



Defence for Children International – Palestine Section

**Alternative Report for Consideration Regarding Israel's Third
Periodic Report to the UN Human Rights Committee**

**International Covenant on Civil and Political Rights (1966)
(ICCPR)**

ANNEXURE A – LIST OF EVIDENCE

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This report is submitted on behalf of Defence for Children International–Palestine Section (DCI-Palestine), a national section of the international non-governmental child rights organisation and movement, Defence for Children International, established in 1979, with consultative status with ECOSOC.

DCI-Palestine is a non-governmental, non-profit, independent Palestinian organisation established in 1992. Its vision is “A Palestinian community fit for all children” – a community that is free and independent, where justice, equality and respect for human dignity prevail; and where children can enjoy and exercise their human rights without any kind of discrimination.

DCI-Palestine’s mission is to promote and protect the rights of Palestinian children in accordance with the UN Convention on the Rights of the Child and other international, regional and local standards. DCI-Palestine implements five thematic programmes, which are interrelated and all together contribute to the creation of a comprehensive protective environment for children in the Occupied Palestinian Territory:

- *Protection of Children Victims of Community/Domestic Violence;*
- *Protection of Children in Conflict with the Law;*
- *Protection of Child Political Detainees;*
- *Child Participation and Community Mobilisation; and*
- *Accountability.*

On the Palestinian Authority (PA) level, DCI-Palestine lobbies for better child protection legislation and implementation of the rule of law. In addition, DCI-Palestine focuses on strengthening the commitment and capacity of key stakeholders, such as policymakers, civil society and the media, to support child rights. DCI-Palestine works to improve the accountability of the main duty-bearers of Palestinian children’s rights, namely Israel and the PA, through the collection of evidence, research, general advocacy and lobbying work. Finally, DCI-Palestine provides free legal assistance to children prosecuted in Israeli military courts.

A. Right to life

1. **Yasmin Dhaban (16) and Hanin Dhaban (15)**

On 27 December 2008, two sisters are killed coming home from school in Gaza: 15 year old Hanin and 16 year old Yasmin were students at the Balqis al-Yaman school, located behind the preventative security building in Tal al-Hawa, Gaza - the girls had exams at school and could go home once they had finished - Yasmin and Hanin left together shortly after 11:00am - at approximately 11:20am the preventative security building was destroyed in an air strike - the girls' brother Aziz searched desperately for the sisters - he found Hanin dead in the street, and Yasmin in the morgue.

2. **Mustafa Abu Ghanima (15)**

On 27 December 2008, a 15 year old boy is killed coming home from school in Gaza: Mustafa and Yousif were walking home from school at around 11:00am - they were passing close to the preventative security building when it was destroyed in an air strike - Mustafa was on Yousif's left, and there were about 20 boys and girls walking in front and behind - Yousif sustained injuries to his head and leg, Mustafa was killed.

3. **Ibrahim Ma'rouf (14)**

On 6 January 2009, a 14 year old boy is killed when he goes to a shop in Gaza: The Ma'rouf family took shelter in the UN operated Al-Fakhoura school in Gaza – in the afternoon of 6 January, 14 year old Ibrahim asked his father for one shekel so he could buy something from a nearby shop – minutes later there was a huge explosion – Ibrahim's father runs to the shop and sees around 200 dead and injured on the ground – Ibrahim died from his injuries.

4. **Ismail Hawila (16)**

On 6 January 2009, a 16 old boy is killed whilst playing marbles in the street in the Al-Fakhoura neighbourhood, Gaza: At approximately 3.45pm on 6 January three explosions occurred in the busy Al-Fakhoura neighbourhood – around 33 people were killed in the attack, including 16 year old Ismail who had been playing marbles at the time.

5. **Bilal al-Ashkar (5) and Mohammad al-Ahkar (3)**

On 17 January 2009, two brothers die in a white phosphorous attack on a UN operated school in Gaza: Scared parents took their children to the Mashrou Beit Lahiya school for boys, operated by UNRWA, because they heard that the Israeli army would

not target UN schools – in the early morning of 17 January, white phosphorous shells hit the school, killing 3 year old Mohammad and 5 year old Bilal al-Ashkar.

B. Human shields

6. **Ameed E.** (15)

On 26 February 2007, a 15 year old boy is used as a human shield in Nablus: Used as a human shield by Israeli soldiers during an incursion into Nablus City. Forced at gun point to walk in front of soldiers and enter several houses while soldiers were shooting behind and around him.

7. **Jihan D.** (11)

On 28 February 2007, an 11 year old girl is used as a human shield: Interrogated and threatened before being forced to walk in front of Israeli soldiers into an abandoned building which the soldiers believed was sheltering Palestinian combatants.

8. **Rana N.** (14) (Affidavit collected by B'Tselem)

On 11 July 2007, a 14 year old girl is used as a human shield: Shot and injured in leg and abdomen while sent by Israeli soldiers to inform her family to evacuate their home.

9. **'Ala A.** (15), **Ali A.** (16), **Nafiz A.** (17) **Khalil A.** (15) and **Hussein** (12)

On 5 January 2009, four boys are used as human shield in Gaza: Four boys made to stand in front of soldiers – made to sit in a trench close to where artillery was being fired – soldiers fired from positions near the boys – detained until 8 January 2009.

10. **Majid R.** (9)

On 15 January 2009, a nine year old boy is used as a human shield: Used as a human shield in Tel al-Hawa, Gaza City, during Operation Cast Lead. Soldiers stormed the building in which Majid and his family were sheltering - a soldier grabbed him by his shirt and pushed him against the wall while shouting at him in Hebrew - was ordered to open bags and suitcases at gunpoint - struggled to open one and was grabbed by the hair, slapped and slammed against the wall – a soldier then fired at the suitcase to destroy the lock.

C. Ill-treatment and torture

11. **Ibrahim S. (15)**

On 8 November 2007, a 15 year old boy is arrested from his home and accused of throwing stones, Molotov cocktails and membership of a banned organisation: Arrested from the family home at 2:00am – transferred to Etzion Interrogation and Detention Centre – interrogated – kicked for five minutes whilst tied – threatened with sexual abuse – confessed – detained in Damoun Prison, Israel.

12. **Mahmoud D. (17)**

On 5 February 2008, a 17 year old boy is arrested from the family home and accused of being a member of a banned organisation: Arrested from the family home in Hebron at 1:00am – transferred to Askelan Prison inside Israel – interrogated – tied and shackled to a small chair – asked about associates – shouted at and insulted – interrogation around the clock – interrogated for five days and kept in solitary confinement for nine days – *‘Not only did I suffer physically but also felt the deterioration of my psychological state, with a lack of focus, constant anxiety, fatigue and fear. I went from having a normal life at home to a small chair, handcuffs, deprivation of sleep, shouting, threats, rounds of interrogation and serious accusations. In these circumstances, life becomes dark, filled with fear and pessimism – tough days that words cannot describe’* – sentenced by a military court to two months imprisonment and fined NIS 3,500 (US\$875) after entering into a plea bargain.

13. **Abed S. (16)**

On 10 February 2008, a 16 year old boy from a village near Qalqilliya is arrested from the family home and accused of throwing stones: At 7 am on 10 February 2008, Abed was arrested by the army from the family home - handcuffed, blindfolded and beaten by soldiers - interrogated in Al Jalame Detention Centre, Israel - hands and legs tied in the shape of a cross - kept like this for one day - 15 days in solitary confinement - released on 27 April 2008 and fined NIS 500.

14. **Mohammad A. (16)**

On 25 February 2008, a 16 year old boy is detained and accused of throwing Molotov cocktails and stones: Arrested from the family home in Bethlehem at 2:00am – transferred to Etzion Interrogation and Detention Centre, Ofer Prison and Al-Jaleme Interrogation and Detention Centre inside Israel – solitary confinement for five days –

interrogated – handcuffed to small chair – position abuse – confessed after the interrogator threatened to arrest his mother and siblings

15. **Fadi D.** (14)

On 27 February 2008, a 14 year old boy from a refugee camp near Hebron is arrested and accused of throwing stones at soldiers: On 27 February 2008, Fadi was walking home from Friday prayers with his father when confrontations broke out between a group of boys and soldiers – just before entering his house Fadi was grabbed by a soldier and accused of throwing stones – Fadi denied the accusation and showed the soldier that his hand was in a plaster cast – beaten on hand with rifle – pushed and kicked – transferred to Kiryat Arba police station – interrogated – shouted at and threatened with imprisonment – asked to sign document written in Hebrew – refused – charged with throwing stones and released on NIS 3,000 bail (US\$750) on 5 April 2008 – spent approximately five weeks in Telmond Prison, inside Israel.

16. **Imad T.** (15)

On 7 March 2008, a 15 year old boy from a village near Bethlehem is shot near a settlement: Driving away from the settlement of Etzion – injured when car hit by gunfire – arrested by soldiers from village clinic – bandages removed inside military vehicle – beaten – pressure applied to wound – stripped naked and tied to stretcher – transferred to Hadassah Ein Karem Hospital, Jerusalem – left outside naked in front of passers by – no shower or clothes for one week – interrogated – given paper written in Hebrew and told it was authorisation for an operation – signed paper – paper was a full confession - traumatised – continues to wet the bed.

17. **Jameel K.** (14)

On 25 March 2008, a 14 year old boy is detained and accused of throwing stones: Jameel was arrested from his village near Tulkarm in the West Bank by three soldiers - slapped in the face by the soldiers - hands tied - transferred to an unknown location and beaten on his back and neck by soldiers - rope placed around his neck and tightened - transferred to Salem Interrogation and Detention Centre - interrogated - accused of throwing stones - shouted at and threatened with beating - one week later Military Court ordered his release on bail of NIS 7,500 - family could not afford this and he remained in prison - one week later released on bail of NIS 2,000.

18. **Abdullah O.** (15)

On 5 May 2008, a 15 year old boy is detained and accused of throwing Molotov cocktails and stones: Arrested at 3:00am from a village near Qalqiliya – transferred to Ariel Police Station – interrogated – slapped – blade placed to neck and asked to confess – confessed to throwing Molotov cocktails and stones – sentenced by a military court to 16 months imprisonment in a plea bargain – held in Telmond Prison inside Israel – release date 5 September 2009.

19. **Ezzat's case (10)**

On 11 June 2008, a 10 year old boy is subjected to physical abuse by soldiers: 10 year old Ezzat from a village in Qalqiliya Governorate - subjected to serious physical abuse by Israeli soldiers for two and-a-half hours seeking information on location of a handgun – slapping, punching, mocking, threats to arrest family members, position abuse, struck with helmet and weapon pointed at child's face with threat to shoot.

20. **Abdullah A. (16)**

On 12 August 2008, a 16 year old boy is detained and accused of being a member of a banned organisation: At around 2:00 am, 16 year old Abdullah was arrested by soldiers from his family home in the Balata Refugee Camp, Nablus - sound bomb thrown near mother and sister - blindfolded but not tied due to injured hand - head rammed into vehicle - house searched accompanied by property damage - slapped and verbally abused during transfer to Huwwara Interrogation and Detention Centre - transferred to hospital and Al Jalame Detention Centre inside Israel - interrogated - threatened with denial of medical care - left in solitary confinement for two days - kept in cell with light left on 24 hrs - confessed - sentenced by military court to 18 months imprisonment and a fine of NIS 2,000 (US\$500).

21. **Hamdi A. (17)**

On 14 August 2008, a 17 year old boy from a refugee camp near Bethlehem is shot twice in the legs: walking to get bread on 14 August 2008 - shot twice in the legs by soldiers - beaten, kicked and struck with a rifle in the mouth by soldiers whilst lying on the ground bleeding from his leg wounds - transferred by ambulance - all his clothes were removed except underwear whilst soldiers took photos of him with mobile phones - taken to Hadasa Ein Karem hospital in Jerusalem - left in his underwear causing embarrassment - five hour operation- handcuffed to bed and prevented from using toilet - verbally abused by soldiers and Israeli patients in hospital - no family visits in hospital in Jerusalem - interrogated in hospital and accused of throwing a Molotov cocktail at a jeep - accusation denied - detained Ramla Prison Hospital – spent nine months in detention inside Israel – released 1 May 2009.

22. **Mahmoud N. (17)**

On 15 September 2008, a 17 year old boy from a refugee camp near Ramallah us shot near a settlement: Shot three times in the leg by soldiers near Bet El settlement – kicked – stripped naked – humiliated in front of two female soldiers - taken to hospital and left naked in view of the public - accused of throwing Molotov cocktails.

23. **Samah S. (14)**

On 2 December 2008, a 14 year old girl takes a knife through Qalandiya checkpoint in order to be arrested: carried a knife through Qalandiya checkpoint with a friend in order to get arrested- family wanted her to marry 35 year old man - placed knife on table in front of bomb proof glass petition - told interrogator she wanted to get arrested - agreed with interrogator's suggestion that she wanted to kill a soldier so that he would stop shouting at her - detained Al Maskubiya and Hasharon Prisons - further court appearance on 18 January 2008.

24. **Islam M. (12)**

On 31 December 2008, a 12 year old boy is detained and accused of throwing stones: 12 year old Islam was arrested by soldiers after a day catching birds in an olive grove - tied and blindfolded - interrogated - accused of throwing stones - pushed into a thorn bush by a soldier - refused to confess - threatened with jail - denied food, water and the use of toilets for many hours - left tied up and blindfolded in the interrogation room for five hours - slapped and pushed by a soldier at Ofer Court - released one week later on NIS 5,000 bail.

25. **Husam H. (15)**

On 7 January 2009, a 15 year old boy is arrested and accused of throwing stones: 15 year old Husam was walking home from school in the village of Zeita, near Tukarm, when he was arrested by Israeli soldiers who accused him of throwing stones – hands tied with plastic ties causing them to swell – blindfolded – blindfold removed and replaced with a sack making it difficult to breathe – struck on the head with a metal helmet – transferred to Huwwara Interrogation and Detention Centre – during transfer one soldier kept stepping on his legs whilst another soldier grabbed his hair and pulled his head backwards – left tied and cold outside for three hours – transferred to Salem Interrogation and Detention Centre – interrogated for 30 minutes – shouted at but denied he threw stones – transferred to Megiddo Prison inside Israel – on 26 January 2009 sentenced to

three months in prison and fined 500NIS for throwing stones – no family visits or education.

26. **Osaid Q.** (12)

On 20 January 2009, a 12 year old boy is rounded up with other village boys and accused of throwing stones at the Wall: 12 year old from the village of Tura al Gharbiya, near Jenin, arrested from the family home at 2:00am on 20 January 2009 - taken with his father to the local youth centre - soldiers shouted at him asking him why he threw stones at the Wall - Interrogator - 'I'll teach you and your father a lesson. Your father is being humiliated now because of you.' - given a brief medical examination by a doctor - transferred to Salem military base for further interrogation - threatened with beating and confessed to throwing stones - released on 22 January 2009 on NIS 3000 bail - next court appearance 15 February 2009 -on 15 February 2009 he was fined NIS 750 and sentenced to one month on probation.

27. **Bashir Q.** (12)

On 19 January 2009, a 12 year old boy is rounded up with other village boys and accused of throwing stones at the Wall: At 11:30pm on Monday, 19 January 2009, 12 year old Bashir was arrested by soldiers with his brother from the family home in the village of Tura al Gharbiya, near Jenin - he was taken to the village youth centre and interrogated - confessed to twice throwing stones at the Wall - scared by the soldiers shouting - released on 22 January 2009 on payment of NIS 1,500 - next court appearance on 15 February 2009 - on 15 February 2009 he was fined NIS 750 and sentenced to one month on probation.

28. **Mohammad N.** (16)

On 1 March 2009, a 16 year old boy is detained and accused of weapon possession: At midnight, on 1 March 2009, 16 year old Mohammad from the Balata Refugee Camp, Nablus, woke up to find Israeli soldiers in his bedroom – a soldier cocked his gun scaring Mohammad – taken downstairs with the rest of the family – ordered to search the house with the soldiers – accused of possessing a gun – accusation denied – a soldier threatened to stab Mohammad unless he located the gun – soldiers shouting at Mohammad – a second soldier slapped Mohammad and a third soldier kicked him causing him to fall – hit with assault rifle while on the ground – *'confess where you hid the gun or we will kill you.'* – Mohammad denies weapon possession – gun pointed in Mohammad's face and cocked – house searched – no gun found – tied, blindfolded and beaten – hair pulled – thrown on floor of a military jeep and transferred to Huwwara Interrogation and Detention Centre – abused during transfer – Military Court extends detention for 15 days

on 8 March 2009 - 10 March 2009 transferred to Salem Interrogation and Detention Centre – next court appearance 22 March 2009.

29. **Ismail Z.**

On 4 May 2009, a 16 year old boy is detained and accused of throwing stones: At 3:00am on 4 May, 16 year old Ismail from Husan village, near Bethlehem, was arrested by Israeli soldiers from the family home – blindfolded but not tied – walking on crutches and leg in plaster – transferred to Etzion Interrogation and Detention Centre – interrogated by three men the next day – accused of throwing stones at soldiers and having been shot – denied the accusation – slapped three times across the face and threatened – *‘Son of a whore. I’ll open up your ass if you don’t confess,’* – another interrogator pressed against Ismail’s injured leg causing extreme pain – confessed due to the pain – signed papers in Hebrew – asked to collaborate and inform about who has been throwing stones – refused to collaborate.

30. **Mustafa D. (15)**

On 30 May 2009, a 15 year old boy is detained and accused of throwing stones and Molotov cocktails: At 3:00am on 30 May 2009, 15 year old Mustafa from al Jalazun refugee camp, near Ramallah was arrested by soldiers from the family home – hands tied behind his back – face sprayed with tear gas – blindfolded – manhandled into a jeep – transferred to Benyamin Police Station for interrogation – was told others had confessed against him – confessed to throwing stones and Molotov cocktails – slapped and beaten outside the interrogation room – deprived of food for two days – transferred to Salem Interrogation and Detention Centre – soldier rubbed his assault rifle against Mustafa’s genitals in a painful fashion – stripped and kept naked at Salem for five minutes – transferred to Telmond Prison inside Israel – detained until the end of proceedings - next court appearance, 20 July 2009.

D. Settler violence

31. **Mahmoud S. (15)**

On 24 April 2009, a 15 year old boy is shot in the leg by settlers: Mahmoud heard gunshots and went to the rooftop where he saw a group of settlers approaching the village - Mahmoud joined other young men to try and stop the settlers from reaching the village - he approached the school and saw his friend Ammar who was climbing up the hill towards the settlers - a gunshot was fired into the air and the boys ran to find cover behind a rock - as Mahmoud was about to throw a stone he was shot in the leg - Mahmoud was carried to the road where he was placed in his uncle’s car that took him to

Huwwara checkpoint with his father - he was then moved to an ambulance and taken to Rafidia Hospital in Nablus - Mahmoud was delayed a few minutes at the checkpoint because of traffic, not because of the soldiers.

32. **Ali H.** (15)

On 9 February 2009, a 15 year old boy is shot by a settler at the front door of his house: Ali was returning to his home from the grocery shop at around 6:30pm, when he saw a settler bus stopped on the by-pass road 30 metres away from his front door – a settler was standing on the other side of the barbed wire that separates the by-pass road and Ali’s village – there were no confrontations – the settler raised a gun and fired three shots at Ali, wounding him in the leg – the settler then got back on the bus – Ali was taken to hospital.

33. **Mu’atez H.** (13)

On 2 October 2008, a 13 year old boy and his father are beaten by settlers as they try to stop them from taking their olives: At around 3:00pm, 13 year old Mu’atez noticed four young settlers picking the family’s olives – Mu’atez and his father went to their land and are beaten by the settlers – both Mu’atez and his father were detained by soldiers – Mu’atez for five hours and his father for five days.

34. **Hamzi H.** (15)

On 2 August 2008, a 15 year old boy is attacked by up to 30 young settlers: 15 year old Hamzi was working on a building site in Hebron when he was attacked by up to 30 settlers who beat him and threw stones at him – thrown off roof and fell three metres – beating continued – beating lasted around five minutes – taken to hospital.

35. **Mohammad S.** (17)

On 3 March 2008, a 17 year old is shot dead after throwing stones at a demonstration against violence in Gaza: Mohammad joined around 250 others to demonstrate against violence in Gaza – they marched towards the settlement of Talmon built on village lands and threw stones onto the settler by-pass road – a settler got out of a bus and fired at Mohammad, hitting him in the head causing death.

E. Administrative detention

36. **Hamdi al-Tamari (15)**

On 25 July 2008, a 15 year old boy is arrested and placed in administrative detention: At 4am, 15 year old Hamdi was arrested from the family home in Bethlehem – a soldier told Hamdi that they killed his father because he was a ‘terrorist’ and that they would kill all terrorists – beaten during arrest and transfer – interrogated for one hour and accused of being a member of a banned organisation, Islamic Jihad – denied accusation – given a three month administrative detention order – released on 13 November 2008 without charge – arrested again on 18 December 2008 at 2:00am from the family home – interrogator asked him who he had met with during the month since his release – given a second administrative detention order based on ‘*secret evidence*’ four month – on 15 April 2009, Hamdi was given a third administrative detention for four months – possible release date: 14 August 2009.

37. **Mohammad Baran (17)**

On 1 March 2008, a 17 year old boy from a village near Hebron, was arrested on his way to hospital and placed in administrative detention: Mohammad’s hand was seriously injured when a gas heater he was trying to repair at home exploded – parents took him to hospital – ambulance stopped by soldiers on the way and Mohammad was transferred to a military ambulance – operation – lost three fingers – tied to hospital bed for three days – interrogated in hospital for one hour – accused of preparing a homemade explosive device – denied accusation – threatened with solitary confinement – 10 days after arrest informed of first administrative detention order for 6 months – receives a second administrative detention order on 1 September 2008 for six months – receives a third administrative detention order on 28 February 2009 for three months – receives a fourth administrative detention order on 27 May 2009 for 3 months – possible release date: 26 August 2009.

38. **Wa’ad al-Hidmy (16)**

On 28 April 2008, a 16 year old boy is arrested from the family home and placed in administrative detention: At 3:00am, 16 year old Wa’ad from a village near Hebron was arrested from his home by Israeli soldiers – hands tied behind his back with plastic cords and blindfolded – did not know why he was being arrested – placed on the floor of a military vehicle – soldiers placed their legs on Wa’ad – transferred to Karmi Zur settlement and given a cursory medical check – then transferred to Etzion Detention Centre and Ofer prison – ‘*I started to wonder whether I had done something wrong without knowing*’ – interrogated – interrogator said he heard from somebody else that

Wa'ad had participated in a demonstration organised by Islamic Jihad – Wa'ad denied ever participating in such a demonstration – interrogation lasted for five minutes – after two days handed an administrative detention order by a prison officer for six months – first administrative detention order reduced to four months by the court – three days before expiry of first order, Wa'ad was handed a second administrative detention order for four months, reduced to three months by the court – two days before the expiry of the second order, Wa'ad was handed a third administrative detention order for four months – *'I feel a great injustice because of this detention ... I do not know the real reason behind my detention because I cannot remember doing anything that would put the security of the state at risk'* – a few days before the expiry of the third order, Wa'ad was handed a fourth administrative detention order for four months, reduced to three months by the court – *'I became unstable and unsure when I would be released. Such a situation is driving me crazy'* – first visit from parents on 14 June 2009 for 40 minutes – on 21 June 2009, Wa'ad was handed his fifth administrative detention order for three months – *'Now I am extremely depressed and do not know what to do'*.

39. **Entima al-Lahham (17)**

On 13 July 2008, a 17 year old boy is sentenced to seven months in prison and receives four administrative detention orders for weapon possession: 17 year old Entima from Bethlehem turned himself in at Etzion Interrogation and Detention Centre after the Israeli army had raided his family home twice – interrogated for about 30 minutes – interrogator 'Lawrence' showed Entima a photograph of himself holding a gun when he was 14 and another photograph of himself holding a gun at his brother's wedding – Entima told the interrogator the guns belonged to his brothers who works for the Palestinian Authority and were just photographs – Entima denied any military activities or affiliation – given a 4 month administrative detention order on 13 July 2008 – sentenced to 7 months and fined 1,000 NIS for weapon possession on 24 July 2008 including period already spent in detention – given second administrative detention order in November 2008 – given a third four month administrative detention order on 11 March 2009 – receives a fourth administrative detention order on 7 July 2009 for two months - expected release on 7 September 2009.

40. **Mohammad Balbol (17)**

On 25 July 2008, a 17 year old boy is arrested from the family home and placed in administrative detention: At 2:00am soldiers arrested 17 year old Mohammad from the family home in Bethlehem – tied, blindfolded and beaten – transferred to Etzion Interrogation and Detention Centre and held for eight days without interrogation – interrogated and accused of weapon possession and being a member of a banned organisation, Islamic Jihad – *'evidence'* contained in a *'secret file'* – receives his first

administrative detention order on 25 July 2008 for four months – receives his second administrative detention order on 24 November 2008 for four months – receives his third administrative detention order on 23 March 2009 for four months – possible release date: 22 July 2009.

F. Fair trial rights

41. **Imad T.** (15) – (See Case Study No. 16)

A. Right to life

Case Study No. 1

Name: Yasmin Dhaban
Age: 16
Date of incident: 27 December 2008
Location: Near preventative security building, Tal al-Hawa, Gaza City

Name: Hanin Dhaban
Age: 15
Date of incident: 27 December 2008
Location: Near preventative security building, Tal al-Hawa, Gaza City

Affidavit taken from: Aziz D.
Age: 19
Relation to victim: Close relative

At around 11:20am on 27 December 2008, I was sitting in our house in Tal al-Hawa in the western part of Gaza city. Our house is a two-storey villa which overlooks a 15-metre-wide dirt street. The preventive security building is east of the house, about 250 metres away. The Interior Ministry is east of the house and opposite the preventive security building. The headquarters of the Palestinian Council of Ministers is west of the house, about 400 metres away. Things were calm that day. Drone planes were not hovering in the sky, like on previous days, when we could hear them constantly. We had not heard any aircraft since the morning.

As I said, I was sitting on the first floor with my friend Ahmad A. (21) who lives in ash-Shuhada street in Gaza city. We were studying for our al-Azhar university exams. My mother was upstairs, and my siblings were at school. Sham (10), Bara (8) and Sondus (7) were at Makka al-Mukarama school in al-Daraj neighbourhood, about four kilometres away from the house. Mohammad and Nour (6) were at Dar al-Arqam private school. My brother Ahmad (19) was at university. My sisters Hanin and Yasmin were at Balqis al-Yaman school, which is near our house and located behind the preventive security building to the east. The only thing that separates Balqis al-Yaman school from the preventive security building is an eight-metre-wide street. Hanin and Yasmin had an Arabic exam that day. Al-Quds hospital that belongs to the Palestinian Red Crescent Society is south of Balqis al-Yaman school, about 15 metres away. Since Yasmin and Hanin had exams, the time of their return depended on the time at which they would finish their exam; between 11:00am and 11:30am.

At around 11:20am I heard huge, deafening explosions everywhere, accompanied by the sound of F16 aircraft. At this point, glass from the windows started falling on us where we were sitting on the first floor. I rushed to the windows to open them to stop them from shattering. The sound of explosions grew louder and dust filled the street. I could barely see the sky when I looked out of the window. Dust began entering the house through the windows. Before I realised what was going on, my mother shouted at me: "*The girls, Aziz.*" She meant Hanin and Yasmin. It was the time they were supposed to return to the house. Perhaps my mother realised, as I did, that the bombing had happened either to the preventive security building or the Interior Ministry building because such buildings were security headquarters near our house. "*I'll go and get them,*" I said to my mother. I put on my shoes and left the house running with my friend Ahamd A.

I left the house to head to my sisters' school. Once I opened the door, I looked east down the street and was shocked to see how thick the smoke was, and how much rubble there was. Smoke and rubble were everywhere. I started to run. Almost everyone was standing in the street. I could hear shouting everywhere. The sound of ambulances grew louder and louder. I looked around and saw some pieces of concrete on the ground. I kept running until I reached the junction where the preventive security building is on the south side, and al-Quds hospital is on the opposite side.

When I reached the junction, about two minutes after I had left the house, I became sure that the bombing had targeted the preventive security building because I saw the communication tower – which was installed on the building – had collapsed into the street that separates the preventive security building from al-Quds hospital. The tower and rubble blocked the entire street. I saw a Mercedes – black, as I recall – parked in the street and smashed and covered in rubble. I saw a large number of schoolchildren in their school uniforms running hysterically. Blood covered the faces of some children. Dust changed the skin colour of others. By the way, there are many schools in that area: Balqis al-Yaman school is behind the preventive security building in the east, Zuheir al-Alami school is near al-Wihda kindergarten in the south.

I started looking around while running along with my friend Ahmad A. I was looking at the girls' faces hoping I would find my sisters Hanin and Yasmin, but I did not find them. I reached the street that separates the preventive security building from al-Quds hospital. The street was filled with rubble. I saw many paramedics from the Red Crescent carrying an old man whose face was covered in blood. I think he was dead. I walked for about 15 metres and saw two paramedics carrying a girl. They were about five metres away from me. I looked at them carefully. The girl was wearing a red blouse on top of her school uniform, which was torn off. She was wearing a beige cap, black trousers and white shoes. I rushed towards them because I knew it was my sister. I recognised her by the cap which I had bought for her as a present.

When I reached the two paramedics carrying the girl, I looked at the girl's face. It was Hanin. There were wounds to her nose and blood was coming from the back of her head. There were many holes in her red blouse. I carried the stretchers with the two paramedics and we ran towards al-Quds hospital, about 10 metres away. At the hospital gate, a medical team took Hanin. I left her there and went looking for my other sister Yasmin.

I left Hanin in the hospital at around 11:30am. I knew she was dead, but I refused to believe it. My friend Ahmad A. and I left the hospital and went looking for Yasmin in the same place where we had found Hanin. I looked everywhere around me for about five minutes hoping to find her, but I did not find her. I thought of going to her school to ask about her. I turned around the preventive security building and headed towards the school, about 30 metres away from where I was.

It was around 11:40am when I reached the front gate of the school. I asked the doorman and he said there were no girls in the school. *"I found my sister dead and I'm looking for my other sister,"* I said to him. *"They all left the school after the bombing. A few of them left the school before the bombing,"* he said. I tried to enter the school but he stopped me. I began shouting at him until some people intervened. I left him and started running around the preventive security building looking for Yasmin. I turned around the building and headed south. Then, I turned around the building and went west. I looked at the girls' faces but did not find Yasmin. I looked on the ground but couldn't find her. I did not see any injured persons. I saw only children running. Some of them were crying, and some of them were shouting.

At this point, I decided to return to al-Quds hospital to ask if they knew what happened to Hanin. I entered the hospital and asked a paramedic about her and he told me to go and search for her in one of the departments. I rushed to the first and second floors and looked in the rooms, but I did not find her. My friend Ahmad was with me. After that, I went to the emergency room on the ground floor, where the dead bodies were brought. I asked the guard standing by the door and he said there was a dead girl inside. I begged him to let me see her, and he agreed. I entered the room and saw an old man dead on the floor. Next to him there was Hanin lying on a stretcher, which I believe was the same stretcher which we had brought her there. I could not bear it and I collapsed. My friend Ahmad and the guard carried me. I was crying and shouting.

Several minutes later, I called my uncles to inform them about what happened. My father was in Egypt at that time. My uncle Khamis (29) answered the phone. *"Hanin is dead and I'm looking for Yasmin,"* I said to him. I started to cry. Then, I called the house and my mother answered. I asked her whether Yasmin came home or not and she said she did not. I hung up very quickly so my mother would not ask about Hanin. I returned to the rubble near

the preventive security building and kept looking for Yasmin for about 15 minutes. My search was in vain. When I looked towards the western gate of the building, I saw a child, about 10 years old, on the ground near the fence. Blood was coming from his head which was attached to the fence. A white substance was also coming out from his head. He was about one metre away from me. I left him and kept looking for Yasmin. I decided to return to the house. I did not know why.

I reached the house at noon. Ahmad was with me. I sat down on the doorstep for about two minutes. Then, Ahmad went to bring women from neighbouring houses to my mother, while I entered the house to tell my mother about Hanin. *“Is Yasmin home?”* I asked my mother. *“No! Why do you all ask about Yasmin? Where’s Hanin?”* my mother replied. At this point, I collapsed and began crying. *“She’s dead,”* I said. One of the women entered the house, and I left the house. I saw my uncle Aziz (40). He asked me what had happened and I told him. I got in his car and he drove me to al-Quds hospital because he wanted to see Hanin’s body. He entered the emergency room and exited crying. In the meantime, my other uncles – Adeb (49), Khamis (29), Yusri (32) and Nahed (43) – came to the hospital. I asked one of the paramedics who carried Hanin with me about Yasmin. *“We didn’t bring her but we took three girls and a boy to Shifa hospital. Look there,”* he said.

