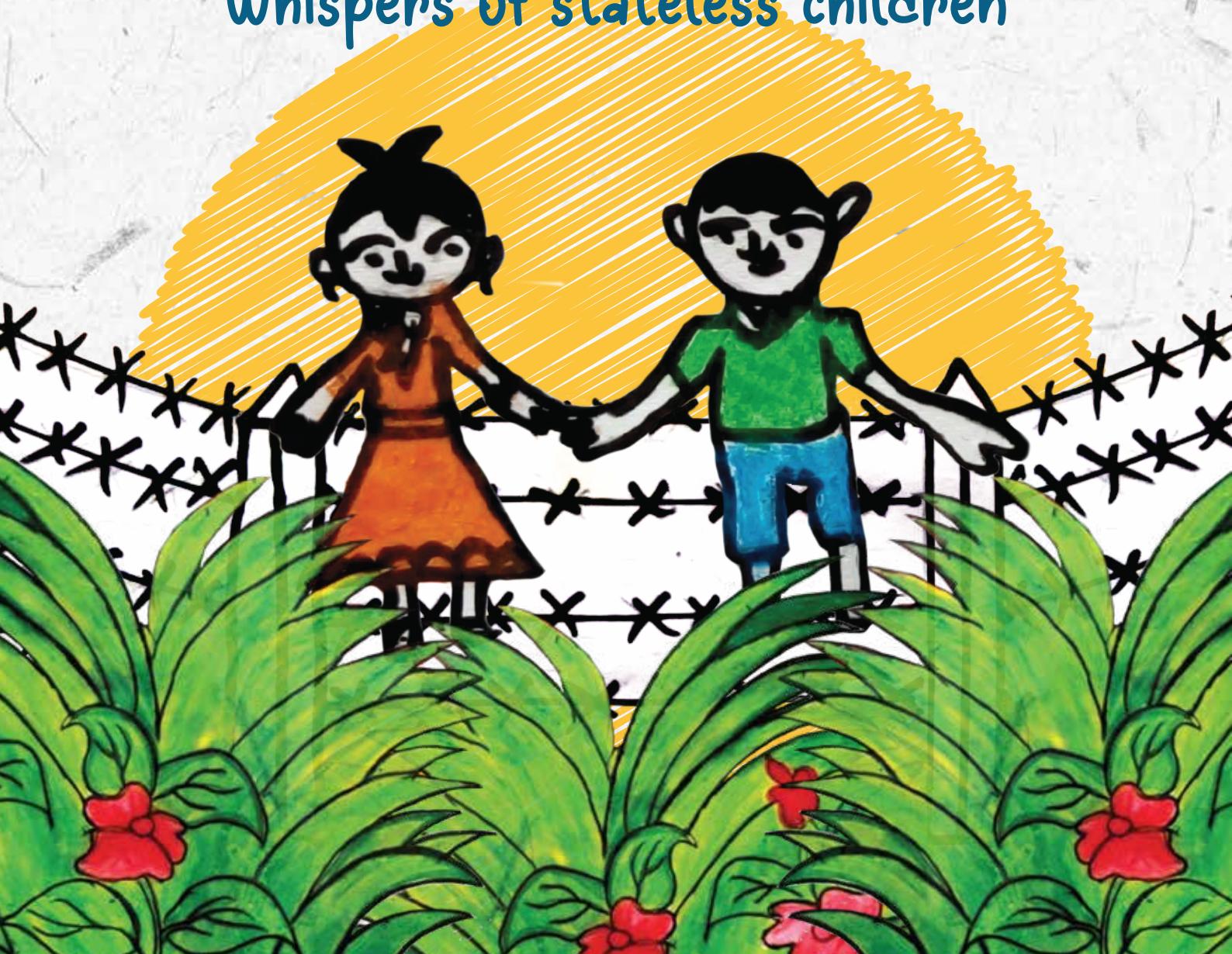


MaSUM KHwab

Whispers of stateless children





AHP

Australian Humanitarian Partnership



Local Partners



Disability Inclusion
Technical Partner



AHP Bangladesh Consortium

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Disclaimer

This book includes children's drawings that portray sensitive themes such as violence, abuse and abduction, which some readers may find distressing. These images are presented to truthfully reflect the lived experiences of the Rohingya community and to raise awareness of their realities.

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About this book

Masum Khwab / Innocent Dreams offers a window into the hopes, fears, and lived realities of children growing up in the Rohingya camps of Bangladesh. Through their drawings and poetry, these vulnerable yet resilient children share stories of hope, trauma, and survival. Their expressions speak of a deep longing for safety, dignity, and a future free from violence and displacement.

The book brings together the voices of children from the Rohingya camps, many of whom have endured unimaginable hardship throughout the Rohingya crisis. Their drawings lay bare the realities of life as Forcibly Displaced Myanmar Nationals (FDMN): the violence they escaped, the challenges they continue to face, and the dreams they still hold onto. Some illustrations capture the innocence of childhood, while others reveal the profound scars of gender-based violence, exploitation, the loss of loved ones, and the day-to-day protection and safety concerns within the camps.

At its core, *Masum Khwab* is a call to action. It reminds us that although these children are stateless, they are far from voiceless. Their quiet words carry the weight of their experiences and their hope for a better tomorrow. The book urges readers to look beyond statistics and headlines, to recognise the humanity of these children, and to take meaningful steps to ensure their safety, dignity and future.

This book is a product of the CPPC project under the AHP Bangladesh Consortium, published by Mukti Cox's Bazar as a tribute to the resilience of Rohingya children and as an appeal for safety, justice and compassion. May their voices inspire us to build a world where no child is forced to endure such suffering, and where every child can dream freely of a brighter future.



Rohingya

Jaber, Camp 12

R-Rooted in Arakan,
we lived before borders,
before they called us “illegal.”

O-Over centuries,
we lived as citizens,
prayed in mosques,
spoke our mother tongue
without fear and hesitation.

H-History was ours too,
recorded in the laws of Burma,
written in list of ethic groups,
but it was erased by inhumans.

I-In 1942, blood filled the streams,
and our dead were never mourned.

N-Nationality was ours,
until 1982 took it away
with one cruel law.

G-Generations grew up
in barbed-wire cages,
with no school, no path,
no freedom to dream.

Y-Years of silence followed,
the mass graves and burned homes,
boats sinking under crying skies.

