



# TIDES OF BLOOD

**STORY OF KARBALA - MADINA TO MADINA**

**MUHAMMAD ALI SYED**

### **Author's Note**

The book you are holding was written in 1999 and till now three editions of it have been published. The Urdu version was published by the name of "Lahu ki Maujain". After reading the Urdu version, Al-Zahra Publishers decided to translate and publish it in English to enable the youth who understand the latter more than the former, to read and understand it. In English, it has been titled as "KARBALA, JOURNEY THROUGH BLOOD".

You will all agree that nowadays due to certain reasons, in our MAJALIS, Karbala's mention has been limited to masaib only and that too for a few minutes. Due to this, the series of events that took place at Karbala seem unclear to the new generation which leads to a lot of questions from not only the new generation but also from members of our generation. This is in fact due to the reason that Imam's (a.s.) motive behind each and every action at Karbala is not mentioned in these majalis. After all, how much could a speaker tell us about Karbala in 45 minutes time?

The main aim to write this book was to help quench the thirst of those who feel much has been left untold about Karbala. Many novels have been written on Karbala previously but none of the writers belonged to the Shia sect, all were non-shias. As they didn't belong "they also were unaware of character of Imam Hussain (a.s.) and reason behind Karbala and, therefore, they probably

unintentionally mentioned certain things, which can lead one astray from the aims of Ahl e Bait (a.s.) at Karbala. They have depicted the brave, valiant, patient and tolerant disciplinarians who had the courage to stand up to the super power of that time as helpless, vulnerable and weak people.

Obviously, all was done in good faith and unknowingly. They wrote what they thought fit. They took the brave and gallant daughter of Ali bin Abi Talib (a.s.) as an ordinary woman having the intellect of one as well. They have portrayed the orphaned sons of Hazrat Muslim bin Aqeel (a.s.) as ordinary kids who due to excessive hunger were even ready to jump into someone else's' house where they sensed the smell of kababs was coming from.

Even if all such incidents, which were written due to unawareness with the way of living of Ahl e Bait (a.s.), were to be subtracted from those books written by my seniors, my book seems quite feeble an attempt to what they did. I am thankful to all of them that they took such interest in the sacrifice rendered by our great Imam (a.s.) that they wrote full books with Him as their subject and maybe this, what they did irrespective of religious and cultural divides, may win them great blessings from Allah on the day of judgement.

At this point I would like to thank Mr. Zafar Hassan Raza for the final proof reading, my children, Zahra, Dua, Fizza and especially would like to thank my son Syed Muhammad Mehdi Naqvi. They completed the proofreading of the English translation. Syed Muhammad Mehdi helped better the translation by replacing many similes with better ones and honestly I was not expecting this from a student of class six. It is not only I but most of the parents usually underestimate their children. Special thanks to Syed Muhammad Mehdi! I really appreciate his suggestions.

Read this book yourselves and also urge others to do the same and if you can afford it gift it to your friends and relatives living abroad, subscribe it in libraries which you will certainly want to after reading this book Insha Allah.

Please mail me your comments on my e-mail ID [alisyed14@hotmail.com](mailto:alisyed14@hotmail.com)

Wassalam

Muhammad Ali Syed.

*When Walid bin Utba, Yazid's governor to Madina, asked Imam Hussain (a.s.) for Yazid's Bai'at', Imam (a.s.) said:*

"We the family of the Prophet are where God's blessings reside. God started Islam from our Family and with us is going to proceed with it, whereas Yazid whose Bai'at you are asking for is a drunkard. He has killed innocent people, disobeyed God's orders and is openly involved in wrongful deeds. Remember! a man like me can't make Yazid's Bai'at."

(Tibri, vol 7 pg 217-18)

## **Dedication**

I am thankful to God That I have been able to present my second book through Imam e Zamana (a.s.) to His Holy Grandmother Hazrat Fatima (s.a.).

To ask for blessings from a benevolent one on his benevolence seems odd. To re write the story of Karbala in my own words is like a servant picking up and returning the money from his Mistress's house to prove his honesty.

You are the daughter of The Holy Prophet (p.b.u.h.), wife of Hazrat Ali (a.s.) and mother of 11 Imams (a.s.). If you would grant your blessings on my family, then we will be able to reside happily in the world hereafter and as I am asking you I would like to ask the same benevolence for my friends, neighbors, relatives, readers of this book and people who have helped me in printing this.

We are sinners but till the morning of Aashoora, Hur bin Yazid Riyahi (r.a.) was also the one. We too wanted the attention of your revered son Hazrat Imam Hussain (a.s.) in our life in this world, in our graves on the Day of Resurrection and in each and every moment of the life hereafter.

**Muhammad Ali Syed**

For compilation of this book following books were referred to:

1. Chaudah Sitaray – Maulana Najm ul Hassan Kararwi – Imamia Kutub Khana, Lahore.

2. Maqtal-e-Abu Mukhnif – translated by Tabashshur Raza Kazmi – Saqlain Publications, Islamabad.
3. Ashqiya-e-Furat – Faiz al Hassan Moosavi Ambalvi – Dabistan-e-Anis, Pindi.
4. Riyaz ul Ihzan – Aqa e Syed Muhammed Hassan Qazvini – Wali ul Asr Trust, Jhang.
5. Qayam e Imam Hussain ka geographiai Jaiza – Syed Ali Sharaf uddin Moosavi – Darussaqaqa Karachi.

The stories related in this book can also be found in some of the following famous books:

- |                        |                               |
|------------------------|-------------------------------|
| 1. Rozatus Shuhada     | 13. Tareekh e Abul Fida'a     |
| 2. Kibreet e Ahmar     | 14. Hayat al Haywan           |
| 3. Sawaiq e Muhriqa    | 15. Jila al Uyoon             |
| 4. Kashf ul Ghamma     | 16. Tareekh-e-Tibri           |
| 5. Nasikh ut Tawareekh | 17. Tareekh-e-A'asam-e- Koofi |
| 6. Anwaar ul Majalis   | 18. Maqtal e Awalim           |
| 7. Khulasa tul Masa'ib | 19. Zikr al Abbas (a.s.)      |
| 8. Tareekh e Kamil     | 20. Tareekh e ibn Alwardi     |
| 9. Damatus Sakiba      | 21. Wasa'il e Muzfari         |
| 10. Noor al Absaar     |                               |
| 11. Matalib Us Sa 'ul  |                               |
| 12. Noor ul Ain        |                               |



### **Allama Talib Jauhari's Opinion About This Book**

People have known Mr. Muhammed Ali Syed since the last two decades as a writer and a journalist but I know him since the time when he used to be a poet and had also written a few good stories. Then suddenly he had a change of heart and wrote an article on the Philosophy of Dua (Praying), which was afterwards published as a book by the name of "Rabb ul Aalameen, Dua aur Insaan". The following book is the newest among his creations which describes an unusual but real event of this universe.

Narrating true stories is quite an old art which has probably been associated with the human race since its inception. True stories have also been narrated in the Holy Scriptures especially in The Quran where the story of Hazrat Yousuf (a.s.) has been termed as Ahsan ul Qasas i.e. Best of the Stories. As The Quran is a book of guidance the stories narrated their area source of knowledge of the past, which shows us what we should do in our present. This will help us in not repeating our past and also preplan our future. The gist of the matter is that remaining in our boundaries, narration of these stories is a good step towards future.

It is considered in general that novels comprise imaginary and fictitious characters and events but according to the meaning given in the encyclopedia a novel is an in-depth narration, which can either be fictitious or reality-based.

Many writers have written historical novels of great length which are still read by many but whose authenticity does not get credibility. Many historians have tried to forge events in order to alienate history by writing such novels.

This novel by Mr. Muhammed Ali Syed is based on true characters of the heroes of Islam whose tales of valor,

bravery and sacrifice and whose efforts to safeguard Islam were concealed by or tried to tamper with by an army of historians throughout the 1350 odd years. Whereas, the list of people narrating it in easy language, retaining its true form in today's time is dwindling.

The importance of in-depth analysis of literary pieces remains steady but in today's world we need writers who can write in easy-to-understand language. Now a day's writers of the like of Mr. Muhammed Ali Syed who can write in easy language and touch the hearts of his readers, are rare to find.

In this, entire book is a good addition to the Azaii literature. The gist of this book is in understanding the true meanings of Imam Hussain (a.s) and Karbala that in turn helps us understand ourselves and our goals in life.

I am sure that our new generation specially is going to welcome, the publication of this book and pay more attention to its contents. I pray earnestly to God to give Mr. Muhammed Ali Syed further ability to serve the religion with even more fervor.

Talib Jauhari.

11<sup>th</sup> February 2001.

**Opinion of Professor Sardar Naqvi**  
**(a renowned author and poet)**

Mr. Muhammed Ali Syed is a reliable author of our age. His creations have been published and lauded since a long time throughout the country. For the last five years he has been serving as the editor of a children's magazine "Masoom" and, recently, he has also undertaken the editorship of a women's magazine by the name of "Tahira". The beauty of their materials is enough to justify his abilities.

Mr. Muhammed Ali Syed not only has an ability to write but also has a penchant reading ability. In his work you will find the ability to make you understand and not complicate the issues. He knows the art to narrate difficult subjects in easy language and while reading his work one remembers this verse:

*Phool ki Patti say Kat sakta hay heeray ka jigar*  
*Mard e nada'n par kalaam e narm o nazuk bay asar*

Meaning:

Even one can cut heart of as brittle as a diamond with a rose petal

But on an ignorant man's heart such leniency cannot get any reaction.

The present age that was first termed as an Age of Science and Technology has now turned into an Age of Information Technology. The West is calling it by the name of Age of Information. The most prominent thing about this age is its wrong influence on our cultural and religious environments. Mr. Muhammed Ali Syed realizes the importance of this issue hence he has been involved in writing for improving the present situation. His present book is a result of his likewise efforts. The

topic of this book is Karbala and he has written this in the form of a novel, which is being published monthly in the children Magazine "Masoom" and now is being translated in English and published as a book.

Recently, a novel "Aik Qatra e Khoon" by Ismat Chughtai on Karbala has been talk of the town. Earlier than that, a novel by the name of "Karbala ka Chand" by Munshi Premchand also got a lot of appreciation, but this novel by Mr. Muhammed Ali Syed has got a historical effect to it so that the readers of the new generation could come to know about Karbala with its true historic background.

The specialty of this novel by Mr. Muhammed Ali Syed is its historic authenticity. As every event that takes place leaves its effects and aftereffects, similarly Karbala also had its effects and aftereffects and in this novel Mr. Syed has discussed them too, which shows the deepness of thought.

Karbala being a different and one of its own kind of occurrence has its importance in the Islamic world. He has tried to present the event of Karbala keeping the context of the sacrifice of Hazrat Ibrahim (a.s.) and Hazrat Ismail (a.s.) in view, due to which Karbala comes out to be a part of Islam's reality, in words of Allama Iqbal:

*Ghareeb o sada o rangin hai dastaan e haram*  
*Nihayat iss ki Hussain (a.s.) ibtida hai Ismail (a.s.)*

Karbala has helped differentiate between the real Islam and the Islam that was used for just governing.

The Kufis and Syrians were presenting Islam in a way that was only used to acquire worldly pleasures whereas the grandson of Holy Prophet (p.b.u.h) was relaying to people the real and true meaning of Islam, which was to provide peace, freedom and equality to all the

Muslims/human beings. Imam Hussain's (a.s.) fight was with selfish people. They were the kind who wanted to gather riches and positions but with the mask of Islam on their faces. The reality of this group has been well defined by Mr. M.A. Syed:

"These people were extremely clever, brutal and cunning in their ploys."

Mr. Muhammed Ali Syed too has experienced such a situation and so is aware of the kind of problems one has to face when dealing with cunning people who are ready to exploit others by any means changing the truth into lie and vice versa. Then, group who had changed Islam for the sake of government wanted to change in the real meaning of Islam. They knew that the Ahl-e-bait were not only true heirs but also the guards of Islam so along with weapons they also started using propaganda against them.

Those people had all kinds of provisions. They had huge armies, abundance of weaponry and also had a great propaganda force with them. The grandson of Prophet (p.b.u.h) chose the route that started from Mina and ended in Karbala.

Mr. Muhammed Ali Syed has taken his time in making you understand this but in a way that is pleasing as well as easy to understand. In this context, just go through some of the excerpts from this book:

*"The tides formed by the blood of martyrs were eagerly waiting to drown the Pharaoh and its army forever but this new Pharaoh would not drown in Nile but in FURAT."*

*"The downfall of the Imamate in Karbala had started awakening the Muslims from their dreams who were earlier asleep and unaware of the darkness they were residing in. Their inner selves were awakening along*

*with their feelings for freedom from the tyrant and the effects of the trance, which Yazid put them in, was receding."*

*"The Government of Yazid wanted to bury this tale in the sands of desert but the bravery and love for Islam of Imam Hussain (a.s.), the brutalities of the army of Yazid and the story of the innocent friends and family of Imam (a.s.) were being transferred from the sands of the desert to the people of the world, winning their hearts."*

This voyage of the blood of martyrs has been continuously going on for 1350 years and the story of the innocent victims of Karbala is still winning peoples hearts.

This novel by Mr. Muhammed Ali Syed not only shows the proofs of victory but also points towards more probabilities of usefulness of it. By writing this novel he has raised his writing's status. His writing proves that he is also from the same lineage of pen for which The Quran has pledged and also which the poet Josh Malih Abadi has praised as:

*Naam tera sabab e jumbish e labha e Rasool*

*Ay qalam aakhiri lamhay ker tamanna e Rasool*

Meaning:

You are what the Prophet wanted to say when He spoke

O pen! You were what the Prophet wanted at the last moment of life

## **Preface**

### **Dr. Hilal Naqvi**

*(famous researcher, author and poet.)*

The journey that had started from the humble government school with straw mats, passing through the cultural routes of "Tahira" and "Masoom" magazines has reached this historic novel where the blood of martyrs have reached from Karbala to the 21<sup>st</sup> century.

A fact that has always intrigued me is about the person who is behind the creation of a book, what kind of personality he has and what kind of situations he had to face before reaching this particular point in life. By studying his social, cultural and psychological activities, one can reach his creativity.

Usually, we get to know about that personality by finding out to where he belongs but according to me the name of the place is not important but its historical effects on one's thinking process is what is of importance.

Khairpur Meers in Sindh has a unique position in cultural activities to where a lot of literary families had migrated from India. Although Mr. Muhammed Ali Syed (22<sup>nd</sup> January 1947) was born in Saharanpur but his creative years were spent in Khairpur Meers. He developed his senses in the little village of Bhargarri.

The families that migrated from India did not bring along wealth, jewelry or gold with them but they brought with them their cultural heritage. They brought with them the manuscripts of hard to find books of Marsia. Along with the books some authors and poets too came and settled here one of whom was Naseem Amrohi. He worked a lot for the success of Marsia. Some of his followers call him by the name of "Anis e Dauran".

During that time one person who made "Teht ul Lafz" famous, was Late Syed Ali Asad Naqvi whom Naseem Amrohi has also praised in one of his poems as:

**Waheed ASR e rawan zakiri ki manzil main,  
Fareed Marsia khwani kay karwan main Asad.  
Anees ka wuh sukhan aur teri ada e nafees,  
Zaban thi mauja e Kausar teray dahan main Asad.  
Rijz Habibi ka purru'ub jaisay peeri main,  
Wuh tantana tha tairay lehja e jawan main Asad.  
Shabab Marsia khwani ka tha zaeefi main,  
Bahar jazb thi goya teri khizan main Asad**

Mr. Muhammed Ali Syed is the son of Mr. Syed Ali Asad Naqvi

Muhammed Ali Syed completed his schooling in 1963 from Naz High School Khairpur and completed his intermediate and graduation from Karachi. He started his first job at Radio Pakistan in 1970s when Radio Pakistan Karachi was known for the name of Yawar Mehdi. 'Student's Forum' was a famous program and television had not yet captivated the attention of people. Yawar Mehdi recognized the potential in him and appointed him as an assistant producer of 'Student's Forum'. As he was raised in a cultural setting, listening to Marsias and poetry all his life, he not only corrected the pronunciations of students but also some of the teachers. From there he reached World Service where he did all sorts of jobs including the editing of speeches of Prime Minister's and President's, but this all came to an end in 1978 when he resigned as he did not want to work under an in-efficient producer. On the suggestion of Allama Talib Jauhari, Jaun Ailia and Zahida Hina made him a part of Aalmi Digest. This was the starting of

affiliation with publishing houses. Here the chances to utilize one's penmanship were more. He wrote such stories on the daily routine of the people of Lukhnow that even they wrote to the editor to know where the author resided in Lukhnow. When this digest closed due to monetary problems, he joined a monthly magazine 'Sachi Kahaniyan' and 'Doshiza Digest' as an editor. Saham Mirza made him magazine editor for daily Sawaira. This all too came to an end due to writing against vulgarity hence he had to face some real tough times.

Then, there came a time in this tiring journey which completely changed his life. He was shaken to his soul when he dreamt of Prophet Muhammed (pbuh) and talked to Him and asked Him different questions. This made him leave the world of Showbiz to enter the endless world of education and religion. In 1993, when one of his friends, Syed Ali Wajdan came to visit him, he encouraged him to think on the lines of religious writings as they had a lot of scope. In those same days, he read "Dua e Abu Hamza Sumali" of Imam Zain ul Abideen (a.s.) which completely cleansed him. In 1994, he wrote a book on prayer "Dua", which was his first book ever. The name of the book was "Rabb ul Aalameen Dua aur Insaan". In 1995, Syed Ali Wajdan introduced him in Islamabad to Wakil of Agha e Seestani, Sheikh Mohsin Najafi, who had also read his first book. He said "We publish a children's magazine by the name of "Masoom" and a magazine for youngsters named "Saqlain" and the post of editor-in-chief can only be filled by such a person."

'Masoom' and 'Saqlain' have done a great job in motivating the young minds towards religion and mostly the credit goes to the hard work of Mr. Syed. From last year, he has started publishing a magazine for women named "Tahira" from Karachi. The aim behind this is the same i.e. to spread enlightenment among our youth and to provide them with the true historical facts.

This last point is of great importance to him. He is of the opinion that whatever distorted historical facts have been the part of our history will have to be tackled and the young generation will have to break out of its hold. The history has been distorted in such a way by some of the "maulwis" and religious scholars, who give their fatwas for money, and cunning historians that search for truth seems even more difficult than the search for Aab-Hayat.

This novel is the beginning of that journey from where he has to take the young minds through the history with safety till they reach their destiny.

When he wants to publish his novel for this purpose, the literary world will like to scrutinize it too and they would not ignore it as a novel written in religious fervor. Literary people are going to write on it and I too would like to point out to you some points though not in detail through this preface.

The first thing is that while reading this novel one will tend to think of the historical novel by "Ismat Chughtai" by the name of "Aik Qatra e Khoon" or "One drop of blood" which has been written by keeping the Marsias of Meer Anees in mind. She has written in her preface that this is the story of those 72 people who for the sake of humanity fought with the tyrant. She further writes that whenever in the world a Yazid surfaces there is a Hussain (a.s.) present to defeat him. Also there is similarity in their names too; "Lahu ki Mujain" meaning tides of blood and "Aik qatra e Khoon" meaning a drop of blood.

In reality the blood that was shed in Karbala has completed its journey from a drop of blood to become tides of blood and is continuously attracting the attention of the travelers in this world.

"Aik qatra e Khoon" has been written by a good story writer whereas Mr. Muhammed Ali Syed has not got such experience in story writing but still his aim to present the undistorted historical facts have given him such energy and his attachment with the event of Karbala has given him such a way of writing which makes his novel seem like that of any experienced story-writer. The critics who have been ravaging about the discussion of the war between the ages and times which give meaning to our life, is also discussed in this novel. Mr. Syed is talking to the man of this age and he does not let his way of writing change its path. He to narrate, this story to the readers utilizing whatever language is used today by our society. He is talking to the new generation and they understand his way of writing.

*"According to this secret plan Yazid's bureaucracy and secret agencies decided to create a pretence of freedom."*

*"These people were extremely clever, brutal and cunning in their ploys."*

*"The jails of the city were converted to torture cells for the Islam loving people."*

*"In Kufa emergency was declared. There were horse trotting soldiers, armed men, and army battalions continuously monitoring the lanes and neighborhoods."*

To narrate these events he does not use difficult language and he stays in touch with the literary setting of the play.

*"This caravan reached a place called "Zabala". It was evening. The orange sun covered in the dusty shroud was setting in the west."*

Some serious minded readers read the great authors like Premchand, Qurratulain Haider, Krishan Chand, Ismat Chughtai, Rajindar Singh Bedi, Ghulam Abbas, Shaukat Siddiqui, and Intizar Hussain and similarly some other high up novel writers. The readers of this novel will too be serious but some of them will range in the categories from school going children to housewives to youngsters and aged people. Main aim of Mr. Syed was to narrate the story in a way that unlocks the thinking of people without them getting confused with the way of writing. He has not let his writing get confused anywhere and also the references of the letters and sermons are also quite simple.

This simplicity becomes even more evident when he is narrating about someone's conversation. When the religious scholar of Christians Jasliq is talking to Yazid, Roman ambassador speech, in the court when the maid narrates the dream, when Hazrat Sakina herself narrates her dream there are a lot of occasions when the reader is blown away in a way that truth comes in front of them eventually. His spontaneous sentences filled with truthfulness break all the lies and bring forward the true facts in simple way.

The people who have read the history of Karbala will be familiar with this occurrence but the way he narrates it makes it even more impressive. See this sentence:

*"At that instance Yazid pointed towards his Court's Orator. Orator heart started drumming. He had spent his whole life lying but he didn't know why today only thinking about lying was making his heart sink."*

Another important aspect of this novel is the interactive scenes in which the surroundings, the characters way of talking and dressing all appear in a single frame. The sensitive camera of the author takes in every minute detail into account.

*"The doorman moved back without turning. He moved the silken curtains of the entrance. At the other side of the curtain was a middle aged Christian priest. He was wearing a red cloak with golden embroidery along its borders; a square red hat was on his head. He was wearing a silver cross around his neck and a long staff coated with silver. His long uneven beard was spread out till his chest."*

This was not an easy task. For this he didn't only had to read the background of the battle of Karbala but he would have had to study different ages, the thinking of Arabs of that time, the bureaucratic maneuvers, political and social conditions, psyche of the society and also the institution of Imamate and Caliphate would have required comprehensive reading.

While reading the 26 chapters of this novel I have felt deeply that Mr. Muhammed Ali Syed's aim is to bring those historical facts in limelight which have been for so long covered in dust that they have almost vanished from sight. He has tried to remove the layer of dust from those facts. The ploys plotted by the administration of Yazid in Kufa, the influx of fake letters; plot to assassinate Imam (a.s.) during Tawaf of Ka'aba are the occasions where he has treated carefully. The seriousness is also evident when he narrates the crisis faced by the family members of Prophet (p.b.u.h). He doesn't deliver like any ordinary orator but with patience and reflecting deep sorrow does he relate those events such that one is unable to control the tears from welling out.

*"Those people who had never seen their shadows even were now watching them without any head covering. The dust that had blown on the roads had covered their faces like the dust of Tayamum. The granddaughters of the Prophet (p.b.u.h) only had the cover of dust and sand."*

Mr. Muhammed Ali Syed's aim is not to only narrate the melancholy aspects; as for him they are not that

important but still his narration pierces the heart. His main aim for which he has written this novel reaches culmination on the last page of this novel.

*"The Earth contracted itself for the killers of Hussain (a.s). The loud chants of Ya Hussain (a.s.) Ya Hussain (a.s.) were surpassing all geographical boundaries and reaching countries, nations, generations, societies, cultures, thoughts, houses and unveiling the Yazids of all times and ages."*

This is not the end of the novel but this the first dimension of Mr. Muhammed Ali Syed's thought from where he is taking the young generation with him for the journey of 21<sup>st</sup> century.

## Chapter 1

### Hijacking of Islam

*This plan got its first breakthrough when an army of Muslims left Madina to conquer Egypt and Syria. The leadership of this army was presented to Abu Sufyan's elder son, Yazid bin Abu Sufyan.*

The last Prophet of Allah, Hazrat Muhammed (p.b.u.h) who had been illuminating the darkness for 63 years at last, left this world on 28<sup>th</sup> Safar 11<sup>th</sup> Hijri. With His demise, the people who lived in darkness again started going about their ways which they were following before him just like the people who had returned to their ways when Hazrat Moosa (a.s) stayed for a bit longer on the mountain.

This time Samri had not made a gold calf but he had used opposition, worldliness, ignorance, jealousy and revenge in its place. This time he didn't have the dust from under Jibriel's horse's feet but dust from under the feet of Abu Turab.

With the passage of time, Islamic rules and regulations were being tampered with. Quranic teachings were altered according to people's needs, allegiances were broken, it was prohibited to recite Prophet's sayings, orders of Allah were left out, all the Islamic duties became void, truth was being silenced forcibly, truth was proclaimed to be false, testimonies were rejected, treaties were shredded, oaths were forgotten, wills changed, podium became bereft of the flags, Prophet's (p.b.u.h) friends were shunned from the city, enemies of Islam were made prosperous, the true followers were made to live a life of gypsy whereas non believers erected palaces in the city, Khums became fodder, taxes, the property of the rulers, witnesses were

murdered, inheritors were disavowed and the usurpers gained strength, ignorance ruled over knowledge, dumb started speaking, people started calling the tyrant as victim and the victim a tyrant, non-believers as believers and vice versa, faithful as rebels and rebels as faithful, the house of the Prophet (p.b.u.h) was surrounded, its door broken, truth became blood stained, the flower of the Prophet's (p.b.u.h) garden died even before coming in this world, the teachings of Islam became a tale of the past and the way of life from the dark ages again started being implemented.

Then, one day they chained Islam, the power hungry army, chanting "Allah u Akbar" left Madina to desecrate neighboring lands.

The technique to spread Islam by force was taught to the kings of Arab by the Sufyani think tank. There was no other way by which they could present this religion of peace and tranquility, forgiveness and acceptance, patience and forbearance and this sacred plan of betterment of humanity as a symbol of barbarism and terrorism. To attain their goal they had decided to use the name of Islam and its motto.

They were waiting eagerly to eliminate Islamic teachings to take power themselves but these teachings were not easy to destroy, as still the people standing up against evil were alive. There were still people who were ready to identify the truth. As majority of the Muslims loved their religion, the Sufyanis still had to wait! They had to wait for a generation to pass so that the memories fade out and strengths give way and when they demolish the pillars of Saqalain, no one would be there to stop them. As there was still time for them to gain power, they started laying down strategies for the future.

Their main target was how to hijack Islam and where to take it?

\*\*\*\*\*



History was repeating itself. After the demise of Hazrat Ibrahim (a.s.) and Hazrat Ismail (a.s.) and before the last Prophet (p.b.u.h), these idol worshippers had filled the house of Allah with statues made of wood, and stones so that they could con people in the name of religion. They, themselves too, knew the reality about these statues but the common people were easily conned for religion and it was easy to milk money out of their pockets and strengthen their rule over them. These 360 idols were necessary to get money from the people to establish and strengthen their hold on them.

The Sufyanis were implementing the same old formula but this time they had to face two barriers namely, the Quran and Ahlulbait (a.s.). Both of them collectively were called as Saqlain by the Prophet (p.b.u.h) in His last address and there were one lakh forty thousand (140,000) Muslims who had witnessed this event.

The Prophet (p.b.u.h) of Allah nearly seventy days ahead of His demise, on 18<sup>th</sup> of Zilhajj at Ghadeer had announced by Allah's orders, Ali ibn e Abi Talib (a.s.) as his successor and Caliph, Imam, and ruler of all Muslims. He had also told the Muslims time and again about the 11 Imams that were going to succeed Hazrat Ali (a.s.). At Ghadeer, after praising Allah He said, "Now I just want to see how you will treat Saqlain after my death?"

The crowd of all the 140,000 Sahaba asked unanimously, "O Prophet of Allah! What do you mean by Saqlain?"

The Prophet (p.b.u.h) answered, "The first is the Book of Allah (i.e. the Quran) whose one end is with Allah and the other in your, keep on holding it so that you are saved from destruction."

"And the second is my family (i.e. Ahlulbait (a.s.)) and Allah has told me that both will not separate from each

other till they reach me at "Kausar". They will remain together till eternity."

"And remember do not try to move ahead or stay behind them because if you will try this you will face destruction."

Saying this, the Prophet (p.b.u.h) had raised Hazrat Ali's (A.S.) hand as high as he could and spoke to the 140,000 people his Sahaba, "Allah is My Maula (Master). I am Maula (Master) of the believers and have more power on them than they have on themselves. Hence listen, Ali (a.s.) is Maula (Master) of all those whose Maula (Master) I am."

The Prophet of Allah (p.b.u.h) repeated this sentence loudly three times and then said, "O Allah! Whoever loves Ali (a.s.) You too keep him as your friend and whoever makes Ali (a.s.) his enemy you too become his enemy. Help those who help Ali (a.s.) and whoever leaves Ali, You too leave him alone. O Allah! whichever side Ali (a.s.) is, You turn the right, (Haq) to that side."

After that the Prophet (p.b.u.h) ordered in a loud voice, "Whoever is present here today and listening to me, he should relay this information to those who are not here."

But the later governments prohibited the people from reciting the 'Ahadith' of the Prophet (p.b.u.h). The reason given for this was that the Quranic verses and the Ahadith would get mixed up. If any Sahabi was found reciting Prophet's (p.b.u.h) Hadith he was publicly humiliated and punished in such a way that he refrained from doing so in the future. In such conditions either the people who had witnessed the event of Ghadeer forgot about it or their patience gave way.

The dream Sufyanis and the power hungry Arabs were dreaming, by taking strength from Islam and forming their own government, got a breakthrough in 13<sup>th</sup> Hijri. An army left Madina marching towards a Christian settlement i.e. Syria, comprising 7,000 men, leadership

of which was awarded to Abu Sufyan's son Yazid. Khalid bin Walid joined his forces of 9,000 men from Kufa with this army. Abu Sufyan's second son, Muawiya was also in the army of Madina as a substitute head. Before leaving, they had decided about the fact that who will rule which region.

When in 14<sup>th</sup> Hijri, the Muslims conquered Syria, Yazid bin Abu Sufyan was declared ruler of Syria in accordance to their pre-planned strategy. When he died of Plague in 18<sup>th</sup> Hijri, the central government made Muawiya bin Abu Sufyan the governor of Syria.

The plan of Sufyanis was now taking shape in reality. It was difficult to implement their plan in Hejaz due to many factors, as it was not easy to deface Islam in that region but in a far off place like Syria it was no more difficult.

\*\*\*\*\*

The land of Syria had always been the murderous land on which many Prophets of Allah were murdered. Satanic schemes had previously too been quite fruitfully plotted on this land. The new rulers introduced themselves as the close relatives of the Prophet (p.b.u.h). Although this was true but the Quran had already warned about the wives of Hazrat Loot (a.s.) and Hazrat Nooh (a.s.) and also about Hazrat Nooh's (a.s.) son and the fate these relatives of Prophets had to face. Despite these warnings, people started to get influenced by their relations. Residents of this area had always been barbaric, cruel and stubborn in following the true path. The defamed teachings of Islam that the new rulers were teaching them were quite in accordance with their nature. All these factors brought about the dreams of the Sufyanis closer to reality.

The governor of the central government and the new governor of Syria, Muawiya bin Abu Sufyan, quickly managed his new government. They gathered all the illiterate, barbaric and ignorant Arabs and formed a disciplined army. Military intelligence, new police departments were formed and were given more powers. Secret agencies also started working.

Special units were formed to kill their opponents in secret, defaming and defacing them and character building of those who could be helpful to them. Media managers were appointed to publicize their victories as Islam's victory and to emotionally blackmail the ignorant Muslims. Poets, writers, authors, intellectuals and quick-witted religious leaders were gathered to stand against the Ahlulbait (a.s.). They started to take help of people who would help them in joining hands with different tribes against the Ahlulbait (a.s.). Character building of the people took place; those were to take their place in the court as royal religious leaders. No one was allowed to talk about the Ahlulbait (a.s.).

The secret services had started to destroy the opponents. The secret agencies formed camps in the bordering areas to train thugs, thieves, ignorants and men of bad repute in military arts. Government agencies and secret services then branded these terrorists as the soldiers of Islam with the help of quick-witted royal orators. This army proved really useful in creating problems in Kufa against Hazrat Ali (a.s.) and then in snatching Caliphate from Imam Hassan (a.s.).

The 18<sup>th</sup> Zilhajj of 35<sup>th</sup> Hijri brought the murder of Hazrat Usman, the caliph who was murdered by the rebels who had surrounded his palace for many weeks. They used to roam the streets with nonchalance despite the fact that the reins of Madina were still in the hands of Banu Umayyads. The whole tribe of Banu Umayyads was residing in Madina and so were the great Sahaba but due to the strategies of Sufyanis, no one stopped them from anything.

The secret agents of Syria were working in a large number at that time in Madina. All the latest news were relayed to Syria through fast moving camels and the bureaucracy and secret services of Syria were constantly discussing these facts among them. The ruler of Syria was constantly being briefed about the current situations but still there was no option under consideration to intervene or stop the murder of the caliph.

But as soon as the last news reached the governor of Syria, he announced that the whole country would mourn the caliph's death. The secret agencies in Madina were given new instructions and Hazrat Usman's bloodstained shirt and the Quran and his wife's fingers were sent to Syria through the secret services agencies in a few days. Exhibition camps were formed in lanes and the whole Syria echoed with the chants of "revenge, revenge".

The time the Sufyanis were waiting for to take the central government under their own hands had arrived. According to their plan, they started blaming the next Caliph Hazrat Ali (a.s.) for the murder of Hazrat Usman. They started exhibiting Hazrat Usman's bloodstained shirt and the Quran and his wife's fingers in different areas of Syria and also the ruler of Syria stopped obeying the orders from the central government.

This sordid affair of Hazrat Usman's murder and blaming Hazrat Ali (a.s.) for it shattered the Muslim brotherhood and weakened the nation. Although, in Madina, Marwan bin Hakam who was a spy of the Sufyani camp and the future king of Islamic world, said that in Madina there was no one who supports Usman more than Ali Ibn-e-Abi Talib (a.s.) but when he was asked if that was so then why do you (meaning Banu Umayyads) make it compulsory to curse Hazrat Ali (a.s.) during the namaz. He would answer with a smile and say, "Without this, our government cannot be formed."

(Sawaiq e Mahraqa page 33)

To publicize Hazrat Usman's death and to emotionally blackmail the public through the murder, the whole machinery of the Sufyanis came into action. Media managers started working quickly; the royal orators started talking about this before every namaz and emotionally-charged speeches were delivered in Friday prayers.

When all the Muslims became against Hazrat Ali (a.s.), the process of cursing Hazrat Ali (a.s.) in mosques started. He was the same Ali (a.s.) about whom the Prophet (p.b.u.h) had said in His last sermon that Ali (a.s.) is the Maula (Master) of all those who consider me as his Maula (Master). In a few days it also came to that Hazrat Ali (a.s.), the Caliph, was started being branded

as "Kafir" and it became part of the duties of the orators to curse Hazrat Ali (a.s.) after every namaz.

This propaganda went ahead so much that in the 40th Hijri when Hazrat Ali was murdered in a mosque and this news reached Syria, the people there were really surprised at the fact that what was Hazrat Ali doing in the mosque as they thought that Hazrat Ali (a.s.) had no relation with Islam.

After Imam Ali's (a.s.) death, Sufyani's agents entered the army of Imam Hassan (a.s.) and made him helpless, too. Commanders and soldiers sold out and friends too left him. The Sufyani's secret agencies tried to poison Imam Hassan (a.s.) seven times and at last they succeeded. The governor of Syria had ordered that poison to be brought from Rome and sent it to Madina through Marwan to Imam Hassan's wife Ja'ada bint e Ash'as along with a lot of money. Ja'ada bint e Ash'as poisoned Imam Hassan (a.s.) for a promise to be married to Yazid, son of the governor of Syria.

After that, the whole Muslim empire came under the rule of the Sufyanis. This plot had been implemented very quickly. In spite of all this, all the Islamic prayers were offered with great reverence. New mosques and madressas were opened and the governor of Syria frequented Makkah for Hajj and also the Prophet's (p.b.u.h) Mausoleum. Other countries were also attacked in the name of Islamic Jihad and brought under their fold. Copies of the Quran were printed.

And the Muslims remained unaware of the actual aims of the government. The people were considering robbers to be their guides and murderers to be their saviors. The enemies of Islam were running Islamic government. In this way, Islam was hijacked and taken to the torture cells of Damascus, capital city of Syria and the base camp of the Sufyanis that was established in Damascus, soon engulfed the whole country.

The Prophet's (p.b.u.h) younger grandson Hussain (a.s.) had been witnessing all these conditions since his childhood. When the ruler of Syria after appointing his drunkard and evil son as the caliph died on 22<sup>nd</sup> Rajab 60<sup>th</sup> Hijri, Imam Hussain (a.s.) had already taken the charge as Imam 10 years earlier and his age was 56 years.

After the martyrdom of Imam Hassan (a.s.), Imam Hussain (a.s.) had spent these 10 years with great patience. Imam Hussain (a.s.) knew about all the schemes plotted in this time and he had been analyzing these schemes at great depth. But He was waiting for the right time when probably the Muslims would realize themselves and the public would see the faces hidden behind the mask of Islam.

When in 60<sup>th</sup> Hijri Yazid became the king, he could not follow the precautions like his ancestors. The kind of talks his ancestors used to hold in only among their trusted companions, Yazid started saying those in public. Yazid announced the aims his ancestors had been hiding till now in front of the entire court. Also, he ordered the governor of Madina to ask for allegiance (Bayaat) from Hussain ibn e Ali (a.s.) and if he refuses behead Him instantly.

This was the time Hussain ibn e Ali (a.s.) was waiting for since the past 10 years with great patience.



## **Chapter 2**

### **Masked Men**

*The enemies of Islam were busy in secret missions the Quran and Hadis were being taken for granted. The emissary of Allah decided to remove the mask of Islam from enemy's faces.*

The weather had become very hot. Gusts of hot winds blew throughout the desert. The animals and humans of that area gasped with thirst and bore the heat the whole daylong. People heaved a sigh of relief when the scorching sun set. As the night passed, the weather turned cool and, eventually, at the twilight the weather turned to its coolest. Keeping the hot weather, deserts and sand dunes in view, the people coming there were all praising Prophet Abraham's (a.s.) patience, his belief in Allah and his true faith.

Centuries ago, this area was a barren land. There was neither any tree nor any water present except for mountains and deserts filled with sand dunes. No trace of life existed there except for a few animals living in the caves and poisonous snakes that had made the sand dunes their home. People really considered Hazrat Abraham to be an epitome of patience to have left his wife Hajra and newly born son Ismail in this deserted place just to fulfill Allah's will.

Allah repaid him with the gift of a stream of water that was generated in the desert by the rubbing of the young child's heels on the hot sand. The child's mother who was running to and fro in search of water was amazed to see this miracle of Allah and instantly prostrated. In honor of this dear servant of God, it is made compulsory,

till the end of the world, for all pilgrims visiting Allah's first and greatest home to run on her footsteps, the way she ran in search of water for her newly born amid the hot sand dunes.

Centuries passed and due to immense wrong doings, frauds and thankless attitude of the humans, the light of true religion stopped reaching the human race except for a few true ones who still had the true light of faith in them. Then again from the mountain of Faran, Allah sent the last messenger to light the paths of the deserts.

This was the time when the fate of this city of Makkah started changing. Khana e Ka'aba became purified by the removal of the idols. It was during that time that the Holy Prophet (p.b.u.h) and the Ahlulbait (a.s.) changed this desert into an oasis by planting trees and digging wells along different routes of the city.

The wells that Hazrat Ali (a.s.) dug with his own hands were still present in the year 60 Hijri, providing water to the pilgrims and the trees planted by him provided them shelter from the scorching heat.

Prophet Muhammed (p.b.u.h) had passed away 49 years ago and during that time a lot had changed. A few months after the Prophet's (p.b.u.h) death, his respected daughter Fatima (s.a.), too, passed away and after 29 years Hazrat Ali (a.s.), who despite facing a lot of opposition had kept on safeguarding Islam from its enemies, too, was martyred in 40 Hijri at Masjid e Kufa by the rebels.

The enemies' plots kept on thickening and as a result, one after the other, the pillars of Islam were demolished. In the year 50 Hijri, the Prophet's eldest grandson Imam Hassan (a.s.) was also poisoned to death.

Their main aim was not to kill people but to put an end to Islam, so that whoever got up to safeguard the policies set by Islam, they silenced him in such a way that not even the killer knew who he was working for.

These killers were either brainwash into thinking that whatever they were doing was for Islam's benefit or were offered riches and worldly pleasures or sometimes were even evoked to avenge the deaths of their forefathers. All they wanted to do was to take over the Islamic government and to destroy it completely.

The decline of Islamic morals that had started with the martyrdom of Hazrat Ali (a.s.) reached its peak in 60 Hijri when the innocent civilians were deprived of their livelihood. The rich were getting richer. The concept of equality perished. The rulers started transferring the people's wealth to their relatives whereas the poor were being stamped over by them. Even the Quran and the essence of Namaz were forgotten.

During those days although the people thronged the mosques but their prayer leaders used to be the corrupt governors who openly manhandled Islam and its regulations. Religious education was being tarnished. The principles that the Holy Prophet (p.b.u.h) had set up were being made fun of by governments of Syria and Egypt. In all, darkness of evil was spreading quickly over the Islamic world.

Many of the Muslims who were aware of the fact but were afraid to raise their voices took refuge in the mosques and busied themselves in their long prayers trying to satisfy themselves that they were doing their duties rightly.

\*\*\*\*\*

To save Islam and its teachings, the younger grandson of the Prophet (p.b.u.h), Imam Hussain (a.s.) left Madina, his hometown, on 28<sup>th</sup> Rajab along with his family members who included women and children, brothers and trusted friends, reaching Makkah on 3<sup>rd</sup> Sh'aban. When people came to know about the arrival of Prophet's (p.b.u.h) grandson, they welcomed him with open arms. When the governor of Makkah Saeed bin Aas witnessed these scenes, he fled the city fearing

uprising. On reaching Madina, he wrote to Yazid about the latest developments. On hearing this news, Yazid planned his future government strategies accordingly.

These people were extremely clever, brutal and cunning in their ploys. They thought of demonic plans to destroy Islam and Muslims and derived ways to put division in the Muslim ranks. Keeping in mind the reports provided by the governor of Makkah, they devised two plans, if the first plan succeeded, they didn't need to carry out the second one. The first plan was that since Imam Hussain (a.s.) had reached Makkah in the Hajj season, he should perform Hajj and when he would do that, they had decided to send an army of 300 plus brutal assassins who would go to Makkah and attack and kill Imam Hussain (a.s.) during Tawaf-e-Ka'aba and disappear in the crowd.

Although this plan could have been accomplished by hiring a single person but the army was sent to control the situation of Makkah. If this plan succeeded, they would be able to attain a lot of their goals simultaneously.

If Imam (a.s.) were to be assassinated during Hajj, no one would be able to get hold of the killer in such a rush, the people from around the world present there to perform Hajj would be devastated to find the Prophet's (p.b.u.h) grandson martyred and would eventually blame each other for this heinous crime, which would result in division of Muslims and enable the enemies of Islam to desecrate the sanctity of the holy land of Makkah and Khana e Ka'aba.

