

بِسْمِ اللَّهِ الرَّحْمَنِ الرَّحِيمِ

THE UNDEAD WARRIORS



By
Das Al Murabitun
Publications

The Undead Warriors

(Part 1)

Compiled by
Dar Al Murabiteen Publications

Abu Mardiyah Al Yemeni

He was the lion of Allah, a gallant warrior, a faithful fighter, the most brave of the boys I saw from Yemen, and the best of them of voice and rhythm, and most truer of them in loyalty and most steadfast of them on the order of Allah, not fearing in Allah the blame of a blamer, nor the abandon of an abandoner, from good roots, and righteous parents.

Do you remember my beloved the formerly mentioned heroic leader Abu Tariq Al Yemeni? He was the elder brother of Abu Al Mardiyah, and the first of them to Jihad and Martyrdom.

And if I forget, I will not forget that day ever when Abu Tariq came out of the prison and it was said that his brother had become a Mujahid in the Land of the Two Rivers. That was after the first battle of Fallujah, and in which Abu Mardiyah was one of the leaders and one of its knights and he was injured in it.

He came on two crutches dragging his leg between them, and I stood at a distance watching the meeting of the two brothers, the two loved ones in the land of jihad, after the absence of a long time, I saw how Abu Tariq rushed towards his brother and how his tears ran down his cheeks and how the kisses on the head and forehead spoke of lots and lots. For this one had been in trial due to falling in captivity and this one in trial due to injury. The words had ceased to express the feelings of the brothers, so silence was the best expression, more faithful and more clearer.

Abu Tariq answered the call of His Lord and raced his brother in martyrdom as mentioned earlier. And Allah left for us his brother to leave wonderful touches in the land of Jihad, its summary, "May the eyes of the coward not find rest in sleep"

Abu Mardiyah came to the land of the two Rivers a little before the first incident of Fallaujah. Instructions came to the Lions of Tawheed to patrol the city and guard its entrances. And as the condition had started getting serious, and the enemies attitude started changing and his words started sharpening, so it lured and confused and threatened and promised, and its words met with nothing except heroes who were not afraid to die and loved freedom, not accepting worshipping anyone except Allah in the world. Their banner was "There is no God but Allah" and their ideal, "Muhammad the Messenger of Allah". I bear witness that Abu Mardiyah was one of them; in fact he was one of those leading them.

Abu Mardiyah settled in the quarter of AdDaabit and Nizaal. And he was until that time unnoticed, for he was a man, very often quite and less of mention, the sights would underestimate him if you looked at him for the shortness of his height and slimness of his body, where Sheikh Abu Anas As Shaami- May Allah have mercy on him- said in him, "you could carry him on your palm"

You see a man thin and underestimate him
While he in his clothes is a daring Lion

It is at hard times that a man comes into sight, and the leaders are made and the falsehoods are set aside and the realities emerge. For Abu Mardiyah placed in the battle of Fallujah his first step

in the attire of glory and wore the clothes of honor, so he made of pride a crown, and why not for lions would hide behind him, and the heroes would only attack after him.

One day a tank entered from one of the side entrances, so Abu Mardiyah attacked it fiercely with RPG at a distance of 20 m he stood in front of it and aimed at it. The enemy of Allah was frozen and the coward was unable to move from its place until the rocket set out and landed in the black of its target in a scene that amazed everyone and instilled in them passions of bravery and daresness on the enemies of Allah. Not being of those most needing backup, Abu Mardiyah left his propeller and took his gun and started looking and searching through its target hole and why not for he is from Yemen known for accuracy of targeting and goodness in shooting because of the publicity of weapons with them and their love for it. I pray to Allah that they raise it in the face of their enemy "The enemy of Allah, Salih Al Yemeni"

And Abu Mardiyah was still there until Allah the Almighty opened at his hands a lot and cooled his breast with fighting that amazed everyone. and the most important thing that this lion did was instilling confidence in the hearts of his brothers.

The whole world saw him in an interview that was done by the LBC channel with some of the Mujahideen of Fallujah. And today everyone remembers that boy thin and short and the Mujahideen had gathered around him a number of his brothers and he was saying, "We will avenge for our brothers who have been killed in Chechnya and Afghanistan and Palestine. We will never forget this, By Allah other than Who there is no God, if we are alive on this earth then we will take our revenge from them even if they exit the ground of Iraq and they exit the land of Palestine we will follow them and cut off their roots by the power of Allah, not with our own strength and you will see that inshaAllah!"

And I bear witness that the man was loyal to his right and true to his covenant with Allah and His messenger and he did not part his weapon until he died and he is hugging it answering the call of his Lord

I return and say the Abu Mardiyah was hurt by the shot of a sniper that paralyzed him at the end of the participating battles, then, Allah cured him of it after the first battle of Fallujah. After that he was appointed to guard the entrance of the city from the side of Naeemah. Then he was appointed to guard the entrance that lied near the south of the city. And he was really well deserved a leader for this tough mission. He used to go around them checking around in the controls where there were strength and where weakness and the necessary arrangements for the nearing battle was beating in the near future.

The drums of war started beating harder and harder and the shaking bombardment began on the city. The rough bombing continued not stopping even after a month. The enemy also to warring with extreme measures that continued for two months for it had tried all areas of the front from the front of controls that witnessed ferocious battles especially on the side of Shuhadaa and the control of Naeemah, that Abu Mardiyah was responsible for

The second battle of Fallujah started and the station of Abu Mardiyah was the most dangerous point and most required one. As it was the first entrance of battle from the side of Sinaah and exactly above the building next to the Jamii AL Khulafaa', and there the Americans moved forward until they reached in front of them from the side of AdDubbaat and others. And on the post of Abu Mardiyah there ensued ferocious battles that swallowed lots and lots of the boys and

heavy bombing continued on the frontlines. I went to those points and found the condition very difficult and I did as much as I could to fill the gap and to raise the morale, and I said Abu Mardiyah the place where if he wanted to come to me, he could, but he was not stopping to move between his soldiers and brothers, not knowing any of unwearied or boredom in spite of the remains of the previous hurt, for he still had a little of limping that would hinder his quick movement.

From the opposite side, snipers spread over the area, so the brothers left the building that faced them. When Abu Mardiyah came and saw that he got very angry and stressed on going to the building again alone. The brothers stopped him saying that the street you will take is controlled by the snipers, but he stressed on going and filling the gap. And as he neared the target, he got shot on the same leg in the same place as his previous hurt, he fell on his face and started dragging himself until he returned to his brothers saying, "Now Allah has excused me". He did not moan or complain instead he started bandaging the hearts of his brothers just as he bandaged his leg and started treating this and that. Finally the enemies entered the quarter of Nizaal and Abu Mardiyah was put with me for movement. We started traveling from house to house and from one fence to another and I don't think, my brothers, you are unaware of the pains that are felt by the wounded while moving.

At last we settled in a house with a number of wounded. When we were there, the bulldozers of the enemy started sweeping the houses and reached the house that was in front of me, so I hurried to the wounded and I along with the brothers helped him to transfer to another house that was safer, and that was accomplished, but with the last brother we were not able to cross and the bulldozer started destroying the house on us... but Allah saved us at the last moment and we were saved by the grace of Allah. Abu Mardiyah stayed with another group and with that as the situation the journey of chasing began. When they were in this situation a group of the brothers from one of the houses left it, when a F16 aircraft bombed what remained of the brothers in the targeted house and from amongst them the heroic leader and the loyal martyr Abu Mardiyah

And I bear witness by Allah that I did not see from him panic or hesitation but strange steadfastness and patience. In stead, his smile and laugh would fill his face and his beautiful voice when he would sing poems for his brothers once a while .Why not for he was the most beautiful of the (Muhajireen) migrants in voice, and he sang most of the (nasheed) poems in the audiocassette Riyah Al Nasr (The Winds of Victory).

Apologies my brothers for I forgot to mention two important things in the rich life of this man full of great happenings and noble standings, and that is that he when had come to the Land of the two Rivers, from the way of Syria he was imprisoned for a long time in Syria then was released on the condition that he leaves the country, so he did not claim that Allah had excused him but waited to break through the guards and Allah granted him the way to enter the land of the Two Rivers.

The other thing that was happy in the life of Abu Mardiyah was that he married before a little while of the battle one of the daughters of the Mujahddeen and was martyred after that. And Allah gave him a son after his death, and he is the most similar of the people to his father. It may be that Allah compensates us with him and he will be the righteous descendent of a righteous ancestor.

From the stories of the Martyrs-27

Translated by JUS

Dar Al Murabiteen Publications

Abu Tariq at Tunisi

He was a Qari and a Hafiz of the word of Allah, the complier with the Sunnah, merry and cheerful, the faithful knight, and the migrator to Allah and the Hereafter, the seller of his life to Allah, the patient and patient to Allah by Allah, and the holder on to his religion in the age of trials. I mean by him Ziyad Al Mahrizi from the green Tunisia

The beloved martyr was studying in a Trading university where of was depravation in this level of university. It was rare that you would find a young man or girl except that they had a boy friend or girl friend and would show that off as if it was a ground of gallantry. In stead they considered it so for the enemy of Allah and his allies from the corrupt scholars and teachers had shown them that life without love is like that of a donkey eating straw. But this man... the love of Imaan had mingled in his heart and his self was at peace with it and he knew the right way and followed it. He hated falsehood and its tricks, so he escaped from depravation and called to Imaan for he was a caller to Imaan in his university and his mates did not know for him a place except the mosque, where of he would stick to it as if it were the secured fort and the safe abode, and peace of mind and it is by Allah just that.

And in the mosque he fortified himself with the Quran, so he poured down on the words of his Lord reading and by hearting, and Allah raised him, and graced him by aiding him to by heart the Book of Allah, and as he used to say, "the house was livened", because the heart in which there is nothing of Quran is like an abandoned house.

Abu Tariq cried when he read the verses of Jihad and tasted through it the taste of Glory. He turned left and right but found nothing but disgrace and slavery. The news from the Land of the Two Rivers and its lions used to come to him, and he would bend towards it with desires for that land. And in this way he kept on preparing and arranging his papers and money until it was time for travel. On the border he was told by the passport official, that you are a student and the law forbid you from going and ordered him to return, but the man refused to return and pressed on him and others, and kept roaming from one official to another until Allah had determined the truthfulness in his intention and resolve, so he softened their hearts and they allowed him to go.

After this tiresome journey, the good clan reached Syria and there was the surprise. That was that the brothers in the Land of the Two Rivers were currently receiving only the martyrdom operators and men with high qualifications, but the normal fighters were no currently. And they told that returning was better for them. But Abu Tariq refused to return and remained in the land and said, "I will not return until Allah grants me permission". He remained calling to Allah and praying that Allah opens for him a door in jihad, and started supplicating with true intentions and stressing to his Lord to ease for him the way to enter as a fighter.

After entering and sitting for a short while as a fighter and a Mujahid in the way of Allah, he knew why the brothers were asking for only the Martyrdom operators and he saw with his own eyes the strange depravation that the martyrdom operations had and the shortness of its way to the side of the Loved One.

So he changed to the section of the Martyrdom operators and he started pressing hard. He wasn't good at driving cars, so some brothers gave him a simple training, and then Allah made the matter easy for him.

In the house of the Martyrdom operators other manners started emerging in him, or he started decorating and beautifying himself in preparation to meet Allah, he increased his prayers and fasts and night prayers. He started almost fasting alternate days. And after he would get up he would clean the area and arrange the house and he made of himself a servant of the brothers, his slogan being, "The master of the people is their servant"

And as the martyrdom operation took a little stretch for many reasons, this is not their place of mention, he started instilling cheerfulness in his brothers, brightly and joking, and in a way that would kill the hearts of laughter, until he was raised to the level of "Assistant of the Amir of the Muslims". For there was a young man, unrivalled, from the youth of the Arab peninsula who had been guided by Allah with Imaan and good religion and manners in spite of his being at the times of ignorance, a drug addict who wouldn't get up from it. He claimed for a short span of time that he is the Mahdi.

Abu Tariq, was the Imam of the men in every thing, in serving, in reading the Quran, in good manners, just as he was their Imam in prayer. And he used to wait to meet his Lord with extreme impatience, and would say a lot of prayers and add on them. He loved to attain that (station of Martyrdom) on Friday at the last time.

It is from the strange of the strangest that the Americans occupied a house and placed in it around 15 Hamvee vehicles and that was on the morning of Friday, and the brothers started preparing a car of theirs, and the choice fell on Abu Tariq. He went to his target and that was before the time of Maghrib of Friday around an hour exactly, as he had asked his Lord, the Answerer of prayers; so he hastened to Allah, and got in between the enemy in a situation on which the Lord would have laughed, and stood between them, to harvest from them what he could harvest and the others to take flight and hit their head against the walls- the remains of the walls- regretting on the black day that brought them to this – cursed land- as they call it, and so that our brother rises to his Lord and his virtuous companions

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From the stories of the Martyrs-29*

Translated by JUS

Mullah Dadullah Shaheed



Mulla Dadullah one of the most important military leaders of the Taleban movement since its formation as a religious students movement in the Kandahar province located in south of Afghanistan in the year 1994 on the hands of Mullah Muhammad Omar Mujahid

Dadullah of Pashtun origin started his Jihad journey in the 80's where he led the units of Mujahideen against the Russian occupation in which he lost his leg and continued his Jihad against the puppet southern alliance. He also played a great role for the Taleban taking control of Mazar-e-Sheriff. He enjoyed a tough personality that was rebellious to defeat, so much that he was the only Talebani leader who refused to lay down arms to the American occupation forces in November 2001 when the Kunduz province was brought under siege. It is believed that he returned after that to his village of Kajai in the Helmand province

Dadullah who is considered amongst one of the three most closest leaders to Mulla Muhammad Omar, was able to develop the military body of Taleban in the past 6 years. Experts note that he made the way very easy for leaders after him by preparing thousands of trained Mujahideen.

Dadullah was martyred on Sunday 26 of Rabi' al Athhaani 1428H in a battle against the occupation forces in Afghanistan at an age around 40 years, after a long history in resistance

Shaheed Dadullah is the only Talebani leader who came on the screens declaring his identity on the media outlets, whereof his statements and interviews were aired openly on TV channels.

After hours from his martyrdom, the Taleban Movement assured that its military operations against the occupation forces and the allied puppet government will not be affected by the death of its military leader.

The relations of Mullah Dadullah with the Afghani Puppet President Karzai was very bad, whereof he addressed him as "nothing but a doll in the hands of the western governments". On the contrary his relations with the leader of Taleban, Mulla Omar, was very close. He said about him, "Ameer AL Mumineen (Ameer of the Believers) very often stays in a certain area and every month or two gives us orders and directions and By the grace of Allah, the Ameer AL Mumineen has very capable leaders who listen to his orders and implement it accurately. They do not hesitate even for a moment in doing what they are ordered and things go on this way that if the Ameer AL Mumineen asks one of the leaders anything then this leader does what he is ordered, this is something there is no doubt about"

After the success of the Italian hostage deal, Mullah Dadullah had promised that Taleban will continue to arrest the foreign reporters if they work without a direct permission from Taleban.

In his last statement to AlJazeera, Shaheed Dadullah said, "America today is not the America it was before, and just the same way, Taleban are not like they were before. The rage against America has reached to such an extent that by bombing and killing just a group of 5 students because they gathered in a place, that even the widows want to participate in the war against America and are working hard to cause harm and defeat to the United States. So Taleban are not like they were before, weak. And these days the people as a whole are standing beside the Taleban. If the occupation was controlling 1/4th of each province then Taleban are in control of 3/4th of every province and in some provinces our forces have complete control"

Of his great saying

"Our condition is that of the Martyr who would wish to come back to life 100 times to get martyred again of what he gets from reward and blessings of Martyrdom. And we wish that we return to power a 100 times so that we refuse to hand over Bin Laden and the Arab brothers "

Naba: News agency

Dar Al Murabiteen Publications

Abu Obaidah Al Makki

He is the righteous slave of Allah, Riyadh AL Salih, from the land of the two holy sanctuaries and from one of the two most sacred places, Makkah Al Mukarramah, and from a righteous tribe whose faithful son blew the gatherings of the Christians.

The one with the unshakable belief, who hated the tyrants of the Arabs and especially the tyrants of the family of Saood, like his hatred for Hellfire and its torment. He used to feel happy and excited with every shot in their throat and every calamity that would befall them. And his witnessed day in happiness was the day when the death of the bloody goner, "Fahd Bin Abdul Azeez", whereof he was flying in happiness and was drunk with rapture.

He was also the one who was put to trial in Allah, and the man who witnessed miracles in the second battle of Fallujah. He was 'the Companion of the Blm (A small car)' or 'The Companion of the canoe'

He was amongst a group of brothers in the quarter of Andalus, when they were scattered by the shots of the enemies except that Abu Obaidah was shot on his thigh. Yet he ignored it and ran but as he was running he was shot again on his side, until he took to one of the houses in the neighborhood. He saw in front of him a Blm, a small vehicle, he raised it and slept under it. His wound kept bleeding until he lost consciousness. When he got up he did not find anyone so he left at night searching for something to wipe his wound with, but he found nothing except the leaves of trees so he used to take from it and place it on his wound. He did not have anything for food except some Naring, which is a fruit like Lemon in taste and looks like Oranges and the color of the leaves of the trees and has spots on it.

Every night he would bear on himself and go and collect the leaves and Naring and then go under the Blm until his injuries started decomposing and he felt a lot of pain then.

On top of all of this the enemies of Allah had taken a base near his hideout but they did not feel his presence, and they would drink and sing and laugh close to his hideout like the cattle, so that increased his torment. The Martyr said, "so I did not find anything to pray to Allah with except the words of Tawheed" so he used to say, "O Allah if you know that I say there is no God but Allah with sincerity from my heart then grant me release from this". So his wound improved and his rib was cured

After that the enemies of Allah searched the place many times and in one of the times one of the soldiers lifted the Blm from its place and saw Abu Obaidah and then left the Blm again saying to his mate, there is nothing under this, in spite of the fact that he was looking into the eyes of our martyr- Allah had blinded them. This happened again after a while, and the same case, except that this time it was a disbelieving national guard of Iraq, and in the same way he said there is nothing here.

The Martyr remained in this state for 40 days and after that the Martyr- May Allah have mercy on him -joined the battalion of Umm Al Mumineen Aishah, and was one of its main aids and amongst the most important of its knights. He was given the responsibility of money for his

loyalty and his extensive care about the money of Allah that it should be spent with its right and to those who deserve it. After that he was appointed to set up a battalion for snipers, and he worked to strike its bases extensively until it bore fruits by the grace of Allah. Then he was appointed to take care of the martyrdom operating brothers and to perform their tasks due to what was known about Abu Obaidah's concern for his brothers and the extent of his love for them and his taking care of them- with good manners and hilarious personality and light-weighted character. And also he was flamboyant of war, high of aspirations. Almost a week before his martyrdom he had asked to join with the battalion of the bomb-planters with his brother, friend and beloved Abu Dujanah. And I had seen him together on the night of their martyrdom.

I had also been told that a woman on hearing of his good manners and beautiful qualities had asked to marry him. I opened up to him and said that I was approving of it and he should go forward and rely on Allah. He replied, "I am afraid that my determination will falter". I said it is no problem; Allah will give you strength.

So we wanted some thing and Allah wanted another, we wanted to make him marry the world and Allah wanted to marry him with a Hoor (Paradise Maiden). And I pray to Allah that this woman is not deprived from marrying our Martyr on the Last Day

I forgot to mention that our beloved Martyr had white hands in Dawah to Allah, and especially in the matters concerning women. He had noticed the absence of the Niquab (face covering) in the places of his presence. So he bought a number of Niquabs and started distributing it to the married brothers. And they in their turn started distributing amongst the families of the area for free. This was so, until Niquab became the majority dress code of the women in the area. He became a martyr -may Allah have mercy on him- and had still 900 dollars for this same project. I pray to Allah to cloth him with garments of Paradise as he gave garments to his sisters in the world and that he joins us with him in the Gardens of Aden. He is the sponsor of that and capable of it

*Written by: Abu Ismael Al Muhajir
Furqan Publications
From the stories of the Martyrs-32*

Translated by JUS

Abu Dujanah (AlQaviyyu Billah)

“The One strong by Allah” (AL Qaviyyu biLLah), is not a title that our martyr had taken for himself in his life, but I found that it is the most truthful description of a slave of Allah who was fearful, pure, and victorious, “Abu Dujanah AL Yemeni”

The man was killed and followed who had preceded him on his way delighted and glad. Even if it was said to him, tomorrow you will die, so work extra, by Allah he did not have the power to do more... then who is he?

I can almost not believe myself that this man has left, my heart doesn't seem to grasp the news, my heart really seems to repel the idea, and now as I write this about my brother, my pen is hesitant and quivering rebelling against me, “I am the harsh hearted”, that writing!!, as if it is telling me, “How harsh area you a heart, can you imagine Abu Dujanah dead? Can you write about this Mountain? Do you really think yourself O poor man that you are an litterateur?! Do you really think yourself worthy enough to write about this person? Have you been deceived or has someone deceived you so you think that you have the capability to describe this man and the giants of Jihad, the students of the Prophet, the protectors of belief and the seekers for the establishment of Shariah (the law of Allah) and the racers to the Lord of the Worlds”. I replied to my pen, “By Allah you are truthful and by my Lord I am a liar, and By Allah I never stood in front of Abu Dujanah except that I felt myself like a tiny particle. And no one knows what I know about his works. But pardon me my dear for these are only feelings that I am framing and words that I am writing... that it may be that someone will feel the pain of my hurts and pray that my condition improves and Allah's grants me from His wide grace, that encompasses all things.

As for you my eyes then it is enough of you shedding tears. And freeze O tears like I have known you, harder than the stone... what is the matter with you that you are today falling, and from crying not stopping. Is it because my beloved's blood hasn't dried yet? Or is it because the martyr was my backbone and my striking hand that I feel a sort of paralysis and helplessness. Or is it love, the love that I feel is falling off my sides towards this cohort. Yes it is just that! It is love I make Allah a witness, and by Allah and He is above His throne and knows the truth of my heart, that I am for these brothers an admirer, no instead a crazy lover, I have never loved anyone like them yet, and as they are and as I suppose and felt that I didn't see anyone love as their love for me and any manner like their manners.

So if these young men were loving the weak slave, then I by Allah love them crazily, in spite, that they used to respect me because I am elder to them and more capable than them, I feel in front of them that I am small and small, even though they would think of me as an elder brother and father for them. I feel that I am for them a servant. And by Allah my eyes hadn't seen men before them, or I didn't see people like them or similar to them. I mean my beloveds in my battalion and the cores of my heart, “the Battalion of Umm AL Mumineen Aishah – May Allah have mercy on her”

And this battalion is blessed just like the blessing of the one after who it is named, our mother, Aishah— May Allah have mercy on her. For Allah protects them and increases them and does not lessen them and puts blessings in their works and raises their status. He is indeed capable of everything.

Abu Dujanah, was thin- very thin, pale of color, in fact he was yellow faced, loosely dressed. But he was a Lion that roared and an arrow, which took its targets and kitr mafkood. He once described himself and was carrying a rocket for the Nimsavee canon, he said to his brothers, "This is a rocket that is heavier than me by 3 kg's. It weighs 45kg and I weigh 42"

He once entered the rest house of the boys and searched for a place to sleep and did not find it. So his companion and brother the heroic Shaheed Abu Anas AL Yemeni got up, and found him searching for a place to sleep. He said, "Should I tell you where to sleep?". The beloved replied, "Yes By Allah, where?" He said, "Remove a bullet from the Klashin and sleep in its place". Everyone laughed and then he stuffed himself amongst them.

Abu Dujanah was a man of solid belief, from the lions of Yemen from its south, his real name was Shafee' - we pray to Allah to make him an intercessor in us on the day of Judgment- and had joined a group of his brothers who wanted to stand up against the stupid ignoble Tyrant of Yemen "Ali- the enemy of Allah-Salih" except that their Amir left the mountain and sold his brothers for few dirhams and a silly post, so Abu Dujanah flee for his religion. And he faced in that, great difficulties. He told me one day from amongst the tough days when conditions had grown hard on us, he said, "By Allah when we ran in Yemen, I used to sleep above a tree from the trees, and tie myself on it so that I do not fall".

The martyr loved, May Allah accept him, and from when he was in Yemen, the explosives, and he had strange ties with it and strange experiences with it. When he joined his brothers in the Land of the two Rivers, he joined brother Bashiq and his battalion and also the battalion of Abu Dujanah and took from it the knowledge of neophlasy. Then he learned from them mixing and explosives making and mastered the two until he raced everyone, that until he died we never had a man like him or anyone even near to his level

So the credit, after Allah goes to Abu Dujanah in loading many and many cars with bombs for the martyrdom operating brothers and others, and his greatest works are the blessed AlKhatabah that destroyed by the power of Allah the Sheraton hotel in Baghdad and Meridian Palestine and in the same way the operation of the red hotel, i.e. the two battles of Badr Baghdad and Al Shiekh AL Aseer. After that Abu Dujanah filled the world with roadside bombs so he cut off all the ways in the areas where the Americans used to live. He would join the day and night, not hesitant in his work at all. He would get up early and not sleep until the Isha and he had become overcome with tiredness and exhaustion. He would tire his brothers in work and wouldn't care about food or water. I once passed by him and he was planting a road side bomb, so I looked at him in the face, and found it as yellow as a lemon, and that was in the afternoon, so I told him in disbelief, "Are you fasting?". He said No. I said, Eat my child as an order and fear Allah.

As he had mastered mixing and explosives making, he also mastered as a fearless fighter, fear- a quality absent in his personality. For he was amongst those who were the pillars of the last raid on Abu Ghuraib prison and he performed well, in fact he had come for it from the Gharbiyah quarter. He was a pillar in the Avenge Battle. The Martyr was also a good shooter of the RPG rockets, and the aid and guidance is from Allah.

The heroes of the brothers like Abu Anas Al Shami, and Abu Ridwaan At tunisi- May Allah have mercy on them both, used to be comfortable if Abu Dujanah would be present in their rows.

The brothers loved him from the depths and depths of their hearts, of what they found in him of pleasant manners and little complain, or the absence of it and plenty of working and care about religion and instructing the Muslims, and selflessness. On the night of his martyrdom, Abu Obaidah Al Makki came to me and said, "Abu Dujanah wants to marry" I laughed and then Abu Dujanah came after bathing and wore his clothes and perfumed himself, I opened up to him in front of all the brothers and I meant by that only to joke, but he felt so shy... like the shying of a maiden in her veil, until I myself felt shy due to his shying, and he took his group of planting the bombs and left. I said to my companion, "By Allah if I have 100 men like the thin man I will conquer Iraq by the aid of Allah". And then I said, "By Allah I am afraid to lose him".

I was haunted by that feeling from 10 days before his martyrdom, so I had brought a group of brothers so that he teaches them what Allah had taught him, I mean mixing and explosives making. Then I feared him to die out of the severity of his condition so I used to order him to eat

And on the day of his martyrdom, I was looking at him with great fear. I told to my neighbor, who was Brother Abu Jafar, "By Allah I am afraid for Abu Dujanah, I feel I want to put him in my eyes or in my heart so that I do not lose him. I need him, who is there for me like him"

And thereof the man, went as was his habit with his group, to plant a roadside bomb on the road with his group. Except that he went a little late due to some reasons about the condition of the area. But he fell in the trap of the Americans that had been set up very recently. The plot of a group of brothers that had preceded him was discovered, and they escaped from the trap with wonder, except that Abu Dujanah saw the car of the brothers standing on the road, so he stood watching inquiringly, and then a shower of bullets landed in his chest and in the head of Abu Obaidah and another brother was injured. The brothers returned fire similarly and killed from them more than what the enemies of Allah took from us, and they withdrew pulling their dead and injured with disgrace in this world and the hereafter

Our brother Abu Dujanah, was buried the next afternoon, and in spite of his getting martyred like that, until the time of his burial his wound was still bleeding freshly, that tired many brothers. He and his brother Abu Obaidah were buried in the same grave, due to the extent of love that was between them, and because of the uneasiness of the situation and time to dig two different places for the brothers. So we pray to Allah to inherit us in them righteously and we say nothing except what pleases our Lord.

*Written by: Abu Ismael Al Muhajir
Furqan Publications
From the stories of the Martyrs-32*

Translated by JUS

SHIBLUL MUJAHID

(Roughly translated).

Adam bin kareem al tahaamy al majaathy (rh). He was 12 years old, one boy like a thousand men.

He was born into a good family.

He went with his father to Afghanistan.

He studied in the madrassah of the muhajireen in Kandahar, two years before September 11th 2001.

After 09/11 he went with his father to a country near Afghanistan for 2 months.

He then went back to jazeeratul arab (Saudi Arabia) with his mother, father and brother.

His father joined the Mujahideen in jazeeratul arab.

3 months later his mother and brother were imprisoned by tawagheet when they went to see a doctor.

Adam then stayed alone with his father.

He always made time for revision and hifdh of the qur'an with his father.

He was hafidh of 25 juzz of the book of Allah (swt).

He always tried to learn military knowledge that Mujahideen need and did exercise and sport, until he learnt how to use light weapons well.

He was young but had the valour/courage (himma) of a man.

He loved his mother and brother and always talked about them and that he would try to free them.

He was very clever and quick to learn things.

He loved to read, especially the stories of the prophets (as) and the sahaba (ra).

He participated in many publications/media (?) By mujahidin.

You saw his good upbringing (tarbiyya saliha) in his behaviour and manners.

He always prayed qiyam al layl (night prayers).

He always tried to help his brothers around him.

he was always firm/steadfast and would keep his calm and make dhikr (in emergency situations).

Anyone who saw him would be surprised by his firmness.

On the 24th of safr 1426 tawagheet came to his house and he fought till he was killed.

Some of those with him were killed and some were imprisoned.

He didn't accept giving himself up.

He was brave at a time when many are cowardly.

You can hear his innocent voice in the audio below.

<http://s30.yousendit.com/d.aspx?id=1LBK53ARKPO6X32H87KE0U6AG6>

THE SAUDI TAWAGHEET POLICE KILLED THIS 12 YEAR OLD BOY WHO HAD LEARNT 25 JUZZ OF THE QUR'AN, PRAYED QIYAM AL LAIL AND LOVED TO READ THE STORIES OF THE PROPHETS (AS) AND SAHABA (RA). * HIS MOTHER AND BROTHER ARE STILL IMPRISONED. * WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO WAKE UP AND STOP DEFENDING THESE LEADERS WHO HAVE NOTHING TO DO WITH DEEN AND WHO KILL THOSE WHO STRIVE IN ALLAH'S CAUSE? * DO THE SCHOLARS WHO DEFEND THESE TAWAGHEET NOT FEEL SICK TO THEIR STOMACH THAT A DEVOTED YOUNG SLAVE OF ALLAH (SWT) WAS KILLED BY THOSE THAT THEY DEFEND? * THAT HIS BROTHER AND CHASTE MOTHER ARE BEING HELD PRISONER BY *EVIL FILTH? * FEAR ALLAH (SWT) AND ACKNOWLEDGE THE TRUTH AS TRUTH FOR VERILY THE DAY OF RECKONING IS TRUE AND WHAT WILL BE OUR ANSWER WHEN WE ARE ASKED WHICH SIDE WE WERE ON?

Shaitân (Satan) has overtaken them. So he has made them forget the remembrance of Allâh. They are the party of *Shaitân* (Satan). Verily, it is the party of *Shaitân* (Satan) that will be the losers! (TMQ 58:19)

And whosoever takes Allâh, His Messenger, and those who have believed, as Protectors, then the party of Allâh will be the victorious. (TMQ 5:56)

Source: Unknown

Abu Turaab Al Libyy

He is the student who had by hearted the Quran, a son of honor and lineage, from a family extremely rich. His father owned an Aluminum manufacturing company. His brothers tried hard to convince him from going and from migrating and doing Jihad, but failed in that direction, for he had made up his mind and hated to be of those who sat back and were disappointers and knew what Allah wanted from his servant and what he was entitled to do, so he moved to Cairo and from there to Jordan, where he was arrested just because he was suspected to have the intention of going to Iraq. After hours of investigation, he was released and after that, he went to Iraq and joined a special training camp. Then he entered another special training round that the brothers had made preparing to raid the Abu Ghuraib prison, and our companion was very good at it. After that he went forward with the brothers who the Ameer had honored by choosing them to participate in raiding the prison.

He also participated in the Battle of Avenge where he was made the Amir of one of the groups, and he participated in the attack on the control of Al Haswah and in the raiding of what is known as "Combating Terrorism base". In short, he participated in all the battles his unit took part in since he joined it. Then he was appointed into the unit of air defense, or more accurately he was asked to set up this unit. He strived and worked earnestly and kept on training the brothers and collecting the necessary weapons for it like the monopropellant and Ansafa's and other weapons that work for air defense

On one of the days he was driving his car, and he had in his car an Ansafa with one bullet, and on a sandy road the car moved violently and the bullet shot in the direction of the driver, and crossed the thigh of Abu Turaab. He was transported immediately for treatment. The unit remained without an Amir, in the duration of his treatment he would tire himself and come out to check over at his brothers, and he continued like that until his wound healed and he came back to his brothers energetic as he was.

He once sat with his brothers when a brother from the Shariah legal authority came, he said, "Here is the legal official with you. So who has a grievance on me then let him say it and take his right from me now. I do not permit anyone to have anything in his heart against me. Speak up here before I fall into it"

And on a dark night of extreme blackness, and after the Isha (night prayer) call exactly, I was with a group of brothers and we had just taken refuge from a tiresome day, we heard the sounds of the roar of Apathchi aircraft then it turned in the distance, so I came out to look where it was and found it close to a place where another group of brothers were supposed to be. And it wasn't except for a few seconds that a rocket was fired from a high ground tearing the silence of the night. And I saw the redness of the second rocket (the back glow) firing from the highland as another explosion sounded, then a third explosion.