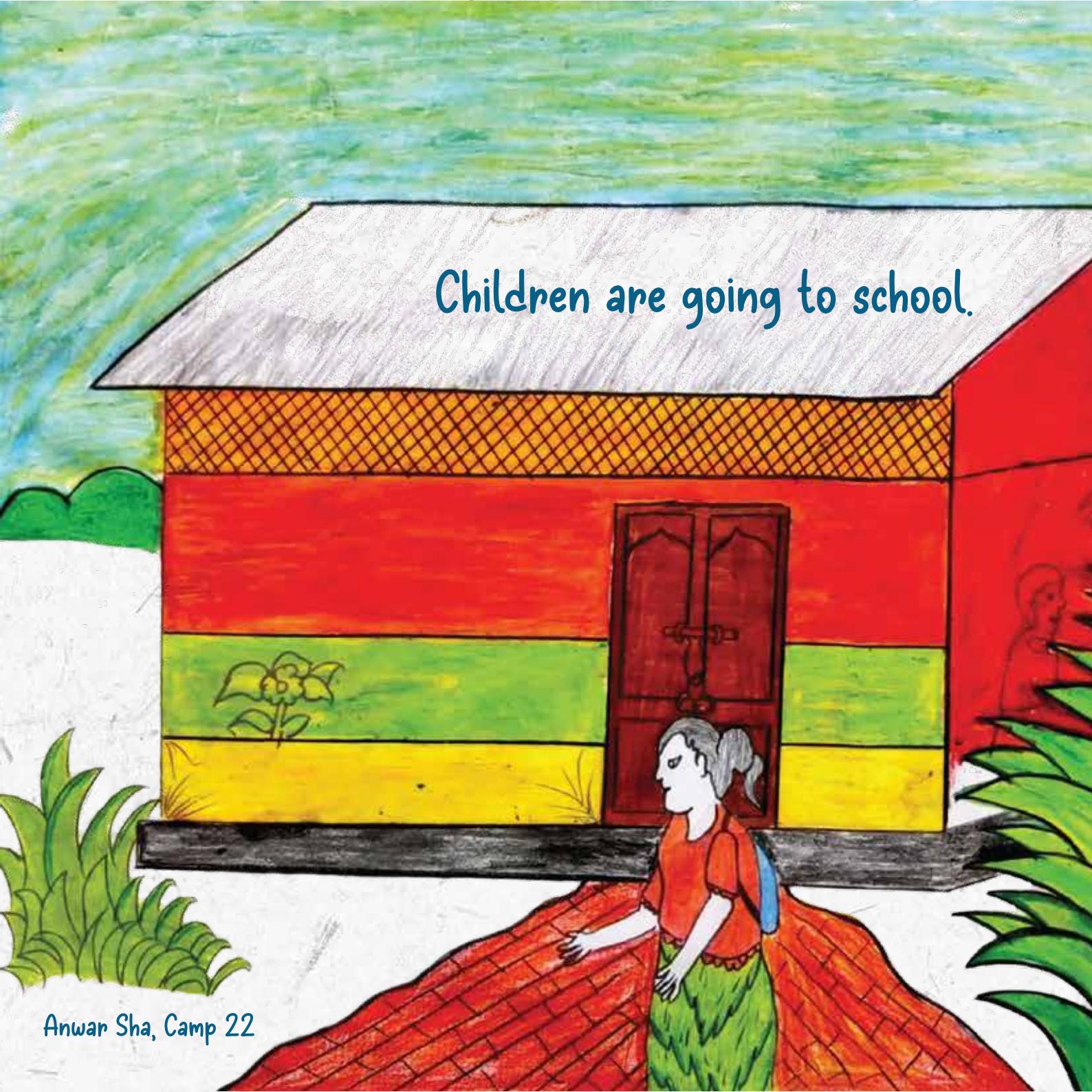
A-And now,
we live stateless,
but not storyless,
we are still Rohingya.



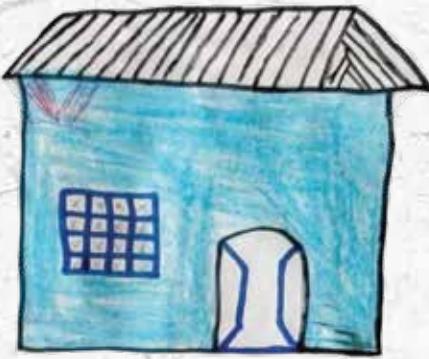
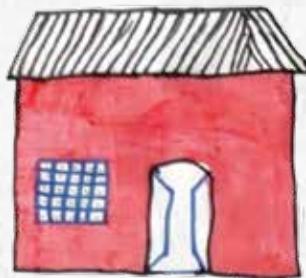
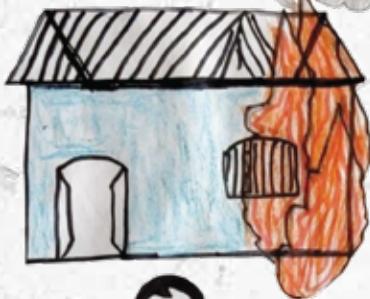
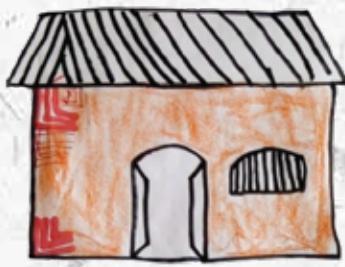


Rohingya influx during 2017.

Jonnatul Noyem, Camp 22



Children are going to school.



Let's beware of
fire incidents!

