

AZAWAD

**THE TORMENTED
OF THE DESERT**

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MAP OF LITERARY CONTRIBUTIONS

The role of educated youth - Abrzoulg Ismail - page 6

When History Speaks - Lokan Walat Ahmed - page 7

Ikhriban Massacre - Kalghalg Khadija - page 9

Self-talk - page 21

From our lineage are born Revolutionaries - Ben Khayya Kalthoum - page 25

Letters without a postman - Lahcen Ag Touhami - page 32

This region, reader, is called Azawad - page 35

Alone in the Diaspora - Kadaw Hussein - page 41

It is said in my description - Suleiman Dado -page 47

When will we meet, my homeland? - Rikan Salwa - page 52

Tuareg Pen - Muhammad Abouzo - page 71

From the truth - Khouatri Othman - page 81



The Prophet ﷺ said:

“Whoever is easy-going, calm and gentle, Allah has forbidden Hell for him.”

HE LIVES ALONE AND DIES ALONE IN THE
DESERT. WE DO NOT
KNOW THE VISIONS OF THIS MAN.

Man, or his last will and testament. But only poetry can penetrate the depths of the desert, with the power of a ray of light, to stop us as witnesses of "He is in the condition of a lonely man, breathing his last breath."

Jean-Paul Sartre

School of Beauty Sciences

THE ROLE OF EDUCATED YOUTH.

ISMAIL ABRZOULG

Youth is the basis of any nation that wants to advance its civilization.

Let me digress and say who among these young men (young Azawad) was among the group who carried the pain and problems of Azawad on their shoulders.

With all the means at their disposal to obtain justice, that is, to gain their independence, any question, whatever it may be, is of no importance.

Azawad has men who sacrificed dear and precious for their homeland. Therefore, the responsibility of the conscious young man, the intellectual and the writer is a great responsibility in raising awareness...

Meet him and guide him on the right path.

WHEN HISTORY SPEAKS

LUKE WELT AHMED.

Once, not so long ago, we lived in stability. The most beautiful moments, sharing pleasure and happiness with each other, we did not notice.

One day, we felt pain and sadness, another day happiness and tranquility did not leave us. We were among the most beautiful and kind people in the world. We lived in peace. We did not transgress. Our borders are with others, we exchanged peace and security with everyone next to us ...

Suddenly and without warning, everything changed.

Panic reigned throughout our country, our families were scattered, our wives became widows. With our orphaned children, nothing is the same as before, what was yesterday has changed. Paradise and happiness have been led to destruction and suffering that was not expected, but... The proverb says: "The blow that does not kill makes one stronger and more determined." This is our situation. All this pain that has fallen upon us has been like a thunderbolt. It serves to test our ability to take responsibility for ourselves, as well as our ability to face everything that is against us, and this is not new. In our primitiveness, we were characterized by courage and bravery, as it was in history. Every time, every small and large part of our struggle is recorded about us.

And our confrontation with the enemy and our failure to accept the idea of tyranny and slavery, and here it is.

Today, history repeats itself...

IT'S A BEAUTIFUL THING EACH TIME A GENERATION
IS BORN FILLED WITH LOVE,
SACRIFICES, PASSION, DETERMINATION
AND A WILL FOR THEIR COUNTRY TO ACHIEVE FREEDOM.

KALGLAGH KHADIDJA

Its people are stable, and one of the consequences of this steadfastness is that it has established several revolutions, the most important of which is the "Anlmaun" revolution in the city of Manka, in the year 1986, led by the valiant and heroic fighter "Ibrahim Ag Bahanga" accompanied by the activist "Huna Ag Jemat", who...

It ended with their victory over the enemy, as well as the July Revolution of the year one thousand nine hundred and ninety" and was led by several activists, and broke out in...the desert of "Bugsu Taksmin, Manka Abibara"... and other places in Azawad where they had several revolts afterwards, reaching the largest revolution in the history of Azawad in 2012, which...

This bore fruit with the liberation of all parts of the lands of Azawad and the announcement of...

National Movement for the Liberation of Azawad.

IKHRIBAN MASSACRE.

The sun's spark burns almost everyone down, the temperature is very high and the wind is hot, strong storms, young men and old women in the houses, as for the men, they were fighting on the ground for a piece.

Living while everyone was at home near their family members. There was tranquility, affection and compassion, and in the Ikhbaran region exactly, an enemy plane struck on the spot, in Ramsha.

The region has gone from paradise to hell, and this is the thousandth time where the same massacre is repeated, heads separated from bodies, limbs separated from bodies, a hand in the north and a foot in the south.

Young babies and old people on their knees, defenseless women, blood everywhere, crying and moaning, a mother who lost her children, a lost daughter.

Her father, who is almost seventy years old, and the pharmacist who was...

He sells medicines, do you see where he is? He is not seen giving medicine to anyone anymore.

People? Why is he not seen in such a situation?

By God, where has he disappeared to?



(Photo of the Tin Zouatin Akherban massacre of a father holding his child after the bombing by the Malian army)

YES, WE GOT AN ANSWER TO OUR QUESTIONS.

Yes, we got an answer to our questions. We found his head in the east and his hand in the west. We found every part of him in its place.

His condition reminded me of that doll that whenever I got angry, I vented my anger on it and separated everything in it from each other. This is not only the pharmacist's condition, but everyone's condition.

By God, what is this power that is only exercised on the young and the old? How long will the people be exterminated in this brutal way?

Killing souls and taking away lives? How long will the same scene be repeated before the eyes of mothers? How long will a mother see one of her children killed in a more heinous way than his brother was killed?

How long will her eyes shed blood and her heart bleed with pain?

What do you think will be the fate of this nation? Who will heal the wounds of an entire people? But we have not lost hope in God. A day will come when this nation will be liberated, a day when it will be said, here we are, we have achieved our victory.

May relief be near.



(Photos of some of the victims of the airstrike on the Ikhbaran complex, August 25, 2024)

THE DEPARTURE OF THE SUPPORT.

In that desert that is not devoid of that refreshing breeze, and in one of the tents, live Rahma and her mother, a woman who is an example of kindness and generosity. And her brother Suleiman, who was her friend, the beloved, the support, the steady rib that never wavered.

Suleiman, 17 years old, carried the burden of life with his sister and mother, he was a good brother and a good son, he lived the role of father and son at the same time, as his father passed away when he was an infant. Their life was very ordinary and simple and at the same time special and beautiful, until the day came that was not like any other day. The mother was sitting making tea and Suleiman was getting ready to go grazing, when four cars stopped a few steps away from the tents.

Silence prevailed, the eyes spoke, and the foreheads sweated, yes they are the merciless, the colonizers, their giant bodies that tell the extent of the brutality that runs in their blood, the faces that speak of malice and hatred, the question marks above everyone's heads, is it our turn? Will it be the last oxygen we breathe? Rahma in a dialogue with herself, today death will visit our tent, who will start first? The dialogue was only interrupted by the footsteps of sandals advancing towards them.

They entered the tents, searched and scattered the belongings. They found nothing in the house of a sheikh who was about 70 years old except a Samsung smartphone. They gave him the phone and spoke in words that no one understood. The sheikh took the phone and turned to leave. He had not taken the third step when someone grabbed him by the neck and did beat him while he was on the ground.

He uttered those incomprehensible words, no one dared to oppose them, there were only women, children or old people who had been let down by age, Suleiman could not control himself, his patience ran out, the anger in him exceeded limits, a concern ran to them that stood between that tyrant and the old sheikh, he defended the old man with all his might, the tyrant beat Suleiman until he fainted, they carried Suleiman with them and returned to their cars, the mother screamed and said: 'My son Suleiman, you piece of my heart, for God's sake return my son, please', but is there anyone who answers the call?

I don't think so!

THE DEPARTURE OF THE SUPPORT CONTINUED...

The mother screamed until her voice was cut off, she cried until the tears dried up in her eyes, her whole body trembled, her blood pressure dropped, her temperature rose, the pain of loss, the trembling of the pulse, the trembling of the hands, no one will forget that day, the fear, the look of dispersion.

A month and 15 days have passed and no news of Suleiman. No one knows if he is alive or has visited the house of the dead. Will she find mercy from someone to complain to about her day's fatigue? Will she find someone to comfort her loneliness? Will someone come to talk to her under the moonlight? I don't think so, because if the soul leaves the body, it will not return to it. Everyone tried to return to their normal lives, but there is no hope for that. Suleiman left and with him left the whiteness of everyone's teeth.

The mother became like a madman, always finding her talking to a sheep that Suleiman loved the most, and that sentence that never left her lips when she uttered; Suleiman, my son, are you hungry? Shall I bring you "a thousand times a day"? That soup that you love. Her mother's condition increased Rahma's pain many times over.

And that day came when nothing woke everyone up from sleep except the sound of cars, yes they were back again, but they weren't the same faces, but it was the same band of tyrants, oh God, when will this disturbing nightmare end?

They went to them, took everyone out of the tents, gathered them in one place, everyone was confused, the crying of the children filled the place, the groans of fear, they took out everything they owned from mattresses, supplies, blankets and Rahma's bed on which she never tasted sleep except on her blanket which whenever she put it on her body she felt her father holding her, yes it was all that remained to her of her father's scent, even the box of biscuits with which the mother silenced the crying of her child, they took it and left nothing.

I wonder if hunger and thirst killed them in that desert? Or did fate draw another path for them in life?

WHO AM I ?

"Who am I? I am the one who was striving on earth for my livelihood?

I endured the heat of the sun and the harshness of the earth, my patience was greater than that of a camel lost in the desert, I was searching for a morsel of food to satisfy my hunger, and a drop of water to quench my thirst. I was arrested by the colonial groups, what was my fault when I was killed? What was my fault when my body was dissected like a sheep?

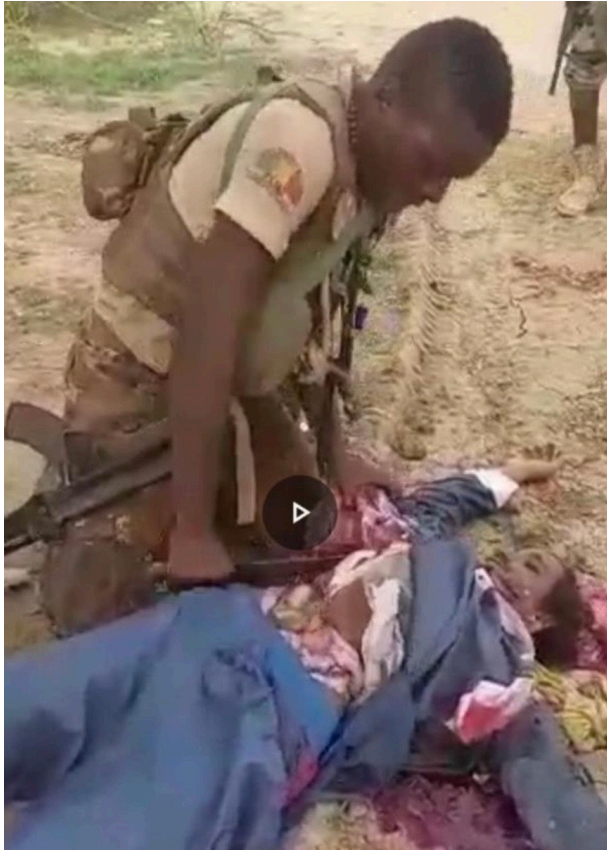
They extracted my intestines and everything inside me, is this a longing for meat or a longing for the method of dissection?

