

UNSHIELDED CHILDHOOD



**PALESTINIAN CHILDREN AND TEENAGERS
KILLED BY ISRAEL
WEST BANK | 2025**

BACKGROUND

Since October 2023, Israel has been waging an extensive assault on all aspects of Palestinian existence in the West Bank. This includes a broad, systematic violation of human rights, first among them the most basic right - to life. Lethal, unbridled violence employed by the Israeli regime's armed forces, including the military and settler militias, has led to an unprecedented increase in the killing of Palestinians, and particularly the killing of children and teenagers by Israeli forces. Over the course of two years and eight months, from 7 October 2023 to 7 June 2026, Israeli forces killed 235 Palestinian children and teenagers in the West Bank. Five others were killed by settlers. In 2025 alone, the year that is the focus of this investigation, Israeli forces killed 54 Palestinian children and teenagers in the West Bank.

The unprecedented scale of killing of Palestinian children and teenagers by Israeli forces is the result of a reckless open-fire policy, expanded to be even more permissive than in the past, that is currently being implemented in the West Bank. Those responsible do not try to hide this policy; rather, they give it full systemic backing, as reflected in the remarks of Central Command Chief Avi Bluth, who [publicly boasted](#) that "we are killing like we haven't killed since 1967." Bluth's claim that "96% of those killed were involved in terrorism" - an allegation exposed as a brazen lie by [documentation of the circumstances of death in B'Tselem's list of Palestinian fatalities](#) - also reflects the Israeli system's routine identification of Palestinians killed by Israeli forces as "terrorists" or "terror operatives", including civilians who were not members of an armed organization and posed no danger at the time they were killed. This identification creates, de facto, systemic impunity for killing.

The Israeli system does not stop at justifying these killings after the fact. It also refrains almost entirely from holding the perpetrators accountable. According to data from the human rights organization Yesh Din, since the start of the war in October 2023, no indictments are known to have been filed in cases involving killings in the West Bank. Yet the immunity guaranteed in advance and the absence of any real demand for accountability after these crimes are committed are not confined to the legal sphere. They are also reflected in "public impunity" that stems from the Israeli public's indifference to the killing of Palestinian children. In this context, the sharp rise in the killing of children in the West Bank by Israeli forces cannot be separated from the [more than 21,000](#) Palestinian children that Israel has killed as part of its genocidal assault on the Gaza Strip since October 2023. The fact that even this inconceivable number has not led to public demands for a change in the policy of killing shows how far the dehumanization of Palestinians has gone in Israeli eyes. These processes are what enables a reality of killing children as a routine matter.

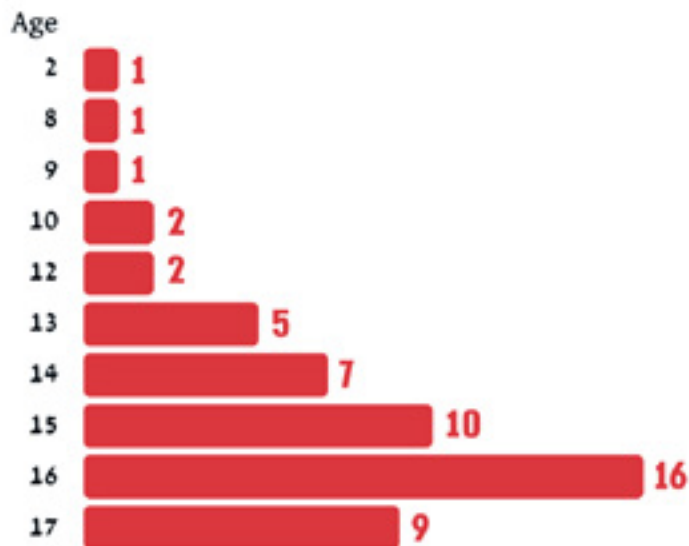
A BLOODY HISTORY OF CHILDREN AND TEENAGERS KILLED

The scale of the killings since the start of the war in October 2023 recalls - and even exceeds, relative to the length of the period - the scale of killing documented during the second intifada. In less than four and a half years, from October 2000 to 8 February 2005 (when the Sharm el-Sheikh Agreements were signed, widely regarded as the official end of the intifada), Israeli forces killed 251 Palestinian children and teenagers in the West Bank. Another five were killed by settlers during that time.

This investigation focuses on 2025, during which Israel killed 54 Palestinian children and teenagers in the West Bank. For comparison, from the end of the second intifada on 9 February 2005 to the end of 2021 - almost 17 years - Israeli forces killed 194 Palestinian children and teenagers in the West Bank. Ten others were killed by Israeli civilians during that period, and two more by an Israeli actor whom B'Tselem was unable to determine whether he was a soldier or civilian. The years 2023 and 2024 saw a record number of child and teen fatalities: in 2023, 120 Palestinian children and teenagers were killed, 80 of them in under three months after 7 October. In 2024, 89 children and teenagers were killed.

Although the number of Palestinian children and teenagers killed by Israel declined in 2025 compared to the previous two years, it remains one of the deadliest years recorded over the last two decades. Compared to the period from 2005 to 2021, in which an average of 13 Palestinian children and teenagers were killed every year by Israeli soldiers and civilians, the figures in 2025 more than quadrupled. In that year, three children between the ages of two and nine were killed, nine children between the ages of 10 and 13, 17 teens between the ages of 14 and 15, 16 teens aged 16, and 9 teens aged 17.

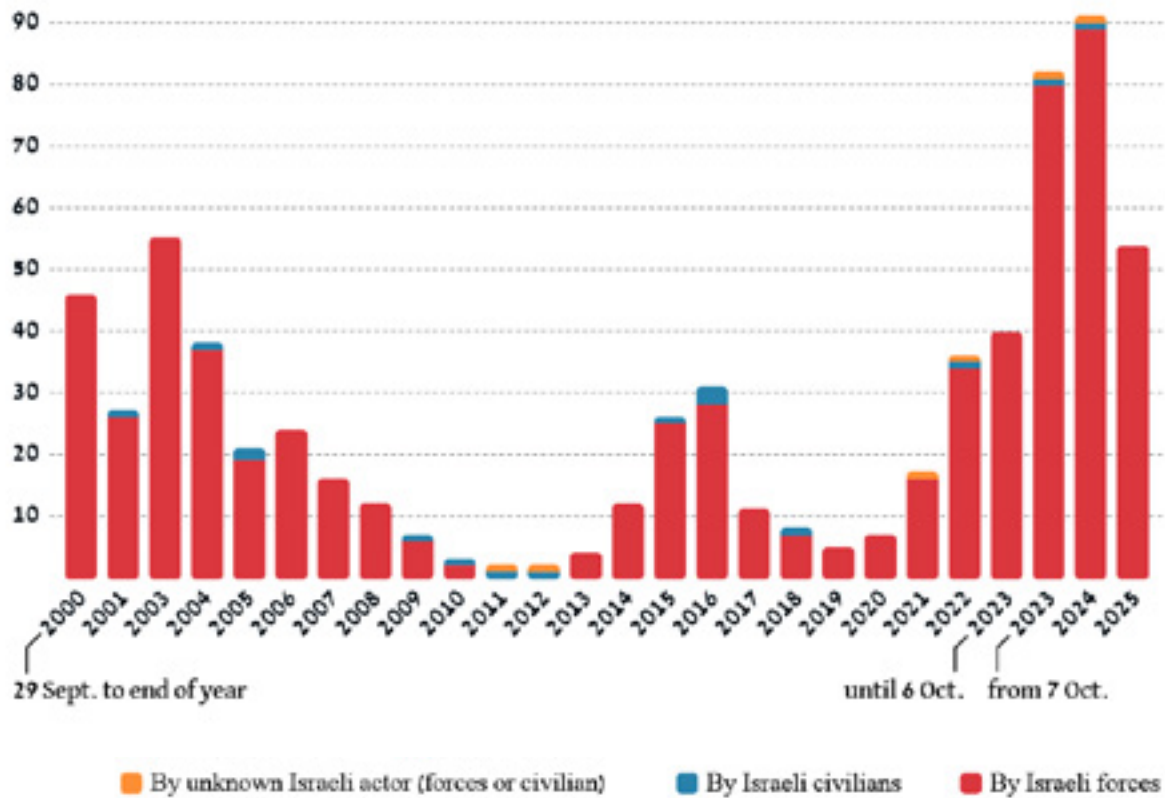
Number of Palestinian minors killed by Israel in the West Bank in 2025 by age



The spike in the killing of Palestinian children and teenagers in the West Bank began in 2022. That year, the number of fatalities more than doubled, from 16 in 2021 to 34 in 2022. The increase coincided with the military's [declared easing of open-fire regulations](#) at the end of 2021, reportedly permitting soldiers to use lethal fire against stone throwers in a departure from previous rules. The new regulations permitted use of lethal fire even at individuals fleeing after suspectedly throwing stones, who no longer posed a danger - in violation of international law. After 7 October 2023, the rules of engagement were further expanded, leading to another sharp rise in fatalities. This escalation was fueled by desire for revenge and growing dehumanization of Palestinians in Israeli public discourse (see chapter "Incitement to Genocide and Dehumanization Since October 2023" in [Our Genocide](#), July 2025).

From the beginning of 2026 through 7 June 2026, Israeli forces killed 12 children and teenagers in the West Bank - including two brothers, 5 and 6 years old, in the town of Tamun, and a seven-month-old baby in the city of Hebron, killed by Israeli forces who fired at the cars they were driving in with their parents. In addition, a settler shot and killed a 14-year-old.

Number of Palestinian minors killed by Israel in the West bank by year



BREAKDOWN OF INCIDENTS IN WHICH ISRAELI FORCES KILLED PALESTINIAN CHILDREN AND TEENAGERS IN 2025

B'Tselem's investigation of these cases found that only two of the 54 Palestinian children and teenagers killed in the West Bank in 2025 were armed with firearms at the time they were shot. Another four threw improved explosive devices (IEDs) at Israeli forces, and one assaulted a police officer with a knife. Thirteen were shot while throwing stones at roads or at armored Israeli forces, with no injuries reported from the stone-throwing. By contrast, at least 21 were not involved in any clashes, even when clashes were taking place nearby that included stone-throwing, hurling explosives or live fire. Regarding 12 minors, the military claimed they had tried to injure forces by throwing Molotov cocktails, IEDs or stones; B'Tselem's investigation could neither verify nor refute this claim. Another teen was the object of a targeted killing. Forty-seven of the children and teenagers were killed by gunfire, and the remaining seven in airstrikes.

Eleven of the children and teenagers were killed by gunfire from military ambushes. In these incidents: two were shot while throwing stones at a road; regarding two others, the military claimed they had been throwing stones, but B'Tselem's investigation could neither verify nor refute those claims; one was shot while passing near a spot where soldiers were lying in ambush and was not engaged in any activity; and six were killed after the military alleged they had thrown Molotov cocktails, and B'Tselem's investigation could neither verify nor refute the allegations.

Nine other minors, including two girls, were killed during military raids on Palestinian communities. No arrests were carried out during these raids, and no clashes developed. One was killed inside her home, two were killed near their homes, four were passing by and one teen was killed at his workplace. Regarding the latter, B'Tselem's investigation could neither verify nor refute the military's claim that he had tried to hurl an IED.

Four minors were killed during arrest operations. One was the target for arrest, one participated in an exchange of fire during the operation, one threw stones at a military jeep and another was passing by.

Seven minors were killed in airstrikes. One had planted an IED, two were mistakenly identified as having planted IEDs, and four were in the yard of their home or on the street when they were killed.

Two other minors were killed after attacking or allegedly attacking Israeli forces. One attacked a police officer with a knife. The military claimed [the other](#) had tried to run over a soldier, but B'Tselem's investigation found that this allegation does not align with the facts. Eighteen other children and teenagers were killed during clashes. Of these, 12 were killed in clashes involving only stone-throwing; 8 threw stones at military or police forces, including 4 who threw stones at armored military vehicles; 2 threw stones at homes being raided by soldiers; and 2 others threw stones at soldiers or police officers, with one of them starting while the forces were inside an armored jeep and continuing after they got out. Three of the teenagers did not take part in the clashes at all, and in another case it is unknown whether he participated. Six other minors were killed during clashes that also involved the hurling of IEDs or live fire: one took part in an exchange of fire, three hurled IEDs, one did not participate in the clashes and another aimed a laser pointer at soldiers.

The remaining three minors were killed in circumstances not described above. One was shot while throwing stones at a checkpoint. Another was shot after, according to the military, he had thrown an IED, a claim B'Tselem could neither verify nor refute. The

third was shot after, according to the military, he was suspected of setting fire to an object near an earthen roadblock, a claim that likewise could neither be verified nor disproved.

DENYING AND DELAYING MEDICAL TREATMENT

In nearly a quarter of the cases, involving 13 children and teenagers, the military delayed or completely prevented medical teams or local residents from reaching the wounded persons to provide first aid or take them to hospital. In at least four cases, access was blocked for several minutes, including one case in which soldiers raided the clinic to which the wounded person was taken and held up his transfer to hospital. In four cases, access was denied for a prolonged period of between 20 and 40 minutes. In another five cases, access was denied for an unknown period. In at least nine cases documented by B'Tselem, soldiers fired live shots in the air, or at residents and medical personnel, to keep them away from the wounded persons.

In cases where soldiers removed the wounded from the scene themselves, Palestinian residents and medical teams were completely denied access and it remains unknown whether the military provided any medical treatment before the victims were declared dead or made any other attempt to save their lives.

WITHHOLDING BODIES

As of mid-April 2026, Israel was still holding 18 of the 54 bodies, preventing their families from burying them and saying goodbye. This forms part of Israel's long-standing policy of withholding bodies, which is inconsistent with international law. Denying families the right to bury their loved ones, observe mourning rituals, and visit their graves causes immense suffering, all the more unbearable when the deceased are children and teenagers.

THE CHILDREN AND TEENAGERS KILLED

The following chapter presents the stories of the children and teenagers killed, along with testimonies from eyewitnesses and family members and the findings of B'Tselem's investigation into each case.

Mu'taz Ahmad 'Abd al-Wahab Madani, 16**'Askar Refugee Camp, 5 January 2025**

On 5 January 2025, military jeeps entered 'Askar Refugee Camp. A group of youths, including Mu'taz Madani, 16, threw stones at the jeeps, and one threw an improvised explosive device (IED) at them. Soldiers opened fire at the youths and struck Madani. He was taken to Rafidya Hospital in Nablus, where he was pronounced dead.

Mu'taz's mother, Fatimah Madani, 52, a mother of four, said in a testimony she gave on 16 March 2026:

On Sunday, 5 January 2025, at around 7:00 A.M., I woke Mu'taz up for school. He got up immediately and took a shower. He loved order and cleanliness and always laid out his clothes and things the night before. After showering, he kissed me and left.

Before he went, he told me he was planning to go with friends to Nablus city center for the anniversary celebrations of the founding of Fatah. He said they would hang out and get shawarma and that he might get home late. I told him not to stay out late because he had classes and a technology exam. He said the test was easy and he would get a high grade.

Later that day, a bit after 3:30 P.M., I called him. He said he was in the camp with friends. I asked him to get me a few things and he came quickly to bring them to me. He asked for pocket money. I reminded him I'd given him some that morning, and he said I'd had promised to spoil him that day. I gave him money and he grinned happily.

That evening, around 6:30 P.M., my sisters and my daughter Najah were visiting. After they left, I heard there were military forces near Tal 'Askar. I called Mu'taz and asked where he was. He said he was in the

camp buying a hotdog, which he loved. I told him there were troops in the camp. He said he would come home immediately, as he always did.

But he never came back. I kept calling him, but he didn't answer. I told my husband and my son Murad, and they went looking for him. Around 7:40 P.M., I saw a report on Telegram that someone was injured in the Tal 'Askar area. I called my husband, Murad, and the mother of one of Mu'taz's friends, who said he wasn't home. Later we learned someone was killed. I was shaking with fear. Why wasn't he home? Why wasn't he answering the phone?

When my son Murad called and said he couldn't find him, I told him someone killed. He tried to reassure me that the paramedic had said it was a 22-year-old. Soon after that, my husband's brother came and told us the army had grabbed Mu'taz and beaten him badly, and he was in hospital.

I got dressed immediately and drove there with my husband. He called a friend who works there, and we learned Mu'taz was dead. It was a terrible shock. I fainted.

I woke up at the hospital. I couldn't believe it. I asked to see him. He was lying on a bed covered with a thin sheet, without a shirt after resuscitation attempts. I saw the wound under his neck and on his chest. I hugged him and smelled him, but they pulled me away.

I was taken home, and since then our lives have been consumed by the pain of loss and all the memories. The pain gets worse every day, and I miss him more and more. My husband and I are home alone now. Mu'taz was our spoiled baby and the only one still living at home. His older brother, Murad, 32, and his sister Najah, 24, are married. His brother Muhammad, 30, has been in prison for 12 years. Mu'taz was the one who kept me company at home.

Mu'taz was our whole world. He was a loving child who helped with everything, especially because my husband has been ill for many years. He took care of everything around the house - he did the shopping, and

handled things with local offices and services. He was a gentle, loving boy, including towards his nieces and nephews. He especially loved Murad's daughter Roz, and used to save his pocket money to buy her chocolate.

Our lives have changed completely. This year he was supposed to take his matriculation exams. Whenever I hear about students now, I imagine him among them.

Suliman Mustafa Suliman Qatishat, 17

Tammun, Tubas District, 7 January 2025



On 7 January 2025, during a military raid on the town of Tammun and the nearby al-Far'ah Refugee Camp, Suliman Qatishat and another person attempted to plant explosive devices. According to the military, they were also armed. An Israeli aircraft fired a missile at them and killed them both.

Suliman's father, Mustafa Qatishat, 50, a father of four, recounted in a testimony he gave on 30 March 2026:

On 7 January 2025, Suliman went out to his grandfather's house, which isn't too far from ours, very early in the morning. A short while later, rumors started spreading among residents and on social media that army and special forces entered the town, that the situation was rough, that the army was all over Tammun, and was also raiding al-Far'ah Refugee Camp.

Later, I was told that Suliman had left his grandfather's house, and I couldn't figure out where he was. I heard that many people got stuck in the street during the raid and couldn't make it back home. I was stuck in the house and couldn't go out.

Then, a rumor spread that a plane had attacked some young men and that my son Suliman was one of them. They said he'd been wounded

but managed to walk some distance away and was then evacuated to the hospital. They also said that another person had been hit and killed and that the army had taken his body.

As soon as the army left the camp, I drove to the hospital in Tubas, but by the time I arrived, they'd already pronounced my son dead due to his severe injuries. We brought him back to the town and buried him. May his memory be blessed.

I didn't know that Suliman was wanted by the army. He was loved by everyone, kind and ethical. He dropped out of school at the end of 10th grade, and since then, he sometimes worked in agriculture and helped me. His mother and I always told him to take care of himself.

I can't get that day out of my head, and neither can my wife and his siblings. We miss him. We feel his absence at every event and during every holiday. He was a good, God-fearing boy, and losing him broke our hearts. It's hard for us to grasp that he's gone, but this is the fate that has been decreed for us.

At his funeral, I saw his friends, young men and kids his age, crying for him. They all stood by us and tried to comfort us. He was pure. I put his picture up in the living room, and when I look at it, I feel like he's talking to me and to his family, as if he's still with us, and his face is full of light. He was only a teenager, but the occupation killed him in his own town, in his own neighborhood.

The occupation didn't leave us be after that either. Six months later, they came and arrested his brother 'Iz a-Din for no reason. He's still in administrative detention to this day. They use all kinds of excuses to justify their actions, which include killing children and carrying out raids.

His mother, his siblings and I will always remember him. We'll remember every beautiful moment we spent with him from the day he was born until his death. His mother always used to hug him. He was in our hearts, in our blood. I ask God to admit him into Heaven and to reunite us with him in the next world.

**Rida 'Ali Ahmad Bsharat, 8,
and his cousin, Hamzah 'Amer Ahmad Bsharat, 10
Tammun, Tubas District, 8 January 2025**



On Wednesday, 8 January 2025, around 6:00 A.M., Israeli forces raided the city of Tubas, the town of Tammun and the village of al-'Aqabah in the northern Jordan Valley. In al-'Aqabah, the forces arrested two young men in their home. In Tubas, they surrounded a house and, after apparently failing to arrest the person they were looking for, arrested his brother in order to pressure him to turn himself in.

During the raid on Tammun, clashes developed between the forces and Palestinian armed operatives in the southern and eastern areas of the town. Around 10:00 A.M., an Israeli aircraft fired a missile that killed three cousins, two of them children, by their home: Adam Bsharat, 23, Hamzah Bsharat, 10, and Rida Bsharat, 8. About 10 minutes after the airstrike, Israeli forces arrived and forced relatives of the deceased away from the spot and into a house. They then took blankets from the house, wrapped the three bodies in them and took them away. The bodies were returned to the family later that day via the Palestinian DCO.

An [investigation released by the military](#) about three weeks later stated that the aircraft identified the young man and two children killed as individuals who planted IEDs. The military claimed this identification was based on intelligence information, but ultimately no IEDs were found at the scene. The investigation stated that "the identification process during the incident made it difficult to determine that they were minors."

**Rida Bsharat's mother, Fidaa Bsharat, 41. a mother of five,
said in a testimony she gave on 29 January 2025:**

On 8 January 2025, I got up around 6:00 A.M. and made breakfast. I woke the children so they could get ready for school. Then Iman told me school was out because of the army raid.

At about 8:30 A.M., I went with my eight-year-old son, Rida, to visit my sister-in-law Iman. Rida and Iman's 10-year-old son Hamzah, played together for a while, and then went out to play in a small yard between the houses where they often play. My sister-in-law and I chatted in the meantime. We could hear the hum of a drone in the background. We're used to that sound, especially during army raids.

Around 9:30 A.M., I left Iman's house and went home. On the way, I saw Rida and Hamzah playing. Adam was sitting next to them, looking at his phone. The moment I went into the house, I heard a terrifying explosion that shook the entire area. I immediately went back outside and saw my sister-in-law Iman and my sister-in-law 'Abla, Adam's mother, standing next to the children, who were lying on the ground covered in blood. I went over and picked up my son. He was bleeding from his head and neck, and he was groaning. I shouted for an ambulance, and suddenly soldiers showed up. One of them said in Arabic that they would give him first aid. The soldiers made 'Abla and her kids, Ubay and Israa, who came after being woken up by the explosion, back away.

I kept on holding my son, but I knew he was dead. Soon after, the soldiers brought blankets from 'Abla's house and covered the three bodies. They didn't try to give them first aid or even check them. It was clear they were dead. They took them away on stretchers. It was about 10:30 A.M. After that, the army left the area. In the afternoon, the three bodies were handed over via the Palestinian DCO at the Taysir checkpoint. We held their funeral after evening prayers, and they were buried in the village cemetery.

Rida was our only son. He was born after four daughters. He was the prince of his class and our spoiled boy. He always wanted us to visit Jerusalem, but we couldn't because of the situation. He used to say to me: "I'll buy a car and take you to Jerusalem and buy you anything you want." He was very attached to me and would always kiss my hands and head. Even though he was still young, his thinking was much more developed than his friends. I felt like he was my friend. Every day, I

feel him slipping further and further away from me. God, it's so hard, so unbearable and scary to think he's not coming back. They took him from me, from his sisters, from his home. He didn't do anything. He died only because one of the soldiers made a mistake, or maybe wanted to kill a Palestinian, whether he was a senior wanted person or just an armed operative. I could have been killed there, too. I passed by them a few seconds before the bombing.

Mahmoud Ashraf Mustafa Gharbiyah, 15

Jenin Refugee Camp, 14 January 2025



On 14 January 2025, Israeli aircraft fired missiles at a group of people sitting around a fire in the yard of a house in Jenin Refugee Camp, after the military cut off power to the camp a month earlier. The missiles killed Mahmoud Ashraf Mustafa Gharbiyah, four members of armed groups and another person, and wounded four others. At the time of the strike, no military forces were present in the camp, and no clashes were taking place.

Samira Gharbiyah, Mahmoud's mother, 46 a mother of six, recounted in a testimony she gave on 27 March 2026:

We live in Jenin Refugee Camp, near al-'Awdah Square on the western side of the camp. When my son Mahmoud was killed, the Palestinian Authority and Israel were carrying out a military operation in Jenin Refugee Camp to arrest young resistance fighters who were wanted by Israel and the Palestinian Authority. Palestinian security forces surrounded the camp and cut off the electricity.

On 14 January 2025, shortly before he was killed, Mahmoud woke up and made instant coffee for me, his sisters and himself, even though I'm usually the one who makes instant coffee for all of us every morning. That day he stayed at home until evening. Because there was no electricity and it was cold, the neighbors used to gather in the yard in

the evening and light fires to keep warm. The kids would come, and each brought tea or coffee and cookies from home.

At around 10:00 P.M., while my husband and Mahmoud were sitting there by the fire, I was at home with our two daughters and some neighbors who came to visit us. Suddenly, we were stunned to hear a missile fired from an Israeli drone. The missile exploded and shattered the windows of our apartment, and glass shards scattered over us as we sat in the living room.

We were very frightened, and I immediately got up and ran outside to where my son and husband were sitting around the fire with our neighbors to keep warm. What I saw when I went out was horrifying. But what horrified me the most was seeing my son Mahmoud lying on the ground. Fragments had penetrated and torn his head and his body.

Mahmoud was a quiet and shy boy. When my friends and neighbors came to visit me, he always felt awkward and went out, even though I tried to encourage him to stay. He and his father were very close, and he used to go with his father everywhere he went. He used to make us laugh and brought happiness and joy to his sisters and me.

Mahmoud loved my Scottish cat very much and always took care of him. He'd bring him special food, take him to the vet and look after him regularly. Sadly, our beloved cat was also killed by the fragments from the missile that killed my son.

Four other young men, our neighbors, were killed that evening. Three of them were brothers.

A week after Mahmoud's death, Israeli forces stormed our camp and forced everyone out. We were displaced and had to seek shelter in centers that were opened to receive IDPs, until we managed to rent an apartment. Now my husband, our daughters and I live in the al-Hadaf neighborhood in the city of Jenin.

Ahmad Rashid Rushdi Jazar, 14

Sabastiya, Nablus District, 19 January 2025



On Sunday, 19 January 2025, around 8:00 P.M., four soldiers in a military jeep entered the western neighborhood of Sabastiya, a town northwest of Nablus. The soldiers fired two shots, and several residents went out to the street to see what was happening.

The four soldiers got out of the jeep and stood on the street. About 300 meters away, four boys were hiding behind a wall near a kindergarten. They occasionally came out from behind the corner and aimed a laser pointer at the soldiers. At one point, when Ahmad Jazar (14) emerged from behind the corner to aim the laser at the soldiers, they fired two shots, one of which hit him in the chest. Jazar ran about 15 meters up the street, away from the soldiers, until he collapsed on the road, bleeding. Local residents took him in a private car to a-Najah Hospital in Nablus, where he was pronounced dead shortly afterward. Immediately after the shooting, the military jeep left the area.

In the western neighborhood of Sabastiya there is an [archaeological site](#), and the surrounding businesses serve as a social and economic hub for the nearby towns, providing income for some of the town's residents. Due to the commercial activity in the area and the proximity of the Shavei Shomron settlement, the residents suffer from an [increased military presence and harassment](#).

In a response to [Haaretz](#), the military said: "In the wake of the incident, an investigation was launched by the Military Police Criminal Investigation Division. Naturally, we cannot elaborate on an ongoing investigation." However, based on previous experience, this investigation too will end in nothing, and no one will be held accountable for killing the teen, who posed no danger to the forces.

The fact that the forces left the town immediately after the shooting, without taking any further action, suggests that the only reason they entered it in the first place was to provoke locals into actions that would then serve as justification, from the soldiers' standpoint, to use force. This is a well-known tactic that has been given various names over the years, such as "stimulus and response," "creating a sense of persecution," and

"making the military's presence known." The use of this and similar practices that are designed to generate clashes between the military and Palestinian residents has greatly increased throughout the West Bank since the start of the war in the Gaza Strip. This is how Israel disrupts Palestinians' lives every day, terrorizes residents and arrests, wounds and kills Palestinians without any justification.

