

SLAHI MANUSCRIPT

RECEIVED 2012

DO NOT WRITE BEYOND HEAVY LINES

[REDACTED] Jul 2002 22:00 American team¹ takes over
 The music was off. The conversations of the guards faded away. The truck emptied. I felt alone in the Hears truck. The waiting didn't last, I felt the presence of new people. There was a silent team. I don't remember ~~be~~ a single word during the whole rendition to follow. A person was undoing the chains in my hands. He undid the first hand, and other guy grabbed that hand and bent it, while a third person was putting a new firmer and heavier shackles over my hands. Now, my hands are shackled in front of me. Somebody started to rip my cloths with something like a scissors. I was like "What the heck is going on?" Then I started to worry about the trip I neither wanted nor initiated. somebody else was deciding everything for me. Then I have all worries in the world but taking a decision. Many thoughts went quickly through my heads. Optimistic thoughts suggested, "Maybe, you are in the hands of Americans, but don't worry, they just want to take you home, and make sure that everything goes in secrecy." The pessimistic ones went, "You screwed up! Americans managed to pin some shit on you. And they take you to U.S prisons the rest of your life. All these thoughts were going through my head while the U.S team was doing its job. In the meantime I was stripped naked. It was humiliating, but the blindfold helped me missing the nasty look of my naked body. During all the procedure, the only prayer I could remember was the crisis prayer "Ya hay 'ya Kayoom!" and was mumbling with it all the time. When ever I came in a similar situation, I forget all my prayers, except the crisis, which I learned from life of our prophet - Peace Be Upon Him - Around my private parts, one of the team wrapped

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a digger. Only then, I was dead sure that the plane was heading to the U.S. Now I started to convince myself that "every thing's gonna be alright" - My only worry was about my family seeing me on TV in such a degrading situation I was so skinny. I've been always, but never that skinny. Even my civilian cloths became so loose that I looked like a small cat in a big bag. When U.S. team finished putting me in the cloths they tailored for me, a guy removed quickly the blind fold on my eyes. I couldn't see much because he directed the flashlight into my eyes. He was wrapped from hair to toe with a black uniform. He opened his mouth and stick his tongue out, gesturing to me to do the same, which without resistance did I was kind of AH-test. I saw a part of his very pale, blond haired arm, which cemented my theory being in uncle's Sam's hand endly. The blind fold was pushed down. All the time I was listening to the loud plane engines, I very much believe that some plane were landing and others taking off. I felt my "special" plane approaching, or the truck approaching the plane, I don't recall anymore. But I do recall that when the escort grabbed me from the truck, there was no space between the plane stairs. I was so exhausted, sick, and tired that I couldn't walk, which compelled the escort to pull me over the steps like a dead body. Inside the plane was very cold, I was laid down on a sofa, and once more pulled down to the floor. The guards, most likely, shackled me to the floor. I felt a blanket put over me, though very thin but it comforted me.

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I relaxed and gave myself to my dreams. I was thinking about different members of my family, I ~~would~~ will never see again. How sad would they be! I was crying silently and without tears. For some reason, I gave all my tears, at the begin of the expedition. It was like the boundary between death and life. I wished, I were better to people, I wished I were better to my family. I regretted every mistake I did in my life. Toward God, toward my family, toward anybody! I was thinking about the life in American prison. Are the people friendly? Would they hurt me? Would I be put with Muslims, that would be nice, ~~too~~ we could pray and play together. I was thinking about the docs I saw about American prisons, and the harshness they with which they treat their prisoners. I wished I were blind or some kind of handicap, so they would put in iso and give me some kind of human treatment. "How was going the first hearing with the judge to be like", - "The judge would not hurt me, would he?" - "It will take no long time, and then the guards will "process" me and put me in my cell, after that I am a "free" man, no interrogation, no torture", "Do you I have a chance to get a due process, in a country, so full with hatred against Muslims" - "Am I really already convicted, even before I get the chance to defend myself". I drowned in these painful dreams, in the warmth of the blanket. Every once in a while the pain of urine urge pinched me. The poison started already to go back in my body. The diaper didn't work with me. I could not convince my brain to give the signal to my bladder, so it could ~~be~~

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release the poison. No result. the harder I tried, the firmer my brain became. The guard beside me had been giving me pouring water bottle caps in my mouth, which worsened my situation. There was no refusing it, for either you swallow or you choke. I can tell that the plane was a big jet, which led me to believe that flight was direct to the U.S. staying on one side was killing beyond every believe, every try to change in my position ended in a failure, for a strong hand pushed me back to the same position. After about five hours of flight, the plane started to lose on altitude, and smoothly hit the runway. I realized U.S. is a little bit farther than that. Where are we? In Ramstein / Germany? yes! Ramstein it is. In Ramstein there is a U.S. military airport for transiting ~~air~~ planes for from middle east. Now, I am going to ~~be~~ stop here for technical check of, and fuel for the plane. After that we were going to take off. As soon as the plane landed, the guards started to change my metal chains against plastic ones. After that they led me out of the plane, when the sun hit me I knew it was not Germany. Where are we? Are we one day ahead or one day behind? This very same problem will pose me a problem in my prayers, ~~where~~ I didn't know, whether I missed a whole day of prayers, or I prayed one day too much. One of guards, while pulling me out of the plane tapped me on the shoulder as willing to say. "you gonna be alright" As agonish as I was, but that gesture, gave me hope, that there are still some human being among the people who deal with me. The trip between

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The helicopter and the plane was short but the plastic shackles cut my ankles painfully. I've never been in a helicopter before, I thought, they transport in a big truck. The ~~pop~~ question popped up again, where am I? In Germany? Yes! Germany it is. It was July and the sun rises early. But why Germany? With my best I did no crimes in Germany! What shit did they pull on me. However, Germany legal system was, ~~way~~ be far, a better choice. I know the procedure and speak the language. Moreover, the German system is somewhat transparent, and there are no two, and three hundred^{years} sentences. I had a little to worry about. A German judge is going to face me and show me whatever reason the gov't brought against me, after that I am going to be sent to a temporary jail until my case is decided. I don't be subject to torture, and I don't have to see the evil faces of interrogators. After about ten minutes, the helicopter landed, and I was taken into a truck, with a guard on either side. The ~~guy~~ chauffeur and his next were talking in a language I never heard before, I thought, "What the heck are they talking, maybe philippino". I thought philippines b/c I am aware of the huge U.S Military presence. Oh, yes! Philippines it is, they conspired with the US and pulled some shit on me? What would be the question of the judge, a I just to arrive and take a pee" after that they can do whatever they please" - For right now, I don't need to worry about the whole interrogation crap. I just want to arrive! Please let me arrive! After that you may kill me!

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² [REDACTED] Arrival at Begram / AF

After five-minute drive, the guards pulled me out of the truck and I felt as if they put me on a hall, and forced me to kneel and bent my head down, I should remain in that position until they grab me. They yelled "Do Not Move". Before worrying about anything else, I took my most remarkable urine, since I was born. It was so relieving, I felt I was released and sent back home. All of a sudden my worries faded away, and I smiled inside me. Nobody noticed what I did. After about a quarter of an hour, some guards ~~for~~ pulled me and ~~took~~ towed me to a room where they obviously had "processed" many detainees. Once entered the room, the guards took the gear off my head. Oh, my ears ached so badly, and so did my head, actually my whole body was conspiring against me. I could barely stand up. The guards started to deprive me from my cloths, and soon I stood there naked, as my mother bore me. I stood there for the first time in front of the soldiers, not on TV, it's for real. Anyway, I did the most common reaction covering my private part with my hands. I also started to recite quietly the crisis prayer "Ya Hay Ya Kayoom". Nobody stopped me from praying, however, one of the MPs was staring at me with his full of hatred, later on he would order me to stop looking around in the room. In fact, he was right bc everything was new to me, and was trying to discover my environment. A ² [REDACTED] Medic gave

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me a quick medical check, after which I was wrapped in Afghani cloths, yes, Afghani cloths in the Philippines!!! Of course I was chained, hands and feet tied to my waist. My hands were moreover put in mittens. Now, I am ready for actions, what actions? No clue! The escort team pulled me blindfolded to a neighboring interrogation room. As soon as I entered the room several people started to shout and throw heavy things against the wall. In the m el e, I could distinguish the following questions: Where is Mulla Omar? Where is UBL? Where is Jalaluddin Haqqani? A very quick analysis went through my brain. These individuals mentioned in the questions were leading a country, and now they are a bunch of "fugitives"! ~~That~~ the interrogators missed a couple of things. First, they briefed me about the latest news - AF is taken over, the high level people are not captured. For second, I turned myself about the time when the war against terrorism started. ~~So how am I supposed~~ and since then cut off literally from the rest of the world. So how am I supposed to know about the U.S. taking over AF, let alone the gov't leaders having fled. And not to speak about where they are. Something was wrong. The information flow between the U.S. Intels didn't seem to work. I humbly replied, 'I don't know', 'you're a liar' shouted one of them in broken Arabic, 'No, I'm not lying I was captured so and so, and I only know Abu Haf's - - -' in a quick conclusion about my whole story, "We should interrogate these motherfuckers like the Israeli do", "What do they do?" asked another, "they strip them naked and interrogate them!" "Maybe, we should do it?" suggested another.

chair still were flying around and hitting the walls and the floor. I knew it was only a show of force, and establishment of fear, and an anxiety. I went with the flow and even shook myself more than necessary. I didn't believe that Americans torture, even though I had always consider it as a not-likely possibility. "Take on I am gonna interrupt you" said one, the US interpreter repeated the same in Arabic, "Take him to the hotel" suggested the interrogator. The interpreter didn't translate. And so was the first interrogation done. Before the escort grabbed me, Jimmy terrorizing fear, I tried to relate to the interpreter "Where did learn so good Arabic?", in a flattered voice, he replied "in the U.S.". In fact, he didn't speak good Arabic, I just was trying to make some friends. An escort team grabbed me. One of them said in a ~~so~~ thick Asian accent, "you speak English", I replied, "A little bit", then he ~~smiled~~ laughed and so did his colleague. I felt like a human being leading a casual conversation. I said to myself, "look how friendly the Americans are, they're gonna put you in a Hotel, and interrogate you for a couple of ~~few~~ days and fly you safely home. There is no place for worry. U.S. just wants to check everything, and since you're innocent, they're gonna find it out, for pete's sake you're in a base in Philippines, even though a place at the edge of legality, it ~~isn't~~ just temporary". The fact that one of the guards sounded like an Asian, strengthened my wrong theory being in the Philippines. In the meantime I arrived, not at a

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Hotel, but a wooden cell with neither a bathroom, nor a water sink. From the modest furniture (weathered thin mattress, and an old blanket), you could tell, there had been somebody here. I was kind of happy for having left Jordan, the place of randomness, although I was worried about my prayers I could not perform. The guard of the cell was a small ~~white~~, skinny, white ² [redacted], a fact which gave me more comfort. For the last eight months I had been solely dealt with big, muscular males. I asked ~~the~~ ² [redacted] about the time, and ² [redacted] told it was about eleven, if I remember correctly. I had one more question, "What day is it", "I don't know, every day here is the same" ² [redacted] replied. I realized I asked too much, ~~even~~ ² [redacted] was even not supposed to tell me the time, as I will learn later. My question was legitimate, b/c I wanted to know how many prayers I had to pay back. But I anyway prayed in my heart during the trip, which considered to be enough. There were food rests, then here and there, but I was more interested in discovering the cell. I found a Koran gently put on some water bottles. I ~~thought~~ ^{realized}, I am not alone in the jail, which surely not a Hotel. As it turned out, I was delivered to ^{the} wrong cell. Suddenly, ~~another~~ I saw the weathered feet of a detainee, whose face I couldn't see b/c it was covered ~~in~~ a black bag. As I later will learn, the black bag ~~is~~ was put on everybody's head to blind fold him, and make him not recognizable, including the writer. Honestly, I didn't want to see the face of the detainee, just in case he is being in pain or suffering, b/c

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I hate to see people suffering, it drives me crazy, and makes me down. I never forget the moans and cries of the poor detainees in Jordan, when they were suffering torture. I remember putting my hands over my ears to stop myself hearing the cries. But no matter how I tried I was still able to hear the suffering. It was awful, even worse than torture, as we say in Arabic, "Waiting on torture is worse than torture". The ² guard at my door stopped the escorting team and organized my transfer to another cell. It looked the same as the one I was in, just in the facing wall. In the room there was a half full water bottle, the label of which was written in Russian. I couldn't read Russian. I wished I had learned Russian. I said to myself, "it doesn't make sense, U.S. Base in Philippines, with water bottles from Russia, U.S. doesn't need supply from Russia, besides, geographically it makes no sense", "Where ~~where~~ am I?, Maybe, in a former Russian Republic, such as Tajikistan!", "All I know, that I don't know!" - There was facility to take care of the natural business. Washing for pray was impossible and forbidden. There was no clue as to the direction of Mecca - Kibla - I did, what I could. My next door neighbor was mentally sick. He was shouting in a language I was not familiar. I later learned that he was a Taliban leader. Later on that day - 20JUL02 - the guards pulled for ~~other~~ routine police work (finger prints, height, weight...) I was offered ² as interpreter. It was obvious that Arabic was not ² first language. ² taught me about the rules, such as, no speaking,

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no praying loudly, no washing for prayer, .. and a bunch of other MDS in that direction. The guard asked me whether I liked to use the bathroom. I thought, he meant a place where you can shower. I said, "yes". The bathroom was a barrel, filled with human waste. It was the most disgusting bathroom I ever saw. Guards had to watch you, while taking care of business. After I hadn't taken care of business, the guards brought me back to my cell. I couldn't eat the food, so I didn't really have to use the bathroom. Food in Jordan was, by far, better than the cold MRE I got in Bagram. As to Nr.1, I used the empty water bottles I had in my room. The hygienic situation was not exactly perfect, some times, when the bottle got filled, I continued on the floor, making sure that it didn't go all the way to the door. For next nights in the isolation. I got a funny guard, who were trying to convert me to christianity. I enjoyed the conversations, though my english was very basic. My dialogue partner was young, religious, and energetic. He liked Bush (the true religious leader, according to him), he hated Bill Clinton ("the infidel"), he loved Dollar and hated the Euro. He had his copy of bible on him all the time, and whenever the opportunity arised he read me stories, most of which from the Old Testament. ~~Even though~~ I would not have been able to understand them, hadn't I read the bible in Arabic several times. Not to mention that the versions of the stories are not that far from the ones in the Koran. I had the opportunity to study the Bible in the Jordanian prison. I asked for a copy, and they offered me one. It was very helpful to understanding the Western society, Even though many of them deny to be influenced by religions

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scriptures. I didn't try to argue with him, I was happy to have somebody to talk to. He and I were anonymous, that the religious scriptures, including Koran, should have come from the same source. However, as it turned out, the hot-tempered soldier's knowledge about his religion was very shallow. Nonetheless, I enjoyed him being my guard. He gave me more time in the bathroom, and he even looked away, when I used the bathroom. I asked him about my situation. He told me "you're not a criminal, b/c they put the criminal in the other side", gesturing with his hand. I thought about those "criminals", and pictured a bunch of young Muslims, and how hard their situation could be, I felt bad. As it turned out later on, I was transferred to those "criminals", and became a high priority "criminal". I was kind of ashamed, when the same guard saw me later with the "criminals", after he had told me that I was going to be released, at most, after three days. He acted normally, but he didn't grant much freedom to talk to me about religion b/c of his numerous colleagues. Detainees told me that ^{he} was not bad toward them. I was very anxious about the next interrogation session. The second or the third night ³ [redacted] pulled me out of my cell himself and led me to an interrogation, where the same ² [redacted] Arabic already had taken a seat.

[redacted] You could tell, he was the right man for the right job. He was the kind of man, who wouldn't mind doing the dirty job. The detainees used to call him ^{1,3} [redacted]. He reportedly was responsible for torturing innocent individuals.

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Whom the gov't even released back in Bagram. [REDACTED] didn't need to shackle me b/c I was in shackles 24H. I slept, ate, used "bathroom while ~~the~~ completely shackled, hand to feet. [REDACTED] opened a file in his hand [REDACTED] and started by means of the interpreter. [REDACTED] was asking me general questions about my life and my background. When he asked me about, "What languages do you speak?", He didn't believe that, he even laughed along with the interpreter and said at the same time "Ha...Ha, you speak German!; Wait we're gonna check". Suddenly, [REDACTED] the room [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] It was There was no mistaken, he was [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] "Ja wohl", I replied. [REDACTED] was not [REDACTED] but his German was fairly acceptable, giving that he spent [REDACTED]

[REDACTED]. He confirmed to his colleagues that my German was "[REDACTED]". After that both looked at me with some respect, however the respect was not enough to save me from [REDACTED] wrath. [REDACTED] asked me where I learned to speak German, and said that he was going to interrogate me later. [REDACTED] "~~Die~~ Wahrheit macht frei - Truth sets you free", when I heard him saying that I knew the Wahr truth will not set me free b/c "Arbeit" didn't set the Jews free.

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propaganda

Hitler's Machinery used to lure the Jewish detainees with the slogan, "Arbeit macht frei - Work sets you free", but work set nobody free. I ~~was~~ would like to emphasize here that I am radically against the religious persecution that the Jews ~~could~~ had suffered by their Christian fellow citizens along their common history. The Arabo-Jewish conflict is something different, the Jews should not repeat ~~the~~ horrible things that happened to them to the Muslims. As ~~a~~ a Muslim I should do my best to guarantee the Jews, and the Christians their religious freedom, regardless whether or not some non-Muslim become intolerant when they are in charge. ³ [redacted] took a note in his small notebook and left the room. ³ [redacted] sent me back to my room and apologized. ² [redacted] "I am sorry for keeping you awake for so long", "No problem!" replied ² [redacted]. After several days in isolation, I was transferred to the population but I could only see them b/c I was put in the narrow barred corridor of the cell. I felt like I am out of jail, I cried and thanked God. After eight months of total isolation, I saw fellow detainees more or less as I did. Bad detainees like me were shackled 24/7 and put in the corridor, where every passing guard or detainee stepped on them. ~~But~~ ~~I~~ ~~was~~ the place so narrow that the barbed wire kept pinching me for the next ten days to come. I saw ³ [redacted] being fed forcefully, he was on forty-five days hunger strike. The guards

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were yelling at him, and he was bouncing a ^{dry} piece of bread between his hands. All detainees so worn out, as if they were buried and after several days resurrected, but [REDACTED] was a complete different story, he was bones without meat, It reminded me at the pictures you see on documentaries about WWII prisoners. I saw many people I could relate to. I thought all these people were captured in the battle field, but I wasn't they might think, I am a secret agent or something, since nobody knew me. Detainees were not allowed to talk to each others, but we enjoyed looking at each others. The punishment for talking was hanging the detainee with his hands, with the feet barely touching the ground. I saw an Afghani fellow detainee, who passed out a couple of times, while hanging from his hands. The Medics "fixed" him and ~~put~~ hang him back. Other detainees were luckies they were hung for certain time and released. Most of the detainees tried to talk while hanging, which make the guards double their punishment. There was a very old Afghani fellow, who reportedly was arrested to turn over his son. The guy was mentally sick, he could not stop talking bc he didn't know where he was, nor why. I think even that he didn't realize his environment, but the guards kept dutifully hanging him. It was so pitiful, one day one of the guards threw him on his face, and was crying like a baby. We were put in about six or seven sig barbed-wire cell, called after the operations performed against the U.S. I

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Nairobi, ~~at~~ U.S.S. Cole, Dar-Es-Salam, and so on. In each cell there was a detainee called English, who benevolently served as an interpreter to translate the orders to his co-detainees. Our English was a gentle man from Sudan named [REDACTED]. His English was very basic, ~~but~~ he asked me secretly, whether I speak English, "No", I replied. But as it turned out ~~my~~ I was a Shakespeare comparing to him. My brethren thought that I was denying them my services, but I just didn't know, how bad the situation was. Now, I am sitting in front of bunch of dead regular U.S. citizens, my first impression, when I saw them ~~chewing~~ without a break, "What's wrong with these guys, do they have to eat so much". Most of the guards are tall, and overweight. They were different some of them were friendly and some very hostile. Whenever I realize that a guard I pretended that I understood no English. I remember one cowboy coming to me with an ugly frown on his face, "You speak English?", he asked, "No English", I replied, "We don't like you to speak English, we want you to die slowly", he said, "No English" I replied kept ~~replied~~ replying. I didn't want to give him the satisfaction that his message arrived. People with hatred have always something to get off their chests, but I wasn't ready to be that drain. Prayers in group wasn't allowed, everybody prayed on his own, and so did I. Detainees had no clues about prayer time. We just imitate, when

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a detainee started to pray, we assumed it was time, and detainees followed. Koran was available when detainee asked for one. I myself don't remember asking for one, for the handling by the guards was just disrespectful, they threw it to each other like a water bottle, when they passed the holy book through, I didn't want to be a part ^{of} a reason for humiliating God's word. Moreover, I, thank God, know the Koran by heart. As far as I remember one of the detainees passed me secretly a copy, which nobody used in the cell, and I took it. After a couple of days, [REDACTED] pulled me to interrogate me. [REDACTED] acted as an interpreter. "Tell about your story?" asked [REDACTED]. "My is . . . I was graduated 1988 and got a scholarship to Germany . . ." replied I in a very boring details, none of which seemed to interest or impress [REDACTED]. He grew tired and started to yawning, I knew exactly what he wanted to hear, but I couldn't help him. He interrupted me, "My country values highly the truth, now I'm gonna ask you some questions, and if you answer truthfully you're gonna be released and sent safely to your family, but if you fail, you're gonna be imprisoned indefinitely. To destroy your life, a small note in my agenda is enough. What terrorist organizations are you part of?" "None" replied I, "you're not a man, and you don't deserve respect, kneel, and cross your hands and put your hands behind your neck". I obeyed the rules and he put a bag over my head. My back was hurting so bad lately and that position was so painful, and that why

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³ [redacted] worked on my sciatic problem ³ [redacted] brought two projectors and adjusted them on my face, even though I couldn't see, but the heat overwhelmed me and started to sweat; you're gonna to be sent to a U.S facility, where you'll spend the rest of your life. You'll never see your family again. Your family will be f*cked by another man. In American jails, ~~the~~ terrorists like you get raped by multiple men at the same time. The guards in my country do their job very well but raping you is inevitable, however, if you tell me the truth, you're gonna be released immediately; "I ~~was~~ was old enough to know that he was a rotten liar, and a man with no honor, but he was in charge, so I had to listen to his bullshit again and again. I just wished that the agencies start to hire smart people. Did he really think that anybody would believe his nonsense? Somebody should be stupid. Was he stupid, or he thought that I was stupid. I would have ~~not~~ respected more, had he told me, "look, if you don't tell me what I want to hear, I'm gonna torture you." Anyway, I said, "Of course, I will be truthful!"; "What terrorist organizations are you part of?"; "None!" I replied. He put back the bag on my head and started a long discourse of humiliation, cursing, lies, and threats. I don't really remember everything, nor am I ready to sift in my memory for such bullshit. Meanwhile I was so tired and hurt, and tried to sit but he forced me back. Of pain I cried, yes a man in my age cried silently. I just couldn't bear the agony.

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³ [redacted] after about a couple of hours sent me back to my cell and promise me more torture, "This was only the start" as he put it. I ~~was~~ was taken back to my cell terrified, and worn out. I prayed to Allah to save me from him. I had been living the days to follow in horror. Whenever ³ [redacted] went past our cell, I looked away avoiding to see him, so he doesn't "see" me, exactly like ostrich. I saw him torturing him other detainee. I don't want to recount what I heard about him. I just want to tell what I saw with my eyes. It was that Afghani teenager, I would say 16/17 years old. ³ [redacted] made stand about three days sleepless, I felt so bad for him. Whenever he fell ~~from~~ down the guards came to him shouting "no sleep for terrorists", and made him stand again. I remember sleeping and waking up, and he stood like a tree. ³ [redacted] was checking on everybody, day and night, and giving to the guards the receipts for every detainee. Sometimes, they let him lay down for about 15 minutes. Whenever I saw ³ [redacted] around, my heart started to pound, and he was off around. One day he sent to me a ³ [redacted] interpreter to pass me a message, "³ [redacted] is gonna kick your ass", I didn't respond, but inside me I said "May ALLAH stop you!" - ³ [redacted] didn't kick my ~~ear~~ rear end, instead ³ [redacted] pulled me ~~off~~ for interrogation. He was a nice guy, and maybe ~~because~~ he felt related to me b/c of the language. And why not?

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Even some of guards used to come to me and practice their German, when they knew that I spoke it. Even pieces of cakes came sometimes in play. Anyway, recounted me a long story, "I am not like ³ [REDACTED] he is young, and hot-tempered, I have my own methods. I don't use inhumane methods, but I want to tell something about American history, and the whole war against terrorism". ³ [REDACTED] was straight forward and enlightening he started with the American history and the Puritans who punished even the innocents by drowning them, and ended with the war against terrorism, "There is no innocent detainee in this campaign, either you cooperate with us, and I can going to get you the best deal, or we are going to send you to Cuba?", "What - Cuba?" exclaimed I, "I even don't speak Spanish, and you guys hate Cuba" "yes! but we are American terrorist in GITMO" - "and related about Teddy Roosevelt and things like that. I knew that I ~~am~~ was to be sent further from home, which I hated, "Why do you send me to Cuba?", "We have other options, such as Egypt and Algeria, but we only send the very bad people, I hate sending people over there, ^{experience} by they will "painful torture", "Just send me to Egypt!" "You sure don't want that, in Cuba they treat them humanely, and they have two Imams. The camp is run by DOJ and not the military", "But I have done no crimes against your country", "I am sorry, if you haven't, just consider it as if you had had cancer!", "Am I going to be sent court?", "Not in

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the near future, maybe after three years, when my people forget about sep 11". [REDACTED] told me about his private life but I don't like to put it here. After that I had a couple sessions with [REDACTED] he asked me some questions and tried to trick me with questions like, "he said: he knows you!", for people I never heard the names. He took my email addresses and the passwords thereof. He had been trying all the time to convince me to "cooperate" before, so he could save me from the trip to Cuba. To be honest, I rather go to Cuba than staying in Bagram. He asked the [REDACTED] who were present in Bagram, to interrogate me but they refused and said the Law forbids interrogating aliens outside the country. In contrast, the [REDACTED] were ready to question me but I refused to see them. [REDACTED] said, "When you work for the [REDACTED], you give you to them". All of a sudden, I became a "his" property, which be sold, traded, or, even, given for free. Somehow, I liked [REDACTED] Don't get me wrong, he was a sneaky interrogator, but, at least, he spoke to me according to the level of my intellect. I asked [REDACTED] to put me inside the cell with the population, and showed him ^{the} my injuries I suffered from the barbed wire of the small place. [REDACTED] approved. In Bagram, interrogators can do anything with you! They have overall control, and the MP's are at their service. Sometime, [REDACTED] gave a drink, which I appreciated, especially with the kind of diet

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I received; cold MRE, and ~~eat~~ dry bread in every meal. I secretly passed my meals always to the detainees next to me. One night [redacted] introduced two military interrogators, who asked me about Millennium plot. They spoke broken Arabic, and were very hostile to me, they threatened me all kind of threats and didn't allow me to sit. But [redacted] hated them, and told me in [redacted] if you want to cooperate, do so with me. These MI are nothing. I felt myself under auction, what agency bids more! In the population we always broke the rules and spoke to our neighbors. I had three direct neighbor, an Afghani teenager, who was kidnapped on his way to UAE, he used to work there, and that why he spoke Arabic with a Gulf accent. He was very funny and he made me laugh. I almost forgot how to laugh. He was spending holidays with his family in AF and went to Iran, from there he headed to UAE in a Boat or something like that, but the boat was hijacked by the U.S and the passengers were arrested. My second neighbor was twenty-year-old MR guy, who was born in Nigeria, and moved to SA. He's never been in MR, nor ~~did~~ did he speak the MR dialect, if he doesn't introduce himself, you would say he is a Saudi. My third neighbor was a Palestinian from Jordan called [redacted] he was captured, and tortured by a tribal

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leader for about seven months. The kidnapper wanted money from [REDACTED] family, or he would turn him over to the Americans, but the last option was not promising for the U.S. paid only 5000 pro head, unless it is a big head. When the bandit arranged everything with [REDACTED] family regard the ransom, [REDACTED] fled from the captivity in Kabul, and made it to Jalal Abad, where he easily stuck out as Arab Mujahid, captured and sold to the Americans. When we spoke, we covered our heads, so guards though, we were asleep, and talked ~~at~~ till we got tired. My neighbor told me that we are in Bagram/AF, and I informed them that we were going to be transferred to Cuba, but they didn't believe me. We also broke the rules some time and washed ourselves for prayer. Sometimes the guards interrupted prayer for reasons we didn't know, but many detainees kept praying, neglecting the orders. I told [REDACTED] that I've been in Jordan, and he seemed to be knowledgeable about their intelligence, he knew all the interrogators, who dealt with me. [REDACTED] himself spent 50 days in the same prison, where I had been. [REDACTED] pulled me to interrogate and gave me the last chance, he told me, "this would be your last chance, tomorrow you gonna be shipped to GTMO", "let's be it, I don't think I can change it".

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[REDACTED] AUG 02 Transfer to GTMO from Bagram
 Around 10 a.m, a Military unit, partly armed with
 guns, appeared suddenly from nowhere. The armed MP's
 were pointing their guns at us from upstairs, and
 the others were shouting at the same time and in
 a very loud voice "stan' up, stan' up, ...". I was
 so scared, even though, I expected some time today
 to be transferred to Cuba, but I never saw this
 show. kind of show. We stood up. The guards kept giving
 other orders "No talking, do not move, ..., I'm
 fucking kill yo', ..., I'm serious". I hated it when
 [REDACTED] from Palestine asked to use the bathroom, and
 they guards refused, "Don't move", I was like "can't
 just keep it, till the situation is over!". The problem with
 [REDACTED] was he has dysentery, and he could not hold
 it. [REDACTED] was subject torture^{and} malnutrition
 during his detention in Kabul by a tribal leader
 from the Northern Alliance. [REDACTED] told me that he
 was going anyway to use the bathroom, which he did,
 ignoring the shouting guards. I expected every second
 a bullet to be released toward him but that didn't
 happen. The bathroom inside our cells was an open
 barrel, which detainees in punishment cleaned every
 day for every cell. It was very disgusting and smelled
 so bad. Being from a third world country, I had
 seen many unclean bathroom, but none of which
 can hold a candle to the Bagram's bathroom.
 I started to shake of fear. One MP approached
 the front of our cell and started to call the

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names, rather the numbers, who were going to be transferred. All numbers ~~were~~ ~~are~~ in my cell were Arabs, which was a bad signal. The brothers didn't believe me, when I told them, "We ~~are~~ are going to be transferred to Cuba". But now I felt myself confirmed, and we looked at each others and smiled. Several guards came at the gate with a bunch of chains, bags and other materials. The guards started to call us one by one, and asked the detainee to approach the detainee gate, where he got chained. [REDACTED] shouted one of the guard. I proceeded to the gate like a sheep led to her butcher, at the gate, a guard yelled, "Turn around!", which I did, "both hands behind", when I turned my hand through the bin hole behind my back one ~~of~~ guard ~~was~~ grabbed my thumb and bent my wrist, "When you fuckin' move, I'm gonna break your hand". Another guard chained my hands, and my feet with two separate chains. Then a bag was put over my head to blindfold me. The gate was open, and I was roughly pushed and thrown over the back of another detainee in a row. Although I was physically hurt, I was soiled when I felt ~~the~~ of the warmth of another human being in front of me suffering the same. The solace increased when [REDACTED] was thrown over my back. Many detainees didn't exactly understand what the guards wanted from them, thus got hurt. For some reason, I was lucky to have been blindfolded, ~~by~~ for one I missed a lot

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bad things that were happening around me, for two the blind fold helped me in my daydreaming about better circumstances. Thanks Allah, I have the ability to ignore my surrounding, and day dream about anything I want. We were supposed to be very close to each other. The breathing was very hard. We were 34 detainees, all of whom, except for one Afghani and one from the Maddives. When we were put in a row, we were tied together with a rope around everybody's upper arm. The rope was so tight that around my arm the blood circulation stopped, which led to numbing my whole arm. We were ordered to stand up, and were pulled to a place, where the "processing" continued. I hated it b/c [REDACTED] kept stepping on my chain, which hurt me badly. I tried my best not to step on the chain of the man in front of me. Thank God, the trip was short, somewhere in the same building, we were set next to each other on long benches. I have the feeling that the benches were building a circle. The processing was painful and it lasted till around 4 pm. I don't remember exactly the sequence, but following security measures took place. The strategy behind the painful and degrading procedure was to neutralize the detainees, and make them so weak, so that can never be able to do anything for me, and for two the govt takes advantage of every opportunity to hurt the detainees, and eventually get them talking. The rough justice tak took always place when detainees got moved from a place to

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another b/c the MP's can always claim that the detainee hurt himself, or tried to assault the MP's. And guess whom is going to be believed? I always took the pain, and never reported anything b/c I deeply believe that MP's were given order to hurt me, and I didn't want to satisfy their bosses. The party started with dressing the passengers. I got a headset preventing me from hearing. It hurt so much, I had so painful headache b/c the set was so ~~tight~~ tied, so that I had the top of my ears bleeding ~~and~~ for a couple of days. My hands are now tied to my waist in the front, and connected with a chain all the way to my feet. ~~Between my wrists they~~ They connected my wrist with a six-inch hard plastic piece, and ~~had~~ made me wear thick mittens. It's funny that I tried to get a way for my fingers, but the guards hit my hands to stop moving them. The dressing feet continued and we grew tired, people started to moan. Every once in a while one of the guards ~~take~~ took off one of my ear plugs and whispered a discouraging phrase, "You know, you didn't do any mistake, you Mom and dad did the mistake when produced you.", "You gonna enjoy the ride to Caribbean paradise...". I ~~so~~ didn't answer any provocation pretending not to understand what he said. Other detainees told me about them having been subject to such humiliation but they were luckier, they understood no English. My flip-flops were taken away, and I got some Made-In-China tennis shoes. On my eyes they put really ugly blind folding

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tick glasses, which were tied around my head, and over my ear. They are comparable with swimming goggles. To have an idea about the pain, put some^{old} goggles and tied them tied around your head, stay so for a couple of hours, I am sure you would remove them. I imagine you have those same goggles tied around your head for more than forty hours. To seal the dressing a sticking pad was put behind my ear.

Sometime during the processing we got a cavity search between the laughter of the guards and their comments. I hated the day, when started to learn my miserable English vocabulary. In such situations you're just better off, if you don't understand English. The majority of the detainees wouldn't speak about the cavity searches, we were subject to, they even get angry when you start to talk about it. I personally have no problem, moreover, I think the people who did it without a good reason should be ^{ashamed} of themselves. I grew sick, tired, frustrated, hungry, nauseous, and all other bad adjectives in the dictionary. I am sure, I wasn't the only one having felt so. We got new plastic bracelet carrying a number. My number turned out to be 760, and my next

[redacted]. You may say my group was the 700-series. [redacted] used the bathroom a couple of times, and I tried not to use it was necessary. I used the bathroom sometime in the afternoon, maybe around 2pm. The guard who escorted me, when left me alone, "Do you like music?", "yes! I do?"

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"What kind of Music?", "good Music!", "Rock'n Roll - country?" I was really not familiar with these types he mentioned. Every once in a while I used to listen to the German Radio with different types of Western Music, but I could not tell, which one was which. "Any good Music" I replied. The good conversation paid off in the form that he took my blindfold off, so that I could take care of my business. It was very tricky, since I ~~was~~ had had chains all around my body. The guard put me gently back on the waiting bench. For the next couple of hours waiting was the order. We were deprived from the right of performing our daily prayers for the forty eight hours to come. Around four p.m., the transport to the airport started to take place. As to me, I was a "living" dead. My legs were not anymore able to carry me, for the time to come, the guards had to drag me all the way from Begram to GITHO BAY. We were first loaded in a truck, which brought us to the airport. It took about five to ten minutes to get there. I was happy for every move, just to have the opportunity to alter my body, for my back was killing me. I was not allowed by physicians to sit for long time in one position. We were crowded in the truck shoulder to shoulder and thigh to thigh. Unluckily I was put facing the back of the vehicle, which I really hate, because it gives me nausea. The vehicle was equipped with hard benches, so that the detainees sat back to

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back and the guards sat at the very end, and were shouting "No talking!", I had no idea, how many people were in the truck, all I know, one detainee sat on my right, and one on my left, and another against my back. It is always good to feel the warmth of your co-detainees, somehow it's solacing. The arrival at the airport was obvious, since the whining of the engines, which ~~go~~ could easily through the ears' plugs. The truck jacked up until it touched the plane. The guards to shout loudly in a language I could not ~~not~~ differentiate. I started to hear human bodies hitting the floor. ~~When~~ Two guards grabbed a detainee and threw him toward two other guards on the plane, and shouted a code, the receiving guards shouted back confirming the reception of the package. When my turn came, two guards grabbed me ~~of~~ by the hands and feet, and threw me toward the reception team. I don't remember whether ~~or~~ I hit the floor or was caught by the other guards. I started to lose the feeling I would have made no difference, the extravagance of the circumstances was reigning the situation. ~~The~~ ~~one~~ Another team inside the plane dragged me and fastened me tight on a small seat, and straight seat. The belt was I could not breathe. The air condition hit me, and one of the MP was shouting "DO not move, Do not talk", while locking my feet to the floor. I didn't know how to say, "tied" in English, I was calling "MP, MP, Relt". ~~Mosby~~ came to help me

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I almost got smothered. I had a mask over my mouth and my nose, plus the bag ~~over me~~ covering my head and my face, not to mention the tied belt around my stomach. So breathing was impossible. I kept, "MR, SIR, I cannot breathe! ... MR, SIR, ... please". It seemed like my pleas for help got lost in a vast desert. After a couple minutes, [REDACTED] was dropped beside me, on my right. I wasn't sure, but he told me later on, he felt my presence beside him. Every once in a while one of the guards adjusted my goggles, I saw a little bit. I saw the cockpit, which was in front of me. I saw the green camou-uniform of the escorting guards. I saw the ghosts of my fellow detainees on my left and my right. "MR, Sir, my belt, -- hurt. --". When the shouting of the guards faded away, I knew that the detainees are all on board. "MR, Sir, --, belt". A guard responded, he not only ~~not~~ didn't help me, but he tied ~~ed~~ the belt even more around my abdomen. Now, I couldn't endure the pain, I felt I was going to die. Now, I couldn't help asking for help louder "MR, I can not breath' --". One of the soldiers came and untied the belt, not very comfortably but better than nothing, "It's still tied. --", I learned the word, when he asked me "Is it tied", "that all you get". I gave up asking for relief through the belt, ~~now~~ "I can not breath'! --", peering to my nose. One guard appeared to look ~~off~~ the ~~mask~~ mask off my nose. I took a deep breath

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So I felt really relieved. But to my dismay the guard put the mask back on my nose and my mouth. "SIR, I cannot breathe!" (MP... MP) the same guy showed once more, but instead of taking ~~off~~ the mask off my nose, he took the ^{plug} off my ear, and said "Forget about it!" and immediately put the ear plug back. It was harsh but it was the only way not to panic and smother. I was panicking, I had just no enough air, but the only way to survive was to convince the brain to be satisfied with the tiny bit of air it got. Through the side of my goggles I could tell the guy was [REDACTED]. In the meantime, the plane was in the air. A guard ~~at~~ shouted in my ear "E Ana pouna give you some medication, you get sick". He ~~put~~ made me take a bunch of tablets. ~~I was empty~~ Since the transfer procedure, all our meals consisted of one apple and a peanut butter sandwich. I hate peanut butter since then. I had no appetite to eat anything. I pretended I was eating the sandwich, so the guards don't hurt me. I always tried to avoid contact with those violent guards, unless, it was extremely necessary. I took a bite off the sandwich and keep it in my hand, till the guards collected the trash. As to the apple I had

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no problem, though I didn't want to eat anything! The eating was tricky, since my hands were tied to my waist and I wore mittens. I squeezed the apple between my hands and bent my head extremely to my waist like an acrobat to bite on the apple. One slip and the apple is gone. I tried to sleep, and as tired as I was, but every attempt to take a nap ended in failure. The seat was as straight as an arrow, and as hard as a stone. My body whole body conspired against me. All my hope was in arrival, but ~~arrived~~ there a quiet ^{along} way to go. After about five hours, the plane landed and our ghosts were transferred to another ~~bigger~~ maybe bigger plane. It was stable in the air. I was happy with every change, any change hopping for the betterment of my situation. I was wrong, for the new plane wasn't better as to my situation. I knew Cuba was quiet far, but I never thought it to be that far, given the US high speed airplanes. ~~At~~ some point, I thought that the govt wanted to "blow up" the plane over the Atlantic and declare it as an accident. Since all the detainees were interrogated over, and over, and over. But this crazy plan was ~~in~~ the least of my worries.

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I was worried about a little death pain, after which I hope fully enter the paradise with God's mercy. Living under God's mercy would be better than living under U.S. mercy.

The plane seemed to be heading to the kingdom of far, far away. The feeling lessened with every minute going by. My body numbed. I remember asking for the bathroom once. The guards dragged me to my place and pushed inside a small room, and pull down my pants. I couldn't take care of my business b/c of the presence of others. But I think I managed with a lot of effort to squeeze some water. I just wanted to arrive! no matter where! Any place would be better than this plane. After I don't know how many ~~one~~ hours, the plane landed in Cuba. The guards started to pull us out of the plane, "Walk! .. stop!" I couldn't walk, ~~for~~ my feet were unable to carry me. And now I noticed that at some point I lost one of my shoes. After a thorough search outside the plane, the guards, shouted, "Walk!" "Do not talk!" "Head down!" "step" I only understood "Do not talk" the other things I didn't but the guards were dragging me anyway. Inside the truck, the guards

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shouted "Sit down! cross your legs!", I didn't understand the last part but they anyway crossed my legs. "Head down!" pushing my head against the rear end of another detainee. Like a chicken. A female voice was shouting all the way to the camp "No Talking", and a male voice "Do not talk", and an Arabic translator "1,3 [REDACTED]"

"1,3 [REDACTED]" "Keep your head down". I was completely annoyed by the American way of talking, I hoped I had the option not to listen to those guards, and stayed that way for long time before I got cured by meeting other good American people. Although I was thinking at giving orders with two different way "Do NOT TALK" or "No talking". It was interesting. Now, the chains in my ankles cut the blood off to my feet. My feet became numb. I heard only moaning and crying of other detainees. Beating was the order of the trip. I was not spared, the guard kept hitting me on my head, and squeeze my neck against the rear end of the other detainee. But I don't blame him as much as I do the poor, and painful detainee, who was crying, and kept moving, and so these raised my head. Detainees told me that we took a fairy during the trip, but I didn't notice.

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After about one hour we finally at the promised land. As much pain as I suffered, but I was very happy to finally have the trip behind me. A prophet saying states, "Travel is a piece of torture". This trip was certainly a "piece of torture". Now, I was only worried about I was going to stand up, if they ask me to. I was just paralyzed and could certainly not stand up. Two guards grabbed me, and shouted "Stand up" I tried to jump but nothing happened, instead they dragged me and threw me outside the truck. The warm sun of Cuba hit me. It was just a good feeling, I would enjoy that sun bath for about six hours. ~~the~~ I could tell the changed ~~for~~ against a better one. The old team used to say, "Wader" the new team says "Water". The old team used to say "stand up", the new team "stand up" the old team was simply too loud. I could tell the detainees reached their pain limit. All I heard was moaning. My next was an Afghani, who was crying very loudly and pleading for help ^{1,3} [REDACTED]

^{1,3} [REDACTED] He was speaking in Arabic, "SIR, how could you do so to me, pls, relieve my pain^{gentle}", but nobody bothered even to check on him. The fellow was sick back in Begram. I saw him in the cell next

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to me. He was vomiting all the time, I felt so bad for him. At the same I laughed, can you believe I stupidly laughed. ~~Not~~ Not at him, I laughed at the situation. First, he addressed them in Arabic, which no guards understood, second he call them Gentlemen, and they are most certainly not.

Let's do some Math. The ~~the~~ trip started ² [REDACTED] 10 AM and we arrived in Cuba around 12 AM ~~at~~ 13 AM ² [REDACTED] which leaves us with about 36 hours.

² [REDACTED] AUG 02 NOON Arrival at the new home of GTMO

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² [REDACTED] AUG 02 NOON Arrival at GTMO - The new home.

GTMO sun hit me gracefully. I enjoyed the sun bath at the begin after the ice-cold airplane I had been for the last thirty hours, though I was luckier than a [REDACTED] brother who froze totally. The Medics had to put him in a room and treat him with fire balze, "When they started the fire, I said to myself, here you go, now they start the torture!" I [REDACTED] laughed when he recounted his story in the [REDACTED] the next morning. However, the sun grew hot with every minute going by. I started to sweat and grew very tired of the kneeling position I had to remain in the whole day. Every once in a while a guard ~~at~~ shouted "Need Water!". I don't remember asking for water, but it's not likely that I did. I was still stuck with the blindfold, but ~~I~~ my excitement about a new correction facility with other human beings, so realizing with them, and do all kind of stuff, there would be no torture, or even interogation, all this excitement overwhelmed my pain, and the fact that I didn't know who long it was going to last. thus I didn't open my mouth with any comp leins or any moans, while many brothers around me where moaning, and even crying. I don't know but I think that my limit of ~~UNCLASSIFIED~~ lasted long time before.

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I was the dead-last to have been "processed" people who got hurt on the plane had probably the priority, such as [REDACTED]. He happened to ask the guard to turn down the ~~air~~ AC in the plane, but the guard not only refused to meet his wish, but he kept soaking him with water drops all the way to Cuba. When the moans, complaints, cries, and guards' shoutings started to diminish and finally faded away, I started to feel lonely and exhausted. Finally, two escorting guards dragged ~~drag~~ me into the clinic. They stripped me naked and pushed me into an open shower, I took a shower in my chains under the eyes of everybody. My breetherens, the Medics, and the Army. The other brothers who preceeded me were still stark naked. It was ugly. Although the shower was soothing, I couldn't enjoy it. I was ashamed and I did the old trick of the austriach; looked down to my feet. The guards dried me up, and took me to the next steps. Basically, the detainees went through a medical check, and experienced the first interrogate inside the clinic. They also took note of everybody's biological description (height, weight, scars, etc...). It was like a ^{car} production line. I followed the step of the detainee who preceeded me, and he followed somebody else's steps and so on and so forth.

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"What Do you have any known disease?" asked the young nurse, "Yes, sciatic nerve and hypotension", "Any thing else?", "No.", "Where did they capture you?", "I don't understand" I replied the doctor repeated his question, but I didn't understand for he spoke quickly. "Never mind!" the doctor said, when one of my guards gestured to me putting one of his hands over the other, only then I understood the doctor's question. "In my country!", "Where are you from?", "Mauritania" I replied, when the guards were dragging me to the next step. Medics are not supposed to interrogate detainees, but they anyway do. I personally enjoy conversations with everybody and care less about him/her breaking the rules. Inside the hospital it was cool and crowded. I was solaced by the fact that I saw the detainees who were in the same situation as mine, especially after they wrapped us in the orange ~~prison~~ uniform. Interrogators were disguising among the Medics to gather information. "Do you speak Russian?" asked me an old civilian, an Intel wreck of the cold war. He later on interrogated me a couple of times, and told me that he was working with [REDACTED] a Mujahideen leader who supposedly used to turn over the Russian detainees to the U.S. "I had been interrogating them. They're now U.S citizens, and among my best friends -". He claimed to be responsible for a section of the GTF. Interrogators like him were sneaking to converse "innocently"

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with the detainees. However, interrogators have a hard time mistaking themselves with other people. They're simply very clumsy. The escort led me to a room with many detainees and interrogators at work. "What's your name?" "Where are you from?" "Are you married?" "yes!" "What's the name of your wife?" I forgot the name of my wife as several members of my family as well, ~~some~~ b/c of the persisting state of depression I ~~was~~ had been in the last nine months. Since I knew that nobody was going to buy such thing, I went "Zeinebou", just a name that came to my mind. "What languages do you speak?" "Arabic, German, ...", "Sprechen Sie Deutsch?" asked the male interrogator in uniform who was helping ² [redacted] typing in laptop. "Bist du ³ [redacted]?" I asked him ³ [redacted] was choked, when I mentioned his name. "Who told you about me?" " ³ [redacted] from Bagram!" "We keep the conversation in English but very simple" said he. In Bagram ³ [redacted] told about ³ [redacted] being in GTMO in case I needed a German translator. ³ [redacted] avoided me ~~the rest~~ for the rest of his time in GTMO. I was listening to the interrogation of a Tunisian fellow detainee "Did you train in ATF?" "No", "You know, if you lie, we're gonna get the information from Tunisia!" "I am not lying!". Pictures were taken. I hate the fact that my privacy is being disrespected in every respect. I am totally under the mercy of somebody I don't trust, and who might be ruthless.

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Many detainees smiled for the camera, I personally never did, and I don't think that on that 5th August of 2002 any detainee smiled for the camera. After the smooth interrogation, the medical check was resumed. A ~~██████████~~³ ~~██████████~~ corpsman took a ~~two~~ thousand and one blood tubes off me. I thought I was going to pass out or even die. A check of blood pressure showed 110 over 50 which is very low. The doctor put me immediately on medication to increase my blood pressure (red small tabs). ~~At~~ After the endless processing the escorting team took me out of the clinic, "Keep your head down!", It was already dark outside but I couldn't tell what time it was. The weather was nice, ~~and~~ "sit down!" I sat outside ~~and there~~ for about thirty minutes before the escorting team picked me up and put me in a room and locked me on the floor. I did not notice the lock nor had I ever been subject to it. I thought the room to be my future home. I looked around to discover it. The room was bare but ~~from a couple~~^{of} chairs and a desk. There was no sign of life. "Where are the other detainees?" I said to myself. ~~My~~ I grew impatient, and decided to go outside the room and try to find other fellow detainees, but as soon as I tried to stand up the chairs pulled me hard down, only then I knew that something was wrong with my assumptions. As it turned out, I was in the interrogation booth of

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All of a sudden three men entered the room. The older guy who spoke to me earlier in the clinic, an [REDACTED]³, and a [REDACTED]² who served as an interpreter. "Comment vous vous appelez?" asked [REDACTED]³ in a thick accent, "Je m'appelle - - -" "I answered and that was the end of [REDACTED]³.

Interrogators wanted to always tend to bring the factor of surprise as a technique. I glimpsed on of the guys' clock. It was nearly 1 a.m., I was in a state where my system got messed up I was wide awake in spite of more than forty-eight hours of sleeplessness. Interrogators wanted to use that weakness to facilitate the interrogation. I was offered nothing, such as water or food. [REDACTED]³ led the interrogation, and [REDACTED]² was a good translator. The other guy didn't get the chance to ask, he just took notes. [REDACTED]³ didn't really come up with a miracle, all he asked me was some questions I had been asked for uninterruptedly for the past three years. [REDACTED]³ spoke a very clear English, I almost didn't need the translator, he seemed to be smart and experienced. When the night grew late [REDACTED]³ thanked me for my cooperation. "I believe that you are very open, the next time we will untied your hands, and bring you something to eat. We will not torture you, nor will we extradite you to another country." I was ~~the~~ happy with [REDACTED]³ assurances, and encouraged to in my cooperation.

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As it turned out [redacted] was either misleading me, or he was unknowledgeable about the plans of this government. I was the only detainee, who was picked up for interrogation from the entire group of twenty-four detainees. The three men left the room and sent the escort team to me, which led me to my cell. It was [redacted] block. The block was designed for isolation. There was no sign of life inside the block which made me think that I was the only one around. When the guard dropped me in the frozen-cold box I almost panicked behind the heavy metal door. I tried to convince myself "... it is only a temporary place, and in the morning, they are going to transfer me to the community. This place cannot be for more than the rest of the night! ...". In fact, I spent one whole month in [redacted] [redacted] ~~the~~ god. It was around 8 am when the guards handed me an MRE. I tried to eat what I could but I had no appetite. When I checked my stuff I saw a brand new Koran edition, which made me happy. I kissed ~~at~~ the Koran and soon fell asleep. I slept so deep like I never had. The shoutings of my fellow detainees woke me ^{up} in the early morning. Life was suddenly blown into [redacted] [redacted] when I came early this morning around 2 am, I never thought that human beings could be possibly stored in a bunch of cold boxes. I thought I was the only one, but I was wrong, my fellow detainees were only knocked out due to ^{the} harsh punishment trip they had behind them. While the guards were serving

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the foods. We were introducing us to ourselves. We couldn't see each others due to the design of the black but we could hear each others. However, we ~~were~~ didn't know each others' ~~faces~~ voices. "Salam AlaiKum!" "Waalaikum Salam", "Who are you?" "I am from Mauritania, Palestine, Syria ... SA ...!" "How was the trip?" "I almost froze to death" shouted one guy "I slept all the trip" replied [REDACTED] "Why did they put the patch beneath my ear?" "I shouted another. "Who was in front of me in the truck?" asked I, "He kept moving, which made the guards beating all the way from the airport to the Camp?", "Me too" shouted another detainee. I called each other with the ISN numbers, we were assigned mi Bagram. My number was [REDACTED] In the cell on my left was [REDACTED] from [REDACTED]. He is about [REDACTED] though a MR but he's never been in the country. I could tell it because of his [REDACTED] accent. On the right cell, there was a guy from the [REDACTED]. He spoke poor Arabic, and claimed to have been captured in Karachi where he attends the university. In front of my cell they put the Sudanese next to each others. Basically, [REDACTED]

Breakfast was modest; one boiled egg, hard piece of bread, and something else I don't know. The name. I enjoyed my breakfast b/c it was my first hot meal since I left Jordan. Oh, the tea was soothing, I like tea better than any food. As long as I

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remember, I have been drinking tea. Tea is a crucial part of the diet of people from warmer region. It sound contradictory but it is so. People shouting all over the place in ~~an~~ indistinct conversations. It was just good feeling, when everybody started to recount his story. Many detainees suffered, some more and some less. I didn't consider myself the worst, nor the luckiest. People were captured with their friends and disappeared from the face of the earth. They most likely were sent to other allied countries to facilitate their interrogation by torture such as the

[REDACTED] I considered the arrival to Cuba a blessing and so did I told the brothers, "Since you guys are not involved in crimes you need to fear nothing. I personally am going to cooperate, since nobody is going to torture me. I don't any of you to suffer what I suffered in Jordan. In Jordan, they hardly appreciate your cooperation." I wrongly believed that the worst was over, and cared less about the time it would take the Americans to figure out that I am not the guy they are looking for. I trusted the American justice system too much, and shared that trust with people from European countries. We all have an idea about how the democratic

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System works. ~~The~~ The other fellow detainees, for ~~didnt~~ instance from the middle east didn't believe a second and trust the American system. Their argument laid on the growing hostility of extremist Americans against the Muslims and the Arabs. With every day going by, the optimists lost on ground. The interrogation methods worsened considerably as time went by. As you shall see the responsible, in GTMO broke all the principles upon which the US was built, and compromised every great principle, such as, "That they can give up essential liberty to obtain a little temporary safety deserve neither liberty nor safety" B. Franklin. All of us wanted to make up for about eight months of forced silence, we wanted to get every angle and agony off our chests, and we listened to each others amazing stories for the next thirty days to come, which was our time in ² [redacted] block, before we got transferred to different block. At that day many fellow detainees cried for being separated from their new friends. I cried. ² [redacted] escort team showed up at my cell, ² [redacted] said one of the MPs while holding the long chains in his hands, ² [redacted] is the code word for being taken to interrogation. Although, I didn't understand where I was going, but

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I prudently followed their orders until they delivered me to the interrogator. His name was [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] wearing a US Army uniform. He is an [REDACTED]

[REDACTED], a man with all the paradoxes you may imagine. He spoke Arabic decently with a [REDACTED] accent, you can tell he grew up among [REDACTED] friends. [REDACTED] told me

that he is from [REDACTED] and that he used to interpret for the [REDACTED]

I was terrified when I stepped into the room

[REDACTED] building, of the camel bak on [REDACTED] back and four which he was sipping. I never saw something like that before. I thought, it was a kind of tools to hook on me as a part of my interrogation. I really don't know why I was scared, but the fact that I never saw

[REDACTED] nor his camel bak, nor did I expected an Army guy, all these factors contributed to my fear. The older gentleman, who interrogated me the night before entered the room with some candles and introduced [REDACTED] to me "I chose [REDACTED]

bc he speaks your language. "We're going to ask you detail questions about you [REDACTED] as to me I am going to leave soon, but my replacement will take care of you. See you later". After the introduction he stepped out of the room leaving me and [REDACTED] on work.