My heart, my heart that was chewed like a piece of gum, each one of them bit off a piece and gave to his companion, they ate my heart and chewed the love in it for my loved ones, I wonder where they started? The one with my mother or the love of my heart? I wonder what kind of colonialism is this that allows this brutal method? Is it the wars of Islamic law or the wars of legal substance?

I don't think so, I don't think there is a colonialism that allows this. Are they human beings or animals in human guise?

What will happen to my body? Will they eat its flesh as they did to my heart? or will they leave it in that desert?

Until it rots and gets eaten by worms? Or will it become a corpse for wolves to devour?



WHO AM I ?

Editors note: Who Am I? is a poem describing this brutal reality. This picture is a print screen from one of the videos that leaked earlier this year, 2024, on the social medias. These videos showing cannibal acts were taken by the Malian junta soldiers themselves and they leaked out to the social media.

They were investigated by the authorities, proven genuine, and this is what the Malian National army and also others (in for ex Burkina Faso) are doing to some of their victims.

They literally eat them, grilling the human flesh over open fire. The authors of this book, and almost everyone following the genocide of the people of Azawad have seen these horrible videos which no words can really describe the brutality of, the barbarity.

And this brutality is real, and yes it`s 2024... not the 18th century.

MY CURRENT SITUATION MAKES THE ARTICLE UNNECESSARY!!

Yes, it makes the article unnecessary.

The national yesterday is no longer what it was. It left and the revolutionaries were martyred in it, and the women were widowed in it, and the orphans multiplied in it.

Until the enemies thought that they had homelands in it, but their vain thoughts failed when they set foot in those preconcieved homelands.

And they were beaten for a long time at the hands of the heroic blues.

So they spent the night between a prisoner, a wounded and a dead person. So they had nothing but flight, wills and lamentation.

So they swore that they would attack the heroes and the men. But their attack had no other target except children and women.

And they frightened the innocent, old women and men. And they celebrated their alleged victory and their cowardly brutality.

But revenge will be in proportion to the suffering. For the blues are people of resistance and struggle.

This is what most men have promised to do. The homeland will once again be theirs, even if it takes a while.

CHIVALRY AND INTEGRITY
ARE QUALITIES THAT DISTINGUISH A MAN FROM OTHERS.
BUT THEY ARE QUALITIES THAT ARE
CONSIDERED SELF-EVIDENT AND INNATE IN THE TUAREG MAN.

YOU CAN HARDLY FIND A MAN FROM THE BLUE WHO DOES NOT SING ABOUT THEM.



Editors note: The photo shows a part of the CSP_DPA, the Azawad army, at the battle of Tinzawaten in july, 2024, after their glorious victory over Wagner and Fama, oppressors and murderers of the people of Azawad. NOTE: Since November 30, the CSP-DPA, together with the other liberation movements, has merged into one unity, the FLA - Front for the Liberation of Azawad.

THEIR ACTIONS OFTEN INDICATE CHIVALRY IN THEIR LIVES WITH OTHERS, EVEN IF THEY WERE THEIR ENEMIES.

Their actions often indicate chivalry in their lives with others, even if they were their enemies. This is what everyone who visited them as a guest or mingled with people from their people praised.

You find that these qualities are the first thing that distinguishes them from the rest of the people. This was evident to us in their prisoners after they had committed what they had committed of brutality and torture of their families in the deserts and wildernesses.

When God decreed victory for them over them, they were not overcome by the pride of anger or vengeance and mutilated them as they mutilated and defamed their innocents. Rather, they left that out of chivalry and censure and following their sound belief and complying with the orders of their religion.

This is something that this nation is envied for, and something that pleases the eye and heals the chest, that this nation has noble morals and the messenger says, I was only sent to perfect noble morals.

So morals are morals, O nation of morals.

Editors note: This verse speaks of the morals shown by the Azawad army in the way they treated their war prisoners (Wagner mercenaries) humanly and according to international laws, despite what these murderers and torturers have done to their people, as described on for examples on the pages 8-14.

SELF-TALK

My self always talks to me, wondering?

Why did all this happen to our people and our homeland, while they are the most honorable, compassionate, and loving of others and guests among the nations?

Why are the forces of the treacherous enemy ganging up on them?

Why is eliminating and exterminating them a goal for the likes of monkeys and pigs? I wonder if they deserved this? I wonder if there was harm in being near them?

So when this questioning talk ends, I do not stay long until a talk comes to me in myself about the answer, saying:

No, by the Lord of the Kaaba, they did not deserve what happened to them of torture, wounding, and harm.

And their neighborhood was nothing but the neighborhood of Bedouins and desert people who, if someone descends upon them, become one of the people of the house until he leaves and he gets what his soul desires and more.

SELF-TALK CONTINUED...

I did not find an explanation for what happened to them except that it is a test from their Lord, and Allah does not test a servant unless He loves him.

This test is more severe for us, their brothers. We are the ones whom Allah has tested with what has befallen them, and we thought that being safe, stable and secure would lift our duty towards them as their brothers.

There is a great difference between those whom Allah has tested with calamities and those whom He has tested with blessings.

The most severe is the one whom Allah has tested with blessings.

All these thoughts is going on in my mind and I say, are we considered, in relation to them, as someone who has abandoned them in their calamity?

Are we, in relation to them, as someone who has extended his hand to his brother when he was most in need?

SELF-TALK CONTINUED...

Reflect on what they pledged and were true to their pledge.

Reflect on their sacrifices.

Reflect on pictures of their righteous martyrs.

Reflect on their little fortune in this world, so that their country may have fortune among nations.

Reflect on the justice of their cause, and their great faith in it.

Reflect on the truth of their cause, which women and children endure the harshest types of torment for its manifestation.

Reflect on the eyes of infants and young children, as they await the return of that father who struggles for his just cause.

Stop, my friend!

I stopped and stood for a long time to reflect.

But I found no description for them except the Almighty's saying: {Among the believers are men. True to what they pledged to Allah. Some of them have fulfilled their pledge, and some of them are waiting, and they have not changed their pledge.}

KIDALI!

A foreign word that has no meaning in language and literature books, but it is a word that has many meanings and words for its inhabitants in particular and the Tuareg in general.

For them it means steadfastness, history, pride, strength, Jihad, the source of men and martyrs, the birth of bright minds, the minds of military genius, and the educator of future generations under permanent steadfastness.

A city that whenever it falls, jealousy creeps into the hearts of men, and they regain it overnight. It is the resistance and the might of enemies since time immemorial, its history remains, as long as those who leave by prayer and standing.

It is their land and their origin, it is the cemetery of their martyrs and elders, it is the bearer of the banner of the revolution, and the incubator of the honorable cause, it is the target of the Bambara, which whenever they hit it, it gives birth to those who return them to their den and cave.

FROM OUR LINEAGE ARE BORN REVOLUTIONARIES.

BEN KHAYYA KALTHOUM

There is much misunderstanding about the people of my homeland and their bitter struggle for an independent Amazigh entity; and most of those who have written and are writing about this important part of the world do not have sufficient knowledge of the facts and circumstances that this people have gone through.

The people of my homeland (Azawad) the state that was not recognized by all countries, it lasted for a short period from 2012 to 2013. A visible land that witnessed the dirty feet of the enemy; searching for good souls to rob; or innocent creatures who do not know the meaning of violence to show them the most heinous crimes and scenes.

And above all, our people are called terrorists; and what kind of terrorism is that which struggles to gain freedom and enjoy independence?

Let the world realize that our people are not terrorists, but a people who stood firm in the face of the colonizer (a quasi-state) and its spies; and they were able to thwart several attempts by the latter; proving to them that the land is ours forever.

The main known component of the country of Azawad in northern Mali are the "Tuaregs" or "Amazighs of the desert", and they are also called the "blue men" because of the predominance of the blue color in their clothing. They are a people of nomads and settled people, and of the Sunni Maliki Muslims.

WITH OPPRESSION, TYRANNY AND ALL KINDS OF CRIMES

With oppression, tyranny and all kinds of crimes; it left in their memory a bad effect and an unforgettable defeat... and they carried out several revolutions after that but to no avail; and they are still fighting to this day with a tired spirit to gain freedom... to this day in which the Azawadi people have become refugees between neighboring countries; and border cities..

The whole world is in solidarity with the Palestinian cause and we Tuaregs are in solidarity with them as well, and we pray to God to grant them victory, of course, because we are Muslims. But no one stands with us, no one feels our pain.

The whole world calls us terrorists just because we demand to defend our land, which is our right and our honor. Aren't we Muslims? Don't we testify that there is no god but Allah? Don't we testify that Muhammad is the Messenger of Allah? Don't we pray five times a day and fast the month of Ramadan every year in the middle of the desert? But why does the whole world marginalize us? Our people are in dire need of the prayers of Muslims in all parts of the world.

We are facing an infidel enemy who has no mercy or compassion in his heart. He slaughters the elderly and the poor in cold blood like someone slaughtering a sheep.

So, O God, you know our situation better than we do. O God, you know what we are in, so, O Lord, defeat them and shake them and show us in them the wonders of your power, O Lord. O God, we have no one but you.

O God, we have no one but you.

THE SPIRIT OF THE MARTYR BROKE THE CHAINS OF TYRANTS.

The spirit of the martyr broke the chains of tyrants. The body of every orphan is washed with his tears.

His father is covered in blood. He greeted him with a greeting that touched his head ashamed; A tribute full of love and pride to every martyr who gave his life to a nation.

So gather around your leaders and trust in their loyalty to their cause and yours, Azawad.

Our claim and our freedom are our goal. Do not weaken, do not be sad and do not worry, because this is the revolution.

Traps and war, round and round, one day for you and one day for your loss.

The battle is not the loss of war.

DURING THE CENSUS OPERATIONS AND THE CONFISCATION OF THE PEOPLE'S PROPERTY, THE ARMY WAS SUBJECTING THE BEDOUINS TO ALL KINDS OF VIOLATIONS



The martyred hero: Zaid Ag Taher: One of the masters of the Fellaga revolution

During the census operations and the confiscation of the people's property, the army was subjecting the Bedouins to all kinds of violations, theft, contempt, assaults, and even shooting, and executing everyone who was suspected of being a rebel.

Those were the sparks of the first "Fellaga" revolution, which Mali could not have contained had it not been for the leadership of the revolution itself receiving it from some neighboring countries.

AFTER TWO YEARS OF THE REVOLUTIONARIES DEFENDING THE DEFENSELESS PEOPLE

After two years of the revolutionaries defending the defenseless people in the north, by attacking the convoys of the new occupier and its barracks, the military and their prisoners and inflicting losses on the battlefields, Mali did not find a way to take revenge except by attacking the innocent Tuaregs, Arabs and Fulani, exterminating them and terrorizing them to flee and leave their land, poisoning water sources and confiscating livestock.

And this is what they succeeded in doing to a considerable extent after tens of thousands of families were displaced to neighboring countries, fleeing for their lives from this diabolical act that was targeting them.

The years passed, with all the crimes they carried out and that were not heard about, no radio, no television, no cameras filming what is happening, and no voice talking about what is happening in Azawad except the one issued by Mali, which they promoted all over the world, that they are at war with terrorism, and in dire need of support. Indeed, support came to them from every direction, and they invested it all in their real land, which they truly knew was their own, the south.

As for Azawad which was given to them on a golden platter, they did not care about it or its inhabitants, and provided them with nothing but marginalization and systematic ignorance, the theft and confiscation of property, the poisoning of wells, the violation of sanctities and the encouragement of injustice... and this is the case with all successive Malian governments.

DESPITE ALL THE CONFUSION THAT STRUCK THE PEOPLE OF AZAWAD AT THAT TIME...

