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The Voice of Survivors



رابطة أمهات المختطفين
Abductees' Mothers
Association



Justice4Yemen Pact
ميثاق العدالة لليمن



DT Institute



SAM Organization for Rights and Liberties

SAM is an independent Yemeni human rights organization established in January 2016. SAM obtained its operational license in December 2017. The organization aims to monitor and document human rights violations in Yemen and to work towards stopping these violations through collaboration with local and international organizations. It strives to raise human rights awareness through initiatives that promote rights education within communities. SAM works to hold human rights perpetrators accountable in Yemen, in cooperation with international mechanisms and human rights organizations.

Abductees' Mothers Association (AMA)

A women-led human rights organization founded in April 2016, consisting of human rights advocates, mothers, and wives of detainees. The Association of Mothers of the Abducted works to monitor and document cases of arbitrary detention and enforced disappearance, forwarding them to the relevant authorities. Its goal is to build a human rights memory that preserves the victims' right to accountability and justice in the post-war phase. The organization also strives to amplify the voices of victims in national and international forums and maintains continuous communication with decision-makers and local mediators, aiming for the release of the detained and providing psychosocial support to survivors and their families.

DT Institute

A nonprofit organization committed to the principle of "development in a different way." The institute implements complex global development programs in environments affected by conflict, fragility, and isolation, and funds pioneering intellectual initiatives that contribute to stimulating innovation and improving people's lives through evidence-based programs. The institute collaborates with communities and leaders to build more resilient, just, equitable, inclusive, and democratic societies, ensuring their sustainability.

SPARK Program

The "Supporting Peace in Yemen through Accountability, Reconciliation, and Knowledge-Sharing (SPARK)," funded by the DT Institute. The program provides a scientific and practical framework aimed at transforming the concepts of transitional justice from theoretical level to community practice.

The Program focuses on enhancing awareness and local capacities to activate mechanisms of restorative justice, accountability, and reparations, as a means to achieve sustainable peace based on truth, fairness, and participation. It is grounded in the idea that justice is not merely a legal pathway but a social and cultural process that contributes to restoring the national fabric, rebuilding trust, and reconstituting collective memory on the foundations of recognition and reconciliation.

This paper is written and published as part of the SPARK program.



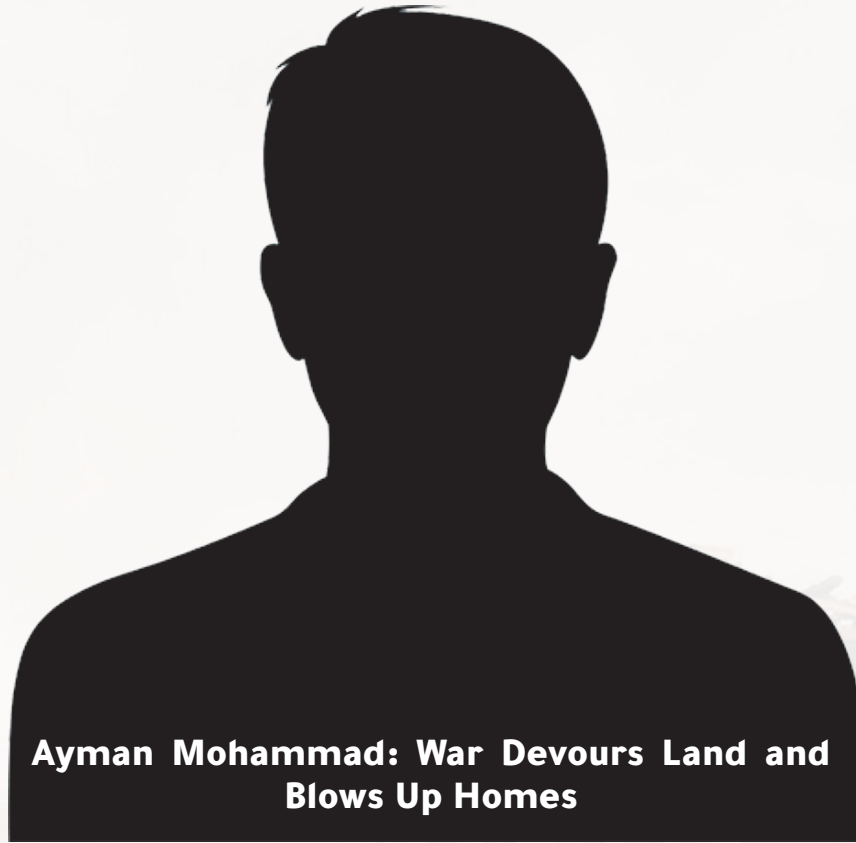
The five stories documented in this publication bring together a diversity of victims and a unity of fate: a photojournalist who went out to document the truth and returned with a body burdened by loss; a woman exhausted by displacement who lost her brother, her husband, and her home; a young girl who dreamed of a school desk, but landmines reached her body first; a father living on the hope of news that would dispel the darkness of forced disappearance; and a farmer whose land, once a source of livelihood, turned into a battlefield where fields are stolen like homes. The stories differ in their details, but they converge on a single moment: the moment of the shattering of a safe life, transforming into a path heavy with losses.

These individuals were not parties to a conflict... they were civilians driven by war to its forefront without choice. Each had a past proceeding at its natural pace, and dreams that did not exceed the boundaries of work, home, study, and family. But war did not distinguish between a camera and a notebook, nor between a plow and a house, nor between a waiting heart and an incomplete childhood. Violations flowed upon them in multiple forms; killing and injury, displacement and eviction, forced disappearance and deprivation of basic rights, while many officials remained with no accountability, and victims remained facing effects extending to both body and soul.

This work comes within the "SPARK" project implemented by the SAM Organization for Rights and Liberties in partnership with the DT Institute, in an effort to enhance transitional justice pathways and reinforcing victims' rights to truth and reparation. It is based on direct interviews and documented testimonies according to professional and ethical standards, with careful review of information through human rights reports and reliable sources, taking into account full care to preserve the dignity and privacy of victims, and conveying their voices as they wished to be heard.

This publication represents a continuation of a documentation path started by the organization in previous works, including a publication titled "The Harshness of Torment" published by the organization in 2024. The publication sought to break the barrier of silence and fear, and open a space for expressions that had remained locked in chests for years. Justice begins with listening, and fairness begins with recognition. From here, this work attempts to approach the lives of victims, and restore their natural past, to place it in confrontation with a present imposed forcibly by war, revealing the magnitude of the harsh transformation that affected the human soul before the land.

These stories serve as ethical documents reminding us that building true peace is based on confronting the truth, holding officials accountable, and ensuring non-repetition of the tragedy. When victims are given back their dignity, and their voices are heard clearly, the path to transitional justice becomes more solid, and hope for repairing what can be repaired from the destruction becomes a realistic step towards a more equitable future.



