

A colorful illustration of a young boy with dark curly hair, wearing a blue tunic and a tall red and white striped conical hat. He is holding the index finger of a giant orange hand that descends from the top left corner. The background features a light blue sky with stylized clouds, a yellow ground with a repeating diamond pattern, and a village with tan houses and white ambulances. Several colorful birds are flying around the boy. The title 'A Big so Very Big Hand' is written in a large, dark blue, sans-serif font across the upper half of the image.

A Big so Very Big Hand

Hanaa Ahmad
Ala'a Al Ja'bari



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This book was first published in Arabic in Palestine in, 2026.

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First Edition 2026

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In Partnership with:

PSEA Network - SANAD and Tamer Institute for Community Education



Protection
from Sexual
Exploitation
and Abuse
(PSEA)



ISBN: 978-9950-27-164-7

A Big, so Very Big, Hand

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Ala'a Al Ja'bari



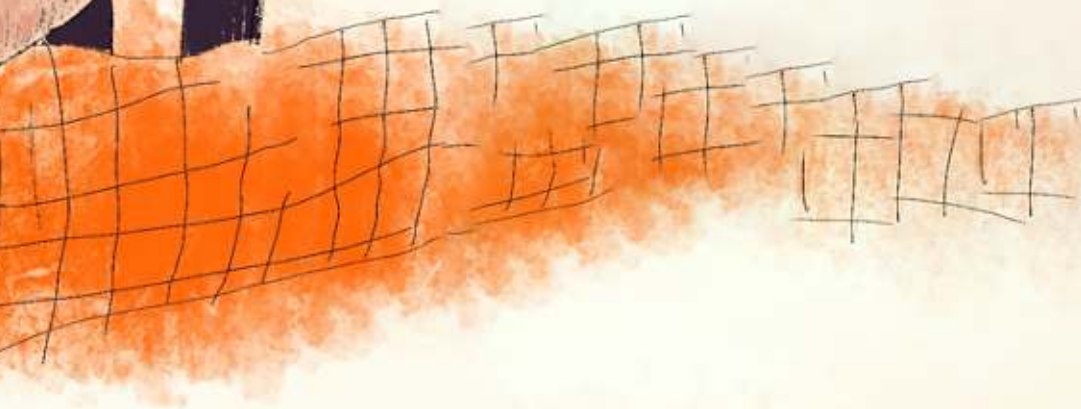
My grandfather's hand is large
- lined, rough, weathered.





When I hold it, I understand
the meaning of the word luck.

I have a grandfather.





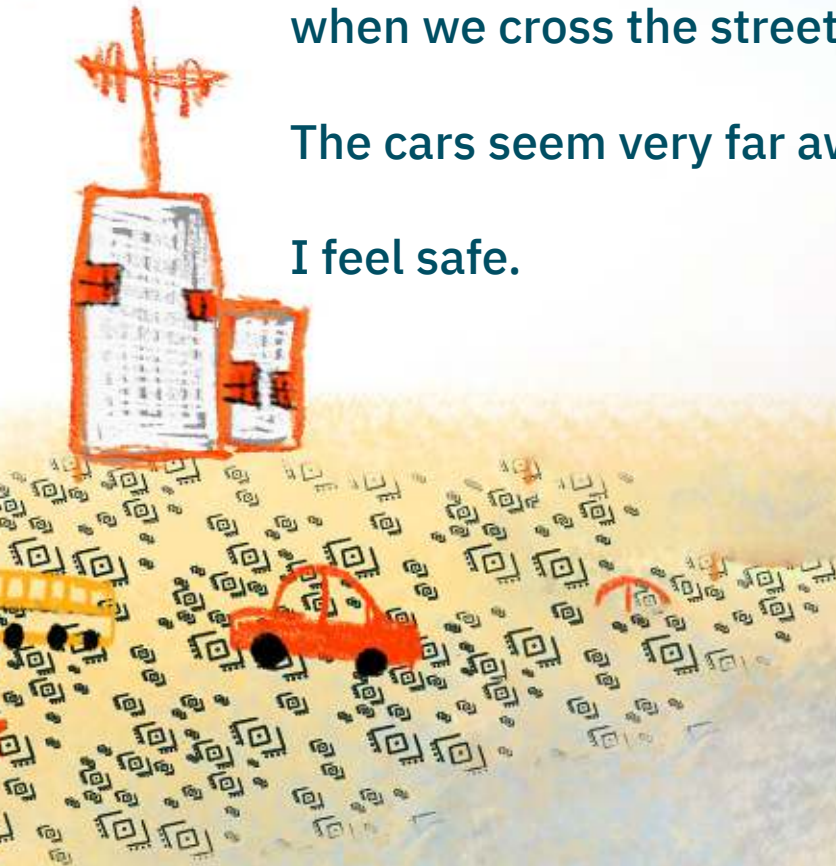


My father's hand is large, too.

His fingers press gently around mine
when we cross the street together.

The cars seem very far away.

I feel safe.



My mother's hand is tender,
warm.

