

Days From My Life

Zainab Al-Ghazali

Translated by
A.R. Kidwai

Hindustan Publications, Delhi

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Original title in Arabic
Ayyam Min Hayati

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First Edition March 1989

Rs 35.00 du also

Published by:
Hindustan Publications
2035 Qasimjan Street, Delhi-110 006 (INDIA)

Phone: 262545
Telex: 031-61988 HPIT IN
: 031-61520 USR IN

Computer Typeset by:
Consolidated Chemical Co. (Typesetting Div.)
2035 Qasim Jan Street, Delhi-110 006. Tel. 277360

Printed by Baharat Offset, Delhi-110006.

Publisher's Note

We are bringing out, for the first time, the English translation of Zainab al-Ghazali's "Ayyam min Hayati," originally written in Arabic, which vividly describes the oppressive and inhuman acts committed by diabolical forces. The book records the agonising experience of the famous Ikhwan leader, Zainab al-Ghazali, which, it is hoped, should be an excitant for all Champions of the Truth. May Allah make the book, a useful guide to readers.

**Hindustan Publications
Delhi.**

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In Dedication To

- The Noble Souls who spent their life in gaining their Creator's pleasure and in this state reached Him;
- The Holy Blood which was spilled so that it may inspire future generation lest they may forget their duties.
- The Martyrs who strived for Islam in accordance with Allah's command and sacrificed even their precious lives in this Cause. Thus they proved themselves not only as the devout Servants of Allah in the earth but also earned success and glory in the Hereafter.
- The persons who prayed to Allah for an increase in Faith and relied on His help.
- The Youth who did not budge in the face of hardships. Opposition and antagonism could not deter them from their path.
- My Husband who remained my supporter till his last breath. Even in the difficult times he continued supporting me and in the same state he left for his heavenly abode.
- All Muslims of both the East and the West to whom my autobiography is presented as a gift. I pray to Allah for the acceptance of my venture and for making it useful to everyone. May Our Lord pardon us for our sin, keep up steadfast and grant us ascendancy over non-believers.

Zainab al-Ghazali

Preface

Often did I think of recording an account of my life. Nonetheless, I never thought of it worth— attempting hence the plan could not materialise. However, the importance of such a work dawned on me when my brothers and sisters associated with the Islamic movement drew my attention towards its significance. I, therefore, took it up as a religious duty to record the events which I witnessed while the Islamic Movement had an encounter with atheistic forces in both the East and the West. These diabolical forces aimed at not-only hampering the truth but also at annihilating all those who stood for the truth. Nonetheless, the intrepid champions of the truth declared it unequivocally that both the Quran and Sunnah have been rendered inoperative whereas they must be operative in the country. And the Muslim Ummah has to canalise all its talents in the service of Islam so as to highlight the values of Tauheed, gnosis and to establish a society steeped in God-fearingness. Such a move would also result in putting an end once for all to all such customs which prevent one from attaining proximity to Allah and mislead one to wrong paths. They mislead people so as to make them subservient. Only when one follows the true path, the past glory of the days of the Prophet's *Sallallahu Alaihi Wasallam* Companions would be restored. The real success of the inhabitants of the world lies in upholding the Islamic Movement. The dingy prison cells, brutal modes of punishments and floggings have always boosted up the morale of those engaged in the Cause of Islam.

Those who strove for the path of the truth have undergone similar persecution. Since the gods of the day could not dissuade them from pursuing the right path, punishments today can hardly make any difference. One may, however, carry the fortress by logical arguments. These

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having gone blind on possessing power can inflict all sorts of punishments but they cannot mislead the righteous person.

The right path is the one shown by Allah and His messengers. Wrong paths are many and devil misleads people in thousand and one ways. The Quran rightly points out that the right path is only one which should be followed whereas the other paths are to be avoided so that one may not miss the right path. Today the deliverance of the humankind lies in following the right path and in adhering to the Quran and Sunnah.

Even in the prevalent conditions I foresee the success in that the Ummah has united in countering the atheistic forces. I find the success very close and do hope that the Ummah would perform the assigned role. I hardly feel worried about the passage of time, for in the history of nations and movements time is not so important. What is more important is the fact how far we avoid the pitfalls and perceive the truth.

We do believe we are following the right path and one who joins our mission would add to the constructive work. We should not neglect our duties. Nor should we fall back. We know that all those fighting for the truth are doomed to imprisonment for their opposition to evil. In compliance with the wish of my bretheren I therefore present an account of my life. Reference to certain events, no doubt, call for courage. Nonetheless we should remember it well that hell stands for all modes of torture while Islam is synonymous with obedience.

I hope Allah would help me record my account which would guide those endowed with Iman. Ours should be the right Path. I am firmly convinced that the Message delivered by all Prophets culminated in the Mission of the Prophet Muhammad *Sallallahu Alaihi Wasallam*. Those ready to bear with hardships in the cause of the truth assemble under the Banner of the Quran and Sunnah by Allah's will. We have been launching the Islamic Movement

with the conviction that we would bear with all trials, for Allah has acquired the life and property of Muslims in lieu of Heavens. Those who are slain in Allah's cause attain Martyrdom. It has been Allah's command preached to us by both the Quran and the Bible.

We convey "Salam" to all Martyrs with the conviction that all of us are on the right path. "Salam" also to all of them who have an idea of goodness in them. It is quite possible that Allah may guide them.

Zainab al Ghazali

CHAPTER I

Jamal Abdul Nasser Hated Me

One evening in February, 1964 as I was returning home by car, another car coming from the opposite direction collided against mine. I sustained injuries and lost consciousness. I just heard some one talking out my name. When I regained consciousness I found myself in the police hospital surrounded by my husband and relatives and some workers of Islamic Movement. All of them looked worried. As I opened the eyes I thanked Allah and asked them of the accident but again I fell unconscious. On recovery I found myself in the company of doctors and nurses taking me to X-ray room. I recalled the event and heard my husband saying, "Thank Allah that you have been saved." I asked after the car driver and was told that he was also well and was hospitalised. Later on, I learnt that he had the brain injury. The X-ray report revealed that my thigh bone had been fractured. I was taken to Mazhar Aashoor Hospital where Dr. Muhammad Abdullah, the bone specialist, operated on me for three and half hours. This operation saved me from further complications. As the days passed, I learnt that the accident conspiracy had been hatched by the intelligence department of Nasser. Their aim was to kill

me. Later reports and events confirmed their evil designs. A group of Muslim youth lead by Brother Abdul Fattah Abduhu Ismail used to visit me every evening. However, on learning the details about the government conspiracy I requested them to curtail their visits but they did not relent.

A few days later the secretary of the Muslim Women Organisation came to put up a file to me, for I happened to be its President. At that time my husband and my teacher's wife were also present. I noticed that my husband tried to refrain the Secretary from presenting me the file. It came as a shock to me and when I asked him of the reason for so doing, he justified it on the ground of medical advice. The doctor examined me and advised me not to attend to any work. My husband later told me that the file did not contain any important papers. I however protested and told that my business was only to put my signature. He was, however, firm in his stand. When I sought the doctor's permission to do some work while in bed, he also refused. This roused my suspicion and I smelt something foul. I realised that the manner in which my husband, secretary and other visitors talked to me smacked of something wrong. One evening when the secretary came to me I sternly asked him to tell me the news in presence of my husband. As I took the file to read, my husband appealed to me to remain calm and show perseverance. The file contained the official order banning the Muslim Women Organisation headed by me. The secretary said, "It must naturally hurt you." I replied, "Alhamdulillah! But the government does not have any right to ban an Islamic organisation." He replied, "No one has the courage to convey it to the government. We tried our hardest but Nasser is bent on taking this action. He personally dislikes you. He does not even want that anyone should mention your name to him. If someone inadvertently takes your name, he is provoked to fury and abruptly ends his meeting."

I replied, "Thanks Allah that he fears me and is jealous

of me whereas I am angry with him on account of my love for Allah. His hostility would inspire us to persist in our call to right path. We can easily give up our lives in the cause of Tauheed and thus attain Martyrdom. Jamal Abdul Nasser has no right whatsoever to disband the Muslim Women organisation, for Allah has asked Muslims to remain united and no one should act against Allah's Will. The secretary, with tears in his eyes, said, "O respectable lady! We do hope from Allah that your organisation would not be disbanded." While looking in different directions he said that perhaps the conversation was being taped. Then we had our conversation in a low sound. He told me, "O Zainab! By Allah I earnestly request you to sign the paper. If you sign the paper, the ban on your organisation would be held null and void." When I looked at the paper, which I was asked to sign, I found that it was the application form for enrolling myself in the Socialist Union. I told him in no uncertain terms, "By Allah I would never sign such a paper which binds me to recognise and support the evil headship of Nasser. Nasser is the same fellow who contrived the assassination of Abdul Qadir Audah and his associates. His hands are stained with the blood of monotheists. He is hostile to Allah and Muslims. Instead of flattering to him I would prefer the disbanding of the Muslim Women's Organisation. The secretary was all tears and asked me to drop the matter. I concluded the conversation thus: "I would sign the paper in no circumstances, for it entails an agreement with diabolical forces which is something impossible for me to do. Allah's will is supreme." Thus the days in hospital passed and I was discharged subject to a regular medical check up.

Socialist Union and Myself

The secretary who used to visit me every evening once told that the decision to ban the Muslim women centre has been withheld. I was surprised to know and asked him what accounted for it. He said that perhaps it was done in order

to have some negotiations with me. The Secretary used to present necessary files to me and while taking bed-rest I supervised the functioning of the Muslim Women Centre. By the time I returned to hospital for the removal of plaster, Imam Syed Qutub had been released from prison. He came to enquire after me the next day along with some Ikhwan members. Once I received by registered mail a letter containing the following particulars:

Arab Socialist Union
Freedom-Socialism-Unity

Name:
Zainab al Ghazali al Jubeli alias Zainab al-Ghazali

Position/Profession:
President Muslim Women Organisation

Unit:
al Basateen-al-Aaza

Tehseel:
New Egypt

District:
Cairo

I received the letter by mail along with the details how Egypt entered into agreement with Russia in 1964. It reminded me of the days when we enjoyed freedom which ended the day we had the military coup. As my medical treatment was over I returned home. I used to receive regularly, invitations to the Socialist Union meeting. I, however, decided to sleep over the matter. After a few days the doctor allowed me to go ahead with my routine work. In that period I used to carry a walking stick.

One morning while I was in the Muslim Women Centre the telephone bell rang. The secretary told me that some one from the Socialist Union wanted to speak to me. I greeted him with Salam which was reciprocated. Then I asked him what business he had with me. He asked whether I would lead the reception to Abdul Nasser at the airport hosted by the Muslim Women Executive members. I told him it is Allah's will which is supreme. He said, "O.K. We will send vehicles, should a large number of women like to join the reception." I just said thanks and the conversation came to an end. After two or three days I again received a call from the Socialist Union. A lady was asking me why I had refused to join the reception at the Airport. I told her that all the members of the Muslim Women Centre abide by Islamic norms hence it would not be possible for us to go to such a public place. She asked what I meant and added that perhaps I was not willing to cooperate. She asked me whether I had consulted other members of the Centre before taking this decision. I told her, "Since I am not personally convinced about the suitability and propriety of this move, how could I persuade others?" She insisted on her question, "Are not you willing to cooperate with us?" I answered, "We are bound in all our acts by the Quran and Sunnah. We do cooperate but on the basis of goodness and piety, as ordered by Allah," I told her also that telephonic conversation about such matters would serve no purpose. At this she invited me to come to the office of the Socialist Union in Abideen so that we could understand each other. I, however, regretted to do so on health grounds and requested her to visit the Muslim Women Centre. She then asked me to meet her at her house and asked whether I was a member of the Socialist Union. To this I replied that I happen to be a member of the Muslim Women Organisation. Thus our conversation came to an end. After a week the secretary presented to me a registered letter dated 15th September, 1964 containing the government order no. 132

of 16th February, 1964 which was the ban order on our organisation.

No to the Diabolical Forces

On September 15, 1964 the executive of the Muslim Women Centre held an emergency meeting, for we had received the ban order that day. The executive resolved to accept the order or to give its belongings to the other organisation, for the other organisation had parted company with us before Nasser's coup and joined Nasser soon after the revolution. The executive decided also to convene a meeting of all members within twenty-four hours. This emergency meeting of the general body also turned down the ban order and resolved to move to the court.

We appointed Abdullah Washwan our advocate to plead the case. The organisation sent letters by registered mail and telegrams to the President, Home Minister and Deputy Home Minister and its copies to the Press about our refusal to abide by the ban order. We made it plain that our organisation, established in 1936, had not come into being as a puppet of the Home Ministry. Our aims has been to call all to the Quran and Sunnah. Ours is Allah patron, of Whose Shariah we intend to implement.

Jamal Abdul Nasser passed the ban order in hot haste. The same was his behaviour in banning indefinitely the organ of Muslim Women, of which I was the editor. The hired agents of the diabolical forces ransacked the Muslim Women Centre and displaced one hundred and twenty orphans boarding there, for they were sponsored by the Muslim Women Organisation.

I take pride in stating that not a single member of our organisation was there when Nasser's agents stormed into our centre. Though they had asked me to be present there, I refused flatly to do so. The same was the stance of other members. As a result, they took charge of all our assets from the paid secretary who was not authorised to do so. I

quote here the statement issued by the organisation of which copies were sent to the President, Home Minister and the press. "Muslim Women Organisation was founded in 1936 with the express objective of preaching Allah's Dawah and of training the Muslim Ummah in a fashion which might help it restore its past glory. Sovereignty is for Allah and no secularist Muslim ruler has the right to rule over Muslims. The aim of Muslim Women Organisation is to preach Islam and to train an army of youth, women and the old which could help bring about the establishment of Allah's rule on Allah's earth. We refuse to accept the ban order on the Muslim Women Centre. The President who publicly preaches secularism has no right to rule over us. Nor is his ministry entitled to pass such an order. The Islamic Dawah is not synonymous with some worldly assets which may be forfeited by a government opposed to the Muslim Ummah, the Prophet *Sallallahu Alaihi Wasallam* and Allah. The state can no doubt forfeit our worldly belongings but it cannot certainly shear us of our faith. Ours is the Message of Islam. We stand for Tawheed with the objective of calling everyone to believe in and strive for Allah until the Islamic state is established.

What are We to do?

Soon after the ban, the members of the Organisation used to flock to my house asking me what to do next. Muslim women adopted a markable attitude in the heyday of Nasser's reign in 1964, though many had become turncoats. Many there were who not only supported the unjust ruler but used to issue religious decrees in his favour and thus deified him. We came across a few 'Islamic' journal that surpassed one another in obliging the diabolical forces. Even our favourite journal, "al-Azhar" started acting as a tool in the hands of hypocrites and supported the forces of evil. There were, however, some noble souls who did not give in and clung to Islam. Adherence to Islam is the real thing.

Muslim Women also kept their hands off the attempts to adopt a lenient attitude and they took up the Cause of the Truth at a time when many religious leaders used to avoid saying the truth lest they should lose their material privileges and positions. Women did not, however, act in such a fashion. For earning Allah's pleasure they expressed their view frankly even in those hardtimes. They paid no attention to the fact that their frank avowals could incur wrath of the state. The members of the organisation met me regularly which was a great solace to me. To me they were my whole being. On the foundation day of our Organisation I had pledged to lead my life for Allah. In large groups women came to me and renewed their pledge to lead their life for the Truth. They agreed on my proposal to hold religious meeting in house which would familiarise women with the fundamentals of Islam. Nonetheless, the diabolical government came to know of our such meetings and the women who hosted these meetings were threatened dire consequences and made to vow that such meetings would not be held in future. We were thus again forced to confine our activities at a personal level.

Bargaining and Betrayal

The officials of Nasser's intelligence agencies used to visit me and made offers regarding the lifting of ban on our Organisation on such conditions which could incur my ruin in the Hereafter. For example, they proposed to bring out the journal under my editorship and to pay me 300 Jayiniha every month on the condition that I would have no control over the contents of the journal. I turned down this offer of the intelligence department. I made it plain that if the journal reappears, I should be given full control. Another offer they made was to restore the centre and to sanction a grant of 20,000 jayiniha every year on the condition that the Centre should function as an organ of the Socialist Union. I told them in no uncertain terms that all our activities are

for the Cause of Islam. We would not be misled. Nor would we allow others to be misled by forces that use Islam as a source of their livelihood. My reply infuriated them. Yet they did not give up in their attempts to lure me. I was surprised to find them making such offers but soon I learnt that they intended to misled us.

The Night Visitors

One evening while I was at home three persons came to meet me. When I saw them in the drawing room I saw them dressed as Arabs. As I asked them of the purpose of their visit they told they were Syrians coming from Saudi Arabia and intend to spend their short vacation in Cairo. As stated by them, they had met in Saudi Arabia, Saeed Ramadhan, Shaikh Mustafa Alam, Kamil Shareef, Mohammad Usmavi and Fathi Khauli- the Ikhwan leaders who had left Egypt to avoid persecution. These Ikhwan leaders had sent us regards and directed them to join Ikhwan hence they had come to me to receive the directives.

They talked at length about Jamal Abdul Nasser and Ikhwan and how Nasser persecuted Ikhawans. They referred also to the 1954 incident and the Martydom of Abdul Qadir Audah and his associates. They told they were ready to revolt against Nasser's regime and to assassinate Nasser and that their plan had been approved by Kamil Shareef, Usmavi, Ramadhan and Khauli. When they asked me to express my views on the plan, I told that I had learnt of this plan for first time hence I cannot make any comment. They took leave and promised to come in future to discuss in detail, the plan. At this point I categorically told them: (i) I do not know anything about such an organisation within Ikhwans. The Ikhwan organisation has already been banned by the government; (ii) I cannot discuss such matters with Murshid, for our relations are based on the Ideals of Islamic brotherhood and love; (iii) That Nasser should be assassinated has not occurred to any of us. You should better

return to your country and gain some more Islamic training.

On hearing this they resumed their seats and other said, "Perhaps the sister Zainab is not convinced; Has anyone other than Nasser destroyed the country?" I replied, "In my opinion Ikhwan does not stand for Nasser's assassination." I asked them to tell me their names. While introducing themselves as Abdul Shafi, Abdul Haq, Abdul Jaleel Isa and Abdur Rahman Khaleel they were faltering. Since "Abdul" figured in the name of all of them I felt amused. I advised them to return their home before the Nasser intelligence department might nab them. One of them said, "O Zainab! You have every right to doubt our integrity. But soon you would know our identity." Then they went away. In the evening I related my encounter with the fake Syrian visitors to Abdul Fattah Ismail who had come to meet me.

Everyone Happened to be Ahmad Rasikh

Even before two weeks had passed since the Syrians visited me, one person named Ahmad Rasikh came to meet me. He introduced himself as an intelligence official. He enquired me of my conversation with the Syrians. I explained, "I am sure those Syrians were not the real Ikhwan. It is childish on your part to play such tricks. You have already forfeited our journal and banned the Centre. What else do you want?" The officer asked me questions about Jamalof and Jamalfa. I told him that they were atheists and they took pride in their association with the forces of evil. He interrupted me by saying that they all were Muslims. I replied that such is not the conduct of Muslims. They are the ones whose hearts are sealed and who pay no attention to the call. They are given to their fanciful world. May Allah Guide Them And Accept Their repentance.

Two days later a state vehicle stopped at my house from which alighted a young man clad in grey suit. I was sit-

ting in my balcony at that time. He greeted me with Salam and I requested him to sit in the visitor's room. He introduced himself as Ahmad Rasikh an official in the intelligence department. I looked at him searchingly, for a few days earlier another person with the same name and same credentials had come to me. Moreover, I was summoned to the office of the Home Ministry to meet Ahmad Rasikh. He also conceded the point that he was the third person bearing the name of Ahmad Rasikh who had met me.

Three Personalities Bearing Same Name

I stared at him, for I found it difficult to believe that all the persons in the intelligence department should bear the same name. He read my mind and asked why I was so surprised to meet him or whether he had come to me at an odd hour. I tried to switch over to another topic and assured him that the doors of my house were always open to visitors, no matter what time they visited. I, however, told him that I would relate to him an interesting episode which I read in "al-Ahram."

A few years ago the king and the queen of Holland visited the English king. The queen of Holland by chance saw a dog moving about in the reception room of the palace. The moment she saw her she lost interest in the conversation and set her eyes on it and a few moments later she embraced the dog and started kissing her violently. Then she passed on the dog to her husband while murmuring something in his ears. The king also behaved in the same manner. The hosts were amazed to see all this. They were shocked to see tears in the queen's eyes as she returned the dog. The queen had embraced the dog as if it was her own child. Even at the dinner table she clung the dog to her lap. The British queen expressed her regrets that since the dog belonged to the princess who loved it much, they could not present the dog to them as a gift. The queen of Holland finally disclosed that she believes in transmigration of soul.

Their only son had died a few years ago. And she was sure that the soul of her dead son has entered the dog, for the eyes of the dog resembled closely the dead prince's eye. The British queen persuaded the princess to present her dog to the guests, the king and queen of Holland.

I continued, "Those who believe in the theory of the transmigration of the souls trace some resemblance between the dead person and the being in which they believe the soul of the dead person has entered. However, the three intelligence officials whom I have met bore the same name of Ahmad Rasikh, though in physical appearance they were poles apart from one another and had not even the slightest resemblance. Has your President developed some new theory of the transmigration which you are supposed to follow?" As I said it, the official felt embarrassed and to overcome it he said, "O lady! We are quite respectable persons and intend to arrive at some accord with you. I am the real Ahmad Rasikh," I said, "I hardly believe your word. Nonetheless, you may go ahead with enunciating your plan. What is your plan and what do you expect of me?" He replied, "It is the wish of the government to make some compromise with you. We understand the Ikhwan have misled and betrayed you. The Ikhwan are, in fact, responsible for the tragic ban on your organisation and Centre. They are terrorists. We, therefore, wish to compromise with you. We just want you to identify the persons actively engaged in the activities of Ikhwan. Your cooperation in this respect would ensure your security. We have reposed trust in you and you would yourself know the advantages accruing from your cooperation. It is surprising that a lady as intelligent and as pious as you has been a victim of the intrigues of Ikhwan." He claimed also that Imam Huzaibi and Syed Qutb have been trying to make a compromise with the President who has refused to do so, for he is not satisfied with their integrity. "If I let you know the comments of Ikhwan on you, you would feel no reluctance in

compromising with us and sever all your ties with them, though you and other members of the Organisation hold the government responsible for the ban." I just laughed at his ridiculous statement. I made him the following reply: "I am addressing you in the belief that you are really an intelligence official. First, the devout Muslims are persuaded of the fact that the government is opposed to Islam. You are in collusion with evil forces. You import your ideologies from either the West or the East. On the one hand, you support communism and on the other, speak highly of capitalism. The confusion spread by you is harmful and is destroying the sanctity of rules and regulations. My statement is quite obvious and does not stand in need of any further elaboration, Islam is certainly different from your whims." He relied, "By God! Zainab I say Juma prayers regularly. When I asked him of the performance of other duties, he replied that he has become habitual of saying Juma prayers, for he found his father doing the same and he used to bring him to mosque only on Juma. I asked him, "Did you ever ask your father why he offered only Juma prayers?" He replied, "We are Muslims as long as we believe in the credal statement of Islam." I asked him whether it is sufficient to merely recite the Kalima without practising what it stands for. He said that he followed the rulers. I said that then they would be judged in the Hereafter on the basis of their ruler's creed. He said that he was interested in reaching some compromise. To this I replied, "Never has in history the Prophetic Missions had any track with the evil ideologies. The Prophets have always called upon people to follow the Path ordained by Allah. They say, "We have nothing to do with your worshipping of ones other than God. There exists an enmity between us unless you believe in one God." My reply angered him and he went back saying that he would never come again. He, however, gave me his telephone number for further contacts, which I refused.

In July 1965 I learnt of the arrests of Ikhwan at a mass scale. My association with this organisation, Ikhwan, was both deep and long.

CHAPTER II

And the Covenant Takes Place

My association with Ikhwan was not a recent one, as the government officials mistook. My association dated back to 1937. Within six months of the birth of the Muslim Women Organisation. I had the first meeting with Imam Hasan al-Banna. I had sought this interview soon after his speech in the Ikhwan Centre while addressing Muslim women. The Imam wanted to set up a cell for women and they offered me its presidentship. The cell was to promote unity among Muslims and had to be a part of the Ikhwan organisation. I tried many times to merge the two but it was turned down by the Muslim Women Organisation. We had a number of sittings with the Imam and all of us held him in high esteem. Finally the Muslim Women Organisation came into being. Nonetheless, it made no impact on our relations. To console the Imam I pledged to him that the Muslim Women Organisation would practically be a wing of the Ikhwan, though it would function independently. It would facilitate our mission, However, in view of fast changing developments even this understanding could not be brought about. In 1948 there was imposed a ban on Ikhwan and the properties of its members were confiscated, the centres were closed down and thousands of Ikhwans were

arrested including my cousin Tahia Jubeli who divulged me a lot of details. It aroused in me a strong desire to bring about the merger, as desired by Imam Hasan al-Banna.

The next day, after the ban on the Ikhwan, while I was sitting in the office of the Muslim Women Centre, I started weeping and did realise that Hasan al-Banna stood for the truth and it was incumbent on every Muslim to have covenant with him for waging Jihad. Such a covenant would help Muslims play their role and realise their responsibilities and thus enable them to lead the humankind, as decided by Allah. I felt it quite strongly that Hasan al-Banna is more competent than me to preach the truth and uphold the reality. Bravery should doubtless characterise every Muslim and it was embodied in Imam Hasan al-Banna who used to call others to the same ideal. I sent word to Hasan al-Banna through Brother Abdul Hafeez al-Saifi and reminded him of my first meeting with him. When the messenger returned with the blessings of the Imam I called in my brother Muhammad al-Ghazali and through him I sent the following note to Imam: "Respected Imam Hasan al-Banna! Zainab al-Ghazali is addressing you again. My only interest lies in Dawah and I am prepared to do my hardest in this Cause. I am looking forward to your directives in this regard." I anticipated an unscheduled meeting with him and the same did happen. While I was going to speak in the Youth Centre hall I came across Hasan al-Banna. On the stairs leading to the hall I assured him of my pledge to lay my life for the cause of establishing the Islamic Government. He accepted my covenant and allowed me to work as usual in the Muslim Women Centre. We parted company after committing that my brother would act as my messenger. The first message sent to me by the Imam pertained to act as an arbitrator between Nahas and Ikhwan. Rafat Mustafa Pasha was abroad in those days. He directed me to sort out the differences related to Amin Khaleel Marhoom, to which Imam al-Banna also agreed. On a

February night in 1949 Amin Khaleel came to me with the message that immediate arrangements for al-Banna's departure from Cairo should be made, for his enemies were after his life." I could not contact the Imam immediately, for, my brother had already been arrested. I, therefore, tried to contact the Imam personally. On my way I heard the news of his Martyrdom. He returned to the Lord along with Prophets, Martyrs and righteous persons in that His is the best company. This ghastly tragedy made me too sad and I developed a strong hatred for his killers and I made no pretenses about it.

A coalition government was formed which decided to ban the Muslim organisation. I moved to the court which passed judgement in our favour in 1950 during Husain Siri Pasha's regime. Our case was pleaded by Abdul Fattah Hasan Pasha. It was followed by Wafd Party government when Ikhwans resumed their activities under the leadership of Imam Hasan Huzaibi. A day before the inauguration of the Ikhwan Centre I declared my allegiance to Ikhwan, by publicly, presenting them a hall in my house. Things went on smoothly. Abdul Qadir Audah saw me and thanked for my present. He expressed his ardent desire that I should join Ikhwan. I promised him to work in accordance with Allah's will.

