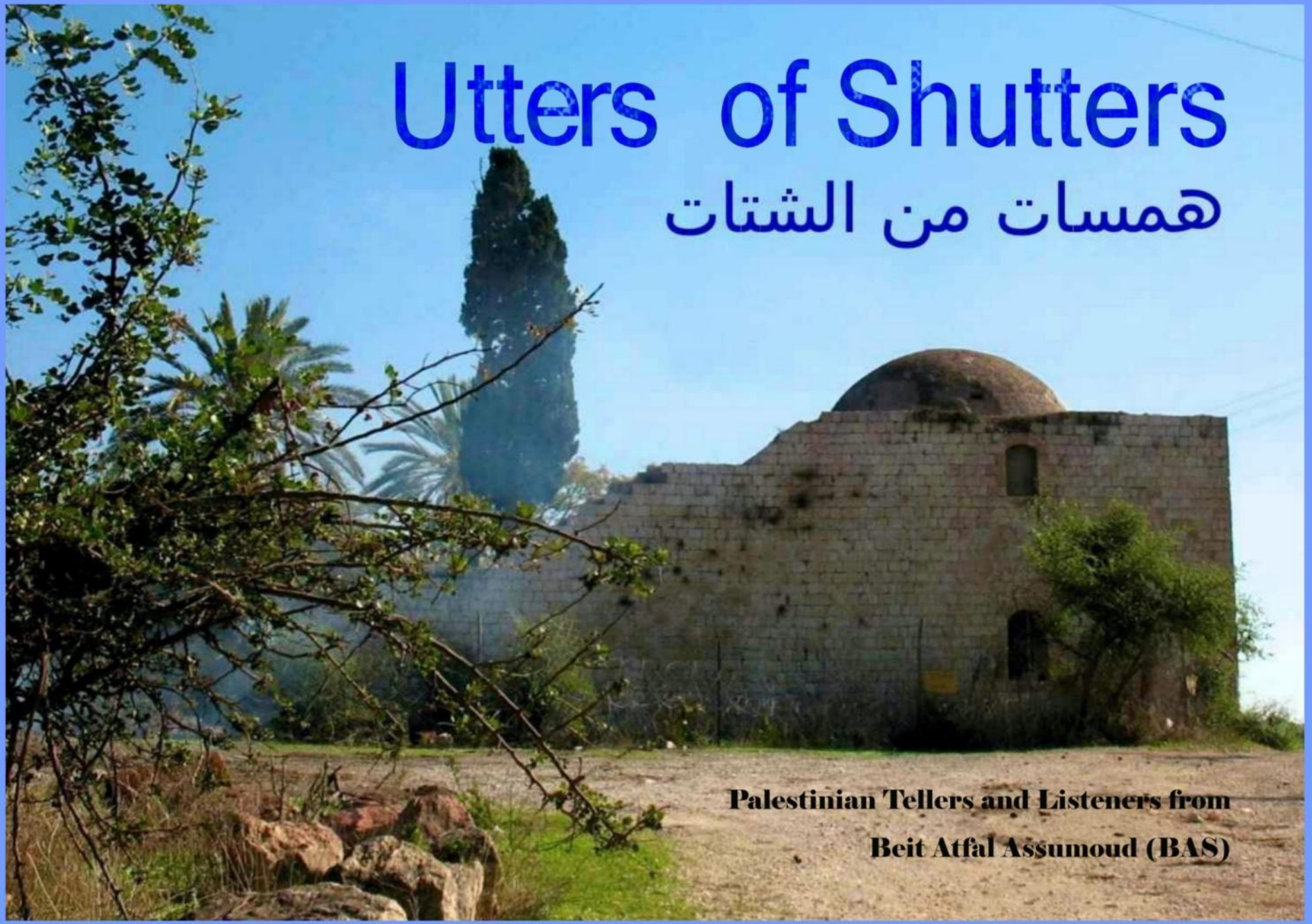
Utters of Shutters
همسات من الشتات
Palestinian Tellers and Listeners from
Beit Atfal Assumoud (BAS)

همسات من الشتات

To our beloved Hajji Soad Tayyar

who provided light for the house of BAS
as our first substitute mother.

May Allah Most Kind, light her house in Heaven!

UTTERS OF SHUTTERS

Personal stories told by
Palestinian children and adults
from 2006 - 2010

Beit Atfal Assumoud
BAS

The Palestinian Storycrafting Team was led by Dr Faizah Masri, Coordinator.

Her team from the Finnish Psychologists for Social Responsibility (FiPSR) consisted of Ms Sirkku Kivistö, Ms Kirsti Palonen and Dr Monika Riihelä.

The stories and the pictures in this book
were collected by Dr Faizah Masri.

The listeners and the storycrafters: Nadia El-Dehidi, Jamal Abou Saleh, Howaida Al-Ali, Leila Jeindawi, Dalal Shahrour and Samira Abou Jomiah.

English language consultation: Ms Ellen Siegel.

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Typing: Asaad Abdul Aal and Elham Shahrour.

Editing: Monika Riihelä.

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The bridge over the rail tracks leading to the oil refinery in Haifa.

Picture on the front cover:
Al-Ghabisiyya, the village of one of the storycrafters.
Photo by www.palestineremembered.com.

Faizah Masri: "The picture of Al-Ghabisiyya says a lot about the past, before the NAKBAH. Even the wall makes a shutter for the story tellers, the palm trees behind it utter something. We have the most delicious dates in the oldest city on earth, which is Jericho. I had the chance only once in my sixty-one years to taste a date from Jericho. The dome reminds us of the Dome of the Rock in Jerusalem. The picture reflects the history, which the elderly speak about."

Picture on the back cover:
Kindergarten children from BAS playing by the shore of Mediterranean.
Photo by Kirsti Palonen.

Faizah Masri: "The picture is of children, with their tender eyes, looking at the sea. They are thinking of their future. The sand that they stand on is soft - as they go deeper, strong waves await them. Eventually, the deep sea will drown them if they do not learn to swim."

"Press photographing Nahr el-Bared that my uncle spoke about." Drawn by Hadyyah Hassan, 11.

Utters of Shutters

همسات من الشتات

الأطفال يحكون قصصهم بأنفسهم - لبنان ٢٠٠٦-٢٠١٠

فريق عمل القصص المحكية في "جمعية علماء النفس الفنلندية للمسؤولية الأجتماعية " ممثله بالسيدة سيركو كيفيستو والسيدة كيرستي بالونين

مدونين القصص : نادية الدهيدي ، جمال أبو صالح ، هويدا العلي ، ليلى الجنداوي ، دلال شحرور، سميرة أبو جميع.

تصوير : ميسون مصطفى - حنان دبدوب - كيرستي بالونين – مجموعة ميستون – فلسطين في الذاكرة – كاري جاسكيلانين

طباعة: الهام شحرور – اسعد عبدالله

تنقيح اللغة الأنكليزية : السيده الين سيجال

تحرير : الدكتورة مونيكا رحيلا

Faisah Masri - Sirkku Kivistö - Monika Riihelä

Sorrow and Hope of Children

We carry our childhoods in our hearts our whole life. Our first experiences remain with us. Stories told by the children are from those who managed to escape bombing and destruction. The stories are often shocking descriptions of assaults committed towards human beings.They are very painful due to the young age of the tellers and the fact that they experienced the incidents. The testimonies resemble each other with slight differences; a girl misses her doll, a boy his bicycle, and others miss a pet, their fathers or grandmothers. The stories are often desperate, full of horror.

Another emotion is experienced once you move from the written stories to the photographs and the drawings by the children. Several photos have been taken during the storycrafting sessions. The photos clearly indicate the appreciation, delight and satisfaction towards the adult using the storycrafting method. Facial expressions and gestures are unmistakable. Closeness by an adult listener empowers narrating and sketching. The drawings appear to be expressive and fitting to a positive life style while indicating sorrow and anxiety. In this situation, sharing experiences by the older and the younger generations create new visions in which to continue with everyday life. In other situations the texts are more optimistic, as when Khalil, a Dabke dancer, tells about his efforts for a better life.

The Storycrafting Method

"Tell me a story, whatever you want to
and I will write it down in the same way you tell it.
When you have finished your story,
I will read it to you
and you can change anything, if you want to.
You are the owner of your story
and you decide what to do with it."

مونيكا رحيلا

أحزان وآمال أطفال فلسطين

هذه القصص التي أخبرها الأطفال ترتبط بشكل كبير بالشباب الذين استطاعوا الهرب من الحرب والدمار.
القصص في غالب الأحيان تكون وصف صاعق لانتهاكات من الذل والاهانة للأنسان. هذه القصص مؤلمة جدا لأن من يخبرها هم من عاشها وهم صغار السن.
الشهادات تمثل بعضها البعض مع اختلافات بسيطة جدا، فمثلا فتاة تفقد لعبتها وولد يفقد دراجة وآخرون يفقدون حيواناتهم الأليفة والبعض الآخر يفقدون آباءهم أو جداتهم. القصص مليئة بالرعب الحقيقي.
انطباع آخر يلازمك عندما تنتقل من القصص المكتوبة الى الصور والرسومات التي رسمها الأطفال، العديد من الصور اخذت خلال الاستماع الى قصص الأطفال.
الصور تعكس التقدير والانبساط والرضى عن أداء "البالغ" في استخدام تقنية الاستماع. التعابير والتقاسيم واضحة وصحيحة القرب من المستمع يسهل عملية سرد القصة وتصويرها.
الرسومات تظهر معبرة وتناسب اسلوب الحياة الايجابي، وكذلك انعكاس الحزن والقلق الذي هو جزء من الحياة في هذا الموقف، المشاركة بين الصغير والكبير تخلق رؤية جديدة لمتابعة الحياة اليومية. في مواقف أخرى النصوص متفائلة فمثلا حينما يخبر خليل راقص الدبكة الصغير عن طموحه لحياة أفضل.

أسلوب تطبيق القصة المحكية:
"أحكي لي القصة اللي بدك أياها، وأنا رح أكتبها بالزبط مثل ما بتحكيها، ولما تخلص رح أقرئها وانت ممكن تغير فيها، أنت صاحب القصة من حقك تقرر تعمل فيها اللي بدك".

جمال ابو صالح
علي فياض

علي وعائلته في مخيم شاتيلا

أحكيلي قصه وانا رح أكتبها مثل ما بتحكيها

علي يحكي القصه وجمال تدون

علي يقص لجمال

سوف أقرأ لك القصة وممكن تغير مثل مابدك

رسم علي بيته قبل القصف الأسرائيلي

اثناء الأعتداء النهرلونه أسود (لأنه ملوث)

منزل علي كما شاهده قبل القصف وبعده

Ali Hamza Fayad, 9 year old, is telling.

Jamal Abou Saleh is storycrafting.

1. Tell me a story and I will write it exactly as you say it.
2. Ali is telling and Jamal is writing.
3. Ali is crafting his story.

Ali tells about his house before the attack and after the attack when the river was black because he thought it was polluted. In Ali's story the sun became a military aircraft, the birds became bombs, trees were broken, the house is destroyed, the security fence is half gone, the green grass became rocks, the way to the house is full of stones and the house has no more doors, all he could see was a very faint window.

4. Jamal Abou Saleh: I will read back the story for you and you can change what you want.

Two of Ali's stories on pages 94-95.

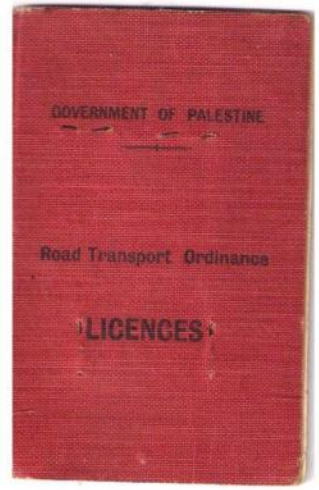
Faizah Masri

I am delighted that this book has finally been translated and published in English. This book depicts five years of continuous storycrafting. It is our hope that the translations will enrich the stories as they come back to life again in another language.

Since 1976, we at Beit Atfal Assumoud have been serving those in need in the Palestinian camps of Lebanon. Being a dentist by profession, my work complemented that of many committed colleagues and partners in the areas of social, public and physical health. The team at Beit Atfal Assumoud has shown unsurpassable dedication and passion to their work, driven by their belief in a just cause for a victimized people. Together, we learned to overcome most of our problems as we marched on to accomplish our noble mission. One may argue that dental work is an art in and of itself; carving the amalgam in the posterior teeth, matching the composite color for the front teeth, sanding and refining, and polishing and finishing. Yet, it is an art that requires intensive training in addition to sophisticated and expensive equipment. Storycrafting, however, is a weaponless art - pure, simple, and free of complex tools. Your paper and pencil is your working kit that conveys in words or a picture the answer to a clear and direct request - "tell me a story".

A storycraft picture or narrative creates, using shapes and colors, an immediate feeling of pride along with a sense of relief that somebody, somewhere will look at their expressions and understand. Writing down what a child says, then reading it back, can work wonders for a child's self esteem and sense of worth. Above all, it relays to the listener a plea for understanding and protection that will develop into a feeling of responsibility towards the child from the listener. This storycrafting project was meant to allow children to express their strongest feelings. As community workers who witnessed all the misery and hardships these children experienced, we expected the stories to be mostly trauma related. Needless to say, we were thrilled to find some hopeful stories, particularly those reflecting the efforts of the dental team. The dental team always takes special care to minimize a child's experience of pain. In our daily lives, expressions of gratitude seem to come from accompanying adults, rarely from children. After all these years, I was for-tunate to be part of this project and feel the warmth and appreciation regarding our dental work from some children who were desperate for services. Their words are heartfelt and gave me a distinct feeling of inner satisfaction. I was excited and their words gave me positive energy to keep moving forward. I am forever grateful to the story tellers and organizers of this project. They brought the idea of positive communication to light and they taught me to breathe deeply and be more open to my existence. As listeners, I am confident that you will realize these stories are messages from children who placed their confidence and trust in you when deciding to utter from their long closed shutters.

A special thanks to the Finnish Psychologists for Social Responsibility, in particular Ms. Sirkku Kivistö, Ms. Kirsti Palonen, and Dr. Monika Riihelä who introduced this method to our community and followed through with the project till this day. Also, our love and thanks goes to Ms. Ellen Siegel who took upon the task of editing the English translations in this book.



Faizah´s father, Ibrahim Ahmad El Masri's, Drivers License issued by The Government of Palestine for the period 1.10.1947 – 30.9.1948.

Ellen Siegel

I am delighted that I was able to contribute to this most interesting project – "Utters of Shutters".

As I started reading the stories I found myself being incredibly moved. The tragedy of this long and enduring conflict is heartbreaking. Children, who should be living a normal, stress-free and happy childhood, told stories of seeing members of their family die, witnessing the destruction of their homes, longing for their toys, missing playmates, and being displaced. It is painful to hear a child that has been displaced from one refugee camp to another pleading "to return to their homes in a refugee camp". How sad.

The most touching and poignant story comes from Zeinab Sakallah. She was born in 1930 in Jaffa. Although I am a little more than a decade younger, her history evoked memories from my past. On November 29th 1947 I was at my synagogue in the U.S. listening to the United Nations vote on the Partition of Palestine. Great applause broke out when the resolution had enough votes to pass. On this day, a half world away, Zeinab was studying at the Women's Training College in Jerusalem. Close to her college was a Jewish kindergarten. She used to talk and play with the children as if they were her little brothers and sisters. Through the school fence she shared milk, biscuits, bread and cheese with them. The morning that the partition was announced she awoke to see "the kindergarten area decorated with Israeli flags. The children were making faces at us, sticking their tongues out, and happily dancing". This was the beginning of the "catastrophe" for Zeinab and for hundreds of thousands of Palestinians.

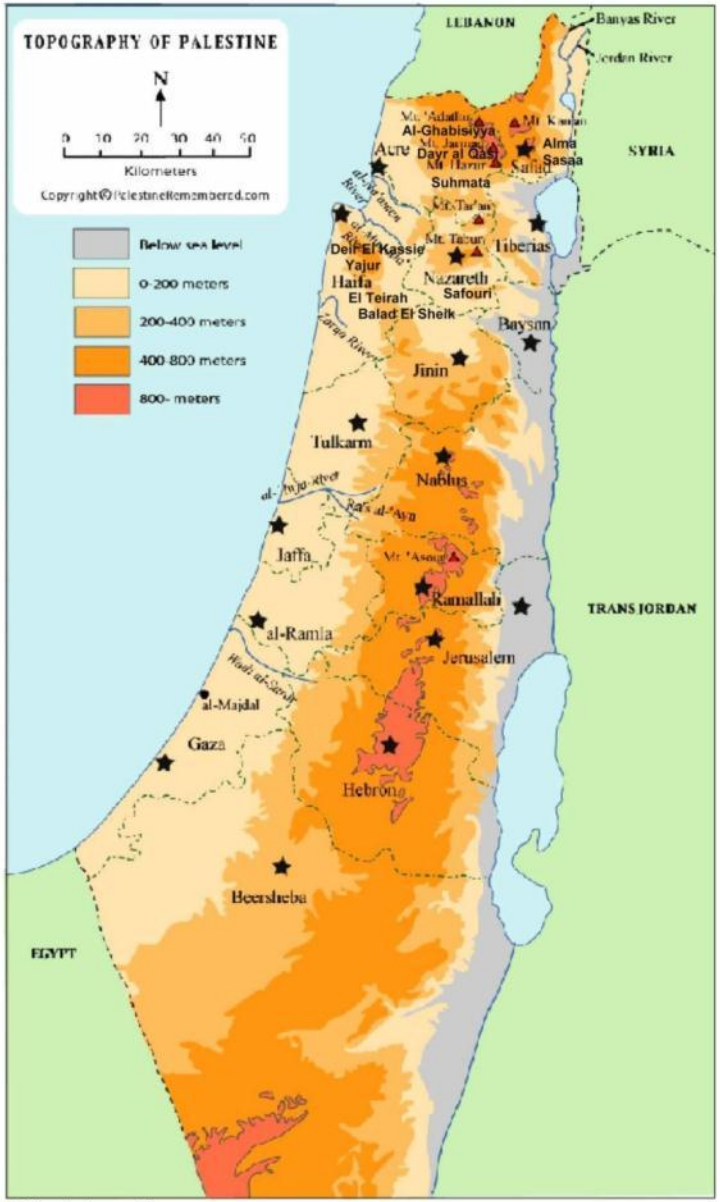
From this day forward, Zeinab tells us about how some of the Jews treated the Arabs, the racism and humiliation that occurred towards the Palestinians, "We saw a Jewish man with a donkey and an Arab man. The Jewish man was forcing the Arab man to drink from the same place as the donkey". And so this behavior continued as time passed.

On May 15th 1948 there was a parade in my neighborhood celebrating the establishment of the State of Israel. Neighbors marched thru the streets holding Israeli flags and singing "Hatikvah" – Israel's national anthem. But for Zeinab, life consisted of dodging bullets intended to hasten her family's departure from her homeland.

I grew up in a safe and secure environment with my mother, father and sister close by. I was able to be with both parents when they passed away. Not so for Zeinab – "I had not seen my mother for nine years when she passed in Gaza because Israel would not give me permission to come. I did not even know about her death until a few days after she died. My father followed my mother in death eleven months later. My brother also died, I had not seen him in thirty years. A second brother, who I never met, died of liver cancer that spread to his bones".

It is now sixty-three years after Israel's establishment and the Nakba for the Palestinians. I wish I could give Zeinab some her lost past but I cannot. I can only listen to and be moved by her memories. I understand what the consequences of Israel's establishment and its refusal to recognize or allow return has meant for the Palestinians.

Zeinab Sakallah's own story on pages 99 - 101.



Palestinian villages.

Safouri

Safouri

Sirkku Kivistö

Children and how they see their future work life in the stories

Beit Atfal Assumoud (BAS), a large employer in Lebanon, has 219 part and full time workers as of May, 2011. The children using their services are in close proximity to the employees. Therefore they are exposed to different kinds of jobs ranging from professional to basic labourers. These include administrators, social workers, teachers, dental personnel, embroiderers, tailors, information tech-no-logy specialists, accountants, secretaries, drivers, cleaning workers, office assistants, mental health professionals, and speech therapists. The children are exposed to excellent role models at BAS.

Palestinian children at BAS speak about their career plans in their stories like children everywhere. "I will fulfill my dreams and become a doctor and take care of people. I do not carry a weapon. I only carry a book and a pen so I can learn", says Amal, age 10. Fatima, age 12, stated "I would like to become a paediatrician so I can help the children of Shatila". Listen to Fatima, age 11, "I would love to become an artist, a painter, and then to travel to Palestine and to Germany". Then Fatima adds one point, which the children elsewhere rarely say "...most of all I would like to earn money so I am able to support my parents". Zaina, age 7, "I am good at English and I would like to become a teacher". From Ahmad, age 9, "When I grow up, I do not want to be a doctor. I want to be a teacher because the doctor's job is so tiring. Being a teacher is easier". The most popular professions the children speak of in their stories

Alma - remaining olive trees.

are physicians, especially paediatricians, artists and teachers. Some children talk about the dreams of their parents "they wish for us to have a good education so that we will be able to manage our lives independently in the future". The parents of the children telling the stories appear to be jobless and many of them are suffering from chronic diseases. Some have a history of work place accidents. In the stories, one role offered to children is to promote a free Palestine through education. Parents are important instructors for this career.

Ali from Bourj el-Shemali camp in 2010 (four years after the summer war of 2006) said that his parents advise him to study. "It is possible to win the enemy by brains and understanding, not by guns." Ali has an excellent curriculum at home.

Kirsti Palonen

Meeting children and families from Nahr el-Bared in summer 2007

In summer 2007 I got to know the situation of some Nahr el-Bared families when visiting the schools. The schools were crowded with evacuated people as were some private homes. I visited there with Nadia El-Dehidi and Howaida Al-Ali, dental nurse and kindergarten teacher from the Beit Atfal Assumoud (BAS) center in Beddawi. Some families we met at the BAS center. Our purpose was to give the children an opportunity to share their experiences and feelings with a listening grown-up. In that way they could get some relief after having to leave their homes in such frightening circumstances. But we also discussed experiences with other family members and often the neighbors in the next classroom. Often when a child told the story the adults sat around and listened.

Although the children could choose whatever theme they liked, they told about their experiences in Nahr el-Bared after the clashes started between the Lebanese army and Fatah al-Islam. The children described their horror, their losses and what they missed. There were many things to miss; father, mother, home, friends, pets, toys, favorite clothes… In fact, it seems that the evacuees did not have anything except the mattresses and some utensils they had received from some Non-Governmental Organization (NGO) or friendly people.

The life had totally changed for those children who had lost their mother or father. I will never forget them. I remember the boy who was sitting in a wheelchair in the garden of a hospital telling how his mother got killed and how he himself was injured. I remember his eyes and the eyes of his little sisters. They were looking to scenes we could not see but after hearing their story we had a very clear image of their experiences. Their stories were strong testimonies.

I remember the mother with her four children missing the father who was killed when trying to save several people. I remember a girl sitting besides the grave of her father saying that she wanted to die too. Her whole family, living in a classroom with forty people, became our friends. Having an opportunity to get to know these people was the most unforgettable training course for me.

In the schools there was no privacy. With so many people the noise never stopped. Small children ran around and shouted. For the young ones it was a very hard time if they had their exams ahead. I saw two girls sitting with their heads close to each other trying to concentrate and read. All the time, small and tall people where shouting and talking around them.

When we continued to visit the same children they started to tell us about the life in the school. The adults were nervous and could not bare the noise children made, there were quarrels between grown-ups. The parents told about the everyday difficulties in cooking, having a shower in the container outside, going to the collective toilet at night, etc. Children had difficulty understanding the new situation and adapting to it. Parents felt sad when they could not arrange their children's lives as they wanted to.

In spite of the almost impossible situation I did not meet many who were very angry. I guess they had so much to do to cope with their everyday life that they could not afford the luxury of staying in sadness, anger or any other emotion for a long time.

The children used their own natural ways to recover. As I already found when analyzing the stories told in the summer 2006 when Israel bombed Lebanon, I saw now by my own eyes that children used every opportunity to start to play.

They loved the games the NGO's including BAS arranged. But I also could see spontaneous play. Sometimes their playing was a way to cope with the traumatic and scary experiences. Children were playing Fatah al-Islam against the Lebanese army or they made graves on the sandy ground next to the BAS center. Once I also saw a small boy throw a small plastic spoon again and again repeating: "Boooom!" With this kind of play children tried to understand what had happened and to control their fears.

It is difficult when you do not have means to arrange for your children and your family a decent life. But I think the hardest thing for the adults was to see the agony and sorrow of their children especially when they had lost one parent. The children sense this and try to be brave. When telling about the death of a parent or when visiting the grave their sense of loss and their distress resulted in a burst of tears. Although it was always heart breaking to see and hear this, I felt that the children needed to cry and mourn. What would have been the worth of the near one if they would have lost him or her without shedding a tear?

I have noticed that for Palestinians as refugees there are some objects, such as a key or a document of land ownership which have an important symbolic meaning as links to Palestine, now lost for more than sixty years. But there is also one very valuable symbol, which is functioning as a link to the future - a new-born baby. After the many deaths there is still new life. I was lucky to get to know a Nahr el-Bared family living in a school in a crowded classroom with others and without anything left - but happy about a new family member born in August 2007.

Haifa from Carmel looking north in 1935.

Haifa - loading the railcars from parking ships in the 1930's.

General view of Haifa before the Nakba.

Haifa and its harbor.

General view of Haifa 1934-1939.

The Listeners

Samira Abou Jomiah

Howaida Al-Ali

Leila Jeindawi

Jamal Abou Saleh

Nadia El-Dehidi

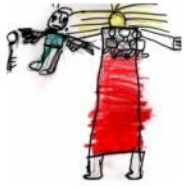
Dalal Shahrour

The Tellers

The Palestinian Tellers in Utters of Shutters from Beit Atfal Assumoud (BAS).

The title of a story is followed by the name and age of the teller.

1. The Key Home. Pages 14 - 23.



* Father was carrying the key to their house: Sara Issa El-Issa, 9
* We are happy with the activities in BAS: Hadyyah Hassan, 11
* Grandfather brought only his passport from Palestine: Mohmmad Saied Shaban, 40
* Grandmother's sewing machine has the smell of Palestine: Asma Amin Kassem, 45

2. Nakba 1948. Pages 24 - 31.

* We were comfortable living in Palestine: Ali Saied Abed El Razzaq, 84
* Israelis tying the hands of Palestinian men: Hiba Mohammad Mgamis, 12
* People were crowded in like pieces of sand: Kathoum Hassan Gannam, 84
* Carrying quilts to use for sleeping on the road: Kholoud Sami Hajar, 16
* The Jews threw rockets on the houses in Palestine: Sara Nasser Zeidan, 9
* I have not seen my brother in sixty years: Nour El Deen Housein El Sharief, 78

3. Palestine before the Establishment of Israel. Pages 32 - 37.

* We dig three meters and get water and I still keep my wedding dress: Fatima Faried Al Ali, 78
* We lived happily with our neighbors who were Arabic speaking Jews: Bahiyya Saied Al Batal, 74
* We are villagers from Suhmata: Inaami Hussein Sulieman, 79

4. Boys and Girls under the Bombs. Pages 38 - 51.

* We live in a garage: Hanadi Housein Abed Al Rahim, 3
* My brother came home, told us men on the streets were bloodied: Hadeel Mohammad Rabih, 7
* Men were scared they would be killed: Amani Mohmmad Moghamis, 11
* People were crying and I was one of them: Fatima El Sayyed, 10
* I wish they would allow us to go back to our houses in the camp: Jana Khaled Rashed, 9
* His little brother was crying because of the death of his parents: Maram Mousa Sewidan, 11
* My friends passed away: Salah Salah Deiwan, 12
* I was shot in my back; I want to recover and play football again: Yousef Abou Radi, 12
* I worked hard with my parents to find things in my house: Sami Khaled Al Hassan, 9
* I wish we can go back and live as a family again: Khaled Salah Deewan, 10
* No playgrounds, our house is open to the neighbors: Khaled Jamal Yafawi, 12
* My bike was broken: Housein Mohammed Sharkieh, 5

5. On the Run. Pages 52 - 59.

* We slept on the floor without pillows, mattresses or blankets: Ahmad Nabil Al Zagal, 10
* I remembered my toy bus: Samer Walid Nasser, 8
* We ran to the mosque: Ahmad Kayed, 10 and Mohmmad Kayed, 12
* We stayed with grandfather for three days: Rayan Asskoul, 9
* All of our things are on the floor: Zeinab Housien Abed Al Rahim, 5
* We were in a panic and ran: Amal Nasser Abed Al Azziz, 11

6. My Family in My Heart. Pages 60 - 69.

* I told my father we will sleep at grandma's until we fix our house: Jihad Jamal Yafawi, 10
* My father paints houses and gives money to my mother: Ahmad Wael Elhaj Mohammed, 3
* My grandmother's house is pretty and there are toys: Batoul Ashraf Akel, 5
* My father threw a pack of chips from the jail window: Kamel Mohmmad Abdullah, 5
* My father is ill. I am ill as well: Fatima Marwan Akar, 3
* My unborn brother and my mother died: Jenan Abou Radi, 10
* Mama, Papa, Janin, Yousef and my sister: Jana Abou Radi, 2
* I and my siblings always stayed together: Aya Sami El Haj, 5
* We live together with my mother: Souad Ahmad Al Hamouz, 16

7. Old and New Culture in Our Lives - Dabke Dance and Marathon. Pages 70 - 81.

* Documents and the coffee grinder from Palestine: Ahmad Ghuneim Shatleh, 62
* I tell the mothers who lost their children - I am your child, please enjoy me: Khalil Kazwah, 9
* I am learning to play drums at BAS: Khalil Kazwah, 10
* I will continue displaying my cultural heritage: Ghadier Bahar, 11
* I wish to complete my education to be a pediatrician: Ghadir Bahar, 12
* I dreamed of performing the Dabke on stage: Abed El Kareem El Shayeb, 12
* I am learning how to cook and to help my mother: Abed El Kareem El Shayeb, 13
* My dream will come true and we will return to Palestine: Mohmmad Shalabi, 12, 13
* I am so glad that I ran the 10 km Marathon: Mahmoud Waked, 12
* I am sad but glad and proud that the handicapped are running: Nuhad Mohsen, 23
* I enjoyed participants from all over the world in the Marathon: Abed El Kareem El Shayeb, 13

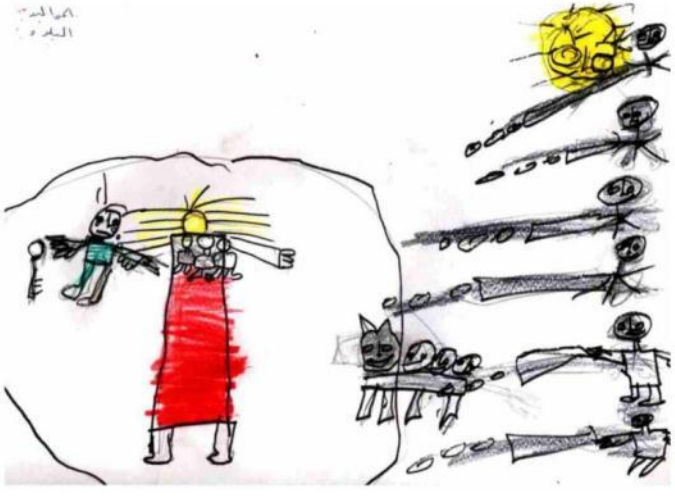
8. My Friends. Pages 82 - 91.