Despite all the confusion that struck the people of Azawad at that time, the loss of their most important leaders, drought struck the desert a decade later and they migrated.

Good luck to the youth of Adagh and their exodus to Algeria - my big sister, Gaddafi's Libya; The last resort, after Gaddafi's announcement. His welcome to the people of Azawad, and his willingness to invest in them, by employing them in...

Civil and social jobs, and some of them joined the army. They believed this would help them establish their state and free it from the clutches of the occupier. The new ones, and even the young, flocked there, driven by a single reason; to learn contemporary military combat and its use of weapons.

Despite all this wandering and diaspora, the revolution in Adagh did not die out, and it was done in an irregular and uncoordinated manner, intermittently and using the logic "Hit and run".

At that time, the volunteers of the Libyan army fought several wars. They drank it in their veins and went to defend Lebanon against the occupier. The Zionists, numbering more than five hundred, showed remarkable courage, the counterpart, until they were besieged by the Lebanese leaders in Beirut, and so on.

They were weak and did not resign themselves to what was happening to them. They also gave Libya a great victory in its war against Chad.

DESPITE ALL THE CONFUSION THAT STRUCK THE PEOPLE OF AZAWAD AT THAT TIME... CONTINUED.

And their Afghan brothers against the Soviet communists, after the declaration of the States. Islam is for the Nafir, and it opens the door to jihad for them, in the land of saffron. The lions showed their courage until they were slaughtered by the people of the ice. Nickname "Burning Fire" (Russian Jannad; Evio Ergan).

During all these epics, something painful hurt their souls; did not they leave a place where they do not support the oppressed, no one cares to support and help them, under false pretenses. The most fallacious is that Malians are a people of Islam.

They have no right to raise arms against them, even if they killed the elderly, women and children, violated honor and fought the religion of God. It does not matter, the Azawadis must be patient and die without emitting a groan. Because those who did all this to them are people of Islam, despite that their Islam is a hybrid mix of magicianism, paganism and sectarianism. And witchcraft, but you know what era we are in; the era of paradoxes and logical errors par excellence.

In these epics, they knew for sure that freedom was stolen. They were taken from the lion's teeth, by force and by trickery, and there was no one on their backs. The simple one you can count on to give it to you.

Well, this noisy phone keeps ringing, I'll resume,

I'll write to you later...

LETTERS WITHOUT A POSTMAN

LAHCEN AG TOUHAMI

Good evening ..

Maybe you are like me, and you suffer what I suffer, so you know the extent of my inability to express it.

What makes my heart tremble every time I turn to this notebook animated by pain. It is not my pain, but I feel it like a thorn planted deep in this soul. To tell the truth, some scenes have not left my mind for a while. And questions, since the scenes: A Bedouin family lives alone in the vast desert of Adagh, isolated. With the news from their loved ones and the world, they live in fear that their turn will come.

In the massacres, exterminations and abuse they hear about and which affect the families of their loved ones and their acquaintances one after the other. Their inability has prevented them from escaping with their soul, or refusing to leave their land for the filth of existence.

But can prudence save from death?

One evening, as the family gathered around a pot of tea, in the middle sits the eldest sister . Aged seventeen, she has a life to build and has deferred wishes and hopes, such as for the war to end, for her to resume her studies and for her family to have an easier life.

Or that the knight of dreams will come to her, and her friends will return from immigration, moving from the harsh worlds of the asylum, so that they can return to their old games and their noisy conversations, this pile of innocent dreams. To her right sits the mother who teaches the Tifinagh alphabet to the two children. She memorizes Surah Al-Fatihah for prayer and teaches them the teachings of nobility and chivalry.

DEVELOPING THEIR IMAGINATION WITH STORIES FROM THE ANIMAL WORLD FULL OF SUSPENSE AND SUBLIME MEANINGS...

Developing their imagination with stories from the animal world full of suspense and sublime meanings. To the left sits the father, lying on his back, his arms crossed. Above his eyes, he is seized by worries, drawn by thoughts, and guided by this helplessness. Lacking strength, he takes a stand and looks for a way to maintain his position.

His family survives, or else they flee to neighboring countries. He has not found a way to escape. All his acquaintances who had cars survived. They took them captive to neighboring countries, and none of them remained, and he had no camels.

His most precious possessions are a few sheep and a few goats. They feed and move among themselves. He bites his lips. He was silent and cursed the goats and sheep within himself because they were useless. He laments his stupidity and wishes they hadn't sold his camels a while ago.

This family finishes their day's ceremonies and prepares to go to sleep when a distant sound began to penetrate their ears, a sound in the desert. The open space of the desert makes any sound become very clear and it can be heard from miles away.

The sound begins to get louder and louder, and it becomes clear that it is the sound of engines, without any disturbance. The serenity of the desert is only important for the worlds of hypermodernity... which is accelerating. The parents' hearts are beating and sweat is running down their foreheads. Aisha wants to cry but she received a strict and firm order from her father, to take her two little ones immediately and run to the top of the mountain from the bottom of the valley.

SHE RAN BAREFOOT ACROSS THE VALLEY, CROSSED IT AND REACHED THE EDGE OF THE MOUNTAIN..

She ran barefoot across the valley, crossed it and reached the edge of the mountain and started to climb, the children were crying without knowing what was happening. She was almost out of breath and her feet started to bleed from the sharp stones, but she didn't feel them and continued to climb until she reached the top. She put the two little ones down and tried to silence them... and succeeds after a few moments. Invented stories and promises of rewards if they keep quiet until morning.

Meanwhile, the mother ran to get her children's clothes. She had the worst-case scenarios and thought about what was going to happen for her children and her husband... The noise of the engines that... She began to get closer to reality, carrying the bag and running with it. Until you reach some stones under the foot of the mountain, you throw the bag among them. She calls Tamlatat loudly and Tamlatat prepares to come, but a voice comes to her: Be careful not to go down, whatever happens, and only go down afterwards. Come to your house long after the cars have left. The mother is silent.

A little moment, and she sighs, then says to her in a trembling and lower voice: My children trust you, Tamalat. The mother returns to the tent where the father is, but does not find him. She becomes extremely worried. In the darkness, she saw a frightening shadow approaching and she breathed a sigh of relief. He came back. The father had in his hand a hunting rifle, which belonged to his grandfather, with which he fought the French and their colleagues, the Bambara, during the French colonization of North Africa.

The mother becomes suspicious and asks him: What is it? Hide it, throw it away.. It will cause the killing of us all!! But he continues walking towards the tent as if he doesn't hear her and mutters in an inaudible voice: If I have to die, I will not die a coward. He takes a small box out of the tent, and inside is a roll of a shabby old shawl.

THIS REGION, READER, IS CALLED AZAWAD.



Azawad has suffered many forms of humiliation, indignity, homelessness and persecution by the hand of the State of Mali, which counts this region as one of its borders. But without any justice between the North and the South, neither in terms of development nor in infrastructure.

It seems that the colonial imprint has left its mark on Mali. Those responsible for serving the regimes of this country abandoned humanitarian principles.

THIS REGION, READER, IS CALLED AZAWAD.

CONTINUED...

If they had an ounce of sobriety, reason and statesmanship, they would not have attacked the rights of a people whose history attests that they had the first right to this country.

This is the people of Azawad, based on the history that extends to the roots of each grain of the sands embraced by a desert that testify to the greatness of this people.

The original people, The revolts of this people against the colonialists continue. From the revolutions of 1894 and 1916 against the French, until the revolutions in 1963 - 1990 - 2006 - 2012 - 2024 against Mali.

In every revolution against this last colonizer, it is the people who have the right, and they counted on their children who were not satisfied with humiliation, and their slogan was:

"We are fighting for a homeland made of sand".

We do not accept any defeat of humiliation. We will live with dignity on these sands.
Or we are buried with dignity underneath.

At the other end there are members of the conflict, and the actors of the financial colonizer were present in every revolution.

INFLAMED BY THIS AUTHENTIC PEOPLE, THEY SEEK HELP FROM AN EXTERNAL FORCE TO TAKE CONTROL.

Inflamed by this authentic people, they seek help from an external force to take control over their false war, until they are so defeated that they are forced to flee.

For whom the concept of "Wagner" is a commercial military institution. Humanity is unknown and its law of war is the annihilation of all living beings.

Are we seeing a form of persecution and extermination more serious than what is happening in Azawad? A horror scenario written by history with the mouths of the world gagged...

Gaza on the other side that has never seen the light:

In one place in the world, the scenario of Gaza is repeated, with the same details, the same pain, the same agony, the same violations, the same horror, the lack of humanity, but in another way and in another geography, and it faces silence.

Where is the world and why this indifference? Has the world really returned to the mid-ages? Is it pre-Islamic and has its rule become barbaric? How can a world that has reached the peak of its civilization accept the killing of the lives of some of its people?

Is it in hell, or is civilization equivalent to tyranny? And really, are we like two scales of the balance, a heavy scale filled with persecution and injustice and a light weight lifted by stability and peace, without any justice?

Where is what the world calls human rights? Or is there a distinction between peoples and their affiliation?

THE ONE SITUATION OF OPPRESSION SIMILAR TO GAZA IS THIS TIME LOCATED ON THE AFRICAN CONTINENT.

The one situation of oppression similar to Gaza is this time located on the African continent. It is the continent that inherited colonialism from ancient times and which still persists today.

Some of these countries are only protectorates subjected in some way to colonialism. Codified and in a style that bears the image of a shepherd over the sheep, and so some of these countries were inspired by the methods of oppression of the colonialists and so they tried thus, to eliminate some of the components that they consider an obstacle to something.

They call it national security, and among these countries is the state of Mali, where its borders were created by the colonizer and thus they seized an unequal territory with their political geography, neither in their social component nor in their component.

Even in terms of its historical component, this region is sandwiched between... Algeria to the north, Mali and Burkina Faso to the south, Mauritania to the west and Niger to the east, similar to Palestine in terms of eligibility to the land.

It is comparable to the world's inability to support its cause.

This region, reader, is called Azawad.

THE GEOGRAPHY OF THIS COUNTRY IS FILLED WITH THE BLOOD OF MARTYRS.

The border was controlled by the French colonizers, whose goal was to divide and rule, to disconnect this people and curb their ambition to rule their state.

To the crimes of the State of Mali, which has committed all kinds of genocides and war crimes against these people, trying to erase their identity and erase their ethnicity and existence, forgetting that the universe is in the hands of the Most Merciful.

The oppressor may live there for a long time, but his destruction is closer than his jugular vein. A realistic vision based on power and interest will thus transform Azawad.

From an oppressed country to an obsession with the policies of some still existing countries, I am trying to get out of the police custody area. As the people of Azawad, we do not blame any country that seeks to survive in its own interest, but let it be understood, the world knows that we are a genuine people. History has not recorded hostility from us towards people.

Quite the contrary, have we been the support of everyone around us since Libya and Algeria against the French and in Palestine against Israel, we were a wing on which everyone relied.

WE ARE ONLY SATISFIED WITH INDEPENDENCE AS A RESULT OF OUR STRUGGLE AND AS A GIFT TO OUR MARTYRS.

A valid cause and our people is oppressed. We have never raised our arms, but we were forced to do so to defend and strengthen our dignity. Let our people free themselves from the consciousness of the state of Mali that does not resemble us. Religion, history and even descendants have not even provided us with the truth.

Refugees (your concern) against a people on their land, so where is the escape, O world? To trigger the revolution of truth against lies, we say to all tyranny: So you have closed a window, but a thousand windows will open. We have seen our path. No one will stop us and there is between us and you a past that testifies to our rights.

The future will see our recovery. Azawad is not a solution or an idea. Rather, it is the struggle of yesterday's generation, the goal of today's generation and the future of tomorrow's generation.

