

The English Translation of:  
**Pak Sar Jamin Sad Bad**

**The Blessed Sacred Land**

**By Humayun Azad**

Translated by Kanok da

**A scathing criticism of the perverted brutality perpetrated by fundamentalist forces in Bangladesh which almost cost Dr. Azad's life during an attack on him by the hired thugs of the same quarter he was so vocal against.**



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## Chapter One

We believe in Islamic Jihad. All Muslims must carry it out. Until all the infidels of the world are converted into Islam, we believe to continue our Jihad. It is the ardent order of the God almighty Allah, the compassionate and the merciful, and we will obey it dreadfully with our blood, and with the blood of all the infidels. We do not believe in hypocrisy, the act of Jewish and Pagans; but there are lots of hypocrites disguised as Muslim and explain Allah's message as Satan. They are the Satans, and they indeed were born out of satanic sexual activities. They say, there is no conflict between Islam and democracy. The people, who say it, they are infidels they are apostates. Islam came from Allah. Democracy and Socialism came from infidels—Jews, Pagans and Christians. It is the ardent order of Allah, the great merciful, to destroy infidels. We have to destroy them anywhere and everywhere through a restless and sleepless Jihad.

Hazrat Abul-Ala Maududi and Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini understood Allah and His friend, Muhammad's message. Therefore, they will have the highest luxury in heaven. Once I was a socialist and I fought for the proletariats—may Allah refuge me of the sin; I read the books of the devils, the *eiblis*, the Satan and the mefistos such as Marx, Angles, Trotsky, Stalin and Mao Tse-Tung. I thought socialism was the real path, and I believed to bring the proletariats into the power; I wanted to establish their rules, as if, it was the historical science—may Allah refuge me of the sin. Thereafter, I started to read the holy books of Islam, which showed me how I became an infidel, an apostate. I understood how I got into the wrong path. To me, it was easy to read those Islamic books, it was easy to comprehend them—there was no gimmick, only the highest form of truth, the highest commend of Allah. So, I repented and came back to Islam, the way many of our leaders, almost all of them did; they became very different, who once were committed themselves to socialism. The 'Jamai Jihadi Islam Party' saved me. I understood the purity of Islam by reading Hazrat Abul-Ala Maududi and Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini. They changed my vision. I purified myself. I became a jihadi. My vision was gradually changing over time. Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini's books set me right into the path of honesty; I was empowered. I started to hate the clumsy world—so many infidels live in God's world! So many pagans! So many Hindus! But Allah, the almighty, ordered us to carry out jihad fourteen hundred years ago. Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini said, "Every Muslim must carry out jihad, except the disables—the blinds and the limps." He emphasized on establishing Islam in the whole world through jihad, so that every human being

would obey Islamic doctrines. In order to understand why Islam wants to occupy the whole world, we need to read the holy books of Islam; we need to set our minds to the Islamic teachings.

Jihad is the main goal of Islam. Those who do not know of Islam say it is against war—but they are ignorant, hypocrite and disbelievers. With the reference of Islam Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini says, "Kill all the infidels, as they want to kill you." Should Muslims sit back and let the infidels swallow them? We cannot let the Jews to eat our flesh, the Hindus to chop our brains and the Christians to drink our blood. Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini says, "Kill them, stab them right into the heart and slice them into pieces." You cannot control people without using sword. Therefore, we need sword. Swords are the keys of heaven. The great Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini says, "Those who do not want to be involved in jihad, those who do not want to go to war but want peace instead, I want to spit on their face." After reading the Holy Terror by Amir Thaher, and the explanation he drew on the teachings on the great Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini, I understood my religion—the holy Islam. I understood jihad is the Holy Terror. So, it is my life.