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³ [redacted] was a friendly guy, he was [redacted] in the ~~Arm~~ U.S. Army who believed himself to be lucky in the life. ³ [redacted] wanted me to repeat to him again my whole story, which I've been repeating for the last three years over and over I got used to interrogators ask me the same things. Before the interrogator even moves his lips I knew his questions, and as soon as he started to talk I turned my "lape" on. When I came to the part of Jordan, ³ [redacted] felt very sorry!, "These countries don't respect human rights. They even torture people". I was comforted b/c when ³ [redacted] criticize cruel methods during interrogations that means that the Americans wouldn't do something like that. Yes, they were not exactly following the law in Bagram, but that was in AF, and now, we are in a UN controlled territory. After ³ [redacted] finished his interrogations, he sent me back and promised to come back ~~with~~ should new questions arise. During the session with ³ [redacted], I asked him to use the bathroom, "Nr. 1 or Nr. 2?" he asked. I the first time heard the human private business coded in numbers. In the countries I've seen in is not customary to ask people about their intentions in the bathroom, nor do they have a code. I never saw ³ [redacted] in an interrogation after that. The ³ [redacted] resumed his work within a couple of days

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after that. Only the [redacted] now was reinforced with [redacted], [redacted] is a friendly guy, [redacted] he asked me the first day we met, "No, I don't speak [redacted]" I replied. He and [redacted] worked very well together. For some reason, [redacted] was interested in taking my case in hand. Although, a Military interrogator came with them a couple of time and asked some questions, you could tell that [redacted] had the upper hand. Later on an [redacted] joined the team as [redacted] he most likely works for the [redacted]. The team had been working on my case during one month, and it on a daily basis - almost. They had been asking me all kind of questions, and we spoke about other political topics beside the interrogation. Nobody ever threatened me, or tried to torture me, and from my side I was cooperating with the team very well. "Our job is to take your statements and send them to the analysts in D.C. Even if you lie to us, we cannot really tell right away until more information comes in" said [redacted]. The team could see very obviously how sick I was, the pints of Jordan and Bagdam were more than obvious. I looked like a ghost. "You're getting better" said the Army guy, when he saw me after three weeks of my arrival in GITMO. On my second or third

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day in GTMO I collapsed in my cell. I was just driven to my extremis. The MRE didn't appeal on me. The Medics took me out of my cell, I tried to walk the way to the hospital but as soon as I left [REDACTED] I collapsed once more, which made the Medics ~~put~~ ~~or~~ carry me to the Clinic. I threw up so much that I completely dehydrated. I received first aid and got an IV. The IV was terrible, they must have put some medication I have allergy against. After several my mouth dried completely up, and my tongue became so heavy that I couldn't ask for help. I gestured with hands to the coremen to stop drop the fluid into my body, which they did. Later that night the guards brought me back to my cell. I was so sick I couldn't climb on my bed. I slept ~~on the floor~~ had been sleeping on the floor the rest of the month. The doctor prescribed me Ensure and some hypertension medicine. Every time I got my sciatic nerve crisis the corpsmen gave me Motren. Although I was physically very weak, the interrogation didn't stop. But I nonetheless was in good spirit. In the Block we were singing, ~~and~~ joking and recounting each other stories. I also got the opportunity to learn about the star detainees such as his excellence [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] I also learned ~~the~~ about the news and rumors, which ~~the~~ my fellow detainees had, [REDACTED] fed us with the latest news from the camp and the rumors.

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[redacted] was transferred to our Block ~~for~~ due to his "behaviour". [redacted] told us that he was tortured in ~~Kabul~~ ^{Kendahar} with other detainees, "They put us under the sun for long time, we got beaten, but brothers don't worry here in Cuba there is no torture the rooms are Air conditioned, and even some brothers refuse to talk unless offered food" he said. "I cried, when I saw on TV the detainees blindfolded and taken to Cuba. ~~An American~~ ^{The} DoD secretary spoke on TV and claimed that these detainees are the most evil people on the face of the earth. I never thought that I would be one of these "evil" people" said [redacted]

[redacted] was working as an [redacted]

[redacted] He was captured with other four colleagues of his in ~~B...~~ his domicile in [redacted] after midnight under the cries of his children, and was pried off his kids and his wife, exactly as it happened to his friends, who confirmed the story. I heard tons of such stories and every story made me forget the last one. I couldn't tell whose story is more saddening. I even started to undermine my story, but the detainees were unanimous that my story was the most saddening. I personally don't know. The German proverb says: Wenn

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das Militär sich bewegt, bleibt die Wahrheit auf der Strecke. When the Military sets itself in motion, the truth is too slow to keep up with them, thus it stays behind. The Law of war is harsh, if there is anything good at all in a war is that it brings the best and the worst out of people. Some people try to use the lawlessness to hurt others, and some try to reduce the suffer to the minimum. On 04 SEP 05 I was transferred to [REDACTED], and thus started to enjoy the interrogators ended the isolation and put me with general population. On one hand, it was hard for me to leave the friends I've just made, and on the other hand I was excited about going to a dead normal Block, and being a dead average normal detainee. I was tired of being a "special" detainee, ~~making~~ riding all over the world against my will. In [REDACTED] I arrived before sunset. For the first time since more than nine months, I was put in a cell where I could see the plain. For the first time I was able to talk to my fellow detainees while seeing them. I was put in [REDACTED] between two Saudis from the South. Both were very friendly and entertaining. Especially Ibrahim Al-Rubaiishi's story was interesting. Both of them were captured [REDACTED] when the detainees tried to free themselves from the Pakistani Army, who was working on behalf

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of the U.S. One of the detainees, an Algerian, grabbed the AK 47 of a [redacted] guard and shot him. In the mêlée the [redacted] detainees asserted control [redacted]. The guards fled, and did the detainees, just as far as another [redacted] U.S. division was awaiting them, and they were captured again. The [redacted] event caused many casualties and injuries. I saw an Algerian detainee who was completely disabled due to the amount of bullet he had to take. Seeing the other detainees eating their MRE encouraged me to start to eat my own MRE, even though partly. I had had food time in [redacted] [redacted] ~~there~~ at the begin, but things started to get ugly, when some interrogators started to practice torture methods against some detainees, though shyly. As far as I heard and saw, the only method practiced was the cold room all night. I know a Saudi young man, who ~~was~~ had been taken to interrogation every night and put back in his cell in the morning. I don't know the detail of what exactly happened to him b/c he was very quiet. However, my neighbors told me that he refused to talk to his interrogators.

[redacted] also told me that he was put in the cold room two nights in a row b/c he refused to cooperate. Most of the detainees by then refused to

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cooperate after they felt to have provided every thing relevant to their cases. People were desperate and grew tired from being interrogated all the time and without hope of an end. I personally was relatively new and wanted to take my chance. Maybe my fellow detainees ~~are~~ ^{were} wrong! But I ended up bumping into the same brick wall as anybody else. Detainees grew worried about their situation and the absence of a due process of law, and things started to get worse with the use of painful methods to extract information off detainees. Around mid Sep 02 an

[REDACTED] pulled me to interrogation, and they introduced themselves as the team who was going to assess me for the next two months. "How long am I going to be interrogated?", "As long as the govt has questions for you!", "How long is that?" "I can only tell you that you will not spend more than ~~to~~ five years here!" said [REDACTED]. They were communicating with me through an Arabic interpreter who looked [REDACTED]. "I am not ready to be asked the same questions again and again!", "No, we have some new questions". But as it turned out they had been asking me the very same questions I had been asked for the last three years. However, I anyway had been reluctantly cooperating with them.

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I honestly didn't see any advantages in cooperating. I just wanted to see how far things were going to go. Around the same time another interrogator [redacted] pulled me to interrogation, he was [redacted] ~~used~~ an organized party spoke [redacted] accent. [redacted] He was straight forward with, and even shared with me what [redacted] about me. [redacted] was talking, and talking, and talking again. He was interested in getting me working for him, as he tried with other North African Arabs. "On next Thursday, I arranged a meeting with the [redacted] are you going to talk to them?", "yes, I am." That was the first lie I detected b/c [redacted] said, "No, foreign govt is going to talk to you here, only us Americans!", however, I was not afraid of talking to anybody, I have done no crimes against anybody. I even wanted to talk to prove my innocence, since the American motto was "GIMO detainees are guilty until proven innocent"; Especially, I liked to talk to the [redacted], since the Americans claimed to base their wild theories on [redacted]. I heard about many detainees having met with non-American interrogators, such as [redacted]

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[redacted] were helping
 the US to extract information out of the [redacted]
 Detainees. The [redacted] interrogators and the
 [redacted] threatened [redacted] some of their
 interviewees with torture, when they got them
 back home. "I hope I had seen you in another
 place" said the [redacted] interrogator to [redacted]
 [redacted] and "If we see each
 other in Turkistan, you're gonna talk a lot!"
 said the [redacted] interrogator to [redacted]
 [redacted] In all in all I knew what was
 awaiting me, when it comes to [redacted] interrogators
 I wanted to get things out off my chest. The
 day came and the guards pulled me and took
 me [redacted] where detainees usually
 me [redacted] Two
 [redacted] Gentlemen were sitting on the other side
 of the table, and I was looking at them locked
 on the floor. [redacted]

[redacted] who
 played the roll - bad guy - during the interrogation
 neither introduce himself, which was completely
 against the [redacted]. They just stood in
 front of me like ghosts as the rest of the secret
 interrogators. "Do you speak German, or do you
 need an interpreter?" asked the [redacted], "I am
 afraid we don't" I replied. "Well, you understand

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the seriousness of the matter, we had come from [REDACTED] to discuss with you. People have been killed. " continued the older man. I, smiling " Since when are you allowed to interrogate people outside [REDACTED] [REDACTED] ", " We are not here to discuss the judicial ground of our questioning! ", " I might, sometime in the future, be able to talk to the press and give you away, although I don't know your names, but I do recognize your pictures no matter how long time it takes! " - " You can't do whatever you want, you're not gonna hurt us! We know what we're doing " he said. " So, clearly, you guys are using the lawlessness of this place to extract information off me? " [REDACTED] " Salahi, if we wanted so, we could ask the guards to hang you at the wall and kick your ass! ". When he mentioned the crooked way he was thinking of, my heart started to pound & I carefully try to express myself and at the same avoid torture. " You cannot scare me, you're not talking to a child. I am a grown-up, and if you continue speaking to me with this ton, you can pack your luggage and go back to [REDACTED] ". " We are not here to prosecute you or scare you, we just would be grateful, if you answer a couple of questions we have " he said [REDACTED] " Look, I've been in your country, and you know that I was never

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involved in any kind of crimes. Plus, what I worried about? Your country is not even threatened. I've been living peacefully in your country and never misused your hospitality. I am very grateful for all that your country helped with, I don't stab in the back. So what theater are you trying to play on me?". [REDACTED] Salahi we know that you are innocent but we did not capture you, the Americans did. We are not here on behalf of the U.S. We work for [REDACTED], and lately we stopped some bad attempts. We know you cannot possibly know about these things. However, we only want to ask you about two individuals; [REDACTED] and we would be grateful, if you answer our questions about them?". "It's just funny that you have come all the way from [REDACTED] to ask me about your people. The two individuals are good friends of mine. We attended the same mosques, but I don't know them to be involved in any terrorists operations". The session didn't last ~~long~~ much longer than that, they asked me how I was doing and about the life in the camp and bid me farewell.

3 [REDACTED] Many interrogators naively think that detainees don't know about the [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] I never saw the [REDACTED] since then. [REDACTED] reserved me the next day and talked to me about the meeting with the [REDACTED]

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Generally, he was not impressed by the [redacted] team. After a couple of questions [redacted] sent me back to the block. In the meantime the [redacted] kept questioning me. "Do you know [redacted]?" [redacted] asked [redacted] "No, I don't" I honestly answered "But he knows you!" "I am afraid you have another file than mine!" "No, I read your file very thoroughly!" "Can you show me his picture?" "Yes, I am going to show it to you after tomorrow?" "Good, I might know him with other name!" "Do you know about the American Bases in Germany?" "Why do you ask me about that? I didn't go to Germany to study the American Bases, nor am I interested in them in any way!" I angrily replied. "My People respect detainees who tell the truth!" [redacted] said, while [redacted] taking note. I took the hint that called me a liar in a stupid way! The session was terminated. The next day [redacted] reserved me in the [redacted] and showed me two pictures that turned out to be that of [redacted] who is suspected to have participated in the Sep 11 attack and was captured [redacted] the second picture was the one of [redacted] one of the Sep 11 high jackers. As to [redacted] I never heard of or saw him, and as to [redacted]

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[REDACTED] I figured I've seen that guy, but where and when? I had no clue! Furthermore I figured that that guy should be very important b/c [REDACTED] were running fast together in order to find my link with this guys. In these circumstances I denied having seen this guy. Look at it, how would look had I say I saw this guy but I don't know when and where! Which interrogator would buy something like that? No one! And to be honest to you I was as scared as hell. [REDACTED] told me a crooked story he was told by [REDACTED] who died in Sep 11 attack, but I could only later on make sense of the nonsense, when I gathered the whole story from both detainees and interrogators. Next day, the [REDACTED] team reserved me once more and showed me the picture of [REDACTED] and denied the same way to know have known him as I did the day before. My denial to have known the man I really don't know, I just saw him for a very short time once or twice and have no association whatsoever with him, gave the fuel to all kind of wild theories linking me to the attack of Sep 11. People Investigators were just drowning and were looking for any straw to grab. I personally didn't want exactly to be that straw. [REDACTED] said [REDACTED]

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[REDACTED]

"In the few next days," In the mean time I was transferred to [REDACTED] where I met for the first time the [REDACTED]

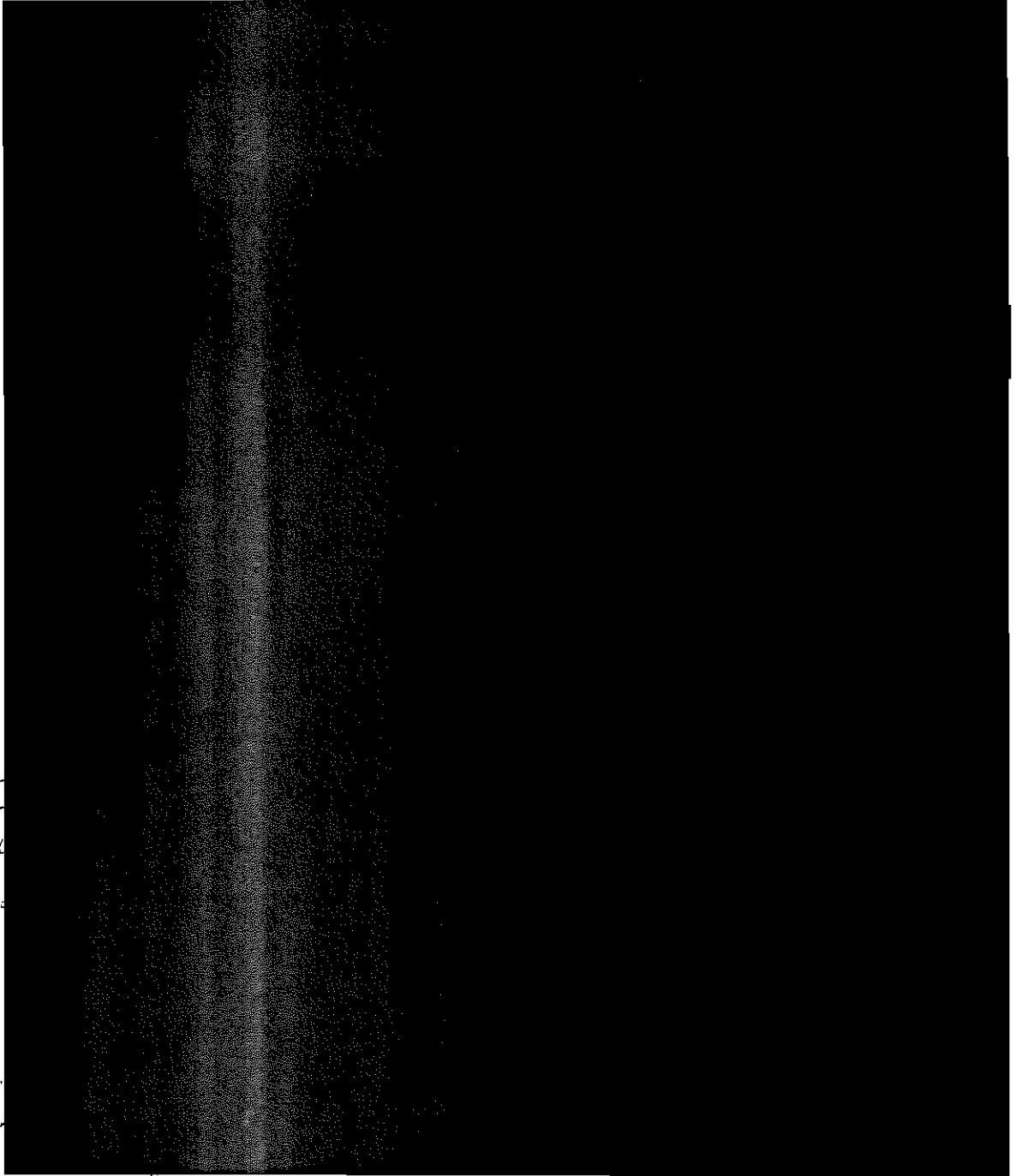
[REDACTED] He was one of the star detainees. [REDACTED] heard about my story, and as any [REDACTED] he wanted to have more information. From my side, I also wanted to converse with cultured people. As far as I can tell, [REDACTED] was a decent guy. I have hard time to picture him as a criminal. I stayed less than two weeks in [REDACTED] before I was transferred to [REDACTED] [REDACTED] was filled with European, and North-African descendants. For the first time I got to know the [REDACTED] and the [REDACTED].

[REDACTED]

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in ² [REDACTED] before. I always wanted to know where I am going and why. I remember one time when the escorting team refused to tell me where I was going, I thought they were taking me to execution. When I entered



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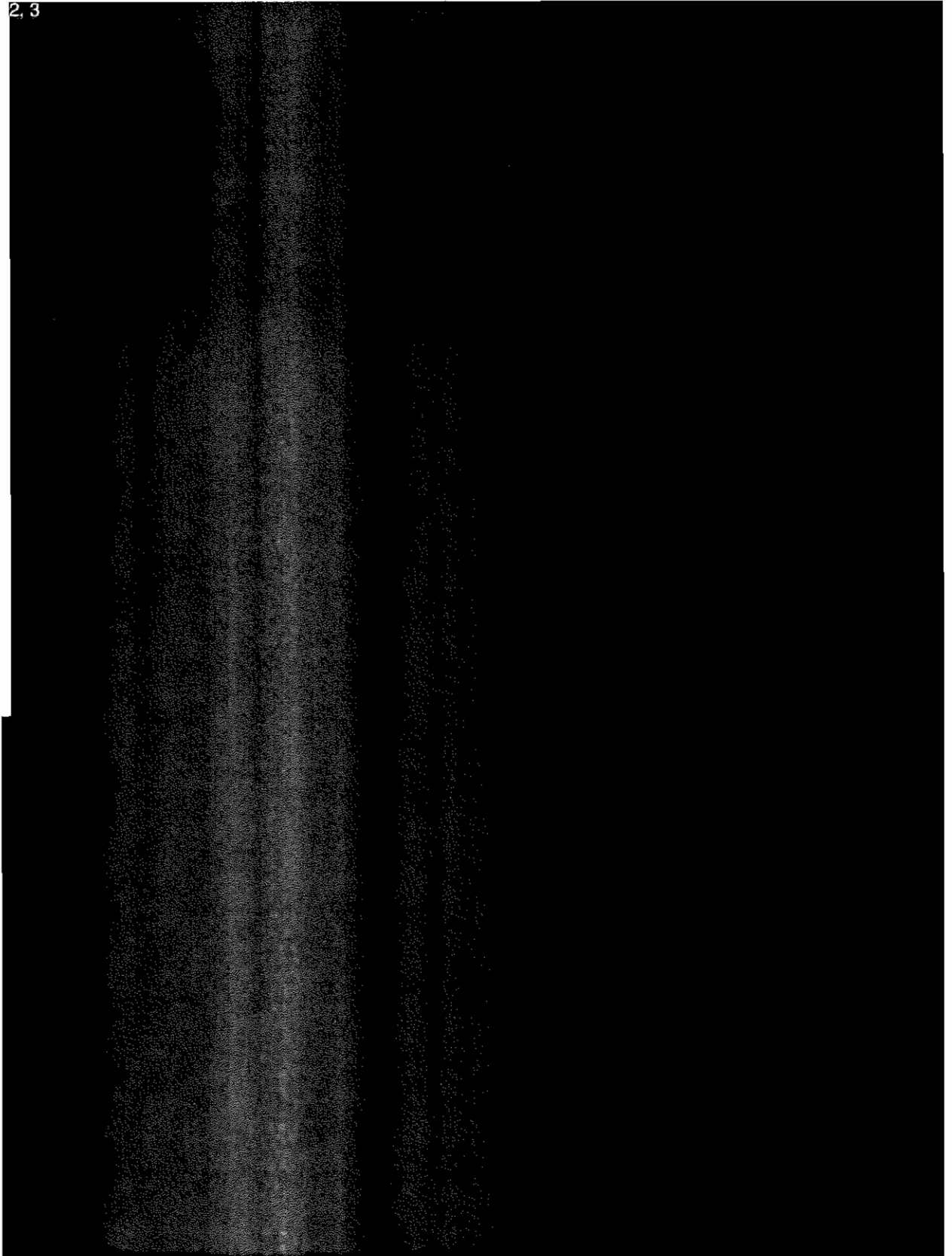
[REDACTED] was accompanied by an Arabic
Interpreter [REDACTED] He was very
Weak in the language. [REDACTED]



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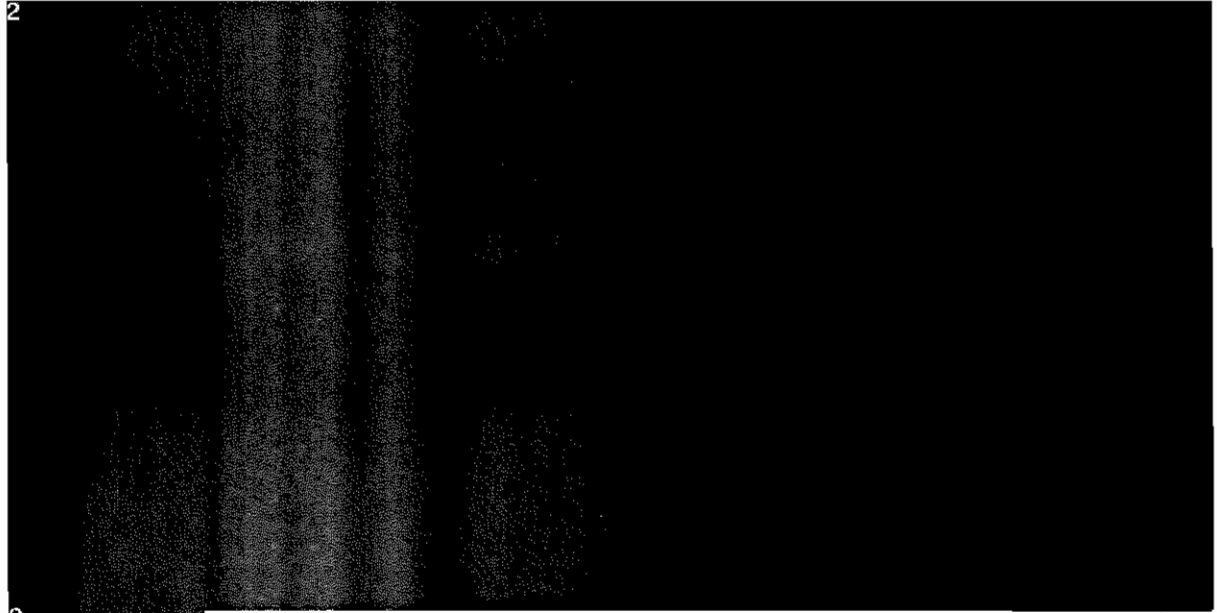
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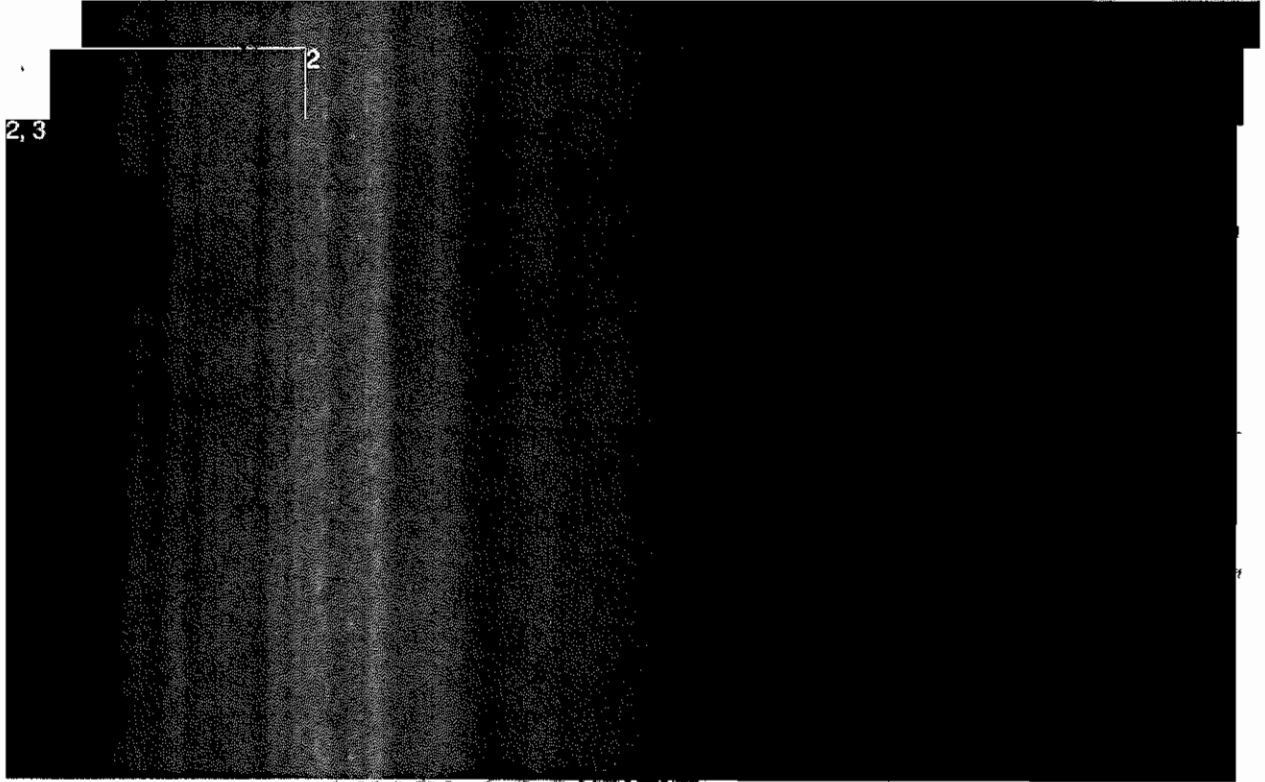


2

After a couple of days, I was taken to
interrogation, "How are you?" said ³ [redacted] it's
been long time since I saw him last, "Good!", "
³ [redacted] were in [redacted], when you
agreed [redacted]

2

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latter's Era there were many issues. Most of which were initiated by the desperation of detainees. Needless interrogation, disrespect of the Holy Koran by some of the guards, torturing of detainees by making them spend the night in a cold room. Eventhough, this method was not as largely practiced as it will be in [redacted] time. Thus, we decided to ^{on} go hungry strike. Many detainees took part including me. However, I could only strike for four days, after which I was a ghost. "Don't break, you're gonna weaken the group" said my Saudi neighbour. "I told you guys I'm gonna hunger strike, and not I'm gonna commit suicide." I'm gonna break" I replied. [redacted]

[redacted] he was the kind of man to be picked for the dirtiest job, when many others failed. [redacted] was a very radical hater. He changed completely the policy of the detention

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facilities in GTMO in all aspects. ²

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² One day in paradise, and the next in the hell. Detainees of this level are completely under the mercy of their interrogators, which was very convenient for the interrogators. ²

^{2,3}

² I was like . what the heck is going on, I've never been in trouble with the guards, and I'm answering my interrogators and cooperating with them I was chocked. But I missed that cooperation meant to tell your interrogators whatever they want to hear. I was put once more in ² ² End

² I was taken to interrogations and faced the first time a new assigned ²

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End ² [REDACTED] I got a new ~~set~~ assigned [REDACTED] Escorting team appeared in [REDACTED] mi front of my Cell, "760 reservation" they said, "OK, just give me a second". I started to put my clothes on and washing my face. My heart started to pound heavily. I hate interrogation. I have gotten tired from being terrified all the time living in constant fear, day-in-day-out for the last thirteen months. "Allah be with you! Stay head on! They work for Satan" yelled my fellow detainees to keep me together, as we always do, when somebody gets pulled for interrogation. I hated the sound of the heavy metal chains, I hardly can carry them, if given to me. People always get taken from the block for different reason, and every time I heard the chains I thought it was me. You never know what's gonna happen in the interrogation, people some times never come back to the block, they just disappeared. It happened to a Moroccan fellow detainee, and it will happen to me as you're going to learn - God's willing - I always anticipate the worst. When I entered the room in ² [REDACTED] it was crowded with

³^{1,3}³

"Hi!", "Hi!", "I've chosen

based on their experience and

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maturity to assess your case for the time to come. There are a couple that should be completed in your case. For instance, you didn't tell us everything about [REDACTED] he is a very important guy [REDACTED] First, I told you what I know about [REDACTED], even though I don't you providing information about anybody. We're talking here about me. Second, in order to continue my cooperation with you I need to answer me on question - WHY AM I HERE? - without giving the answer you may consider me a non exist detainee" I said. Later on I learned from my great lawyers [REDACTED] the magic formulation of my request is - Petition for a Writ of Habeas Corpus. Obviously, this sentence ~~do~~ makes ~~sense~~ no sense to the average mortal man like me. The average person would say, "why the hell are you locking me up?". I am not a lawyer but common sense dictates that, at least, after three years of ~~depr~~ interrogating me and depriving me of my liberty, the govt owes me an explanation why they're doing so - what is exactly my crime? "It makes no sense, is like somebody who quits 10-mile trip after 9 miles" said [REDACTED] More accurate had he said, "a Million-mile trip after making one mile" - "Looks it's ~~as~~ as simple as ABC, answer me the question and I cooperate with you fully!" "I have no answer!" said [REDACTED] "Neither do I!" I replied, "It says in the Koran, somebody who kills

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one soul is considered as having killed the entire humanity" said the French translator trying to reach a breakthrough. "I disrepectfully looked at him with the side of my face, "I am not the guy you're looking for!" in French and I repeated it in plain English. ³ [redacted] started, "I am sure you're against killing people. We are not looking for you. We're looking for these guys, who are out there trying to hurt innocents" he said so while ~~was~~ showing me a bunch of phosty picture. I refused to look at them, and whenever he tried to put them under my sight I looked otherwise. I did not want to give him the satisfaction of, even, having taken a look at them. "Look, ³ [redacted] is cooperating and he has a good chance to get his sentence reduced to twenty-seven years. ³ [redacted] is really a bad person. Somebody like you needs only to talk for five minutes, and you're a free man" said ³ [redacted]. He was everything but reasonable. He was a ³ [redacted]

³ [redacted] When I contemplated his statement I was like, "God, a guy who is cooperating is gonna se locked for 27 more years, after which he would not be able to ~~make any~~ enjoy any type of life. What harsh country is that". I am sorry to say that ³ [redacted] statement was not worth an answer. He and ³ [redacted] tried to reason with the help of the MI guy but there was no convincing me to talk.

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The guy who ~~made~~ ³ impressed me the most was [REDACTED], even though he didn't say a word beside introducing himself. He was an [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] You can tell that the interrogators ~~are~~ ^{were} used to detainees who refused to cooperate after a while of having been cooperated. I learned from other detainees how not to cooperate, as the interrogators learned from each others how to deal with non-cooperating detainees. The session was closed and I was sent back to my cell. I was satisfied with myself, since I officially now belong to the majority - non cooperating detainees - I mind less to be locked unjustly the rest of my life, but it drives me crazy to be moreover expected to cooperate. You lock me up, I give you no information. And we both are cool. ² [REDACTED] the session continued with the new team. ³ [REDACTED] rarely attended the sessions. "As long as you don't give us every piece of information you have!" he said once, "Because we are Americans we treat you guy according to our high standards. Look at [REDACTED] ~~who~~ ^{we} treat we are offering him the latest technology as Medicine", "You want just to keep him alive b/c he might have some Intel, and he dies, they're gonna die with him!". ~~Interrogators~~ ^{Interrogators} always tend to mention free food and free medical treatment for detainees. I really don't understand what other alternatives ~~of~~ the detainees

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do have! I personally have seen detained in non-Democratic country and the Medical treatment was the highest priority. Common sense dictates that if detainee goes badly ill there would be no intels, and he might probably die. However, I later on understood what Medical treatment means for Americans. In other democratic countries, such as Germany and Canada the Medical treatment is quasi free and everybody profits from a high level Med treatment especially in Germany. In the U.S. the Med treatment is very expensive, and maybe that why they are not used to a free Med treatment. We spent almost two months of argumentation. "Bring me to the court, and I will answer all your questions", "There will be no court!" they said, "Are you a Mafia, you total Kidnap people, and lock them, and blackmail them" I said, "You guys are law enforcement problem" said [REDACTED] "We cannot apply the conventional Law on you, we need only circumstantial evidence to fry you", "I have done nothing against your country, have I?", "You are a part a the big conspiracy against the U.S.?" said [REDACTED] "You may pull this charge on any body! What have I done?", "I don't know, you tell me!", "LOOK you Kidnapp me from my home not AF b/c you suspected me to have been part of Millennium plot, which I am not as you know by now, so what is the next charge! It looks

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to me as if you want to pull any shit on me" "I don't want to pull any shit on me, I just hope that you have access to the same reports as I do!" said [REDACTED] "Look, I don't care what the report say. But I just ~~be~~ would like you to take look at the reports of JAN 2000 link me to Millennium plot. And you know that I am not a part of it after the cooperation of [REDACTED], "I don't think that you are a part of it, nor do I believe that you know [REDACTED], but I do know that you know people who know [REDACTED] said [REDACTED], "I don't know but I have no problem if it is the case" I replied, "knowing anybody is not a crime no matter who he is". The young Egyptian who served as interpreter tried to convince me to cooperate, "Look, I have come here sacrificing my time to help you guys, and the only way to help yourself is to talk" he said, "Aren't you ashamed to work for these evil people who arrest your brothers in faith for no reason than being Muslims. [REDACTED] I am older than you, speak more languages, and have higher college grade, and been in much more countries than you have. I understand you're here to help yourself and make money. If you try to fool anybody is only yourself!" I said, I was just so mad he talked to me

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as if I were a child. [REDACTED] were just staring. All of these conversations took place in different sessions, "You tell why I am here, I cooperate, you don't tell me I'm not gonna cooperate. But we can talk about anything else beside interrogation". [REDACTED] assured welcomed the idea and assured me that he was going to ask his boss to provide him the cause of my arrest b/c he didn't know it. In the mean time he taught me a lot about the American culture and history. I have seen, the Civil War, Muslims in the U.S, and several other Frontline broadcasts regarding the terrorism. "All of this shit happens b/c of hatred" [REDACTED] [REDACTED] showed a list of fifteen at GTMO detainees of the highest priority. I was #1. I was just laughing. It was not funny but the interrogators really made me believe that I have done some bad thing when? Most likely before my birth. [REDACTED], he was interested in getting information as quickly as possible using classic police methods. He offered me Mc's but I refused b/c I didn't want to owe him anything. "The Army are fighting to take you to a very bad place, and we don't that to happen!" he said, "Just let them take me there, I'm gonna be used to it, whether or not I cooperate

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You keep me in jail, so why should I cooperate? I said so not knowing that Americans use torture to facilitate interrogation. Of course, I was very tired from being taken to interrogation every day. My back was just constantly aching against me. I sought Medical help, "you're not allowed to sit for so long time" said the [REDACTED] ² [REDACTED] physio-therapist, "Pls, tell my interrogators so b/c they make sit for long hours almost every day", "I will write a note but I am not sure whether it will have effect" she replied. Feb 03 ³ [REDACTED] washed his hands off me, "I am going to leave but if you're ready to talk about my your telephone conversations request me. I'll come back" he said, "Be sure I assure you that I am not going to talk about anything unless you answer my question - why I am here?" ³ [REDACTED] asked me to dedicate an English copy of Koran to him, which I happily did, and off he went. I never heard about ³ [REDACTED] after that, ³ [REDACTED] and I to "not" working together but he was an over-bearing person. I don't think in a negative way. ³ [REDACTED] just had tons of reports with all kind of evil theories. The ~~at~~ mis-mash of what-ifs was mainly fueled with prejudices, ~~and~~ hatred, and ignorance toward the Islamic Religion. "I am working on showing you

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the evidences against you", ³ said, "There are no evidences against me. I know I have done nothing!", " ~~But~~ Rules have changed, what was no crime is now considered a crime", he said, "But I have done no crimes, and no matter how harsh your guys laws are, I have done nothing", "But what if I show you the evidences", "you will not, but if you do so, I will cooperate with you", ³ showed me a list of the bad in ² . They were fifteen, and I was number 1 and number 2 was I didn't recognize the rest, "you got to be kidding me.", "No, I am not, I don't understand the seriousness of your case?", "So, you kidnapped me from my country in my house, and sent me to Jordan for torture, and took me from Jordan to Bagram, and I am still worse than the people I captured with their guns in their hands!", "Yes you are, you are very smart! To me, you meet all the criteria of being a top terrorist. When I check the terrorist check list you pass with a very high score", I was so scared, but I always try to suppress my fear, "And what is your ² check list?", "You are Arab, you are young, you went to jihad, you speak foreign languages, you've been in many countries, you are graduated in a technical discipline", "And what crime is that?" I said, "Look at the high jacks they were the same way?", "I am not here to defend anybody but myself. Don't even mention anybody

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to me. I asked you about my crime, and not about X or Y crimes. I don't give a damn!," "But you a part of the big conspiracy against the U.S." "You always say the same. Tell me my part in this "big" conspiracy." "I am going to tell you just STABR - be patient". Sessions continued with arguments of this nature. Meanwhile [REDACTED] as his associate [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] He was remarkably [REDACTED] He was one of those [REDACTED] who can interrogate, stare at you, and write at the same time. "You know hatred is the reason for all disasters" said [REDACTED]. Both started to bring movies in, that speak about American history, U.S and Islam, U.S and the Arab world, and things like that. I should admit I enjoyed watching the 28.5 point of view about these things, especially with ~~the~~ my ~~at~~ smart interrogators [REDACTED]. First "evidences" came to light [REDACTED] When I entered the room [REDACTED] I saw video equipment that was already hooked up. To be honest, I was terrified that they were going to show me a video with me committing terrorist attacks. Not that I have done anything like that in my life. But a fellow detainee called [REDACTED] told me that his interrogators forged an American passport bearing his picture, "Look we have

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now definitive evidence that you forged this passport and you were using it for terrorist purposes". [REDACTED] laughed wholeheartedly about the silliness of his interrogator, "You missed that I am a computer specialist, and I know that the U.S. gov't would have no problem forging a passport for me". The interrogator took the passport quickly back and never talked about it again. Scenario like that made me very paranoid about the gov't making-up something about me. Coming from a third-world country I know how the police pins wrongly crimes on political rivals of the gov't in order to neutralize them. Smuggling weapons in somebody's house is common, in order to make the court believe he prepares the victim prepare for violence. "Are you ready?" said [REDACTED], "yees!" I said trying to keep myself together, but my blushing face said everything about me. [REDACTED] hit play-button we started to watch the movie. I was ready to jump when I ~~was~~ was going to see myself blowing some U.S. facility in Tumbekto. But the tape was something completely different. It was ~~not~~ a tape of UBL speaking to some of his associate - I didn't recognize - about the attack of sep 11. They were speaking in Arabic. I enjoyed the comfort of understanding the talk, and the interrogators had to put up with the subtitles - I hate subtitles. After a short conversation between UBL and the other guy

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a TV commentator spoke how controversial the tape was. The quality was bad, and the tape was supposedly seized by US Forces in a safe house in Jalal Abad. But that was not the point, "What do I have to do with this bullshit?" I angrily said, "You see UBL is behind sep 11" ³ said. "You realize I am not UBL, don't you? Besides that is between you and UBL, I don't care, I am outside of this business", "Do you think what he did was right?", "I don't give a damn, get UBL and punish him", "How do you feel about what happened?", "I feel that I am not a part of it, anything else doesn't matter in this case!". I always asked for an interpreter - Arabic, French, or German but after a couple of sessions ³ decided not to make use of an interpreter. "You speak English, beside that we don't want to waste interpreters' time since you don't cooperate" ³ said one day. When I came to my block - ² I was telling my friends about the massacre of the definitive evidence against me. But nobody was surprised, most of the detainees had been through such jokes. During my conversations with ³ and his associates I brought some issues I believe to be basic, "Why are you guys banning my incoming mails?", "I checked but I have none!", "You are trying to say that my family is not fussing to respond me!", we had conversations which went in this direction.

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~~Many~~ The brothers in the block felt bad for me. I was dreaming almost every night of having received a mail from my family. Dreams interpreters always gave me hope, but no mails come. I also passed on my dreams to my next neighbors; "I dreamt that you got a letter from your family" is a common phrase I used to hear. It was so hard for me to see other detainees having pictures of their families, and have nothing- zip-. ~~But~~ Not that I wished they never got letters, in contrary I am happy for them. I read their correspondences as it were from my mom. It is customary to pass new received mails throughout the block and let everybody read them, even the most intimate one, from lovers to beloved. The first fake mail: [redacted] was dying to get me cooperating with him, and he knew that I brought some vital issues to a detainees. Thus, he was working with the mail people to get me something. A recipe was prepared and cooked, and around 5 p.m. the post man showed up at my cell and handed a letter supposed from brother [redacted] who doesn't exist. Even before I read the letter I shouted to the rest of the block of "I received a letter from my cell family. See My dreams have come true, didn't I tell you?" from everywhere my fellow detainees shouted "Congratulations, pass me the letter when you're done!", "I will"

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I hungrily started to read the letter but soon I got choked. The letter was a cheap forgery, it was not from my family. It was the production of the Intel community, "Dear brothers, what I received no letter, I am sorry!", "Bastards, they have done so with other detainees" said a detainee. But the forgery was so clumsy and unprofessional that no fool would fall for it. First, I have no brother of mine with that name, second, my name was misspelled, third my family doesn't live where the correspondent mention but close enough, fourth I know not only the handwriting of every single member of my family, I also know every phrases his ideas. The letter was kind of a sermon, "Be patient like your ancestors, and have faith that Allah is going to reward you". I was so mad at this attempt to fraud me, and play with my emotions. Next day, [REDACTED] pulled me for interrogation. "How is your family doing?" "I hope they're doing well", "I've been working to get you the letter.", "Thank you very much, but good effort, but if you guys want ~~you~~ to forge a mail, let me give some advices", "What are you talking about?", I smiled "I'd don't really know is okay, but it was cheap to forge a message and make me believe I have contact with my dear family!" I said handing him

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the strange letter back. "I don't shit like that" [REDACTED] said, "I don't know what to believe, but I believe in God, and if you don't see my family in this life, I hope seeing them in the after life, so don't worry about that", I honestly ~~that~~ [REDACTED] don't have proof or disproof whether [REDACTED] was involved in that dirty business. But I do know that the whole matter is much bigger than [REDACTED]. There are a bunch of people working behind the scene. [REDACTED] was taking my case in hand their hands through [REDACTED], but I was taken a couple of times for interrogation without by other [REDACTED] without his consent or even knowledge. As to letters from my family I received my first letter - a Red Cross message - on Feb 14, 2004 after 816 days since I was kidnapped from HR in my house. The message was seven months old. "I am gonna show you the evidences bit by bit" said [REDACTED] one day, "There is a big A&Q guy, who told us that you are involved". "I guess I should not ask me questions since you have a witness, just take me to court and roast me". "What have I done according to your witness", "He said you are a part of conspiracy" - I grew tired from the word - Big conspiracy against U.S. - [REDACTED] could not give me anything to grab [REDACTED] no matter how much I argue with him. As to [REDACTED] he was

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not argumentative guy, "If the gov't believe that you're involved in bad things, they gonna send you to Iraq or back to AF" said ³ [REDACTED], "If you guys torture me I'm gonna tell you everything I want to hear?"; "No, look if a mom asks her kid whether he's done something wrong, he might lie, but if she hit him, he's gonna admit" said replied ³ [REDACTED]. I had no answer to this analogy. Anyway, the "big" AD guy who testified against me turned out to be [REDACTED]

³ [REDACTED] is said to have said that I helped him to go to Chechnya with two other guys who were among the high jackers, which I haven't done, though I have seen [REDACTED] once or twice in Germany, I even didn't know his name. Even if had helped to go to Chechnya that would be no crime at all, but I just haven't. Not to mention the horrible torture that [REDACTED] have suffered after his arrest. ² [REDACTED] Eyes' witnesses who were captured with him in Karachi said, "We thought he was gonna is dead, we heard his cries and moans days and nights until he was separated from ~~the others~~". The others were not spared either. We even heard even rumors in the camp that he died under torture but they were not confirmed. Overseas torture was a common practice and professionally executed. I've seen and heard so many testimonies from different detainees who didn't know each others

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that cannot be lies. And as you shall see, I was subject to torture in this base of GTMO, as many other fellow detainees, May Allah reward all of us. "I don't believe in torture" said [REDACTED]. But I didn't share with him my knowledge about Ramzi having been tortured. B/c since the govt ~~is~~ has sent detainees overseas, including me, [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] to facilitate our interrogation by torture that means that the govt believes in torture. What [REDACTED] believes in, doesn't have much weight, when it comes to the harsh justice of U.S during war. [REDACTED] came forth in his promise the reasons why his govt is locking me up. But he didn't show me anything that was incriminating. On March 02 the CNN broadcast a report about me claiming that I was the coordinator of who facilitate the communication between sept 11 hijackers through the guestbook of my homepage. [REDACTED] showed me the report, "I told you that you are fucked up" [REDACTED], "I didn't design my homepage for AQ, I just made it long time ago and never even checked on it since early 97. Beside, if I decided to help AQ, I wouldn't use my real name. I could write a homepage in the name of John Smith" [REDACTED] wanted to know everything about my homepage and why I even wrote one

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I had to answer all that bullshit about a basic right of mine, writing a home page with my real name and with some links to my favorite sites. In a session ³ asked, "Why did study microelectronics?" "I study whatever the heck want. I didn't know that I had to ask the US govt to consult me about what I should or should not study" I wryly said, "I don't believe in the principle of White and Black, I think everybody somehow in-between, don't you think so?" ³ asked, "I have done nothing", "It is not a crime to help somebody ³ and he ended up a terrorist!" ³

I understand exactly what ³ means - just admit that ~~or~~ you are a recruiter for AQ - "Might be. I am not familiar with U.S. Laws, but I anyway didn't recruit anybody for AQ, nor did they ask me to!" I said, ³ was not very talkative, every once in a while ~~he~~ he threw a question. He wrote reports the most of the time. As a part of evidence showing me the evidences against me, ³ asked a colleague of his for help. Arrival of ³, a ³

³ who interrogated me back in ³ ~~with~~ ³ is one of those guys when they speak ~~that~~ you think they are angry, and they might not be. He speaks like ³ I am happy that you shaved up ³ I would like to discuss with you some issues" I said "Of course, ³ is here to answer your questions!" said ³

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"Remember, when you guys came to interrogate me in MR. Remember how you sure were that I am not only involved in Millennium, but was the brain behind it. How do you feel now after you know that I have nothing to do with it?" "That is not the problem, the problem was that were honest with us" said [REDACTED] "I don't have to be honest to you, and here a flash of news for you - I am not going to talk to you unless you tell me why I am here?" I said, "That's your problem" [REDACTED] said. You can tell that [REDACTED] was used to humbled detainees, who probably had to cooperate due to torture. He spoke very arrogantly. He was by then interrogating [REDACTED]. He almost told me, "you're gonna cooperate even against your will, ha! ha!" I admit I was rude with him, but I am so angry since he wrongly accused me of having been part of Millennium plot, and was dodging my requests to him to come clear and say he and his govt were wrong. At that day he was very tired, "I don't see why you don't cooperate, they share food with you, and speak to you in a civilized way?", "Why should I cooperate with you, you're hurting me, and locking me up for no reason" "We didn't arrest you?", "Send me the guy who talked to arrested me, I'd like to talk to him". After that tense discussion, the interrogators left and sent me back to my cell. [REDACTED] looked worn out from his trip.

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"In the next sessions, "I asked for [redacted] to help me laying out your case, I want you to be present to him" said [redacted], "Now you're convinced that I am not a part of Millennium, what is the next shit you're gonna pull on me", "you know, some times, we arrest people for the wrong thing, but it turns out they are involved in some thing else!" said [redacted]. "And what are you going to stop playing this game on me. Every thing there is a new suspicion, and if it turned out incorrect, I got a new one, and so on and so forth. Is ist a possibility in the world that I am involved in nothing?", "of course, thus you have to cooperate and defend yourself. All I am asking is to explain some shit to me" said [redacted]. When [redacted] arrived he had a bunch of small papers with notes, he started to read them to me, "you called [redacted] and asked him to bring you some sugar. [redacted] when you told him about [redacted] in Germany, he said - Don't say this over the phone - I wouldn't say something like that to anybody, when I call him" said [redacted]. "I don't care what [redacted] says over the phone, I am not here on behalf of [redacted] go and ask him. Remember I ask you - what I have done", "I just want you to explain these conversations to me, and there is much more" said [redacted]. "No, I am not answering anything any thing before you answer my

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question. What have I done?", "I don't say you've done anything but there are a lot of things that need to be clarified." "I answered those questions thousand and one times, I told you I mean what I am saying and don't use any code. You're just so unjust and so paranoid. You're taking advantage of me being from a dictator country. If I were German or Canadian, you wouldn't even have the opportunity to talk to me, nor would you arrest me." I said, "In asking you to cooperate, we're giving you an opportunity, after we shared with you the cause of your arrest is too late for you!" ³ [REDACTED] said, "I don't need any opportunity. Just tell me why you arrest me and let it be late." ³ [REDACTED] knew me better than ³ [REDACTED] did, thus he tried to calm both of us down. ³ [REDACTED] was trying to scare me. On the other hand, the more he scared me, the more I got sharper and less cooperative.

~~The night of terror~~ The camp was locked down the whole day. Around 10 p.m. I was pulled out of my cell and taken to ² [REDACTED] building. The room was extremely cold. And I hate to be woken up for interrogation, but my heart was also pounding, why would they take in a such late time. I don't know how long I'd been in the room, maybe two hours.

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I was only shaken. I made my mind up not ~~to~~ to argue anymore with the interrogators, "I am just gonna sit there like a stone, and let them do the talk" I said to myself. Many detainees decided to do so. They were taken ~~day~~ day after day to interrogation in order to break them. I am sure some ~~break~~ ~~got~~ broken ~~by~~ nobody can bear agony the rest of his life. After letting me sweat, or say "shake", for a couple hours, I was taken to another room ² [redacted], where ³ [redacted] ³ [redacted] sat. ~~The latter~~ The room was acceptably cold. The Military people were watching and listening from another room as usual. "We couldn't take you during day, ³ because the camp was locked down, we had to take you now for ³ [redacted] i's leaving ~~at~~ tomorrow" ³ [redacted] said, I didn't open my mouth. ³ [redacted] sent his friends out, "What's wrong with you?" he said, "Are you OK?", "Did anything happen to you?". But no matter how he tried there was no making me talk. The team decided to take me back to the cold room. Maybe not so cold for somebody who wears regular shoes, underwears, and a jacket as interrogator, but it was definitely cold for a detainee with Flip-Flops and no underwear whatsoever. "Talk to us!" ³ [redacted] said, "Since you refuse to talk ³ [redacted] is going anyway to talk to you". ³ [redacted] started his lecture, "We have been giving you opportunity

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but you don't seem to take advantage of it. News too late by I am going to share with you some information " [REDACTED] put three big pictures of four individuals who are believed to be involved in sep 11 attack, namely, [REDACTED] [REDACTED] "This guy is [REDACTED] He was captured [REDACTED] and since then I've been interrogating him. I know about him more than he knows about himself. He was forth coming and truthful with me, what he told me goes along with what we know about him. He said that he came to your house on advice of a guy named [REDACTED], whom he met in a train. [REDACTED] wanted somebody to help him getting to chechny, that was around OCT '99, and showed up ~~at~~ at your house with these two guys" pointing on [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] "the other guy" pointing on Atta, " was not able to see you for he had a test. You advised them to travel through AF instead of Georgia, for the Arab faces would give them away, and they would have been probably turned back. Furthermore, you gave them a phone contact in Qvetta of a guy named [REDACTED] These guy traveled shortly after the meeting with you to AF, met UBL, and swore a pledge to him. UBL assigned them to the attack of sep 11, and sent them back to Germany", he went, " whom

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I asked [redacted] what he thinks about you, he replied that he believes you to be a senior recruiter for AQ. But that is his personal opinion. However, he said that without you, he would never have joined AQ. In fact, I'd say, without you sep 11 would never have happened. These guys would have gone to Chechnya and died". [redacted] excused himself and left. I was kept + the rest of night with

[redacted]³ [redacted]²
 [redacted]² I was so scared. The guy made me believe I am the one behind sep 11. How could that possibly happened. I was like, "Maybe he is right". However, anybody who knew the basics about the attack, which were published and updated throughout time, can easily see what I swiss-cheese [redacted]³ was trying to ~~eat~~ sell me. The guy he mentioned were reportedly trained in 1998, joined AQ, and assigned for the attack then. How could I possibly have sent them in Oct '99 to join AQ, when they not only were AQ, but since at least one year already assigned to the attack. I spent the rest of the night being forced to see dead bodies part's ~~photos~~ pictures, which were taken at the site of Pentagon after the attack. It was a nasty site. I almost broke down, but I managed to keep myself silent and to gether. "See the result of the attack" said [redacted]³ "I don't think he foresaw what these

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were going to do" said [REDACTED] They were talking to each other, asking and answering each other. I kept myself as the present absent. They kept sliding those nasty pictures the whole night. At the break of dawn, they sent me back to my cell, in a new block - [REDACTED] - I prayed, and tried to sleep but I was kidding myself. ~~But~~ I could not get the human body parts off my head. My new neighbors, especially [REDACTED] tried to help me, "Don't worry, just talk to them and everything is gonna be alright". Maybe his advice was prudent, and anyway I felt that things were going to be nastier. Thus I decided to cooperate with them. ~~During~~ [REDACTED] pulled me to interrogation the next day. I was so worn out. I had no sleep last night, nor during the day. "I am ready to cooperate unconditionally. I don't need any proof whatsoever, you just ask me questions and I'm gonna answer you. And so and new era came to life as to ~~the~~ our relationship.

Feb' 03 [REDACTED] shows up to interrogate me. During his time with me, [REDACTED] had made a couple of trip one to [REDACTED] and one to [REDACTED] in order to investigate my case and gather evidences against me. During his trip to [REDACTED] the agent from the [REDACTED] pulled me to interrogation. "My name is [REDACTED] from [REDACTED] I came here to ask you some questions about your time in [REDACTED] said [REDACTED] while flashing his

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badge. He was accompanied with one female and one male who were just taking notes. "Welcome! I am glad that you have come by. I want to clarify some reports you produced about me and which are very inaccurate." I continued, "Furthermore, since my case with the U.S. is spinning around my time in [REDACTED] and every time I argue with the Americans they refer to you. Now I want you guys to sit with the Americans and answer me one questions - Why are you arresting me? - What crime have I done? - " "You have done nothing" said [REDACTED] "So I don't belong here, do I?", "We didn't arrest you, the U.S. did." "That's correct but the U.S. claims to have you pit them on me", "We only have some questions about some bad people, and we need your help". "I am not helping you, unless you tell the Americans in front of me either of you lied". "But if you don't answer our questions, we will not let you enter [REDACTED]", "If you wish to enter [REDACTED] I'll do it in spite of your nose". The agents went out and brought [REDACTED] in, who was probably watching the session through the [REDACTED]. "You are not honest, since you refuse to answer the [REDACTED] questions. It's your opportunity to get help from them" said [REDACTED]. "I know this game better than you do. stop try to talk nonsense to me. Look you keep telling me the [REDACTED] say so and so. Now is your guys opportunity to face me with my charges" I said. "We don't accuse you of any crime" said [REDACTED].

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"Then release me!", "That's is not in my hand", ³ [REDACTED] tried to convince me but there was no convincing me. I was sent back to my cell, and taken again the next day, but I ~~you~~ had seen sitting there like a stone. I didn't lose a word b/c I told them clearly the conditions of my cooperation. The [REDACTED] also interrogated a teenager [REDACTED] called [REDACTED] and made the Army take all his belonging. We, detainees felt bad for him. He was just too young for this whole campaign. When ³ [REDACTED] came back, he was pissed off b/c the [REDACTED] ignored him and were exposing me to whomever they wanted. Now I knew for fact the [REDACTED] had no control over me, hence forth they don't have the ability of dealing with me. I could not really trust them. And that is the main reason why I wasn't forthcoming about having seen [REDACTED] even though I don't know him. I knew them for fact that the [REDACTED] was nothing but a step, and the real interrogation was gonna be led by [REDACTED] so I ~~now~~ don't like to deal to somebody who cannot hold his word. The same thing happened when ³ [REDACTED] left to [REDACTED] and came back with a bunch of ghost pictures I had to go through the inconvenience of looking at them and trying to indentify them. I should admit that [REDACTED] was the guy who understands the most if ~~you~~ I lay my case for him, but he had neither power nor somebody who backshin up. The facility was is run by [REDACTED]

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When ³ [redacted] sent to [redacted] in May 03, the [redacted] reserved me for interrogation and they were not luckier than their fellow citizen from [redacted] ³ [redacted] was completely overalled by his colleagues from the [redacted] command. If you look at the situation, the detainees were captured by [redacted] in a Military operation, and they want to maintain the upper hand, ~~how~~ [redacted] in GTMO are only guests not more no less. However, the [redacted] can legitimately say that they were the one who facilitate my abduction from [redacted] and you know already the rest of the story. When [redacted] ³ [redacted] came back from [redacted] "I was ordered to dismiss your case, and go back to the U.S. My boss believes that I am only wasting my time. The HI will take your case" ³ [redacted] said. I was not happy b/c [redacted] ³ [redacted] was leaving but not really upset. Next day organized a pretty lunch party. They bought food food as a food-bye. "You should know that the next sessions with you will not be as friendly as it was" ³ [redacted] said and wryly smiling "You will not be brought food* or drinks anymore". I understood the hints as a rough treatment but I never thought that I was going to tortured. Furthermore, I believe that ³ [redacted] and his associate ³ [redacted] should inform the proper authority to stop a crime they know about. "I wish you good luck, and all I can tell you is to tell the truth" ³ [redacted] said. We hugged each others and bid good-bye. END MAY 03 DDJ took my case over.