Friendly relations there were between the office bearers of Ikhwan and myself. General Najeeb took over the government in the wake of coup. He had met me a few days earlier in the presence of Amin Abdullah al-Faisal. The new military regime enjoyed the support of Ikhwans. So did the Muslim Women Organisation extend its support to the government. However, on feeling disillusioned with the functioning of the government I gave vent to my feelings publicly. When some Ikhwans were being presented ministerial positions I wrote in the journal that Ikhwans should not have any track with a government which does not abide by Allah's commands. It is incumbent on Ikhwans to take a

firm stand. Abdul Qadir Audah met me and requested me to stop writing on such issues. In the next two issues I refrained but resumed writing. Then Abdul Qadir Audah came to me with Huzaibi's directive not to write on such issue. Since I had pledged my allegiance to Hasan al Banna and Imam Huzaibi I abided by his directive. I engaged myself in the routine work and attended the Peace Conference with Huzaibi's permission.

And The Curtain Rises

Days passed till the 1954 tragic events took place which exposed Jamal Abdul Nasser in his true colours and betrayed his deep aversion to Islam. Many leaders of the Islamic Movement, it is then no wonder, were condemned to death.

The great pious scholar, Abdul Qadir Audah, Shaikh Mohd Farghali and even Imam Hasan Huzaibi were awarded death sentences. Abdul Qadir Audah was a great scholar of al-Azhar, on whose head the British government had put the prize of ten thousand Jayiniyah. Similarly, Shaikh Muhammad Farghali's head also carried prize. However, the British govt. could lay hands only on his dead body. The death sentence of al-Huzaibi could not be executed, for he suffered a massive cardiac attack and the doctors declared that he would die within some hours. Nasser, therefore, pardoned him in the hope that he would expire by the next morning. But with Allah's will he survived. Everyone's death time is appointed. Allah saved him so that he might lead the Ummah in a critical period. Though suffering from many diseases, Huzaibi consciously led the Ummah which unnerved the unjust rulers. He was imprisoned again and subjected to all sorts of torture but he remained steadfast and persevered in his Mission of Dawah. He lived long enough to witness the downfall of Nasser and his agents. He was an ardent champion of Tauheed and the Truth, a symbol of perseverance and a fighter in the Cause of Allah

at a time when other scholars avoided such pursuits and advocated a passive submission to the diabolical forces. I am reminded of his bold stance in times when others could not come up to the standard and indulged shamefacedly in obliging the unjust rulers. On the point how far one could avoid confrontation with the government, Imam Huzaibi made the following historic statement: "I have no objection to the attempts made by some to avoid confrontation with the government. Nonetheless, I should make it clear that the Islamic Movement cannot be launched by persons who are not steadfast, as it is borne out by history." He made this statement at the ripe age of eighty years. Even in this old stage he was prepared to withstand the hardships of prison and was relieved of such hardships only after Nasser's death. He was among the group which was released in the last.

Motivation for Discharging Duties

In 1955, without any external motivation, I felt myself called upon to devote myself heart and soul to the work of Dawah. I was tormented by the cries of innocent orphans and the tears of helpless widows and women whose husbands had been thrown behind the bars. I was moved greatly also by the sighs of old parents who had lost their dear children in the disturbances. These wailings, tears of the helpless persons and sighs shook me to the depths of my being. I was so much moved that I thought of myself as a victim of the inhuman treatment. I felt myself responsible for the plight of others. These ideas inspired me to move forward and to take up the arms against the diabolical forces. Thus I joined the movement.

What I saw in actual life was that the number of the poor had been swelling and I came to know also of the Martyrdom of fighters in the noble cause. I found many families unable to bear the expenses incurred on education and housing. In 1956 when some prisoners were set free, they

were faced with the problems of food and shelter. There was no one in Egypt to look after them. I found many religious leaders overlooking and ignoring them. Some of the victims could not express their sorrow publicly lest they should be persecuted again. Such a state of affairs greatly upset me. On being unable to find a way out I sought the advice of my respected teacher, Shaikh Muhammad al-Awdan, one of the pious personalities associated with al-Azhar. I used to consult him in matters relating to Dawah. He shared with me the view that a separate identity of the Muslim Women Organisation would help the Ikhwan in the long run. He was aware also of my covenant to Hasan al-Banna and had blessed me on this count. He was thus quite familiar with my association with the Islamic Movement both before and after the Martyrdom of al-Banna.

I narrated him the tragic account of the sufferings of many families which was listened to by him with attention and patience. I presented before him my plan, for I knew that mere expression of sorrow will do no good. The Fighters and Daees were troubled with hunger, starvation, separation from their family members and loss of parents. They had been subjected to not only prison but also to torture. They had suffered only because they wanted to uphold the Religion of Allah. I, therefore, thought it proper to help them in the capacity of being the President. The Sheikh advised me to proceed with my plan and discharge my duties. He asked me also not to feel hesitant and he assured me of Allah's help in this matter. I told him about the confidence which the members had put in me. To this he replied that I should no more feel shy of realizing my plan. He added also that the persecuted Ikhwan are the deliverers of Islam and they are oppressed by tyrants. We have hopes about the sincere mission of Ikhwan and we do believe that you can contribute much to it. I, therefore, started my activities in a very cautious manner so as not to arouse public attention. I had some reliable persons who

delivered provisions to others. I came also to know that the brave wife of Imam Huzaibi and Amal Usmavi, Begum Ustad Muniruddullah, Khalida Hassan Huzaibi, Amina Qutub, Hamida Qutub, Fathiya Bakr, Amina Johri, Aliya Huzaibi and Tahhiya Habeli are also working for the same goal. Our circle and scope of activities went on widening and I used to meet secretly Khalida Huzaibi. In the same manner I carried on my contacts with Hamida Qutub and Amina Qutub. I bear witness to Allah that in so doing our aim was to help the innocent and persecuted brothers who were suffering for no fault of theirs and for the poor orphans whose parents were mercilessly killed by the barbaric regime.

In the Company of Abdul Fattah Ismail

I met him for the first time in morning in 1957. At that time I was present on the Suez sea port as the head of the delegation of the Muslim women for the Haj pilgrimage. My brother, Muhammad Al Ghazali was among the persons who had come to see us off. He parted our company for a few moments and when he returned, a pious man was accompanying him. This gentleman commanded awe. Introducing him to me, my brother told that he is brother Abdul Fattah Ismail, a favourite of Imam Hasan Al Banna. The Imam trusted him much and held him in great esteem. My brother promised to meet me again on the steamer. I thanked him and he along with brother Ismail went away. We boarded the steamer and went ahead with our journey. I engaged myself in looking after the delegation members. While I was taking rest after lunch someone knocked at the door. I told the person to get in but nobody turned up and knocked again. This time I permitted him aloud to enter. Someone entered the room gently and he was the one who had been earlier introduced to me by my brother, Al-Ghazali on the port. Without looking at me he saluted me and expressed his happiness over the fact that despite our differences there was an agreement between the Imam and

me. I cut him short by asking how he came to know of it. In his reply he told that the Imam himself had appraised him of the whole matter. I asked him of the purpose of the meeting to which he replied that he would talk to me in detail in the house of Allah. The topics to be discussed, he added, would be the ones which Hasan Al Banna wanted himself to take up. I agreed to it and told that we shall meet in Makka. Though what he said at that time was not something very important, his conversation had truthfulness, simplicity and force which left no doubt about the integrity of the speaker. I told him that we shall meet in the Muslim Women's Centre in either Makka or Jeddah. He asked me of my address. I told him that Sheikh Usmavi and Mustafa Alam would lead him to my staying place in Makka or Jeddah. He knew both of them very well and after conveying me Salam he returned. As scheduled earlier, I met Sheikh Imam Muhammad bin Ibrahim, the Mufti-e-Azam of Saudi Arab after Isha prayers at night. We discussed the memorandum submitted to the Shah Saud which laid stress on female education and on enforcing the scheme at the earliest. The memorandum had been forwarded to the great Mufti and he, therefore, wanted to meet me. I explained him the details of the scheme for full two hours. While returning home I thought of performing Tawaf, on my way someone called out my name and this was brother Abdul Fattah Ismail. On coming to know of my intention to perform Tawaf he joined me and both of us performed Tawaf and said prayes. Then we sat facing Multazim and started discussing the problems as decided earlier. He asked me of my views about banning the Ikhwan, I told him that in the light of *Shariah* it was a wrong decision. On hearing it he expressed his desire to discuss the very issue in detail. When I asked him about the meeting at the delegation centre he said that the place was not safe lest some agent of Nasser may spy on us. We, therefore, decided to meet in the office of Sheikh Saleh Qazaz, inside the Kaba. When we

met there, he proposed that we should better have our discussion behind the station of Ibrahim. Accordingly we met there after performing Tawaf and saying prayers. Our discussion centred on the ban on the Ikhwan, reorganisation of the party and the revival of the activities. We agreed that after the pilgrimage we should go together to Imam Huzaibi and seek his permission to commence the work. While we were coming out he proposed that we should bear witness to Allah that we will fight together in this cause and we will not take rest before reorganizing Ikhwan and dissociating from the persons opposed to this objective. We took oath of sacrificing our lives in the Cause. Then I returned to Egypt.

Permission for the Work

I had a number of meetings with Abdul Fattah Ismail at the Muslim Women's Centre in the beginning of 1958. Our discussions centred round the problems confronting Muslims and we intended sincerely to make all possible efforts to help Muslims regain their lost glory. In so doing our aim was to follow in the Seerah of the Prophet, *Sallallahu Alaihi Wasallam* his Companions and other righteous persons. For us the Quran and Sunnah were to act as the primary source of all guidance. Another task which lay before us was to organise all such persons who wished to devote themselves to this task. However, it was all a plan and for putting it into practice we needed the permission by Ustad Huzaibi, for he was the then leader of Ikhwan. After much deliberations we came to the conclusion that the ban on Ikhwan is unlawful in that Nasser is not entitled to issue such a decree and Muslims are not obliged to follow his orders. Since Nasser is opposed to Islam and his decisions are not made in the light of the Book, hence his orders are not all binding on Muslims. I presented myself to Ustad Huzaibi for seeking his permission to launch the mission. I had a detailed discussion with him and apprised him of the pros and cons of the situation and of the plan formulated by Fat-

tah Ismail and me. He was gracious enough to grant us the permission. To begin with, we wanted to undertake a survey of the whole country at district and village levels in order to identify the number of persons willing to cooperate with us. We approached first Ikhwan, for they had to be the core of this movement.

Br. Abdul Fattah Ismail met first the members of Ikhwan who had been recently set free. He wanted to assess their morale and to ascertain whether their persecution had weakened them in any degree and whether they were still prepared to suffer any more in this Cause of Allah. For a fruitful survey we had to begin with the areas that were affected most. We used to study reports of each area presented by Abdul Fattah Ismail and tried to draw conclusions which we later passed on to Ustad Huzaibi. Whenever I mentioned to him the problems confronting us in this mission, he boosted up our morale by telling that we should not even think of falling back and we should not be misled by any, for we had been, he added, trying to reconstruct something. He used to give us invaluable pieces of advice and directed us to contact Muhalli Ibn hazam. In 1949, we had completed our research on the reformative training programme and in so doing, by Allah, our aim was just to train a Muslim in appreciating his identity and the need for setting up the Islamic Society which had to be different from the prevailing one. Since the Ikhwan had been banned, we had to carry out our activities secretly.

A Frank Talk with My Husband

Despite my preoccupation with the movement and Muslim Women's Centre, I did not neglect my household duties. However, my husband took note of the fact that Br. Abdul Fattah Ismail and other workers visit me very frequently. So, he asked me whether their visits had any link with Ikhwan. When I replied in affirmative he asked me details. Yet I answered in brief that their visits were related

to the re-organisation of Ikhwan. However, when he persisted in asking questions, I reminded him of the pact I had made with him at the time of marriage. He recalled the conditions which I had then put but he said that he was afraid of my persecution. Then I discussed the point in detail and told him that he being my life-partner has every right to know my movements. I, however, requested him not to ask minute details of my mission. Further, although I happen to be the President of Muslim Women's Organisation and have commitment to some political principles, I have a firm belief in the message of Ikhwan. My relations with Musatafa Nahass grew out of having similar political ideas and I have taken an oath with Hasan al-Banna to fight in the Cause of Allah. I am not, however, guilty of anything else. I have to strive hard in this direction and it would be my life-long mission to make my dream come true. Nonetheless, if you personally disapprove my activities and consider them as injurious to our relations, the best way for both of us is to separate. On hearing this clarification my husband was deeply moved and tears welled up in his eyes. I reminded him also that I would never ask for any dower-money, if you grant me full freedom to strive in Allah's cause. My love for Hasan al-Banna is tremendous and I happen also to be the President of the Organisation which is a unit of Ikhwan. We had decided to go together in 1948 before the Martyrdom of Hasan al-Banna and you had agreed to my proposal that I would devote myself heart and soul to this Mission. I cannot ask you to join me in this striving, yet I can certainly request you not to refrain me from striving in this noble cause. The day I go out to join the ranks of Mujahids, you should not ask me to explain my conduct, for in the marital tie mutual trust is of utmost importance. I am the one who had devoted herself fully to the Cause of the establishment of an Islamic state and to strive in Allah's cause before my marriage with you. However, in case of any misunderstanding our tie will be

severed, for I live for only the *Dawah* for Islam. After a pause I made him remember the pact he had made with me at the time of marriage and he did recall it. I, therefore, requested him to keep his word and refrain from interrupting me any more in my mission. I told him not to worry about my contacts, visits, and visitors. Further, I requested him to pray for the success of our Mission and acceptance of our efforts. I owe allegiance to you, I told him frankly, and your directives are binding on me, yet you should not resort to it, for our Mission is passing through a critical stage and it is of a greater value than our tie. He apologised to me for his conduct after having listened to me with firmness of conviction and allowed me to go ahead with my Mission. He expressed also his wish to remain alive to witness our success and the establishment of the Islamic State. "Had I been young enough," he told, "I would have joined your group." Our activities gained momentum and young workers flocked my house day and night. Even in the small hours of night my husband had to get up to receive the visitors and to arrange for their meal. After having received them he wakes me up and then retire to sleep. We used to wake him up at the time of Fajar prayers which were said by us together. After prayers he turned to his business leaving us free for resuming our discussions. His treatment towards the visitors was that of a kind and affectionate father.

Meeting with Imam Shaheed Syed Qutub

In 1962, I met the female relatives of Imam Syed Qutub after seeking Hasan Huzaibi's permission which was arranged by Abdul Fattah Ismail. I saw the ladies in order to arrange for my meeting with the great Mujahid, Syed Qutub in the prison and to seek his guidance about certain points.

I expressed my desire to Hameeda Qutub and requested her to convey my Salam to Imam Syed Qutub and to seek his guidance about the views on the committee for

revising the syllabus. I handed over to her the list of books which formed part of our syllabus. It included Tafseer Ibn Khathir, Muhalli Ibn hazam Shafeyi, Abdul Wahab's writings on Tawhid and Syed Qutub's Tafseer fi Zalal al Quran. When Hameeda returned she directed me to study the volume discussing the Surah al-Anam and showed me a manuscript entitle "Malim fi al-Tareeq," to be published shortly by Syed Qutub. She promised to bring more material next time.

I came to know that the Ustad had already gone through the manuscript and Syed Qutub was keen about its publication. When I asked him of it, he told me that it is by the Grace of Allah and that he has high hopes about this work. He added that he had read the manuscript twice. Syed Qutub was thus doubtless the focal point of our aspirations. He also showed me the same manuscript which was going with him for publication. I closed myself in his house and came out when I had gone through the whole manuscript. We discussed the ways and means to distribute pamphlets and other publications among the youth so that they may inspire them and gain a general currency. Since there was no difference of opinions and the goal was same, the study proved very fruitful. We carried out our studies in the light of directions provided by Syed Qutub. How blissful were the days when a number of youth assembled to study and discuss the Quran. Only ten Quranic verses were read out and the audience reflected on its meaning with reference to the situation then obtaining. After having pondered over the ten verses after the patterns of the Companions of the Prophet, *Sallallahu Alaihi Wasallam* we proceeded further. Thus the days passed when we enjoyed Divine blessings in learning and teaching the Quran. This helped in training not only ourselves but also others. Thus a team for Dawah was reared. Many young men there were who showed a keen interest in this Cause and we believed

that they would guide others as well and thus a new generation would come into being along sound lines.

In the light of Imam Huzaihi's permission and Syed Qutub's directions we decided to continue our training programme which aimed at moral training and ingraining on the mind the concept of Tawheed. It made one believe also that all such forms of government which do not look upon the Quran and Sunnah as sources for framing laws are not Islamic. We resolved to extend our training programme for a period of 13 years after the pattern of the training at Makka. Since Ikhwan stand for upholding the Islamic way of life, we will be guided by the Commands of the Quran and Sunnah and they will be enforced by us. We should obey the head as long as he is in a position to establish it. We knew well that such persons are rare who were there in the early days of Islam. It is, therefore, incumbent on us to enforce 'Deen' and all Muslims must rally round the Banner of Islam. This would certainly mark the establishment of 'Deen.' We believed in deed not in mere slogan raising. While applying the model of the Guided Caliphs as touchstone we surveyed all Islamic states and arrived at this sad conclusion that there is not a single state which may come up to the standard. We excluded the Saudi government in view of some considerations.

The survey made it pretty clear that the government is totally un-Islamic and atheistic, though it makes pretensions about enforcing Allah's commands. We, therefore, resolved to conduct another survey after the proposed 13 year training programme. If we note that 75% of population believe that Islam and politics are not diametrically opposed entities, we would demand for the establishment of the Islamic government. However, if masses persist in misunderstanding that Islam and politics are opposed to each other, for a decade we will direct our efforts to educating and training masses and will continue this mission unless this grave misunderstanding is removed and the dichotomy

disappears. We were interested in making people believe Islam as a way of life. Time and passing of generations were immaterial to us. We should concentrate on our efforts which should be constant and consistent. Death alone could stop us from pursuing this course and in such an eventuality we would hand over this responsibility to the next generation.

As desired by Ustad Huzabi, we maintained our contacts with Ustad Muhammad Qutub who explained the details of this programme to youth. Many young men put forward questions to him which were satisfactorily answered by him.

CHAPTER III

Conspiracy

Ustad Syed Qutub was released from prison. A few months before his release an attempt to assassinate me was made. The motive behind releasing Syed Qutub was to facilitate his assassination. The stage had been already set by the Intelligence Department for getting Syed Qutub killed. Among others to be assassinated was also Abdul Fattah Ismail. We, nonetheless, paid no heed to such reports and continued our efforts with having trust in Allah, though we watched the nefarious designs of the oppressors. The Government believed that our Movement, an intellectual and ideological rising, is directed by Syed Qutub and he governs it from inside the prison. It was also believed that under the leadership of Abdul Fattah and Zainab-al-Ghazali, Ikhwans are working actively. Reliable reports informed us that both the American and Russian intelligence sources have apprised the government of our activities and suggested a drive against us so as to eliminate Ikhwans once for all. These reports pointed out also that if something is not done at the earliest, all the efforts made by the Government to keep masses away from Islam will go in vain. Thus it was the crying need of the hour, the reports asserted, to take stern steps against Ikhwans. Jamal Abdul Nasser did

realise the gravity of the situation and knew well that the activities of the Islamic Movement posed a serious threat to his power. In August 1965, we were told of a list containing the names of persons to be arrested. Names of Syed Qutub, Zainab Ghazali, Abdul Fattah Ismail and Mohammad Yusuf Hawwash figured prominently. I was informed of Syed Qutub's arrest on 15th August. While I was having discussion with some sisters, I received a telephone call and was told that Syed Qutub's house has been searched. His brother, Ahmad Qutub had been arrested a few days earlier. I requested my husband, then at Rasal-Bair, to confirm the arrest of Syed Qutub. After an hour I was told by him that Syed Qutub had been arrested. We postponed the discussion going on at the Muslim Women's Centre and decided to watch the situation. Syed Qutub's arrest came as a shock to all the members and workers. Our sorrow was too great. For us Huzaibi and Syed Qutub were the only sources of guidance. We were now in search of someone to act as our guide.

Abdul Fattah Ismail and myself had anticipated these developments and discussed the pros and cons of the situation. Abdul Fattah visited me soon after the incident and advised me to contact the guide at Alexandria at my earliest. He introduced me to a youth who was to act as the messenger in case of his arrest. However, after a few hours he advised me to drop this idea and to remain indoors. But by that time I had already contacted him and his wife had arrived from Alexandria. It was also decided to keep in constant touch with Ustad Huzaibi. The person to act as messenger this time was Mustafa Mursa. I contacted the guide and apprised him of the situation and of the plan chalked out by us. He agreed on the plan particularly of Syed Qutub. Reports about the arrest of other workers and members started pouring in and soon the number swelled up to thousands. After my arrest, Shams Badran claimed to have arrested one lac Ikhwan in twenty days. Prisons

houses namely Sajjan Harabi, fort prison, Abdu Zawal's prison and Alexandria and Tanta Jails were packed with prisoners. On 19th August, I came to know of the arrest of the 85 year old lady, Umm Ahmad, a respectable and trusted fellow traveller. She had been actively associated with the movement and had worked with Imam Hasan al-Banna. She extended invaluable help to the affected families of the prisoners arrested by Nasser. We used to keep in touch with her. I was greatly moved on hearing her arrest. After a few minute silence I addressed her nephew. My brother! It is a matter of pride that we have among ourselves a lady who despite her ripe age has been bearing patiently all discomforts and torture for the sake of establishing Allah's Deen. May Allah bless her.

I sent for Ghada Ammar and told her that a great lady known as Umm Ahmad, a resident of Shibli, has been arrested today. You should hand over the money for helping the arrested person to the family of Syed Qutub or the guide in case of my arrest. So did I hand over the container to her which contained donations. In the prison I came to know that Ghada gave it to Fatima Isa and at the time of my arrest the authorities acting like beasts robbed her of the valuables including the money meant for providing the needs of the arrested persons with grain, medical aid, educational expenditure and other necessities. Though many of the arrested persons were innocent, they were picked up by the military govt. lest they should fight for the establishment of the Islamic government. When these details dawned upon me I told Ghada Ammar and Aliya Huzaibi, who visited me in the prison, not to worry, for Allah is there to help us and He the Best to help and the world being transitory, our abode is Heaven.

It was a time full of agony when I was continuously getting reports of a large number of persons. I was asked by the messenger to proceed to Alexandria and meet the

Days From My Life

guide. While I was packing my luggage, another messenger told me to wait till further orders.

My Turn

On Friday, 20th August at the time of Fajr some agents of diabolical forces and the tyrant government barged into my house. When I asked them of the search order, they tried to avoid any answer. They told that they were free to do whatever they wished and it was not binding on them to produce any permission before raiding any house. They remarked also that Ikhwan are mad, for they ask to produce permission before raiding a house. They ransacked my house and every thing was left ramshackle. I watched them helplessly. They arrested also my nephew, Mohammad al-Ghazali, a college student. They, however, told me not to leave house. When I asked them whether I was interned they told me to wait till further orders and threatened me of arrest if I ventured to move out of my house.

I was happy for being only interned. My neighbours visited me and I started preparing for arrest any moment. I requested my neighbours to go away lest they may suffer. But none of them moved.

While we were taking lunch the same agents broke into our house and turned everything topsy-turvy. They seized the safe and other documents in my office. I was not successful in saving some invaluable books on exegesis, Hadith, jurisprudence and history. So could I not also preserve the manuscript of the Women's journal which had been banned by a military order in 1958. In sum, they destroyed or confiscated all they wished. The safe, in fact, belonged to my husband and it contained some of his belongings. When the agents asked me to produce the safe key, I told that it was in the custody of my husband who was away in summer vacations. My reply enraged them and they asked someone to break it open. When I asked them to give me a list of all the articles confiscated by them, they laughed at me and

dumped me into a vehicle in which my nephew was already there. He did not respond to my greetings and thus I realised that he was ordered not to utter a single word. I knew also that he had been forced to accompany them and help them locate my house, for this group of agents was different from the one that had ransacked my house early in the morning.

Our vehicle reached the military prison house, as I learnt from the sign board. Soon we were inside the jail. As I got down the vehicle a beastly looking man led me to a room where I was interrogated by another person. Then I was taken to another room where a giant person was waiting for men. As soon I was introduced to him, he started raining on me such abuses which I had not heard throughout my life. The other person also abused me and told me to behave well with the interrogating persons.

I told them that they have robbed me of all my valuables, cash and books. I expressed the hope of getting a list of all items confiscated so that I may reclaim them after my release. Another person named Shams Badran looked at me contemptuously and told that since I was to be killed within an hour, there was no point in giving a list of books and other items. He also abused me and told that he would keep me inside the prison house as they have done to many others. His conversation was hysterical and full of filthy language.

I did not make any answer, for the language used by them comprised only abuses. It was such humiliation which a gentleman cannot even think of. This man, in a drunk state, took me to another person. I prayed to Allah and sought His shelter and for the strength to keep me firm on my path.

The men accompanying me presented myself and I was ordered to go to the room number 24. I was thus thrown into the room where I saw two men sitting. One of them was carrying a diary which belonged to Abdul Fattah Ismail

and he consulted it during his Quranic lectures. I thus knew that other Ikhwans have been also arrested, for a meeting was scheduled. I shuddered at this thought but at the same time I controlled myself. I heard the call for Asr prayer and I was spared to say prayers. The moment I finished prayers, I was again taken into custody.

Way to Room No. 24

My hands were tightly tied and I was followed by two black men waving hunters in their hands. They made me take a round of the prison and on my way I saw a number of Ikhwans subjected to all sorts of torture. Some of them were bound to pillars and were undergoing a heavy thrashing while some others were not also whipped but also thrown before dogs. Some of them were waiting for their turn to be subjected to torture. Most of these men were pious persons and as I knew them personally that they were striving for Allah' cause. I had worked with them and we had discussed together the Quran and Ahadith. At Ibn Arqam's house we used to meet and remember Allah and His Prophet. *Sallallahu Alaihi Wasallam*

I recognised most of the victims. I was indeed an irony of fate that those devoted to Allah's cause were subjected to such harsh and inhuman treatment. It was simply unbelievable for me. I felt envious about their fortitude. Some of them, the adherents of Tawheed, were young men, some were old and others were both young and old ladies. Everyone was suffering, bleeding profusely and putting on torn dresses. Nonetheless, they looked full of poise and calm. Some of them were hanging down the roof. One of the youth, on seeing me, could not control himself and exclaimed: "O Mother! May Allah grant you patience and keep you steadfast." A pool of blood had been there around the young man. To this I replied: "O my sons and dear fellows! Allah will grant you firmness of conviction. Your destiny is certainly Paradise."

The persons accompanying me started beating me so fiercely that I thought I had touched a live electric wire. All parts of my body seemed to be tearing apart. Nonetheless, I remembered that all this suffering is in Allah's cause. At the same time I heard a voice as it coming from Paradise. I prayed to Allah to keep me firm and safe from these torments. Though the whipping was quite heavy, I found my pain heavier than it and heard again someone calling from the sky: "There is no God but Allah. He is One and without partner." I requested again the young Ikhwans to bear with the suffering, for Paradise awaits us. I was continuously beaten but I repeated saying that Allah is the Most and to Him alone be all Glory. "O Allah! We thank You for Your bounties bestowed on us and particularly the way of fighting in the Cause of Islam, Faith and Allah." I was then dumped into another dark cell.

Room No. 24

As I stepped in the cell I said, "As-Salammu-Alaikum." The doors were shut and the room was ablaze with two light bulbs. So it was another mode of punishment. The room was packed with dogs. I do not recollect the number. I was so non-plussed on looking at them that I closed my eyes. The doors were bolted from the outside and all dogs touching and attacking all parts of my body. I tried to open my eyes but the scene was so horrible that I closed my eyes again. However, I started reciting the beautiful Names of Allah one after another. I did feel that the dogs piercing the parts of my body. I made the following prayer to Allah. "O Allah! sever all my links with the world but not the one with You—Grant me proximity to Yourself and make me away from the world. Grant me a place in Your station and envelope me in love for You. Grant me to die in Your cause and keep the adherents of Tawheed steadfast."