Malek Makhalfeh, 46, a father of five,
shared in his testimony:

At around 8:00 P.M., I was in my barbershop on al-'Amidah Street in the western part of Sabastiya. I heard two or three shots that sounded very close by. I was talking on the phone with my wife, who told me there were soldiers about 300 meters from the barbershop. I saw bullets hit the wall of a house. I saw several residents approaching from the center of the town, heading towards their homes in the western part of the town, so I told them there was shooting and persuaded them to wait. I also saw four boys walking toward the source of the shooting. I grabbed one of them by the arm and tried to convince him not to go there, but he insisted. One of the boys with him was Ahmad Jazar, 14.

A few minutes later, I heard something like two shots. I saw Ahmad Jazar fall down near the barbershop. He was bleeding a lot. I dragged him, with the help of another person, but he was unconscious and seemed dead - there were no signs of life. We took him to my brother Bashar's car, and he drove him with Ahmad's father to a-Najah Hospital in Nablus. Shortly after, we learned that he had died. After shooting Ahmad, the soldiers left Sabastiya.

Later, I understood the boys had been pointing laser beams at the soldiers, which must have made them angry. But it's only a toy laser for children, a pointer you can buy in any grocery store. It's totally harmless.

Ibrahim Abu Ra'd, 28, said in his testimony:

Around 8:00 P.M., I was at home on al-A'midah Street. I live near Malek's barbershop and the Sabastiya kindergarten. I heard two shots. They were very loud. I backed away from the windows so I wouldn't be

hit. I saw reports on social media that there were soldiers on al-A'midah Street, about 300-400 meters from our house.

I went down to move my car, which was parked near the house, because I was afraid the soldiers would damage it. Just as I opened the door, I saw four boys leaning on the wall of a business across from my house. One of them was looking towards the soldiers, and then I heard more gunfire, which hit the wall opposite. I froze in place and didn't move toward my car. I stayed put and waited for the situation to calm down. While I was standing there, I saw one of the boys emerge from around the corner with his upper body facing the soldiers. Then he put his hand on his chest, shouted that he had been hit, and started to run. He collapsed after about 15 meters. The other boys shouted that someone had been hit. I couldn't believe it was happening. There was a lot of blood on the road. He was taken to the hospital in a private car. After the shooting of the boy, the soldiers left the area.

Later, I found out from social media that the boy's name was Ahmad Rashid Jazar. He was declared dead at a-Najah Hospital.

Ahmad Jazar's mother, Wafa Jazar, 45, a mother of eight, spoke about losing her son in a testimony she gave on 12 March 2025:

My husband Rashid Jazar, 55, and I have eight children: Rushdi, 20, Mira, 19, Maya, 18, Ahmad, 14, Hala, 12, Adam, 11, Jud, 8, and Amir, 6.

We live in Sabastiya, but since the war in the Gaza Strip began and the army imposed extreme movement restrictions, we've also been renting an apartment in Nablus. I work in a sewing workshop in the city and our two older daughters study there, and we were suffering from the roadblocks. Since then, some of the children have been with me in Nablus and some have stayed with their father in Sabastiya. Ahmad preferred to stay in Sabastiya because that's where all his friends are and he doesn't like being in Nablus.

On 19 January 2025, I got back to our apartment from work and barely had time to eat lunch before my daughter Mira got a call from a friend of hers in Sabastiya who told her that someone from our family had been shot. She didn't say who it was, but Mira checked on social media and saw that it was Ahmad.

We all rushed to the hospital. Rushdi, who works at a restaurant in Nablus, also came to the hospital. When we got there, several of our relatives were already there and they stopped me from going into the trauma room. They told me Ahmad was badly injured. They tried to calm me down, but I was going crazy. There was a fire burning in my heart. How could I calm down when I knew my son was wounded in the chest and was in there in a serious condition? I hoped for news that would calm me down a bit, and prayed that he would survive. I remembered the hug I gave him the day before and how he'd asked me to make him stuffed zucchini and eggplant.

Ahmad loved to draw, so he wanted to attend the German Institute like his sister. I remembered how he'd said he would work and buy me a house, so I wouldn't have to pay rent anymore. His whole life since he was born played back in my head like a movie.

At some point, one of the young men came up to me and asked if I wanted to see my son. When I said yes, he led me to a room, where there was a doctor who said to me: "May Allah have mercy on him." I couldn't believe it. I looked at the bed and saw Ahmad in front of me, a still body with a bloodstained chest. I ran to him and kissed him. He was still warm. His blood was still warm and stained my hands and clothes. I hoped he would open his eyes and say "Ya Hajja," like he used to call me affectionately, and I'd scold him and tell him I wasn't old enough for him to call me that.

I shouted, "Ahmad, don't leave me, come back, Ahmad, why did you leave me? Who will buy me a house?" I passed out. When I woke up, I saw nurses around me. They gave me a sedative. I've been on sedatives since that day. I can't sleep at night. I just lie awake, flooded with worries and fear.

I can't shake the picture of Ahmad covered in blood on the hospital bed. I've developed high blood pressure and headaches. I'm exhausted all the time and have no energy to do anything, to cook or to work. After Ahmad's death, we all went back to Sabastiya and are all sleeping in one room. I haven't gone back to work. I want to stay close to my son's grave. I go there every day and talk to him. They killed him in cold blood. He didn't do anything that put them in danger. As far as I understood from residents, there weren't even any stones thrown. They shot him for no reason, without any justification, even though he was just a child.

The army keeps coming to our town all the time, blocking roads and shutting down businesses.

I'm afraid for my other children and don't want them to set foot outside. Every time they go out, I stand at the door and wait for them to come back. Today, at 8:00 in the morning, which is when the children go to school, an Israeli jeep was driving around here again. I kept the young ones home from school because I'm afraid of losing another child.

Mu'taz 'Imad Musa Abu Tabikh, 16

Jenin, 21 January 2025



On 21 January 2025, after Israeli forces raided the city of Jenin and Jenin Refugee Camp on the first day of Operation Iron Wall in the northern West Bank, members of the Israeli armed forces shot Mu'taz Abu Tabikh as he was riding an electric bicycle in the al-Ghabaz neighborhood in the city of Jenin, in an area where no clashes were taking place. Abu Tabikh was wounded in the abdomen and evacuated to Ibn Sina Hospital in the city, where he died of his wounds shortly after. That same day, Israeli forces killed nine other individuals, including a minor, in the city and in Jenin Refugee Camp, and another person in the nearby village of T'innik, and wounded forty more people, including a physician and a nurse.

Layla Muhammad Ayman al-Khatib, 2

Muthalath a-Shuhada, Jenin District, 25 January 2025



On Saturday evening, 25 January 2025, Israeli soldiers entered the village of Muthallath a-Shuhada in Jenin District in three civilian vehicles with Palestinian license plates, and took over the home of the a-Sukar family on the main street.

Around 7:30 P.M., while the 'As'us family was preparing to sit down to dinner in their second-floor apartment across from the commandeered building, they heard gunfire on the street.

At home at that time were Bassam 'As'us (58), his wife Intisar (51), and their three daughters: Shaymaa (22), Nimar (18), and Taymaa (25), along with Taymaa's 2-year-old daughter, Layla. The family sat on the floor, hoping it would be safer. Bassam and Intisar 'As'us remained in the living room while the daughters and granddaughter went into their room.

While the family was sitting on the floor, gunfire suddenly erupted toward the house. Taymaa and Shaymaa were injured by shrapnel in their upper bodies, and Layla, who was sitting in her mother's lap, was critically injured by a bullet to the head. Bassam and Intisar picked up the toddler, who was bleeding heavily, and rushed downstairs to the street, where they encountered soldiers in uniform. They also saw soldiers looking out of the second-floor window in the a-Sukar home, which faces their own. Bassam, who was carrying the bleeding child, asked an officer why they had fired at his home, and the officer apologized.

The couple hailed a local car that took them to the medical center in the nearby town of Qabatiya. From there, a Red Crescent ambulance took them to a-Razi Hospital in Jenin, where Layla was declared dead after attempts to save her life. Meanwhile, a relative called an ambulance that took Taymaa and Shaymaa to the same hospital, where they were treated and discharged that evening.

The soldiers remained in the village until 11:00 P.M. During that time they engaged in sporadic exchanges of fire with armed Palestinians, with no additional casualties, and raided three other homes, apparently in search of armed operatives, but no arrests were made.

In a response to Haaretz, the military [stated](#) that the soldiers fired at the house "where,

according to intel, a wanted terrorist was barricading himself" and that "immediately after noticing they had hit the child, the soldiers called the Red Crescent and also evacuated the child's pregnant mother." The military later [added](#) that "the forces arrived at the building and began operating gradually, including several calls on the loudspeaker for the people in the house to come out. After no one came out, the forces continued with their procedure and opened fire [...] the incident will be investigated, and lessons will be learned accordingly."

However, B'Tselem's investigation found that the family did not hear any calls directed at their house and that Layla was evacuated in a civilian car, while her mother, who was not pregnant, and her aunt were evacuated by an ambulance summoned by a relative. Furthermore, no one was barricaded in their apartment, and the only man in it that evening was Bassam 'As'us.

Layla's mother, Taymaa al-Khatib, a 26-year-old widow, said in her testimony on 26 January 2025:

On Saturday evening, around 7:30 P.M., my mother Intisar was preparing pita bread with za'atar for dinner. I was sitting at the dining table in the living room with my daughter Layla in my lap. My sisters Shaymaa and Nimar were sitting next to me. Suddenly, we heard gunshots near our house, which is on the main street that runs through the village. We got a real fright, because we didn't even know the army was in the village.

In the living room there are windows facing the main street. My sisters and I crouched down and crawled to our room, which is opposite the living room, and sat down on the floor there, below the height of the windows. We took our food with us. Layla was scared and sat on my lap. My parents sat down on the floor in the living room.

A few moments later, shooting started into our house. We didn't understand where the shots were coming from. Layla was shot in the head while sitting on my lap, and blood burst out of the back of her head. My sister, who was sitting next to me, was hit by shrapnel. About the same time, I think I was hit by shrapnel in my right arm, but I didn't feel it at the time. It was terrifying and we started screaming. My parents

were sitting in the part of the living room that's protected by a concrete wall. They weren't hit but were in shock. They grabbed Layla and went down to the street, and we followed them.

We were surprised when we saw soldiers on the street near the home of the a-Sukar family, right across from our house. My father was holding Layla in his arms, and her head was still bleeding. He started yelling at the soldiers in English. One of the soldiers looked at my child and I heard him say to my father in English: 'I'm sorry.'

Layla's grandfather, Bassam 'As'us, 58, a father of five, said in his testimony on 26 January 2025:

The girls were sitting on the floor of their room to eat when the shooting started toward our windows. My wife Intisar and I were sitting on the floor in the living room. My granddaughter Layla was sitting on her mother's lap, who was feeding her, and suddenly she was shot in the back of the head. My daughters were also injured: Taymaa was hit by shrapnel in her right arm, and Shaymaa was also hit by shrapnel.

The house was filled with screaming by the entire family. My wife and I picked up the child, who was bleeding heavily from the head, and went down the stairs. Outside, I saw soldiers near the house of our neighbors, the a-Sukar family, which is right across from our house. I also saw soldiers positioned in the window of the a-Sukar family's home, which directly faces the windows of my house. They were holding rifles aimed at us.

I started yelling at one of the officers in English. I asked him why they'd killed the child. The officer came over, looked at my granddaughter, and said to me in English: 'I'm sorry, she was hit by mistake.' We tried to call an ambulance, but there was no ambulance nearby, so I walked with my wife and the girls to find a car to take Layla to the nearest medical center. After 100 meters, we stopped a local car that me, Intisar and Layla to the medical center in Qabatiya. From there, we were transferred by a Red Crescent ambulance to a-Razi Hospital in Jenin. The doctors there tried to save Layla's life, but the injury was fatal and she didn't make it.

Adam Majdi Ahmad Sub Laban, 16**Qalandia R.C., al-Quds District, 26 January 2025**

On 26 January 2025, undercover Border Police officers shot and wounded Adam Sub Laban, 16, and two other people in Qalandia R.C. after, according to the police, they threw an explosive at them near Qalandia Checkpoint. The wounded were evacuated to a hospital in Ramallah, where Sub Laban died of his wounds shortly after.

**Adam's mother, a mother of three,
recounted in a testimony she gave on 30 March 2026:**

Adam, who was killed when he was 16, was the eldest of my three children. He studied in the literature track, but he especially loved everything related to cars and planned to learn to drive and get a license so he could buy one. Like all young people, he dreamed of starting a family and building a home. Above all, he was defined by kindness and compassion. Because we live separately from his father, he felt a great deal of responsibility towards his younger brother and sister and me. His greatest aspiration was to find work and earn money so that he could buy us a house in the future, instead of our current rented place.

Adam's loss is a hard blow. He's gone, and there's nothing that can or will replace him. His death left me with a wound that is hard to heal. I see his face reflected in the faces of his brother and sister, and sometimes I feel that I can't bear the pain of his absence and his memory. After I raised him for 16 years, I lost him because of a treacherous bullet fired by an Israeli soldier. Only the thought that I'm not alone in this pain, that my situation is similar to that of thousands of Palestinian mothers who lost their sons only because they were Palestinian and chose to live, eases the pain.

A few days ago, I passed by the small grocery store near our home and felt my heart being torn apart by the memories. The store's owner is an elderly man, and Adam used to help our neighbors, especially the elderly. On the day Adam was killed, I saw him crying. Adam left a huge void in my heart and in the hearts of his siblings and father, but his father and I are trying to fill the void he left in the hearts of our younger children. Despite the difficulty, and even though more than a year has passed since he died, I still feel that he never really left us.

Sadam Hussein Iyad Muhammad Rajab, 10

Tulkarm, shot on 28 January 2025, died on 7 February 2025



On 27 January 2025, military, Border Police, and Shin Bet forces raided the city of Tulkarm and nearby refugee camps as part of [Operation Iron Wall](#), which was announced by Israel on 21 January and initially focused on the Jenin area. On 28 January, at around 6:30 P.M., Iyad Rajab, 41, was socializing with neighbors on the third floor of their apartment building in central Tulkarm when his son Sadam, 10, went out to the building's front entrance to speak to his mother on the phone. Security camera footage documented Sadam standing at the doorway with a phone in his hand, and then sustaining a shot and falling down, screaming and writhing in pain. About two minutes later, his father hobbled over on crutches, which he was using after surgery, and with the help of other residents, dragged Sadam a few meters away to protect him from the continued shooting. By then, Sadam had stopped moving.

A paramedic and a Palestinian ambulance called by a neighbor soon arrived. Just after Sadam was put inside it, Israeli forces arrived and allowed the ambulance to drive off, heading to Thabet Thabet Hospital. The forces then raided the building and detained Iyad Rajab and the other tenants for over an hour. They arrested three of the tenants and released the rest, including Iyad, who was only then able to reach the hospital. Upon arrival, he learned that doctors would be transferring his son to Rafidya Hospital in Nablus for surgery. Sadam Rajab died of his wounds about ten days later, on 7 February 2025, at Rafidya Hospital.

That evening, around 9:30 P.M., a single gunshot was heard in Tulkarm's southeastern neighborhood of Irtah. Ayman Naji, 22, who was sitting in the living room with his

parents, rushed out to look for his brother, who often sat with their cousin on the main street nearby. As soon as Naji stepped into the alley where the family lives, soldiers lying in ambush shot him several times. Naji's parents, who heard the shooting, rushed to the building's entrance but even though Ayman was lying less than a meter away, they were unable to help him as the soldiers continued shooting. The shooting stopped only after a Shin Bet officer called Ayman's cousin, Mahmoud, 16, on the phone and demanded that he turn himself in.

Only after Mahmoud turned himself in did a military ambulance arrive, and the crew tried to resuscitate Ayman. At that point, the soldiers forced the family into the building, so they could not see his evacuation. After Ayman was evacuated, the soldiers raided the building, handcuffed all the men and held them in one of the apartments until after midnight. The family learned that Ayman had died of his wounds only after the soldiers left. Whether he was evacuated alive is unknown. The only information available is that the military handed his body over to the Red Crescent at a military camp west of Tulkarm.

Sadam Rajab and Ayman Naji are among dozens of Palestinians killed since Israel declared the operation, which officials have stated will be lengthy. Many of the casualties, like Rajab and Naji, were killed either in their homes or near them and were not involved in the fighting. Some were even shot when there were no clashes in their area. After Rajab was killed, the Israeli military issued a standard [response](#) stating: "[F]ollowing the shooting, a military police investigation was launched to determine the circumstances of the incident." No response was issued regarding Naji's killing.

Sadam's father, Iyad Rajab, 41, a father of five, said in a testimony he gave on 10 February 2025:

On Tuesday, 28 January 2025, we were sitting with our neighbors in the common room of the building on the third floor. The building is made up of small studio apartments and most of the tenants are single young men. My son Sadam asked to go downstairs to call his mother. I allowed him to go and stayed with the neighbors. We were sitting around a charcoal stove because of the cold.

It was the second day of the Israeli forces' raid on Tulkarm, but I knew there were no problems or clashes in our area. The clashes were

concentrated in Tulkarm Refugee Camp, and large Israeli troops entered the camp and the city with a lot of vehicles, and military equipment. Because of that, everyone stayed home and didn't go out much.

A second after my son went downstairs, I heard a gunshot and then I heard him screaming. I realized he'd been shot and rushed downstairs to the ground floor. I found him lying in the doorway, bleeding heavily from his back and chest.

Some other people helped me pull him a few meters away, towards the eastern side of the house, so he wouldn't be facing the street across from us. I think that's where the soldiers were, more than 300 meters away. Just then, a young man came up and said he was a paramedic. He examined my son and within seconds, a Palestinian ambulance arrived. The paramedics put him in the ambulance.

As soon as my son was put in the ambulance, about 20 soldiers came from the direction of the al-Masa candy store, but the ambulance managed to drive away towards Thabet Thabet Hospital. The soldiers held me, along with others from the building, for more than an hour and thoroughly inspected our IDs. Two of the young men were laborers from Gaza who worked in Israel and stayed in the West Bank after the war began in Gaza. The soldiers arrested both of them, as well as a young man from Nur Shams Refugee Camp who lived in our building. After more than an hour, I asked an officer to let me go to the hospital and see my son, but he said I could only go after the soldiers left the building.

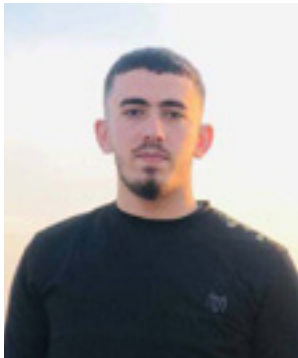
I ended up walking to the hospital on my crutches. There was a military jeep at the entrance to the ER and soldiers were detaining everyone who went in. I recognized them as the same soldiers who earlier raided our building and detained us. While the soldiers were checking my ID, I heard one say in Hebrew inside the jeep: "That's the father of the kid we shot. The kid isn't dead yet." Only then did they let me into the hospital.

Inside, the doctors told me they were going to transfer Sadam to Rafidya Hospital in Nablus because of the severity of his injury. He was transferred and had surgery there, but he didn't make it. He passed

away on 7 February 2025. The bullet ruptured blood vessels in his abdomen and damaged internal organs. We buried him in the village of a-Labad, where I was born.

Jihad Nasser Yousef Bani Matar, 17

Tammun, 29 January 2025



On 29 January 2025, during Operation Iron Wall in the northern West Bank, an Israeli aircraft fired a missile at the yard of the home of Jihad Bani Matar, an Islamic Jihad military wing operative, in the village of Tammun, while he was sitting there with a group of other operatives. Bani Matar and nine other people were killed in the strike, including two brothers. All Islamic Jihad military wing operatives. One other person was injured.

Diaa 'Omar Ahmad Saba'aneh, 15

Qabatiya, 1 February 2025



On 1 February 2025, during Operation Iron Wall in the northern West Bank, an Israeli aircraft fired a missile at a vehicle carrying two young men in the town of Qabatiya. Both were killed instantly. The blast also injured Diaa Saba'aneh, 15, who was sitting in a car outside his family's store nearby. His father, who was in another family vehicle not far from his son, was also wounded by shrapnel. Diaa and his father were taken to the hospital, where Diaa died of his wounds two and a half weeks, on 17 February 2025.

**Y.N., 75, a resident of Qabatiya and father of six,
said on 20 March 2025:**

On 1 February 2025, I was at my business near the girls' schools. At around 8:45 A.M., I heard a loud explosion out front.

I went outside to see what was happening on the main road across from me, and I saw a private car on fire. There was shrapnel littered all around it. Dozens of fragments had penetrated the iron gate of a nearby house.

There were two young men in the car that was hit and burning up. They were killed, and both their bodies were torn apart. After people started gathering at the scene, we learned that they were Saleh Zakarneh and 'Abd al-Hadi Kmeil, both from Qabatiya.

Diaa Saba'aneh was sitting in his family's car across the street, in front of his mother's store. He was hit in the head by shrapnel, and his father was also injured, even though at the time of the explosion he was sitting in another vehicle across the street, which is more than 15 meters wide.

Residents took both of them to the town's medical center. The remains of the two young men who were killed in the missile strike were also taken there.

Seventeen days later, the boy died of his wounds.

The missile also caused extensive property damage and shattered windows in nearby homes. The front of the Saba'anah family's cosmetics store was blown apart and destroyed. Vehicles parked along the road were damaged as well.

Ahmad Saba'aneh, Diaa's father, 42, a father of four,
said on 20 March 2025:

On 1 February 2025, at around 8:45 A.M., I was on my way home from work in Tubas. I stopped outside my wife's store, which is called a-Diaa Cosmetics and Cleaning Supplies, to pick up the keys to our house. The store is on the southern side of town, near the girls' schools. I saw my son Diaa sitting in our other car next to the store. I was across the street.

I got a sudden shock when a missile fired by a drone hit a passing car on the road next to me, between my car and the one Diaa was sitting in.

I was stunned. The missile exploded less than a meter away from me, and I was hit by several pieces of shrapnel in my ear and face. Out of sheer fear and terror, as soon as I managed to get out of the car through the passenger-side door, I ran north.

I didn't know what was happening because I was in shock. The vehicle that was hit came from the north and in it were two young men, Saleh Zakarneh and 'Abd al-Hadi Kmeil, who were killed by the missile. People gathered around their burning car, so I ran there as well to show them that I was injured. At that point, I didn't know my son who was in the car across the road was hit by shrapnel in the head.

Later, I went back to the store to check on my wife, and on my children who were there with her. That's when I noticed Diaa was unconscious inside the car. At first, we didn't realize he had been hit in the head. We thought he'd just blacked out from fear because of the missile explosion.

A relative took Diaa and me to a medical center in Qabatiya. We were examined and then transferred by ambulance to a-Razi Hospital in Jenin.

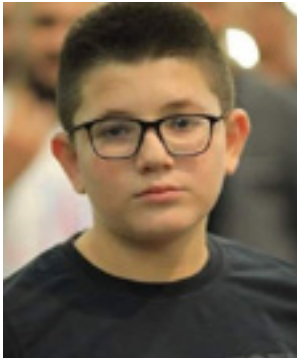
It turned out Diaa was hit by a fragment that penetrated the left side of his brain. After two days at a-Razi Hospital, he was transferred to the intensive care unit at Ibn Sina Hospital in Jenin. The next day, on 17 February 2025, he died of his wounds.

I spent one night in the hospital. The doctors said they couldn't remove the piece of shrapnel lodged near my ear because it was too close to the facial nerve, and that I would have to live with it. They said the other fragments would come out over time.

The front of our store was also damaged. I could have lost my entire family that day. I don't even want to imagine it.

Ahmad 'Abd al-Halim Shaker Sa'di, 14

Jenin, 1 February 2025



On 1 February 2025, during Operation Iron Wall in the northern West Bank, Ahmad Sa'di, 14, was killed when an Israeli aircraft fired a missile at him and members of his family as they stood near their home. Two members of the family were injured. Several hours later, the military fired another missile at a nearby location, killing two members of the family while they were riding on a motorcycle. No military forces were present in the city of Jenin or in Jenin Refugee Camp during the strikes.

His mother, Nihayah Sa'di, 49, a mother of four,

said in a testimony she gave on 27 March 2026:

My son Ahmad was a ninth-grade student at the school in the eastern neighborhood. He was very quiet and loved by his family and neighbors. He loved helping others, and whenever someone in the neighborhood asked him for a favor, he never hesitated.

Ahmad was a beautiful boy who loved his brothers and sisters. He was my youngest son, but even though he was young, he preferred the company of people older than him.

All we have left are beautiful memories. Everyone in the family and neighborhood loved him so much. He dreamed of getting a motorcycle, but my husband and I were worried about his safety, especially because of everything happening in Jenin and in the camp. Ahmad loved playing soccer with his friends, and they used to play on the broad street by our house.

Ahmad was killed by shrapnel from a missile fired by an Israeli drone while he was sitting outside our home with his brother and some relatives. He was killed without committing any crime or doing anything wrong. The missile didn't distinguish a child from an adult. It also injured several other young men who were sitting in front of our house. Since he was killed, I've been regularly visiting his grave in the eastern cemetery in Jenin.

Muhammad Ghassan Abu 'Abed, 16

Nur Shams R.C., 12 February 2025



On 12 February 2025, Muhammad Abu 'Abed, 16, was killed while taking part in an exchange of fire between armed operatives and the Israeli military, during a raid on Nur Shams R.C. in Nablus, as part of Operation Iron Wall in the northern West Bank. One other person was killed in the fire exchange, and, according to the military, a soldier was moderately wounded. Abu 'Abed was an Islamic Jihad military wing operative.

Israel is holding his body.

Ayman Nassar Muhammad Taysir al-Haymuni, 12

Hebron, 21 February 2025



On 21 February 2025, soldiers who had raided a neighborhood in Hebron fired at 12-year-old Ayman al-Haymuni as he left his grandfather's house with his 10-year-old brother, on their way to their uncle's house, which is adjacent. According to B'Tselem's investigation, after the two noticed soldiers in the area, they tried to return to their grandfather's house, and as they turned back, al-Haymuni was shot in the back and fell to the ground. His uncle tried to evacuate him, but soldiers who approached fired at him, and he was forced to retreat. When the soldiers left a few minutes later, the family evacuated Ayman by car to the hospital, where he was pronounced dead.

Nadim 'Ajlouni, Ayman's uncle, 28, a father of two, recounted on 25 February 2025:

I live in the Jabal Johar neighborhood, in the southern part of Hebron. I work in construction in the West Bank.

On 21 February 2025, my sister Anwaar, 29, was visiting us with her children: Ayman, 12, Aysar, 10, Tayalarah, 5, and Ayan, 2.

At around 6:30 P.M., Anwaar was getting ready to go home. Before they left, my brother Ashraf asked Ayman to take some money over to our brother Tareq, who lives across from us.

Ayman and his brother Aysar, 10, went out to do that. At that moment, I found out the army was outside, so I immediately went out after them. Ayman was about 10 meters away from me. I saw him and Aysar going up the steps of the house. He was out of breath. Then I heard a single gunshot, and Ayman fell on the steps. I rushed down the stairs towards him.

At that moment, I began to see the soldiers' spotlights advancing along the road leading to the house.

I picked Ayman up and carried him for about four meters, until I was behind the iron gate on the right side of the house, and then the soldiers fired in my direction. I had to put Ayman down on the ground and back away towards a side street so they wouldn't shoot me.

I saw three soldiers in front of our house, so I turned around and went to the back entrance of the house, and from there I shouted to my family to come out because Ayman was wounded. My family came out and ran from the house towards the road.

My sister Anwaar, Ayman's mother, went with my brothers to the road, and they started shouting at the soldiers, who stopped for two minutes and then withdrew as Anwaar was screaming at them.

We took Ayman in a car to Mohammad Ali Al Muhtaseb Government Hospital, which is in the southern part of Hebron. The doctors tried to resuscitate him but had to pronounce him dead half an hour after he arrived. They said he was shot in the back and the bullet exited through his neck.

The next day, military jeeps came to the entrance of the house. The soldiers walked around near the house for a little while and then left.