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End May 03 DoD takes my case over
 When I entered the room a desk was prepared with
 several chairs on the other side of the table. ~~As~~ ^{As} ~~soon~~
 soon as ^{the} guards locked me up to the floor [REDACTED]²
[REDACTED] entered the room.

[REDACTED]² You ~~can~~ may tell they have the head
 start I don't. [REDACTED]² brought heavy
 blinders with them, and were talking to each other, "When
 is ^{the} guy supposed to come", "Nine O'clock". Against inter-
 rogation customs, [REDACTED]³

[REDACTED]² It was a
 technique ~~to~~ used to scare the detainee and irritate
 him. The door opened, "I am sorry, I considered the
 diplomatic time" said the third guy, "You know we,
 from [REDACTED] are using another time". [REDACTED]
 looking gentleman was dying to impress. I ~~was~~ ^{was}
 not sure how much he ~~did~~ reached. He was a ~~man~~
[REDACTED] He
 even brought his MAC ~~in~~, but offered nobody
 nothing to anybody. "You know I just arrived from D.C,
 you know how important you are important to the U.S

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govt?" he commenced, "I do know, how important I am to my dear mom, but am not sure, when it comes to the US govt", [redacted] couldn't help smiling, although [redacted] tried hard to keep [redacted] frown. I was ~~not~~ supposed to be shown the harshness. "Are you ready to work with us, otherwise your situation is gonna be very bad" the man continued, "you know that I know that you know that I have done nothing. You're holding me bc your country is strong enough to be unjust. And it is not the first time, you have kidnapped Africans and enslaved them" I said, "African tribes sold their people to us"; he replied, "I wouldn't defend slavery, if I were in your shoes". I could tell [redacted] was the one with the most power, even though the govt let other agencies try their chances with the detainees. It's very much like a dead camel in the desert, when all kind of bugs start to eat it. "If you don't cooperate with us we're gonna send you to tribunal and you're gonna spend the rest of your life in the prison", [redacted] said, "Just do it!", "You must admit to what you have done" [redacted] said gesturing to a big binder in front of [redacted] "What have I done?", "You know, what you've done?", "You know what I am not impressed, but if you have questions, I can answer you" I said "I have been working along with [redacted] on your case. [redacted] are gone. I am still here to give you an opportunity" said [redacted], "Keep the opportunity for yourself, I need none". The purpose of this session was to scare the hell out of me. I was not really scared, though not very hard-hearted

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But it takes more than that to scare me. The [REDACTED] [REDACTED] disappeared for good, and I never saw him again. [REDACTED] [REDACTED] had been interrogating me for some time. There was nothing new to me. Both [REDACTED] were using dead-traditional methods, and techniques I probably mastered better than they. "What is the name of your current wife?" [REDACTED] favorite question. I refused to give [REDACTED] the name of my wife, even though it was not a big deal, but [REDACTED] goal was very cheap. When I arrived to Cuba [REDACTED] AUG 02 I was so hurt physically and mentally that I literally forgot the name of my wife and provided a wrong one. [REDACTED] wanted to prove one point that I am a liar. But what difference does it make? "Look, you'll not provide us information, we don't know. But if you keep denying and lying, we assume the worst" said [REDACTED], "I interrogated some of the detainees, and found them innocent. I really have problem to sleep in a comfortable room, while they suffer in the block. But you're different, you're unique. There is nothing really incriminating, but there are a lot of things that make it impossible not to be involved", "And what is the straw that broke the camel's back?" "I don't know!" said [REDACTED]. [REDACTED] was a respectable [REDACTED] I very much respected [REDACTED] honesty. [REDACTED] was appointed to torture me but [REDACTED] ultimately failed, which led to [REDACTED] separation from my case. To me

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³ [redacted] was an evil person. ³ [redacted] always sardonically laughed, "You're very rude" ³ [redacted] once said, "So are you?" I replied, "Our sessions were not fruitful. Both ³ [redacted] ³ [redacted] wanted to reach a breakthrough, but there was no breakthrough to be reached. Both wanted me to admit to have been part of Millennium Plot, which I haven't. The only possibility to make me admit to something I haven't is to torture me beyond my limit of pain. "You're saying that I am lying about that, well guess what, I have no reason not to keep lying. You don't seem more impressive than the Hundred interrogators I have had lately" I said. ³ [redacted] was playing the smart interrogator - bad guy - "You're funny, you know that?" "Whatever that means!" "We're here to give you opportunity, I've been in the block for a while, and I am leaving soon, if you don't cooperate" ³ [redacted] continued, "Bon Voyage!" I said I felt good that ³ [redacted] was leaving but I didn't like ³ [redacted]. "You speak with a ~~an~~ French accent", "Oh, God, I thought I speak like Shakespeare" I wryly said, "No you speak pretty well, I only mean the accent". ³ [redacted] was polite and honest person, "Look, we have so many reports linking you to all kind of stuff. There is nothing incriminating really. However too many little things. We will not ignore anything, and just release you" said ³ [redacted], "I am not interested in your mercy. I only want to be released

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unless my case is completely cleared. I really am tired of being released and captured in an endless catch-22. "You need your freedom, and we need information. You give us what we need and in return, you get what you need" [redacted] said. The three of us had been arguing for days without any success. "I-AM-THE-MAN" guy comes in play. It was in the noon, when [redacted] entered joined [redacted] while they were interrogating me [redacted] [redacted] said gesturing to [redacted] "This [redacted] is working for me. He is going to be seeing you often, among others who are working for me. How ever you're gonna see me also". [redacted] sat there like a stone, he didn't greet me, or anything like that. He was writing his notes and hardly looked at me, while the other [redacted] were asking questions, "Don't make jokes, just answer [redacted] the questions" he said. I was like oops. [redacted]

"I am an ass hole" he said since, "that is the way people know me, and I have no problem with it". [redacted] was chosen with others to do the dirty job. He had experience in the MI, he used had been interrogating Iraqis who were captured during the operation Desert Storm, he speaks [redacted]

All he was able to hear, was his own voice. I was always like, "Is this guy listening

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to what I am saying"- or lets say, his ears were programmed to what he wanted to hear. For the next months to come I had to deal with [redacted] and his small gang. "We are not [redacted] we don't let lying detainees unpunished. Maybe not physical torture" he said. I have been witnessing the last months how detainees was consistently tortured under the orders and supervising of [redacted] [redacted] And here I cite ^{some} ~~example~~ first hand examples. [redacted] was taken to interrogation every single nights, exposed to loud music, and scary pictures, he was malassed sexually. I had been seeing [redacted] when the guards took him in the evening and bring him back in the morning. He was forbidden to pray during his interrogation. I remember him asking the brothers what to do in that case, "you just pray in your heart since its not your fault" Said the Algerian Sheekh in the block. I profited from this FATWA since I will be exposed to the same situation for about one year. [redacted] was not spared from the cold room. [redacted] was had been suffering the same, moreover his interrogator ~~hit~~ smashed the Koran against the floor to break him, and had the guards push his face down against the floor rough floor. [redacted] also suffered sexual malastation. I had been seeing him taken back and forth almost every night. Not to speak

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about the poor young Yemenis and Saudis who were ~~mass~~ grossly tortured the same way. And since I speak in this book about my own experience, which reflects an example of the evil practices that had been taken place, and probably still take place in the name of war against Terrorism, I don't need to talk about every single case I witnessed. Maybe another occasion - so God will -

When ³ [redacted] informed me about the intention of his team, I was terrified. My mouth dried up, I started to sweat, my heart started to pound (a couple weeks later a developed hypertension) I started to get Nausea, headache, stomach-ache. I dropped into my chair. I knew that ³ [redacted] was not kidding, furthermore I knew that he was lying about physical-pain-free torture. I held myself together, "I don't care" I said. Things went quickly than I thought. ³ [redacted] sent me back to the block, and told my fellow detainees about me joining overtaken by the torture squad, "You are not a kid, those torturers are not worth thinking about. Have faith in Allah" said my next ³ [redacted].

I really must have acted like a child all day long before the guards pried me from the population block later that day. You don't know how terrorizing for a human being to be threatened with torture. One becomes literally a child. The ~~Arabic~~ Arabic proverb says, "Wanting on torture is worse than

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torture itself". I can only confirm this proverb. [REDACTED]
 [REDACTED] transfers me to [REDACTED]. The Escort
 team showed at my cell, "you got to move" "Where?"
 "Not your problem" said the hateful [REDACTED] guard.
 But he was not very smart for he has my destination
 written on his glove [REDACTED] "Brother pray for
 me I am being transferred [REDACTED]
 was reserved by them for the worst detainees in the
 camp. If one got transferred [REDACTED]
 many signatures must have been provided. Maybe
 the president of the U.S. The only people I know
 to have spent some time [REDACTED] since it
 was designed for torture were [REDACTED]
 AL Kuwaiti and another fellow detainee from
 [REDACTED] I don't know the name. When I entered
 the block, it was completely empty from any
 signs of life. I was put at the end of the
 block and the Yemeni fellow was at the
 begin, there was no interaction whatsoever
 between us. [REDACTED] was put in
 the middle but no contact either. Later on
 both were transferred somewhere else, and the
 whole block was reserved for me, only me,
 ALLAH, [REDACTED] and the guards who
 worked for them. I was completely exposed
 to the total mercy [REDACTED], and
 there was a little mercy. In the block the
 receive started. I was deprived from my

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comfort items, except for a thin iso-mat and a very thin, small, and worn-out blanket. I was deprived from my books, which I owned, I was deprived from my Koran. I was deprived from my soap. I was deprived from my toothpaste - maybe - , I was deprived from the roll of toilet paper I had. The cell - better the box - was coded down that I was shaking most of the time. I was forbidden from seeing the light of the day. Every once in a while they gave me a rec-time in the night to keep me from seeing or interacting with any detainees. I was living literally in terror, I don't remember having slept one night quietly, and that if they gave me a break, which was rarely. For the next seventy days to come I hadn't known the sweetness of sleeping. Interrogation for 24-hours, three, and some times, four shifts a day. I rarely got a day-off, "If you ~~can~~ start to cooperate you will have some sleep, and ~~we~~ hot meals" ³ [redacted] used to tell me repeatedly. The last visit of ICRC: After a couple days of my transfer ³ [redacted] from ICRC showed up at my cell and asked me whether I wanted to write a letter, "yes!" I said, ³ [redacted] handed a paper and I wrote, "Mama I love you, I just wanted to tell you that I love you!"

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After that visits I never saw the ICRC for more than a year. They tried to see me but in vain. "You started to torture me, but you don't know how much I can take. You might end up killing me. I said when [redacted] and [redacted] pulled me for interrogation, "We do recommend things, but we don't have the final decision" [redacted] said, "I just want to warn you, I am suffering $\frac{1}{2}$ of the harsh conditions you expose me to, I already have sciatic nerve crisis attacks. And torture will not make me more cooperative", "According to my experience, you will cooperate. We are stronger than you, and have more resources" [redacted] said. [redacted] never wanted me to know his name, but he got busted, when mistakenly one of his colleague called him with his name. He doesn't know that I know his name, but well I do. [redacted] grew worse with every day passing by. He started to lay me out my case - He started with the story of [redacted], and me having recruit him for sep 11 attack, "Why should he lie to us" [redacted] said, "I don't know". "All you have to say is, I don't remember, I don't know, I have done nothing. You think you are going to impress an American jury with these words. In the eyes of Americans, you are doomed. Just looking at you in orange suits, chains, being Muslim, and Arabic is enough to convict you" [redacted] said "That is unjust", "We know that you are criminal"

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"What have I done?", "You tell me, and we reduce your sentence to thirty years, after which you have a chance to lead a life again.", ~~I was so~~ otherwise you will never see the light again. If you don't cooperate we are going to put you in white, and wipe your name out off our detainees-database" I was so terrified b/c I knew, even though, he couldn't make such decision on his own, but he had the complete back-up of ~~the~~ high ~~govt~~ level. He didn't speak from the air, "I don't care where you take, just do it".
I another session when he was talking to me

2

~~What~~ the fuck do you mean, if you say Tear or sugar?" "I just meant what I said, I am not talking a word", "Fuck you!" said.

3 ~~I~~ I figured I ~~wouldn't~~ wasn't going to degrade myself. I lower myself to his level. I didn't answer him. When I failed to give him the answer he wanted to hear, he made me stand up, with my back bent b/c my hands are shackled with my feet and waist and locked to the floor. ~~made~~ ~~made~~ further, turned the temp. control all the way down, and made sure that the guards maintained me in that situation until he decided otherwise. He ~~was~~ used to start a fuss before going to his lunch, so he kept me hurt during his lunch, which took at least two to three hours.

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³ [redacted] likes his food. He never missed his lunch. I was wondering, how could ³ [redacted] have possibly passed the fitness test of the Army. But I realized, he was is in the Army for a reason. He was good at being unhumane and bad. "Why are you in joint?" he asked me "B/c your country is unjust, and my country is ~~not~~ defending me?" "Now, you say that we Americans are looking for skinny Arabs" he said. ³ [redacted] rarely came with him, and it was kind of blessing for me. I grew tired of dealing with a lifeless face, such as ³ [redacted] when ³ [redacted] came I feel like meeting with a human being. ³ [redacted] offered me the appropriate chair for my back pain, while ³ [redacted] always insisted on the metal chair or the floor dirty floor. "Do you know that ³ [redacted] is dealing with ~~Meow and Soda~~ and ³ [redacted] named some type of drug?" "What the hell do you mean?" I asked, "You know what ³ [redacted] means" ³ [redacted] smiled b/c ³ [redacted] knew that I can not lying. I really could have been every thing, but a drug dealer, and ³ [redacted] was dying to link me to any crime no matter what, "It's a type of Narcotic" ³ [redacted] replied, "I am sorry, I am not familiar at all with that Circle". ³ [redacted] comes for rein for cement: ³ [redacted] realized ~~that it~~ and his bosses realized that it took more ¹ [redacted]. Thus they decided.

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to bring ³ [redacted] interrogator into play. Sometimes ² [redacted] I was taken ² [redacted] to reservation. The escorting team was confused, "They said ² [redacted] that's weird?" said one of the guards. When we entered the building there were no monitoring guards, "Call the D.O.C!" said the other. After the radio call. The two guards were ordered to stay with me in the room until my interrogators show up. Many of the escorting team didn't realize that I understood what they were talking about, "Something's wrong" said the ² [redacted] one. They assume always that detainees don't speak English, which they typically don't. The leadership in the camp try always to warn the guards, signs such as, "DO NOT HELP THE ENEMY, CARELESS TALK GIVES SECRETS AWAY" are not rare, but the guards anyway talk to each others.

² [redacted] was at one point a regular interrogation booth, then a building for torture, then an administrative building. My heart was pounding, I was loosing my mind. I hate torture so much. A slim, small ³ [redacted] entered the room followed by Mr. Tough-guy - ³ [redacted] was a ³ [redacted]

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Neither saluted me, Or relieved my hands ² [REDACTED]
² [REDACTED] "What is this?" ³ [REDACTED] asked, showing me
 a plastic bag with a small weld stick inside, "It's an Indian Incense" I replied. ~~But~~ That was
 the first thing ~~to~~ that came to my mind. I thought ³ [REDACTED] wanted to give me a treat by
 burning the incense during the interrogation, which was a good idea, "No, you're wrong!" ³ [REDACTED] almost
 stick it on my face, "I don't know" I said, "Now we have found evidence against you, we don't need
 any ~~more~~ anymore" said ³ [REDACTED]. I was like. What the hell is going on is that a part of a bomb, they want
 to pull on me. "This is a welding stick you were hiding in your bathroom" said ³ [REDACTED], "How
 can I possibly have such a thing in my cell, unless your or my guards give it to me, I have no contact ~~with~~
 whatsoever with any detainee" "you're smart, you could have smuggled it" said ³ [REDACTED] "How?" "Take
 him to the bathroom" ³ [REDACTED] said. ² [REDACTED]

² [REDACTED] The guards grabbed me to the bathroom. I was
 thinking, "Are these people so desperate to pull shit
 on me, I mean any shit". In the mean time a ³ [REDACTED] guard
 was explaining to ³ [REDACTED] how these welding sticks
 end up. I caught his last words, when the guards were
 leading ^{me} ~~from~~ back from the rest room " . . . it's common
 the contractors keep throwing them in toilets after
 finishing with them". As soon as I entered,
 everybody suddenly shut up. ³ [REDACTED] put the welding

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stick back in a yellow envelope. ³ never introduced herself, neither did I expect ³ to do so. The worse ~~the~~ an interrogator's intuition is, the more ³ covers his ³ identity. But those people get busted the most, and so did ³ one of her colleagues called ³ mistakenly with her name - ³. "How does your ^{new} situation look like?" asked ³. "I am just doing great!" I answered. I was really suffering, but I didn't want to give them the satisfaction of having reached their evil goal. "I think he is too comfortable" said ³. "Get off the chair" said ³ while pulling the chair from beneath me. "I rather have a dirty farmer sitting on the chair than a smart ass like you" ³ continued, when my whole body dropped on the dirty floor. ² killing me. Since June 20th I was never relieved from them. ³ Obviously was getting tired of dealing with me, thus his boss offered him fresh blood manifesting in the person ³ ~~the picture~~ spread ~~the~~ the pictures of some serial suspects, namely:

³ "Look at these mother-fuckers" ³ said, "OK, tell us what you know about those Mother-fuckers?" ³ said "I swear to God, I will not tell you any word, no matter what", "Stand up!" "Guards!", "If you don't stand up, it would be ugly" ³ said. And before the torture squad entered the room I stood up, with my back bent by ² ² didn't allow me to stand up straight

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And I had to suffer ~~back~~ every-inch-in-my-body pain the rest of the day. I dealt with my pain silently. I kept praying until my assailants got tired and sent me back to my cell at the end of the day, after they exhausted their resources of humiliations for that day. I didn't say a single word, as if I had been not there. You, dear reader said more words to them than I did. "If I want to go to the bathroom, say: pls, may I ask you politely to use the restroom, otherwise, do it in your pants" said ³ [REDACTED] Before Lunch ³ [REDACTED] ³ [REDACTED] dedicated the time to speak ill about my family, and described my wife with the worst adjective, you can imagine. For the sake of my family I dismiss the ~~quoted~~ degrading quotations. During all the time ³ [REDACTED] ³ [REDACTED] offered me water and a cold meal, "you are not entitled to a warm meal unless you cooperate" ³ [REDACTED] said once. When they whenever they started to torture me I refused to drink or eat. ³ [REDACTED] brought her lunch from outside to frustrate me, "Yummy, Ham is tasty" while ³ [REDACTED] ~~ate~~ was eating meal. Afternoon was dedicated to sexual molestation.

² [REDACTED] ³ [REDACTED] blouse and was whispering in my ear, "You know how good I am, not bad, American man like whisper in their ears" ² [REDACTED]

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² [REDACTED]
² [REDACTED] . I have a great body." Every once in a while ³ [REDACTED] offered me to other side of the coin, "If you start to cooperate, I am gonna stop harassing you? otherwise I will be doing the same with you and worse every day, I am ² [REDACTED] and that why my gov't designated me to this job. I've been always successful. Having sex with somebody is not considered as torture" ³ [REDACTED] was leading the monolog ² [REDACTED]. Every now and then the ³ [REDACTED] entered the room, and try to make me speak, "You cannot defeat us, we have so many people, and we keep humiliate you with American ³ [REDACTED]", "I have a ² [REDACTED] friend, I'm gonna bring tomorrow to help me" ³ [REDACTED] said, "At least, ³ [REDACTED] cooperate" said ³ [REDACTED] wryly. ³ [REDACTED] didn't undress me but ³ [REDACTED] was touching my private parts with ³ [REDACTED] body. In the late afternoon, an other torture squad started with other poor detainee. I could hear loud music playing. "Do you want me to send you to that team or are you gonna cooperate" said ³ [REDACTED], but I didn't answer. The guards wryly used to call ² [REDACTED] by the most of the torture took place in those buildings, and in the nights. When the darkness started to cover the sorry camp, ³ [REDACTED] sent me back to my cell. "Today is just the begin, what's coming is worse and that is every day" ³ [REDACTED] Doctor Routine check: In order ² [REDACTED] to see how much ³ [REDACTED] a detainee ³ [REDACTED] torture

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can take, they need medical assistance. I was sent to a doctor, an officer in the Navy. I would describe him as a decent and humane person. "2

2 I don't examine people with the shit on them" he said to the escorting 2 which complied immediately, "The gentleman has a pretty serious case of sciatic nerve" he said, "I cannot take any more the conditions, I am in, I am being stopped from taking my pain Medication, and my Ensure, which were necessary to maintain my head over water" I said, "I have not much power, I can write a recommendation, but that the decision of other people. Your case is very serious!" I left the Clinic with some hope, but my situation worsened instead of bettered, "Look the doctor said I developed high blood pressure. That is serious. You knew that I was a hypertension person" I said, when 3 allod me to the interrogation, "you're just a right, we spoke with the Doctor". I knew then that my receive was going to continue. DAY 2 with 3 The Torture was growing day after day.

, and the promise 3 pulled me early in the day. Lonely in my cell I was terrified with when I heard the guards carrying the heavy chains, and shouting at my door, "Reservation!". My heart started to pound heavily by I always expected the worst. But the fact that I was not allowed to see the light, made me "enjoy" the short trip between my freaken cold cell and the 3. It's ~~SECRET//NOFORN~~ ~~PROTECTED~~

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blessing when the warm GIMO ~~hit me~~ sun hit me. I felt the life sneaking back into every inch of my body. I had always this fake happiness, though for a very short time. It's like taking narcotics." How you been" said one the portoricans escorting guards with his weak English, "I'm OK, Thanks, and you", "No, worry, you gonna back to your family" he said. When he said so I couldn't help breaking in ² [REDACTED]. Sately, I became so vulnerable. What's wrong with me?. Just a soothing word in this ocean of agony, was enough to make me cry. ² [REDACTED] We had a complete portorican division. They were different than other Americans. They were not as vigilant and unfriendly. Sometimes, they ~~take~~ took detainees to shower ² [REDACTED] Everybody liked them. Due to their friendly and humane approach to detainees, they got in trouble with the responsible of the camps. I cannot objectively speak about the people from portorico ² I haven't seen enough, however, if you ask me have ever seen a bad portorican guy? My answer would be no. But if you ask is there one? I just don't ~~re~~ know. And the same way with the Sudanese people. ² [REDACTED] and give him no chair" said the D.O.C worker on the radio, when the escort team dropped me in ² [REDACTED] ² [REDACTED] entered the room. They brought a picture of an American black man called ² [REDACTED] "We're gonna talk

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today about [redacted] after having bribed me with a metal weathered chair, "I have told what I know about [redacted]. "No, that's bullshit, are gonna tell us more?" "No, I have no more to tell", The new [redacted] pulled the metal chair away and left me on the floor. "Now, tell us about [redacted]". "No, that is passé" I said, "Yes you're right, if it is passé, talk about it, it wouldn't hurt." The new [redacted] said, "No". "Today, we're gonna teach you about great American sex making". "Get up!" I said. I stood up in the same painful position as every day, and that for about seventy days. I rather follow the orders to reduce the pain that would be caused when the guards come to play. The guards used every contact opportunity to beat the hell out of the detainee, "Detainee tried to resist" was the gospel truth they came up with, and guess who was going to be believed. "You're very smart b/c if you don't stand up is gonna be ugly". As soon as I stood up, the two [redacted] took off their blouses, and started to talk dirty all kind of dirty stuff you can imagine, which I less minded. What hurt me the most was forcing me to take part in a threesome sexual intercourse in the most degrading manner. What many [redacted] don't realize is that men get hurt the same way if forced to sex, maybe more due to the traditional position of the man. Both [redacted] stuck on me literally, from the front, and the other older [redacted] stuck on my back rubbing [redacted] whole body on mine. At the

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same time they were talking dirty to me, and playing with my sexual parts. I am going saving you here from quoting the disgusting and degrading talk I had to listen to ~~from~~ ~~for~~ from noon ~~until~~ or before until 10 p.m. when they turned me over to ~~the~~ the new character you'll learn about later. To be fair and honest, the ~~2~~ didn't deprive me from my clothes at any time, everything happened with my uniform on. The senior ~~2~~ was watching everything ~~2~~

~~2~~ I kept praying all the time. "Stop the fuck, praying, you're having sex with American ~~2~~ and you're praying, what a hypocrite are you!" said ~~2~~ angrily, while entering the room. I refused to stop speaking my prayers, since I was forbidden to perform my ritual prayers for about one year to come. I also was forbidden to fast the sacred month of Ramadan Oct 03, and fed by force. During this session I also refused to eat or to drink, although they offered me water every once in a while "We must give you food and water, if you don't eat's fine". They also offered me the nastiest MRE they got in the camp. We, detainees, know that ~~2,3~~ gathers Intels about, what food detainee likes or dislikes, when he prays, and many other things that are just ridiculous. I was just wishing to pass out, so I don't have to suffer, and that was really the main reason for my hunger strike. I know people like those don't get impressed by

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hunger strike. Of course, they didn't want me to ~~stay~~ die but they understand there are many steps until one dies. "You're not gonna die, ~~you~~ we've gonna feed you up to your ass" son. I have never felt as violated in my self as I did since the DoD Team started to torture me to get me admit to things I haven't done. you, dear reader, would never understand the extend of the physical and much more the ~~physical~~ psychological pain people in my situation suffered, no matter how hard you try to put yourself in one's shoes. Had I done what they accused of me of, I would have relieved myself since day one. But ~~you~~ the problem is that you cannot just admit to something you haven't done b/c you need to deliver the detail, which you couldn't when you hadn't. It's not just "yes, I did!". No, it doesn't work that ~~it~~ way, you have to make up a complete story that makes sense to the dearest deemies. One of the hardest thing is to ~~make~~ tell an untruthful story and maintain it, and that exactly where I stuck. Of wurse, I ~~don't~~ didn't ^{went} to involve myself in devastating crimes I haven't done. Especially under the present circumstances, where the U-S govt is jumping on every Muslim and tries to pin on him a crime. "We are going to do this with you every single day. Day in day out, or you speak about ³ [redacted], and admit to your crimes" said ³ [redacted]. "You have to prond vs a smoking gun about another friend of yours. Somethig like ~~would really help you~~" said ³ [redacted] via

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later session. "Why should you take all of that, if you can stop it?" said [REDACTED]. I decided to remain silent during ~~the~~ torture and to speak whenever they relieved me. I realized that even asking my interrogators politely to use the bathroom, which ~~to~~ was a dead basic right of mine, I give my interrogators some kind of control they don't deserve. I knew it was just not about asking for bathroom, it was more about humiliating me and getting me telling them what they wanted to hear. Ultimately an interrogator is interested in gathering Intel, and typically, the end justifies the means in that regard. And that was another reason, why I refused both to drink and to eat, so I didn't have to use the restroom. And it worked. The extravagance of the moment gave me more strength. My statement was that I was going to fight to the last drop of my blood. "We are stronger than you, we have more people, we have more resources, and we're going to defeat you. But if you start to cooperate with us, you start to have some sleep and hot meals" said [REDACTED] numerous times. When the torture begins, medical care stops. The interrogators organize the sessions so that they cover the time when you are supposed to take your medication. I had two prescriptions, Tabs for back pain (sciatic nerve), and Ensure to compensate the loss of weight I had been suffering since my arrest. I usually got my medics between 4 and 5 P.M. Thus, the interrogators made

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made sure that I missed my medication. But look at it, what sense does it make, if ~~the~~ the interrogators work on hurting my back and give me back pain, or to give me a bad diet and want me to gain ^{weight} ~~weight~~. It's just against any reason. Thus I refused to take my medication, when I bumped once into the corpsman. It was just unnecessary, especially, since the doctor emphasized that I should consistently take the medication in order for it to take effect. I understand most than most detainees, "you cooperate not, you eat not, you get remedy not". The humiliation, sexual harassment, fear, and starvation was the order of the day until around 10 p.m. Interrogators always made sure that I had no clue about the time, but ~~no~~ since nobody is perfect, their watches always revealed the time. I will be later using this mistake, when they put me in the dark isolation. "Now, I'm gonna send you to your cell, and tomorrow, you will experience even worse" said after having counseled with ³ [redacted] colleagues. I was happy to be relieved. I just wanted to have a break and be left alone. I was so worn out, and only God knew how I looked. ³ [redacted] lied to me, ³ [redacted] just organized a ~~big~~ psychological trick to hurt me more. I was far from being released. DOC, who was fully cooperating, when it comes to torture, sent an escort team. ~~at~~ As soon as I reached the door steps ² [redacted] I felt face down, my legs refused to carry my body, and every inch

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in my body was conspiring against me. [REDACTED] comes into play. The guards failed to make me stand up, so they had to drag me on the top of my toes, "Get the mother-fucker back" Shouted [REDACTED] a celebrity among the torture squad. He was about [REDACTED] about six feet tall, athletic built, and [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] was aware that he was committing heavy crimes of war, thus he was ordered by his bosses to cover himself. But if there is any kind of basic justice, he would be busted through his bosses, we know with their names and their ranks. When I got to know [REDACTED] more ~~and~~, and heard him speaking, I wondered, how could possibly a man as smart as he was accept such a degrading job, which surely is going to haunt him the rest of his life. For the sake of fairness and honesty, I must say that [REDACTED] spoke convincingly to me, although he had no information, and was completely misled. Maybe he had few choices b/c many people in the Army come from poor families, and that why the Army, sometimes, gives them the dirtiest job. I mean, theoretically, [REDACTED] could have refused committing crimes of war, and he even might get away with it. I later on discussed with some of my guards why they executed

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the order of stopping me from praying, since it is ~~against~~ ~~an~~ unlawful order, "I could have, but my boss would have given me a shitty job, or transferred me to a bad place. I know I can go to hell for what I have done to you" he said. History repeats itself. During WWII German soldiers were not excused, when they argued that they received orders. "You've been giving ² [redacted] hard times" continued [redacted], while dragging me into a dark room. With the help of the guards he dropped me on the dirty floor. The room was as dark as ebony. [redacted] started playing a truck very loudly, I mean very loudly. The song was, "Let the bodies hit the floor". I might never forget that song. [redacted] at the same time ~~instat~~ turned some colored blinkers that hurt the eyes. "If you fucking fall a sleep, I'm gonna hurt you" he said. I had to listen to the song over and over until next day morning. I started ~~to~~ praying, "Stop the fuck praying" he said loudly. I was this time really both tired and terrified, thus I decided to pray in my heart. Every once in a while [redacted] gave me water. I drank the water b/c I was only scared of ~~the~~ being hurt. I had really no real feeling for the time. To the best of my knowledge [redacted] sent back to my cell around 5 a.m. in the morning. "Welcome to the hell" said the ² [redacted] guard when I stepped inside the block. I didn't answer, and ² [redacted] wasn't worth it. But I was like, "I think you deserve the hell more than I do b/c

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you're working dutifully to go to hell!". I would like to mention that the guards on the block actively participated in the process of torture. The ^{2,3} [REDACTED] tell them what to do with the detainee, once he came back to the block. I had guards banging on my cell to prevent me from sleeping. They cursed me for no reason. They repeatedly awoke me, in case interrogators, decided to give me a break. I never complained to my interrogators about that issue ^{2,3} because I knew they planned everything with the guards. 24-hour shift interrogation when ^{2,3} [REDACTED] joined the team, they organized a 24-hour shift Morning shift with ^{2,3} [REDACTED] between 7 and 9 a.m. and ended between 3 and 4 p.m. Dayshift with ^{2,3} [REDACTED] between 4:30 and 10/11 p.m. Nightshift with ^{2,3} [REDACTED] usually. He took over always took over when ³ [REDACTED] left ³ [REDACTED] literally had been handing over to him. This shift program lasted until my abduction around 24 AUG 03 to the secret place. I rarely got a break ~~and~~ relieved of one of the shift, "Three shift! Is it not too much for a human being to be interrogated 24 hours day after day?" I asked ³ [REDACTED]

was the ~~best~~ ^{least} of many evils, so I only ~~at~~ tried to talk to ³ [REDACTED] as a human being, you might be surprised if I tell you that ³ [REDACTED] possesses good qualities as a person. ~~As~~ As much as I hate what ³ [REDACTED] was doing, but I must be just, fair, and honest. "We could put more personnel and make four shift, we have more people" answered ³ [REDACTED]. And that exactly what happened. The team was reinforced

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with another ~~serg~~ [REDACTED] I don't know his name, and instead of three-shift team and had to deal with four fresh people during 24 hours. "You fucked up!" said the escorting guards, who by accident had to escort me twice from a Building to another, "What are you doing here? you've been in reservation before!", "I get interrogated for 24-hours". The guard laughed loudly and ~~of~~ said "You fucked up!". I just looked at him and smiled. DAY THREE The escorting team showed up at my door as soon in the early morning as soon as I fell asleep after a rough 20-hour interrogation of the day before. You know, when just fall asleep and the saliva starts to come out of your mouth, "Reservation!" shouted one of the guards. My feet barely carried me. I quickly washed my face, sand my mouth, "hurry up!". I always tried to use every opportunity to keep myself clean, although I was deprived from the right of taking shower like other detainees. The team wanted to humiliate me, "what a smell!" used ² [REDACTED] to say, when he opened the room where he interrogated me, "Man you smell like shit!" said one of the guards more than once. I only got the opportunity for showers, and changing my clothes, ~~if~~ when his ~~lowness~~ ^{2,3} [REDACTED] couldn't bear my smell anymore, "Take the guy, give him a shower, he smells like shit", only then I got a shower for months to come. "Hurry up!" kept the guards saying. ² [REDACTED]

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From sleepless ness for the last days, I have headache, Nausea, stomach-burn. My eyes ~~played~~ were playing game on me. I hated the place where I was going. The guards dropped me ² [redacted] Nobody was in the room. I had been dozing off while waiting on ^{2,3} [redacted] Oh, my neck really hurt. I wanted him Sadey to show up, b/c I hate to sleep like that. At least would enjoy depriving me from sleeping. ^{2,3} [redacted] is one of the laziest people I ever knew. He didn't take time to read reports, thus he always mistook me with other suspects. He ~~didn't come~~ a most of the time came late, but anyway he reserved me early so I couldn't sleep. There was really not a lot of news. ³ [redacted] and I facing each other with the same topics like the movie "Ground hog day". I get very nervous, now that they deprived me from the sweetness of sleep. The order of day went always as follow, ^{2,3} [redacted] started to read some paper crap he brought with him, and ask me questions, "What the fuck, did you go to Canada?", "I wanted to find a job, and have a nice life", "Fuck you!", "stand up!", "I rather stand up like that until death, than talking to your ugly face!". When ^{2,3} [redacted] made me stand up, he made sure that the guards maintain his orders, whenever I tried to change my inconvenient position, the guards urged from nowhere and forced me to stay as straight as I could, while ³ [redacted] was stuffing up his big stomach during lunch. Every interrogator I knew missed sometimes

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a meal for whatever reason, ³ never missed his meal no matter what. "If you stop denying what you've done, we start to give you hot meals, and some sleeps. We are stronger than you", "I don't need what I don't have", "We gonna put you in a whole the rest of your life, you're already convicted. You will never have seen your family", "Is not in your hand, and if just do it, the sooner the better!". Sometimes, ³ went through the propaganda posters of detainees who were supposedly released. "Look at this guy, he ~~was~~ is a criminal but he admitted to everything, and now he is able to lead a normal life". I mean, all interrogators lie, but ³ lies were more than obvious. The other thing is, if an interrogator lies, his appearances change. But ³ recounts a lie as good as truth, and his face had always the same hateful look. When the pain became unbearable, I became smooth for negotiation, and he agreed to let me sit on the uncomfortable chair, but he soon got choked, when I don't give him the answers he wanted to hear. "I am going to do everything I am allowed to to break you!" said ³ ~~to~~ angrily.

^{2,3} threatened me with all kind of horrible scenarios. "You're gonna spend the rest of your life in jail - - -"
 "We will wipe you out of the database and put you in a whole where nobody knows about you - - -"
 "You will never see your family again - - -" and things like that and my answer was always, "Do what you got to do! I have done nothing!" and as soon as I

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spit my words ³ [REDACTED] went wildly crazy, ~~and~~ if he were to devour me alive, thus I avoided to answer him ~~at~~ and let him, for the most part, do the talk. ³ [REDACTED] likes to talk and hates to listen. Sometimes, I doubt that his ears functioned. He spoke as if he were reading some gospels. I just was wandering at how sure he was of me being a criminal, which I am not, " ² [REDACTED] what if you were wrong in what you're suspecting me of?" I asked him "I would be wasting my time" he answered, "fair enough". "Somebody, like ³ [REDACTED], if you provide against them in incriminating information that leads to their conviction, your life ~~you'd~~ would change to the better one", I didn't answer him ³ [REDACTED] because I didn't have what he was looking for. ³ [REDACTED] view of justice is very rough, even if I provided him everything he wanted, he would reduce my sentence from Electrical Chair to life and maybe thirty-year ~~at~~. I, honestly, was not interested in his offer. During his shift, ³ [REDACTED], had been reporting to his boss in the breaks. I am not sure who was his boss at that point, probably ³ [REDACTED]. ^{2,3} [REDACTED] But I am sure that the highest authority in his chain of command in GITMO was ³ [REDACTED] and he was briefed regularly about my case and had been always giving the orders what to do next with that "bastard". According to ² [REDACTED] ³ [REDACTED] President Bush was regularly briefed about

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my case and so was [REDACTED] [REDACTED] even sent me his secretary [REDACTED] to check on me in summer 2004. He asked me some Intel questions, when [REDACTED] came to see me the tension was already relieved. Day shift with [REDACTED] like I mentioned before, [REDACTED] was the least evil of all. [REDACTED] order of day went as follow, when [REDACTED] pulled to interrogation, [REDACTED] informed the DOC not to give me a chair, so I had to settle for the dirty floor, but even that I didn't get b/c the DOC always asked the guards to make me stand up until [REDACTED] arrived, then [REDACTED] decided to not allow me to sit or make me stand up during her whole shift, and after that [REDACTED] made me stand up for the rest of the 24-hours. I started to read Koran quietly, for prayer was forbidden, once [REDACTED] said, "why don't pray, go pray! ahead and pray!". I was like, oh, how friendly. But as soon I started to pray, [REDACTED] started to make fun of my religion, thus I settled for praying in my heart, so I don't give [REDACTED] the opportunity to commit blasphemy. Making fun of somebody else's religion is one of the most barbaric acts. President Bush described his holy war against the so-called terrorism as a war between the civilized and barbaric world! But his government committed more barbaric acts than the terrorists themselves. I can name here tons of war crimes that Bush's govt is involved in. Today, was one the roughest day in my

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interrogation before the day of around end of August, "Birth day party" as [redacted] called it. [redacted] brought an apparently Marine, who wore a [redacted]

[redacted] I told you, I'm gonna bring some people to help me interrogate you" said [redacted] sitting inches away in front of me. [redacted] offered me a metal chair. The guest sat almost sticking on my knee. [redacted] started to ask me some question I don't remember "Yer or No?" shouted the guest loudly beyond belief in a show to scare me, and maybe to impress [redacted] who knows. I found his method very childish and silly. I looked at him, smiled, and said, "Neither!" The guest drew the chair from beneath me violently. I fell on the chair, Oh, it hurt. "Stand up, Mother fucker" shouted both, almost, synchronous. Then, a session of torture, and humiliation started. They started to ask me the questions after they made me stand up, but it was too late by I told them Million times, "Whenever you start to torture me, I'm not gonna say a single word". And that was always accurate for the rest of the day, they made exclusively the talk. [redacted] turned the ~~cardboard~~ Air Condition all the way down to bring me to freezing. This method had been practiced in the camp at least since Aug 02. I have seen people who were exposed

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to the frozen room day after day such as [REDACTED] told him ~~self~~ of having suffered the same fate. Yemeni brothers had been suffering mass wise all kind of humiliations including the frozen room. ~~At~~ [REDACTED] the same way. And the list is long. The consequences of the cold rooms are devastating, such as [REDACTED] tism but they show up only in a later age b/c it takes time until they work their way through the bones. Furthermore, the torture squad as so well trained that they almost had been performing perfect crimes, avoiding to leave any obvious evidence. Nothing was left to chance. They hit in ~~defn~~ predefined places. They practiced horrible methods, the after math of which only in a later age manifest. Technically, the interrogators turned the AC all the way down trying to reach 0° F, but obviously the AC are not designed to kill, in the well isolated room the AC fought its way to 49° F, and if you are interested in Math like me that is 9.4°C, in words very-very-cold, ~~for~~ especially for somebody who had to stay in it more than twelve hours, had no underwear, had practically very thin uniform, comes from a hot country. Somebody from SA cannot take as much cold as somebody from Sweden, and vice versa, when it comes to hot weather. Interrogators took these factors in consideration and used them consequently. You may ask me, where were the interrogators, ~~at~~ after installing the frozen room? Actually, it's a good question and the answer is:

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First the interrogators didn't stay in the room, they just come for humiliation, degradation, and disorientation, or another factor of torture after that they left the room and went to the monitoring room next door. Second, interrogators ^{were} dressed adequately, for instance [redacted] was dressed like somebody entering a meet-Locker, in spite of that, they don't didn't stay long time with detainees. Third, interrogators kept moving in the room, which meant blood circulation, which meant keeping themselves warm while the detainee was [redacted] all the time, on the floor standing up for the most part. All I could do was moving my feet, and rubbing my hands. But the Marine guy anyway stopped me from rubbing my hands by ordering a special chain that chucked my hands on my opposite hips. If I get nervous I always start to rub my hands together and write on my body, and that drove my interrogators crazy. "What are writing?" shouted [redacted] "Either you tell me or you stop the fuck" but I couldn't stop anyway, it was unintentionally. Forth, there is a big psychological difference when exposed to cold place for purpose of torture, and when just go there for fun and challenge. The day order was torture that is said. The Man in the show started to throw chairs around and hit me with his forehead, and describing me with all kind of adjectives I don't deserve for no reason. The guy was nuts, he asked me about things I have no clue about, and names I never heard. "I have been

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in [REDACTED] he said, "and you know who wears our hos? The president! We had good time in the palast". The Marrie guy asked questions and answered himself. When the man failed to impressed me with all the talk and humiliation, and the threat to arrest my family, since the [REDACTED] was an obedient servant of the U.S, he started to hurt me more. He brought ice-cold water and soaked me all over my body. My clothes stuck on me, it was so aw ful, ~~it~~ kept shaking like a Parkinson's patient. Technically I wasn't anymore able to talk. The guy was stupid, he was literally executing me but in a slow way. [REDACTED] gestured to him to stop pouring water on me. I refused to eat anything, I wouldn't open my mouth anyway. Other told that a "good" interrogator suggested him to eat in order to reduce the pain. The guy was very hot, when stepped him by [REDACTED] ²³ was afraid of the ~~no~~ paper-work, which ~~resisted~~ urge would urge in case of my death, he found another technique, namely, he brought a CD-player with booster and started to play some RAP-Music. I didn't really mind the music b/c it made me forgot my pain. Actually, the music was a blessing in disguise, I was trying to make sense of the words. All I understood that the Music was about love, ~~that~~ Can you believe it! Love! All I experienced lately was hatred for the consequences thereof, "Listen to that! Mother fucker!" said the guest, while closing the door violently behind him, "you're gonna

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get the same shit day after day, and guess what? it's getting worse. What you're seeing is only the begin" said [REDACTED], "I kept praying and ignoring what they were doing, "Oh, ALLAH help me, . . . Oh Allah have mercy on me", [REDACTED] kept mimicking my prayers, "ALLAH, . . . ALLAH, . . ." "There is no Allah. He let you down!" I smiled at how ignorant [REDACTED] was by talking about the Lord like that. But the Lord is very patient, and doesn't need to hurry up for punishment b/c there's no escaping him. "You joined the wrong team boy. You fought for a lost cause" said the Marine Guy, beside a bunch a trash talk

~~degrading my family, my religion, and myself. Not~~
 all kind of threat against me and my family to pay for "my mines", which goes against any common sense. I knew that he had no power, but I knew that he was speaking on behalf of the most powerful country in the world, and obviously enjoyed the full support of his govt. However, I rather save your dear reader, from citing his garbage. Detainees know the policy in the camp, if the MI believes that your hiding information critical information, they torture you in the camp [REDACTED], they kidnapped to you to a secret and nobody knows what they're doing with you. During my time in [REDACTED] camp two individuals were kidnapped and disappeared for good, namely, [REDACTED].

I forgot his name.

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I personally had feeling that I was going to be kidnapped b/c I really got stuck with my interrogators. Thus, I started to gather Intel. "The camp out there is the worst one!" said the young MP, "They don't get food?" I wondered, "Something like that" he replied. At Between 10 and 11 p.m. [redacted] handed me over to [redacted] gave order to the guards to move me to his specially prepared room, it was so cold and full of pictures showing the glories of the U.S; Weapon Arsenal, planes, pictures of G. Bush. "Don't pray, you insult my country, if you pray during my National hymn. We are the greatest country in the free world, and we have the smartest president of the world." said [redacted]. For the whole night I had to listen to the U.S hymn. I hate hymns anyway. All I can remember was the begin & OH see can you see --- >> over and over. I was happy that no ice-cold water was poured over me. I tried at the begin to steel some prayers, but [redacted] was watching closely by means of the [redacted]. "Stop the fuck, praying, your insulting my country!" I was really tired and worn out, and I was everything but calling for trouble, thus, I decided to pray in my heart. I have been shaking all night long. Between 4 and 5 am [redacted] released me not to be taken a couple of hours later [redacted] to start the same routine over and over. The hardest step is the first the hardest days were the first days, with every day going by I grew stronger. Mean while I was the main subject of talk

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in the camp, although many other detainees were suffering similar fate, but I was the "criminal" number one, and I was appropriately treated. Some times, when I was in the Rec yard, detainees shouted, "Be patient. Remember Allah tries people, he loves the most". Comments like that were my only solace beside my faith in the Lord. Nothing really interesting changed in my routine, cold room, standing up for hours, interrogators repeating the same threats and no being wrapped and locked forever. [redacted] made write tons of paper about my life, but I never satisfied him. One night he undress me with the help of [redacted] a male guard. Due to the cold room I put a short over my pants in order to reduce the cold that was penetrating through my bones, but he was extremely mad, which led him to make him have a [redacted] guard undress me. I never felt violated in my personality. I stood up all the night in the ice cold room praying, I ignored all his barking ordering me to stop praying. I cared less for whatever he was going to do. Four shift implementation: A short [redacted] joined the team. Some times he filled in for [redacted] and sometimes for [redacted]. He never hurt me, he only kept threatened me with abduction. Furthermore, he was playing on me. Psycho games, which were stupid. I just played along with him, he was young and since he didn't give me a problem, I figured I could play the stupid along the stupid games with him. [redacted] but I found him

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very naïve and shallow. With time going by developed a faith relation with me, [redacted] started to believe me, but the pressure on [redacted] was so much, they we couldn't make steps to prevent the evils things that will take place.

[redacted] crawled from behind the scene and appeared in the picture: [redacted] told me a couple of times before [redacted] visit about a very high level govt person, who was going to visit me and talk to me about my family. I personally didn't take the information negatively. I thought he was going to bring me some messages from my family, but I was wrong, it was about hurting my family, [redacted] was escalating the situation relentlessly with me.

[redacted] came around 11am escorted with [redacted] and the new [redacted]. He was brief and direct. "My name is [redacted]. I work for [redacted] My govt is desperate to get information out of you. Do you understand?" "Yes" "Can you read English?" "Yes". [redacted] handed me a letter, he obviously forged. The letter was from Dad and it says basically, "Ould Slahi is involved in Millenium attack and had recruited three of sep 11 hijackers. Since Slahi refused to cooperate, the US govt is going to arrest his mother and put her in a special facility." I read the letter, "Is that not harsh and unfair?" I said, "I am not here to maintain justice. I am here to stop people from crashing planes into buildings in my country".

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"Then go and stop them. I have done nothing to your country" I said, "You have two options, either being a dependent or a witness", "I want neither", "You have no choice, and your life is going to change decidedly" he said "Just do it, the sooner, the better!" I said. ² [REDACTED] closed his bag angrily after putting the forged letter back and left the room. ³ [REDACTED] will lead the team working on my case until AUG/SEP 2004. ³ [REDACTED] always ² tried to make me believe that his real name was [REDACTED]. What he didn't know, was that I knew his name, even before I met with him. ² [REDACTED]

Abduction inside the Abduction:

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Around ² [REDACTED] Abduction inside the Abduction,
 After the meeting ² [REDACTED] he
 was seeking the required formalities to kidnap me
 from the camp to an unknown place. "You're being here
 required many signatures. We've been trying for some time
 to get here" said one of my guards later. Furthermore,
³ [REDACTED] was putting together a complete team, which
 would execute the Abduction. All of that was carried out
 in the secrecy. ~~Only people know only~~ Participants knew
 only as much as they needed to. I know, for instance, that
³ [REDACTED] didn't know about the ~~of~~ detail of the plan.

Monday 25 AUG 2003, around 4 pm ³ [REDACTED] reserved me
 for interrogation ² [REDACTED]. By then I had spent
 the weekend on ² [REDACTED] which was entirely emptied
 from any other detainees, in order to keep me isolated from
 the rest of the community. But I saw it as a positive
 thing, the cell was warmer, and I could see the
 day light - while in ² [REDACTED] I was locked in
 a frozen box. I stayed in that block during the
 weekend. "Now, I have the overall control, I can do
 anything I wanted with you, I can move you to camp
^{2,3} [REDACTED]

"I know why you moved me to ² [REDACTED]
 block, ~~by~~ you move other detainees there and don't
 me to see anybody". ³ [REDACTED] didn't comment ³ [REDACTED] just
 smiled. It was more of friendly talk. Around 5:30pm
 brought me my cold MRE. Mean while I got
 used to my cold portions, I didn't savor them,
 but I knew in order to survive I had to eat.

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I suffered loss of weight like never before. ³ [redacted] ~~doesn't~~ didn't take away what ² [redacted] was supposed to. Usually ² [redacted] gave me only a small portion of the complete meal, he thought I had the appetite, which he didn't want to satisfy. I started to eat my meal, going in and out, but that was nothing suspicious about it, ² [redacted] had been always the same way. I barely finished my meal, when all of a sudden ³ [redacted] and I heard a commotion, guards cursing loudly, "I told you motherfucker - -", people banging the floor violently with heavy boots, dog barking, doors closed loudly. I froze in my seat, ³ [redacted] went speechless, we were staring at each other, unknowing what was going on. My heart was ~~been~~ pounding bc I knew a detainee was being hurt, yes, and the detainee was me. Suddenly a commandos, consisting of three soldiers, and a German shaper, broke into our interrogation room. Everything that happened was quicker than any thoughts about it. ³ [redacted] punched me ~~to~~ violently, which made me fall face down on the floor, the second guy kept punching me everywhere, mainly on my face and my ribs, both were masked from head to toe. "Motherfucker I told you, you're gone!" said ³ [redacted] his partner kept punching me all the way without saying a word, he didn't want to be recognized. The third man was not masked he stayed at the door holding the dog collar, ready to release it on me. "Who told you to do that! you're hurting the detainee" screamed ³ [redacted], who

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was no less terrified than I was. [redacted] was the leader of the assaulting guards, and he was executing [redacted] orders. As to me, ~~my~~ I couldn't digest the situation. The first thought was, they mistook me with somebody else. The second thought, I tried to recognize the environment by looking around while one of the guard was squeezing my face against the floor. I saw the dog fighting to get loose. I saw [redacted] standing up, looking helpless at the guards working on me. "Blindfold the Motherfucker, he tries to look, one the them hit me hard across the face, and quickly put the goggles on my eyes, ~~to~~ ear muffs on my ears, and a small bag over my head. I could not tell who did what. They tightened ~~my~~ the chains around my ankles and my wrists, afterward I started to bleed. All I could hear was [redacted] cursing F. this and F. that. I didn't say a word, I was overwhelmingly surprised, I thought they were going to execute me. Due to the beating I was not any more able to stand up. [redacted] and the other guard dragged me ~~oo~~ out with my toes, tracing the way, and threw me in a truck, which took immediately off. A party of beating would last for the next three to four hours to come before they turned me over to another team who would be going to use different torture techniques. "Stop praying, motherfucker, you're killing people" [redacted] said, and punched me hard on my mouth. My mouth and nose started to bleed, and my lips grew so big that I technically could

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not speak any more. Mr. The colleague of [redacted] turned out to be one of my to be guard [redacted] and [redacted] took each one of my sides and started to punch me and smash me against the metal of the truck. One of the guy hits me, so that my breath stopped and I was choking, I felt I breached through my ribs. I almost suffocated without their knowledge. I had anyway hard time to breathe due to the head cover, plus they hit me so many times on my ribs that I stopped to breathe for a moment. I am not sure but I didn't know every thing that happened to me. Did I pass out? Maybe not. All I know that I noticed kept noticing [redacted] several time spraying Ammonia in my nose. The funny thing was that Mr. is at the same time a "Life saver", and were all the guards I would be dealing with for the year to come, or most of them. All of them were allowed to give me medication and first aid. After ten to fifteen minutes, the truck stopped at the beach, my escorting team dragged me out of the truck and put me in a high-speed boat. [redacted] never gave me a break they kept hitting me [redacted] in order to make them stabbing me. "You're killing people" said [redacted]. I believe he was thinking out loud, he knew he was the most coward crime in the world - Torturing a helpless detainee who completely went to submission, and turn himself over. What a brave operation [redacted] was trying to convince himself of being doing the right things. Inside the boat, [redacted] made drink saltwater

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I believe it to be direct from the ocean. It was so nasty I ~~to~~ threw it up. you know, they put any object in my mouth and shouted, "swallow, Mother fucker!". I decided in my inside not to swallow the organ-damaging salt water, which choked me when they kept pouring the ~~se~~ water in my mouth, "swallow, you idiot". I contemplated quickly and decided for the nasty, damaging water rather than death. [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] ³ had been escorting me for about three hours in the high-speed boat. ~~They~~ The goal of such trip was to, first torturing the detainee and claiming that "detainee hurt himself during transport", and second to make the detainee believe he is being transferred to some far-far away secret prison. We detainees knew all of that, we had detainees reporting about themselves flying four hours, and found themselves in the same jail where they were. I knew from the begin² that I was going to be transferred to [REDACTED] ² About five minutes ride. [REDACTED] had a very bad reputation. Only hearing the name, gave me Nausea. I knew all the long trip I am going to take were meant to torture me. But what difference does it make, I cared less about the place, and more about the people who detained me. No matter where I get transferred, I would be still a detainee of the U.S Armed Forces, and as to rendition to a third country I thought I was through with it b/c I was sent to Jordan for eight months. The politic of

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DoD toward me was to take care of me on their own
 "Sep 11 didn't happen in Jordan, we don't expect other country
 to pry ~~off~~ Intels off detainees as we do." said [redacted]
 once. The Americans obviously were not satisfied with
 the achieved results by their "torture allies". I think when
 torture comes to play things get out of control. First, tort
 doesn't guarantee that detainee cooperates. Second, in order
 to stop torture detainee got to please his assailant even
 with untruthful, and sometimes, misleading Intels.
 Third, sorting information, and consuming and time taking.
 Fourth, experience shows that torture didn't stop or even
 reduced the terrorist attacks, Egypt, Algeria, and Turkey
 are good examples. On the other hand, discussion has brought
 tremendously good result, after the unsuccessful attack
 on the Egyptian president in Adis Ababa, the govt reached
~~an agreement with the~~ a ~~cease-fire with the govt, and~~
~~opted for political work.~~ Al gawaa Al-Islamiyah. The
 latter opted later on for political fight. However, the
 American had learned a lot of their torture-practicing
 allies. They were working closely together. I was tortured
 in GTMO by both [redacted] under their
 supervising of high level us govt officers, namely [redacted]
 [redacted] when the
 boat coasted, [redacted] and his colleague dragged me out and
 made me sit, crossing my legs. I was moaning from the
 unbearable pain I was suffering. "UH... UH... ALLAH...
 ALHAAH... I told you not to fuck with us, didn't I?"
 Said Mr. X mimicking me. I hoped I could stop

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moaning b/c the gentleman kept mimicking me, and blaspheming of the Lord. However, the moaning was necessary so I could breathe. My feet were numbed for the chains stopped the blood circulation to my hands and my feet I was happy about every kick I got so I could alter my position "Do not move motherfucker!" said [REDACTED], but sometimes I couldn't help altering my position, it was worth the kick. "We appreciate everybody who works with us, Thanks gentlemen" said [REDACTED]. I recognized his voice, although he was addressing to his Arab guests, ~~he was talking~~ the message was addressed to me more more than anybody. It was night time. My blind fold didn't keep me from feeling the bright lighting in the open, some kind of high-watt projectors. "Are we happy for zat maybe we take him to Egypt, he say everything" said ~~again~~ an Arab guy whose voice I never heard, with thick Egyptian accent. I could tell the guy was in his late twenties or early thirties based on his voice, his speech and later on his actions. I also could tell that his English was both poor, and decidedly mis-pronounced. Then I heard indistinct conversations here and there, after which ~~to~~ the Egyptian and another guy approached. Now, they're talking directly to me "What in Arabic" What a Coward! you guys ask for civil rights, guess you get none" said the Egyptian, "Somebody like this coward ~~and~~ takes us only one hour in Jordan to spit ~~his~~ everything" said the Jordanian.