When the situation would get even tenser, Yazid would have been able to send his army there in order to maintain peace and then would be able to kill the Muslims, mourn Imam's (a.s.) death and kill some people for his death whom he will claim were not swearing allegiance to him, which would include the

names of Abdullah bin Omar and Abdullah bin Zubair. Hence, putting an end to all the contenders of Khilafat.

The second plan that they had thought of in case the first didn't succeed, was that if Imam (a.s.) escaped unhurt from the attack, all the Muslims' sympathies would be transferred to him and in that case the enemies would not have been able to touch him. So, they thought of another plan that was to send a lot of letters unhindered by the government from Kufa to Imam (a.s.).

\*\*\*\*\*

Kufa was now Yazid's army base. Gone were the days when this city had scores of followers of Hazrat Ali (a.s.), none of whom was left now. In Kufa, now resided the soldiers of Yazid's army who followed orders of their high ups, no matter what may come.

With the passage of time, some of the followers of Ahlulbait had also made Kufa their home. They didn't pose Yazid any threat, as he knew he could get rid of them whenever he wished. These people were living with great fear, their hopes pinned on only one person, Imam Hussain (a.s.). Mukhtar Saqafi, Hani ibn Urwa, Habib ibn Mazahir, Kaseer ibn Shahab, Muslim bin Ausaja, Maisam e Tammar, Aabis Shakiri and a woman named Tau'a were some of them.

According to this secret plan, Yazid's bureaucracy and secret agencies decided to create pretence of freedom. The soldiers of Yazid's army started propagating their false allegiance to Imam (a.s.), writing letters to him in Makkah openly and claiming that the "Khilafat" belonged to Imam (a.s.) and it would be really good if Imam (a.s.) would come to Kufa to take over Yazid.

This was Yazid's dirty scheme through which he made the soldiers send fake letters to Imam (a.s.) swearing allegiance to him and asking him to come to Kufa to rescue them. Even some of Ahlulbait's followers were conned by this strategy and they too wrote to Imam

(a.s.) to come to help them and free them from Yazid's clutches.



### Chapter 3

#### **Hussain's Ambassador**

*He has gotten the opportunity to kill the governor of Kufa by deceit but... The ambassador of truth could not act like the ambassador of evil.*

Although the ruler of Syria, Yazid ibn Muawiya, himself was a brainless person, he had with him intelligent courtiers and aristocrats, stern provincial governors and quick-witted religious leaders who belonged to his fathers time and the plot to kill the grandson of Prophet was conceived with the connivance of these conniving people.

Twenty years earlier, Kufa had become famous stronghold of Ali's (a.s.) shias, but Twenty years of army rule had changed it completely along with the nature of the residents. Deceit, evil, revenge, brutality and mistrust had taken the place of honesty, perseverance, kindness, patience and trustworthiness. The conditions were such that for accomplishing something even small, the people were ready to commit the biggest sins ever.

Imam Hussain (a.s.) who was residing in Makkah since 3<sup>rd</sup> Sh'aaban, was getting hordes of fake letters as planned by the secret service of Yazid. Out of these scores of letters, some were also from people who, on observing the change in situation, were actually dreaming of reform. These people wanted to see Islam prosper. They had invited Imam (a.s.) to Kufa with deepest regards and therefore, did not leave him till the end of their lives. In the events that would follow, they sided with Hazrat Muslim bin Aqeel, the ambassador of Imam Hussain (a.s.) and were martyred alongside him.

Some of them who were neither martyred nor arrested, left Kufa to join Imam's (a.s.) convoy to fulfill their promise.

When many letters including some from highly respected people reached Imam Hussain (a.s.) from Kufa, Imam (a.s.) sent his cousin Hazrat Muslim bin Aqeel on 15<sup>th</sup> of Ramadan 60 Hijri, from Makkah to Kufa to review the situation.

Hazrat Muslim bin Aqeel had spent his entire life with the likes of Imam Hassan (a.s.) and Hussain (a.s.), Hazrat Abbas (a.s.) and Muhammed bin Hanfia; the bravest and the most pious people and he had also shown his bravery in the battle of Siffin.

Not only was He brave but also reliable and ready to lay down his life for the sake of Islam. He was a pious man, a brave soldier with deep insight, quick witted, scholar of the Quran and Hadith understanding the political situation of that time and also aware of the way Hazrat Ali (a.s.) used to govern.

It was due to these specialties that Imam (a.s.) had sent him to Kufa as an ambassador. Allama Majlisi writes: "Imam Hussain (a.s.) sent his cousin to Kufa. Muslim bin Aqeel was prominent for his knowledge, brains, piety, truthfulness, bravery, and charity."

Imam Hussain (a.s.) also gave Hazrat Muslim a letter addressed to the residents of Kufa, which read as follows: "This letter is addressed to the Momineen and Muslims of Kufa from Hussain ibn e Ali (a.s.). Praise be to Allah and salutations and blessings on the Prophet (p.b.u.h) of Allah. You have written that since you don't have any one to lead you, you want me to come to Kufa. So, I am sending to you my brother, my paternal uncle's son, Muslim bin Aqeel, who is very much respected in our Family. If he informed me about your unity, I too can come to Kufa."

\*\*\*\*\*

The way of fighting battle of Imam Hussain (a.s.) was different from all the rest. The enemy was gathering more and more people to join his army. Whereas Imam (a.s.) was continuously dispersing his people. In those days, that army was considered to win the battle who had four bravest of men in Arab who were, Hussain ibn e Ali (a.s.), Abul Fazl Abbas (a.s.), Muhammed bin Hanafia and Muslim bin Aqeel (a.s.). Imam Hussain (a.s.) left Muhammed bin Hanafia in Madina, sent Muslim bin Aqeel to Kufa as his ambassador, did not permit Hazrat Abbas (a.s.) to fight and himself too fought only to the extent that people would not think that Hussain (a.s.) was killed due to his weakness. After the death of all his family members and friends, the last attack, which Imam hit the Yazid's army with, was so intense that it dispersed the enemy's army in the desert and not only that but some of the army battalions started running towards Kufa to prevent from coming under the influx of Imam's (a.s.) attack.

Hazrat Muslim bin Aqeel left Makkah on 15<sup>th</sup> of Ramadan as the ambassador of Imam Hussain (a.s.). He had only covered a small distance when he saw a hunter butchering a deer. Immediately he felt something wrong and turned back to Makkah. On reaching there, he told Imam (a.s.) about it and said that this act showed that his journey was not going to fare well.

Although, he was a religious minded person but not an Imam and still believed in omens as the Arab did. Imam (a.s.) comforted him by saying that, "If you have returned due to some fear, it is all right. Stay with me. I will send someone else."

Hazrat Muslim bin Aqeel replied painfully, "Master! My parents be sacrificed for you. Whatever I saw and thought I related it to you. You are Imam. If you order I will jump in the river or even walk through flames. All that I feared was, that this might be the last time I would see

you alive." Saying this he sat at Imam's (a.s.) feet. Imam (a.s.) raised him by his shoulders. Kissed his forehead and he again left for Kufa.

After this meeting with Imam (a.s.), through the whole journey, Hazrat Muslim could not stop his tears as his heart whispered to him that maybe he will not be able to see his Imam after this.

Ramadan was ending and Hazrat Muslim saw the crescent signifying Eid during the journey and on 5<sup>th</sup> of Shawwal, he reached Kufa by midnight. He stayed at either Mukhtar e Saqafi or Sulaiman bin Sard's home. By morning every one came to know about the arrival of the ambassador of Imam Hussain (a.s.). People started pouring in to swear allegiance. The people who really loved Imam Hussain (a.s.) got so emotional that their tears didn't stop welling from their eyes. Among these people some were true followers whereas some were fake.

In a few days, the number of people swearing allegiance reached 18,000 and Hazrat Muslim bin Aqeel wrote a letter to Imam Hussain informing him about his satisfaction at the reliability of residents of Kufa and invited him to come to Kufa. At that time, it seemed like the entire Kufa would take Imam's (a.s.) side.

Hazrat Muslim (a.s.) sent Aabis e Shakiri, a faithful follower of Imam, to deliver the letter. As soon as he left, the governor lifted from Kufa the fake aura of freedom, as it was not needed any more. The administration of Kufa wanted Hazrat Muslim to write a letter to invite Imam Hussain (a.s.) to Kufa which was quite far from Hijaz so that he could leave Makkah and the rush of people present there to perform Hajj enabling the enemy to besiege and assassinate him somewhere in the desert.

That was why soon after the departure of Aabis e Shakiri Kufa was sealed. Malicious guards were posted on the

entrance gates of the city; check posts were erected at different places and in the next few days, in place of Nauman Bin Bashir the charge of Kufa was transferred to the strict governor Ubaidullah ibn e Ziyad.

\*\*\*\*\*

When in Makkah Imam Hussain (a.s.) received this letter, He wrote another letter to the residents of Basra:

“Remember that The Prophet’s Sunnah has been desecrated, if you responded to my call you will succeed.”

This letter was delivered to the residents of Basra by Imam’s (a.s.) servant, War’a. He narrated the letter to the high ups of different tribes. Most of them were faithful to Ahlulbait but one of them; Manzar bin Jarood, later on, proved to be a spy. His daughter was the wife of Ubaidullah ibn e Ziyad who was the governor of Basra. Manzar bin Jarood did not go against the messenger of Imam (a.s.) on the face the but hoodwinked him into going to ibn e Ziyad. When ibn e Ziyad came to know about the contents of the letter, he immediately hanged the messenger. He was the first martyr of Karbala.

When Hazrat Muslim bin Aqeel had reached Kufa, it was governed by Nauman bin Bashir. When Hazrat Muslim started his political activities over there the governor did not take any strict action against him. The majority of residents of Kufa were Ahlulbait’s enemies and faithful to Yazid. In them were also those heads of tribes of Kufa who had received a lot of freedom for their allegiance to Yazid. When they saw that Hazrat Muslim was being left leniently, they got afraid that the leniency awarded by Yazid might not be taken away from them so they wrote all of it to Yazid who was in Damascus at that time, warning him that if the situation continued to persist and he did not hand over the reins of Kufa to a stricter man, the faithfuls of Imam Hussain (a.s.) would probably take over Kufa.

The people of Kufa did not know that the freedom Nauman bin Bashir had given was in accordance with Yazid’s plan. Yazid was waiting for such a time when he could appoint Ubaidullah ibn e Ziyad as the governor of Kufa and by doing so he was also claiming to do a favor to those tribal heads.

As soon as Yazid got this letter, he appointed ibn e Ziyad, who was already the governor of Basra, the governor to Kufa as well and ordered him to take over immediately from Nauman bin Bashir. He ordered him: As soon as you read this letter, you should instantly leave for Kufa, do not be sluggish, I don’t want you to leave any one from the family of Ali (a.s.) alive and behead and send Muslim bin Aqeel’s head to me.”

When this letter reached Basra, the messenger of Imam (a.s.) was already hanged. Ibn e Ziyad was really happy to read the contents of the letter as he had obtained new ways of spreading terrorism. On the same day, he assigned his brother Usman bin Ziyad as the interim governor of Basra and with armed men left for Kufa. The people accompanying him were Muslim bin Omar Bahili, Manzar bin Jarood and Shareek bin A’awar.

During the Friday prayers, news spread through Kufa that a caravan had camped outside the city. People were overjoyed as they thought that Imam Hussain had reached Kufa. When this news spread in the neighborhoods and marketplaces, men, women, aged and young who actually were faithful to Ahlulbait, started rushing towards the city gate.

It was evening and the darkness of night was about to fall. Ibn e Ziyad, wearing a black turban with white dress, covering his face and armed completely, riding a tall horse accompanied by his armed companions was moving towards the city.

Although the moon had appeared but still it was unable to illuminate the dark night. The innocent residents of

Kufa mistook him for the grandson of Prophet (p.b.u.h). He was welcomed with the chants of "Welcome, welcome O! Grandson of the Holy Prophet", and brought him to the governor house surrounding him. Even, Nauman bin Bashr did not recognize him and closed the gates of the governor house. On seeing the closed gates of the governor house, he suddenly removed his face cover and ordered Nauman bin Bashir to open the gates.

As soon as ibn e Ziyad removed his mask, the people recognized him. One man screamed in desperation," By God! He is not Hussain ibn e Ali (a.s.). He is ibn e Ziyad, the son of Marjana." When the people heard this they got scared and started dispersing. The doors to the governor house had opened and he had also come to know of the emotions of the people.

The next day after prayers, ibn e Ziyad stood up to give a speech. The first thing he asked the audience was, "Do you know who I am?" Many people don't know that the person who had entered Kufa last night was none other than the governor himself. All that they had heard was that Hussain (a.s.) has reached Kufa so they said unanimously, "You are Hussain ibn e Ali (a.s.)."

When he got this answer he got really angry and growled, "I am not Hussain (a.s.). I am Ubaidullah ibn e Ziyad; the sword of Ameer ul Momineen Yazid ibn e Muawiya."

After that, he made a stern speech and ordered his men to write the names of people siding with Muslim bin Aqeel (a.s.). He said "such people would be hanged on their doorsteps and their houses and them commodities would be looted and their families would be put in jails."

\*\*\*\*\*

News of the changing situations had started reaching Hazrat Muslim bin Aqeel (a.s.). Mukhtar Saqafi's in whose house Hazrat Muslim was residing, was already in the bad books of the government and so there was a

suspicion of a raid being carried out so Hazrat Muslim (a.s.) ordered his trusted followers to hide and himself dressed in ordinary clothes and took refuge in the house of Hani bin Urwa, a rich man of Kufa and Prophet Mohammed's (p.b.u.h) Sahabi.

Ibn e Ziyad was madly looking for him and soon found about his whereabouts. As Hani bin Urwa was the head of the tribe of Madhaj, so the army could not directly conduct a raid on his house, therefore, on getting the news, ibn e Ziyad himself reached Hani's home to ask about his health.

Hazrat Muslim's trusted followers told him that when ibn e Ziyad come and sits with Hani, he should go from behind and finish him off and in this way a big road-block would be removed but the follower of the Truth couldn't follow the path of evil. Hazrat Muslim (a.s.) did not attack ibn e Ziyad and he went away after looking about a bit.

Ibn e Ziyad's suspicions were now confirmed, so he called Hani bin Urwa to his court and told him to hand over Hazrat Muslim (a.s.) to him. Hani refused, after which Hani he martyred by 500 lashes.

Despite strict measures this news got out and when the people of the tribe of Madhaj came to know about it, thousands of their armed people surrounded the governor house. At that time, the judge Qazi Shureh came out and said on oath that the news of martyrdom of Hani was not true and that ibn e Ziyad had stopped him for some advice. Many people were deceived by the judge's white beard, age and the many oaths he took on Allah and Prophet (p.b.u.h) but many people screamed and said that this man has sold himself. The government of Kufa had succeeded in making the truth seem suspicious and hence people dispersed while still undecided about the news.

As soon as the crowd dispersed, the government started to nab people, some were thrown in dungeons, some

went underground and some fought and were killed. The 18,000 allegiances had now shrunk to 100 or more, the rest had taken refuge in their houses in fear. The people who were really with Hazrat Muslim (a.s.), due to strict road blockades, army patrol and strict checking, too were scattered. There were many blockades between different neighborhoods of Kufa and no one could reach Hazrat Muslim (a.s.) alive.

The same day after Isha'a prayer, ibn e Ziyad announced that all the neighborhoods would be surrounded and then each house would be checked, from whichever house they found Hazrat Muslim (a.s.), the head of that house would be killed and whoever succeeds in finding Muslim (a.s.) is free to kill his host.

When Hazrat Muslim (a.s.) came to know about this, he left Hani's house and started moving towards an unknown destination. In the darkness of night, he reached the house of an old lady "Tau'a", who was a believer of Ahlulbait. When she came to know that he was the ambassador of Imam Hussain (a.s.), she gave him refuge in her cellar.

Out in the city, everywhere armed soldiers were patrolling and killing anyone on slightest suspicion. Son of Tau'a, who served in the court of ibn e Ziyad came to know about the fact that Hazrat Muslim (a.s.) was hiding in his own cellar.

Till morning, soldiers surrounded the whole area and as Hazrat Muslim (a.s.) realized that the men were about to barge in, he took his sword out and left the house.

Not for a moment was Muslim (a.s.) afraid of death. Remaining in the hiding till now was because he was waiting for a specific time. He did not want to waste His life and was waiting for the people of Kufa to reunite and rise against the oppressor. Maybe, they could gather some strength and induce a new life into people to fight against the government and for that reason he had been

in hiding for such a long time but when ibn e Ziyad army surrounded his shelter he didn't have any other option but to fight directly.

After coming out, he looked around. From all the nearby lanes, soldiers of ibn e Ziyad were streaming out. The commander of the battalion ordered Hazrat Muslim to surrender his weapons. By waving his sword in the air, he motioned the commander to fight and with that the streets of Kufa started to ring with swords clinking. Hazrat Muslim was fighting like a ferocious lion. In his first attack, several soldiers were killed and the rest started to move back in the lanes.

When the commander of the battalion, Muhammed bin Ash'as saw this he asked for more soldiers from the governor house. Ibn e Ziyad sent 500 soldiers to help him. When Hazrat Muslim (a.s.) attacked again the army started to scatter. On seeing this, he again asked for ibn e Ziyad's help on which ibn e Ziyad got angry and sent a reply that may your mother die in your sorrow (i.e. may you die), how many soldiers will you need to kill a single person. Muhammed bin Ash'as answered that 'O Ameer! what do you think that you have sent us to fight with any ordinary man? Muslim bin Aqeel is the member of the tribe of Bani Hashim and at this time, he is for as a fearsome lion and God's sword.

On getting this message, ibn e Ziyad sent another 500 men for helping Muhammed bin Ash'as. Despite the help, he was not satisfied and he tried to con Hazrat Muslim (a.s.) by saying that, "Muslim bin Aqeel stop fighting. Ameer e Kufa has forgiven you."

Hazrat Muslim bin Aqeel (a.s.) refused his offer and attacked them again. At last, ibn e Ziyad's soldiers climbed the rooftops and started to pelt Hazrat Muslim with stones, arrows and fire.

Hazrat Muslim bin Aqeel (a.s.) was surrounded by the arrows coming from the rooftops. His body had started to

bleed by the wounds of the flying stones. But still the strength of his attack had not lessened. The soldiers present in the lanes dug a hole and started to retreat and as Hazrat Muslim started to move forward he fell in that hole. Soldiers surrounded him and arrested him and his hands were tied behind his neck and then he was taken to ibn e Ziyad's court.

When he was taken to the court, he was fully covered in blood but still he walked with head held high. A soldier pushed him from behind and said, "Salute the Ameer". Hazrat Muslim (a.s.) looked at the pharaoh type person ibn e Ziyad and in a stormy voice said, "Which Ameer? My Ameer and my leader is Hussain ibn e Ali (a.s.), the grandson of Prophet Muhammed (p.b.u.h), whoever is afraid of dying will salute ibn e Ziyad.

On hearing the name of Hussain ibn e Ali (a.s.), Ibn e Ziyad's face blackened with hatred and he ordered Bakr bin Hamran to take Hazrat Muslim to the governor house's rooftop and throw him down from there.

Drenched in his own blood, Hazrat Muslim bin Aqeel reached his killing ground. He was taken to the edge of the roof. At that time, too, he was standing fearless but his eyes held tears in the memory of his Imam, brother and leader. He took an overview of the city and closed his eyes and imagined his Imam traveling on the roads to Kufa and said out aloud, "As Salaam u Alaik a Ya Aba Abdullah".

On listening to the name of Hussain ibn e Ali (a.s.) the killer could not suppress his hatred and anger and pushed him with great power. Hazrat Muslim's hands were tied and he fell down to the ground. Although his bones were broken but still he was alive. On the ground ibn e Ziyad's malicious men were standing in a circle. One of them came forward and removed Hazrat Muslim's (a.s.) head from his body. After that, people laughing with happiness dragged his body through the

lanes of the city. They were screaming like madmen and dragging his body through stones and bricks.

The city of Kufa had become the city of death for the followers of Ahlulbait (a.s.). The dungeons had become torture cells for them. The people who had worked against the government were killed and their houses were looted. After cutting their heads the bodies of Hazrat Muslim bin Aqeel (a.s.) and Hani bin Urwa were hanged in the cattle market on the order of ibn e Ziyad.

Next day was the day of Eid e Qurban. The crowd was growing around the blood dripping bodies of the faithfuls of Islam hung in the center of the market. The namesake Muslims along with their children were coming to the market to buy sacrificial animals and near them the headless bodies of the saviors of the religion of Ibrahim were hanging, blood dripping from them announcing the everlasting war against the tyranny of Namrod.

## Chapter 4

### **Broken Stars**

*Children were alone amid brutal enemies. The government spies were madly on the lookout for them. The one who gave them shelter had left them in the middle of the desert.*

Emergency had been declared in Kufa. The armed soldiers riding horses were continuously moving to and fro in the lanes and neighborhoods. The thugs and criminals of the city were having a great time. Everywhere camps had been set up to recruit new soldiers offering them a big amount of money in bribes. All the mobsters were enlisting themselves in large numbers.

Money has a lot of power and due to this, many educated people too had fallen for this recruiting scheme which according to the government was for fighting against the rebels. The common Muslims were leading a pathetic life. They were those who hated the government. They watched the Islamic principles being made fun of but did not do or say anything against it. People used to laugh at Quranic verses but they only felt sorry for this. Such people were in quite large numbers in the society but among them were also those very few brave and valiant Muslims who were working in their own way against the unIslamic ways of the government and its brutalities. Habib ibn e Mazahir, Sulaiman ibn e Sard, Muslim bin Ausaja, Mukhtar Saqafi, Hani bin Urwa and Muhammed bin Kaseer were among those few people.

When Hazrat Muslim bin Aqeel had entered Kufa, he had with him his two sons; Muhammed and Ibrahim. Hazrat Abbas's sister; Ruqayya was Hazrat Muslim's wife and Hazrat Muslims sister was Hazrat Abbas's wife. Meaning they were both each other's brother in law.

Ibrahim and Muhammed were about 7 or 8 years old. After the death of their father by the government of Kufa, they had been all alone. Being in a new city surrounded by enemy from everywhere, aura of fear, their father's brutal killing, all these events had made the children feel terrified. Luckily they had got shelter in a house and were safe till now.

When ibn e Ziyad came to know about the fact that two sons of Muslim bin Aqeel were also present in Kufa, he ordered his spies and soldiers to look for them at all costs. He also announced that whoever would behead the sons of Muslim bin Aqeel will be rewarded greatly. When this order was passed, the man providing them with shelter also got scared, as he knew that any one of his men could provide the government with this information for money.

He reached the underground room in his house where he had hidden Muhammed and Ibrahim. As no one used to come there, they became frightened on hearing the footsteps.

"Don't worry children there is no danger as yet." The man said.

"O Sheikh, do you have any news of our maternal uncle? Hasn't he reached Kufa as yet." Asked Ibrahim.

Both the children were under the misconception that their maternal uncle Imam Hussain (a.s.) would reach Kufa any moment.

"The roads are blocked, no news is reaching us from the outside, therefore, I don't know where Imam (a.s.) is at this moment," answered that man".

"Until when will we hide here?" Muhammed asked innocently.

"One convoy is leaving for Madina in the morning. I will send you there." said the man.

"A convoy leaving for Madina!!" Muhammed was ecstatic.

"Send us quickly to that convoy. In Kufa, we sense death everywhere", Ibrahim said impatiently.

"All right my son will lead you there in the last hours of night", answered that man tearfully.

\*\*\*\*\*

When in the wee hours of night, there was silence everywhere, Muhammed and Ibrahim left their shelter with a man. There was fear of death on every step. While passing through small lanes that man had brought them out of the city gate. At the front was a huge ground where convoys used to camp.

They came to know that the convoy for Madina had left a few moments ago. In the misty morning the sound of camels moving farther away was audible. Both the children got heartbroken. They had reached there with great hopes. They were sure that as soon as they would join the convoy they would be safe.

"The convoy has not gone far as yet if you would start running after it you might catch it", the man with them said. He didn't want to take the risk of taking them back to the city.

"Yes brother, we can at least try", Ibrahim told Muhammed. The children, too, had realized the man's problem.

"All right may Allah keep you safe. You go ahead we will follow the convoy", Muhammed told the man and both of

them started moving forward. The man quickly turned and ran towards the city.

It was time till sunrise. Misty darkness was spread everywhere. In this darkness both of them started tracking the convoy. They hadn't eaten properly for days. Also the situations they had faced didn't make them feel the hunger. They got tired quite easily and the convoy, too, had moved out of their reach.

The sun had risen and everywhere sunlight was spreading. Few horse-riding soldiers were also visible. Ibn e Ziyad's soldier's too, passed from there. When they saw the children they drew closer. "Who are you?", asked one of them strictly.

"We are sons of Muslim bin Aqeel (a.s.)", Ibrahim answered.

"Do you know you have a price on your head", the second soldier asked.

"Yes we do", Muhammed answered.

"If you knew you could have saved your life by lying", said one soldier.

"Lying is not the norm of our household. We should always speak the truth", Ibrahim answered.

"If you would have lied you could have saved yourself but being truthful has lessened your life." The soldier mumbled sardonically, tied both of them with ropes and put them on his horse.

The children were brought to ibn e Ziyad's court. He ordered them to be sent to the dungeon. The caretaker of the dungeon was a follower of Ahlulbait (a.s.) but he did not let any one know. When he came to know about the children he freed them in the darkness of the night. He led them to the path to nearby city Qadisiya and gave them his ring and said, "When you reach Qadisiya give



this ring to my brother and he will send you to Madina in any way possible.”

\*\*\*\*\*

Ibrahim and Muhammed had escaped death the second time. As they were moving towards Qadisiya their benefactor was arrested and killed in Kufa. The soldiers and spies again went looking for them.

The young sons of Hazrat Muslim (a.s.) being unaware of the routes, lost their way and were moving in circles in the vicinity of Kufa. Very soon, they realized this and that the government spies were again searching for them. To save themselves from the enemies they decided to hide on the top of a tree by the river. The tree was quite dense and both the children hid themselves on it.

Due to hunger, thirst, continuous unrest and fear, faces of the children had paled. Eyes had sunk in. Their cheeks had gone pale. Even if a leaf rattled, it frightened them. The younger brother Muhammed was not well as he was badly terrified. The elder brother was also 8 years old but he was taking care of his younger brother very bravely. Due to weakness it was difficult for Muhammed to climb the tree. Ibrahim had helped him with it with great difficulty. Now in this whole city this tree was the only safety for them as in every part of Kufa their enemies were spread.

Both of them were hiding on the tree when a woman came to the river to fetch water. When she bent to fill her vessel she noticed the silhouettes of the children on the tree in the water. When she looked in the tree, she saw the children there.

“Why are you hiding here?” asked that woman.

“Our enemies are looking for us, therefore, we are hiding here”, Ibrahim answered.

“Who could have enmity with children”, asked the woman sadly.

“Our maternal uncle Imam Hussain (a.s.) is about to arrive in Kufa to rid the Muslims of this brutal government and for this the government has become our enemy. Our father has also been martyred a few days ago”, Ibrahim answered the woman.

“You are the sons of Muslim bin Aqeel (a.s.)?” There was respect in that woman’s voice. “Keep hiding here. I will try to save your lives”, replied that woman and left without filling her vessel with water.

This woman was a maidservant in a house. She and her mistress both were the followers of Ahlulbait (a.s.). When she told her mistress about this, she left her house barefoot and ran towards the riverbank. Her home was near the river and she took the children with her, somehow. She made the children wash up and made food available for them. Then, she took them to the underground room and made them sleep there and closed the door from outside, locking it so that no one could suspect anything.

That woman’s husband was a man of bad repute. His name was Harris and he was one of the enemies of Ahlulbait (a.s.). That woman feared that her husband might not come to know of them.

\*\*\*\*\*

Her husband entered the house late at night. He was looking very worried.

“Today you have come quite late, is every thing ok?”, the woman asked.

“Muslim bin Aqeel’s (a.s.) sons were arrested with great difficulty but a caretaker named Mashkooor freed them. Ibn e Ziyad has had Mashkooor killed but there is still no

clue to the children's whereabouts", Harris answered distastefully.

"What has it got to do with you? You haven't freed them", the pious woman asked.

"What has it got to do with me!?" Harris replied angrily. "Do you know I've been looking for those children since morning. If I get hold of those children, our lives will be altered."

"Maybe this worldly life will get better but in the hereafter you will always be surrounded with hellfire", answered the pious lady.

"Hereafter..!" Harris laughed with arrogance. "Hereafter, Day of Judgment, Quran, Allah and Prophet are all make believe stories spread by Bani Hashim. Don't try to make me fear them." He mumbled in anger.

His pious wife went quiet. Her heart was beating fast due to an unknown fear. She was afraid that the children in the underground room might not make any kind of noise to make her husband realize their presence.

Slowly the night was passing. The woman was lying with her eyes closed but she could not sleep. Her husband was tossing and turning on his bed. Time was passing and soon Azan of Fajr was sounding from the mosques. Right at that time, Harris heard sounds coming from the underground room. he became alert. "Who is in the underground room?" He asked his wife.

"Who can be in there? Maybe some animal has made anything fall." The woman tried to shift his attention.

"Ill go and see for myself", Harris said and opened the door of the underground room.

Both the brothers were sitting in the cellar drowsily. Suddenly, Ibrahim opened his eyes. His heart was pounding in his chest. He woke his younger brother. "Brother, I saw father and Panjetan Pak (The Pious Five)

in my dream. They were saying that children we are waiting for you."

"Brother, I too have dreamt of mother and Abbas uncle crying." There was a strange ache in the younger brother's tone.

The elder brother embraced him. "Don't worry brother our worries are about to end. Father was telling me in my dream that you two will soon reach me." Ibrahim tried to console the younger brother by moving his hand in his younger brother's hair.

At that time, Harris entered the underground room. Both the children stood up nervously. Harris had realized it instantly that they were Muslim bin Aqeel's (a.s.) sons. His enmity for Ahlulbait's (a.s.) family was evident from his face. His eyes became bloodshot at the sight of the children. He started to beat the children unceremoniously.

During this his wife came along and tried to save the children but Harris pushed her with such a force that she hit a wall and fainted. On hearing noise in the cellar Harris's son and servant too came there. They, too, were Ahlulbait's (a.s.) followers and tried to save the children but Harris was mad with anger. He took out his sword and killed both his son and servant. He started to drag the children and took them to the riverbank like that.

The children's condition had deteriorated badly. The children told him to leave them for Allah and His Prophet's (p.b.u.h) sake but Yazid's servant like his master did not listen to Allah and Prophet (p.b.u.h) and therefore, their pleas had no effect on him.

When the children saw that there was no other way left than death, then they asked Harris to give them time to pray.

"Ok, if you want to pray, then go ahead but this will not save your lives", Harris said taking out his sword.

"We are not asking for time to pray to save our lives but we are saying this because the time for Fajr prayers is running out and offering prayers on time is a norm of our household", Ibrahim answered bluntly.

Harris went quiet. He moved a few paces where there was a big stone by the river. Impatiently he started rubbing his sword on it. He was anxious to kill both of them.

Ibrahim and Muhammed did their ablution with the river water and stood for prayers facing Ka'aba. Both of them said Takbir aloud and bent for Rukoo'. At this time, Harris's sword flashed in the air and Ibrahim's head was separated from his body. The blood oozing from Ibrahim's body stained Muhammed's clothes, too, but before he looked at his brother once more the sword flashed and Muhammed too, was drenched in his own blood. Muhammed's head too was separated from his body.

Harris dragged both the bodies and threw them in the river and took their heads and reached the court of ibn e Ziyad. When he put their heads in front of ibn e Ziyad, for a moment he too trembled.

It is written in history that when ibn e Ziyad saw the heads of the young children, he got up from his seat and then again sat down three times. He couldn't understand what to do with them.

Eventually, he told his servants to take the heads from here immediately and put them in the river at the same place where their bodies were thrown.

These children were the broken stars of the galaxy of Karbala who were martyred like their father, with brutality.

## **Chapter 5**

"Allah Humma Labbaik"!

*A small group of people willing to look death in the eyes had left Makkah and was moving towards Kufa. These people not only had the courage to say "Allah humma Labbaik" with their tongues but also with their blood.*

In the year 60 Hijri when Allah's home and city of peace, Makkah was resounding with the slogans of "Labbaik, Allah humma Labbaik" of the Hajjis coming from Syria, Egypt, Iran, Iraq and rest of the world and as the Hajjis were going towards Mina, at the same time a small group of educated, religious, pious, brave, fearless, speakers of truth in front of tyrants and people willing to look death in the eye, who had started their journey from the Prophet's (p.b.u.h) city Madina, were leaving Makkah and moving towards Kufa. They were so great that they had the courage to say "Allah humma Labbaik" not only with their tongues but also with their blood.

The leader of this convoy was the grandson of the Prophet Muhammed (p.b.u.h) and the brave son of Hazrat Ali ibn e Abi Talib who neither wanted to live a life of disgrace nor did he like to die anonymously. He was not an ordinary person. He had inherited the inheritance of one lakh twenty four thousand Prophets from his father Hazrat Ali ibn e Abi Talib (a.s.) and brother Hazrat Hassan ibn e Ali (a.s.) and that is why the Prophet had said that "Hussain is from Me and I from Hussain".

The Prophet (p.b.u.h) loved his grandsons so much that in the mosque, Masjid e Nabawi, when Prophet was praying sometimes his grandsons would climb onto his

back while he used to be in prostration and he did not get up from prostration till his grandson himself got down his back. The Prophet (p.b.u.h) didn't love them because they were his grandsons but because he knew that they were among the favorite creations of Allah and in their own time according to their own way, they are going to act in such ways that Allah's religion, Islam is going to be saved forever.

Whatever was going to happen in the future was known to the Prophet (p.b.u.h). He knew that in the near future the enemies of Islam would wear the veil of Islam and it would get difficult for a common Muslim to differentiate between truth and lies and right and wrong. At that time, it would be necessary for the people who really love Allah to bravely rise and use the best way to bring the Muslims who have deviated from the right path to the straight way and give testimony of Allah's oneness by giving away their lives.

It was the year 60 Hijri when a man of bad repute became the ruler of Syria. His name was Yazid bin Muawiya. After becoming the king, he started to make fun of Islam on government level. He said that neither there is any holy book nor Angels, neither there is Heaven nor Hell, all of these are make believe stories told by Bani Hashim (Family of Prophet Muhammed (p.b.u.h)).

The Muslims were silently watching Islam and its principles being made fun of but grandson of the Prophet (p.b.u.h) and son of Hazrat Ali ibn e Abi Talib and Hazrat Fatima (s.a.) and the Imam e Waqt could not bear to see this happening.

The book of Allah had come in their house so they were the inheritors of the Quran. The heavenly angels used to come to them as they were the leaders of the youth in heaven and most of all to take care, safeguard and to spread Islam was the responsibility of the Imam e Waqt that was Imam Hussain (a.s.).

The ruler of Syria was dreaming of making his son the head of the Islamic Caliphate. It was due to this reason that he came to Madina in 56 Hijri with his army to pressurize the Prophet's (p.b.u.h) grandson to accept Yazid as the next Caliph as he knew that if Imam Hussain (a.s.) would give allegiance to Yazid, then the entire Islamic world would side with him.

Imam Hussain (a.s.) openly mentioned about the bad repute of Yazid and refused to accept a drunkard and sinful man like Yazid as a Caliph of Islam. After that, Muawiya tried to make Abdul Rahman bin Abi Bakr, Abdullah bin Omar and Abdullah bin Zubair his partners in crime. All the three sons of the sahaba were present in Madina at that time. Although they could not openly go against him but also did not give allegiance to him, they got worried by Muawiya's pressure and left for Makkah. Muawiya followed them there but was still unable to persuade them. The political condition of those days did not permit any strict actions to be taken against them so he left for his city disappointed and after four years in 60 Hijri died with shame of loss, anger, hatred and feelings of revenge buried in his heart.

At that time, his favorite son and the heir to the throne was out hunting outside the city. The government officials stopped this news from spreading and delivered this news to Yazid directly at his hunting ground. Yazid was completely drunk but on getting this news he straightaway reached his palace. The groups of Arabs favoring monarchy disobeying the principles of Islam and the Quran crowned Yazid, a bad reputed man, as the new Khalifa of Islamic world.

After being crowned, the first thing that troubled Yazid the most was the presence of Hussain ibn e Ali (a.s.) as he was the biggest danger for his monarchy. Abdul Rahman bin Abi Bakr, Abdullah bin Omar and Abdullah bin Zubair had also refused to accept him as the king but with them he could negotiate and find some solution.

Yazid wrote clearly to Walid bin Utba, his governor of Madina, to ask Hussain ibn e Ali (a.s.), Abdullah bin Omar and Abdullah bin Zubair for his allegiance and if they refused kill them and send their heads to him.

When Walid got this letter, he called his undercover agent to the central government and his advisor Marwan bin Hakam for advice. Marwan was that person who was exiled from Madina by Prophet Muhammed (p.b.u.h) but in the Caliphate of Hazrat Usman he was made the special advisor to the Caliph. Marwan said to him, "These two people will give allegiance but don't except the same from Hussain ibn e Ali (a.s.) as with Him you will have to be strict."

After this, Walid ordered his servant to fetch Imam Hussain (a.s.) and Abdullah bin Zubair. Both of them were present in the Masjid e Nabawi at that time. They told Walid's servant to go ahead and that they will follow him. After that, Imam Hussain told Abdullah bin Zubair that last night he had a dream and he thought that Muawiya had died in Syria and that Walid has called them for Yazid's allegiance.

After saying this, Imam (a.s.) went home and took thirty brave men of Bani Hashim with him to Walid's palace. His younger brother Hazrat Abbas (a.s.) was also with him. Imam ordered his men to wait for him outside and he went in.

Marwan bin Hakam was sitting with Walid, on seeing Imam Hussain (a.s.), they both stood up in respect. Walid relayed to Imam (a.s.) the news of Muawiya's death and asked him for Yazid's allegiance.

"To talk on this matter in solitude is not appropriate." Imam (a.s.) answered, calmly. "You call all the people of Madina and when all of them are here then call me as well. At that time I will give my opinion." Saying this Imam (a.s.) rose from his seat.

"It is ok. Do come tomorrow." Walid bin Utba too said standing up respectfully.

But even as he had not completed his words, Marwan bin Hakam started talking, "Walid, if Hussain ibn e Ali (a.s.) left now you will never be able to get him to give allegiance. Talk to him openly right now and if he refuses for giving allegiance, then kill him instantly."

On listening to Marwan bin Hakam's rhetoric, Imam Hussain got livid and said, "Really! Who has the courage to touch me? We are Prophet Muhammed's progeny. Angels come to our homes. Is there anyone brave enough to force us to give allegiance to a man of a bad repute as Yazid? Imam (a.s.) said in a roaring voice.

Hazrat Abbas was standing alert outside with the men of Bani Hashim. As Imam's voice was heard, Walid's palace started echoing with the clinking of swords. The Bani Hashim entered the palace with their swords out. Walid's servants too did the same but before the situation could get worse, Imam (a.s.) took his men with him. Marwan bin Hakam didn't have the courage to speak now as the swords of Bani Hashim had terrified him.

Walid bin Utba wrote the whole story to Yazid. He at once replied the letter asking that the reply to this letter should accompany Hussain's (a.s.) head. Walid went to Imam Hussain (a.s.) with the letter and told him that he did not want to comply with Yazid's orders but he wanted to warn Imam (a.s.) about the fact that Yazid will get what he wanted.

Imam Hussain (a.s.) listened to Walid carefully, went over the situation at hand, and took advice from his friends and family members. Then he went to the Mausoleum of Prophet Muhammad (p.b.u.h.), grandfather. Once there, tears came to his eyes remembering him. When after returning, he slept, he dreamt about the Prophet (p.b.u.h.) crying and reminding

him of his childhood pledge and warning him about the difficult days ahead.

When Imam (a.s.) woke, he gathered all his family members and told them that there was no other way than to leave Madina. After this decision, he again visited Mausoleum of the Prophet (p.b.u.h.). Crying on his grave, Imam (a.s.) reached his brother's grave. In the end he went to the grave of his beloved mother to take her leave. Over there he could not control himself and he imagined his mother to be present in front of him and said to her, "Mother, it's about time I fulfill the pledge that I had made in my childhood."

"Mother, the time fearing which you cried from the time I was born till your last hour, has arrived."

"Now neither you are here nor is father. Our grandfather Muhammad (p.b.u.h.), too, is not here and brother Hassan has also been martyred by poisoning and now I am leaving all your graves and Madina."

"Mother, if I don't go now then our grandfather's sacrifices will go in vain. All the efforts of one lakh twenty four thousand prophets will be ruined. The pure blood of my father that gushed in Masjid would go wasted. The fruit of your son's difficulties will not reach Islam."

"Mother, if I will not go then the Islamic principles will be erased and instead of Islam, a religion of wrong principles will become Muslim's religion."

Many historians have written that Imam (a.s.) left Madina in state of fear but one cannot link fear with a personality like Imam Hussain (a.s.).

This event of leaving Madina had not occurred suddenly. He had listened about it in his mother's lullabies, felt it in his grandfather's kisses and saw it in His father's tears and now while he actually had to leave, how could he be afraid.

He didn't leave Madina out of fear but it was done in accordance to a preplanned thought. Imam's (a.s.) politics was above all the sold out historians and analyzers.

At that time, Imam (a.s.) was safeguarding his follower's life and his own. He knew that not only death but life, too, if spent properly and carefully can obtain the status of martyrdom.

At that time, if Imam (a.s.) had not left Madina, then Yazid would have dismissed Walid bin Utba and sent a stricter ruler to Madina. Then the army of that new ruler would fight Imam (a.s.) and his few followers and kill them in this far off city. Then they would have spread this news in the Islamic world that on hearing about Muawiya's death, Imam (a.s.) attacked the governor house and was killed during that.

Who else but Imam could know more about the plots of Banu Umayyad? He could not have given away his followers and his sacrifices fade out in the mist of history. Yazid's governor had asked for his allegiance in private but Imam Hussain (a.s.) wanted to reply in front of the whole world. An answer, which would unmask the Yazids of all times to come and next time no one like Yazid would have the courage to ask for allegiance from the progeny of Prophet Muhammed (p.b.u.h.).

Imam Hussain (a.s.) was leaving Madina to safeguard the pure lives of the martyrs. These lives were to be presented to Allah at a special place and time. At present, protection of their precious lives was necessary as the convoy of the people for giving testimony on Allah's Oneness was not complete as yet, as still there were some martyrs left to join this convoy.

Imam Hussain (a.s.) planned his future strategy and on one night, left Madina with his followers. His aim was to wake the Muslims from their slumber and tell them about the ploys being prepared to undermine Islam and what

could possibly be the outcome of this and for this he reached Makkah where the Hajj congregation was going to be held in a few months.

In this journey of martyrdom, each step was pre-planned and each decision was well thought of by Imam Hussain (a.s.). He was well aware of the aftermath of his journey. He had known since childhood about the events that were about to happen. He could feel the warmth of kisses of his grandfather on his throat now as well and also understood the message in that warmth. How could he possibly forget the continuous tears welling from his mother's eyes? When after feeding him, she would take the water glass to his lips, her eyes would start to water and she used to hug him and cry bitterly. He had never seen his father cry in front of but often when he returned home tired from his work, he would hug him dearly and then something happened and his smile used to vanish and his eyes used to turn red and then he would vanish into his prayer room.