Ayman's mother, Anwaar al-Haymuni, 29, a mother of four, recounted on 25 February 2025:

My husband Nassar, who works in the Presidential Guard in the city of Ramallah, and I had four children: our eldest, Ayman, 12, who was killed on 21 February 2025, and the three still with us, Aysar, 10, Tayalarah, 5, and Ayan, 2.

On the day Ayman was killed, I was visiting my parents' house with the children, in the Jabal Johar neighborhood in the south of Hebron. My brother Ashraf asked Ayman to take some money over to our brother Tareq, who lives in the house opposite my parents'. Ashraf put the money in a small bag, put it on Ayman's shoulder, and asked him to deliver it before we left for home.

Ayman left my parents' house with his younger brother, Aysar, 10. Just then, I heard that occupation soldiers were in the neighborhood. I hurried to the window to see what was happening and to call the children back in, fearing for their lives.

When I looked out the window, I heard at least one gunshot. I panicked and raced to the door. My brothers and my parents came after me, and we went out to the steps leading to the road, opposite the entrance to my brother Tareq's house.

Aysar ran towards us in a panic and said: "The Jews shot Ayman." I saw three soldiers surrounding Ayman, who was lying on the ground, shining their flashlights on him. He was close to the gate.

I went over to him and shouted at the soldiers: "What have you done to my son?" Ayman said to me in a faint voice: "Mom, the soldiers shot me." I was in shock and started shouting at the soldiers: "Which one of you shot my son?" while one of my brothers picked Ayman up and took him to the car.

The soldiers withdrew. My brothers quickly put Ayman into the car and drove to the hospital, and I followed the soldiers and kept yelling

at them: "Which one of you killed my son?" I followed them for about 200 meters, until I reached the main road, al-Kasara, where there were more soldiers, and I kept shouting at them.

At that point, a relative of mine picked me up in a car, and we drove to Mohammad Ali Al Muhtaseb Hospital. When we got there, Ayman was in the ER, and the doctors tried everything they could to resuscitate him for about half an hour, until they had to pronounce him dead.

Ayman was a seventh-grade student and didn't do anything. He didn't throw stones at the soldiers, who killed him in cold blood.

Ayman's father, Nassar al-Haymuni, 39, a father of four, recounted on 25 February 2025:

On Friday, 21 February 2025, my wife called me while I was at work and told me she was going to visit her parents in the Jabal Johar neighborhood, in southern Hebron.

That evening, at around 7:00 P.M., relatives called me and told me that my son Ayman had been wounded by occupation soldiers' gunfire near his uncle Tareq al-'Ajlouni's house.

I left work with a friend of mine, and we drove in his car. When we reached the Container checkpoint, northwest of Bethlehem, soldiers and Border Police officers at the checkpoint ordered my friend, who was driving, to turn off the engine and hand over his ID card. They started a thorough search of the car, and within a few moments, a Border Police officer came over to me and took my ID card for inspection. Two minutes later, he came running back, with two male and one female Border Police officers behind him. They were pointing their guns at me, and he shouted: "Get out of the car, put your hands on your head."

I obeyed his orders and got out of the car. As soon as I did, he ordered me to strip naked, but I refused. In the end, after an argument, he ordered

me to take off the jacket I was wearing, and then he asked me: "How are you related to the boy we killed?"

At that moment, I went into shock. I suddenly understood that Ayman was dead. I answered the officer, who spoke Arabic: "He's my son." He replied: "We will send you to him, God willing."

We got into a verbal altercation. He shouted and tried to attack me with his weapon. Then he ordered me to move towards a concrete room by the checkpoint and had me stand by its entrance. Then, a female Border Police officer arrived. She spoke with the officer, asked him about me, and he told her in Hebrew: "We killed his son," and she started laughing and dancing. I shouted at her that I hoped she would die too.

The officer pushed me into the room and came in after me; I figure he was going to attack me, but just then, another officer came running with a phone in his hand and held it up to my ear. The person on the line, who introduced himself as a Shin Bet officer, said to me: "May God reward you for your patience," and added: "He was a child, and we're sorry; he was killed by mistake." Then he asked: "Why are you going back to Hebron now?" I answered: "To see my child and bury him," and the officer said: "We're watching you, and if you do anything wrong, I'll come and arrest you at your house." I told him: "Why do it there? Arrest me here now," and he replied: "No, now you go bury your son, and if you do anything, I will arrest you."

They let me go, and I continued on to Hebron.

I reached the government hospital in Hebron, where I found my child in the morgue. I asked for an autopsy to be performed at the forensic institute. Later, I checked his body and saw bullet wounds in his back and chest.

Rimas 'Omar Muhammad 'Amuri, 13

Jenin, 21 February 2025



Rimas 'Amuri, 13, lived with her family in the al-Jabriyat neighborhood in the southern part of Jenin Refugee Camp. At around 3:00 P.M. on 21 February 2025, about a month after the military incursion into the camp began, Rimas asked her mother for permission to go to her uncle's house next door to visit her cousins. No clashes were taking place in the neighborhood at the time, but just as Rimas turned onto the path leading to her uncle's house, about 20 meters from her own home, a group of five or six soldiers fired at her from a distance of 30 to 40 meters. Rimas was hit in the back and collapsed to the ground, crying out for help.

Her mother, Rodayna 'Amuri, 40, her brother and her cousin immediately rushed out, but could not reach Rimas despite the short distance, as the soldiers kept shooting. As they waited for an opportunity to rescue her, the family called for an ambulance. The soldiers kept firing for several minutes, and resumed each time family members tried to approach her. After some time, her mother and her brother Muamen, 21, mustered the courage to go over and drag her towards their home.

Due to the presence of troops and destruction of streets in the camp, the private ambulance the family called had to take a roundabout route and took longer to arrive. When it finally did, Rimas was taken to the hospital with her father, 'Omar 'Amuri, 44, and her brother Muamen. She was pronounced dead upon arrival at the government hospital in Jenin. Rimas was buried the next day in the camp cemetery. Israel allowed no more than 40 people to attend the funeral.

In a [statement](#) to Haaretz newspaper, the IDF Spokesperson said the soldiers who fired at Rimas "identified a suspicious figure moving near forces operating in the area. The troops initiated a suspect-arrest procedure, which included calling out to the figure. When she failed to respond, they fired at her lower body." However, B'Tselem's investigation found that the soldiers were only about 40 meters away from Rimas and should have been able to identify she was a young girl. Additionally, none of the witnesses heard any warning calls. According to the medical report from the hospital, Rimas was shot in the back, suggesting she may not have been aware of the soldiers' presence at all.

On 11 March 2025, about three weeks after Rimas was killed, Israeli forces raided the neighborhood and the family's home, expelling them and all other residents from Jenin R.C. This act is part of [Israel's openly declared policy](#) to empty the refugee camps in the northern West Bank and prevent their residents' return, in a brazen violation of international law. The family was forced to relocate to an IDP center set up in the American University student residence in the village of a-Zababidah, southeast of Jenin. They are unable to access their home, the condition of which is unknown, or visit Rimas's grave.

Rimas's mother, Rodayna 'Amuri, 40, a mother of four, said in her testimony:

On 21 February 2025, at around 3:00 P.M., I was at home with my son Muamen, my daughter Rimas, and my nephew 'Abd al-Jabbar. Rimas was very bored at home, after a month-long military operation that made it nearly impossible to go outside. She asked to go over to her uncle's house, which is next to ours, to see her cousins who are her age. I let her go because it's so close.

Seconds after Rimas stepped out, we heard gunfire outside and then Rimas screaming, "Mom, Mom." I went to the front door with Muamen and 'Abd al-Jabbar, and we were shocked to see Rimas lying on the ground, just a few meters from the doorway. She tried to raise her hand to ask for help, but there was still shooting in our direction and we couldn't go out. We called an ambulance. I saw a group of five or six soldiers about 20 to 30 meters away, across from the house. We stayed in the doorway, unable to reach Rimas because of the gunfire and the soldiers' presence. They just stood there and didn't approach.

Eventually, out of desperation, I went ahead with Muamen, and we managed to reach Rimas and pick her up even though the shooting continued. We got her into the house. A few minutes later, the ambulance arrived. The paramedics said Rimas was shot in the back and the bullet came out through her stomach. She was bleeding heavily and couldn't raise her hands or speak any more.

My husband, who had been at our neighbors' house, managed to get home at the same time the ambulance arrived. He and Muamen got in

the ambulance that took her to the Jenin Government Hospital, where she was pronounced dead.

We buried Rimas the next day, after the Palestinian DCO told us that the Israeli DCO gave permission for only 40 people to attend the funeral.

On 11 March 2025, during the Ramadan fast-breaking meal, Israeli soldiers raided our home and forced us out. We were expelled. We had to go to a relative's house in Birqin, and from there we were transferred to an IDP center at the American University student residence in a-Zababidah. We've been here ever since.

Rimas's brother, Muamen 'Amuri, 21,

said in his testimony on 21 April 2025:

On Friday, 21 February 2025, around 3:00 P.M., I was at home with my cousin 'Abd al-Jabbar. I heard my little sister Rimas ask our mother if she could go to our uncle's house, which is close by, to play with our cousins. She'd just stepped out the door when I heard a burst of gunfire outside, and her screaming, "Mom, Mom." I ran to the door, with my mother and cousin behind me. We were shocked to see Rimas lying on the ground, raising her hand for us to help her. But we couldn't go out to help her, even though she was lying just a few meters away from us, because there was still shooting in our direction. The soldiers were right in front of us, not very far away.

We called for a Red Crescent ambulance and also a private ambulance, and asked them to come take her to a hospital. For several minutes we couldn't reach Rimas, who was lying wounded across from our front door, until my mother gathered the courage to go over to her. I went with her. The shooting continued and bullets hit the wall of the house, but we managed to pull Rimas inside.

A few minutes after Rimas was injured, an ambulance arrived, and then my father managed to get home. The paramedics took my sister to Khalil a-Salman Hospital, and my father and I went with her. At the hospital, she was pronounced dead from a bullet that entered her back and exited her stomach.

We buried her the next day. We had to wait for authorization from the Palestinian DCO to hold the funeral. The army ordered us to bury her in the presence of only a small number of relatives.

On the eleventh day of Ramadan, 11 March 2025, soldiers raided our house and expelled us. We're now in the IDP center at the American University student residence in a-Zababidah.

Hamed Muhammad Fadel Nazzal, 16

Qalqiliyah, 26 February 2025



On 26 February 2025, soldiers shot Hamed Nazzal, 16, while he was throwing stones at Eyal Checkpoint with other teens. Paramedics evacuated his body about 15 minutes after the shooting. The soldiers did not provide him with medical treatment.

'Omar Amer Yasser Zyud, 16

Silat al-Harithiya, Jenin District, 2 April 2025



On 2 April 2025, two armored military vehicles entered the town of Silat al-Harithiya and boys and young men, including 'Omar Zyud, threw stones and IEDs at them. The soldiers fired from a machine gun mounted on one of the vehicles, hit 'Omar Zyud in the back, killed him and wounded two other boys. The soldiers left a few minutes later without providing medical treatment to any of the casualties.

M.T., a resident of the town, recounted on 3 April 2025:

On Wednesday, 2 April 2025, at around 3:45 P.M., I was working at a car wash located at the entrance to the town of Silat al-Harithiya, near Haifa Road.

At that time, two Eitan armored personnel carriers arrived from the east along Haifa Road, passed in front of the car wash and continued along agricultural roads towards the Marj Ibn 'Amer plain and the area of the village of Ti'nnik. I kept working as usual.

About 15 minutes later, I was surprised to see the two APCs returning from the west, circling the roundabout and stopping to its right, facing west. I didn't see any soldiers outside the vehicles; they were inside the APCs.

Within a short while, teens and children began arriving at the scene and positioned themselves about 100-150 meters from the APCs, near the high school wall. They started throwing stones at the APCs, and they also threw improvised explosives at them.

The soldiers began firing tear gas canisters at the teens and kids, and then they fired several shots at them from the weapon mounted on top of the APC, and three boys from the village were hit.

I found out later that one of them was named 'Omar 'Amer Zyud, and that he was hit in the chest. I believe he died right after he was hit because he didn't move at all.

What surprised me was that after they shot the children and they fell to the ground, the two APCs left the scene and drove west towards Salem military camp. Not a single soldier got out of them, either before the shooting or after it. It looked as if after the soldiers saw the children being hit and falling, they took off.

A few minutes after the children were hit, Red Crescent ambulances arrived and evacuated them to Ibn Sina Hospital, where the death of the boy 'Omar Amer Zyud, from a gunshot wound to the chest, was officially announced.

**Ranin Zyud, 'Omar's mother, 41, a mother of five,
recounted on 26 March 2026:**

On 2 April 2025, my son 'Omar woke up early, ate breakfast and stayed home. Later that morning, he asked me what I was going to make for lunch. I told him I'd cook his favorite dish, kabsa, a rice, vegetable and meat dish that can be eaten with yogurt or salad. He stayed with us and played with his little sister.

After I finished preparing the food, we ate lunch together. 'Omar asked us for some money because he wanted to go out to buy a few things. We live at the eastern entrance of Silat al-Harithiya, near the main street, Haifa Road. At that time, there were no problems or military presence in the area, so we gave him a little money, and he went out to meet friends and buy a few things.

A few minutes after he left, we found out from social media that an Israeli military force was raiding the town. I was overcome with anxiety and fear, especially after it was reported that the force was patrolling the town's neighborhoods. I called him to check on him and ask him to come home, fearing something bad might happen to him. I tried several times, but he didn't answer.

Just then, people started calling my husband and telling him that 'Omar had been injured. He tried to hide the news from me and rushed out to check.

But then, our relatives suddenly began arriving at our house, and I knew for certain that something bad happened to my son. I didn't know for certain that he died of gunshot wounds until relatives clearly told me that he had been shot and killed. The next day, they brought his body from the hospital, and his funeral was held in the town.

My son 'Omar was a kind and polite boy who respected adults and was also a smart kid. He really loved playing soccer, joined the youth team at the town's sports club, and loved being on the pitch. He was happiest when he was playing soccer.

He had many good friends. Since he died, his friends have been visiting us to check on us, offer their condolences and spend time with us. I regularly visit my son 'Omar's grave and recite prayers from the Quran there. He was so kindhearted, and I miss him like the most precious thing in my life.

I still remember him hosting friends when they came to our house. He was so generous and welcoming, always trying to offer them the best and tastiest food we had.

The loss of my son 'Omar is extremely hard. It weighs heavily on my heart, and I feel immense sadness in his absence.

'Amer Muhammad Sa'adah Rabi', 14

Turmusaya, Ramallah and al-Birah District, 6 April 2025



On Sunday, 6 April 2025, at around 6:20 P.M. (standard time), Israeli soldiers directed a barrage of fire at three Palestinian teens who were in an almond grove on the northern edge of Turmusaya, about 30 meters from Route 60. Apparently, at least one of the boys threw a stone toward the road prior to the shooting. The soldiers, who had been likely lying in ambush on the other side of the road, fired more than thirty bullets at the boys, hitting all three. One of the boys, 'Amer Rabi' (14), immediately fell to the ground. The other two, one wounded in the thigh and groin and the other in the abdomen, managed to escape and called a friend, who drove them to a clinic in the nearby town of Abu Falah. As the soldiers kept firing, they were unable to evacuate their friend, who remained lying on the ground. After a short while, soldiers reached him and apparently tried to administer first aid, but he died of his wounds. The soldiers then removed his body from the scene.

The two wounded boys received initial care at the Abu Falah medical center and were then transported by private ambulance to Turmusaya, where one was transferred to a Red Crescent ambulance. Both ambulances then drove toward the turnoff from Turmusaya to Route 60, to evacuate the wounded to al-Istishari Hospital in Ramallah. However, at

the exit from the town, masked soldiers had set up a checkpoint and, at gunpoint, forced the ambulance crews and the father of one of the wounded boys out of the vehicles. The soldiers entered the ambulances and took photos of the injured boys. About 15 minutes later, more soldiers arrived and fired tear gas at town residents who had gathered in the area or were stuck in the traffic jam caused by the checkpoint. They also filmed the wounded boys and checked the IDs of the father and the medical staff. Only then were the ambulances allowed to proceed.

The boys arrived at al-Istishari Hospital in Ramallah, where they underwent surgery and received care. At around 8:00 P.M., the Palestinian DCO notified 'Amer Rabi's family that he had been killed. His body was handed over to his father and a Red Crescent team later that evening at the Huwarah military base, and his funeral was held the next day in Turmusaya.

After the shooting, the military [released](#) a video which it claimed shows the three boys. One is seen throwing an object, which does not appear large, and then they appear to come under fire and try to escape. The video was accompanied by a statement noting that soldiers had identified three Palestinians "throwing large rocks at a highway with civilian vehicles."

The father of one of the boys, a Turmusaya Municipality employee, said in his testimony, given 7 April 2025:

On Sunday, 6 April 2025, after I finished the evening prayer at my home on the eastern side of Turmusaya, I was getting ready to go to a café in the town center. Before I left, my family asked if I had heard gunfire, but I hadn't heard anything. I went out and drove to the center of town. When I arrived at the café around 6:15 P.M., people there were talking about gunfire that had been heard earlier. Reports about a shooting also started appearing in the town's group chats.

A few minutes later, I heard people were wounded by army gunfire. I was asked to go check on the wounded who had been evacuated to the medical center in Abu Falah [a neighboring town]. I drove there, and when I arrived, around 6:55 P.M., people said, "Make way, his father is here." At first, I didn't realize they meant me. I saw the municipal ambulance, and to my surprise, my son was inside. He was lying on a stretcher, surrounded by doctors who were trying to stop bleeding

from his abdomen. He was conscious, but there was a lot of blood on his clothes. When he saw me, he asked for my forgiveness [a custom before death]. I didn't fully grasp the situation and didn't know what to do at that moment, but I felt terrible fear for my son.

There was another wounded boy at the medical center, a friend of my son. He was hit in the abdomen. They decided to transfer both boys to al-Istishari Hospital in Ramallah with a doctor. I went with them in the ambulance. We first drove to the center of Turmusaya, where my son was transferred to a Red Crescent ambulance, which was better equipped than the private ambulance, since his condition was more serious than his friend's. Then, the drivers discussed what would be the best way to drive to Ramallah, and decided to take Route 60. We drove towards the main entrance to the town, and on the way, my son kept asking for my forgiveness. I didn't ask him what happened.

When we reached the main entrance, we saw the army stopping and searching vehicles leaving Turmusaya. The private ambulance drove ahead of us on purpose, so that if it was stopped, we could turn around and take an alternative route. When we saw the traffic jam, we tried to get around it by driving in the opposite lane.

I saw two soldiers stopping the first ambulance and making everyone get out except the wounded boy. We were about 20 meters behind it. A third soldier came over and pointed his gun at our ambulance. He ordered us to stop and told me and the crew to get out. I told the soldier: "My son and I are American citizens, and my son is wounded." The soldier replied in Arabic that he was aware and pointed at his own abdomen, meaning he knew my son was wounded in the abdomen. Still, he forced me and the crew to get out and sit on the edge of the sidewalk.

All three soldiers had black masks on, so only their eyes were visible. Only one of them had a helmet, and one was wearing white sneakers instead of army boots. The voice of one of them sounded familiar to me. I think he's a settler who invades farmland in the valley near Turmusaya with other settlers. I suspect they weren't regular soldiers.

**S.A., a paramedic,
said in his testimony on 7 April 2025:**

When we reached the main entrance to the town, there was a serious traffic jam in the lane leading to Route 60. I gathered the soldiers at the checkpoint were stopping and searching every vehicle, so I decided to drive in the opposite lane. The Red Crescent ambulance was driving behind me. When I got within 15-20 meters of where the soldiers were standing, a masked soldier blocked my way and pointed his gun at me. He shouted something in Hebrew, which I didn't understand. I thought he was ordering me to stop, so I did. There was a small white car with Israeli license plates parked across the road, blocking the exit from the town.

I saw the Red Crescent ambulance trying to back up to take another route the hospital, but another soldier ran toward it, pointed his gun at the driver, and signaled for him to stop. Two soldiers took me and the doctor who was with me out of my ambulance and made us sit on the ground, between the two lanes. They left the wounded boy inside the ambulance. They took my ambulance keys. A third soldier ordered the Red Crescent ambulance crew and the father of the other wounded boy to get out and sit on the ground next to us.

They didn't look like regular soldiers to me. I think one of them is the security coordinator from the nearby settlement of Shilo. Just a week before this incident, while I was plowing my land, a settler came and identified himself as the settlement's security coordinator. I think the others weren't regular soldiers either, especially since their car was civilian, with civilian plates, not military ones. One of the soldiers spoke Arabic.

One soldier went into my ambulance. I saw him filming the wounded boy and asking his name. Then he got out. I later saw another soldier doing the same thing to the second wounded boy. Meanwhile, the third soldier asked me what caused the injury of the boy in my ambulance. I told him he'd been hit by live fire. The soldier said, "Oh, these are the

kids who threw stones at the army." I told him they were bleeding and they had to let us through, but he told me that I should let them bleed because they threw stones at soldiers.

After we were held up for five to seven minutes, residents from Turmusaya began approaching the ambulances to try to pressure the soldiers to let us pass. Then, three military vehicles arrived, and several soldiers got out, along with a man dressed in white. I think he was a paramedic. The three soldiers who had stopped us went toward their car that was blocking the road, which strengthened my suspicion that they weren't regular army.

The soldiers who arrived in the military vehicles immediately started firing tear gas canisters at the residents who had gathered in the area. The man in white went to both ambulances, one after the other, and checked the wounded boys. One of the soldiers came up to my ambulance, took out his phone, and started filming the boy. Then he did the same with the boy in the Red Crescent ambulance. I asked the father of the wounded boy to tell the soldiers that they were American citizens. The soldier took the father's American passport and photographed it. Then, that same soldier spoke with the three soldiers who had initially detained us and were now standing by their car. He asked them for the keys to both ambulances, and they handed them over. The soldiers gave us back our keys and let us continue to the hospital.

On the way to al-Istishari Hospital, the wounded boy asked me: "Was he killed?" I told him his friend was in good shape and was on his way to the hospital in the ambulance ahead of us. Then he said: "I didn't mean him; I'm talking about 'Amer Rabi'." It was only then that I realized there had been a third boy with them when they were shot. I hadn't heard anyone mention him until then. When we got to the hospital, I saw on the news that the third boy had been critically wounded and was in army custody. Around 8:15 P.M., I saw on social media that 'Amer Rabi' was dead.

'Amer's father, Muhammad Rabi', 48, a father of five, said in a testimony he gave on 12 April 2025:

On Sunday, 6 April 2025, during evening prayers, a friend called and told me he'd heard that three boys had been shot on the northern side of town. He said two of them managed to escape, and that the third boy was my son 'Amer. He said it wasn't clear what happened to him, but people were saying he'd been wounded and that soldiers had taken him. I called the US embassy right away to notify them of the incident and ask them to contact the Israeli authorities to ensure my son received the necessary medical care if he was still alive. But the embassy's response was very slow. My conversation with the official lasted nearly 17 minutes, as he verified both my passport number and 'Amer's.

About an hour and a half later, the Palestinian DCO informed me that my son had been killed and that the army was holding his body. They also told us that the army was going to hand over the body that night at the Huwarah military base. I went there in the evening with a Red Cross paramedic team, and they gave us 'Amer's body at around 10:30 P.M. From there, we took the body to al-Istishari Hospital in Ramallah. The examination of 'Amer's body revealed 11 gunshot wounds: two on the left side of the pelvis, near the sensitive area, one in the forehead, one on the right side of the neck, one in the right shoulder, one in the left shoulder, two near the heart, one on the right side of the chest, one on the right arm, and one on the right thigh.

'Amer's funeral was held the next day after noon prayer, and he was buried in the cemetery in Turmusaya. My son was born in the US in 2010, and he was both a West Bank resident and an American citizen. In 2013, he returned with us to Palestine. He was in the ninth grade at the boys' school in town. He was a smart kid and an excellent student. He had many friends, not just in his grade, but also older and younger boys, and everyone in town loved him.

Before he was killed, 'Amer kept asking to go back to the States and join his older brothers who live and work there. He dreamed of starting his

own business there, just as his two brothers had done. I always told him he couldn't go until he finished school here, in Palestine. When I saw how determined he was, I set up an online store for him, just as he wanted. He was going to sell cotton candy machines and named it "Ferrazo" because he loved the Ferrari brand.

Malek 'Ali Ibrahim Hattab, 17

al-Jalazun R.C., Ramallah District, 14 April 2025



On 14 April 2025, soldiers fired from a second-floor balcony of a building on the main street of al-Jalazun Refugee Camp at a group of youths who were trying to flee from two military jeeps, after some youths threw stones at the jeeps. It is unknown whether Malek Hattab took part in the clashes. Hattab, 17, was shot in the abdomen. A woman who lives nearby tried to rescue him but was forced to retreat into her home after the soldiers also fired at her. Hattab was evacuated to al-Istishari Hospital in Ramallah, where he underwent surgery. He succumbed to his wounds several hours later, and the doctors pronounced him dead. Two other youths, one of them a minor, were also wounded by the gunfire.

Hattab's friend recounted on 25 April 2025:

On Monday, 14 April 2025, at 12:25 A.M., I was with seven or eight of my friends around the market in the center of al-Jalazun R.C., north of Ramallah. We were sitting in a café, talking and playing cards. One of the friends was Malek Hattab, who was later shot by occupation soldiers and then died of his wounds.

At 12:30 A.M., social media posts said the army had entered the camp and was around the schools, near the Safi family home, next to the main road between Ramallah and Nablus, southeast of the camp. At the same time, the power in the camp went out.

Right after hearing about the army's entry, we left the café and headed

to where they said it was. When we got near the Safi family home, we didn't see any soldiers, so we went back to the market area. The streets were very dark and almost empty.

I sat with Malek and the rest of the friends in the market area when two army vehicles suddenly appeared about 25 to 30 meters away from us. We didn't hear or see them before they got close because their lights were off and everything around us was dark.

As soon as we noticed them, we ran away and scattered. After about five minutes, we met again in the Harat al-Qaysiya area, near the market, and then we saw the army vehicles' lights were on, but I didn't see any soldiers get out of them.

At that moment, some guys started throwing stones at the vehicles from about 30 to 35 meters away. The soldiers didn't get out and didn't shoot. After about five minutes, the vehicles started turning around, and we thought they were about to leave via the main road, so we went towards the Harat Jabineh/Dar Safi Street to throw stones at them as they withdrew.

It wasn't until we'd advanced about 55 to 60 meters towards the main road and didn't see the vehicles passing there that I realized they never left. While we were waiting for them there, we heard live fire, heavy and continuous, close to us. At first, I thought they were shooting from inside the vehicles, but when I tried to come out of the alley, two shots were fired at me, and then I realized the shooting was coming from the main road.

I had to climb over a wall that's six to eight meters tall and jump down to the other side, and when I landed, I injured my legs and left arm.

After jumping, I noticed a person lying on the ground in the middle of the street, two to three meters away from me, trying to crawl while screaming in pain. I saw it was my friend Malek Hattab, but I didn't dare go near him, fearing the soldiers would shoot me.

At the same time, the door of one of the houses opened, and a woman called to Malek to come closer, but then shots were fired towards the house, and she had to go back inside.

I tried to go to Malek to pull him away, but my injury made it very difficult, and the soldiers also fired at anyone who tried to get close. It took about 10 minutes before I was able to drag him, by his arm, to a nearby sheltered place. I turned him onto his back and saw that he'd been wounded in the abdomen. I took off his belt and shirt and tried to stop the bleeding, while shouting for help.

After about five minutes, the army withdrew, and the shooting stopped, and then we put Malek in a car that arrived at the scene and drove to al-Istishari Hospital, through Jifna. On the way, I heard him breathing heavily. I tried to wake him up, and he said: "Open the door, I'm suffocating," and then he lost consciousness.

At the hospital, Malek was taken into the emergency room. The doctor said his condition was very serious and that he had severe internal bleeding. He underwent surgery for four hours, and then he was transferred to intensive care. At 10:30 P.M., the doctors announced he'd died of his wounds.