I was reciting these prayers silently. Though all the

time I felt the teeth of dogs piercing my body. When I was brought out of the room, there was no sign of having attacked by dogs. One believed that my dress will be soaked in blood but had a big surprise as there was no blood stain. It appeared that the dogs had not even touched me.

How great is my Creator Who is Almighty and the Best to do any thing. I asked Allah whether I deserve this privilege. O Allah! You alone deserve all praise. While I was busy in my prayers, the guards asked me why the dogs had not touched me. The two guards carried with the rods and whips.

It was the time of sunset and Maghrib prayers. I had been locked up with the starving dogs for full three hours but I was totally safe. On being blessed with this I was all Praise for Allah. The prison guards took me away and we passed through a field and a long gallery closed at both the ends. Out of a door a little light was coming out of Room No. 2 in which was locked a high ranking officer, Mohammad Rishad Mahna who had been arrested on the ground that Ikhwan wanted to instal him as the President.

Room No. 3

I was thrust into Room No.3 which was all dark. Soon, however, it had dazzling light which made it impossible for me to open my eyes. Thus I came to know that it was also part of torture meted out to me.

When I knocked at the door, a blackman entered. I sought his help for guiding me to some tap where I may make ablution. To this he replied very insolently telling that I was not allowed to do anything including ablution or saying prayers. Pointing out to a stick he threatened me of a severe thrashing if I tried again to knock or ask for any thing.

I was too tired after having spent a long time in the company of dogs. I spread my sheet on the ground and said my Maghrib and Isha prayers. Since the broken bones were

aching badly I could not lie properly. Somehow I stretched my body but it was not approved by the guards. They put a cross just in front of the ventilator of the room through which I would see everything. They brought young Ikhwan prisoners one after another and after tying them to the cross several kinds of torture were done to them. These young men were whipped and the helpless youths could make call to Allah alone. Though they were beaten mercilessly they continued uttering only the Name of Allah.

Those suffering included doctors, engineers, teachers and advisors. Yet they were abused and filthy questions put to them. They asked them the details of their connection with me. If someone tried to evade answers, he was beaten mercilessly and whipped also. They were forced to do so. Naturally they felt reluctant to do so which enraged the guards further. Some young men exclaimed that I am like their own mother and a father. Such answers angered them and their merciless beating often resulted in the unconsciousness of victims. For a long time they continued bringing youth and forcing them to abuse me. In so doing they wanted to humiliate me. But the youth were too brave to withstand suffering and nothing could relent them. I was moved by their plight and made the following prayer to Almighty Allah! Make me suffer in place of these young men." I wished it very much that they should say all the guards wanted them to do but it was not possible. A young man continued invoking only Allah and did not deviate even an inch from the Path of Truth. On seeing this plight, I forgot my own misery. I was all the time turning to Allah.

The Dream

I fell asleep in this state and saw a dream which was one of the four dreams centred on the Prophet Sallallahu

Alaihi Wasallam which I saw during the period of my arrest.

In the dream I found myself in a big desert crowded by camels on each of which were riding four pious men. A long row of camels was passing through one end of the desert to another. At the end there stood a man with a glowing face that commanded respect also. He was holding the reins of numerous camels. I asked gently, "Is the Holy Prophet *Sallallahu Alaihi Wasallam* present?" Turning to me he replied, "O Zainab! You are following the Path of Allah and His Prophet." *Sallallahu Alaihi Wasallam* I asked him again whether I was on the right path. The Prophet *Sallallahu Alaihi Wasallam* replied, "You, O Zainab Ghazali, you are on the Path ordained by Allah." Yet I persisted in my question: "O Prophet of Allah! *Sallallahu Alaihi Wasallam* Am I on the Path of Muhammad, *Sallallahu Alaihi Wasallam* Allah's servant and His Messenger?" *Sallallahu Alaihi Wasallam* The Prophet *Sallallahu Alaihi Wasallam* again made the same reply, "O Zainab, you are on the Path of Muhammad, *Sallallahu Alaihi Wasallam* Allah's servant and His Prophet."

When I got up, I felt myself energetic. The dream had made me oblivious of the plight. I felt neither the pain issuing from whipping nor had I any idea about the horrible scene near the ventilator. The cross appeared to me at a great distance and the sounds were hardly audible.

What was more surprising was the fact that my real name is Zainab Ghazali while I am generally known as Zainab al-Ghazali. The Prophet *Sallallahu Alaihi Wasallam* called out my real name in the dream and thus I was convinced of its truthfulness. As thanksgiving I said prayers. While saying prayers I felt at loss to get adequate words to thank Allah for this Blessing. The only way for me to offer Him thanks lay in renewing my commitment to His cause. I took oath of sacrificing my life in this Cause and prayed to Him that nobody should suffer on my account.

prayed Him also for keeping me steadfast in order to gain His approval and follow the Path dear to Him. Even after saying prayers I continued invoking Allah and felt very comfortable and at ease. It gave me much solace.

The noise arising out of vehicular movement indicated the fact that guards were changing their duty and other had to join to treat us likewise.

I heard the call for Fajr prayers and offered prayers. This routine continued for six days. Since 20th August to 26th August the door of my room was not opened. Nor was any food or water supplied to me for full six days. The only contact with the outside world was through the door handle. Can one imagine living for six days without any food or water? How can be it possible for one to pull through for six days without responding to the calls of nature?

What is your opinion about the persons professing Islam yet indulging in inhuman acts? These tyrants felt no sense of conscience and transgressed the bounds set by humanity and religion.

You should not feel surprised how I managed to survive without taking any food or attending to the calls of nature. The guard, whenever he opened the door, abused me and asked me by asking whether I was alive or dead. I would only point out the factors that helped me survive:

Allah's blessing accruing from our Faith In Allah. This enables one to gain such power which helps one overcome all problems. The tyrants, intoxicated by their power, persist in acts of oppression. On the contrary, a Muslim endowed with Faith is indifferent to all hardships.

The holy dream which was like a Divine Blessing to me, helped me also keep myself unaffected by all hardships. I gained the energy from this dream to bear with the agony. For one full week the guard threw before me four loaves of bread, stained with the human excreta, and a piece of

butter and he addressed me thus: "As long as you are alive, you will have to subsist on it." I did not even touch the food. I, however, took water of which the container was too dirty. While taking this dirty water I said the following words: In the Name of Allah Who will keep me immune to all harms. He is the Hearer and Knower. O Allah! Grant nutrition, contentment, Jihad, gnosis and patience to me as I take water. I took water and shut the door. I remained in the same condition till the sunset. The door reopened and the same guard abusing me entered and asked me to go out for the toilet. As I tried to move, I felt fainting but he took me by hand and carried me to the toilet. When I tried to close the toilet door, he prevented from doing so by telling that it is prohibited to close the door. On hearing this condition I came out and asked him to take me back to my cell. Displaying utter beastliness and inhumanity he told me that he will be with me in the toilet for security reasons. I do not think any system, government or religion will lay down such an inhuman condition. While returning to the cell I longed for death, for in the conditions obtaining then death was better than life and I could thus save myself from any further humiliation. The moment I finished my Maghrib prayers the guard, who had earlier thrown me before dogs, entered and he was accompanied by two other persons. He called one of them addressing as doctor and directed him to examine me while I was lying on the floor. The other person asked, "What is the matter, O Shatrauli?" To this the doctor replied that my heart was functioning normally. Though in spiritual terms it was broken into innumerable pieces.

As they went out, the door was closed which opened after a few minutes and I was made to stay in a totally dark hall for two hours. I was facing the wall and was not allowed to make any movement. While shutting the door they told me of my last minute approaching fast. While reflecting on their conduct I prayed to Allah for endowing me with peace

and death in the state of Islam. I started reciting the Surahs namely Baqra and Fatiha. I felt as if I was reciting them for the first time. While I was busy in reciting the Surahs someone slapped me on the face and the lights were switched on. A guard started flogging me wildly. They gave me three sheets of blank paper and asked me to write all that they wanted me to write. For some time my flogging was interrupted. Hamza Baswi was quite active in my flogging. The other person, Saad Khalil then got hold of me and subjected me to severe jerks and throwing me on the floor. He asked the army men to trample upon me.

Then they fetched a chair and seated me. Blank papers were again handed over to me. I did not have the strength to hold papers in my hand. Nonetheless, one of them said, "Write on this sheet of paper names of your acquaintances in any country whether Saudi Arabia or Syria, Iraq, Sudan and Lebanon. If you fail to do so, you will be killed dead at the spot you are standing. You should write all about your connection with Ikhwan." They provided me with a pen and locked the door.

I wrote the following notes on the paper sheets: "I have a number of friends in many countries who know me as a member of the Islamic Movement. Our Movement is for Allah. By Allah we have chosen and followed the Path of the Prophet Muhammad *Sallallahu Alaihi Wasallam* and other prophets. Our aim is to preach Allah's Dawah and to invite people to establish and run a government according to His command. In the Name of Allah I invite you also to this objective of adopting Islam in place of ignorance by affirming Tawhid and Prophethood. You should return to the Right Path and say farewell to the path of darkness and ignorance which has corroded your hearts. May Allah guide you to the Light of Islam. Convey this note to the President, for he may repent and return to Islam and thus purge himself of the evil effects of Jahiliyya. If he rejects this call, he will himself suffer. I witness that there is no god but Allah and

Muhammad Sallallahu Alaihi Wasallam is His Servant as well as Prophet. O Allah! Bear witness that I have preached the Message. If they repent, You may graciously accept their repentance. O Allah! Grant our repentance as well. If they persist in their ways of ignorance, you are the Mightiest and Wise. Keep us firm on our Path of Sacrifice and grant us Martyrdom in this Noble Cause." I wrote this note with the confidence that I have been preaching Allah's message and resumed my recitation of the Quran. Sifwat Ruby collected sheets of paper and after switching off light he went away.

Hardly had a few minutes passed that the hall door was open and lights on. Four army men along with Sifwat entered. They drained all possible abuses on me and held me guilty of writing something absurd. Then he warned me of the visit of Hamza Bashah, the director of the prison.

The director likewise heaped on me abuses and filthy remarks. I looked at him contemptuously. They tore into pieces the paper sheets written by me and told that all that I had written was absurd. They repeated the remarks of Sifwat. Baseoni ordered to get hold of me and directed a guard to beat me. He tied me to a wooden plank in the manner butchers do to cattle and started flogging me. I went on reciting Allah's name till I fell unconscious. When I regained consciousness I found myself lying on a stretcher in hospital. I was even unable to speak or move. In the same condition I was taken back to the prison cell. When I got up I found myself bleeding profusely. All my pleas for calling in a doctor or providing some medicine to stop the bleeding were of no avail. Then I turned to Allah Who exercises control over every thing. I was reminded also of the Hadith that nothing can obstruct the invocation of an oppressed person from reaching Allah. Accordingly I prayed to Allah to stop the bleeding. My prayer was granted. Nonetheless, my whole body was aching. I, therefore, resumed praying to Allah which helped me to bear with the

any. For a number of days I had to put up with the same agony, for I was not provided any medical aid. Every day, I was just provided with bread and a piece of butter which was too stinking to eat. The guard had to take back the food every day.

Allah Joined Him with Me

One day I was involuntarily drawn to the door of my cell as I heard someone's footsteps. I looked through the hole and found Imam Hasan Huzaibi lodged in the next cell. I recited the Quranic verse. Everyday I watched him working in the cell. Thus Allah provided me with an opportunity to see him. The Imam also noticed my presence and communicated with each other through glances. This meeting, though brief, made me feel indifferent to hardship and was a great solace. Islam establishes such a relationship between the commander and a worker which is based on Faith in Allah. I was feeling content.

Towards the Place of Punishment

I could not enjoy this opportunity for long. One evening the door of my cell was opened and Sifwat appeared with the whip which he often used to strike on my body. He caught me by the arm and took me to the prison office. On my way I passed through the prison No. 2. He seated me in the office and after few moments a guard entered and after verifying my name he left the office. Soon three army men with fierce looks entered. Barbarism was writ large on their faces. After my identification one of them told that it was time for my death. Then they started whipping Br. Farooq Manshawi. His limbs were tied and while being flogged he was interrogated about his connections with me. They forced him also to abuse me and on his refusal the whipping was intensified. It was too embarrassing for me. His condition appeared to me critical and I thought he will pass away any moment. It was, however, Allah's will that he should

live longer to face the trial and be condemned to life imprisonment. He lived for long in the prison and consistently called people to Islam. His end came when the criminals executed him by Laiman Turrah on Abdullah's direction. Thus he attained Martyrdom.

Not only Br. Farooq was mercilessly beaten but a host of other Ikhwan were also subjected to the same suffering. On being refused to budge like Br. Farooq they were also whipped ruthlessly. One of the youth was so exhausted that the guards declared him dead and he was taken away on a stretcher. I never saw the youth again. By punishing these youths the tyrant aimed at unnerving me and thus to yield myself to them. As part of this design they sent a person to me who presented himself as my well-wisher. He introduced himself as Umar Isa, an attorney. I soon looked through his motives.

Advising me he told that I should better make some compromise. He made the following remarks: "O Zainab! I wish to make a pact with you which would solve your problems. You happen to be a respectable lady. I wonder how you were involved in it. All member of Ikhwan including Huzaibi have confessed and they have described you as the ring leader. This may result in your hanging. Look, how have they saved themselves by implicating you. I would advise you to tell me in detail about their motives and your viewpoint which I believe to be correct."

I kept silent and did not utter a single word. At that he told me to make the reply after some thinking. He hoped my reply would bring out the truth. Finally I said, "I believe no one among Ikhwan has done anything which may incur Allah's wrath. They are not even guilty of provoking any rational person. What is our crime? We preach only Islam. Is it a crime?" Then he said, "Statements of Ikhwan betray their conspiracy to assassinate Nasser and make violence in the country. You were also a party to this conspiracy, I,

being an attorney, am interested in only knowing the reality. What have you to say?"

I replied, "It has never been the objective of Ikhwan to kill Nasser or anyone or to cause violence. The country has been ruined by Nasser himself. Our aim is lofty in that we are committed to establishing Tawhid, Prayer to Allah alone, the Commands of the Quran and Sunnah. The moment we succeed, all diabolical forces will vanish. We aim at reform not at destruction."

He smiled and told that all you have said just now betrayed your conspiracy against Nasser and his government. I replied that the concept of conspiracy is alien to Islam. It being truth, faces falsehood openly and points out the two ways before everyone to opt for. One is the Way of Allah while the other of Devil. Those following the path of Allah are indeed suffering and we intend to cure them with a modicum of affection and love and with Allah's Deen and Shariah.

On hearing this the attitude of the so-called attorney changed entirely. His real name was Saeed Abdul Kareem. While making this remark he went away, "I wanted to help you out but I find you under the spell of Ikhwan." He was followed by Sifwat Ruby who made me again watch for the punishment meted out to young Ikhwan workers. Among those suffering I recall the names of Sirsi Mustafa, Farooq al-Sawi, and Tahir Abdul Aziz Salim. The so-called attorney returned with Hamza Bisauni and Sifwat Ruby and Hamza asked me why I was not making any pact with the attorney. He told me that he wanted to help me out, for he knew my husband also as a gentleman. He further said, "Like your husband you have been deceived. Huzaibi has come out with the truth. So have other Ikhwan done. Why do not you wish to save yourself?" I will never say a word against Ikhwan." Turning to the attorney I asked him whether it was lawful. Hamza Bisauni slapped me on the face and told that I had made him mad. He threatened to

bury me alive as he did to ten Ikhwan daily. I turned again to the attorney and asked him to record all that was happening. Hamza looked at me and then said it was over and that he wanted to help me but I was not obliging him.

This remark of Hamza was enough for Sifwat and his agents to resume whipping. Each part of my body was flogged ruthlessly. I prayed to Allah all the time and whenever I felt much pain I called aloud the Name of Allah.

Sifwat bound my hands and feet and leaving me in this condition he went away. I kept on reciting the Name of Allah and requesting Him to Bless with patience to bear it. After a few hours Sifwat entered with a devilish person named Sambo and both of them slapped and pinched me and finally locked me up in the cell.

While the doors were being locked I heard the call for Fajr prayers and made the following invocation at the end of prayers: "O Allah! If you are not displeased with me, I do not fear anyone. May Your Blessings on me be manifold. By Your Light I seek Your help. I seek also shelter against Your displeasure and Wrath. I am at Your door seeking Your consent for, You alone are the Master and Most Powerful."

The President's Emissary

For full three days I was locked up in the cell. Then I was taken to the office where I found a tall, fair man seated. He asked me to sit down and said, "I know you have been exhausted by these persons. I know you personally and I have come from the President's office to reach some pact with you. The whole country loves you and so do we. But you have estranged yourself from us and are not willing to make any compromise. By God, the moment you compromise, we will set you free. You do not deserve the state in which you are at present. I promise you not only your release but also the office of Social Welfare Minister. I asked him whether they had flogged Hikmat Abu Zaid and

thrown him before dogs while offering Ministership. He denied it and told that he felt sorry about my presence in the prison. I asked them what they wanted me to do. He said that Ikhwan had held me responsible for everything. Huzaibi, Abdul Fattah Ismail and Syed Qutub have confessed all points and in order to save themselves they have shifted the blame on you. I have been therefore directed by President Nasser to get some compromise with you. I will drop you at your residence. Ikhwan, it is felt, aimed at catching power and as part of this plan the assassinations of Nasser and four other ministers had been planned. I am therefore interested in your version which should shed light on the conduct of Syed Qutub and Huzaibi. Who are the four ministers whom you wanted to kill? Kindly say in details," he said.

I replied thus: "First, Ikhwan never intended to kill Nasser or any minister. Our objective has all along been to educate masses about Islam and to survey the factors accounting for the backwardness of Muslims." He cut me off and said, "Zainab! They have confessed everything." I said, "It does not matter. It may be that they told you all that they wanted to tell. Our only interest was to train the new generation in Islam. If it amounts to a crime, Allah is the judge." He took a vow that he felt concerned for my being and my release was his only interest. Thanking him I told him that "I never considered myself as deserving any job or ministership. I have spent my life in the Cause of Islam. And ministership is of the least interest to me. I would like to devote myself to the Cause of Islam."

Telling that I was free to do anything he left the room. I regretted also that I did not benefit from his offer. An hour Sifwat and Riaz entered and as usual they gave me a harsh beating and in a badly wounded condition dumped me again in the cell.

New Bright Faces in My Cell

Next evening around the time of Asr prayer I heard some noise outside. With much difficulty I managed to reach the door and tried to see outside through the keyhole. I found Hamza, Sifwat and some other person and then I saw a glimpse of the bright faces of Aliya Huzaibi and Ghada Ammar. I felt so happy that I forgot my pain. I made prayers to Allah to protect my sisters against the evils of these persons.

I was worried more about Aliya for she was expecting a baby in a few days. I wondered how they arrested her. Similarly, I thought of the misery faced by Ghada for she had a baby to look after. How painful it must have been for both the mother and the baby. It was simply inhuman and hard-heartedness. When rulers are engrossed in *Jahiliya*, they are swayed by it and they feel no pricks of conscience. Thus they behave tyrannically to masses. O Nasser! How have you betrayed the nation. The door opened and a guard threw inside a pillow and sheet, though for the last eighteen days I had been sleeping on the ground without any bedding. I was surprised at their changed attitude. More surprise there was in store for me when I found Hamza and Sifwat entering the cell with Aliya Huzaibi and Ghada Ammar and they left after locking up the ladies in my cell.

Aliya embraced and hugged me and started kissing me. I asked her also of her welfare. While I turned to Ghada I found her weeping and tears were welling up in her eyes. I asked her whether she recognised me. To this she replied that I had changed a lot, lost my weight considerably and my face looked like that of my brother Saa'duddin. I told her that these changes were quite natural in that I had been living in a horrible environment. Moreover, my food consists of just a spoonful of salad which is provided by a hospitable guard.

She spread the bed and asked me for the Quran forgetting that I had been imprisoned by forces hostile to the Quran. I was afraid whether they could provide me with a Quran. Ghada presented a small sized copy of the Quran which she had brought with herself. Same was done by Aliya. When I tried to stretch my legs I found it difficult to do so owing to the injuries sustained during flogging. On seeing my wounds Aliya asked me of details. In my reply I recited a Quranic verse. Ghada started weeping while Aliya could not believe that even women were subjected to such an inhuman behaviour. It never occurred to her that Nasser's regime, hostile to Allah and the Prophet, *Sallallahu Alaihi Wasallam* was up to anything.

Death of Rafat Mustafa Nahass

In order to change the topic Aliya started telling me something about the outside world. She informed me of the passing away of Mustafa Nahass. I prayed to Allah to bestow His Mercy on him. I was told that he passed away within two or three days of my imprisonment and his burial procession was attended by thousands of persons who were shouting slogans also. The government failed miserably in controlling the masses. She told me also about the comments made in the foreign press. We had a detailed conversation. It was clear that the nation made something out of Nahass's death and used it for venting its views. Throughout the country it was a popular slogan that there should be a new leader after the death of Nahass. These slogans were so significant in that they were a protest against the old leadership which had been exposed and the truth had been exposed. Since evil-doers are at the helm of affairs they thrive on false propaganda. They will be eventually defeated and disappear like ash. I asked Aliya of further details about the burial procession and whether the government had taken a serious view of the participation of fifty thousand persons in the burial procession. His

burial, in fact, symbolised the victory of truth and nation's yearning for freedom.

Reminiscences centering round Musatafa Nahass came to our mind. He was a national leader who had no revenge against his enemies and never felt shy of admitting his mistakes. I asked her also whether my brother Saif al-Ghazali had been arrested. Aliya kept quiet and this gave rise to some serious suspicions in my mind. At last Aliya told that time was appointed for everything. I was all the time thinking of the funeral procession which proved beyond doubt that sons of Egypt had not be misled by propaganda. Masses had seen through the designs of the diabolical forces. I was pretty sure that the day was not too far when the truth will be unveiled and the masses would come to know of the corrupt practices of the rulers. The rulers were busy selling the nation and for getting any office, they opposed both Islam and Muslims. Theirs was a nefarious design. I then turned to Ghada and enquired about her husband, children and parents.

Amidst tears she told me that her husband had escaped to Sudan while her mother is ailing. She has been pulling through just for the sake of her children. I tried to console her and prayed for all of them. In reply to a query about Zia Twaihis, I was told that he was arrested while he was with his newly-wed bride. So was the case with Mazon, his sister Manni and brother. It came as shock to me. I thus knew that they were bent on arresting who had any connection with the Ikhwan. Even those saying prayers were not spared. Ghada told me details of such arrests and night raid on houses. It was not something new to me, for my house had been raided many times. In so doing the supporters of Nasser had even surpassed the beastly Tartars and Romans. In the world history Nasser's regime presents a very bleak picture. He was blind to all that stood for truth. It was not therefore surprising that he got ladies, the old and children arrested and flogged, and imprisoned

and assassinated the youth. He played a leading role in adding to the number of widows and orphans.

While we were busy discussing such matters Ghada sat at my swollen feet and ankles. She was horrified and prayed to Allah to help us. She intended to bring some cloth to cover my feet. She asked me of my dress bag. I told her that for the last eighteen days I had to put up with a blood-stained dress and this statement put her into a state of shock. When she helped me change the dress, she saw the marks of hunter all over my body. On seeing it she started crying, for she thought such a treatment should not be meted out to ladies. I tried to reassure them by pointing to the Greatness of Allah. Since we have been fighting, I told them, in Allah's cause we should feel content. We must be grateful to Allah for Blessing us with *Tawhid* and the sacred statement of Islam. Aliya also joined me and told me that my sister Khalida Huzaibi had remarked that if all of us had been in the same cell, we would not feel any difficulty. However, if Khalida had seen my wounded body, she would have sought Allah's shelter. May Allah save all our dear brethren and sisters from persecution and victimisation.

Eating Food—A Mode of Prayer

Our conversation was interrupted as a black guard entered the cell carrying three pieces of bread and some fruit. I could not control my hunger, though the food was stinking. Aliya realised my condition and she served me some telling that it was of good quality. So we started eating it. While taking food Aliya said that she was eating it for the sake of the baby to be born shortly. Upon noticing that I was not taking any both Aliya and Ghada also stopped it. Aliya told me that for not taking food my weight had been reduced to just half. It will be a mode of worship if I took food regularly. The consequences of not taking any food will be not only serious

but make also the rulers happy for the wish to get rid of us at any cost.

I, however, told her that the food sufficient for me was taken by me. She persisted in her demand of taking and on being forced by her I took food without bothering about the quality of the stuff. Next morning as usual I saw the great teacher through the keyhole. Aliya and Ghada also joined me. We had some conversation. This meeting was a great consolation. Aliya had thus a chance of meeting her father. Ghada told me in detail about her arrest and that of the Qutub family. Time lingered on with the only pleasant break at the time of prayers.

The Night of Torture

After Isha prayers the door opened and Sifwat Ruby along with a guard came in and took me to the office, visited by me twice earlier. I saw and greeted the man sitting in the office but he did not respond. Looking at me angrily he asked my name. Then he directed me to sit down and said, "Oh! So you are Zainab al-Ghazali. Why are you exerting yourself so much? Are you doing it all for Ikhwan? But they have spared and saved themselves by putting you into tight corners. You have created problems for us, yet I have pledged to save you and arrive at some understanding. This will bring about not only your release but soon after the pact the President will lift the ban on Muslim Women's Centre and your magazine. You will be paid thousand jayniah every month and sanctioned a big fund for your organisation. If you compromise with me, I will get for you a new dress and a meeting with the President Jamal Abdul Nasser. May Allah forgive Ikhwan who have misled you. Though you have been a problem for us, the President, large-hearted as he is, will pardon you." While he made these remarks I kept mum. This surprised him and he resumed his dialogues thus: "O Zainab! Try to understand me. The President will appoint you in place of Hikmat Abu Zaid. We

been keen about your cooperation. Kindly tell me frankly your viewpoint, for I am your well-wisher. Many persons are with you and are directed by you."

I finally told him: "I have never felt the desire to be a minister. In so far as the magazine and centre are at issue, Allah is the best to find for us a way out. For Muslim the most important Banner is of the credal statement of Islam, La ilaha illa Allah and no other banner can serve the purpose." He asked me whether I was busy reviving Ikhwan. I told him that my mode of functioning was different. "The Muslim Women's centre, which I had founded in 1937, had not been closed down. Nasser believes that the ban imposed by him has finished the centre. The confiscation of property is immaterial. Success or failure rests solely with Allah. One Helped by Allah cannot be harmed by any. Muslim Women's Organisation is not disbanded and the Mission has been going on. With us is the Truth and Nasser's regime will meet its doom. Allah's Will would prevail. After death the Truth would be unveiled and the tyrants would be exposed. Allah's Deen is firm and no harm can be done to those fighting for His Deen. Allah will send His word. I have turned to Allah to make me one of those who enjoin good and forbid wrong and guide the Ummah to the Right Path. Those rendering this service are the Vicegerents of Allah, the Champions of Islamic teachings. Hasan al-Banna did not found Ikhwan on shaky grounds. The objectives kept in mind were the revival of Deen, establishment of Allah's Will and enforcement of Divine Commands. Jamal Abdul Nasser has no right to ban such an organisation."

At this point I finished my speech. He remarked, "You are indeed an orator. Nonetheless, I have not come to you for listening to some speech on Ikhwan and converting myself. What has brought me to you is the urge to arrive at the pact which may bring about your deliverance. All members of Ikhwan have held you responsible for this upheaval. According to Abdul Fattah Ismail, it was you who

armed him. Huzaibi is also of the same opinion. Syed Qutub has exonerated himself by holding you guilty. I think you are not in your senses. It is Nasser's wish to help you out. Though Nasser exercises full control over the whole country, he is prepared to pardon you and thus help you open a new chapter in your life. He knows you as a good orator and leader held in esteem by masses. But you do not seem interested in availing yourself of this opportunity. Is there anyone who would turn down Nasser's offer? You are really mad. I want your well being. I wish to see you busy in welfare work. Be rational and think of your family also." I asked him whether he had finished his statement. But he resumed it thus: "It is quite simple what I want you to do. You just tell me the name of Ikhwan who used to visit you and the assassination plan of Nasser. When did you ask Hafeefi to kill the President? We are interested also in knowing Syed Qutub's attitude. How did you draw the plan and what were its details? By Nasser, you will be set free tonight, if you divulge these details. You should not miss this chance of getting the office of Minister for Social Welfare. Be rational and think of the gains you will draw. All Ikhwan are looking to you." Meanwhile a tall man with devilish looks entered. He told that he had brought all the cassettes confiscated from my house and they could be played.