* I am happy because my friends are near me: Nourhan Serhan, 14
* I saw my friends go to the hospital: Abdalla Kamel Hassan, 11
* Our house was destroyed but I was happy with my friends: Sarah Marwan Azzam, 10
* I talk with my friend - we never thought this would happen to us: Inass Nasser Nasser, 10
* I remember my doll I used to play with: Houda Nasser, 10
* I miss Koko, our parrot; he called me "Affifi, Affifi": Ali Mohamad Affifi, 14
* We played football and hide and seek with friends everyday: Omar Mohamad Kodier, 13
* I like to play with my friend Aya: Layal Jihad Al Aydi, 7

9. We are Taking Care. Pages 92 - 103.

* I do not make trouble for the teacher: Mira Wajeh Kanaan, 4
* There was no milk, but my mother made milk from powder: Ali Hamza Fayad, 9
* When I grow up I want to be a teacher: Ahmad Moein El Sayyed, 9
* I will go to the dentist to get relief from that pain: Doaa Tayseer Mubadda, 10
* My tooth is even more beautiful than before: Yasser Abed Al Aal, 12
* In Jaffa my mother gathered the porcelain flowers to put under my pillow: Zeinab Sakallah, 78
* Beit Atfal Assumoud, BAS
* Finnish Psychologists for Social Responsibility, FiPSR

Sara Issa El-Issa: "Father was carrying the key to their house."



Sara Issa El-Issa, 8 year old.

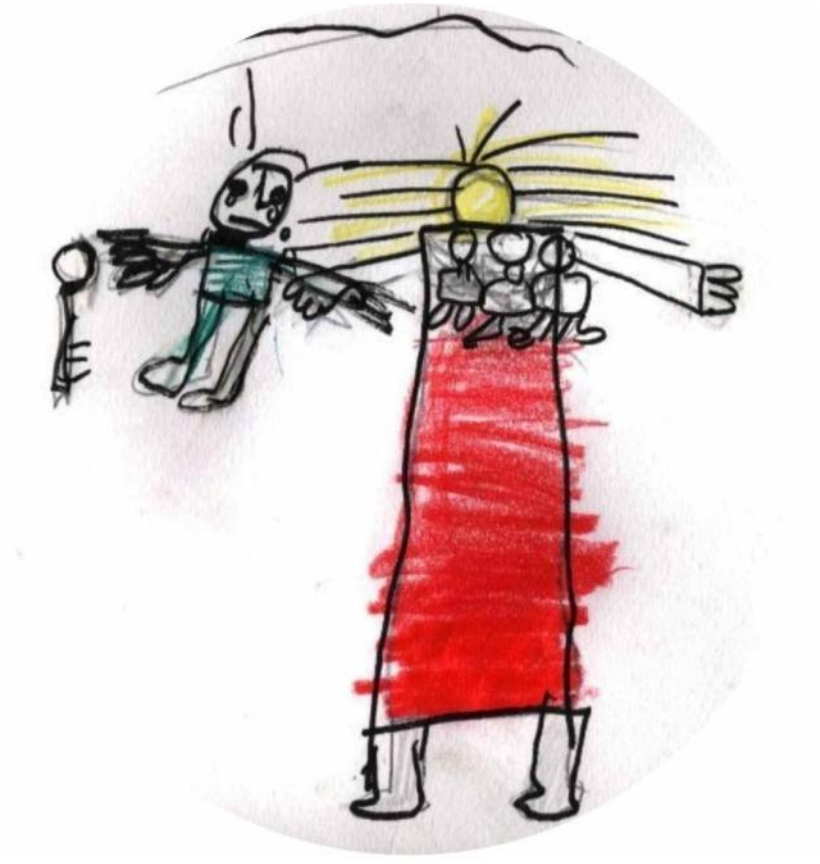
Place of origin: Village Al-Ghabisiyya in Palestine.

Storycrafted in Beddawi camp
by Nadia El-Dehidi on 7.5.2008.

A woman is carrying her three children because she is afraid that a bullet might hit them. The Israelis are shooting at them as they flee. The father is carrying the key to their house because he thought that the battle would last only two days; that he would be able to come back. He did not know that he would stay so long.

الاسم : سارة عيسى العيسى
العمر: ٨ سنوات
البلدة : الغابسية
مكان الاقامة: نهر البارد
مكان الأقامة الحالي:مخيم البداوي

في مرة حامله ولادها التلاتة عشان خايفة عليهن ، عشان ما يجي عليهن الرصاص ، لأنو الاسرائيلية كانو عم يقوّسوا عليهن وهني هربانين، والزلمي أبوهن ماسك مفتاح بيتو لأنو مفكر بس يومين وراح يرجع على فلسطين، ما عارف انو بدّو يطوّل .
أجرت المقابلة نادية الدهيدي، بتاريخ ٢٠٠٨/٠٥/٠٧



The Key Home

* Sara Issa El-Issa, 9
* Hadyyah Hassan, 11
* Mohmmad Saied Shaban, 40
* Asma Amin Kassem, 45

Hadyyah Hassan: "We are happy with the activities at BAS."

الاسم: هدية حسن
العمر: ١١ سنة
مكان الاقامة: مخيم نهر البارد
من مركز أطفال الصمود / شاتيلا

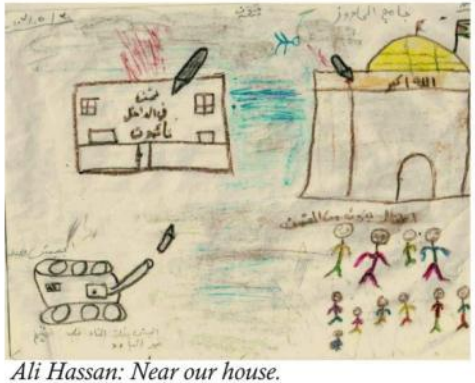
قعدنا بمخيم شاتيلا، بعدين اجو ناس عنا وجابولنا فراش واكل، هذا في أول يوم عند المغرب.. اول يوم انا ما ارتحت بالنوم علشان انا متعودة انام في البيت.. وصار يجي ناس يسجلونا علشان يأمنوا لنا بعض الأغراض اللازمة.. وبعدين اجت معلمة لعنا وقالت لأمي ابعتي ولادك على نشاط المركز اللي هو في مركز بيت اطفال الصمود. ورحت انا واخواتي اللي هن علي، هدى، نديم، يوسف، بس يوسف صغير فات على صف الروضة. وانا واخواتي دخلنا على صف النشاط وكتير لقيت النشاط حلو. اول شي تعرفنا على بعض وبعدين كتبت قصة وتاني يوم رسمت ولعبت وكمان تعرفت على رفقة جديدة وتعرفت على مكان جديد، وكمان هذا النشاط خفف من الحزن والملل اللي عنا، ونحنا كتير مبسوطين وكمان اخواتي مبسوطين وبالاخص اخوي علي علشان كان يساعد المعلمة يعني انه كان منشط.

وفي يوم اجا ابن خالي وطمنا على البيت انه شوي مضروب، وقال لنا كمان اجت الصحافة وصارت تصور بمخيم البارد.

ونحنا لحد الآن كل يوم منروح على النشاط في مركز الصمود وبتمنى انه تخلص الحرب ونرجع على بيتنا في نهر البارد.

أجرت المقابلة جمال ابو صالح ٨-٦-٢٠٠٧

Houda Hassan: Playing with friends.



Ali Hassan: Near our house.

Ali Hassan: Family inside the camp.

الأسم: هدية حسن
العمر: ١١ سنة
مكان الاقامة السابق: نهر ألبارد
مكان الأقامة الحالي:مخيم شاتيلا

كنت نايمة بالبيت على فرشتي وفجأة سمعت صوت قوي. فقت وخفت وطلعت لقيت كل أهلي كمان فايقيين، وقلت : شو فى ؟؟ ما حدا ردّ علىّ ! بس قالولى نامى علشان ما يخوفونى.
وأنا ما عدت نمت مع انه كانت بعدها بكير ،والضرب كان يطلع مرة كتير ومرة شوي. ولما طلع الضو تجمّعنا كلنا أنا وأهلي في غرفة واحدة ونحنا كنا كتار: ٤ أشخاص اخواتي وامي وابوي ، وبعدين رحت مع أمي وابوي عند دار ستي حتى نتطمن على ستي. وأنا وعلى الطريق شفت ناس كانوا عما يركضوا حتى يشوفوا شو صار، وأبوي وقف زلمي يسأله عن هيدا القصف ، والزلمي رد عليه وقال: "ما بعرف" .ولما وصلنا عند ستي أتطمنا عليها وهي كمان أتطمنت علينا علشان ستي ما فيها تمشي لأنها مريضة، مقعدة. وضلينا عند ستي ساعتين والقصف عم يطلع ولما رجعنا على البيت أنا كنت كتير خايفة.
ونحنا كمان كان عنا ضيوف من بيروت، وهالضيوف كانوا عند بيت خالي حتى يحضروا سهرة عرس، والعرس كان يوم الأحد، بس الحرب صار يوم الأحد بدل العرس. لأنه بيتنا أأمن من بيت خالي ، وضليت بالبيت مع أهلي والضيوف لثاني يوم، بس القصف كان عم يقوى، علشان هيك رحنا على الملجأ حد البيت ونزلت مع أهلي، وكتير كنت خايفة. ولما شفت هالعالم خفت أكتر علشان فكرت اذا نزلت شي قذيفة بنموت كلنا، قعدنا شوي وبعدين طلعنا على البيت.
أنا نمت ما بعرف أهلي اذا ناموا، فقت وقلت بيني وبين نفسي ما راح يخلص القصف.. وبالليل راحوا الضيوف على بيروت بواسطة السيارة لأنه كان عندهم سيارة ومنهم راح مشي حتى يلاقي سيارة. وتاني يوم الظهر بس وقف القصف مشينا حتى طلعنا من المخيم وكمان كان في عالم عم تهرب من المخيم ،خايفين من الضرب. ولما وصلنا لخارج المخيم وّقفنا الجيش وصار يطلب الهوية، ومشينا حتى وقفنا سيارة ومشينا على مخيم البداوي، وكل هالوقت ما طلع ولا قذيفة .ولما وصلنا على البداوي صار يطلع صوت القصف، وكمان رجعنا على بيروت عند دار ابن خالتي في مخيم شاتيلا، وشفت اختي هدى واقفة على جنب سألتها: شو اشبك ؟ قالت لي يا ريت رفيقتي آية اجت معانا علشان انا بلعب معاها كتير وبحبها كتير، لأنها ضلت مهجرة بالمدرسة بمخيم البداوي.

أجرت المقابلة جمال ابو صالح ١-٦-٢٠٠٧

Hadyyah Hassan, 11 year old.

On the run from Nahr el-Bared camp to Shatila.

Storycrafted in Shatila camp
by Jamal Abou Saleh on 1.6. and 8.6.2007.

I was asleep at home in my bed when suddenly I heard loud voices. I woke up and saw that all my family was already awake. I asked "what happened?" Nobody answered. Instead they told me to go back to sleep, they did not want to scare me. I could not sleep because the voices kept me up. We remained awake until morning. The four of us gathered in one room - my father, mother, and brother. We went to my grandmother's house to check on her. On our way we saw people running. My father stopped a man and asked him what was happening. He answered back that he "does not know". When we arrived to my grandmother she was happy to see us safe and we were glad to see her safe because she cannot walk, she is an invalid. We stayed with her for two and a half hours, then we went back home. I was very scared. We had some visitors from Beirut - they were staying at my uncle's house. We had a wedding planned for Sunday, instead we had a war. Our house was safer than our uncle's house so everyone came to stay with us. We stayed together the next day. The bombing increased, we had to go to the shelter. I went with my family but I was so afraid. When I saw all the people in the shelter I became more afraid thinking that if a bomb hit the shelter we would all die. After a short while we went back home. I slept but did not know if my family did. I thought the shelling would never end.

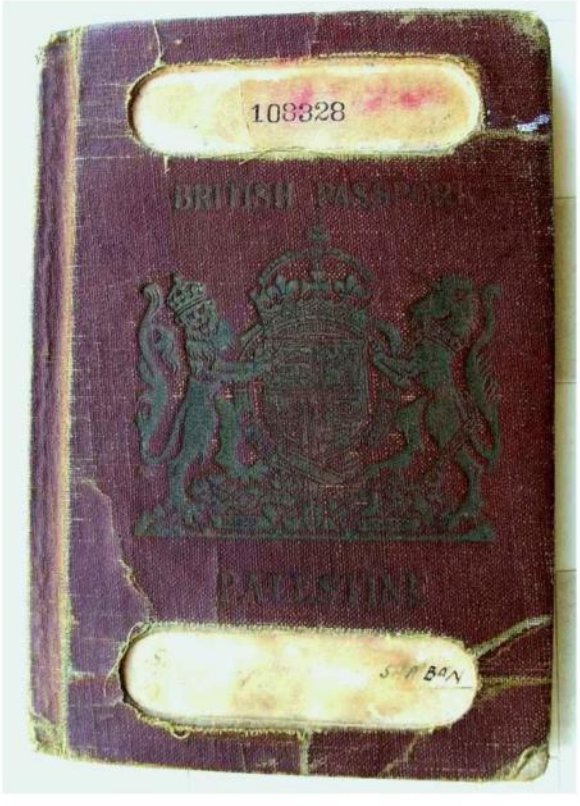
At night our visitors went back to Beirut because they had a car. Some people were walking to find a car. The next day at noon we left the camp on foot. Many people were running. They were afraid from the shelling. We walked until we were out of the camp. We reached an army check point where we were asked for our identity cards. We walked till we found a car. The car brought us to Beddawi camp. All this time there was no shelling but it started again when we reached Beddawi camp. In Beddawi we could hear the noise of the shelling. We decided to go to Beirut to our cousin's house in Shatila camp. My sister Houda was standing by the window. I asked her "What's wrong?" She said "I wish my friend Aya could come with us because I love her very much and play with her and now she is a refugee in Beddawi camp".

... on 8.6.2007.

We went to Shatila camp. People came to us and brought us mattresses and food. The first day I could not sleep properly because I am used to sleeping in my own house. People started coming to register us and to give us some items that we needed. A teacher visited my mother and told her to send her children to Beit Atfal Assumoud (BAS) center in Shatila. I went with my siblings Ali, Houda, Nadim and Youseif. Youseif is very small so he went to the kindergarten class. My brothers and I joined the activities class. We were very happy with the activities. The first day each one introduced themselves to the other. Then I told a story and the next day I drew pictures, played and met new friends. I became a little happy and I forgot about my problems. My sisters were very happy. My brother Ali is the happiest because he is helping the teacher with other children. He is the oldest so he became an animator. One day my nephew visited us and told us that our house was only partially destroyed. He told us that journalists entered Nahr el-Bared camp and started interviewing the people. Everyday we join in the activities. I wish the war would finish and I could go back to our home in the camp.

Houda Hassan: Bombing our house near the mosque.

Mohmmad Saied Shaban. "Grandfather brought only his passport from Palestine."

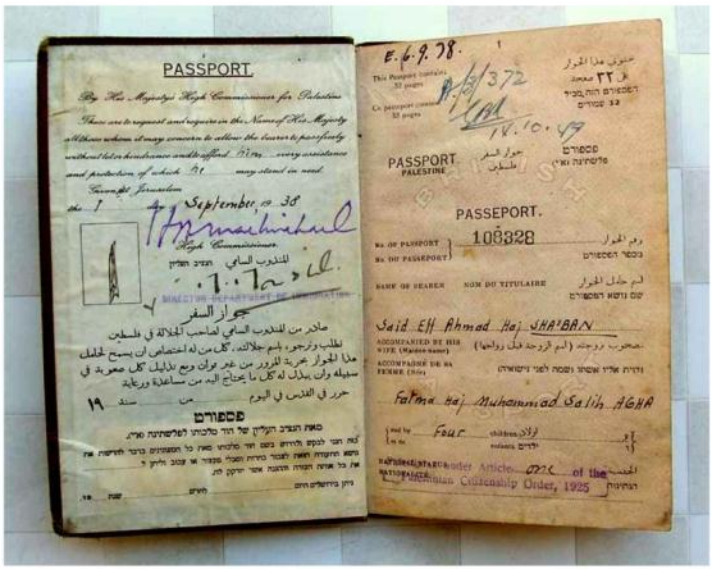


Mohmmad Saied Shaban, 40 year old.

Place of origin: Town Acre in Palestine.

Storycrafted in Beddawi camp by Nadia El-Dehidi on 7.7.2008.

My grandfather was a carpenter in Palestine; we had a big piece of land, nearly as big as half of this camp. He used to tell us that oranges would grow as big as melons. We had plenty of water. When the British occupied us, he left Palestine. My grandfather settled in Lebanon. He left his wife and children, came back to Palestine and stayed for six months. He fought the British and the Jews. He went back to Lebanon to check on his family, stayed three days then came back to continue his struggle. He was killed in Palestine. My grandfather brought only his passport with him from Palestine, he brought nothing else. My father kept it in a safe place. When my father passed away he gave it to me. I am keeping it. One time someone asked me to hand it to them, but I refused.



Mohmmad Saied Shaban storycrafted by Nadia El-Dehidi: *"My grandfather used to tell us that in Palestine oranges used to grow as big as a melon."*

At the orange groves.

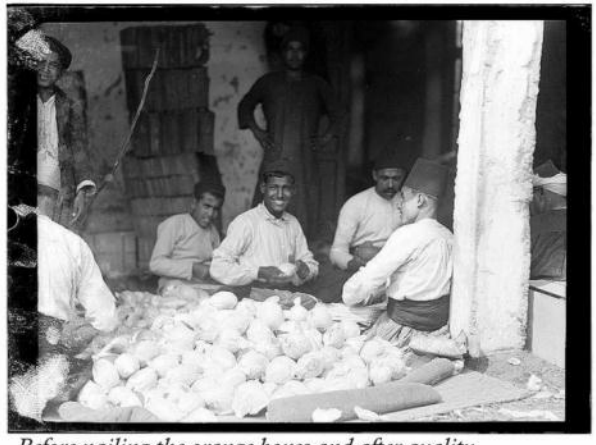
الاسم : محمد سعيد محمد شعبان
العمر: ٤٠ سنة
البلد ألأصلي : عكا
مكان الاقامة السابق: نهر ألبارد

مكان الأقامة الحالي:مخيم البداوي

جدي كان يشتغل نجار بفلسطين، وكان في عنا أرض كبيرة قد نص المخيم ، وكان يقولنّا ان الليمونة كانت تصير قد البطيخة، والمي كانت خير الله.

وبعدين لما اجوا الانكليز وطلعوهم من فلسطين، اجا جدي اخر شي على لبنان، وصل مرتو وولاده ورجع راح علي فلسطين وغاب ٦ شهور صار يحارب ضد الانكليز واليهود، وبعدين رجع اجا على لبنان ٣ أيام اتطمن فيهن على ولادوا ومرتو، ورجع راح على فلسطين يحارب من جديد وبعدين مات. وما طلعوا معاهن شي الا الباسبورات. جدي كان محتفظ فيهن وبس مات رجع أبوي خباهن، وبس مات أبوي الله يرحموا انا أخدتن وراح أخبيهن. مرة اجا ناس طلبوهن مني وما قبلت اعطيهن اياهن .

أجرت المقابلة نادية الدهيدي، بتاريخ ٧ / ٧/ ٢٠٠٨



Before nailing the orange boxes and after quality control, each orange is carefully wrapped.

Asma Amin Kassem: "Grandmother's sewing machine has the smell of Palestine."

الاسم : أسماء امين قاسم
العمر: ٤٨ سنة
البلد الأصلي : صفورية
الاقامة الحالية : مخيم البداوي

كانت ستي الله يرحمها تحكيلنا انهم لما طلعوا من فلسطين تعذبوا كتير، وكل عيلة تقريبا راحت على محل : ستي راحت على القرعون، وبعدين على خان العسكر. كانوا يوزعولهن الخبز حسب عدد العيلة ويوزعولهن الاعاشة ، وهني كانوا مفكرين انو كم يوم وراجعين ما عارفين انو راح يصير فيهن هيك، ما راح يرجعوا أبدا. وكانت ستي معها ذهب، طلعت لابسيتن من فلسطين صارت تبيعن عشان تطعمي ولادها، واللي كان مامعون كانوا يروحوا يشحدوا من الناس عشان يطعموا ولادن، بعدين اجو سكنوا بخان العسكر. وأخر شي اجو على البداوي، عاشوا بالبركسات اللي عمرتها الاونروا وصاروا يعطوا الناس إعاشات ويوزعوا حرامات للعالم،على امل الرجعة على فلسطين. ولحد اليوم عنا ماكنة خياطة من فلسطين محتفظين فيها مع انها خربانة وبّدا قطع بس مستحيل اكبها لانو هاي من ريحة بلادي من فلسطين طّلعتها ستي من منطقة لمنطقة حتى وصلت اخر شى فيها لهون عالبداوي .

أجرت المقابلة نادية الدهيدي، بتاريخ ٣ / ٤/ ٢٠٠٨

Asma Amin Kassem, 48 year old.

Place of origin: Village Safouri in Palestine.

Storycrafted in Beddawi camp by Nadia El-Dehidi on 3.4.2008.

My grandmother, may God have mercy on her, used to tell us stories about her suffering when they left Palestine. Families where scattered in different places; my grandmother went to Karoun (Beqaa Valley) then to Kan Askar. They were given bread and food rations according to the number of family members. They used to think that it would be only a few days and they would go back. They never thought that they would not be able to return. My grandmother had some gold jewelry which she sold so she had money to feed her children. Others used to beg for money to feed their children. They came to Beddawi, lived in compounds built by UNRWA with metal ceilings and were given food and blankets. They lived with the hope of returning to Palestine. We still keep a sewing machine from Palestine although it is out of order and needs parts. It is impossible to discard it because it has the smell of my country Palestine and my grandmother carried it from one place to another, till she settled in Beddawi.

Ali Saied Abed El Razzaq: "We were comfortable living in Palestine."

Ali Saied Abed El Razzaq, 86 year old.

Place of origin: Suhmata in Palestine.

Storycrafted in Beddawi camp
by Nadia El-Dehidi on 3.4.2008.

We were living in Palestine until the Jews and the British entered Palestine and started destroying things and killing us. They stole everything we had, many Palestinians died. We settled in villages in Lebanon near the borders because it would be easier to return. In time, we started moving further away little by little. We went to Tyre, and then to Anjar (Beqaa) – there were many problems there between us and the Lebanese because we were living on their land. The Lebanese General Security ordered us to move to Tripoli. We came to a camp where the Red Cross distributed tents and blankets according to the number of family members. The land was rented by UNRWA; they gave us food (beans, dates, flour, and sugar) and straw mats to sleep on.

After a short while diseases began spreading. They established a tent as a clinic and brought in an English medical doctor. When she left, they brought in an Arabic doctor named Wardieh. They established another tent as a school; the teachers were Palestinians and paid by UNRWA. We lived through many dark days; we used to collect wood to burn in winter for warmth. We moved to mud houses and then to houses with metal ceilings. Men started working crushing stones, women in agriculture. The Lebanese used to be scared of us. They spread rumors that we have tails or were carnivores that eat human meat. Slowly they got to know us better and many inter-marriages took place later.

الاسم : علي سعيد عبد الرزاق
العمر : ٨٦ سنة
البلدالاصلي : سحماتا
مكان الاقامة السابق: نهر ألبارد
الاقامة الحالية : مخيم البداوي

كنا عايشين بفلسطين مرتاحين مبسوطين، بعدين فاتوا اليهود والانكليز على فلسطين صاروا يقتلوا ويدمّروا فينا وياخدوا كل شي، ومات كتير من الفلسطينية. طلعونا من فلسطين على لبنان وسكنّا بمناطق حد فلسطين على أساس بدنا نرجعلها، بعدين صرنا نبعد عنها شويّ شويّ، رحنا على صور وعلى عنجر، بس صاروا اللبنانية يعملولنا مشاكل لانو ساكنين على أرضهن. بعدين طلعت الأوامر من الدرك انّو نروح على طرابلس واجينا على المخيم. آخر شي صار الصليب الأحمر يوزّعلنا الخيم والشوادر حسب العيلة، بس الارض استأجرتها الأونروا وصارت الأونروا توزّعلنا المساعدات (فاصوليا – تمر – طحين – سكر وحُصر) عشان ننام عليها.

بعدين صار في أمراض، قامت الأونروا فتحت مستوصف في خيمة وجابوا دكتورة انكليزية، وبعدين راحت جابوا دكتورة عربية اسمها وردة .

وبعدين عملوا مدارس من الخيم، بس كانوا الاساتذة فلسطينية، كانت الاونروا تدفع لهم المعاش.

عشنا ايام سودة كتير، كنا أيام الشتا نجمع الحطب عشان نولّعه ونتدفى عليه، بعدين رجعنا سكنّا ببيوت من الطين واللّبن وأخر شي الزينكو . وصارت الزلام تشتغل بالكسارات والنسوان تشتغل بالارض .

وعلى فكرة كانوا اللبنانية كتير يخافوا من الفلسطينية، كانوا يطلّعوا علينا اشاعات انو احنا النا ذيل وبناكل لحم البشر. بعدين صارت االناس تعرف الحقيقة وكتير من اللبنانية تجوزوا فلسطينيات.

أجرت المقابلة نادية الدهيدي، بتاريخ٣ / ٤ / ٢٠٠٨

Acre - Deported.

Nakba 1948

* Ali Saied Abed El Razzaq, 84
* Hiba Mohammad Mgamis, 12
* Kathoum Hassan Gannam, 84
* Kholoud Sami Hajar, 16
* Sara Nasser Zeidan, 9
* Nour El Deen Housein El Sharief, 78

Hiba Mohammad Mgamis: "Israelis tying the hands of Palestinian men."

Hiba Mohammad Mgamis, 12 year old.

Place of origin: Village Safouri in Palestine.

Storycrafted in Beddawi camp by Nadia El-Dehidi on 5.5.2008.

I am drawing the Israelis tying the hands of Palestinian men so they could drive them out of Palestine and take their land. All the people are angry because they want to take all of Palestine and burn Jerusalem.