When her magical hand rests
in my hair, I fall asleep and
dream beautiful dreams.

I set out on splendid
adventures, as though I was
wandering through a kingdom
of wondrous tales.





But, sometimes...

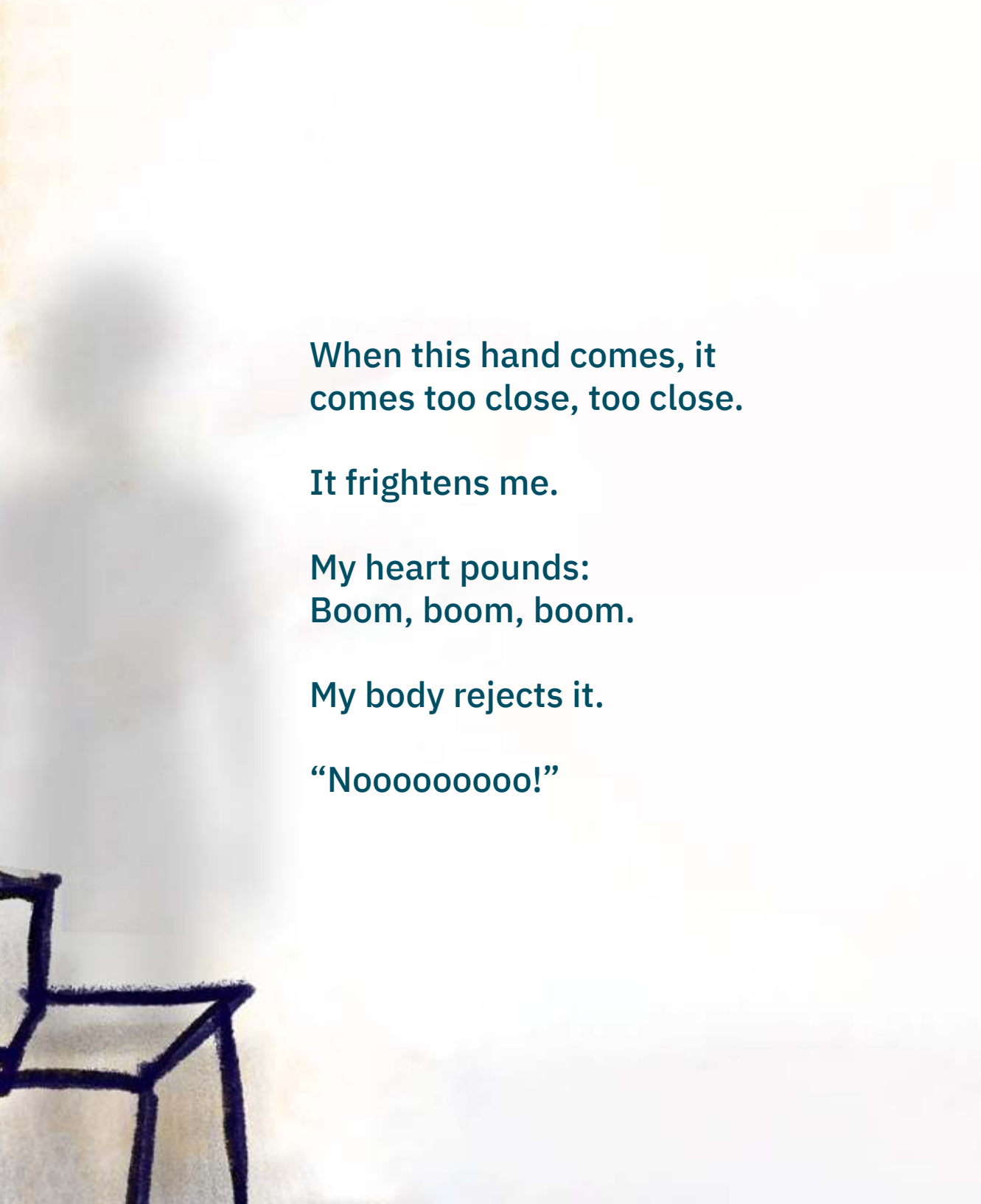
there is a hand I do
not like.

When I stand in a
very, very long line,
I feel it behind me.









When this hand comes, it
comes too close, too close.

It frightens me.

My heart pounds:
Boom, boom, boom.

My body rejects it.

“Noooooooooooo!”

I run and run, in my
mind, the hand chases
me, trying to touch me.



I run faster towards someone who
listens to me and makes me feel safe.

This hand is not like my mother's.
Not like my father's.
Not even like my grandfather's.
It is a hand I do not know.
A hand I do not like.



My body is mine

No one should touch me,
Not my teacher, not my doctor, not
the aid worker that gives me food
and water...



And I can say NO to unwanted touch.



This body



is mine

mine

mine

mine



Dear friends, big and small,

We are sharing this story with you, a story that came to life from special meetings between children, just like you, and the facilitator and author, Hanaa Ahmad. In those meetings, the children bravely shared their fears and worries during the time of displacement.