I was grieved and knew that the matter concerned my brothers and that the aircrafts did not fire except at something particular. The morning came, and the weather was darkened by a storm of wind and rain, that had not come in Iraq for a long time. The winds ached for loosing some loved one, and the sky cried over.

Then one of the lions entered the point of bombing but wasn't able to enter as the enemy had stopped the people from entering or exiting the place of the battle

Yes battle! For on the day of the bombing the unit of air defense had come out as was its habit to the point and spread its lions on a large geographical landscape. And got prepared for any foreigner who would raid the sky. In the afternoon something was shining in the sky, one of the brothers saw in the telescope from far- and the leader started sending caution messages to his heroes, "Boys! I think our enemies have come, prepare"

It wasn't long before the Apatchi planes were heard humming in the distance, that plane about which the enemy related legends: that it attacks in all directions, and can handle several targets at one shot, and the alert and control in it can send its rockets on the enemy by detecting the temperature and sound and light, and other than it of mere lies or the truth who's magic is broken when it meets the soldiers of Belief (Imaan).

The leader said Takbeer one time and then a second time and then a third time, and the boys started attacking on the planes in severe rhythm, all according to their job and responsibility, and every time the planes entered quickly, the Amir of the particular square km would take care of attacking it, until it would enter another square km where another group of lions would be waiting for them and would charge at them.

And the enemy of Allah would find nothing but to rise and rise until it would become a point in the sky, so that the fire of the heroes would not reach them, and in the same way they in turn wouldn't be able to do anything, so the planes ran away showing their backs.

At around Asr (afternoon), the enemies of Allah returned and the heroes returned to combat them. The enemies tried to do something but the power of Allah is predominant, for the fire of BKC, is more severe on it than the rockets of Saddam or the puppets of the west. It ran away a second time, and after an hour nearly, the American patrol came from a back way through the plantation areas, and narrow roads trying to bypass the roadside bombs. They came in numbers and with materials whereof the lions leaped forward like the sweeping flood, and on their head the hero of all of these, the Amir of determinations and the Lion of Allah, "Abu Turaab Al Libyy" and he was the Amir of the area, and the leader of the quick interfering force in the area. With the other car came the lions of Tawheed and the soldiers of Allah, and on their head Abu Hajar Al Labnani, the man of calmness and peace and solemnity, and leading the third group came Abu Mihjan Al Makki,- May Allah protect him, and kept him an adornment for the religion and his family and benefit through him and raise his status in the higher levels.

They came, and in a hurry started arranging their ranks and taking their fighting posts, and there, Abu Hazm came out with his Bika (a kind of rocket launcher), not hiding or disguising, facing the Americans with his chest and saying the Takbeer, so 3 of them fell dead at the instant, then he- May Allah have mercy on him, fell martyr. At these moments, Abu Hajr al Labnani was putting a rocket into it and singing, "The Hoor (paradise maiden) is calling" and he stepped forward and aimed at their center. Then he returned and carried the Bika and as his brother, Abu Hazim had done, he faced death with his chest whereof he knew what will make his Lord laugh (as is in the Hadith of Muadh bin Afraa' who said, O messenger of Allah, what is it that will make the Lord laugh from his slave, he said, "His putting his hand in the enemy unshielded")

And he did not falter until he fell martyr- May Allah have mercy on him, and grant him abode in the wideness of His paradise. Then the leader, “Abu Turaab” ordered his brother, Abu Mihjan to withdraw carrying one of the injured with him, but Abu Mihjan refused, so he pressed hard on him and told him, Ride in the car and go forth whilst I cover on you when you pass from front of them. So the lion (Abu Turaab) went forward towards the enemy, and fired on them fires of torture until Abu Mihjan withdrew with the injured safely.

Then the fighting calmed and stopped at 9 dead amongst the Americans and two martyrs in the ranks of the brothers, May Allah raise their status. Then the brothers took refuge in one of the houses. The ambush of the planes thought that the matter is over so they left too. The enemies of Allah did not wait until they had surrounded the house to which the boys had withdrawn and they started throwing bombs asking them to surrender using loud speakers.

The reply of the brothers was quick and decisive, blows from the Klashinkov and Bika was fired at one of their soldiers who had come forward and came under the range of their fire and fell dead on the instant to go to Hell. The enemies continued to throw bombs on them until they felt that the brothers had finished, two or three of them came forward, and there one of the lions from the lions of Allah came to them, and made them follow those who had preceded them to hell.

Then the enemies of Allah weren't able to do anything until the airplanes came again and blew the houses with three rockets, with the continuation of dropping the bombs from far, so the house was destroyed a severe destruction. And the Man of determinations Abu Turab and those with him followed the mercy of Allah and His pleasure

I pray to Allah to accept them near him in the ranks of the martyrs, and that he joins us with them and does not suspend us nor trial us after them.

*Written by : Abu Ismael Al Muhajir
Furqan Publications
From the stories of the Martyrs-28*

Translated by JUS

Abu Abdullah Affan Javed (Shaheed Insha'Allaah)

A student Mujahid from university

"...Everyone tried to refrain him from this path, saying how he would cross the high mountains with his frail body. But when a servant devotes himself for Allah, He helps him in very strange ways...problems and troubles cannot deter those who are fully determined and devoted to their cause. Allah says about such people: "We open ways for them who do Jihad in Our path."..."

Abu Abdullah Affan Javed was a senior and active Mujahid in the university. The writer had got a chance to spend a lot of time with him. He used to think before uttering any word or taking any step – exploring its importance and permission in Shariat. He was so keen in reforming his colleagues that he would never let any chance go wasted in this regard.

He remained very active in hostel life in this respect and took the message of Jihad to every boarder. He was true to the cliché "knowledge, practice, dispensation and Jihad."

There were some people who created obstacles in spreading the call for Jihad. A so-called student organization always had a rivalry with him in this respect. They continued to detract him from the path of calling for Islam. But the soldier of Allah faced all these problems with patience and courage and never took any step that was against the Sunnah of the Prophet I these people tried their best to get Affan expelled from hostel, made pleas with the warden many a times in this regard. They also threatened and misbehaved with him many times but Affan never lost his heart and continued to work for the cause late night and then wake up other people for Tahajjud and Fajr prayers. The people around him are unanimous on this point that Brother Affan was very sincere and industrious for Islam. Despite his fragile body he did his duty round the clock and never bothered even about his studies in this connection.

When he adopted the path of practical Jihad, huge problems were waiting for a weak person like him. His body was too slim and thin, while he was also suffering from asthma problem as well as stone in gallbladder. Despite all these diseases his intentions were very clear and high and pledge was strong. All these problems mattered nothing for him. There was a passion for martyrdom flowing in his heart. Under the command of Amir he performed the duty of inviting others towards Jihad for years. But when the craving for martyrdom awaken in his heart, he forgot everything and intended to join the training centre for launching. Everyone tried to refrain him from this path, saying how he would cross the high mountains with his frail body. But when a servant devotes himself for Allah, He helps him in very strange ways. Allah helped this youth and he completed his training for launching. The Amir again advised him to do the task of preaching here but he successfully insisted on seeking permission to leave and left for launching, reviving the memories of the Companions .

He climbed the snow-capped peaks of mountains of Kashmir though he was in trouble due to lack of oxygen on a high altitude. He breathed with very difficulty because of his asthma problem but this could not deter him from advancing on the path of Allah. He was desirous of seeing Allah, meeting Him in His paradise. Even during training he faced many troubles. Exercises, long marches at nights, hauling of lug-gage from the foot of a mountain up to the training centers were exhausting. But he always proved his consistency and remained in the

forefront in all affairs. He fell and got injured many times during marches due to his feebleness but never give up.

The in charge allowed him leave for launching for he was sure that no one would agree to launch him keeping in view his weak body. But problems and troubles cannot deter those who are fully determined and devoted to their cause. Allah says about such people: “We open ways for them who do Jihad in Our path.” Due to his strong determination Allah helped him and made easy his launching.

Brother Affan always used to request others to pray for his martyrdom. Once when he fell ill during training and was sent to Baitul Mujahideen for treatment, he requested Brother Abu Sobaan, the security guard, to pray for his martyrdom. He would say that as he (Sobaan) was enjoying the blessings of Allah all the times for his eyes were devoted for the protection of the Mujahideen who had devoted themselves for the cause of Allah so his prayers would be accepted by the Al-mighty. Affan had a very reasonable excuse for avoiding launching into Kashmir for he had a feeble body that apparently could not cross 12000 feet high mountains. But he was the symbol of this Quranic verse that “there are some people who have sold their lives for the consent of Allah.”

He was a lighthouse for the people with weak beliefs like us. He proved that if one has associated oneself with the Jihad caravan and wants to enter the paradise one would have to offer sacrifices, keeping aside one's so-called engagements and difficulties.

Impressions of the Father

Twenty five years old Abu Abdullah Affan Javed Shaheed was my second son. He was suffering from allergy (asthma) since his childhood due to which he completed his primary education at home. He had no interest in childish chores. He just wanted to study. When he got admission in high school, he seemed too young than his classmates due to his slim body. Though he was highly intelligent. In 1990, he represented his school at a national golden jubilee contest and remained the third. The education minister awarded him bronze medal. He participated in another national contest in the capital and stood sixth.

He got admission in the Science College for FSc. After securing distinction in the intermediate board examinations, he joined the pharmacy department. He started his Jihadi activities during this time. But, as the disease had affected his physical growth, his body was too weak. I always remained concerned about his health. Then his gallbladder started developing stones for the last two or three years. We had planned for the operation of his gallbladder in September 2001, but he was launched into the occupied Valley in August the same year. He used to utilize inhalers to overcome his asthma problem. His habits were so innocent since childhood that I had never taunted him. He used to join Islamic training camps in summer vacation telling me that he was serving the under training Mujahideen by working at dispensaries there. But, he also got practical training and made through all these stages without revealing to anyone else.

He was a real pious and true human. Despite his physical shortcomings he had set an example to follow by those boys who do not prepare themselves for launching due to minor physical weaknesses or impaired ness. Also for those highly educated boys who confine themselves to speeches and administrative affairs in Jihadi outfits. He was also a model for the boys of the elders who get them declared as unfit for Jihad. These elders should infuse the same passion for

Jihad among their offspring, which was represented by Abu Abdullah Affan Javed who climbed the high snow-peaked mountains of Kashmir despite his all deficiencies.

According to initial re-ports, he had got injured before his martyrdom and was residing in Shopian where he was being treated. Indian army cracked down in the area and he was martyred there on January 23 during a cross-fire with the army

Alhamdolillah. Affan had made me, a sinister person, the father of a martyred. Abu Abdullah Affan Javed had a strong love for Allah, while following was his objective. His belief was higher than the lifestyle of the Allah's Prophet than mountains and deeper than deep seas. The martyrs do not die but we do not have the sense for their life.

Impressions of the Mother

My son always stood the first in educational institutions. He was a really intelligent boy. Till eighth class he went to school only to appear in exams otherwise he always kept himself busy in studies at home. All the teachers were aware of his problem so no one insisted on his presence in the school.

He was associated with Mujahideen during preparations for FSc exams when he grew his beard. He secured 799 marks in the FSc and could not join the medical college just for want of 22 marks. We admitted him in pharmacy department. He was a very promising boy. His interest in religious education increased besides the university education. He soon read many volumes of interpretations of the Holy Quran. He completed his practical training in summer vacation. I said to him that he was ill so he should not join training camps. But he replied that he recovered during the exercise and did not feel asthma trouble there. The instructors used to forbid him from training but he would get annoyed with them and would weep over this. When his respiratory trouble used to get out of control he would come down the hills and took his medicines. After recovering, he would again go back for training. Similarly, one day he suddenly left for the occupied Kashmir.

Now I am very much grieved that why I had not allowed my son for Jihad. I would be feeling this pinch throughout my life. I request the mothers whose sons are insisting to go for Jihad that they should happily allow them to do so. On the one hand this will ease their sons and on the other it will also lessen mothers' grief.

My son was regular in offering prayers and observing fasts. He sat for Aitkaf twice during his life. Last year he sat for Aitkaf and wrote me from there: "Dear Mother! Forgive me for sitting in Aitkaf without your permission. But, perhaps I shall not get this chance again in my life." He was an opponent of TV. Once he damaged the TV set at home out of hatred. He stressed for providing religious education to his younger brother and made him regular in offering prayers. My second son is also a Mujahid. May Allah accept the martyrdom of my son and grant us the reason to understand and act upon his pieces of advice. Amen. May Allah also grant us patience and courage. Ameen.

The Harvest of Rewards and the first fruits of goodness

The Prophet peace be upon him said, “Who launched in this religion a good norm, then he has it’s reward and of those who work with it after him with out the reduction of their reward in the least” (Hadith)

And the talk about the harvest of rewards is a talk about the lofty mountains and about Tawheed in its pure forms, and about racing- a way, and sacrifice -a banner, and about strangeness -norm, and about brotherhood a tie. In short about Paradise as a goal, the Prophet as a leader and about Allah as a Lord and Islam as a religion, then who are they?

They are the first group of goodness, and first fruits of the unified fruits. They are the faction of Allah in Jihad, and the leaders of the religion in glory, and the teachers of goodness in Iraq, or the draggers of goodness to it. They were the first martyrdom operators in Iraq. Namely, Abu Turab, Abu Faridah, Abu Hafs, Abu Tariq
And really they were the first in it in everything.

They came from the land of Kananah from the beloved enslaved Egypt. From the center of the Western control of the Zakazeek city from the quarter of Jihad

Part 1-

Abu Turab

A companion you would never get bored of, and a sooth that did not weary, a face like a piece of the moon, if you saw him he would remind you of Allah, Quran was his close friend, and angels his companions, avoider of the world, a reciter of Quran, a believer in the Oneness of Allah, supreme in manners, his Lord had disciplined him, and his religion had beautified him. He was the Amir of the group and its sparkling constellation whose star still shines today, for he is a kind that does not fade. He was its trainer and tamer and driver to goodness.

He was the first of them to go forward in Iraq and the first martyrdom operator in it. A petrol engineer, married and had two kids, he loved his wife and children like we do, and he loved his country and land like we do. He dreamed about status like we do and he deserved it. But my brother, he put the world below his feet and went forward. It called him but he didn’t turn, and pleaded him but he did not yield or bend. It caught him and pulled him but did not succeed. And in the end it sat murmuring and he went laughing and running. He stopped with his group in Anbar and Ramadi and everyone got indulged in the diligent working for a close day when they are presented before the Lord of the Worlds

Abu Turab wept and increased his crying, tears causing marks on his cheeks, and his companions cried behind him in the last third of the night instead also the first. For our beloved was an accurate byhearter of the Book of Allah. The verses would come out of him as though are being revealed for the first time from the sky, fresh and tender, as if they are on them and for them revealed, and they are indeed so. They felt that they are the ones being addressed from the

people, and that hardships have fallen on their shoulders and they bore the responsibility and went forward.

The Amir and the lion Abu Turab put the first brick in the building hoping that Allah would help him and aid him and that he had hit the target and had chosen the place well, hoping that after him will come those who will complete the building.

The first operation was on the hideouts of the hideouts of hypocrites, spoilt, puppetry and deception, on a deputy from the deputies of evil, and a hideout from the hideouts of disbelief. When the martyr was determined that the punishment of the one who disbelieves is more greater than the original unbeliever, he knew that it is obligatory to put them first before the others and specially as they were the eyes of the unbelievers and their servants and allies and for them they came and for their glory they celebrated, like is the condition of the Jordanian Embassy.

The target was then watched and it was present near the ground of (Yawm AL Liqaa) and beside it was the ambassador of the criminal Shain Al Abideen, the ruler of Tunisia. It was discovered that the greatest loss to the Jordanian embassy will be from behind whereof the way to it could be undertaken and the target from behind was easier and the eyes were absent.

But the eyes of the Ever watchful was on us, we discovered that at the edges of the entrance, there were the houses of the Sunni Muslims. The amount was large, i.e. The amount of the explosives and the road quite narrow, so the brothers decided that the attack of the hero would be from the front where no houses would be damaged from the explosion except the embassies of the evil and the counter parts of betrayal and that was what was desired.

That night as was his habit the martyr stood up for prayer, praying and humbling himself before Allah.

Shiekh Abu Musab Az Zarqawi- May Allah have mercy on him- said, I stayed with him that night, strengthening his resolve, raising his spirits and reminding him. But there he was raising the determination of the Ummah, and reminding those who do not remember, by his approaching towards Allah and his good expectations of Him, by saying "The lantern **was** unlighted "

Abu Musab swore by Allah that he saw the (Noor) light shining on his face as if it were the full moon in the darkness of the night, he said, "I was overtaken by a sudden tremble and compassion for the man, and by Allah if it wasn't for the religion, I wouldn't leave him at all and I was saddened"

The morning came, and our beloved rode in his car, and he took it approaching with it towards the glory of the Ummah, hoping that his accomplishes his goal and his brothers would thereof become more daring towards the coward cunning enemy. And really, Allah destroyed the Jordanian embassy and killed and injured and terrorized the enemy of Allah. After him the martyrs came like the drifting flood taking in their way, every wicked and planting around it the plants and quenching the thirst of the Ummah to Jihad and to glory. I pray to Allah to gather us with our beloved and not suspend us nor trial us after him and that we meet after this in the Gardens of Aden near the All-possessing Ever powerful.

Part 2-

Abu Faridah

The brother of Yusuf, identical to the Prophets and Messengers, and the master of the elite from the righteous, The remains of the pure and benevolent ancestors; A man in the prime flower of his youth, tall in height, white of face and heart, and from the best of what you see of beauty and radiance

He was the champion of Egypt in one of the sports games. Fame opened its arms to him, ...between its embrace the redness of hell. But the poor, he saw it a green Paradise, wishes and desires and dreams that would fly with him to the vastness of money, media, posts and... he hurried to sign an agreement of professionalism to leave for Italy.

Yes the head of Christianity, Italy. He came to his mother dragging with him the good news and his high aspirations. He wanted to fly in the air to tell the world that he was going to become a shining star in a short span of time, "Mama, I will professionalise in Italy". His mother did not believe what she heard, her legs froze on the ground, and her face was taken by grief. The world turned black for her. Immediately she could see her son between the groups of adulteresses, or may be on his chest would be a big cross, like the size of the dreams of the reckless man. She cried tears of regret for him, saying: "My son please don't go, please, please"

But the plea of the mother went in vain. The son pressed on traveling, and traveled to the country of disbelief. The mother traveled to the land of the two Holy sanctuaries, for Hajj, and there she cried and spent her tears praying to the Merciful and Ever Forgiving, to return her son from that land.

At this time, our friend had packed his bags for where he wanted to leave and found the extraordinary car awaiting him, and the wide house, and based on the most enhanced of what an Italian artist could make in those days, who was famous for that very purpose. It wasn't except for very few days until fame started pouring on his person and his name started shone day after day. Beautiful women came to him, each of them wanting to have the honor of his sweet signature or a simple sentence on a tiny book in a bag, which would be accompanied with a lot of entertainment.

From amongst the many fan girls, his eyes fell on one that filled his heart with passion and love and ruled it. He could no longer free himself from its captivity and she in her turn surrounded him with a flood of words that would have melted a dumb stone.

And In one moment from the moments of the overflowing love, the man realized his roots and his good upbringing. She did not restrain herself from him, for the women near them hands herself over to the one she loves as long as he is not deficient towards her, and this is very honorable near them, but our companion said to her, "I want to marry, I want Halaal (lawful) from you, for I am a Muslim and I do not have a way except Marriage"

The girls face reddened and she retreated; then laughed a laugh that would rip the heart from its place, and replied saying, “Darling! Someone like you is not refused, for you are from the most beautiful of people and fame, with a house and cars, but there is just one very simple thing that is a barrier between our marriage”. He said impatiently and amazed, “What is it?” She said, “You are a Muslim, if you become a Christian, I will marry you”. Here the righteous was shocked and was overtaken by an eruption of anger like the volcano saying, “Cheap! Now and just now you were ready to do with me what I want in Haraam (Forbidden), and because I want to marry, you feared that you would be disgraced if you married a Muslim. He went off saying, Cheap, Cheap! Then he opened the door of his house, came caught her by the hand and threw her out of his house, saying, “My religion is more valuable, more glorious and more greater near me than all of you dogs!”

The righteous man did not wait to finish his agreement or to arrange matters of the remaining money to settle the accounts, but packed his bags and rode the first plane back home, regretting on the moment that he disobeyed his mother, thanking and praising Allah the Lord of the worlds for saving him from the trials.

I am not in the need to remind you my brother that our beloved was saved by Allah where many and many from the righteous and renouncers of the world had fallen. But Allah does not see our faces but our hearts, and knows by His knowledge the fearful and pure from the delighted liar. We pray to Allah for a good ending and seek His refuge from trials. Our beloved returned to his mother pleading forgiveness and pardon from her, kissing her feet before her hands, for she is the beloved. The mother thanked and praised her Lord for answering her prayers and she searched hard and got her son married to a righteous woman. And he was blessed from her with a daughter, Fareedah, as if she is the sun in the heart of the sky.

Her father did not stay long by her side instead he packed his bag and went forward and this time in an entirely opposite direction. He went towards Allah, and hastened his steps. Remembrance and repentance he increased, and to the serve his brothers with humility and humbleness were his way and slogan.

He came with Abu Turab with the first group of virtue, racing to Allah. When the martyrdom operation brothers asked for the Jordanian Embassy, he jumped up pleading his brothers that he should be the first of them for he could not loose any one of them before him. He claimed that he is the one with a sin, and wants to repent, unaware that this sin was the reason for his high status and loftiness, and this sin of disobeying his mother was still shaking his beings fear from Allah.

But Abu Turab, took permission from his brothers, he said, “It is my plea that you let me go for I am not a sportsman like you all, and I can not do what you can. So my plea is that you let me”, he beseeched them and they let him.

The role of Abu Faridah came, a target on which disbelief still cries blood from that day and still the cross is in regret on loosing the big of its criminals in that cursed land, as per their description.

And this time by the strange decree of Allah, the target was a Christian one, to reply the blow with two. The enemy of Allah the criminal, the responsible for cutting the land of Muslims in Indonesia, an in charge in UN who pressed to separate East Timor and change it to a Christian nation. He was also the one who ended the issue of Kosovo in such a disappointing manner. In

spite of all of this he remains the elite ambassador for Human Rights in the UN. This criminal is Serjivo Demlo, he was for a period of 6 months only borrowed until the issue of Iraq was finished and then he would return after that to his work for Human Rights.

The building of the United Nations was then watched, and the way to it was determined and the proper time was chosen. This time was 11.00 morning

And really Abu Fareedah rode his truck and went forward to his target. On the way, the car broke down. Haaj Samir and those with him started trying to fix the damage, and really they succeeded in what they wanted but the time had almost become close to 2.00, they started discussing whether to return or to go on at the blessing of Allah. Abu Fareedah decided to go on and not to return, saying, "It is Allah who is the sustainer" they said to him that now the work in the building is over and that no one is there in it except few, he replied, "Allah will sustain me, I wont return"

At that time the news reached Abu Musab, about the delay. He ordered immediate retreat. But when the messenger came back to the point of the truck with the news he found that Abu Faridah had left and had gone to the target. He reached the building of Shirk and disbelief and the station of betrayal and puppetry, and those who paint the color of Legal rule on occupation and its puppets, and he got into the building with the truck.

That was the shock that shook the world. Demelo under the ground, and the assistant of the UN, Mrs. Nadia Yunus and a large number of War Generals in a meeting! And they fell in great grief, the penetration of hank and the interior puppetry. They arrested every Iraqi who worked in the building and investigated with them, but no one knew that the planner of the things is the Lord of the creation, who knows the secret and the hidden and that Abu Faridah was a man of secret with his Lord, so He granted him from His favor and grace, and he raised his status in the high of the heights, we hold him so. We pray to Allah to join us with him in the paradise of Truth near the All owning Ever Powerful. Ameen

Part 3-

Abu Hafs and Abu Tariq

Now we reach the story of these two lions who lost their beloveds (Abu Turab and Abu Fareedah) and each of them would enjoin patience upon the other and encourage each other to prepare for the day of leaving. You wouldn't see them except and tears have filled their eyes. Their recitation would never be clear because of the excess of crying, but in spite of that the eastern courtesy was the feature of these men. Abu Omar and Abu Abdullah narrate to me that they visited them one day. They (Abu Hafs and Abu Tariq) left their worship and came tending to the guests as if they hadn't seen them in a long time. Though the visits would be day after day.

Abu Abdullah prepared the two men with weapons and materials enough to open a front line if they were forced to, because they were at that time inhabiting the city of Ramadi where the family of Bu Ali Sulaiman had filled the world with vice and spies.

And all those who had sold their lives for their religion with the little of the world walked their way. One day Haaj Samir May Allah have mercy on him, visited him. So they whispered to him that they felt that the situation in the house, meaning around the house has become dangerous. So he told them that he knew it and he felt the same way and the next day by the will of Allah he would transfer them to a newly rented house.

Next day he came along with another brother to transfer them, but found the area surrounded by the Americans and it wasn't long until they heard fierce clashes. They both were overtaken by fear that the clashes are with their brothers and it was. Fierce fighting continued for almost 4 hours. After that the brothers got what they hoped from Allah and followed their beloveds in an honorable station of glory and rejection of surrendering themselves to the envious unbelievers. The next day Abu Abdullah called the wife of the Shaheed Abu Hafs. His real nick was after his son Umar, but later when he got to know that she is his wife, he gave her the glad tidings that her husband is now with the Messengers and the Truthful and the Martyrs, and wonderful are they as companions. The woman was of a strong mind. She kept silent for a while and then the sound of crying was heard. She took the receiver again and said to the caller, "When did that happen?" He said such and such day, she said, "O Lord Help me in my calamity and grant me better than it" then she said, "Excuse me my brother, can you tell his mother this news for I can not do that" and really he called her mother who dropped the receiver from her hand and she did not speak after that. Abu Abdullah doesn't know what happened to the mother who it seemed was dying in the love of her son. May Allah make him a light for her on the Last Day, and that He has mercy on them because of him, and that he makes us follow them all in the gardens of Aden

Ameen

Part 4-

The Mujahid Shiekh

(from Syria)

He was the tested Shiekh, and the lion stager, the loving father, the friend and companion, the simple, quiet and humble, Abu Hamzah Al Shami.

From the city of Halab, his father migrated from Turkey after the religious persecution in the days of the doomed Kamal Attaturk, and that is why he knew perfect Turkish from his father. That mountain who planted in the heart of his son- as he told me- the love for religion and its people and the morals of his forefathers and loftiness and the most important thing- love for weapons and sniping.

He told me once after his father had grown old, his sons wanted to do some recreation to entertain him somewhat. They took him for hunting from what they knew of his previous gallantry in this field. When he saw the young men competing in front of him, he told to one of them give me your gun. The boys laughed at the old man, even his son did not think well of his father, and thought that his father has forgotten how old he had become. In front of the Sheikh (Abu Hamzah's father) lay a tin can and he asked his son to throw it in the air. And it was as if the Sheikh (Abu Hamzah's father) is a young man of 20 shooting with lightness and quickness on the can to shoot through the heart of the can. He then gave the gun to his son and walked away leaving everyone in complete silence and astonishment on what they saw. So close to this father and between his hands our Sheikh grew up and trained in all sorts of weapons and especially the light ones and which did not desert their house, as per the expression of Abu Hamzah, even in the toughest times during the happenings of Hama and Halab. Those painful happenings on which the tyrants of Arabs tried to pour forgetfulness. The forgetfulness of the hidden hatred against the Sunni's... the forgetfulness of disgrace and carelessness and the loss of family and children.

This and the heroes of the stories still live amongst us, the likes of Abu Hamzah and others, in the prisons of the greedy tyrant goner, Hafiz An Na'ajah and after him the enemy of Allah, Bashaar.

On the mention of the brothers in the prisons of the interior overhead tyrants I find it of fidelity to mention a story that happened with my brother Abu Muhammad Al Misri the martyr of the Ain Al Hilwah and with the brother Abu Saleh, May Allah release him. And the summary of the matter is that when the two brothers were imprisoned along with a number of brothers in a case of Jihad workings against the herds of Jews in Jordan, they made brother Abu Saleh enter by mistake on a group of ghosts, in a place which was nothing less than a red hell, or the house of Jinns or the trash containers or gutters. What is important is that it was a place where there were no similitudes of men. There were people squatting, on them was nothing more than what concealed their private parts, very long hairs and nails like the claws of a beast, and the smell of carrion was emanating from everything, and complete silence. A man carrying a weapon in his hand and a whip sat in front of them but he was away from them where he would not get affected by the smell and they made my companion enter into this place.

He said: When I saw that, my heart fell between my legs, and I felt a fear that was cutting my sides from their place, they made me sit beside one of them. I turned a little and tried to talk to one of them, and there wasn't any reply and I tried again and there was not reply from anyone. All of them, even the tears had stoned like the stoning of their sides, everything was silent unmoving.

After several hours they called him and removed him and he understood that he was entered by mistake, and what he saw was not a scene from the fears of the Day of the Judgment, and that he was really not in a coma or a painful, disturbing nightmare but what he saw were his brothers, one of the days before more than 20 years they had said "There is no god but Allah" in his protection and others and from that time onwards till our this day and they are in this condition for more than 20 years, no talk nothing, no sun, no, no, no...

And the other was that my brother Abu Muhammad told me, "When I entered the prison, I was still stupid, really very foolish and ignorant", he said, "The Fajr Azan (call for prayer) was given and I waited till the sun was almost about to come out, so I knocked the door" and then my companion took a long breath that as if a painful air, and said, "I don't know whether I knocked the door of the prison or the door of Hell". Immediately their dogs came from every angle in amazement on this strange being and unique creature who dared to knock the door of the prison without it being opened for him and before his time of departure, they asked him "What is the matter with you?" and before they give him the recompense of his deed, the poor thing said: "The Fajr Prayer". They burst into laughter... and laughed and laughed and their hefty arrogant caught him and raising his voice and grunting said, "O son of a bitch, what is the Fajr prayer? We are UNBELIEVERS, do you understand the meaning, we are UNBELIEVERS ", of course in their blindly traditional dialect. And then the enemy of Allah started beating the Martyr brother May Allah have mercy on him, on his ear until it bled heavily and so with many parts of his body and then they left him a motionless pile and went away laughing. This is the organization of Bath and till our very day... so that no one thinks well of the enemy of Allah, Bashar for he is a tyrant the son of a tyrant.

And returning to our Sheikh Abu Hamzah, the narration carried me away, that he participated in the tragic happenings of Hama'a and his brothers are till our, this very day in the prisons of the Tyrants. Abu Hamza had also experienced this torture but on a very simple matter on which he remained in their prisons for a period of time.

I was sitting during the Second war of Fallujah with the Sheikh and asked him to talk to me about the happenings of Halab and Hama'a and praise be to Allah, he narrated it to me from its beginning to near its end and in the end he told me, "Have you read the book of 'Tajribah', (meaning An Experience), of Abu Musab Al Soori" I said nearly yes, I read the old abbreviated edition and the new one not completely. He said: Generally, the man has written everything in the book and it is the best book written in this matter. And this is the guarantee of a witness of a witness on the age of books.

When the Taleban government came, our Sheikh migrated to it using, trick and tackle whereof he was forbidden from traveling. There he fought beside his brothers against the Northern Alliance and the cursed Shiites in Bamian and others. He was the big Sheikh and he poured his live on the youth and they loved him and loved him, and they found in him the father, the elder brother, and the faithful friend. When the Islamic Emirate fell on the hands of the Pakistani betrayers, not on the hands of America, he and his family refused, and he was the lover of Jihad,

to return to Syria even with fake passport like one of his relatives offered him. But our Sheikh went to another front from the fronts of Jihad. He went to the left-side areas of Iraq, Kurdistan, fighting the enemy of Allah Talibani and his biased criminal group, and continued until the Americans entered.

After that he continued to fight the Americans but in Fallujah and in which I was introduced to our Sheikh, I saw a strange Sheikh, does not tire from work, neither in the heat of the sun, nor under the shower of bombs

I got closer to him and he was a brilliant military tactician. I wondered how the likes of me have an opinion in the war and this genius is amongst them. After that he was made to join the Military Shura Council set up to give directions and instructions necessary to tackle the catastrophe in Fallujah in a military way

Our Sheikh's quality was silence except if he was asked. And if he spoke, his experience would drop from between his lips. Our Sheikh was sent to Jawary with a group of fearless brothers in the Nizaal quarter. And there the lover of the musket wouldn't part with his beloved. It was a Russian Draganov, its glasses were nicely polished. He would jump with it from one roof to another in the hope of hunting a rat from the Americans.

Then the winds of war got severe and went so to the worst. Nizaal fell and the enemy entered it. I myself escaped with Abu Hamzah and in spite of the fact that the man was 55 years old, he would jump over walls from one fence to another and I saw his lightness and quickness. I said in myself, true is the saying "Our body parts that we protected (from sinning) when young, and it protected us in our old age"

And to you my brother one glimpse from the glimpses of the glory of Jihad with our Sheikh. He and a number of brothers withdrew to a house as per the plan had been sketched for that. They were in the second floor. He and Abu Jafar agreed that if the Americans searched the house, all the brothers wouldn't fire for two reasons

- 1- So that a large number of ammunition is not wasted in an improper place
- 2- So that the Mujahideen do not harm each other especially if they proceeded towards the enemy.

