

CRIME AGAINST WISHES

2023-2024



Organization for Defending
Victims of Violence
(ODVV)



CRIMES AGAINST WISHES

© Organization for Defending Victims of Violence (ODVV)

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crimes against wishes

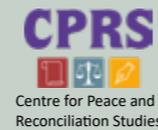
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INTERNATIONAL MOVEMENT
FOR A JUST WORLD

Crimes Against Children's Wishes



Mahdi Mohebirad
ODVV Executive Director

As a civil society organization concerned with the situation of victims of violence, we have been witnessed to the civilian repercussions of one of the deadliest wars, unprecedented in the modern history, "a war against children" which has turned Gaza, into "a graveyard for children".

Gaza horrifying scenes of "bleeding children being held by their parents", have been assimilated to Japan incidents following the atomic bombardment 80 years ago.

The staggering Gaza death toll since 7 October 2023 amounts to about 50,000, predominantly comprising women and children, while more than 98000 have been wounded and at least 10,000, including thousands of children, still missing, likely dead and buried under rubble.

"Crimes against Children's Wishes" which only represents the tip of an iceberg, is an attempt toward picturizing the innocence of thousands of Gaza children, who lost their valuable lives in an atrocity which will remain as a "a stain on our collective conscience" forever.

We feel strengthened by some other NGOs, civil societies and human rights activists also share similar concerns:

Miftah

Center for Peace and Reconciliation Studies

Fundación Latinoamericana por los Derechos Humanos y el Desarrollo Social

International Movement for Just World

Children Rights for Healthcare

Bahjat Al Fuad Center for Psychological and Medical Rehabilitation

Dreams of Children in Gaza



Dr. Mehment Sukru Guzel
*President of Centre for
Peace and Reconciliation
Studies*

The pictorial report, an initiative of the ODVV with the support of numerous other NGOs and human rights activists, highlighting the shattered dreams of Gaza's children, serves as a poignant reminder of the profound suffering these innocent souls have endured amidst the horrors of war. Their plight is a heartbreaking testament to the wider humanitarian crisis in the region. These children, caught in the relentless crossfire, face unimaginable trauma and pain. Many have been torn from their homes, separated from their families, and stripped of their sense of safety, leading to deep psychological wounds and unfortunately, many others, as shown in this report, have lost their lives. The constant shadow of violence looms over them, inflicting lasting emotional scars that manifest as anxiety, depression, and post-traumatic stress disorder. Like children everywhere, the children of Gaza had dreams filled with hope. They envisioned futures bright with education, friendship, and the freedom to explore their passions. Some aspired to become doctors, artists, or teachers, yearning for a life beyond the confines of war. Yet, these beautiful aspirations are often dimmed by the harsh realities surrounding them. Education, a

basic right, has become a privilege out of reach, with many schools destroyed or rendered unsafe. As a result, countless children are forced to abandon their studies to support their families or out of fear for their safety. Despite these overwhelming challenges, the resilience and spirit of Gaza's children shine brightly. They continue to hold onto dreams of peace and stability, yearning for a world where they can grow up free from fear and uncertainty. It is vital for the global community to recognize their suffering, to stand in solidarity with them, and to advocate for a future where every child can pursue their dreams and live in dignity. Their hope is a call to action for all of us, reminding us of our shared humanity and the urgent need to foster a world of compassion and understanding.

Beneath the same sky: Gaza's young dreamers



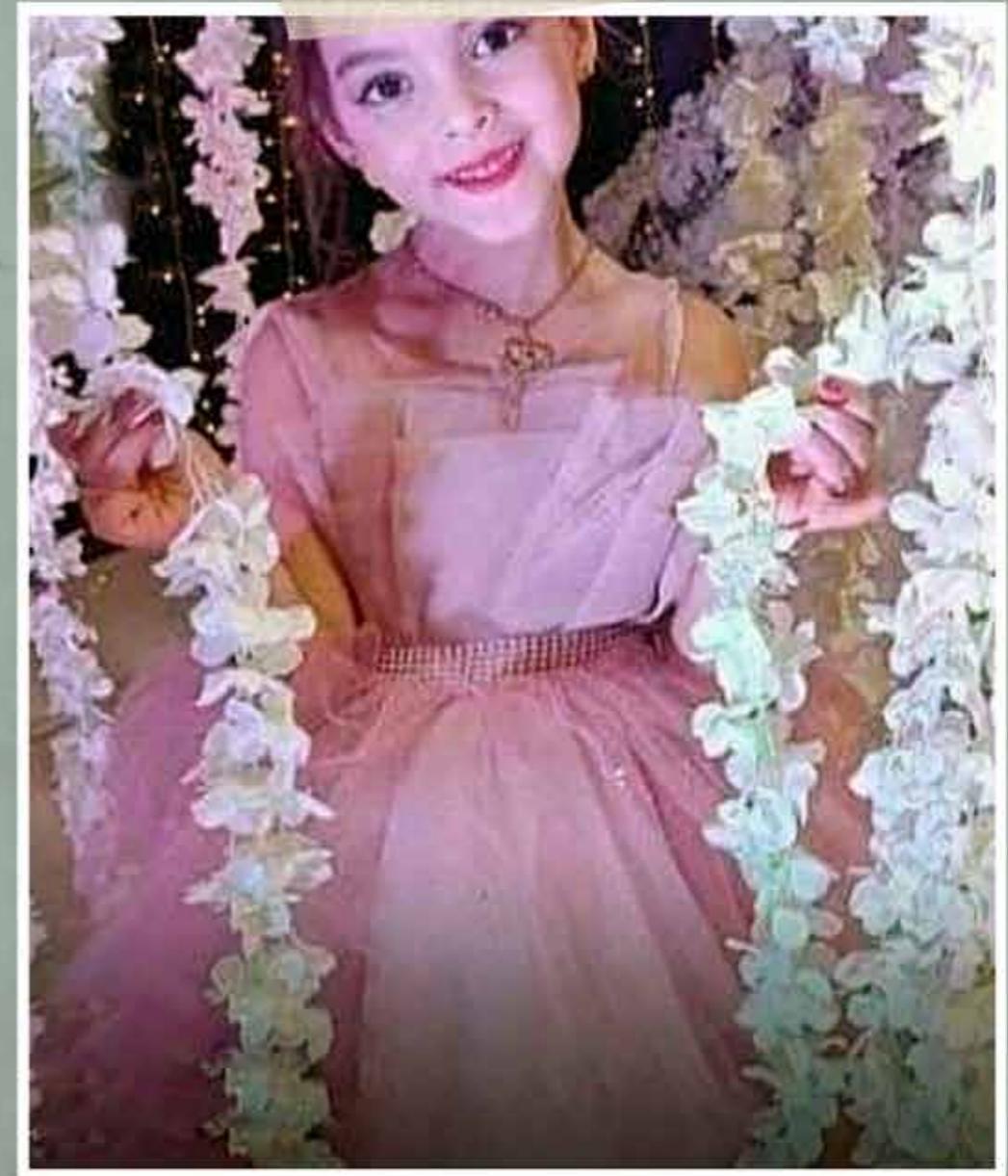
Tahreer Araj, Ph.D.
MIFTAH Executive Director

As we present this booklet, our hearts are heavy with the stories of children whose lives were cut short in Gaza, victims of a genocide that has torn apart countless families and shattered the fabric of a society. Each child featured here was a unique individual, full of promise and potential, tragically erased from a world that failed to protect them. This booklet, prepared by the Organization for Defending Victims of Violence (ODVV), aims to serve as an urgent appeal to all who read it: that the children of Gaza, and indeed all children, deserve a future free from the horrors of war. Over the past year, Gaza has faced continuous devastation, its schools, hospitals, and homes reduced to rubble. For the children who remain, life has been stripped of its basic essentials, and childhood itself has become a casualty. Nearly every child [note: all are out of school; at least customary schooling] in Gaza is now out of school, and the majority face food insecurity, malnutrition and emotional and physical trauma, including the loss of limbs. In what should be years of play and learning, children instead carry the weight of adult burdens—working, gathering food and water, and navigating the constant threat of being exterminated by Israel. UNICEF has described Gaza as a “graveyard for children,” a chilling reflection of how much we have allowed humanity to fail. The purpose of this booklet reaches beyond honoring the memory of these young lives; it stands as an urgent call to action for the international community and a reminder of our shared duty, in line with the Convention on the Rights of

the Child, to safeguard children in times of war. The stories in these pages seek to amplify the Palestinian narrative, underscoring the humanity of a people striving for dignity, safety, justice, and basic human rights. They are meant to resonate with policymakers, advocates, and citizens worldwide, pushing all of us to demand accountability for human rights violations and to work toward a future where no child has to endure such loss. The continued silence and inaction by the international community in holding perpetrators accountable for war crimes against Palestinian children—children who have endured unimaginable trauma and survive only as witnesses to genocide—serve to compound this tragedy. This silence must be broken if we are to honor not only those we have lost but also the principles of justice and human rights to which we are all bound. The Palestinian Initiative for the Promotion of Global Dialogue and Democracy- MIFTAH, as a co-sponsor of this effort, fully endorses the content and significance of this booklet. While we have not been involved in its preparation, we are deeply committed to supporting its dissemination and to advocating for justice on behalf of Gaza's children. It is our hope that the international community, including the UN High Commissioner for Human Rights and other UN reporting bodies, will recognize the urgency of this crisis. We hope that this booklet will move each reader to act, to advocate, and to remember that behind every statistic is a child who deserved so much more.