The nasty books of the devils like Marx, Angles, Lenin, Trotsky, Stalin and Mao Tse-Tung also helped me, thought me of terrorism, but that is unholy, ungraceful and impure. Therefore, I never believed in the exploitation of democracy, human right or freedom of speech. I am unbelievably comfortable with the Holy Terror. It eases me. Part of my life would have not been gone down to the drain, if I had known about Abul-Ala Maududi and Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini before growing hair in my pubic area. I ask for the grace of God. I beg Allah to pardon me and I look for the path of salvation. Jama'i Jihadi Islam Party shows me the path. This party is the lighthouse in deep dark; it's the morning sun after the long moonless night. Our Jama'i Jihadi Islam party called for this important, secret and strategic conference today. We meet like this every now and then. We usually call this type of conferences to make the world free from infidels. We do it to purify our land. We do not invite all the members of the party to this kind of conferences. A very few of them—only the reliable leaders—sure I decide who, would come to the conference. I am the supreme Jihadi leader of this land. We divided the country into different zones—the Stan, Pak-Stan. My Stan is the main zone, we call it the Madinah tun-Nabi; as Yathrib, which was renamed as Medina tun-Nabi, was more significant than Mecca in the Islamic world. Our blessed sacred land will be started from this zone.

## **Chapter Two**

We have pure Islamic blood. We kill in the name of Allah, through which we will regain the power, we believe; we know that the highest level of truthfulness will not

be established without killing. We kill in the name of Allah—bismillah. We say, "O Allah, the compassionate and the merciful, we are killing for you. Give us a place in heaven. If we make a mistake, please forgive us." In killing, in practicing Islam and in another great deed, which the infidels call it a 'terrorism', we are the best in the world. But first we have to bring back the Stan; we have to reestablish the Shariah Laws.

Our country is now full of apostates and infidels. It has been unpurified. We have to purify it. We have to make it a blessed land. If there is no Stan, there is no peace. We have to restore peace and Stan. Being out of Stan means, out of dreams. So, we want to bring back Stan. We bring dates from Stan, we bring Basmati rice too, we play cricket with them; our tender young girls kiss their bearded or non-bearded players, and become mad to make love with them and get to their hotel suit to lie under. We don't find peace in our minds unless some of their Majors and Lieutenant Generals come to visit us every month. This is how we acquire some kind of purity. It is more sinful to live in an unblessed land than eating pork—May Allah refuge me of the sin!

We are not alone, our brothers are all over the world. They do their work. If an airplane crashes into a high-rise building anywhere in the world, or if a car breaks into a hospital or a hotel and leaves all the wreckage behind, or if a bomb hits a tourist place and kills three hundred or so, we will know that our brothers have done it; that means we've done it. It's jihad. We are doing our work; we sort of captured the country, it is not too long to get the whole country under our rules. We are with the main party now; our people are in the main party too. In fact, there are more of our people in the main party than that of it own. Our people keep continuing their work; it will not be long before getting the whole nation under our flag, and beneath our feet. We are doing our work.

Our leader, Al-haj Mowlana Karim Ali Islampuri has arrived. It signifies the strength of my own Stan. It signifies my activities and shows how well planned, and goal oriented I am. Al-haj Islampuri thinks that the new Islam, the new Pak Stan and the new blessed sacred land will be started from here. He said, "Remember, you are the Islamic soldiers, the collaborators, you are the Talibans of Allah. The American Satan, the Jews now invaded Afghanistan, but we are not dead yet, we will continue our jihad. We will make this country a new Afghanistan; it will be the land of Allah. The whole world will be the land of Allah." The second leader, Al-haj Mowlana Rahimuddin Rasulpuri said, "That fucking song, 'O My Bengal of Gold' has to be stopped. Rage gets in my heart if I hear it. We have to change it. We will again bring 'The Blessed Sacred Land' instead of this junk." "I had to sing this blessed-sacred song while I was in school, now I remember only the first line now—I don't remember anything after this line, probably the teenaged jihadis who are with us did not even get a chance to hear it at all. They don't understand the song."