الاسم : هبة محمد مغامس
العمر : ١٢ سنه
البلد الاصلي : صفورية
مكان الاقامة السابق: نهر ألبارد
مكان الاقامة الحالي : البداوي

عم برسم عن الاسرائلية لما ربطوا ايدين الرجال الفلسطينية عشان يطلعوهن من فلسطين وياخدوها ، والعالم كلها زعلانة عشان فلسطين بدن ياخدوها والقدس راح يحرقوها.

أجرت المقابلة نادية الدهيدي، بتاريخ ٥ / ٥ / ٢٠٠٨

Kathoum Hassan Gannam, 86 year old.

Place of origin: El Teirah in Palestine.

Storycrafted in Beddawi camp
by Nadia El-Dehidi on 8.7.2008.

We were very happy living in Palestine until the British came to our land. They built settlements on the land where we used to grow olives; then they gave the land to the Jews. We started fighting with them. We used to own plenty of land from Haifa to Alazizia to Atleit. The Jews one day said "do not get frightened it is only training" and they started shelling at us and throwing bombs while the British army was watching. It took seven days until we fought back. By then the bombs were coming from air and sea, the bombing was very heavy.

Then the Jews forced us to leave. We fasted for ten days; we carried white flags and surrendered. They separated the women from the men for three days. They brought buses and took us to Uhm El Fahm. We walked all day and night, stepping on thorns (we thought they were silk).We were so frightened. We were so thirsty we drank sewage water. When we passed by a corn field we hid between the crops. We kept on walking for a second night until we reached Jenin. We stayed there for one day and then the alarm came. They told us to stay in the corners of a school. In the morning we went to Nablus. People were crowded in like pieces of sand, wearing dirty clothes, suffering from head lice. They had nothing and we also had nothing – not even a dress or shirt. We put our shoes under our head to sleep; we used them like a cushion. Then we came to Lebanon and have been here since 1948 - sixty years.

الاسم :كلثوم حسن غنام
العمر :٨٦ سنة
البلدالاصلي : الطيرة
مكان الاقامة: مخيم البداوي

لما كنا بفلسطين كنا عايشين احلى عيشة ، اجت الانكليز وأخدت الأرض اللي كنا زارعين فيها زيتون، وعملتها مستعمرات ،سكنوا فيها وبعدين اعطوها لليهود وبعدين صرنا نتحارب احنا وياهم. وكان عنا خير الله اراضي بفلسطين من حيفا حد العزيزية لعتليت ، وبعدين قالوا اليهود اليوم ما تخافوا بدها تسير مناورة، وطلعوا اليهود متفقين مع الانكليز وصاروا يزتوا علينا القنابل وكانت الانكليز متخبية بقلب اراضينا، وصارت القذائف تنزل علينا من السما ومن البحر، قعدنا يطلع اسبوع واحنا نحارب، بعدين اليهود طلعتنا، كان إلنا عشرة أيام صايمين من رمضان، نزلنا سلمنا ورفعنا بيادر بيض، ولما سلمنا اجت اليهود حطوا النسوان لحال والرجال لحال قعدنا ٣ أيام، وبعد ٣ أيام حمّلونا وحطونا بالباصات ودّونا على ام الفحم. وصرنا نمشي طول الليل للصبح وتحت اجرينا شوك ونحن نفكر تحت اجرينا حرير من الخوف والتعب. بدّنا ميّ ما في ميّ. مرقنا على مية مجارير وصرنا نشرب منها من العطش. وكان هناك مزروع ذرة تخبينا بين الذرة وضلّينا نمشي لثاني يوم الصبح، بعدين وصلنا على جنين، قعدنا فيها يوم واحد. ولما وصلنا ضرب زمور الخطر، وبعدين قالوا كل واحد ياخد زاوية. قعدنا بالمدارس وما صدّقنا أنوا النهار طلع، رحنا على نابلس، لقينا العالم مثل التراب. الناس اواعيها وسخة ومقمّلة، وما معاها شي، واحنا ما معانا لا فستان ولا قميص. كنا بس ننام نحط الكندرة تحت راسنا نعملها مخدة. واخر شي اجينا على لبنان وبعدنا من سنة ٤٨ ساكنين هون صار لنا ٦٠ سنة .

أجرت المقابلة نادية الدهيدي، بتاريخ ٨ / ٧ / ٢٠٠٨

Kholoud Sami Hajar: "Carrying quilts to use for sleeping on the road."

الاسم : خلود سامي هاجر
العمر : ١٦ سنة
البلد : طرابلس (لبنانية)

لما كانو طالعين الفلسطينية من فلسطين كانوا حاملين اللحاف عشان ينامو عليه بالطريق لانو تركوا بيوتن وأراضيهن وخافوا من اليهود تقتلن . وصاروا يهربوا من محل لمحل لأنو الصواريخ والقذائف كانت نازلة عليهن رش ، والولد كان عم يبكي لأنو خايف من الصواريخ اللي عم تنزل عليهن .

والمرة حاطة ايدا على قلبها خايفة الصاروخ ينزل على ابنها وجوزها ، والزلمي حاطط ايدوا على تمو خايف الصاروخ ينزل على ابنو ومرتو .

أجرت المقابلة نادية الدهيدي، بتاريخ ٢٢ / ٤ /٢٠٠٨

Kholoud Sami Hajar, 16 year old.

Place of origin: Tripoli - Lebanon.

Storycrafted in Beddawi camp
by Nadia El-Dehidi on 22.4.2008.

When the Palestinians left Palestine they were carrying quilts to use for sleeping on the road. They left their homes and land out of fear that the Jews would kill them.

They started running from one place to another because the rockets and shelling were like a spray on their heads. Children were crying because they were terrified of the shelling. Mother put her hand on her heart fearful that a rocket would hit her husband or baby. Father put his hand on his mouth fearful that a rocket would hit his wife or his child.

Sara Nasser Zeidan: "The Jews threw rockets on the houses in Palestine."

الاسم : سارة ناصر زيدان
العمر : ٨ سنوات
البلد الاصلي : بلد الشيخ
الاقامة الحالية: البداوي

صاروا اليهود يضربوا الصواريخ على البيوت بفلسطين وتهدّم البيت نتفة ، وهربت المرة وجوزها من البيت علشان ما يجي عليهن الصاروخ . بس الزلمي تصاوب ومات قدام بيتو . اجت المرة صارت تبكي وتدعي على اليهود لأنو قتلولا جوزها .

أجرت المقابلة نادية الدهيدي، بتاريخ ٩ / ٦ / ٢٠٠٨

Sara Nasser Zeidan, 8 year old.

Place of origin: Village Balad El Sheik in Palestine.

Storycrafted in Beddawi camp
by Nadia El-Dehidi on 9.6.2008.

The Jews threw rockets on the houses in Palestine. A house was somewhat destroyed. The lady and her husband ran away to avoid the rockets but the husband died in front of his house. The lady started to cry and pray for God's punishment to the Jews because they killed her husband.

Nour El Deen Housein El Sharief: "I have not seen my brother in sixty years."

Nour El Deen Housein El Sharief, 78 year old.

Place of origin: Safouri in Palestine.

Storycrafted in Beddawi camp
by Nadia El-Dehidi on 31.3.2008.

When we left Palestine I was 18 years old, a young man. We were living in a village, I worked in agriculture. Mind you, agriculture was very important in Palestine.

When the British occupied our country, we thought that our economy would improve. But the opposite happened. The Jews used to import wheat from outside at low prices in order to destroy the price of our crop. The result was that farmers could not cover their expenses from their agriculture income. The British announced that Arabs were allowed to enroll in the British army if they were between 18 - 40 years old. Most of the youth joined the army because they needed the money. Wages were much more tempting than what agriculture could pay. The elderly could not look after the land properly. Some people sold their land to the Jews which gave the Jews more land. When the UN partition of Palestine was announced the Arabs refused to recognize it. War started in 1948 between Arabs and Jews which resulted in a Palestinian exodus to Jordan, Syria, and Lebanon. I went to Lebanon - they gathered us at Bint Jibeil, a village in the south of Lebanon, then we went to El-Karon in Beqaa, and then to Nahr el-Bared. I cannot express the sorrows we felt in those days. It was very painful beginning on May 1st. I feel sad, much more than sad. What shall I tell you - this is my brother's picture. I left him in Palestine; he was six years old, now he is sixty-six. I have not seen him in sixty years. What a situation we are facing today, darker than the color black.

الاسم: نور الدين حسين الشريف

العمر: ٧٨ سنة

البلدالاصلي: صفورية

مكان الاقامة السابق: نهر ألبارد

مكان الاقامة الحالية: مخيم البداوي

لما طلعت من فلسطين كان عمري ١٨ سنة ، كنت واعي . كنا احنا ساكنين بالقرى كنا نعمل بالزراعة وكانت الزراعة، مميزة عنا بفلسطين .

ولما اجا الاستعمارالانكليزي أفتكرنا ان الاقتصاد بتحسن صار لما يطلع الموسم عنا صاروا اليهود يجيبوا الطحين خالص من برة على موسم القمح ، بسعر رخيص . صار المزارع ما يقدر يكفى حياتو طول السنة ، وبعدين فتحوا باب الخدمة للعرب من عمر ١٨ – ٤٠ سنة. يحق له الدخول مع الجيش الانكليزي . معظم الشباب راحت على الجيش لانو المعاش احسن من الشغل في الارض . بعدين صارت العجزة ما تقدر تقوم بالشغل ، صارت العالم تبيع قسم من اراضيها لليهود . صار عند اليهود أراضي أكتر من العرب .

بس طلع قانون التقسيم رفضوا الفلسطينية التقسيم صارت المعركة ب ٤٨ بين العرب واليهود .

لما صارت المعركة ،قسم من الناس راح على الاردن أوعلى سورية أوعلى لبنان . جيت على لبنان على بنت جبيل . جمعونا وبعدين رحنا على القرعون ، وبعدين رجعنا جينا على نهر البارد ، وما فيني اوصف لك هذا اليوم . يوم ١ أيار كتير حزين واكتر من حزين ، شو بدي أقولك هاي صورة أخوي تركته من فلسطين كان عمره ٦ سنين هلأ صار عمره ٦٦ سنة ، كيف بدّى اكون مبسوط وأخوي مش شايفو من ٦٠ سنة ؟ شو هالحالة اللي احنا فيها ؟ هذا يوم أسود من السواد .

أجرت المقابلة نادية الدهيدي، بتاريخ ٢٠٠٨/٣/٣١

Alma

Haifa

Acre harbour.

Fatima Faried Al Ali. "We dig three meters and get water. I still keep my wedding dress."

Fatima Faried Al Ali, 78 year old.

Place of origin: Akaa in Palestine.

Storycrafted in Beddawi camp
by Nadia El-Dehidi on 4.4.2008.

We had a genuine Arabic horse; we used it to plough the land. We used to grow wheat and barley, we were farmers, our land was fertile. We used to dig three meters and get water.

We had Arab Jews in our neighborhood and we used to visit each other. But they established good relations with the British because they were the occupiers. They inter-married which resulted in them getting our land because the British controlled everything at that time.

I got married in Palestine when I was fifteen years old and had two children there; a boy named Housni and a girl. But the girl got ill on our way to Lebanon and passed away during our displacement journey. We buried her in a village called Tamra. My husband stayed there, believing that after some days we will be back, he did not know that we will be separated forever. He waited five years for my return, three times he arranged for me a permission to go back. I used to take the bus to the border but the Lebanese General Security did not let me pass. Since the Nakba I did not see him, it has been sixty years. After five years he gave up and got married to a lady in Palestine. I stayed in Lebanon and divorced. It took me fifteen years to get married to a Palestinian from Lebanon. I still keep my wedding dress. I wrapped it in a cloth and carried it on my head all the way on my long displacement road. It was tailored for me by a lady tailor in Haifa.

الاسم : فاطمة فريد العلي
العمر :٧٨ سنة
البلد الاصلي : عكا
مكان الاقامة : مخيم البداوي

كان عنا فرس أصيلة، كنا نحرث ونفلح الأرض عليها ، ونزرع قمح وشعير، احنا كنا فلاحين وكانت أرضنا رمل مش طين أو صخر ، كنا نحفر بير شي ٣ امتار تطلع المي .

كانوا جيرانا يهود بس عرب ، كانوا ييجوا يزورونا واحنا كنا نزورن ، كان في بيناتنا زيارات عادي ، بس هني اللي استقبلوا الانكليز وسلموهن الأرض وجوزوهن بناتن لانو كان الحكم انكليزي .

انا تجوزت بفلسطين كان عمري ١٥ سنة وجبت صبي وبنت ،الصبي اسمو حسني بس البنت ماتت معي على الطريق مرضت واحنا طالعين وماتت ودفناها بضيعة من فلسطين اسما (تمرة) ، وضل جوزي بفلسطين على أساس كم يوم وراجعين ، ما قبل يطلع معاي ، ما عارف انو راح نتفرق وكل واحد راح يطب ببلد . نطرني ٥ سنين هو بفلسطين وانا بلبنان وكل ما يعملّي تصريح على فلسطين اطلع بالباص وأروح بس الأمن العام يرجّعني ، ٣ مرات اجاني الطلب وما قدرت افوت . ومن وقت اللجأة ماشفتو يعني من ٦٠ سنة ، وبعدين تجوز وحدة من فلسطين وانا ضليت بلبنان و اتطلقت لانو هو ببلد وانا ببلد ، وبعد ١٥ سنة تجوزت واحد فلسطيني من لبنان .

وبعدني لهّلأ محتفظة بفستان عرسي ، طلعتوا بالبوّجة على راسي من محل لمحل ، وهادا الفستان خيطتلي اياه خيّاطة كانت ساكنة بحيفا . أجرت المقابلة نادية الدهيدي، بتاريخ ٤ /٤/٢٠٠٨

Palestine before
the Establishment of Israel

* Fatima Faried Al Ali, 78
* Bahiyya Saied Al Batal, 74
* Inaami Hussein Sulieman, 79

Bahiyya Saied Al Batal: "We lived happily with our Arabic speaking Jewish neighbors."

Bahiyya Saied Al Batal, 74 year old.

Place of origin: Haifa in Palestine.

Storycrafted in Beddawi camp
by Nadia El-Dehidi on 2.5.2008.

Palestine was beautiful and Haifa was paradise. Our neighbors were Jews but they spoke Arabic, we lived together happily. My father used to work for harbor customs in Haifa. I went to a government school and only finished elementary education.

The British came and started shooting at us, the shelling was heavy. They took young men and killed them and made the girls take off their clothes. As we were leaving my mother went into labor, maybe out of fear, around the time the baby was due. I took a horse carriage and went to fetch the lady doctor. It was a horrible night. Our neighbor was Jewish, her name was Om Shalomo – she asked me "Bahiyya, why are you crying?" I told her "my mother is in labor; please do not throw bombs at us". She told me "it is not us who are shelling you"? My mother delivered a boy, Bashir. We left Haifa for the Cross Valley. I carried the newborn baby and put my other brothers and sisters in some people's house. I went back to get my mother because she has been blind since childhood from having smallpox. My mother asked father to take us to Sidon in Lebanon because she was afraid from the shelling that might hit her children. So he hired a car and took us to Sidon in Lebanon. They would not let us in unless we paid some money. Until now, I still have my birth certificate.

In Lebanon, Palestinian money had a high value at that time. My father went back to his job in Haifa. He used to come every month to give us money and check on us. We are from the first people who had to leave Palestine in 1948. People used to laugh at us because we ran away. We used to go to the port in Saida to watch people coming from Palestine. First, they put them in the mosque and then they built a camp - Mieh Mieh. We lived there because my father lost his job in Palestine. He joined us - we had no money left and had to live in the camp. It was miserable and we were poor, rain water poured on our heads and the tents flew in the air. We used to queue to get some drinking water. People started to fight with each other. I suffered a lot because I was the eldest and carried a huge responsibility. My father used to work as a daily cleaner of the tents. There was a tent for sick people with tuberculosis. He got the infection and died. My mother was breast feeding my little brother when they told her about his death. She did not believe them because they would not let us see him. They came and sprayed the tent that we were living in. We moved to Beirut where I got married and then moved to Tripoli. My mother died. My little brother will be sixty years old. The other Arab countries like Jordan, Syria, and Lebanon opened their borders for Palestinians. We lived in the Diaspora. The Palestinian history is so black.

الاسم : بهية سعيد البطل
العمر : ٧٤ سنة
البلد الأصلي : حيفا
مكان الاقامة:مخيم البداوي

كانت فلسطين حلوة وحيفا كانت جنة ، وكانوا جيرانًا يهود بس بيحكوا عربي ، وكناعايشين مبسوطين وابوي كان يشتغل بالجمارك على البحر بحيفا ، وانا كنت بالمدرسة بفلسطين اسما مدرسة الحكومة ووصلت لصف الخامس ابتدائي .

وبعدين اجو الانكليز وصاروا يضربوا علينا، وصار قصف كتير، وصاروا ياخدوا الشباب ويقنصوها، والبنات يشلحوها اواعيها ، وأنا بتذكر لما هربنا صارت أمي بّدا تخلّف من الخوف ، رحنا وجبنا الدكتورة بالحنطور وكانت ليلة رهيبة . وكانت جارتنا اللي ساكنة فوقنا يهودية اسما ام شلومو ، قالتلي: بهية شو مالك عم تبكي ؟ قلت لها أمي عم تخلف : ما تزتوا علينا قنابل ، قالت لي لأ مش احنا عم نزت عليكو قنابل . وخلّفت امي صبي وسمتو بشير . وبعدين طلعنا من حيفا على وادي الصليب ، حملت أخوي اللي خلّفتوأمي واخواتي ، لأنو انا الكبيرة ، وحطّيتن عند ناس بنعرفن وخلّيتن هناك ، ورجعت مرة ثانية واخدت امي ، ودّيتها محل ما حطيت اخواتي لأنو امي كانت عميا ما بتشوف ، من وهي صغيرة صابتها الجدري وانعمت و بطلت تشوف . ورحنا على وادي الصليب ، وبعدين امي قالت لأبوي ودیني على صيدا، هون في قصف كتير، وانا خايفة على ولادي . وبعدين أبوي استأجر سيارة وأخدنا على صيدا ، وما قبلوا يفوتونا على الحدود على لبنان الا لما دفعنا مصاري ، وبعدا معي لهلأ ورقة الولادة وفتنا على لبنان وكانت الليرة بفلسطين تعمل هديك الايام ، وضل أبوي يشتغل بحيفا وكان كل شهر يجي يجبلنا المصاري ويطلّ علينا .ونحن من اول الناس اللي طلعت من فلسطين ب٤٨ من اول دفعة ، صاروا الناس يضحكوا علينا كيف هربنا ، وبعدين صارت الناس تهرب . صرنا نروح على البور بصيدا نشوف العالم كيف طلعوها بالمراكب من فلسطين، وصاروا يحطوهن بالجوامع بصيدا، وبعدين رجعوا سكّنوهن بالخيم بالمية ومية ، ورحنا احنا سكنّا معاهن عشان ابوي بطّل يشتغل بفلسطين ، وقعدنا بالخيم وفقر وتعتير ، وصارت مية الشتا تنزل علينا بالخيم وصارت الخيم تطير من الهوا، وصرنا نصفّ بالدور عشان نشرب نقطة مي ، وصارت العالم تتخانق مع بعضا البعض ، وانا تعذبت كتير لأنو انا كنت الكبيرة ومتحملة المسؤولية . وصار أبوي يشتغل عامل نظافة بالخيم ، وهناك كان في خيمه للمرضى يعالجوا فيها مرضى السل ، قام أبوي انعدا ومات . كانت امي عم ترضع اخوي، بس اجو قالولا جوزك مات ما صدقت وما خلّوها تشوفوا ، وبعدين اجو عقموا الخيمة اللي كنا ساكنين فيها . وأخر شي اجينا سكنّا بيروت وتجوزت انا ، وسكنت بطرابلس، وامي ماتت ، وأخوي بشير بعد كم يوم بصير عمرة ٦٠ سنة وبعدين فتحت البلاد مثل سوريا ولبنان والأردن ، وتشتتت الفلسطينية ، ونحن الفلسطينية من يوم يومنا ماضينا اسود .

أجرت المقابلة نادية الدهيدي، بتاريخ ٢/ ٥ / ٢٠٠٨

Inaami Hussein Sulieman: "We are villagers from Suhmata."

الاسم : انعامي حسين سليمان
العمر : ٧٩ سنة
البلد الأصلي : سحماتا
مكان الاقامة الحالية : البداوي

احنا فلاحين من سحماتا ، كنا نزرع بالصيف تين وصبر وجوز ورمان ، وبنزرع بندورة وكوسا وبامية ولوبيه ، وكنا نزرع ل لألنا مش للبيع ، وكنا نعطي بعض ، اذا واحد مش زارع بندورة نوديلو بندورة ، واذا واحد مش زارع كوسا نوديلو كوسا مش بس انا ، الكل بعمل هيك . وبعدين كان يجي موسم الزيتون ، تقريبا الكل كان عندو زيتون بفلسطين .

وبعدين اجوا الانكليز واللي خلا العالم يهربوا من فلسطين الهاجانا ، لأنو كانوا ياخدوا الشباب ويقتلوها وصاروا يشلّحوا البنات اواعيها . وبعدين طلعنا أنا وامي وابوي واخواتي على عين طيريا بس اخوي احمد وهاني أخدوهن اليهود وكتفوهن ، بعدين رجعوا امي وابوي على سحماتا وضلوا قاعدين مقابيل اخواتي وصارت امي تبوس اجر اليهودي عشان يطلعوا اخواتي وما كان يقبلوا . بعد ٨ تيام فلّتوه لهاني بس ما طلعوا أخوي أحمد اجا أبوي قطع الأمل وخاف على ولادو الباقين وقال لأامي قومي نرحل على لبنان ، وطلعنا على لبنان مشي ، حافين . وطول الطريق كان أبوي حامل اخته الوحيدة على ظهره لأنها كبيرة وعاجزة ، بس هي كان الها ابن وما عرفت وين طب ، وصرنا نرتاح من محل لمحل وشفنا الموت بعيونّا . وصلنا لرميش ولقينا بوابها مسكرة بوجّنا وما كان في حدا يسقينا شربة مي . لقينا بركة كانت تشرب منها الكلاب والحمير وصرنا نشرب منها . العالم لأنو ماتت من العطش شو بدا تساوي ؟ وبعدين رحنا على بنت جبيل وبعد ٣ أيام جابوا الباصات ورحنا على صور وبعدين جابوا الترين ودّونا على محطة طرابلس ضلينا ١٥ يوم ،القمل على جسمنا يمشي، ننام ونقوم بالترين ، وما كان في حمامات اذاحدا بدوا يفوت على الحمام يقضي حاجتو حد ألترين .

نحن ضلينا بطرابلس ، وعمتي لاقت ابنها ، بس ابوي رجع راح على فلسطين من منطقة لمنطقه حتى وصل على سحماتا عشان يدور على احمد ، و ما كان في بسحماتا غير نسوان تنتين ختيارية ما طلعوا لانو مافي حدا يطلّعن ،بعدين راح أبوي على قرية اسما بركة ، كان فيها مختار درزي عشان يسألو على احمد ، قام عرّفوا وين اخوي احمد ، وداه المختار على جنين كانوا حابسينو بزنزانة تحت الارض وما كانوا يطعموهن غير فجل وملح . وقلوا المختار الدرزي: فيني اطلع ابنك بس لازم تاخدوا على لبنان .وافق أبوي واخد احمد واجا على لبنان ، بس احمد ما كان بدو يطلع من فلسطين ويصير لأجئ لأنو هو متعلم ومعو شهادة من القدس .عشان هيك ما بدن اياه يضّل بفلسطين .

أجرت المقابلة نادية الدهيدي، بتاريخ ٣ / ٥ / ٢٠٠٨

Inaami Hussein Sulieman, 79 year old.

Place of origin: Suhmata in Palestine.

Storycrafted in Beddawi camp
by Nadia El-Dehidi on 3.5.2008.

We are villagers from Suhmata. In the summer we used to plant cactus, figs, nuts, pomegranates, tomatoes, vegetables and beans. We used to plant for our personal use, not for sale. If someone did not plant tomatoes or other edibles we gave some to him. Everyone did the same. The olive season came; everyone had olive trees in Palestine.

Then the British army came to Palestine. People ran off the land because the Haganah (a Jewish paramilitary organization at the time) took the youth and killed them and undressed the females. I, my mom, dad and some brothers and sisters except for my brothers Ahmad and Hani left to Ein Tabaraya. The Jews cuffed and arrested Ahmad and Hani. My mom and dad went back to Suhmata and stood in front of my brothers. My mom kissed the feet of the Jewish soldier so he would free them, he refused. After eight days, they set Hani free but kept Ahmad. My dad lost hope in Ahmad being set free and was worried about his other children. So he made the decision and told my mom that we were leaving to Lebanon. We went to Lebanon bare footed. The whole way my father was carrying his sister on his back because she was very old and disabled. She had one son who she did not know where he was.

We used to make stops to get some rest; we saw death with our own eyes on the way. We reached Rmeish and found that all doors closed in our faces. No one accepted to give us a sip of water. We found a pond that dogs and cats drank from - we also drank from it because people were dying of thirst. We went to Bint Jbeil and after three days they got us buses and took us to Tyre. Then they took us to Tripoli where we stayed for fifteen days. Fleas lived on our bodies. We slept and lived on the train, there were no toilets. If someone needed to use the toilet he had to go next to the litters. We stayed in Tripoli. My aunt found her son and my father went back to Palestine to look for his son Ahmad. In Suhmata there was nobody except for two old ladies who stayed because they had no one to help them out. My dad went to a village named Birkah where he found a mayor who was a Druze. The mayor told my father that his son was in an underground prison in Jenin, he was fed only radishes and salt, he took my dad to Ahmad. He told my father that he could let him out but that he had to take him back to Lebanon. Ahmad was set free. He did not want to leave Palestine because he had a degree from the University of Jerusalem. That is why they did not want him to stay in Palestine.

Hanadi Housein Abed Al Rahim: "We live in a garage."

الاسم : هنادي حسين عبد الرحيم
العمر : ٣ سنوات (حضانة)
البلدالاصلي : صفورية
مكان الاقامة الحالية: مخيم البداوي
مكان الاقامة السابقة : مخيم نهر البارد
ساكنين بالكراج وبنمد الفراش وبنقعد وبس .
أجرت المقابلة نادية الدهيدي، بتاريخ ٢١ / ٣ / ٢٠٠٩

Hanadi Housein Abed Al Rahim, 3 year old.
Place of origin: Safouri in Palestine.
Storycrafted in Beddawi camp
by Nadia El-Dehidi on 21.3.2009.

We live in a garage, we sit on mattresses.

Boys and Girls under the Bombs

* Hanadi Housein Abed Al Rahim, 3
* Hadeel Mohammad Rabih, 7
* Amani Mohmmad Moghamis, 11
* Fatima El Sayyed, 10
* Jana Khaled Rashed, 9
* Maram Mousa Sewidan, 11
* Salah Salah Deewan, 12
* Yousef Abou Radi, 12
* Sami Khaled Al Hassan, 9
* Khaled Salah Deewan, 10
* Khaled Jamal Yafawi, 12
* Housein Mohammed Sharkieh, 5

Hadeel Mohammad Rabih: "My brother came home, told us men on the streets were bloodied."

الاسم : هديل محمد ربيع
العمر : ٧سنوات
البلد الاصلي : صفد
مكان الاقامة الحالية : مخيم البداوي
مكان الاقامة السابقة : مخيم نهر البارد
بلشوا ضرب ، كنا عنا بالبيت (الطابق الثالث) وقالونا انزلوا تحت عند ستي وبلشوا ضرب . ما بكيت وما صرخت . وضلينا عند ستي ٣ ايام ، امبارح جينا عالبداوي قعدنا عند خالتي .

كانوا يضربوا ويزتوا رصاصات، واجوا عنا بالدار رصاصات كثير، وكنا ناكل معلبات وكانوا يوزعوا خبز ، وراح أخوي يجب لنا وضربوا عالشاحنية قذيفة ، واجا اخوي وحكالنا عن القذيفة ، ضربوا زلام وضربوا جرحى ، ومرة تصاوبت ،وما ضربوا بيتنا ، لاكن بنحس انه الضرب عنا بالبيت .

وأنا مبسوطة هون لأنو ما في حرب بالبداوي ، بنام بالليل .انا بمدرسة بتير وانا زعلانة لأنه ضربوا صاروخ عالمدرسة. كانوا يعطونا بالمدرسة جينا نحلم بالحرية(مع ابتسامة خفيفة وحزينة) وبقول لكل الأطفال ما تخافوا عشان الحرب، لانها ما بتخوف بس الصغار بخافوا وأنا كبيرة
أجرت المقابلة نادية الدهيدي، بتاريخ ٢٣ / ٥ / ٢٠٠٧

Hadiel Mohammad Rabie, 7 year old.

Displaced from Nahr el-Bared camp to Beddawi camp.