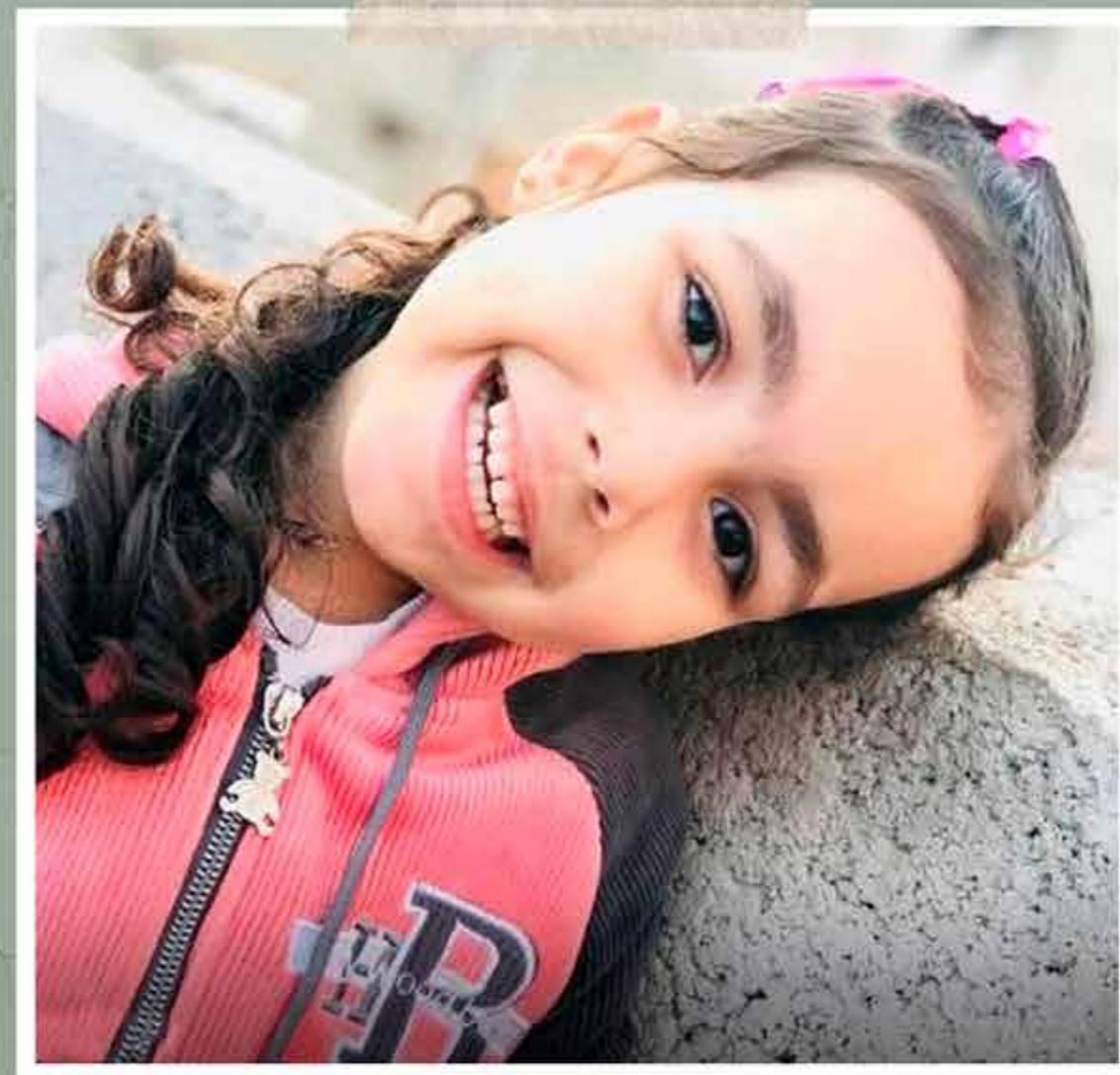
"I always love playing with my dolls and learning about animals, imagining a world full of life and adventure."

My name is Reema Abu Al-Omreen, and I am just 8 years old. I am an active child who loves school, especially mathematics, where I excel and always compete with my friends for the highest marks. Dolls fascinate me, but I am also captivated by animals, choosing to watch nature programs over cartoons. During the Israeli genocide, my family and I stayed in the northern Gaza Strip, moving from place to place in search of safety. But safety was impossible to find. On September 25th, the building we lived in, in Sheikh Radwan, was targeted by Israel, and I was martyred alongside my mother and sister.



"I love asking questions and learning about the world, imagining it through the colors of my watercolors, always bright and full of life."

My name is Sham Al-Najjar, and I am just 9 years old. Drawing and painting with watercolors are my favorite pastimes, and I spend most of my days asking my mother endless questions, eager to learn. My father works hard to provide for us, but weekends with him are always my favorite. I dream of a future filled with love and happiness, surrounded by my family and friends. But the Israeli genocide has changed everything, and my life was tragically cut short. I was martyred on April 27th during the Israeli occupation of Gaza.



Remember Sidra Hassouna She just wanted to play with her sister, Amouna Israel killed her on February 12, 2024



"I always imagined the world as colorful and beautiful, like the drawings in my sketchbook, full of life and dreams."

My name is Sama, and I am just 13 years old, I love drawing, coloring, and making clothes for my dolls. I dream of becoming a fashion designer one day, filled with passion for creating beauty through fabric and colors. I am full of ambition and joy, always eager to pick out clothes with my mother, and I follow the latest trends with excitement. I believe that life is meant to be bright, just like the pictures I color in my books. But when the Israeli genocide took place, everything changed. The colors of my world turned to gray, and on September 30th, I was martyred during the Israeli occupation of Gaza.



Remember SHAM Sham just wanted to live with her pet dog, Israel killed Sham with her dog in February 2024. ISRAEL HAS KILLED OVER 16,000 CHILDREN LIKE SHAM IN GAZA SINCE OCTOBER 7, 2023.



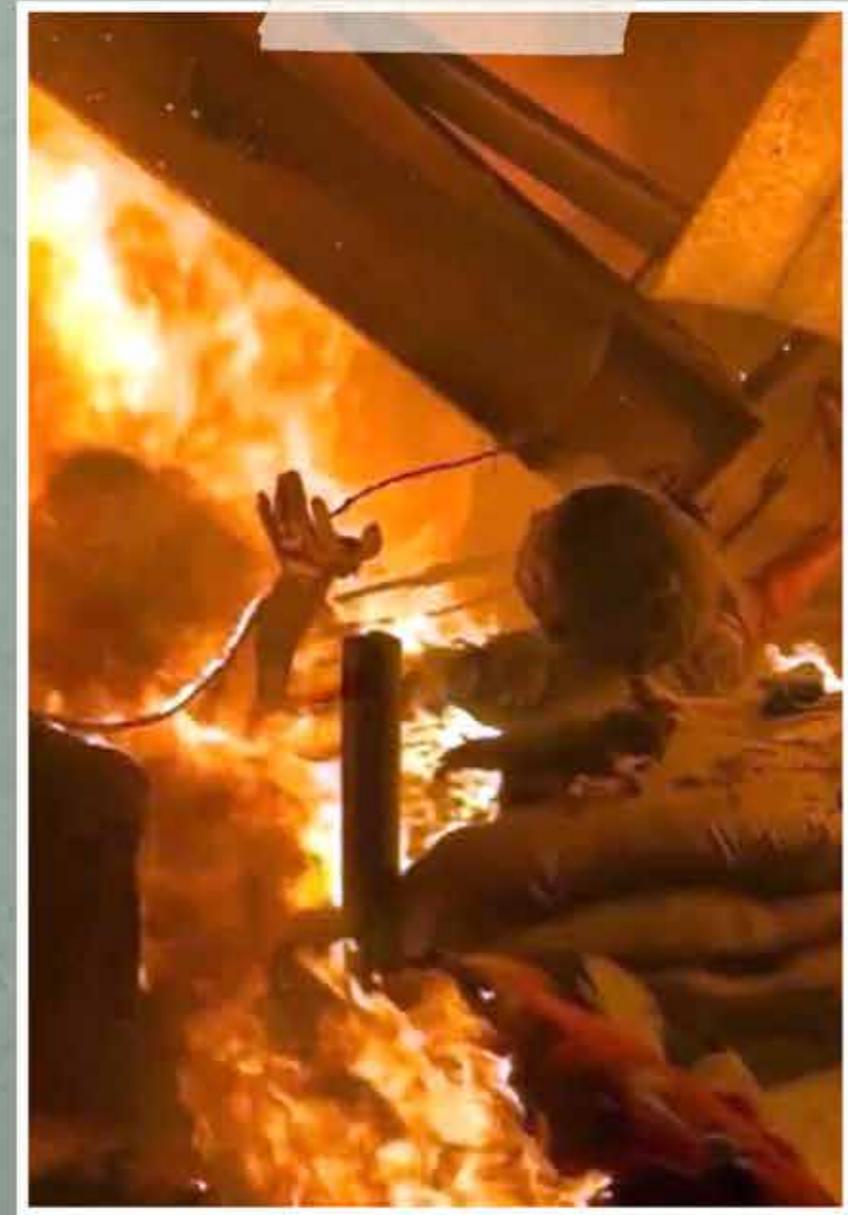
His name is Youssef (7), "he has curly hair, and fair skin, he is beautiful" We will never forget, and we will never forgive Israel killed Youssef on October 15, 2023



Shaban Ahmad Al-Dalu, who was burned alive by Israel yesterday, had just fulfilled his dream of joining medical school a month before the war broke out. Just days ago, he wrote: "I have never in my life seen anything more terrifying than the thought of a person's death, their disappearance in a single moment, their sudden escape... And the impossibility of their return. The human mind, with all its vivid imagination and capacity for understanding and creation, stands helpless before this absence. Were it not for God's mercy upon us, for our faith that this is His decree and our acceptance of it, we would surely lose our sanity."



ALLAH is a witness that Israel is burning
people alive.