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Obviously, he didn't know that I spent eight months in Jordan and no miracle took place. "We take him to Egypt" said the Egyptian addressing ³ [REDACTED] "Maybe in a later time" said ³ [REDACTED]. "How poor are these Americans! they really are spoiling these fuckers. But now we're working with them" said the Egyptian guy, now in Arabic addressing me directly, when I heard Egypt, and a new rendition, my heart was pounding. I hated the endless world tour I was forcibly taking. I considered seriously the rendition to Egypt on the spot bc I knew how irritated and desperate the Americans were, when it came to my case. The U.S. gov't was or is still misled about my case. "But I know we're working with Americans on the field" said the Egyptian. He was right, beside this event, Yemeni detainees told me that they were interrogated by [REDACTED] and Americans ~~at~~ at the same table, when captured in Karachi ~~and~~ and afterward transferred to a secret place on sep 11, 2002. After all kind of threats and degrading statements. I missed a lot of the trash talk between the Arabs and their American accomplices, at one point I drowned in my thoughts. I ~~was~~ felt ashamed for my people being used for this horrible job by a gov't who claims to be the leader of the democratic free world, a gov't that preaches against dictatorship, and "fights" for human rights and sends its children to die for that purpose! What a joke is this gov't makes of its own people! What would the dead average American think of ~~he~~ she sees what his/her gov't is doing

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with some who even has done no crimes against anybody. As much as I was ashamed for the Arabic fellows, I knew that they definitely didn't represent the average Arab. Arabic people are one of the greatest on the planet; sensitive, emotional, loving, generous, sacrificial, religious, charitable, and light hearted. No, we don't ~~we~~ deserve to be used ~~for~~ ~~as~~ for such a dirty job, no matter how poor one is. No, no! We are better than that. If people ~~know about this~~ in the Arab world know about what is happening in this place, the hatred against the US would be heavily watered, and the accusation of the US helping and working together with dictators in our countries would be cemented. I had feeling or rather a hope that these people would not go unpunished for their crimes. The situation didn't make me hate neither Arabs nor Americans, I only felt bad for the Arabs, and how poor we are! All these thoughts were sliding through my head, and ~~distracted~~ ~~for~~ relieved me from hearing the nonsense conversations, which took place. After about forty minutes, I couldn't really tell, ~~the~~ instructed the Arabic teacher to take me over. The two guys grabbed me roughly and since I couldn't walk on my own, they dragged me on the tips of my toes to the boat. I must have been very near to water ~~by~~ I didn't the trip to the boat was short. I don't know but either they put in another boat or in a different seat. The seat was ~~both~~ hard and straight. "Move!", "I can't

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move!" "Move fucker!" They gave this orders and knew that I was too hurt to be able to move. ~~but~~ After all I was bleeding from my mouth, my ankles, my wrists, and maybe my nose but I could not tell for sure. However, the team wanted to keep the factor of fear and ~~terror~~ terror maintained. "Sit!" said the Egyptian guy, who did most of the talk, while both were ~~are~~ pulling me down until I hit the metal. The Egyptian sat on my right side, and the Jordanian on my left. "What's your fucking name?" asked the Egyptian. "M-O-O-H-H-M-M-EE-D-D-O-O-O-U!" I answered. Technically, I couldn't speak b/c of ~~the~~ swollen lips, and hurting mouth. You could tell I was completely scared, usually, I wouldn't talk, if somebody starts ^{to} or does hurt me. This a milestone in my interrogation history. In Jordan, when the interrogator smashed in the face, I refused to talk ignoring all his threats. You can tell I was hurt like never before, it is not me anymore, and will never be the same as before. A thick line was drawn between my past and my future with the first hit ~~did~~ did to me. "He's like a kid!" said the Egyptian accurately ~~I think that was~~ addressing his Jordanian colleague. I ~~then~~ felt warm between both, though not for long time b/c with the cooperation of the American a long trip of torture was being prepared. In the chair I couldn't stand straight. They put a kind of thick jacket, which ~~be~~ fastened me to the chair. it was good feeling. However, there was a

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destroying drawback to it. My chest was so tightened that I couldn't breathe properly. Plus, the air circulation was worse than the first trip. I don't know exactly but some thing was definitely wrong going wrong "I can't breathe!" "Suck the air!" said the Egyptian wryly. I was literally suffocating inside the bag around my head. All my pleas and my begging for some free air ended in a cal-de-sac. I heard indistinct conversations in English, I think it was [redacted] and his colleague, and probably [redacted]. Regardless, what team was supplying the Arab team with torture materials during the trip that took about 3-4 hours. The order went as follows: They stuffed the air ^{between} my cloths and ^{me} with ice-cubes from my neck to my ankles, and whenever the ice melted they put new hard ice cubes. Moreover, every once in a while, one of the guards smashed me, most of the time, in ^{the} face. The ice served both pain and wiping out the bruises I had from that afternoon. Everything seemed to be perfect prepared. People from cold regions might not understand the extent of the pain when ice-cubes get stuck on your body. Historically, dictatory kings during medieval, and pre-medieval times used this method to slowly ~~ex~~ let ~~victim~~ the victim slowly die. The other method of hitting the victim while blind folded in an inconsistent intervals of time was used by Nazis during WWII. There is nothing terrorizing than making somebody expect a smash every single heartbeat. "I am from Hasi Matruh",

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where are you from?" said the Egyptian addressing his Jordanian colleague. He was speaking, as if nothing was happening. You could tell, he was used to torturing people. "I am from the south" answered the Jordanian. I tried to keep my prayers in my heart, I could hardly remember any prayer, but knew I did need The Lord's help as I always do, and in that direction went my direction prayers. Whenever, I was conscious I dinned in my thoughts, ~~on~~ finally I ~~got~~ had gotten used to the routine, ice-cubes ~~to~~ until melted, smashing. What would it be like, if I landed in Egypt after about twenty-five hours of torture. How would ~~be~~ the interrogation look like.

~~an~~ described me his unlucky trip from PK to EG. Until now everything I am experiencing, such as ice-cubes, and smashing, is consistent with ~~story~~ story. So I expect Electricity shock in the pool. How much power can my body, especially heart handle? I know something about Electricity and its devastating, irreversible damage. I saw ~~in~~ in the blocks collapsing a couple of times every week with blood gushing out of his nose until it soaked his cloths. ~~was~~ was a Martial art trainer and Athletically built. I was reconstructing the whole interrogation over and, the questions, my answers. But what if they don't believe me! No, they would believe me if they understand the recipe of terrorism more than the Americans.

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and have more experience. Also, the cultural ^{barrier} between the Christian and the Muslim World still irritate considerably the approach of Americans to the whole issue. Americans tend to widen the circle of involument to catch the most possible numbers of Muslims. They always speak about the big conspiracy against the U.S. I personally had been interrogated who practice the basic of the religion, and sympathize with the Islamic movements. No matter how moderate the Islamic movement I had been asked to provide every detail about the Islamic movement. That is very amazing in a country such as the U.S where Christian Terrorist organization such as Nazis, and White Supremacy have the freedom to express themselves and recruit people openly and nobody can bother them, while as a Muslim if you sympathize with the views of an Islamic political views of an Islamic organization you're in a big trouble, even attending the same mosque as a suspect is a big trouble. I mean this fact is clear for every body, who understand the ABC of American policy toward the so-called Islamic Terrorism. In Arabic countries, the approach is similar to U.S Approach to Christian organizations. As long as you are not involved in Criminal acts nobody gives you trouble. Sympathization, and even association with Islamic organization is not considered as

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as a crime. I know these facts first hands b/c I had been dealing with both approaches & for relatively long time. After the ~~Arabs~~ I was determined to explain to the Egyptians my situation, should they not understand, I would make things up. I was positive, I would have a chance to straighten things b/c the truth always wins, although it might take some time. The Arabo-American party was over, and the Arabs turned me over once more to the same U.S. Team. They dragged me out of the boat and threw me, I would say, in the same truck as the one that afternoon. Obviously we were riding on a dirt road. "Do not move!" said [redacted] but I didn't recognize any ~~thing~~ words any more. I don't think that ~~any~~ anybody beat me but I was not conscious. When the truck stopped [redacted] and his strong associate towed me from the truck, and dragged over some steps, the cool air of the room hit me, we passed the room atmosphere and boom they threw me face down on the metal floor of my new home. "Do not move, I told not to fuck with me motherfucker!" said [redacted] when his voice trailed off. Obviously he was tired, and left right away with a promise of more actions, and so did the Arab team. When Doctors take part in torture: After a short time of my arrival, I felt somebody taking off in the

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off my head, [REDACTED], Taking
 These things was ~~for~~ both painful and relieving.
 Painful $\frac{1}{2}$ they started to penetrate my skin and
 stuck leaving scars, and relieving $\frac{1}{2}$ I started to
 breathe normally and the pressure around my head
 went away. When the blindfold was taken off I saw
 a [REDACTED]

I figured, he was a Doctor but why the heck is
 he hiding behind a mask, and why is he a U.S.
 Army for the Navy is taking care medical care
 of detainees. "If you fuckin' move, I'm gonna
 hurt you!" I was wondering how could I possibly
 move, and what possible damage ~~can~~ I could I make.
 I was in chains, and every inch in my body was
 hurting. That is not a Doctor! That is a human
 butcher. When the young man checked on me, he realized
 he needed more stuff. He left and soon came back
 with some medical stuff. I glimpsed his watch
 it was about 1:30 a.m., which meant about
 eight hours since I ~~left~~ was kidnapped from [REDACTED]
 camp. The Doctor started to wash the blood off my
 face with soaked sandage. After that, he put me
 on a mattress - the only item in the stark cell -
 with the help of the guards. "Do not move" said the
 guard, who was standing over me. ~~The~~ The Doctor
 wrapped many elastic belts around my chest and
 ribs area. After that, they made me sit, "will you
 [REDACTED]

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try to bite me, I'm gonna fuckin' hurt you!" said the Doctor while stuffing me with a whole bunch of tabs, I didn't respond they were moving me around like an object. In a later time, they took off the chains, and some time later one of the guard threw a thin, small, and worn out blanket on me through the strip hole, and that was everything I would have in the room. No soap, no ~~brush~~ toothbrush, no iso matt, no Koran, nothing. I tried to sleep, but I was kidding myself, my body was conspiring against me. I took some time until the medication started to work, then I trailed off, and only woke up, when one of the guards hit my cell violently with his boot against my cell, "Get up, piece of shit!" The doctor gave me once more a bunch of medication and checked on my ribs, "Done with the mother fucker" said he, when he showed me his back heading toward the door. I was so chocted seeing a doctor acting like that & I knew that at least fifty percent of medical treatment is psychological. I was like, "This is an evil place, since my only solace is this bastard doctor". I went back and soon was knocked out. To be honest, I can report very few about the couple weeks to come b/c I was not in the right state of mind I had been lying on my bed all the time, I was not able to realize my surrounding. I tried to find out the Kibla-direction of Mecca, but there was no clue. Back in ² [redacted] the Kibla was indicated with an arrow in every cell. Yes, ~~the rest~~ the U.S is demonstratively

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showing the rest of the world how religious freedom ought to be maintained. Even the call to prayer was to be heard five times a day in [redacted], which I found positive. However U.S. always repeated that the war is not against the Islamic religion, which is very prudent b/c technically it is impossible to fight against a religion as big as the Islam. Strategically it would be a lost war. In the secret camps, the war against Islamic Religion was more than obvious. There was not only no sign to Mecca, but the rituals prayer was also forbidden. Reciting Koran was forbidden. Koran possession was forbidden. Fasting was forbidden. Practically any Islamic related ritual is strictly forbidden. I am here not talking about hearsay, I am talking about something I experienced myself. I don't believe that average American is paying taxes to wage ~~that~~ war against Islam, however, I do believe that there are people in the govt who have a big problem with the Islamic Religion, as we say in Arabic, "you're blowing ashes". For the first couple of weeks I had no clues about time - day or night, let alone daytime. I could only pray in my heart and lying b/c I could not stand straight or bend. THEIR RECIPE

- ① I must be kidnapped from [redacted] and put in a "secret" place
- ② I must be made believe in a far, far away I land
- ③ I must be ~~is~~ was informed by [redacted] [redacted]
- ④ the physical and psychological suffer should be

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to ~~the~~ ~~its~~ ~~in~~ their highest extremes, and in this regard... ① I was deprived from all comfort; tears that a detainee needs except for a mattress and a small, thin, wornout blanket ② I was starved for long periods, and sometimes given so much ^{bad} food until and forced to eat it until I vomit ③ most of my diet was some nasty MRE ④ My diet times were deliberately messed up ⑤ The guards were very hostile to me, they cursed, shouted, and put me consistently under some rough Military-like basic training "Get up", "Walk to the bin where", "stop!", "Grab the shit!", "Eat", "You got two minutes!", "you're done!", "Give the shit back!", "Drink!", "You better drink the whole water!", "hurry up!", "sit down!", "Don't sit down unless I say it", "search the piece of shit [me]!". Most of the guards hardly attacked me physically, only ³ [redacted] hit me once until I fell face down on the floor, and whenever [redacted] and his ~~friend~~ associate grabbed me very tight and made me run in the heavy chairs "Move!" ⑩ All the guards were masked with halloween-like masks, and so were the Medics, in order to maintain the situation of terror ⑪ Guards ^{were briefed} about me being a high-level ~~terrorist~~, beyond believe smart terrorist, "You know who you are?" said ³ [redacted] friend, "You are terrorist who helped killed 3000 people!", "Indeed I am!" I answered I realized it & was futile to discuss with a guard my case, especially when he knew nothing about me. ⑫ I must not know the difference between day and night, my time consist^{ed} of a crazy darkness all the

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time, I couldn't tell anything about days going by or the time. They tried so hard to drive me insane.

(13) For the first weeks I had no shower, no laundry, no brushing. I almost developed bugs. I hated my smell.

(14) No sleep is allowed, in order to enforce this, I was given 740ml water bottles in intervals of one to two hours, depending on the mood of the guards, and that for 24 hours. The consequences were devastating, I couldn't close my eyes for ten minutes by I was sitting most of the time on the bathroom. When I later on asked one of the guard, after the tension relief, "Why is this water diet? Why don't just make me awake by standing up like in [redacted]", "Psychologically it is devastating to make somebody stay awake on his own, without ordering him" said [redacted]. "Believe me, you haven't seen anything. We have put detainees naked under shower for days, eating, pissing, and shitting in the shower!" he continued. Other guards told me about other torture methods, I wasn't really eager to know about.

(15) I was allowed to say three sentence "Yes Sir!", "Need my interrogator!", "Need the Medics".

(16) Every once in a while, the whole guard team stormed my cell, dragged me out, put me facing the wall, threw whatever in my cell, shouting and cursing in order to humiliate me, and as they say, "My job [redacted]". Meanwhile I obeyed all the harsh orders by whenever I think about resistance, I feel the pain I still suffering, especially my ribs, then

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I said to myself, "No, I will try to avoid any harm, so just flow so with the flow" (17) Detainees should be shown no mercy. Conversing with me is forbidden, or even in front of me (18) I was forbidden to see daylight. When doctor told them that I must take a crack, they take me some time in the night, result: After seven months of isolation, my blood test showed not enough white blood cell. "You have been not exposed to sun for long time to gain the necessary vitamin, but don't worry, I am going to give you some multivitamin tabs" said the doctor. MY RECIPE First of all I knew that I am a stone throw away from [REDACTED], but it didn't make any difference to me, though it was kind of soleming, if you know that you are not very far from your fellow detainees. And since nobody was perfect I was able to recognize my surroundings, solely through logic observations (1) When I woke up from my semi-koua I tried to make difference between day and night. It was relatively easy job. I used to look down the bathroom, and when it's very bright to light dark that was the day in my life (2) I succeeded illegally to steal some prayers but [REDACTED] busted me once, "He is praying!" [REDACTED] "Come on!" They put their masks, "Stop praying" I don't recall whether I finished my prayer sitting, was it done, or I interrupted it. As a punishment [REDACTED] forbade me to use the bathroom for some time, but when I had the extreme urge, he allowed me to use the bathroom. When I asked [REDACTED] "Why did you forbid me

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to pray?" "I got to follow orders", "But I think it was illegal order you didn't have to follow!", "I'm deed, but my boss would have given me some shitty job". I honestly think that [REDACTED] executed the orders he was given against his will as I can tell based on many discussions we had later on. "Why did you guys forbid to me to fast, isn't the religion's freedom one of basic right in your country?", "Hell, I don't know [REDACTED] ordered me to" [REDACTED] said [REDACTED]. He hated [REDACTED] bc he had no respect for anybody. He used to open the door of the guards without knocking, while everybody else did. ③ I tried to find out everybody's name who was involved in my torture, not for retaliation or anything like that. I just didn't want those people to have the overhand over any of my brothers, or anybody no matter who he is. I believe they should not only deprived of their powers, but also be locked up. I succeeded in knowing the names of the [REDACTED] ~~my~~ two of my interrogators, two of the guards, and ~~the~~ other interrogators who weren't involved directly in my torture but could served as witnesses. ④ I kept the count of the days by reading every-day 10 pages of Koran in 60 days I would ~~have~~ finish and start over and so I could keep track track of the date, "Shut the fuck up!" ~~to~~ there is

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nothing to sing about" said ³ [REDACTED], when he heard me reciting the Koran. Since then I recited quietly, so nobody would hear me. ⁵ ~~⑤~~ My suspicion of me being in near ³ [REDACTED] was cemented, when I got some of the diet I am used to back in ³ [REDACTED]. "Why did you give me some hot meals?" I asked the sarcastic guard. "Doctor said, we had to". I really looked like a ghost, just bones, no meat. For the last five months I was losing my mind. I was hearing voices, clear as crystal, conversations of my family, and ³ [REDACTED]. The relentless terror was just unbearable. ⁶ I failed in keeping weekday in mind until I glimpsed ² [REDACTED] watch when he pulled it out of his pocket to check the time. He was very vigilant, and careful, but it was too late I saw MO ² [REDACTED] but he didn't notice anyway. Before that my weekdays were messed up. Friday, was a very important Muslim holiday and that was the reason, why I wanted to keep the weekday. Besides, I just hated the fact that they deprived me of my basic freedom. Interrogators, and the guards always hinted to the "God forsaken nowhere" I am in, but I ignored them completely, and when the guards, ~~asked~~ asked me "Where do you think you are?" I responded "I am not sure, but I am not worried about it, since I am far from my family."

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it doesn't really matter to me where I am". And thus, I always closed the door when ~~they~~ ever they referred to the place. I was afraid to be tortured, when they knew I knew where I was. I hate every bit of information I had to be questioned about. The guards had been working in two shift routine, day and night shift, and they consistently changed. I correctly guessed that they change [REDACTED]

Besides, whenever the new showed up, they made their presence remarkable through banging heavily the door to my cell to scare me. Whenever the new shift appeared my heart started to pound bc they always come up with new ideas to make my life a living hell, such as very little food due to about 30 sec to 1 min time to eat, or forcing me to eat every bit of food I get in a very short time, "you better be done!". several times I threw up my food, or made me excessively clean the shower, or made me fold my towels, my blanket in an impossible way again, and again until they were satisfied, or forbidding me any kind of comfort, they introduced a) I should never be layed down, whenever a guard showed up at my bedside, so I had to be awake always, or ~~responding~~ wake up as soon as a guard walked into my area. There was no slipping in the term we know b) My toilet should always be dry! How, if I always urinating, and flushing, in order to meet the order I had to use my only uniform to dry the toilet up, and stay soaked in shit c) My cell should be in a predefined order, including folded blanket, so I could never use my blanket [REDACTED]

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8) I always showed more fear than it was * as a self-defense technique. Oh, I am ready for another birthday party as [REDACTED] put it, "you know, this party is to celebrating your birthday". Not that I would like to play the hero I am not, but I really wasn't scared of the guards b/c I knew they had orders from above and if reported back "detainee wasn't scared!", the dosis would have been increased. They consistently told me "Pillow, you haven't seen nothin'". I have heard that several times from different guards. When I saw my cell the first time, the look was really bleak. I thought, maybe the guy is already dead. ⑨ When I first met with Americans I hated the language due to the pain they made me suffer without a single reason, so I didn't want to learn the language. That was emotion, but the call of wisdom was stronger, thus I decided to learn the language. Even though I already knew how to conjugate to be and to have, my baggage of English was very light. Since I wasn't allowed to have books, I had to pick up the language from, mostly, the guards and sometimes my interrogators, and after a short time I could speak like common folk "He don't care, she don't care, I ain't done nothin', Me and my friend did so and so, F. this and F. that, damn x and damn y," ⑩ My observations resulted in knowing that only white Americans were appointed to deal with me, guards and interrogators. There was only one black guard, but he had no saying

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His associate was a young white ² [REDACTED] but the latter was always in charge. You might not believe that but I can't help you there. I know it's hard to believe. You might say, "well how do you know the ranks of the guards, when they were covered?" Well, just keep reading the rest of the story.

³ [REDACTED] shows up: When the assessing doctor reported that I relieved from my pain, it was time to hit again before the injuries get healed after the motto "Strike the Iron while it's hot". When I heard the m³el³ée behind the door, and recognized both ³ [REDACTED] voice, and his Egyptian colleague, I drawned in my sweat, got dizzy, and my feet failed to carry me. My heart ³ p³ounded so hard that I thought it was going to choke me, and fly ~~off~~ through my mouth. Indistinct conversation that involved ³ [REDACTED] and the guards took place. ³ [REDACTED] let's mee get him" said the Egyptian guy in his stretched-out English to ³ [REDACTED] "I wish ³ [REDACTED] let me in to have a little conversation with you" said the Egyptian in Arabic addressing me. "Stand back, now let me see him alone" said ³ [REDACTED] I was shaking while listening to the bargaining between the Americans and the Egyptians, ~~who~~ ³ about who was going to get me. I looked like somebody who was going through autopsy while alive, and helpless. "You're lucky today b³c I am in a good mood. I am sorry that I have

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to compromise the values upon which my country was built, and which made my country the greatest in the world. You are going to cooperate whether you choose or not. You can choose between civilized way which I personally prefer or the way" said [REDACTED] when the guards dragged me out of my cell to him, as a background the Egyptian guy was barking, and threatening with all kind of painful revenge. "I am cooperating" I said in a weak voice. It's been a while since I talked the last time; my mouth was not used to talk any more. My muscles were very sore I was scared beyond belief. The Halloween-masked [REDACTED] was literally stuck on me, removing around, and ready to strike at an eye's wink. "No, quit denying, we are not interested in your denial. Don't fuck with me" [REDACTED] said, "No, I don't". "I am going to appoint some interrogators to question you. You know some of them, and some you don't?" "OK!" I said. The conversation was closed [REDACTED] ordered the guards to put me back in my cell, and he disappeared.

FIRST VISIT IN THE "SECRET" PLACE Nothing shorter than a miracle [REDACTED] made it finally to the far far away secret place. "You've been causing me so much trouble nah well, in Paris it was not that bad but in MR the weather was terrible. I sat at the table across [REDACTED] and when I asked him - who recruited you for AQ? - his answer was you. And the same with [REDACTED] [REDACTED] are working with [REDACTED]

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us. You know, you are a part of an organization, which the free world wants to wipe out of the face of the earth" said [redacted]. I was carefully listening, and wondering "free-world?" and saying to myself "Do I really have to listen to this crap". [redacted] was accompanied with the same [redacted] had brought to molest me sexually about two months ago. "You know, in jail who first talks wins. You lost and [redacted] won. He said everything about you" [redacted] "The good things, we don't have to dirty our hands with you, we have Israelis and Egyptians doing the job for us" [redacted] continued, while taunting me sexually by touching me everywhere. However, I neither talked, nor showed any resistance. I had been sitting like a stone. "Why is he shaking so much?" asked the [redacted]. "I don't know!" answered [redacted]. "But his hands are sweating crazily!" wondered the [redacted]. "If I were he, the same would've happened to me," said [redacted]. "You think this place is like [redacted], where you survived every attempt [redacted], but you'll not survive here" you keep playing games with us" he said "Like what?" I wondered, "like you trip to Slovenia, you only told me about it b/c you knew I knew about it" "Now, are you going to cooperate with us?" he asked "I was" I said, "No, you weren't, and guess what I am going to write in my report that you're full of shit, and other people are going to take care of you! The Egyptian is very interested in you!". Meanwhile the [redacted] stopped molesting me since I showed no

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resistance. "What's wrong with him?" [redacted] wondered once more. "I don't know. But maybe he is very relaxed in this place, we should maybe take away some of his sleep" said [redacted]

[redacted] I never

seen a human being as emotionless as he was. He spoke about putting me out of sleep with not single change in his voice, face or composure. I mean regardless the religion or the race of a person, we human beings always feel bad, for more or less, for somebody who is suffering. I personally would never help blinking in tears when reading a sad story or watching a sad movie. I have no problem admitting so. Some people may say that I am a weak person. Well, let me be! "You may ask [redacted] to for give you the lies, and start everything over" said the [redacted]. I didn't say anything. "Can start small. Give us a piece of information you never said before!" [redacted] continued. And also to that malicious, nonsense question I had no answer.

"Your mom is an old lady I don't for how long she could withstand the conditions in the detention facility" said [redacted]. But I knew that he was talking up to his Aail. However, I knew that they out was ready to take any measures to pry information off me, even if it would take the injury of my family members, especially when you know that [redacted]

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govt is cooperating blindly with the U.S. I mean the zls govt has more power over [REDACTED] than over the U.S. Nationals themselves, and that how far the cooperation is. U.S. Citizen cannot be arrested without a Due Process of Law, [REDACTED] Can and that by U.S govt. I always say to my interrogators "let's say I am criminal. Is an American criminal holier than a non-American?" and most of ~~the~~ them have no answer. I am sure then Americans are not much luckier. I heard of many of them getting persecuted, arrested with wrongly, especially Muslim and Arabs in the name of war Against Terrorism. This Americans, and non-Americans is as the German proverb put it - Heute die morgen du - Today They, Tomorrow You! It is very hard to start a conversation with [REDACTED], even the guards hated him. So today I wouldn't start with him any conversation. I just didn't find any handrail in the train of his speech, and as to the other [REDACTED] [REDACTED] was sent only to harass me sexually, but I was in stage where I had no feeling [REDACTED] Thus, [REDACTED] mission was dead before it was born. [REDACTED] "You know how it look when you feel our wrath" said [REDACTED] with many other threats including deprivation of sleep, starvation, which I believe to be true and serious. The guards put me roughly back in my cell after [REDACTED] [REDACTED] left. For the couple of days to come I almost lost my mind, no sleep, water diet, every ~~man~~ move behind my door made me stand

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up in a Military-like position with my heart ~~be~~ pounding like boiling water. My appetite was non-existent. I was wanting every minute on the next session of torture I hoped I died and go to heaven, no matter how sinful I am, these people can never be more merciful than God. Ultimately, we all are going to face the Lord and beg for his mercy admitting our weaknesses and our sinfulness. I could hardly remember any prayers, all I could say "pls, God relieve my pain, . . ."

I could only pray while laying down, for one, I was not allowed to pray and was afraid of being hurt, and for two, I could only stand up with outside help, my ribs still not healed. I started to hallucinate and hear voices as clear as cristall. I heard my family in a casual familial conversation, where I couldn't take part. I heard Koran reading with a heavenly voice. I heard music from my country. Later on the guards used these hallucinations and were talking with funny voices through the plumbing, encouraging me to hurt the guard and plot ^{an} escape. But I anyway wasn't misled by them, even though I played along with them "We heard somebody - maybe - a genie" they used to say. "Yeah, but I ain't listening to him" I responded. I just realized I was at the edge of losing my mind. I started to talk to myself. Although, I tried as hard as I could to convince myself that I am not in MR, nor am I near my family, so I could ~~not~~ not possibly hear them speaking, but

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I kept hearing the voices consistently, day and night. Medical assist psychological assistance was out of questions, or really any medical assistance, beside the asshole I anyway didn't want to see. By the way I was able to get psychological assistance ~~first around~~ for the first time around April 2004 and ever since I have been taking Paxel and Clonopin. I also got some sessions with some psychologists who are still assessing me. They really helped me, and I cannot complain but I couldn't tell them the real reasons of my sickness bc I was afraid of retaliation. I couldn't find a way on my own, at that moment, I didn't know it was day or night but I assumed it to be night bc the toilet drain was rather dark. I gathered my strengths ~~and~~ guessed the Kibla-direction of Mecca, knelt ~~on~~ and started to pray to God, "Please guide me. I know not what to do. I am surrounded with merciless wolves, who fear not ~~you~~ thee" When I was praying I ~~break~~ burst into tears, though I suppressed my voice lest the guards hear me, you know there is always serious prayers, and lazy prayers. My experience taught that always responds your serious prayers. When I finished my prayer "SIR" I said, one of the guards showed up after putting his Halloween mask "What?" asked the guard with a dry, and cold emotion. "I want to ^{see} ~~the~~ " I said "You mean " "Oops, the guard did just

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a big mistake by revealing the real mistake name of [redacted] In fact I was familiar with the name [redacted] I saw it long time ago on a file carried by [redacted] and if you can put two and two together the puzzle is resolved. "yes, [redacted] not the [redacted] I really wanted to speak to somebody who was likely to understand me than [redacted] who hardly had understanding of anything. Nothing shorter than interrogator appearance [redacted] didn't show up but [redacted] did, you asked for [redacted] "I did", "And you asked not see to see me?", "I did" "Well I work for [redacted] and he sent me!" said [redacted] dryly "OK, I have no problem to cooperate with you, as I would with [redacted]. However, I would like Mr. [redacted] to take part in the interviews" I said "I am not the one who decides about that, but I guess it would be no problem" he said, "I am starving, I want you to tell the guards to give me some food", "If you start to cooperate, you get more food, I am going to come later on this day to interview. I just would like to tell you that you made the right decision" "Thank you" I said, and [redacted] took off.

Introduction to my conversation with my interrogator and how I found a way to please squish their thirst. Through my conversations with the FBI and the D.O.D. and I have had a good as to what wild theories the gov't had about me. "We know you [redacted]"

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you came to Canada to plot to harm the U.S" said [REDACTED] "What And what was my evil Plan?" "Maybe not exactly to harm the U.S but to attack the CN Tower in Toronto?" he said. I was thinking "Is the guy crazy, I never heard such a CN-Tower." "You realize if I admit to such a thing I have to involve other people! what if turn out I was lying?" I said, "So what, we your friends to be bad, so if they get arrested, even if you lie about [REDACTED] ~~fuck that~~ it doesn't matter b/c they're bad" - I thought "What an asshole, he wants to lock innocent people just b/c they're Muslim Arabs! What a Nuts!" - So [REDACTED] very much told me a precise crime I could admit to, which complied with the Intel Theory. "Back in the states, if I suggested somebody to a good school, and he ended up shooting and killing people, is that my mistake?" asked me once [REDACTED] "No!". "So, if you have recruited people for AQ, it is not your mistake, if you they become terrorists!" said [REDACTED] "Only, the problem that I haven't, regardless the consequences". [REDACTED] was clearer "We don't give a shit if you helped [REDACTED] and two other hijackers going to chechnya. We only give shit if you ~~sent~~ had sent them to your [REDACTED]. So, according to [REDACTED] I can stop torture, if I said I recruited [REDACTED] and two hijackers. To be honest to you they made me believe I recruited

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[REDACTED], I thought "God, I might have recruited the guy before I was born!". "Looks like a dog, walks like a dog, smells like a dog, barks like a dog, must be a dog" used [REDACTED] to say repeatedly during his sessions with me. It sounded awful, I know I am not a dog but I must be one. The whole Police Theory about ~~even~~ doing every trick to keep people in jail or pinning things on them, doesn't make sense to me. I believe simply that an innocent suspect should be released, as the just, legendary Arabic King - Omar - put it, "I rather release a criminal than imprison an innocent".

[REDACTED] explained to me the [REDACTED] the most, [REDACTED] said that you helped him going to Chechnya by suggesting him and his friends to transit through AF for Georgia send Mujahideen back. Further more, when I asked [REDACTED] what he thinks you do for AQ, he said that you are recruiter for AQ, "I believe that without you Sep 11 would never have happened" concluded [REDACTED]. According to his theory I was the guy, all I needed was to admit. Many interrogators asked "What do you know about AQ cells in Germany and Canada?" and to honest to you I never heard such a thing, I know AQ organizations but I don't about cells of AQ in other countries, which doesn't mean necessary that there aren't. [REDACTED] pushed the issue more into light, "you are a leader, people like you, respect you and follow you?"

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he said to me multiple times, As you can see my receipt was already cooked for me. I am not only a part of AQ cell in both, but I am the leader. "Who is more important in the organization you or Hanadi" asked me [REDACTED] I argued the case of [REDACTED] with [REDACTED] many times "According to you I recruited [REDACTED] and his two friends for AQ" I said, "yes", "Okay, but that's a allegation provides many other things and coincidences" "Like what he said" a) I must have known [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] himself said he has seen me once and that is not enough for knowing somebody let alone recruiting him. b) I must have recruited [REDACTED] without his knowledge if all he claims that I told him how to get to Chechnya c) According to you, and maybe him I told him to travel through AF, so who guarantees me that he was going to stay in AF d) and if he miraculously stayed in AF who guarantees me that he was going to train e) and if he decided to train who guarantees me that he was going to meet AQ criteria f) and if by accident he meet AQ criteria who told me that he was ready to be suicide bomber, and ready to learn how to fly. That is just ridiculous.

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"but you are very smart" said [REDACTED] " Under these circumstances, I agree with you that I am besides being smart, I am a psychic! But what make you guys think that I am so evil" " We just don't know but smart people don't leave any traces, for instance we had an [REDACTED] who had been working for Russia for 20 years without having been noticed" said [REDACTED] " We have people still who believe that you conspired with [REDACTED] said [REDACTED] when I told her not to ask me about [REDACTED] b/c the FBI settled his case already since he started to work with them " I do believe you don't even know [REDACTED] ... " said [REDACTED] to me before he left. He even showed me a documentary about [REDACTED] statements regarding Millennium plot. When I saw the documentary I was both happy and frustrated, happy b/c the govt realized finally that I am not a part of Millennium plot, and frustrated b/c the govt didn't show any kind of bad feeling toward me. Moreover, the govt was dying to find something else to pin on me. "I see, obviously there is no way out with you guys" I addressed [REDACTED] " I'm telling you" [REDACTED] responded. Mean while [REDACTED] seemed to getting tired of torturing me by showing me dead torn-apart dead bodies, [REDACTED] claimed them to be sep 11 attack victims, so [REDACTED] tried to make me feel bad guilty. No matter what perspective I looked from, I failed to find a way with the US govt and its different agencies, who among themselves not

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unified. Thus, I was just waiting for my lot. Big heads behind the theory: I am sure ~~a~~ most of the people who glued the theory together are hotshots who work behind scenes and have a little experience field experience or none at all. However, I met two persons who decidedly contributed to make the govt believe what believed or still partly believe about me, I blame them for every irreparable injury I suffered. D [REDACTED] He started to assess my case since the ~~plot~~ Millennium plot, with other colleagues of his. [REDACTED] interrogated me with [REDACTED] and another fellow ~~was~~ from [REDACTED] since then [REDACTED] was working closely with [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] admittedly had been working closely with the govt, and he claimed them to have cooperated with him in all level. I personally don't ~~do~~ challenge his claim, even ~~rather~~ ~~before~~ tend to believe him b/c the [REDACTED] govt has some human Rights issues that can only be forgiven by U.S govt, if the former cooperate fully in regard to terrorism. I know it's a very dirty business, but how many such businesses take place ~~and~~ behind ~~the~~ closed doors between our leaders. As to the [REDACTED] they acted as if they were duped to make up for a terrible mistake, namely, letting [REDACTED] freely enter the U.S with a big quantity of explosives. [REDACTED] knew thank to the [REDACTED] even

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though, they failed to stop his plan. After that the U.S. went wild, and accused Canada of harboring terrorists. Now Canada wanted to redeem itself and kind of wash the shame. It was like "well, we fucked up, but we can find you guys some black sheep." And I fitted right into the evil picture. A [REDACTED] provided Americans with my telephone conversations for several days, and some pictures they took on the street and near my domicile. As desperate as the Americans were to find more black sheep, but they couldn't come up with any substantial reason for all what they did to me. "Your phone calls were coded, you must tell us what you meant" they kept saying. "I meant what I said. I have no code" I kept answering "Fuck you!", "Well let's say I used a code while speaking on the phone. I am sure I am not the only one who used a code. And since you have the best expert, go and seek their advice, they might help you and find a way out" But there was no convincing them, they stuck on me like glue. Although, they have no evidence, they were hoping on me confessing to them, or on the main guy [REDACTED] to testify against me. In their eyes I was definitively a criminal who must be put under lock and key. All kind of dirty business went ~~over~~^{under} the table. The U.S. Intels provided the [REDACTED] with ~~false~~ deliberately with false information saying that [REDACTED] stated that I was the one who provided them explosives, and when asked by Germans to provide a transcription of [REDACTED]

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[redacted] statements, the Americans refused. The reason was simple [redacted] made no statements at all by then. [redacted] made statements only after the attack of sep 11, and said he doesn't know me at all. At that point FBI knew that their theory was Banana. "Somebody, we arrest somebody for a certain crime, but it turns out he's done other crime" said [redacted] "Okay, and where is the end, if you keep suspect me with new crimes and take years to realize it was wrong?". All in all the Canadians has been acting like a child who is threatened by his father and tries everything to please the latter. [redacted] sold me to the U.S as the Black Sheep, and the U.S bought me, But the U.S bought a defective product. When the [redacted] showed up in GTMO I challenged them to show the Americans why they destroyed my life, so ~~was~~ I can defend myself and help the truth come to light, but I was preaching in a desert b/c no party was interested in the truth except for me. The [redacted], on the other hand, though a traditional good ally of the U.S but they are more rational, and confidential, proud, and sovereign. For these reasons [redacted] were looking for substantial evidences the U.S don't have let alone provide. After all, I must have committed whatever crimes on [redacted] soil, and thus [redacted] was the party with the biggest interest but they never called the shot.

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² [REDACTED] ² [REDACTED] ³ [REDACTED] had been
 working with the [REDACTED] for years on my case but he
 couldn't come up with anything against me, and I am
 more than confident that the [REDACTED] had been coop-
 erating with him. To me everything was more or less obvious.
 All the evidences ³ [REDACTED] could come up with was,
 the [REDACTED] saw you with X, ^{or} intercepted
 a conversation between you and Y and we think
 you guys were using a code, or you went to the mosque
³ [REDACTED] never referred to [REDACTED] in relation
 with my case. The funny thing about this whole issue
 was that I've been in Germany for twelve years where
 I've been leading an eventful casual life. To make
 a long story ~~short~~ short, Germany was the center of gravity
 of my life, thus, the [REDACTED] about me should
 be given the highest priority, even over my country [REDACTED].
 In Canada I hardly stayed for two months, and I
 was wondering like a child in order to settle in the
 country. But [REDACTED] and his team, and the other
 Agencies, ~~to~~ which sewed the theory together want
 to spin my whole life around less ~~to~~ than two
 months I spent in Canada in late '99, even though
 they failed to find anything that supported the
 theory from a third part. "If you have done
 nothing while in Canada, I see no reason why the
 Americans arrest you." Said the Jordanian interrogator,
 when the U.S. rendered me to Jordan with the help
 [REDACTED] **FOUO** [REDACTED] **PROTECTED** [REDACTED]

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of my country in order to pry a confession off me, involving me in Millennium plot. "Look a telephone conversation I made in late '99 doesn't mean a lot to me, unless it was for an extremely important milestone in my life. But a casual conversation with a friend is something I do many times a day. If you are willing me to help you understanding let me hear the conversation, so I can recall what it was about" I always say. "I try to get it" said

³ [redacted] ³ "Fuck you! You know we can't get it" said ³ [redacted]. The only person who really ~~was~~ made a break through in this matter ³ [redacted] provided me a transcript of the conversations, and I luckily remembered what the conversation was about, and so I could explain them to ³ [redacted]. "I believe you!" said ³ [redacted]. I respected ³ [redacted] frankness, and fairness, but I didn't know how much support ³ [redacted] got from ³ [redacted]. This faith will have its aftermath, when ³ [redacted] suggested a ³ [redacted] to settle the differences in the team, as you'll learn later on. ³ [redacted]

³ [redacted] and had been taking my case in ³ [redacted] hand for relatively long time, hence forth ³ [redacted] came up with the wildest theories in my case. In ³ [redacted] eyes I was ³ [redacted] associate, I came to Canada to ~~plan for~~ terrorist attack, I recruited

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at least one of the hijacker of sep 11, I facilitated the communication between the hijackers of sep 11 through the guest book of my home page, and I don't know what other theories [redacted] came up with. [redacted] made me sweat off the to the last drop of fluid in my body. [redacted] thus has a little chance to talk directly to the detainees. [redacted] had with me only a several sessions [redacted] led with another escorting person. [redacted] was sent to MR early 2003 to investigate my case, and gather evidences. [redacted] interviewed my ex-wife, my oldest brother, my friend Ely. [redacted] tried to talk to my mom but my mom refused. [redacted] came back from the trip to [redacted] empty handed but with a bunch of pictures taken in the [redacted] showing how miserably the country gets with every day going by. "your country is a piece of shit" said [redacted] when he saw the pictures. [redacted] and [redacted] associate were received by the [redacted] with wide-opened arms, and [redacted] were given best conditions to doing their job. [redacted] saw one-in-the-life opportunity to get me "busted" by my ex-wife, but no matter how far the differences between me and my wife might have gone, there is nothing to pin on me. Besides, I think my wife to be a respectable woman of principle, who would not hate me bc we both agreed to end our marriage. When the expert of my case [redacted] met with me the first time I realize how little [redacted] knew about me. [redacted] failed to deliver the most

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basic information in my case. ³ [redacted] was too self confident, argumentative, and very bad listener. "I have ³ [redacted] and your story, and none of the stories ~~match~~ match the other" - "OK, what am I supposed to do about that? I am ready to admit to anything you suggest" "No, I want you to tell me the truth, and explain the story of ³ [redacted]" "I am telling the truth, but only ³ [redacted] can explain their own stories". It was a painful birth giving to have to argue all the evil theories with ³ [redacted] when ³ [redacted] looked, and searched deeply in my case, ³ [redacted] obviously changed ³ [redacted] mind, and gave up ³ [redacted] evil theories. "I don't think that you lied, or hid any information, but you might ~~forget~~ have forgotten a small detail here and there" said ³ [redacted] the last time I saw ³ [redacted] early 05, "Fair enough" I said. During ³ [redacted] visit in MK, ³ [redacted] experienced the political turmoil in its summit, when some high level personalities from both Civilian and Military tried unsuccessfully to overthrow the govt. ~~Also~~ Many people died, and a lot of destruction took place. ³ [redacted] said I was very afraid when I heard the roamer in ^{2,3} [redacted] about the failed attempt to overthrow the MK govt. I kept praying to The Lord that no blood be spilled by me. CHAIN REACTIONS OF CONFESSIONS: Confessions are like the beads of a necklace, if the first bead falls, the rest follows. To be honest and truthful and have been telling many things I had been holding back merely by fear. I just couldn't find any common ground to discuss my case

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comfortably in a relaxed environment without any fear. ~~But~~ But I had no crimes to confess to and there exactly where I got stuck with my interrogators who were not looking for innocent undertakings. They were looking for evil enterprises. But since I had nothing to lose due to the unbearable pain I was suffering, I allowed myself to say everything to satisfy my assailant. Sessions went after sessions since I called ^{2,3} [REDACTED] "People are very happy with what you're saying" said ³ [REDACTED] after the first session with him. I answered all the questions he asked me with incriminating answers. I tried my best to make myself look as bad as I could and that exactly the way you can make your interrogator happy. I made my mind up to spend the rest of my life in jail. You see most of the people can put up with being imprisoned unjustly, but nobody can bear agony the rest of his life, day in day out. ³ [REDACTED] started to take the shape of a human being, though a bad one. "I write my report like newspaper article, and the community members of the community submit their comments. They're really happy" said ³ [REDACTED]. "So am I" I said. I was wondering about the new half-happy face of ³ [REDACTED] is an angry person, if he talk to you he always looks to the roof, he hardly looks somebody in the ~~face~~ eyes. He can hardly lead a dialog, but he is very good ~~at~~ when it comes to monolog. "I divorced my wife b/c she was just so annoying" he said once to me.

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"Your request to see [redacted] is not approved, in the meantime I am working on your case" he said "all right", I knew that [redacted] was a trial, the DoD wanted me still to deal with the "bad" guy," [redacted] [redacted] he said, "But since you don't know my limit, which made you drive me beyond it" [redacted] When started to talk seriously to [redacted] he brought [redacted] brought [redacted] back into picture, for some reason the [redacted] wanted [redacted] back, "Thank you very much for getting the [redacted] back" I said [redacted] looked both sad and happy. "I enjoy talking to you. you are easy to talk to, and you have pretty teeth" [redacted] told me before I had been kidnapped from [redacted] [redacted] the closest person to me, [redacted] was the only one I could relate to, "I can never do what [redacted] is doing, all he's worried about is getting his job done" said [redacted] commenting by [redacted] methods, when [redacted] was absent, [redacted] [redacted] [redacted] had been interrogating me in turn. They dedicated the whole time until around 10 NOV 03 for questioning me about Canada and Sep 11, they haven't asked me a single question about Germany, where I really had the center of gravity of my life. Whenever they asked about somebody in Canada I had some incriminating information about them, even if I don't know. Whenever I thought about the word "I don't know" I got nauseous by I remembered the words of [redacted] "All you have to say I don't know, I don't remember, well fuck you" or [redacted] "we don't want to hear your

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denial anymore!". Thus, I erase those words out of my dictionary. "You are very generous in your written answers, you even waste a whole bunch about [REDACTED] whom you really don't know" accurately said, but he forgot that he forbade me the word I-don't-know. "We like you to write your answers on a papers, it is too much work to keep up with your talk, and you might forget things, when you talk to us" said [REDACTED]. "Of course!" I responded. I was really happy with the idea b/c I rather talk to a paper than talking to him. At least the paper wouldn't shout in my face or threaten me. After that [REDACTED] drew me in a pile of papers, which I duly filled with writings. It was a good let out for my frustration, and my depression. "[REDACTED] reads your writing with a lot of interest" said [REDACTED]. I was extremely frightened b/c this statement is ambiguous. "We're gonna give you an assignment about [REDACTED]. He is detained in Florida and they cannot make him talk, he keeps denying everything. You better provide us a Smoking Gun against him" said [REDACTED]. I was so sad, how rude was the guy to ask me to provide a Smoking Gun about somebody I hardly knew. "Oh, yes I will" I said. He handed me a bunch of papers and I went back in my cell. Oh, my God I be so injust to myself and my brothers. "Nothing's gonna happen to us -- They go to hell -- Nothing's gonna happen to us -- T -- --" I kept praying in my heart, and repeating my prayers. I took the pen [REDACTED]

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and papers and wrote all kind of minimizing lies about a poor person, who was seeking for refuge in Canada, and trying to make some money, so he can start a family. Moreover, he is a handicap. I felt so bad, and kept praying silently "Nothing's gonna happen to you dear brother . . ." and blowing on the papers I finished. Of course, it was out of question to tell them what I knew about him truthfully. [redacted] already gave me the guidelines " [redacted] is awaiting your testimony against [redacted] with extreme interest!". I gave the assignment to [redacted] I don't remember, and after evaluation, I saw [redacted] for the first time smiling "your writing about Ahmed was very interesting, but we want you to build on provide more detailed information" said he. What information wanted the idiot from me, I even don't remember what I've just written, "yes, no problem" I said. I was very happy that God answered my prayers for [redacted] when I learned in 2005 that he was unconditionally released from custody and sent back to his country. "He's facing death penalty" used [redacted] to tell me. And I was really in no better situation. "Since I am cooperating, what are you going to do with me?" I asked [redacted] "It depends, if you provide us a great deal of information we didn't know, it's going to be weighed against your sentence. For instance, Death Penalty would be reduced to life, and life to thirty years" he responded. Lord Have mercy on me! What a

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harsh justice. "Oh, that's great" I replied. I felt bad for everybody I dealt with my false testimony. My only solaces were. One, I didn't hurt any as much as I did to myself, two, I had no choice, three I was confident that injustice will be defeated. It's only a matter of time, four, I would not blame anybody for lying about when he gets tortured. Ahmed was just an example. I have been writing more than thousands pages about my friends with false information. I had to wear the suit the U.S Intel tailored for me, not that exactly what I did. During the period I had been showed thousands of pictures. Meanwhile I knew all the pictures by heart because I had seen them so many times - Everything was a *deja-vu*. GOODNESS COMES GRADUALLY At the begin of this phase of cooperation the pressure hardly relieved. I was interrogated

² [REDACTED]. It was so rude to question a human being like that, especially somebody who is cooperative. They made me write names and places ² [REDACTED] - I was like what nutless people. The guards were driven madly against me "Show him no mercy. Increase the pressure. Drive the hell out of him crazy" said ³ [REDACTED]. And that was exactly what the guards did, banging on my cell to keep me awake and scared. Taking me twice a day out of my cell violently at least twice a day for cell search. Taking me outside some time in the middle of night to make me do PT I couldn't due to my situation of health. putting me facing the wall several times a day

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and threatened me ~~if I failed~~ ~~interacted~~ directly and indirectly, and some times they interrogated me, but I never said a word to my interrogators b/c I knew they were behind everything. "You know who you are?" said [redacted] "uh..". "you are a terrorist" he continued "yes, sir:" "if we kill you once it wouldn't do. We must kill you three thousand times. But instead we feed you!" - "yes, sir". Water diet kept working on me harshly. "you haven't seen nothing yet" kept they telling me. "I am not looking forward to see that. I'm just fine without further measures". In a matter of weeks I developed grey hair on the upper lower half of ~~my~~ the sides of my head. In my culture, people refer to this phenomenon as the extreme result of depression. To keep the pressure was a vital measure in the process of my interrogation. The plan worked, the more pressure the redundancy I produced, and the better my interrogators felt toward me. SLOWLY BUT SURELY guards were advised at the same time to 1) give me the opportunity to brush my teeth 2) give me more warm meals 3) give me more showers. Moreover, interrogators started to interact with me.

[redacted] was the one who took the first steps, but I am sure there had been a meeting about it. Nonetheless, [redacted] is a strong [redacted] and [redacted] enjoys rewards more than torture, [redacted] is the other way around. Everybody in the team realized that was about to loose my mind due to my psychological and

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physical situation. I've been so long in segregation
 "Pls, get me out of this living hell!" I said.
 "You will not go back to population sometime soon", her
 answer was harsh but true. There was no plan to get me
 back. The concentration was on holding me segregated
 as long as they could, and gather information from me.
 I had nothing in my cell, most of the time I either
 recitate Koran "Shut the fuck up" he ordered me
 one day, after I could only recitate silently. The
 rest of the time I was speaking to myself and thinking
 about my life and the worst-case scenarios that
 could happen to me over and over. ~~Some~~ I had been
 counting the holes of the cage I was in, they are
 about four-thousand-one-hundred holes. When they
 gave me a pillow as a first reward, I kept reading the tag
 over and over. For these reasons I happily started
 to get some puzzles I could spend my time resolving
 them. "If you discover that you lied to us, you're gonna
 feel our wrath. And we're gonna take everything back.
 You know that!" used to tell me whenever he gave
 me a puzzle. I was wondering, why ~~did~~ he hated to
 let me enjoy my day. I started to enrich my vocabulary.
 I took a paper and started to write words I didn't
 understand, and explained them to
 me. When anything is positive about is his
 rich vocabulary, I don't remember asking him
 about a word he couldn't explain to me. After all
 English was his only language, even though he
 claimed to be able to speak Farsi. "I wanted

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to learn French, but I hated the way they speak and I quit" he said. [redacted] visit [redacted] wants to see you in a couple of days" [redacted] said. I was so terrified, I was just fine without his visit "He is welcome" I said. I started to go to toilet relentlessly. My blood pressure went crazily high. I was wondering what the visit would be like. But - thanks God - the visit was much easier than what I thought. [redacted] came escorted with [redacted]. He was, as always, practical and brief, "I am very happy with your cooperation. Remember when I told you that I preferred civilized conversations. I think you have provided 85% of what you know but I am sure you're gonna provide the rest" said he while opening an ice bag with some juice "Oh yeah, I am also happy!" I said while forcing myself to drink the juice just to act as if I were normal - but I wasn't - I was like oh 85% is a big step coming out of my mouth himself. [redacted] advised me to keep cooperating. "I brought you this present" said he while handing a pillow. Yes, a pillow. I received the present with a fake overwhelming happiness not b/c I was dying to get a pillow. ~~and~~ I took the pillow as a sign of the end of the ~~total~~ physical torture. We have a joke back home about a man who stood bare naked on the street and when asked ~~by~~ how can I help you? He replied "give me shoes". And that was exactly what happened to me. All I needed was a pillow!!! And that was very much about the visit

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I was happy after having had the visit behind me.
 "Remember when ... I'd you about
 the 15% you're holding back" said a couple
 days after visit "I believe that your story
 about Canada doesn't make sense. You what we have against
 you know what the FBI has against you" he
 continued "So what would make sense?" I asked. "You
 know exactly what makes sense" he sardonically said.
 "Indeed I was wrong about Canada what I exactly
 have done was -----". "I want you to write
 what down what you've just said. It made perfect sense,
 and I understood but I want it on paper", "My pleasure
 Sir!" THE BIG CONFESSION: "I came to Canada
 with a plan to blow up the CN-Tower in Toronto. My
 accomplices were [REDACTED]
 and [REDACTED] want to Russia to get us explosives
 supply. [REDACTED] wrote an explosives simulation program
 software I picked up, tested it myself and handed it in
 a data medium to [REDACTED]. The latter was supposed to
 send it with the whole plan ~~to send it~~ to [REDACTED]
 in London so we get the final Fatwa from the Sheikh.
 [REDACTED] was supposed to buy a lot ^{of} sugar and ~~tea~~
 to mix with the explosives in order to increase the
 damages. Thank to the Canadian Intel the
 plan was discovered and sentenced to failure.
 [REDACTED] ~~was~~ provided the financial part and
 took care of the Electrical part. I admit
 that I am guilty as any other participants
 and am so sorry and ashamed for what
 [REDACTED]

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~~_____~~

I have done" signed M. O. Slahi, when I handed the paper to _____ ad it happily
 "This statement makes perfect sense" "If you ready to ~~set~~ buy I am selling" I said. _____
 didnt hold himself on the chair, he wanted to leave immediately. I guess the prey was big, and _____ was overwhelmed b/c he reached a breakthrough no other interrogators did, in spite of ~~more~~ almost four years of un-interrupted interrogation from all kind of agencies coming from ~~more~~ more than six countries, what a success;

almost got a heart attack of happiness "I go see him", I think the only unhappy person in the team was _____
 _____ doubted the truthfulness of the story.

