

Yahya Al-Sinwar's Will. "My will to you starts here, from that Palestinian child who threw the first stone at the occupier"

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*This document was translated from Arabic by **Amir Nour**.*

I am Yahya, the son of a refugee who turned exile into a temporary homeland, and turned a dream into an eternal battle. As I write these words, I recall every moment that has passed in my life: from my childhood in the alleys, to the long years of imprisonment, to every drop of blood that was shed on the soil of this land.

I was born in Khan Yunis camp in 1962, at a time when Palestine was a torn memory and forgotten maps on the tables of politicians. I am the man whose life was woven between fire and ashes, and who realized early on that life under occupation meant nothing but permanent imprisonment. I knew from a young age that life in this land is not ordinary, and that whoever is born here must carry an unbreakable weapon in their heart, and be aware that the road to freedom is long.

My will to you starts here, from that child who threw the first stone at the occupier, and learned that stones are the first words we utter in the face of a world that stands silent before of our wound.

I learned in the streets of Gaza that a person is not measured by the years of their life, but by what they give to their homeland. This was my life: prisons and battles, pain and hope. I entered prison for the first time in 1988, and was sentenced to life imprisonment, but I did not know a way to fear. In those dark cells, I saw in every wall a window to the distant horizon, and in every bar a light illuminating the path to freedom. In prison, I learned that patience is not just a virtue, but rather a weapon, a bitter weapon, like drinking the sea drop by drop.

My will to you: do not fear prisons, for they are only part of our long journey toward freedom. Prison taught me that freedom is not just a stolen right, but rather an idea born of pain and refined with patience. When I was released in the "Loyalty of the Free" prisoner exchange deal in 2011, I did not emerge the same; I emerged stronger and so did my belief that what we are doing is not just a passing struggle, but rather our destiny, one that we carry until the last drop of our blood.

My will to you is that you continue to cling to the gun, to the dignity that cannot be compromised, and to the dream that does not die. The enemy wants us to abandon resistance, to turn our issue into an endless negotiation. But I say to you: do not negotiate over what is rightfully yours. They fear your steadfastness more than they fear your

weapons. Resistance is not just a weapon we carry, but rather it is our love for Palestine in every breath we take, it is our will to remain, despite the siege and aggression.

My will to you is that you remain loyal to the blood of the martyrs, to those who departed and left us this path full of thorns. They are the ones who paved the path of freedom for us with their blood, so do not waste those sacrifices in the calculations of politicians and the games of diplomacy. We are here to continue what the first generation started, and we will not deviate from this path no matter the cost. Gaza was and will remain the capital of steadfastness, and the heart of Palestine that never stops beating, even if the world closes in around us.

When I took over the leadership of Hamas in Gaza in 2017, it was not just a transfer of power, but rather a continuation of a resistance that began with stones and continued with rifles. Every day, I felt the pain of my people under the siege, and I knew that every step we take toward freedom comes at a price. But I tell you: the cost of surrender is much greater.

Therefore, hold on firmly to the land as roots cling to the soil, for no wind can uproot a people who have chosen to live. In the Battle of Al-Aqsa Flood, I was not the leader of a group or movement, but the voice of every Palestinian dreaming of liberation. I was guided by my belief that resistance is not just an option, but a duty. I wanted this battle to be a new chapter in the book of Palestinian struggle, where the factions unite and everyone stands in one trench against an enemy that has never differentiated between a child and an old man, or between a stone and a tree.

The Al-Aqsa flood was a battle of spirit before it was a battle of bodies, and of will before a battle of weapons. What I have left behind is not a personal legacy, but a collective one, for every Palestinian who dreamed of freedom, for every mother who carried her son on her shoulder as a martyr, for every father who wept bitterly for his daughter who was killed by a treacherous bullet.

My final will to you is to always remember that resistance is not in vain, nor is it a bullet fired, but a life that we live with honor and dignity. Prison and siege taught me that the battle is long, and that the road is difficult, but I also learned that peoples who refuse to surrender create miracles with their own hands. Do not expect the world to do you justice, for I have lived and witnessed how the world remains silent in the face of our pain. Do not wait for fairness, but be the fairness. Carry the dream of Palestine in your hearts, and make every wound a weapon, and every tear a source of hope.

This is my will to you: do not lay down your weapons, do not throw away your stones, do not forget your martyrs, and do not compromise on a dream that is rightfully yours.

We are here to stay, in our land, in our hearts, and in the future of our children.

I entrust you with Palestine, the land I loved until death, and the dream I carried on my shoulders like a mountain that never bends.

If I fall, do not fall with me, but carry for me a banner that never falls, and make my blood a bridge for a generation that will rise from our ashes stronger. Do not forget that the homeland is not a story to be told, but a reality to be lived, and that with every martyr a thousand more resistance fighters are born from the womb of this land.

If the flood returns and I am not among you, know that I was the first drop in the waves of

freedom, and that I lived to see you continue the journey.

Be a thorn in their throat, a flood that knows no retreat, and do not rest until the world acknowledges that we are the rightful owners, and that we are not just numbers in the news bulletins.

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