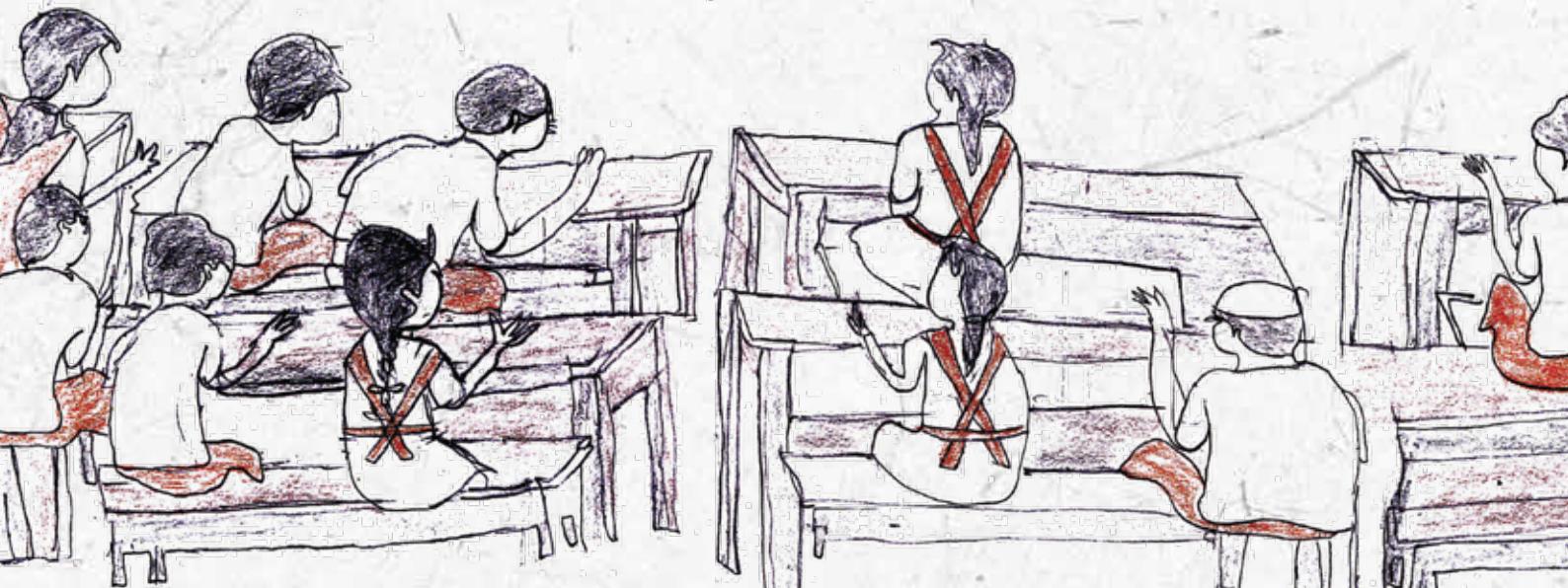
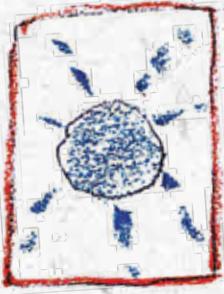
Small family, Happy family.



Camp settings where safety, well-being, and community harmony remain essential.



