاعَةِ وَالْمَقَاوِمَةِ. وَجُوهُهُمُ الشَّاحِبَةُ، رَغَمَ ذُبُولِهَا، لَا تَزَالُ  
تَحْمِلُ بَرِيْقًا خَفِيًّا مِنَ الْأَمَلِ. هَؤُلَاءِ الْأَطْفَالُ، كُلُّ مِنْهُمْ يَحْمِلُ فِي  
قَلْبِهِ حِكَايَةً، لَكِنْ مَا يَجْمَعُ بَيْنَهُمْ هُوَ الْأَمَلُ بِالْغَدِ الْأَفْضَلِ،  
مَلَامِحُهُمْ، رَغَمَ الْأَسَى، تَتَحَدَّى الْمُخْتَلَّ وَتُؤَكِّدُ لَهُ أَنَّ الصُّمُودَ  
يَنْبَعِثُ مِنْ قُلُوبٍ صَغِيرَةٍ لَمْ تَنْحَنِ بَعْدُ. أَلَيْسَ كَافِيًّا أَنْكُمْ سَلَبْتُمْ  
أَرَاضِيَهُمْ ؟ أَلَيْسَ كَافِيًّا أَنْكُمْ دَمَّرْتُمْ مَنَارِلَهُمْ ؟ بَلْ تَجَاوَزْتُمْ ذَلِكَ

حَتَّى تَرَكَتُمُوهُمْ يَمُوتُونَ جُوعًا! أَمْ أَنَّ هَذَا هُوَ مَكْرِكُمْ، لِتُبَرِّؤُوا  
أَنْفُسَكُمْ مِنْ جَرَائِمِكُمْ؟ فَإِنَّ مَاتَ الطِّفْلُ الْفِلَسْطِينِيُّ، تَزْعُمُونَ  
أَنَّكُمْ لَمْ تَقْتُلُوهُ، بَلِ الْجُوعُ هُوَ الَّذِي أَوْدَى بِهِ.

## Gaza is dying of hunger

**Here comes death, drawing nearer than bread itself. My tears burn as they fall, delicate and sharp, for my heart nearly breaks for those children twisting in hunger on this stricken land. Hunger has become more dangerous to their innocence than the whizzing of shells, more deadly than the war itself. They have been deprived of the simplest of human rights, yet despite this, they face their hardships with an unyielding strength, teaching the occupier lessons in courage and resistance.**

**Their pale faces, though withered, still**

**carry a hidden glimmer of hope. These children, each one holds a story in their hearts, but what unites them all is the hope for a better tomorrow. Their features, despite the sorrow, defy the occupier, reaffirming that resilience emanates from small hearts that have yet to bow.**

**Is it not enough that you have stolen their lands? Is it not enough that you have destroyed their homes?**

**No, you have gone beyond that, leaving them to die of hunger! Or is this your cunning, to absolve yourselves of your**

**crimes? For if the Palestinian child dies,  
you claim you did not kill him—hunger  
did.**

أحبة الضاد

## الجدُّ المَطمَّم

لَا يُوجَدُ جَدٌّ لَا يَدُوبُ حُبًّا فِي حَفِيدِهِ، لَا شَيْءَ يُضَاهِي بِهِجَةَ لَعِبِهِ  
 مَعَهُ وَمَلَامَحَ السَّعَادَةِ الَّتِي تُضِيءُ وَجْهَهُ. الْحَفِيدُ هُوَ رُوحُ الْجَدِّ،  
 هُوَ السَّبَبُ فِي اسْتِمْرَارِهِ فِي الْحَيَاةِ، وَالْأَذْرُعُ الَّتِي لَا تَعْرِفُ التَّعَبَ  
 مِنْ حَمْلِهِ وَالِإِحْتِفَاءِ بِهِ. لَكِنَّ هَذَا الْجَدَّ الْفِلَسْطِينِيَّ، قَدْ تَمَزَّقَ  
 قَلْبُهُ بِفَقْدَانِ حَفِيدَتِهِ. فِي تِلْكَ اللَّحْظَةِ، انْتَهَتْ كُلُّ سَعَادَةٍ فِي  
 حَيَاتِهِ. زَالَ الْمَرْحُ وَاللَّعِبُ، وَتَلَاشَتْ الْإِبْتِسَامَةُ الَّتِي كَانَتْ تُعِيدُهُ إِلَى  
 أَيَّامِ شَبَابِهِ، تِلْكَ النَّظْرَةُ الْبَرِيئَةُ الَّتِي كَانَتْ تَمْنَحُهُ السَّلَامَ وَالْهُدُوءَ  
 وَسَطَ أَتُونِ الْحَرْبِ. انْتَهَى كُلُّ شَيْءٍ، وَانْكَسَرَتْ الرُّوحُ الَّتِي كَانَتْ  
 تُعَاشِقُ الْحَيَاةَ مِنْ أَجْلِ حَفِيدَتِهِ، تَارِكَةً خَلْفَهَا ذِكْرِيَاتٍ لَا يُمَكِّنُ  
 تَغْوِيضُهَا.

## **The Broken Grandfather**

**There isn't a grandfather who doesn't melt with love for his grandchild; nothing compares to the joy of playing with them and the happiness that lights up his face. The grandchild is the soul of the grandfather, the reason he continues living, and the arms that never tire of holding and cherishing them.**

**But this Palestinian grandfather, his heart was torn apart by the loss of his granddaughter. In that moment, all the happiness in his life vanished. The fun and games ceased, and the smile that**



**used to take him back to his youthful days disappeared. The innocent look in her eyes, which had granted him peace and serenity amidst the chaos of war, was gone. Everything was over, and the soul that once clung to life for the sake of his granddaughter was shattered, leaving behind irreplaceable memories.**

## جُذْرَانُ تَتَأَلَّمُ

يَا لَهُ مِنْ مَشْهَدٍ يَعْتَصِرُ الْقُلُوبَ! بِيُوتٍ مُدْمَرَةً، وَجُذْرَانٍ كَانَتْ  
يَوْمًا حُصُونًا لِلْأَمَانِ، تَسَاقَطَتْ بَعْدَمَا حُفِرَتْ عَلَيْهَا ذِكْرِيَاتُ  
الْفِلَسْطِينِيِّينَ وَتَلَطَّخَتْ بِدِمَائِهِمُ الطَّاهِرَةَ. صَوَارِيخُ وَقَنَابِلُ لَا تَتْرُكُ  
شَيْئًا فِي طَرِيقِهَا، تُدَمِّرُ كُلَّ جَمِيلٍ لِتَبْنِي أَمَاكِنَ لِلصَّهَابِيْنَةِ عَلَى  
أَنْقَاضِهَا. لَكِنْ لَا تَجْزَعُوا، يَا أَهْلَ غَزَّةَ، فَبِيُوتِكُمْ الْمُدْمَرَةَ هِيَ رُمُوزُ  
خَالِدَةٍ لِلْكَفَاحِ وَالْمَقَاوِمَةِ. هِيَ صَفَحَاتٌ مِنْ تَارِيخٍ يُعَلِّمُ الْأَعْدَاءَ  
دَرْسًا لَنْ يَنْسُوهُ أَبَدًا. فَمَهْمَا سَلَبُوا مِنْكُمْ أَعْلَى مَا تَمْلِكُونَ، سَتَظَلُّ  
فِلَسْطِينُ هِيَ أَعْلَى مَا نَمْلِكُ جَمِيعًا. جُذْرَانُكُمْ الَّتِي انْهَارَتْ شَهِدَتْ  
الدِّمَاءَ وَهِيَ تَسِيلُ، كُتِبَتْ عَلَى مَرِّ الْعُصُورِ: فِلَسْطِينُ، أَرْضُ  
الشُّهَدَاءِ وَالْأَخْرَارِ، أَرْضٌ يَمُوتُ عَلَى تَرَابِهَا شَهِيدٌ لِتُوَلِّدَ مِنْهَا قَوَافِلُ  
جَدِيدَةً مِنَ الشُّهَدَاءِ، حَتَّى يَتَحَقَّقَ النَّصْرُ وَتُسْتَعَادَ الْأَرْضُ.