At around 12:30pm, my uncle Aziz drove us to Shifa hospital in Gaza city. When we reached the hospital, I rushed to the reception hall and started looking among the injured. I went upstairs and looked in different sections. We looked in the bone section. We would enter the rooms and look at the faces of the injured people. Sections were crowded with injured people and their families. We did not find Yasmin. At this point I stopped and said to my uncle Aziz: *“My sister is in the morgue.”* this is what I felt.

We went downstairs and headed to the morgue. It was around 12:45pm. At the gate of the morgue, I saw something I will never forget in my entire life. More than 300 bodies were on the paved ground of the yard. The hands of some of these bodies missing. Heads cut off. Some of the bodies were covered in blood and could barely be recognised. Hundreds of people were checking the bodies and looking for a relative. I decided to enter the room. I entered the room with difficulty because of the crowd at the door. There was a piece of paper hanging on the door of one of the cold chambers. *“A dead girl,”* the paper said. I felt it was my sister. I tried to open the chamber but a police officer stopped me. *“It’s my sister,”* I shouted at him. He stepped aside and I opened the chamber - it was Yasmin, wearing a green blouse and beige cap, with her right jaw deviated to the left. There were several holes in her chest. Blood came out of her body. Her clothes were torn off. I could not pull myself together. I rushed out of the room and looked at my uncles who were in the yard outside the morgue, while raising two of my fingers to indicate that my two sisters had been killed.

“Did you find her?” my uncle Aziz shouted. *“She’s in the chamber; the one that has the*

paper that says dead girl,” I said. He left me and entered the morgue. In less than a minute he came out crying and shouting. I thought he was crying for my sister Yasmin. “Sa’d, your aunt’s husband, is in one of the chambers,” he said. He meant Sa’d Salim (32). Horrific news kept coming one after another. Some friends who came to the hospital took us in a car to the house in Tal al-Hawa. On the road, I once again called my mother and told her: “We found Yasmin. She’s only injured. Don’t worry.”

We reached the house at around 1:10pm. My uncle Aziz went and told my mother about Yasmin’s death. He left her with the women and came out of the house. I did not know what to do at that time. At around 1:20pm, my uncle Yusri brought Hanin’s body from al-Quds hospital. We carried the body and placed it in the living room on the ground floor. My mother kept shouting she wanted to see Hanin. We forcibly stopped her. We wanted her to see the two sisters together because I think the shock would have less impact on her.

At around 1:30pm, one of my uncles brought Yasmin’s body from Shifa hospital. We placed the body next to Hanin’s body in the living room. I left the living room when my mother and the women came down to look at the bodies. I did not want to see my mother at this time. She could not pull herself together. She did not know what to say. She looked at me. She was traumatized. She shouted and burst into tears like any other mother saying goodbye to her two dead daughters. The women took her to the first floor.

I did not know how to inform my father who was in Egypt. I went to my mother and asked her whether I should call him or not. *“I already told him about Hanin. You tell him about Yasmin,”* she said to me. It was difficult for us to tell my father about the death of his two daughters whom he loved very much. He used to call them every day and laugh with them, but today we had to tell him that they were dead. It was difficult. This is what I thought when I went downstairs. I asked one of my uncles, I don’t recall which one, what to do about my father. He took the mobile phone from me, called my father and started talking to him. After the five-minute conversation, my uncle said he had told my father about Hanin. He said that my father asked us to bury them and that he was trying to enter through the Rafah crossing, but it was closed at that time and he would not attend the funeral.

At around 2:30pm, we buried my two sisters. Mourning ceremonies were held in front of the house. At around 11:30pm, my father finally managed to enter from Rafah. One of the most difficult moments was when my father met my mother and everyone was crying. My father and mother collapsed. Sadness was very obvious on my father. On 28 December 2008, the Council of Ministers was bombed and we had to carry the mourning ceremonies inside the house.

7 February 2009

Case Study No. 2

Name of victim:	Mustafa Khader Saber Abu Ghanima
Date of birth:	30 December 1992
Date of incident:	27 December 2008
Age of victim:	15 years
Location:	Near preventive security headquarters, Tel al-Hawa, Gaza
Place of residence:	Tel al-Hawa, Gaza
Occupation:	Student
Class/School:	10 th grade at Nile secondary school for boys
Affidavit taken from:	Yousif K.
Relation to victim:	Classmate and friend
Date of affidavit:	29 May 2009

I live about 700 metres away from Nile secondary school for boys in Tel al-Hawa, in the south-western part of Gaza City.

At around 7:00am on 27 December 2008, I left my house in Tel al-Hawa and went to Nile secondary school. It was the first day of the first semester's final exams. The situation was calm and normal. I did not hear aircraft or shooting or even drone planes that could often be spotted crisscrossing the sky.

On my way to school I cross a road near the preventive security headquarters, about 50 metres north of our house. I normally pass the western gate of the headquarters, then turn at a fence and walk down the street that separates the headquarters from the al-Quds hospital that belongs to the Red Crescent. Then, I head East. Anyway, I went to school to do the final exam. Leaving school depends on when you finish the exam.

Mustafa Ghanima (16) is a friend and classmate. He lived in my neighbourhood. We sat for the exam and finished it at around 11:00am. Then Mustafa and I left the school to go home. Many students, boys and girls, from our school and other schools, had also finished their exams and were leaving the school.

On the way back home, Mustafa and I were playing around and kicking everything we found, as if we were playing soccer. We walked down the street that leads to the preventive security headquarters to the West. Everything was calm and normal. We reached the East fence surrounding the preventive security headquarters. Mustafa was on my left. Around 20 boys and girls were walking in front of us and behind us.

Suddenly, I heard an explosion. Huge blocks of concrete started to fall on us. Thick dust filled

the street. I did not realise what was going on. I tried to bend over but I felt a stone hitting me in the head. I fell to the ground. I could not understand what was going on.

I was still lying on the ground, when stones and rubble stopped falling on us. I looked to where my friend Mustafa was walking. I saw him on the ground near the northwest fence of the preventive security headquarters. I saw him clearly; he was about five metres away. I could not do anything. I tried to run away but I fell on the ground once I stood. I looked at my right leg. It was swinging. I could not stand on it. I did not feel any pain. Warm blood kept running from my head. For more than five minutes, I could only see only those lying on the ground.

I grew tired of trying to stand and saw more than five people lying motionless in the street. I think they were children from the school. I did not know what had happened to them. I could not stand, so I crawled on my stomach. I crawled for about 10 metres and felt dizzy. I felt exhausted and remained where I was.

Then, I heard shouting around me, but could not see who was shouting. *“Here’s a fatality. Here’s an injury. Carry this. Take that,”* I heard them saying. This is what I could hear. After that, I was no longer able to hear anything, but I felt someone carrying me.

At around 10:00pm, I woke up to find myself in the Red Crescent al-Quds hospital. I asked my father (60) what happened, and he said they had bombed the preventive security headquarters [a building now used by the security agencies of the dismissed government]. He said I had been injured in my right leg and had undergone surgery. My head was severely injured as well. I asked about my friend Mustafa and my father said he had been killed in the incident. This is what happened to me and I say it under oath.

Yousif K, 29 May 2009

Case Study No. 3

Name of victim:	Ibrahim Ahmed Hassan Ma'rouf
Date of birth:	20 May 1994
Date of incident:	6 January 2009
Age of victim:	14 years
Location:	al-Fahkoura school
Place of residence:	Ahmad M.
Occupation:	Father, eye-witness
Class/School:	28 April 2009

With the commencement of the Israeli ground offensive on 3 January 2009, during which the

Israeli troops invaded areas of al-‘Atatra and Salatin in Beit Lahiya as part of the military operation Cast Lead, my wife Ni’ma, the children - Yousif (21), Khetam (17) and Ibrahim (14) - and I decided to leave our house in Izbet Fadous in the middle of Beit Lahiya north Gaza Strip and head to schools run by the United Nations Relief and Works Agency (UNRWA). The schools were opened for all the people of Beit Lahiya because of the ongoing artillery and tank shelling on Beit Lahiya. On that day, Israeli tanks invaded areas of al-‘Atatra and Salatin, one kilometre away from our house to the West.

My family, most of the locals, and I went to al-Fakhoura school and schools nearby. My sons (Ibrahim and Yousif) and I stayed in one classroom in al-Fakhoura school, whereas my wife and daughter Khetam stayed in another classroom in the same school. The situation inside the school was extremely difficult. Food and water were insufficient, given the large number of people taking shelter in the school. There were not enough bathrooms either. Around 3,000 people or more were inside the school. My sons Ibrahim and Yousif and I along with more than 50 persons shared the same classroom. Our daily ration of food was two small loaves of bread and a can of meat. Yet, we stayed in the school that day because I did not know where else to go. There was no safe place for all the people in the Gaza Strip. Israeli aircraft kept crisscrossing the sky and striking here and there.

In the afternoon of 6 January 2009, I was inside the school building when my son Ibrahim came to me and asked for one shekel to buy things from the shop. I gave him the shekel and remained seated with my neighbours, talking about the bad conditions we were experiencing. Drone planes were hovering in the sky. I could hear them very clearly. It was around 3:45pm.

Suddenly, a huge explosion took place in front of the school’s main gate. Everyone started to run and flee. I did not know what was going on. I heard three consecutive explosions taking place, followed by another two explosions. I believe all explosions took place southwest of the school and were caused by missiles fired from the drone planes.

I became terrified, like everyone else inside the school. Some people inside the school were injured, and that made me think that the explosion took place inside the school building. I went to my wife Ni’ma and daughter Khetam to check on them. I approached them and they asked me about Ibrahim. I looked around hoping I would see him among the people, or that he had returned from the shop, or that he had not gone to the store at all, but I did not see him. My other son Yousif rushed towards me. He was pale. I asked him about Ibrahim but he said *“There’re so many dead people outside! Massacre! Massacre!”*

I could not believe what Yousif said. I did not imagine that the massacre would be very horrible. I ran towards the main gate of the school and looked south. I saw more than 200 people on the ground. All of them were either dead or injured. I ran towards the shop opposite the school. I could not believe what I saw. People were on the ground near the school gate as far as 200 metres away to the south. The ground was covered in blood. I reached the shop and saw my son Ibrahim on the ground. I saw young men coming and quickly carrying him away. I ran after

them to check on him and see whether he was dead or alive. They stopped an ambulance and drove him away. I kept running towards Kamal Odwan hospital, near the area.

I reached Kamal Odwan hospital and found it crowded with people. I went to the reception hall and saw dead and injured people on the floor. Beds were crammed with people. I saw my son Ibrahim on the floor. He was not moving. I realized he had died because of his injuries.

The next day, I buried my son Ibrahim in Beit Lahiya cemetery. Forty-three people [44 according to DCI-Palestine's investigations] killed in the attack on the al-Fakhoura school were also buried in the same cemetery. We stayed in the school until 18 January 2009 when we went back to our house, which had been destroyed from inside. I believe Israeli special forces were positioned inside the house. I went back to the house without Ibrahim, my youngest child.

Ahmad M, 28 April 2009

Case Study No. 4

Name of victim: Ismail Hawila
Date of birth: 27 December 1993
Date of incident: 6 January 2009
Age at incident: 16
Location: Street near al-Fakhoura school

Affidavit taken from: Hasan H.

Relation to victim: Cousin, neighbour, friend

Date of affidavit: 28 April 2009

After the afternoon prayer of 6 January 2009, I left my house in al-Fakhoura neighbourhood in the west of Jabalia Camp to play with the children in the neighbourhood; though Israeli aircraft were crisscrossing the sky. Drone planes kept hovering in the sky and did not leave because they were participating in the Israeli military operation codenamed "Cast Lead." My house is west of al-Fakhoura school run by the United Nations Relief and Works Agency (UNRWA).

I left the house and went out into the street. I saw a large number of the local residents and children who had just finished performing the afternoon prayer near my uncle Adan H's house, which is near our house. I saw my cousin Ismail H. (16), and neighbours' children Bilal O. (17), Bashar N.(14) and Abdulla A. (11). I also saw my friends Mohammad S. (9) and Abdulla B.(11). They were all playing marbles in the street. I went towards them to play marbles. The street was crowded with people because most of the residents of Beit Lahiya and Izbat Abed Rabbu had taken shelter in schools, including al-Fakhoura school. The street was unusually crowded.

Suddenly at around 3:45pm, a huge explosion took place in the north - just 10 metres behind me in the street that leads to al-Fakhoura school, which is 40 metres away. The explosion rocked the whole area. I fell to the ground to protect myself from shrapnel scattering everywhere. I was about to stand up a few seconds later when a second explosion took place. There was a third explosion just one or two seconds after the second one. I felt something hitting my left thigh. I felt myself flying in the air and thrown on the paved street. I tried to stand on my right leg and looked to see what had happened. I could not move my right or left leg. I did not see anything because of the thick smoke that had filled the entire street.

At this point, I heard another two explosions taking place far away. I assume they were further away. I remained lying down with my face against the ground. I waited for about two minutes until the smoke started to fade away. I tried looking behind me to see what had happened. I saw Mohammad S. near me. His head was bleeding. He was motionless.

I looked around hoping I would see somebody and call him to carry me away from the street. I could not move my left leg, which was bleeding heavily. I saw Osama A. (35), who is disabled and cannot walk. He was pushing his wheelchair fast and heading East. I saw Said O. (33) on the ground. Next to him there was Wael B., my friend Abdulla's father. Wael managed to stand up on his feet.

I kept looking around and saw many people on the ground. They all were bleeding. They were cut into pieces. I could not bear the scene. I was in extreme pain. I fainted. I woke up to find myself in Shifa hospital. My right leg was in a cast. I felt extreme pain in my left leg. I had undergone surgery to my left leg. I was told that I was admitted to Kamal Odwan hospital and transferred to Shifa hospital. But I was not aware of all that.

I asked my father about the incident, and he told me that I had miraculously survived whereas most of the people who had been in the street at the time of the incident were killed. He told me that 14 people were killed in the incident [33 according to DCI-Palestine's investigations] including Mohammad Shaqoura, my cousin Ismail Hawila, Bashar Naji, Abdulla Abdulla, Bilal Obaid, 'Ahed Qaddas, Osama Abu Askar with his brother and cousin, and a number of other people. A large number of people from the neighbourhood were also injured. In addition to that, 11 members of the Deep family were killed. I assume they were killed in the fourth and fifth explosions, which I had not heard clearly. The Deep family lives west of al-Fakhoura school.

I still have problems in my left thigh and need treatment. Luckily, my right leg is fine now.

Hasan H, 28 April 2009

Case Study No. 5

Name of victim: Bilal Mohammad Shihda al-Ashkar
Date of birth: 12 October 2003
Date of incident: 17 January 2009
Age at incident: 5
Location: Beit Lahiya project school, Beit Lahiya, northern Gaza

Name of victim: Mohammad Mohammad Shihda al-Ashkar
Date of birth: 20 June 2005
Date of incident: 17 January 2009
Age at incident: 3
Location: Beit Lahiya project school, Beit Lahiya, northern Gaza

Affidavit taken from: Sahar A.

Relation to victim: Uncle's wife
Date of affidavit: 24 February 2009

With the commencement of the first Israeli air strike of the military operation codenamed "Cast Lead" on the Gaza Strip on 27 December 2008, targeting military posts of Hamas security services and houses of Hamas activists, I became very scared for my children; especially because I live near one of the Hamas activists near Tel Za'tar secondary school for girls in the main street of Beit Lahiya. The house targeted is only 20 metres away from my two-storey-concrete house. My house is an old house full of cracks, so I was scared it might fall on my family; especially with ongoing heavy F16 air strikes. I have three children, Yasin (18), Shihda (19), and Riham (15).

In the afternoon of 29 December 2008, my children and I headed west to the house of my brother-in-law, Mohammad S., two kilometres away in al-Qur'a al-Khamisa neighbourhood of Beit Lahiya. Mohammad S. is deaf and dumb.

My children and I took some clothes and food with us because we feared we would have to stay for a long time in Mohammad's house. We stayed only one day in his house. Air strikes on Beit Lahiya intensified when Abu Ja'far al-Mansour school -500 metres from Mohammad's house - was targeted. The situation worsened that night and we were terrified. We were scared that the intelligence headquarters - 100 metres from Mohammad's house - might be targeted. Mohammad's wife Njoud and I decided to leave the neighbourhood. At around noon on 30 December 2008, my children, Njoud, her children Bilal (5), Mohammad (4), Madeleine (8) and Sabri (2) and I left Mohammad's house and headed to Njoud's father's house in Aslan neighbourhood of Beit Lahiya.

We thought at that time that the Aslan neighbourhood was much safer than the al-Qur'a al-Khamisa neighbourhood. We stayed in Njoud's father's house for seven days, during which time the offensive escalated. Fear filled the hearts of my children and all other children staying in the house. We were around 50 people, including 30 children. Israeli tank shells were falling in the area surrounding the house, targeting houses and agricultural land. Tanks invaded 'Atatra and Salatin, west of Beit Lahiya, and were about three kilometres away from the Aslan neighbourhood. We therefore decided to leave the house. As soon as things calmed for several minutes at around 2:00pm on 5 January 2009, we - my children and I, Njoud and her children, Njoud's father and his sons, their wives and children - were able to leave the house and head south to my brother Mohammad Tanboura's three-room-house, 1.500 metres away. The house is west of the al-Fakhoura neighbourhood. We were more than 50 people. I was surprised to find my brothers and sisters in my brother's house which became very crowded. My children and I and everyone spent the night in my brother's house. We had no adequate food or water, or even blankets. My brother's financial situation is bad.

That night, F16s targeted the Abu 'Askar family house in the al-Fakhoura neighbourhood. I felt as if the air strikes were following me and the children wherever we were going. In the morning of 6 January 2009, I took the children to schools run by the United Nations Relief and Works Agency because I heard such schools were sheltering people like us, in addition to the fact that they were safe as the Israeli army could not target them because they are run by UNRWA.

Njoud and I and the children went to Mashrou Beit Lahiya school for boys, while the rest of the family went to different UNRWA schools. When we reached the school, it was crowded and we looked for an empty classroom to shelter ourselves, but we did not find any. While we were walking in the corridor, I saw my cousin Aziza T. in one of the classrooms. She was with 15 other family members and in-laws. The classroom, which measured 6x4 metres, was sheltering around 50 people. We joined them anyway and spent many days there.

On the second day, 8 January 2009, Azhar B., the sister of Njoud's husband Mohammad, came to the school with her children Mohammad (11), Fatima (8), Mahmoud (6), Ahmad (2) and Abed R. (2 months) and joined us in the room. We had no adequate blankets or food. We were provided with one meal a day. My three children and I shared two cans of meat and 15-20 loaves of bread. There was obviously not enough food for us at all and it did not silence our empty stomachs.

The school was three storeys. The first and third floors were for women and children under the age of 14, while the second floor was for men. We had no electricity or water. Shelling and bombardment continued, and we all - women, children, and men - were terrified; especially when F16s targeted the nearby Mashrou Beit Lahiya market and destroyed shops and stores. Children were terrified. They kept screaming and crying at night. A large number of them wet themselves.

On 16 January 2009, I heard shouting in the classroom next to the classroom where I was on the second floor. Only Njoud and I were inside the classroom. The rest of the families who shared the classroom with us had left the school to stay with their relatives. People were shouting because Fatima (15) had been injured twice in the leg by random bullets fired through the window of the classroom. UN employees warned us not to go close to the west and north windows that overlook Beit Lahiya.

At around 3:00am on 17 January 2009, we all woke up to the loud sound of illuminating bombs, scattering in the sky like fireworks, and falling west behind the school, only 50 metres away. That night, a house was targeted by F16 aircrafts. I learned later that the house targeted belonged to the Lubbad family. It was close to the school towards the west. The illuminating bombs kept falling until 5:00am. The smell of the white smoke released from such bombs was so foul that I could only breathe with extreme difficulty. The smell reminded me of tear gas. Fear and horror filled my heart. Children in the school kept crying and screaming. We could not close the windows because we were afraid that the glass might shatter with the heavy explosions caused by such bombs. We did not know where to go at such an early hour. Njoud's children were crying and screaming for fear and horror. Her daughter Madeleine wet herself.

My daughter Riham and I went out of the classroom and sat on a desk in the corridor, while Njoud changed Madeleine's clothes. Azhar's son Mahmoud also wet himself. Although Madeleine and Mahmoud were big children, they wet themselves because they were terrified and cold, just like the other children in the classroom. I sat on a desk on the left side of the door, while my daughter Riham sat on another desk on the right side of the door. Njoud handed her son Sabri to Riham so that she could take the wet mattress out of the classroom. She took the mattress that Madeleine had wet and placed it on a desk in the corridor to dry out. Her children Mohammad, Bilal, and Madeleine followed her.

While Njoud was entering the classroom, a huge explosion took place. I saw concrete blocks falling inside the classroom. I hid under the desk and placed my head between my legs. I did not know what was going on. In the meantime, the classroom filled with thick white smoke. I stood by the door. I could not breathe because of the dust and smoke. I could not see either. I looked to the school yard and saw flames falling from the sky. The yard was filled with thick white smoke. I started to scream. I was confused and scared. The Israeli army was bombing the school. Shells came from the east from Izbat Abed Rabbu that had been invaded by the Israeli army.

At this point, a man came to the third floor. I was walking in the corridor, trying to escape without knowing what had happened inside the classroom, when my son Yasin grabbed me. I took him and climbed down the stairs to exit to the school yard. At that moment, I saw my daughter Riham. She was injured in her thigh by shrapnel. Her clothes were covered in blood. She could walk, but fear and horror were clear on her face. She was bleeding. I went to the yard

and began shouting *"Help Njoud and her children. I'm fine."* After that, I saw Mohammad coming from the building, carrying his wife Njoud. Ambulances came to the school at this point. Mohammad began shouting and screaming. He was deaf and dumb. He could express himself only through shouting. He was trying to stop an ambulance so that they could help his wife Njoud. He kept hitting the ambulance with both his hands. The ambulance stopped and he immediately put his wife Njoud inside. She was injured all over her body. Her clothes were covered in blood. She was staring at me as if she could not believe what had happened. She was placed inside the ambulance. Her daughter Madeleine came. She was mildly injured in the face. She stood next to me. Ambulances took only critically injured persons that could not wait.

The time was nearing 6:00am. A man living near the school came to the yard and took me and Madeleine, and my five-year-old cousin Mahmoud B. to his house east of the school. I learned later that the man was from the al-Kahlout family. He brought us some cloths soaked in water. We placed them on our faces because we inhaled the white smelly smoke released from the bombs. We stayed for about half an hour in the house, during which I received a telephone call from Zaidan B., Njoud's brother, and Mahmoud's father. He told me that Njoud's sons Mahmoud and Bilal had been killed, and Njoud was in critical condition. He added that my sister-in-law Muna A. (18) was in critical condition and her leg was amputated. His daughter Fatima (7) was injured in the face and sustained burns from the illuminating bombs. He also wanted to check on his son Mahmoud.

After a half an hour, an ambulance came and took me with the children. My daughter Riham fainted when the ambulance arrived. Because of her critical condition, she was admitted to Kamal Odwan hospital. Mahmoud, Madeleine and I were taken to al-'Awda hospital in Tel al-Za'tar. I was injured in my right thigh with shrapnel. I had some difficulty breathing. I sustained burns on the face. When we reached the hospital, the doctors said my injuries were mild and I could return to the house.

I immediately left the hospital and went to Kamal Odwan hospital to check on my daughter Riham and Njoud. When I reached the hospital, I discovered that Riham was getting better. Njoud on the other hand was in critical condition. Her right hand was amputated. The hospital administration asked us to leave the hospital because it was crowded with people who had been killed and injured in the attack. I did not know where to go this time. There was no safe place. We were sent to Hafas school in al-Falooja area.

Two days later, the Israeli army withdrew from northern Gaza. My children went back to the house. I on the other hand accompanied Njoud on her trip to Egypt. We spent 33 days in al-Ma'dai military hospital in Cairo.

Njoud is feeling better now, but she lost both her children Mohammad and Bilal. Her other children Madeleine and Sabri are much better now. They recovered from their injuries. My

daughter Riham recovered as well. Fatima, Azhar's daughter, is still suffering. Her face was critically burnt. Muna A's left leg was amputated. She is going through a difficult time, wishing she were dead.

Now I do not know where I can find a safe place to go to when such wars erupt.

Sahar A, 24 February 2009

B. Human shields

Case Study No. 6

Name: Ameer E.
Date of incident: 26 February 2007
Age: 15
Nature of incident: Human shield

On Monday, 26 February 2007, at about 5:00am, I was woken up by the sound of intensive gunfire and sound bombs. However, I stayed in bed. I was in my room in my house located in Tulkarm-Nablus Street, known as Haifa Street, 20 metres away from as-Salam Street. I also heard sounds of engines. I immediately got up and turned on the TV to watch the al-Afak local channel. I read on the news ticker that the Israeli army had invaded the city of Nablus. A few minutes later, I heard knocking on the door of our house. My mother went and opened the door. She moved back when she saw the Israeli soldiers at the door, as she explained to us later. One of the soldiers threw an object, and she thought it was a stone. Within seconds, the object exploded, creating a deafening sound. I left the room and headed towards the kitchen, five metres away from the door of the house. Our house is located on the second floor with stairs leading to the main street. My mother then called us and asked us to leave the house. We left the house, my half brother Ahmad (27), his wife (22), his daughters Shahad (2) and Wa'd (1), my brother Arafa (12), my sister Manal (17), my grandmother (75) and I.

We reached the balcony, adjacent to the main entrance of the house. One of the soldiers, wearing a khaki uniform and a helmet, and carrying a weapon, ordered me to lift up my shirt. I did so. He then asked me to approach him. When I approached him, he grabbed my hands and pushed me towards another soldier, who pushed me again towards another one and so on. There were about 12 soldiers who kept pushing me around. Their faces were painted. They did the same thing to Arafa and Ahmad. Then the soldiers gathered us on the main street, and forced us to walk ahead of them at gunpoint. They herded us to al-Qawsin's house, adjacent to our house on the west.

When we reached the neighbours' house, we found a number of soldiers were already there. The

Israeli soldiers had broken into the neighbours' house before they came to ours. The soldiers were holding the 11 family members, seven of them were children, in the living room. The living room was a large room, about 40 square metres. It had a set of couches on one side and one couch on another side. It had no bathroom. All the family members were sitting on the couches, and we were ordered to sit in the other corner of the room. Some of the soldiers were in the room where we were detained, and a number of them were stationed at the entrance of the room.

A few minutes later, one of the soldiers pointed at my sister Manal and asked her to go to him. She was absent for some five to 10 minutes, and then returned but we did not know what was going on in there. They called my brother Arafa and he was gone for five to 10 minutes and then returned. I did not speak to him and I did not know what had happened to him either. After that, the soldiers called my other brother Ahmad. They took him to the kitchen and began interrogating him loudly. They asked him about my brother Amr while slapping him across the face several times. Afterwards, they brought him back to the room while slapping him, and forced him to sit alone in one corner. They then called my mother and interrogated her for about 10 minutes. Once again, they called Manal and interrogated her. I learned later that she gave the same answers given by my mother.

The soldiers called me again and pointed at the house located on the east side of our house. I said it was my paternal uncle's house. They asked me to walk in front of them. Four of them followed me with their weapons loaded and ready to shoot. I was neither blindfolded nor handcuffed. After walking 10 metres away from the living room towards the stairway of our house, they ordered me to go to my uncle's house and ask them to leave the house. I headed to my uncle's house, whereas the soldiers stood on the stairway. I knocked on the door and asked everybody inside to leave the house. They all came out and there were six of them; Muhammad, Sameh, their mother, their sister and their two nieces.

The soldiers began searching Muhammad and Sameh and then we all headed back to the place in which we were held, 20 metres away. The street was full of military vehicles. We all, 26 people including 14 children, were detained in the living room of al-Qawsin's house. We were not allowed to go to the bathroom and we were denied access to food. However, they allowed us to drink some water; one of the al-Qawsin's daughters was allowed to bring her mother some water. Thirty minutes later, one of the soldiers called me. Judging from the orders he gave to the soldiers, I believe he was an officer. His uniform did not indicate any rank difference, though. In broken Arabic, he ordered me to go into the kitchen and asked me about my brother Amr. I replied by saying I did not know; a reply that earned me some slaps across the face. He then brought me back to the living room. I cannot recall who was next to being called for interrogation. Anyway, I learned later, after the soldiers pulled out from the area, that they took my brother Arafa to our house, ordering him to open the wardrobe and brought him back.

Once again the soldiers called me and ordered me to accompany them to my uncle's house.

There were 12 of them carrying weapons and fully prepared. When we reached the entrance of the house, they asked me to open the door and walk into the house. It was difficult for me to open the door because I could not see it clearly. The soldiers had thrown a smoke bomb in the place; a practice followed by the soldiers when they raid houses in order to suffocate people inside. However, I did manage to open the door and they walked behind me. Whenever there was a door, the soldiers would ask me to open it, walk into the room, and then start shooting after asking me to step aside. Sometimes they would ask me to go to a specific corner before starting to shoot. They fired about eight bullets inside the house and one or two towards the main entrance of the house. We spend about half an hour inside the house where the soldiers searched the whole place.

The soldiers then asked me to walk in front of them towards our house. This time I was terrified because the soldiers were shooting and forcing me to walk in front of them towards our house 20 metres away from as-Salam mosque. After searching our house, they brought me back to the al-Qawsin's house. Five minutes later, they called me again and asked me to go back to my uncle's house and open its windows. Four soldiers were walking behind me ready to shoot. When we reached the house, the four soldiers stood on the stairway and asked me to go inside and open the windows. I did the job, and then left the house and sat for a while on the stairway. One of the soldiers asked me if I had opened all the windows and I replied yes. We spent five minutes there and they brought me back to the confinement room of al-Qawsin's house. After a while, they called my cousin Sameh, who had followed us with his brother Muhammad minutes after we were forced to leave the house. He was gone for about 15 minutes.

The soldiers asked about our identification cards, but my brother Ahmad had left his identification card at our house. Ahmad asked one of the soldiers to let me go and fetch it. The soldier agreed. Therefore, I headed to the house without an escort, brought Ahmad's ID and handed over to the security officer. A couple of minutes later, I saw the security officer handing back the ID to Ahmad. Then I saw the soldiers handcuffing my cousins Muhammad and Sameh and Basim, one of the al-Qaswin's, and putting them inside one of the jeeps. They then pulled out of the area.

The Israeli incursion started at 5:00am and lasted until 7:30am. The Israeli soldiers forced me to walk in front of them three times; the first time to my uncle's house, the second time to our house to search it, and the last time to open my uncle's house windows. They shot some bullets while walking behind me. I was interrogated and slapped on the face five times. In addition to that, the security officer threatened to shoot me if I did not confess.

20 March 2007

Case Study No. 7

Name: Jihan D.
Date of incident: 28 February 2007
Age: 11
Nature of incident: Human shield

On Wednesday, 28 February 2007, at about 5:00am, I was woken up by the voices of Israeli soldiers announcing a curfew through loudspeakers. I was sleeping in my room along with my sister Hanan (15), my brother Muhammad (16) and my 23-year-old aunt. My room is in part of an old building located in the old city of Nablus. We live on the second floor. The rented house is divided by a 20 square metre yard. The first section of the house, where my room is, is 40 square metres and it has its own bathroom. My grandparents live in the room adjacent to my room. There was another room in this section of the house but it was demolished during previous Israeli incursions into the old city. The other section of the house, where my parents live, is composed of two rooms, a corridor and a small kitchen. In other words, our house is an old building with two houses adjacent to each other, separated by a 20 square metre yard and is on the second floor, whereas the first floor is abandoned.

Our house is in al-Ato'ut neighbourhood, 50 metres away from an-Nasr Street in the centre of the old city, and almost 300 metres to the east of Shuhda circle, in the centre of Nablus. I woke up and heard the soldiers saying through loudspeakers "*No walking in the streets; danger to your life*" and I heard sounds of sporadic explosions. After a couple of minutes, my aunt Neda' woke up, as well as my siblings, and we all headed to the other section of the house, to my parents. We all gathered in the bedroom and started looking out the windows to watch the movements of the Israeli army. I saw a number of armed soldiers dressed in khaki uniforms and big caps. After an hour and a half inside the room, and because it was not dark outside, I was able to see the soldiers breaking down some doors in the neighbourhood using iron tools and hammers. When I saw them, I moved away from the window and joined my aunt and my siblings, whilst my parents were outside the room next to the kitchen door.