One of the young energetic teenaged jihadis asked, "What is the blessed sacred land, Hujur? Is it the almighty, the great Allah's message?" Rahimuddin Rasulpuri was stunned. He thought these jihadis did not even know the fact. He said, "It is the best song in the whole world. It has the same merit as the Koranic verse and hadith. It's the national anthem of Pakistan; we lost it in 1971. We have to bring it back. We have to turn our country into Pakistan again—we have to establish the rule of Islam. I brought you 1000 cassettes of the Pak Sar Zamin song, given by our Pakistani patrons; they will give us more. All of you should listen to this in the morning, in the midday and in the evening soon after you finish your prayer. You will see how empowered you get! You will be blessed, if you hear the song." Mowlana Neyamat Ali said, "We have to kill a lot of people. Our honorable Muhammad Rasulallah (peace be upon him) ordered us to kill. If he would not kill the Jews of Yathrib, he could have not established Islam, and Yathrib would not become the Madinah tun-Nabi. We have to kill all the Jews of our land for Islam." Jihadi Muhammad Pear Ali asked, "There is no Jew in our country, Hujur. Where will we find Jews? How do they look like?" Rehearsing his beard with his finger, Rahimuddin Rasulpuri said, "May Allah refuge me of doing this! May Allah forgive my sin! These boys are not pure Muslims yet! Learned no manner! Have not known the real path! They do not the Jews, the worse enemy of Islam. Jews are our enemy from the very first day." Mowlana Rahamath Ali, who was chewing a Pan, throwing his mouth full of waste in a waste pot, he said, "Dear Hazrat Rasulpuri, do not get upset with this. If our prophet was like you, he would not be able to establish Islam; these are our young boys—we have to tell them who are the Jews in our country."

Here, we are a group of boys—well, though I am not included among the boys—are ready to sacrifice our lives for Pakistan and Afghanistan. In my Stan, there is a lot of Madrassas—hafijia, forkinia, and many more. Darshai, Nijami, Kowmi. My Jamai Jihadi Islam Party is full of the students from Madrassas. They are my Talibans, my soldiers; they are always ready for jihad. A young 'bull-star' jihadi asked, "Please tell us who are the Jews in our country, Hujur. Explain it. Tell us, how they look like?" Al-haj Mowlana Karim Ali Islampuri said, "Sons, you will understand. The Jews of our country are the murtads—apostates—poets, writers and intellectuals—the Eiblis, the Hindus and the political parties that are friendly with these groups. We have to kill them first. If we can do that, we will go back to our Pak Sar Zamin Sad Bad and Islam. We will not stop before reaching our goals." He went on to say, "Remember, we should not show petty. Our dearest, honorable prophet (peace be upon him) did not even show mercy on his own uncle Abu Lahab and Abdul Uzza; we still say in prayer, 'Let the hands of Abu Lahab perish, and let himself perish.' Tabath Yada Abu Lahab-u O tabba."

Each leader was giving their instructions one by one. I know this instructional procedure more than anybody else; I was given the instructions for several times. This instruction—the sacred teaching, is much more powerful than drugs. In order to make them ready for it, one needs to say the same thing over and over, one needs

to wash the boys' brain with it and put it into their blood flow so that nothing else can get there any more. "Listen, there is no sin killing in the name of Islam. Moreover, killing for Islam is not justified as killing; it is just the process of wiping the infidels out and reestablishing Islam. If you can do it, you will have a place in the most luxurious heaven, the heaven Ferdous, where you can have sex with hoors—the beautiful ladies—throughout the day and the night. The many infidels you can kill for Islam, the many hoors you will get—May Allah bless all of us!" "If you can kill the murtads, you will go to the heaven Ferdous. There you will pass your time with hoors and sarabon tahura—the best wine. There you will have sex with them again and again. You will be satisfied 700 million times more than you get in this world. May Allah be praised!" "There, you will get gelmans—young boys; sure you will get them. They will flourish you with the highest joy. May Allah be praised!"