## Walls in Agony

**What a heart-wrenching sight!**

**Destroyed homes, walls that once stood as fortresses of safety, now crumbled after being etched with the memories of Palestinians and stained with their pure blood. Rockets and bombs spare nothing in their path, obliterating every beauty only to build places for Zionists upon the ruins.**

**But do not despair, people of Gaza, for your destroyed homes are everlasting symbols of struggle and resistance. They are pages from history, teaching the enemies a lesson they will never**

**forget.No matter how much they take from you,Palestine will forever remain our most precious possession.**

**Your fallen walls witnessed the spilling of blood and inscribed through the ages: Palestine, the land of martyrs and the free,a land where for every martyr that falls on its soil,new caravans of martyrs are born until victory is achieved and the land is reclaimed**

## تَضِحِيَةُ الْحَيَوَانِ:

مَنْ ذَا الَّذِي لَا يَشْعُرُ بِفِلَسْطِينِ؟ وَمَنْ ذَا الَّذِي لَا يُحِبُّهَا؟ حَتَّى  
 الْحَيَوَانَاتُ لَمْ تَتَرَدَّدْ لِحُظَّةٍ فِي بَدْلِ حَيَاتِهَا فِدَاءً لَهَا. كَانَتْ شَاهِدَةً  
 عَلَى كُلِّ قَطْرَةٍ دَمٍ فِلَسْطِينِيَّةٍ أُزْهِقَتْ، وَكَأَنَّهَا تَهْمِسُ بِصَوْتٍ خَافِتٍ  
 لِصَاحِبِهَا: "لَا تَخَفْ، يَا صَدِيقِي، فَهَذِهِ أَرْضِي كَمَا هِيَ أَرْضُكَ، وَأَنَا  
 مَعَكَ، وَإِنْ كَانَ الثَّمَنُ حَيَاتِي." فَإِذَا كَانَ الْحَيَوَانُ قَدْ بَلَغَ هَذَا  
 الْقَدْرَ مِنَ التَّضْحِيَةِ، فَمَا بِالْكُمْ بِالْبَشَرِ؟ يَا فِلَسْطِينُ، كَمْ أَنْتَ  
 مَحْظُوظَةٌ! كُلُّ كَائِنَاتِكَ الْحَيَّةِ تَعَاهَدَتْ عَلَى تَحْرِيرِكَ، وَأَقْسَمَتْ  
 أَنْ تَظْفِرِي بِنَصْرِكَ. وَإِنَّ هَذَا الْيَوْمَ، وَإِنْ تَأَخَّرَ، لَا رَيْبَ فِي قُدُومِهِ.

## **The Sacrifice of the Animal**

**Who does not feel for Palestine?**

**And who does not love it? Even the animals did not hesitate for a moment to give their lives in its defense.**

**They have witnessed every drop of Palestinian blood shed, as if whispering softly to their owners:**

**"Fear not, my friend, for this land is as much mine as it is yours, and I stand with you, even if the price is my life."**

**If an animal has reached such a level of sacrifice, what then of humans?**

**O Palestine, how fortunate you are! All your living creatures have pledged to**

**free you and sworn that you will claim  
your victory. And though that day may  
be delayed,there is no  
doubt it will come.**

احبة الضاد

## لُغَةُ الْعُيُونِ

تلك اللغة التي تتجاوزُ حُدُودَ الكَلِمَاتِ، هي الأَقْوَى بَيْنَ لُغَاتِ  
التَّوَاصُلِ الْإِنْسَانِيِّ. فَاللُّغَةُ الْفِلَسْطِينِيَّةُ تَكْمُنُ فِي الْعَيْنَيْنِ؛ عُيُونٌ  
تَغْمُرُهَا الْأَحْزَانُ، تَخْفُتُ فِيهَا الْأَصْوَاتُ لِتُغَطِّيَ مَا لَا يُقَالُ، لَكِنَّ  
الْعُيُونَ تَفْصِحُ بِكُلِّ مَا أَخْفَتْهُ الْقُلُوبُ مِنْ آلامٍ وَأَهَاتٍ رَسَمَهَا  
الِاخْتِلَالُ الصَّهْيُونِيُّ بِفُرْشَاةِ سَوْدَاءَ، بَلْ وَبِبِلَاغَةٍ لَا تُضَاهَى. تِلْكَ  
الْعُيُونَ كَانَتْ شَاهِدَةً عَلَى أْبْسَحِ الْمَشَاهِدِ وَأَحْقَرِهَا. فَكَيْفَ لِتِلْكَ  
الْعُيُونَ الصَّغِيرَةَ أَنْ تَحْتَمِلَ هَذَا الْكَمَّ مِنَ الْمَآسِي؟ أَمْ أَنْ نَظَرَتْهَا  
الْحَادَّةَ وَالْقَوِيَّةَ تُغْلِنُ التَّحَدِّيَ، وَتُفْصِحُ لِلْإِسْرَائِيلِيِّينَ أَنَّ الصَّمْتَ  
لَيْسَ إِلَّا عَلَامَةٌ لِإِسْتِعْدَادِ، اسْتِعْدَادٌ لِإِسْتِرْدَادِ فِلَسْطِينَ بِكُلِّ  
كِبْرِيَاءِهَا وَكِرَامَتِهَا؟



## The Language of the Eyes

**That language, which transcends the boundaries of words, is the strongest among all forms of human communication. The Palestinian language resides in the eyes—eyes filled with sorrow, where voices fall silent, concealing what cannot be spoken. Yet, the eyes reveal all that hearts have hidden, the pain and sighs painted by the Zionist occupation with a dark brush, but with an unmatched eloquence.**

**These eyes have witnessed the most horrifying and vile scenes. How can**

**such small eyes bear the weight of these tragedies?**

**Or perhaps their sharp and powerful gaze declares defiance, signaling to the Israelis that silence is merely a sign of preparation—preparation to reclaim Palestine with all its pride and dignity.**

## غَرِيبٌ فِيهِ الْوَطَنُ

أَعْرِفُ شُعُورَ الْغُرْبَةِ، لَمْ أَعِشْهُ لَكِنِّي رَأَيْتُهُ فِي أَعْيُنِ مَنْ عَاشُوهُ.  
 أَشْخَاصٌ اضْطُرُّوا لِلرَّحِيلِ عَنِ أَوْطَانِهِمْ؛ بَعْضُهُمْ دَفَعَتْهُمْ  
 الظُّرُوفُ، وَالبَعْضُ الآخرُ بَحْثًا عَن مُسْتَقْبَلٍ أَفْضَلَ أَوْ لِموَاصِلَةِ  
 تَعْلِيمِهِمْ. إِنَّهُ بِلا شَكِّ مِنْ أَشَدِّ أَنْواعِ الأَلَمِ النَّفْسِيِّ. لَكِن، مَا بِالْكُمْ  
 بِشُعُورِ الْغُرْبَةِ وَأَنْتَ فِي قَلْبِ وَطَنِكَ ؟ هَذَا هُوَ حَالُ الْفِلَسْطِينِيِّ،  
 يَحْمِلُ مَا تَبَقَّى مِنْ أَمْتِعَتِهِ عَلَى ظَهْرِهِ، مُشَرِّدًا فِي أَرْضِهِ. الْمُسْتَعْمِرُ  
 الْإِسْرَائِيلِيُّ اسْتَوَلَى عَلَى أَرْضِهِ، فَلَمْ يَتْرِكْ لَهُ خِيَارًا سِوَى التُّرُوحِ.  
 تَغَرَّبَ الْجَسَدُ، لَكِنَّ الرُّوحَ وَالْقَلْبَ ظَلًّا مُتَشَبِّهَيْنِ بِجُدُورِ الأَرْضِ،  
 نَابِضَيْنِ بِحُبِّ فِلَسْطِينِ.