**'Abd al-Hakim Nakhleh, 62, a resident of al-Jalazun R.C.,
recounted on 16 April 2025:**

I live alone in the al-Wakalah neighborhood in al-Jalazun R.C., on the main road, near the UNRWA office. My place is on the second floor of a three-story building. Underneath me there are storage rooms, and the third floor is unoccupied. My home has a balcony facing the camp's main road.

On Monday, 14 April 2025, at 1:15 A.M., I woke up to gunfire in the camp, which sounded close to my house. I estimated that the sounds were coming from the direction of the main road. I heard something like 10 consecutive shots, and I didn't hear any other sounds. I got up immediately and opened my bedroom window, which faces the main road, above al-Barakah supermarket, but I didn't notice anything unusual.

At first, I thought the shooters were members of the Palestinian security forces, because there had been rumors that they were going to launch an operation against illegal vehicles, and they were in the village of Jifna, north of the camp, the day before.

After about 15 minutes, I got a call from a relative who told me that soldiers were on the second-floor balcony of my house, which faces the main road. When I asked him where this information came from, he said that local groups had reported it and that he had seen them on the balcony; then they went down the stairs and disappeared from his field of vision. At first, I didn't dare go to the windows facing the balcony, for fear that they would see me, but in the end, after about half an hour, I went to the window, and the soldiers were no longer there.

At around 5:30 A.M., after the dawn prayer at the mosque, when I returned home, I checked around the house and discovered that the back gate was open, even though I always close it before going to sleep. I closed it and went to the balcony where I was told the soldiers had been seen. I found eight spent bullet casings on the floor there. That's when I knew for sure that the army was on the balcony in the early hours of the morning. I collected them, took photos of them on my phone and then threw them away.

Later, I saw a video showing a boy lying on the ground in the alley opposite my balcony, where the soldiers had stood and where I found the casings from the shooting at Malek Hattab, who was killed, and the young men who were with him. I later found out that two other young men were also wounded by the gunfire.

Another al-Jalazun resident, who was in the area and was injured by the soldiers' fire, recounted on 16 April 2025:

On the night between 14 and 15 April 2025, at around midnight, while I was at my restaurant in the north of the camp, on the road between the camp and the village of Jifna, I found out through social media that an

occupation army force had entered the camp from the south, through the area where the schools are located. At the same time, the power in the camp went out.

After about five minutes, news circulated on local residents' social media groups that another force had entered the camp from the north, where the road leading down to Jifna is located. I closed the restaurant right away to go home because it's also on the road down to Jifna.

I walked towards my house in the center of the camp. The street was dark because of the power outage. When I got to the market area in the center of the camp, I saw two army vehicles driving on the main road towards the center of the camp, so I took another route that passes by the mosque on the main road, about 100 meters from where the soldiers were.

On the way, I came across a group of about seven or eight young men, including Malek Hattab, who was later killed. They were standing, trying to figure out where to run and didn't know which direction to turn, because there were conflicting reports about the soldiers' location.

After about two minutes, posts on social media said that the army vehicles had stopped in the middle of the camp in the market area. We couldn't see the area because buildings and shops blocked the view. We waited a bit near the mosque, and then we saw on social media that another force was advancing towards the market area, so we started advancing through one of the alleys towards Harat al-Qaysiya, about 75 to 80 meters from there.

After that, I went in the direction of the Jabineh neighborhood (or Harat Dar Safi), near the main road. There's a wall around there that surrounds an empty lot, and I hid by it when I heard that the force was advancing.

At that moment, the power came back on for a few seconds and then went out again, and immediately after that, shots were fired towards us in Harat Dar Safi and towards other young men who were standing

below, in the al-Qaysiya neighborhood.

When the shooting started, I felt that I'd been hit, and I fell to the ground, with my back towards the main road and my face towards the market. I saw the young men with me running toward the side street called Abu a-Sabuneh. I noticed that the gunfire was coming from the direction of the main road, but I didn't see the soldiers.

The shooting continued, at first continuously and then intermittently, while I was lying there, unable to get up.

While I was lying on the ground, I heard someone shouting in Hebrew, "come," and I thought the soldiers were coming towards me. I forced myself to get up and try to escape to a hidden alley, but I fell again and stayed there for about five to seven minutes, bleeding and afraid they would reach me and arrest me.

After that, a woman from the camp came, helped me get up and took me into her house. I stayed there for about 25 minutes, because it wasn't possible to evacuate me to the hospital right away due to the soldiers' presence. Afterward, two young men came, took me to a car and drove me through the lot area, where we came across an ambulance that took me to al-Istishari Hospital.

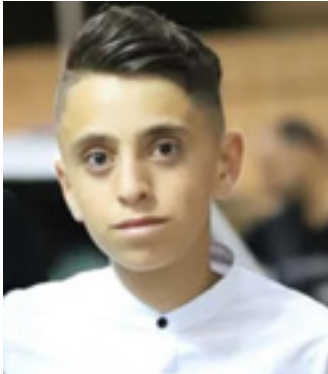
At the hospital, I was taken into the emergency room and sedated. When I woke up, I was told that Malek Hattab had been severely wounded in the abdomen by gunfire at the same time I was injured.

I had surgery on my right leg, and next week, I'm supposed to have surgery to implant a plate in the leg. The doctors found many fragments inside my body, including in my arms and legs.

That same day, the doctors announced that the boy Malek Hattab had died of his wounds after being hospitalized in intensive care for several hours.

Jihad Adham 'Abdallah 'Adili, 16

Osarin, Nablus District, 17 April 2025



On 17 April 2025, Israeli soldiers fired from an ambush at 'Adili and two other individuals who were throwing stones at Route 505, near Osarin, killing 'Adili and one of the others. The third person who was with them was not injured.

Israel is holding his body.

Mahmoud Mithqal 'Ali Abu al-Hija, 12

al-Yamun, Jenin District, 23 April 2025



On 23 April 2025, a force of soldiers on foot raided the village of al-Yamun. The soldiers entered a home, and a group of 10 to 12 children and teenagers, including 12-year-old Mahmoud Abu al-Hija, gathered in a nearby cemetery and began throwing stones at the balcony of the home from about 50 meters away. An eyewitness told B'Tselem that one of the soldiers fired several shots at them. One of the shots hit Abu al-Hija and he collapsed. Video footage shows the gunfire at the children and teens at the cemetery continuing as they carried Abu al-Hija out. He was then taken from there by private car to the village

medical center, where he was pronounced dead. Soon after he was evacuated, a military jeep drove up, and the soldiers got in and left.

Mahmoud's mother, Nazmiyah Abu al-Hija, 52, a mother of four, said in a testimony she gave on 26 March 2026:

On the morning of 23 April 2025, my son Mahmoud set out from our home, which is in central al-Yamun near the old mosque, to Bilal In-

termediate School, where he was a seventh-grade student. At noon he came home and said he'd already eaten with friends. After prayers, he went out to play with friends in the area.

Around 4:00 P.M., I was shocked when his friends showed up and told me Mahmoud was shot by Israeli forces that had raided our village. A few moments later, I learned he was shot in the stomach and thigh and taken to a hospital in Jenin, where he was pronounced dead.

Mahmoud was our eldest. He was energetic and loved life. He loved playing and especially loved swimming. He would ask us to take him to the local swimming pools. He also cared for pets, including a newborn kitten, which he looked after devotedly. Mahmoud loved horses and used to go on paid rides with his friends. He wanted an electric scooter to get around, but we couldn't afford it.

Whenever he saw I was exhausted, he would come and hug me and take care of me. He was very attached to me and came with me on social visits to family in Jenin. He was my firstborn, who arrived after 13 years of marriage during which I struggled to have a child. His birth brought immense joy to the entire family.

He left behind his brother Ibrahim, 10, who is now our only son, and his sisters Tala, 11, and Nur, 6. Since Mahmoud was killed, they've been mourning and missing him terribly. Ibrahim is still a child, but he tries to fill the void by acting like an adult. My daughters constantly ask about Mahmoud and miss him very much.

'Abd al-Khaleq 'Abd al-Khaleq, 16

Salem, Nablus District, 25 April 2025



On Friday, 25 April 2025, at around 3:30 P.M., two military jeeps entered the village of Salem, east of Nablus. When they reached the center of the village, the soldiers in the jeeps threw several stun grenades for no apparent reason. At the time, 16-year-old 'Abd al-Khaleq 'Abd al-Khaleq was working alone in his family's grocery store near a nearby roundabout, as he often did after school. 'Abd al-Khaleq, who apparently heard about the soldiers entering the village, decided to close the grocery store. Meanwhile, several soldiers got out of the jeeps and advanced on foot toward the roundabout under cover of a grove bordering it.

After 'Abd al-Khaleq closed the store's electric roll-up door and turned left to leave, a single gunshot was heard. He was hit in the left side of his chest and fell to the ground. Two young men who arrived from a nearby carwash tried to evacuate him and managed to carry him behind the store, but then the jeeps approached and blocked the exits from the roundabout. Five or six soldiers got out of the jeeps and ordered the young men to step away.

Meanwhile, 'Abd al-Khaleq's relatives, Midhat Jabour, 41, and his elderly mother, Samah Jabour, also arrived. The soldiers, who were attempting to administer initial medical treatment, allowed Midhat to approach after he identified himself as a relative. Shortly afterward, the soldiers permitted the young men who had come from the carwash to evacuate 'Abd al-Khaleq in a car.

The two young men and Midhat Jabour placed 'Abd al-Khaleq in the car. When soldiers blocked their way, they took an alternate route to the city of Nablus. According to Jabour, at that point, 'Abd al-Khaleq no longer showed signs of life. In Nablus, he was transferred to an ambulance that took him to the hospital, accompanied by Jabour. Upon arrival, doctors tried to resuscitate him but were unsuccessful and had to pronounce him dead.

The Israeli forces left the village soon after 'Abd al-Khaleq's evacuation.

Shifaa M'aruf, 69,
said in her testimony:

On Friday, 25 April 2025, in the afternoon, I was at home in the center of the village, which is close to the a-Tutah roundabout, together with my sister Fayzeh, 66, who was visiting. At around 3:30 P.M., we suddenly heard stun grenade explosions. I went to the window facing north and saw two military jeeps parked near 'Izz al-Din al-Qassam Mosque, about 100 meters from my home. The jeeps began driving toward the western side of the village, and then I could no longer see them because they drove between the houses.

Shortly afterward, I heard the sound of the electric metal door of the al-Ikhwah grocery store, located just a few meters from my home. This grocery store belongs to village resident Mus'ab 'Abd al-Khaleq, and I hear it every day when they open or close it. I guessed they were closing the door because of the military presence in the village. They usually close up when the military raids, for fear that soldiers will enter the shop and damage the merchandise. Usually, when the military raids, everyone goes inside and locks themselves in their homes.

Right after the store door closed, I heard a single shot. I looked out the nearby window and saw 'Abd al-Khaleq, 16, fall to the ground. He is the shop owner's son and is often there after school to help. I shouted to the man who runs the carwash next to my home, and he came right away with another young man who was having his car washed at his place.

The two young men managed to move 'Abd al-Khaleq only a few meters and laid him down on the ground in the area behind the store. When my sister and I reached the steps of our home, I saw five or six soldiers coming from the direction of the roundabout, their guns pointed at us. They ordered my sister and me to stop at the front door of our home, then forced us to go back inside and told the two young men to step away. I called an ambulance and went back to watch from the window. The soldiers were standing next to 'Abd al-Khaleq, who looked in bad shape, although I didn't see any bleeding. The soldiers tore and removed his clothes. Meanwhile, some of his relatives arrived, and when the sol-

diers saw them, they yelled at them to stay back. Then, one man told them he was a relative of the wounded boy, and they let him approach.

I saw the soldiers take first-aid equipment out of one of their bags, but they didn't use it. Instead, they signaled to the young men to approach and evacuate him. The young men used the car that was in the car-wash, put the wounded boy inside, and drove on the street that runs through the a-Tutah roundabout, but at the roundabout, the military jeeps blocked their way, so they turned around and took another route. Then, I saw the military jeeps leaving the area.

Midhat Jabour, 41, a father of four and 'Abd al-Khaleq's cousin, said in his testimony:

On Friday, I was at home in the center of the village, near the a-Tutah roundabout. At around 3:30 P.M., my 10-year-old son Yusef told me that he had seen from the window that my cousin, 'Abd al-Khaleq, 16, had been injured. I quickly got up from the sofa, left my apartment on the second floor, and went down to the building entrance, where I found my mother. I took her hand, and we walked about 10 meters to where 'Abd al-Khaleq was lying on the ground. Several soldiers were standing around him, and one of them signaled for me to stop before asking me in Arabic, "Are you his brother?" I said he was my brother, and they signaled me to come closer.

I sat down and placed 'Abd al-Khaleq's head on my knees. He was still breathing, but his breaths were very slow, and he was barely conscious. Meanwhile, the soldiers tore his clothes and turned him over from side to side. I gathered they were looking for the bullet's entry point, and when I noticed a very small hole on the left side of his chest, I told them, "Here, this is the spot." One of the soldiers took a syringe out of his bag, and as soon as he opened it, 'Abd al-Khaleq let out a loud groan. I think that was the moment he took his last breath. The soldier told us, "Take him," so I called the carwash owner and another young man who was with him. Together, we lifted 'Abd al-Khaleq and put him in the young man's car. We drove through a-Tutah roundabout, but two military jeeps that were

there blocked the street, and the same soldiers who had been around 'Abd al-Khaleq earlier were standing near them. They pointed their guns at us, and we had to turn around and take another route toward Nablus. I called an ambulance and told them we were on our way with a wounded person. At that point, 'Abd al-Khaleq was not showing any signs of life anymore.

We met the ambulance near the Nablus Municipality building, transferred 'Abd al-Khaleq to it, and I rode with him. The paramedics checked his pulse and breathing but found no signs of life. When we arrived at the hospital, the doctors tried to resuscitate him, but it was in vain. They had to pronounce him dead. It was a huge shock to me. He was my cousin's son, and I loved him very much. He was well-loved, and both children and adults sought his company. He was always very kind and helped everyone.

'Abd al-Khaleq's father, Mus'ab 'Abd al-Haleq, 49, a father of eight, recounted on 16 March 2026:

I separated from 'Abd al-Khaleq's mother when he was four years old. I had custody of the children, and she remarried. After the separation, I felt a lot of compassion for the children, and for a decade, I didn't remarry and devoted myself to caring for them so that they wouldn't feel deprived. We were very close. I was both mother and father to him, and he became my soul.

On Friday, 25 April 2025, at around 3:30 P.M., as far as I remember, I left my shop, a grocery store at Strawberry Circle in the center of the village, for only half an hour. I've had this shop since 2000, and when my son 'Abd al-Khaleq grew up, I started relying on him for everything at work.

In a single moment, everything changed. I went out of the shop for only half an hour and asked him to come watch it so I could go to a banquet for a neighborhood resident's wedding. The banquet was in the western part of the village, and there were hardly any men in the street, because everyone was there.

Then a friend called me and told me that 'Abd al-Khaleq had been wounded. I opened the shop's security cameras on my phone and saw that it was closed. I headed to the shop right away in my car, with my brother Mujahed, and on the way, I saw two jeeps and an ambulance on the western side of the village. I stopped the ambulance and asked if the wounded person was with them, but they said he was in another ambulance that had gone towards Rafidya Hospital. I asked how he was doing, and they asked if I was a relative. I said I wasn't because I didn't want them to lie to me, and then they told me he was dead.

My brother Mujahed shouted, "No, it's impossible." I just froze in place. I didn't register what was happening. He took my place in the driver's seat, and we drove towards Rafidya Hospital. On the way, Mujahed kept telling me not to believe what I heard. We arrived at Rafidya Hospital, and in the ER there, the doctors were trying to save my son. He was hit by two bullets in the chest. After the doctors failed to save my son, they told me that he had died, offered me their condolences and tried to comfort me. My son is gone. I lost him in a single moment.

Soldiers came into the village and shot him for no reason. There was nothing, not even a single stone thrown at them. The street was empty.

My son was an eleventh-grade student, and he was supposed to be in twelfth grade now, and maybe, next year, a university student. He loved sports and wanted to be a physical education teacher, like his grandfather. He swam, rode horses, loved soccer, played on the school team, and regularly went to the gym and did weightlifting. I even bought him a mare. He loved her very much and used to spoil her with biscuits and Turkish delight.

He had a very strong bond with his brothers and sisters, and he was especially warm and loving towards his sister Nirmin, who is a year younger than him and has an intellectual disability. She loved him very much and misses him.

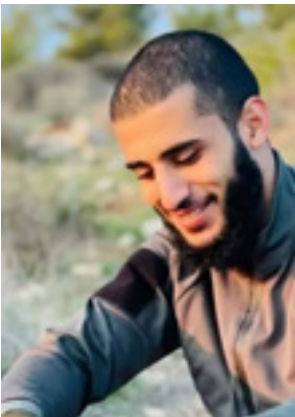
We've been going through a very rough time since his death. It's impossible to describe how intense the pain of the loss is. Every day, I go

to the cemetery to visit him and talk to him as if he's still alive. When I'm alone, I look at his picture on my phone. I feel deep sorrow when I see his friends growing up. Now they're in twelfth grade, about to go to university, and my son is dead, buried in the ground for no reason, only because a soldier wanted to shed blood.

He was killed in front of the shop. I think they specifically target boys that age. They don't want them alive, only dead. Many children his age have been killed like this, without having done anything.

Rida Mahmoud Kamal Bani 'Odeh, 17

Tammun, Tubas District, 15 May 2025



On 15 May 2025, during a military raid on the town of Tammun, soldiers surrounded a three-story building in which armed Palestinians, including Rida Bani 'Odeh, had barricaded themselves, and fired shoulder missiles at it. In the ensuing fire exchange, Rida was killed along with four other Palestinians. During the operation, the Israeli forces destroyed a significant portion of the building, rendering it uninhabitable. At the end of the operation, [as the Israeli military has done in other cases](#), Bani 'Odeh's body was scooped into the bucket of a military bulldozer, along with the bodies of three others, and driven through the streets of Tammun and nearby communities. According to the military, four Palestinians were arrested in the town and the nearby city of Tubas during the raid. Bani 'Odeh was an Islamic Jihad military wing operative. Israel is holding his body.

Rida's mother, Samaher Bani 'Odeh, 49, a mother of four, said in a testimony she gave on 30 March 2026:

On 14 May 2025, the day before he was killed, Rida came home and acted not like his usual self. He sat with me and other family members for hours. We felt like he was assessing everyone. He also went to visit his brother, talked a lot and asked a lot of questions. At some point that day, he told me he wanted to buy new pants, and I told him his father would go and buy them for him.

Rida always laughed and played with his sister's children. He also loved taking photos with everyone. Most days, he'd go out and come back late in the evening, but that day, he stayed home all day. In the evening, he showered, put on new clothes and asked me: "How do I look in these clothes, Mom?" and I answered: "Masha' Allah, you're handsome and anything you wear will look good." I was in the kitchen, looking at him, and I said, "Masha' Allah," I felt as though I was seeing him for the first time in a long while, and his face was glowing. Then he came over to me and said: "Look at me, am I handsome?" and started kissing me and hugging me. I took out his brother's bottle of perfume and started spraying it on him, and he said to me: "That's enough perfume, Mom."

He went out after dinner, and I stood and watched him as if I were saying goodbye to him. I said to him: "May God protect you, my son." I don't know where he went that night. In the morning, I woke up very early to wake his father and fix him breakfast. Afterwards, before I went back to sleep, I turned on my phone, but I didn't see anything about any occupation army activity or anything like that. Usually, hardly a week goes by without the occupation army raiding the Tammun area. I turned the phone off.

At about 7:00 A.M., I was still asleep. Then, my sister called and said that the army had raided the town and that special forces had laid siege to one of the houses, and suggested that if Rida wasn't home, I should call to check if he was okay. I called him, but he didn't answer. After that, I got more calls from relatives asking about Rida: "Is he home? Is he alright?" His brother Ashraf was still asleep. I woke him up and told him that the army had raided the town and that Rida wasn't home, but he was not worried about it. He didn't think anything would happen to him. Then I went to make breakfast for my son and my daughters, and Ashraf got a call and was told: "Pray for Rida." Ashraf came over to me and said: "Mom, turn off the gas, turn off the gas, don't make breakfast, I don't want to eat." He paced around the house restlessly and kept saying: "Pray for Rida, Mom." I asked him: "Has something happened to Rida?" and he told me that Rida was with the young men in the house that the army was surrounding. I started to cry.

People started coming over and trying to comfort me. They told me that everyone was alright and that the young men would come out of the house. Then the news came that Rida had been killed. My son, who hadn't turned 18 yet. An innocent boy with a tender heart who had all the beautiful qualities. I started blaming myself: Why didn't I hug him when he went out? Why did I let him go? I started asking myself questions and talking to myself. I imagined that he would come back to me now, walk into the house. I kept looking at the door and at the windows. I saw him in every corner of the house and couldn't stop crying. Only God knew what state I was in. But God, may He be exalted, took him and he was killed together with the others.

During the last 'Eid al-Fitr before he died, we were together and spent beautiful days together, but this year, Rida wasn't with us for the holiday. I cried a lot during the holiday. I couldn't be happy.

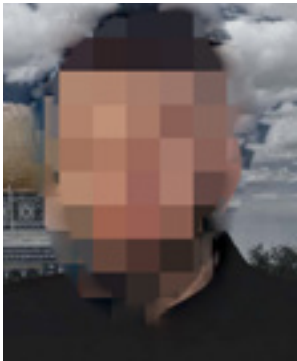
Rida and the others were taken away, and their bodies are being held by the occupation. Every day I am tormented because of him, and every day I pray to God that they return his body to us. I want to kiss Rida and hug him. I want to embrace his grave, but the occupation is still holding his body. It's as if he is being killed anew every day, because even his body is far away from me. I remember him every minute. I don't know where he is now. The occupation has his body like the bodies of dozens of martyrs.

I appeal to all humanitarian organizations and to human rights organizations to intervene and help us get his body back and bury him. I am suffering. I am ill. I can't live without seeing his body and burying it here in our land and going to his grave as if I were seeing him every day.

The news of his death was a shock to me, but I believe in God and in fate. I miss him terribly and want to hug him, or even just touch his grave. I look at the door every day as if waiting for him to come back to me again, and I say: "Rida has come and Rida has gone." But to this day, I haven't been allowed to bury him, which is the only way I can find some peace and feel that he's still with us, even if it's in his grave.

Muhammad Nidal Majed Abu Libdeh, 17

Old City of Jerusalem, 16 May 2025



On 16 May 2025, police officers shot and killed Muhammad Abu Libdeh, 17, a resident of the Old City of Jerusalem, at Bab al-Silsilah (Chain Gate) in the Old City. According to police, he had stabbed a police officer and moderately injured him.

Israel is holding his body.

Nidal Shaghnumbi, 16

Burqah, Nablus District, 17 May 2025



On 17 May 2025, Israeli soldiers fired from an ambush at Nidal Shaghnumbi and two other teens, while the three were throwing stones at Route 60. Shaghnumbi was critically wounded, and his friends, who were also wounded, fled the area and were taken by residents to ambulances that took them to a hospital in the city of Nablus. Local residents who searched for Shaghnumbi could not approach the area, as soldiers were still present and fired in the air, preventing his evacuation by ambulance. About two hours after the

shooting, the Palestinian DCO was informed that Shaghnumbi had died of his wounds. Israel is holding his body.

Nidal's father, Wael Shaghnumbi, 54, a father of five, recounted in a testimony he gave on 28 March 2026:

When Nidal was two years old, his mother and I got divorced, and I've remarried since. Nidal lived with us and used to visit his mother twice a month for a few days at a time.

On Saturday, 17 May 2025, at around 11:00 A.M., Nidal came back from a three-day visit with his mother, who lives in 'Askar R.C. in Nablus. When he came back, he was happy and excited, and he showed me his first ID card, which he got two days earlier in Nablus. He asked me to look at his photo and asked how he looked. I told him he looked good. He was excited about being grown-up and having an ID card. I felt the same way. He was already taller than me, and I watched him mature by the day. He used to shave to make his beard and mustache more visible, and we'd laugh about it.

At around 4:30 P.M., we had lunch together, just the two of us. He told me about the visit with his mother and about visiting his uncles in Nablus. At 6:00 P.M., his friend Yazan came over, and they went to hang out in the village together. Nidal dressed smartly, as he always did, put on perfume, and left his new ID card at home because he was afraid he'd lose it. He went out and never came back.

At around 10:00 P.M., someone from the village called me and told me that Nidal had been wounded and that I had to come to the northern area of the village. I went there immediately. There were some residents there as well as three or four soldiers standing on the road. I went over to one of them and asked what had happened. He demanded to see my ID card. I told him I wanted to see the wounded person. He pointed toward a nearby olive grove and said: "He's a terrorist." I asked where my son was and asked to see him. I tried to move in that direction, but the soldier cocked his weapon, forbade me from coming closer and threatened to shoot me. I told him I was his father and that he was just a kid.

The soldier made a phone call and let me speak with someone who identified himself as the officer in charge of the area. The officer spoke Arabic and told me to pray for my son and have mercy on him. From what he said, I understood that Nidal had been killed. All I wanted was to see my son and find out what happened to him, how and why they shot him, and where he was wounded.

There were also military vehicles and a Magen David Adom [Israeli] ambulance on Route 60, which is nearby. Local residents held me and

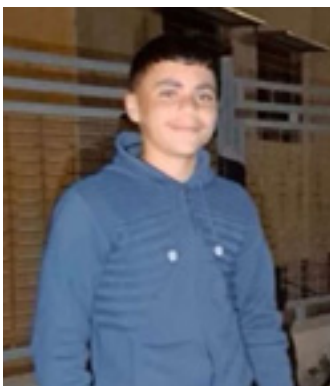
tried to calm me down. I called the Palestinian DCO, and they told me that the Israeli DCO had informed them of my son's death. I asked where on his body he'd been wounded, but they told me they didn't have that kind of information.

Since Nidal's death, I've been having a hard time emotionally. I tend to isolate myself, and I have trouble working, even though I have to provide for my family. I don't have a stable source of income, and my family's financial situation is very difficult.

I still haven't seen my son. They didn't let me see him after he was wounded or after he died. When he was lying there in the grove, they didn't let me go near him or look at him, and I don't know where on his body he was wounded. His body hasn't been returned to us, and we weren't given the chance to say goodbye to him or to bury him.

Yusef Fuqaha, 14

Sinjil, Ramallah District, 2 June 2025



On 2 June 2025, soldiers shot and killed Yusef Fuqaha from an ambush they had set up in agricultural land adjacent to Route 5056, near the village of Sinjil. According to a testimony B'Tselem obtained from a nearby resident, whose security cameras captured the incident, a large group of soldiers set up the ambush in the morning hours, and at 1:32 P.M., two shots were heard. About seven minutes later, two more shots were fired. After the shooting, the footage showed two soldiers standing over Fuqaha, who lay wounded. About ten minutes after the second round of gunfire, three military ambulances arrived at the scene, and the soldiers covered Fuqaha and put him in one of them. Immediately after the ambulances left, two of the soldiers went over to the house and demanded to see the security camera footage. According to the witness, he watched the footage with the soldiers. Fuqaha is seen about a minute before the first shots are heard, walking toward Route 5056, then moving back a few meters and hiding among the olive trees for about seven minutes, during which three vehicles with Israeli license

plates pass on the road, and Fuqaha does nothing. After the soldiers watched the footage several times, they erased it. After the incident, the military claimed that Fuqaha had tried to throw stones at the road.

Fuqaha's body has since been held by Israel.

**A resident of the village, 45,
recounted in a testimony he gave the day after the incident:**

I live in the al-Mazira'ah neighborhood, on the northern side of the town of Sinjil. My house is on Route 5056, which leads to the settlements of Ma'ale Levona and Giv'at Haroeh, and to Route 60. The road is also known as the old Nablus road.

In the 10 days before the incident, starting Saturday, 24 May 2025, I noticed unusual movement of soldiers around my house, following settlers' claims about stone-throwing at vehicles. Over those days, soldiers raided my home several times because I'd installed security cameras to protect the house after settler attacks.

On Monday, 2 June 2025, I noticed the presence and movement of soldiers around the house and in the farmland opposite it, about 20-25 meters away, since the morning.