All these recollections were still intact in Imam's (a.s.) memory and they gave him a new confidence for the days to come. Imam (a.s.) was aware of what the fate held but he also knew that fate could change by human actions and hard work. He was neither afraid of death nor did he want to hide from it as he had spent His entire life by looking death in the eyes and he had learned to live in the jungle of spears, rain of arrows, clouds of armors and sparks of swords during his father's life. He had left Madina to sacrifice his life for Allah in such a way that his death would also testify in the same way as his life did of Allah's Oneness and truthfulness of Islam.

Imam Hussain (a.s.) made a challenging decision to leave Makkah two days before Hajj to make Yazid's plan unsuccessful. This decision was quite sudden and surprising and it could have many aftereffects. Muslims from the whole world knew that the Prophet's (p.b.u.h) grandson used to come to Makkah to perform Hajj every

year and this year being in Makkah for four months why was he leaving right at 8<sup>th</sup> of Zilhajj without performing Hajj.

This news should have been an astounding one for the Muslims but when people get used to lesser evils, the Satan slowly makes them insensitive and also impractical and then even the biggest news or accident doesn't surprise them. That is why when Imam Hussain (a.s.) left Makkah on 8<sup>th</sup> Zilhajj He had only 82 people with him, majority of whom were the ones who had come with him from Madina.

Among them too, majority of people belonged to the family of the Holy Prophet (p.b.u.h). the grandson of the Prophet, Imam Hassan's son, Qasim, Abdullah, Abu Bakr and Ahmad. Hazrat Ali's (a.s.) sons, Hazrat Abbas, Jaffer, Abdullah, Abdullah Asghar, Omer and Usman. Hazrat Abbas's two sons, Fazl and Qasim. Prophet's (p.b.u.h) paternal uncle's son, Aqeel bin Abi Talib's sons; Jaffer bin Aqeel, Abdul Rahman bin Aqeel, Ali bin Aqeel and from their side Muhammed, Jaffer and Ahmad. Hazrat Muslim bin Aqeel and his two sons Muhammed and Ibrahim had already gone to Kufa. The Prophets (p.b.u.h) another paternal uncle's son Jaffer-e-Tayyar's son Abdullah and the Prophet's (p.b.u.h) grand daughter Zainab bint Ali's (a.s.) sons Aun and Muhammed. Prophet's (p.b.u.h) grandson Imam Hussain's (a.s.) sons Ali bin Hussain (a.s.), Ali Akbar and Ali Asghar.

All these family members of the Prophet (p.b.u.h) were spread around the moon of Imamate like twinkling stars. The faces of the friends and companions of Imam (a.s.) were also sparkling with the light of practical implementation of Islamic principles and faith.

Riding on camels and horses, this convoy was moving towards Kufa. On the camels were placed covered seats in which the ladies belonging to the Prophet's (p.b.u.h) family were seated. The youth of Bani Hashim were carrying swords in their hands riding their horses and

circling the camels carrying the ladies. Ahead of them was the group of people who were happily moving towards their death ground. Such a death ground which would provide eternal life to Islam and humanity.

Imam Hussain's (a.s.) convoy was moving swiftly towards Kufa. At frequent intervals were places called (manazil) oasis where travelers could stay and relax. They were called (manazil) stations and every station had a name. When Imam Hussain (a.s.) reached the station of "Saffah", He met a poet by the name of "Farazdaq" who told Imam (a.s.) that he was coming from Kufa and that the hearts of the people of Kufa might be with Imam (a.s.) but their swords were with Yazid. On the station of "Hajiz", Imam (a.s.) met Abdullah bin Mutee' and he too said the same thing. On this station, Zuhair bin Qain had camped out and he joined Imam's convoy from there.

One day when this convoy reached the station of "Zabala", the sun was setting and resembled an orange ball covered in a dirty shroud moving towards the West. Some horse riders were seen coming from the direction of Kufa who informed Imam (a.s.) of the deaths of Muslim bin Aqeel (a.s.), his sons, Muhammed and Ibrahim and the brave followers such as Hani bin Urwa, Muhammed ibn Kaseer and Abdullah Yaqtar.

Imam (a.s.) could not restrain his tears. Muslim bin Aqeel (a.s.) was not only Imam's (a.s.) paternal uncle's son and brother in law but also a valiant companion. He was married to a daughter of Hazrat Ali (a.s.), Bibi Ruqayya and Hazrat Muslim's sister was married to Hazrat Abbas (a.s.). Imam (a.s.) moved forward and hugged his younger brother.

Both of them cried embracing each other. At last, they wiped away their tears and went inside the tents and called upon Hazrat Muslim's (a.s.) daughters. The girls got worried at being called so unexpectedly. Imam (a.s.) placed his hand on their heads and started crying while

the girls looked on astounded. Then, he adorned them with gold earrings. Imam's unexpected actions were frightening the girls and they were starting to understand the matter a bit. One of the girls said crying; "Uncle you are adorning us with gold earrings as one adorns orphans."

"Yes dearest, your father has been martyred for Allah." Imam's (a.s.) said in a breaking voice. Hazrat Abbas (a.s.) embraced both the girls and Imam (a.s.) left the tent wiping his tears.

The same night he gave a speech to all his friends and relatives. What was going to happen in the future was getting clearer for all of them. Imam (a.s.) said, "You should all understand the fact that my slaying is unavoidable now. I free all of you of your vows and allegiance. You can go wherever you want to go to save your lives."

Listening to this speech many worldly people left this convoy in the dead of the night. Now he had with him, his relatives and close friends, who were around 70 in number. Imam Hussain (a.s.) also wanted the same i.e. he did not want any namesake Muslim or a weak person to be present in his army as he knew that the bravest of the people get cold sweat on seeing death close by. He was also aware of the strength of religion of the ordinary muslims and that their religion only remains on the outer side and not in their hearts and that, too, when they are benefiting from it and it is not posing any threat to their worldly life. When the time comes for giving sacrifice, the number of true muslims always dwindles.

At that time, there were millions of muslims present in the world but the number of people ready to lay their lives for Islam was less than 100. These strong willed people were all gathered in one tent on the station of Zabala with Imam Hussain (a.s.).



The next day, they again started to move forward and stopped at the station of Qasr e Bani Maqatil. Here Abdullah bin Hur e Ju'fi had already camped out. He belonged to a well off family of Kufa and called himself as the believer of Ahlulbait (a.s.). Imam Hussain (a.s.) invited him to join the convoy and help him fight Yazid to save Islam and in return, he would get a place in Heaven.

Abdullah got troubled on seeing Imam (a.s.) face to face. He had escaped Kufa because he came to know about Imam's (a.s.) arrival there. He didn't want to face the Imam e Waqt because if he will ask for help, Abdullah would have to risk his life which he didn't want. He wanted the people to consider him as the follower of Ahlulbait (a.s.) and he might also be able to gain from the worldly governments and that is why he had left Kufa and was camping here so that he did not have to face Imam (a.s.) and when Imam Hussain (a.s.) wins, he will then be able to get gains from his government as well and if Ibn e Ziyad wins, then in front of him too he does not have to bow down.

In reply to Imam Hussain's invitation, he said, "Imam! Please don't go to Kufa as I haven't seen anyone to be your friend there. I present you with my fastest horse, ride on it and go somewhere far and save yourself. To take your family members to safe place is my responsibility."

Imam Hussain (a.s.) stood up from his seat and replied, "What will I do to take a horse from a person who is not ready to lay his life for Allah but I will give you an advice, go away from here as much as you can so that you are not able to hear my plea of help, because when for the last time I will raise my voice in this desert for help and whoever will hear my voice and not come for help will certainly go to Hell."

The next day, Imam (a.s.) reached the station of Sa'lbia. Here, for the sake of resting Imam (a.s.) went and lay

down near his motherly sister Bibi Zainab (s.a.). He dreamt that the Prophet (p.b.u.h) was there and He was calling Imam (a.s.) to him. When Imam (a.s.) awoke his face was damp with tears.

The next day brought them to the stations of "Qatqatania" and then tribe of Bani Sukoon. From there, the government spies sent the news to the governor of Kufa about Imam's (a.s.) arrival. Ibn e Ziyad sent Hur bin Yazid Riyahi to arrest Imam (a.s.).

During that, the convoy met on the way a man from the tribe of Bani Akrama. He said that all the routes from which he had passed were thronged with the soldiers of Yazid's army. At that day, Imam (a.s.) stationed at "Sharaf". Imam (a.s.) saw the crescent of Muharram at this station and then continued travelling.

On the way, Imam (a.s.) was met by Hur bin Yazid Riyahi's convoy. Their water reserves had finished. Imam (a.s.) quenched the thirst of the soldiers and their horses with his own water reserves. Imam's (a.s.) convoy kept on moving forward accompanied by the convoy of Hur. One day while traveling, Imam's (a.s.) horse stopped and then did not move from that place. Imam Hussain (a.s.) asked the people, "Which place is this?"

Someone answered, "This place is called Karbala."

On hearing this, Imam (a.s.) lowered himself from the horse and told his companions, "Unload here and fix the tents." It was the 2<sup>nd</sup> of Muharram and the day was Thursday.

From the 7<sup>th</sup> of Muharram Yazid's army stopped Imam's (a.s.) water supply. Young and old, women and children all started to get restless with thirst as the scorching sun had made the desert sand hot throughout the day. Severe heat and stuffiness had made thirst unbearable. The animals of the army of Yazid were drinking water freely but the family of the Prophet (p.b.u.h) was near to

death with thirst. They called themselves as muslims but in reality they were no more than Yazid's pet dogs.

They used to stand near the river of Furat and used to clink their drinking mugs, empty their water containers and screamed and called out to the grandson of the Prophet (p.b.u.h) and his companions that if they wanted to live, they should give allegiance to Yazid. You can have water but the only condition is that accept Yazid as your Caliph and you will get the whole world in gifts.

Screaming of the children due to thirst had become unbearable and due to that, Hazrat Abbas dug many holes around the tents for water but in vain. If water did come out of some place, Yazid's army attacked and filled up that hole.

During this time, Imam (a.s.) had continued to stay in contact with the commander of Yazid's army, Omar-e-Sa'ad. He kept on trying that there should be less chances of war and less killings of muslims. Omar bin Sa'ad too was frightened of committing a sin such as of killing Imam Hussain (a.s.). He had been continuously relaying the news of his talks with Imam Hussain to Kufa but on 9<sup>th</sup> of Muharram just before sunset, Shimr bin Zil Joshan reached Karbala with fresh army of soldiers. He had with him the order of Ibn e Ziyad that if Omar bin Sa'ad delays in killing Imam Hussain (a.s.), Shimr should take the charge of the army in his own hands and kill the Imam (a.s.) and his companions and arrest his family members and bring them to Kufa.

Shimr's soldiers were arrogantly riding their horses making the soil of Karbala tremble and young children in the tents of Imam (a.s.) kept on hugging their mothers with fear.

When Imam (a.s.) saw this show of arrogance, he immediately sent his commander Hazrat Abbas (a.s.) and some other companions to talk to Omar bin Sa'ad

and Shimr bin Zil Joshan to stop the preparations for war.

Darkness of night was about to fall. Imam (a.s.) wanted to fight in the brightness of day and not the dead of night. He knew that at night the faces of the beastly people igniting the tents of the Prophet's family, killers of the martyrs and snatchers of the veils from the Prophet's granddaughter's head, would remain hidden from the world forever and in the future every tyrant would refuse to take the responsibility of de veiling the Prophet's granddaughters and killing of Prophet's grandson, saying they had not committed this crime.

The Banu Umayyads were experts in media war and their media managers knew how to distort facts. From the time of the Prophet (p.b.u.h), they had never been able to defeat the Muslims in the battlefield but had always won the media war through their cunning ways, plots, secret plans and ignorance of muslims.

In Karbala, Imam (a.s.) wanted to wipe out their plans and plots completely. He didn't want to give the Yazid's commander any loophole by which he could undermine the sacrifice of the Prophet's (p.b.u.h) family by some of their sneakiness.

That is why Imam (a.s.) asked for one night gap. Shimr bin Zil Joshan was not ready to delay the war for even a moment but many commanders of the army reasoned with him that there was nothing wrong in giving Hussain (a.s.) a chance of one night, it's a matter of few hours, our armies have surrounded them and they cannot go anywhere and this is how the war was delayed for one night.

When in those moments of the night of the 10<sup>th</sup> Muharram, the yellowish moon was setting towards the West, Karbala was showing two different sights. On one side was a small group of pious men, who were busy praying, reading the Quran and praising Allah and on

the other side were Yazid's men, who were waiting impatiently for the morning to kill the Prophet's (p.b.u.h) grandson.

## **Chapter 6**

### **The Waves of Blood**

The powerful tides of the martyr's blood were impatiently waiting to drown the convoy of Pharaoh and all its accomplices, forever. But this new Pharaoh will not drown in the river Nile but in the river Euphrates.

The crescent of the initial days of the month had set in the west after remaining on the sky for most of the night. At this moment, there was total darkness. Lanterns were lit alongside the riverbank. The whole ground was full with tents, camels, horses and fearsome soldiers. These soldiers were impatiently waiting to take part in the war starting in the morning. They were sure of their win. How could 50 – 100 men compete with an army of 30,000? Many soldiers were fast asleep in the stupor of their win, the next day. Everywhere, deep silence ruled. Sometimes the silence was broken when a horse neighed or a camel yelled but then again the same silence covered the surroundings.

In the darkness and silence of night, there was scene of morning in the tents fixed away from the river. No one was sleepy there. Children were awake due to their excessive thirst; ladies were preparing their sacrifices to be presented in front of Allah. Young kids, teenagers and adults were checking their weapons after offering their mid night prayers. Someone was sharpening his sword by rubbing it on a stone and then swished it in the air. Someone checking the sharpness of his spear by touching it with his hand while someone else keeping on arranging his arrows.

Neither these people were afraid of the army of 30,000 or the death. They were not sleepy because they were impatient to go to war and give their lives on the order of their Imam for Allah. There was no other way left to save Islam.

There was silence outside but in the tents of the companions of Imam Hussain (a.s.) there was light of faith and activity of life. Suddenly, the curtain of the tent was raised and Imam Hussain entered the tent along with his younger brother, Abbas (a.s.) and son Ali Akbar. The other family members were also present with him. All the companion stood up with respect. Imam (a.s.) sat on the ground leaning by a wooden trunk of weapons. Then, he ordered one of his Sahabi (companion) to bring the rest from other tents.

Actually this was the biggest tent, therefore, Imam (a.s.) had decided to give final touches to their war plan over there. In a few moments, the whole tent was full. Every one had come fully dressed in his armors so that whenever Imam (a.s.) orders they should be ready and no time should be wasted in acting on Imam's (a.s.) orders. Every person was armed, alert, attentive and ready to fulfill his master's orders.

At that time, there were a lot of Sahaba from Kufa in the tent. Twenty four people out of these were such that they had, for their love of Islam and Prophet's (p.b.u.h) grandson, overcome all the hurdles some-how and joined the convoy of Imam Hussain (a.s.) before reaching Karbala. Nine of them had followed a technique that to reach Imam (a.s.) they had joined the forces of Yazid and then on reaching Karbala left Omar Sa'ad's army to join Imam (a.s.). In this tent, apart from the brave men of Yemen, Basra and Madina, there were 32 men who had joined Yazid's army at first but when they came to know the reality they turned to Imam's (a.s.) tent on the night of the war. Hazrat Hur, his brother, son and

slave who came to Imam (a.s.) in the morning of the tenth were apart from these.

The last phase of night was passing. Thirty thousand soldiers of the army camped alongside the river bank were sleeping soundly. At that time, except for the people in the army of Imam Hussain (a.s.), all were sleeping a sleep of neglect. If anyone was aware, it was away from the river Euphrates in the tents of Imam Hussain (a.s.). The rest was all darkness, death and deep sleep of neglect.

Imam Hussain (a.s.) had left Madina for the same cause of spreading awareness and awakening among the Muslims. On the time of starting the journey from Madina, he had clearly told about his future policy. He had said that my journey is not for spreading riots and I also haven't made this decision due to lack of knowledge or ignorance. I haven't left Madina to do injustice or discrimination against anyone. I have started this journey to show the right path to the followers of my grandfather and to show the route of success to the 'shias' of my father.

When worldly leaders start any campaign they encourage their followers by certainty of their success and tell them about the bright future they will have if they remained with them so that more people would join their movement. Imam's (a.s.) way was different from all. One day before leaving Makkah for Iraq he said,

"My death ground has been ascertained for me and I will go and live there. I am watching (with my inner eye) that in Karbala the wolves of the jungle are tearing my body to pieces. We Ahlulbait (a.s.) are happy on Allah's happiness. Whoever is ready to give his life for us and loves Allah can come with us. I will leave (for Iraq) in the morning, Insha Allah."

When on the station of "Sa'lbah" he got the news of the martyrdom of Hazrat Muslim bin Aqeel (a.s.), Hani bin Urwa and other shias of Kufa he said,

"I have received a very drastic news about my brother Muslim bin Aqeel from which it has been proved that the people who called us to Kufa have been unfaithful to us. Hence, the ones who have the courage to bear the wounds of swords and spears can come with us or they can separate from us here."

The people who had joined him while leaving Makkah when realized the intensity of the situation, left this convoy in majority but the people coming from Madina, Yemen and Basra, the messengers bringing forth the letters from Kufa and the people joining the convoy after the martyrdom of Hazrat Muslim (a.s.) didn't leave Imam till they had shed the last drop of their blood.

All the As'hab of Imam Hussain (a.s.) were sitting respectfully. The family members had formed a circle around Imam (a.s.). The lamp lighting the room was placed near Imam (a.s.). Every person was quiet. Outside, too, there was severe silence. The voices of young children coming from the nearby tents broke the silence for some time. Some child would wake up and start crying in hunger and thirst. These voices not only broke the silence but also pierced the hearts of the listeners. Mothers tried to make their young ones sleep. Children would doze off for a while but mothers would keep on weeping.

Despite the hunger and thirst of two days, Imam's (a.s.) face was lit with the light of faith. The lamplight was waning in front of Him. All the As'hab and relatives were looking at him. he looked lovingly at his few companions and then praising Allah and sending blessings on Prophet (p.b.u.h) and his progeny, he started his speech,

"My friends! My relatives! My dearest companions! My sons, Nephews, brothers! Brother Habibi ibn e Mazahir, Uncle Muslim bin Ausaja, As'hab of my father and grandfather! I haven't witnessed such faithful followers as mine and don't know anyone to have such pious and God-fearing relatives as mine. May Allah bless you with the greatest of bounties from my side."

Listening to his praises made people's eyes water. He said presenting them with the summary of the situation,

"I am sure that we will have to face a lot of resistance from our enemies. Their number is great and they only want to kill me that is why I free you all of my allegiance. They do not have any enmity with you. They are my enemies so I happily give you permission that if any one of you want to leave me, can do so without fear."

The last sentence of Imam (a.s.) had made the people tremble. Their faces had turned red and they wanted to say a lot of things but due to intensity of feelings, words were not coming out of their mouths. Respect for Imam (a.s.) had stopped them. There was pin drop silence in the tent. Eventually, Imam's (a.s.) voice broke the silence.

"Maybe you are thinking that if you would leave now, you will not get the rewards that you would have got while staying here and being martyred. So my friends, I, The Allah's Hujjat, the True Wali and Imam e Waqt, i.e. The Hussain ibn e Ali (a.s.) promise you that even if you would leave me now, I will let you have the rewards of a martyr."

Imam (a.s.) saw the reddening and tear strained faces of His companions and said,

"I know people will taunt you that you left your leader in the face of death, so do one thing that with me are the granddaughters of Prophet (p.b.u.h), take them with you to Madina and leave them on my grandfather's mausoleum. Then you can go wherever you like. If

someone taunts you then you can say that you had come to save the sanctity of Zainab and Umme Kulsoom."

All the people started crying when they heard this. On seeing them cry, Imam (a.s.) too started crying. He said to his son Ali Akbar bending his head, "Dear son Ali Akbar! blow out the lamp."

Hazrat Ali Akbar blew out the lamp. The whole tent became dark and even one's own hand was not visible to one. In this darkness, the voice of Imam (a.s.) resounded,

"Look now its dark, I cannot see your faces and neither can you. Take advantage of this darkness and whoever wants to leave can leave now. I am happily permitting you to leave, go."

For ten minutes, the tent remained in darkness, during that time Imam (a.s.) also remained quiet and so did his companions. In this darkness, some noises were audible but no one could ascertain what was making these noises. After 10 minutes Imam (a.s.) ordered the lamp to be lit again.

When the lamp was lit the whole atmosphere had changed. Everyone was present at his place but their moods were changed. Young men had broken the scabbards; old had tightly tied their head covers on their waists so that their bent bodies and necks would look erect. Young kids stood on their toes, even Imam's (a.s.) six-month-old son, whom Bibi Fizza had just now given in Imam's (a.s.) hands, was happy and active as if saying that O Allah's Hujjat, True Wali and Imam e Waqt! don't worry, I too am the grandson of the Lion of Allah and tomorrow will fight such a battle that the world will remember it.

When in the lamplight Imam (a.s.) saw the images of courage, bravery, faithfulness and sacrifice, he beamed

with pride. With the tears of thankfulness in his eyes, he raised his hands towards the sky and said,

“O Allah be witness of this fact that my grandfather Muhammed (p.b.u.h) did not have such brave companions, not even my father Ali (a.s.) got such nice followers. O Allah! such faithful followers had not been with anyone since Hazrat Adam (a.s.)”

When these words of Imam (a.s.) echoed in the tent, the faithfuls could no more bear it and the whole tent filled with the sounds of sobs. Hazrat Muslim bin Ausaja was the first to stand resting against his sword. He was one of the Sahaba of the Prophet (p.b.u.h). He had sided with Hazrat Muslim (a.s.) in Kufa and after his martyrdom had left Kufa along with his wife and son and joined Imam (a.s.) on the way to Karbala. Imam (a.s.) used to call him by title of “uncle”.

Hazrat Muslim bin Ausaja’s whole body was trembling with emotions. He with great difficulty controlled his trembling voice and said,

“Hussain ibn e Ali (a.s.)! I have seen your grandfather and also been with your father. I know, Hussain (a.s.) that you really do not need us but Master we need you You don’t depend on us Hussain! (a.s.) but we do, so Hussain! (a.s.) even if you throw us out of here then too we will come back to you because we cannot live without you!”

Hazrat Muslim bin Ausaja could not say anything more than that. His voice choked and trembling he sat on his place and started to sob.

After him, Hazrat Burair e Hamadani stood at his place. The whole of his tribe had benefited from Hazrat Ali (a.s.). Burair e Hamadani’s eyes were red and his beard was dampened with tears. He said in choked voice,

“Hussain ibn e Ali (a.s.)! you are asking us to leave. Ok, we will leave your court --- but tell us the address to a house and a court better than yours where we can go--”.

While he was speaking, Imam’s (a.s.) childhood friend Habibi ibn e Mazahir stood up. He lived in Kufa and Imam (a.s.) had invited him to come to fight against evil and for the truth. He said,

“Hussain (a.s.)! I have been with you since childhood, I will leave you but tell me one thing if on the Day of Judgment your mother asked me O Habibi where have you left my son Hussain (a.s.)? What am I going to answer her?”

During that time, Hazrat Muslim bin Ausaja had controlled His voice. He again stood up, “Hussain (a.s.)! you ask us to leave you without thinking about what we will say to Allah and His Prophet (p.b.u.h). No this cannot happen, unless I break my spear in the chest of your enemy. By God! we will not leave you so that Allah can see that in the absence of the Prophet (p.b.u.h), we have been safeguarding and supportive of His Prophet’s (p.b.u.h) family. By God, if we are sure of dying 70 times and each time we would be burned and every time our ashes will be blown in the air and after that we will be made to live again and again killed then too Hussain! (a.s.), then too, we will not leave you.”

Saying these words the voice of the Prophet’s old Sahabi, Ameer ul Momineen’s companion and faithful of Hussain (a.s.) got choked with emotions and crying bitterly he bent on the feet of the Prophet’s (p.b.u.h) grandson. Imam (a.s.) picked him up by his arms and embraced him.

After As’hab, speaking for the family members, Hazrat Ali’s (a.s.) younger son, the flag bearer of Hussain’s (a.s.) convoy, Hazrat Abul Fazl Abbas wanted to say something. By looking at his face, it was evident that if he remained quiet for some more time then his face

nerves would rupture and cover his face with blood. His whole body was trembling and he had tightly gripped his sword's handle.

He said with great difficulty. "Master - - -!" Then he closed his lips tightly. After gaining control on his voice He said, "Ibn e Rasool Allah". After saying this, he again went quiet. Then third time He said complainingly, "My Master, My Lord - -!" Then suddenly He turned towards the direction of Najaf and pleaded complainingly, "Father! Come help me - -Master is asking me to leave him - - - What shall I do?"

Listening to his faithful followers' speeches tears were welling from Imam Hussain's (a.s.) eyes and when now younger brother complained to their father, he moved forward and embraced him and kissed his forehead

Both the brothers were holding each other tightly and their faces were strained with tears. After sometime, Imam (a.s.) separated himself from his brother and moved towards his As'hab, "I am indebted to all of you- -I am thankful to all of you- -Go, get ready to be killed tomorrow." Imam Hussain (a.s.) was embracing everyone and thanking them.

The darkness of night was waning. There was still time in spreading of daylight in the desert of Karbala. The soldiers of Yazid sleeping along the riverbanks of Euphrates were awake and growling like bloodthirsty wolves. Pharaoh was preparing his army to fight the heir of Moosa (a.s.) and the powerful tides of blood of the martyrs of the tent of Hussain (a.s.) touching the sky were waiting to drown the army of Pharaoh impatiently, forever. History was repeating itself but this new Pharaoh would drown not in River Nile but in Euphrates.



## Chapter 7

### **Flower In The Desert**

*The pure blood of the progeny of the last Prophet of Allah Hazrat Muhammed (p.b.u.h) was being absorbed by the sand of Karbala. The darkness was lengthening but when one moon of Imamate set the fourth moon started to shine.*

It was still sometime till the sun rose in Karbala. Morning of Ashura had started. Imam Hussain (a.s.) asked his son Ali Akbar to recite Azaan. Hazrat Ali Akbar was in every aspect of height and face a replica of the Prophet Muhammed (p.b.u.h). His voice too resembled Prophet's (p.b.u.h) voice. Imam (a.s.) had ordered Ali Akbar to recite Azaan for this reason so that, maybe, the Muslims would remember the Prophet (p.b.u.h) by listening to his Azaan. Maybe, their conscience would stop them from killing their Prophet's (p.b.u.h) grandson and committing a great sin.

When the call of Azaan was sounded, drums started to sound from the army of Yazid. In front of the Hussaini tents, rows of prayers started to form. Many As'hab of Imam (a.s.) were martyred while protecting him from the arrows of Yazid's army. The army of Yazid started to surround Imam's (a.s.) tent. After finishing his prayers, Imam (a.s.) moved towards Yazid's army. He introduced himself to Yazid's army aloud and asked them why did they want to kill him.

One soldier answered, "We know that you are Prophet's (p.b.u.h) grandson but if you are not going to give allegiance to Yazid ibn e Muawiya, then we too are not going to care for your relation with the Prophet (p.b.u.h). Either give allegiance to Yazid or be ready to die."

From the station of 'Sharaf' till the last moments of his life, Imam Hussain introduced himself again and again to the commanders, soldiers and leaders of Yazid's army and told them that: "I am your Prophet's (p.b.u.h) grandson, son of Ali (a.s.) and Fatima (s.a.). On account of which crime you want to kill me? I haven't gathered any army for war. I left Madina because the Quranic verses were being laughed at. Schemes are being made to eliminate your religion. I have left my home so that I can ask people to do good deeds and stay away from evil. Is it a sin to wake up the Muslims from their slumber of neglect that you are ready to kill me? After killing me you won't be able to lead even a moment of life peacefully and in the hereafter you will only get Hell".

When Imam Hussain (a.s.) said these things to them they answered one thing that: "we are the slaves of the current ruler Yazid bin Muawiya. We have been ordered either to make you give allegiance to Yazid or behead you and take your head to his court. It's ok that you are Prophet's (p.b.u.h) grandson but we are Yazid's slaves. Whatever our ruler has ordered us we have to do that". These clear answers of the army men of Yazid are still in the historical records.

Some people say that Imam Hussain (a.s.) wanted to obtain the power and government so that he could establish an Islamic government. Some people think that Imam's (a.s.) aim was to give his and his followers lives for Allah according to his pledge. Both the reasons are not incorrect. If the Muslims of that time had answered Imam's call and had risen against the tyrant and his government, Imam Hussain (a.s.) would have been able to establish an Islamic government not because he wanted worldly power but because he wanted to prove the truthfulness and advantages of Islam and its teachings. So that humanity would come to know about the teachings of Islam and the monarchy, which was prospering in Islam's name, would be abolished and the Muslims did not have to wait till the Day of Zahoor e

Imam Mahdi (a.s.) for the establishment of the Islamic government. He knew that Allah has His own ways, the attempts of humans, their efforts and by Allah's blessings fate changes. Rabb ul Aalameen has with him a written document for all the times and in that He can erase and add whatever He wants.

But when the majority of the Muslim world did not want to change their fate, then Imam Hussain (a.s.) gave the lives of his followers and himself to fulfill not only his childhood pledge but also establish such an Islamic rule throughout the world which has no boundaries. This government is still present in every country and doesn't set. This government is present in the hearts of people and will remain there till the Day of Judgment.

10<sup>th</sup> Muharram 61 Hijri, before the time of Asr, having the courage to view the battleground of Karbala was only possessed by the Prophet's (p.b.u.h) grandson and brave son of Ali (a.s.). Imam (a.s.) was tired from bearing the tragedies. Scattered everywhere were the dead bodies of His friends and loved ones. His family had been drenched in dust and blood. Hussain (a.s.) was all alone now. Tears were not stopping, his face and dress was covered with dust and blood. his back was broken and his arms had been cut. his sight was faltering too. In such a condition, Imam Hussain (a.s.) raised his voice for Istighasa (help): "Is there any one who could help me!"

He raised this voice so that from thousands of enemies maybe someone would come to his rescue and save himself from Hellfire and on the Day of Judgment some enemy might say that if Hussain (a.s.) would have called me for help I would have certainly helped him.

Imam (a.s.) did not raise his voice for obtaining help for himself. He did not want anyone's kindness. He also didn't raise his voice so that after his friend's and family member's death someone would come and console him

or provide him with food and water. How could a person want to live in such conditions!

He was raising this voice for help so that it could be remembered in history and till the Day of Judgment, this voice would travel through human minds, nations, societies, countries and ages and the humans of the future would answer his voice and fight against the Yazids of their respective times. So that the war started in Karbala between truth and evil should not stop and should continue till the world is not completely rid of Satan.

When this eternal voice was raised, Yazid's army started to wave their swords in air but when this voice reached the tents of Imam Hussain (a.s.) a six-month-old baby threw himself from his cot.

A lady called the Imam (a.s.) and he went inside the tent and picked up his son from the ground, then went outside to the battlefield and stood on a sand dune. Then he called on to Yazid's army and said,

"You think that I am your enemy but this child is not. He hasn't drunk water for three days. His tongue has dried up. For God's sake, give him some water and save his life."

Imam's (a.s.) speech created disturbance in Yazid's army. Many soldiers started crying by turning their heads on other side. When Omar Sa'ad saw this, he ordered Hurmala bin Kahil to end Imam's (a.s.) speech with his arrow.

Hurmala shot a poisonous three-headed arrow, which sizzled through the air and reached its target, the child's throat' and passed through it and entered Imam's (a.s.) arm. After being hit by the arrow, a smile came on the dried lips of the baby and the next moment he started wreathing in pain. Blood was oozing out of the ends of his delicate lips and his head had fallen to one side.

Imam (a.s.) took out the arrow and hugged him close and his palm got filled with the chieftain's blood. He smeared his face with that blood and said that I will go to my ancestor Muhammed (p.b.u.h) in the same state. Then with the help of his sword he dug a small grave and buried his child in it.

After this he attacked Yazid's army with such a fervor that they started remembering Hazrat Ali's (a.s.) warfare but for how long can a single man fight thousands of soldiers. Till the time of Asr prayers' Imam Hussain (a.s.) was completely covered with wounds of swords and arrows and the killing ground was reddened with the blood of Ali (a.s.) and Fatima (s.a.).

Many people in Yazid's army had bags containing stones. They didn't know to use a sword so they had formed a circle and were throwing stones on Prophet's (p.b.u.h) grandson. Sun's piercing rays, sizzling heat and the hunger and thirst of three days had weakened Imam (a.s.). Blood was discharging from every part of his body from head to toe. Suddenly, a beastly person hit him a spear in the chest with such ferocity that he fell to the ground. As he was trying to get up another one hit his arm with a sword and then everyone started to attack him and the soil of Karbala started to quench its thirst with the sacred blood of the grandson of the Prophet (p.b.u.h).

Imam (a.s.) was wreathing in pain. Shimr moved ahead to behead him and he heard a weak voice saying "Shimr its time for Asr prayer permit me to pray for the last time to my Lord."

For one moment Shimr stopped in his tracks thinking that can there be such a human being on this earth who in such a condition when he is covered in thousands of wounds and is seeing death in face but still remembers the time of prayers and after performing ablution with his blood is impatiently waiting to prostrate in front of his Lord!

Imam Hussain (a.s.) had bowed his head in front of Allah. Satan urged his pet dog to move forward and he moved forward and placed the dagger on Imam's (a.s.) neck.

Karbala started to tremble; the desert was attacked by storms. There was darkness everywhere, the winds were filled with the sounds of sobs, blood started to pour from the sky. When Imam's (a.s.) head was raised on the spearhead a riot broke in the tents of Imam (a.s.). Bands of joy were sounded in Yazid's army.

Yazid's army wanted to capture Imam's (a.s.) horse but the sacred horse could not be tamed by anyone, kicking with its back and front legs and crushing the enemies under its feet, it reached near Imam's (a.s.) body. Imam's head had been removed and fresh blood was oozing from the headless body. Tears welled in the eyes of Zuljanah. It bent its head on the blood of Imam (a.s.) and then neighing ferociously started to run towards the tents of Imam (a.s.).

Yazid's army happily started to dance around Imam's (a.s.) body like madmen. Akhnas bin Marsad removed Imam's (a.s.) head covering; Ishaq bin Hashwa removed his shirt, Aswad bin Khalid took his shoes, someone cut his finger to get his ring and one beastly person cut His hand to get his waist band.

After this, all the martyrs were beheaded and all their bodies were gathered in one place. Yazid's army started to chant and scream. Then Omar Sa'ad ordered the bodies of the men belonging to the tribe of Bani Hashim to be trampled under horses' feet. Ten people agreed to do this job. They started to trample the bodies of the martyrs in a circle.

Land of Karbala had been reddened with the blood of the true followers of Islam but when one moon of Imamate set, the fourth one started to shine in the tents

of Imam Hussain (a.s.) as to show humanity the right path such moons had always risen in their homes.

The second phase of the journey of martyrdom of Imam Hussain (a.s.) had ended and now the third one was about to start. Darkness was spreading in Karbala but the light of the Moon of Imamate was spreading fast. Sand of Karbala was absorbing the martyr's blood. A bed of flowers was being prepared in the desert. Their fragrance was spreading fast. This fragrance had still to scent the double-dealing cities of Kufa and Shaam (capital of Syria) with the scent of Islam and win the governments and boundaries.

## **Chapter 8**

### **Echoes of Chains**

*Preparations were being made in the governor house for the victory party whereas the government was about to be trounced in the lanes of the city.*

Darkness was spreading. In the darkness of night, small stars were falling from the sky. A light was visible time and again. Sometimes near a ravine sometimes towards the bank of Euphrates. In the gusts of winds, some mysterious voices were hidden resembling the voices of someone sobbing. Sometimes it was felt like some invisible creatures were moving to and fro in the deserts of Karbala. Nothing was visible but they could be felt in the gusts of winds, in the sand dunes and around the bodies of the martyrs.

Actually, they were the 70,000 angels who had come from the sky in reply to Imam Hussain's (a.s.) voice of Istighasa (help) at the time of Asr. They had requested to the wounded Imam (a.s.) and said, "Allah's Caliph, if you would permit us, we would burn your enemies to dust."

"No, leave them. There might be born from them some true Muslim. Also you cannot be compared with humans, I cannot do this injustice. I only want the help of the humans of this world because in it there is their advantage. I am sure that my voice will reach the ages and all the distances and the last human being born till the Day of Judgment will hear it. Whoever will love Allah's religion will help me when they listen to my voice."

"But O Imam e Waqt! Where will you be then that the people would come to help you?" One angel asked in choking voice.

"By the blessings of my Allah, I will always be alive and after me there are 9 sons of mine who will be there in all ages and time as Allah's Hujjat. This earth is never going to stay without my sons. Islam is going to stay safe in their hands. My Istighasa is going to remain echoing in the human minds, dwellings, generations, cultures and societies and in every age, humans will move forward to help me."

"How will they help you?" one angel asked.

"They will firmly hold the religion of Islam, protect the Quran, pay Zakat, offer prayers on time, help the weak, will stand firm against tyrants, will not care about their lives in protecting their religion, remain patient in difficulties, spread goodness, neither they themselves will do bad nor let anyone else do it, will spread knowledge and will keep on relaying my message to the future generations. All these people in their ages, societies, countries, cities and neighborhoods will be the ones who would be answering to my Istighasa. Such people will be my companions, friends and my helpers in all ages or whichever cities. They will be the people who will give sacrifices for their Imam e Waqt in their own ways."

"O Allah's Hujjat! The one whom His own people killed! O Leader of martyrs! What do you command us to do?" The angels asked.

"Return to the sky and till the Day of Judgment pray for my followers, people crying for me, the ones understanding the true meaning of my love, the ones realizing the value of the tears streaming down the eyes for me, ones fighting the tyrants and people serving the religion," Imam Hussain (a.s.) answered.

Those 70,000 angels went back to the sky but Allah ordered all of them to go to the earth and live there till the Day of Judgment. You will live in Karbala near Hussain ibn e Ali's (a.s.) grave and you will pray to me for the ones coming to visit His shrine.

When they again came down to earth, storms were coming along Euphrates, darkness was spreading everywhere and the blood of the Martyrs was being absorbed by the soil of Karbala. The bodies of the martyrs were spread everywhere in the ground unshrouded. The heads of all the men belonging to the tribe of Bani Hashim had been cut and raised on spearheads. The children of Hussaini convoy were hiding in the laps of their mothers, aunts, sisters and servants.

The sounds of sobs in the wind were of these angels who were shedding tears on the helplessness of the children of the last Prophet (p.b.u.h) of Allah.

The yellowing moon of the 11<sup>th</sup> of Muharram seemed eclipsed. The plan, Prophet's (p.b.u.h) grandson had made against the enemies of Islam had completed its second phase. From this evening its third phase was about to start. Leader of this phase will be the sister of Hussain ibn e Ali (a.s.), Hazrat Zainab Bint e Ali (s.a.).

This third phase was very testing. Till now the youth of Bani Hashim were present, Imam Hussain's (a.s.) brave companions were alive and above all their brave leader Hussain ibn e Ali (a.s.) was also alive. Now the situation was different. Now in men only Syed e Sajjad ibn e Hussain (a.s.) was left alive but he, too, had a high fever at that time.

The commander of the Hussaini convoy at that time was Bibi Zainab (s.a.). She was weak and feeble from the fast of three days; sorrow of death of her brothers, sons and nephews had wrecked her and she was down with the sadness of being arrested and to be sent to prison

but despite this, Allah had made her strong as a rock. She was fully aware of her duties and responsibilities. She had hardened to save the sacrifice of Imam Hussain (a.s.) and to disclose the cunning ways of the enemies of Islam. At this time, she had a broken spear in her hand and she was moving around the tents like a brave and alert soldier.

The terrible night ended somehow. The sun rose from the east and in an instant Karbala was converted into a huge kiln. Yazid's army started to surround the burnt tents. Hands of all the women and children were bound with ropes and they were ordered to climb the camels. When the women and children moved towards the camels, many soldiers tried to push them to climb the camels forcefully. At that Imam e Waqt, Imam Ali ibn e Hussain (a.s.) said that do not try to degrade the family of Prophet (p.b.u.h). We will help each other climb the camels ourselves. After that all the women and children climbed the camels somehow.

Hazrat Ali bin Hussain (a.s.) was burning with fever. Due to weakness he could not sit on the camel steadily. On seeing this, brutal soldiers tied ropes on Imam's feet and then tied his feet around the camel's stomach. Then they tied one rope around the neck of Imam (a.s.) and then tied his neck around the camel's neck.

The camels were standing one by one. When all the camels were standing in a line, Omar ibn e Sa'ad ordered his army to move towards Kufa. The horses started to gallop, Camel tenders started to make the camels run. The soldiers were hitting the camels of the prisoners with sticks. All the camels tied together in one rope started to run madly in the desert. When young children cried with fear the soldiers would hit them with their hunters. When a child fell from the mother's lap she was not permitted to pick her child. Mother would be tied on the camel and the child would fall and wreathe on the sand for a while and then die.

Yazid's army wanted to reach Kufa as quickly as possible. They wanted to be praised by the governor of Kufa, Ubaidullah ibn e Ziyad for their victory. They were waiting impatiently to get rewarded for killing the family members of the Prophet (p.b.u.h). They had killed the best of the human kind in hunger and thirst, how could they have any concern for the mothers or their children falling from the camels.

The sun was shining brightly. The children were sobbing with hunger, thirst and fear, and the convoy of human cum beasts was happily moving towards Kufa amid drumbeats and maddening screams. In front was a group of selected riders and they carried big spears in their hands and on those spearheads they had raised the 18 heads of the family of the Prophet (p.b.u.h). Fresh blood was still dripping from these heads. The faces of the horse riders had turned red with pride. Their happiness knew no bound as they had killed the biggest enemy of their leader.

These horse riders were also Muslims like the rest of the soldiers; they too recited the "kalma" of Allah and the Prophet (p.b.u.h) but the worldly gains and status had veiled their intellects. Satan had presented to them the worst sins as the best of deeds. That is why they were happy in killing the family members of their Prophet (p.b.u.h).

Behind these riders was a group of defending soldiers who were ready to fight anyone on the way trying to steal the heads of the family members of Prophet (p.b.u.h). Behind them were the camels of the prisoners. On every camel was a woman prisoner alone or along with a young child. Among these women were the women of the As'hab of Imam Hussain (a.s.) and also the daughters, granddaughters and daughters in law of the Prophet (p.b.u.h). They didn't have any veils on their head but due to severe heat and perspiration their hair had come to their faces. On one camel was riding Imam

Hussain's (a.s.) young daughter Sakina. Her hands too were tied behind her neck like other women. She had hidden her face with her elbows.

Behind them was a group of people moving forward beating drums, and other musical instruments and chanting happily. When the camels carrying the prisoners slowed down, the group behind them would start to lash them. If any woman prisoner or child would change position, the horse riders would lash them also and then laugh loudly.

The high commander of the convoy of Yazid' Omar ibn e Sa'ad was riding a decorated horse holding the reins with one hand amid armed soldiers arrogantly. Omar ibn e Sa'ad was the son of Sahabi e Rasool (p.b.u.h) Sa'ad bin Abi Waqas. Once in Masjid e Kufa, Hazrat Ali (a.s.) was delivering a sermon and saying that whatever knowledge you want you can acquire from me. I am more familiar with the routes of the sky than the land. At that time, Sa'ad bin Abi Waqas asked Hazrat Ali (a.s.), 'Tell me how many hair are there in my beard'. Ameer ul Momineen answered his question and said that Sa'ad! Listen to this as well that a day will come when your son will kill my son Hussain (a.s.).