## **A Stranger in His Homeland**

**I know the feeling of exile, though I haven't lived it, I've seen it in the eyes of those who have. People who were forced to leave their homelands; some driven by circumstances, others in search of a better future or to continue their education. Undoubtedly, it is one of the deepest forms of emotional pain. But what about the feeling of estrangement while in the heart of your own homeland?**

**This is the reality for the Palestinian, carrying what remains of his belongings on his back, displaced within his own**

**land. The Israeli colonizer has taken  
over his land, leaving him no choice but  
to flee. The body is in exile, but the soul  
and heart remain steadfast, rooted in  
the earth,  
pulsating with love for Palestine.**

## أَبَ الْخُرُوبِ

مَنْ مِنَّا لَا يَعْرِفُ ذَلِكَ الشُّعُورَ ؟ شُعُورَ الْأَمَانِ وَالرَّاحَةِ وَأَنْتَ  
 بِجَانِبِ ذَلِكَ الشَّخْصِ الَّذِي، رَغَمَ كُلِّ الظُّرُوفِ الْقَاسِيَةِ، يُخَبِّتُكَ  
 عَنْ سُرُورِ الدُّنْيَا. فِي ظِلِّ أَصْوَاتِ الْحَرْبِ وَأَهْوَالِهَا، يَجِدُ لَكَ مَأْوَى  
 بَيْنَ ذِرَاعَيْهِ، وَيُحَاوِلُ أَنْ يُخْفِيكَ فِي أَعْمَاقِ عَيْونِهِ، لِأَنَّكَ فِلْدَةٌ  
 كَبِيدِهِ وَلِأَنَّهُ أَبُوكَ. سَيَحْوِلُ أَصْوَاتِ الدَّبَابَاتِ وَزَخَاتِ الرَّصَاصِ إِلَى  
 إِعْلَانِ لِحُرِّيَّةِ فِلَسْطِينَ، وَسَيُعِيدُ ضِحْكَةً تِلْكَ الْوُجُوهِ الَّتِي  
 افْتَقَدْتَ الْفَرَحَ. فَهُوَ الْأَبُ الَّذِي يُقَاتِلُ لَيْسَ فَقَطُ لِأَجْلِ وَطَنِهِ، بَلْ  
 لِأَجْلِ أَنْ يَعِيشَ أَبْنَاؤُهُ حَيَاةً تَلِيْقُ بِهِمْ، حَيَاةً مِلُؤَهَا السَّلَامُ وَالْأَمَلُ،  
 مَهْمَا كَانَتْ الصِّعَابُ.

## **The Father of Wars**

**Who among us does not know  
that feeling?**

**The sense of safety and comfort beside  
the one who, despite all harsh  
circumstances, shields you from  
the world's evils.**

**Amid the sounds of war and its horrors,  
he finds refuge for you in his arms,  
trying to hide you deep within his eyes,  
because you are his very soul, and  
because he is your father.**

**He will transform the sounds of tanks  
and the bursts of gunfire into a  
proclamation of Palestine's freedom,**

**and he will restore the laughter to those faces that have long forgotten joy. For he is the father who fights not only for his homeland, but so that his children may live a life worthy of them—a life filled with peace and hope, no matter the challenges**



## شعور قاهر

تَخَيَّلِ الشُّعُورِ عِنْدَمَا تُنْتَزِعُ مِنْكَ وَرَقَةٌ امْتِحَانٍ رَغْمًا عَنْكَ، وَأَنْتِ  
لَمْ تَنْتَهِ بَعْدُ مِنْ حَلِّهَا. فَكَيْفَ يَكُونُ الْحَالُ عِنْدَمَا يُغْتَصَبُ الْجَسَدُ  
بِالْقُوَّةِ، بِالْعُنْفِ، أَوْ بِأَيِّ شَكْلِ مِنْ أَشْكَالِ الْقَهْرِ؟ إِنَّهُ شُعُورٌ لَا  
يُمْكِنُ وَصْفُهُ بِالْكَامِلِ، وَلَكِنَّهُ يُقَارِبُ حَالَةَ الْإِشْمِئَازِ وَالْكَرَاهِيَةِ  
الَّتِي تَتَمَلَّكُ كُلَّ امْرَأَةٍ أَوْ فَتَاةٍ تَعَرَّضَتْ لِهَذَا الْإِنتِهَاقِ، حِينَ تَتَمَنَّى  
أَنْ تُفَارِقَ رُوحَهَا جَسَدَهَا لِتَتَخَلَّصَ مِنَ الْأَلَمِ وَالْخَوْفِ. هَذَا هُوَ مَا  
تَعِيشُهُ الْمَرْأَةُ الْفِلَسْطِينِيَّةُ تَحْتَ وَطْأَةِ الْمُعْتَدِي الْإِسْرَائِيلِيِّ، الَّذِي  
لَمْ يَكْتَفِ بِسَرِقَةِ الْأَرْضِ وَالْكَرَامَةِ، بَلْ يَسْعَى لِيَأْخُذَ مِنْهَا جَسَدَهَا،  
إِنَّهُ أَقْسَى أَنْوَاعِ السَّلْبِ وَالِإِخْتِلَالِ.

## Overwhelming feeling

**Imagine the feeling when an exam paper is ripped from your hands against your will, and you haven't yet finished answering. Now, imagine how it feels when the body is violated—through force, violence, or any form of oppression. It's an indescribable sensation, one that comes close to the disgust and hatred every woman or girl feels after enduring such an assault, wishing her soul could escape her body to rid herself of the pain and fear. This is the reality for the Palestinian woman, living under the weight of the Israeli**

**aggressor, who hasn't been content with stealing land and dignity, but seeks to take her body as well. It is the harshest form of theft and occupation.**