Children enjoying their classes

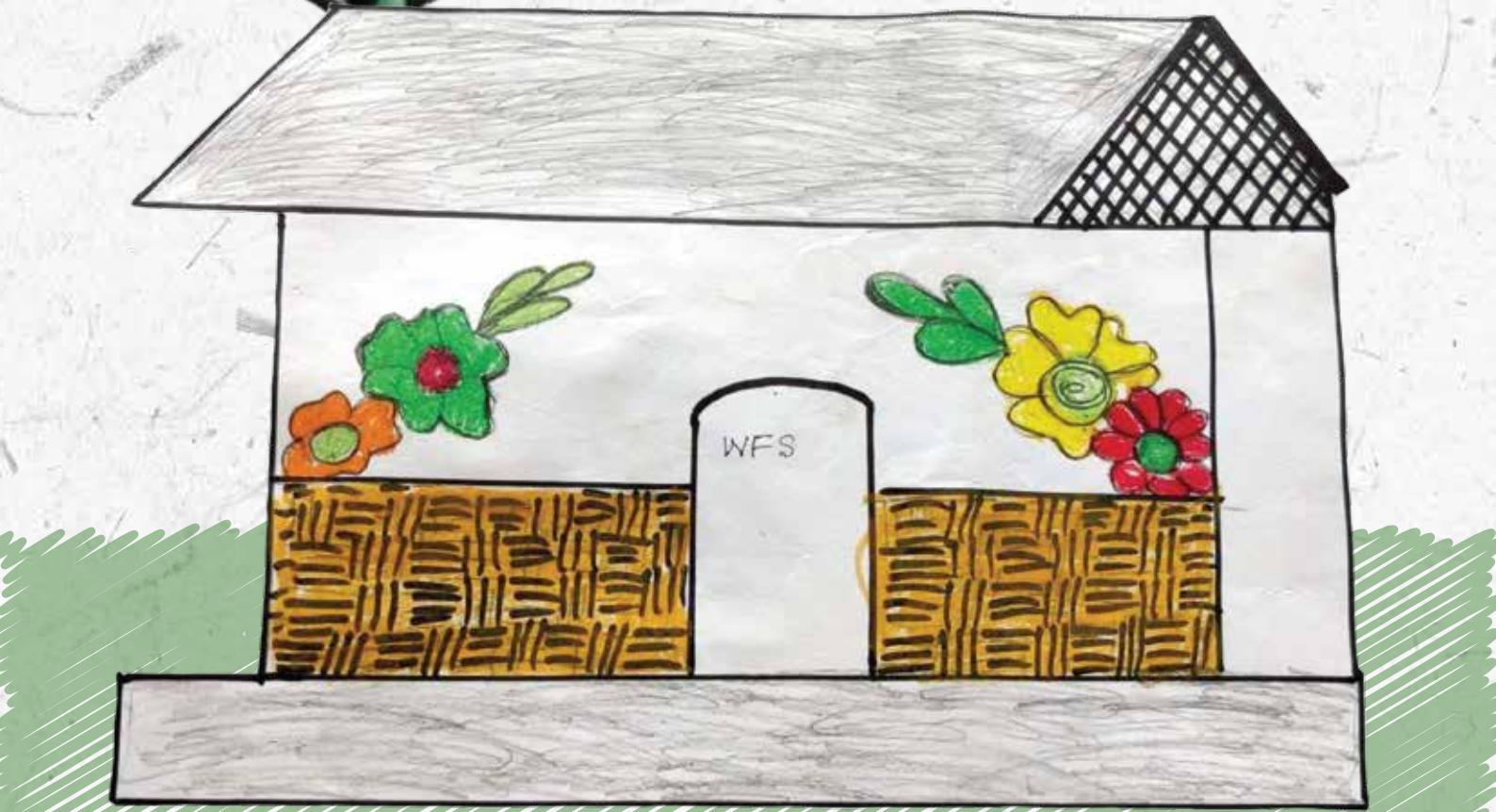


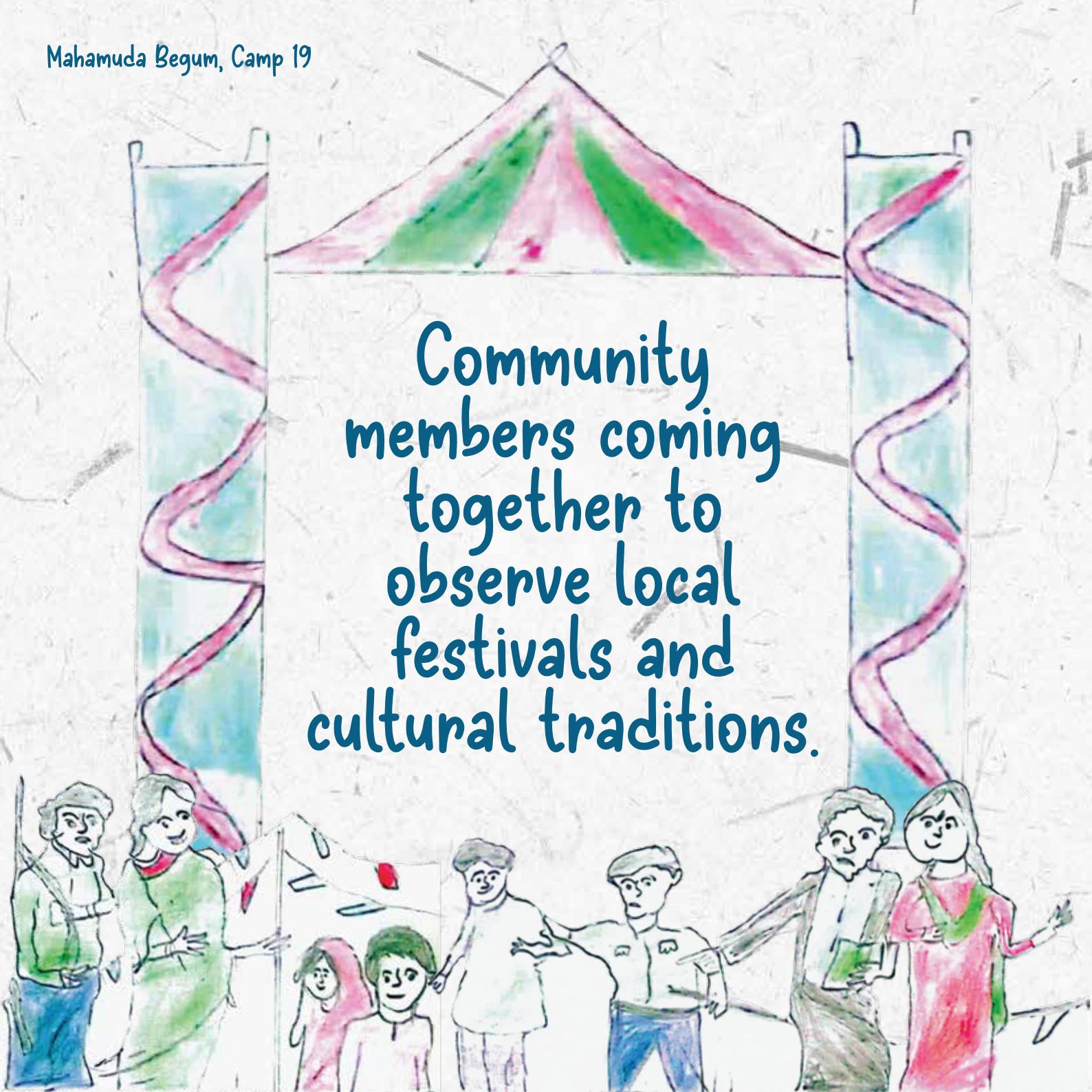
Learning through play and interaction in a safe classroom environment.



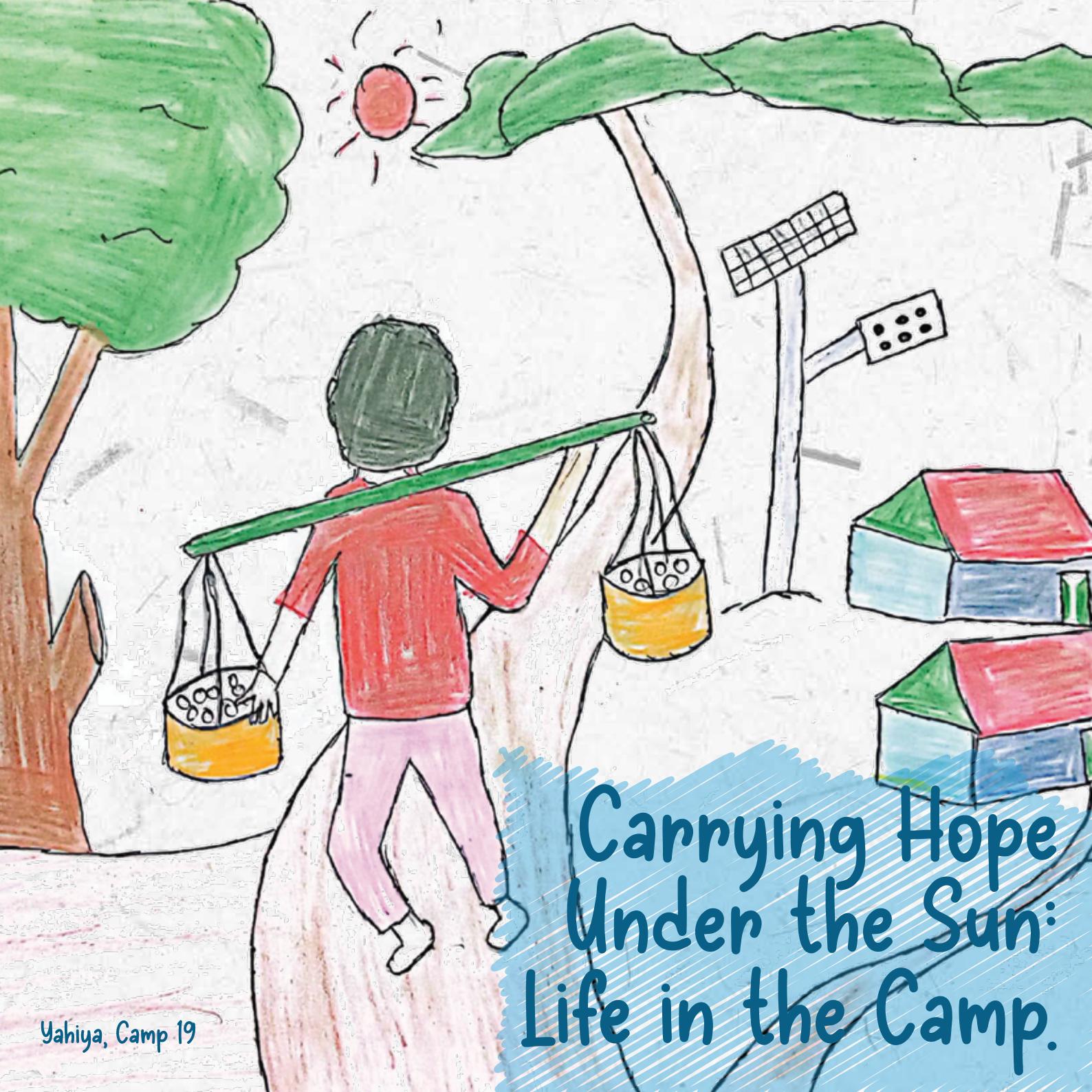
WFS- Women Friendly Space.