We are only satisfied with independence as a result of our struggle and as a gift to our martyrs.

ALONE IN THE DIASPORA.

KADAW HUSSEIN

They want to ethnically cleanse and kill my people while destroying my land and shedding our blood. With my blood, I seek help from those around me, to find someone who supports me and I find me alone with my people, we suffer the brutality of war and the bitterness of injustice.

I find none to support me except those who are mine. They are my people, including my brother and sister. I sacrifice myself until the decisive hour of my battle comes with the war criminals and then I ask God for help and complain to him about my lack of resourcefulness. Maybe after this patience, he will reward me with victory wherever it is obtained. My dream, and I will achieve my goal when I am free on the soil of my guardianship, my dignity and self-esteem.

You know, my friend, that what you describe as terrorism is patriotism, and you know I lived there for days and years and I have memories there with my loved ones. And my friends in my homeland are there, where we are constantly exposed to different types of injustice and tyranny, my friend, you know that I am afflicted with sadness and sorrow. The distress in my soul is just my reflection on the state of my homeland.

Oh, my friend, I wish this beautiful dream has not ended. I wish I did not wake up to reality. These heartbreaking scenes for my homeland, my friend, I know that you always complain about...your poverty in your homeland, but at least you have a free homeland, and I want my homeland and I do not care if I live there with difficulty, but I want to live in the dignity of my dear soul in my homeland, I am tired of traveling.

My friend, I want to return to my homeland.

FROM A YOUNG AGE, AZWADIANS KNOW THE MEANING OF PAIN AND LOSS

From a young age, Azwadians know the meaning of pain and loss. It is difficult to not find a family that does not know and loves a martyr or a deceased, with all this pain.

We are those who arises in the midst of suffering, and because of the gravity of our habit of pain we do not submit to oppressors, we do not walk according to his whims, crying with tears in our eyes. We who have lost loved ones, because we are free, were born free and will die free, we will not do it.

We only sacrifice to the Lord, and we know for sure that it is for victory. There must be a sacrifice of life, money and loved ones! And we are ready to sacrifice our souls so that the original flag of our land flies above the fortresses of Kidal, Timbuktu and Gao.

And with the pain and all the pain in me, we must be subject to an unjust rule. No free person accepts injustice and humiliation. The souls of the honorable, even if they would accept injustice one day, die that day!

Our certainty in God is that He will help the oppressed, no matter how long the time. We must be patient, and patience always brings praise.

ON THE DEFINITION OF TERRORISM

On the definition of terrorism.

I am the one who saw my relatives being publicly mutilated, and I am the one who heard a mother whose baby was killed on the pretext that he was a future "terrorist" speaking out loud and the orphans cried.

The widows moaned a loved one, a beloved soul lost, and then the lamentations of a father, a husband and a son whose honor was tarnished in his land and today, in other countries, begging for bread, an old man who has nothing left.

Sanad: They were all killed, yes, they were killed by those who say that our land is their land.

He had no lover or friend, they were among the dead and wounded, and he did not do it. He only has his weapon and what is left of his self-esteem. I want to be convinced that it is a country that fights terrorism, that it is not terrorism itself. I want to be told on what basis the concept of terrorism is defined. It is murders, massacres and war crimes, no and a thousand no's today in this world without humanity, terrorism is defined according to interests.

Country: Have Iraq, Syria or Palestine ever been a terrorist organization? Their fault is that they defended their land, and likewise we fought only to defend our land against them.

They attacked our land, shed our blood, and ate our flesh. They raped our wives and daughters. How can you convince this widow and her orphans?

Their father was killed while he was labeled a terrorist. He did not attack any old man, a child, or a woman. He did not harm any prisoner. He did not plunder any village and destroyed it.

He claims his rights as a human being before he can claim his land and his honor. With him, as the owner of the land, you cannot and will not convince the one in front of whom you killed his father and raped his mother. Death is easier for him than that torment, but to what hearts does my voice reach?

You accused me of terrorism simply by defending my land, my dignity, and...What justice do you want me to resort to when they have not and will not listen to my voice or...

They see my suffering...

Peace be upon you, mother, I know that after these events, you are afraid that...something bad will happen to me, but my mother: "Say: 'Nothing will happen to them except what God has decreed for us.'"

I miss you as much as I do, and even more...

My mother, the time for our meeting is approaching, either there, in the liberated land of Azawad or in eternity in paradise, I cannot live without dignity...

My mother, do you think that seeing my people killed, displaced and their flesh eaten is something that pleases my soul? No, my mother, I am tired of being a spectator, not a witness? In the battle for the truth, I want to die with a satisfied conscience...

My mother, know for sure that the day will come when you will return to your land, and you will be strengthened in it, and will no longer be in the injustice we have suffered years of our lives, and I may remember that day with my Lord, do not forget our memories in these lands... my mother. I want to join the ranks of the martyrs of my father and my brothers there in heaven. I have a Lord who is omniscient, omniscient, good and merciful.

No one is wronged by him, so do not cry.

The day I leave is my wedding day, and there is no living equivalent to this stay...

My mother, even if I die and my loved ones die, there will be someone to complete it. The path to self-determination does not belong to grandparents, parents, or children. Our women suffer humiliation after humiliation. We are a people free to die. Better than the humiliation of the enemy...

My mother, if the colonizers achieve their goal and kill the inhabitants of the land, then the land will not exist. It will be inhabited by people other than its people, such as an oppressor, a murderer, or a rapist. Be not afraid my mother, perhaps God's victory is near.

I tried to distract myself from this nightmare, but in vain. The nightmare was necessarily present, that night when I returned to... My sister's house, which was my permanent place of residence, so there was no one left for me except her, and there was no one left for her except me. Our father and mother were killed in one of these revolutions.

This woman with a fragile heart and body could not bear it. My sister's husband, we have not heard from him since that day. Is he alive or did they kill him like they did to the others? And now my sister was alone with her son. He was about five that day, I think.

My sister was this beautiful black-haired woman and her brown eyes had her mother's and father's features. The sight of her body in front of me, lying on the ground was confusing. Dirt and blood on her face and her baby lying next to her, I shed a tear at that sight as if I didn't expect it to happen. The world is so brutal, I felt like I was in a horror movie. The one I saw when I was in town, but the one in front of me was her, my sister, it wasn't a movie scene.

A tear at that moment made me shed tears uncontrollably.

There is no reason since that day for me to leave my desert, it has always been cowardice that is my faithful companion and I could not even avenge my sister. I fled from the desert to forget this spectacle, but it is useless, because the scene has become a part of my memory or all my memory, and in front of every street in the streets of my new city.

I find a part of me that wants to go back and... revenge for that scene, but to this day I have not been able to go back.

CONFESSIONS OF AN ANONYMOUS PERSON.

How can I forget that land that witnessed all our conditions of joy and sorrow and witnessed the stories of our fathers and grandfathers of their battles and laughter and whispers in their peace and war and the poems of our women and mothers.

How can I forget it after I got used to its valleys and rivers and mountains and sands and after I memorized the location of the trees in it and studied its history and I who lived in it in its worst conditions.

Don't I have the right to witness its most beautiful days? It is from me and I am from it like a mother who wants nothing but her infant and I will not abandon it. I am the one who rebelled for it and sacrificed myself to witness its most beautiful days. I am its son and she is my mother.

And the son cannot stay away from the mother no matter how long the time is. There must be a time to return to her and I love her and she loves me like passion.

She inhabited my soul I see beauty in her ugliness and I do not see her faults. I am wandering in love with her, my country.

IT IS SAID IN MY DESCRIPTION

SULEIMAN DADO

I got a book by Ibrahim Al-Koni, It was titled Bleeding of the Stone.

Bleeding of the Stone...for which my heart bled with joy after he guided me to the gate that would transport me towards that ideal world that I had always dreamed of and believed was inspired by my imagination, only before I got to know "Asouf", the hero of the novel "Bleeding Stone", who was not distinguished by any exaggeration, but was a true model of a person devoid of all kinds of hatred and malice. Perhaps his isolation from people played a major role in shaping this character.

Since I am a person who is led by curiosity, my curiosity led me this time to search for "Asouf" even before I finished the book. Since God's compensation, when it comes, extends its influence until a person acknowledges that he has received more than he wanted and even more than he deserves, God increased his favor by having a cousin of mine visit us during that period.

He is a person who knows no other way of living than the one Asouf followed. He was a tea addict, a lover of the color of the sky, and an expert in the ways of life in the desert. The signs of confusion appeared on his face whenever night fell and darkness cast its cloak over the earth, and the stars of our sky did not compete with the moon in its brilliance.

Every time night fell, he would tell me that the sins of the people of the cities were what made the stars of their sky stingy with them with its light, as the stars in the desert always made him think that he could touch them with his hands. As if they were approaching to listen to their conversations and share their laughter, to remind me with this talk of his about Asouf and his father who used to connect everything with strange and imaginary stories, despite their distance from the truth, they exposed the purity of their essence.

ALL OF ASOUF AND HIS FATHER'S STORIES ABOUT THE EARTH AND NATURE WERE FOR THE PURPOSE OF MAKING PEOPLE RESPECT THEM AND RESPECT EVERY ANIMAL THAT TREADS ON THEM.

All of Asouf and his father's stories about the earth and nature were for the purpose of making people respect them and respect every animal that treads on them. All the common characteristics between the land and my relative attracted me and I asked him from which land he came and if that land was like him, only to be shocked by an answer that would not have crossed my mind.

The holy land was always close to me in my eyes, but I never turned my compass towards the south, otherwise I would have reached the "Atlantis of the desert", that land that I only knew in my imagination and under other names (the land of dreams, the land of the innocents, etc.)

I who swore to my mother a million times that I have two homelands, this homeland in which I live and another homeland that I am still searching for, and I do not mean in searching for that homeland as any belittlement of my homeland, but it is the heart that beats for whomever it wants and it beats for a land in which people still know the value of the land.

So they talk to it whenever the night gets dark and they gather around the fire in a circle that begins with one person and ends with him, while what it contains of love and respect for the stories produced by the human mind never ends.

And here is my dream today, casting upon me the first ray of light to illuminate I have a beginning of the road to that region, but fate wanted this time to travel in my heart first after I learned that Atlantis of the desert did not sink in the water like its sister Atlantis of the West, but rather sank in injustice and tyranny from under the hands of a giant ogre in his greed.

*Ogre (a hideous giant of fairy tales and folklore that feeds on human beings)

Because I have never known in my life a weapon with which to respond to injustice against myself other than the ideas that my mind produces, and what my fingers write down on paper. I have chosen to fight with the best of my ability to give the utmost effort I have in order to support my cause.

The details of my relative's face and the stories of Ibrahim al-Koni and some of my research have enabled me to understand a lot about that region, so that I can almost imagine that I see it in front of me despite the distance between us.

But the eyes of those coming from it and the outline of their faces tell a lot about it and about the absence of the barrier that separates man and nature in it, for whoever touches the land a lot, the land grants him a lot of its beauty, and this was clearly evident on their faces, and their patience with what they call "the shash" or "Aghyoud" is the best evidence of their constant dealing with their nature.

And their generosity and kindness are nothing but an extension of what their land bestows upon them of goodness, especially during that period in which they draw in it the most beautiful days of their lives, it is "Aksa" or the time of rains, where the earth changes its skin and the desert gives up its yellow color to be covered with a beautiful green garment.