## فِلَسْطِينِ الْحُرَّةِ الْبَيْتَةِ

سَتَنْتَصِرُ فِلَسْطِينُ، رَغْمًا عَنْ أَنْوْفِ الْأَعْدَاءِ جَمِيعًا. أَبْنَاؤُهَا  
 سَيُوَاصِلُونَ دَعْمَ بَعْضِهِمُ الْبَعْضِ، حَتَّى وَلَوْ كَانَ سِلَاحُهُمْ حِجَارَةً  
 فَلَنْ يَسْمَحُوا بِأَنْ تُكْتَبَ فِلَسْطِينُ بِاسْمِ الْعَدُوِّ الصَّهْيُونِيِّ. قَدْ  
 يَسْقُطُ الْعَدِيدُ مِنَ الْأَبْرِيَاءِ، لِكِنَّهُمْ سَيُخَلِّدُونَ كَشْهَادَ خَالِدِينَ فِي  
 الْجَنَّةِ، وَيَبْقَى عِلْمُ فِلَسْطِينِ مَرْفُوعًا عَالِيًا وَشَامِخًا، مَهْمَا وَاجَهَ  
 مِنْ صِعَابٍ. سَيَأْتِي يَوْمٌ تَنْتَصِرُ فِيهِ فِلَسْطِينُ، وَتُصْبِحُ حُرَّةً أَبِيَّةً.  
 سَتَنْتَحَوِّلُ أَصْوَاتُ الدَّبَابَاتِ وَزَخَاتِ الرَّصَاصِ وَتِلْكَ الدِّمَاءِ  
 الْمَسْفُوحَةِ إِلَى ذِكْرِيَاتٍ تَرْوِيهَا أَجْيَالُ فِلَسْطِينِ يَذْكُرُونَ مِنْ خِلَالِهَا  
 تَضْحِيَاتِ آبَائِهِمْ، وَكَيْفَ كَافَحُوا لِيَشْهَدُوا هَذَا النَّصْرَ. وَسَتَعْمُرُ  
 الضَّحِكَاتُ تِلْكَ الْأَمَاكِنَ الَّتِي سَيَجْلِسُ فِيهَا أَبْنَاءُ الْوَطَنِ الْمُسَّةِ  
 وَسَتَظَلُّ كُلُّ بُقْعَةٍ أَرْضٍ تَشْرَبَتْ دَرَاءَ شَاهِدَةٍ عَلَى مُعَانَتِهِمْ،

عَلَىٰ نِضَالِهِمْ، وَعَلَىٰ إِصْرَارِهِمُ الَّذِي لَمْ يَنْكَسِرْ، فَقَطُّ لِأَنَّهْم لَمْ  
يَسْتَسْلِمُوا، وَلَنْ يَسْتَسْلِمُوا، حَتَّىٰ جَعَلُوا فَلَسْطِينَ حُرَّةً أَبْيَةً

أحبة الضاد

## **Free and Proud Palestine**

**Palestine shall prevail, despite the arrogance of all its enemies. Its sons and daughters will continue to support one another, even if their only weapon is a stone, for they will never allow Palestine to be written in the name of the Zionist enemy. Many innocent souls may fall, but they will be immortalized as eternal martyrs in paradise, and the flag of Palestine will forever remain raised high and proud, no matter the challenges it faces.**

**The day will come when Palestine**

**triumphs, becoming free and proud. The sounds of tanks, gunfire, and spilled blood will turn into memories shared by generations of Palestinians, recalling the sacrifices of their forefathers and their struggle to witness this victory.**

**Laughter will fill the very places where the sons and daughters of the homeland once sat in silence, and every inch of land soaked with their blood will bear witness to their suffering, their fight, and their unwavering resolve. For they did not surrender, nor will they ever, until they made Palestine free and proud.**

## ولدت لأموت

لَا أَحَدَ مِنَّا يُدْرِكُ حَقِيقَةَ مَا يَشْعُرُ بِهِ. ذَلِكَ الْإِحْسَاسُ بِأَنَّكَ  
 عَلَى قَيْدِ الْحَيَاةِ دَاخِلَ جَسَدٍ مَيِّتٍ، لَا يَعْرِفُهُ سِوَى مَنْ يُرَاقِبُ  
 أَيَّامَ حَيَاتِهِ تَنْفَدُ أَمَامَ عَيْنَيْهِ. إِحْسَاسُ الْفِقْدَانِ، وَالْإِهْمَالِ،  
 وَتَلَاثِي الْمَشَاعِرِ. لَا أَزُوي لَكُمْ عَنْ صَوْتِ الدَّبَابَاتِ الَّذِي يَرُنُّ  
 فِي الْأَفْقِ أَوْ الْقَدَائِفِ الصَّارُوخِيَّةِ الَّتِي تُمَرِّقُ هُدُوءَ اللَّيْلِ، وَلَا  
 عَنْ الرَّصَاصَاتِ الَّتِي لَا تَتَوَقَّفُ لِتُخْبِرَنَا يَوْمِيًّا بِأَنَّ أَحَدًا لَنْ  
 يَمُدَّ لَنَا يَدَ الْعَوْنِ. تَرَكْنَا فِي حَالِنَا، وَكَأَنَّهُمْ يُرِيدُونَ إِبْلَاغَنَا بِأَنَّهُ  
 فِي حَالٍ تَدْخُلِهِمْ، سَتَخْتَفِي هَذِهِ الْبُقْعَةُ مِنَ الْوُجُودِ فِي مَحِ  
 الْبَصْرِ. الْجَمِيعُ خَائِفٌ، وَالْعَدُوُّ يُرِيدُ مِنَّا أَنْ نُعْلِنَ لِلْعَالَمِ أَنَّ  
 هَذِهِ الْأَرْضَ لَهُ، لَكِنَّا لَنْ نَتَنَازَلَ عَنْهَا أَبَدًا. سَتَنْتَصِرُ فِلَسْطِينُ  
 وَتُصْبِحُ حُرَّةً وَمُسْتَقِلَّةً.



## **Born to die**

**None of us truly understands the depth of that feeling—the sensation of being alive in a body that feels dead.**

**Only those who watch the days of their lives slip away before their eyes can grasp it. The feeling of loss, neglect, and the fading of emotions. I'm not telling you about the sound of tanks rumbling in the distance, or the rockets tearing through the night's silence, nor about the bullets that never cease, reminding us daily that no one will extend a hand to help. We've been abandoned to our fate, as if they wish to tell us that if**

**anyone intervenes, this land will vanish in the blink of an eye. Everyone is terrified, and the enemy wants us to declare to the world that this land belongs to them. But we will never relinquish it. Palestine will triumph, and it will be free and independent.**

احبة الضاد

## مأوى فلسطيني:

رَبَّمَا تَسْتَطِيعُ النَّوْمَ فِي أَيِّ وَقْتٍ، تَشْعُرُ بِالرَّاحَةِ، وَلَا أَحَدٌ يُزْعِجُكَ  
 أَوْ يَطْرُدُكَ مِنْ مَكَانٍ لِأَخْرَ خَوْفًا مِنْ أَنْ تَنْهَارَ عَلَيْكَ جُدْرَانُ مَنْزِلِكَ.  
 لَكِنَّ هُنَاكَ مَنْ يَعِيشُ فِي ظُرُوفٍ مُخْتَلِفَةٍ، بِلَا مَأْوَى، بِلَا فِرَاشٍ،  
 بِلَا مَلَابِسٍ، وَلَا حَتَّى قَطْرَةَ مَاءٍ تَرْوِي عَطَشَهُ لِيَوْمٍ وَاحِدٍ. قَدْ تُنْهِي  
 رِصَاصَةَ حَيَاةِ هَذَا الْإِنْسَانِ فِي لَحْظَةٍ، كَأَنَّ حَيَاتَهُ لَمْ تَكُنْ سِوَى  
 لَحْظَاتٍ عَابِرَةٍ. نَعَمْ، فَسَيُصْبِحُ إِنْ شَاءَ اللَّهُ مِنْ جُنُودِ اللَّهِ وَمِنْ  
 أَهْلِ الْجَنَّةِ، لِأَنَّهُ لَمْ يَمُتْ مَوْتًا عَادِيًّا؛ لَقَدْ عَانَى الْكَثِيرَ لِيَصِلَ إِلَى  
 هَذِهِ الْمَكَانَةِ. مَا أَرْوَعَ حَظًّا مَنْ عَاشَ فِي ذَلِكَ الْمَكَانِ عَلَى الْأَرْضِ  
 لِيُكْرَمَ فِي السَّمَاءِ بِمَكَانَةٍ رَفِيعَةٍ.