Ayman Mohammad: War Devours Land and Blows Up Homes

He was not a fighter, nor carried a weapon in his life, nor was ever a party in a war. All he owned was land he cultivates, and a house he built stone by stone. Yet, he found himself fleeing with thousands from his village, walking in a path walking in it only predatory animals, leaving behind all what meant for him life.

Ayman (pseudonym), a man in his forties from Tubaishaa area in Jabal Habashi village, accustomed to live in his village a stable and quiet life, Ayman relies on agriculture as his only source of livelihood, which is the case of most village residents, before war came to turn his life upside down.

Disarmed Farmer

In early 2017, the war reached the villages neighboring Tubaishaa. Ayman heard the echoes of conflict and feared it would spread to his home. His fears were realized when Houthi snipers positioned themselves on the high hills surrounding the village, firing at anything that moved. At the time, Ayman was preparing to harvest his crops: tomatoes, green peppers, eggplants, and okra. He had borrowed money from a friend, agreeing to repay it after the harvest. However, the terror of the snipers prevented Ayman and the other farmers from reaching their fields. Thousands of riyals worth of labor and investment vanished without return; the entire agricultural season became a painful loss.

Then came the horrifying news: one of the village farmers, who was Ayman's brother-in-law and friend, was killed on the very land he had farmed his whole life, struck down by Houthi sniper fire. His death was a staggering shock to the villagers, a clear warning that their lives were no longer safe and that any movement outside the home could be their last. Ayman recalls: "We stopped working the land out of fear for our lives. Our crops rotted; it was a financial and emotional blow all at once. All our fatigue, all those hours under the scorching sun, went to waste."

The dangers did not end there. The war imposed strict restrictions on movement. Roads leading to neighboring areas, such as Al-Rubai'i and the Shara'ab junction, were either completely blocked or fraught with peril. These roads were the villagers' lifelines for food and water. Ayman says:

"We sat in our homes for long hours, without water, without food, unable to leave. Everything around us became terrifying; there was no life, and no hope in sight."

Forced Displacement

As each day passed, Ayman's sense of suffocation grew. He waited for the forces to withdraw so he could salvage what remained of his crops, but instead, he watched as the clashes drew closer to the heart of the village. After a week of siege and a haunting silence, a sudden announcement came over loudspeakers. Houthi forces declared that residents had only one day to evacuate. Ayman recalls:

"We heard the voice calling out: 'You have a deadline of one day to leave. Whoever wants to get out safely, leave today.' We were stunned; it felt as if the earth was collapsing beneath our feet. But we had no choice but to leave, or face certain death."

The following day, Ayman and his family joined nearly five thousand villagers heading into the unknown. He describes that day:

"It was like the Day of Resurrection; everything around us was desolate and terrifying. The only path we could take was incredibly rugged and difficult, known by locals as the 'Path of Beasts.' It wasn't meant for humans—only for monkeys and wild animals."

Residents fled carrying what little they could: clothes, some food, and basic necessities. Those who tried to save their livestock were forced to sell them for pittance along the way or release them into the wild, unable to lead them through the treacherous terrain. Ayman remembers:

"We walked for hours without stopping. We heard the cries of children, the groans of the elderly, and women trying to stay brave despite the fear. There was no shelter from the sun, no water for the thirst that grew with every step."

For Ayman, this journey was the loss of everything he loved, his memories and his labor. He felt a simultaneous sense of alienation and emptiness, but he knew that survival was now the only priority. He moved forward, step by step, with the fading hope of returning to a village that had become a distant dream.

From Fields to the City

Ayman and his family arrived finally to Al-Dahi area northwest Taiz city. They resorted there to Al-Yarmouk School with other displaced families. While some moved in with relatives, Ayman's family stayed in the school briefly before moving to a friend's house. Eventually, he managed to rent a small shop to shelter his family. Life in the city was not easy for a farmer with no experience in trade; he found himself forced to earn a living in ways far removed from the land that had always sustained him.

He rented a motorcycle and began working from dawn, waiting at intersections for passengers to earn enough for daily bread. Amidst this struggle, news arrived that shattered his life once more: Houthi fighters had planted a network of mines in both his home and his father's home.

Destruction of Home

Ayman's home is located on a high hill overlooking rest of the village. Because of this vantage point, pro-government forces would occupy the house during the day to exchange fire with Houthi forces, withdrawing at sunset. Exploiting this, Houthi forces slipped in at night, wired the houses with explosives, and eventually blew them both to the ground.

Neighbors filmed the explosion from a distance. A friend called Ayman to tell him his home had been leveled, sending photos of the rubble. Ayman says:

"I couldn't believe it. My home and my father's home were completely destroyed. It felt like losing one of my children. There was nothing left connecting me to the village but memories."

When his father saw the photos of the destruction, he was overcome by profound grief. On the evening, he saw the images, he vomited blood. A week later, he developed a serious heart condition and passed away two months after the incident. The family was devastated first by the loss of their home and the hope of return, then by the loss of the patriarch who had spent years as an expatriate in Saudi Arabia just to build and improve that ancestral home. Ayman could not sleep for days, weeping uncontrollably. He felt a total sense of helplessness, as if his entire life had been stolen for no reason.

Rebuilding My Home

Until today, Ayman and his family's agricultural lands are still mined, and every attempt for return to village is fraught with dangers. Ayman says what roams in village houses today except monkeys, or what is called locally "Al-Rabah". However, when monkeys descend to village, neighboring village residents hear explosion sounds, being their cause that monkeys stepped on mines planted by Houthis in village and in its farms. Ayman describes the village as a graveyard for every living thing, where sniping continues to this day.

At end of every day, while lying on his bed, Ayman thinks in all what happened to him, and asks himself a question not found for it an answer until the moment:

"Why did all this happen to me? What mistake did I commit?" And comes fate ambiguity to increase the question: "What after?", and "If war ends people will return to their homes, as for me to where will I return?"

Ayman lives today as a displaced in Taiz city, trying to secure his day's sustenance through working in transport services. He is currently a full year behind on the rent for the small shop they live in. He remains, in his heart, a farmer who never fought, yet lost his land, his home, and his safety. He demands justice, the accountability of those who displaced him and destroyed his life, and the rebuilding of his home. He knows it won't bring back his father or his lost years, but he sees it as a necessary acknowledgement of the injustice he suffered.



