

PRINCE OF THE SHADOW

ENGINEER ON THE ROAD

Abdullah Barghouti



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Dedication

To my father and mother, may God prolong their lives, to my wife and my children Tala, Osama, and Safa,

To everyone who helped and contributed to bringing this book to light;

For Palestine, Jerusalem, and Al-Aqsa.

For the Holy, Jerusalem, and Al-Qassam,

I dedicate this book to them all and to everyone who has cursed the occupation.

Abdullah Barghouti

"Prince of the Shadow"

Introduction

The fire erupts when it is suffocated by wood — and it burns all those who usurp the truth. I once rose up with the permission of my Lord against the occupying usurper, and today I also rise, with the help of my Lord, against the prison and the jailer to write my story—the story of a resister who sought the face of his Lord and raised peace against injustice. Perhaps the bullets of truth will restore the path to victory and freedom.

Through my response to my daughter's letter and my answers to her inquiries, I hope I have clarified for her what goes on in our minds regarding that frequently asked question: Who are you and why are you? Hopefully, through my humble experience, I have contributed, even slightly, through the pages of this book and through my resistance to the occupier, to light a candle on the path to freedom, for I despise darkness and those who curse the darkness.

Abdullah Ghaleb Barghouti

**"From the solitary confinement cell where I have been since
2003 until today"**

Letter from Tala, Osama, and Safaa:

"To our dear father, whom we hold dear to our hearts, we write this letter on the anniversary of your imprisonment, a decade since that day, with you, our father, behind bars and walls, secluded in a solitary confinement cell, seeing no one and speaking to no one.

Father, or rather, my father, for I am your daughter Tala writing this on behalf of my siblings Osama and Safaa. I write, my father, bewildered and questioning. I do not know if I have the right to reproach you or to ask you the questions that swirl in my mind, but it is my confusion; my confusion that has driven me to this question for which I have found no answer from those around me as everyone gives a very different answer, even though the question remains unchanged.

My dear father, my beloved, I know you have a broad chest and that you always answer my questions even before I ask them. You are the father who is not bothered by his young children's queries. But today, I have grown up, and with me, those questions have grown to be summarized in one single

query, hoping to find a definitive answer from you; who are you? Who are you, my father? Are you that kind and gentle man as grandmother says? Or are you that harsh, heartless man as grandfather states? Are you the loving romantic who came on his white horse to capture my mother's heart so she fell in love with you? Or are you the one who came from the unknown and also departed to the unknown, breaking my mother's heart and making her weep whenever your name is mentioned in front of her? They say you are a mighty, merciless titan, and they also say that you have two minds; not one like the rest of humanity, claiming you replaced your heart with another mind. Yet, what also transpires, my beloved father, is that they also say if it weren't for your big heart and your kind, gentle nature, you wouldn't have reached where you are today, wouldn't have fought, and wouldn't have kept your distance. I do not know who you are, who are you? You are that image inscribed with that sentence I do not understand the meaning of: 'The Heroic Prisoner'."

Heroic prisoner, how does one become a heroic captive? Or perhaps the question is how does a hero become a captive?

Are you a heroic resistor, or merely a reckless person who impulsively joined a war that was none of his concern? Tell me, by God, Abdullah, is Jamal your real name before becoming Abdullah Barghouti or Abdullah al-Qassam? Who are you? You are that shadow whose owner I cannot see, yet it extends a helping hand to me without my asking. Do you know, my dear father, that you are the only father who remembers the birthdays of his children and those he loves? All fathers forget, but not you; as long as you remember, why have you been absent from us all these years? Didn't you know that those who fight may become distant and separate from those they love?

Father, answer my question: Who are you? Why did you leave me, a little girl just three years old, abandoned in a car surrounded by dogs from every direction? Why did you leave me in the freezing cold after you disappeared and I no longer saw you?

For God's sake, father, tell me who you are. Answer my questions, those I have asked and those I haven't dared to ask you. Who are you, Prince of the Shadow? Who are you?

Your loving daughter, Tala

A Father's Letter to His Daughter

My beloved daughter Tala, dear to my heart and mind, and my loved ones Osama, Safaa, my father, and my dear wife, your message has reached me as have many others containing this question: Who are you? And another more complicated question that has been asked frequently: Why are you?

My beloved daughter and my guardian angel: These questions and inquiries require a philosopher to answer and explain the reasons, to clarify matters to make them easier for you to understand. I am merely an ordinary person, less than ordinary, and I find it difficult to answer these questions. However, I will narrate to you my story and the story of my life, hoping that you, my guardian angel, might find answers to your questions.

Perhaps you, my daughter, can tell me who I am, and why I am. My beloved little one, my story began far from Palestine, from the figs and olives, in the desert—I was born in Kuwait, and I loved Kuwait and still do. I remember its national anthem and sing it:

"My country Kuwait, I salute you for glory, and on your forehead rises the fortune."

That anthem I kept repeating throughout my childhood years, until the day came when I was no longer a little child. I suddenly grew up, without any warning, when the Intifada of Stones erupted in Palestine, when my cousin Mahmoud and my uncle Ismail were martyred: they died in Palestine, and we held a martyr's wedding for them in Kuwait.

I did not know that weddings were held for the dead, for the slain; but I learned that weddings are held for martyrs. Who are these martyrs and how did they become soaked in their blood on their way to the eternal paradise, who are they? I never saw them, never spoke to them, and didn't even know anything about them. I asked and asked, and the answer came. They told me that Mahmoud was my older cousin, and that Ismail was my youngest uncle. The two were close in age and in their friendship. Simply put, they threw stones at the Zionist occupation forces wreaking havoc in our village, and those forces fired a barrage of bullets at them, and they were martyred.

They told me, I know you are from there, from Palestine, from a village called Beit Rima, and they also said you are Palestinian. Thus, my daughter, I was no longer Kuwaiti as I thought and as I sang, but Palestinian. From that time, I started to sing another anthem about me and about Palestine, the Palestine of martyrs, the captive Palestine. That anthem went, "Muhammad Jamjoom and Fouad Hijazi, my people, repay them," a song about three heroes, "Ata Al-Zir," "Muhammad Jamjoom," and "Fouad Hijazi," who were executed by British forces; those forces that erected gallows for the sons of Palestine and gave the Zionists a cursed promise called the Balfour Declaration, that despicable and filthy promise that was given by those who do not own, to those who do not deserve, gave the purest land of Palestine to the filthiest people, to the Zionist occupiers.

From there, my guardian angel, I grew up and no longer remained a small child. With me, the idea of resistance grew, of expelling the occupation, and of punishing the occupiers for their crimes against Palestine, Mahmoud, Ismail, and every martyr.

My beloved daughter, my guardian angel, I watched on television how the soldiers of the occupation broke the bones of Palestinian children, the children of stones, the men of the Intifada, and its falcons. This is why I decided to become very strong, so that my bones would not be broken, and so that I could defend those I love, Jerusalem, Al-Aqsa, and Palestine. During that time, God willed that I be beaten by a number of students at school. They were more and stronger, and I was alone and weaker. Immediately, I joined a judo sports club with a coach named "Munir Sameek," and began my training at the Jahra Club in Kuwait. The coach was Palestinian and also trained a team from the Palestine Liberation Organization in the city of Hawally. I trained silently and seriously in the art of judo, but that was not enough for me. I wanted to be very strong, so I added boxing and bodybuilding training to judo. Thus, I spent all my time after school moving between training halls. I did not participate in competitions and did not win medals; instead, I took part in fights, whether at school or in the neighborhood I lived in, and sometimes I received many bruises or fractures.

After those years, the coach told me that he would teach me the last move today. If I learned it and mastered it, I would be able to kill anyone who attacks me, and he strictly warned me never to use it. When I asked him why he would teach me a lethal move and expect me to master it but not use it in fights or even in matches inside the club, he replied, saying, "Aren't you Palestinian? Don't you want to liberate your country?" I said, "Yes." He said, "Then use it there in Palestine against those who have occupied your homeland, and use everything you have learned here."

After that, a new phase of my life began. I started training with weapons, there in the Kuwaiti desert. But what was more important was what I did during school holidays, whether it was the mid-year break or the end-of-year vacation. Since I was twelve years old, a year younger than you are now, I spent those holidays working in an electronics shop owned by my uncle, Abu Ahmad, or in a garage as a mechanic after I grew older.

My guardian angel, I never practiced martial arts out of love for it, nor did I learn to use weapons because I enjoyed it.

My hobby was dismantling things and reassembling them, trying to figure out how they worked. Electronics and mechanics were my hobbies—very delicate and small things, and big things filled with oil and grease. This is what later drove me to study electromechanical engineering in South Korea. How I got there is a story I will tell you after I finish my story about Kuwait first.

I was very attached to Kuwait. Even when my parents and siblings went to spend the summer holidays in Jordan, I preferred to stay in Kuwait alone, even though I was only sixteen years old, to continue my studies and indulge in my hobby that I loved. Here I say that Kuwait is not just the desert or oil wells; Kuwait was the cradle and the school from which I learned everything. I used to follow the Al-Arabi magazine, which introduced me to the Palestinian cause and even to the wider world. I followed the newspapers, especially admiring the works of the creative artist and martyr of creativity, Naji Al-Ali, who drew for the Kuwaiti newspapers, and as I recall, he drew for Al-Qabas newspaper, then Al-Qabas International in London.

This period in Kuwait shaped much of who I became. It was not just a place of residence but a profound influence that nurtured my intellectual and emotional growth, tying me to my roots while equipping me with the skills and knowledge that I would later use in ways I could never have anticipated as a young boy.

Kuwait, the land that produced Fahd Al-Ahmed Al-Sabah, who fought for Palestine in the Ajloun mountains in Jordan, epitomizes the moderate, wise Muslim country—not the extremist, foolish kind. From an early age, I learned to pray and perform the religious rituals. My father would take me to pray at the mosque every day, and even during my training sessions, we would pause to perform the prayers. When I was working in mechanics or electronics, I would stop work to pray. Prayer became an integral part of my daily routine. I also remember that my father used to take me to hear the Friday sermon in a town near the Jahra area, as he loved the sermons of the Kuwaiti sheikhs.

My father always said that Saddam Hussein was a wicked and unjust man, and so I never liked Saddam Hussein,

especially when I read about what he did to the Kurds, his foolish war with Iran, and particularly when Saddam invaded Kuwait, my disdain for him grew—he was an occupier like the Zionist Jews, no more, no less. He occupied a country that had supported him, destroyed it, and wreaked havoc, and I thanked God when Kuwait was liberated.

After Kuwait was liberated, I moved with my family to live in Amman, the capital of Jordan, where my father owned a house. But with our move, a very short yet very important phase began. After leaving Kuwait for Jordan, we were in a very difficult financial situation, so even though I was studying, I also worked in one of the city's garages to contribute even a little to the household expenses. Like you, my beautiful daughter and guardian angel, I am the eldest of my siblings. Thus, my hobby turned into my job and even my studies; I studied at a vocational school in the mechanics department. Once I finished high school, realizing that my father could not afford to send me to university, I borrowed a sum of money from one of my relatives, promising to

return it within a year. I opened my own garage before I even turned eighteen.

I worked tirelessly, but it was to no avail, as Jordan was going through a very difficult economic period at the time. After more than six months, with no progress and the deadline for repaying my debt and the garage rent—paid annually in advance—looming, I found all doors closing in front of me. Despite being physically strong from continuing my judo training in Amman with the same coach, Captain Munir Sameek, who had also left Kuwait to settle in Jordan and train there at the Mecca Sports Club, and despite being a skilled mechanical and electronic technician from blending my hobby with two years of vocational school, I felt worthless. Being poor and in debt, it was hard to believe that I owed over five thousand dollars before even turning eighteen. This bitter experience of financial hardship and being unable to help my father and younger siblings made me realize the importance of money.

Thus, a few months before the repayment deadline, I decided to migrate in search of better opportunities to

improve my living conditions and fulfill the promise I made to repay my debt on time and support my family. If it weren't for the house we owned in Amman, we might have ended up homeless. My father was elderly, having married late, and my siblings were growing up, increasing their and the household's expenses.

At that time, God put a friend named Ahmed in my path. He had a relative working in South Korea, and Ahmed had decided to go work there with his relative. Since Ahmed wasn't well-versed in English or even Arabic—he hadn't completed his education—I filled out his visa application and decided to fill one out for myself too. Once the visas were approved, I sold the garage's assets, bought a plane ticket, and told Ahmed I wanted to travel with him to Korea. He was very welcoming, for several reasons he shared with me as we boarded the plane. He said, "Abdullah, you're strong, and your hands are skilled. If we face any trouble requiring muscle, you're here; if we need a translator, you're here; and most importantly, according to Ahmed, if the plane breaks down mid-air, you're also here to fix it," and he was serious about that.

The day before our departure, I informed my father of my intent to work in Korea. He didn't object; instead, he blessed my journey and encouraged me to persevere and work hard. My father had great trust in me and knew I wasn't reckless. He had silently observed and followed my work at the garage and my training at the club, always repeating the phrase he often said: "You've grown up before your time, my son."

I bid farewell to my family and headed to the airport with Ahmad, carrying nothing but my plane ticket. Ahmad paid for the taxi and the airport departure fees. He had been engaged to his cousin's daughter for two years before our journey and, although older, Ahmad was very much in tune with me—a genuinely good and simple man.

As soon as our plane took off from Amman, Ahmad's enthusiasm turned to apathy and pessimism. He expressed a desire to return to Amman, a complete reversal from his initial eagerness. Despite his family and his fiancée's family's objections to his traveling, which he had initially resisted, he now insisted with equal fervor on returning. By

the time we reached Korea, after stops in Bahrain and Hong Kong, his determination to return had only strengthened.

I tried to book him a return flight, but there were no available departures that day. We waited at the airport for two days until I could secure his ticket. I escorted him to the departure gate, and he left without ever seeing Korea, leaving me with the address of his relative in Korea.

Guardian angel, in a moment of madness, I sent my passport and return ticket to Amman with Ahmad, along with a letter telling my father that I would not return until I had achieved what I dreamt of. I asked Ahmad to deliver this trust and request my father's prayers for me, and to keep my passport until I asked for it.

With empty pockets, no money, no return ticket, and no passport, all I had was an address written on a piece of paper, a determination to succeed, and a desire to face challenges.

Later, Ahmad told me over the phone that he returned to Amman because, as he believed, his aunt (his fiancée's

mother) had commissioned a witch to cast a spell preventing him from traveling far from his fiancée and home. As for my opinion on the true reason behind Ahmad's return to Amman, I can only say that God knows best.

Reaching deep into my empty pockets, I retrieved the address and approached an information desk officer at the airport. The officer, understanding my intention to walk, sketched the route on a tourist map. After spending a night sleeping in the airport's garden, waking up wet from the sprinkler system and drinking from it, I embarked on my journey filled with hope, a dream now turning into reality.

For three days and two nights, I walked by day and slept by night, consuming nothing but water from public parks. Exhausted, soaked by the rain, and fluctuating between feeling hot and cold, I finally arrived at the given address. It turned out to be a lumber mill in a forest. Ahmad's relative had long since left this job and moved elsewhere, but fortunately, there were foreign workers there—non-Korean, Pakistani Muslims—who welcomed me.

One of them kindly found me a job the same day at a nearby factory. In this forest and at this timber mill, I worked tirelessly for forty-five days before receiving my first paycheck. The policy there required us to work a full month and leave fifteen days' wages as a security deposit with the factory.

I had no money to buy food, so I subsisted on a very light meal provided by the factory at ten in the morning and another meal at noon for lunch. I worked silently, perfecting the tasks assigned to me.

I would jot down Korean words and memorize their meanings, but I didn't have the money to buy a dictionary. However, I possessed something else. During that period, I slept in one of the rooms attached to the factory. After work, I attempted to access the computer in the reception area; after many tries, I managed to hack into the computer and figure out the password. Using that computer, I began learning Korean through a university website, as I was quite proficient in English, which made learning Korean through English much easier!

Later, I freely explored the nascent internet of 1991, which was still very limited at the time. I believe that boredom, along with curiosity, motivated me to start hacking into websites. But that wasn't all. About thirty days after arriving in Korea and starting work at the factory, I longed to contact my parents to check on them, especially after Ahmad's return.

Since I couldn't afford to buy a phone card, I decided to hack into the Korean telecommunications company. Within five or six days, I managed to crack the Korean telecommunications code and began making phone calls for free throughout my six years in Korea. Even when the company switched to a digital system from the previous one, I managed to crack that code as well, and I didn't stop there—I also unlocked mobile phones. Thus, a need for money transformed into a reason for entering a new world for me—the world of computer hacking, or "hackers." After completing the initial forty-five days, I received my salary, which was very large, equivalent to the salary of eight employees in Jordan, yet I spent very little of that money, just enough for some food and clothes, saving the rest. By

the second month and with the second paycheck, I had saved up \$5,000 and immediately sent it to my father along with extra money for the family's expenses. Here, I paid off my debts and started sending all my remaining money to my father, significantly improving my family's situation, thanks be to God.

Here, I give thanks to God, for throughout my time in Korea, I maintained my prayers, fasting, and worship by God's grace. I also kept my physical fitness in top condition through intensive training that I practiced daily after the morning prayer until work time.

After several months of working in the timber cutting and carpentry industry, I decided to shift my focus towards a field where I could engage more actively in my hobby, which is mechanics. I took a job at a factory that manufactured plastic products and, after a while, became a worker and mechanic for the machines there.

In the afternoons, wanting to further pursue my hobby after work hours, I enrolled in an engineering institute and

studied electromechanics, combining both electronics and mechanics.

Here, my beloved daughter and my guardian angel, I must tell you, as they say, that I never had a heart but rather two minds. One mind was skilled at accumulating money, and the other was focused on challenging the law. I became a computer hacker and a telecommunications network pirate. But the most important focus of my intellect was dedicated to Palestine. I learned about explosives and incendiary devices, acquiring this knowledge from original sources: military websites on the Internet. I learned a lot and turned that knowledge into practical experience. I spent weekends in Korea in the forests, sometimes detonating a device or testing a new incendiary material, and I managed to integrate the manufacturing of explosive materials with the electronic components needed to detonate them, becoming an expert in both fields. I was the one who manufactured the explosives and also the one who created the electronic devices for them.

This was very difficult and complex, but I loved it deeply as it became my hobby in the foreign land of Korea. My judo practice also evolved. I started training at a private club and blended my judo training with taekwondo training. Koreans do not favor judo because, generally, they do not like the Japanese, as judo is a Japanese sport and Japan had occupied Korea for a very long time. Hence, Koreans do not like anything that comes from Japan, even sports. So, I learned taekwondo, a native Korean sport, and particularly those phases related to street fighting or what is known as special forces combat.

I began frequenting clubs that specialized in sniper training, and although they were quite expensive, I benefited greatly from them.

Here, my dear daughter, I completed the full circle—from making explosive devices to sniper training to Taekwondo combat training: specialized forces combat. If you ask me about my motivation for all this, I tell you that it was your grandmother, my mother. At that time, the Intifada of Stones was nearing its end, and my cousin Bilal, who grew up with

me in Kuwait and had a Palestinian ID, had traveled with his family to Palestine. My family and I, however, did not have such IDs, so we remained in Amman.

In Palestine, Bilal, my cousin and friend who was active in the Al-Qassam Brigades, was shot in the stomach, losing one of his kidneys. He spent a long time in the hospital, and because communications were cut off between the Arab countries and occupied Palestine, I became the link between the Barghouti family members, especially my mother and uncles in Amman, and occupied Palestine. Therefore, I kept track of the news of the injured Bilal, who almost became a martyr, and I nearly had to set up a martyr's wedding for him in Korea. Bilal had already lost a cousin and an uncle as martyrs at the beginning of the first Intifada, and here I was, almost losing him at the end of the same uprising.

That was the motivation that transformed me from a child into a determined young man opposing the occupation. It also drove me, once I became a young man, to become a man whose only purpose was to resist that occupation. The occupation is the reason for my family's displacement and

also the reason for my poverty. If I were living in Palestine, I wouldn't have been a displaced and impoverished refugee or displaced person in one of the diaspora camps.

Here, I am not just speaking about myself, Abdullah al-Barghouthi, but about every Palestinian who has been displaced and lived the tragedy of diaspora and exile. My hatred for the occupation grew stronger and stronger. I left the plastic factory job and became a Korean language translator at an Arab embassy and started trading in used cars, exporting them to Jordan and Yemen. I became wealthy and had two minds, but no heart that could love or adore, despite the fact that girls were pursuing me, causing me great embarrassment, because I repelled them by every means possible. Truly, rejecting a girl is a thousand times harder than winning her over.

Therefore, I decided to marry without love or emotion. I married a Korean girl who was studying arts and humanities. I married her but remained focused on my work and training in my hobbies, which I swore would be my means to liberate my homeland, to free Jerusalem and Al-

Aqsa, to liberate mankind from the tyranny of occupation. But God did not will things to remain as they were. Clashes erupted between Seoul University students and Korean police following the rape of a Korean girl by American soldiers, and I participated in these clashes, throwing Molotov cocktails. I was arrested, and had it not been for the intervention of the Yemeni ambassador, I would not have been released from detention. I was deported to Jordan, shackled in chains. I was handcuffed and shackled throughout the flight until I reached Amman.

My Korean wife, Mi Sun Ok—who I called Isra—had arrived in Amman before me. All the money I had in Korean banks had been frozen for about two years, so despite what I had in the bank, I returned to Jordan impoverished once again, without any money, just as I had left.

By God, I arrived in Amman without a single penny. There, my friend Ahmad Shuyash was waiting for me along with my wife, father, and mother to take me in his car to my parents' house. Ahmad had married and had several children, whereas my wife, Mi Sun, had not yet given birth.

She was having fertility issues, and after several years of trying both in Korea and in Amman—a total of six years—due to immense pressure from those around me, except for my mother and father who never pressured me about this issue, my aunts did not hold back in pressuring me and even my mother.

Two years later, through the Korean embassy in Amman, I managed to recover all the money I had in Korea and began several successful businesses in Amman. I was able to buy my own house and a car. During that period, I lived in complete comfort, which intensified the pressure on me to find a solution to my wife's infertility, so I decided to marry another woman. God is my witness that I only took this step after I had exhausted all possible treatments for her. I felt the need for children to complete my joy.

At that time, I was over twenty-five years old. I tried to convince Mi Sun, but she categorically refused, marking the first and only time during our nearly six-year marriage that she denied my request, despite understanding the reasons. Mi Sun saw me as an inseparable part of her life; when I

trained at the club, she would accompany me and sit quietly watching me. She was always around, preparing the best food, caring for my comfort as if I were her child or her elderly father. She loved me, truly loved me more than anything else in this world. She told me how could she possibly share her world with another wife. As for me, I don't know if I loved her because, as I said, I didn't really have a heart for love, but I had grown accustomed to her and her presence in my life. She was a good, quiet, and obedient wife, and I never neglected her during our marriage. She knew I had no interest in other women; my entire focus was on work and training.

The only secret I kept from her was my hobby of making explosive devices; this hobby was very secret, a sacred secret that I shared with no one during that time.

She refused to accept my decision to take another wife, and I insisted, so we separated in a strange, very strange way—as friends. I even went to a jewelry shop and bought her several sets of gold, clothes, and gifts for her parents, and I drove her to the airport, bidding her farewell with sadness.

For several months after, I spoke to no one and could barely stand anyone, spending my time working, working, and nothing but working. I had no longing for Palestine and did not care for its news, the reason being the emergence of the corrupt and corrupting authority of Oslo, an authority composed of dirty, corrupt bribe-takers. These thieves who not only stole the money of the revolution and the revolutionaries but also sold the blood of the martyrs of the first Intifada, the Stone Intifada, to return to their corruption in Palestine, to defile it.

I poured my attention into my businesses which began to grow, reaching a point where I only returned home to sleep. My entire week was consumed by work, and I felt both sorrowful and somewhat lost; lost because I was unsure what to do about the matter of marriage. Despite not loving her, I had lived a very happy life with my former wife, and I observed that none of my relatives or friends lived with the same happiness, despite having many children. I feared that another marriage would make me miserable like them, fearing that a new wife might become a constraint.

Therefore, I decided to travel to Spain, specifically to Barcelona, where my cousin's son lives. He holds Spanish citizenship and is also a friend and companion of mine. During that period, I started preparing the necessary paperwork for the travel and began to downsize my operations in Jordan, until a storm hit, or rather a tsunami that no one could withstand: it was my mother, my calm, kind, and affectionate mother who would cry at sad scenes on TV. She became a raging storm in every sense of the word.

She learned by chance from my aunt's wife that I was arranging to travel to her son in Spain, and she went mad. She went to my house—which she had not entered since my divorce from the Korean—and found everything as I had left it. The Korean's pictures filled the house, and her clothes—or what remained of them—filled the closets. Everything was as it was, and I was escaping those memories through my work. That's when the storm broke; my mother started collecting everything related to the Korean: pictures, clothes, even Korean food, spices, books, Korean and foreign video tapes, even our wedding photo

album. She gathered all of these into several garbage bags and threw them out, threw them in the trash.

I returned home past midnight to find my mother waiting for me in a house I hardly recognized. She had transformed it into an authentic Palestinian home, with walls adorned with pictures of Jerusalem and wooden maps of Palestine—maps I had made before traveling to Korea. After returning from my studies and work, I used to go to my room to create models that depicted Jerusalem and the map of Palestine. I distributed these models to my sisters, uncles, and friends' homes. They were not pretty, but they were authentically Palestinian, made from olive wood by someone who loved Palestine and cherished Jerusalem.