_____ parties the success
 I indeed next day _____ came to see me, escorted as always with his _____ "Remember when I told about the 15% you were holding back?" "yes, I do", "I think this confession covered that 15%!". I was like hell yes, "I am happy that it did" I said, "who provided the money?" "_____ did" "And you?" said "No, I took care of the Electrical part". I don't really know why should I deny the financial part, Does it really make difference? Maybe, I wanted to maintain the consistency. "What if we tell you that we found you signature on a fake _____

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Credit Card?" said ³ [REDACTED] I know he was bullshitting me b/c I know I never dealt with such dubious things but I was not going to argue with him. "Just tell me the good answer, Is it good to say yes or to say No?" I asked. At that point I hoped I was involved in something I could admit to and relieve myself of writing about every practicing Muslim I ever met, and every Islamic organization I heard of. It was much easier to admit to a true crime and say that's said, "This confession is consistent with the Intels we and other agencies possess" ³ [REDACTED] said "I am happy". "Is the story true?" asked ³ [REDACTED] "Look those people are ba I involved with, they are bad people anyway, and should be put under lock and key. And as to myself I don't care as long as you are pleased, so, if you want to buy, I am selling". "But we have to check with other agencies and if the story is incorrect, they're gonna find out". ³ [REDACTED] "If want the truth this story didn't happen" I sadly said. ³ [REDACTED] brought some drinks and candies I forced myself to swallow they tasted like dirt b/c I was so nervous. ³ [REDACTED] took him ³ [REDACTED] outside and pitted him on me. ³ [REDACTED] came back harassing me and threatening me with all kind of sulfur and a ^{1,2} [REDACTED]

1,2

"You know does it feel when you experience our wrath" said ³ [REDACTED] I was

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like what the heck ~~do~~^{does} this asshole ~~wanting~~
 want from me. If he wants a confession
 I already provided one. Does he want me to
 resurrect the dead? Does he want me to
 heal his blindness? I am not a prophet,
 nor does he believe in them. "The Bible is just
 the history of Jewish people not more" he used
 to say. ~~unintentionally~~ If he wants the truth I
 told him I have done nothing! I couldn't see
 a way out, "yes! -- to yes! -- yes --". After
~~he~~³ made me sweat the ~~last~~³ last drop in my body,
~~he~~³ called him and gave him a ~~advice~~³
 about the next tactics, ~~he~~³ left and ~~he~~³
 continued " ~~he~~³ has overall control. If
 he is happy everybody is. And if he isn't,
 No ~~every~~³ body ~~is~~³ is." ~~he~~³ started to ask
 me other questions about other things, and
 used every opportunity to make myself look
 as bad as I could. "I leave you papers
 and pen and want you to write everything you
 remember about your plan in Canada!"
 "Yes, sir". ~~he~~^{1,2,3}

ONCE MORE! It was not a welcomed visit for me I
 hadn't miss interrogators' faces during weekend,
 and two they scared the hell out of me. "Get up!
 Get your hands through the bin hole!" Said the unfriendly
 sounding guard. After they shackled me, they took me
 outside the building where ~~he~~³ were
 waiting me. It was the ~~first~~³ time for me to see

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the daylight. Many people take daylight for granted but if you are forbidden to see it, you will appreciate it. The brightness of the sun made my eyes squint until they adjusted. The sun hit me ~~with~~ mercifully with its warmth. I was terrified and shaking. "What's wrong with you?" asked me one of guards later on "I am not used to the place". "You brought here outside so you can see the sun, we will have more rewards like this". "Oh, thank you very much" I managed to say though my mouth was dry and my ~~metal~~ tongue as heavy as steel. It happens to me if I got terrified. "Nothing is gonna happen to you ~~man~~ if you tell us about the bad things. I know you're afraid that we change our opinion toward you" said ~~while~~ as taking notes. "I know" "Let's talk ~~hypothetically~~ hypothetically - you understand hypothetical" said "Yes, I do" "Let's assume you've done what you confessed to." "But I haven't". "Just let's assume", "Okay" I said. As high ranking as was but he was the worst interrogator I ever met - I mean professionally - He just jumps back and forth without focussing on any specific thing. If I had to guess, I would say his job was everything but interrogating people. "Between you and , who was in charge?" "It depends, in the mosque I was in charge and outside he was in charge" I answered. The question assumed that Hanachi are members of a gang, but I even don't know Mr. let alone being conspiring with him under a corps that never existed. But anyway I could not tell something like that to , I had to tell him

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something that made me look bad. "Have or haven't you conspired with those individuals as you admitted to?" "You want the truth?" "Yes!" "No I haven't" I said, and
 tried to play all kind of tricks on me, but first I knew all the tricks, and second I already told them the truth, so it was futile to ~~to~~ play tricks on me. But they drove me in the infamous catch-22, if I lie to them "you'll feel ~~the~~ our wrath." and if I tell the truth, it would make me look good which make them believe I am withholding information in their eyes I AM A CRIMINAL and I wasn't yet ready to change that opinion of theirs. hande.
 me a printed version of the program so-called Witness Protection Program. Obviously, he forgot to disable date output as footnote, so I could read it, but I wasn't supposed to know the date, But nobody is perfect. "Oh, thank you very much" I said, "You'll see how generous our government is, if you help us" said, "I'll read it". "I think that is something for you", "Surely". gestured to the guards to take me back in my cell, they were holding me all the time [REDACTED] Interrogation after Interrogator As soon as the [REDACTED] team left, "Get up Mother. fucker" said one of the guards, while opening my cell. I was like. Oh my God again. [REDACTED] took me out of the cell and made me face the wall. "You fucking pussy, why don't admit", "I've been telling the truth", "You ain't. Interrogators never asked if they

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don't have a proof. They just wanted to test you. And guess what! You failed. You blew up your chance" he continued. I was sweating and shaking ~~even more~~ I showed even more fear than I really had. "It's so easy, we just want you to tell us what you've done, how you've done it, and who else was involved with you. We use this information to stop other attacks. Is that not easy?" "Yeah, it is", "So why you keep being a pussy?" "Because he is a gay!" said [redacted] "You think the [redacted] just gave you the WPP for fun? Hell, we should kill you, but now we don't instead we're gonna give you money, a house, and a nice car, how frustrating is that. In the end you are a terrorist" he continued. "You better tell them everything the next time they come. Take a pen and papers and write everything down" [redacted] The WPP is a very known international program which is practiced all over the world. Interrogators and guards believe it to be an U.S. speciality but it isn't. Even in the darkest dictatorship countries, criminal can profit from such a program, I was really not enlightened when it comes to WPP, but I took the papers anyway. Something to read beside the pillow tag. Also [redacted] provided me stories about other criminals who became friends of the U.S. govt, such as [redacted], and another Communist who fled the Soviet during the cold war. When I read the propaganda materials I realized it was a little bit heavy weight. But I kept reading, and reading and reading again. I just like to read and I had

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nothing to read. Last response [redacted]: "You remember what you told [redacted] when he told you you're hiding 15%?" [redacted] said in his "yeah, but you see, I can't argue with [redacted]. Otherwise he gets mad took a printed version of my confession, and started to read it while smiling." But you're not only hurting you, you're hurting other innocent people", "That's correct. But what else should I do?", "You said you guys wanted to mix sugar with explosives?", "Yes, I did". [redacted] miled "But that is not we wanted to hear, when we asked you what you meant by saying sugar. As a matter of fact [redacted]

"I really don't know that" I said "You cannot possibly lie about something as big as that. We have highly qualified expert who would come and question you" [redacted] said "What do you think about [redacted]?" [redacted] "I am dying to take one!" I said with my heart pounding bc I knew I might fail the test even if I tell the truth. "I'm gonna organize you a [redacted] as soon as possible?" "I know you want to make yourself look good" I said "No, I do care about you, I like you outside the jail leading a normal life. There are somebodies detainees I wish they stay the rest of their life here. But you! No!" [redacted] genuinely "Thank you very much". [redacted] left with that promise and retreated back to my cell completely depressed. [redacted]

BIG MILESTONE

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Big Milestones: "Remember that the [redacted] is decidedly important in your life" said [redacted] shortly before he left one of his sessions trying, with the help of his executioners [redacted] to pry nonexistent information off my mouth. He scared the hell out of me b/c my whole life now is hanging on [redacted] "Yes sir I know". "I am very scared b/c of what [redacted] said" I told [redacted] one day before the test, "Look, I took the test several times and passed. All you need is to clear your mind and be honest and truth full" [redacted] answered, "I will" [redacted] "Guess what?" said [redacted] looking to me through the cage of my cell. I quickly stood up at the bin hole "Yes! sir". I thought [redacted] was one of the guards. [redacted] startleed and [redacted] looked at me smiling, "Oh is you, I am sorry. I thought you're [redacted] one of the guards, you came for the [redacted] Didn't you?" "yes, in a couple of hours I'll be back with the guy with the [redacted] "I just want you to be prepared" "OK, thank you very much" and [redacted] left. I washed my face performed a ritual wash of prayers. I performed managed to steal a prayer off the guards, I don't remember whether I performed it formally or informally. "Oh God! I need your help more than ever. Pls show them that I am telling the truth. Pls give not these merciless people any reason to hurt me. Pls. - PLS!". After the prayer I exercised of ~~yoga~~ some kind of yoga - I really never practiced that meditation technique before. I sat on my bed, put my hands on my thighs, and imagined my body connected to the poly [redacted] "Have you done any

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Crime against the U.S.?" I asked myself "No". Oh would I really pass. "Screw them I've done no crime against why should I be worried - They're evil!" - "No, they're not evil. It's their rights to defend their own country, they're good people. They really are!" - "Screw them I don't owe them anything. They tortured, they owe me!". I did the [redacted] with all possible questions. "Did tell the truth about [redacted] "NO" - Oh that's a big problem b/c [redacted] said: "When we catch you lying you're gonna feel our wrath" - "Screw [redacted] I'm not gonna lie to please him and destroy my own life - No way, I'm gonna tell the truth no matter what" - "But what if I fail the test, even if after answering truth fully" - "OK! No problem I'm gonna lie", "But what if the [redacted] shows my new lies - Then I'm really gonna ~~stuck~~ be stuck in a cul-de-sac" - "Only God can help me. My situation is serious and the Americans are crazy!" - "Don't worry about that, just take the [redacted] and you're gonna be alright" I had been going to the bathroom so often that I thought I was going to urinate my kidneys. "Whom do you like to be with you during the [redacted] asked [redacted] a couple of days ago before the [redacted] "I think [redacted] wouldn't be a good idea, but I would be just fine if you would be here!". "Or, the other [redacted] [redacted]. I reluctantly said "yeah. But why don't just come?" "I'll try but if not me, it will be the [redacted]". "OK!".

* The doorbell rang and [redacted] opened with a the [redacted]

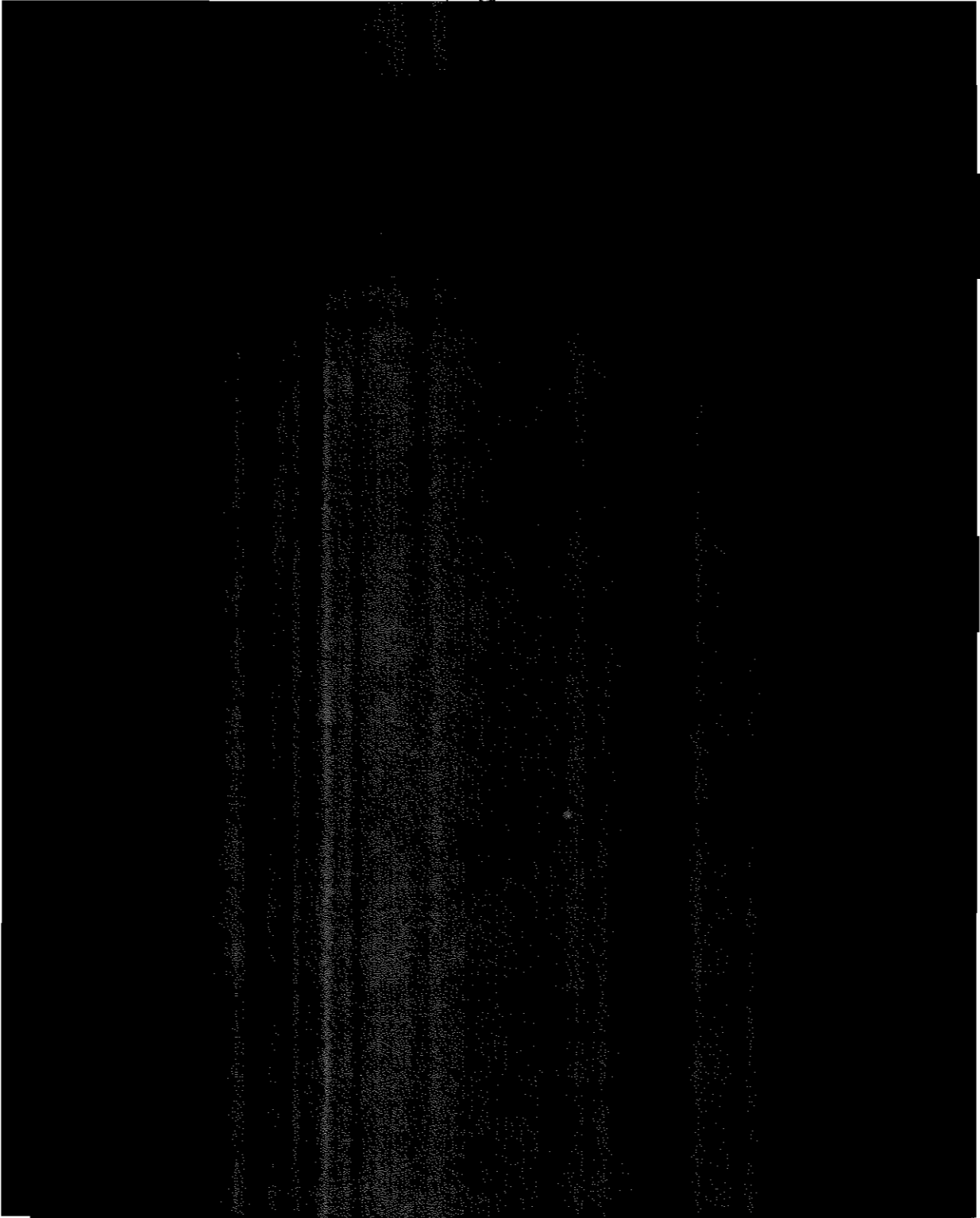
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I had been meeting. "My name is ³ [REDACTED] Nice to meet you" "Nice to meet you" I said while shaking his hand. I knew he was dishonest about his name. He unfortunately chose the wrong name - ³ [REDACTED] - which I knew to be a generic name. But I really don't care. After all what interrogator is honest about anything. He could as well have introduced himself as [REDACTED] with the same effect. "You will be working with me today. How are you?" "I am very nervous" I answered. "Perfect. That is the way you should be. I don't like relaxed detainees. Well give me a minute, I am going to install the ³ [REDACTED]. I indeed, ³ [REDACTED] and I helped him ³ [REDACTED] "Now, I want to sit and look at me the whole time while I am speaking to you" ³ [REDACTED] was not the evil looking interrogator exactly. I think he was though skeptical, but fair. "Today we're going to talk about different topics. ² [REDACTED]

² [REDACTED] "Have you taken ³ [REDACTED] before?" "Yes I have!" "So, you understand the ³ [REDACTED] "I guess, I do?". But anyway ³ [REDACTED]

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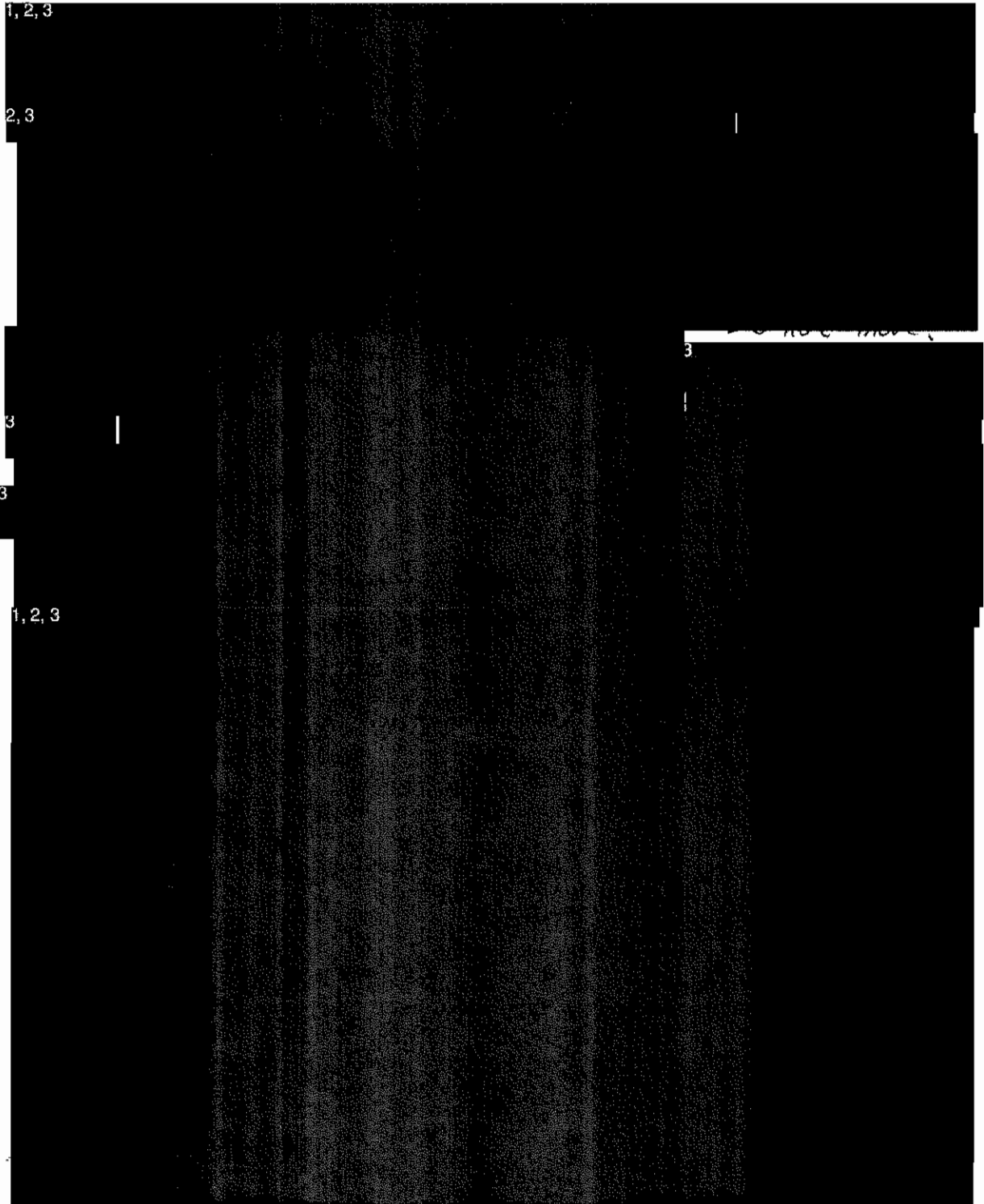
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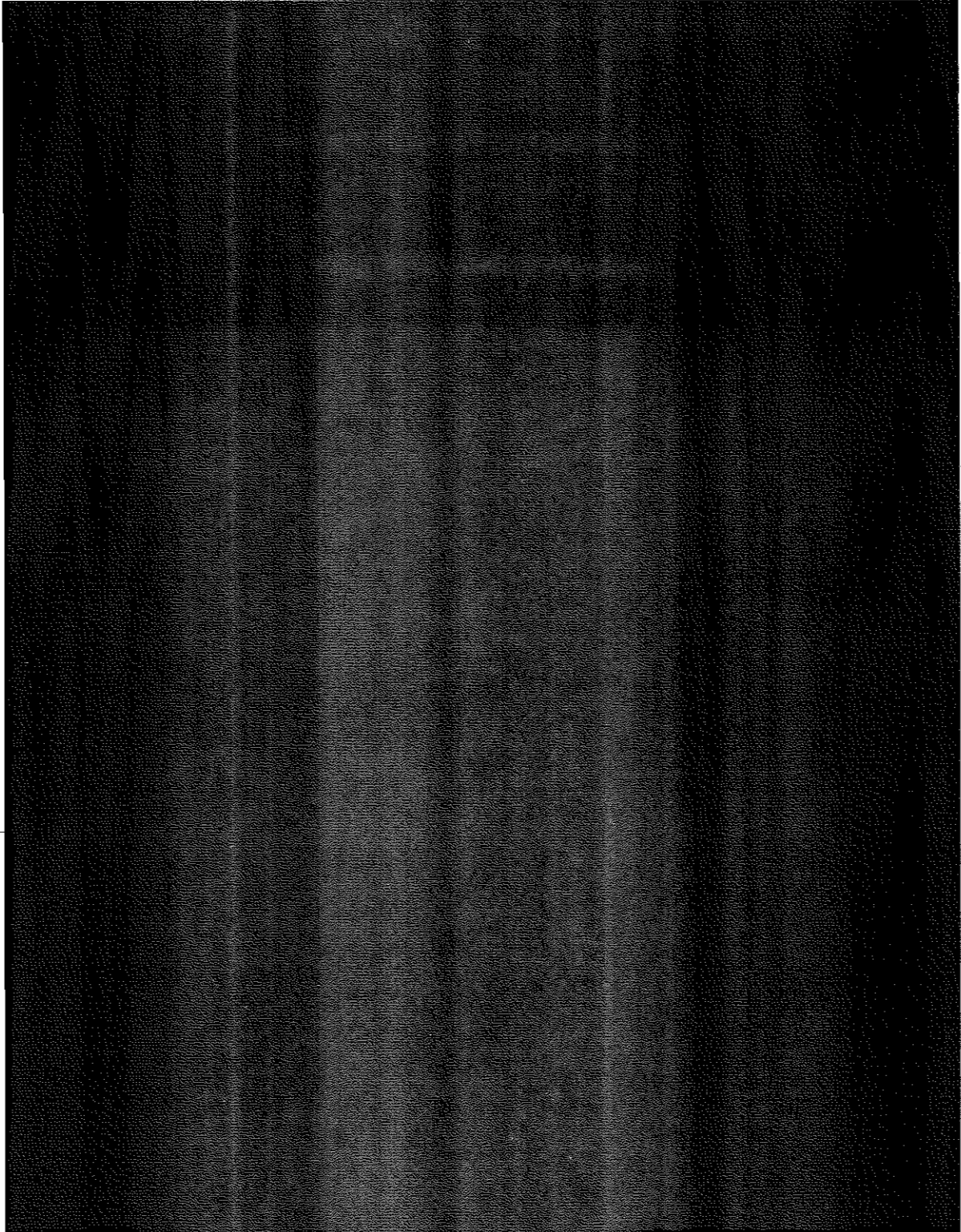
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[REDACTED] wanted to keep the pressure maintained, and didn't want the guards to doubt my evilness for a second. The guards were briefed and taught inobjectively about the enemy. I had been speaking with many guards, and many of the deceptive way in which they were briefed about detainees. "They said you guys are ~~very~~ violent, savage, and hateful" - "They told me you are a sneaky guy, and you'll try to smart us out, but when I met you I realize they're lying". Almost every detainee has heard tons of such statements. The responsible are driving the guards crazy. I have seen ~~the guards~~ how the ^{new} guards were ~~was~~ psychologically defeated. When they got in contact with a detainee they started to sweat and ~~se~~ shake like a child. Some times it's just a funny sight, however, it ~~did~~ didn't take long until the guards realized that they were dealing with dead average human beings, only then they started to relax and socialize with detainees. As to my guards, although fed them deliberately ~~wrong~~ the wrong information

And they were ~~friendly~~ almost friendly ~~to~~ to me. "Don't you ever thank me" said [REDACTED]. When I thanked him for some routine work, I believe it was my detainee uniform. I was chocked, it was the first time I experienced somebody

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turning down a compliment without reason. [redacted] and his team were relieved around 5:30 am by [redacted] and his partner, [redacted] screamed at me but you would tell he wasn't angry. He rather was joking. "No, I didn't" I responded, "you're lying." And that was very much the conversation, after which [redacted] retreated in the guards' room. The only good thing about [redacted] that he is a dead beat. He was violent, insensitive, loud but very lazy. He even couldn't watch a whole movie sitting. He used to lay down and watch his movies. THE GOOD NEWS [redacted] I am glad and [redacted] is very pleased" said [redacted] when [redacted] showed up the day after the [redacted] accompanied with a [redacted], while [redacted] in [redacted] late twenties I've never seen before. "What does -pleased- mean?" ~~Even then~~ I asked [redacted] even though I had an idea what the word could mean, but I wanted to be clear, since the word was a quotation of [redacted] "Pleased means very happy". That what ~~what~~ I expected. Now, I could tell that the torture presented torture was heading the other direction, slowly but surely. Nonetheless, I was extremely skeptical. ~~for~~ I am still surrounded by the same people as I had been since day one. "you are one of us!" said [redacted] once. "Look at your uniform and ours. You are not one of us" said [redacted] commenting [redacted] previous statement. And [redacted] though harsh but truthful. "you are our enemy!" used [redacted] to say "I know", "I don't"

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want you to forget. If I speak to you, I speak to my enemy" - "I know!" "Don't forget" "I won't" Those are only a few passages of many, which leave no doubt that the animosity of the guards was driven to its extremity. Some most of the time I had the feeling that they were trained just to devour me alive.

³ introduced ³ company to me "This is another interrogator you can ³ like me", "Ah, OK. Didn't I tell you that I wasn't lying!" "Yes, I am glad" said ³ smiling. ³ happiness was obvious and honest. I was hardly happier about my success than ³ "What name do you want to give me?" ³ asked ³, "But ³ died" "But ³ - "you should also give the other ³ a nickname?" I thought that the idea was not a good one b/c I couldn't think of a positive sounding name, but I had to act normally "Oh, sure let me think about it". As to the new interrogator ³ was a quiet and polite person. As it turned out I can really tell nothing negative about ³ was "workaholic, and rather not open to other people. I hardly could lead any conversation ² outside ³ job. I personally had no problem with ³ literally followed the orders of ³ boss, and even worked some times like a ³ computer ³ know about ³ travel to Iraq in 2003?" ³ asked me once "Come on ³ you know that I turned myself over in 2004, how am I supposed to know what went in 2003. It doesn't make sense. Does it?" I said.

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³ [redacted] smiled "I have the question in my request". "But you know that I am in detention since 2001" I said. All in all there was nothing wrong with ^{2,3} [redacted] was very careful too careful. ³ [redacted] used to cover ³ [redacted] rank and ³ [redacted] name all the time. ³ [redacted] never made any references as to belief. I personally was content with that, as long as ³ [redacted] didn't give me hard time, which ³ [redacted] didn't. I heard ³ [redacted] name once but it was so complicated. ³ [redacted] also once made a mistake by handing me a disk ^{electronically} labeled with ³ [redacted] last name or the name of ³ [redacted] partner. In a later section you will know more about ³ [redacted]. ³ [redacted] interrogated me once after that mostly for the purpose of helping ³ [redacted] knowing my case and my behavior. "I like the way you make connection" said ³ [redacted] smiling to me in that session. Interrogators have the tendency to enter the house through the window and not the door, and instead of asking a direct question, they ask all kind of questions around it. I find it challenging but for the most part I found out the direct question and answer it. "Your question is whether or not ... -" and ³ [redacted] seemed to like that shortcut. GOOD BYE LIKE FAMILY MEMBERS. ~~No matter how bad your interrogators are, a family-like relationship would develop. This family relationship is just a family relationship no more and no less, with all advantages and disadvantages. I have been amazed at the way this relationship develops. Let's look from interrogator's perspective first. They are literally taught to hate us detainees. "Those people are the most evil creatures on earth ... Do not help the enemy ... Keep in mind they are enemies ... Look out the Arabs~~

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are the worst especially the Saudis and the Yemenis... They're hard core... They're savages... watch don't ² unless you secure everything... "In GTMO, interrogators are more ~~taught~~ taught about the ~~evidence~~ ~~of~~ detainee behaviour of detainees than the potential and substantial Intelligence value of ~~the~~ detainees. After all the detainees in GTMO are incarcerated for Intel's purposes. I hardly have seen a detainee who was involved in a crime against the U.S. Interrogators consistently ~~failed~~ succeeded to miss the most trivial information about their own detainees. I don't speak about second hand information, I speak about my own experience, and the overwhelming testimonies I have heard from other fellow detainees." ³ "spoke about you?" said ³ "once to me" ³ "doesn't know me, how could he possibly have spoken about me?" Just read my file again" "I am sure that he did. I'm gonna show you!" ³ said. But ³ never did b/c ³ was wrong. Besides that I had ² of such and worse examples depicting the ignorance of interrogators about their detainees. The gov't holds back basic information from its own interrogators for tactical reasons. "The detainee you are assigned to is deeply involved in terrorism and has vital information about coming and already performed attacks. Your job is to get everything he knows" ~~is~~ is the motto of the gov't. We call the new fish Hot blooded Interrogator. They come up with the most ridiculous theories and lies. You could tell they graduates from the same school. Before the interrogator opened his mouth I knew what he ³ was going to say

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Why he ³ [redacted] says it. Most of the detainees cannot help laughing when they ~~had~~ have to hear the ground-Hog-Day nonsense. In fact that was ~~entertainment~~ the only entertainment we got in the interrogation booth.

"I am your new interrogator. I have a very long experience doing this job I was sent especially from Washington D.C. to assess your case you are the most important detainee in this camp if you cooperate with me, I am going to escort you to the airport if you don't cooperate you're gonna spend the rest of your life in this island you're very smart we don't want to keep you in jail ... we rather capture the big fish and release the small fish such as yourself ... you haven't driven the plane into a building ... your involvement can be forgiven just against a five-minute talk U.S. the greatest country in the world, we forgive rather than punish ... many detainees have talked about you being the bad person ... I personally don't believe them, however, I would like to hear your side of the story, so I can defend you appropriately I have nothing against Islam, I even have many Muslim friends ... I helped many detainees getting out of this place ... just by writing a positive reports stating that you told me the whole truth " in an endless recitation ~~the~~ all the interrogators recite before they meet with their detainees. Since we, detainees, share the content of an ~~interrogation~~ every interrogation, detainees prepare the argument, which ~~checked with the~~ ~~interrogators~~ interrogators.

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Some detainees are mean such as Mustafa, when his interrogator told him "I know you are innocent" the former laughed hard and responded, "I rather am criminal and sitting home with my kids". I believe anything loses its influence the more we repeat it. I never heard ~~in the~~ or read in the ~~human~~ recorded human history about an interrogation that has been going on ~~or~~ interruptedly since six years and is still going on today. Day ~~and~~ in day out. There is nothing an interrogator would tell me, which would give me new information. I heard all kind of variation. I can interrogate any interrogator better than he can interrogate me. If you hear expression like "you are the worst criminal of the face the earth" for the first time, you most likely get the hell scared out of you, but the fear diminishes as ~~to~~ the number of times, you hear it, increases, and at one point it would have no effect. It would even maybe even sound as a daily compliment. To make a long story short, interrogators are prepared, schooled, trained, and pitted to meet their worst enemies, and the first friction doesn't produce necessarily any good impression. On the other hand, detainees typically were captured and turned over to us forces without any proper judicial system. After that they experienced heavy mistreatment, and found themselves incarcerated in GTMO Bay on the other hemisphere of the earth, and that all supervised, executed by a country which claims to safeguard the human rights all over the world. From ~~with~~ a country, which is suspected

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by all Muslims to conspire with other evil forces to wipe the Islamic religion out of the face of the earth. I mean the hatred was already there more or less there, and such steps don't help the piece between ~~the~~ Muslims and Christians, especially the U.S citizens. I personally turned myself when my gov't asked me to, I didn't see any reason why. Moreover, I challenged my gov't and the U.S to show me any reason why I should be arrested but instead the U.S gov't conspired with the [REDACTED] to send me to Jordan for torture to facilitate my interrogation by means of terror, fear, and torture, ~~in~~ where I spent eight months in a dark hole where I was subject to all kind of terror, fear, and humiliation. I never tasted the sweetness of laying back and have some sleep worryless. Meanwhile the U.S got hardened in its sin, and took me from Jordan to AF and finally to GTMO in order to perform their dirty work by themselves. I brought to GTMO to be imprisoned indefinitely without charges. Under these circumstances, anybody would hate his assailant. Honestly, had I done any crimes against the U.S I would have understood somewhat what happened and still is happening to me, and after all I wouldn't have turned myself over, would I? But I have done no crimes against anybody. My nerves are not from steel. The politic of widening the circle of involvement when it comes to Muslims would not work on the long run. We, Muslims, are upset about bringing Muslims and the Islamic religion

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in foreground when a Muslim commits a crime. But when a Christian commits a crime, no other Christian would be blamed, and the Christianity would never be linked with any crimes. Even though, the killing in Ireland is taking place in the name of the Christian religion, and the same is happening in the U.S. KKK is a religious protestant extremist group. This book is not meant for the designers and the architects of the Western politic. I personally don't know what is happening behind closed doors, and what plans are being put together against Muslims. I hear all kind of crazy theories, but I ~~am~~ don't speak about something I don't know, nor ~~I~~ am I afraid of whatever is being planned against me and my brethren b/c the injustice always comes back to its initiator. No, nothing like that, I solely address commoners like me ~~on the base~~ and take as reference ^{the} common sense. So, all in all the environment is not meant or foreseen to be a place of love and reconciliation, the hatred here is heavily watered. But believe it or not I have seen guards crying b/c they had to leave their duties in GITMO. "I am your friend, I don't care what anybody says" said a guard to me before he left. "I was taught bad things about you, but my judgement tells me something I like you very much, and I like speaking with you. You are a great person" said another. "Fuck, if I look at you I don't think about terrorism"

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I rather think I know for many years and enjoy playing and talking to" said a highly pitted guard.

"I wish you get released" said [redacted] genuinely.

"You guys are my brothers, all of you" whispered another guard to me. "I Love you!" said a [redacted] cops man to my neighbor; a young funny guy I personally enjoyed talking to. He was shocked. "What... hear no Love... I am Mouslim". I just laughed about that forbidden love. In fact, Muslims are allowed to marry christians and jews since the three share the belief in Almighty. I am not familiar with the point of view of the other religions. I personally couldn't help crying one day, when I saw a German decedent [redacted] guard crying bc [redacted] got hurt - a little bit - and the funny thing I hid my feelings bc I didn't want them to be misinterpreted by my brethren, or understood as a weakness, or even as betrayal. At one point I hated myself and got the hell out of myself confused. I started to ask myself questions about the humane emotions I have toward my enemies. How could you cry for somebody who caused you so much pain, and destroyed your life? How could you possibly like somebody who ignorantly hates your religion? How could you put up with those evil people who keep hurting your brothers? How could you like somebody who works day and night to pull shit on you? and many questions like that. I was in a worse situation than a slave. At least the slave is not shackled in chains, and has some limited freedom, and doesn't

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have to listen everyday to some interrogators' Sill shit. I always compare my self with a slave. There are a lot of common things. Slaves were taken forcibly from Africa and so was I. Slaves ~~had~~ were sold a couple of times on their way to their final destination, and so was I. Slaves suddenly were assigned to somebody they didn't choose, and so was I. The main difference though that slaves were not tortured, and enjoyed a limited freedom. ~~When~~ When I looked at the history of slaves I remarked that slaves ended up an integral part of the master's house. Some even ended up marrying their own masters and have children with them. Slaves ~~and~~ tend to forget the past and start a new life and it always works out. Very few slaves fail to survive to new environment. Personally, I am a social animal, and as much as I hated ~~my~~ the people who kidnapped and incarcerated me, but I tend to make the best of it, and try to find friends in the most unlikely place. People can interpret this behaviour as a weakness, some would interpret it the other way. I personally don't know I just happened to be that way. If human beings are left on their own, without political rivalry or interest, they try to work together and make the best of ~~their~~ ~~life~~ lives. I have been through different phases during the time of my captivity. First phase was the worst I almost lost my mind ~~to~~ fighting to get back to my family and the life I am used to. My torture was in my rest. As soon as closed my eyes for a rest, I found my self with myself complaining to them about what has happened to me "Am I with you for real, or is

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just a mere dream?" - "No, you're in real home!" - "Pls, hold me don't let me back". But the reality ~~is~~ always hit me as soon as I woke up in the dark bleak cell I was in, just looking around enough time to fall asleep and experience. I stayed like this for several weeks before I realized that I am in jail and not going back home some time soon. As harsh as it was but this step was necessary to make me realize my situation and work objectively to avoid the worst, instead of wasting my time with my mind playing games on me. Many people don't pass this step, they lose their ^{mind}. I saw many detainees ending up crazy. Phase two, is this phase when realize for real that you're in jail and you possess nothing but time all the time in the world to think about your life. Although, GTMO detainees have to worried about daily interrogations - If ~~you~~ just left alone - you realize, you have control over nothing, you don't decide when you eat, when you sleep, when you take a shower, when you wake up, when you see the doctor, when you see the interrogator. You have no privacy, you cannot even squeeze a drop of urine without being watched. At the begin is a horrible thing to loose in a blink of an eye all those priviledges, but believe me most of the people get used to it. I personally do. Phase three, discovering you new home and family. The family ~~at is~~ comprises the guards and your interrogators. Yes you didn't choose the family, neither did you grow up with it.

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① Phase four: Getting used to the prison, and being afraid of the outside world.

but its a family with all the qualities. You might not like it or even think about it. I personally love my family and wouldn't trade it again for the world, however, I developed a family in the jail about which I also care. Every time a ~~member~~ a good number of my present family it looks like a piece of my heart is as if a piece of my heart is chopped off. But I am so happy if a bad member has to leave. "I am going to leave soon" [redacted] said a couple days before [redacted] left. "Oh, really, why?" "Its about the time, but the other [redacted] is gonna stay with you". That was not exactly comforting. I was startled and couldn't really have an argument to convince [redacted] to stay. But it was anyway a ~~fair~~ or would have been a futile argument b/c the transfer of MI agents is not a subject of discussion. "We're gonna watch a movie together before I leave" [redacted] said. "Oh! good" I still hadn't digested the news yet. [redacted] left and showed up a couple of days later with a laptop and two movies. "You can decide what which one you'd like to watch" - I picked up the movie Black Hawk Down to watch but I don't remember the other choice. The movie was both bloody and said. I payed more attention to the emotions of [redacted] and the guards than to the movie itself. [redacted] was rather calm [redacted] every once in a while, stopped the paused the movie to explain to me the historical background of certain scenes. The guards almost went crazy emotionally b/c they saw many Americans getting shot to death. But they missed that the number of ~~U.S. casualties~~ is negligible comparing

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to the Somalis who were attacked in their own homes. I just was wondering how narrow minded a human being can be. At that time [redacted] were on duty. When people look at one thing from one perspective, they certainly fail to get the whole picture, and that is the main reason for the majority of misunderstandings that some times lead to bloody confrontations. After finishing watching the movie, [redacted] packed [redacted] computers together and was ready to leave. "Eh, by the way, you didn't tell me when you're going to leave!" - "I am done, you'll not see me anymore!" - I froze as if my feet were stuck on the floor. [redacted] didn't tell me [redacted] was going to leave that soon. I thought maybe one month, three weeks or something like that - but today, in my world that was impossible. It looked as if the death was devouring someone friend of yours and you just were helplessly watching him fading away. "Oh, really that soon! I am surprised! you didn't tell me. Good bye, I wish everything good for you." - "I have to follow my orders and I leave you in good hands" and off [redacted] went. I reluctantly went back to my cell and silently burst in tears, as if I'd lost [redacted], and somebody whose job was to hurt me and extract information in a The-End-Justifies-The-means way. I both hated and felt sorry for myself for what happened to me. "May I see my interrogator pls?" I asked the guards hoping that they catch [redacted] before the reaches the main gate. "We'll try" said [redacted]. I retreated back in my cell, but soon [redacted] showed up at the door of my cell. "That is not fair. You know that I suffered torture and am not ready

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for another round" - "You ~~we been not~~ haven't been tortured. You must trust my govt. As long as you're telling the truth nothing bad is gonna happen to you!" of course [redacted] meant The Truth as it's officially defined. I didn't want either to argue with [redacted] about anything. "I just don't want to start everything over with new interrogators" I said. "It's not gonna happen" [redacted] said. "Beside that you can write me. I promise I'll answer every ~~letter~~ email of yours" [redacted] continued - "No, I will not write you" I said - "OK!" [redacted] said - "Are you alright?" [redacted] asked - "I am not, but you may surely leave" - "I am not leaving until you assure me everything's alright" [redacted] said - "I said what I had to say. Have a good trip. May Allah guide you. I'll be just fine" - "I am sure you will. It will take at most a week and you'll forget me" - I didn't speak after that, instead I went back and laid myself down. [redacted] stayed a couple of minutes repeating [redacted] "I am not leaving until you assure me everything is alright" after [redacted] left I and never saw [redacted] or tried to get in contact with [redacted]. And so was the chapter of [redacted] time with me sealed.

"~~Well I~~ I heard the good bye of yesterday was very emotional. I never thought of you this way" - "would you describe yourself as a criminal?" [redacted] said. I prudently answered, "To an extent". I didn't want to fall in any possible trap, even though I felt that he honestly and innocently asked the question, when he realized that his evil theories about me were null. "All the evil questions are gone" [redacted] said. "I won't miss them" I said. Today [redacted] had come to give me a haircut, it was about the time. One of

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the measures of my punishment was to deprive me from any hygienic shaves, teeth brushing, or haircut. Today is a big day, they brought a masked barber, though scary looking, but he did the job. Also ³ brought me the book he promised me long time ago THE LAST THEOREM, which I really enjoyed, so that I ~~read~~ hungrily read it more than twice. The book is written by a British journalist and speaks about the famous ~~de~~ De Fermat theorem: $A^3 + B^3 = C^3$. ($A, B, C \in \mathbb{N}$) has no solution. For more than three hundred years Mathematicians from all around the world were boxing against the hairless looking theorem without succeeding in tackling it, until a British Mathematician in '93 came up with a ~~much~~^{very} complicated prove, which De Fermat surely didn't mean, when he wrote "I have a neat ~~solution~~ prove but I have no space on my paper" - I got a haircut, and later on a decent shower. ³ was not a very talkative person. ³ asked me only one question about computer. "Are you going to cooperate with the new ³?" "yes" "or anybody who's going to work with ³" - "yes". ³ wanted to make sure ² enjoys to speak about his abilities. ² "I know that everybody ² he said, "Indeed but you don't ~~the~~ ² when you ² In my case you guys passed the line and made me tell lies to satisfy you guys". ³ was kind of a humbled person, he spent most of the time sitting on the floor and explaining to me the next poly-test. "Many people tell me - just be yourself - during the

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test" he advised me. Before ³ [redacted] left, I asked ³ [redacted] to take a ³ [redacted] about my telephone conversations in Canada, to shut ~~up the~~ off the door in front of the interpretations, which aimed to twist my words and understand them as a code. It's funny! Had ^{you} ever seen the movie A Man with One Red Shoe? I figured the ³ [redacted] was my only escape from the ruthless Intel Community. ³ [redacted] never showed up after this session, he ultimately left the Island. Repetition teaches the Donkey ³ [redacted] showed once more, but this time accompanied by ³ [redacted] I felt somewhat lonely b/c ³ [redacted] was gone and

^{2,3} [redacted]

² [redacted] Obviously, some people in the Intel Community didn't like the fact that I was innocent and they wanted to get some back up ² [redacted]

² [redacted] Before I proceed with my story, I would like to write ~~to~~ about the ~~team that~~ DoD team that took my case in the hands, since ³ [redacted] left. Since the guards are a part of the team, they will also enjoy each a piece. ² [redacted] I would like to write about only about the significant people. Although there had been other interrogators whom I saw for short time, such as ³ [redacted] but I am not going to write about ³ [redacted] b/c they didn't ~~steer~~ I didn't really get to know ² [redacted]

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① ³ [redacted] I am not sure of ³ [redacted] name, but I heard
one the guards once calling ³ [redacted]

silence
I sit in the darkness, 'fills the air
I speak your name, there is no response
Only silence, everywhere
I long for your warmth, your touch
There is only coldness around me
The loneliness, it's just too much

You're gone, oh God, what can I do
I need you to hold me close
To hear you say 'I Love you'
Why did you leave me, where have you gone
I need you, I want you
Please come back, I can't go on

I love you, I love you, surely you know
what is life without you
Forever lonely, filled with sorrow
Lonely days, lonelier nights, must I go on
~~longing, wishing, wanting, hoping~~
Loneliness you're gone

~~This poem~~ ³ [redacted] wrote this poem is one of the
two ³ [redacted] wrote for me before ³ [redacted] left the island.
I was very confused - "Take this poems, just to know
that you are the not the only one in your situation" -
"Oh, you write poetry" "yes, I do" - "Oh, thank

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you very much" I said. However, I never responded
 pieces, nor was I in a situation allowing me to do
 anything whatsoever. I was so deeply hurt. Moreover, I
 never brought up the topic again in ³ presence or ³
 absence. I just remembered it when I was going
 to write about ³ started most likely studied
 Psychology and comes from the West coast - maybe California
² early twenties ²
² I think that ³ rather
 comes from a poor family. The ² provides
 a great deal of opportunities for people from the lower
 class. Most of the people ~~I've seen~~ ² I
 have seen are from the lower class. ^{1,6}
 and has rather a shaky ~~the~~ relation.
 Has a very strong personality, ³ looks at
 very highly and ³ ideas very highly. At the same ³
 likes ³ job, and maybe might have been forced
 to step on the red line of ³ principles some times. "I
 know, what we are doing is not healthy for our country"
³ used to say. ³ was my real first encounter with
 an American ² you are so bad mouthed. I feel
 ashamed for you" I wondered once. ³ smiled, "Because I've
 seen ~~at~~ most of the time ^{1,6} In my culture, people tend
 to tolerate more the misbehaviour ²
 And later on I realized the Americans are the same
 way. So, I had had a problem starting a conversation with a
 bad mouthed ³ Sometime later, I learned that there
 was no way to speak colloquial English without F-ing this
 and F-ing that. English accepts more curses than any

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other languages. I learned to curse along with the com-
 oners. Sometimes, guards ask me translate certain
 words in other language, such as Arabic, German,
 or French, but when the translation turns in my
 hand I just cannot spit it out. It's just sounds so
 gross. In the other hands, when I curse in English
 I have really no bad feeling whatsoever b/c that is the
 way I learned the languages from day one. The curses
 are just so harmlesoned, that everybody happens to
 use them recklessly. I remember when [redacted]
 arrived first to the Island, [redacted] was very shocked by
 the way we conversed with each other in GTMO. [redacted] was
 somewhat religious. But soon [redacted] got used to the
 language and started to curse like a sailor. I had
 personally a problem when it comes to blasphemous, but
 everything else is almost tolerable. [redacted] was one of
 my major teachers to the dictionary of curse words beside
 [redacted] has been through some bad relation-
 ship. [redacted] had been cheated on and some bad things like
 that. "Have you cried, when you knew?" I asked [redacted] "No, I
 didn't want to [redacted]
 [redacted] I can have problem, when it comes to crying? "I
 see". I personally don't see any problem, I cry whenever
 I feel like, [redacted] and it makes me stronger to admit
 to my weakness. [redacted] was misused by
 and his colleague [redacted] and some
 other behind-scene guys. I am looking for excuses
 to acquit [redacted] was old enough to decide know
 what [redacted] was doing was wrong, and [redacted] still could have saved

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³ job and fire the other higher ranking officers. I do know that ³ doesn't believe in torture, ³ told me many times about ³ opinion. I used to make fun of the signs they put for the interrogators and the guards to keep raise their morals, "Honor bound to defend freedom" I cited once the big sign to ³ "I hate that sign" ³ said. "How could you possibly be defending freedom, if you're taking it away" I would say. The responsible Bosses noticed the close relationship between me and ³ and hence forth separated ³ from me when I was hurt. The last words ³ I heard "You're hurting him! Who gave you the orders" ³ words faded away when ³ and ³ dragged out of the room in ². And when they decided to give me a chance of a half-way humane interrogation, ³ appeared in the picture once more. However, this time ³ was somewhat unfriendly to me and rather used any opportunity to make my statements look stupid. I couldn't understand ³ behaviour. Was it to in my favor or ³ was just pissed off on everybody? I don't know. I can not judge anybody, I am leaving this part to Allah. I am just providing facts as I have seen and experienced them. I don't leave anything to make somebody look good or bad. I understand that nobody is perfect, and everybody does both good and bad things, the question is only 'how much of each?' - Surely, ³ contributed to the pressure to which I had been the subject. "When are you are you going to send me to the court?" I used to ask ³ "We'll not gonna send to the court until we're done with you" ³ used to answer, "But I am going to tell them exactly like I told you guys!"

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"It doesn't matter". Of course, [redacted] was accurate in [redacted] answer. But I was desperate to be granted and sent to jail, just to get the interrogators off my face. I was sure the jail community ~~would be more comfortable~~ would be more suitable to me. After all, I don't expect to be tortured in prison. I hadn't any idea how the court would be, but I considered two cases and two respective answers to them. First, if they send me to a show trial I would tell them whatever necessary to convict me. Because, if I don't they would send me back to interrogation in order to "break" me for the court. ~~But~~ Even in dictatorship countries torture is "officially" forbidden, and extracting information by that means is unlawful and ~~and~~ must not serve as evidence. However, if you tell the judge that you've been tortured, you'll not be sentenced, but ~~to~~ you'll be sent back to jail for interrogation purpose. The chances are that if you ~~next court~~ will admit in the next trial. Second, if they send me to an impartial court, I was going to tell them the truth and ask for protecting me from torture. "Do you hate my government?" [redacted] asked me while sifting through a map "No, I hate nobody" - "I would hate the U.S. if I were you!" [redacted] said. "You know, nobody really knows what we're doing here. Only very few people in gov't know about it" - "really?" - "yes, the President ~~got~~ read the files of some detainees. He reads your case" - "really?" - "yes!". [redacted] enjoys more to rewarding than punishing detainees. [redacted] Colleague [redacted] is the other way around. I could without doubt that [redacted] didn't enjoy harassing me, although [redacted] tried to keep [redacted] "professional" face. On the

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other hand, [redacted] enjoyed very much giving some stuff back. [redacted] even was the one who came with most of the ideas related to literature I was given to read. "This book is from [redacted] that [redacted] said while handing me a thick novel. History fiction - written by a British writer. It covered a great deal of the medieval European history and the Norman invasion. The name was something like the Life in the Forest. I anyway received the book gratefully and read it hungrily, at least three times. Later on, [redacted] brought me several Star Wars' books, whenever I finished one, [redacted] traded it against a new one. "I didn't really like Star Wars' books and their language, but I had to settle for any books they gave to me." "Oh, thank you very much!" - "Do you like the Star Wars' "I surely do!". [redacted] also brought me puzzles' magazine. ~~In fact you~~ I enjoyed the puzzles b/c they made my brain work. In the prison you have nothing but all the time in world to think about your life and the goal thereof. I think prison is one of the oldest and greatest school in the world. In school prison, you learn about God, you learn patience. Few years in prison are equivalent to decades of experience outside it. Of course there is the devastating side of the prison, especially for innocent prisoners, who, beside dealing with the daily hardship of prison, ~~the~~ have to deal with the psychological damages that result in confinement without crime. Many innocent people in prison contemplated suicide. Just imagine yourself going to your bed, putting all the worries aside, ~~can~~ enjoying a your favorite magazine to put you on sleep, having had the kids put to bed, and your family is already asleep. You are not a fraud

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of being dragged out of your bed in the middle of night ^{to} to a place you've never seen before, deprived from the sleep, terrorized all the time. I imagine that you have no saying about your life; when you sleep, when ^{you} wake up, when you eat, and sometimes when you go to toilet. I imagine that your whole world - ~~comprises~~, at most a 6 by 8 foot cell. If you imagine all of that you would not understand what prison really means, unless you make the experience yourself. (2)

³ [redacted] you will never see a woman in your life ³ ~~the~~ you can touch ³ & the rest of your life" said ³ [redacted] in his first meeting with me in the "Secret Place". That is ³ [redacted]

³ [redacted] when he first met me he introduced himself as ³ [redacted], but I knew that he was lying about his name. What he didn't know that I knew his name before I knew him. I, one time during an interrogation session with ³ [redacted] glimpsed the name ³ [redacted], handwritten on a big envelope that contained pictures. At first, I thought it was ³ [redacted] name, but when I later on asked to see ³ [redacted] in the secret place, one of the guards said "you mean ³ [redacted]?" and then I made the doubtless connection. My information was even more cemented when another detainee told me that the ³ [redacted] introduced himself to him as ³ [redacted]. Obviously the ³ [redacted] trusted him more than me, but here we are I know his name. ³ [redacted]

³ [redacted] and claimed to have ³ [redacted]

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he is happy we're happy, if he's not we are not". . .
 managed to intimidate his whole team and make whatever
 he pleased.

"I am not interested in justice, I am interested in stopping people from hitting the buildings with planes in my country" [redacted] honestly said. The man was ~~scared~~ completely terrified as if drawing and looking for a straw to grasp. The guess I was one of the straws he bumped in in his flailing and he grasped me really hard. The confusion [redacted] was as obvious as his ignorance about the recipe of the whole Terrorism - issue. "I don't understand why people hate us. We help everybody in the world!" he stated once, seeking my opinion. "Neither do I" I replied. I knew, it was futile to enlighten him about the historical and objective reasons that led to where we at, thus I opted to ignore his comment, besides, it was not exactly easy to change the opinion of a man as old as he was. One of things that kept puzzling [redacted] was my time in Jordan and why I didn't talk to them as I did to him. "I really don't understand how you survived the time in Jordan and refused to cooperate?" he, ~~at least~~ more than once, asked me. "I don't hate the Jordanians anything..." I answered, neither do I the Americans, but, of course, I couldn't tell him. Let's change the subject, I think I have ill-talked enough about [redacted]. I hate to talk ill about people. Let's talk about the positive side of [redacted]. The TV and the Laptop: Around March [redacted] gave me a TV with an integrated VCR to watch the movies they

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would give me. ³ [REDACTED] himself gave me the movie Gladiator from his personal collection. I like that movie b/c it depicts vividly how ~~the~~ forces of Evil get defeated at the end no matter how strong they seem. On advice and approval [REDACTED] SG N and [REDACTED] colleague [REDACTED] had been getting me many interesting movies. In my real life I am not a big fan of movies, I don't remember watching a single movie all the way through since I turned eighteen. I do like documentaries or movies based on true stories. But I had a problem giving up my mind and ~~for~~ going with the flow of acting, when I know that everything that happens in a movie is fake. In the prison, I am different. I appreciate everything that shows regular human beings, wearing casual clothes, and talking about something beside terrorism and interrogation. I just want to see some mammals I can relate to. Americans I met watch movies a lot. In America is like, "Tell me how many movies you've seen, I tell you who you are". But if Americans can be proud of something, they have the right to be proud of their movie motion pictures industry in the country. Of course, the TV has no receiver b/c I am not allowed to watch TV or know anything that happens outside my cell, all I am allowed to watch are the movies that had been approved [REDACTED]. Evidently, it is so unjust to cut off a person of the rest of the world and forbid him to know what's going on in the outside world regardless whether or not, ~~it~~ and how ~~fa~~ deep he is involved in criminal activities.

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I noticed that the TV/VCR Combo has an FM Radio receiver, which could receive ~~Broadcasts~~ Local Broadcasts, but I never touched it because although it is my basic right to listen to whatever Radio I wish, but I find it so dishonest to stab the hand that reaches out to help you. And regardless, what [REDACTED] have done to me, I find it positive that they offered this entertainment tool, which I wouldn't use against them. Moreover, [REDACTED] got me a Laptop, which I mightily enjoyed. Of course, one of the main reason for the laptop, was to make me write my answers during typewriting my answers during interrogations to save both time and manpower [REDACTED]. However, I had no problem with the idea. After all, I wanted to deliver my words and not the interpretation thereof. "Look, I got some Arabic Music" said [REDACTED] handing me an Audio CD. "Oh, fine!" - But the CD was not even close to the Arabic language. It was Bosnian. I laughed wholeheartedly - "close enough. It's Bosnian music" I said when the CD started to play. "Is it not the same, Bosnian and Arabic language?" said [REDACTED]. As you can tell that is just an example of, how little Americans know about Arabs and Islam. [REDACTED] is a member of [REDACTED] and not just anybody. [REDACTED] is supposedly armed with basic knowledge about the Arabs and the Islam. [REDACTED] and other interrogators always address me - "you guys from the middle east..." which is a completely false for many Americans, the world ~~is~~ comprises three places U.S, Europe, and the rest of the world is the Middle East.

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Unfortunately, the world, geographically spoken, is a little bit more than that. When I used to work in my country, ~~but~~ I had to make some calls to the U.S for professional purposes, I remember the following conversation, "Hello, we are dealing with Office Materials. We are interested in represented your company." "Where are calling from?" asked the lady at the other end "Mauritania", "What state?" asked the lady seeking precise information. I was negatively surprised as to how small her world was. In summer 04, [redacted] introduced to me [redacted] who saw me for a short time and asked some questions about Sudan and Iran. People say that [redacted] is a powerful man back in Washington D.C. etc etc he has many friends in the gov't. I cannot confirm or disconfirm this information, ~~but~~ All I know, I asked [redacted] to transfer me to another place b/c I wanted to forget the bad memories I experienced in my present place. Although, [redacted] tried to meet my request, but without success. He promised me many times the transfer, but he failed to hold his promises. I don't doubt his seriousness but I can tell there had been some power struggle in the small island of GTMO. Everybody wants the biggest portion of the pie, and the most credit for the work of [redacted]. Beside many other things he genuinely promised me and couldn't hold the promises. One thing amazed thing about [redacted] that he never brought the story of my prison. I always expected him to open the topic. But nothing like that happened! Taboo! I personally was scared to talk about it b/c I didn't feel

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secure enough to talk about it. Even had he brought the topic, I would have dodged talking openly. [REDACTED] was the only one who could reach a breakthrough after many and persistent attempts, then [REDACTED] colleague [REDACTED] started to investigate the issue. During my incarceration in the secret place (Aug-03/Aug-04) [REDACTED] slipped some words giving away the location, "when I was in [REDACTED] [REDACTED]..." "Over there?" said [REDACTED] gesturing with his fingers to the direction of [REDACTED] but he rapidly took his hand back and continued his conversation with me. However, it was too late to take back. Another time during [REDACTED] visit [REDACTED] said "Here in GTMO... uh... I mean in the Caribbean..." when everybody gave him a startling look, he tried to repair the irreparable, "You know, are you in one of Caribbean Island?" "Really?" "yes you are". Although the rest of the world didn't have a clue where the U.S. govt was incarcerating me, but I knew since where I was day one where I was thanks God, and the clumsiness of the [REDACTED]. But I always acted as if I didn't hadnt known any clues about my whereabouts. Guards had been trying to gather my [REDACTED] figure out my knowledge about the place, and repeatedly cementing that I am "... is the middle of nowhere". But I always responded, "All I know, I am [REDACTED] detained by the DoD and the place doesn't matter. Does it?". [REDACTED] came to me, "I have to inform you, against the wills of many members in our team, that you are in GTMO. You've been honest with and we owe you the same". I acted as if

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had new information. But I was, at the same time, happy b/c it meant many things to me, to be told where I am. To the time of writing this lines I am sitting in the same cell, but I don't have to act ignorantly about ~~my~~ where I am, and that is a good thing. Besides that the ~~Red~~ ICRC was shortly after that allowed to visit after a long fight with the govt. It was very odd to the ICRC that I all of sudden disappeared from the camp as if the earth had swallowed me. All attempts of ICRC to see me or just to know where I was, were thoroughly flushed down the tube. I always hid the ill-treatment, when the ICRC asked me about it. I was afraid of retaliation, and hoped that the threats ~~with torture would have no consequences.~~ Obviously I was wrong. "We cannot act, if you don't tell us what happened to you" they always friendly say. Some detainees choose to talk some don't. There is also the factor that ICRC has ~~really~~ no real pressure on the US govt. ICRC tries, but US govt doesn't change its path, even an inch. If they let see a detainee that means that the operation against that detainee is over. Nonetheless, I was happy, when I ~~3~~ saw ~~3~~ [redacted] and his colleagues ~~3~~ [redacted] both in around sep 04, and so were they. I happened to talk to both of them while in ~~2~~ [redacted] ICRC was very worried about my situation, but they couldn't come to me when I needed them the most, but I cannot blame them, they certainly tried. I am aware they are not in charge. In GITMO, the ~~2~~ [redacted] is integrally responsible for both detainees!

