

The story is not over yet. Do you remember my sister who I said was taken out from under the rubble of her house and she fled to the south because it was safer, as they claimed?! In the morning after the end of the truce, her husband's brother came to tell us the news of her martyrdom together with her husband, and her children. The Israeli army bombed the residential building to which she was displaced, and only her eldest son, who is 10 years old, remained. He was injured by a shrapnel in his eye. It was shocking news for me. My sister, who is very dear to me, she is two years older than me. We used to do everything together, we even used to work together. My sister is a martyr! She deserves the title of martyr. She was an angel on earth and loved by everyone. She would not harm an ant.

The nightmare is not over yet. Tanks are approaching where we took refuge and shelling is everywhere. We left where we had sought refuge, and returned to western Gaza because it had become safe and the tanks had withdrawn from there. The area there is not suitable for habitation; There is no electricity or water, but we have no choice but to die. We went out under the bombing and the bullets were surrounding us. My father was taking care of my injured husband and realized that his ear needed surgery because it was completely closed and had no opening for hearing. He needs a referral abroad to have his operation, but how to do that I not know! We are trying, but we cannot leave the north, as the occupation has completely separated it from the south.

The war is not over yet. This week, tanks returned to the west, near us, and this is what worries me. They enter homes, kill men, whether old or young, kill and leave. But now there is no place to run to. We decided to stay where we are. We are running from death to death, and there is no safe place to go.

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