He suffered from Down syndrome and dreamed of becoming a football player. His dreams were shattered when Israeli soldiers unleashed a dog on him to eat him alive, Mohamed called the dog 'my love,' hoping it would stop hurting him.



URGENT SOS | Zamzam is still missing! No one knows her fate up until this moment! For the past 9 days, Zamzam has been pleading with the world to save her, but no one has responded! This was her last call. Where is Zamzam?!



“She was the heart and joy of our home, and now she has become a bride in heaven. The war took her away from us, leaving us with sadness in our hearts.”

Wafa, nicknamed “Fufa,” was the eldest daughter of her father, my beloved, and the granddaughter of her grandmother and grandfather. They spoiled her, and she spent every day with them. Wafa was martyred on December 31, 2023, in an Israeli airstrike on their home.



"I wish the world wasn't such a cruel place and that I hadn't have to live under the Israeli occupation"

My name is Omar Montaser, I am a 6 year old boy from Gaza who loves studying, going to school and taking care of animals. I was in first grade. My cousin Sham and I used to compete over who could learn more things the fastest. I also like memorizing short verses from the Quran and recite them to my father. I think I am different from other boys my age because I enjoy mind games more than them. I thought maybe I would become useful to society when I grew up. But like many children in Gaza, I didn't have the chance to do so. On August 25th 2024 I was martyred by Israel. I did nothing wrong to be killed, and I just wish the world would help the other children of Gaza.



Remember Lubna Elian, 14 years old. She only wanted to become a famous violinist. Israel killed her along with her parents and 45 members of her family.



Hind Rajab (6 years), We will never forget you



On this day last year, Israeli forces bombed the an-Najjar family home in Deir al-Balah with a 2000lb US-made JDAM, killing 24 people, including 21 from the same family. This angel, Mahraman, was killed along with her mother Rana, and her siblings Mouin, Jude, Yazan and Zein.



"I am a young man full of dreams and love for my family, determined to build a future that was tragically taken from me."

My name is Hazem Ghorab, 23 years old, and I have recently graduated from the Faculty of Accounting at Al-Azhar University. I work with my father and brothers at Al-Bashir Lights Company, and I am known for my generosity and commitment to those I love. My family is preparing for my upcoming wedding and I have dreams of starting my own business, while continuing to work alongside my father, and building a life with the woman I love. When the Israel genocide began, my mother and sisters traveled to Egypt for safety, and the rest of us planned to join them soon. But before we could, on August 31st, the house we sought refuge in at Al-Nuseirat camp was bombed; I was martyred that day, along with several of my beloved family members, leaving behind shattered dreams and a grieving heart.



"Everyone is lying to us, they say there's a ceasefire, then they say no, there isn't."

Listen to the pain of the child Ashraf Al-Majaida from northern Gaza.



An Israeli sniper directly shot her while she was trying to escape and survive from Jabalia Camp



"I accept Your will, Ya Allah, but please stop the war and don't take another person from me."

The son of the martyr Omar Noufal bidding farewell to his father. When will all of this end



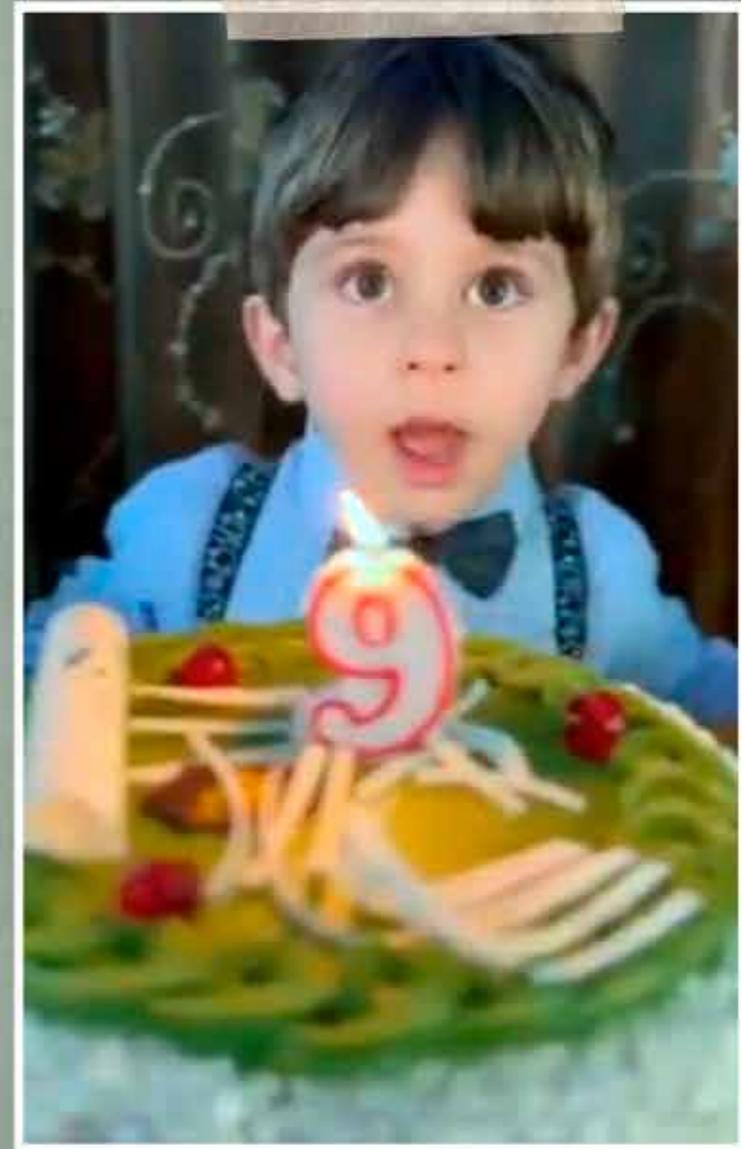
أنا راضي يارب بس وقف الحرب

“Israel killed them all, leaving their mother’s heart drowning in sorrow.”

On October 17, 2023, Israel took the lives of the Al-Maghari family: Sarah, Abdul Rahman, Aref, and their father Ahmad. They remained buried beneath the rubble of their home for 29 days, leaving their mother all alone, never to hear the voices of her children telling her, “You are the most beautiful mother in the world.”



He loved blowing out his siblings' birthday candles, but he never got to blow out his own. Little Mohanad, 5 years old, was killed by Israel along with his father in September 2024.



Little Mariam Ashour, not yet six months old, spent her brief life under the sounds of bombardment and the scent of death, amidst the ongoing genocide in Gaza. Her only fault was being born Palestinian, and she was killed by an Israeli occupation missile that destroyed her tiny body.



"Everyone in this photo was killed by Israel."

On this day, this was the last picture of Lulu's family, taken on October 6, 2023, before Israel committed a massacre against them in December 2023, killing them all. None survived, and they all remain buried beneath the rubble. We will never forget, we will never forgive.



He went to buy an orange but was killed by an Israeli sniper in a direct targeting. The child, Imad Hazem Abu Al-Qura', (4), heard the call of the orange seller and went along with his cousin Hadeel, (20). On their way back, an Israeli sniper directly shot at them in the Sheikh Radwan area in Gaza. This is a documented, full-scale war crime. (Video in the first comment) It is worth mentioning that there have been dozens of similar war crimes involving direct targeting of children. In January 2024, an Israeli sniper killed the children Nahid and Ramez Barbak in the Al-Amal neighborhood of Khan Younis.



“After blockading us, causing horrible starvation, Israel considered buying flour as a crime and that’s why they brutally murdered me”

My name is Mahmoud Khalil Sbieh, and I am 23 years old. I am known for my kindness, always eager to help others and greet everyone with a smile. I have a deep love for the Quran, which I have memorized, and I am passionate about my studies in Multimedia at the university. I have dreams of graduating and working in a field I truly love, hoping to make my family proud. But on February 29th, my dreams were cut short. During the Nabulsi massacre, I went out to get flour for my family, when an Israeli warplane targeted me, leaving behind a family broken by grief, struggling to carry on without me.

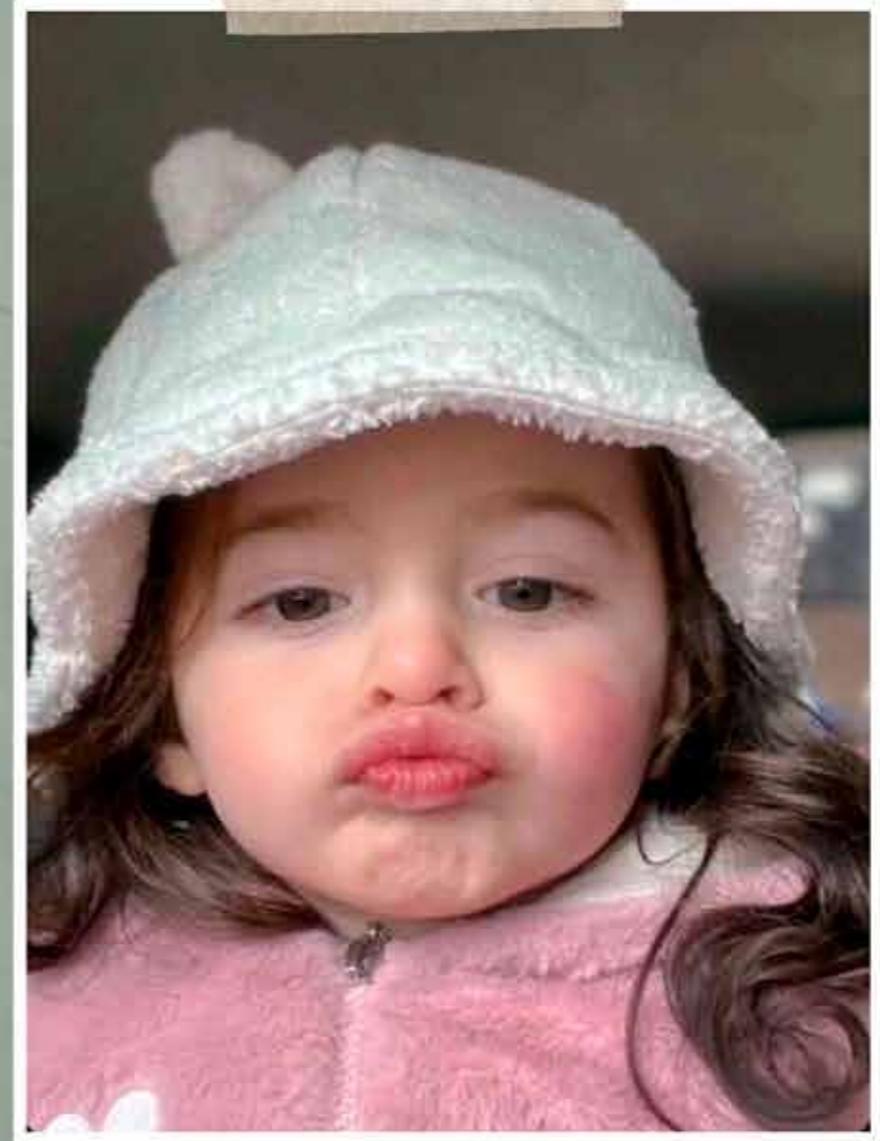


"I really wish I could hug Odai."