"There is no sin having sex with Hindu girls, it is not forbidden. Hindu girls are 'no mans' property—you need adultery at this age—go do it with Hindu girls. There is no sin in it. May Allah be praised!" "We have to drive the Hindus out of the country, we have to kill the murtads—only then we can establish Islamic Laws. Tabath Yada Abu Lahab-u O tabba." "Don't let women go out of home." "Women are Satan, witch and slaves—a woman insisted Adam to eat from the forbidden tree, otherwise we would now stay in heaven—we are out of heaven because of women; who now want to have sex even with strangers. Do not believe in them, sitting beside their husbands they search for a man to lie with even while covered in borka; they do adultery in their thought, may Allah refuse me of the sin."

"Whatever the great Talibans did to women in Afghanistan was the real Islamic tradition, we will follow that tradition; our patron, Soudi Arabia does not still allow women to go out of home without wearing borka. There, women are not allowed to drive a car too, that's how it should be! We will establish this kind of real, pure and powerful Islam. Women will be free under the men's rule in Islam. May we praise Allah, the compassionate and merciful." "A women runs our country now. One woman comes and the other goes, may Allah refuge me of the sin. Being under a woman rule is more disgusting than living in hell. It's haram—unforgivable. Women should stay underneath, they should never go up; but we took it easy on a woman rule tactfully; we made a treaty. At the very first days of Islam, we had made treaties with Jews—thereafter, we wiped them out through massacres. We threw them in holes and buried them instantly. We had taken their wives and daughters as hostage; we seized their homes, land and all other properties. Now we are using the some technique; we will get the power in the matter of time, we are getting it day by day. We will not be fully succeeded without a proper strategy; one day the ladies will be caged in home, they will ask for Allah's mercy."

"Remember, Islam is the solution for everything; there is no other solution than Islam; we buried communism, we will also drag democracy into the grave, you have

to dig it. You are the soldiers, the Generals, Muhammad Bin-Kashim, Bakhtiar Khilgi, Mosses and Tareque."

### Chapter Three

"You have to stir the country with this movement, we will advance ten steps toward establishing Islam with this, we will advance twenty steps toward Pak-Stan, we will be able to sing the Pak Sar Zamin Sad Bad again. I have even forgotten the second line of the song, you know I don't sing the song for many years." I said, "Tunishanee Azmey Alishan..." He said, "Yes, yes, Allah grace us all, Allah is great. You are the pure jihadi, that is why you got the leadership of the main Stan." Mowlana Neyamat Ali said, "You know, there are so many jihadi parties in our country, such as the Extreme Ali Khidmot, the Extreme Jamatul Party, Hijbul Party, Hijbul Towhid Party, Islamun Party, Al Qur'an Reader Party, Islamic Brotherhood Party and many more. There are hypocrites in these parties too. But we actually created many of them. We established them throughout the country using different names. The members of these parties carry out our programs. At time, we will dissolve some of them and ask the members and leaders to merge into Jamai jihadi Islam Party. At least we will give shelter to the real jihadis." Karim Ali Islampuri said, "We have to seize the power. Now, we are with the government, we are with the main party. But one day we will form our own government, and become the main party; we are just trying to get into everywhere. When Islam would take the country over, when Pakistan would come back, there would be no Murtad, no Hindu in our land. There will be no Hindu or Jew in Muslim disguise. There will be no University—Universities are whore houses, boys and girls sit together, walk and talk with each other keeping Satan in between—May Allah forgive our sin!" He went on, "But the University, the Engineering University and the Medical Colleges are occupied by us, our own people are there, our people are everywhere."

"If you look at the University now, you will see that women are with us too. We supply borkha every month. We have to supply headscarf too. We used to supply tin thousand borkha and headscarf to school, college and Universities, but what a beauty, now we are supplying a million of them this year. The increasing demand of borkha and head scarf shows how fast approaching towards Pak Stan—May we praise Allah, the merciful." He added, "We are in the television too. Did you realize it? From morning to the nightly prayer, we discuss Islamic doctrine there—we discuss it in the middle of the night too; and, by the grace of Allah, our women—our subordinates of course—also learned to talk about Islam—may the glory go to Allah—with red lipsticks and finished eye-brows. They enter into the television—may the glory go to Allah—with cosmetic shade in their eyes, and how pretty is that! They talk about Islamic doctrine in Bengali, Arabic, and Urdu. I am also learning new ways of discussing Islam from them—May the glory go to Allah." He added, "Women, who

used to go to market places with their big exposed breasts, dancing waists and healthy buttocks, now they do not step out of their house without borkha and headscarf. Listen to me, my dear believers, men will always be tempted if big exposed breasts and healthy buttocks cross the in the street, no matter how faithful they are. Men then have no way to turn away from adultery. But, we are changing the situation."