At around 8:00am, armed soldiers, dressed in dark green uniforms - the Israeli army uniform - stormed our house by climbing the stairs to the second floor. When the soldiers reached the main entrance to the second section of the house, my mother was standing by the door. They ordered her to get all of us out of the room. My mother called us and asked us to leave the room. We all complied and went into the yard. The soldiers, with nothing covering their faces, spoke with my father in Hebrew. We, accompanied by some soldiers, then headed to my grandparents' room and stayed there for about 10 minutes. Ten minutes later, they took us back to my parents' bedroom, which has two windows that overlook al-Ato'ut neighbourhood, and held us for half an hour. The soldiers left the room and sat on the doorstep. Then they all left the house. My mother and I went out to the yard. While I was standing there, I heard some loud knocks at the neighbouring house. My sister and I went to our room and looked from the northern window to

see soldiers knocking on the doors of our neighbours' house. In the meantime, soldiers were coming and going from our house. They had a digging machine and started digging. However, I was not able to see them actually digging, but I heard sounds of digging until around 3:00pm.

At around 3:00pm, the soldiers, 50 of them, came back and searched the house thoroughly. They spoke with my father in Hebrew and asked him to get us all out and then forced us to go to my room. We all went to my room, whereas my grandparents were allowed to go to their room. The soldiers did not enter the room. Instead, some of them stayed in the yard, and the rest went into my parents' room. At around 7:30pm, my parents went to the kitchen on the other side of the house to fix dinner for us, after my father had spoken with the soldiers. The door to my room was open and one of the soldiers was standing there.

Fifteen minutes later, my mother came back with food thinking that my father was already with us in the room. We did not know where he was. She went out to the hall, and called his name. Afterwards, she came back saying that the soldiers had taken my father out of the house to interrogate him. We sat to eat dinner where everything was quite normal and the soldiers were outside the room. By the time we finished our meal, my father came back and told us that he had been taken away for interrogation. My mother and aunt went back to the kitchen to fix him something to eat and my brother Hamza followed them.

While we were in the room, an armed soldier, wearing a purple T-shirt and military trousers, entered the room and called my father's name. My father answered and left the room. I tried to look but the soldier shouted at me "Go inside." Fifteen minutes later, the same soldier pointed at my sister Hanan and I to leave the room. We did so as my father entered the room. We went out into the yard, and saw many soldiers there, apart from those standing by the door of the room. A few minutes later, my mother walked out of my grandparents' room. I learnt later that she had not been allowed to come back to my room after she had left it to prepare dinner for my father. My mother then took us inside my grandparents' room. The interrogator came into the room and screamed "Jihan", he was nervous. He gripped me by the shoulder and took me to the yard. He started interrogating me in Hebrew whilst another soldier was doing the interpretation. He asked me "Where are the fighters?" "Where are the tunnels?" and threatened to put me in prison. He brought handcuffs and threatened to handcuff me. He actually tried handcuffing me but I pulled my hands back. He asked me so many questions that I had to give up. I told him about this house located to the south, where some young men went once in a while; something known to the locals. The multi-storey house had been abandoned for years and is adjacent to some houses in the neighbourhood. I had visited the house when it was still inhabited several years ago; its residents were known to us and we used to visit each other.

It was around 8:30pm when the interrogator asked me to accompany him to show them the house; something I did not oppose. I walked in front of the soldiers who were armed and ready to shoot. The area was quiet and no one was there. The investigator and a number of soldiers, I do not know how many, followed me. The house in question was 50 metres away, to the south

of our house. When I pointed at the house, two soldiers brought me back to my house without uttering a single word. I entered my parents' room to find it full of soldiers. Some of them were lying on the bed, some of them sitting on the floor, and one soldier was standing behind me. None of the soldiers said a word, except one soldier asked me my name. I replied I am Jihan. They had no female soldier and none of them spoke with each other.

Ten minutes later, the two soldiers who brought me back to the house walked into the room with another soldier. One of the soldiers spoke Arabic and asked me to accompany him again to the abandoned house. I walked in front of the three soldiers and we all headed towards the house. For the record, the house consists of three floors and only the third floor is abandoned, whereas people live in the first and second floor. When we reached the house, I saw a number of soldiers surrounding the house and its entrance. While going up to the third floor, I saw several soldiers on the stairway. None of the soldiers had climbed up to the third floor yet.

The stairway to the third floor was dark; so the soldiers switched on the lights on their weapons. I walked into the house; its entrance led directly to the kitchen. As I remembered the kitchen had a door that led to the roof. The soldiers then headed to the roof and searched it. I asked them to take me back to my house but one of the soldiers said "Tell us first where the young men are," but I said I did not know any place else. They held me for 10 minutes. Afterwards, they brought me back to the house and one of the soldiers said "Do not tell anyone that you came with us, do not tell anyone that we took you." Another soldier gave me a sweet and a biscuit.

I reached the house and went up to my room accompanied by two soldiers. I was afraid and exhausted. I fell asleep. The next day, the soldiers pulled out from the area and of course out of our house.

24 March 2007

Case Study No. 8

Name: Rana N.
Date of incident: 11 July 2007
Age: 14
Nature of incident: Human shield

Affidavit collected by B'Tselem

My name is Rana N. I am 14 years old. I live with my family (my brother and sisters) in a house that consists of three rooms; its size is 80 square metres. We live in the East of al-Bureij Refugee Camp, 500 metres from the border with Israel. In the area where we live, there are Israeli

soldiers with tanks and shooting. When I hear the voice of the soldiers screaming and the tanks approaching I feel terrified from the screaming of soldiers and the barking of the dogs accompanying the soldiers.

I sleep at my grandmother's home with my cousin Dodi Zeiad (13). My grandmother's house is 25 metres away from our house. I sleep at my grandmother's because my grandmother needs my help because she is old. She needs somebody to feed her and give her water and medicine. My grandmother can not move easily.

On 11 July 2007, Zeiad and I were sleeping at my grandmother's house. I woke up to the sound of a big explosion, which shook the house and the windows. I was terrified; I saw my grandmother and Zeiad were terrified. We heard the voices of soldiers speaking Hebrew and shouting, in addition to the sound of the tanks that were approaching, and the sound of the airplanes in the sky, the noise continued until 7:00am.

Moments after I woke up I heard banging on the door, and a person asked us in Arabic to get out of the house. The banging on the door grew louder, and we did not know what to do, to open the door or not. My grandmother asked me to open the door, I approached the door and I was terrified because the banging on the door was louder and louder.

When I opened the door Zeiad was standing behind me. I saw many soldiers in their uniform, armed, wearing helmets. Their faces were painted black. One of the soldiers asked us to come out of the house and to sit beside the door on the right hand side of the door. My grandmother, Zeiad and I sat on the ground, we were afraid of the soldiers who were standing and pointing their weapons toward us.

Soldiers conducted searches in the house and around it. After that, they stood near us. One soldier asked me to stand in order to go to my family house which is 25 metres away from my grandmother's house to ask my family to come out.

I ran towards my family's house to tell them to come out. After six metres, I felt pain in my abdomen and fell to the ground. I felt dizzy and could hardly breathe. After that, I felt somebody was carrying me and I don't know where they took me.

I woke up four days later; my mother was sitting beside me. I asked her where I was. My mother told me I was in Seroka Hospital. I felt severe pain in my abdomen and in my left leg, as a result of the bullets fired by the soldiers. I stayed in Seroka for treatment for 21 days. I suffered pain in my abdomen and felt like the bullets had torn my intestines; and I felt that some parts of my body were not there.

I have one leg semi paralyzed, and I can hardly move it because of the bullet that hit me. Until

today I feel dizzy and I cannot go to the bathroom alone and I cannot eat normally because of the injury to my abdomen, the only food that I can have is yoghurt and juice.

As a result of my injury my life has become hard; I can not move freely. I was taking care of my grandmother, but now I am in need for somebody to take care of me. The academic year started on 1 September 2007, I do not know how I can go to school in this difficult health condition.

8 August 2007

Case Study No. 9

Names: Ala A. (15), Ali A. (16), Nafiz A. (17), Khalil A. (15) and Hussein (12)
Date of incident: 2 January 2009
Ages: 12, 15, 16 and 17
Nature of incident: Human shields
Affidavit taken from: Ali

I live in Beit Lahiya, 50 metres south of al-‘Atatra circle. My family consists of my father, mother, my brothers Nafiz (17) and 15-year-old twins Fadi and ‘Ala.

On Friday, 2 January 2009, at around 4:30pm, artillery shells and missiles from Apache helicopters started falling on agricultural lands and houses nearby. My family and I stayed inside the house and did not leave at all. We could not actually leave the house because of the intensity of the bombardment.

On Saturday, 3 January 2009, at around 10:00pm, I heard two heavy explosions near my house. I heard people and the neighbours shouting. I learned later that the two explosions took place in the house of Khamis al-‘Attar, one of my relatives. His house is located 30 metres south of our house. Because of the loud shouting, I thought some people in Khamis’ house or in the houses nearby had been injured. My family and I kept waking up that night in fear and terror because of the intensity of the bombardment. At around 5:00am, the sound of explosions grew bigger, especially from the area of the Ghneim family’s orchard, opposite our house. The explosions did not stop, so we decided at around 7:00am to go to my uncle Sameer’s house. His house is located west of our house about 50 metres away.

My uncle’s house was much safer than our house. Most of our windows had shattered because of the shells that fell nearby in the Ghneim family’s orchard. My uncle’s house consists of two storeys: the first floor is warehouses and the second floor is an apartment where my uncle Sameer and his family live. My family and I went to my uncle’s house and spent the entire day there. My brother Fadi did not come with us; he went to my grandmother Neema’s house, which

is near my uncle's house. In my uncle's house, we found my uncle Sameer, his wife, his children Ola (8), Hasna (10), Hussein (12), Ali (5), and Kamal (7), in addition to his married daughter Filastin (19), her husband and her five-month old son. We spent the night at my uncle's house as the bombardment continued. During the night, Israeli tanks invaded Beit Lahiya and helicopters crisscrossed the sky.

On Monday, 5 January 2009, at around 6:30am, I woke up to the sound of heavy gunfire. I realised that the Israeli army was inside my uncle Sami's house, located four metres north of uncle Sameer's house. Bullets entered my uncle Sameer's house from the west. We all lay down on the ground and began crawling to escape the bullets that came through the northern and western windows of the house. We headed towards a bedroom in the south side of the house. Once we reached the door of the room, bullets started to come from the south, so we crawled east. I saw bullets coming through the eastern windows but did not know from where they were fired. I think the Israeli army had surrounded the house from all directions. I learned later that the Israeli army was on the rooftop of Imad al-Attar's house, southwest of my uncle's house, 30 metres away. I learned later from my mother that she saw Israeli soldiers on the street east of the house, and I think they were the ones who shot at us from that direction.

My mother and my uncle Sameer's wife began shouting loudly and saying "There are children here!" My mother wrapped a white piece of cloth around a broom stick and they waved it from the southwestern side of the house so that the soldiers would know we are civilians. When they waved the white banner, the soldiers fired heavily at the banner. Suddenly, amidst the fear and terror, I heard the sound of people running. When I heard people speaking in Arabic, I looked out the eastern window, and saw people on the main street near al-'Atatra circle. They were carrying white flags. My father left Sameer's house and went to my grandfather's house nearby to tell my grandfather, uncles, cousins, and my brother Fadi to flee. We, I mean my brothers, my uncle Sameer and his children, would follow them later. Half an hour later, my mother and my uncle's wife were ready, so we went to the stairs to exit and join the local residents, especially since my uncle's house was no longer safe.

My mother went down the stairs and we followed her. Once she opened the front door, located in the west side of the house, I heard Israeli soldiers speaking in Hebrew and shouting at my mother. She was surprised by the proximity of the soldiers to the door, and quickly closed it. At that moment, a huge explosion took place and I think it came from a percussion grenade the soldiers threw at the door. The explosion was so great that it broke down the iron door. I became terrified. We started running back up the stairs to the second floor. I was so terrified that I stepped over one of my cousins. Other people stepped over me. I was so terrified I did not know who stepped over me or whom I stepped over. We all went back to my uncle's apartment. I suddenly heard someone speaking in Arabic and saying "There are children in this house." Another person spoke in broken Arabic and said to him "No, this house has no children. It has militants." I think it was an Israeli soldier because of the way he spoke. I did not recognise the

first person whom I heard saying “Sameer, come down, everyone.” He meant my uncle Sameer and his children. Then we all went down to the front door.

When I exited the front door, I saw around 50 Israeli soldiers standing in a line against the wall in front of my uncle Sameer’s house. They painted their faces with colours. They were pointing their weapons at us. Most of them were young; I think their ages ranged from 17 to 22. Immediately, one of them dragged my uncle Sameer and placed him on the north side, and then pointed at my mother, Sameer’s wife and her daughter Filastin, and the little children and motioned to them to head south towards Said al-Attar’s house, only five metres away. He then pointed at the rest of us: Ala (15), Nafiz (17), Hussein (12), Yasir (Filastin’s husband) and me to go join my uncle Sameer. At this point, I saw my cousin Habib al-Attar (36) handcuffed. I think he was the one who called us to get out of the house. I also saw a number of my relatives handcuffed and standing next to each other near the front door of my uncle Sameer’s house. They were Abu Nimr A. (53), his son Nimr (27), Saqr (21), Sakhr (20), Samid (19), and Ibrahim Habib A. (18).

I was very scared because the soldiers ordered us to stand in a line against the wall. I thought they were going to execute us. They turned our faces towards the wall and lifted our hands. A soldier then started kicking our legs to separate them. I mean he wanted us to stand with our feet apart. My cousin Hussein (12) was on my right with his father next to him, while my brother Nafiz (17) was on my left. Another soldier started searching us; he searched us after we took off our heavy clothes, keeping only the light layers on. A soldier had pointed at us to take off our clothes before another soldier started searching us. I took off my sweater and trousers, and kept a white shirt and white light trousers on. A fourth soldier started tying our hands to each other with white plastic cords. He tied my right hand to Hussein’s left hand and my left hand to my brother Nafiz’s right hand. My brother Nafiz’s left hand was not tied because he was the last person in line. A soldier came and grabbed Nafiz’s hand and walked as the line followed him. We stood in line in the middle of the street. We were 13 people. The soldiers stood behind us with their assault rifles pointed at our backs, and then started pushing us with their rifles.



Ali (left), and his brother 'Ala, enacting the body search for a DCI fieldworker on 26 March 2009

It was approximately 10:00am when we started walking southeast towards Abu Wael A.'s house, which was 50 metres away. The soldiers took us inside the house and I saw that a large number of soldiers were already inside; they were around 120 soldiers. Their faces were painted. One of the soldiers searched us once again before we entered the house. They then took us to a room where we saw Abu Wael and his two children Ahmad (27) and Khalil (15). They were tied and blindfolded, and sitting inside the room. We sat in the room for about two hours. My brother Nafiz's mobile phone rang and one of the soldiers took it and put it in his pocket. I think it was my father who was calling. The soldiers then took us out of the room to another nearby room after searching us for a third time. They untied Abu Wael and placed him alone in one of the rooms. They also placed Abu Nimr alone in the kitchen. I do not know why. The rest of us stayed in a separate room. One of the soldiers then came holding small pieces of cloth. He blindfolded us. They tore up clothes from inside the house to blindfold us.

Fifteen minutes later, my cousin Hussein (12) started to cry because the plastic cords were hurting his hands. The plastic cords hurt my hands as well. My uncle Sameer, who speaks Hebrew because he worked in Israel, spoke with the soldiers and told them that his son Hussein is crying because of the tight plastic cords. A soldier came and untied only Hussein. My hand that was tied to Hussein's felt better for a few seconds. Then the soldier tied my left hand to Nimr's. I could see what was going on. The soldier noticed that I could see, so he came over to me and blindfolded me again.

Everyone was shouting to be allowed to use the bathroom. I shouted too, but not because I really needed to use the bathroom, I just wanted them to untie me because the plastic cords hurt my left hand. We kept asking to be allowed to use the bathroom for five consecutive hours. A soldier then dragged all of us to the bathroom. I tried to urinate but could not because the door of the bathroom was open and my hands were tied. I could not lower my trousers. When everyone was finished, they took us back to the room and blindfolded us again. A soldier untied my uncle Sameer and his son Hussein and took them out of the room. They never came back.

We stayed several more hours in the room until the evening when the soldiers took us out of the house and made us stand near Wael A.'s house, which is 10 metres west of his father's (Abu Wael) house. A soldier removed our blindfolds after we stood in a line in the middle of the street. The soldiers were standing behind us. One of the soldiers pointed at us to close our ears as a bulldozer uprooted trees behind Wael A.'s house, and a second bulldozer approached. The bulldozer moved over a mine, causing a huge explosion. At that point I knew why the soldier asked us to cover our ears. The soldiers then took us back to Abu Wael's house. I think they took us out and made us stand in the middle of the street while they stood behind us so that no one would shoot at them. Even if someone had shot at them, the bullets would have hit us instead.

We stayed in Abu Wael's house until 2:00am, Tuesday, 6 January 2009 when the soldiers came and took us out. They led us through agricultural lands and among trees. The branches and leaves kept hitting my face. The ground was muddy. We walked a lot in the dark. I could not see anything because I was blindfolded again. The soldiers surrounded us from behind and in front. I heard them speaking in Hebrew. I heard their footsteps. I did not know where I was going. Then they took us inside a house. I heard them speaking in Hebrew with other soldiers who were already positioned inside the house. Then they quickly took us out and forced us to stand by the front door for about 10 minutes. Then we walked for about 100 metres. I fell down into what I think was a deep trench. I felt so much pain in my hands because of the sharp incline going down into the trench. The soldiers made us sit and untied our hands. They then tied each one of us individually. They tied my hands behind my back. It was extremely cold. The ground was sandy and damp. I felt a shiver in my body especially since I was wearing light clothes.

While sitting in the trench, I heard tanks and bulldozers and was afraid that they were going to fill it with us sitting inside. After several hours of sitting, I felt it was daylight because I sensed the warmth of the sun. I asked a soldier to let me urinate, so another soldier came and cut off the ties. I urinated close to where I was sitting but I was unable to see anything. I tried to lift the blindfold but the soldier would not allow it. He grabbed the blindfold and lowered it down against my eyes. I urinated and came back to my place. The soldier then tied my hands but in front this time. I asked for some water but he said "Shikit" meaning "shut up" in Hebrew.



Ali (left), and his brother 'Ala, showing a DCI fieldworker how they were handcuffed in the trench

I spent the whole day sitting inside the trench. I heard the sound of artillery fire close by. I also heard the sound of tanks. The soldiers surrounded the trench and would sometimes open fire, I do not know why. The bullets fired from their rifles flew over our heads and the bullet casings fell on us in the trench. The bullet casings were hot, and the sound of gunfire terrified me.

On 7 January 2009, at around 2:00am, the soldiers brought us blankets. I tried to grab one even though my hands were tied. We covered ourselves - Habib, Nafiz, and other people I do not know. We sat next to each other under the blanket. We covered our feet so that we could warm each other. I tried to lean my back against the earth because I felt my back had stiffened. One of the soldiers came and kicked my feet so I would adjust my posture. I felt much pain in my back from sitting in this position and from the extreme cold. I was sitting with my back straight but I was able to lean forward.

On 8 January 2009, at around 6:00am, a soldier or an officer, I think, said good morning to us in broken Arabic. He told us to stand up in a line, and then ordered us to sit. Everyone was asking for food and water. I sneakily lifted the blindfolded so that I could see what was happening. Our numbers began to increase as soldiers brought more people from the area to the trench. We reached up to 250 people. I saw a soldier giving a sack of bread to an old man so that he can give us all bread after he was untied. Each loaf also contained a piece of meat. The old man gave a small loaf to groups of five people after our blindfolds were removed. My brother Nafiz, Habib and his son Ibrahim, my cousin Hasan, my brother Ala, and I shared one small loaf. Though I was starving, I only ate a little. I wanted water. The man who handed us the bread brought us some water in the empty can that contained the meat. The can was dirty and disgusting. The water smelled like the dirty can, but I drank it because I was very thirsty. The soldiers then forced us to sit in two parallel lines, one line behind the other. They tied our hands behind our

backs and once again blindfolded us. They then surrounded us with razor wire.

About two hours later, the artillery positioned near the trench began firing its shells. It really terrified all of us. I heard the empty cases of the shells falling nearby immediately after each shell was fired. The shelling was continuous but not consecutive.

Several hours later, at around 3:30pm on the same day, a huge explosion shook the entire area. Shrapnel and stones fell on our heads in the trench. I learned later that the shelling was targeted at the Maqat family house, about 60 metres to the east. We spent the entire day and night sitting in two lines in the trench and the soldiers did not allow us to lean our backs against the earth. The soldiers were replaced by other soldiers, I suppose, because a female soldier asked us about our ages. I told her I was 14. She also asked the others who seemed young. They removed me, my brother Ala (15), my cousins Hasan, Mohammad and Khalil (15) out of the trench and put us with two women with their young daughters and five little boys. I learned later that these women refused to leave their husbands, who were also detained with us, so the soldiers detained them separately. The soldiers surrounded us with razor wire in a three-diameter circle.

The female soldier, the one who asked me about my name earlier, came and spoke some English words. She looked very young, about 17 years old. She had blond hair with two stars on her shoulder. She was very short. One of the girls went and spoke with her in English. When she finished speaking with the soldier, the girl told me that they will release us and we are free to go where we want.

At this moment, an old man came. He was sick. He was my 63-year-old cousin Abu Dhiab A. He needed a breathing apparatus. The soldier brought him and placed him with us inside the area cordoned off with razor wire. We were put together.

Ten minutes later, the female soldier returned and spoke in Hebrew with the soldier who was standing near us. I did not understand what she said. The soldier then spoke to us in broken Arabic and said "All of you, go to Jabalia." Everybody, including me, stood up and tried to get out of the trench. Once I was about to reach the top, the soldier took off the shirt I was wearing. He took off my white shirt and pointed at me to keep it lifted high up in the air.

The women, their sons and daughters, the old man, my brother Ala, my cousins Hasan, Khalil, and Mohammad, and I got out of the trench and headed south towards Twam area, the direction the soldier signalled us to walk. We walked for about 60 metres. We fell to the ground in fear when the Apache helicopter flew above our heads. Suddenly, a tank located south of us, about 10 metres away, fired at us. It fired bullets towards our feet and above our heads. We began to scream. We stood there petrified, not knowing where to go. At this moment, a soldier stepped out of the tank and ordered us to stop and go back. One of the women said "We should call them

loudly and tell them that the soldiers in the trench allowed us to leave to Jabalia.” The woman called out to the soldier and told him so, but he opened fire at us with his scary weapon installed on the tank. We were terrified and retreated back towards the trench.

When we approached the trench, I saw the female soldier looking at us. She pointed with her hand towards the southeast road that leads to Twam circle (the main street), and not the shortcut through agricultural lands where the tanks were positioned. We walked along the main road which had been destroyed by the bombardment and the tanks driving on it. The Apache helicopter was flew overhead as if it was watching us.

The helicopter fired its missiles towards the Twam area where we were heading. I felt it was striking at us. I fell to the ground several times especially when the missiles were fired because it created a horrifying sound. The usual half hour trip to Twam circle took two hours because one of the women had difficulty walking because of her fear and her heavy weight. In addition, the old man also walked slowly. On the road, I saw destroyed houses. The road was full of holes and Isra neighbourhood in Twam area was empty and quiet. The only sound you could hear was of the tanks, and the helicopters hovering above.

When we reached Twam circle, I saw my cousin Habib’s brother whose name I do not know. I asked him about my family and whether he knew where they were. He told me that all my family was in the schools. At this moment, I felt I was free because I could see people at Twam circle and a few cars that were on the street. The women and their children headed to a house belonging to one of their relatives at Twam circle. I felt thirsty, so I went to a stranger’s house and knocked on the door. A man came out and took me inside with Hasan, Ala, Mohammad, and Khalil. We drank some water. We spent half an hour there and then left the house and walked east towards Abu Sharkh circle, about one kilometre away. I saw another relative and he told us he knew where my family was. He stopped a taxi and we got in. The old man who was with us went to his daughter’s house at Abu Sharkh circle. The taxi headed towards Gaza al-Jadida School. My relative paid for the taxi because we did not have any money.

We entered the school and I saw my mother, grandmother Neama, grandmother Sabha, father, uncles, and many of my relatives. They did not know what had happened to us and whether we were alive or dead. I started to cry because I was very happy, especially after seeing my mother. She looked exhausted because she had not eaten since we had been detained by the army.

Seven days later, my brother Nafiz came to the school. He too was exhausted. He said that the Israelis took him to Beersheba prison on the same day Ala and I was released.

We stayed in the school until the Israeli troops withdrew on 18 January 2009. The situation inside the school was very bad because most of my relatives had been arrested and we did not have sufficient water, food, blankets or mattresses. My uncle Sameer was released on 24 January

2009 after being detained in Beersheba prison. As for our house, most of its windows and doors were broken. We found that many explosions took place inside it. We found shells inside. We now live in the gas station where my father works. It is near the evacuated settlement of Dugit, two kilometres away from the eastern border with Israel.

30 March 2009

Case Study No. 10

Name: Majid R.
Date of incident: 15 January 2009
Age: 9
Nature of incident: Human shield

I live in Tel al-Hawa neighbourhood in the southwestern part of Gaza City. I live in Tower 5 located on the main street that links the Red Crescent (150 metres to the west) with Barcelona Garden (about 100 metres to the east). My family and I live on the sixth floor of the seven-storey tower. The tower also has a warehouse for water tanks and other supplies used by the residents. The floor of the warehouse is made of clay.

The Israeli operation “Cast Lead” started on 27 December 2008 and many areas in the Gaza Strip were invaded. Warplanes bombed buildings and governmental facilities throughout the first week of the military operation. They bombed several official buildings in our neighbourhood such as the Ministries complex in the north about 500 metres away, and the office of the Prime Minister, 700 metres away from our house. I watched television and heard the news about martyrs and death everywhere. I was scared that something might happen to me because of the bombardment. I stayed inside the house and never left because I thought being in the house with my family was the safest place; especially since the schools were closed. I constantly heard huge explosions and tanks. I was very scared of the explosions and bombardment.

On 14 January 2009, the bombardment intensified and I heard explosions every five minutes. Everybody in the house was very scared. Inside the house was my mother Afaf (47), sisters Dalia (10) and Nisma (9), my half brother Nimr (40), his wife Mai (40) and their children Marah (13) and Mahmoud (6). Mai is a doctor at the Red Crescent Hospital. My mother tried to calm me and my sisters when we cried. We were afraid and did not know where to hide from the bombardment.

At around 9:00pm, my brother Nimr said *“Let’s go down to the warehouse because it is much safer especially since the bombardment has intensified and I hear loud sounds.”* I asked my

brother about the sound and he said it was the sound of tanks approaching. We all carried our blankets and mattresses and went down to the warehouse. When we reached the warehouse, we found our neighbours from the same building were already there. I do not know their names but I recognized their faces. The warehouse has an iron door and it was opened by the neighbours. In the centre, there are stairs. On the southern side, there are water tanks, whereas the northern side is empty clay floor of about 300-square metres.

We sat on the northern side of the warehouse. There are two unfinished bathrooms on the eastern side. They consist of just two walls: 1.5 x 1 metres. We all sat on the empty floor. We tried to sleep a little. We placed the mattresses on the western side of the warehouse, and the men sat on the chairs next to the water tanks on the other side of the warehouse. By 10:30pm, there were about 40 people in the warehouse including men, women, and children. They were residents of the same tower. I did not know all of their names; only a few of them.

At around 11:00pm, the bombardment became so heavy that the windows used for ventilation shattered and my sister was injured in her head from the glass. *“Don’t be scared. The Israeli army is far away and we are safe,”* my mother told us, but I was very scared. I tried to sleep but would wake up now and then to the sound of explosions near the tower. This situation continued until the morning.

At 5:00am, I heard doors being broken. I heard heavy fire and bullets entering the windows of the warehouse. We had no electricity; the only light came from my brother Nimr’s torch placed on a concrete pillar inside the warehouse, and our vision was limited. At this moment the tower superintendant Ahmad Abu Sha’ban came and sat down with the men on the southeastern side. *“Go slowly to the side of the bathrooms,”* he said in a low voice. The bathrooms were on the southwestern side, about 20 metres away. Everybody including women and children got up and went to the bathrooms. My family and I tried to enter the bathrooms but they were crowded; around 40 people were inside. Everybody was standing because there was no place to sit. We stood for about 10 minutes, during which time the sound of explosions grew louder. We heard Israeli soldiers shouting nearby, and the sound of gunfire entering the warehouse. I then heard the door of the warehouse being broken and Israeli soldiers shouting in a language that I later learned was Hebrew.

The soldiers entered the warehouse firing everywhere. I saw small red lights moving everywhere inside the warehouse. I saw the shadows of around 30 soldiers on the wall in front of us. At this point, Ahmad Abu Sha’ban (50) shouted *“Say katan...katan; a word in Hebrew meaning small.”* He was telling everyone, including the children, to say this. Everyone shouted but I did not because I was scared if they heard me they would shoot me. I then learned that *katan* means children. After the shouting stopped, the shooting also stopped. I saw two soldiers standing by the door of the bathrooms where I was hiding behind my mother. One of them lit a torch he held in his hand and said in broken Arabic *“Come on, get out, one by one.”* My brother Nimr was the first to get out. Once he got out, the soldiers shot at him. I thought they killed him but then I saw

him; he was still standing. He began taking off his clothes. Ahmad Abu Sha'ban and his sons, I do not know their names, came out and the other men followed them. The soldiers took them and forced them to lie down on the floor on the eastern side of the warehouse. My mother, sisters, and the other women and children came out as well.

At this moment, I saw a large number of soldiers standing in the warehouse. They were carrying weapons and wearing green caps. One of them was carrying a cleaver and that really scared me. Their faces were painted with the same color I see in action movies on television. A soldier spoke to us in broken Arabic that was difficult to understand. He told us to go to the southwestern corner of the warehouse. My mother, the other women, children, and I went to the southwestern corner as he said. I was very scared thinking they would shoot me. I was grabbing my mother's hands and hiding behind her. We stood for about 10 minutes as the soldiers walked through the warehouse searching the men and forcing them to strip down to their underwear. At this moment, a soldier came and stood two metres away from us. "*Come here,*" he said while pointing at us. "*Me?*" my mother asked. "*No, him,*" he said in broken Arabic as he pointed at me. He approached me and grabbed my shirt from my neck and dragged me away. "*He's a child,*" my mother began shouting. I thought they would kill me. I became very scared and wet my pants. I could not shout or say anything because I was too afraid.

The soldier dragged me towards the bathrooms, 20 metres away. He pushed me towards the small corridor in front of the bathrooms. He began shouting at me and speaking a language I did not understand. I was very scared by the way he looked. He was very tall and his face was painted black, green, and other colors. He was wearing a cap. Everything about him scared me. He lit a torch he was carrying in his hand and I saw his face very well. He pointed his weapon at me. He was shouting at me and I did not understand him, so he grabbed me and pushed me against the wall.

He then started motioning with his hand and I figured out he wanted me to open the bags; small bags that the residents brought down with them containing their personal effects and money. The bags were similar to the bags used by football players. I understood from his hand gestures that he wanted me to open the bags. There were two bags in front of me. I grabbed the first one as he stood one and a half metres away. I opened the bag as he pointed his weapon directly at me. I emptied the bag on the floor. It contained money and papers. I looked at him and he was laughing. I grabbed the second bag to open it but I could not. I tried many times but it was useless, so he shouted at me. He grabbed my hair and slapped me very hard across the face. I did not shout or cry but I was very scared. He dragged me away from the bags and forced me to stand against the wall, as he stood about one and a half meters behind me. He then shot at the bag that I could not open. I thought he shot at me, so I shouted and put my hands on my head. He then pulled me through the corridor. "*Go to your mother,*" said another soldier who spoke Arabic well, but was dressed like them and was carrying a weapon. I ran to my mother and hid in her arms. "*I wet my pants,*" I said to her. "*It's fine,*" she said. I then saw the soldiers drag the

men to the southern side of the warehouses near the water tanks.

