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لجمعية الثقافة والفكر الحر - مركز بناء الغد

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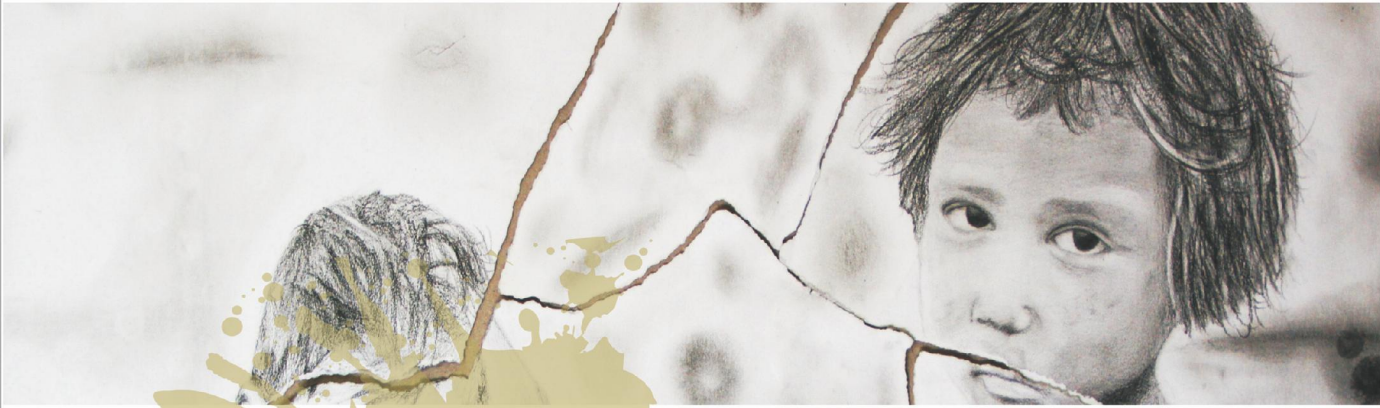
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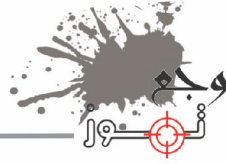
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حَرْبٌ عَزَّةٌ تَرَكْتُ جُرُوحًا لَمْ تَنْدَمِلْ ، وَذِكْرِيَّاتٍ صَلَبَتْ دَقَانِقَ
أَوْجَاعِهَا عَبْرَ الزَّمَنِ ، هَذِهِ بَعْضٌ مِنْهَا .





إهداء

إلى كُلِّ فِلَسْطِينِي طِفْلٍ وَشَابٍ وَشَيْبٍ
إلى كُلِّ أُمٍّ تَجْرَعُ مَرَارَةَ الْفَقْدِ
إلى كُلِّ أَشْجَارِ فِلَسْطِينِ الَّتِي أَقْلَعَتْ بِلَاذِئْبِ
إلى كُلِّ مَنْ نَادَى لِأَجْلِ السَّلَامِ وَالْحُبِّ

نهدي هذا العمل





إلى العالم ..

نحن فتيان وفتيات مركز بناء الغد نناشدكم لمساعدتنا والوقوف بجانبنا لوقف جرائم
الاحتلال واسترداد حقوقنا فكل ما نطمح إليه العيش بأمان في دولة مستقلة يسودها
الحب والسلام دون قتل أو إرهاب .





لنا كلمة

انطلاقاً من دور جمعية الثقافة والفكر الحرّ ، ورسالتها الرامية للمشاركة المجتمعية في القضايا الوطنية، سعى مركز بناة الغد كجزء منها إلى المساهمة في رفع مستوى التفاعل المجتمعي ، والوطني لفتيانهِ وفتياتهِ ، وتعميق الشواصل الفعّال ، وزيادة الشعور بالمسئولية الوطنية من خلال ارتكازه على عدة محاور ، اعتمد فيها على فلسفة الستريية الحديثة كنهج وأسلوب في التعامل ،ومن هذه الرؤية تم إشراكهم في برامج الدعم النفسي ، والشواصل المجتمعي من خلال إدارة موجهة ، وإعطائهم مساحة من المسئولية، أميلين من الله أن ينفع بهم وطنهم .

مدير مركز بناة الغد
أمال خضير





أما قبل ..

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ويعتبر هذا العمل من الإنجازات اللاحقة، كونه يعتبر رصيذاً توثيقاً لبعض مشاهد الحرب بأقلام على السبنة أطفال في تجربة أولى، هدفت إلى تعزيز التواصل المجتمعي بين الفئات ، ورفع سقف الاهتمام بالقضايا الوطنية ، آمليين لهم مستقبلاً أكثر عدالة ، وحياة أكثر إنسانية ووطناً يتسم بالحرية .

قسم الأنشطة الثقافية

ميساء عدنان سلامة



أَتَمَنَّى العَيْشَ بِأَمَانٍ

بقلم : محمد رمضان
رسم : آية علوش

أبي مُقَطَّع الأجزاء ، وإِخْوَتِي تَتَنَاطَرُ حَوْلَهُمُ الأَسْلَاءُ المَنزِلُ
مُهَدَّمٌ ، وَالسُّنَّاسُ مِنْ حَوْلِي تُحَاوِلُ أَنْ تُنْقِذَ مَا تَبَقِيَ مِنَّا ،
بَعْضُنَا عَلَى قَيْدِ الحَيَاةِ ، وَالمَوْتُ يُحَاصِرُنَا ، أَصْرُخُ ،
وَأَصْرُخُ ، لِمَ تَرَكَكُمُونِي لِوَحْدِي ؟ ! أَنَا لَا أُرِيدُ العَيْشَ بِدُونِكُمْ .

هَذَا مَا يَرَاوُدُ آيَاتِ أَبُو شَهَابِ (١٣) عَامًا ، تَتَحَدَّثُ كُلَّ لَيْلَةٍ
فِي المَنَامِ ، وَتَبْكِي فِي إِحْدِ مَرَاكِزِ الإِبْوَاءِ ، فَهِيَ إِذَا نَامَتْ تُحَلِّمُ
بِالمَوْتِ وَالدَّمِ ، وَإِنْ اسْتَيْقِظَتْ تَتَفَقَّدُ إِخْوَتَهَا خَوْفًا مِنْ
المَوْتِ ، لَا تُطِيقُ سَمَاعَ أَيِّ شَيْءٍ ، فَكُلُّ صَوْتٍ يُخَيِّفُهَا ،
تَسْتَهِي السُّوْمَ بِرَاحَةٍ ، وَلَكِنْ ، أَيْنَ الأَمَانُ وَالمَرَاةُ ؟ أَيْنَ
السَّلَامُ وَالحَيَاةُ ؟ وَهِيَ فِي شَتَاتٍ بَيْنَ مَنَاتِ العَائِلَاتِ ،
تَتَنَهَّدُ وَكَأَنَّهَا تُرِيدُ أَنْ تُخَفَّفَ مِنْ مَلْحِ الهَمِّ عَنْ صَدْرِهَا ،
وَتَقُولُ : مَتَى سَيَأْتِي اليَوْمُ الَّذِي أَعِيشُ فِيهِ بِسَلَامٍ .





I Aspire For A Safe Life

Written by: Mohammed Ramadan

Background drawing: Ayah Aloush

My brothers were surrounded by the shreds of my father's body. The house was reduced to rubble. People around me attempted to save whoever was left alive among us. Some of us are alive, but death is overshadowing us. I scream time and time again; "Why did you leave me alone? I don't want to live without you."

Those are the thoughts at night that haunt thirteen year old Ayat Abu Shehab. She cries while relating the story at one of the UNRWA schools. She dreams of death and blood whenever she sleeps and when she is awake she checks on her sibling afraid that death will take her away. She can't stand hearing anything loud as every sound scares her. She craves a comfortable sleep, but there is no safety, comfort, peace or life.

Ayat is displaced along with hundreds of families. She sighs like she wants to get something off her chest while she says, "when will the day come when we will live in peace?"