Yesterday, Murad dreamed of meeting his son Odai, who was killed by Israel a few months ago. MOMENTS AGO, Murad was martyred, finally reuniting with his child Odai. This was the last thing Murad posted: "One of the things I miss and long for the most is to hug Odai. Odai often comes to me in my dreams, and I hug him tightly, but these dreams have become exhausting. While holding him in my dream, I tell myself this is just a dream, and I start touching him to make sure it's real. Every time I realize it's a dream, and I wake up to the harsh reality. Ya Allah, reunite me with him and do not deprive me of meeting him."



Her name was “Ward,” and Israel killed her.
We will never forget, and we will never
forgive.



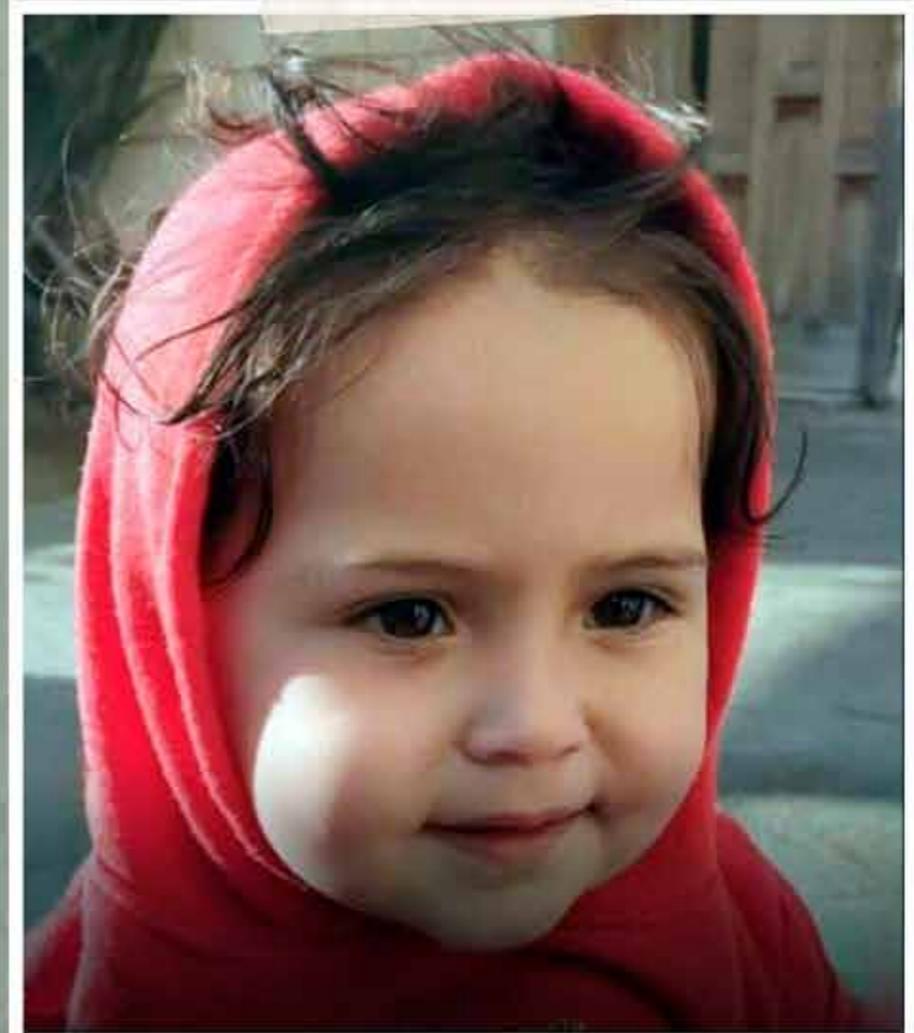
"He went to buy bread for his mother but returned to her as a headless corpse."

His name was Muhammed Saeed Al-Ustaz, 7 years old. He was killed by an Israeli sniper with a direct shot to the head while he was on his way to buy bread for his mother.



“The Israeli army turned their weapons on us, the smallest and most innocent, but how many more children must fall before the world says enough?”

My name is Aden, and I am only two and a half years old. I am the youngest in my family, the baby everyone is attached to. I have an older sister, Jannat, who is three years older than me, and I love her with all my heart. We spend every day playing together, laughing as only little sisters do. My parents adore me deeply and my grandmother always tells me that one day, I will grow into a beautiful and intelligent girl. But I never had the chance to grow up. On July 24th, our home, the place my family refused to abandon, was targeted. I was martyred that day, alongside my dear sister Jannat.



"I was my father's joy, his little ray of sunshine who had been grabbed from him. He would say, 'Just seeing Hoor's smile makes me forget all my exhaustion and sadness.'"

My name is Hoor Tayeh, and I haven't even completed my first year of life. I am the youngest of my family, pampered by everyone, especially my older sister Julia, to whom I am deeply attached. My green eyes and innocent smile bring light to my parents' hearts, but the Israeli occupation denied me the chance to live my childhood or grow up in peace. On June 6, everything changed. Our home was directly targeted by the Israeli army, and I was martyred alongside my beloved sister and mother. My father was the only survivor, left to carry the unbearable weight of this loss, finding our bodies more than five months later.



I am a bright and joyful boy, the light of my mother's eyes. She cherishes every moment with me, always making sure to capture and document the little details of my life. My father and I share a love for football, and I enjoy watching games with him, taking pride in dressing neatly and caring about my appearance. We have spent a lot of time together, and I have been the happiest when he would take me out with him. On March 10, as I was out with my father to buy supplies for our family, everything changed. In an instant, we were targeted by the Israeli army and I was martyred alongside him. My dreams, my laughter, and the moments I shared with my family were taken, but the love and memories we created will never fade.



"I studied hard and graduated with a professional degree, so I could take care of my family. However, the criminal occupation wilfully murdered me and my entire family and stole our future."

I'm Bilal Abdel Rahim Abu Shaqra, 22 years old, and I graduated from Al Aqsa University, Gaza, with a Bachelor's degree in Accounting on Oct 6th 2023. I have a lot of friends but my best friend is my brother Baha with whom I like to joke around and have a laugh. I've been told I'm popular, and have a dazzling smile and cute dimples. Now that I've finished my studies, I'm looking forward to starting my career, earning money and being a support for my family. On January 9th, before I even got a chance to begin my life as an adult, Israel martyred me along with Baha, our mother Awatef, sisters Nour, Safaa, and Hadeel with her little children Hisham and Rafif. We just wanted to live, but Israel snatched it all away from us.



“I’m just a schoolgirl who has neither committed any crimes, nor hurt anyone. Then why Israel did you sentence me to death; why did I deserve to be killed in a most brutal way?”

I’m 15 year old schoolgirl and hafiz-e-Quran (memorizer of the Quran), Misk Feras Al-Shawwa from Gaza. I’m told that I’m gentle, calm, kind and studious. I have a best friend at school who also attends the same mosque as me so we’re inseparable, two peas in a pod. We often discuss our future together, which university we will attend together and how much we have to look forward to. On October 24th, Israeli warplanes indiscriminately bombed my house, and I with my sister Sondos, brother Ahmed, and the rest of my family were instantly killed. From jannah (heaven) I can see my bestie mourning me, and I can hear her tearful words, “I will never forget you, Misk. May we meet again in jannah.”



The beautiful child with green eyes Yousef Mohammad Shehadeh Light-hearted and charming, he was just starting his days in kindergarten. He was killed by Israel alongside his mother, Doaa, and his only brother, Musab. Ten months later, his father also joined them as a martyr in Gaza City.

