

# *My Dear Home*

The Memory of The Children



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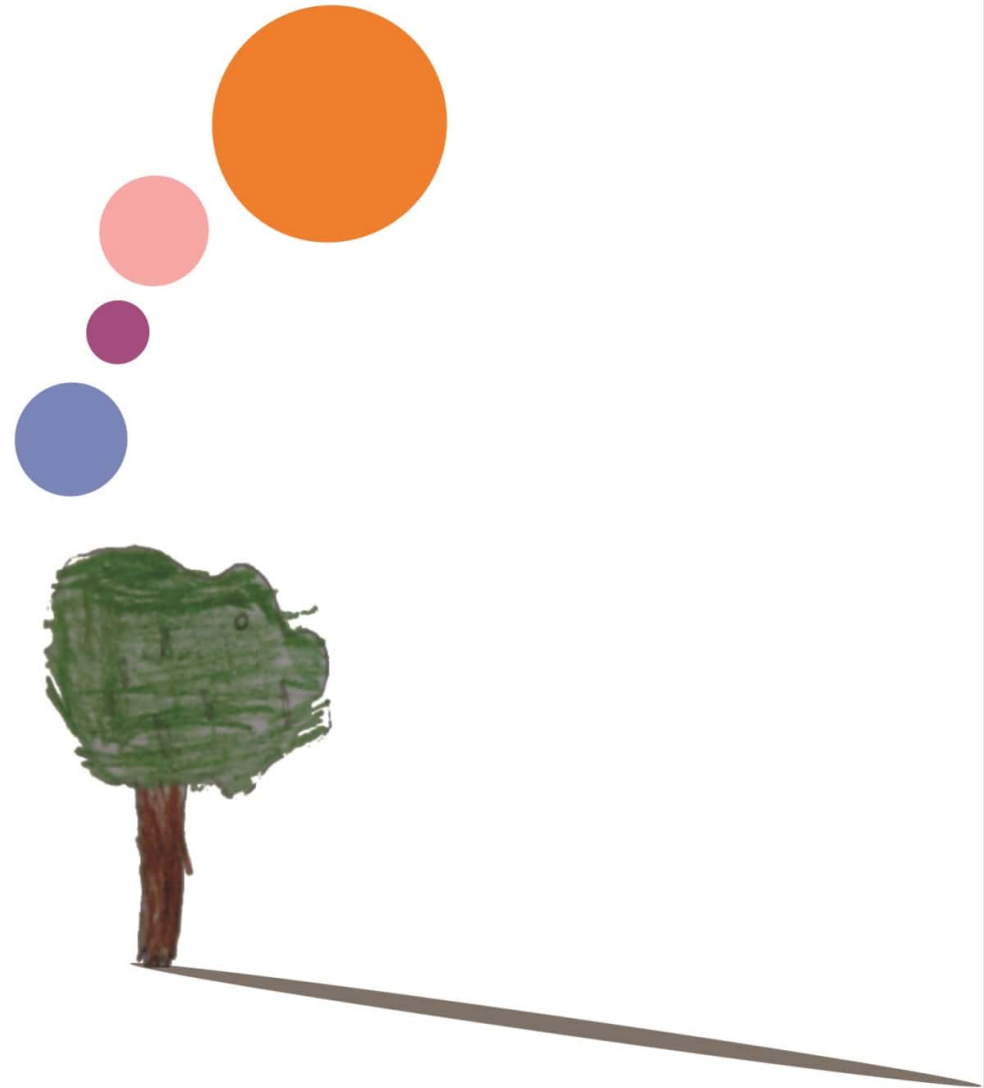
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## المحتويات

مريم إربيع

دنيا عمران

رقية القصاص و نور الشاعر

اسراء زقماط و نورهان زقماط

بيسان أبو ستة و نهاد طباسي

دعاء إربيع و آية القصاص

رنين زقماط و ميساء طباسي

عادل القصاص

الزيتونة الأخيرة

الهديّة

السّاحة البعيدة

السّمكة الحمراء

أين الهروب؟

صديقتي شيماء

لعبتي العريزة

عصفور الحب





## Content:

### **The Last Olive Tree**

Mariam Erabie

### **The Gift**

Donia Omran

### **The Remote Yard**

Rukaia Al Qassas and Nour AlSha'er

### **The Red Fish**

Esra'a Zokmat and Nourhan Zokmat

### **Where to Escape?**

Bissan Abu Sitta and Nihad Tabasi

### **My Friend Shaima'a**

Doa'a Erbie and Aya Al Qassas

### **My Beloved Toy**

Ranin Zokmat and Maysa Tabasi

### **The Love Bird**

Adel Al Qassas



# تركتم فينا أثراً وحكاية

هَذَا الْعَامُ كَانَ مُخْتَلِفًا جَدًّا، لَمْ نَسْتَطِعِ الذَّهَابَ لِمَوْسَمِ الْحَصَادِ

أَبِي أَكْبَرُ هَدِيَّةٍ مِنَ اللَّهِ

لَكِنِّ لَا نُنْسَى أَنَّ هَذِهِ السَّاحَةَ الْمَحْبُوبَةَ لَنَا جَمِيعًا فِي الْحَارَةِ

مَا ذَنْبُ سَمَكْتِي الْحَمْرَاءُ؟!

لَقَدْ نَسِينَا أَنْ نَأْخُذَ مَعَنَا كُوكِي

لِيَطِيرَ فِي السَّمَاءِ، فَيَلْتَقِيَ بِرُوحِ أَخِي



## You left a memory and a story



This year was very different. We could not go to harvest

My father is the greatest gift from Allah

We did not forget that this beloved yard was for all of us.

However, my problem was with my red fish.

I had forgotten to take Koki with us,

so it could fly into the sky and meet with my brother's spirit.

# الزيتونة الأخيرة

مريم إربيع 11عام

هَذَا الْعَامُ كَانَ مُخْتَلَفًا جِدًّا، لَمْ نَسْتَطِعِ الذَّهَابُ  
لِمَوْسِمِ الْحَصَادِ، بَدَأَتِ الْحَرْبُ، الدَّبَابَةُ الْكَبِيرَةُ  
الْمُتَوَحِّشَةُ، دَخَلَتْ فِي أَرْضِ جَدِّي، وَدَمَّرَتْ أَشْجَارَ  
الزَّيْتُونِ وَعَصَّرَتِ الْحَبَّاتِ تَحْتَ عَجَلَاتِهَا  
الْحَدِيدِيَّةِ، وَسَحَقَتِ الْأُورَاقَ وَالْأَغْصَانَ.





# The Last Olive Tree

Mariam Erbie, 11 Yrs.

This year was very different. We could not go to harvest our crops as the war had begun. The savage big tank entered into my grandfather's land, destroyed our olive trees, squeezed its grains under the iron wheels, crushed the leaves and twigs.

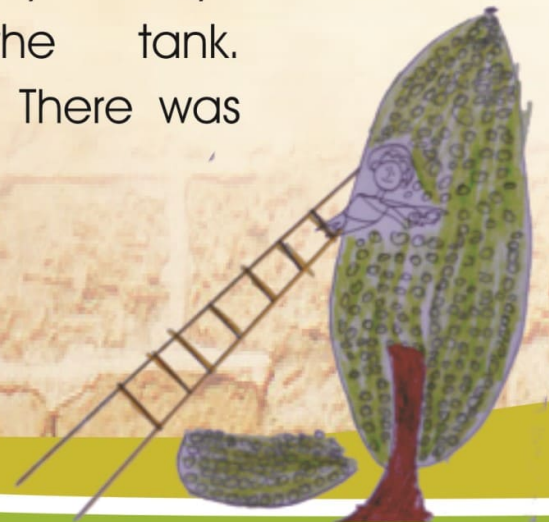
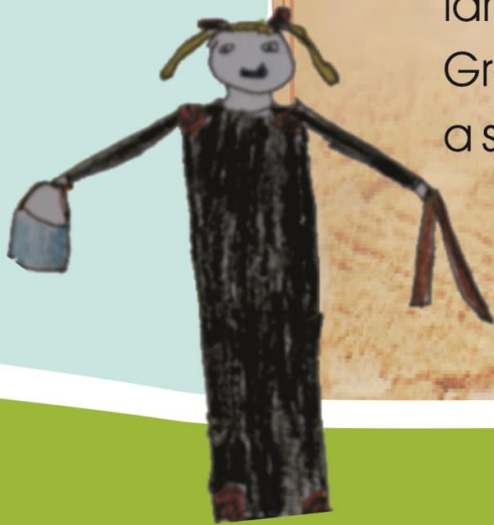


وَحَوَّلَتْ لَوْنَ الْأَشْجَارِ مِنَ الْأَخْضَرِ إِلَى الْأَسْوَدِ  
الْمُخِيفِ، وَرَائِحَةَ الْبَارُودِ انْتَشَرَتْ فِي الْأَرْضِ، وَحِينَ  
أُعْلِنَتْ الْهَدَنَةُ لِمُدَّةِ ثَلَاثَةِ أَيَّامٍ ذَهَبْنَا إِلَى الْأَرْضِ، كَانَ  
الْمَنْظَرُ صَعْبًا، مُخِيفًا وَمُحْزِنًا؛ حَيْثُ كُلُّ ذِكْرِيَّاتِ  
جَدِّي وَعَائِلَتِي ذَهَبَتْ مَعَ الدَّبَابَةِ. جَدِّي لَمْ يَحْزَنْ  
كَثِيرًا وَكَانَ يَبْتَسِمُ ابْتِسَامَةً خَفِيفَةً.