Sara Ali.. A Series of Loss and Displacement

War in Yemen was not a passing event that passes then ends, but an interlocking series of loss, extending from generation to generation, and reproducing pain within the same family. In this story, the biography of Sara Ali (pseudonym) intersects with the biography of her mother in one timeline, but distributed between two cities, and between two successive losses: a brother in Taiz, and a husband in Hodeida. Two stories different in details, identical in essence, and both bearing witness to the exorbitant human cost of war

Hodeida: The Beginning of Danger

Sara resided with her small family, her husband and three of her children on 90th Street, located in the southeastern outskirts of Hodeida city. This area is geographically close to Hodeida Port and the vicinity of the Red Sea Mills. This location, which was previously a source of economic movement and employment, transformed since the outbreak of war in Yemen in 2015 into a high-risk area, because of its proximity to vital facilities of a strategic nature.

Since 2016, with the escalation of military operations on the western coast, areas surrounding the port and mills became subject to repeated aerial shelling by the Arab Coalition air force supporting legitimacy, Government of Yemen (GoY). According to Sara's testimony, houses near her residence location, located between Hodeida Port and Red Sea Mills, suffered direct damage due to shelling. Shrapnel reached houses, glass shattered, while some neighbors suffered direct injuries as a result of raids.

The year 2017 is considered a pivotal point in the family's story. In this year, military operations intensified in the vicinity of Hodeida, coinciding with extensive preparations for the Western Coast battle which manifested later in 2018. During this period, the region witnessed almost complete electricity cuts, and severe scarcity or prevention of water, accompanied by closure of grocery stores and supply sources, turning the situation into a state of undeclared siege on neighborhoods near the targeted areas. Sara describes that phase saying:

"We lived in complete isolation from our surroundings, as if we were in a desert," As securing basic needs became almost impossible. With increasing injuries among civilians in the neighborhood, staying was no longer a safe option.

Decision to Displace

The decision to displace came without prior preparation or financial capabilities. Sara's husband suffered from diabetes, and with continuous anxiety and fear his health condition deteriorated. As for Sara herself, she suffered from asthma and relied on an oxygen vapor device no longer available amid the collapse of the health sector, in addition to her being pregnant during those harsh conditions. Leaving Hodeida was fraught with risks. Main roads were closed or unsafe. Sara describes the moment of departure as "akin to a miracle," as the family did not expect to be able to exit the city safely.

In late ۲۰۱۷, the family left Hodeida heading to Taiz. However, Taiz itself was then under a suffocating siege by the Houthi group, making reaching it an additional challenge, and turning the displacement journey into a test of survival from continuous danger. After main roads became unusable, the family was forced to take Al-Aqroudh mountain road, a rugged and dangerous road, used during siege which served as one of the few remaining routes for civilians. The journey took about two days, amidst constant fear of targeting or accidents, and severe suffering for the children.

During the journey, one of Sara's sons fell ill, who originally suffered from seizures and atrophy. Forced displacement, by its difficult nature, increased the deterioration of his health condition, making the journey a physically and psychologically exhausting experience for the whole family.

Difficult Arrival

Sara arrived in Taiz accompanied by her husband and children, physically and psychologically exhausted after traveling via rugged mountain roads. They had nothing but the clothes they were wearing, after being forced to leave their home and all their belongings behind them. Sara chose to settle in the Al-Hasb area, where her father, mother, and younger brother reside. There, the family gathered again under one roof, attempting to start a new phase of life after displacement. Living with family was a temporary haven and a chance to catch breath after years of shelling and fear in Hodeida. Although Taiz itself was living war and siege conditions, Al-Hasb appeared in that period relatively less dangerous compared to areas witnessing direct clashes.

Sara's family, her father and mother, are from Taiz, and resided in Al-Hasb, one of the areas that would later become into open frontlines. Before the expansion of war, the family lived a normal life, moving between work, study, and simple dreams. But with the outbreak of fighting in Taiz in ۲۰۱۵, the city was no never the same.

With intensifying fighting inside residential neighborhoods, the family was forced to displace to one of the nearby villages, in an attempt to survive nothing more. After several months, the family returned to reside again in Al-Hasb, attempting to adapt to a new reality. Life was simpler, but fear was a constant presence, and they were waiting for "the situation to calm down," for the clashes to subside and some semblance of stability to return.

During this period, Mohammad (pseudonym), Sara's younger brother, was a young man twenty-two years of age, living the full youth phase: dreams of work, marriage, and a life not yet started, before war shattered his life with irreparable losses.

Sara's mother says, she wanted to see her son get married and celebrate, just like any Yemeni mother would like to see her son grow up. She did not ask for much; only to see him a groom, alive, present in her house, living his life like the rest of the youth.

Loss of Her Brother

With a relative decline in clash intensity, and rising pressures on her from the property owner and his desire for her to leave his house, Sara's mother decided to move with the whole family. Sara and her husband and children, and her parents, and her brother, to their house in the Old Airport area. The place was not completely safe, but it appeared less dangerous than before. Life returned cautiously, and the family returned to their house aware that "calm" in wartime is a relative concept, that may end at any moment.

The decision did not stem from a feeling of safety, but rather of a lack of options. The Old Airport was and remains one of the most volatile areas of Taiz, an area of open clashes and direct fire line. There, shells fell and stray bullets knew no destination, yet people lived their daily lives, because war left them no alternative. They slept knowing death might visit them at any hour.

One night, after midnight, the family was sleeping. Apparent calm was deceptive, as in all war nights. The son Mohammad, was sitting on the house roof. He was not a fighter, nor carrying a weapon; he was a young man searching for some fresh air or a moment of calm above the noise of fear.

Suddenly, a shell fired from Houthi positions fell, hitting the roof directly. The explosion destroyed the building, water tanks were damaged, while solar panels flew apart. The shell hit Mohammad directly tearing him to pieces. His mother says the shell fell while they were sleeping, and her son was on the roof at the time, and there was no warning.

The first to ascend to the roof were Sara and her father, so they were shocked by the scene. Sara looked at her brother, and saw him torn to pieces. Neighbors hurried to the explosion site, and took Mohammad to Al-Bureihi Hospital, but he had passed away. There was no time for farewell, nor chance for rescue; death was faster than everything.

Sadness pervaded the family home for long days, and everyone was affected by the loss of Mohammad. Sara's father says, he often tells his wife to open the door for Osama to enter, and give him some of his clothes, as if wanting to evoke his absent presence. Sara's mother felt deep sorrow for her son, whom she considered her backbone, describing him as helpful and gentle, always cautious, and he warned her repeatedly of the danger of residing in the Airport area, especially as it is hundreds of meters away from contact lines between legitimacy government forces and forces affiliated with the Houthi group. The mother regretted her husband, who did not yet believe he lost his son.

As for Sara, she felt immense grief over the loss of her brother Mohammad who was for her both brother and friend at once. A few days before, she was celebrating with him his graduation party, but he is now completely absent. Alongside that grief, their house roof was damaged due to the shell, and rains were falling into the house setting room, requiring months to repair and secure it for living.