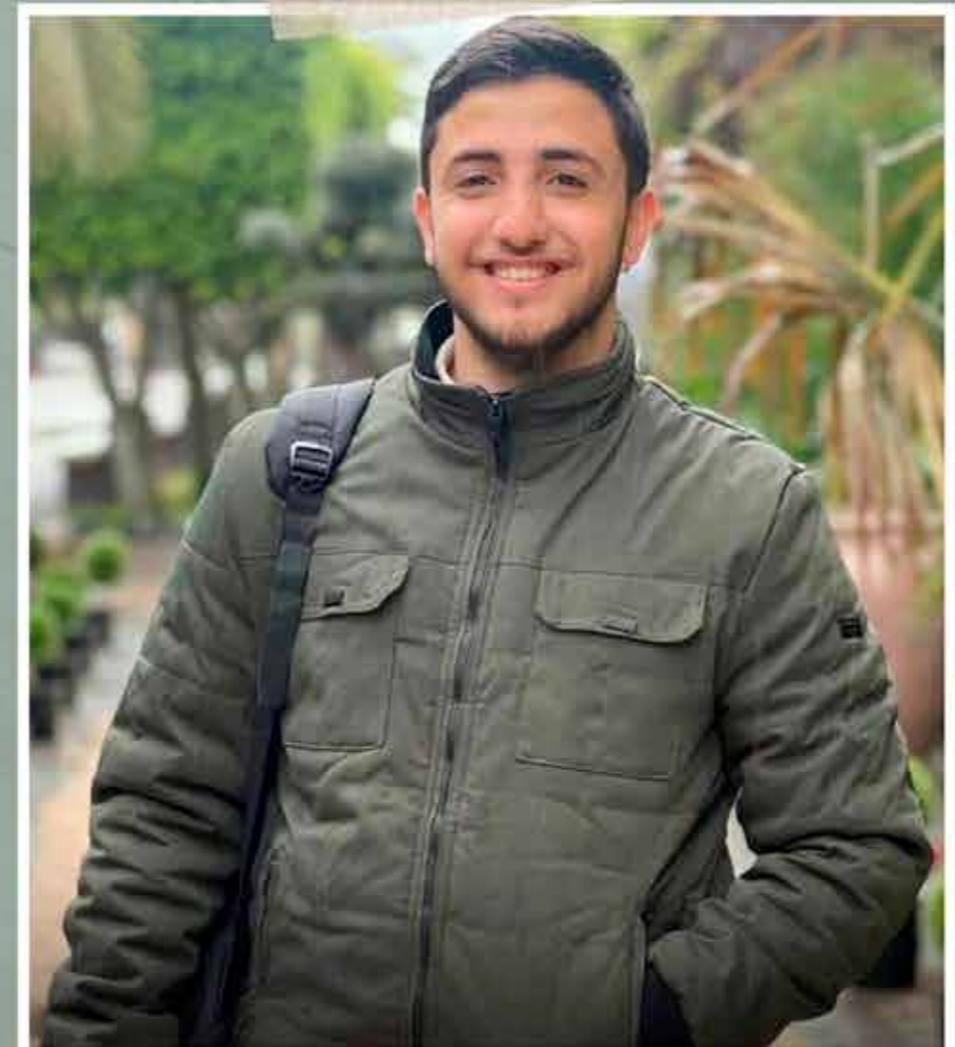


They aren't UNKNOWN! They have names! Aysar and Aysel Mohammad Abu Al-Qumsan. They were killed by Israel while their father went to get their birth certificates. He returned only to find them killed along with their mother by the Israeli war machine. We will never forget, and we will never forgive.



“Though my life was brief, it was filled with love, hope, sacrifice, and the quiet resilience of a young man who only longed for peace.”

My name is Mohammed Jibril and I am 20 years old, a student of computer systems at Gaza University. When I was a child, my mother protected me with fierce love. She would keep me close, away from the streets, but I was mischievous and would play outside with some friends under her watchful eye. Her dedication never wavered, 4 days after my sister Alma was born she resumed teaching me; that’s how much she wanted to see me succeed. Her drive meant that I excelled at university and every morning when she sent me off her eyes were filled with pride. But on August 23, my dreams were cut short as I was martyred in Gaza, another victim of the relentless Israeli occupation who always steals our lives and causes grief to our mothers. My life was simple, and my heart was full of hope for a future that now remains a distant memory



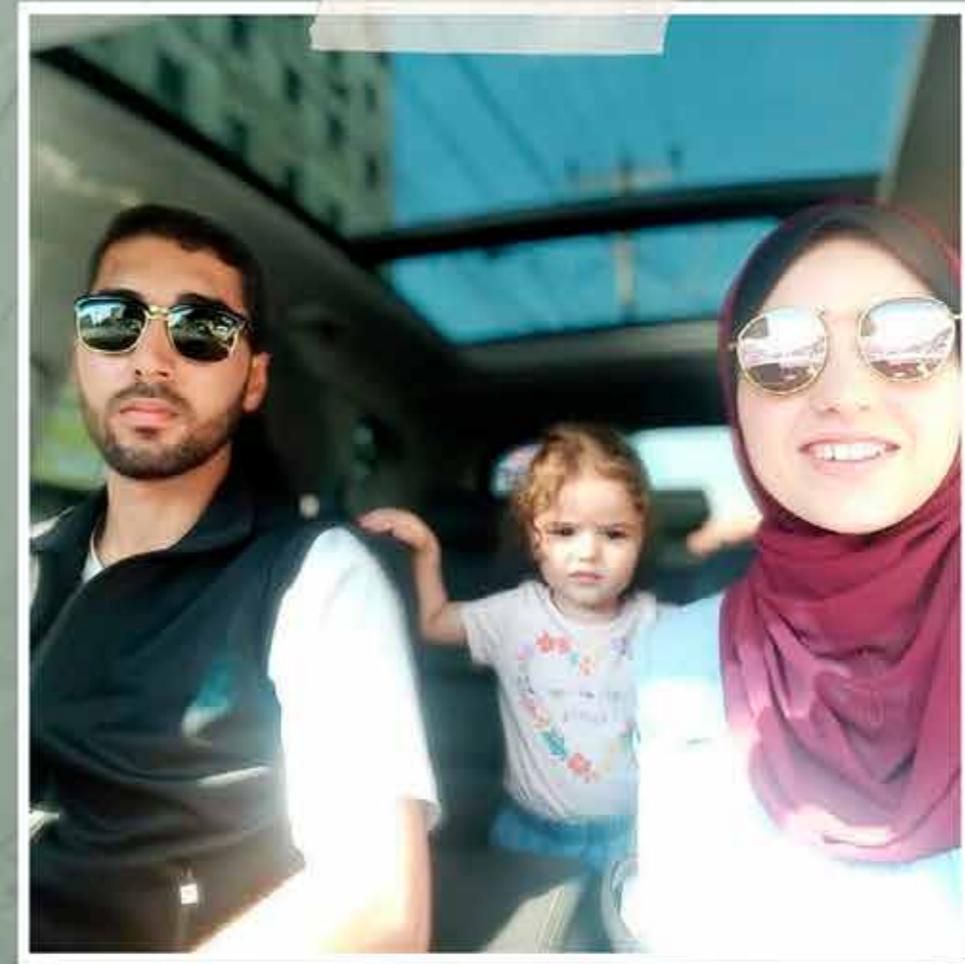
"I was supposed to be a doctor saving lives, but my small body was torn apart by the Israeli occupation before I could realise my dream."

My name is Jana Abu Rajila, I am 7 years old; I am intelligent, cheerful, delicate and beautiful. I excelled in school, I love dressing up and taking care of my appearance. My sweet presence is cherished by my entire family. I was playing with the girls in my neighbourhood, we were in a circle laughing and clapping when an explosion tore apart our little bodies. The child-killing Israeli occupation slaughtered us before we had the chance to grow up.



“Israel killed this beautiful family and crushed their dreams”

Sundus, her husband Aziz, and little Maryam had big dreams and ambitions. They founded their own company, “Motion X,” an IT company that became the fastest-growing in the Middle East. Israel, targeting Palestinian minds and everything Palestinian, killed them on October 15, 2023.



The child Zain Mahmoud Arouq, with his enchanting smile, He survived an Israeli airstrike on his home in November, where 17 of his family members were killed. However, he did not survive the aid box that fell on his head due to the starvation war that Israel wages against civilians in Gaza.



His dream was to become a journalist like his father. The child Bilal Nidal Hamida was very attached to his sister Miarr and loved her dearly. The Israeli occupation ended his dream and killed him along with his sister and mother in October 2023.



“Little children are protected all over the world, but the children of Gaza are targeted by Israel merely for existing. Having killed nearly 20,000 of us, they still haven’t had enough”

I’m nine year old school girl Tala Abu Ajwa from North Gaza. I enjoy science class best, because my baba is a doctor who teaches chemistry at the university and makes my science homework fun. My parents love me very much, and call me their little darling. During playtime, I ride my scooter up and down the street with the other children. That’s how I met my death on September 4th at the hands of the Occupation while playing on my scooter with my friends in the street when a missile fell on us. My baba had been reluctant to let me go outside, but I convinced him, not knowing that would be the last time my parents would see me alive.



This beautiful little girl, Nora, she was lively and full of life, with a distinctive laugh. Nora was playing with her siblings before she was killed by the Israeli killing machine in Gaza and was buried without her HEAD.



“The trauma of the genocide is literally breaking our little hearts. We keep waiting for the world to stop Israel killing us.”

I’m Baby Nada Kabaja, a toddler of only 18 months from North Gaza. I’m my parents firstborn, their pride and joy, the apple of their eye. Despite the scarcity and high prices due to the blockade, my parents tried their best to keep me healthy and wanting for nothing. Everyone who saw me said I’m an intelligent, sweet and adorable child, and they loved to play with me. My family, like other families, fled from northern Gaza in order to keep me safe, however, they couldn’t block out the sounds of Israeli missiles and bombs. On August 25th, my little heart couldn’t take it anymore and stopped beating from fear of the sound of the constant explosions.



“Children like me should get to play and study, and not worry about when a bomb will fall on us. How is the world not able to stop Israel from killing Gaza’s children?”

I’m Alma Skik, 12 years old, from the prosperous Al Rimal neighbourhood in Gaza. Many call Al Rimal the beating heart of Gaza and our life here was a happy one. But ever since the bombardment started, it has been hellish for me with the terrifying sounds of Israeli warplanes flying overhead, the thunderous explosion of missiles and bombs, the ground shaking and nights turning into day with the white phosphorus fire. I hide in my bedroom and, even though my Mama has told me not to, I can’t help seeing in social media on my phone all the death and destruction and killing, children like me being shredded, knowing at any moment it can be us—it’s so terrifying that I can’t help crying. On November 13th, an IOF bomb fell on our building and martyred me, with my mother, and my siblings, only my father survived, heartbroken over our loss. Our bodies weren’t recovered from the rubble for another six months till May 8th when we were finally laid to rest.