They hadn't finished talking yet, until the Americans came to that house, and a soldier climbed to the upper floor to search it, followed by a group of rats. As soon as Abu Hamzah saw the enemy of Allah he showered him with fire and the soldier fell in front of him as if he was a maiden who fell in a well.

Then he and Abu Jafar proceeded and showered the group of rats behind him with fire, and they ran away with their wounded. However the dead enemy of Allah remained with the brothers. Abu Hamzah and the brothers took his weapon and what he carried as booty but the Sheikh took more weapons than Abu Jafar and the battle continued in this day... flaming and flaming from one house to another until our Sheikh went on the top of one buildings to jump across to another but there was a sniper who occupied the next house which was a higher ground and he shot our Sheikh dead at the instant.

Every one was sad to loose him for Abu Hamzah was and was such a person, but the condition and time did not permit tears or sadness, for the war, grinds the men such a grinding, and the

boys went forth leaving behind them our Sheikh Abu Hamzah, their throats choking. But this was easier if compared with what was in my heart of burning and regret and till our, this very day, and really “You will die with me and until, I will argue for my Ummah, with its scholars on the Day of Judgment” (Hadith)

The condition came to a halt with us in another house with another group of the best brothers. We sent Mujahid Abu Zubair Al Libyy to the corpse of Abu Hamzah to try to bury it, but the man, with great difficulty was only able to ascertain that the Sheikh had passed away, and bring us some of the personal possessions of the Sheikh that were in his pocket, with the hope that we would return to him when the conditions would improve, but it only got worse. The snipers came to the front of the area that was between the two houses. Not that alone but also with a tank heading them, so we could not make up to him

Days passed and the Jews started collecting the bodies, they threw the body of Abu Hamzah from the top of the building to down, and then they left him there for several days on the streets, and we were looking at him. Incapable of burying our brother, regret eating our hearts with pain and tears at the disappointing condition the Ummah has reached.

Written by: Abu Ismael Al Muhajir

Translated by JUS

Dar Al Murabiteen Publications

Dr. Abu Ayub

I will call on, after a while some one who loves him more than me- in spite of his high position in my heart, and knows him better and talks about him... except that before that I wish to mention some things that I know about this Mountain of manners and good conduct

I came to know the man after the happenings of the First battle of Fallujah almost by a month, when he came to my house with an old acquaintance of mine. He introduced him to me as Abu Ayub. Abu Ayub then asked me permission to perform a martyrdom operation stressing that his request must not be prolonged. I promised him goodness. Just when he had decided to leave, a third person whispered in my ear, that the man was a doctor and we could make use of him. By Allah it was true, at that time I withdrew my decision of allowing him to perform the operation. I agreed with Dr Abu Ayub to hold for the brothers classes for first aid, on a specific time. And really he prepared a book on the context and brought all the requirements for it and started with the job.

In this duration, he was very active in bringing donations of medicines and everything related to it. He did not even rest at that much; instead he started purchasing weapons for the brothers. He had in these situations renowned adventures due to lack of experience in dealing with the ways and manners of the weapon market.

Dr. Abu Ayub was supposed to be present during the happenings of the Second battle of Fallujah but he had gone to bring some things and had been barred from entering after that.

When we were out of there, I met him again, in his usual active way, except that he had become more pressing in his want for a martyrdom operation. I used to stop him seeing the great help he was for the brothers may it be in the medical field or through his vast experience in computers and internet. But the man was loving the martyrdom operations more and more and longing ever more, and he could wait no longer, until he said, "If you do not permit me I will go and not come back again to you, and may be I will perform in another place where it won't be safe for me... so do not forbid me from the reward".

I would try to delay him but finally agreed to him in spite of my dire need for him. This was after the happenings of the Jadariyah refugee camps where his anger heightened and his pressing got more violent. I laughed at him and said, "Take glad tidings from me of what delights you, inshaAllah you will hit their heads in the same place, go to so and so and collect information of the two restaurants of Hamra'a and Ard for in them is what you love and there is what you will find. And it might be that Allah grants you from their empty heads with which he will raise your status and cool your anger". He went and collected information about the target, and then he told me about a dream he saw of the Prophet peace be upon him, "in it he was digging his own grave, its interior was of silver, and the Prophet peace be upon him was directing him where to dig"

So I said, Thanks to Allah a matter in which the Prophet peace be upon him directs must be good, and silver is better than gold. Then he saw me in a dream and I was telling him that the group of deception (Badr) has been destroyed and nothing remains of it except the name, in the same night he saw a close one to him calling and telling him that the rule of Shiites in Iraq is over.

I told him, you will reap from their heads many and many, and that was what happened and praise is to Allah the lord of the worlds

The operation was delayed many a times until once he went with the car and returned because of the number of hindrances on the way and many other times. However, on the night of the operation he was more calm and peaceful, and he told me: I am today peaceful and feel that tomorrow morning I will leave inshaAllah. I reminded him of Allah and of purity in intentions and what I was supposed to do. Then I told him to convey my salaam to all those who had preceded us, from the beloveds and especially the Prophet peace be upon him and his righteous companions. Then he said to me, "By Allah, I love you". I was very happy to listen these words as if the whole world had been brought to my feet, because the likes of Abu Ayub would love the likes of me... indeed it meant great goodness.

We got up early and I bid him goodbye, and from what he said to me, "Allah knows that I did not go for nationality or patriotism but to defend my religion and to satisfy my Lord, and had it not been this, I wouldn't have gone, it is the duty, it is the duty". Then he advocated the Ansar brothers with the Muhajireen and bid goodbye to everyone and left, heading towards his goal. The world saw him and he was nearing the obstacle at a distance of 10 meters from the restaurant that is an extension of the restaurant of Hamra'a to blow it and to make an opening for the brothers after him, I pray to Allah to accept from him and to heighten his cause and to elevate his rank. Ameen

This is a letter from a close acquaintance of his:

In the name of Allah the most Gracious the most Merciful

Praise be to Allah the Lord of the Worlds and peace and blessings of Allah on the most honored of the Messengers, Our prophet peace be upon him and his companions.

To proceed

My brother Muhammad- May Allah have mercy on him- used to carry the characteristics of men from his very childhood. He was suffering from asthma when he was as young as 2 years old, yet he would never show irritation from the disease... he was patient and calm, who would not know him would think that he was heavy blooded, and those who would accompany him would see him sweet of feelings and light weighted, simple in spite of the fact that his parents had given him a lot of attention and care. Everyone loved him. His relatives and friends loved him. I never knew of his enmity with anyone except with the enemies of Allah, he was – May Allah have mercy on him, a father in spite of his age, kind and tender, sweet of talk and looks. He performed an operation for myopia, when we asked him the reason he said the: So that I can hit the target accurately. He would be the happiest when he would be with his brothers in Islam and return after that overflowing with delight and happiness. He would never stop a foot or feel at rest in the house... and would fulfill all our requirements without tiring or getting bored. He would ask us to pray for him to get martyrdom and say: I wish I get martyred and marry a Hoor, I do not have any interest in the women of the world. I remember when he was a student in secondary... he would ask me of the characteristics of the Hoor and their beauty and prettiness, and I would tell him: By Allah I pray to Allah to make you marry a Lubaa'h. he said, "what is a Luba'ah?" I would say: the Mistress of the Hoor, written on her forehead is "Tuba for who I am". He was attacked by furuncle in his waist, and he had to undergo an operation. He told me that when the drug started working, he said, "I felt as though my heart is singing"

The light is in my eyes
And the Hoor is to my right

This feeling continued with me until I got up from the drug effect. He was May Allah have mercy on him, personal in what relates to his work. He disliked showing off and artificiality and hated lies and used to fear missing martyrdom because he missed it when he was forced to leave Fallujah before the attack by a night for an indispensable cause. Through out the Eid he kept on returning to Amiriyah and Fallujah and try to cross over but did not succeed, and he remained sad and would try to take all ways that would take him to martyrdom. He would tell me: looks like I am not accepted near Allah because I haven't got martyred until now. In this year, a very precious job offer came to him from England and Jordan and Malaysia and the chances of work and study were plenty before him and everyone would offer him marriage and his father pressed hard on him except that he gave himself for Islam... he used to love to talk about the stories of martyrs and would ask me to be patient telling, "Sister, for the martyrs there is a blessing that appears in their family and Allah will grant them better than me". He saw after the occupation the Prophet peace be upon him taking refuge in our house and asking him to protect him in his house. I interpreted it for him as that he will become a protector of the religion of Allah and His Prophet.

A dream of mine and my sister coincided on Eid. We saw our mother who had passed away in the most beautiful appearance and magnificent dress and a lighted face like the sun, and she is happy and very glad.

The last dream that he saw after seeing the Prophet peace be upon him and he was directing him to dig a grave for Ayyub, and he told me that inside the grave was of silver. He slept the last night before going to his brothers at my house, and after the Fajr prayer, he told me he saw in his dream that his watch belt cut... I interpreted it for him, "Your time is up my dear, and Allah knows best"

I bid him goodbye laughing and kissed him and told him: Don't return this time at all. He called him by phone later and his voice was laughing with happiness and he told me, didn't you see a dream? I said no he said me too, and he complained to me that the matter has got delayed, I told him that maybe in it is some good for you and then he said goodbye

He wrote to me in his will: our date is Paradise inshaAllah my sister, and remain steadfast for you are on the right and he gave a spear that he had for my expected son and he wrote for my sister: I can not express to you my feelings or the extent of my happiness that Allah has chosen me for such a work... this is the grace of Allah that He grants whoever He wishes, today is the day we meet the beloveds, Muhammad (peace be upon him) and his companions.

He instructed us to be fearful of Allah the Almighty and patience and not to be sad

He would repeat in his last days the Nasheed "Excuse me, my companions..." and I sang with him his favorite Nasheed "And a Mujahid for Allah bid goodbye to his family"

We got up for night prayer on the last night and prayed together and he instructed me to send his clothes and things to his brothers in Islam

He would tell me, I do not have anything better than this body to give it as a sacrifice for Islam

All those who knew him felt sad by his departure due to his good manners and sweet temper. Indeed the eyes overflow and the heart saddens but we are on you O Ayyub grieved, but we say not what angers the Lord and praise to Allah for giving us honor and raising our status by the martyrdom of my beloved brother. We pray to Allah to forgive you and have mercy on you and to accept from you and grant us a happy end like yours O my beloved brother”

And peace and blessings of Allah on our Prophet peace be upon him and his righteous companions

*Written by: Abu Ismael Al Muhajir
Furqan Publications
From the stories of the Martyrs-34*

Translated by JUS

Dar Al Murabiteen Publications

Arabi Barayev

Watch his story in And The Caravan Continues



The youngest to be recruited to the post of a General after the First war of Grozny, Arabi Barayev was a man of great stands. He was known since his very childhood as a generous and well-mannered person. He was virtuous, brave, and sacrificing for his religion.

He was interested in all kinds of sports, especially martial arts. All that reflected on his training, and eventual rise to become a great commander.

He participated in the First war along with a group of Mujahideen under his command. A fearless fighter he was best at sniping. After his participation in the Grozny operation, south of the city, his fame spread across the mountains of Chechnya.

Thus it was after this that he was given the post of a General, in spite of his young age. At the beginning of the second war, the number of Mujahideen in his unit increased to 400.

Like all the other great Commanders of Chechnya, he too faced a number of assassination attempts that account to nearly a 15 times. His gallantry influenced his family and relatives, even his cousin sister, Hawaa Barayev, who was the first Martyrdom operator in Chechnya.

He strived hard in his war against the Russians and made them taste bitterness and defeat many a times. In his last battle, he was wounded- May Allah have mercy on him- 18 times. He was hit in his stomach and lost half of it, along with one of his kidneys, and his body was severely deformed.

The hypocrites had a great hand in his assassination, whereof they informed the Russians of his presence in the village of Yarmalovka. The enemies then put the place under siege, and started attacking it, with cannons and aircrafts. He fought heroically with his group for two continuous days. Towards the end, almost the entire ammunition with the Mujahideen got exhausted.

After that, he - May Allah have mercy on him- was killed, after instilling great terror in the hearts of the Russian oppressors.

May Allah Have mercy on you Arabi, and may He accept you amongst the Martyrs.
Ameen!

Source: Voice of Caucasus- video

Dar Al Murabiteen Publications

Osama Al Hamavi

Watch his story in the series [And The Caravan Continues](#)



May Allah have mercy on you Osama. There is no one who knew you except that his tongue prayed for you and there wasn't the heart of a single Mujahid who was acquainted with you, except that his heart tore out in pain on your parting, and on the likes of Osama let the weepers weep.

"I never faced a disaster or misfortune like this one, by Allah. People would tell about him, "By Allah Osama you had been from the best of the brothers, and from the best of friends, I pray to Allah, the Almighty, that like he gathered us here, to gather us in Paradise,

By Allah, we make Allah a witness, that you were a merciful brother, and a loyal and caring friend, May Allah immerse you and admit you in His wide mercy." (A Companion)

Osama Al Hamawi, from the People of the House of the Prophet (peace be upon him), he was born in Himaah and opened his eyes on the love of Jihad, for his father was from the group that were raised on the hand of the Mujahid Sheikh Marwaan Hadeed May Allah have mercy on him. Days flew by, until Abu Jafar Al Iraqi, took him to Afghanistan, where the Shariah was implemented in the society. He was, may Allah have mercy on him, extremely humble, treating his brothers with overflowing good manners, trying to instill happiness onto them in every possible way

"Osama may, Allah have mercy on him, enjoyed such qualities, whoever possessed them, would raise high and people would gather around him. He was extremely humble. I stayed with him for 4 years and he was my Commander, May Allah have mercy on him, most of the time he was my Commander, in the groups and the operations. So the brother, was a Commander, and wasn't like one... for it was we who would ask him what we wanted. And, by Allah, we would burden him over his power.

We never heard from him even a single sentence that would hurt anyone, or what would make any of the brothers angry with him

So Osama, May Allah have mercy on him, was a tender brother, extremely humble, always cheerful in the face of the brothers” (A Companion)

Osama started on his new journey, after training, then he joined his brothers in their Jihad and Stationing. He was renowned because of his service to his brothers, so he was a best Commander, and a best companion.

“My first meeting with the martyred brother and the true friend, Osama, May Allah have mercy on him, after training from Afghanistan I would see the picture of Osama Al Humawi, a brother, with long hair and long beard, excellent in his military dress, his face excellent amongst the face of the brothers, so I would tell within myself, ‘Praise be to Allah, All thanks is to Allah that I am in the field of Jihad, with brothers with such personality’, I would see him as if he were a knight from the knights of Muslims, as if Salahuddin had returned to us again! ” (A Companion)

Days followed, to bring him to the front of the Battle of Wara, of which he formed a main pillar, and when the Mujahideen were getting ready to go from the battle. The loved one of the Mujahideen got martyrdom, as a result of air bombing, so his soul escaped, and he left the world with the smile that stayed on his lips, May Allah have mercy on you, and may He make you enter the width of His Paradise.

“I found, as if there was a light on his face, the brother you would see... as if he was smiling, as if he wasn’t dead, May Allah have mercy on him. In the jacket were a few belongings, I took from him his belongings after he was martyred, during the bombing, May Allah have mercy on him. After I removed the belongings from his jacket, I placed it in front of me and another man. And I said lets take this jacket... except that the man said he smelt the strange smell of Musk, ‘What is this scent? Cant you smell it?’ By Allah, the sadness that I felt, made me not pay attention to anything around me. He said, ‘Smell! Smell! Smell! This scent’. And when I smelt it, by Allah, I never smelt the like of it in my whole life, this beautiful smell of musk. From what I took from his belonging, was this money on which was some of the blood of the martyr, and I placed it in my pocket here. The smell of musk was emanating from it, and all the while I would smell a pleasant scent. This scent remained with me for more than forty days of his martyrdom, May Allah have mercy on him ” (A Companion)

Source: Sahab publications- video

Abdullah al Afghani

Watch his story in [And The Caravan Continues](#)



What forced you O Muhammad, to leave the gatherings of knowledge and march forth to the battlegrounds? Perhaps your self addressed you saying what is the use of knowledge without implementation, so you escaped to the caller who called.

Muhammad Anwar, an Afghani youth, from the citizens of Jalalabad He studied, May Allah have mercy on him, in the Islamic School of Peshawar. When there, he heard his mates talking about the obligation of jihad. There, he listened carefully and then marched forth looking for the training camps leaving everything behind him.

“Brother Abdullah, May Allah have mercy on him, used to love jihad and was attached to it. Since he reached the training centers. He would wait impatiently for the moment in which the training would start. This moment was the turning point in his life.” (A Companion)

He was, may Allah have mercy on him, very well mannered, a servant to his brothers, and a master in the Arabic language.

“Abdullah, May Allah have mercy on him was very humble, far from arguing with anyone, and detested disagreement and disintegration, instructing his brothers, very loving towards them” (A Companion)

He was chosen, May Allah have mercy on him, first as a trainer for his brothers, then he was chosen as a translator for one of the first units going to Zabul

“He remained, May Allah have mercy on him, for a while in administrative jobs, he thought that this work would prevent him from fighting, and he felt sad for that. His brothers would console him. But after a while the authorities agreed to send him to Zabul. And after three months he got what he longed for” (A Companion)

After a long observation on the strongholds (base) of the disbelievers, preparation for the operation started. When the Mujahideen had surrounded one of these strongholds, and were

preparing to attack, the disbelievers opened fire and shot Abdullah... His soul then escaped, and he bid goodbye to the world. So May Allah have mercy on you, Abdullah, a wide mercy.

Source: Sahab publications- video

Dar Al Murabiteen Publications

Abu Turab Al Pakistani

Watch his story in [And The Caravan Continues](#)



How many are those who have died, and their good deeds still live amongst men... and how many others have lived and are nothing more than dead amongst them.

Abu Turab Al Pakistani, a lion from the lions of Allah, his heart was attached to Jihad from quite an early age. When he saw himself capable enough to fight, he marched forth to Kashmir, and fought the cow worshipers, who were transgressing our enslaved Muslim brothers and sisters.

And there, where he woke and slept amidst the winds of Jihad, Abu Turab was on an appointment to travel to the Nation of glory, to Afghanistan.

“Brother Abu Turab, May Allah have mercy on him... Allah had bestowed him with all those blessings that form the adornment of a Mujahid. Allah selects his beloveds in this very manner, and He, the Almighty, then employs them in the service of His religion, from amongst these was brother Abu Turab.” (A Companion)

He, May Allah have mercy on him, loved the gatherings of Knowledge, cheerful of face, and kind of self, very resolute and persistent, supplicating and praying to Allah the Almighty, all the while.

He was known – May Allah have mercy on him, of courage, gallantry and wisdom. Even though he was the Commander in the front line of Kabul, when the Mujahideen in front line of Dakkhar required help, the champion moved there, as a Commander and leader for a group of Ansar. He, May Allah have mercy on him, participated in several battles, and himself led up units. And there when the folds of war would be on fire, and the line grew arduous, you would find him a generous hero.

“There are 5 other things, brothers, if you hold on to it, Allah willing, you will be successful. You must learn these 5 things. I seek refuge from the cursed Satan. O you who have believed, if you face a fia’a then remain steadfast. First thing is steadfastness. The second thing is, ‘And

remember Allah a lot'. Keep remembering Allah all the time. The third thing is 'Obey Allah and obey the Messenger', that is obedience. The fourth thing – 'wa la tanazau fa tafshalu wa tazhaba reehukum'. Don't dispute. The fifth thing is 'and remain patient. Indeed Allah is with those who are patient' - Be patient. So these are the five things. Before the battle, remain steadfast. Second thing, Zikr, remember Allah a lot, all the time. Third thing is obedience, what the Amir says, just do it. Fourth thing, don't dispute, not like this, or like that... what you are told, do it! Fifth thing, be patient, okay... Remember these five, inshaAllah. Also, in the battle never leave behind an injured. If a brother gets killed, that is no problem but never ever leave a wounded" (His instructions to the Mujahideen)

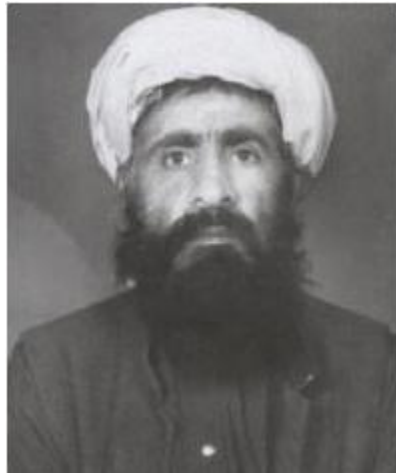
"Allah the Almighty... from the rank that he grants to the Mujahideen, that if they make themselves humble before their brothers, then their valor over the unbelievers is ever so great and we have witnessed it many a times. When he used to be in a condition of war, then in that condition, the might that he had... that when he used to say Takbeer, it is impossible to describe in words how his voice would ring, the group of brothers would be on one side, saying Takbeer, and his voice would still be stronger than theirs" (A Companion)

Days passed, and the time came, for the lion to pass away to the maiden that he so long sang praise of. For after he had prepared for one of the operations, sleep overtook him in that base. Then the base started being bombed heavily. And the soul of the lion of Pakistan yielded to the sky. The horse of glory threw down its knight, and manhood bid goodbye to her brother.

May Allah have mercy on you Abu Turab, May He admit you in the vastness of Paradise, Ameen.

Source: Sahab publications- video

Shaheed Hafiz AbdurRaheem



In the name of Allah the most gracious the most merciful

“And I pray to Allah that I get martyred in His way, and then they drag me by my feey and say, “This is the Hafiz, we have killed him!”

Our honorable brother has achieved the high status of Martyrdom, he was a Hafiz (by-hearted the Quran) and a devoted scholar and a leader, the hero-Hafiz Abdur Raheem bin Nasruddeen bin Muhammad Ameen.

His Birth

He was born in the year 1950AD/1370H, in the village of Kamali in the control of Boldik in the Kandahar province, and it lies in the south of Afghanistan and is bordered with Helmand province on the west, Zabul province in the east, Pakistan on the south and on the left with Orozjan province

Belonging

The Shaheed, May Allah have mercy on him, was brought up in an ordinary house of high ranking, and grew up on the love of Allah, the Almighty and Jihad in His way. He started his journey in search of knowledge in his childhood and learned the Holy Quran at a young age. And then he continued in seeking knowledge of Islamic Fiqh. He used to learn from the scholars and travel from one Mosque to another and from one school to another until he got by the grace of Allah the High certificate in Shariah, and he graduated on the hands of great scholars of the Islamic university (Binuri tawn, Karachi) in the year, 1401H/ 1981AD

His Life Story

The Shaheed- May Allah have mercy on him, was slim of built, tall, fluent in speaking, good mannered, a well-preparing leader, brave and simple, a caller to Allah, straight forward in his talks. He loved in Allah, and hated for Allah, and did not fear in Allah, the blame of a blamer. He was an ideal personality for people, his sayings were heard and his orders were obeyed,

especially between his Mujahideen brothers. He was very clear concerning the matters of belief and combated superstition and worked hard to remove the innovations and to distance people from practices that were against the Shariah, and he, May Allah have mercy on him, was reliable concerning religion, truthfulness and trustworthiness. He was a good natured, smart person and would know people with little knowledge about them. In short, Allah the Almighty had collected in this man the attributes of a Muslim leader, a believing preacher and the manners of a loyal warrior

He left behind

He left behind him a big family of 3 wives and 15 children in a land he rented for them in the Dar Al Hijrah. He left for them little money that would suffice them for not more than a few months. All his sons are studying in schools of Islamic Shariah. His eldest son (Hamadullah) Nahiz Uthman is ten years old and his youngest son is Ameenullah, 3 years of age.

His Jihad and service of knowledge

The Shaheed May Allah have mercy on him, after getting the high degree in the Shariah knowledge in 1401H, quickly joined the ranks of the Mujahideen. And prepared a front called the Farroqi Front in the control of Boldik in the days of the Soviet occupation in Afghanistan (1979-1989AD). He was a prominent leader of the area, leading more than 250 Mujahids. He did whatever he could in the way of defending Islam and Muslims, and worked to choke the land on the occupation and the puppets.

And when Allah the Almighty, conquered the control of Boldik, at the hands of the Righteous Mujahideen for the first time, and purified it from the impurity of the worldly men, the Hafiz entered it as a conqueror, and was appointed as a governor for that control.

When the internal fights started after the fall of the communist rule, he escaped from this trial and went back to his house. But as a wise preacher he entered another area in the areas of preaching towards Allah, and set up a school named "The Islamic Arabic university", for young and elders in the control of Boldik in the area of Waat. He used to work hard to raise the sons of Muslims, a pure Islamic upbringing. He used to administer the school, and teach and call to Allah and work hard to improve the ties and indulge in other Dawah works.

And when Allah the Almighty raised for the Muslims the reconciling Taleban movement, he responded to the call of the Leader of the Believers, Mullah Muhammad Omar Mujahid, and he joined the ranks of the movement. In the beginning he was appointed to train the Mujahideen in a control, as police for the Orozjan province, and then he was promoted to lots of other posts from them are, the vice presidency of the Zabul province. He continued to serve Islam and the Muslims, until Allah weighed and did what He willed. And the enemy came from above us and below us, until the sights were unnerved and the hearts reached the throats
"Thereof the believers were shaken, a severe shaking. And if the hypocrites and those in whose hearts are diseased, Allah and His prophet promised us nothing but deception"(Alahzaab 11-12)

And from those who reacted well was our brother, Hafiz AbdurRaheem Shaheed, May Allah have mercy on him, and grant him peace in the gardens of Paradise, for he did not surrender to the enemy, and did not migrate. Instead he took his weapon, and alone started calling people in

the area, for jihad against the Americans. He would disappear in the morning, and would do jihad in the night. After a while a number of young men responded to his call, from amongst them his cousins, Shaheed Abdul Bari, and Hafiz AbdulGhani, the sons of Abdulwasi'. His helper, Shaheed Abdul Ghani bin Maqar, May Allah have mercy on him, also joined him. After that Allah granted him with a victory from Himself, with believers. His Mujahideen brothers increased in number. And Allah made him rich in number and materials. And Allah granted him victory in a number of battles against the enemy. Until the point reached where he was talked about as an example for bravery and steadfastness.

His Heroism in Jihad

He met, May Allah have mercy on him, the enemies of Allah, Americans and the puppet forces in the first ground battle in one of the villages of the Boldik and in a second battle in the mountain of Addah near the control and in a third battle in the village of NahrMllaWali. The outcome of the three battles was the safety of the Mujahideen and the escape of the enemy from the area. With the knowledge that, at that time even the thought of battle with them was a difficult standing.

In the fourth battle he met them in Torghar, the 1st mountain near the control. It was a battle of miracles, where the Americans took part with their puppets, tanks, cannons, and fighter planes. They surrounded the mountain from all sides and entered the battle arena. The number of Mujahideen did not exceed 50 persons with their light weapons. The battle continued for 2 days. It resulted in the death and injury of a large number of enemies. His cousin, Abdul Bari got martyred, and his other cousin AbdulGhani was taken prisoner. The Hafiz himself was injured in his shoulder. After that the remaining returned to their bases with the injured.

After these battles, his talks were spread far and wide and the enthusiastic youth, gathered around him. So he sent a battalion in the control of Maroof led by Mulla AbdulWali (code name Abdullah) and he and Mulla Muhammad Khan were martyred in the fighting there. After that, Maulvi Harun, May Allah protect him was appointed as Ameer of that battalion.

He also sent, May Allah have mercy on him, another battalion in the Zabul province and made Mulla Hidayah as its Amir. After the martyrdom of the Hafiz, Maulvi Abdul Wakeel, his brother, was appointed as the Amir of the front of AbdurRaheem. The Amir of the battalion, Mulla Hidayah was declared as a general leader of the front. After the martyrdom of Mulla Hidayah, Maulvi Harun, May Allah protect him, was declared as a general leader of the front.

His stands

He had very steadfast stations; he was tough on the unbelievers and loving towards the people of faith, uninterested in the world and its beauties.

One of his brothers blamed him for so much of renunciation and advised him to purchase a land and a house. He said, May Allah have mercy on him, "By Allah, the Almighty, you will not hear that the Hafiz has become a martyr and left a castle and such and such of money, and such and such a car "

His brother narrated to us...

Once a delegation of the Karzai government consisting of Haji Hashim and Maulana Samizi came and asked to meet with the Hafiz, so I was making up excuses but when they pressed a lot, I helped them. So the Hafiz met them in my house. They said to him, "Leave opposing the government and calling people to Jihad and we will take care of you monetarily and will whiten your case in the government (whitening in the local language means being at peace with) and we will give you cars and money and a high status. Otherwise you are alone and will not be able to do anything because the United Nations and the Americans and the European Union and the NATO and all the neighboring countries aid the government, and you and your companions will get killed, and we have come for your benefit, and what we are saying is good for you in our view".

The Hafiz, May Allah have mercy on him replied,
"Jihad in the way of Allah is an obligation, every believer is entitled to perform it. Allah the Almighty has made Jihad in His way an obligation, and we by the grace of Allah and aid are doing what we can, and he has not entitled us to the outcome (Allah does not burden a self over its capacity) instead martyrdom and victory are in His hand and we are self sufficient of your guardianship, for Allah is the best friend and the best caretaker.

As for the issue of whitening, then we and Praise be to Allah, are white near Allah. I am sorry that you want to whiten me near the murderer Bush. What a regret on you people! Understand well: we, the Mujahideen are white near Allah: and you, you all are black near Allah and near the Believers. As for what you mentioned of money and status and the other things, then belief is more dearer to us and the Paradise is more valuable and precious and more comfortable than it. Concerning killing us, then we hope that Allah the Almighty will honor us with martyrdom in His way. And this is indeed a great victory, not achieved by anyone except a happy believer.

And I pray to Allah that I get martyred in His way, and then they drag me by my legs and say, "This is the Hafiz, we have killed him!" "

O brothers in faith, this is a drop from the river and little from the much. And this is the saying that Allah ran on the tongue of a believer whose heart was absorbed with faith and Islam had entered his heart.

His occupation

The Hafiz, had narrated to us himself, "On a very difficult day at the time of the beginning of the American occupation I and my companion went early morning to a relative of mine in a village that he might grant us shelter. But when we reached his house he closed the door on us and excused. So we went into the lowlands of a valley, and disappeared in it without food or water on a hot day. When the darkness of the night approached we stood up, my companion and I and dusted our clothes. There, I saw myself cut off to Allah the Glorious, the Wise, so I prayed to Allah the prayer of a refuge seeker and said, O Allah do not leave me to myself or to anyone even for the span of a wink and make all my affairs good and grant me victory O Lord of the Worlds. From then onwards Allah has granted me victory in every place I went, and He granted me His victory and the believers"

His Martyrdom

The Hafiz, got martyred and attained his wish, and Allah the Almighty accepted his prayer on the night of Rajab 18 1424H, in the battle of the control of Maroof which was under the leadership of Shaheed Abdul Baaqi Muhammadi and along with the Hafiz, his companions Mullah Sameeullah, Mullah Abdullah also got martyred. He was buried in a grave in a village there. We are from Allah and to Him we return.

And after 3 days the enemies of Allah, the Almighty, came to know that the Hafiz has become Shaheed. So they dug him out of his grave and pulled him and took him over the country saying, "This is the Hafiz, we have killed him" and cursed him. Then he was returned to his family and was buried in the graveyard of his ancestors. And like that... May Allah accept from His fearing slaves.

*Source: The 10th edition of Taleban official monthly magazine, Sumood
Rabi Al Awwal, 1428*

Dar Al Murabiteen Publications

Shaheed Abu Abdullah Al Britaani

"Among the believers are men who have been true to their covenant with Allah, i.e. they have gone out for jihad and showed not their backs to the disbelievers) of them some have fulfilled their obligations (have been martyred) and some of them are still waiting, but they have never changed in the least". Al-Ahzab 23

I would like to share some news with all my Muslim brothers and sisters. The news is of the martyrdom (shahaada) of our brother Abu Abdullah al-Britanee. Abu Abdullah was shaheed in the valleys of Kashmir on February 20th 2001, whilst fighting against the oppressive Indian army.

Abu Abdullah was born in 1976 in Britain to parents of Pakistani origin. At the age of 3 he went to Pakistan to live, with his family. There he studied and lived, in which time he became very custom to the Pakistani way. Some ten years later it was decided that he and his family would come and live in London again

He came to London and lived a life of ignorance towards the deen of Islam. Like much of the youth in Britain he was involved in fruitless activities. Until, when one day his mother announced her desire to go to hajj, and wanted Abdullah to accompany her on the trip. Out of his love for his mother (despite not practising) he agreed, he knew that this meant that he would now have to change his ways, to that of the true Muslim. After having been on hajj he came back a completely changed person. Many people today go to hajj and come back to get on with life just as it was before, but not Abdullah, he really changed. He came back and started learning the way of ahlul-sunnah, despite having family of an innovational background. He often had disputes with family members on their deviant interpretations of Islam but he was never known to have raised his voice in an argument. He would under extreme anger just smile in his beautiful manner and walk away. With his beautiful manners, innocent character, and correct understanding of Islam he gave dawa to all his immediate and non-immediate family. This resulted in the creation of a good Islamic environment inside his home and amongst his friends.