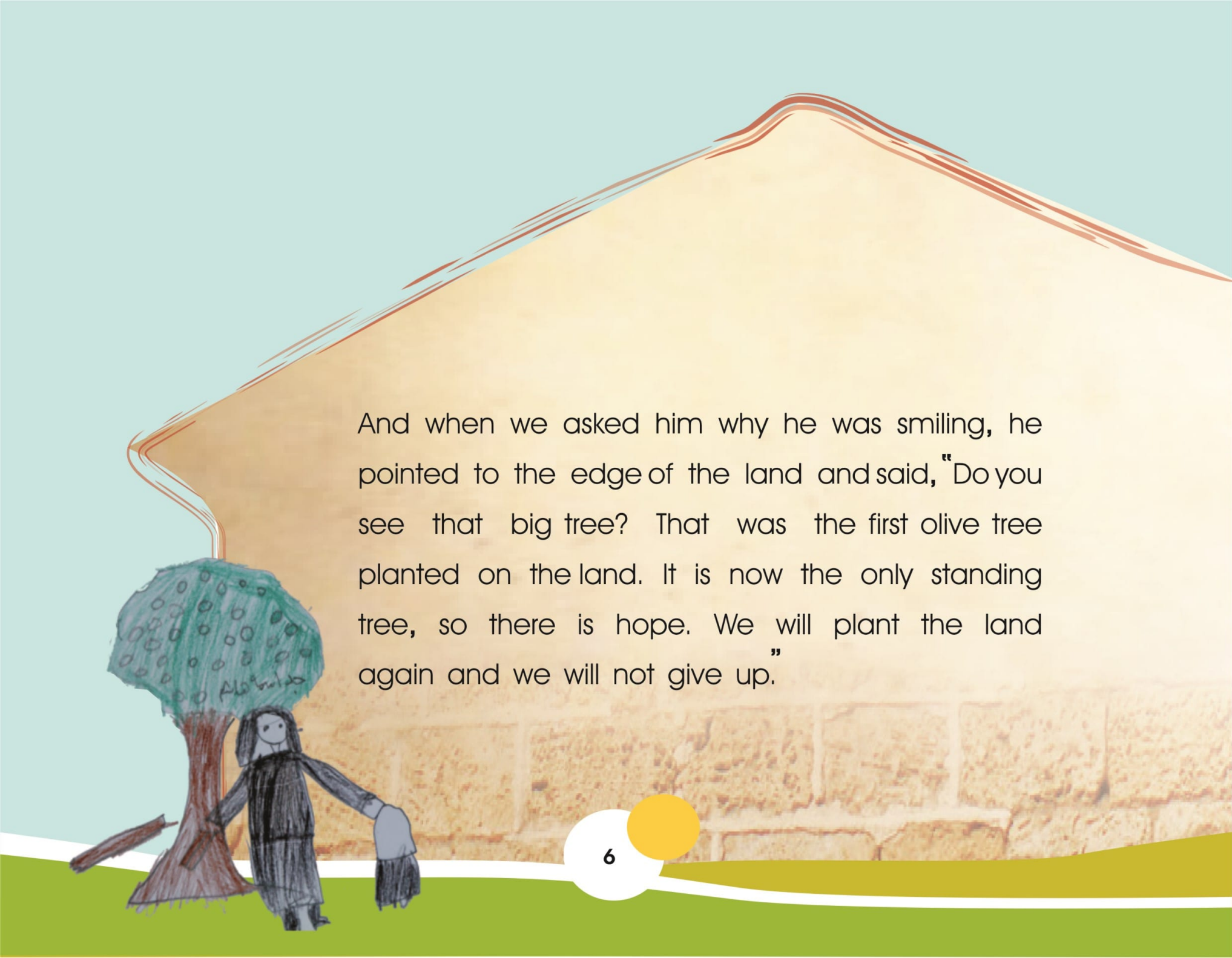
And turned the color of the trees from green into a dreadful black. The smell of gunpowder entered into the earth. When the three day truce was announced, we went to the farmland. The scene was difficult, sad and scary. All the memories of my grandfather and my family's land had vanished along with the tank. Grandfather did not grieve too much. There was a slight smile on his face,



وَحِينَ سَأَلْنَاهُ : لِمَاذَا أَنْتَ مُبْتَسِمٌ؟ أَشَارَ بِيَدِهِ لِطَرْفِ  
الْأَرْضِ، وَقَالَ : هَلْ تَرَوْنَ تِلْكَ الشَّجَرَةَ الْكَبِيرَةَ  
الْمُعَمَّرَةَ؟! هَذِهِ أَوَّلُ شَجَرَةٍ زَيْتُونٍ زَرَعْتَهَا فِي الْأَرْضِ  
وَهِيَ الْآنَ الْوَاقِفَةُ الْوَحِيدَةُ مِنْ بَيْنِ الْأَشْجَارِ، وَهُنَاكَ  
أَمَلٌ، سَنَزْرَعُ الْأَرْضَ مَرَّةً أُخْرَى وَلَنْ نَسْتَسْلِمَ.







And when we asked him why he was smiling, he pointed to the edge of the land and said, "Do you see that big tree? That was the first olive tree planted on the land. It is now the only standing tree, so there is hope. We will plant the land again and we will not give up."

# الهدية

دنيا عمران 13 عام

بَعْضُ الْأَشْخَاصِ .. أَعْتَبَرُهُمْ هَدِيَّةً لِي ، لَيْسَ كَهَدِيَّةٍ  
مُغَلَّفَةٍ بِشَرِيطٍ جَذَابٍ ، .. إِنَّمَا أَكْبَرُ مِنْ كُلِّ هَدَايَا الْأَرْضِ  
إِنَّهُمْ عَائِلَتِي ، أَبِي أَكْبَرُ هَدِيَّةٍ مِنَ اللَّهِ ، هُوَ مَنْ أَهْدَانِي  
الْحُبَّ وَالْحَنَانَ ، أَوَّلُ مَنْ ضَمَّنِي وَرَكَّضَ بِي فِي شَوَارِعِ  
الْمَدِينَةِ ؛ لِيُبْعِدَنِي عَنِ صَوْتِ قَذَائِفِ الْحَرْبِ .







## The Gift


Donia Omran, 13Yrs.

I consider some people a gift from God. Not a gift wrapped with attractive ribbon, but the greatest of all gifts on earth, they are my family. My father is the greatest gift from Allah. He gave me love and affection. He was the first who carried me and ran with me into the streets of the city to keep me away from the sound of war missiles.

أُمِّي أَجْمَلُ هَدِيَّةٍ، وَأَرْقُ هَدِيَّةٍ، نَاعِمَةٌ جِدًّا، لَا تَتْعَبُ مِنْ  
خِدْمَتِي، وَحِينَ كُنْتُ مَرْعُوبَةً فِي الْحَرْبِ الْأَخِيرَةِ، كَانَتْ تَنَامُ  
مَعِي فِي السَّرِيرِ، وَتَحْكِي لِي كُلَّ الْقِصَصِ. أُخْتِي الْكَبِيرَةُ  
أَيْضًا هَدِيَّةٌ وَ لَكِنَّهَا هَدِيَّةٌ مُرْعَجَةٌ بِالنِّسْبَةِ لِي، فَكُلُّ يَوْمٍ  
تَتَعَارَكُ مَعِي، تَلْبَسُ حِذَائِي الزَّهْرِيَّ، تَأْكُلُ حُصَّتِي مِنْ  
الْفَوَاكِهِ، تَخْرُجُ لِلْعِبِّ وَلَا تَأْخُذُنِي مَعَهَا.








My mother is the most beautiful and gentle gift, very soft, one who never tires of my demands. In the last war when I was very scared she slept with me in bed and told me stories. My big sister is also a gift, but she is annoying. Every day she quarrels with me, wears my pink shoes, eats my share of fruit and goes out to play without taking me with her.

لَكِن فِي الْحَرْبِ تَغَيَّرَتْ كَثِيرًا، صَارَتْ هَادِيَةً، تُحِبُّنِي كَثِيرًا،  
لَا تَأْكُلُ إِلَّا بَعْدَ أَنْ أَشْبِعَ، حَمَلْتَنِي عَلَى ظَهْرِهَا وَقَدْ أَنْ خَرَجْنَا  
مِنْ بَيْتِنَا حِينَ اشْتَدَّ الْقَصْفُ، وَأَعْطَتْنِي لِعَبَّتِهَا الْخَاصَّةَ لِلْعَبِّ  
بِهَا. أَلَمْ أَقُلْ لَكُمْ بَأَنَّ عَائِلَتِي كُلَّهَا هَدَايَا مُتَحَرِّكَةٌ؟ ! وَكُلُّ يَوْمٍ  
بَعْدَ يَوْمٍ يَزْدَادُ حُبِّي لَهَا .







But during the war she changed a lot, she became quiet, showered me with love and only ate after I was full. When the bombing intensified she carried me on her back when we left our house and even gave me her toy to play.

Did I not tell you that my family is God's gift. Day after day my love for them grows and grows.

## السَّاحَةُ الْبَعِيدَةُ

رقية القصاص 12 عام  
نور الشاعر 13 عام

فِي عَصْرٍ كُلِّ يَوْمٍ نَذْهَبُ لِسَاحَةٍ وَاسِعَةٍ فِي الْحَارَةِ  
عِنْدَنَا نَلْعَبُ فِيهَا، نَرْكُضُ خَلْفَ بَعْضِنَا، نُدْخِرُ الْكُرَةَ،  
نَتَقَافِرُ، نَتَعَارِكُ وَنَتَصَالِحُ، لَكِنْ لَا نَنْسِي أَنْ هَذِهِ  
السَّاحَةُ الْمَحْبُوبَةُ لَنَا جَمِيعًا فِي الْحَارَةِ، وَقَتَ الْغُرُوبِ  
نَجْلِسُ بِهَا، نَتَسَامَرُ، وَنَقْصُ قِصَصَنَا عَلَى بَعْضِنَا،  
وَحِينَ نَسْمَعُ الْقِصَصَ، نَضْحَكُ أَوْ نَحْزَنُ، أَوْ تَتْرُكُ  
هَذِهِ الْقِصَصَ دَاخِلْنَا أَحْلَامًا كَبِيرَةً،







## The Remote Yard

Rukaia AlQassas ,12Yrs.