أريد العودة

بقلم : محمد عليان

رسم : اسماعيل مطر

"في كهْرَبَا ونَّاس كَثِير بِالْمَدْرَسَة ، لكن مَا فِي شَجَر ، وَمَا فِي بَيْض دَجَاج أَجْمَعُو مِنَ الصَّبْح قَبْل إِخْوَاتِي مِنَ الْحَاكُورَة، وَمَا فِي وَسَع الْعَب مَعَ صَحْبَاتِي، بِذِي أَرْجَع، أَكْبِد فِي بَيْض كَثِير مَا حَذَا جَمْعُو ، وَالشَّجَر مَا فِي حَذَا بَيْسُوْنِيهِ مِينْ غَيْرْنَا، وَأَخُوْبَارَاح يَطِيْب وَأَمْسِكْ إِذُوا وَأَمْشِيْهِ " .

طُفُوسُ حَيَاةٍ يَوْمِيَّةٍ لِطِفْلَةٍ صَغِيرَةٍ، اسْمُهَا ابْتِسَامُ أَبُو طُعَيْمَةَ، تَبْلُغُ خَمْسَ سِنَوَاتٍ مِنْ مَنطِقَةِ عَيْسَانَ الْجَمِيْلَةِ، قَدِ اعْتَادَتْهَا فِي حَيَاتِهَا حِينَ تَتَسَابَقُ فِي الصَّبَاحِ؛ لِحَمْعِ الْبَيْضِ ، وَاللَّعْبِ وَاللَّهْوِ فِي فَنَاءِ الْبَيْتِ كَفَرَأْسَةِ صَغِيرَةٍ ، لِكَيْهَا الْيَوْمَ تَقْفِذَهَا كَمَا تَقْفِذُ أَخَاهَا الَّذِي بُنِرَتْ أَقْدَامُهُ.

حُرِمَتْ ابْتِسَامُ جَمَالِيَّاتٍ مَعِيْنَتِيهَا الْبَسِيْطَةِ ، وَتَتَوَقَّعُ لِلرُّجُوعِ ، لَكِنْ الْقَدْرُ مَا زَالَ يَخْبِيْ لَهَا مُفَاجَأَةً هَذَا الْمَنْزِلَ ، وَتَدْمِيْرُ فَنَائِهِ.





I Want To Return

Written by: Mohammed Elian

Background drawing: Lama Shakshak

“ There is electricity and many children are in the school. But there are no trees, no hens or eggs to fetch. Earlier my brothers would collect the eggs in the morning from the yard. There is no wide open spaces for me to play safely with my friends. I want to return, there must be a lot of eggs that are not collected as yet and trees that need to be watered. Only we can water them. My brother will lead and I will hold his hand and walk with him.”

These are the tiny rituals of life for five-year old Ibtisam Abu Toima from pretty Abassan. For her entire life she has raced in the morning to fetch eggs and play in the yard, like a tiny butterfly. Today she misses this the same way she misses her brother who lost his legs.

Ibtisam is deprived of these simple luxuries of life and longs to go back home. Yet fate still holds for her the surprise of the destruction of both the home and the yard !



بدون ذاكرة

بقلم : سامح أبو سلطان
رسم : سليمان شاهين

مُحَمَّدُ تَنْبِيرَةٌ مِنَ الْمَنْطِقَةِ الْعَرَبِيَّةِ فِي مَحَافِظَةِ خَانِيُونَسَ ، يَبْلُغُ مِنَ الْعُمُرِ (١٨) عَامًا ، لَا يَنْقُصُ مِنْهُ سِوَى أَيَّامِ الْحَرْبِ الَّتِي لَا يُرِيدُ أَنْ يَحْتَسِبَهَا مِنْ حَيَاتِهِ ، يَتَحَدَّثُ وَيَعْتَصِرُهُ الْأَلَمُ : "رَكَضْتُ مُسْرِعًا نَحْوَ مَنْزِلِ صَدِيقِي ، لَكِنِ الدُّمَارُ كَانَ أَسْرَعَ ، نَظَرْتُ حَوْلِي فَوَجَدْتُ صَدِيقِي وَإِخْوَتَهُ مُصَابِينَ ، تَجَمَّدَتْ فِي مَكَانِي ، وَ لِسَانُ خَالِي كَانَ يَصْرُخُ الْمَا " .
صَارَ تَنْبِيرَةٌ يَتَفَقَّدُ أَسْرَةَ صَدِيقِهِ ، وَيَرْجِعُ بِشَرِيْطٍ ذَكَرِيَاتِهِ إِلَى الْوَرَاءِ .

وَيَكْمَلُ "كُنْتُ أُرَاقِبُ سَيَّارَاتِ الْإِسْعَافِ وَهِيَ تَنْقَلُ الْمُصَابِينَ ، افْتَقَدْتُ حَيَّتَهَا وَالذَّةَ صَدِيقِي ، فَتَحَرَّكَتُ مُسْرِعًا ؛ لِأَصْعَدَ عَبْرَ دَرَجَاتِ الْمَنْزِلِ الَّتِي تَلَطَّخَ بَعْضُهَا بِالِدَّمَاءِ ، وَبَعْضُهَا لَمْ يَبْعُدْ مَوْجُودًا ، وَمَعَ كُلِّ شَهِيْقٍ أَسْرَفُهُ مِنَ الْهَوَاءِ أَدْعُو أَنْ تَكُونَ بِخَيْرٍ ، فَطَالَمَا كَانَتْ تُدْعُو لِي ، وَتَنْقُذُنِي بَعْدَ وَقَاةٍ وَالِدَيْتِي " .
وَصَلَ الْفَتَى إِلَى الشُّعْبَةِ لِيَجِدَ كَثِيرًا مِنَ السُّكَّرِيَّاتِ قَدْ تَكْسَرَتْ ، وَأَخَذَ يُفْتِسِحُ عَنْهَا فَوَجَدَهَا فِي زَاوِيَةِ الْمَطْبَخِ ، وَقَدْ مَرَّقَتْ الشُّطَايَا بَعْضَ جَسَدِهَا ، وَهِيَ تُعِدُّ طَعَامَ أَوْلَادِهَا ، وَلَمْ تَكُنْ تَعْلَمُ بِأَنَّهَا سَتَكُونُ طَعَامًا لِلصَّوَارِيخِ ، فَحَمَلَهَا بِيَدَيْنِ تَرْتَعِشَانِ ، وَقَدْ أَغْرَقَتْ الدُّمُوعُ عَيْنَيْهَا ، وَأَسْرَعَ لِيَضَعَهَا فِي سَيَّارَةِ الْإِسْعَافِ .
مَسْتَهْدٌ كَهَذَا يَثْرُكُ فِي الْقَلْبِ أَمَلًا قَلِيلًا ، وَ يَزْرَعُ فِي الصَّدْرِ أَمَلًا كَبِيرًا ، أَمَا الذَّاكِرَةُ فَكَفَاهَا مَا بِهَا .





Without A Memory

Written by: Sameh Abu Sultan

Background drawing: Soliman Shaheen

Eighteen year old Mohammed Tanira lives in western Khan Younis. He doesn't count war days as days of his life. He speaks with an aching heart. "I ran to my friend's house, but destruction was faster. I looked around to find my friend and his sibling injured. I was frozen and overwhelmed with a silent pain." Tanira remembered his friend's family while he was recalling the past.

He continues. "I was watching ambulances evacuating injured people when I remembered my friend's mother. I rushed to the stairs, some of them were stained with blood while some others didn't exist anymore. With every breath I took I said a little prayer that I would find her unharmed. She used to pray for me and always check on me after my mother's death."

Mohammed made it to the apartment to find many broken memories. He kept searching for her and finally found her in the corner of the kitchen. She was preparing food for her children but she ended up being food for missiles. Mohammed carried her with trembling hands and tear-filled eyes to the ambulance. Such a scene leaves little hope and lots of pain in one's heart, while the memory weighs one down.

