cemetery of Khan Yunis. son's head from his body, and I buried him in the prought him back. The shelling had separated my a group of displaced people went out with me, and we martyrdom due to Israeli shelling. On the second day, cats. I couldn't bury him on the first day of his and found him lying on the ground, being eaten by afternoon and sunset. I went out searching for him Haitham left before noon, and I lost him between

on February 3, 2023. my son Haitham and two other young men instantly scyool, an occupation tank shelled them, martyring and ran out of food and drink. After they left the We were living under Israeli siege inside the school displaced people to get some food and water for us. My son Haitham left the school with two other

shelling, destruction, and heavy gunfire. couldn't leave, so we remained in the school amidst managed to evacuate my disabled son, but we through loudspeakers that we leave the school. They we had taken refuge in the shelters, they demanded When the occupation forces besieged the area where

After burying my son Haitham, my husband, my disabled son, and my two orphaned grandchildren went to the UNRWA Ja'ouni School in the Nuseirat refugee camp. Nuseirat camp has become a haven for thousands of displaced people.

My son Haitham was martyred, leaving me with his two children, Ziad and Saheer. My son Mohammed was also martyred, leaving me with his two daughters, Nasreen, one and a half years old, and Celine, three months old. My granddaughter Celine was born in extremely difficult conditions during the war, enduring hardships during our displacement journey that has continued for eight consecutive months.

She suffers from malnutrition due to the lack of proper nutrition for her and her mother. We try to provide some milk for her, but there is no milk in Gaza, and we struggle to find even a little. We also face difficulty in providing diapers for the baby. Poor child, she was born in war and has lived through difficult conditions, yet she continues to fight for survival.

children.

the war. During the war, Haitham fled with his is 10 years old. Haitham divorced and remarried before son, Ziad, is Il years old, and his youngest son, Saheer, Saheer, fled with us to Khan Yunis. Haitham's eldest My son Haitham and his two children, Yazan and



kills the people of Gaza.

against us, the policy which slowly and deliberately second son due to the occupation's unjust policies deteriorating significantly every day. I fear losing my the appropriate food for him, and Yazan's health is accustomed to before the war. However, I can't find strengthen his body and resist disease, as he was needs special food. He needs meat and chicken to Currently, I am taking care of my son Yazan, who

scarce.

the money we had ran out, and food aid was very hunger, but we couldn't find anything to feed them. All My children and grandchildren cried incessantly from

We haven't sat at one table as a family since the

Ramadan; we didn't feel the coming or ending of

Ramadan at all. We didn't feel the joy of Eid. We

beginning of the war. We lost all the atmosphere of

suffer from poor hygiene due to water shortages and

a severe shortage of clothes. It's hard for me to ask

for help from anyone. We used to live a decent life,

Many times, my orphaned grandchildren go to sleep

without having dinner. I walk long distances every

day to search for bread and some food, but I can't

find any. After all of this, we trust that Allah will not

forsake us, He will not abandon us, and He will grant

us victory over the occupation, and all the injustice

we face will disappear. I know that the pain will

remain in our hearts as long as we live, but my

dream now is for the war to end, to return to my

home and rebuild it again, and for my Lord to grant

grandchildren, educate them well, and protect them

children. Tood for our provide bread and struggled greatly to теа а аду, апа wе provided us with one The school administration

We stayed at Sheikh Jabr School for three months.

trom Israeli bombing.

mith thousands of displaced people seeking safety Yunis, south of the Gaza Strip. The school was filled gunfire until we reached Sheikh Jabr School in Khan to exit. We walked amidst tanks, shelling, and heavy parts and designated Salah al-Din Street for civilians occupation forces had divided the Gaza Strip into two and elderly people, for several kilometers. The We walked on foot, accompanied by children, women,

to Khan Yunis. occupation forces declared as safe zones. We headed tiee to the southern valley areas, which the the martyrdom of my son Mohammed, we decided to After the bombing of my son Haitham's house and residential neighborhoods and destroying them. indiscriminate bombing of Gaza City, targeting The occupation forces intensified their

great difficulty from under the rubble. years old, was martyred. He was extracted with completely bombed, and my son Mohammed, 27 the bombing intensified, we fled. The house was of Gaza City. We stayed there for a month, but as house, located in the Sabra neighborhood south area. I went to my son Haitham Ziad Al-Huli's The residents of our neighborhood evacuated the

home and my family's home along with it. pombed our neighbor's house, destroying their second day of the war. The occupation forces peen living in displacement tents since the Hilu, and I am 47 years old, from Gaza City. I have on the Gaza Strip. My name is Nasreen Naeem Al-My story begins on the first day of the Israeli war

BY NASREEN NAEEM AL-HILU

2001.2 CHILDREN RAISING MY MARTYRED

Zine created by





READ NASREEN'S FULL STORY:

GAZAUNLOCKED.ORG

Displaced in Gaza is a collection of personal testimonies from Gazans who have been repeatedly displaced by Israel since October, 2023. The project aims to raise global awareness about the violent and forcible displacement inflicted upon the Palestinians. Every story is unique, yet the endurance of the Palestinian people remains a common thread, linking each story of hope and loss together.





me the strength to raise my orphaned

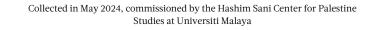
as they are the trust of my martyred sons.

and now we rely on aid.









DISPLACED IN GAZA



TESTIMONY FROM

NASREEN NAEEM AL-HILU نسرين نعيم الحلو

Collected May, 2024