He asked the newcomer to go back and resumed his dialogue: "O Zainab! I know your husband as a gentleman and I have regard for both of you. Your husband is a dear friend of mine and I am interested in your welfare. By Nasser! I will set all the cassettes ablaze. We wish to get you out of the morass in which Ikhwan have put you. By Allah! We are better Muslims. Islam stands for not harming anyone." Making fun of him I told that we had never harmed him or anyone. He was too pleased to hear it and construed it as my willingness to compromise. I prayed to Allah for his repentance and following the right path.

While going out writing material he asked me the names of my torturers. To this I said that I did not remember their names. He changed the topic at this point and asked me about Hassan Huzaibi and Syed Qutub. When I asked him to clarify his question, he told that he meant the details about Nasser's assassination plan and the take over of the government. I said, "Nasser's assassination has never been an important issue for us. What is more important is the hegemony of Islam. We have been grounding young generation in Islam while Nasser is opposed to it and he is not ready to enforce Islamic laws. For him Islam stands for racialism. Why do not you take exception to it?" He replied: "You are certainly mad. You do not know that you might be buried here in no time and it would go unreported. If I leave you, you would be murdered in an hour." I said, "What Allah desires will happen." My last remark provoked him and he started abusing me rapidly. He directed the guard and Riaz Ibrahim came in who was ordered by him to preserve the cassettes for presenting before the court. To him I appeared incorrigible. Saad was sent for and was told to punish me with five hundred whips. Saad followed the order and spared me only when he felt exhausted. After a pause he resumed whipping. Then a group of Ikhwan was brought and flogged. These Ikhwan workers were forced to abuse me and on their refusal to abide by this directive they were subjected to more torture. Among them was the Pilot Zia Tawiji who was arrested on his wedding day.

Was Now Hamza's Turn

After flogging I was sent to my cell. Though it was really cold, I was made to stand in the open for an hour. My whole body was aching. Hamza Baswi along with Riaz came and asked me to act with tact and keep in mind my own interests. Hamza gave me this advice: "O Zainab! Be rational and not a fool. Why do not you confess like other Ikhwan?"

I interrupted him what he meant by confession. Our only objective was the preaching of Tawhid. Sifwat was directed to bring for me a chair. Hamza told that owing to his friendship with my husband he was trying to help me. I was asked to sit down and recall the details. I failed to sit down owing to my wounds. I told it to Hamza. He continued thus: "You are responsible for the disfiguring of your body. If your husband sees, he will also be sad. You know look like a sixty-year-old woman. I feel pained to see you in this condition. Your hands look like those of labourers." Sifwat added, "You appear even as a 120 year old woman and your face has totally changed. Even your husband curses you and wants to divorce you. Any day he will send you the divorce letter." Hamza also made similar remarks and told that he wanted to help me. I just looked at them with contempt. But they could not discern my attitude. He was trying to demoralise me. He roared and asked Sifwat to whip me which he complied in no time. Another guard, Saad also joined him and both of them flogged me. A pot containing some hunters soaked in olive oil was there. They asked me to have a close look at it. Soon a dozen soldiers joined and waving the hunters they heaped on me abuses. I just ignored them. All the time I was making supplications to Allah. After a few minutes the fierce-looking Ruby entered and told the soldiers, "Wait! We have postponed her killing to the next night." Dragging me by the hand he moved to the cell.

Back to the Cell

I was thrust into the cell where Aliya and Ghada were asleep. On seeing me bleeding they were panicky. I told them to go to bed and kept on reciting invocation. For two nights the pain was so acute that I could not sleep. I did not, however, disclose it to Aliya and Ghada, though they asked me often the details. When Ghada pointedly asked, Aliya

told her to keep quiet. Ghada had in mind perhaps some new idea.

The Next Night

After Isha prayers the door of my cell was opened and I heard dreadful Sifwat calling me in a harsh tone. He dragged me outside. On our way someone told that Khalil was waiting for us. Sifwat told that he was taking me to the same person. All along the way he abused me and finally we entered the room where I found a devilish person waiting. On seeing me he started taking at a fast pace. A few other persons joined and he asked me my name. Then he asked why I was imprisoned to which I expressed my ignorance. He said, "You are here for having planned Nasir's assassination in collusion with Huzaibi, Syed Qutub and Abdul Fattah Ismail. I denied the charge vehemently. He asked me to behave properly. He further said, "You might have to die. You do not know me. I am known in the prison as a beast." At this I said that so far I had seen only beasts, excepting the righteous youth who are championing the truth. This provoked the guard who started kicking me till I collapsed. He told me that he was least interested in philosophy and resumed slapping and abusing me. Sifwat seated me and went away. He was followed by another person who put some question to me. He asked me if I was indifferent to the offer. "We are only interested in making you a witness and thus save you from the conspiracy of the Ikhwan." I answered, "You and not Ikhwans are responsible for ruling unlawfully over the country." He said, "Your condition is critical. I will send someone else to convince you and arrive at the compromise." Saying this he left. I thanked Allah for he did not ask me to remain standing. I was too tired to withstand any further strain. Then a guard with a whip entered and asked my name. He told that it was the last night of my life. He was followed by another guard who repeated almost the same adding that Ikhwans were

responsible for my plight. He, however, turned to me to make some compromise. I asked him what I was expected to do. To this he answered that both the President and Advisor wanted me to act as witness in the trial against Ikhwan who have already confessed. Trying to gain my sympathy he said, "O Zainab! You are not fair to yourself. Your clothes are torn. Be sensible and reply me." He continued thus, "I saw your brothers Abul Munaim and Saif and your husband this morning. I wish to help you out and you have just to act as witness which is quite simple." He directed Sifwat to arrange for my return and sleep and thus I may prepare for the meeting next day.

Rest for a while

When I reached the cell, Aliya and Ghada were already asleep. Aliya, however, got up and asked after me. In spite of my efforts I could not sleep. At the time of Fajr all of us said prayers. Aliya asked me details of the last night to which I answered that it is Divine Will. May Allah keep me steadfast, for there are many pitfalls. They have been asking me to do an impossible thing. Aliya hoped Allah will help. They asked many questions. Since I was too tired, I could not answer them. Thus the day passed.

The Deadly Night

It was the night of which I was afraid. Aliya, Ghada and other Ikhwan prayed for my safety. I saw a stranger with Sifwat. They took me away but Sifwat was asked to seat me and the stranger made the following remarks: "O Zainab! You have exhausted those who wanted to help you. Now I am there. I believe Allah will help you and guide you. Instead of Ikhwan you tell us how they entrapped you. Think whether they are interested in Islam or in power. You should be generous. In the light of Huzaibi's remark you can be even hanged. The same has been done by Syed Qutub. Nonetheless, we wish to help you out. You just

consent to be the witness. We will summon you whenever needed. Should you like, your meeting with the President and his advisor can be arranged for. The President will lift the ban on your centre and bestow on you an important office. That Ikhwan have betrayed you is an open secret. They wish to protect themselves by implicating you." I just kept mum when he said all this. He tried to serve me tea which I declined. He gave me writing material to record all the points on which we had agreed. I simply told him that I had agreed on none. He insisted on me to accept the offer which would help me out. I said, "Our only crime is that we wish to study and practise our Deen. The President should better prosecute those who are guilty of atheism, moral depravity and permissiveness. I would write only that which I know to be true." To this he replied, "I know you are a well read lady. You should not, therefore, risk your position. Before recording anything on paper you just keep these points in mind that the President wants to help you. Huzaibi and Syed Qutub drew Nasser's assassination plan. But according to them you prepared this scheme. Thus they wish to be exonerated and hold you responsible for everything. Bear these points in your mind." And then he left me alone. I then wrote the following statement:

"Along with young Ikhwan we used to study Fiqah, Sunnah, Hadith and exegesis of the Quran. The work persused by us were Ibn Hazami's al-Muhalli, Ibn Qayim's Zaad al-Ma'ad, Hafiz Munziri's al-Targhib wa al-Tartib and Syed Qutub's Fi Zalal il Quran and Maalim fi al-Tareeq. In the light of the Prophet *Sallallahu Alaihi Wasallam* and his companions we thought of making call to Islam under the guidance of Huzaibi. It was thus the idea to train Muslim youth so as to restore the lost glory of Muslims and Islam. After a detailed study it was decided to organise the Muslim youth surrounded by diabolical forces. It was to last for thirteen years followed by a country wide survey. If our supporters were less than 25% we will have another train-

passed, Sifwat, Hamza and others came back and were surprised to see that I had not changed my dress for the meeting. Sifwat remarked: "She appears to sacrifice herself for Syed Qutub and Huzaibi whereas they have deserted her." Sifwat dragged me out of the cell. While passing through the gallery I cried aloud "Allah-o-Akbar" so that Aliya and Ghada may overhear, for I apprehended that these were the last moments of my life.

CHAPTER IV

In the Company of Shams Badran

Sifwat took me to the office of Shams Badran—who is indeed a human being worse than beast in that he felt a satanic pleasure in inflicting torture on pious Muslims. In doing he believed to make such Muslims give up their faith, though his assumption never proved true. He asked insolently whether I was still alive.

Hamza Basuani's office was close to that of Shams. Behind me stood all the time a couple of armed guards under the control of Sifwat. Resuming his statement in the same violent tone Shams said, "O Zainab! Be in your senses and think of your welfare. This will help you get rid of us. By Hamza's prestige, I will tear you into pieces with my whip." I answered, "Allah being the Most Powerful does whatever He wants to." He could not make much out of my reply and told me of my link with Syed Qutub and Huzaibi. To this he added that we were united together by the bond of Islamic brotherhood. Sarcastically he asked me to explain Islamic brotherhood. Then he enquired about the profession of Syed Qutub. I told that he is a fighter in Allah's cause and an exegete of the Quran. When he tried to pretend his ignorance of such things I told him in detail that Imam Syed

Qutub is the leader, guide, Islamic writer and an inheritor of the Prophet. *Sallallahu Alaihi Wasallam*. He directed his agents to beat me and it was complied with. He insisted on me to tell what exactly was Huzaibi's profession. I replied thus: "Imam Hasan Huzaibi accepts the oath of all those associated with Ikhwan who are committed to enforcing Shariah and Fight in Allah's cause so as to uphold the ascendancy of the Quran and the Sunnah." His agents pounced on me before I could complete my statement. He dismissed my statement with a sneer. Then Hasan Ghalli took up the task of interrogation and asked me whether I had read Imam Syed Qutub's *Maalim fi-al-Tareeq*, which was affirmed by me. One of the audience, constituting officials, asked me to recount the gist of this work. I proceeded with reciting "In the Name of Allah, the Most Beneficent, the Most Merciful but I was interrupted by Shams who told that It was not the pulpit of a mosque and abused me as well. Hasan Khalil directed me to proceed with my account of the book.

I presented the following points "*Maalim fi-al-Tareeq* by Syed Qutub invited Muslims to return to the teachings of Allah, the Prophet *Sallallahu Alaihi Wasallam* and his conduct, to appreciate properly the concept of Tawhid. In other words, Muslims should repent. He also distinguishes between the right path and Jahiliyya which is in vogue. Any indifference to the Book leads the Ummah astray. The Ummah will be doing real service, if it returns to the Book and Sunnah and it is something very important in that it ensures stability for the Ummah." The silence was broken by Hasan Khalil's remark that my statement was an exercise in oratory. Someone also remarked that I had been a writer and editor of the Muslim Women's journal. They had with them copies of the journal and read out a passage from my editorials. While it was being read out Shams frowned at me and told that it was unintelligible to him. The agents kept on beating me. Hasan Khalil asked me how

interpreted the "*Kalima*." I answered: "The Prophet *Sallallahu Alaihi Wasallam* freed mankind of its servitude to gods and made it worship one Allah. This is the real meaning of *Kalima* that the revelation was sent down on Muhammad *Sallallahu Alaihi Wasallam* in the form of the Quran. We have to practise it both orally and practically and in it lies the concept of Tawhid." On hearing it Shams Badran lost all self-control and his agents started whipping me. In order to oblige me Hasan Khalil pleaded for some respite to me. He asked me whether I considered him as a Muslim or non-Muslim. I told that he should better apply the touchstone of the Quran and Sunna and thus arrive at the conclusion. My reply enraged him and triggered off a heap of indescribable abuses on me. I was too helpless to do anything. Nasser's agents embodying Jahiliya behaved like beasts and pounced upon all such persons who opposed them. Shams Badran directed Sifwat to whip me. Complying with this directive he brought an iron rod and two wooden stands. Three armed guards also appeared and thus the stage was set. I requested them to supply with trousers which they readily provided. I put it on in the adjoining room which was well-furnished and air-conditioned. On Shams Badran's instance I was hanged on the stand. I do not recollect how they tied and hanged me. Acting as a ruler Shams ordered Sifwat to inflict 500 whips on my body and the order was executed in no time. They flogged me in a barbaric manner. As the flogging was intensified, I felt the pain intolerable. Nonetheless, I did not betray any weakness and recited the name of Allah. I continued praying to the Almighty as the pain mounted up. Unaware of flogging I just went on repeating Allah's name. Eventually like a corpse I fell down. Though I was made to stand, I collapsed again; for, I was too weak to even stand. My legs were profusely bleeding, yet Shams and Sifwat insisted on me to stand. I tried to take the support of the wall but it was not permitted by Sifwat. When I asked

them to allow me to sit down, they refused by telling that I should better seek help from one whom I referred to as Allah. He should be invoked to save you from us. If you turn to Nasser, you will get some result. Though I did not say a word, he kept on telling such absurd remarks smacking as they do of Jahiliya. When he persisted in his question I told him that Allah is one Who is the Most Powerful. Then I was taken to hospital.

As I stepped out of Shams Badran's office I was breathing heavily. I wanted to take some rest for my limbs appeared to be tearing apart. I was passing through the gallery when I heard Hasan Khalil shouting at the top of his voice. He called me again to his office. When I entered the office I found Hameeda Qutub there, though it was difficult to recognise her in view of the sufferings she had undergone such as those of hunger, thirst, flogging and exhaustion.

Shams Badran asked Hameeda to verify my name. I was too dismayed to follow the interrogation of Hameeda. Perhaps Shams Badran was putting to her questions about Fatima Isa who was lodged in the cell opposite to mine. As Hameeda started answering his questions, I was directed to go out. The moment I went out, I fell unconscious. One Abdul Mabood applied some drug which I sniffed. This was effective in overcoming my unconsciousness. I was forced to walk followed by a host of guards waving whips. If I fell down on the ground I was flogged. Thus I covered the way. It was difficult for me to ascertain whether they had any human virtue. Someone told Sifwat to admit me to the cell number 5 while another directed him to take me to water. I was thrown into a cell and a nurse attended to my wounds. When the door opened Sifwat asked me to undress and jump over an iron wall. The idea was horrible. Gathering all my strength I told Sifwat that I will never undress myself. Sifwat full of pride, tore the sheet. He asked to put off the trousers as well. Though I told him not to compel

but he persisted. I had then to tell him to turn his face away and put off trousers. I was dressed now in torn cloths. What ordered me to jump into the water, I said that such attempt amounts to suicide. If you wish to do away with you are free to opt any measure. I believed them to be on killing me and I was justified in thinking so. I was however, afraid of it, for I wished to sacrifice myself in his cause. I indeed welcomed the idea. The agents forced me to jump into the water. On my refusal they started to flogging me. As it was impossible to withstand ordeal I collapsed on the ground. Sifwat and two other guards threw me into the well.

When I opened my eyes I found myself lying on ground. I was not therefore a well into which I was thrown. I turned to Allah saying, "O Allah! I am before you as one of the members of Ummah. As long as possible I will abide by my oath. Bestow on me Your Mercy and Patience." Sifwat went on with his flogging and asked me to sit down. When I took such a posture was impossible while in water, he asked me to make the posture which I do while saying prayers. He threatened me all the time. The water level touched my eyes when I sat. Sifwat ordered me not to move an inch. Any movement would entail further punishment, for Nasser's order says that I should be flogged daily one thousand times. The scene was so dreadful that I managed to forget the pain arising out of wounds. Had Allah not helped me, it was impossible to bear it. Sifwat was busy as usual in whipping me and told that I would be beaten even when I was asleep. He added further, "We will watch you. Any slight movement would result in more sufferings. You should not take any support. Huzaibi or Syed Qutub are not going to do you any good. It is Nasser's hell. Even your prayer to Allah will be of no avail. However, a request to Nasser will be readily granted. You should get the point. I will request him on your behalf. You have just to comply with his directives. Why have you been harming yourself?

Is it for the sake of Ikhwans who have saved themselves by holding you guilty."

I kept mum and that fool could not get anything. He continued telling that for saving my life I should do something. He would take me to the Pasha and tell him details of Nasser's assassination plan prepared by Huzaibi and Syed Qutub. Finally I burst: "All Ikhwans are innocent. Allah will certainly punish you soon. We are not interested in this world but in Allah's Pleasure and prepared to face whatever is there. He heaped on me abuses for half an hour. It was, ofcourse, impossible for me not to make even the slightest movement as asked by Sifwat. This mode of punishment was no less horrible than that of flogging. Any movement could drown me in water. I just turned to Allah. Since the guards were asleep, I offered Fajr prayers. In the middle of prayers the door was opened and I was flogged. I had, therefore to sit. As I dozed, water touched my eyes. Through out the night Sambo exercised his whip.

Crime

Next morning I was shifted to another cell. I sat beside the wall which was a little comfortable. My whole body was aching and writhing. I was crying in pain. Along with a black guard Sifwat entered and made some rehearsal for beating me. The guard was ordered by him to punish me. I prayed to Allah thus: "I am your servant and committed to the oath to the extent possible. Since I am too weak and helpless, I request you to ward off all evils from me and help me against the tyrants." The guard's voice broke my attention. He was calling out my name with affection. It was unbelievable but I found the light of humanity sparkling on his face. He promised of doing me all favours even if it entailed death penalty to him. I told him that Allah will guide and reward him. Suddenly the door was ajar and Sifwat started beating the guard threatening him of presenting before the court martial. He allowed him

another hour and asked him to go ahead with punishing me. This alone could save his life. The guard saluted him. Usual I was making all the time invocations to Allah. I said: "O Allah! In this Dawah of Yours we are Soldiers and martyrs. Save Your Army from all humiliation. Enable us to withstand all tortures. I thought the guard dictated by what will be another beast but he asked me politely why I was being punished. I answered that we call others to Allah and are interested in establishing an Islamic government in this country. As it was time for Zuhri prayers I offered them. As requested by the guard to pray for him which I did. The guard cursed Nasser's government. When I asked him whether he offered prayers he told that he did not do for fear of being arrested. But I told him to say prayers, for Allah will help him. He promised to follow my advice. There was a bang at the door and another person announced the arrival of Sifwat. Sifwat pounced on the guard and whipped him so ferociously that the poor guard fell unconscious. The other guard took him away. I was sorry to witness the end of such an honest person. However, it was good that Sifwat guided him and he, no more, obeyed the diabolical orders. Nonetheless it was too painful. It was now time for prayers.

Life in the Same Cell

As the sun set the Jailer incharge entered and took me to the cell. I was too hungry and thirsty. In the same cell I fell asleep and saw in a dream host of person dressed in black silk who were dining a sumptuous meal in glistening dishes. I took some food out of it. When I got up I felt no pangs of thirst or hunger. I thanked Allah for His favour.

Throughout the night I had to stay in the cell. Sifwat came to me and asked how long would I cling to my own point. He asked me to divulge everything and thus save my life. He insisted on me to disclose every point how

in contrivance with Syed Qutub and Huzaibi the assassination plan of Nasser was chalked out and when they directed me to ask Abdul Fattah Ismail to kill Nasser. I replied that nothing of the sort ever took place. On hearing this he abused me and went out.

After an hour Sifwat returned, who took me out of water and fetched me to a cell adjoining the one of water and then he returned. I shuddered at the events inside the cell and I turned wholeheartedly and devoutly to Allah and prayed to Him to keep me away from their intrigues and fraud.

Sifwat returned with an officer in uniform whose name was Ibrahim. He told me that the officer would have a talk with me. The officer directed Sifwat to go away and while addressing me he said, "Is not it better for you to think of your own benefits and work accordingly. They have no God of Whom they might be afraid. Do you know the fate of the armyman who refused to comply with orders concerning you. He has been shot dead. They have been training a group of bandits for you. Whatever they ask of you it is better to comply with it and thus save yourself from their clutches. Hasan Huzaibi, Syed Qutub and Abdul Fattah are responsible themselves for their faults." I kept mum, for I was tired of such methods of bargaining and intimidation. I could never anticipate that there was something worse in store for me. The officer talked to Sifwat in a manner as if he was displeased with his failure in negotiations. He told him to do with me whatever pleased him. Sifwat barged in saying that Nasser has called in some devils who will prey on you, he said: "How long would you avoid them? Time is passing fast and every passing moment is nearing you to death." Then he closed the doors. After Asr prayers I was shifted to the water cell where I spent the night. On the fourth day in the noon Sifwat took me out of water and put me into another cell. After Asr I was taken again to the water cell where I was put up till the fifth day Chasht

ver. Thus daily I was moved out from one cell to another besides being put to many hardships.

The Beast was Defeated in My cell

There was not a single part of my body which was free from pain or injury. So was there not a single part of my heart which was not tormented and filled with despondency and anguish. Are all the hardships in the prison actuated by a man? Are they human beings endowed with faculties of sight, speech, hearing and movement, and limbs? Nay, they are unique creatures moulded in an extraordinary fashion. I was moved out from one cell to another where I was flogged with whips by Sifwat. He hit me like a mad person and told that the treatment meted out to me would be worse than the one done to a dog. And after saying this he went away. A few moments later Hamza Bisuani and Sifwat entered with two armymen.

While abusing profusely, Hamza told that Huzaibi, Qutub and Abdul Fattah Ismail all had confessed their crimes. It was Huzaibi who told that he had directed you to Abdul Fattah that it was lawful to kill Nasser, for he is a believer. With eyes glittering with rage he said, "You know well how I can make you confess everything. Would you tell or not?"

Turning to Sifwat he asked him to give further directions and while pointing to the armymen he said that the important ones be sent to the office. Sifwat complied with the order. The directions he gave to the armymen were downright immoral and obscene. He ordered one of the armymen to go ahead in accordance with the directions. Addressing me as a son of bitch he told to call in another soldier when I finished his job and then he left.

As the soldier approached me I cried out, "Beware, if you move a step further I would kill you, kill you certainly. Do you follow?" But the soldier continued moving forward. The only thing that I recollect is that my hands gripped his neck and

while reciting "Bismillah" and "Allah-O-Akbar" I thrust with full force my teeth into his neck. Suddenly he slipped out of my hands and some white foam was coming out of his mouth. The beast was lying lifeless at my feet. And I being helpless and groaning with pain was waiting for being whipped, for I had prevailed over the beast. At that moment Allah had infused into me some unique energy, though I was so weak. The encounter was tough yet the truth prevailed. It symbolised the victory of the truth and served as a model for the sincere persons. Be all praise unto Allah. The rebels are demoralised whereas the inheritors of the Prophet *Sallallahu Alaihi Wasallam* are armed with the Power of Faith if they are in the prison. It is all due to the steadfastness of Believers.

O Allah! How Merciful and kind You are. You are the Lord of us and of all. They are the ones who transgress the limits set by Allah and fight against it. However, the Victory is always for the Righteous.

The doors of the cell opened and the head of agent Hamza Bisuani alongwith Sifwat and other soldiers entered. They looked at the beast whose mouth was full of foam. The scene cast a spell on them. Speechless they stood and with surprising looks they saw me. They took away the dead body and put me into the watercell.

From the Rats to Water

For full five days I remained in the water cell. On the sixth day in the noon at Chasht prayer time I was taken to the adjoining cell. My nerves were at the point of breakdown in view of the future happenings. Many kinds of torture were inflicted on me. I left everything to Allah and sat down with my back to the wall. I noticed some movement and when I looked I found a long chain of rats descending down the ventilator as if they were thrown inside from a bag. I started shivering and grew afraid. I continued reciting prayers as long as it was time for Zuhar prayers, with

Primum" I offered prayers and after finishing I kept busy with the remembrance of Allah till it was Asr time and I said my prayers.

At the time Sifwat entered while the rats had returned through the same ventilator. Only one or two rats were left. He looked all around the cell with expression of great surprise in his eyes and on his face. He looked sore over it and while abusing he left the room. He put me again into the water cell. On his return he was accompanied by Riaz, an officer, who tried to convince me. He said that the Ikhan organisation aimed at killing Nasser, capturing power and changing the government. I replied that it was a big lie. He used to assemble just for the sake of training new generation in the Quran and Sunnah so that they might follow Islam and strive for the establishment of the Islamic state. At this point he threatened me of dire consequences, if I insisted on my viewpoint. He told me also that I would be subjected to a more horrible treatment. I had to stay inside the water cell for full eight days. Then I was at the point of a breakdown owing to pain and exhaustion. My health had failed badly. It was after nine days that Sifwat turned up with an officer in uniform and took me out of water. Riaz started threatening me and said, "This is the last chance for you to survive. You should either confess or be ready for death. Your Lord has no doubt hell but the hell of Nasser is here. This is Nasser's heaven real and not imaginary as promised by your Lord."

They shut me in adjoining cell and returned. I prayed to Allah to keep me safe from their evil. As I was busy praying, ten soldiers with an officer entered and they were followed by Hamza Bisuani and Sifwat. Sifwat asked Bisuani of the orders about me. Then Bisuani asked soldiers what they would like to drink. When they replied that they would like to have tea, Bisuani abused them and asked Sifwat to arrange for wine and other intoxicants for the soldiers so that

they might do to me whatever pleased them. The soldiers were given full permission to do anything. Then they locked the cell and went out.

Riaz entered as if he was full of surprise yet proud and said, "You want to be chaste. Soldiers trained for you are in the hostels. They would feast on your flesh tomorrow. They have been provided with injuctions so that they might perform well the duties assigned to them. This is the very order of Nasser. He would not spare you in any case. We are tried of convincing you. Despite our repeated attempts, you have not changed your stand point. You wish to remain chaste. Tell me. O, Sifwat! Where is your rod?" Sifwat started thrashing me as he was incited by Riaz to go ahead. Riaz resumed thus: "O Lady! You want your tomb to be erected in the mosque after thirty years of your death in recognition of your miracles inside the prison. But you are here and even Satan does not know of the treatment meted out to you"

Despite anguish and suffering I laughed at him in order to mock at his pride and ignorance. I said, "Had your statement been true, Allah would not have saved us from your evils and not endowed us with the faculty of endurance. So would He not have also dominated over Nasser's hell. We are in quest of the Truth. We want Allah's Will and He would certainly make us victorious and deal a deadly blow to our enemies who are there to cut into pieces our flesh. Sifwat, standing at a distance, was called out by Riaz and said that I was delivering a speech. Sifwat and Riaz both resorted to whipping me. Then they spared me for the ordeal for the next day. As usual I was put inside water and the cell was locked. Allah knows best how sad and restless I felt. My whole body was almost exploding with pain. Oh my country! Have the things come to such a pass that there is no regard for laws and power is so badly abused. As my attention turned to the state of affairs in the country, I felt very sad. Not only I but so many others had been suf-

ing. The whole country was reduced to a military camp ruled over by Hamza Bisuani, Sifwat, Riaz and the blood-thirsty Shams Badran who formed a caucus holding the country in their clutches. I initially felt pity about my country. Soon, I, however, realised that the country would not remain in this state for long, as we had been upholding monotheism. Consequent on our extinction others would replace us and the earth will be illumined with Allah's glory and man will breathe quietly in servitude to Allah alone.