He also said, "Those days are not for from us when women will not even ask for a marriage certificate, one single iron ring will do the marriage; and a man will sure be able to stay with four wives. Men will again have full power to divorce their wives. A man who does not have the right to divorce, he is not a man at all. A man who cannot have more than one wives, he is not a pure Muslim, may we praise Allah."

He also said, "Our survey showed, twenty years ago, not more than twenty students and teachers of the University would go to mosque, now ninety percent of them go to mosque. They almost run a race through the street to go to pray on Fridays. We know that ninety nine percent of the University population used to piss standing, now ninety nine percent of them do it in the Islamic way, sitting in the bathroom, they also walk forty steps, as suggested in the Sariah, with a piece of hard soil holding under cloth. We supply sixty tons of hard soil every year. Infection free. We are being successful, it will not be long to be completely successful, may we praise Allah."

He said, "May Allah forgive my sin. The murtads used to play record payers during the time of the call from the mosque, the shameless women used to dance too, Allah is merciful, now see everyone keeps silence during the call. They stop dancing. They stop record players; even the stupid girls who play love with boys in front of the University dorms, and make their cloths wet rubbing themselves, they too get their headscarf on during the evening prayer, they too stop molesting, keep the lovers off for a while, Allah is great, we are getting ahead, it will not be long before reforming Pak Stan.

"God is great. Once the people were communists, they now joined our party. Now they think nothing but Islam and Pak Stan, praise be on Allah. In the last few months, I brought forty of them back to the path of Allah. These communists used to believe in Jihad, but of a different kind—socioeconomic and class conflict—now they understood that they were wrong, so they came back to the original Jihad. Didn't you see, a group of communists collaborated with us in 1971? Praise be on Allah." He went on to say, "What would you see if you go to the medical clinics nowadays? You would not see any books written by pagans, rather you would see the holy Qur'an, presented by our patron, the great king of Saudi Arabia. What would you see in the engineers' offices? You would see the holy Qur'an, presented by our patron, the great king of Saudi Arabia. With Allah's grace, it will be long for victory. Praise be on Allah."



Once I was faithful in Marxism, I read the communist manifesto. I understood nothing more than dialectical materialism, I tried to draw an explanation of everything with materialistic points of view, which was supported by Karl Marx and Charles Angles, I was inspired by Hegel too. I said, the communist manifesto is the best book, the best proclamation, and I chanted slogans with the leaders in street rallies, but I got nothing; our leaders got Russian Vodka and Chinese cigarette, I failed to get that too; at the time of Al-haj Ershad, when our leaders started to bossing with him; and became either a Minister or a Prime Minister, I hated that I left communist party and joined the party of the untouchable; I murdered a few here and there, went to mugging—I was thrilled with it—raped a few women, but I did not exactly rape them, I kind of seduced them to make love with me—but I could not satisfy them, they said, You don't know how to do it; and sure I was not that experienced at that time, now I am, I got experienced bit by bit, I learned how to make love; then I joined the Jamai Jihadi Islam Party. I found the path of salvation I found my life.