As for us, the soldiers forced us to sit on the floor. I understood later that they asked who spoke English and my sister-in-law Mai talked to them. She asked us to sit on the mattresses on the floor. The mattresses and blankets were burnt from the gun fire. She then told us that the soldiers wanted us to sit in a circle with our backs facing each other. We did what they said. I was sitting next to my mother. A soldier then came and brought a chair, which was already in the warehouse, and placed it in the middle of the circle. I thought they would ask us to sit on this chair and then shoot us. I became very scared but could not do anything. However, the soldier sat on it and would shout now and then “*Boom. Boom,*” like the sound of an explosion. We would all put our hands on our heads, and the soldier would laugh loudly. He repeated this about five times. He then went and sat about five metres away from us. Four other soldiers sat next to him. The soldiers pointed their weapons at us, and I would get scared. I could see the red light moving over my body and on my siblings and mother. There was a thin red light coming from their weapons. Whenever I saw them lifting their weapons or the red light, I thought they would shoot us. I relaxed a little whenever they lowered their weapons. The soldiers then took out chocolates and biscuits and began eating. I was very hungry. The soldiers looked at us and lifted their chocolate bars. I thought they would give us some. One of them then pointed at me to sit down, while another placed his hand against his neck, as if he was telling us they would slaughter us. I was scared to death and focused my eyes on the ground so that he would not see me. We stayed like this for about five hours. Some of the soldiers left and others came. Some of the children were crying for food. Others needed to go to the bathroom. After speaking with my sister-in-law Mai, a soldier allowed only the children to go to the bathrooms with their mothers. But the bathrooms were in the corner in front of all the people and soldiers, so I did not go. Besides, I already wet my pants because I was terrified when the soldier dragged me out of the bathroom.

At around 3:00pm, a soldier came and told Mai as I understood to “*Hold a white flag and head to the Red Crescent.*” My mother took off her white headscarf and we all left the warehouse and headed west to the Red Crescent, about 150 metres away. The men remained in the warehouse and did not come with us. I did not see them when we left the warehouse. Mai walked in front, holding the white flag. I was holding my mother and siblings’ hands. I saw a tank positioned at the front door of the tower, while other tanks were on the street that leads to the Red Crescent. We did not hear that many explosions. We walked on the street that was full of rubble and destroyed cars. I saw small burning pieces in the street and my mother told us to stay away from them because they were phosphorus. Their smell was awful. We walked over the rubble until we reached the Red Crescent. We entered the reception hall and found a number of people and children just like us. Mai brought us biscuits and water. We then heard extensive fire and the sound of explosions grew bigger. The bombardment and shelling also intensified. The situation remained like this for several hours. We were scared and the children were crying. Some of the nurses in white dresses and other children tried to calm us down.

At around 8:00pm, I heard the doctors and some people shouting “*Get out, the hospital is on fire.*” I grabbed my mother’s hand tightly. My siblings were with us. My mother gave us white napkins and said “*Lift them and let’s get out.*” I lifted it and ran out to the street. I saw many people outside. I think they got out of the hospital just like we did. We quickly headed north to the main street. I saw black smoke rising from the hospital, especially from the top floor. At this moment, I heard a woman shouting “*Come, come.*” She was in an ambulance. I looked at her and saw it was Mai. We went inside the ambulance and it quickly drove away. On the street, I saw patients on hospital beds accompanied by doctors fleeing the area. I also saw something strange. There was a patient lying on a bed with a generator hanging from it. Another person was pushing the bed. The people were shouting loudly. Everyone in the street was shouting. The ambulance drove us to some relatives living in Sheikh Radwan neighbourhood. We spent the night there. We were less scared than before. There, my mother did laundry. She also asked me to take a shower. I took some clothes from my relatives and changed my dirty clothes. I slept in my mother’s arms that night and I did not leave her.

On 16 January 2009, at around 10:00am, my brother Nimr called to check on us. I think his wife told him where we were. An hour later, he came to us. We asked him what happened to them. He told us, “*They kept us near the water tanks in the warehouse. They made fun of us and searched us now and then despite the fact that we were wearing only our underwear. In the evening, they took us to the front door of the tower and held us there for about two hours. Then they locked us in the guard’s room and left us there until morning when some people heard us and opened the door.*”

At school, I am afraid of remembering and talking about what happened. Some people from different organisations came to the school and talked to us about the events and all the dead and injured people. I am sometimes ashamed to talk about things in detail with people I do not know. I am also afraid to tell people about the difficult situation I experienced, which I do not like to remember. I don’t even talk about it with my mother. I prefer to forget, and sometimes I cry when I remember. I talked to you only because you said you are from an organisation that is devoted to helping children.

30 March 2009

C. Ill-treatment and torture

Case Study No. 11

Name: Ibrahim S.
Date of arrest: 8 November 2007
Age at arrest: 15

Accusation: Throwing stones, Molotov cocktails and membership of a banned organisation

Arrest

On Thursday, 8 November 2007, at around 2am I was sleeping when soldiers from the Israeli army banged on the door of our house. I believe my father went to open the door and then woke up the whole family. We all then gathered by the front door of the house. I saw around eight Israeli soldiers in our house. When my family came to the doorway an Israeli officer asked: “*who is Ibrahim?*” My father went to his bedroom to get my birth certificate and then introduced the Israeli officer to me.

Some soldiers then blindfolded me and tied my hands behind my back with plastic ties. Whilst this was happening the soldiers were shouting at my father in Hebrew. I was led outside by the soldiers and placed in a seat in the back of an army truck. Almost immediately, I was taken out of the truck again, my blindfold was untied and I was asked about one of my friends – where was he living – I responded that I didn't know. Four soldiers then started slapping me in the face for around one minute. They then blindfolded me again and put me on the floor of a military jeep.

Transfer

Once the jeep started to move, the soldiers started beating me again with their hands and legs whilst pouring cola and spitting on me. This went on for the whole trip to Karmi Tsur, a settlement where there is a military base, around 15 minutes away. I could not tell how many people were in the jeep with me because of the blindfold, however I could tell that more than one person was beating me.

When we reached Karmi Tsur, other military vehicles transporting prisoners arrived as well, and we started to ask each other for names and information. The soldiers then put us up against a wall. After a short time some soldiers approached me and put a gun against my head whilst another soldier photographed me. Although I was still blindfolded I could see the camera flash.

Etzion Detention Centre

After a while the soldiers brought an army truck and put me and some other prisoners in the back. I was sitting in a seat but some other prisoners were on the floor. I was not beaten during this trip. We drove for around 20 minutes before arriving at Etzion military detention centre. On arrival someone told us to get out of the truck and sit on the ground.

After a short time I was taken to see a doctor. I was led into a room and my blindfold was removed. The room I was in measured approximately 3x3 meters and contained a desk and a medicine cabinet. There was one soldier and a man and a woman who I assumed to be doctors. One of the doctors gave me a piece of paper with many illnesses listed on it. The doctor told me to tick any medical problems I had on the piece of paper. I ticked the box on the form for back

pain. The doctor did not conduct an examination and took the paper from me. A soldier then put the blindfold back on me and took me out of the room.

I was taken outside into a yard and told to sit on the ground with the other prisoners who had already seen the doctor. After all the prisoners, there were 22 of us, had seen the doctor, our hands and feet were tied together and we were put in groups of two and tied together with a chain. I stayed in the yard for around 24 hours – from 6am on the day of arrest until the early morning hours of the next day. During that 24 hour period soldiers would come out and take us away, one by one, for interrogation. We were not given any food but were allowed to go to the bathroom if we asked the soldiers guarding us. When we went to the bathroom we were able to drink some water.

Interrogation

On the afternoon of the first day I was taken for interrogation. When they took me they untied the chain that linked me to the other prisoner and tied my hands behind me with plastic ties. Although still blindfolded I was able to see a little from underneath the blindfold. I was then taken away to a shipping container, which contained two desks and some cupboards.

When I entered the container a man introduced himself but I forget his name. The man told me to sit on a small stool and said that he was recording everything I said with a voice recorder.

Interrogator: *“You are a member of Islamic Jihad.”*

I said: *“No I’m not.”*

The interrogator then accused me of throwing stones and Molotov cocktails and said –

Interrogator: *“You are a member of Islamic Jihad and you used to go out with them at night wearing a keffiyah over your face to write graffiti.”*

I denied the accusations.

The interrogator then led me out of the room to another room inside the container and untied my blindfold. Once my blindfold was removed I saw two other detainees under the age of 18. I also saw the interrogator for the first time who was tall and blond. I don’t remember anything else about him. The interrogator pointed to another man wearing a t-shirt and army trousers. This other man was tall, well-built, with many muscles and bald. The interrogator then said that the bald man would beat me if I did not confess.

I said: *“That’s okay. Let him beat me.”*

The bald man then started kicking me and the other two children with his heavy army boots, whilst our hands were still tied. The kicking lasted about five minutes and was directed towards our legs.

After the bald man stopped kicking us, I was taken to a third room where a different man introduced himself as Samir. Samir was alone in the room. He started asking me questions about Molotov cocktails.

Samir: *“You were throwing Molotov cocktails with another person on Route 60 in August.”*

He then told me that this was on the same day as a wedding party in my neighbourhood, to specify the date. I denied the accusation.

Samir then said: *“If you didn't throw it the other person who was with you did.”*

I said I didn't know.

Threats and confession

Then Samir started asking me about stone-throwing. He said that on the night of 7 November 2007, I threw stones at the army when they invaded my village of Beit Omar. At first I denied this allegation. Around two hours later Samir said:

“If you don't confess, I will send you to somebody who will sexually abuse you. He has a huge penis.”

When the interrogator threatened me in this way I confessed that I threw stones.

While the interrogator was writing my confession in Hebrew, a soldier came and blindfolded me and took me to another room with the written confession. He then removed the blindfold and took two pictures of me. Then the soldier took me to another room and fingerprinted me on a blank piece of paper. The soldier then put the fingerprints with the written confession. This was around sunset. Up until this point I had not been fed at all.

Transfer to Ofer prison

I was then blindfolded again and my hands were tied behind my back I was then put in a bus with some other prisoners. There were about 22 of us. They put each of us in a seat. In the bus I could see two soldiers from under my blindfold. Around six hours later we arrived at Megiddo Detention Centre at around midnight. We then waited in the bus for half an hour and then drove to Huwarra Detention Center. I don't remember how long this part of the journey took.

When we arrived at Huwarra, the soldiers asked all the other prisoners to get out, except for me. I asked them why I was not being left at Huwarra with the others. The soldier told me:

“because you are too young and you don't have ID.”

I was then led out of the bus and placed in a van, still blindfolded and handcuffed. I was put in

the back of the van with two soldiers on either side of me. I was then driven to Ofer prison where we arrived in the afternoon.

On arrival at Ofer I was taken out of the van and put in a cage at the entrance of the prison where I stayed for one hour. After about an hour I was taken to see a doctor. The doctor asked me if I was suffering from anything, so I told him I had back pain. The doctor told me to tell this to the doctor who would come to visit me in my prison cell. After seeing the doctor, a prison guard came and took me to a tent which measured approximately 5x8 meters.

Ofer military court

I remained in Ofer prison for 20 days. On the fifth day I was taken to the military court where my detention was extended by the military judge. I did not see my lawyer until I was inside the court room. The hearing to extend my detention lasted around two minutes. I don't remember what else took place at the hearing.

On 20 November I was woken up at 6am and taken to the military court again. My mother and my aunt were in the court this time. This was the first time I'd seen my family since I was arrested. The hearing took place at midday. My lawyer made a plea bargain with the prosecution and I was sentenced to six months imprisonment with a NIS 1,000 (US\$250) fine. This hearing lasted approximately three minutes. After my hearing was over I was put in a cell near the court room measuring 3x3 meters, where I waited until 7pm. There were around 14 others in this cell, all older than me.

Damoun prison

On 27 November 2007, I was transferred to Damoun prison. The situation was very bad at Damoun. We were given food once or twice per day and we had to depend on the cantina to supplement our diet. The cell where I was held contained seven prisoners, all of who were under 18. We were allowed to go out of the cells twice a day for 1.5 hours each time. The first time my family was allowed to visit me was on 14 February 2008, for 45 minutes. In total, I was visited four times whilst I was in prison.

Whilst in Damoun, I was in a section with 100 people, three of who were under 18.

Education

At Damoun we were offered classes three days per week for three hours each time, by an Arab teacher from Haifa. There were around 20 children in each class at one time. We received lessons in Arabic, Maths, Hebrew, and sometimes Science and Geography. During the classes we were not given any books, but the teacher would give us pencils and paper for us to write down what he said. All the children in Damoun received the same education, regardless of age and ability. I attended these classes until the end of March.

There was no education at all in Ofer prison.

When I was arrested I was in the 10th grade. I was not a good student, my average was in the 60s. As a result of my prison experience I lost one academic year. Instead of repeating the 10th grade, I have decided to leave the academic stream and attend a vocational school in Jericho run by the YMCA, where I will study carpentry. I made the decision to leave the academic stream because I lost one academic year in prison. I think academic education is better but I won't repeat a year of school. If I didn't have to repeat the year I would have stayed on at school, but I didn't want to repeat the year and be with other younger students. I will be in vocational school for two years to become a carpenter.

Release

I was detained for five months and was released on 8 April 2008, at around 1pm.

14 June 200

Case Study No. 12

Name: Mahmoud D.
Date of arrest: 5 February 2008
Age at arrest: 17
Accusation: Membership of a banned organisation

At 1:00 am, on 5 February 2008, units in the Israeli army knocked on our neighbour's door, the B. family, in Hebron. My parents and I woke up and switched on the light. The soldiers then came and knocked on our door. My brother Mohammad went down stairs to open the door.

Arrest

Mohammad opened the door and the soldiers used loudspeakers calling for everybody in the house to come out. We all came down the stairs and out of the house. As we came out of the front door the soldiers checked all our ID cards. When it was my turn to come out of the house I was asked for my ID but told the soldiers that I did not have one because I was 16. The soldiers asked for my birth certificate and when it was produced they saw that I was 17 not 16. The soldiers then made me stand with my face against a wall where I stayed for about one hour. I recall seeing about seven or eight military jeeps and soldiers wearing regular army uniforms.

After about an hour the soldiers placed me in a jeep and drove me around for about 30 minutes. At one point I was made to get out of the jeep and walk up a hill. Once back at the jeep, an Israeli officer showed me a picture of my brother Mohammad and asked me: *"Is this your*

brother's picture?" I replied *"yes it is"*. The officer then pushed me against the jeep and said that I was *"wanted"*. I was then placed inside the jeep and taken back to my house, which was only about 80 metres away. When we arrived back at the house one of the soldiers asked whether I wanted anymore clothes to which I responded *"yes"*. My family was still standing outside the house and a soldier asked my father to get me some clothes. My father returned with a sweater and jacket and I was allowed to say goodbye to my family.

I was then made to stand facing a wall for another 30 minutes and then the soldiers tied my hands with plastic ties from the front and blindfolded me and put me in a jeep. The jeep then drove back up to Sughaeir Hill where it stopped and picked up another eight Palestinians, of who I recognised three; Rabah S., Naeem S. and Nu'man S.. The jeep then drove away to Kirya Arba police station, six kilometers away.

Kirya Arba police station

We reached Kirya Arba police station at around 4.00am. We were taken out of the jeep and placed on the floor of a shipping container. With us was a 75 year old man who I learned was the father of Shadi S., who had been killed on 4 February 2008 during a Palestinian militant operation in Demona. One by one we were taken to the clinic and asked about our health status which was recorded on a form. After visiting the clinic we were returned to the container.

Approximately three hours after arriving at the police station we were taken outside and put in a bus. Our hands were tied with plastic ties from the front and we were blindfolded. We were then transferred to Gush Etzion, 12 km away, where we arrived at 7:30am. We were then taken one by one to an inspection room. The soldiers took my belt and wallet which contained 70 NIS. The inspection lasted around fifteen minutes and they then took me to a cell which measured approximately 1.5m x 1m, in which I stayed for about 30 minutes.

Interrogation at Gush Etzion

After about 30 minutes my photograph was taken and I was lead to a room for interrogation. The interrogator was in his forties and asked me to sit on a chair. Once I sat down the interrogator asked me my name, occupation and place of residence and some other general questions. The questioning lasted for around 30 minutes. My hands were then again tied in front of me with plastic ties and I was put in a white vehicle with another detainee who had been arrested that night.

Askelan prison

The vehicle drove for about two hours before arriving at what looked like a prison. I was taken into a small room and asked to take my clothes off. I was searched and then taken back to the

vehicle which drove for about three minutes. The vehicle stopped in a yard and I was blindfolded and handcuffed and taken inside the prison. I later learned that I was in Askelan prison, in Israel.

Inside the prison my handcuffs and blindfold were removed and I was searched all over again. My clothes were taken from me and I was given a brown prison uniform. I was then put in a cell that measured approximately 2m x 1m. About 15 minutes later a prison guard came and handcuffed my hands behind my back and made me wear black sunglasses which prevented me from seeing. We then climbed some stairs and walked about 10 metres.

Five days of interrogation

I was taken into a room and my sunglasses were removed. There was a man in the room in his fifties with a pony tail. He introduced himself as Abu Wadi. The prison guard made me sit in a very small child's chair which was tied to the floor. I was then handcuffed to the chair and my feet were shackled together.

Abu Wadi then gave me a piece of paper which he asked me to read. The paper was written in Arabic and contained my rights and prohibitions, but mostly prohibitions such as no access to a lawyer during interrogation and no visits from my family. It took me about 15 minutes to read the paper. Abu Wadi then walked out of the room.

About 15 minutes later, another man entered the room and introduced himself as Kenny. He was tall and in his forties. He asked me several questions, such as my name, where I live, what I do and where my friends are. He then wrote four names on a board:

- Mohammad H.
- Shadi S.
- Mohammad Q.
- Samir H.

and asked me about them. The interrogator focused on Shadi and Mohammad who were killed in the Dimona attack on 4 February 2008. I replied that I did not know any of these people and he replied that I was lying. During this time the interrogator repeatedly called me a liar and verbally abused me and referred to the four as “pigs”.

Every so often the interrogator would leave the room and then come back and start asking me what I had been doing on 4 February 2008, the date of the attack. This lasted for about an hour and then Kenny said:

“I am going out for 10 minutes and when I come back, I expect you to tell me your connection with these four men and what you know about them.”

About 30 minutes later, Abu Wadi came into the room and said:

“You have to confess”

I said: *“I have nothing to confess.”*

Abu Wadi then asked me how old I was and I replied that I was 17 and a half. He then said:

“Those that don’t confess get six months in the cells. When you turn 18, we will throw you a party and then send you home.”

I replied that I had nothing to confess.

After this round of interrogation which lasted 15 minutes, Abu Wadi left the room.

About 10 minutes later, Kenny came in and asked me the same questions about the attack on 4 February and the four men and I said that I did not know them. He then asked me:

“Where do you pray?”

I said at home and sometimes in the mosque.

Kenny: *“Who prays with you in the mosque?”*

I said: *“Old people!”*

Kenny: *“What about young people?”*

I said: *“Shadi Q., Rami J., Mo’tasim and Mo’taz Q..”*

Kenny: *“That’s it?”*

I said: *“These are the young people I know.”*

Kenny: *“What kind of activities do you have in the mosque?”*

I answered that: *“There are no activities. I go there to pray and then come back home.”*

Kenny then said that the four men were my friends and that I knew what they were going to do. I replied that my only friend was Mo’tasim Q.. This round of interrogation lasted about one hour and then Kenny left the room.

Every five or six minutes, an interrogator would come into the room and shout at me and insult me by saying abusive words such as *"Fuck you"*. The interrogations continued one after another; short and long rounds. Between rounds, different interrogators would enter the room and shout at me, insult me and ask me to confess. The interrogation went on around the clock sometimes starting at 2.00 or 6.00 in the morning. I had no watch on me but I estimated the time by my meals. It is difficult for me to know for sure but I am sure that interrogation rounds continued day and night.

On the second day of interrogation, an interrogator named Sami came in around 6:00am, one hour before breakfast, and questioned me for an hour. This was the first time I had seen this interrogator. He asked me the same old questions. During this interrogation round, he would go out for 10 or 15 minutes and then come back. Once he went out for about 15 minutes and when he came back said:

"Samir H. says you and him were together during the night of the attack. Samir is the brother of Mohammad H.. He also says that you, him and his brother Mohammad were together two days before the attack."

I denied all this. Sami then said *"let me call him for you."* He called a prison guard and removed my handcuffs. He then led me to a door with a small window and asked me to look. I could see Samir inside this room. I told Sami that it was not true what he had said. Sami then grabbed me by my shirt and pulled me towards him saying:

"You will confess!"

I said I had nothing to confess.

He said: *"You will rot here."*

Sami was in charge of my interrogation for the next four days. The interrogation continued, I believe, day and night. During the interrogation, Sami would insult me, my mother and sister. He would shout at me and spit on me. The last day of my interrogation with Sami started, I estimate, around midnight. He kept asking me the same questions and I kept repeating the same answers. He then asked me *"what do you drink?"* I kept silent and he went and brought a glass of strawberry juice. I drank it and when I finished Sami asked me again what I had to do with the four men. I said *"nothing"*. He then replaced my handcuffs which he had removed to allow me to drink and continued to interrogate me for another two hours.

Confession

It was during this round of interrogation that I confessed for the first time that the four young men he asked me about were living in my neighbourhood and we were neighbours. I said I knew them only because they were my neighbours. Sami also asked me about the soccer team I play with and my relationship with the coach Shahir Q. I said it had not been so good lately because I did not stick to the training schedule and that upset him. At the end of this round, he called the prison guard and asked him to take me back to the cells. The prison guard took me back to the cell that measured 2m x 1m. I spent nine days in this cell.

Conditions

During the days I was under interrogation I was allowed to use the toilets twice a day and sometimes three times, for about five minutes on each occasion. I was given food three times per day and was generally of bad quality and not enough in quantity and was not sufficient to make me feel satisfied.

Sleep during the five days that I was under interrogation was very difficult because interrogators would continuously enter the room and shout at me, waking me up. I became very tired and suffered from pain in my back and legs from being seated for hours in the interrogation chair. I also suffered from pain in my hands due to the constant use of handcuffs. At times I felt that my whole body was collapsing and the only thing preventing me from falling to the ground were the handcuffs which were attached to the chair. It was very a difficult situation.

Not only did I suffer physically but I also felt the deterioration of my psychological state, with a lack of focus, constant anxiety, fatigue and fear. I went from having a normal life at home to a small chair, handcuffs, deprivation of sleep, shouting, threats, rounds of interrogation and serious accusations. In these circumstances, life becomes dark, filled with fear and pessimism – tough days that words cannot describe.

Nine days of solitary confinement

During the nine days in the cell I tried to pass the time by sleeping, but I had difficulty sleeping. I found that I would stay awake for most of the night and day. It was difficult to judge time and I spent most of my time thinking and worrying about my family. I kept asking myself:

“Am I going to stay or leave? When? What will happen to me during interrogation? What kind of methods are they going to use, besides the methods they have already used?”

These were the sorts of questions that were on my mind. I tried to overcome boredom and anxiety by singing and praying. I prayed five times per a day and at the end of each prayer, I would ask God to release me and help me.

Sometimes I would knock on the walls of the cell; maybe someone would hear me and talk to me. Once, on the third day, a detainee named Amar L. heard my knocks and we tried to talk but it was very difficult for us to hear each other. On the fourth day, they brought a 17 or 18 year old young man to my cell. He stayed two days with me. I did not feel comfortable around him.

Extension of detention by the Military Court

On the seventh day I was taken to Mascobiyya court and my detention was extended for another 24 days for further interrogation. Two hours later I was returned to Askelan prison and the same 2m x 1m cell. When I returned to my cell, the young man who had been placed with me was gone. I stayed in the cell for two more days.

On the morning of the ninth day after breakfast, the prison guard called me out of my cell, handcuffed me from the back and blindfolded me. I was placed in a vehicle and driven for two hours to Mascobiyya. When we arrived, I was taken to the clinic where the doctor asked me about my health and gave me a quick checkup. Half an hour later, I was taken to a large cell that measured 4m x 2m. It had a four-mattress bunk bed made out of stone. There were four prisoners in the cell. I was put on a mattress on the floor.

Mascobiyya detention centre

I spent 18 days in this cell, and things were much better psychologically because I had some company. However, the treatment was very bad. On the fourth day, a group of ten policemen suddenly stormed the cell around midday. They opened the door and asked us to step outside. They were carrying batons and handcuffs. We stepped outside, and they immediately handcuffed us from the back and blindfolded us. They forced us to kneel down with our faces against the wall for 30 minutes before letting us back into the cell. We found all the mattresses had been thrown on the floor which was covered with water.

I was not interrogated during my time at Mascobiyya. On the tenth day I was fingerprinted and on the eighteenth day I was taken to Ofer military court. At 9:00 am I was handcuffed and shackled and placed in a vehicle for transfer to the court, where we arrived about 30 minutes later. I was immediately placed in a cell with five other detainees. The cell measured 4m x 3m and it had one window. A small window in the door was the only source of ventilation. About 30 minutes later I was taken to the court room where my case was adjourned for a week and so I was returned to my cell in Mascobiyya.

I stayed one more day at Mascobiyya and was then transferred to Ramla prison and spent the night there. I was handcuffed, shackled and blindfolded for the transfer which took four hours.

Ramla prison

In Ramla prison I was placed in a cell with seven other detainees. At around 5:00 am, we were woken up, handcuffed and placed in a minibus for transfer. The trip lasted nine hours because the bus was slow and the distance was long. It was a very exhausting and boring trip. We were tired, hungry and bored because we were not given anything to eat or drink.

Telmond Prison and release

Sometime in the afternoon we arrived at Telmond prison (Hasharon) and I was put in a waiting room. Two hours later, I was put me in room 18 of section 14. The room had six people and I stayed with them for one week. Generally, my life was much better now.

On the seventh day, sometime in the afternoon, I was told that I was free to go. An Israeli military vehicle took me and another young man to a checkpoint near Tulkarm. From there, I called my family and told them I was freed.

Case Study No. 13

Name: Abed S.
Date of arrest: 10 February 2008
Age at arrest: 16
Accusation: Throwing stones

On Sunday, 10 February 2008, at around 7:00 am, three Israeli military jeeps came to our house in the Azzun village, and the soldiers searched it. They then arrested me after handcuffing my hands with plastic cords from the back and blindfolded me. They placed me inside one of the jeeps and took me to Soufin, Qalqiliya. There, they took me to a doctor to examine me. While examining me, the soldiers beat me in different parts of my body.

Detention inside Israel

I spent around three hours in Soufin. The soldiers then transferred me to Huwwara. I spent about half an hour there while being handcuffed and blindfolded. They then transferred me to Al Jalame and put in a room measuring 1 metre x 1 metre, in which I spent 15 days.

Interrogation

Two day after I arrived at Al Jalame, I was interrogated with for three days. My hands and feet were tied to the wall in a shape of a cross. I would spend one full day on this position. I felt extreme pain and swelling in my hands. The soldiers them moved me to solitary confinement

where I spent 15 days. I used to urinate in the cell. I ate three times a day.

15 days later, I was transferred to Hasharon prison where I spent 15 days. Things were much better here than Al Jalame. I then was transferred to Damoun prison where I spent the rest of my detention. Things in Damoun were good.

I was released on 27 April 2008. I paid NIS 500 as a fine. They took me to Salem in Jenin at around 6:00 am. I reached my house in Azzun at 3:00 pm of the same day.

3 September 2008

Case Study No. 14

Name: Mohammad A.
Date of arrest: 25 February 2008
Age at arrest: 16
Accusation: Throwing stones and Molotov cocktails

On 25 February 2008, I came home at around midnight and went to bed in my regular clothes as I had a feeling that sooner or later the army would come and arrest me because a group of my friends had already been arrested about ten days before. At around 2:00 am while I was lying on my bed, I heard some people knocking on the door.

I stood up and opened the door because everyone else in the house was asleep. I saw a large number of soldiers in front of the house. I saw a soldier get out of a jeep. He approached me and introduced himself saying he was Captain Gideon, commander of the Bethlehem District. He told me that he had an arrest and search warrant. I told him I wanted to see the warrant because I could write and read some Hebrew and so he showed me the order. I read it and it was an arrest and search warrant. I told him to wait for a while until I woke up my family because they were all asleep. I woke them up and they all came and sat in one room.

The soldiers then began searching the house. The soldiers emptied all the contents of the closets and left the rooms in a terrible mess. I noticed that Captain Gideon had a video camera with him and was filming the house and me. He asked me to stand between two soldiers. I stood between them and he took a picture of me. A soldier then took a picture of the Captain and me.

Transfer

Upon completion of the search, the Captain asked me if I pray or not. I said yes. He then said: "*Which mosque do you go to?*" I answered: "*There is no particular mosque. I go to many.*" The

soldiers then tied my hands with plastic ties and blindfolded me and placed me on the floor of a jeep which was waiting outside. They arrested someone else before me, who was also on the floor jeep. His name was Ahmad S. also from Bethlehem. No one hit us or mistreated us at this time.

Etzion Interrogation and Detention Centre

The military jeep drove away and dropped off Ahmad at Etzion Interrogation and Detention Centre at around 5.00 am. I was kept me in the jeep. I was dropped off at a checkpoint near Etzion Junction. A tall Druze soldier with black skin and began hitting me with his hands and kicking me all over my body for about five minutes. I was then taken back to Etzion Interrogation and Detention Centre and kept there for eight days.

Interrogation

Four days after my arrest, I was taken for interrogation. Captain Gideon was in one of the offices and interrogated me. He asked me about several individuals from my area but did not accuse me of anything. About two and a half hours later, Captain Gideon told me that they would release me and I could go home. Another soldier walked with me saying he would give me a lift home. Several minutes later, he returned me to the same cell in the Detention Centre saying: "*here is your home.*"

Ofer Prison

On the seventh day after my arrest, I was sent to Ofer Prison where I was interrogated again and accused of carrying out some military activities for al-Aqsa Brigades, manufacturing explosive devices, possessing explosive materials and a weapon in February 2008. The interrogator said that some people had confessed against me. He said if I confess, I would be sent home. The interrogation lasted about an hour, during which time the interrogator kept threatening me that if I did not confess, my family and I would be subject to danger. However, I did not confess anything. After about an hour I was taken back to Etzion Interrogation and Detention Centre.

On the eighth day, I was placed in a large army vehicle with my hands and legs tied and my eyes blindfolded. I was transferred me to Mascobiyya Prison and Interrogation Centre but I was not dropped off because to the best of my knowledge there was no room for me. The vehicle drove on to Al Jalame Prison and Interrogation Centre in Israel. On the way, I was not allowed to go to the toilet and was told I could go once we had arrived. The trip lasted about six hours.

Al-Jalame Prison

When we reached Al Jalame I was put in a cell by myself for five days. During these five days I was not interrogated and I did not see anybody. My food was slipped through the door when it was opened a little. After five days, I was taken for interrogation. I was made to sit on an iron chair which was tied to the floor and my hands were tied behind my back. The interrogator's

name was Chris. He told me that there were people who had confessed against me. The interrogation lasted about an hour. During that the interrogation, he was shouting in my face to make me confess, but I refused to.

I was kept in Al Jalame for 25 days. On the 18th day, I was once again interrogated. I confessed to throwing stones and Molotov cocktails because the interrogator threatened to arrest my mother and siblings. I confessed because I didn't want them to arrest my mother and siblings and I wanted to leave the cell. After I had confessed, they took me out of the cell and put me in a normal cell. On the 25th day, I was transferred to section 14 of Telmond Prison.

20 August 2008

Case Study No. 15

Name: Fadi D.
Date of arrest: 29 February 2008
Age at arrest: 14
Accusation: Throwing stones

I was arrested on 27 February 2008, around 12:30pm. I was leaving Omar bin al Khattab mosque in Al 'Arrub refugee camp after my father and I had finished Friday prayers, when confrontations broke out between a group of boys and Israeli soldiers.

The boys were throwing stones at soldiers who came in two jeeps; a Hummer, and another type of jeep. Two soldiers in regular army uniform were standing about 10 metres in front of the jeeps. The boys were gathered near the camp cemetery, about 20 metres away from the two soldiers.

The two soldiers fired tear-gas canisters and sound bombs, which made the boys run away. The two soldiers chased them and they were followed by the two jeeps. They chased the boys along the cemetery road for about 150 metres. This road links the cemetery to the camp yard where the office of the camp's director and the mosque are located.

Arrest and transfer

At this point, I had reached the door of my house, 70 metres away from the mosque. I opened the door to my house and was about to go inside when a soldier ordered me to stop and said: "*I saw you throwing stones. You were wearing a red shirt.*" I replied: "*I wasn't throwing stones. Look, my left hand is broken and it is in a cast.*" The soldier replied: "*No, I saw you throwing stones.*"

The soldier approached me and tried to take me with him. At this moment, my uncles came and intervened to persuade the soldier that I did not throw stones and that my hand was broken.