From Water to the Attorney

I beg indulgence for repetition. However, this is unavoidable, for I wish to present all details. The condition of Egypt was too bad. Oppression, arrest and killings loomed large. The diabolical forces were ascendant and everyone was being exploited. It included persons of all classes, be they intellectual, men of letters, military men or civilians. The old and the young, the male and the female and the healthy and the sick all were victimised. Everyone was subjected to lashes, hanging and other forms of torture. All had to suffer alike.

On the ninth day I was taken out of water. Sifwat told me to go to the lawyer, for I had been already punished and was supposed to defend myself. While giving me a threat he said that he knew my intention. As he dragged me on, I asked him to provide me with clothes so that I might cover my body. He thought it an opportune moment for bargaining and promised to bring me a sheet, if I gave in writing that Hasan Huzaibi and Syed Qutub were in collusion with each other in the assassination plot of Nasser in the capturing of power. When I refused to do so, he asked me to go head naked. He added further, "I wish to see how your Islam is going to help you. Let Ikhwan also see you in this condition." I replied, "Verily Allah is the best to know and hide out faults." I was shifted from the prisoner's camp to another building and was put in a room where I found a per-

son sitting near the table. The man was Jalal al-Deeb. He glanced and pointing towards me he asked me to sit down. As I sat in front of him, he started his conversation thus. "So you are Zainab al Ghazali, the famous Islamic leader. Why have you opted for this standpoint? Are you happy with your lot? Being a Muslim I am your well-wisher and intend to save you. Myself is Fakharuddin, a lawyer. It is somewhat unthinkable that Zainab al Ghazali is seated before me in this condition. I do believe you would cooperate with me so that I might help you out." I replied, "I would say only that which may please Allah, for this is our goal." This irked him and he asked me of age. I told him that I was borne on January 2, 1917, My reply amazed him, for he thought I was more than ninety years old. To this I replied, "We will get only that which Allah has ordained for us. He, alone, is our Friend and Believers depend only on Him." He said, "It appears you have some difficulty in talking." As I told that we had agreed on the point of training Muslim youth along Islamic lines and of the education based on the Book and Sunnah. This had been done with a view to saving society from the total ruin. He cut me short and said. No, no, I am not interested in a speech. I just want clarification. Huzaibi asked you to convey something to Abdul Fattah and something to Syed Qutub. What was it? I hope the question is quite obvious." To this I replied, "I sought Huzaibi's permission to study Mahalli of Ibn Hazam, books on Tawheed by Abdul Wahab and Ibn Taiymia and writings of Syed Qutub. I wanted them to read in the meetings of youth and Abdul Fattah was in the audience." Smiling at me he said, O Zainab! It is not the real point. My question is very obvious. It is now up to you to save yourself and tell the truth." I resumed thus, "Our aim has been to train a new generation and the reconstruction of the Muslim Ummah." He told that I was in tight corners, for others had made the confession. I told, "Allah would defend them and as well so that we might not be

trapped by evil." At this point he was on the verge of losing temper and said that he was least interested in my oratory. I had been a victim of self-deception and owing to it the State could not make any compromise with me. Though I was dead tired and unable to speak coherently, I continued thus, for I was oppressed, "Had the Ministry of Justice been conscientious." I was interrupted by him and he said, "Shut up! Now your butt of attack is the Egyptian ministry of Justice." He called in Sifwat and told that there was no point in pursuing me. I was held guilty of the contempt of court. Sifwat pulled me savagely and asked the attorney of my prison place. Prompt came the reply from him, "Take her to water." I was thus once again at the mercy of Sifwat's whipping and torture in the form of water. He had been incited by Satan in his devilish deeds. So had he gone astray in order to attain proximity to his superiors.

Bread and Whipping

On the tenth day after Asr prayers the doors of the water cell were opened. Sifwat, removing me from water, handed over me to two agents to take me to the prison No.3. They dumped me in a cell where I lay like a lifeless person groaning under the pain of injuries. My body was swollen as a football and I thought my heart had ceased functioning. I did not have the strength even to weep or cry. To Allah who controls everything in the universe I submitted myself.

I do not know how long I remained in this condition. When some noise was heard outside. Dragging myself with much difficulty I went to the door and peeped through the keyhole. I saw a number of Ikhwan standing in a row. They all had a bowl in their hands and they took it to the armyman who put something into it to drink and whipped as well. A number of soldiers were deputed to flog Ikhwans. Thus every Ikhwan was coerced to be flogged for taking food. One of military agents noticed me watching. He

therefore rushed into my cell like a wild animal and started kicking me with his boots. Then he resorted to hitting me with hunters. I collapsed and lay unconscious on the floor.

The cursed Sifwat and his colleague tried to bring me to senses. He had some pulse of black colour in a pot. The pulse was stinking. I was told to take it under the pain of ten whips. Sifwat directed his assistant to punish me with ten whips, if I refused to take it. I spent the night which was full of agony. My whole body was aching with pain. I spent the night in extreme uneasiness and anguish.

Hospital

It was the eleventh day when Sifwat opened the door with the announcement, "Dr. Majid, please come inside." Dr. Majid, dressed in military uniform was accompanied with the military compounder, Abdul Mabood. My feet were bleeding profusely with pus. The swelling was also very painful. The compounder was directed by the doctor to wash my injuries and take myself to hospital where I was shifted under the supervision of two soldiers.

In the Company of Shams

Just for a day I was in the hospital. In the hospital, too, I was subjected to torture. Only the place had been changed. Yet I thanked Allah, for I was in hospital which was, anyway, comparatively comfortable.

I wished to be in hospital for long so that my wounds might heal. But ah! The agents shattered my dreams and I was once again faced with bitter realities. The agents took me to the office of Shams Badran. With much difficulty I dragged my body. I was unable to keep the balance yet I was forced to move on, for the whips moved at my back. The moment I paused, the whips hit me. I could not cover the distance between the hospital and Shams's office. I fell down and was dragged by soldiers and thus I reached the office.

As the dreadful tyrant Shams looked at me, he called at Sifwat and started behaving in a queer manner. He looked enraged and horrible. His eyes were motionless and he looked like an owl. He moved towards me and directed Sifwat to hang me and treat with five hundred lashes. It was simply bestial. Shams alone was responsible for this torture.

I was now ready to face Sifwat who complied readily with the directive of his master and started lashing me. In all he had to flog me five hundred times. I called out the name of Allah. On hearing it he asked, "Where is Allah whom you are calling? He would have helped you, if He had been around. You should better seek Nasser's help who could readily help you." He continued uttering downright blasphemous remarks which a Believer cannot dare reproduce. After being flogged I was made to stand. The blood flowed from feet. Yet Shams Badran asked me to suffer further, as if it were the cure for my injuries.

After a short while I tried to sit beside the wall but Sifwat dragged me so violently that I collapsed. At that moment the beast of the prison house, Hamza entered and said, "She is just pretending." I fell unconscious. When I recovered, I found a doctor attending to me. He directed them to offer me orange juice. Shams Badran asked me not to persist further. He said, "Do as we tell you. Otherwise we could hang you as many as hundred times. You should not think that we are helpless. We are just giving you a chance. Nobody can stop us from burying you alive. I replied, "Allah does whatever He wills so that He might be pleased with me." Angrily he said, "don't talk to me in this style and manner." Hasan Khalil also tried to dissuade me thus, "Only! Use your reason. No Ikhwan would be of any help to you, for everyone of them is in misery seeking his own salvage." While taking out the pen and paper he resumed, "Sifwat! Take her to hospital and grant her freedom to write freely on Ikhwan. Let her tell how she was acquainted with them. How did they reach the consensus to assassinate

Nasser? On my way to the hospital I was directed to continue moving as is done to the child who is in the stage of learning to walk. Throughout my way he continued flogging me by saying that it in lay the cure for my feet injuries. Allah knows best how I covered the distance in reaching the hospital. Sifwat gave me the pen and paper saying, "O young Ikhwani! You know well our intention. There is no need for any philosophical discussion. Just write how you drew the assassination plan of Nasser." Then he left the room.

I did not have the strength even to hold the pen, for my hands were swollen. The day passed but I could not write anything. When Sifwat looked at the blank paper, he allowed me to take one more day. Though full of agony I commenced writing. On the third day Hamza Bisuani collected these paper. I passed the whole day miserably. Whenever I ever awoke, the pain in the feet tormented me. So did my bones ache while I fell asleep. Sifwat took me to Shams Badran's office and I had to go there on foot escorted by two soldiers. As I entered Shams's office, he looked at me angrily. Tearing my papers he said, "O lady! Have the punishments been not sufficient? What trash have you written. Hamza, flog her again." Hamza and Khalil said that it would be better to throw me before dogs. Shams Badran ordered for bringing dogs. In no time Sifwat and Najam managed to gather two trained huge dogs. I had faced them earlier. Shams directed the dogs to attack me. As they made the attack, I prayed to Allah. Both the dogs continued biting me and Shams showered on me abuses. He told me to write in detail about our plan to assassinate Nasser. Another dog also arrived on the scene. Thus three dogs were inflicting all sorts of injuries on me. On realising that the dogs would do no good; Shams ordered Sifwat to take them away and resume whipping. However, the doctor advised the whipping to be postponed, for my condition was too poor to withstand this torture. Shamas then asked Hamza to take me to the Room No.24. He was interested in

ing me dead. It was for the first time that I was taken to room no.24. I shuddered as I entered the room, for in the centre of the room flames were rising high. On all the corners soldiers were posted with rods in their hands. One of them, while whipping me, asked me to enter the fire. As I approached it another would obstruct and greet me with lashes. For full two hours it continued. Then Hamza Bisuani entered and directed me to admit that we had to kill Nasser otherwise he threatened to throw me in the fire. I just remained full of patience. Nonetheless, it was tormenting that I fell unconscious and recovered only in hospital.

Dramatic Scene of Coercion

One morning as I was taken out of my hospital ward I saw a number of photographers ready to swing into action. I was seated on a chair and was asked to put a cigarette into my mouth and in this pose I was to be snapped. I flatly refused to do so. They put pistols at my back to coerce me to take the cigarette. However, I did not at all relent. I told them to do whatever they wished to, but smoking pose was impossible. They contented themselves with a usual photograph. Next day I was asked to read out some anti-Nasser material on the T.V. I told them that if I got chance during the television programme I would publicly state that Nasser, being a disbeliever, is deadly opposed to Islam and the Ikhwans, therefore oppose him. Nasser has branded the Islamic form of government humiliating, backward and reactionary. He has borrowed freely from red communism, socialism and the system based on materialism. It is for this reason that we have been waging war against him. They had threatened again with pistols. I replied that just as they had failed yesterday in coercing me to take the cigarette, they would fail also in making me say anything against Ikhwans. In the presence of media men I refuse to be intimidated. We are the inheritors of the Message and the Book."

On hearing it they resorted again to whipping me. I was sent back to the ward.

Room No.32

Often did I wonder why the prison authorities were so keen about my confession while they had already arrested me and framed certain charges against me. If they have evidence, why they insist on me to give in writing that we intended to assassinate Nasser. It is so, owing to the reason, that they have no proof. Do they intend to uproot the forces championing Islam? As I reached Shams's office he was aghast at seeing me alive. for he had asked Hamza to kill me. Hamza entreated him to spare me and give another chance, I was again asked to write but I told them except the truth I would not write anything. I was not afraid of their killing me, for I would attain Martyrdom. Hasan Khalil told that he would not allow me to be a martyr. I replied, "It is Allah who ordains the Martyrdom of His creatures." This infuriated Shams who asked Sifwat to hang and flog me five hundred times. I was then whipped, though I was already wounded badly. I was then dumped in the cell. After sometime I was again taken to Shams' office who seated me on a chair and said, "You might think us stone-hearted. But we are indeed moved by your plight. My father teaches at al-Azhar." I looked at him contemptuously and now he was in his true colours. He ordered Hamza to take me to the room No.32 where I found two wooden planks and iron rings. I was made to stand on a chair and to hold the ring. As I did so, the chair was removed and thus I was suspended in the air. For ten minutes I could afford standing in this position. The moment I collapsed on the floor they started flogging me. I was again put in the same posture and then subjected to flogging. It continued for three hours.

Exaltation of Faith and the Humiliation of Falsehood

I was again presented at Shams Badran's office who directed me to occupy a chair. Jalal and Hasan Khalil persuaded me to write in accordance with their directives, for it would do me immense good. I told them that I would not write anything about the matters which I did not know. They said that they knew the truth.

Jalal was told to read out the files, particularly the one relating to Majeed Shazli. Shams then asked him to read out the extracts from Ikhwan's statement. In compliance with the order he read out the statement of Ali Usmavi which made me panicky. When he finished it, Shams feeling overjoyed asked my opinion about these statements. I said, "It is all fabricated and libelling." Shams Badran said, "It means that you deny having founded the Ikhwan organisation. Nonetheless it is quite evident from the Baykh's statement that you laid the foundations of this organisation." He then asked Jalal to reproduce Huzaibi's statement. Then he paused for a few moments and asked me to go ahead with Abdul Fattah Ismail's statement. He invited my opinion on his statement. Jalal moved from one to another and continued reading them out. As he finished, Shams asked for my comments on those statements. He put me a question, "Would you now write what you wish you to write?" When I told that those statements were a big lie, he looked down upon me and asked what was the truth. I replied that Ali Usmavi's statement was totally wrong. In so far as the statements of other Ikhwans are at issue, they are Champions of the Truth hence none of such statements can be attributed to them. On hearing my reply Shams asked Sifwat to hang me and called in Ali Usmavi and the two hounds. Ali Usmavi was dressed immaculately. He did not at all appear to have undergone any torment. As I looked at him and compared his appearance to our lot, I inferred readily that he has been a traitor and that he has been a prey to the oppressors and tyrants in betraying

Ikhwans. He is now one of those who are devoid of any morality or goodness and thus he is one of the accomplices of Jamal Abdul Nasser. Shams Badran told him, "O Ali! What transpired when you went last to Zainab al-Ghazali?" Usmavi replied, "She gave me one thousand Jinaiih to be taken to Ghada Ammara and they were to reach finally Huzaibi or Qutub. I was told to contact Ghada and Hameeda in the event of arrest or shortage of money, for the two ladies managed money matters." Shams Badran asked me, "O Zainab! How much was the amount? Why were you so fearless? The Ikhwans from Sudan and Saudi Arabia had sent the donation of 4,000 Jinaiih for assisting the families of prisoners. They were meant also for expenses on education and house rent of such families. We spent the sum of 1,000 Jinaiih out of this fund on these heads on the last Idd. The one standing before you was given 1,000 Jinaiih for the expenses of Abdul Fattah Ismail's family." Shams Badran again asked Ali, "What did you take the last time at Zainab al-Ghazali's house? Usmavi replied, "I was served with rice along with liver." With this reply the interview with Usmavi was over and he left the room eliciting special favours from Shams Badran. Shams asked Hamza to present Abdul Fattah who was brought by Hamza Bisuani. Abdul Fattah Ismail's face was beaming with the radiance of the Believer and which suited well a truthful person. He was dressed in prison rags. Though the marks of torture meted out to this fighter in the Cause of the Truth and Monin were quite evident. He greeted me with Salam to which I responded. Shams asked Abdul Fattah about his business with me. Abdul Fattah's honest reply came as a great shock to these ignorant persons. He told, "She is a sister to me in the cause of Allah. We had been cooperating with each other in the youth training programme based on the Quran and Sunnah. The natural outcome of this training programme could be the replacement of the Jahiliyya government by the Islamic government." Shams Badran interrupted him sternly thus:

Are you delivering a speech? You are no more addressing from a pulpit. O son of so and so! Get out! Be off!" Abdul Fattah Ismail left in the manner he had entered. While going out he again said me Salam to which I responded similarly. A torrent of Vulger abuses burst out from Shams Badran's mouth. I however, felt relieved on witnessing the sight of sublimity, greatness and nobility as depicted in Abdul Fattah's attitude. I thanked Allah for his show of courage and greatness. There are such persons also created by Allah. May Allah protect them for His Dawah. Notwithstanding the treason and betrayal of Ali Usmavi there exist embodiments of patience, bearers of the truth and makers of the ultimate reality. This train of thought was disturbed by Shams Badran's cries who was telling, "Take away the lady and bring her back with the desired settlement." Hasan Khalil gave the pen and paper and I was taken to the hospital. Though I had the pen and paper I was at a fix what to write. They wanted me to write such material which was disapproved by Allah and contrary to my religion. I was determined to write nothing of that sort. I would cooperate with only those who were on the Path of Allah and His Prophet. *Sallallahu Alaihi Wasallam* There is no god except Allah and Muhammad *Sallallahu Alaihi Wasallam* is His Messenger. We would pray Him alone. O Lord! Grant us consistency and make us die in the state of Belief and Islam. The gods of the day may thrive today but the Last Day is ordained. Soon would the tyrant know his fate.

The next day Hamza Bisuani, Riaz and Sifwat came and took away the paper. After an hour they returned and owing to my inability to walk they took me to Shams's office in a vehicle. I found Shams tearing my writing and throwing it into the waste paper basket. He was saying, "These are your papers. I would draw blood from your body to force you to write in accordance with our wishes." After being

subjected to abuses and whipping I was taken back to hospital.

Abdul Nasser Ordered my Execution

I was under medical treatment for a few days in the hospital, for I was on the verge of death. One day at the time of the sunset I was carried to the office of Shams Badran. I was not, however, allowed to enter the office. I was told to turn my face towards an electric machine which was emitting hot air. Throughout the night I was made to stand facing the cursed machine. The next morning I was taken back to hospital. As Dr. Majeed examined me, he asked Abdul Mabood whether I was taken out the last night, for I looked pale. Abdul Mabood served me some bread and jam after half an hour and told that it was done in accordance with the directions of the doctor.

At dusk I was taken out of the hospital and was transferred to the room adjoining Shams Baran's office. Hamza, Sifwat and Riaz entered and started whispering among themselves. Two of them left but the third one stayed back. All of a sudden he started tearing off his clothes. He yelled that I was a frenetic and threatened that my refusal would result in my death today. Then he asked me about the whereabouts of Awad, Rafat, and Ismail al-Fauimi. He added that everyday ten Ikhwan were killed in the prison. To this I said that those killed are indeed the Martyrs whose abode is Paradise. This unnerved him further and he said that if hounds, fire, water and whipping had failed to make any difference in my context, I would be slaughtered by Pasha, who had already obtained Nasser's consent. He asked me of my plan. I replied, "Allah alone does what He wills." He foolishly said, "Do you want us to act in the manner you like? Do you want us to desert Russia that rules over half of the world? Do you expect us to comply with the wishes of persons such as Huzaibi, Syed Qutub and Hasan Al-Banna? You all are mad persons. We are not like you.

Give me the answers." I replied, "They are the ones who, on being told that there is no god save Allah, proudly say how could they denounce their gods for fear of a crazy poet. Their gods were indeed idols and those in power used to safeguard the interests of these idols. They are the ones who charged the Prophet Muhammad *Sallallahu Alaihi Wasallam* with madness. History is repeating itself today. You brand those inviting others to Allah as mad person. You are indeed under the sway of diabolical forces and are following the path of evil. For money you are degrading yourselves. Do you wish to incur Allah's wrath by humiliating his servants?"

My reply infuriated him, as he burst out, "Do you intend to take us to the path of stagnation and backwardness?" It was then that the door opened and army men barged in like a herd of beasts. They tortured me with lashes while Riaz enjoyed it and said, "By God, I am mad to you, O Zainab! I, however, am concerned for you" I was reciting prayers. I said, "What do you mean by your madness and concern? Do you fear me? You are absolutely right. Your only interest is in my confession. Nonetheless, your allegations, lies, implicating me in crimes and attributing so many false things to me have all been exposed." This again enraged Riaz who said, "How do you manage to survive? You are not all applying reason. Doctors are also of the view that you would die, if you are not fed." Then Hamza and Sifwat entered and they asked Riaz, "How is our progress? We believe you have made her see reason" I just looked down on Hamza and asked him what he meant by being crazy. Hamza just stared at me and while turning to Sifwat he told him to take me to Pasha's office.

Pasha's Office

Shams seated me said, "I think there is no point in hostility between us. You write what we desire." I asked, "Do you want me to write that we intended to kill Nasser? This

is just impossible. We used to gather, as directed by the Quran and Hadith, so that we might tell masses how to obey Allah instead of bowing down before diabolical forces. We wished masses to establish Allah's Deen and to decide matters of consequence in the light of the Book. We do not disobey Allah. Our effort had been to follow Allah's directives as far as possible. In the event of any shortcoming on our part, we used to repent. We do believe that the present government is ignorant and it is, therefore, to be overthrown. We wanted to do so not by a show of force but with the strong Islamic spirit imbued in masses, which alone could help the Islamic state establish." My statement provoked them so much that I was severely whipped. Yet I continued saying, "I would never give the desired statement. Even if you kill me, I am not going to write so. For me life has no value." Shams Badran asked, "In your last statement, which I have destroyed, no mention of Abdul Aziz Ali was made by you." I asked who Abdul Aziz Ali was. He replied that Abdul Aziz Pasha was the one who was appointed minister by Nasser but he proved an ungrateful fellow. I now recollected that Abdul Aziz Ali was the leader of the "Black Hand" movement directed against the British. He was one of the top leaders of the National Party and Abdul Nasser along with his other colleagues used to learn nationalism from him. I added, "He is a great man and friend of my husband. He happens to be one of us in the Fight for Allah. His wife, a member of Muslim Women Centre, is my friend as well." He asked me why Abdul Aziz Ali was not associated with Ikhwan? I told that I had reservations about some persons. It again enraged Shams Badran who ordered for my whipping. For some time they whispered. Then Hasan Khalil said, "We are interested in knowing why you introduced Abdul Aziz to Abdul Fattah Ismail and where did they meet?" I replied, "While I lay hospitalised for my leg fracture, as an intrigue of your intelligence department, Abdul Aziz and his wife used to visit

me. Their visits continued even after my discharge. One day Abdul Fattah Ismail visited me and they were, by chance, present. This accounts for their mutual introduction. I remember just this much about this matter." Hasan Khalil said, "O Zainab! We believe that their meeting was accidental but how was Abdul Aziz Ali introduced to Farid Abdul Khaliq at your house?" I answered, "while once the nurse attended to me, Abdul Aziz waited outside the room. And on the very time Farid Abdul Khaliq also visited me. I thus introduced them to each other." But Shams Badran remained angry and he summoned Sifwat. I regained consciousness in hospital. My both feet were bandaged and I felt undergoing intolerable agony.

Big Whim

I was hospitalised for a few days. Then I was taken again to Shams Badran's office. I found him insisting on his whims. For him it was a reality that we had planned to assassinate Nasser. Looking at me, full of surprise, Shams Badran asked, "Are you still alive, though subjected to such hardships?" I replied, "Allah says that the Ashab-al-Ahzood were killed and their killers were mad with falsehood whereas the Martyrs were indeed the trusted fellows. They had made it a point to convey the Message and thus fulfil the trust reposed in them." Shams Badran retorted, "We follow none of this style. Do you still believe in God, though since 1948 you have been facing defeat? You lost the battle in 1954 against Farooq and again in 1965. Where is your so-called God? I answered "We won in 1948, in 1954 as well as in 1965." He resumed, "We behave towards you like animals. We drown you, throw you in fire, put you before hounds. Why does not your God come to your rescue? O defeated lady! Tell us." I said, "You should not suffer from the delusion that by inflicting all sorts of torture you can overcome us. You are in fact overawed by us." In an angry tone he replied, "Keep quiet! You all are criminals." I refuted this al-

legation by saying that we are the Messengers, Champions of the Truth and signs of light. He asked me, "How do you say that you overawe us?" "Since we believe in God, I replied, we overawe you and are confident. We fight in His way. We would be defeated only when we give up the ideals of championing and upholding Tauheed and Jihad for achieving these ends. Islam is, in fact, a life system for temporal, political and social affairs. Islam stands for enforcing social justice and is a war against man's subservience to man and for establishing Allah's supremacy. For disobeying Allah man should not bow before fellow human beings. One who has conviction about Islam associates himself with Allah. How can such a person, believing in Allah, fear the creatures of Allah? For a Believer the world is not important, for the reality dawns on him. O misguided and liars! What can you afford to do? You simply torture our bodies, kill us, deny us food and water. Since you have rods in your hands, you inflict pain on us. However, for us all these things are trivial. You have caused us to separate, for we belong to Allah's party and you owe allegiance to Satan. Those who fight against Allah and His Prophet *Sallallahu Alaihi Wasallam* are the worst persons. Allah has already ordained that He and His Prophet *Sallallahu Alaihi Wasallam* would have the upper hand. Verily Allah is Mighty and Powerful." My speech based on the concept of Tauheed provoked the beast Shams Badran so much that he appeared as if stung by a scorpion. He yelled, "Sifwat, O Sifwat! Hang her and strike five hundred lashes." Accordingly I was whipped and was interrogated again. As I stood firm by my stance, Shams ordered for another two hundred fifty lashes. While I was lashed, I fell unconscious. When I recovered, I found myself lying in hospital and surrounded by doctors who were attending to me. I was in hospital for a few days. Again, I was fetched on a stretcher to Shams Badran's office. I asked him of his identity, to which he replied that he would take me to the law court. I asked,

"What do you want of me?" Intimidating me, he asked me to behave properly and added that I was not fit for another round of torture, though the arrangement for the same was already there. I said, "Allah is there to help me." He asked, "Why did Muhammad Qutub and youths of Ikhwan used to gather in your house?" I replied, "Muhammad Qutub along with his sisters used to visit me frequently." Irked by my reply Shams heaped on me a torrent of abuses and repeated the question again, "Why did Muhammad Qutub and other Ikhwan youths assemble in your house?" I ignored his abuses and told that by chance Muhammad Qutub met some workers who came to my house. He clarified his questions thus: "O lady! the youths requested you to arrange for their meeting with Muhammad Qutub and that is why they assembled in your house at lunch and they had the meeting. Isn't it so?" With full confidence I replied, "Soon after the publication of Muhammad Qutub's 'al-Nazoor Wa al-Bashat' and 'Jahilyial al-Quran al-Ashreen', some youths wanted to clarify some of the points raised in the above books with Muhammad Qutub, who graciously accepted their request on many occasions." He then asked, "Why did Abdul Fattah Ismail join such meetings?" I replied, "Because he is the best of the righteous Ikhwan youths." My answer was greeted with scorn and he further enquired, "How did you reach the consensus to assassinate Nasser?" I replied, "The assassination plan of Nasser is a story fabricated by you." Shams asked me why I did not join the legal profession. I, therefore, said, "Allah has always kept me in good fate. I invite everyone to Allah and would continue this mission as long as he wants it." Shams Badran pounced on me and started kicking me while saying that today he would kill me. He asked me also the name of the organisation established by Muhammad Qutub and myself and who was to be the killer of Nasser, Abdul Fattah or al-Fumi? I replied, "You have already killed al-Fumi. What is left now?" On hearing my rejoinder he laughed aloud telling to Sifwat

that I was in love with al-Fumi. Sifwat resorted to a rod and beat me so much that I lost consciousness. For bearing another round of torture and misbehaviour I was shifted again to hospital.