Loss of Her Husband

Years passed and the family settled relatively in Taiz, until Sara's husband decided to return to Hodeida to work at the power station, where he worked as an air conditioning and cooling engineer before the war. He returned searching for a livelihood, as throughout his stay in Taiz he was unable to find work in a besieged city providing no opportunities even for experts. Thus, the family lived on aid and whatever resources were available, while displacement effects continued to pursue them.

Sara's husband also did not acquaint himself with Taiz city, he lived since childhood with his family in Hodeida, and the house he owns there belongs to his parents. After displacement, the house suffered severe damage, then was seized by Houthis, according to Sara's testimony. Later, the house was subjected to systematic looting operations including doors and windows, furniture, cabinets, solar panels, and even internal woods.

At displacement, the family could not take any belongings, and exited with only clothes they wore. Even today, the house is not fit for living, forcing the husband's family, upon their return to Hodeida, to rent instead of returning to their original house.

Sara's husband's decision to return to Hodeida and work at the power station came driven by material need, despite his full awareness of security risks, and amidst constant fear of repeating the experience of losing family and properties.

In July ٢٠٢٤, official and media sources announced an Israeli shelling targeting facilities in Hodeida city, among them the power station, in the context of regional escalation linked to the war in Gaza and the expansion of targeting areas in the region.

According to what was reported then, the shelling resulted in the killing of six people who were at the station site or its vicinity. Sara's husband was one of the victims killed in this targeting. His killing formed a major shock for the family, and once again, Sara found herself before news of death. This time, as a wife and sister, she lost her brother in Taiz, and lost her husband in Hodeida. Two different places, and two different weapons, but one result.

After her husband's killing, Sara lived a phase harsher. She found herself responsible for her children, suffering from asthma disease, and facing consequences of long-term displacement, loss of breadwinner, and absence of any clear horizon for return or stability. Every day carried a new challenge, and life, as she says, was a constant test for survival amidst war effects that did not stop.

Things Not Compensated

Sara summarizes her view of war as the greatest crime committed by man against man, as it left her no option but a harsh path filled with losses and pain. She sees that justice, as posed today, is absent and deficient, and cannot compensate for the loss of her brother and husband, nor return to her children their right to a father who disappeared without sin.

Between painful questions and answers whose harshness she knows in advance, she confirms that what is called justice exceeds being wishes in a country exhausted by war, Sara says with quiet sadness:

"We are tired of promises, and of big talk that is not realized."

For her, damage reparation remains impossible, as effects of loss and destruction are deeper than to be erased easily, and she repeats:

"Nothing can compensate me for my brother and husband, what can compensate my children for their father?"

However, Sara does not ask for the impossible; all she wishes, as she constantly repeats, is that war stops:

"We just want to live in peace, that our children grow up without fear."

She demands the state to bear its responsibility by securing a salary guaranteeing a dignified life for her children, and says with a tone combining hope and insistence:

"We are not beggars, this is our right after all we lost."

She also insists that those responsible for killing and destruction be held accountable, and that battle leaders and criminals be presented to justice to receive their penalty, confirming:

"If those who destroyed our lives are not held accountable, what justice do they speak of?"

Perhaps that, in her view, would be a first step on a long path towards fairing victims and restoring something of dignity to those from whom it was stolen.





Walid: The Witness Victim

Many describe journalism as a profession of troubles, but this description seems inadequate when it comes to journalism in wartime. To be a journalist in a conflict zone means walking every day on the edge of death, carrying a camera in one hand, and in the other hand the delayed shroud. Danger in these places transcends the limits of probability to become a daily reality, seeping into small details: in the road, in the gaze, in the sound that follows an explosion by seconds.

Taiz, the mountainous city crowded with life, has transformed since March 2015 into an open battleground for conflict. When the Houthi group took control of vast parts of the country, and government forces, supported by the Arab Coalition, engaged them in open confrontation, Taiz found itself besieged from almost all directions. Roads were closed, food scarce, medicine cut off, and leaving or entering the city became an adventure with uncertain consequences.

Inside the city, the frontlines were not far from residential neighborhoods. Artillery shelling reached homes, and Houthi snipers ascended the roofs of tall buildings, monitoring narrow streets, turning any movement into a risky endeavor. The daily clashes made time itself fragmented; a relatively calm morning could turn within minutes into hell. The silent night could be pierced by the sound of an explosion waking the city to a new tragedy.

In this tragic reality, Walid Al-Qadasi was one of those who chose to be witnesses. A photojournalist carrying his camera, deeply believing that a picture is worth than a thousand words. He went out every day to cover events, driven by an inner sense of responsibility towards the city and its people. His eyes did not leave the place; he observed the small details: a child crossing the street quickly, a woman carrying a water gallon, a man standing near a collapsed wall, as if waiting for something that does not come.

Every day was a true test for survival. The danger was not linked only to the moment of filming, but to everything before and after. Therefore, Walid learned, like other journalists, how to film quickly, and how to choose the angle that grants him a good shot without revealing his location. He learned to monitor the rhythm of shelling, to distinguish between the sound of a distant shell and a close one, and to know when to retreat, and when to advance a step further.

Before heading out to film, Walid treated his preparations as if they were a survival ritual. He checked his tools carefully, examined the camera battery charge more than once, and ensured the presence of an empty memory card, as if filling it might mean the loss of a story or testimony. He reviewed in his mind the path he would take, and the places where he could take shelter, and bade his home farewell without full certainty of return. In a city like Taiz, these precautions were necessary, where a single moment could change everything.

Initially, Walid's first steps in journalism were simple, almost resembling any beginning for a young man trying to find a place in a arduous profession. He covered local news, moved between small events, statements, and the city's daily incidents. Those coverages did not carry the tone of direct danger, but they were his first gateway to understand the place and the people, and to learn how to see details others do not notice. Over time, breaking news alone was no longer enough to satisfy his desire to convey the truth, so he began to turn towards what is deeper and more painful: the effects of displacement, civilian camps, and neighborhoods hit by shelling until they lost their original features.

Walid would enter the devastated neighborhoods as if entering the wounded city's memory. He observed every corner, every narrow street, and every house half-destroyed with the other half remaining as a silent witness to what happened. He searched with his lens for stories hidden among the rubble: a window without a wall, a child's toy buried under dust, a door still ajar, as if its people would return at any moment. His concern was not capturing a beautiful picture as much as it was conveying the truth as it is, without falsification or exaggeration; the truth of a city eroding day after day under the weight of war.

