

End of the Gaza War

2025



The idea of creating a digital book on the Gaza war came in light of the current events and

the human, political, and historical dimensions they carry. Before we begin, it is useful to define some basic things to form a clear structure for the book, which are as follows

:Introductory questions

?What is the purpose of the book

?Documenting events

?Highlighting the humanitarian aspect

?Political or military analysis

?A message to the world or an Arab audience

?Who is your target audience

?Arab or international readers

?Specialists or a general audience

?A specific age group

?What style do you want

?News report

?Political analysis

?Human narrative and personal testimonies

?A combination of all of these

".Gaza Between Siege and Fire: Testimony to the War"

:Proposed Index

.Introduction

?Why this book

A brief historical background to the conflict

Gaza before the war

Life under siege

Political, Economic and Social Situation

The spark of war

Direct and Indirect Causes

Events preceding the escalation

During the bombing

Testimonies from residents

Targeting infrastructure and civilians

Media coverage and analysis

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Introduction

In Gaza, children aren't just born under the whirl of airplanes. They grow up counting the strikes, doing their homework by candlelight, and learning how to laugh amidst the rubble

This book isn't an attempt to understand war through the eyes of politicians or expert analyses. Rather, it's an invitation to get closer to the human pain as the people of Gaza experience it day by day, moment by moment. Here, you won't find military maps or dry statistical tables. Instead, you'll hear real voices: a mother sleeping next to her children, fearing that this might be the last thing she'll see; a child searching for his toy amid the rubble; a paramedic running among the corpses in search of a pulse

We wrote this book to keep the memory alive, to prevent this war from becoming another number in the pages of oblivion. We wrote it to say that the Palestinian person is not just "breaking news" or a "fleeting image," but rather a screaming dignity, indomitable patience, and hope that grows despite everything that tries to kill it

.It is a testimony. And perhaps a cry

We will begin the first chapter in a humanistic style, to paint an honest picture of Gaza before the first rocket fell, and to make the reader feel that those living there are not just "victims of war," but human beings like us, with lives, dreams, and daily rituals

Chapter One: Gaza Before the War

"We live on the edge of fear, but we dream as if we were immortal"

In Gaza, mornings begin like any other place: with a mother waking her children for school, the smell of bread coming out of the oven, and the conversations of neighbors outside. But behind these small details lurks an ever-present anxiety—an anxiety called "What if a rocket falls today

.Life in Gaza is not ordinary, but it is lived with a determination to be so

Ruqayya, a university student in her early twenties, would stand in front of the mirror every morning, styling her hair and laughing with her sister, even though the electricity only visited her home for a few hours. She memorized the blackout schedule like a sacred calendar: "The power will be back on at two o'clock. We'll charge our phones, turn on the washing machine, and make coffee properly

.But nothing in Gaza is certain. Electricity, water, and even safety are all temporary

In the market, Abu Sami would open his shop every day and place a small chair near the entrance. He would sit on it to watch the street, greet passersby, and flip through the channels on a small battery-powered radio. He would say, "We want to live. All we have is this laughter, even if it comes from the heart of exhaustion"

Children would go to school in sometimes worn-out shoes, carrying notebooks covered in their drawings, as if they were shields protecting them from reality. They would play in the alleys, running after a ball they had made of cloth, unaware that the world had decided their childhood was less deserving than others

?And at night

When the noise subsided and the movement faded, the city would become a heartbeat of questions

?Will war break out tomorrow? Will one of the neighbors be killed

But despite everything, people slept. Not because they were safe, but because they were tired

Now we move on to Chapter Two: "The Spark of War." We will also narrate it in a humane style, not just focusing on dates and events, but on what people felt when the sky began to rain fire, and hearts trembled at the sound of the first explosions

Chapter Two: The Spark of War

When the ground shakes beneath your feet, the heart knows something is broken in the world

War doesn't begin like in the movies: no announcement, no clear sirens, no countdown. In Gaza, war begins with a strange sound in the sky, a child's cry, a blackout, or a message on the phone saying, "Stay away from the windows"