At that time no one could even imagine of killing the Prophet's (p.b.u.h) grandson but the night earlier had proved the premonition of Hazrat Ali (a.s.) to be true.

Omar ibn e Sa'ad was beaming with happiness. He was considering himself as the ruler of "Ray" (area near Tehran). The governor of Kufa and the right hand of Yazid, Ubaidullah ibn e Ziyad had promised him in a letter that if he would kill the Prophet's (p.b.u.h) grandson Hussain ibn e Ali (a.s.), he would be made the ruler of a fertile land of "Ray". Omar ibn e Sa'ad knew that after killing the Prophet's grandson, his permanent home is in Hell as he had quite often heard the Prophets Hadith, "Hussain is from Me and I am from Hussain. Whoever hurt Hussain hurt Me."

After this offer by ibn e Ziyad, he kept on pacing in his home. On one side he saw worldly pleasures and on the other the Hell fire was frightening him. At that time he thought, "Shoned I leave the government of "Ray" whereas getting this is my dearest dream or showed I involve myself in the biggest sin by killing the Prophet's grandson? Although killing Hussain (a.s.) is a big problem but I want to get the government of "Ray" dearly and for that I will even bear to be called as the most brutal person among humans and Jins."

At that instance Satan showed him a way, a way that was very beautiful but which lead straight to the Hell. At that moment Ibn e Sa'ad had uttered, "Remember this world is dealing in cash and no intelligent person will leave cash for loan. It is said that Allah had prepared handcuffs and chains for feet of fire for people of Hell If this is true then after killing Hussain (a.s.) I will get the government of "Ray" and within two years will ask Allah's forgiveness, it is said that Allah forgives all kinds of sins and if these stories of Hell and Heaven are all lies then I would become the ruler of a big government in this world."

Amid war music and ferocious chanting of soldiers the son of Sahabi e Rasool (p.b.u.h) and the assassin of Prophet's (p.b.u.h) grandson, arrogantly holding reins of his horse, dreaming about his bright future was moving towards Kufa.

Omar Sa'ad had already sent the head of Imam Hussain (a.s.) to ibn e Ziyad on 10<sup>th</sup> Muharram through a man named "Khooli Asbahi". He had buried the bodies of his soldiers. The bodies of the family members of the Prophet (p.b.u.h) were on his order crushed under horses' hooves and left on the sands of Karbala. The heads of these greatest men of their time were all covered in blood and dust and were hung on the spearheads in front of him.

Through the scorching heat of the sun and the whorls of sand and dust of the desert, the buildings of Kufa were starting to come to sight.



## **Chapter 9**

### **The Festivities**

*If miracles would solve all the problems of this world then how would one be tested for one's love for Allah and His Prophet (p.b.u.h).*

It was a sight of a festival in the lanes of Kufa that day. Khooli Asbahi had brought the head of Imam Hussain (a.s.) in the morning. He had informed ibn e Ziyad that Omar Sa'ad would be arriving in Kufa with the heads of Imam's (a.s.) brothers, sons, nephews and friends till noon. He also told him that all the women and children of the Prophet's (p.b.u.h) family had been taken prisoners and Omar Sa'ad is bringing them to Kufa tied up in ropes.

Ibn e Ziyad got ecstatic on listening to this news. He called his officers and ordered them, "Announce in the whole city that today God has bestowed victory on the caliph of Muslims over the rebels. The heads of those rebels and their women and children will be reaching Kufa by any time today. Today will be celebration day in Kufa. People should wear new dresses, music should be sounded and all the lanes and houses should be decorated and yes- -call the dancers and music players so that they could dance and sing at various places in the market. Not a single man, woman or child should remain in his or her home and when the heads of Hussain ibn e Ali (a.s.) and His friends enter Kufa, it should look like Eid so that the women and children of the Prophet's family feel embarrassment."

The officers of ibn e Ziyad announced this in the whole city. The prayer leaders aired this 'good news' in the

mosques after congregational prayers. The rich people of the city who used to benefit from the government were called and given responsibility of arranging festive programs in the city. In the lanes of Kufa, money started to flow. All the men of bad repute, thugs, thieves and other evildoers came out on the roads. Women dressed themselves in colorful dresses and started to dance and sing with the men. The orchestra players gathered on the crossroads and on both the sides of the entrance gate of the route from Karbala to Kufa and hordes of children gathered in the market place to watch the fun.

Ibn e Ziyad, wearing decorated clothes was moving about the lanes and neighborhoods inspecting the preparations. People were congratulating him earnestly. His face was glowing with happiness. He had ordered Khooli to take the head of Imam Hussain (a.s.) on a high spear along with a group of soldiers outside Kufa to welcome Omar Sa'ad. From there along with music all the heads of Bani Hashim and Imam Hussain (a.s.) would be presented in his court.

There were also some followers of Ahlulbait (a.s.) in Kufa. They were those people who had survived from being killed or imprisoned because they were leading a cautious life in Kufa. They were unable to protest against the government due to fear. The news of the martyrdom of Imam Hussain (a.s.) and his companions had shocked them completely. Many people were such that they loved Imam (a.s.) but were overcome by fear. Many had consoled themselves by the thought that no government can have courage enough to kill the Prophet's grandson and if it happened then this world will come to an end and God's curse will fall on Yazid's government.

This was one way to shy away from one's responsibilities. Now a saddening reality was in front of them and they were crying bitterly. But in these tears a new emotion was making its way. These tears of repenting and embarrassment were creating a storm in

the hearts of these people but there was still some time before this storm actually came.

Allah could have turned Yazid, ibn e Ziyad, Omar ibn e Sa'ad, Shimr Zil Joshan, the governor house of Kufa, the palaces of Yazid in Syria and the whole of the Yazid Government into blazing timber but if all the work would be done by miracles then how would the people's love for Allah and His Prophet (p.b.u.h) would be tested.

Yazid's army stopped at a distance of three miles to Kufa. Khooli Asbahi met them as per ibn e Ziyad's orders at that place with head of Imam Hussain (a.s.). Before entering Kufa Imam's (a.s.) head was raised on the highest spearhead and when the army saw it they started chanting "Allah o Akbar". Hearing this Imam's (a.s.) family members got distressed and it was as if the Day of Judgment had arrived and the sun had come down to a spear's height. Their chanting stopped but the cries of Bibi Zainab (s.a.), Bibi Umme Kulsoom (s.a.), Bibi Rubab (s.a.), Bibi Sakina (s.a.) and Bibi Fizza (s.a.) didn't stop.

The ladies of Imam's family had seen the face of Imam (a.s.) a day earlier at the time of Asr when Imam (a.s.) had come to their tents for his farewell.

The curtain of the tent had risen and he had said, "O Zainab and Kulsoom! My salutations, O Umme Rubab My salutations to you, O Sajjad! (a.s.) my salutations to you, O my mother's maid Fizza! my last salutations, O my dear daughter Sakina! my salutations."

All the women were remembering that scene when viewing Imam's (a.s.) head on the spearhead and wailing uncontrollably.

The condition of Imam's (a.s.) 6-year-old daughter was the worst. She was remembering that moment when on the night of tenth her father had hugged her close and told her, "Dear daughter! from today you will sleep with your mother."

"But my young brother sleeps with mother," She told her father innocently.

"Dear daughter! from today your young brother will sleep with me in the battlefield and you will sleep with your mother," Answered Imam Hussain (a.s.).

"Father, why will you sleep in the battlefield. Who sleeps in the battlefield?" The child asked astonishedly.

Imam Hussain's (a.s.) eyes were welling with tears. He told his daughter about the future in childish terms and told her that for saving Allah's religion I will have to sacrifice my life and you will have to face the sorrows of being an orphan.

"Father, who is an Orphan?" his daughter asked putting her arms around his neck.

"Orphan -- " Her father's voice faltered.

Suddenly, when warm tears touched Bibi Sakina's hands, she asked her father, "Father, you only used to cry during prayers then why are you crying now? Tell me father who is an orphan."

Imam (a.s.) closely embraced his daughter and said, "wait till tomorrow evening and you will realize the meaning of an orphan."

Bibi Sakina was on a separate camel with her hands tied behind her neck with ropes. Her father's sentences were cutting her heart and she was crying bitterly.

Yazid's army started moving. Shimr Zil Joshan started lashing the wailing women and children. Their voices stopped but tears didn't. The army band started playing and their voices chanting slogans of victory reached the sky.

Horses were galloping, camels were screaming and draped in the blanket of dust and sand, this caravan was entering the limits of Kufa.

There was a mob of men and women, young and old, emerging from everywhere. The caravan was surrounded with fresh army battalion. Ibn e Ziyad had ordered his soldiers that no one from the spectators should come near the prisoners or the heads of the martyrs. If someone in the spectators is found armed, he should be arrested immediately. At that moment too responsible soldiers guarded the camels of each prisoner.

Innumerable women and children were standing on rooftops of houses and many of them were feeling sorry for the prisoners. They started throwing their head covers towards the prisoners. The soldiers were also very alert. Whenever any piece of cloth or head cover dropped on any prisoner, the soldiers would instantly remove it with their spears. After a few foiled attempts, the spectators realized that the army did not appreciate this action and out of fear they eventually stopped.

In this crowd, there were also such people who knew that the persons killed were the children of Prophet (p.b.u.h) and the women on the camels were the granddaughters of the Prophet (p.b.u.h) but out of fear were not uttering a word. They were anguished but also could not display their tears out of fear.

Majority of people were Muslims who were unaware of this fact and only knew that the heads belonged to some rebels and the women were their family members who had rebelled against the Islamic government and the soldiers had crushed them in the end. Such people were dancing with happiness and abusing the prisoners verbally.

Some women standing on the rooftops started throwing pieces of bread and some dates after touching them on their children's heads as sadqa towards the prisoners. The kids were young and as soon as they had kept the dates in their mouth, Hazrat Ali's (a.s.) younger daughter Umme Kulsoom (s.a.) screamed and told them,

"Children this is sadqa and sadqa is not allowed for the family members of the Prophet Muhammed (p.b.u.h)." When the children heard this, they threw away the dates on the ground. One woman was amazed to see this from the rooftop. She bent down a little and asked Bibi Umme Kulsoom (s.a.), "I haven't seen such prisoners before, who are you people?"

"We belong to the family of the Holy Prophet (p.b.u.h)," Bibi Umme Kulsoom (s.a.) answered. When the woman heard this she started to beat her head and started crying and saying "Wa Muhammada" and "Wa Aliya".

This fact was passed on to other women who in turn told some men and soon the people laughing on the prisoners started to shed tears. They were told that the heads belonged to some rebels but now they realized that in their unawareness a catastrophe had been brought on Islamic world.

The caravan had stopped in the middle of the market in Kufa. In the noise of bands playing, chanting of soldiers and people talking nothing could be heard. Suddenly, the voice of a lady sitting on a camel rose. She was Imam Hussain's (a.s.) sister Bibi Zainab (s.a.), she said, "Be Quiet!"

When this voice pierced through the noise of many musical instruments, chanting and many other noises and echoed in each and every corner of Kufa all the people playing music, screaming soldiers, galloping horses and camels went quiet for a moment. This was a strange voice, which silenced the people for a while. It was like everyone had turned to stone. This voice had made people tremble.

Hazrat Zainab bint e Ali (a.s.) wiped the tears off her eyes with her elbows and then looked towards the sky and said, "All praises are for Allah. So much in quantity as there are sand particles and stones in the desert and so much in weight as is of all the things present between

this sky and the land, I praise Thee. I have belief in Him and I trust Him and I testify that there is no God except Him and no one is His partner. Hazrat Muhammed Mustafa (p.b.u.h) is His creation and Prophet.”

Then she moved her gaze through one end of crowd to another and said,

“And I am telling you this fact that the innocent family members of the last Prophet (p.b.u.h) have been killed on the banks of Euphrates. O my Creator! I ask for your help to not to lie on your behalf. Yesterday, the son of Ali (a.s.) whose rights were usurped and who was martyred in the house of Allah in front of the people calling themselves Muslims was also martyred in the desert of Karbala.”

Her voice started to falter with sorrow and tears. The crowd was quiet and in this silence, sobbing was also being heard. Tears were sparkling in the eyes of women on the rooftops and men standing in the market. Bibi Zainab (s.a.) looked at these faces with sorrow and addressed to them,

“O the deceitful people of Kufa O rebels! now neither will your tears cease nor your sorrow. You have employed faith to kill others. You are cowardly in the battlefield, unable to fight with your enemies, breakers of allegiance and your words. Keep on crying for, by Allah! you should cry more and laugh less. You have acquired a life long humiliation and curse. These are such stains, which you will not get off till the Day of Judgment. The son of the last Prophet of Allah, Hussain (a.s.) was the leader of the youth of Heaven. He was your shelter from sins and helper in your difficulties and you people first abandoned him and then had him killed.

“Curse be on you! All your good deeds are wasted. Your hands have become of bad repute. You have acquired Allah’s wrath. Now you will have to face eternal humiliation as it has become your fate.”

The people were standing like statues with their heads bent. Tears changed to sobbing and sobbing to wailing and then to screams and then suddenly again the voice of the daughter of Ali ibn e Abi Talib (a.s.) rose. For a moment people looked up to her and then again bowed their heads. Tears were welling in the eyes of Bibi Zainab (s.a.), composing herself she addressed Yazid’s army men,

“May destruction be your fate but do you realize which part of the Holy Prophet (p.b.u.h) you have cut? Whose blood you have shed? From whose heads you have snatched head coverings? Whom you have made prisoners? You have committed a great sin. Then, too you were amazed at why blood rained from the sky? Killing of the grandson of the Prophet (p.b.u.h) was such a sin that it would not have been worth amazement even if sky would have fell and ground would have shook and mountains would have turned to dust.

And listen; don’t be fooled by the time given by Allah. He is capable of sending His wrath on you any time and also we are not afraid of Him that He will not avenge us.”

Wails turned to screams. Crying sounds were coming from everywhere. Everyone’s face was streaked with tears. The spectators had forgotten the spectacle they were watching and started to cry bitterly. Kufa was trembling with sorrow. Bibi Zainab (s.a.) was quiet now but her face was damp with tears.

The governor house was still being decorated and there was still time left for the court to be decorated so the caravan was stopped outside the city gate.

Suddenly, some people heard the voice of reciting of The Quran above their heads. Amazed they looked up and saw a head on a tall spearhead. The head that had been removed from the body although was covered in blood had the signs of life on his face. His eyes were open and his forehead was shining and his lips were

moving slowly and voice of recital of Holy Quran was coming from his lips. When the people saw this, they were silenced and entranced. Imam Hussain's (a.s.) lips were reciting an ayah of Surah e Kahf, "Do you think that As'hab e Kahf and Raqeem were one of our weird signs? "

Many people fainted with grief when they saw this and many started to cry loudly. When the soldiers saw this they ran towards the people with their lashes and the crowd started to disintegrate.

Ibn e Ziyad was strolling in his palace with happiness over his victory and outside it, the sounding of chains in the markets, lanes, streets and houses of Kufa had started the decline of Yazid. Today, people had witnessed such a sign of Allah, which was weirder than As'hab e Kahf.

## **Chapter 10**

### **Earthquake in the Palace**

*Yazid's governor wanted to impress the prisoners of the family of the Prophet (p.b.u.h) by his cruelty and the lavishness but the prisoners of Karbala were about to crush his show of power and wealth under their feet.*

Fiery sun was setting in the west but still there was no respite from heat. The warm wind was burning everyone's face. The sand was also emitting heat. The whole road was filled with people as the crowd was still increasing from all sides. The expressions on their faces were different. Those who could listen to the prisoners were crying but those who had joined the crowd recently were displaying happiness.

The caravan had now reached near the governor house of Kufa suddenly when one woman from the prisoners looked up at the tall arched gate and saw a head dangling at the top of the gate and couldn't suppress her scream. She said sobbing, "O innocent son of Aqeel! you were killed in a state of loneliness. Two of your sons were martyred in Kufa and two gave their lives for their uncle Hussain ibn e Ali (a.s.) in the desert of Karbala ---- and you are witnessing my condition, my dear husband!"

Her painful voice moved the people. The voice was of Hazrat Ali's (a.s.) daughter, Hazrat Abbas's (a.s.) sister and Hazrat Muslim's (a.s.) widow; Bibi Ruqayya. Everyone looked up automatically to where she was looking. In the middle of the door the head of ambassador of Imam Hussain (a.s.), Hazrat Muslim bin

Aqeel, was dangling. His face was covered with bruises and beard was drenched in his own blood.

The rope around the neck of Imam Ali bin Hussain (a.s.) had opened and now he was sitting on the camel straight up. His feet were still bound to the camels back and blood was dripping from them.

Many unaware Muslims of Kufa considered the head hanging on the door of the market to be of a rebel of the government but now the propaganda of the government was fading. The speech that Hazrat Zainab (s.a.) had bravely delivered in the markets of Kufa had opened the eyes of the Muslims. They had understood that these women and children did not belong to any rebels' family but to the family of the Prophet (p.b.u.h). Majority of spectators couldn't even think in their dreams that the family of their beloved Prophet (p.b.u.h) could be imprisoned whereas in the mosques they were still saluting them and the government was still established in their name.

The fever of Imam Zain ul Abideen (a.s.) had lessened and the weakness in his voice too had become better. When he saluted the head of Hazrat Muslim bin Aqeel (a.s.) loudly the crowd again looked up at the head and understood that this head also belonged to the family member of Prophet (p.b.u.h) who was arrested on 9<sup>th</sup> of Zilhajj by the army of ibn e Ziyad and after that, was killed by throwing him from the roof of the governor house.

Imam Zain ul Abideen's voice had a painful note, which made the spectators cry and from among these spectators Imam (a.s.) heard someone's voice.

"Who is this young man?" asked someone from the crowd.

"I haven't seen such a face in my life," a middle aged man said surprisingly.

At that time Imam Zain ul Abideen (a.s.) was 22 years old. Despite weakness and tiredness from traveling he stood out among thousands. Imam (a.s.) glanced at those men and then looked all around himself.

The crowd had all kinds of people. Some were aware and some unaware. They were all followers of the Prophet (p.b.u.h), who loved him, saluted him and his family in their prayers but when today Allah tested their love they were all standing aloof and watching or shedding fake tears on the family of their Prophet (p.b.u.h) being paraded in the city markets. Their faith was limited to their tongues only. For them their home, family, life and honor was more important than that of the Prophet (p.b.u.h).

The soldiers were spread around the caravan for protection. The heads of the martyrs were motionless on the spearheads. A little while ago, people had listened to the head of the grandson of Prophet (p.b.u.h) reciting Surah e Kahf. This had frightened even the soldiers of Yazid's army.

Imam (a.s.) felt the silence and softening of the hearts of people and started praising Allah Rabb ul Aalameen. Everyone turned towards him.

At a time when the heads of one's relatives are raised on spearheads, women of the family are standing bare headed, children bound with ropes are crying with hunger and thirst, to praise Allah and to thank Him is not an easy task and could not be performed by any ordinary person. In such circumstances people outrightly deny Allah and when in such a time they saw Imam Ali bin Hussain (a.s.) thanking Allah they understood that He is not an ordinary man. Such incidents were narrated for the pious Prophets of Allah.

After Allah's praise, he sent his salutations to the Prophet (p.b.u.h) and his family and then he again glanced at those two men who wanted to know his

identity and after that he looked around and looked into the eyes of the people and said,

"O people! those who recognize me, know me but for those of you who do not recognize me, let me tell you who I am.

My name is Ali and I am the son of the grandson of Prophet (p.b.u.h), Hussain ibn e Ali (a.s.), I am the grandson of the only daughter of the Prophet Muhammed (p.b.u.h), Hazrat Fatima Zahra (s.a.); the leader of the women of Heaven, and Ali ibn e Abi Talib (a.s.).

I am the son of that great person who was dealt with disrespect, whose house was looted and women and children were made prisoners.

I am the son of that great man who was slaughtered in the state of hunger and thirst on the banks of Euphrates and the dead bodies of his companions and himself are lying in the open on the sands of Karbala."

After saying this Imam (a.s.) stopped for a while. Sounds of crying had started coming from the crowd. Imam's (a.s.) voice arose again.

"People I ask you by God that you were the people who invited my father by writing letters and then you only betrayed Him. You promised to side with Him and swore allegiance to Him to Muslim bin Aqeel and then you yourself killed Muslim bin Aqeel. May your end be worse as you have with your own hands bought eternal humiliation for yourself. How are you going to face the Prophet (p.b.u.h) on the Day of Judgment whereas you yourself are the killers of his grandson.

Understand this once and for all (and do not remain in any dreams) that the Prophet (p.b.u.h) of Allah will say this to you that you are the killers of my Ahlulbait (a.s.), dishonored the women of my family and imprisoned my

children (this act of yours is unforgivable) that is why you are not from my people.”

After saying this, Imam (a.s.) went quiet. Men, women and children were looking at him with tears strained eyes and crying bitterly. Many men were moving through the crowd towards Imam (a.s.) and women and men started to throw their own head covers towards the women of the family of the Prophet (p.b.u.h).

Suddenly, the soldiers came to their senses and took out their swords waving them in the air they started to scatter the crowd. Within minutes the crowd had vanished. Men and women started running here and there with their children.

Suddenly, the echoes of hooves sounded. A special force was coming from the governor house. The soldiers guarding the prisoners and the heads arranged themselves. They understood that the court of Ibn e Ziyad had been decorated and this special force was sent to accompany them in.

The governor house was freshly painted. Colorful banners were hanging on the doors and passages. Soldiers and government officials were dressed formally and the guards to the entrance of the court were dressed in special uniforms, which had golden belts. On both sides of the doors of the court were soldiers standing alert with swords in their hands. On the whole route of the caravan drums were beating and music was being played.

The special force of Ibn e Ziyad started entering the governor house. Behind their decorated horses were the soldiers who had brought the prisoners and the head of the martyrs on spearheads from Karbala. These soldiers were now on foot and had raised the heads of the martyrs on spearheads. They were overwhelmed with happiness and were continuously raising the chants of Na'arai Takbir.

Behind these barbaric soldiers was the line of prisoner women and children. The prisoners have now been dismounted and bound with a single rope. Heading the prisoners was Imam Zain ul Abideen (a.s.) with his head bowed moving slowly forwards. If he straightened then many young children that were bound in the same rope had their feet lifted above the ground. Same was the condition of the daughters and daughters in law of Hazrat Ali ibn e Abi Talib (a.s.). These great ladies were also moving forward slowly with their heads bent.

\*\*\*\*\*

All the preparations had been made on the order of Ubaidullah ibn e Ziyad, the governor of Yazid. His mission was to degrade the family of the Prophet (p.b.u.h) in front of the public so that people would stop believing in them. He wanted the people to think that the Prophet (p.b.u.h) used to call himself as Allah's friend, if he really was Allah's friend then why did Allah humiliate his family members like this.

Some other people might think this way that the Prophet of Allah (p.b.u.h) had said that all the armies of Heaven and Earth belong to Allah, so why didn't those armies come to help the women of Prophet's family who are bare headed and tied in ropes now. People are making fun of them but those armies of Allah aren't doing anything. Maybe this religion is just a drama created by Muhammed (p.b.u.h) himself. If he would have been true then at this moment the earth would have opened up, fire should have come from the sky and mountains would have disintegrated.

The aim of Yazid and his government was to degrade Islam in one way or another. Their enmity was with Islam because due to Islam their rule on the Arabs came to an end. After Islam their enmity lied with Ali ibn e Abi Talib (a.s.) and his family who with their perseverance, bravery and exemplary sacrifices fought every plot planned against Islam by its enemies. This family gave



the lives of its members for safety of Islam from Kufr. Ali ibn e Abi Talib was the head of the family and with his bravery had defeated many ancestors of Yazid in various battles. The people coming under the sword of Hazrat Ali (a.s.) were the very same vain people who wanted to fight Allah and whoever wants to fight Allah will have no place to live except Hell.

\*\*\*\*\*

The prisoners were now being presented to Ubaidullah ibn e Ziyad whose face was lit with happiness. He was arrogantly sitting on a high chair.

First Shimr Zil Joshan moved forward. He was holding a silver platter in his hands, which had the head of Imam Hussain (a.s.) on it. Behind him were 18 soldiers carrying the heads of the family of Prophet (p.b.u.h) on spearheads. Shimr moved forward to present Imam Hussain's (a.s.) head to ibn e Ziyad.

"No, not like that," ibn e Ziyad stopped him raising his hand. Shimr Zil Joshan stopped. "Why have placed Hussain's (a.s.) head on a silver platter? Hussain's (a.s.) grandfather had prohibited usage of gold for men that is why today present Hussain's (a.s.) head to me on a gold platter," ibn e Ziyad said laughing barbarically.

At once, a slave went out and brought a gold platter. Then Shimr placed Imam's head in that gold platter and presented it to ibn e Ziyad. Ibn e Ziyad took it from Shimr and placed it at a side and then he turned his attention towards the women and children prisoners. The faces of the women of the family of the Prophet (p.b.u.h) were hidden by their hair.

"Who is this woman?" pointed ibn e Ziyad towards a tall lady.

"She is Zainab (s.a.), the Prophet's (p.b.u.h) granddaughter, Fatima Zahra's (s.a.) daughter and Hussain's (a.s.) sister," one soldier came forward and replied with smugness, as he knew how much ibn e Ziyad hated the family of the Prophet (p.b.u.h).

A victorious smile spread on ibn e Ziyad's face and he said to Bibi Zainab (s.a.) playing with his gold chain, "Praise be to that Allah who has humiliated you and killed your men and proved all the changes your ancestors had made by introducing a new religion to be false."

Bibi Zainab's head was bent due to the constriction of the rope and the weight of young children but Her patience, forbearance, love for Allah Rabb ul Aalameen and faith in her creator was worth everything. In answer to the governor of Yazid, she praised Almighty Allah, saluted the Prophet (p.b.u.h) and said to ibn e Ziyad,

"Allah has favored us due to His last Prophet Muhammed (p.b.u.h), and made us that pure as anything can be and that you are talking about us being humiliated so listen carefully only those are humiliated who are as bad and evil as you are and only those lie who are born of illicit relations. It is great favor of Allah on our part that such people are our enemies."

Bibi Zainab's words hit ibn e Ziyad like a bolt of lightning. This was the first stab of truth that had hit ibn e Ziyad and wiped out the smile off his face. The last sentences of Bibi Zainab (s.a.) had opened up that secret in front of the courtiers that ibn e Ziyad himself was running away from. He was burning with rage but hiding it behind his smile he said sarcastically, "If Allah loves Ahlulbait (a.s.) then how has He treated you?"

Bibi Zainab's (s.a.) face was lit with trust and belief in Allah,

"How has He treated us?" She repeated his words. "My benevolent Creator acted with us in the same way that

was in accordance to our status. He made us reach to the high status of martyrdom (Shahadat) but how would you know what martyrdom is but soon my Creator is going to gather you on the Day of Judgment along with Ahlulbait (a.s.). They are going to plead their case and ask Allah for justice. O ill-fated son of Marjana! You will see on that day that who is victorious and who has lost."

Bibi Zainab's confidence made the courtiers tremble.

These words of Bibi Zainab made the face of Ibne Ziyad sweat. She had called Ibne Ziyad with the name of his mother "Marjana" instead of his father and this had made Ibne Ziyad before the entire court an icon of shame and disgrace because in Arab society calling a person with his mothers' name means no one knew his father, or many persons where claimant of being his father.

Mothers in his family were notorious for their bad character. Ibne Ziyad's father, Ziyad was also identified with his mother 'Sumayyah' instead of his "father" Ubaid. Yazid's grandfather Abu Suffian was also one of the four claimants of being Ziyad's father.

These words of the lion hearted daughter of Ali (A.S) had pushed the generations of Ibne Ziyad into the sludge of disgrace.

Ibne Ziyad, governor of Kufa, could no longer bear being disgraced, how could he bear to be taken as a loser after doing so much. He angrily pointed towards a slave, "Behead this woman."

Before the slave could move, a man named Omar ibn e Hurais came forward and said, "O Ameer! She is just a helpless woman. How can she harm you? It is unadvisable to treat women like that."

Although ibn e Ziyad had ordered this in anger but he wanted someone to stop him from doing it. He knew that

after killing the men of Prophet's (p.b.u.h) family if he killed the women of His family it could bring on some trouble. He controlled his anger and pointed his slave to back off.

Suddenly ibn e Ziyad heard a voice of a young man saying, "O ibn e Ziyad! May Allah break your limbs? For how long will you keep on hurting the daughter of Bibi Zahra (s.a.)?"

Ibn e Ziyad turned around and saw a young man, who despite being prisoner was exuding bravery. "Who are you?" asked ibn e Ziyad arrogantly.

"I am Hussain ibn e Ali's (a.s.) son, Ali ibn ul Hussain (a.s.)," answered Imam Sajjad with full confidence.

"Hasn't Allah killed Ali binul Hussain (a.s.)?" ibn e Ziyad looked at his heads of army in surprise as his soldiers had told him that they had killed Hussain's (a.s.) son Ali.

"That person who was martyred was my brother Ali Akbar," replied Imam Sajjad (a.s.). "I am alive and whenever Allah wishes, He will also grant me that status."

Imam Sajjad said this with such cutting edge in His voice that ibn e Ziyad's anger got out of control. "You still find so much strength in you that you are answering me like this?" He said irritated to his slaves, "Take this young man and kill him."

At this, Bibi Zainab (s.a.) stood in front of her nephew and said, "O enemy of Allah, if you want to kill him then first kill me!" Bibi Zainab's (s.a.) tone was very rigid.

Ibn e Ziyad pointed his slave to back off. Hazrat Ali bin Hussain (a.s.) moved his aunt away from him and said to ibn e Ziyad, "Ibn e Ziyad! You want to frighten me from being killed. Haven't you realized till now that being martyred is our family's history!"

Ibn e Ziyad acted as if he had not listened to Him. "Who is Umme Kulsoom?" he said changing the subject.

"What do you want?" answered Bibi Umme Kulsoom angrily.

"All I want to say is that all of you are liars. Your ancestor (Prophet (p.b.u.h)) was a liar too, that is why Allah has disgraced you and sent you to me---." Ibn e Ziyad openly showed his hatred towards the Prophet of Islam (p.b.u.h). His sentence was still incomplete when the second sword of Hazrat Ali (a.s.) showed itself. Bibi Umme Kulsoom's voice was as sharp as a sword. "O enemy of Allah, and the one born as a result of illicit relations, only you can do such things of bad repute. I give you the good news of your burning in the Hellfire." Bibi Umme Kulsoom said this in such a way that Ibn e Ziyad started to sweat with embarrassment.

Ibn e Ziyad looked here and there, all his courtiers were in a trance. He said hiding his embarrassment, "If you weren't a woman I would have had you killed."

Bibi Umme Kulsoom replied in a rage, "May your mother be cursed who gave birth to you. Soon you will burn in the fire with crackling flames."

Ibn e Ziyad laughed loudly to hide his awkwardness, "Now even if I am sent to Hell I don't care about it. At least I have satiated myself by shedding your blood."

Ibn e Ziyad understood now that these are Ali's swords and they will keep on attacking and unveiling the faces of the enemies of Islam. So not going into any further arguments he ordered his soldiers to take the prisoners to the dungeon and the heads to the markets of Kufa where they shall be paraded so that other people should take lesson from them and no one can think of rebelling against the government.

The soldiers carrying the heads of the martyrs on spearheads started going out one by one. After that the

soldiers guarding the prisoners came forward with uncovered swords and lashes in their hands. The prisoners started to move forward. The guards were taking the prisoners to a dungeon, which only had four walls. Neither there was any roof nor any shelter. There were heaps of stones and pebbles and garbage strewn on the ground.

## Chapter 11

### **The Journey of Light**

*The curtain of the propaganda of the government was opening. The faces hidden under the veil of Islam were being unveiled one by one.*

Hazrat Abdullah bin Afeef (r.a.) was a Sahabi of the Prophet (p.b.u.h). He belonged to the tribe of Bani Azd. Like Hazrat Ammar Yasir (r.a.), Hazrat Owais Qarni (r.a.) and other Sahaba e Rasool (p.b.u.h) Hazrat Abdullah bin Afeef (r.a.) had also accompanied Hazrat Ali (a.s.) in the battle of Siffin. In this war, which the government of Syria had started against the Islamic government, Hazrat Ammar Yasir (r.a.), Hazrat Owais Qarni (r.a.) and many other Sahaba e Rasool (p.b.u.h) were martyred by the enemy soldiers. In this battle Hazrat Abdullah had been hurt on the eyes due to which he had lost his sight. In Siffin the government of Syria plotted a plan and created a rift in Hazrat Ali's (a.s.) army as a result many followers of Hazrat Ali (a.s.) had turned against him and after that Hazrat Ali (a.s.) was martyred mysteriously.

In such conditions, many true followers of Islam lost hope or keeping the condition in mind dispersed in different areas and started to live quietly. Hazrat Abdullah bin Afeef was also among such people. He had become feeble with age and after losing sight, he was leading his life quietly in a corner of Kufa. He had only one daughter. His tribe Bani Azd resided in Kufa. Hazrat Abdullah and all his tribe members were present in the governor house to witness the prisoners and the festivities.

Hazrat Abdullah didn't know that these festivities were being held for killing the Prophet's grandson but when in the court of ibn e Ziyad, Hazrat Abdullah heard the speeches of Bibi Zainab (s.a.), Bibi Umme Kulsoom (s.a.) and Hazrat Imam Zain ul Abideen (a.s.) His blood started to curdle with anger. Maybe Allah had kept him alive so that he could tell the truth in front of this tyrant. His eyes were shedding blood.

After the prisoners left ibn e Ziyad went and sat on a big podium and started to give a speech so that the effect of the speeches given by the prisoners could be erased. "Praise be to Allah who let the truth and the truthful gain victory, made Ameer ul momineen Yazid ibn e Muawiya and his followers victorious and killed the liars and their family ---- "

He had been able to say only this much when Hazrat Abdullah bin Afeef could no more control himself. He stood up trembling and said,

"O enemy of Allah, it's you who is a liar and your father (Yazid) who has made you governor of Kufa is even a bigger liar. He is a liar and so was his father. O son of Marjana! don't you feel ashamed after badmouthing the Caliph of Prophet (p.b.u.h) Hazrat Ali (a.s.) and after killing their family members you are sitting on this throne which is the place for the truthful."

Hazrat Abdullah challenged ibn e Ziyad in his thunderous voice. Ibn e Ziyad sat there astounded and before he could say anything Hazrat Abdullah again started,

"May Allah destroy your face and send curse on your father and ancestors and curse you in such a way in this world that you be humiliated and get no place to hide except Hell. Wasn't killing Imam Hussain (a.s.) enough for you that you are now badmouthing his ancestors. By God I have heard with my own ears when the Prophet (p.b.u.h) said that whoever vilify Ali (a.s.) vilify me and

whoever vilified me vilified Allah and whoever vilified Allah, then Allah will throw that person in the Hellfire face down.”

This reaction was unexpected for ibn e Ziyad. He got red with anger. “Bring this old man to me,” he told his soldiers screaming madly. The soldier’s quickly moved towards Hazrat Abdullah. On hearing ibn e Ziyad’s order Hazrat Abdullah turned towards his tribesmen and called them.

Hundreds of his young tribesmen took their swords out and came forward to help him. “O ruler of Kufa! Even if Abdullah gets a scratch no one is going to stay alive here,” one youth of Bani Azd tribe screamed swaying his sword in the air.

Ibn e Ziyad’s soldiers stopped dead in their tracks. They stood like statues awaiting ibn e Ziyad’s orders. Ibn e Ziyad’s face showed signs of anger, he thought over it and then an evil smile spread on his face and he ordered his soldiers, “Get back.”

As the soldiers moved back, the people of Bani Azd encircled Hazrat Abdullah bin Afeef (r.a.), who was still angry and calling ibn e Ziyad and Yazid by bad names and his tribesmen took him out of the court of ibn e Ziyad.

The evil smile had stuck to his face and he was thinking over an evil plan and continuously smiling, his eyes were twinkling with a strange intensity. After some time he ordered the court to be adjourned. When everyone left he called his faithful servant Khooli Asbahi close to him and told him of his plan.

\*\*\*\*\*

It was when Hazrat Abdullah bin Afeef (r.a.) had finished with his Isha prayer, the lane outside his house started sounding with the noise of the horses hooves. On feeling danger, Hazrat Abdullah took his sword out and stood in

a cornered place. He told his small daughter, “Dear daughter: I have lost my sight so keep on guiding me by telling me from where the enemy is to attack.”

As he was saying this Yazid’s soldiers broke into his house. They started to enter inside the house when Hazrat Abdullah started fighting with his sword. Many soldiers were killed but eventually ibn e Ziyad’s soldiers overpowered him.

Khooli Asbahi arrested him and brought him to the court of ibn e Ziyad. The light coming from Karbala had lighted Abdullah bin Afeef’s heart. His breath smelled of the roses of Karbala. This Sahabi of Holy Prophet (p.b.u.h) was overwhelmed with his love for the Prophet’s (p.b.u.h) grandson. He turned towards the courtiers of ibn e Ziyad and said,

“Ibn e Ziyad! I have warned my friends in my will that time has come to stand up against the enemies of Islam. Turn your swords, spears and horses towards the enemy. Fill your hearts with the love for Hussain (a.s.) whose grandfather and father are the best creations of the world and guiding force for the whole world. I have told them that when the sun rises in the east, cry on the difficulties of Imam Hussain (a.s.) and when the day comes to the end at night, cry on the innocence of Imam Hussain (a.s.). May Allah’s curse be on that nation who wrote letters of allegiance to Imam Hussain (a.s.) whereas there was neither anyone to help Islam nor fulfill his vows of allegiance to Imam (a.s.) in this nation.”

Ibn e Ziyad’s lips were pursed with dislike and he was plucking hair from his beard in anticipation. He knew that Abdullah couldn’t get free from him now. He was in no hurry, as he wanted to listen to what Abdullah had to say so that he could realize the strength of his faith and his tribesmen possible reaction and therefore he was listening to him quietly.

There was pain in Hazrat Abdullah's voice and there was a strange twinkle in his eyes. He was saying,

"When war broke out in Karbala there was no one to make these evil soldiers of Yazid stay away from Imam (a.s.) and tell them not to kill this pious man and be inflicted with the wrath of Allah. O Allah! make this nation bear the brunt by humiliating them who killed them. I wish I were with them and would have fought the enemies till my last breath and safeguarded them but everyone knows my weakness that I am blind."

Thinking about the helplessness of the martyr of Karbala and his blindness, he got overwhelmed with emotions. He said, "By Hussain's martyrdom the world has shook, the powerful fortress of Islam has been razed to the ground, mountains were shattered, sun got eclipsed, the sky cried-----"

After saying this, Hazrat Abdullah started crying bitterly and said, "The followers of Imam Hussain (a.s.) used to spend their nights in prayers and reciting the Quran but these brutal and evil people killed those true Muslims. May Allah always send cool breeze for those martyrs. Till the time when the sparkling and guiding stars will remain, Allah will keep on showering His blessings on their souls. Now you use your swords and spears to take revenge from these enemies of Islam so that you can be saved from Allah's wrath."

Hazrat Abdullah said to the people sitting in the court.

Each and every word of Hazrat Abdullah was piercing in the hearts of ibn e Ziyad, his courtiers and his servants like a dagger. Ibn e Ziyad could bear no more he stood up impatiently and angrily motioned to the man standing behind Hazrat Abdullah. A sword swished in the air and the head of the Sahabi of the Prophet (p.b.u.h) fell to the ground and the next moment his body too touched the ground and started wreathing in his own blood.

Ibn e Ziyad laughed barbarically. Twisting his gold chain around his neck he sarcastically glanced at the body of Hazrat Abdullah and exited the room.

\*\*\*\*\*

The light of the setting sun of Imamate in Karbala had started to awake the Muslims from their deep slumber of negligence. The consciences were awakening and the emotions were being rekindled. The magic of Yazid' government's propaganda was fading. Whether it was man or woman no one was at peace. Their happiness had changed to sorrow and repentance didn't let them sleep at night.

Yazid's government wanted to bury the event of Karbala in the desert but Imam Hussain's (a.s.) bravery, his love for Islam, Yazid's brutalities and the story of innocence of Imam (a.s.) and his companions was getting out of the desert and gaining victory on the hearts of people.

The daring act of Hazrat Abdullah bin Afeef to say the truth in front of a tyrant was only a small miracle of the blood of Imam Hussain (a.s.), which had made the governor house of Kufa tremble.

The day Ubaidullah ibn e Ziyad killed Hazrat Abdullah, he also called Mukhtar Saqafi from prison. He wanted to kill him too as he was also a follower of Ahlulbait (a.s.) and a daring man. When Hazrat Mukhtar came to the court, ibn e Ziyad had to change his plan instantly. It was because for Hazrat Mukhtar, two people had sent their request, who were Abdullah bin Omar, and Omar ibn Sa'ad as they were Mukhtar's brothers in law. So he could not turn down their requests.

As soon as Hazrat Mukhtar got free he left Kufa. He was burning inside. His eyes were shedding tears of blood but a lone man could not fight a whole army. He wanted to save his energy and therefore he left Kufa to gather forces. He was a fiery storm that had arisen from the desert of Karbala, which had the power to blow away the

palaces of Yazid, his armies, governors, despotic rulers  
and brutal soldiers.

## **Chapter 12**

### **Innocent Prisoners**

*These prisoners who had faith in Allah and were satisfied at His will, seemed to them innocent than the angels. If they were ordinary people, they would have spent their whole life complaining to Allah.*

In Kufa, the prisoners of Karbala were imprisoned in a roofless prison where there was scorching sunlight the whole daylong and the whole night dew would shed its tears. They were provided food, which was only sufficient to keep them alive. Near this prison was that place where 20 to 25 years earlier Hazrat Zainab bint e Ali (s.a.) in the days of Caliphate of her father, had started a madressa for teaching Quranic teachings to the women of Kufa. There was a time when she used to live here with dignity and respect and today she was imprisoned in this city and the residents of this city were not even allowed to show their respect and love for their family.

Despite all the problems, sorrows and troubles from Sham e Ghariban till now there was not a single night when Bibi Zainab (s.a.) had not offered Namaz e Shab. On the night of the tenth, Imam (a.s.) had advised Bibi Zainab, "Sister! do not forget me in Namaz e Shab." In the last hours of night Bibi Zainab (s.a.) would perform ablution and offer Namaz e Shab and would cry bitterly remembering her innocent brother and would plead to Allah.

Imam Sajjad (a.s.) would busy himself in prayers in another corner of the prison. Sometimes, he would remember his father and sometimes his younger

brothers. When the faces of each one of them would move in his mind, his heart came to the intensity of bursting with pain. He would stop himself from screaming and look at the innocent face of his younger sister. In the moonlight he could see the tear streaked face of his sister. Imam Zain ul Abideen (a.s.) would bear his sorrows and troubles and would bow in prostration in front of Allah in thankfulness that He had selected them to appear in such a difficult test and also given them ability to bear such grief.

After offering Namaz e Shifa, Imam (a.s.) would raise his hands in Allah's praise and would say,

"O my Allah! the people who want to call you are doing so in the silence of night and the people wanting to come to you are coming towards you at this hour. All of them are waiting for your blessings. They are asking you for goodness. In this hour of night, there are blessings and forgiveness for people whom you want to bestow and let them empty handed whom you do not want to award!

And this is me your poor creation who is asking you for your blessings. So, O Allah! if tonight you bestow your blessings on someone from your creation and award anyone then shower your blessings on Hazrat Muhammed (p.b.u.h) and his family and also bless me. Salutations be on Hazrat Muhammed (p.b.u.h) and his pious family members from whom Allah has removed all the dirt and unchastely things and has made them clean as clean should be. Without any doubt, Allah is the only one to be praised and be great.