بَصْمَةُ حَرْبٍ

بقلم : علي عليان

رسم : يمنى الفرا

" يَا رَبِّتَيَّ أَمُوتُ شَهِيدَةً ، وَأَرْوُحُ عِنْدَ رَبِّي ؛ لِأَنِّي مَا فِي عِنْدُو قِصْفٍ ، وَلَا صَوَارِيخٍ ، وَلَا دَمٍ ، وَلَا نَاسٍ يَنْتَقِطِعُ "

هِيَ كَلِمَاتُ الطَّقَلَةِ هَنَاءَ عَلِيَّانَ ذَاتِ الْعُيُونِ الْبُيُوتِيَّةِ الَّتِي تُشَبِّهُهَا أَصْوَاتُ الْقِصْفِ وَالطَّائِرَاتِ ، تُصِفُ لَنَا حَالَتَهَا بِصَوْتِهَا الرَّقِيقِ : " كُلُّ مَا بَأَسْمَعُ صَوْتِ الْقِصْفِ بِأَجْرِي بِسُرْعَةٍ وَبَأَمْسِكُ إِبْدَ إِخْوَاتِي عِلْشَانَ نَطْلَعُ مِنَ الْبَيْتِ قَبْلَ مَا يُوَصِّلُنَا الْقِصْفُ وَتَسْتَشْهَدُ . "

تُحَاوِلُ السَّجَاةَ مِنَ الْمَوْتِ ، وَفِي ذَاتِ الْوَقْتِ تُفَضِّلُهُ عَلَى حَيَاةٍ مَلِيئَةٍ بِالرُّعْبِ ، تَتَعَلَّقُ بِأَحْضَانِ أَسْرَتِهَا ؛ لِلْهَرْبِ مِنَ الْخَوْفِ ، وَلَا تَعْلَمُ بِأَنَّ الْمَوْتَ فِي غَزَاةٍ يَحْتَاجُ زَمَنًا أَقَلَّ مِنَ الثَّانِيَةِ ؛ لِیَحْدُثُ ، ثُمَّ تَخْتِمُ كَلِمَاتِهَا بِحَسْرَةٍ "بَيْتُنَا مَا انْقِصَفَ لَكِنْ بِيُوتِ كَثِيرٍ رَاحَتْ . "

لَقَدْ تَرَكْتَ الْحَرْبَ فِيهَا وَفِي غَيْرِهَا بِصَمَاتٍ مِنَ الْحُزْنِ ، وَلَعَلَّ الْأَيَّامَ الْقَادِمَةَ تُنْسِيهَا مَا حَدَّثَ .





War Imprint

Written by: Ali Elian

Background drawing: Yumna Al Farra

"I pray that I will die as a martyr and go to the creator, because there are no bombs, missiles, blood, or people torn into pieces."

Those are the words of Hanaa Elian who has brown eyes. Her words were interrupted by the sound of bombing and jets. In her sweet voice she describes her state to us, "every time I hear an aerial strike, I run and hold my sisters' hands, wanting to flee home before the strikes kill us."

She tries to escape death, yet favors it to life. She runs to her family to escape death, unaware that death in Gaza takes less than a second. She concludes mournfully, "our house wasn't targeted but many other houses were destroyed." The war has left scars of sorrow on her as well as on other children's lives. Let's hope that the coming days will wipe that pain away.



عَازَةُ جَدِّي

بقلم : ايمان حجازي

رسم : اسماعيل مطر

مُؤمِنٌ أَبُو سَنَاتٍ فَتَى يُبْلَغُ مِنَ العُمُرِ (١٤) عَامًا ، يُحِبُّ جَدَّهُ كَثِيرًا ، وَيُرَافِقُهُ كَعُكَّازِهِ الَّذِي يَنْكِي عَلَيْهِ ، يَجْمَعُهُ بِهِ حُبُّ تَرْبِيَةِ الطَّيُورِ ، إِلَى جَانِبِ الشَّيْبَةِ الكَبِيرِ فِي المَلَامِحِ ، يَتَحَدَّثُ وَالْحَزْنَ مَرْسُومٌ عَلَى وَجْهِهِ : "لَمْ تَعُدَّ الشَّمْسُ تُشْرِقُ كَمَا كَانَتْ قَبْلَ بَدْءِ الحَرْبِ ، فَكُلُّ شَيْءٍ بَاتَ مُظْلِمًا مِنْ بَعْدِهِ ، لَمْ أَعُدْ أَرَاهُ لِأَحْنِي وَأَقْبَلَ يَدَيْهِ ، لَمْ أَعُدْ أَسْمَعُ دَعْوَاتِهِ ، لَنْ يَعُودَ لِلرَّيِّ الطَّيُورِ سَوِيًّا " . كَانَ مُؤمِنٌ كَظِلِّ جَدِّهِ فِي يَوْمِهِ ، لَكِنَّهُ صَارَ وَحِيدًا بَعْدَ أَنْ اسْتَشْهَدَ فِي أَوَّلِ أَيَّامِ شَهْرِ أَعْسُطُسَ عَلَى حُدُودِ عَبَسَانَ ، حِينَ عَادَ لِيَنْفَقِدَ مَنزِلَهُ وَأَرْضَهُ .

يُكْمِلُ وَيَدَاهُ تَرْتَجِفُ : "عَلِمْنَا بِأَنَّ جَدِّي قَدْ أَصِيبَ بِقَذِيفَةٍ ، فَذَهَبْنَا لِلْمَشْفَى الَّذِي يَعْصُ بِالْجِرْحَى وَالْأَسْلَاءِ ، بَحَثْنَا فِي قِسْمِ الطَّوَارِيءِ فَانْتَبَهَتْ لِعِقالِهِ وَعُكَّازِهِ مَلْفَى عَلَى الأَرْضِ مَصْبُوعًا بِالدِّمَاءِ ، أَمْسَكْتُ بِهِمَا ، وَحِينَهَا قَالَ المُمْرِضُ : وَصَلَ صَاحِبُهُمَا مُصَابًا ثُمَّ اسْتَشْهَدَ ، ذَهَبَ وَالِدِي لِيَرَاهُ فِي ثَلَاجَةِ المَوْتَى ، عِنْدَ ذَلِكَ بَكَيتُ حَتَّى أَغْرَقْتُ دُمُوعِي وَجْهِي ، وَارْتَكَزْتُ عَلَى عُكَّازِهِ الَّذِي كَانَ كَتِيفِي يُغْنِيهِ عَنْهُ فِي بَعْضِ الأَوَاقَاتِ ، فَلَمْ أَكُنْ أَمْلِكُ مِنَ الشَّجَاعَةِ مَا يُعِينُنِي عَلَى رُؤْيَيْهِ مَيِّتًا " .

مَازَالَ حَوِيدُهُ يَتَجَرَّعُ مَرَارَةَ الفَقْدِ بَيْنَ جُدْرَانِ المَدْرَسَةِ ، يَسْتَمِعُ إِلَى القِصْفِ وَيَقُولُ : أَتَمَنَّى أَنْ اسْتَشْهَدَ ؛ لِأَلْحَقَ بِجَدِّي . يَتَذَكَّرُهُ فِي كُلِّ وَقْتٍ ، وَيَتَشَبَّهُ بِعُكَّازِهِ ؛ لِأَنَّهُ آخِرُ مَا لَمَسَتْهُ كَفُوفُهُ الحَنُونَةُ الَّتِي اعْتَادَ تَقْبِيلَهَا .





My Grandfather's Stick

Written by: Iman Hijazi

Background drawing: Ismail Matar

Fourteen year old Moamen Abu Shatat was very fond of his grandfather. He used to accompany him everywhere. Apart from looking alike, Moamen and his grandfather liked breeding birds. They also had other things in common.

Still grieving Moamen remarked, "the sun is not shining anymore, everything has become dark after his death. I can no longer bend and kiss his hand. I don't hear his prayers and we are not going to be breeding birds together anymore."

Moamen used to follow his grandfather around like following his own shadow. Now he feels lonely. His grandfather was killed on the first day of August on the outskirts of Abassan. He was there to check on his property and house.

