

MUJAHIDIN

“Our armies do not come into your cities and lands as conquerors or enemies, but as liberators.” Major General Sir Stanley Maude, British Army, 1917.

The following is a translation of a letter found at the home of the suicide bomber who attacked my brother's marine unit while they were guarding the Kindi Hospital during the American occupation of Iraq. The attack occurred over ten years ago. But I recently found this letter while cleaning out my brother's belongings after he died in the Philadelphia VA hospital.

To my brother, Amil:

With my blood, with my soul, I sacrifice to God. For there is no God but God, and whoever obeys God and his Messenger will achieve the greatest triumph. I am but an arrow of Islam. And my strike will be glorious.

You and I come from a great and proud Sunni family, Amil. It was our forefathers' jihad that drove the British from this land, and returned wealth and prosperity to Iraq. Prosperity we graciously shared with the Shi'a, Kurds, even the Turkomen. The swine that now cling like sheep dung to the boot heels of the American.

These Islamic apostates deserve much punishment, but my jihad remains solely for the infidel. Do you remember our father's saying? "Me and my brother against my cousin, and me and my cousin against a stranger?" Well, the American has proven a most insufferable stranger. We will excise his illegitimate occupation from our sacred land. For Iraq may bend like a palm tree, but we will never snap.

Most importantly, the blood of Yasmine and Nasir will not go unvanquished. We will never forget the day the American cruiser bomb destroyed the Shuala market¹; the pillars of smoke that turned that day into a most hellish night; followed by the agonizing sifting through the rubble for the peeling bodies scattered and shredded like fruit rinds. Fortunately, your eyes were spared the sight of our sister Yasmine, as well our little nephew Nasir's tortuous end.

Nasir's suffering still haunts me. My ears still ring with his piercing screams, my skin still crawls from the warm sticky feel of his blood. My heart still seizes with the memory of his body growing eerily still, then deathly cold in my arms. The horror, the unspeakable horror! reflected in Nasir's haunted eyes. My sins I hold plainly, Amil, but what were the sins of this child?

Fortunately, my Mullah, Rahim Hamid Mohammed, has taught me to turn my earthly rage into a divine justice. Death is no matter when it is your time to die. My time has come, Amil. And rest assured, little brother, that Rahim Hamid will prepare you well when it is your time.

This is why you must never stray from God's path. And why I pray you do not follow in mine. For I had ceased reading the Qur'an, and neglected my Islamic studies while attending Mustansiriyah University. I focused instead on my engineering degree, my

¹ The target was actually a defense ministry building across the street.

secular ambitions, and of course, Karima; neglecting countless evening *Hadith* classes just to talk with her, walk with her down by the Tigris, or to take her to the movie or for ice cream. How I favored long walks and frivolous conversation, while secretly coveting Karima's silken touch. I turned a blind eye to the Qur'an's sacred teachings.

Rahim Hamid warns most profoundly against secular deceit: of Iraq's shameful immersion into the infidel's music and movies; of how our women began dressing like the western harlots from television and magazines; and, of course, Hussein allowing the selling of liquor. Is it any wonder God was displeased? Why he would allow this American invasion and subsequent hegemony? But what still remains unclear to me is to why these infidels would burn down an entire forest to kill one Hussein fox. Could not one bullet have sufficed for ten thousand bombs? These American jackals who so desecrated our House of Caliph, raining hell with their AK-47's and allowing the Shi'a to slaughter innocents with their recreant shrapnel-filled bombs.

You have seen the latest Hawza Al Ilmia's fatwah for the marrying of all Iraqi women by the age of fourteen. The Hawza are but lecherous Iranian polygamists who covet fresh Iraqi meat. I hear their Al-Daawa brothers are back to throwing battery acid on schoolgirls for not wearing the hijab. Is it any wonder that even women who attended university are now scurrying in full burqas through our perilous streets? Yet everyday the killings and kidnappings increase.

Karima's brothers must escort her to and from her job at the Hospital of Kindi. They protect her from the Shi'a dogs, only to deliver her into the jackal's lair. Everyone knows the Americans run Kindi. And everyone knows the American proclivities. It is only a matter of time before the feral pig will root, Amil. These heathens, so suckled on

sex and usury. Rahim Hamid says American schools actually promote teachings on sexuality! I never would have believed such a thing—until Rahim Hamid showed us their profligate movies.