As time went on Abu Abdullah grew in his knowledge of the deen of Islam, eliminating all misconcepts about practising Muslims, setting a true example to everyone. Then in 1997 a brother introduced a cassette of the Shuhuda of Bosnia to Abu Abdullah, this changed his way of looking at life. He was introduced to a concept that was not readily talked about or taught in those days. It was JIHAD, giving up your life and wealth for the sake of Allah swt. It was then that Abu Abdullah made it his objective to leave his home and defend the Muslims. However Bosnia was over, Chechnya had obtained independence from the Russian's, and Palestine was a very difficult location to go and fight. All these factors all indicated only one destination, his mother homeland, Pakistan (Kashmir). Whilst in London he made all efforts to educate himself about the situation of Muslims in Kashmir by travelling to all parts of Britain, speaking to Kashmir's Mujahideen. The more he learnt the more determined to go he became. However he never forgot his duty to his family, during this time he was constantly educating his mother and cousins on the virtues of Jihad. He did this in the unique manner of leaving messages on mobile phones of a hadith a night, often in the late hours when he would be studying himself. He would give special attention to his mother by spending some time every night massaging her legs and

praying Fajr and Maghrib with her. His mum once commented on how he would go into the position of sajdah (prostration) and spend a long time there, however he would not stop as he believed in the messenger's PBUH hadith that a slave of Allah is closest to his Lord when in the humble position of sajdah.

The time had finally come for Abu Abdullah to part from his family and wealth, and go and live the life of a Mujahid. He was to leave his loved ones and go and join a group of people he had only ever heard about. Although his travels, in the UK, had resulted in meetings with ex-kashmiri mujahideen, who would give him sincere advice, he really didn't know what to expect. Abu Abdullah left his home not knowing much, except he was to strive for Allah's pleasure at any cost. Abu Abdullah was so determined to leave that he would have an answer to every argument presented to him. On one occasion his mother had said to him, "don't go now, as it is extremely hot at this time of the year....", to which he replied "it is still going to be cooler than the fire of Hell, please mother don't stop me."

Abu Abdullah left his home that summer for Pakistan, equipped with insufficient kit. He had been advised to take basic military equipment, which was to prove inadequate for the rough and treacherous mountains of Kashmir. Despite the hardships suffered during the early days Abu Abdullah continued to train hard. Due to his good understanding of the Pakistani culture and language he had never disclosed to the other mujahideen training with him that he was not one of them - that he was a foreigner, thus he was never given special treatment. He remained in the training camp until he completed the basic course successfully. After which he was transferred to the special guerrilla warfare course, lasting for three months. By the decree of Allah swt Abu Abdullah started the course but soon sustained an injury, which would not allow him to continue. The injury resulted in a premature end to Abu Abdullah's Jihad, leaving him no option but to return home. However this was not the end of his efforts for Allah's sake.

When arriving in the UK he brought his love and experiences of Jihad back with him. He would make every effort to increase awareness of the atrocities committed by the tyrant Indian soldiers on the Muslims. He would do this by talking to people and distributing material. At the same time, Abu Abdullah would be working to support himself and his family. Initially he started working in a sports shop in London, however by his own admission, his ʿimaan was suffering from being in such an environment. As a result he left the job, and started working for a scholar dealing with the affairs of Muslims. There was a price to be paid to secure his ʿimaan, he took a cut in wage and bore the pressures of his family, for not having a "proper job". When the scholar was asked whether he had any complaints about Abu Abdullah's work, he replied, "I have no complaints with Abdullah except when he goes for salat he takes too long...".

In the mean time Abdullah's brother had decided he wanted to go to Kashmir to fulfil his fard, this was something that Abdullah did not like. It would mean that he would have to stay at home with the family while his brother went in the path of Allah.

Standing before their Mujahida mother her two grown sons converse:

"To go to the land of Jihad is Fard upon me first, because I was the first one in this household to turn his interest in this direction and I acquired training as well", Abdullah said, proving his commitment. "You are much younger than me. It is my right and duty as the elder, to go first so I will go", replied the elder brother.

Abu Abdullah: "Brother! Look! Is it not true that none of you even knew about the mujahideen

in Pakistan? No one in the house was aware of Jihad. I was the one who began talking about it and all of you used to ridicule me and could not understand what had happened to me. You used to say, "What has gotten into him?" Everyone was strict on me. Father told me off. Mother, you also told me to stop all this talk. So now, if we are to go for Jihad, then I shall go first". These tensions between the brothers lasted for many days, until their maternal uncle reconciled between them.

One day Abu Abdullah reached a conclusion and said, "Ok, brother. Mother is in your favour and I have also done Istikhaara. Go to the land of Jihad". Abdullah's brother went to the land of Kashmir and trained, he also got involved in military action against the Indian army. During the operation he was wounded and no longer able to continue on the front line. Eventually returning home to his family.

No sooner had his brother returned Abdullah was preparing to leave once again for the land of Jihad. Very few people knew his intentions, as this time he was not going to be hindered in anyway. On his brother's return Abdullah felt grieved at the severity of the wounds inflicted by the Indian army, and later he made it known how he felt he had to avenge his brother's wounds.

After having finally obtained permission from his parents, Abdullah once again left for the land of Jihad in February 2000. He arrived in Pakistan and spent time with his sister and her young children. He would often pray his salat in the local mosques, where he would meet lots of other brothers. One brother recalls meeting Abu Abdullah;

"I used to meet him in Kasr Mosque. He was a very handsome and fit young man, I thought to myself that such a fit youth should be with the Mujahideen. I introduced myself to him and after a few days I invited him to join the Jihad. He smiled and said, "I have already completed the first leg of my training and am waiting to do the second leg. I always saw him longing to be martyred. He used to ask each of his companions to make Du'a for him."

After spending a while in his hometown, he left to be reunited with the mujahideen in the high mountainous valleys of Kashmir. There, he was instructed to have patience and do dawa work until the special training course started in June. Abdullah stayed with the mujahideen, had patience and did as he was ordered by his ameer. During this time he would travel to all parts of Pakistan inviting people to Islam and introducing the concept of Jihad. He had not left his home for any other reason but to fight, and die shaheed in the path of Allah, but he was being asked otherwise by his ameer. Abdullah understood the importance of complying with the ameer's order, as he had learnt the lessons from the battle of Uhud well.

Eventually the time to part from dawa duties had come, and the training course was to begin. He was taken to a secret camp (undisclosed to even the other mujahideen), where he was to spend three months. These were to be very hard and testing times for Abdullah. The training was physically tough and extremely harsh, with no exceptions made for Abdullah. The other mujahideen were the selected few who had just completed their guerrilla course, so were in extremely fit condition. Whereas Abdullah had spent the last few months on dawa duties and light exercise. The difference was clearly evident. Abdullah narrated to a brother later, how he was sad at how his physical condition was inferior to the other mujahideen and they made him aware of it. Abdullah suffered the taunts of some of the other brothers, but remained firm. By the grace of Allah swt he finally completed the course and returned to his home in Pakistan, waiting for his turn to enter Occupied Kashmir. One brother relates on what Abdullah was like after his training;

"His emotions were at their peak. I used to observe a conquering sparkle in his eyes..."

By the end of the summer, and at the end of Abdullah's training, two very close cousins of his were getting married in London. They invited him to attend the weddings and then return to what he was doing. In the kindest possible manner Abdullah explained on how important it was for him to stay and not to return to the land of Kuffar, he said his emaan would weaken and he would have to start over again. With his sister also leaving Pakistan, Abdullah was alone. Abdullah spent this time bettering himself and others around him. He would often visit relatives in distant places giving them dawa and explaining the importance of Jihad. His actions along with his good character made him extremely loved amongst all the people he met.

Nearing the end of 2000 one of Abdullah's training partners had been taken shaheed in Kashmir. This was to increase Abdullah's determination to enter and fight in the land of Kashmir. He visited the mother of his friend in a far village, to congratulate her. As he was leaving the house, with full conviction he said to the mother "I am going to meet your son, have you got a message that I can deliver to him for you?" He returned to the camp and applied extreme pressure on the commander of the mujahideen to allow him to enter Kashmir. Finally he was granted permission in February 2001.

After hearing that her son had been granted permission, Umm Abdullah departed for Pakistan to spend a few precious days with her son. On arrival of his mother he said there was no need for her to come, it would only weaken his emaan. By this he meant that his love for his mother was so great he might be deterred from going. As time was drawing closer Abdullah's cousin in London had a dream of how he would be shaheed. She saw that there was a mountainous area with a large green field and in the middle laid Abdullah and his brother. Abdullah's brother lay there with a serious wound to his foot (as he had suffered the year before) and Abdullah lay there shaheed. She was concerned that her dream might be true and wanted to just see her cousin for one last time before he entered into enemy territory. She left from London and got there the night before Abdullah was due to leave for the front line. They spent the night talking and sharing thoughts, for the last time. The following morning Abdullah left his hometown with his mother to a town closer to the border. Where he bade farewell to the most beloved person to him, his mother. A few days later he phoned his mother and said the jeep is ready and I am going now inshallah, his mum recalls he had extreme amount of joy in his voice. He said he was leaving with the foreign brothers that he had met earlier in the camps.

Inside Occupied Kashmir:

On the 19th of February 2001 at 12pm when the group of 14 Mujahideen were trekking through a thick mountainous jungle, aiming to meet the ameer of the area who would allocate them their tasks.

As the group advanced up the mountain they felt the presence of Indian army. The ameer consulted with the brothers and decided to take an alternative route, only to find the Indian forces were manning this route as well. The brothers realised that they were surrounded and that the enemy was encroaching from all sides. Army Patrols were searching viciously to remove any mujahideen presence from the area.

On the ameer's orders the Brothers then started retreating to the place they had camped the night before. During this tactical retreat they were spotted by an Indian patrol party, who then started a savage pursuit of the brothers.

With complete confidence, the ameer decided that all the brothers would take up positions and

fight, rather than run further down the mountain and weaken their chance of defending themselves.

"Give yourselves up! We know you have been brain washed and we will not harm you", shouted out an officer from the ranks of the Indian army. The brothers refused. On sight of the Indian officer, the ameer Abu Billal shot the officer dead. This was an indication for the rest of the brothers to start their engagement with the enemy of Allah.

Both sides were exchanging heavy fire; the brothers were greatly outnumbered, and surrounded from all sides.

The Indian forces, too fearful of losing their own lives, were content with firing indiscriminately from a distance; they also resorted to the use of long distance grenades (mortars). The Mujahideen were using their ammunition sensibly and effectively as they had been trained to do so. Firing only at sight and at short distance targets.

One of the brothers Abu Omer was firing the PK (heavy machine gun), he was positioned a few meters behind Abu Abdullah. He recounted the last moments of Abu Abdullah saying, "I saw Abu Abdullah seize in activity in the mist of the Engagement, approach me and then asked me for forgiveness". Abu Omer completely astonished, said "brother u have not done any wrong to me there is no need for forgiveness, just carry on firing". On the persistence of Abu Abdullah Abu Omar said, "I forgive you Abu Abdullah". Abu Omer said then I asked for forgiveness from him. Upon this momentary exchange of forgiveness requests Abu Abdullah was content and then changed his position and took cover behind a tree besides a slope. Abu Abbas Yemeni who was positioned adjacent to Abu Omer was shot in the head, reciting the shahada he fell into Abu Omer's lap. Abu Abdullah on seeing this got up to help. As soon as he got up an Indian soldier, who was positioned at the rear with a heavy machine gun, sprayed him with bullets on his back and shoulder. As soon as he got shot Abu Abdullah shouted La illah illal ah hu... he then stumbled to the ground and down the slope reciting "Muhammad ur rasool al-allah", in an ever fainting voice. Then all was quite, Abu Abdullah had reached the last stages of his journey to Jannah, ready to meet his lord.

And so ended a chapter of a short but dedicated life to freeing the Muslims from oppression and raising the word of Allah to be the highest, and defending it's people and it's lands.

"And say not of those who are killed in the way of Allah "They are dead". Nay they are living but you perceive (it) not" (al-Baqarah 154)

By ABU ABDULLAH ~ (ABDUR RAHMAN)
Source: Unknown

ABU AADAM AL AMREEKI

All praise is for Allah the lord of all the worlds. And may the peace and prayers be upon the messenger of Allah and all those who follow his way until the last day. Amma ba'd:

I decided to write this as some sort of reminder for myself and my brothers and sisters. If we see the present day examples of people following the way of our salaf in word and action it will only strengthen us to continue striving and causes us to see the high stations of Allah's beloved as not being unattainable and out of reach.

"All I want is shahadah in Kashmir. I don't want to be famous and well known."

Those were the words of Abu Adam Jibreel al Amrikeeas we walked around the center in muridke Pakistan. As we strolled around the giant masjid and school and looked at the horses at the horse stable we talked of the difficulties in training and jihad in general. Abu Adam was only nineteen years of age when he went to the killing fields of occupied Kashmir.

Born into a considerably wealthy family in Atlanta Georgia, Abu Adam had always excelled in most of his activities as a child. He used to go with his family to Ebenezer Baptist church, the church of Dr. Martin Luther King jr. He was known even before he accepted Islam to be a kind and caring person. He would always try to excel at everything he did. Allah in his infinite mercy saw something good in Abu Adam, so he had placed in his heart a desire to seek the truth as he was not completely satisfied with Christianity as a religion. He used to gather and read books on Islam, Judaism, Buddhism and other religions around the world. It was after his search for the truth that Allah the most high expanded his heart and guided him to Islam wal hamdulillah.

Abu Adam was known to frequent the west end masjid in Atlanta, the masjid of the now incarcerated Imaam Jamil al-Amin, may Allah free him. He was known to keep to himself and read a lot. At this time he was still keeping dreadlocks as he was new to Islam and didn't know about its prohibition. After graduating high school he left Atlanta to go college in Durham north Carolina about four hours away. It would be in Durham that he would gain a more detailed understanding of Islam and the reality of the situations faced in many of the Muslim lands.

Indeed Allah the most high had blessed Abu Adam with good companionship in Durham that he benefited from very much. It was with them that he learned the aqeedah of the Muslims in detail and it was with them that he learned the sunnah. It was in this environment that Abu Adam began to read about the affairs of the Muslims in places such as Bosnia, Burma, Kashmir, and Chechnya. He became very concerned about the oppression of his brothers and sisters and wanted to do something about it. It was at this crucial juncture of Abu Adam's development that he left college and began to prepare for the journey that most never think about- much less prepare for- jihad.

The burning desire to wage jihad against the enemies of Allah soon overtook Abu Adam and thus he began a program of training to prepare himself for the extremely difficult battle conditions. Perhaps we may pay heed and take benefit from his program.

The Preparation :

Abu Adam began to spend more and more time in the masjid. He would increase in his voluntary prayers and fasting. He began to read the Qur'an daily and memorize supplications of the prophet (saw) for every occasion. He also began to lengthen his salah and try to build up his khushuu' (submissiveness and humility). Abu Adam even cut back on food and drink and his amount of sleep so as to get himself ready for the hardships of jihad. He realised that jihad is directly connected to the tarbiyah (spiritual cultivation) of the person.

The preparation of Abu Adam for jihad was not relegated to the spiritual side alone. He also undertook physical preparation in the form of running, exercise and military tactics. He went one day to an army surplus store and bought a pair of danners. For those of you who do not know, danners are very heavy and very tough military and hunting boots that feel like a ton when worn. Abu Adam would run only in these boots, and he would refuse to wear running shoes. It was reported that he used to tie a long rope around his waist with a cinder block tied to the end – running in this manner for conditioning.

Allah had also blessed Abu Adam with brothers in his area with prior military experience. He benefited greatly from one who was a former U.S. army ranger, the rangers being a group of elite forces in the U.S. army. After months of spiritual and physical training he was ready. In November of 1997, he went to Kashmir.

Commando Training :

Abu Adam began his training in Ramadan of 1997 with the mujahideen of lashkar taiba. Lashkar taiba are the mujahideen of ahl us sunnah in Kashmir and are the most feared warriors in the occupied valley. He chose to train at the hardest time of the year – mid winter.

I firmly believe that the more difficulties you go through in training, the more barakah your training will have. The mujaahid will go through things in the course of training that purify him as the gold is purified by the fire. He will sometimes go through things that cause him to say,

“Ya Allah ! you know that this is for you alone and I only go through this extreme difficulty for your sake. If you do not help me I will not be able to continue!”

In order for you to grasp the intense hardships and trials that those like Abu Adam must go through you must understand the following facts:

1. Kashmir is situated in the hindu kush mountain range, the tallest mountains in the world.
2. the training camp is in a 12,000 foot mountain. The city that it overlooks is 14,000 feet above sea level. That would place the brothers at 26,000 feet above sea level. So can imagine how difficult it is to do basic exercise there, much less marching throughout the mountains.
3. Kashmir has some of the coldest winters around with snow in the mountains reaching twenty feet deep or more.
4. training consists mostly of marching In the night and day with a 35 pound backpack. This is for preparing the mujaahid for occupied Kashmir. Infiltration takes about seven nights of

climbing as well as crossing through heavily guarded points with trip wires and booby traps.

5. the occupied valley is by far more difficult and intense than the 'small mountains' of azad- or free Kashmir. In occupied Kashmir, the average mountain is between twelve-to seventeen thousand feet high.

Abu Adam opted for the intense training in winter while at the same time fasting. Abu Adam was known to carry extra weight and march on no matter what. He trained and remembered the promise of Allah,

“if you help Allah , Allah will help you and make your feet firm”:

He would always try harder and make frequent dua'a to Allah for firmness on the path of jihad. He would fast in the day while running miles in the cold kashmiri mountain paths. He would train in military tactics while having numbed limbs from the intense cold of winter. He would continue to shout 'Allahu akbar' even while his throat was dry and parched for lack of water due to his fast. He would climb through the beautiful snow covered kashmiri mountains even while his body lacked nutrients because of his fasting. He would break his fast on dirty brown colored water taken from a running stream and he would eat the lentils that always gave him digestive and stomach problems. And it was he that would march out in the dark cold night with his mujahideen brothers from 8:00 pm until the time of fajr salah.

Surely in training- a day is made to feel like a complete year. So after what seemed like 124 years or more aptly four months, Abu Adam successfully completed the lashkar taiba commando-training course. Abu Adam did not leave the training camp unscathed however. He had received frostbite on the extremities of his feet due to the intense cold. Even after springtime, the tips of his toes were still numb. He had also contracted a serious stomach illness that caused him to lose a lot of strength. When I asked him about that he replied,

“I'm going in regardless in sha allah. I didn't go this far to stop now.”

I always admired his determination. After a few weeks of recovery and rest, Abu Adam received the news that he was long waiting for. The amir told him, “pack your bags. Your going to jammuu to launch!” Abu Adam was shining from happiness and delight,

“I'm finally getting a chance to go and do jihad fee sabeelillah !”

After two and a half weeks I met back up with Abu Adam at the launching sector to prepare to infiltrate with him into the occupied valley. We were only waiting for our slot to carefully infiltrate the occupied valley of Kashmir to strike down and destroy the enemies of Allah, the vile hindus and Sikhs from the Indian army. This sometimes long waiting period is perhaps the most frustrating part of jihad, it is sometimes referred to as ribaat. It is at this point that a person must guard his thoughts and occupy his time before he goes to battle.

His Character and Manners:

Abu Adam was quiet even if he was talking loud. He had a very simple and soft way about him. He never acted rude or argued licentiously with anyone. In the early mornings after the fajr salah, he would run for about a mile and a half with his backpack filled with 50 pounds worth of bricks

and stones. He would climb up and down a tall water tower with the same backpack on. After his workout, he would return to the base and take a shower, eat breakfast with the brothers and then proceed to the small masjid we had and memorize the Qur'an and selected dua'as from the book 'hisn ulMuslim'.

Our brother was in my view, a true zaahid (one who abstains from the glitter of this worldly life) he was always giving sadaqah to those in need from his brothers. He was always to be seen wearing a black and white checkered ghutra (scarf) wrapped around his head. I saw a picture of him in America after he became Muslim and he had the same scarf around his head. I remember him as being the one that always reminded us of Allah and the last day. One day there were some brothers sitting and talking vain talk, may Allah forgive them. When they began their vain talk Abu Adam stood up immediately and said to all of the brothers,

“You guys are killing my imaan with this talk. Fear Allah!”

Abu Adam was always keen on praying in the last third of the night. May Allah have mercy upon him, I don't recall him ever missing the tahajjud, - not even once. One of the interesting occurrences that show us the virtue of Abu Adam (nahsabuhu kadhaalika wa la nuzzakee ala allahi ahadan) was when we departed to test our weapons. We went to a far off area to test our weapons before the infiltration. Due to this we all sensed that our time was close. We were test firing the mounted grenade launcher on our kalashnikovs (ak-47 assault rifle). We were firing old grenades that had been in storage for quite a long time. One brother shot the grenade and it simply shot out and landed about 3 feet in front of us (we were in one big crowd). After we had all dashed to take cover from the expected explosion that was only 3 feet away from us, Abu Adam looked up at me and said,

“We ran and didn't even remember Allah! What's up with us?”

I was totally amazed at his perception of things. When being around him one always wanted to do jihad and dhikr of Allah (at least myself) may Allah join us all together with the shushed'. ameen.

I recall that when all of us were sleeping after dhuhur salah, I woke up and proceeded to go outside for some fresh air. I walked outside only to see Abu Adam practicing his firing stances and maneuvers with his ak-47 in the hot sun. I said to myself, “subhaanallah ! when does he stop ?” may Allah the most high grant us determination like Abu Adam , ameen.

And I will never forget when he was still suffering from his stomach illness, we all decided together to practice the sunnah of our beloved prophet (saw) by performing cupping or in Arabic 'hijaamah'. One of our brothers there, abu yahya, an arab who was a 48 year old veteran of Afghanistan, performed the hijaamah on Abu Adam's two shoulder blades. After the hijaamah, Abu Adam recovered from his illness one hundred percent wal hamdulillah !

The Launching:

It was around July 5th that our group of ten brothers received what it was waiting for : the news of its launching into the occupied valley. After two days of preparation, the weapons were test fired, cleaned, and sighted. The equipment and gear were distributed. The magazines were loaded and the imaan was as high as ever awaiting the chance to please Allah. It was time to wage

jihad and secure some expensive real estate in the jannah. And as always, Abu Adam demanded that he carry more gear and ammo than anyone else in the group. Allahu akbar !!!

Unfortunately, some of us were separated from Abu Adam and his group due to external factors, so at this launching point would be the last time I would see my brother Abu Adam, may allah have mercy upon him. Indeed, he was crying from happiness and at the same time, realizing that this is the last time we will see him for a long while.

Abu yahya said about him,

“When we were infiltrating in the pitch black darkness of the cloudy kashmiri border area he (Abu Adam) was always at the front of the group – never lagging at all. When we stopped for ten minutes of rest he sat next to me and looked to the heavens and sighed, “al hamdu lillah”. i then asked him , “What is it that makes you say that right now ?” to which he replied,

“All of my life I wanted a piece (a gun) and some grenades and a blade (knife) and now I have my piece (a makarov 9mm pistol) and my rifle (ak-47) and I have my grenades and my blade. And its all fee sabeelillah.”

After five days of night movement and infiltration, Abu Adam with the rest of the brother’s successfully entered into the occupied valley of Kashmir. It was there that Abu Adam would take an active part in laying ambushes and carrying out raid against the Indian oppressors. After two and a half months of guerilla jihad, Abu Adam finally achieved that which he strove for in sha allah : ash-shahadah fee sabeelillah.

Abu Adam and his team of brothers launched a bloody raid on an army post in the Doda sector in the jammuu region. Reports indicate that out of the thirty four Indian soldiers killed in the action, Abu Adam was responsible for killing seventeen. Allahu akbar !

It was at the exact time of his shahadah (in sha allah) that I had a dream in which I saw Abu Adam at the launching sector base. He had returned from fighting. His hair had grown out and there was fresh blood on his clothes. He was shining in happiness to see me. I then asked him, “How was it ?” to which he replied,

“It was hard but worth it.”

After this dream, I received news that my good friend, Abu Adam – had beaten me to our respective goal – ash-shahadah fee sabeelillah. (in sha allah)

I remember him saying to me once, “I want to get shot in the chest so that my soul doesn’t leave immediately and I can prostrate to Allah on the battlefield before my soul leaves my body.”

I cant help but wonder if he got his last wish or not. Abu Adam Jibreel al Amrikee never did drugs before Islam and when he left this dunya he was still a virgin, something that is very rare for an American youth. His news eventually reached his non-Muslim family in Atlanta. And it was after hearing this news that his older sister, Lisa took shahadah and entered into the fold of Islam. May Allah make her like her brother. Ameen

“ And do not think those killed in the way of Allah as being dead. Nay they are alive with their lord being provided for” (aal-imraan)

By ABU ABDULLAH ~ (ABDUR RAHMAN

Source: Unknown

Dar Al Murabiteen Publications

Abu Anas Shaheed: Teacher of the Mujahideen

If we take a look at the 14-century long history of Islam it emerges as a strong reality that whenever the disbelievers tried to put out the lamp of Islam, the sons of Ummah saved it by laying down their lives. They watered the tree of Islam with their blood and they never shrank from sacrificing their wealth, property, family, children and household.

One such star which is spreading its radiance is the teacher of Mujahideen, Abdul Malik Abu Anas Shaheed.

There is not a single person in Pakistan who is associated with Jihad and does not know his name. The name Abu Anas creates the image of a celestial personality in minds, a Hafidh of the Qur'an, who was a good reciter of the Qur'an, whose very personality filled people's hearts with respect and he who trained thousands of Mujahideen to wage Jihad. He is the same Abu Anas whom we today call Shaheed and with this our eyes swell with tears.

Brother Abdul Malik Abu Anas Shaheed was summoned five years ago to Ma'skar Ummul Qura Muzaffarabad and he was entrusted with the responsibility of the Ma'skar. He fulfilled his responsibilities with utmost devotion, sincerity and commitment and he sent thousands of Mujahideen to Kashmir after providing them training. In the meantime he also kept on seeking permission to enter the fields of Jihad but the respected Amir Hafiz Muhammad Saeed kept on refusing but Abu Anas Shaheed had strengthened his relationship with Allah so much that no obstacle could stop him. Finally, the Amir Saeed issued him the permission to go to the occupied valley. The draws were taken among the teachers of Ma'skar and it was Abu Anas' name. His heart finally had some peace as this was the very mission for which he abandoned the whole world.

He came back to his home in Faisalabad, spent a week there and visited all his relatives and sought their forgiveness. He spent the day he was bound to leave crying. He sought his parents' forgiveness, asked them to pray for him. Then he left leaving them all in the protection of Allah and reached Dudaniyal sector. He spent a week there with his teacher Abu Shuaib. Before setting off for the valley he had a cold shower, performed ablution, wore perfume and said two Raka' prayer and crossed over the Line of Control. Because he was the Amir of the training centre, it was the programme that he should be entrusted with the responsibility of the valley. But as he was new in the valley, therefore he was just like an ordinary Mujahid. He spent almost a month and a half in the valley, sizing up the situation in the valley. He was holding a meeting with four companions in Sangrama village of Sopur that army learnt about the meeting. It surrounded them immediately and thus the encounter started. All the brothers reposed faith in Allah and put up good fight. When the fight continued long enough they decided to effect an escape with the help of cover fire. In the meantime the army started to fire mortar guns and all brothers embraced martyrdom. (Insha Allah)

Childhood of Abu Anas Shaheed

He was born in 1972 in Faisalabad and went to Makkah at an early age and started learning the Qur'an by heart. By the grace of Allah he learnt 20 parts by heart in Makkah and continued his education along with it. When he came back to Pakistan he passed three classes in one year.

After a year he entered Jamia Salafia Faisalabad and there he completed the rest of the learning of the Qur'an. Along with this he also did his F. Sc. and Dars-e-Nizami and passed out from that institute as a Hafidh, Reciter and religious scholar.

He had good command over Arabic language. He got first position in an Arabic language course held by a Saudi department. He was very obedient to teachers; his heart was filled with respect for his teachers. This is also the reason why he was so popular with his teachers. Allah Almighty had blessed him with exemplary brilliance. He always got good position in exams.

Grandfather's recollections

He never swore at anybody all his life. He was the embodiment of Hadith that a believer can never swear. During his education we never received any complaint against him. He never quarreled with anybody nor pestered anybody.

Strict following of Shari'ah

Once he learnt that his younger brother had not said his prayer, he started to beat him. When his mother tried to save him he said to his mother *"My beating him will not kill him, but this will save him from the Hellfire."* He used to gather the youth of neighbourhood in his drawing room and teach them prayer and supplications and advise them to do the deeds of righteousness. Likewise he took the Qur'an translation classes regularly and tried to spread this light to the whole world.

Passion for piety

His grandfather tells that he always said the Sunnah prayer at home, and said his Tahajjud prayer quite regularly, and advised others to say Tahajjud. He always performed ablution before going to bed, always cleaned his teeth regularly and said his adhkaar regularly.

Abu Ehsan, who is a teacher at Ma'skar, tells that after whole day's tiring activities he would go to sleep without a proper bed. We would ask him not to sleep like that for fear of insects. But he would say I always wake up at Tahajjud due to these insects.

Abstinence from prohibited deeds

His grandfather told that once somebody wanted to rent their shop to open up a video centre. When asked for his opinion on this he said if you rented that shop to him I would throw all his stuff out of the shop. *"Why should we join somebody in his sin"*, he asked? His grandfather hugged him and kissed him on the forehead.

Truthful and prudent

He was very prudent, wise and intelligent. Always had a quick insight into matters. He always fulfilled with great commitment whatever responsibility he was trusted with. That is why he had been the Amir of Ma'skar for five years. He spent all that time in a perfect manner, tackled all

problems with great sagacity. He showed great maturity at the age of 25. Truth was part and parcel of his character. He always spoke the truth, disregarding all other concerns. This was the reason for his popularity, too.

Infatuation with the Qur'an and its recitation

Along with other attributes Allah blessed him with the quality of impressive recitation of the Qur'an. As he spent ten years in Saudi Arabia and learnt the better part of the Qur'an there, he had the accent and pronunciation like Arabs. His voice had great impact. The mosques of Ma'skar Ummal Qura, Ma'skar Abdullah bin Masood and Ma'skar Aqsa are witnesses to the fact that whenever he started the recitation in prayer all the followers including teachers started to weep. He stood for prayer with great modesty and humility. Respected Amir Hafiz Muhammad Saeed once said, "*Brother Abu Anas' prayer shows what the prayer of a true Muslim is like*". He further said, "*When Abu Anas recited the Qur'an, it is my guess that the surrounding mountains and trees would have been swinging hearing the Qur'an.*"

Piety and Disinterest in the World

Abu Anas' grandfather told once he called him in Muzaffarabad and had asked him to ring them up for it was difficult for them to call him. He replied that the phone at the Ma'skar was for the Mujahideen, therefore they should ring him up. Once his grandfather visited him in Muzaffarabad. On his return from Ma'skar he requested him to give him a pair of sandals for he found it difficult climbing down the mountain in his boots. He gave him a pair of sandals but asked him to donate Rs. 40 to the Jihad fund for it.

Allah Almighty blessed him with very good character, very much like his countenance. He was always worried about the hereafter and was always trying to spread the same feeling. His class fellow Abdur Rasheed said, "When he came to see me for the last time he said: *Abdur Rasheed if you want dignity in the world and the hereafter then abandon this world. His words still ring in my mind*", says Abdur Rasheed.

Engineer Abu Umar Shabbir former Masool (In-charge) of Rawalpindi zone said that before his launching there was a meeting of all in-charges of Rawalpindi zone: "I requested him to deliver a lecture. Before starting the lecture he sat still for some time and then delivered lecture with tears in his eyes.

He said: *My brothers the responsibility of a Masool is very difficult one. Man is very weak, it is very difficult for him to fulfill this responsibility without Allah's help. So brothers establish strong relationship with your Allah. Stand before Him in the last part of night and seek His forgiveness.*"

Desire for Martyrdom

As he was a Hafidh of the Qur'an and a scholar so he knew full well what attributes of a martyr the Qur'an and the Prophet (sallallaho alaihi wasallam) have narrated. Keeping these things in mind he always nursed a strong desire for martyrdom and whenever he met a brother he

requested him to pray for him to attain martyrdom so that can achieve eternal success and bliss. Whenever he was asked that he was needed and the brothers would subsequently pray that may he come back as a Ghazi he would say martyrdom is better than all other things. Finally Allah Almighty blessed him with martyrdom and thus finally Allah's slave embraced martyrdom for His favourite Deen by following His Prophet's (sallallahu alaihi wasallam) mission. It is almost a year since my brother Abu Anas departed, my heart is very worried, who should I turn to seek advice on my matters. Who will now remember me like him who always thought of me while he was sitting on the peaks of Kashmir, who will now speak to me frequently over the phone. He has gone from this world to the Heaven to enjoy the blessings of Allah Almighty.

The will of Abu Anas Abdul Malik (rahmatullah alaihi)

Asslam-o-Alaikum wa rahmatullah wabarakatuhu

Respected Mother and Father!

When I grew up to be a support for you I left my home for Jihad. Indeed this was quite contrary to your expectations. You displayed fortitude and then married me and Allah blessed me off with blessings like Anas and Wardah, then you gave me the permission to go to Kashmir. Obviously you would have had a lot of dreams about me, so had I but today Almighty Allah has made you the parents of a Shaheed. Insha Allah. No matter how earnestly I would have served you dear mother I would not have brought eternal pleasure for you, but my martyrdom, I hope, will be a source of eternal bliss for you. Insha Allah

Dear father, you have the responsibility of the home, it is up to you to you enforce Shari'ah. Success is impossible without regular prayer. Smoking is unlawful, please give it up. Please treat grandfather and grandmother well, they have always been very nice to me. I can never forget their kindness. Treat all the relatives in a kind manner. Do not ever be egoistic, Allah likes humble people.

Dear sisters and brother, follow the Book and the Sunnah. Sisters you keep observing the hijab and saying your prayer and brothers it is your responsibility to take up my Klashnikov. Jihad should never discontinue in this house.