Which is accessible
and free of cost.





Community
members coming
together to
observe local
festivals and
cultural traditions.



Carrying Hope Under the Sun: Life in the Camp.

Yahiya, Camp 19

A Road Can Transform Lives

Yahiya, Camp 19

When we first came to the camp, there were no good roads. It was difficult to walk or carry things. The Government of Bangladesh has constructed roads for us. In addition, NGOs are providing different forms of assistance. Now, we can easily bring food and supplies to our homes from WFP. My picture shows how the new roads have improved our lives.

Rezuwan, Camp 19



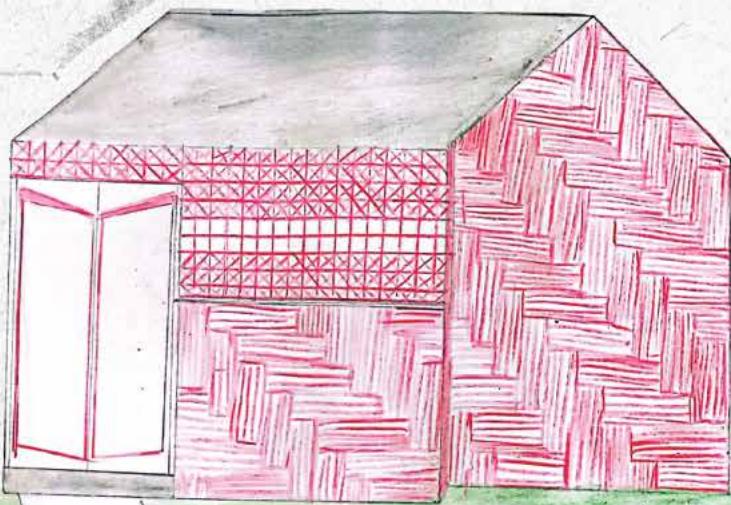
Despite reduced WASH support, the spirit of Camp 19 shines bright. Our community came together to keep every block clean, ensuring health and hope for all.

Clean Surroundings, Healthy Lives

This picture shows how important it is to keep our surroundings clean. If we clean the drains nearby and throw waste properly, we can stop these diseases and live healthier lives.



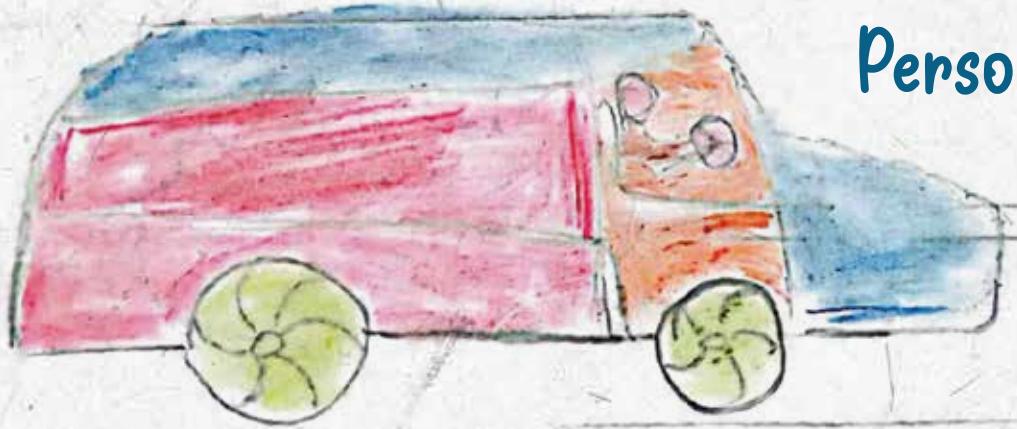
The host community used to cultivate their lands which now turned into camp settlements.



Nur Shohid, Camp 19

If people with disabilities receive wheelchairs, walking sticks, and glasses, they can carry out daily activities just like everyone else.

My picture shows that they are strong and can live a good life when they get the right support.



Persons with disability inclusion.