As time passed, danger became part of his daily routine. Shelling was no longer a surprising sound, nor bullets an exceptional event. He knew his work led him to places that did not resemble life, but he believed that these places specifically needed someone to document them. Until came the twenty-sixth day of May, ٢٠١٧, the day that will remain engraved in his memory as an insurmountable dividing line; a day unlike any other day he had passed, a day in which his life divided into before and after, without preamble, and without giving him a chance to prepare.

Details of the Incident

On the morning of that day, Walid went out to perform his journalistic work on the eastern front of Taiz city, accompanied by a group of media colleagues. It was not planned that they be in contact lines or areas of direct clash. The agreement was to head to the Al-Kadaha area to film displacement camps, where the suffering of civilians piles up in tattered tents, and the war is etched in the faces of children and women who lost everything. But in a city like Taiz, things do not always go according to plan; shelling and siege impose their presence on everything, making the dividing line between the front and the residential neighborhood a fragile line that can collapse at any moment.

Walid carried his camera and walked, observing the scene with the eye of a photographer and the heart of a human. He documented the effects of clashes they passed on the way, capturing images of destruction, and monitoring the movement of the place cautiously. He was searching for a moment of truth amidst the chaos of war, a moment that encapsulate what words fail to describe. He did not know that those relatively quiet moments were hiding behind them an explosion that would change everything.

The explosion ripped suddenly, without warning. In a few seconds, the scene turned upside down. A Houthi shell fell near the group of media journalists, turning the moment into complete chaos. Thick dust covered the place, sounds of screaming, and shrapnel flew in every direction. Walid fell on his back, and his body hit the ground violently, and he did not feel any pain initially. Everything around him was blurry, as if time stopped for a few seconds. He tried to get up, but his body wouldn't respond. He raised his head slowly, and looked at his leg, and there he faced the harsh truth. His foot was hanging by what remained of skin, and the bone was clearly visible; a scene in which the mind cannot easily comprehend. In that moment, pain exploded all at once, and Walid began screaming asking for help, a scream in which fear mixed with shock and disbelief.

In the first minutes after his injury, Walid thought he was the only injured. He could not see clearly amidst the dust and confusion. He was taken back with others to a room to receive first aid. There the picture began to become clear. Walid looked to his left, and saw one of his colleagues lying on the ground, breathing with difficulty, fighting for his last moments. His condition was critical to an extent hidden from no one. A few heavy and slow minutes passed, before he passed away before his eyes. Walid was then rushed to the hospital, in a journey whose details he did not fully realize; his body was immersed in pain, and his mind burdened with shock. His leg had been effectively amputated by the shell shrapnel at the explosion site. The injury, as would later become clear, was below the knee, but doctors made a harsh decision: amputation of the leg above the knee.

At that time, hospitals in Taiz were operating beyond capacity. Corridors crowded with the wounded, operating rooms were constantly busy, and doctors forced to make quick and decisive decisions between life and death. In this context, amputation was a frequent option to stop bleeding and save what could be saved. Walid's body could not bear further delay, and war left no room for ideal solutions.

In the hospital room, Walid's father and brother visited him. The scene was overwhelming, greater than the capacity of words to bear. His older brother was weeping bitterly, and his father's features looked broken, as if time stopped at that moment. Despite his pain, Walid tried to remain composed. He did not want to see collapse in their eyes, so he found himself comforting them instead of being comforted. Walid realized that losing his leg is a truth that cannot be changed, but the collapse of those around him would double the loss. Walid recalls those moments:

"My brother was weeping bitterly, and so was my father. I told my father that crying will not bring my leg back. I did not want them to collapse."

After that short visit, he was taken for necessary medical tests and then to the operating room, where the fate of a part of his body would be amputated forever.



A New Life

When he woke up after the operation, pain was not the first thing he felt, but a strange emptiness; emptiness in the body, and a greater emptiness in the mind. That moment was the beginning of a new chapter in his life, a chapter he did not choose and was not prepared for. Walid explains:

"To wake up having lost your leg, means to redefine everything around you: your body, your movement, your work, and even your image of yourself. Daily life details that were simple became complex; rising, walking, riding a car, all actions require efforts and planning."

This impacted directly his journalistic work. Movement was no longer easy, and moving between sites was no longer possible. Many field tasks requiring speed and continuous physical presence became outside his capacity. With the development of digital photography tools, which came to rely on movement and dynamism, his professional opportunities diminished noticeably.

However, Walid did not allow despair to be the end of the story. Work for him was more than a source of livelihood; it was his means of recovery, and regaining his self that war tried to break. In the midst of this difficult phase, he found a new motive for life. On the fifth day of his injury, while still on the hospital bed receiving treatment, he announced his engagement. That decision was akin to a declaration of challenge to war, and holding onto life in its harshest moments.

This new commitment gave him an additional motive to return to the job market, despite all difficulties. He faced great challenges in movement and mobility, but he chose to search for alternatives rather than give up. He turned to photography using drones, and began developing his skills in this field, learning new tools, and opening for himself a different window on the world of imagery. Since 2019, he participated in filming nine dramatic works, along with a number of programs and human stories, proving that disability was a turning point in a path that reshaped him.

Photography remained Walid's first and last passion. The camera was his constant companion, and his means of conveying the truth, and an extension of his self that did not break. Over time, it became closer to him than ever before, until he began to look at it as if it were a living being; "The camera is still my means of conveying the message, and I became intensely attached to it," Says Walid, adding that it became closer to him than ever before, to the point that he describes it as his third child.

On the path in which Walid rebuilt his relationship with his body and the world, his presence was not limited to returning to journalistic work, but he turned to opening new spaces for life, as if reshaping himself anew. He searched for different ways to confirm his presence and ability to continue, so his participation in the Yemen National Amputee Football Team was one of the most impactful experiences in his career. Entering the field, running on one leg, and relying on a new balance for the body, all that formed a direct confrontation with loss. In that space, Walid was not a photojournalist nor a war victim; he was a player within a team, sharing effort, exhaustion, and victory with others whose bodies bore similar effects of war.

This experience restored to him a confidence he lacked for a long time, confidence stemming from his ability to adapt and redefine the boundaries of the body. Over time, Walid also became a media representative for the Amputee Football Federation, investing his journalistic experience in conveying players' issues and shedding light on their experiences. His voice in this role was not individual, but an extension of many voices that found in sports a space to exit the circle of pity to the circle of recognition and dignity.

In parallel with that, Walid's presence deepened in human rights work, and he undertook the tasks of Secretary-General of the Association of Landmines and War Remnants Victims. This position was not an administrative post as much as it was an extension of a personal experience he lived in all its details of pain and loss. Inside the association, he dealt with victims as living stories not numbers in reports. He listened to their stories, and saw in their faces a reflection of his experience, and worked on transforming individual pain into a public issue deserving recognition and fairness.