On a heavy May evening, Umm Khaled sat preparing dinner for her children. The sound of planes wasn't new; it had become part of the background, like the rustling of a sick tree that won't die. But that evening was different. The planes seemed closer, and the air was saturated with something whose name was still unknown, but which resembled fear

.And then came the first strike

Gazais didn't have time to interpret the sound: Was it a rocket? A shell? A naval bombardment? The only question that pierced the shock: "Is everyone in the house okay?" Houses shake. Windows shatter. Children run to their mothers' arms as if

*escaping the end of the world. Neighbors gather, not out of curiosity, but because
.survival, in Gaza, requires witnesses*

.In an instant, the city turns into a map of red dots

.Houses are bombed without warning

.Ambulances are not enough

*Journalists run with cameras, not just for the truth, but to document those who are
.dying*

*We couldn't believe the war was back," said Abu Ahmed, a father of four. "We were"
trying to laugh... trying to lie to ourselves... but the first strike taught us that anything
".can happen again in an instant*

*Mothers begin packing small bags: documents, medicine, a piece of bread, and a
.doll*

".In Gaza, this is the "survival bag

.But no one ever fully survives

*Everyone who survives leaves a part of themselves under the rubble, or in the gaze
of a child who no longer knows the difference between rain and shrapnel from
.bombing*

Chapter Three: During the Bombing

".Every minute that passes in Gaza could be the last"

.In Gaza, there is no real night during war. Even darkness itself is bombed

*When the bombing begins, there is no time to cry, no place to escape. Every home
becomes a shelter, every embrace a shield, every prayer a last-ditch attempt at
survival. The city lingers in a heavy silence, interrupted by the whistle of missiles and
.the explosions of homes that moments before were full of life*

:Reem, a seven-year-old girl, clutched her doll and said to her mother

"?I'm not going to die, right? It's not our turn, right"

.And her mother didn't know what to say

.In war, there is no order of roles, no justice in death

*In the hospital, doctors sit with no energy, without adequate equipment, but they
.don't stop*

*Death is common, and triage is harder than surgery," said a doctor in a broken"
.voice*

*He had to choose who to treat first: the bleeding child or the father searching for his
?children under the rubble*

.Every decision at that moment was an additional wound

.The Civil Defense personnel worked with their hearts, not their machines

*Their excavators were weaker than the scale of the disaster, and their hands were
.faster than machines*

.They pulled out bodies as if they were pulling out fragments of their own souls

.Each time, they hoped to find someone alive—just a soul

*Abu Majdi, a 70-year-old man, wept as he tried to extract a picture of his wife from
.the rubble*

,He said

"I don't want to live, but I just want to take her picture with me"

*In the streets, no sound rose above the sound of the bombing... except for the
.shouting of Allahu Akbar (God is Great) with each strike*

.It wasn't a challenge, but a special kind of reassurance

*People shouted Allahu Akbar because they had no one but Allah, and because
.screaming doesn't stop death, but it lets it know we're still alive*

.Bread was baked under fire

.Babies were breastfed in corners

*Mothers wrote their children's names on their arms, for no reason, just to let them
.know if they were gone. In an instant, Gaza turns into an open emergency room*

... There aren't enough beds, no medicine, no time

.But there is a love that is like a miracle

.A love that keeps people together, even as they melt inside



Chapter Four: International Reactions

"The world was watching... and some were applauding"

When wars erupt, their voices are heard not only by those living under bombardment, but also by those watching screens, reading the news, tweeting, and remaining silent

In Gaza, people don't expect the world to send rescue planes, but they at least want to know: Is anyone seeing us? Is anyone hearing us

:On the third night of the war, Umm Yazan said, holding her terrified daughter's hand

"It would be enough if someone outside this country said, 'We see you'"

But many Western television stations were busy with summer advertisements, and many Arab channels were content with a brief news bulletin

?As for the governments

Statements of "deep concern" were issued, as if the mass deaths were just a traffic accident