Dear father and mother please always extend kind attitude towards my wife and children. Take care of my children's upbringing and provide them a father's love.

Dear Umme Anas!

Dear wife! You are dearest to me after Allah and His Prophet (sallallaho alaihi wasallam). You cannot bear my departure without Allah's help. Only my heart knows how much I love you, Anas and Wardah, and I know you all regard me with similar sort of love. May Allah give you fortitude and patience.

Dear Umme Anas, I will be looking for you on the Day of Judgement when mothers will not bother about their sons and husbands will be forgetful of their wives. Insha Allah

Think for a moment about the time when you, Anas and Wardah and other relatives of ours will be with me on the Resurrection Day and we will enter Jannah together.

Dear Umme Anas, compare the trials and sorrows you are going through with the blessings of Jannah. Then there will be no sorrows and there will be eternal bliss and pleasures and eternal Jannah. Insha Allah

Dear Umme Anas, I could not give you the luxuries of life and on seeing the worldly people you might think that if I had been alive then you would have got all luxuries of life and I would have been there to express love to the children and they would not have been called orphans. I could not do all this but.....!

Dear Umme Anas, Allah Almighty will make you the owner of such a house which will be made of gold and silver bricks. Its soil will be of musk and its gardens will be evergreen. You will have there all the blessings of the Almighty. (Insha Allah) Don't you prefer all these things to separation from me, which is inevitable and every soul has to face it.

Dear Umme Anas, take good care of children. Anas will be very intelligent. (Insha Allah)

See to it that he learns Qur'an by heart if possible from Qari Abdul Qayyum. Do not let Wardah feel my absence. Make it sure that she also learns the Qur'an by heart. Both my children should be better reciters than me. Dear Anas, always show respect to your mother. Be a dignified son of a dignified father. Regard Islam as your greatest asset. Never beg for anything. Giver is better than receiver. A morsel of food earned in a lawful and dignified manner is better than surfeit of unlawful food. One-day life of a lion is better than one-thousand-year life of a jackal.

Dear daughter Wardah, I forsook your love to save the daughters of Islam whom the Hindu was slaughtering in Kashmir. It was my aim to raise the banner of Islam and then.....may Allah accept. (Ameen)

Dear daughter, try to assume the modesty of A'eshah (radhiyallahu unha) and Hafsa (radhiyallahu unha), try to develop the bravery of Safiyyah (radhiyallahu unha) and the courage of Khawla (radhiyallahu unha) and Khansa (radhiyallahu unha). Dear Wardah! Do not get lost in the pleasures of life, say your prayer regularly and enjoin good and forbid from evil, stay away from music, TV and other vulgar activities, observe hijab. Please heed my advice and do not bring indignity to me on the Day of Resurrection. Fear of Allah is the best jewel of a believer and prayer is his best weapon.

Dear mother Umme Usman! Your last words are still ringing in my ears: Oh Allah I am offering the most valuable thing of mine in your way. Oh Allah, accept this thing which is dearer to me than my soul! No doubt, when mother send their sons with such words they fight with utmost bravery.

Dear brother Usman! Uzma heeds your advice more than anyone else's, so ask her to show fortitude. Dear brother! Take care of Uzma, Anas and Wardah. See that my children are brought up well.

Dear Uzma, dear Anas, dear Wardah! I would not have forsaken you had Allah not command to wage Jihad but now that I am fulfilling Allah's command I leave you in His protection.

“I hand you over to Allah who does not waste trusts.”

Assalam-o-Alaikum to all family members and relatives.

Yours

Abu Anas Abdul Malik

Source: Unknown

Dar Al Murabiteen Publications

Abu Fahad Ullah - Sohal Abid Ilaahi

This handsome young man used to roam idly through the alleyways and marketplaces in his village and also through the dusty streets of neighboring cities, without a care in the world. He had bid farewell to his studies and showed no interest in the masjids or madrassahs. He remained ignorant of the suffering of the weak and oppressed Muslims around the globe.

The powerless parents of this youth used to supplicate to Allah “Oh Allah, guide our son to the straight path. If nothing else then let him learn the Qur’an” Sometimes they would ask Moulana Siddiq Sahib to supplicate for their son, that his heart become attached to the Masjid, in the hope that the supplication of a pious person would be answered.

Finally, these sincere dua’s were answered and that very same young man, who had been oblivious to any aspect of Islam, decided that he wanted to memorize Allah’s Holy Book. This, now, became his only desire and he pursued it enthusiastically.

In his aspiration to learn the Qur’an, he traveled a great distance, leaving his family behind, and ended up in a madrassah in my village. His name was Abid Maqbool. On arrival, a revolution occurred in his life and Abid Maqbool became a true ‘Abid’ (Slave of Allah). This brother was already memorizing the Qur’an, but alongside this he was desperately striving to learn the teachings of the Qur’an and Sunnah. Sometimes he would study from books and at other times he would approach the people of knowledge. He was restless to put into practice every single Sunnah of the Prophet (SAW). Besides these good qualities, he also mastered the art of giving speeches and whilst continuing to memorize the Qur’an, he would do the Jumu’ah Khutbahs in nearby villages.

Brother Abid used to do many Sunnah and Nawafil acts of worship. He would pray Tahajjud, Ishraq and Nawafil raka’ats and also keep many Nawafil fasts. He was desirous to act upon everything he learnt from the Qur’an.

Brother Abid learnt about Jihad and commenced training for it. The radiant life of this brother, shone even more brilliantly once he had completed his 21 days of training. He now stuck even more steadfastly to his Da’wah of calling unto Tawheed, following in the footsteps of the pious predecessors, facing hardships and torture for speaking the truth. On one occasion, brother Abid went to a nearby village and gathered some of the youngsters, inviting them to Tawheed and also warning them to abandon Shirk. On hearing his words, the people set upon him and started beating him. He said, “I am helpless that I cannot say anything to you, but a day will come when you will regret your actions”. And that day did arrive when these same people heard of the martyrdom of Brother Abid and were screaming and wailing with shame and remorse at their wrongdoing.

His mission of Da’wah continuing to go forward, this brother completed his Hifz of the Qur’an. He now desired to free the suffering and oppressed muslims, and wished to sacrifice his life in the Path of Allah. Many of his friends from the Madrassah had already gone to the frontline. I said to him “Brother, Allah Ta’ala has given you the gift of understanding. You should continue to study at the Madrassah and call the people towards the Deen of Islam as Allah Ta’ala has blessed you with a beautiful manner of speaking and giving Da’wah” He made me silent by replying, “The weak muslims are calling upon us to help them and so it is impossible that we

should reject the Jihad and continue to only pray and worship in our homes.”

You sold your sword and bought a prayer mat

Daughters continued to be dishonoured and you remained only supplicating

Brother Abu Fahad Ullah’s companions from the Madrassah had already entered the battlefields in search of martyrdom before him. Abu Usman Hafiz Kareem Ullah had been fighting bravely in the peaks of Kashmir for three years. The student of knowledge, Abu Abdur-Rehman Muaazur-Rehman had already eaten the fruit of Shahaadah. After him, Abu Saaria Abdur-Rehman Abid also sacrificed his life.

Abu Dajaanah Rehmatullah, Hafiz Abu Talha Abdul Sattar and Abu Hamza Muhammad Shafiq have all reached the battlefield in order to exact their revenge on the enemy. How was it then possible that Abu Fahad Ullah would stay behind?

He often used to recite the following couplet;

The disbeliever puts his faith in his sword and its might

The believer is a warrior who fights even without a dagger

Then, that great time arrived when Abu Fahad Ullah Abid Ilaahi entered the arena of Qitaal. For almost a year, he fought bravely, with immense honour and finally, the moment of completion which he had so desired, arrived.

On the 17th of May at 5 AM, the Mujahideen encountered a group of the enemy in the area of Montaasa. In the skirmish that ensued, Abu Fahad Ullah Abid Ilaahi son of Maqbool Ahmad, along with one other brother, became an inheritor of the Heavens of Allah (SWT), Insha’Allah.

Father’s expressions:

This son of mine was always restless to obtain martyrdom. Death comes to us all whenever it is decreed, and by fulfilling this wish of his, Allah has bestowed a great favour upon us. May Allah accept our son’s martyrdom. Ameen.

Date of Shahaadat : 17th May 2002

Report: Muhammad Saajid Iqbal

Source: Unknown

Nourul Islam Baber Shaheed

His melodious voice echoes in my ears whenever anyone mentions Baber. Many a times he could be seen in the valleys of Afghanistan cheerfully singing Jihadic nasheeds. Today although he is not amongst us, those of us who knew him will always remember him. Even the Ameer used to become tearful when Baber was mentioned.

This brave, young and courageous brother was born in India, but before reaching the truth he had strayed many times. While he could often be seen roaming about the market place there was also a time when he was a rising star in the Indian film industry. His voice echoed all over the airwaves in India and his pics began to appear in the newspapers and magazines. But Baber's pure soul couldn't stand this filthy environment for long until he was able to free himself from its clutches.

In the words of Baber " I, a lost traveller reached my destination in the jihad of Afghanistan." There were times when this cheerful brother would suddenly become silent and address a fellow mujahid thus "Brother there is only one way to compensate for Baber's sins and that is shahadah in the path of Allah."

Many a times he would inform his friends of the pain that dwelled in his heart when he saw that the Hindus wanted to convert the Babrey Masjid into a temple. He would often say " I can't bear to see this Masjid being deserted. Inshaallah I will train myself for this task. I will fight every infidel heading for Babrey Masjid."

It was on the 22 of Shabaaan ??? that he arrived at the central office of Harkatul-Mujahideen. Soon he was sent to the training centre from where he emerged as a courageous and fearless commando. He would go to the enemy's den and bring back a detailed report on them. Then he was appointed to be the Ameer of the Ragbely centre. However this true mujahid was always in search of shahadah. He had made a will that after his martyrdom he should be buried in Afghanistan and not taken elsewhere. During his six months on the front-line he proved to be a very successful and brave commander.

At last the time had arrived which Baber had been eagerly waiting for. In the operation against the Russians which Baber himself was commanding, while walking on the front-line he stepped on a land mine which brought his worldly life to an end. This brave and fearless mujahid who had been brought up in India was no longer amongst us.

Now Baber had willed that he be buried in Afghanistan but those in charge were unaware of this. After the janazah salah the brothers in charge decided that his body be taken to Meeranshah for burial. Accordingly his body was loaded onto a donkey ready to be transported to Pakistan, but strangely the donkey refused to move. At this the brothers were perplexed when suddenly one of the brothers remembered the will of the shaheed. Eventually Baber was buried in the grave which he, a few days prior had prepared with his own hands.

A few weeks/months later a Pakistani brother saw a dream in which Baber was singing a beautiful nasheed in his melodious voice. The brother said to him "I thought you had passed away" Baber replied "When did I die? I am alive." And indeed shahadah is the real life.

O Allah we ask you to accept his shahadah and give us the tawfiq to follow in his footsteps.
Ameen

By Moulana Masood Azhar
Source: Unknown

Dar Al Murabiteen Publications

Shaheed Bilal Al-Qaiseri (Uthman Karkush).

23 years old from Qaiseri, Turkey.

Martyred during the Withdrawal from Grozny, February 2000

Bilal fought for six months in Bosnia during 1995 from where he unsuccessfully attempted travel to Chechnya. He was engaged at the time so he returned to Turkey initially to get married but travelled on to Ogadeen, East Africa, instead. It was when he returned from there that he finally did get married. He went to fight for the Jihaad in Kosova but returned after a month when the fighting ceased. He came to Chechnya in August 1999 where he participated in the Dagestan Operations in Botlikh. After the Mujahideen withdrew, he was going to return to Turkey when Russia invaded Chechnya. He participated in the fighting in Argun and, subsequently, Grozny. Before and throughout Ramadan he cooked for the Mujahideen in his group. During the fighting he was distinguished for his bravery.

After seeing a dream in which he was married, he made his intention to marry a Chechen, but Shahaadah was destined for him instead.

He was severely injured during the withdrawal from Grozny in the village of Katyr Yurt where his room received a direct hit from Russian Grad Artillery. He was later Shaheed from his injuries in the village of Shami Yurt.

May Allah accept your martyrdom O Bilal and marry you to the 72 Paradise Maidens as you saw in your dream.

Saifullah (Abdul Wahab Inan).

26 years old from Maltya, Turkey.

Martyred during guard duty in Grozny on 20 January 2000

He was born into an Alawite family. Alhamdulillah Allah guided him to Islam through the efforts of Khalil Ibrahim Turk (also Shaheed in Chechnya) who was his fellow University student. Quiet and modest, he was known for being helpful and quick to obey orders. He came to Chechnya with the intention of migrating there as well as to fight in the Jihaad.

He was martyred when a mortar shell landed near him whilst on guard duty in Grozny.

May Allah accept your martyrdom O Saifullah and bring you to the Company of the Sword of Allah after whom you named yourself.

Shamil (Afooq Qainar).

25 years old from Istanbul, Turkey.
Martyred in Grozny during November 1999.

With some Chechen ancestry, he deeply loved Chechnya and was more often alongside Chechens than Turks. He had also participated in the Chechen Jihad of 1999-96. With his good manners, polite attitude and modesty, he got along well with everyone. He also took part in the Dagestan Jihad in the Novalak Region where, notably, his group fought their way out of a Russian siege at a cost of 25 Shaheed.

He was martyred in the second month of this War (November 1999) in Grozny.

May Allah accept your efforts O Shamil to lift His Word High in the Caucasus and enter you into Paradise.

Shaheed Hussain (Ali Riza Baizan)

From Bursa, Turkey
Martyred February 2000 during Withdrawal from Grozny

Hussain (Ali Riza Baizan), 31 years old from Bursa, Turkey. Married with one son who was born whilst he was in Chechnya. Hussain was killed before he saw his son.

An experienced Mujahid who fought alongside Khattab in the first Chechen Jihaad (1994-96). You were well-liked by Khattab for whom you were a cameraman. However, you were forced to return home before the conclusion of the war due to family difficulties. You subsequently went to Afghanistan to train for two months.

Although materially poor, you were always helping brothers to go on Jihaad. Your love for Allah led you to write poems on Islam and Jihaad. You returned to Chechnya upon hearing the call of Jihaad a second time and, despite difficulties, you were successful in entering Chechnya for the second time. Whilst in Chechnya, you again became a cameraman on the Front and accompanied the Mujahideen to Grozny. You always prayed for Shahaadah (martyrdom) and this was granted to you during the withdrawal from Grozny.

Whilst you were in Chechnya, your first son was born. You were, of course, delighted at the news but you still prayed to Allah for Shahaadah rather than return home to see your first born.

May Allah accept your martyrdom O Hussain and bring you to the Company you longed to meet. Your yearning for Allah and the Paradise prevented you from returning home to see your first born. May Allah join your wife and son with you in the Highest Paradise, in the company of the Prophets, the Martyrs, the Pious and the Truthful. What an excellent company are they!

Shaheed Khalil Ibrahim (Istanbul, Turkey)

Martyred February 2000 during withdrawal from Grozny

Khalil Ibrahim (Salih Turan), 28 years old from Istanbul, Turkey. Married with two sons and one daughter.

A thoroughly excellent Mujahid who loved Islam and was constantly working in the path of Allah, either for Dawah or Jihaad. He was an extremely brave brother who would fight without fear. Yet at the same time, he was a very gentle and humble brother. No signs of pride would be seen in him.

He had wanted to go to the Jihaad in Bosnia but was prevented from doing so due to personal difficulties. In 1995, he attempted unsuccessfully to get into Chechnya. However, he tried again in 1996 and Praise be to Allah, was successful this time. He remained in Chechnya until the end of the first War and then returned home to Turkey. The following year he spent six months training in Afghanistan. During 1999, he performed the Umrah and Hajj with his family. When he heard of the Jihaad in Dagestan, he left immediately, arriving in time to participate in the Jihaad operations in Botlikh (August 1999). He cooked food for the brothers in addition to his other duties and generally was always engaged in some activity.

In Grozny he fought as a sniper. During the withdrawal from Grozny he was injured crossing a bridge near Yermolov. Despite his injuries, he kept up with the column which fought its way South. However, Shahaadah (martyrdom) was decreed for him as he was fatally injured during intense bombardment of Grads and artillery on open ground en route to the South. During the journey, he succumbed to his injuries due to exhaustion and the lack of medical attention. We pray that Allah accepts his martyrdom and gives him a place of Eternal Rest that never ends.

Shaheed Abu Ubaidah Al-Yemeni (Yemen)

Martyred Monday 15 February 2000

From the City of the Prophet (SAWS) to the Company of the Prophet (SAWS) insha-Allah...

Abu Ubaidah Al-Yemeni (Zaki Muhammed Uthman), 26 years old. Married.

Abu Ubaidah was Shaheed on 15 February 2000 defending the town of Khartoni, in South Chechnya, against an attempt by the Russians to storm the Mujahideen defences.

Previously Abu Ubaidah had fought in the Jihaad in Bosnia in 1995. His name there was Abu

Ayman Al-Yemeni and he participated in Operation Miracle (21 July 1995) and Operation Badr of Bosnia (10 September 1995) with the Kateeba Foreign Mujahideen Regiment. Returning to Yemen after the end of the War, he went to study with some scholars of Islamic knowledge. He remained a student with them until August 1999 when he heard about the Jihaad being fought in Dagestan. This presented him with another opportunity to fulfil his desire to be Shaheed and he immediately left Yemen with Abu Dujanah Al-Yemeni (also Shaheed whilst fighting alongside Abu Ubaidah in Serzen-Yurt, December 1999).

Arriving in Chechnya just before the Russian Invasion, he was made a junior Commander under Abu Jafar Al-Yemeni (Batallion Commander- Group Khattab). With this group he fought against the Russians on the River Terek and subsequently played a prominent role in the defence of the Mujahideen Base in Serzen-Yurt. Here he commanded perhaps the most dangerous post facing the Russians and Many mujahideen under his command were Shaheed defending it, including Abu Dujanah Al-Yemeni (his travelling companion from Yemen). For two months, the Mujahideen in Serzen Yurt repulsed continuous infantry attacks whilst under intense artillery and air attacks. During this time he rarely left the base for more than a few days rest as all the Mujahideen were permitted to do so. This was despite the Mujahideen Base being less than a kilometre away and thus frequently bombed and fired upon.

After pulling out of Srzen Yurt undefeated, his battalion was assigned to the defence of Khartoni. Less than a fortnight after they arrived, the Russians launched a sudden attack against his position using tanks and BMP's. After a day of fierce fighting during which three other Mujahideen were killed (Abul-Abbas Al-Kuwaiti, Mujahid Chechen and Jawhar Chechen) the enemy were repulsed with heavy losses. During the Russian retreat, Zaki was driving an injured brother to the infirmary when his vehicle was fired upon, fatally wounding him in the neck. He became Shaheed less than an hour afterwards.

Zaki was meticulous about following the Quran and Sunnah. Liked by all, excellent in manners, he will be remembered for a long time by all who knew him. He frequently expressed a wish to his close friend Abul-Harith, of not returning from Chechnya and Alhamdulillah, his wish was fulfilled.

May Allah reward you O Abu Ubaidah for the blood, sweat, toil and struggle you endured solely for His Pleasure. Indeed you were blessed, from a blessed Land. May Allah bring you into the Paradise which you yearned for.

Narrated Ibn Umar, the Prophet (SAWS) said, "O Allah! Bless our Sham (Syria, Lebanon, Jordan, Palestine) and our Yemen."

"And whosoever obeys Allah, All those will be in the company of those whom Allah has favoured, from amongst the Prophets, the Truthful, the Martyrs and the Pious. And what an excellent company are they!" [Quran 4:69]

Shamil Basayev

Watch his story in [And The Caravan Continues](#)



Shamil basayev, little of talk and little of laughter, much of doing, resolute and possessor of great manners and a body of solemnity and envy for his dignity and honor unmatched

Shamil basayev was born in the year 1965 in the village of Veden situated in southeast Chechnya. In 1987, he joined the engineering college in Moscow and on his graduation, like many of his Chechen peers joined the Former Soviet Forces for performing military service, and gaining military skills and learning the use of new weapons. When Chechnya declared its independence in the beginning of the 90's and the Russian intentions cleared up, he prepared special Chechen forces with some of his companions and took upon his shoulders to block the attack of the Soviet Forces and to revive the memories of his fore fathers. And within only a few months he became well known throughout the region and the Chechenyans knew him for the severity of his vexation in the enemy and severity of his might and his true determination for the Chechen nation loves championship and knows well the meaning of manhood and chivalry.

Shamil, may Allah have mercy on him, was not a patriotic or a nationalist but he was, may Allah have mercy on him, a Muslim, who lived the grief of the Muslims and he viewed the Caucasus, as a whole, a Muslim nation and that the unbelievers were not supposed to occupy the land of Islam. That is why he joined the military groups of the con-federal forces of Chechnya. He participated in the fight against the Russians in the district of Karbakh. In the year 1992 he became the leader of the military groups of the con-federal forces. He participated with these forces in the battles they fought alongside Okaziya in the same year for its independence from Georgia and he played a very important role in that independence.

Shamil in Afghanistan

In the year 1994, Shamil Basayev headed towards to the Khost province of Afghanistan for a period of two months where was the den of Maulavi Jalaluddin Haqqani. After that, Shamil returned to Chechnya, to do Jihad against the Russians there, under the leadership of Amir Jawher Dudayev, May Allah have mercy on him. He participated in the beginning of the battles against the apostates, the puppets of Russia from Chechens who wanted to turn over Dudayev

with orders from Moscow. But the Mujahideen made them taste the bitterness of war and defeat of shame, disgrace and humiliation.

In the year 1997 AD, Shamil Basayev was elected as the Commander of the Chechen armed forces. And he governed the huge attack that targeted the Russian forces in the capital Grozny. It was indeed a historic battle. 300 Mujahideen participated in this operation against 15000 Russians occupying all the strategic positions in the city. And with an attack similar to a miracle, this genius was able to free Grozny and smash the Russian forces to force Moscow to accept the demands of the Mujahideen and to withdraw from the Chechen grounds disgraced and humiliated. So the demonstrated victory was at the hands of this Commander the likes of which, Caucasus hadn't witnessed for more than a century. And when the Russian forces attacked the area of Gotlekh of Dagestan, in August 1999, the eagle of Caucasus Commander Shamil Basyev along with the Sword of Islam Amir Khattab, May Allah have mercy on them, went forth to the area to protect it.

“O my beloved Mujahideen brothers, your blessed Jihad and your great butchery and your decisive battle is not the Jihad of just a single people or the Jihad of a group or sect, but it is the Jihad of the Islamic nation as a whole... for it is the Jihad of the martyrs, the true ones who gave for their religion and their belief and their Shariah the most precious and most beloved of what they possess wherefore they sacrificed their souls, and the sacrifice of the self is the extent of goodness. And they gave their lives with open hearts and satisfied selves wherefore the queues of martyrdom operators are swelling in all the spots on earth, and they are racing each other to plunge into the rivers of slaughter, so that their Ummah is glorified and felicitates. And it is the Jihad of the lazzarones, who are chased after in the east of the earth and its west, for who the earth has become narrow with all its width, for there is no shelter that shades them, and no refuge that would provide them. The hands of the unbelievers are looking to snatch them, where ever they stay and where ever they stop. And they are looking at you and their hearts are pleading for a place of refuge and consolidation so that what they are suffering, from suppression and weakness, that doesn't seem to leave them or part them for a moment, is removed, and it is the jihad of the expelled, the helpless, whose villages have been burnt and destroyed by the bombs of the envious Crusaders, and they are looking for the day the earth is purified from the filth of the unbelievers, they are waiting for the break of (the enemy's) power, so that they can return to their homes and return to their houses, peaceful and satisfied, so that their sadness turns into happiness. And their grief to celebration.”

“As for you, the youth of sacrifice and O the youth of advancement, May Allah whiten your faces, and may Allah raise your mention, and establish His Law at your hands, and raise your status, as you raised the status of His Book. We pray to Allah to reward you on behalf of the religion of Allah, the best of reward, We pray to Allah to cure your sick and to medicate your injured and to release your prisoners, and to aid those of you in trial. And to make the poor of you wealthy and to establish you on earth, He is All Hearing, The Near, The Answerer.”

He returned to Chechnya at the beginning of the same September after the second raid of Russia in the Chechen lands. He continued his Jihad against the Russian forces and the leg of Shamil Basayev was smashed in February 2000 when a mine exploded on it while he was leading an alignment retreat of the Mujahideen from Grozny during the night. Amir ZelimKhan Yanderbayev, May Allah have mercy on him, wrote in an article by him...

“And maybe I should speak about the moments of our coming out of the city of Grozny that had been under the siege of the enemy from all the sides. For after grinding and difficult battles the open front way for the Mujahideen was found and it was a wide area planted with land mines and couldn't be overtaken. It was necessary to cross it immediately without delay, for delay meant the enemies overtaking everyone! ... At that point the Commander of the operation, Shamil Basayev, stepped forward to the ground of the mines before the others and said to those who were with him, “If I meet a mine and am blown don't stop, drag me to the side or to the back, move forward and do as I did every time a person is blown” So Shamil went forward, and a mine blew in him, so they pulled him to the side. At that time, the Mujahideen got nervous but the head of the municipality of Grozny, Latshi Dudayev, the nephew of Jawher Dudayev, ex president of the Chechen Republic went forward with the Mujahideen and crossed through the way. A mine blew in him too and he was martyred. And like this the Mujahideen fell one by one in the ground of mines. 17 Mujahideen were martyred after they had crossed the only way of the Mujahideen to exit the siege”

This is the gallant leadership, and this is truthfulness, sincerity and sacrifice. Shamil was not at the end of the queue but he would lead men to the heights and he was in front of them, raiding the dangers without caring for himself in the way of his issue. It is evident that the likes of him are feared by the enemies, for the one who raids death, isn't afraid of humans, and fear is the first of weakness. And the one whose greatness was such, it is evident that his enemy would be scared of him.

It is generally thought that the death of Commander Shamil, May Allah have mercy on him, was accidental. Meaning, it was only an accident in which the Russians or the Hypocrites had no hand. For they are too coward to come near the eagle of the Caucasus, and from his killer claws! Every man has an appointed time and the appointed time of the eagle of the Caucasus wouldn't miss him. Death was written for him in Dagestan in Jamadi Al Akhir of 1427 corresponding to 10 July 2006 to follow his companion and the mate on his way of Jihad, Khattab in the Paradise of eternity by the will of Allah the Almighty. Shamil died at an early age of 41 to tell to the young of his Ummah that history does not write people by their works but by their deeds. For how many are those who have grown old and no one knows anything about them, and how many are the young whose bodies have been taken by death yet their memory remains in the hearts of the Muslims.

So May Allah have mercy on these men, how much have they tired those who are to come after them.

Source: Video by Tanzeem productions

Al Zubair Al Turkistani

Watch his story in [And The Caravan Continues](#)



“Brother Zubair, his real name was Rashid. He was born in East Turkestan, in the district of Aaqsoo. He was brought up in an easygoing family. Later Allah guided him to the right path and honored him with migration and jihad.” (A Companion)

From the Muslim land of Turkestan, the warrior knight came... Al Zubair Al Turkestani. He migrated, May Allah have mercy on him to Afghanistan and joined the training camps, preparing and organizing. Then he stood in front of the Crusader's campaign on Afghanistan. He was, May Allah have mercy on him, very loving to his brothers. He would pray during the night and recite the book of his Lord, and was extremely shy of nature.

He went, May Allah have mercy on him, to the holy city of Makkah to perform the obligation of Hajj. After that, when he returned, his heart had got attached to his Lord, and his self longed to meet Him, so he asked his Commander to register his name in the list of the martyrdom operators.

“In the beginning the brother, May Allah have mercy on him, used to fight in a row with his brothers, against the global unbelief (kufr). During this period, Al Zubair reflected over the condition of Muslims who were being oppressed by the unbelievers. They were living pains and disasters due to the dominance of the unbelievers. After that he wasn't able to stand this oppression any longer, so he registered his name in the list of the blessed attacks-the martyrdom operations, hoping to please Allah and gain His pleasure, and to prove his love for Allah, Islam and his oppressed brothers.” (A Companion)

The place was then decided, and the target was the center of American intelligence in Kabul, and when the lover of martyrdom reached and saw the building, he plunged with his car into the base of corruption, and turned it into a burning hell. So on Allah is your reward, O Zubair.

Abd Al Momin Al Tajiki

Watch his story in [And The Caravan Continues](#)



You left us O hero, after you sketched with your blood the road to glory, you left but your memory remains in the hearts of those who loved you. Abd Al Momin Al Tajiki, he was born in Dakhar, south of Afghanistan, from parents who had migrated from Tajikistan. He, May Allah have mercy on him, would read the books of Islamic conquests diligently, that shine with the glories of the conquerors. After he had completed 17 years of his age, he went to Khost, and trained in its camps.

“And why should ye not fight in the cause of Allah and of those who, being weak, are ill-Treated (and oppressed)? -men, women, and children, whose cry is: Our Lord! Rescue us from this town. Whose people are oppressors; And raise for us from thee one who will protect; And raise for us from thee one who will help!”.. (Surah Al Nisaa’;Verse 75) My respected brothers, this religion is the religion of Islam, and this voice will not calm” (From his sayings)

He was, may Allah have mercy on him, courageous and daring, not afraid of death. He loved to take part in the floods of tumult, a Hafiz of the book of Allah, particular about implementing the Sunnah of the Prophet peace be upon him.

He May Allah have mercy on him participated in several battles, and then he mastered the use of RPG’s. Days passed and Abd Al Mumin was given the honor of being the first martyrdom operator to target the head of apostates, AbdurRasheed Dustum.

“Everyone knows that the crime of Hiroshima and Nagasaki, was a crime against humanity and they weren’t Muslims. Look at how harshly they dealt with them not caring for humans or animals. Children and animals deserve mercy; instead even the fierce animals have mercy towards children. See their harshness today in Palestine and Iraq and Afghanistan. How they bomb them in a monstrous way not leaving a human or an animal and they didn’t care for that. And today they claim protecting human rights. In Iraq they imprisoned our brothers and then spread their pictures in front of the world” (From his sayings)

And over the seas of longing, Abd Al Mumin's footsteps went forth, and bid goodbye to everything. And at a time when Dustum was amongst a group of his followers, the hero drew close to Dustum wearing a detonated belt. And it wasn't except for a few moments until the group spread out, and the soul of Abd Al Mumin rose to the sky, and left behind, 3 dead amongst them the brother of Dustum. Allah had decreed for the head of the apostates to escape. So May Allah have mercy on you Abd Al Mumin and admit you in the vastness of His Paradise.

*Source: Sahab publications- video
Winds of Paradise*

Dar Al Murabiteen Publications

AbdurRahman An Najdi



Watch his story in [And The Caravan Continues](#).

You framed the meaning of sacrifice and exertion, so congratulations to you for the sale. Abd Al Ilah Al Musa, nicknamed as AbdurRahman An Najdi from the residents of the city of Riyadh. He, May Allah have mercy on him, escaped to Afghanistan, to support the oppressed and to prepare to implement the law of Allah and to remove the unbelievers from the Arabian peninsula, working on the will of the Prophet peace be upon him, “Expel the unbelievers from the Arabian peninsula” after the cross worshipers had unpurified it, and the rulers of the family of Saood had deceived it.

“So here is my will, from the Land of glory and loftiness. I write it to you by the blood of the martyrs between the bones and the flesh, from the people of refusal who refused to accept lowness in their religion, on a day when the leaders of unbelievers and hypocrisy have gathered over them, and the rulers and the tyrants, those on who the saying of Allah the Almighty might best suit *“173 - Those to whom men said: A great army is gathering against you, so fear them”: but it (only) increased their faith: they said: For us Allah sufficeth, and he is the best guardian”..*” (Surah Aal Imraan)” (From his sayings-will)

He completed, May Allah have mercy on him his training in the Farooq camp, and then went forth to Kabul. It wasn't except for a few days then that the pride of the Cross, turned it toppled cards. And when the war grew fierce, Abd Ar Rahman was one of the knights.

“Allah, the Almighty, has given us, the means of glory and honor, and establishment on the earth, and if we take aid from them the Islamic Ummah, would become glorious and honored and its station would rise in the Worlds. It is the greatest obligation, the obligation of jihad in the way of Allah .Yes, jihad is crest of worship and the zenith of Islam and it is the benchmark and the guide, the separator of the true lover and the claimer of love.” (From his sayings-will)

He, May Allah have mercy on him was, much of silence, pure of heart, and loved his brothers greatly. He participated, May Allah have mercy on him, in the operations and was in the group,

which was the first to take an American weapon as booty in Afghanistan. There, in the list of names of eternity, the name of Abd Ar Rahman al Najdi was adorning that paper. As the agreement came for him, he almost flew with happiness, and was the first martyrdom operator after alignment (training).

“Allah, the Almighty, has bought the lives of the believers due to its preciousness near Him, benevolence from Him and favor, and He recorded the covenant of homage in His holy book, so that it is read ever by their tongues and recited. Allah said demonstrating the importance of this covenant, revealed in His Holy Book *“111 - Allah hath purchased of the believers their persons and their goods; For theirs (in return) is the garden (of paradise): they fight in his cause, and slay and are slain: a promise binding on him in truth, through the torah, the gospel, and the qur'an...”* (Surah At Taubah)” (From his sayings-will)

And in Kabul, Abd Ar Rahman waited for the order to move towards the target. When it came in sight, he marched forth quickly and crashed into a bus of the German soldiers. And then the soul was elevated to the heights and the martyr was led away to his people. We hold him to be so, and do not exalt anyone over Allah. So May Allah have mercy on you, a vast mercy.