At 12:54 P.M., while I was standing on the roof of the house, I saw four soldiers sitting in the farmland opposite, camouflaged with desert-colored tarps. A few minutes later, I also noticed a drone, and I went back down into the house.

At 1:32 P.M., I heard two shots a few seconds apart. I went out to the yard and saw nothing, and then I looked out the windows, but didn't notice any unusual movement.

At around 1:40 P.M., I went out to the yard again, and heard two more shots, louder and closer. I saw two soldiers coming down from the farmland toward the road, and I heard one of them saying in Hebrew to another soldier: "From here, come."

I went back inside and watched what was happening on the security cameras. I saw a wounded person lying under a tree about 10-15 meters from the house. The two soldiers stood next to him for about a minute or two and then went back to the farmland.

At around 1:50 P.M., military vehicles arrived, including a medical vehicle. The soldiers took out a stretcher and covered the wounded person. At 2:13 P.M., they put him in an ambulance that arrived a little earlier, and the ambulances took off.

Immediately afterwards, four soldiers came to my house, went inside and threw some gloves into the trash. They demanded that I show them the security camera footage and rewind it. In the footage, we saw a young boy dressed in black walking along an agricultural path, getting close to the road and then backtracking and standing under an olive tree, next to a low masonry wall, for about seven minutes. During that time, vehicles passed on the road, and nothing happened.

More soldiers came and asked whether the footage showed anything, and the soldiers who were watching it answered: "No, only that he's behind the tree." One of the soldiers filmed the video, and then they tried to delete the recordings.

Later, a Border Police officer came and showed me a picture of the wounded boy on his phone. It looked like he was already dead. I recognized that he was from the Fuqaha family, but I said I didn't recognize him.

Later on, an officer came, praised one of the soldiers and told him: "You did a good job." Then they ordered me to stay in a room while they continued checking. They also checked my phone and asked if I'd filmed anything.

The soldiers stayed in the house until about 3:20 P.M. and then left. As soon as they did, I notified the Palestinian authorities and sent a message to the residents of the village to make sure their children were alright. When I checked the cameras, I discovered that all the recordings had been deleted.

About an hour later, Israeli media reported that the army had killed a "16-year-old terrorist" who had thrown stones, which completely contradicts what I saw in the footage. About two hours after the incident, I found out from social media that the person killed was the child Yusef Fouad 'Abd al-Karim Fuqaha, 14. His body is still being held by the Israeli authorities.

**Yusef's father, 48, a father of six,
recounted in a testimony he gave on 10 June 2025:**

I am a farmer, and we live in the town of Sinjil, northeast of Ramallah. My wife and I had six children, three of them under 18, including Yusef.

My late son, Yusef, was born on 12 August 2010. He was a ninth-grade student at the boys' high school in Sinjil. He really loved cars, especially BMWs, and he wanted to become a mechanic, so we planned that he would transfer to a vocational school.

On Monday, 2 June 2025, at around 1:00 P.M., I found out from social media that a child was injured in the northern part of the town, but it didn't say who he was. At around 2:00 P.M., reports started being posted that the wounded child was my son Muhammad, 16, but at that time, Muhammad was sitting in front of me at home. The municipality contacted me to check, and I told them that Muhammad was sitting in front of me and also gave them his ID number for verification.

Yusef was out at the time, but I thought he was downtown, and it didn't occur to me that he was in the northern part. After about an hour, around 3:00 P.M., reports started coming in that the military had gotten the identity wrong and that the wounded child was actually my son Yusef.

At that point, the municipality called me again and told me that the military had contacted the Palestinian DCO and asked that the mayor go alone to the Huwarah base to identify the child. The municipality asked me for another identification document for my son Yusef for verification. The mayor went to the Huwarah base and identified the person killed as my son Yusef.

It's been more than a week now, and the Israeli authorities still haven't given me my son's body, so I haven't been able to set up a mourning tent and receive condolence visits. We, his family and friends, haven't been able to say a proper goodbye to him. I still don't know where he is or what they did with his body. Everything is being handled through the municipality. I demand my right to receive my son's body so that we can bury him and say goodbye to him.

Nothing can justify killing a 14-year-old child.

'Ammar Mu'taz Hamayel, 14

Kafr Malik, Ramallah District, 23 June 2025



On 23 June 2025, soldiers inside an armored military vehicle shot 'Ammar Hamayel in the back after he threw a stone at the vehicle from a hill overlooking the road. A friend who was with him saw him fall and fled the scene. Hamayel was picked up with no signs of life by a Palestinian ambulance that arrived after coordination with the DCO. He was pronounced dead at a hospital in Ramallah.

A friend of 'Ammar's said on 25 June 2025:

On Monday, 23 June 2025, at 2:15 P.M., my friend 'Ammar called and asked me to meet him at 2:30 in the center of the village. We met and went to his uncle Muhammad Hamayel's café, called a-Liga Café. 'Ammar started cleaning and preparing the place, and while he worked we talked about the situation in Palestine.

After 'Ammar finished, he suggested we go for a drink at a place called Misk, west of the village. We walked there, but it was closed. Then he suggested we go to an area overlooking Road 449. We walked there, and when we got to farmland about 150 to 200 meters from the road, 'Am-

mar pointed out soldiers in black uniforms. I also saw an Israeli police vehicle in blue and white parked nearby.

One of the soldiers put his rifle on the vehicle in a sniper position and aimed it at where we were. We immediately hid on a high hill, so we couldn't be seen from the street or from the southern end of the road, where the soldiers were. We took turns peeking out at the police car to check if it was still there.

After about 10 minutes, the police car drove toward Tel al-'Asur, but 'Ammar was still worried. He said he could feel the army was around. Even so, we went a bit closer and stopped about 100-150 meters from Road 449.

Just then, we saw a white vehicle coming up from the Allon Road/'Ein Samiyah road toward Tel al-'Asur. I think it was a settler car, because that road is considered a military road and Palestinians don't use it. The car was driving strangely, not going straight, but continued toward Tel al-'Asur. I think the settlers in the car noticed us.

We sat there for about 10 minutes after the car went by. Then we saw a military vehicle flying an Israeli flag coming from the east toward the Tel al-'Asur camp. We know that vehicle and call it "the flag patrol." Everyone in the village knows it's usually used by the worst, most violent soldiers.

At that moment my father called me, so I quickly went 30 to 40 meters back toward the village and answered. When he asked where I was, I said I was playing soccer with 'Ammar on the village field. I said that because I was very scared.

While I was talking, I looked at 'Ammar and saw him looking at me. He was still standing where I had left him, closer to the bypass road. I turned for a moment toward the village and suddenly heard two gunshots. I turned back and saw 'Ammar had fallen down. I started running toward the village through the farmland. While I was running, I heard someone shout, "Stop!" but I didn't look back. I ran away.

As soon as I reached the village houses, I called 'Ammar's phone, but he didn't answer. From the way he fell and the fact he wasn't moving or making any sound, I understood he was shot dead. Later, I learned that was what happened and went to the Palestine Medical Center to say goodbye.

'Ahed Samirat, 48, a resident of Silwad and paramedic who took Hamayel to hospital, said in a testimony he gave on 26 June 2025:

On Tuesday, 24 June 2025, at around 5:30 P.M., young men from the village of Kafr Malik called me and told me there was an injured person being held by the military near the bypass road south of the village.

I drove there from Silwad in an ambulance, together with the paramedic Suheil Hamed and my son, the paramedic Muhammad Smeirat, via the village of Deir Jarir. We arrived at the village's main western entrance, which is near the military base known as Tel al-'Asur. That entrance has been blocked by an iron gate for more than a year. I went there because the young men said the occupation army would hand the injured person over to me there.

We got there within five minutes and saw a Palestinian Red Crescent ambulance, but no occupation army forces.

It took us some time to locate the injured person. Eventually, we understood he was near the bypass road connecting Allon Road to the Tel al-'Asur military base. I drove there, even though it's considered a military road and there are several settler outposts along it, until I reached a dense grove. Four military vehicles and a white military pickup truck were parked there, by the side of the bypass road. I didn't see any Israeli ambulances or military medical vehicles.

The first military vehicle blocked our way for five minutes. Then a soldier directed me to the last vehicle, where another soldier told me to return to the middle of the road. I drove back, stopped and got out. A soldier immediately approached me, introduced himself in Hebrew, said that the injured boy was dead and asked me to bring a stretcher.

He then pointed toward a hill at the northern end of the road, in the direction of Kafr Malik.

The paramedic Suheil, my son Muhammad and I walked there on foot. We walked about 100-150 meters and reached a hill slightly higher than the road. One of the soldiers pointed out the boy's exact location. When we got there, at 6:05 P.M., I saw a boy lying on his back on the ground. He was wearing black pants. He had a slipper on one foot, while the other foot was bare. His chest was exposed and it looked like someone had torn his shirt, but there were no signs of first aid - no bandages, gloves or other medical equipment. There was a soldier there who identified himself as a doctor, but he was not wearing gloves. The boy showed no signs of life.

I saw ants crawling on him and concluded that he had been lying on the ground for a long time.

I examined the boy and found a small hole, which was the bullet's entry wound, slightly above the middle of his back. There was also a large hole, the bullet's exit wound, on the front left side of his neck. When we put the boy on the stretcher, blood began to flow from him, which is an indication of internal bleeding.

We took him to the ambulance and immediately drove to the Palestine Medical Complex in Ramallah. Upon our arrival, the doctors officially pronounced the boy dead. After they performed CT scans and X-rays, one of the doctors confirmed to me that the bullet had entered through his back, passed through his heart and exited through his neck. Later, I learned on social media that the boy who had died was 'Ammar Hamayel, 14, from Kafr Malik.

**'Ammar's father, Mu'taz Hamayel, 46, a father of four,
said on 25 June 2025:**

I work as a government employee in the Palestinian security services and also raise sheep, which provide us with an additional source of income.

My son 'Ammar was a seventh-grade student at Kafr Malik Boys School. He usually had excellent grades and also trained in Thai boxing for about four years.

He represented the Palestinian Thai boxing team three times, won a world bronze medal in 2023, and earned medals and trophies in local championships. He dreamed of becoming an international professional athlete.

On Monday, 23 June 2025, sometime between 12:30 and 1:00 P.M., while I was at work in the government office in Taybeh, 'Ammar called and said he'd seen the cigarettes I smoke for sale in the village and wanted to buy me a pack, because he'd heard me complain that they were unavailable in the village. I asked him to buy me a pack and leave it at his grandmother's house in the village center before he went out with friends.

At 2:40 P.M., I finished work and drove back to Kafr Malik. When I got to my mother's house, I saw that 'Ammar had left the pack of cigarettes on her windowsill. I rested for a while and had lunch, and then about an hour later took the sheep out to graze. At the time, I thought that 'Ammar and his friends were playing in the village.

At around 4:40 P.M., a friend of mine called and told me there had been shooting in the southern part of the village near the bypass road, Road 449. I didn't give it much thought and continued grazing the flock with a friend from the village.

At 5:00 P.M., my wife called and said 'Ammar had been gone for a long time and she didn't know where he was. I immediately tried to get hold of him, and after I called again and again, at around 5:30 P.M. someone answered in Hebrew. He said he was an officer named Abu a-Nimr. I asked if 'Ammar was with him. I assumed he'd been arrested. The officer asked

who I was, and I said I was 'Ammar's father. He asked for my name and I said, "Mu'taz Mustafa". He said 'Ammar was lightly injured and hung up.

I asked the friend who was with me to try calling 'Ammar's phone, too. The same person answered and again identified himself as Abu a-Nimr. My friend walked a few meters away from me and continued speaking with the officer. They spoke for about five minutes. The minute my friend walked away to speak with the officer, I felt that 'Ammar was dead.

As soon as he finished the call, I drove to my house, which is in the center of the village, and from there I took my friend's car to the village's blocked main entrance, where there is a road leading to Road 449.

There is a military post at the beginning of the road leading from the main entrance into the village, and the military prevented us from approaching. We stopped the car opposite the soldiers, about 10-15 meters away. I told the soldiers I was the father of the injured boy.

At that point, an Arabic-speaking soldier approached me and asked for my ID card. He then told me that if I wanted to see my son 'Ammar, I had to ask the village youths to move away from the area.

I asked the young men to move away, and then the soldiers allowed me to approach. That soldier escorted me, together with four other soldiers, to Road 449. From where I was standing with the soldiers, I saw an ambulance, but I couldn't tell whether it was a Palestinian or Israeli ambulance. I told the soldiers I wanted to see my son.

The Arabic-speaking soldier told me the ambulance had taken him to the hospital. I asked the officer where my son 'Ammar was injured. He said he didn't know and that the hospital would contact me and update me on 'Ammar's condition. He gave me back my ID card and asked me to leave the area.

At that point, I still didn't know 'Ammar was dead. I drove to the Palestine Medical Complex in Ramallah. On the way there, a friend called and told me that 'Ammar had been killed by a bullet that entered through his

back and exited through his neck.

The next day, 25 June 2025, we held 'Ammar's funeral and buried him in the village's northern cemetery.

Rayan Tamer Anwar Hushiyeh, 14
al-Yamun, Jenin District, 25 June 2025



On 25 June 2025, soldiers raided the town of al-Yamun. At about the same time, Rayan Hushiyeh, 14, and his cousin, also a teen, arrived at a barbershop in the town center and discovered it was closed. In the meantime, clashes broke out in the area, during which local residents fired and threw stones and IEDs at the Israeli soldiers. When the boys found out about the raid and that soldiers had taken over a house in the area, they went into a side street, unaware that a group of soldiers had been stationed on the roof of a nearby building. When they reached the corner of the alley opposite the house, one of the soldiers fired at them from a distance of 30 to 40 meters, hitting Hushiyeh, who fell to the ground. His cousin ran away, and Hushiyeh was taken by residents to an ambulance that took him to a hospital, where he was pronounced dead.

Hushiyeh's cousin recounted on 26 June 2025:

On Wednesday, 25 June 2025, at around 3:30 P.M., my cousin Rayan Hushiyeh and I walked from our neighborhood in the west of the town of al-Yamun to the barbershop located in the town center, near the old mosque. When we got to the barbershop, it was closed, and we didn't know why.

At about the same time, military forces entered the town, mostly in the eastern area, and I found out that they were raiding a house to arrest a wanted guy. Clashes broke out between young guys and the Israeli military forces, including armed men shooting at the soldiers, exploding IEDs and throwing stones at military vehicles.

Rayan and I went into a side street near the old mosque, not knowing there were soldiers on the roof of one of the houses belonging to the 'Abd al-Malek family. When we got to the corner of a street located about 30 to 40 meters west of the soldiers' position, one of them suddenly started shooting at us.

I was two or three steps ahead of Rayan and managed to run away as soon as I heard the shooting, but he was hit and fell to the ground.

I know that some residents evacuated Rayan in an ambulance that was already waiting there - we passed by it before the shooting - and that he died of gunshot wounds to the head and neck area and to other parts of his body, and his body was returned from the hospital and brought to burial.

A resident of al-Yamun who witnessed the incident recounted on 26 June 2025:

On Wednesday afternoon, 25 June 2025, I was standing outside my house. It was during a raid by Israeli military forces on the town, and a Palestinian ambulance was standing nearby. The forces were raiding the house of one of the wanted men on the eastern side of the town center, and military vehicles were also driving through the town's streets and alleys. Some young men and teens threw stones and IEDs at the military vehicles, and I heard live gunfire and the explosions of stun grenades and tear gas canisters in the streets.

At around 3:30 P.M., I saw two boys walking past my house. I didn't know there were soldiers on one of the rooftops opposite, but when the boys reached a point where they were visible from that roof, several bullets were suddenly fired at them from there. One of the boys managed to run north, but the other boy, Rayan, was hit by several bullets, one of them in the neck. He took a few steps back and then fell to the ground, about 15 meters from me. I ran over to him with several other residents and the ambulance crews, and the paramedics evacuated him to the al-Hadaf Medical Center in the town of al-Yamun.

About 15 minutes after Rayan was shot, the soldiers left town without arresting anyone.

Rayan's mother, Zakiyyeh Hushiyeh, 39, a mother of five, recounted in a testimony she gave on 26 March 2026:

I still remember how my son Rayan woke up on Wednesday, 25 June 2025, ate breakfast and then went with his father, Tamer, to Jenin to buy fruit and vegetables for Tamer's shop.

They came back from Jenin in the early afternoon, and we had lunch together. After that, I prepared fruit and watermelon for the family, and later Rayan's friends joined us too. We sat together and ate the fruit. We were so happy and joyful.

At around 2:30 P.M., while we were in our house in the western area of al-Yamun, we found out from social media that military forces were raiding the town. By then, Rayan had already gotten dressed and gone out with his friends, as usual, to play and spend time together in the town.

At around 4:00 P.M., social media posts said that a youth from the town had been wounded and evacuated to the hospital in Jenin. A few moments later, my son Anwar, 17, came home and told me that the wounded youth was Rayan, and that he died. This was such terrible and painful news. I got extremely dizzy. I tried to go out of the house, but I passed out and collapsed to the ground, stunned by the bitter news. Within moments, family and neighbors started gathering at our house, and it seemed that they had already received and verified the news of my son Rayan's death.

Rayan loved raising animals, and he used to bring home every puppy he found and take care of them, feeding them milk until they grew, and also training them. It gave him immense joy.

Rayan pampered and deeply loved his only sister, Lujayn, who was seven years old. He took exceptional care of her. He had a lot of patience with her and gave her a lot of attention. He wouldn't let anyone tease or hurt his sister.

Rayan had a good heart. Whenever he was upset or angry about something, he would reflect on his actions and, if he had wronged someone, apologize immediately. At the same time, he wasn't afraid to speak out, and he expressed his opinions with conviction.

I've been thinking about him every day since his death and crying over his loss. We've lost all joy since he died.

Amjad Nassar Shehadeh 'Awad, 16

Ramallah, 1 July 2025



On 1 July 2025, soldiers shot and killed Amjad 'Awad, 16, who was throwing stones at Israeli forces with a group of other youths at al-Manarah Square in the city center, after the forces invaded the city and arrested four people there.

Iyad 'Abd al-Mu'ti Iyad Shalakhati, 14

'Askar Refugee Camp, Nablus, shot 6 July, died 9 July 2025



On 6 July 2025, soldiers fired at youths who were throwing stones at Israeli forces as they withdrew from 'Askar Refugee Camp in Nablus at the end of an invasion. They severely wounded Iyad Shalakhati, 14, and two other youths. Shalakhati was taken by private car to Rafidya Hospital in the city, and died of his wounds three days later.

His mother, Shuruq Shalakhati, 32, a mother of five, said in a testimony she gave on 7 August 2025:

I got married when I was 15, and for years my husband and I lived in one room in my husband's family home, in very difficult conditions. Iyad was my eldest son. I gave birth to him in 2011, and he was the first joy in my life, the only beautiful thing that eased those hard years for me. My children are everything to me. All I want from life is for them to grow up and for our lives to get better.

Four years ago, my husband developed bone cancer, and his condition has deteriorated badly since then. He can no longer work and needs intensive physical and emotional care. My son Iyad had to leave school despite his young age. Circumstances forced him to grow up quickly. Instead of studying and playing like other children his age, he had to work to support us and his siblings. We had no other source of income. If Iyad worked, we ate. If he didn't, there was no food.

Iyad collected empty drink bottles. For every sack he sold, he got only 10 shekels. He would leave at 4:00 A.M. and come back at 10:00 A.M., and sometimes he would go out again in the evening to work a few more hours and earn about 30 shekels. He loved playing billiards and soccer.

On Sunday, 5 July 2025, at around 4:00 P.M., Iyad left home to collect bottles. Around 9:00 P.M., while I was at home, I felt like something was choking me. When my father-in-law called my husband to come into their home, I felt something was happening. We don't have internet at home, and I didn't know anything.

My husband came back from his parents' home and told me Iyad had been wounded. I started screaming and begging that he not be taken from me. I went to the hospital, and when I arrived, Iyad was in the emergency room. They told me he had been wounded in the leg, and I thought he would be fine. He even spoke to me and told me his head and stomach hurt.

They told me he needed a long operation. The surgery lasted many

hours, until around 5:00 A.M. The doctors came out and said he would be fine, but when they brought him out of surgery, Iyad opened his eyes but was not conscious. I tried to speak to him, but he didn't respond.

They transferred him to intensive care. I stood outside the room, reading the Quran and praying that they would be able to save him, but I felt he was moving farther and farther away from me. I asked the doctor, and he said the injury was very serious: arteries in his abdomen had been torn, and he had only hours left to live.

While I was waiting there, I fainted several times, and my husband took me home. It was the longest and hardest night of my life. I did not sleep at all.

At 7:00 A.M., the phone rang and we were told Iyad had died. It was a devastating blow. All the beauty in my life was gone. My son had grown up before my eyes. His voice had changed, his beard had begun to grow, and he had become taller than me. I was so happy to see him grow and become a man. I could hardly believe my eyes, and now he is gone.

I go to his bed, cry and can't sleep. Everything in the house reminds me of him. I cannot cook, and I have no desire to do anything. The children have also lost their appetite.

His siblings ask about him all the time. His father says he does not want to live and only wants to join him.

He was with boys his age in the eastern area of the camp, the only place with trees. It overlooks the villages of 'Azmut and Deir al-Hatab, and the Huwarah-Rujeib road. Young people go there to sit in the shade and get away from the overcrowding.

The military goes there deliberately to provoke the young people and then kills them without justification. What did these children do wrong? Don't they have the right to live their childhood, to play and be happy? Why did they kill him? Why did they take my son from me, the light of my eyes?

'Amru 'Ali Ahmad Qabha, 13**Ya'bad, Jenin District, 18 July 2025**

On 18 July 2025, during a raid on the town of Ya'bad, 'Amru Qabha passed near where the forces were and came across soldiers who called out to him to stop and fired at the same time. He was shot as he tried to escape. After he fell, the soldiers prevented an ambulance crew from reaching him, and when his father, who had heard that he had been shot, arrived at the scene, the soldiers fired warning shots to stop him from coming closer. The father, nevertheless, went over to his son, who was still alive, and then the soldiers beat him with a rifle butt, handcuffed him and had him sit next to his son. They kept the father and son like that for over 30 minutes, refusing to treat the wounded boy or allow his evacuation and ordering the pleading father to be quiet. The soldiers allowed the ambulance through only after 'Amru died of his wounds. In a press report, the military claimed that 'Amru had thrown an IED at the forces and that another was found at the scene.

'Amru's mother, 'Ayidah Qabha, 42, a mother of four, recounted in a testimony she gave on 26 March 2026:

On Friday morning, 18 July 2025, I remember that 'Ali, my husband, woke 'Amru up. 'Amru was 13 years old, our only son, with three sisters. He talked to him and joked with him to help him wake up. We waited for him to get out of bed so we could eat and drink instant coffee together. 'Amru got up, and we all sat together, with my two sisters, Lilian and Rayan. My husband asked 'Amru to go with him to a relative's wedding.

Then 'Amru asked me what I was making for lunch. I told him I was making stuffed chicken, one of his favorite dishes, and he was really happy. When it was time for Friday prayers, 'Amru went to the mosque near our house, in the al-Krum neighborhood, the northern neighborhood of the town. After he came back from the mosque, and I finished making lunch, we all gathered and ate together.

At around 4:00 P.M., I decided to visit my in-laws, who live in our neighborhood. 'Amru told me he was going to meet up with friends to play

computer games and that he also wanted to buy knafeh. When I arrived at my in-laws' house, a relative of mine asked me about 'Amru, and I told her that he'd gone to meet friends at an internet café in the Abu Shamleh neighborhood, in the center of Ya'bad. She told me that Israeli forces were raiding neighborhoods and streets in Ya'bad, and I went into a panic. I felt a wave of anxiety wash over me. I tried calling 'Amru several times, but he didn't answer.

Then I called my husband, 'Ali, and told him that I had tried to contact 'Amru, but he wasn't answering his phone. After we ended the call, he called me again to tell me that 'Amru was still with his friends at the internet café, but that he was going to come home to avoid any trouble with the army. After I spoke with my husband, I saw him passing by outside in the car and assumed he was going to pick 'Amru up and bring him home.

A few minutes later, I found out from social media that the army had shot a youth in the area of the Patients' Friends Association, in the center of Ya'bad. That place is on the route 'Amru was supposed to take to come home.

After I saw my husband driving off to get 'Amru, I felt relieved, and when I heard about the young man who was shot, I didn't think it was 'Amru. I felt sorry for his mother and prayed that God would give her strength. I didn't know I was the mother I was praying for. But a mother's heart is never at ease, so I called a relative who lives right next to the place mentioned on social media, where they said the young man had been wounded. I asked her what was happening around her house, and she answered that there was a young man lying on the ground, and that soldiers had shot him. She used the term "sprayed," meaning they sprayed his body with bullets. I asked her if she knew the young man's name, and she said she didn't.

As soon as I finished the call with her, my phone began ringing nonstop, and everyone was asking me about 'Amru. I went into a panic, and my heart started pounding very fast. I left my in-laws' house right away and went to my house, which is about 200 meters away. On the way,

everyone I passed looked at me, and a small child shouted, "'Amru is dead!" which terrified me. At that moment, I felt chills and intense cold all over my body. I could barely walk home, and when I arrived, the house was already full of neighbors and relatives. Then I understood that the wounded, unidentified young man was my only son, 'Amru.

My relationship with my son 'Amru was one of deep friendship and great love. He was more than a son to us. He was always very kind to his sisters, cared for them a lot, and was always trying to make them happy.

He especially loved mulukhiyah and always asked me to make it for him. On summer nights, when he would stay up late, I'd leave a plate of watermelon next to his bed, which he loved so much. I remember that on the day he was killed, I gave him 25 NIS (~ 6.70 USD). Later, I was surprised to hear from his four-year-old cousin that 'Amru had given him 5 NIS (~ 1.35 USD). That made me very happy, even though it was a small amount.

I can't forget the moment I saw my son's body, with deep wounds in his neck and legs, and nine bullets that pierced his body.

Since 'Amru died, our lives have been filled with sorrow. I've lost all hope. My son 'Amru was a child who loved life, and my husband and I loved him so much and always gladly took care of all his needs.

Ibrahim Majed 'Ali Naser, 15

Qabatiya, Jenin District, 22 July 2025



On 22 July 2025, soldiers raided a house at the entrance to the town of Qabatiya. Ibrahim Naser and two other boys threw stones at a military jeep parked near the house. The soldiers fired at the boys, and Naser was wounded and fled into an olive grove, where he collapsed. Paramedics evacuated him to a hospital in the city of Jenin, where he was pronounced dead. The other two boys fled the area. Security camera footage shows soldiers chasing the three boys and firing.

Ibrahim's mother, Manal Musa, 47, a mother of three, recounted in a testimony she gave on 28 March 2026:

On the day Ibrahim was killed, he went to help his half-brother, who worked on a farm in the village of Mirkah. He came home in the early afternoon, showered and ate. Then, he told me he was going to visit a friend of his, who had fallen off a horse and had just come home to Qabatiya after several days in the hospital.

Later on, I heard a soldier shot Ibrahim in the chest, and he died on the spot.

Ibrahim was kind-hearted, diligent and hardworking at school. He was one of the outstanding students at 'Omar Ibn al-Khattab High School, and at the end of his last school year, he received a certificate of excellence.

He was a homebody. He loved spending time with me, and when I visited my family in the neighboring village of Mirkah, he would come with me because he loved his grandmother very much, and she also loved him very much.

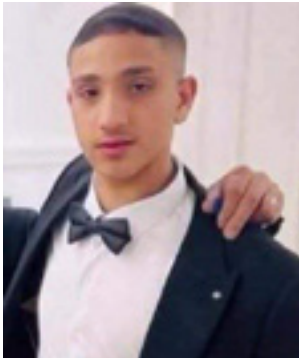
He also really loved his sister Maryam, who was two years younger than him. He always looked after her and would buy her sweets, candy and chips from the grocery store. Ibrahim had an electric scooter, and he really loved riding it. He also used it to run errands for us and buy vegetables, fruit and other groceries.

During the summer vacation, he used to raise chicks and always took very good care of them. I could see the satisfaction and joy he felt as he watched them grow.