About 10 other soldiers then got out of the jeep and approached us. Two of the soldiers pulled me and the others tried to chase away my uncles and the people who had now gathered around. While the soldiers were trying to take me away they beat me with their rifles on my broken hand. They also beat my brother with their rifles on his head.

The soldiers placed me in the jeep that was not the Hummer and seated me on a chair. As soon as I sat down a soldier pushed me hard and I fell on the jeep floor. This was painful and left bruises on my shoulder and leg.

As soon as the jeep started to move the same soldier who had pushed me, kicked me on my broken hand and beat my shoulders with his rifle. This was very painful, especially the blows to my hand which I broke three days before when I fell on the ground while I was playing with some of classmates at school. A short time later the soldiers tied my hands and feet and blindfolded me, while still beating me.

The beating continued for about an hour. The same soldier kept kicking and beating me and also beat me with his rifle on my back, shoulder, hands and legs. The beating was continuous. I asked the soldier several times why he was beating and kicking me. He responded by shouting, swearing, and telling me to shut up. The journey took about three hours but I do not know if we went directly to our destination.

Three hours later we arrived at our destination. The soldiers immediately pulled me out of the jeep and took me to the interrogator who told me I was at Kiryat Arba police station.

Interrogation

Once we reached Kiryat Arba, the soldiers seated me on a wooden chair alone in an outside yard. I was blindfolded and my hands and legs were tied. I stayed there for one hour until two police officers came and took me to the interrogation room. The first thing they did when I entered the room was to remove my blindfold. They told me to sit on a chair. The interrogator was almost fifty years old. He was bald and wearing a keba on his head. He was in a police uniform with three stars on his shoulder.

The interrogator asked me for my name and place of residence. He also asked me about the distance between my house and the main street. I answered his questions. He then said "*You threw stones.*" I replied: "*no.*" He then said: "*The soldier took your photograph.*" I responded: "*Let me have a look.*" He said: "*The picture is not clear.*" I said: "*I want to see it.*" He said: "*I will let you see it in court.*" The interrogator then said: "*you don't want to confess then?*" I said: "*I won't confess because I didn't throw stones.*" He then started shouting and said: "*you must confess! You must confess.*" Every once in awhile, he would go to his computer and then come back and repeat the questions. He was shouting loudly, and threatening me that if I did not confess, he would put me in prison. He asked me to sign papers written in Hebrew, but I refused to sign.

The interrogator then brought a piece of paper for my fingerprints. He grabbed my fingers and pushed them against the paper. I spent almost three hours in the interrogation office. When it was over, the soldiers blindfolded me and two soldiers walked me for 15 metres and placed me

into a jeep. I was then transferred to Ofer Interrogation and Detention Centre.

Ofer Interrogation and Detention Centre

When we arrived at Ofer I was taken to a clinic. I told the doctor that the soldier who arrested me had beaten me on my hand. The doctor said: *"I had nothing to do with that."* I spent half an hour at the clinic where I filled out a form that contained questions about diseases and health issues. It was a long list of questions and I had to put *"Yes"* or *"No"* next to each question.

I was then taken to an office, where there was a man in civilian clothes. He was wearing jeans and a blue shirt. He was about 40 years old. He was overweight, of an average height and with long hair. He said: *"What do you want to say?"* I told him that the soldiers who arrested me beat me. He did not comment. I spent half an hour with him. He searched me with an electronic gadget. He would ask me questions and then write. He asked questions such as: *"you threw stones? What is the distance between your house and the main street? Where do you live?"*

Towards the end of the interrogation he asked me: *"which political party would you like to be detained with in the prison?"* I replied: *"I'm an independent."* After that, I was taken to Section 8, tent 1, which is affiliated to Hamas. It contained 25 prisoners. I spent about a month there before I was transferred me to Telmond Prison, where I spent another month.

Telmond Prison (Israel)

I spent one and a half months in Telmond Prison with another prisoner in one room. Psychologically, the situation was difficult. I felt bored, particularly because there was very little television.

Generally, the food was not enough. Breakfast was some jam or cooked eggs. Lunch was either ground wheat or lentils. Dinner consisted of lentils. We received half a loaf of bread a day.

There was limited education in Telmond Prison. There were classes in English and Mathematics and we had to meet every day to attend a class on one of these two subjects.

I did not have any visit from my parents during the three months I spent in detention, and that caused great concern and anxiety to me and my family.

Court appearances and release

I appeared in the military courts on two occasions and was charged with throwing stones. I denied the charges. On 4 May 2008 I was released on bail after two months in prison.

9 September 2008

Case Study No. 16

Name: Imad T.
Date of arrest: 7 March 2008
Age at arrest: 15
Accusation: Throwing a Molotov cocktail and home-made grenades at settlement.

I was born in September 1992. I am in the 10th grade. I live in Beit Fajjar. My father is unemployed and my family consists of nine people including my two parents. Lately, I had to drop out of school and work in a solar panel shop to support my family because my father is unemployed and my mother is a housewife.

On 7 March 2008, at around 8:00 pm, I went out of the village with my friends Ahmad D., Mahmoud S., and Mohammad T. in Ahmad's car. Ahmad was driving. When we approached Asyoun settlement, we asked Ahmad to turn around and not to go closer to the settlement. Ahmad began driving back.

While driving back towards the village, a barrage of bullets was fired at us from an unknown direction. I heard around 17 gunshots. We were all injured. Ahmad was shot once in the hand and twice in the legs. Mohammad was shot three times in his right leg and twice in his left leg. Mahmoud was shot once in his right leg. For my part, I was shot on the inside of my right ankle. We were all bleeding. The four tyres were also punctured.

We decided to keep on driving because we were terrified. We decided to flee. Since Ahmad had been wounded in the legs and could not use the accelerator, Mohammad pressed it using his hand while Ahmad steered. After driving for around half a kilometre, we reached the centre of the village, got out of the car and lay on the ground. People rushed towards us and put us into another car to take us to the village clinic.

When we arrived at the clinic, we received first aid treatment and they called the PRCS Emergency department [Palestinian Red Crescent Society]. Two ambulances came. The first one took Ahmad and the second took Mohammad and both left for Hebron hospital. While waiting for the third ambulance to arrive and take Mahmoud and me, we heard that the first two ambulances had been stopped by the Israeli army and that Ahmad and Mohammad had been arrested. Until now, we know nothing of what has happened to them.

Ten minutes later, the Israeli soldiers stormed the village and surrounded the clinic from all sides. They came in ten jeeps and there were many of them. The soldiers began throwing sound bombs and tear gas canisters to drive people away. They then broke down the front door of the clinic and asked the doctor on duty about the injured patients. The doctor pointed at us. They arrested me and Mahmoud and quickly put us inside a Hummer. There were three doctors, two nurses and my paternal uncle Nae'em inside the clinic at the time of the arrest.

After they put us in the Hummer, they tied us tightly to stretchers and removed the bandages from our wounds which caused the bleeding to resume. They started beating us. There were four of them. One of the soldiers applied pressure on our wounds and we were shouting in pain. Whenever we were shouting, the soldiers would slap us on the face and tell us that they did not want to hear our shouts. The bleeding increased because they kept pressing against the wounds. This torture lasted about one full hour.

After an hour, we arrived at Gush 'Etzion settlement, they took us out of the jeep and placed us in the yard. They tore off all our clothes with scissors. We were totally naked, just like the day we were born. There were more than 40 soldiers there, who started provoking and insulting us. It was very cold because it was late on a night of March 2008. During that time in the yard, they did not provide us with any medical assistance, although we were bleeding and in pain.

One hour later, an army ambulance arrived and they put us inside it. We were tied naked to stretchers. Once inside the ambulance, the soldiers untied us and placed us on plastic chairs. They tightly tied our hands behind our backs which caused us pain. The soldiers in the ambulance, two female and two male, insulted us and shouted at us on the way to the hospital.

Hospital

Half an hour later, we reached Hadassah Ein Karem hospital in Jerusalem. The soldiers took us out of the military ambulance and left us at the hospital entrance for a while. We were still naked and we begged them to cover us with something because we were ashamed in front of the pedestrians there, and the hospital was very crowded. This incident traumatised me and I am still suffering psychologically as a result. Fifteen minutes later, they took us to the operation room and removed the plastic ties and placed handcuffs around our hands and feet. When the doctor saw me, he asked me about my age and I said I was 15½. He then refused to perform surgery and said he needed my parents' authorisation. The soldiers took me back to an ordinary room and asked me not to eat so that the doctor could do the operation the next day.

Three soldiers were guarding me in the room. They tied my hands and legs to the bed. I could not move. They kept insulting me and shouting at me throughout the night and I could not sleep.

The next day, they moved me to the operation room. The doctor once again refused to do the operation in my parents' absence. I learnt later that no one had contacted my father to inform him of what had happened to me. Once again, they returned me to the room and I stayed there for four more days without undergoing the needed surgery. During that period, the doctors changed the bandages of my wound and my hands and legs were still tied to the bed.

After four days, they transferred me to another hospital, whose name I still don't know. I stayed there for three days and was guarded by three soldiers. When I arrived at the hospital, they took me to a room in which I found Mahmoud. My hands and legs were also tied to the bed in this hospital.

In the new hospital, the soldiers were replaced by other soldiers. The new soldiers were very bad and they insulted us and shouted at us. They rarely allowed us to use the toilets. Whenever I asked them if I could take a shower, they would bring me water. They did not allow me to take a shower. I would like to mention that we did not have a shower from the day we were arrested until they transferred us to the new hospital [five days after Imad had been arrested]. My body had blood on it and it smelt bad. I would like also to mention that we were without clothes for the whole week, and were only covered with light sheets. We were provided with light robes only a week after we were arrested.

I recall that, on one occasion, I asked the soldiers permission to go to the bathroom and they allowed me to go but prevented me from closing the door, arguing that I could escape through the window despite the fact that the room was on the fifth floor. I could not do anything in the bathroom because there was an Arab man with his daughters in front of me. I asked the soldier to close the door but he refused. He allowed me to close it only if he could be in the bathroom with me. I totally rejected this idea. He then closed the door in a way which still allowed him to see the bathroom window. As a punishment, the soldiers asked for Mahmoud to be transferred to another room.

We stayed in this hospital for one week and I still was not operated on. They only put a plaster cast around my leg, despite the fact that the doctor at Hadassah Ein Karem hospital had told me that I needed an operation.

A week later, at midnight, soldiers from Nihshon unit (a unit belonging to the Prison Service responsible for transferring detainees between prisons and detention centres) came and ordered us to accompany them. They tied our hands and feet and blindfolded us. They put us in a Prison Service vehicle and took us to Ramla Prison Hospital (Mrash). When we got there, they got me and Mahmoud out of the vehicle and sat us on plastic chairs outside the prison. I asked them if I could go to the bathroom, but they refused. They also refused to give me water to drink. We found out that the prison administration refused to let us in because it was too late. Therefore, we remained seated on the plastic chairs until 8:00 am. It was very difficult and painful. During the night, the soldiers from Nihshon unit prevented us from sleeping. Whenever we would fall asleep, they would push our chairs to wake us up. I fell on the ground more than five times.

At 8:00 am sharp, they moved me to a second vehicle and drove me to the prison. They put me in a room, and I immediately fell asleep. When I woke up, I saw that I had wet my bed; it was the first time this had happened to me. I was ashamed of myself. The other detainees helped me change my clothes and bedding. To this day, I still wet my bed every day. There is nothing I can do about it. I tried not drinking water for several hours before going to bed, as well as going to bed late, but it did not help. I asked the prison administration to take me to a psychiatrist, but they refused. I am very shy and my psychological state has been damaged as a result of all that, everything that happened to me after my injury, the bad treatment I received, and the suffering I experienced.

Since the day I was arrested, over four months ago, I have still not been given any medication except painkillers, and that led me to develop new pain and intestinal disorders.

I only saw my family once since the day I was arrested; that was several days after arriving at Hadassah Ein Karem hospital; but the soldiers prevented my family to talk to me. I saw them from a far distance and for a few minutes before the soldiers shouted at my father and physically prevented him from coming closer to me, and finally kicked him out.

The food here in Ramla Prison is not good and it is always the same. They give us meat only on Fridays. The doctor told me that I need to eat well but they give me nothing.

As a result of my injury, I can only walk on crutches. The prison doctor told me a few days ago that he would perform an operation on me to insert a platinum plate and he also told me that I will be able to walk without crutches three months after the operation.

From the day I was arrested, I only received the visit of one lawyer, and I do not know his name. The Red Cross did not visit me or Mahmoud at all.

Interrogation

Three days after I was arrested, two interrogators came to Ein Karem hospital and started questioning me. They accused me of throwing a Molotov cocktail and home made grenades at the security guard's room in Gush Etzion settlement. I denied these accusations and told them I had never thrown Molotov cocktails or even stones in my whole life. They asked me to sign a paper written in Hebrew, but I refused and asked them to read it and translate what it said. The interrogator said that I was accused of throwing a Molotov cocktail at the security guard's room. He said that he would smash my head and press strongly against my wounds if I did not sign the paper. However, I refused to sign it.

After two hours, the interrogator produced another paper written in Hebrew and asked me to sign it, saying it was an approval to perform the operation, so I signed it. It turned out later that I had signed a full confession that I prepared and threw a Molotov cocktail at the security guard's room in Gush Etzion settlement. The interrogator had extracted a confession from me by deceiving me. They also took my fingerprints during that session.

They interrogated me while I was in very bad health. I had been shot and was under the influence of medication. I was in pain and also suffering psychologically. I was tied to the bed the whole time. The interrogator did not read me my rights and he was shouting at me and threatening me. I was scared of him. He asked me to give names as well but I refused.

Eight days after being arrested, they moved me to Ofer military court. When I got there, I was immediately taken to the courtroom without any lawyer. The trial lasted only three minutes, and I was told that my detention period was extended but I did not know for how long, because no one translated what was going on inside the courtroom. They then took me back to the hospital. I

would like to say that during my travel to and from the court, the soldiers from Nihshon unit tied my hands and feet tightly and treated me badly. They shouted at me and scared me and my cousin Mahmoud who was there with me every time I was taken to court.

On 6 April 2008, they once again took me and Mahmoud to Ofer military court. I was surprised to see a lawyer named Mohammad Shadfan waiting for me. My detention period was extended although I don't know what happened in that session. The trial was postponed until 6 July 2008.

On 6 July 2008, a list of charges was filed against me, which included charges of preparing a Molotov cocktail and throwing it at the security guard's room in Gush Etzion settlement. I was also accused of throwing stones. According to the list of charges, the Molotov cocktail did not hit the guard's room and exploded far away from it. At that trial, my detention period was extended until the end of the legal proceedings against me. The next trial will be on 17 August for reading the charges.

I want to say that during my stay in Ofer court, the soldiers treated me badly and did not allow me to go to the bathroom or drink water, although I was wounded and needed special treatment.

22 July 2008

Case Study No. 17

Name: Jameel K.
Date of arrest: 25 March 2008
Age at arrest: 14
Accusation: Throwing stones

On Tuesday, 25 March 2008, at 4:00 pm, I was in the western neighbourhood of my village where I live. Three Israeli soldiers came to the place and approached me. They then threw a sound bomb towards me and it exploded beneath my feet. They asked me to approach them. When I reached them, they slapped me in the face. They then tied my hands and took me to another place inside the village, where there were two military jeeps, 500 metres away from where I was.

Transfer and abuse

When we reached the place, they asked me to turn around and face the wall, and lift my hands up in the air. They blindfolded me and put me inside the jeep and drove to Barta'a checkpoint. There was another young man with me inside the jeep. The trip took half an hour. When we reached the checkpoint, they pulled us out of the jeep and sat us on the ground. Three other jeeps came to the place and dropped off four more young men and sat them next to us. They then put

all of us inside a big jeep while being handcuffed and blindfolded.

The jeep drove to a place unknown to me for half an hour. We then reached a place or a camp full of soldiers. They pulled us out of the jeep and lay us on small stones in a yard from around 6:30 pm until 2:00 am. A number of soldiers then came and took me to the clinic after removing the handcuffs and blindfold. Inside the clinic, they beat me on the back and neck with their hands. One of the soldiers took a rope that was on the table and placed it around my neck, and pressed tightly to suffocate me. They then handcuffed my hands and blindfolded me and took back to the yard.

Salem Interrogation and Detention Centre

A military vehicle then came, and they placed all of us inside it and transferred us to Salem Detention Centre. They pulled us out into an open yard and took us one by one to a room, where there was a soldier who asked us about our health status and whether someone had beaten us. After they finished doing this, we were all put in one small room where we had to spend the night. In the morning, they photographed us and put us in different rooms based on age. On Thursday morning, they took me to the interrogation room where there was a policeman wearing a blue police uniform. He said that I threw stones. I told him *“No! They arrested me in front of my house and I was not throwing any stones.”* He shouted at me and threatened to beat me. They then took me back to the room. The lawyer Adnan Al-Rabi visited me and asked me a couple of questions. They then took me to the court and the judge extended my detention for seven more days until the following Wednesday.

Military Court proceedings and Megiddo Prison (Israel)

I spent the days from Thursday; the date for the first court appearance, until Wednesday, the second date for the court, in the same room. My health status was bad and the food was poor. On Wednesday morning, I went to the court and it was adjourned to the next day. On Thursday, I went to the court and the judge ruled I should pay NIS 7,500 as a bail. They asked my father to *“Pay the money and your son will be released.”* Unfortunately, my father did not have the money, so they returned me to the room, and assigned the next Tuesday as a date for an appeal in Ofer Military Court.

On Sunday, at around 5:00 pm, they transferred me with another three young men from Salem Detention Centre to Magiddo Prison. There, they put us in one cell to spend the night. On Monday morning, they placed us in a vehicle that stopped at various prisons to pick up other detainees. The trip lasted until the afternoon because they had to stop several times to pick up other detainees. We arrived at Ramla Crossing in the afternoon; I do not remember the exact time. They put all of us in one room and we spent the night there. The room had no bathroom. They gave us a little food.

On Tuesday morning, I don't remember the date, they transferred us to Ofer Prison. There were four of us. They put us in a room and then took me to the court. I did not understand anything at

the court because they were speaking in Hebrew. They then returned me to the room and I stayed there until 7:00 pm when they took me back to Ramla Crossing.

On Wednesday morning, they put us in a vehicle and drove to different prisons. The trip ended at around 4:00 pm in Megiddo Prison, where we were stopped and searched. They then drove us to Salem Detention Centre and we arrived there at around 5:00 pm. I was put in the same room with some other young men. The next morning they took me to the court in the same Detention Centre and I was then released after my father paid NIS 2,000 and pledged to bring me to the next court session. It was 16 April 2008. I went home and the next court was to be held on 1 July 2008.

My father and I went to the court in Salem but it was adjourned once again to 5 October 2008. We are still waiting.

30 August 2008

Case Study No. 18

Name: Abdullah O.
Date of arrest: 5 May 2008
Age at arrest: 15
Accusation: Throwing Molotov cocktails and stones

On 5 May 2008, at around 3:00 am I was sleeping at home. I suddenly woke up at the voice of soldiers. One of the soldiers was standing by my bed. He grabbed me by my shoulder and pulled me out of the house. I was still half asleep. I was scared and became extremely nervous. I panicked to the point that I do not know how they put me in the jeep. They punched me all over my body and stepped on me. I saw many soldiers around and inside the house.

One of the soldiers asked me if I had thrown stones and Molotov cocktails. I replied that I did not throw anything. Afterwards, they handcuffed my hands and tied my feet and blindfolded me.

They transferred me to Ariel Police station. Men in civilian clothes interrogated me for about two hours. One of the soldiers slapped me on the face during the interrogation. He then placed a blade to my neck and asked me to confess.

I moved my neck away from the blade and he put it away. He was tall, large and fair skinned. He had blonde hair and blue eyes.

I then confessed of throwing Molotov cocktails and stones at the soldiers.

After interrogation, I was transferred in a large police vehicle to Huwwara Interrogation and

Detention Centre where I stayed for ten days. On the eighth day, I was taken to court where my imprisonment period was extended until the end of proceedings.

I was then transferred to Salim Interrogation and Detention Centre where I was kept for ten days. They then transferred me to Telmond Prison. They put me in section 14. The food is very bad here. A month ago, we found a cockroach in the noodles. We notified the prison administration and they promised to punish the person responsible, but we have not heard anything. However, the food has become better since that incident. Lately, we stopped depending on the prison food and started buying our food from the Canteena using the money from our families.

20 August 2008

Case Study No. 19

Name: Ezzat's case

Date of arrest: 11 June 2008

Age at arrest: 10

Accusation: None

On Wednesday, 11 June 2008, at around 10:30 am, I was sitting in my father's shop selling animal feed and eggs in the village of Sanniriya in Qalqiliya. I was wearing a red T-shirt and blue jeans. My brother Makkawi (7) and my sister Lara (8) were sitting with me. While I was sitting inside the shop, which is located east of our house, 100 metres away, I was surprised by the arrival of two Israeli soldiers to the shop. One of them had dark skin, wearing khaki jeans and a black T-shirt with a blue vest on top. The other one was in green clothes. Both of them were wearing helmets and carrying black weapons. The soldier with the black T-shirt was carrying a pistol around his chest in addition to an assault rifle. They suddenly walked into the shop. Once they entered the shop, the soldier with the black T-shirt began shouting at me, telling me "Your father had sent us to you and we want the pistol that your father has." I became terrified and said "My father has nothing. He doesn't own such things." He slapped me strongly across my right cheek and he slapped my brother on the face too. He then asked my siblings to get out of the shop. He asked me all over again and I told him we had nothing. He asked me to get out the pistol from the animal feed sacks. I answered him we had no pistols. He slapped me again and this time it was on the left cheek.

He then began searching the sacks in the store, and broke down the office drawer where we keep money, while the other soldier stood by the door and did not allow anyone to enter. When one of my friends came to the store, he kicked him and prevented him from entering the shop. A group of locals gathered around the store and some of them tried to enter and help me, but the soldier standing by the door prevented them from doing so. When the other soldier did not find

anything, he asked me again to tell him where the pistol was. When I answered him back by saying "We don't have anything," he strongly punched me in my stomach and I fell over the empty egg boxes. I was crying and screaming because I could not stand the pain and I was terrified too. The soldier with the black T-shirt made fun of me and imitated my crying. He spoke very fluent Arabic. He kept me inside the shop for 15 minutes. He then grabbed me from my T-shirt and dragged me out of the shop. I asked him to let me close the shop but he said leave it open, so that it would be robbed. Some of my friends who were at the scene closed the shop. He threatened to put me in the jeep and take me with him.

When he dragged me out of the shop, he ordered me to walk on the street in front of him. He and the other soldier who was pointing his weapon at me, walked behind me, and some people gathered around. While walking, the soldier with the black T-shirt would slap me strongly on my neck now and then. On the way to our house, I met my cousins who asked me why I was crying and whether the soldiers hit me or not. I said yes and the soldier shouted at me and ordered "Don't tell them that I hit you." I was slapped three to four times on my nape while walking towards the house. When we reached the house, 100 metres away, I saw the occupation forces, many of them, around the house, with a number of dark green military vehicles. The word police was written on an olive-coloured jeep.

When I entered into the house, the same soldier; the soldier with the black T-shirt, made me stand in the yard and asked me to get the pistol out of the flower basin. When I was about to answer him and say we had no pistol, he slapped me so strongly that I fell down on my face in the flower basin. He did not let me stand by myself; he grabbed me from my T-shirt and lifted me up. When one of the soldiers asked me in Arabic to head to the room where my parents were, I walked into the room and he was walking behind me. Our house has a long corridor that leads to all the rooms in the house. My father was standing by the door of the guest room, where my family was held. The soldier slapped me on my nape in front of my father and I fell on the ground. He slapped me again on my nape and I fell on the ground after I stood up. All of this was in front of my father. He then lifted me in the air after he grabbed my T-shirt. He told my father that he was going to take me to prison and he told me the same thing too. He threatened to arrest my older sister who was 19 years old and that he would take her to prison not on a picnic, as he said. He then pushed me into the guest room where my mother and my siblings were held. My mother was crying. When she saw me crying, she asked me why and I told her that I had been hit. She asked them to leave me alone and hit her instead. They told her that they would take me to prison.

I spent around two minutes in the room with my family; my mother Sabah Abu Majd (37), my sister Diana (19), my sister Raghda (18), my sister Aya (15), and my brother Makkawi and my sister Lara who were in the shop earlier and stayed outside the house because the soldiers refused to let them in. My other sister Sahar (13) was not in the house at that time. The soldiers kept threatening my brothers. They had a female soldier with them who took the responsibility of interrogating with my sisters inside the rooms of the house. I forgot to say that my brother

Jihad (3) was also with my mother in the guest room. The soldier with the black T-shirt took me to the bedroom and slapped me at the door. He then brought my older sister to search her and interrogate with her while forcing me to stand by the kitchen door. They then moved me to another bedroom. While passing me, the soldier with the black T-shirt slapped me strongly on my face that I fell on the ground. He asked me to stay there in the room. He would go for five minutes and then come back to slap me on the face, and punch me several times in my stomach. I would shout and burst into tears. He would imitate me and make fun of me. He continued coming to the room around six times where he would hit me and slap me.

Afterwards, five soldiers entered the room, and one of them climbed to the attic, while the other four stayed with me in the room. The soldier on the attic began smashing the wooden panels with a hammer that he took from an aluminum shop near our house. He used the hammer to smash the wooden plates which were used to prevent the heat from entering the bedroom. The bedroom where I was held is our bedroom; the boys'. There was a small refrigerator in the bedroom. The soldier with the black T-shirt hit it with a hammer and he also damaged the meat and vegetables which were in it. He threw ice on the clothes and torn our good clothes. He damaged the kitchen, the fan and the fireplace too. I spent about one hour in the room all alone with the soldiers. During this hour, the soldier with the black T-shirt ordered me to stand on one foot and lift my hands up in the air with my back against the wall, and that lasted for about half an hour. I was exhausted and I did not dare to put my foot on the ground because he ordered me not to. I used to have this punishment in school but not for that long. Then, one of the soldiers in the room asked me to put down my foot on the ground and I did so. He then asked me to sit down. I squatted for like two minutes and then stood up. The female soldier came into the room and asked me to sit down on the refrigerator box.

While I was sitting there, the soldier with the black T-shirt came along and asked me "Why are you sitting?" I answered him by saying that the female soldier asked me to do so. He asked me to keep sitting there. He then brought my older sister in and asked me whether I care about her or not. I said "Yes I do." So he asked me to tell him where the pistol was and he would not tell my father. I said we did not have a pistol, so he took my sister out, and then came back and hit me all over my body. He left the room and after a while he came back to offer me 10 Shekels if I tell him where the alleged handgun was. I told him I did not care about money. He really became so angry that he took off his helmet and hit me with it from two metres away. It hit me all over my body and I felt severe pain. He asked me to bring him the helmet and when I did, he threw it again on me but this time he missed. He again asked me to bring the helmet but this time he did not hit me with it. Instead, he left the room for five minutes and came back and slapped me on face and stomach without asking me anything. Once again he left the room and was gone for a while, and I was all alone in the room. He then came back and asked me about the pistol and I answered that we did not have any pistol. He slapped me twice on my face and pushed me back.

He then left the room for a while and came back to repeat it all over again.

I then saw the soldier with the black T-shirt and the female soldier getting my sisters one by one into a nearby room. They closed the door and I heard them shouting at my sisters. My sister told me later that they were strip-searched by the female soldier while the male soldier waited outside the room, but he would enter the room to interrogate with them. When my mother refused to take her clothes off, I heard the soldier with the black T-shirt asking the female soldier to hit her if she kept refusing. The soldier threatened my older sister several times that he would hit her but he did not. She was strip-searched three times and she was verbally abused such as “she has a boyfriend in the university.”

Afterwards, a soldier wearing black sunglasses came into the room where I was held and pointed his rifle at me. The rifle barrel was a few centimetres away from my face. I was so terrified that I started to shiver. He made fun of me and said “Shivering? Tell me where the pistol is before I shoot you.” I told him we had nothing. He kept pointing his rifle at me and said “For the last time, tell me where the pistol is before I shoot you.” I replied by saying that we had nothing. He lowered his rifle and took out the bullets and one of them fell on the ground. He kept searching for it until he found it and then left the room. Five minutes later, the soldier with the black T-shirt came back to me with four other soldiers and said they would come back to the house. I said we had nothing. He did not say anything and they all left the house.

The soldiers spent about two and a half hours in our house. I emphasize that the soldier, who I think he was the officer who hit me and conducted interrogation with me and my family, was wearing khaki jeans, a black T-shirt, and a blue vest which I think was a bulletproof vest. I could not sleep in my house that night because I was very scared. Therefore, I spent the night at my paternal uncle’s house. I lost two molars that night because of the beatings. My friends now joke about what happened to me and say I am wanted by the occupations forces.

21 June 2008

Case Study No. 20

Name: Abdullah A.
Date of arrest: 12 August 2008
Age at arrest: 16
Accusation: Membership of a banned organisation

I am from Balata Camp in Nablus. I was born on 11 January 1992. I am in the 11th grade. I was arrested on 12 August 2008. My father works in currency exchange. My family consists of seven members. The family economic situation is good.

Early morning arrest

On 12 August 2008, at around 2:00 am, my family and I were sleeping on the second floor of our two-storey house. We woke to the sound of shooting and sound bombs. My brother Ibrahim and I were sleeping on the second floor, whereas the rest of the family members were sleeping on the first floor. Two minutes later, our father came upstairs and told us that Israeli soldiers were surrounding the house. He asked us to put on our clothes. We went downstairs. While I was on the stairs, I saw the front door of the house open. My mother and my nine year-old sister Sireen were standing by the door. I saw with my own eyes a soldier throwing a sound bomb at the front door where my mother and my sister were standing. It has a deafening sound. They panicked and became terrified. My little sister cried out of fear.

When I came downstairs, I saw many soldiers standing outside by the door. The soldiers asked us all to go outside. They let my mother and sisters go to the neighbour's house. They thoroughly searched me, my father, and my brother Ibrahim. Some of them took our IDs, as others searched the house.

While searching the house, the soldiers asked my father and my brother Ibrahim to go to the neighbour's house. They forcibly blindfolded me; they violently turned my head causing it to ram against the military jeep. They then pushed me into the jeep. They did not tie my hands because I was wounded.

25 days before I was arrested, I found a bomb. I lifted it off the ground and it exploded. I lost two fingers on my right hand. When the soldiers came to arrest me, my hands were wrapped with bandages, and therefore they did not tie my hands.

Transfer

After they blindfolded me, the soldiers placed me inside a military jeep for 15 minutes. They then pulled me out of the jeep and took me to the house. I was seated in the kitchen. I knew I was in the kitchen because I saw the tiles from beneath the blindfold. They kept me sitting in the kitchen for about half an hour. I heard the soldiers searching the house and turning it up side and down.

Half an hour later, two soldiers approached me and made me stand up. They began pushing me out of the kitchen. When I was outside of the house, I began calling my mother to say goodbye because I knew they would arrest me. My mother and the rest of the family were at the neighbour's house, as I learned later. A soldier heard me calling my mother, and he slapped me violently on the neck. He pushed me and I fell over on the ground. The soldiers then forced me to stand up and dragged me until we reached a military truck. They placed me inside the truck and sat me on the floor. The truck began moving. On the way, the soldiers shouted at me, and

insulted me using very obscene words. The truck was driving so fast that my head rammed against a metal seat. My bottom started to hurt because I was sitting on the metal floor; especially when the truck drove over road pumps.

Huwwara Detention Centre

After a while we reached Huwwara Detention Centre. I do not know how long the trip took. The soldiers pulled me out of the truck and sat me in the yard for about two hours. Another detainee named Firas from my neighbourhood was sitting next to me. I called his name, and then a soldier slapped me. Firas called my name, and the soldier also slapped him.

In the morning and after two hours of sitting in the yard, I was taken to another spot away from Firas. The spot I was taken to was paved with asphalt. I kept sitting there for about an hour, during which I was shivering out of fear. Another detainee named Salah D. from my neighbourhood was sitting next to me.

I was then taken to the administration room. They told me they would take me to the hospital due to the injury to my hand.

Further transfer and interrogation

They transferred me to a hospital, its name and location were unknown to me. I stayed there until noon of the same day, 12 August 2008.

After the completion of the checkups, I was taken to another detention centre. I do not know how much time it took us to reach this centre. I was pulled out of the jeep and taken to a room. I found myself standing before an interrogator who told me I was in Al Jalame Detention Centre (Israel). He sat with me for like 10 minutes. He told me he soon would interrogate me and that I should confess to all charges that he would make against me. He said that if I did not confess, they would not change the bandages around my hand and let them rot.