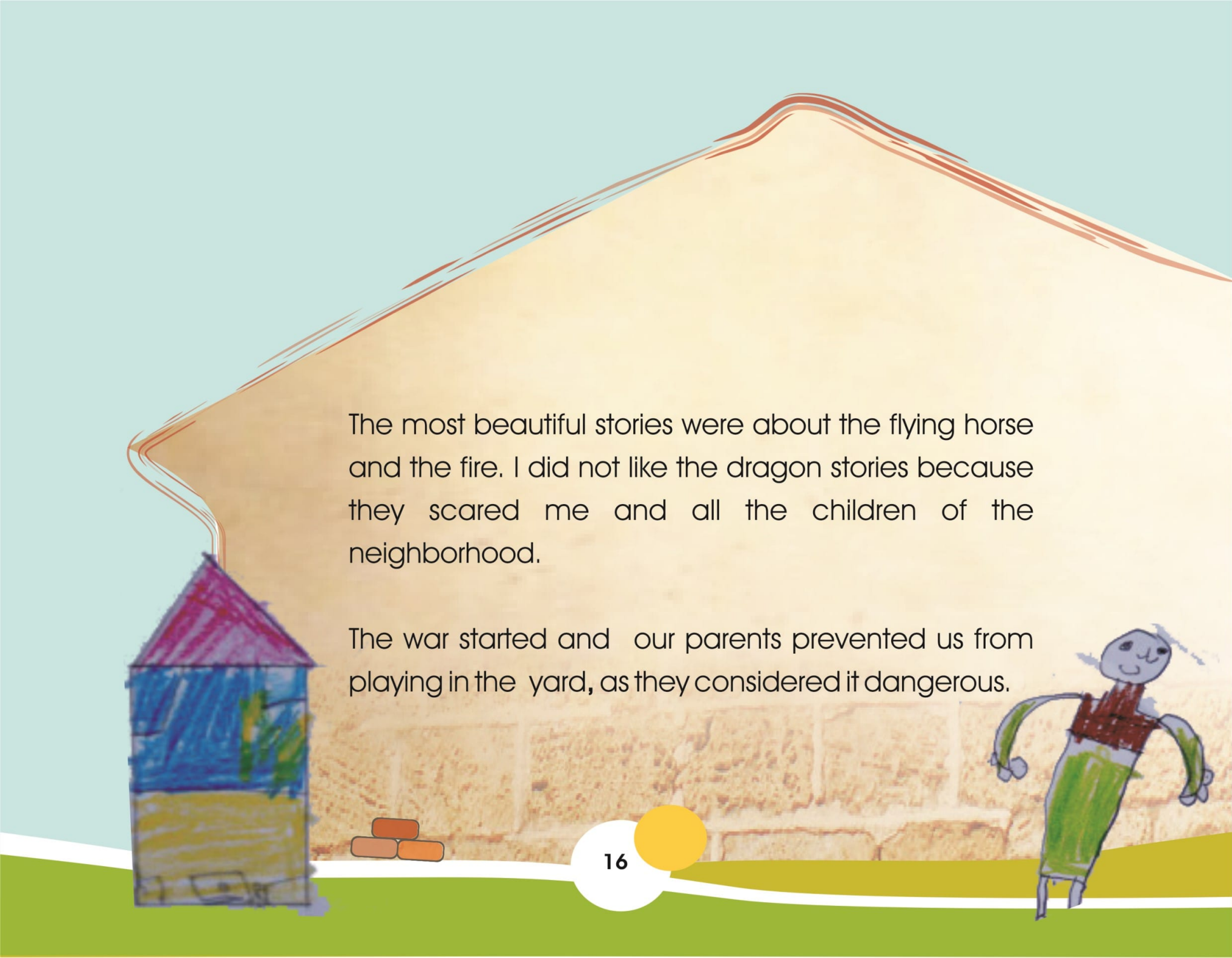
Nour AlSha'er ,13Yrs.

Every day in the afternoon we played in a wide yard in our neighborhood. We would run behind each other, roll the ball, jump, fight and make up. We did not forget that this beloved yard was for all of us. in the warm sunset we would sit out and tell each other stories. On hearing each other's stories we would laugh or mourn. The stories make us have big

وَأَجْمَلُ الْقِصَصِ حِينَ كُنَّا نَحْكِي عَنِ الْحُصَانِ الطَّائِرِ، وَالَّتَيْنِ  
وَالنَّارِ، أَنَا كُنْتُ لَا أَحِبُّ قِصَصَ التَّتِينِ لِأَنَّهَا تُخِيفُنِي وَتُخِيفُ  
كُلَّ صِغَارِ الْحَارَةِ. جَاءَتِ الْحَرْبُ، وَقَدْ مَنَعْنَا آبَاؤُنَا مِنَ اللَّعِبِ  
وَالذَّهَابِ إِلَى السَّاحَةِ الَّتِي أَصْبَحَتْ يَنْظُرُ هُمْ خَطِيرَةً .



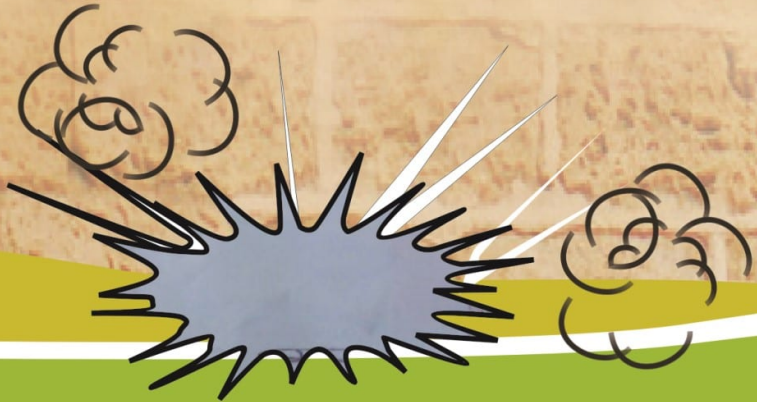




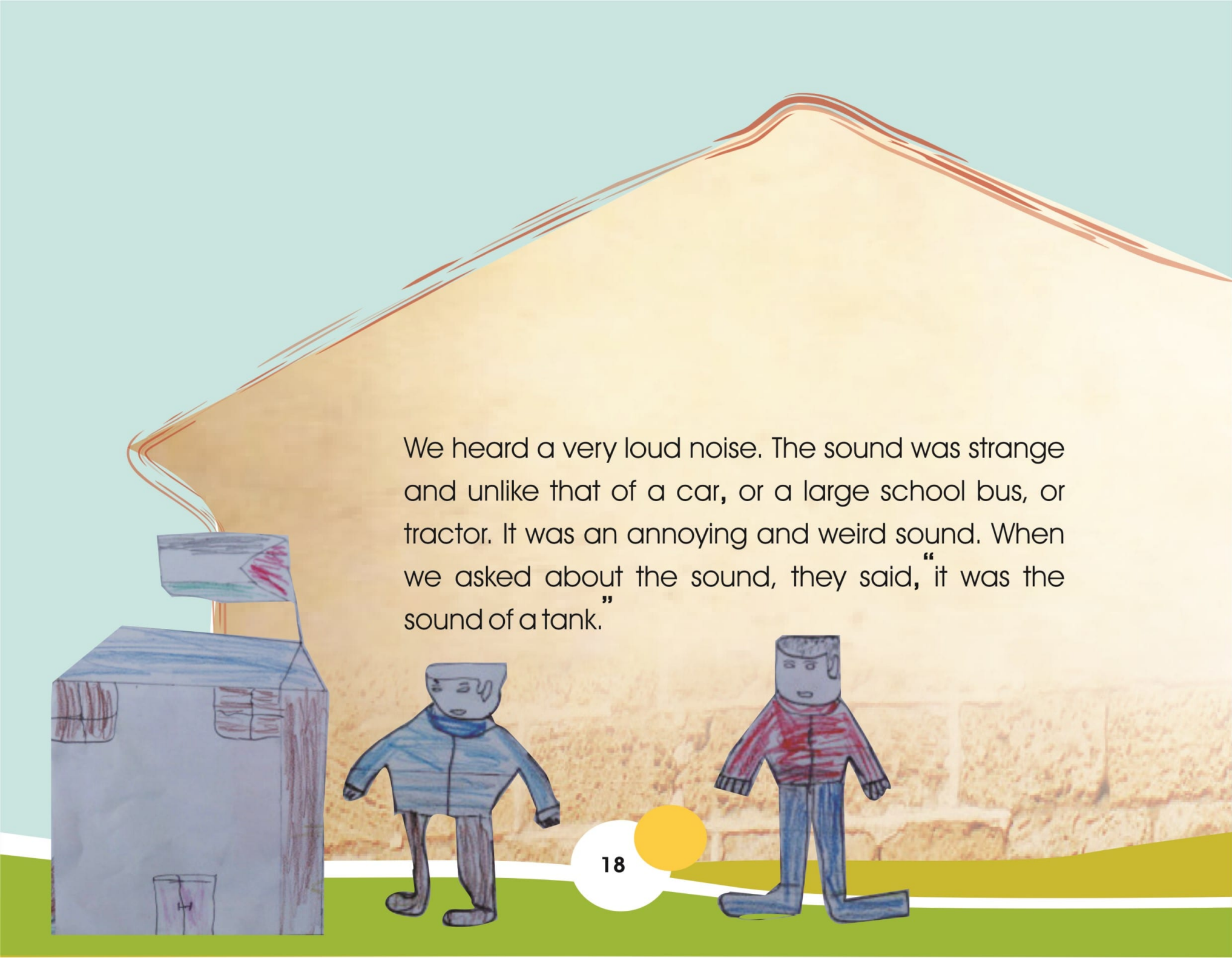
The most beautiful stories were about the flying horse and the fire. I did not like the dragon stories because they scared me and all the children of the neighborhood.

The war started and our parents prevented us from playing in the yard, as they considered it dangerous.

سَمِعْنَا صَوْتًا قَوِيًّا جَدًّا، صَوْتًا غَرِيبًا لَا يُشْبِهُ صَوْتَ  
السَّيَّارَةِ، وَلَا حَافِلَةَ الْمَدْرَسَةِ الْكَبِيرَةِ، وَلَا الْجَرَّارِ  
الزَّرَّاعِي، إِنَّهُ صَوْتٌ مُزَعَجٌ غَرِيبٌ، وَحِينَ سَأَلْنَا  
عَنِ الصَّوْتِ: قَالُوا: إِنَّهُ صَوْتُ الدَّبَّابَةِ.





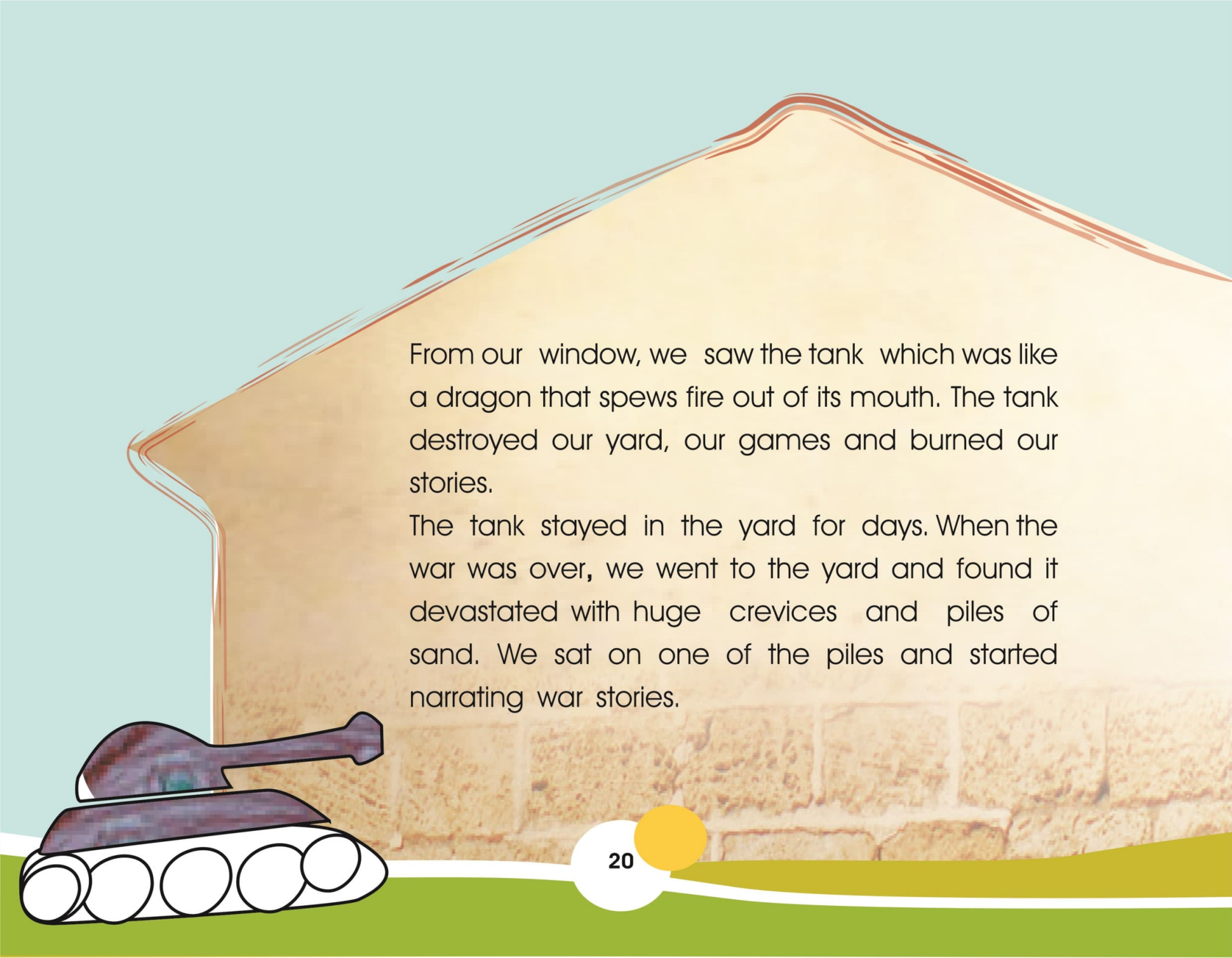
A stylized illustration of a house with a large, pointed roof. The house is light brown with a darker brown outline. A large, grey chimney is on the left side, with a small flag on top. Two simple, blocky figures stand in front of the house. The figure on the left is wearing a blue jacket and dark pants. The figure on the right is wearing a red jacket and blue pants. The background is a light blue sky and a green ground. A white speech bubble with a yellow circle inside is at the bottom center, containing the number 18.