“Indeed, jihad and glory are companions, just like leaving jihad and disgrace of the Ummah by the victory of its enemies, and their exploitation of its resources are companions, and indeed disgrace has been imposed on the Ummah, as a punishment form of punishment from Allah the Almighty not because the unbelievers are more in their numbers and materials than the Muslims, but because of the leaning of Muslims towards the world and their drowning in the forbidden like usury and abandoning jihad in the way of Allah” (From his sayings-will)

Source: Sahab publications- video
Winds of Paradise

Abu Baseer Al-Imaaratee (a.k.a. Mansour Al-Falashi) – from United Arab Emirates

In the Name of Allah, Most Gracious Most Merciful

We are still discussing the story of the heroes from the “Martyrs Garage”. This time, the noble hero [that I am discussing] was a modest, cheerful, and devout man... The martyr was also a friendly man, whose heart was as innocent as that of a child. He did not know the meaning of evil, and simply did not know how to cheat or deceive. Therefore, he would be very surprised whenever he would hear about dishonesty and deceitfulness, or [when he would] fall victim to such behavior. On his way to Iraq, Abu Baseer rented an apartment along with a friend of his. He later found out that the rent that he had paid was ten times higher than what he should have paid based on the apartment’s market value in the town. He said, “Oh Lord! I have heard about deceitfulness before, but I never thought that it could be this bad.”

... A young man from Arabian Peninsula named Nayif once came here to the land of Jihad. Nayif simply did not realize just how infidel-infested Saudi Arabia has become. Whenever [Abu Baseer] would pass by Nayif, he would curse [King] Fahd, [crown prince] Abdullah, and the rest of the Saudi royal family. This made Nayif upset, and so he had, “Goodness gracious, do not curse them”. The martyr (or so we like to think of him) replied, “Nayif, in Allah’s name you must reject the tyrants. It is not enough to believe in Allah alone. Until you do that, you are better off returning to where you came from.” Indeed, Nayif left the land of courage after several days, and with the help of Allah, he will not be rewarded.

Abu Baseer’s friends and brothers were delighted alongside him. As one of his friends Abu Hamza explained, the martyr would sing for them. He would treat his brothers with his pleasant voice. The words that come out of his mouth were soft and pure like the gentle flow of a stream upon pearls. The martyr, may Allah have mercy on his soul, was among the administrators of the Salman al-Farsi Mosque that is located near al-Samaka Square in the city of Dubai. Abu Baseer is pleased to have been released from the shackles of wealth, and proud that he replaced this with the paradise of living in caves. After all, the sound of gunfire is more pleasant and enjoyable than the sound of music, and sleeping behind walls and fences in order to get some shade and relief from the sun is more enjoyable than having air-conditioning and feeling the cool breeze of fans. Moreover, the cramped caves are surely roomier than the most spacious castles.

Jihad, frugality, and passion for obtaining what Allah has to offer all soon consumed our friend. He left his house and had no choice but to lie about where he was going. Nearby his house was a center for memorizing Qur'an by heart. Students would spend two months in this center and would not leave before they completed at least one chapter. Abu Baseer’s family knew about this center. He fled and said he was going to stay there. Instead, he joined a group of fortunate Mujahideen and they all headed to Iraq, the land of Jihad. One day he called his mother, but was very sad after talking to her. He said, “I will not call her again.” His brother asked him why he was so upset and he replied, “My mother tried to tempt me back by telling that she has purchased a luxurious car that I always wanted to buy.” When Abu Baseer showed no interest in the car, his mother burst in tears and begged him to return home. Allah forbid that he would have obeyed his mother disobeying Allah in regards to Jihad is forbidden and permission from one’s parents is irrelevant.

Last but not the least – and without anyone knowing about it – Abu Baseer signed up on the list of nobility. In other words, he signed his name as a volunteer under the column of “Martyrdom operations”, hoping to deal a powerful blow to the enemies of Allah. Among the most remarkable things about his death is that earlier during the day of his martyrdom, he sat down to talk with a Kurdish brother (who was in the same unit) and told him, “We have lived long enough. O' Lord! Reward us with martyrdom.” As if in direct response to his plea, as soon as the call for evening prayer was announced and the night set in, the tale of the “Martyr’s Garage” unfolded as the final page in the life of Abu Baseer... The last thing that I would like you to know is that our martyr spent approximately a month in the land of Jihad before his martyrdom. We ask Allah to unite us with Abu Baseer in paradise

From-Biographies of Al-Qaa'idah's "Distinguished Martyrs" in Mesopotamia

Dar Al Murabiteen Publications

YAHYA SENYOR AL-JEDDAWI

Yahya Senyor from Jeddah, Arabian Peninsula. First shaheed from the Arabian Peninsula in the land of Afghanistan. Killed during an ambush by the Communist Forces near Jaji, Afghanistan, in 1985. Written by Shaheed Sheikh Abdullah Azzam.



"Abu Muadh and I smelled the blood of Yahya the Martyr from a distance of 500 metres, while he was in the car which took him to his final dwelling; to the earth which rejoiced at the addition of his chaste body, and which we hope will be a garden from the Gardens of Paradise..."

"Think not of those who are killed in the Way of Allah as dead. Nay, they are alive, with their Lord, and they have provision." [Quran 3:169]

These were the last words by which you bade farewell to the world, in a letter which was found in your pocket by the companion of your journey. It was he upon whom you pronounced your last breaths while your head rested on his chest.

Muhammad Ameen, our spokesman, said to me, *"Yahya wrote this letter on the last night he lived on this earth."*

Everything in your soul used to speak that you were the next to be a Martyr. There were your brothers who partook with you in the pains of the path of sacrifice, sweat and blood, under the shower of bullets and the thunder of cannons, to awaken an Ummah whose depths was filled by weakness and would only slumber at the foothold of every tyrannical oppressor. If it awoke, then with the strides of subservience it submitted to his regulations. How long did I swear to these people, O Yahya, that you would be a Martyr? They would say to you, "*O Yahya, don't try and purify yourself too much,*" to which you would reply, "*God forbid I purify myself (Allah is the One who will purify me).*" They said that to you, but I sensed in my depths that you would be a Shaheed.

It was the Night of Arafat, and the Russians had pounced on you from above and from below. Hearts had reached to the throats; you rose with your brothers for Suhoor to fast the Day of Arafat in the land of the battle, for if the fasting of Arafat expiates two years' sins, how great is fasting Arafat under lava sprinkled from the sky as if it was a shower of rain! This, no doubt, has a reward which is much greater, and in an authentic hadith, it is stated that whoever fasted a day for the sake of Allah, Allah will make the distance between him and the Fire the length of seventy trenches.

So your brothers said to you, "*O Yahya, let us eat Suhoor.*"

You replied, "*I am going to perform ablution.*" Then you clarified yourself, saying,

"By Allah, I am not in a state of Janaba (ritual impurity), rather I am bathing to meet the Hoor which I saw in my dream. I have never seen a woman in my dream, but tonight she came to me with her clothes, her flirtatiousness, her beauty, her purity, and the blackness of her eyes - she is the Hoor!"

The battle of Jaji ended, but you were not lucky, O Yahya, in attaining Martyrdom. Thus, your brothers began to joke with you, saying, "*Where did the Hoor go, the one that you insisted would arrive?!*"

One of the Arab brothers told me, "*Yahya stood at the graves of the three Arab Martyrs which lay at the peak of Jaji, and he started to address them saying, 'Soon I will be joining you, with the permission of Allah'.*"

The 7th of Muharram 1405 (23 September 1985) arrived and on that day you had an appointment with Martyrdom, the Martyrdom which you had not refrained from asking for, day and night. It was at the hands of a group of Communist agents, who opened fire on you at the gates of Jaji, that you attained it and you sealed the sale (of your soul) - insha-Allah.



O Yahya! Your fragrant blood began to flow and not a single person remained that touched your body or perfumed themselves with drops of your blood without the smell of musk filling their noses, and even everyone who attended your funeral (more than 100 people) began to wonder to themselves: 'Why have we never witnessed, nor smelled a scent in the whole of our lives, better or more fragrant than this one?'

Abul Hassan Al-Maqdisi said to me, *"Abu Muadh and I smelled the blood of Yahya the Martyr from a distance of 500 metres, while he was in the car which took him to his final dwelling; to the earth which rejoiced at the addition of his chaste body, and which we hope will be a garden from the Gardens of Paradise."*

Dr Ahmad said to me, *"I met many of the martyrs, but I did not smell a better or more fragrant smell than this one."*



A drop of blood flowing from the body of Shaheed Yahya Senyor 24 hours after his martyrdom

And Dr. Abu Muhammad said to me, *"I entered the room in which Yahya's body was shrouded in the hospital three days after he was killed. The smell of musk diffused from all its corners!"*

And Abu Hamza said to me, *"My wife approached me after my return from the funeral saying, 'Which perfume is this that I smell?'"*

You attained a solace, such that time could not strike its magnanimity, nor could it split its bond, or decrease its strength. You did not relent for a moment. You refused to let the Muslims' honour

be violated, their support reduced or their victory be trampled on. You did not sit by patiently while the Muslims were being humiliated, nor did you stand by it, rather you advanced to Allah, composed, steadfast, relentless and unyielding.

You used to favour Wardak (a province in Afghanistan) because you had toured it completely. There was not a camp where the Mujahideen resided, nor a gathering of theirs, that you did not enter and familiarize yourself with. You tried to fulfill their needs and desires, trying to remove from them the deficiencies of their lives, due to which you used to call yourself Abdur Rahman Abdul Kabeer Al-Wardaki [the one from Wardak].

And thus, with the twinkling of an eye, Yahya passed to his Lord, and we pray that Allah delights him with a Faithful Seat beside the Throne of the Powerful Sovereign.

Your days among us were not many, O twenty-year old! And your soul passed to its Lord, leaving behind deep-rooted glory, and an honourable mention. We ask Allah to increase you in happiness upon your entry into the World of the Angels.

And we ask Allah - the Mighty and Majestic - to resurrect us amongst the blessed ones, and to grant us death as Martyrs, and to gather us in the presence of the Prophets, may Allah's Peace and Blessings be upon them. And we ask Allah - the Mighty and Majestic - to make us a substitute for you in goodness, and to enable your mother and your father and your brothers to understand that you are with your Creator, and we invoke Him to make you an intercessor for them on the Day of Judgement.

In closing, we will repeat the verse from the Holy Qur'an:

"Think not of those who are killed in the Way of Allah as dead. Nay, they are alive, with their Lord, and they have provision. They rejoice in what Allah has bestowed upon them of His bounty, rejoicing for the sake of those who have not yet joined them, but are left behind (not yet martyred) that on them no fear shall come, nor shall they grieve." [Quran 3:169-170]

And Glory and Praise be to You. I bear witness that there is no God worthy of worship but You, I ask Your forgiveness, and I turn to You in repentance.

Your brother Abu Muhammad:

The Last Letter from Shaheed Yahya Senyor:

The Muslim Mujahid knows his aim very well, and for that reason you will see him moving with an insight about his manner, and with firm strides, which know not retreat...he pays no attention to trials and punishments, rather he finds in them the object of his repose because they are in the Way of Allah: - and whoever treads the path of the Prophets does not ask himself whether he is walking on thorns or blades.

The last letter which Shaheed Yahya wrote to his family is a bigger indication of the truth of what we have spoken about him; so listen to him when he says:

'I am here...despite the airplanes, the tanks, and the shelling which continues day and night, and despite the intense cold and the hunger, I am in the peak of happiness and have peace of mind,

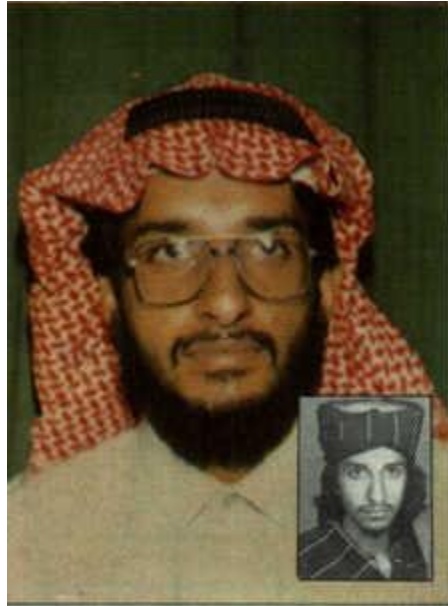
because I feel that I am doing the most beloved of acts to Allah, and Allah does not waste the rewards of those who act. This Jihad is the only way that man can present to Allah acts which please Him and to return to this Ummah its full honour.'

Source: Azzam Publications

Dar Al Murabiteen Publications

SHAFEEQ IBRAHIM

Shafeeq Al-Madani from Madinah Al-Munawwarrah, Arabian Peninsula. Killed defending against a Communist offensive near Jalalabad, Afghanistan, on 5 July 1989. Aged in his early twenties. Written by Shaheed Sheikh Abdullah Azzam.



"...I would have left you to be gathered by Allah from the stomachs of beasts and the throats of birds"

"Woe be to his mother, he would start a war if he had the men"

Thus the heroes of the battlefield were killed, one after another and the lands of Jalalabad swallowed one lion after another. The pain crushed Abu Abdullah Usama bin Ladin's heart. Whenever he bade farewell to another of his children, a new bomb fell on his heart, tearing another piece of it, and leaving him to writhe in agony. Before being able to tend his wounded heart, a new arrow would inflict more wounds, so he would scrape off the scabs of the previous wounds which had barely healed. With every traveller to Allah, his silent demeanour would seem to say,

*"Are all the afflictions with me, every one of them?
Then how did you arrive from the crowd?
I was wounded deeply, so there does not remain
A place for the wounds of arrows or swords."*

Abu Zhahab was killed, so Abu Abdullah Usama said to me: *"I never mourned a soul as I mourned the soul of Abu Zhahab."* Khalid followed Abu Zhahab, at which Abu Abdullah Usama said: *"Nobody was as precious to me as Khalid, then Abdul-Mannan and Abdur-Rahman Al-Misri."*

As for Jalalabad, there the hands of fate seized the body of Abu Tariq Al-Ma'ribi, then they seized the body of Abu Qutaybah, which provoked plentiful tears. Death then drew upon Shafeeq, and thus the separation of love was a test of the soul's patience. As for Shafeeq, say of him what you please - of courage, fearlessness, patience, and endurance - for he was one of the youngest men to come to the Jihad in Afghanistan.

His Arrival into Afghanistan

He came, the sixth of six students of a known scholar in Madinah Al-Munawwarah. Among these students were the Shuhadaa' (Martyrs) Abu Qutaybah and Khalid Al-Kurdi. They walked the thorny path of wearing shoes of insufferable thorns, and drinking the agonies of sorrow. I accompanied them on their journey for the first few days, and I would worry about them greatly, with the tenderness of their skin and the slenderness of their bodies. The matter at hand was above their captivity, and was a burden weighing heavily on their shoulders. All Praise be to Allah, the last thing one would imagine would be these men continuing their journey down this painful, bloody path, but they remained steadfast, and Allah granted them strength to persevere. These pillars of the towering building of Islam were lowered after a time, and we missed them dearly.

Everyone has their excuses for abandoning the Jihad, but will they stand as justifications in front of Allah Ar-Rahman on the Day of Judgement? This is somewhat doubtful.

At the Usama bin Zayd Training Camp

Asadullah, the commander of Usama bin Zayd Training Camp, was an eminent personality to many of the Arab brothers who came to the Jihad, both for his courage, and the running of his camp. Shafeeq went to him, along with some of his Arab brothers. A Communist invasion of the camp took place during their stay there, and the enemy entered into the very room which Shafeeq was in. It was a sheer miracle that saved Shafeeq and Abu Hanifah from the enemy: Allah ordained for them to live. The following day, the Mujahideen wanted to reclaim the camp from the hands of Kufr. Shafeeq was one of these lions who attacked the enemy, along with Jal-ar-Rahman. The camp was reclaimed and Jal-ar-Rahman was martyred. Shafeeq travelled between the Jadoodiyah camps in Pakhtia and Kunar, then his father came to Afghanistan to take him back to Madinah, which he succeeded in doing.

I visited to Madinah, and there I saw Shafeeq, working in the Haram (Holy Mosque) of Madinah. He took me on a tour of the Haram, but he didn't stay long; he seemed restless. He would inevitably return to Afghanistan, by any means possible, and he did so after a little while. After a while, Abu Abdullah Usama finally went to the Jihad and began constructing his Lion's Den: a task which initially faced many problems and obstacles. He collaborated with two people, Shafeeq and one other. The Lion's Den began to grow, day by day, but the bitter cold of the winter frost was too much for the brothers who bore it during their first year in Afghanistan, so I would worry about them greatly.

The Battle of the Lion's Den, Jaji, 1987

Ramadhan 1987 CE (1407 AH), Allah decreed for this small Arab camp to face a vicious attack by both the Russians and Communists. Allah also decreed a victory for the Muslims, in which the Arab brothers played a major part - after that of Allahu (SWT).

It is on the shoulders of these men that nations are built. Abul-Shaheed Al-Arhabi said:

"I was in the battle. Everyone wanted to rest for a few moments because of the immense afflictions surrounding us, which were weighing down our souls. During this critical time, I saw Shafeeq with his slender body, carrying the mortars on his back to pitch in the direction of the enemy, so I said to myself: 'It is on the shoulders of these men that the Jihad is built,' after which I immediately corrected myself and said, 'Indeed, it is on the shoulders of these men that nations are built.'"

Shafeeq Continues the Journey

The journey continued, and the influx of Arab brothers increased, immediately after the Battle of the Lion's Den. Shafeeq continued to move from place to place, an anonymous soldier. Nobody spoke of him, and nobody knew him, except those who lived under the protection of Abu Abdullah. He worked in Khost, but when the volcanoes of Jalalabad erupted, he came to Jalalabad, and would only be seen in the foremost positions on which the hottest lines of fire fell. The men gradually began to fall, proudly, in this field of bravery, while Shafeeq continued his journey, awaiting his death. I did not find the verses of Abu Talib more befitting to an Arab martyr than Shafeeq:

*"Less distressed in calamities than an arrow,
And quicker to advance than a dart
The most honourable of the world's children, a lion you appear.
Like a sword, slicing through disaster,
Upholding the fighting all around,
Every sword, handled like a member of the family."*

I had written lines for another Arab brother Shaheed, but when word reached me of Shafeeq's martyrdom, I thought: *"Shafeeq is more worthy of these verses."*

The truth is that fear held no place in the lives of these youth who came to the Jihad as youngsters, grew up in the fire of hardship, and matured on the flames of its furnace. During his patrols, Shafeeq used to reach the positions close to the battlefield or a distance of 20m from Jalalabad so that he could listen to the speech of the soldiers. If poetry were spoken by one of their tongues, he would say:

*"Glory be to He who created me, what delight
In what others regard as utmost pain
Time is surprised at how I carry her tribulations,
And at my body's patience with her shattering events."*

The Martyrdom: 3rd Dhul-Hijjah 1409 (5 July 1989)

The Communists wanted to approach the centre of the Arab brothers, so they seized the opportunity of Eid, when the Afghani brothers departed from the camp to spend Eid with their families. The disbelievers took advantage of this and sent three armoured tanks on the main highway toward Khush Kanbad and Kryzkabar. The Mujahideen prepared their anti-tank rockets to attack the Russians, but were puzzled at the appearance of the Russian tanks in the hills. One of the brothers thus went forth with a 82mm gun, but it failed to fire, so Shafeeq took a 75mm

rocket launcher and fired a round of missiles at the tanks, destroying some of them. The Russian vehicles were many in number, however, and were swiftly approaching. Shafeeq thus ushered to the other brothers to retreat whilst he held them off together with one other brother. Therefore, only these two remained fighting the tanks by themselves. A few moments later, one tank fired a round that landed on Shafeeq and scattered his limbs throughout the air. The Arab brothers retreated and Abu Ubaidah raided the magazines to attack the Russians once more. One other brother was injured. The Arabs tried to carry him to shelter, but the tanks by this time were very close, so the injured brother asked the others to leave him and try to save themselves. They retreated once more, and the enemy entered their station. However, during their stay, the Mujahideen did not allow them to sleep for three months - unable to rest, nor be settled.

Thus Shafeeq was torn, for Allah to gather him from the throats of birds and the stomachs of beasts. As the Prophet (SAWS) said upon the death of Hamzah bin Abdul-Mutallib:

"If it weren't for Saffiyah's sadness, I would have left you to be gathered by Allah from the stomachs of beasts and the throats of birds."

Source: Azzam Publications

Dar Al Murabiteen Publications

ABU TAYYIB AL-MAGHRIBI

Abu Tayyib Al-Maghribi, from Morocco. Killed during a Communist Offensive against Shokhdara, Afghanistan, in 1989. Written by Shaheed Sheikh Abdullah Azzam.



The Emigrant Caller to Islam

*From the splendour of the World he fled,
From the temptations of America he came,
With the bloom of youth, he was broken,
And with its moistness this branch was squeezed.*

I met him at a conference in America in December 1988, and he began to follow me from place to place. Under the pretence of journalism, he was allowed to remain alone with me in the hotel, frequenting my room now and again. Thus, all Praise be to Allah, he clinged to me, not permitting my separation from him. When the end of the conference came within sight, he began to tempt me by offering me visits to his city of residence. He came to me with a group of youth from Arlington, who said to me: "*Abu Tariq, the pilot, is in our city, and it is buzzing for Jihad like a beehive, and it is in our duty to visit it. It is close to Oklahoma, and you can travel there by car.*" So I rode in the car of brother Mustafa Rajab, and I travelled with them to their city. The hours in which I met Abu Tariq after a long separation from him were passionate and emotional. He had participated in laying the foundations of the Service Bureau, and had taken the lead in the charitable journey, which the service bureau had embarked upon.

Abu Tayyib decided to divorce the land of America thrice, never to return. I returned to Peshawar, and after a while Abu Tayyib followed me. I took him to Sada, and at this point the sound of Islamic Callers at work was still a thought in people's minds, but I advised him to make it a reality, and he was thus the first to be engaged in this activity. He wanted dearly to serve this religion, and Allah (SWT) bestowed upon him knowledge of Islamic education and culture. The radiance was noticeable on his face, the radiance of the spirit which penetrated his limbs, and the

purity of his soul which shone through his forehead. And what is more beautiful radiance than that of awakening determination?

*Whenever the spirits of hawks awake,
And move within the heart and souls,
The youth see a resisting place for their determination in the orbits and the luminous horizon.
You are the hawk, so build your nest and live,
On the peaks of heights and on the mountain tops.*

In Ramadan

In Ramadan, Dr. Hamzah returned from Kabul and told us of his need for Mujahid doctors, saying that he personally would be responsible for their schooling, and that they would be a group saved from the Hellfire. I spoke in the mosque about this precious need, and I hit a nerve in Abu Tayyib. Consequently, Dr. Hamzah was able to persuade him and send him to Kabul.

On Eid-ul-Fitr, Abul-Hasan Al-Madani returned from Kabul and informed me of the arrival of some Arab brothers. He said that he noticed from amongst them a particular youth, who appeared sincere, and had some traits of leadership. So he trained him to be the Commander of one group, without ever having known him prior to his arrival in Kabul

To Shokhdara

He landed in Shokhdara with Abu Ali Al-Maaliki, and decided to remain there. The battlefield grew more intense, and the quiet lull became into the vehement roar of the Mujahideen and the enemy aeroplanes, whose roar resounded night and day close to Kabul. The Mujahideen withdrew from At-Tiba where Abu Ali resided, after which nobody remained there except Abu Ali and five of his Arab brothers, such that if they also left, Kryzmyr would fall into the hands of Allah's enemies. So they promised themselves not to leave the place, until their bodies were ripped open. The situation here also pleased Abu Tayyib, and he found his soul in the flames of love, and it was here that he saw, on the extent of his hope, a peaceful resting-place.

*His sense is apparent in many forms,
Among men, sometimes like water, or a mirage.
And his envier may call him a mad man,
If the swords were to meet, but some minds are lame.*

The Account of Muhammad Al-Mushtaq, the best friend of Abu Tayyib

After the Isha prayer on the evening of 29 June 1989, his friend and life-long companion, Muhammad Al-Mushtaq Al-Maghribi, came to me and asked me in wonder: "Did Abu Tayyib pass away?" I answered perplexed, "Who sent you here?" He replied, "An Algerian brother coming from Peshawar heard Taqi-ud-Din Al-Jazai'ree, who was returning from Shokhdara, talking about it." So I said to him, "Ask Abul-Hasan al-Madani, he is in the control room." He went to the control room and there was Muhammad Al-Mushtaq, in the dark of the night, unable to find an expression of grief other than tears which smothered his face. Through the tears he called to the soul of his brother, Abu Tayyib, who had accompanied him on the journey from Morocco to America to Sada. May Allah (SWT) have Mercy of his soul and may he unite us with him amongst the pious.

And thus Abu Tayyib came to pass, and his peaceful death came only after he had proved himself as a falcon, an impassioned lion. With a flash he was gone, and we missed him being amongst us, after we achieved with his fighting what others didn't achieve with their cries, shouting and speech.

Muhammad Al-Mushtaq, his beloved brother and life-long friend wrote about him:

Hasan Walafee - Abu Tayyib - was born in the city of Fez on 3 March 1964. He was a youth who was brought up from a very young age on the love and servitude of the Religion. He used to fast on Mondays and Thursdays, and he would stand between Allah's (SWT) two Hands during the last third of the night. The Witr prayer would never bypass him, and Allah's Book would never leave his side, whether or not he was travelling. He would always receive his daily guidance from the Quran, whatever the circumstance, and he was, may Allah have Mercy on him, constant in the recitation of the morning and evening remembrances. He would never sleep, except in a state of purification, nor would he sleep except after reading Surah Al-Mulk (Surah 67), however tired he was. Sometimes sleep would conquer him, so he would take a nap before completing the recitation, but he would always defeat his sleep by waking up and finishing the Surah.

He was a valiant youth who had no fear for the enemy. Islam and its Call were his life; they would never tire him or bore him.

We were together in high school, where he would always deliver lectures on Islam and answer the scepticism of the Communists and the apostates, be they students or teachers. After he went to University, he refused to enter into the discipline of Islamic Studies because he saw that most of the students were Muslim. Instead, he entered the disciplines of philosophy and psychology, because most of the students, if not less than 99% of them, were atheists. He was able to give them the message of Islam, and he became a thorn in their throats. He played an effective role in the department, from which some of his teachers began to harbour feelings of hatred towards him, and fail him in his exams. He used to lie in ambush for the Communists and atheists, so when he heard talk of one of their lectures, he followed them and stopped them delivering it.

He was, may Allah have Mercy on him, a possessor of extensive knowledge on Islamic and modern literary culture, and he was particularly fond of the books of Muhammad and Syed Qutb, especially *"In the Shade of the Quran."* He also used to like the books of Fathi Yakan Al-Harakeeya, and loved the books of the pious predecessors, such as Ibn Taymiyyah and Ibn-ul-Qayyim.

He was, may Allah have Mercy upon him, an active member of the Islamic Movement, and it was unusual to find him in a situation other than service to the group, whether it was calling people to Islam or educating people's hearts before their minds. He occupied a place in everybody's hearts wherever he travelled or resided; everyone who met him loved him at first sight. He had early connections with the Moroccan *"Al-Islah"* magazine. He also wrote a long treatise on Afghanistan - past and present.

He wrote a moving, emotional letter to his mother revealing how close he was to Allah - Glory be to Him and how Exalted is He! We regard him thus and do not praise anyone above Allah. This applies to his high command of expression and his links with Islamic Culture - the revolutionary books. So we hope that Allah will shelter him with His Mercy and will make him

an intercessor for us and for his mother and for his family on the Day of Judgement. He is the All-Hearing, All-Near and all-Responding.

Source: Azzam Publications

Dar Al Murabiteen Publications

DR. NASIR AL-JAZAIRI

Dr. Nasir Al-Jazairi (Halwaji Ammar), from Algeria. Killed defending against a Communist Offensive against Shokhdara, Afghanistan, in 1989. Written by Shaheed Sheikh Abdullah Azzam.



The Doctor of Hearts and Bodies, The Preacher of the Valley

"I think that the doctors will receive a heavy punishment on the Day of Judgement because of their absence from treating the wounded on the battlefield."

His life long friend, Taqiudeen, was with him during his last moments in which he bid farewell to the world. They lived together in the Valley of Jihad (the Valley of Soofa in Afghanistan), and in the forest of lions. He graduated from high school and studied to be a laboratory technician. He then graduated from the Institute with his brother Abu Bashir Al-Jazairi. He worked in the Valley's hospital, and became brilliant in his field of specialisation.

This seedling, which led a comfortable life in a sheltered environment, lived in the garden of Islamic dawah. It sprouted with the permission of its Lord, and ripened into the beautiful fruit with which Allah inspired the Islamic thinkers of this age. It touched the hands of youth and it guided them. And Sayyid Qutb - may Allah have Mercy on him - has a role in this which Allah prepared for him. His God-given talent flowed through his pen, fluently and eloquently. Allah granted Sayyid's expressions beauty and magnificence, and his words encouraged this seedling throughout its life. Allah decreed for Sayyid to die in a tall, dignified manner, which blew life and soul into his words, and which penetrated the hearts of the children of the nation. This was also the case regarding the later Islamic writers who followed in his footsteps.

Nasir was raised on the tables of these thinkers, and in the corner of his house there was a small library filled with their books. In the depths was a special place for the books on *Seerah* (Biography of the Prophet SAWs), and thus the *Seerah* was the subject of the lectures which he delivered in the mosque's study circles. He would comment on the events in the *Seerah*, and his explanation of them was such that his friends, such as Taqiudeen, would be full of admiration for him. Some brothers would display their admiration, to which Nasir would reply: *"I seek Allah's Forgiveness."*

To the Land of Jihad

Nasir left the Valley in 1985 and headed for the Land of Jihad, leaving behind him a big hollow. But who would be a more beautiful and suitable man to fill this hollow than his brother Ali? Upon Nasir's arrival at the Land of Jihad, he worked as an assistant in his field of specialisation by the side of Dr. Salih Al-Libi. Then Nasir returned to Algeria and began frequenting the house of Dr. Salih's family there, out of love and loyalty towards him.

Nasir returned to the Jihad for a second time, and he headed towards the Afghani valley of Soofa. There he began to devote himself to his work as a doctor, as there was a lack of doctors in Afghanistan at that time. After six months, Abul-Hassan Al-Madani assigned him to work in one of the hospitals, which pleased Nasir immensely. His joy increased upon the arrival of Taqiudeen and Jamaludeen, his beloved brothers. Jamaludeen was one of the youth whom Allah had guided through the efforts of Nasir. Nasir would say: *"I don't know at which I should be more delighted: working in the hospital of the Mujahideen, or the arrival of Taqiudeen and Jamaludeen."*

It was only for three days. The souls had not been quenched of thirst, nor did the reunion relieve their yearning to meet again:

*" You returned to us, but our souls were not satisfied
Yearning for you. Nor did our eyes become dry."*

It was only for three days in which the teacher met his student, before the spinning mill of death seized the soul of Jamaludeen. This was in the same week in which Waseel - the Commander of the unit in Shokhdara - was martyred, leaving a deep sorrow in everyone's souls. Nasir's tongue would constantly remember him, not knowing that they would meet again after only a day or two, if Allah granted them both admission to Paradise, and their souls flew to the hearts of green birds.

The Promised Day came

The government troops headed for Shokhdara, and on the fourth day, the brothers prayed the dawn Fajr Prayer. As was their habit, they read the morning supplications followed by a portion of the Quran. Then, at 08:30 hrs, they received news of the troops' arrival, so the Mujahideen rushed to the mountain peaks. As for Nasir, he headed for the *Wudu* (Ablution) area. Taqiudeen tried to hurry him, but Nasir insisted on completing his Wudu before climbing to the shelter of the mountains.

The mountains resounded with the cries of '*Allahu Akbar!*' and '*La illaha illallah!*', while the lions of Allah ensured that the enemy tasted the flames of the fire of this world before the flames of the Hellfire. The enemy began to retreat, defeated, taking with it its casualties of war. The shells of the Mujahideen had run out, so Nasir rushed with Taqiudeen to fetch some more. On the way to the ammunition store, while Taqiudeen was telling Nasir to move faster, a shell fell into the 1.5metre gap between the two of them. Taqiudeen turned his face away from the explosion and held his nose against the dust. After the dust settled, Taqiudeen turned back to look for Nasir. The shrapnel had penetrated his body, seriously wounding him. So Taqiudeen carried him to a cave and began to read Surah Yasin (Quran, Surah 36) over Nasir, while his veins gushed forth with pure, sinless blood.

Before Taqiudeen was able to finish reciting the Surah for the third time, Nasir's soul ascended to its creator. It was witnessed and protested in favour of he who remained behind, who was searching the field but could find in it neither a preacher or a doctor, so he said - *"With what will the scholars, preachers and doctors answer their Lord on the Day of Judgement concerning their absence from the Jihad in the way of Allah?"*

Nasir had sent me a message, asking me to send them a doctor or even some medicine, as he said: *"A Christian woman came to attend to the wounded Mujahideen, but where are the Muslims?"*

Indeed, I heard the words of Abul-Junaid after returning from Faryab, where he saw the urgent need of doctors on the battlefield. He showed us a video of the legs of the wounded being cut by a wood-saw, and said: *"This sawing is happening while the Mujahid is awake and conscious. You can perceive 10-20 people who died of pain while the doctor tried to saw their legs or hands."*

Abul-Junaid gave a message to the doctors about Jihad, while living through the crisis of their absence: *"I think that the doctors will receive a heavy punishment on the Day of Judgement because of their absence from treating the wounded on the battlefield."*

Are the calls of the wounded heard by the tens of thousands of doctors in the Islamic world? You will find that some of these men in the government hospitals will not even work in their own countries without getting paid for every minute.