The year 2014, which formed a turning point in Walid's life, is considered by many Yemeni journalists and human rights defenders one of the most dangerous years for journalism in Yemen in general, and in Taiz in particular. The city was then an open theater for conflict, making the journalist a direct target, either because of his presence in the field or because of the picture he conveys.

In the first half of that year, the Yemeni Journalists Syndicate documented more than one hundred and thirty cases of violations against media freedoms. These violations included killing, threatening, physical assault, incitement, confiscation of equipment, disabling media work, and detention. These numbers were a clear indicator of a harsh reality, an indicator confirming that journalism in Yemen was practiced in a hostile environment providing no protection for those working in it.

Non-Repetition of the Tragedy

Over the years, Walid began to look at his injury as part of this wide context of violations that affected journalists and civilians alike. What happened to him was not an isolated incident, it was a natural result of a war that did not distinguish between one carrying a weapon and one carrying a camera. This realization pushed him to question the fate of victims after fighting stops, about the fate of bodies that lost parts of them, and the memory that carried indelible scenes.

In Walid's view, justice is a concept simple in its essence, heavy in its meaning. Justice is linked in his view to regaining what was stolen, meaning by that his amputated foot, and preventing the repetition of loss, and guaranteeing that individual tragedies do not become a repeated fate. "True justice for me is that my foot returns," says Walid, before adding calmly:

"And I know that this is impossible."

Therefore, Walid links justice to preventing the repetition of the tragedy. Walid looks forward to a day when war stops, and a path for accountability is opened, and crimes are presented to fair trials. For him, a safe future cannot be built without recognizing what happened, and without justice for those who paid the prices of war from their bodies and ages.





Hadeel... War Stole Her Limbs

Hadeel Mahmoud wakes up, every morning rearranging her day's details as if she learned life anew. After war stole her arms to begin with that a story Hadeel refuses war to be the last word in.

On the fourth of July 2017, twelve-year-old Hadeel lived with her parents in the Al-Kadaha area. She was going to herd her sheep near her home, and pluck prickly pears, she was playing and herding in a place she knew well. Suddenly, a Houthi shell fell in the place and exploded. Following the explosion, everything vanishes in her memory, as if time decided to stop at that point.

Hadeel does not remember what happened after: not the sound of explosion, nor people's screams, nor how she fell on the ground. She says she did not feel anything, and was not aware of what happened to her. That empty space in memory was akin to a large void swallowing moment details, leaving its effect later on body and soul:

"I do not know how I reached the hospital," says Hadeel, "nor who carried me, nor how much time passed. All I remember is I opened my eyes and found my mother crying beside me."

What Hadeel remembers clearly is the first scene when she opened her eyes. She was seeing her mother's close face, her eyes filled with tears, and her uncle standing beside her in heavy silence. Crying was present in the room. Hadeel tried to understand what is happening, to catch an interpretation from surrounding faces. She looked at her body, so she saw dense bandages wrapping the place where her arms were. In that moment, she did not comprehend the volume of loss, nor had her mind yet reached the truth of what occurred.

Silence was master of the situation, no one told her what happened, as if everyone fears to be the first to tell the truth. Hadeel, who accustomed to asking questions, began to ask. Her question was simple and direct: Where are my arms? She did not get a clear answer. Hadeel recalls that moment saying:

"I asked them: Where are my arms? Why can't I move my hands? But no one answered me. They were looking at me and crying."

Looks were breaking before reaching words, and tears preceding any attempt for explanation. Then Hadeel began to realize something had changed forever.

Hadeel was not thinking of war, nor of the shell, nor of who fired it. She was thinking of two absent hands, and of a new life carrying a large burden of suffering manifested to her. Physical pain was not what occupied Hadeel's thinking, as much as the future with all its weight and ambiguity. Questions were crowding in her head without stop, questions simple in appearance, harsh in meaning: How will she eat? How will she write? How will she play, how will she live a normal life without arms? Hadeel explains what was going in her head: "I was thinking: How will I live like this? Who will feed me? Who will help me all the time? I was afraid to be a burden on my mother and on everyone around me."

The hospital days passed with agonizing slowness, as if time itself had lost its meaning. The white walls, the scent of medicine, and the rhythmic beeping of medical device created a closed, unchanging world. Her mother and uncle were beside her most of the time, trying to hide their pain behind reassuring words and weary smiles. Nevertheless, despair began to seep into Hadeel's heart, quietly and without noise. In that period, Hadeel admits today frankly:

"In those days I wished for death. I did not see meaning for life without hands. I thought my life ended there."

That was not out of weakness, but result of an overwhelming feeling of incapacity. She relied on her hands in all her life details, in simplest things and most private, and suddenly found herself deprived of them. She no longer saw a clear meaning for life, and was not able to imagine the shape of coming days.

Facing Society

Upon her discharge from the hospital, Hadeel returned to her village, and there began a challenge of another type, a challenge for which she was not psychologically prepared for. Her injury was no longer confined to a hospital room, it was now visible to others, exposed to the community. She thought much in that first moment she would step out in public: How will she look at them? And how will they look at her? She feared pity looks. Her fears did not disappoint her. The questions began from the first days. Children staring at her and asking about her arms with cruel innocence, not knowing how to explain to them what happened. Others did not hesitate in utter piercing remarks, merciless words like: Why don't you die? Hadeel says about that phase:

"Going out in public was harder than pain itself. Pity looks were killing me. Some children were asking me: Why don't you die? I was returning home and cry in silence."

These comments broke Hadeel from inside. Planting in her a deep feeling of rejection and incapacity. Following such encounters, she was feeling unable to eat or drink, or perform even the most basic tasks. Isolation became her only haven, trying to disappear from sights, and reduce her contact with others as much as possible.

The Turning Point:

Once, Hadeel felt severe thirst, and her mother was outside the house. As she sat alone, one question dominated her mind:

Will my mother stay with me forever? What if she is not here? What if she was forced one day to be away?

This question was different from those before. It was not a fear question as much as a challenge question. In that moment, she decided to try relying on herself, even if by a small step. She tried to drink by herself, using her body in new ways not accustomed before. The matter was not easy, but it succeeded.

That small success was a turning point. It was not a big achievement in others' view, but for Hadeel it was an internal declaration that she is capable of learning anew. As days passed, she began trying to do other things by herself, step by step. Every attempt was a test, and every success, no matter how simple, restored to her a piece of self-confidence. Questions and fears did not disappear, but they began to change. Instead of asking how will she live, another question began emerged: How can she live in her own way? She realized that the road is long, and society will not change easily, but she began understanding that her ability to rely on herself, even partially, is the key to regaining her life. Thus, Hadeel began an arduous journey, one filled with pain, but fueled by a silent will refusing surrender, insisting that her life was possible despite all that was lost.