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happiness and detainees' agony; in order to have the overall control over the detainees. "Your interrogator is the boss. Whatever he/she says, goes" say the guards always. [REDACTED] determines what food you get, in what block you live, what comfort items you're allowed to have, what books you get, and in blind rendition everything. [REDACTED] and his colleague [REDACTED] categorically refused to give ICRC access to me. Only after [REDACTED] left [REDACTED] made it possible that the ICRC can see me and deliver me mails. [REDACTED] tried to get me talking about the time they couldn't have access to me. "We have an idea b/c we talk to other detainees who were subject to abuse, but we need you to talk, so we can help stopping further acts of abuse" - "I am sorry! I am only interested in sending and receiving mail, and am grateful that you're helping me doing so". [REDACTED] brought a very high level ICRC [REDACTED] from Switzerland, who's been working on my case. [REDACTED] tried to get me talking, but with no avail. "We understand your worries. All we're worried about is your wellbeing, and respect your decision". However, in summer 05 I voluntarily confessed to [REDACTED] the blind rendition of the abuse I had been subject to. [REDACTED] asked whether or not he should share the information with the [REDACTED] and I positively answered, "I was afraid of telling you the story b/c of possible retaliation but since [REDACTED] was the other day virtually threatening me, I don't seem to have anything to lose. So, you surely can share this story with whomever [REDACTED]

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you want. I don't think that you are going to teach [REDACTED] something he didn't know." I said. A couple of days later [REDACTED] visited me once more. "I ~~see~~ reported to my boss, and to [REDACTED]. He was grateful that I reported to him what happened. He said "I think [REDACTED] is a reasonable person." "I don't know him that much!" [REDACTED] remarked.

So far so good! I can see the ICRC and getting letters from my family thought it exactly as any other detainee does. "You are the last detainee we had to fight to see. We have been able to see all other detainees" said [REDACTED]. Although my first sessions with ICRC are supposedly private, I was interrogated about the ~~conversations during the first session~~, and I truthfully delivered the content. Later on I told the ICRC about this practice and after that nobody asked me what happened in the sessions. We, detainees, know that the meetings with ICRC ~~or~~ are monitored. Some detainees were confronted with statements they made to the ICRC and there is no way for ~~at~~ the [REDACTED] to know them unless the meeting was monitored. Many detainees refused after that to talk to the ICRC and suspected them to be interrogator disguised in ICRC clothes. I know some interrogator who presented themselves as a private journalist. But to me that was very naive b/c in order for a detainee to believe such thing and mistake a journalist for interrogator, he must be an idiot, and there better methods to get an idiot talking. Such mischieving practices led to tensions between

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detainees, and the ICRC. ICRC people were used and spit on. [redacted] is the only happy part about this tensions. [redacted] time was hard time for every body, he was very violent person, and decidedly damaged the already hurt picture of the U.S. gov't. And since Media tend to exaggerate things, many people in the gov't in GTMO were trying to polish the gov't reputation caused by its mischief toward detained persons. A year ago I was asked to talk to a journalist from Wall Street Paper, "you know many people are lying about this place and claiming that detainees get tortured. We'd like you to talk to a moderate journalist from Wall Street Paper and refute the wrong things we've suspected of" - "Well, I got tortured, and I am going to tell the journalist the truth, the naked truth without exaggeration or understatement. I'm not polishing anybody's reputation" I said. After that the interview was completely canceled, which was good because I didn't want to talk to anybody anyway.

[redacted] turned the leadership of the team to [redacted] I don't know his real name. [redacted] Many people in the [redacted] tried to make me think [redacted] is still in charge, in order to maintain the factor of fear. In fact, [redacted] was sent to Iraq [redacted] Gradually, my interrogators introduced me to the "secret" new boss, [redacted] came back from Iraq in [redacted] and paid me a visit. He assured me that he was still

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charge, which he wasn't. But I really didn't care much about that. "You see, I have a lot of work to do in D.C. and oversea. You might not see me as often as you use to. But you know what makes me happy, and what makes me mad?" he said, "I surely do!". ³ [REDACTED] fixed some differences. I had with the new team in my favour. He ~~top~~ also gave me a desert camouflage hat as a souvenir I still have. I ~~never~~ have never seen him after that session. Before I close the piece about ³ [REDACTED] ⁶ [REDACTED], I would like to mention another dirty technique the interrogators use to ruin the relationship between detainees and their civilian lawyers by describing the latter as Jewish. Interrogators use the tension in the Middle East between Muslims and Jews to deprive detainees in GTMO from professional counseling. I personally ~~careless~~ ~~as~~ am very tolerant about this issue I rather have a Jewish competent lawyer than a sneaky Arabic ~~interrog~~ so-called Muslim interrogators. In contrast to other who fall ~~in~~ in the trap and rejected the pro bono - free - counseling. What many detainees not realize that our Muslim brothers ~~in~~ who practice law in the U.S cannot represent us b/c they govt watches them closely and is just waiting on any wrong move to lock them up like any other detainee. I, in the name of all detainees thank wholeheartedly every American who reaches his hand to help our cause. I cannot say anything's wrong about them. I don't want to make ³ [REDACTED] responsible for this misbehavior, however, he is a leading man in the

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in the ² [redacted] and he most certainly must respond for the mischiefs of his team. I think I have written enough about ³ [redacted], and it is about time to move on. ³

³ [redacted] "you will never see your family" he said to me during one of my interrogations. I've never seen in my whole life a human being, as cold hearted as he was. As much pain as he put in, he never had the feeling that he was doing anything wrong. According to him,

[redacted] reason he claimed of being able to speak ³ [redacted] language.

[redacted] involved in a ~~failed~~ marriage. I wonder why? [redacted] was a very disciplined soldier. He reflects accurately the policy of his superiors. When they're happy, he tries his hardest to seem happy. Well if the superior is the other way around, ³ [redacted] doesn't need to put a strange vest. He is fine. I am an asshole, and that's what people call me" he said once. ³ [redacted]

likes his food, he doesn't like missing his meals, in fact as far as I can remember he never. All interrogators, I knew missed every once in a while some meals due to ³ [redacted] the meeting they didn't want to interrupt. When

³ [redacted] approved that I receive some puzzles to fill my time. ³ [redacted] always gave them to me with the comment, "you know, all of this can go back to the old days". My heart pounded and always like - "What a jackass. Why doesn't he let me enjoy my "reward" for the time being! And tomorrow

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is another day" - But that is the way ³ [REDACTED] is, and he cannot change. Even the guards in his team resented him b/c when he came to interrogate me, he opened the door suddenly without knocking it. Even ³ [REDACTED] asked courteously for permission, before he entered the building. ³ [REDACTED] is as ignorant about Islam and the Arabic culture as any other interrogator. He failed to make sense of the trivial most trivial behaviour of an Arabic Muslim. He loves his job over everything else but is believe I think that he is objective about that. ³ [REDACTED] and is not physically fit to perform traditional Military duties. He was completely terrified to lose his job as interrogator. ³ [REDACTED] is a very self-confident person with low self-esteem. He told me right away ^{1,2} [REDACTED] "You won't, the more you hurt me, the less I speak to you" - ³ [REDACTED] sardonically laughed and said, "I have more experience about that and can assure you that you're gonna cooperate!" - He is right, Although, I refused to talk to him when he started to hurt me - deprivation from sleep, virtually twenty-four hours interrogation, cold room, etc. - - but when the pain was unbearable I completely changed from an extreme - No talking at all, to the other extreme - Talking excessively about everything, including incriminating lies. ³ [REDACTED] was completely satisfied and found himself confirmed in his technique. He told me that he was working on some other detainee ² [REDACTED]

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I don't know how much pain it took, nor did ³ ██████████ told me. However, the guards kept telling me you haven't seen anything yet. They spoke about three days showers "we strip the detainee naked and force him into an open shower, turned the water on, and let this procedure go for three days, no sleep, no break, food would be given in the shower, and water can be drunk from directly from the shower head". ³ ██████████ has a lot of technique to make people talk, and is extremely proud about him being part of the free world that is "willing to wipe the extremist from the face of the earth". With the help of ██████████ ██████████ enforced two rules against me, to increase my shame ① from June 03 to early 04 I was forbidden to perform my ritual prayers ② Ramadan ² ██████████ I was forbidden to perform the ritual Muslim fasting and fed forcefully. When I became "friend" to the guards later on I asked them - "How could you stop me from practicing my religion, since it is a part of the US constitution to practice your religion freely" - "The ³ ██████████ told us to do so" ³ ██████████ answered - "But you ^{not} only don't have to follow his order, but you must not. Remember when the German soldiers followed the orders of their superiors, they were not excused" - "You know Pillow, I could have, but they ^{would} have sent me to a shitty job. I figure just do the shit and you aren't in trouble. I know I go to hell for it" he concluded. ~~The As administrator~~ free, ~~and~~

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smart and civilized the U.S. soldiers are, but I unfortunately never saw a soldier disobeying an unlawful order, although I witnessed soldiers receiving unlawful orders. It is a shame that the Democratic teachings in the so-called "free world" were a complete failure in their first test after WWII. U.S. soldiers ~~was~~ are as obedient and thoughtless as any regular soldiers in a dictatorship country. Maybe not that bad but almost. "We are not allowed to think" said one soldier when he was escorting me somewhere, but he was everything but happy. I wouldn't be happy in his shoes. Many young people men and women join the U.S. Forces under the misleading propaganda of the U.S. gov't. The gov't makes people believe that the Armed Forces are nothing but a big Battle of Honor, it's like if you join the Army, you are a living martyr, you're not defending only your family, your country, and the Democracy, you also ~~is~~ are defending the freedom and oppressed people all around the world. Great, nothing seems to be wrong with that. Maybe it is the dream of every young man or woman. However, the reality about the U.S. ~~Army~~ Forces is a little tiny bit different. And if you'd like me to go directly to the bottom line; the rest of the world think of Americans as a bunch of revengeful barbarians. That might be harsh, and I don't believe that the dead average American guy is a revengeful barbarian. The only problem is that the U.S. gov't bet is last penny on violence as the magic solution for every problem, and thus, is losing its friends day after day without giving

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a damn about it. "Look ³ every body hates you guys, even your traditional friends, Germans hate you, French hate you... - " I said once to ³ " Fuck all of them we rather have them hate us, and we whup their asses " ³ replied. I just smiled at how ³ " a solution can be made. " that is a way to look at it " I answered. Army peopl are very confused, at the end they give up their ideals and t stay in the Army for the money and social security, many of them choose not to extend the contract unless they have good reason to. " The bosses want us to fuck with you guys, they told us not to speak to you, not to play with you -- " told me a leading guard ³ and he was right. If you are in the Army you have to be a Republican, and love George W. Bush, and vote for him. Otherwise you're going to be hest not and eventually rejected. I haven't seen a democracy, practiced in the U.S as the Western World understands it. Americans are pretty partisan. When George W. Bush won his second term in late 2004, the Intel community in GTMO partied and got drunk. I was chocked it looked so retarded and third-world-like. I've been in Germany for twelve years and nobddy gives a damn about who is the new chancelor. The president in Germany is, anyway, a symbolic personality and has no real power. The Politic in Germany is guided by the ~~translators~~ Bundeskanzler - Federal chancelor. But it doesn't really matter whos what party is in charge, some how the fight, in the Bundestag, between the parties, keeps the balance maintained. While in America there actually two of them The Democratic, and the Republican America. You just wake up a good morning in a completely different p. country, when power changes takes

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place. The U.S. president has just too much power, and the destiny of the country is, for the most part, in the hand of a single person. And everything depends on what is going on, on the hand head of the President. All you can do as a citizen, is to pray that the President keeps a cool head, and has his fantasy under control. For the last three terms, the Republicans were in charge, Americans has been driven crazy. Family Bush is a very violent family, they believe in war as the remedy of all kind of problems, social, economical, and so on and so forth. Bush and Bush Jr. have been duly working to make as many enemies as they could. Economically and morally the country is going downward, especially since Bush took over in 2000. With the Magic word Global War - Against - Terrorism, Bush govt keeps justifying every problem facing the country. Big companies are going bankrupt, us Dollar is shrinking dramatically fighting the muscular against the muscular Euro, people lose their job masswisely, debt govt debts raise with every second going by, people's freedom is taken piece by piece; getting watched, getting listen to, getting followed, getting filmed. And other things that are foreign to the Democratic society. All of this is happening in the name of the Global war against Terrorism. The fear among people should be maintained. I wonder for how long are the Americans ready to take the shit. In a Democracy, people watch and control the govt and not the way around. From all I know, and what I have seen, the current

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gov't is stronger than the U.S. Law. I have no reason to believe otherwise unless I see a proof, where an American court compels the gov't to stop breaking the law organizing the Human Rights as guaranteed in the U.S. Constitution and the customary International Laws, and treaties. Bush's gov't profits mightily from the chaos situation they are maintaining in order to distract the people from the real domestic problems. When U.S. goes in war many things are tolerated; Human Rights are smashed under the boots of soldiers, torture is practiced and by many people tolerated "Fuck them Terrorists". I would say "ok", but you should ^{hit} the terrorists first, but you cannot just go wildly and hurt everybody in the name of terrorism. Racism is also sort of accepted "Fuck the French, Fuck the Arabs...". I think [REDACTED] has all the qualities qualifying him to be a republican president. He likes violence, hates both Arabs and Jews; full of prejudices. He believes that every Arab is a terrorist until proven innocent. "We know you are a criminal. I mean any ~~way~~ jury will convict you! Being Arab, dressed in orange uniform is reason enough to convict you" he kept telling me. To an extent he was right b/c lately the U.S. Judges are very reluctant when it comes to compelling the gov't to provide evidences that led to ^{the} arrest of a terrorist suspect. The U.S. justice is very mild on the gov't and very harsh on terrorist suspects. What many people miss is that a terrorist suspect is not a terrorist unless an impartial court decide ~~about it~~ about it. I always tried to tell my interrogators to calm down and avoid

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taking any damaging measures before they make sure I am involved in killing their people. "I have no big problem to be held in prison for the time you're investigating my case". But interrogators had no ears for hearing the truth, they wanted to prey off a confession and nothing else, especially since he would have bet his last penny on me being a criminal. So he is ~~both~~ ignorant, hateful, racist, and prejudicial. [REDACTED] worked for MI in Germany, he speaks the German language poorly. "I wanted to learn French, but I quit since I hate the French accent" - "Really, it's interesting" I said.

[REDACTED] is more than knowledgeable about how much power he has over detainees in GTMO. "We need you to help us locking [REDACTED] the rest for the rest of his life" he said. "I do. I've been providing information that Intels that are enough to convict him" - "But he keeps denying, he is dealing with other agencies who have different rules than we do. I wish I could have my hands on him, things, they will be different" - "I was like - "I hope you'd never have your hand on anybody" - "Even you, hadn't you left Canada, I, probably, would never have the opportunity to talk to you" he continued. I was both frustrated and amazed at how accurate he was. He knew that I am being held illegally, and since there is no law regulating my situation, [REDACTED] enjoys the total power he had to making me admit to anything he wanted, and testify against anybody. But he never seemed to be satisfied. "I need you to provide me a smoking gun about [REDACTED]" "All, I can say is that Ahmed L. is a ~~born~~ criminal and

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to be locked up the rest of his life in prison. I am ready to testify against him in the court". Of course I was not ready to lie in the court to burn out an innocent soul. Not to mention that Ahmed D. was imprisoned in California Florida and was facing death penalty, had he been found guilty of drug dealing. However, I just wanted to stop barking for that moment. " [REDACTED] is facing death penalty. if you we can make him guilty of drug dealing" [REDACTED] said once, showing me his picture. I burst in laughter as soon as I saw the expression on his face and the Bob-Barker-Kelvin-Klein orange uniform, the same as I was wearing (fashion of the day I used to call it Kelvin Klein uniform). [REDACTED] couldn't help laughing either in spite of the sad situation of mine. "Why are you laughing at?" [REDACTED] asked me. "It's just funny!" - "How can you laugh at your friend?" I felt right away, guilty even though I knew I was not laughing at him. After all, my situation was ways worse than his. But I was merely laughing at the situation. I could read everything that was going on in his head from barely looking at the expression on his face. As a matter of fact I have been made take such pictures many times; in Senegal, in Mauritania, in Germany, in Jordan, in Bagram, and in GTMO many times. I hate the pose, I hate the look, I hate the height-measure. Let me tell you something, whenever see that bleakly looking face, in jail uniform, posing in front of a height-measure scaled wall, you can be sure that the person is not happy. Back to the picture of my friend [REDACTED] I really felt bad for that poor guy. He sought asylum in Canada for certain time

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but the Canadian refused his petition, partly b/c they considered him as Islamist. [REDACTED] was willing to try his chance in the U.S, but he faced the harsh reality of the highly electrified environment against Muslims and Arabs, and the U.S gave him asylum in a high level security prison trying to link him to any crime. ~~What~~ when I saw his face, I knew he was like, "Screw this Americans. How much do I hate them. What do they want from me? How did end up in jail when I came here seeking protection? what a mockery?". That is the truth about [REDACTED] but ~~this~~ you can't tell people like his Majesty King [REDACTED] this truth b/c his ears are only adjusted to hear bad things. "I talked today with the Canadians and that told me, they don't believe your story about [REDACTED] being involved in drug smuggling into the U.S, but we know he is" he told me once, "I can only tell you what I know" I said, "But we want you to give an evidence linking [REDACTED] to the Millennium plot. Things like, he supports the Mujs or believe in jihad are good but not good enough to lock him up the rest of his life" he told me. I knew then the [REDACTED] was asking something impossible b/c he wanted from material evidences I don't have. "But look, if a christian or jewish guy ^{was} involved in Millennium plot, it would have been enough to lock him up the rest of his life. So, if I know something like that I would have told you about it. But I do know [REDACTED] is a bad guy and deserve life's sentence" I said. I was like, "what the heck is this idiot willing from me, I incriminated myself as well as every [REDACTED]"

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they wanted me to." Let me ask you something, what does [redacted] say about [redacted]?" I asked [redacted]. "All he says is that he did the operation on his own, and that's it," [redacted] said. "Oh, that's very convenient," I wryly said. Lately, I started to copying [redacted] I had been using the exact same phrases as [redacted] he used to tell me. "All you say: I don't know, I don't remember, that is very convenient. You think you are going to impress an American jury with your Charisma". [redacted] is a big believer in the Big Conspiracy against the U.S. led by the "evil" Muslim forces. He always like to quote the U.S. President, "We will not send your guys to^{the} court and let you use our justice system, since you're planning to destroy it" to "Is that a part of the Big Conspiracy?" I wryly wondered. "AQ is using our Liberal justice system he continued. I really don't about what Liberal justice system he was talking about. U.S broke the world record ~~was~~ to^{the} number of people held in prison. Prisons' population is over two millions, more than any other country in the world. Rehabilitation programs are a complete failure. U.S is the so-called ~~only~~ "democratic" country with the most draconic punishment system. In ~~land~~ rendition, the U.S is a good example that draconic sentences don't stop help stopping crimes. In the other hand, Europe is by far more just and humane, and the rehab programs are working, thus the crime rate in Europe is desively better than the U.S. The American proverb has it: "When the going gets rough, the rough gets going". Violence produces naturally more violence. The only loan you can

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make with guarantee of pay-back is violence. It might take some times, but ~~it always~~ you always get your loan back. [redacted] is racist, "you think we are looking all around the world and pick up skinny Arabs. you guys can never reach a free country b/c you still have the tribal system" - "your country is a piece of shit" - and such racist remarks he repeatedly had been making about Arabs. I am going to be lured into the level of self low-esteem that [redacted] represents. I don't classify people into skinny and fat, Arabs and Anglosaxons, and so on and so forth. I believe that only God is entitled to determine and who is bad. I believe moreover, that people who serve God rightously are the best candidates to earn Allah's love. I do believe that ~~the~~ human beings complete each other regardless the race. For instance without the contact of the Europeans with the Muslims via Spain, Europe would never be what it is today, and consequently the rest of the Western. European term such as, Morgenland - region of light - which means the territories under the Muslims control, and Abend-Land (region of Darkness), which refers to Europe say everything. Even the word Orient, which refers to Middle east and the neighboring regions is the root of ^{both} orientation and orientate. At one point the orient was the reference ~~of the~~ for the rest of the world. People like [redacted] don't really need to know - "We are strong, we have a lot of people" [redacted] [redacted] he used to tell me. Big deal what a courageous task [redacted]

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² [REDACTED] sick,
 and surrounded by bunch of Army barbarian, savage
 losers. Sometimes, ^{when} I by accident, looked at the mirror in the
 interrogation room, I got terrified, I had the look of a ghost.
 So it doesn't really take the world to hurt me. [REDACTED]

³ [REDACTED]
 [REDACTED] to their everlasting shame, tortured and made me
 confess to crime to haven't done. I am not ashamed of
 myself, I think every human being has a certain pain limit.
 Some people ~~get~~ die accidentally before the limit of their
 pain is reached, some live until the limit is hit. I
 believe that everything happens for reason. I wish God
 was cleansing me from my countless sins. May Allah
 have mercy on me. ³ [REDACTED] In ³ [REDACTED] dictionary there
 is no real God who is in charge of everything. I discussed
 with him some religious issues, but the more I dug, the
 worse he got. I doubt he has any principle in life.

³ [REDACTED] has some personal issues, he failed to complete
 college. "You were not a brilliant student?" he told me
 "yes, you're right I barely passed. Maybe average student.
 Maybe below average" I answered. He always like me to
 be smarter ~~and~~ to believe that I am smarter and
 sneakier than he. The Arabic proverb has it "God
 bless jealousy! Jealousy burnt the jealous person to
 death". ³ [REDACTED] the Man With a Special Mission:
 "We are desperate to get ~~you~~ information from ~~me~~" said
³ [REDACTED] when he first met with me.

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~~At~~ Every detainee I know thought it to be a usual interrogation, after which he would be ~~be~~ charged, sent to court and the court decides whether he is guilty or not. If the U.S. gov't presses no charges, detainee is going to be sent home. ~~So~~ so far so good, it made sense to everybody. Interrogators told us the aforementioned, and we said let's do it. Hamza ~~had~~ shared this procedure, when I arrived in Cuba in Aug 02. But it turned out that either, the interrogators deliberately lied to encourage detainees to cooperate with them, or the gov't lied to the interrogators about the procedure as a tactic to coerce information out of detainees. Weeks went by, Months went black, and the interrogators' thirst for information didn't seem ~~close~~ to be satisfied. The more ~~detainees~~ ^{information} provided, the more interrogators complicated the case and asked ~~for~~ more questions. All detainees had, at one point, one thing in common, they were tired of uninterrupted interrogation. Regardless, whether the detainee ~~was~~ delivered a truthful story or not, and for what reasons, every one stuck to his story and was not willing to change it. When I arrived at the camp in Aug 03, the majority of detainees were refusing to cooperate with their interrogators, and a small minority was still cooperating, especially the newcomers, such as my person.

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"Look I told my story over and over million times. Now you sentence either you send me to court or let me be" - "But, we have discrepancies in your story" would the interrogator say, as a gentle way to say, "you're lying" - "Ok, had I lied to you, I am going to lie over and over, so my story would not change". ~~Some detainee~~ I belonged to this group for certain time, but my only condition to cooperate was, "just tell me why you arrested me, and I answer every question you have", but interrogators failed to tell me why, then I gave up. I played the stone ~~twice~~ only twice, one time with JTF, and one time with the Canadians. This group is better than the first in the eyes of the interrogators b/c they always hope that some intel ~~st~~ would slip in a normal conversation.

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3

~~Hand~~ Most of the interrogators were coming back day a few day empty handed "no information collect from source" was what they interrogators reported back every week. And exactly like ~~3~~ said, the ~~4~~ was desperate to get the detainees talking. For one, most of the detainees ~~5~~ who were cooperating are ~~not~~ were not of high interest in the eyes of the Gov't b/c they were, for the most part, non-

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Arabs of second interest. For two, Americans see their real problem with Arabic descendents who believe strongly in the Islamic religion as a solution for the corrupt world, though American gov't likes to make the Islamic world believe that the ~~that~~ war is only against terrorism but the ~~the~~ Muslims are more than sceptical about that for many objective reasons. (A) Sometimes, the extremists in the U.S gov't cannot help hateful words slipping, such as 'the new crusade war' ~~or~~ Or some new religious people like Robertson who finally found the root of the barbarism an savagery way back when it started with ~~Ismael~~ Ishmael (Peace be upon him), father of Arabs, so according to this so-called man of God, somebody like me cannot be blamed for his "savagery", when I forcibly had inherited it ~~so~~ more than five thousands ago. What a non-sense! What kind of man of God who preaches against hatred and blasphemy against prophets. As to crusades, Christian must not be proud of them. For one, the crusades were military and ~~politically~~ a failure military-wise and politically. Crusades when took over the holy city of Jerusalem didn't make children difference between children, women, older people, and the fighting soldiers, they just killed everybody, even their own Eastern Christians, who were living peacefully side-by-side with their Muslim fellow citizens. For two, when Salah Eddin defeated the invading crusaders, he showed unprecedented tolerance and gave asylum to whom-ever wanted to stay in the Holy city. Even today,

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is seen as a hero. There are several ~~more~~ western movies about his life. For three, Crusades were every thing than Jesus (Peace be upon him) followers. [REDACTED] portrayed the Christianity as an intolerant, bloody, and savage religion. I don't believe it to be prudent to declare a crusade against Muslim because that war is a ~~lost~~ one strategically a lost cause. I dismiss counting the reasons why. Islamic religion is the fastest growing in the world, and the war against one single Islamic country - Iraq - made the life very hard for U.S. citizens. Oil prices soared, and the U.S. dollar doesn't seem to relieve sometime soon. (B) All around the world terrorist groups are operating from all kind of religious backgrounds; Christians, Protestants, Catholic, Jewish, etc.... In Ireland, the killing is happening in the name of the religion. In Spain, in the U.S. the killing is happening in the name of the Christian religion. And everybody claims that God is on his side. More or less, countries deal with this kind of terrorism in a similar, people get arrested when they are involved in any terrorist attack but nobody brings the religion in fore ground as a responsible for anything. It is very simple, "you killed people, you are wrong, we are not going to blame your father, or your brother, or your friends" - K.K.K. operates in the U.S. openly but nobody gives them trouble unless they kill people, for pete's sake, you can be a member of K.K.K. and preach and recruit for them, but as long as you don't kill or help killing people you're alright. But when it comes to Islam rules change. U.S. gov't starts to

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widen the circle of involvement among the Muslim community and speak about the Big Conspiracy against the U.S. that is led by MUSLIM extremists. Gov't keeps emphasizing and brings in foreground the link between the Islamic religion and Terrorism. ~~words~~ The words Islam and Extremism become lately synonymous. However, if a Christian such as McVeigh commits a terrorist attack the war will be declared against KKK and everything to do with it. NO, KKK is just cool, and allowed to continue its existence but McVeigh is a criminal who must be punished. I believe this double standard to be so obvious that speaking about it is just wasting time, ~~as~~ you'll notice in the course of my story. © In GIMMO, I learned how hate full and narrow-minded some people can be. Interrogators and guards mistreated Koran to break detainees, ~~interrogators harassed~~ sexually had been harassing detainees. So, I wonder why would somebody do something like that if he² doesn't have anything against the religion itself. ⓓ Detainees had been deprived from the ~~practice of the~~ the freedom of practicing their religion. So, ~~why~~ furthermore, JTF takes your Koran away as a punishment. So, the problem seems to be the religion and not the person. ⓔ "We want you talk about American Muslims?" said ² when ³ was interrogating me about Americans I happened to know. And I just happened to work ^{with} and be friend of some non-Muslim American. I teasingly asked ² "Do you like to name also non-Muslim American I've been with?" - I already knew the answer, but I wanted to bolster facts. At least, ² was honest about it. Another interrogator

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would probably have written all the names down and threw the non Muslim names in the garbage. (F) I repeatedly have been interrogated thoroughly about every Muslim I ever met or any Islamic Organization I knew. Not about Criminal Muslims, or organizations, the reason to see a Muslim was enough to open a file about you. (G) Islam is the religion with the highest of number of followers arrested by the U.S. in relation with crimes they haven't done. (H) I dismiss deliberately the garbage talk that the guards used to share with me to express their hatred toward the Islamic religion b/c I consider them to be ignorant and prejudicial. To me, they are not worth arguing with. However, those people are a small minority among the guards. The Major of the guards just admits that ^{they} have no idea as to what Islam is. (I) Right after sep 11, I turned myself when the MR police ~~asked~~ called me and asked me to do so. Since then I ~~was~~ have been cut off the rest of world. I am sure I am miss many evidences based on high-level gov't people declarations, which are against Islam. But, I am blessed is that regard b/c I don't want to hear more hatreded dis courses about my religion. I like to believe that Christians regard the Islam as the natural sequel of the Bible. Furthermore, this book is not intended to ~~spea~~ treat the big conspiracies, and counter-conspiracies. This book is just a recount of my story with the U.S gov't, and the perspective of Muslim who experienced the American wrath toward the Muslims. Anyway, for [REDACTED] ~~it was time for~~ and his staff it was ~~time time~~ to coerce Intels from the detainees, no matter what. So the Interro-Technocrate [REDACTED]

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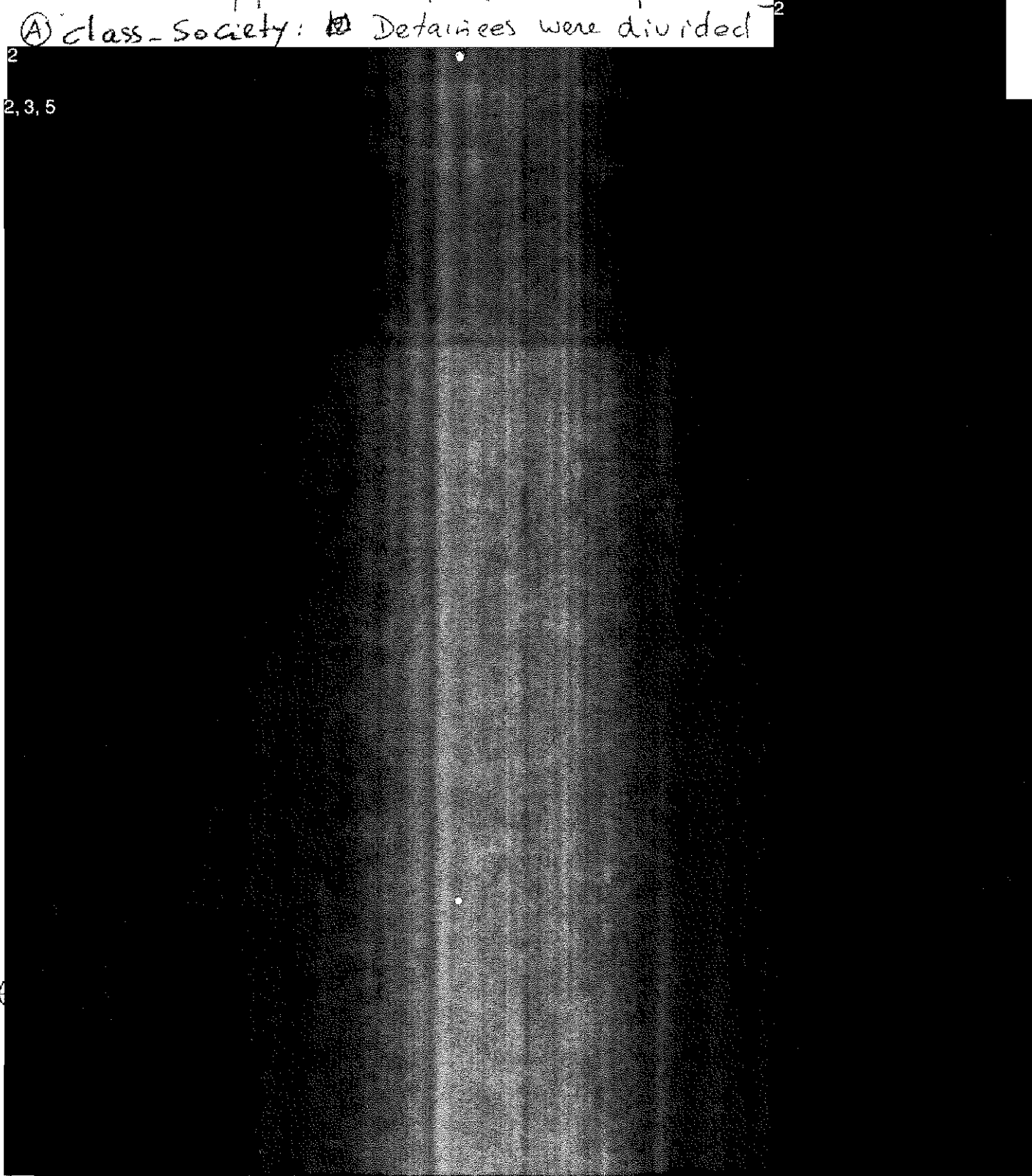
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and his staff came up with the following measures:
① class-society: ~~the~~ Detainees were divided

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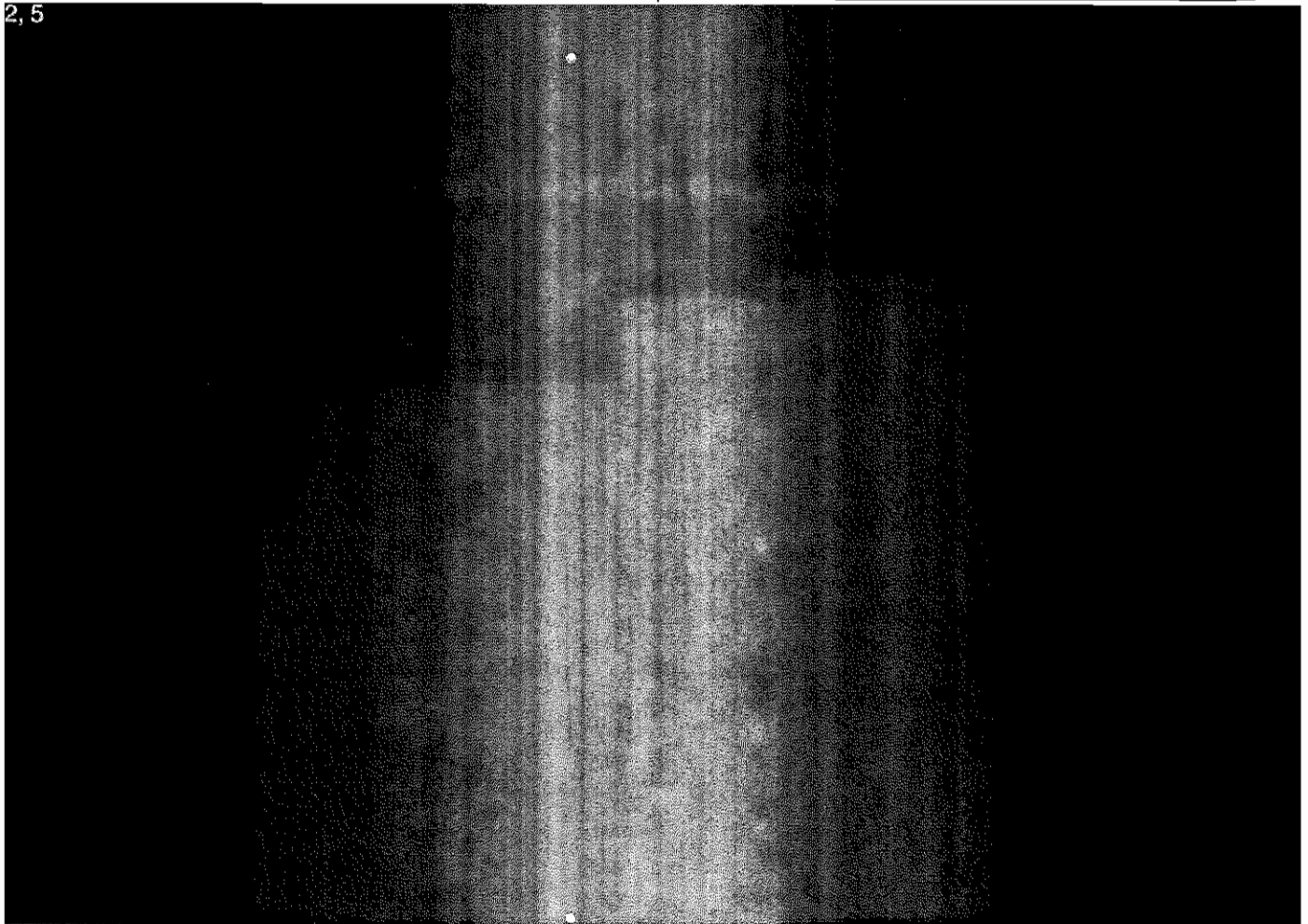
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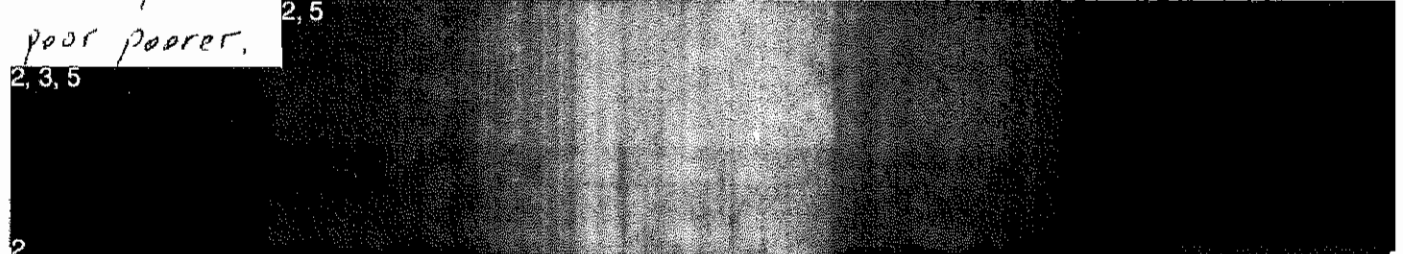
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All of ~~these~~ these acts are based solely on the judgement of ^{2,3} [redacted]. This is very much how the class-society worked. ~~In the course of time~~ that was back around DEC 02, but, of course, in the course of time changes have been gradually taken place. For the most part to make the rich richer and the poor poorer.

2,3,5



② Totalitarian state vs. state of establishments: [redacted] succeeded to have supervising organizations, such as [redacted] as a smooth tool working for him. [redacted] task his

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to make sure that the coexistence, between Detainees, guards, and the Intel community, is maintained peacefully. Neither Interrogators nor guards are allowed to abuse detainees. On the other hand, detainees cannot use violence against guards or Interrogators. If any party crosses the line, [redacted] is supposed to intervene and set ~~up~~ the relieved the harmed party. But that was theory, and practice is another completely different chapter. [redacted] not only failed in ~~to~~ protecting detainees from abuses, but they also abused detainees on the request of [redacted].

[redacted] The only [redacted] I saw, was a German shaper Dog that [redacted] brought to terrorize the hell out of me. ~~Beside that~~ [redacted] managed to get every supervising organizations on his side. © Enemy Top List: [redacted] tasked [redacted] to provide him the list of Detainees of highest interest. [redacted] came up with the list of top 15. I was number one in the [redacted]. [redacted] "I told you! you fucked up!" said [redacted] showing the list to me. I laughed hard b/c I thought he was playing game on me. Many detainees had been told things like that. I just had hard time to digest the non-sense, "you kidnapped me from my home in MR, not AF. I have done no crimes against you. Still you consider me the most dangerous criminal! What a bullshit!" I said, "I told you the Military believe about you very bad thing. And you are number one in this G. damn camp" [redacted] said. I was completely confused b/c I saw no way around torture. Military would only believe statements made under torture. Anyway, priorities

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were sit I was the highest. ① Special Mission - Ghost Interrogators: [redacted] built a mini [redacted] inside the bigger organization. This Task Force has as a job to coerce information out of detainees. This operation was clouded with top secrecy. The task force comprises among others, us Army, us Marine, u.s. Navy, Civilian. [redacted] is a very distinguished character in this sub-[redacted] group. Man in Cover in order to prevent detainees from memorizing his face, [redacted] was always wrapped in a uniform that covered him from head to toe. [redacted] was aware that he was committing war crimes against helpless detainees, and he wanted to get away with his crime. [redacted] was the night owl, the devil worshiper, the loud music man, the anti-religion guy, the interrogator par excellence. All these names Every nickname of his has a reason. [redacted] kept used to keep the detainees who are not allowed to sleep "entertained", thus I gave him the name - [redacted] He deprived me from sleeping for about two months, during which he tried to break my mental resistance but no avail. Although [redacted] was a smart person, but they gave him the dirtiest job on the island, and chockingly brain-washed him, so he believed he was doing the right thing. to keep me awake, he drove the temperature of the room crazy down, and kept giving me water, and made me write all kind of stuff about my life. For the most part, he just made me just stay awake, but ~~some~~ for bade to pray, or recite Koran, but some times he made me stand up the whole night long, and once he stripped

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me naked with the of a ³ [redacted] guards in order to humiliate me. The only good thing about that night that I kept reciting Koran and ignoring his barking b/c since he hurt and me stand in a frozen room, I did not care much about further actions. Another night, he put me in the frozen room and made me listen to the American National Hymn in a room full of propaganda pictures of the U.S, including G. W. Bush picture. [redacted] was serving several detainees at the same time, I could hear doors many doors getting slamming, loud music, and the noise of detainees coming and leaving, giving themselves away through the heavy metal chains. Most of the detainees that shared with the agony were Yemeni Nationals, but I was not impressed in spite of seventy days of humiliation and deprivation of sleep, ² [redacted]

² [redacted] None-the-less, ² [redacted]
 When ² [redacted] and his team kidnapped me from ² [redacted] and beat me almost, to death ² [redacted] especially when the leader ³ [redacted] threatened me of hurting my family members in ² [redacted]. The guards wryly used to call the interrogation booth during the night party house. Devil worshippers; ² [redacted] used to put detainees in a dark room full of pictures that are supposed to represent devils. He never put me in that room, but brother ² [redacted] had been receiving that recipe for long time. ³ [redacted] I call him ³ [redacted] b/c he always made detainees listen to music of hatred and madness. ² [redacted] He

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made listen to the song "Let the Bodies hit the floor" over and over for the whole night in the dark room. This practice had been followed other colleagues of his and is a common knowledge for every body. The Music was just too loud to be hidden. I also called him the Anti-religion Guy b/c he was very open about his hatred toward the Islamic religion. In his session, any Islamic practice, such as prayer or mumbling with Koran was categorically forbidden. I don't either think that he was a good Christian b/c he curses a lot. [REDACTED] was definitely a criminal of war, and so are the people who ordered him. One around [REDACTED] the special team realized that I was not going to cooperate with them the way they wished. Thus, the next level of torture was agreed upon. [REDACTED] and another guy with a German shaper pryed the door open of the interrogation room where [REDACTED] and I were sitting. It was in [REDACTED] building. [REDACTED] and his colleague kept hitting me mostly on my ribs and my face and made me drink salty water for about three hours before they gave me over to the Arabic team comprising an Egyptian and a Jordanian who continued to beat me and ~~put~~ cover me with ice-cube for one, to torture me, and for two, maybe to make the new fresh bruises disappear. After about three ~~hour~~ hours, Mr X and his friend took me again and threw me in my present cell. "I told you not to fuck with me! Mother-fucker!" that was the last thing I heard from [REDACTED].

Later on [REDACTED] told me that [REDACTED] wanted to

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to visit me for friendly purposes, but I didn't show the eagerness, thus the visit was canceled. [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] His English didn't reveal any accent I could either recognize. [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] was doing all his mischiefs under the supervising and guidance [REDACTED]

① Guards: ① The guards wanted to be baptized with names of characters in ^{the} show Star Wars. "From now on we are The [REDACTED] and that what you call us. Your name is Pillow" said [REDACTED] I, later on, learned that [REDACTED] are sort of Good Guys who fight against Forces of Evil. For the time being, I represent frankly The Forces of Evil and the guards The Good Guys. ① [REDACTED]

AKA ~~over time interrogator~~ "that what you call me" he said. I also call him [REDACTED]

was in his early forties, married with children, small but athletic built. He spent sometime working in the [REDACTED] then [REDACTED] ended up doing special mission for the [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] I've been working [REDACTED] he told me, "Your job is done. I am [REDACTED] I answered. Don't ask me anything. If you want to ask for something ask you interrogator" - "I got you" I said. It sounds confusing or even contradictory but although [REDACTED] is a rough guy, but he is humane. So to say

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His bark is worse than his bite. ¹ [REDACTED] understands, what many guards don't understand, if you talk and tell your interrogators what they wanted to hear, you should be relieved. But many of the other nitwits, kept doubling pressure on me, just for the sake of it. ² [REDACTED] was in charge of all the other guards. Although I am not supposed to know who was in charge, nor should they give me a hint as to who was the boss, but in America is very easy to notice the boss. There is just no mistaking him, if you can put two and two together. "My job is to make you see the light" said ³ [REDACTED] addressing me for the first time, when was watching me eating my meals. Guards were not allowed to talk to me or to each other beside me. I couldn't either talk to them. I could say only: "yes SIR, NO SIR, I need Medics, I need Interrogators". But ⁴ [REDACTED] is not a By-The-Book guy, he thinks more than any other guard and his goal is to make his country victorious. The means don't matter. "yes sir" I answered, without even understanding what he meant. I thought about the literal sense of light I haven't seen since long time, and believed he wanted to get me cooperating so I can see the day light. But ⁵ [REDACTED] meant the figurative sense. ⁶ [REDACTED] always yelled at me and scared me, but he never hit me. ~~with~~ He illegally ~~at~~ ⁷ [REDACTED] interrogated me for several times, and that why I called him ⁸ [REDACTED] wanted me to confess to many wild theories he heard the interrogators talking about. Further more, he wanted to gather knowledge about Terrorism and extremism. I think his dream in life is to become an interrogator. What a hell of a dream :)

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² is an admitted Republican, and hates the Democrats, especially Bill Clinton. He doesn't believe that the U.S should in other countries' ~~a fair business overseas, However~~ interfere in other countries' business, ~~However, he likes~~ the U.S govt must focus more on internal issues, However, if any country or group attacks the U.S it should be destroyed ruthlessly. "Fair enough" I said. I just wanted him to stop talking. He is the kind of guys who never stop when they start. Gosh, he gave me earache. When ³ first start to talk to me I refused, all I say was "Yes, Sir", but he wanted a conversation with me. "You are my enemy" he said. "Yes, Sir" - "So let's talk as enemy to enemy" ³ said. He opened my cell and offered me a chair. ³ did the talk for the most part. He was talking about how great the U.S is, and how powerful? America is This, America is that... We American are so and so... I was only wondering and shaking lightly. And every once in a while I confirmed that I was paying attention, "Yes Sir, ... Really, ... Oh, I didn't know, ... you're right, ... I know ...". During our conversations, he sneaksily tried to make me to admit to things I haven't really done, "What was your role in Sep 11?" "I haven't done participated in Sep 11" "Bullshit!" he screamed madly. I realized it will be no good for my life to look innocent, at least for the time being. Then I said, "I was working for AQ in Radio Telecom" He seemed to be happier with a lie, "What was your rank?" he digged, "I would be a lieutenant" "I know you've been in the U.S" he tricked me. This is

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a big one and I couldn't possibly lie about b/c the America could check right away, whether or not I have been in the U.S. I could swallow to have vaguely done a lot of things in AF b/c you Americans cannot confirm or dis confirm it. "I haven't been in the U.S" I answered, ~~but at the~~ although ready to change my answer when I had no options. "You've been in Detroit" he sardonically smiled. I smiled back "I really haven't". ³ [redacted] though didn't believe me, but he didn't push the matter further. ³ [redacted] was interested in a long term dialog with me. In return for my confessions, ³ [redacted] ~~to~~ give me extra food, and stop yelling at me. In order to maintain the terror, the guards kept yelling at me and banging the metal door to my cell. Every time they did, my heart started to pound, I sweat. The more they did such things, the less effect it had on me. "Why are you shaking?" asked me ³ [redacted] when took me out for conversation. I both hated and liked, when he was on duty. I hate him interrogating me, but I liked him giving me more food and new uniforms. "I don't know" I answered, "I am not gonna hurt you" - "OK". I took some time until I accepted to talk to ³ [redacted] ~~and~~ He started to give me lessons and made me practice them the hard way. I really believe that he was a ³ [redacted]. The lessons were proverbs and made up phrases he wanted me to memorize in practice in my life. I still do remember the following lesson: "Think before you act - Do not mistake kindness for weakness - ² [redacted] questions always in mind when asked about somebody - - - - etc". Whenever ³ [redacted] judged me to have broken one of the lesson, he took me

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out of my cell and ~~the~~ strew ~~apart~~ all my belongings all over the place. After that [REDACTED] asked me to to put everything back in no time. I always failed to organize my stuff, but he only made me do it several times, after which I miraculously put my stuff back in time. My relationship with [REDACTED] developed positively with everyday that went by, and henceforth with the rest of the guards b/c they regarded him highly. "Fuck it! If you I look at pillow I don't think he is a terrorist I better think he is an old friend of mine, and enjoy playing games with him" I he said to the other guards. I felt somewhat relaxed and gained some self confidence. Now, the guards discovered in me the humorous guy and used their time with me for entertainment. They started to ~~make~~ make me repair their DVD-players and PC's, in return I was allowed to watch a movie. [REDACTED] didn't have exactly the most recent PC model, and when [REDACTED] asked me ~~have seen~~ whether I have seen [REDACTED] PC, "You mean the museum piece that [REDACTED] has" [REDACTED] ~~his ass~~ laughed hard and " [REDACTED] better doesn't hear what you said" - " Don't tell him - We slowly but surely became a society and started to gossip interrogators and call their names. In the mean time, [REDACTED] taught me the Rules of Chess. Before the prison, I didn't know the difference between a Pawn and the rear end of a Knight, nor was I really a big gamer. I find in chess a very interesting game, especially the fact that a prisoner has the total control over his pieces, gives him some confidence back. When I started playing

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very aggeressively in order to let out my frustration was really not very good chess playing but [redacted] was my first Mentor and [redacted] beat me in my first game ever. But the next game was mine, and so were all other following games. Chess is a game of strategy, art, and mathematics. It takes deep thinking, and there is no luck involved. You get rewarded or punished for your actions - moves - [redacted] brought me a chessboard so I could play against myself. When the guards noticed my chessboard, they wanted to play me. When they started to play me, they always won. The strongest among the guard was [redacted]. He taught me how to control the center. Moreover, [redacted] brought me some literature which helped decidedly ~~my~~ honing my skills. After that the guards had no chances to defeat me. "That is not the way I taught you to play chess" commented [redacted] angrily when I won the games, "what should I do?" - "You should build a strategy, and organize your attack! That why the fucking Arabs never succeed" - "Why don't you just play the board?" I wondered - "Chess is not just a game" he said, "Just imagine you're playing against a computer!" - "Do I look like a computer to you?" "No". Next game I ~~to~~ tried to build the strategy in order to let [redacted] win. "Now, you understand how chess must be played" he commented. I knew [redacted] had issues dealing with defeat, thus I didn't enjoy playing him. I didn't feel comfortable to practice my new acquired knowledge. [redacted] believes there are two kind of people, A while Americans and the

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rest of the world. White Americans are smart and better than anybody. I always tried to explain things to him by, for instance, "If I were you... or -- If you were me." but got angry and said, "Don't you ever dare compare me with you or compare any American with you". I was chocked then, but I did as he said. After all I didn't have to compare myself with anybody. ³ hates the rest of the world, especially the Arabs, Jews, French, Cuban and others. The only other country he mentioned positively was England. After one game of chess with him, ~~he~~ he flipped the board, "Fuck your Nigger chess, this is Jewish chess" he said "Have ^{you} something against Black people?" I asked - "Nigger is not black, Nigger means stupid" he argued. We had discussion like that, but we had only one Black guard who had no saying, and when he worked with ³ they never interact. ³ resented him. ³ has a very strong personality, dominant, authoritarian, patriarchal, and arrogant. "My wife calls me ass hole" he proudly told me. ³ listen mostly to ~~was~~ Rock-n-Roll music and some type of country. He favorite songs are: Die Terrorist Die, ~~and~~ The Taliban Song, and Let The Body Hit The Floor. ^{2,3}

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I never had the chance to see his face b/c he left ² [REDACTED]

² [REDACTED] But that was OK with me, I really am not interested to see anybody's face. He treated me consistently. At the begin, he was tough with me, he used to pull me hard and make me run in the shackles, screaming loudly "Move!" He was fed with wrong information about me: "You know who you are?" he asked me, "yes, sir!" - "You are a terrorist" - "Yes, sir" - "So let's do the math, if you only had killed five thousands people by association with AQ, we must kill you five-thousand times. But no, instead you feed you and ready to give you many if you give us information b/c we are Americans" - "That's right sir!" - After ² [REDACTED] ordered the guards to be friendly with me, ³ [REDACTED] started to talk to me as a human being. I enjoyed discussing with him b/c his English was decent, although he was always right in his position, but I cared less about that. ³ [REDACTED] used to baptize new interrogators. "Our job is to accommodate you!" he sarcastically used to tell me. "You need a house mad" - "No" - And since guards

copy each others, ³ [REDACTED] tend to copy ³ [REDACTED] is the inspector, he liked to inspect my room and make sure ~~I~~ everything is put were it belongs, the sheet is wrapped around the edge of the mattress with 45° angle, and things like that. He also consistently inspected the shower and if he found any tiny hair left, he and ³ [REDACTED] made me clean everything again. I ~~do~~ didn't matter how often I cleaned, ~~the~~ everything must be perfect. ³ [REDACTED] was more than interested as to how

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I could keep the calendar in my hand in spite of the head and knowing days and nights in spite of the techniques they used to mess up my head. They tried to make me believe Christmas was Thanksgiving but I didn't buy it. "It doesn't really matter, but I do believe it's Christmas". "We want you to explain to us what mistakes we made in order to avoiding them, when we get our next detainee" - I explained as much as necessary, but I am sure they will make mistakes with the next detainee b/c nobody is perfect.

³ [REDACTED] explained to me how is my recipe was "you haven't seen nothing" - "And I assure you I am not eager to see more". And they are probably right. However, they missed the fact that they haven't witnessed what happened to me. The only guy who participated in the transport party was ³ [REDACTED] and he used every opportunity to hit me in the new place. You could tell he found no problem in beating me, since he did it with the blessing of the highest authority in GITMO. ³ [REDACTED] is the only guard who didn't sleep during the watch. He had been driven me crazy having been pasting around all the time. ³ [REDACTED] liked to surprise me in the middle of the night by banging the metal door to my cell and make take a shower and clean everything perfectly. I should never feel nested in my cell not for an hour, and that is one of the most important method in breaking some body in detention b/c you must hate your life, your guards, your cell, your interrogators, and even yourself. And that was exactly what ³ [REDACTED] had been doing until ² [REDACTED]

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³ [redacted] ordered and ³ [redacted] ordered him otherwise. ³ [redacted] likes to read and possesses a decent vocabulary unlike the rest of the guards. The only guard who was better than he was ³ [redacted]. "Shut the fuck up! There is nothing to sing about?" he screamed at me in my cell when I was mumbling ³ [redacted] silently with Koran. ³ [redacted] doesn't know the difference between prayer and singing. I kept trying to, illegally pray whenever the opportunity arose. Sometimes I got away with it, and well, sometimes I didn't. ² [redacted] is a white man in his twenties, very tall, lazy, non-athletic looking. " [redacted] is my best friend" he told me once. "How do you know [redacted]". He didn't answer me, he just smilingly smiled, but he kept mentioning [redacted] and how he ~~ab~~ the latter abused me. I always changed the subject ~~in order~~ ³ [redacted] because I didn't want ~~other~~ the other guards to know that beating ~~at~~ me is something normal. I was glad my guards didn't know everything that happened to me. I didn't want the gang to be encouraged to doing crimes. ³ [redacted] was the most violent guard, he used every contact to hit ~~me~~ and clawed me deeply. One time, when the guards were performing one of their attacks on me, he pushed me roughly, which ~~made~~ made me fall ~~to~~ face down on the floor. In building ² [redacted] the guards performed regular assaults on me in order maintain the terror factor. They dragged me ~~out of my cell~~ came in a big ~~too~~ masked team screaming and giving different orders at the same time. I always didn't know what to do, but they anyway dragged me out of my cell and threw all my

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belongings ~~are~~ all over the place. "Get up -- Face the wall
 ... you've been resting lately too much ... you have a pillow
 ... Ha Ha ... Look inside his cell ... The piece of shit
 might be hiding something -- We found ~~a~~ two corns
 of rice hidden beneath his mattress ... you have
 twenty seconds to put everything where it belongs" and
 the game over when they made me sweat. But I knew
 they didn't have order to beat me ~~and~~ except for
 a couple of times by ~~██████████~~ who already had
 tasted my blood. Besides, I always showed more
 fear as a precarious technique. At later point I asked
~~██████████~~, "Why did you guys keep fucking with me, when
 I was cooperating" - ~~He~~ He answered, "We were
 told not to relieve the pressure b/c we had experience
 with other detainees who talked under pressure, and
 quit when the pressure was gone" he answered. ~~██████████~~
 was both violent and loud, but thanks God, he was very
 lazy. He only barked at the begin of the shift and
 after a short time he disappeared from the stage,
 watching a movie or going to sleep. Naturally, ~~██████████~~
~~██████████~~ is inhumane, he never let me eat my meal,
 "You have three minutes - Eat!", But after about
 half a-minute, he grabbed the plate, "you're done!". But
 under those circumstances I had no appetite anyway, I
 was just happy to get him off my face. Sometimes, he
 went to the extreme and gave me a lot of food, and opened
 my cell, and forced me to eat all of it, and ~~gave~~ when
 I asked "I need water" b/c the food stuck in my throat,
 he punished me by making me drinking two water bottles

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- 25oz each. "I can't drink" I said when I felt my abdomen as if going to explode, no breath. But M. [REDACTED] screamed and threatened me pushing me against the wall and raising his ~~left~~ hand to hit me. I figured drinking would be better, I continued to drink until I vomited what I ate for the most part. I was not supposed to ask the guards for any thing, nor turning down anything they gave to me. When they started the water diet - Water bottle (25oz) each hour or two hours depending on the mood of the guards they started with ice-cold water, and since [REDACTED] didn't let me breathe I had to drink the whole bottle in one sip, ~~I had~~ under the screaming of the guards, I got brain-freeze. ~~It~~ The pain was unbearable. I believe they didn't understand how hard for people from warmer countries to drink cold water. I complained by [REDACTED] and he miraculously ordered the guards to give me room-temperature water as diet. In the rec-yard, [REDACTED] made me do exercise ~~that~~ that hurt me badly and in a less pain [REDACTED] also practiced that technique. And you might ask, what is wrong with PT? Well, ~~any~~ for one, anything that you are forced to do is bad, and for two, there certain PT I am not allowed to do b/c of my sciatic nerve injury. "Fuck the interrogators we do the work and they take the credit" [REDACTED] told me once. He was made at the fact that he was taking care of the dirty part of the

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job and he wanted to be rewarded adequately. I don't think that he is the smartest but he was well trained as to how to beat somebody without leaving irreparable injuries. "Hitting the ribs is painful and doesn't leave permanent scars, especially when treated right away with ice-cubes" told me one of the guards.