Looking around, I found no trace of the recent past, no trace of Korea. Instead, I found the distant past, Palestine, hanging on the walls of my home. But I couldn't find myself, Abdullah Al-Barghouthi, even my judo suit had been used by my mother as a doormat and placed at the front door. When I asked her, she told me it was very old and that I should buy another one, or better yet, not buy one at all.

"Listen, Abdullah," she said, swearing by God Almighty, "I will be angry with you and will never be pleased if you do not stop traveling and get married immediately. Tell me now, what are the qualities you want in a wife? Speak and do not be afraid, mention her qualities and I will find her for you. All you have to do is say it and forget the Korean. I too loved the Korean, she was like a daughter to me, kind and affectionate, but that was her fate. Tell me, my son, what are the qualities and do not break my heart."

I knew my mother's heart was very ill; she had undergone surgery on it not long ago. My mother, who said she would be angry if I did not stop traveling and get married. "Ah, my mother, isn't Paradise under your feet? How could I accept making you angry? Mother, do not be angry with me, I am obedient, please accept me and what my hands have done." I paused for a moment and then said, "Alright, I won't travel." She looked at me and asked, "What about marriage?" I said, "Let's postpone it a bit until..." She interrupted, "Until what, my son? Until you forget? Nothing suits you but marriage." I replied, "Okay, but on my conditions."

First: I want her from Palestine.

Second: I want her from our family, a Barghouthi through and through.

Third: I want her educated in child education because I have no experience or patience with children.

Fourth: I do not want her to work, as I and the children will be her occupation.

Fifth, and most importantly: I want her father to be the head of the household, not her mother. I do not want a strong wife who turns my life into a hell of problems.

And with that, the conversation ended.

My mother looked at me and said, "Blonde, white, tall, and curvy, beautiful, isn't there anything like that?" I laughed and replied, "Absolutely not, mother. I was initially sad about my divorce from the Korean lady, but later, I became fearful that I wouldn't find someone like her again."

This was why I wanted to travel abroad, to meet and understand a woman before marrying her. Here in Amman,

it seemed difficult, or rather, I didn't want it, as I hadn't found anyone in Amman who matched up to the Korean woman.

My mother left me and went back to our home; my father wasn't there as he was in Palestine. He had decided some time ago to visit relatives and to look after the lands he had inherited from my grandfather. He chose to extend his visits to Palestine to take care of his lands. I don't know whether my father's presence in Palestine at that time was bad luck or good.

As soon as my mother called my father that night, the next morning she was standing over me, waking me up to tell me that she had found the right bride for me. "Mother, in less than five or six hours, you found a bride who fits the specifications I thought were impossible?" I said. My mother had left my house at two in the morning and returned at seven in the morning; our apartment was in the same building as my father's. "Mother found me a bride," I said okay. She then told me, "Give me your passport and go get a visa so you can travel to Palestine for the bride."

Still drowsy, I asked, "Do you want the passport or what?"
She replied, "I don't want the passport; I want you to go now, get a visa, and travel to the bride in Palestine."

By Allah, I will go to Palestine, which I no longer love?
Didn't I say one day when asked about the state of Palestine after the authority took over:

"Crazy, insane is that land... Injustice, murder, and houses of mourning,

They wreaked havoc and tyranny... Killed the mother and the newborn."

This is the Palestine I do not love, the Palestine I do not want. How can I go to a Palestine I no longer love, to find a girl to love... Oh God, what a dilemma.

It only took a few days to get a visa for the visit. I bid farewell to my mother, telling her I was going on a trip with my friends and that I would go to Palestine after my return.

I did not go on a trip outside Palestine; rather, I went on a journey to Palestine. I had a friend there, a wealthy merchant

from Jerusalem waiting for me at the crossing, or as they call it, the bridge. I crossed the bridge into Palestine, but I did not see Palestine; instead, I saw Zionist flags filling the space. I arrived late even though I had left early because the occupiers detained me for interrogation about my circumstances and what I had been doing, especially since it was my first visit to Palestine. They spoke to me in somewhat broken Arabic, which I refused to respond to in Arabic and started speaking in English instead, prompting them to bring an interpreter for English. Isn't it enough that they occupied my land and my Jerusalem, and now they want to occupy my language? I will speak to you in the language of that despicable scoundrel, Balfour, who enabled you through his ominous promise to take our blessed land... but you will not take my language. Even the interpreter tried to speak Arabic, but I did not utter a single word in that language and told him if English is too hard for you, find a Korean interpreter. He was angry, but I was not; I was very happy because I had angered him, and he felt insulted. I spent several hours until the evening when, without any preamble, they gave me back my passport and told me to

cross, so I crossed into Palestine. "Welcome," my friend said, "you are late, but it's okay. What do you think about going to 'our villa' in Jericho? It's very close, just five minutes from here." I did not speak and just nodded in agreement.

In a beautiful villa with a large swimming pool and splendid fruit trees, I spent my first night in Jericho, a Jericho unlike any I had seen before. I asked my friend to take me on a tour around the city of Jericho, now overshadowed by Oslo's authority. I saw a neglected village devoid of modernity, hardly a city at all, filled with troops from the Oslo Authority acting like a flock led by a wolf. After returning to the villa, my friend insisted I change into my most expensive and elegant clothes before he even told me why, urging me not to ask questions and just follow his requests.

Within minutes, I was dressed in one of the suits I had tailored in Korea, back when I first arrived and couldn't even afford food or transportation. After becoming wealthy, I had my suits and shirts custom-made, even the undershirts worn beneath and ties made of fine Chinese silk.

We got into his car, worth at least half a million, and drove for a few minutes before arriving at a very luxurious hotel. At first, I couldn't believe such a hotel existed in Jericho, which felt more like a village, but the hotel was grand and opulent. As I had a foreign passport and my friend held a Jerusalem ID, we entered the place as if we were conquerors.

It only took a few minutes inside for me to realize I was in the Jericho casino, a nightclub and a den of gambling and corruption. I saw it with my own eyes—a casino in Jericho, the pinnacle of corruption and decadence in the first city controlled by the Palestinian Authority!

I thought to myself, "God is sufficient for me, and He is the best guardian." I was grateful that the Palestinian writer Mourid Barghouti, who wrote "I Saw Ramallah," had never entered here, had never seen what I saw in this den. It wasn't just the gambling or the prostitutes, but the pimps—men from Jibril Rajoub's Preventive Security Force, guarding the casino and overseeing its security. Arafat, the hero among heroes, had tasked Jibril Rajoub with forming this security

apparatus, whose sole purpose was to protect the Zionists from the resistance and the corrupt from the rebels.

My friend thought I wouldn't stay long there, but he was mistaken. I didn't spend the night gambling or engaging with the prostitutes. Instead, I spent it questioning my friend about what was happening here in the casino and what was going on in Ramallah and Gaza.

Before dawn, we returned to the villa. I placed my bags in the car, and we set out to pray at Al-Aqsa in Jerusalem, moving from the casino, a den of Authority corruption, to occupied Jerusalem. As soon as I arrived there, my spirit returned, and life pulsed anew in my body. I felt alive, truly alive. In Jerusalem, my memory and love for Palestine returned, as did my desire to fight and punish the occupiers. There, my beloved daughter, there, my guardian angel, I felt a desire to live. There is no way to describe Jerusalem; its scent is beautiful. We passed by a bakery making Jerusalem bagels, bought some, and ate as we walked through the alleys of the city. After crossing its walls, I ate the bagels—I was hungry since I had not eaten or even drunk water at

the casino. I refused to defile my body with their food and water. But the Jerusalem bagels, by God, were the sweetest and most wonderful thing I had ever eaten in my life. Despite having dined in the finest restaurants in Korea and Amman and despite my love for my mother's cooking, I say: nothing tops the bagels of Jerusalem, which remain sacred and cannot be defiled, for it is Al-Aqsa, blessed in and around it.

That day, my daughter, was a Friday morning. I asked my friend to let me spend my day in the city, and I told him that we would return to his second home in one of the neighborhoods of Jerusalem after prayer. I insisted, and he agreed. I bid him farewell, hoping to meet him after prayer at Bab al-Amud. I began to wander around the courtyards of Jerusalem and then through its alleys, the Jerusalem I loved and had long dreamed of praying in. I saw the settlers, the occupiers, the Palestinian mothers, Jerusalem itself. Despite all my anger at the occupiers, my rage was greater and more profound towards the Authority, corruption, and degradation.

As I walked through the holy city, verses of poetry began to surround me like a flock of falcons, and I spoke the following lines, not knowing whether it was poetry or something else. I suppose the emotions had just become words, nothing more or less; for you, my daughter, I am not a poet, and I even confess to you that I do not fundamentally like poetry. I said:

"In Jerusalem, there's no longer a place for waiting ... In Jerusalem, no longer a human in the place,...In Jerusalem, the fangs of tyranny are planted... In Jerusalem, the Zionists and settlements are embedded ... In Jerusalem, stones no longer hold value... In Jerusalem, the call to prayer is no longer heard... In Jerusalem, the occupier has planted sorrow... In Jerusalem, the olive trees have been severed... In Jerusalem, the domes no longer gleam... In Jerusalem, Silwan is no longer alive... In Jerusalem, darkness and madness have been sown... In Jerusalem, the parched thirst... In Jerusalem, there is no longer oil or olives... In Jerusalem, the worshippers no longer lead prayers... In Jerusalem, injustice reigns without law... In Jerusalem, unjust judges have been appointed... In Jerusalem, no flour

is ground... In Jerusalem, no grapes or pomegranates remain... In Jerusalem, hatred has been planted, not forgiveness... In Jerusalem, ignorance and tyranny have been sown... In Jerusalem, there are no longer religions... In Jerusalem, there are no longer worshippers... In Jerusalem, phantom enemies have been planted... In Jerusalem, a wild beast has been sown... In Jerusalem, white is no longer a color... In Jerusalem, the sky no longer holds colors... In Jerusalem, a sad heart has been planted... In Jerusalem, a blind man without eyes has been sown... In Jerusalem, the place no longer has form... In Jerusalem, the Quran is no longer read... In Jerusalem, demons and spirits have been planted... In Jerusalem, disbelief is acknowledged... In Jerusalem, there are no longer Palestinians... In Jerusalem, only the sons of Zion remain... In Jerusalem, the bodies of the mujahideen have been sown... In Jerusalem, chains bind the hands of the captives..."

I recited those verses, my beloved daughter, my guardian angel, after praying in Jerusalem. I was allowed to pray at Al-Aqsa because I carried a foreign passport, while young Palestinians were denied entry to pray. I uttered those words

after witnessing the first martyr being prayed over—a martyr who ascended to the heights at the hands of a settler who had stabbed him in the streets of Jerusalem. They prayed over him, and I prayed and exclaimed, saying, "Allah is greatest, Allah is greatest." But then, someone said a phrase that would become the focus of my life thereafter: "Revenge, revenge, oh Al-Qassam Brigades, revenge, revenge, oh Al-Qassam Brigades." I repeated it after him, and so did everyone else there.

I was enraged and in love, I prayed and tasted love for the first time, for I fell in love with Jerusalem and the Dome of the Rock at first sight—indeed, I fell in love from the very first Jerusalem bagel.

I was late to meet my friend, but he waited for me at Bab al-Amud, one of Jerusalem's noble gates. He was worried because of the incident of the martyrdom of the young man from Jerusalem; he was worried about me, but I was worried about Palestine. We went to his house located in one of the suburbs of Jerusalem, ate, and then I asked him to let me sleep since I had not slept since the night before. I slept until

the evening, and that evening he took me to visit Bethlehem. We toured around it and the Church of the Nativity where I lit a candle at the altar; for me, the Nativity, like Jerusalem, is revered equally. Afterward, we headed towards Hebron and spent our night there at a friend's house. Throughout the evening, I inquired about the conditions in Palestine and Hebron, about the story of that settler who killed worshippers at the sacred Ibrahimi Mosque. They told me not just of the killer who massacred our martyrs in that heinous crime but also of the resistance engineer Yahya Ayyash, the Qassam engineer who retaliated and punished the Zionists through his martyrdom operations and his resistance to the occupying settlers. I loved Yahya Ayyash as much as I loved Jerusalem; Ayyash, that Qassam engineer, revived in me through their stories the spirit of resistance and the drive to confront injustice and tyranny.

Early the next morning, we went to Ramallah, but I found it asleep. I expected to see demonstrations against the occupation because of the martyrdom of the young engineer, but I saw only a flock of sheep from the security apparatuses of Oslo, which prevent people from

demonstrating against the occupation and supporting the martyr.

Here, my beautiful daughter and guardian angel, I chided the city of Ramallah, expressing my disappointment in its current state:

"Ramallah, rise and wake up, I beseech you... and awaken all those who loved you — Are you sad and do they mourn for you? For the martyrs who bade you farewell... They allied with the occupier and stabbed you in the back... Ramallah, rise and wake up, I beseech you."

After wandering a bit in Ramallah, I felt suffocated by the processions of Palestinian guards protecting the dignitaries parading around the city, which had been plundered by them. Isn't it enough that it has been robbed by the Zionist occupier? Isn't what has befallen it enough, or does it need the heroes of Oslo to enter and perform their 'heroics' on it, further deepening its wounds?

Then, I asked my friend to take me far away to the sea and the occupied cities there—to Jaffa, Haifa, and to Lod and

Nazareth. I visited these cities, which, though completely occupied, were devoid of occupation forces because they had become a given after the Palestinian negotiator conceded them. That negotiator, who was never mandated by anyone to decide on Palestine's fate, negotiated, sold out, and relinquished all those lands occupied before 1948, focusing his demands merely on the West Bank, Gaza, and a few streets adjacent to Jerusalem.

May Allah hold accountable everyone who sold a speck of Palestinian soil—Palestine of Jerusalem and Al-Aqsa, Palestine of the liberator Omar Ibn Al-Khattab, Palestine of the liberator Salahuddin. They sold it and got "VIP" identity cards in exchange, they got security convoys, and filled their pockets and bank accounts after cashing in on every drop of blood shed on Palestinian soil.

Know, my guardian angel, that I have never loved Yasser Arafat, and I never will. Isn't he the one who supported the tyrant Saddam Hussein? Isn't he the one who brought us the calamity of Black September in Jordan? Isn't he the one who had us expelled from Lebanon? Why did he return to

Palestine? To resume his course of destroying the Palestinian people, the people of the stone-throwing children and the intifada men?

In Nazareth, I visited the Church of the Annunciation and lit a candle. My daughter, I've grown accustomed to visiting historical sites, a habit I picked up during my studies of Korean literature. I visited every temple, church, and mosque in Korea. Therefore, I've developed a desire to understand others, their cultures, traditions, and customs. At the beach, as lunchtime approached and I ate grilled fish, the scent of the fish mixed with the sea air inspired me to make a vow that made my friend leap from his chair, pleading with me to be silent.

I swore by Allah to liberate all of Palestine, to strip it from the Zionists, and to purge it of the semblances of men from Oslo. I repeated this, addressing the sea. My voice grew louder with each repetition. However, my Jerusalemite friend implored me to keep quiet. I didn't heed his requests but instead repeated my vow louder and in Korean—the language I learned during my studies and work in Korea—

turning my words into what seemed like the melody of a beautiful anthem: "All of Palestine, and nothing but all of it in Palestine."

As the day ended and evening fell, the first of the Palestinian coastal cities grew even more beautiful and radiant. I had my dinner and asked my friend to take me to my village, to Beit Rima where my father's house and my awaiting bride were located.

On the way to the village, I was silent, deep in thought, having decided that upon seeing the bride, I would say no, a thousand times no; this bride was not for me at all. That was my resolution, and that was my intent.

We arrived at the village after midnight. I thought I would struggle to reach my father's house, but I found my father waiting for me at the entrance of the village with some of my cousins. They had been waiting for days, having learned from the mother of my Jerusalemite friend who visited my mother in Amman, that I had been in Palestine for several days. My father feared I had been arrested by the occupation forces at the border, as my Jerusalemite friend and I hadn't

contacted anyone for days. We had turned off our phones, asking for peace during our journey through captive Palestine. My father was both angry and relieved to see me safe.

Despite my travels and visits to numerous countries worldwide—across Asia to Korea, Hong Kong, Taiwan, China, Japan, Malaysia, Indonesia, and Thailand, and to most Arab states including the Gulf countries, Iraq, and Syria—this was the only time my father ever worried about me. He never feared for my safety in those countries, but this time was different.

When I asked him why, he explained, "In those countries, there are laws and governance, but here it's the law of the jungle that rules, the law of the Zionists who break oaths and promises. Here, it's the law of a corrupt authority that thrives on bribery and collusion with the occupier. That's why I was worried about you, my son. I know you're grown and strong, my precious boy, but they are unprincipled and godless. Be careful, and God willing, you'll meet the bride tomorrow and then return to Amman. You, my son, are like

a sword, and we have no need for a sword in Palestine. The authority has sold out, and the enemy has bought. There's no place for swords here, only for plows that till the land or what's left of it. Plows till and people plant, and a sword can never be a plow."

Ah, my father, my first teacher, the one who knows what I do not and sees what I cannot. Despite never having studied and being a simple and kind man, you think deeply and thoughtfully.

I spent that night at my father's house, or rather, the old family home passed down from my great-great-grandfather. It wasn't just a house; it was something they call "al-Alali," a castle or a mansion, ancient and majestic with walls up to two meters thick in places. Beautiful, yet desperately in need of repair. That night, I couldn't escape the mosquitoes that disturbed my sleep. Despite modernity having long reached our village, my father, after returning to Palestine, chose not to modernize the ancestral castle. He preferred to live by the light of a kerosene lamp, without any modern conveniences in that house. In contrast, his home in Amman

could be mistaken for an electronics store; for example, after returning from Korea, I had installed a satellite dish over four meters wide, the largest in Jordan. While in Korea, I sent my siblings the latest electrical devices and computers. Yet, here in the castle, there were only stones and mosquitoes.

I woke early to the sound of the muezzin, as the old mosque was right beside my father's house. My father went to pray in the mosque, and I performed the ritual purification with sand because I couldn't find water. After he returned, I did my ablutions and prayed. Then, my father prepared breakfast; a meal whose taste lingers in my mouth to this day. Despite having sampled every type of cuisine abroad, the meal my father made had a unique flavor and a divine aroma.

When my father brought over the wicker tray with the food, I found a frying pan full of olive oil with several eggs fried in it, sunken deep in the oil. On the wicker tray, there were also several tomatoes, a dish of oil, and a plate full of white cheese.

I've always disliked oil and fats, as I had gotten used to boiled and grilled dishes in Korea. But despite my personal preferences, I couldn't resist my father's insistence. I started eating and didn't stop until I had wiped the plates clean. I fell in love with the taboon bread, the oil, and the za'atar. I loved the castle, and I became a part of its history and its story.

I spent my first day and part of the second receiving well-wishers, as they say, "returning safe and sound." Among the most notable visitors was Bilal, my cousin who had lost a kidney years ago when I was in Korea and he was throwing stones in the streets of Palestine. Bilal, who is a few years younger than me, was still studying sociology and psychology at Birzeit University, the university of the engineer Yahya Ayyash. We couldn't talk for long as there were many well-wishers. That evening, I went with my father to see the bride, as we had previously arranged.

That day, it was God's will for me to see the most beautiful and enchanting eyes I had ever seen. I was captivated by her shy eyes and immediately asked for her hand in marriage.

Afterwards, I returned to Amman to prepare for our wedding, and within a few months, she came to Amman and we were married there. By God's grace, she was the perfect, complete bride—quiet, mature-minded, and thoughtful. Here I say to you, my dear guardian angel, for the first time in my life, I fell in love and tasted its flavor.

Although I had gone to Palestine intending to say "no" to the marriage—only traveling to please my ailing mother, may God heal her—I fell in love at first sight. Was it the magic of love, or the enchantment of Palestine? I don't know, nor do I want to know. What matters to me is that I have lived, and continue to live, in a state of constant love, founded on respect and understanding, a love with neither dominator nor dominated. Throughout those years, not a single problem arose—neither when I was wealthy nor when I became a penniless man, not when we were free to tour luxurious hotels, nor when we were fugitives without a shelter, nor when I was imprisoned, and our castle was destroyed.

Love remained the foundation of our relationship and still does. But another love began to grow within me, a love for jihad and stones, for soil and trees, a love for Palestine and Jerusalem. As soon as my wife became pregnant, I bid her farewell after my business dealings in Amman dwindled, and I returned there to Jerusalem. There I worked for a company owned by a friend of mine that dealt in molten steel. That's where my journey began—the story of an engineer on the road, the tale of the prince of shadows, the story of the man sentenced to sixty-seven life terms and 5,200 years, the story of the owner of the largest security file in the history of the Zionist state, the story of Abdullah Barghouti.

My dear daughter and guardian angel, when I entered Palestine, my goal wasn't to work or accumulate wealth, as I already had more than enough money to sustain both my mother and myself for a lifetime. Nor was I looking for love or marriage since I had already loved and married. I entered Palestine because I had sworn by Allah to work towards liberating it from the Zionist occupiers and the corrupt officials of the Oslo Authority. How? I didn't know. All I

knew was that I harbored hope and a sincere intention to achieve my goal, which I transformed from a mere dream into a tangible reality by dedicating all my resources and capabilities to it. After Allah, I relied on secrecy and silence, hoping to find a path to freedom and liberation.

At that time, Palestine was very calm; negotiations were ongoing without interruption. The security coordination between the Zionist occupation forces and the Palestinian security and intelligence forces was at its highest level. I was surprised to learn during my first visit to Palestine that two people from my village and family were imprisoned on the same charge of belonging to Hamas, and both were sentenced to several years. What's important is that one was imprisoned and sentenced by the Zionists, and the other by the Zionists' dogs, the Palestinian Authority. They resisted together and were imprisoned by the occupier and the occupier's dogs, so I took to living discreetly and in the shadows as a means to achieve my goal.

Before my second entry into Palestine, I smuggled in everything I needed for my resistance against the occupier.

When I say everything I needed, I mean it in the fullest sense: wireless devices, electronic equipment, electrical tools, explosive materials, and much more, all smuggled in without anyone noticing, hidden inside ordinary electrical appliances. This was possible due to the strong and robust security coordination between my enemies; each one thought the other would take care of the inspection on their behalf. May Allah strike the oppressors with each other.

Once I settled into my work in Jerusalem, I bought several computer systems. My goal was to merge and amplify their capabilities to penetrate the internet seamlessly. Just as I had done in Korea, I accessed the websites I wanted, viewed their content, and extracted what I needed. My main rule was discretion; I entered quietly and left quietly. My intention wasn't sabotage but to understand my opponent, to know my enemy and their capabilities.

In a short time, I managed to breach the network of several Zionist cellular companies including Cellcom, Motorola, and Orange. These companies were key players in the telecommunications field in the hostile Zionist entity. On

the Palestinian Authority side, there was a single company, Jawwal, which I also penetrated.

These breaches allowed me complete control over incoming and outgoing calls. More importantly, I could activate the devices to eavesdrop on conversations even when the phones were idle, listening to any discussions in their vicinity.

Subsequently, I began preparing the electronic components and chemical materials necessary for making various types of explosive devices quietly and meticulously. I continued this dual life for several months, working at the company by day and preparing for my mission by night. I didn't just sit behind computer screens; I also spent my weekends traveling across occupied Palestinian cities, from Umm Rashrash (as they call it) in the extreme south to the Golan Heights and the Sea of Galilee. This exploration helped me understand the routes and mobility better. My foreign passport and American-accented English allowed me to know the 1948 occupied Palestine better than the cities of the West Bank.

I rarely visited the village, despite my father's insistence. He had grown to prefer living there, returning to Jordan only for special occasions. However, this situation didn't last more than a few months because, my dear guardian angel, my beloved daughter, your birth was approaching. I wanted you to be born in Palestine, so it was essential for me to repair and restore your grandfather's old castle. I fixed it up, reinstating its charm and beauty, and introduced all modern comforts. For example, I noticed that electricity frequently cut out after I had connected the castle, due to the poor quality of the village's electrical grid. Therefore, I installed a solar power system on the roof, which ensured a continuous and permanent electricity supply. I didn't spare any expense in equipping the castle with modern conveniences, transforming it with beautiful, contemporary renovations. Yet, I didn't stay in the village; I drove back to my apartment in Jerusalem, where I spent the nights tracking and observing my enemies.

A month before your due date, the castle was ready. I asked your mother to come from Amman to Palestine. She thought we would live in Jerusalem or Ramallah and was initially

saddened when I told her we would be staying in my father's village house, believing it to be just as she had left it—a pile of stones. However, her expression quickly changed to joy and relief when she saw the beautifully restored home.

On September 27, 1999, I received a call from one of your uncles informing me that he had taken your mother to a hospital in Ramallah to give birth to you. I rushed there from Jerusalem.

My daughter Tala, that is the name I had chosen for you even before your birth. I never had time for anything except tracking my enemies, but once you were born and became a reality, my life turned upside down. From the first day of your birth, I stopped going to my job in Jerusalem or to my apartment there to continue what I had been doing.

I spent most of my time in the village, taking care of you and your mother, whom I love. Tala, do you know that you wore over a hundred dresses in your first hundred days? I couldn't stop buying clothes, toys, gifts, and everything I thought suitable or even unsuitable for you.

Tala, you were born after a long deprivation, a deprivation I hadn't felt or recognized, but when I held you seconds after your birth, handed to me by the doctor who delivered you, I realized the extent of that deprivation from the blessing of having children.

Just as the Lord of the Worlds has stated, "Wealth and children are the adornment of the life of this world." Truly, God has spoken the truth. I possessed a great deal of wealth, and as for children, you, my guardian angel, were the first of them. Did you know that the name of the doctor who oversaw your mother's condition during her month in Palestine was Palestine? Yes, Palestine was the name of the doctor who first brought you into the light.