"It is only those who listen (to the Message of the Prophet Muhammad(SAWS), will respond (benefit from it), but as for the dead (disbelievers), Allah will raise them up, then to Him will they be returned (for their recompense)." [Quran 6:36]

And we hope that Allah - Glory be to Him and most Exalted is He - will accept the martyrdom of our brother Nasir and will gather us with him in the highest Paradise.

JAMALUDEEN AL-JAZAIRI

Jamaludeen Al-Jazairi (Rashid Al-Ghowli), from Algeria. Killed defending against a Communist Offensive against Shokhdara, Afghanistan, in 1989. Written by Shaheed Sheikh Abdullah Azzam.



"I saw Rasheed in a dream eating out of the hands of the Hoor Al-Ain (Paradise Maidens)"

From the Valley of Jihad in Soofa, came our martyr, Rasheed, and within this Valley he flourished. He rose and marched forth with his contemporaries in the Islamic Movement. If the Jihad was not its first and foremost agenda, there would be no justification for the existence and Call of this movement. And what would the mighty preachers talk about other than swords, arrows and spears?

But where was Rasheed to get the plane ticket? He was convinced of the obligation of Jihad through the feats of the fighters in Afghanistan which he had heard, and through the stories of the Salaf's (Pious Muslim Predecessors) amazing bravery and character.

The only option open to Rasheed, whether he liked it or not, was to leave his education and work, so that he could save the fruits of his honest labour and the sweat on his brow to buy a ticket. The fulfilment of his duty would only be complete with the ticket, so obtaining the ticket, in effect, became a duty itself. And if the Jihad would only be complete with his advancement to Afghanistan, the struggle to buy a ticket was now a Fard (obligation).

He travelled from Algeria to Turkey to try again to attain a visa for Pakistan, but his request was rejected, so he lost hope in Turkey as a means of obtaining his visa. From Turkey, he travelled to Syria, and after much ado Allah ordained for him to obtain the visa there. Upon reaching Pakistan, he headed for the camp of Khalid bin Waleed, where he received military training, after which he travelled to Khost, then to Nangarhar and Jalalabad. There he was responsible for firing the heavy artillery. The Afghans loved him dearly, and the Afghani Commander entrusted him with tracking down fugitives. Thus, his repute spread like wildfire among Allah's enemies until there resided a fear of him in all their hearts

One day, the roar of the cannons reached Rasheed's room, causing two of its walls to cave on top of him. He was afflicted with light wounds, so he went to have them treated in Shokhdara, accompanied by Taqiudeen. There, Jamaludeen had a passionate reunion with his teacher, Dr. Nasir Al-Jazairi, after a long absence from one another. They spent three days together, which passed like the blink of an eye. On the third day, the enemy tankards came to storm the locality in which the Arab brothers resided. Jamaludeen drew his weapon, and aimed a rocket grenade in the direction of an approaching armoured vehicle, and the '*Allahu Akbar!*' chanted by the Arabs echoed throughout the clouds in the sky. The disbelievers were defeated, and the victory chants could be heard from all directions. As the disbelievers began to retreat, leaving behind their wounded, Taqiudeen went to collect some more shells. Upon his return, in the beautiful fragrance of victory, Taqiudeen asked about Jamaludeen and Uthman Al-Yemeni. The Afgans replied that they had ascended to the refuge of the mountain peaks, so Taqiudeen followed, that he may see them. All of a sudden, he heard the yell of an Afghani brother: "*Shaheed! Shaheed!*"

Taqiudeen asked for an explanation of this strange cry, so the brother replied: "*Two of the Arabs have been martyred.*" Taqiudeen proceeded to the location of the martyrdom, and there lay Jamaludeen, enshrouded. He had reached his Lord, and there he rested, leaving behind him sorrow in the depths of the hearts of those who loved him. The martyrs were carried to the Graveyard of the Martyrs, and Rasheed was buried by the side of Ahmad Al-Jazairi and the Commander, Waseel. These graves remain as permanent witness to the battle of Afghanistan being a Battle of Faith, and to the Arabs being a part of the history of modern Islamic Afghanistan. That the Arab brothers are righteous bricks who reserved their place in the castle of the Islamic Empire, which will be built in Kabul insha-Allah.

Glad tidings from the tongue of Abu Muhammad al-Jazairi

Abu Muhammad was injured with Rasheed by the same shell. He received shrapnel injuries to his head, and was thus moved to the hospital in Peshawar. He lost consciousness temporarily, due to the severity of his pains. After regaining consciousness he said: "*I saw Rasheed in a dream eating out of the hands of the Hoor Al-Ain (Paradise Maidens).*"

Source: Azzam Publications

YASEEN AL-JAZAIRI

Yaseen Al-Jazairi (Abdur-Rab-un-Noor Hameed), from Algeria. Killed in a battle against Communist Forces in Shokhdara, Afghanistan, in 1989. Written by Shaheed Sheikh Abdullah Azzam.



The one who fled from marriage in this Life, to marriage in the Next

He came from the Valley of Soofa, and what a beautiful valley it was, throwing out of its jaws many of its children to be lions in the Jihad. He remained in the Jihad for a longer time than any of the other Algerian brothers. The martyr, Fawzi bin Ali, alone would suffice us from the Valley.

An Islamic Family

He was raised with his eyes opened to the blossoms of the Islamic Revival, whose fragrance spread to all sides of the world, and whose light comprised all the Islamic countries. He graduated from high school, and then worked in administration. His parents got him engaged to a girl, because they desired to gratify their eyes with the sight of a grandchild. The engagement took place and the preparations for the wedding began. A short while before the wedding Yaseen was flicking through a magazine on Jihad in the Land of Courage and Sacrifice - what could there be after this? The scholars rule that the fulfilment of a Fard Ain (Islamic Obligation upon every Muslim) does not require the permission of one's parents, so O soul! What excuse do you have in front of Allah after knowing this? Does marriage count as an excuse to abstain from the Jihad? Did not the Companions of the Messenger of Allah (SAWS) marry, or desire to marry? Did this prevent them from presenting their souls to support this Religion? These questions were continuous and recurring; Yaseen's mind could not discard or abandon them. He became occupied with these thoughts, and could not forsake discovering the answer to these questions.

He finally decided absolutely that he must buy a ticket to take him to the Jihad with the money he had saved for his wedding. As for marriage, perhaps it might be in Paradise with the Wide-Eyed Paradise Maidens. Did not Allah (SWT) say:

"Say: If your fathers, your sons, your brothers, your wives, your kindred, the wealth that you have gained, the commerce in which you fear a decline, and the dwellings in which you delight, are dearer to you than Allah and His Messenger, and striving hard and fighting in His Cause, then wait until Allah brings about His Decision (torment). And Allah guides not the people who are Al-Fasiqoon (the rebellious, disobedient) to Allah." [Quran 9:24]

The Pakistani Visa

Yaseen left Algeria, and began to search for a means of attaining an entry visa for Pakistan, so he travelled to Turkey. But he found that there were many difficulties in being granted a Pakistani Visa, due to world pressures - directed by the Jews - on Pakistan. The world would tremble with the fear of only defenceless Muslims. How would they feel if these people bore weapons, if Mujahideen launched an attack to destroy the enemies of Allah in their sleep. Then, the disbelievers would never sleep.

Yaseen moved from Turkey to an Arab state. After a lot of effort, and when the hearts had reached to the throats, Allah facilitated the attainment of the visa for Yaseen. So Yaseen travelled to Pakistan and received his share of military training, but where to now? To the Afghan Valley of Soofa (the Valley of Shokhdara). Allah facilitated their stay there through one of the residents of the valley, Abu Ali Al-Maliki, and the brothers found a friendly atmosphere there. Abu Ali became a trustee for all of the leaders. It was as though the Afghans were guests and Abu Ali was the landlord.

In Shokhdara

Yaseen received a tank from the booty of one battle. He had previous knowledge of Russian tanks, and he began driving it and using it as a means of transport in the area. He would rush into battles, driving this tank and carrying a video camera to record the bomb blasts, other moving tanks and blazing buildings. After one full year in the Valley of Shokhdara, Yaseen found peace and joy in this valley, and now had relatives and friends there.

In Kryzmyeer

The number of Mujahideen in Kryzmeer (a province of Shokhdara) decreased due to the severity of killing. This was followed by thunder in the sky and the rumble of cannons, and the Russian minds were working overtime in devising ways to destroy and annihilate the Muslims.

The Arab brothers refused to call the local residents to face their inevitable fate -surrender to the state- in case they struggled along and preferred death on the second line of defence for Kabul. Their slaughter intensified. The State knew the location of the Arabs, and that the distance between them could be measured in metres. Thus, the shells rarely missed their targets or strayed from their path.

Taqiudeen said: *"Yaseen and I witnessed the last battle. He filmed its flames and returned to the house to leave the camera there. As soon as he reached the house, a shell landed on it and claimed his leg. Abdul-Haq Al-Jaza'iri came and dressed the wounds from which blood was gushing forth. We brought the horse on which we wished to transport Yaseen to Jarieez, a journey which would last two nights. An hour after leaving Shokhdara, Yaseen's soul ascended to its Creator."*

Yaseen thus passed to the Lord of the Worlds. We hope that Allah - Glory be to Him and Most Exalted be He - will accept Yaseen among the righteous, and will marry him to the Wide-Eyed Paradise Maidens. And thus you left, O' Yaseen, after you had taught us a lot. You taught us that:

*"If you plunge into desired glory,
Don't be content with what is this side of the stars,
For the taste of death in a matter little,
Is like the table of death in a matter large."*

Source: Azzam Publications

Dar Al Murabiteen Publications

ABU ABDULLAH AL-MA'RIBI

Abu Abdullah Al-Ma'ribi (Saalim Umar Saalim Al-Haddad), from Yemen. Killed during battles against the Communist Forces in Jalalabad, Afghanistan, in 1989. Written by Shaheed Sheikh Abdullah Azzam.



*"I will carry my soul in my hand
And I will throw it into the depths of death.
Either it will be Life, which pleases the friend,
Or Death, which angers the enemy."*

In one of the districts of Mar'ib in North Yemen, Saalim was born in a house of knowledge, religion and manners. His father was one of the distinguished Islamic Preachers in his area, but the hand of death seized him leaving behind 15 people in a family looking for someone to support them and give them a mouthful of food. They could only find Saalim, so he had to support them, take matters firmly into his own hands, and take the concerns of his brothers and his family on his shoulders.

Saalim began, with his brother Abu Saalim, to work hard in raising these lives, whatever the stamp of hardship or the manner of severity. Saalim and his brother heard about the Jihad, so Abu Saalim came to Afghanistan. I became acquainted with him in Sada, and Allah decreed for him to take part in the Lion's Den Operation of Ramadan in the year 1987 (1407 AH). And Allah killed the leader of the militia in the area through the hands of Abu Saalim - so the Mujahideen thought when they saw his body.

As for Saalim, Allah honoured him in the Jihad for the first time in the year 1987, then he returned to Yemen. However, after his return his soul remained dependent on this healing balm which it had tasted. He and his brothers used to take turns in going for the Jihad, and this family had gained the despatch of four of its lions to this cause.

In Sha'baan of the year 1989 (1409 AH), Saalim returned to the Jihad, where the spinning mill of the war in Jalalabad was grinding the nerves and the spirits of the brothers, where the superior spears would ensnare the swords. Abu Saalim came and threw himself between the jaws of death, and he used to say:

*"I will carry my soul in my hand
And I will throw it into the depths of death.
Either it will be Life, which pleases the friend,
Or Death, which angers the enemy."*

He participated in the conquests of *Farkand*, the State of *Zay*, *Qarnoosar* and *Sheenjar*. Saalim sat in Qarnoosar behind the trigger of the DShK Heavy Machinegun, overlooking the 81st Division, which defended Jalalabad. The sky was ablaze with the heads of the nation, while the tankards of the enemy, and the bombs of their mortars, fired precipitatingly at the Arab brothers, showering on them a rain of missiles. All the while the Arabs repeated:

*"As though the skulls of heroes are in them,
Their heads fall like pebbles in a place where pebbles are plenty,
We rip upon the heads of the enemy,
And we scythe their necks like blades of wet grass."*

The Dream

Abu Salih Muthanna Al-Mar'ibi reported: On 22nd Shawwal, Saalim awoke from his sleep in laughter and with joy on apparent on his face. Then he seized me by the collar and said: *"Rejoice, for I will be a martyr insha-Allah."* I replied:

"Insha-Allah, in Palestine." He said:

"No, here in Afghanistan." I saw my father wrestling me in jest, and he was happy for me.

The bomb arrived which allowed the Angel of Death to take with it the souls of Saalim and Abu Qutayba As-Sooree (the apprentice carpenter). So Saalim departed to Allah - All Praise be to Him and how Exalted be He - after leaving a deep sorrow in the hearts of his brothers, because he had been granted martyrdom - according to what they believed - before them. Everyone had prayed that he would pass away in this manner, and we hope that Allah will gather us with him in the highest Paradise.

SHAMSUDEEN AL-AFGHANI

Shamsudeen Al-Afghani, from Afghanistan. Killed defending against a Communist offensive near Jalalabad, Afghanistan, on 5 July 1989. Aged 19. Written by Shaheed Sheikh Abdullah Azzam.



The Martyred Engineer

I write about him here, even though I haven't written about the Afghan martyrs (due to the sheer number of them, and because my time does not allow for it). I wanted to write about the Afghani commanders because their history is a glimmer of hope for the Islamic nation, and because there is an example to be followed by all who want to break the chains of slavery and discard the shackles of humiliation.

When writing about the martyrs, I was hoping to include the stories of only the Arab brothers, but I wrote about Safiullah Afdali because of my close relationship to him. I also wrote about Abdul-Fath, and now I find myself pushed to write about this martyr, as I heard plentiful praise and commendation of him from the mouths of the other brothers.

Our martyr Shamsudeen was born in Darzab. His main concern was that of searching for an active frontline on which to fight, to end his life, and to meet his Lord. He left his family five years earlier, and he travelled around the various states in Afghanistan. He fell in love with the city of Shoolkar, the city in which resided the founder of the Jihad of Balath, Dhabeeh-ullah. There he became a shooter of heavy weaponry. He then left Shoolkar, searching for death once more. He arrived at Badakhshan, then headed for Takhar, ending up finally in Peshawar.

In Peshawar, he was met by the group of Hamza bin Abdul-Muttalib, under the leadership of Abul-Junaid. He knew that Shamsudeen was a weapons engineer, and that he was able to fix the majority of weapons, so Abul-Junaid held on to this precious Mujahid. He asked Shamsudeen if he would like to accompany him to Faryab, where there existed an Islamic Institute (for military and Islamic education), so he joined the caravan. (He taught a complete class in Almar on military sciences and Islamic education.)

He spoke the truth, whatever the circumstance, and he finally settled down into the Institute of Meymaneh, the most active front in Faryab, with Sayyid 'Alaudeen. He had known of

'Alaudeen's bravery and boldness, and his prejudice towards the enemies of Allah, and people sang of his gallantry and honour often. Thus, when Shamsudeen saw him, he fell in love with his character, and their souls met one another, as the Prophet (SAWS) said: *"Souls are like armed soldiers; those that know one another, love one each other, and those who do not know one another will differ."* The love only increased between these two brothers. 'Alaudeen wanted to secure his brother Meymanah, so he offered him the chance of marriage, and he pestered him (with the help of another leader, Sayyid Nooran Akbar) continuously about it. Allah finally decreed the marriage of Shamsudeen to a local woman. Allah instilled in him a profound love of Jihad, which gripped his heart and soul. He loved the times when he would sit to his nightly companion (his weaponry), and mend it, or clean it, or try it out. He was an expert in mending all weapons.

An Arab brother once said to him: *"You have married the Jihad."* Shams-ud-Deen replied: *"They married me to a woman to spite me."*

The Farewell Journey

They met the enemy in the Battle of Karwan Bashi. War broke out and the fighting was fierce, and the lurking lions emerged from their lair. It pleased the poet that he should sing their praises, saying:-

*If he became distressed, he placed his determination in front of his eyes.
And put aside the mention of any results.
He only consulted himself in his matter
And he only accepted his sword for a companion.
I will wash myself of shame, with the sword
Winning only what Allah has decreed for me to win.
My possessions look humble to me.
If my right hand bends back while achieving my request.*

The people of Almunyah began to insert their fingernails and withdraw the souls of Shamsudeen and Ridwan (the Saudi) in this battle, and they passed on their way to Allah. We hope that He makes us, and them, attain the positions of those who preceded us.

Shams-ud-Deen ascended to Allah when he was 19 years old.

Source: Azzam Publications

ABU ASIM AS-SAN'AANI

Abu Asim As-San'aani (Adil Husni al-Wadi), from Yemen. Killed during battles against the Communist Forces in Jalalabad, Afghanistan, in 1989. Written by Shaheed Sheikh Abdullah Azzam.



"Allah Alone is Sufficient for me, and He is the Best Disposer of affairs."

It was the night of Monday, 3rd June 1989. Abu Asim ended his guard duty at Quba - one of the frontal positions belonging to the Mujahideen around the city of Jalalabad, where he spent most of his days in the Jihad. He prayed the morning prayer and slept in his trench.

The roar of the artillery that night was strong, and continued throughout the night. A 120mm missile unexpectedly landed, exploding between the feet of Abu Asim, upon which his first words were, *"Allah Alone is Sufficient for me, and He is the Best Disposer of affairs."* Then he repeated the Shahaadah, and continued to repeat it until his soul ascended to its Creator, pleased with itself and pleasing unto Him, by the will of Allah.

Adil Husni al-Wadi, known to his Mujahideen brothers as Abu Asim As-San'aani, was born in Yemen in 1970, to a noble and conservative family. He lived, drinking from the fountain of the Quran and its teachings, and striving to establish Islam in his self, his family, and his homeland. He perceived the world around him as being in darkness, with many of its inhabitants living unaware and forgetful, in a deluge of self-slavery, desire and Satanic influences.

He turned here and there, searching for a ray of sun, a new light, and a noble identity. The dawn shined upon his heart and the correct path became obvious to him when he heard the caller cry *"O Army of Allah! Ride, and wish for Allah!"*

Abu Asim bade farewell to his good family, his beloved and his friends and dressed in the clothes of Jihad, shouting in his loudest voice, *"Here I am, at your service, O Land of Jihad!"* He emigrated with his soul and his wealth, leaving everything behind, desiring honour, and asking Allah to equip him with victory and steadfastness. He was, may Allah have mercy with his soul,

constant in remembering Allah and supplicating to Him, and constantly increasing in his obedience to Allah, with the hope of being granted martyrdom.

In this manner, the martyr Abu Asim passed away, distinguished with this most honourable death. Indeed, distinguished in this most honourable life spent in the Path of Allah. Brother Abu Muhammad (from Yemen) and Brother Abu Antar (also from Yemen) mentioned that they smelt a beautiful smell emanating from his body after his martyrdom.

"Think not of those who are killed in the way of Allah as dead. Nay, they are alive, with their Lord, and they have provision." [Quran 3:169]

Source: Azzam Publications

Dar Al Murabiteen Publications

DR SALIH AL-LEEBEE

Dr Salih Muhammad Al-Leebee, from Libya. Killed during battles against the Communist Forces in Jalalabad, Afghanistan, in 1989. Written by Shaheed Sheikh Abdullah Azzam.



"...The treatment is prayer, then food, then medicine."

I only met a few people who had such nobility and honour. He arrived from Britain, prompted by his vast hope for attaining martyrdom by which to enter Paradise whose width is that of the heavens and earth. He was studying paediatrics (children's medicine), but the longing for Paradise pulled him to the land of Glory and Jihad. He could no longer bear to see the traffic of the busy London streets nor the smoke of its factories. His ears could no longer bear to hear the surge of the Thames, or the ticking of Big Ben. He found a new love, that of Afghanistan, which seized his heart, so he tried to join it.

He was born in 1951 in Benghazi, Libya. He attained a MBBS degree from the University of Qaaryounis in Benghazi.

In Ghaznee

He reached the land of Jihad and searched its field but did not find a single Arab doctor on the frontline. So he carried his gun in one hand, and his knife and first-aid kit in another. After enquiring further, Allah guided him to travel with the Mujahideen to Ghaznee, where he stayed for eight months, eating, drinking and sleeping with the Mujahideen, not thinking of wages nor searching for luxuries of the worldly life in London compared to the life of a Mujahid, where a meal consisted of bread and tea. As for dinner, it was Afghani broth, which had a thick layer of fat and none of the non-Afghans were safe from the possibility of severe diahorrea, which could sometimes be fatal.

The Arriving Arabs

The arrival of the first group of Arab Mujahideen to North Afghanistan - Abdullah Anas, Abu Asad and Muhammad Ameen - was a blessing amongst blessings. It took them 46 days to reach

Balakh (Mazaar Shareef) after which Muhammad Ameen was on the brink of death, and the youth of Abdullah Anas had fallen. And Balakh was filled with the people wanting to see the Arabs they used to read about in books. How many old people whose hair had turned white, walked on snow for days, leaning on his walking stick with his right hand, while taking, by his left hand, his young or grandson, for this child to get the blessings of an Arab hand on his head.

The Return from Ghaznee

I met Dr. Saalih on his return from Ghaznee. Abdullah Anas had already returned from Mazar Shareef after he was appalled at the presence of French westerners in a hospital equipped with modern instruments. Abdullah Anas flew into a rage with the leader of the area, Muhammad Alam, and the judge of the area, Abdullah. Their answer was: *"Until now, we have not seen an Arab before you, and those French people had arrived a few years ago. Why don't you bring an Arab Muslim doctor, or a non-Arab, so we can dispense with these people?"*

Abdullah Anas persisted in search for an Arab doctor, so Allah ordained to lead him to Dr. Saalih, another Egyptian doctor, so they headed for Balakh - the city of knowledge and scholars, famous in its history.

The Arrival of Dr. Saalih

Dr. Saalih arrived in Balakh and the French had reached into the depths of people's hearts. Not only did they treat them for their illnesses, but they also took presents and sweets to the patients, visited them at home, and gave them money.

Upon the arrival of Dr. Saalih in Balakh, the French were alienated from the land. After the hearts used to open to allow these foreign doctors to enter into their depths, suddenly they were immediately discarded following a ruling by the judge Abdullah, which stated: *"Treatment by the French is forbidden, as is mixing with them and sitting with them."* Thus, in space of one day, Balakh had become hostile towards them. treatment by them was previously a necessity, and necessity are considered as such by their need, but there was no longer a need. The French felt this hostility and isolation, so they said to the leader of the province, *"It appears you have no need for us."*

The reply was *"Yes,"* so the French asked to take their instruments, to which the Mujahideen did not object, and said to the French: *"Whatever you want to take, take it and leave the area."* The French did so.

The Miracle of Dr. Saalih

A short time before Dr. Saalih's arrival, one of the Mujahideen had been affected with the shrapnel in his spine, which reached his spinal cord and paralysed him. He was shown to the French who said, *"It is impossible for any doctor to cure this."* But they uttered the word of disbelief, they said *"Allah is unable to cure him."* Glorified be He from the (great falsehood) that they say!

Then this Mujahid was shown to Dr. Saalih, who said to me, *"I found him to be broken, physically and emotionally. He became unable to leave the bed. He would urinate and empty his*

bowels on himself. So I said to him, 'It is simple, it is simple, if Allah wills. Our Lord will cure you.'" Dr. Saalih said, *"I told him to uplift his broken spirit."*

Dr. Saalih began to treat him with medicine and prayer. It was only a short period of time before the Mujahid was restored to health, and rushed to the front line to continue his struggle on the path of goodness facing the enemies of Allah.

The people of Balakh began to repeat:

"A righteous (Saalih) friend has arrived. His name is Dr. Saalih."

Two Years in Balakh

Dr. Saalih has spent two years in Balakh. He was a very good father and educator to the Arab brothers. Sometimes, he could be found teaching them Quran, other times you would find him sheltering them around him like the hen does to its chicks. Thus the Arabs became very attached to the hospital and were unable to part from it. Their military work became focused on the area surrounding the hospital. It was there, on a hill top, that Marwaan Hadeed, the Syrian that we love, the Mujahid, passed away.

His Arab brothers called him '*Abu Haatim*' because of his generosity. He never saved any of his wages, he spent his money either buying things for his Arab brothers or things for the hospital. due to the shortage of medicine, he was forced to send us to Peshawar to ask for an advance on his salary for the next six months, so he could buy medicine for the hospital.

Abbaas said: *"I lived with him for six months and used to advise him to decrease some of his spending. To this he would reply, 'It is my trade between myself and my Lord.'"*

A Marriage Proposal

It is known that Afghans are strict in letting their daughters marry non-Afghans, but with Dr. Saalih, it was they who offered their daughters to him in hope, for what they thought of his goodness and loyalty.

The Return from Mazaar Shareef

Dr. Saalih returned to Peshawar and stayed there for a while. The Battle of the Lion's Den took place in Ramadan 1407AH (1987), he participated in it and was wounded. You never hoped to see him in a place which was blazing with fire, but you always saw him there. The doctor's wounds were not serious. He was on the frontline of fire where the earth erupts with volcanoes and the sky showers the earth with burning lava.

*Neither the stallion, roaring on the day of the attack,
Nor the angry tiger, nor the lion, nor the leopard,
Are keener than him when he rushes to a battle which breeds heroes or kills them.
How many did his hands kill?
If death was delayed from its appointed time,
He would love it, and would not be late for it.*

The Caravan of Takhaar

We then chose him to accompany the caravan of Abu Ibraaheem to Takhaar. The caravan was the biggest one to have entered Afghanistan, and carried with it whatever one could imagine of appliances, medicine, and boots. It also contained twenty-one Arabs whom Abu Ibrahim had selected from various camps. The caravan also had another two doctors, Dr. Abu-Dardaa' Al-Misri and Dr. Muhammad Umar Al-Iraqi. Upon their arrival to Takhaar, they had a medical course for a group of Afghans and trained them as nurses. He only used to treat patients after taking from them their packet of cigarettes and made it a condition of his care.

Dr. Saalih stayed in the hospital for 16 months, but he was searching for the fighting. He wanted death wherever he could find it.

The Song of Dr. Saalih

He always used to repeat the lines:

*"What do you want?
I want a single people on the Qur'an,
Who do not fear threats or promises,
Who take the example of Usaama bin Zaid and Khalid bin Al-Waleed.
It's only hope is to die as a martyr in the Way of Allah."*

The Return from Takhaar

Dr. Saalih returned from Takhaar in Ramadhan 1409 Hijri, but did not rest or settle. The Battle of Jalalabad was fierce, and at its most intense period. He entered into it, both exercising his skill and satisfying his appetite, his love for fighting.

*"The noise of weapons pleases my ears,
And the shedding of blood excites my soul,
So how can I be patient against the plot of the envier,
And how can I bear the plot of the enemy?"*

He stayed in Jalalabad amongst his brothers who had been swallowed by the land one after the other, till the number of martyrs equalled ninety, including many of the best soldiers in the Land of Tanjarhaar. Indeed, they were the cream of the nation, the best of its children - we consider them thus and we do not elevate anyone above Allah.

Dr. Saalih's treatment

He used to tell the patients that the treatment is prayer, then medicine, then food

Martyrdom on 20 October 1989 (20 Safar 1410AH)

Thus came the bomb which Allah decreed to mark the end of the journey. So it seized him along with another honourable brother, Ahmad Al-Mubarak As-Somali, and the life journey of the Arab Muslim doctor ended; the doctor who led the race to Afghanistan, since he was the first doctor to enter Afghanistan. The body which was dyed with blood reached Peshawar and the

funeral walked in a dignified procession to Pabi where the graveyard of the martyrs lay. There, Dr. Saalih was buried between his martyred brothers, both Arab and Afghani.

*I mourn for you, not lying, the pain does not go,
O' you, at whose meeting the eternal Hoor smile,
If all of the wounds of my heart were healed,
The wound caused by you, O Doctor, would not heal,
When you were torn open, we crushed all of the victory,
If only my people knew what we had crushed.*

Source: Azzam Publications

Dar Al Murabiteen Publications

ABU SAA'ID AL-JEDDAWI

Abu Saa'id Al-Jeddawi (Ridwaan Khalifah), from Jeddah, Arabian Peninsula. Killed during an operation in North Afghanistan, 1989. Written by Shaheed Sheikh Abdullah Azzam.

"From the Fields of Football to the Building of Nations"

Allah thus decreed that the name of this martyr be the same as that of the Guardian of Paradise. Perhaps his soul had met Ridwaan in the gleaming of a river at the gate of Paradise, under the Green Dome from which their provision emerges from Paradise, every morning and evening. And what about you, O Ridwaan! You divorced the life of this world and turned your back on it. Why did you deprive your fans and your crowds of seeing you on the football field? And what about you, O Ridwaan! You shied away from football club tours to Europe and the West, so your worries would desert you.

What kind of choice is this, that you sacrifice the nourishment and education of Europe, with its comforts and modern luxuries, for stale bread and bitter tea?

O Ridwaan! Did you not need to think to wed any of the beautiful young ladies, to have as your life companion? Who will marry you, now that you forsook the football club? Now that you fled from this world and its people to search for death on the mountain peaks?

Hopes and concerns have been lifted, and the soul has been cured and has fluttered in the search of the Hoor-ul-Ain, after being infatuated with the gazelles of mud, and women of this world.

"If the ambitions of souls were high, the bodies would tire of their desires."

Ridwaan was satiated with the delights of this world and the water of its seas, so he increased in nothing but thirst. It was as though he lived the last days of his life on the verses of Abu Nawaas:

*"I seized the same opportunities as sinners,
And I chased freedom and pleasure wherever they were chased,
And I reached what a man reaches in his youth,
And the juice of all that is sins."*

He fled to Allah, and believed that there was no sanctuary from Allah except with Allah. He began taking an interest in Hadeeth, so much so that the brothers would call him 'the small Al-Albani'. He fled from evil and everything associated with it, and he detested slander and backbiting. He fasted a lot, and this was witnessed by the members of the Unit of Hamzah bin Abdul-Muttalib. This unit headed towards Faaryaab, and won its soul by being anointed with the blood of Ridwaan.

He had come to the Land of Jihad a year earlier, and he was trained upon his arrival. He then proceeded to Logar where Allah decreed for him to be a soldier, under the authority of Abul-Junaid, the Commander of the Unit of Hamzah bin Abdul-Muttalib. Ridwaan was despatched to Faaryaab (which is, on average, the furthest city from Peshawar in Afghanistan), but on the way

he fell into the captivity of the Shiite tribe of Bamian, but Allah - Glory be to Him and how Exalted is He - ordained their eyes to be blinded to Ridwaan, not noticing that he was in fact a Saudi Arab. If this had not happened, they would have indeed bitten into him with their molars, and demanded a ransom in the sum of millions, as they had previously done to three Arab doctors in Wardak. They had taken them prisoner a year earlier, demanding millions in exchange for their release, despite the many similar promises of release in the past.

Ridwaan was released and united with his beloved Abul-Junaid, after which he headed for the province of Qaysar. There he participated in an operation against the Russians, followed by Operation Fort Yalbeekee. Then he went to Andkhvoy, on the borders of Turkmenistan. This place had collapsed under Russian Imperialism, yet its fragrance still suggests the mood of the cities which were, once upon a time, filled with the sights and sounds of life.

Khurasan:

Turkmenistan was once a large province of Khurasan. Yaaqoon Al-Hamawee said of it,

"As for the distinguishing marks of Khurasan, they are its knights, its chiefs and its notables."

This country leaves an impression on the depths of saddened souls, because its civilisation mourns its past days:

Turkmenistan joins Surkhush (the land of Al-Surkhushi, who authored '*Al-Mabsoot*') with Bayhaq (the land of Al-Bayhaqi, the collector of hadith who authored '*Al-Sinan al-Kubraa*'). There is Marw, the metropolis of Khurasan (the land of Abdullah bin al-Mubaarak and Ahmad bin Hanbal). And there is Amd (the land of Al-Amdî who authored '*Kittab al-Ahkam fi Usool al-Ahkam fi Ussol al-Fiqh*'). And there is Abyord (the land of Abyordi, the writer of '*Muhammad bin Ahmad*' in 507 AH). And there is Nisa (the land of Al-Nisaa'i, the collector of hadith who authored '*Al-Sinan*'). And there is Jarjaan (the land of Al-Jarjaani, the writer of grammar). And there is Zamakhshar (the land of Al-Zamakhshari who authored '*Al-Kishaaf fit-Tafseer*'). And from which land on earth has come more scholars than this land? This land, in which the traces of Islam has vanished and the purchase of the Quran has become forbidden, in as much as the presence of a Quran in a household is deemed a crime, subjecting the owner to a four-year prison sentence.

Northern Afghanistan was also one of the provinces of Khurasan, but political tendencies tore it to pieces and the Bolshevik military dictatorship divided it into three sections:

- 1) One section remained in Afghanistan and Hindu Kush and north of it, and joined Herat with all the provinces which are situated north of Kabul. Its most important cities are Herat, Balkh, Meymaneh, Taaloqaan, Faizabad, Baghlaan and Boolakhamri. The area of this site is 200 000 km².
- 2) The second section is lands of the Caucasus and the Turkmen (under the rule of Soviet Imperialism.) Its area is 450 000 km².
- 3) The third section is the province of Khurasan in Iran, and its area is 100 000 km².