We heard a very loud noise. The sound was strange and unlike that of a car, or a large school bus, or tractor. It was an annoying and weird sound. When we asked about the sound, they said, “it was the sound of a tank.”

نَظَرْنَا مِنَ الشَّبَابِيكِ، فَوَجَدْنَاهَا تُشْبِهُ الثَّنِينِ الَّذِي يَدْفَعُ  
النَّارَ مِنْ فَمِهِ، الدَّبَّابَةُ دَمَّرَتْ سَاحَتَنَا، وَدَمَّرَتْ الْعَابِنَا  
وَأَحْرَقَتْ قِصَصَنَا... طَالَتْ أَيَّامُ وُجُودِ الدَّبَّابَةِ فِي  
السَّاحَةِ، وَحِينَ انْتَهَتْ الْحَرْبُ، ذَهَبْنَا إِلَيْهَا فَلَمْ نَجِدْ  
مَلَامِحَ السَّاحَةِ الَّتِي عَهَدْنَاهَا فِيهَا حُفْرًا كَبِيرَةً وَأَكْوَامَ  
رِمَالٍ عَالِيَةٍ، فَجَلَسْنَا عَلَى أَحَدِ الْأَكْوَامِ نَقُصُّ عَلَى  
بَعْضِنَا قِصَصَ الْحَرْبِ.







From our window, we saw the tank which was like a dragon that spews fire out of its mouth. The tank destroyed our yard, our games and burned our stories.

The tank stayed in the yard for days. When the war was over, we went to the yard and found it devastated with huge crevices and piles of sand. We sat on one of the piles and started narrating war stories.



## السَّمَكَةُ الْحَمْرَاءُ

إسراء زقماط 11عام

نورهان زقماط 12عام

جَاءَتِ الْحَرْبُ كَالْعَادَةِ عِنْدَنَا فِي غَزَّةَ، كُلُّ  
عَامٍ حَرْبٌ!! هَذِهِ الْحَرْبُ كَانَتْ عَنِيْقَةً جَدًّا  
وَصَعْبَةً عَلَيْنَا، وَمُشْكِلَةٌ الْمَاءِ وَالْكَهْرَبَاءِ  
ازْدَادَتْ، لَا مَاءَ وَلَا كَهْرَبَاءَ، وَبِالْأَخْصَّ  
الْمَاءُ الْمَقْطُوعُ لِفَتْرَاتٍ طَوِيلَةٍ.





## The Red Fish

Isra'a Zokmat, 11Yrs.

Nourhan Zokmat, 12Yrs.


The war started. As usual here in Gaz we have a war every year! This war was very violent and tough on us. The problems of water and electricity increased. There was no water and no electricity. The water in particular was cut off for long periods.

المُشْكِلَةُ لَيْسَتْ عِنْدِي فَقَدْ أَمْتَنَعُ عَنِ الاسْتِحْمَامِ  
لِعِدَّةِ أَيَّامٍ، لَكِنْ مَا ذَنْبُ سَمَكْتِي الْحَمْرَاءُ؟ ! فَلَا بُدَّ  
مِنْ تَبْدِيلِ الْمَاءِ لَهَا كُلَّ يَوْمَيْنِ ؛ حَتَّى لَا تَمُوتَ.

يَوْمًا بَعْدَ يَوْمٍ قَلَّتْ حَرَكَةُ السَّمَكَةِ وَبَدَأَتْ تَحْتَضِرُ،  
وَتَنْزِلُ إِلَى قَاعِ حَوْضِ الْمَاءِ.







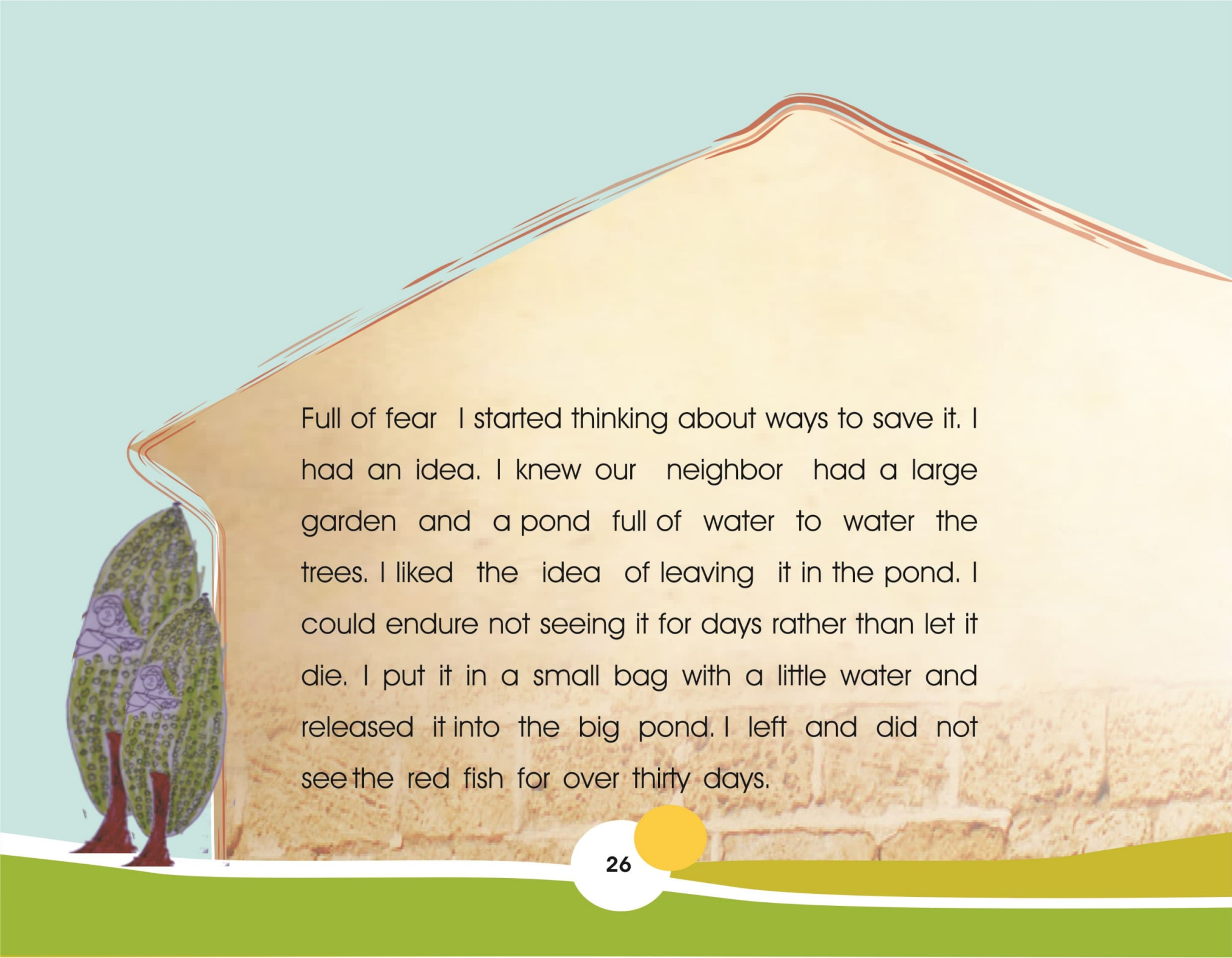
I did not have a problem with this. I could go without a shower for days. However, my problem was with my red fish. I have to change the water of the fish tank every two days so as not to let it die.

Day by day the fish's movements slowed down as it began to die. It sank to the bottom of the

وَمِنْ خَوْفِي عَلَيْهَا، صِرْتُ أَفْكَرُ كَيْفَ أَنْقِذُهَا؟ فَخَطَرْتُ  
عَلَى بَالِي فِكْرَةً، كُنْتُ أَعْرِفُ أَنَّ جَارَنَا لَهُ حَدِيقَةٌ كَبِيرَةٌ  
وَعِنْدَهُ بَرَكَةٌ مَاءٍ ؛ لِرَيِّ الْأَشْجَارِ، فَأَعْجَبْتَنِي الْفِكْرَةُ  
أَصْبِرُ عَلَى فِرَاقِهَا أَيَّامًا أَفْضَلَ مِنْ أَنْ تَمُوتَ،





The background of the page features a stylized illustration of a house with a large, light-colored window. To the left of the window, there are two trees with green foliage and brown trunks. The house's roof is a simple brown outline. The overall style is clean and modern, with a light blue sky and a green ground area at the bottom.

Full of fear I started thinking about ways to save it. I had an idea. I knew our neighbor had a large garden and a pond full of water to water the trees. I liked the idea of leaving it in the pond. I could endure not seeing it for days rather than let it die. I put it in a small bag with a little water and released it into the big pond. I left and did not see the red fish for over thirty days.