Dr. Palestine told me that I was the first father she had seen inside Palestine, throughout her career, who entered the delivery room and held his daughter before even the mother did, and before any necessary tests were conducted. I responded that since Palestine had delivered my wife on Palestinian soil, nothing seemed strange or surprising.

Here, my daughter, I felt that the village needed some business ventures, so I opened an electrical supplies store and another supermarket, and once again engaged in trade, in addition to my work in Jerusalem. I even expanded this business to include importing used cars from Korea via Amman and trading them.

I began dealing in real estate, which returned me to my previous life of trade and competition in the market, diverting me from the goal I had pursued. I remained in this state for almost a year, and just before your first birthday, the olive picking season arrived. So, I arranged for my business to be managed by others and dedicated several weeks to olive picking. I would take you, along with your grandfather and mother, to your grandfather's olive groves to help with the harvest.

There, you learned to walk and took your first steps in the mountains of Beit Rima. During those days, I reorganized my thoughts and realized that I was no longer Abdullah, the Prince of Shadows; I had become just a merchant engineer

concerned with amassing wealth—wealth that I didn't actually need.

No longer just an engineer on a mission, I became merely an engineer engrossed in advancing my projects. However, this changed abruptly on September 27, 2000, when Ariel Sharon desecrated Al-Aqsa Mosque, sparking the Second Intifada. At that moment, I was in the hills of Beit Rima, quietly picking olives, contemplating my next move.

Alone, I felt powerless against the occupation and struggled to find a starting point for resistance. My connections with those around me were minimal; I hadn't fostered relationships in Palestine, not even with my cousin and friend Bilal, who was engrossed in his own world as I was in mine.

Shortly after the Intifada began, a harsh reality hit—my daughter fell ill with a condition beyond the local doctors' ability to treat. Transport to Ramallah was near impossible; Israeli forces had blockaded our village, sealing roads with earth mounds that halted private vehicles.

Desperate, I drove to a neighboring village. From there, we boarded a bus to Ramallah. It seemed fate not only decreed your illness but also steered me toward the path of Jihad, the path of Izz ad-Din al-Qassam and Yahya Ayyash.

In the middle of the journey, just before the bus reached the city of Birzeit, it stopped. Many other buses also halted in front of it, blocking the road. I got off to see what the problem was and to find out why the road was closed. There, I found two buses whose drivers were refusing to let the other pass first. Both drivers were engaged in cursing the divine entity with vile insults and blasphemy, skillfully articulating their denial of faith.

In that moment, I smiled. Yes, my daughter, I smiled because sometimes the severity of a disaster is laughable. I returned to the bus where you and your mother were, not to reboard it, but to remove my tie, jacket, and watch. I rolled up my sleeves and headed back to confront the blasphemous drivers. I grabbed the first one by the neck and scolded him, "How dare you insult my Lord, you wicked blasphemer? Do you not realize that the one you curse is my Lord: the Lord

of Abdul-Allah Al-Barghouthi?" Before he could respond, I pummeled him with punches and blows until he bled between my arms, then threw him into a valley next to his bus. Immediately, I turned to the other driver, who fled into another valley as soon as he received the first punch. I took control of his bus, after evacuating the passengers, and drove it into the valley, doing the same with the other bus.

None of the passengers dared to ask me what I had done, as my strength was overwhelming and my gaze lethal. I then declared loudly, "I am Abdul-Allah Al-Barghouthi. Whoever has a right over me, let him come to my village, to the house of Reema, to claim it. But I swear by the Almighty Allah that I will not let him leave alive. Those who blaspheme the divine have no place with me other than the grave."

I left them in their astonishment as bus traffic resumed its normal flow. Then, an old man grabbed my hand, praising, "Mashallah, iron, may Allah strengthen you, my son." It turned out he was also a passenger on the same bus and belonged to the Al-Barghouthi family from a nearby village.

Before we reached the bus, news had already spread as the bus driver recounted the story, not realizing it involved one of his passengers. As I boarded with the elder, the driver pointed out, "This is him," but he stopped short. My wife then remarked, "Wasn't what you did in Amman enough? There, shortly after we married, I went to meet with one of the company managers I deal with. He was cursing one of his employees, but what provoked me was his audacity to blaspheme. I demanded he stop, but he redirected those curses towards me and my God and my religion. I couldn't help but beat him severely, breaking his jaw, a rib, and his hand, landing him in the hospital for nearly two months and making me a target of the Jordanian security forces." I know I was harsh, or as the bus driver put it, he saw a furious beast beating the drivers. I know I was harsh, but I also know that my religious upbringing in Kuwait had a significant impact on me, especially my rejection of such acts that I classify as nothing less than apostasy. Anyone who insults Allah and His Messenger is an apostate.

After becoming wanted and pursued by the Jordanian security forces, several of my relatives and friends tried to

mediate with the manager who was still in the hospital, but he refused and threatened further, continuing to blaspheme and reject any mediation. However, this did not last long. One night, before dawn, I woke him from his sleep in the hospital, placing the muzzle of a gun in his mouth. I told him, "Know that I only struck you in defense of Allah Almighty, and know that I will kill you if you do not drop the charges. I do not threaten idly; I am merely informing you of what I will do if you do not comply." I removed the gun from his mouth, smiled at him, and left him to continue his sleep—if he could sleep. By morning, he had gone to a police station to withdraw his complaint against me.

It was only a matter of days before one of my relatives reached a judge who dropped the charges and the public case against me, for I firmly believe that those who act for Allah cannot be defeated.

As the bus started moving, the elder Al-Barghouthi began to ask me questions, one after another, especially when he learned I was an engineer. The bus headed towards Ramallah, and we were dropped off near a dirt barrier. Just

a few steps away, I stepped on a large gold chain with a beautiful gold piece attached.

I lifted the chain, and my wife watched as my hands raised it to the heavens. I addressed my Lord, thanking Him for this gift, a gesture of His favor. I habitually speak to Allah Almighty without formality or barriers, for I am His servant, and He is my Lord; I was created solely to worship Him. I posted an announcement about the gold chain in Ramallah, but no one claimed it, so it remained hanging around my wife's neck, transforming mysteriously from gold to lead, becoming part of the fuel for a battle yet to begin. After this incident, one of my relatives in the neighboring village was martyred, so I went there with my father to attend the funeral.

We prayed Dhuhr and proceeded to the cemetery, proclaiming and vowing vengeance. After the pure body of the martyr was buried, politicians began their lofty speeches. I left them and headed to my car, where I was supposed to meet my father, but he wasn't there; it seems he

preferred to listen to the politicians whose words, like seawater, only make one thirstier.

At the car, I found the sheikh whom I had seen on the day my daughter Tala was ill. He asked if I would like to join him for lunch. I told him I was in a hurry. He replied, "I won't keep you long, I just want to host you for lunch and give you a trust to deliver to its owner."

As soon as I arrived at his house, his wife, Hajjah, greeted me with a warm smile, welcoming my arrival, and she kissed my head, a gesture of respect and affection. She told me, "You remind me of my son, who has been imprisoned far away since the first Intifada."

After Hajjah served the food, I ate while busily responding to the sheikh's many questions. For instance, he asked, "What would you do if a Zionist soldier entered here?" I replied, "I'd devour him alive, so there's no need for the food Hajjah prepared." He exclaimed, "By Allah!" and I affirmed, "By Allah, that's what I would do." There were other types of questions too, some of which I didn't answer,

but I believe Allah made the sheikh understand the answers even though I didn't speak them.

After finishing the meal, I thanked him and his wife and was about to leave their home. He remained silent until I had crossed part of the garden, then he suddenly called out to me, asking me to come back. "What is it, uncle Hajj?" I asked. He reminded me, "Didn't you forget the trust? Didn't I tell you I'd give you a trust to deliver to its owner?" I stayed silent, so he instructed me, "Follow me and bring this axe." I carried the axe and followed him until we reached one of his trees. "Dig here," he said, "dig quietly so as not to damage what's inside the earth." I began to dig, silently and confused, wondering whether this sheikh was mad or if I was the one losing my sanity, following him to dig into the unknown.

After a while, I reached a black bag, and he told me to dig carefully. I asked, "Why carefully?" He replied, "By Allah, my son, I don't know, but dig quietly and carefully." I continued digging and pulled out a very large black bag, inside which was a leather briefcase. He told me to lift it and

throw the bag away, then leave the hole as he would return later to fill it back in. "Hurry back to the house and let no one see you," he said, "I am slow-moving, as you see. Hurry, for Allah's sake." I hurried back, and he eventually arrived too.

I asked him, "To whom should I deliver this briefcase, this trust?" He replied, "Deliver it to its owner." Losing patience, I pressed him, "Please, uncle Hajj, don't insist; who is the owner of the briefcase?" He answered, "Deliver it to the engineer." Confused, I asked, "Which engineer, uncle Hajj?" He replied, "Is there another engineer in Palestine besides Yahya Ayyash?" I said, "But Ayyash has been martyred." He knew and said, "I am aware, but this was his briefcase. He left it with me as a trust before he left the West Bank for the Gaza Strip, before treachery and betrayal reached him, before his martyrdom. Take it and deliver it to him."

Silent and puzzled, I listened as he said, "Aren't you an engineer? Aren't you the one who stood up for the honor of Allah and His Prophet Muhammad just days ago? Didn't

you say you would devour a Zionist soldier alive, without even salt? Take it, my son, its owner has been martyred long ago, and my son has been imprisoned for years, sentenced to more. Please take it, it is meant for you, you are its new keeper, it belongs with you. Take it and continue on the path of Engineer Ayyash. It's wrong for it to remain buried in the ground now that the Intifada has reignited and we continue to mourn martyr after martyr."

He spoke with tears streaming down his face. I took the briefcase, kissed his head in farewell, and left, feeling a part of God's vast dominion. When I reached my car, my father was not there; I had delayed too long, and he had gone home with a relative. Instead, I drove to an empty commercial property I owned in the village and placed the briefcase there.

I dared not open it, intimidated by the weight of "the trust." Had not humanity taken on the trust that the mountains had refused, ignorant of its burden? Was I to bear the weight of a martyr and his trust beyond my capacity? The briefcase, "the trust," remained there for weeks and months before I

decided to open it. During that time, I began to rekindle my relationship with my cousin Bilal. All my questions were about Ayyash, and Bilal loved to talk about him. Ayyash had been a student at Birzeit University, where Bilal was studying during that period. Bilal was active in the Islamic student movement affiliated with Hamas, participating in all its activities, and was in his final year, just months away from graduation.

All these events took place before the first month of the renewed Intifada was over. Meanwhile, I found myself muttering intertwined words that embodied my state of confusion, searching for the light at the end of the tunnel; the light that would guide me on my path and mark the beginning of my journey.

Determined, I spoke the entangled words that I had tired of repeating silently to myself. This time, I voiced them aloud while standing on a hill overlooking my village. I said:

"Don't be, O son of Ghalib, a pigeon in a flock of doves...

This is humiliation, disgrace, and surrender...

Be a falcon soaring like Qassam...

In the skies of dignity and the lands of Islam...

Be a knight, a resisting steed...

Noble, with the valor of Al-Mu'tasim...

Strike your enemy with strength and surprise...

Every den of darkness...

For you are the light of rightful zeal...

And you, the leader of the pulpit and the Imam...

Make your enemy swallow poison...

For he has spread corruption and injustice...

Be a merciful aid to your brethren...

And to your enemy, be as the fires of hell...

Show no mercy, make him suffer...

For he has killed the sheikh, the child, and the mother...

Emblazon the Qur'an in your heart...

And follow your Prophet, the noblest of men...

If oil is scarce and gone...

Your blood is the oil, O son of Qassam...

Your blood is the light, O glory of Islam...

Resist your enemy with strength, do not falter...

Lead the ranks, be at the forefront...

You are the prayer leader, advance...

Advance, strike your enemy, and attack...

And be generous with your bullets...

You are the noble, son of the honorable...

And he is the treacherous, blaming schemer...

Trust in the victory of your Lord, for it is coming...

Do not fear your enemy, for he is defeated...

Exclaim and glorify, O son of Qassam...

And walk the path of Yahya Ayyash, the zealous...

For if you are martyred, paradise is your abode...

And if you triumph, dignity is yours, O son of Qassam..."

With my resolve set, I decided to begin the resistance, carrying the banner of the engineer. I descended the hill and headed to my uncle's house to meet Bilal and to start my journey.

Upon reaching my uncle's house and asking for Bilal, I was told he had not been home for many days. He was spending his time between the university in the city of Birzeit and the nearby city of Ramallah, not returning to the village because the roads were blocked by the occupation forces, and transportation was extremely difficult.

Finding Bilal during that period was a challenge in itself; he neither had a mobile phone nor a permanent residence, and because Bilal's relationships were mostly confined to the university except for the general connections with villagers.

But since I had resolved to fight the Zionists, it was imperative for me to find him for several reasons:

Firstly, Bilal belonged to the Hamas student bloc at the university. He was a quiet, reserved, and trustworthy person. Secondly, I trusted him from both a security and ethical standpoint, as Bilal's interests were solely in his studies and organizational work. Thirdly, and most importantly, I had caught Bilal red-handed while he was engaging in an act of resistance.

At the onset of the Intifada, Bilal and a group of Hamas supporters had graffitied slogans on the village walls and fences. However, unbeknownst to them, despite their actions being under the cover of night, one of my commercial properties' discreetly placed surveillance cameras had recorded them. Although they were masked, they were talking and mentioning each other's names. Unfortunately for Bilal, as the leader of the group and distinctly large in build, I recognized him by voice, appearance, and name.

Thus, I needed Bilal and what he possessed, something I did not have and had not been able to acquire even after years of fighting the Zionist enemy.

Returning to my home—your grandfather's fortress—I swapped my car for another more capable of navigating the rugged, mountainous, and dirt roads to reach Ramallah.

What you might not know, my dear daughter and my guardian angel, is that during that period, I owned a variety of cars. Cars were one of my hobbies, whether it was repairing and upgrading them or driving them. And when I say driving, I mean racing and showcasing, because I had worked as a mechanic in my youth. After completing my mechanical engineering high school education, I owned a garage, and I spent my sparse free time, which was very little during that period, indulging in my hobby of car racing known as Speed Test. I don't recall a single month passing without receiving traffic citations for speeding or for what they termed as reckless driving.

The most critical aspect of my driving adventures was that I didn't actually possess a driver's license during that time, as I was only between fifteen and eighteen years old. However, due to my passion for driving, I forged my first identification document—a driver's license. It wasn't particularly difficult, but it wasn't easy either. As soon as I turned eighteen, I legitimately obtained both a local and international driving license. Yet, I sometimes had to resort to using a forged license when my legitimate one was confiscated due to my driving habits.

In early 2000, I bought a new car manufactured that same year. Instead of driving it immediately, I kept it for over a month and a half in one of my commercial spaces, which doubled as a garage where I serviced my cars. After that period, I had completed my modifications on the engine, enhancing its horsepower significantly. I replaced several parts of this new car, which had not yet been driven on the street, with others that transformed it from a regular vehicle into a very powerful sports car, yet also lightweight. I removed several parts I deemed secondary and heavy, which could diminish the engine's efficiency, such as the air

conditioning and the complete heating setup. You can imagine how the car turned out.

Here, my dear daughter, I find myself jumping from old memories to even older ones. The subject of cars and driving was both the reason and the motivation behind my learning and mastering the art of forgery. Initially, it was about forging a driving license, but later, when I traveled to Korea, I realized that my Jordanian passport was not welcome in many countries. To not let this hinder my desire to succeed in the business world, I ventured into the world of forging documents, cards, and passports. Because I trusted no one, I took it upon myself to handle this alone, with the aid of the best electronic devices available for that purpose.

If you ask me whether I traded in those forged documents and passports, I would tell you absolutely not. My sole aim with these forged documents was to ease movement and travel. My proficiency in four languages further assisted this, removing doubts and simplifying my impersonation of various nationalities and languages.

My dear guardian angel, I bring you back from those distant memories to a more recent quest—the search for Bilal. I swapped my car for another more suitable for rough, rural roads and set out towards Ramallah. I arrived at night and then headed to my apartment in Jerusalem, a place I still maintained despite the destruction I witnessed in the streets of Ramallah—a destruction that Jerusalem had miraculously escaped.

I spent the night awake, navigating the intricate web, penetrating and exploring enemy Zionist websites through my hacking of communication company sites.

After a few hours of sleep, I performed ablutions and headed to Al-Aqsa Mosque to pray Fajr. I reached the gates one after another, but I was denied entry despite showing my foreign passport. They declared, "No prayer for Muslims today, get out of our sight." I argued, insisted, but they refused, beating me with the butts of their rifles. Despite my physical strength, their rifles pointed at me were threatening, and the rifle butts left their marks on my body.

Eventually, my body collapsed from the pain, bloodied and beaten.

Some people who were also denied entry helped carry me to a nearby house where they dressed my wounds, and my bleeding stopped.

A few hours later, despite the physical pain, I left them, determined to find a way to punish the occupier for the pain inflicted not just on my body but on my soul and dignity—the pain of being struck and denied the right to pray to my Lord.

Here, my beloved daughter, I will add to my vocabulary of resistance a word that is uniquely mine, a word that I consider the complete description of what I've undertaken and the unseen motive behind my obligatory jihad.

This word might seem insignificant to some, not as resonant as words like "revenge," "retribution," or "annihilation," uttered by revolutionaries and citizens. It's much simpler yet much deeper than that.

"Punishment" is the word that encapsulates what I wish to do towards my enemy. I don't seek to avenge myself, nor the wounded and the martyrs; I seek neither vengeance—for it blinds and confounds its bearer—nor retribution, which is often a rash, reactionary response.

Revolutions, as I see them, go through several stages:

- 1. The Beginning:** This stage is usually initiated either by someone reckless and foolish, or by a brilliant, wise person.
- 2. The Fuel:** The fuel for a revolution can either be courageous individuals with a realistic vision of the revolution and resistance, or it can be ordinary people who get swept along with the tide, unknowingly becoming the fuel for the revolution, as is often the case with the majority.
- 3. The Conclusion:** Revolutions are usually concluded by one particular type of individual: the opportunist tyrant who dances on the blood of martyrs with fiery statements by day and indulges in drunken revelry by night.

Therefore, I decided to follow the path of punishment. I resolved to blend the first and second stages and prayed to God that I would be martyred before reaching the third stage—the end of the revolution and resistance. I returned to my apartment in Jerusalem, staying there for several days until my wounds somewhat healed. During those days, I sat silently on the apartment's balcony, lost in divine contemplation, pondering what form of punishment to impose on the occupying enemy. I stayed away from the computer and any other device, focusing instead on understanding my strengths and weaknesses. I realized that money, knowledge, and physical strength alone were not sufficient to begin the resistance and to follow the path of the engineer.

I returned to Ramallah in search of Bilal, having learned that he was in an area known as "Al-Balou" on one of the roads of Ramallah. There, he and several of his university friends were throwing stones. In the area of Al-Balou', hundreds of young men, women, and children were doing the same.

As I parked my car on one of the hills overlooking the site, I observed how kind yet tragically naive we Palestinians can be, sometimes to the point of absurdity and naivety. That day, as I sat physically inside my car but spiritually outside of it, witnessing the scene unfold, I resolved the foundations of the battle.

On that day, several hundred stone-throwers were relentlessly hurling stones, while a mere dozen soldiers surrounded the hills in military jeeps. The stones, despite the throwers' strength, couldn't reach the soldiers due to the great distance, whereas the snipers' bullets from the occupying forces reached their targets, resulting in many wounded and dead among the stone-throwers. Through the binoculars I had with me, I swore I could see the soldiers laughing and enjoying themselves as the young stone-throwers suffered and fell.

As evening set in, the youth dispersed—some as martyrs, others wounded or simply exhausted—and they returned to their homes after vowing to come back the next day.

I didn't see Bilal, but I saw a relative walking with some friends; I asked him about Bilal. He told me that Bilal hadn't come that day as usual; instead, he had returned to the village to recuperate after being worn out by the continuous confrontations over the past few weeks. I offered to drive him to the village, but he said he was set on staying in Ramallah. I bid him farewell and took a rough, dirt road alone back to my village of Beit Rima, heading to my uncle's house. There, I found him sitting alone, lost in divine contemplation.

Sitting beside him, I straightforwardly posed the question: "Haven't you grown tired of throwing stones since the first Intifada when you were just a child and lost one of your kidneys? Or do you intend to continue this method in this uprising too? Don't you want to punish those who took your land?" After a pause, he responded, "You, Abdullah, are naive. You come from outside Palestine and don't understand how much we suffer from a lack of everything. We literally have nothing but stones to resist the occupation, nothing but stones."

I asked, "What do you mean by nothing else?" He paused again and said, "Everything, absolutely everything." He shared how despite being in his final year at university, he couldn't afford the bus fare to reach his university or go to Ramallah to throw stones, while I owned not one but several cars.

After a prolonged silence, I asked, "What do you have then?" He repeated, "I told you, nothing at all."

I said to him, "Don't you have people, men capable of facing the occupier with bare chests? Weren't you the one leading those young men to cover the village walls with slogans at night a few weeks ago?" He fell silent, so I continued, "I saw you leading them, filling the village walls with strong slogans calling for armed resistance. Didn't you write that the 'Qassam volcano is coming'?"

After our lengthy discussion and realizing that Bilal Barghouti was the right man to join forces with, I bid him farewell. That night, and for several more, I didn't return to my home. Instead, I spent my time working day and night in one of my commercial properties, locking myself in to

start the journey of the engineer Abdullah al-Barghouti, from the point where Yahya Ayyash, the master engineer of Palestine, was martyred.

Yahya Ayyash, God rest his soul, was killed when the Israeli Shin Bet detonated a mobile phone he was speaking on, a phone that had been delivered to him through a friend who unknowingly received it from a Shin Bet informant.

The details of how Ayyash received the phone didn't matter to me; what mattered was the device itself. It was a large, heavy mobile phone typical of that era. I acquired the smallest commercially available phone from Dubai to try and rig it to explode upon detecting a specific voice. However, my initial attempts failed, and the device was further damaged before I could make it obey my commands. The word 'subjugate' aptly describes this situation. Undeterred and persistent as usual, I purchased several more of the same model and special devices used by the manufacturer for testing and maintenance, committed to mastering this technique.

It was only a matter of days until I managed to subdue the mobile phone to my commands and requests, after which I created a variety of explosive devices, mines, hand grenades, and several bombs used in assassination operations. Thus, I transformed what I had written on paper and the prior experience in my mind, along with the tools I had brought into Palestine nearly two years ago upon my arrival, into a tangible reality.

During that period of isolation inside the warehouse, which I left only to buy tools, equipment, or food and drink, my eyes occasionally stole glances at Yahya Ayyash's bag, placed on one of the high shelves. Without any preamble, I found myself taking it down and opening it, after saying "In the name of Allah, the Most Gracious, the Most Merciful." Inside, there were two explosive devices made of solid steel, attached at the sides with black cement, and from one end emerged a pair of white wires made of copper that had corroded and deteriorated due to moisture and the length of storage. There was also a paper indicating how to use them. But most importantly, there was the Holy Quran, with a

book in which the first page read: "Be with Allah and do not worry."

I carefully dismantled the explosive devices after I had frozen them using a meat freezer available in the warehouse. I then disassembled the two devices and found inside each a collection of nails at the ends, and in the middle, a plastic bag filled with a substance later identified as Ammonal.

One of the days I spent in the warehouse, I prayed Fajr at the village mosque, and on my return, I encountered a white donkey. This donkey had previously been burned by a youth months earlier when he set its tail on fire, resulting in a tailless donkey. As soon as the Intifada erupted, one of the youths wrote "Death to Sharon" on both sides of it, and from that day, that donkey was known as Sharon's donkey.

An idea struck me, so I grabbed it along with Sharon's donkey and went to the warehouse. There, I took one of the rigged mobile phones and rode the donkey to a piece of land owned by my father on the outskirts of the village, planted with many olive and almond trees. There, I placed the phone on the donkey's head, securing it well, and dialed it from

another phone which automatically picked up the call. After moving away from Sharon the donkey—I mean the donkey Sharon—I listened to its breathing through the device I held, and then I commanded my device to detonate the other device, which exploded along with Sharon the donkey's head. This was my first live experiment in Palestine, and thus Sharon became headless. Despite the small size of the mobile device, the material I had planted inside it was very powerful, in fact, more powerful than necessary.

I collected the donkey's remains and piled up a large amount of firewood around it. My father had asked me to bring it from there days ago, but I hadn't done so because I was busy. I set the fire, and thus the traces of this experiment disappeared.

After that, I returned to the village on foot, back to my cousin Bilal's house to find him asleep, dreaming of resistance. I woke him up to turn his dream into a tangible reality. Bilal Barghouti was enchanted, fascinated by the martyr Ayyash like many members of the Hamas movement. They dreamt of an engineer to restore the dignity

and glory of the resistance. At that stage, before the Second Intifada, Intifada Al-Aqsa, the Palestinian Authority security forces were not only competing but boasting about arresting anyone affiliated with the Islamic resistance movement Hamas, thus the movement was caught between the hammer of the occupier and the anvil of the occupier's agents, between the Preventive Security and the Intelligence on one side, and the Israeli Shin Bet on the other.

I woke Bilal to turn both his and my dream into a tangible reality. We headed to my warehouse where I placed several bags inside my car, which was also inside the warehouse. We both got in the car, I told him not to speak or ask any questions, just to look and watch, nothing more.