Mohammed Ayas, Camp 19

Camp of Dust, Heart of Fire

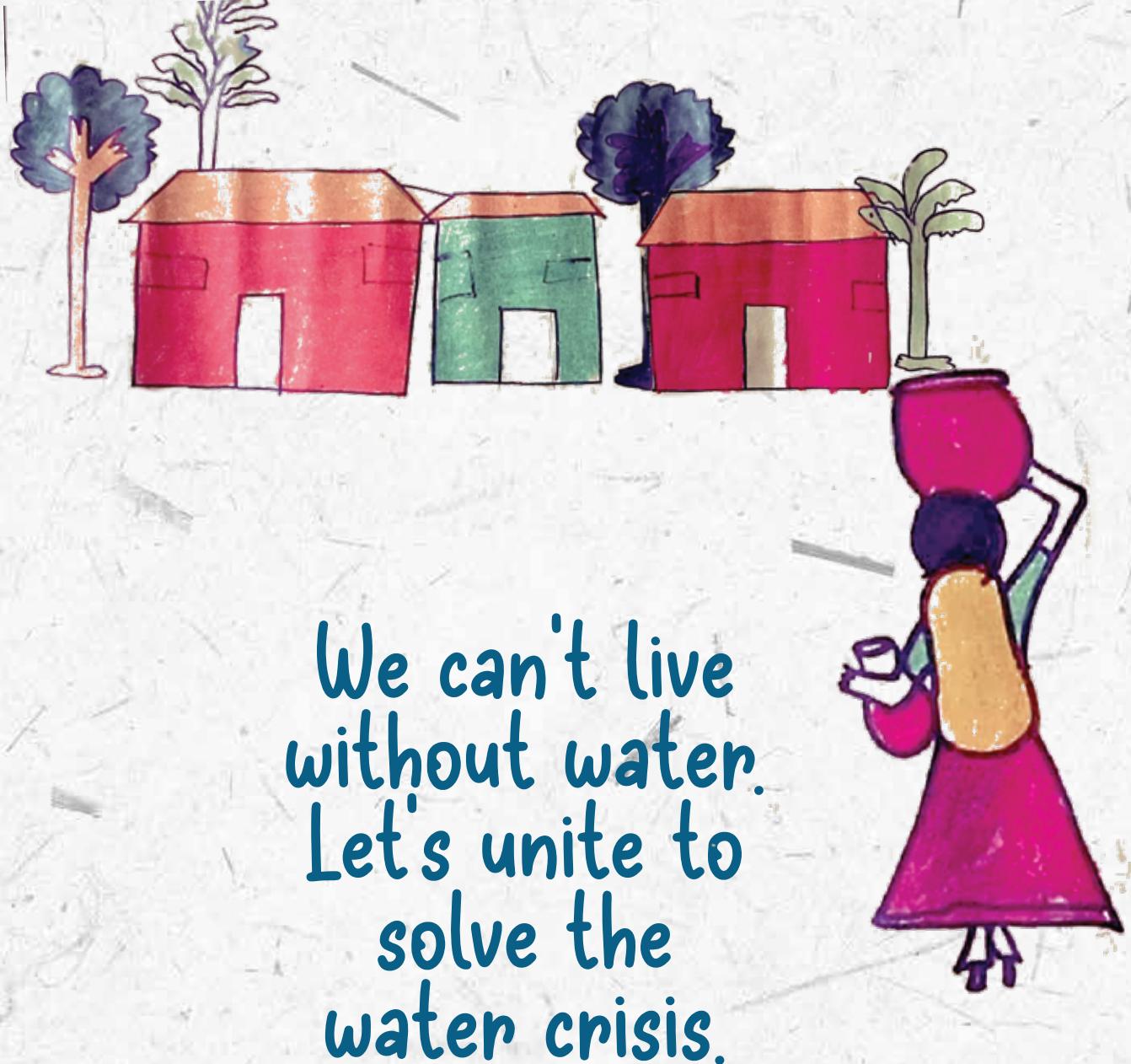
Yasir Arafat, Camp 22

Bamboo walls and plastic roof,
This is home without a roof.
Crowded tents and broken ground,
Where every cry's a haunting sound.

Lines for food, for water, and for aid,
In the heat, we sweat and fade.
Children run with naked feet,
Dreams dissolving in the heat.

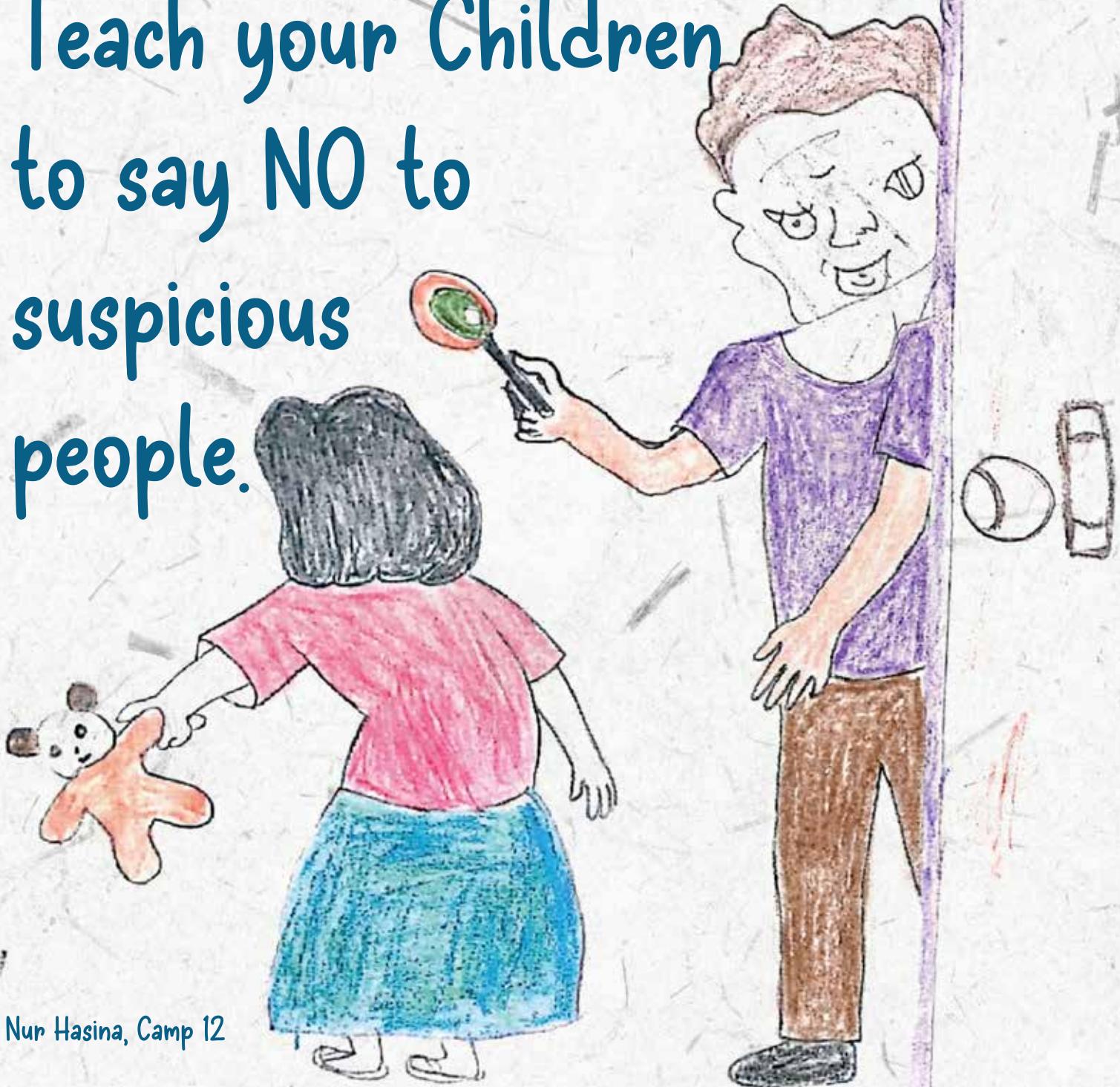
At night, the wind brings tales of fear,
Of villages we held so dear.
Now ashes float where gardens grew,
And every tent holds stories true.