Cell No. 36

10 minutes later I was taken to the cell. It was small and had no ventilation. I recall it was cell number 36. It had holes for ventilation only. It had no windows. I used to sleep on a mattress on the ground. The room had one dimmed yellow light that was kept on for 24 hours a day, and it really hurt my eyes. The walls were gray, and had rough surfaces, and it was difficult to lean against them.

I was kept inside the cell for two days. I was then taken to the interrogation room. I was seated

on a small chair. They tied my feet and left hand to the chair, and kept my right hand free due to the injury. I was kept tied in this manner for a long time without being interrogated or asked anything. The interrogator would keep me inside the room and leave for a long time. *"I will keep you alone until you rot,"* he would say. During interrogation, the interrogator shouted at me and threatened that he would not change the bandages and let my hand rot. They changed the bandages only three days after being released from the hospital, and that harmed my hand.

Confession

Due to the difficult situation I had to go through during the interrogation, I confessed to many things that I do not recall in detail. I wanted to end the interrogation, and I did it because of my bad health situation.

The interrogator interrogated me several times in the same manner. Every time I was interrogated, they would send me to the cell and keep me there for several days without being asked any question. This really affected me psychologically and kept me confused all the time.

Transfer to Hasharon and Megiddo Prisons

On 4 September 2008, I was transferred from Al Jalame to Hasharon prison until 8 February 2009, when I was transferred to Megiddo prison and I am still in this prison.

While being in Al Jalame Detention and Interrogation Centre, I was taken to the room of rats (informers). When I entered the room, I knew they were snitches. They told me they were detainees just like me. They wanted to know the details of my charges. I confessed that I only belonged to Fateh. After spending three days in the room, I knew they were snitches when I was taken back to the cell.

They have not cared for my injury the whole time I have been detained and until the giving of this affidavit. They only give me pain relief. I myself had to get the shrapnel out of my hand.

My detention was extended several times in Al Jalame and Salem. Once, a list of charges was made against me. The next session is due to take place in Salem military court on 26 February 2009.

23 February 2009

Case Study No. 21

Name: Hamdi A.

Date of arrest: 14 August 2008

Age at arrest: 17

Accusation: Throwing a Molotov cocktail

I was born on 22 April 1991. I am in the twelfth grade. I was arrested on 14 August 2008. My father works as a taxi driver. My family consists of 12 people.

On 14 August 2008, at around 2:00am, my family and I were on our way back to Ad Duheisha camp where we live after attending my cousin's wedding party, Arif A. in Al Walaja village, five kilometres away from the camp. When we reached the camp and before reaching the house, I asked my mother to let me go and buy some bread from the bakery that is open around the clock.

On my way to the bakery while walking on the main street that leads to Hebron, I coincidentally ran into a group of children who were hiding behind some metal barrels, and throwing stones at Israeli soldiers on the other side of the street. I was 50 metres away from the bakery.

Shot in the legs and beaten

I approached the children, and I was not hiding behind anything. Suddenly, a sniper standing near a building on the other side of the street fired at me. I was shot twice in my right and left legs, precisely in the knees. I fell to the ground bleeding.

While I was lying on the ground, four Israeli soldiers approached and without saying a word, they began severely beating me. One of the soldiers severely hit me with the barrel of his assault rifle. I bled profusely from my nose and mouth. My legs kept bleeding as well. Another soldier, wearing combat boots, severely kicked me on my back. I felt pain all over my body. The four soldiers then kept kicking and slapping me all over my body for five minutes. The soldiers were very scary. Their faces were painted black.

The four soldiers stopped kicking me. They tied the wounds in my legs with some bandages to stop the bleeding. Two soldiers grabbed me from my wounded leg and right hand and dragged me on the sidewalk for about 50 metres until we reached a military jeep. They caused many bruises to my back and bottom. I begged them to let go of me, but they refused. When we reached the jeep, a military ambulance came and the soldiers placed me on a stretcher and put me inside the ambulance. One of the soldiers inside the ambulance tore all my clothes off with scissors, except my underwear. They installed a glucose tube and a breathing apparatus on me.

Ambulance transfer

The military ambulance drove for 15 minutes until we reached a military checkpoint near Beit Jala, where there was an ordinary ambulance waiting for us. The soldiers pulled me out of the military ambulance and placed me on the ground. Five soldiers began taking pictures of me

using their mobile phones and a camera that one of them had. They took pictures of themselves next to me while making fun of me. The soldiers then placed me inside the ambulance. Two soldiers and one female soldier were with me in the back of the ambulance, as well as the medics. I was offered the same treatment I received in the military ambulance. The ambulance then drove to the hospital.

Hadasa Ein Karem hospital

15 minutes later, we reached the hospital of Hadasa Ein Karem in Jerusalem. The ambulance crew pulled me out of the ambulance and placed me on a wheeled stretcher. Many soldiers were surrounding me. A military jeep was driving just behind us. Many people were looking at me, and I became ashamed because I was only wearing my underwear.

I was taken to the x-ray department of the hospital, and then to the operation room. I was accompanied by two Arab doctors; Bashar and Sami. They conducted an operation on my legs after drugging me. The operation lasted five hours, as the doctor told me after waking up.

When I woke up, I found myself lying on a bed in the Intensive Care Unit. I was handcuffed to the bed, and guarded by two soldiers. They must have handcuffed me while I was sleeping. I could not leave the bed. I peed while lying on the bed. The Two Arab doctors I mentioned before supervised my treatment, as well as two Arab nurses; Shadi and Ansam.

The two soldiers guarding me were changed everyday. Some of them treated me well, others treated me badly. Some of the soldiers verbally abused me, using obscene words in front of all the patients who were Jewish. The medical staff protested but the soldiers prevented them from intervening. In some cases, the soldiers prevented the medical staff from treating me. The Jewish patients who were in the same room also insulted me and called me a terrorist, and the soldiers did not do anything to stop them. I stayed in the room for seven days. I was then moved to another room for another seven days. The treatment in the second room did not differ. I was then transferred to another department. I stayed 40 days in the hospital since my injury, and then I was transferred to Ramla prison hospital.

Doctors at Hadasa Ein Karem hospital conducted three more operations on me; two of them to install platinum on my leg from the inside and outside, the third one was to join the tendons.

While in Hadasa Ein Karem hospital, the soldiers did not allow any of my family to visit me. My family saw me only twice in Ramla prison hospital. However, one of the nurses used to call my family behind the soldier's back and keep them updated about my health.

Transfer to Ramla Prison Hospital

On 23 September 2008, at 5:00pm, four soldiers from Nihshon Unit of Israeli Prisons Service walked into the room and the soldiers guarding me delivered me to them. They put me in a wheelchair and took me out of the hospital using the elevator. A GMC vehicle that belonged to the Israeli Prison Service (IPS) was waiting for us. Before I was placed in the vehicle, the soldiers from Nihshon Unit handcuffed my hands and legs because the soldier guarding me took the handcuffs when they delivered me to soldiers from Nihshon Unit.

After two hours of travelling, we reached Ramla prison hospital, which is also called Marash. It was around 8:00pm. The soldiers immediately put me in one of the rooms that had three detainees aged over 18.

I have been here in Ramla prison hospital for three months now. They provide me with medicines and massage sessions. Until this day, I can walk on my legs only with the use of crutches.

My family visited me twice here in this prison, but the prison authorities did not allow them to give me food and clothes.

Interrogation and Trials

Four days after being arrested and taken to Hadasa Ein Karem hospital, two interrogators who spoke Arabic came to my room in the hospital. They said they were from Israeli intelligence and wanted to interrogate me. They said I was suspected of throwing a Molotov cocktail at a military vehicle. They said my face was covered when I did so. I denied the whole thing. I told the two interrogators I did not do it, and my face was not covered. I told them that the reason I was on the scene was because I wanted to buy some bread from the bakery, 50 metres away from the place where I was wounded. One of the interrogators said that two soldiers gave their statements saying that they saw me throwing the Molotov cocktail, and therefore fired at me. I denied this and told them that the soldiers were lying. The interrogators recorded what I said and they also wrote it down in Hebrew. The interrogation lasted for more than an hour. The interrogators then asked me to sign the papers. I agreed to do so after they explained what was written. After I made sure that what had been written was a denial of all the accusations made against me, I signed the papers. This was the only time I was interrogated.

I appeared in the court for the first time 38 days after being arrested, and two days before I was released from Hadasa Ein Karem hospital. I was brought before a military judge. The prosecutor and an interpreter were there also in the court. A lawyer also attended the session. The lawyer, whose name I cannot recall, told me that my family hired him to defend me. He also told me that a list of charges had been made against me in Ofer court accusing me of hitting a military jeep with a Molotov cocktail. The session that was held in the same hospital (Hadasa Ein Karem hospital) was adjourned, and the judge told me my detention was extended until the completion

of the legal proceedings.

The lawyer told me in the session previously mentioned that my detention was extended twice without being brought before a judge due to my health condition and upon the lawyer's consent, who was hired from my family and whose name I do not know.

While being detained in Ramla prison hospital, the jailers took me to Ofer court three times; on two occasions I did not enter the court, but I was ordered to stay in the waiting room for many hours despite my health condition. On one of these occasions, I entered the court and found my parents waiting for me. The lawyer who was with me in the session held in Hadasa Ein Karem hospital was also there. The judge read the list of charges against me. I of course denied everything. The judge therefore assigned another session for cross-examination of witnesses on 29 December 2008, next Monday.

Soldiers from the Nihshon Unit used to transfer me to court and treated me badly. They would shout at me and insult me without taking my health into consideration.

While in Ramla prison hospital, I relied on other Palestinian prisoners. They helped me clean my clothes. They brought me food and summoned the doctor when needed. If it was not for their help, I would not have put up with this miserable situation.

24 December 2008

Case Study No. 22

Name: Mahmoud N.
Date of arrest: 15 September 2008
Age at arrest: 17
Accusation: Throwing Molotov cocktails

I was born in 1991. I finished the tenth grade, and then dropped out of the school to work and help support my family that is living through harsh economic conditions. I have been detained since 15 September 2008. My father is jobless. My family consists of six members. My older brother Abdullah, as well as I, are the ones supporting the family.

On 15 September 2008, I was with Iyad R. at Al Huq coffee house watching Bab Al Hara (Syrian soap opera) that started at 9:00pm. When it finished, we went out and headed towards Al Jalazun Secondary School for Boys. We then went to hang out near the settlement of Bet El. We were about 100 metres away from the settlement.

Shot by soldiers

While walking there, I noticed that Israeli soldiers were hiding behind trees. Iyad did not see them. I turned my head to Iyad to warn him about the soldiers and to flee the place. Just before I was about to do so, the soldiers suddenly fired at us, resulting in hitting Iyad who fell to the ground. I tried to flee, but a bullet hit me in the back. Iyad was shot three times in the left leg.

After the shooting, we fell to the ground and began bleeding. We felt so much pain. We screamed. Many soldiers approached us. I was lying on the ground, four metres away from Iyad. One of the soldiers approached me and kicked me twice on my chest despite my injury. I did not see what they did to Iyad.

The soldiers placed us on stretchers and put us inside a military jeep. They placed Iyad on the seat, but they placed me on the floor of the jeep. There were three soldiers surrounding us, in addition to the driver and another soldier sitting in the front seat.

Transfer by jeep and ambulance

The jeep headed towards Bet El settlement. After a short time, we reached a public yard inside the settlement. There were two ordinary ambulances waiting for us. We were put inside the ambulances separately. Inside the ambulance, they installed a breathing apparatus on me and bandaged my wound. The ambulance then drove to Hadasa Hospital. I had one armed soldier next to me, as well as the medics. I saw out of the window that there were two military jeeps driving behind us.

I want to mention something else. When the soldiers shot me, they approached me where I was lying on the ground, beat me as I have mentioned earlier, and they tore off all my clothes so that I was as naked as the day I was born. I was very ashamed especially as there were two female soldiers. The soldiers were laughing at me. I stayed naked until I was admitted to the surgery room later on.

Hadasa Hospital

The ambulance reached Hadasa Hospital and the medical crew pulled me out of the ambulance. The soldiers, who got out of the two jeeps that were following us, surrounded me. I was naked and ashamed because the hospital was full of people, so I had to use my hands to cover my genitals.

Doctors then came and admitted me to the surgery room. They also admitted Iyad who arrived in the second ambulance to the surgery room. This was the last time I saw Iyad. I saw him later in Ramla Hospital as I will mention later on.

After being admitted to the surgery room, doctors anaesthetised me and I do not remember anything after that. I woke up three hours later to find myself on the bed in a different room, where there were three Jewish nurses and one Arab nurse from Jerusalem that I cannot recall his

name. Iyad was not with me in the room. I met him later in Ramla prison.

Two soldiers were guarding me and standing outside the room. My hands were not tied but the soldiers did not allow anyone to speak with me. Even on the first day after the surgery, they did not allow the medical staff to enter the room, but the doctors protested and said they could not provide me with medical treatment. The next day an officer came and had a word with an Arab doctor. The treatment changed and medical staff were allowed to enter the room. They provided me with necessary treatment, medicines, and glucose. Doctors asked me not to eat or drink for three days.

I spent two and a half weeks in Hadasa Hospital during which time soldiers guarded me the whole time and I did not see any of my family. I learned later from my family that they tried to visit me but were not allowed to do so by the soldiers who also prevented them from sending food to my room. I ate only the food provided by the hospital.

Transfer to Ramla Hospital

Two and a half weeks later, some soldiers from the Nihshon Unit – a unit belongs to the Israeli Prison Service and responsible for transferring detainees, came to the hospital and asked me to walk with them. I walked slowly because my feet were tied and I was injured. But the soldiers shouted at me and asked me to walk faster. One of them grabbed my hand and started walking quickly causing me to nearly fall over. They took me down using the elevator. There was a bus waiting for us outside the hospital. It was 4:00am. The bus then drove for one and a half hours until we reached a junction that leads to Ramla prison. They pulled me out and placed me in a GMC car and handed the responsibility over to other wardens. We reached Ramla hospital later in the morning.

In Ramla prison hospital, I was put inside a small room in solitary confinement. The room measures 4x1.5, and has toilets. I spent two and a half weeks in this room. I used to clean it all by myself. Then, another detainee called Ahmad S. from Gaza was allowed by the prison administration to help me in cleaning the room. He brought me food and helped in everything.

Two and a half weeks later, I spoke with a Druze officer who spoke Arabic and asked him to transfer me to a regular room because I am young and could not be left alone. Instead of doing that, he brought me two young men wounded in their legs. They were Ahmad J. and Hamdi A. from Dheisha Camp. They spent one night with me in the room, and the next morning we all were transferred to regular rooms. Iyad was not with me during this time. He was still in Hadasa hospital. No treatment was offered in Ramla prison hospital. I was there under observation only. I did not see my family there. I saw them in the court as I will mention later on.

Extension of detention

Eight days after being arrested and whilst hospitalized in Hadasa hospital, a military judge came to my room. He had no interpreter with him. He spoke in broken Arabic which was hard to

understand. The judge said he would extend my detention in Hadasa hospital because I am still ill and that my injury does not allow me to be transferred to the court. He asked me whether I had anything to say, but he did not accuse me of anything. He did not tell me why I was arrested in the first place. The whole session lasted five minutes only. I don't know how long he extended my detention for. Maybe he said for how long but I could not hear it. The judge extended my detention though I was never interrogated.

Interrogation

Three days of extending my detention, an interrogator speaking Arabic (a Druze one) came to the room and accused me of throwing a Molotov cocktail at the fence of Bet El settlement. I denied that. He said that *"The soldier who shot you is the one who saw you throwing the Molotov."* He said that Iyad who was with me confessed and said that we both had thrown the Molotov. However, I denied that and signed a denial paper written in Arabic.

Two months after the arrest and whilst in Ramla prison hospital, a number of soldiers from the Nihshon Unit came and transferred me to Ofer Military Court. When we reached the Court, they put me in the awaiting room until late in the afternoon. They then took me to the Court. I found there for the first time one of my family members. A lawyer also came but I still cannot recall his name. My detention was extended for another eight days. I appeared then in Salem court where a list of charges was made against me. I have not received a copy of that list and I do not know what it contains. A trial was assigned on 1 January 2009 in Ofer military court.

27 November 2008

Case Study No. 23

Name: Samah S.
Date of arrest: 2 December 2008
Age at arrest: 14
Accusation: Carrying a knife through a checkpoint

I was born on 25 April 1994. I am in the ninth grade.

On 1 December 2008, a day before I was arrested, I went to Bara'a M's house and asked her to find a way to get imprisoned. I told her that we could go to Qalandiya checkpoint and take knives with us so that the soldiers would see us and arrest us.

On the next day, 2 December 2008, at around 7:30am, I met Bara'a near our house after I took a knife from the kitchen and stashed it in my schoolbag. The knife was about 25 cm long.

Bara'a and I then went to Ramallah. I was not wearing my school uniform. We had breakfast and stayed in Ramallah until 11:00am; then we took a public transportation service and headed

towards Qalandiya checkpoint.

Before approaching the Qalandiya checkpoint, I took the knife out of my schoolbag and hid it in the left pocket of my jacket. Bara'a and I walked towards the checkpoint.

When it was my turn to show my ID, I took the knife out of my left pocket and placed it on the table next to the window where a female soldier was standing. She was examining the IDs. She was shocked to see the knife. *"What is the knife for?"* She asked. Immediately, a security officer, speaking Arabic, asked me to enter a room.

Interrogation

I entered the room and the security officer locked me in. Bara'a was already in the room. A female soldier came to the room and searched the both of us, with our clothes on. A few seconds later, a large number of soldiers and security officers came to the room. One of them asked me why I had the knife on me. I told him I had problems with my family. He shouted at me, but did not beat me.

After that, I was seated on a chair inside the room for about one and a half or two hours. I asked a soldier to let me use the toilets. He accompanied me and waited for me until I finished. He then took me back to the room. Bara'a and I stayed in the room sitting there with the door closed on us.

Transfer to Al Maskubiya

About two hours later, we were placed inside a white vehicle and transferred to Jerusalem; to a building that had many police and guards. We learned later it was Al Maskubiya police station.

I was then taken to a room that had an interrogator sitting behind a desk. The interrogator asked me to sit on an ordinary chair in front of him. *"Why did you come to the checkpoint holding a knife? What was your purpose?"* He asked. *"My family wanted to marry me to a 35-year-old policeman and I refused. It was supposed to take place two or three days from now. I therefore decided to head to the checkpoint and do anything that would get me arrested. I brought the knife with me to the checkpoint so that I would get arrested."* I answered him.

I was not beaten during interrogation. Another interrogator came to the room and shouted at me. He would say that I wanted to kill a soldier. He emphasised this thing. Half an hour later, I told him that I was intending to kill a soldier so that he would stop shouting at me.

After interrogation, the interrogator, whose name was Masoud, asked me to sign papers written in Hebrew after he translated what was written there. The papers said the same thing I said earlier; that I wanted to kill any soldier at the checkpoint.

I was then taken out from the interrogation room and taken to another room that contained four people. I was seated there. They brought me coffee and some biscuits. Bara'a was with me in the

room.

An hour later, Bara'a and I were taken out to a room that had two concrete beds. We were alone in this room. Conditions at Al Maskubiya were much better than those in this prison (Hasharon prison). When we were in Al Maskubiya, we used to get out to the courtyard several times each day for about two hours each time. We used to talk to our families on the phone any time we wanted. The food and the treatment were good. However, we could not see our families while we were detained at Al Maskubiya because they are not allowed to enter Jerusalem.

Transfer to Hasharon Prison

27 days later, we were transferred by a vehicle that belonged to Israeli Prisons Service to this prison; the Hasharon prison. We were placed in room 17, section 12. We are here alone in this room.

Conditions at Al Maskubiya are much better than those in here. We have a trial on 18 January 2009 in Ofer military court after the court decision to refuse to release us on bail.

1 January 2009

Case Study No. 24

Name: Islam M.
Date of arrest: 31 December 2008
Age at arrest: 12
Accusation: Throwing stones

I remember on Sunday, 31 December 2008, I left my house in Kafr Malik at around 6:00 am and went with my friends Ridwan, Husam, and Namiq to hunt birds in the olive groves near the village. We stayed there until around 4:00 pm. The area is located south of the village, and about 500 meters away from the bypass road.

At around 4:00 pm, we decided to go home. We collected the nets. Our houses are about one kilometre away. After walking about 20 meters, we heard a gun shot from the bypass road. We began walking faster towards our houses in the opposite direction to the bypass road. When we reached the edge of the village, we were surprised to see Israeli soldiers, about 10 to 20 meters behind us, with their guns pointed at us. They were shouting at us to stop in Hebrew.

We stopped where we were. A woman in the house nearby called us. We walked towards her house. When we reached the yard of the house, Hasan climbed up the stairs. Hasan, just to let you know, joined us later in the hunting. The soldiers kept following us and calling us. They were insulting us, especially Hasan (son of a whore). The woman's son, Ghassan, tried speaking

with the soldiers in English, but they refused to speak with him. There were about 10 to 12 soldiers. They reached the yard. One of them approached me and grabbed my hand. Another soldier grabbed Hasan's hand. They then tied our hands together with the same plastic cords. They tied my right hand to Hasan's left hand.

Transfer

The soldiers then pushed us and forced us to walk towards our house. The soldiers did not tell me why they were arresting me. A military jeep was waiting in the street in the centre of the village, no the jeep was east of the village, 50 meters away from where we had been arrested. When we reached the jeep, the soldiers blindfolded me and Hasan with a piece of cloth that the soldiers had. They pushed me inside the jeep. I fell on the ground. I was seated on the floor of the jeep. I lifted the blindfold using my untied left hand and looked around. I saw six soldiers inside the jeep, sitting on seats. Hasan and I were seated between their legs. The jeep drove off and stopped 10 minutes later. Once, I lifted the blindfold, and one of the soldiers lifted his hand in the air, threatening to hit me on the back. Without violence, the soldiers pulled us out of the jeep in a military camp that I did not know. We were then seated on the ground, with my hand still tied to Hasan's hand.

Interrogation

Ten minutes later, a soldier asked me my name, my father's name, and whether I threw stones at the soldiers. I told him my name, father's name, and that I did not throw stones. The soldiers then untied our hands, and tied my hands. Three minutes later, a captain called Hasan, wearing military uniform, came to us. I heard my friend Hasan saying that this person was captain Hasan. He took me to a pine tree and made me sit on the ground. "*Have you seen kids throwing stones at the soldiers?*" he asked. "*Yes*", I answered. "*Do you know them?*" He asked. "*No*," I said. He threatened to pour hot water on my face. "*I don't know who threw stones,*" I said. Five minutes late, he took me to a place full of thorny bushes. He ordered me to sit on the bushes. I refused. He pushed me and I fell in the bushes. That really hurt me. He then ordered me to take off my shoes. I refused. He forcibly took off my shoes with the help of two soldiers. The soldiers then asked me to put my shoes back on.

Further transfers

They placed me inside the jeep. I was blindfolded and therefore could not see who was with me inside the jeep. Fifteen minutes later, the soldiers pulled me out of the jeep. I saw that Hasan, Rishwan, and my cousin Odeh were all with me. We were standing on the bypass street, south of Kafr Malik. Captain Hasan approached me and asked me to confess to throwing stones. I refused. "*We'll put you in jail, patriotic boy,*" he said.

Captain Hasan released Rishwan and Hasan, and kept me and my cousin Odeh. I was tied and blindfolded. They placed us inside the military jeep and took us to a military camp. I did not experience any form of violence during the transfer. The soldiers seated me on the floor of the jeep. I saw three soldiers from beneath the blindfold. They asked me about my name, my father's name, and the reason I was arrested. I told them I was accused of throwing stones. I was then kept in a room until 6:00 am of the next day. I asked them to use the toilets, and for some food and water, but they refused. They did not allow me to sleep. I was tied and blindfolded the whole time. It was extremely cold. I heard the soldiers speaking in Hebrew.

In the morning, a military jeep came, and the soldiers ordered me to move towards the jeep. They seated me on the floor of the jeep. A number of soldiers were in the jeep, speaking Hebrew and sometimes Arabic. They asked me about my name and accusation. I then heard them singing in Arabic. We reached a place I do not know. I saw there Israeli police wearing blue uniform. They pulled me out of the jeep and seated me on the ground with no food or water until noon.

Further interrogation

A policeman in blue uniform came and took me to interrogation. I was still tied and blindfolded, but managed to see things from beneath the blindfold. In the interrogation room, there was one policeman with a soldier sitting next to him. "*You threw stones. You were photographed while throwing stones,*" the policeman said. I denied that. He asked for our phone number. I gave it to him, and he called my mother to tell her I was photographed while throwing stones. I heard the phone call. He was speaking to my mother in Arabic. 15 minutes later, the policeman took me outside the room. He brought me 10 minutes later. I asked the soldiers for food. They brought me an apple; one half rotten. I ate the good half and gave the rotten half back to the soldier. I asked several times to be allowed to use the toilets, but the soldiers kept refusing until a soldier came and took me to the toilets. He seemed as if he was their boss. This was the first time I was allowed to use the toilets since my arrest. The soldiers then brought me back to the same place. I was still tied and blindfolded. They seated me on a chair for about five hours without asking me anything.

A policeman in blue uniform came and took me to an office. He allowed me to watch a CD that had children throwing stones at soldiers. "*See yourself throwing stones,*" he said. I did not see me because I had not thrown stones. He then took me out of the room. I was kept alone, tied and blindfolded, sitting on the ground for three hours.

A soldier then came to take my fingerprints. I was then taken to wash the ink off my hand. The soldier then brought me and kept me sitting on the ground until midnight.

Ofer Prison

A military jeep came and transferred to Ofer prison. The soldiers untied my hands, removed the blindfold, and entered me to a section inside the prison. One of the detainees asked me to decide which political party I wanted to be kept with. I chose to be locked in the Hamas section. A soldier brought me the brown prison uniform. Iyad, representative of the section, brought me food. I ate. It was the first time I was allowed to eat since the arrest. I then went to bed.

I woke up at 6:00 am. They brought me breakfast which I ate. A bus then came and took me to the military court with some other detainees. I stayed in the waiting room for about five hours, until after noon. I was then taken to the courtroom, and I saw my parents and the lawyer. Five minutes later, I was informed that the court had been adjourned. The soldier did not allow me to speak with my parents at all. I was then taken back to the prison. I was once again brought to the court on the second day. The court was adjourned to Thursday. On Thursday, I was brought to the court. The judge told me that there were some witnesses saying I had thrown stones. The lawyer asked for my release on bail. The judge decided to release me on a NIS 5,000 bail.

While leaving the courtroom, one of the soldiers slapped me on my neck without even speaking with me. He kept pushing me to the waiting room. I stayed in the waiting room for three hours. My hands and feet were tied. In the evening, the soldiers brought me back to prison. I stayed locked in until Sunday when my family was able to pay the bail. Before release, a female soldier came and took me out of the section to a cage. She then took me a military vehicle. I was then taken to Beituniya crossing and released there.

2 February 2009

Case Study No. 25

Name: Husam H.
Date of arrest: 7 January 2009
Age at arrest: 15
Accusation: Throwing stones

I was born on 27 August 1993. I am in the 10th grade. I am from Zeita village in Tulkarm. I was arrested on 7 January 2009 and sentenced to three months in prison on 26 January 2009. My father is a farmer. My family consists of eight members. I will be released on 24 March 2009.

On 7 January 2009, at around 10:00 am, I was coming back from school early because we had a test on religion that day. I was walking down the road when some students told me that Israeli

soldiers had entered the village. I decided to rush home to avoid trouble.

While walking on my way back home, I was surprised by a military jeep coming from behind me. I kept walking. I was very scared and so I decided to enter the village medical clinic. I began running towards the clinic. When I reached the clinic, a nurse was standing by the door. I wanted to speak with her but I could not because two military jeeps stopped next to it. Eight soldiers got out of the jeeps and rushed over and arrested a 16-year-old boy from the village. He was hiding in a store opposite the clinic. I saw them throwing him on the ground and tying his hands behind his back with plastic cords.

When the soldiers completed the arrest of the other boy, a soldier with a long beard approached me and shouted at me in Hebrew. I could not understand what he was saying. He grabbed my shirt and forcibly dragged me towards the jeep. When we reached the jeep, I saw the other boy sitting next to it, a classmate called Laith.

The soldiers sat me next to Laith and tied my hands with plastic cords so tightly that I felt pain and my hands swelled. I asked the soldier to loosen them but he refused and shouted at me, saying words I did not understand. I started to cry because of the pain I felt in my hands. Laith and I sat next to the jeep for five minutes while surrounded by soldiers.

Five minutes later, the soldiers ordered us to stand. They placed Laith inside the first military jeep, while I was placed in the second one. They placed me from the rear of the jeep. One of the soldiers pushed me with his foot into the jeep, causing my body to ram against a metal box placed inside the jeep at the back. They then blindfolded my eyes with a piece of cloth and sat me on the metal box. Four soldiers were with me inside the jeep.

Transfer to Huwwara Interrogation and Detention Centre

The jeep began travelling out of the village and stopped at the entrance to the village. Without knowing the reason, the soldiers pulled me out of the jeep and removed the blindfold. They replaced it with a sack. I could not see anything. I felt I was choking with this sack placed around my head. The soldiers then placed me inside the jeep again, which began moving. On the trip, one of the soldiers spoke to me in Hebrew but I did not respond or speak with him because I did not understand what he was saying. He then began shouting as he grabbed the sack and then hit it with his metal helmet. That really hurt me a lot.

The jeep stopped 15 minutes later, and the soldiers pulled me out. One of the soldiers dragged me and pulled me out so violently that I fell to the ground. One of the soldiers shouted at me and ordered me to stand up. They then removed the sack and replaced it with a blindfold. Before blindfolding me again, I looked around and found out I was near the village near the brick

factory that belonged to a person named Mahir G. from my village. I then heard the sound of military jeeps arriving. I could see some of the jeeps from beneath the blindfold. I also saw the soldier driving the jeep in which I was placed earlier handing my mobile phone to another soldier sitting inside one of the military jeeps that came to the place.

One of the soldiers took me to one of the jeeps. I saw that they arrested four other children and placed them inside the other jeeps. The jeep drove away and stopped an hour later at Huwwara Detention Centre. During this hour, I was seated on a metal box. One of the soldiers kept stepping on my legs, as another one kept pulling my head backwards. He grabbed my hair and pulled it back which severely hurt my back.

Around noon we arrived at Huwwara Detention Centre. The soldiers pulled me out of the jeep and made me sit in the yard. I found myself sitting next to Laith. I could see him from beneath the blindfold whenever I lifted my head. Laith pushed me with his hands, thinking I did not see him. We did not speak with each other because soldiers were standing near us.

I sat on the ground for about three hours; Laith sat only two hours because he was taken away. I do not know where. After Laith left, the soldiers brought me a chair to sit on because my hands used to touch the ground which was very cold. My hands swelled due to coldness and plastic cords. They brought the chair so that my hands would not touch the ground. My hands swell because of coldness and become very painful. They sat me on the chair and loosened the plastic cords a little but my hands still hurt a lot because of the swelling, so the soldiers untied me for about three minutes and asked me to move my hands so the blood would flow into the veins.

Transfer to Salem Interrogation and Detention Centre

After three hours of sitting on the ground, the soldiers placed me inside a Toyota Tundra and transferred me to Salem Detention Centre. There were two soldiers as well as the driver.

Interrogation

We reached Salem Detention Centre two hours later, and the soldiers took me to the interrogation room that had a desk with a computer on it. Two interrogators were inside the room. They removed the blindfold and sat me on a chair. One interrogator began asking me general questions but he did not introduce himself or inform me of my rights. He accused me of throwing stones at the soldiers. He said that the soldiers already had given him their statements; that they saw me throwing stones. I denied the accusation and told them I did not throw any stones.

The interrogator began shouting at me and saying that I was lying. I kept swearing it wasn't true but he did not believe me and kept shouting at me. He also told me that other kids who were

arrested said they had seen me throwing stones. He did not tell me their names or show me any statements. He then said that Laith confessed that we threw stones together. I told him I was not with Laith and I only saw him when they arrested me and put me with him in the jeep. The interrogator asked me other questions and accused me of many things that I do not recall. I denied every accusation during the interrogation that lasted for half an hour.

After the interrogation ended, the interrogator took me to a room and took my fingerprints. He then took the papers that had my fingerprints. I want to say that from the moment I was arrested until the end of interrogation they did not give me any food. They only gave me water once and they also allowed me to go to the bathroom once.

After the interrogator took my fingerprints, he allowed me to go to the bathroom to wash the ink off my hands. I found Laith near the bathroom but I could not speak with him because one of the interrogators was standing next to him.