We arrived at another piece of land owned by my father, located on the opposite side of the village. I parked the car and we carried the bags, walking the rest of the way as the car couldn't navigate the rugged path leading there. Upon arrival, I started to take out the explosive devices one by one. Bilal was silent, and I think he was still dreaming because he kept saying, "Allahu Akbar, is this a dream or

reality? Is this a dream or reality?" I detonated one of the explosives next to a stone wall which then ceased to exist. I set off a timed bomb in a building my father used for storage, which then became a large hole. I kept detonating more explosives, while he alternated between exclaiming Allahu Akbar and rubbing his eyes. Afterward, I signaled him to move to another location after I collected what remained of the electronic tools from the explosions.

Thus, our car transported us, but we didn't return; instead, we headed to an old car that I had placed on one of the village's side roads. There I placed a bomb underneath it and detonated it remotely, exploding it. Bilal awoke to my voice as I told him: "Listen, Bilal, to what I will tell you after you've seen what you just did." I recounted my entire story to him, from beginning to end. We then decided to collaborate to form the nucleus for cells of the Al-Qassam Brigades at Birzeit University in Ramallah and wherever else we could reach.

Although Bilal had been resisting the occupier for years, he had never handled a weapon, which astonished me greatly.

That day, I took him to the place where Sharon the donkey had lost its head and handed him a firearm after training him and teaching him how to use it. There, on Sharon the donkey, whose smoke was still rising hours after being burned, Bilal fired a gun for the first time in his life.

Immediately, I agreed with Bilal that he would select a number of individuals from the Islamic bloc at Birzeit University and beyond to start forming armed cells for the Al-Qassam Brigades.

I began teaching Bilal how to drive and how to use mobile phones. I provided him with several phones and the necessary money to start our journey. Meanwhile, I was busy with other tasks like acquiring devices to create forged identity cards, renting several apartments in Ramallah and other cities, and outfitting each apartment with the necessary electrical appliances and furniture. Most importantly, I converted each apartment into a fully mobile command center, designating one room for making explosive devices and another as a tech office. Each apartment was registered under fictitious names on one hand

and real people on the other; through hacking the web, I managed to gather information on numerous identity cards registered with the Palestinian Ministry of Interior's Passport Department. Thus, I issued cards with 100% accurate information, although they didn't carry the owners' photos but instead, photos of me, Abdullah Barghouti, as I was the one who approached the apartment owners to rent them and secure the rental contracts under another person's name.

I didn't choose people randomly but selected those with professions less likely to raise suspicions, such as a Christian doctor or a pharmacist from the Samaritan community in Nablus, and I most frequently used the identities of lawyers and schoolteachers.

As for the identities I used to travel between cities, I used Jerusalemite IDs or those of Druze community members, especially those enlisted in the Israeli army.

To facilitate my movements, I bought several cars with Israeli yellow plates, which allowed me to move easily

between the Palestinian cities in the West Bank, Jerusalem, and Israeli cities like Tel Aviv.

Here, my dear daughter and guardian angel, I devoted all my time to preparing the infrastructure for resistance, which made me distant from you and your mother. Your grandfather began to grow suspicious, especially one day when he went to inspect one of the commercial warehouses in Nablus due to a power outage and found that the food stored in the refrigerators had spoiled. He threw it out in the garbage dumpster, but what was more critical was that he also disposed of explosives that had been stored in sealed boxes in those refrigerators. Had it not been for God's mercy, a disastrous incident could have occurred.

In that warehouse, your grandfather found several weapons hidden in a bag on one of the shelves, which set off alarm bells for him. As he had once waited for me at the entrance to the village years ago, fearing I had been arrested when I entered Palestine, he waited for me again this time after realizing I had embarked on the path I had always dreamed of walking. As soon as I returned, he greeted me with,

"Welcome the sword, welcome the sword. Didn't I tell you that a sword can never become a plow?" I learned from him what had happened and hurried to the garbage container to retrieve the explosives, which, thank God Almighty, I found intact.

I said to him, "Listen, Father, the time has come for me to fight the battle I have long dreamed of and desired. Pray for my success, for I have decided to leave this fleeting world to fight until I fall as a martyr, or perhaps I will triumph. The important thing, Father, is that I am confident, God willing, that before I meet one of these two good outcomes, I will have caused the enemy many casualties. Father, you were planning to travel to Amman after the olive harvest, and the season has ended, so travel, may God protect you, and do not forget me in your prayers."

My father bid me farewell and traveled to Amman. As for me, I said several verses renouncing the transient world:

"Return or not, I no longer care...

My heart no longer clings to loving you...

Nor am I lost in your love anymore...

For you are illusion, not reality for sure...

To oblivion, your fate is secure...

Did not Adam descend to you...

From the eternal paradise walking...

When an apple severed his hand...

You are the worldly life, and I am not cutting...

From your vile pleasures anything...

For I have devoted my soul to my Lord alone...

Aiming for jihad and martyrdom armed...

For I am in love with the Al-Qassam Brigades...

And in love with Palestine and Jerusalem obsessed...

Heading towards the path to paradise...

And determined to leave the world of corruption...

Help me, my Lord, and make my task easy...

And admit me into Your paradise fasting, praying...

Lord, I raise my hands to You praying...

For You are the Lord of creation and of Muhammad...

Make the Quran in my heart a fortress...

And the Sunnah of your Prophet a beacon...

Without Your help, I return disobedient...

To a world of corruption and degradation opposing...

Lead me to the path of resistance strong...

For I am promised martyrdom and the gardens of paradise."

As soon as my father arrived in Amman, I sold all the commercial properties I owned and liquidated all my business interests. I didn't stop there; I withdrew all my money from the banks and opened a bank account for my

wife, depositing enough money for her and you, my daughter, to live comfortably in case I was martyred.

Meanwhile, Bilal had finished selecting a number of suitable individuals to begin our journey on the path of jihad and resistance, the path of Ayyash and Yassin, the path of Izz ad-Din al-Qassam, through the Al-Qassam Brigades.

Here, my dear daughter and guardian angel, I will not delve into the details of this period for many reasons, one of which is that, my daughter, I spent six full months in interrogation cells without revealing anything about that period that lasted for years. But before I was arrested, I had obtained the so-called indictments brought against those who had worked with me. I, my guardian angel, have seen death, spoken to it, and wrestled with it in interrogation sessions that broke my bones but did not break the gateway to my secrets.

Those secrets that I still keep buried in my mind in the solitary confinement cell ever since I was arrested and since the interrogation stopped, though it has not ended for nearly ten years. My daughter, I am accused by the occupation

forces of carrying out one hundred and eighteen operations against the Zionist enemy during my jihadist journey.

In fact, over the past years, I was brought in for interrogation four times on a number of security-related jihadist cases that occurred after my capture, with allegations that I had a hand in them.

Despite being in solitary confinement, I am still a very special case in the eyes of that Zionist enemy, a case ongoing in resistance despite imprisonment, despite the jailer and despite the prison walls. There are a number of security files, my daughter, that have not yet been closed and my enemy, and the enemy of Palestine, has not yet managed to solve or uncover their secrets, and God willing, they will not be able to.

What I will touch on in writing to you are some of the most important pivotal stages that the Al-Qassam Brigades went through in the West Bank and Jerusalem. These are the stages during which the Brigades managed to rub the enemy's nose in the mud, which also elevated the name and

credibility of the Hamas movement high in the sky, restoring its glory and the glory of Yahya Ayyash.

Here, I will change my writing style from what it was before. Instead of merely narrating events, I will shine a light on the realities and phases that have passed with me, naming each phase after those who illuminated it, whether they were martyrs, prisoners, those who were released, or those nameless individuals who remained free, neither detained nor martyred. The first of these stages is named after:

The Martyred Qassam Hero: "Izz ad-Din al-Masri"

Before we reach the martyr Izz ad-Din al-Masri, we must highlight a somewhat rugged path. After carrying out several sudden operations, particularly against the enemy through the cells that Bilal Barghouti and I had formed, I asked Bilal to connect me with Al-Qassam officials in various cities of the West Bank and occupied Jerusalem. Among those officials was a remarkable, intelligent, and indeed genius engineer named Ayman Halawa, who had been recently freed from captivity. Although he had not participated in armed operations before, with the outbreak of the intifada, he began to work with a number of his fellow freed prisoners, such as the stalwart hero "Salim Hajji" and the mujahid "Ali Allan" from Bethlehem. I went to Nablus to meet "Salim Hajji," who accompanied me to meet Ayman Halawa. Through that meeting, I aimed to transfer the expertise I had to the brothers in different areas. Thus, I met with Ayman Halawa and he showcased the capabilities of the movement at that time in Nablus. I was greatly shocked. Despite being in the presence of a truly brilliant engineer with clear talent, because of his long imprisonment in

Zionist custody, he had become detached from modern technical matters and continued to use the same materials and tools that Yahya Ayyash had used before his martyrdom.

Ayman Halawa quickly managed to keep up with me and even surpassed what I had created and innovated. He was a fast learner and quick-witted; as soon as I showed him an electronic schematic, he could decode it and connect the dots. Thus, thanks to the intelligence of Engineer Ayman Halawa, I was able to transfer all my expertise in the field of military manufacturing to a large number of people around the city of Nablus.

After our first meeting, Ayman Halawa asked me, "I swear by Allah, Abdullah, do you belong to this world or to the future? Tell me, by Allah, did you come to Nablus through a time machine?" I could only smile and tell him, "I am a son of this era, but not of this place." He asked, "How so?" I replied, "I was not born here, nor did I study here. I was born abroad and studied engineering in Korea, drawing my knowledge from the sea of scientific research centers and

the internet. You, my friend, were prevented by the chains of captivity and the bars of prison from completing what you started at your university. That's the difference between you and me. Yet, within a few days, you managed to catch up to me and even surpass me. You are a diligent engineer; I am a lazy one who only exerts effort when faced with a problem. I don't sleep for days until I find a solution." I asked him, "What's the biggest problem you face that you think is difficult or even impossible to solve?" He replied, "Currently, with what you've provided me, I don't think there's any problem of that sort. But if you ask about a problem I've been trying to solve for years, it's this one." He pointed to a paper in front of him, "This paper is the problem." He continued, "How can I send this statement that we made in yesterday's operation without getting caught, with a thousand agents and security officers from the Preventive Security and Intelligence around every news agency? Tell me, can you make the deliverer of this statement invisible, like a ghost?" I laughed and said, "Of course, I have it. Don't you know?" He laughed, but he soon realized I wasn't joking and asked, "How? What kind of hat

are you talking about?" I said, "Give me a week or two, and I'll bring you the solution and the hat."

As I was leaving, he stopped me at the door and said, "By Allah, do you have the solution?" I replied, "I pray to Allah Almighty that I find the solution. Point me to a coffee shop because I think I'll need it to help me stay awake the coming nights." I shook his hand and left the city of Nablus, the Mountain of Fire, heading to Ramallah, which had become a den for the authority of corruption and decay, a stronghold for the security apparatuses.

During that period, I was neither pursued nor wanted, which made my movements very easy. Known as a businessman, my travels did not arouse suspicion from the security agencies, even after I liquidated my businesses, which did not raise their suspicions towards me.

All the way, I was preoccupied with thinking about a solution to the problem that Ayman had presented, a problem I hadn't had much time to devise a solution for. The solution, a fax machine, flashed through my mind during Ayman's discussion.

But how could I transform a fax machine, whose transmission location is known, into a device with an unknown transmission point and identity? Less than two weeks later, I returned to meet Ayman in Nablus. There, I took out a small-sized fax machine from a bag I had on my shoulder and placed it in front of Ayman Halawa. He smiled as he turned the fax in his hands and said, "God forgive you, don't you know that as soon as we send a single message from this fax, the place from which it was sent will be raided by them tracking the phone number through their electronic devices used by the Shin Bet?" I told him, "This fax doesn't need a phone line to send messages, nor does it need to be connected to household electricity to operate. All you have to do is place any paper inside it, and it will automatically and instantly send it to twelve news agencies without anyone being able to track its location or the sender's location. Moreover, if you want the fax to operate mobilely, all you have to do is insert the message inside it and let it work independently at the time we program it to do so."

He asked me, "For God's sake, didn't you come to Nablus in a time machine? Didn't you come here from the year 2050

or 2100?" I replied, "No, but I came from Tel Aviv where I found a fax machine that could be modified in the way I needed. It doesn't require much electricity, so I made it battery-operated. But that's not the important part. The key was another device that I connected to the fax machine, converting the signal from a mobile phone SIM card to one used in the traditional landline system. So, all you need to operate the fax machine is a battery, which is already inside, and a mobile phone SIM card placed inside it, thus creating a 'cloak of invisibility.' The important thing is to use an untraceable SIM card, which is easy, but you must replace that card after every use to prevent it from being tracked. Use it only once, and send the fax from a public place by programming it and placing it in the bag of someone moving in a crowded street; this way, it stays off the enemy's radar."

"As they say, necessity is the mother of invention. The need for a fax machine was the motivation for its creation and innovation, which happened at the end of the year 2000."

"What happened before that, I believe, is even more important. In 1990, ten years before the fax machine story

and twenty-two years before 2012—the year I am writing these reflections—I was seventeen years old and hadn't yet turned eighteen. I wanted to open a workshop for car maintenance and repair, but I didn't have enough money to rent the workshop even though I had borrowed some. The workshop was in a new commercial and industrial complex, and the owner of the complex was of that greedy, opportunistic type. The only solution I had was to create a device for eavesdropping, which I placed inside a matchbox and stuck it under the desk of the complex owner. This way, I was able to obtain the information that enabled me to rent the workshop at a fair price."

"Necessity is indeed the mother of invention, but the needs requiring solutions had become so numerous, they kept me from even sleeping; I would sleep only five or six hours for several years. During that period, my diet was almost entirely composed of ready-made sandwiches. What troubled me the most during that time—a period of meeting needs—was performing prayers. Yes, praying, because my mind was so preoccupied that it led me to forget how many units I had prayed or what I had recited from the Holy

Quran, and I often had to repeat my prayers once or twice to ensure I had performed them correctly."

During that period, the responsibilities that were thrown upon me had grown significantly, as I was constantly seeking sources for purchasing weapons and equipment of various kinds, and I was also continually searching for apartments and commercial stores to use for living and storing explosives, weapons, and ammunition. What served as a form of relaxation for me was leading any of the Qassam cells in attacking a Zionist site or ambushing a convoy of their armored vehicles with explosives. I felt a great mental relief participating in such ambushes, which motivated me to resume my other activities.

During that time, I decided that we should intensify our punitive strikes against the enemy in the Salfit area and the Hawara area south of Nablus. The settlers there would never leave their settlement without heavy guards and armored buses, no longer using their private cars out of fear of ambushes and explosive devices.

Several months later, God willed that Ayman Halawa suffered burns on his face and neck due to an explosion of material used in military manufacturing. Because of his injuries, Ayman placed the burden of operating several Qassam fighters there in Nablus on me. Since I was not yet pursued, I spent half the week in Ramallah with Bilal and the cells he formed, and the other half in Nablus overseeing some of Ayman Halawa's men. Then, what should never be praised occurred—the tyranny, injustice, and treachery of the Zionist enemy increased. Unable to reach the Qassam leaders or fighters, this villainous enemy bombed a press and news headquarters in Nablus, leading to the martyrdom of several, including Jamal Salim and Jamal Mansour, two of Hamas's most significant political leaders in Nablus and the West Bank at that time.

That was also when one of the most critical turning points in my Jihadist career occurred. Voices at the funerals of the martyrs called for revenge and demanded martyrdom operations, which I personally—Abdullah Barghouti—did not favor. I preferred armed confrontations, ambushes, and mines. Martyrdom operations were something I refused

even to consider. However, Ayman, suffering from his wounds, preferred this type of operation. He implored me, even swore to me by Allah the Almighty, to plan one of these operations. After some thought, which did not last long, I decided to heed the call. I asked Ayman Halawa to send me someone willing to carry out a suicide bombing. He asked if there was a specific type of person I wanted, perhaps someone proficient in Hebrew to facilitate movement and access to the target. I told him to send someone who could see what I could not, to send him to one of the mosques in Ramallah in two weeks, and from there, I would take care of the rest.

I bid farewell to Ayman Halawa and headed to Ramallah where I met with Bilal Barghouti. I told him that we needed to change the mission of one of the Qassam cells that was working with us. Instead of the cell transporting explosive devices from one place to another and from city to village, I wanted the cell to transport a martyrdom-seeking individual. Bilal responded with relief, "Thank God you've decided to enter this field." I cautioned him, "Please, do not debate this topic with me or I might change my mind." He

agreed, acknowledging, "It's important that you have decided to pursue this. Now you are truly a Qassam engineer; after ambushes and armed engagements comes the role of martyrdom operations."

After much consideration, we selected the cell led by "Mohammed Dughlas" to carry out this operation. The primary reason was that Mohammed Dughlas had a very important element, the mujahida "Ahlam Tamimi," about whom I knew very little. I didn't know her name or whether she was a man or a woman, but I knew she had been chosen according to the highest specifications in terms of complete secrecy, high security awareness, and true faith in the path of the Izz ad-Din al-Qassam Brigades.

Several days later, after Ahlam had scouted a location in Jerusalem, I wanted to test the security measures in place. I sent a small explosive device to Ahlam Tamimi through Mohammed Dughlas, then Mu'adh, then Bilal Barghouti. Bilal went crazy when I told him to go from the village of Beit Rima to the city of Ramallah to buy six cans of beer, a cooked chicken, and some nuts, and bring them to me in the

village right after Fajr prayer at the village mosque. Although he was furious, he remained silent, not uttering a single word. However, his eyes expressed what his tongue did not.

Bilal Barghouti left the village for Ramallah directly after the prayer. Due to the numerous Zionist checkpoints, which closed all the main roads, the journey that normally took no more than half an hour took half a day. He purchased the six beer cans, the chicken, and the nuts, and returned to the village the same day, having spent a full day traveling back and forth. He handed me what he brought, for which I thanked him after giving him the cooked chicken, and I kept the nuts and beer cans. I spent several hours eating the nuts and preparing the explosive device I had made, which I concealed inside one of those cans. I placed the rigged can among the five intact cans inside the designated box. At dawn prayer, I met Bilal and handed him a bag. As soon as he lifted it, he said, "These are beer cans, why did you bring them to me?" I told him they were of poor quality and I wanted someone to return them to Ramallah. Bilal was silently furious, and before his anger exploded, and he being

a calm and committed person, I told him: one of those cans was rigged and it was necessary to deliver these cans to "Mohammad Daghlas," and from him to "Ahlam Tamimi" to plant it at the site she had scouted. He carried the cans, smiling and praising, because he realized that the time to execute the martyrdom operation was approaching.

The beer can operation was somewhat of a test of nerves for those who would carry out the martyrdom operation. I wanted to see the level of discipline and the ability to work under different conditions than previous situations. Operations involving shooting, setting up armed ambushes, and planting roadside bombs required a different type of fighter. However, for martyrdom operations, we needed individuals with nerves of steel and the ability to completely control their emotions. I will discuss this point further in another note where I observed the strongest and most determined Qassam fighters weeping continuously while preparing for one of the martyrdom operations.

"Bilal Barghouti" carried the box of beer cans inside a plastic bag and headed to Ramallah, where he handed it to

Mohammad Daghlas, who in turn gave it to the mujahida sister Ahlam Tamimi. Ahlam, who had first scouted the location a few days earlier, then took it through the occupation's checkpoints from Ramallah to Jerusalem; Jerusalem which would later become my main operational base. There, in one of the commercial markets, Ahlam planted the explosive device and after activating it, it exploded at the designated time. The operation was not intended to cause casualties or even injuries, as I mentioned.

The device had planted fear in the hearts of the Zionists at the marketplaces, but more importantly, the success of the cell members in carrying a beer can—something profoundly shunned by devout Muslims—marked a complete triumph of discipline and integrity. This success prompted me to initiate the second phase of the operation. I retreated to one of my apartments in Ramallah to isolate myself from the tumult of the intifada and the disruptions of my son Osama, born on May 24, 2000. I was so preoccupied that I don't remember ever holding him in my arms for months after his birth, nor do I precisely recall why I named him Osama, though I believe it was because I had four friends named

Osama. This is probably the reason. As for not holding him or even attending his circumcision, it was because I was always traveling from one city to another, from one village to another; I had not a minute for my home, my wife, Tala, and Osama.

In that apartment, I spent two days and two nights. I asked Bilal to spend his day in the city and his night in another apartment I had rented under another person's name. The next morning, Bilal arrived early, unaware that it was the day "Ezzedine Al-Masri" was to arrive from Nablus to Ramallah to pray at one of the mosques and wait for someone to come and take him to carry out the operation.

I instructed Bilal to go to the mosque with "Mohammed Daghlas" to meet Ezzedine and to buy clothes suitable for the location that had been scouted by "Ahlam Tamimi" in the Noble Jerusalem. After giving Bilal the password and recognition word, he left and brought back "Ezzedine Al-Masri," prepared his special attire, and left him as a trustee with "Mohammed Daghlas" in one of the rented apartments designed to be a safe house—just an ordinary house with

nothing inside but furniture and food, without any weapons or an explosives lab.

Bilal returned to my apartment and reported what he had done. I acknowledged his actions and asked him to go to a music store to buy me a guitar. I specified the shop location, the appearance of the guitar, and requested a leather case for it. He questioned why I wanted a guitar and what I intended to do with it. I replied that I wanted to play it as I was feeling bored.

Bilal, disciplined though he was as a Qassam member, was often driven to exasperation by my responses, which seemed to him utterly incomprehensible. He wanted to know how I could ask for a guitar to play music when there was a suicide attacker waiting, on edge, in another house. Though he wished to express this disbelief, his good nature and discipline held him back, leading him to comply with my requests without protest. "Alright, I will bring it immediately," he said, and true to his word, he returned with the guitar in just half an hour.

I spent the hours from afternoon to late at night playing the guitar, while Bilal watched silently, patiently enduring my irritating tunes without asking any questions. Weariness overcame him, and sleep beckoned. I told him to go sleep at Mohammad Daghlash's place, where "Az al-Din al-Masri" was also staying, and to return early the next day. Bilal spent his night there in worship and prayer, seeking closeness to Allah to ease the completion of the operation, while I ceased playing and went to sleep.

I awoke to Bilal knocking on the door early the next morning. I let him in and settled him in the guest room where I had been playing the night before. Exhausted and still sleepy, I reclined on a chair and asked Bilal to fetch the guitar from the next room. Before I could finish my sentence, I felt a sudden apprehension that Bilal might smash the guitar into a thousand pieces. He had not slept, spending the entire night in devotion, preparing spiritually for the task ahead, which made him likely more sensitive to any potential mishaps.

So, before Bilal could reach the door of the room where we were sitting, I cautioned him sternly, "Be careful not to harm the guitar and handle it with extreme care, for it is rigged with enough explosives to blow up the entire building. Beware, and mention the name of Allah before you lift it."

Bilal returned, placing the guitar gently on the table, and asked, "Whom is the guitar for? Is there another operation apart from the suicide attack planned today?" I reassured him, "No, absolutely not. Today's operation involves only 'Az al-Din al-Masri'." He then asked where the explosive belt was, to which I replied, "Explosive belts had their time. Now is the era of explosive melodies."

I asked Bilal to convey to Mohammad Daghlis the request to summon Ahlam Tamimi to Ramallah. At that time, Ahlam knew absolutely nothing about the plans. True to task, Bilal informed Mohammad of my request and returned to find me deeply asleep. That previous night, I had barely managed ten to fifteen minutes of rest before I rose to prepare and rig the guitar with explosives, a task that consumed the entire night. By the time I laid my head down

to sleep, dawn was breaking, and soon after, I was awakened by the door knocking again.

Bilal informed me that Ahlam had arrived in Ramallah and that the appointed hour in the afternoon had come—the hour I had chosen to coincide with midday, precisely the time when the occupation's aircraft had bombed the press office housing martyrs Jamal Mansour and Jamal Salim. I wanted the whole world to witness the retribution that those Zionist occupiers would face for their crimes against the people of Palestine.

Handing the guitar to Bilal, I instructed him to proceed to the location where Mohammad Daghlis and the suicide bomber Az al-Din al-Masri were waiting. In that apartment, Bilal, Mohammad, and Az al-Din spent several tense hours waiting for the green light to commence the operation. I had assigned a team with several tasks:

First: Monitoring the mosque the bomber was supposed to reach. The surveillance began at dawn and continued well past the afternoon prayer. Reports indicated everything was normal; the bomber had arrived on time, prayed, and then

waited at the designated corner of the Jamal Abdul Nasser Mosque in Ramallah. Afterwards, one of our brothers escorted him out, and during this entire period, the situation was calm with no external monitoring or following of either the bomber or the brother who accompanied him.

Second: This task had two parts. One was to follow Az al-Din and Bilal from the mosque as they went shopping for clothes, and then to monitor the safe house where Bilal, Mohammad, and Az al-Din al-Masri stayed. The surveillance report I received in the morning confirmed that everything had proceeded perfectly. The only noteworthy point in the report was that the lights in the safe house remained on all night. I attributed this to the three spending the night awake for prayer and Quran reading. However, I decided that henceforth, no external signs like light should be visible from any safe house. Consequently, I arranged for all apartments to be fitted with heavy curtains that would block any light from escaping.

Third: This was the hardest task as we focused on monitoring and tracking the movement of traffic from

Ramallah to occupied Jerusalem, observing the military checkpoints along that route, whether they were regular or exceptional and sudden checkpoints. The report, which was the result of several days of surveillance, suggested that we postpone the operation until the situation calmed down. However, I found the opposite to be true. Despite the thorough and meticulous inspections, the situation was stable and did not change over those days. It had become routine, aimed only at intimidation and restriction. After praying two units of Istikhara prayer, I decided that it was time to proceed.