We can't live
without water.
Let's unite to
solve the
water crisis.

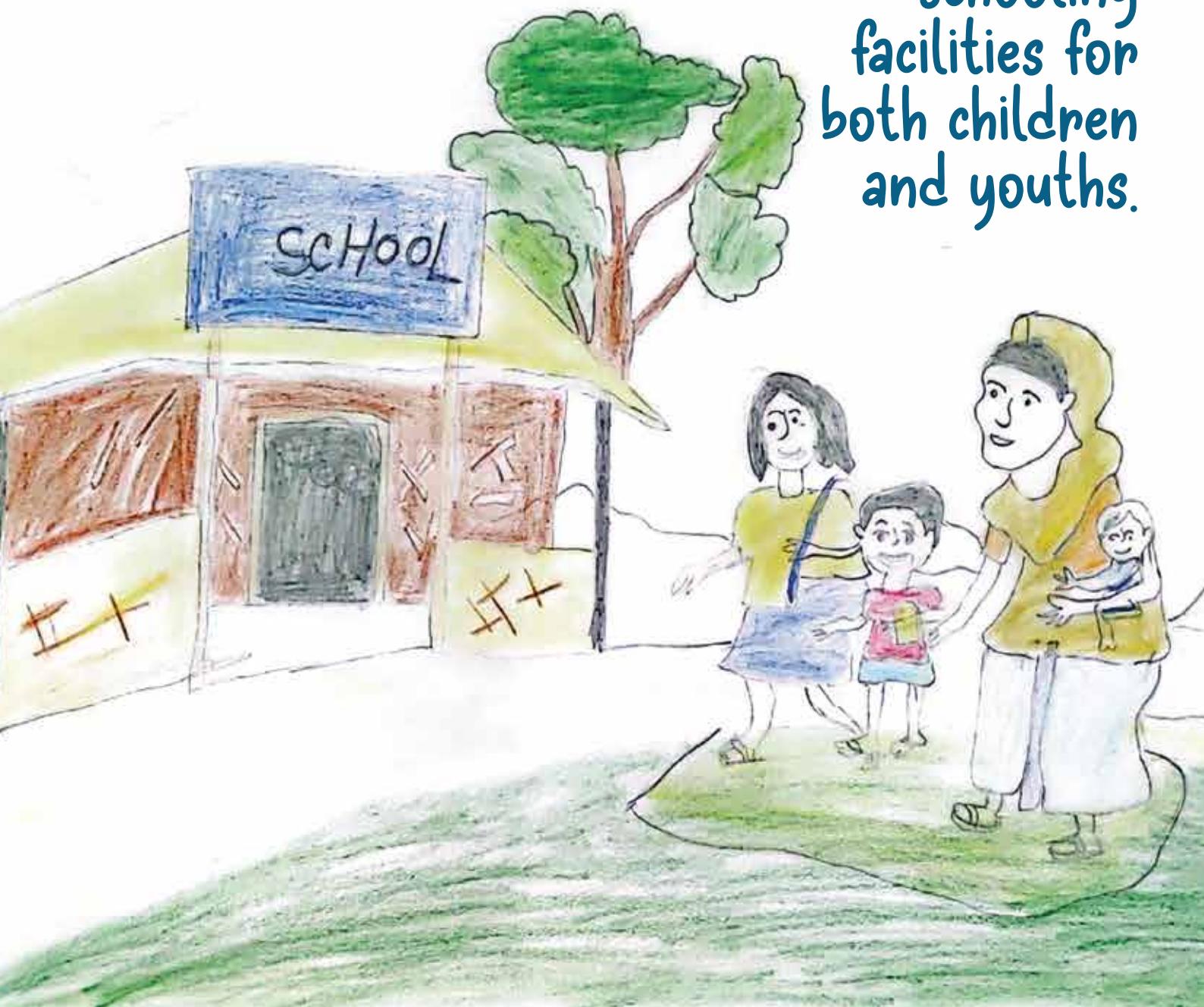
Teach your Children
to say NO to
suspicious
people.



Education is our future!
Our community continues to
avail learning and educational
opportunities.



We want
schooling
facilities for
both children
and youths.