Muhammad Khaled Hassan Mabruk, 15

'Ein Beit al-Maa R.C., Nablus District

Shot on 23 July and died on 25 July 2025



On the evening of 23 July 2025, while Nablus and its refugee camps were under a 20-hour raid by military, Border Police and Shin Bet forces, Muhammad Mabruk set out toward his father's vegetable stand to help him with work. He ran into his cousin on the way, and when they heard that the forces were approaching the area, they tried to hide in one of the alleyways. A Border Police jeep and a military jeep entered the alley, and soldiers who got out of one of them fired about 10-15 shots at Mabruk. He immediately fell to the ground, and a resident who

witnessed the incident evacuated him to an ambulance, which took him to the hospital, where he died of his wounds two days later.

**'Abd al-Ghani, Muhammad Mabruk's cousin, 17,
recounted on 28 July 2025:**

I live with my family in the camp and work in construction with my father.

On Wednesday, 23 July 2025, at around 6:00 P.M., while I was walking around the camp near the UNRWA clinic, I ran into my cousin Muhammad Mabruk, who told me he was on his way to help his father, who works at a vegetable stand.

Just then, we heard the sound of vehicles, and people said the army was coming and started hurrying away from the area. We looked around but didn't see anything. We stopped in one of the alleyways to watch what was happening from there. We were only about 100 meters from the entrance to the camp from the direction of the main road. Then I saw two Israeli jeeps, one Border Police and the other military, and soldiers got out of them, so I cleared out of there and went into the Dar a-Tabun alley. They were about 100 meters away from me.

After I cleared out, I heard continuous gunfire, about 10-15 shots, and I

saw Muhammad, who was still standing at the top of the alley, fall to the ground. He was bleeding heavily, like a pipe had burst. A man dragged him into the alley, shouted "Ambulance" and asked for help. He took him to an ambulance. His clothes were soaked in blood, and the ground was covered in blood.

I didn't know what to do. I was in shock. I didn't understand what happened or why they fired. I couldn't find any explanation for it. We hardly even saw the soldiers, and they fired without any warning. I noticed that the jeeps had already left the area. They shot for no reason. They just wanted to kill.

Muhammad was taken to the university hospital, and from the heavy bleeding, we gathered his condition was very serious. I went there and stayed with him. I prayed that he would survive. But, two days later, on Friday morning, the doctors pronounced him dead. I was in complete shock. He had been next to me and talking to me, and suddenly he was in a grave.

Sa'id Yunes, 46, a father of five, a resident of al-'Ein, recounted on 28 July 2025:

I have been unemployed since I lost my job in Israel following the war in Gaza.

On Wednesday, 23 July 2025, at around 6:00 P.M., while I was walking around the camp near the UNRWA clinic, my wife called and asked me to come home because the army was close to the camp and she was afraid to stay alone with the children. I told her I was in the camp and that there was nothing going on here, but she said she heard people in the street saying that the army was on the main road. I told her not to worry and that I was on my way back.

On the way to my house, which is on the main road near al-Qutub bakery, I saw two Israeli jeeps, one Border Police and the other army, and soldiers got out of them. I went into the Dar a-Tabun alley to avoid walking past the jeeps, which were about 100 meters away from me, and

then I heard continuous gunfire and saw the boy Muhammad Mabruk fall to the ground, bleeding from his leg.

I dragged him into the alley and tried to figure out where to take him, because the army was at the camp entrance. I shouted, "Ambulance, ambulance." He was bleeding heavily. I carried him between the houses to another exit, where an ambulance was waiting. I put him inside it, and they took him to the university hospital. Even then, it was clear, because of the severe bleeding, that his injury was very serious. He died on Friday morning.

Muhammad's mother, Khawlah Mabruk, 51, a mother of seven, recounted in a testimony she gave on 7 August 2025:

My son Muhammad was the heart and soul of the house and filled it with joy. Although he was one of the younger children, he took care of his father and helped him a great deal. My husband had polio as a baby. He has a 90% disability and uses crutches. Muhammad helped him with everything, especially because there are many stairs in the house and he needs help with every step. He was his father's support.

He was also the heart of the house and supported everyone. We felt that he was mature and that we could rely on him, but he also had the sense of humor of a little kid. He would make everyone laugh and brought a smile to the faces of adults and children alike.

On Wednesday, 23 July 2025, after I finished making the food, I told Muhammad I'd serve it to him, so he'd have his lunch, and then take food to his father, so he could eat too. Muhammad didn't want to eat at home and told me: "I'll eat with my dad."

At around 5:30 P.M., my son, Muhammad, 15, went out to go to his father, who was sitting at his friend's shop at the entrance to the camp. I made Musakhan and frika soup, which Muhammad likes.

Muhammad went out and never came back.

At around 6:00 P.M., my husband called and said that Muhammad had been wounded. I was in shock; nothing unusual had happened, and the army was in a different area of the city. I ran out of the house screaming, looking for someone to help me and drive me to the hospital.

A relative took me to a-Najah Hospital, and I found Muhammad lying on a bed in the ER, surrounded by doctors, nurses and machines. They wouldn't let me come closer and told me not to be afraid, that he would be okay. But I was shaking with fear; my teeth were chattering. How could I not be afraid when I saw my son lying unconscious, motionless?

They tried to get me out of the ER, and I understood that his heart had stopped and that he was injured in a major artery in his thigh and needed multiple surgeries. Until 1:00 A.M., I waited for any sign, any response, but it was no use.

After 1:00 A.M., they told me that he had started bleeding again and that his organs had begun to fail one after another, causing kidney failure. They told me he'd be in the clear if he made it 72 hours.

On Friday at 7:00 A.M., while I was at home, the bitter news of his death arrived. They told me to pray for him.

It was a terrible blow. He was a young, innocent boy who loved life, loved laughing and joking. They killed everything beautiful in our home; they killed all of us along with him. Nothing is the same anymore. My husband says to me: "I'm going to die. I don't want to live. I want to go to him."

Muhammad was like a friend to his father, and he was always with him. All this happened when we were already going through a tough time, because his brother Hassan, 27, had been held in administrative detention for a year, and his detention was extended by another six months just five days earlier.

My daughter Amneh, 32, got married a few months ago, and her brother Hassan wasn't at the wedding because of his detention. We have no joy in our lives, only suffering under the occupation, which imposes itself on our lives and takes our children from us.

Ibrahim 'Imad Ahmad Hamran, 13

'Araba, Jenin District, 23 July 2025



On 23 July 2025, as military vehicles were withdrawing from the town of Qabatiyah after a raid, some boys threw stones at them from a hill in the nearby town of 'Araba. Soldiers who got out of one of the vehicles chased them into the olive groves, fired at them and killed Ibrahim Hamran. The other boys managed to escape. Paramedics who arrived at the scene about an hour after the shooting took Hamran to the hospital, where he was pronounced dead.

Ibrahim's mother, Manal Hamran, 48, a mother of six, recounted in a testimony she gave on 28 March 2026:

On the afternoon of 23 July 2025, my son Ibrahim, who was 13 and a half years old, told me he was going out to play and hang out with his friends. They'd usually meet up in the afternoon to play soccer in the high school yard or walk around the streets and alleyways of the town.

At around 3:30 P.M. that day, news started spreading on social media that a boy was shot by the Israeli army, and that a Palestinian ambulance took him to Jenin Government Hospital, where he arrived with no signs of life.

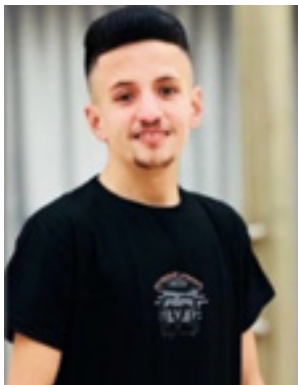
Ibrahim was physically strong and well-built. He was very sociable and really loved playing soccer. He was the goalkeeper for the local team. He always asked me to cook his favorite foods for him, especially meat dishes.

He was the youngest in the family, and he took care of his sisters. They had an excellent relationship.

He was a kind-hearted boy. Whenever I gave him money to buy sweets and chips, he'd buy pastrami to feed the cats in the yard. I could see how happy it made him to spoil the cats instead of buying things for himself, and how he loved them.

Since my son disappeared from our lives more than eight months ago, we haven't stopped thinking and talking about him. We're all sad and in pain over his loss.

Ahmad 'Ali As'ad Salah, 15, and Muhammad Khaled 'Alian 'Issa, 17, al-Khader, Bethlehem District, 23 July 2025



On 23 July 2025, Ahmad Salah and Muhammad Khaled 'Issa were fatally shot from an ambush near the separation fence in al-Khader. The military claims they had thrown Molotov cocktails at Route 60. A video circulated on social media shows an ambulance at the scene and gunfire can be heard.

Israel is holding their bodies.

Islam 'Abd al-'Aziz Nuh Majaramah and Muhammad Sari 'Omar Masqalah, both 14, Jenin Refugee Camp, 8 September 2025



On 8 September 2025, following rumors that the military was withdrawing from Jenin Refugee Camp after months of military activity as part of Operation Iron Wall, which began in January, residents who had been displaced by the military came to check on their homes and collect belongings. While these residents, who were entirely

unaware of the military's presence in the area, were near a dirt mound on their way out of the camp, a military vehicle arrived, and they came under fire without any clashes occurring

in the area. The gunfire killed two 14-year-olds: **Islam Majaramah**, who was hit as he left the camp with his family after they had visited their destroyed home, and **Muhammad Masqalah**, who had come to the area out of curiosity. The two were taken to a hospital in Jenin, where they were pronounced dead. Two other people were wounded by the gunfire. According to the military, the soldiers fired at suspects who posed a threat.

Jihan Masqalah, Muhammad's mother, 35, a mother of three, recounted in a testimony she gave on 28 March 2026:

It was a painful day. My son had just finished his first day of ninth grade. He came back from school, had lunch with the family, and then asked me if he could go meet friends in the afternoon. He said he was going to a popular shawarma restaurant called Hab a-Rih on Haifa Street. While he was at the restaurant, he heard a rumor that the Israeli army had withdrawn from Jenin Refugee Camp. I found out from his friends that he apologized to them and said he was going to Haifa Street, near Jenin Camp, because he was curious to see the IDPs coming back. But the rumor wasn't true, and when he arrived from the a-Zahraa neighborhood at the eastern edge of the camp, Israeli soldiers suddenly showed up in military jeeps. They got out of the jeeps and opened fire, killing my son, Muhammad Masqalah, and another boy named Islam Majaramah.

My son Muhammad was kind and gentle with others. While we were receiving people who came to offer condolences for his death, an elderly woman came and told me that three days before he was killed, he passed by her while she was carrying bags of fruit and vegetables and offered to help her. She said she offered him money, but he refused and told her he was helping her because of her age and because the bags were heavy.

He also used to accompany his father, who works in the roofing tile industry, to help him. Instead of his father doing all the work, Muhammad would try to take some of the load off him with every task. My husband also tells me that Muhammad always tried, as much as he could, to make things easier for me and not to burden me too much.

He also loved to care for puppies and knew how to train them. I could

see his happiness when he interacted with animals.

He was among the outstanding students in eighth grade, which he finished shortly before he was killed.

'Abd al-'Aziz Majaramah, Islam's father, 52, a father of six, recounted on 28 March 2026:

On 8 September 2025, while I was at my shop in the wholesale market in the Jenin city center, my son Islam told me that there were reports on social media that residents of Jenin R.C. were returning to the camp and to their homes after the military had left the camp.

At around 5:30 P.M., I went home to the apartment we'd been renting in the city of Jenin since the expulsion from the camp, and from there, I headed to the camp with my wife, my son Islam and my brother. I parked the car near Jenin Governmental Hospital, and we continued on foot from there. We went past the dirt mound the military had placed at the entrance to the camp and managed to reach our house, located at the northeastern edge of the camp, after being forcibly absent for about nine months.

Other people also came to check on their homes. By my estimate, there were between 50 and 60 people there. We checked the house and found it in extremely bad condition because of the destruction caused by the soldiers during the invasion of the camp. The house needs thorough cleaning and restoration.

We spent about half an hour in the house, took some basic items, and headed back to Jenin, walking toward the dirt mound at the eastern entrance to the Jenin refugee camp, about 50 meters from Jenin Governmental Hospital.

When we reached the dirt mound, two jeeps suddenly sped over from inside the camp. They stopped about 100 meters away from us, and the soldiers got out. The people, who were just coming back from the

camp after checking on their homes, got scared and started running towards the other side of the mound, and then the soldiers started shooting at them.

We tried to cross the dirt mound too, but before we managed to, I saw my son Islam fall after a bullet hit him. Several civilians carried him in their arms and took him to the emergency room at the nearby hospital, but my son had already died from the severe injury, and the doctors in the emergency room could only pronounce him dead.

My son, Islam, was a good and gentle child. He loved his three sisters and always took care of them. He used to play with them and help them, and he was a diligent student.

Islam loved animals, especially cats. He used to care for the cats at home, bring them food and look after them regularly.

Muhammad Bahajat Muhammad al-Halaq, 9

a-Rihiya, Hebron District, 16 October 2025



On Thursday, 16 October 2025, two military jeeps entered the village of a-Rihiya, south of the city of Hebron, from the direction of the village of Qalqas to its north. The jeeps stopped next to the girls' high school in the center of the village, where a group of children, teens and young men were playing soccer in the schoolyard.

As soldiers who enter the village often fire tear gas canisters and even shots at the yard, the children and youths quickly ran west and hid among houses. Some teens apparently threw several stones at the armored jeeps passing on the street. The first jeep kept driving but the second one stopped, and the teens fled.

Four soldiers got out of the jeep, and two of them fired in the direction the children had fled. One fired tear gas canisters and the other live shots. One of the bullets hit Muhammad Bahajat al-Halaq, 9, who had fled the yard and climbed up to a spot about 150 meters away

from the soldiers, overlooking the street where they were, in the pelvis. After the shot he took a few steps and then collapsed to the ground, bleeding.

After shooting Muhammad, the soldiers fired several tear gas canisters at him, and then fired at a young man who tried to reach him. The youth eventually managed to reach Muhammad and pick him up. He carried him about 30 meters away and from there, Muhammad was taken by car to al-Fawwar Refugee Camp, and then in another car to Abu al-Hassan al-Qassem Hospital in the town of Yatta, where doctors attempted unsuccessfully to resuscitate him. He was pronounced dead at around 6:00 P.M.

That evening, Israel said it would launch an investigation into the circumstances of the shooting. The next day, Saturday, 18 October 2025, in the early morning hours, several military jeeps again entered the village, carried out searches around the school and the scene of the shooting, checked security cameras in the area and questioned residents.

A village resident who watched the incident from his rooftop said in a testimony he gave on 18 October 2025:

On 16 October 2025, at around 4:00 P.M., I was sitting on the roof of my house, which is about 200 meters from the school, watching some kids playing soccer in the schoolyard. One of them was nine-year-old Muhammad Bahajat al-Halaq. Just then, Israeli soldiers entered the village in two military jeeps. As soon as they drove in, all the kids ran west from the schoolyard and hid among the houses, because when soldiers raid the village, they usually fire tear gas canisters at that yard.

Four soldiers got out of the jeeps and started firing tear gas canisters at the kids. One of them also fired live shots randomly. The children scattered in the area, and some of them stopped a few dozen meters away from the jeeps to watch. Muhammad was among them. The kids called out to the soldiers, shouted and laughed. One of the soldiers fired at least one shot that hit Muhammad in the left side of his body. Muhammad was standing near his grandfather's house, by the side of the road overlooking the spot where the soldiers were.

I saw Muhammad take a few steps and then fall down. One of the soldiers fired tear gas canisters at him, probably to prevent the young guys from

going over and helping him. I saw the soldier dancing with joy and waving to his friends after he shot Muhammad. Muhammad tried to crawl a bit and then stopped moving. One of the young guys tried to get to him, but the soldier fired two live shots at him. He tried again until he finally managed to reach Muhammad and pick him up. I went down there and saw that the young guy had carried Muhammad about 20 meters away. Muhammad was bleeding badly and unconscious. We put him in the car of someone from the village, and he was taken away.

The doctors pronounced him dead at around six o'clock that evening.

The village resident who took the injured boy to hospital said in a testimony he gave on 19 October 2025:

On Thursday, I set out for a private lesson in al-Fawwar Refugee Camp near a-Rihiya. On the way, I found out the lesson was canceled so I drove back to the village at around 3:00 P.M.

I met a friend and he suggested we go play soccer in the girls' high-school yard. We often go there with other kids and young guys from the village to play. A lot of times, military jeeps come to the village from the direction of the village of Qalqas or from al-Fawwar R.C., and the soldiers hurl stun grenades and fire tear gas canisters at us to force us to leave the yard. That day, we played soccer until around 4:00 P.M., and then we heard that two military jeeps were coming into the village from the direction of Qalqas. We left the yard because we were afraid they'd fire tear gas canisters or hurl stun grenades at us, and moved to the western side of the school.

As soon as they pulled into the village, one of the jeeps stopped next to the southern corner of the school's wall, and the second jeep kept driving about 50 meters before stopping as well. Four soldiers got out of the first jeep and started firing tear gas canisters at us, while one of the soldiers loaded his gun and started firing live ammunition.

I hid behind the fence of a house several dozen meters away, on higher

ground overlooking the school. A group of children was standing close to me, on the road. I saw Muhammad al-Halaq further up the street overlooking the spot where the soldiers were standing. I heard at least one shot, and then Muhammad fell down. He fell on the right side of his body. The soldiers fired a few tear gas canisters at the spot where he fell.

I realized he'd been hit and went towards him. He was a few meters away from me. I tried to drag him away, but the moment I reached him, the soldiers fired several shots at me and I backed away. I decided to try again, and even though they kept shooting at me, I managed to grab Muhammad and lift him up. He was bleeding badly from the center of his body. I ran with him towards a nearby house, about 20-40 meters away, where some people from the village helped me get him into a car. I lay Muhammad down in my lap. He was doing very badly.

The car drove quickly toward al-Fawwar. We thought we were less likely to be held up by soldiers if we went that way. The boy's condition was very serious, with heavy bleeding. In al-Fawwar, we transferred him to another car because the first one didn't have a license, and that car took us to the hospital in the town of Yatta. On the way, Muhammad continued bleeding heavily and was unconscious. We arrived at the hospital after about 40 minutes. The boy was taken into the emergency room, and the doctors tried to resuscitate him and stop the bleeding. They sent us outside. My clothes were covered in blood. We waited there until around 6:00 P.M., when the doctors told us the boy had died of his wounds.

Muhammad's mother, 'Aliyah al-Halaq, 32, a mother of five, spoke on 27 October 2025 about losing her son:

I live in the a-Rihiya area, south of Hebron, with my husband Bahajat al-Halaq, 38, and our children: Mays, 14, Wajdi, 12, Sila, 6, and Elias, 4.

My son Muhammad was only nine years old.

Muhammad loved soccer very much. He was very attached to his little brother, Elias, and loved him especially. He would set aside some of his

pocket money to buy Elias sweets. Muhammad was in fourth grade at the al-Faruq School in the village of a-Rihiya near us, and he was one of the top students in his class. He dreamed of becoming a doctor, and when he played with his siblings, he always asked them to call him Doctor Muhammad. But that dream will never come true, after an Israeli soldier shot him and killed him.

On 16 October 2025, at around midday, after school, Muhammad came home with a new schoolbag the school gave him on behalf of UNRWA. He was so happy he was almost floating with excitement, and he told me how pleased he was with the bag. He only regretted that they didn't give one to his brother Wajdi as well.

We are a very poor family. We have no source of income except the meager wage my husband earns as a laborer in a supermarket in Ramallah, so we couldn't buy new clothes or schoolbags for the children this year.

Muhammad put the bag in the closet in his room and was excited to take it with him to school on Sunday. He opened his notebook and showed me the high grades he had received. He told me about his day at school and how he had shared the slice of pizza I gave him in the morning with his friends. Then he went to the children's room and changed.

I made him lunch. He ate a little and quickly got up. I called him back to keep eating, but he said he was full and wanted to check the bird net he had set up with his friends. Ten minutes later, he came back very happy and said he'd caught a bird. Just then, Wajdi came in with a sack of olives he got from his grandfather, and Muhammad asked to help me sort the olives. He started sorting them and managed about half, and then said he was tired and wanted to go to his grandfather's house. He went out, but later I found out that he ran into friends on the way and went with them to play soccer at the girls' school in the village.

I went shopping in Yatta with my father. While we were at the mall, I suddenly felt tightness in my chest. I panicked and started worrying. I felt something terrible was going to happen. At around 5:15 P.M., my

father's phone rang. I took it from his hand and said, "I feel this call is for me." I answered, and before I could speak, I heard my uncle asking, "What's happening there? Who was hurt?" I asked in a trembling voice, "Was one of my kids hurt?" He answered, "Don't worry, it wasn't one of your kids," and quickly hung up.

I started shaking and crying and told my father that I felt one of my children was hurt. He tried to calm me down, but I told him I knew something bad had happened.

We took a taxi home. I asked the driver to open one of the local WhatsApp groups, and then I saw a short video showing young men carrying Muhammad, covered in blood. I screamed, "They killed Muhammad!" My father tried to calm me and called people who told him Muhammad was only lightly injured.

The taxi took us straight to Abu al-Qassem Hospital in Yatta, and there I saw Muhammad in the ER and the doctors trying to resuscitate him. I tried to go into the room and shouted that I wanted to see him, but the doctors wouldn't let me. After about ten minutes, one of the doctors came out and told my relatives that Muhammad's heart was beating again, but that he urgently needed blood transfusions because he'd lost so much blood. At that moment, I collapsed and blacked out.

When I came to, I was hooked up to an IV and an oxygen machine. I saw the doctors coming out of the room and transferring Muhammad to the intensive care unit. I tried to run after them, but they wouldn't let me in the elevator, so I ran up the stairs, crying and out of breath, until I got to the waiting room. A lot of people from our family were already there.

Then one of the doctors came out and told us that Muhammad was dead. I felt as if my own heart stopped. I collapsed and fainted again.

When I came to, I found myself in a bed hooked up to an IV again. I sat up in bed and cried. I waited for my husband, who was on his way back from work in Ramallah. After about two and a half hours, my husband's

brother arrived and drove me home. I found the children at home, sobbing, because they'd already heard their brother was dead.

At 9:00 P.M., the young men arrived with Muhammad's body. He looked peaceful and beautiful, as if he was sleeping. My husband walked next to his body, crying his heart out. At 10:00 P.M., they brought Muhammad into the house so his siblings, relatives and friends could say goodbye to him. The house filled with crying and wailing. After that, the young men carried his body on its final journey to the village cemetery. When his body left the house, I collapsed again. An ambulance crew that was there gave me first aid until I recovered.

We can't understand or accept Muhammad's death. We can't accept that we've lost him for good. We put his photo, schoolbag and soccer ball on his bed. Muhammad always walked his sister Sila to school and back. Now she's refusing to go without him and says, "Bring Muhammad back to me and then I'll go." My children refuse to sleep in their room without him.

The occupation stole Muhammad's dreams and stole our lives from us.

Despite our deep poverty, we were a happy family and felt like we lacked nothing. But now, we can't go on living without him. The house is shrouded in sorrow. Around the dinner table, no one touches the food. Every night, my husband goes to Muhammad's bed and cries over him.

Three days before the incident, Muhammad saw that my husband had put a photo of Sila on his phone screen. He was jealous and changed the picture to one of himself.

I go into his room dozens of times a day, lie on his bed, take in his scent and hold his clothes. I try to remember the moments we shared.

On Wednesday, 22 October 2025, some military vehicles arrived at the place where Muhammad was shot, accompanied by Israeli journalists. At first, I thought they were going to conduct a real investigation into the incident, but I lost hope when I heard the soldiers threatening the

residents over loudspeakers, saying Muhammad's name and that they had no regrets over his death and would not hesitate to shoot anyone who threw stones, even such a young child. They threatened to do to us what they did in Gaza and to destroy our village's streets like they did in Jenin and Tulkarm.

Yamen Hamed Yusef Hamed, 15

Silwad, Ramallah District, 30 October 2025



On 30 October 2025, soldiers shot Yamen Hamed, 15, near a dirt mound the military had placed at the southern entrance to the town of Silwad. The circumstances of the incident are unclear, and there were no eyewitnesses. After Hamed was hit, the soldiers prevented an ambulance from reaching him for about 25 to 30 minutes, and then let a paramedic approach on foot only. In a recording from the incident, one of the soldiers can be heard answering the paramedic's question about Hamed's condition with the words: "Praise be to God, dead." Hamed was evacuated to a medical center in Ramallah, where he was pronounced dead shortly after. A physician who examined the body reported gunshot wounds to the chest and shoulder, and two fractures in the neck vertebrae indicating a twisting of the neck. The military claims Hamed was shot after he lit a suspicious object on fire.

'Ahed a-Smeirat, 48, the paramedic who evacuated Yamen Hamed, recounted on 5 November 2025:

On Thursday, 30 October 2025, at 11:00 P.M., posts on social media said someone was wounded near the dirt roadblock at the southern entrance to the town. Seeing this, I got into the ambulance with my son Mandel, also a paramedic and another paramedic named Ahmad Hamed, and we set out there. We arrived in less than two minutes.

When I got to the main road, which leads to the southern entrance and has been blocked by an earth mound since 7 October 2023, I saw someone gesturing for me to come closer. Because it was dark, I thought it was a resident of the town, but when I got to within about 10 meters of him, I saw he was a soldier who was pointing his firearm at me and shouting at me to back away.

I turned the ambulance around and went back towards the road leading to a-Salam School, about 100 to 150 meters from the dirt mound. When I got there, I turned on the loudspeaker system and asked the youths to back away to avoid conflict with the soldiers. I also contacted the Palestinian Civil Coordination and reported that there was a wounded person, but the soldiers were preventing access to him. I was told to wait.

Afterward, I drove forward a little again to check the road, and then the soldiers fired two shots. I don't know whether shots were fired at us or into the air. I backed up again and asked the youths to move their vehicles. After that, I got a call from the Palestinian military coordination office, asking for details and again telling me to wait.

After seven to 10 minutes, I received permission to approach. I drove the ambulance up again, with the coordination representative still on the line. When I got closer, a soldier shouted at me to stop. I told him, over the loudspeaker, that I'd received permission to approach, and he ordered me to stay where I was.

I saw six soldiers standing around something dark on the ground, in the middle of the road. Some of them were shining their phones' lights on it. They wouldn't let me get out of the ambulance. After about six or seven minutes, a soldier came up to me and ordered me to back up.

After backing up about 60 to 70 meters, the soldier called me to get out of the ambulance and approach on foot. I asked him in Hebrew: "Is the boy alive?" and he replied: "Alhamdulillah [Praise be to God in Arabic], he's dead."

I went over to the boy, who was lying on his back in the middle of the road, opposite the dirt mound. He was naked except for his underwear and showed no signs of life.

I examined him and noticed three gunshot wounds: two in the left shoulder and one on the left side, between the chest and the abdomen. I didn't see any exit wounds. I also noticed a superficial cut on the neck, which may have been caused when his clothes were removed.

After that, the two other paramedics got out of the ambulance, and we transferred him onto a stretcher. While we were moving him, I noticed his neck moving in an unnatural way, as if it was unstable. I didn't see any signs that anyone had previously tried to treat him there, such as gloves or bandages.

At around 11:20 P.M., we evacuated him to the hospital in Ramallah, where he was pronounced dead. During the physician examination, we were told that he had suffered an airway obstruction due to two fractures in the neck, in addition to rib fractures and two gunshot wounds, one below the chest and one in the left shoulder.

An orthopedist at the Palestine Medical Complex who examined Yamen Hamed upon his arrival at the hospital, recounted on 30 October 2025:

After the boy Yamen Hamed arrived at the Palestine Medical Complex, he had a CT scan, which showed that he had been struck by two bullets: the first bullet struck the left side, below the heart, and the second hit the left shoulder and passed through it into the lungs, causing a lung hemorrhage.

Together, the two bullets also caused fractures in the rib cage. This injury in itself is severe and fatal. Without treatment or medical intervention within three to five minutes, it will result in the heart and lungs stopping, then bodily functions stop, and finally, death.

In addition to the gunshot wounds, Yamen was found to have suffered a fracture in the neck area, caused by a twisting injury to the neck, which resulted in two fractures in the 4th and 5th cervical vertebrae.