Moamen continues speaking with trembling hands, "a shell had hit my grandfather so we rushed to the hospital which was packed with injured people with shrapnel wounds. We searched for him in the emergency room where I found his stick and hatta stained with blood, on the ground. I grabbed it and the nurse informed me that the man who was wearing the hatta had arrived here injured and died soon. "After my father went to the morgue. I cried till my face was full of tears. I leaned on his stick that he used sometimes instead of my shoulder. I didn't have the courage to go and see him dead."

Moamen still feels bitter about the loss of his grandfather. Every time he looks at the school wall or hears the bombing he wishes to die so he can be with his grandfather. He remembers him all the time and clutches onto his grandfather's stick which was the last thing ever touched by his grandfather's kind hand. The hand that Moamen used to kiss.

فِرَاقُ الْأَصْدِقَاءِ

بقلم : بلال فروان

رسم : حمزة شاهين

صَوْتٌ عَنيفٌ هَزَّ الْمَكَانَ فَارْتَعَدَتِ الْقُلُوبُ مِنْ شِدَّتِهِ ؛ خَرَجَ الْجَمِيعُ عَلَى إِثْرِ الصَّوْتِ إِلَّا وَاحِدًا ، قَادَهُ قَلْبُهُ لِيَرَى مَاذَا حَدَّثَ هُنَا ، حَيْثُ يَصِفُ : " اقْتَرَبْتُ مِنَ الْمَكَانِ وَكَلَّمَا اقْتَرَبْتُ أَحْسَسْتُ يَوْجَعَ يَعْصُ قَلْبِي ، دُخَانٌ كَثِيفٌ وَغَبَارٌ يَمَلَأُ الْمَكَانَ ، تَقَدَّمْتُ ، وَهُنَا كَانَتِ الصَّدْمَةُ إِنَّهُ قَادِي صَدِيقِي مُمَدِّدًا ، غَطَّتْهُ الدِّمَاءُ "

رَأَى مُحَمَّدٌ صَدِيقَ طُفُولَتِهِ مَسْتَشْهِدًا أَمَامَهُ ، فَبِالْأَمْسِ كَانَا مَعًا يَتَقَفَّدَانِ الْجَرْحَى مِنَ الْأَصْدِقَاءِ وَهِيَ هِيَ صَارَ مِنْهُمْ ، ثُمَّ يُوَاصِلُ حَدِيثَهُ " حَيْثُهَا صَرْتُ أَصْرُخُ وَ أَرُدُّ قَادِي .. قَادِي تَكَلَّمَ ، أَنَا مُحَمَّدٌ ، لَا تَشْرِكْنِي مَنْ سَيُقَاسِمُنِي خُبْرَتِي؟! وَمَنْ سَيُشَارِكُنِي دُرُوسِي؟! اسْتَبْقِطْ سَنَعُودٌ لِلْمَدْرَسَةِ بَعْدَ الْحَرْبِ ، مَنْ سَيُرَافِقُنِي فِي رِحَالَتِي؟! وَكَيْفَ سَأَشْكُرُ هَمِّي؟! "

كَانَ الْيَوْمَ الْأَوَّلُ مِنَ أَيْسُطُسِ آخِرِ يَوْمٍ سَيُشَاهِدُ فِيهِ صَدِيقَهُ قَادِي فَكَانَتِ صَدْمَتُهُ كَبِيرَةً حِينَ حَمَلَهُ رِجَالُ الْإِسْعَافِ أَمَامَهُ وَهُوَ مَازَالَ جَالِسًا عَلَى رُكْبَتَيْهِ يَقُولُ " لَا تَرَحَّلْ يَا رَفِيقَ دَرْبِي .. فَرَحِيلُكَ مَوْتِي "





Losing Friends

Written by: Belal Ferwana

Background drawing: Hamza Shaheen

A huge sound rocked the place, our hearts trembled. Everyone fled after the explosion except one person whose heart moved him to see what had happened, "My heart ached as I got closer to the site. The place was covered with dust and smoke. Then came an overwhelming shock. It was my friend Fadi lying covered in blood," he said.

"I repeatedly shouted Fadi's name begging him to stay with me, asking him, who will share the bread with me, who will study with me, Fadi! wake up! I shouted, we are going to school after the war. Who will join me in my journey and who will voice my concerns?"

It was the first day of August when he last saw his friend Fadi. He was in shock on seeing the EMS staff carry Fadi away while he was still kneeling and pleading "Don't leave my soulmate, your departure is my death."



كَانَ يُودُّعُنِي

بقلم : محمد تنيرة

رسم : مديحة المجايبة

" طرقت الباب ، فتحتُه لأجد صديقي وسيماً ، تفاجأت ، فنحن في الحرب لا نتبادل الزيارات ، ونكتفي بالسؤال عن الهاتف النقال ، وأخذنا بالحديث عن أحوالنا في الحرب وعن فرحة شهر رمضان التي سرقت منا ، وصلاة التراويح التي ما عدنا نُصليها في المسجد ."

الساعة التي قضاها وسيم مع أحمد كافية لثجدد من عزيمته ، وتقويه على مصاعب الحرب ، وسرعان ما تحركت عقارب الساعة ليستمع إلى نشرة الأخبار عبر إحدى الإذاعات المحلية ، ويصدمه خبر فصف منزل وسيم .

" حين سمعت الخبر حاولت الاتصال به ، وأبحد من أصدقائنا ، لكن شبكة الاتصالات لم تستعني ، خرجت مسرعاً إلى منزلهم تحت وقع القصف ، فوجدت ناصية الشارع مليئة بالدخان المنبعث من أثار الصاروخ وعلمت .. "

كان وسيم عابداً إلى منزله بعد تفقد الأصدقاء ، فأطلقت طائرة صاروخاً عليه؛ فقتل جسده وجسد أحد المارة .

يتحدث بلسانه ، وعينه تفيض ألماً : " ذهبت للمشفى أتفقد بين الإصابات لكن فئات لحمي هو المتبقي منه بعد أن اختلط بالآخر ، أمسكت بقطعة مغمسة بدمه ، واحتضنتها كما احتضنتني قبل ساعات ، وكأنه كان يعلم فجاء ليودعني "

بعد أربعة أيام كانا سيكلمان (١٥) عاماً ، ولكن سنمر الأيام لتحمل هذه الذكرى الموحجة في يوليو من كل عام .





He Was Saying Goodbye

Written by: Mohammed Tanira

Background painting: Madiha Al Majayda

"Someone was knocking at the door. I opened it, to see my friend Waseem at the doorstep. It surprised me. We had not exchanged visits during the war, instead, we kept in touch through our mobile phones. We talked about our situation, the war, the joy of the holy month of Ramadan which was stolen from us and the Taraweeh prayers which we no longer recited in the mosque, due to the war." One hour spent with Waseem was enough to renew Ahmed's determination and strength to endure the difficulties faced during the war. Ahmed continued, "shortly after Waseem left, I heard the shocking news on a local radio station that Waseem's house had been bombed."

"Right after hearing the news, I tried to call Waseem through one of our mutual friends but the network was not working. I ran quickly, as bombs reigned all over, to his home and found that the entrance to his street was engulfed with thick smoke emitted from a recent missile. I knew..."

Waseem was on his way back home after visiting friends when an unmanned drone targeted him and another passer by. Their bodies were torn to shreds and scattered all over. As Ahmed spoke his face and eyes overflowed with pain, "I went to the hospital to search for him amongst the wounded, there was nothing to be seen but pieces of flesh. I held one piece of him like he held me a few hours before, it was as if he had come to bid me farewell."

Four days from this date both Ahmed and Waseem would have turned fifteen. This day of July will be remembered with sadness rather than with celebration.

لَا أَرِيدُ بِالرَّوْنَا

بقلم : إباء حمودة

رسم : ردينة الاغا

رَثَ السَّيَّابِ ، مُقَطَّعِ الحِذَاءِ ، عِنْدَمَا تَتَأَمَّلُ صَفَحَاتِ وَجْهِهِ تَقْرَأُ فِيهِ وَجَعًا لَنْ يَمُحُوهُ الزَّمَانُ ؛ بَعْدَ أَنْ رَسَمْتَ بِقَايَا الشَّطَايَا عَلَى جِسْمِهِ وَوَجْهِهِ بِصَمَاتِ الْم.