One of the interrogators took me out to the yard. The same soldiers who brought me to the detention centre came and started taking photographs with me. A girl who was with them also took a photograph with me.

Transfer to Megiddo Prison (Israel)

I was then transferred to Megiddo Prison. They took me to a medical clinic and the doctor did not examine me. He only asked me general questions about my health and filled out a questionnaire. After that, the soldiers took me back to Salem Detention Centre. I was taken to the administration room and I told the jailer who wanted to receive me that my mobile phone was with the soldiers. He went to the soldiers and took the mobile phone and then placed it in the safe. I believe that the soldier wanted to steal the mobile phone because he did not give it to anyone and kept it in his pocket.

Salem Military Court

After they searched me while being in the administration room, they took me to another room and I found Laith had been brought to this room earlier. He told me they brought him an hour ago. I was kept in Salem Detention Centre for six days, during which time I was taken to Salem Military Court. No lawyer showed up that day because the lawyers were on strike in a protest of what was going on in the Gaza Strip. I told the military judge that my family does not know where I am. I asked him to let me call my family to tell them where I am. He ruled that I be allowed to speak with my family on the telephone in the prison. He then extended my detention until 26 January 2009.

When I was taken back from the court to the detention, I asked them to allow me to call my

family according to the court ruling but they refused. I spoke with my family on the phone only when I was transferred to Megiddo prison.

After six days of being detained in Salem Detention Centre, I was transferred to Megiddo prison where I am now.

On 26 January 2009 I once again was taken to Salem Military Court. A list of charges was made against me. I was charged of throwing stones at military jeeps, and sentenced to three months in prison and a 500 NIS fine.

I want to say that until now my family has not visited me and I saw them only once in the courtroom. I want also to say that I am denied access to education like the rest of the detainees because I am sentenced for a short period of time.

9 March 2009

Case Study No. 26

Name: Osaïd Q.
Date of arrest: 20 January 2009
Age at arrest: 12
Accusation: Throwing stones at the Wall

I live near Al Khuljan Street, in the south neighbourhood of Tura al Gharbiya village, west of Jenin. The village is near the Green line with Israel.

Israel built the Wall on the village's lands, about 400 meters away from our house.

Dawn raid

On Tuesday, 20 January 2009, at around 2:00 am, a number of soldiers came to our grandfather's house near our house and surrounded it. They banged on the door and my grandfather opened it. Some of them then entered the house. I did not see them; I only heard their voices.

20 minutes later, the soldiers came knocking on our door, shouting at us to open up. They had my grandfather with them. He asked me to open the door. My father and I answered the door. The soldiers asked my father to ask everyone in the house to go outside. We stayed outside the house for about 10 minutes. The soldiers took us back inside and asked us to wait in the guest room. They searched the house. My father was with them because he refused to allow them to

search the house alone. My father went along with the intelligence officer. Around 15 soldiers entered the house. They searched all the rooms and ransacked the contents of the house.

We stayed for about an hour in the guest room without being allowed to leave. My mother asked the soldiers if she could check on my two-year old brother Moamen who was sleeping in my parents' bedroom, but they refused.

Arrest

The soldiers then asked us to go down to my grandfather's house. They did not let my mother come with us. They kept her in the house, with three soldiers standing at the front door. They asked for my father's ID, but he left it upstairs in the house. They did not allow him to go and get it. My mother brought it instead. They asked my father about me and Mohammad and our ages. One of the soldiers then produced a paper that had numbers on it and told my father that they would take me with them. They allowed me to change my clothes. My father refused, but they shouted at him and threatened to take me by force. Half an hour later, they took my father, uncle Mahmoud (26) and me. We went out to the street and found around 30 soldiers with their faces painted black. They were very scary. They did not tie us. 10 soldiers walked in front of us, and another 10 behind us. Five soldiers were on our right, and another five on our left. When they heard the *muezzin* leading calls to prayer, they started mocking it and saying it was annoying. "*It's ridiculous to go to the mosque at four o'clock in the morning,*" said the soldiers to my father.

We walked for around 15 minutes through the streets of the village. We saw a large number of soldiers scattered in the streets, on rooftops of houses, and all over the place. We saw three military jeeps, and soldiers were imposing a curfew in the village through loudspeakers installed on one of these jeeps. We were taken to the youth club in the northern neighbourhood. The club has a yard, two rooms and billiard rooms.

When we reached the youth club, we saw around 15 military jeeps and a large number of soldiers, policemen, and an intelligence officer near the club. I was so scared and confused that my father and my uncle kept comforting me and telling me not to be scared. We entered the yard and saw four or five young men, tied and blindfolded. They did not allow us to speak with each other. If they heard one talking, they would shout at him, attack and push him with their hands.

Interrogation

I was not tied. Half an hour later, an intelligence officer in civilian clothes came and asked my father about me. I was standing next to my father. The officer told my father that I had thrown stones at the Wall. "*Why did you throw stones at the Wall?*" The officer then directly asked me. "*I didn't throw stones at the Wall,*" I answered. "*Why did you throw stones at the Wall?*" He

asked me in a scary manner while shouting at me. I thought he was going to hit me. *“Why did you throw stones at the Wall?”* he shouted at me more than five times. *“I didn’t do it,”* I answered him each time he asked. The soldiers did not allow my father to speak. I kept my head lowered so that I would not appear to be scared.

The interrogator (the officer) told my father that I threw stones at the Wall. My father said it was not true and that I did not do it. The officer gave my father information about our house and the way he brought us up. Half an hour later, he showed my father some photographs. I was then taken to a room. Someone (an officer speaking Arabic) came to the room and said *“I’ll teach you and your father a lesson. Your father is being humiliated right now because of you.”* They were insulting me in front of my father and he could not do anything to protect me. This was humiliating.

A soldier photographed me while holding a piece of paper with writing in Hebrew. I did not know what was written on the paper. My father was still with me. They then took us to the front gate of the club where they asked my father to go home after they had untied him. My father argued with them, and they then told him that he had to leave. *“Don’t be scared. They’ll let you go after they finish and go,”* said my father to me.

Further interrogation

About 10 minutes after my father left, the soldiers tied my hands from the front with plastic cords. They also tied my friend Subhi Abu Hatab (12) in the same manner, as well Bashir Mrawih (12).

After 15 minutes of waiting without being allowed to speak, a policeman came and took us to one of the rooms in the club. He asked us to sit in one of the corners because we were going to stay there for a long time. A person came and said he was from intelligence. He was wearing black clothes. He was big and tall. He only introduced himself as being from intelligence. *“We were talking about you. You think yourselves men and don’t want to confess that you threw stones at the Wall. We’ll see if you’re men or not when we take you to Salem,”* said this person.

The soldiers then brought Mohammad H. (13), his brother Imad (15) and their father into the room. They placed them near us. Imad and his father were tied. The soldiers then untied us. One of the soldiers talked to Imad’s father and he was then released. They kept us in the room. The intelligence officer came back to the room holding a bag of chips. He offered us some, but we refused. None of us were now tied or blindfolded, except Murad and Imad. They then untied Imad.

Half an hour later, we asked to use the bathrooms, and they allowed us to go, one by one. After using the bathroom, a doctor came to the room. He introduced himself as a doctor and asked us

not to be scared. He conducted some checkups like blood pressure. He asked us to open our mouths. He examined our ears. He then brought papers written in Hebrew and Arabic. It was a questionnaire with some medical problems listed such as asthma and breathing difficulties. Next to each problem, there were two boxes; yes or no. He asked us to fill in the papers and sign them. We stayed in the same room. We asked them how long they would keep us here, and one of the soldiers said *“until 10:00 am; that’s when we transfer you to Salem.”*

Transfer to Salem and further interrogation

At around 10:00 am, the soldiers took us to a huge military vehicle. They pushed us against the vehicle and then placed all of us into it. We were not tied or blindfolded, except Murad (16). He was tied and blindfolded. Inside the vehicle, they blindfolded us and prevented us from talking to each other. They also prevented us from lifting our heads.

Near Salem military base, the soldiers asked Murad to stand up. They then dragged him and pulled him out of the vehicle. We were pulled out of the vehicle in a different place. One of the soldiers asked us in Arabic to remove the blindfolds. My eyes were red and watering. One of the soldiers asked me why I was crying. I said it was because of the blindfold. They took us to interrogation one by one. They asked me whether I threw stones or not and why. They asked me why I threw stones at the gate. The interrogator began shouting at me. *“You need to be raised all over again,”* he said. *“Your friend confessed that you threw stones when you participated in Gaza demonstrations. We have photographs of you throwing stones,”* he said. *“Those are edited photographs. They show me carrying nothing,”* I said.

He became angry. He began banging on the table inside the room. *“You’ll confess or you will be beaten and detained for a long time by the Intelligence,”* he said. He then produced a document and said it was Bashir’s confession. Bashir was interrogated first. He only allowed me to see my name that was written in Arabic on this document.

There were two interrogators in the room. One of them began shouting and cursing God. I then told them I threw stones once because I was scared of him since he had threatened to beat and detain me. *“Only once?”* he asked. I said ‘yes.’ He was sitting down. He then stood up and became agitated and his face became red. He raised his hand as he approached to hit me, but the other interrogator calmed him down. I was then moved out of the room and another person was brought in.

We were each interrogated for about half an hour or more. After interrogation, we were allowed to use the bathrooms and drink water. They did not allow us to do so before interrogation. After everybody had been interrogated, they took us to the detention rooms. We were not tied or blindfolded. Then they took us to an open yard. They brought us some food and water. We could speak to each other in the yard.

They then tied us, and took us one by one to the inspection room. There, they untied us and searched us manually. They asked me to take off my trousers, jacket and T-shirt. After being searched, they took each one of us to a smaller yard that was used for exercise. It was surrounded with a net and wall more than six metres high.

After about 10 minutes when we all had been searched we were taken to room 6. Murad (16) and Imad (15) were taken to a different room. Once we entered the room, we heard *muezzin* leading calls to *Maghrib* prayer. They brought us food. It was very cold, but sufficient.

On Thursday, 22 January 2009, we were transferred to the court after our legs were tied. We saw our families in court, but they were not allowed to speak with us. They seated us inside a cage. The judge came and began calling our names found in the files before him.

My file was the first one. There was a translator in the courtroom. The judge called my name and asked me whether we ate or not. He also asked me whether I annoy the teacher inside the classroom. He said that I annoy the teacher inside the classroom while explaining the lesson. He asked me whether I am scared of the teacher or not. He then spoke with my family. I sat down, and another person was asked to stand up. The judge sentenced us to be released on bail. My bail was 3,000NIS. When we were taken back to the room, the soldiers; around 12, began making fun of us. One of them called us "*shepherds*" in Arabic. They were talking to each other in Hebrew.

I was taken back to room 4. Two hours later, they provided us with food. It smelled and tasted bad. We were then taken out of the military base and given papers written in Hebrew. We went back home with our families who had been waiting for us at the checkpoint. Our trial is on 15 February 2009.

7 February 2009

Case Study No. 27

Name: Bashir Q.
Date of arrest: 19 January 2009
Age at arrest: 12
Accusation: Throwing stones at the Wall

I live in the east neighbourhood of Tura al Gharbiya village in Jenin. Our neighbourhood is not far from the Wall that Israel is building on village lands.

On Monday, 19 January 2009, at around 11:30 pm, Israeli soldiers stormed our house from all directions. They knocked on the door, and my brother Murad (16) answered the door. We live in a two-storey house. We live on the first floor, while my big brother and his wife live on the second floor. When the soldiers stormed the house, around three of them entered into the house, while around 30 soldiers or more stayed outside. The soldiers asked Murad for his ID after they asked him for his name and ordering my father to wake up everybody. They gathered us all in the living room on the first floor. They took Murad's ID, and one of them was examining a piece of paper he had on him. They then spoke with each other in Hebrew. One of them spoke Arabic and said "*Murad is wanted.*" He seemed to be a Druze border soldier.

The soldiers asked my father about a weapon. "*There is no weapon in our house,*" father replied. They began searching the house. My father was with them. They first searched the store, and the kitchen. They searched through the contents and turned the place up side down. I saw this after they left. They then searched the living room where we all were. They found nothing. They then found a small flag behind the shoe wardrobe. They took the flag. They moved to the bedroom and searched it. They found an iron pipe and two bullets. "*You said there was no weapon,*" said the soldiers, addressing my father. "*This is not a weapon,*" father replied. "*We have information that this belongs to Murad,*" they said. They earlier pulled Murad outside the house and tied and blindfolded him. They then brought explosive experts to the house. They confiscated the pipe and the bullets. They stained the whole floor with dirt and mud marks from their combat boots. They then turned everything up side down.

At around 2:30 am, the soldiers left the house and took Murad with them. We did not know where they were taking him.

Village youth club

Half an hour later, 12 soldiers came again to the house and knocked on the door. "*We want to search the house,*" they said. "*You searched the house and turned everything up side down a while ago,*" answered my father. They asked him about me. "*He is wanted because he threw stones,*" said the soldiers. "*But he is young,*" argued father. "*Prepare yourself to accompany him to the village youth club,*" said the soldiers.

Fifteen minutes later, they took us to the youth club. The 12 soldiers accompanied us, but they didn't tie us. We reached the club and minutes later, they took us to one of the rooms inside the club. We reached the club 15 minutes later, and they made us stand in the yard for less than five minutes. My father argued that I was young, but the soldier said I was big and "*He's as tall as you.*" They then photographed me while holding a piece of paper with my name in Hebrew written on it; as my father told me.

They then brought two pictures of me throwing stones at the Wall from the playground, 600 meters away from the Wall. "*I didn't throw stones at the Wall,*" I said. I denied it. They then brought us back to the yard. They asked my father to leave. After a long discussion with them,

they told my father they would let me go in an hour. My father went back home thinking so.

The soldiers tied me. They brought Osaid Qabaha (12) and Subhi Abu Hatab (12) and tied them too. I saw my brother Murad in the yard. He was tied and blindfolded, with Mohammad (30) from the village standing next to him. One of the soldiers took the three of us to a room inside the club. We were not allowed to move or talk when we were in the yard, or even look at the soldiers. However, in the room we talked to each other in a very low voice. The soldiers let us use the bathroom. We did not ask for water. They did not beat us, but they threatened to transfer me to the Israeli intelligence if I did not confess of throwing stones.

Transfer to Salem

The soldiers then brought Imad Qabaha (15) and his brother Mohammad (13). They also brought Amir Qabaha (12), and my brother Murad who was tied and blindfolded, whereas Imad was only tied. They did not blindfold us. At around 10 am, they brought a big vehicle and placed us inside this vehicle one by one. Inside the vehicle, they tied and blindfolded us. They did not allow us to speak with each other, or lift our heads up. Half an hour later, we reached Salem military base. They took Murad out of the vehicle at the front gate of the base, and took us to the end of the base. They removed the blindfolds while we were inside the vehicle. They then placed us in an open yard near the interrogation room. They took us to the room one by one.

Interrogation

There was one interrogator inside the room. He asked me whether I threw stones at the Wall or not. I told him I threw stones twice because I was very scared; especially when I saw pictures of me holding a stone in my hand, though I denied this earlier at the club. *“Who was with you when you were throwing stones?”* He asked. *“Those who are with me,”* I answered. *“Why do you throw stones?”* He asked. *“Because you confiscated our lands, and for Gaza,”* I replied. *“We’ll detain you. You threw stones more than twice as it appears in the photos,”* he said. *“I threw stones only twice,”* I said.

The interrogator made me sign a document written in Arabic without allowing me to read it. A policeman came to the room and took me to another room and asked me to leave my fingerprints on special paper. I was then seated in another place, but not in the yard. They allowed us to use the toilets and drink water. We stayed in this place until they completed everyone’s interrogation. I spent about half an hour in the interrogation room. As far as I know, the special papers were used to lift my fingerprints.

They then shackled us and moved us to another open yard, and took us to an inspection room one by one. A doctor came and asked me if I was suffering from any diseases. He asked me to fill in a form. They also took off our clothes and made us wear the prison uniform. The search was conducted manually. When they searched all of us, they then took us to the detention rooms. They put us in room 6, while Murad and Imad were put in room 2. They brought us food, which was good. The bathroom was outside the room and we were allowed to use it when necessary.

They scared us and shouted at us. They hit the window of the room from outside. The room had a small barred window. They would suddenly hit the bars at night, and that really scared us.

On Thursday, 22 January 2009, they shackled our feet and took us to a court very nearby. However, they took us back twice because it was not our turn to enter the courtroom. Our turn was at 1:00 pm. They took us to the courtroom. A lawyer was there, as well families of some of us. We were all locked in a cage, except Murad who was not brought that day.

The judge spoke to each one of us. We had a translator. *“Are you scared of the teacher?”* asked the judge. *“No!”* I answered. *“You’ll not be released because your family is not here,”* said the judge. I cried. *“Don’t be afraid. You’re father is on his way,”* said the lawyer. My father actually came and paid 1,500 NIS out of 3,000 NIS as a bill. They forgave him the rest of the money. They took us back to the room, and were released around 4:00pm of the same day. They took us to a nearby checkpoint where our families were awaiting. We will appear in court on 15 February 2009.

7 February 2009

Case Study No. 28

Name: Mohammad N.
Date of arrest: 1 March 2009
Age at arrest: 16
Accusation: Weapon possession

I am from Balata Refugee Camp, Nablus. I was born on 8 February 1993. I am in the 10th grade. I was arrested on 1 March 2009. My father is a merchant. My family consists of 13 members. The economy situation of the family is bad.

On 1 March 2009, at midnight, I was sleeping on the second floor of our two-storey house. Marwan, my brother, was sleeping in the same room. I then heard him saying *“Wake up! Soldiers are in the room.”* I did not believe him because I was half sleep and thought he was joking. Then a soldier cocked his weapon and I became very scared. My brother rushed out of the room. I looked around and saw the room packed with soldiers; I do not know how many. I learned later after going to the living room that the soldiers broke the door open using a lever without even knocking. The door was destroyed.

A soldier speaking Arabic ordered me to put on my clothes and go downstairs. I did what he ordered and went downstairs. Two soldiers walked behind me, while the rest of soldiers stayed on the second floor to search it.

When I came downstairs, I found the entire family were there standing against the wall. My one and a half-year-old niece who spent the night in the house was also with the family. The soldiers sat me next to my father and brothers. Ten minutes later, the soldiers ordered me to go upstairs to complete searching the house. Before going upstairs, they asked for my ID. I told them I did not have one. My father approached and handed them his ID appendix that has my name on it. *“Are you Mohammad?”* One of the soldiers asked. *“Yes,”* I said. *“Come with me upstairs,”* he ordered.

I went upstairs with the soldiers who surrounded me. An officer approached me and he asked me in Arabic my name again. He asked me a number of questions about my family members; their names and ages. He just wanted to verify my identity. He then spoke with someone on the radio. He ordered me to speak with him. The person introduced himself as the intelligence officer in charge of the area. He also verified my identity and ordered me to accompany the soldiers. He then ordered me to speak with the officer in the room.

Once the officer finished speaking with the other officer, I heard the soldiers calling each other. They then surrounded me. The officer in the room approached me and asked me where I had hidden the gun that I possess. *“I have no gun. You can search the house as you wish and if you find a gun, do whatever you want with me,”* I said.

Threats and ill-treatment

A soldier then took a knife out of his pocket, and threatened to stab me if I did not say where I hid the gun. He was shouting very loudly in a way that really scared me very much. Another soldier approached me and slapped me so hard. A third soldier joined him and began kicking my legs. I fell over on the floor. While lying there, one of them began hitting me with the barrel of his rifle assault, saying *“Confess where you hid the gun or we will kill you.”* I told him I had no gun. He cocked his rifle and pointed it to my face, threatening to pull the trigger if I did not confess. All this happened on the second floor of my house. My family was on the first floor. The soldiers ordered me to go with them and thoroughly search the house. I went with them and they searched the house. They found my brother’s military uniform and confiscated it.

The soldiers finished searching the house and they then took me downstairs. While climbing down the stairs, the soldiers pushed me but I did not fall. I wanted to say goodbye to my family but they refused to let me. They shouted at me and did not allow my family to approach me.

The soldiers took me out of the house. At the front door, they made me lie down and then blindfolded me and tied my hands with tight plastic cords. They then took me to a military jeep. A soldier pushed me violently towards the jeep and I rammed against it. They then pushed me inside the jeep, resulting in loosening the plastic cords. They pulled me out of the jeep by dragging me from behind. I fell out and they all began beating me, accusing me of untying the

plastic cords. They lifted me up and one of them pushed me to another soldier who hit me, accusing me of hitting him. A soldier then grabbed my hands, and another soldier inside the jeep pulled my hair. I felt much pain in my head. They threw me on the floor of the jeep and tied my hands again. (I did not see any of the soldiers because I was blindfolded)

Transfer

Inside the jeep, one of the soldiers placed his feet on my feet, as another soldier placed pressure on my head from two sides with his hands. This continued for half an hour while the jeep was still standing in front of my house. The one pressing on my head threw the bags confiscated from our house at my stomach. I begged them to stop but they refused. The soldiers began singing and shouting to annoy me. One of them suddenly shouted several times close to my ear. They asked me about my sister Ghufra and another girl named Arsabis in an attempt to provoke me.

The jeep began moving. On the road, the soldiers kept kicking me the whole time. One of the soldiers said dirty things to me *"I'll fuck you up the ass"*. Another soldier laughed out loud. We then reached Huwwara Detention Centre.

Huwwara Interrogation and Detention Centre

We reached Huwwara Detention Centre at 2:00 am. The soldiers opened the back door of the jeep and pulled my legs out but I did not fall out because I stood up before falling. The soldiers then began walking while I was with them. They took me back and forth to an unknown place. They kept doing this until I heard the calls leading to dawn prayers. They all blew the smoke from their cigarettes in my face, and I felt I was choking. I do not smoke.

At dawn, I was taken to the administration rooms in Huwwara Detention Centre where I was thoroughly searched while still being tied and blindfolded. They then removed the blindfold and a doctor examined me. He asked me general questions about my health and filled out a questionnaire. After examining me, the soldiers gave me the brown prison uniform and then took me to the detention room.

I spent 11 days in Huwwara Detention Centre, during which the jailers treated me badly. They made me do their laundry. An Arab jailer was among them and used to treat me badly and insult me saying *"Dog"* and *"fuck you."*

Salem Interrogation and Detention Centre

On 8 March 2009, eight days after being detained, my detention was extended for 15 days. On 10 March 2009, I was transferred to Salem Detention Centre where I am still detained. The next

court session will take place on 22 March 2009 at Salem Military Court.

Interrogation

After the court session held on 8 March 2009 finished, I was kept in Salem until late, during which time I was taken to an interrogation room where my hands and feet were kept tied. A Druze interrogator called Jihad was in the room and he began interrogating me without informing me of my rights. He accused me of weapon possession and belonging to a hostile organisation, and that Ahmad T. had confessed against me. I did not confess to these accusations. Three days later I was brought to the same room, where another interrogator asked me the same questions which I denied.

17 March 2009

Case Study No. 29

Name: Ismail Z.
Date of arrest: 4 May 2009
Age at arrest: 16
Accusation: Throwing stones

I was born on 4 December 1992. My family consists of five people in addition to my father and mother. I do not go to school. I work as a mechanic in a service station.

On 4 May 2009, at around 3:00am, I was sleeping in my room. I woke up to the sound of trucks and cars near the house. I thought I was dreaming. The sound grew louder, so I went to the balcony of my room and looked out on the street. I saw a large number of soldiers surrounding the house. I saw a truck and three military jeeps.

I saw the soldiers speaking with my father at the front door of the house without entering the house. My father then came to me and said that the soldiers wanted to arrest me. I was extremely frightened. My father told me not to be afraid, but I cried. I was terrified because this was the first time I have been arrested and because there were so many soldiers surrounding the house.

Arrest and transfer

I was wearing my pyjamas, so I put a light jacket on and asked my mother to put on my socks for me. I could not bend down because my right leg was in a cast due to a bullet injury a month earlier. My mother put my socks on for me. Then, I took my crutches and walked out of the house. The soldiers stood me up next to the door of one of the jeeps. A soldier then blindfolded

my eyes with a piece of cloth and ordered me to get into the jeep, but I could not because of my injured leg. I lifted myself and sat on the edge of the jeep floor. I then crawled on my bottom to the seat without being offered any help.

My hands and feet were not shackled. I therefore lifted the blindfold a bit and saw a soldier sitting in front of me. I extended my leg on the seat because I could not sit normally.

Etzion Detention Centre

The jeep travelled for about 10 minutes until we reached Betar military camp. We stopped there for about five minutes and travelled again until we reached this centre; Etzion Detention Centre, at around 3:30am.

Once we reached Etzion Detention Centre, a soldier grabbed me to help me get out of the jeep, but I managed to get out on my own using the crutches. I was still blindfolded. I was taken to one of the rooms and the blindfold was then removed. I opened my eyes to see a person in military trousers and white shirt examining me. “*Do you have any diseases?*” he asked. “*I have asthma and I need my inhaler and medications,*” I said. He wrote down my answers on a piece of paper in front of him, but did not give me any medication. The doctor’s examination lasted for about five minutes. He ran his stethoscope all over my body. I was then taken to the detention rooms. I walked on my own without the soldiers’ help.

When I reached the detention room and before entering, the soldier took the crutches from me and said it was banned to take them inside the room. I walked into the room on one foot; I had to hop so that I would not stand on my right foot that was in a cast. I entered the room and lay down on one of the beds. I was alone in the room that had five bunks. There were five blankets on each bunk but without pillows. Five minutes later, my cousin Hamza Z. was brought to the room and we both have been kept in the same room until now. He helps me with everything. He even helps me to use the bathroom that is in the same room.

Interrogation and confession

The next day, a soldier came and took us out of the room to interrogation. I was tied and blindfolded. They did not give me the crutches; I had to walk slowly without putting pressure on my injured foot. We walked for about 10 meters until we reached a big military car. I was then placed inside the car with the soldiers’ help. The car began moving and stopped five minutes later.

When I got out of the car, the soldiers did not give me the crutches. I told the soldier I could not walk without the crutches. He therefore brought a small blade and cut the plastic cords. He gave me the crutches and I used them to walk while being still blindfolded. The soldier directed me in

Hebrew. I understood a little of what he was saying.

I was taken to the interrogation room. When the blindfold was removed, I saw three persons in civilian clothes in the room. They were interrogators. *"Why is your foot in a cast?"* one of them asked me in Arabic. *"I fell off the balcony,"* I replied. *"We have pictures showing you throwing stones at the soldiers who shot and injured you,"* he said. *"This is not true,"* I said. Then, another person; tall and large, slapped me three times across the face and insulted me. *"Son of a whore. I'll fuck you up the ass if you don't confess,"* he said. *"You were shot after you threw stones. You were injured and your uncle Amjad took you to the hospital,"* he added. I denied this. *"This is not true,"* I said. *"You're a liar,"* he said. In the meantime, the third person stood behind me and pushed my left foot. I fell onto the floor. Then, he hit my injured foot several times. I felt extreme pain, so I decided to confess. I confessed to throwing stones at a military jeep after leaving my uncle's house. I was shot at and a bullet hit me in my right thigh; exactly in the lower femur, and exited from the other side.

I was injured and my uncle Amjad took me to al-Hussein hospital and from there I was transferred to Ramallah hospital, which transferred me to Bethlehem medical society where I was hospitalised for a month. I underwent two operations and my leg was put in a cast. I spent one month in the hospital.

During interrogation, my statement was taped and also typed. When the interrogation was completed, one of the interrogators printed out papers written in Hebrew and ordered me to sign them. *"What is written in the papers?"* I asked him. *"What you said during interrogation,"* he said. I signed the papers without them being translated or read to me.

"If you want to go home, you have to work with us," he said. *"And do what?"* I asked. *"We need you tell us about the ones who throw stones,"* he replied. *"Lock me up forever then because I'll not work with you,"* I said. *"Keep this between me and you. Don't tell anyone,"* he said. His name was Daoud. He was tall and thin. He wore glasses. He was in his twenties. I have not been taken to the court so far.

6 May 2009

Case Study No. 30

Name: Mustafa D.
Date of arrest: 30 May 2009
Age at arrest: 15
Accusation: Throwing stones and Molotov cocktails

I was born on 22 January 1994. I am from Al Jalazun refugee camp. I work in an aluminium shop. My family consists of seven members including my father and mother. The economic situation of the family is not so good.

At around 3:00am on 30 May 2009, I was sleeping in my house. I woke up to the sound of banging on the front door of the house. I became extremely scared. I instantly jumped out of bed and exited the room. The banging on the door woke my father as well.

It was Israeli soldiers who were banging on the door. My father opened the door and the soldiers rushed into the house. They did not conduct a search. Around seven soldiers entered the house; some of them had painted their faces green and black. I became very scared when I saw them.

Arrest and transfer

“Where is Mustafa?” one of the soldiers asked in Arabic. *“This is Mustafa,”* my father said as he pointed at me. I was sitting next to my father. *“I’m Mustafa,”* I replied as well. *“We’ve come to arrest Mustafa. We’ll interrogate him and bring him back in a short while,”* the same soldier said to my father.

Immediately, other soldiers grabbed my hands and tied them with plastic cords behind my back. One of them had a piece of cloth. He approached me to put it around my eyes, but I moved backwards. He tried again and I moved backwards once more. Then, he pulled out a spray can and sprayed it in my eyes. I felt my eyes burning. Only at that point did he manage to place the piece of cloth over my eyes. He then pushed me towards a jeep violently. As a result, my body slammed against the back of the jeep. After that, I was placed inside the jeep. The jeep then travelled for about half an hour.

Interrogation at Binyamin Police Station

The jeep stopped and one of the soldiers pulled me out at a police station, which I learned later was Binyamin Police Station. The soldier forced me to sit on a bench. From beneath the blindfold I was able to see a little. I saw that I was sitting in a corridor.

Later in the morning, I was taken to one of the rooms. A person in a blue police uniform was sitting in the room. One of the soldiers untied me and removed the blindfold. Then, he shackled my hands in front of me and forced me to sit on a chair placed in front of the policeman, who began interrogating me. He accused me of several things including throwing stones and Molotov cocktails with other people. *“They confessed against you,”* he said. Then I signed a paper written in Arabic that contained my confession. I confessed to the interrogator to throwing stones and Molotov cocktails on the area of Bit El settlement. The interrogation lasted about an hour.

After the interrogation, I was taken out of the room by a person in civilian clothes. I was forced to sit in the corridor once again. A person in green uniform came to me and asked *‘are you Abu Ali?’* Then, he slapped me twice across the face, and hit me several times with his hands on my

hands. After that, he left me and went away. Another person in civilian clothes then blindfolded me and kept me sitting in the same place.

I kept sitting on the bench in the corridor for one and a half days, during which time I was not given any food. Whenever I asked for some water this was brought to me. They also responded to my requests to use the bathroom. A policeman would take me to the bathroom; remove the blindfold, untie me, and wait at the door until I was done.

Transfer to Salem Interrogation and Detention Centre

I kept sitting and sleeping on the same bench at Binyamin police station for about two days. After that, other detainees and I were put inside a military vehicle to be transferred to another place. Ahmad al-Najjar, Rami Othman, and Mohammad Dalaisa were with me in the same jeep. I was blindfolded but managed to see a little from beneath the blindfold.

A soldier in green uniform ordered me to sing "*Humus Fool, I love mishmar gvoul: humus beans, I love the border police,*" but I did not sing. The soldier placed his assault rifle beneath my gentiles from behind me and began sliding it right and left. I was very scared and felt pain. He kept doing the same thing for about two minutes, and then stopped. I was still sitting. After that, the jeep stopped. One of the soldiers got out of the jeep and went to a supermarket and bought some bottles of beer. He came back to the jeep and began drinking. A female soldier was sitting next to him. He began kissing and hugging her. We were looking at them from under the blindfolds. He kept kissing and hugging her all the way to Salem Detention Centre.

When we reached Salem Detention Centre, I was pulled out of the jeep and taken inside. After that, I was untied and the blindfold was removed. I was ordered to strip out of all my clothes. I did so. My clothes were thoroughly searched. Someone else's clothes were given to me. I was kept naked for about five minutes. After that, I was allowed to dress. I was extremely ashamed and confused because it was the first time I was naked in front of someone else.

After that, we were taken to the detention rooms and provided with some food; a can of tomato paste and few loaves of bread. There was not enough because I was starving. This was the first meal I was offered since I had been arrested two days earlier.

Transfer to Telmond (Hasharon) Prison (inside Israel)

I was kept in Salem Detention Centre for one day. After that, I was transferred to Hasharon Prison, where I am held at the moment.

