**Mishy Harman (narration):** Hey listeners, it's Mishy. So as you know, during these incredibly difficult days, we're trying to bring you voices we're hearing among and around us. These aren't stories, they're just quick conversations, or postcards really, that try to capture slivers of life right now.

You know, wars are often told through numbers of the dead, the wounded, the missing, the misplaced. But behind each one of those numbers, of course, there's a person, a family, a community whose life has been altered forever. For two weeks now we've been hearing stories of survival. Stories that seem to belong to a different era; ones we never imagined we'd hear again, at least not on this scale.

And today we'll hear one such story. The story of Yarnin Peled of Kibbutz Be’eri who survived the carnage of October 7th. Between them, Yarnin and his partner, Daphna Shamir, have five adult children, two of whom, Ido and Yahel, were also on Kibbutz Be’eri, in their own homes on that horrific Saturday morning. Yarnin and Daphna have been evacuated to Kibbutz Ma’agan Michael between Hadera and Haifa—which is where our producers Mitch Ginsburg and Adina Karpuj recorded their story.

**Mitch Ginsburg:** If you can first just start by introducing yourself, that would be great.

**Yarnin Peled:** My name is Yarnin Peled. Some people know me as a bicycle guy. I live in Kibbutz Be’eri: born and raised. It's a very close community, with the bad and good, because it can be very supportive, and it can be very demanding. It's still a community that unlike a lot of kibbutz, everybody's salaries still go into the same pot, and everybody's getting a budget for a year.

**Mitch Ginsburg:** Could you describe to me your life, what it looked like on Friday the sixth of October.

**Yarnin Peled:** It's a weekend, it's Friday, and we get ready for eve…the last eve of of Sukkot. I went riding, Daphna went running with Phoebe, the dog—got back home and started preparing the dinner for him, the kids and guests in the sukkah. Everybody's excited, and next Sunday back to normal after all the holidays, so for me it's extra excitement, I like my routine. We outside in the sukkah, it’s brilliant weather. Everybody's around the table having a laugh and fun. And up till small hours of the night. And then we each one going on his own way and happily ever after.

**Mitch Ginsburg:** And then the morning of the seventh.

**Yarnin Peled:** We woke up, and since we went to sleep very late, and more than one glass of wine, so we decided to take our time. Usually Daphna is out the door about 5:30, quarter to six, and I'm about 6:15 outside the door. And this time 6:30 we start walking. And then all hell broke loose. I mean we know when something started, and we know that the bombs and, you know, and everything. But this time was extra, the amount of rockets and the Iron Dome missiles shooting it down. I mean it was really more than ever. We got into the safe room. And there is an app for messages inside the kibbutz that usually it's for daily life of a community, not something special. But this time it was messaging, and echoing messages of other people in the kibbutz, from their safe room about what's going on.

And then we realize there are terrorists inside, walking around the kibbutz. And since you're inside the safe room and everything is closed, you don't see outside. So you just get this messages and they get worse by the minute: “They up my stairs;” They tried to break the door;” “Go and save this house.” And everybody's saying: “Please send the army, send the army;” “Someone come in and save me.” But there's no one to come and save you.

More than 100 came in raid the kibbutz. So most of the first line of defense actually been killed very quickly. Outside there's shooting, there's gunfire all the time and then explosions. And you don't exactly know where from because it's all over. “Where is the army?” “Send someone to help.”

Our safe room have a corridor getting into the door. So I said: okay, they can shoot us from any direction but the door—this is what they see. So I'll be standing at the side holding the door closed, and if they shoot or something we are at this side. So this is the only plan I have. And if they get in, may God be with me.

A few hours later, we get a message that don't open the door unless we get this code. And so we send it to the kids. And about 5,10 minutes later we get a message: it's been compromised, don't use this; don't open the door unless you absolute certain it's IDF soldiers outside. But Ido and his girlfriend have no battery left or almost, so they don't open the messages all the time, so they don't see the message of the don't.