Jamai Jihadi Islam inspires me, I feel unbelievably excited, which is much more sensible than the erection of a very special part of my body; I could see that I am empowered, I get emotional of dreaming heaven. Naymul Qur'an, Moksadul Mumanin, Bhahesti Jayor, Qur'an-hadid and the books written by Hazrat Maududi, Imam Qazzali and Ayatollah Khomeini show me that I was in the wrong path, I was on the way to hell. Now, I have come back to the right path; now my mind is full of dream, I am always excited; there will be nothing except Islam and Muslims, I become 'fainted' to know this—may Allah refuse me of the sin, I should not use the word fainted—may Allah forgive me; may Allah offer me a luxurious life. When I was a Marxist or with the untouchable, I had no live at all; I got almost everything after joining the Jamai Jihadi Islam Party; sure, I will go to heaven. In a few month after joining, I became the leader of the Madinah tun-Nabi zone. I did not have to try hard for it; the great leaders of the party understood that the students of the Hafijia, Forkania, Kowmi, Alim, Dakhil and general madrasa—about thirty institutes—with which this zone was formed, have no brain—probably they even do not have a head—their brain clustered in another part of the body; so in a few months of joining the party, I became a leader, I was never been a leader before.

There is no more pleasure, no more satisfaction, and no more sensuality than becoming a leader. Not only power; power is not that powerful, but money—I started getting a lot. I did not know it before that money travels through the canals like water current. After joining with the Jihadi Islam Party, I saw money was waving towards me through every possible canal; power and money together make man a prophet, they together give the man eternity. Marxism did not give me a single penny. When I went mugging as an untouchable, I did get a little—thousand or two—but there was a lot of risk in doing it. Now I no risk or fear and I get millions. The beauty of money—the very glimpse of it—as eternity—came to my possession after

becoming a leader. Now I buy weapons, I give money to the Islamic soldiers, but still I can keep millions in my reservoirs. If not Allah, the great, and Pak Stan, who else would have given me so much? When I get money I offer extra prayer to Allah, I have to do it every day; I become happy doing it, my heart gets blessed. Besides money, I also receive Black Level, Chivous Rigal, and Balentain—I did not even hear these names before; While I was a member of Communist Party, I used to get to the Sweeper's Naiberhood to have the worse wine. Moreover, I did not have money to buy it; it was good in a sense, if I would drink more of it, I would have suffered from Lavar Sirosis. Now, except Black Level, Chivous Rigla and Balentain, all other wines are like the red-urine of a begger to me.

We have taken two important projects in hand which will change our country. Today we are moving to re-name the Bhairab County; tomorrow we will change the name of the village Shamsiddi; we are to change the world from top to bottom. Both the names, Bhairab and Shamsiddi, are of my favorite since my boyhood, but that's not a factor; both the names are of pagans and Hindus; I cannot except these names any more, it is unbearable; and the temple of Shamsiddi, without seeing it from distance at least once a day, I could not even sleep quietly in my boyhood, now I believe, it's like an arrow printed in my heart, on Pak Stan and above all it makes a pinch in Islam itself; as if Lath, Manath and Uzza are now living in this temple which were once in Kabba house in Makkah. We have to destroy the temple and build a masque instead. I want to see an Al Aqsa or a Baitul Mukkarrom—the national mosque of our country—there. Nowadays, while I look at the temple, I remember a powerful Army General, known as the sun glass General, of whom I was once follower once, I loved him and accepted him as my leader. He is still in my heart, and he will be there forever. I did not have a chance to join to his party, actually I did not succeed to, but I tried hard and was thrown away by the hard kicks of our great Marxist leaders, who managed to be in his cabinet. The sun glass General once addressed the nation from the Patron Square, it was a heart pounding speech he delivered, and we were all shaking, suddenly he stopped and kept the index finger of his right hand pointing to the Baitul Mukarrom Mosque. He was soundless for a while. We, too, were soundless looking at his finger, as if the finger had been revealing a great message.

He kept himself soundless like that for a while, but it looked like he was speechless for millions of years, while his cosmological finger was delivering the speech for him. I was shivering at his finger's silent voice. Everything can make sound, but a finger can do it so much, so meaningful it can get, the meaning which we, the listeners, could not comprehend. We were totally helpless in front of the silent, calm, giant meaningfulness—and so we were all waiting to get a great meaning of it. Finally, he spoke out, "It was not there." We were stun and excited. We thought what was not there! How did we know?