Storycrafted in Beddawi camp by Nadia El-Dehidi on 23.5.2007.

We were at home on the third floor when shooting started. They shouted for us to go down to the basement, to grandmother's home. They started shooting but I did not cry or shout. We stayed with grandmother for three days then we went to Beddawi and stayed with my aunt. They were shooting bullets in our yard. We were eating canned food. Bread was being distributed so my brother went to get us some. They started shooting at the bread truck. My brother came home and told us how men were on the streets bloodied, there were many wounded and one woman got hit with a bullet. They did not hit our house, but we felt as if the shelling was coming towards our house. I am happy here because there is no war in Beddawi and I can sleep. I study at Betier School. I am sad because a rocket hit the school. They used to teach us a song at school – "we came to dream of liberty". With a little smile, I tell all the children not to be afraid of the war because it is not scary. But children are afraid, I am an adult.

Kirsti Palonen (Finnish psychologist) comments

on Hadiel's story in Nahr el-Bared.

"When I translated the story I felt that Hadiel was still in shock and had not fully understood what everything meant. Maybe he was fighting reacting by denying the most natural feeling of fear. The fear of fear may sometimes be so big that the child tries to prevent even others to be scared. Maybe he is also trying to avoid the fear by identifying with a distorted adult image without feelings of fear. I think Howaida or some other kindergarten teacher on your staff could follow-up with Hadiel and continue storycrafting with him. Maybe he will use this possibility to open up and let his fears and tears come. At least during the storycrafting the adult would have an opportunity to discuss with Hadiel that there are situations when even the adults are scared. But this does not mean that they are totally helpless; that even adults cry. After crying in the presence of somebody you can trust you may feel better. I feel so sad when a seven year old says she is an adult. I am sure your staff will help her to feel like a child again during the activities you arrange for children.

Amani Mohmmad Moghamis: "Men were scared they would be killed."

الاسم : أماني محمد مغامس

العمر : ١١ سنة

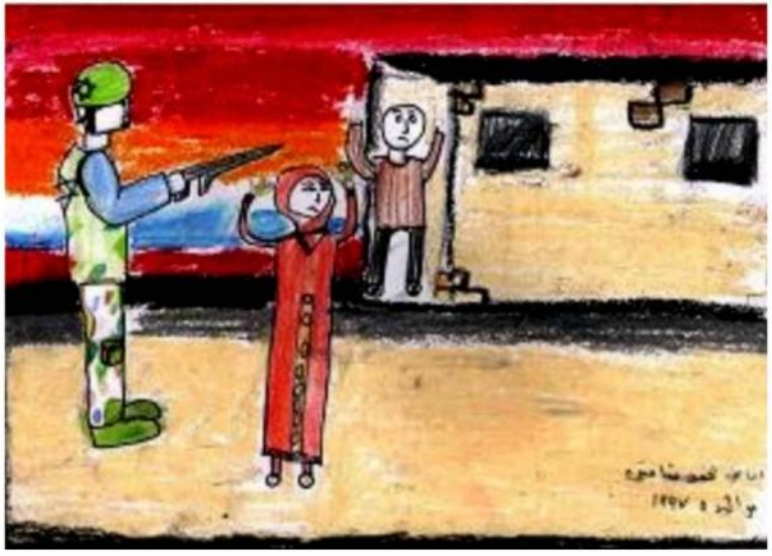
البلدالاصلي : صفورية

مكان الاقامة الحالية : مخيم البداوي

مكان الاقامة السابقة : مخيم نهر البارد

رسمت هدول الاسرائيليه لما صاروا يقوسوا على الفلسطينية عشان ياخدولن بيوتن . ولزلام خافت ورفعت ايديها عشان ما يقتلوها . والسما صارت حمرا من الحرب من كثر ما ضربوا عليهن قذائف .

أجرت المقابلة نادية الدهيدي، بتاريخ ٥ / ٥ / ٢٠٠٨



Amani Mohmmad Moghamis, 11 year old.

Place of origin: Village Safouri in Palestine.

Storycrafted in Beddawi camp by Nadia El-Dehidi on 5.5.2008.

I drew the Israelis shouting at the Palestinians. They were taking their homes. Men were scared they would be killed, they raised their hands. The sky became red because of the heavy shelling.

Fatima El Sayyed: "People were crying and I was one of them."

Fatima El Sayyed, 10 year old.

Displaced to her aunt's house in Beddawi camp.

Storycrafted in Beddawi camp
by Nadia El-Dehidi on 26.5.2007.

This year a war took place in Nahr el-Bared camp. During this war many people passed away - among them men, women and plenty of children. People's hearts were scarred from the painful news. Many houses were destroyed, many cars damaged.

Quran verses were constantly coming out of all the people's mouths, they were afraid; children and women crying all the time because of fear. On my way out of the camp I saw many blocks of houses that had been destroyed, leveled. People were crying and I was one of them. Today in Beddawi, at my aunt's place, I feel happy and sad at the same time. People who stayed in the camps are suffering, like I did. My happiness will not be complete unless this problem is solved and we go back to our houses where we were born, free from a prison that is imprisoning our hearts. I wish that all children would not be afraid.

الاسم: فاطمة السيد من سعسع
العمر: ١٠ سنوات
مكان الاقامة الحاليةَ: في منزل عمتي في مخيم البداوي
مكان الاقامة السابقة : مخيم نهر البارد

هذه السنة جرت حرب في مخيم نهر البارد. في الحرب استشهد الكثير من الناس بينهم رجال ونساء واطفال كتير، وارتعبت قلوب الناس من الاخبار المؤلمة ، وهدمت الكثير من البيوت وتفجرت سيارات كثيرة، ولم تكن قراءة القرآن والتوحيد تتوقف عن شفتي. الناس، كل الناس كانوا خايفين، من نساء واطفال وكانت الدمعة لا تفارق عينيهم من شدة الخوف ، وعند خروجنا من المخيم رأيت الكثير من حجارة البيوت مرمية على ارض الشوارع جميع الناس يبكون ، وكنت انا منهم . وها نحن اليوم في منطقة البداوي عند عمتي ، انا اليوم سعيدة ولكن في نفس الوقت حزينة لان الناس الذين بقوا في المخيم يتألمون مثل ما كنت انا اتألم . ولن تكتمل سعادتي إلا عندما تنحلّ المشكلة ونعود الى بيوتنا ومكان ولادتنا سعداء فرحين شامخين الرؤوس ، متحررين من سجن كان قلبنا مقيد داخله ويا ريت كل الأطفال ما يكونوا خائفين.

أجرت المقابلة نادية الدهيدي، بتاريخ ٢٠٠٧/٥/٢٦

Jana Khaled Rashed: "I wish they would allow us to go back to our houses in the camp."

Jana Khaled Rashed, 9 year old.

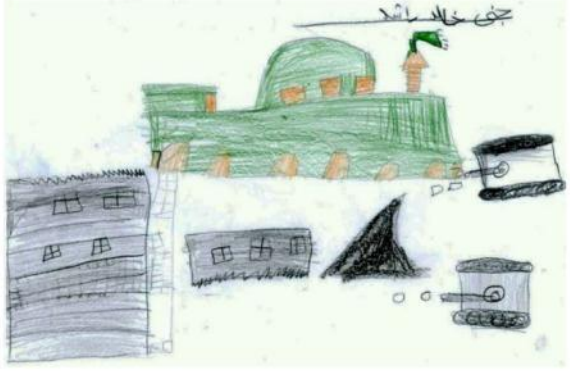
Storycrafted in Beddawi camp
by Nadia El-Dehidi on 1.6.2007.

In The Name Of Allah, the Most Beneficent, the Most Merciful.

There was so much bombing in Nahr el-Bared some people were afraid they would die, others were afraid they would be injured. Days passed until the day came when we left the camp. We were scared and lost. At that time we did not know how we got out of the camp but it is an unforgettable day in our memories.

When we left Nahr el-Bared we went to Beddawi camp. We thank this camp because they fed us and met our needs. When we were exposed to bombing and snipers we understood the value of having a home. We realized that nagging gets nowhere.

When we left the camp some people were looking for a place to live in. The nearby Arab countries were watching. They did not believe what was happening until they saw us on TV. I wish there will be no fighting. I wish they would allow us to go back to our houses in the camp.



بسم الله الرحمن الرحيم

كان في مخيم نهر البارد قصف كثيف وكان البعض يخاف من ان يموت وكان البعض الآخر يخاف من ان ينجرح ومرت الأيام حتى اتى يوم خرجنا فيه من المخيم خايفين ضائعين حينها خرجنا من المخيم ولم نكن نعرف كيف خرجنا من المخيم كان ذلك اليوم لا ينسى من ذاكرة احد. لما خرجنا من المخيم ذهبنا الى البداوي . شكرا جزيلا للبداوي لأنها أطعمتنا وامنت لنا حاجاتنا حينما تعرض بيتنا الى القصف والتقنيص اصبحنا نعرف قيمة البيت، والنق لا يفيد ولا يجزي . عندما خرجنا من المخيم كان البعض يبحث عن بيت ليعيش فيه . وكانت الدول العربية خارج نهر البارد تظن اننانمزح ولم يصدقونا الا عندما شاهدوا التلفاز . بتمنى انو يعني يبطل في قصف ويرجعونا عبيوتنا ويرجعونا عالمخيم .

Maram Mousa Sewidan: "His little brother was crying because of the death of his parents."

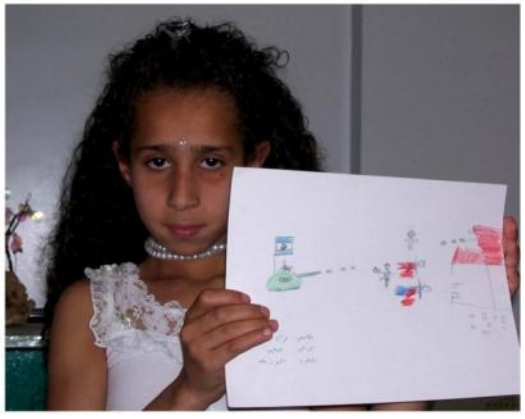
الاسم : مرام موسى سويدان
العمر : ١١ سنة
البلدة : البوزية
مكان الاقامة الحالية: مخيم البداوي
مكان الاقامة السابقة : مخيم نهر البارد
رسمت دبابة عم تقوس على البيت ، اجو الناس هربوا من البيت ،وهني هربانين ماتت المرة وجوزها ، وهي عندها ولدين واحد صار يضرب الدبابة بالحجر لأنن قتلوا أمه وابوه ، واخوه الصغير صار يبكي على امه وأبوه لأنن ماتو و ما عارف وين بدو يروح .
أجرت المقابلة نادية الدهيدي، بتاريخ ٢٩ \٥\٢٠٠٨

Maram Mousa Sewidan, 11 year old.

Place of origin: Village Albozia in Palestine.

Storycrafted in Beddawi camp
by Nadia El-Dehidi on 29.5.2008.

I drew a tank shelling a house. People ran away. A woman and her husband died. She had two children - one of them was throwing stones at the tank because it killed his mother. His little brother was crying because of the death of his parents and he did not know where to go.



Salah Salah Deiwan, 12 years old.

Storycrafted in Beddawi camp by Dalal Sahrour on 5.11.2007.

What can we say about destruction? The people were destroyed. They are not comfortable here because there is nothing here. I have a very strange feeling concerning this destruction. We used to live better. People cannot accept each other because of the destruction and because of those who died. I am working on cleaning our house. It was so nice before. We had furniture, toys – that is all gone now. We had two floors to our house where we used to play and study. No more. We cannot play, life is boring. I wish the camp would be rebuilt just like it was before. People would act better. Some of my friends passed away. I was so upset because I saw one friend that was unconscious. I met some friends in a school in Tripoli. I was so happy I forgot all about my life in the camps. On my way back to the camp I felt very happy but became very sad when I saw the destruction in the camp. I have nightmares at night because I did not know that the camp had been so destroyed and taken from us. I love to speak.

الاسم: صلاح صلاح ديوان

العمر: ١٢ سنة

البلد الاصلي : الياجور

مكان الاقامة الحالية: مخيم نهر البارد

شو بدنا نحكي عن الدمار؟ هالدمار دمر العالمّ ، والعالمّ مش مرتاحة هون لان ما في شي . شعوري غريب كتير، كنا عايشين احسن ، بس هلأ العالم مش مستحملة بعضها من البيوت المدمرة ، ومن العالم اللي ماتت . أنا عم بشتغل وعم بعزّل ، كان بيتنا كتير منيح وكان في فراش واواعي ، والعابي كلها راحت . بيتنا كان طابقين ، كنا نلعب فوق وندرس ،هلأ ما فينا نلعب ، الحياة زهأ . بتمنى المخيم يرجع زي ما كان منشان العالم ترجع مرتاحة أصحابي كلن راحوا ، اشي مات زعلت عليه ، واحد صار عندو غيبوبة ، شفته بالمدرسة بطرابلس وانبسطت كتير، ونسيت الحياة كلها . وأنا جايي عالطريق عالمخيم فرحت كتير، ولما شفت الدمار حزنت وصرت احلم بكوابيس لأني ما كنت عارف انه المخيم مسروق ومحروق وبحب على طول احكي . أجرت المقابلة دلال شحرور ، بتاريخ ٢٠٠٧/١١/٥

Yousef Abou Radi: "I was shot in my back; I want to recover and play football again."

Yousef Abou Radi, 12 year old.
Storycrafted in the garden of Rahmeh Hospital by Nadia El-Dehidi on 4.7.2007.

We were in the shelter. My father went out to the streets and found El Hajj Naïf. He said that anybody who wants to leave the camp can go. My father and El Hajj Naïf decided to leave together in his bus. When we reached the main street many families were waiting. They all rushed onto the bus, one on top of each other. El Hajj Naïf was shouting "I cannot take you all, I cannot drive like that". His gas pedal broke three times. He shouted for people to get out of the bus so he could fix the pedal. We all got off of the bus he fixed the pedal, then we got back on. I was sitting by a window on the bus. I recognized a car that passed us, it went through Badet Al Set but we went through another road by El Falah hill. Forty meters before the Shaker house I saw shooting coming from the fields. The bus driver got hurt and the bus started moving from side to side then turned over on the left side. I was shot in my back. My father tore my clothes off and found a big wound on my back. My mother saw what had happened to me, got off the bus, and screamed for somebody to help me. A sniper shot her in the head, she was badly hurt. I saw her but could not do anything because I was hurt. One of the Shaker family carried me away. I saw plenty of tanks. Someone took me in their car and quickly drove me to the hospital, to the Emergency Room. They gave me oxygen. I was lying on my right side, when I tried to turn on my left side I vomited. I saw a lady nurse looking at my mother's head. I saw my mother but could not speak with her because I was unable to speak. They gave me an anesthetic injection and I slept. I was operated on. When I woke up there was an army man standing by me. I asked him "who shot at us?" he answered that he "does not know". I was there till the morning then they transferred me to the Palestine Red Crescent Society's hospital because I was in Al Keir hospital. There, I found my uncle. He had run out of Nahr el Bared and walked to Beddawi last night. I asked: "Where is Montaha?" - He did not answer. I knew that she had passed away. She was taken out of the hospital in a coffin and buried. They took her and Hajj Naïf and buried them next to each other under a tree. When I was in the car I saw the tree that my mother and Hajj Naïf are buried under - my father showed it to me. Here in the hospital I get bored because there is nobody to play with and I have nothing to play with. My aunt's husband promised to get me a play station when I got out but he did not get it yet.

الأسم: يوسف راضي أبو راضي
المقابلة الثانية

حابب إني أصح وأرجع ألعب فطبول ، وكمان بدي من الله يطول عمر ستي وسلامة عمّاتي لإنو تعبو كتير بتربيتنا . وأبوي مش عم يهدى وهو رايح جاي على بيروت علشان الباسبورات ، وكل يوم بروح أبوي على السراي وبقولو له الموافقة بعدا ما جاي علشان يطّلع الباسبور، لإنو لوراق الثبوتية نسيناها بالبارد قبل ما يدمر، وانا بعتت رسالة لكيرستي وردت علي وانبسطت إنو ردت علي ، وقالتلي انا بشكرك على الرسالة وسألتني : كيف اخواتك ، وانا بالبيت بلعب Play Station مع عمي واخواتي ومرات بلعب لحالي.

أجرت المقابلة نادية الدهيدي بتاريخ ٢٠٠٧/٩/٧

Yousef's wishes:

I want to recover so I can play football again. I pray to God to give health to my grandmother and my aunts. They spent a lot of effort raising us. My father is tired of going to Beirut to apply for passports for all of us. Every day he goes to the home office, they tell him no news. All of our papers and ID's remain at Nahr el-Bared camp. They were there before the destruction.

I sent a letter to Kirsti. I am so happy that she answered me and thanked me for my message. She asked me about my sisters. At home I play with the play station, sometimes with my uncle or sisters and sometimes alone.

الاسم: يوسف راضي أبو راضي

العمر: ١٢ سنة

البلد: صفورية

مكان الاقامة الحالية: مخيم البداوي

مكان الاقامة السابقة : مخيم نهر البارد

كنا قاعدين بملجأ طلع أبوي ع الحارة ، كان جارنا الحاج نايف هناك ، طلعوا إعلآن قال: إلي بيقدر يطلع من المخيم يطلع . قام أبوي حكى مع الحاج نايف عشان نطلع معو بالباص عالبداوي، قالّوا الحاج نايف ما مشكلة ، قام وصلنا عالشارع لقينا عائلات كتيرة بدا تطلع بالباص . المهم طلعنا على الباص ، كلو تكوم مع بعضوا بالباص وخربت معاه دعسة البنزين ٣ مرات . طلع عالباص الحاج نايف صار يصيح: ما فيني أخدكوا كلكو انزلوا عشان اعرف أتصرف بدعسة البنزين ، المهم نزلنا من الباص رجعنا طلعنا عالباص ، واسرع بالباص واحنا طالعين ،انا كنت قاعد ناحية الشباك انتبهت لسيارة قدامنا كانت طالعة من دبة الست ، مرقت عادي واحنا طلعنا من طريق ثاني طلعة الفلاح قبل بيت شاكر بشي ٤٠ متر، شفت من البساتين الرصاص عم يطلع انا ما اطلعت إنتبهت بس إنو لرصاص عم يطلع من البساتين ، المهم تصاوب شوفير الباص، وبعدين الباص صار يروح هيك وهيك ، وبعدين قلب على ناحيةالشمال إجيت انا تصاوبت بضهري ، قام أبوي كشف الأواعي عني قام لاقى فتحة بضهري كبيرة ، قامت امي شافت اني متصاوب فتحت باب البوسطا بدا تطلع تقلن اني متصاوب قنصوها براسا آمت ماتت ، وانا ما فيني اعمل شي شفت امي متصاوبي وماتت بس ما فيني اعمل شي ، لإني متصاوب . حملني واحد من بيت شاكر. بس انتبهت انو في دبابات وملالات واقفين طلعني واحد بالسيارة أسرعت السيارة فيني عالمستشفى، بس فوتوني على غرفة العمليات على الطوارئ حطولي اوكسجين ، ما كنت أتطلع إلا على جهة اليمين واستفرغت . بس حاولت اتطّلع على ناحية الشمال ، لقيت في بنت ممرضة عم تفحص امي، وتشوف لها راسا ، انا شفتا لإمي ما قدرت احكي لإني ما كنت اقدر احكي، وبعدين دقوني ابرة بنج ، رحت غافي .ونمت بس خلصولي العملية شفت واحد من الجيش كان واقف حدي سألتوه مين قوص علينا قالي ما بعرف . بعدين نطرت للصبح بعدين نقلوني على مستشفى الهلال لإني كنت بمستشفى الخير. بس فتت عالغرفة لقيت عمي جاي مأسرع جايين من مبارح بالليل مشي على البداوي من نهر البارد قالوا لأبوي وين منتهى ؟ ما حكى بس هني عرفوا انها ماتت ، طلعوها من المستشفى وراحوا بالتابوت دفنوها، طلعوها هي والحاج نايف وراحوا قبروهن حد بعض تحت الشجرة ، وأنا بالسيارة شفت الشجرة يلّي مدفون تحتا إمي والحاج نايف دلني عليها أبوي، وهون بالمستشفى بزهق لإنو فش حدا معي وبدي ألعب شي ما بلاقي شي ألعب فيه ، زوج خالتي وعدني إنو بس أطلع من الهلال بدو يجب لي بلاي ستيشن بس ما جب لي ياها.

أجرت المقابلة نادية الدهيدي ٢٠٠٧/٧/٤

Sami Khaled Al Hassan: "I worked hard with my parents to find things in my house."

الاسم: سامي خالد الحسن
العمر: ٩ سنوات
البلد الاصلي : صفورية
مكان الاقامة الحالي : مخيم نهر البارد

أرجعنا عالمخيم أول يوم العيد، كنت حابب ارجع حتى لو ما عيدت بس مشتاق اشوف بيتنا . شفت البيوت مدمرة ، والجيش بشدد عالعالم لما بتيجي وبتروح . والحارة تعتنا مدمرة ، وزعلت على بيوت جيراننا المهدمة . بيتنا احسن من غيره ، بس محروق نصه ، نزلت مع اهلي اشتغلت ، تعبت . كنت حابب الاقي اغراضي والعابي ودهبات امي وجهاز اختي، بس ما لاقيت شي خصوصي جاكيتي الشتوي لأن بعد ما لبسته ، هوي جديد وحلو كتير اشترتلي اياه امي للمدرسة . بس كنت حابب ارجع عالمخيم كيف ما كان .
بخاف كتير من الليل لأنه ما في كهربا وبالليل بيجي علينا جرادين .

أجرت المقابلة سميرة الحسن بتاريخ ٢٠٠٧/١١/٥

Sami Khaled Al Hassan, 9 year old.

Storycrafted in Beddawi camp by Samira Abou Jomiah on 5.11.2007.

We came back to the camp on the first day of Eid El Adha. I wanted to come even though I was not enjoying the Eid. I missed my house. In the camp I found destroyed homes. The army was very strict about allowing people in and out of the camp. Our entire neighborhood was destroyed. I was sad because all of our neighbors' houses were also destroyed. Our house was in better shape than others, only half of it was burned. I worked hard with my parents to find things in my house. I became tired. I wanted to find my favorite things but all my toys were gone; my mother's jewels, my sister's wedding items were gone. I especially missed my winter jacket that my mother had bought for me to wear in school. I get scared at night because of no electricity and at night rats visit us.

Khaled Salah Deewan: "I wish we can go back and live as a family again."

Khaled Salah Deewan, 10 year old.

Storycrafted in Nahr el-Bared camp by Samira Abou Jomiah *on 5.11.2007.*

I felt like my heart stopped beating when I saw the camp. I could not recognize my house. In all directions streets are filled with broken concrete from the destroyed homes. Our house is burned – there is nothing left inside. Our house was so beautiful. It was by the sea, I used to swim everyday. I am very sad for the camp. The state should beware of God. I got tired of speaking - who is listening? Everyday I came to the camp with my family to clean our house. Even when we managed to clean our house it is still very difficult to live in. I love to go to school but there is no school available. I swear by God I am tired. I cannot play with my friends because we live very far from each other. I forgot how to play. My toys have gone. I cry everyday, I am fed up, I wish we can go back and live as a family again.

الاسم: خالد صلاح ديوان
العمر: ١٠ سنوات
البلد الاصلي : الياجور
مكان الاقامة الحالي : مخيم البداوي
مكان ألاقامة السابقة : مخيم نهر البارد

بس شفت المخيم حسيت قلبي وقف مش عارف بيتنا منين ولا وين ، الدمار مليان بالشوارع ، وبيتنا محروق وما في شي . وبيتنا كان حلو كتير جنب البحر كنت اسبح كل يوم انا زعلان كتير عالمخيم ، مدمر حرام عليهم .
تعبت اد ما حكيت ، بس مين بده يسمع ؟ كل يوم منيجي عالمخيم لنعزل انا واهلي ، بس لو عزلنا صعبة العيشة ببيتنا ، بحب اروح عالمدرسة وما في مدرسة ، بدي ارجع عالمدرسة والله تعبان ما فيني العب مع رفقاتي لانن بعاد عني ، نسيت كيف يلعبوا انحرمنا من كل حقنا، وضاعت لعبي كل يوم عم ببكي نفسي نرجع ونعيش مع كل اهلي ببيت واحد يا ريت . أجرت المقابلة سميرة الحسن بتاريخ ٢٠٠٧/١١/٥

Khaled Jamal Yafawi: "No playgrounds, our house is open to the neighbors."

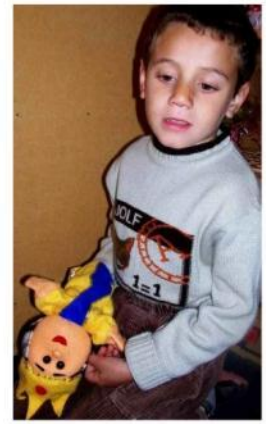
Khaled Jamal Yafawi, 12 year old.
Storycrafted in Nahr el-Bared camp
by Samira Abou Jomiah on 5.11.2007.

When we came to the camp I was afraid even though I was so eager to come. Women were sad and shouting, the small children were screaming. The minute we entered our house we started cleaning. When we finished cleaning we mopped the floor and stayed there. The house has two rooms, which were still in good shape, but the four other rooms were destroyed. We cleaned little by little until we finished. We are living with our uncles because originally we had lived in the same block. An institution visits us and records our names. Till now we live without doors and windows. We are afraid of the winter and what will happen to us. I am remembering our house from before. I cried and cried because everything has changed – there are no shops, no playgrounds, our house is open to the neighbors. I get scared at night because the neighbors come in the morning and leave at night. We are the only ones left in the neighborhood. I love this camp and love living in it even though the homes are destroyed. I could not get used to Beddawi Camp. These days I am playing the game of Fatah al-Islam and the army. We still have some sand bags left from the army near our houses. They are saying that the original camp people can go back in ten months. I am waiting because my grandfather's house is there and I love staying with him.

الأسم : جهاد جمال يافاوي
العمر: ١٢ سنة
البلده : سحماته
المدرسه : مجدو
مكان الأقامه : مخيم نهر البارد
بس قالت أمي بدنا نروح علي المخيم صرت أزقف ، فرحت كتير لأنه أشتقت لبيتنا، شفت بيوت مدمرة وروائح كريهة بتعمل أمراض ، بس أجت الجرافة وشالت الردم صرنا نعرف نفوت على البيت ، لأنو ماكان فينا نفوت والردم معبي الشوارع . وبيتنا محروق ورحت على بيت ستي ، شفت بيتها أحسن من بيتنا ، أنبسطت كتير لأني بحب ستي وبحب أنام عندها ، وقلت لأبوي منضل ننام عندها حتى نزبط بيتنا .

ستي صارت تبكي وتقول : أنشاء الله منرجع كل شي والله يجازي اللي كان السبب ، بكيت مع ستي وقلتلها الله يحرق اللي حرقلنا بيوتنا . أنا بحب بيتنا وبحب يرجع متل ماكان ، وبحب أرجع عالمدرسه لأني بشوف رفقاتي وبلعب معهن .

أجرت المقابلة سميرة أبو جميع بتاريخ ٥-١١-٢٠٠٧



Housein Mohammed Sharkieh, 5 year old.

Place of origin: Safouri in Palestine.

Storycrafted in Beddawi camp
by Nadia El-Dehidi on 19.3.2009.

The Army was near our house, at Abou Kassem's. My bike was broken and so was my red swing, and that is all.

الاسم : حسين محمد شرقية
العمر : ٥ سنوات (روضة ثانية)
البلدة : صفورية
مكان الاقامة الحالي : مخيم البداوي

مكان ألاقامة السابقة : مخيم نهر البارد

كان الجيش حد بيتنا عند ابو قاسم.

وبسكليتي أنكسر، والمرجيحة الحمرة تعيتي أنكسرت وبس .

أجرت المقابلة نادية الدهيدي ٢٠٠٧/٥/١٩

Ahmad Nabil Al Zagal: "We slept on the floor without pillows, mattresses or blankets."

الأسم: احمد نبيل الزغل

العمر: ١٠ سنوات

مكان الاقامة : مخيم البداوي

بحب اخبرك عن مخيم نهر البارد . كان الجيش اللبنانى بيحارب فتح الاسلام وبقصف على مخيم نهر البارد ، ومات منهم كثير وصاروا يغادروا مخيم نهر البارد، ومنهم يرحلوا الى مخيم البداوى، وكانو يروحوا بالسيارات والباصات، وفى الطريق لقوا الجيش اللبنانى بقصف على مخيم نهر البارد وعندما وصلوا لمخيم البداوى نزلنا من السيارات وسلمنا على قرايبينا (اقرباءنا) وعندما جاء الليل ناموا على الارض بدون مخدات ولا فراش وبدون مايتغطوا بحرامات.