The fact that no exit wounds were found and that the bullets remained inside the body indicates that the shots were likely fired from a relatively long distance.

Jamil Hanani, 17

Beit Furik, Nablus District

Shot on 2 November, died on 3 November 2025



On 2 November 2025, soldiers entered the town of Beit Furik in Nablus District in three jeeps, and youths threw stones at them. A soldier who got out of one of the jeeps threw a stun grenade at the youths, and then turned around and fired at Hanani and his friends, who were standing on the street corner and were not taking part in the stone-throwing. Hanani was wounded in the abdomen and evacuated to the a-Sadaqa clinic across the street, and then soldiers raided the clinic. It was only after the soldiers left, a few minutes later, that Hanani was transferred

to Rafidya Hospital in the city of Nablus, where he died of his wounds the next day.

Hanani's friend recounted on 5 November 2025:

I'm a student at Beit Furik High School. On Sunday, my friend Jamil Hanani, 17, came to visit me. At around 9:35 P.M., we left my house in the western part of town and headed towards his house. When we reached the main road, near the a-Sadaqa clinic, we were surprised to see three military jeeps coming from the town center. We didn't know whether to keep going or stop. We saw stones being thrown at them from the direction of the town center, and we were afraid to go through, so we took shelter between the buildings.

The jeeps stopped about 100 meters away from us. I decided to cross the road to the other side, not realizing, until I got there, that Jamil didn't follow me and stayed standing on the sidewalk opposite. At that moment, a soldier got out of one of the jeeps, threw a stun grenade at the guys who were further down the street, then went around the jeep and stood facing the guys who were near the a-Sadaqa center, and fired. I heard only one shot. The guys ran inside and shouted: "Wounded, wounded." I saw them carrying a guy and taking him into the medical center.

Immediately afterward, a few soldiers went into the medical center and then came out. A few minutes later, I heard the ambulance leaving the center, and the jeeps left town. It was only then that I found out that the wounded person was my friend, Jamil Hanani. He was shot in the abdomen. I wanted to visit him, but I was told his condition was very serious. Later I found out that he died.

Jamil's father, 'Atef Jamil Hanani, 56, a father of four, recounted on 16 March 2026:

On Sunday, 2 November 2025, at around 6:00 P.M., I woke my son Jamil, who was asleep, and told him that his mother and I were going to visit his grandfather. I gave him a prescription and 50 NIS (~ 17.40 USD) to buy me medication at the pharmacy, and we went out.

When we were at my wife's parents' house, at around 9:30 P.M., I saw on social media that the military had entered the town. I called Jamil, but he didn't pick up, and I thought he'd gone back to sleep.

At around 10:00 P.M., I got a call from the clinic in town informing me that my son Jamil had been wounded and taken to the hospital. I immediately went with my wife and relatives to the hospital in Nablus. I don't know how we got there. I will never forget these moments. I looked for him all over the hospital until I was told that he was in the operating room and that he'd been hit by two bullets in the back and was seriously injured in the spine, internal organs and abdomen.

They tried to reassure me and said he would survive, but from the atmosphere outside the operating room, and from the need for many blood units, I realized that his condition was serious. Lots of people came to the hospital, relatives, friends and town residents, and that only made the fear worse. I felt helpless. My son was inside, and I couldn't do anything.

At around 1:00 A.M., the doctor came out and told us they'd managed to stop the bleeding and that he would be transferred to intensive care, but later, his heart stopped, and he didn't make it. I was told it was the third time his heart had stopped. It was the hardest news I've ever received in my life.

Jamil was near the pharmacy on the main street, after he'd bought the medication and was about to cross the road on his way home. I found the medicine in his pocket, and the change, 17 NIS (~ 5.90 USD), and they are very precious to me because they are the last things he touched. I later understood that he was caught by surprise when the military was in the street and that they fired at him for no reason, other than the desire to shed blood. The soldiers didn't do anything and didn't arrest anyone. They just did a short patrol in the town's streets, which ended with the killing of an innocent child, and then left right after. It's as if they go out hunting, only they're hunting human beings. To them, we're nothing.

A few days later, I got a call from the Israeli police. One of them spoke to me in Arabic and said he wanted to know what happened. I said to him: Ask your soldiers why they killed my son. I don't want anything; I only want to know why they killed him. They could have shot at his lower body; they could have arrested him, beaten him; they could have done anything but fire two lethal bullets at him. Why??

The police officer said he wanted to help me. I said to him: Then give me back my son. I don't trust them. They don't use judgment. They follow military orders that allow them to shed blood without taking any responsibility. On the contrary, whoever kills a Palestinian probably receives congratulations and a promotion. My heart is still burning over what they did to my son, and I can't believe he is gone and will never return.

Jamil was a boy who was full of life. He loved soccer and basketball, and he'd rent a field with his friends, and also took part in tournaments in Nablus. He loved cars and dreamed of having a BMW. I named him after my father, Jamil, and he really was a beautiful child [as the meaning of the name in Arabic].

Since he died, our lives have changed. Every time I look at the children's room, I feel that something is missing. Where is Jamil? How was he snatched from us, from his siblings?

My children cry all the time, and when they see their mother crying, they leave the house, especially his brother Muhammad, 16, who was close to him in age, and they were good friends and spent a lot of time together.

In the meantime, the month of Ramadan and 'Eid al-Fitr have passed without him, and that was very hard. Every time I remember Jamil and the way he left us, I lose my mind, and when I see his bed empty while his brothers sleep in their beds, the pain clenches me. We go to visit him at the cemetery almost every day. I can't be far from him, and I feel like my legs take me there without thinking.

They killed him without anyone being held to account. These soldiers don't distinguish between adults and children. To them, we are all targets.

He wasn't even spared the experience of detention. He came with me to work in the Tira area, inside the Green Line, after I couldn't find work in the West Bank for a long time because of the economic crisis that gets worse by the day. I had no choice but to go to Israel to look for work, even without a permit. Jamil said to me: Take me to work with you in the summer; I'll help you instead of sitting at home during summer break. And so he went with me. On the first day we worked, and on the second day, they raided the apartment where we were sleeping and arrested us. Jamil was sent to jail for 25 days, and I was sent for two months. Afterward, he told me that they beat him, and that in the minors' ward in Hadarim Prison, during roll call, they made them lie on the ground and forced them to howl. On the day he was released from prison, they beat

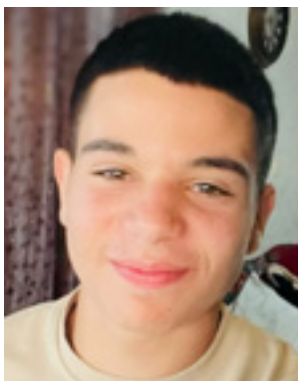
him and pepper-sprayed him. His mother told me that when he came out of detention, he was very thin. He went through this rough experience despite his young age, and criminal soldiers put an end to his short life. They don't want any Palestinians alive. Since Ben Gvir took office four years ago, the situation has become very difficult, and the killing has been increasing for no reason. They kill and then make up excuses for their actions. In the Hebrew media, they said that a "terrorist" had been killed. How can an unarmed child be a terrorist? This is the height of madness and contempt for human life.

I keep asking myself: Why are our children not like the rest of the children in the world? Why do they go through these tough experiences? Why are they forced to go through military checkpoints and be subjected to abuse everywhere, on the roads, in the streets and in the neighborhoods? And even inside their homes, they're not safe. At any moment, a soldier could break down your front door, drag you and your children out of your beds and terrorize you. You don't feel safe anywhere; instead, you're under constant threat, and you feel helpless, unable to protect your children.

Murad Fawzi Yusef Abu Seifein, 15

al-Yamun, Jenin District, 6 November 2025

On 6 November 2025, soldiers raided the town of al-Yamun in Jenin District, and after clashes broke out, they took over rooftops. Murad Abu Seifein, 15, who was masked, was about to



throw an IED at the soldiers when they shot him, and the IED he was holding in his hand exploded. After the shooting and the explosion, the soldiers did not allow anyone to approach Abu Seifein. In video footage posted on social media, residents displayed his blood-soaked head covering, in which four holes can be seen.

Israel is holding his body.

Murad's mother, Shadyah Abu Seifein, 61, a mother of 12,

recounted in a testimony she gave on 26 March 2026:

On 6 November 2025, my son Murad woke up in the morning and went to school, al-Yamun High School, where he was a 10th-grade student. He left our home, in the western neighborhood of al-Yamun, at around 7:30 A.M. and came back at around 1:00 P.M. He didn't have lunch at home because he probably ate something at the school cafeteria.

At around 2:00 P.M., Murad went with his father, Fawzi, to Jenin, where we're building a building, to help him prepare the building materials.

They came home towards the evening. Murad showered and had dinner, then said he was going to see friends and left the house.

At around 10:30 P.M., while my daughter and her husband were visiting, we were following updates on social media. Most people in our area tend to check for updates often because Israeli military raids on the town and on our residential areas are frequent.

We grew anxious when we saw reports that Israeli forces were raiding neighborhoods in the town and that someone had been killed by Israeli soldiers.

The news kept coming, and when I looked closely at the images on my phone, I saw a young man lying wounded on the ground, and I was shocked to see that it was Murad. It was the most shocking and painful moment of my life. He was my youngest son.

Despite his young age, Murad knew his own mind and had a strong personality. When he wanted something, he would get it, confidently and skillfully. Although our financial situation is stable, whenever he wanted something, he would make an effort to buy it himself.

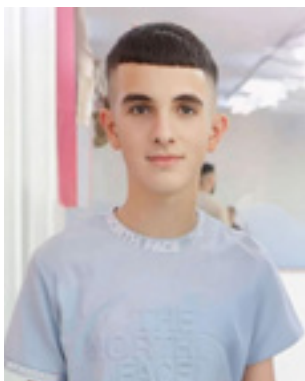
Murad really wanted a horse. He was very determined, and despite my husband's and my fears that he would be hurt while riding, he managed, with the help of his brothers, to buy a young colt and started training and riding it. He really enjoyed the experience.

Murad was kind and always looked after me. If he saw that I was bored or upset about something, he would sit beside me, pat me on the shoulder and make an effort to cheer me up.

What hurts the most is that the Israeli military took Murad's body and has been holding it ever since. It hurts me so much that I couldn't say goodbye to him and hold him, even in death. All I wish for is to be able to receive his body, bury him in our family cemetery, and begin visiting his grave regularly to pray for him and recite Surat al-Fatihah for him.

**Muhammad Atim and Muhammad Qassem, both 16
al-Jdirah, Jerusalem District, shot on 6 November 2025;
their families were notified of their deaths the next day**

On 6 November 2025, at 9:53 P.M., an Israeli military force entered the village of al-



Jdirah through the al-Jib crossing and headed straight for the northern part of the village, near the separation fence. At the same time the force entered, heavy gunfire was heard from the direction of the fence, shot by a military force that was already there. Shortly after the additional force reached the fence, soldiers fired again and wounded two 16-year-old

boys, Muhammad Atim and Muhammad Qassem, both residents of the village. B'Tselem's investigation indicates that the boys went to the site to throw a Molotov cocktail at Route 45, which runs nearby. After the shooting, the soldiers left the area, taking the wounded boys with them.

In the hours after the incident, the military denied, via the Palestinian DCO, that it was holding the boys, but changed its story later that night, saying first that they had been arrested and that one of them had been wounded in the leg, and later that they were both critically wounded. The next day, at around 11:00 A.M., the Palestinian DCO informed the

families that the two teens had died of their wounds.

Their bodies are being held by Israel.

Muhammad Atim's father recounted on 30 March 2026:

I am the father of Muhammad, who was 16 years old when we officially learned of his death from the competent Palestinian authorities, on 7 November 2025. Muhammad dropped out of school after the eighth grade. He didn't like studying and didn't want to continue, and chose instead to come work with me in my woodshop, learn the trade from me and help me. Despite his young age, he acted maturely and liked to take on responsibility.

I paid Muhammad for his work, but in the end, he'd give me most of the money because he wanted to contribute to the family's upkeep and didn't like that only his older brothers were helping out. He liked going to work out at the gym, and he also used to go out every day after work to get together with friends in the village.

On the day he was killed, Muhammad left the house as usual. About an hour before the incident, my wife asked me to call Muhammad and ask him not to come home too late. I called him, and we talked. He told me he was playing with his friends in the center of the village. I didn't know this would be our last conversation, and that the terrible news would follow.

About an hour after that conversation, reports started coming in about heavy gunfire by the occupation forces near the fence. It never crossed my mind that my son, Muhammad, was the victim. But my wife felt something was off and started trying to get in touch with him, and he didn't answer. She told me she was worried, and I also tried calling him, but there was no answer. Later, it turned out that he had forgotten his phone in the place where he was playing with his friend, who was killed with him. There were conflicting reports on social media for hours about the details of the incident near the fence, and there was no reliable information about who was there, what took place there exactly,

and what happened to them.

Later on, the names of the people the occupation forces shot began being posted, and my son Muhammad's name was among them. Pandemonium broke out in the house, and it filled with grief and tension. Muhammad's sisters and his mother started crying over him, even though we didn't know yet if the reports were true. I tried to keep it together in front of my wife and our children, but I knew I could break down at any moment.

The report was confirmed, and the crying at home grew louder. I couldn't hold back my tears anymore in the face of the bitter news.

Muhammad has left us, but in a way, he's still with us. I can still feel his presence at home and in the woodshop. I have so many memories of him. But what's even harder than losing him is the fact that Israel is holding his body and stopping us from saying goodbye to him and burying him. Our situation is similar to that of hundreds of bereaved families whose sons' bodies are being held by the occupation authorities.

Muhammad Qassem's father recounted on 30 March 2026:

I am the father of Muhammad, who was 16 years old when he died. He was a high-school student in the literature program, and he'd never been arrested or injured before he was killed. Muhammad loved soccer and regularly followed everything that was happening in the world of soccer. He was very sociable, and he would always go out to meet up with his friends in the village after finishing his school assignments.

Muhammad also helped my wife and me a great deal. Because I work inside the 1948 territory (Israel), he always helped his mother around the house. He'd also always pick me up in the car from the al-Jib crossing when I came back from work. He always helped in any way he could, but it was decreed that he would be killed with his friend near the separation fence. The occupation army claimed that they tried to throw a Molotov cocktail at the nearby main road.

Apart from the intense pain over Muhammad's death, it pains me great-

ly that the occupation authorities have been holding his body ever since he was killed. It wasn't enough for them to kill him and his friend and to spread a narrative that serves their interests, but they also decided to prevent us from saying goodbye to him and burying him according to custom. This is in addition to the pain they caused us by constantly changing their story: On the night of the incident, they said at one point that he was under arrest and then that he was wounded, and only later did they inform the official Palestinian authorities that he and his friend were killed by army gunfire. To this day, his mother doesn't believe that he is dead. She says: "As long as I haven't received his body and smelled him, I won't believe their story."

It's hard to lose a son. I always dreamed that he would grow up and get married like other young men, and that we would have the privilege to see him bring children into the world. But the occupation forces' gunfire took him from us in a single moment. We're trying to cope and show one another that we're strong, but sometimes I find myself at a loss in the face of his memories that fill the house.

**Bilal Bahaa 'Ali Ba'ran and Muhammad Abu 'Ayash, both 15
Beit Ummar, Hebron District, 13 November 2025**

On 13 November 2025, soldiers lying in ambush shot and killed Bilal Ba'ran and Muhammad



Abu 'Ayash in agricultural land in the southern part of the town, where the two were working. According to the military, the two were shot while holding Molotov cocktails, and in a photo it published, Ba'ran's body is seen masked, with a Molotov cocktail next to it. In another photo, Abu 'Ayash's body is seen with a soldier standing next to it. In a video circulated

on social media, one of the two teens is seen running in a field, and then gunfire is heard.

Israel is holding their bodies.

Jadallah Jihad Jadallah, 14

al-Far'ah R.C., Tubas District, 16 November 2025



On 16 November 2025, soldiers who raided al-Far'ah R.C. shot Jadallah Jihad Jadallah as he was walking home with two of his friends, also teens, after they heard the camp had been raided. One of the friends was injured by fragments. Jadallah's parents and siblings saw him wounded on the ground, but when his mother tried to approach him, the soldiers drove her away and fired in the air. The soldiers prevented his evacuation for about 40 minutes and did not provide him with medical treatment. In video footage posted on social media, the wounded Jadallah is seen writhing on the ground as soldiers standing next to him ignore him. In another recording, one of the soldiers touches him but does not appear to be providing him with medical treatment. According to the military, Jadallah tried to hurt soldiers operating in the camp. About four hours after the shooting, the Palestinian DCO informed the family that Jadallah had died of his wounds.

Israel is holding his body.

Jihad Jadallah, Jadallah's father, 42, a father of eight, recounted in a testimony he gave on 23 November 2025:

I am a refugee from the 1948 territories, and I live with my family in a modest house in a crowded camp where hundreds of families live in difficult conditions, and most people struggle to make a living.

In recent months, army raids on the camp have increased, and there's a raid or some kind of military activity almost every week. Every time it happens, people get wounded or die. Because of the overcrowding and the narrow alleyways, it's not always possible to see the forces.

On the morning of 16 November 2025, the kids were at school, and my wife and I were at home. At around 2:00 P.M., the kids came back from school, and we had lunch together. My son Jadallah also came home, but he said he'd already eaten and wasn't hungry.

Later in the day, we went about our usual routine at home. Jadallah said he wanted to go to the club where he used to play billiards and other games with his friends. The club is about 300-400 meters from the house, at the end of the road leading out of the center of the camp.

Jadallah left for the club at around 3:00 P.M. Afterwards, we learned from social media that there was military activity in the camp and that soldiers were deployed in the area. Suddenly, we heard several gunshots. My wife was frightened and immediately said that Jadallah had been hurt. She had a strong gut feeling. I tried to reassure her and told her that nothing had happened.

I rushed up to the second floor, where there's a window overlooking the entrance to the alley across from the club. My wife came up after me, and then we saw our son, we recognized his clothes, lying on the ground, moving and writhing, with many soldiers around him.

We all went into shock. The kids also came and saw their brother lying on the ground, surrounded by soldiers. None of us could do anything or get close. The army prevented the ambulance from reaching him from both sides of the camp and didn't give him medical treatment.

My wife tried to go there and get close to him, but the soldiers ordered her to go back and fired in the air. My son was left lying there wounded for about an hour, writhing in pain. He could have been treated during that time.

Then the soldiers brought a mat, put him on it and took him away in a jeep.

We waited to hear something, and time barely moved. After a few hours, we were informed via the coordination office that our son had been killed. I don't know what his condition was when the soldiers took him. They shot him, many soldiers, armed, and didn't let anyone go up to him and treat him.

They killed my son in cold blood. I don't know why they shot him. They were right next to him and could have grabbed him with their hands in-

stead of shooting him for no reason. There were no clashes in the area, and my son did nothing.

We're just ordinary people, living our lives, and we have no trouble with anyone.

My son was a schoolboy, a helpless child. They killed him and took him away, and I don't even know for sure that he's really dead. I want to see my son; I want them to return his body to me.

Sami Ibrahim Sami Mashayekh, 15

Kafr 'Aqab, East Jerusalem, 20-21 November 2025



On the night between 20 and 21 November 2025, around midnight, two Israeli Border Police vehicles carrying about 12 Special Patrol Unit officers raided the Kafr 'Aqab neighborhood in East Jerusalem. The vehicles stopped on the Ramallah-Jerusalem road, next to the commercial center by the Sikal junction. Some of the officers were masked and, according to eyewitnesses, their rifles were fitted with silencers.

The officers blocked lanes on the Ramallah-Jerusalem road and delayed traffic. Residents began to gather at the site, and the officers threw stun grenades and fired tear gas canisters at the junction. About 25 Palestinian teens and young men gathered at a nearby gas station, and at some point, some of them began throwing stones at the Israeli forces from about 100 meters away.

Some of the officers invaded a commercial building overlooking the junction and went up to the third floor, which is under construction. In a video captured by a neighborhood resident, an officer is seen lying on the floor in a sniper's position.

Among the young men who gathered near the gas station were 'Amru Marbu', 18, from Um a-Sharayet, and two friends of his, J., and A. The three arrived at the spot after hearing about the raid. Marbu' and J. took part in the stone-throwing. At some point, Marbu' and J. crossed the road and hid behind a coffee stand, where they met Sami Mashayekh, 15, a resident of Kafr 'Aqab whom they did not know. The three hid behind the stand and threw stones at five

or six officers who came towards them and stopped about 50-60 meters from the stand.

Soon after, J. was hit in the hand by live fire without hearing the shots, and ran into a nearby alley. From there, he saw Mashayekh, who was also shot, leaning on a car and then falling to the ground. Marbu' fled in the direction of Ramallah, and then he too was shot. He fell about 30 meters away from the stand and from the officers. In both cases, none of the witnesses B'Tselem spoke to saw the officers in the street firing shots, nor did they hear the shots.

After Marbu' fell, the officers aimed their weapons and laser lights at residents who tried to evacuate him. Several minutes went by before a paramedic arrived and managed to drag him into a private car, which drove him away from the scene. From the car, he was transferred to an ambulance along the way and taken to a hospital in Ramallah, where he was pronounced dead about 40 minutes later.

Mashayekh was taken by residents to a clinic in Kafr 'Aqab. From there, he was taken by ambulance to a hospital in Ramallah, where he was pronounced dead shortly after arrival.

After the shooting of the youths, the forces remained at the scene for several minutes. At around 12:30 A.M., they left the area via Airport Road in the direction of Qalandia Checkpoint.

A police statement published in [Haaretz](#) said that "Border Police forces operated during the night against hostile elements who tried to harm the forces and disturb public order," adding that, "during the operation, a violent disturbance broke out with dozens of suspects participating. It included massive stone-throwing and firing of flares at the forces. Additionally, heavy fire was heard in the vicinity, the source of which has not been identified [...] the fighters fired at four suspects who posed a real danger to the troops. The suspects were evacuated for medical treatment by medical personnel."

However, B'Tselem's investigation found that special police forces entered Kafr 'Aqab in an operation designed to create "friction" with young men and teens in order to harm them. Some officers took up positions in advance on the third floor of a commercial center, while others went out to the middle of the road to bait the youths into throwing stones, orchestrating a situation that would supposedly justify the use of force. They then fired at the youths, aiming at their upper bodies. This is yet another implementation of Israel's unlawful open-fire policy in the West Bank, which took the lives of two youths.

Marbu's friend J. recounted:

I was friends with 'Amru Marbu' and A., and we usually met up in the evening and hung out in the Um a-Sharayet area. On Thursday, 20 November 2025, at around 11:30 P.M., we were in the area when we learned through social media that an occupation army force was nearby and on its way to the town of Kafr 'Aqab.

The three of us drove in A.'s car to the Kafr 'Aqab area. I sat in the back seat, A. was driving and 'Amru sat next to him. At around 11:50, we approached the Sikal junction and saw two vehicles of the occupation forces on the lane leading to Qalandia Checkpoint. A. was driving in the same lane and when we passed the vehicles, we saw several officers standing next to the vehicles. Another group of officers was by the entrance to the building next to which the vehicles had stopped.

We kept driving and when we reached a-Shani supermarket, we turned around and drove back in the opposite lane, which leads to Ramallah. After that, we drove towards the Sikal junction (the airport road), where we stopped the car and got out.

We walked toward the Sikal junction on foot and stopped near the gas station, because some teens and young men were gathered there. We stood there and watched to see what the officers would do. At some point, we saw several officers in the middle of the Ramallah-Jerusalem main road. Then, I think at around 12:10 A.M., some of the young men next to us started throwing stones at the officers, even though they were far away.

'Amru was one of the young men who threw stones at the officers. Because he's a close friend of mine and I didn't want to leave him, at some point I joined in and threw stones too. When we saw the officers getting closer and closer to us, we both moved to the middle of the road, closer to the lane leading to the city of Ramallah, and hid behind a coffee stand. Our friend A. stayed at the Sikal junction (the airport road).

'Amru and I kept throwing stones at the officers from behind the stand. They were standing about 50-60 meters away from us. Behind the same

stand was a tall guy I didn't know.

At some point, I raised my right hand to throw a stone and felt a very strong blow to the hand. When I lowered it, I saw it was bleeding, but I never heard a shot. 'Amru immediately ran towards the road leading to the city of Ramallah, away from the officers, and I decided to run towards the street leading to a-Sghayer neighborhood.

Just then, I saw the guy who was with us behind the stand get hit in the chest. He tried to lean against car that was parked there, but the car immediately drove off. On the way to the street leading to a-Sghayer neighborhood, I looked back and saw this guy falling down, with blood flowing under his body. I didn't go over to him because I feared for my life. I was also worried about 'Amru, because I couldn't see him and didn't know what happened to him.

I came across a guy who drove me in his car to the Palestine Medical Complex. When we got there, they told me 'Amru had been shot by a bullet to the chest and was in critical condition. The doctors treated my injury and told me I needed surgery. Later, they told me that the little finger on my right hand was hit by two bullets that shattered the bones. In the meantime, I found out 'Amru had died. I refused to go into surgery so I could attend his funeral.

The funeral was held that same day, Friday, 21 November 2025, after noon prayers. After that, I went back to the hospital for surgery.

Later, I heard that the guy standing next to us behind the coffee stand was called Sami Mashayekh. Afterwards, I found out he was also killed by a bullet to his chest.

The third friend, A., recounted in his testimony on 25 November 2025:

When my two friends, J. and 'Amru, ran away from their spot behind the stand, I saw J. running towards the street leading to a-Sghayer neighborhood and 'Amru running towards the main road leading from Kafr 'Aqab to the city of Ramallah. 'Amru turned around and looked back

to where the officers were, and right then fell to the ground, outside a bakery. I quickly ran toward the airport road, because the officers on the main road started coming closer to the gas station, where I was standing with the group of young men.

I got to my car, which I'd left by the airport road, and drove to the Palestine Medical Complex. I got there in less than five minutes, because it was late and there was barely any traffic on the roads. When I arrived, I found out that 'Amru had already been brought there. I saw the doctors trying to resuscitate him, but they didn't succeed. Half an hour after he was brought to the hospital, they pronounced him dead. I found out there that he'd been killed by a bullet to the chest.

**N.M., who works at a nearby business,
recounted in his testimony on 23 November 2025:**

On Thursday, 20 November 2025, at around 11:30 P.M., I was at work in a local business when suddenly, two military vehicles drove up from the direction of Qalandia Checkpoint and stopped out front. They were larger than regular jeeps, and about 10 to 12 Border Police officers got out. Some of them were masked. They had small flashlights on their helmets, and their rifles had a cylindrical device at the front of the barrel, which I think was a silencer.

The officers stood for a few minutes out front, and then one of them came over to us. His face wasn't covered and he had glasses. He us whether the commercial center had another entrance other than the one close to my workplace. The other officers stayed outside, pointing their guns at me and the other workers. The laser beams from the lights on their guns shone on us.

We said there was no other entrance, and then I saw some officers go into the commercial center. Right after the officer who spoke to me left, we started closing the glass doors to avoid any more contact with them. Some of the officers stood at the entrance to the center and started throwing stun grenades and tear gas towards the Sikal junction.

Through the windows, I saw the officers going towards the staircase that leads to the upper floors of the center. But then the officers noticed us and turned their guns on us, and the officer with the glasses ordered us to close the window. At that point, some of the officers were standing in the corridor leading to the staircase. After we closed the windows, we moved away from them, and I started following what was happening on social media.

About half an hour after the officers stormed into the building, reports started circulating on social media about injured people in the Sikkal junction area. The strange thing is that during those 30 minutes, I didn't hear a single live shot. I understood those must really have been silencers fitted on their rifles, as I first thought.

T.T., who also witnessed the events, recounted in his testimony on 23 November 2025:

I saw two military vehicles standing in the lane leading toward Qalandia Checkpoint on the Jerusalem-Ramallah road, and also several officers standing on a floor of the commercial center that's still under construction and overlooks the road. Some young men started throwing stones at officers who were standing on the main road. I saw young men approaching with stones in their hands, but the shop owners pushed them back, because they were afraid shooting would damage their businesses. Surprisingly, the officers didn't respond to the stone-throwing but instead, aimed their rifles at cars driving along the road. Later they also stopped vehicles from passing through the spot.