حَامِدُ قُدَيْحُ (٦) أَعْوَامٌ مِنْ مَنطِقَةِ حَزَّاعَةَ شَرْقِيَّ مَحَافِظَةِ حَانَ يُونُسَ تَرَى فِيهِ صَلَابَةَ الرُّجَالِ رَعَمَ طُفُولِيهِ التَّرِيئَةَ ؛ فَاجَانَا بَرَدَهُ حِينَ سَأَلْنَاهُ لِمَ لَا تَلْعَبُ مَعَ الْأَطْفَالِ فِي البَالُونَاتِ ؟! فَقَالَ : "أَنَا مَا بَدِي بِالْوَنِ بَدِي أَرْجِعُ عَلَى أَرْضِي إِلَى اسْتِشْهَادِ أَبِي وَهُوَ بِيَزْرَعُ فِيهَا ، بَدِي أَكْبَرُ وَأَزْرَعُ وَأَرْتِي إِخْوَاتِي ، وَأَحْلِبُهُمْ أَقْوِيًا لِيُطْرَدُوا الْيَهُودَ ."

هَذَا حَامِدُ قُدَيْحُ ، طِفْلٌ سُرِقَتْ طُفُولُهُ ؛ لِيَجِدَ نَفْسَهُ كَبِيرًا يَحْمِلُ هَمَّ الْوَطَنِ عَلَى كَتْفِهِ ، وَيَحْرُمُ مِنْ حَيَاةٍ سَعِيدَةٍ رَعَمَ نِسَابَتِهَا حِينَ غَدَرَ الْاِخْتِلَالُ بِأَرْضِيهِمْ ، وَتَمَرُوا مَا فِيهَا ، وَاسْتِشْهَدَ وَالِدُهُ ، وَهِيَ هُوَ الْيَوْمَ فِي إِحْدَى الْمَدَارِسِ يَقْتَرِشُ الْأَرْضَ ، وَيَدْعُو رَبَّ السَّمَاءِ أَنْ يُعَوِّدَ لِمَنْزِلِهِ وَأَرْضَ أَبِيهِ وَجَدَّهُ ؛ لِيَعْمُرَ هَا بِقَاسِيهِ .





I Don't Want A Balloon!

Written by: Iba'a Hamouda

Background drawing: Rodaina Al Agha

Wearing rags and worn out shoes, you will unmistakably recognize Hamed's everlasting pain caused by the Israeli missile.

Hamed Qdaih is a six year old child from Khuz'a, Khan Younis. Despite his innocent childhood, Hamed has the strength of a man. His surprising answer came when we asked him, "Why aren't you playing with balloons like the other children?"

"I don't need a balloon, I want to return to the land where my father was killed while cultivating. I want to grow up, work the land and bring up my younger brothers to be strong in order to evict Israel."

This is Hamed Qdaih whose childhood has been taken away from him. He has the world's responsibilities on his shoulders now. His homeland is in turmoil. Hamed lost his happy simple life when the Israeli occupation forces leveled his entire land and killed his father. Now Hamed is at one of the UNRWA school shelters awaiting God's mercy to help him return home to his father's and grandfather's land to plow it again.

لَحَظَاتُ ضَيَاع

بقلم : إيمان حجازي
رسم : اية شعت

نَارِيْمَانُ فُدَيْحُجُ (٦) أَعْوَامَ طِفْلةٍ بِعُيُونِ عَسَلِيَّةٍ
وَسَعَرَ بَدِيَّ اللُّونِ ، حَيْثُ تَبْتَسِمُ تَكْشِفُ شَفَتَاهَا
عَنْ سَدَّيْنِ أَمَامَيْتَيْنِ لَمْ يَكْتَمِلْ لُموهُمَا بَعْدُ ،
تَتَحَدَّثُ بِصَوْتَيْهَا الرَّفِيقِ ؛ لِتَصِفَ حَالَةَ
الضَيَاعِ الَّتِي عَانَتْهَا فِي إِحْدَى لِيَالِي الْحَرْبِ "
أَنَا ضِيعْتُ مِنْ أَهْلِي لَمَّا طَلَعْنَا مِنَ الْبَيْتِ ،
وَأَخَذُونِي الْجِيزَانَ مَعَهُمْ لِلْمَدْرَسَةِ ، وَبَعْدَ ذَلِكَ
التَّقْوِيَتِ بِأَهْلِي فِي الْمَدْرَسَةِ ، الْحَمْدُ لِلَّهِ لَوْ مَا
كَذَبْتُ مَعَهُمْ لَأَسْتَشْهَدَتْ وَقَتْلُونِي الْيَهُودَ " .

نَارِيْمَانُ الْيَوْمَ بَيْنَ أَحْضَانِ أُسْرَتَيْهَا ، وَالْهَمُّ
يَحْتَضِيهِمْ فِي الْمَدْرَسَةِ ، لِحَاوُلِ أَنْ تَرَسُمَ
إِبْتِسَامَةً وَتُنَسِّيَ تَجْرِبَةَ الْهَرَبِ مِنَ الْمَوْتِ ،
وَتُعِيدَ بِرَمْجَةِ لَحَظَاتِ الْخَوْفِ وَالْبُعْدِ عَنْ
أُسْرَتَيْهَا ، وَتَجْعَلَ مِنَ الْفَرْحِ طَرِيقًا جَدِيدًا
تَسْلُكُهُ .





Moments of Loss

Written by: Iman Hejazi

Background drawing: Ayah Sha'ath

Six year old Nariman Qdaih has hazel eyes and brown hair. When she smiles, her parting lips reveal baby front teeth. She speaks in a soft voice to describe the loss she has been through during one of the nights of the war, "Soon after we left home I lost my family. My neighbors took me with them to the school where my family and I were reunited. Praise the lord, if I was not with them then I might have been killed by Israeli troops."

Living in a school shelter Nariman is one amongst her family members that is haunted by her experience. She tries to force a smile and forget the experience of having survived death. She recollects moments with her family and having parted from them. Nariman makes light of her new future.

لَمْ نُكْمِلْ لُعْبَتَنَا

بقلم : وتين الفقعاوي
رسم : سليمان شاهين

"عندمَا اقْتَرَبْتُ مِنَ الْمَنْزِلِ شَاهَدْتُ النَّاسَ تَتَجَمَّعُ، وَسَيَّارَاتُ الْإِسْعَافِ
تَنْفُلُ، دَمٌّ فِي كُلِّ مَكَانٍ، وَكُلُّ شَيْءٍ صَارَ دَمَارًا، الْجِيرَانُ يَصْرُخُونَ،
الْتَفَتْتُ فَجَاءَتْ فُوجِدْتُ إِبْرَاهِيمَ يُنْسَلُ مِنْ بَيْنِ الرُّكَامِ وَقَدَمُهُ مَبْتُورَةٌ"

مَشْهُدٌ كَهَذَا يَحْتَاجُ إِلَى قَلْبٍ أَكْبَرَ مِنْ قَلْبِي؛ لِيَحْتَمِلَهُ، إِنَّهُ الطِّفْلُ سَعَدَ أَبُو
شَرْحُ الْبَالِغِ مِنَ الْعُمُرِ (١٢) عَامًا، شَاهَدَ صَدِيقَهُ بَيْنَ الرُّكَامِ، وَمَا زَالَ
الْمَسْهُدُ يَتَرَدَّدُ أَمَامَ عَيْنَيْهِ، فَيَبْكِي وَيَتَذَكَّرُ لِحَضَاتِ قَرِيبَةٍ جَمَعَتْهُمْ بِالْأَمْسِ

بِقَوْلِهِ وَالسُّدُومُ عُنْطِي وَجَهَهُ: "كُنْتُ الْعَبَّ مَعَ إِبْرَاهِيمَ بِالْأَمْسِ كَرَّةٍ
الْقَدَمِ فِي الشَّارِعِ الْمُجَاوِرِ، وَهَذَا هُوَ الْيَوْمَ فِي الْمَشْفَى مَبْتُورَ الْقَدَمِ، لَمْ
نُكْمِلْ لُعْبَتَنَا، كَيْفَ سَنُكْمِلُهَا نُونِ قَدَمِ إِبْرَاهِيمِ؟!"