In Europe, youth demonstrations erupted, chanting for Palestine and waving its flag in major capitals. Some had their ribs broken by police simply for saying that children should not be killed

*In America, university students wrote the names of Gaza's martyrs on the walls of
.their universities and faced punishment for daring to speak out about injustice*

*In Asia and Latin America, images of Gaza's children appeared on walls, in murals
.and posters, as if another heart were beating outside the blockade*

*But in Gaza, people didn't see these images at the time. They didn't know who was
.with them and who was against them*

.They only heard the sound of airplanes

*We knew the world was either dead, busy, or afraid of the truth," said Mohammed, a"
.young man from the Shuja'iyya neighborhood*

.International organizations spoke in a lackluster diplomatic language

*They said, "We condemn the violence from both sides," as if the killer and the victim
.were equally guilty*

*One report read, "100 people were killed," without mentioning children, women, or
.even human beings*

*But amidst all this, messages arrived—from a French doctor writing, "My heart is with
",you*

,from an Indian girl drawing Gaza in her notebook

*from a mother in South Africa teaching her child to pronounce "Palestine" before
". "Papa*

.Perhaps the entire world wasn't silent

*But the most important voice wasn't the voice of condemnation, but the voice of
.genuine solidarity, across borders, unbought, and unafraid*

*And in Gaza, when people heard that someone at the farthest end of the earth said,
...""You are not alone*

.it was enough to give them another moment of resilience



Now we move to Chapter Five: "After the War," a chapter par excellence human. After the bombing stops, life simply doesn't return. Another kind of pain begins... quieter, but deeper. War leaves behind streets without names, houses without doors, and people without loved ones

Chapter Five: After the War

"When the bullets fall silent, a soundless pain begins"

In Gaza, the end of the war doesn't mean the return of life... but rather the beginning of mourning

.When the planes withdrew, there was no joy

.No one distributed sweets, no one danced in the streets

People left their homes—or what remained of them—slowly, cautiously, as if the air itself was no longer safe

In the Zeitoun neighborhood, a woman was walking among the rubble, searching for her husband's watch

"She said, "The watch doesn't matter... but maybe his scent is still there

:Destruction was everywhere

,Houses reduced to piles of stones

,Schools turned into shelters

,Mosques destroyed

.Hospitals operating without roofs

.But the real destruction wasn't just in the buildings... but in the eyes of the people

*The child, Salim, would scream whenever he heard the sound of a door closing. He
.thought it was a new missile*

.Nour, a ten-year-old girl, stopped speaking for two weeks

*Her mother was calling her and crying, but Nour was staring into space, as if she had
.left the world from within*

.The schools had opened, but the classrooms weren't the same

.The desks were empty

*The bags were still the same, as they had been left by their owners... who never
.returned*

*One of the teachers said, "We want to teach them, but what can we tell them? About
"?the future? About hope? How*

.In the markets, people were buying more flour and medicine than anything else

.There was no longer any "safety" to be bought

.Everything was temporary: bread, sleep, electricity, even quiet

.But despite everything...there was a sound of life

,Umm Omar repainted the cracked wall of her house and said

"The walls have collapsed, but we are not defeated"

.Workers returned to searching the rubble for pieces of iron to resell

.Women began sewing the torn clothes

...Children made kites out of aid bags

:and raised them high, as if sending a message to the sky

.We are still here." People are no longer the same"

.But they also haven't completely died

:And in Gaza, this miracle is repeated after every war

,Life doesn't wait for permission to rise

...nor does it need anyone to fix it

.It rises, only because the Gazans decided not to surrender

Now we move to Chapter Six: "Analysis and the Future." This chapter connects everything that came before—the pain, the destruction, the silence, and the resilience—and places it in a larger context. But it won't be an abstract political analysis, but rather a humanistic reflection on what war means and what might come after it

Chapter Six: Analysis and the Future

".When glass breaks, its sound can wake the world...or lull it back to sleep"