Shams's Insistence on His Whim

For the second time I was taken to Shams's office, for I had regained my senses. I was, as usual, taken there on a stretcher. Shams sitting among his friends seated me on a chair and said, "O Lady! You cannot even stand a slight thrashing. You better take mercy on yourself. By Nasser I would bury you alive with Fattuhi." One of his friends added, O Zainab! Keep in your mind your own interests and make proper replies so that we might arrive at some conclusions." In a fit of anger Shams said, "Recall the fact that a messenger from Fawad Sirajuddin came to you requesting you to join Ikhwan so that they might cooperate with you in overthrowing Nasser. The same messenger informed you that there are such persons in Mushir Amir's office who would cooperate with you." I was amazed at their fabricated story and said firmly, "It is all lie. Fawad Sirajuddin never sent anyone to me for any purpose. I have not even met Fawad for twelve years. My husband saw Fawad Sirajuddin in a public exhibition by chance and it was there that he enquired after me." The accursed fellows swung into action and like hungry snakes they started torturing all parts of my body. I felt myself roasted in fire. They were torturing me, though my feet were already bandaged and the wounds had not healed. While striking lashes they asked whether Fawad Sirajuddin had sent me any message. As I replied in negative, Shams directed them to inflict on me more torture. Since I fell unconscious, the whipping was suspended and I was taken to hospital.

For the third time too, I was taken to Shams's office who was intoxicated by his power. "Listen! Nothing can deter us from our path. We bury twenty of you dogs

everyday and thousands of you can be killed by us. By Nasser, if you fail to act in accordance with our wishes, we would bury you alive." I just ignored him. This enraged him further and asked me to reply him otherwise he would kill me by hanging I said, "Allah is the Best to do and He is sufficient for us and is our best Helper. O Allah, grant us patience and cause us to die in the state of faith." Shams asked Sifwat to bring forward hounds. Two trained hounds were directed towards me and they attacked me as their favourite prey. I was groaning under the pain and prayed to Allah to keep this evil off me. Hamza said, "O Pasha! She has turned pale and is about to die." Shams then asked for a stretcher for dumping me in hospital. In the darkness of the midnight I was taken, for the fourth time, to Shams's office. It is a bitter reality that a group was bent on uprooting the Champions of Islam and thus giving a deadly blow to Islam and for paving the way for the forces of disbelief and nihilism. As I was seated on a chair in Shams's office, I lost consciousness. I was given lemon drink and an injection which restored my consciousness. Shams Badran thus commenced: "O lady! Just think of it. You have become a problem to us. We are not savage, as you say. Nasser is a very large hearted person. If you tell the truth, he would certainly pardon you. In view of your own interests you should speak the truth." I said, "Truth? Tell Nasser that he is an usurper and rebel against Allah. He should better repent and follow light instead of darkness. He should refrain from evil and practise truth and justice. Those employed by you have a diseased heart. You all have been suffering." Alarmed at my reply they asked whether the same should be conveyed to Nasser. I affirmed that all I said was meant for conveying it to Nasser. They all branded me as mad and recommended electric shock as a cure for me. They were non-plussed on hearing someone against their word. Shams Badran asked Hamza of the two hungry hounds. At this Hasan came to me and said, "O Zainab! Try

to save your life. You are about to die. Ikhwan have save themselves in view of their own interests. I think Ali Us-mavi would be also presented so that he may throw some light on Fawad Sirajuddin's messenger." Shams Badran also joined him by saying "O lady! Do remember that you would be presented before Ali Usmavi." I replied, "Ali Usmavi has sold himself for a few coins to the forces of evil and has thus incurred loss in both the world and the Hereafter. Moreover, the story about Sirajuddin is totally fabricated which is aimed at humiliating persons of character and conscience."

Saeed Abdul Kareem, an officer also entered the inter-rogated room and said, "O Zainab! I give you some hints about Sirajuddin, which might help you. You know Hus-saini Abdul Ghaffar, an Ikhwan, who, however, parted com-pany along with Sayedna Muhammad. Often did you have an exchange of views with him about his return to Ikhwan. You wished him to re-enter the ranks of the organisation." I said, "May Allah help us and He alone is the best to help. In the Cause of Allah, Husaini Abdul Ghaffar was one of our bretheren. He did belong to the youth group led by Syedna Muhammed. I talked to him for re-joining the organisation, which he declined. He had no connection with Sirajuddin. Since he belonged to the Ihrar wing, he was poles apart from him. Hasan Khalil said, "That is true. But suppose Ihrar, Saadi, Wafadi and Ikhwani agree on something, the problem will be solved" I, however, contradicted by saying that Ikhwan are different from others. Others have not studied or imbibed the Islamic ideology." Shams directed them to whip me. However, Abdul Kareem said, "Give her some change to conclude her statement." I said, "Ikhwan reflect on the source of Islamic beliefs. This knowledge they gain from the Scripture through "Seerah." For Ikhwan all that is related to Islam is of Utmost importance. They are ready to lay down their lives in the Cause. They are interested in seeing the earth free of all tyrants. For

em Allah alone deserves Sovereignty and this alone can and the Islamic colour to Ummah and society. As Prophet Muhammad *Sallallahu Alaihi Wasallam* did not make any special call, he raised his voice not for just social justice not for monotheism. He gathered masses round the concept of oneness and those who embraced Islam believed to the depth of their heart that no one other than Allah is worthy of worship and Allah is the Lord, the sole Master, the Sustainer and Powerful enough to do good or harm. He alone governs the matters of life and death. His is the role of the forgiver and Statesman. The migrants to Madina formed the first batch of Muslims and they dedicated themselves to the establishment of Ummah. The Quranic command-ments relating to the lawful and the forbidden were revealed piecemeal to the Prophet *Sallallahu Alaihi Wasallam* and this led finally to the formation of the Muslim Ummah which established a just social order and illuminated the human set up."

Shams interrupted, "Is this the story of Sirajuddin?" I replied, "It is cooked up by you. For money-making someone fabricated it. All that I can say about Sirajuddin is that he was a national leader devoted to the welfare of the country. I think, he has now dissociated himself from all activities." Shams asked for the hounds and they, in no time, started biting me. I was bleeding profusely. The doctor tried to do me some relief. At the same time I heard the call to Fajr prayers which made me unusually calm and collected. Though I was being constantly whipped, I felt relieved. In line with the Quranic prayer I muttered, "O the mightiest of the mighty and the Sustainer! I belong to the mercy of the Prophet's (*Sallallahu Alaihi Wasallam*) ancestor, the Prophet Ibrahim. O grant me the strength to ensure that I would not associate anyone with Allah and I did not worship those whom the non-believers adore" Upon regaining consciousness I found myself in hospital.

Ascendancy of Lust and the Lowly Persons

When authority vests with non-entities and those at the helm of affairs are themselves ignorant fellows, the government is transformed into dictatorship and it becomes a curse for masses. Such a government acts in accordance with its whims. Presently political pygmies enjoying power were exploiting masses. The law was a silent spectator and humanity had no room. All that is good had vanished from the country. When I was presented before Shams in his office, he and his associates asked me, "What was Sirajuddin's message conveyed through Abdul Ghaffar? Who are the persons in Mushir Aamir's office who cooperate with Fawad Sirajuddin? What was the demand for revolution? To this I replied, "Husaini Abdul Ghaffar is my brother in Islam. I know nothing about the allegations against him." Saadu Hasan Khalil asked, "O Listen Zainab! Did Husaini not meet Abdul Fattah in your house? Did you not ask Husaini to join the ranks of Ikhwan?" I said, "It was no crime to request Husaini to join Ikhwan. For he believed the mission of the Ikhwan to be true. His wish is to see the Ikhwan successful so that masses might turn to the Allah's Book and the Prophet's (*Sallallahu Alaihi Wasallam*) Sunnah. Husaini met, no doubt, Abdul Fattah Ismail in my house. They discussed the backwardness of Muslims. Their meeting was, however, by chance. Abdul Fattah spoke highly of Husaini and told me that he was a righteous, sincere person having connections with mystics." One of them interrupted, "Husaini has disclosed everything. Why do you intend to sacrifice yourself for the Ikhwan? You wish to save even Husaini and Fawad Sirajuddin. This is the last chance for you to tell us in detail about Husaini, Fawad Sirajuddin and the persons working in Mushir Aamir's office. We would present before you the blind Husaini and Fawad Sirajuddin." I said, "Thanks be to Allah. We look into things not with our external eyes. Even after being blind we are not deprived of sight, for our hearts perform this duty."

Shams Badran started yelling like a person bitten by some snake. He asked Sifwat to bring hounds. One of his associates tried to cool him down by saying, "O no sir! Spare her, for she is not conscious of her interests. Nor is she receiving her death." I replied, "It is Allah Who causes death. You are helpless. Allah is the Doer and Mighty." One of the officers sitting round asked Sifwat to present Husaini and to take me to hospital. Like bats they carried their activity mainly in night I was made to sit in Shams' room. A few moments later Husaini entered with a fractured hand. His feet were also injured. In fact all parts of his body were reflective of the torture meted out to him. Husaini greeted me as he entered to which I also responded. In a mocking tone Shams asked him of the affair between him and me. Husaini told that everything was as per record. Shams gave him some papers and directed him to read them out. I was totally unconcerned with the papers presented to him. I was busy thinking how to save Husaini so that he might not be subjected to any further torture. I was convinced that Husaini had been compelled to write. Husaini commenced reading out the papers. Many of the points mentioned in them were simply unthinkable. They betrayed a perverted thinking. Shams asked me of my opinion. I said that owing to your torture he has made a statement. Shams asked whether I did not believe Husaini's statement to be true. I replied that Husaini does not tell lies. He has been, in fact, coerced to make this statement. Shams lost his temper and asked what I meant. Saadu Hasan Khalil asked to verify Husaini's statement. They asked, "Would you lay down your life for defending Husaini?" I told that I did not mean any such thing. Shams asked, "O Husaini! Did you convey Sirajuddin's message to Zainab? I turned to Husaini and said, "Did not you receive Fawad Pasha Sirajuddin's letter? Husaini replied that it was Fawad Sirajuddin Saghir's letter. I said, "I know Fawad Pasha Sirajuddin. Who is this Fawad Saghir?"

Husaini clarified that he was Fawad Pasha's cousin. I then requested him to shed some more light on this matter. He replied, "It comprises just one point which was reported to me by Ali Sulaiman and I passed on the same to Zainab." Shams asked Husaini to get out of the room. I told Shams, "Why did you stretch just a point to a story. You tyrants have not spread even Fawad Pasha." Shams called in Sifwat to flog me. Later I was shifted to hospital.

Torture in Hospital

Next day Hamza along with a military officer visited me in hospital. Hamza asked Abdul Mabood to arrange for a chair and table which were brought in no time. Hamza seated Abdul Mabood near the table and directed him to note down all that I dictated. Sifwat brought in a lot of files. Hamza took out papers from the files and directed me to dictate them. The papers were related to Huzaibi, Syed Qutub, Abdul Fattah, Hawash and Abdul Majeed. I told them I would write all that I knew and nothing else. I would not attribute anything to the Ikhwan, though you want so. Hamza said, "You are free to do whatever you want. We would send you to Shams's office where you will taste all kinds of torture. I dictated to Abdul Mabood all that I knew. Next day I was taken to Shams Badran's office. Shams dumped a few torn pages in the waste paper basket. And lowering himself to the depth of impertinence he spoke, "O lady! Do you want to sabotage our enquiry? Do you intend to exonerate the Ikhwan, though our reports are very authentic? You must abide by them." I replied, "I adhere to all that I consider to be the truth. I would say all that I subscribe to. I would not utter a word which might be contrary to the Ikhwan. You have tried your level best with your lashes and other modes of torture." Shams Badran cried hysterically, "Take her off! I wish to see her dead body. I would sign the papers for her burial. They locked me in a room and for an hour I was whipped. Then

They put me in front of an air-conditioning machine where I had to stay for full six hours. I felt all along as if I had been standing on fire. My bones were aching with pain. After midnight I was taken again to Shams Badran's office who asked me to accompany him. He added further, "The President Nasser would pardon you. Other Ikhwan have confessed their crimes. If you give your consent, you would be taken to the President the next morning and be sent back to your house. The ban on Muslim women's centre would also be lifted. Fifty thousand jayniha, including the confiscated funds of your organisation, would be granted for building offices and another ten thousand per annum for running out your magazine." One of those sitting there asked whether our organisation owned any land. I replied that we had in possession six thousand metre land for building girl students training centre, guest house, lecture hall, central office, mosque, a building for learning the Quran by heart, primary and secondary schools building and a centre for lady speakers. He asked further, "How did you manage these lands?" I replied it was done through donations and in Nasser's name. He said, "It is a golden chance so graciously made available by Nasser. You would now be able to return home and restore the organisation. Many benefits would accrue to you from the President's patronage. I replied, "We trust in Allah alone. Allah is above all usurpers and diabolical forces that exploit land, wealth and rights of commoners. We do not require anything of you. I would never give my consent for a meeting with Nasser. I do not wish to shake hands with one whose hands are stained with the blood of Nail Fayohi, Rafat Bakr and Abdul Qadir Auddah. I would never keep any track with them. The Martyrs were doubtless the great personalities that tried to resurrect the past glory." As I uttered these words, I was badly mishandled and I collapsed. Shams Badran directed Hamza to take me to the room no.34. I was dumped in the room number 34 which was dark as the grave. It had two hounds inside as

well. Since I could not locate the Qiblah, I just started saying prayers. I intended to keep a close contact with Allah so as to defend myself against their evil designs. While I said prayers, hounds bit me in all parts of my body, though being lost in my prayers I hardly felt any pain. After an hour the door opened and I was shifted to hospital. After Isha prayers I was presented in Shams's office. Shams said, "Zainab, three years ago about fifty Ikhwans drawn from all parts of the country assembled at your house. What did happen there? I replied that we said congregational prayers of Maghrib then of Isha and Taraweeh but he insisted on disclosing the aim of the assembly. I replied, "I do not remember." He asked, "Did they take breakfast at your house? I replied, "Some of them did." He persisted in asking, "Why did they assemble?" I replied, "We used to study Islam so as to fortify ourselves against the onslaughts made by forces of atheism." He asked, "Why did they gather in your house in particular?" I replied, "For I am by the grace of Allah a Muslim." He asked, "What is Jahiliya, Islam or atheism?" I answered that he could get a pamphlet preaching communism, permissiveness and atheism in any street. This angered him and he said that all I told was rubbish and he asked me the names of those present in that gathering. I replied that I did not recollect their names. He then asked, "One of those met Huzaibi and went to Huzaibi's house for making a call. Who was he? I told that all I remember is that one of the participants sought permission to meet Huzaibi. But I failed to understand what was wrong in it." He asked why we used to assemble. He added further, "The one who had gone to Huzaibi's house was Abdul Fattah Shareef. Isn't it so? If you fail to answer, I would hang you. You had then decided to overthrow the government and kill Nasser." I gave my rejoinder, "We had decided only to fight against the forces of Jahiliya, permissiveness and communism to preach the teachings of the Quran and to make the Quran and Sunnah as the decisive

factor in our life." He asked me of the role of al-Azhar and ordered Sifwat to whip me. As I was lashed, I kept on muttering the Glory and Greatness of Allah till I fell unconscious.

CHAPTER V

And Pharaoh Conceded

When I regained consciousness I found myself lying on the floor. Medical aid was provided to me. With much difficulty I could recognise Nasir Abdul Hakeem Aamir who was patting me. His presence enlivened me. I was given orange juice and was seated. They offered me also a cup of tea. I realised something important was in the offing. Shams Badran started thus: "O Zainab, I want you to answer my questions frankly. Suppose Ikhwan are at the helm of affairs and we are tried, what would you do? I replied, "I would not accompany those who have tortured us. Nor would I intend to join hands with those who have indulged in bloodshed or have been unjustly in power." He said, "Keep quiet! I am just asking of your attitude, had you been in my shoes." I answered, "We are seekers of the Truth. Power is not our goal. We have determined to sacrifice our lives for championing the credal statement: "There is no god but Allah. Allah has certainly bestowed heaven in return for our wealth and property." Shams Badran again interrupted, "O Zainab, shut up! I once again ask you of your attitude, if you are vested with authority." I replied, "We do not seek authority. We are trustees of the covenant made for the good of mankind and for obedience to Allah so as to make this

country illuminated with the Islamic resurgence." Hysterically Shams yelled, "Keep quiet, quiet. I just want a categorical answer to the question that in the event you are to decide my fate, how would you act?" I replied, "Sometimes it takes very long to establish the Islamic government. We should not act in haste. Women should get a chance to train the male members of Ummah." Shams behaved as a totally confused person and cried, "O lady, suppose you were in my place, what would be your treatment?" I said, "Islam stands for light, justice and mercy and not for rods or murder or torture or prison or exile or burying alive or the berating of the Martyrs or the mass expulsion of children and widows. High-handedness is alien to Islam which re-presents justice in a logical manner." Like a defeated person Shams shouted, "Keep quiet! Sifwat! Hang and whip her." The same was done by Sifwat. All parts of my body received injuries. The blood flowed from all parts and I lost consciousness. The doctor, however, advised to take me down, for my condition was serious. Shams continued abusing me. One of the officers said that they were interested in keeping me alive so as to present before the court. This was endorsed by Sifwat who told that my prosecution would be a lesson for the whole nation. The doctor told that he needed some medicines which were out of stock and Shams arranged for them from Mushir Aamir's store. I was taken to hospital. However, I do not recollect anything about the night. I had just a vague idea of my encounter with Shams Badran in the presence of Nasir Abdul Hakeem.

The Real Conspiracy--A Point

I was given medical aid, for they wished to keep me alive. For masses I was a criminal. I was provided with medicine for my presentation before the court. I spent three days in a state of unconsciousness. One evening I heard voices of Murad and Sifwat from Brother Ahmad's

cell. They were enquiring Saiful Islam al-Banna's address of him, which he told. After three hours they returned to Ahmad Kamal and asked him of al-Banna's office address. Saiful Islam al-Banna is the son of al-Banna Shaheed. I prayed for him and his mother and sisters, for his mother is a heart patient and he alone supports the family. I prayed to Allah to make their evil designs unsuccessful. On a stretcher I was taken to Shams's office. Shams asked me a question which made me believe in the arrest of Saiful Islam and it worried me a lot. Shams told Hamzah, "I told you not to bring her alive here. Is she still alive? How and why are you alive?" I told that it was a matter beyond his or my control, for it is Allah alone Who causes us to live and die." He roared, "Keep quiet! Just answer my question. Who were the officers who intended to kill Nasser on his way to Alexandria?" Hasan Khalil took Shams's permission to make me follow the question. He said, "O lady! Someone told you that a group was after Nasser's life while on his way to Alexandria he was passing through desert. Who was he?" Shams insisted on an early reply. I said, "You torture us on such absurd grounds. May Allah rout you. May public curse you." My curses entailed such a torture which greatly ached my bones. Shams cried, "We would hang you so that you collapse. However, if you tell the truth, you would be pardoned. Tell us the truth from the beginning. What did Saiful Islam Banna tell you? Tell us the point disclosed by him." All along Shams kicked me and insisted on telling that point. I replied, "We were in al-Banna Shaheed's house where Saif told us that a few army-men on a jeep were in ambush for Nasser's murder when he was on his way to Alexandria. At the last moment there was a change in Nasser's route and he travelled by train. Those in the jeep fled and they could not be arrested. I, however, told Saif that it was untrue. It is a story fabricated by the intelligence department. Not a day passes when there is no conspiracy hatched against Nasser and on that

pretext thousands of persons are arrested. It is just another story which masses have been forced to believe. People do not think seriously about Nasser's killing, for the murder of a tyrant ruler is not the solution. The problem is far greater and is of getting rid of an ignorant, tyrannical and uncontrollable ruler. Saif said, "It would be better if people keep themselves busy in training themselves. This brought my conversation with Saif to an end" Shams Badran said, "What about the comments made on this event by Abdul Fattah and Ali Usmavi at your house? Why did you discuss the lacunae in this plan? When I denied it, I was subjected to an onslaught of abuses and pinches. Shams Badran asked further, "Why did you tell it to Hasan Huzaibi?" When I asked what was wrong in it, they resorted again to beating me. Shams then said, "All right. Now let us take up a topic other than of Saif. Abdul Aziz Ali was the chief of the Ikhwan until the release of Syed Qutub. How did it come about?" When I denied it, he asked me to explain it, for, according to him, Abdul Aziz Ali Usmavi, Abdul Fattah, Zia, Yahya Shazli and Majid used to have meetings and they met often Syed Qutub after his release. I told that I knew little about these meetings. Shams insisted, "Who else can know about these meetings? You know well about them." As I said it was an allegation, Shams threatened, "You neither take care of your interests nor do you act rationally." One of the company said that he would make some effort and turned to me thus, "O Zainab, Huzaibi and Abdul Aziz have both confessed. There is no room now for denial. Ismail was to use certain poison prepared by Abdul Aziz for killing Nasser. What was it?" I shouted, "You have gone mad while referring to Nasser's assassination. If you yourselves wish to get rid of him, you must go ahead and let Abdul Aziz, Huzaibi and myself unite." They told that they would first arrange for a meeting with Ali Usmavi. I said, "Ali Usmavi is a great liar. I would spit on his face." Shams Badran asked, "Isn't he one of you?" I said, "You should bet-

make me meet with a person as kind as Abdul Aziz Hasan Huzaibi."

Hasan Khalil, "No problem. We would make you meet."

Shams Badran: "Listen! When did you have consultations with Hasan Huzaibi for making Abdul Aziz the chief of Ikhwan?" Zainab! Didn't it happen so? Sifwat! Call in Ali Usmavi."

Ali Usmavi, dressed in silk, entered. He appeared to have been in favour. Shams asked him gently. "Ali! What happened when Zainab's leg was fractured? You had gone to Huzaibi's house." Ali Usmavi nodded and said, "I asked Huzaibi's daughter to ascertain the credentials of Abdul Aziz. She conveyed us Huzaibi's consent about Abdul Aziz's candidature." Shams said, "What do you say now? O Zainab! I turned to Ali Usmavi and said, "You are liar: You, in fact, told me that an Ikhwan intends to propose to a son and daughter of Abdul Aziz and you want to know Huzaibi's opinion. It was by chance that I met Ashavi who accompanied me. I told him that owing to my leg injury I cannot go to Huzaibi's house and he should better go along with me. Huzaibi just told us that no enquiry is called for in connection with Abdul Aziz's family members, as they are nice Muslims."

Shams: "O Ali! Is it the truth?"

Ali Usmavi: "She is just toying with words, though she knows well."

Zainab: (To Usmavi) "You are the worst of liars. You would be damned soon. Ikhwan are being hanged, tortured and thrown before hounds but you being a hired agent are enjoying life."

Shams: "O Ali you go back." Zainab! It is the last chance for you. Tell us in detail the link of Abdul Aziz with the organisation. What was the nature of correspondence between Huzaibi and Abdul Aziz carried through by you?"

Zainab: "I insist on presenting Abdul Aziz Ali and Huzaibi."

Shams: "Sifwat! Take her away so that Abdul Aziz and Huzaibi may be presented." I was taken out along with Shams. I was made to stand facing the Wall. He took me again to the office but Abdul Aziz and Huzaibi were not there.

Zainab: "Where are Huzaibi and Abdul Aziz?"

Shams: (Angrily) Do you think we would act according to your wishes? We would do only what we deem fit. They will be summoned at the proper time. You should be better subjected again to torture."

Zainab: "When you didn't fear Allah, why are you mindful of public?"

Hasan Khalil: "O lady! You should seek my help. You are to be prosecuted."

Zainab: "Court? Which court? Who are you?"

Shams: We would prepare you for the trial."

Zainab: "Do whips, hounds, fire and water cells, hanging, showering choicest abuses, keeping me hungry and thirsty, not allowing me to go to toilet, torturing in the name of interrogation and injuring me with all sorts of weapons amount to preparing me for the court?"

Muhammad Qutub

Hasan Khalil said in Shams's office: "before initiating legal proceedings we would like to conclude the discussion on Muhammad Qutub's organisation so that it might shed some light on Dr. Masood's case." Shams also agreed and harped on the same point. I told them that Muhammad Qutub did not found any organisation. He is indeed a writer on Islamics. His is the mission of guiding others. He tells us how to act. However, everyone is free to act according to his own discretion. Shams asked Hamza to take me back and subject me to torture. I was locked up in a room for half an hour. Then Hasan Khalil entered and said, "Listen Zainab, I am here to advise you. I feel disturbed, for you are on your way to death. All the other Ikhwan have

secured peace and security. We arrested one lakh persons now only twenty thousand are left. Everyone has confessed his crime. We have set all such person free. Even Hamza, Huzaibi, Abdul Fattah Ismail and Syed Qutub have offered apology. You have been defending them, though you have ascribed so many things to you. You are risking your life for those who are your enemies. You must change your stand, for you have been held responsible for everything by them. Huzaibi, Syed Qutub, Abdul Fattah, Muhammad Qutub and other Ikhwan have spoken ill of you. Your stand is no doubt praise worthy. Let Hamza and Hamza abuse you. While the Ikhwan abused, we had more patience for you. We have been directed to inflict more pain on you. You used to take lunch once or twice a week with Huzaibi. It has been verified by Huzaibi also. You used to convey the directives to Abdul Fattah Ismail. I hope you would provide us with a sample of those directives. Abdul Fattah and Huzaibi both have already confessed it. After the release of Syed Qutub you used to create a rift between him and Huzaibi. My statements are not false. You transferred also the organisation funds to Huzaibi's house, though they were returned again to you. Huzaibi himself has borne testimony. There is no room for denial. All points have been disclosed. You have just provided a few missing clues. We do believe you will let us know them. Then you will be presented before the court. The matter will be enquired into. After a couple of days you would be set free and be appointed the Minister for social affairs. Hikmat Abu Zaid is out of favour. What is your opinion? He offered me orange juice and then discussed other topics. After taking coffee he directed an armyman to wait for me. He told that he would return after an hour. In the meantime I should take some decision. As he left I started writing the following piece: "In the name of Allah, the Beneficent, the Merciful." Words fail me to describe the Glory of Allah Who has so Graciously selected

me for His cause, though I am not worthy of it. I have chosen the Path of the Quran, Sunnah and Truth meant for the whole mankind, "O men! You have received the Guidance from Allah. You should worship Him Who created you and those before you." I am thankful to Him Who has shown me the Right Path and I have Faith in Him. I glorify Him, for I wish to be one of those "who have chosen heaven in return for their lives and wealth." How indebted I am to Him for putting me in the company of Muslims and selecting me for fighting in His cause and for testifying to His saying that Muslims have forfeited their lives and wealth in return for heaven to Allah. They fight in His cause and attain Martyrdom. They are the best Ummah created for enjoying good and forbidding wrong. I once again emphasize that we believe that Allah is One and He has no associate whatsoever and Muhammad *Sallallahu Alaihi Wasallam* is His Messenger. We stand for enforcing Quranic injunctions inviting public to decide their matters in the light of Quran. We are guards of the same and abide by the Prophet's (*Sallallahu Alaihi Wasallam*) saying that the decision should be made in the light of Allah's commands. We are, in fact, busy safeguarding the Deen of Allah and His Prophet. (*Sallallahu Alaihi Wasallam*) O Allah! Be witness that we have not drifted away from your path. Help us against the tyrants and polytheists and against those who ignore Your Book and are opposed to Your Religion and to the upholders of Your Scripture and the Sunnah of Your Prophets. O Allah! I would spend my life in the same way and would like to reach You in the same state. O Allah! make me one of those who fear you and grant me the strength to fight, out of Your love and oppose those hostile to You and thus fight in Your cause. This is, in fact, the Real Path. I invite you all to Allah's path. You should not waste time in destablising those who are fighting against anti-Islamic and atheistic forces. Our hands are free from

your evil deeds. We are prepared to face death while opposing you. Zainab al-Chazali al-Jabili."

Hamza entered the room and said, "Well done Zainab! May be the ruler pardons you. You must keep in mind your own interests. Your husband is a nice person and a good friend of mine. I wonder how you got involved in Ikhwan activities. He took me to Shams's office. Shams ordered me to sit down and offered me coffee and cold drinks. He started reading my note. Expressions on his face betrayed his feelings. It looked he would burst out with anger soon. He was wrath incarnate and directed Sifwat to inflict one thousand whips on me, for I had made fun of them. I was accordingly beaten. He threw down my note telling that I made much pretensions about being an orator. My feet were bandaged and all parts of my body sustained injuries. As I was hanged and whipped. As the bleeding started, the doctor stopped it and I was thrown out of the office where I lay for an hour. I was then shifted to hospital. Murad and Hamza said, "According to doctors you are to die soon. But you have to go to the court so that you might know that you have been condemned to death. We would send you to the ministry of law and justice. However if you fail to make the desired replies, you would have to return. Hamza asked Sifwat to present me before the court the next morning at 9 A.M. Then all of them dispersed.