But the beauty does not end with the earth, but rather, people's dealings with it increases the beauty of the scene, so you find them in their exploitation of the goodness of those pastures, just to the point that all modern and advanced economic systems fall, as people claim, before their conviction and awareness of the value of participation. You find hundreds of people's camels grazing in the same pasture without anyone complaining about the camels of others, since the grass, in their opinion, belongs to everyone. No one has the right to monopolize it, just as no one monopolizes water sources or any source of good.

This is what took my thinking far to discover that we did not invent laws and economic systems except because we were stripped of values and noble morals. Here are the sons of the desert, content with their morals and prevailing customs among them to spread justice and divide the wealth of their country among themselves, without it occurring to any of them to single out good for himself.

I am almost certain that their action is the result of their nature, as they do not need any books to explain their values and morals, while the nations of the world compete to compose books and write laws in order to express their morals and to program man to serve humanity.

They are satisfied with their actions to express those values that most peoples of the world today are unable to recover after they were enveloped by a huge aura of falsification and interpretation that does not serve humanity. Only here in the Atlantis of the desert does joy still have feet walking side by side with herds of goats. He wakes up at dawn, realizing that emptiness has never existed to spoil his day, as all the hours of his day are filled with preoccupation.

From filling the water skins to feeding and milking the livestock to bringing firewood for lighting a fire for me, not in daily repetition, may seem to the ungrateful to whom are immersed in luxury, a kind of torture, but when it is linked to freedom, it forms for us a luxury of the highest kind of luxury, where a person takes peace of mind and the happiness of his conscience from his work and toil.....

On one of the nights of the land of the free, where the barrier of silence is not broken except for some humming of children gathering in a small circle around a flame of fire facing the piles of darkness alone, as if it were protecting those around it from being swallowed by the blackness of the night, and while an old sheikh recites stories of the ancestors in the ears of the children who look at him with passion, love and respect without any of them interrupting him.

Suddenly the ghouls stand in front of them to illuminate their seat with the light of their armored cars, breaking the wall of reassurance that has cast a long shadow over their hearts. Then, this time, the ghouls did not come alone, for they sought the help of some human wolves, blonde haired and blue-eyed.

All that bore details in a form that suggested nothing but evil. They pointed their weapons at the session, and instead of the children hiding behind their sheikh, they chose in a majestic scene to surround him and place him among them, in a scene that suggested nothing but the bravery of these people despite the lack of any type of weapon. But they refused to look with a defiant eye at their enemy who thought that with his weapon he could break their pride and receive submission and humiliation from them, only to be confronted with a harsh response from a group of children born with a spoonful of pride in their mouths.

AND THESE ACTIONS ARE WHAT INCREASES THE RESOLVE OF THE REVOLUTIONARIES

The ghouls chose at the end of that night to kill three boys and leave their bodies as a lesson for every child, but as we said before, "The end of the ghouls does not come except from the destruction of their tyranny towards innocent people."

And these actions are what increases the resolve of the revolutionaries and their keenness that no one remains in their country who would permit the blood of their sons and the honor of their women, and that the fire of the revolution will inevitably remain, feeding on the oppression and injustice that people encounter, so it grows and extends, to burn every oppressor.

Until this land is purified from every tyrant who thinks that in his killing of people there is a victory for his alleged homeland that was not his, that he never took for himself, but he was always like a slave moving from one wolf to another.

After he lived for a long time as a follower of those dirty, skinny wolves that were full of bugs and smelled of blood while trying to dazzle the world with the perfumes they produced in an attempt to erase their dark history, here is this ghoul today choosing other wolves to worship, thick-haired, long-legged, blue-eyed.

But they came to collide with the end of eras of silence and the emergence of a new era in which the owners of the land would reclaim their right, and let the ghouls worship whoever they want after the independence of Azawad, because the people of this land do not and will not accept slavery.

WHEN WILL WE MEET, MY HOMELAND?

RIKAN SALWA

In your memory I remained wandering... and in your wars I fought while I was absent.. I flounder with my pens and rifles of my ink..I clash with the contradictions of my dreams, thinking am I a traitor...
Did my war end here...

And to whom did I listen, O my blameworthy one, and how can I be convinced and complete my journey..Should I say I had a homeland and live in the shame of my silence and my floundering..

How long will I remain hostile and when will I return from my sleep.. Will your freedom remain a wish for me in a time when all wishes have been fulfilled..

How long, my homeland, will I travel with you between homelands.. and carry a banner for you and congratulate you, O greatest of my countries...

I stand in you, tall, without despair and without sorrows.. and I smell the scent of roses in your land...

I find my inspiration in you and I walk in your length and breadth and I say this, Azawadi... when, my country, will I meet you with my compassion, healing your wounds and moisturize my scars...

When will I run in your fields, when will I come to you with dedication....When will I hear my voice in you?, when will I draw you with the nozzle of my colors...

When will I write about you without my sadness and without my pain...

When will you welcome me in peace and I will not say goodbye to you...
Will I continue to dream, will I remain far from my branches... am I a cut tree, am I a flower plucked from the garden..

To whom will I return, my homeland, and who will care about my loss...
Will I remain deprived of my homeland... and only meet you in my dreams. ... until my last breath... Azawad, a matter of time, the cry of a homeland.

When fear prevailed, it became the ruler in her eyes, with a voice echoing with tears, and a torn heart that does not know who is knocking on its door deep down and crying out for help, she leaned towards me and looked... as if with the gaze of a prisoner.

They killed the life in it and then freed it, so where is the freedom for those who have no life! She added helplessly and exhaustedly to her words and said:

What is my creature? I see all the birds flying except our bird! Is it broken or is it in pain!

Do you know that Azawad... (our bird)... was betrayed by my loved ones, one of its wings was broken and some tried to pierce its eyes?

Oh my beloved, how will Kayan answer you! Do you see my frustrated silence! Do you see my pens that no longer have room to write anything, sleeping and empty within themselves, filled with the voices of the homeland! and woke up bored and laughed at this brokenness, dying, but not dying.

And that "woman", who they told to take off her clothes, and threatened to kill her!

Here she stands in front of me, facing me with her body, which was destroyed, and her eyes in which life no longer has value, and her lips muttering, wanting to say a lot, she wants to scream, cry, but what surrounded her were nothing but hungry dogs, these wars threw her into a pen of stinking pigs, demons in the form of humans who appear but inside them are people who have lived only in shame and disgrace...

Answer me, is she screaming at me to write? What is the use of what I will write...

Will that honor be planted in the eyes of those who witnessed it, is there one of them to stand up and risk it for her...

Everyone is silent, my dear, waiting..

Will something greater than this come...!

Today our women, and tomorrow it might be you and me...!

This homeland, my dear, I have become ashamed to raise my face to write about it, this homeland has been hostile to me, I feel that the twenty-two years that I spent writing were all without honor... Letters I wrote to him drowned before they reached him... i sent him thousands of words, thousands of novels, poems that I chanted with pride, and poetry...

Then I cried without tears and without a voice, for my eyes became dry and deserted, with no feelings in them except anger... and this anger is an unwritten anger...

But after this woman.. This country turned to me as if to say no matter what I write and no matter what you write my thirst will not be quenched...

This woman sent to my heart to suggest that there is still a part of me full of shortcomings....

So what should I answer you, my dear....my country has become distorted, and I cry without tears...

Oh, Tariqiya, when the night came with its dark wisdom, comforting those who need it and embracing those who do not need it, it came at night for everyone, not just for those waiting for it. I saw it at its most sublime, without a destination or a place. A man who came to you, oh homeland, like a book that carries within it all that is yours from the times. Before I approached him, he asked me about myself, and where I am from, and before I answered him, he sought my soul that was lost from its land.

And he said: You are a flower whose branches have bent and bloomed far from its seeds..You are a candle lit in the wrong place, lighting the way for those who wanted to extinguish it.. and no matter how much you deny, travel, and depart, your eyes will remain the eyes of Tariq...And thousands of Tariqs like you will remain with eyes of freedom... and your soul will remain struggling in what it suffered, when it bid farewell to its country..

Then that man fell silent and the features began to talk with the speech..O man, tell me where my country is, tell me about who is "Azawad". For by God, as you told me, I am in the wrong place, I am far from my time, where I do not belong..

So do not be forced, and do not appear deaf to me, for I am ignorant, and ugliness appeared in my ignorance filling me.. When they asked me about my country, I wandered like the sea on a morning. Storms snatched it away, and winds scattered it....

He answered me as thunder answers this land when it is angry, yearning, thirsty... Azawad, O "Tariqiya", was like a homeland that the prophets inhabited, sacred and great, until its leaders died, and it became cursed, fallen, and disfigured.. and what inhabited Azawad, and what fell upon it, and what disfigured it!

Many stories have been circulated since time immemorial, and Azawad has never been free of suffering. It was like any forest ruled by lions, and no one dared to occupy it, not even those living creatures in it and for it, and with it. Despite all the strength of those lions, and what is said about them, they embrace these creatures that fear them, defend them, and stand for them and for their home...

This is how Azawad was completely ruled by fierce lions, savage in the face of everyone who approached its Azawad... Then, every now and then... and when time stopped, announcing its surrender and that it was tired, exhausted, and sick of waiting for us...

THE BLACK AND WHITE

"CANNIBAL" MONSTERS CAME IN DISGUSTING FORMS...

A dirty Jew who does not know who God is, and has never seen a prayer or a funeral..

So they attacked him after many attempts, those monsters were able to bring down that lion king, and deceived some cubs, and seduced all the foxes..

They burned everything that was blooming there, and killed birds, and sparrows after they made that dense Azawad forest a massacre of blood, they killed its gazelles and left nothing, so they decorated the borders of that strong Azawad forest, with the skulls of its gazelles..

To make that a title for their stinking victories...in Azawad Ait Rhea, there is nothing left but the smell of blood and no winds but winds with the sound of screams, spirits, and the dead...

But history knows everything, history is the only one who did not stand in front of this homeland, it kept walking, searching for it, collecting his scattered remains, and the bandages his wounds to understand from him what all this is! Nothing is more truthful than history..

Oh "Tariqiya", I am like any Azawadi man. My eyes have seen what no one else has seen, and my ears have heard what no one else has heard. When the men wept with me, be glad that this will be the great victory, or our resurrection. By God, you whose condition is like mine, this country has a seed that has not yet grown, and what has not yet been seen...

Then the night ended and the day returned, bringing us news every day of a story, and another massacre, and cannibals are still spreading stealthily.

Strict despair and misery..
A fight, severity and bravery..
And the nineties were the resurrection..
A rugged history, a battlefield..
In it is a century-old enemy..
And the time of the string is bold...
A tyranny and a chosen nation..
So they appeared as flattering traitors..
And in it is a traitorous friend..
And their gathering was despised..
Among them is a treacherous friend...
So he appeared to be stubborn...
And fearful, and angry...
He kills a child and a frightened mother..
So where are the Arabs and those who surrendered...
And is there help for those who concealed...
The homeland was imprisoned...
And remained a prisoner, humiliated, and vindicated...
So which door do we knock on, and all those who were cowardly...

And the twenty-seven brothers... Do you not remember how Pharaoh disbelieved...
An unjust, pagan, ungrateful man who thought he had no end..
And when he died, God made him a forgotten man...
And today, your eyes bear witness, O July..



THE WAVES OF THE SEA AND THE BOWL BEAR WITNESS...

THE DAY THE MONSTERS OF TYRANNY ATTACKED..

And they were giants without humanity... heretics who coveted eternity... so they approached them ungrateful and some of them were atheists..
They wanted the homeland and loved slavery.. they said they would plant final remains on it... They left nothing and fought us alive.. young and old, their epic was destructive...