The young men threw stones at the officers who were by the military vehicles, and then went back toward the Abu a-Rish gas station. Just then, I saw five or six officers advancing on foot from the direction of the military vehicles, which were at the entrance to the commercial center they'd stormed. When they were already 30-35 meters from me, I realized they must be special forces: they had silencers on the barrels of their rifles, and their helmets had flashlights and cameras on them. I went into a nearby restaurant, closed the glass door and kept watching through the glass.

The officers crossed over to the lane opposite the one with the military vehicles and went toward the building across from the commercial center where the snipers were. At the same time, young men went to the Sikal coffee stand, hid behind it and began throwing stones at them. Again, the officers didn't respond and I didn't hear any gunfire. Suddenly, I saw young men running in all directions, and one of them was walking in a strange way. I told the young men who work at the restaurant that it looked like he was injured, even though I hadn't heard any shots. I saw him fall face down, with blood flowing under him. I told the people around me that he must have been shot by a sniper, because the stand hid the young men from the officers on the street but not from the snipers positioned higher up.

This happened at 12:20 A.M.

I shouted loudly several times: "He's dead!" A large garbage truck drove past and we called to the driver to stop, so we could use the truck as cover to go get the injured man. I saw a laser beam pointed at the driver, and he kept driving.

I wrote on the WhatsApp group that someone was injured and needed an ambulance. A few minutes later, several young men arrived, but they quickly ran away. I didn't hear any shots. By then, the officers on the road were only a few dozen meters away from the injured guy.

At 12:28 A.M., a young guy came in an orange emergency vest and started dragging the injured guy away. He managed to drag him a few meters, and then a car with several young men in it stopped next to them. They picked up the injured man and put him in the car, which immediately drove off.

After the injured guy was evacuated, the officers went to the spot where he had fallen, stayed there for a few minutes, and then continued on foot to the Sikal junction. They stood next to a drinks stand until two vehicles arrived and picked them up, and they drove off via the airport road.

An employee at the Abu a-Rish gas station recounted in his testimony:

The gas station is at an intersection at the Sikal roundabout, which connects the airport road to the Ramallah-Jerusalem road and to al-Barquq Street, which leads to a-Sghayer neighborhood. The station itself is on the lane leading to Qalandia Checkpoint and the city of Jerusalem, on the western side of the Ramallah-Jerusalem road.

On Thursday, 20 November 2025, at around 11:30 P.M., while I was working at the station, I found out from social media groups that an occupation army force was in the Um a-Sharayet area north of Kafr 'Aqab. Later I found out that the force, which included two vehicles, was heading toward the Kafr 'Aqab neighborhood. A few minutes later, I saw the two vehicles driving along the airport road toward the Ramallah-Jerusalem main road.

They continued toward the lane that leads to Qalandia Checkpoint, and stopped about 100 meters from the gas station, so their front was facing the checkpoint. They were larger than regular military vehicles.

After they stopped, people started reporting on social media that police were raiding the a-Zahraa commercial center. They also reported that snipers were in position on the third floor of the center, which is under construction, that officers were in position on the Ramallah-Jerusalem road, and that the military was blocking traffic in both directions. In the meantime, about 20 to 25 teens and young guys gathered around the Sikal roundabout. They looked between 15 and 22 years old. Some of them started throwing stones, and the force immediately responded by firing tear gas canisters and hurling stun grenades.

I asked the teens and young men to move away so they wouldn't get hurt. I was also afraid the shooting would damage something in the gas station. I started closing the gates to the station, because I'm a former prisoner and I was afraid of being injured or arrested. After that, I left and went home.

When I got home, there were already reports on social media of two people seriously injured in near the Sikal roundabout. After half an hour or

less, I heard that two young guys, 'Amru Marbu' and Sami Mashayekh, had died of their wounds, and that six or seven other people had been injured in the same area.

Sami's father, Ibrahim Mashayekh,
said in a testimony he gave on **30 March 2026:**

I am the father of seven children, including my son Sami, 16, who was killed on 21 November 2025.

Sami was our eldest son, which gave him a somewhat special place in the family. He was in 10th grade and was eagerly looking forward to getting his driver's license because he was very interested in vehicles and motorcycles. His mother and I had promised him that we would pay for his driving lessons as soon as he finished school.

What stood out most about Sami was how sociable he was and how much people loved him. On the day of his funeral, I was amazed by the number of boys his age who took part in the funeral procession. That brought me some comfort while I was still in shock over losing him. To this day, neither his mother nor I have been able to come to terms with the fact that Sami has left us and will never return.

The last time he spoke to us, he told us he was going out on his bicycle to meet his friends. But instead of coming home, we received news that he had been injured, and later learned that he had died.

It is very hard to overcome this tragedy. As I said, Sami was our first child, whose birth we celebrated with such joy, and he brought us tremendous happiness. But despite all the pain, our struggle is no different from that of other parents who have lost their children because of this occupation. All we can say is: "To God we belong and to Him we shall return."

Neither Sami's mother nor I are capable of describing the pain of receiving the bitter news of his death. It is beyond our strength. And despite all the resilience we show outwardly in front of other people, there are naturally moments when we surrender to our emotions and our grief.

Muhannad Tareq Muhammad Zghayyir, 17

Hebron, 2 December 2025



On 2 December 2025, soldiers shot and killed Muhannad Zghayyir while he was driving a car, during an operation to arrest him. According to the military, several hours earlier, Zghayyir had run over a soldier at a checkpoint in western Hebron. The media reported that she was lightly injured. The military also said that Zghayyir was wounded by soldiers' gunfire, fled the scene, and posed a threat to the soldiers while driving.

Ahmad Khalil Ahmad Rajabi, 17

Hebron, 6 December 2025



On Saturday evening, 6 December 2025, eight soldiers advanced along Be'er Sheva Street in Hebron, stopping vehicles and searching shops in the area. The soldiers confiscated the keys of at least two of the vehicles they stopped and left the drivers sitting inside them. At around 9:00 P.M., when the soldiers reached the intersection leading to Wadi a-Tuffah Street and Bab a-Zawiya, a car passed on the street. Its driver, Ahmad Rajabi, 17, came from Wadi a-Tuffah Street and turned onto Be'er Sheva Street, on his way from his home in the Jabal a-Sharif area to visit a friend at al-Ahli Hospital in Hebron. The car belonged to relatives of his who are residents of East Jerusalem and had yellow (Israeli) license plates.

After Rajabi passed the soldiers and drove a few meters further, they shouted at him to stop. With a concrete barrier between his car and the soldiers, Rajabi backed up slowly. At that point, for no apparent reason, one of the soldiers fired several shots in the air, and then another soldier ran toward the car with his rifle aimed at Rajabi and tried to open the car door. Rajabi, who was apparently frightened by the gunfire and by the soldier charging at him, continued backing up, and hit the soldier who was trying to open the door. Immediately afterward, seven soldiers fired a barrage at the car. As a result of this

indiscriminate gunfire, Ziad Abu Dawood, 53, a sanitation worker employed by the Hebron Municipality who was there as part of his job, was also fatally hit. Rajabi stopped, tried to drive toward Wadi a-Tuffah Street, advanced a few meters, and then his car stopped.

The barrage of gunfire lasted about 32 seconds. Then, the soldiers removed Rajabi's body from the car, loaded it and Abu Dawood's body onto a military vehicle and drove away. Abu Dawood's body was later handed over to his family, whereas Rajabi's body is being held by the military, along with the car he was driving. After the incident, soldiers raided businesses near the scene, broke doors and confiscated all the security camera recording devices in the area. The footage presented here was saved thanks to one of the business owners, who managed to save a copy before the equipment was confiscated.

After the incident, the military posted the following statement on its X account: "A short while ago, two terrorists sped in their car toward Paratroopers Brigade troops on an operational mission at the Shoter checkpoint, in the Judea Brigade. The troops opened fire at the terrorists and killed them."

However, as is often the case when the military claims it "killed terrorists," this was an unjustified killing of ordinary civilians, who fell victim to the military's reckless open-fire policy. Given the systemic, institutional failure to prosecute those responsible for killing Palestinians, the deaths of Ahmad Rajabi and Ziad Abu Dawood will, no doubt, also be brushed aside, and those responsible will not be held to account for their actions.

An eyewitness said in a testimony he gave on 9 December 2025:

On Saturday, 6 December 2025, at around 8:00 P.M., there were occupation soldiers around. They came from the western side of Be'er Sheva Street, mainly from the back entrance of the "Hebron Center" complex, walked around the street, stopped several vehicles, inspected them, and kept the keys.

The soldiers continued moving until they reached the area that connects Be'er Sheva Street, Wadi a-Tuffah Street and Old a-Shalala Street, where there's a large traffic island that leads to the main road that goes to Checkpoint 56 and to the closed-off a-Shuhada Street. In this area, about eight soldiers started searching shops. I was opposite them and watched what was happening.

At the same time, the soldiers stopped two cars, about 10 meters away from me, and took both drivers' car keys. The soldiers' behavior was very aggressive.

At around 9:00 P.M., a white Toyota Corolla with yellow license plates turned up, apparently from Old Wadi a-Tuffah Street. The car turned right onto the street that leads to Be'er Sheva Street, which is the main exit route from the city center.

The soldiers shouted at the driver to stop, and the car stopped about five meters away from the shop I was in. The driver shifted into reverse and backed up a few meters, until the car stopped near where the soldiers were standing. A concrete barrier that the municipality had placed about a week earlier, in order to regulate traffic on Be'er Sheva Street, separated the car from the soldiers.

The soldiers aimed their guns at the driver and shouted at him in Hebrew. After a few seconds, one of the soldiers fired, apparently into the air, and then another soldier approached the driver, shouting. The driver backed up again, and then the soldiers fired a barrage at the car. I was afraid and stayed sitting inside the shop, while the soldiers quickly advanced toward the car.

Afterwards, the soldiers started searching shops on Be'er Sheva Street and confiscated all the recording devices of the security cameras installed in the shops and in the street. I managed to go home only around midnight, after the soldiers let people pass along the street.

Another eyewitness said in a testimony he gave on 9 December 2025:

On Saturday, 6 December 2025, at around 8:00 P.M., I was sitting on concrete steps, browsing news sites on my phone. I saw several soldiers about 10 meters away from me, in an area near the intersection that leads to Be'er Sheva Street and Wadi a-Tuffah Street, close to the Zahada shops.

Two other soldiers were standing on Be'er Sheva Street, about 20 meters west of where I was sitting. The soldiers stopped two cars, one in the right lane and one in the left, took the keys from the drivers and left them waiting in their cars. Soldiers come to this area almost every week, especially since the war in Gaza. The street is also frequently closed because settlers pass through on their way to what they call "Otniel Tomb," which is on Be'er Sheva Street, about 300 meters west of where I was sitting.

At around 9:00 P.M., while I was still sitting on the steps, a white car with yellow license plates passed by. It came from Old Wadi a-Tuffah Street and turned right toward Be'er Sheva Street, in the lane that leads out of the city. At that moment, I heard the soldiers shouting at the driver to stop. He slowed down but did not come to a complete stop, and then backed up toward the soldiers. Between the car and the soldiers, there were concrete barriers, about 80 centimeters high, that the municipality had placed about a week earlier to separate the lanes.

A few seconds later, I heard gunfire, and then more frequent gunfire, accompanied by the soldiers' shouting. The car continued moving backwards toward the center of the road that connects Be'er Sheva Street and Wadi a-Tuffah Street, about 15 meters from the place where it had first stopped, and then it moved forward a few meters.

There were several sanitation workers in the area, who started shouting and backing away from the area, and it seemed that one of them was hurt. He fell on one of the concrete divider blocks that separate the two traffic lanes, in the area at the start of Old Wadi a-Tuffah Street, which leads to the Bab a-Zawiya area.

Several armed soldiers advanced toward the car, and because of the tension and panic in the area, I feared for my safety and left.

Muhammad Iyad 'Abahrah, 17

Silat al-Harithiya, Jenin District, 13 December 2025



On 13 December 2025, soldiers raided the town of al-Yamun and clashes broke out. After Muhammad 'Abahrah, 17, threw an IED at soldiers in the street and tried to flee, soldiers who had taken over a nearby house shot him. The soldiers then dragged his body to the entrance of the house and prevented a Palestinian ambulance crew from approaching him. His body was loaded onto a military vehicle after about ten minutes. 'Abahreh was an Islamic Jihad military wing operative. Israel is holding his body.

Muhammad's mother, 'Ayidah 'Abahrah, 41, a mother of five, recounted in a testimony she gave on 26 March 2026:

My son, Muhammad, whom I used to call by the nickname Hammoudeh, was my eldest. He was born three years after my husband Iyad and I were married.

Muhammad was a diligent student, and Iyad and I eagerly waited for him to finish high school and receive his matriculation certificate so we could provide him with an academic education. But fate intervened. The Israeli military killed him before he had a chance to complete his secondary schooling.

Muhammad was killed on Saturday, 13 December 2025. I still remember that the day before, he asked me to help him understand a text about the life of the Russian writer Dostoevsky. It was part of the Arabic language curriculum. Muhammad was interested in this text, which talks about people who discussed ideas that were critical of the regime, but the oppressive government and its officials arrested the protesters when they learned of their attempted coup. Dostoevsky, who was one of them, was sentenced to death. But on the day the execution was supposed to be carried out, when he was on the gallows, the death sentence was canceled and commuted to four years of hard labor.

I still remember my son's reactions to this text and how deeply absorbed and focused he was in it. I felt that his interest in the story was very deep as I explained it to him. Since my field is social studies, I was able to simplify the narrative for him. The story is about a man who, after four years of hard labor, decided, during his imprisonment, to change his life and write a memoir.

Muhammad said to me: "Mother, after you explained the story to me, I began to understand its meaning: 'He was born, lived and died,' or, actually: 'He was born, lived and didn't die.'" I asked him: "Which of the two life stories do you prefer?" and he replied that he chose the second option: he was born, lived and didn't die. Because there are people in society who can do good deeds for others and leave a legacy that benefits future generations. And whoever defends his land and homeland leaves behind a beautiful legacy.

On the day he was killed, Muhammad woke up in the morning and ate breakfast with his brothers and sister. He had just started his final year of high school, so he stayed home all day studying.

During the day, I visited my sister, who'd just had a baby, in a village called Muthalath a-Shuhada. While I was at her house, my sister's children and I spoke with my son Muhammad on a WhatsApp video call to see how he was doing. He was eating his favorite food: olive oil, za'atar and labaneh. He'd always ask me to make him a plate like that.

Afterward, I went back home to al-Yamun to take care of the house and the children, and to help them with their homework in preparation for school the next day, Sunday.

At around 8:30 P.M., Muhammad told me that he'd finished studying and doing his homework and that he wanted to go out to meet his friends in the neighborhood. This was normal. We were used to him going out to meet his friends, spending some time with them and then coming home.

At around 9:30 P.M., I prepared dinner for the family. Muhammad was

still out with his friends, so I called and sent him WhatsApp messages inviting him to join us for the meal, but he didn't answer. It wasn't clear whether he even saw my WhatsApp messages.

I started to worry. I sent messages to our extended family, my brothers and sisters, and my husband's brothers and sisters, asking whether Muhammad had visited any of them. At that time, there was no military presence in al-Yamun, and it didn't occur to us that Muhammad might have gone to the neighboring town of Silat al-Harithiya.

But Muhammad didn't answer the calls or messages, and I started having doubts and feeling anxious, the natural fear that every mother has. My husband and I went out and started walking around the neighborhood to find out what was going on and to look for Muhammad. We ran into someone and asked him what was happening in the area, and he told us that there were raids in Silat al-Harithiya and that the Israeli military had wounded two unidentified people there, and this was posted on social media. At that point, my anxiety grew, and I was afraid that one of these unidentified people was my son, Muhammad.

When I got back home, I found relatives there who had begun to arrive. Even before they managed to tell me that Muhammad had been killed, I understood it from the expressions on their faces. The relatives did confirm that Muhammad had been killed by Israeli military gunfire. I felt immense pain and burst into tears.

Muhammad always knew how to create a wonderful atmosphere, and he filled the house with joy and laughter. He always pampered his little sister, Kawathar, who was in first grade.

My son was killed by soldiers, and his body is being held by the army. I desperately want to recover his body and bury him in the town's cemetery, so that I can visit his grave and say goodbye to him.

My children are going through a tough time. They keep asking about Muhammad. Yihya, who is 14, has been distraught since Muhammad was killed. Even his hair has started to fall out. He is suffering especially from his loss.

'Ammar Yasser Muhammad Ta'amrah, 16

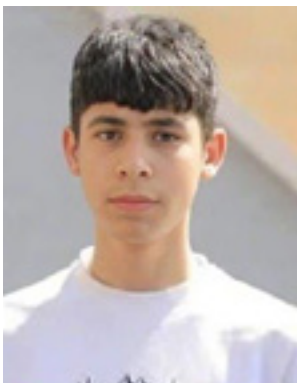
Tuqu', Bethlehem District, 15 December 2025



On 15 December 2025, soldiers who got out of a jeep shot 'Ammar Ta'amrah from a distance of about 30 meters in the town of Tuqu', Bethlehem District, after he threw stones at the armored jeep. He was evacuated by car to the town clinic and from there to a hospital in Beit Jala, where he was pronounced dead.

Rayan Muhammad 'Abd al-Qader Abu M'alla (Saba'neh), 16

Qabatiyah, Jenin, 20 December 2025



On Saturday, 20 December 2025, in the early evening, several military jeeps raided the center of the town of Qabatiyah in Jenin District. Shortly before 7:00 P.M., one of the jeeps drove back and forth through the streets of the a-Saba'neh neighborhood near the town center, repeatedly honking its horn and disturbing residents. A group of youths followed the jeep, shouting and whistling, and some of them threw stones at it from afar.

In footage obtained by B'Tselem, the jeep is seen around 7:00 P.M. driving down the main street of the neighborhood, a-Saba'neh Street, near a Y-shaped junction where the street splits into two alleys. Two soldiers are positioned at the entrance to one alley, behind the corner of a house at the center of the junction, hidden from view for anyone coming from the other alley. One soldier is kneeling and aiming his gun into the other alley, and the second soldier is standing just behind him, by the wall. A third soldier is seen walking back close to the jeep, facing against the direction of travel, also aiming his gun at the same alley. The soldier disappears from the frame for a moment, but quickly returns to the junction, this time without the jeep. He bends down and hides behind a parked car, watching the alley. Apart from the three soldiers, no one else can be seen in the area, which appears quiet.

At this point, while the soldiers are lying in wait for anyone emerging from the other alley, 16-year-old Rayan Abu M'alla (Saba'neh) is seen walking slowly down the alley towards them, apparently without noticing them. It is clearly visible in the footage that Abu M'alla is not holding anything and poses no threat to the soldiers. Nevertheless, when he is two meters at most from the soldiers, the soldier kneeling on the ground immediately fires a volley of shots at him, and he falls to the ground.

Abu M'alla was left lying on the ground for about 20 minutes. At that point, the soldiers covered his body with a sheet, and a few minutes later loaded him into an armored military vehicle that arrived. At 7:30 P.M., about half an hour after the incident began, the soldiers drove away in two jeeps, taking Abu M'alla with them. Later that evening, the family was informed he had died. Israel has been holding his body since.

From the moment of the shooting until the soldiers left, Abu M'alla lay on his back without moving for at least half an hour, with none of the soldiers attempting to administer first aid. The soldiers also prevented a medical team who arrived in a Palestinian ambulance from giving him first aid. Abu M'alla's parents, who saw the ambulance outside their home but did not know the injured person was their son, told B'Tselem they persuaded the team to try and go over again after they were blocked by the soldiers. The team tried again, and the soldiers aimed their guns at them and ordered them back. A paramedic who spoke with B'Tselem confirmed this account.

The location where Rayan Abu M'alla was shot. Photo: Abdulkarim Sadi, B'Tselem

The military [claimed](#) that Abu M'alla had thrown a brick shortly beforehand and was holding a brick at the time he was shot, and that the shooting was carried out in response. However, the footage from the scene refutes this claim.

Walid Saba'neh, 75, a father of eight from Qabatiyah, recounted in his testimony:

I own a grocery store in the a-Saba'neh neighborhood, in the western quarter of the town of Qabatiyah.

On Saturday, 20 December 2025, there was a military raid on the town. At around 7:00 P.M., while I was in my grocery store, one of the military jeeps arrived at the street that leads to our neighborhood, the a-Sa-

ba'neh neighborhood. I stayed sitting behind the table in the store and watched the jeep patrol back and forth along the street. The soldiers turned on a siren and honked to provoke and harass the residents. Every time the jeep drove past one of the alleys that branches off from the street, I heard boys shouting and whistling at it.

After the jeep drove back and forth several times, I saw it leave the street and drive north. Then, suddenly, I saw two soldiers arrive on foot from the south and hide behind one of the houses opposite the store, to the south. There's an alley about five meters wide between the store and the corner of the house. I saw the two soldiers crouch down, probably so none of the young men could see them.

From where I was sitting, behind the counter, I could see the spot where the soldiers were hiding. They were about 10 meters away from me. But I couldn't see the people walking along the alley from the direction of the Old City.

While I was watching the two soldiers, one of them fired about three to five shots. I was shocked and very scared, because the soldiers were so close to me. I stayed put, on the chair behind the counter, until another jeep arrived and more soldiers climbed out.

After the shooting, one of the soldiers closed the door to my store from the outside. I used the opportunity to lock it from inside, and then I went into my house through an inner door that connects with the store. I stayed in the house.

There were no real clashes taking place in the area at the time of the incident, just some shouting and whistling, and maybe one of the boys threw a stone at the military jeep as it drove by one of the alleys branching off from the street.

Testimony of K. L.:

On Saturday, 20 December 2025, at around 7:00 P.M., I was on the roof of a house overlooking the main street that leads to the a-Saba'neh

neighborhood. I heard a military jeep honking and playing its siren to harass and provoke the residents.

I saw the jeep driving back and forth along the street, and the soldiers honked every time they passed the alleys that branch off from the main street and lead to the old part of the town. I heard kids and young men shouting and whistling every time the jeep passed the entrances to the alleys. Sometimes they also threw a stone at it.

After the jeep drove back and forth several times, I saw three soldiers get out of it, about 400 meters south of where I was. Two of them started walking right up against the walls of the house on the left side of the street. The third soldier walked by the jeep while it drove north and passed the alley leading to the Old City, close to Walid Saba'neh's grocery store, about 100 meters away from where I was.

I saw the two soldiers hiding behind 'Omar Saba'neh's house, across from the grocery store. Then I realized they were waiting in ambush for the young men and kids, and I tried to warn them. I called out to them: "Watch out! The soldiers are hiding behind the corner of 'Omar a-Saba'neh's house on the main street."

I stayed on the roof and followed what was happening. At one point, I saw a kid coming from above, from the direction of the old part of the town, and then a soldier shot about three to five bullets at him. I estimate he shot the kid from two meters away at most, because I saw the kid reach the corner the soldiers were hiding behind.

The kid fell on his back, and after a few moments, the third soldier came from the north and joined the other two. Afterwards, the military jeep the soldiers had gotten out of earlier arrived, along with more soldiers in a Namer APC. The soldiers stayed at the scene for about 30 minutes, and all that time, they prevented ambulances from reaching the kid. In the end, they laid his body on a stretcher, put it into the military jeep and left the area.

The whole time I was on the roof, the young men didn't clash with the

soldiers. They only shouted, whistled and called out to them. From time to time, they threw stones from far away, from the end of the alley, so they didn't even reach the street where the military jeeps were driving.

After the forces left, I went to the scene of the incident and saw a bloodstain where the kid fell after he was shot. I know him well because he lives in our neighborhood. His name is Rayan Abu M'alla (Saba'neh).

Rayan's mother, Nayfeh Saba'neh, 46, a mother of six, spoke about losing her son in a testimony she gave on 19 January 2026:

On Saturday, 20 December 2025, at around 3:00 P.M., I went to visit the grave of my eldest son, Nur a-Din, who was shot dead by the Israeli military in 2015. Two of my children came with me - Nur a-Din, who was born after his brother was killed and was named after him, and Jadal-lah. My son Rayan stayed home to study for an exam he was supposed to have on Sunday.

On the way home, I did some shopping. Rayan came down and helped me carry the groceries up to our apartment on the second floor.

We had lunch, and then he made himself a cup of instant coffee and went into his room. I thought he stayed there until the evening. At around 6:45 P.M., my husband came back from his work in construction, and just then we learned on social media that the military was raiding neighborhoods in the town. I went into Rayan's room and found his cup of instant coffee, still full, on the bedside table. He hadn't drunk it and wasn't even at home. I thought maybe he'd gone to one of the grocery stores in the neighborhood to get a snack.

I sent Rayan a WhatsApp message to warn him that military forces were raiding neighborhoods in the town, but he didn't answer. I tried calling him, and then I found his phone was lying on his bed. My husband called a relative of ours, and he said he'd seen Rayan in the neighborhood, walking towards the grocery store, and that when the military jeeps arrived, he had looked surprised and may have headed towards the old part of the town so he wouldn't run into them.

At around 7:00 P.M., we saw a Palestinian ambulance stop by our house. I went outside with my husband to ask the ambulance team what happened. They told us a young man had been shot in the leg near Walid Saba'neh's grocery store, which is about 250 meters from our house, and that soldiers were blocking them from getting to him. I urged them to try again and told them I would walk over there. I didn't know the young man injured was our Rayan. I walked with the paramedic, but when we reached the soldiers, they pointed their guns at us, shone laser flashlights at us and ordered us to turn back.

At that stage, I became very anxious that the injured person was Rayan, even though he'd never been arrested and never got into any kind of trouble.

We waited with the ambulance team and other neighborhood residents for about half an hour, at a junction about 200 meters from the scene of the incident, which the soldiers had surrounded and blocked off. Then the military jeeps started heading out, and we went to the spot where the wounded person had been, but all we found was a small bloodstain. We were afraid, but we didn't know it was actually Rayan.

While we were there, posts started appearing on social media that a young man called Rayan Abu M'alla (Saba'neh) had been shot by soldiers and wounded, and that the military had taken him away to treat him. Soon afterwards, relatives called my husband and told him that Rayan was dead and the military was holding his body. I had feared that, but still the news struck me like a bolt from the blue. I've lost two of my sons to shooting by soldiers: Nur a-Din, who was killed in December 2015, and now, in the same month a decade later, Rayan.

What's most important to me right now is to get my son Rayan's body back, so we can bury him by his brother and I can visit his grave whenever I wish.

Rayan left a huge void behind. He took care of his younger siblings and always tried to keep things happy at home and make everyone laugh. His younger brothers, Nur a-Din and Jadallah, ask me when he will come back, and I have no answer.

M., a paramedic at the Qabatiyah municipality, recounted:

On Saturday evening, 20 December 2025, at 7:02 P.M., I received a phone call from a resident telling me Israeli soldiers had shot a young man in the a-Saba'neh neighborhood in Qabatiyah. I drove there right away in an ambulance, along with my brother K. who is also a paramedic. We didn't know who had been shot.

We reached the Saba'neh family's diwan (a hall for gatherings) and headed towards the place where the injured young man was, but the Israeli soldiers wouldn't let us go further. They pointed their guns at us, and we were forced to back up and stop by the diwan. It was 7:07 P.M. We waited about 10-15 minutes and then tried again to reach the injured guy. We ran into Rayan's mother and she tried to walk by the ambulance, but after she went about 7 to 10 steps, when we were about 200 meters away from the soldiers, I asked her to go back because they had turned their guns on us and shone laser flashlights at us. She went back, and I moved forward a bit more, until they forced me back too.

I stopped the ambulance near the diwan again and several civilians gathered around it, including Rayan's parents. At that stage, they didn't know yet that he was the one shot.

We waited there for about 35 minutes, and then I saw the military vehicles driving away. After that, we managed to get to the spot but didn't find the injured person there. I saw only a small bloodstain and a small stone next to it. A few minutes later, we found out from social media and from the Palestinian DCO that Rayan Abu M'alla had been shot dead by soldiers and they had taken his body.

The Israeli military raids the town of Qabatiyah again and again, blocks ambulance teams from reaching people shot and prevents us from doing our job.