Its population is 12 million:-

- i) 4.25 million are of Turkish origin, and they are the Turkmen, the Kryzmyrs, the Uzbeks and the Caucasians
- ii) 3.75 million are of Persian origin and they are the Tajiks in Afghanistan, and the inhabitants of the district of Mazendran in Iran.
- iii) 3.5 million are of mixed Turkish and Persian origin. They are the Pushtun in North Afghanistan.
- iv) 0.5 million are of Russian origin and they are the arbitrating Imperialists

A Realised Hope

The Arab brothers were eager to set foot on this Islamic land which had vanished behind the Red Iron railing since the beginning of this century. Allah thus ordained for them the fulfilment of this aspiration, so they entered into this land and returned rejoicing at the realisation of this desire they had.

Allah ordained for Ridwaan to fall in the most honourable manner in this Land of Martyrs. Ridwaan was keen to participate in every battle, hoping that he may be one of the lucky martyrs. The day finally came in which the brothers engaged in a battle against Karwaan Bashi in Meymanah, the capital of Faaryaab. The combat intensified, and revolved around Allah's enemies. Allah's soldiers were victorious, and Ridwaan was shot in the chest - his own hope was finally realised. He passed onto Allah, after he transferred from playing with balls in the air, to throwing balls of fire on the enemy. And after his energy shifted from the field of football to the field of building and leading nations. Many of the brothers anticipated his martyrdom on the basis of his manners and deeds, which paved the way for this great honour.

Glad Tidings

I read a hadeeth which applied to Ridwaan and the likes of him, who return to Allah after a period of Jaahiliyah (pre-Islamic ignorance), who were afraid of the outcome of their sins, then escaped to Allah as fugitives from their sins and covetous of martyrdom.

In this hadeeth, the Prophet - Peace and Blessings of Allah be upon him - said:

" Those killed in battle are three: 1) A believing man who strives with his soul and his wealth in the Path of Allah, such that if when he met the enemy, he fought them until he was killed. He is the tested martyr, in the tent of Allah under his Throne. The Prophets are not preferred over him, except by the virtue of their Prophethood. 2) The second is a man who feared himself from his sins and wrongdoings, so he strove with his self and his wealth in the Path of Allah, such that if he met the enemy, he fought them until he was killed. This is the purifier which removed his sins and wrongdoings. The sword erases sins. He was entered into Paradise by any of eight doors he so wished. 3) The third is the hypocrite who strove with his self and his wealth in the Path of Allah, such that when he met the enemy, he fought them until he was killed. This man is in the Hell Fire, as the sword does not erase hypocrisy."

[Related by Ahmad, with a good chain. Authenticated by Ibn Hibban]

ABUL-MUNDHIR ASH-SHAREEF

Abul-Mundhir Ash-Shareef (Mansoor Al-Barakaati), from the Ahlul-Bait (Direct Descendants of the Prophet (SAWS)'s family), Makkah, Arabian Peninsula. Killed during a Communist mortar attack on Kandahar, South Afghanistan, Summer 1990. 1st Hand Account.

"I love Allah! I love Allah! I love Allah!"

"Never in my life have I seen one man love another man as much as I saw Abu Muhammad love Abul-Mundhir..." [Sheikh Abu Sulaiman]

Born into a family who were direct descendants of the Prophet (SAWS), Abul-Mundhir grew up in Makkah with his five younger brothers and sisters. Unfortunately, he found bad company even in Makkah itself and began to drink alcohol within the Sacred City of Makkah. By the time he reached his late teens, both of his parents had passed away and he was left with the responsibility to bring up his five younger brothers and sisters, being the eldest of them all.

In 1987, at the peak of the Afghan Jihad, one of his younger brothers left the house without Abul-Mundhir's permission and he travelled to Afghanistan to join his brothers in the Jihad there. When Abul-Mundhir found out, he was furious. He tried for several months in vain to get his brother to return, but it was no use. Having exhausted all other means, Abul-Mundhir was left with no choice but to travel to Afghanistan himself in order to bring his brother back personally. Full of anger, he travelled to Afghanistan in summer of 1987 with the intention of bringing his younger brother back home. However, Allah had willed another purpose for his visit to Afghanistan.

The moment he crossed the Pak-Afghan border and entered Afghanistan, he felt his 'heart shake' as he himself later described. He experienced feelings of all types as he entered into Afghanistan, feelings that he was entering a divine and blessed place. Instead of searching for his brother, Abul-Mundhir decided that he may as well as get some military training whilst he was there and see for himself what all the uproar of Jihad was about. He thus travelled to Jalalabad and entered one of Usama bin Ladin's Jihad training camps. He stayed there for approximately two months.

By the end of his training, his mind and heart and turned around 180 degrees. He was no longer interested in returning home himself, let alone search for his brother in order to send him home. As he left the training camp, he said to brothers with whom he had developed a close friendship:

"From Afghanistan, lights will shine all over the World."

After spending some time on the Front in Jalalabad, he travelled to the Southern city of Kandahar, where some of the most vicious fighting in the whole of Afghanistan was taking place, due to the vast open, barren areas around Kandahar, hardly containing any natural cover. He stayed in Kandahar, fighting the Russian Forces and displayed unbelievable feats of bravery and heroism.

During one reconnaissance patrol, he ventured alone to the positions of the Russians in order to obtain intelligence about them. As he was approaching their positions, he came across a Russian post manned by six Russian soldiers and one Afghan Communist. Undeterred, Abul-Mundhir removed the safety catch from his assault rifle and quietly crept up to the post, without the enemy noticing. Once he was within five or six metres of them, he opened fire on them. With the Help of Allah and his advantage of surprise, Abul-Mundhir was able to kill all seven of the enemy soldiers without receiving a single scratch. He gathered their weapons and walked back to the Mujahideen camp.

It was similar feats to this, together with his lovable personality and incredible popularity amongst the Afghan Mujahideen, who would normally keep to themselves and not mix too much with the Arabs, that he was chosen to sit on the Mujahideen Command Council for the entire Kandahar region. It was only a matter of time before the Council, together with all the other Afghan and Foreign Mujahideen in Kandahar, decided who they wanted to be their leader. After all, who else could they choose for their leader, other than the direct descendant of the Prophet (SAWS), who was, at the same time, brave, wise, intelligent, lovable and an excellent leader? In late 1988, Abul-Mundhir was made Ameer of the entire Foreign Mujahideen forces in the Kandahar region.

At that time in Kandahar, there was not a single man loved by as many people than Abul-Mundhir. Both the Afghan and the Foreign Mujahideen used to jokingly say to him:

"You are the Mahdi! You are our Ameer and you are the Ameer-ul-Mumineen (Leader of the Believers) since you are from the Quraish Tribe and a direct descendant of the Prophet (SAWS)!"

Abul-Mundhir would become angry at the brothers for saying that to him and he would seek forgiveness from Allah for them attributing something to him which he felt he was not worthy of. The Mujahideen also made many poems and songs about him to this effect and they would tease him with them. Whenever a successful operation would be carried out against the enemy, the Mujahideen would jokingly say to each other that Allah gave the Mujahideen success in the battle because of the presence of the Mahdi (i.e. Abul-Mundhir) in their ranks. Abul-Mundhir would become very angry at such suggestions and would leave their company to sit by himself and seek forgiveness from Allah for what they were saying.

And so, month after month passed and the Mujahideen witnessed victory after victory until the Soviet Red Army withdrew from Afghanistan in February 1989, defeated and humiliated. The Jihad continued against the Communists and was not much lighter than the Jihad against the Soviets, since the Communists were still being helped by Soviet weapons, officers and logistics. Abul-Mundhir remained with his brothers, patient under fierce aerial bombing attacks and harsh conditions.

His Martyrdom

Thus came the summer of 1990, by which time Abul-Mundhir had spent over two full years in Afghanistan of which one year was spent as the Ameer of the Mujahideen in Kandahar. Abu Muhammad, the beloved companion and best friend of Abul-Mundhir, describes what happened on that midsummer evening, just before Maghrib (sunset) time.

"I was on a motorbike and had just returned to the Mujahideen base from the village nearby. I glanced in the distance and about 30m away I saw Abul-Mundhir sitting alone on a chair on the roof of a small stone house. The sun was about to set and the sky was filled with the reddish glow of Maghrib time. Abul-Mundhir was alone on the roof of the house and he was looking at the sky, making the remembrance of Allah. I looked at him and shouted to him, 'Abul-Mundhir!'."

No sooner had I said that, that a 120mm mortar shell landed on the house and exploded. The force of the explosion knocked me off my motorbike and I fell to the floor. Once the dust and daze of the explosion had gone, I stopped worrying about myself, but immediately thought about Abul-Mundhir. I looked to the house and could only see rubble. All the brothers rushed to the house to see if Abul-Mundhir was OK. One of the brothers helped me to go there.

We reached the house, and there, in the midst of the rubble, Abul-Mundhir was lying, loudly shouting 'Allahu-Akbar' and 'La ilaha illallah'. Large chunks of shrapnel had sheared open the side of his stomach and his inner body parts had spilt out. He was bleeding heavily. Immediately, the brothers rushed him to the Mujahideen ambulance and began the journey to Quetta, across the Pakistan border, where he could receive expert medical attention."

One driver and two brothers accompanied Abul-Mundhir in the ambulance. One of these brothers was Julaybeeb, from Makkah, and the other one was Sheikh Abu Sulaiman, also from Makkah. Sheikh Abu Sulaiman describes the journey:

"Night had fallen and the sky was dark by the time we joined the main road to the Pakistan border. The driver was driving without lights, since the enemy would almost certainly have bombed us had they seen us. Abul-Mundhir had lost a lot of blood. He was still conscious, but in a daze. He was saying to me:

'O Abu Sulaiman! I love Allah! I love Allah! I love Allah! O Abu Sulaiman! I am fed up from this Worldly life! I want to go to Allah and rest once and for all, away from this World! O Abu Sulaiman! I really love Allah! I really love Allah!'

I replied to him,

'O Abul-Mundhir! What are you saying?! You are the Ameer of the Mujahideen! You have only received a slight injury. Soon we will be in Quetta, have your injury attended to and then you'll come back!'

However, he kept on saying to me:

'No, O Abu Sulaiman! I have had enough of this World and want to rest! Abu Sulaiman, I really love Allah! I really love Allah!'

Saying this, he fell asleep. The journey was long and we had now been travelling for several hours into the night. A little distance before we reached the Afghan border town of Spin Boldak, I fell asleep but Julaybeeb remained awake."

Julaybeeb describes what happened next:

"Sheikh Abu Sulaiman was very tired and had dozed off to sleep. Abul-Mundhir was also asleep. A little while later, Abul-Mundhir suddenly opened his eyes. He stared into the distance, raised his right index finger and began to say 'La ilaha illallah Muhammadur-Rasoolullah', 'La ilaha illallah Muhammadur-Rasoolullah', 'La ilaha illallah Muhammadur-Rasoolullah'. After saying that three times, he closed his eyes and his pure, innocent soul (we hope from Allah but do not sanctify anyone above him) left his body to join the One he was impatient to meet.

As that happened, I witnessed two things for which Allah is also Witness. The entire ambulance filled with a beautiful scent the likes of which I have never ever experienced before in my life. Secondly, I heard a sound inside the ambulance, similar to the sound of the humming of bees and the chirping of birds, even though we were in an ambulance in the middle of the Afghan desert, in the middle of the night."

Sheikh Abu Sulaiman later commented that this sound was probably the remembrance being made by the Special Angels of Mercy who descend and personally witness the great ceremony of the Shaheed's soul leaving his body to join its Creator.

The ambulance continued to the town of Spin Boldak, near the Pakistani border, where Abul-Mundhir was buried. Sheikh Abu Sulaiman himself placed Abul-Mundhir's body into his grave, where it remains to this day to be raised up in front of Allah on the Day of Judgement, from a blessed land; the land on which there fell the blood of caravans upon caravans of martyrs in order to bring life to the Muslim Ummah.

Sheikh Abu Sulaiman and Julaybeeb returned to Kandahar with the sad news. This news hit the Mujahideen like a thunderbolt that devastated them. The Mujahideen began to weep at the loss of their dear friend, brother, leader, fighter, warrior, example, and direct descendant of the Prophet (SAWS). That day was not the day that only the Foreign Mujahideen wept, but it was also the day when hundreds of the Afghan Mujahideen, who rarely weep even when their parents die, wept at the departure of Abul-Mundhir from this World on his journey to the Eternal Paradise in the Company of His Beloved.

DR. ABU MARYAM AL-MISRI

Dr Abu Maryam, from Egypt. Medical Doctor. Killed during a two-man operation against a Phillipines Army Base in South Phillipines, in April 1997. Aged late-twenties. 1st hand account.

"..but, by Allah, I yearn for Allah and the Paradise, more."

Dr. Abu Maryam was a medical doctor from Egypt, who was a student of Islamic knowledge at the same time. He was married and had a young daughter by the name of Maryam, hence his name, Abu Maryam. Leaving his wife and daughter behind in Egypt, Abu Maryam came to the land of Jihad in the South of the Philippines and stayed there for two years to help the Muslims in their defence against oppression by the Philippines Governments.

The best way to describe Abu Maryam was a man who was few in words but plentiful in actions. He would teach Islamic knowledge to all the Mujahideen. At the same time, he would attend to the injured and sick. And at the same time, he would go to the front-lines and fight in the Way of Allah. Thus, he tried to attain the good from all directions and means.

And then there was his struggle and fatigue in hostile terrain in the hot, tropical weather of the Philippines. Despite this, he would be fasting on most days. His lips were constantly occupied in the remembrance of Allah. His hands were constantly filled with the Book of Allah. This was his concern, this was his pastime.

During Abu Maryam's stay in the Philippines, a rather unfortunate incident took place. The Philippines Government Army, under the direct command of the Commander-in-Chief of the Philippines Government Forces in the South of the Philippines, launched a massive artillery barrage against the hospital of the Mujahideen. They shelled it with mortars, artillery and rockets. The damage done by this attack was severe: the whole hospital was destroyed, 22 Muslims were killed (amongst them injured Mujahideen and civilian women and children) and scores were injured. This was an act of war crime. Even in war, it is forbidden to attack hospitals, civilian or military. Abu Maryam was in the region when the attack took place and he tried his best to help the injured people from what remained of the hospital. Abu Maryam was very upset at what had happened.

That same evening, the Commander-in-Chief appeared on National Television and proudly announced, *"Today, we have successfully destroyed a terrorist base. No civilians were killed and no hospitals were hit."* When Abu Maryam saw this General on television, a very strange ambition entered his heart, an ambition so strange that it could only be aspired by one who had sold his soul to Allah, not in an ordinary transaction, but in a magnificent transaction.

That same evening, Abu Maryam began to ask about that General, his location, the whereabouts of his base and his headquarters. Weeks and weeks passed, and Abu Maryam continued to gather information about that General. With every piece of information he collected, he would take a camera, his weapon and some food, and would go out for days on end to carry out reconnaissance of those locations. He photographed the territories, bases and buildings of that

General. He done this together with one other brother, Azzam, from the city of Taif, near Makkah, in the Arabian Peninsula.

A few months later, Abu Maryam decided that the time was now right for the disbelievers to pay for the Muslim blood that they had unlawfully spilt. Abu Maryam Al-Misri and Azzam At-Taifee took some weapons and supplies and head off towards their goal. A third Filipino Mujahid accompanied them, with the intention of only showing them the way, not to partake in any fighting. Their target: the Military Headquarters of the Philippines Government Army in the whole of the South Philippines, also the base of the Commander-in-Chief. This base was located in the centre of the capital of the South Philippines, next to the main International Airport of that region. It housed a force of 2000 Government soldiers.

Abu Maryam, Azzam and the Filipino brother reached the base. The Filipino brother took up a position well outside the base, from where he could see everything that was happening inside the base. Meanwhile, Abu Maryam and Azzam headed off towards the entrance of the base. The first thing they did was to kill the sentries on the gates. Then they entered the base, killing reinforcing groups of soldiers, with hand grenades and automatic fire. This firefight went on for a few minutes until the Army soldiers were either killed or they fled. After this, Azzam took up a covering position on the outer boundary of the base and Abu Maryam entered the main part of the base, ALONE.

As soon as he entered, he fought his way through to the building at the centre of the base, which housed the officers and the administration. He entered this building, killing three officers who attacked him. After killing these officers, Abu Maryam ran out of the building and began making his way towards the outer boundary to meet Azzam Taifee. Between the two of them, Abu Maryam and Azzam had now held back the entire base, with its force of 2000 soldiers, for thirty minutes. The foot soldiers fled the battleground, to be replaced by tanks and armoured fighting vehicles from all directions. These vehicles began to fire at the two brothers with everything in their armoury. During this assault, Azzam took a direct hit by a tank round and went to meet his Lord (we hope).

Unaware that Azzam had fallen, Abu Maryam continued fighting and he single-handedly held up the entire base for another thirty minutes. He successfully destroyed an ammunition store and carried on killing the enemy soldiers one by one. Those who witnessed this scene said that Abu Maryam was, by now, laughing loudly. Fighting vehicles were now attacking Abu Maryam from all directions as the infantrymen had fled the arena. Finally, he was hit by a burst of heavy machine-gun fire from the top of one tank and one of the large calibre bullets went through his head, sending Abu Maryam to join his brother Azzam in the Company of their Lord Most High (we ask Allah that it is so).

Seconds had not passed when a beautiful perfumed scent filled the atmosphere around the bodies of Abu Maryam and Azzam. All those present amongst the Muslims and the disbelievers smelt this scent. The next day, thousands of Muslims gathered from the nearby villages to bury their two heroes. All those witness at the procession bore witness to the continuing perfumed scent, which remained in the graveyard even after the two brothers had been buried. One Muslim tore a piece of blood-stained clothing from the bodies of one of the brothers to show it to the Muslims. It was still smelling of perfume.

Later on that day, an official statement was released by the Philippines Government: in the attack on the Military Base on the previous day, 11 soldiers had been killed (including three senior-ranking officers) and dozens more had been injured. All of this had been carried out by two brothers, who were poor to their Lord, with the Permission of their Lord:

"How often a small group overcame a large force by Allah's Permission." [Surah Baqarah(2), Verse 249]

I recall one day during the days I spent with Abu Maryam, that I went to the river to wash up. I saw Abu Maryam there, standing beside the flowing river, with a photograph in his hand. The photograph was that of his daughter, Maryam, who he had not seen for two years, and he was standing there looking at this photograph. I asked him,

"Do you not miss your daughter, Abu Maryam?"

Upon hearing my question, Abu Maryam began to weep, and he replied, with tears in his eyes:

"Yes, I yearn for my daughter, but, by Allah, I yearn for Allah and the Paradise, more."

Source: Azzam Publications

DIRAAR ASH-SHEESHANI

Diraar Isa Musa Ash-Sheeshani, from Chechnya. Killed during an operation against Israeli Forces in Palestine, in 1989. Written by Shaheed Sheikh Abdullah Azzam.



Diraar without a Khalid

"Indeed there is no dignity except in Jihad..."

He was born in Al-Azraq, a village in the desert of Jordan. His eyes opened and his soul rose in pride of the desert whilst his spirit exited with the freedom expressed by the expanse of the desert.

*Indeed, Islam was cradled in the desert
For every Muslim to become a lion.*

He was raised by his father to have self-respect and pride. He would relate to me stories from his childhood which told of a haughty character, which rejected humiliation and refused obsequiousness.

He always remembered in his heart that he belonged to the Caucasus. His forefathers had emigrated from there and they had fought alongside the Sheikh Shaamil Ad-Dagestani. He dreamt of exacting revenge on those who had driven hundreds of thousands of the children of the Caucasus into Siberian exile, and left them to die of hunger and cold.

I was told by some of these people that their forefathers were driven into exile in the days of Stalin, and were left with no food., which resulted in them eating their own children who had died before them. Russia had in fact known that these people were fierce warriors and would not have surrendered to their enemy easily, so one Russian general, perhaps Pavlov, had said: *"The war against Sheikh Shaamil has incurred upon us a great loss, a number which would have sufficed to conquer all the lands which fall between Egypt and Japan."*

The dreams to regain the original glory and the lost honour filled Diraar's mind constantly. Perhaps his father had named him Diraar after Diraar bin Al-Azwar, the hero of the Syrian conquests at the time of Khalid bin Waleed (RA).

In the Military College

Diraar attended the Military College in the Jordanian Army, hoping it would be the path through which he could realise his ambitions and fulfil his aims. He graduated as an officer of engineering and began his service in the army. He was known for his modest behaviour and conduct, and began to lead groups of Chechen men on the tenets of Islam and following the Guidance of the Chosen Prophet (SAWS).

The First Meeting

The first time I came to know of him was through a letter sent to me by some of his dear friends in Peshawar. Through them, I learned of his ambitions and hopes. He planned on attacking Moscow, as a warning to the Russians. I felt the depth of his passion, and he used to talk to me of things close to what I imagined, as though he was repeating:

*When you risk your life and aim for an honour,
Don't be content with what is beneath the stars,
For the taste of death in a lowly affair,
Is as the taste of death in an honourable affair.
Cowards see cowardliness as resoluteness
And that is the deceit of the lowly nature.*

Divorcing the World

Diraar had spent 14 years in the Jordanian Army, after which he heard news of the Afghan Jihad. He became sure that this was the correct route. At that point he was a Major in the Army, and had one year left before his retirement. He tried to be patient and complete this year, but how could he stay? When he came to the Jihad, I said to him, "Couldn't you have waited one year and retired?" Diraar replied, "One year is a long time." Yes, it is true that one year is a long time to wait for a body to be united with its soul, a soul that had already preceded it to the mountains of the Hindu Kush.

He Divorced the World and Feared the Afflictions

Diraar tried to bring his wife with him to the Jihad, but she refused, so he left her to her worldly life and came alone to the Jihad. He worked in the field of training other brothers, and in the Military College with Sheikh Sayyaaf, whom he was indeed full of admiration, love, and respect for. When quoting Sayyaf, Diraar used to say: "*The Ameer-ul-Mu'mineen (Leader of the Believers) said...*" Diraar also worked in the "*Al-Bunyaan*" and the "*Mirror of Jihad*" magazines, and was quoted on film saying "*There is no dignity, except in the Jihad.*" He participated in some battles as a consultant to Sheikh Sayyaf. He also conducted research on the theory of Jihad and military affairs, which he could practically apply in the Land of Honour and Glory.

In short, he was concerned with the problem, and proud of this religion. He composed songs and poems about Salahudeen, the Battles of Qaadisiyyah and Hitteen, and would recite them during

training, and would teach them to the brothers: *"He reaches the clouds in his pride and touches the sky in his arrogance and haughtiness."*

I used to say to him: *"It would be better if you lowered your ambitions, how you fly in the skies of your hopes and dreams, so that you may become closer to reality than to your dreams."*

But it was as if the tongue of reality was more eloquent than the speech of words, repeating:

*Glory be to the One who created me,
How it is pleased in what others perceive as the depths of pain.*

Diraar's Return to Jordan

Diraar returned, with me thinking that he was disappointed with his journey and was too bored with it to continue it. But he was planning something different, for the heart of a lion, around which the wings wrap, cannot settle in a quiet, comfortable and interesting life. It is impossible for boiling water to become ice while the temperature around it is still very hot.

An Imaginary Operation

News reached us of an operation which resembles fiction. Diraar broke through the borders of Palestine to hide from a group of Jewish soldiers on their round of duty. When he attacked them, a battle broke out, in which he was martyred. He ascended to his Lord, his shining forehead raised as a proof to everyone. He passed away, and thus explained the noble saying of the Prophet (SAWS) in the world of reality,

"The best of people is a man who begins, on the reigns of his horse, to fly on its back. Wherever he hears a scream or a cry of fear he flies towards it, seeking death wherever it is." [Saheeh]

*Alone, no friend in every country
When the purpose grows greater, the helpers grow lean.*

We pray to Allaah to accept him as a martyr and join us with him in the highest Firdaus. Ameen.

ABU ZUBAIR AL-MADANI

Abu Zubair Al-Madani. Madinah Al-Munawwarrah. Killed during a military operation to defend Sarajevo Airport against the Serbs, in October 1992. Aged 24. 1st/ 2nd Hand Account. Present on In the Hearts of Green Birds

Born and brought up in Madinah, the love of Islam occupied his youth and he spent many years learning and spreading the Deen of ALLAH. A very popular brother in Madinah, he travelled to Afghanistan to join his brothers fighting in the Way of ALLAH. He was with them when Jaaji, Jalalabad and Kabul were captured.

After the Conquest of Kabul he returned to Madinah and stayed there for a few months. He was blessed with a beautiful voice, and he used it to make his famous audio cassette about his brothers killed in Afghanistan. The name of this cassette was 'Qawaafil-us-Shuhadaa' (Caravans of Martyrs). He always used to speak and think about one thing, that was Martyrdom.

Once he was asked, *"Why do you hurry for Martyrdom, whereas you have not yet done much for Islam?"* And he replied, *"What did my brothers give for Islam, who were killed before me. Our souls are the most valuable things that we can give."*

In the summer of 1992 he heard about the oppression of his brothers and sisters in the Balkans and travelled with his brother from Madinah, Abul-Abbas, to Bosnia. Two months they stayed there until they fought in the defence of Sarajevo Airport. The fighting was severe and many fighters fled the battle field, except Abu Zubair and Abul-Abbas. Abu Zubair and Abul-Abbas stayed there and fought to defend Sarajevo Airport against the Egyptian United Nations until they fell down Shaheed.

We ask ALLAH (SWT) to accept them from amongst the Shuhadaa and to enter them into the Paradise Most High amongst the Prophets, the martyrs, the pious and the truthful.

Source: Azzam Publications

ABUL-HARITH AL-BAHRAINI

Abul-Harith Al-Bahraini, from Bahrain. Killed during an offensive operation against Serb Forces besieging Sarajevo, Bosnia, near the town of Visoko, on 29 December, 1992. Aged 23. 1st hand account. Present on In the Hearts of Green Birds



How many are the people that seek fame and wealth today, and what of someone who has left all that in pursuit of Allah's Pleasure. Abul-Haarith was a famous football player in Bahrain. A lot of the youth today yearn to attain this level of fame. He left his football career behind him and went to Afghanistan to take part in the Jihad , seeking to die in the Path of Allah.

He then went to participate in the Jihad in Bosnia. He had devoted his heart and his soul to the worship of Allah and he set a good example with his manners and manhood. He was always seen reading the Qur'an, serving his brothers or guarding the front lines.

He was characterized by a smile that never left his face and a level of patience such that he never became angry at his brothers. He personified the saying of the Prophet, *"A smile to your brother is a form of charity"*. He used to laugh much and make all his brothers laugh and enjoy themselves. A very popular brother, loved by both the Arabs and the Bosians, he used to sing jokingly with his brothers, *"My beloved brother."* He was always happy and jolly in the daytime, having a nice time with his brothers. However, in the night, his brothers used to hear him cry while he was praying. He used to put Kohl in his eyes.

A few days before the operation, Abul-Haarith was seen to take great care of himself and he wore his best clothes as if he knew he had an appointment with the beautiful Women of Paradise. Before the Second Operation of Visoko against the Serbs, he put Kohl in his eyes and asked his brothers to do the same.

When the battle had reached its most intense stage and the souls of the martyrs had been raised, Abul-Haarith found Abu Maryam spread on the ground, his soul having been raised. He kissed his forehead and said, *"Oh Allah! Join us with him"*. He advanced towards the enemy from an area providing little cover and whilst he was crawling on the ground, Allah heard his prayer and he was hit by a sniper bullet thereby surrendering his soul to his Lord.

The Mujahideen could not bury him due to the severity of the fighting and the widespread presence of snow. So they put his body in the trunk of a tree.

ABU SAHAR AL-HAILEE

Abu Sahar Al-Hailee, from Hail, Arabian Peninsula. Killed by Croatian Forces at a roadblock in Travnik, North Bosnia in 1993. 1st hand account. Present on In the Hearts of Green Birds.



A very brave and patient brother, he was once travelling through Travnik, North Bosnia, with a group of Mujahideen. They were stopped by Croatian Forces at a roadblock. Abu Sahar told his brothers to fight and not to give up. His brothers suggested that they should give up now as maybe they would be released later. While they were being held, the Croats saw that the Kalashnikov of Abu Sahar was on and ready to fire. They shot him five times while he was shouting "There is no god but Allah and Muhammad is the Messenger of Allah" We ask ALLAH (SWT) to accept him from amongst the Shuhadaa.

Source: Azzam Publications

DAWOOD

Dawood, from Britain. Killed during a battle against Croatian Forces in Bosnia in 1993. Aged 29. 1st hand account. Present on **In the Hearts of Green Birds**

Born and brought up as a Christian in Britain, he started his job in a Computer Company. One morning he came to work wearing Islamic dress. Upon being asked why he was wearing this dress he informed his work colleagues that he had converted to Islam. One week later he was fired from his job and went to Bosnia with two other brothers. Four months later, his brothers were returning to Britain for a few months and they asked him to come with them. He refused, saying, *"What is there for me to do in the land of disbelievers?"* He was a very calm and quiet brother, funny at the same time. He loved guarding his brothers on the mountain in snow and cold weather. A very fast learner of Islam and the Arabic language, he loved to keep all the Sunnahs of the Messenger of Allah (SAW). He used to sleep on his right-hand side in a crouched position, he used pray all night and fast most days.

Commander Abul-Harith (RA) said about him, *"All of us knew that Dawood would be the next Shaheed from amongst us, as he was getting higher and higher and higher in his Iman and Taqwa."* The night before the Operation, Dawood had a dream, in which he saw himself running in a place with large palaces on either side. He asked, *"Who do these palaces belong to?"* It was said to him, *"These are the houses of the Shuhadaa."* He asked, *"Where is the house of Abu Ibrahim?"* (the Turkish brother from Britain who was shot dead by the French United Nations near Sarajevo Airport). The voice said to him, *"The house of Abu Ibrahim is over there."* And so in the dream Dawood began to run towards the house of his friend, Abu Ibrahim, and then suddenly he fell down and woke from his sleep.

The following morning there was a large operation against the Croats. During this operation, while he was running, he was killed by a single shot to the heart. He fell down and his body rolled down to the Croat bunkers below. After three months his body was returned to the Mujahideen. It was as new, it was bleeding and smelling of musk. His body was found crouched on its right-hand side, just how he used to lie down to sleep.

Source: Azzam Publications

ABU MUSLIM AL-TURKI

Abu Muslim Al-Turki, from Britain. Killed during a battle against Croatian Forces in Bosnia in 1993. Aged 51. 1st hand account. Present on In the Hearts of Green Birds.

A Turkish brother who lived most of his life in Britain, but who lived the life of a disbeliever. He was married to a non-Muslim woman, and he did not used to pray nor did he used to practise any aspect of Islam. Then ALLAH (SWT) guided him to the Straight Path. Soon after, he heard about the situation in Bosnia, and he said to himself that I must go to Bosnia, I must repent to ALLAH and I must fight against the Serbs as maybe ALLAH will forgive me for all that I have done in the past.

He came to Bosnia in the Autumn of 1992 and entered the Training Camp at Mehorich. He was the eldest one amongst the Mujahideen at that time. When the Mujahideen used to go running in the Training Camp, they were all given rifles except Abu Muslim, due to his old age and the difficulties he would have in carrying it. When one looked into his eyes, one would see the eyes of a sincere person, one that was honest to Allah (we hope so).

In one operation against the Croats, the Ameer did not pick him due to his old age, and Abu Muslim began to cry, not weep but he began to wail like a baby until he forced the Ameer to let him take part in the operation.

During the operation, he was shot in his arm, which shattered his bone and metal had to be placed in his arm for a period of six months. Abu Muslim used to exercise his arm a lot and after 45 days the doctor said that the metal could be removed from his arm. Everyone was surprised at how the metal could be removed after only 45 days. Before one of the large operations against the Croats, he saw a dream in which he saw the Messenger of Allah(SAWS), and so Abu Muslim began to kiss his feet. Then the Messenger of Allah (SAWS) said to him, *"Do not kiss my feet."* Then he began to kiss his hands, and the Messenger of Allah (SAWS) said to him, *"Do not kiss my hands."* Then the Messenger of Allah (SAWS) asked him, *"What do you want Abu Muslim?"*. Abu Muslim replied, *"O Messenger of Allah, please make dua to Allah for me that tomorrow in the operation I am killed Shaheed."*

Before the Operation, the Ameer, Commander Abul Harith (RA) was picking the brothers to take part in this operation. He refused to let Abu Muslim take part on the grounds that he was still injured and had not yet recovered. A brother who was present at that time said, *"I swear to ALLAH that Abu Muslim cried and cried, like a baby, and said to the Ameer, 'Fear Allah! I will hold you responsible on the Day of Judgement if you do not include me in this operation.'" The Ameer told him not to shout and cry so loud, because maybe the enemy would hear him. Abu Muslim replied, "By ALLAH, if you do not put me in the operation Abul Harith, I will cry so loudly that the whole country will hear me!" Then he said to the Ameer, "Put me in the operation, even at the back as the last one in the operation." The Ameer said to him, "Are you sure? I will put you right at the back." Abu Muslim replied, "Put me anywhere in the operation, right at the back, but include me in this operation."* And so Abu Muslim went out and took part in this operation, and even though he was right at the very back, the course of the fighting changed, so that the back became the front and the front became the back, and he was the second one killed in the operation by a bullet to his heart. His body was returned by the Croats after

three months, along with his brother from England Dawood. It was smelling of musk and no change had come over his body. All of the brothers that were there witnessed that his body had become even more beautiful and white since the last time they saw it.

One brother commented saying that out of all the martyrs bodies he had seen in Bosnia, none was more beautiful than the body of Abu Muslim.

Source: Azzam Publications

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