

Foreword

In the name of Allah, the Most High. Salawat upon Muhammad, the last of the Prophets, and his immaculate progeny.

Six months after my release from the fateful detention in Iraq under Saddam's Ba'thist regime, I sat down to write my experience. When the essay, divided in twenty small chapters was ready, I gave it to my chosen friends and relatives to read.

They advised me against printing it. Several reasons were advanced. Meshed in the web of these disincentives, I kept the essay hidden away.

And then one morning, I woke up with an inexplicable urge to join hands with the oppressed Muslims throughout the World. I decided to publish my essay, and join the chorus of agony and anguish white the whack of the tyrants' whips continues unabated.

There in the distant countries, I can see an old mother, expectantly peeping out of a small window, waiting for her son to return. I can see a bride who wakes up every morning to find that her husband is not by her side. I can see the small innocent faces of children questioningly looking at their mothers, to find out when father would return home, bearing with a loving smile, his hands full of small gifts.

And on the other side of the corridor, I see the blindfolds, the shackles, the whips and the blood streaming from the bare backs of the young and old Muslims. I can hear them moan and whine. With them, I join to raise a feeble cry.

May Allah, in His Mercy, help Islam, as ever.

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