Then they dug the dirt from shrines and graves.. they did not leave a bird or a sparrow...
And when history stood on them.. they shouted and said impossible...
Armies and warriors came to charge.. their weapon was chivalry and fierce determination..
And that was their true end... and their fate was like the fate of Pharaoh..

Strange, I do not belong to this country...
You are always angry or you pretend to be, I have never understood the language of your soul, and in which direction are you going, you old woman, all of this seems on you, but you are not clear, I see these tremors always possessing you, I see your fingers scratched, were the blows in your heart or you haven't gotten used to anything since you came to this life!
Look at me, answer me, does your head hurt...? Strange, I feel everything I can't describe...

Ah, I see that you are sick, or what happened to you, are you afraid... what is this fear of yours? You appear in front of everyone at the height of your pride and stability, but when someone mentions your homeland, it ends in your Eyes. Peace!

How do you hide that, what are you suffering from.. they said that you are a flute player, a writer for the homeland.. But I don't see the desire to speak, nor to reveal, nor to express in your eyes, so what melody do you mean when you come with the violin...

What pen do you carry when you write about this homeland!

HAVE YOU EVER TRIED TO PLAY THE MUSIC OF TEARS...

Have you ever tried to play the music of tears... or to write with hot coal between your fingers...

Whose tears do you mean...?

For example, to play a tune of orphans' tears...
Like seeing everyone dancing while you hold a funeral for your country...

Or everyone applauding while your country is dying...
I know you haven't tried all of this, so don't ask me why I'm trembling, why I'm silent, why I'm tired...
My soul doesn't belong to you, it came looking for mercy and was killed among you.
You offered it as a bribe under the name of your law... and your love for independence..
Inside me are strings and melodies of blood..

A truth I couldn't convey to anyone...
Random words of screams of a lost homeland...
Have you ever tried being a mother before you got pregnant...
How is that unreasonable...?
That's what homesickness means.
Women in my country carry the love of the homeland in their wombs like a fetus..
As for our men, they make their loyalty to the homeland a form of worship..

As for our children, they don't resemble any of their age...
Because the love of the homeland was their first flag...
Noble, sacred, and great.

EVERYTHING THAT THE HOMELAND CAN MAKE AND WARS CAN DISTORT, O GUEST..!

This vast theater, do you see it..
Do you like it? Do you like watching horror movies, and crimes?

Visit my homeland..
Look there, do you see that child hiding behind the curtain..
What is he afraid of when he doesn't come near!

Don't ask him, he won't answer you.. Let me answer you..
That child hiding there is not like your children, angry because he didn't get a new toy or a
candy..
That child is desperate there, his mother died before he could say goodbye to her..

Do you see the tears in his eyes? He will never cry..
There are no tears left in his eyes to explain what is in his heart...

This world...

Yes, this is what the world is good at! You watch, judge, and believe only what the media
portrayed or published by these politicians..

This world does not understand any language nor hear any voice calling it in compliance.
But you love those who speak, screaming and pleading, each one of you sees himself as a
god because he was granted a piece of land under mortgage...

But you are nothing but creatures that are subject to extinction, subject to death,
substitutable..
You love the language of death and only listen to the sounds of violence and torture..

THERE SEEMS TO BE A LOT OF ANGER IN MY SPEECH.

There seems to be a lot of anger in my speech. There is no room left in the soul for pain. So do not search for anything, do not wait for news that the TV news brings in the morning, do not believe news that is broadcast on the radio every evening, and do not take what they contribute to publishing in the newspapers.

Everyone agrees. Do you know why? Do not think about the laws of politics or the principles of humanity. They are forced to do this because their lives depend on one corpse that they want to share. When they finally finish it off, they will return and eat each other... This is what will happen to everyone who joins the cannibals...

This stage is very large and spacious, not like any stage on which we act out just comedic or classical scenes... this theater is the theater of truth. Here you will meet death for real, searching for you...

There you will collide with a hanging corpse... here you will smell the stench of hell...

Here all the countries will sit and the devil of racism and discrimination will sit on their thrones... and in that direction, black and white monsters spread... They are not able to do anything except devour children and rape women...

As for the men, they attack them stealthily... Then after killing him, they rip out his entrails and portray it as a threat not only to us but to everyone who has a homeland.

After all that, an ignorant person comes and shuns us instead of listening to us... Or just a traitorous expatriate who sold himself and his land...

He says that this homeland is not ours and that we are rebels and that we have no identity and no lineage...

On this earth there is no longer anyone who has a homeland..
Only monsters or the merciless. The hungry have the right to rule an empire...
Do not be surprised by someone who is asked about his homeland and trembles and shudders...

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I do not know where to start this time, for my path has been lost from you. I have been lost from your north and south, I have become where I do not know after a long journey. I have become ignorant of where to start...

Do you know that every evening since my absence from you I meet many of those who are creative for you.. and each time I tried to convey to them that I have lost my way. I rode in a different way than I feel, and they understood me in a different way than what I wanted to convey, and they heard from me a different voice than my voice, and other words than my words, and other letters than my letters...

I was not afraid that they would say I was weak or a writer who did not know her feelings, or that I was not able to carry you on the shoulders of my ink... as much as I was afraid that they would feel that I was incapable of you..

Whenever I met with them, I felt that I was distributing to each of them a share of my incapacity.. And I would leave them in desperate silence..
A twenty-year-old woman crying for the homeland!

Of course, that will be a story that will be circulated on many tongues, some of whom will believe, and some will mock. But today I will tell these comrades that I have never written with ink of my creativity, nor with beautiful colored pens. I will tell them that I have always written with my tears, writing to you about what I felt of loss, frustration, and incapacity..

When I was in the shade of trees other than your trees, and under houses other than your houses. I was in a place that deserved for anyone to enjoy. But I never enjoyed it..

Every time I come back to raise this pen to be arrogant with you and dance in the hope of your arrival, I feel hatred towards myself, I feel that I have no role and no mind that will formulate your truth..

Whenever I go back to read what I wrote to you, my great one, my desire to do without myself increases. I wish I could throw myself away and separate myself from you, but I remained stuck in a struggle with my heart, which is for you..

I realized that I love you, my country, more than I loved these writings that I wrote since I admired myself and realized that I only wrote for you..

And today I am writing them after they fell from me..

I want to tell that world that did not care about your soul when they hung it as much as I care about the remains that fell from you. Which of these did not witness your pain or listen to it, and none of them was ready to listen to you. Should I call them homelands or neighbors? What do I call them in your eyes?

Should I overstep my bounds with my letters and mention all their crimes against you? I know and you know that if I had let my pen loose, it would have been the cause of my death, and I do not want to be killed because of words..

But I want a death more honorable than words for your sake..

I was not a writer, nor a novelist, nor a poet as those around me described me..

I was a rebel on your land where no one knew me.
I was praying to have mercy on you.
Every day I saw you die in front of me
And no one held a funeral for you..

Everyone asked me to write
Because they thought I was just a writer, nothing more...
No one but you knew to the extent that you knew...
that I was in a Jihad and a struggle from which I still have not returned.

Have I lost my way back to you..
How will I write again..
When what was glowing in my heart they have captured?
Oh Palestine, who saw you to see us...
And which of the Arabs came to Najdna..
The war is on us and there is a resurrection upon you...

So which of our bloods will still be shed...
And are there souls left in you that will still be stolen..

O Palestine, who came to you to come to us...
And which of the Arabs came to shelter us...
If only it were death that would bring us down...
But it was a war that angered us...
And an infidel war that came to destroy us...

Which homeland do we own and which countries protect us...
And we do not cry out for help to revive us...
We only wanted hearts to console us...
O Palestine, who saw you to see us?
And which of the Arabs came to Najdna...
O Palestine, who came to you to come to us...
Which of the Arabs came to shelter us...

WHO HEARS US, MY HOMELAND?

Who hears us, my homeland?
What poems should I recite for you, my homeland...
And with what tears should I adorn it...
Should I recite poetry on your death...
And raise a wounded banner...

Or scream with my voice for it to come to you...
Or be ashamed because I am helpless...
And hold a funeral in which I banish you...
And which neighbor should I tell?
And which eye should see me to see you...
I am tired of silence and even my words...
I am tired of wanting to come to you...
I die with them and not die in them..
And what can make you forget...

I saw the pictures and their events...
I heard everyone offering you condolences...
But my homeland, I no longer feel to write...
I wish God had tested me before he tested you...

And I witness the death of my brother and sister and remain silent...
This is miserable for my heart, how can my letters protect you...

When will we meet, my homeland...
In your memory I remained wandering...
And in your wars I fought while I was absent...
I struggle with my pens and the guns of my ink...
I clash with the contradictions of my dreams, thinking, am I a traitor...
Did my war end here...

And who listened, O my blamer, and how can I be convinced and complete my journey..
Should I say I had a homeland and live on the shame of my silence and my confusion..

How long will I remain hostile and when will I return from my sleep..
Will your freedom remain a wish for me in a time when all wishes have been fulfilled..
How long, O my homeland, will I travel with you between homelands..
And carry a banner for you and congratulate you, O my greatest country...

I stand in you tall without despair and without sadness..
And smell the scent of roses in your land...
And find my inspiration in you and walk in your length and breadth and say this,
Azwadi...

When, O my homeland, will I meet you with my soul, heal your wounds and moisturize
my scars...
When will I run in your fields, when will I come to you with dedication....
When will I hear my voice in you, when will I draw you with the nozzle of my colors...

When will I write about you without my sadness and without my pains...
When will you welcome me in peace I will not say goodbye to you...
Will I keep dreaming? Will I stay far from my branches...
Am I a cut tree? Am I a flower picked from the gardener?

To whom will I return, my homeland? And who will care about my loss?
Will I remain, my homeland, deprived?
And I only meet you in my dreams.

AT THE FUNERAL OF MY HOMELAND

At the funeral of my homeland

O strangeness that witnesses me, I came to you a long time ago, and I am still empty of you...

O homeland that I do not know, and in it a burning embraces me...

I spend the evening in it and the morning, but it still does not know me...

You are not one of those who know me, so will you just listen to me?

I want to ask you, O strangeness of the homeland to which my storms have swept me...

I want to ask you, will you sympathize...

With a stranger who came to you carrying within her captive souls...

O ancient nation, O cluster of clusters of Arabism...

O calm, O healthy, O beautiful, remember in our conversations...

The air in my homeland is not like the air in you...

And life in my homeland is far from your life...

The children are drowning in its wombs...

They die, but they are not asleep...

And the women there and everyone in it are Muslims...

None of them breathes, they are all suffocating...

Tonight I am talking to you and peace is great in you..

Believe me, I do not envy you, but I am at a funeral that concerns you...

The funeral of a homeland and people, some of whom are in you...

I came to you and in you I held my funeral...

Oh island where I lost the hopes of my heart.. Oh my frightening estrangement...
I am afflicted with the wounds of a homeland... I am a wounded person who fell in you...
The wars destroyed my homeland, but I was destroyed in you... Death snatches the ribs of
my homeland...

But there is nothing left of me except in you...should I remain stuck here instead of you
comforting me, I comfort you..

I died in my homeland a thousand times, so kill me so that I may abandon you and forget
you... with my soul, my spirits, my country, and your wishes...

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I know it's illogical for a person to be amazed by his mistakes, but I don't know what was
preventing me from seeing them, but I felt them?! The sky at night was like windows, the stars
peeking out and watching us in silence, as if they were contemplating us and waiting for
when this darkness would be satisfied from swallowing us and vomiting what it had left of us
so that we could search for peace again.. And all we hosted there was nothing but a calm
breeze, cold it was, and sometimes burning, refreshing and sometimes suffocating..