O Allah, Rabb ul Aalameen! I have prayed to you according to what you have ordered. So now, accept my prayers as you have promised to do so and I truly believe that you will fulfill your promise."

When this sound of praying would bounce through the walls of the prison and reached the ears of people sleeping in the neighboring homes, they would wake up,



women would cover their heads and cry, young would impatiently toss and turn in their beds. They had never seen such prisoners who in such troubled times would spend their nights in the praise of Allah and prostrations of thankfulness.

These prisoners who were patient, forbearing, satisfied in the will of Allah and having full faith in Him seemed to them innocent than angels. They thought that such qualities were only present in Prophets. If they had been ordinary people, they would have complained to Allah for their whole lives!

The voices of praise of Allah emerging from the prison first lighted the few house of neighborhood then they were spread from one person to another and were spread in the markets, lanes and other houses.

People also used to remember the prisoner's effective speeches and their prayers to Allah were also melting their hearts. The propaganda of Yazid was being unveiled. Truth was gaining victory over falsehood. These prisoners along with their relation to the Prophet (p.b.u.h) had also shown with their actions and character their high status. The residents of Kufa were now clearly seeing the faces hidden behind the veil of Islam.

\*\*\*\*\*

Time passed on. Then one day the messenger whom ibn e Ziyad had sent to Yazid with the news of the victory and to ask about the prisoners returned to Kufa. Ibn e Ziyad started preparation for sending the prisoners to Yazid. The heads of the martyrs were put in boxes and through Shimr Zil Joshan, Khooli Asbahi, Zajr ibn Qais and Umro bin Hajjaj were sent to the court of Yazid. A big battalion of ibn e Ziyad's army was also with them for safety.

All the prisoners of the family of the Prophet (p.b.u.h) were bound with ropes. The neck of imam Hussain's (a.s.) son was bound with a metallic chain, his hands

were handcuffed and feet enclosed in chains. After mounting him on the camel gain his feet were bound together with the stomach of the camel. Another rope was tied to his neck whose other end was tied to the seat of the camel so that he did not fall off during the journey.

For these prisoners of the family of the Prophet (p.b.u.h), ibn e Ziyad had given clear instructions. He had ordered the prisoners to be provided only that much food and water that was required to keep them alive. If on account of the tiredness of camels they had to stop at some place during daytime, the prisoners were to be made to sit under the scorching sun. Keep them without food and water for as long as possible. Whichever city they pass, they should gather the people and show them the prisoners and the heads of the martyrs.

He had ordered that miles before entering a city, the prisoners should be dismounted from their rides and taken in the city on foot. Similarly, after exhibiting them they were to be taken outside the city to their camp on foot. These barbaric instructions of ibn e Ziyad were a living example of his hatred towards the Prophet (p.b.u.h) and his family.

With all these instructions the caravan of the women and children of the family of the Prophet (p.b.u.h) left Kufa. The roads were filled with spectators. All these spectators weren't non-muslims, Christians or Jews but all of them were muslims and in front of their very eyes the family of the Prophet (p.b.u.h) was being taken as prisoners with such a disrespect.

In this crowd, some were also the followers of Ahlulbait (a.s.) but they were very small in number. Many people were crying with their heads turned and in their hearts the fire of revenge was starting to burn.

## **Chapter 13**

### **The Light of Blood**

*The prisoners' caravan was moving towards Syria. The light coming from the blood of Hussain (a.s.) was eliminating the darkness of hopelessness.*

The scorching sun was setting in the West. The hot desert wind was hitting the sand dunes and flat plains. Barbaric soldiers surrounded the worried, saddened and innocent prisoners' caravan which after passing through Karbala was moving towards Qadisiya.

These prisoners of the family of the Prophet (p.b.u.h) were made to pass through Karbala where only a few days earlier they had brutally killed the male family members and companions of the Prophet (p.b.u.h). Leaving behind their bodies lying in the open, they had left for Kufa to celebrate their victory. Now these soldiers were taking them to Shaam (capital of Syria) to present them in the court of their caliph Yazid bin Muawiya.

The governor of Kufa, ibn e Ziyad had ordered them not to be lenient with them. The family of the prophet (p.b.u.h) should be hurt as much as possible. He had also said that all these prisoners were to be exhibited in front of the residents of whichever city they passed. The cities in which majority Muslims live in majority, these prisoners were to be introduced as the women and children of rebels and in the cities with Christian and Jews, the prisoners should be proudly presented as the family of Muhammed ibn Abdullah (p.b.u.h.) who defeated the Christians and Jews of Madina.

Following the instructions of ibn e Ziyad, his soldiers after exiting Kufa started towards Karbala. They wanted the widows and orphans to pass by the dead bodies of their loved ones. The soldiers thought that the dead bodies of the martyrs would still be lying in the open under the scorching sun but when they reached there, they saw a different scene.

When on the 11<sup>th</sup> of Muharram the soldiers of Yazid's army left for Kufa, the women of the tribe of Bani Asad, who resided nearby, chided their men and reminded them that the Prophet's grandson Hussain ibn Ali (a.s.) had after buying this land himself, given it back to you and had said that this land belongs to you and the only thing you have to do is to bury our bodies when the soldiers of Yazid leave. The women said that now there was no such danger and now they should go and bury the bodies of those respected people. If you won't do it, then we women and children would go ahead and bury them.

When the men listened to this they went and started digging graves to bury the martyrs along with their women and children. While they were at it, they saw a man coming from the direction of Kufa riding a camel. He told them which body belonged to which martyr and where to bury it. He was not an ordinary person. He was the eldest son of Imam Hussain (a.s.) Imam Zain ul Abideen Ali ibnul Hussain (a.s.) the Imam e Waqt who had reached there by miracle.

Imam in their lives bear the grief like ordinary people and all the sorrows, troubles and problems come in their way as they do in ordinary people's lives. In fact the problems and grief they face are more in intensity than an ordinary human being but they never use their God gifted special abilities to stay away or get rid of such difficulties. Such special abilities are used only in special circumstances.

Hazrat Ali ibnul Hussain (a.s.) was in the prison of Kufa bearing all the difficulties but he did not use his abilities

to ease his problems. he used His ability in Karbala when the graves of martyrs were being dug because only an Imam e Waqt can offer the Namaz e Janaza of an Imam. Imam Hussain (a.s.) was an Imam and his Namaz e Janaza and burial could only be performed by his son and Imam e Waqt Hazrat Ali ibnul Hussain (a.s.). To perform this, Imam Zain ul Abideen used his special abilities to come from the prison of Kufa to Karbala.

When the soldiers of Yazid reached Karbala with the women prisoners of the family of the Prophet (p.b.u.h), they didn't find dead bodies of the martyrs. There were a few graves there that were giving a look of great respect and grief as well. The women and children on the camels were crying. Many women wanted to get down and pay their tributes to the martyrs but the soldiers of Yazid started to move the camels away from there quickly. The soldiers wanted to hurt the women by showing them the unburied bodies of the martyrs but now the bodies had been buried so their aim was not fulfilled and so they started to hurry away. Their next stop was Qadisiya.

The government of Yazid had planned that they will kill all the men of the Prophet's (p.b.u.h) family and then parade their women and children in all the cities and villages as prisoners. They had many purposes behind this plan. These prisoners were to be presented somewhere as the family of rebels and somewhere as the Prophet's (p.b.u.h) family. They thought that by this the people would not only get afraid of Yazid's strength but also will lose respect for the family of the Holy Prophet (p.b.u.h).

Their main target was Islam and the Prophet (p.b.u.h). They wanted to show that whoever will support Islam would end up like the family of Hussain ibn e Ali (a.s.). They wanted the people to realize that even Hussain ibn e Ali (a.s.), the grandson of the Prophet (p.b.u.h) and son of Ali (a.s.) could not compete with the government

so that no one from Syria, Iraq, Egypt and Iran would dare to stand up against it.

The agents of Satan were playing their secret ploys and the representatives of Allah were facing them bravely and patiently according to their plan. Satan was with Yazid's soldiers and with the innocent prisoners was the help of Allah Rabb ul Aalameen and that is why when this caravan reached Qadisiya in the evening a mysterious event shook the Yazid's soldiers completely.

The soldiers had made the prisoners to sit at a side and they themselves sat by a wall eating, drinking and making merry when suddenly a big hand appeared from the wall and something was written on it. When they saw this weird happening they jumped away from that wall. After some time some soldiers moved forward to see what was written on the hand. The hand was motionless. The soldiers started reading the text aloud.

"Can those people who have killed the Holy Prophet's son expect his (p.b.u.h) help on the Day of Judgment? By God, the Prophet (p.b.u.h) will not help them. The killers of Hussain (a.s.) will always be under an eternal curse."

When the soldiers had completed reading it, the hand disappeared inside the wall. Their food got stuck in their throats and out of fear neither any one of them ate nor drank anything. They planned to leave this place early in the morning but when they mounted their horses and camels, strong winds started to blow. Then suddenly the storm stopped and a deep silence spread in that place and then a voice started to echo. No one could understand where the voice was coming from.

"How did you treat your Prophet's (p.b.u.h) family after his death? Drenched their men in blood and dust and made their women and children prisoners! When the Prophet will ask you on the Day of Judgment what will you answer them?"

These sentences were being echoed in the wind again and again but they could not find any one who was saying all this. The soldiers got afraid and wanted to leave that place as soon as possible. They quickly made their horses and camels move and soon they were on their way. Their destination was an Iraqi city by the name of "Tikrit". They had to pass a small dwelling by the name of "Jasasa" to reach Tikrit.

\*\*\*\*\*

The ruler of Tikrit had come to know of this caravan and he had ordered the roads to be decorated with colored flags. He also called singers and invited respected people living in the vicinity so that when the prisoners' caravan carrying the heads of the martyrs passes from here they should see the scene of celebration in Tikrit.

The Muslims of the area were unaware of the fact but the Christians of that area came to know somehow that the prisoners being brought here were the family members of the last Prophet of Allah and the people whom the government is calling rebels are true followers of Islam and the children of the Prophet Muhammed (p.b.u.h) and that is why they went inside their houses and closed their doors and started praying according to their religion.

When this news reached the Muslims, their happiness faded away. The youth got out of control with emotions. They planned to attack the caravan of Yazid but among them were also the spies of the government and they gave this piece of information to the ruler of Tikrit. The ruler sent a message to the caravan that the Muslims of the area might attack your caravan so it's better not to come inside the city.

When the soldiers came to know about this, they dropped the idea of going to Tikrit and started moving towards "Dair Urwa" and "Wadi e Nahla" by skirting Tikrit. After reaching there, they stayed in a dwelling by

the name of "Marshad" and then passing through "Armeena" reached the city of "Labna".

The Muslims of "Labna" had come to know of the reality. When this caravan reached near the city, all the men, women, youth and children came out of their houses. They were crying bitterly and cursing the killers of Imam Hussain (a.s.). At that time, the Muslims stood together and they cursed the soldiers of Yazid loudly and said, "O killers of children of the Prophet! O Brutal people! O wolves in the skins of men! Get out of our city."

When the soldiers saw this, they backed away from the city gate. After that, this caravan reached "Kaheela" and after resting there for a while they moved on to a place called "Jaheena".

The Muslims of Jaheena were also aware of this whole episode. When they heard that Yazid's soldiers were arriving, 400 armed men got ready to fight them. When the Yazid's army got this news they decided to not go to Jaheena and took another route through "Till-e-A 'afar" to a city named "Mosul".

The ruler of Mosul was not a bad man and he feared Allah and His Prophet a bit so he called the important people of the city for advice. Everyone advised him not to exhibit the heads and the prisoners of the family of Ahlulbait (a.s.). The ruler of Mosul also wanted that. He sent the food items for the soldiers outside the city with the message that the Muslims of Mosul are too emotionally charged and they could attack them so it's better they stayed away.

The soldiers spent the night around 4 to 5 miles outside the city and the next day reached the city of "Naseebain". The ruler of this city was a cruel man and he had ordered the city to be decorated. Most of the residents here were faithful to Yazid's government. When the caravan of the prisoners along with the heads of the martyrs passed through the markets of the city the

people cheered with happiness and the women standing on the rooftops started pelting stones on the prisoner women and children.

Before entering the city, the soldiers had bound the hands of these respected personalities and bound them all in a single rope and brought them inside the city in the most disrespectful manner. When the women on rooftops started pelting stones, there was no way the women and children could save themselves from being hit.

When Hazrat Zainab bint e Ali (s.a.) saw blood flowing from the face of one of the children, she could bear no more and she looked at the sky and cursed the people of this city as, "O our Creator! Punish the residents of this city for their cruelty such that they would never forget it."

As the soldiers were getting out of the city after exhibiting the prisoners, strong winds started to blow. Within minutes the sky was covered in dark clouds and lightning started to flash in the sky. The sound of thunder was so loud that the people went and hid inside their houses. In a few moments, the city started to shake with the sound of thunder and with that a flash of lightning struck the part of city and put the city on fire.

Many women throwing stones on the prisoners of Ahlulbait's family and their family members had turned to burned out coal. The people celebrating had got busy in removing the dead bodies of their relatives from the houses. When Yazid's soldiers saw this they quickly left the city.

After 'Naseebain', this caravan was moving towards the city named "Qarya tul Akhwain". Two brothers inhabited this city who were with the government of Syria. One brother was killed in Siffin and his son lived in this city along with his uncle. The two gates of the city were named after these two brothers. At that time, the uncle ruled the city. When both of them got the news that the

caravan with the heads and prisoners of the family of Hussain ibn e Ali (a.s.) was going to the court of Yazid, they got very happy. They decorated the city and called for the singers and orchestra players to stand on the routes but right at the time the caravan reached outside the city, a rift developed between the uncle and nephew on the matter as from which gate would they let the caravan pass.

The uncle wanted the caravan to pass through the gate named after him and the nephew wanted the caravan to pass through the gate named after his father. Within minutes this rift grew and both the parties started fighting each other in the lanes of the city and during this war the ruler of the city Sulaiman got killed.

When the soldiers came to know about this, they moved ahead without entering the city. After this they stayed at a place named "A'amma" and then moved to "Ain ul Warood" then to "Miya Farqeen", "Dughan" and passing through "Ra's ul Ain" reached a city named "Halab". After staying here for a while, the caravan moved towards "Ma'moorah".

Ma'moorah was situated at the foot of a mountain and all its residents were Jews. From there it moved to "Sarmadeen". The Muslims of this city closed the doors of their city and pelted stones on the soldiers and forced them to run away. From there they reached "Qansareen" which was a Christian city. Staying here for a while the caravan moved toward the city of "Hiran". From there it moved to "Andareen", "Ma'rat un Nauman" and then passing through "Shezar" reached "Kufr Tab".

This was a Muslim city where people loved Islam and the Prophet (p.b.u.h). The youth closed the gates of their city. The head of the soldiers started to bully them into opening the doors. When the elders of the city saw this they advised the youth that it was not easy to rebel against the current government. These soldiers have been coming from Kufa exhibiting the prisoners and the

heads of the martyrs and no one there objected why were they doing so?

The elders were not ready to get involved in any difficulty. They loved the Prophet (p.b.u.h) but also didn't want to get rough with the killers of the Prophet's (p.b.u.h) family.

The youth of Kufr Tab got emotionally charged at their elders' advice and they said to their elders, "If it was not for you the situation would have never been like it is now. The soldiers of Yazid have martyred all the men of the family of the Prophet (p.b.u.h) in Karbala and are now parading the respected ladies of his family throughout the country and all the muslims are witnessing it without uttering a word."

"We don't have enough strength to fight the government's armies." The elders said.

"The Prophet's grandson too didn't have an army but when he can stand up against the government with his small group, our lives are not worth theirs," one young man answered swaying his sword in the air.

"But look! you have homes and families. What will happen to them after you?" an elder tried to reason.

"Allah will take care of them. Do not go against us. If Hussain ibn e Ali (a.s.) and his followers have shed their blood to save Islam, then why can't we do the same?" one enthusiastic young man asked blankly.

The elders bowed their heads in shame. Then they went inside their houses and brought their swords and stood with the young men to fight as well. These muslims went outside the city through secret routes and attacked the army of Yazid.

The army of Yazid was a big one and they divided in two portions. One fought with the young men of Kufr Tab

while the other group fled taking the heads and the prisoners.

The whole atmosphere was reverberating with the chants of the muslims. When Hazrat Umme Kulsoom saw this, she remembered her brother's loneliness in Karbala and thought, "I wish these young men of Kufr Tab would have been with my brother in Karbala!"

Moving away from the city Hazrat Umme Kulsoom prayed for the residents of the city, "O Allah bless them with sweet water, may these residents never experience any price hike, even if the whole world is filled with violence, always keep these people safe and happy."

From there the caravan moved to "Hamatah" and then to "Hams". The people of Hams pelted so many stones on the army that at least 25 soldiers died and the rest quickly ran out of it. They had fear of being followed so to reach "B'albak" they took a longer route and then moved towards "Asqalaan". This city was the 39<sup>th</sup> stop for the caravan.

From Kufa to Asqalaan, this caravan had covered nearly more than 1400 miles. Traveling through deserts in hunger and thirst under scorching sun was really difficult for the grief stricken prisoners of Karbala. Throughout, their hands remained chained. Miles before reaching a new city they were dismounted and bound in a single rope. Imam Ali bin Hussain (a.s.) was also chained throughout. His neck was enclosed in a spiked chain. His feet were freed of chains while he was on the camel but when they were about to reach a city his feet were again enclosed in chain. From morning to night, the chins in his hands, feet and neck would heat up due to the burning heat and burn his body as well.

Yaqoob Asqalaani ruled Asqalaan. He was also a part of Yazid's army in Karbala and he had made preparations to celebrate the victory. The whole city was in a happy mood. When the tired prisoners started passing through

the markets of Asqalaan, the people got excited. In the crowd, there was also a trader who had come from some other city.

Zareer e Khazai was a trader who loved the Ahlulbait (a.s.). He asked a soldier who were the rebels whose heads are being exhibited and who was their leader. The soldier answered that the head belonged to Hussain ibn e Ali (a.s.) and these women and children belonged to his family.

Zareer was moved deeply and his heart was about to burst with grief. He started to cry and walking through the crowd reached Imam Ali bin Hussain (a.s.) who was moving forward in chains with great difficulty. The women of His family were moving forward tied with ropes with their heads bowed. Alongside them the soldiers were carrying the 18 heads belonging to the tribe of Bani Hashim and shouting happily and victoriously.

Zareer's voice got stuck in his throat. He just kept on looking at Imam Ali bin Hussain (a.s.) and tears flowed from his eyes. Imam (a.s.) looked at him and asked surprised, "O man of Allah what is the matter with you? All the people are dancing with happiness and you are crying?"

"I ----- I" he stammered with grief. "I am a trader and was passing by this city----- just now I have come to know that you ----- I wish I would have gone blind before seeing this," Zareer replied crying bitterly.

"You seem to be a follower of Ahlulbait (a.s.)," Imam Ali bin Hussain said.

"My master! ----- I am your servant. You just order me and I can give my life for you," Zareer answered crying.

"We are prisoners, how can we order someone." Imam (a.s.) answered sorrowfully. "But yes, if you could do one thing Allah will reward you for it."

"Just say it," Zareer said wiping his eyes with his sleeves.

"If you could ask the soldier carrying my father's head to go ahead and display his head in front of us so that people instead of viewing my bareheaded women family members would look at my father's head." Tears started to fall from his eyes while he said this.

Zareer went to that soldier and gave him 50 Dinar and convinced him to take the head to the front. When the soldier took the head forward, the lips of Imam Hussain (a.s.) started moving and the sound of recital of the Quran started coming from them. The spectators were amazed to see this and their attention was diverted to Imam's (a.s.) head instead of the women prisoners.

Zareer again went to Imam (a.s.) and asked him respectfully, "Is there anything else I can do for you?"

"If you have some head covers go and give them to the women of the family of the Prophet (p.b.u.h)," said Imam (a.s.).

Zareer had many head covers with him. He forwarded all of them to the ladies. At the same time Shimr Zil Joshan looked this way and turning his horse came to them. "Who are you and by whose permission are you giving these head covers to them! Don't you know they have rebelled against the government," he scolded Zareer.

"I know that they are not rebels but the women of the family of the Prophet (p.b.u.h) and I also know that the real rebels of Islam are you and your ruler Yazid," Zareer's voice was as solid as a rock.

The soldiers started to snatch away the head covers from the women. Many soldiers started to move towards Zareer waving their swords in the air. Zareer too took out his sword and waved it in the air before attacking the soldiers. Chaos spread and everyone started to run. The soldiers were attacking Zareer from all sides. One sword

touched his head and he fell to the ground motionless. Considering him dead, the soldiers moved forward.

The events, which they witnessed from Kufa to Asqalaan, were opposite to what Yazid's government had expected. The government wanted to frighten the Muslims but everywhere they were frightened. Yazid and his army men were thinking that after so many brutalities no Muslim would dare to go against them but in the cities of Tikrit, Labna, Jaheena, Mosul, Kufr Tab and Hams, the Muslims had dared to fight them. In Kufr Tab the situation had become more like a war. In the cities of Christians and Jews too, some weird events had taken place where some Christian priests and Jewish clerics had openly condemned Yazid after seeing the heads of the martyrs and many had embraced Islam.

Yazid and ibn e Ziyad had planned to exhibit the prisoners and heads of the martyrs in all the cities to show disrespect to the Prophet (p.b.u.h) and his family but due to them Muslims from Kufa to Kufr Tab had been awakened from their deep slumber of neglect. In the hearts of young and old, hatred for the government had started increasing and the Muslims who had lost hope were again starting to feel revived.

The storm that had risen from Karbala was spreading on the sky and the veiled enemies of Islam were being unveiled. The fragrance of the roses of Karbala was scenting the cities, villages, homes, markets and the lanes. The clanking of chains had taken away the sleep of the rulers. The palaces had been struck with earthquakes. The light from the blood of the martyrs of Karbala was illuminating the darkness of brutality, injustice, unawareness and hopelessness and still moving farther.



## **Chapter 14**

### **Syria! Syria! Syria! Hazrat Ali Ibnul Hussain**

*Someone asked Abid (a.s.) in His hometown,*

*Where did you face the most difficulties?*

*He answered thrice Syria, Syria, Syria*

*As it was there that women of my family were bare headed watched by all.*

The day was Wednesday and date 16<sup>th</sup> Rabi ul Awwal of the year 61 Hijri. The caravan of the women and children, who had covered the distance of nearly 1400 km through the deserts after passing through the land where their near and dear ones were killed brutally, was now entering Syria which was the capital city of Yazid's government.

The caravan of these hungry and thirsty women and children had walked for miles in the deserts. Most of the children had bruises of lashes at their backs. Women had bruised necks and arms due to being bound by ropes. The condition of the leader of the caravan was the worst. His neck was enclosed in heavy chains his hands and feet were chained in handcuffs and chains, which were burning hot due to the scorching heat of the sun. From the 7<sup>th</sup> of Muharram he was bearing grief, which had increased with the passage of time. He had tolerated all kinds of difficulties be it hunger, thirst, sorrow of death of his father, brothers' and relatives', grief of his mother, sisters and aunts' bare headedness, difficulties of imprisonment, the distress of seeing his

female family members passing through the markets from Kufa to Syria through throngs of evil men, to be forced to follow orders of the lowliest men on earth or to be lashed again and again throughout the journey through the desert by Yazid's soldiers. There wasn't a difficulty, which wasn't inflicted on him.

But he was the brave son of the brave and patient father Hussain ibn e Ali (a.s.). His patience could not be matched with anyone. Storms of difficulties and grief came and struck him but his problems were still not over. It was time to make his patience and forbearance reach new highs and to face those difficulties. Imam Ali ibn Hussain (a.s.) was standing alone with his aunt Bibi Zainab (s.a.).

The city of Damascus (Shaam) was decorated like a bride. Since many days its lanes were swaying with happiness. Three days earlier Yazid had got the news that after humiliating the prisoners of the family of the Holy Prophet (p.b.u.h) throughout the country, his army had reached some 12 miles outside Damascus and awaiting his orders. Chiefs of his battalion had written to him that the heads of the martyrs and the women and children prisoners of the family of the Holy Prophet (p.b.u.h) were with them us tell us that through which and let them gate and at what time they should enter the city.

Yazid went mad with happiness when he read this. He got drunk and called his officers and ordered them to prepare for celebrations. In no time were the lanes and roads echoing with the drummers of the government. All the people in the markets, children playing and women working in homes started gathering around them. When many people would gather they would stop beating their drums and announce loudly that the Iraqi governor of Yazid's government had killed a rebel of the government. The women and children of that rebel are waiting outside the city to be presented in Yazid's court.

To celebrate this victory Yazid has ordered everybody to decorate his home. Those people whose homes are located along side the route from the Baab e Jeeroon should get their homes freshly painted, should light lanterns on their rooftops and roads, decorate their doors with colored banners, clean the lanes and then spray extract of rose. Everyone should wear new dresses and no woman should cover her face. Whoever knows to sing or play music should come out on crossroads and arrange musical gatherings. Whatever had been declared haram by Muhammed (p.b.u.h) is not haram anymore. Everyone can do anything he or she wants and people will be awarded for celebrating by Yazid.

When everyone heard this announcement they started to dance with joy. A competition started as to who decorate their homes, lanes and neighborhoods the best. Everyone brought out the containers of wine outside, bright colored clothes started to appear everywhere and all the singers, musicians, dancers and the people of bad repute started to have a wonderful time. The whole city started resounding with blaring music and orchestra.

The land of Syria had always remained as the testing ground for the Prophets of Allah. When on this land Hazrat Eesa (Christ) was born, the people accused his mother of unchaste behavior. On the same land, Christ was hanged. Hazrat Daniel was buried alive in this land. Hazrat Zakariya was cut into two halves on this land. The killers of the female camel of Hazrat Sualeh were also people belonging to Syria. So many Prophets of Allah came on this land to reform these people but their barbarism and brutality was still the same.

Today these people after brutally killing the family members of the last Prophet of Allah were about to enter the city with the women and children prisoners with sheer display of arrogance.

On order of Yazid 120 flags had been made and under every flag were standing people who were dancing and singing. This procession moved towards that gate under the supervision of the soldiers through which the prisoners were to be brought in.

The procession of the people dancing and singing had reached the entrance gate of the city. The soldiers guarding the prisoners were entering the gate. There was humungous crowd on the roads, shops and rooftops of the houses. To control this crowd many soldiers carrying spears and lashes were standing and moving the crowd from the caravan's way. The whole area was echoing with cheers and music. The grief stricken women and children of the families of the Prophet (p.b.u.h) bound in ropes were moving forward surrounded by soldiers on horses carrying spears.

Along with these prisoners were some special horse riding soldiers holding their reins with one hand and in the other hand holding a spear, moving forward arrogantly and looking around victoriously. These spears carried the heads of the 18 family members of the Bani Hashim tribe. One spear was raised higher than the rest, which was carrying the head of Imam Hussain (a.s.).

It had been nearly three months since these heads had been removed from their bodies but the fresh look and the peace in their eyes showed that they were alive. It seemed like someone had plucked fresh roses and raised them on spearheads. The head of the grandson of the Prophet (p.b.u.h) was the most prominent. His hair of head and beard flew with the direction of the wind. His eyes were looking at the sky and dry lips seemed to be moving. His face was looking just like his father Hazrat Ali ibn e Abi Talib (a.s.). Whoever had seen Hazrat Ali's (a.s.) face drenched in blood in Masjid e Kufa felt that this head on the spearhead was also saying to the people with intellect, "By the God of Ka'aba, I have been victorious."

This was victory indeed that from Kufa to Syria all the Muslims were awakening from their deep slumber. In the entire villages and cities, Hussain ibn e Ali's name was being mentioned. The innocence of the Prophet (p.b.u.h) and his family was softening everyone's hearts. Everybody was realizing what is right and what is wrong, what is evil and what is good. People were starting to remember the importance of Jihad. Groups of young men of Kufa and Madina were preparing to stand up against the enemies of Islam.

In this crowd of happy people, one man was starring at the head of Imam Hussain (a.s.) on the spearhead. His name was Sehl ibn e Sa'ad. He knew that this head did not belong to any rebel but to the real protector of Islam. He was getting breathless, biting his hands and trying his best to control his tears but after some time he could not try any more. He could not control himself, without any fear for his own life, he screamed loudly and started beating his face and said loudly,

"O Allah---- O Allah! I plead to you for those bodies who were slaughtered, away from their homes, who were left unshrouded in the open desert.

I plead to you my Creator! For those cheeks/faces who were covered in blood and the beard that was dyed with blood."

The people of the surroundings started to pay attention to him. That man was beating his chest with sorrow.

"O Prophet of Allah (p.b.u.h)! I wish if you would have seen your son Hussain ibn e Ali's (a.s.) head on the spearhead being paraded! in the markets of Syria.

O head of all the Prophets come and see that how today your daughters are bound with ropes and paraded bear headed in the markets of Syria."

This voice full of sorrow softened some more hearts and many other people too started crying and on the land of

murderers of Prophets mourning for Hussain ibn e Ali (a.s.) started.

The caravan of prisoner women and children had entered. There was a line of camels on which the tired prisoners were sitting bound in ropes. The faces of the women looked weak but due to forbearance and the faith that they are on the right path had given their faces a special glow.

Then the people heard that one of the women sitting on the camels lost her control and said,

"O Muhammed Mustafa (p.b.u.h), O Ali Murtaza (a.s.), O Hassan Mujtaba (a.s.), O Hussain Shaheed e Karbala (a.s.)! I wish you were here and would have seen the way the enemies of Islam have behaved with us.

O Grandfather! Prophet of Allah (p.b.u.h) -----! It seems like we are not your daughters but prisoners of the Christians and Jews!"

This woman would talk about a toddler, then would take her elder brothers name then would mention the scene of their tents being ravaged.

The only person who was crying in this mob of beastly humans was Sehl ibn e Sa'ad; He started moving through the crowd towards the lady on the camel. He closed his eyes and looked upwards and saluted the lady, "Assalamu alaykum Ya Ahlulbait e Muhammed Wa Rehmat Allah e wa barakatuhu."

The lady on the camel answered him and asked surprisingly, "Who are you that you salute us like that in this place?"

"I am Sehl ibn e Sa'ad, a resident of the city "Zor". I was traveling to Baitul Maqdis for pilgrimage and my bad luck brought me here. Why didn't I become blind before I saw what I shouldn't have----" he said slapping his face. Then he got control over himself and asked in a faltering

voice, "You --- are ---- not bint e Zahra (s.a.)---- by any chance?"

"Yes I am Zainab -----, daughter of Ali (a.s.) and Fatima (s.a.)!, granddaughter of the Prophet but----- how did you recognize me?" inquired Bibi Zainab (s.a.).

"My sixth sense warned me about you. In Madina and Kufa you were veiled and protected so much that not even your neighbors had heard your voice. You just tell me what I can do," he asked imploringly.

"Sehl, if you can do one thing, tell the soldiers carrying the heads of the martyrs to move ahead of us so that the attention of people gets diverted from our faces," Bibi Zainab (s.a.) replied.

Sehl moved forward through the crowd towards the soldiers. A Christian friend of his was also accompanying him. They tried to reason with the soldiers but they arrogantly pushed them away. Sehl was not armed so he could not do anything but his Christian friend got out of control as he had understood that this head on the spearhead was that of the grandson of the Prophet of Islam and these prisoners are his family members. These realities had shown to him the truth about Islam. He took out his sword and screamed with his heart, "Ash had u An La ILA ha IL Lallah WA Ash had u Anna Muhammad ur Rasool Allah" and attacked the soldiers. Many people got hurt and many killed but how long could one man fight an army, soon he was overpowered and martyred.

During this time, a chaos had spread everywhere. When order was restored, Sehl again came to Bibi Zainab (s.a.). Bibi Zainab (s.a.) asked him, "What was all the commotion about?"

"My Lady! I went to the soldiers to do as you told me to but they pushed me away. I also didn't have a sword but my Christian companion who was going with me to Bethlehem had one. He had converted to Islam. He

recited the Kalma and attacked the soldiers," Said Sehl crying.

At that Bibi Zainab (s.a.) sadly said turning towards Madina, "O grandfather! O Prophet of Allah! Are you witnessing the fact that in the markets of Syria your family is so helpless that even non-Muslims pity us but the Muslims still don't feel any sympathy towards us."

Suddenly drums started to beat. Some horse riders were coming from the direction of palace of Yazid carrying flags they motioned the crowd to stop. Within no time every one in the crowd had stopped.

The soldiers were announcing in loud voices, "it is the order of Ameer ul Momineen to make the prisoners wait at this place for some time as the palace has not been fully decorated. Every one is to wait here till further orders." After saying this they turned towards the palace and rode away.

This order by Yazid struck the tired prisoners as a bolt of lightning. They could not even spend one minute among this wild and beastly crowd and now they were about to wait here till uncertain time.

This caravan waited at Baab e Jeeroon for three hours. Later on, the name of this door of Damascus (Shaam) was changed to Baab e Sa'aat (time).

This was the land of Syria, the land where Prophets were tested, land of beastly people. Today on this land the family of the last Prophet of Allah (p.b.u.h) was going through the test of patience, thankfulness and faith in Allah surrounded by crowds of beastly people.



## **Chapter 15**

### **Loss of the Victory**

*Angels were coming down from the Heavens in groups and standing around the head of Imam Hussain (a.s.) respectfully. The voice of that lady was spreading in the Heavens.*

It was difficult to even breathe in such a suffocated atmosphere. It was like an ocean of people flowing everywhere in the lanes. The guarding soldiers had surrounded the prisoners of the family of the Prophet (p.b.u.h). The cheering and jeering spectators, their ogling and leering looks were penetrating the hearts of the prisoners like poisonous arrows. It was a time of helplessness that they had never known before. The family whom the Quran had praised, was being paraded in the markets of Syria surrounded by their own freed slaves. It had been three hours that they had been waiting at Baab e Jeeroon. These three hours had seemed to them as three centuries among this beastly crowd.

At last the painful period of waiting ended. The special group of soldiers was seen coming from the direction of the palace with special flags towards the Baab e Jeeroon. The decoration had been completed. The soldiers were waving the flags in a special manner.

The spectators showed happiness on the arrival of this group. The people sitting on the edge of the roads started getting up. The crowd of the beastly humans started moving with loud chants of "Allah o Akbar". The progeny of the killers of the Prophets after killing the last

Prophet's (p.b.u.h) sons were bringing his daughters to the markets and also chanting happily "Allah o Akbar".

Their elders were the enemies of Allah. They neither believed in Hazrat Zakariya nor Hazrat Eesa. Neither they had any love for Hazrat Daniel nor they cared for Hazrat Sualeh. Whatever they did, they did it openly but their beastly progeny had gone even further than them in 61 Hijri. They believed in Allah and the Prophet superficially, prayed in mosques and kept fasts. They called themselves as Muslims and to top that they were now chanting "Allah o Akbar" in happiness of killing their own Prophet's (p.b.u.h) family members and seeing the heads of the martyrs raised on spearheads and the prisoner women and children they were dancing with glee.

The people of Bani Israel had been cursed bodily for their misgivings but these Syrians had performed such sins that they had been cursed mentally. They all looked like humans but they acted like wolves, dogs and beasts.

The soldiers guarding the prisoner women and children and the heads of the martyrs had moved towards the Baab e Jeeroon. The rooftops, windows and doors of the houses on the route were full of women spectators. There was a balcony in front of a two storied building and in it some women were sitting. Among them was an 80-year-old woman who saw the Prophet's granddaughter tied in ropes. Someone told her that that woman was Zainab (s.a.), the elder daughter of Ali ibn e Abi Talib. When she came to know this she told her fellow women that when her camel comes near they should all hit her with stones. Her heart was brimming with hatred for Ahlulbait (a.s.) specially Hazrat Ali (a.s.).

As soon as Bibi Zainab's (s.a.) camel passed by that house, those women in the balcony started throwing stones at her. One of that stone hit Imam Hussain's (a.s.) head on the spearhead. Blood started to ooze out the wound.

Hazrat Ali bin Hussain (a.s.) saw that blood was coming from his father's lips. His heart was about to burst with grief. The barriers of patience started to give way and looking towards the sky, Imam Sajjad (a.s.) said, "O Allah! Enter these women in hellfire."

This prayer had only been uttered when all the people started looking upwards to the balcony. They heard the sounds of wood cracking above them. Those spectators started to run screaming and the balcony fell down with a crash. All those women who were throwing stones were breathing their last.

A chaos broke out in the crowd but it was controlled quickly. The caravan started moving swiftly towards the palace of Yazid.

\*\*\*\*\*

Yazid's court was decorated like a newly wed woman. Transparent curtains were hung on big arched doors. Floor was covered in silk carpets and there were carved sheets hanging everywhere. Golden chairs had been arranged in two rows. The doormen of the palace were dressed in expensive dresses with golden turbans and standing courteously. Famous people of the Islamic government, senior army officers, high-grade officials, governors of different states, traders, lawyers, historians, orators, poets, ambassadors of foreign countries and heads of different tribes were all sitting with great grandeur on gold chairs. At a raised portion at the front of the court was placed a throne. The stands of the throne were covered in jewels. When sunlight passed through the semi transparent curtains the stones started to shine like red-hot coals.

Seated on that throne aided by silk cushions was the cruelest man on earth. His face was shinning with happiness and confidence. He was wearing a gold chain in his neck and gold bangles with semi precious stones

fitted in them. When the goblet of wine struck these bangles, a sound of bells echoed in the court. The wine had dazed his eyes but actually he was alert.

After looking around the court his thick lips moved and he asked for the heads of the martyrs to be presented to him while the prisoners should be made to stand outside the gate of the court.

Soon a group of Negro slaves in gold turbans entered the court carrying gold and silver platters in their hands. In front of these Negro slaves, a tall man with a beastly face was walking. His complexion was dark, nose was squashed but long, eyes pushed to the inside and pockmarked face with buckteeth. His face held an evil smile. He had hair like a swine and he was watching Yazid with beseeching eyes and moving forward slowly. He was carrying a gold platter and on it was the head of the grandson of the Prophet (p.b.u.h) drenched in blood. This doglike man was Shimr Zil Joshan.

Shimr's real name was Sharjeel and he was called Abu Sa'bigha. He belonged to the tribe of Banu Kalab and was one of the richest people of the tribe of Havazan. He was considered as a daring and brave man. His father's name was Zil Joshan. Iran's king had awarded him with armor due to that he was called Zil Joshan (meaning the one with an armor). Shimr's mother once went towards a desert from her home. She got thirsty on the way and asked for water from a shepherd. In return for his favor he wanted to have her for which she agreed and Shimr's birth was the result of this.

He was part of Hazrat Ali's (a.s.) army in the battle of Siffin. But later on he changed sides. He was the one to have testified against the great Sahabi, Hujr bin Adi of Ameer ul Momineen Hazrat Ali (a.s.) and therefore he was also responsible for the killing of Hazrat Hujr bin Adi.

On the morning of the tenth of Muharram, Imam Hussain (a.s.) had dozed off for a while but then suddenly he

woke up with a start. He said at that time, "I just now dreamt that many dogs have attacked me. These dogs want to tear my flesh and one of them which is black and white in color is attacking me from all sides to tear me up."

That black and white dog was Shimr Zil Joshan who cut with a dagger the head of the grandson of the Prophet (p.b.u.h), while Imam was bowing in prostration.

Shimr proudly presented Imam Hussain's (a.s.) head to Yazid and said, "O Yazid fill this platter with gold and silver as it was I who have killed the greatest of men, Hussain (a.s.). I have killed that king who was greatest from both the sides of his parents."

Yazid picked up Imam Hussain's head by his hair and then again put it down on the platter. His face was showing his pleasure but he ignored Shimr's words and motioned him to move to a side. An embarrassed smile came on Shimr's face. He placed the platter on the lower stand of his throne and moved backwards. Yazid once again picked the head by the hair and gave a big laugh. Smell of wine spread everywhere. Then he brought Imam Hussain's (a.s.) head in front of his face and in sheer happiness began reciting his poetry:

"We behead such people who are more great than us in Allah's eyes. All we need is worldly government and we have succeeded in acquiring that. Whereas in result of this we will get the Hellfire in the hereafter."

Then he looked at his courtiers and said,

"Hussain (a.s.) used to feel pride in the fact that his father is better than Yazid's father and his mother is better than Yazid's mother. As far as Hussain's father is concerned the world knows that my father defeated Hussain's father. But yes I do agree that Hussain's mother is greater than mine."

At the exact moment, a crow came and sat at the windowsill and started crowing loudly. Yazid looked at him laughing and said to him, "O crow, if you want to cry then go ahead but the event for which you are crying has taken place. I wish my ancestors who were killed (by Ali (a.s.)) in the battlefield were here to see this, they would have been so happy-----!" Yazid mumbled waving Imam Hussain's (a.s.) head in the air. "We have avenged our elders from the sons of Muhammed (p.b.u.h)."

Then he gave a big laugh and said to the courtiers,

"Bani Hashim had performed a drama to acquire government. Neither there was any angel who came (to Muhammed (p.b.u.h)) nor there was any revelation by Allah. Anyhow, we have avenged ourselves from Ali ibn e Abi Talib (a.s.) today."

After saying this he again placed Imam's (a.s.) head in the platter. There was pin drop silence in the court. There was an invisible force, which had deprived the courtiers of their smiles. The deep silence had taken away the happiness from the court. Yazid felt the silence of the court and took Imam's (a.s.) head and placed it on his throne and started to hit Imam's (a.s.) teeth with a stick. Hatred for the Prophet of Islam and his family was burning his heart and the flames were seen the form of his poetry.

"This head is so beautiful which sparkles in my hand. It looks like roses surround it. Ahhhh! Killing Hussain ibn e Ali (a.s.) has given me peace. I have taken from him what he owed me and now we are even. Hussain ibn e Ali (a.s.)! How did you like the sharpness of sword...."

While saying this he hit the teeth of Imam Hussain (a.s.) so strongly with the stick that many of Imam's (a.s.) teeth were broken. In the court, there were also some men who had also been present in the time of the Prophet (p.b.u.h). They had seen it with their own eyes how much Prophet (p.b.u.h) loved Imam Hassan (a.s.) and



Imam Hussain (a.s.). The Prophet (p.b.u.h) used to call them parts of himself. The changing time also changed their respect. Politics, wealth, greediness for higher posts, fear of death and poverty had silenced people. These reasons stopped people from taking truth's side.

Uptill now, all these old men were quiet but when Yazid hit Imam Hussain with his stick one Sahabi e Rasool couldn't take it any more, he stood of and scolded Yazid in his faltering voice, "Yazid! Have some shame. You are desecrating these sacred teeth whom the Prophet of Allah used to kiss."

Yazid looked at that Sahabi crossly and said, "O Samra bin Jandab! If you wouldn't have been the Sahabi of the Prophet, I would have ordered to have you killed."

Samra bin Jandab started crying, "O cruel man! That is what I am saying. You are showing respect to me because I am Prophet's (p.b.u.h) Sahabi. Now you tell me is being the Sahabi of Rasool more respectable or being his family member?"

"Don't argue with me. Get out from here----!" Yazid replied angrily. Samra bin Jandab left the court crying.

Instantly another Sahabi e Rasool (p.b.u.h) Abu Barda Aslami stood up. "May god's curse be on you O Yazid! You have gone so far as to break the teeth of Hazrat Fatima's (s.a.) son with your stick. I testify for the fact that I have witnessed several times that Prophet (p.b.u.h) while kissing Hussain's (a.s.) teeth and lips would cry and keep on saying both of you are the leaders of the youth of the Heaven!"