يَتَمَنَّى هَذَا الطِّفْلُ لِصَدِيقِهِ الشِّفَاءَ؛ لِيُعَاوِدُوا اللَّعْبَ مِنْ جَدِيدٍ، فَذُو يُعَوِّدُ
إِبْرَاهِيمَ، وَلَكِنْ لَنْ نُعَوِّدَ قَدَمَهُ لِيُكْمِلُوا اللَّعْبَ مِنْ جَدِيدٍ.



Sliman
Shaheen
2014



Sliman
Shaheen
2014



We Have Not Finished Our Game

Written by: Watin Al Faqaawi

Background drawing : Soliman Shaheen

“As I was approaching my home. I saw people gathering, ambulances taking people away and blood was everywhere. Everything was destroyed and neighbors were screaming.

I turned around to see Ibrahim being pulled from under the rubble with an amputated leg.”

To see his friend buried under the rubble was too bloody and cruel a scene for twelve year old Said Abu Sharkh. Every time he recalls the scene he cries and laments about the times they spent together. With tears rolling down his face, he says, I played soccer with Ibrahim yesterday in a nearby street. Today he is at the hospital with an amputated leg. We still have a game to finish. How can we finish without Ibrahim?”

This child wishes his friend a quick recovery so that they can play again. Ibrahim may come back, but sadly his leg will never come back.

مَا زِلْتُ أَحْلُمُ بِالْعِيدِ

بقلم : أمل حجازي

رسم : سارة العقاد

أَسِيْلُ أَبُو رَجِيْلَةَ (٩) أَعْوَامَ ، بِإِيْتِسَامَةِ تَعْمُرُ وَجَهَّهَا ، وَأَمَلِ تَرَسُمُهُ لِعَدَّهَا ، قَالَتْ : "كَانُوا يَرْمُوا عَلَيْنَا الْمَنَاشِيْرُ زِي الْبَرْقِ عَلَشَانِ يَفْلُوْنَا اِطْلَعُوا مِنَ السَّدَارِ وَيَرْمُو قَدَافِ زِي الْجَمْرَةَ الْحَمْرَةَ بِسُ مَكْدَاشِ خَافِيْفِيْنَ بِسُ لَمَّا السَّدَابَاتِ قَرَبْتُ وَصَارَ الْقَصْفُ اخَذْتُ الْعُرُوسَةَ سِدْرَةَ عَلَشَانِ عَمَّتِي جَابَتْهَا إِلِيْ وَقَالَتْ حَافِظِيْ عَلَيَّهَا وَنَسِيْتُ يَلُوزَةَ الْعِيْدِ الصَّدْرَ وَأَطْلِعْنَا مِنَ الدَّارِ " .

طِفْلَةٌ مُتَقَابِلَةٌ مَا زِلْتُ تَحْلُمُ بِالْعَوْدَةِ إِلَى مَنَزْلِهَا مِنْ جَدِيدٍ ؛ لِتَرْتَدِيْ مَلَائِسَ الْعِيْدِ ، وَلَا تَعْلَمُ بِأَنْ تَصَارِيْفَ الْقَدْرِ تُخَيُّ لَهَا مُفَاجَأَةً ، قَدْ تَقَلَّبَ كُلُّ الْمَوَازِينِ ، حَيْثُ أَصْبَحَ مَنَزْلُهَا بِقَالِيَا أَكْوَامِ مِنَ الْحَجَارَةِ الْمُتَنَاقِرَةِ ، الَّتِي تَحْتَضِنُهَا بِقَالِيَا أَرْضِ زُرَاعِيَّةٍ كَانَتْ تُشْبِعُ حَضَارًا ، وَأَمَلًا حَوْلَ مَنَزْلِهِمْ حَسَبَ مَا أَوْضَحَ وَالِدُهَا .

تَرَكَنَا أَسِيْلَ وَهِيَ تَحْتَضِنُ عَرُوسَتَهَا ، وَتُخَاطِبُهَا : " رَاحَ أَرْجَعُ عَالِدًا أَلَيْسَ مَلَائِسَ الْعِيْدِ ، وَالْعَبَّ بِالْمَرَاجِيْحِ وَأَكُونُ حُلُوءَةً " .

بِحَقِّ لَهَا أَنْ تَحْلُمَ ؛ لِأَنَّ فِي سَمَاءِ غَرْزَةٍ مُدْسَعًا لِلْحُلْمِ ، كَمَا فِيهِ مُدْسَعًا لِلطَّائِرَاتِ وَالصَّوَارِيْحِ .





I Am Still Dreaming Of The Eid

Written by: Amal Hejazi

Background drawing: Samar Al Aq'qad

Aseel Abu Rjeelah is nine years old with a charming smile and a hope that the future will be brighter. When we met with her she said, "They were showering us with leaflets asking us to flee our homes. They were shelling us with shells that flared, but we were not afraid. As the tanks got closer and the bombing started, I rushed to retrieve my doll that my aunt gifted me. She asked me to take good care of it. I forgot the yellow Eid blouse as we were leaving our home."

The upbeat girl still dreams of returning to her house again to wear her Eid clothes. She does not know that fate has a surprise for her that may turn her life upside down. Her house is now scattered piles of stones. The agricultural land is no longer green. The family's hopes have been shattered. As her father explained, "As we left our home Aseel was holding her doll and talking to it saying "I'll come back home to wear Eid clothes, play on the swing and be the pretty girl I am."

Aseel has the right to dream because Gaza's horizon is wide enough for dreams as well as for planes and missiles.

مَاتتِ الْعَصَافِيرُ

بقلم : محمد رمضان
رسم : مجد الدسوقي

"مَاتُوا الْعَصَافِيرُ، مَاتُوا الْفَنَّاكِرَ، يَارِيتُنِي طَيْرْتُهُمْ .. أَنَا
اشْتَرَيْتُهُمْ بِمَصْرُوفِي بَسْ مَا كُنْتُ بَعْرِفُ إِثِي بِشَيْئَرِيهِمْ لِيَمُوتُوا
مِنَ الْيَهُودِ .. يَارِيتُنِي طَيْرْتُهُمْ "

بِنَبْرَةِ حَزْنٍ كَانَتْ كَلِمَاتُهُ وَهُوَ يَنْزَوِي بِجَانِبِ حَانِطِ مَدْرَسَةٍ
تَضُمُّ الْعَدِيدَ مِنَ الْعَائِلَاتِ الَّتِي تَهْدَمُ مَنَازِلَهَا، وَبَصَمَتْ مَلُوفَ
تَنْهَمِرُ دُمُوعُهُ بَيْنَ الْقَيْئَةِ وَالْآخِرَى ، وَيَمْسَحُهَا بِكَبْرِبَاءٍ، وَرَغَمَ
أَنَّ سَنَوَاتِ عُمُرِهِ لَمْ تَتَجَاوَزَ الثَّلَاثَةَ، إِلَّا أَنَّ عَيْنَيْهِ الْغَائِرَتَيْنِ فِي
مَكَانِهِمَا ثُوْحِيَانِ أَنَّ عُمُرَهُ بِالْهَمِّ تَجَاوَزَ الْخَمْسِينَ .

عَوْضٌ فَدِيحٌ طِفْلٌ خَالِمٌ يُحِبُّ السَّطِيئَةَ الَّتِي اعْتَادَ أَنْ يَرَاهَا فِي
الْمَنَاطِقِ الَّتِي زُرَّاعِيَةُ الْمُحِيطَةِ بِمَنْزِلِهِ، وَالَّتِي أُرْتَثَتْهُ الْوَلَعُ
بِزُرِّيَةِ الْعَصَافِيرِ، وَالسَّعْرِيْدِ بِأَحْلَامِهِ الْبَسِيْطَةِ ، لَكِنَّهُ الْيَوْمَ
يَسْتَنْظِلُ بِالْوَجَعِ وَهُوَ يَذْكُرُ قَفْصَهُ وَعَصَافِيرَهُ .