## Palestine Shelter

**Perhaps you can sleep at any time, feeling at ease, without anyone disturbing you or forcing you to move from place to place, fearing that the walls of your home might collapse on you. But there are those who live under different circumstances—without shelter, without a bed, without clothes, and not even a drop of water to quench their thirst for a single day. A single bullet could end this person's life in an instant, as if their entire existence was nothing more than fleeting moments. Yet, by God's will,**

**they will become one of His soldiers, one of the dwellers of Paradise, for they did not die an ordinary death; they suffered greatly to reach such an honored place. How blessed are those who lived in that land on Earth, only to be elevated to the highest ranks in the heavens!**

## براءة تشوہت

يَفْقِدُ الْإِنْسَانَ أَحْيَانًا شَخْصًا بِسَبَبِ سُوءِ تَفَاهُمٍ أَوْ كَلِمَةٍ جَارِحَةٍ،  
 وَيَبْقَى الْأَثَرُ وَالنَّدَبَاتُ تُطَوِّقُ قَلْبَهُ. تَخَيَّلْ فَقَطْ لَوْ فَقَدْتَهُ لِلْأَبَدِ  
 بِسَبَبِ دَهْسِ دَبَّابَةٍ أَوْ إِصَابَةِ بِرِصَاصَةٍ أُوْدَتِ بِحَيَاتِهِ. لَمْ تَمُرَّ بَعْدُ  
 بِتِلْكَ اللَّحْظَةِ وَأَنْتَ خَائِفٌ، وَلَا تَظُنُّ أَنَّكَ سَتَنْجُو مِنَ الْجُنُونِ  
 عِنْدَمَا تَرَى فِلْدَةً كَبِيدِكَ مُغَطَّى بِالدِّمَاءِ. لَكِنَّ الْأَبَّ الْفِلَسْطِينِيَّ  
 نَجَا، وَلَا يَزَالُ يَحْتَفِظُ بِقَوَاهُ الْعَقْلِيَّةِ، لِأَنَّهُ بِبَسَاطَةٍ مُؤْمِنٌ بِقَضَاءِ  
 اللَّهِ وَقَدَرِهِ، وَعَلَى يَقِينٍ بِأَنَّ بِلَادَهُ سَتَنْتَصِرُ فِي النَّهْيَةِ، وَسَتَعُودُ  
 دَوْلَةً مُسْتَقْلَةً، وَأَنَّ ابْنَهُ أَصْبَحَ مِنْ جُنُودِ الْجَنَّةِ.

## Innocence is distorted

**A person may sometimes lose someone due to a misunderstanding or a hurtful word, leaving scars that wrap around their heart. Now, just imagine losing them forever, crushed by a tank or struck by a bullet that ends their life.**

**You haven't yet experienced that moment of overwhelming fear, and you can't even begin to believe that you would survive the madness when you see your own child covered in blood. Yet, the Palestinian father survives, still holding onto his sanity, because he simply has faith in God's will**

**and destiny. He is certain that, in the end, his land will triumph and become a free, independent state, and that his son has now become one of the soldiers of Paradise.**



## مقابر كادت تنطق

كُلُّ يَوْمٍ يُسَلَبُ مِنْ عَائِلَةٍ فِلَسْطِينِيَّةٍ فَرْدٌ عَزِيزٌ، وَكَأَنَّ الدَّبَابَاتِ لَا تَعْرِفُ التَّوَقُّفَ عَنِ قَصْفِ مَنَازِلِهِمْ، وَكَأَنَّ الرِّصَاصَ لَا يَتَوَقَّفُ عَنِ اخْتِرَاقِ أَجْسَادِ الْأَبْرِيَاءِ. كُلُّ يَوْمٍ يَتَسَبَّحُ الصَّفُّ فِي الْمَقْبَرَةِ أَكْثَرَ فَأَكْثَرَ، حَتَّى كَأَنَّ الْجُنُثَ الْمَكْدَّسَةَ تَنْطِقُ وَتَسْتَغِيثُ: "إِرْحَمُونَا وَادْفِنُونَا تَحْتَ الْأَرْضِ". لَمْ يَعُدْ هُنَاكَ وَقْتُ لِلْغَسْلِ أَوْ حَتَّى صَلَاةِ الْجِنَازَةِ. تَعَجُّزُ الْكَلِمَاتِ وَالتَّغْيِيرَاتُ عَنِ وَصْفِ مَا يَعْتَمِلُ فِي قَلْبِ الْأُمِّ الْفِلَسْطِينِيَّةِ، وَهِيَ تَرَى أَفْرَادَ أُسْرَتِهَا يَتَسَاقَطُونَ وَاحِدًا تَلَوَ الْأَخْرَ، وَالِدْمُوعُ وَخَدَهَا لَمْ تَعُدْ تَكْفِي لِلتَّغْيِيرِ عَنِ حَجْمِ الْأَلَمِ الَّذِي يَنْهَسُ قَلْبَهَا.

## **Cemeteries that almost speak**

**Every day, a beloved member is stolen from a Palestinian family, as if the tanks never cease bombarding their homes, and the bullets never stop piercing the bodies of innocents. Every day, the line in the cemetery grows longer, to the point where the piled bodies seem to cry out, "Have mercy on us and bury us beneath the earth.**

**" There is no longer time for washing or even for funeral prayers.**

**Words fail to express the turmoil within a Palestinian mother's heart as she watches her family**

**members fall one after the other, and  
tears alone are no longer enough to  
convey the depth of the pain that  
ravages her sou**

أحبة الضاد

## لا أبالي بجراسي

رَغَمَ إِصَابَتِهَا، لَمْ تُعِرْ جِرَاحَهَا اهْتِمَامًا، فَقَدْ كَانَ حُزْنُهَا الْعَمِيقُ  
 عَلَى قَرِيبِهَا الَّذِي تَحْمِلُهُ بَيْنَ ذِرَاعَيْهَا يَغْمُرُهَا تَمَامًا. كَانَ كُلُّ مَا  
 يَشْغَلُهَا هُوَ أَنْ تَكْتَشِفَ أَنَّهُ مَا زَالَ عَلَى قَيْدِ الْحَيَاةِ، أَنْ تَرَاهُ  
 يَتَنَفَّسُ بَيْنَ ثَنَائِيَا الدِّمَاءِ الَّتِي تُغَطِّي ثِيَابَهُ. وَكَأَنَّهَا فِي صَرْخَةٍ  
 صَامِتَةٍ، تُنَاجِي الْعَالَمَ كُلَّهُ، مُسْتَغِيثَةً: "أَخْبِرُونِي فَقَطْ أَنَّهُ لَا يَزَالُ  
 يَتَنَفَّسُ، أَنَّهُ لَمْ يَرْحَلْ بَعْدُ!" كَانَ قَلْبُهَا مُعَلَّقًا بِتِلْكَ اللَّحْظَةِ، تَنْتَظِرُ  
 وَلَوْ حَرَكَةً بَسِيطَةً لِتَطْمَئِنَّ أَنَّهُ لَمْ تَفْقِدْهُ لِلْأَبَدِ. يَا لَهَا مِنْ لَحْظَةٍ  
 قَاسِيَةٍ، يَتَجَلَّى فِيهَا كُلُّ الْأَلَمِ وَالرَّجَاءِ، لَحْظَةٌ تَتَمَنَّى فِيهَا مِنْ  
 أَعْمَاقِ قَلْبِهَا أَلَّا يَكُونَ هَذَا الْجَسَدُ الَّذِي تَحْتَضِنُهُ فِلْدَةٌ كَبِيدَهَا،  
 حَتَّى لَا تَفْقِدَ نَفْسَهَا قَبْلَ أَنْ تَفْقِدَهُ.