³ [redacted] job was to hit and another team put the ice-cubes. Mr. ³ [redacted] didn't have any bad feelings about his job, in contrary, he was rather proud on what he was doing. He also doesn't get along with ³ [redacted] - The only guy that outranked him - ³ [redacted] "is a pussy!" he described him once. But ³ [redacted] was anyway, not a social person. He could not lead a normal conversation like everybody else.

² [redacted] "I am just fine the way I am, and am not planning to convert" I replied - "Besides, you are not really a christian. I heard you curse against God. So, what difference does it make to you?" - I was accurate b/c ³ [redacted] was not a big believer but he was more comfortable with a christian than an "evil" Muslim. ³ [redacted] was a good choice for the job b/c he was ignorant, prejudicial, racist, atheist, violent, big, and not very smart. ³ [redacted] told us to be friendly to you" he said around Begu @ 2004. I was happy and it was fair from his side to announce the end of the torture and terrorization.

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After this announcement he didn't give me any problem. But he was not really talkative. He rarely spoke, and when he did, it was about his wild sex experiences. One common thing among the guards is that they ~~hear~~ most of them never understand the fact that some people don't have sex outside marriage. "you're gay" as the usual response. "That is ok with me", but I ~~can~~ cannot have sex outside marriage. you may also consider an idiot is ok!" - "How can you buy a car without test driving it" - "First of all, a woman is not a car. And I am doing it $\frac{1}{2}$ of my religion". Even ³ [redacted] interrogator ³ [redacted] chocked me when ³ [redacted] said "I wouldn't marry anybody before test driving him". But I still do believe that some Americans don't believe in premarital sex. However, ³ [redacted] trusted so far vis-a-vis that he showed me the picture of his girlfriend. (4) ² [redacted]

about himself. According to himself, he was tasked to gather Intels about me before my kidnapping from ² [redacted] and gave evidences involving ~~my~~ special situation I was in and recounted accurately. I never noticed in the blocks of ² [redacted] nor was I supposed to, ² [redacted] was for the most part with partner ² [redacted]. At the begin, and in the ~~desire~~ decisive period ² [redacted] was in charge. ³ [redacted] was in good physical shape in contrary to his friend ³ [redacted] moderately and dutifully followed the rules given him by ² [redacted] - and the rest of the ^{2,3} [redacted] and his associate held my water diet, gave me pills,

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forbade me to pray or to fast, kept giving me a Party-shower. [REDACTED] was even the one who came up with the idea of that annoying [REDACTED] in every piece in a defined place, toilet and sink always dry - I ended up using my uniform to drying up [REDACTED] I had no towel [REDACTED]

Nonetheless, I can tell truthfully that [REDACTED] didn't enjoy bothering me or torturing me. "Why did you forbid my to pray when you know it's illegal order?" I asked him later when we became friends. "I would have but they would have given me some shitty job". He also informed me that [REDACTED] gave him the order preventing me from the practice of all religious activities. [REDACTED] said "I gonna hell b/c I forbade you to pray" [REDACTED] said. [REDACTED] was very happy when ordered to treat me nicely. "I really enjoyed more the time [REDACTED] being here with you than being home" he genuinely said. He's a very generous guy, he used to get me muffins, movies, and PS2 games. Before he left he gave me [REDACTED] asked me to choose between two games Madden 2004 and Nascar 2004. I chose Nascar 2004 which I still have. And above all [REDACTED] was a hell of an entertainer like I said he tends to stretch the truth, [REDACTED] tell me all kind of stuff. Sometimes, he gave me too much information I didn't want to know, nor was I supposed to know. [REDACTED] was also a big gamer, he used to play video games against me and he always won. I am very terrible when it comes to video games. It's just not for me. I always told the guards, "Americans are just

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big babies. In my country is not appropriate for some body of my age to sit in front of a console and waste time playing games". Indeed, one of punishment of their civilization. Americans are addicts to video games. The greatest thing about the U.S is ~~its diversity~~ the ~~most~~ diversity of its society which probably made the country the way it is. Americans worship their bodies; they eat well and work out. I really never heard a group of mortals speaking about the next workout plan, in spite of a big variety of my friends who come from all different backgrounds. When I was delivered to Bagram Air Base I was like, "What the heck is going on, these soldiers never stop shewing something". "Is that a homosexual magazine?" I asked one of the guards who was holding a Man-fitness magazine with those oversize guys. You know those guys who keep working until their necks disappear and their heads barely fit between their overgrown shoulders. "What the fuck are you talking about, This is a workout magazine he responded. Americans men are intolerant toward male homosexuals ~~unlike~~ unlike the Europeans. I always try to measure Americans at German standards ~~to me~~, they are ~~we~~ all are westerners. Although God blessed Americans with a huge variety of healthy food, they are the biggest wastrels I ever knew. Maybe, if everybody lives as country lives as Americans do, our planet would fail to absorb the amount of waste we produce. Americans ~~we~~ work out as if they were preparing for a fight. "When I hug my wife, she feels secure" told me [REDACTED] once. "My wife feels always secure. ~~with~~

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she doesn't need a hug to be calmed" I answered. But ~~when~~ the more ~~to~~ read about U.S. history, the more I understand the mentality of them. The common thing between Americans and Beduins is that both don't trust the gov't and take their security in their own hands, both possess guns and use them. For some reason, Americans are stuck in a catch-22 situation, ~~people~~ pro-people say: we need guns to protect ourselves, gov't does not, con-people say: guns are the problem, if we ~~we~~ forbid their possession, killing will stop forcibly. But there seem to be no solution in the air, given the huge profit the gov't makes. Besides, some Americans are still proud on the cowboy life, which is comparable with the life of ~~the~~ the tribes of the desert. ³ is as ^{like} anybody else, he bought more food than he needed, worked out even during duty, ~~he~~ planned to enlarge his member, plays video and computer games, very confused when it comes to his religion," Pillow, I am telling you I really don't know, but I am Christian and my parents celebrate Christmas every year. My girl friend wants to convert to Islam but I said no " " Come on ³ you should ~~give~~ let her choose. Don't you guys believe in freedom of religion" I replied. ³ has all the qualities of a human being. I liked conversing with him b/c he always had something to say, he always liked to have impressed some ^{the} females in the island. he liked me more than most of his colleagues. He especially resented ³ I really can't blame him! Thanks to ³ I got the playstation b/c he kept pushing the interrogator ² finally brought the game console.

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⑤ [redacted] and [redacted] In the U.S gov't, the trusted person is a white male. Thus I was chocked when I discovered the only Black guy working as the Partner of [redacted]. But my chock relieved when I noticed that the [redacted] was more of an object than a subject. ~~He was li~~ Although he outranked [redacted] being an [redacted] but [redacted] was in charge all the time and the [redacted] was nothing but a small soldier working for [redacted]. He had been doing as [redacted] wanted. When [redacted] was angry, he got angry too and started to curse against me. But I completely disrespected him and the way he let the Army screw with him. In special mission, lower rank can be in charge at least that was what I have seen. So let's dismiss [redacted] and talk about his boss [redacted]. "You call me Master. OK?" he said, "Oh, yes" I answered thinking "what the heck he thinks he is. I rather call him the C-word, since he started Master and Slave issue". But I fairly baptized him in my secret dictionary as [redacted].

[redacted] He has no qualification beside his luck of having been born a white guy in the U.S. When he started working ~~on~~, he was quite, he just served me my food and duly made me drink water every hour. And that was cool. But he quickly learned that I could be yelled at, taken food from, made doing harsh PTs I didn't want. ~~I didn't~~ ~~believe~~ He couldn't believe that he was entitled to so much power. He almost went wild making me stand up

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four hours during night time, even though he knew I suffer sciatic nerve pain and am not supposed to stand for long time, he made me clean my cell over and over. He made me clean the shower over and over. "I wish I make any mistake, so I can strike" he used to say while performing some corny fake martial arts, he must have learned for the purpose of his mission. Even after [REDACTED] ordered the guards to be nice to me, he became worse as if to catch on something he missed. All his colleagues resented him because he was lazy, and more on the slower side. Nobody wanted to work with him and they talked ill about him all the time. [REDACTED] didn't have any initiative or personality of his own, he used to copy every other guard. When he saw the other guards playing chess with me, he wanted to do so, but I soon discovered how weak a person can be in chess. Moreover, he had his own rules, he always enforced him being the guard - Master - and I, the detainee. In his chess-world the king belongs to his color breaking a basic rule in chess stating that the King sits on the wrong color when the game begins. I knew he was wrong, but there was no correcting him, so I had to play with him his version of chess. It was fun! wasn't it? To the relief of every body Mr. [REDACTED] disappeared all of a sudden in summer early summer 04 and never came back.

(... To be continued)

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~~Remarks to the [redacted]~~
 [redacted]
 [redacted] "Follow, if you have any question about English ask him!" said [redacted] when he introduced [redacted] to me. And to tell you the truth I never asked him a question he couldn't answer. I learned from him English Christianity and many American customs. [redacted] didn't really experienced the hardship when I was exposed to hardship. He joined the team in Feb. 2004. "My job is to help your rehabilitation" he told me in summer 2004 before he left. The govt realized that I was deeply injured and needed some real rehab. They allowed the Doctors to see me around March 2004, and since then I have been taking Anti-depression ~~Clonopin~~ and sleep help Clonopin. The doctors also remarked a lack in my antibodies due to the lack of exposure to sun and hence, prescribed ^{Paxel} Multi vitamin. I still to date take those medications and have regularly psychological assistance. So far so good. [redacted] was the highest rank since he outranked [redacted] but he is not really a US Army. He works for some Agency I don't know the name of. I ~~was~~ have nothing wrong to tell about him. He and I had been leading ~~re~~ cultured conversations, and I enjoyed his generosity and carefulness. He used to bring high quality food and share it, not only with me, but with every body else. During our conversations I remember that we hit some very complicated religious issues such as "Whether a human being has the complete free will over himself or he is kind of led toward his destiny". This is a very controversial topic in the Islamic religion, and

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it seems to be the same way in the christianity. Every time and again he brought some high quality movies we watched together. Not everything was serious, we also had been hitting men topics, such as marriage, love, ~~etc.~~ beauty. May God guide him and make him do the right choices in his life. I picture him as a good friend, when we meet under different circumstances. Remarks and notes about the hardship period: Before I move on to the next part I would like to make some remarks about the hardship periods. Why did I ~~accept to~~ cooperate after resisting in Jordan and in [REDACTED]? ① Obviously I cannot maintain the fight against so many people, who kept day after day using all kind of techniques to break me. No one could possibly bare bear agony forever. If the DoD is determined and careful, they could even make the strongest personality betray his clearest friends ② I am not the strongest somewhere in the middle I am ③ when the push comes to shove I knew I have done no crimes. So, at some point they are going to realize that fact no matter what statements I would make under torture ④ My religion doesn't ask to me take what I cannot. I think everybody understands that after ~~the~~ about three months of deprivation of sleep, nobody would be in his healthy state of mind. Not to mention the other thing I suffered during that period. ⑤ I personally read many stories about strong people who got broken under torture and I never blamed them. I only felt bad for what they had to go through. Some people die ~~without~~ before they got broken. But well here we are I didn't die, so I had to deal with my

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assailants. ² [REDACTED] For the first time U.S Army released the first letter ever. It was sent through ~~the~~ ICRC. My family wrote it on July 2003. It's been 815 days since I was kidnapped from my house and forcibly broke all contacts with my family. Although I ~~tried~~ had been sending so many letters to my family since I arrived in Cuba but with no avail. In Jordan I was forbidden to sending letter. The letter reads:

Nouakchott ² [REDACTED]

In the Name of God the most merciful
Peace be with you and God's mercy
From your mom ³ [REDACTED]

After my greeting I inform you of my wellbeing and that of the rest of your family. We hope you are the same way. My health situation is ok. I still keep up with my schedule with the doctors. I feel I am getting better. And the family is ok.

As I mentioned everybody sends this greeting to you. Beloved son! As to now we received three letters from you. And this is our second reply. Neighbors are well and they send their greetings. At the end of this letter I renew my greeting. Peace be with you. Your mom ³ [REDACTED]

I couldn't believe after all I have seen through that I was holding a letter coming from my mom. I smelled the odor of a letter that touched the hand of my mom and other members of my beloved family. Emotions were mixed in my heart. I didn't know what to do. Laughing

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or lying. ~~It~~ Ultimately I ended up doing both. I kept reading the short message over and over. I knew it was for real from my mom not like the fake ^{one} I got one year ago. The only problem I couldn't respond the letter b/c I was still then not allowed to see the ICRC.

was the one who handed me that historical piece of paper. The First Unofficial Laughter in the Ocean of Tears:

² [redacted] kept getting me English literature books I enjoyed reading, most of them were Western. But I remember still remember one book called The Catcher in The Rye that made me laugh until my stomach hurt. I was a funny book. I kept tried to keep my laughter as low as possible and pushing it down, but the guards felt something - "Are you crying?" asked me one of them - "No, I am alright!" I responded. And since interrogators are not professional comedians, most of the humour they, sometimes, come up with ~~with~~ a bunch of lame jokes that really didn't make me laugh, but I forced myself to always to an official smile. ² [redacted]

² [redacted] came on Sunday morning and waited outside the building. ³ [redacted] appeared before my cell ² [redacted]. I didn't recognize him. I thought he was a new interrogator. But he spoke I knew it was him. "Are ³ [redacted]" - "Don't worry. Your interrogator is waiting outside on you" - I was overwhelmed and terrified at the same time. It was too much for me. ³ [redacted] led me outside the building where ³ [redacted]

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³ [redacted] ² [redacted] were waiting outside. It was just not a familiar when I saw ³ [redacted] looking away from me, why that I see his face. You know if you deal with somebody for so long time from behind his face cover, that the way you know him ² [redacted]. But now if he ² [redacted] takes off the face cover you have to deal ~~too~~ with his features, and that is a completely different story, with which both sides have to deal. I could tell the guards were uncomfortable to show me their faces. ³ [redacted] put it bluntly. "If I catch you looking at me, I'm gonna hurt you" - "Don't you worry. I am not dying to see your face" - with times I built perception about the way everybody's look, but but imagination was far from the reality. ² [redacted] prepared a small table with a modest breakfast. I was scared as hell; for one, ³ [redacted] never took me outside the building ~~too~~, and for two I am not used to my guards' "new" faces. I tried to act casually but my shaking gave me away. "What's wrong with me you" ³ [redacted] asked "I am very nervous. I am not used to this environment" - "But I meant it for your good" ³ [redacted] said. It was on a Sunday - two days after I got my TV. ³ [redacted] is a very official person. If ³ [redacted] interrogates, she does it officially, and if ³ [redacted] eats with you, ³ [redacted] does it as a part of ³ [redacted] job, and that was cool. I was only waiting for the breakfast to be done, so I could go back to my cell brought me the movie King Henry V by Shakespeare. ² [redacted] may I watch the movie more than once. I am a fraud, I am not going to understand it right away?" - "Yes you can watch it as many times as you wish". When ³ [redacted] brought the TV

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³ [redacted] briefed the guards to let ^{me} watch the movie only once, and the party is over. "You are allowed to watch your movie only once. However, you may watch it as many times as you wish, as long as you don't tell your interrogator about it. We really don't care" said ³ [redacted]. "No, if ³ [redacted] said so, I am going to stick with it." ~~and~~ I am not gonna cheat". In fact, I didn't really want to mess with ~~it~~ a comfort item I had just gotten, so I chose to treat everything carefully. ² [redacted] strategy was correct as to his plan keeping the same guards and making them sort of making up with me. He could have changed the whole team but he chose not to.

³ [redacted] also realized that I was not exactly the man he was looking for. ^{1,2} [redacted] Water Diet is Over: ² [redacted] "Can I keep my water bottle in my cell, and drink whenever I choose to?" I asked "I see what I can do". I was just tired of the lack ~~in~~ of sleep. As soon as closed my eyes, the heavy metal door got opened and I had to drink another bottle of water. ~~It~~ So I tried with ² [redacted] even though I knew ³ [redacted] was not the right person to take the initiative ³ [redacted] had been following literally the orders of ³ [redacted]. ~~But~~ To my surprise, ³ [redacted] came the next day and ³ [redacted] briefed the guards about the water bottle belonging to my cell. You cannot imagine how happy I was b/c I could decide the time and the amount of water I shall drink. People now never have been in such situation cannot really appreciate the free will of drinking water whenever they want and how

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how much they want. JULY 2004 ~~a copy of Koran~~ I found a copy of The Holy Koran in The Laundry Box when I saw The Holy Koran ~~in~~ beneath the cloths I felt bad and I thought I had to steal it in order to saving it. Indeed I took the Koran into my cell. Nobody ever asked me why I did so, nor did I benevolently bring up the story of ^{the} Koran. Lately, the religious issue was very delicate. I was forbidden all kind of religious rituals. So, I figured a copy of Koran in my cell would not have made my interrogators too happy. Around this time many things happened, the Muslim chaplin was arrested with another Muslim soldier and charged with treason - Oh yes. TREASON, many Arabic and religious books were banned, English ~~teaching~~ Learning books were also banned. ³ I sort of understood religious books being banned " - but why English Learning books?" I asked ³ " Because Detainees pick up the Language quickly and understand the guards, " That is so Communist, ³ " I said. To this date I never received any Islamic Books, though I kept asking for them. It's just so funny b/c the books I asked for are history and tales books. All I could get was novels or animals books, and that's cool, but I'd like to read the kind of books I am used to. ² my ~~to~~ Prayer starts to be tolerated I had been gauging the tolerance toward the practice of my religion and the guards kept ~~let~~ stopping me from praying, ~~then~~ I didn't stop praying but I did it secretly. Every once in a while, I put the tolerance of the ^{2,3} under test, but this very day

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at end of July 2004 I performed my prayer under the surveillance of the ^{new} guards and nobody made any comment. So I took it for tolerating my religion. Thus a new era in my detention emerged. Guards' team change completely: ² [redacted] and his team left and a new Task Forces team was setup. The new job of the new team was different, they weren't supposed to be hostile toward me. I was happy with the new team, and as you shall see we had much more peaceful life together than the last team. Other brothers' stories: I think it would be unjust to them if I don't write about my other brothers who suffered ~~for~~ more or less torture. Many people tend to think that I suffered the most torture ~~relative~~ in GTMO. I don't know, but everything is relative, and things that may hurt me, may not hurt you and vice versa. But regardless, who suffered more than who, torture is a horrible crime that must not be tolerated. ¹ [redacted] is an [redacted] who converted to Islam and was captured in Af. [redacted] was my next for some time in [redacted] and he shared with me his story. [redacted] told me that he was ~~taken~~ imprisoned in a U.S. ship with [redacted]

According to [redacted] they were abused and beaten in the ship in order to coerce confessions from them. ² [redacted]

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I haven't met with him ⁴ in ² [REDACTED] b/c he was taken directly to the U.S. [REDACTED] told me that the former was harshly beaten in the ship ⁽³⁾ [REDACTED] is [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] over to U.S. Forces, who detained him in a ship for some time before they transferred him to AF and later on to Cuba. [REDACTED] recounted me his story when we both lived on [REDACTED]. According to him he was beaten severely and pushed against metal ~~and~~ objects until he confessed things he hasn't done. As evidence [REDACTED] took he T-shirt off and showed me his broken ribs and some scars in his ribcage ⁽⁴⁾ [REDACTED] is a [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] North on behalf of the Taliban. Although I and [REDACTED] lived on [REDACTED] for some time together but I never asked him about his story. He had been all the time reading the Koran and rarely conversed with anybody. However, [REDACTED] told me he was not spared from torture in the ship. ⁽⁵⁾ [REDACTED] I met [REDACTED] and I was very interested in his story b/c I used to see him on TV. [REDACTED] told me that he was captured in his domicile in PK and turned over to the Americans U.S. Forces, ignoring all International Customs and treaties that organize the treatment of diplomatic subjects. He told me that the Americans exposed him to the extreme cold weather in AF during winter 2000/2002 in

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order to break him ~~for~~ before the interrogation. [REDACTED] said that he almost froze to death^{and} lost the ability of talk for some time. [REDACTED] said that one U.S soldier forced him Kandahar to interrupt the former's prayer and put his dirty boots on [REDACTED] head. (6) [REDACTED]

~~PK~~ If the PK gov't captured an individual during the war, there were two possibility, either the U.S knew of the capture and the person got turned over to the U.S Forces immediately, or if the U.S didn't know yet the ~~PK~~ Pakistanis ~~gave~~ noticed the country from which the detainee comes and gave them chance to rescue their citizens.

And that exactly what happened to [REDACTED]. He was captured with [REDACTED] while on their way from Quetta to Karachi. PK authorities informed both the [REDACTED], and both came to the jail. [REDACTED] had the

[REDACTED] young men immediately released, and ultimately "smuggled" them to [REDACTED]. The [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] checked on [REDACTED] and said that he had no interest in him. Maybe he didn't like his face, or he was not. [REDACTED] was not white enough. ~~How~~ [REDACTED] begged" his diplomat to relieve them but with no "avail. However, to his everlasting shame At the [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] let down his fellow citizen and exposed him to the randomness of U.S Forces Justice. [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] where he suffered unbearable torture to making him confess. [REDACTED] recruited me his

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his story, and I ~~had~~ saw him several times collapsing in the ~~to~~ his cell and bleeding heavily through his nose, as one of the consequences of his torture.

After several months ~~at~~ ^{at} the same time when I was in Jordan) he was turned back to U.S. Forces who transferred ^{him} to GTMO.

was released lately is sent to Australia. Just look at how much injustice did this guy suffered who, according to the U.S. govt itself is innocent.

The young Iraqi Entrepreneur: ~~is a~~ ^{is} another Young Pakistani entrepreneur who was captured

~~where~~ ^{had} he spent several months before ~~gave~~ ^{gave} him back to the U.S. who held him in Bagram and later on sent him to Cuba. ~~told~~ ^{told} me that he didn't suffer any torture anywhere. However, he told me that maybe through him - the U.S. captured a ~~friend~~ ^{friend} or Iraqi friend of his in Indonesia, brought him to Bagram prison, and tortured him until he confessed of having helped AQ with money. "I had my heart broken b/c I couldn't rest b/c of his sighs. The Americans asked me to talk ~~to~~ ^{to} him in order to get him confessing b/c they also got tired of him. They took me to his cell and what a sight, they kept hanging him from his hands and ~~sent~~ ^{sent} him doing other things with him." ~~continued~~ ^{continued}, "when I entered he was weeping" - "brother tell those people what they wanted." I told him " ~~said~~ ^{said}. "After that the Iraqi man confessed, and the Americans immediately took him to a secret place" ~~continued~~ ^{continued}.

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⑧ [REDACTED] He was of one of [REDACTED] night club attendants. I had been seeing him day after day taken from [REDACTED] and spending the night with [REDACTED] depriving him from sleeping in the dark room with loud music and devilish pictures. Moreover, he was forbidden to pray. [REDACTED] recounted us this story while on [REDACTED]. By then, I haven't yet gotten the receipt. I don't know for how long did [REDACTED] and the rest of his team worked on [REDACTED].

⑨ The latter was wondering what to do if interrogator forbids you to pray, and Saber from Algeria advised him to pray in his heart and the blame will be on his interrogator. I liked the idea but I didn't know that I was going to need this method just a couple months later.

⑩ [REDACTED] a young man from [REDACTED] captured in AF or PK I am not sure. [REDACTED] was a member of the Night Club for certain time (Jan/Feb) and maybe more. He was deprived from night sleep and physically abused according to him. His religion wasn't spared either. I heard him recounting his story several times to the brothers when we lived on the same block - [REDACTED].

[REDACTED] was working with the Alliance against the Taliban, and when the U.S. invaded AF he started to work with them. However, when he was done with the job, the Americans suspected him of conspiring against them, thus they arrested him, tortured him and sent him to Bagram, and sent him to GTMO. [REDACTED] was my next neighbor in [REDACTED] and recounted me his story. According to him, the Americans hang him with

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chains from his hands for days, and didn't even allow him to take care of his own private business. [REDACTED] did his private business in his clothes while hanging. His work with the ~~the~~ U.S. didn't vouch for him, and he had the right to be as miserable as everybody else. (11)

[REDACTED] I ~~never~~ mentioned the story of this poor teenager before when he experienced the Wrath of [REDACTED]

(12) [REDACTED] A [REDACTED] who is suspected to be a part of Sep 11. I met with ~~the~~ some detainees who were captured with [REDACTED] and they unannouncedly confirmed that he was tortured painfully. They couldn't see him b/c he was segregated but his cries and sighs never stopped until the Americans transferred him to a secret location.

[REDACTED] recounted me the whole story, when we lived on [REDACTED] who are suspected of being members of UBL Bodyguards. I don't know how many of them were tortured, nor do I know the extent of their mistreatment, but it was a common knowledge in the camps that [REDACTED] and his assoc. ~~took~~ had been taking good care of them. (14) Beside that there many other detainees who talked me about their bad experience such as [REDACTED] who spent one month in the Jail of Dar Kness, and made standing for one complete month.

were exposed to the cold chamber in GTMO more than

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once. [REDACTED] told me that he was tortured with [REDACTED] and other brothers I don't recall the names in Ken' dahar. Since I am not investigating whom the American abused, I think I have given enough examples for the readers to make a picture of the situation. Did Really The Leader of The "Free Word" - The U.S. - tortured detainees? Or, is it just part of the conspiracy to present The U.S. in a horrible way, so the Rest of the world hates it? I don't know how to treat this subject. I have only written what I experienced, what I saw, and what I learned first hand from different sources. I haven't tried to exaggerate or understate. I have tried to be as fair as possible; to The U.S. govt, to my brothers, and to myself. However, I don't expect people who don't know me to believe me, but I expect them, at least, to give me the benefit of doubt. I also expect the public opinion to compell the U.S. govt to open the file of investigation against torture and war crim exif' Ameri' cans are willing to stand for what they believe in. Furthermore, I am more than confident that I can prove every single thing I have written in this book, when given opportunity to call my witnesses, in a proper judicial procedure, without giving the Military personnel the advantage of straighten their lies and destroy evidences against themselves.

② The involument of the U.S. govt in torture during the Global War against terrorism was so overwhelming that it should be a common knowledge. There are just

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too many evidences ③ The case in Iraq shocked, not only, the free world, but the whole world ④ America had been sending detainees to countries who use torture to facilitate interrogation. I personally was sent to Jordan, [REDACTED]

Beside that American officials informed that they were sending "very bad" people to Algeria to disappearance ⑤ America admittedly denies Terror suspects access to any Due Process of Law, and gives itself the right to detain people indefinitely just b/c they believe they might be involved. How unjust!

⑥ America didn't torture everybody they detained. They carefully compiled the list of people who must spit out information ⑦ After that, the gov't tries with peaceful means to coerce information, but if nothing works, Americans use torture in order "to defend freedom" ⑧ In dictatorship countries, the procedure is very similar, but And the US used the experience and know-how of its allies, such as

Egypt and Jordan. ⑨ in order to bolster my statement, the ICC can be asked and whenever they say, they were denied access to a detainee, that means something was going wrong with him ⑩ Human being naturally hate to torture other human beings, and so are the Americans. Many soldiers were doing the job reluctantly and became very happy when they ordered to stop it. Of course, there are sick people every where in the world who enjoy seeing other

people suffering. ⑪ Human being make use of

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torture when they get confused and chaotic. And, the Americans most certainly got confused, revengeful and chaotic after the attack of 9/11. (12) Canadian ~~Law~~ Supreme Court found that the U.S. gov't is acting illegally toward Detainees of in GTMO and ruled that Canadian Interrogators should not be allowed to interview GTMO Detainees. (13) Amnesty International has some reports that accuse the U.S. of grossly having injured Humanrights during the Global War against Terrorism. American Democracy under The Crush Test Has it Survived? Americans can be proud of having established the first Democracy in 1771 after thousands of years of the Greece's Democratic system. Although, I don't directly agree with certain things in the whole Western Democracy, but I believe it to be the best system designed by Mankind to govern themselves. So far so good. However, after the breakdown of Soviet Union, the U.S. stepwisely turned its back to the principles upon which the Country was based. After the Desert Storm and the New World Order, the U.S. gov't started to get greedy and seem as it is willing to devour the whole world alive. US has been relentlessly dictating to other countries what to do after the break down of the Soviet. I personally don't have any reason to like the Communist Regime, and I was sort of happy when the Communism was defeated. However, I was too young to foresee the devastating side effects. ~~Having one the same~~ Although, the Communist system was mistreating the will of the public and kept them mouths shut, it had

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been holding the balance. Having just one country controlling the world, dictating the politics, allowing itself everything while forbidding it to other countries is just not OK. Especially with the globalisation, it seems as if the whole world is one dictatorship country led by the dictator U.S. In order to make things clear, check out the following examples: ① U.S. has ^{been} repeatedly refusing to sign any convention in favour of the environment ② U.S. has ^{been} repeatedly refusing to sign any convention that aim to free the world from Mass Destruction weapons ③ U.S. gov't has all kind of ~~NGOs~~ NGOs that are working on behalf of Human Rights ④ The U.S. gov't has been sustaining the dictators, especially in the Arabic World. U.S. gov't deliberately has been helping war criminals who oppress their own people. ~~US~~ US Delta Forces served as Bodyguards for the former MR President Taya when he felt threatened by the public wrath. US tried to hood him but with no avail. ⑤ U.S. gov't has been trying to break down any National initiative that aimed to free the country from dictatorship. From some reason the US political discourse contradicts the practice in the Middle East and other Arabic countries. In fact any idea that could lead to the freedom in the Arabic countries must be uprooted. The only half-way free TV in the Arabic World is AL Jazeera and US gov't hates it. "Fuck AL Jazeera it's very bias." Keep interrogators saying. No wonder AL Jazeera correspondent ~~Sar~~ Sar in [redacted] was arrested and detained in GITMO. I happened to meet with him in [redacted] and get

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to know him. All I can tell that he was a gentleman. I personally watch TV and the official TVs just bother the hell out of me. The only Arabic TV I can watch was Al-Jazeera. Some Western TV European are alright but they portray Islam some times, in a bad way. (6) The aforementioned reasons contributed mightily in the hatred toward Americans, not only the Muslims, even their allies in Europe hate them. I have been watching European TVs I know what they think about Americans. And I can tell you rightaway the picture is negative. And many Americans are like, "Why do other countries hate us. We feed them, and help them?" Well, in fact, people don't hate the American citizens but they do hate the politic of the US gov't (7) American gov't is not interested in changing the dictatorships with Democratic elected gov't. How could US gov't possibly interested in having (A) Egypt as a free country, when they send Terror suspects to them to be tortured - Torture cannot be tolerated in a free Democratic country (B) Jordan as a Democratic country, when Jordan helps extracting information from detainees to help the US "fighting" against Terrorism (C) MR as a Democratic country, when the U.S can use the country as a forest where they can arrest and kidnap anybody they want without any legal formalities (8) U.S gov't has a big problem with its Democratic allies, such as Germany and Canada who always ask for "damn" evidences,

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which the us doesn't have. When the German Court in Hamburg sentenced [REDACTED] for seven years as a sepi1 suspect, the interrogators went crazy: "What the fuck is this sentence". American are used to draconic sentences one hundred and two hundred years. When you steal a TV in the US you get sex or seven years. The funny things us govt wanted life sentence for [REDACTED] but they didn't provide any evidence about him when the Germans asked them to. I always explained to the Americans that the Europeans are not impressed by the U.S Justice system b/c the crime rates in the U.S are way higher than Europe. In Germany life sentence is for seven years in some states and that is the highest a person can get. Under these circumstances U.S govt will's never be satisfied. Besides, European would not expose their citizens to the American mercy. ⑧ Under these circumstances why should be the U.S govt interested in having more humane Democratic allies. SEP 11 - New America: Crisis always brings both the best and the worst from people. After the attack of Sep 11 the U.S put both Declaration of Independence and the Constitution out of practice ① Anybody can Any Muslim can be arrested and incarcerated without indefinitely without trial ② Torture was widely practiced and tolerated ③ US President blessed the operation as a crusade war ④ People were arrested based on the masquerade called "secret evidence". I don't care what people think about National security,

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but Secret evidence is ~~bullshit~~ for ① USA is the only country who uses Secret evidence ② Everybody should have the right to know why he is arrested in order to be given the opportunity to defend himself ③ Well, if you arrest me and say - well you fucked up but I can't tell you why? that is against the most basic Human Rights ④ Communist system oppressed the people in the name of National Security ⑤ Secret Evidence is the declaration of the bankruptcy of the Justice system. ⑥ I believe that Secret Evidence is against the Constitution of the U.S. see Amendment V ⑦ The U.S. govt owes U.S. citizens transparency and Secret Evidences are not a transparent process. ~~Conclusion:~~ I deliberately am not giving any judgement as to whether or not the American Democracy has passed the Crash Test it was subject to. I am leaving this judgement for the reader. However it seems to me as if all the values written in the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of The United States are not talking about all Human beings. They rather talk about White Christians ⑧ for ① During The American Revolution slavery was an integral part of the society, even the most anticipated people owned slaves. Slaves were not regarded as human beings who ~~deserve~~ don't deserve the basic rights of life, Liberty, and the pursuit of happiness ② on the other hand there were the natives, who were regarded as savages who must be assimilated in order for them to enjoy the Rights

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reserved for the white civilized people. Americans were fighting to get their freedom while stealing somebody else's freedom. That's terrible isn't it? (3) many would argue; "Oh, but that was some 240 years ago", and it's correct. But now the U.S. gov't is saying that you only deserve human rights, if you are American. Otherwise, you are subject to the mood and mercy of the U.S. president, he entitles himself to do whatever suits him. It is just a crooked way to say: "You don't deserve human rights if you are a Muslim". At least two hundred-forty years ago, ~~people~~ white people were genuine and honest.

(... to be continued)

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² [redacted] and the others
² [redacted] I don't know
 his real name, but he introduced himself as a ³ [redacted] is

[redacted]
 rather humbled. When he took over after ² [redacted]
³ [redacted] his team kept from secret from me, and for
 certain time tried to make me believe the ³ [redacted] was
 still in charge. I don't know exactly the reason, but most
 likely, they thought that I would be less cooperative,
 when somebody other than ³ [redacted] had to take over.
 But they were wrong, I was interested more than anybody in
 the Intel Community to bring my case into light. I had
 only problem at the begin, not because I am a criminal.
 No, but b/c I was afraid that my cooperation with them
 would ~~bolster~~ make them stick more to their wild
 theories about me. But I said, 'screw it!', when the
 push comes to shove. I have done nothing, so why not
 explain to them. Anyway, ² [redacted] was counseled to
 work on my case from behind the scene, which he did for
 certain time, after which he came to me, introduced
 himself. But before he ~~came~~ had come to see me, I knew
 there was a new boss other than ³ [redacted] I had no problem
 with ² [redacted]. He tried in the realm of his power
 to make my life in custody as easy as possible. I asked
 him to end my segregation and let me see other detainees
 and he successfully tried and organized several meetings

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between me and [REDACTED], mainly to eat together and play chess. [REDACTED] was not my first choice but it was not up to me with whom I could meet, besides, I was just dying to see some other detainee I could relate to. I saw [REDACTED] the first time in [REDACTED] by then he was mentally sick. To me, he was completely out of his mind. Some interrogator claimed that he was playing a game, I really don't know whom to believe, but I didn't really care too much. In early summer [REDACTED] They moved [REDACTED] next to my hut, and we were allowed to see each other during recreation. [REDACTED] is on the older side, he's about [REDACTED] old. The things about detainees being together has a drawback, especially if you know the detainee only from the camp. We, detainees are skeptical about each other. But I was very relaxed in that regard b/c I really don't have anything to hide. "Did they tell you to gather intel from me?" he asked me once, but I was not chocked b/c I assumed the same about him, "[REDACTED] relax and just assume that I am only here to spy on you, and just keep your mouth shut, and don't speak about anything you're not comfortable to speak about." I told him - "You have no secret?" he word. "No, I don't and I allow you to provide anything you may know about me." I said. [REDACTED] doesn't seem to have ~~not~~ passed the detention's check sanely. He suffer from Paranoia, Amnesia, depression, beside other mental problem. But I am dying to have company, and he's a sort of one. The only guy, in [REDACTED] Team, who gave me problem was [REDACTED]. He threatened sort of threatened me shortly before he left, "We trusted you, and respected you

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And now you're playing games. When ^{you} I'm ready to tell the truth let the guards "call me". I was both chocked and scared. For one, [REDACTED] never be that offensive to me, he was treating me well, and for two, ~~be~~ it's been long that he never interrogated me nor did he really know my case in detail as [REDACTED] did, and for three, there was no reason to threaten me. But besides, this unique case, I haven't had any problem, since [REDACTED] took over. Nor am I interested in having problem. I personally spoke to Gen. Hood and thanked him for some changes he were carrying on in order to relieve the situation of the brothers. Is that enough? No it is not, but the problem is bigger than [REDACTED] himself. We have problem with the US president G. W. Bush ~~is~~ being an extremist who's ~~is~~ incarcerating us without Due Process of Law. I am very positive about any steps that lead to the solution of our problem, and improve our lifestyle in the prison. Many of my brothers are loosing their minds, especially the younger detainees due to the conditions of detention. While writing these words many brothers are hunger-striking and are determined to carry on, no matter what. I am very worried about these brothers whom I helplessly watch, practically dying, and for sure, are going to suffer irreparable damages, even if they decide to eat after having made a point. It is not the first that we strike. I personally participated in the ~~stark~~ hunger-strike on Sep 2002 but the gov't doesn't seem to be impressed. But brothers keep striking for the same new, and old issue resolving our problem.

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But there seem to be no solution in the air. The govt has the US forces in GTMO and expect them to pull magic solutions up to their sleeves. US forces in GTMO understand more than anybody ~~Birocrat~~ Bureaucrat in D.C. the situation in GTMO and know that the only radical solution is, for the govt to be forth coming, and release the people. By the way,

~~_____~~ possesses the hunger-strike record, when he hunger-struck for ninety consecutive days in early 2002, when one of the guards mistreated ~~the holder~~.

The team
actor

① Intero.

~~_____~~ I do remember the first August-day when ~~_____~~ urged through smiling and greeted me "Salamu Alaikum" ~~and~~ "Waalaikum As-salam! Tetkallami Arabi-Do you speak Arabic?" I answered her greeting and wondered whether ~~_____~~ spoke Arabic. "I, don't". In fact ~~_____~~ had said already all Arabic ~~_____~~ know, namely - "The Greeting - Peace upon you - Assalamu. Alaikum. ~~_____~~ and I started to talk as if we knew each other for years. ~~_____~~ studied Biology and joined ~~_____~~ recently as Enlisted person, most likely in order to pay net credit college credit. Many Americans do. ~~The~~ College Education in the US is sinfully high. "I am going to help you start you garden" said. Long time ago, I asked the interrogators to get me some seeds in order be able to experiment around, and maybe succeed in ~~having~~ growing some in the aggr-

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essive soil of GTMO. "I have experience in gardening" ² continued - "Oh great". Indeed, ³ seemed to have experience and ³ helped me to grow different things, such as Sunflower, Basil, sage, Parsely, Cilantro, and things of that nature. But as helpful as ³ was, I kept giving ² hard time about one single bad experience ² made me do. "I have problem with crickets that keeps destroy my garden" I complained. "Take some soap and put it in water and keep spray it lightly on the plants every day!" ³ suggested. And I blindly followed ³ advice. However, I remarked that my plants were growing unhappy, and sort of sick. Thus, I decided to spray only the half of the plants with deluded soap and watch the results. It didn't take long to see the soap was responsible for the bad effects, thus, I stopped completely the story of soap. After that I kept telling ³: "I know what you studied! You studied how to kill plants with deluded soap!" - "Shut up! You just didn't do it right" - "Whatever" ³ introduced ³ to me and since then ³ took my case in hand entirely. For some reason, the ^{2,3} thought that I would disrespect ³ and were skeptical as to whether or not ³ was the right choice. But they had no reason to. ³ treated me as if I were ³ brother, and I did as if ³ were my sister. Of course, some might say that all that interrogators' stuff is a trick to lure detainees to provide them information. So, they can be friendly, sociable, humane, generous, sensitive but still they are evil and ingenuine about every thing. I mean there is a good reason to doubt the integrity of interrogators,

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if only due to the nature of interrogators job. ~~However~~ The ultimate job of an interrogator is to get Intel from his target, the nastier the better. However, interrogators are human beings with feelings and emotions. ~~And~~ There are all kind of interrogators good, bad, and ~~medium~~ in-between. Besides, here in GTMO Bay everything is different, I personally have been ~~interrogated~~ uninterruptedly interrogated since Jan 2000, and am sort of ~~get~~ used to it. In GTMO, the U.S. gov't assigns ~~at~~ a team of interrogators who stick with you almost on daily basis for some time, of which they leave and get relieved with a new team, in a never ending routine. So, whether you like it or not, you have to live with your interrogators, and try to make the best out of your life. Furthermore, I deal with everybody according to what he shows me, and not what he could be hiding. With this motto I approach everybody, including my interrogators. Afraid of vs. Afraid from: Since I have had a formal education in the English language, I need and still do a lot of help to honing my language skills.

had been working hard ~~on my~~ especially on my pronunciation. When it comes to spelling, English is a terrible language. I don't know any other language that ~~write~~ write "Colonel", and pronounce it "Kernel". Even the native of the language have tremendous problem with the consistency of the sounds and the corresponding letter combination. Prepositions in English don't make any sense, you have just to memorize them. I remember keeping saying I am afraid from and of. I am sure I had been driving ~~_____~~ jumping and

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² [redacted] crazy. My problem is that I have been picking the language from the "wrong" people; namely U.S. forces recruits who speak grammatically incorrect. So, I need somebody to let away the incorrect language from me and replace it with the correct one. Maybe you can teach an old dog new tricks, and that exactly what ³ [redacted] duly tried to do with me. I think ³ [redacted] was successful, even though I gave ³ [redacted] hard time b/c sometimes, ³ [redacted] forgot that ³ [redacted] was around me and said something like "Amana use the bathroom", and I went - "Oh, is Amana one of the words I missed" wryly - "Don't even go there!" ³ [redacted] would say. ³ [redacted] taught me the way Americans speak English, "But British people say so and so" - "you are not British" ³ [redacted] would say - "I am just saying that there are different ways to pronounce it" I answer would answer. However, ³ [redacted] failed to give me the Grammar Rules to follow b/c that is the only way I can learn. Being a native ³ [redacted] has the feeling for the language, which I haven't. Beside ³ [redacted] mother-tongue, ³ [redacted] speaks Russian and proposed ~~me~~ to teach me, I was eager but ³ [redacted] didn't have enough time, and with time I lost the passion. A person as lazy as myself, wouldn't learn a new language unless he has to. ³ [redacted] was dying to learn Arabic but ³ [redacted] didn't have time either. ³ [redacted] job keep ³ [redacted] busy day and night. ³ [redacted] Junk in the Trunk It may sound ~~to~~ crazy, but I am very picky in my food, as a matter of fact I am too picky that I always have been a problem for both my mom and my ex wife. ~~SECRET//NOFORN~~ No matter how hard they tried I always had a

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reason not to eat my meal, and that is exactly the reason why I have been always skinny, maybe too skinny. I know some of my friends who let out their frustration by eating a lot of food, I am exactly the opposite, if I have a problem I cannot eat. When I turned myself in, the prison diet didn't suit me at all, though I knew I had to eat something to stay alive, and I had been doing the bare minimum. In Jordanian prison, I looked like a living skeleton because I had big problem to eat when I am scared, and even if I do I have no nutritional value out of it. In GTMO the diet was not first choice, as a matter of fact, Jordanian diet was better. Oh, God the U.S MREs are just not eatable, especially before the Army gave them to us the ~~sed~~ ^{to} ~~had~~ taken all the good things, heater, spices, tea, coffee. As to my health situation, it was way better than in Jordan but I was still underweight, vulnerable, and most of the time sick. As days went by, my situation decidedly worsened. Sometimes, the escorting team led me past the wall mirror, and I ~~got~~ ^{used} to get terrorized, when I saw my face. It was very pitiful sight. Although, the diet kept getting better and better in the camp but I couldn't profit from it. For one, I was put for long time on a special torture diet (cold food, no time to eat, ...), and for two, even after having gotten access to regular detainees' meals I didn't like them. I didn't complain either. I just kept throwing ~~my~~ my meals, for the most part, in the garbage. "Why don't you eat?" the guards always asked. "I am not hungry" I used to reply. So, Back to the subject, my interrogator . . . Just

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happened to witness one time when I got my lunch served. "May I check your meal?" "Yeah, Sure". "What the hell, do you they serve you? That is garbage" said [redacted] while checking my meal. "No, it's okay. I don't like speaking about food" and I really don't. "Look if it is ok for you, it's not ok in my standards, ~~any~~ we got to change your diet" [redacted] said. And nothing shorter than a miracle, [redacted] managed in a relatively short time to organize me an adequate diet, which decidedly improved my health situation. Thank you [redacted] for every positive thing you've done to help me or any other brother in the camp. Speaking of food, [redacted] is a Vegetarian. Can you believe that? A Republican [redacted] is a Vegetarian! Man, Republicans are Canibals that was one of the things ~~that~~ that remain mysterious about [redacted] personality. Maybe, [redacted] is only Rep because [redacted] wants to keep [redacted] job b/c It didn't make sense to me that a person as environment conscious as [redacted], would vote Rep, unless for damn good reason. Beside environment, all [redacted] talk is Rep "Fuck the French! Fuck Al-jazeera! I hate CNN! I hate Bill Clinton..." in a long list of hated people, countries, and media organizations. I was chocked as to how Partisan the Americans are. When G.W. Bush won the second term in late 2004, interrogators in GTMO got drunk and were very happy. Even though, I am not supposed to know the current events, [redacted] was so excited that [redacted] shared with me the news. The [redacted]

I am very interested in learning of the religions, especially

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Christianity b/c I found myself facing this so-called Crusade War. In Jordan, they offered me a Bible in Arabic, which I read several times and tried to make sense of it. The Jordanians are supposedly Muslims for the most part thus I didn't anybody to discuss the religious issues with, even though the Jordanian ~~keep~~ guards kept illegally talking to me about all kind of stuff. In Jordan, Prison Guards have the right to be as miserable as everybody else. Anyway, turned to be a religious person when measured at American standards. I was very excited to having somebody I can learn from.

"Can you get me a Bible?" "I ask and if I can". Indeed, got me ~~my~~ own Bible - special Edition. Lately, religious issues got very delicate. Americans are trying to avoid any unnecessary damaging of their image, which is already suffering. So, they don't pose as missionaries who are trying to convert the detainees.

"According to your religion, what is the way to heaven?" I asked "You take Christ as your savior, and believe that he died for your sins" - "I do believe in Christ as one of the greatest prophets, but I don't believe that he died for my sins. I don't make sense to me. I should save my fate on my own, by doing the right things" I replied - "That is not enough to be saved" - "So, where am I going, after the death" I wondered - "According to my religion you go to hell" I laughed wholeheartedly I told "that is very sad, I pray every day and ask God for forgiveness. Honestly I worship God much more than you do. As a matter of fact, you see that I am not

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very successful in this worldly life. So, my only hope is in the after life". [redacted] was both angry and ashamed. Angry b/c I laughed at [redacted] statement, and ashamed b/c [redacted] couldn't find a way to saving me. "I am not gonna lie to you b/c that what my religion says" [redacted] said, "No, I really don't any problem with that. You can cook you soup as you please. I am not angry that you sent me to hell". "What about the Islamic Belief, do I go to heaven?" - "Islam is a complete different story. In order to go to heaven, you have to accept the natural successor of Christ- Mohamed, and be a good Muslim, and since you reject Mohamed you don't go to Heaven". I honestly answered. [redacted] was relieved b/c I also sent [redacted] to the hell. "So, let both of us go to the Hell and meet over there" [redacted] said - "I am not willing to go to hell. Although I am an admitted sinner, I ask God for forgiveness". Whenever, we had time, we discussed about Religion and took Bible and Koran to show each other what the Books say. "Would you marry a muslim?" - "Never" [redacted] replied. I smiled. "I personally don't have to marry a christian women as long as doesn't have anything against my religion" - "Do you try to convert me?" [redacted] emotionally asked. "Yes, I do" - "Never I will never, never, never be a Muslim" I laughed. "Why are you so offended about it b/c you sort of trying to convert me, and I don't feel offended, since that what you believe in" I continued. "Would you marry a Catholic" [redacted] - "Yes, I would" - "But I don't understand, it says in the Bible that you cannot marry after a divorce. So, you are a potential sinner". [redacted] was completely

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offended, when I showed [redacted] the verses in the Bible, "I don't even go there, and if you don't mind change the topic" I was chocked and smiled a dry smile, "oh, ok! I am sorry about talking about that". For that day we stopped talking about religion. Just enough to taking a break for the next days and resume the dialogue.

I really don't understand the Trinity doctrine, the more I look into it, the more I get confused" [redacted] "We have the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit, three things that makes represent The Being God" - "Hold on! Break it down for me. God is Father the father of Christ, isn't he?" "yes!" - "Biological father?" I asked "No" - "Why then do you call him Father? I mean if you're saying that God is our father, in the sense that He takes care of us I have no problem" I commented, "yes that's correct" [redacted] said - "So, there is no point in calling Jesus 'son of God'" [redacted] "But he said so in the Bible" [redacted] said - "But [redacted] I don't believe in the 100% accuracy of the Bible" - "Anyway, Jesus is God" [redacted] "Oh, is Jesus God or Son of God" [redacted] "Both!" [redacted] answered - "You don't make any sense, do you?" - "La I really don't understand, I have to research and ask an expert" - "Fair enough" [redacted] ^{The Trinity by} I said "But how can you believe in something you don't understand?" I continued "I understand but I cannot explain" [redacted] lied.

"Let's move on and hit another topic. According to your religion I seem to be doomed anyway. But what about the black men in Africa who never got the chance to

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know Jesus Christ" I asked. "They are not saved" - "But what did they do wrong?" - "I don't agree that they should suffer but that ~~how the~~ what my religion says". "Fair enough" - "But how about Islam?" [redacted] asked. "In Koran it says that God doesn't punish unless he sends messenger to teach people". [redacted]

[redacted] is one those guys who like the first time you meet.

[redacted] He is more of a lover than a hater. [redacted] are good friends and he was fighting to be for the better man to solve condition. [redacted] introduced him to me as a friend, and [redacted] to help [redacted] answer my thirst for information about christianity. Although I enjoyed getting to know [redacted] but he didn't help me understanding the Trinity. He confused me even more, and my lot with him was not better, he sent me to hell. [redacted] ended up arguing with [redacted] b/c they had some differences in their beliefs although both are protestant. I realized that they will not help me understand, thus I dismissed the topic for good, and we started to talk about other issues. The Romantic Arab in Me It's very funny how false the picture the western people have about Arabs; savage, violent, insensitive, and cold-hearted. And I can tell with confidence that Arabs are peaceful,

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sensitive, civilized, and big Lovers, among other qualities, you guys claim that we are violent, but if you listen to the Arabic Music or read Arabic poetry is all about love. On the other hand, American music is about violence and hatred, for the most part". During my time with [redacted] many pieces of poems went through the table. I haven't kept any copies, [redacted] has all the poems. [redacted] also gave me [redacted] Divan small Divan. [redacted] is very surrealistic, and I am terrible when it comes to surrealism. I hardly understood anything of her Divan. One of my poems goes

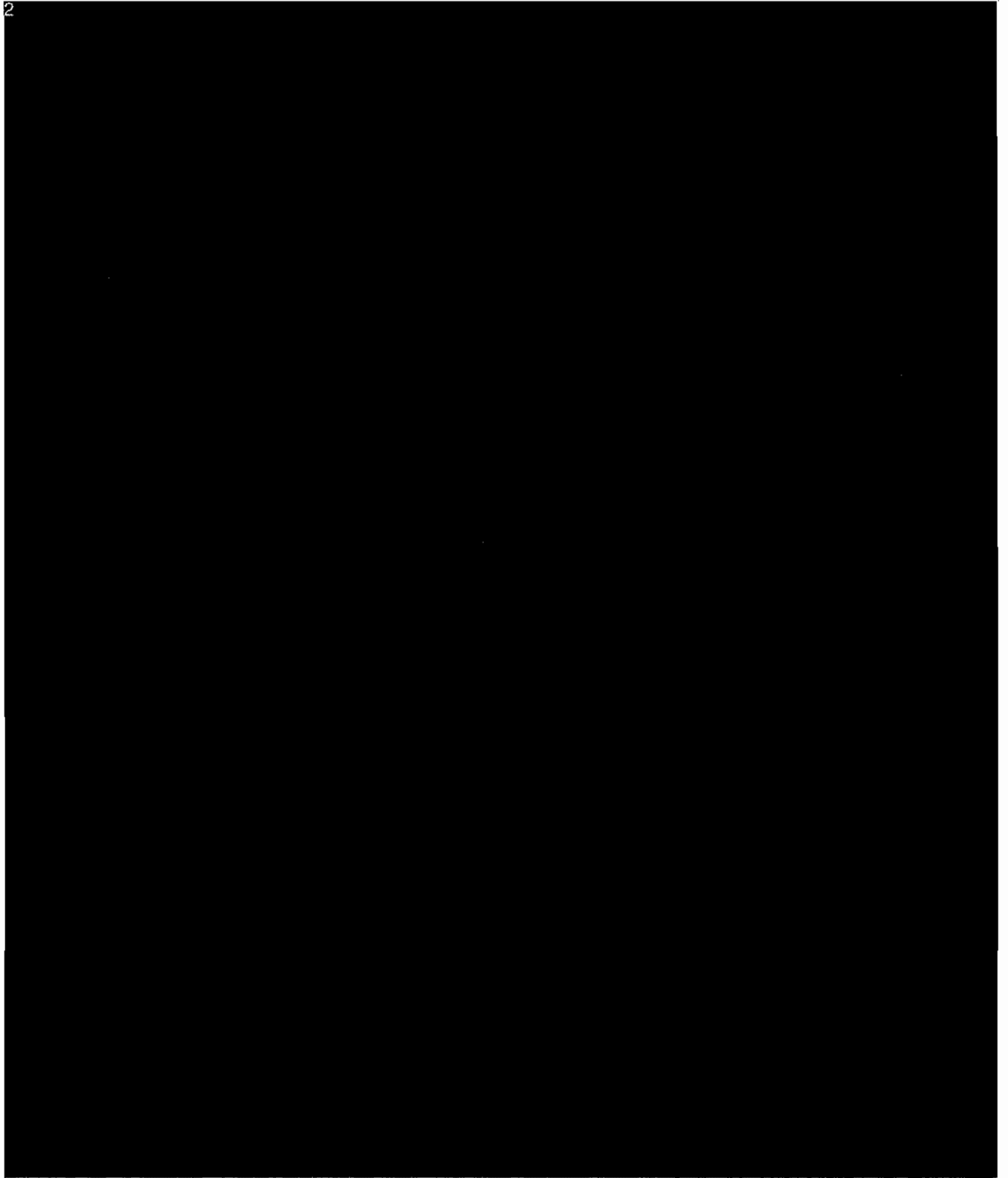
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By Salahi GI MO

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I Never Accept Defeat states the U.S. Soldier's Creed among other things, such as, 'I serve the Greatest Country in the World'. [redacted] like, most of the U.S. Soldiers I met, doesn't accept defeat. This Creed is unrealistic b/c defeat is part of life, and if you don't accept it, you just stick your head in sand and think nobody sees you, like the ostrich.

[redacted] loves Chess, and [redacted] but [redacted] got very nervous when [redacted] started to play a game b/c [redacted] didn't want to lose, and that was wrong. In chess literature you should play good moves without putting yourself under the pressure of winning. [redacted] wanted to learn chess and [redacted] did make decisive steps, as a matter [redacted] is eager to learn everything. "Did you let me win?" [redacted] asked me. [redacted] once after [redacted] won a game we played. [redacted] was both excited and [redacted] angry. "Come on [redacted] How could I have?" I vaguely responded.

