



# FALLEN ANGELS OF GAZA

STORIES  
FROM YOUNG MARTYRS

“Let the world hear us before the  
next child falls.”

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MOHD AZMI ABDUL HAMID  
AINI HAZRIN BINTI MOHD ANUAR

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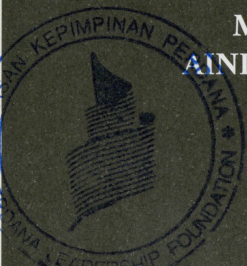


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## STORIES FROM YOUNG MARTYRS

MOHD AZMI ABDUL HAMID

AINI HAZRIN BINTI MOHD ANUAR



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# FALLEN ANGELS OF GAZA STORIES FROM YOUNG MARTYRS

ditulis Mohd Azmi Abdul Hamid & Aini Hazrin Mohd Anuar

Cetakan Pertama, 2025

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ISRAEL  
KILLS  
CHILDREN



# PREFACE

By Aini Hazrin bin Ahmad Anuar  
Deputy Chair, MyChild International

In the long, painful pages of human history, some chapters are written in blood and sealed with silence. Fallen Angels of Gaza is one such chapter. This book is not merely a collection of stories — it is a witness. A voice for the voiceless. A memorial for the children whose lives were extinguished before they could bloom.

As I pen this preface, I do so not just as a representative of MyChild International, but as a father, a brother, a fellow human being. Every page of this book carries the weight of injustice, the sorrow of mothers who had to bury their babies with their own hands, and the courage of children who smiled through siege, only to be taken by missiles crafted in silence and indifference.



The children of Gaza are not statistics — they are sons and daughters, full of light and laughter. And yet, the world has failed them. We have failed them. This book stands as a reckoning. It challenges us to confront the uncomfortable, to resist the numbness, and to act. Not tomorrow. Not when it's convenient. But now — because for the children of Gaza, every minute lost is a life that might never be saved.

Let this book be read not only with the eyes, but with the heart. Let it awaken the soul. Let it move the world. For the fallen angels of Gaza deserve no less than truth, justice, and eternal remembrance.

*Aini Hazrin bin Ahmad Anuar*

**Deputy Chair MyChild International**





# PREFACE

In the Shadows of Angels: Bearing Witness to Gaza’s Fallen Children”

‘For what sin were you killed/?  
Qur’an, Surah 81 (at-TakwTr), Ayat 9

I write these words with trembling hands and a heart that still quakes from the cries I have heard across a sea of distance. In the silence of midnight, when the world around me rests, the voices of Gaza’s children rise like a chorus I can never mute.

Their laughter-once bright as morning sparrows has been replaced by the echo of sirens and the throb of unmanned wings. Their dreams-simple, tender, holy-have been smothered beneath dust and concrete. And their questions-so piercing, so unanswerable-haunt the fragile shell of my own faith in humanity.

I am not a soldier, not a statesman, not even a witness to the rubble with my own eyes. But I am a father. A teacher. A Malaysian Muslim who believes that every child, no matter the colour of their flag or the language of their lullaby, carries an unassailable right to live, to learn, to laugh.

4 When news of the Gaza genocide flooded my screen in October 2023-images of charred schoolbags, blood-soaked textbooks, tiny bodies wrapped in white-I felt a fissure open inside me. In that moment, I realised that distance is a lie; that pain, when borne by a child, travels instantly across oceans and breaks upon every honest heart.

This book was born in the aftermath of that shattering revelation. It began as a promise I whispered to a photograph of a little girl named Jana, her smile forever frozen beneath dust: / will not let the world forget you.

It grew into an oath to each child whose name flickered briefly on a news ticker before disappearing into the maw of the next headline. And it blossomed into a movement within MyChild International (Malaysia), where volunteers, educators, artists, and grief-stricken parents gathered to weave a tapestry of remembrance each thread a story, each stitch a plea for justice.

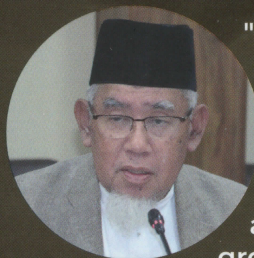
But remembrance alone is not enough. The prophets taught us that faith without action is a garden without water. As I sifted through testimonies, medical reports, diary fragments and broken crayons, I felt rage colliding with sorrow, and sorrow erupting into resolve.

How dare the architects of power measure a child's life in geopolitical calculus? How dare we, the global bystanders, trade our moral clarity for the anaesthesia of neutrality?

If a single child's death is a wound to the universe, then seventeen thousand is an unthinkable rupture and yet, the universe continues spinning as though nothing happened.

Some will say this book is too raw, too graphic, too one-sided. I say it is not raw enough, for no printed page can convey the smell of smoke clinging to a teddy bear.

# FALLEN ANGELS OF GAZA



"Fallen Angels of Gaza" is a heartbreaking tribute to the countless innocent children whose lives were stolen by bombs, starvation, and silence. Through raw testimonies, haunting imagery, and painful truths, this book echoes the cries of a generation that never had the chance to grow. It tells the stories the world tried to forget — of little hands buried under rubble, of lullabies drowned by drone strikes, of dreams erased by siege. These were not just casualties of war — they were angels fallen from grace, witnesses to humanity's greatest failure.

In the face of genocide, this book demands remembrance, resistance, and reckoning. It is a call to conscience — for the living to speak for the silenced, and for the powerful to be held accountable. "Fallen Angels of Gaza" is not only a record of loss; it is a manifesto for justice, written in the blood of the innocent and carried by those who refuse to let their memory die. Let the world read, weep, and rise.

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