We got used to enjoying its scent until everything changed, feelings became twisted and
almost fell, it was a very mysterious place, they said it was only inhabited by "the miserable"
with tired features and exhausted looks, who do not desire to talk, and spend most of their
time in their rooms hiding,

They do not like light, nor day, nor noise, playing silently without issuing any tunes.. Who are
not bored by hunger, and die of thirst with all steadfastness.. Their songs were tears
glistening from the eyes, decorating the party hall, and they applaud both the sighs and the
laments, warmly welcoming the might of the frightening sadness.. Yes, these are the wars,
gentlemen..

And so their days pass..

And as soon as that ends, autumn dies in that street, martyred, and no one attends his
funeral. Everyone thinks about how to welcome spring when they leave, happiness returns
fluttering with the calm rays of the sun...

Its corners are filled with the voices of children, and the smell of the bread of the grandmother, the owner of the wise stories...

In a matter of seconds, is this possible!

All those dark, luminous colors are gone, where are the sweets, and the smell of school books, where are the young colleagues who crave the challenge on the school benches with all diligence, where are the parents, fathers, mothers, the traces of the adults when they sit at sunset with their revolutionary stories and gather for a cup of tea, and a loaf of bread with all modesty before the scourge of racism is created.. Where has life led us astray...!

All of that was the dreams of the silent ones who have no power or strength except in God, and how the city is drawn in the orphanage with the sorrows of the orphans, and how dreams appear on the sorrows of the homeless, and which holidays they receive with joy...

The beauty of life was never the right of the rich or the free only or only those who own a homeland...

In a corner of this life there is a little one watching from a distance, waiting for someone to pay attention to him even with a loaf of bread, or a sip of water, and a mother seeks with her gaze deprived of expression, wanting to say a lot but no one is ready to listen...

All of those and many who life has deprived are like strangers, like those who do not belong to this world... like those who have no rights to transcend their demolished caps.

Those who are angry, damn those who are accustomed to hearing the word. an expatriate refugee, born of hunger and corruption, here he is, vomited by wars forced upon us... So where is that which calls for humanity...

Oh, how painful it is to be forced into silence, and to be a stranger despite your belonging to humanity, living unlike them. Do they think that they were created more honorable than you were created?

TO ALL WHO ASK ME...

The land of victory is my homeland.. A land above my sorrows...
And when they came to it without a visitor... like a wave carrying falsehood...
And they said my country means M..
So they thought their weapon was extraordinary...
So they were generous and rose up with me..
From my mother then my father...

To a homeland in which there are living people... and they did not leave me to go...
They became hostile and killed me...
So what refugee do you call me...
There is a homeland that means to me..
And a home and a land that shelters me....
So what law can I abide by..
And what promise shall I fulfill...
And all that I own I burn..

Everyone who is hungry comes to me..
I heard of a time...it is not my time...
In which the flesh of.. humans and humans are eaten...
And this is my time I draw.. with what I have lived, O my sorrow...
And I do not see what I understand..
What is the fault of the child who was killed..
Is this a war or a massacre..
For an infidel who lost his church...

TUAREG_PEN

MOHAMED ABU ZU

Why do I see you not dedicating a single drop of ink to their cause?

Why do I see your pen turning its back on them and uttering their mention as a disheveled, dusty traveler utters the name of the one who has been covered in dust from his clothes?

Before this, you were defending and opposing the Tuareg in every story they mentioned, even if their mention was inadvertent. When the going got tough, you held back. I am denouncing your holding back and hating your turning away from them on one of their most important days throughout history. I have never known the Tuareg pen to be so weak or cowardly, my friend?

By God, the truth is everything except what I said and what exceeded it by a hair's breadth, and I see in one of your eyes a spark of anger and in the other a gleam of hope and the purity of supplication. And I answer you about what you asked with what I saw, I do not defend myself in it nor do I lift my responsibilities towards this sacred cause.

This story, my friend, is different from every story that preceded it, it is a story that a wedding of words is not enough to express and proclaim, a story that has no meaning or role for the pen in it and eloquence does not suffice in it. Nor does it fill hunger, a story of swords and nothing replaces the sharpness of a sword except a sword sharper than it, and even one dinar we spend in the way of our displaced families there between the oppression of the bank from which they fled and between the harshness of the bank they approached.

Better than a thousand words in which all the arts of rhetoric were mixed, we wrote them lying in the comfort of air conditioning, and a poetry collection in which all the seas of poetry were gathered, we praise them and strengthen their resolve in it to replace a single drop of sweat that flowed in order to support them.

That catastrophe of our country, my friend, was a silent catastrophe, without scenes or hymns, and we and others were writing about it to speak it, but the pen could not and the ink did not work, and here is the world today, waking up to its cry and turning to the right and to the left, wondering about the sound of its uprising, so that whoever lives in Oran knows them as someone born in Kidal, because they spoke the weapon and the sound of the weapon is a sound heard by love or by force...

These people write history with their hands and reformulate it with their blood, and history is not written by words but by the arms of men.

I have read you, my friend, a saying before that I memorized because of its strong impact on my being at that time. You say at the beginning: "No matter how much injustice prevails and corruption spreads in the universe, and no matter how long the wings of falsehood grow in the hope of blocking the rays of the sun of truth, or how deep its roots penetrate the earth in the hope of usurping what does not belong to it, they will undoubtedly perish. Truth always triumphs in the end."



"STORIES"

And here I am today, seeing it as an embodied reality and a lived dream. In this story, falsehood has tried with all its tyranny and cruelty, the idolaters have allied with the devil and the cannibals, so they have gathered all the strength and equipment they have gathered, and they have planned all the tricks and plots of wars they have planned, but in the first reaction of the owners of the land and the people of the truth, they were annihilated, so what they brought became chaff scattered by the winds, and those who survived among them became a game in the hands of men.

Don't you see that it is a story that must be shown to the entire world and heard about in all the countries of the world and recorded in the records of history and the notebooks of eternity?

I see what you see, my friend. You are always too silent, but when you speak, you say: "Amazing! Yes, I and every Tuareg in this world add our voices to yours. What those brave heroes did, despite their small number and light equipment, is a story that would be in vain to pass unnoticed.

Every person who has had a share of literature has the right to let the ink of his pen flow, whether in poetry or prose, thus preserving an incident in which the devil and his party were defeated and were severely defeated. Yes, my friend, history is the product of battles, events and sites, and its pasture and origin are the arms of men, but books alone are what immortalize it and preserve it from disappearance and extinction.

Pens, despite their lightness, small weight and ease of carrying, even if their bearer is a small child, are what raise and lower, build and destroy.

It begins and ends, so there is no elevation except for he whose status is elevated by the ink, and woe to he upon whom the curse of the pen has fallen and whose status is transmitted by the books of history as being lowly and contemptible. History is not merciful when the ink is not satisfied with the facts, so if he mentions you well, he will record your name side by side with the immortal righteous, and if he mentions you badly, he will throw you into his garbage dumps filled with fallen, murderous people who lack conscience.

The pen was completely satisfied with the heroes of July 27, so it chose them, brought them close, and decorated them with medals of immortality in the records of white history. It inspired the poet to compose and the writer to write prose in order to document that battle in which truth trampled falsehood and covered its face with dust. I saw, my friend, young men who I was with before I came to you, sharpening their pens and polishing their letters, writing the glories of their nation with their own hands, thinking that what they were doing was little and that they were, by God, attaining an honor that no one had ever attained before them, without them realizing it.

I have just watched the horrible, heinous, hurtful and cruel video that has been circulating for days on the social media platform (Facebook), which I was avoiding and deliberately avoiding only because of its painful title and the deadly hurtful words attached to it, until I found myself watching it without realizing it at a moment when I had gathered all my courage, boldness and daring.

As soon as I reached its end, I felt a storm of anger sweeping over me and a taste of blood in my mouth whose source I completely ignored as I ignored the source of the boldness that allowed me to watch it in the first place.

I was expecting a scene that I would not relish and would not like to look at, but what I saw exceeded all my expectations. It defeated me in a terrible defeat and I do not think I will recover from it soon.

I began to curse this helplessness, weakness, cowardice, humiliation and weakness inside me. I felt that wild desire to cry but I could not so as not to wake up those sleeping next to me, so I threw the device and left that suffocating room.

Saleh! Why are you going out at this hour? Aren't you supposed to be asleep? You're going on a long and arduous journey?

Yes, but I couldn't sleep. Tell me, what brought you out?

My chest tightened, my friend, so I went out to throw its burdens on the shoulders of the night, hoping it would be stronger and lighter to carry.

So the one who brought you out brought me out.

Worried?

Yes, Mohamed, I am worried and fed up with everything.

And what concerns you?

And what could concern any normal Tuareg who has an ounce of belonging in his heart except what our oppressed brothers there in Azawad are experiencing, in full view and hearing of this dirty world that does nothing to help them and rescue them from the clutches of injustice and aggression?

You were right when you said that the one who brought you out got me out, because I watched that video you sent me a few days ago and I refused to open it despite your insistence on it.

You mean the woman's video?

Yes, that's what I mean, and by God, nothing prevented me from opening it except fear of this feeling that now fills me from my toes to the hair on my head.

And finally I opened it, I had lost hope that you would.

As if you were smiling or I imagined that?

Yes, smile, because now you are angry and that means you will write, and by God I do not like your anger, but I like the letters that come out of it.

Write? What should I write, Saleh? May God curse these pens, have they done us any good?

Here you are again saying things that do not please me from you, will you not stop blaming the pen and holding it responsible for every little thing?

This inability and fasting from writing has lasted so long, and you who used to write greedily without stopping, so how long?

It is exactly as you said, I am the one who is incapable, not the pen. Despite all my attempts, I cannot find anything to say about what our brothers are facing, and the first thing I look at after every attempt is the pen, so I pour out my anger on it and call it incapable. Now get up, go home and sleep, rest your body and do not think too much.

And you?

I will follow you after a while, I want to be alone for an hour, perhaps I will get the head of the rope of words, for it is a story that I want the world to hear about.

If that's the case, I'll go happily, my sorrow has been relieved and a little of my worry has been lifted. Yes, I will, I will send you what I wrote as soon as I finish it to your inbox.

After a journey that lasted twenty-nine hours between stops and stops, I finally reached my destination. I will not bring you any new news if I tell you about the difficulty of traveling by bus on worn-out roads, which you can hardly get rid of one hole before you fall into the next one, but I got used to it and adapted to it due to my frequent travel on this road that separates my town from my workplace.

Previously, I used to digest its distance by sleeping and sometimes reading books, but this time I could not do either. All that occupied my mind was what Muhammad would write.

I left him sitting in that place that night and went to sleep at his request. When I woke up at dawn, I checked his place but did not find him. I think he did not catch up with me.

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He stayed there all night thinking and clearing his chest by looking at the sky. Therefore, I expected that what he would write would not be ordinary, and indeed it was not. I read every word of his letter carefully. The boy excels at writing tragedies, and thinks deeply when he is angry, beautiful and painful words. As I expected, as soon as I reached the end, my tears flowed like rivers and I closed them so as not to "I refrained from crying throughout these events"

This is my situation," they overflowed and rained... I realized that I do not own my tears. I am the one who only read, so what is the situation of the one who wrote what I read?

The message:

Peace be upon you, my friend, if you receive this letter of mine and open it, it means that you have reached your town and removed your travel clothes, and nothing pleases me as much as it pleases me that you are well.

But before, O stubborn one, I did not sleep that night from excessive thinking, which put me between two bitter choices, either I swallow that pain and bury it inside me until it overcomes me, or I overcome it and thus I would be a traitor to the trust that God has placed in my hand and is merciful to you and your heart, or I share it with you and the world and I would have hurt your heart with the pen that you love and that loves you, and I have fulfilled my duty, so excuse your friend!

