



ONE YEAR ON: WHAT IS LIFE LIKE IN GAZA?

THIS week (7 October) marks one year since Hamas attacked Israel, starting a huge conflict which continues today. To mark the anniversary, we spoke to 15-year-old Maged about how life has changed for him living in Gaza.



MEET MAGED

Maged used to dream of becoming a professional footballer, but when war broke out in Gaza, his dream was shattered.

Many families have fled their homes to escape the bombing and live in tents, like Maged. Now, instead

of going to football practice after school, he spends his days queuing for water and food, both of which are in very short supply. The Palestinian Centre for Human Rights, funded by UK charity Christian Aid, is helping children including Maged. Here's what a typical day looks like for him now.

5am

I wake up in terror to the sound of explosions after another sleepless night. I used to rise to the call of the adhan [the Islamic call to prayer], my heart filled with peace. Now, all that's left is fear and uncertainty.

7:30am

For breakfast, I sometimes have a cup of tea or a thyme sandwich but usually it's not available. Before the war, it was a nutritious, fresh meal. Now, we eat what we can, unsure of what the day will bring.

9am

My favourite subjects in school are science and technology. Instead of heading to school, I stand in line for about two hours or more to get water. Schools have become unsafe shelters where bombs drop, ignoring international laws.



11am

We queue again, this time for food. The constant drone of planes overhead makes every step feel dangerous. For lunch, I eat lentils and canned peas. We eat whatever we can cook over firewood, but it's not the joyful meals we used to share. Providing water and food is a big challenge for me because I am responsible for my family in my father's absence.



1:30pm

I have a sister who is talented at drawing and four brothers. My siblings and I try to find a moment to play, but fear clings to us.



3pm

This was supposed to be the time for my football practice. I used to dream of playing professionally, but the war shattered that dream. My heart breaks when I see the fields where we used to play, now sites of devastation.

5pm

I miss my friends and family who are gone. I see the fear in my mother's eyes as she looks at us, silently praying for our safety.

7pm

As night falls, the streets empty out – so different from the lively evenings we used to enjoy.



9pm

We go to bed, exchanging anxious glances, not knowing if we'll see each other in the morning. My only wish is for the war to end, for our suffering to stop. I'm a Palestinian child, and I dream of freedom and peace. All we can do is pray and hope for a better tomorrow.

Find out more about the work of Christian Aid at www.christianaid.org.uk.