One such film depicted an American harlot copulating with no less than three growling heathens! She had the hair of an Arabian horse, cow udders for breasts, and barbed wire emblazoned on her skin. She performed many despicable acts on these brutish pigs with their affronting Semite penises. And to think the litters of these harlots now prowl our sacred streets?

I have done my utmost to warn and to protect Karima. But since her Ba'athist father was sent to that Cuban jail, she alone supports her family. If only I had the money, Amil. I would free Karima from that devil's sanctuary at Kindi. Far away from the American seducers, and farther still from that blue-eyed lieutenant I saw staring unabashed at Karima. The one who called his marine jackals on me. A loaded machine gun is the infidel's sole "logic and reason." Since that day, I am no longer allowed near the hospital, and Karima's brothers tell me that she no longer wishes to see me. I know her brothers are lying. And I know that their lies and sedition intimidate Karima. Such is their thirst for the infidel's blood money. Such has become Iraq's apostasy.

There is no strength or power save God. Rahim Hamid says had I married Karima under God, instead of merely trying to seduce her, she would not be so seduced by the enemy. Rahim Hamid also says the first drop of a martyr's blood sanctifies his entrance into heaven. This will be my entrance, for I have nothing tangible left in this world. Only God. And through God's will, everyone will celebrate my name, as well as the name of our family.

I realize my recent employment with the Iraqi Police has brought much disgrace to our family. Our friends and neighbors accuse me of being an American lackey. Many more remind me that God curses those who accommodate the enemy. But come tomorrow, they will realize that I have not been so accommodating. Come tomorrow, they will all celebrate me as a great *mujahidin*.

Ours has become a considerable army. Remember Mr. Bremer, and the American Ambassador's second decree? His disbanding of Iraq's army added thousands of well-trained and well-armed soldiers to our militia. Today we must shed blood upon our own soil, but tomorrow we will bloody the soil of the enemy. Attacking Americans who elect, and then hide behind, their warlords' shields. Attacking them where it hurts, Amil!

Their bombers, tanks, and machine guns have turned Iraq into a land of people as haunted by dying as we are cursed by our own survival. Such is the fate of our father. I save speaking of him for last. But know this, little brother, he is the heart of my jihad. My blood still boils from the night those American soldiers ripped him out of our house, hooded his head and bound his arms behind his back. My soul still screams at those who held Mother to the ground under booted feet, while leveling gun barrels at you and me. I still see their pale, stone-cold faces. I know now it was Father's business rival, Ibrahim Abid, who lied to the Iraqi Police, telling them Father was an Al Qa'aida operative. Father an Al Qa'aida? Of all things! One good lie is all it takes in these most uncertain days, Amil. But trust that Ibrahim's treachery has been repaid. Trust that his filth will never again defile our streets.

I know God will protect Father from the infidel's atrocities. But those deplorable pictures from Abu Ghraib have corroborated our most horrifying dreams. And to think

that you and I actually took pity upon those first two young American soldiers (so long ago) stationed on our street. Those soldiers wilting like pathetic weeds in the unrelenting Iraqi heat. To think we actually climbed their desert tank to offer them cold glasses of tea. Such children we were, Amil.

I walked past the Hospital of Kindi one last time today. I thought maybe if Karima and I could just speak, maybe she might still agree to marry me. Maybe there would be a future in Iraq for Karima and me. But when that marine lieutenant and his armed jackals cast on me their slitted, sinister eyes, their AK-47 trigger fingers eagerly twitching, I knew God was merely testing me. I only pray that those American kuffar will be there tomorrow when God rewards my suffering. Tomorrow will be their day of reckoning: For what they've done to our land, and what they've done to Karima.

Rahim Hamid says the only true way back to God is through jihad. That the infidel does not respond to logic or reason. And I believe him. For every American pig that I slaughter tomorrow, I will prevent a shame worse than death for one hundred Islamic sons and daughters. And maybe one will be you, Amil. Or even Karima.