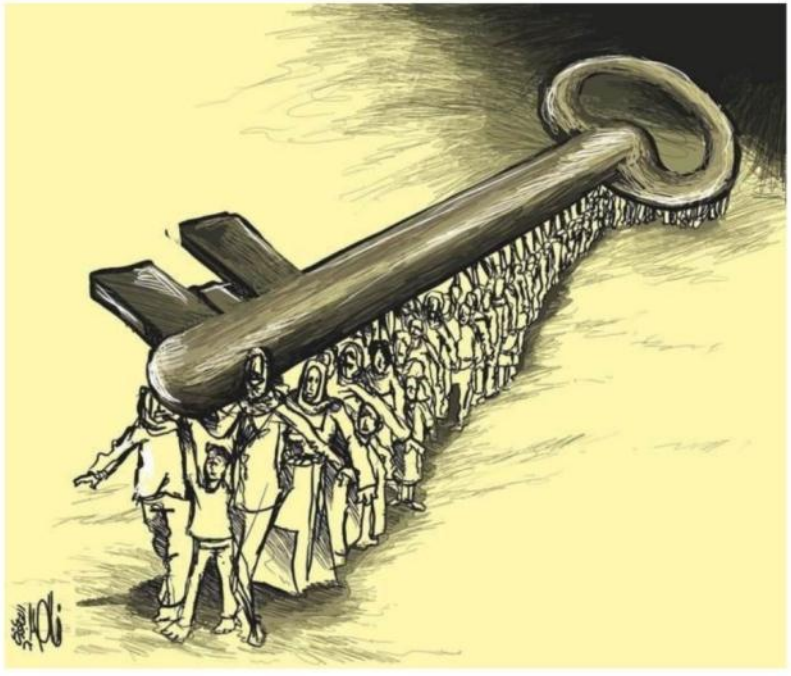
أجرت المقابلة هويدا العلي ٢٦-٥-٢٠٠٧

Ahmad Nabil Al Zagal, 10 year old.

Storycrafted in Beddawi camp by Howaida Al-Ali on 26.5.2007.

I have to tell you about Nahr el-Bared camp.

The army was fighting with Fatah al-Islam and shelling Nahr el-Bared camp, many people were killed. People started leaving the camp to go to Beddawi camp. They were going by cars and buses. On the way we saw the Lebanese army bombing the camp. When we arrived at Beddawi camp we went out of our cars and greeted our relatives. At night we slept on the floor without pillows, mattresses, or blankets.



On the Run

* Ahmad Nabil Al Zagal, 10
* Samer Walid Nasser, 8
* Ahmad Kayed, 10 and Mohmmad Kayed, 12
* Rayan Asskoul, 9
* Zeinab Housien Abed Al Rahim, 5
* Amal Nasser Abed Elaziz, 11

Samer Walid Nasser: "I remembered my toy bus."

الاسم: سامر وليد ناصر
العمر: ٨ سنوات
البلدة : عكا
مكان الاقامة السابقة : مخيم نهر البارد
مكان الاقامة الحالي : مخيم شاتيلا

لما بلّش الضرب كنت نايم ولما فقت كان الضرب بعده، ولاقيت أبوي وأمي ، ومرت خالي وأولادها إجوا ، لعنا وكانوا خايفين كتير ، واكتر شي بنت عمي إيناس، كل ما يطلع ضرب تحط إيديها على دنيها وراسها لتحت ، أنا كنت عم بضحك عليها .

لما طلع الصبح كان القصف قوي كتير، أخوي مازن صار يرجف لأنه السكري قشط كتير ، إمي ركضت وطعمته بسكويت ، ولما يصير هيك لازم ياكل شي حلو وإمي دايماً بتخلي بسكويت بجزدانها ولما أكل البسكويت صار منيح . لازم يكون الفحص بين ٧٠ الى ١٢٠، لأنه لما يصيرعالي لازم يفوت على المستشفى . الحمدلله هلق صار منيح. رحنا عند ستي وقعدنا معها ٣ تيام ، وبعدين الساعة واحدة ونص بالليل رحنا على البداوي وتاني يوم إجينا على بيروت . وعلى الطريق شفت الباصات افتكرت الباص اللعبة اللي عندي وقلت ياريت جبته معي وبعدين وصلنا على بيروت عند دار جدي في صبرا . لأنه بيت جدي صغير وكان في تمانية أشخاص رحنا على مدرسة الثقافة الوطنية . كانت غرفة صغيرة كثير نمنا فيها ٦ أشخاص ، يعني مزبوط إنه ارتحنا من القصف بس مش مبسوطين بالقعدة بالمدرسة ، بس منقول الحمدلله ولازم نرجع على بيتنا بنهر البارد. أجرت المقابلة جمال ابو صالح بتاريخ ٦-٦-٢٠٠٧

Mother giving biscuits to my young brother when his sugar level went down.

Laughing at Inass while she is crying.

Samer Walid Nasser, 8 year old.

Place of origin: Town Acre in Palestine.

Storycrafted in Shatila camp
by Jamal Abou Saleh on 6.6.2007.

When the shooting started, I was sleeping. I woke up but the shooting continued.

I found my father, mother, my uncle's wife and her children. They came to our house for shelter. They were very frightened, especially my cousin Inass. Whenever a bomb hit she put her hands on her ears and put her head down; I laughed at her. In the morning the shooting was more severe. My brother Mazen was trembling because his blood sugar was low. My mother ran and quickly gave him biscuits because he must eat something sweet when he is in this condition. My mother always keeps biscuits for him in her handbag. When he ate the biscuit his blood sugar level was ok. The glucose reading should be between 70 and 120; if it becomes high he should be hospitalized. Thanks God he is ok now.

We went to grandma's and stayed with her for three days. At 11:30 at night we went to Beddawi, the next day to Beirut. On our way I saw buses. I remembered my toy bus and wished I had brought it with me. We arrived to Beirut to my grandfather's place in Sabra area. My grandpa's place was so narrow and already had eight people in it so we went to the National Education School. We stayed in a small room – six people slept in it. It is true that we are relaxed from the shooting but we are not relaxed staying in the school room. But we say "thanks God, and by his will we shall go back to our house in Nahr el-Bared".

Ahmad and Mohmmad Kayed: "We ran to the mosque."

Houses were destroyed.

Ahmad Kayed, 10 year old
and Mohmmad Kayed,12 year old.
Displaced from Nahr el-Bared
to Shatila camp.

Storycrafted in Shatila camp by Jamal Abou Saleh on 8.6.2007.

I woke up a little before the heavy bombing and shooting started. My father, mother, sisters and brothers also woke up. We ran to open the door and found our neighbors awake because of the noise. They wanted to see what was happening. We knew that there was bombing on the side of the camp. We ran and hid in the kitchen with my brother Mohamed and Ihab, mom and dad. When the bombing subsided some we went back to our room.

The bombing started again at daylight. We ran to the mosque when there was a cease fire, the streets were filled with people running to the mosque. Armed forces were on the streets. When we reached the mosque there were many people inside. I saw young children crying. I heard that many young children died. I was afraid so I stayed in the mosque until the next day. My father went to check on the house - he told me that our house was burning. I was very sad about our house; my uncle's house was also on fire and was destroyed. We left the mosque at 6 pm. We ran and jumped on a small truck my uncle owned. We were afraid from the snipers and their bullets. There was a woman with lots of children, we carried the children and quickly took them with us in the truck.

We went to Beddawi camp. Many people were leaving the camp. There were plenty of cars; those who did not have cars walked, others used ambulances. It took us three hours to reach Beddawi - this usually takes half an hour. There were a lot of people but no bombing when we arrived at the school. We went to sleep immediately because we had not slept for two days. It was nice to sleep with no bombing but sleeping outside the house is not nice. We went together with my mom and dad, brother Mohamed and Ihab to a bus heading for Beirut. We had nothing except our ID's. On our way, the army stopped us and asked for our ID's. We finally reached my aunt's place in Shatila camp at 2:30 in the afternoon.

الاسم : أحمد كايد ١١ سنة و محمد كايد ١٢ سنة

مخيم نهر البارد الى مخيم شاتيلا

فقت قبل القصف بشويّ وسمعت أصوات رصاص، وبعدين أبويي وأمي وأخواتي قاموا من النوم على القصف ، وقمنا فتحنا الباب ولقينا كل العالم كمان فاتحة أبوابها علشان تشوف شو في. عرفنا انه في ضرب على أطراف المخيم . هربنا وتخبينا بالمطبخ كلنا أنا واخوي محمد وأخوي ايهاب وأبويي وامي . وبس وقف الضرب شوي ، رجعنا على الغرفة ، ولما طلع النهار بلش الضرب كتير، وبعدين أعطوا هدنة ، نزلنا على الجامع حتى نتخبى من الضرب وكان في ناس كتير رايحة على الجامع تتخبى، وكمان كان في مسلحين على الطري . ولما وصلنا على الجامع لقينا ناس كتير جوّا ، وشفت الأولاد الصغيرة كانت عم تبكي وناس عم يقولوا في ولاد ماتت . خفت وضلينا بالجامع لتاني يوم . بس أبويي كان كل وقت يروح ويطل على البيت ، وأجا أبويي وقال نا انه البيت مولع ، زعلت كتير على البيت ، وكمان بيت خالي مهدم ومولع . وطلعنا من الجامع الساعة ٦ المسا وصار كل واحد يركض ركض حتى ينط على السيارة البيك آب خوفا من القناص، والسيارة كانت لخالي .وشفنا امرأة واقعة على الطريق مع أولادها ، وبسرعة حملنا الاولاد وطلعناهم معنا واخدناهم على مخيم البداوي . وكان على الطريق سيارات كتيرة، واللي ما عنده سيارة كان يروح مشي ، واللي كان يروح بسيارة الاسعاف . وصلنا الى البداوي بعد ما أخد المشوار ٣ ساعات رغم انه من البارد الى البداوي نصف ساعة. كان في عالم كتير بس ما كان في قصف. ولما وصلنا على المدرسة في مخيم البداوي رحنا بسرعة على الفرشة ونمنا علشان النا يومين ما شفنا النوم . وكنا مرتاحين بالنوم علشان ما في قصف، بس النومة برات البيت ما حلوة ، وقمنا أنا وابوي وأمي واخوي محمد وأخوي ايهاب وركبنا بالباص حتى ننزل على بيروت ، واحنا ما كان معنا شي غير الهويات .

واحنا على الطريق وقفنا الجيش اللبناني وسألنا على الهويات، وكملنا حتى وصلنا على مخيم شاتيلا عند دار خالتي ام ربيع الساعة اتنين ونص الظهر أجرت المقابلة جمال ابو صالح بتاريخ ٨-٦-٢٠٠٧

Rayan Asskoul: "We stayed with grandfather for three days."

Rayan Asskoul, 9 year old.

Displaced from Nahr el-Bared to Shatila camp.

Storycrafted in Shatila camp by Jamal Abou Saleh on 1.6.2007.

My mother woke me up early. She asked me to wash my face and get dressed. I was surprised because she never woke me up that early.

While I was washing my face I heard two loud noises. I asked my mother what it was. She told me that it was noise from the neighbors carrying a water tank up the stairs. She said this because she did not want to scare me. My uncle came to take us to our grandfather's place. It was 4 a.m. On the way, I saw some men carrying guns in the street, they started shooting. We kept on walking towards my grandfather's place. My aunt saw us and asked us to come inside her house because the bombing was getting closer. There, later in the morning, I chatted with my cousin Loubna. My younger brothers were playing - they did not understand what was going on. Another brother, Haitham, sat in one place and did not move because he was so afraid. My mother and aunts prepared breakfast. We all ate. They put on the TV to hear the news. I did not watch the news. I went to another room - the shelling became louder.

We finally made it to grandfather's. We stayed with grandfather for three days. We were going to Beddawi. We walked to the gas station El Sadiek. Buses arrived to take us to Beddawi. From there we took a car to my aunt's place in Shatila camp in Beirut. My aunt is a relative of my father. When father saw how crowded the house was he decided to rent a flat. But a woman from the Mousa family told my father that she had an empty room that he could use. As we were moving our things to the room I remembered my jumping board and hoped that I had brought it with me. I went to school in Shatila. When I returned back to my new home I found that my mother had already cleaned and tidied the room.

الاسم: ريان عسقول
العمر: ٩ سنوات
مكان ألاقامة السابقة : مخيم نهر البارد
من مركز شاتيلا

أمي وعتني بكير، وقلت: ما الها بالعادة أمي توعيني بهذا الوقت، وقالت لي قومي غسلي وجهك والبسي

وأنا عم أغسل وجهي سمعت دبتين(ضربتين) ورا بعض وبس سمعت هالصوت سألت أمي ليش هدا الدّب(الضرب) عم يطلع؟ أجت امي وقالت لي هدا خزان عم ينزلوه الجيران، لأنه أمي ما حبت تخوفني، بس هون اجا خالي الساعة أربعة الصبح يضهرنا من البيت عند دار جدي، وبس وصلنا قدام السوق شفت رجال حاملة سلاح عم يطلعوا لبرا الشارع وصاروا يقصفوا، ونحنا ضلينا مكملين ماشيين عند دار جدي ،وصارت مرت خالي تقول فوتوا من الضرب . وبس طلع النهار صار يقوى الضرب، قمت قعدت مع لبنى بنت خالتي ،وهي كمان بنت عمي واخواتنا الصغار صاروا يلعبوا علشان ما يعرفوا بالضرب . بس كمان هيثم أخوي كان خايف، ما تحرك من محله، وامي وخالتي ومرت خالي حضّروا الفطور وأكلنا ، وبعدين قمنا على الغرفة وفتحنا التلفزيون وحطوا الأخبار ، بس أنا ما شفت الأخبار ورحت على الغرفة التانية والضرب كان عم يطلع، وضلينا عند دار جدي ٣ أيام ،وبعدين طلعنا على البداوي ضهرنا من البيت لعند منطقة الصديّق مشي حتى أجت الباصات وصلتنا على مخيم البداوي، ومن مخيم البداوي نزلنا من الباصات حتى ركبنا سيارة وصّلتنا على بيروت عند عمتي في مخيم شاتيلا . وكمان بيت عمه لأبوي قام أبوي لما شاف كل هالعالم بالبيت راح يشوف بيت نقعد فيه. وهون واحدة من بيت موسى شافت أبوي عم بدور على بيت، اجت وقالت لأبوي أنا عندي غرفة تعال انت والعيلة على هالغرفة وصرنا ننقل الأغراض على الغرفة الجديدة. وأنا عم انقل الأغراض مع أهلي تذكرت النطاط اللعبة اللي كنت العب فيها وقلت يا ريت جبتها معي. وبس خلصت من نقل الأغراض رحت على المدرسة بشاتيلا المدرسة اللي التحقت فيها علشان ما تروح عليّ الدروس، ولما رجعت على الغرفة لقيت أمي شاطفة الغرفة ومرتبتها .

أجرت المقابلة جمال أبو صالح ٢٠٠٧/٦/١

Zeinab Housien Abed Al Rahim: "All of our things are on the floor."

الاسم : زينب حسين عبد الرحيم
العمر : ٥ سنوات (روضة ثانية)
البلدة : صفورية
مكان ألاقامة السابقة : مخيم نهر البارد
مكان الاقامة الحالي : مخيم البداوي

كنا قاعدين عند عمي فارس بعدين كحشنا من بيتو ، ورحنا عند ابو سمير ريشة استأجرنا كاراج حد عمي محمد، وبعدين قعدنا بالكاراج وبعدن الأغراض بالأرض ، وكان في مرة عندها دكانة اعطتنا كراتين وحطينا الأغراض فيها وبعدين اشترينا خزانة ورتبناها وحطينا الأغراض فيها .

أجرت المقابلة نادية الدهيدي ٢٠٠٩/٣/١٩

Zeinab Housien Abed Al Rahim, 5 year old.

Place of origin: Safouri in Palestine.

Storycrafted in Beddawi camp by Nadia El-Dehidi on 19.3.2009.

We were staying with uncle Faris until he threw us out of his house. We rented a garage from Abou Samir Risha, near my uncle Mahmoud. We are still there and all of our things are on the floor. A woman who owns a shop gave us boxes, we put our things in them. Then we bought a cupboard and arranged our things in it.

Amal Nasser Abed Al Azziz: "We were in a panic and ran."

Amal Nasser Abed Al Azziz, 11 year old.

Storycrafted in Beddawi camp
by Nadia El-Dehidi on 31.5.2007.

My brothers and I were sleeping but woke up in the early morning scared. My mother said "do not be afraid, it is Israel bombing".

We ran out of the house where we were told that it was Fatah al-Islam and the Lebanese army that were shelling. My mother went to get bread because since the first day of the fighting we had no bread in the camp. We ate toast and drank tea. My mother was cooking rice when the shelling started. We were in a panic and ran, leaving the food. Later, we stopped eating because the noise was so loud. On the second day it got even louder and scarier. This was because they were targeting El Jalil mosque which was in our neighborhood. Our neighbor's house was targeted and destroyed. We stayed together with my aunts, nieces and nephews. We were very nervous when we heard the rockets whistling. As the rockets approached us we prayed and read Quran verses. My mother and grandmother said Allah words (what we say before death). We were running out of water so my mother told everyone to only take a sip of water to wet our mouth. My cousin heard that someone had water so he went and got some. My mother washed our faces and gave us a drink. At night we were scared to go to sleep. My mother told us that we better catch some sleep before they start shelling again. I went to sleep but I woke up scared because of the bombing. My uncle said that the shelling was in our neighborhood. We wanted to go to Beddawi with my aunt but my grandmother was afraid from snipers. We were screaming and running in the streets. At 9 a.m. they let the people leave. We all left. My brothers, aunts, and uncles were very afraid and asked God to please let us not be shot. My mother was two months pregnant, we worried for her safety. We arrived at the check point. From there we went into a green van full of people on top of each other. We reached Beddawi. When I am writing this I want to cry because I remember everything.

… Amal´s second story

We were living in Nahr el-Bared camp, now moved to Beddawi. We are living with my father's friend in a flat, we are not happy. Always we ask our mother to take us back home. She tells us we can after the Fatah al-Islam group surrenders. We joined Beit Atfal Assumoud. They give us juice, biscuits, lollypops and many presents. Yesterday we heard the voices of shelling and saw on TV how we left Nahr el-Bared. My father heard the news that the shelling was in Elabdeh and Behanin area and the area by the checkpoint. We left Nahr el-Bared with no clothes. My father bought each of us a jogging suit. When it became dirty, my mother washed it for us. We had been dressed in the clothes we were wearing when we left Nahr el-Bared.

الاسم: أمل ناصر عبد العزيزمن صفوريه
العمر: ١٢ سنة
مكان ألاقامة السابقة : مخيم نهر البارد
مكان الاقامة: منزل مفروش تركه أصحابه ليستضيف نازحين

كنا نايمين وفقنا على رعبة، نصرخ انا واخواتي . وجه الصبح قالتلنا امي ما تخافوا هاي اسرائيل عم تضرب، وهربنا من البيت وقالولنا هاي فتح الاسلام والجيش اللبناني . وبلش الضرب والقصف . راحت امي حتى تجيب خبز، من اول يوم انقطعنا ما في خبز بالمخيم وصرنا ناكل كعك وشاي وتطبخ امي رز، وكل ما نحط الاكل ونوكل، يبلش الضرب ونهرب ونترك الاكل ، ومن الرعبة صرنا ما نوكل ، وكان الصوت قوي ما سامعينو قبل بمرة ، وثاني يوم كان اصعب واخوف ،لانو الضرب كلو بحارتنا وكانوا يضربوا جامع الجليل الجديد. ضربوا بيت جيرانّا معظم بيوت الجيران تهدموا، وكنا نتجمع مع بعضنا نحنا وخالاتي وأولادهم واخوالي واولادهم، وكنا نعيش على اعصابنا، وكنا نسمع بصوت الصاروخ يصّفر ويفجر كل ما يصفر، ونصير نفكر لما يطلع صوت الصاروخ وين بدو ينزل ونقول: هذا بدو ينزل عنا، ونصير كلنا نكبر ونسّبح ، كنا بالغرفة اكثر من اربعين نفر، وكنا بس نسمع صوت تصفير الصاروخ وتقول امي وستي وخالاتي تشاهدوا ، وبعدين خلصنا المي وصارت امي تقول كل واحد يشرب بلة ريقوا احسن ما ننقطع من المي . وسمعنا انو في عند ناس مي وراح جوز خالتي يجيب وغسلت امي وجوهنا وشربنا قد ما بدنا. وبس كان ييجي الليل كنا نخاف ننام وقالتلنا امي ناموا كم ساعة قبل ما يبلش الضرب. وبس انام كنا نفيق على الرعبة ونسال خالي وين هذا الضرب ؟ كان يقول في بيت جيراننا. كنا بدنا نروح عالبداوي مع خالتي وخافت ستي انو يقنصوا علينا ورجعنا من الطريق، وصرنا نعيط انا واخواتي ونقول: خلينا نهرب. قالت ستي عم بيقنصوا علي اللي بيشوفوا حتى صارت الساعة تسعة كانو عم بيخلو الناس تطلع من المخيم، وطلعنا احنا واخواتي وخالاتي وخوالي حتى ضلينا نركض خايفين ونقول يا رب ما يقوسونا . وامي حامل في الشهر الثامن وخايفين عليها، حتى وصلنا قبل الحاجز، وطلعنا في بيك اب خضرا ملان ناس وقعدنا فوق بعض ووصلنا عالبداوي، وانا عم بكتب صرت بدّي اعيط لاني تذكرت كل شيء صار معنا .

أجرت المقابلة نادية الدهيدي ٢٠٠٧/٥/٣١

الاسم :امل ناصر عبد العزيز
البلدة : الناصرة
مكان ألاقامة السابقة : مخيم نهر البارد

مكان الاقامة الحالي : مخيم البداوي

كنا عايشين بنهر البارد صرنا فى البداوي، وعشنا عند رفيق ابوي فى شقة، وكنا ما مبسوطين . كنا انضل ا،نقول لأمي خلينا انروح على البيت اتقول لنا : بس يستسلموا فتح الاسلام . ودخلنا فىمركز الصمود وكانو يوزعوا لنا بسكوت وبون جوس ومصاص وهدايا كتير. ومبارح سمعنا اصوات الضرب وشفناه ونحنا طالعين من نهر البارد . وقال ابويي: على الاخبار وقالو ضربو على العبدة وبحنين والاراضي أللى بجانب الحاجز، وطلعنا من نهر البارد ما معنا أواعى وشترى ابوي لكل واحد بيجامة وكل ما بتتوسخ البيجاما امي بتغسل لنا اياها ومنلبس الاواعى اللي اجينا فيها من البارد .

أجرت المقابلة نادية الدهيدي ٢٠٠٧/٥/٣١

Jihad Jamal Yafawi: "I told my father we will sleep at grandma's until we fix our house."

الاسم: جهاد جمال يفاوي
العمر: ١٥ سنة
الصف: الرابع
المدرسة: مجدو
البلدة : سحماتا/ عكا

مكان ألاقامة : مخيم نهر البارد

بس قالت امي بدنا نروح على المخيم صرت أزقف وفرحت كتير لإنه اشتقت لبيتنا. شفت بيوت مدمرة وروايح كريهة بتعمل أمراض، بس إجت الجرافة وشالت الردم وصرنا نعرف نفوت على البيت ،لإنو ما كان فينا نفوت والردم معبي الشوارع . وبيتنا محروق ورحت على بيت ستي شفت بيتها أحسن من بيتنا انبسطت كتير لأني بحب ستي وبحب أنام عندها ز وقلت لأبوي منضل ننام عند ستي حتى نزّبط بيتنا.

ستي صارت تبكي وتقول: انشاءالله منرّجع كل شي والله يجازي يلّي كان السبب، بكيت مع ستي وحضنتا وقلتلها الله يحرق يلي حرقلنا بيوتنا . أنا بحب بيتنا وبحب يرجع مثل ما كان، وبحب أرجع عالمدرسة لإني بشوف رفقاتي وبلعب معهن .

أجرت المقابلة سميرة الحسن ٢٠٠٧/١١/٥

Jihad Jamal Yafawi, 10 year old.

Storycrafted in Nahr el-Bared camp by Samira Abou Jomiah on 5.11.2007.

When my mother told us we are going back to Nahr el-Bared camp I was clapping and very happy because I missed our house.

I saw many destroyed houses and there was a very bad smell that causes health problems. When the bulldozer cleaned the street we could enter our house - stones from destroyed houses were blocking the road. Our house was burned but I went to grandmother's house because it was better than ours. I became very happy because I love my grandma and want to sleep near her. I told my father we will sleep at grandma's until we fix our house.
Grandmother was crying and was asking God to punish those who caused this destruction. I cried with her. I hugged her and told her: "May God burn those who burnt our houses".

My Family in My Heart

* Jihad Jamel Yafawi, 10
* Ahmad Wael Elhaj Mohammed, 3
* Batoul Ashraf Akel, 5
* Kamel Mohmmad Abdullah, 5
* Fatima Marwan Akar, 3
* Jenan Abou Radi, 10
* Jana Abou Radi, 2
* Aya Sami El Haj, 5
* Souad Ahmad Al Hamouz, 16

Ahmad Wael Elhaj Mohammed: "My father paints houses and gives money to my mother."

الاسم : أحمد وائل الحج محمد
العمر : ٣ سنوات (حضانة)

البلدة : صفورية

مكان ألاقامة السابقة : مخيم نهر البارد

مكان الاقامة الحالي : مخيم البداوي

نحن ساكنين حد الروضة ، بنام بس تعتّم الدنيا. وبس يفيق أبوي بروح عالشغل بدهن بالبيت وبجيب مصاري لأمي ، وأمي بتعطيني أشتري وبس.

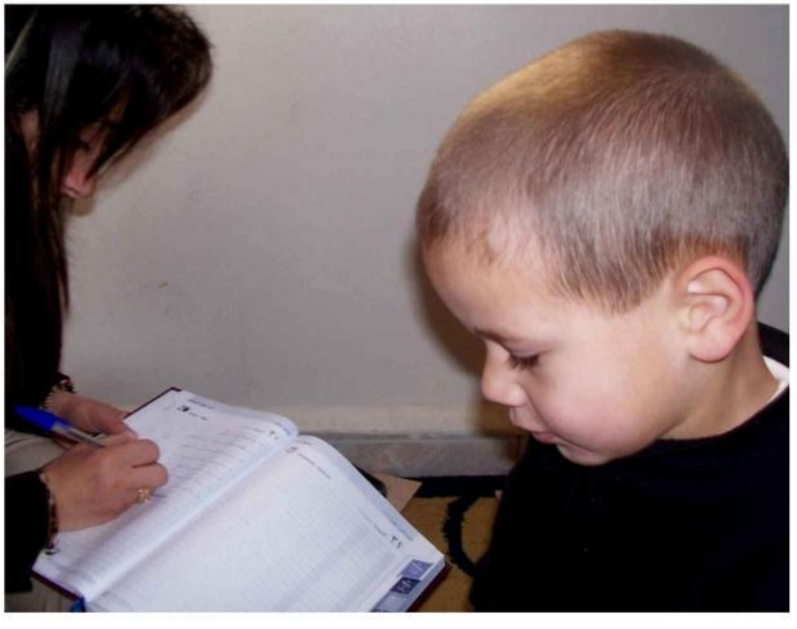
أجرت المقابلة نادية الدهيدي ٢٠٠٩/٣/١٩

Ahmad Wael Elhaj Mohammed, 3 year old.

Place of origin: Safouri in Palestine.

Storycrafted in Beddawi camp
by Nadia El-Dehidi on 19.3.2009.

We were living near the kindergarten. I sleep when it is dark. When my father gets up he goes to work. He paints houses and gives money to my mother. My mother gives me money to buy things.



Batoul Ashraf Akel: "My grandmother's house is pretty and there are toys there."

الاسم : بتول اشرف عقل
العمر : ٥ سنوات (روضة ثانية)

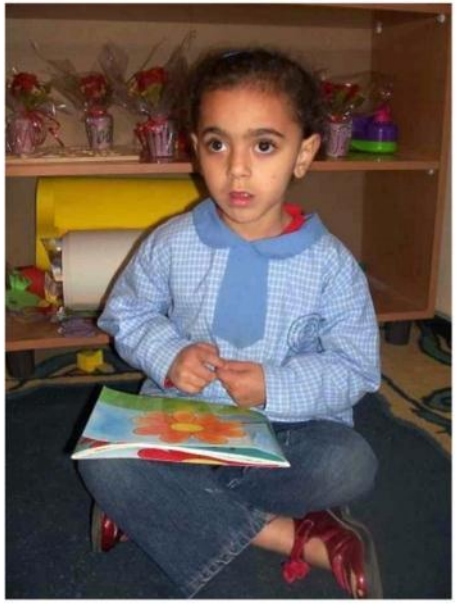
البلدة : صفورية

مكان ألاقامة السابقة : مخيم نهر البارد

مكان الاقامة الحالي : مخيم البداوي

بابا بس يمشي على اجريه بدّو ياخدنا على المينا ، وبالحرب راح بيتنا وشفناه بعدين. وبس سمعنا صوت الحرب امي وأبوي فيقونا كنا نايمين . ورحنا عند بيت ستي الحلو اللي فيو العاب . بابا صار يمشى شوي شوي من دون عكازة . .بابا بالحرب ما كان يمشي على اجريه تصاوب .