Returning to School

Hadeel returned to school carrying a different look for everything. School was no longer that simple place she goes to daily without thinking, but a daily test space for her ability to adapt and endure. She was entering the class feeling eyes reached her before she even arrived, and that her difference became apparent in small details she never considered before. Hadeel recalls that moment saying:

"I used to play and write like my classmates, and suddenly, I was no longer able to do anything."

This sudden transformation made her feel strange in a place she accustomed to belong to. The most painful moments were the writing moments. When teachers asked students to take notes, Hadeel was sitting silent, watching her classmates doing writing, feeling weight of incapacity pressing on her chest. She felt embarrassed when teachers or classmates write on her behalf, as if her voice was being filtered through someone else's hands. She describes her feeling then as a total loss of control over herself inside the classroom.



Facing the Future

Hadeel returned home, tried initially to finish her homework using her feet. She was sitting for long hours trying to trace letters with painstaking slowness, but the result was frustrating: her handwriting was unintelligible, the effort was doubled, and frustration met her at every turn. However, she did not surrender. After several failed attempts, she paused to rethink, and make a decision, simple in shape, big in effect: "I will write with what remains of my hand." The beginning was arduous. Holding the pen was not natural, the letters were stumbling, and line barely readable. She was taking long time to finish one line, requiring countless attempt. However, she found genuine support from her mother and family, who did never tired of encouraging her. Teachers in turn showed deep understanding for her condition, and granted her time and space to learn in her own way. This support made a clear difference in her psyche, and made her feel she is not alone in this journey.

Gradually, Hadeel began relying on herself. Progress was not fast, but it was steady. Every word she writes was a small victory she feels, every homework she finishes was proof of her ability to continue. She finished her high school education despite the hardships and eventually graduate with excellence, proving to herself before others she is capable of success despite all challenges.

After high school, Hadeel refused to stop education. She decided to study computer and seek to pursue an International Computer Driving License. This decision was met with new skepticism from those around her, who were saying computer needs ten fingers, and she does not own even one finger. But these words did not weaken her determination,



and pushed her with greater insistence. She decided to prove the opposite by action not words. She faced difficulty once more, and learned using computer in her own way, and was able to master required skills, eventually graduating with a grade of excellence.

Later, she took another bolder step, so she joined university and chose to study Media. Again, she found herself before questions about her ability to continue in a specialization requiring practical effort and constant presence. Her response was clear and simpler:

"I love this specialization, and I will prove I am capable."

This internal faith was her basic motive to continue. Today, Hadeel continues her university study in the second level, moving forward with a steadfastness that redefines what is possible, even in the harshest conditions.

Hadeel believes that disability is not measured by what body loses, but by what mind surrenders to. This conviction formed for her over years of daily challenge with pain, and with society looks, and with fear that tried to impose itself on her. Hadeel believes human when a person decides to fall, he/she falls completely, and when the person decides to stand, then body finds its way back to life, no matter how burdened it is by loss. Therefore, she looks to her missing arms as a void, but the start of a greater responsibility towards herself and others living similar conditions.



Advocacy and Identity

Hadeel does not see her role as limited to academic or professional success. For her, success is a tool to dismantle a deep-seated stigma, one that reduces people with disabilities to mere burdens or objects of perpetual pity. Through her journey, she seeks to prove that capability is not measured by the number of limbs one has, and that independence is possible when given opportunity and support. She believes that when society shifts its perspective, it unlocks potential previously trapped by fear and prejudice.

When Hadeel speaks of justice, she does so with a clarity free of slogans. In her view, justice begins with acknowledging what happened and holding war accountable for scarring her life and the lives of thousands of others. She demands compensation as a right, not a favor, and views the cessation of war as the first step toward any true sense of equity. She views prosthetic limbs as the bare minimum that can be offered, though she is acutely aware that they will not return her original arms or erase the heavy memories of the days following her injury, they are a means toward greater independence.

Even today, Hadeel feels the weight of the "pitying gaze", the look that is never spoken but is clearly read in the eyes of others. It often makes her feel surrounded by a "diminished affection" that sees her loss more than her strength. This sensation is psychologically exhausting and makes her worry deeply for her mother, who has carried a double burden alongside her. Hadeel feels a profound sadness when she sees the lingering fear in her mother's eyes, a constant worry about the future and whether her daughter can face the world alone. This sense of guilt haunts her at times, despite knowing that what happened was neither her choice nor her fault.

Hadeel places her individual experience within a broader context. She sees herself as part of an entire generation damaged by war—a generation whose school years were stolen and whose dreams were reduced to mere survival. She speaks of children who lost limbs before they knew the meaning of play, of shuttered schools, blocked roads, and a future suspended by conflict. In her eyes, the war stole parts of her body, but more importantly, it robbed people of their sense of safety.

Hadeel hopes for the war to end, for people to return to their normal lives, and for children to grow up carrying notebooks instead of wounds. She dreams of a Yemen where people live without the fear of a passing shell, and where no one is forced to pay the price for a conflict they had no hand in. To her, peace is not just the absence of fighting; it is the opportunity for the next generation to write their stories without beginning them with loss.



Bashir: Waiting for His Vanished Son

"If they told me he was alive, I would wait. If they told me he was dead, I would mourn and accept God's will. But for him to remain gone like this—no news, no trace—that is the true torture." With these words, spoken in a weary, trembling voice, Bashir Muqbel summarizes years of agonizing waiting—a wait that feels like standing in the middle of a never-ending road.

Every morning, Bashir wakes up with the same question: Where is my son, Mohammed? And every evening, the question grows heavier as hope is dashed once again.

The Moment of Disappearance

On the evening of August 2018 ,9, Mohammed Bashir Mohammed Muqbel left his home heading toward the Al-Askari neighborhood in Taiz. There was nothing alarming about his departure. A twenty-two-year-old young man, he worked in a blacksmith workshop in the Al-Qubba neighborhood of the Cairo District. His life was simple and disciplined: he worked from 8:00 AM to 12:00 PM, returned for an evening shift from 2:00 PM to 6:00 PM, and headed home at sunset.

On Fridays, Mohammad usually visiting his aunt or spending some time with sons of the neighborhood he grew up in since childhood. Al-Askari was familiar territory to him; he knew its smallest details, its alleys, and the faces of its people. But that day did not end as all days.

As night fell, his father noticed Mohammed had not returned. Initially, he tried to reassure himself; perhaps he was delayed by road closures or the frequent clashes. At the time, the security situation in Taiz was volatile, with fighting erupting suddenly, particularly in areas like Al-Askari and Al-Jahmaliya.

Hours passed, and Mohammed did not arrive. "The road was blocked, and the clashes were continuous," Bashir recalls. "I couldn't move, and I didn't know who to ask." That night, no one in the house slept. They waited for a call, a message, any sign of reassurance. Nothing came.