On 2 June 2009, I was taken to the court and the session was adjourned to 9 June 2009 so that a list of charges would be made against me, according to what the lawyer told me. On 9 June 2009, the session was adjourned again. In the third session, my detention was extended until the completion of the legal proceedings. The next session will take place on 20 July 2009.

16 June 2009

D. Settler violence

Case Study No. 31

Name: Mahmoud S.
Date of incident: 24 April 2009
Age at incident: 15
Nature of incident: Settler violence - shooting

I live in the east neighbourhood that is called al-‘Afafir in the village of Urif, south of Nablus. I live with my father, mother, and my five siblings, aged 6-21 years. On Friday, 24 April 2009, at around 5:30pm, I was in my aunt’s house that is near our house. I heard gunshots, so I climbed to the rooftop to see what was going on. I saw a group of settlers approaching the village. There were around 20 settlers wearing black and white clothes; not only white as they usually wear, and covering their faces with black and white masks. I saw two of them with their faces uncovered. The settlers’ ages were between 16 and 40, except two were around 10 years old.

I climbed down and headed towards the settlement to join the other young men who were trying to stop the settlers from reaching the village. I first went to the house and put on my shoes. Then, I kept going to the settlement. When I approached the school and was about 50 meters away from the settlers, I saw my friend Ammar Abed al-Rahim Safadi (16). He asked me to climb the hill with them to stop the settlers who were climbing down the hill on their way to the village.

In the meantime, I heard a gunshot being fired in the air. The young men therefore ran and took shelter behind the rocks in the area so that they would not get shot. When I reached the retaining walls, I picked up a stone and moved forward to throw it, as Ammar moved backward. I threw the stones and moved backwards. At that point, I felt my right leg tremble. I went down to the street to join the other young men who had fled the place so that they would not get shot.

Ammar came to me and began calling others to come and carry me down. I felt light pain in my leg. I managed to walk five to ten meters but then felt extreme pain in my leg. The young men carried me down, as the settlers began shooting heavily at us. The young men carried me down for about 10 meters and then went away to escape the heavy fire. Then, I had to walk on one foot for about three meters to escape the shooting before the young men came back and carried me down for about 20 meters until we reached my Uncle Nasr Din’s car. He drove me to Huwwara checkpoint and my father accompanied me.

15 minutes later, we reached Huwwara checkpoint. We ran into an ambulance before reaching the checkpoint; about 500 meters away, I was placed inside the ambulance. The paramedics

provided me with first aid treatment, and immediately rushed to the checkpoint. Within a few minutes, we passed the checkpoint and headed towards Rafidia hospital in Nablus. We were delayed for a few minutes at the checkpoint because of the traffic jam, not because of the soldiers.

Once I reached the hospital, I was admitted to the emergency room and provided with treatment. I was x-rayed and taken to the orthopaedic department. I was then transferred to the surgery room. While being in the radiology department, another injured person from the village was admitted to the hospital. He was Mahir Bassam Safadi (19). Whilst in the orthopaedic department, my father told me that another three injured persons from the village were brought to the same hospital. I learned after being discharged from the surgery room that 14 persons were injured and brought to the same hospital that evening.

I spent about 43 hours in the hospital. I was discharged from the hospital like an hour ago. The doctors asked me to revisit the hospital now and then for further treatment. They gave me some medications. I now cannot go to school and I still feel extreme pain in my leg.

26 April 2009

Case Study No. 32

Name: Ali M.
Date of incident: 9 February 2009
Age at incident: 15
Nature of incident: Settler violence - shooting

I live with my family in Husan village, west of Bethlehem city. Husan is surrounded by the villages of Battir, Wadi Fukin, and Nahhalin. Also, a bypass road runs east and south of the village. Israel has surrounded the bypass road with barbed wire (the Wall). A large number of settler cars and busses, as well as military vehicles pass on this road on a daily basis.

Our house is located south of the village, about 30 metres from the bypass road. On Monday, 9 February 2009, at around 6:30pm, I went with my father to the grocery store, 50 metres away from the house. Ten minutes later, I carried the things we bought and left while my father stayed inside the grocery store. As I approached the front door of my house, I saw a settler bus parked on the road. I recognized the bus because the area was well lit. I also saw a person who looked like the settlers we usually see passing by. He was wearing a small cap; just like the ones the religious Israeli settlers wear. He was wearing a white shirt and black trousers and was carrying a gun in his hand. I do not know what type of gun he was holding.

The settler was standing near the barbed wire that separates the bypass road from the village. He was about 30 metres away from me. He pointed his gun at me and fired three bullets

consecutively. There was no confrontation and things were quiet. I immediately felt pain in my left leg and fell to the ground. I saw him getting back into the bus. I then stood up and felt pain in my leg but I did not see blood.

After I entered the house (about two minutes after being shot), I felt extreme pain in my leg and fell to the floor. My mother and sisters quickly came to me. My mother was screaming and crying. Moments later, my uncle, father, and some neighbours came to the house and placed me inside a private car, which drove for about five minutes or less. I did not know where we were going because of the extreme pain I felt in my leg. I did not faint. Then, they took me out of the car and carried me inside the village medical centre where the doctor provided me with first aid.

Fifteen minutes later, an ambulance came and took me to Beit Jala governmental hospital where I was taken for surgery. At around 1:00am on the next day (as my father told me), I was transferred to Ramallah governmental hospital for further treatment and I am still being treated.

14 February 2009

Case Study No. 33

Name: Mu'atez H.
Date of incident: 2 October 2008
Age at incident: 13
Nature of incident: Settler violence – beating

On 2 October 2008, at around 3:00pm, I was having lunch with my family at home. My aunt had come to visit us that day. While having lunch, my brothers Ahmad (7) and Moawia (6) came and told us that settlers were picking olives from our land near the settlement of Ramat Yishai. I immediately left the house and went to see what was happening. Our land is about 50 metres away from our house. I saw the settlers among the olive trees. They were 10 metres away from me. I saw four settlers, aged between 13 and 15 years old, wearing small caps, white shirts, and trousers of varying colors. They were hitting the olive trees with sticks to make the olives fall on a large sheet spread under the olive trees.

I rushed back to the house and told my father. My father and I left the house and stood at the edge of our land. My father called out to a soldier who was manning the permanent checkpoint at the entrance of the settlement with another soldier. At the same time, the settlers shouted at the soldier in Hebrew. A minute later, one of the four settlers approached us with a stick in his hand. As I said, we were standing at the edge of our land, about 10 metres away from the settlers. When the settler approached us, the two soldiers approached as well.

I saw the other settlers carrying the sheet and moving it inside the settlement. The settler attacked me as I tried to defend myself. We grabbed each other and fought until we fell on the

ground. The two soldiers grabbed and lifted us. The other three settlers returned with an adult settler who was bearded and looked about 35 years old. They all began beating me. My father intervened and pulled one of the settlers away. The settlers fought back by punching him in the mouth. My father's upper lip began bleeding. At this point, about 10 Israeli soldiers had approached. As I remember, five soldiers cornered my father. A settler grabbed a big stone and wanted to throw it at my father but the soldiers stopped him.

I was beaten for about three minutes. Most of the beating was focused on my legs after I was thrown to the ground. Fifteen minutes later a police car came and took me and my father to the military checkpoint near the Abu Isha house. They forced us to stand there for about 15 minutes. We were then taken to Ramat Yishai police station. My father was held for five days. I was held for five hours, during which time I was interrogated by an officer who was in his thirties and wore a green shirt and jeans. The officer accused me and my father of beating the settlers and said the soldiers were eyewitnesses. I denied the accusation and told him that it was the settlers who had attacked us. The interrogation lasted for about a half an hour. At around 9:00pm, the police let me go. They ordered me to go home alone. My father told them that I cannot go home alone at such late hour. A police car then drove me to Tel Rumeida.

11 October 2008

Case Study No. 34

Name: Hamzi H.
Date of incident: 2 August 2008
Age at incident: 15
Nature of incident: Settler violence – beating

On 2 August 2008, I was working on building a fence near the G. family's *diwan*. The work was arranged by the Committee for Reconstruction of Hebron. It had been one month since I started this job. I usually start work at 8:00am.

I started my work as usual at 8:00am and I was asked to mix cement. To make things clear, our work was focused on the rooftop of a house that the Committee was renovating. My fellow workers were also with me that day: Faraj R. (27), Iyad E. (20), and Mahran E. (25). Ayyad D. (43) was our supervisor.

The house we were renovating was 10 metres away from the G.'s *diwan* in Salaima neighbourhood. The house was surrounded by unoccupied houses included in the renovation and reconstruction project. The house is an old house of two storeys and is 12 metre high.

I was carrying a shovel to mix the cement when the settlers came. I raised my head to relax a little bit when I suddenly saw a group of settlers climbing the stairs of the house at hand. The

stairs were on the right side of the house. The number of settlers, boys and girls, was around 25-30, and they were aged between 15-30. Almost all the boys were wearing white shirts, while the girls were wearing clothes of various colours.

As I said, I suddenly saw them running up the stairs one by one. My fellow workers ran away. I was standing about one and a half metres away from the end of the staircase. The boy settlers jumped off the roof towards the G.'s *diwan*. I was about to flee as they approached me. I was still carrying a shovel. They approached me and started beating me with their hands, legs, and sticks, and threw stones at me. Ten settlers took part in beating me. They beat me with sticks on my back and legs. They also threw stones at my back. The beating lasted for five minutes. I tried to beat them back with my hands and I shouted. I felt severe pain due to the stick-beating and stone-throwing.

After they beat me, the settlers pushed me off the rooftop onto the roof of an adjacent house which was three metres below. When they pushed me, I was facing them, so I fell on my back. After I fell, the settlers kept throwing stones down on my legs. The stone-throwing lasted for about two more minutes. The settlers verbally abused me by saying, "*Bastard! Sons of prostitutes!*" They mixed Arabic with Hebrew.

Seven or eight minutes after the attack, the settlers left the area. Half an hour later, a 13-year-old boy was passing by, and I asked him to go and bring my brother Abed and the workers. Abed was working on the project too. In less than three minutes, Abed and the workers came and carried me and took me to the main street, which was 50 metres away.

They had to put me down near Abed checkpoint; an Israeli military checkpoint. The officer came and talked to the young men for a minute. I do not know what they talked about, but I noticed that the officer asked them to lie me down on my back.

We waited for an hour and a half until the ambulance came and took me to al-Ahli Hospital, four kilometres away. I spent two hours in the hospital where I received necessary treatment.

2 December 2008

Case Study No. 35

Name: Mohammad S.
Date of incident: 3 March 2008
Age at incident: 17
Nature of incident: Settler violence – shooting - fatality

I live with my family in the village of al-Mazra'a al-Qibliya, northwest of Ramallah city. It has a population of around 4000 people. The village is surrounded by the neighbouring villages of

Abu Shukheidim, Kobar, and Qiniya. There are several Israeli settlements built on the village lands and surrounding al-Mazra'a al-Qibliya on many sides. One of the settlements is Talmon, located north of the village, about two kilometres away.

In 2008, I was a student in the 12th grade at al-Mazra'a al-Qibliya Secondary School for Boys. Mohammad Shreiteh was one of my classmates and also a friend. We knew each other since we were young children. On Monday, 3 March 2008, we were in school as usual. At that time, the Israeli army was bombing and shelling the Gaza Strip, so we, the students, decided to take the streets to show support and solidarity with the people of Gaza. At around 9:00am, we all gathered in a demonstration outside of the school. Around 300 students joined the demonstration. The protesters headed towards the centre of the village, approximately two kilometres away. Mohammad Shreiteh and I were among the protesters. About half an hour later, we arrived at the centre of the village.

Afterwards, we decided to head towards the settlement of Talmon, north of the village, about two kilometres away from the center of the village. Some of the students had left the demonstration. We headed towards the settlement of Talmon. We were about 50 students. About 20 minutes later, we arrived at the settlement and stood on a hill that overlooks the bypass road leading to the settlement (the hill is about 30 metres away from the bypass road). The settlement was about 100 metres away from where we stood.

Some of the students threw stones on the bypass road. Ten minutes later, I saw two border police jeeps exiting the settlement and coming towards us. At that point, I saw a bus with yellow plates heading towards the settlement. The bus was yellow with black stripes on it. The bus stopped because the bypass road was blocked with stones. The bus did not have many passengers inside. I saw one of the passengers getting off the bus. He was wearing a black jacket, black trousers, and a black cap. He had a beard similar to the beards grown by religious Jews. The passenger had a weapon but I could not recognize the type. I was about 40 metres away from him; Mohammad was about 50 metres away from him, and about 10 metres away from me. The passenger aimed his weapon and opened fire. At the same time, the soldiers inside the jeeps opened fire as they drove by. I saw some young men trying to carry Mohammad. I approached them and saw Mohammad lying on the ground and bleeding from his head. He was injured in his head.

We carried Mohammad and walked about one kilometre in open areas. He was unconscious. I thought he was dead because he did not move or indicate any sign of pain. The soldiers and the settler chased us. We then ran to one of the locals' car. He took Mohammad in his car to the centre of the village where there was an ambulance waiting. The ambulance took Mohammad to Ramallah hospital and I learned later that he had died.

One thing I did not say is that the Israeli settler I previously mentioned was about 100 metres away from the soldiers when he opened fire. As for the soldiers, they were about 200 metres away from us or less. We were in an open area to the settler and he could have hit anyone of us.

The soldiers could not target us, especially Mohammad, because the soldiers could not see him since he was in a hidden place. I am sure that it was the settler who shot Mohammad.

28 March 2009

E. Administrative detention

Case Study No. 36

Name: Hamdi al-Tamari
Date of arrest: 25 July and 18 December 2008
Age at arrest: 15 and 16
Accusation: No charge

I was born on 20 August 1992. I live in the Wadi Ma'ali neighborhood, Bethlehem. My family consists of eight members, including my mother. Mohammad Shahadeh, my father, was assassinated by an Israeli special unit on 12 March 2008.

About four months after my father was killed, I was arrested from my house and put in administrative detention for three months.

I was released on 13 November 2008. A month later, on 18 December 2008, I was arrested from my house, and put in administrative detention for four months.

Manner and time of the arrest

On 18 December 2008, at around 2:00 am, I was sleeping in my bedroom on the fourth floor of the building. I woke up to the sound of banging on the door that suggested something unusual was happening. I quickly jumped out of bed and headed towards the door of the house. Meanwhile, the rest of the family woke up, including my mother who was next to me when I was about to open the door.

I opened the door and saw five or six soldiers outside the apartment. Once I opened the door, they entered the apartment, but did not go to the rooms. They stayed just inside the front door.

One of the soldiers approached me. He was called Officer Lawrence. He said he would arrest me again, and I did not object. I asked him if I could go and change my clothes, and he did not object either. I returned to my bedroom, changed my clothes, and came out.

My hands were tied and my eyes were blindfolded with a piece of cloth. The blindfold was not tight, and I was able to see a little from beneath.

I was then taken out of the apartment. I was grabbed from the back of my neck and made to go down the stairs. I climbed down slowly because I could not see very well. I was however able to see a large number of soldiers deployed on each floor of the building.

To the best of my knowledge, no soldier entered the rooms or searched the apartment in my presence. Once they saw me and the officer recognised me, they arrested me without asking me any questions.

I was taken down to the front door of the building, and I saw a number of soldiers outside. I also saw a large military truck, as well as a number of military jeeps.

Transfer

When we reached the truck, the blindfold was removed from my eyes and replaced tightly. I was however able to see from below the bottom edge. I was placed inside the truck and seated on a seat. The truck began moving and stopped about an hour later. I did not know where I was taken. I was then pulled out of the truck and taken to a military jeep. I was placed on a seat in the back of the jeep, which drove away and stopped half an hour later.

I was not beaten during the arrest or the transfer.

Etzion Interrogation and Detention Centre

Half an hour later, the jeep stopped in Etzion. I am familiar with this place because I was brought here during my first arrest. I was pulled out of the jeep, and a soldier grabbed me and made me walk towards the detention rooms.

Before entering the detention room, he untied the plastic cords and removed the blindfold. I was taken to one of the detention rooms that contained six to eight detainees. The situation in the detention room was bad. The room was cold because we did not have enough blankets or heating devices.

The food was also not enough. We had a can of yogurt for breakfast, some rice or macaroni for lunch, and some yogurt or eggs and some bread for dinner.

Ofer Prison

I was kept in Etzion for 15 days. I was then transferred to Ofer Prison where I am right now.

Interrogation

Three days after my arrest, on 21 December 2008, I was taken to Ofer for interrogation. I was taken from Etzion in a military jeep with my hands tied. I was pulled out of the jeep at Ofer, and taken to an interrogation room. The interrogator told me that he was responsible for arresting me

again and asked me about the people I had seen after being released the first time. He asked me about the flags that were flying from the roof of my building, and about any activities I had been engaged in. I told him about the people I had seen who were neighbours and relatives and had nothing to do with politics. He accused me of being active in Islamic Jihad. I denied this accusation. The interrogation lasted about half an hour. I was then brought back to Etzion. That was the only time I was interrogated.

Court

On 28 December 2008, I appeared in court with no lawyer. My family was not allowed to attend the session because it was an administrative detention court.

The judge told me through an interpreter that there was a four-month administrative detention order against me due to secret information on my activities. I told the judge I did not engage in any activities and that I was only released a month before. I told him I did not do anything and my arrest came after the killing of my father, and that was the only reason I was arrested. I asked him to release me.

The judge decided to accept the prosecution motion to extend the administrative detention order until 15 April 2009.

12 March 2009

Case Study No. 37

Name: Mohammad Baran

Date of arrest: 1 March 2008

Age at arrest: 17

Accusation: No charge

I was born on 17 October 1990. I live in Beit Ummar Village, near Hebron. On 1 March 2008, at around 7:00 pm, I was in the house trying to fix a gasoline heater. While doing so, the heater exploded and caused a massive wound in my right hand. My parents immediately took me to the village clinic where the doctor placed bandages around my wound and told me that I needed to go to the hospital because the arteries in my hand were torn and bones were smashed.

Transfer

Sometime later, an ambulance arrived and took me, accompanied with my parents, to hospital. Five military jeeps were parked at the junction near the village with many soldiers both inside and outside their vehicles. The soldiers stopped the ambulance; the driver told the soldiers that he had an urgent case. A commander and a soldier stood up and slapped the driver in the face

and hit him with the barrel of their rifles.

The soldiers then placed me on a stretcher and dragged me out of the ambulance. I fell on the ground, and was then put into a military ambulance. Meanwhile, my father and mother were talking to one of the officers and the soldiers.

The military ambulance then drove away. It was equipped with medical equipment but I did not see a doctor or a nurse. There were three soldiers inside the ambulance.

Hadassa Ein Karim Hospital

To the best of my knowledge I was taken to Hadassa Ein Karim Hospital in Jerusalem. After being admitted to the hospital, the doctors began removing the bandages from my hand. They scanned my palm and did some checkups. This lasted until midnight on the same day.

A doctor who spoke Arabic told me that my hand needed an operation and that I should sign a paper giving approval because none of my family was present. I signed the paper. I then was admitted to the operating room and was anesthetised. I do not remember anything after that until the next morning.

The next morning the doctors told me I underwent an operation that lasted about eight hours, during which time they had contained and stitched the wound. The doctors also told me that I had lost three fingers in my right hand. I did not know this because my hand was heavily bandaged.

While in the hospital, my feet and left hand were tied to the bed and there were three soldiers in the room with me. I spent three days in the hospital without being visited by anyone.

Interrogation

On the third day before leaving the hospital, two interrogators walked into the room and accused me of preparing a home-made explosive device. I denied this and one of them slapped me on the face and shouted at me, threatening that I would be placed in solitary confinement if I did not confess, but I did not confess. The interrogation lasted around an hour.

Megiddo and Telmond Prisons

After that, I was sent to Megiddo Prison (Israel) for two days then to Section Two of Telmond Prison (Israel).

Fifteen days after sustaining my injury, I was sent back to Hadassa Ein Karim hospital to change the bandages. Once this was done, I was sent back to Telmond Prison one hour later. I was again sent to the hospital five days later to change the bandages and my hand was photographed.

I was also sent to another hospital but I do not know its name. They changed the bandages and also removed them. I suffer from a lot of pain in my hand when I go to bed. The prison

administration gives me sedatives which eases the pain for about half- an- hour, then the pain returns.

Ten days after my arrest, I was taken to Ofer Military Court. I was informed that there was an order to put me in administrative detention for six months. The Court confirmed the order stating that there was a secret file and unverified accusations that I belonged to Islamic Jihad. The order comes to an end on 3 September 2008.

My mother and siblings have visited me four times whilst I have been in Telmond Prison since the day I was arrested.

31 July 2008

Case Study No. 38

Name: Wa'ad al-Hidmy
Date of arrest: 28 April 2008
Age at arrest: 16
Accusation: No charge

I was born on 24 May 1991. At around 3:00am on 28 April 2008, I was sleeping. I woke up to the sound of banging on the front door of the house. I jumped out of bed and came out of my bedroom. My father and mother were already awake. I went with them to open the front door. We opened the door and saw many Israeli soldiers surrounding the house; around 20 soldiers. A number of military jeeps were also accompanying them.

Arrest and transfer

A soldier approached me and said in Arabic '*This is your father? We want to take you with us.*' He said this to indicate that he knew my family. He immediately tied my hands behind my back with plastic cords. The soldiers then took me out of the house. We walked for about five minutes until we reached the centre of the village. When we arrived I was blindfolded and put on the floor of a military jeep. Soldiers were sitting on benches inside the jeep and placed their legs on my body. I felt that someone was sitting next to me on the floor. I could not speak with him because whenever I wanted to speak, a soldier would shout '*sheket* - a Hebrew word for shut up.'

Settlement of Karmi Zur, Etzion Detention Centre and Ofer Prison

The jeep travelled until we arrived at the settlement of Karmi Zur. I was pulled out of the jeep

and the blindfold was removed. I was taken to a room where a person asked about my health and filled out a questionnaire. About two minutes later, I was taken back to the same jeep after being blindfolded. After that, I was taken to Etzion Detention Centre. I was pulled out of the jeep and taken to a room with other detainees. I did not know why they were arresting me. I started to wonder whether I had done something wrong without knowing.

Interrogation

Two days later I was taken to Ofer Prison in a military vehicle after being blindfolded and bound. I was taken into an office after my blindfold was removed. A policeman in blue uniform was in the room. *“Do you want to tell me something?”* he asked. *“Like what?”* I asked. *“I heard from a person named Deia Ghneimat that you participate in demonstrations organised by Islamic Jihad,”* he said. *“I don’t remember there being any demonstrations for Islamic Jihad where I live during the last year, and I haven’t participated in any demonstration for Islamic Jihad,”* I said to him. The interrogation lasted less than five minutes. The policeman ordered me to sign a document written in Arabic that recorded the questions and my answers. I signed after reading it.

First administrative detention

After that, I was taken back to Etzion Detention Centre where I spent one day. Then, I was taken back to Ofer Prison. After being held in Ofer Prison for two days, a jailer brought me a document written in Hebrew. *“This is an administrative detention order for six months,”* he said. I became depressed as I was expecting to be released because I had not confessed to anything and I had not done anything, but this is what happened.

Two days later I made an appearance before the judge of the Administrative Detention Court at Ofer to discuss my detention. I saw a lawyer there, but I did not see my family. The judge decided to reduce the six month order to four months. The lawyer protested and filed an appeal to the Administrative Detention Appeals Court, which confirmed the judge’s decision.

I had great hope that the Appeals Court would refuse to confirm the judge’s decision, but I felt great injustice and oppression when the court confirmed the four-month detention.

Second administrative detention order

Three days before the expiry of the four-month detention order, a jailer brought me an order for another four months in detention. I became anxious, but felt helpless. I was expecting to be released after the expiry of the first order but this new order surprised me. Two or three days after that, I was taken to the court and the judge reduced the four months to three months. He confirmed the order to be three months, and the Appeals Court ruled the same.

Third administrative detention order

One week before the expiry of the second order, I was nervous and afraid that the order would be renewed again. Yet, I hoped that I would be released after the expiry of the order. Two days before the expiry of the order, a third order for another four months was issued against me. The court confirmed the order and did not reduce it. The Appeals Court did the same as well.

I feel a great injustice because of this detention that, according to what I understood from the lawyer and judge, is based on confidential material. I do not know the real reason behind my detention because I cannot remember doing anything that would put the security of the state at risk.

Fourth administrative detention order

A few days before the expiry of the third order, a fourth administrative detention order for another four months was issued against me. I did not know what to do in such a situation. I became unstable and unsure when I would be released. Such a situation is driving me crazy. The court reduced the four months to three months and the Appeals Court confirmed the order and reduction. To the best of my knowledge, all appeals were filed by the lawyer.

I have not seen any of my family in court and my parents were not able to visit me in prison. Only my little siblings are able to visit me. My parents are banned from visiting me for security reasons. However, on 14 June 2009, my parents were able to visit me for the first time since the time of my arrest after being granted a one-day permit. When I saw them for the first time I told them that I was certain I would be released on 25 June 2009. The visit lasted about 40 minutes.

Fifth administrative detention order

I could not keep my promise to my parents that I would be released on 25 June 2009. On 21 June 2009, just days before the expiry of the fourth order, a fifth administrative detention order for another three months was issued against me. Now I am extremely depressed and do not know what to do.

I want to mention that I was arrested on 16 September 2005 and accused of throwing stones and Molotov cocktails. I was sentenced to 12 months in prison. While being in prison, I was comfortable and relaxed knowing that I would be released when the 12 months expired. In fact, I was released one month before the detention period expired. But this time I do not know when I am going to be released. There is no set time when I will be released, and this is unbearable.

A brother of mine, Islam, is also currently detained in administrative detention in the Negev

(Ketziot Prison). He is 20 years old. He was arrested 18 months ago.

23 June 2009

Case Study No. 39

Name: Entima Abed al-Fattah Mohammad al-Lahham
Date of arrest: 13 July 2008
Age at arrest: 17
Accusation: No charge

I was born on 27 March 1991. I am from Bethlehem. I am in the 12th grade. I also work as a DJ at parties. My family consists of eight members including my parents who have been blind since they were young. My 23 year-old sister has cancer. Another sister who is 24 years old suffers seizures. My third sister is healthy and married. I have two brothers and both of them are married, Iba' (29) and Nidal (31).

The economic situation of the family is bad because my father does not work due to his blindness. I used to provide for the family from my income before being arrested. Now, both my brothers help a little in supporting the family.

Etzion Detention Centre

On 13 July 2008, at around 9:30 am, I went to Etzion Detention Centre and turned myself in after the Israeli army came twice to the house. I managed to run away on both occasions. The last time the army came to the house, they destroyed furniture and other things. They also opened fire inside the house, leaving holes in the walls and threw sound bombs inside. I learned all this from my family when I returned home and before turning myself in.

The day before turning myself in, I was hiding in one of the town cemeteries so that the soldiers would not find me. It was a good place to hide. I entered one of the graves and closed it on top of me, but injured my foot at the same time.

At around 6:00 am on 13 July, my brothers Iba' and Nidal came to the grave where I had been hiding for three hours. My brothers took me to al-Yamama hospital to treat my foot. My foot was put in a cast and I spent a couple of hours in the hospital. I then went to the house to see my family where I stayed for about an hour.

At around 9:00 am I headed towards Etzion accompanied by my father and sister. A soldier was

standing at the front gate and I told him that a notice was left in my house ordering me to come to there because officer Lawrence wanted to see me. He took the notice from me and asked me to wait. I waited for about an hour before being taken by the same soldier to see the officer.

Interrogation

The soldier helped me walk because of my broken foot that was in a cast. He then took me to a room where officer Lawrence was. The officer was sitting behind his desk. No one was in the room except him. When he saw me, he said *"Hello Tito."* Tito is my nickname.

I was seated on a chair in front of him with the help of the same soldier who was next to me. *"Explain to me how you managed to escape twice,"* the officer said. He had a map of the exact location of my house. I explained to him how I escaped.

He then asked me about some pictures he had with him. He confiscated the pictures when he came to the house to arrest me. One of the pictures was taken when I was 14 and showed me holding a gun. Another picture was taken at my brother's wedding and I was also holding a gun. I told him that these guns belonged to my brothers since they work for the Palestinian Authority, and that I was holding them just for the picture. He asked me about military activities and belonging to Fatah. *"I have no military activities and I don't belong to any organisation,"* I told him.

The interrogation lasted for about half an hour. Then, two soldiers came into the room. They blindfolded me and tied my hands behind my back. They helped me walk and took me towards a detention room and locked me in with other detainees. It took us five minutes to reach the room.

First administrative detention

On the sixth day of being detained in Etzion Detention Centre, a soldier came and told me that there was an a four-month administrative detention order against me. I became frustrated because of that and because I was away from my family who needed my help, spiritually and financially.

I did not receive any medical treatment while being detained in Etzion. My foot was in a cast for a long time and even after I was transferred to Ofer Prison.

Ofer Military Court

13. Eight days after my arrest I was transferred to Ofer Military Court. The prosecution asked for my detention to be extended until the completion of legal proceedings on the charge of weapon possession. The court however decided to release me on 10,000 NIS bail. I did not pay the bail because if I did so, I would not have been released because there was still an

administrative detention order against me separate from this case.

Second administrative detention order

After the court session, I was kept in Ofer prison, where I still am. Days before the four month order ended, I was notified by one of the jailers that another four-month administrative detention order had been issued against me. I was taken to Ofer Court, which confirmed the second order.

On 24 July 2008, I was taken to Ofer Military Court and was sentenced to seven months and ten days in prison and a NIS 1,000 fine on charges of weapon possession. The days already spent in detention until this court session were counted in the final sentence. However, I was not released because the second administrative detention order had not expired.

Third administrative detention order

On 11 March 2009, I was taken once again to Ofer Military Court and informed that a third administrative detention order for six months had been issued against me. As a result, I was supposed to stay in detention until 10 September 2009. However, the judge reduced the period to four months until 10 July 2009. I consider this reduction a substantial one. So far the prosecution has not opposed this reduction.

19 March 2009

Case Study No. 40

Name: Mohammad Balbol
Date of arrest: 13 July 2008
Age at arrest: 17
Accusation: No charge

My father, Ahmad Balbol, was assassinated by an Israeli special unit five months ago with other wanted men including Mohammad Shahadeh.

After my father's death, I was arrested on 16 April 2008 and detained in Mascobiyya Interrogation Centre and Prison and released on 7 May 2008. I was interrogated and accused of belonging to Islamic Jihad.

On 25 July 2008, at around 2:00 am, I woke at the sound of an explosion. I knew it was Israeli soldiers blowing up the iron door of our house, which caused parts of the door to splinter. Luckily, no one was injured. The soldiers called out my name. When they saw me, they immediately arrested me. They handcuffed my hands and blindfolded my eyes. I was thrown on

the floor and the soldiers focused their rifle lights on my face. One of the soldiers beat me four times on my back with the barrel of his rifle. He said that next time they would abuse my little brother.

My brother later informed me that the soldiers searched our house and damaged its contents, but did not find anything.

While being thrown on the floor, the soldiers were shouting at me and asking me where the weapon I had was. I told them I had nothing.

Transfer to Etzion Interrogation and Detention Centre

After I was handcuffed with my hands behind my back and blindfolded, the soldiers moved me to Rachel's Tomb checkpoint, and then immediately to Etzion in the early hours of the morning. They kept me eight days in Etzion without interrogation.

Eight days later, I was transferred to Ofer Prison after I had learned that there was an order to put me to administrative detention for four months.

Interrogation

In Ofer Prison, they took me to a small room near the prison for interrogation. The room had a desk and two chairs. The interrogator; a young thin man with light coloured hair, about 1.80 metres tall, said that I would stay in prison for a long time, unless I cooperated and worked with them. The interrogator said that I would be released immediately and I could go home if I cooperated. I asked how I could work with them and he said I have first to say yes then he would give me the details. I replied: "*Shame on you! I am a son of a martyr and you are asking me to be an informant and work with you?*" He replied that no one would need to know about it. I said that I did not want to work with them and they had no evidence against me. I was arrested before and detained and interrogated but nothing was found against me and I was released without charge.

The interrogator said that I was accused of weapon possession and also of belonging to Islamic Jihad. He said they had a secret file against me and there was an order to put me in administrative detention.

I was taken to the court on 6 August 2008 and informed that there was an order to put me in administration detention. After discussion between the judge, the prosecution and the lawyer, the judge confirmed the order and ruled that the order would end on 24 November 2008.

12 August 2008

F. Fair trial rights

41. **Imad T.** (15)

See Case Study No. 16.