Now, I will not tell you in this letter what you do not know, and I do not find an explanation for your insistence that I write, for God is the source of help. Know, my friend, that we were raised in the care of women whom God commanded to cover up and they covered themselves, so He honored them with chastity and sufficiency, and clothed them in dignified clothing that would stand between them and the devils of man and jinn.

This will remain their state until the sky is folded like the scroll of the book. They chose black as the color for their clothing, and black, as you know, is the master of colors, just as modesty is the master of morals. The color black and modesty are two compatible masters, and that is why it was chosen. The pure, authentic Tuareg woman was created to hide from sight, so eyes do not see her except in a black cloak, the sight of which does not please the seeker of what the instincts of men desire in the bodies of pure, chaste women. And you find her very keen to hide her charms and curb the magic emanating from her details, which no sane person would stand on its balconies without killing a madman robbed of his mind and insight, and because she knows all of that, she offered her blood rather than revealing it to someone who is not allowed to.

Five minutes and twenty seconds were enough to destroy me, demolish me, burn me and kill me literally. Those minutes made me wish I had never been born and had never been anything worth mentioning, or at least I was just a nobody and forgotten, that no one would turn to me and ask me to raise my pen to write about her, that I would watch her like any other person and suffer in silence until I recover from her or she destroys the last of my remaining patience and endurance.

You do not know, my friend, in what situation you have put me, for by God, I have never been afflicted with anything more severe than seeing the images of that video and hearing its sounds. She was sitting in her gray tent and it was morning or close to it and maybe a little later. She had finished her housework a few minutes ago, cooking whatever rice or wheat flour was available, churning her milk to extract its butter, placing her teapot on the burning embers and enjoying the music of its roar and its sweet smell.

That was her morning routine in her kingdom, where she felt safe only within its borders. She would not ask for more from this dirty world because she knew the value of what she had, the important thing was that no stranger, greedy and religious person would dispute her kingdom. She was enjoying herself in that state.

In the pleasure of her misery, not caring about what the world will bring of misfortunes or fortunes, until she heard that voice that she denied at first or perhaps dismissed out of optimism, but she listened to it intently until she was certain of it.

Yes, it was the voice of the piercing death that came loaded in the trucks of mercenaries, asking for new innocent souls to take and add to its series of crimes.

At that moment, any person would think of escaping and perhaps hiding in the seventh earth if that were possible for him, but the chaste and pure one thought only of her honor, so she rushed to her black cloak and wrapped her body in it and took a position that if death looked at her, its limbs would tremble in fear of her.

She remembered God in her secret and perhaps in her last breaths on her land that good and evil have been fighting for long distances. It was only a few moments until the pigs, the cursed, and the slaves besieged the eater. The flesh of the human beings is its tent and they have tied it from every side with their mechanisms and their deadly weapons. At first glance, the observer would think that they are besieging the bearers of the keys to Qarun's treasures, but then he sees a group of sperm besieging a single woman in her own home.

They ask her to reveal to them and guide them to the locations of the heroes whom God has subjected to liberate their pure land from the filth of the hooves of pigs and donkeys. Either she reveals it or she removes her modesty. Do you see? They did not give her a choice between revealing and informing and death, because they know for certain that death will be the easier of the two options.

She tells them even if they split her skull with bullets, they give her a choice between it and what is more severe for her than burning alive and breathing, to remove her navel and tear it apart with her hand, a moment of terrible silence inside her, all this existence around her disappeared, she no longer saw or felt anything, she was alone in a vicious circle, repeating the two choices between herself and herself:

"My homeland? My body? My homeland? My body? My body versus my homeland or my homeland versus my body? The future of our generations or my flesh that will perish in any case?"

I fell asleep after I finished writing, and suddenly I saw in my dream a woman who resembled angels in some ways and humans in others. She had two wings of light, wearing a very white dress, radiating light from every side.

She pointed with one of her wings to the sky, so I raised my eyes toward the place she pointed to, and I woke up from my slumber, frightened, repeating: "Love of the homeland is part of faith, love of the homeland is part of faith, love of the homeland is part of faith..."

FROM THE TRUTH

KHOUATRI OTHMAN

My sisters

The truth is with those who we would not be satisfied with even if we were neighbors in the depths of hell. Yes, they do not see the roads around us that lead to destruction.

They refuse to listen to those voices, that scream and erupts in the depths demanding freedom, where did you bury that banner that expressed the beauty for which the noble heroes sacrificed.

Why did you bury the beauty that was always interested in preserving and protecting your honor?! Why are you trying to convince logic that what reality depicts today is just imagination?

Who will answer all these questions that lead to the discovery of that truth buried in the midst of this crowd? I wonder!

Are all those councils aware of all this nonsense or have they erased us? And all that remains of our identity is its name.

Sometimes I argue with myself as I look at those disappointments you create to convince the world that you are honorable and honest and that your rule is all a constitution of justice. Yes, I was right when I studied all those lies that you used to restrict the thoughts of that herd that runs whenever it has the opportunity.

The opportunity to express that existence, which overflows with a river of gold as if it were the maker of that paradise on this barren desert. For whom are you trying to dress all these lies?! Excuse me, from you I know everything that goes through your mind, even my pen that laments to write this orphaned letter was convinced to sanctify my nationalist ideas whose borders are my Amazigh identity and whose law is a sea of freedoms and justice, I have subjugated my pen but who will talk about those disturbing nightmares after me, for the facts that I have reached you will surely lead me to the gallows.

I held a meeting with death to postpone my trial, so that I may expose all the devastation you have sown in this region, which you have always coveted to plunder its holy land. We know that you conspired with the devils of this land to deprive us of our right, but the Almighty planned everything only because there is an honorable people who have placed in their souls the strength to endure all this affliction that will inevitably be crowned in the end with freedom, the term that robs you of that happiness and delivers your tyranny to the depths of hell where your likes live, you who are hostile to the sublime.

I dozed off for a little while, and then it was a disturbing nightmare, a girl in the prime of her youth as if she were a star from the sky hovering around me and saying my soul dwells in you and if I get sick, you are the medicine, dressed in embroidered white silk with a sparkle of silver and in her hand a black flag and in the other a flag decorated with the color red that is between green and black and on the side yellow, suddenly the color of the evening changed, violent winds stripped it off.

I called it the star of the sky and it was a fire thirsty for blood. It shone from my slumber!!! Then beauty was everywhere, a green desert where the creatures of the Almighty graze, camels and gazelles, and in the shadow of the mountain facing me from the north, an old man contemplating the creativity of the Most Gracious, in his hand a pen recording the rulings.

I approached him, beginning with a greeting of peace in response, and peace be upon you, and his features suggested to me the essence of peace that resides in his soul, as if he had been sent from heaven. After a period of talking, I discovered that he was an interpreter of dreams. I showed him the nightmare of the evening, and he said, "The beautiful woman you met during your nap in your seclusion in the evening is the desert that fell victim to the ambitions of those who fought in the mirage wars that do not bring about that end that overflows with feelings of conscience to water it with that salvation, a struggling movement on one side and the other on the other, but where is the beating heart that unites these ranks to create hope, not disappointment that embraces every chapter of the chapters of the beautiful woman who suffers from destruction, oppression and tyranny.

In the chapters of truth, there are events that must woe to those who ignore the role of truth in the balance. The world is hostile to me wherever I go, declaring victory only because of its inability to convince myself of that prosperity that if I ascended its throne, that black scar will remain in your heart that will inevitably confront you whenever you declare purity.

Yes, they say about me that I follow the specter of annihilation. Say, are you immortal in it, you who feed on the humiliation of prosperity. The truth is the status of the righteous. No, the righteous is you, you who believe in status more than rule. Your history, even if it was watered with the blood of the free, your actions remain that disappointment that defiles that purity. There is no return that will revive you, you who killed that blind desire that wanders with us in the darkness seeking peace.

No, the white bird will receive you while you are a flock seduced by a herd of hyenas. You are from our loins, but where are you headed? You left your old women in the fires of war, you who claim to struggle.

How can someone who was breastfed with honor submit and be sold? How can the cause live while you are a group seduced by a herd of hyenas?

And I am on the mountain repeating, "Come to prayer, come to success." And you are in the councils of Satan, making the horns of the bloodthirsty one.

Disappointment after disappointment. Where are you, O martyrs? After you, a lineage of fools appeared. They corrupt the earth and wear the garment of purity. Under the pretext of knowledge and culture, they draw poems of solidarity and unity. Our wise and rational people were not raised among books and pens. But they carry a mountain of hopes. Hopes that only the sounds of bullets can fulfill. I do not deny books, but this is the case.

A Berber who studied in the depths of the desert. His pen is the power that oppresses his mind and body. Neither ink nor paper. Just a lot of faith. Yes, knowledge is the source of liberation from the darkness of ignorance, but for those who cannot bear to deny the truth about reality.

And do not sell people illusions. Merchants who do not lose in the balance. Judges who conduct justice according to the principles of Islam. Professors who bear responsibility for generations. And rulers who do not feign peace.

A free media that does not excel in malicious propaganda. An economy that challenges bank stocks and currencies. A people who fear the Creator of the heavens. From hypocrisy and all the doors of vices. His shield is certainty in what God has decreed and if he is on the dark side of customs, the masked man remains the master of morals.

Azwadi grew up in the center of the tragedy. Before he was born, I called him a fighter. And what about the days in which he leads victory with the support of the angels of the Most Merciful.

It is a thought that tells about the truth of heroes. Among them are even traitors, slaves of Satan. Contradictions that cannot be contained. Only those who have not extinguished the flame of time understand it. Those whose hearts are sealed with the honor of life and death. Azwad is a resurrection that precedes the Day of Judgment. In it is our national religion. And whoever opposes it is a polytheist who deserves execution.

Kidalna is the land of resurrection, O sea of struggle. Whoever calls me an infidel, say whatever you want. I have no way of going against the truth. My revolution and the pain I have experienced precede me. O my Lord, make Kidal my paradise and save me from the torment of time.



AFTERWORDS AND REVIEW OF THIS BOOK

BY TIAREE

This book contains many painful stories. It is a very realistic collection of testimonies of the suffering endured by the people of Azawad. It is the naked pain described directly from an emotional point of view by the souls of a people who have suffered so much and for so long. It is beautiful but sad. Beautiful because it is from pure and beautiful souls that these words were written. Sad because it describes the suffering of the Azawadi people since 64 years. Some of the text is poetry, some is metaphorical, some is testimonial but as a whole it describes pain, loss, and longing for a homeland that is lost. Lost to ghouls and wolves, until they can get it back.

The book cover is the "image of the year" 2024... which is a powerful image of a sad painful reality. It shows a father carrying his injured child in Tinzawatine, after the Malian army and Wagner targeted innocent civilians by drones just a few meters from the border line with Algeria, this strike caused the death of several children and the destruction of the only pharmacy that the city had. That image carries a lot of meaning, to use a cliché.

An explanation for those who are not acquainted with the situation in Azawad which is one of the most marginalized humanitarian situations in the Sahara, and the events that took place (and still takes place) in Azawad: When the text in one of the stories describes black and white ghouls and wolves, it is the Malian junta army Fama and the Russian mercenaries Wagner they describe.

In the story "Who am I" it refers to the victims of both mutilations (by Fama and Wagner) and cannibalism (by the Fama soldiers) and it describes the soul of the person mutilated as who am I now? (when I'm cut apart like this) yes it's a terrible description but unfortunately it's actually reality.

When shall Azawad be free from these tyrants?