I signaled to Bilal Barghouti to send the martyr "Az al-Din al-Masri" with "Mohammad Daghlis" to deliver him to "Ahlam Tamimi". Then, in broad daylight and within less than an hour and a half after the start signals, "Ahlam Tamimi" had delivered the martyr and taken him to Jerusalem after passing through the checkpoints without being searched or delayed. She carried a press ID that facilitated her movement between cities and, being a woman, did not attract attention.

Here, I say that my deliberate choice of a sister who worked in the journalistic field was intended to make the message of the Qassam Brigades crystal clear, that you, the Zionists, bombed a media and press office that had no militants and no military activity, and I respond by having the press deliver the martyr to the operation site, and have the press record and broadcast the events of that operation.

Thus, "Ahlam Tamimi," that heroic Qassam fighter, steady-nerved and resolute in belief, became the first Palestinian Qassam journalist to deliver a martyr and announce the news of the operation on the television channel she worked for; because it was necessary for the Zionist enemy to understand that if they crossed a red line, we would also cross that line. As the days of the mother intifada advanced, the lines were crossed one after another.

The martyr "Az al-Din al-Masri" reached one of the restaurants in Jerusalem, carefully observed and specifically a pizza place called Sbarro, and crossed the street to the restaurant carrying the guitar. The reason for choosing the guitar was singular: carrying musical instruments and

entering that particular restaurant was a very routine matter. The pre-operation surveillance report described the location and the surrounding areas. Since I knew the place well during my stay in Jerusalem, I decided that the guitar would be the means instead of an explosive belt. Opposite the Sbarro restaurant, there was a music teaching institute and a shop selling musical instruments. Some of the institute's patrons would walk with their musical instruments on that street when moving around, and some would enter the restaurant to eat pizza carrying their musical instrument without being searched by the guard at the restaurant's entrance. Thus, "Az al-Din" arrived without any obstacles; his appearance was very natural, both in terms of the clothes I had chosen for him to wear and the instrument he was carrying.

The martyr "Az al-Din" detonated himself, ascending to the heavens, thus delivering a strike of punishment to the occupying Zionists. Here, I must say that the most important aspect of that operation was not all the preparations and measures that I and everyone involved in the operation took.

The most significant event was what the martyr "Az al-Din al-Masri" saw, which we humans did not see. Yes, we humans, meaning that "Az al-Din al-Masri" was never one of us, never.

When I asked "Ayman Halawa" to provide me with a Qassam fighter who wanted to carry out a martyrdom operation, I said to "Ayman" just one sentence when he asked me about the specifications of the martyr: "I want the martyr to see what I cannot see."

This is exactly what happened, although "Az al-Din al-Masri" only knew he was going to carry out a martyrdom operation, he told Balal and Muhammad on that night, as they were calling upon Allah, "Tonight, God willing, I will kill between fifteen and sixteen Zionists, and I will, God willing, injure between one hundred twenty-five and one hundred thirty, many of whom will remain disabled, alive yet dead due to their serious injuries."

"Az al-Din al-Masri" saw what we did not see, and he vowed to Allah Almighty, for he was truthful, truthful by the Lord of the Kaaba, and he managed to kill fifteen

Zionists and injure one hundred twenty-six, most of whom suffered permanent disabilities and impairments.

You were truthful, "Az al-Din al-Masri" and you saw what we did not see. You succeeded and surpassed us humans, for despite all that we provided, it does not equal a single drop in the ocean of what you have offered and accomplished. May Allah bless you with paradise.

And here, I say to you, my beloved daughter and my guardian angel, that I, Abdullah Al-Barghouti, am the only one who never saw the martyr "Az al-Din al-Masri" not even once, not even with a single glance throughout the operation stages. I never spoke to him, advised him, or bid him farewell. I never embraced him because I was busy making sure that my eyes and ears could capture everything happening around the operation in terms of security and technical procedures, so that the operation could succeed and come to light.

Since that operation, I have made sure that the martyrs who came after would spend their last day and night with me, so we could pray and worship Allah together; for without

Allah's help and blessing, we could not achieve any goal or purpose. Either a dignified, free life... or martyrdom in Allah's cause.

All the members of the Izz ad-Din al-Qassam Brigades cells returned safely, and the soul of the martyr "Az al-Din al-Masri" ascended to its Lord, but I did not return unharmed from that operation. Yes, I did not return unharmed because, although I attended to everything, I remained a human, and so did my fellow fighters; a mistake occurred, and both Bilal and I were captured for the first time.

Our captivity did not last long, but my loss was very great indeed, and I lost a lot because of that cursed capture. I emerged from the experience of captivity free, but a different kind of free, one that has made me, since that day, a prince of the shadows, a prince living in the shadows despite those who have lit their lamps to search for me and find me.

The First Arrest

After all elements returned to resume their normal lives following the delivery of the martyr "Az al-Din al-Masri" to Jerusalem, and about half an hour before "Az al-Din al-Masri" was to execute the operation, I was on my way to receive a shipment of weapons and ammunition hidden inside a set of large, luxurious chairs and couches. The weapons and ammunition were skillfully concealed by one of our brothers who worked in the home upholstery industry in one of the Palestinian cities. I had handed him the weapons and ammunition there and asked him to hide it within a set of furniture I had purchased from that city. He concealed the trust inside it and sent it to me with a public transport driver, giving the driver a pseudonym I had provided to that upholsterer. Before the driver arrived at the designated location, Bilal arrived after he too had just delivered "Az al-Din al-Masri" to the brothers to carry him to his target.

I met with Bilal, and we both waited for the driver with the trust that he did not know was hidden inside the furniture

set. More importantly, Bilal also did not know what I was doing there at all; all I had asked of Bilal was to deliver "Az al-Din " and meet me at this place.

Only minutes after Bilal's arrival, several armed and masked individuals pounced on Bilal Al-Barghouti to arrest him and me as well. These armed men were elements of the "Palestinian Corruption and Degradation Agency", the Preventive Security Force, the dogs of Jibril Rajoub, the Zionists' hound.

Bilal was arrested, and I was arrested with him, but I was not the intended target; it was Bilal, because his movement had been monitored by the Preventive Security due to his significant activity and movements over the past months. For about ten months, Bilal Al-Barghouti had executed, managed, and led a large number of operations through the cells we had formed, so he was arrested. And what made matters worse was Bilal's response; after being interrogated for several hours, he remained silent and did not speak, so they took him to a cell in one of the Preventive Security headquarters in Ramallah. There, in the second

headquarters, they searched him and found in one of his pockets the following:

Firstly: the lease of his apartment in Ramallah, which was under another person's name, and the existence of a lease for another apartment that was used as a depot for weapons, ammunition, money, and explosives.

Secondly : and most importantly, what ultimately broke the camel's back, and my back as well, was that they found the will of the martyr "Az al-Din al-Masri" who had blown himself up just a few hours earlier, that is, after Bilal's arrest and after the initial interrogation at the branch of the Preventive Security.

Jibril Rajoub went mad when he found out that Bilal al-Barghouthi was connected to the operation at the Sbarro restaurant that occurred at dawn today in Jerusalem. His investigators linked the presence of the engineer, Abdullah al-Barghouthi, to the case from this angle. To make matters worse, they found a pistol with Bilal during his arrest while we were waiting for the driver who was carrying the cargo.

At that point, the forces of the Palestinian "Corruption and Decay Agency" led by Jibril Rajoub, a lackey of the Zionists, raided the investigation. The investigation was prompted by the addresses written on the lease agreements—those agreements that Bilal had carried with him in anticipation of a security breach during the Sbarro operation. Therefore, he preferred to carry all the documents related to him and us and keep them.

Upon their arrival at those apartments, they found several hundred kilograms of explosives and several hundred liters of flammable materials used in the production of explosives. They found a large number of weapons, an even larger amount of ammunition, computers, night vision goggles, and a lot of electronic equipment. None of that really mattered, as it could all be bought with money. The money was what they found—my money that I had withdrawn from the banks, my money that I had received in exchange for the commercial properties I sold to the supermarket and the electrical supply store. They found and seized all the money; they looted it.

And to add insult to injury, there was that other corrupt individual, Tawfiq al-Tirawi, who was head of the Palestinian Intelligence Service. A Palestinian in name but Zionist in action and loyalty.

Tawfiq al-Tirawi and his forces raided my home in the village of Beit Rima, stormed my father's castle, and raided several commercial warehouses that appeared empty and unused to the public, but were actually filled with explosives. Thus, the intelligence apparatus seized what remained of explosives and money still in Beit Rima, and I became a prisoner in the hands of the Palestinian collaboration agencies. "Ahlam Tamimi" was arrested by the Zionists, and "Mohammed Daghlas" was first arrested by the Zionists based on his connection with Bilal al-Burghuthi, after that information was transferred from the Preventive Security apparatus to the Zionist Shin Bet.

Bilal and I remained detained for several weeks during which we declared a hunger strike. News began to spread outside the prison walls, leading to massive student demonstrations from Birzeit University and several other

Palestinian universities demanding my release and that of Bilal al-Burghuthi, my right hand and the shoulder I lean on.

God willed that there be a continuation to our journey. The Sbarro restaurant operation was critically timed, as the public was eager for it, wanting to punish the occupation and avenge it. This drove the public to fervor, demanding the release of those who carried out the operation. God also willed that Israel commit another crime against the purest and most honorable of Palestine's men, Abu Ali Mustafa, the General Secretary of the Popular Front, when the occupation forces bombed his residence in Ramallah, leading to his martyrdom and escalating the demonstrations demanding the release of Palestinian prisoners from Palestinian prisons, especially the Qassam leaders.

Thus, on the same day of Abu Ali Mustafa's martyrship, and after one of the marches and demonstrations that headed to the Preventive Security prison, I and Bilal al-Burghuthi were released.

On that day, the body of the martyr Abu Ali Mustafa was carried, but we did not participate in the procession nor

carry his body; we ourselves needed someone to carry and support us. Meanwhile, Ahlam Tamimi was also being interrogated at the Moskobiya prison in Jerusalem, where Muhammad Daghlas was also undergoing interrogation. I must say, what I experienced during the interrogation was far less severe than what my sister Ahlam and brother Muhammad endured; I was not tortured at the Palestinian Preventive Security, but my siblings suffered bitter torment at the hands of the Zionists.

The Fugitive

Yes, I became a fugitive a year after the start of the covert military action since the beginning of the intifada. I was exhausted from the hunger strike I underwent while detained by the Preventive Security services, and Bilal was suffering greatly from the strike because he only had one kidney, having lost his first during the first intifada, and he nearly lost the second due to the strike if not for God's mercy and kindness to him.

We were without apartments or a safe haven to seek refuge, without weapons and ammunition, without explosives, and without any infrastructure of computers and electronic devices. What's more, I was a destitute fugitive, utterly impoverished with not a single penny, because calamities come together and because trial was decreed for me during that difficult period.

During that time, I felt helpless and weak after I had started to master the arts of resistance. And here, my beautiful daughter and my guardian angel, it was your turn to extend a helping hand and support me, and to help the Al-Qassam

Brigades rise again, despite you being only two years old, and despite me having seen you only a few days during the past year in which I worked secretly, yet you were the first to offer me and the Qassam your support.

When you were born two years ago, I was extremely wealthy, which is why I always brought you gifts, especially gold ones. Thus, you ended up with many such gold pieces that I had a friend, who owned a jewelry store, specifically make to suit your small hands and light weight. When I went to pick up those gold pieces from my friend the jeweler, I would also buy gold pieces for your mother, my beloved wife. The pieces meant for your mother were always large and very heavy, so much so that she would always exchange them for smaller ones to suit her taste, which was much finer than mine.

Thus, the first thing I did upon my release from the Preventive Security detention was to sell all your gold except for a blue bead, and all of your mother's gold except for a light wedding ring I kept as a symbol of marriage. You never objected, while it was actually your mother who

initially suggested the idea. Indeed, your mother had withdrawn all the money I had deposited in her account a year earlier when I decided to walk the path of resistance, and the money I had accumulated from gifts and celebrations during our marriage.

The second thing I did was to reach out to the friend with whom I had left the trust—that trust being the set of chairs filled with weapons and ammunition. He was a loyal friend who had received a message from me during my detention at the Preventive Security, impersonated the name I had given him, retrieved the trust, and kept it at his place. Just when I thought things were starting to settle down, especially after I had rented an apartment and started buying computers again and had several forged identities, God decreed that I would lose the men around me, one after the other. Bilal Al-Barghouti was arrested with three mujahideen at the Preventive Security, and shortly thereafter, Hamas lost its most important engineering mind, engineer Ayman Halawa, when Israel bombed the car he was driving in Nablus, Nablus the Mountain of Fire.

After that, Hamas and indeed Palestine and the Al-Qassam Brigades lost the leader of the Qassamites, the martyr Mahmoud Abu Hanoud. He was the valiant lion who had made the Zionists taste bitterness, rubbing their noses in the dirt for many years from the First Intifada to the Second Intifada. Thus, I became like a small child without brothers and without fathers; yes, without brothers and without fathers. Ayman Halawa was a father to the Qassam, and Mahmoud Abu Hanoud was both a father and a great leader to the Qassam. As for the brothers, they were many, for during that period, Salim Hajj was also arrested, the most important link between Nablus and Ramallah, between the wings of the West Bank. And because Yahya Ayyash had written it on the Quran, "Be with Allah and do not worry," God honored Palestine and the Qassam with a Qassam leader I had never heard of before, a leader who had been detained for years by the security services, the authority of corruption and destruction, detained since the assassination of Yahya Ayyash.

He was detained by the security services all those years because of his association with Ayyash. God decreed his

release from the authority's captivity, and God decreed that I would meet him. He was not one of those who carried weapons or threw explosive devices, nor was he tall or broad, but he was a mind, a brilliant mind capable of finding everything the resistance needed. He was the voice of reason and wisdom: brave, patient, and silent, and I mean silent in every sense of the word. Throughout the two full years of joint work and being chased together, and throughout many long days and nights, he remained silent. I swear our conversations over those two years did not exceed two or three hours at most. He understood me without speaking, and I knew what he wanted without him having to say it. As the saying goes, a wise man gets the hint, but I say what was between us was a divine gift, a gift to both of us so we could engage in battle silently and strongly.

To this day, his investigation file is still open before the Zionist judiciary, so I will suffice to call him by the name Al-Salwadi. Thus began anew, I and Al-Salwadi, he coming out of detention and I likewise, he had accompanied engineer Ayyash and I, the engineer, looking for someone

to accompany me and assist me on my path and the path of the Qassam men.

"Tangled Words"

Here, as I begin to gather my thoughts and re-align the ranks that the Preventive Security and Intelligence Services have scattered, I find myself uttering these entangled words:

Am I not of the faith of Saladin...

And the son of Al-Khattab, Umar, the prince of the mujahideen...

Am I not among the monotheistic Muslims... Did we not pronounce the testimony for the Lord of the Worlds...

Have you not seen how we are slaughtered in Palestine...

And how the people of Gaza, the impoverished, are besieged...

Curse you, you coward...

You are no longer human today...

But you have become an agent of tyranny...

Damn you, son of the ravens...

As long as you accept injustice and humiliation...

For your people in Jerusalem, Al-Aqsa, and Palestine...

Are you blind or are you blind without eyes...

And without hearing and without ears...

Isn't this the act of one who betrayed...

And conspired with the enemy deliberately...

Or has your religion become insignificant to you...

Wake up from your neglect and do not grieve...

For my enemy and your enemy is one, not two...

It is the dream of the occupation of the sons of Zion...

Did they not prevent prayer and the call to prayer...

And prevented the Sheikh from reading the Quran...

As a fugitive, I address you, ally of tyranny...

For I am a son of the Al-Qassam Brigades, Az al-Din

By the religion of Muhammad, I abide...

I am a son of Ramallah and a son of Jenin

I am... I am a son of Al-Qassam, Az al-Din...

I am a son of Al-Qassam, Az al-Din

And you have made the enemy your lord...

And to him, you are devout.

God is sufficient for me against those who sell out, compromise, and accept humiliation and disgrace. The security apparatuses have become a burden in Palestine on the resistance and revolutionaries, turning into emirates and fiefdoms for their leaders who compete to appease their Zionist masters. Here, before I strike the enemy again, I decided to target these security apparatuses, but not through the shedding of a single drop of blood. Instead, I aimed to infiltrate them using various means including money and

technology, and importantly, through some of their own elements.

Those who resisted them did so after realizing their true nature as tools in the hands of their leaders, executing the occupier's orders. Because these institutions are like houses of cards, I quickly managed to learn everything that transpires within their circles. I swear by Almighty God that I knew the finest details of their conversations, and I was aware of the tasks they were assigned before even their operational elements knew. I knew these from the source, to the extent that I knew when and where the occupation forces would raid. This was done by monitoring the leaders of these security operations, led by Jibril Rajoub and Tawfiq Tirawi.

The punishment was threefold this time

It was incumbent upon the Al-Qassam Brigades to deliver a painful response after the martyrdom of both Mahmoud Abu Hanoud and Engineer Ayman Halawa. Personally, it was also my duty to retaliate for those crimes due to my relationship with these great leaders. However, when they were martyred, I was still gathering the threads of managing the battle anew. Yet, before I could gather all the threads, I decided to execute the largest and most complex operation carried out by the Al-Qassam Brigades at that time in occupied Jerusalem specifically, the Tripartite Operation.

I decided to carry out three operations in one day in Jerusalem to let the enemy know that punishment was coming, inevitably and with the help of God. The choice fell on two martyrs, Osama Halabiya and Ayman Bahar, to carry out this operation. They were childhood friends who had asked one of the brothers to inform Al-Qassam engineer, Abdul Al-Barghouti, of their desire for martyrdom in the cause of Allah. Because I did not prefer that type of operation at the time, I did not initially agree to their request.

However, due to their intense and strong insistence, they reached a point where they swore that if I did not agree to prepare and equip them for a martyrdom operation, they swore they would carry knives and stab soldiers at one of the military checkpoints. Here, their persistence met with the urgent need to teach the enemy a harsh lesson after the assassinations they had carried out.

Both martyrs were from the city of Jerusalem, which led me to assign them to scout several potential target locations that I had visited when I resided in Jerusalem before and at the beginning of the Intifada, before I became wanted by enemy forces.

During two reconnaissance rounds, the choice fell on a street filled with nightclubs. Here I clarify: we did not target a specific nightclub, but rather the Zionists gathered in front of these nightclubs, who were predominantly young occupation soldiers spending their nights in revelry and drunkenness and their days committing crimes against the people of occupied Palestine.

I instructed them to purchase a car to use in executing the operation, making sure not to buy it from Ramallah or Jerusalem to avoid drawing attention to them. Subsequently, we set a date for the operation. They came to one of the apartments I had prepared to serve as a laboratory for explosive devices. There, I equipped one of them with an explosive belt, which he could easily conceal under a winter jacket, given that it was winter. The other was given a rigged computer. They spent that Ramadan night after having their iftar meal filming several video tapes: tapes for the media and their families for a final farewell.

We spent that entire night as they recited the Quran and prayed. When it came time for Suhoor, I bid them farewell to head to Jerusalem, where they would remain until midnight before carrying out their self-detonation at the pre-determined locations.

When I said that the punishment would be tripartite, I meant it literally; it was indeed a powerful tripartite act.

Before the two martyrs set off and during our planning, we decided that they would drive themselves to the operation site and park the car on the opposite side of the street; the side that was away from the two operation sites, which, according to our knowledge of the area, would be the side where the occupation forces would likely close the street. Thankfully, this is exactly what happened. This operation was recorded with sound and images and broadcast live, thankfully and by the grace of God, delivering a powerful slap and punishment to the Zionist enemy for its crimes against the people of occupied Palestine.

Thus, the response was made and the appropriate punishment was delivered in response to the martyrdom of engineer "Ayman Halawa" and the commander of the Al-Qassam Brigades, "Mahmoud Abu Hanoud," may God have mercy on them, and God granted eternal paradise to the martyrs "Osama Halabiya" and "Ayman Bahar." This operation greatly destabilized the enemy, causing them to intensify their search for me through their agents and through agents of the Preventive Security and Intelligence Services.

My picture started filling the pockets of those agents who were scouring the streets and mosques day and night looking for me. Since that operation, I have not been able to pray inside a mosque until today. The most ironic part of this matter is that the special device of the Al-Qassam Brigades' Martyr Izz ad-Din al-Qassam, which I helped to establish in several branches in the areas I resided, reported noticing an agent from the Preventive Security, an agent from the Intelligence Services, and another agent for the Zionist enemy, all standing next to one of the mosques in the industrial area of Al-Bireh where the information indicated that I resided at that time.

Tyranny and Arrogance

Far away from Ramallah and Jerusalem, Merkava tanks surrounded my village, Beit Rima, and I immediately received word of this siege. I knew that their goal was to reach me, to capture my fortress and arrest my wife there. I headed with a group of Qassam fighters using dirt roads to try to enter the village and engage in battle. We were equipped with everything necessary: explosive devices, hand grenades, firearms, night vision goggles, and some sniper rifles. However, we could not enter the village, and since we were in an exposed position, we decided to wait until nightfall; the night is a protector and a cover, after Allah Almighty.

As soon as darkness fell, the Merkava tanks and armored vehicles, which operate without the need for a soldier's presence, outpaced us. They began firing at every corner of the village, not sparing any home within their range, showering them with bullets and shells.

The fighting continued all night until dawn broke. The village was filled with martyrs and wounded, hundreds of villagers were arrested, and the homes were emptied of all men older than fifteen or sixteen years. Several of my uncles and their sons were taken to identify my body among the martyrs, whose bodies were torn apart by tank shells. None of my uncles could recognize my supposed corpse.

On that day, about eight martyrs fell, and the wounded were in the dozens, if not hundreds. However, neither I nor my brothers, the Qassam fighters, were among the martyrs or wounded. We were armed and prepared, which forced the enemy forces to bring in several Apache helicopters to sweep the area we were in. But it was God's will for us to engage in a long battle without losing a single drop of blood, and a curfew was imposed on the village for several days. During this, we harassed the enemy from the neighboring hills, which made the occupying forces leave the village and chase us into those hills and mountains. By the grace of God Almighty, and with the help of explosive devices and sniper rifles, we were able to inflict casualties on the enemy troops, both killed and wounded.

My wife was not in the fortress when it was attacked and bombarded with a barrage of bombs, which caused part of it to burn and another part to be destroyed. My beloved wife, my guardian angel, and Osama, my young son, were all spared by God from those bombs and from arrest as well.

As soon as the enemy forces withdrew, the devastation became more and more apparent. Two cars that I owned, which were parked in front of my house, were crushed into a pile of metal, and a third one that was parked inside one of my commercial warehouses was blown up. The fourth car was found only half intact; the other half had been crushed at one end of the village, apparently having been caught under a tank during the massacre—a massacre against humans, martyrs, homes, cars, and olive trees. Nothing was spared from that machine of injustice and tyranny, the machine of destruction. As for me, my response was not delayed; it came through a number of intensive operations carried out on bypass roads and against Zionist checkpoints and barriers.

Rebuilding What Was Destroyed

When I returned to Ramallah after witnessing the extent of the destruction that had befallen my village, Beit Rima, I decided to take several measures to help, even a little, overcome this destruction. I tasked one of my relatives to rebuild my father's house, which had parts demolished and other parts burned, and I gave him the necessary funds for this. I also helped all the people who owed me money from the villagers, the money they owed for buying consumer goods from the commercial shops I owned until the beginning of the intifada, because when I liquidated and sold those shops, I kept the debt ledger. I didn't stop there; the destruction had affected many homes and families, so I sent a portion of the money hoping to contribute to the resilience of the villagers against the occupiers and to help them rebuild.

It was only a few weeks before the village returned to a much better state. What surprised me was how cohesive and cooperative the villagers were, so much so that a large part of the money I had allocated for the reconstruction of my

father's house (my new fortress) remained untouched because a number of construction workers donated their services to me: they donated their labor and the building materials needed to complete the work. When asked, they said: "We sacrifice for Abu Osama 'Abdullah Barghouti,' a fighter against the Zionists, and we will rebuild what was destroyed by the Zionists because this is our battle too."

I praised God for the solidarity of the village and for the solidarity of the Palestinian people, who were quick to do good, to build, and to offer everything they owned to achieve that despite their tight financial situation.

Abu Ali al-Salwadi

During that period, especially after the arrest of Bilal al-Barghouthi and a significant number of Al-Qassam Brigades members, whether by the Palestinian security forces or by the Zionist security services, the relationship became strong and solid, and there were some problems as well. These problems were due to one reason: Abu Ali al-Salwadi was afraid of losing me; he feared for me from arrest or martyrdom, and he would always say to me, "If we lose you, Abu Osama al-Barghouthi, no matter how hard we try, we won't be able to compensate for your loss or what you possess in terms of military and security experience and skills." I would laugh and reply, "Don't worry, Palestine is fertile and will give birth to those who are a thousand times better." But Abu Ali al-Salwadi's concerns were justified; during that period, the occupation forces were skirmishing around the major cities but had not yet stormed any of them. In one of those skirmishes and battles on the outskirts of Ramallah, specifically in the Um al-Sharayet area, I was with a number of Al-Qassam men, including "Sayyid" Sheikh Qasim and "Abu Ahmad al-Khatib," and two other

members. We engaged in a clash where we detonated several explosive devices and fired dozens of bullets towards the enemy forces trying to storm the Um al-Sharayet area. God willed that I be hit by one of the bullets that day, which settled in the thigh of my right leg, causing severe bleeding. Before they could transfer me after being injured, I had entered into a coma due to the severe blood loss from my body. I woke up two days later in one of the safe apartments after my brothers Sayyid Sheikh Qasim and Abu Ahmad al-Khatib had transferred me there with the help of two other Al-Qassam brothers.