## **I don't care about my wounds**

**Despite her injuries, she paid no heed to her wounds, for the deep sorrow over her relative, whom she cradled in her arms, overwhelmed her completely. All she cared about was finding out if he was still alive, to see him breathe through the bloodstains covering his clothes. It was as though she were in a silent scream, pleading with the entire world:**

**"Just tell me he's still breathing, that he hasn't gone yet!**

**"Her heart clung to that moment,**

**waiting for even the smallest movement to reassure her that she hadn't lost him forever.**

**What a cruel moment, one that embodies all the pain and hope, a moment where she wishes from the depths of her heart that the body she holds is not her flesh and blood, so she doesn't lose herself before she loses him.**

احبة الضاد

## جلسد مفتت

نَحْنُ بِكَامِلِ أَعْضَائِنَا، نَشْتَكِي دَائِمًا مِنْ صُدَاعٍ أَوْ أَلَمٍ فِي الظَّهْرِ أَوْ  
 غَيْرِهِ مِنَ الأَوْجَاعِ البَسِيطَةِ، لَكِنَّ فِي فَلَسْطِينِ فَقَدَ أبنَائُهَا أَجْزَاءً  
 مِنْ أَجْسَادِهِمْ، الصُّورَةُ مُخْتَلِفَةٌ تَمَامًا. هُنَاكَ، تَجِدُ مَنْ بُتِرَتْ  
 قَدَمُهُ أَوْ قُطِعَتْ يَدُهُ، وَمَعَ ذَلِكَ لَا يَزَالُ يُقَاوِمُ هَؤُلَاءِ الأَبْطَالَ، رَغْمَ  
 جِرَاحِهِمْ، يَتَفَانُونَ فِي خِدْمَةِ وَطَنِهِمْ. تَجِدُ المَمْرِضَ الَّذِي فَقَدَ جُزْءًا  
 مِنْ جَسَدِهِ، لَا يَتَوَقَّفُ عَنِ مُدَاوَاةِ جُرُوحِ الأَخْرِينِ الَّتِي سَبَّبَهَا ذَلِكَ  
 المُسْتَعْمِرُ الغَاشِمُ. إِنَّهُمْ يَعْلَمُونَ يَقِينًا أَنَّ فَلَسْطِينِ سَتَتَحَرَّرُ، وَبِيَدِ  
 وَاحِدَةٍ سَيَسْتَمِرُّونَ فِي إنْقَادِ أَرْوَاحِ أَهْلِهَا، وَبِيَدِ وَاحِدَةٍ سَيَحْمِلُونَ  
 الحِجَارَةَ يَرْجُمُونَ بِهَا العَدُوَّ، رَافِضِينَ الإِسْتِسْلَامَ. لِأَنَّهُمْ يَعْلَمُونَ  
 أَنَّ النِّصْرَ آتٍ لَا مَحَالَةَ، وَأَنَّ الحُرِّيَّةَ سَتُنْتزَعُ رَغْمًا أُنُوفَ اليَهُودِ  
 الأَثِمِينَ.

## **shattered body**

**We, with all our limbs intact, constantly complain of headaches, back pain, or other minor ailments, but in Palestine, many have lost parts of their bodies the picture is entirely different. There, you find those who have lost a leg or an arm, yet continue to resist. These heroes, despite their wounds, are devoted to serving their homeland.**

**You'll find the nurse who lost part of his body still tirelessly tending to the wounds of others, wounds inflicted by the brutal occupier. They are certain that Palestine will be**



**liberated.**

**With one hand, they will continue to save lives, and with one hand, they will carry stones to hurl at the enemy, refusing to surrender. For they know that victory is inevitable, and freedom will be seized, despite the defiance of the sinful Zionists**

## لَحْظَةُ الْوَدَاعِ

إِنَّهُ شُعُورٌ لَا يُدْرِكُهُ إِلَّا مَنْ عَايَشَهُ، شُعُورُ الْوَدَاعِ لِمَنْ نُحِبُّ،  
 وَخَاصَّةً إِذَا كَانَ الْأَبُ هُوَ الْمَغَادِرُ، وَالْأَسْوَأُ مِنْ ذَلِكَ أَنْ يَأْتِيَ الْوَدَاعُ  
 دُونَ سَابِقِ إِنْذَارٍ. نُودِّعُ أَحْيَانًا آبَاءَنَا عِنْدَ سَفَرِهِمْ لِأَعْمَالِهِمْ،  
 نُودِّعُهُمْ جَسَدًا وَرُوحًا، نُقَبِّلُهُمْ وَنَتَلَمَّسُ عَبِيرَهُمْ، وَنُبْقِي فِي قُلُوبِنَا  
 أَمَلًا بِلِقَائِهِمْ مُجَدِّدًا. لَكِنْ مَاذَا عَنْ أَبِي فَلِسْطِينِي رَحَلَتْ رُوحُهُ  
 وَبَقِيَ جَسَدُهُ؟ جَسَدٌ هَامِدٌ يُودِّعُهُ أَطْفَالُهُ بِقُلُوبٍ مُثْقَلَةٍ بِالْأَلَمِ  
 وَدُمُوعٍ مُنْهَمِرَةٍ كَالسَّيْلِ، كُلُّ دَمْعَةٍ تَحْكِي حِكَايَاتٍ مُعَانَاةٍ لَا تَنْتَهِي.  
 كَانَ سَنَدَهُمُ الْوَجِيدَ فِي وَجْهِ الْعَدُوِّ الْمُتَوَجِّسِ، وَالْآنَ يَرُونَهُ وَقَدْ  
 بَاتَ جُنَّةً بِلَا حَرَاكِ. وَدَاعٌ بِلَا كَلِمَاتٍ، بِلَا وُعودٍ بِالْعُودَةِ، لِكَيْتُمْ  
 يَأْمُلُونَ أَنْ تَلْتَقِيَ أَرْوَاحُهُمْ عِنْدَ الْخَالِقِ، حَيْثُ لَنْ تَكُونَ هُنَاكَ  
 وَدَاعَاتٌ أُخْرَى، فَقَطْ لِقَاءٌ أَبَدِيٌّ فِي سَلَامٍ.

## **The Moment of Farewell**

**It's a feeling only those who have experienced it can truly understand the feeling of bidding farewell to someone we love, especially when it's a father who departs.**

**Worse still, when the farewell comes without warning.**

**We sometimes bid our fathers farewell when they leave for work, saying goodbye to their body and soul, kissing them, inhaling their scent, while holding onto the hope of seeing them again.**

**But what about a Palestinian father whose soul has departed, leaving only**

**his body behind?**

**A lifeless body, bid farewell by his children, their hearts heavy with pain, their tears flowing like a torrent, each tear telling stories of endless suffering. He was their only support against the brutal enemy, and now they see him as nothing more than a still corpse. A farewell with no words, no promises of return, yet they cling to the hope that their souls will reunite with their Creator, where there will be no more goodbyes—only an eternal reunion in peace**