We encourage you and your parents or caregivers to keep talking together about the experiences you have been through, the long queues, the crowding, and everything you have lived and felt during the difficult days of the war and displacement in the West Bank and the Gaza Strip.

This story is here to help you feel safe and confident. It teaches that when something makes you feel uncomfortable or worried, those feelings are important and should be heard. It also reminds you that asking for help is always okay, and it never takes away from your courage, strength, or dignity.





Speak with your mother, father, grandmother, aunt, or an adult caregiver.

Speak with another adult at your school or community who makes you feel comfortable.

If you can use a phone, you can call a social counselor at Sawa Organization's Helpline: 164, which is supported by PSEA Network/ Sanad. We are here to listen and help.

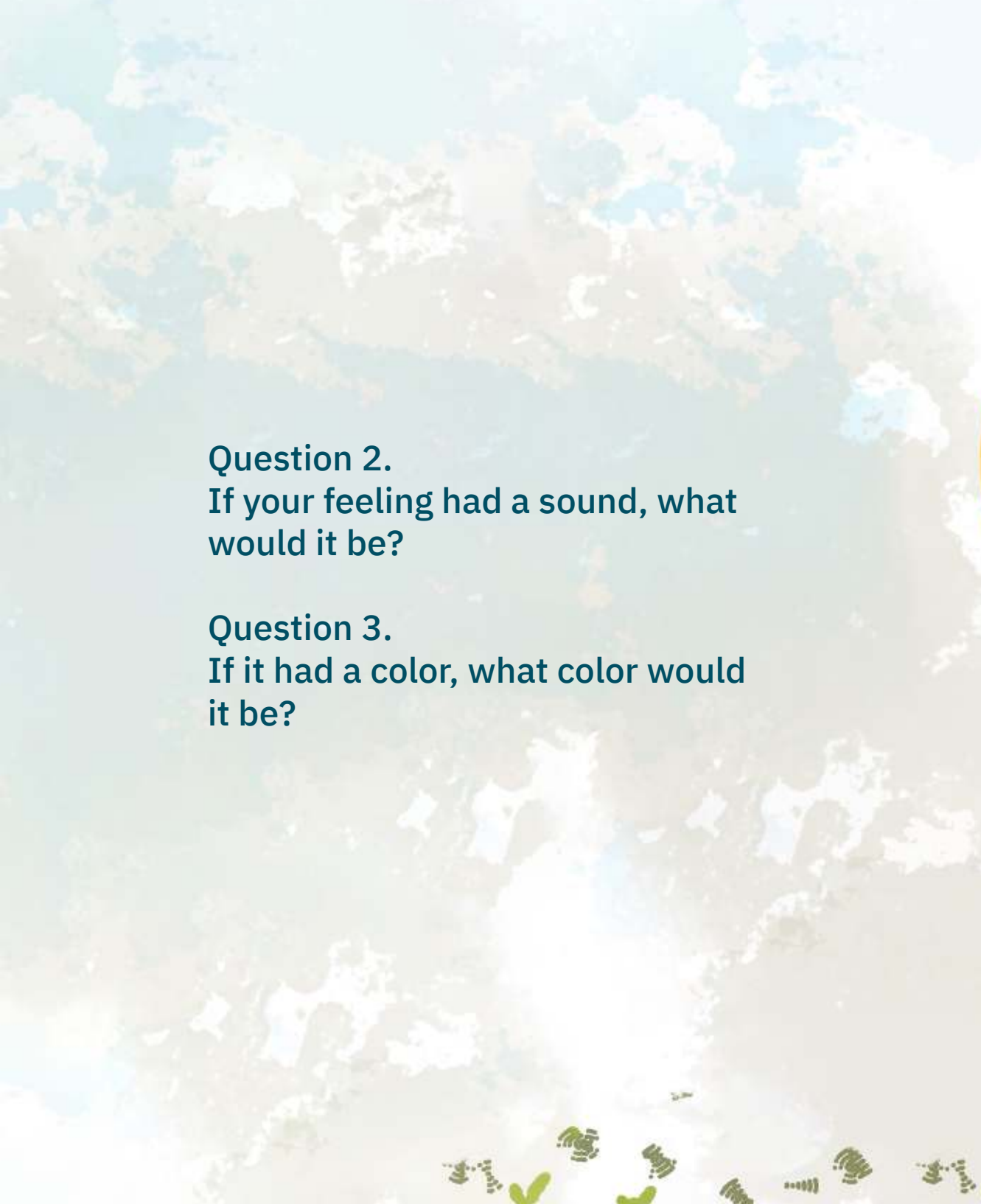


Share your thoughts with us through
email:
info@tamerinst.org

Question 1.
What happens with our fears
when we speak about them







Question 2.

If your feeling had a sound, what would it be?

Question 3.

If it had a color, what color would it be?



Doodle Space

Remember

I have the right to safety and respect.

I am smart and strong.
My body is mine and I can protect it.

I can speak with an adult
who makes me feel heard
and safe.

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