وَضَعْتُهَا فِي كَيْسٍ صَغِيرٍ مَعَ قَلِيلٍ مِنَ الْمَاءِ، ثُمَّ تَرَكْتُهَا دَاخِلَ  
بِرْكَةِ الْمِيَاهِ الْكَبِيرَةِ، غَبْتُ عَنْ سَمَكِي الْحَمْرَاءَ أَكْثَرَ مِنْ  
ثَلَاثِينَ يَوْمًا وَلَمْ أَرَهَا. انْتَهتِ الْحَرْبُ، وَرَكَضْتُ إِلَى الْبِرْكَةِ  
الْكَبِيرَةِ، أَبْحَثُ عَنْهَا، فَوَجَدْتُهَا كُلَّهَا أَسْمَاكَ حَمْرَاءَ صَغِيرَةٍ،  
يَا اللَّهُ!! سَمَكِي أَصْبَحَ لَهَا صِغَارًا، إِسْحَبْتُ مِنَ الْمَكَانِ  
وَتَرَكْتُهَا مَعَ صِغَارِهَا.





The war ended and I ran to the big pond, looking for my red fish. I found small red fish in the pond. "My God!!" I exclaimed, "my fish has baby fish." I with drew from the place and left it with its young.



# "أَيْنَ الْهَرُوبِ"؟

بيسان أبو ستة 12عام

نهاد طباسي 12عام

الْحَرْبُ فِي اللَّيْلِ مُرْعِبَةٌ ، حِينَ يَكُونُ بَيْنَ صَوْتِ  
الْقَذِيفَةِ وَالْأُخْرَى ثَوَانٍ ، فِي الدَّقِيقَةِ الْوَاحِدَةِ عَشْرُ  
قَدَائِفٍ مِنْ كُلِّ الْإِتِّجَاهَاتِ ، وَخَاصَّةً مِنَ الشَّرْقِ  
نَاحِيَةِ الْحُدُودِ ، وَمِنَ الْغَرْبِ نَاحِيَةِ الْبَحْرِ.





## Where to Escape ?

Bisan Abu Sitta ,12Yrs.

Nihad Tabasi ,12Yrs.

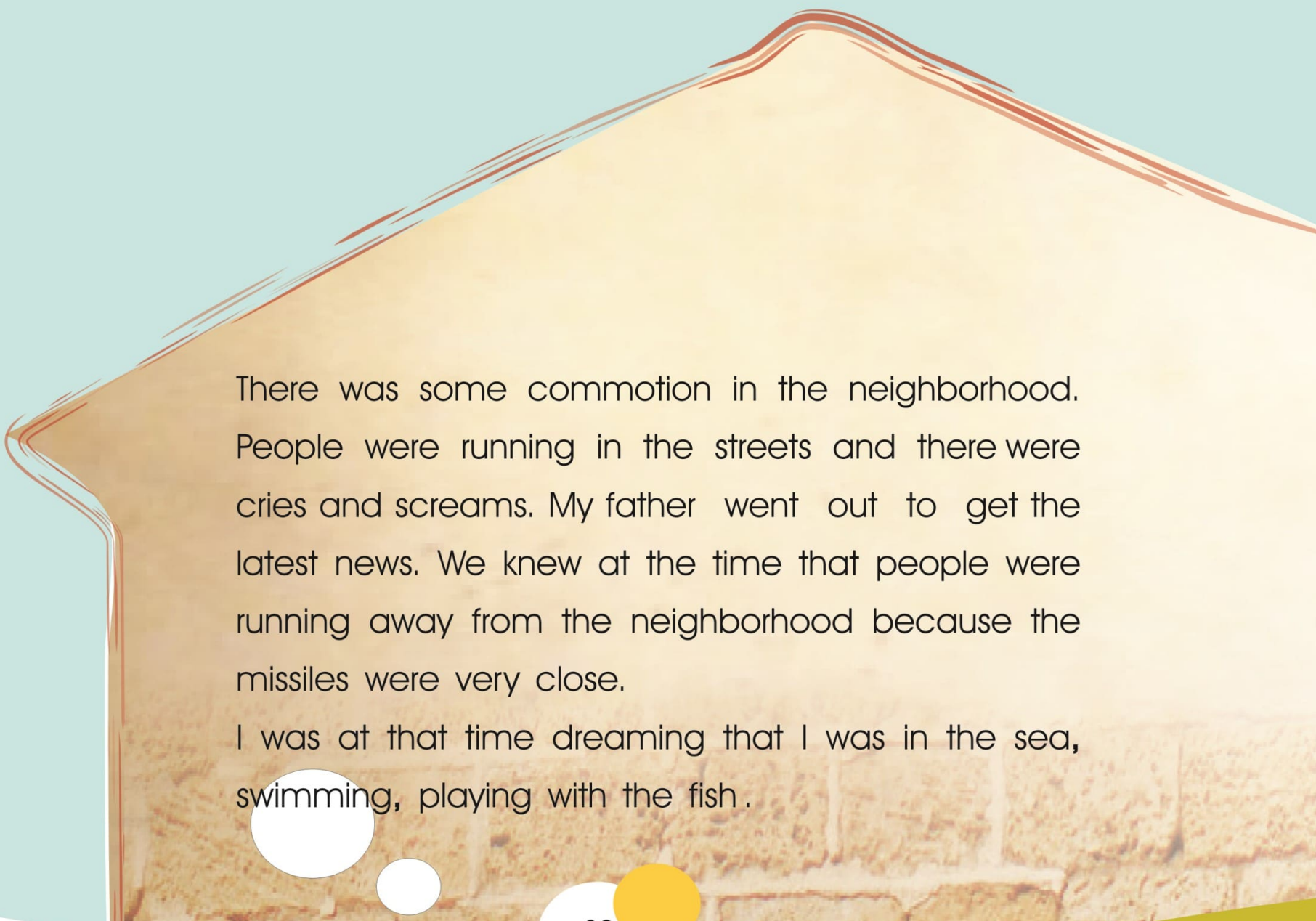
War was terrifying at night, between the sound of one shelling and the other there was only a few seconds. Ten missiles per minute from all sides, particularly from the border on the east side and from the sea on the west side.



هُنَاكَ حَرَكَةٌ فِي الْحَيِّ، النَّاسُ تُرْكُضُ فِي الشَّوَارِعِ وَهُنَاكَ بُكَاءٌ  
وَصُرَاخٌ، خَرَجَ أَبِي يَسْتَطِيعُ الْخَبَرَ، عَلِمْنَا وَقَتَهَا أَنَّ النَّاسَ تَفَرُّ  
مِنَ الْحَيِّ؛ لِأَنَّ الْقَذَائِفَ قَرِيبَةٌ جَدًّا، أَنَا وَقَتَهَا كُنْتُ أَحْلَمُ، حَيْثُ  
وَجَدْتُ نَفْسِي دَاخِلَ الْبَحْرِ أَسْبَحُ وَالْعَبُّ مَعَ الْأَسْمَاكِ.







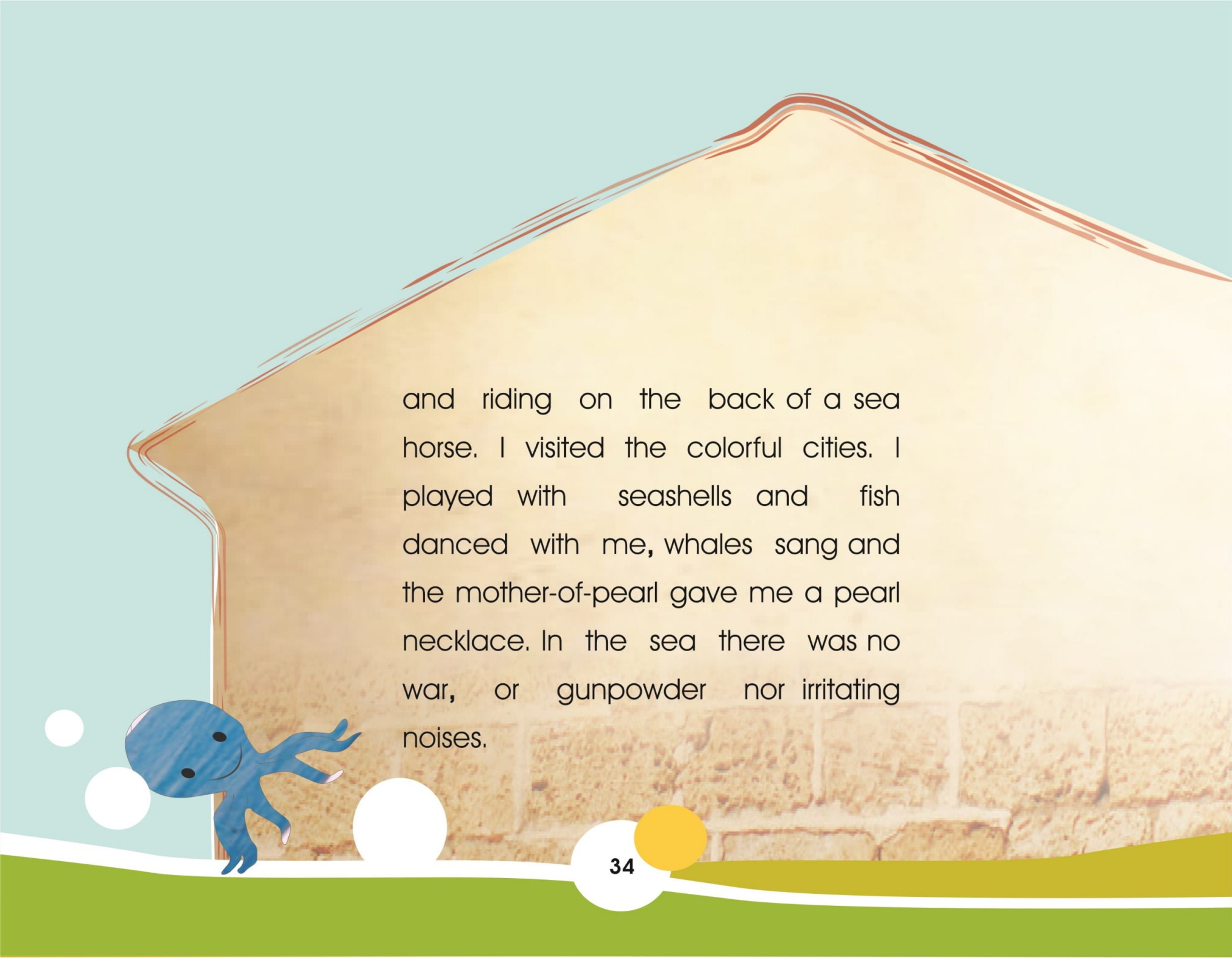
There was some commotion in the neighborhood. People were running in the streets and there were cries and screams. My father went out to get the latest news. We knew at the time that people were running away from the neighborhood because the missiles were very close.