The training program was intensive and grueling to a great extent, set to be conducted entirely in the cities of Ramallah and al-Bireh, in several houses prepared and designated for this task. Thanks to Abu Ali al-Salwadi, who managed this program with wisdom and authority, and with the help of Sayyid Sheikh Qasim and Abu Ahmad al-Khatib, who were my personal assistants and spent all their time either preparing the apartments or transporting the trainees to and from their places of origin, which was the most challenging task.

Bringing even one trainee to receive training required swift and complicated security measures amidst the security pursuit that the Hamas movement and its military wing, the Al-Qassam Brigades, faced from Palestinian security forces patrolling cities, streets, and residential buildings looking for us, and from Zionist enemy forces searching for us through their agents and technical means, including reconnaissance aircraft that never left Palestinian cities and through telephone call monitoring devices. This made the tasks of Sayyid Sheikh Qasim and Abu Ahmad al-Khatib among the most difficult, but by the grace of God, during their time working with me, they committed no blunders or errors. Instead, they possessed a kind of divine foresight and an exceptional security sense that kept us from falling into enemy traps.

As for Abu Ahmad al-Khatib, he was like a sword—if he struck, there was no need for a second blow because one strike from him was more than sufficient.

When I prepared the training program, I divided it into several modules: theoretical, scientific, and practical. For

the theoretical part, I converted everything in my head about technical information and everything in the computer into printed documents, written in very simple and clear language. This was so that the trainee, despite not having a background in electronic engineering or the science of making explosive devices, could understand these topics because they were free of unnecessary complexity and tedious details. I wanted the printed papers, enriched with engineering drawings and illustrations, to present a clear and straightforward picture. Additionally, I made sure that the trainee received a copy of these documents several days before arriving for training, so they would not be surprised by what was to be prepared and trained on.

Practically speaking, after completing the theoretical explanation, I would begin hands-on training with the trainee, teaching them how to prepare electronic circuits and equip them, as well as how to prepare explosive materials and package them into variously shaped and sized devices, each suited to the operation being prepared for.

From a field perspective, I trained Al-Qassam members to recognize different types of weapons and the ammunition used. Then, I trained them on how to disassemble and assemble these weapons, including pistols, rifles, and hand grenades. Once they mastered these stages, which were conducted inside the house designated for training, I would move them to a remote rural area for practical training.

I made sure to maintain an important security measure, which I hope every individual working in the field of resistance adheres to: no one was ever able to see my face or recognize my voice. Throughout the training period, no matter how long it lasted, I was always masked and spoke in Modern Standard Arabic, not the colloquial dialect. I also instructed Sayyid Sheikh Qasim to have each trainee wear a mask before entering, so that I would not be able to recognize their identity. Sayyid would ask them to speak in Modern Standard Arabic, just like me. I gave each one of them a codename to use, while they only addressed me as "the Sheikh," which was my title when teaching all those Qassam fighters. After successfully training all those

elements, I began selecting some of them for special jihad missions.

Selection was based on the skills displayed by the trainee during their initial training with me. I subjected them to intense specialized training tailored to the tasks they would be assigned. I will discuss some of the most notable individuals I trained and prepared, starting with dear Jerusalem.

I chose a mujahid named "Wael Al-Abbasi" and another member who were both proficient in weapon use, making explosive devices, and planting them. This cell carried out several operations to plant explosive devices around Jerusalem. I supplied the cell with explosive devices for these operations because the cell did not have a safe place in Jerusalem to make these devices, so I made them in Ramallah, and Wael Al-Abbasi would come to pick them up.

Sheikh Qasim was the officer responsible for the operations of this cell; he coordinated its activities with a mujahid brother named Saleh Al-Talhami. After several successful

operations, I decided, along with the brothers Abu Ali Al-Salwadi and Abu Ahmad Al-Khattab, to expand the activities of this Jerusalem cell, Wael Al-Abbasi's cell. This decision came after a cowardly and filthy operation carried out by the barbaric Zionist forces.

The forces carried out a bombing on the car of Hamas leader Hussein Abu Kweik's wife. Sheikh Hussein Abu Kweik was not in the car; it was his wife's vehicle, carrying their children back from school at the end of the school day. His wife and children were martyred, along with several school children who were in the area. Therefore, it was necessary to direct a painful and swift retaliation against the Zionist enemy.

The target was Jerusalem, and "Wael Al-Abbasi" was responsible for scouting and arranging the necessary preparations to position the martyr at the appropriate location, the "Moment" restaurant and cafe. The significance of this cafe is that it is located just a few meters from the residence of the Zionist enemy's Prime Minister Sharon. Importantly, the "Moment" cafe's patrons were

mostly government employees from the Zionist regime, who spent their time there to stay close to the Zionist Prime Minister of terror, Sharon.

Here, Sayyid Sheikh Qasim brought me the martyr, Fouad Al-Hourani. I equipped him with an explosive belt, filmed his martyrdom video, wrote his will, and then dressed him in clothes suitable for the location he was to go to. This preparation took no more than two hours. Afterwards, Sayyid Qasim returned to find him ready and prepared, then took him to Wael Al-Abbasi, who, along with his Qassam brothers' assistants, facilitated the martyr's delivery to the operation site.

God decreed that the martyr Fouad Al-Hourani safely reach Jerusalem from Ramallah despite it being night and despite the numerous fixed and mobile military checkpoints. It was God's will that he approached closer, reaching just meters away from Sharon's residence in Jerusalem. Upon entering, martyr Fouad Al-Hourani detonated himself, leaving behind dozens of Zionist casualties, including some of Sharon's

government employees, specifically from the Foreign Ministry.

Following this operation, Sharon went mad and unleashed his fury on the Palestinian West Bank by tightening the siege around the cities without invading them, and on the Gaza Strip by increasing bombing operations. Since he could not reach the fighters of the Al-Qassam Brigades, he targeted the Qassam leaders. Thus, Sharon bombarded the Gaza Strip, directing his aircraft's fire towards the engineer "Ismail Abu Shanab," the civil engineer and political leader, who was martyred. After his martyrdom, the lion of Palestine, "Abdul Aziz al-Rantisi," emerged to promise retribution and punishment.

Since things were moving very quickly, I assigned the "Wael Al-Abbasi" cell to scout another location outside occupied Jerusalem to avoid drawing suspicion to that cell. We asked them to choose a site between the central and northern parts of occupied Palestine, and they found a suitable place. Importantly, they also found a very suitable martyr for the operation. Because the Lion of Palestine had

promised when he vowed retribution and punishment that the response would be earth-shattering, that the Zionists' buildings would crumble on their heads, it was a dual operation. I prepared an explosive belt for a martyr to wrap around his body, and I made a highly explosive bomb which I placed inside a bag. I instructed the martyr to plant it in one corner of the target location. This martyr played a crucial role in determining the operation's site with Wael Al-Abbasi, as he knew the mountain paths and valleys well. Since the cities were besieged and the enemy had blocked the passages to our lands occupied in 1948, we had to traverse mountains to reach the targets we wanted to attack.

Thus, I made a different type of explosive belt than those I had previously made. This belt wrapped around the waist and was also secured over the shoulder with a leather strap, as it needed to be strong and stable on the martyr's body during a long distance on foot, crossing mountains and valleys. The materials it was made from were suitable so as not to be affected by pressure, heat, or the movement from walking. I also equipped him with an explosive device placed in his bag. Because this martyr had a strong physical

build, despite the difficulty of crossing the mountains, he was able to reach the other side, where Wael Al-Abbasi met him with his car. They drove to a gambling club named Club (Cipher), where he planted the explosive bag in one corner of the nightclub and detonated himself using the explosive belt in another corner of the nightclub.

The nightclub was located on one of the upper floors of a commercial building, and substantial parts of that building collapsed due to the power of the materials used in the operation. This martyr, whose name I did not mention, was one of the mysteries of the resistance effort, a Qassam enigma. He had come from Jordan and due to his close relationship with several members of the Qassam Brigades, we did not want anyone to know his name until more than eight years after the operation. We only disclosed it after I, while incarcerated in my cell, saw a plea from his mother in Jordan demanding to know the fate of her son.

The Al-Qassam Brigades then announced the name of the martyr who carried out this suicide operation, which killed dozens of Zionists and injured hundreds. The martyr knew

that his name would not be disclosed for these reasons before deciding to carry out the operation. He knew that the Palestinian resistance deserved every sacrifice, so he proceeded to martyrdom, traversing mountains and valleys, carrying a significant amount of explosive materials.

God is my witness, although I never met this martyr, those who did told me he was the prince of martyrs. A prince who urgently sought martyrdom, persisting until he crossed difficulties and reached his target resolutely, determined to teach the enemy a lesson in resistance: apologies to the martyr's mother, apologies to the father of the martyr, apologies to the family of the martyr, for the delay by the Al-Qassam Brigades in announcing his name for the reasons mentioned. And apologies for not writing his name in the pages of this book, because I write from within my cell and was not able to obtain his name due to my imprisonment. I am detained in a special isolation cell, a cell filled with surveillance cameras, where lawyer visits are forbidden, a cell that is more like a grave than anything else.

Tala Under Siege

Yes, my beautiful daughter and my guardian angel, you were under siege. You, your mother, and your brother Osama, Osama the Lion, were under severe surveillance by the agents of the occupation and by the agents of the Palestinian security services.

They were surveilling every move you, your mother, and your brother made. I received information from the special monitoring unit assigned to track the operations of the Palestinian Security Services. This agency did not just rely on its agents who watched the house from the outside day and night; it also sent a special agent who had been trained in Jericho by an intelligence director from the United States, sent by George Tenet to train that agent and implant him inside my home—the home where you and your mother lived with your younger brother, Osama.

What is difficult and sad is that this agent was a relative from the Barghouthi family, young in age and directly related to my wife. This agent was tasked with monitoring what was happening inside the home to try to reach me. He

was supposed to plant listening devices and surveillance cameras inside my home.

But God is the best of schemers. They plot, and God also plots, and God is the best of schemers. God Almighty facilitated the delivery of this information to me through the monitoring device, which allowed me to undertake a different kind of operation, one I had never done before: breaking the siege and smuggling you, your mother, and your brother out of the village of Beit Rima to reach me at the safe house.

As soon as the information arrived, pinpointing the end of the agent's training session and his expected arrival from Jericho to Beit Rima loaded with audio and visual devices intended for planting in my home, a special Qassam unit apprehended him before he could undertake any activity. Other Qassam teams secretly moved my wife and children from the village to Ramallah. After that, they also transported the agent to Ramallah where I personally began interrogating him. The most striking part of that interrogation was that as soon as he sat down, he started

recounting his story on his own, without a single question being directed at him. After he finished his narrative, I asked him a few specific questions about various topics.

He mentioned that during his training in Jericho by the American trainer who spoke Arabic, the trainer had asked him to buy some sweets for you, my daughter, to lure you into talking about me, although you were barely two years old at the time. They wanted to know anything they could, no matter how minor. I also learned through the Qassam monitoring device that a call had taken place between Arafat and George Tenet, the Director of American Intelligence, where Arafat was urged to arrest me and also to capture the General Secretary of the Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine, Comrade Ahmad Sa'adat Abu Ali Mustafa. Comrade Ahmad Sa'adat was highly wanted because the Zionists had accused him of carrying out a high-profile operation that killed the Zionist Minister of Tourism, Rehavam Ze'evi.

After moving my wife and children to a secure home in Ramallah, it became easier for me to visit them there.

Consequently, my wife became a target not only for the occupation forces but also for the Palestinian Security forces, leading to her picture being circulated, which made her movements extremely difficult as the occupation forces had deployed several female soldiers at checkpoints to scrutinize women and compare them to the photos.

Thus, during the entire period of pursuit, my wife lived in Ramallah. The security apparatus of the Authority never ceased looking for her or me, which led to my relatives being susceptible to arrest by these agencies, and their homes were subject to constant raids and continual searches under that pretext.

Salah Shehada

One night, an F-16 aircraft bombed a residential building in Gaza City's Al-Daraj neighborhood, reducing it to rubble with a massive strike. In this attack, Sheikh Salah Shehada, the leader of the Al-Qassam Brigades in Palestine, was martyred along with his wife, some of his children, and a number of residents from that building and the surrounding homes. Consequently, it became imperative for the brigades to respond to this heinous crime. However, the question was how to retaliate while living in a virtual prison within Ramallah—a prison imposed on us, forcing us to continuously fight the enemy and face them directly within the Palestinian cities.

Prior to the martyrdom of Commander Salah Shehada, a Palestinian engineer from Tulkarm named Abbas Al-Sayed carried out a significant operation that shifted the balance and rules of engagement. Abbas Al-Sayed is a Palestinian engineer who studied engineering in the Hashemite Kingdom of Jordan. He completed his studies in the same year I started mine in South Korea, after the first Gulf War.

During his time at university, he was active with the Muslim Brotherhood, and due to his Palestinian identity, he was subjected to harassment and pursuit by the Jordanian security services at the time.

"Abbas Al-Sayed" returned to Palestine and continued his political activity by joining the Islamic Resistance Movement, Hamas, in the city of Tulkarm. He progressed until he became its representative and spokesperson in the city. Despite continuing his usual political work during the Al-Aqsa Intifada, this calm engineer decided to engage in military operations as the crimes of the occupation intensified beyond description. During that period, not a week passed without a massacre or a crime being committed against the Palestinian people throughout Palestine.

Here, it became imperative to respond to the assassination of the leader of the Qassam Brigades, but the methods had become much more difficult and dangerous than ever before. I mentioned that we were living in a prison, and I mean that in every sense of the word. The Zionist enemy forces had transformed the residential building where my

wife and children lived into a military barracks, the roof into a haven for snipers, and the foundations into a base for tanks and massacres. They turned every street in the city into empty pathways after Zionist bulldozers dug large trenches that cut through the streets. They didn't stop there; they imposed a curfew that lasted for long days, up to twenty-five continuous days, after which the curfew was lifted for a few hours and then reimposed.

During those few hours, I managed to reach one of the apartments that the enemy had not reached, which contained everything I needed to prepare for an operation—the operation to respond to the assassination of Salah Shehadeh, may God have mercy on him. During this time, I was accompanied by my watchers Sayyid al-Hajj Qasim and Abu Ahmad al-Khatib. I made an explosive device, placed it in a bag, and sent it with Sayyid al-Qasim to a pre-agreed point with Wael al-Abbasi. He took the device and delivered it to occupied Jerusalem, where he and a group of his resistance men targeted the walls of the Hebrew University of Jerusalem and detonated the device via a mobile phone. Thus, despite the invasion and siege, we were able to

respond powerfully in the heart of the eternal capital of the state of Palestine, God willing.

This operation opened eyes to Wael al-Abbasi's cell, making their operations difficult. However, because the cell possessed several small explosive devices, each weighing no more than half a kilogram, they were able to carry out about four operations targeting fuel rockets by attaching these devices to them and also targeted several train cars by planting the devices in areas close to the cars.

Just a few days later, the Qassam cell that was the largest in Jerusalem since the state of the enemy occupied the city was arrested. Immediately, I began to activate a new Qassam cell that I had previously trained and appointed Mahmoud Shreiteh from the city of ad-Dhahiriya, located in the southern West Bank next to Hebron, to lead. Mahmoud Shreiteh, an engineering student at Birzeit University, was a supporter of the student bloc there. Abu Ali al-Salwadi had chosen him to be our engineer in the southern West Bank. Despite the cities being occupied by the enemy's tanks, I retrained him and prepared him for two martyrdom

operations, providing him with the necessary weapons to form an armed cell to confront the occupation forces in the south of the West Bank. I also supplied him with two explosive belts, which he took to ad-Dhahiriya. There, he and the cell he formed planned and executed two martyrdom operations from the south, detonating their explosive belts on two buses within the territories occupied in 1948. Mahmoud Shreiteh's cell was one of the fastest to form and also the quickest to be arrested. The cell only lasted a few weeks, during which it carried out two martyrdom operations before all its members, including its engineer and leader Mahmoud Shreiteh, were arrested. Following this, I summoned another resistance fighter whom I had previously trained to retrain and prepare him anew.

This was the only fighter I harshly reprimanded during his initial training. During the beginning of the training, while I, he, and another masked individual were conversing in Classical Arabic, he expressed a preference for receiving his military training from the engineer "Abdullah Barghouti". Before I could inquire why, he explained that he wished to perfect his military skills under "Abdullah Barghouti"

because he saw him as a continuation of Yahya Ayyash. I sternly rebuked him, asserting that no one could match the stature of the martyr "Yahya Ayyash" and that "Abdullah Barghouti" was merely an ordinary engineer, if not less so. I was somewhat harsh with him during the training. Interestingly, "Abu Ali Salwadi," who brought him for training, only identified him as a Qassam fighter, so I assigned him a code name for communication, like the other fighters I had trained. However, he later revealed that he was one of my cousins and "Jaser Barghouti" from my village, a Qassam fighter. I only learned his true identity several years later after my arrest when we accidentally met in prison, where he discovered my identity and realized that it was Abdullah Barghouti, his cousin, who had trained him.

This is the Al-Qassam Brigades: silence, secrecy, and ongoing jihad. After retraining and rearming "Jaser Barghouti" and his cell, they carried out several impactful operations against the Zionist enemy. During that period, fearing the early arrest of "Jaser Barghouti's" cell, like that of the engineer Mahmoud Shriteh, I activated several other Qassam cells in various cities, notably Hebron—Al Khalil

Al-Rahman. Hebron, blessed with thousands of Qassam fighters and in need of engineers and leaders, was graced by the commander Al-Haj Abdullah Al-Qawasmi and his brothers' sons, producing the most beautiful and finest Qassam operations during those challenging times of invasions.

Here, I must clarify an important point: I was unaware of any of the names of the fighters I worked with during the extended period from 2000 to 2003. The names I now mention were only known to me years after my arrest, and they are not the real names of those individuals; they are either detained like "Mahmoud Shriteh," "Wael Al-Qasim," "Jaser Barghouti," "Ahlam Al-Tamimi," and others or have become martyrs in the presence of their Lord.

I made it a strict rule never to know the real names of those I worked with, thus maintaining a red line that nobody was to cross. Therefore, although Sayed Sheikh Qassem and Abu Ahmad Al-Khatib were my companions over those years, I refused to know their true identities at all times.

I always ensured that the cells I formed were proficient in leadership and management so that the arrest of one would not cause significant damage to the Al-Qassam Brigades.

The Invasion

During one of the Zionist invasions of Palestinian cities, the city of Ramallah and Al-Bireh were invaded and the headquarters of the Preventive Security Service was surrounded by tanks. This siege was nothing but a maneuver by one of the most dangerous agents in Palestinian history, Mohammed Dahlan, coordinated with the Zionist occupation forces and the Shabak, aiming firstly to eliminate his then-strong competitor in the West Bank, Jibril Rajoub, and remove him from his path so Dahlan could take over the security apparatus in the West Bank just as he had in Gaza.

At that stage, Arafat was besieged and weakened, and Dahlan wanted to be George Tenet's and Sharon's man in the West Bank, promising them that once he took over and controlled the security forces, he would completely eradicate armed resistance.

This reason, despite its gravity, did not concern me much; they were all the same to me, Jibril Rajoub or Mohammed Dahlan, mere dogs of the occupation, nothing more, nothing

less. However, what did concern me was that within that headquarters were dozens of fighters from the Al-Qassam Brigades and the Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine, including my cousin and fellow resistance fighter, Bilal Barghouti.

Therefore, I engaged in several battles and ambushes in an attempt to break the siege, all in vain and without any benefit, as the Zionist forces were much stronger than us in terms of equipment and weaponry, especially the air force, as Apache helicopters bombed continuously any suspected targets.

Bilal Barghouti and dozens of resistance fighters were arrested that day after a collusion of traitors with the Zionist enemy against the resistance. I was deeply saddened, even shedding tears, because I felt powerless against the Zionist machinery of destruction, especially when I was just meters away, witnessing my brothers being stripped of their clothes and led to the enemy's slaughterhouses to be taken to Zionist prisons. I have never felt such a moment of weakness in my life, a life during which I have seen everything that could

possibly be seen, and experienced things that could affect even the toughest men, yet nothing ever affected me—except for that day and that night, which was one of the longest nights of my life.

As dawn broke, I returned to say goodbye to my wife, son Osama, and daughter, then headed towards God Almighty, hoping to meet Him as a martyr. After bidding them farewell, Said Al-Qasim, Abu Ahmad Al-Khatib, and I went to the center of Ramallah, near the vegetable market and Jamal Abdel Nasser Mosque. There, we engaged in a fierce armed conflict for about twenty days, detonating dozens of explosive devices and firing hundreds of bullets. The battle did not end until a shell from a tank struck the area from which I was attacking the enemy, causing me severe injury. I nearly lost my right hand. My brothers, Said and Abu Ahmad, carried me to a nearby shop for treatment. The shell shattered my arm in several places, nearly amputated my hand, and I almost lost my index finger, which I used for firing. It was stitched with no less than eight stitches, rendering me unable to participate in armed battles for several months. My brother Abu Ali Al-Salwadi was furious

when he learned of my condition, but he calmed down once he knew I was recovering. The injury, while severe, brought me closer to God Almighty than ever before.

My Mother's Heart

During one of the phases of my pursuit, my mother suffered a heart attack that required surgical intervention. She was hospitalized in Amman, Jordan, where my parents were residing. When I received the news, I felt compelled to reassure her personally, despite others keeping me informed of her condition. Given the severity of her situation, I decided to visit her directly to lift her spirits and strengthen her resolve. Several years had passed since I had been able to speak with her or my father directly due to my pursuit.

Throughout my pursuit, I never used a mobile phone under any circumstances. Instead, I traveled from city to city to conduct matters that required only a few minutes of conversation, because I knew the dangers of using mobile phones, how well the enemy could track calls, and locate the caller. Since the enemy had several reconnaissance planes equipped with guided missiles flying around the clock over various Palestinian cities, using a mobile phone was madness. But madness and challenge are my passion, so I lifted the mobile phone and talked to my mother for a few

minutes. As soon as the signal was cut, I picked up the landline and called her again after we reassured each other. After lifting my mother's spirits to the skies, I joked with her so much that I was told her eyes, which had been weeping over our separation and out of sorrow for me, now wept from laughing so hard at my jokes. I made that call simply, and just as simply, the communication lines were cut one after another. The reason for these interruptions was the continuous bombardment. When and how?

When I first called using a mobile phone, after about fifteen minutes or less, the occupying forces, through a reconnaissance plane, bombed a parked car on a street in Nablus with several guided missiles. I had set up a network of counter-tracking devices and devices that redirected tracking to another location. I installed these devices on some transmission towers and one was fitted on one of the cars I had purchased and prepared for this purpose to mislead the enemy's intelligence and electronic systems. The enemy bombed the car thinking I was there making the call, turning it into a pile of burned metal.

Meanwhile, I took an apple from a fruit bowl in front of me and after the mobile signal was cut, I called from a landline this time and began eating the apples one after another, continuing to talk to my mother and throw joke after joke at her. Despite not hearing my voice for a long time, she became tired of my jokes, and I said goodbye multiple times without either of us hanging up until the occupation forces cut off the call again by bombarding; the Israeli forces raided a residential building under final construction stages, showering it with shells and demanding my surrender.

When I didn't respond, they stormed the building. Their invading soldiers were preceded by dogs equipped with surveillance cameras, which transmitted the scene to them—and to me as well, since I had previously cracked the code used to send images through those cameras, allowing me to see what they were seeing. At that point, I detonated an explosive device, killing one of the dogs and injuring a soldier.

As for me, despite the search and inspection operations that lasted for many hours, they did not find me because at that

time, I was busy eating oranges after running out of apples. I was not in Nablus where they blew up the car, nor was I in Ramallah where they destroyed that building, which, by the way, belonged to one of the Israeli agents who traded Palestinian lands and sold them to Zionists, so I was quite pleased with the destruction that befell it.

I was sitting on one of the balconies overlooking the Al-Aqsa Mosque in Jerusalem, right in the heart of the holy city. There, I thanked Allah for my escape and for the technological slap I had delivered to that enemy.

That technological blow cost several tens of thousands of dinars and several days of continuous work by the men of the Al-Qassam Brigades, may Allah glorify Islam through them and glorify Palestine, the mother of men and maker of men.

Ah, my mother's heart, a thousand ahs. Pray for me, my most precious creature in existence, my beloved mother, your prayers, your prayers.

I slapped her, so does this invalidate my ablution?

It happened that I slapped a woman, who is not one of my close relatives, with an open hand on her cheek. Does this act invalidate my ablution? The correct response to such religious questions wasn't really what concerned me, because I don't even remember if I was in a state of ablution when I slapped her or not. After slapping her, I performed ablution and prayed.

What mattered to me was the reason behind that slap—a strong, indeed very painful one that the woman received from me. The roots of this incident go back to when I received several requests from a woman through the Qassami monitoring device, insisting on meeting me for an important matter. Since there was no security risk involved, I agreed to meet her after months of repeated requests.

She said: 'Peace be upon you.'

I replied: 'And upon you peace, mercy, and blessings of God, what's the matter, sister?'

She said: 'I want to be a martyr for the sake of Allah.'

I said: 'There are hundreds of male martyrs waiting their turn to participate in that kind of operation.'

She asked: 'Didn't Ahlam Tamimi work with you?'

I replied: 'Yes, she worked, but I didn't even know she was a girl until she was arrested.'

She said: 'I want to be a martyr.'

"I said: 'Why?' And before she could answer, I motioned for her to place her hand on the Holy Quran. She said, after a long silence, that she has been married for many years and she was unable to bear children, and whenever she got pregnant, the fetus would die inside her. Her husband's family had burdened her and turned her life into hell, and although her husband loved her, he himself could no longer withstand his family's pressure. That's why she wanted to leave this life to escape its troubles.