أجرت المقابلة نادية الدهيدي ١٩ / ٣ / ٢٠٠٩



Batoul Ashraf Akel, 5 year old.

Place of origin: Safouri in Palestine.

Storycrafted in Beddawi camp by Nadia El-Dehidi on 19.3.2009.

When my father will be able to walk he promised to take us to the harbor.

Our house was destroyed during the war, we saw it later. When we heard the bombing we had been sleeping. We woke up and went to grandmother's house - a pretty house with toys. Father is walking slowly without crutches. During the war he was not able to walk because he was injured by a bullet.

Kamel Mohmmad Abdullah: "My father threw a pack of chips from the jail window."

الاسم : كامل محمد عبدالله

العمر : ٥ سنوات (روضة ثانية)

البلدة : سعسع

مكان ألاقامة السابقة : مخيم نهر البارد

مكان الاقامة الحالي : مخيم البداوي

بابا بنام بالحبس، بروح بزوره مع امي واختي نور ، وأخدتلو امي أكل وقلها طيب الأكل ، واعطاني كيس بطاطا وزتلي اياه من الشباك .

وقلت لا البابا : بدّي اجيب لا المعلمة قلم، وجبتلها للمعلمة قلم .

أجرت المقابلة نادية الدهيدي ٧ / ٣ / ٢٠٠٩

Kamel Mohmmad Abdullah, 5 year old.

Place of origin: Village Sasaa in Palestine.

Storycrafted in Beddawi camp
by Nadia El-Dehidi on 7.3.2009.

My father sleeps at the jail. I visit him with my mother and my sister Nour. Mother carried food for him - he told her it tastes good. He threw a potato chips packet to me from the jail window. I told father that I want to bring a pencil for the teacher and I brought one.

الاسم : فاطمة مروان عكر

العمر :٣ سنوات (حضانة)

البلدة : صفورية

مكان ألاقامة السابقة : مخيم نهر البارد

مكان الاقامة الحالي : مخيم البداوي

أبوي مريض، بروح عالحكيم ،وبشرب دواء أحمر ما بحرق عشان يطيب. وكمان انا مريضة ، وأمي وهي نايمة ماتت . كمان علي مريض .

أجرت المقابلة نادية الدهيدي ١٩ / ٣ / ٢٠٠٩

Fatima Marwan Akar, 3 year old.

Place of origin: Town Safouri in Palestine.

Storycrafted in Beddawi camp
by Nadia El-Dehidi on 19.3.2009.

My father is ill. He goes to the doctor and drinks red medicine. The medicine is not sour. He takes the medicine in order to recover. I am ill as well. My mother died in her sleep. Ali is also ill.

Jenan Abou Radi: "My unborn brother and my mother died."

Jenan Abou Radi, 10 year old.
Storycrafted in Beddawi camp
by Nadia El-Dehidi on 7.8.2007.

As we were leaving by bus we went in the wrong direction. The driver was speeding, we were being shot at; the driver was shot first, then others. Two men on the bus raised their white T-shirts in the air. A man from the Shaker family used his phone to call for help. An ambulance arrived. My mother had a bullet in her head. Zahra, my aunt, had an injury to her hand and my father and brother were also injured. The ambulance took all of them to the hospital. We were taken off the bus by two army men - one called Amer and the other called Salah. They put us at the Shaker house with a woman and her children. I cried all night thinking about what had happened to my mother, father and aunt. Later, we were taken to see my mother at the Palestine Red Crescent Hospital. She was dead. She was six months pregnant when she died. My brother was also injured and till now he is at El Rahmeh hospital. He started to talk with us. The first day I do not remember where I slept, the second day we slept at Khalil's place. Now we sleep every night at my grandmother's place. My unborn brother who died with mother had not yet been given a name by us. I am not happy because my mother and little unborn brother passed away.

جنان راضي أبو راضي
العمر: ١٠ سنوات
البلدة :صفورية
مكان الاقامة السابقة : مخيم نهر البارد

مكان الاقامة الحالي : مخيم البداوي

وإحنا هاربين بالباص اجينا مشينا بطريقة خطأ، قبل ما نوصل على الحاجز قعدوا يقوصوا علينا. تصاوب الشوفير وبعدين كل واحد قعد يتصاوب وبعدين اثنين رفعوا الكنزات البيض واحد من دار شاكر قعد يحكي على التلفون عشان يسعفونا. إجا الأسعاف أخد المتصاوبين وأخد امي كانت متصاوبة براسها ، وعمتي زهرة إجت باصبعها وأخوي وأبوي ، وبس أخدوهن بالإسعاف إجوا أخدونا رجال لابسين جيش، أخدونا على بيت، إجوا أخدونا تنين؛ واحد اسمو عامر وواحد اسمو صلاح، أخدونا على البيت عند ام لولاد، وانا صرت أبكي واقول امي وأبوي وأخوي وعمتي وبعدين ضلينا عند المرة، وبعدين أخدوني عالهلال عند امي وزرت أخوي بالهلال ومستشفى الإسلامي . وكان أخوي يحكي، نمت أول يوم ما بعرف وين بس تاني يوم نمنا عند خليل، وهلق كل يوم مننام عند ستي ، وفي أخوي مات مع ماما ما كنا مسمينوا (الأم قتلت وهي حامل في الشهر السادس) ما مبسوطة لإنو إمي وأخوي ماتوا... وبس

أجرت المقابلة نادية الدهيدي ٧ /٨/ ٢٠٠٧

Jana Abou Radi, 2½ year old.
Storycrafted in Beddawi camp
by Nadia El-Dehidi on 4.7.2007.

Mama, Papa, Janin, Yousef and my sister.
The bicycle and the car are for my brother
Hamodi who died in my mother's tummy
when she was shot.

جنى راضي أبو راضي
العمر: سنتان ونصف
البلدة :صفورية

مكان ألاقامة السابقة : مخيم نهر البارد

مكان الاقامة الحالي : مخيم البداوي

ماما وبابا وجنان ويوسف وأختي وهاي أختي سيارة وهاي البوسكليت السيارة لحموده .

أجرت المقابلة نادية الدهيدي ٢٠٠٧/٧/٤

Jenan: "My youngest sister and myself."

Aya Sami El Haj: "I and my siblings always stayed together."

Aya Sami El Haj, 5 year old.

Place of origin: Town Saforia in Palestine.

Storycrafted in Beddawi camp by Nadia El-Dehidi on 7.3.2009.

When our house in the camp was destroyed we rented a place to live with my aunt. She fed us. She raised us. We sleep with her. My father traveled and maybe my mother did too. I and my siblings Sara, Saleh, Eyad, Hamoudi and Mariam always stayed together.

الاسم : أية سامي الحاج
العمر : ٥ سنوات (روضة ثانيه)

البلدة : صفورية

مكان ألاقامة السابقة : مخيم نهر البارد

مكان الاقامة الحالي : مخيم البداوي

بس ادمر بيتنا بالمخيم، استأجرنا احنا وعمتي، وهي بتربينا وبتطعمينا وبتشربنا وبنام عندها ، ابوي مسافر وامي يمكن كمان سافرت .

احنا واخواتي وسارة وصالح واياد وحمودي ومريم كلياتنا مع بعض بنضل .

أجرت المقابلة نادية الدهيدي ٧ /٣/ ٢٠٠٩

Souad Ahmad Al Hamouz: "We live together with my mother."

الاسم : سعاد أمجد الهموز
العمر: ١٦ سنه
البلدة : الخليل
مكان الاقامة الحالي : مخيم البداوي

انا خلقت بأوكرانيا، ولما صار عمري شهر، البابا صار بدو يروّح عالخليل لأنو خلص اختصاص جراح، والماما خلصت صحة عامة قامت الماما قالت لبابا قبل ما اروح عالخليل بدي أنزل على لبنان عشان أشوف أبوي واخواتي ،لأنو أبوى كتير مريض، بعدين بلحقك .ونزلت الماما على لبنان ونزلت معاها، والبابا راح على الخليل ، وبعدين رجعت الماما وحاولت تفوت على الخليل ما كانوا يسمحوا لها. وكل مرة تحاول ما كانوا يسمحوا لها لانو ممنوع أي حدا يفوت على فلسطين. وبعدين ضلينا عايشين بلبنان عند دار جدي . وبعدين مات جدي ، والبابا ضل بالخليل . وأول فترة كان يحكي كتير معاي على التليفون بس بعدين بطّل يحكي معانا وصارت الماما تحاول تتصل فيه ما يرد عليها بعدين رفعت دعوة بالمحكمة عشان تتطلق لأنو بطل يتعرف علينا وما كان يجي على المحكمة ، بعدين اتطلقت غيابي وهو يمكن تجوز ، هلأ ما بعرف ، بس الماما ما قبلت تتجوز، وعايشين أنا وياها لحالنا بالبيت وبتشتغل وبتصرف علي .

ومن شي ٣ سنين اتصلت فيه وحكيت معاه وقلتلوا نفسي أشوفك ولو مرة تعال شوفني، قام قالي ببعتلك ستك تشوفك، قلتلو شو بدي بستى أنا بدي أشوفك أنت لأني ولا مرة بحياتي شايفتك، وما قبلت انو تيجي ستي وقال لي راح أبعتلك هدية. كان مجموعة دكاترة جايين على لبنان وراح ابعت الهدية مع رفيقي. ونزلنا على البلد بطرابلس محل ما اعطونا العنوان، وشفت الدكتور رفيق البابا، وكانت الهدية مصاري وصورة البابا . اجيت أنا رفضت أخد المصاري لأنو الماما بتصرف علي ما ناقصنا مصاري ،والو ١٦ سنة ما بعتلنا هلأ تذكر؟ ورفضت أخد الصورة لأنو الصورة قديمة كتير من أيام الماما ولأنو الماما معها مثلها لأنو نفس الطقم ونفس الكرافة، وهي صورة هوية مش صورة عادية ،أنا نفسي أشوف البابا هلأ كيف شكلو . وبعدين رجعت حاولت أتصل فيه مرة ثانية ما كان يرد علي على التليفون ، وعلى طول انا اللي بحاول أتصل فيه ما هو ، ولا هلأ الي ١٦ سنة ما شايفة البابا . ولا بعرف كيف شكلو ، يمكن اذا بشوفو بالطريق ما بعرفوا، يا ريت يسمحوا لنا نفوت على فلسطين عشان أشوف أبوي .

أجرت المقابلة نادية الدهيدي ٩ / ٤/ ٢٠٠٨

Souad Ahmad Al Hamouz, 16 year old.

Place of origin: Town AlGalilo in Palestine.

Storycrafted in Beddawi camp by Nadia El-Dehidi on 9.4.2008.

I was born in Akrania. When I was one month old my father wanted to go to Galilo because he finished his specialty as a surgeon; mother was a general practitioner.

My mother told him that she wanted to visit her father in Lebanon because he was so ill; then she would follow my father to Galilo. My mother did go to Lebanon. On her return she could not get permission to enter Galilo. She tried many times but was always refused becau-se they did not allow anyone to enter Palestine. We stayed at grandfather's place for a while, and then he passed away. At the beginning my father used to talk to me on the phone. My mother used to call him but he did not reply - maybe he got married. My mother wanted a divorce but my father did not appear in court so she got a divorce in his absence. We live together alone, she works and pays my expenses. Three years ago I called my father - he answered. I told him "I want to see you, please come just one time and see me", he said "I will send your grandmother to see you", so I told him "I want you, not grandmother, because I never saw you in all my life and don't want to see grandmother". He told me I will send you a present with some of my colleagues that are coming to Lebanon. We went to see his friend Rafik AlBaba. My father sent me his photo and money. I refused to take the money because my mother gives me what I need and the photo was an old one from when he was with my mother and we have the same copy. I refused the photo because I want to see how he looks at this stage, it is 16 years and I do not know how he looks. If I see him on the streets I would not recognize him. I wish they let us go to Palestine to see my father.

Ahmad Ghuneim Shatleh: "Documents and the coffee grinder from Palestine."

Ahmad Ghuneim Shatleh, 65 year old.

Place of origin: Village Al Buwayziyya in Palestine.

Storycrafted in Beddawi camp by Nadia El-Dehidi on 9.5.2008.

I was one year old when I left Palestine. My father used to speak to me about Palestine and how we lived. We had farms, we were very happy; we planted wheat, sesame, maize, and all kinds of vegetables.

My father was the spokesperson and the bookkeeper of all the documents in the village because he was the only educated man from our village. Before his death he gave the documents to the owners and asked them to keep them in a safe place, not to give them away. He hoped that we would go back to our land and plant again. He was also responsible for marriage and divorce documents and he used to teach mathematics, Arabic and Quran. He taught four generations. He was a mayor and we had a big living room where the old people used to come and spend the evening. When the Jews entered the village they forced the people to leave, my father did not want to leave. But he left Palestine and took all the documents, the coffee jugs, coffee roaster, and the coffee grinder. He walked to Mais el-Jabal in the south of Lebanon which was so near to our village, and then to Tripoli. He used to have gatherings over coffee. He would look at the coffee jugs and say "these are for you". I have looked after them until now.

الاسم : أحمد غنيم شتلة
العمر : ٦٥ سنة
البلدة : البوزية – قضاء صفد
مكان الاقامة الحالي : مخيم البداوي

طلعت من فلسطين كان عمري سنة ، بس كان يحكيلي أبوي عن فلسطين وكيف كانوا عايشين بفلسطين ، كان عنا أراضي وكانوا مبسوطين، وكانت ارضنا زراعية وكانت تشتهر بزراعة القمح والسمسم والدرة ، وجميع انواع الخضار . أبوي كان الخطيب بقريتنا، كان الوحيد اللي متعلم فيها عشان هيك كان ماسك كل السجلات والملفات بالقرية .وقبل ما يموت بفترة كانت أوراق اهل البلد كلها عنده اعطاها لاصحابها وقال لهم ما تفرطوا فيها على امل الرجعة على فلسطين ونرجع نزرع اراضنا . وهو كان المسؤول عن معاملات الزواج والطلاق بالقرية ، وكان يعلم حساب وعربي وقرآن ، وابوي علم شي ٤ اجيال بفلسطين ، وهو كان مختار وكان عنا ديوان بفلسطين كل الختايرة اللي بالبلد كانوا يتجمعوا عنا بالقهوة ، ولما دخلت اليهود على قريتنا طلعوهن اجباري من القرية .أبوي ما كان بدوا يطلع ، ولما طلع من فلسطين طلع معاه أوراق الأراض ،عدة القهوة المهباج و المحماصة (المحمصة) وبرقان(أباريق) القهوة لأنو طلع من البوزية على ميس الجبل مشي لأنو ميس الجبل كتير قريبة على قريتنا وقدروا يطلعوا غراضن من منطقة لمنطقة ، أخر شي وصلوا على طرابلس ورجع ابوي فتح ديوان بالمخيم ، وكان يضل يطلع فيني وبالبرقان ويقلي هاي البرقان الك، وبعدني لهلأ محتفظ فيها .

أجرت المقابلة نادية الدهيدي ٢٠٠٨/٥/٩

Old and New Culture

Dabke Dance and Marathon

* Ahmad Ghuneim Shatleh, 62
* Khalil Kazwah, 9
* Khalil Kazwah, 10
* Ghadier Bahar, 11
* Ghadier Bahar, 12
* Abed El Karem Al Shayeb, 12
* Abed El Karem Al Shayeb, 13
* Mohmmad Shalabi, 12
* Mohmmad Shalabi, 13
* Mahmoud Waked, 12
* Nuhad Mohsen, 23
* Abed El Karem Al Shayeb, 13

Khalil Kazwah: "I tell the mothers who lost their children: I am your child, please enjoy with me."

الاسم: خليل قزوح
العمر: ٩ سنوات
المركز: شاتيلا

اول شي كان الاستاذ يعني مدرب الدبكة كل جمعة بدربنا على رقص الدبكة تراثنا الفلسطيني في المؤسسة.
وفي يوم قال المدرب انو في إلنا حفلة في الأونيسكو وأنا فرحت كثير وبعدين قال المدرب عرفتوا ليش بدكن بدكن تدبكوا على مسرح الأونيسكو عشان ذكرى مجزرة صبرا وشاتيلا. وصار يحكي عن المجزرة وسرت اتخيل الأمهات والاولاد يبكون والاسرائيليين كيف كانوا يقتلوا العالم وسرت اقول بركة بهاي الدبكة بخلي الأمهات والأولاد يفرحوا شوي، ويقول لكل الأمهات اللي ماتت أولادها أنا ابنكم افرحوا معي.

تخيلت انا وعم ادبك الامهات فرحانين

Khalil Kazwah, 9 year old.

Storycrafted in Shatila camp by Jamal Abou Saleh on 15.9.2009.

Each Friday we practice Dabke, our folklore dance. One day our coach told us that we are going to perform on the stage of the UNESCO Palace for the occasion of the Sabra and Shatila massacre commemoration. I was very happy. He gave us some information about the massacre. I imagined how the mothers and children were crying and how the Israeli soldiers killed the people. I started thinking that this Dabke might bring some happiness to mothers and children. My message is to tell the mothers who lost their children is that "I am your child, please share this happiness with me".

Khalil Kazwah: "I am learning to play drums at BAS."

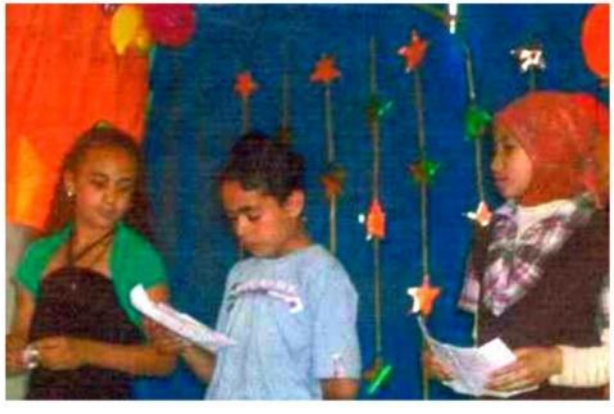
أنا عايش مع أمي فاطمة وأخي عبد الله في مخيم شاتيلا ، ماما وبابا تركوا بعض وأنا صغير ، أمي بتشتغل في التمريض ، بتعلم أنا وأخي في مدرسة بقعه الآنروا ،وكنا قبل في المقاصد .

أنا في فريق الدبكة والكشاف ، وبحب الرسم وبشارك في أنشطة كتيرة في بيت أطفال الصمود، الرسم ،اللعب، التراث ومواضيع وطنية. بدي أدرس لأصير طبيب أطفال ، أهم شي بحياتي هي أمي .

Khalil Kazwah, 10 year old.

Storycrafted in Shatila camp by Jamal Abou Saleh on 3.9.2010.

I live with my mother Fatima Khalaf and my brother Abdullah in Shatila camp. My parents separated when my brother and I were young. My mother works in the field of nursing. I study at the Bakah School (UNRWA) with my brother Abdullah. I used to study at a Lebanese school Makassed. I have been a scout member for a long time with a Palestinian folklore dance group at Beit Atfal Assoumod (BAS) in the Shatila center. I participated in the group folklore dancing on stage many times. I love Dabke dancing a lot and so does my brother. I am learning how to play music at BAS, I am playing drums. I also love to draw and have participated in art workshops. I go to BAS activities so I can draw, play, and learn cultural and national subjects. I will study to become a pediatrician if God wants me to. The best thing in my life is my mother.



Ghadier Bahar: "I will continue displaying my cultural heritage."

Ghadier Bahar, 11 year old.

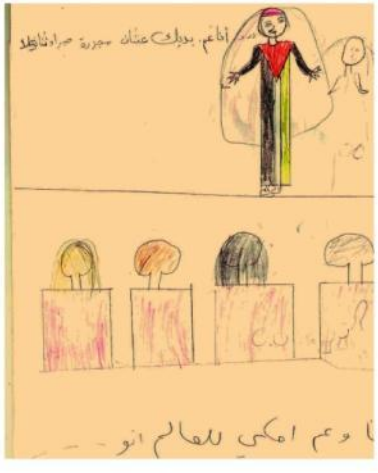
Storycrafted in Shatila camp by Jamal Abou Saleh on 15.9.2009.

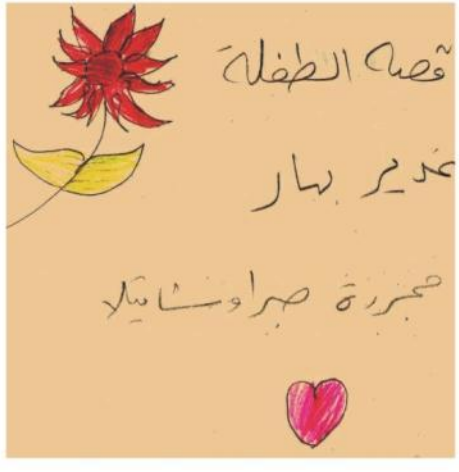
I signed up with the Dabke group because I heard that we travel to places. I love the Dabke and have met many friends like Reem, Wafaa, Malak, Nour and Nadin. I love it because I am talented. When I performed at UNESCO I was very shy but I wanted to send a message to the whole world and to the victims' families that we will never forget this massacre. We will become stronger. By my dancing I will tell the world that I will continue displaying my cultural heritage and my struggle until the last day of my life.

الاسم: غدير بهار
العمر: ١١ سنة
المركز: شاتيلا

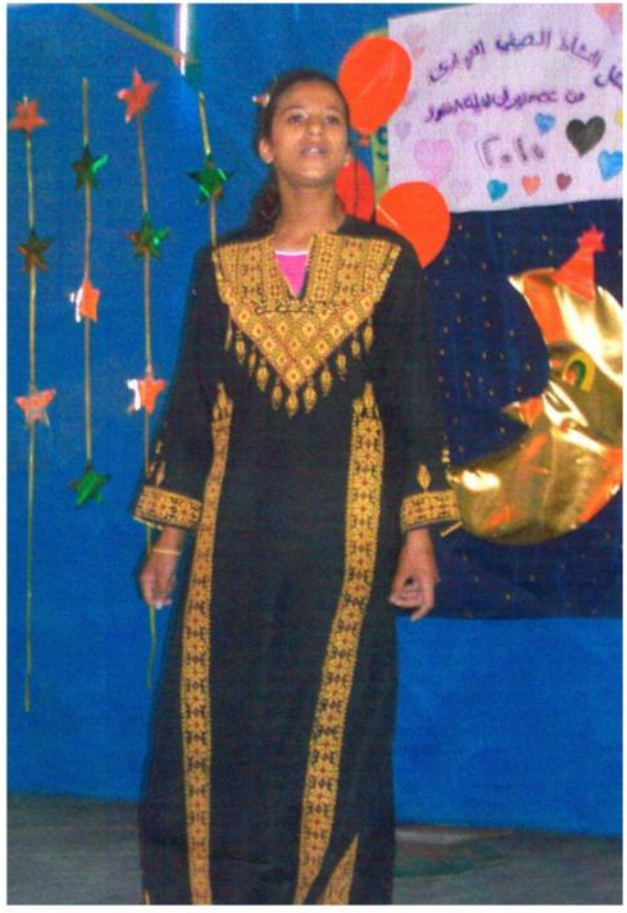
أنا اتسجلت بالدبكة لآني سمعت انو بدنا نسافر وانا حبيت الدبكة وتعرفت على اصدقاء حلوين مثل وفاء – ريم – ومللك ونور- ونادين وانا حبيت الدبكة علشان انا موهوبة فيها.

ولما دبكت على مسرح الاونيسكو كنت خجلانة وموهبتي هاي بدي اول رسالة لكل العالم واسر المجزرة انو نحنا ما منسى هاي الذكرى لأنو بتخلينا اقوياء وبموهبتي هاي بقول للعالم انو احنا حنواصل بتراثنا وبقضيتنا وبصمودنا إلى آخر يوم عمري.





Ghadier Bahar: "I wish to complete my education as a pediatrician."



غدير بتعيش في بيت صغير بمخيم بشاتيلا مع أبيها ربيع ،وأمها نجلا نجار وأخوتها رشا ومروى ، وهي تتعلم في مدرسة الأنروا ، في الصف السابع وعمرها ثلاثة عشرة سنة و تشارك في نشاط بيت أطفال الصمود .

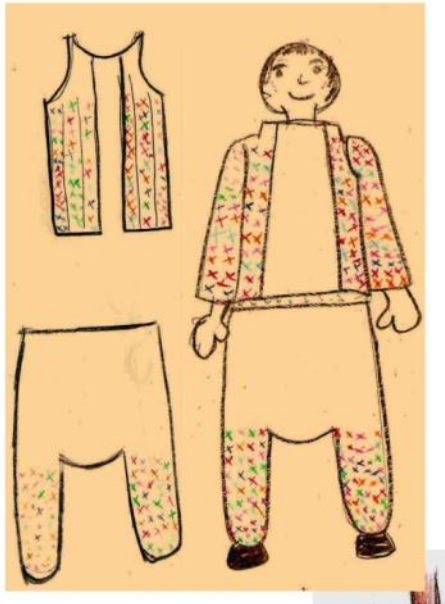
هواياتها السباحة والرسم ، وتريد أن تدرس طبيبة أطفال .

Ghadier Bahar, 12 year old.

Storycrafted in Shatila camp by Jamal Abou Saleh on 10.9.2010.

Ghadier lives with her father Rabieh, mother Najla Najjar and her two sisters Rasah and Marwa in a small house inside Shatila camp. She studies at an UNRWA school. She is in grade seven and she is thirteen years old. She always participates in the activities of BAS. She loves drawing and swimming is her hobby. She wishes to be able to complete her education as a pediatrician.

Abed El Kareem El Shayeb: "I dreamed of performing the Dabke on stage."



الاسم: عبدالكريم الشايب
العمر: ١٢ سنة
المركز: شاتيلا

دبكت بالحفلة لأني حابب ادبك كتير ومن زمان أنا حبب ادبك على المسرح، وكمان مبسوط علشان بدي البس الشروال اللي كانوا زمان يلبسوه اجدادنا واللي هو من تراث فلسطين الشروال، الصدرية المطرزة بالألوان مش مثل اليوم منلبس البنطلون والبلوزة.

ولما دبكت شعرت بالفرح وتذكرت كلام الاخوات بمركز الصمود عن فلسطين قديش حلوة، وكيف الاسرائيليين خربوها واستحلوها وشردونا وأنا عم قدم التحية وعم ارفع راسي شفت أهالي اللي ماتوا بمجزرة صبرا وشاتيلا، قديش فرحانين فينا، وهون رغم إني صغير حسيت أني لازم اتحمل مسؤولية ودافع عن حقوق اللي ماتوا في المجزرة واللي اعتقلتهم اسرائيل ولازم كمان نرجع فلسطين بلدنا وفي النهاية انبسطت علشان حفلتنا كانت كتير ناجحة.

Abed El Kareem El Shayeb, 12 year old.

Storycrafted in Shatila camp by Jamal Abou Saleh on 15.9.2009.

I always dreamed of performing the Dabke on stage. I am happy to wear the sherwal that our ancestors used to wear - the sherwal and the colorful embroidered vest is part of our Palestinian heritage. Unlike today we wear pants and T-shirts.

When I was on stage, I was extremely happy. I remembered the words of the social workers at BAS about Palestine. They said how beautiful Palestine was, how the Israelis came and destroyed houses, killed people and occupied the land and led us to the Diaspora. When I raised my head to look at the people, I saw the families of the Sabra and Shatila massacre. The families were very happy to watch us. Even though I am young, I feel that I should share the responsibility in defending the rights of the victims and those who are still under arrest in Palestine. We should struggle to free our country Palestine. I was so happy that our performance was so good.

Abed El Kareem El Shayeb: "I am learning how to cook and to help my mother."

أمي رولآ ديوان، وأبي صالح ، وأخواتي نيفين وزينا ،وأخي زياد . نعيش كلنا في غرفة واحدة بمخيم شاتيلا .
نتعلم كلنا في مدرسة الأنروا . أنا في الصف السابع وأردس جيدا لأصبح طبيب أسنان . هوايتي الرياضة وأحب لعب الفتبول والسباحة. وأنا دائما أشارك في نشاط بيت أطفال الصمود .أنا أرسم لأني أحب الرسم ، وانا بفرقة الدبكة في بيت أطفال الصمود ولكن ليست مهنتي ، لم أستطيع الأستمرار لمشاكل صحية ، أنا خضعت لعملية كبيرة ،بدل الرقص اتعلم الطبخ واساعد أمي في البيت . وأنا حبيت الطبيخ وأتعلمت أعمل بعض الحلويات .
أجرت المقابلة المعلمة جمال صالح في ٢٠٠٩/٩/١٠

Abed El Kareem El Shayeb, 13 year old.