Yazid was frustrated with anger. He told his doormen to throw this old man out of this court. Then he put the bottle of wine to his mouth and started to gulp down the liquid quickly.

Actually he was losing his mind. Despite being the king, he felt that these celebrations, the courtiers sitting on the

gold chairs, dancing people in the markets of Syria, decoration of the palace, cruelty of the army, this physical defeat of the family of the Prophet (p.b.u.h), the women and children prisoners standing outside the court, all the arched doors of his court, in all everything were making fun of him.

He thought that probably this was a dream that he had defeated Hussain ibn e Ali (a.s.) and now that dream was shattering. People were blaming him for it. The stupor of wine instead of making him at ease was creating uneasiness but at the moment Yazid did not have any other cure for it. He took big swigs from the bottle and then again started to hit Imam's (a.s.) teeth with his stick.

In front of his throne a space had been cleared for the women of his family to watch the proceedings of the court. Here the women of his family dressed in their best clothes, were seated behind a transparent curtain and viewing everything that was happening in the court. Negro slaves carrying swords guarded both sides of the curtains. Suddenly, a woman tore the curtain with her hands and came out screaming from the middle of the slaves. She was a maid servant. She stood in front of Yazid's throne and started crying.

"What has happened to you?" scolded Yazid throwing his bottle away.

"May Allah break your hands and feet and may you burn in fire in this world before you are put in the Hellfire. O bastard you are disrespectfully treating the Prophet's (p.b.u.h) grandson's teeth, whom the Prophet (p.b.u.h) used to kiss excessively." The voice of the maidservant was trembling with grief.

"Have you gone out of your mind!" growled Yazid. "What nonsense are you talking. I think you don't want to live."

"I don't care about my life. Whatever you wish you can do with me but whatever I have experienced first listen to that," the maidservant answered crying.

"Tell me what has happened with you?" growled Yazid.

"No, not like that. First promise me in front of these courtiers that until I have completed my story you will not stop me. Afterwards, if you even want to kill me you can do that," replied the maidservant looking here and there.

"OK, I promise. Now tell me quickly what has happened with you?" replied Yazid and then with the help of cushions eased himself on his throne.

"Now that you have promised listen to what happened with me," replied the maidservant loudly. "A little while ago I was lying in my room. I cannot say whether I was sleeping or not but one thing I am sure of is that whatever I saw was a reality. My head was towards the sky and suddenly the ceiling of my room vanished and clear sky was visible to me. I saw that from the sky to the land a white path has been formed. On that path, two sparkling figures are coming to the ground. They were wearing green clothes of silk. When they had reached the ground, they spread out a beautiful mat in your courtyard. There was so much brilliance coming from that mat that I could see everything from East to West.

I again looked towards the sky. Now there was a young man coming down that path. The light coming from his face was spreading everywhere. He had bent his head and there were dust particles in his beard, his shirt buttons were open. Cheeks were wet with tears and there was so much grief on His face that I felt my heart bursting with sorrow.

This young man came and sat on that mat. Then I saw his lips move. I heard sobs coming from them. Despite the voice being low I felt the voice to be spreading from land to the sky. He was crying out in grief, "O my father Adam (a.s.)! Come here---O my father Ibrahim (a.s.) you

too come to me. O my brother Moosa (a.s.), I need you. O my brother Eesa (a.s.)! Where are you? Come to me." He kept on calling the Prophets of Allah and kept on crying."

Yazid's eyebrows had come close to each other in an expression of disgust looking at the maidservant but she didn't care and kept on going with her narration.

"Then I saw a brilliant mat being laid in this court and I saw a lady clad in black coming down the white path. Her hair was open and desert sand was clearly being seen in her hair. She had placed one of her hand on her side in a way, which showed She might have been hurt on that side. She had a walking stick by whose help she was walking. Her face was exuding sorrow. That lady sat on the mat and started to wail.

While crying She looked at the sky and said, "O mother Hawwa (a.s.)! Mother Hajra (a.s.)! Mother Khadija (a.s.)! Come and sit with your daughter. My sister Marium! You too come to me." I felt that this voice was spreading between the sky and land. There was so much sorrow in her voice that the whole atmosphere had become sad.

At that moment I heard a voice, which was coming from the sky, but I could not see its speaker. That voice was saying that the man who had been calling the Prophets earlier was the leader of all Prophets Hazrat Muhammed (p.b.u.h) and the lady was His only daughter and mother of Imam Hussain (a.s.), Bibi Fatima Zahra bint e Muhammed (s.a.)."

Yazid shifted in his seat. The maidservant looked at the courtiers and said, "When I heard this I started crying. I wanted to go and kiss those great people's feet but my hands and feet were not working. All I could do was see and listen, getting up was not in my control.

When I looked here and there I saw some more people exuding radiance. Bibi Zahra (s.a.) said to Prophet (p.b.u.h), "O father did you see how your people have

treated my son Hussain (a.s.)." After saying this she started to sob.

Prophet Muhammed's (p.b.u.h) face was yellow with grief and his beard was wet with tears. He embraced His daughter and started crying. Then Prophet of Allah (p.b.u.h) looked towards Hazrat Adam (a.s.) and said, "O dear ancestor did you see what these rebels have done to my son Hussain (a.s.)!"

Hazrat Adam (a.s.) too started crying and he covered his face with his hands. His whole body was trembling. Then I heard many men and women crying. I felt as if the whole atmosphere from the land to sky had been filled with these sounds of wailing. Suddenly, I saw, mam Hussain's (a.s.) head at a side of the court, shining like sun. Angels were coming down in groups from the Heaven and standing around Imam Hussain's (a.s.) head respectfully. They would move forward with bowed heads, kiss Imam's head and the surroundings started to sound with sobs. This was the first time I realized that I could speak and I asked them, "Who are you?"

"We are angels of Allah, they answered.

"Why are you here?" I asked

"We are here to pay our respects to Imam Hussain (a.s.)." answered the angels.

Then again I looked towards the sky. From different directions of the sky were angels of doom coming down. They had weapons made of fire. In front of those weapons whorls of fire were moving spreading in your home. One angel was running after you carrying a heavy weapon of fire. Then I heard your screams which shook me and I felt I had woke up but by Allah, I wasn't asleep and what I saw wasn't a dream."

Instantly I got up from my bed and ran towards the court to warn you. When I came here I saw the head of the Prophet's (p.b.u.h) grandson was being presented to

you. Then I saw you were hitting my master's teeth with your stick ----- Keep that stick away from here Yazid! May Allah make your hands numb and burn you in the fire of this world before burning you in Hell."

The maidservant started to cry after saying this.

Yazid had spent these moments of humiliation with great difficulty. If he hadn't promised to hear her out he would have had her killed. He had never dreamt that a maid would disgrace him in front of the whole court. He had arranged this sitting to show off his power and wealth. He had collected great leaders, scholars, lawyers, army officials, governors and ambassadors of foreign countries to show his strength. But the maid's tears, her truthfulness, belief and confidence had smeared the dirt of his sins on his own face. He seemed to himself to be a small rat sitting on the jeweled throne. A rat that had a crown on his head.

He shifted in his place and looked from here to there in the court. No one was ready to look into his eyes, as everyone's eyes were moist with tears. Everyone was feeling guilt and the whole court was immersed in a deep silence. No one was ready to side with Yazid at that time.

Yazid's heart was sinking with the silence. He was left alone. He quickly took some swigs from the bottle and sat arrogantly. "Have you completed what you wanted to say?" he screamed more loudly.

"Yes I have finished what I had to say but Allah's revenge had just started, Yazid! and will end in the Hereafter," she answered boldly.

There was so much confidence in her tone that Yazid felt a cold sensation run down his spine but he got himself under control and could only utter "Shut up ----". Suddenly his voice faltered and he stopped.

Then he called the Negro slaves forward and told them, "Take her out from here----- and cut her head and throw it away." He ordered screaming and the slaves surrounded her with their swords.

"Listen Yazid! the Hellfire is awaiting you," replied the maid without being intimidated by the swords.

"You worry about yourself," answered Yazid sarcastically.

"Now I don't have any worries about myself. If I would have remained as your servant I would have burned in Hellfire but now Hussain's (a.s.) mother has made me her maid -----look ----ahead----the leader of women of both the worlds, Hazrat Fatima Zahra (s.a.) bint Muhammed (p.b.u.h) is standing there. She has spread her sacred head covering for me and I can clearly hear the sound of the angels' prayers. You think that by beheading me you are punishing me but O Resident of Hell! My death is a reward for my love for the Ahlulbait (a.s.). You cannot even dare to punish me-----". God knows how the maid had gained such strength that the Negro slaves were panting while trying to move her from her place. She completed her sentence and then turned around and exited the court in front of the slaves in a regal manner.

A terrifying silence had engulfed the court and this silence was slicing Yazid's heart like a dagger.

## **Chapter 16**

### **Crown in the Feet**

*The power of innocence and truth had put the crown in the feet. First a maidservant and then the Christian scholar kicked it by their feet.*

A tense silence was spread in the court. The swaying of the silk curtains and clanking of the goblet of wine with Yazid's bangles were the only sounds breaking it. The power of truth and innocence had moistened the eyes of many courtiers. Yazid's loneliness was increasing. He had never thought that a maid would humiliate him in front of all the courtiers this way. He was still looking towards that door through which the maidservant had honorably left the court with the slaves.

A maid moved forward with a fresh bottle of wine. He placed the bottle on his throne and without turning retraced her steps to a corner of the court where she had been standing earlier. At that moment a musician from the corner of the court started to play a musical instrument. When he stopped, Yazid started reciting his poetry, "Friends, wake up and listen to the sound of the singers. Wake up and drink up and stop talking about forgiveness. I have lost myself in the music so much that I cannot even hear the sound of Azaan."

Reciting his poetry he looked around. Then his eyes came to rest on the court scholars. He looked at their dresses, their white beards, their mannerisms and the moving rosaries in their hands and smiled and recited his poetry again,

"If it is Haram to drink wine in the religion of Muhammed (p.b.u.h), no problem, drink it considering it allowed in

the religion of Christians! And the talks that you hear about the Day of Judgment are all nothing but troubling thoughts."

The state judge was also sitting there. His eyes were pointed towards the ground. His name was Shureeh bin Haris and he belonged to the "Kandi" tribe. He was young at the time Prophet Muhammed (p.b.u.h) was alive but he had been unable to see Him. He was an able and intelligent person. The second caliph had assigned him the judge for the state of Kufa. During the reign of the third caliph too, he retained his position and Hazrat Ali (a.s.) too kept him in the same position. Afterwards, when the government was shifted to the Syrians, they also recognized his abilities and retained him. When Yazid became king, governor ibn e Ziyad bribed him for his advice to stabilize Yazid's government.

He was now a wise 60-year-old man. He advised ibn e Ziyad to make all the country's religious scholars, pious men, learners of the Quran, orators of the mosques, historians, people who explain Quranic teachings and the people who were alive in the time of the Prophet (p.b.u.h) sign a document in which they would swear allegiance to Yazid. Those who would not sign would be considered worth killing.

This document was prepared with great hype. Many people signed it happily and some accepted it grudgingly. Some were fearful for their life and some for their high status. This document started acting as sword cutting the heads of true Muslims with it and worked as armor for the tyrants and many crimes of Yazid's government.

This sword hit the first person in Kufa. He was Hani bin Urwa who had refused to give Hazrat Muslim bin Aqeel in ibn e Ziyad's custody. He was given 500 lashes. When this news spread in Kufa 4000 men of his tribe surrounded Kufa's governor house. Ibn e Ziyad asked Shureeh to reason with these men.

The judge went to the roof of the governor house and reasoned with the men in the sweetest manner and asked them for the sake of his white beard and the Prophet (p.b.u.h) that nothing will harm Hani bin Urwa till he was alive. That he they was a guest of the governor and the news that you have received were rumors so that we would fight among ourselves.

The reality was that at that time Hani bin Urwa was dead and many people among the crowd said that this old man was lying. Do not listen to his sweet talk as he has sold himself but many people got conned by him and the crowd scattered.

The next victims of Shureeh's document were Hazrat Muslim bin Aqeel and his two sons and after that this sword moved so swiftly that it slaughtered the whole family of the Holy Prophet (p.b.u.h). Ali (a.s.) and Bibi Fatima's (s.a.) family was wiped out. All the men of Ali bin Abi Talib were drenched in blood, the family of Jaffer bin Abi Talib was obliterated. At times, this document acted as a sword and some other times as armor. At the moment, Yazid was seated on his throne hiding behind this armor and his eyes were surrounding the face of Shureeh bin Haris Kandi whose head was bent down.

He was thinking that all his intellect, ploys, intelligence, his abilities and all his knowledge were put to dust by the truth spoken by an ordinary maid. Judge Shureeh's mind was predicting Yazid's fall. He had witnessed many ages and listening to Yazid's poetry was making him feel ashamed.

He was thinking that what did he get for siding with Yazid who was an enemy of Islam! Is he the Caliph of all the Muslims? The Ameer ul Momineen? --- a drunkard, a man who eats and drinks with dogs, who has a bad character, killer of the dear ones of the Prophet (p.b.u.h), maker of what was Hallal to be Haram and what was Haram to be Hallal----- what has he got to do with Islam

as he neither believes in Heaven nor Hell and he even consider the Day of Judgment to be a farce.

Then in Judge Shureeh's mind Quranic verses started to echo.

"Nay they deny the hour (of the judgment to come): but We have prepared a blazing fire for such as deny the hour."

(Surah e Furqan Ayah 11)

Then he remembered Surah e Mariam, "Seest thou not that We have set the Evil Ones on against the unbelievers, to incite them with fury?" (Ayah 83)

At that moment each and every action of Yazid was according to this Ayah of the Quran.

Judge Shureeh would remember many Ayahs of the Quran that would make him tremble from inside. He had learnt the Quran and also its explanation and was also a scholar of Hadith. He remembered an Ayah of Surah e Baqara that was for unmasking religious scholars like him. "Then woe to those who write the Book with their own hands, and then say: "This is from Allah," to traffic with it for miserable price! - Woe to them for what their hands do write, and for the gain they make thereby." (Ayah 79)

He too had hidden the real Islam and promoted the wrong religion for the sake of money! His heart trembled; his eyes fell on the head drenched in blood on the gold platter placed beneath Yazid's throne.

There was an eternal peace on the face of Imam Hussain (a.s.). His beautiful open eyes seemed to be talking. As if these eyes were saying to him, "O unlucky son of Haris! You sold out all the knowledge, status and respect that Allah had bestowed on you, to the enemy. How long will the money last you? The eternal curse is right behind you. How far can you run from Allah's wrath,

O Yazid's pet dog!" Judge Shureeh trembled at this thought.

A little while ago Yazid's maidservant had made all his plots useless. He now understood clearly that lies and plots are like cobwebs in comparison with the truth.

Suddenly, when the doormen respectfully raised the silk curtains of the entrance, Judge Shureeh looked up in surprise. Some one really important was entering that is why the doormen were raising the curtains. Everyone saw an old man carrying a walking stick was entering the court. He was wearing the dress of a Christian Priest. Many other priests who were respectfully supporting him surrounded him. He was the religious leader of the Christians; Jasliq. That person is termed a Jasliq who is a representative of the Pope, who is the biggest religious leader of the Christians.

Seeing Jasliq and the priest once again made Yazid pump up with pride. Once again he took hold of his stick and started to hit the teeth of Imam Hussain (a.s.). When Jasliq saw this he stopped there a bit startled and asked Yazid, "whose head is this?"

"This is Hussain ibn e Ali's (a.s.) head," he replied with arrogance.

"Hussain ----- Ali -----" Jasliq replied thoughtfully. "What is his mother's name?" he asked again.

"Fatima bint Muhammed -----, answered Yazid.

"Why don't you say that this head belongs to the son of the Prophet of Muslims?" replied Jasliq with sarcasm. He looked around resting on his staff.

"You may say so -----," answered Yazid in a carefree manner.

"I had understood it the moment I saw Muhammed Mustafa (p.b.u.h) this morning in my dream. He had

sand in his hair and his clothes were blood stained from many places," replied Jasliq in a painful voice.

"Then what have you come to tell me?" Yazid asked sarcastically filling his goblet.

"I am here to tell you and your courtiers that I am a progeny of Hazrat Daud (a.s.) who was a Prophet of Allah. There is a gap of thirty generations between us but even today when I pass by any place people of my religion bow their heads in respect, kiss my hands and find great pride in picking up the sand below my feet and keeping it safe, although centuries have passed since Hazrat Daud (a.s.) lived ----- and look at you Muslims, it has not been that long since your Prophet died and you have slaughtered your Prophet's son and now you are sitting here celebrating his death!" Jasliq's voice had started to falter with anger and sorrow.

Yazid's face was taut with anger -----, "This is our own problem, what have you got to do with it! It is up to us to do whatever we want among ourselves," he answered angrily.

Tears were welling from Jasliq's eyes. He just ignored what Yazid said and trembling moved forward. He reached near the throne of Yazid and picked up the head from the platter respectfully and suddenly started to kiss the wounded forehead of Imam Hussain (a.s.). Tears were falling from his eyes. He was kissing the forehead and saying, "Hussain ibn e Ali (a.s.) you will have to testify on the Day of Judgment that today among all these namesake Muslims I have converted to Islam by believing in the Prophethood of your Grandfather and the Imamate of your father." Then he loudly recited the Kalima while reciting the Kalima, his beard had moistened with tears. He again kissed the head and kept it on the platter.

"So now you have converted to Islam?" Yazid's voice echoed.

"Yes and this was only because of Hussain ibn e Ali (a.s.)," Jasliq answered confidently.

"That is what I wanted to hear," said Yazid. "Till the time you were a Christian, we were bound to safeguard you. Now that you have become a Muslim, we will treat you according to our religion," Yazid replied looking at Judge Shureeh and other religious scholars as if he wanted a confirmation from them.

"I don't care anymore----- and the way you are looking at your pet scholars I know what these pets of yours will say. People who can order the murder of their Prophet's son can also call my murder as a good deed in accordance with the teachings of the Quran!" Jasliq's tone was so harsh that many embarrassed courtiers started looking elsewhere. Judge Shureeh's head was bent till his chest and his hands on his rosary quickened.

"Do you know the punishment for caring for the family of Prophet (p.b.u.h)?" screamed Yazid.

"I am ready for all kinds of punishments," replied Jasliq bravely.

Many slaves moved forward and pushed the other priests out of the way and started lashing Jasliq.

"Hit him with more force. Skin him ----," Yazid screamed in anger.

Except for the sound of lashes there was silence in the court.

As long as he could take it Jasliq took the lashes standing but very soon he fell to the ground.

"Wait," motioned Yazid. "He will die soon if he is lashed like this. Hit him with gaps so that he dies wreathing in pain so that he should know what kind of religion Islam is!" looking at Jasliq he took a sip from his goblet laughing.

The slaves lashing him were standing at a side gasping for breath. Jasliq opened his eyes while lying on the ground and smiled. Yazid was really irritated to see him smile. "You are still smiling?" Yazid threw his goblet angrily on the floor.

"I am smiling at my good luck. I had never thought that Allah will send me to Heaven and right now while still living I have seen Heaven. Just look ----- The Last Prophet of Allah, Hazrat Muhammed (p.b.u.h) along with the rest of the Prophets is awaiting me. Look --- the angels from Heaven are bringing gifts for me. But ----- how can you see ----- them ----- you cannot even smell their fragrance, O dog of Hell -----" Jasliq's eyes were closing due to pain and weakness but his lips were moving.

Yazid got angry, as he did not want the others to be affected by Jasliq's words. "Close this chapter-----," he screamed angrily. His tone was very brutal. At this a man moved forward with a sword and beheaded Jasliq. His head separated and his body was wreathing in his own blood.

Yazid while looking at the motionless body of Jasliq moved his hand on his throne for the goblet. Then he remembered that he had thrown it away. At the same moment, a slave moved forward with a new goblet. Yazid took it from him and started to refill it.

This defeat had broken him from inside but he was the ambassador of Satan and how could Satan leave him alone for he was inside him, in his thoughts and in his heart in the form of wine. He was talking through his tongue and whispering in his brain that he was the ruler of such a big kingdom, how powerful he was and how wonderfully he had avenged his ancestors. "If you hadn't done it your ancestors' souls wouldn't have been able to rest peacefully. Only a brave man like you could do such a thing. Now all the barriers have been removed from your path. You only feared the grandson of the Prophet



(p.b.u.h) who could neither be bought nor be frightened by death. See his head is lying below your throne and his family members are standing outside as prisoners!"

When Satan gave him a pep talk he again sat up arrogantly on his throne. His slaves were taking out the dead body of Jasliq. He felt a new power and energy in his body. He erected his neck, looked around the court and the courtiers and ordered with arrogance, "Call the prisoners!"

Getting his orders the slaves started to raise the curtains from the biggest door of the court. The courtiers shifted in their seats. After a while, a group of slaves carrying swords entered the court. The court started to echo with the clanking of chains and sobs of children.

Behind the slaves was a line of prisoners. All the young and old were bound in the same rope. The chains around the feet of a young man of 20 or 22 years who was leading the prisoners produced the clanking sound. He was handcuffed, had chains on his feet and was bound in chains at the neck too. Along with the chain a rope was also tied to his neck, with which the rest of the prisoners' necks were also bound. This young man was the son of Hussain ibn e Ali (a.s.) and grandson of Ali ibn e Abi Talib (a.s.). Behind Him were the bareheaded granddaughters of the Prophet (p.b.u.h) who were moving forward with their heads bent down.

All the prisoners were made to stand by the wall. Among these prisoners was a six-year-old girl whose hands were tied behind her neck and she had hidden her face with her elbows. A courtier looked at the prisoners and said to Yazid, "O Caliph of Muslims! These prisoners are the property of all the Muslims (Maal e Ghanimat). From them award me this girl to serve as a servant." He meant Bibi Sakina.

Bibi Sakina got anxious. She looked upwards towards her aunt. "Aunt! Will the children of the Prophet of Islam

(p.b.u.h) become the servants of these tyrants?" There was such a pain in her voice that many courtiers quivered at their places.

"No dear! Don't worry. It could never happen." There was a strange tone to her voice. Bringing Bibi Sakina close to herself she looked towards that courtier with hatred and scolded him, "O offspring of illicit relations! Shut your mouth. May Allah cut your tongue, may you go blind, may your hands dry up and may Allah send you to Hell-----don't you know that the Prophet's (p.b.u.h) daughters cannot become servants to any person in the world."

Bibi Zainab's voice was like a lightning bolt, which made that man's body tremble. Then no one knew what happened but he fell down on the ground and started wreathing in pain. Many courtiers had risen from their chairs to look at him.

That man lay on the ground unconscious. Coming between his teeth had cut his tongue into two and blood was oozing out of his mouth. When one slave tried to pick him up he came to realize that his hands had dried like wood and were stuck to his neck. When the slave opened his eyes he moved back instantly in a worried manner. His eyeballs had ruptured, blood was coming out of them and flowing over his ears and being absorbed by the carpet. The courtiers were standing motionless with their mouths opened.

Bibi Zainab (s.a.) heaved a sigh of relief. Then she looked up at the sky and thanked Allah, "I praise that Allah who punished this man in this world before Hereafter for his misdeed." Then she looked at the courtiers and said, "Those people who will look at the Prophets' families with bad intentions will meet the same fate."

## **Chapter 17**

### **Sword of Ali (a.s.)**

*Heads of the tribes' leaders were bent; the court's scholars were scratching their beards in embarrassment, hearts of the slaves were melting.*

*The story of the Sword of Ali (a.s.) in action in the court.*

The body of the Syrian who had shown disrespect towards the Ahlulbait (a.s.) of the Prophet (p.b.u.h) had stopped wreathing. The blood flowing from his eyes was moving down his face and ears and being absorbed in the carpet. There was so much anger on Bibi Zainab's face that even the worst reputed and cruel man in the world sitting on the throne was frightened to look at her.

The silence was broken by the Negro slaves movement forward to pick the dead body. Yazid refilled his goblet and put it to his lips. When he got the energy from Satan through wine, Satan started to move in his body. He took large swigs from the goblet and then threw the rest on the head lying underneath his throne. Many courtiers trembled at his act but Satan made him remember his poetry and he once again started to recite it,

"Hussain (a.s.), how do you like this wine. Do you think that your father quenches the thirst of all at Kausar? If incidentally it happens that I pass by Kausar thirsty so

tell your father not to give me the sacred drink of Heaven.

Hussain (a.s.), your grandfather had forbidden the use of gold and silver utensils -----But look Hussain, your head is looking so beautiful in this gold platter!

The sound of music had made me ignore the sound of Azaan. I have selected for myself this worldly wine in place of the heavenly women of Eden."

While reciting his idiotic poetry he looked at the prisoners bound in ropes. The way he had thrown remnants of the goblet on Imam Hussain's (a.s.) head had made the women and children prisoners cry. There was not an eye, which wasn't moist, and the feeling of helplessness was cutting their hearts.

Bibi Zainab felt the helplessness that was cutting the prisoners hearts. Even she herself was hurting from inside but she knew that this was not the time to cry. She knew that the enemies would feel victorious to see them cry so she didn't let the tears come out of her eyes.

At that time she had to raise the spirits of the rest of the women and children prisoners and also to crush the pride of the tyrant in front of his slaves, maidservants, courtiers, army men and ambassadors of foreign countries.

Yazid's eyes were assessing the women and children prisoners when his eyes rested for a moment on the face of the tallest woman among all women, Bibi Zainab (s.a.), the court resounded with a thunderous voice.

"Wait and listen to me Yazid-----!"

Bibi Zainab's voice cracked like a bolt of lightning and fell on the throne of Yazid as a meteor. There was so much power in this voice that even Satan moving in Yazid's body was frightened. Hearts of many courtiers who had during battles heard Hazrat Ali (a.s.)

challenging his enemies, started to beat fast. This voice was exactly of Hazrat Ali ibn e Abi Talib (a.s.). They checked themselves if they were asleep or dreaming.

Bibi Zainab's challenge had made Yazid loose his mind. A woman, whose brothers, nephews and sons were all killed together in Karbala, who was made to parade from Karbala to Kufa and then to Syria bound in ropes and then was presented in his court in the most disrespectful way, would speak to a tyrant like him in such a way, was beyond Yazid's imagination. He had become a statue in amazement. The empty goblet of wine was in his hand but now that hand was lying motionless on his throne.

Bibi Zainab first praised Allah Rabb ul Aalameen and then saluted the Prophet (p.b.u.h) and His Ahlulbait (a.s.) and started her speech with the 10th Ayah of Surah e Rum,

"In the long run evil in the extreme will be the End of those who do evil; for that they rejected the Signs of Allah, and held them up to ridicule."

Then she looked sarcastically at Yazid.

"Do you think Yazid that by closing all the doors on us and by imprisoning the family of the Prophet (p.b.u.h), our status in Allah's eyes has been decreased and you yourself have gained a lot of respect!

Maybe you are under the impression that the grief that your soldiers have given us has increased your grandeur and that is why you are squirting your nose and moving your shoulders with pride."

"Wait for some time Yazid! Breathe freely for some more time then you will see what will happen to you. Actually you have forgotten Allah's saying, "Let not the unbelievers think that our respite to them is good for themselves: We grant them respite that they may grow in their iniquity: But they will have a shameful punishment." (Surah e Aal e Imran, Ayah 178)."

Bibi Zainab (s.a.) was thundering away and the whole court was silent. The silk curtains were flowing in the air without making any noise. Bibi Zainab's voice was striking the doors, walls and windows producing a strange echo which had stunned its listeners.

Suddenly, Bibi Zainab's voice became louder. In her voice, hatred for Yazid became manifold and she said,

"O son of our freed slaves! Today you are calling your dead relatives after killing the sons of Muhammed (p.b.u.h) and dear ones of Abdul Mutallib. You are calling on them but you don't realize that soon you will be with them too. When you will reach there you will say I wish I hadn't got hands and tongue in the world so that I wouldn't have done what I did and wouldn't have said what I did say.

By God, Yazid! You have skinned and cut yourself. As for our martyrs (Shaheeds) Allah has promised,

"Think not of those who are slain in Allah's way as dead. Nay, they live, finding their sustenance in the presence of their Lord."

Bibi Zainab's powerful speech not only stunned the audience but also gave the prisoner women and children a new energy. They had forgotten their helplessness and were no more crying, instead on their faces a strong emotion was visible. Bibi Zainab (s.a.) looked at the children and turned to Yazid,

"Listen Yazid! It's enough for you to know that soon Hussain ibn e Ali (a.s.) will present his case for killing his family members and companions in the court of Muhammed Mustafa (p.b.u.h). Jibriel will help my grandfather and my Allah will pass the verdict and not only you but those men too will reach their end who strived for ages to enable a man of disrepute like you to become caliph of the Prophet (p.b.u.h)."

Bibi Zainab then looked at the courtiers. Along with Yazid's ancestors, the people sitting in the court were also responsible to make a nonreligious man like Yazid a caliph who had helped Bani Umayyads due to fear, greed or hatred for Ali ibn e Abi Talib (a.s.). No one present could dare look into Bibi Zainab's eyes.

Yazid was sitting on his throne like a bedraggled rat scratching his chin. His eyes were black as monkey's and on his face on one side of the lips was a mark like that of camels' foot. Lips were thick like Negroes' and by face he looked worse than slaves.

Bibi Zainab (s.a.) once again challenged him,

"This is just because of the change in situation that I am talking to an ordinary man like you otherwise I wouldn't have spoken to a pathetic man like you. The reason why I am talking to you is that my heart is bursting with grief."

While saying this, Bibi Zainab's voice faltered. She controlled herself and said,

"It is so amazing that those special people who have been rewarded by Allah are killed by the beastly slaves we had freed on the day of victory over Makkah! Ohhh blood of our martyrs is still dripping from our enemies' sleeves. Even today, there are marks on their lips and teeth of gnawing our flesh and----- the bodies of the sacred men are lying in the open in the desert."

She quickly cleaned her eyes with her elbows and said,

"Yazid! Plot as much frauds and cruelties against us as you can so that you are fully satisfied but even then you wont be able to reduce our love and respect from the hearts of the Muslims----"

And that too is not in your control to stop our message from spreading.

And how would you realize the reason behind Hussain ibn e Ali's (a.s.) sacrifice. Neither can you understand

the reason behind our struggle nor can you see the aims of the sacrifice of Hussain ibn e Ali (a.s.).

Your thought is idiotic, your advice is useless and your days numbered. You are about to be thrown off your throne! All your pets and purchased courtiers, selfish companions and assassins---- all of them will leave you alone to save their lives and remember this too that the Day of Judgment is near and on that day an angel will come and say: "Curse of Allah is on those who do wrong! -" (Surah e Hood, Ayah 18)

After reciting this Ayah Bibi Zainab (s.a.) looked at the sky and prayed,

"O the Most Merciful! O Benevolent Creator! Bestow our martyrs with ever increasing blessings. You have blessed our ancestors with high status in your service and you have awarded our men with martyrdom. O Rabb ul Aalameen! Shower your blessings on their heirs and progeny.

No doubt my Creator is Most Loving and Most Benevolent and "For us Allah is sufficient, and He is the best disposer of affairs."

(Surah e Aal e Imran, Ayah 173)

When Bibi Zainab (s.a.) stopped talking, it seemed like the thunderstorm had stopped.

Imam Ali bin Hussain's (a.s.) eyes were red. His eyes were resting lovingly on his aunt who with her extensive knowledge, unmatched oratory and daring had unveiled the most evil man of his time and had humiliated him in his own court.

On the land of the murderers of the Prophets, today a Prophet's daughter had wounded them in such a way that they will never heal. All the schemes of brutality had failed and all the swords and spears had gone blunt in front of Ali's (a.s.) sword.

Bibi Zainab's speech was so sudden and spontaneous that Yazid was stupefied. His power of decision had failed him and he was trying to revive it by gulping big swigs from his goblet.

It seemed that there was an invisible power controlling Yazid's court. A brutal man like Yazid, who used to give orders to kill for people on petty matters, was sitting quietly on his throne as a scared and disheveled rat. Those army officials whose swords would be raised on mere mention of Ahlulbait's (a.s.) names were sitting shocked. Hearts of the executioners were getting soft; slaves were standing with their heads bent, heads of different tribes were not able to look at each other, the court scholars were scratching their beards in embarrassment and the owner of armies, palaces, gardens and the government was sitting on the throne like a loser.

## **Chapter 18**

### **Dream at Night**

*They were in a hurry to offer prayers after killing the family of the Prophet (p.b.u.h) who taught them prayers! These are the signs of the cursed nations.*

Ali's (a.s.) sword attacked the court of Yazid in a way that it unveiled the double timers of past, present and future. Yazid was astounded. The religious scholars present in the court were stunned and were not even able to look at each other. Till Bibi Zainab's speech ended, a strange power had kept everything quiet. This was that divine power of the Ahlulbait (a.s.), which made the pebbles talk, and living men turn to statues.

Bibi Zainab was quiet now after giving a thunderous speech. Sakina, Imam Hussain's (a.s.) six-year-old daughter, was crying in Bibi Zainab's (a.s.) arms. Her aunt's speech had given her energy to bear the difficult situation and not only that but had also showed her not to give in to tyrants but her speech had also brought back some old memories.

From the time she had been born she had always seen special importance been given to her aunt. Whenever any family member would ask for advice from Imam Hussain (a.s.), despite being the elder of the family, he would confer with his sister Zainab (s.a.). He loved and respected his sister equally. Aunt too loved him a lot. Not a day passed when she wouldn't seek permission from her husband and visit her brother's place.

Be it Hazrat Abbas (a.s.) or brother Ali Akbar, uncle Muhammed Hanafia or Brother Ali bin Hussain (a.s.), Bibi Zainab (s.a.) was like a mother to all. Although

mother Shehr Bano was from a different family but still she too cared for her a lot. The same was the case with mother Umme Rubab. Aunt herself loved her sisters in law dearly. She had raised brother Ali Akbar and Bibi Sakina herself used to be with her aunt most of the time. Youngest brother Ali Asghar too was in her lap most of the time after he was born.

When on 28th Rajab Imam Hussain (a.s.) was planning to leave Madina he took his sister's advice first. Aunt knew that Imam (a.s.) was opting for a long and tiring journey and had to sacrifice his life and that of his family members in hunger and thirst in the desert of Karbala to save Allah's religion, Islam. In such situation it was impossible that she could have let him go alone. She asked her husband for permission to go with Her brother. Her husband not only gave her permission but also sent with her their two sons so that they could sacrifice themselves on behalf of their parents to save Allah's religion.

Scenes from the past were moving in Bibi Sakina's mind. When they were leaving Madina, tents were erected and how they were helped while mounting the camels. Youth of Bani Hashim under Hazrat Abbas (a.s.) supervision were standing around aunt Zainab's ride with their swords----- and today the same aunt was standing in the court of Yazid as a prisoner. Those people who had never even seen Her shadow were looking at her without a head cover. The dust that had blown during the journey had covered her face and that was the only covering the Prophet's (p.b.u.h) grand-daughters had.

Thinking about the past had made Bibi Sakina cry and suddenly she remembered the dream she had last night and a small scream escaped her mouth.

This small scream shattered the silence that was spread in the court. Yazid looked at this child among the prisoners with surprise. The girl's face was tear streaked and continuous crying had formed lines on her face.

"What happened to you? Why are you crying like this?" Yazid asked softly.

Although he was hesitating to initiate conversation with the prisoners due to the way they answered him a little-while ago yut looking at the child's age and condition, he was certain that this tired orphan might ask for something from him due to his soft tone. And that is what Yazid wanted. He wanted to impress them with his government, power and status and he would then pity them and make them go against their leader Hussain ibn e Ali (a.s.). Bibi Sakina's sobs had given him that opportunity.

"Why are you crying like that?" he again asked. His tone was still gentle. Bibi Sakina didn't answer. Then Yazid spoke again, "What shall I do! Your father rebelled against my government. He wanted to kill my family and me -----," Yazid was trying to coax the girl but his sentence was left incomplete.

"Shut up and don't be too happy on killing my father," replied Bibi Sakina wiping her tears with her elbows. Then her voice grew louder and she said,

"My father has reached that status of martyrdom which is in accordance to his position. But you O unlucky man! Get ready for your horrifying end!"

Her voice was childish but had the sharpness of a sword in it.

Yazid was really annoyed. He felt like a sword hit him in the heart but due to the wine's stupor he was not feeling like answering and starting any other argument. He had realized that the prisoner women and children in front of him were not some ignorant people who could be impressed by his wealth or bear even his one wrong rhetoric. He didn't want to face any more disgrace in presence of his courtiers. He had inherited his ancestors' cunning ways. He knew that when his elders got helpless against swords they used to change

themselves completely according to the conditions! He quickly overcame his anger.

"But why did you scream suddenly while crying." He acted as if he hadn't listened to Bibi Sakina's harsh reply.

"From the day of Ashura till now we have suffered from so many sorrows and difficulties that every difficulty is such Yazid! That even if we keep on crying our whole life it won't be enough."

Bibi Sakina's tone still had the sharpness. "But the moment I woke toady, I am continuously reminded of the dream I had last night which makes me cry." Her eyes start to moisten again.

"Did you have a dream last night?" asked Yazid.

"Yes-after 7<sup>th</sup> Muharram, last night was the night when I had a deep sleep after two months," replied Bibi Sakina. "From 7<sup>th</sup> Muharram to Ashura I couldn't sleep due to thirst, then from Karbala to Kufa and then till here your servants neither let us sleep nor cry. If I wanted to cry Zajr ibn e Qais would lash me at my back and if I tried to sleep I couldn't due to tiredness. Yesterday, when our caravan stopped outside the city, it was the first night when I dropped to a deep sleep," Said Bibi Sakina.

"Did you dream anything?" asked Yazid gently.

It is the habit of drunkards that whatever they ask they keep on insisting on it till answered. When sometime earlier he was hitting Imam's (a.s.) teeth with his stick, his heart had gotten filled with hatred for Ahlulbait (a.s.). He had remembered his ancestors' being killed by Hazrat Ali (a.s.) and their bodies drenched in blood. That is why he was trying to avenge his ancestors by using his stick and now he was continuously asking Bibi Sakina about her dream.

"Yes I had a dream last night," answered Bibi Sakina.

"Dream ---- what did you ----- dream ----," Yazid's voice was faltering.

Many courtiers understood his state and did not want Imam's (a.s.) daughter to relate her dream. Maybe people would be affected by hearing her dream, a courtier tried to attract Yazid's attention but in vain as he was still looking at Bibi Sakina.

Bibi Sakina looked around and then looked towards her aunt as if seeking her permission. Bibi Zainab (s.a.) allowed her and then she looked at Yazid and said, "Promise me that when I am narrating my dream you will not interfere me in the middle."

"No one's going to stop you. Tell me what you dreamt of?" Yazid eased himself by resting on the silk cushions. "Last night I dreamt of a palace---" Bibi Sakina started narrating her dream. "The walls of that palace were of rubies. The pillars were made of Zabarjad and the doors were of beautiful wood. I was standing outside the palace when its door opened and a servant came out of it."

"Whose palace is it?" I asked him.

"This palace belongs to your father Hussain ibn e Ali (a.s.)." That man answered me respectfully bending his head. Suddenly, I saw five people coming out of the door so I asked the servant. "Who are they?"

"Bibi, the one in the front is Hazrat Adam (a.s.) behind him is Hazrat Nooh (a.s.) and after him along with Hazrat Ibrahim (a.s.) are Hazrat Moosa (a.s.) and Hazrat Eesa (a.s.)," answered the servant. Those five men were still at a distance from me when I saw another person coming out of the palace. His face had a strange shine. When I saw him I don't know why I started remembering my brother Ali Akbar. Maybe because He looked like my brother Ali Akbar. His face was yellow with grief, eyes were red and there was dust in his hair. I asked that servant. "Who is this gentleman?"

"You don't know him?" the servant asked surprised.

"No, I have never seen him but I don't know why but from the time I have seen him I feel like crying. "

"Bibi, he is your ancestor Hazrat Muhammed Mustafa (p.b.u.h)," yhe servant answered with great respect.

When I heard this I started to run towards him. When he saw me he opened his arms for me. I wanted to salute him but due to immense grief my voice got stuck in my throat. I went in his embrace and his tears started to fall in my hair.

For a long time he kept me close to him and kept on sobbing. Then he brought my face in front of him. His eyes were filled with tears. While crying, he kissed me at the forehead and then again embraced me. Then he looked at my ears from which blood was still dripping and then he started to cry more loudly. Then he saw my arms, which were bruised, and then his eyes fell on my neck where due to the rough rope wounds were formed. Seeing this, he again pulled me into his embrace.

I too started crying seeing him cry. While crying I said, "O grandfather, you haven't seen my feet yet! From Ashura till now, I have been walking barefoot on the hot desert sand and have been made to run on thorns. Your people had taken away even our slippers, Grandfather!"

Prophet (p.b.u.h) massaged my swelled feet with his hands and then started crying loudly. On his voice Hazrat Adam (a.s.), Hazrat Nooh (a.s.), Hazrat Ibrahim (a.s.), Hazrat Moosa (a.s.) and Hazrat Eesa (a.s.) came near him and started to sympathize with him. They too were crying. Grandfather looked at me and said, "Innocent daughter of my innocent grandson! Stop crying my daughter! Your condition has pierced my heart." He kissed my forehead and said, "Go inside dear daughter." He put me down from his lap.



Then I found myself in a large room. There were six ladies in that room. Five of them looked older than the sixth. I assumed that she had been crying a lot. She was wearing a black dress and there was sand in her hair too. She had a blood stained shirt, which was torn at several places by arrows.

I asked a maidservant about them. She answered. "O daughter of Imam Hussain (a.s.), there is Bibi Hawwa (s.a.), Bibi Marium (s.a.), beside her is Bibi Asiya and along them are Hazrat Moosa's mother and your grandmother Hazrat Khadija (s.a.) and the one sitting in the middle with the blood stained and torn shirt is your grandmother and Head of the women of Heaven, Bibi Fatima Zahra (s.a.)."

"when I heard grandmother's name, I couldn't control myself. I ran towards her crying loudly. "Grandmother! My salutations to you," I said going near her.

Grandmother stood up impatiently and held me in her arms. I started crying bitterly. "Grandmother! I have been orphaned in my childhood," I pleaded with her.

Grandmother, sat me on her lap. She was passing her fingers through my hair and continuously crying. "My Dear! What happened after your father's death?" She asked.

"O Grandmother! What shall I say what happened----- they torched our tents. Enemies were making us run like cattle in the battlefield. They took away our head covers and snatched away our earrings. Grandmother! ----- They even took away our slippers -----."

"Dear! How is your ill brother?" grandmother asked me still crying.

"Grandmother! On the day of Ashura brother's temperature was so high that when he tried to stand up, he had a dizzy feeling and couldn't stand. I wish you were there to see the scene when those cruel people

were putting heavy chains on his neck and making him sit on the camel. Many times brother fell from the camel due to dizziness. At last, those people bound my brother's feet under the camel's stomach. From Karbala to Kufa and then till Syria his feet were bruised by the rope and throughout the way blood dripped from his wounded feet."

My grandmother started to cry more loudly. The ladies sitting near her controlled her. Then grandmother asked, "My dear daughter! Tell me when your father had been martyred, who buried him-----?"

When I heard this question I cried loudly. I could smell my father's smell coming from my grandmother and that was making my heart burst with grief. Uptill now I was controlling myself but when I heard my father's name, I could not control myself, any longer. Grandmother embraced me and both of us cried bitterly.