As soon as she lifted her hand from the Quran, my hand struck her face like a hammer, and she fell to the ground crying, and one of the sisters who was there with her Qassam fighter husband cried with her.

I said, 'Go to your home and be confident that Allah will bless you with three sons and three daughters. Go and trust in Allah. Your problem has a simple solution; go back to your home, perform ablution, pray, and call upon Allah—Allah, the Responder to prayer, the One from whose mercy you should never despair.'

I left her, and the Qassam fighter and his wife escorted her home. On the way, she stopped crying and asked the fighter's wife, 'Did Abdullah Barghouti say three sons and three daughters?' She replied: 'Yes, he said three and three.'

After the Qassam fighter dropped off the woman, he returned to me. He found me silent, and though he had spent the whole day with me, he heard my voice only when I was reciting the Quran in prayer."

There was a question that perplexed me: if that woman blew herself up, would she be a martyr or a murderer, martyr or murderer? I am not a religious scholar nor a professor of Islamic jurisprudence, I am not a mufti, nor even a sheikh among those who spend their time in mosques and attending religious study sessions. I am "Abdullah Barghouti," a

Muslim, no more, no less. Yes, I pray, I fast, and I practice the Sunnah as much as possible, yes, as much as possible.

I am just a Qassam engineer, only an engineer, a Qassam engineer who also does not lie. Oh Allah, I told her that Allah would bless her with three sons and three daughters. Oh Allah, we are now in the blessed month of Ramadan, and I promised and swore, help me, Oh Allah, help me.

It was only a few days until I was preparing one of the martyrs, I believe it was Ayman Bahar, he said to me, "Sheikh, advise me, what do you want me to say to our Prophet Muhammad, peace be upon him, if I am martyred and my soul ascends to paradise?" I told him, "Greet him for me and pray to Allah to ease my affair." He asked, "Do you want me to intercede for you with Allah since I am a martyr?" And here I remembered the slap, remembered the woman, and said to him, "Do not intercede for me, for your brother Osama Halabiya will intercede for me, but I want you to ask Allah Almighty to remove grief and sorrow from my sister so-and-so daughter of so-and-so and to bless her with three sons and three daughters, as I promised her." And

I narrated the story to both Osama Halabiya and Ayman Bahar.

As soon as the blessed month of Ramadan ended and the lesser Eid came, and about two months later the greater Eid arrived, I received news that the sister was pregnant and in just a few months she had given birth to a beautiful boy, followed about ten months later by another, more beautiful boy, and then a third son, whom she named, she named him Abdullah.

Those jurisprudential questions always bothered me, but thank God there were brothers around me who were more knowledgeable about religious matters. I know that whoever is killed for the sake of Allah, and Allah alone, his destiny is Paradise and forgiveness, and that whoever is killed for a worldly need that is transient, his destiny is painful punishment and the fire of Hell, I know that, but I also know that I am not a religious scholar; I am just an engineer on the road.

Just an engineer, no more, no less

I beg you, do not burden me with your sins, I beg you, this time he almost killed had it not been for God's covering and His kindness to me and to the Qassam Brigades. A martyrdom operation had been prepared by the brothers for him to go to, he wanted martyrdom, but I did not want it, and I did not allow it, despite him.

In South Korea, before studying engineering, I studied Korean literature courses. One of those courses was reading faces and interpreting their expressions. There in Korea, faces hide more of what is inside the hearts, but here in Palestine, faces are mirrors to the hearts and minds. After security procedures were previously prepared to receive him and prepare him for the martyrdom operation, I photographed him, dressed him in the explosive belt, and prepared the appropriate clothes for the targeted location.

I did not speak to him or ask him any questions during that period, but when he reached the door, I shook his hand firmly and asked him why he wanted to blow himself up? Why did he want to be a martyr?

He remained silent, and his silence lingered so I knocked him to the ground, shackled him, removed the explosive belt from his body, and asked my accompanying brothers, Sayyid Hajj Qassem and Abu Ahmad Al-Khatib, to transfer him to the brothers in the Qassam Intelligence unit.

The brothers didn't ask me why I did what I did; it wasn't their habit, as they are silent Qassam members, and they knew the matter was not just serious but extremely so. Therefore, they quickly transported him, bound and blindfolded, to the Qassam Intelligence unit in the West Bank and Jerusalem. As soon as they returned to me in haste, I gave them the address of a specific point. They went there and brought back a martyr who had been waiting at that spot. I prepared and equipped him, and then he went on his way to meet his Lord after reaching and carrying out his martyrdom operation. Afterward, I was busy for several days with jihadist activities in another city. When I returned to the city where the incident had occurred, the brothers reminded me of that young man, and I went to see him and found him completely exhausted from the interrogation.

I said to Sayyid Sheikh Qassem that I had not requested his interrogation; I had asked for him to be placed there with Qassam Intelligence only. Here I say that the interrogation with him was very harsh, bringing him to the brink of death in every sense of the word. I found a semblance of a young man and found no explanation for what had happened except for poor coordination, for which I was responsible, not Sayyid Sheikh Qassem or the brothers at Qassam Intelligence; they thought there was a security reason for what had happened, especially after Sayyid Sheikh and Abu Ahmad saw how I had acted with that young man when I knocked him down, shackled him, and removed his explosive belt. I asked them to take care of him and to restore the health he had lost much of.

I returned to him after a day and asked him why he wanted to blow himself up; he said, "I am not an agent, I swear by Almighty Allah."

"I said: I know that for certain, but what I don't know is why you would want to become a martyr. Tell me and go on your way.

He said: My father was an informant during the first Intifada. I said: I know, but your father repented, performed Hajj to the House of Allah, and has passed away in God's mercy years ago. He said: Despite that, his bad reputation still haunts us. I asked: How so? He said: My sister finished her university studies and was engaged to one of her colleagues, but before the wedding date, the young man broke off the engagement and the marriage contract and traveled outside of Palestine to Jordan. Being the eldest of my siblings, I decided to follow him and ask him why he did what he did. He told me that he did it because the people of the village were blaming him for getting engaged to the daughter of my father, my father who - despite his repentance, Hajj, and death - was still considered an informant by the villagers. Therefore, I want to carry out a martyrdom operation so that it can be said that my family is the family of the heroic martyr, the resisting martyr. Know, my brother, that my father had six daughters from my mother and two from his other wife. How can I preserve my honor and the honor of my sisters if I do not do what I intend to do?

I said: Don't you know that Allah, the Almighty, asks everyone who kills about the reason for their killing, and that Allah considers anyone who kills to be called a hero, as a casualty, not a martyr, and that his destiny is Hell, a wretched destination? He said: I know, and by Allah, I know, but Allah is Forgiving, Merciful. I apologized to him for what he suffered as a result of the interrogation and for not agreeing for him to become a martyr. I bade him farewell, and the brothers took him to where he wanted, to his village."

Several days passed, not more than a week, during which that young man bought a pistol and set off for one of the Zionist cities after leaving a will stating that his action was intended for the sake of Allah. He opened fire, injuring a number of Zionists and was killed. Killed or martyred, I do not know and will never know, for only the Lord of Hearts knows what lies within them.

As for me, I am just an engineer, nothing more, nothing less. When I was watching him during the video recording as he read his will that he had written himself, he did not mention

several phrases that I had heard from those before him who were to be martyrs. He did not say 'by the will of Allah' or 'with the help of Allah', nor even 'if Allah wills'. He did not start with 'in the name of Allah, I rely on Him', or declare 'I am the living martyr, by the will of Allah, His face did not radiate light or a halo; instead, I saw anger and sorrow. Sorrow?! How could he be sad when he was going to the Lord of the Servants? Anger?! How could he be angry when he had requested to carry out that operation and insisted on executing it?

The other martyrs were all happy, joyful, eager to meet Allah. Indeed, I swear by Almighty Allah, while in my solitary confinement cell, that some of those martyrs were the ones who tightened the explosive belt around themselves, and they requested more explosive materials. Indeed, many of the martyrs stated—Allah is my witness—the number of people they would kill or injure, and they were all truthful, without exception.

I thank Allah that I did not send him and I thank Allah that he did not die during the interrogation with the brothers. I

say, I am just an engineer, nothing more, nothing less; so help me, Allah, that I do not err or stray.

Martyr Majd al-Barghouti

I think you, my beautiful daughter and my guardian angel, might have noticed how much I despise and detest what are called the Palestinian security forces, such as the Preventive Security Service and the General Intelligence Service. This resentment and hatred stem from several reasons:

Firstly, there is the financial corruption and plundering practiced by the leaders of these security agencies who were once ordinary people, less than ordinary, who became, upon assuming leadership of these agencies, owners of money and properties everywhere from Dubai, passing through Amman, to overseas. Due to their financial corruption, they have become puppets in the hands of whoever pays them more, whether it be payments from the Zionists, the Americans, or the British, the backers of the infamous Balfour Declaration.

When I formed the Qassam surveillance unit in the West Bank to understand what was happening within those security agencies after my arrest by one of them at the start of the Intifada, I learned through this Qassam unit

astonishing things about those leaders and city governors like the governor of Ramallah. They were involved in running brothels and a gang dealing in drugs and stolen cars. Moreover, leaders of these security agencies were extorting agents who were working with the Zionist Shin Bet, forcing them to pay sums of money in return for overlooking what they were doing against the people of Palestine, including spying on them and activities against them. In fact, some of the corrupt security agency leaders were using prostitutes to entrap some Palestinian nationalist youths; these women, who were working within the security agencies, had no other job but to lure young men into vice and then blackmail them, making them fall into the nets of espionage for these agencies and subsequently for the Zionists.

What hurt the most in what we discovered about these filthy agencies was their use of the most severe and harsh methods of torture against members of the resistance and their relatives. Although I was captured and found myself inside my cell, far from the squares and streets of the West Bank and Jerusalem, thankfully, information still lit up for me whenever possible, from the Qassam's men of shadow.

My dear daughter, I have received word how those despicable security agencies tortured your uncle, Majd al-Barghouti, inside the General Intelligence Service in a crazed, animalistic, inhuman manner. That torture lasted for days and long weeks.

I, inside my cell, was boiling with anxiety about what was happening to Majd al-Barghouti there in the interrogation cells of the intelligence headquarters, which were located very few meters away from the office of that despicable, frivolous Mahmoud Abbas. The interrogation was carried out at his personal instigation to eliminate what remained of the men of the Islamic Resistance Movement, Hamas, in the occupied West Bank and Jerusalem. Not far from those cells, your uncle Abdullah al-Barghouti was subjected to the worst kinds of torment by the Preventive Security Service in the city of Ramallah, surrounded by many from my family and from Hamas, who were being tortured, not for any reason other than that they were resistors or supporters of the resistance approach.

Weeks passed until the soul of your uncle, the martyr Majd al-Barghouti from the village of Kobar, Majd al-Barghouti, the muezzin of the mosque in that resistant Barghouthi village, ascended. He died a martyr, leaving a number of his children fatherless and the village and its mosque without a muezzin.

The village mourned deeply and the children wept over his departure, while the men cried upon seeing his pure body filled with marks from whippings and the agony of electric shocks. Thus, he was martyred. After many months, Majd al-Barghouti was recognized as a martyr. Your uncle, Abdul Ali al-Barghouti, was released from the interrogation cell of the Preventive Security Force after he nearly died a martyr under the lashes of torture. Yet, God ordained his survival and decreed disgrace and dishonor for the corrupt leaders of that futile authority—Mahmoud Abbas and his thieves, Mohammad Dahlan, Jibril Rajoub, and Tawfiq Tirawi.

My beautiful daughter and my guardian angel, allow me to recite some intertwined verses and words, to perhaps ease a

little of the pain and burning in my chest regarding the fate of Palestine under the rule of those tyrants.

Mosques of the Home

The Quran of my Lord and the Sunnah of the chosen
Prophet...

Turned to ashes, so where are the revolutionaries...

An occupying settler has oppressed and arrogated...

And the authority of debauchery sees and struts...

Enemies' dogs roam around our Quran...

And men alike are bought by the dollar...

They killed the jihad and destroyed the path...

Sold the homeland, the religion, and the revolutionaries...

They made pacts with the occupier, even more,

They turned into mad, despicable torturers...

They kill their own skin, so beware...

For Palestine is innocent of those villains,

They are Satan's seed at the heart of the home...

Occupation agents without feelings...

My mind is paralyzed and has ceased to think...

For the situation has become more dangerous than dangerous...

For God does not change the condition of a people...

Unless they change what is in themselves...

Arise, O muezzin, proclaim the mobilization...

Against the occupier and his vile agent...

Did not their madman burn the pulpit...

Did they not build and raise the wall...

And they surrounded us with the worst siege...

Is our patience and waiting not enough...

Are we not the servants of the Almighty...

Are we not the servants of the Lord of the righteous...

Or have we become sheep to be slaughtered...

Tell me, in brief, by your Lord...

Where are the mujahideen, where are the free...

Where are the men of Palestine of victory...

Have they become martyrs in the graves...

Or have they become forgotten in the dungeons of
captivity...

I know that the sun will rise, and I know that the injustice of
Abbas and his ilk will not last, and that their fate will be
nothing but the garbage of history. And I also know that
after the Holy, there is only Jerusalem, and the Qassam.

Mariana, Umm Safaa

After years of being pursued along with my wife, daughter Tala, and son Osama, it was God's will that my wife became pregnant under these difficult circumstances. At the beginning of the Intifada, I had money—in fact, a lot of money. But after my arrest by the security services of the Authority and the plundering of those funds, I was forced to sell what could be sold from gold and withdraw what my wife owned in money. However, the Intifada and the resistance were much bigger than what one man could meet, even a small part of its needs.

Indeed, the price of a single bullet reached three dollars, yes, three dollars, up to five dollars depending on the type of bullet and the weapon firing it. Therefore, with a simple calculation, any armed skirmish we engaged in involved firing several hundred bullets, meaning thousands of dollars spent in every round of armed conflict.

Besides, buying weapons that had become rare and whose prices had gone insanely high was another challenge. The West Bank was besieged, and the only way to purchase

weapons was from inside the territories occupied in 1948 through arms dealers and mafia men. As the years of the Intifada progressed, the prices only went higher. Thus, Abu Ali Salwadi ended up financing all those expenses and more; he funded everything the Al-Qassam Brigades and the needs of the families of the pursued Al-Qassam fighters needed.

During that period, the resistance experienced a state of financial stability and significant strength by purchasing all the necessary weapons, equipment, cars, renting accommodations, and materials for military manufacturing. However, after this period of financial stability, the occupying forces launched their campaigns, raiding banks and financial institutions, and exchange shops. They arrested anyone suspected of financing the Palestinian resistance and seized millions in funds, leading to a much more severe financial crisis than before. Especially since we had greatly expanded our operations and had financial commitments such as rented house wages, expenses for the pursued individuals, and their families who were also pursued under these circumstances. By the will of Allah, my

son, your sister was born; due to the extensive arrests, my movement became very difficult, and the movement of my assistants even more so. Sayed Sheikh Qasim and Abu Ahmad Al-Khatib also became wanted by the enemy forces, and Abu Ali Salwadi's movement became impossible under those conditions.

Allah willed that heavy snowfall would close the streets of Ramallah for several days, allowing several men from the Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine to escape from the nearby Ofer prison. The occupying forces imposed a curfew on the city, and their armored vehicles patrolled the snow-covered streets. On the evening of Friday, January 31, 2003, it became necessary to take your mother to the hospital. That day and night, under the conditions I mentioned, only your mother, you, Tala, and your infant brother Osama were present.

I had prepared a plan to manage the birth of your younger sister, but the field conditions prevented that plan from being realized. However, Allah Almighty was always with the men of the Palestinian resistance, Palestine, the land of

commitment and steadfastness. Here, I asked you to take care of your infant brother, and although you were only three and a half years old at that time, you took good care of him and yourself.

Your mother and I left the house, trying to drive to a nearby hospital, the Red Crescent Hospital in Al-Bireh, but the car could not move through the city streets which were closed due to the snow. Since the occupation soldiers were only moving with armored vehicles, I was able to identify the streets that those vehicles had taken in their curfew enforcement and search for the escaping heroes of the Popular Front from Ofer prison. Because Ofer prison, Ramallah, and Al-Bireh are very close to each other, the area available for escape was very large, which led to the success of this remarkable operation.

Walking over the snow, my wife traversed the roads to the hospital where she gave birth to my daughter "Mariana," I mean "Safaa." I registered the newborn using a forged marriage certificate and forged identity cards, to prevent the

news from leaking to the Zionist enemy and the Palestinian security forces.

After your mother gave birth, I returned to check on my children there and spent several hours moving between the hospital and the home, until morning came and the municipal workers of Al-Bireh began to try to open the roads after the withdrawal of the enemy's armored vehicles. Thus, I brought my car to transport my wife from the hospital to the home as soon as the roads opened in the morning. That night, there were very few people in the hospital, countable on the fingers of one hand, which made things inside the hospital go smoothly, and despite her pain, God helped your mother and eased her delivery, thankfully.

By the way, my daughter, Safaa's name in those papers was Mariana and she was not Muslim but Christian from Bethlehem. That was one of the identities I used during that period of persecution; I was Christian, as well as your mother, and you, Tala, and your brother Osama. Of course, your name wasn't Tala, and your brother's name wasn't Osama; you were Sarah and your brother was Elias.

About a year after my arrest, I remembered that your sister did not have a birth certificate with her real name and the names of her parents, so I tasked lawyer Buthaina, and the director of the Mandela Association, which deals with prisoners' affairs, obtained a birth certificate for Mariana to become Safaa, Safaa Abdullah Barghouti.

When I was arrested, no one in the world knew that I had three children. My mother was saddened by my arrest but soon rejoiced when she learned of the new baby, who carried her name. My mother, Safaa Barghouti, was delighted for the birth of Safaa Abdullah Barghouti.

My wife, who was a strong pillar of support during my time of being hunted, was never a burden to me. Instead, she motivated me to continue my resistance due to her patience and faith in what I was doing. After living a life of comfort and ease, she found herself being pursued without a stable home or a peaceful place. Over those years, we moved from city to city, from one house to another, to the extent that I can hardly recall the number of those houses and locations. When Tala was born, she wore over a hundred dresses in

her first hundred days in this world and wore gold jewelry, whereas Safaa only wore two dresses due to our financial difficulties. Instead of gold jewelry, she wore a plastic bracelet from the hospital with 'Mariana daughter of Antoine' written on it.

Planting the Creed : Sayyid Sheikh Qassem

Planting the creed is very difficult, but uprooting that creed once planted is a thousand times harder, almost impossible. Here I say that the creed of the sons of Al-Qassam was planted by the natural instinct that was guided by Islam and dignity. During all my years of jihadist work, I never saw a Qassami who did not offer himself for martyrdom and advance to the front lines like those Qassamis. Throughout the years, this resistor worked with me like a protective shield, always ensuring my security and attending to all the details that I might overlook. I was loaded with various extensive responsibilities from managing resistance operations to updating the methods of those resistance cells, and dealing with technical issues through computers that I navigated - pirating the web to find something useful for the resistance, with enough information to be penetrable and see what was inside.

As for Sayyid, he would watch everything in silence without asking any questions, and I did not realize that I had an invaluable treasure right in front of me. Sayyid Sheikh

Qassem worked in the field of installing residential water systems and had no connection to the electronic and electrical issues that occupied my time, especially when there was no military operation underway.

Once, I needed several dozen explosive devices for an operation; I asked Sayyid to do as I do. He didn't hesitate and immediately started working impressively. I stopped him and asked how he managed to do the soldering, connecting pieces, and assembling them. How? He said, "I was by your side during the many training sessions where you were training engineers and technicians on these matters. I would observe, watch, and read what you had written in the notebooks of those courses and watch the engineering drawings, so I memorized much of it and I would draw them in detail. As you know, I was the only person allowed to roam freely with you and the trainees. Sometimes, after finishing the training, I would put the tools used by the engineers back in their places, and thus I learned."

At that moment, when I heard what he said, I stopped making the explosive device I was working on and started giving him an intensive course that lasted several days and nights. During this time, I was able to hone one of the most important technicians and indeed one of the most important Qassam engineers. Sayyid Sheikh Qassem, after the training period, started preparing many multi-purpose and varied devices.

I have trained dozens of engineers, some of whom had completed their master's degrees and were preparing for PhD studies. But God is my witness, Sayyid Sheikh Qassem surpassed them in learning speed and mastery of what he learned.

Sayyid Sheikh Qassem continued on the path of a Qassam engineer after me, creating the most technically sophisticated operations and managing the best military plans. Sayyid Sheikh Qassem, an engineer on the path.

Thus, I say that the difficulty of the training he received over those days made managing the battle easy and straightforward; difficult in training, easy in battle. Thus, I

planted - alongside the Qassam creed in Sayyid Sheikh Qassem's heart - the sciences of Qassam engineering, which no one was ever able to uproot. Instead, the son of Qassam sowed these sciences and beliefs within the hearts and minds of the youth of Islam and the men of Qassam.

Gear and Gears

With this flash, I want to showcase the "Qassam machine," that machine filled with the gears of Qassamis, those gears that operate in silence, stability, and capability.

Here, my beloved daughter and my guardian angel, you must know that when I recounted to you the events and incidents that occurred during my Jihadist journey, I am merely a very small gear in that machine that contains the gears, the gears that have continuously and silently controlled the most magnificent pages of resistance on the soil of Palestine, all of Palestine.

Here, when I mention the name of one of those Qassam gears, I am referring to what I did with him, not to what he did on his own in resisting the Zionist enemy. When I mentioned engineer Ayman Halawah, I did not discuss what he did independently of me or his solo acts of resistance and Jihad. Indeed, this martyr engineer Ayman Halawah carried out a significant number of resistance activities, including one of the most important operations, the "Dolphinarium" operation on the coast of occupied Palestine. In that

operation, dozens were killed and hundreds injured when the martyr Said al-Hawtari detonated himself among the Zionists while they were partying and drinking in the nightclub located by the seashore, after engineer Ayman "Halawah" had drawn up the plan and prepared the explosive material that was placed inside a drum on which the martyr played his tune, the tune of resistance.

These are just very simple examples of those names mentioned during the writing of these pages, each of which could fill a book, if not books, to narrate their Jihadist biographies on the path to liberating all of Palestine, Jerusalem, and Al-Aqsa. Therefore, you must know that there are dozens, if not hundreds, of Qassam machine fighters who have done far more than I have. Yet, my daughter, they remain silent; some of them Allah has graced with martyrdom, others He has decreed capture, and still others hold tightly to the ember of resistance, resisting and remaining steadfast in silence. Hence, I hope that when you grow up, you will chronicle the experiences of these Qassam fighters in books, so that the noble biography of these good

people, whether martyrs, captives, or fighters, can come to light.

The fire flares up if choked with firewood...

So how can a son of Qassam not erupt when he is angered...

Over the blood of a people being spilled...

And burns everyone who has usurped the right...

Spreading the biographies of these fighters is a revolution not less significant than the revolutions of those who carry rifles and resist with them, for a truthful word in these tough times might be more powerful than bullets and more impactful than explosive devices.

And know, my daughter, that one who does not thank people does not thank Allah Almighty, and thus I am grateful to everyone who taught me a letter or a word, everyone who supplied me with a bullet to resist with. I thank all those I fought alongside and honor the mere fact that I met them there on the battlefields. Know, my guardian angel, that we

do not choose the battles we fight; rather, the battles choose us.

Folding the Wounds

As the raids and arrests intensified, they became more focused on anyone believed to be related to me, whether closely or distantly. Over several years, dozens of Qassam engineers and field commanders were arrested. There was always a replacement that Abu Ali Al-Salwadi hurried to find, and I took on the responsibility of preparing and training them to join the battlefields.

As for those who were difficult to find, they were the personal assistants and bodyguards. I managed this group in a closed manner, and many of these individuals, like Sayyid Al-Qassam and Abu Ahmad Al-Khatib, had spent several years with me, making it extremely difficult to replace any of them. Due to their direct connections with the Qassam engineers and field leaders for coordination between me and them, they became targets for the occupying forces. Previously, they had conducted all their activities without being classified by the occupation as involved in resistance. This led to all members of my security circle being wanted fugitives, necessitating their protection and careful

management of their affairs. Given the rapid pace of events, I needed to start looking for new places to stay, other than the old ones that posed a risk to my security. Because I was preoccupied with my wife and three children at the time, things became even more difficult due to the need to frequently go out for basic living necessities such as food and drink, especially since my wife had fallen ill after giving birth to our daughter Safaa and had been bedridden for several weeks. I cared for my children and met their daily needs. In those circumstances, and 35 days after my wife's continuous bed rest, I was forced to find a new residence that was more suitable than the current one where we had prolonged our stay.

During my search for a residential apartment, I was observed by a real estate agent specializing in renting apartments. Of course, he did not recognize me by my name but was able to identify me through my features and from a picture taken of me inside his office, which he then showed to the Shabak, leading to my identification. Thus, I was lured into an appointment to view an apartment near the municipality of Al-Bireh.

On the morning of March 5, 2003, I went to the hospital to treat my daughter Tala, who needed an ophthalmologist visit. Since her mother was also ill and bedridden, and because all the companions who had worked with me were now wanted by the enemy, I had to go myself to take care of her treatment. The treating doctor had not arrived at his scheduled appointment, and I was told that he would be at his clinic in a private hospital and would arrive within an hour or more. Since there was a prior appointment with the owner of the rental office, I had to take my daughter to that appointment with the hope of viewing the apartment and then returning to the eye hospital.