I was at that time dreaming that I was in the sea, swimming, playing with the fish.

وَقَدْ رَكِبْتُ عَلَى ظَهْرِ حُصَانِ الْبَحْرِ، وَزُرْتُ مَدْنَ الْمُرْجَانِ  
وَالْأَلْوَانَ، وَصِرْتُ الْعَبُّ بِالْأَصْدَافِ، وَالْأَسْمَاكُ تَرْقُصُ مَعِي  
وَالْحَيْتَانُ نُعْنِي، وَمَحَارِ الْبَحْرِ أَهْدَانِي عُقْدًا مِنَ الْوَلُؤِ، فِي  
الْبَحْرِ لَا حَرْبٌ وَلَا بَارُودٌ وَلَا أَصْوَاتٌ مَزْجَجَةٌ.






The background features a large, light-colored house with a gabled roof. The lower portion of the house is a textured stone wall. In the bottom left corner, a blue octopus with a smiling face is swimming. Several white circles of varying sizes are scattered around the octopus and the bottom edge of the page. The overall scene is set against a light blue sky and a green ground area at the bottom.

and riding on the back of a sea horse. I visited the colorful cities. I played with seashells and fish danced with me, whales sang and the mother-of-pearl gave me a pearl necklace. In the sea there was no war, or gunpowder nor irritating noises.

شَعَرْتُ بِيَدَيَّ أَبِي تَهْزِيئِي، وَأُمِّي تُحَاوِلُ أَنْ تَحْمِلَنِي، فَتَّحْتُ  
عَيْنِي، فَوَجَدْتُ وَالِدِي حَوْلِي، أَبِي قَالَ: "لَا تَخَافِي أَنْتِ فَقَطْ  
أُعْمِي عَلَيْكَ مِنْ رَائِحَةِ الْبَارُودِ"، وَقَتَهَا هَمَسَتْ وَقَلَّتْ لِأُمِّي  
"أَنَا كُنْتُ أَحْلُمُ بِالْبَحْرِ يَا أُمِّي".





The background features a large, stylized house with a light brown, textured upper section and a stone-patterned lower section. A blue, octopus-like creature with a round head and eight tentacles is positioned on the left side of the page. The page number '36' is centered at the bottom, flanked by a white circle on the left and a yellow circle on the right.

I felt my father shaking me and my mother trying to hold me. I opened my eyes and saw my father and mother around me. “Don't be afraid,” you just fainted from the smell of gunpowder, my father said. I whispered to my mother, “I dreamt about the sea Mom.”

# صَدِيقَتِي شَيْمَاءَ

دعاء إربيع 11 عام

آية القصاص 11 عام

اتَّفَقْنَا أَنَا وَصَدِيقَتِي شَيْمَاءَ، أَنْ نَذْهَبَ بِرِحْلَةٍ  
إِلَى الْبَحْرِ فِي الْإِجَازَةِ، لَكِنْ بَدَأَتِ الْحَرْبُ مُدْمِرَةً  
وَ الْقَذَائِفُ بِالشَّوَارِعِ ، وَ النَّاسُ تُهْرَبُ مِنْ مَكَانٍ  
إِلَى مَكَانٍ آخَرَ ، وَجَاءَ مَوْعِدُ الرِّحْلَةِ وَ لَمْ نَسْتَطِعْ  
الذَّهَابَ لِلْبَحْرِ .







## My Friend Shaima

Doaa Erabie ,11Yrs.

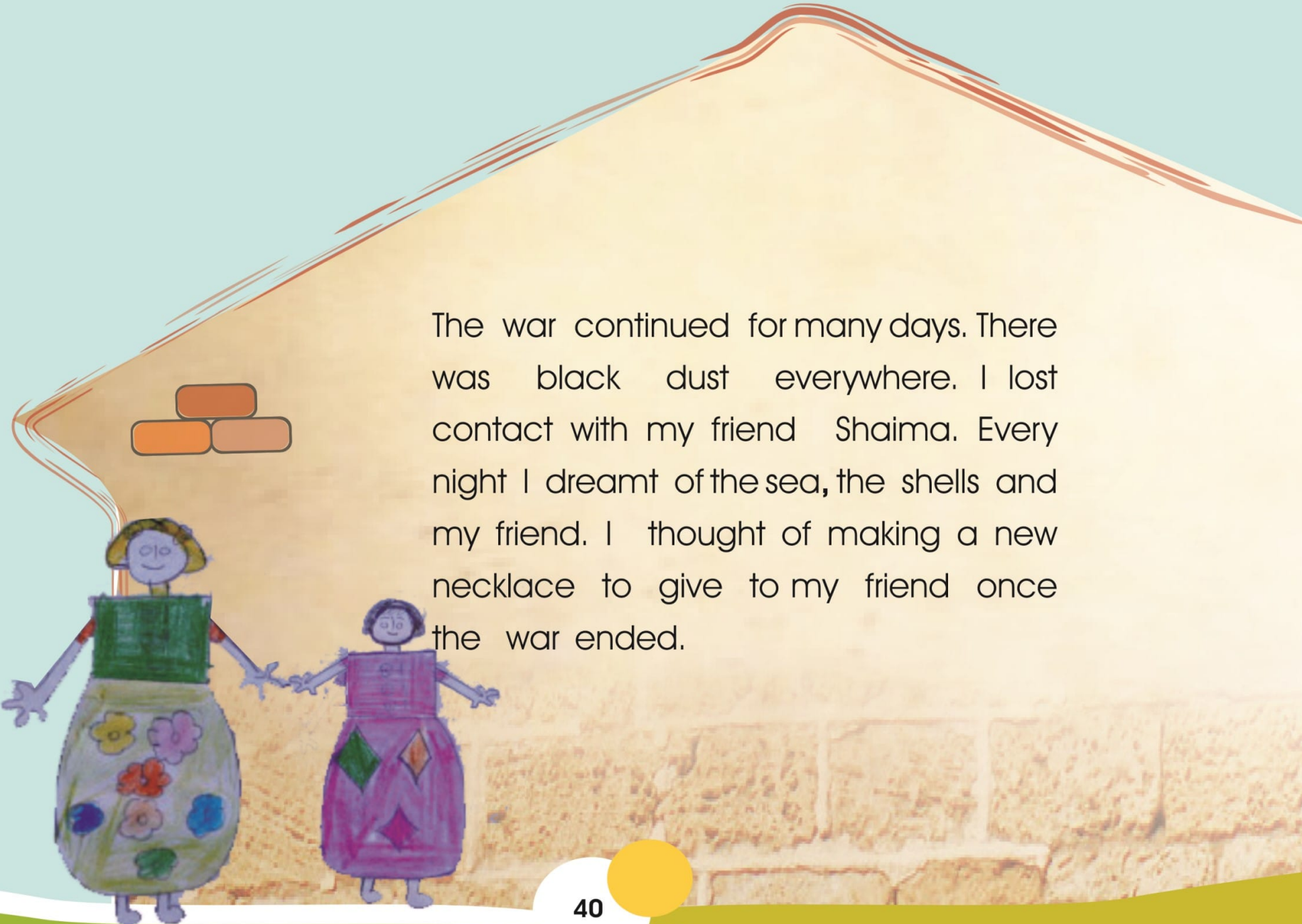
Aya Al Qassas ,11Yrs.

My friend Shaima and I agreed to go on a trip to the sea during the holidays. But A devastating war began and the shelling of the streets made people flee from one place to another. It was time for the trip, but we could not go to the sea.

وَطَالَتْ أَيَّامُ الْحَرْبِ ، وَاللَّوْنُ الْأَسْوَدُ فِي كُلِّ مَكَانٍ  
وَأَنْقَطَعَ الْإِتِّصَالُ بِصَدِيقَتِي شَيْمَاءَ ، وَكُلُّ لَيْلَةٍ أَحْلُمُ  
بِالْبَحْرِ وَالْأَصْدَافِ وَصَدِيقَتِي ، وَفَكَّرْتُ بِفِكْرَةٍ ، أَنْ  
أَصْنَعُ عُقْدًا جَدِيدًا وَحِينَ تَنْتَهِي الْحَرْبُ أَهْدِيهِ  
لِصَدِيقَتِي.

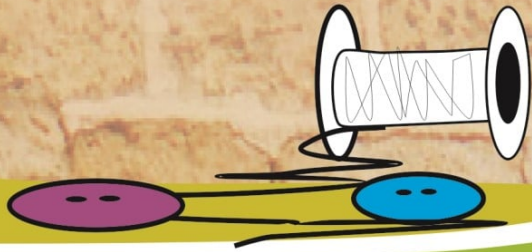






The war continued for many days. There was black dust everywhere. I lost contact with my friend Shaima. Every night I dreamt of the sea, the shells and my friend. I thought of making a new necklace to give to my friend once the war ended.

أَحْضَرْتُ الْأَزْرَارَ وَالْخَيْطَانَ الْمُلَوَّنَةَ وَالْخُرَزَ وَكَانَتْ عِنْدِي  
صَدَقَةٌ قَدِيمَةً، وَصَنَعْتُ عُقْدًا جَمِيلًا لِشِيْمَاءَ.. وَفَجْأَةً انْتَهَتْ  
الْحَرْبُ، وَصِرْتُ أَبْحَثُ عَنْ شِيْمَاءَ وَأَسْأَلُ عَنْهَا، فَلَمْ أَجِدْهَا  
بَعْدُ، لَكِنَّ عُقْدَهَا مَازَالَ بِيَدِي .







I bought buttons, colorful balls of yarn and beads and I had an old seashell. I made a nice necklace for Shaima. All of a sudden the war ended and I started looking for Shaima and asking about her. I have not found her yet and the necklace is still in my hand.

# لُعْبَتِي الْعَزِيزَةُ

رنين زقماط 11 عام  
ميساء طباسي 12 عام



كُوكِي اللُّعْبَةُ الصَّغِيرَةُ " دَبْدُوبُ قِمَاشِ بَنِي صَغِيرٍ،  
لَطِيفٌ، عَيْونُهُ أَزْرَارٌ سَوْدَاءٌ " كُوكِي مَوْجُودٌ عِنْدَنَا فِي  
الْبَيْتِ مِنْذُ عَشْرِ سِنِينَ، قَدْ جَلَبَهُ أَبِي هَدِيَّةً لِأَخِي الْكَبِيرِ  
وَكَلَّمَا جَاءَ مَوْلُودٌ جَدِيدٌ فِي عَائِلَتِنَا يَرِثُ كُوكِي ، وَفِي  
يَوْمٍ كَانَتْ الْحَرْبُ شَدِيدَةً جَدًّا وَالْبُيُوتُ تَتَسَاقَطُ



## My Beloved Toy

Ranin Zokamat, 11 Yrs.

Maysa'a Tabasi, 12 Yrs.