Storycrafted in Shatila camp by Jamal Abou Saleh on 10.9.2010.

My mother is Rola Deiwan, my father is Saleh, my sisters are Neiven and Zeina, and my brother is Zeiad. Together, we live inside Shatila camp in a one room apartment. We all study at UNRWA schools. I am in the seventh grade. I will study very hard to become a dentist. Sports is my hobby; especially football and swimming. I also participate in BAS activities. I draw because I love it. I was with the Folklore dance group at BAS but this was not to be my fate. I could not continue because of health problems – I had to undergo a serious operation. Instead of dancing I am learning how to cook and helping my mother at home. I love it - I already mastered baking some light sweets.

Mohmmad Shalabi: "My dream will come true and we will return to Palestine."

Mohmmad Shalabi, 12 year old.

Storycrafted in Shatila camp by Jamal Abou Saleh on 15.9.2009.

Although I was shy I was very happy to dance on stage. This is my first time to perform in front of an audience. I wish that I will perform in a celebration of our return to our homeland Palestine, not for the bad memories of the Sabra and Shatila massacre. I want to give happiness to all those who lost their loved ones. Inshalla, my dream will come true and we will return to Palestine. I will say that "We are children but we are heroes for Palestine".

الاسم: محمد شلبي
العمر: ١٢ سنة
المركز: شاتيلا
فرحت كتير لما دبكت على مسرح الأونيسكو رغم أني كنت خجلان شوي لأني أول مرة بدبك على المسرح قدام الناس وبتمنى مش بس ادبك علشان ذكرى مجزرة صبرا وشاتيلا المؤلمة، لكن بتمنى إني ادبك بذكرى انتصارنا برجوعنا على فلسطين، ونزرع الفرحة أكبر وأكبر وعلى وجوه اللي فقدوا أشخاص من عائلاتهم خلال هاي المجزرة وبقول انو نحنا صغار بس أبطال يا فلسطين.

أنا أعيش مع أبي جميل ، وأمي أمال الزمار ، وأختي أميرة ، وأخي ربيع ، أتعلم في مدرسة الأنروا ، في الصف السابع ، وبدي أصير مهندس . بحب العب كتير ، وأنا بفرقة الدبكة وشاطر كتير ، كمان أشتركت بالدبكة بمناسبات كتيرة في داخل المركز وخارجة.

أنا بحب السباحة كتير ، ودايما بصلي لي اللة أنة يحقق أمنيتي وأصير مهندس .

أجرت المقابلة المعلمة جمال صالح ٢٠٠٩/٩/١٥

Mohmmad Shalabi, 13 year old.

Storycrafted in Shatila camp by Jamal Abou Saleh on 3.9.2010.

I live with father Jamil, my mother Amal Elzamar, my sister Amira and my brother Rabeih. I study at an UNRWA school. I am in the seventh grade. I want to be an architect. I love to play. I am a folklore group member, I dance very well. I have participated on many occasions both outside and inside the center. I love swimming. I pray to God to fulfill my dream to become an architect.

Mahmoud Waked: "I am so glad that I ran the 10 km Marathon."

محمود واكد
العمر ١٢ سنة

مكان الاقامة الحالي : مخيم شاتيلا

في السنة الماضية شاركت في ماراتون ٢٠٠٩، لأول مرة أركض كل المسافة وأشوف كل العدد من المشاركين. وأنا شاركت في ماراتون صغير في مخيم شاتيلا مع المؤسسة، وكان على طريق المطار. وبس في ماراتون بيروت غير، لانه كبير وفيه مشاركين من جميع العالم ومن كل الاعمار، وايضا كان في عاجزين عن المشي شاركوا بالماراتون فكان اكثر كتير حلو. بس هاي السنة كان منيح، ولكن السنة الماضية كان أحلى، لأنه كان في شتاء، فأنا أحب الشتاء كثير، رغم أن الشتاء في مخيم شاتيلا تطوف الطرقات والبيوت، وما فينا نتحرك بره البيت . رغم كل هذا فأنا أحب الشتاء وأنا كنت كتير فرحان لأني شاركت بالماراتون وشاركت في سباق ١٠ كلم. أتمنى ان اصبح مشارك في السنة المقبلة في سباق ٤٠ كلم وايضا اتمنى ان افوز باللقب على كل المشاركين في هذا المارتون، وانشالله يكون كل سنة ماراتون حتى نفرّح هالعالم والاطفال اللي عايشين بالمخيمات .

أجرت المقابلة جمال أبوصالح ٢٠١٠/١٢/١١

Mahmoud Waked, 12 year old.

Storycrafted in Shatila camp by Jamal Abou Saleh on 11.12.2010.

Last year and for the first time, I participated in such a long Marathon with this a great number of people. I once joined a small Marathon in Shatila with different Nongovernmental organizations; it was by the airport road. But not in Beirut Marathon - this is huge, and people came from all over the world, people of all ages. Some disabled who cannot walk came, it was much more than fantastic and beautiful.

This year was so nice, but last year was nicer because it rained. I love the rain so much, although where I live in Shatila the roads and the houses get flooded. Sometimes we could not move around for a period of time. In spite of everything I love the rain. I am so glad that I ran the 10 km. I wish next year I could run the 40 km and win the title. May God give us every year a Marathon so all the young and elder people get some joy and happiness.

Nuhad Mohsen: "I am sad but glad and proud that the handicapped are running."

Nuhad Mohsen, 23 year old.

Place of origin: Village Deir El Kassie in Palestine.

Storycrafted in Shatila camp by Jamal Abou Saleh on 6.12.2010.

I am Nuhad, a volunteer at BAS Shatila camp. Last year I was a helper in the Beirut Marathon. I gave water to the 40-42 km runners. I was so sad when I knew that the handicapped were running, but was so glad and proud of them being active and not shy of their disability in front of the other runners.

I wanted to be much better this year, but I was not. The number of full Marathon runner was much less this year. I used to hear about the Beirut Marathon, but since two years I became an active member. I enjoyed it a lot, like everybody. I have a special wish, that next year I could run the Palestine Marathon.

نهاد محسن
العمر ٢٣ سنة
المهنة :ممرضة
البلده :الكساير قضاء حيفا
مكان الاقامة الحالي : مخيم شاتيلا

انا نهاد متطوعة في مركز الصمود. السنة الماضية دعوني لأكون منشطة مع بعض الاخوات في ماراتون بيروت، وشاركت في نقطة توزيع المياه للفئة الكبيرة ٤٠-٤٢ كلم، وفي هذه اللحظة شعرت بالحزن بسبب المشاركين ذوي الحاجات الخاصة عندما رأيتهم، إلا أنني فرحت كثيراً وكنت فخورة بهم كثيراً لأنهم شاركوا في هذا الماراتون دون أي خجل أمام كثير من الناس الذين يمشون على اقدامهم .

لكن السنة الماضية كانت اجمل، ولكن هذه السنة لم الاحظ هذا كما تمنيت واتمنى ان تكون السنة المقبلة اكثر متعة واكثر نجاحا . هذه السنة كان العدد أقل من السنة الماضية. كل هذه السنين التي مررت بها كنت اسمع بماراتون بيروت، ولكن منذ سنتين اصبحت اشارك به واستمتع كما يستمتع كل انسان مشارك بهذا الماراتون، وايضا اتمنى السنة المقبلة ان اركض في ماراتون فلسطين .

أجرت المقابلة جمال أبوصالح ٢٠١٠/ ١٢/٦

BEIRUT MARATHON 2010

The 7th of November, 2010 has witnessed an early active and energetic start to the day in Beirut. It was the Blom Beirut Marathon and participation of the Extreme Survival Team of NISCVT and of our Finnish friends. Our Finnish friends always give us their support and do all they can to help. We started the marathon preparations a couple of months before the date of the run. All the NISCVT centers were alert and hard working to collect the information for the participants, which reached 820 registered runners from the Extreme Survival Team. The coordination was made with Kirsti Palonen and Nina Lyytinen. They made all the preparations in order to have a successful participation for our team. Nina was the 42 km marathon runner in 2008 and 2009.

Ten NISCVT centers arrived at the start line and joined the 30,000 participants of the marathon. We divided into 1, 3, 10 and 42 km lines. Everyone was eagerly and joyfully waiting for the start and happily crossed the finish line.

Like always we end our events with big successes and accomplishments. That is due to our team work and commitment guided by our General Director, Mr. Kassem Aina and supported to the fullest by our friends from Finland who we give many big thanks. Without their support we could not have done it.

Abed El Kareem El Shayeb: "I enjoyed participants from all over the world in the Marathon."

Nuhad Mohsein wearing red shoes and Abed wearing a grey jogging suit.

عبد الكريم الشايب
العمر :١٣ سنة
مكان الاقامة الحالي : مخيم شاتيلا
البلدة :دير القاسي

شاركت في ماراتون ٢٠٠٩ ،وكان بالنسبة لي رائع وجميل. ركضت ١٠ كلم لم أحس بالتعب، رغم إني اول مرة اركض هذه المسافة، لأني اعيش في مخيم شاتيلا كل مساحتة اقل من المساحة التي ركضت فيها، شاهدت مناظر جميلة، اخدت هواء نقي، رؤية البحر الواسع رائع وجميل ، فأنا أعيش في مكان لا تدخل فيه الشمس والضوء ولا حتى الكهربا مثل الناس، وفي بيت صغير جداً، غرفة واحدة لهذا أنا اركض وأكلم نفسي اريد أن أكون الفائز. يجب أن أفوز. احب ان افوز. ولكن لم يحالفني، الحظ ولكن انا ربحت لاني شاركت بالماراتون واستمتعت براحة البال والمناظر الجميلة وبكل المشاركين من جميع الدول. أما هذه السنة فكنت منشط، وساعدت في اعطاء المياه للمشاركين الكبار ابطال ٤٠ كلم . وهنا لاحظت الفرق بين هذه السنة والسنة الماضية. اتمنى ان اكون دائما مشارك وليس منشط، لأني السنة الماضية فرحت اكثر ونفسيتي كانت احسن، واشكر كل من سعى الى ان اكون عنصر مشارك في هذا الماراتون لأنه حقاً رائع وله فائدة كبيرة جسديا ونفسيا. شكرا بيت اطفال الصمود. وشكرا لكم من ساهم في انجاز هذا الماراتون. واتمنى من الله ان يستمر ويتألق اكثر واكثر هذا الماراتون.

أجرت المقابلة جمال أبوصالح ٢٠١٠/٦/٢٠

Abed El Kareem El Shayeb, 13 year old.

Place of origin: Village Deir El Kassie in Palestine.

Storycrafted in Shatila camp by Jamal Abou Saleh on 20.6.2010.

I participated in the Beirut marathon in 2009, it was fantastic. I ran the 10km and did not feel tired, even though I never walked all this distance. I live in Shatila camp and all the camp area is less than the distance that I walked. I enjoyed the beautiful scene of the sea because I live in a place where there is no light, no sun or even electricity like other people have. I live in a very small house. This is the reason I am running. Talking to myself, I said I want to win, I want to be the winner, I love to win, but could not do it. Never mind, I consider myself a winner because I participated in the marathon, enjoyed the beautiful scenes, and met participants from all over the world.

This year I was a helper, giving water to the 40km runners. I noticed the difference between being a helper and a participant. I wish next year to be a participant because last year I was so happy and my mood was better. I would like to thank everybody who worked for us to join this Marathon because it is a wonderful event and it has a great value to the body and mind. Thanks to BAS and many thanks to those who let us join this event, and I wish it will keep on and improve more and more.

Nourhan Serhan: "I am happy because my friends are near me."

الاسم: نورهان سرحان
العمر: ١٤ سنة
الصف: التاسع
مكان الاقامة الحالي : مخيم البداوي الباركسات

أنا حابي القعدة هونا عشان قريبة من المخيم، مش زي البداوي لأن بالبداوي ما كنا ماخدين راحتنا عم منطالب إنو يفتحوا المدارس عشان ندرس، هون مبسوطين لأن ما عم نزهق. مبسوطة لأنو رفقاتي معي. حسيت بالحزن من الدمار بالمخيم وبفكر كتير بالبيوت كيف كانت وكيف صارت، وانو لازم نضل نحكي عشان نرجع عالمخيم نرجع عبيوتنا. مبسوطة بالغرفة مع إنها صغيرة بس لأنها قريبة من المخيم.

أجرت المقابلة دلال شحرور ٢٠٠٧/١١/٥

Nourhan Serhan, 14 year old.

The girl lives in one of the metal containers.

Storycrafted in Beddawi camp by Dalal Shahrour on 5.11.2007.

I like living here because it is close to the camp, not like Beddawi. In Beddawi we were not comfortable, we demanded to open the schools so we could study. Here we are happy, we are not bored at all, and I am happy because my friends are near me. I feel very sad about the destruction in the camp. I think a lot about the houses, how it was and how it became. We have to keep on demanding that we return to the camp and to our homes. I am happy with this small room only because it is near the camp.

My Friends

* Nourhan Serhan, 14
* Abdalla Kamel Hassan, 11
* Sarah Marwan Azzam, 10
* Inass Nasser Nasser, 10
* Houda Nasser, 10
* Ali Mohamad Affifi, 14
* Omar Mohamad Kodier, 13
* Layal Jihad Al Aydi, 7

Abdalla Kamel Hassan: "I saw my friends go to the hospital."

Abdalla Kamel Hassan, 11 year old.

Displaced from Nahr el-Bared to Shatila camp. Storycrafted in Shatila camp by Jamal Abou Saleh on 4.6.2007.

We were asleep at 3 a.m. when the shooting started with guns called 500. We wanted to escape to the shelter but we could not because the shooting was near our home. In the morning the shooting stopped, it seems the shooters wanted to take some rest. So we managed to run to the shelter. We felt like we were suffocating in the shelter because there were no windows. There were mice and rats in there. We stayed there for five days; we ate luncheon meat without bread or labneh. I saw my friends go to the hospital. I wanted to go with them in the ambulance but the doctor did not let me because the hospital was far away. When I learned that my friends passed away I cried and read the Quran.

I was with my father and I was not afraid. I cried for my brother and our young men because the Palestinian people are Muslims. At night we escaped to Beddawi. There, the Red Cross was distributing goodies for us to eat. Then we went to Shatila. I was happy because I met my mother and brothers and saw my grandparents. I was asking them to come and get us. In Shatila, every day I watched the news and would say "God be with the Palestinians and Muslims". I want so much to go back to my home because I felt secure there. The last thing I want to say is "thanks God".

الاسم: عبدالله كامل حسن

العمر: ١١ سنة

مكان الاقامة السابق: مخيم نهر البارد

مكان الاقامة الحالي : شاتيلا

كنا نايمين. الساعة الثالثة بلش القواص بالخمسمية. كنا بدنا نهرب على الملجأ ما قدرنا نهرب ، لأنه الضرب صار حدّنا .بالليل والصبح وقفوا القواص علشان يرتاحوا، رحنا على الملجأ وبالملجأ انخنقنا لأنه ما في شباك للهوا، وكان فيه فيران وجرادين، قعدنا هناك سبعة أيام ، وكنا ناكل مرتديلا حاف ما في خبز ولا لبنة. شفت رفقاتي وهي بالمستشفى، كنت حابب اطلع مع رفقاتي بالاسعاف على المستشفى بس الدكتور ما خلاني لأنه المستشفى بعيدة ولما عرفت انه رفقاتي ماتوا صرت أبكي وحطيت قرآن .

أنا كنت مع أبوي وما كنت خايف بس كنت أبكي على أخواتي وعلى شبابنا، لأنه شعب فلسطين مسلم. وبالليل هربنا الى البداوي قعدنا يوم ، وكان الصليب الأحمر عم بوزع أغراض علشان يطعمينا، وبعدين اجينا على شاتيلا. انبسطت علشان شفت امي واخواتي وشفت دار جدي، وأنا صرت اتصل فيهم تعوا خدونا، وأنا بشاتيلا كل يوم بسمع الأخبار وبقول الله مع الفلسطينية والمسلمين وانا كتير حابب ارجع على بيتنا علشان أحس بالأمان، وآخر شي بقول: الحمدالله .

أجرت المقابلة جمال ابو صالح ٤ /٢٠٠٧/٦

Sarah Marwan Azzam: "Our house was destroyed but I was happy with my friends."

Sarah Marwan Azzam, 15 year old.

Place of origin: Village Safouri in Palestine.

Storycrafted in Nahr el-Bared camp by Leila Jeindawi.

When we went back I saw the camp destroyed - dead people and corpses near our house. I saw burned houses, destruction and people cleaning their houses. They were removing stones from their homes. Buses and cars - all burned. I saw my toys; some were destroyed, some were in good shape. I was terrified though happy for my return to the camp. I saw our house and destruction but I was happy to find some friends to play with. I used to meet them in Beddawi. When we moved to Tripoli I used to meet them to play. We finished cleaning our house the second day of Eid. We put our things inside and slept. My aunts sleep here. When they opened the highway to the new camp my grandparents came everyday from Beddawi camp. My niece and I help them. The house is clean. My grandfather is watering the trees and cleaning the garden, everyday he comes to water the plants. They want to sleep here when everything is done. I want the camp to be rebuilt as it was and the people of the old camp to return because my grandparent's house is there and our siblings from the Azzam family.

الاسم: سارة مروان عزّام
العمر: ١٥ سنة
البلدة: صفورية
مكان الاقامة: مخيم نهر البارد

أول ما نزلنا على المخيم شفتو مدمر وبيتنا كمان، وشفت الناس الميتة، كان في جثث حدنا. وشفت لبيوت المحروقة والدمار والخراب والناس اللي عم بتعزّل بيوتها وكيف عم بتشيل الردم من بيوتها، والباصات والسيارات المحروقة .

ولما شفت العابي إشي كان مكسر وإشي عادي زي ما كان، حسيت بالرعب .وأنا كتير مبسوطة لأنو رجعت على المخيم وشفت بيتنا وشفت الدمار بس بنبسط فيه. ولما رجعنا لقيت رفقاتي وقعدنا نلعب ما كنت أشوفن كتير بالبداوي، بس لما سكنا بطرابلس كنت أشوفن وألعب معن. احنا خلصنا من تاني يوم العيد شغل بالبيت، حطينا الأغراض فيه ونمنا، وبعدين لما فتحوا الكورنيش صرت آجي مع بيت سيدي وخالاتي هون وأساعدن أنا وبنات خالاتي، وخلص البيت وسيدي عم يسقي الشجر والحاكورة وقرب يخلص، كل يوم بيجي يسقيهن، بس يخلصو تعزيل البيت كلو ويشطفوه بدن يصيروا يناموا هون .

أنا حابّة يرجع المخيم زي ما كان بالأول، يرجع كل شي فيو زي زمان، ويرجعوا كمان تعون المخيم، لأنه بيت سيدي فيو، وقرايب أبوي من بيت عزّام.

أجرت المقابلة ليلى الجنداوي ٤/١١/٢٠٠٧

Inass Nasser Nasser: "I talk with my friend - we never thought this would happen to us."

Inass Nasser Nasser, 10 year old.

Displaced from Nahr el-Bared to Shatila.

Storycrafted in Shatila camp by Jamal Abou Saleh *on 4.6.2007.*

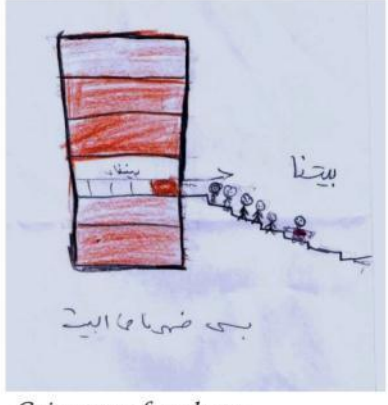
At 3:30 a.m. we woke up due to the shooting coming from the Fatal al-Islam and the army. I knew who was shooting from the news. We were living on the third floor but we went and stayed on the first floor with my uncle. But my uncle told us to leave because the shooting was coming near our place. We were living close to Samed (a Palestinian institution). People were saying to get out of the camp - so we did at 11:30 at night. We went to Beddawi and slept with some friends. The next day at 8 in the morning we left to Beirut for my uncle's place. I wanted to take my toys that I used to play with - a girl doll and a bride doll. I was playing house with my brother Tarik. I did not get to take these toys because we left in a hurry. We only took our pajamas and identity cards. I am now at the National Education School. At the school I met my friend Halima. This made me very happy because I have no other of my previous friends around. We play hide and seek. When we sit and talk we say that we never thought this would happen to us.

الاسم: ايناس ناصر ناصر
العمر: ١٠ سنوات
مكان الاقامه السابق: مخيم نهر البارد
مكان الاقامة الحالي : شاتيلا

الساعة ٣ ونصف ليلا قمنا على صوت ضرب بين الجيش وفتح الاسلام. وأنا عرفت انه الجيش وفتح الاسلام من الاخبار، ونحنا ساكنين بالطابق الثالث ، قمنا نزلنا على دار عمي في الطابق الأول وبعدين اتصل عمي وقال اطلعوا من البيت لأنه الضرب عم بقرّب لعّنا ،علشان احنا ساكنين قدام مركز صامد. ولما الناس صاروا يقولوا اطلعوا من المخيم ، طلعنا الساعه ١١ ونصف بالليل من المخيم، رحنا على البداوي، نمنا عند جماعة اقاربنا، وتاني يوم، ثمانية الصبح نزلنا على بيروت عند دار عمي .

كنت حابة اجيب معاي العابي اللي كنت عم العب فيها، لعبة عروس ولعبة بنت وكنت العب فيهم بيت بيوت مع أخوي طارق، وأنا ما جبت هاي الألعاب علشان ضهرنا بسرعة وخايفين بس جبت معي البيجاما والهوية وأنا هلق قاعدة بمدرسة التربية الوطنية ، ولقيت فيها رفيقتي حليمة، انبسطت لأنه ما الي حدا من رفقاتي، وصرت العب معها غميضة ولقيطة، ولما نقعد كنا نحكي ونقول ما كنا حاسبين هادا الحساب

أجرت المقابلة جمال أبو صالح ٢٠٠٧/٦/٤



Going away from home.

My doll.

My school friends.

Houda's dresses.

When the bullet hit our car.

Houda Nasser, 10 year old.

Displaced from Nahr el-Bared to Shatila.

Storycrafted in Shatila camp by Jamal Abou Saleh on 4.6.2007.

In the beginning, when we went out, I was scared from the shooting that happened at night. Until now, I am still scared. I held the hand of my sister's fiancée Hanna on my way home. On our way I saw two men, one man's intestines was outside of his stomach, the second was shot in his chest. When I witnessed that scene, I turned my face and held my father's hand. We continued our journey to Beddawi (we stayed five days in Nahr el- Bared). While I was on the road, there was shooting close to us. I went into a car with half of my family. The other half of the family went into a relative's car. My brothers were in the relative's car when the tire was shot. My sister's fiancée told us the story when we arrived at Beddawi. There, the shooting could hardly be heard. We stayed one day in Beddawi, then went to Beirut and to Shatila by bus. We stayed at grandmother's (from my mother's side) place. She was very happy to see us. She ran and hugged and kissed us. From the first day there, I started to remember my toys, my clothes, and the doll I used to play with. I played with the doll with my sister Hanaa. I remembered that I used to dress nicely and neatly. Now I have only one set to change into - the one I came with and a jogging suit that people gave me. I wear this suit for two days then change into the clothes that I came with. I alternate washing every two days.

الأسم : هدى ناصر
العمر: ١٠ سنوات
مكان الاقامة السابق: مخيم نهر البارد
مكان الاقامة الحالي : شاتيلا

في البدايه لما طلعنا من المخيم، كنت خايفه كتير من القواص والقصف اللي كان بالليل ، وبعدني بخاف لهلق ، أنا مسكت ايد خطيب أختي هناء ورحت على البيت.

في الطريق شفت رجالين واحد مصارينه طالعه برّيت بطنه، والثاني مقوّص في صدره، ولما شفتّن برمت وجهي ومسكت أيد بابا، وضلينا رايحين على البداوي.

بعد ماقعدنا ٥ أيام في نهر البارد، وأحنا في الشارع، كان القصف الثاني بسياره لأهلنا،أخوي كان في السياره الثانيه لما قوصوا على الدولاب، هيك قال خطيب أختي.

لما وصلنا على البداوي كان القصف غميق ، قعدنا في البداوي، وبعدين ركبنا باص وجينا على شاتيلا عند بيت ستي أم أمي، كتير أنبسّطت لما شافتنا، وركضت تبوسنا وعبطتنا وقعدنا عندها.

من أول يوم صرت أتذكر العابي اللي كنت العب مع أختي هناء ، وثيابي لأني كنت أهتم بلبسي كتير، وألبس ثياب حلوه ومرتبه، وهلق عندي بس الثياب اللي لابستهم، وبعدين أجوا ناس لعنا وأعطوني بيجامة رياضه، وأنا لبست البيجاما ليومين ، وبعدين ثياب ليومين ، علشان نغسلهم .

أجرت المقابلة جمال ابو صالح ٤ /٦/٢٠٠٧

Ali Mohamad Affifi: "I miss Koko, our parrot; he called me 'Affifi, Affifi'."

Ali Mohamad Affifi, 14 year old.

Displaced from Nahr el-Bared to Beddawi, to Ein El Helwi and then to Shatila.

Storycrafted in Shatila camp
by Jamal Abou Saleh on 7.6.2007.

When we were in Nahr el-Bared the army and the Fatah al-Islam attacked each other. My brother, his friends and I were staying up late smoking nargila on the roof of our building. Suddenly a bullet hit the nargila but we were safe. Quickly, we changed our clothes and ran for the car. As we were starting the car a rocket hit our flat. Thanks God we were not injured. We headed to our aunt's in Beddawi camp. All of that happened during the first day. At my aunt's place we used to see the shooting going on at night. The second day we went to my aunt's place in Ein el-Helweh camp. We stayed for 14 days. We talked about how the bullet hit the nargila and how we escaped the rockets. But we felt very guilty for leaving our parrot Koko behind as. We consider him a family member. We wished that we had brought him with us, we really do. He has been with us for 3 years. I miss him a lot; he used to wake us up for school and called me "Affifi, Affifi". My mother was also very sorry because we left him behind. Suddenly, shooting started in Ein el-Helweh. We said: "Where shall we go"? Then the shooting became more frequent. We quickly ran and went to Shatila, to my aunt Sahar Affifi. Now I have been in Shatila for one day and hope no shooting will take place in this camp too.

الاسم: علي محمد عفيفي

العمر: ١٤ سنة

مكان الاقامة السابق: مخيم نهر البارد

مكان الاقامة الحالي : شاتيلا

بس كنا في نهر البارد علق الجيش مع مجموعة فتح الاسلام وصاروا يقوصوا على بعض، وكان وقتها أخوي سهران على السطح وأنا معاه، ورفقاتو عم نشرب أركيلة، وفجأة أجت رصاصة بالاركيلة، ونقزنا، وبعدين تجمعنا ولبسنا ثيابنا وركبنا بالسيارة، وبس ركبنا بالسيارة نزل صاروخ على بيتنا، بس الحمدلله ما تعورنا .

رحنا عند عمتي على البداوي، وهيدا كله في أول يوم ، ولما وصلنا عند عمتي في مخيم البداوي، صرنا نشوف الرصاص كيف عم يطلع بالليل. وتاني يوم نزلنا من مخيم البداوي لعند خالتي في عين الحلوة وقعدنا فيه ١٤ يوم، نمنا وقعدنا ونصير نحكي كيف اجت الرصاصة بالاركيلة، وكيف نزل صاروخ على بيتنا، وصرنا نقول راح الببغاء كوكو يا الله يا ريت ضهرناه معنا، عن جد يا ريت ضهّرناه مع انه نحنا حاسبينو واحد من العائلة والو عنا ٣ سنوات. وأنا كتير مشتاق له وخاصة انه كان الببغاء هو بفيّقني كل يوم وكان يصرخ ويقول: عفيفي عفيفي، وامي كمان انقهرت على الببغاء ، وفجأة ونحنا قاعدين طلع رصاص في عين الحلوه، صرنا نقول: شوعلقت وين بدنا نروح؟؟؟ وصار يقوى الضرب، ودغري هربنا ونزلنا على بيروت في مخيم شاتيلا عند عمتي سحر عفيفي . وأنا هلق الي بس يوم في شاتيلا، وأ نشاالله ما يطلع بهذا المخيم رصاص كمان .

أجرت المقابلة جمال ابو صالح ٧ /٦/ ٢٠٠٧

Omar Mohamad Kodier: "We played football and hide and seek with friends everyday."