He is the one who knew it. It was him who had the power to know it.

He said again, "Yes, it was not there. 'Allah, the great' was not there. The Arabic calligraphy of 'Allah the great' what you now see on top of the Baitul Mukkarrom was not there."

A mountain that sat on our chest got off. We started to breathe again.

We thought that the Sunglasses General was great and unbelievably powerful who had a great vision. We did not have the best sign on our best roof top—we did not even see it before, we did not realized it before, but our great leader saw it through his great sun glasses. His sunglasses had an eternal vision, in fact, there was only one pair of such glasses in the whole world. Truly, we did never realize that there was no Arabic calligraphy of 'Allah the great' on the top of our Baitul Mukkrrom. Our great leader easily pointed it out and put it there, which in turn declared the pride of our Allah sprinkling light from it even in the night. A great leader established Islam long ago, and our great leader also did a lot by making it visible. Allah, the great, must already have offered him the highest luxury in the Heaven, Ferdous. And probably our leader is still staring, through the sunglasses, at the calligraphy that he established. Also, he is staring at us, the people who will bring the Pak Stan, who will bring back the blessed sacred land.

This incident made a permanent scratch in my mind; I will destroy the Shamsidhi temple, make a big mosque there and set 'Allah the great' in block Arabic letters on top of it, which Allah, the compassionate and the merciful, Himself will be able to see. Sure, he sees everything; a little insect cannot be out of His sight.

But I can show a little petty on the Hindus. I can give them a little time, a day or two. Although, we have to do the rally today, I cannot wait for it. Only we can show a little concession to the Hindus. What concession should offer them?

I talked to my jihadis last night, when they were watching an XXX film in a video cassette player—it was dangerous, Lust for Dogs; moreover, it was an Indian Jifnish—nowadays, we do not get excited watching the rubbish white girls' sucking and fucking in double or triple screws—we have seen them a lot, all the same—rubbish and unexcited, we like Hindu goods from South India and Mumbai—we get erected watching the Indian XXX, but not the western girls, there is no taste of seeing them, they are like the automatic machine of bladder and pump. The film reminded us Durga, Bakulmala, Konaklata, Swarasati, Rama, Sati, Urmila, Madhuri, Krisnakali, and so on, many more of those healthy girls. If we get all of them, and more—not for myself only—Taliban Hafizuddin, Jihadi Muhammed Karamot Ali, Jihadi Muhammad Mostafa, Jihidi Muhammad Akbar Ali will also get share—we will give the Hindus a little time, a day or two. One of the great qualities of the Jihadis is that they like Hindu girls.

I, too, like them. With a little initiative, they act like whores; my jihadis actually do not like actions, they rather be happy if they get a chance of dive in and pulling

out. Muhammad Hafizuddin is more talented on doing it, he probably gets a special instruction from the angels; but Muhammad Karamot Ali, Muhammad Akbar Ali and Muhammad Mostafa do not do it less. I like what they do. If Jihadis would do it less, they might lose their spirit. When they get on a Hindu girl, they think that they are destroying a town of pagans, which was ordered. I was surprising to me that they did not even read Ruhollah Khomeini, but in thinking and getting in action they even get ahead of him. The bodily smells of the Hindu girls are of my favorite. Either Bramin or Charal or Koiberta, whatever they are, they hold a very good bodily smell. A sharp, sensitive, breath holding, great Earthly fragrance spreads out of their breasts, under arms and thighs. A strange fragrance also comes out from the edge of their groins. Probably they have a relations with red Chinise roses, lotus, Bakul, Shipali and Gandoraj flowers, and since they act well, it looks like they all know Kama Shutra; even the Koiborto girls' smell make me crazy, I get a smell of cat fish, as if diving in a pond, I am catching fish from its deep surface.

(To be continued)

*Please send your feedbacks on above translation at [mukto\\_mona2000@yahoo.com](mailto:mukto_mona2000@yahoo.com). Thanks.*