The last thing my aunt said in mourning me was “How lovely your face is, my dear. You would have been a very beautiful girl”, it is a great tragedy that I, along with so many other children, will never grow into our faces, our tiny bodies destroyed, our families robbed. I am little Bisan, I was born on August 4th 2022; I am named after my aunt Bisan. This is how Palestinians love to honour names, it was a wonderful surprise for her. Bisan, is one of the ancient Arabic names that refers to a Palestinian town located south of Lake Tiberias, which dates back to the days of the Canaanites and the Jebusites who built it. I should have been able to take this name, inhabit it, make it my own and make my aunt proud but I will be little Bisan forever. On the 4th of December I was martyred alongside my entire family in an Israeli airstrike on our home.

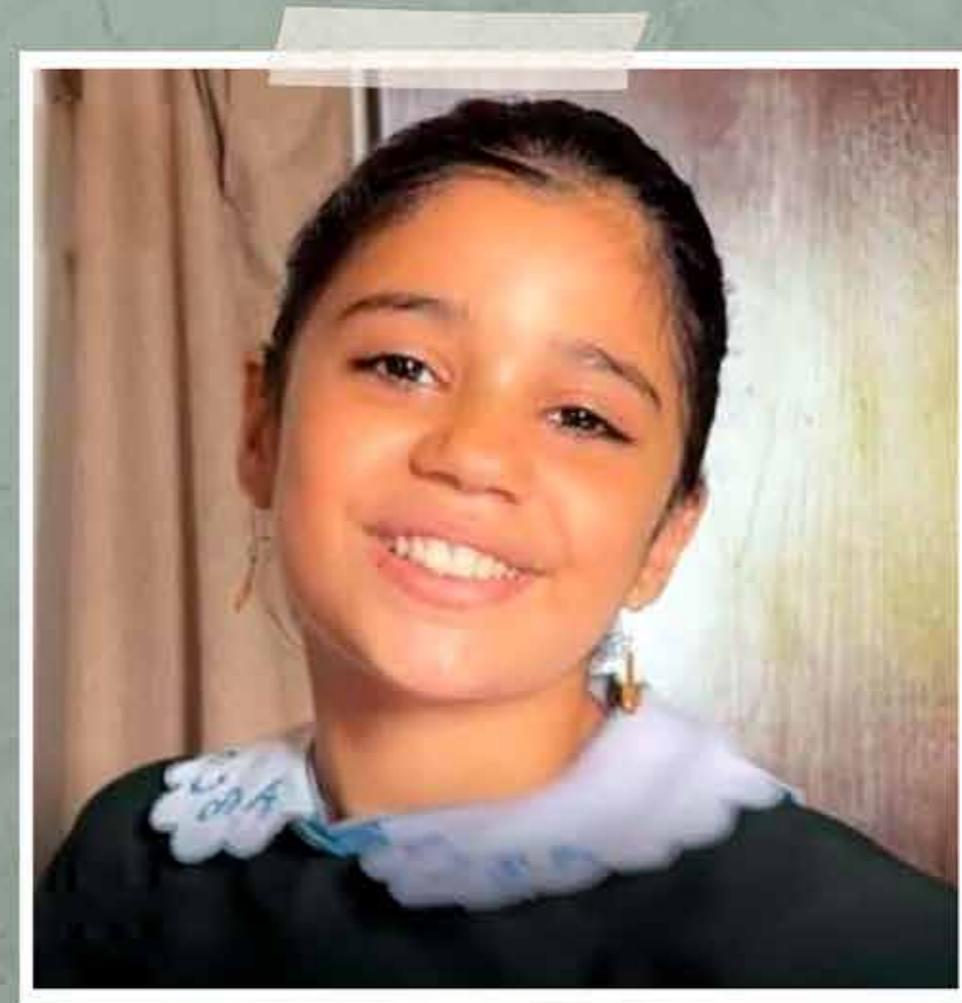


The child Fatima Jaafar Abdullah, (10) years old, She had dreams and a future. Israel killed her today in southern Lebanon.



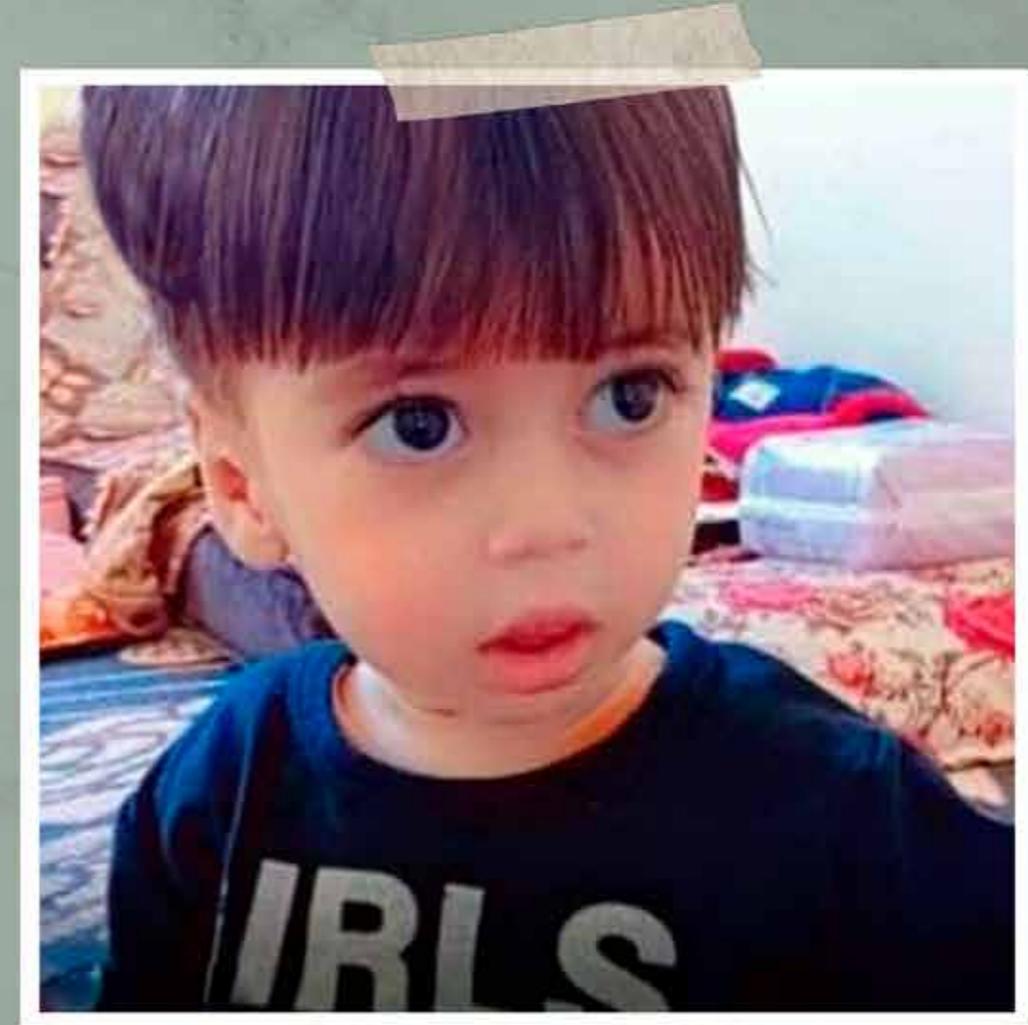
"I always dreamed of flying free, like a little bird, high above everything."

My name is Yasra, I'm 12 years old, and I was known for being an intelligent, kind, and calm child, always excelling at school. I have always loved reading fairy tales and sharing them with my father, who would listen to me with a smile. My greatest joy was hugging my parents before school, and my dream was to become a doctor to help the people of Gaza, especially those who have been suffering throughout decades from the long brutality of the Israeli occupation and their endless attacks. On October 14, I told my father, "I want to be a little bird in paradise." That same evening, an Israeli airstrike near our home fulfilled my wish. I became a martyr, leaving this world with a heart full of love and a dream that, in some way, came true.