?What does this war mean

?Is it one in a long, never-ending series

?Or was it a final cry before everything is rearranged

In Gaza, people aren't sitting in analytical seminars, but they feel everything that's coming

You know the war is over...but you don't know when it will return. An analysis of reality doesn't require an expert, but rather a witness

:Those who witnessed this war know that the next war begins with small things

,A barrier preventing a patient from reaching the hospital

",A shell fired at night as a "discipline

.A policy that silently accumulates oppression

:But at the same time, a question pierces the fog

?Can anything change

Can Gaza breathe, can it be repaired, can its children be saved from a new round of horror

.The answer, it seems, is not in Gaza's hands alone

:The future depends on three things

:An undying memory

.The stories, the pictures, the names must be preserved

*The world cannot be allowed to forget that there were children killed in their sleep,
.and mothers who buried their sons with their own hands*

.If the story is forgotten, it will be repeated

:True Global Awareness

*What university students, artists, journalists, and ordinary people around the world
.have done has been more impactful than government statements*

.This generation sees, hears, and cries out

.And perhaps in this lies a seed of hope

:Invincible Local Resilience

.Gaza is not just a victim

*It is also a voice, a life project, and a collective insistence that survival is not the only
.goal... but a dignified life*

*The true analysis of what happened in Gaza is not written in UN reports. It is written
in the eyes of children who have learned to walk among the rubble, in the hands of
doctors working without pay, and in the laughter born from beneath the dust, as if to
:say*

"We are not numbers, we are human beings... and we will live"

?The Future

.Gloomy, yes

.But in Gaza, even the sun is peeping through the smoke

Chapter Seven: Hope and Everyday Resistance

"When Life Itself Is a Form of Resistance"

.In Gaza, resistance is not just rockets or slogans

,True resistance begins with the first cup of tea brewed amidst the destruction

,with the laughter of a child in a neighborhood half-destroyed

.with a teacher returning to his classroom to teach in a school without a roof

.Every morning after the war, the windows are opened... if they remain

*People sweep up the shrapnel, not because they forget the war, but because they
.insist on continuing*

:Street vendors' carts return to the alleys, as if to declare

".We are alive, and we feed our children, even if we eat from under the rubble"

.In Umm Sami's house, laundry is hung on a line split between two collapsed walls

,She said

".I want my children to smell the sun, even if the war has turned the world to dust"

*In small cafes, young people sit discussing ideas, developing projects, and writing
.poems*

.Their poems may not reach publishing houses, but they write to stay alive

.Hope in Gaza doesn't announce itself

.It doesn't wear a banner or shout

.It walks on tiptoe

.It hides in tired faces

.It lives in patience, in dark humor, in a bowl of fava beans, in the dawn prayer

:Even children, in their innocence, practice resistance daily

,When they run after a kite made from a bag of flour

...When they draw on the wall a house with a tree, a swing, and a roof

".As if to say, "We believe in the future, even if it hasn't arrived yet

.Resistance here is not just a weapon, but a determination not to steal life

.Raising a child amidst a siege... is resistance

.Bringing a child into the midst of war... is resistance

.Teaching a child the meaning of justice... is resistance

.Gaza, despite everything, lives on

Conclusion

".Gaza is not a war story... it's a human story"

*When this book closes, the reader may still be reminded of images of destruction,
...the screams of children, and the news of death*

*But what's more important is the features of the people who persevered, breathed,
lived, and resisted. This book attempts to restore the victim's voice, not to make the
.world cry, but to awaken it*

.Gaza doesn't want pity, but understanding

.It doesn't ask for aid, but respect

.It cries out not just for survival, but for justice

.Every bombed house is an unfinished poem

.Every martyr is a name that must not be forgotten

*Every child who survived is proof that life, even in its harshest circumstances,
.refuses to die*

.This book is not about an end, but a beginning

,The beginning of awareness, the beginning of sincere empathy

*and the beginning of a shared responsibility to ensure that this story never happens
.again*

:In the end, the most important truth remains

".In Gaza, every heartbeat... is a form of resistance"