Koki is a toy, a cute, small, brown teddy-bear. Its eyes are black buttons. Koki has been in our house for ten years. My father had bought it as a gift for my big brother. Every new baby that was born into our family inherited Koki. One day the war was very intense. The houses were collapsing.



سَمِعْنَا جَارِنَا يُنَادِي بِصَوْتِ عَالٍ، عَلِمْنَا وَقْتَهَا أَنْ بَيْتَهُ  
مُهَدَّدٌ بِالْقَصْفِ، رَكُضْنَا خَارِجَ الْبَيْتِ، كُنَّا خَائِفِينَ جَدًّا  
بِالْفِعْلِ وَفَجَاءَ، قُصِفَ بَيْتُ جَارِنَا، وَإِمْتَلَأَ الشَّارِعُ غُبَارًا  
وَالْبُيُوتُ صَارَتْ تَتَكَسَّرُ، كَانَتْ قَذِيفَةً كَبِيرَةً جَدًّا، صَوْتُهَا  
عَالٌ مُخِيفٌ مُرْعِبٌ. صِرْنَا نَرْكُضُ فِي الشُّوَارِعِ، وَالنَّاسُ  
تَرْكُضُ، حَارِثُنَا صَارَتْ فَارِغَةً مِنْ أَيِّ شَخْصٍ.








We heard our neighbor shouting and knew then that his home was slated to be destroyed. We ran out of our house terrified. Immediately after our neighbors house was bombed and the street was covered with dust with shattered houses all around . It was a huge bomb with a deafening sound that was scary and frightening.

We started running, people were running too and soon the neighborhood was empty.

وَبَعْدَ يَوْمَيْنِ رَجَعْنَا لِحَارَتِنَا، فَوَجَدْنَا بَيْتَنَا مُدْمَرًا جُزْئِيًّا  
يَا اللَّهُ ! لَقَدْ نَسِينَا أَنْ نَأْخُذَ مَعَنَا كُوكِي الَّذِي ظَلَّ وَحْدَهُ فِي  
الْبَيْتِ !، رَكَضْنَا أَنَا وَإِخْوَتِي لِنَبْحَثَ عَنْ كُوكِي رَفَعْنَا  
كُلَّ الْحِجَارَةِ، وَالْأَخْشَابِ، وَفَتَّشْنَا فِي كُلِّ مَكَانٍ فَلَمْ نَجِدْهُ  
بَكَيْنًا عَلَى كُوكِي كَثِيرًا.

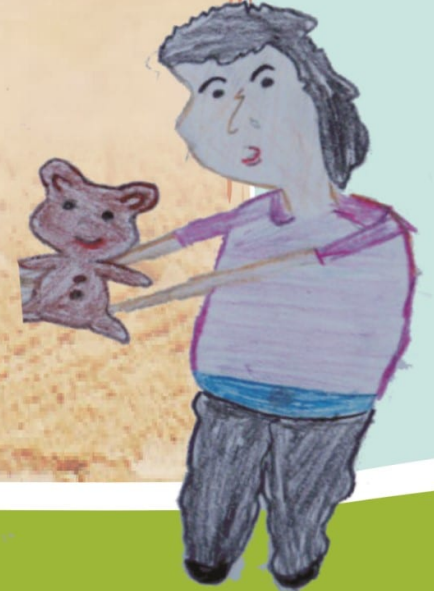





A stylized illustration of a house interior. The walls are a light beige color, and the floor is a darker beige. On the left, there is a window with a view of a landscape with trees and a building. In the center, a person with a red head is sitting on a bed or sofa. To the right, a person with a green head is standing. There is a blue chair and a red table. The overall style is simple and colorful.

After two days, we returned back to our neighborhood. We found our house partially destroyed. Ya Allah! I had forgotten to take Koki with us, it had remained alone in the house. My brothers and I ran to look for Koki. We lifted every stone and wooden beam. We searched everywhere, but we could not find Koki anywhere. We wept over the loss of Koki.

و فجاءَ أُختي الصَّغيرةُ قالتُ : هيا نَبْحُ في  
حَقائِبِ المَدْرَسَةِ، فَتَحْنَا كُلَّ الحَقائِبِ  
وَفَتَّشْنَاهَا، وَبَعْدَ جُهْدٍ وَحُزْنٍ وَقَلْقٍ وَجَدْنَا  
كُوكِي مُخْتَبِئاً فِي حَقِيبةِ أُخي الكَبيرِ، فَرِحْنَا  
كثيراً وَحَمَلْنَا كُوكِي وَصَرْنَا نَرْقُصُ مَعَهُ.





The illustration shows a simple house with a light brown wall and a dark brown roof. In the foreground, a child with dark hair, wearing a purple shirt, is looking towards a brown rabbit-shaped toy. The rabbit has green and yellow ears and purple shoes. To the left of the rabbit is a large blue bag with a dark pattern. The background is a light blue sky and a green ground.

All of a sudden my little sister exclaimed  
“Let's look in the school bags.” We began to  
look through all the bags and after a lot of  
effort, sadness and anxiety, we found Koki  
hiding in my big brother's bag. We hugged  
Koki and danced with joy.

## عُصْفُورُ الْحُبِّ



عادل القصاص 12 عام

دَخَلَ أَخِي ذَاتَ مَرَّةٍ عَلَيْنَا وَنَحْنُ نَجْلِسُ فِي الْبَيْتِ، وَفِي  
يَدِهِ قَفْصٌ بِهِ عُصْفُورٌ صَغِيرٌ، سَأَلْتُهُ: مَا هَذَا؟ قَالَ: هَذَا  
عُصْفُورُ الْحُبِّ إِسْمٌ غَرِيبٌ! كُنَّا نَسْمَعُ عَنِ الْحَسُونِ،  
عَنِ الْكَرِكِزِ، عَنِ الدَّوِيرِيِّ، لَكِنْ عُصْفُورُ الْحُبِّ! إِسْمٌ  
جَدِيدٌ عِنْدَنَا.





# The Love Bird

Adel AlQassas, 12Yrs.

One day while we were sitting at home my brother entered carrying a cage with a little bird in it. I asked him, "What is this?" He said, "This is a Love Bird." I had heard names of birds like Finch, Robin and Sparrow, but Love Bird was new to me.



عَلَّقَهُ أَخِي فِي عُرْفَتِنَا، وَوَضَعَ لَهُ الطَّعَامَ  
وَالْمَاءَ، وَفِي الْيَوْمِ الثَّانِي خَرَجَ أَخِي وَلَمْ  
يَعُدْ، مَاتَ أَخِي بِرِصَاصَةٍ فِي صَدْرِهِ، حَزِنْتُ  
عَلَى أَخِي حُزْنًا كَبِيرًا ، الَّذِي صَارَ حُبُّهُ  
يَكْبُرُ بِدَاخِلِي، كُلَّمَا نَظَرْتُ إِلَى الْعُصْفُورِ الَّذِي  
تَرَكَهُ أَخِي مُعَلَّقًا فِي عُرْفَتِي.





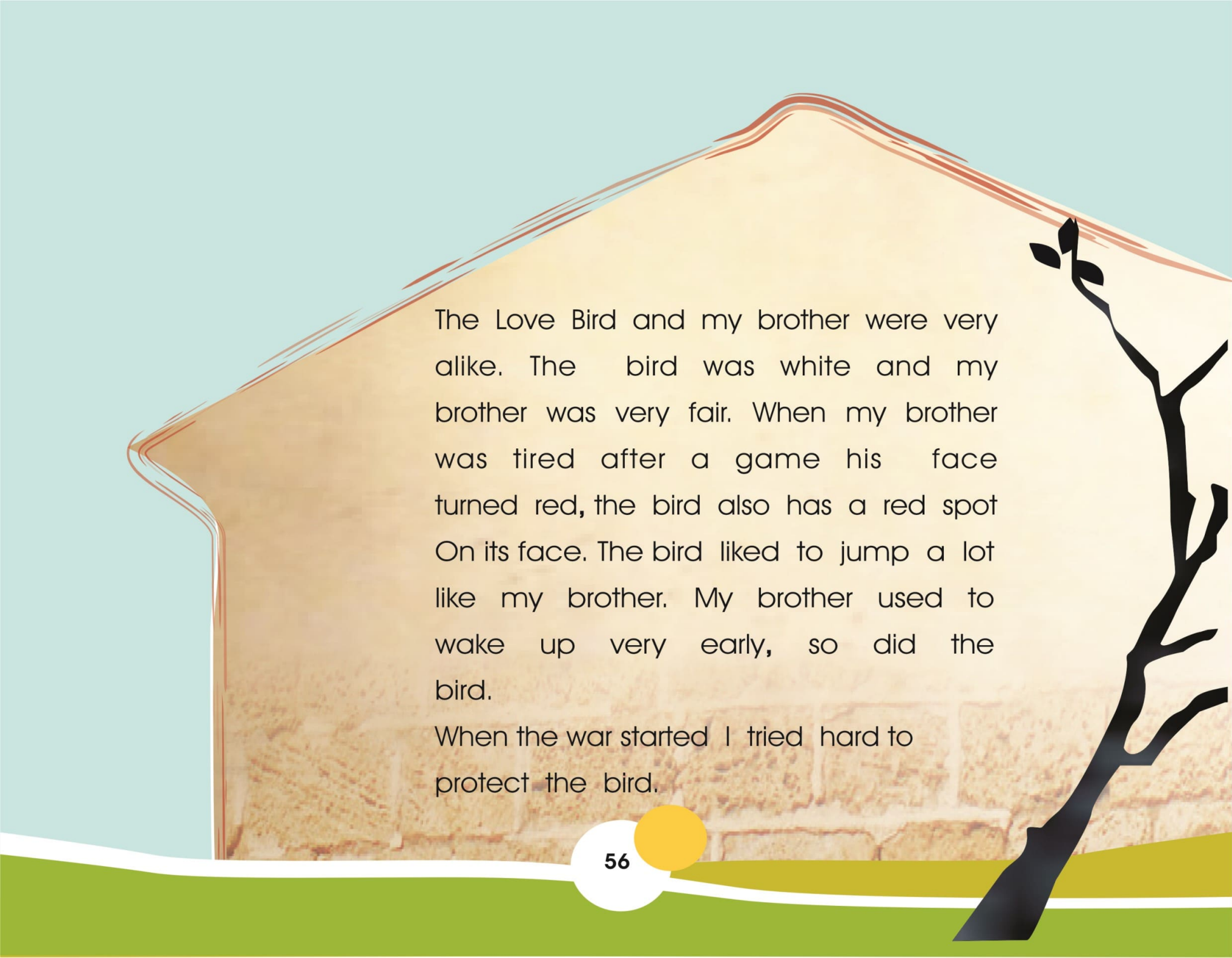


My brother hung the cage in our room and gave it food and water. The following day, my brother went out and never returned. He was shot in the chest and died. I was very sad for the loss of my brother. Whenever I looked at the bird that my brother left hanging in my room, the love for my brother grew.