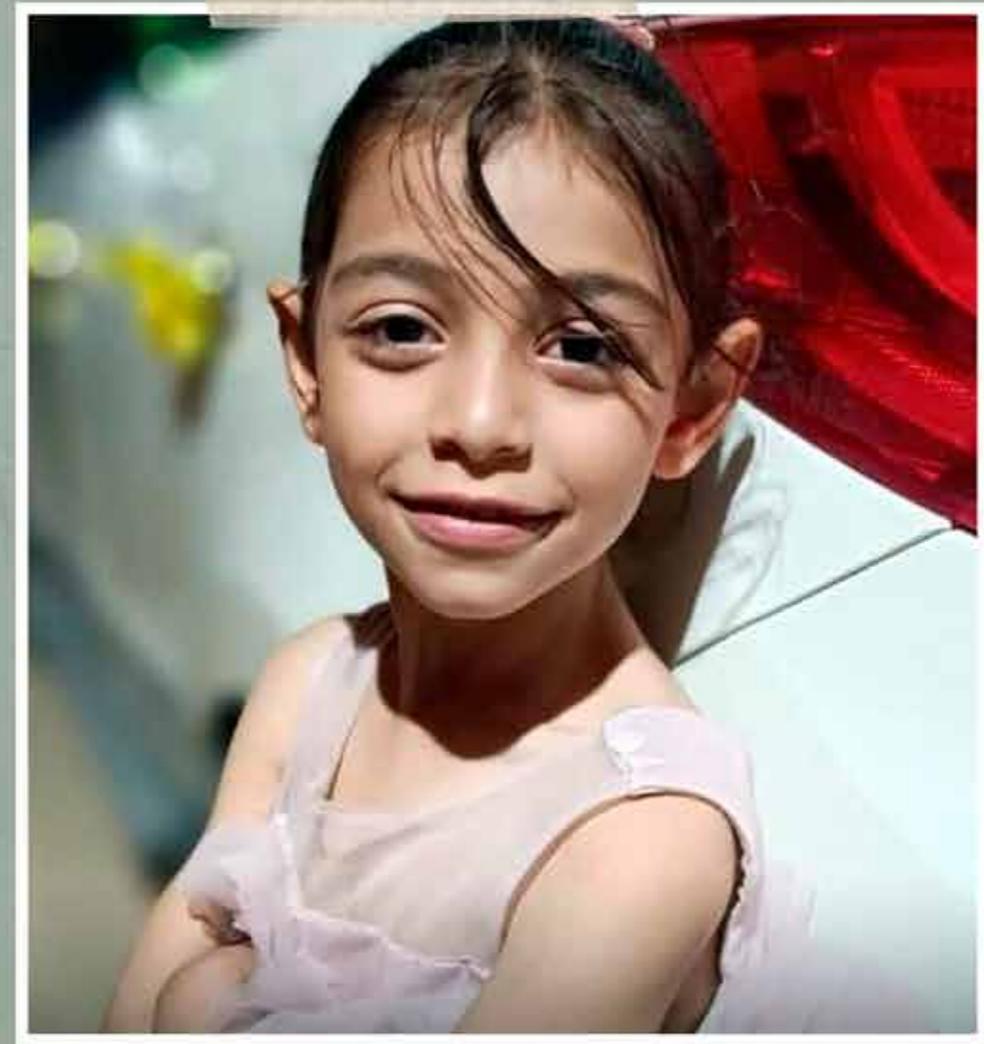
"I am trembling with hunger, as the genocide tears everything away, leaving nothing but pain and fear inside me."

I am Muntasir Abu Hilal, a 4 year-old from Gaza; I am my parents' youngest child who they have always spoiled with everything. My family never denied me anything, least of all food, and this only fills me with more sadness now, as I passed away from the malnutrition that Israel inflicted on me for many, many months. I wonder why people from other countries don't care about Gaza, I see now that some of them are not horrified or even sad! On July 20, 2024, my hunger turned me into a little martyr. Many children like me have been killed, so please speak up and pray for Palestine.



"I am so sad to see everyone I love suffering so much, and now I am taken away from them too!"

My name is Rinas Abu Jame, I am 9 years old and I am from Gaza, I love my family, playing with my friends, watching the sea and going to school. My family and I left to seek refuge at Al-Awda School, thinking we were going to be safe there. I was in fact worried about my other relatives that had to stay behind. But I was wrong, because the Israeli bombs targeted the school and killed me while I was trying to check on them. I was martyred on July 11 and now I can take better care of everyone from this place. No one can notice me but I am watching many things and the horrors are beyond anything I imagined. I wish that those who are still alive would care for the crimes that are being committed against my people in Gaza.



Alaa Barhoum was the only child of her parents. Israel killed the five-year-old girl along with her mother in a direct targeting of their home in Rafah (safe area)



Israel killed the family of Professor Sufian! All members of this family in the picture were subjected to genocide by Israel, and none of them survived!



"I had dreams too, a life and a world I wanted to discover. But now, it's up to you to stop this, so no more children like me are taken away."

My name is Julia Tayeh, and I am a 5 year old from Gaza. I loved to laugh, learn, and ask questions about everything. I was the firstborn in my family, a little girl who loved hearing fairy tales from my dad before bedtime. I always wanted to know more; about the stars, the sea, and why the sky was blue. My sister and I were best friends, and we filled our home with laughter and light, a safe and happy place, surrounded by the love of our parents. But on May 6, the Israeli bombs killed us. My sister, my mom, and I were murdered when our home was hit. Please save other children like me, please save us. All we want is to have normal lives. Don't let us be forgotten.



The angelic sisters, Basma and Bisan, do you see the beauty and innocence in their eyes? They were holding each other to find comfort from the fear of Israeli shelling, before a missile struck and killed them in cold blood, along with their brothers Abdullah and Mustafa.



This is our little angel Maryam Ashour. Her smile is enchanting, so cute. Israel executed her by burning! Her crime? She was only born Palestinian! We will never forgive, and we will never forget!



“I did not live long enough to understand everything happening around me, but I could feel emotions through my little heart. My brief life has been filled with both immense love and profound confusion.”

My name is Mohammed Thabet from Gaza, and I am an adorable one-and-a-half-year-old baby. From the moment I came to this world, my parents and older siblings showered me with affection, making me live in an ocean of bliss for a few precious months. My favorite moments were those tender times spent in their loving arms in our blessed home in Deir al-Balah, and I couldn't help but cry whenever they had to step away from me. They had dreams of a long life ahead for me, one filled with success and happiness. Yet, midway through my short journey on earth, I began to hear terrifying sounds and seeing frightening fires—one of which destroyed our beloved home and forced my parents to flee in a desperate search for safety for me and my siblings, in vain. From Jannah, I look down and finally understand that it was Israel attacking us all along and ended up taking me away from my family's love by taking my life on July 15.

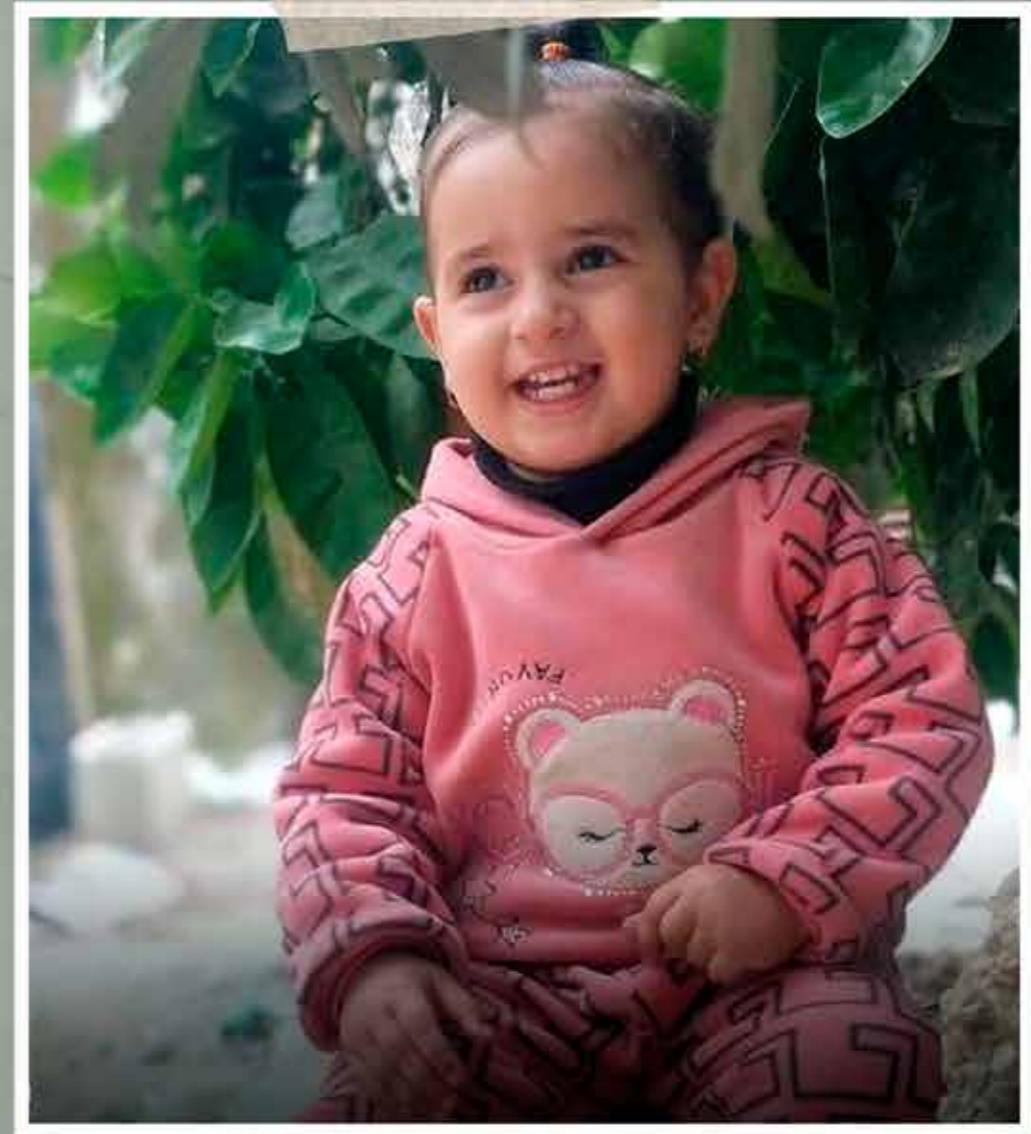


"I will never sing again, my family must go on without hearing the sound of my voice. What kind of world is this where we Palestinians are killed and silenced so cruelly?"

I am Yousef Usama Eissa Moshtaha, I am 18 years old and I live in Al-Shejaiya. I work in my family's factory but I am known for my melodious voice; I love reciting the Quran, chanting, and performing poetry and songs. I enjoy my life, I am very social and there are many people who I hold dear. I stayed in the north with my family, and on January 21st, while I was trying to buy flour, I was killed in a sudden and cruel airstrike at Dolla Junction. I had to leave my family although I knew they will be shattered. I hope they remember the beautiful memories we made; I hope they remember the sound of my voice.