عَقِبَتْ وَالدُّنْيَةُ بَعْدَ أَنْ صَمَتَتْ : " كُلُّ الْعَصَافِيرِ الَّتِي اعْتَادَ الْعَنَابِيَّةُ
بِهَا قَدْ مَاتَتْ ، رَغَمَ أَنَّهُ كَانَ يُحَافِظُ عَلَيْهَا أَكْثَرَ مِنْ رُوحِهِ ، فَقَدْ
نَقَلَهَا إِلَى بَيْتِ خَالِهِ حِينَ اشْتَدَّ الْقَصْفُ عَلَيْنَا ؛ لِأَنَّ مَنْزِلَ أَخِي
أَكْثَرُ أَمَانًا ، وَلَكِنَّ الْقَصْفَ اشْتَدَّ وَطَالَ مَنْزِلُهُ ، فَتَهَدَّمُ الْبَيْتُ
وَمَاتَتْ الْعَصَافِيرُ " عَوْضٌ كَعْبِيرُهُ مِنْ أَطْفَالِنَا أَصْبَحَتْ تَنْتَارِجُحُ
أَحْلَامُهُ بَيْنَ مَوْتٍ وَفَقْدٍ وَصَنِيَاعِ .



My Sparrows Died

Written by: Mohammed Ramadan

Background drawing: Majd Al Desoqi

"The birds died. My little love birds died. How I wish I had freed them earlier. I saved money to buy them, but I wasn't aware I bought them to be killed by Israel. I wish I had freed them."

In a sad voice, he spoke to us, as he sat by the wall in a school housing several displaced families. His tears were falling silently and he wiped them off with great pride. Despite being all of nine years, his deep eyes gives one the impression that he is above fifty. Awad Qudaih is a lover of nature. He always spends time outdoors in the yard admiring nature. His love for nature made him fond of birds and singing. It gave him hope that his simple dreams would come true. However, he is now mourning his cage and birds.

After he went silent, his mother commented, "all the birds he used to look after died, even though he protected them more than his own self. He moved them to his uncle's house after the bombing intensified, he thought it was safer there. However, the bombing reached his uncle's house reducing it to rubble and killing the birds."

Awad is like many other children whose dreams are vacillating between death and loss.

مَشْهَدٌ صَادِمٌ

بقلم : نداء المغربي

رسم : هلين معمر

هديلُ فُدَيْحُ (١٥) عامًا منُ مِنطَقةِ حُرَاةِ شَرْقِيّ مِحافظةِ خانِ يُولسَ
تُصِفُ مَشْهَدَ عَوْدَتِهَا لِلبَيْتِ بَعْدَ عِدَّةِ أَيَّامٍ : "سَمَاءٌ زَرْقَاءُ مَلْبُدَةٌ
بِالطَّائِرَاتِ ، وَأَرْضٌ حَضْرَاءُ حَوَّلَتْهَا الْقَدَائِفُ إِلَى أَرْضِ جَرْدَاءٍ ، كُلُّ
شَيْءٍ بِقَايَا خَرَابٍ ، هَذَا مَا كَانَتْ عَلَيْهِ مَنطِقَتُنَا ، وَمَا أَنْ وَصَلْنَا إِلَى
شَارِعِنَا لَمْ نَسْتَطِعْ أَنْ نُمَيِّزَ مَنْزِلَنَا عَنْ غَيْرِهِ ، فَكُلُّ الشَّارِعِ رُكَامٌ
وَحِجَارَةٌ ، لَا شَجَرَ وَلَا بَيْتَ ، كَانَتْ لِحِظَةٍ صَادِمَةٌ تَجَرَّدَتْ فِيهَا كُلُّ
الكَلِمَاتِ مِنَ الْمَعَانِي الْإِنْسَانِيَّةِ ، وَصَارَتْ الْأَحْلَامُ هَبَاءً ، صِرْنَا نُفُتْشُ
لَكِنْ لَمْ يَكُنْ هُنَاكَ شَيْءٌ نَعُودُ بِهِ ، لَا ثِيَابَ ، وَلَا أَدَوَاتَ ، حَتَّى
وَالْأَحْلَامَ ، وَفِي النِّهَايَةِ عُدْنَا لِبَيْتِ أَقَارِبِنَا بِأَهْدَابٍ ذَابِلَةٍ مِنْ شِدَّةِ الدَّمْعِ
فَكُلُّ شَيْءٍ صَارَ هَبَاءً".

فَقَدْتُ هَدِيلُ مَنْزِلَهَا ، وَعَادَتْ تَجْرُ بِالْحَسْرَةِ أَمَانِيهَا هِيَ وَغَيْرُهَا ، وَمَا
يُهَوِّنُ عَلَيْهَا الْمُصَابَ أَنْ أُسْرَتْهَا مَارِ التَّ بَخِيرِ .



Helin Maamer





A Shocking Scene

Written by: Nida'a Al Mughrabi

Background drawing : Helen Mu'amar

Hadeel Qudiah, a fifteen year old girl from the Khuza'a area East of Khan Younis, describes the scene of returning home several days later. She says, "All we saw was a cloudy blue sky full of war jets and barren land. Due to the missiles everything was ruined. This is how our area looked when we arrived. We could barely recognize our street as it was full of debris and stones. No trees or homes were left. It was a shocking moment, where words lost their meaning and dreams were lost. We started searching but there was nothing to go back to, no clothes, no tools, not even dreams. Finally, we went back to our relatives house empty handed with red eyes from crying as everything was gone."

Hadeel lost her home and aspirations like many others. What makes things easier for her is that her family is safe and sound.

عَادَتِ لِتَرْسَمَ

بقلم : هليلن معمّر

رسم : لمى شكشك

لمى شكشك فنانة صغيرة صاعدة من غربي محافظة خان يونس ،
تبلغ من العمر (١٥) عاماً، تُقن العزف بريثتها الصغيرة على
ورقها ، ولكنها لم تكن تعلم أن الاحتلال سيرسم خارطة جديدة
وهو يعرف بصوّار يخه على منزلها ، فقد فُصِف المنزل ،
وتشردت مع عائلتها ، حيث تتحدث بكلمات تغليها ألوان الحزن :
"كنت أحب أقلام الرصاص ، والألوان ، وبعضاً من الأوراق ،
والرسومات في الحقيبة الصغيرة، فإن علمت أن المنزل سيهدم
أخذتها معي وخرجت، ولكن اليهود لم يمتحوني لحظة أهرب
بأحلامي"

هدم منزلها ، ودمرت حقيبتها وأقلامها ، ولكن لم يدمروا بقايا
أحلامها ، فهذه هي تعيد بأناملها بعضاً من الحياة ، وتعاود الرسم
ببقايا بيتها ؛ لتعيد الجمال من جديد .





Back To The Drawing Board

Written by: Helen Mu'amar

Background drawing: Lama Shakshak

Lama Shakshak is a young fifteen year old talented artist from the west of Khan Younis. Lama never imagined that the Israeli aggression would destroy her house and displace her family.

With a broken heart and incoherent words she explains, " I had gathered together all my pencils, colors and drawing paper and hidden them in a small bag. When I heard that our home was going to be targeted, I quickly grabbed my bag to go out. Unfortunately, the bombardment was faster than me. Israel's assault did not give me the time to escape with my dreams."

Lama's home was destroyed. Her bag and pencils were all damaged. Nevertheless, Israel couldn't destroy all of Lama's dreams. Lama has returned to drawing, to recreate parts of her life through her art. She started drawing once again and restore the beauty of what remains of her home.