When I was able to talk, I told grandmother, "You wanted to know who buried father----- Grandmother! Your son wasn't buried once but many times. First he was buried under the hooves of the horses. Then he was buried under the storm and then he was buried by getting away from our eyes----- grandmother! When we left Karbala as prisoners, your son was lying on the hot desert sand unshrouded-----." "

Bibi Sakina went quiet after saying this. Bibi Zainab brought her close to herself. Her eyes were also very red due to controlling her tears.

Muted sounds of sobs of people were being heard in the court. Yazid was in drowsiness due to the effect of wine. When Bibi Sakina stopped, he had a feeling of silence and startled he opened his eyes.

At that time, the Azaan was sounded from the mosque near the court. The religious scholars in the court started to shift in their chairs. The voices of "As Salat----- As-Salat" started to come from the back rows.

How much they cared about offering their prayers! The family who taught them to pray to Allah and not the idols, who taught them the way to pray, the Prophet (p.b.u.h) who told them about the oneness of Allah, and believing whom they started following commands of Allah, the women and children of the same Prophet (p.b.u.h) were standing in this court bare headed and bare foot and they were chanting "As Salat --- As Salat."

The murderers of the family of the Prophet (p.b.u.h) who taught them prayers, were in a hurry to offer their prayers! The killers, humiliating their Prophet's (p.b.u.h) family and dying their hands in the sacred blood of the people who used to spend their nights in Allah's remembrance, who followed Quranic teachings, who prostrated, were now raising their voices saying "As Salat--- As Salat". These are the signs of the cursed nations. The actions of these Muslims resembled so much with the Jews who killed their Prophets!

When many voices of "As Salat ---- As Salat" were raised simultaneously Yazid got up from his throne and said, "What is all this noise!" these voices were spoiling his sleep.

The court was silenced. When Satan's ambassador scolded the ones crying out "As Salat ---- As Salat," they went quiet and everyone was acting as someone else had raised the cries of "As Salat"

"Well OK-----"; said Yazid hiccupping and looking towards the courtiers. "Whoever wants to pray can go." Then he looked towards the soldiers guarding the prisoners and motioned them with his hand and said, "Take them away and put them in the dungeon." Saying this he turned and started moving towards the door leading from the court to the palace. Seeing that he couldn't walk straight, Yazid's special servant went forward and helped him. Yazid put his hands around the servant's neck and staggering moved forward.

## **Chapter 19**

### **The Evening Sun**

*In their eyes murderer as well as the victim were both respectable. They considered innocents to be innocents but were not ready to acknowledge the tyrants' brutality! The same habit was being transferred in their next generations.*

The gray of the evening was converting to the blackness of night. Servants along the corridors, rooms and courts of the palace of Yazid were moving about lighting the candles in the Spanish and Roman candelabras and marble chandeliers. Today the lighting was special due to the victory celebration. Torches were lighting the outer gates too and guards were standing on duty. Slowly the whole palace was glittering with lights.

Outside this glittering palace, darkness was deepening. The surroundings of the palace showed the picture of poverty. There common Muslims lived. They were such people who had little knowledge about religion. The religious scholars hired by the government had made them just like themselves. They considered the happiness of the current king to be the happiness of Allah and believed this that Allah has appointed this king on them. Even when the king acted badly they obeyed him because they thought Allah has appointed him for them.

They used to consider poverty, brutalities and troubles inflicted on them as their fate and did not know that Allah does not change the condition of that nation who doesn't strive itself to do so! The religious scholars of the government run mosques used to teach them that Allah

was testing them by poverty and bearing the cruelties that is why don't show your dislike for it and keep on bearing all of it and you will be rewarded in the Hereafter.

These were the lessons which they were teaching one generation and the next generations to come.

When the brilliance of Islam reached from Makkah and Madina to this part of Syria, the land of the killers of Prophets, it was surrounded by the darkness of this area. Here, the enemies of Islam were ruling wearing masks of Islam. Religious minded people were being killed for religion. The people who used to explain the teachings of the Quran had been sold out, scholars had been bought, a new group of people had risen who were ready to say all the falsehood under the heading of Hadith. Those Hadith were sold like hot cakes, which emphasized the family member of the enemies of Islam and some way related them to the Prophet (p.b.u.h) to show their importance.

Imam Hussain (a.s.) had left his home to unmask these enemies of Islam and to tell the Muslims about Islam and its actual teachings. Imam Hussain (a.s.) had been martyred along with his companions and family members on the tenth of Muharram. Now the duty of fulfilling his aim was on his sister Bibi Zainab (s.a.) and His son Imam Ali bin Hussain (a.s.). Both these personalities had fulfilled their responsibilities with such bravery that all the women and children prisoners had become strong to face any difficulty that came their way. Now, in this caravan, every child was Hussain (a.s.) and every woman was Bibi Zainab (s.a.).

Yazid's secret agencies were afraid of these prisoner women and children's forbearance. They wanted to imprison them in the dark dungeon and use the last ploy to break them. They assumed that at the moment all their wounds were fresh and they were all very spirited but with the passage of time when they will come out of

their grief, they will find the troubles of imprisonment to be unbearable. Maybe at some time some women or children might give in to them and they get them to say something against Hussain ibn Ali (a.s.)!

If such a thing happened then the evil strategy makers of Yazid and his men would spread this fact far and wide that even Imam's (a.s.) own family members were against him. But these prisoners were not ordinary women and children. They were the children of that Prophet (p.b.u.h) who has said to the enemies, "Even if you place sun in my one hand and moon in the other then too I will not stop calling people towards the right path of Allah."

They were the family members of Ali ibn e Abi Talib (a.s.), who had said, "To me your government is as useless as a goat's offal in the hands of a leper."

These women and children were ready to bear all the cruelties. They did know how to stamp the governments of such kings under their feet.

Behind Yazid's palace, it was an old building which didn't have a roof and only tall walls were left. Inside the whole floor had been dug up and had holes everywhere. Due to the debris of the collapsed roof, bricks, stones and grass growing there. No one dared to venture this place at night. Yazid had placed a gate on it and converted it into a dungeon for its prisoners.

When the prisoner women and children of the Prophet's (p.b.u.h) family were brought in this dungeon the darkness had already deepened. In the darkness of night, these women and children were moving forward assuming their way. Sometimes a child fell over some stones and wounded himself and sometimes a woman would stagger due to her foot sticking in a hole. The guards had shoved them inside and had gone away.

Bibi Zainab (s.a.) gathered all the women and children beside a wall and waited for the night to pass. When her

eyes got accustomed to the darkness she selected a rather leveled place and performed Tayammum and offered the Maghrib prayers.

There were still heavy chains in Imam Zain ul Abideen's (a.s.) neck and feet. When he stood to pray with difficulty, the whole dungeon echoed with the clank of his chains. Bibi Zainab's (s.a.) eyes filled with tears on this sound and She prayed in her prayers to Allah, "O Rabb ul Aalameen, help us against these tyrants."

Hazrat Ali ibn e Hussain (a.s.) had too started to pray. From the direction of Yazid's palace the sound of music started coming.

\*\*\*\*\*

It had been many days since they had been imprisoned in the dungeon. It was summer. During daytime there was scorching heat of sun and at night the stifling heat. There was no ceiling in the dungeon. As the sun reached its height, the shadow of the Eastern walls decreased. These ladies would shrink towards the wall to save their children from the sun. When at noon the shadow would vanish completely, they didn't have any place to cover themselves. Due to the heat, the sand on the floor of the dungeon would grow hot so they would stand up with their children in their laps and would stand with them under their own shadows until the sun did not set. At that time the shadows of the Western walls would start growing.

There were holes in the walls of the dungeon and the people living in the surrounding areas would pass by and see their condition and would feel bad for them. They could not openly sympathize with these prisoners but whenever they were among their family members or among their confidantes they would praise the bravery, patience and forbearance of these women and children prisoners.

When in the silence of night in the final hours of night, the old people staying awake in the surrounding areas would hear sounds of praise of Allah and salutations being offered on Muhammed (p.b.u.h) and His progeny, these old men would think, who are those progeny of Muhammed (p.b.u.h) on whom they are asking Allah to send His blessings!

The residents of Syria only considered Yazid and his family members to be the only relatives of the Prophet Muhammed (p.b.u.h). But when they heard the voices saluting Muhammed (p.b.u.h) and his progeny they thought that if Yazid belonged to the Prophet's (p.b.u.h) family he would not have been cruel to those people who are continuously sending salutations on Yazid's own family and that is why they can't be sending blessings on Yazid! May be these progeny of the Prophet (p.b.u.h) are some other people. Also the verses of the Quran, in which they have read about the tyrants, matched Yazid's personality and government. Drinking wine, raising dogs, eating pork and killing people without any reason did not depict Islamic teachings.

They would watch these prisoners that how they were spending their time in this dungeon praying to Allah with patience. This place would echo throughout the time with the recitation of the Quranic verses. Whereas from Yazid's palace, they would hear the sound of music all the night!

Whether they were young or old, women or children all used to have such thoughts. They would whisper to each other, which would raise questions in their minds, and they would try to find out their solution.

There were many people who had witnessed their bravery in Yazid's court. They had heard their fuming orations. They had realized that these prisoners were not enemies of Islam but family members of the Holy Prophet (p.b.u.h) that is why despite being alone and

helpless, they tried their best in humiliating Yazid in his own court.

They had all witnessed this but it was a reality, which even frightened them. They didn't want the government spies to know about their thinking but with the passage of time all these things were getting out in the open because people wanted to express themselves. So, uptill now, the stories that were hidden in their hearts were transferred to the tongues and were spreading to the homes and marketplaces and neighborhoods.

The ill-fated people of Damascus had lost the will to act due to their excessive evil doings. Instead of accepting a reality, which was so evident to them, they had started to face mental conflicts. Due to fear of Yazid, they were unable to badmouth him. The truthfulness of Ahlulbait (a.s.) of the Prophet (p.b.u.h) used to attract towards them so they were automatically forced to pity them and show love for them. The same condition strengthened inside them. Now for them the murderer was also respectable and the victim too. They loved the innocent and also did not want to curse the tyrant. They felt safe in living such a life and the same habit was being transferred to their next generations.

It had been days since the prisoners were brought to Yazid's court. The way he was humiliated by the prisoners was against his expectations and it had devastated him mentally. When the wine's stupor would wear off, once again his wounds started to hurt him. They were the wounds, which were inflicted by Bibi Zainab's (s.a.) speech, Bibi Sakina's rendition of her dream and his own maidservant's humiliating sentences.

To forget all about these things he had for days gathered around him, musicians, singers and jugglers. For many days, the palace wore a festive look. After a few days Yazid's mental condition became better. Time had healed his wounds of humiliation. Similarly, he had gained a new confidence, the sane feeling of revenge

and his feeling of being all-powerful had once again returned.

One day while he was sitting with his yes-men his feeling of revenge arose and he remembered a young man who was presented to him along with the prisoner women and children. Someone had told him that this young man was Hussain ibn e Ali's (a.s.) son. He had wanted to talk to that young man that day but then his maidservant had come and the events that had followed had not been such that he could do anything else but drown himself in his drink. Today after several days, he remembered that young man and immediately ordered his doorman to present that young man in the court.

The doorman sent the message to the guards who in turn called Imam Zain ul Abideen (a.s.) and told him about Yazid's order. Imam (a.s.) got up with difficulty, handling his heavy chains and went to the door of the dungeon. His aunt was with him like his shadow. Bibi Zainab (s.a.) had been worried to know about Imam Zain ul Abideen's (a.s.) going to Yazid's palace. She feared that Yazid might not kill her nephew and Imam e Waqt, Imam Zain ul Abideen (a.s.).

Imam Syed e Sajjad (a.s.) consoled his aunt and left with the guard towards Yazid's palace with great confidence. The sun had risen up quite a bit. Ladies were sitting with their children shrunk beside the eastern walls.

Bibi Sakina had dreamt of her father last night and had waked up with crying. As nothing was visible in the darkness of night, she had started to cry. Many other young children too woke up and started to cry bitterly.

Imam Sajjad (a.s.), Bibi Zainab (s.a.), Bibi Umme Kulsoom (s.a.), Bibi Umme Rubab (s.a.) and many other ladies were engaged in offering Namaz e Shab. After ending her prayers, Bibi Umme Rubab ran towards the children and consoled them. Lulled everyone to sleep but Bibi Sakina didn't stop crying. Bibi Umme Rubab

caresses her hair and then with great difficulty did she stop. Then Bibi Umme Rubab offered her prayers and then again sat with Bibi Sakina's head in Her lap. In no time it was time for Fajr prayers. Everyone offered Fajr prayers. Bibi Sakina had been awake since midnight and then the sun also rose.

Right now also Bibi Umme Rubab had Bibi Sakina's head in her lap. Bibi Zainab (s.a.) came back from the door of the dungeon and told her sister in law about Yazid's order. The other women too gathered there. Everyone was scared for Imam (a.s.). Bibi Sakina again started crying and so did the other children when they came to know about it.

Then all the ladies offered Tayammum and started to pray Namaz e Hajat on the scorching floor. After prayers, they prayed to Allah crying, "O Rabb ul Aalameen! Imam Zain ul Abideen (a.s.) is our sole head. O the Most Merciful! Show pity on widowed women and orphaned children. Do not let this light of Imamate extinguish. Just like you had saved your Prophet Hazrat Moosa from Pharaoh's wrath similarly, O Rabb ul Aalameen! Safeguard Hussain's (a.s.) innocent son from the wrath of the tyrants."

Seeing their mothers praying, the young ones too gathered around them. They too raised their hands in the air and started praying for Hazrat Ali bin Hussain's (a.s.) safety.

## **Chapter 20**

### **An Old Plot**

*His ancestors had raised the Quran on spearheads to escape defeat. Yazid was letting Azaan being recited repeatedly to avoid defeat.*

*The story of the speech of Imam Zain ul Abideen (a.s.) in Yazid's palace.*

The court was decorated. Floor was covered with carpets and the silken curtains were swaying with the wind. Male and female servants were standing alert in colorful clothes. Courtiers, heads of the tribes, religious scholars and ambassadors of foreign countries were seated in their golden chairs. Maidservants were moving to and fro carrying glass goblets with wine to the courtiers. At one end of the court, musicians were sitting and in front of them many dancers were displaying their expertise. Yazid was seated on his high throne with one maidservant standing at his side with a bottle of wine waiting for his orders. As soon as he finished draining the contents in his glass, the maid would refill it instantly.

Today, Yazid's confidence was worth noticing as time and wine had healed his wounds temporarily. Even now when he thought of the way he was humiliated on the first day at court, he felt irritated but he could do nothing except drown himself in liquor.

His hatred for the Prophet's (p.b.u.h) family had again taken toll today. He had become fuel for fire in this world too and due to that fire burning in him had he called Imam Zain ul Abideen (a.s.) to court. He had prepared a program to put out his fire and to embarrass Imam (a.s.).

As he himself didn't have the ability or strength to speak, he had called a glib talking prayer leader of a mosque. He was a persuasive and quick-witted person and great orators used to loose their tongue in his presence. The way he presented false Hadith as true would make people believe in him and changing the meaning of the Quranic teachings was not difficult for him. The government paid him. Although he knew the Quranic teachings and Sunnah and what was right and what wrong, he still had sold out his knowledge for high pay, gifts and other facilities provided by the government.

Knowledge is like a drop of rain, which changes to pearl inside a shell, and inside the mouth of snake it becomes poison. That prayer leader had now become a snake swaying on the tunes of the government and at the moment he was sitting at a high place awaiting Yazid's orders.

Suddenly, all the musicians stopped as if their hands had become numb and the whole court too was quiet. Everyone was looking towards the entrance gate as they had heard the clanking of chains, which was slowly drawing near. This same noise had made Yazid's court tremble a few days ago. Many people were afraid of these innocent people with shining faces, their confidence, forbearance, daring, bravery and knowledge and many people were impressed by their innocence and helplessness. That is why the music stopped, the dancers' feet stopped dancing and all the laughter died away.

The sounds of clanking had also made Yazid sit up alert. He quickly gulped the contents of his goblet and sat straight resting himself on his cushions.

The doormen of the court raised the red silken curtains. First, two Negro slaves entered the court with swords resting against their shoulders. Behind them was the caretaker of the dungeon and behind him was a 20 to 22 year old man walking slowly. This man was Hazrat Ali

bin Hussain, Imam Zain ul Abideen (a.s.). Although his clothes were untidy, his radiating face made him prominent among thousands.

Yazid motioned the prayer leader, whose heart was beating fast. Although he had lied so many times before, he didn't know why today thinking of lying was making his heart sink but as he was Yazid's servant he could not disobey him. He knew the meaning of Yazid's motion so he got up and went to that podium he had to orate from.

As he came to the podium, he praised Yazid, his government and ancestors and their deeds highly and during his speech he badmouthed Ali ibn e Abi Talib (a.s.) and his family as much as he could.

After ending his speech, he proudly looked at the young man in chains. There was a lot of confidence on Hazrat Ali bin Hussain's (a.s.) face. The prayer leader had thought that Imam (a.s.) would be standing with his head bent in shame but Imam Zain ul Abideen was standing with his chest pumped up and with a strange grandeur. Then his lips moved, "You have bargained Allah's happiness for the people," said Imam (a.s.) with great sadness.

Then he looked at Yazid and said, "Whatever your orator said is your concern but now you should also let me go to the podium to say what pleases Allah and His Prophet (p.b.u.h)."

"No you cannot be allowed to do so," Yazid replied with hatred and arrogance.

A courtier stood up and said to Yazid with utmost respect, "O ameer ul momineen! May Allah retain your status but this man is so grieved that he won't be able to say much!"

Yazid looked at the courtier and said, "I don't think that you know this but his family is famous for oration and bravery."

"Father, he is just a helpless, ill and sad person, what can he say! Permit him to speak," Yazid's son said.

Orator and prayer leader of Yazid's court said arrogantly, "O ameer ul momineen this boy hasn't got any abilities to speak well!"

"OK---," Yazid said giving in and motioned Imam Zain ul Abideen (a.s.) towards the podium.

Hazrat Ali bin Hussain (a.s.) moved towards the podium, which should have been reserved for the Prophet (p.b.u.h) and his progeny but this was not so and now people were jumping on it like wild monkeys.

Hazrat Ali bin Hussain (a.s.) reached the podium and looked around the court. Looked at the tribe leaders, courtiers and the distorted faces of the sold out religious scholars and started Allah's praise.

Confidence, truthfulness and serenity on his face was surprising all. After Allah's praise he sent salutations on the Prophet (p.b.u.h) and his progeny.

During salutations his eyes started to water. Thinking about all the progeny of the Prophet (p.b.u.h) and how they were tortured, who was martyred with sword and who with poison, his father and his companions were martyred by Yazid's army with hunger and thirst in the desert of Karbala and the women of the Prophet's (p.b.u.h) family are imprisoned in the roofless dungeon. All these thoughts probably brought tears to his eyes.

After reciting Durood he kept quiet for a while. Then he looked around the court, made them attentive towards him and said, "People! Whoever knows me ok, but who doesn't know me I'll tell you who I am. My name is Ali and I am son of Ali ibn e Abi Talib's (a.s.) son Hussain (a.s.). The son of that Hussain (a.s.) who used to perform Hajj and say Labbaik. I am son of Safa and Zamzam. I am son of the Prophet of Islam (p.b.u.h). I am son of the Prophet's (p.b.u.h) daughter Fatima Zahra



(s.a.). I am son of that Hussain (a.s.) who was slaughtered from the back of the neck. I am son of that Hussain (a.s.) who wasn't given water even till his last breath. I am son of that Hussain (a.s.) who was laid down on the burning sand of Karbala. I am son of that person whose women and children have been imprisoned. I am son of that Hussain (a.s.) whose innocent children were slaughtered-----."

He stopped for a moment. The court resounded with the sound of a sob from somewhere. It seemed that someone had stopped himself from crying with great difficulty. Yazid looked at the place from where he thought the voice was coming from. At the same moment, another sound came from another direction. Yazid looked towards that direction but could not ascertain from where the sound had come from. He was about to say something when Ali bin Hussain's (a.s.) voice rose again and attracted his attention.

Ali bin Hussain (a.s.) was saying, "I am son of that person whose tents were torched. I am son of that person whose dead body was left open in the desert's hot sand. I am son of that person who was neither shrouded nor buried. I am son of that Hussain (a.s.) whose head was raised on spearheads. I am son of that person whose sacred body is at one place and head at another. I am son of that person who was surrounded by enemies. I am son of that person whose women were paraded as prisoners through the markets from Karbala to Syria."

Sound of crying started to come from the court. Yazid's brain had been seized by wine and he was not in a condition to say or order anything.

Hazrat Ali bin Hussain (a.s.) looked at the people crying, their heads bent down with shame. He looked at the court's religious scholars; "You know very well that Allah has bestowed us with five special qualities.

1) By God Prophethood was in our family and angels have come to our homes.

2) Verses of the Quran have come in our respect.

3) We have shown people what the right path is.

4) We have inherited bravery and we don't hesitate from bearing any difficulties.

5) To talk in the most courteous way and to convey message to people in a better way is done by us wonderfully."

Imam (a.s.) looked at Yazid and then his court's orator who had his head bent and Yazid was looking at his orator with anger, as he was the one to have let Yazid permit Imam (a.s.) to speak. Hazrat Ali bin Hussain (a.s.) again looked at the courtiers and said, "To guide people towards the right path and to provide knowledge hungry people with knowledge is our habit. Our status is the greatest in the Heavens and Earth. If it weren't for us Allah wouldn't have created this world. Only we have the right to boast. On the Day of Judgment our friends are going to quench their thirst from the pool of Kausar and our enemies are going to be punished for their evil deeds."

He still wanted to say something when suddenly disturbance was created in the court. Many people were crying madly and hitting themselves on their heads. Yazid got up startled. His drowsiness evaporated. He screamed to the court's prayer caller (Muezzin) and ordered him, "Start the Azaan ----- start the Azaan."

Yazid had gotten worried that these crying people might not create some problem for him that is why he wanted to stop Hazrat Ali bin Hussain's (a.s.) speech by starting Azaan. His ancestors had raised the Quran in front of Ali ibn e Abi Talib (a.s.) on spearheads to avoid their defeat and today Yazid was trying to stop Ali's (a.s.) grandson's speech by ordering Azaan to avoid his defeat!

Muezzin's voice echoed. "Allah o Akbar"

Imam (a.s.) said, "You have recited about the greatness of Allah, you've said the truth."

Muezzin's voice echoed, "Ashhad o an La ila ha illallah"

Imam (a.s.) said, "I, too, testify with you about Allah's unity."

Muezzin's voice echoed, "Ashhad o anna Muhammad ur Rasool Allah."

Listening to this sentence brought tears in Imam's (a.s.) eyes. When the muezzin had repeated this sentence twice, Imam (a.s.) wiped away his tears and said to Yazid, "Now answer one question Yazid! This fact that you have just heard and testified to that Muhammad is Allah's Prophet (p.b.u.h), is this Muhammad (p.b.u.h) your ancestor or mine?"

"He was your ancestor-----, Yazid replied automatically.

"If He was my ancestor then why did you have the Prophet's Ahlulbait (a.s.) slaughtered without any crime?" asked Imam (a.s.).

Yazid turned his face away. his face had gotten darker. How could he possibly answer this question? At the moment he was burning in fire of his anger. He turned his head towards his orator and angrily said to him, "You said that this young man couldn't speak well!"

"How was I supposed to know that this young man could speak so well?" replied the orator shamefully.

"Didn't you know that he belongs to the family of the Prophet (p.b.u.h)?" asked Yazid clenching his teeth.

"If this is really true that he belongs to Prophet's (p.b.u.h) family, then why did you have his father killed ameer ul momineen! Why did you humiliate the women of the Prophet's family by parading them everywhere?" asked the orator instantly.

"You are questioning me?" screamed Yazid. Then he motioned an executioner, who came towards the orator. "Maybe our servant has sided with this prisoner and wants to rebel against the government. What are you waiting for? Cut his--- head ---- in the dreams of his oration, he has forgotten who he is -----" spit was coming out of his mouth as he spoke.

And before the orator could say something in his defense, executioner's sword had separated his head from his body.

\*\*\*\*\*

Body of the orator of Yazid's court was lying motionless on the ground. The blood flowing from his neck had gathered around his neck and had coagulated there. The courtiers were all frightened. They all knew about Yazid's cruel nature but what they didn't expect of him was that he could even behead his own court's orator like this in mere irritation. They were looking at Yazid and then again keeping their head bent looked at Hussain ibn e Ali's (a.s.) brave young son.

Imam Zain ul Abideen's (a.s.) face was shining with a strange light and he was watching Yazid with great contempt. When Yazid looked towards Imam (a.s.) and met his eyes, he tore away his eyes and started looking around aimlessly.

Imam (a.s.) was moving towards the exit door and no one dared to stop him. He left the court walking with great grandeur.

Outside the court many people were gathered. Besides servants there were also some eventwriters, they used to act like modern day reporters and noted down every days events in their diary. When Hazrat Ali bin Hussain (a.s.) came out of the court one of them asked, "where are you going?" his name was Minhal bin Umro.

Imam (a.s.) slowed his pace. "Where are you going?" asked Minhal walking beside Imam (a.s.).

"I am going towards that dungeon where Yazid has imprisoned women and children of my family and me!" answered Imam (a.s.).

"Dungeon-----," Minhal wanted to say something.

"Yes, a dungeon which has tall walls but not a roof. Since we have been imprisoned there, we haven't breathed fresh air," Imam (a.s.) told Minhal.

"O Grandson of the Prophet (p.b.u.h) how are you?" Minhal bin Umro wanted to know his feelings.

"How would that person be whose father has been martyred and who is helpless! Don't you see that I am a prisoner? A prisoner who has no elders. My family and I are in mourning." Imam's voice was saddened. Then Imam (a.s.) stopped for a while and looked towards Minhal and said, "Minhal! The residents of Arab used to boast on being related to the Prophet Muhammed (p.b.u.h) and today you are watching in what condition are the Ahlulbait (a.s.) of Muhammed (p.b.u.h). Today we are innocent as well as martyred. It seems as if our status has decreased and we belong to some ordinary family. As if we don't have any repute and position and that our actions are no more sacred and pure. Respect, popularity and government is as if only reserved for Yazid and his soldiers. As if Muhammed's (p.b.u.h) sons are among the most humiliated people in the world." Imam (a.s.) said this and then turned towards the dungeon along with the caretaker.

## **Chapter 21**

### **Belongings of a Prophet**

*Christians were safeguarding the sign of their Prophet and the namesake Muslim government was planning to destroy all signs of Prophet of Islam (p.b.u.h).*

It had been many weeks since the prisoners of Karbala have been imprisoned in Damascus. Celebrations of Yazid and his followers were still continuing. Daily victory music would be played, palace would be lighted, drinks were enjoyed and musical and dance programs would be conducted. The artists, musicians, singers, dancers and wine sellers were enjoying themselves. They were charging for their services at their hearts content as the people too were awarding them openly. If this had been the money earned by them, they would have used it carefully but this money was looted from the Muslims, which they were using freely to enjoy themselves.

The common Muslim was a mere spectator, as he neither had any job to do nor did he have any thing to eat nor medicines for illnesses. All the wealth belonged to the ruling people and they used this money to disobey Islam and to distort Islamic teachings.

The family, who had brought them out of the darkness of ignorance into Islam's fold, the same family's male members were slaughtered and the ladies and children were imprisoned in a dungeon without a roof. The head of the family was Imam Ali bin Hussain (a.s.). Yazid's greatest desire was to eliminate the whole family of Ali ibn e Abi Talib (a.s.). Yazid wanted to have Imam Zain ul Abideen (a.s.) killed as well but after the event of

Karbala the public opinion changed so quickly that Yazid couldn't put his plan into action. Although Yazid wanted to kill Imam Zain ul Abideen (a.s.), but he was also afraid of the public reaction and that it might not create any new problem for him.

He was feeling the opinions of people around him changing. Secret service agents were keeping him informed about what was happening in the city's markets, shops, lanes and neighborhoods. Rumors were spreading everywhere. The soul stirring speeches by Bibi Zainab (s.a.) and Imam Zain ul Abideen (a.s.) in the markets of Kufa, palace of ibn e Ziyad and Yazid's court had unmasked the faces of the tyrants.

The realities explained in the speeches of Imam Zain ul Abideen (a.s.) and Bibi Zainab (s.a.) were now being transferred from one person to another. The propaganda that the government of Yazid had started to hide its bad deeds was waning. The brilliance of truth from the speeches rendered in the markets and court was illuminating the darkness of falsehood. The truth was now traveling from one person to another and from one city to the next.

The secret agencies of the government seemed frightened by the failure of their propaganda and the hatred that was being generated in people's hearts for the government. Yazid was not at peace but still wasn't ready to give in to Ali ibn e Abi Talib's (a.s.) son, Hussain ibn e Ali (a.s.). When he was alone he would curse himself that by killing Hussain ibn e Ali (a.s.) he has lost his mental peace, and got nothing except but when he came to court he placed Hussain ibn e Ali's (a.s.) head below his throne and would display his happiness in front of his courtiers. To satisfy them and to forget his grief of losing, he would arrange programs and being immersed in such activities he tried to satisfy his conscience and to forget public's hatred.

His court was decorated, wine was drunk, his yes-men would surround him and he was spending his days in the stupor of drinks and flattery but as soon as he was alone, his soul would start to burn in an unseen fire. He would feel the heat of fire everywhere and to diminish that feeling he would continuously drink.

One day the court was decorated and the head of the Prophet's (p.b.u.h) grandson was lying in a gold platter near his feet. There was extraordinary noise in the court because the Ambassador of Rome was arriving that day. Yazid and his companions wanted to influence the Ambassador with their strength showing that their government had beheaded a rebel and had crushed his rebellious movement. They knew that when Ambassador of Rome would inform his emperor about Yazid's strength, they would never think of standing up against Yazid. Therefore, the court was being decorated specially.

Yazid was wearing a very bright dress that day. He wanted to show himself as confident and happy but in fact his soul was burning from inside. When he was drunk he was at peace but as soon as he came out of the drowsiness the same burning feeling returned.

But at this moment Yazid was very confident. His hatred for the family of the Prophet (p.b.u.h) was evident from his actions. The doorman entered and bent greatly in front of Yazid and said, "The special Ambassador of Rome seeks your permission to enter the court," he informed Yazid in the same bowed state.

"Call him in-----," Yazid's voice held arrogance. The doorman went back without turning and after reaching the entrance moved the silken curtains to a side.

At the other side of the curtain was a middle-aged man dressed in the usual Christian Priest's attire. He was wearing a red cape with flowers embroidered in gold thread on its corners. On his head was a red square hat.

A silver cross was hanging around his neck, he was carrying a staff with a silver covered top. His long irregular beard was spread on his chest. When Yazid's doorman motioned him to enter, he moved forward with elegance. His other companions too entered the court with their heads bowed behind him in a line.

When he reached the center of the court he saluted Yazid. The servants dressed in colorful dresses guide them to their seats. When the Roman ambassador got seated his companions too took their seats. The Roman ambassador was attentive towards Yazid whereas his companions were looking at the grandeur of the court.

Yazid put the goblet to his lips and took a few sips and said laughing in an evil way, "Hussain! (a.s.) your grandfather had forbidden wine for us! This is the same wine." Saying this he looked at the Roman ambassador and smiled with arrogance.

The Roman ambassador looked down and saw for the first time a human head drenched in blood lying on a gold platter below Yazid's throne. Imam Hussain's (a.s.) head was covered in congealed blood but His face showed effects of being alive. Eyes were motionless but felt alive and speaking in a muted way. The freshness of the lips made him think that he might speak up any moment.

Seeing this, the Roman ambassador was greatly surprised. He had never seen such freshness on a dead person's face! "Whose head is this?" he asked Yazid.

"This is the head of a rebel of the government," replied Yazid with great pride.

"When was he killed?" asked the Roman ambassador inquisitively.

"Many months earlier he and his companions had rebelled against the Islamic government and our brave

soldiers killed all of them on the tenth of Muharram." replied Yazid proudly.

"So much time has passed since he died!" The Roman emperor turned to his companions and whispered to them, "Do you see the freshness of his face----- this cannot be the head of a dead man!"

The Roman ambassador again looked at Yazid and asked, "Whose head is this?" he was perplexed that how could there be so much freshness on a dead man's face.

"I have told you that this head belongs to a rebel of the government!" answered Yazid with irritation.

"I have understood that it is the head of a rebel but what is his name? What is his father's name? What tribe does he belong to?" the Roman ambassador asked many questions at a time.

"Why do you want to know the details? He was a rebel who was killed by our army," Yazid's replied in irritated manner.

"I am ambassador of the King of Rome and he would certainly want to know the details when I return that is why I was inquiring about these things," the Roman ambassador explained.

"His name is Hussain. He is son of Ali ibn e Abi Talib. He had stood up against the government to rebel." Whatever hatred he had against Hazrat Ali (a.s.) had become evident in his tone.

"Ali ibn e Abi Talib...", Roman ambassador replied thinking. "What was his mother's name?" he asked pointing towards the head.

"Fatima bint e Muhammed" Yazid replied hesitantly.

The Roman ambassador placed his head in his hands and stayed like this for some time. When he raised his head, his face was streaked with tears. He wiped his

face with his handkerchief and said, "Yazid it won't be wrong if I said that our religion is better than yours!" His tone was sarcastic.

"On what basis are you saying this?" asked Yazid crossly.

"On the basis of actions of Muslims," replied the ambassador instantly.

"What do you mean?" Yazid growled.

"Have you ever heard about Girja e Khasir (Church of Khaisir)?" Roman ambassador asked Yazid.

"Girja e Khasir--- what has this got to do with what we were talking about?" asked Yazid annoyingly.

"It has a link with what I want to say. When I will finish telling you everything will get clear about Kanisa e Khair." Replied the Roman ambassador.

"No I haven't heard of that Kanisa (church) ---- go ahead tell me," Answered Yazid.

"There is an island near China. There are many beautiful trees of camphor there and it is a very sacred place for all the Christians and there are many churches (Kanisa) there and the biggest church there is called Kanisa e Khasir."

"What speciality does that church have?" asked Yazid leaning on his cushions.

"That is what I want to tell you," answered the Roman ambassador. "Actually the most sacred thing there is the hoof of a donkey. This hoof has been kept on a gold plated rack in this church. Inside the rack this hoof is placed with great respect on velvet cloth. Every year many Christians visit this place for pilgrimage. They kiss it and touch it with their eyes," Told the Roman ambassador.

"Why is that hoof so important that you respect it so much?" questioned Yazid.

"No one has got any proof about it but some people think that it is the hoof of that donkey on which Christ used to ride." The Roman ambassador had again started crying and his voice too faltered.

"What do you want to prove by telling me this?" asked Yazid.

"I want to tell you that it has been centuries since our Prophet departed but we Christians still respect that donkey's hoof that maybe this belongs to our Prophet. It has been ages that we have respected a thing associated with our Prophet and you Muslims haven't even waited long enough after your Prophet's (p.b.u.h) death and killed His family members and treated them with cruelty! And right now you have kept head of your Prophet's (p.b.u.h) grandson below your throne and are celebrating your victory! You Muslims are vanishing off your Prophet's (p.b.u.h) belongings whereas we protect our Prophet's belongings and respect them. Now you tell me that are you Muslims better human beings or we Christians whom you consider non-Muslims?" Roman ambassador completed his sentence and looked with contempt at the courtiers who were sitting embarrassed and then he looked at Yazid.

"Our religion Islam is better than your religion," growled Yazid.

"Your religion-----!" the Roman ambassador sardonically repeated his sentence. "What relation do you have with Islam! You have the same relation with Islam as an axe has with a tree. You have cut the branches of that tree which provided you with shade and now you say: "Our religion Islam," the ambassador's voice was trembling with anger. The truthfulness in his tone made the listeners tremble.

Yazid didn't have any answer to the ambassador's questions. How could he compete with truth as his whole government was based on falsehood? In such conditions, there was only one way to provide him with an answer and that was with a sword. In that way the truthful person will be silenced forever. Yazid stood up from his place in anger. The Negro executioner, who completely understood his master's mood, took out his sword and became ready for his master's orders.

"No man has the right to live after badmouthing Islam," said Yazid in a brutal way.

"Will you kill me?" the ambassador asked standing up.

"Of course, the executioner is waiting for my orders," answered Yazid.

There was a strange peaceful look on the face of the Roman ambassador when he heard that he was about to be killed. He calmly removed his top hat and gave it to one of his companions. Then he removed his cross and again gave it to his companion. Then he rested his staff along the chair and moved a few steps forwards, from his seat. Then he said in a loud voice, "I testify that Allah is One and Muhammed Mustafa (p.b.u.h) is His Creation and Prophet."

Yazid smiled wickedly when he heard the Roman ambassador reciting Kalima.

"You will gain nothing by reciting Kalma now!" he said mockingly.

"I haven't recited Kalima to save my life like your grandfather did" replied the ambassador instantly. "I am reciting it to sacrifice my life. Since morning I was feeling uneasy. In the last hours of last night I dreamt of the leader of Prophets, Hazrat Muhammed Mustafa (p.b.u.h). He was accompanied by Hazrat Eesa (a.s.). Hazrat Eesa (a.s.) told me to accept Islam and also told

me the good news that by tomorrow you will reach us in Heaven. I was very surprised after I woke up.”

“Why were you surprised?” asked Yazid.

“I was surprised that I was in good health then how could I die so suddenly in a few hours!” saying this the Roman ambassador quickly moved towards Yazid’s throne and before any one could stop him he picked up the head in the gold platter with great respect and raised it in front of his face and said,

“As Salaam u Alaika Yabna Rasool Allah! As Salaam u Alaika Ayyuhal mazloom! As Salaam u Alaika Ayyuhal ghareeb! As Salaam u Alaika Yabna Fatima tuz Zahra!”

His voice faltered while saying these sentences. He kissed Imam’s (a.s.) head and placed it again under the throne.

As he was about to raise his head after keeping the head of Imam (a.s.), executioner’s sword swished and fell on his neck and he started to fall down. The blood from his neck stained the carpet of Yazid’s throne.



## **Chapter 22**

### **Who is the Killer**

*“One of the soldiers of Yazid said By God! That man is none other than you. The name of the killer of Hussain (a.s.) is Yazid. Yazid ibn e Muawiya and that is you.”*

Yazid was engulfed in a fire. He tried to save himself from it by listening to music, by playing with dogs and monkeys, by making himself busy among his flatterers who kept on talking about his success and his qualities thinking that this might divert his attention but all his attempts had been wasted. The stupor of wine too had stopped affecting him. The fire that was burning him was getting hotter.

To kill the Prophet's grandson and his companions was his greatest wish and a cause of his happiness because he thought that after Hussain ibn e Ali (a.s.) there was no one who could stop him from razing the tree of Islam to the ground. This was the strategy devised by the Suffiyani's think-tank since a long time, which was fulfilled by Yazid.

After killing Hussain ibn e Ali (a.s.) and his few companions in Karbala this satanic strategy had basically been fulfilled. Yazid and his followers were considering Islam dead after the death of Hussain ibn e Ali (a.s.) whereas the reality was the opposite. Imam Hussain (a.s.) understood their strategies and therefore had sacrificed his and his companions' lives in such a way that Islam started to revive from its illness. The ship of Islam was stuck on sand but Imam Hussain (a.s.) and

his companions brought it back to the sea by the waves of their blood.

The ploys of the ruler of Syria and Iraq were all shattered. Loss had made Yazid irritated, hopeless and angry and with the passage of time he was becoming psychic.

His secret agents were keeping him in touch with the events relating to Karbala, Syria and about the effects of the speeches delivered by Bibi Zainab (s.a.) and Imam Zain ul Abideen (a.s.) in the markets and court with bravery on common man. People were showing their hatred for the government everywhere and Yazid could do nothing about it except watch. People had started calling him a tyrant, such a tyrant and cursed man who had not only killed the men of the Prophet's (p.b.u.h) family but also the young children of his family. This humiliation had left him irritated.

At last one day according to preplanned strategy by the secret agents of Banu Umayyads, Yazid decided to prove himself free from involvement in Imam Hussain (a.s.) and his companions killing in front of the common man. He wanted to tell the public that he has no link to Imam Hussain's (a.s.) killing and all of this had happened by mistake and actuality he never wanted it to happen.

To satisfy the public and to transfer the blame of killing Imam (a.s.) on someone else, he called on Muslims belonging to different neighborhoods, tribes and other areas to come to an open court. In this open court besides Muslims there were also the soldiers that were in Karbala. As this strategy was devised in a hurry that's why the characters had not understood their roles properly.

Yazid talked to the public in a very polite tone. Today his voice showed compassion and pity instead of arrogance. First he showed his grief on the event of Karbala and

said, "It should not have happened." He said this with false sadness.

This too is a trait of tyrants that once they find that some of their actions have hurt the public they prove themselves as inept and helpless and when the public listens to the rulers speaking in such a way all their anger is driven away and rebellious people calm down. As a result, the people start considering the rulers as innocent thinking that the ruler wants to do a lot for us but his ministers, advisor and administration officers are all inept so what can a single person do.

Today the ruler of the Banu Umayyads was trying out this formula, which was going to be a stepping-stone for the next generation of usurpers.

The listeners were quiet as they were here against their wishes. They were aware of Yazid's nature and despite wanting to say a lot they were sitting quietly. Yazid wanted that someone from the audience should say something so that he could clarify his position. But either the listeners were afraid or angry that is why not speaking anything. They were afraid of the fact that something wrong might not escape their tongue that would make Yazid angry.

At last he himself said, "O Muslims! I have heard that you consider me the killer of Imam (a.s.). Do you think that I have killed the Prophet's (p.b.u.h) grandson?" he asked the public but no one answered. Their silence was increasing the fire inside Yazid, he looked at his commander in artificial anger and said to them, "May you be cursed! Why did you kill Hussain ibn e Ali (a.s.)?"

Those bloodsucking beasts that had killed Imam Hussain (a.s.) and his companions in Karbala jumped in their seats. Many of them didn't know of Yazid's plot so they sat alert.

"Why did you kill Hussain ibn e Ali (a.s.)?" Yazid asked angrily. The commanders started to look at each other.

They were all very puzzled and didn't know what to answer Yazid.

"I am noticing that you are looking at each other. Tell me what is the matter?" Yazid said looking at them.

Some commanders stood up after all they had to answer something to the crowd of people. They all answered in unison, "Hussain ibn e Ali (a.s.) was killed by Ubaidullah ibn e Ziyad O ameer ul momineen!" they were those characters who knew what they had to do and say.

The cruel ruler of Kufa was not there but he had some well-wishers there, one of them stood up and said, "ameer ul momineen! It was not ibn e Ziyad but Qais bin Rabi who killed Hussain bin Ali (a.s.)." He said this respectfully.

Qais bin Rabi was present there. Yazid asked him, "Have you killed Hussain ibn e Ali (a.s.)?"

"No ameer ul momineen it is not like that. I haven't killed Hussain ibn e Ali (a.s.)," replied Qais bin Rabi standing up.

"Then who killed the grandson of Prophet (p.b.u.h)?" asked Yazid with fake irritation.

"I can tell the name of the person who actually killed the grandson of Prophet (p.b.u.h)," replied Qais bin Rabi.

The Muslims sitting in the open court were whispering with each other and also listening to the soldiers. When Qais bin Rabi confidently said that he knew the name of Hussain ibn e Ali's (a.s.) killer everyone went quiet as they wanted to hear whom was Qais bin Rabi going to name in this open court!