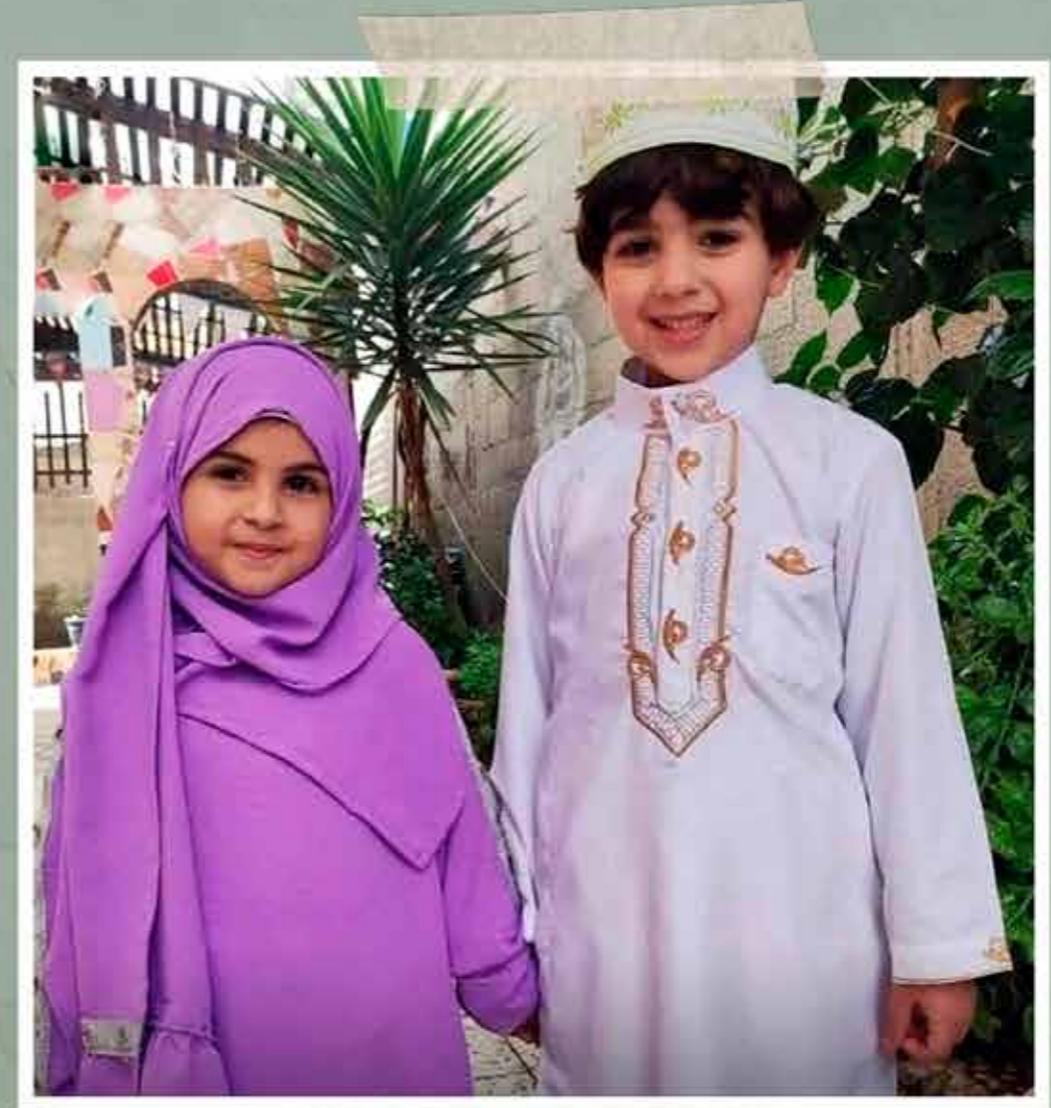


This is Maryam my angel who is now asleep in God's hands. My Maryam who was barely two years old. My dear Maryam if I had known the last time I kissed you would have been a farewell I would have kissed you a hundred times over; I would have told you all the plans I had for you; all the things I wished for you! Why was my baby a target?! Why are Palestinian babies targets? Why must they die? Why must we all kiss our angels goodbye, and not good morning?



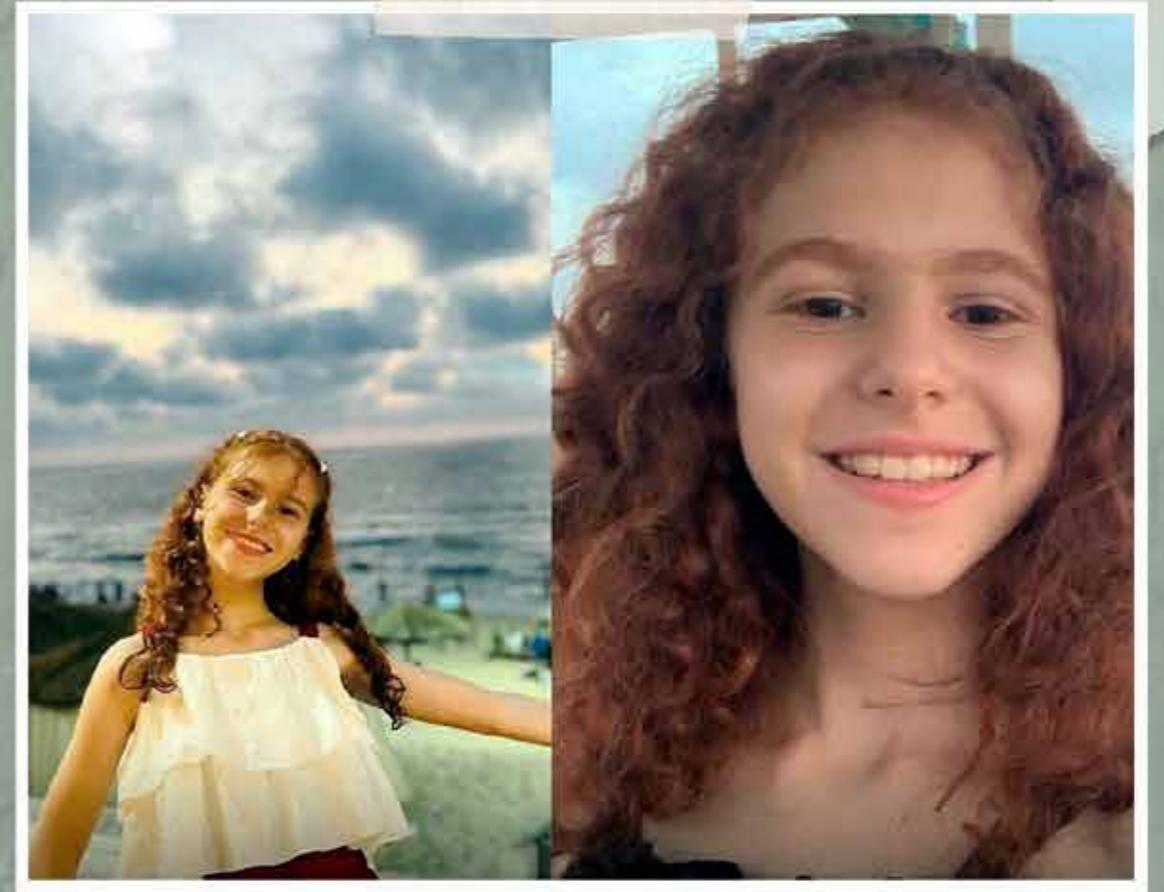
“You may have seen pictures on your phones of our bombed building with us trapped in the rubble. Israel won’t stop killing us Palestinian children till you stop them.”

We are Omar and Nada Hamada, 6 and 4 years old, from Gaza, and I want to be an engineer and Nada a doctor when we grow up. We had to leave our home with our Mommy, Baba, Nana and baby sister Zeina because the Israeli Army told us to. We had to leave behind all our toys, and books, and friends, our room, TV, everything. Thankfully our Mommy quickly packed our new outfits, a suit with a bow tie, and a white princess dress, that we will wear to our uncle’s wedding soon. Even though we were so excited about the wedding, we will never get to go now. An Israeli warplane dropped bombs on the apartment building where we were living with relatives in Al Nuseirat, killing all of us, except Mommy who survived and is very sad now. She misses us and cries all the time.



“I believe that every moment is an opportunity to create beautiful memories with family and friends. I tried to make my life a canvas of joy, painted with laughter and love “

My name is Adyan Essam Al-Farra. I’m a vibrant 13-year-old, the youngest sister in my family, and the heart of our home. My family, especially my beloved sisters Toqa and Rosol, are my world, and I cherished every moment spent with them. I was filled with excitement as I looked forward to starting junior high, dreaming of the adventures that awaited me. I would excitedly tell Rosol’s close friend : “ Sadouni is at our place today! ” every time I saw her. My laughter and cheerful spirit brought smiles to those around me. I love dressing neatly and capturing moments through photographs. I enjoy outings with my sister Toqa and our uncle, and I’m deeply attached to Toqa, often seeking comfort in her arms. I was a bit sad knowing that she would be moving to a new home after her wedding on October 25th. But on that day, tragedy struck. Without warning, occupation warplanes bombed our home, shattering our lives in an instant. I was taken from this world, along with Rosol, Toqa, and my parents, Essam and Semat. In those final moments, I found solace in Toqa’s arms, forever resting in a place of peace. What saddens me most is that my loved ones are left to grieve my absence. I wish they could see me smiling down at them from above, knowing that I am at peace. I hope they remember the joy I brought into their lives and find comfort in the love we shared



War Crime | The sniper attacks on Gaza's children by Israeli soldiers continue. The 15-year-old girl, Lana Hassan Shaqoura, was killed by a sniper from the Israeli occupation army in the Shakoush area of Mawasi, Rafah (a safe area).