Lama
Shakshak



يُمَارِسُ هُوَائِيَّتَهُ تَحْتَ الرُّكَّامِ

بقلم : آية مقلد
رسم : حمزة شاهين

عَبَّاسُ أَبُو رَجِيلَةَ (١٧) عَامًا مِنْ مَنطِقَةِ خِرَاعَةَ شَرْقِيَّ مَحَافِظَةِ خَانَ يُونُسَ ، فَنَأَى مَوْلَعًا بِالِإِلِكْتِرُونِيَّاتِ وَوَسَائِلِ التَّكْنُولُوجِيَا العَصْرِيَّةِ ، فَارَى جَيِّدَ يَهْوَى الجَدِيدِ دَائِمًا ، خَلِمَهُ أَنْ يُصْبِحَ مُهَنْدِسًا لِالإِلِكْتِرُونِيَّاتِ ، مَشْهُورًا .

فِي الحَرْبِ ، لَا يَكْتَرِبُ لِصَوْتِ الطَّائِرَاتِ ، وَلَا يَخَافُ الحَرْبَ يُمَارِسُ مَا يُحِبُّ دُونَ أَنْ يَسْمَحَ لِلِاخْتِلَالِ أَنْ يَسْرِقَ لِحَظَاتِ سَعَادَتِهِ وَهُوَ يُمَارِسُ هُوَائِيَّتَهُ ، وَحِينَ تَنْقَطِعُ الكَهْرَبَاءُ يَجْلِسُ عَلَى أَعْتَابِ المَنْزِلِ يَجْمَعُ ، وَيَفَكِّكُ قِطْعًا إِلِكْتِرُونِيَّةً ؛ لِيَكْتَشِفَ الجَدِيدَ .

وَفِي يَوْمٍ أَمْطَرَتْ فِيهِ الطَّائِرَاتُ صَوَارِيخَ المَوْتِ فَهُدِمَ المَنْزِلُ عَلَيْهِمْ ، وَلَمْ يَتِمَّكَنْ أَحَدٌ مِنَ النِّشَالِ جُنَّتِهِمْ إِلَّا بَعْدَ أَرْبَعَةِ أَيَّامٍ ، وَكَانَتْ المَفَاجَأَةُ - أَلَّهُ وَهُوَ شَهِيدٌ - مَا زَالَتْ السَّمَاعَاتُ عَالِقَةً فِي أُذُنِهِ ، وَتَحْمِلُ يَدُهُ مَقْكَا صَغِيرًا تَبَيَّسَتْ عَلَيْهِ .

هَكَذَا هُمْ قَتِيَانٌ عَزَّةً يُمَارِسُونَ مَا يُحِبُّونَ تَحْتَ الرُّكَّامِ ، وَلَا يَكْتَرِبُونَ لِلمَوْتِ ، فَوْرَاءَ كُلِّ مَوْتٍ حَيَاةٌ .





Practicing Hobby under The Rubble

Written by: Ayah Mqiid

Background drawing : Hamza Shaheen

Abbas Abu Rujaila, seventeen years old, is a resident of Khuza'a East of Khan Younis. Abbas was fond of electronics and modern technology. A good reader he loved new things. His dream was to become an electronic engineer. During the war he was never afraid of the sound of planes. He practiced whatever he loved without allowing the occupation to steal his moments of happiness. When there was no electricity, he would sit on his doorstep assembling and disassembling electronic pieces to discover new ones and make new, others.

One day, the war jets dropped missiles of death on the house and its dwellers. For four days no one could retrieve the bodies. When the bodies were pulled from under the rubble, people were surprised to find Abbas with his earphones on and a tiny screw in his hand. For teenagers such as Abbas, wars cannot stop them from doing what they enjoy. There is life behind every death.



Preface...

When we turn the chapters of life in the Gaza Strip, we are stricken by lines of sadness on the faces of Gaza children. The war on Gaza has caused pain and sorrow to these children and destroyed their dreams. Here, we present some of those experiences narrated by them. They overwhelmingly describe the scenes they witnessed and survived. With tearful eyes and aching hearts, the boys and girls of Bunat Il Ghad teenagers center noted down their stories during the field visits and psychosocial support programs conducted in shelters and schools. Consequently, we felt the importance of equipping the teenagers with the basics of journalistic writing so that they could document these scenes effectively. We conducted a series of workshops. The outcome is a compilation of stories to which the teenagers of the plastic arts department of Bunat Il Ghad added their paintings and designed the book. This work is perceived as a remarkable achievement. It is a documentation of war scenes written by young boys and girls through first hand personal stories. This experience aims at strengthening communication between community groups, and enhancing awareness on national issues, with the intent of bringing about freedom, justice and dignity.

Cultural Activities Department
Maysa Adnan Salamah



Our Actions

The Culture and Free Thought Association's(CFTA) role and mission is to achieve community participation on national issues. "Bunat Il Ghad" the teenager center of CFTA seeks to contribute to raising the level of teenagers (males and females) with the community and strengthen their interaction of Palestinian identity. The approach, derived from the philosophy of modern education, strives to enhance the skills of effective communication and instill a sense of national responsibility among teenagers. Stemming from this vision, teenagers have been involved in psychosocial and community outreach programs with the support of the management. Giving them this responsibility ensures their active participation in the building of their country.

Bunat Il Ghad Center Manager
Amal Khdair





To The World

We, the girls and boys of Bunat IL Ghad Center appeal to you to stand besides us and help us stop the crimes of occupation and retrieve our rights. We only aspire to live safely in an independent state dominated by love and peace and free of killing or terrorism.





Dedication

To every child, youth and elderly Palestinian.

To every mother who has lost a dear one. For all the trees of Palestine that were uprooted without guilt and to all those who call for peace and love.

We dedicate this work .





The Israeli onslaught on Gaza has left lifetime scars and haunting memories that will not be lost over time. Here are some scenes manifesting such memories





Traumatic Scene

Written by: Nida'a Al Moghrabi, 16 years, Khan Younis

Background drawing by: Helen Mu'amar, 16 years old, Khan Younis

I Don't Want A Balloon

Written by: Iba'a Hammada, 16 years, Khan Younis

Background drawing by: Rodaina Al Agha, 16 years, Khan Younis

We are Not Finishing Our Game

Written by: Watin Al Faq'awi, 16 years, Khan Younis

Background drawing by: Suliman Shaheen, 15 years, Khan Younis

I'm Still Dreaming of The Eid

Written by: Amal Hejazi, 17 years Khan Younis

Background drawing by: Sarah Al Aqqad, 15 years, Khan Younis

I Want To Return

Written by: Mohammed Elian, 15 years, Khan Younis

Background drawing: Ismaeel Matar, 16 years, Khan Younis





Moments of Loss

Written by: Eman Hejazi, 16 years old, Khan Younis

Background drawing by: Ayah Sha'at, 16 years, Khan Younis

He Was Saying Goodbye

Written by: Muhammed Tanira, 18 years, Khan Younis

Background drawing by : Madiha Al Majayda, 16 years, Khan Younis

Parting Friends

Written by: Bilal Ferwana, 17 years, Khan Younis

Background drawing by : Hamza Shaheen, 16 years, Khan Younis

My Grandfather's Cane

Written by: Iman Hejazi, 16 years, Khan Younis

Background drawing by : Ismail Matar, 16 years, Khan Younis

I Aspire A Safe Life

Written by: Muhammed Ramadan, 17 years, Khan Younis

Background drawing by: Ayah Alish, 16 years, Khan Younis



Participants:

Back To The Draw Board:

Written by: Helen Mu'amar, 16 years, Khan Younis

Background drawing by: Lama Shakshak , 15 years, Khan Younis

War Imprint

Written by: Ali Elian, 17 years, Khan Younis

Background drawing by: Lama Shakshak , 15 Years, Khan Younis

Practicing Hobby Under The Rubble

Written by: Ayah Mialid, 15 years, Khan Younis

Background drawing by: Hamza Shaheen, 16 years, Khan Younis

Without Memory

Written by: Sameh Abu Sultan, 16 years, Khan Younis

Background drawing by : Soliman Shaheen, 15 years, Khan Younis

The Birds Died

Written by: Muhamed Ramadan, 17 years old , Khan Younis

Background drawing by: Majd Al Desoqi, 15 Years, Khan Younis



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Wajaía

TAMMUZ

Agonies  of July