First Search and First Shock

The following day, the father began his search. He asked neighbors, friends, and Mohammed's colleagues. No one had seen him return. No one knew where he had vanished. As days turned into weeks, anxiety transformed into genuine terror.

"I searched everywhere," Bashir says. "I went to people, I inquired, I searched extensively... but I found no trace."

Initially, the family had no information regarding an arrest or detention. There was no official report, and no entity admitted to taking Mohammed. He had simply vanished.

After weeks of wandering in uncertainty, the father approached military figures, including Wuhaib Al-Houri. According to the father, Al-Houri denied responsibility for any raids in the area and suggested that the group that raided Al-Askari at the time was led by an officer named Yasser Al-Aqel—a commander in the 22nd Mika Brigade and the person in charge of the first sector during that period.

Some advised him turning to human rights organizations, perhaps they possess ability for documentation and follow-up.

The Human Rights Path

At the National Commission to Investigate Allegations of Human Rights Violations, Bashir documented his son's disappearance. He opened a file and provided his testimony; Mohammed's name became a number in a long register of violations. But to his father, he was not a number—he was an entire life suspended in limbo.

The father followed up with the Commission constantly. On one occasion, about two months after the disappearance, he received a call from a staff member. She informed him that there was a witness to his son's disappearance. The witness was not a stranger; he was another father living the same tragedy.

It emerged that the witness's son, Ahmed Essam, had disappeared at the same time and place, and that the two young men were together at the moment of arrest. Later, other testimonies confirmed that Mohammed did not disappear by chance, but was arrested during an armed raid.

What Happened That Night?

According to a subsequent human rights report, at exactly 7:30 PM on August 2018 ,9, an armed group affiliated with the 22nd Mika Brigade raided the Al-Sa'eeda channel building in the Al-Askari neighborhood, where a displaced family was residing.

During the raid, Mohammed Bashir was arrested alongside Ahmed Essam, his father Essam Al-Aghbari, and several other family members, including women and children. They were taken to the brigade's headquarters near the Bazar'a Mosque. Reports from witnesses indicate that Mohammed was subjected to severe torture during interrogation, including brutal beatings, the severing of his fingers, and being pricked with needles across his body.

The next morning, Essam Al-Aghbari and his family were released with a warning not to return to the Al-Askari neighborhood. However, Mohammed and Ahmed remained in custody. Eight days later, the two young men were moved to an unknown location, and since then, all news of them has ceased entirely.

Absence Gnaws the Family

Mohammed's disappearance was not a fleeting event; it was an earthquake that changed everything. "I was already ill," Bashir says, "but after my son disappeared, my illness worsened. I started taking more medication, and I was psychologically exhausted."

The mother was deeply affected. Her silence grew longer, her tears closer. Mohammed's brothers left school for periods, burdened by grief. The house that once bustled with life became heavy with silence. Most agonizing was that Mohammed suffered from diabetes and required regular insulin. "I always wondered," his father says, "does he have his medicine? Are they giving him insulin? Can his body handle it?" Years passed with no change. No calls, no letters, no confirmed information. Only scattered rumors and unreliable news that increased the pain rather than easing it. The father knocked on every door: the Military Police, the Public Prosecution, and various official bodies. He carried his file, his documents, and his testimonies everywhere. But the walls were higher than his voice.

In 2023, he heard news of the death of the officer accused of leading the arrest. The news brought him no peace; instead, it deepened his sense of loss. "Even if he died, where is my son?" he asks. "Where is the truth?"



Knowing the Fate

For Bashir, justice is not a grand word or a distant concept. Justice begins with the heart—with the void Mohammed left in the house that has yet to be filled. He says he doesn't understand laws or how files are managed, but he knows the meaning of waking up every day waiting for news that never comes.

In his eyes, justice is the end of this waiting—no longer being suspended between a hope that reality contradicts and a fear that gnaws at him in the silence. Sometimes he imagines Mohammed walking through the door suddenly, with the same smile and the same voice, only to return to reality and find the house as still as the day he vanished.

Today, Bashir asks for nothing more than the truth. He doesn't want to hear promises or be told to simply have patience. He says that patience becomes cruel when it is never rewarded, and when an entire lifetime passes while standing in the same spot.

He wants to know where his son went, what happened to him, and why. Even pain, he says, is bearable when it is clear, but ambiguity kills slowly.

"If I knew he was dead, I would visit his grave, read the Fatiha for him, cry, and find peace," he says, lowering his voice. "But like this... neither alive nor dead."

Bashir sometimes feels that the world has forgotten Mohammed, and that people have grown too accustomed to his absence. He believes justice also means that his son is not forgotten, that he does not become just a name on a paper or a number in a report. Justice is remembering him as a human being: a young man who left his home and never returned, leaving behind a waiting mother, a father turning gray with questions, and a home changed forever. For him, the greatest injustice is not just what happened that night, but the silence that followed, as if his son's life was not important enough to be accounted for.

In these five stories, war is manifested as a force that uproots human beings and forcibly reshapes their destinies. A photographer who went out to document pain only to return with a permanent disability; a woman exhausted by displacement who lost her family and home; a child who dreamed of school notebooks but was met by landmines; a father whose life is suspended at a door of waiting that never opens; and a farmer who saw his land stolen and his home razed.

Transitional Justice, in its deepest sense, is not a cold legal procedure so much as it is a moral promise that what happened will not be shrouded in silence. It is the uncovering of truth, the holding of officials accountable, and the recognition that these losses were the result of actions that must be called by their true names. Without this recognition, the pain remains suspended and the wounds remain open.

However, no compensation, no matter how great, can fully repair what has been broken within. Money cannot restore a lost hand, erase the image of a fallen colleague, return a missing son to his father's embrace, restore the warmth of a demolished home, or compensate for a stolen childhood. Redress is a necessity, but it is not a total cure; it is an attempt to support life so that it may continue, not a means to turn back time. The souls touched by loss will always carry its mark.

Doing justice to the victims means viewing them as the rightful owners of truth, dignity, and memory. It means writing the history of this era through their voices and safeguarding their right to justice, even if the road to it is long.

Thus, these stories become more than a narration of pain; they are a call for a peace built on justice. When the dignity of victims is respected, their losses acknowledged, and serious steps are taken to ensure the tragedy is never repeated—only then can we say we have truly begun to mend the nation, even if some souls carry their scars forever.



رابطة أمهات المختطفين
Abductees' Mothers
Association



Justice4Yemen Pact
ميثاق العدالة لليمن



DT Institute

The Voice of Survivors...Justice Through Their Eyes

A documentary telling the stories of survivors
affected by the machinery of war, and their
demands for justice