



Zaeef's Ordeal: Treachery Unfolded?

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Special Report By Al Andalusi

This report takes account of the shocking revelations made by Taliban ambassador to Pakistan during the last days of the Islamic Emirates, Mullah Zaeef. The treacherous face of Pakistani establishment officers is unmasked along with greater details of what "human rights" means in American dictionary when it comes to dealing with the Muslims. Mullah Zaeef has penned his ordeal in a book that is sending shock waves in and around the region.

"Elder Brother"!!

The cloak of darkness had just unfolded over the cold skies of Islamabad that was the prime focus of intense diplomatic and media spotlights. The cool breeze laden with scent of pollen was striking abreast the city's landmarks but this time foretelling a different saga to be unfolded. The white moon had just unveiled her face while her light casting shadows against the walls and roofs of diplomatic enclave villas and presidential palaces in the east of the city. The desertedness of the mild lit roads along with mysterious silence was broken by the resounding composition by the cricket violinists. British journalist Yvonne Ridley was also there still unable to solve her own puzzle, furious of her seniors to have sent her far from the place of fallen towers; but soon she would be heading for her own story in the making. But this peaceful air was also giving an intriguing sign of danger to a middle aged man who had his own nightmare to construe. Surprisingly what he had seen was that his elder brother, waving a sharp knife came closer to him while angrily staring at him. He stepped further closer and said calmly, "Brother! I intend to slaughter you with this knife". The elder brother folded his sleeves while the man stood astonished, as he would never have imagined that his own brother would make such an intention. He had never done any wrong with him nor had he ever offended him. Still the man decided to comply for the sake of his pleasure. "Brother!! I never did any wrong with you, then what do you intend to take revenge for? Why do you insist on something unfair?", the man asked the elder brother politely. The brother gave no response. The man lied on the floor hoping his brother's heart might soften but of no avail. The elder brother mercilessly slaughtered him.

Hardly four days had passed that his house was surrounded by armed men. One of them barged into his house and said, "your highness, you are no more highness now, Americans are like wild beasts and no one dares to offend them". Then the armed men of Pakistani Army took the Taliban Ambassador to an undisclosed location at Peshawar. The conscienceless men of the world largest Islamic army trained with ideological slogans of faith and Jihad had betrayed the same very tenets while handing over their Afghan Muslim brother to the infidels and worse; an ambassador, to say the least. Mullah Abdus Salam Zaeef, a humble and soft spoken representative of Islamic Emirates was the only voice to explain the point of view of the Taliban whom the US imperialists had branded "sponsors of terror". It was diplomatic obligations of the Pakistani establishment to ensure security and safety of the ambassador even if he belonged to a hostile nation, but here worst violation of all Islamic and diplomatic norms was



committed in the smoke screen of “protecting national interests”, that was too not more than a myth. The Pakistani officials could have declined citing the reasons of diplomatic immunity but these tools of the imperialists never defy their masters. The ordeal of Mullah Zaeef continued painfully. From a secret location at Peshawar he was taken by Pakistani army vehicles to the airbase where US military transport aircraft was standing. According to Mullah Zaeef’s own account from his book, written in Pushto and under translation in other languages, he was blindfolded when they arrived at the airbase and he could clearly hear the conversation that took place between the Pakistani officers and their US equivalents. Mullah Zaeef narrates that while handing over to the US forces, he heard a Pakistani officer saying “ Khuda Hafiz” (May Allah Protect You). The Americans grabbed him, smashed him on the floor and started beating him till his clothes were torn apart. All this happened in front of the Pakistani army officers who were so drenched in treachery, deceit and hypocrisy that they could not bear even little courage to ask the Americans not to humiliate their guest or at least in front of them. Mullah Zaeef recalls that later he could get the glimpse of Pakistani troops and an army jeep with Pakistani flag installed on it, stationed at the airport, an enough evidence that all happened in the presence of Pakistani forces.

“Human Rights”!!

The tragic ordeal of Mullah Zaeef that began with betrayal and treachery does not end here. It continues into more gruesome episode unmasking the real face of US version of “human rights”. Mullah Zaeef sheds some light on it as well:

“.... the US military helicopter landed at some place. The American barbarians dragged me out and others immediately pounced on me. It is all unexplainable. I was made to lay straight facing floor and four to five people sat on me and began talking as if conducting a meeting. I was severely short of breath. I was forced to remain in that position for two painful hours. Then I was boarded on to the second helicopter and tied to iron chains...”

”..... I was thrown on the runway, the soldiers pounded me with punches and kicks, but not enough to pacify their hatred, they started hitting with rifle butts. My clothes were torn apart while my head was covered with the black sack, hands and feet shackled. Then they threw me on the ice slab. Bagram had received fresh snowfall that day. During torture US Servicemen and women used to sing and I could understand what they said:

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*America, the heaven of Justice
Is the guarantor for Justice
And desires for Justice for all”*

“... One fine morning when we resting sitting in our tent, some US soldiers came in and started putting chains to the inmates. Then they were taken out in the groups of ten. The other inmates began raising different speculations. A little later the first groups were brought back with their heads, beards and even eyebrows shaved. My turn came and I was made to sit before the barber. I pleaded to him and resisted many times but there came a severe blow on my face that I could not see for the next few moments. A Yemeni Mujahid, Sheikh Salih, had a long and thick beard. When his beard was shaven, he broke into tears. But when my beard was shaven and I started crying, he calmed me with hope that it's all Allah's will. I was contented that my Lord is watching all this....”

“... During interrogation sessions the heads of the inmates used to be rubbed against the floor. They were forced to walk on their knees. Dogs were used to make them walk faster. Meanwhile a wicked American woman with her sharp voice used to shout at us to march faster. When I used to walk on my knees, my flesh used to mince and my trousers used to tear up. My head used to strike against the wall while blindfolded....”

“... On the eve of the first day of July, 2002, many US soldiers came and after making us stand in a queue, covered our heads with black sacks, our ears with ear muffs and tied our hands. Then eight among us were shifted to the next room when we were undressed and photographed. After this we were dressed with orange jumpsuits and boots. Hands and feet were chained. The chains were so tight that we could not even make little movements. A few moments later we were pushed into an aircraft amid smacks and blows where we were all tied to a single chain so that we could not move anywhere. A new ordeal had unfolded for us. There were two soldiers standing for each inmate. Just besides me, the former Taliban governor of Herat Khair Ullah Khair Khuah moaned with pain several times but to no avail. My back was severely aching. My feet seemed to have been cut off due to intense pain. We were chained in the aircraft, four hours before flight and remained for extra three hours after landing. We remained in the same condition for 30 long hours from aircraft to our cell. During 30 hour journey from Kandahar to Guantanamo Bay each inmate was just given a glass of water and an apple. You may well imagine how much respect do Americans have for human rights?”

Every word of Mullah Zaeef's ordeal unmasks the real face of “the sole superpower”, holding the banner of civilization and human values. This is the force that seeks immunity for her war crimes in International Court of Justice. The one that has spilled the blood of over 110 million human beings for the last two centuries but brands Muslims as “terrorists”. Mullah Zaeef's book has many more accounts to tell not only of the true nature of the United States, the real meaning of barbarianism and human rights violations but also what is the meaning of betrayal and deceit, treason and disloyalty and debauchery. This tale must be told and retold and told to everyone.- [JUS](#)