ألاسم: عمر محمد خضير
العمر : ١٣ سنة
مكان الاقامة: مخيم نهر البارد
لما شفت الدمار اتذكرت ضاحية بيروت، مع أنه مش هيك السيارات محروقه والبيوت اللي انهدت وانحرق الشجر والبيوت جرفوها ، مالاقيت شي كل شي راح .لما فتت على المخيم زعلت كتير لأني ما فكرت هلقد مدمر. هني ما دمروا فتح الاسلام ، هني دمروا البيوت وخربوا بيتنا . نحنا ناطرين الأنروا يصلحوا لنا بيتنا ويعوضوا علينا حق السيارات. هني عم بيستفزونا حتى نعمل مشاكل، بس هادا مخيمنا واحنا كنا نلعب فوتبول كل يوم مع رفقاتنا في الساحة وكمان نلعب غميضة .ياريت الأنوروا تعمل لنا ملعب، والحقيقة انه الواحد مش رايق للعب . انا عم بنظف مع أهلي وما في وقت للعّب .
أجرت المقابلة دلال شحرور ٢٠٠٧/١١/٢٤

Omar Mohamad Kodier, 13 year old.
Storycrafted in Beddawi camp by Dalal Shahrour on 24.11.2007.

When I saw the destruction, southern Beirut came to mind immediately, even though it was not as destroyed. Cars were burnt, houses that had not been destroyed were burned later, trees and homes were bulldozed. I found nothing, everything was gone. When I entered the camp I was cross because I never expected this much destruction. They did not fight the Fatah al-Islam, they fought our houses and they shit inside the houses. We expect UNRWA to rebuild our houses and compensate for the loss of our car. They are provoking us to make a problem, but this is our camp. We used to play football with our friends everyday in the yard, we played hide and seek. We hope UNRWA can make a playground for us. Really one is not in the mood to play. I am cleaning with my family and there is no time to play.

الاسم: ليال جهاد العايدي
العمر: ٧ سنوات
البلدة : لوبية
مكان الاقامة: مخيم نهر البارد

بحب أن يضل مش مضروب، ما بحب يهبط بيتنا على الأرض، بيتنا محروق أوضة إمي وأبوي محروقة، أختي بدّا تسافر على أبو ظبي، عندنا شنطتين محروقين، أد ما هيي مقهورة كانت تدور على دهباتا وما لقتن، بيك آب أبوي محروق ، زاتينو على أرض الجبل، اشترى البيك أب ب١٠٠ $.

ما مبسوطة هون عشان ضربوا المخيم، في عندي رفيقا هون بنقعد أنا وياها، حابي اضل قاعدي بالبداوي عشان ضربوا المخيم. أنا بسموني اسمي اسمين (دموع/ليال) بحب يعيطولي دموع أحلى. اليوم إمي خافت علي عشان في قنابل ، قالت لي ما تروحي قلتلاً بدي أروح أنا شاطرة بالمدرسة بلعب بالبداوي ما بلعب هونا، بس بضل أمشي أنا وبنت خالتي، في مليان حد بيتنا وحل ووسخ ، بس فتح وحماس بجيبوا أكل، من الحريري مش طيب الأكل، من فتح طيب . أختي سافرت على أبو ظبي، ما بحب أضل ألعب هونا عشان في تراب ووسخ وفي شحبار، إمي بنضّلا بالبيت بتشتغل، بتغسل على إيدها، الغسالة حارقينا والبراد حارقينو، كانوا يدوروا ما في مي باردة، عنا الكهربا بتيجي بس بالليل، بحب العب أنا وصاحبتي إسما (آية)، منلعب لقيطة، امرار بوقع على الحديدية، أبوي ما معو مصاري فقير، ما بيشتغل، بلم الحديد من عند الجبهة، بكونو كعبولة. بحب اضل العب لقيطة، بحب كمان العب غميضة. كل يوم إمي بتعطيني مصاري بتعطيني ١٠٠٠ ل ل ز بحب ارقص، بحب انو..... كمان اضل بالبيت اشطف، إمي بتصيح وما بتخليني ومرات بغسل. ليه ما بتجيبولنا لعب؟

وفي ابن اختي عادل ،واحد أحمد، واحدة نغم حلوة شقرا، وفي اختي ملاك هيي عند خالتي .

أجرت المقابلة دلال شحرور ٢٠٠٧/١١/٥

Layal Jihad Al Aydi, 7 year old.

Storycrafted in Nahr El Bared camp by Dalal Shahrour on 5.11.2007.

I would love to stay in a place that is not destroyed. I don't like our house to be on the ground. Our house is burnt; my parent's room is burnt. My sister wants to leave for Abu Dhabi. Two suitcases were burned, she was so cross. She was looking for her jewelry but found nothing. My father's truck was burned and thrown to the mountains; he bought it for $100. I am not happy here because they destroyed the camp. I have a friend here, I stay with her. I want to stay in Beddawi because this camp is destroyed. I have two names (Layal and Domoz) - Domoz means tears. I like them to call me Domoz, it is much nicer.

My mother asked me not to go to school because of bombs. I told her I will go because I am clever at school. In Beddawi I play, but here I cannot. I walk with my cousin but there is plenty of mud and dirt. Fatah and Hamas bring food from Hariri, it is not good. From Fatah it is good. My sister left to Abu Dhabi. I do not like to play here because of the soil and soot. My mother stays at home and works all the time, she washes by hand because the washing machine was burned, the refrigerator was also burned. There is no cold water and the electricity is available only at night. I like to play with my friend Aya (Loukate). Sometimes I stumble on metal. My father is poor, he has no money. He gathers metals from near the front. When friends are around I play with them. I like to play hide and seek with my friend. When I play outside I wish that the camp was not dirty and rotten. I don't want to stay outside because my clothes become dirty. I like to play every day. My mother gives me 1000 L.L each day. I like to dance and also I like to help my mother in cleaning the house. Sometimes she doesn't let me, sometimes I wash.

Mira Wajeh Kanaan: "I do not make trouble for the teacher."

الاسم : ميرا وجيه كنعان
العمر : ٤ سنوات (روضه اولى)

البلدة : صفورية

مكان الاقامة: مخيم نهر البارد
بس تكون امي نايمة بساعدها بالأغراض بس تقولي فيقي على الروضة بفيق ،

وبلبس وبروح عالروضة ، وانا المعلمة ما بعذبها وانا بحب الأولاد والبنات وبحب رفقاتي والمعلمة بس تقولي تفرجي على اللوح بتفرج .

أجرت المقابلة نادية الدهيدي ١٩ / ٣ / ٢٠٠٩

Mira Wajeh Kanaan, 4 year old.

Place of origin: Town Safouri in Palestine.

Storycrafted in Beddawi camp by Nadia El-Dehidi on 19.3.2009.

When my mother sleeps I help tidy things. When she asks me to wake up, I do. I put on my clothes and go to kindergarten. I do not make trouble for the teacher. I love boys and girls and love my friends. When the teacher asks me to look at the board I do.

حكيلي حكاية

We are Taking Care

* Mira Wajeh Kanaan, 4
* Ali Hamza Fayad, 9
* Ahmad Moein El Sayyed, 9
* Doaa Tayseer Mubadda, 10
* Yasser Abed Al Aal, 12
* Zeinab Sakallah, 78
* BAS
* FiPSR

Ali Hamza Fayad: "There was no milk, but my mother made milk from powder."

الأسم: علي حمزه فياض
العمر: ٩سنوات

البلدة : مجدل زون

أنا بحبها كثير علشان عندي رفقات كثير، صديقي كتير هوي حسن عمره ٩ سنين، مابعرف شو صار فيه أنشاء الله يكون عايش .

تركنا بيتّ هناك ، وهوي ما قبل يجي معنا، وأمي جابتنا لهون علشان خايفه علينا من العدو الأسرائيلي ، اللي قصف البيوت فوق رؤوس أهاليها .

أنا كثير أشتقت لبيتّ، أمبارح أجا زارنا وأنا كنت عم ألعب بالحديقة، أنا عبطوا وصرنا نبكي مع بعض من الفرحة، بس هوي رح يرجع لأنوا مابدوا يترك الضيعه، ياريت الحرب تخلص علشان العب بألعاب الكمبيوتر وبسكليتي، وأنام مع بيّي ، وأشوف صديقي حسن وجيراني.

بيتنا كتير حلو ، طابقين وبنزرع خضره في الجنينه، وعنا شجر تفاح وعنب، وكتير عصافير بتيجي لعنا بتغني وبتروح ، وكنت بخاف كثير بالليل لما القصف بيقوى ، لأنه الغرفة اللي بنام فيها سقفها من تنك وبخاف من الشظايا

حرب تموز ٢٠٠٦/٩/١ أجرت المقابلة جمال أبو صالح

Ali Hamza Fayad, 9 year old.

Storycrafted in Shatila camp by Jamal Abou Saleh on 1.9.2006

I love my village a lot because I have friends there. My only friend is Hassan, he is 9 years old. I do not know what happened to him. I hope he is still alive.

My father we left behind, he refused to come with us. My mother brought us here because she was afraid from the Israeli enemies that hit the houses and destroyed the top of where people were living. I miss my father a lot. He came yesterday. I was playing in the garden. I hugged him and we cried in the room together. But my father will not come back. He doesn't want to leave his village. I wish the war would stop so I can go back and play with my computer games and my bike. I wish I could sleep by my father everyday and meet my friend Hassan and my neighbors. Our house is so beautiful, it is two stories and we grow vegetables in our gardens. We have apple and grape trees, so many birds come and eat, they sing and fly. But here I hear only the planes. I get afraid at night when the shelling is heavy because the room we sleep in has a ceiling made from metal and I am afraid of the shrapnel hitting us.

Ali's second story

I was on the balcony when a war plane hit us. I fell down on a chair. Another rocket targeted the water spring. I was afraid because the house was shaking. Father was shouting at us and told us to take our things and jump in the car. We climbed on top of each other in the car and drove to Sidon. My sister was crying because she wanted her baby doll, I wanted my bike. In Sidon we played with our cousins, my aunt's children. From Sidon we went to Beirut; along the way we saw destroyed bridges and a car and van that had been completely burnt. I was not afraid but my sisters were screaming. We arrived to Shatila and met uncle Aniss. I hugged him and kissed him. He asked us about the south. I was tired so I slept. When I woke up I found that everything was different - it was not like the south. There was no milk, I wanted some but nobody could give it to me. My mother bought powder and made milk. I went to BAS where I started playing and drawing. I am happy now because I met new friends - together we draw and play.

Ali and his family arrived safely to their uncle's place at Shatila camp.

Ahmad Moein El Sayyed: "When I grow up I want to be a teacher."

أحمد الاسم: أحمد معين السيد
العمر: ٩ سنوات
مكان الاقامة السابق: مخيم نهر البارد
البلدة:سعسع

وأنا بمخيم نهر البارد ما كان مكسور سني، بس تهجّرنا من المخيم سكنّا بالمدرسة وأنا عم ألعب مع رفقاتي واحد دق راسو براسي، آم إجا انكسر سني، ما كان يوجعني بس صار يحرقني. أول ما أنكسر سني ما كنت اقدر أشرب مي باردة، بس هلق صرت أقدر أشرب مي باردة وبوظة، أخدتني امي عند الدكتور يلي بالأونروا يلّي بالبداوي ما عملّي سنّي، قال لي بس تروح على نهر البارد بتساوي سنك، بس أنا بستحي من سني، لإنو بس حدا يسألني عن سني كيف انكسر بقول بس للي بقربوني إللي ساكنين معانا، هني يلي بعرفوا كيف انكسر سني، انا لما أكبر ما بدي اطلع دكتور، بدي اطلع استاذ ،علشان الدكتور بتعزب وهو عم يشتغل، بس الأستاذ ما بتعزب .

أجرت المقابلة نادية الدهيدي ٢٣ /٢٠٠٧/٦

Ahmad Moein El Sayyed, 9 year old.

Storycrafted at the dentist in BAS Beddawi center by Nadia El-Dehidi on 23.6.2007.

When I was in Nahr el-Bared my tooth was not broken. After our displacement from the camp we lived in a school. I was playing with some friends and accidentally hit my head against a friend's head. My tooth broke; my mouth was not aching but was burning. For awhile I could not drink cold water but now I am able to and can even have ice cream. My mother took me to the UNRWA dentist in Beddawi but he did not fix my tooth. Instead he told me that when we go back to Nahr el-Bared they will fix it. But I am ashamed of my broken tooth. I feel embarrassed when people ask me how my tooth got broken, only my family knows. When I grow up I want to be a teacher because a doctor's job is so tiring. Being a teacher is easier.

Doaa Tayseer Mubadda: "I will go to the dentist to get relief from that pain."

الاسم: دعاء تسير مبدى
العمر: ١٠ سنوات
مكان الاقامة السابق: مخيم نهر البارد
مكان الاقامة الحالي :مخيم البداوي

أنا ما سويت سني لإني خفت، البنات يلي قدي بساوا سنانن، في منن بخافوا وفي منن لأ. بس انا كل يوم بفرشي سناني كل ما اتغدى وافطر وبس اخلص اكل بغسل ايديّ وبفرشي سناني .

وإحنا هلأ ساكنين بالمدرسة اعطوني فرشاية سنان وزعولنا. لإلي ولكل الأولاد وللزلام والنسوان.

ولما كنت بنهر البارد امي بتاخدني عند دكتور الأسنان، وكمان كنت اخاف افوت عنده. واختي الصغيرة كمان بتخاف تفوت عند دكتور الأسنان، بس إذا الدكتور اعطاني دواء بشربوه وما بخاف. بس ازا صار سني يجعني كتير كتير بفوت عند الدكتور عشان يروّح عني الوجع .

أجرت المقابلة نادية الدهيدي ٢٠٠٧/٦/٢٠

Doaa Tayseer Mubadda, 10 year old.
Storycrafted at the dentist in BAS Beddawi center by Nadia El-Dehidi on 20.6.2007.

I did not have my teeth treated because I was afraid. Some girls of my age do have dental treatment but others do not because some are afraid and others are not. But I do brush my teeth every day after lunch and breakfast and I wash my hands. I brush my teeth when I am through with the day. Now we are living at the school. They gave me and all the children, men and women toothbrushes. When I was in Nahr el-Bared my mother used to accompany me to the dentist. I used to be so scared to enter the clinic, my little sister was also afraid to go to the clinic. But when the dentist gave me medicine I drank it all, I was not afraid to drink it. But if my tooth pain gets so bad, I will go to the dentist to get relief from that pain.

Yasser Abed Al Aal: "My tooth is even more beautiful than before."

Yasser Abed Al Aal, 12 year old.

Storycrafted at the dentist in BAS Beddawi center by Nadia El-Dehidi on 14.6.2007.

I was running when the war started. I fell on my face and broke my tooth. When we arrived to Beddawi camp people told my mother that at the Assoumod center there is a clinic where they fix the teeth of el-Bared people free of charge. We went there and a lady dentist fixed my tooth. She gave me an injection and I did not feel any pain while she fixed my tooth. I was embarrassed when children called me names "Tell me, how are you toothy?". Now, my tooth is even more beautiful than before.

الاسم: ياسر عبد العال
العمر: ١٢ سنة
مكان الاقامة السابق: مخيم نهر البارد
مكان الاقامة الحالي :مخيم البداوي

وأنا راكض لما صارت الحرب بنهر البارد إجيت وقعت على وجي وانكسر سني. لما إجينا على البداوي في ناس قالوا لأمي بالصمود في عيادة اسنان بساووا للعالم اسنانن للي جايين من نهرالبارد ببلاش، إجيت فرجيت سني للدكتورة علشان اتساويلي اياه عشان بستحي بسني المكسور الأولاد بقلولوي: لك كيف سنو؟ واجيت عند الدكتورة وساوتلي، ودقتلي الدكتورة إبرة، بس ما توجعت وأنا عم بساوي سني، وهلأ سني صار أحلى من قبل.

أجرت المقابلة نادية الدهيدي ٢٠٠٧/٦/١٤

Zeinab Sakallah: "In Jaffa my mother gathered the porcelain flowers to put under my pillow."

Zeinab Sakallah, 78 year old.

Place of origin: Jaffa in Palestine.

Storycrafted in BAS Beirut Family Guidance center by Dr Faizah Masri on 29.12.2008.

On my way here a jasmine flower fell on me. These flowers grow near the mosque. I leaned over and picked up the flowers which had fallen. I recited the El Fateha (Quran verses) for my mother's soul. When we were in Jaffa my mother used to gather the jasmine flowers and put them under my pillow, my father used to gather the flowers and put them on the pillow. My aunt in Jerusalem had a big tree with flowers called "mother of the seven years". This flower is also called the porcelain flower. My aunt gave my mother a little plant; my mother gave me a piece of it which I brought with me from Gaza. It grew so big that I was able to give many people a piece of the plant. I transplanted four of the plants for the Family Guidance Center. Please send someone to pick it up. I love it and I am so proud of it because it came from Jerusalem, then it moved to Gaza and now it is in Lebanon.

I had not seen my mother for nine years. She passed away in Gaza. I could not see her because Israel would not give me permission to come. I did not even know about her death until a few days after she died. My father followed my mother in death eleven months later. My brother also died, I had not seen him in thirty years. A second brother, who I never met, died of liver cancer that spread to his bones.

The streets in Jaffa smell like orange blossoms. When I studied in Alexandria I used to smell the same scent and remember my beloved Jaffa. They used to gather the orange petals and close the opening to the water jug with them. That way, when you drink the water it has an orange blossom scented taste.

I was studying at a teacher training college in Jerusalem. There was a Jewish kindergarten by our fence. We used to talk and play with the children as if they were our little brothers and sisters. I used to give them some of my food, milk, biscuits, bread and cheese through the school fence. The morning that the partition of Palestine was announced we awoke to see the kindergarten area decorated with Israeli flags. The children started making faces at us, sticking their tongues out, and happily dancing.

I cannot forget an incident that happened on a spring day while I was walking with some friends in Jerusalem. We saw a Jewish man with a donkey and an Arab man. The Jewish man was forcing the Arab man to drink from the same place as the donkey. He took pictures and gave them to Europeans, telling them that this "is the image of Arabs". Last month I read a book by Ilan Pappe - "The Ethnic Cleansing of Palestine".

I remember that Jewish ladies used to come to our house to sell us clothes. By doing this they gathered information about each house and street. After I read the book, I relived my life in Jaffa. I realized that these ladies were from Israeli intelligence. Our school principal in Jerusalem was British. On the day of the partition of Palestine we refused to study. Instead we gathered at the playground and sang Mawtini (Arab national song). The principle asked for a meeting with the student representatives. I was the representative for my class. She said to us "What can you do? The Israelis will win because they are more educated. You should go back to classes and study. Or do you want to fight again?" We told her "Yes, we want to fight". She said: "You Arabs are mad". We asked her "Why"? She said "You have not learned a lesson from World War II. Still you want another war". I said to her: "Are you British mad?" She shouted at me and banged on the table, "How dare you?" I calmly said "Because you saw what happened in World War I and yet there was a second world war". "Yes, yes you are right, you are right", she said. She took revenge by following me from one place to another after our conversation.

One night the shelling from the Israeli side was very strong. We lived at the school. We used to study in the morning and go to the dorms in the afternoon. I remember the bullets were red, the same as when we left Jaffa. My father used to tell me to count my brothers and sisters in the car. I was the eldest of the six children. The bullets were the same sparkling red. I swear by God that we will return. I am sure that the world's conscience will wake up. Once they see all the massacres they will be fair to us very soon.

Zeinab Sakallah brought the flower to the BAS center.

الاسم: زينب طاهر ساق الله

العمر: ٧٨ سنه

البلدة: يافا

وأنا ماشي في الطريق وقعت علي زهرة ياسمين من المزروعة بالجامع، وطّيت على الأرض ولميت باقي الياسمين وقريت الفاتحة لأمي لأن أمي كانت تجمع الياسمين في يافا وتحطه على المخدة، وأبي يجمع الفل ويحطة على المخدة، وخالتي في القدس كان عندها شجرة ام السبع سنين، أعطت إمي فسخة، وإمي أطتني فسخة، وجبتها معي من غزة، و كبرت ووزعت منها فسخات كتيرة، وأعطيت مركز الإرشاد في بيت أطفال الصمود ٤ فسخات. و أنا بحبها كتير لأنها من القدس. ولما رحت إلى غزة كان لي ٩ سنوات لم أرى أمي، توفيت في غزة و ما قدرتش أروح أشوفها لأن اسرائيل لم تعطني تصريحاً للدخول، وعرفت بوفاتها بعد عدة أيام. وأبي توفي بعدها ب١١ شهر، وكذلك لم أشاهده وأخي توفي ولم اشاهده منذ ٣٠ سنة، وكان في غزة، وأخي الثاني توفي في السرطان بالكبد دخل إلى عظامة ولم يقدر أن يمشي، وكانوا يجرونه على كرسي متحرك.

طريق يافا القدس، لما كنت في كلية دار المعلمات ، كانت رائحة زهر البرتقال تفوح كثيراً، ولما ذهبت إلى الأسكندرية كنت اشم رائحة زهر البرتقال واتذكر يافا .

ورق البرتقال والليمون كانوا يجمعوه، ويسكرون به ابريق الماء الزجاج والفخار، وتنتشر رائحته إلى الماء، عندما تشربه يكون معطراً. لما كنت طالبة في كلية دار المعلمات بالقدس، كان لجيران المدرسة اليهود، روضة اطفال ، وبما انه كان لنا اخوة صغار تركناهم في يافا، كنا نلاعبهم ونعطيهم من أكلنا الخاص، حليب، بسكويت،، وخبز وجبنة. و أنا كنت كل يوم لا اشرب الحليب، أعطيهم أياه من فوق سور الروضه.

في صباح اليوم التالي، بعد ليلة تقسيم فلسطين، كان سور الروضة مليان أعلام اسرائيلية صغيرة ، والأطفال صاروا يمدون الينا إلسنتهم لإغاظتنا لأننا عرب وكانوا يرقصون فرحين.

في يوم ربيع في القدس، كنا نتنزّه رأينا شخص يهودياً ومعه رجل عربي وحماره، وكان بجانبهم بركة مياه، وطلب اليهودي من الرجل أن يشرب من البركة اللتي يشرب منها الحمار، وأخذ لهما صورة. وطبعاً ليوزعها على الأعلام الأوروبي، ويقول أن العرب والحمار بشربوا من نفس البركة. كنت أقرأ كتاب التطهير العرقي في فلسطين "لآلن بابي"، وتذكرت النساء اليهوديات، كنّ يدخلنّ إلى البيوت لبيع القماش والثياب والقصد من ذلك التعرف على كل شارع وكل بيت، وماذا في داخل كل بيت: عدد أفراد الأسرة وماذا يعملون. أذكر يهودية دخلت إلى منزلنا لتبيع عبايات، وكنت أنا أقرا كتاباً، وأختي تكتب دروسها، وأمي كانت تعمل في المطبخ، فقالت: لنا الكل في البيت بيشتغل .

والأن بعد أن قرأت الكتاب عشت مجدداً في يافا، وراجعت هذا الحدث، ان النساء كنّ مخابرات اسرائيلية لمعرفة المنازل والزواريب.

لما كنت في دار المعلمات بالقدس كانت المديرة انكليزية، فعند تقسيم فلسطين، جلسنا في الملعب ننشد موطني وأغاني وطنية أخرى. فطلبت المديرة من كل صف طالبة لتناقش معهنّ الموضوع. وكنت أنا المندوبة عن صفي. وقالت لنا المديرة: ماذا تريدن أن تفعلن؟ اليهود غلبوكم لأنهم متعلمون، وأنتم يجب أن تتعلموا....أم تريدون أن تحاربوا؟! قلنا لها: آه بدنا نحارب. فقالت " You Arabs are mad"!فسألناها لماذا؟؟؟ فقالت لأنكم شفتوا نتيجة الحرب العالمية الثانية وانتم بريدون حرباً جديدة. فقلت لها بهدوء: وأنتم يابريطانين مجانين "You, British, are mad." فصرخت وضربت بيدها على الطاولة ، وقالت بغضب .

"How dare you say it? "

فقلت: لأنكم رأيتم نتيجة الحرب العالمية الأولى وقمتم بالحرب العالمية الثانية. فقالت:

"Oh yes you are right, you are right."

أعلنا الإضراب وكانت المدرسات العربيات يشجعنا، وطلبت الزميلات مني إن أكتب الجدول بخطي، ففعلت. فعرفت المديرة خطي لأنه كان مميّزاً ومرتباً جداً، وصارت تراقبني من وقت إلى آخر.

كأني الأن في ملعب كلية دار المعلمات بالقدس ، في ليلة قوي ضرب قذائف اليهود كثيراً. كنا ندرس صباحاً، وفي الليل نذهب إلى غرف النوم وكنا نرى الرصاص احمر احمر مثل لما طلعنا من يافا، أبي كان بقول لي عدّي اخوانك، ونحن في طريقنا لنأخذ سيارة لنسافر بها. أنا كنت الكبيرة، كنا ٦ اولاد.

والله سوف نرجع، والله سوف نرجع، لأن العالم سوف يستعيد ضميره بعد كل الفضائح التي تحدث، وسوف ينصفنا في يوم قريب .

أجرت المقابلة د. فايزة المصري بتاريخ ٢٠٠٨/١٢/٢٩

Beit Atfal Assumoud (BAS)

Faizah Masri

Our institution was established on August 12, 1976 as an initiative of the Secretariat of The General Union of Palestinian Women and some Lebanese and Palestinian professionals. This surrogate home, called "Beit Atfal Assumoud", was initially designed to house and care for parentless children from Tal El-Zaatar camp after the massacre which took place there.

Objectives:

- To help those families who lost their providers by continuing to uphold the responsibilities of raising their children. We do this by giving them monthly financial support through a special sponsorship program.
- To provide cultural, recreational, educational and health services for the children and their families through our centers located in the camps.
- To contribute to the development of the economical and professional potential of the families through special programs targeting the education of women and youth.
- To ensure the preservation of our people's identity by reviving our Palestinian culture and heritage and passing this on to the new generation.

This book speaks of the institution's care for these children. It is a document of some of the activities and services offered to these families. It talks about the humanitarian sufferings of the old and future generation. It might change the life of some children or families like Ali Hamza (see pages 94-95). It might act to serve as a way to focus on the Palestinian issue. Hopefully, it will make people ask more questions, do more search about the core problem. Some of the aims of the institution are to make people inquire about the Palestinian suffering, to try to understand what is the truth about these sufferings in a simple peaceful way.

Lebanon, our host country that suffered with us all the way, has helped us to give our children shelter, although this was painful at some points. Still, all the Palestinians love Lebanon and refer to it as their second country, they are loyal to it. Even when they immigrate their childhood memories are in Lebanon. Yet, they all want to go back to Palestine, they all understand that they are refugees in this country and have no civil rights.

Storycrafting is a tool that everybody who practiced it loved it. It was introduced to us by Sirkku Kivistö as a tool to help children express their needs, to empty themselves of all their troubles. They practiced it for a short period at the Family Guidance Center in Beirut, a mental care facility for BAS. Sirkku, being a psychologist, made sure the project happened, no matter what.

I got involved during the 2006 war when many children from the south of Lebanon fled (Lebanese children headed to the Palestinian camps for shelter). It started with Ali Hamza's story, page 94. We sent this story to our Norwegian, Japanese and Finnish donors who showed interest in the story. They responded with questions such as how Ali's cow got back home, what happened to it? Then Kirsti Palonen encouraged us to go on with the work. Together we formed a small group including those who work with me in the dental field (including the nurse Nadia El-Dehidi in Beddawi). She showed great interest in the storycrafting and got another social worker to take photos. Assad Abdul Aal and Elham Shahrour have typed the texts in Arabic for me. I translated it and sent it to Kirsti. She made some remarks as a psychologist. She then came and lived with these people after the Nahr el-Bared crisis for six weeks. She stayed with Nadia and her mother. She learned and understood the way we think. She then crafted some stories together with BAS storycrafters. It was team work, we called ourselves the "storycrafting team". One team was working in Beddawi, another team in Beirut in Shatila - these were the most successful teams. As part of the team, my job was to encourage the field work and ask them to do storycrafting on certain occasions such as Nakba and Beirut Marathon.

www.socialcare.org

FiPSR
Finnish Psychologists for Social Responsibility

Sirkku Kivistö

Finnish Psychologists for Social Responsibility (FiPSR) assists the National Institution of Social Care and Vocational Training (NISCVT), also known as Beit Atfal Assumoud (BAS), in helping Palestinian refugee children and their families as well as poor Lebanese families. "The Right to Psychological Well Being for Everyone" is our mission. BAS and FiPSR have been partners since 1984.

With the support of the Ministry for Foreign Affairs of Finland, we have assisted BAS to develop the work in the mental health field over fifteen years. Currently, BAS runs five family guidance centers which are situated in Beirut and in Southern and Northern Lebanon. We appreciate the competent, consistent and steadfast humanitarian work of BAS.

www.vastuu.fi/libanon

Children singing in the kindergarten of BAS Beddawi center in North Lebanon. Photo: Kirsti Palonen.

همسات من الشتات