**Adina Karpuj:** That its been compromised.

**Yarnin Peled:** Yeah, and we are terrified. We don't know what is going on. They open the door, and it's the Hamas. We are as parents inside the safe room scared to death, and the siblings that away from Be’eri don't get messages. They call, but there's no message, there's no feedback. And like you know, Nomi, she’s in Tel Aviv, she's the youngest, 18. And like “Yahel, Yahel”…you see the messages…question mark, question mark, so why don't you answer…until we get a message: “We're out.”

At this moment, I remember when they…been born and it's again so happy, and now everything can collapse. They are safe. And Ido is going to the soldiers and say: “You have to rescue my mom.” Daphna is sick. She has a medical situation, and she's getting dehydrated. And she's afraid to tell me how bad she's feeling because I'd go outside and bring whatever she needs to save her. “So what does it help me when you're dead? You do not go outside. I am okay.” But inside she's not…especially after the kids are out she said: “Okay, I'll die in here, and it's okay…”

*(Daphna comes into the room)*

**Daphna Shamir:** Mazal Tov.

**Yarnin Peled:** It's my 51st birthday today.

So again, so we inside and we hear that army already is getting in, start to get people outside. And there's shooting all over, a real war going downstairs. And then it's quiet, and then it's coming back, and then it's again, and eventually we get a phone call from one on the kibbutz that is leading the soldiers: “Yarnin, we are downstairs do not come down until we call you.” And then half a minute later: “Go down now.” I got nothing for myself, just some water for Daphna and food for Phoebe, and then we go down.

Once you open the door, the first thing that hits you it’s the smell. You know exactly what it is, but you bury the site now, this is not the time to be emotional about it. Everything is chaotic, and you're always being driven by the the troops: “Outside, you have to keep on moving, keep on moving…to the center, be in the center…don't move to the side. Okay, don't look left. Close all the kids’ eyes. Don't let them see.” Of course curiosity is stronger than us, so I look and you see dead people, burned houses, some of them still are burning. And Phoebe is pushing and pulling like she never did before. And the soldiers say: “Look, I'm sorry but you have to drag her with you if you need to…you can’t stand here, you have to keep moving, keep on moving.” And this is the way it's moving on. You don't have time to do anything…just move, move, until they tell you: “Stop, cover to the sides…see everything is safe…move on, move on forward, move on, move on until you're out.”

We lost contact with my sister and her husband at 11:10: last message to our daughter. Two days ago we got the message that my sister has been kidnapped and she's in Gaza. Her husband is missing. Her mom is dead (we don't have the same mom, in case people…). So this is situation now. My father is 93 years old, he’s been with his caretaker in the safe room that been broken down. And they've been with Hamas for about an hour or two. They left him because he's old and took the Indian caretaker. But there's no place in the van to go to Gaza, so they pushed her outside, and that's what saved her life.

We still don't know who's missing because the body haven't been identified yet, and who is been kidnapped. And as Tom Hand said about his Emily, his nine years old daughter that he heard that she's dead, and he said: “I'm relieved. Between the two options left, this is the better one.” And you realize that we are 1,200 people community, more than 100 killed.

Last night we've got a list of those that are confirmed dead, and those that are still missing. And for me I look at this list and said: *Oh, this is the list for people to set the table before Passover, and this is the list to clean after the Passover*…because you know those people, this is where you see so many people in one list, not people that they are dead or missing. So it's hard to to get it, and to understand, to comprehend, and to grasp.

Day after day there is another funeral. It's not one, it's about five funeral here every day—that you have to pick one to go to because you can’t be everywhere. Then you see photos of the kibbutz itself. Some of it is like as it was, serene and beautiful and green, and the other is like burned down, turned down. Daphna is saying: “I'm never coming back unless the situation is completely different than it was, because as it was it cannot go on. It has to be different.” For me, it's my house, my home from my whole life…so I don't see any other option. There's a lot to build. Rebuild.