العُصْفُورُ يُشْبِهُ أَخِي كَثِيرًا، العُصْفُورُ أبيضُ وَأَخِي  
أبيضُ الوَجْه، وَحِينَ يَتَعَبُ أَخِي مِنَ اللَّعِبِ يُصْبِحُ وَجْهُهُ  
أحْمَرَ، العُصْفُورُ أَيْضًا تُوجَدُ بُقْعَةً حَمْرَاءُ فِي وَجْهِهِ،  
العُصْفُورُ يُحِبُّ القَفْزَ كَثِيرًا مِثْلَ أَخِي . كَانَ أَخِي يَسْتَيْقِظُ  
بَاكِرًا جَدًّا، وَالْعُصْفُورُ كَذَلِكَ.

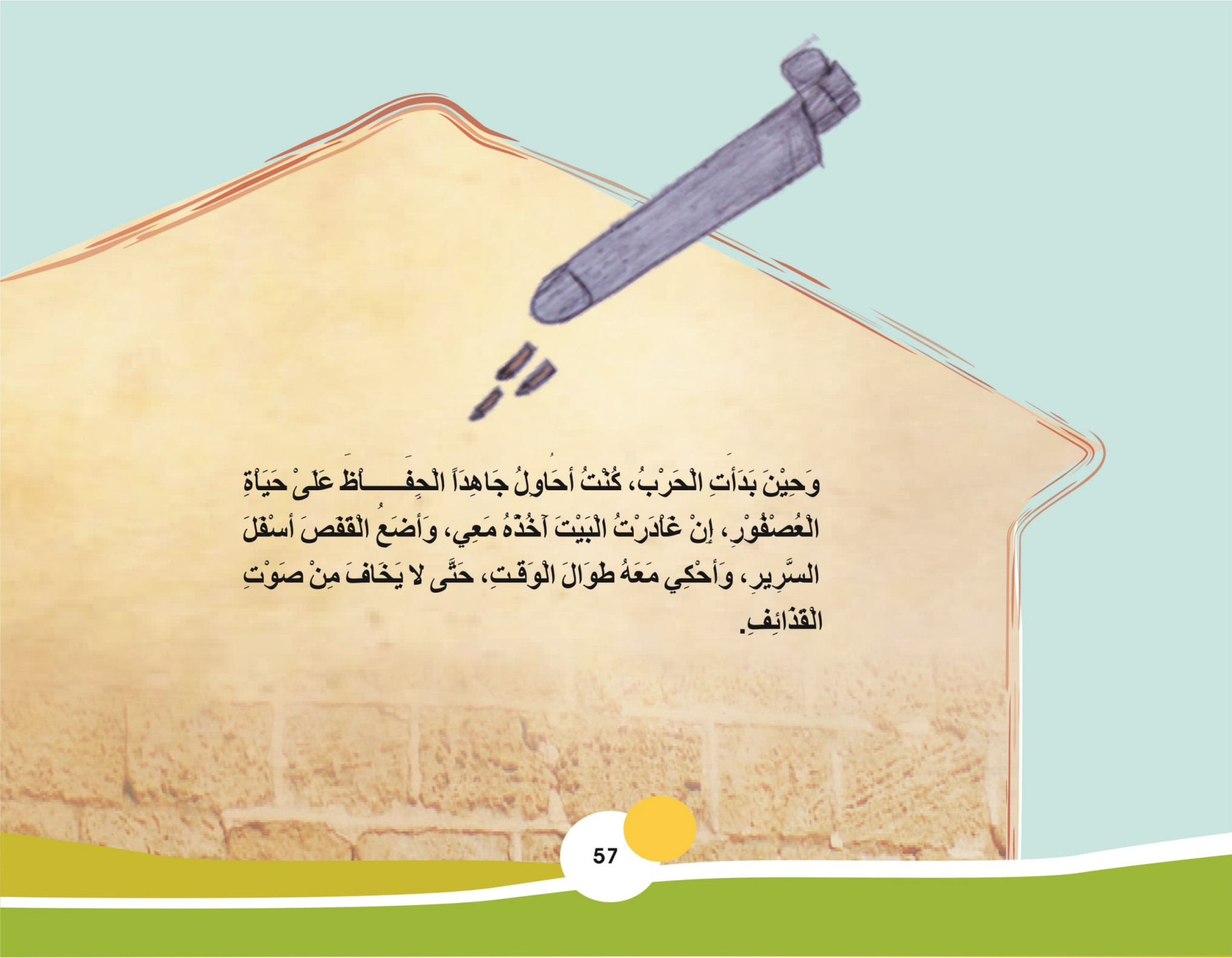




The background of the page features a stylized illustration of a house with a light brown, textured wall and a dark brown roof. To the right of the house, there is a black silhouette of a tree with several branches and a few leaves. The sky is a light blue color, and the ground is a green color. The text is centered on the page, with a white circle containing the number 56 at the bottom center.

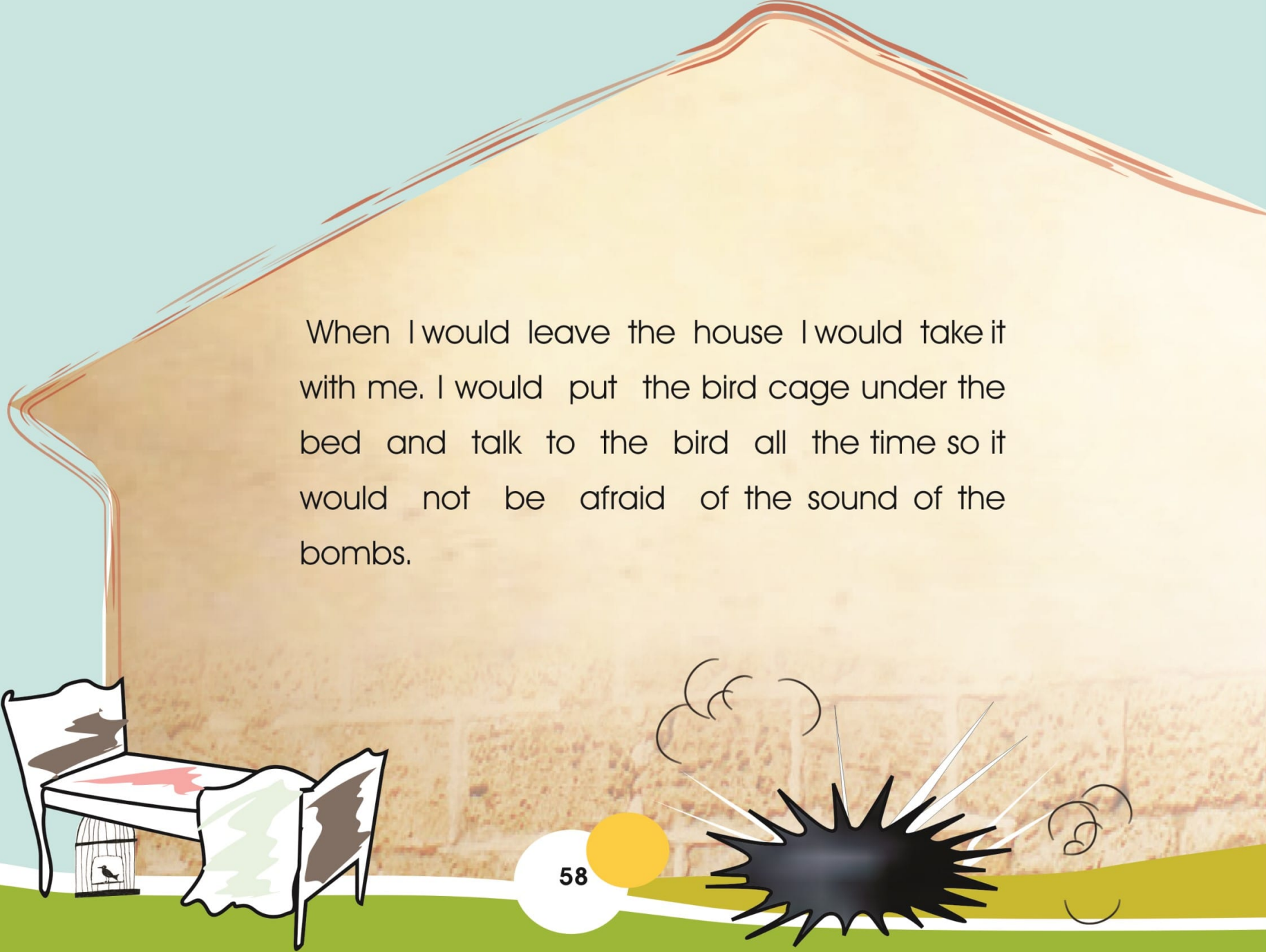
The Love Bird and my brother were very alike. The bird was white and my brother was very fair. When my brother was tired after a game his face turned red, the bird also has a red spot On its face. The bird liked to jump a lot like my brother. My brother used to wake up very early, so did the bird.

When the war started I tried hard to protect the bird.



وَحِينَ بَدَأَتِ الْحَرْبُ، كُنْتُ أَحَاوِلُ جَاهِدًا الْحِفَاظَ عَلَى حَيَاةِ  
الْعُصْفُورِ، إِنَّ غَادَرْتُ الْبَيْتَ أَخْذُهُ مَعِي، وَأَضَعُ الْقُقُصَ أَسْفَلَ  
السَّرِيرِ، وَأَحْكِي مَعَهُ طَوَالَ الْوَقْتِ، حَتَّى لَا يَخَافَ مِنْ صَوْتِ  
الْقَذَائِفِ.



A stylized illustration of a house with a brown wall and a light blue sky. In the foreground, there is a white chair with a red seat and a white birdcage with a black bird inside. The house is drawn with thick, expressive lines. The text is centered on the wall of the house.

When I would leave the house I would take it with me. I would put the bird cage under the bed and talk to the bird all the time so it would not be afraid of the sound of the bombs.



وَحِينَ انْتَهتِ الحَرْبُ، قَرَرْتُ أَنْ أُطَلِقَ العُصْفُورَ  
لِيَطِيرَ فِي السَّمَاءِ، فَيَلْتَقِيَ بِرُوحِ أَخِي، وَذَهَبْتُ لزيارة  
قَبْرِ أَخِي، فَسَمِعْتُ صَوْتَ العُصْفُورِ قَرِيباً جِداً مِنْ  
أَخِي، بِالْفِعْلِ إِنَّهُ عُصْفُورُ الحُبِّ، الَّذِي أَهْدَانِي إِيَّاهُ  
أَخِي.







When the war ended I decided to free the bird so it could fly into the sky and meet with my brother's spirit. I went to visit my brother's grave and I heard the voice of a bird very close to my brother. It was the Love Bird, the one my brother gave