As soon as I arrived at the parking lot of Al-Bireh Municipality and got out of the car with my daughter in my arms, two police dogs attacked me. I quickly threw my daughter Tala back into the car and closed it to keep her safe while I tried to fend off the dogs. One of them had started to bite my leg and the other was tearing at the winter jacket I was wearing. Before I could get rid of the police dogs, a group of occupation forces surrounded me, pointing their machine guns at me. They threw me to the ground,

handcuffed and blindfolded me, and led me to a vehicle that had stopped nearby during their attack. I was taken to the Ofer interrogation camp and prison nearby. Before arriving, they removed the hood from my head but kept the blindfold on my eyes. When the car stopped inside the camp, they removed the blindfold from my face, and I found myself facing a masked man who looked at me and nodded. That masked man was the owner of the rental office. I recognized him because he was short and fat, wearing somewhat high-heeled shoes. It only took a few seconds for him to recognize me before he nodded with his covered head, and just a few seconds for me, despite being bound and handcuffed, to decide to execute him.

I swore that the first thing I would do is execute that despicable informant. Executing him was never an issue for me; it was always about how I would do it. What you don't know, my daughter, is that over the years of resistance, I executed a number of informants in a manner that matched the severity of their crimes. For instance, those who caused the firing of a shell that led to the martyrdom of a fighter, I would turn their bodies into shreds by throwing them into a

pit that had been mined with explosives. It's unimaginable that after an informant had caused the body of a resistance fighter to be torn apart by an enemy shell, based on that informant's information, I wouldn't turn his skin into shreds once the charges against him were confirmed. An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, and the aggressor is always more unjust. I am not one to forgive treacherous informants.

As for informants who cooperated with the occupier but whose cooperation and betrayal did not lead to the martyrdom of resistance members, I did not swear to kill them but to scrutinize and expose them, turning their lives within the West Bank and Jerusalem into hell, which would push them to flee into the arms of the enemy into a town within our territories occupied in 1948.

I have not delved deeply into the topic of informants because it is a subject I despise greatly and dislike discussing. Often, I was forced to deal with their filthy cases against the sons of the resistance and the people of Palestine. Informants are the dirtiest phenomenon known in Palestine as a result of the Zionist occupation, whether direct agents

or proxy agents, leaders of the Authority's security apparatus who wore medals of collaboration, proudly flaunting them and dancing over the blood of Palestinian martyrs.

Before I return to what happened to me, I will briefly touch on what happened to you after I threw you inside the car and closed the door.

As soon as I was led away from you, the car was opened, and you were thrown to the ground in the parking lot of Al-Bireh Municipality. They took my car with them, thinking it might contain something useful for my case.

After a period of my arrest, one of the lawyers who was overseeing my case legally told me that after the occupying soldiers threw you to the ground, several municipal employees who witnessed my raid and arrest took you in, trying to identify you.

When they asked you, you told them your name was Lina Ashraf and that you were from the city of Nablus. This was

the last name I had given you, after your previous name, Sarah.

They could not determine your identity in any way because no one had felt your absence or missed you. I was detained, and your mother was sick, lying in recovery. I had left her sleeping along with your brother Osama and Safaa when we left the house that morning.

Thus, my daughter, you remained unidentified until after the evening hours. Your age had not yet exceeded four years, and since you had spent more than half of those four years moving from one dwelling to another and from city to city, anyone trying to ask you for any information, whether by name or place of residence, entered a maze from which they could not derive any result.

TV stations and satellite channels began broadcasting what had happened and showed your pictures in their news reports. Fortunately, your grandmother recognized you, despite not having seen you for over two years. She knew you immediately and called your uncles, shouting, "This is

Tala, go to the city and bring her back immediately; this is my granddaughter."

Your uncles arrived in Ramallah after midnight, where you had been transferred to one of the family members' houses who had taken you from the municipality of Al-Bireh at your uncles' request. Then you were moved to the village to be with your grandmother. Naturally, your grandmother and uncles failed to get any information from you except for your description of my arrest and the ordeal with the dogs.

My wife was used to my being away from home for long hours, but usually, it was just me who was absent, not with any of the children. She was worried and waited, knowing she should wait 24 hours in case of my sudden disappearance before returning to the village. As her anxiety grew, she turned on the TV to follow the news, where she learned of my capture and imprisonment by the Zionist enemy forces.

She waited until the next morning and returned to the village with my remaining children, Osama and the infant Safaa;

Safaa was thirty-five days old on the day of my arrest. As soon as my wife arrived at the village, the occupying forces raided the village and my father-in-law's house, arresting everyone present. My wife underwent continuous interrogation, but they could not extract any useful information from her, as she was unaware of any of the operations I was involved in. She had been focused on caring for the children throughout her time with me and had never seen the face of any of my assistants, whether male or female.

After the interrogation ended, she was released, and thus the name Tala reverted back to Tala, but she did not embrace this name until months later after repeatedly being called by it. Despite years passing since her name was officially restored, she prefers the name Lulu, a nickname I used when her name was Lena, and Lulu remains an alternative name for her to this day.

As for the most beautiful, Safaa, who was born under the name Mariana, she has since become accustomed to the name Safaa since returning to the village of Beit Rima.

Osama, or Elias, or Khamsa, also reclaimed his name quicker than Tala because he was still young and because we would call him Al-Ghadnfar at home, a nickname that has stuck with him to this day, with Osama as his official name.

Returning to what happened after my arrest, which I described in a few intricate sentences, I described my physical and psychological state on that first day that extended into a series of days across six months of continuous interrogation, a day that started and did not end until the completion of the six months or one hundred and eighty days combined into one single day.

I said on that day:

Handcuffed and shackled, hanging from the ceiling of my cell by my elbow,

Dawn of bullets, no sun rises, no hope, and tear-filled eyes,

Occupation tyrannizes, and logic is reversed, questioning and interrogation completed,

My body aches, their whips burn like fire, bones break and are crushed,

My sea is stormy, and my mind is drowning, my heart aches, and I feel constricted,

I was captured and tortured, yet the pawn did not fall, and my soul ascended in pain to the Creator,

No, my soul did not ascend to the heavens... I did not become a martyr, and still, I gaze at the interrogator.

Yes, I did not become a martyr, but I was caught between consciousness and unconsciousness, struggling against the pain in my body so as not to break my will and not to destroy what I had built over several years with the men of the resistance, the men of Qassam.

I was aware that such a moment might come, for those who resist the occupation face only martyrdom, capture, or victory. Victory was difficult due to many circumstances that need not be elaborated upon or the reasons behind them—reasons that have afflicted the people of Palestine with setbacks, catastrophes, Oslo, and much more. Thus, I

was prepared for martyrdom by dedicating my intent solely to Allah Almighty, the Lord of Majesty, the Lord of Palestine, who has decreed jihad as the path to liberating the holy sites.

As for capture, I was prepared for it in several ways, starting physically. Despite being busy with resistance activities over the past years, I always maintained my physical fitness in top condition. I continued my training and strengthening my muscles for use in fighting armed battles or in the battle of wills in interrogation cells, whether those cells belonged to the Zionists or their agents from the security services of the authority. From a security standpoint...

My preparations were divided into two parts:

The first involved the vast experience and knowledge I gained from Abu Ali Salwadi, Sayyid Qassem, Ayman Halawa, and other Qassam men who had previously undergone multiple arrests over the years. Through their experiences, I, along with them, developed a concept of what would happen to me or any of the resistance members if captured. Therefore, we prepared a manual in which

brothers Abu Ali Salwadi, Sayyid Qassem, and Ayman Halawa explained how to manage the arrest battle. Thus, despite not having been previously detained by the Zionists, I had a complete notion in my mind of what I would face there and how I would react during the interrogation in the dungeons.

The second type of preparation was different; I chose to undertake it for various evolving reasons. Over the years, I had been collecting all the information provided by some detainees linked to me through jihadist work relations. This information was obtained either after they completed their interrogations and were placed in prisons or through lawyers who had access to the confession and indictment sheets presented in Zionist courts. Thus, I knew with more than ninety percent certainty what had been discussed specifically about me and knew the charges that would be leveled against me. These charges never concerned me; I was a resistance engineer.

What mattered and concerned me was ensuring the structural work of the Al-Qassam Brigades, its future plans,

and objectives, as well as the locations of weapon and ammunition stores and explosive material depots were not disclosed. That was my primary concern.

Secondly, it concerned the resistance fighters who worked with me whose identities had not yet been revealed to the enemy forces. I had sworn by the Lord of Majesty that I would rather die a martyr before revealing those identities and before the enemy could capture those shadow princes of Al-Qassam, or before the enemy could obtain even a single bullet from Al-Qassam's arsenal.

Based on the strategy I had established, I entrusted myself to God, while the Zionists entrusted their affairs to the devil, building their approach on what is known as military interrogation. Military interrogation is the method by which the Zionists employ all inhumane techniques to extract information from detainees. During the two months of interrogation with me in Jerusalem at the Moscovia Interrogation Center, my bones were broken, and my physical state nearly collapsed. However, God Almighty, the Lord of Jerusalem, is higher and stronger. I was tortured

in those dark dungeons at the hands of the tyrants of the time and desecrators of the place—defilers of the Holy City and of the bodies of prisoners and detainees. As soon as the two months concluded, I was taken to another interrogation center that had neither a name nor an address on the map, referred to as the secret special center. Indeed, there began another round of interrogation that lasted for months and more, during which I was a dead man carrying the remnants of breath. God kept my spirit in my body, denying me the martyrdom I deeply desired. Martyrdom was my goal and purpose, which I aimed to achieve by challenging those barbaric Zionists. I did not die as a martyr and was once again carried on a stretcher to a cell in a Jerusalem prison. There, in Jerusalem, I returned a shattered human being, carried on a stretcher that only lacked a black bag, the kind used for bodies.

I was thrown into that cell for about two weeks or more, then I was transferred again to the north of Palestine to the "Megiddo" prison. There, they finally removed the blindfold from my eyes and for the first time in over three and a half months, I was left unshackled in one of the

sections. I saw the sun for the first time and also saw people other than the Zionist interrogators. However, those people were like wolves in human bodies. As soon as I arrived at that prison and to the section specifically prepared for me and to welcome me, I found them praying. I performed ablution quickly and hastened to stand behind them to pray, to pray not in congregation but as an individual. Although their imam had a long beard and was old, I did not feel comfortable with him because as I entered to pray, I caught his eye watching me as I moved from the door to stand in the last row, with the door of the prayer tent on the right side of the opposite row, which is the right side of the tent. I was uncomfortable with his looks and the way he prayed, for he and the several dozens of prayers with him were like musicians in a well-trained orchestra. There was not a single discordant note among them; they were like mechanical men, wolves in the bodies of men, men like machines moving in irritating harmony.

As soon as I finished praying, many of them had already passed by me heading towards the tent door to exit. The chief imam stayed behind with two other bearded men,

those beards they tried to use to hide their true identities from me. They greeted me right after I finished praying and introduced themselves as Palestinians from various parts of Palestine, claiming to be resistance fighters and rebels.

They provided me with an abundance of food and milk. Thus, my first day passed with solitary prayer and food enough for a hundred. On the second day, their chief imam presented me with a bag, claiming it had come from Sheikh Jamal Abu Al-Haija, the leader of the Qassam Brigades in Jenin. Sheikh Jamal had been arrested about a year ago. What their chief imam, who gave me the bag as if from Sheikh Jamal, did not know was that I was aware that the Sheikh was in a different, more secure prison, built from concrete and iron, not here in the tent prison; because the Zionists did not place people in the tent prisons of Megiddo or the Ofer tent prison, if their sentence was close to ending and they were about to be released. So, how could Abu Al-Haija be detained in Megiddo, and how could I, Abdullah Barghouti, who faced countless charges, be brought to a lightly guarded prison that more resembled a park filled with tents?

Upon opening the bag, I found a letter from "Jamal" Abu Al-Haija. The Sheikh, as he claimed, had written it to check on my conditions and at the end of it, he listed several phone numbers belonging to political leaders like Brother Khaled Mashal, Brother Abdel Aziz Rantisi, among many other names and more numbers. However, among these names and numbers, there was not the number of Sheikh Jamal Abu Al-Haija, who supposedly sent me the bag, and I didn't ask anyone for his number to avoid raising suspicions that I might have started to doubt them.

I spent several days keeping to myself, praying alone behind their imam without arousing his suspicions or letting him know, and I slept a lot due to the exhaustion that had overtaken me during my rounds of interrogation at the Moskobiya in Jerusalem and the secret center. I ate and drank whenever I could.

There was a voice continually reminding me that I would face a third round of interrogation; it couldn't be that the Zionists had given up so easily. They had not grown tired, despite having spent nights interrogating me, although they

changed the interrogation teams periodically. As for me, I was not changed during all those months.

Several days passed, I think more than a week, after which their chief imam came to ask if the batteries of the mobile phones I had were drained—those that Jamal Abu Al-Haija had sent, two not just one. One was connected through the Palestinian network for use within Palestine as he wrote to me, and the other was connected through a Zionist communication company for international use. I said I didn't know if the batteries had drained or not because I hadn't used those devices at all. Before he could ask why, I told him that I had forgotten about their existence due to my confused thoughts and physical exhaustion. The truth was that I was trying to buy as much time as possible in this place to regain some of my physical strength for an interrogation round I felt was inevitably coming.

In one corner of a tent, I sat down to make my first call as soon as their imam left me alone. I called my wife; she answered, and I told her I didn't have much time as the battery might die, so she shouldn't speak and let me talk. I

reassured her about my condition and tried to comfort her about my absence and captivity. I asked her to give the phone to my daughter, Tala, my guardian angel. She kept asking me where I was, and I repeatedly answered that I was with your friends, your sweet friends, and then I hung up, bidding her goodbye.

Tala's Sweet Friends

Tala owned two singing birds, which she kept during the years she was on the run with me. Whenever one of those birds died, I would immediately buy two new ones and return the surviving lone bird to the pet shop owner.

Thus, for years, Tala had no friend but her singing birds, whom she fed every day and whose cage she cleaned. As soon as Tala finished her call with me, she went to the birdcage to look for me inside it, because I had told her I was with her sweet friends, sitting inside the cage, eating my food. Since most of my family members are former prisoners, they caught on to what I meant by that and understood that I was in the section known among Palestinians as "the birds" or the rooms of disgrace, a section for collaborators and spies.

Afterwards, I had a long call with my parents in Amman, trying to reassure them about my condition. I did not use the mobile phones again in the following days, fearing that any slip-up or wrong word from my family members could harm my brothers in the resistance. By the end of the second

week, I was informed by their chief imam that I would be transferred to another section.

During my time with those collaborators, I was provided with the best food and no one asked me anything. Their task was to provide comfort and to make me talk on the phone, thinking that they would be able to track those words and find something against the resistance and its men.

I put on my shoes, handed over the bag and its contents to their imam and chief spy, and left that section heading to the external door. There, a number of soldiers from the occupation forces were waiting for me; they bound my hands and feet, placed a blindfold over my eyes, and led me to a vehicle that sped off to Jerusalem, to the Moskobiya interrogation center. There, a new round of interrogation began, not unlike the previous rounds, except that on the first day of this round my arm was broken. The motivation driving the Zionists, pushing them to lose their nerve, was the multiple attacks carried out by the men of the Al-Qassam Brigades, led by Abu Ali Salwadi and Sayyid Al-Qassam, as a retribution for their unceasing crimes against every

Palestinian, whether civilian or militant, whether resisting or peaceful, which caused the Israeli Shin Bet leadership to suffer from a blind hysteria. They wanted to break my will, make me collapse and reveal the secrets and intricacies of the resistance.

During that period, from the intensity of the torment, I swear I saw death and spoke with it face to face. I touched it and came to know it intimately. I befriended death, and it befriended me, sympathizing with the torment that had befallen me. God decreed that I should not be martyred, and He decreed that the Angel of Death should not take my soul.

After two months in this state and those long nights, I had been captive for about six months and a few days in the interrogation cells. I was then moved from beloved Jerusalem to the desert of captive Palestine, to the Negev desert to the Beersheba prison. There, as I left Jerusalem, the words swirled in my head, unable to be spoken by my lips due to the exhaustion and pain of my body. Bidding farewell, I addressed beloved Jerusalem and its towering

walls, the shadows of its walls, the Buraq Wall, and the walls of captivity, I said:

"O shadows of Jerusalem, rise and speak to me...

Your walls are silent, they do not converse with me,

Are you angry with me because I am among the imprisoned,

Or because I have not been martyred alongside the warriors?

I beseech you, amplify the call to prayer,

Do not submit to injustice, oppression, and tyranny.

I am sorrowful for you, O gateway to Paradise,

O city of love, forgiveness, and mercy.

Are you not the crown jewel of the earth and Palestine,

And your walls, the ascension of the master of messengers?

Have not martyrs died for you, sacrificing their souls and their valuables,

So why are you silent while I am in sorrow?

Victory is coming by the will of the Lord of the Worlds.

Every occupier of your soil and your dust will perish,

And you will remain lofty without degradation.

You are the city of justice and balance,

You are the gem of hidden pearls.

The soil of Jerusalem is not mere mud,

Jerusalem is blessed, and so is its surroundings in the Quran.

You are the first qibla of the praying believers,

And you, O Jerusalem, are the second of the two holy sanctuaries.

O shadows of Jerusalem, O paradise of paradises,

Hear my voice and let me hear the call to prayer.

Victory is coming, and the occupying enemy will perish,

The hearts of Al-Qassam's men are filled with faith.

O shadows of Jerusalem, let me hear the call to prayer,

O shadows of Jerusalem, let me hear the call to prayer.

I am the captive martyr, yearning to hear your voice from behind the bars.

I am one who neither sells out nor compromises,

I am one who is loyal to the Lord of Jerusalem.

I am one who is loyal to the Lord of Jerusalem...

O shadows of Jerusalem, let me hear the call to prayer."

Upon arriving at Beersheba Prison, I was placed in solitary confinement, a section comprising ten rooms, each housing either a security prisoner or a civilian inmate. In those isolated cells, apart from the rest of the prison's sections, my beloved mentor and father figure, Sheikh Jamal Abu al-Hija, was present. In another room, my dear friend, the lion of Bethlehem resistance, Ahmad Al-Maghribi, resided alone. Others included Marwan Barghouti, the Secretary-General of Fatah, who had extended his help to me when I was released from the Preventive Security detention in the West Bank. Despite the complexity of his situation, being a

wanted fugitive by the occupation forces, he offered me assistance.

After several months spent among those heroic resistant prisoners, I was taken for interrogation again. This time, the focus was not on the activities of the Al-Qassam Brigades, but on the disappearance of their informant who had led them to me, the owner of the apartment rental office. I spent only one week in interrogation, neither more nor less. However, I was not returned to the section where my fellow resistant brothers were held but was placed in a special section containing just one room called the "closed guard section." This room, monitored by several surveillance cameras watching every move I made and every breath I took, became my solitary confine. I spent a year and eight months in that room, during which I saw no one except for a single Zionist officer and three soldiers who were tasked with guarding and overseeing my affairs.

When I was initially arrested, I resolved to execute that informant, but I was unsure of the method. However, during my six months in the interrogation cells, I devised the best

possible way to punish him and make his death a lesson to anyone tempted to collaborate with the enemy and betray their honor and faith. This informant lived in the West Bank under the guise of owning a real estate rental office, though he was from another area and city which I choose not to mention. After the interrogation, as soon as I sent his name to my brothers in the Al-Qassam Brigades, it turned out he played a role in the killing of two members of a Palestinian organization in Ramallah. Once my brothers completed their investigation, they sent the results to my prison, waiting for me to issue a judgment on the informant who had handed me over to the enemy and whose treachery had led to the martyrdom of several fighters.

I asked my brothers to look for a construction site where a new complex or large building was planned. They found the site, and there they buried the informant alive under the concrete that formed the foundation of the building. I despise informants and wish to purge Palestinian society of them.

A year and eight months later, I returned to the same section where the resistant brothers and rebels had been, but found none of them there. Some had been moved to regular prison sections, and others to isolation sections in other prisons. In that section, I encountered nine madmen, mad in every sense of the word, who spent the night screaming through the doors and pouring water outside their rooms. I remained in this state for about a year or slightly more, after which the number of these madmen gradually decreased, and each departing one was replaced by one of the resistant brothers. The first to arrive was "Ahmad Al-Maghribi," my dear friend and the son of the prince of Bethlehem, then "Hassan Salama," followed by others from the security prisoners.

Throughout this extended period from my release from interrogation, I focused on several key tasks, the most important being learning and mastering the Hebrew language, both reading and writing. I achieved this goal within a few months and began reading Hebrew newspapers and books as well.

My second goal was to regain the muscle mass I had lost during the six months of interrogation, due to the lack of movement, the constraints and chains, and the poor quality of food, if it could even be called food at all.

By the grace of God, I managed to restore my physical health to its previous state, if not better. I ran for a full hour every day during the one hour I was allowed out of my cell. I performed push-ups and abdominal muscle strengthening exercises. In short, I read all kinds of books I could get my hands on and maintained my exercise routine without allowing any external factors to disrupt it. After that, my trial began, and I was sentenced to sixty-seven life sentences and five thousand two hundred years!

On the day of my sentencing, it was as if they had decided to demolish my grandfather's castle. They destroyed the castle, and it became a heap of piled stones. My children climbed to the top of the heap and planted a Palestinian flag and a green Hamas flag on it, emblazoned with: "Allahu Akbar."

I have never regretted anything I have done throughout my life, whether it was before I entered Palestine or after I entered into the heart of resistance, into the heart of honor and dignity.

During the nearly ten years I spent isolated in solitary confinement, I was taken for interrogation several times, all of which were routine and bland. However, what truly infuriated me was when my Shin Bet interrogator showed me a video recording of confessions made by two Qassam fighters who were visibly tortured and exhausted. These fighters were not detained by Israeli intelligence agencies, nor were they tortured there; instead, they had been interrogated by the security forces of Mahmoud Abbas's authority. This authority, known for reaching the lowest depths of corruption and decay, has cultivated collaboration as a deeply ingrained creed, deeper than some might imagine.

My dear daughter and guardian angel, know and let everyone who reads these words understand that life is singular and the Lord is one. We either live with dignity and

honor or die a death that seeks the face of God Almighty, after which the soul ascends to the Lord of Honor. Palestine, with its Al-Aqsa and Jerusalem, deserves everything that has been sacrificed for it, and by God, as long as there is breath in my body, I will not be stingy with it for my occupied homeland. After Al-Quds, there is only Al-Qassam, and after Al-Quds, there is nothing but the path of resistance.

Al-Qassam, men of the "Vanishing Illusion" operation

That illusion, that dream I hoped to awaken from as a free man liberated, returning to the pile of stones that was once my fortress, to my children, my wife, my parents, and to all those who loved me—brothers and sisters. The vanishing illusion that allowed me to live with hope and a dream, from which I awoke while others, released prisoners, returned to their families in besieged Gaza, victorious, to Jerusalem, to the West Bank, while others were exiled to lands of foreignness. As for me—Abdullah Barghouti, Hassan Salameh, Ibrahim Hamed, Jamal Abu al-Haija, Abbas al-Sayed, Mahmoud Issa, Ahmed al-Maghribi, Bilal Barghouti, Wael al-Abbasi—I remained shackled, thrown into solitary confinement to this very day. The vanishing illusion dissipated with the wind, and we remained under the tyranny of prison and jailer. Is there no advocate to rally behind after God, who might break our chains and liberate us, or have we returned to live in a world of dissipating illusions?

Write, my pen, from within your captivity,

Write from within your isolation, for you are a free pen in the hands of a free prisoner. Write, I implore you by Allah to write, for I am suffocating. Write, my pen, write, I beseech you by Allah to write:

Write with your ink about me and express... for my cell is mute, silent as a grave.

Write and fear not, for you are free, while I am a prisoner enduring bitterness.

Craft words of freedom and victory with your ink... to soar high in the skies of liberty and fly.

Create the story, write about my thoughts... and tell the tales of every rebel.

The chain binds the prisoner's wrist, and I am bound... but your wrist is only shackled by conscience.

With this blood, write victory... make it shine in the sky like the full moon.

I entrust you by Allah to continue writing... to speak and roam in battle and not flee.

Write with your ink about me and express... for my cell is
mute, silent as a grave.

You are a free pen, not bought by a dinar... nor sold in the
markets of Zionists and infidels.

Your freedom's ink is a danger to them... and for us, for
Palestine, it is the gain.

Achieve justice and faith, and venture... and scorch them
with the ink of your colonizing blood.

And to every agent, bring humiliation and disgrace... and to
every aggressive, occupying traitor.

You are now the knight of the pulpit... and the lion of the
lions' den.

Rebuke their lies, cleanse the forgeries... and extinguish the
fire of their wicked disbelief.

You are no longer a small child... soar in the skies like a
falcon.

Fly and beware of their treacherous nets... and beware of every despicable agent.

Be like a dagger in the hands of the warrior... and like a Qassami sword, a warrior who severs.

Continue on the path of truth, march forward... proclaim the victory, cheer and herald.

Write, my pen, write and do not stop, you are free.

You are Abdullah Ghaleb Barghouti, husband of Fa'ida and father of Tala, Osama, and Safaa, brother to Raef, Mohammad, Reem, and Fa'ida, son of Ghaleb and Safaa, and son of Al-Qassam. Write, my pen, and express, for I am a son of Islam and Qassam.

The pages of this book, which I've penned under the title "Prince of the Shadow: Engineer on the Road," are now nearing completion; indeed, they are finished. It is time to fold both the pages of the book and the pages of wounds. Yet, my story is far from over; the narrative continues, enduring and expanding. What remains to be told is more substantial, greater, and far deeper than all that has been

written and narrated within the pages of "Prince of the Shadow: Engineer on the Road."

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