

INTRODUCTION

Forty thousand Muslims, including innumerable Ulama, are languishing in the torture cells and dungeons of Saudi Arabia. Most of them are 'rotting' in the prisons of the Saudi king without trial. Years and even decades have lapsed, but the hearts of the Saudi rulers remain harder than stone. Describing such brutal men, Allah Ta'ala states in the Qur'aan Majeed:

"Then their hearts became hard after this. Thus their hearts are like stone or harder (than stone), for verily, from stone gush out rivers. And, verily, from it (stone- are such stones) which split open and water flows out. And, verily, from it (stone) are such (stones) which roll (from higher ground) for the fear of Allah. And, Allah is not oblivious about what you are perpetrating."

(Baqarah, aayat 74)

The slightest word of Haqq spoken – the slightest act of Amr Bil Ma'roof Nahy Anil Munkar which displeases the Saudi rulers, brings about arrest, indefinite detention without trial, and torture. The lives of tens of thousands of Kalimah Reciters are wasted away in Saudi jails under the yoke of brutal Saudi oppression.

In the ensuing pages is reproduced the heart-rending plea and cry of a Saudi mother whose son was arrested and detained about a decade ago. Neither was he brought to trial nor sentenced by a court. He has been arbitrarily assigned to perish under the torture of the Saudi regime.

We urge, you O Reader! To devote a few minutes of your time to protest to the Saudi king and the Saudi regime. Voice your protest against the reign of tyranny unleashed by those who are supposed to be the Custodians of Islam's holiest cities – Makkah and Madinah.

We remind the Saudi king in particular, and the Saudi rulers in general that the Auliya of Allah Ta'ala have said:

"A nation/empire can endure with kufr, but not with zulm."

We also call on the Saudi king to reflect on the following Hadith of Rasulullah (sallallahu alayhi wasallam):

"The curse of the Mazloom – Allah rises it above the clouds, and He (Rabbul Alameen) Says: 'By My Might! I shall most assuredly aid you, even if it is after some time.'"

Remember! Your Royal Highness! You cannot escape the Lash of Allah Azza Wa Jal. When the time arrives, the Divine Whip will strike swiftly and devastatingly, and you will travel the road of Aad and Thamud. May Allah Ta'ala grant you the taufeeq which will open your eyes, tenderize your heart and make you understand the notoriety of your zulm. Open your heart and empty your prisons from the zulm you are indulging in.

MUJLISUL ULAMA OF SOUTH AFRICA

25 Shawwaal 1432

24 September 2011

THE CRY OF AN ANGUISHED SAUDI MOTHER

Your highness: If you put your kohl on one day, remember us...!

July 12, 2011

This is a translated letter from the mother of the prisoner "Fahad Al-Saeed" to his royal highness, The Prince...

I wondered once about the meaning of a homeland, about its mercy, its compassion for its children, Is it possible for a country to torture its children, to squash them, to steal the flower of their youth? Can a true country throw its children in the prison with indifference?! After the arrest of Fahad, many things have changed in me, they told me so, my voice became sad and hoarse, my eyes are crying in uninterrupted silence, my face... deep are its scars, so deep they can't be reached by helping hands, but I asked you by God and my motherhood, If you ever dwell between your cushions, your throne, between your family, your loved ones, I ask you by God... If you ever put the Kohl on (Arabic expression of festivity) please, please ... remember us...!

I think you don't know my son Fahad -your highness-, maybe he is a no body, from the commoners, no one cares for him, even if he dies in one of the deserted alleys, if he dies inside his cell, at your prison, no one will sympathize with him or hear about his story!

They arrested him your highness ages ago, maybe before seven, eight, or nine years, I can't recall memories anymore, the years of frustration and deprivation in my eyes are all the same... They raided our home by force, they scared me, they scared my daughters, those details are inscribed in our hearts.

After all those years...Is he a lost case your highness? Did you forget about him? Did you sentence him for eternal death?

You did not try him, you did not find him guilty, and you did not set him free, until when is this going to last? Until he ages in your cell and die?

His name is Fahad, he is the only son I have.....

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THE CRY OF AN ANGUISHED SAUDI MOTHER

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