"Who is that man?" asked Yazid.

"If you promise to leave me alive I will tell you the name," Qais's voice echoed in the silence.

"You are granted your life's safety, just tell the Muslims who is the killer of Hussain ibn e Ali (a.s.), for they are thinking the caliph to be the killer of Prophet's (p.b.u.h) grandson," Yazid's voice sounded happy. He was feeling very light. After Qais bin Rabi's testimony he could free himself from the murder of Hussain ibn e Ali (a.s.). The secret service of the government knew how to utilize Qais bin Rabi's testimony in the future. They were expert in distorting facts and changing truth into lies and vice versa. Most of the orators, description writers of the Quran, thinkers and writers of Hadith were sold out to the government and the government knew very well how to utilize them.

"Have I the guarantee of my life's safety!" Qais asked with respect.

"Yes of course no one will harm you. Say everything openly. All of them are impatiently waiting to hear the name of Hussain's (a.s.) killer," Yazid said in a very impatient tone.

"There were many commanders and soldiers involved in the killing of Hussain ibn e Ali (a.s.) but the real culprit is that person who for this purpose enrolled soldiers, prepared the armies, promised the killers huge amounts in gifts. That person is the killer of Hussain (a.s.) who sent battalions to stop Hussain's (a.s.) way and on whose order Hussain (a.s.) was killed in Karbala," Replied Qais bin Rabi.

"Tell his name? Who was it who did it?" Yazid asked eagerly. He thought that Qais will name Ibn e Ziyad and that will free him of all the blames.

"You want to know his name ameer ul momineen!" said Qais bin Rabi. Then without waiting for Yazid's reply, said loudly, "By God! That man is none other than you. The name of the killer of Hussain ibn e Ali (a.s.) is Yazid----- Yazid ibn e Muawiya and that is you ameer ul momineen!"

Qais's words had entered Yazid's ears like molten lava. He had been exposed in the open court by his man in front of all the Muslims. His face was reddening with anger. If he had not guaranteed Qais's life's safety his executioners would have beheaded him till now.

Instead of answering Qais, Yazid tried to console himself with wine. He had inherited his ancestors cunning ways, which were sometimes keep smiling even when someone curses them and sometimes have an ordinary man killed just for nothing. He wanted to kill Qais bin Rabi but at the moment he swallowed his anger and vengeance, as he knew that killing of this leader of the soldiers could cause rebellion among the soldiers that is why he got up and started to move towards his residential area without looking at the people in the eyes.

## **Chapter 23**

### **Freedom**

*Whatever Yazid wanted had now forever been taken away from him and this became the reason for his repentance, which was making him depressed and psychic.*

All the ploys of the government of Yazid to undermine the sacrifice of the Prophet's (p.b.u.h) grandson, to hide the great aims behind their sacrifice and to stop the Muslims from uprising were failing one by one. When the spies would tell Yazid about the changing attitude of public, he would start to burn in the fire of hatred, helplessness and repentance. Killing Hussain ibn e Ali (a.s.) was his greatest wish and he was neither ashamed nor sorry for it. He was sorry for about the fact that whatever he wanted out of the killing of Imam Hussain (a.s.) he would not be able to acquire that forever.

The way his armies had barbarically reacted in Karbala had angered the public than frightening them. The prisoners of Karbala had taught them to fight cruelty than bear it with their bravery and confidence. The people who in the past were unaware of what the government was doing and neutral in opinion had now started taking interest in what was happening in their surroundings.

The residents of Syria had been considering Yazid and his father Muawia to be the sole relatives of the Prophet (p.b.u.h) due to their propaganda. Many people respected them due to that but Imam Ali bin Hussain's (a.s.) and Bibi Zainab's (s.a.) speeches had cleared this misconception too. The prisoners of Karbala, who had unveiled Yazid and his supporters to the common

people, had removed the mask of Islam, which they were wearing. If ever Yazid was sorry, it was for these reasons and the same were turning him into a mental patient.

By imprisoning the women and children of the family of Imam Hussain (a.s.), Yazid thought that probably after some time they would be fed up with the problems they were facing in the dungeon and ask for his mercy, would go against their martyrs that they were wrong in going against the government. Just as the rest swore allegiance to Yazid, Hussain ibn e Ali (a.s.) should also have sworn allegiance to him to save the lives of his companions and family members.

But this plan of Yazid also failed. The women and children imprisoned in the dungeon were not some ordinary people. They were the family members of the Prophet (p.b.u.h). They were the heirs of the Prophets and Imams who are sent in this world to guide the human kind. They understood the aims of Imam Hussain's (a.s.) sacrifice. They knew it very well that they will have to face the difficulties so that Imam's (a.s.) sacrifice should not be termed as an after effect of stubbornness and anger and would not undermine such great sacrifice in the eyes of Muslims. If they would not be able to bear these difficulties then the rest of the world will not be able to know about the reality of Imam's (a.s.) sacrifice.

Under the leadership of Imam Ali bin Hussain (a.s.) and Bibi Zainab (s.a.), every woman and child had become like a solid rock. By imprisoning them, Yazid himself had become imprisoned by his own decisions. He wanted this thing to end some way or another. As long as these prisoners would remain in Syria, they would be the center of the peoples' sympathies. The bravery and confidence of these prisoners would remove fear of the government from peoples' hearts and that is why Yazid

wanted to free these prisoners to gain mental peace and turn the sympathies of Muslims to somewhere else.

He could not deter his own order, as this would humiliate him. He wanted the prisoners to ask him for his sympathy, but this was just his dream, which would never come true. To expect such thing from Hussain ibn e Ali's (a.s.) family showed Yazid's stupidity. These prisoners could bear the cruelties to the last point.

One year passed bearing the difficulties in the open dungeon. There was no place to shelter from the scorching heat during the day and dew at night. Mornings converted to nights, days to weeks and weeks to months. Summers followed winters, autumn into spring and then spring again to autumn but the autumn season of these prisoner's lives' did not change. During this time Imam Hussain's (a.s.) daughter who used to sleep on his chest died in the dungeon remembering her father but still Yazid was unable to break their will. The cruelties were reaching their extreme but there was not a single word of complaint from the prisoners, even a small child had not asked for anything from the guard of the dungeon.

When Imam Hussain's (a.s.) daughter died in the dungeon, the Muslims living in the surrounding areas were forced to weep on their helplessness. This news spread in the whole city and whoever heard about this showed sympathy with the prisoners and automatically cursed the government. All these news were reaching Yazid but he couldn't do anything.

At last, he lost; he called Imam Zain ul Abideen (a.s.) one day and told him that he wanted to free them. "I can agree to any three conditions given by you. Go ahead and say whatever you want," he told Imam Sajjad (a.s.). Today his tone was entirely changed. He wanted to get rid of these prisoners as quickly as possible because they had imprisoned him in his own palace.

"I will also say three things to you," Hazrat Ali bin Hussain (a.s.) replied carefully. "The first thing is that we want to see the head of our leader so that we can see him for the last time."

"No. This cannot be done," Yazid went back on his words.

Imam (a.s.) wanted to tell him that he was not scared of death. So he told him clearly:

"Second thing is that if you are planning to kill me too then send the women and children back to Madina under some good person's leadership," said Imam (a.s.).

"I have no intention to kill you. You will take your family back to Madina yourself," replied Yazid.

"The third thing is that whatever your army looted on the tenth of Muharram from our tents should be returned to us," Imam's (a.s.) eyes filled with tears saying this.

"Ali bin Hussain! This is a difficult task," answered Yazid. "Who were the people who looted the tents? Where did they come from? Where did they go? To find them and ask for your belongings is very difficult." It was quite clear he was lying. "Do one thing. Make a list of those things and I will pay you much more than their price," he said.

"Their price," tears came in Hazrat Ali bin Hussain's (a.s.) eyes. "Even if you would have been able to pay us the whole wealth of the world for them we would have rejected it. How would you know its price?" Hazrat Ali bin Hussain (a.s.) replied in grief.

"What is in those things?" Yazid said surprisingly.

"It has the handloom of the Prophet's (p.b.u.h) daughter," answered Imam Zain ul Abideen (a.s.). "There is the head covering of leader of the women of the world---- there is a necklace of the mother of the heads of the youth of Heaven, which Hazrat Khadija

(s.a.) had placed in her neck at the time of her death-----  
--- there is a shirt of my grandmother which she was wearing when the door was thrown on her. Can you give their worth!" Hazrat Ali bin Hussain (a.s.) said with deep sorrow.

"But God knows where is all this now?" Yazid made an excuse.

"You don't know but I do. Whatever was looted from our tents has reached you through ibn e Ziyad, who got it from Omar Sa'ad who had sent it to him on the 11th of Muharram." There was so much confidence in Hazrat Ali bin Hussain's (a.s.) voice that Yazid bowed his head.

"Well, OK! this will be returned to you," said Yazid. Then he ordered his officers to return all the belongings.

\*\*\*\*\*

Hazrat Ali bin Hussain reached the dungeon and told his aunt about this. Getting news about being freed made their eyes well with tears.

"How can I leave daughter of Hussain (a.s.) in this dungeon all alone!" Bibi Zainab (s.a.) ran towards a small grave and started crying bitterly placing her hand on the grave. Bibi Umme Kulsoom (s.a.), Bibi Umme Rubab, Bibi Fizza (s.a.), Bibi Umme Laila and other women too started to cry bitterly. The children too gathered around the small grave and a sort of commotion was created in the dungeon.

When they listened to the noise the guards of the dungeon ran inside. They knew that Yazid was liberating them and had thought that these women and children who have been imprisoned for a year will be happy on being freed but when they went in and saw all of them surrounding a small grave and crying, they too felt sorry for them and turned away.

## **Chapter 24**

### **Return**

*Women and children were revolving around the graves of the martyrs when the desert of Karbala echoed with the sounds of "Ya Hussain! Ya Hussain!"*

The news of freedom of the prisoners spread in the city like wildfire. Women and children from many neighborhoods of Damascus started heading towards that house where the prisoners were to stay for few days after being freed.

Bibi Zainab (s.a.) and Bibi Umme Kulsoom (s.a.) had asked Yazid that after being freed and before heading towards Madina, they wanted to mourn their relatives' death. The government of Yazid had arranged a big house for them near the dungeon. All the women and children had come to that house after being freed. The house had all the essentials including carpets and containers carrying cool water.

It was after such a long time that these prisoners had been able to breathe freely. This was the first time since the event of Karbala that they could eat according to their wishes, could drink cold water. The earthen pots filled with water were moist at the top. When Bibi Zainab (s.a.) saw these pots she couldn't stop herself and cried bitterly, same was the condition of the rest of the ladies.

Looking at the water pots some would remember her baby, some would cry for her son, some would think of her brother who was killed after remaining hungry and thirsty for three days and some would remember her hungry and thirsty husband martyred in Karbala.

No one was talking to any one. Every woman was busy in crying her heart out. Young children were looking at their mothers in awe whereas older children kept on hovering around them.

Women from many neighborhoods of Damascus had been coming in hordes to offer condolence. Every woman was wearing a black dress and they were coming and sitting on the floor. No eye was dry, the whole atmosphere exuded sadness. Everywhere sobs and wails could be heard.

Bibi Zainab (s.a.) was narrating the events of traveling from Madina to Karbala and to Kufa and Syria and crying bitterly. She could not stop crying while narrating the events starting from the morning of tenth Muharram to the evening of that day. Whenever Bibi Zainab (s.a.) mentioned any martyr she would cry profusely. While narrating the difficulties that they had to bear, she did not, forget to tell the people about the aim of Imam Hussain's (a.s.) sacrifice because this was her main duty and she fulfilled it with perfection.

In the capital city of Yazid this mourning kept on continuing till many days. No one had the courage to stop it. Daily, women would leave their houses and come there and Bibi Zainab (s.a.) and Bibi Umme Kulsoom (s.a.) would tell them the aim behind their brother's great sacrifice. Then when any martyr was mentioned everyone's eyes would shed tears. Quite often women would ask questions regarding Karbala's event or would suggest sometimes like, if Imam Hussain (a.s.) would have done this way, if he would have agreed to swear allegiance verbally and then would have moved to some other country. If it would have happened that way or the other.

All these questions enabled Bibi Zainab (s.a.) and Bibi Umme Kulsoom (s.a.) to explain to them all the questions that were raised in peoples' minds and they would represent the event of Karbala and tried to nullify

the poisonous ideas that Yazid had put in their heart and minds and tell them about the truth and the reason behind every step of Imam Hussain (a.s.).

\*\*\*\*\*

These prisoners started their return journey to Madina from Syria in the starting dates of the month of Safar. This time the caravan looked different. When they had been brought to Syria from Kufa in the court of Yazid everywhere it seemed like Eid. Armed soldiers had raised the heads of the martyrs on spearheads. These prisoners were mounted on bare backs of the camels and were bound in ropes. Imam Zain ul Abideen (a.s.) had heavy chains on his hands, feet and neck. The whole area was filled with people who were pelting them with stones, passing sarcastic remarks and making fun of them. But today this whole city was in mourning. Most of the shops were closed and the market wore a deserted look.

These prisoners had although spent their time in prison but their bravery, daring and ability to speak truth in front of even such people who hated truth, had brought about a change which was evident when the prisoners were leaving for Madina. Today Damascus wore a sad and gloomy look.

Many camels were made to sit in a line. On top of each camel, there was a seat covered by black curtains. Today too the crowd was huge but the children were quiet, men had their heads bowed and women were watching this scene holding their breaths.

When the prisoners started mounting the camels the crowd felt their heart being torn open and the women started to cry.

One by one the camels were ready to leave and the caravan started to move. An army battalion headed by Bashir bin Jazlam guarded the caravan.

Bibi Zainab (s.a.) had told her nephew Imam Ali bin Hussain (a.s.) that before going to Madina she wanted to visit Karbala. Hence such a route should be selected which led to Madina through Karbala.

\*\*\*\*\*

It had been one year since the event of Karbala occurred. The date was 20<sup>th</sup> Safar of 62 Hijri when this caravan reached near Karbala through Kufa. From far away the graves along side the bank of river Euphrates became visible to them. When Imam Sajjad (a.s.) saw the graves his eyes reddened and he cried bitterly.

When the caravan slowed the ladies looked outside the curtains and they too saw the graves scattered near Euphrates. All the ladies including Bibi Zainab (s.a.), Bibi Umme Kulsoom (s.a.), Bibi Umme Rubab (s.a.), Bibi Umme Laila (s.a.) and Bibi Fizza started to beat themselves with their hands and children started to cry.

The camels had not yet even sat when the women and children started to dismount. The battalion guarding the caravan went to the other side of the river. Imam Ali bin Hussain (a.s.) led the ladies towards a ravine and said loudly, "As Salaam u Alaika Ya Aba Abdillah (a.s.) -----  
As salaam u Alaika Yabna Rasool Allah (p.b.u.h) -----  
As Salaam u Alaika Yabna Amiril Momineen (a.s.). As Salaam u Alaika Yabna Fatima taz Zahra (s.a.)."

With these salutations the whole of the desert of Karbala echoed with sobs.

Imam Zain ul Abideen started moving towards a grave in that ravine. Near the grave Sahabi e Rasool (p.b.u.h), Hazrat Jabir bin Abdullah Ansari was seated. He had gone blind and on the second anniversary of the Chehlum of Imam (a.s.) had come to Karbala along with his servant. His servant told him that Hussain ibn e Ali's



(a.s.) son, Imam Ali bin Hussain (a.s.) was here with the women and children.

When Jabir bin Abdullah heard this, he started beating his head and crying loudly. Imam Ali bin Hussain (a.s.) moved forward and embraced him. "O My ancestor's Sahabi! Your name will always be prominent in this world and in Hereafter as well. You are the first Muslim and Zair of my father in Karbala," Imam Zain ul Abideen (a.s.) said amid tears. He was crying embracing Jabir.

Sound of a lot of people crying arose and when Imam (a.s.) heard these sounds he turned there.

Hazrat Jabir bin Abdullah Ansari told his servant, "take me as far from here as possible so that Hussain's (a.s.) sisters and other women could cry and mourn their brother freely." His servant bowed his head and took him to the other corner of the desert.

The tribe of Bani Asad lived nearby who had buried the martyrs. They had seen the caravan but they had also seen the battalion of Yazid and therefore they didn't come out in fear. But when they heard the sound of Matam and crying along the graves and saw the battalion move towards the river's bank they felt assured that now the army of Yazid would not harm them.

The women in the caravan were surrounding the graves of their relatives and beating themselves and crying when suddenly the desert of Karbala echoed with chants of "Ya Hussain (a.s.), Ya Hussain (a.s.)." These were the voices of the men, women and children of the tribe of Bani Asad who were bringing with them some water for the prisoners.

## **Chapter 25**

### **The Travelers of Madina**

*This caravan of prisoners was basically a part of the army of Allah, which saved Islam. The first battalion of this army had defeated the Satan in Karbala.*

Tears were welling from everyone's eyes as all remembered their near and dear ones. This was the same place where Imam Hussain (a.s.) had arrived a year earlier. He was seen walking and talking to his companions and busy in prayers a year earlier in the same area. In the same area, the tents of Ahlulbait (a.s.) were fixed which Yazid's battalion had surrounded.

At that time there was hunger and thirst and fear of being killed. They were away from their home but still they had solace that their brothers, nephews, sons and husbands were with them alive. But today all of them had gone below the dust after sacrificing their lives for Allah. The wind of the desert seemed to pass these graves kissing them. Sobs could be heard along with the wind.

When the people of Bani Asad came there the whole area was filled with the sounds of cries, shrieking, screaming and wailing. The men were putting sand in their hair and the women carrying the water bags were watering the graves and crying bitterly.

Imam's (a.s.) eyes had reddened with tears. He was trying hard to contain him sob, his.... whole body was trembling. He was thinking that today the water is available to us in such a quantity and on the day of

Ashura they killed a small six-month-old baby when he asked for water!

The face of Ali Asghar (a.s.) came in his imagination. With tear filled eyes he looked at his great Father's grave where his aunts were sitting with heads bowed and crying in sobs. Mother of Hazrat Ali Asghar's (a.s.) was looking blankly at the grave of Her husband as Her tears had dried up.

\*\*\*\*\*

This caravan stayed in Karbala for many days. At last Imam Zain ul Abideen (a.s.) persuasively prepared his aunts and other ladies to travel back to Madina. One evening they visited the graves of their dear ones for the last time and left for Madina with never healing wounds in their hearts.

Madina was not that far from there and in the last days of the month of Safar, the caravan reached there on Friday.

When this caravan was approaching Madina, Imam (a.s.) felt his heart bursting with pain. This city was just like a mother to them. It had the Mausoleum of his ancestor Prophet Muhammed (p.b.u.h). Bibi Fatima Zahra (s.a.) was also buried there along with Imam Hassan (a.s.). His father had left this city nearly one and a half years earlier to fight with the satanic forces.

He hadn't left Madina for power or government. This world and its wealth were to them worst than the dirt below their feet. His father had left Madina to save the Islamic teachings, Prophet's (p.b.u.h) Sunnah and the Quranic teachings. The enemies of Islam were wearing the masks of Islam and ordinary Muslims considered them as the well wishers of Islam. Imam Hussain (a.s.) had left Madina to show the common Muslims the faces of the enemies of Islam and the success of his mission had started to become evident in the entire Muslim world.

The caravan reaching Madina was basically a caravan of grief stricken women and children but actually they were the part of the army of Allah, which saved Islam. The first battalion of this army had fought with the satanic forces in Karbala, had taught the weak and innocent people that it is better to die respectfully than, live a humiliating life. A battle cannot be won or lost by material loss or gain but by the results that follow.

Apparently, the ambassador of Allah lost to the satanic forces. The government of Yazid was still there but Imam's (a.s.) sacrifice had brought about underground tremors. Many people in the areas of Karbala, Kufa, Qadisiya, Tikrit, Labna, Jaheena, Mosul, Halab Qansareen, Hiran, Shiraz, Kufr Tab, Hamata, Hams and the rest of the country were converting from Christianity to Islam. Muslims were awakening; many tribes, groups and people were joining hands to gain the strength. Everywhere young men were heard saying that when Hussain ibn e Ali (a.s.) rebelled against the government with such a small number of people why can't we in such a large number! When elders frightened them with death they replied, "We don't fear death, our mission is to fight the enemies of Islam according to Allah's will. We don't worry about the aftermath. We will certainly light up our share of the path, however little light we can spread we will."

This awakening was brought about by Imam Hussain's (a.s.) sacrifice. His blood had provided the people fighting against evil with a never-ending force. Imam Hussain (a.s.) was sleeping under the sand but he had given the weak people everlasting energy to keep on fighting against evil. This was the actual victory of Imam Hussain (a.s.) and the loss of Yazid and many other Yazids of the future.

The commander of this army of Allah comprising women and children was Imam Ali bin Hussain (a.s.). He was the Imam e Waqt and not a single moment of future was

hidden from him. He was clearly watching the storm that had emerged from Karbala, uprooting Banu Umayyad's government forever.

But Imam Sajjad (a.s.) was not only an Imam; He was also a human being, a father and also an orphan. He was also the son, brother and nephew of those martyrs who were barbarically murdered and of those women who were his sisters, aunts and mothers who were paraded bare headed bound with ropes from Karbala to Syria. His own wounds of chains around his neck, hands and feet had not yet healed and also that the deaths of his loved ones had inflicted in his heart wounds that would never heal.

When Imam Sajjad (a.s.) saw the date palm trees, he motioned Bashir bin Jazlam to stop. Bashir bin Jazlam turned his reins and moved towards Imam's (a.s.) camel and the whole caravan stopped.

Imam Zain ul Abideen (a.s.) made his camel to sit. When Bashir bin Jazlam came near Imam (a.s.), Imam (a.s.) said, "We will stay here for a while before entering Madina."

"As you wish," said Bashir bin Jazlam and started instructing his men for making different arrangements. After listening to his instructions, the soldiers moved away from the caravan and the slaves started to erect tents and make other arrangements.

Bibi Zainab (s.a.) and Bibi Umme Kulsoom (s.a.) raised the curtains and when they saw the outskirts of Madina, their hearts flooded with grief. They remembered that this was the same land on which his father Ali ibn e Abi Talib (a.s.) used to work painstakingly and also taught all the people the different ways to improve their agricultural lands.

When Imam Ali bin Hussain (a.s.) saw his motherly aunts crying he went to them and said, "Dear aunt! We have reached our home," Imam's (a.s.) voice faltered.

"Aunt you are such a scholar who hasn't been taught by anyone, I want to make a request to you... I can understand what you are feeling but still show some courage." Imam (a.s.) said taking the handkerchief to his eyes and moved towards Bashir bin Jazlam who was making the servants spread mats inside the tents.

"Bashir! Your father was a poet right! Are you a poet too?" Imam (a.s.) asked him.

"Yes," answered Bashir.

"OK then go and inform the residents of Madina about the return of our grief stricken caravan," Imam (a.s.) wiped his eyes with handkerchief.

Bashir's eyes watered at Imam's (a.s.) orders. He wiped his eyes with his sleeves and mounted his horse and galloped inside Madina and into its lanes.

\*\*\*\*\*

The sound of his horse's gallops attracted peoples' attention. He stopped his horse when he reached near the Prophet's (p.b.u.h) Mausoleum and started to recite his verses loudly.

"O the residents of Yasrab! What are you doing sitting peacefully!

Hussain ibn e Ali (a.s.) has been martyred. Get up and cry!

Hussain's (a.s.) body is lying in Karbala drenched in blood.

And his head was raised on spearhead and paraded in different cities.

Hussain's (a.s.) son is camping outside the city with his aunts, mothers and sisters.

I am here on his behalf to inform you of their arrival."

Bashir was reciting his verses and tears were continuously welling from his eyes. His voice was echoing for sometime and then the markets started to close, the doors of the houses opened and men, women and children surrounded Bashir. Women were beating themselves, men were screaming with grief and children were crying bitterly.

There was chaos everywhere. Bashir's voice could no more be heard in the chants of "Hye Hussain (a.s.)--- Hye Hussain (a.s.)". In this crowd when someone pulled Bashir's horse's reins he looked down and saw a little girl, she said, "Your announcement of Imam Hussain's (a.s.) death has reopened our wounds. I am crying for the Prophet's (p.b.u.h) son and the son of Allah's Wali who was killed away with his near and dear ones."

Bashir was deeply affected by these words. He understood that this little girl must be one of the closest relatives of Imam Hussain (a.s.). When he consoled her she cried bitterly and then asked, "May Allah bless you, Who are you?"

"I am Bashir bin Jazlam. I am here to bring back the innocent prisoners of Karbala to their hometown," replied Bashir.

The child disappeared in the crowd crying. Bashir took his horse's reins and moved towards the Prophet's Mausoleum.

The news of the martyrdom of Imam Hussain (a.s.) spread in Madina like wild fire in a jungle. People were storming barefoot towards the exit gate of Madina crying and lamenting.

Bashir bin Jazlam dismounted from his horse at the outer gate of the Prophet's Mausoleum and offered his salutations and commiserated on death of His grandson; Imam Hussain (a.s.). Then he mounted his horse and again rode towards the route that led to exit from Madina. At the exit gate, he saw hordes of people

running madly out of the city. Till Bashir reached, the caravan of Hazrat Imam Zain ul Abideen (a.s.) was already surrounded by the crowd.

It was Bashir bin Jazlam's duty to see to the security of the prisoners, so he hastened towards Imam's (a.s.) tent but his horse could not find way through the crowd hence he dismounted and steered himself through the crowd towards the tent of Imam (a.s.). All the people surrounding the tents were crying and wailing loudly hitting their heads with their hands.

Bashir saw that Imam's (a.s.) young son along with other children was making a seating arrangement, at that moment curtain was raised and Imam (a.s.) came out of the tent with misty eyes. His face was reddened with excessive control over his emotions that he felt when he saw the inhabitants of Madina. When the people saw the Imam (a.s.), they started to scream with grief and beat their chests. The sound was so immense that it felt as if either earth was shaking or the sky was about to fall.

## **Chapter 26**

### **Ya Hussain (a.s.) Ya Hussain (a.s.)**

*Whilst facing the enemies of Islam*

*She stood as a rock but as soon as*

*She reached the Mausoleum of Her*

*Grandfather, Rasool Allah (p.b.u.h.),*

*She started to sob like a little girl.*

That ground outside Madina resembled as that on the day of judgement. The inhabitants of Madina looked at Imam Hussain's (a.s.) son Imam Ali bin Hussain and howled with grief remembering the time when this son of Imam Hussain (a.s.) was apple of the eyes of all his elders.

He hadn't seen his mother Sheher Bano as she had expired a few days after his birth. He had been raised by his paternal aunt Bibi Zainab (s.a.) who had showered her motherly affections on him. Today he didn't have any elder to sympathize with him and at such young age he had been burdened with the responsibility of rest of his family. A family whose men had been murdered, boys slaughtered and not even the six month old baby was spared by the brutal inhabitants of Syria. Now this family comprised widows and orphans and of whom Imam Hussain's (a.s.) son was the sole head. Also at a tender age of 22 – 23 years, Allah had bestowed on him the responsibility to become the heir of Prophet's (p.b.u.h.) Islam and at the moment he was the one who was sitting with his head bent, controlling his pain and hurt, surrounded by the mourning people of Madina. The

perseverance he had exhibited was not impossible but also implementation of such patience was quite rare.

Tiresome journey, dust of the roads, blood oozing from his wrists and ankles and above all grief of the death of his loved ones had paled His face like a dried flower. His eyes had reddened due to excessive crying and His face was tear streaked.

Voices of the mourners were increasing with the passage of time. Inside the tent the women mourners were shrieking with agony. Imam Ali bin Hussain (a.s.) wiped his tears with the handkerchief, held his son Muhammad Baqir's (a.s.) hand and raised himself from the ground. With his rising the cries became maddeningly voluble.

At that moment, Imam (a.s.) raised his hand and used that God given power which had forced the huge and pompous army of Yazid to listen to Imam Hussain's (a.s.) sermon in Karbala, which had stopped dead the wild and beastly people in the markets of Kufa and which had turned the merry courtiers present in the court of arrogant and proud Yazid into statues of stone; such statues who could only listen.

When Imam (a.s.) raised his hand, all were rooted to their places, people stopped crying, noise of the crowd died down and now all were static and looking towards Imam Ali bin Hussain (a.s.).

His face appeared to be like that of a full moon surfacing from underneath the clouds. He wiped tears off his face and looked towards the sky then looked from one end of the huge crowd to the other and said,

“Starting with the name of Allah the most beneficent and merciful. Praise be to Allah who is beneficent and forgiving and who is adjudicator of the day of judgement, creator of the whole world.

Apparently he seems to be too far in the skies whereas he is so close that he can hear even our whispers.

Even during big disasters and events happening in this world and in days of great agony and pain we praise the Almighty. Whether there are tremulous agonies, intense pain or terrorizing disasters, whether the sky falls or calamities storm in, we always praise our Allah.”

Imam Ali bin Hussain's (a.s.) voice had such gratification that people were shaken from their insides, thinking about themselves who always complained to Allah over petty matters and minor pain and were impatient on trivial occurrences. Among them there were men, women, old and young. They all thought of the impatient manner they act when they face some calamity, how they curse their fates when forgetting the innumerable blessings Allah had showered on them. In times of minor pain, we start complaining to Allah whereas this young man even after sacrificing his whole family for Allah, hiding the pain and anguish of their deaths, after witnessing his womenfolk being paraded in the markets of Kufa without their veils and even after bearing the difficulties during imprisonment, was still thanking Allah for his blessings.

When the audience got a grip to what he was saying their eyes started to water with thankfulness towards Allah and on Imam's misery.

Imam Ali bin Hussain's (a.s.) voice was echoing and spreading through the area making the atmosphere mournful. He was informing the people about the great incident that inflicted Islam.

“O people we thank Allah as he has tried us through great pain.

Islam has been inflicted with a huge loss. Grandson of the Prophet Muhammad (p.b.u.h.), Abu Abdullah al Hussain (a.s.), and his family members have been martyred. His women and children were made prisoners.

Imam Hussain's (a.s.) head was raised on spears and paraded through the markets. It is such a big ordeal which cannot be told in words.” As he said this his voice started to falter with emotion and tears started to well from his eyes. Listeners too were over awed with feelings.

Hazrat Ali bin Hussain was saying,

“Tell me people! Who could be happy while Prophet's (p.b.u.h.) grandson was killed and there is not a single eye that would not water in his grief. The seven skies, waves of the oceans, the land, trees, creatures deep down in the sea, angels and all heavenly beings cried at his death.”

“We, the Ahl e Bait (a.s.), were treated in such a pathetic manner similar to the way they treat slaves brought from Kabul or Turkey. That too was done not because we had wronged in any way or misled Islam in any manner.”

“Such misery was not even brought upon our ancestors (although their enemies were non Muslims whereas the people who inflicted Imam Hussain (a.s.) with such biased way were Muslims.) The Prophet of Allah (p.b.u.h.) had enjoined them to show us respect. Even if the Prophet of Allah (p.b.u.h.) had ordained them to treat us with disrespect, what more could they have done than what they have done to us.

No matter what...we have been created for Allah and it is towards Him that we will be sent back and it is His wish that we care about.”

Hazrat Ali bin Hussain (a.s.) went silent, covering his face with his handkerchief. His whole body was trembling with emotion bottled inside him. There was a humungous crowd surrounding Imam (a.s.) wailing, crying and beating themselves, waiting to touch Imam's feet and offer him their condolences.

Inside the tent, Bibi Zainab (s.a.) and Bibi Umme Kulsoom (s.a.) too were surrounded by women who were there to offer their commiserations. Those women were beating their chests and children accompanying them were crying as well and the whole tent was trembling with their voices.

“Please come to your homes in Madina.” The women of Madina were requesting Bibi Zainab (s.a.) whereas tears were welling from the eyes of the women Folk of Imam (a.s.). Children of Madina had surrounded the children of AhlulBait (a.s.) and were crying as they looked at them.

Outside the tent, men from Madina had surrounded Sayyid us Sajedin (a.s.) and were requesting him to return to his home. “Master, please come back home with us, we are here to take you back. The Mausoleum of your ancestor is desolate without your presence,” said a bewailing old man requesting Imam (a.s.).

When Imam (a.s.) heard that he called the incharge of the armed squad and told him that they would enter the city of Madina.

In a moments time the caravan along with the mourning crowd started moving towards the city. The women and children of Ahl e Haram were seated in covered enclosures on the camels and the men, women and children of Madina were walking along side them. Sayyid as Sajedin (a.s.) was walking with them on foot surrounded by the mourning crowd.

When the city came near and buildings got visible sounds of moaning started coming from inside the covered enclosures of women, Bibi Umme Kulsoom could bear no more. Their camels came to a halt near the entrance route to Madina. She covered herself with a black veil and lifted the curtain off the enclosure. A gust of wind touched her face. The wind echoed with the moans of daughter of the Prophet (p.b.u.h.), it was mas if oist with tears from the eyes of Hassan ibn e Ali (a.s.),

it had the sounds of sighing of the Prophet (p.b.u.h.). Bibi Umm e Kulsoom’s heart was bursting with grief and she said,

“O Madina, city of our ancestor, do not accept us as we have brought with us news of great despair and heartache.

O Madina, we have lost your Master.

O city of our Grandfather, tell the Prophet (p.b.u.h.) that we are grieving the deaths of our loved ones. Beheaded dead bodies of our young men were laying in Karbala and our young children were slaughtered.

Madina, tell the Prophet of Islam (p.b.u.h.) that we were imprisoned and our hands were bound with ropes.”

Bibi Umm e Kulsoom’s (s.a.) laments and cries of the women and children surrounding her camel made Madina quiver. Crying Bibi Umm e Kulsoom (s.a.) turned her face towards Mausoleum of the Prophet (p.b.u.h.) and said in a faltering voice,

“O Prophet of Allah (p.b.u.h.), your family remained unshrouded in the desert of Karbala. Even clothes were torn off their dead bodies. Oh grandfather! They slaughtered your grandson and did not even take our relationship into account.”

“O Grandfather, I wish you could have seen your daughters at the time when we were made to climb the camels with our hands bound with ropes...

Grandfather we were imprisoned and paraded through the cities to Kufa and Syria.

O Grandfather, you were the one who shielded us, after your death, enemies started to attack us.” Even as she was saying this Bibi Umm e Kulsoom (s.a.) was crying profusely. The women and children standing underneath the camel overcome by emotions started to beat their heads.



Bibi Umm e Kulsoom (s.a.) then turned towards the graveyard of Jannat ul Baqi and called her mother.

“O Mother Fatima Zahra (s.a.), Wish you were at Karbala at the time of Asr and would have seen when after martyrdom of Hussain (a.s.) the tents of his family were looted and set on fire and how much troubled your daughters were at that time.”

“O Mother, wish you would have seen the condition of Zain ul Abideen (a.s.) and the way he was being treated.”

“O Mother, wish you would have been there to see your daughters staying awake at night in the wilderness of Karbala and the dungeons of Kufa and Syria and due to excessive sleeplessness, their eyes have bulged out.”

“O Mother, you didn’t see a thing ... if you were alive you would have mourned us till hereafter on seeing what happened with us.”

Then She turned to address her elder brother Hazrat Hassan ibn e Ali (a.s.) who was poisoned many years earlier by the enemies of Islam and who was buried in Jannat ul Baqi as well. Bibi Umme Kulsoom addressed him,

“O pious brother Hassan e Mujtaba (a.s.), your brother Hussain (a.s.) and his family and friends were martyred. Brother, your dear brother Hussain (a.s.) has been buried far away from you in the wasteland of Karbala.”

“Brother, you wouldn’t have been able to see the way your daughters were running in the desert of Karbala to avoid the barbaric men on horseback chasing them, from taking away their veils at the time our tents were being vandalized!”

“Brother Hassan (a.s.) you should have seen the sight when in Karbala your womenfolk who were without any veil were being forced to climb the camels. Sakina was

exhausted by the heat and was asking Allah to help them.”

While she was saying this her voice gave away and the lanes of Madina started to echo with chest beating and wailing voices of the inhabitants.

The mourning crowd was growing; today the Muslims of Madina were feeling the same sense of helplessness, defenselessness and vulnerability that they felt at the time of the death of the Prophet of Islam (p.b.u.h.).

When the caravan of mourners reached the Mausoleum of the Prophet (p.b.u.h.) the sun was about to set. The setting sun increased the sorrow. Every heart was drenched in sadness.

When Bibi Zainab reached the door of the Mausoleum she was very composed but as soon as she set her eyes on the grave of Prophet (p.b.u.h.) She lost her composure.

In the past year and a half they had put up with a lot of dilemmas. Their whole family had been sacrificed for Islam. Father, sons and nephews have been taken away from them. Her dearest brother Hussain (a.s.) was slaughtered and horses were made to stomp on his dead body right in front of her eyes. She had also seen the blood soaked dead body of her younger brother Abbas (a.s.).

All of them, Ali Akbar (a.s.), Aun (a.s.), Muhammad (a.s.), Ali Asghar (a.s.), sons of Muslim bin Aqeel (a.s.), elder brother Hassan’s (a.s.) sons Qassim (a.s.) and Ahmad (a.s.) and both sons of Hazrat Abul Fazl Abbas were raised by her. In Karbala, they also had to face the time when they were made to pass by the dead bodies drenched in blood of their loved ones on their way to Kufa.

She was the one who had made the court of the murderer Obaidullah ibn e Ziyad; governor of Kufa,

tremble with her bold sermons, and the one who had addressed the tyrant and despot Yazid, in His much adorned court with contempt and scorn but as soon as she landed amid her own people her heart was ready to burst with anguish.

She had spent the entire duration from the eleventh of Muharram to the day they were freed from prison in Syria, fighting the oppressors. During that time, her orations had been putting daggers through the hearts of the hypocrites.

Whilst facing the enemies of Islam, she stood as a rock but as soon as she reached the Mausoleum of her Grandfather, Rasool Allah (p.b.u.h.), she started to sob like a little girl.

She held the door hinges with both her hands and said in a sobbing voice, "Grandfather! I am here to deliver news about the martyrdom of my brother Hussain (a.s.)."

Her younger sister Umm e Kulsoom steadied her. Her eyes were glued to the grave of her grandfather. "Grandfather where is your grandson who was with you under the veil of Tataheer?"

"Grandfather, I am the narrator of the elegy of your Grandson."

"Grandfather this son of yours was slaughtered brutally while he was starving in the desert of Karbala."

"Grandfather angels and heavens are wailing on his death. Even the beasts of the jungle are bemoaning his death." While saying this she sobbed bitterly.

Then she looked around her and said,

"People shed tears on the martyr of Karbala whose neck was severed from the nape of his neck. Shed tears for Him in the way his mother Bibi Fatima Zahra (a.s.) does.

Cry your eyes out for him, for whom even the invisible beings weep.

Cry on him who was butchered on the sand and whose chopped body was kneaded in the dust.

I wish to sacrifice my life for him on whose dead body horses were made to run.

I wish to give up my life for that wounded who was deprived of his bed and was quivering in the hot soil."

Wailing Bibi Zainab due to exertion and weakness slipped down to the ground holding the doors of the Mausoleum of the Prophet (p.b.u.h.) while the chant of Ya Hussain (a.s.) Ya Hussain (a.s.) made the mausoleum tremble. When these voices reached out towards where the old and young men were standing, they had turned into loud slogans.

These slogans of 'Ya Hussain' (a.s.) swelled the blood flow of the aged, gave strength to the youth to fight brutality, the women were made to realize their responsibilities and the future generation was pre-warned of the ways to fight against Yazid's of future with conviction and determination.

These chants of 'Ya Hussain' (a.s.) slowly and gradually started moving from villages to cities. In Madina, Abdullah, son of Sahabi of the Prophet (p.b.u.h.) Hazrat Hunzala, raised his voice against Yazid. The huge palaces of Kufa were brought down to dust by the avenging storm coming from Karbala. Mukhtar Saqafi was avenging the death of Imam Hussain (a.s.) by killing each and every perpetrator.

Yazid became a psychological patient and died pathetically. Ibn e Ziyad, the governor of Kufa was severed to pieces. The commander in chief of the army of Yazid, Omar ibn e Saad, who wanted the government of Ray and for which he had agreed to shed the blood of the Prophet's (p.b.u.h.) Grandson, was killed by

Mukhtar. Shimr zil Joshan was slain by Mukhtar's commander in chief, Abdullah, and the chief justice Shuraih who had issued the Fatwa of assassination of Imam Hussain (a.s.) was slaughtered by Ibrahim bin Ashtar.

Murderers of Imam Hussain (a.s.), had no where to escape.

The slogans of "Ya Hussain"(a.s.) "Ya Hussain" (a.s.) were crossing geographical boundaries to reach different countries, nations, societies, intellects, homes and eras unveiling various Yazids of all times.

Now, it had become impossible for evil to portray itself as good and also people were able to distinguish those who were hiding behind the façade of Islam as sons of Abu Talib (a.s.) had removed all the hurdles with their tides of blood till eternity.

\*\*\*\*\*

It is quite evident who won and who lost in this battle of good and evil which started on the Fajr of tenth Muharram 61<sup>st</sup> Hijra and lasted till the starting hours of Asr.

Apparently, Yazid won this battle which lasted a few hours but in the long run among various tyrants like him, his name became a curse, his lineage was eliminated, his grave is not found anywhere and no one in there right sense of mind wants to have any relation with him ever.

But the apparent loser's eternal success is quite evident to all. Today, Hussain's (a.s.) name illuminates this world. He is just like the tree of Taiba whose branches are spread throughout heaven and whose roots stretch through the depth of the earth.

Throughout this world the sound of 'Allah o Akbar' recited million of time in the call for prayer and during

five times prayers, announces the name of the winner of that battle. Not a moment passes in this world when people show their annoyance towards fake idols and turn towards the only God, Allah and accept the prophethood of Hazrat Muhammad (p.b.u.h.). Prayers don't end in one city when people start to come out of their homes elsewhere to accept Islam and thus this string keeps on continuing throughout the world, round the clock.

What great position and reward Allah paid the savior of Islam for his sacrifice cannot be calculated by a common human being but we can have vague idea about it by observing the gifts Allah has bestowed upon him in this world.

Enemies of Islam had stopped the muddy and turbid water of Euphrates on Imam Hussain (a.s.) and his family members but if one would move throughout this world in the month of Muharram one would see that such clean, pure, scented and cool water has been endowed for his thirsty children.

Due to the enemies' brutality Hussain's (a.s.) six month old son was deprived of milk so today rivers of milk are bequeathed for him.

Enemies had taken away veils from Hussain's (a.s.) sisters so today millions of Muslim women have adorned themselves with veils.

Enemies of Islam had severed the hands of Hussain's (a.s.) brother Abbas on the banks of Euphrates for raising the flag of Islam so now today there are millions of young men rising the same flag. Now if the enemies will sever the hands of these millions, trillions more will come in the future who will risk their lives to save the flag of Islam.

On the tenth of Muharram the enemies had killed the pious, hafiz e Quran, religious and devout friends of Imam Hussain (a.s.) so today the sound of Azan,

mosques overflowing with youth, people awake for midnight prayers, aged busy in recitation of the Quran and caravans of mourners traveling from one continent to other show us that Allah has given Hussain (a.s.) a nation in return for his few followers. A devout, prompt, brave and gallant nation, who even now knows how to deal with Yazids of today.

But this nation is waiting for someone. When this waiting is over not only the Yazids but also their custodians will find no place in this world to hide. (InshaAllah).

“(Allah Humma Salle Alaa Muhammed in Wa Aal e Muhammad Wa Ajjil Farajahum.)”