## سِبِيلُ الدِّمَاءِ

كَانَ الْمَطَرُ الْغَزِيرُ يَثْرُكُ بَرَّكَاً مِنْ الْمَاءِ تَخْتَلِطُ بِالتُّرَابِ لِتَصْنَعَ طِينًا  
لَزِجًا. أَذْكَرُ عِنْدَمَا كُنْتُ فِي الْحَادِيَةِ عَشْرَةَ مِنْ عُمْرِي فِي طَرِيقِي إِلَى  
الْمَدْرَسَةِ، التَّصَقَّ حِذَائِي بِذَلِكَ الطِّينِ، فَتَلَطَّخْتُ وَأَصْبَحَ بُنْيًا بَعْدَمَا  
كَانَ نَاصِعَ الْبِيَاضِ شَعَرْتُ بِالْإِنْزِعَاجِ وَقُلْتُ لِنَفْسِي: كَيْفَ  
سَأَذْهَبُ إِلَى الْمَدْرَسَةِ الْآنَ؟ وَهَلْ سَيْرَانِي أَصْدِقَائِي بِهَذَا الْجِذَاءِ  
الْمُنْسِخِ؟ وَالْيَوْمَ، أَرَى فِلَسْطِينَ غَارِقَةً فِي بَرَكٍ، لَكِنَّهَا لَدَسَتْ بَرَّكَاً  
مَائِيَّةً، بَلْ بَرَّكَاً مِنْ دِمَاءٍ سَالَتْ مِنْ أَجْسَادِ رِجَالٍ وَنِسَاءٍ وَأَطْفَالٍ.  
تِلْكَ الدِّمَاءُ رَائِحَتُهَا زَكِيَّةٌ كَرَائِحَةِ الْأَرْضِ بَعْدَ هُطُولِ الْمَطَرِ، تِلْكَ  
الرَّائِحَةُ الَّتِي نَعَشَقُهَا جَمِيعًا. أَصْبَحَتْ الْأَخْذِيَّةُ تَتَلَطَّخُ بِالدِّمَاءِ  
بَدَلَ الطِّينِ، وَكُلُّ ذَلِكَ فِي سَبِيلِ تَحْرِيرِ فِلَسْطِينَ.

## Rivers of Blood

**The heavy rain would leave puddles of water, mixing with the soil to form sticky mud. I remember when I was eleven years old, on my way to school, my shoe got stuck in that mud, turning brown after once being bright white. I felt annoyed and said to myself, “How can I go to school now? Will my friends see me in these dirty shoes?”**

**Today, I see Palestine drowning in puddles, but they are not water puddles—they are puddles of blood spilled from the bodies of men, women, and children.**

**That blood smells sweet,  
like the scent of the earth after rainfall,  
a scent we all love. Now, shoes are  
stained with blood instead of mud, and  
all of this is for the liberation of  
Palestine.**

## العِيدُ فِي غَزَّةَ

مَشَاهِدُ مُؤَثَّرَةٌ تَعَكِّسُ التَّنَاقُضَ الْمُؤَلِمَ بَيْنَ الْفَرَحِ وَالْحُزَنِ: فِي  
 مَشْهَدٍ يَخْلِطُ بَيْنَ الْأَلَمِ وَالْأَمَلِ، نَرَى الدَّمَارَ وَالرَّكَامَ نَتِيجَةَ  
 الصِّرَاعَاتِ، حَيْثُ الْبُيُوتُ وَالِدُورُ مُدَمَّرَةٌ، وَالْجُدْرَانُ تَحْمِلُ آثَارَ  
 الْحُرُوبِ. وَفِي نَفْسِ اللَّحْظَةِ، يَتَرَدَّدُ فِي الْأَفْقِ مَشْهَدٌ آخَرَ يَنْبِضُ  
 بِالْحَيَاةِ، حَيْثُ أَطْفَالُ غَزَّةَ يَحْتَفِلُونَ بِالْوَانِ الْعِيدِ وَيَحْمِلُونَ  
 الْبَالُونَاتِ بِأَيْدِيهِمُ الصَّغِيرَةَ. هَذَا التَّبَايُنُ الْحَادُّ يُجَسِّدُ قُوَّةَ  
 النُّفُوسِ الْعَظِيمَةِ الَّتِي تَحْمِلُ فِي طَيَّابَتِهَا الْأَمَلَ وَالْفَرَحَ رَغْمَ أَهْلِكَ  
 الظُّرُوفِ. إِنَّهُ مَشْهَدٌ يَتَحَدَّثُ عَن بَرَاءَةِ الْأَطْفَالِ الَّذِينَ يَرْفُضُونَ  
 الْإِسْتِسْلَامَ لِلْحُزَنِ، مُصِرِّينَ عَلَى التَّمَسُّكِ بِالْحَيَاةِ وَالِإِحْتِفَالِ بِهَا،  
 رَغْمَ الْمَآسِي الَّتِي تُطَوِّقُهُمْ. وَكَأَنَّهُمْ يَقُولُونَ لِلْعَالَمِ: نَحْنُ نَعِيشُ  
 لِنَفْرَحَ، حَتَّى وَإِنْ كَانَتْ الْمُعَانَاةُ وَالِدَّمَارُ قَدَرْنَا الْيَوْمِيَّ. فِي غَزَّةَ



الْكَرَامَةُ، حَيْثُ الْحُزْنُ مُقِيمٌ، يَنْبَعِثُ الْأَمَلُ مِنْ ضَحَكَاتِ الْأَطْفَالِ،  
الَّذِينَ يَحْمِلُونَ رِسَالَةً أَعْمَقَ مِنْ بَرَاءَتِهِمْ، رِسَالَةً حُبِّ لِلْحَيَاةِ،  
وَإِصْرَارٍ عَلَى الْبَقَاءِ فِي وَجْهِ الْمُحَنِّ.

أحبة الضاد

## Eid in Gaz

**Heart-wrenching scenes reflect the painful contrast between joy and sorrow. In a moment that blends pain with hope, we see the destruction and rubble caused by conflict, with homes demolished and walls bearing the scars of war. At the same time, another scene unfolds on the horizon, pulsating with life, as Gaza's children celebrate the colors of Eid, holding balloons in their small hands.**

**This sharp contrast embodies the strength of great spirits that carry within them hope and joy despite the**

**bleakest circumstances. It is a scene that speaks of the innocence of children who refuse to surrender to sorrow, insisting on clinging to life and celebrating it, despite the tragedies that surround them. It's as if they are telling the world: we live to be happy, even if suffering and destruction are our daily reality.**

**In Gaza, where dignity resides and sorrow lingers, hope emerges from the laughter of children, who carry a message deeper than their innocence—a message of love for life and a determination to endure in the face of adversity.**

## لَنْ أَمُوتَ إِلَّا عَلَى دِينِي

أَطْفَالٌ لَيْسُوا كَأَيِّ أَطْفَالٍ عَرَفْنَاهُمْ، وُلِدُوا لِيَكْبُرُوا أَسْرَعَ مِمَّا  
يَسْمَحُ لَهُمُ الزَّمَنُ، لَمْ تُسْعِفْهُمْ الْحَيَاةُ لِيَعِيشُوا طُفُولَتَهُمْ كَبَاقِي  
أَطْفَالِ الْعَالَمِ. أَطْفَالٌ ذَاقُوا مَرَارَةَ الْمُعَانَاةِ، وَسَقَيْتُ أَسْمَاعَهُمْ  
أَصْوَاتُ النَّيْرَانِ وَهُمْ مَا زَالُوا صِغَارًا. وُلِدُوا لِيَكُونُوا شُهَدَاءَ فِي  
سَبِيلِ فَلَسْطِينِ، حَتَّى وَهُمْ غَارِقُونَ فِي دِمَائِهِمْ، وَالْمَوْتُ يَقْتَرِبُ  
مِنْهُمْ، أَقْسَمُوا إِلَّا يَمُوتُوا إِلَّا عَلَى دِينِهِمْ. طِفْلٌ يُلَقِّنُ أَخَاهُ  
الشَّهَادَتَيْنِ، كَلِمَةً بِكَلِمَةٍ، مُؤْمِنًا أَنَّ التَّمَسُّكَ بِالِدِينِ هُوَ سَبِيلُ  
النَّصْرِ وَالْخَلَاصِ مِنْ بَطْشِ الْعَدُوِّ الصُّهْيُونِيِّ. مُدْرِكًا أَنَّ الشَّهَادَةَ  
لَيْسَتْ مُجَرَّدَ كَلِمَاتٍ عَلَى اللِّسَانِ، بَلْ إِيْمَانٌ يَخْرُجُ مِنَ الْقَلْبِ. وَإِنَّهُ  
إِنْ لَمْ يَنْطِقْ بِهَا لِسَانُكَ فِي اللَّحْظَاتِ الْأَخِيرَةِ، فَنَحْسَبُ قَلْبَكَ قَدْ