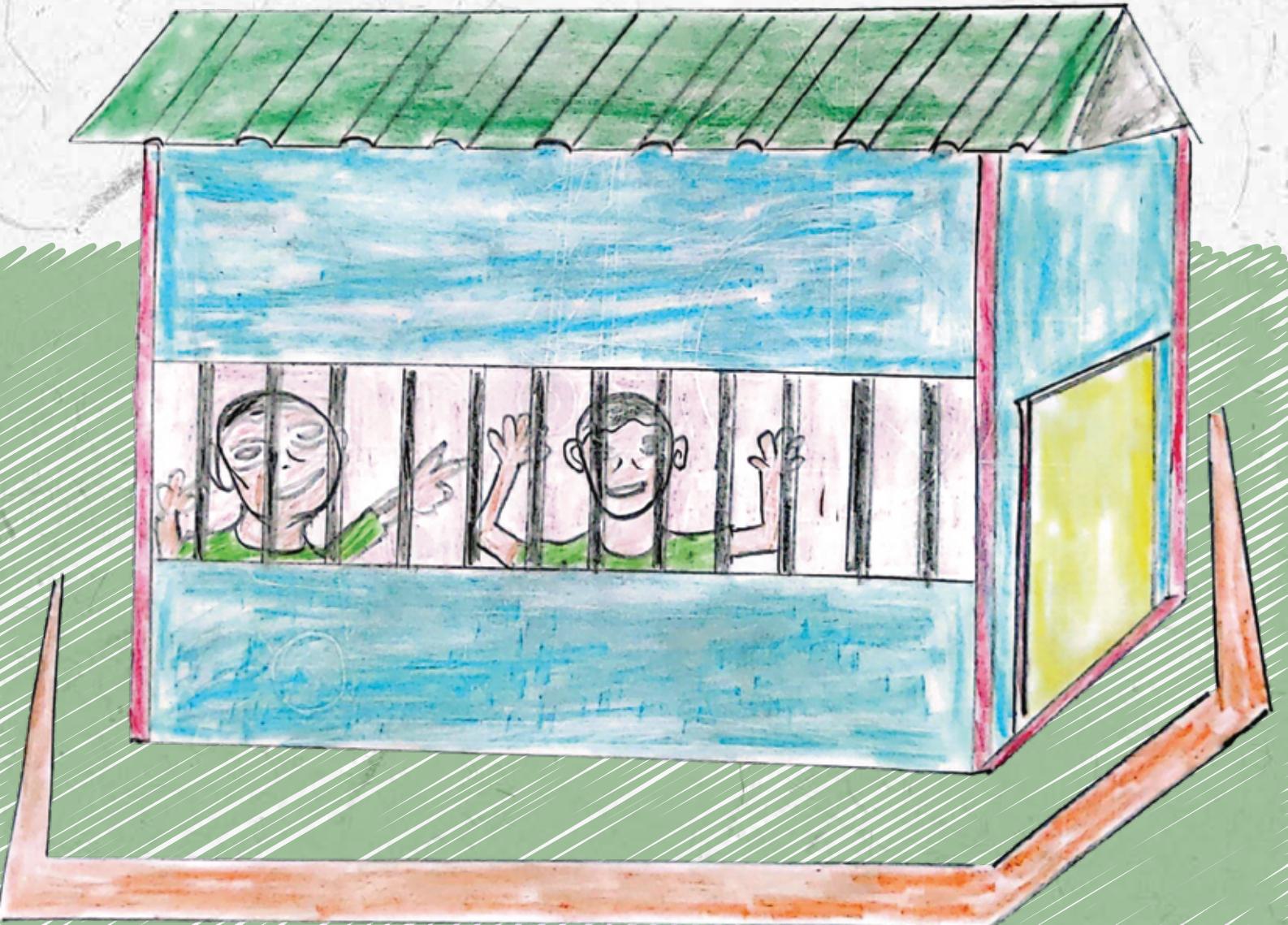
Nur Kaida, Camp 19

Women Friendly Space (WFS) of Camp 19



Mohammed Hares, Camp 19

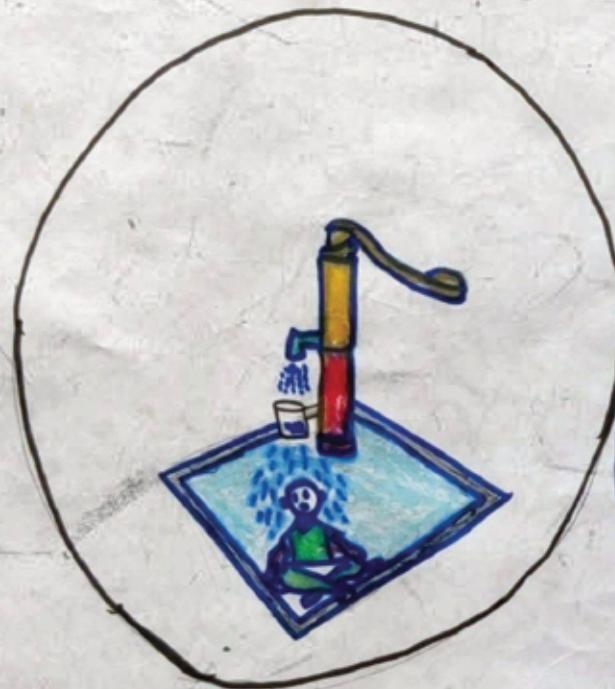
Together for Safety: Our community is committed to protecting children and creating a secure environment for every child to grow.



Friendship of Myanmar

Md. Jobair, Camp 19





Men should share the responsibilities to reduce the household care workload.



What tremendous job our women are
doing in their regular life.

School is the best time to discover
yourself and make lifelong memories.



A Child's Letter

Mohammed Furkan, Camp 12



Dear Myanmar,
I am just a little kid, only six years old.

I don't know about bad things or grown-up fights.
I just want to grow like a pretty flower.

I didn't pick this scary life.
I only wanted to play with my friends,
Laugh out loud, and sleep safe with my mama.
This is not what I wished for.

But you came with loud guns, not fun toys.
You brought fire, not kind hugs.
You made loud noises, not quiet peace.
Why do you like to hurt little kids?

But listen to me: even if I go away,
My voice will still be strong.
My story will fly high,
Louder than any gun sound.

We were born beneath the same sky's hue,
Where rivers sang and rice fields grew.
But names became our silent chains
And neighbors turned to bring us pain.

They said, "You are not one of us,"
Treated our lives as dangerous.
Burned our homes, ignored our cries,
Beneath the smoke, the silence lies.

We may not have a place called "home,"
No soil to plant, no roof or home -
But in our souls, we hold a key
To something greater: we will be.

Women are collecting safe drinking water from water points.



No Home but Hope

Maung Soe Win, Camp 22



We walked through fire and fleeing rain,
Carrying wounds, carrying pain.
No map, no flag, no land to claim,
Just whispered prayers and mother's name.

Our homes were burned, our voices hushed,
Dreams beneath the soldiers crushed.
But still we rise, with silent might,
Our hearts the spark, our truth the light.

No nation calls us one of theirs,
Yet still we breathe defiant airs.
We teach our children how to dream,
Beyond the borders, past the screams.

One day the world and Myanmar government
may understand,
We're more than numbers, more than sand.
A people lost, but not unknown
We carry hope, it is our home.



I'm the only son the family's thread,
A roof, a light, a daily bread.
Not just their child, but now their shield,
In life's hard war, I never yield.

A Rohingya boy with dreams so wide,
To wear white coats with quiet pride.
To heal the sick, to ease their pain,
But war and loss poured down like rain.

I once held books with steady hands,
Now I walk through foreign lands.
The stethoscope I could not chase,
Because the world erased my place.

Refugee a name they gave,
But not my soul, I'm not a slave.
Though borders caged what I could be,
My hope still breathes, quietly.

I am the son, the earner, the guide,
With every tear I push aside.
Their dreams depend on what I do,
And still, I carry all things through.

So, judge me not by where I stand,
But by the fire I hold in hand.
I am the boy who would not break,
Still dreaming wide - still wide awake.

Burden and Flame

Tarek Aziz, Camp 22





Australian
Aid

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Australian Humanitarian Partnership



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Disability Inclusion
Technical Partner



This book is available here:



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