The Enquiry

Many times I had to undergo all sorts of torture. I was not only whipped mercilessly but also thrown before trained bands. Moreover, I was dumped into water cell, hanged, constantly flogged and thus subjected to all kind of physical and spiritual torture.

Then the matter was referred to the ministry of law and justice which executed innocent persons in the name of administering justice. I entered the camps which were the offices of the ministry. The accused were constantly threa-

tened and coerced to sign the drafted documents which were prepared by high ranking officials. They were hell bent on shearing the Ummah of all its distinctive features. Those famed for their forthrightness and truthfulness were found by me telling blatant lies. They were seen also forcing the accused to sign the fabricated documents. The attorney found me dressed in white bandages and too weak to utter a word. He was sitting behind the pile of files. His secretary was sitting near a table which was also full of paper. He was in readiness to note anything. The attorney noted my name, age, home and address. With an expressionless face he turned to me saying, "These files contain the Ikhwan's statement. Your stand is obvious. However, I would like you to present your stand. These files record the statement of Huzaibi, Syed Qutub, Abdul Fattah Ismail. I want you to give up your stubbornness. You should not waste our time in vain matters." He started interrogating me to which I responded. Nonetheless, I noted a queer thing that my reply comprising just one or two sentences was noted down by him in one full page. I felt angry and I told him, "O Qanawi! My reply is just of a few sentences." He replied, "I wish to help you, for your statement in full would be presented before the President. He is very keen about your statement." Zainab: "I just want that only that should be recorded which I say." He replied, "I would read out everything to you." I said "As long as you add something on your own, I wouldn't say anything else. I would acknowledge only that much which I have said, if there is a trial." The attorney repeated his question: "Did you dub Nasser and his government Kafir(unbeliever)?" I told him that I did not brand the people of Qiblah as unbelievers. He asked me to explain what I meant by the people of Qiblah. I replied, "All those who utter Kalima and abide by the Divine Commands revealed to the Prophet *Sallallahu Alaihi Wasallam* are the people of Qiblah." He asked me to throw some more light on the traits of them. To this I

answered, "Those who establish prayers, give charity, observe fasts of Ramdhan, perform Hajj in the event of being able to do so, follow the Quran and Sunnah, refrain from enacting laws and from following the laws which have not been ordained by Allah are the people of Qiblah." The attorney asked, "Do you consider Nasser and his government as the people of Qiblah? I replied, "I do not think Nasser is one of them, for he has suspended the Quranic laws. He enacts laws on his own and thus brushes aside the ones ordained by Allah. Nasser has stated publicly that he would not form a religious government." The attorney interrupted, "Tell me clearly whether Nasser is disbeliever." I answered, "I have already told. If someone seeks to know himself, he should better turn to the Scripture." These arguments of mine were, However, developed into full five escap pages by the attorney. He asked me further whether we intended to kill Umme Kulsum and Abdul Kheem Hafiz. To this I replied, "Those concerned with the Islamic Dawah and its revival hardly bother about such petty issues. The day Muslims awaken, it will bring an end to all evil and the Ummah will free itself of all disgrace. Evil has misdirected the Ummah in so many ways, though its devices are as unreal as the scum of water."

The attorney, Muhammad al-Qanawi kept on twisting my statements as he wrote it down. Thus for ten days this drama continued. The advisor, Abdul Salam, used to visit my camp and exhorted the attorney to get the desired results. I said to Qanawi, "I find it very strange that the organs of legislation and judiciary have been behaving like wild beasts. They hardly care for their obligations." The attorney said, "We intend to save you from the Ikhwan. In view of the statements of Huzaibi, Syed Qutub and Abdul Fattah there is no escape for you from the death penalty. What do you think of their statements?" I replied, "You are telling lies against them, though they never say anything against you." The attorney accused me also of being a liar. I

denied this charge. He, however, clarified that I levelled charges against the government and ministry of justice. I asked him whether he was one of the jury. He told that he would send me back for torture. He then started sipping tea and asked me whether I wanted to return to the office. He told also that the President was keen on an early dispatch of my paper. When he asked me to sign the papers written by him, I refused and this led to my return to the torture room where I was flogged. Thus the enquiry conducted was so mockingly concluded.

Second Round with Judiciary

After a couple of days I was summoned again to the court. I saw there many youth being subjected to various modes of torture. Qanawi asked me, "When did you meet these young persons? What are their names? As I looked at them I asked them, "When did I meet you? How did you see me? Did you know me before hand? What are your names? The attorney, however, objected to my clarification and told that he himself would cross examine the youths. He refused me to ask them any question. The attorney questioned and all of them, one after another told that they did not know me. When he reminded them of their statement to this effect they told it plainly that they had been compelled to make such a statement owing to torture room. Many times I saw these patient youths.

Prison Again

I had a number of interviews in Shams's office and in jail. They took me at night to Shams or to one of his agents who threatened me to dire consequences. Some persons were brought before me and I was asked to explain my acquaintance with them. I, in my turn, asked them of the same. Many new modes of torture were experimented on me such as to stand still in a dark place and to run constantly. As I fainted, whips were blown and I was shifted to

hospital. I would cite just an illustration of torture meted to me while I was interrogated by the ministry of law and justice. This reveals the real nature of Nasser's torts:

Torture

At mid night I was taken to a room adjoining Shams' office where I found a devilish person, Jalaluddin seated. He posed on me an array of searching question. He asked me to explain the nature of my link with Khalida Huzaibi her husband, Ahmad and to clarify their role in our organisation. I replied that they assisted us in the relief programme for the prisoners. I was told to explicate the nature of their assistance. To this I answered that they used to extend us help in form of money and kind. He insisted on telling in detail the role of Ahmad. My explanation that what used to deliver the goods could not satisfy them. I handed over to Sifwat who repeated the same question. I did not budge in my stance, he threatened of subjecting me to hounds and lashes and after a while he asked Hamza to take me in a room with hounds. I stayed there for over 24 hours. Then I was taken to hospital. Next night they again interrogated me on the same count. Since I stuck to my stance, Jalal directed Sifwat to go ahead with his usual pace of inflicting torture on me.

I was summoned to Shams Badran's office where I was asked to identify the credentials of one Zaini from Chazah. As he identified earlier, I was told, by the great teacher Sadiq Zaini. Any lapse on my part would render me to further interrogation. As I was taken to a room, I found there a person whom it was difficult to identify. Shams asked me to identify his identity. When I expressed my inability to do so, he explained the fellow was sadiq Zaini. Jalal asked me to list the nature and purpose of valuables which lay in my custody. I replied that the money I had was meant for providing food, cloths, medicines, and educational expenses for

such families whose heads had been behind the bars. Furious Shams directed Sifwat to throw me before snakes. I was taken to hospital where Hamza repeated the question about the money which I had in my custody. I replied it was their own concern to look into the matter. Hamza finished the interrogation with saying that I was best suited for the hounds. To me the hounds were far better than these bestial and inhuman persons. I preferred the company of hounds to theirs.

After Isha Prayers one night I was so severely whipped that I fell unconscious. For three days I rested in hospital and then was shifted again to Shams' office. Swearing by Nasser he said that my failure to give satisfactory answers would render me to further torture. Shams commenced the conversation thus: "O Zainab! I remind you of the two events concerning Muhammad Qutub and his sisters and Huzaibi's wife. The other one relates to Ali Usmavi and Mamoon Huzaibi. You should not dare deny them, for Hasan Huzaibi, his wife and Muhammad Qutub have already confessed. You can dub Ali Usmavi liar but in this incident he does not figure. One night Muhammad Qutub came to you from Halwan and you gave him five hundred Jainiah in addition to gold ornaments for assisting the Ikhwan families." I replied, "Well, this is true. But what is wrong in it. I am free to give my ornaments to anyone. I donated them in a noble cause. However, the money originally belonged to Ikhwan which handed over to him, for I was bound to do so" Shams asked whether the money was for Ikhwan families or for the organisation. I said it was for families. Shams, however, contended that according to Ali Usmavi it was meant for the organisation. I plainly told him that Ali Usmavi is a great liar. Shams added, "Even Muhammad Qutub says that he did not know about the purpose of the money you gave him. I asked Shams to produce Muhammad Qutub before myself for setting things right. Then he asked me the source of this money. I

answered in detail: "Once Ali Usmavi came to me for a letter of introduction in order to meet the great teacher or Imam. I told him that he did not need any such letter for meeting them. After some time Ali Usmavi came again with an amount of money telling me that a Saudi national had given it as donation and Mamoon had directed me to use this money meant for helping the Ikhwan families." Shams argued, "Muhammad Qutub says that it was so." I replied, "I am telling you the truth. It is likely that Muhammad Qutub has some misunderstanding on this matter. They threatened me of dire consequences and of handing me over to Sifwat. I asked them to produce Muhammad Qutub. When he came, I reminded him that at the time of giving him the money I had clarified that it was meant for helping the Ikhwan families. Muhammad Qutub verified my statement. But the court authorities made me standing throughout the night. In the morning I was shifted to hospital. After two days Shams produced in Shams's office who asked me to bear testimony to the foundation of an organisation by Muhammad Qutub. I explained, "You have put this question before as if Muhammad Qutub is not at all the founder of any organisation." On this Sifwat was directed to handle and interrogate me. Then I was taken to a room adjoining Shams' office where an unidentified person said, "O Zainab! You are a fool. Why don't you try to save your life. The Ikhwan have levelled many charges against you. Why don't you compromise with us by providing some information about Muhammad Qutub. Such a move on your part will greatly improve your report with us. I replied, "You all are agents of evil. You cannot create any differences between us, for we are the Slaves of the Most Kind. None of us will act in collusion with you. I assure you of it." He reported, "We will inflict torture afresh and the court would again initiate the prosecution against you." I said, "All of you whether in the ministry of law and justice or officials, have transgressed the Path of Allah. You all would incur Allah's

wrath." Hamza put up a note before him and he started remarking on Muhammad Qutub and then he made his exit. Sifwat, as usual, whipped me. Another agent tried to convince me of the advantages, in the event I compromised. Since there was no change in my stance, I was dumped into the room of hounds which housed a man also. Hamza directed him to attack me, if the hounds did not do me any harm. As long as I was inside the room, I prayed to Allah. Later I was removed to hospital and the next day to Riaz Ibrahim's office. I was asked whether I knew someone from Karwasa, which I denied. They insisted on me to tell whether I knew someone belonging to Karwasa. They gave me threats. Then a soldier entered who whipped me severely. I was taken back to hospital. After a few days I was again summoned to the same office where I found a few women sitting whom I had never seen before. I was asked to identify Sisi's wife which I could not. A teenaged boy entered and he was asked to identify one and Sisi's wife and to tell about the women with whom he was acquainted. As he declined to do so, he was lashed. I found there Hameeda Qutub coming followed by Sifwat. She was also told to identify Sisi's wife which she could not do. Then all the ladies were ordered to go out and I was left alone with Riaz who asked me whether any Ikhwan had four wives. When I expressed my ignorance, he got furious and struck everyone with blows. After a couple of hours he returned with Sifwat and I was transferred to hospital.

Minced Meat Packet

In view of my failing health doctors allowed me to take home-made food comprising only milk and fruits. Once my sister managed to send me minced meat in the dry milk container and also butter. I distributed it among the Ikhwan in hospital. Ustad Abdul Azeez, former minister, was also in hospital and he used to share food with me. As the minced meat was distributed among all Ikhwan in-

ates of hospital I thanked Allah, for He alone is the Sustainer. As the hospital authorities interrogated me for distributing and getting home made food, I told it was done with doctor's permission. Ikhwan used to help one another, for each stood in dire need of nutritious food. We used to relish whatever we got.

Starvation in Hospital

A full year had elapsed since my arrest but I was not allowed to get food from home. Since I was on the verge of death, the officials decided to allow me to do so. When I saw my mother and sister during the trial, I came to know that Sifwat Ruby had extracted so many things such as medicines, fruits and cloths from my family. It was a calculated move to harass and torture those fighting in Allah's cause.

It was a calculated plan aiming at pressurising our family. They used to tell our family members that their treatment is good towards us. In fact, they were playing all their tricks. For, they even attempted to kill the prisoners. One day an Ikhwan was found badly injured as a result of their torture. The callous authorities sent him to hospital. The doctor needed some sugar which was not available. On coming to know of it, I opened my cell and provided them with a small container of honey, which I had got along with other items that I used to get from my family. The doctor advised to provide honey to the youth. The agents could not, however, notice it, for it was illegal. After a few days we were forbidden to take water. It was the height of barbarism. Throughout long summer nights we could not get even a single drop of water. It was an uphill task to get a drop of water. I was badly ill and my health was failing fast. I was allowed to have some water. I used to share this water with Brother Abdul Karim who was housed in the adjoining room. How I used to provide him with water might appear somewhat incredible. I put the water in the spec-

tacle case and gave it to him through a small hole in the wall so that he might quench his thirst. Since he had been mercilessly subjected to whipping, his whole body bore severe injuries and he needed a constant supply of water. The tyrants knew every art of inflicting torture in that they practised not only the old methods but invented some new ones also for giving as much torture as possible.

The Brute Repents

While I lay in hospital I came to know of an incident which brought into light the potent goodness of my community and I was firmly convinced that given proper guidance, positive results can be brought about. The community can once again return to the Worship of the Lord and the defence of the Articles of Faith with full might. There was a military assistant in the hospital named Salah whose job was to give injections to the patients and to guard the rooms. Once as I was on my way to the toilet, the wind blew and revealed part of Ustad Imam Syed Qutub's cell. The door was, however, closed. Nonetheless, the incident sparked off a trouble and it was debated how this serious lapse occurred that Zainab Ghazali managed to have a glimpse of Syed Qutub. Salah started abusing. The matter was complicated further, as Sifwat entered the hospital the very moment. The army men, therefore tried to prove that they have been quite faithfully implementing the commands. Salah was a brute devoid of all humanity, common-sense and faith. Syed Qutub tried to tell him that the happening was inadvertent. He was using very mild language. It had some effect on the brute who also expressed his regret. After a few days he came and full of repentance he told me his desire to be a Muslim anew. He asked me of the responsibilities of which the discharge could make him a righteous Muslim. I asked him his view about the injustice done to the Ikhwan and whether he would be able to bear the same. He said that once he embraces Islam, Allah

ould bestow on him patience and power. I recited "there is no god but Allah and Muhammad is His Messenger." He repeated the same many times. I told to do all that he believed to be good and to avoid obeying the diabolical forces, in the cause of Allah. He said that he wanted to know the real Islam which had enabled us to bear with such horrible torture and which could not be borne by ordinary mortals. I told him to consult Imam Syed Qutub about Islam whenever he went to him for giving him injections. Through Salah I exchanged greetings with my respectable brother.

The Day of Judgement Drawing Near

After a few days the charge sheet was served to us. It was something unprecedented in history, for we were denied even the right of consulting any lawyer. When I wished to appoint Ahmad Khwaja my mandator I was told that he could not. Then I decided to fight the case on my own. Others appointed a Christian lawyer for me. I was allowed to meet my family before the trial. As my mother and the two sisters came to meet me, they fell unconscious seeing my failing health and weakness. I tried to boost them up. Sifwat and Hamza both were present during the meeting. I requested my family not to appoint my lawyer but I was told that Husain Abu Zaid had already been asked to do the same for the fee of one thousand Jayiniah and he had received half the fee. Yet I told them to drop it. But I found Husain Abu Zaid fighting for my case on the day of trial. Before the trial I was taken to Shams Badran's office and I was told, "It is expected that you would not raise objections against the details of the enquiry and you would verify all the points mentioned in papers. Moreover, if you are in the court of your dissociation with the Ikhwan, the court will decide your case in a befitting manner and we would also oblige you." I replied, "Whatever Allah wills takes place. Men have no discretion in their affairs. Shams

said, "Talk to me in Arabic. I could not follow you yet I guess your intentions are not good. We really wish to serve you." I replied, "He has the keys to the unknown. None other than Him knows all that is on the earth and in the seas. He knows also the leaf which falls down. Every grain in the land is recorded in His Book." Shams interrupted, "O Hamza! Take her away. She is free to promote or harm her interests." Hamza requested him to leave me as he wanted to talk to me. I reached the office next to Shams's. Hamza tried to convince me of dissociating myself from Ikhwans. I was tired of such conversation. He promised to return my money confiscated by them, if I followed his directions. Similarly, I was to be rewarded by Nasser, if I betrayed the Ikhwans. He told me to exercise reason and follow Shams's instruction. I just listened to him but did not make any reply. However, when he suggested how I could avoid the gallows, I asked him whether he was able to release the urine, if it was withheld in his system. He returned me to the cell and I kept on thinking about the trial. Though they were in power, I could not understand why they asked me not to tell the truth to the court. It would be indeed a drama. They perhaps wanted others to believe that the Ikhwans wanted to kill Nasser and to the effect they held confessed. But Allah failed them, for the outcome was just reverse of their expectation. Nothing could be more tragic than the fact that they presented Col. Wajwi on the jury.

Good News

In the above conditions I saw a dream in which I found myself standing in a field which, I was told, was the court to decide our case. Walls began to appear and then I found myself in a bigger field covering the entire earth. A light started coming out of the sky and I saw the Holy Prophet *Sallallahu Alaihi Wasallam* standing before myself while facing Ka'aba: I heard him saying "O Zainab! Listen to the Truth carefully" I heard a voice penetrating the entire

universe, "Courts representing evil would be set up whose judgement would be likewise evil. You are the bearers of the trust and the guides. You should be patient and tell others to do the same. Be in touch with one another and fear Allah so that you might be guided." These remarks echoed. I was moved strongly. As the voice came to the end, the Prophet *Sallallahu Alaihi Wasallam* asked me to climb up the mountain where I would meet Hasan Huzaibi and I should convey him this Message. The way the Prophet *Sallallahu Alaihi Wasallam* looked at me put me in a trance. Though The Prophet *Sallallahu Alaihi Wasallam* did not himself say a word I felt he intended to convey the message which I had followed. The Prophet *Sallallahu Alaihi Wasallam* pointed out towards the mountain and I found myself climbing it up. On my way I met Khalida and Aliya Huzaibi and I asked them whether they would be coming with me to which they replied in affirmative. As I went ahead I found Umayya Hameed Qutub and Nazima Isa whom I asked the same question. Finally I reached the top of the mountain on which was laid a carpet and Huzaibi was seated in the centre. As he saw me, he rose to greet me and felt very happy about my visit. I told him that I had to convey the Prophet's (*Sallallahu Alaihi Wasallam*) message. He however, had already received the Message. We thanked Allah. The Prophet's (*Sallallahu Alaihi Wasallam*) message was thus spiritually conveyed. As I sat with Huzaibi, I found two nude women in a train passing below the mountain. I drew Huzaibi's attention to it, who also felt sore about it. I asked him whether he disliked them. He said, "Yes." Do you think we have reached here on our own? It is by Allah's favour. You should not worry about the two women. I said, "We should strive to reform them." Huzaibi asked whether I could do so on my own. I told that it was possible only with Allah's help. Huzaibi said, "We must thank Allah for His favours." And he raised his hands as if thanking Allah and I joined him and it was then that I woke up.

Now there was nothing to fear me. I was feeling a kind of satisfaction and confidence, for the dream had driven out all my pain and worries, as Allah says: I would forgive those who migrate in My cause, are driven out from their houses and are tortured. I would admit them to gardens beneath which would be flowing streams of milk and honey. Allah has the best reward to offer. You should not be taken in by those who disobey. O Faithfuls! You should be patient and tell others to do the same. Be in touch with one another and fear Allah, for you may get Guidance."

The Appointed Day

When we got up on the day of judgement we were taken to the office. Around 8 O' clock the jail was full of police and military personnel. They were so many in number as if they were in some battle ground. We boarded a vehicle which was surrounded by armymen. We were put in a cage as we entered the court. We were forty-three in number: (1) Syed Qutub (2) Muhammad Yusuf Hawash (3) Abdul Fattah Abudah Ismail (4) Ahmad Abdul Majeed Abdul Sami (5) Sabri al-Kaumi (6) Majdi Abdul Aziz Mutawwali (7) Abdul Majeed al-Shazli (8) Abbas Saeed al-Seesi (9) Mubarak Abdul Azeem Mohmood Ayyad (10) Farooq Ahmad Ali al-Manshavi (11) Faiz Mohd Ismail Yusuf (12) Mamduh Darvesh Mustafa al-Dairi (13) Mohd Ahmad Mohd Abdur Rehman (14) Jalaluddin Bakri Desavi (15) Muhammad Abdul Moatti Ibrahim al-Jazzar (16) Muhammad al-Mamun Yahya Zakariya (17) Ahmad Abdul Halim al-Saruji (18) Salah Muhammad Khalifa (19) Syed Sa'aduddin al-Syed Shareef (20) Muhammad Abdul Moatti Abdur Raheem (21) Imam Abdul Lateef Abdul Fattah Ghais (22) Kamal Abdul Aziz Salam (23) Fawad Hasan Ali Mutawwali (24) Muhammad Ahmad al-Baheeri (25) Hammad Hasan Saleh (26) Mustafa Abdul Aziz al-Khazeri (27) Al-Syed Nazeli Muhammad Auziah (28) Marsi Mustafa Marsi (29) Muhammad Badee Abdul Majeed Muhammad Saami (30) Muhammad

Abdul Munaim Shaheen (31) Mahmood Ahmad Fakhri (32) Mahmood Izzat Ibrahim (33) Salah Muhammad Abdul Haq (34) Halmi Muhammad Sadiq Hathawat (35) Ilham Yahya Abdul Majeed Badvi (Female) (36) Abdul Munaim Abdur Rauf Yusuf Arfat (37) Muhammad Abdul Fattah Razzaq Shareef (38) Zainab al-Ghazali al-Jabali (39) Hameeda Qutub (40) Mohiuddin Halal (41) Sulaiman Usmavi (42) Mustafa al-Alam. The last person in our list was Ali Ashavi who had become a turn-coat by selling Deen for the material gains.

As we entered the court and the unjust persons occupied seats as judges, our names were called out one by one and we were asked whether we had any objections about the court. We replied, "We are not opposed to individuals but to the law itself which is other than the one ordained by Allah which alone should be decisive."

After the interrogation it was told that the judgement relating to Zainab al-Ghazali and Hameeda Qutub will be made separate and so we were taken out. We greeted some of the family members present in the court. We were locked in a room till the court dispersed and then sent back to jail. It was the 10th of April and we lived in the prison till 17th May 1966 in order to witness the drama of our trial.

CHAPTER VI

The Court

On the 17th May morning we were produced before the court presided over by Col. Wajwi. He was looking very pale. Other members of the jury were on his right while a group of journalists surrounded the attorney. They started asking our photographs. One of them was Abdul Azeem who had come to visit the women's centre. I told Abdul Azeem "O Abdul Azeem! Please preserve those photos, for we may perhaps need them. He expressed his consent but he was so far-stricken that his voice trembled as he spoke to me. A few seconds later I found him away. I asked the journalists of their business. Wajwi went ahead with proceedings and first he called out my name. I was prepared to answer him. The questions he asked had no link with the previous interrogation. I told him that I had never made any statement. I replied to only two questions. Wajwi asked: "Hasan Huzaibi states that the four thousand rupees given by you to him were stolen by you from your husband's income." I replied, "The amount was the donation for the food and other necessities of the imprisoned persons. These were the thousands families ruined by the government in 1954." On hearing my reply Wajwi looked as if he

was stung by some scorpion. He, however, persisted in his queries: "Why were you worried about this amount? Why did Abdul Fattah Ismail visit you in the hospital? Did you send him to your house to take away this money from the safe for its onward transmission to Huzaibi?" I answered, "Since the amount was a trust of family whereas the money, in fact, belonged to the Mujahids." Wajwi said, "You intended to buy weapons with this money. Huzaibi expresses his ignorance about this amount. You have certainly misappropriated your husband's money." The attorney interrupted by telling that I had told Hameeda to charge exorbitant taxes. I denied this charge. The attorney asked whether Syed Qutub was telling a lie. I said, "May Allah save him from falsehood." This resulted in an outburst of filthy abuses heaped up by the attorney. I was shocked to hear such filthy words inside the court. Was the diabolical force bent on doing away with all norms and morals in Egypt? Wajwi stopped interrogating me. I therefore, returned. Then Hameeda presented herself after recording her statement she also returned. Then the attorney made his statement which was hardly a statement for being replete with abuses, insinuation and filthy words. It was a darkness which was covering everything in the court. I was enraged to see this embodiment of evil. As I rose to say a word, Wajwi thought I had given in owing to the speech made by the attorney and he, therefore, allowed me to speak. After a pause I said, "In the name of Allah the Beneficent and the Most Merciful, we are the inheritors of the Book and Guards of Shariah. For us the Prophet *Salallahu Alaihi Wasallam* is the Model. We would continue following the Path of the Truth so as to make Tawheed and the Prophethood ascendant and Ummah may start practising it. Allah is far above than transgressors and He alone is sufficient for us." Turning to the judge and the attorney I said, "In this evil game, Allah is sufficient and the Best to do Justice." My statement made Wajwi hysterical, who started

saying. "Be silent! Shut up! What are you saying?" What Uswah means? and he repeated it which made the whole court burst into laughter, for the judge did not know the meaning of Uswah. Nasser used to appoint such persons. Did not they prove harmful to him? While seated I started speaking that ignorance is such corruption that brings in every kind of evil. One should see the champions of justice the day. The session ended and we returned to jail and retired to our respective cells. Later I was punished for losing a piece of my mind in the court.

Greater Jahiliyyah

I thought of having some relief after the trial. Yet I was summoned again for interrogation and I was asked about some persons. When I expressed my ignorance, I was asked to stand facing the wall and I was subjected to many kinds of torture. It continued during the trial also. Has it happened in any court? Did such a thing take place in the days of Jahiliyyah? No, nothing of that sort took place, as is evident from history.

The Judgement is Pronounced

The day the Judgement was to be pronounced, I and Hameeda were seated in a vehicle followed by another carrying security guards. We waited for our turn in a room. Then we were taken to a hall where an officer announced, "Ten years rigorous imprisonment is awarded to Zainab al-Azali and all her property is confiscated." I said; "Praise to Allah. One should not grow weak in the Cause of Allah and for Truth. We would be victorious, if we remain faithful. Next was Hameeda Qutub's turn who was sentenced to ten years rigorous imprisonment. I embraced her and kept on saying, "Be praise to Allah. Glory be to Allah. We are fighting in the Cause for upholding the Quran and Sunnah" While saying it we reached a field where we found a number of Ikhwan sitting in vehicles. We were worried

about them also. As they saw us, they asked us of the judgement. I told them the sentence was for twenty five years for me and ten years for Hameeda for fighting in the Cause of the Islamic State. I enquired after Syed Qutub, Brother Abdul Fattah, Yusuf Hawash and others and I was told that they have to sacrifice in this Cause. I thought they have been sent to the gallows. I prayed to Allah for accepting our sacrifice aiming at the establishment of the Islamic State in which the Quran and Sunnah would be ascendant. Sifwat and other prison officers came to us and put us in a small car. As the newsmen rushed to take our photographs I tried to break the camera of one of them accusing them of being in collusion with the unjust rulers. On our return to prison we were punished for this act. After the pronouncement of the judgement Hameeda and myself were lodged separately.

A Few Moment for Allah's Will

Five days after the judgement Brother Syed Qutub along with Sifwat and the prison incharge came to my cell. I greeted Syed Qutub and told that these were the most precious moments in our life, granted by Allah, so that we could sit together. We discussed about death and said that it was in the hands of Allah alone and no one other than Allah can decide death. Allah has ordained us to surrender ourselves before Allah. He talked to Hameeda also. As he whispered to us. Sifwat got angry and the meeting ended. The unjust person thus tried to stamp all goodness. The Imam told us to be patient and left.