شَهِدَ بِهَا وَاللَّهُ حَسِيبُكَ أَخِي الْحَبِيبِ. هَنِيئًا لَكَ بِجَنَّةِ الْخُلْدِ، فَأَنْتَ

شَهِيدٌ بِلسَانِكَ وَقَلْبِكَ بِإِذْنِ اللَّهِ، وَلَنْ تَمُوتَ إِلَّا عَلَى دِينِكَ.

أحبة الضاد

## **I Will Die Only on My Faith**

**These are no ordinary children—they were born to grow faster than time allows, life didn't give them a chance to live their childhood like other children in the world. They tasted the bitterness of suffering, and their ears were filled with the sound of gunfire while they were still young. They were born to become martyrs for the sake of Palestine, and even as they lay drenched in their own blood, with death approaching, they vowed never to die except on their faith.**

**A child teaches his brother the**

**declaration of faith, word by word, believing that clinging to faith is the path to victory and salvation from the cruelty of the Zionist enemy. He understands that martyrdom is not merely words spoken, but faith that flows from the heart. And even if your tongue fails to utter it in your final moments, we believe your heart has already testified to it, and God is your witness, dear brother. Congratulations on your place in eternal paradise, for you are a martyr in both word and heart, God willing, and you will die only on your faith**

## الشَّهِيدَةُ آيَةٌ

يَكْتُبُ التَّلْمِيذُ اسْمَهُ عَلَى وَرَقَةِ الإِمْتِحَانِ لِئَلَّا تَخْتَلِطَ أَوْرَاقُهُ  
بِأَوْرَاقِ الآخَرِينَ، وَيَضَعُ الْكَاتِبُ اسْمَهُ عَلَى الصَّفْحَةِ الْأُولَى مِنْ  
كِتَابِهِ لِيَعْرِفَ أَنَّهُ مِنْ تَأْلِيْفِهِ. وَيَكْتُبُ الْبَائِعُ اسْمَهُ لِيَسَوِّقَ بِضَاعَتَهُ  
وَيَنْشُرَ اسْمَهُ بَيْنَ النَّاسِ. وَلَكِنْ، بِمَاذَا يَكْتُبُ الْفِلَسْطِينِيُّ اسْمَهُ يَا  
تُرِي؟ هَذِهِ الْفِتَاةُ الْفِلَسْطِينِيَّةُ، آيَةٌ، كَتَبَتْ اسْمَهَا عَلَى يَدِهَا، لَا  
لِلتَّفَاخِرِ وَلَا لِلنَّجَاحِ، بَلْ لِتَتَمَكَّنَ عَائِلَتُهَا مِنَ التَّعْرِفِ عَلَيْهَا إِنْ  
أَصَابَتْهَا صَوَارِيخُ الْمُسْتَعْمِرِ وَسَوَّهَتْ وَجْهَهَا الْبَرِيءَ. يُقَالُ "لِكُلِّ  
أَمْرٍ مِنْ اسْمِهِ نَصِيبٌ"، وَكَانَ نَصِيبُ الْفِلَسْطِينِيِّ أَنْ يَكُونَ  
شَهِيدًا، وَأَنْ يَكْتُبَ اسْمَهُ لَا فِي الدُّنْيَا فَحَسْبُ، بَلْ فِي سِجَلَاتِ  
الْخَالِدِينَ.



## The Martyr Ayah

**A student writes his name on the exam paper so it doesn't get mixed with others. An author places his name on the first page of their book to claim it as their own. A merchant labels his goods to market their name among the people. But why, you might wonder, does the Palestinian write their name?**

**This young Palestinian girl, Ayah, wrote her name on her hand, not for pride or success, but so that her family could identify her if the missiles of the occupier struck her and disfigured her innocent face. They say,**

**"Everyone has a share of their name,"  
and the Palestinian's share was to  
become a martyr, for their name to be  
inscribed not just in this world, but in  
the annals of the eternal.**

## نَظْرَةُ انْتِصَارٍ

كُلَّمَا وَقَعَتْ عَيْنِي عَلَى "تِمْنَالِ الْحُرِّيَّةِ" ، أَتَذَكَّرُ مَزَاعِمَ دُعَاةِ  
 الْحُرِّيَّةِ. وَعِنْدَمَا أَرَى حَمَامَةً تَحْمِلُ غُصْنَ زَيْتُونٍ، أَعْلَمُ أَنَّهَا  
 تَجْسِدُ لِلسَّلَامِ. أَمَّا الْوُرُودُ الْحَمْرَاءُ، فَهِيَ فِيَّ فِي تَعْدُّ رَمْزًا لِلْمَحَبَّةِ.  
 لَكِنْ، كُلَّمَا رَأَيْتُ الْفَتَى الْفِلَسْطِينِيَّةَ، أَرَاهُ رَمْزًا لِلصُّمُودِ وَالْإِصْرَارِ،  
 أَيُّقُونَةٌ تَتَحَدَّى الْخُطُوبَ وَالصِّعَابَ. حَتَّى وَهُوَ بَيْنَ يَدَيَّ جُنُودِ  
 الْإِخْتِلَالِ، لَا يَفْقِدُ تِلْكَ النَّظْرَةَ الثَّابِتَةَ، نَظْرَةً مِلُّوْهَا الْعِزَّةُ وَالْأَمَلُ،  
 نَظْرَةً صُّمُودٍ تَسْرِي فِيهَا رُوحُ الْحُرِّيَّةِ. نَظْرَةً وَاحِدَةً مِنْهُ كَانَتْ كَافِيَةً  
 لِتُرْعِيبِ أَعْدَاءِهِ، رَغْمَ أَنَّهُمْ مُدَجَّجُونَ بِالسِّلَاحِ، فَهِيَ نَظْرَةٌ تُوجِي  
 بِنَصْرِ قَرِيبٍ يَلُوحُ فِي الْأُفُقِ، يَحْمِلُ مَعَهُ وَعْدَ الْحُرِّيَّةِ.

## **A Gaze of Triumph**

**Every time my eyes fall upon the  
"Statue of Liberty,"**

**I am reminded of the claims of  
freedom's advocates. When I see a dove  
carrying an olive branch, I know it  
symbolizes peace. As for red roses, they  
are a symbol of love. But every time I  
see the Palestinian boy, I see in him a  
symbol of resilience and determination,  
an icon defying hardships and adversity.  
Even when in the hands of occupying  
soldiers, he never loses that steadfast  
gaze, a look full of pride and hope, a**

**gaze of resilience infused with the spirit of freedom.**

**Just one look from him is enough to strike fear into his enemies, despite their weapons. It is a gaze that foretells a near victory, carrying with it the promise of freedom.**