Last Bargaining before the Hanging

The night preceding the hanging, Hameeda was called to office. Hameeda rendered the following account of her encounter: "Hamza showed me the order for hanging and said that the govt. was ready to make concession, if Syed Qutub fell in line with the govt. He said that Qutub's death

ould be a loss to Egypt. We cannot believe that after a few hours we would lose him. We are prepared to follow any order in order to spare him. His statement of just a few sentences can save himself from death. Since no one other than you can influence him, you should take the initiative. You are the most suitable person for this job. You convey our message which might solve the problem, He should not say that the movement has some foreign links and on health grounds he would be set free." I said, "You as well as Hamza know that our Movement has no links with any country or power." Hamza replied, "Everyone knows that you are fighting for Islam and you are the best of people. We wish to save Syed Qutub." I agreed to conveying his message to Syed Qutub and I was readily taken there by Sifwat. I narrated him the whole incident. He looked at me anxiously, for he wanted to know whether I was also convinced of the same. I hinted that if it is true, no power on the earth could stop him from the truth. Sifwat left me alone to talk him in confidence. Now I narrated him again the details of my conversation and told that I was shown the order for hanging and was persuaded to convey this message to him. My brother asked me whether I would be happy with this decision, to which I answered in negative. He said that men have no control on doing anybody good or bad. Life is in the Hands of Allah. Men can not decide about my age, for Allah alone has control over it. He encompasses everything.

The Evil Ones Enforce their Decision

After a few days we heard to our utter shock, the news of the hanging of Syed Qutub Shaheed, Abdul Fattah Shaheed and Muhammad Hawash Shaheed. Each one of them was a Righteous Mujahid so dear to us. I was in a dilemma how to console the two sisters of Syed Qutub and how to share their grief. What could I do. It was a great tragedy and the Struggle and Death in Allah's cause was no

ordinary matter. Syed Qutub was a first rate commentator of the Quran and Daee. He was unique in making the Quranic Exposition and interpretation. He adhered to the tenets of Islam. Was not he the author of the great commentary "In the shade of Quran" which opened a new door to the reflection on Allah's Book and to fresh insights into his commands and about their enforcement? He is the person who wrote clearly in his commentary on the Surah Anaam about the Right Path and where it lays. To his credit stand also titles such "Social Justice in Islam", "Islam the Religion of Future" "Manazir-e-Qiyamat," "al-Tasweer Al-Fanni fi al-Quran" and "This Religion of Islam" and twenty books on Quranic studies: It was difficult to overcome the grief. One should go through his work, "Jadah wa Manzil" to know what prompted his death sentence. Imam Qutub exerted his energy to the full in Islamic reawakening so as to bring about the end of the hegemony of the two super powers and thus make the Islamic Shariah supreme over Jahiliyyah. Islamic revival stands for the downfall of both Russia and America and the rising of Shariah as the most potent Force in the world. This would prove that Muslims are the best people for mankind. God willing, One day it would happen so, though to the chagrin of unbelievers.

Last Days in the Prison After the Judgement

The day the judgement was enforced I saw Syed Qutub in dream telling me that he was not one of them and I found myself with the Prophet *Sallallahu Alaihi Wasallam* in Madina. I related the dream to Hameeda. The next day after the hanging as I was invoking Allah, I fell asleep and heard in dream someone telling that Syed is in the seventh Heaven. I related this dream also to Hameeda who agreed with me and she wept also. I said the dream was from God for our consolation.

We spent our day in such hardships which are, generally speaking, unbearable. We thought of leading a miserable life in the name of enquiry and hoped it would end with the trial. But every day I was called in the office and until my return Hameeda used to pray for my safety. On my return I told her that the oppressors have arrested some more Muslims. I was asked about persons unknown to me. They, in fact, intended to implicate me, for they thought the twenty five years rigorous imprisonment insufficient.

We counted days in prison in the atmosphere surcharged with tension. For a moment we could not relax. The only consolation was the recitation of the Quran, as Allah has rightly said, "Our remembrance gives peace to the mind." We read also newspapers provided by Hamza for the money lent by us. The newspapers gave an idea of the outside world as we came to know about those who were not in the prison. Our stay in the prison was full of misery, for after another conspiracy was hatched and we were interrogated and Zainab had to bear the brunt.

The Death of My Husband

After the delivery of the judgement I asked Hamza to arrange for my meeting with my husband. When he did not turn up, I insisted on it. When the prison officer asked me to specify the reason for which I wished to meet him. I told him that I want to give him relaxation in our matrimonial alliance. Hamza rudely told, "Nasser would go ahead with his plans and he would kill you gradually instead of sending you to the gallows." I replied, "Allah is Mighty. Nasser or the whole world cannot make a leaf fall without Allah's consent." Hamza said, "We would soon bring to you divorce papers." I dubbed them beasts and returned to my cell. It was difficult to pass days. Once while reciting the Quran in my prayers I dozed and saw my husband's name in the list of the dead persons. When I woke up I prayed to Allah be

merciful to him. I heard Hameeda also repeating the same prayer which was quite surprising. I did not, however relate her my dream. I saw again the same dream. On Friday, as I was glancing at newspapers I found the news of my husband's death. I recited Kalima and prayed for his place in the Paradise. Nonetheless, I broke down afterwards and fainted. A doctor was called in. After a few days my family members visited and I was told that my gentle husband, Haji Muhammad Salim, was forced by Nasser's regime either to divorce me or to go behind the bars. For making a decision my husband asked for some time but he was asked to decide at the spur of the moment. A lawyer with divorce papers was already there. While signing the divorce papers my husband said that by Allah he was not doing so on his own. He wanted to be with me for ever. He was ill and on hearing my sentence his condition worsened. His property and companies were already ruined by Nasser which had upset him greatly. Soon after the divorce the matter was over and my family came to know it afterwards. My sister was so angry on knowing it that she removed his photograph from the drawing room. I, however, opposed her action for besides being my husband he was a worker in the cause of Islam. I told that my association with him would continue till my last breath. Even before our marriage we were close to each other in terms of a similar faith and this Brotherhood is eternal. I was told that my family members had joined his burial which consoled me. In loneliness I was reminded of the Dream in which I had seen the Prophet. *Sallallahu Alaihi Wasallam*. When I compared the dates of my Dream with that of the divorce the two were the same. I saw in the Dream the Prophet *Sallallahu Alaihi Wasallam* dressed in white followed by Hasan Huzaibi clad in white dress and cap. I was standing there along with other ladies including Hazrat Ayesha. I thought they were her friends and she was advising them. Meanwhile the Prophet *Sallallahu Alaihi Wasallam*

reached there and told Ayesha to have patience and Hazrat Ayesha onwards told me the same. When I got up, I related the dream to Hameeda and prayed to Allah to endow me with patience. I was prepared for a new trial and so I turned to Him Who grants invocations to give me perseverance.

New Neighbours Join

On a winter night I heard a lot of noise in the cell adjoining mine. When I opened the door someone asked me to give the medicine for controlling vomiting which I did. The next day I came to know that the Prime Minister of Yemen and twenty other persons were lodged in the cell whereas Shaikh Aieriani was in the adjoining room. I was not, however, shocked to know these reports, for I was prepared for any shocking news. Is not it a fact that at the time of the British invasion of Egypt many Egyptian were lodged in London prison? Did Bonaparte fetch Egyptian prisoners to Paris?

Nasser Should be Prosecuted

Do I have the right to ask why Nasser was not prosecuted for his crimes? Had it so happened, Egypt could be a better place in history. If Egypt does not wash her hands off the blood of Ikhwan, things would turn worse. Ikhwanul Muslimeen stands exonerated, for it boldly condemned such crimes. Nasser betrayed the organisation in its early stage while it supported Nasser. The moment Nasser was exposed, Ikhwan opposed them with full conviction. The battle between the Truth and falsehood ended in 1954 and again in 1965 in the cause of the revival of Islam. The diabolical forces knew well that the Ikhwan were a part of history and that they have been exposed. Those behind the bars would relate their woeful tales. The battle of 1965 stands as the proof of the courage of those born during Nasser's regime, who abused grossly his powers. This generation of faithful Muslims made Nasser mad who

idea made me turn myself wholly to Allah and I was reminded of the Quranic verse that "verily Allah has taken the lives and property of Muslims in return for the Paradise." I recalled also such couplets: "If I die in the state of Islam, I don't bother how I die." "At the time of the dead end I wondered why I did not take care earlier." "If somebody wants to live for a day more than his appointed time, he cannot do so." "One should, therefore, take death patiently, for nobody can achieve permanence." I was pulled out of my thoughts by Hameeda and we found ourselves standing in front of Qanatir jail.

The Nightmare

We entered the prison gate and were taken to the office of the jail Commissioner, where our luggage was scrutinised. It was night time and our persons were searched again and we were provided with prisoners' dress, we were put in a room which had no doors and a broken cot lay there. The room was attached to a big hall of three wards in which ladies were lodged. Later on, I learnt all of them were involved in theft, drug smuggling, murder and immoral acts. As the night approached we said Isha prayers and tried to sleep. We could not sleep for a moment. Everything was covered with darkness and immorality was on its height. I found persons there devoid of all humanity. It was agonising to watch it and we spent a sleepless night in prayers to Allah, for this alone can pacify the soul. As it dawned we prayed to Allah for our deliverance.

It is impossible for me to forget the night, for Hameeda often fell unconscious. I tried to help her by telling that our struggle calls for patience and Allah would certainly grant us patience. In the prison we were humiliated, tortured, whipped and starved. Yet these hardships bore no comparison to the inhuman deeds watched by us that night. We saw a host of women driven by lust and pleasures of the flesh. They appeared to be shorn of all modesty and nobi-

ty. Behaving like animals they were overpowered by their sexual drives. To us they appeared as a wild and untamed animal moving to and fro. In so doing they were assisted by the forces of evil and atheism. In such a horrible and suffocating atmosphere it dawned and I heard the call for Fajr prayers. Without thinking any more about them we concentrated on praying to the Most Compassionate and the Most Merciful. We implored Him for His patronage. After a few hours I requested the jailor to arrange for my meeting with the Commissioner and we were called in after a hour.

A New Kind of Trial

As we reached the Commissioner he told us that visits to canteen and interviews were not to be granted and we would be treated worse than other prisoners. I said, "We have not come to meet you for any such thing. We have to request you" But the Commissioner cut my sentence short and asked whether we wanted to meet him. I told that we intended to meet him in connection with changing our cells, for we did not like to be placed in a cage. He asked us to clarify the point and threatened to send us back to the prison to face more hardships. I pleaded that I could not live in a place fit only for animals. He shouted that he was the Commissioner while we were mere prisoners and ordered the guards to take us out. I said, "We would better be in the courtyard but we would, in no case return to the cell." He again threatened to shoot us dead for non-compliance of his order. To this I replied, "Death is far better than such a life. Allah alone has control over life. To be at your hands is to attain Martyrdom." We were sent back to the prison yard. The lady jailor was later summoned by the Commissioner and we were called in for checking. We went upstairs for checking where I found in a ward of twenty beds. After an hour the lady entrusted with checking entered and she asked how much the income was. We did not get anything out of her term. She put us

in a row of lady criminals referred to as "Income" by the lady. These were the persons shorn of values and morality and on this account they had been sent behind the bars. We heard the jailor crying "Today's income is 45, of which 25 for immorality, 15 for fornication and ill-manners three for theft and two for political reasons." Hameeda and myself were branded political prisoners. I left the row and was joined by Hameeda. When the lady jailor asked us, we told we had no link with other prisoners. She, however, scolded us for our pride. We insisted on isolating ourselves from others. She then asked whether others were inferior to us in any degree. I just ignored her question. Other criminals were taken to a cell while we were told to stay there. The lady doctor enquired after us and took us to a room which was later on closed. After a few moments I heard people crying, wailing and weeping. The whole atmosphere was surcharged with sorrow and thus we came to know of the incident. I talked to myself thus: "What are you witnessing? Oh nation! Who is there to help you? Your tragedies have mounted and this tragedy is very deep. Our nation had to suffer tragedies one after another such that of the death of morals, of persons and finally that of 5th June. Super powers helped the Jews become so powerful and that is why they have usurped Arab lands. They are now supreme. I thought what sort of life we are leading. Islam, fraternity, self-respect and modesty all virtues are being stamped out. Muslims are not even free to breathe. There are persons who have ruined both Islam and Muslims. The real lovers of Islam are those who fight against forces of evil, no whatever its form be. They alone can lend supremacy to us. This can help the mankind also progress and move towards its destination while bowing to Allah not withstanding the hardships and sacrifices to be made in this cause."

I heard some whispers. O travellers in the way of the Truth! Don't whisper. Move ahead not slowly but with con-

science and power. Degradation is an outcome of your own misdeeds, for you no more seek guidance from Allah's Book. By Allah, if we help Him, He would help us. If we have firm conviction about Islam and refrain from all that is forbidden, Allah would certainly help us. He would give us protection and thus enable us to be ascendant on the earth. All forces of evil would be routed and we would gain power, if we adhere to the Book and Sunnah, for Obedience to Allah ensures success, ascendancy and beautiful gardens in the Heaven.

Hazrat Umar says, "Muslims gained victory owing to their opponents' disobedience to Allah. Had it been not so, Muslim could not have the power to defeat, for muslims had no such resources and number. So if we also disobey Allah, they would win over us." Our indifference to the Book and Sunnah has resulted in our defeat and degradation and it would go on. For, the disobedience to Allah brings about failure, degradation, weakness, decay and similar lapses, followed by a continuous punishment. So who follow Me would face no misfortune and those who are indifferent to Me, for them life is difficult. Such fellows would be raised blind on the Last Day. He would say, "O Lord, why did You raise me blind while I was not so." Your Lord would reply, "You received Our signs but you forgot them. So have We forgotten you. This is how We punish the disbelievers and transgressors. This penalty in the hereafter is eternal"

My mind was lost in thoughts and the tragic events had such a train of thought. I was also feeling panicky. I was awakened by Hameeda's voice. I found myself in a closed cell. We had no idea of our surroundings. Once taking advantage of the carelessness of the lady guards we managed to get cigarette which had a miraculous effect on the other lady. Now our doors remained open for long and I knew much about our surroundings. In the adjoining cell there was a lady with a child. No one knew about her

husband. In other room there was another woman suffering, for her misdeeds, from T.B., patients with epidemic diseases were there in a big ward. A large toilet was there at the corner of the building. We were directed to use the same toilet so as to catch same epidemic diseases. I found in some comfortable rooms some women of whom the nationality was known. The bathroom there also was good. This part was known as Hailton. Once a lady prisoner gave us some food and we were much impressed by it. We felt there were still traces of humanity. We requested the lady guard to allow us to use that bathroom but she told that it was meant for the lady doctor and Jew prisoners. I asked her to clarify her statement. She explained that six Jew ladies such as Madam Marseel and Madam Lous were there. They walked freely and nobody objected to it. Their lodging as well as food was quite good. All of them were arrested on the charge of passing on secret information. She asked me to seek lady doctor's permission. The jailor, however, refused our request, for that bathroom was exclusively for Jews.

Human Element in Staunch Enemies

I was busy reciting the Quran. These days I spent with Hameeda. Once a fair-complexioned lady entered and greeted us. She asked my name and said that despite the ideological differences we were riding the same boat. We should not therefore have any reservations. However, outside the prison our destinations are too different. At the moment both of us are faced with difficulties. She explained that she had managed to come to us by deceiving the security personnel so that we might cooperate with each other. I thanked her. Then she said, "We have food items, though in a little quantity. We should share them. None of these articles is unlawful for we Jews like you Muslims do not eat pork." Thus after every few days Marseel brought us food and she found a way for our using her

toilet. Hameeda, however, felt bad about her favours. I told her that Allah provides ways and means from any source. Allah does not oppress His creatures. Nor does He keep them in perpetual torment. We have no alternative other than that of leading our lives without surrendering any of our Islamic traits. We saw humanity in a Christian lady doctor who often helped us. It was surprising how she helped us in a place where monetary considerations were the uppermost.

Death and Rebels

The proud lose sight of their ultimate end of death. While forgetting about their own death they inflict all sorts of torture on Allah's creature, though Allah's laws continue operating uninterruptedly such as the alternation of day and night, replacement of a generation with another, decay of the human body and the expulsion of souls. No one can fight against it.

Then why do ye not
(Intervene) when (the soul
Of the dying man)
Reaches the throat,--
And ye the while
(Sit) looking on,
But We are nearer
To him than ye,
And ye see not,
Then why do ye not,
If ye are exempt
From (future) account,
Call back to the soul,
If ye are true
(In your claim of Independence?)
(LVI:83-87)

In our hectic life the reality seems to be lost. Many persons in the Qanatir prison were giving an account of Nasser's death in a sorrowful mood. By Allah we were not cursing, for the Day of Death is appointed. Death is bound to approach, for, man can neither escape nor avoid it. Death is, no doubt, a sign for mankind to feel fear and to realise his mortality. It reminds man of getting into senses and avoiding oppression, for these will be of no avail. Glory, property and children: everything will be left behind by him and man will be presented before Allah as a newly born baby:

If thou couldst but see
How the wicked (do fare)
In the flood of confusion
At death!--the angels
Stretch forth their hands,
(saying), "Yield up your souls:
this day shall ye receive
Your reward,--a penalty
Of shame, for that ye used
To tell lies against God,
And scornfully to reject
Of His Signs!"

"And behold! ye come
To Us bare and alone
As We created you
For the first time:
Ye have left behind you
All(the favours) which
We bestowed on you
We see not with you
Your intercessors
Whom ye thought to be
Partners in your affairs

So now all relations
Between you have been
Cut off, and your (Pet)fancies
Have left you in the lurch.
It was not We that wronged them:
They wronged their own souls;
The dieties, other than God,
Whom they invoked, profited them
No whit when there issued
The decree of they add aught
(To their lot)but perdition!
Such is the chastisement
Of thy Lord when He chastises
Communities in the midst of
Their wrong: grievous indeed,
And severe is this chastisement.
In that is a sign
For those who fear
The Penalty of the Hereafter:
That is a Day for which mankind
Will be gathered together:
That will be a Day
Of Testimony.
Nor shall We delay it
But for a term appointed
The Day it arrives,
No soul shall speak
Except by His leave
Of those(gathered)some
Will be wretched and some
Will be blessed.
Those who are wretched shall be in the fire:
There will be for them
Therein(nothing but) the heaving
Of sighs and sobs.
They will dwell therein

For all the time that
The heavens and the earth
Endure, excepts as thy Lord
Is the(sure) Accomplisher
Of what He planneth.
And those who are blessed
Shall be in the Gardens
They will dwell therein
For all the time that
The heavens and the earth
Endure, except thy Lord
Willeth: a gift without break.

(XL:101-108)

In other words, someone's death or return to Allah does not make much change for the sincere servants of Allah, for death is a law of nature hence one should not be panicky over it. However, to them the important thing is to lead life in accordance with Allah's commands and to fight personally for making Tawheed ascendant. After death, they, like others, have to present their account and on its basis one will be either punished or rewarded. The fight for Islam is not an individual's fight. It stands for the fight of the Truth against falsehood or of faith against unbelief or of Obedience to Allah against polytheism, atheism and idolatry. Death is inevitable and one who is to die shall die or will be martyred but a Muslim slain in this cause will be admitted to Paradise of the Lord, which besides being vast is provided with streams and gardens. Martyrs are, in fact, alive:

My devotees!
No fear shall be
On you that Day,
Nor shall ye grieve,
Being those who have believed

In Our signs and bowed
(Their wills to Ours) in Islam,
Enter ye the Garden,
Ye and your wives,
In (beauty and) rejoicing.
To them will be passed
Round, dishes and goblets
Of gold: there will be
There all that the souls
Could desire, all that
The eyes could delight in:
And ye shall abide
Therein (for ever)
Such will be the Garden
Of which you are made
Heirs for your good deeds
(In life).
Ye shall have therein
Abundance of fruit, from which
Ye shall have satisfaction
(XLIII:68-73)

Those who die in the state of disbelief and for disbelief be doomed to Hell. Who can know what is hell which other perishes not keeps one alive. It will scar the whole body. On the complete decomposition of the skin another will be provided so that one might feel the pain. One will be surrounded by fire. On one's request for water, boil-water, bitter in taste, will be served which will keep one quenched:

For them will be
The Fire of Hell:
No term shall be determined
For them, so they should die,
Nor shall its penalty

Be lightened for them.
Thus do We reward
Every ungrateful one.
Therein will they Cry
Aloud(for assistance):
"Our Lord! Bring us out:
We shall work righteousness,
Not the (deeds)we used
To do"--Did We not
Give you long enough life
So that he that would
Should receive admonition?
And(moreover)the warner
Came to you, so taste ye
(The fruits of your deeds):
For the wrong-doers
There is no helper.
(XXXV:36-37)

Thus the time would pass, as Allah wills and life spans would continue to come to an end; for, none can go against Allah's will. The persons there were discussing Nasser's death and the atmosphere was marked by cries, moans and wailing. Elegies betraying sheer hypocrisy and cringiness started appearing every day. I was, however, reminded of Sheikh's remark that one who considers Nasser as the guard of Islam is himself a disbeliever and he is the one who has severed his ties with Islam and thus incurred loss in both the worlds. We greeted the news of the return of one to the Lord, for as the Quran says, "The tyrants would soon know their end" The rumour was afloat in the Qanatir prison that Nasser's death had no effect on us. Those at the beck and call of their lords were greatly upset by our attitude. They gave vent to their anger and made it a point that we should also mourn Nasser's death.

Movement in the Scum
For the scum disappears
Like froth cast out;
While that which is for the good
Of mankind remains
On the earth.
(XIII:17)

The flatters became active and for pleasing their masters they did all they could. As a consequence, we were again treated cruelly and unfairly. The next morning as the door opened, the lady jailor tried to hit me with a heavy stick on my head. Allah saved me otherwise my head could have broken into peices. No action was taken against her. She was not even reprimanded and she continued roaming as if she was innocent. When my family members visited, I narrated them this cruel act. They contacted officials and sent them telegrams which alerted the Ministry of Justice. Enquiries made into the incident not only confirmed my report but pointed that she was a psychic patient. I, however, told the ministry that the enquiry was inconclusive, for only the lady was not behind the attack on me. It was a conspiracy hatched by diabolical forces. To punish a puppet is meaningless. Allah is, however, Mighty. This new kind of punishment was for me something unthinkable. The community led astray by Allah can never be guided.

New Trial

The morning of 9th August, 1971 presented to us a new trial when the lady jailor rushed into my room to inform that I was called in by the Commissioner to his office. This unusual meeting brought to our minds many doubts. I wondered what new idea the forces of evil had in store. Will we be held guilty of preaching Islam in the jail? Is there any news about my family? Many thoughts came to my mind;

yet, I could not at all anticipate what fate had in store for me.

When I reached the Commissioner's office, I got my release order. It was an odd situation, for, I was sentenced to life imprisonment. Moreover, I felt worried about Hameeda who had to live in such a dingy place while suffering all kind of torture. This idea sent tremor in my heart and I cried involuntarily. "No, no! It will never happen. I will never leave my daughter alone. You are mischievous fellows bent on playing tricks." I was really enraged. The Commissioner expressed his helplessness in making any change in the orders stating that both my arrest and release were finalised by higher authorities. After a few moments I found myself standing along with Hameeda in front of the Commissioner's office where I had been called in. I could not decide how to leave Hameeda alone whose image was like an indelible imprint on my heart. How could I desert her in such a horrible place. I was moved to the depths of my being. Hameeda, however, tried to pacify me by telling that it was Allah's will, for all authority rests with him. Allah is not forgetful of His creatures. When a lot of time passed, the Commissioner directed Hameeda to greet me and return to her cell. These memorable moments passed quickly. We embraced each other with our hearts pounding fast and heavy breaths. We were weeping also. The Commissioner completed all the formalities and I moved to my house with restless soul, broken heart and tears in eyes.

Final Bargaining

The vehicle carrying me suddenly changed its route and I found myself in the enquiry office. I was made to stay there from 2 O'clock to 9 O'clock. Then I was taken to an office where two officers asked me questions about Islam and whether I would meet the Ikhwan again. I was lost in the thoughts about Hameeda. So I told them that though

Both of us were sentenced to life imprisonments, she was still in prison. I told them that they wanted to make mischief but Allah would never grant them success in their intrigues. He asked me to remain calm. I replied, "You wish to deceive, though Allah is watching you. His is the final word, though most of you do not know it." He said, "Zainab! We cannot go against or deviate from the orders received from higher authorities." Then I was taken to Ahmad Rushdi's office who used to torture the faithful and tried to weaken faith. But alas! He seated me and congratulated on my release. The gist of his talk was that I should stop all my Islamic activities, and I should not have any link whatsoever with other brethren in Islam and reports in his office at regular intervals. As he finished his talk, I replied, "I totally refuse to follow any of your conditions. Even I do not accept the release order. You better convey it to other officers and make me return to the Qanatir prison." Ahmad Rushdi smilingly said, "Anyway any Ikhwan have compromised on these conditions." Cutting him short I said, "I think only good of Ikhwan. I cannot give any opinion about the Ikhwan referred to by you." However, I do not think your statement is true. Ikhwan being the heirs to the truth strive for this Cause unless they receive Allah's help or they die"

The telephone bell rang and Ahmad Rushdi attended it. He talked on the phone to Ustad Abdul Munaim Mazali and requested him to reach there. A few moments later my brothers Abdul Munaim came and while weeping greeted me. Ahmad Rushdi asked him to act as the arbitrator between him and me. My brother replied, Zainab is my elder sister. I do not argue with her. Moreover, She is adept in argumentation and rhetoric. Ahmad Rushdi said, "O K! Zainab! congratulations! You should refrain from the armed Ikhwan organisation and should not associate yourself with it" I replied, "The armed Ikhwan organisation is a story fabricated by you. It is incumbent on Muslims to es-

Days From My Life

tablish the Islamic State and make call to it as the Prophet *Sallallahu Alaihi Wasallam* and his companions did. This should be the ideal of every Muslim, be he an Ikhwan or a non-Ikhwan. When I returned home with my brother it was 3 A.M. of 10th August, 1971.

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used to say that Zainab and Abdul Fattah Ismail have alienated him from the new generation. A number of youths were trained and the best products were used in this battle such as the great jurisprudent, Syed Qutub, Abdul Fattah Ismail who was a class by himself, and Muhammad Hawash, a giant among the Islamic Movement workers.

The days of prison were over and lkhwans maintained their high standards of boldness, courage, patience and gentle manners. Nasser suffered humiliation on 5th June when the prisoners' camp was shifted to civil jail so that those opposed to Nasser may be easily dealt with. On the Last Day Nasser would face more humiliation. He, the twentieth century Pharaoh, did so unbecoming things on 5th June. Those who create mischief in the world would be degraded further in the Hereafter.

CHAPTER VII

Shift to Qanatir Prison

I can never forget the day when on 3rd and 4th June the doors of our cell opened at regular intervals and I found people discussing war and Palestenians. Among the participants of the discussion was a physician. I asked him whether we would ever succeed in liberating Palestine. On hearing it he grew angry and asked me to clarify my stance. I told him he should better learn lessons, for as long as super power help the Zionist forces, it would not be possible to liberate Palestine. The day Islam reigns supreme, Palestine would be liberated. The doors of our cell did not open on 5th June morning. Suddenly the door opened and a black soldier barged in anouncing Nasser's victory. However, we kept quiet. At the time of Asr prayers Sifwat came and started beating me with a shoe crying that they had been victorious. He continued beating until I lay unconscious. The soldiers threw away all my articles of daily use. The lunatic persons all of them were muttering about their victory. Then Hameeda and myself were seated in a military vehicle packed with armymen. I was praying to Allah along and I thought the whole Nature had hoined me in my prayers. Though Hameeda tried to pacify me, I continued praying. While I was beaten and taken out of the cell I believed they were taking me to the gallows. This