After that [redacted] was overwhelmed with happiness, [redacted] even copied the position of the board and the moves and put them on the wall for everybody to see. I was happier when [redacted] won b/c of the excitement showed. In fact I was sad, when I won. I like the harassment I had to live with, what the guards kept telling me "you got beaten [redacted]". For me it was no problem, but obviously American people men have big problems to being bested [redacted]. Although America is supposedly an anticipated country, it is in reality a men society. American women have no presence in virtually no presence in the political life, or any government job that require a high level of responsibility and security. American

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men don't forgive women mischiefs but women do. Most men believe their superiority over women. Comments like "You got the job only b/c you have big tittis or big back ... or b/c you look pretty ... or b/c you're sleeping with the boss". American women are, in this regard, persecuted. But surprisingly many women in America see in the man a protector; they like the type of Do-you-want-to-start-one. As a reaction ~~man~~ other American women want always to emphasize that they need no protector. In short, Americans are still ~~way~~ by far more conservative than Europeans when it comes to Women's Rights and Emancipation. In order to be something, an American woman has to do more than her brother. In south the situation is reportedly worse

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I kept refusing to talk about that line, which ~~8~~ understood and respected my point of view ~~2~~ I didn't want to talk for one, I was afraid of retaliation, and for two, I was skeptical about the readiness of the gov't to deal with it appropriately, and for three, ~~for religious~~ the Islamic Religion suggest that it is better to bring your complaints to God rather than disclosing them to human beings. None-theless ~~3~~ kept trying to persuade me patiently and prud-

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ently. After ~~contemplated~~ Furthermore explained to me that ³ must report any misbehaviour of ³ colleagues to ² superiors. After ~~to~~ thoroughly contemplating the options, I decided to talk to ³. When ³ heard my account, ³ brought ³ ² who interrogated me about the issue after having sent the guards away. ² prudently wanted ~~to~~ to avoid any possible leak and spread of the story. I have no idea what happened after that, but I think there is sort of an internal investigation in DoD b/c I was asked some questions about my story in a later time. "You are a very courageous guy!" ³ sed to tell me in relation with my story "I don't think so! ~~But~~ I rather enjoy peace. But I surely know that people who torture helpless detainees are cowards." ²

20 took a leave for three weeks to Montreal / Canada. "I'm gonna to take a leave to Montreal with a ² friends of mine. Tell me about Montreal." I provided with everything I know about Montreal, though very little. So far so good. When ³ was back ³ hardly changed ³ travel cloths before ² came to see ³ was genuinely very

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excited to see me again, and so was I. [redacted] said that [redacted] enjoyed [redacted] time in Canada and that everything was alright. But [redacted] was probably happier to be in GTMO. [redacted] was tired of the trip. [redacted] stayed only for short time to check on me and off [redacted] went. I went back to my cell and wrote [redacted] the following letter: "Hi, [redacted] I know you were in Canada. [redacted]

[redacted] I haven't asked you. But I don't appreciate somebody lying to me and take me as an idiot. I really don't know what you were thinking when you made up that story to mislead me. I don't deserve to be treated like that. I chose to write to and not talk to you, just to give you the opportunity to think about everything, instead of ~~coming~~ making you come up with inaccurate answer. Furthermore, you don't have to give me any answer or comment. Just destroy this letter and consider it non-existent. yours truly Salahi. [redacted]

I read the letter to the guards before I handed the sealed envelope to [redacted] and asked [redacted] not to read it in my presence. "Who the hell do you know that [redacted] was with [redacted]?" "As God me the guard on duty" "Something in my heart that never lied to me." "You don't make any sense. Besides, why the fuck should you care?" "If you cannot tell whether [redacted] had some intimacy with a man, you ain't no man. I don't care, but I don't appreciate when [redacted] uses my manhood and plays games

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on me, especially in my situation. [redacted] might think I am vulnerable but I am strong. "you're right! That fucked up [redacted] always do". [redacted] came the next day and confessed to me everything - "I am sorry! I just figured our close relationship and thought it would hurt you [redacted]"

[redacted] First I thank you very much for being [redacted] for [redacted] for [redacted] I am just confused! Do you think I am looking forward [redacted]? No, I don't! For pete's sake you are a Christian [redacted] who is engaged in war against my religion and my people! Besides, I am [redacted] inside the prison". [redacted] always tried, after that, to tell me that [redacted] didn't think that [redacted] would continue [redacted] But I didn't make any comments about the issue. All I did was, I hand crafted a bracelet and sent it to [redacted] as the [redacted] who I liked and who helped me in many issues. It was ~~was~~ naïve of [redacted] to think about me that way. ~~Voice Stress An~~ [redacted]

[redacted] it was time for [redacted] to leave the island. Everything was fine. [redacted] was only worried about ~~how~~ both of us are going to deal with [redacted] leave. Shortly before [redacted] left [redacted] told me about [redacted] "Oh, I would like to take a test" I said "It would be a good idea, to shut up the mouths of people who represent bad theories about you?" "So, let me then take it" - "Can you please write for me the questions you'd like to be asked?" - "I sure do" I answered. I was excited [redacted] I wanted to use the

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opportunity to take back false confessions I made under torture or the threat thereof. One the important thing was to settle the wrong confession about me and my friends having been part of an operating A&Q Cell in Germany. As a matter of fact I don't know any A&Q cell in the world, nor do I believe that A&Q operates this way. However, when I was asked to write about A&Q cells in THE WORLD, I had no choice but to ~~to~~ make up A&Q cells by writing all the names of my friends as Cell members in their respective countries; pure imagination. I ³ [redacted] statement "still denying and fucking with us" ² [redacted] in my years. ² [redacted]

[redacted] were confident that I was going to pass [redacted]

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They had no reason to doubt me b/c I never lied to them
and [redacted] made sure to get me the [redacted] in G TMO.

[redacted]
[redacted]
I took

[redacted]

"Who do you think you are? I am not telling the truth b/c of
[redacted] I would cooperate, to my advantage, with every
body regardless of his gender or his look. Just calm down.

[redacted]

"I am leaving." [redacted] said. [redacted] also was upset b/c I told
[redacted] that [redacted] doesn't didn't have experience as much

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experience as ³ [redacted] thought ² [redacted] had. I never saw ³ [redacted] after ³ [redacted] closed the door behind ² [redacted] that day. ³ [redacted] sent me the ³ [redacted] "Give me all belongings of ² [redacted] is leaving. And when you decide to tell the truth, give me a call" ² [redacted] angrily said "I can explain to you!" - "I don't your analysis" ³ [redacted] replied, I gave ³ [redacted] ~~everything that~~ ² [redacted] belongings, even the things that ³ [redacted] gave to me. I understood ³ [redacted] wanted them back and ³ [redacted] was ashamed to con front me. Against interrogators' customs, ³ [redacted] didn't bid me Good-bye. When I learned that ³ [redacted] left the Island I sent ³ [redacted] an Email that read "Hi ³ [redacted] I wish you arrived home safe and sound. May God guide you and your family. Yours Salahi" - To this date I haven't received any answer from ³ [redacted] "I will write you every single day" ³ [redacted] told me before ² [redacted] got mad at me ³ [redacted] last day. But I guess it might be not ³ [redacted] mistake, ³ [redacted] might be ordered to cut off all ³ [redacted] ties with the Island for whatever reason. ³ [redacted] some times, over-estimates her power, and almost misuses it. I saw ² [redacted] interacting with the guards and experienced the way ³ [redacted] talked to me, and ³ [redacted] definitely crossed the line some time. However, all in all, ³ [redacted] positive side outweighs decidedly ³ [redacted] emotional driven side.

The Sweet Days ³ [redacted]

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² [REDACTED] "I told you guys to chill out and not jump on conclusion" I said "You know ² [REDACTED] is emotional and less experienced rather unexperienced". "I really didn't expect ³ [REDACTED] to take my words personally. Our relationship must remain professional" I said "You guys were too close. But as I said the test was a success and there are a few questions we can work out some time later" - "No problem. I cannot guarantee how the results look, but I can guarantee that I am not going to lie". Since I didn't really know ³ [REDACTED] that well I was a little bit skeptical. I thought ³ [REDACTED] just didn't want to lose me by no matter how much the detainee lies. Interrogators always want to keep their talks hoping that he contradicts himself or something like that. However, as it turned out ³ [REDACTED] was honest and truthful person. I have no reason to doubt somebody who never lied to me. ³ [REDACTED]: ³ [REDACTED] emerged, as usual, suddenly through the door smiling and eager to save the tea I always made for ³ [REDACTED] power in this place as only well. Only, this day ³ [REDACTED] was not alone ³ [REDACTED] was accompanied by ³ [REDACTED]. I never 've never seen before. ³ [REDACTED] was very tall, and rather proportional in ³ [REDACTED] Body. To me, ³ [REDACTED] could have been anybody. ³ [REDACTED] look didn't reveal any special identity. "This is ³ [REDACTED]" said ³ [REDACTED] introduced ³ [REDACTED] to me. "How do you do?" "How do you do?". ³ [REDACTED] is a very friendly person, "Where are you from?" I wondered. ³ [REDACTED] smiled, "I am from the States - Half white and Half ~~white~~ black. Many

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people confuse me with interpreters. Many detainees talk to me in foreign languages, assuming that I am an interpreter, and I just look ~~at~~ with my mouth opened. I didn't take the smartest man in the world to see that ~~just exudes~~ just exudes that authority without a lot of effort. ~~Who do you think~~

1, 3

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~~was~~ was modest and quiet. ~~He~~ talks to everybody with respect; guards, detainees, and ~~colleagues~~ colleagues. It was amazing ~~to~~ ~~be~~ ~~my~~ ~~first~~ ~~black~~ ~~interrogator~~ ever. By the way, in America you are called ~~even~~ black, even if you are only an eighth black. In order to be accepted as a white person you have to be pure. ~~I mean somebody~~ America is a very amazing country, it has a lot of ethnicities; Whites, Blacks, Hispanics, Arabs, Asians, Native Indians, and many others. Every ethnicity fights hard to be considered in the society. Every ethnicity still maintains its unique cultural differences. The wall in the U.S is still very thick between the different cultures, though younger people tend to overcome the stereotypes and prejudices, and be tolerant toward other races. ~~At~~ ~~for~~ instance, although both speak English white people don't understand Black people slang, I mean they don't have a clue. "I don't understand Ghetto English!" said ~~me~~ when I sought ~~to~~ ~~help~~ to understand some Jay-Z lyrics. But ~~he~~ does understand both white, and Black English if ~~it~~ ^{that} makes sense.

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America is the country with the most taboos in the world. Due to the common White-Black American history, emotions start to wake up, when certain issues are hit. White people avoid extremely using the N-word, at least in presence of Black people, on the other hand Black Folk exaggeratedly overuse the N-word. I personally was interested ~~the different culture~~ to understand the different cultures. Americans bet on segregation. ~~you they whites~~ White Americans have their own TV's, Radio stations, movies, churches, and Black people are the same way. White and Black Americans ~~are~~ mistrust each other, and any Black-White meeting can never be too short ~~for a~~ ^{for a} ~~the~~ ^{third} party to see the differences, and some time ^{to start an} argument. Until now all I have seen represented, more or less White America, and now it's about time to get to know the culture of African-American. In that regard, [redacted] was a good teacher, since [redacted] father is white and [redacted] mother black, [redacted] displays both cultures and understand both. [redacted] listens to RAP as Rock'n'roll as well. White Americans generally don't listen RAP, ~~not do so~~ ~~on their~~ nor do Blacks listen to Rock'n'roll. [redacted] laughs enjoys both White and Black humour. Since I put some effort I can now speak both White and Black American. [redacted] got the kick out of it when I mimicked one of Dave Chappelle's sketches Books and chess stuff & Movies since [redacted] started to work as Analyst on my case, [redacted] didn't spare any effort to bombard me with all kind of movies, books, and

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chess software. Honestly, I have never been a gamer in my life, but when my former interrogator taught² [REDACTED] taught me the moves, I got obsessed by the game for a couple of reasons; ① Chess is a very fair game b/c it doesn't involve any chance whatsoever ② Chess gives you, as a player, the overall control over your side of board. Detainee is not used to have control over anything ③ Chess is a very good release for frustration ④ In chess, you learn quickly the consequences of any bad decision you took ⑤ Chess teaches you that a strategic decision always pays off, though not immediately ⑥ Quick ~~man~~ Dollar is not good money ⑦ Life is about sacrifice. To get something you have to give something ⑧ First think than act and not vice versa ⑨ If you don't have the whole picture do not just give a judgement. It is more than likely that your judgement would be fatal ⑩ It is amazing how we miss the most trivial things in life, and hence the fruits thereof ⑪ Besides many other lessons we can learn from the game, such as our weaknesses. Anyway, [REDACTED] is an admitted wood pusher but [REDACTED] made sure to offer me generously many things that made my life easier in the prison. Somehow the chess game of chess is hereditary, no wonder that the American Portorican [REDACTED] was very talented young man. I played him several, and he was ~~real~~ a real challenge. I consider him one of U.S citizens who don't seem to have any hatred toward the Islamic Religion. As to the movies, [REDACTED] has a good taste, or at least, the same taste I have. [REDACTED] brings me mostly comedy and movies that are based

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on real true stories. I am not a big fan of Action, or science fiction. I love documentaries but for some reason it is hard to get them in this island. At this very moment [redacted] is on a trip to the U.S for health reasons. [redacted] I expect [redacted] next week coming back. The guards [redacted] [redacted] with attitude. Actually I haven't seen a [redacted] Enlisted without attitude. [redacted] joined [redacted] like everybody many young people to pay his tuition. At a later point [redacted] ~~was~~ left [redacted] and joined [redacted]. When he started to work as my guard on July 2004, [redacted] related to me right. He hardly talk to anybody beside me. He used to put his mattress right in front of my cell-door, and we start to talk to all kind of topics like old friends. We talked about history, culture, politics, Religion, women, etc... In later on, [redacted] was not allowed to anymore to sleep near my cell, but we, anyway, kept discussing all kind of stuff. I should mention here that the guards are taught that I am a detainee who tries to smart them out and learn current events from them. I can only tell that the guards were completely lied to $\frac{1}{2}$ I ~~never~~ don't try to smart anybody out, nor am I interested in current events for the time being $\frac{1}{2}$ they only make me sick, and the guards are my witnesses. [redacted] also likes chess, and he is relatively good at it, but he's a bad loser. [redacted] was ~~enjoyed~~ a conservative grew up in a conservative environment, though not religious. [redacted] and I fought several times, but we always managed to make up and become friends again. [redacted] has a very strong

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personality, very confident, knows what he's supposed to do, and doesn't respect his less competent superiors. Before [redacted] left he bought me a couple of souvenirs, and dedicated to me The Pleasure of Mu Company by Steve Martin, with [redacted] and [redacted] [redacted] writes "Pill, over the past 10 months I have gotten to know you and we have become friends. I wish you good luck and I am sure I will think of you often. Take good care of yourself. [redacted] - [redacted]". [redacted] wrote: "Pillow, Good Luck with your situation. Just remember Allah always has a plan. I hope you think of us as more than just guards. I think we all became friends. [redacted]". [redacted] wrote: "Pillow 19 APRIL, 2005 For the past 10 months I have done my damnest to Detainee Guard relationship. At time I have failed. It is almost impossible not to like a character like yourself. Keep your faith + I'm sure it will guide you in the right direction. [redacted]". That was not exactly a bad time. ② [redacted]

Religions, Islam, Christianity and Judaism as the Middle Eastern culture as well. He found found in me the right address as I did in him. We had been discussing all the time, without any prejudices or any taboos. We had been even hitting, some times, Racism in the U.S when the other his other black colleague [redacted] worked with him, [redacted] is proud on his [redacted] all he reads, watches is mostly [redacted] and that why [redacted] and I always started a friendly discussion with him. [redacted] suspected me of having some times, instigated the discussion, and

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I really hadn't, though not 100% innocent. I enjoyed the discussion b/c that was the only way I could learn. But you could tell that both were good friends and not racist. I noticed that racist Americans, regardless their race, tend not to discuss racial issues with other people other than their own race. When we talked about slavery, [REDACTED] always wanted to bring in foreground that we in MR practiced slavery to make me feel guilty and look bad before [REDACTED]. But, I took it easily and explained to both that throughout the history the victorious always enslaved the defeated. In Spain, some Arabs were enslaved after the defeat of Muslim in Spain, and vice versa, Arabs enslaved White Europeans for certain time. I just wanted to make clear that people enslave each other regardless the skin color. I also mentioned that incarcerating somebody without a due process of law is one of the harshest type of slavery. At least slaves have the chance to breathe free air and a bigger much bigger space of freedom. I'd like also to mention [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] who joined in 2005, although there is nothing wrong with him, I'd say rather professional and friendly. However, he was reserved. Most black people are that way. Maybe they are afraid to have their loyalty questioned. For some reason, many white people see themselves as born loyalists, black people don't. For example white people have no problem to read Koran and ask me questions about it, but black people are sort of a afraid. The only black guy who tried to help the detainees in the aggressively in the realm of this

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Capi city was our beloved [redacted] before [redacted]. But he was lucky b/c he was in charge ~~in the~~ of religious issues in the era of [redacted] who was not as hateful as [redacted] was not so lucky. Even though, he dealt with detainees very carefully, and didn't really help them, he was not spared from the charge of treason and thrown in jail. Oh Lord! Have mercy on us. I felt bad for him really b/c the detainees cursed him as an infidel working to help the Americans in their mischief, and the Americans branded him with treason facing death penalty. But I think he should have refused the job b/c he was not white. In GTMO, you have only a chance to carry ^{on} ~~your~~ ^{your} duties*, if you are white b/c anybody else would be put under a magnifying glass which would give, even the U.S. president ^{away}. In America, the lighter your skin color the more rights you have. For example, recent studies found out that white Americans with criminal records get jobs faster than Blacks with no criminal records. ③ The Mexican guys: Although the U.S. govt. trusts Hispanics more than Blacks, they are still not qualified to occupy high-level security jobs that the govt. performs ~~in darkness~~ under the protection of darkness. I ~~could~~ tell can tell that the Mexicans I have seen, were trying harder than anybody to show their loyalties. I do understand b/c there should be no religious conflict between Hispanics and Whites, and the U.S. definitely offers its citizens by far, more chances than the Mexican govt. does. So, for a Christian Mexican the decision is ~~really~~ as whether staying

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and working hard in the U.S. or going back to Mexico. We can not speak here about ^{1,3} [REDACTED] Torture of too many choices - as Germans put it. I must admit I had some confrontations with ³ [REDACTED] ⁸ [REDACTED] but we managed to settle them ^{peacefully} by talking. ~~Mexicans are more loyal to Mexico than American~~ - Mexicans are more loyal to Mexico than the U.S. I know this type of double loyalties in Germany with Turkish-German, Turkish are physically in Germany, but most of them are spiritually in Turkey. I completely understand the Turks and the Mexicans. Having the German citizenship doesn't make a Turkish guy German, they still call him Turkish b/c citizenship is not a stamp on your face, and that is one big reason for those people to relate more to the original country. We still suffer in this world of racism. For instance an American originally from Ireland is not Irish-American, no he/she is an American ³ [REDACTED] was raised as a conservative catholic, though he is not religious, but I can tell he is ~~my~~ his family boy. ³ [REDACTED] ~~was~~ doesn't believe in religion. I kept trying to convince him that the existence of God is logically a must. "I don't in any thing unless I see it" he told me "I ~~you~~ see After you have seen something, you don't need to believe in it. For instance, if I tell you I have a cold Pepsi in my fridge, either you believe it or you don't. But after seeing it, you know and you don't need to believe me" I explained. The Present situation The guards were always a ² [REDACTED] mixture. Lately the ² [REDACTED] took over but I have heard that the U.S. Army is going to take over once more. May Allah God Allah make it simple for ~~all~~ my brothers and me.

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The Dilemma of Cuban Detainees: In the wake of September 11, 2001 the United States experienced the ~~harsh~~ ~~attack~~ ~~per~~ ~~form~~ was attacked. At the direction of President Bush the U.S. began a campaign against the Taliban gov't, then in power in AF. On Sep 18, 2001, a joint resolution of Congress authorized President Bush to use against the "nations, organizations, or persons" that "planned, authorized, committed or aided the terrorist attacks on Sep 11, 2001, or harbored such organizations or persons". In a separate matter, the US gov't started a secret operation aiming to kidnap, detain, or torture and kill terrorist suspects, depending on the level of suspicion. Of course this operation has no legal basis. I personally was a victim of such operation. U.S. President Bush asked the ~~expired~~ ~~side~~ ~~long~~ ~~time~~ ~~expired~~ MR president to assist him in arresting and facilitating the interrogation of terrorism suspects. On Sep 29, 2001 I was called through my cellphone and asked to turn myself in, which I immediately did. Americans interrogated, and the U.S. reached a joint resolution with the MR gov't to sending me to Jordan to squeeze the last information before I suffer death. In Jordan I was incarcerated and interrogated under horrible conditions for eight months, a period after which the Americans took me to Bagram Air Base for interrogation for two weeks before they sent me to GITMO Navy Base [REDACTED], where I still am.

On 2002 or 2003 the CIA executed two Yemeni suspects, using an advanced ~~plane~~ bomber in Yemen - see Frontline report (PBS). On Nov. 13, 2001 President Bush issued an

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Executive Order authorizing Rumsfeld to detain indefinitely anyone Pr. Bush has "reason to believe" i. is or was a member of AQ (ii) has engaged in terrorism against the U.S (iii) has knowingly harbored (i) and (ii). How unjust! Somebody who was member of AQ! in the eighties when the Americans were helping the jihad openly. To me the U.S govt is ~~more than~~ obvious fits obviously as a guilty part by this definition it made. The U.S govt under the leadership of Bush used the cover of Global War against Terrorism to commit numerous crimes against humanity. People Public eyes were directed toward the war in AF and the mass arrest that was taking place in AF and wiping everybody out; Afghans who were attacked and defending their country, Arabs, regardless whether they are Mujahideen, charity people, visitors, or drug tourists, Immigrants from different countries who were looking for a moral and peaceful life under the govt of the Taliban. U.S govt went outside the Afghani borders and get people extradited from Pakistan and Iran, claiming that terrorist were using those countries to flee the captives. So far so good. Muslims and the free world liked to believe that the U.S ~~is~~ was trying to do the ~~right~~ right things, even though they the U.S grew greedy and widened the circle of guilt but everybody hoped after sorting things out innocents would be released. ~~But~~ After all U.S president declared baptized the operation as Infinite Justice. Everybody was eager to see the first democracy in the world passing the test and do justice. But as it turned out, the U.S was seeking revenge of the most brutal type. Aside of what was a ~~crime~~ crime on the field

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battle field in AF and extended battle fields in Pakistan and Iran, other secret operations were taking place, namely those of kidnapping individuals who were thousands of miles away from the battles, just b/c of a far blood relationship with suspect, or having been once in AF, or having been seen with other individuals the U.S. despises govt despises. Those individuals were rendered to countries who practiced torture widely in order to quench the information thirst of the U.S. investigators, and thus exposing those individuals to irreparable physical and psychological harm. Not to mention the individuals who were executed on the spot. JAN 2002

The U.S. Military began transporting prisoners captured in AF and kidnapped from other countries (Bosnians, me, and the British guy ~~safe~~ safe) to Camp ² at the US Naval Base in GTMO, Cuba. The transport was cruel and inhumane in order to break the detainees. The operation is still taking place to date, but ~~not~~ prisoners are not necessarily transferred to GTMO. Currently ~~prisoners are housed~~ ² All prisoners were transferred to ², a more permanent ~~fac~~ prison facility at GTMO. Currently, prisoners are housed in ² ² ²

² ² ² Currently, the U.S. govt is building in ² I don't know exactly for what, but the news will surely come in. ² ² is secret ~~ca~~ was secret camp that was built about the same as ² and designed to house high-level suspects to cut them off their rights, such as seeing the ICRC and their fellow detainees. When I was in ² ² I heard of ² detainees ~~the~~ and guards liked to

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Call it Torture Camp. U.S. gov't was very happy with the operation, since they ~~in~~ they thought they managed to gather all ~~the~~ evils from all around the world in GTMO. The gov't ~~circumvent~~ chose to circumvent the ~~law and~~ U.S. Law and International treaties to perform the revenge as it should be. However, the U.S. gov't realized, after a lot of painful work, that they gathered a bunch of non-combatants. Now, the gov't stuck with the problem, and they are not willing to be forth coming and ~~show the~~ disclose the truth about the whole operation, which is good: for the gov't ~~bc~~ everybody does make mistakes. I believe the ~~American public~~ U.S. gov't owes the ~~Public~~ Americans to tell them the truth about what happening. In ~~at~~ the end, I personally cost the taxpayer at least \$1 Million and counter is ticking higher. Other detainees ~~were~~ cost more or less. Under these circumstances Americans have the right and the need to know what, the hell is going on, instead of being blinded with the Communist-like propaganda that keeps scare the hell out of them. Not to mention American allies who expect the U.S. to do the right things in order for them to justify the alliance. What do ~~the~~ Americans think? I am eager to know the correct the right answer. However, I would like to believe that the average majority of Americans want to see no justice done. They are not interested to finance the detention of innocent people. However, there is a small ~~minority~~ extremist minority ~~who~~ ^{that} believe that everybody in Cuba is evil, and that we are treated way better than we deserve. This opinion has no basis but

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ignorance. I am amazed ~~at~~ how can somebody build such an incriminating opinion about people he/she doesn't even know!

(To be continued ...)

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28 NOV 2001 - Independence Day This day marks the event ~~one~~ ^{when} the Islamic Republic of Mauritania supposedly ~~got~~ received its independence from the French colonists in 1960. ~~After~~ The irony is that at this very same day of 2001, the independent ~~state~~ and sovereign Republic of MR turned over a citizen of its own in a premise. ~~For~~ its everlasting ^{stain}, the MR gov't didn't only break the constitution, which forbids the extradition of MR. Criminals to other countries, but also extradited ~~to~~ an innocent citizen and exposed him to the random American Justice. The multi lateral deal was closed between MR, the U-S, and Jordan. The night before the prison guards allowed me to watch the parade that was coming from down town toward the Presidential Palast, playing music with ~~the~~ ~~the~~ escorting school boys carrying light candles. The sight awoke in me childhood memories when I took part myself in the same parade, as a school boy, nineteen years ago. By then, I looked with innocent perspective at the event that marked the birth of the nation I happened to be part of. I didn't know then that a country is not considered sovereign, if it cannot handle its own issues on its own. The guards were very friendly, and always tried to calm me down b/c I was worried of being turned over to the States and be sent to a Military Tribunal. By then, U-S President was barking about putting Terrorist suspect in military Tribunal and all kind of other threats. I knew I will have no chance in a foreign military tribunal, to be tried justly. In MR the guards ^{of secret detainees} are part of the secret Police. and didn't feel any hatred toward them, rather bad for them. They had the right to be as miserable as the majority of Mauri-

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tanians. Most of them knew me from previous arrests. "I divorced my wife!" told me the young man, "Why man? You have a daughter" "I know but I have not enough money to rent a place for my wife and me, and my wife got fed up with living in my mom's house. they couldn't just get along" - "But divorce! Come on!" "What would you have done in my shoes?" I couldn't find any answer b/c the simple Math was against me. The guy's salary was about 40/50 Dollar, and in order to have somewhat decent life he needed at least us \$ 1000/a month. In Mauritania, the gap between leading officers and Enlisted agents is too big. Without exception, all the guards expressed their solidarity with me, and wished they hadn't have to be the ones who had to do the job. ~~How~~ Nonetheless, the need for the miserable wages is not an excuse for the mischiefs they are doing doing under the color and authority of an unjust regime. In my eyes, they are as guilty as anybody else, no matter what excuses they may come up with. In the morning, the leading interrogator DSE was invited to the Ceremonial Colors at the Presidential Palace, as a very vital members of the gov't. Secret Services in the Third World, and some countries in the so-called free world, is the most important Corps of the gov't. Between 10 and 11 O'clock the DSE came in accompanied with his assistant and his recorder. I was surprised b/c it was a holiday. Although I was so sick that I could not stand up, but my blood pressure raised so much of the unexpected visit that I could stand up and go with them to the interrogation room. The prison doctor compelled to break my fast b/c too dangerous for my health situation which was worsening, day after day. It was Ramadan but I followed the order of the Doctor, after

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I don't have to fast if it harms me, even not allowed to. The DSE invited me to his office, where he interrogates people usually. As soon as I entered the office, I collapsed on the big leather black sofa. It was obvious that my hyper activity was fake. The DSE sent all the guards home, thus I was left with the DSE, his recorder, and his assistant. The guards showed happiness when they left the building; they gestured to me as willing to say 'congratulations'. The guards and I thought that I was going to be released, though I was skeptical for I didn't like the whole movements and telephone conversations that going on around me. The DSE sent his assistant away, who came back with a couple cheap things (cloths, bag, ...). The Recorder collapsed asleep in front of the door. ~~the~~ DSE pulled ~~me~~ me in a room ~~where only~~ with no body else with us. "We're going to send you to Jordan" "Jordan! What are talking about?" - "Their King was subject to a foul assassination attempt" - "So what? I have nothing to do with ~~the~~ Jordan. My problem is with Americans, if you want to send to any country, send me to the Stat U.S." - "No, ~~we~~ They want you to be sent to Jordan. They say you are the accomplice of  and I know you have nothing to do with  or Sep 11." - "So, why don't you protect me from this injustice as an MR. Citizen?" I asked "America is a country that is based on and living with injustice" - "OK! I would like to see the President" I said "No, you cannot. Everything is already ~~dec~~ irreversibly decided" - "Well, I want to say Goodbye

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to my mom "I said - "No, you cannot, this operation is secret" - "For how long?" - "Two days, or maximum three. And if you choose you don't need to talk to them, I really have no problem with that" I knew that he was speaking up to his rear end b/c I was destined to Jordan for a reason. "Can you assure me, when I going to come back?" - "I will try. But I hope that this trip to Jordan will put another positive testimony in your favor. The Senegalese, the Canadians, the Germans, and myself believe that your innocent. I don't know how many witnesses do the Americans need, to acquit you". The DSE took me back to his office and tried to call his boss, The DG. After several attempts he reached the guy who could not give a precise date for my return, though assured him that it will be a couple of days. "I don't know for sure, but I do believe that Americans smarted everybody out. They just asked to get us to Jordan, and then and there it will be another negotiation." "I don't know exactly, but look today is Wednesday, two days for interrogation and one day for the trip. So, you will be here Saturday or Sunday" The DSE honestly told me. He opened the bag that his assistant brought, and asked me to try on the new cheap cloths. ~~that~~ I put on the complete suit, a t-shirt, a pair of pants, a jacket and plastic shoes. What a sight! Nothing fit, I looked like a skeleton dressed a new suit. Nothing fitted, but who cared, at least I didn't. Lately, I hadn't been eating. I just so depressed that I lost the appetite for food. Theoretically,

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I was ordered to break my fast, but since I didn't eat anything, I was technically fasting. Between ~~at~~ The time when I got the decision, and the time when the U.S. turned me over ~~to~~ the Jordanian Special Forces like a UPS Package I cannot describe my feelings; anger, fear, powerlessness, humiliation, injustice, betrayal, I never really contemplated escaping from jail, although I have been jailed ~~for~~ unjustly four times before and later on released, but today I was thinking about it ~~bc~~ I never, even in my dreams, considered to be sent to a third country, known in the world as a torture practicing regime. ~~When I was~~ However, my only bullet should never miss ~~bc~~ if it did I would look very bad in the eyes of my govt, which really didn't ~~before~~ matter ~~bc~~ if I were an angel in their eyes they would still comply with the U.S. request, let alone if I were ~~and~~ an evil guy. After all I had turned myself ~~in~~. I looked around for ways to escape. Let's say if I managed to get out of the building I needed a taxi cab as soon as I reached the main road but if that happened, I had no money on me to pay the cab, and cannot ~~to take it over~~ to a place where somebody knew me ~~bc~~ those are the first places where the places are going to look for me. When I checked the doors, there was only one door that I could not have any reason to approach it so I asked to use the bathroom. In the bathroom I trimmed my beard, and made some meditation about the other door. The door was of glass, so I could break it, but I knew the plan of ~~the~~ the building and that door would lead to an armed guard who might shoot me dead right away. ~~So this option can~~ even after managing

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sneaking past the guard I had to go around the Ministerium for internal Affairs that neighbors the main street, but there are always some guards watching people coming in and going out. It is impossible to go through the gate but maybe, and just maybe there is a ~~good~~ possibility to jump over the wall, but was I strong enough to do so? No, I wasn't, however I was ready to pull out my strengths together and make the impossible possible. All this plans and thought were going through my head when I was using the bathroom. I looked at the roof, ^{but} there was ~~nothing~~ way to escape through, the roof was covered. I finished cleaning and shaving in the bathroom and left. On the way to the bathroom there was a hall without roof, I thought, I could possibly climb the wall and leave the compound by going from one roof to another. But when I thought about it there were two constraints; one, the wall was about 20 feet tall and there was nothing to grab in order to climb, and for two, the whole compound can be encircled in a matter of minutes by the police, so that no matter where I landed I would be secure in police hands. I realized my escape was more of an unrealized dream, for somebody who suddenly found all doors closed before him except the door to heaven. In the mean time, The DSE was making some calls with the coming flight that carried the special mission team. "They should be in about three hours. Now, they are in Cyprus now!" The DSE said. Normally, he was not supposed to tell me where the plane was, or who was on the plane, or where I was going to be taken. Americans wanted

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to maintain the terrorizing factors, as harsh as possible, I should know nothing about what was happening to me. Being ~~taking~~ taken to the Airport, blindfolded, put in a plane, taken away to country that is eleven hours flight away make together many horrible factors that only people with nerves of steel would survive. But The DSE didn't care anyway to tell me everything he knew. Not b/c he was worried about me, but he knew for fact that agreeing on such a horrible operation is at the same time agreeing on giving up the power. The turmoil against the MR President was already there, but DSE knew this one will certainly break the camel's back, and it did. I also knew the same, thus I kept praying "Oh, Lord pls don't let people spill blood in my name!" The DSE learned from the tower that the plane was on its way, and was expected around 1900 / 1930. The DSE sent the Recorder home, he seemed really tired b/c he had been sleeping all the time. It was around 1800 when ~~we~~ The DSE, his assistant, and I took off in the Luxurious Mercedes of the Director. He ~~recalled~~ the Airport watch once more to make the necessary arrangement: in order to smuggle me securely without anybody noticing. I hope his plan would fail and somebody rot the gov't out. The DSE headed toward the opposite direction of the airport, he wanted to waste time and arrive to the airport about the same time as the Jordanian delegation. I was happy that their plane crashed, even though I knew they were replaceable, but I wanted the plan to be postponed, as if you got the news of your death and you liked to postpone it. The DSE stopped at a grocery store and went to buy some snacks for us

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break the fast. The sunset was going to catch us at the airport about the time of the unwelcome arrival. In front of the same store stood a white U.N. truck, the driver of which ~~ent went~~ entered the store and left his engine running. I thought, with some luck, I could probably hijack the car, and with some more luck, I could get away b/c the Benz has a little chance against the stronger body of the Toyota 4-Wheel-truck. However, ~~there~~ I saw some drawbacks that discouraged me from the attempt.

① The high jacking would involve innocent party ② The driver seat was sat the family of the truck driver, and I was not ready to hurt innocent people ③ The high jacking would involve neutralizing the Benz which could cost the lives of two police officers. Although, I would not feel guilty by they getting themselves killed while trying to, unjustly and illegally, arrest me, but I didn't to kill anybody ④ was I really physically apt to execute the operation? I wasn't sure ⑤ Thinking of the operation was sort of daydreaming to distract myself from the horrible unknown that was awaiting me. I would like to mention that in MR, ~~they don't~~ police don't have the American ~~paran~~ extremely paranoid and vigilant technique of blind folding, ear-muffling and shackling people from head to toe. In that regard MRs are very laid back. As a matter of fact I don't anybody as vigilant as American. I even were walking free when arrived at the Airport I could have easily ~~reached~~ run away and reached the public terminal before anybody could catch me. At least I could have forcibly passed the message to the public, and hence to my family that I was kid napped. But ~~for some~~ I didn't do so, I

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have no explanation why not, ~~given~~ maybe, had I known what know today, I would have attempted anything that would defeated the injustice. I would, even, not have turned myself in, to begin with. Arrival @ the ~~Airport~~ ~~AKC~~ airport After having done the grocery, we took off straight to airport

the airport. ~~Streets were~~ There was hardly traffic due to the holiday, people ~~were~~ to retreated peacefully, as usual, in this day to their home. It's been eight days since I last saw the outside world. It looked bleak, ~~it must~~ there must have been a dust storm during the day that was starting to give away in favor of the ocean breeze. It was a situation I had been seeing thousand and one times, and I still liked it. It's like whenever the dust storm kills the city, the ocean breeze comes at the end of the day and blows the life ~~in~~ back in the city, and all of a sudden, people to get out slowly but surely. The twilight was as amazing and beautiful as it always ~~was~~ had been. I pictured my family already having prepared the Iftar - fastbreaking food - my mom mumbling her prayer while working duty the ~~del~~ modest decency. Everybody looking for sun to take its last steps and hide beneath the horizon. As soon as the Muezzin declares "God is Great" every would hungrily grab something to drink. My brothers prefer a quick smoke and a cup of tea before anything. My sisters rather drink first. None of my sisters smoke. Smoking for a lady is my lady is not appropriate. The only absent person is me, but every body's heart is with me, everybody ~~is~~ for me. My family thought it would

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be only a matter of several days before the govt releases
 won't release me. After all the MR Authority told
 my family that I have done nothing, they just waited
 until the Americans see the truth and let me be.
 How wrong was my family! How wrong was I to put my
 faith in a bunch of criminals and put my fate in
 their country. I didn't seem to have learned anything.
 But regret didn't seem to help either the ship
 has sailed. The Mercedes was soundlessly heading to the
 airport, when I was drawned in my daydreams. At the
 secret gate the Airport Police chief was waiting on
 us as planned. I hated that dark gate! How many
 innocent souls have been led through that secret
 gate. I had been through it once, when the U-S govt
 took me from Dakar and deliver me to my govt
 twenty months earlier. The stop at the gate put an end
 to my dreams about a savior or a miraculous ~~that~~ sort of
 a superman who would stop the car, neutralize the Police
 officers and carry me, on his wings, home so I ~~could~~
 could catch my Iftar in the warmth of my mom's
 hut. But there was no stopping God's plan, and I am
 complying and subduing completely to his will. The
 Port-Airport Police Chief looked rather like a camel
 herder, he was wearing a worn-out Boubou - National dress,
 and an unbuttoned T-shirt. The ~~DSE~~ "I told you I don't
 want anybody to be around" said The DSE. "Everything's alright"
 said the chief reluctantly. He lazy, careless, naïve, and
 too traditional. I don't even think that he had a clue

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about what was going on. He seemed to be a religious, ~~Arab~~ traditional guy, but religion didn't seem to have any influence of his life, or the wrong conspiracy he was doing with the govt. The Muezzin started to sing the amazing Azan declaring the end of the day, and hence the fast, it was a good feeling, except for me "ALLAH is Great Allah is great. I testify there is no God but God (2) I testify ~~there is~~ Mohamed is the messenger of God (2). Come to pray (2). Come to flourish (2). God is Great (2). There is no God but God" What an amazing message, "But guess what dear Muezzin. I cannot comply with your call, nor can I break my fast" I was thinking, "Does this Muezzin know what injustice is taking place in this country" I wondered speechlessly. There was no clean place around. All the miserable budget the govt approved for restoration of the airport was devoured literally by the agents the govt put its trust in. I went to ~~a~~ the least dirty spot and started to perform my prayer without any announcement. The DSE, his assistant, and the Chief joined in. After I had done praying, the DSE offered me water and some sweet buns to break my fast, at the same time, when the small business jet hit the run ~~away~~. I reached I had had anyway appetite, but the coming plane sealed ~~the~~ any need in me to eat. Without eating, I knew I was not going to survive, I reached to the water and drank a little bit, took a piece of the sweet bread and put it in my mouth forcing it side but the piece landed apparently in a ~~sa~~ cul-de-sac, my throat conspired against me and closed. From terror, I was

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loosing my mind, though tried to act normally and ^{regain} my composure. I was shaking, and kept ~~saying~~ mumbling my prayers. The plane was approaching where the Benz was parking directed by the ground crew. Inches away, the small airplane came to a stop the door opened and

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stepped down the accommodation ladder with steady steps. He was rather

He had one of those that keep drawing in anything they drink. Oh Lord, I wouldn't drink after those people, even \$1,000,000. As soon as saw the guy I gave him the name. When he hit the ground he scanned us, standing before him, with his Fox' eyes. He had a, and the habit of tweking his

He kept moving his eyes, one wide-opened, and one squint the other squinted. I could easily see the chock on his face b/c he didn't seem to find the person he was looking for, namely me. You could tell it was ^{not} the first time he led an operation of abduction. He completely maintained his composure as if nothing big was happening. "We brought people here in bags" told me his associate later on in Jordan - "but did they survive the trip without suffocating?" - "We make an opening to the nose in order to facilitate continuous oxygene supply." I don't know about the bags' story, but I know cases of kidnapping terrorist suspects to Jordan. was expected his prey to be shackled, blindfold, earmuffed. But me standing before in civilian cloths with opened eyes as a human being struck him. No. that is not the

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way a terrorist looks. High-level terrorist who was supposedly the brain behind Millennium plot. "Hi" he said, he wasn't used to the beautiful Muslim greeting: "Peace Be with you!". He changed quickly words with the DSE, though they didn't understand other very well. The DSE wasn't used to the Jordanian Dialect, nor was the Jordanian request used to the MR way of speaking - "He said, he needs fuel" I explained to the DSE. I was eager to let my predator know I am, I am. I took my bag and show the readiness to board in, then [REDACTED] realized that I am the meager "terrorist" he was sent to pick up. The DSE handed him my passport and a thin folder. At the top of the ~~last~~ accommodation ladder there were two young man dressed in Ninja-like black suit who turned to be the guards who were going to watch me during the ~~seven~~ longest eleven hours trip in my life. I quickly spoke to the DSE in a manner I knew the [REDACTED] wouldn't understand, "Tell them not to torture me?" - "This is a good guy I would like to treat him appropriately!" The DSE said vaguely - "We're going to take good care of him" answered the [REDACTED] in an ~~ambiguously~~ ambiguous statement. I have the advantage over both that there is hardly any Arabic dialect I don't understand b/c I used to have friends from different ~~be~~ cultural backgrounds. Even when I started to learn English I have seen trying to learn as many dialects as I could, for instance I know what "Fo shizzle Nizzle" means. ~~I freely~~ The DSE gave me ~~some~~ ~~medication~~ during the night - "No need, we have

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enough food with us" The [redacted] said. I liked it b/c ~~the~~ I liked the Middle Eastern cuisine. The first signs of Taking good Care of Him As soon as I took the seat that was destin reserved for me, the leader of the operation ordered a thorough search while the plane was rolling on ^{the} runway. All they found was my pocket Koran, which they gave to me back. Furthermore I was blindfolded and ear-muffled, however the blind fold was taken away to allow me to eat when the plane reached its regular altitude. The plane was very small, fit in comfortably [redacted] and very noisy. The plane can only fly for three to three-and-a-half-an-hour, and then it has to take fuel. "They are in Cyprus" told the DSE several hours before their arrival in NKC. I figured the return way would be same b/c such cruises have to be perfectly coordinated with the conspiring parties. [redacted] offered me a meal, it looked good but my throat was stiff and I ~~hardly~~ felt ^{like} trying to swallow rough stones. "Is that all?" wondered [redacted]. "I am alright [redacted]." I said. [redacted] means literally some body who performed pilgrimage to Mecca, but in the middle east you respect fully ^{or respect} to anybody you don't know as [redacted]. In Jordan they ^{call} very detainee [redacted] in order to keep the names secret. "Eat, eat, enjoy your food!" [redacted] said trying to give me some comfort to eat and stay alive. "Thanks [redacted], I have eaten enough". "Are you sure?" - "yes [redacted]" I replied. [redacted] looked at me for ~~cing~~ the most old's honest, sardonic smile I ever saw, exactly like he did when he stepped ~~and~~ down on top of the plane back in NKC airport. Guards collected the garbage and placed the tray table in the upright position. ~~When~~

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As much as I knew about the basic of Telecommunication tools, I was terrified when they put the ~~mic~~ ~~like~~ ~~speakers~~ ~~like~~ earphones-like earmuffs. I thought it was a new U.S. methods to suck intel's out of your brain, send them directly to a main which analyzes the information. I was not worried about what they suck out of my brain, but I was worried about the pain I may suffer due to Electrical shocks. It was silly, but if you get scared you are not you anymore. You very much become a child again. Hit the Iron White it's Hot: I had two guards watching me, one right behind my neck, and the second sitting next to me. The guy behind me was staring at me all the time, I doubt he ever blinked his eyes. He must have been through some rough training "In my training, lately I almost lost my composure," told me one the young recruit later in the ~~prison~~ "Jordanian prison" ~~we took a terrorist~~ during the training, we took a terrorist and slew him in front of all students. Some couldn't take it and burst crying loudly "he contrived" Where did you guys train? "I asked him "in Arabic country, but I cannot tell you" I felt ~~nauseous~~ nauseous, trying my best to act in front of the guy as if everything were normal, and he were a hero. "They want us to have no mercy with terrorists. I can kill a running away terrorist without wasting more than one bullet?" he demonstratively claimed. "Oh, that is great! But how do you know he is a terrorist? He might be innocent" I gauged "I don't care, if my boss said he is a terrorist, he is. I am not allowed to follow my personal judgement. My job is to execute"

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I felt so bad for my people and what level of cruelty and gruesomeness they fell into. Now, I was standing for real before somebody who is trained to kill blindly whom ever ~~to~~ he is ordered to. I knew he wasn't lying b/c I met with an Algerian former soldier ~~is~~ who was seeking asylum in Germany, and he told me how gruesome they dealt with the Islamists. "During an ambush, we captured a sixteen-year old teenager, and on the way to the jail our boss stopped, took him off the truck and shot him dead. He didn't want him in jail, he wanted to revenge" he ~~told me~~ said. I wondered in the plane, why ~~is~~ was that vigilance, given that I was shackled there were two guards, two interrogators, and two pilots. 'Satan asked the guard who sat beside me to empty his seat for the former. [REDACTED] sat beside me and started to interrogate me. The Hidden Blessing in the Curse "What's your name?" "Mohamedou Ould Salahi" - "What's your nick name" - "Abu Musab" - "What other nicknames do you have?" - "None!" "Are you sure" - "Yes! [REDACTED]". I was not used to an interrogation from the Sham region, ~~the accent~~ I never heard that accent in a scary way. Although I find the Sham accent one of the sweetest of the Arabic language, but [REDACTED] accent was not sweet. He was just evil. The way he moved, spoke, looked, ate, and everything. During our short conversation ~~we had~~ we hardly heard one another, though we almost shouted b/c of the ~~or~~ extremely loud ~~the~~ whining of the engines. I hate small plane. I always feel as if I were on the wing of a demon, when I ~~UNCLASSIFIED~~ plane. "We should stop the interrogation

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and resume it later on" he said. Thank you Old Engines, I just wanted him off my face. I knew, there was no way around him, but just for the time being. [REDACTED] around midnight GMT we landed in Cyprus airport. Was it the commercial airport or a military airport? I don't know. ~~Belongs~~ Cyprus is one of Mediterranean paradises on Earth. Leading interrogators, and the two pilots put their jackets on and left the plane, most likely, for a break. It looked like it had been raining shortly before, the ground looked wet, and a light drizzle was carrying the ground. Every once in a while I stole a quick glimpse through the small blurry window. The breeze outside gave away the presence of a cold winter in the island. I felt some noises that shook the small plane. It must have the moving fuel cistern. In the mean time, I drowned in my day dreams. Now, the local police would suspect the plane, and hopefully search it. I am lucky b/c I am breaking the law by transiting through a country without Transit visa. I would be luckily arrested and put in jail. In the prison, I would apply for asylum and stay in this paradise. The Jordanians cannot say anything b/c they are guilty of trying to smuggle me. The longer the plane waits, the better ~~are~~ my chances are to be arrested! How wrong I was! How comforting a day dream can be! It was my only solace to forget and ignore the evilness I was surrounded by. Plane indeed had waited enough, about one hour, but there was no searching the plane. I was non-existent in the passengers' list that the Jordanians gave to the local authorities. I even think I had seen police in black thick uniform coming near the plane, but I was not to be spotted b/c I was sandwiched between two seats and

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to keep my head down, so I looked like a small bag. I might be wrong as well, maybe, just b/c I wanted the Police to come and arrest me, I saw them. [REDACTED] ~~The~~ his associate, and the two pilots came back and we took off. Pilots switched places. I saw the fat ~~guy~~ pilot sitting in front of [REDACTED]. He is almost as tall as he broad was. [REDACTED] started a conversation with him. ~~I~~ Although, I couldn't hear the talk but I assumed it to be a friendly discussion between two matured man, which was good. [REDACTED] grew tired as ~~any~~ everybody else, except for the young guard who kept pointed his never-blinking eyes on me. Every once in a while he made a comment like "keep your head down!", "look down". But I kept forgetting the rules. I had the feeling that would be my last flight b/c I was certain I wouldn't make it through the torture. I thought about every member of my family, and regretted every mistakes I ever did in my entire life especially towards my family. How much I loved them! Even my far nephews and nieces, and my in-laws. I wish I were ~~more~~ friendlier, nicer. I wish I had always addressed my older siblings with more respect. I wish I had worshipped The Lord as I ought to. I wish I had taken in consideration the will of The Lord in everything I had done. I wish the Lord would forgive me my mischiefs. I wish I were more honest ~~in~~ and ^{more} productive in my work. I wish I were much better to my friends. How short is this life! In a blink of an eye is everything gone. I kept reading my Koran in the dim light. ~~My~~ ~~But~~ My heart was pounding extremely as if willing to jump off my mouth. I hardly understood anything from what I was reading, at least I read 200/300 pages unconsciously.

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I was prepared to die, but I never imagined that way. Lord have mercy on! I ~~don't~~ think anybody would hardly meet death the way he/she imagined. We humabeings just take everything in consideration except for death. There is hardly anybody who has death on his calendar. Did God really predestinate for me to die in Jordan by the ~~most~~ some of ^{the} most evil persons in the world? 'I really mindless being killed by bad people', 'Before God they would have no case' I was thinking [REDACTED] around 4 a.m. ^{GMT} Fake peace dominated the trip between Cyprus and ~~my~~ my unknown present destination. The Bandits seemed to be exhausted from the previous day trip they took from Amman/Jordan to NKC/MLR. It was a blessing for me. ~~At~~ Around this time the plane started to lose on altitude and landed finally, in a place I don't know. I think it was an Arabic country somewhere in the middle east b/c I think I spot signs in Arabic through the small windows, when I stole a quick glimpse off my guarding daemon. ~~The~~ It was still night time, and the weather seemed to be clean and dry. I hadn't seen any signs of winter time. This time I didn't hope for the police to search the airplane b/c Arabic countries are conspiring with each others against their own citizens. What a treason. Nonetheless, any leak of information wouldn't hurt. But I didn't give the day-dream a second thought. We didn't stay long though we went through the same procedure [REDACTED] and the two pilots went for a short break, and noises of taking fuel I heard the same way, as in Cyprus. The

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plane took off to its final destination Amman / Jordan. I don't think that we made any stop before Amman, though I kept passing out and coming back until we arrived to Jordan. The "religious" [redacted]: Over ninety percent of Jordanians are Muslims. For them, like all Middle Muslims from the Middle East, ~~Ramadan~~ fasting during Ramadan is the most ~~the~~ important religious service. People who don't fast are resented in the society. Thus, many people ^{do} fast due to social pressure, even though, they don't believe in religion. In MR people are much more relaxed about fasting, and less about prayer. "Take your break fast!" I said to the guard, I think I fell asleep for a moment - "No, Thanks" - "It's your last chance to ~~eat~~ eat before fast begin?" - "No, I am ok" - "Are you sure" - "yes, [redacted]". They started to eat their breakfast ~~showin~~ showing like cows, I even could hear them through my earmuffs. I kept stealing glimpses toward the small windows until I saw the first twilight prying the darkness open. "[redacted] I'd like to perform my per former my prayer" I said to the guard. The guard had a little conversation with ~~the~~ [redacted], who after which the latter ordered him to take off one of my earmuffs. "There is no opportunity for praying here, when we arrive, you and I are going to pray together" said [redacted]. I was sort of comforted b/c if he prays that was a signal that he was a believer, so he wouldn't possibly hurt his "brother" in belief. However, that passed though he didn't seem to have knowledge about his religion. Prayer must be performed at time in the best manner one could at least, in your heart. You cannot postpone

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it except for ^{the} reasons explained in the Islamic scriptures. However, the ~~peaceful prayer with~~ promised prayer with Satan never took place. The longest and most painful trial in my life comes to an end ~~at~~ around 7:00 local time: The small plane clumsily started to fight its way through the cloudy sky and cold sky of Amman. Finally we hit the ground, and the small plane came to a stillstand. Everybody was eager to get the hell out of the plane, including me. "stand up" said one the guard and started to take off the metal handcuffs that already built a ring around my wrists. I was relieved and ~~sat~~ talking silently to myself "look, they're friendly. They just wanted to make sure that you don't anything stupid in the plane, now that we arrived there is no need for cuffs or earmuffs". How wrong I was! they just took the hand cuffs in order to handcuff me from behind my back, put bigger ear muffs, and a big over my head, covering my neck. My heart started to pound heavily, which both raised my blood pressure and helped me to stand steadier on my feet. I started to mumble my prayers. That is the first time that I got treated this way. My pants started slipp down my legs ~~by~~ I was so skinny and without food virtually since, at least, one week. Two ~~in~~ new full energetic guards dragged me ~~pro~~ out of plane. I twisted my feet when reached the ladder. I couldn't see anything, nor did the stupid guards tell me anything. I fell face down but the guards caught me before I hit the ladder, "watch out!" said ³ ~~my~~ my future interrogator, to the guards. I memorized ^{his} voice, and ~~what~~ he later started to interrogate

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me I recognized his voice from the that day. Now, I knew I had to step down the ladder until my feet hit the ground, and the ice-cold winter breeze hit my whole body. My cloths were not designed for this weather. I wore some Made-in-cheap-country worthless cloths I got from the MR authorities. ~~Watch out, you're steppin~~ One of the guard speechlessly helped my feet to get into the truck that was parking inches away from the ~~p~~ last step of the ladder. The guards squeezed me between them in the back seat and off took the truck. I felt comforted for inside the truck was warm, and the ~~motor~~ motor was quiet. The chauffeur mistakenly turned the radio on. The female DJ voice struck me with its Sham accent, and the sleep and tired voice. The city was awakening ~~slowly~~ from a long and cold night, slowly but surely. The driver kept accelerating and hitting suddenly the break. What a bad driver! They must have only hired him ~~bc~~ he was stupid. I heard a lot of horn noises. It was the peak for people who were going to work. I pictured myself at this very same time going to work, back home, and enjoying my new day and the ~~b.~~ morning breeze ocean breeze through my opened glass window, ~~I~~ dropping my nephews in their respective schools. Whenever you think the life is going in your favor, it betrays you at the wrong time. ~~I move~~ Due to the bad driving I moved back and forth like a car crash dummy. After about 40/45 minutes of painful driving, the truck took a turn, entered a gate and stopped. The guards dragged me out of the truck, the cold breeze ~~hit me~~ shook my whole body, though for a very short time before I entered the building and left near a heater. I knew how the heater

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looked even with my closed eyes. I just assumed it to be like the ones I had in Germany. Later on, I learned from the guards that the prison facility was built by a Swedish Company. "Do not move." ~~I stood still~~ said the guard before both of them emptied the place. I stood still, though my feet ~~hardly~~ could hardly carry me, and my back hurt so bad. I was left there for about 15/20 minutes before [redacted] grabbed from the back of my collar almost choking me to death. [redacted] pushed roughly ~~through~~ ~~the~~ toward upstairs. I must have been in the ground floor, before he pushed me to the first. ~~The~~ Enjoyment of the Hospitality of my Arab Brothers. The legend has it that Arabs are among the most hospitable folks on the face of the Earth. Friends and enemies are unanimous about that. However, what I would be experiencing here is just another kind of hospitality. [redacted] pushed me inside a relatively small room with a desk, a couple of chairs, and another guy sitting behind the desk, and facing me. I baptized [redacted] as soon as I saw him. He was a [redacted]. You could almost said that he had been doing this work for some time, there were no signs of humanity in his face. He hates himself more than anybody would hate him. He was like the rest of the guards, dressed in [redacted] had a high-and-tight hair cut. The first thing I saw were the two pictures on the wall, the present King Abdallah and his extinguished father Hussein. On each picture are the prove of dictatorship in the uncivilized world. I've been in Germany and never saw ~~the~~ anybody hanging the

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picture of the president. The only time I saw his picture was when I was watching news, or driving around during elections, where they hang a bunch of candidates' pictures. Maybe I am wrong, but I do mistrust anybody who hangs the picture of his president, or any president who wins any elections with more than 80%. It's just ridiculous. ~~People even are~~ Do those guys think that the world is stupid? Or ~~are~~ they willing to make fools of themselves? Or they just don't care? On the other side I read the time on a big hanging clock. It was around 07:30. "Take your cloths off!" said [REDACTED] I complied with his order except for my underwear. I was not going to take it off without a fight, no matter how weak it would be. But [REDACTED] just handed me a light blue clean uniform. Jordanians are materially much more advanced and organized than Mauritanians. ~~the~~ Every thing I saw in the prison was modest, but clean and neat. I put my new uniform on. It was the first time I put ^{on} a prison uniform in my life. In MR there is no specific uniform not b/c MR is a democratic country, maybe b/c they are too lazy and corrupt. ~~The~~ The uniform is a sign of backward and communist countries. The only so-called "democratic" country that has this technique of wrapping ^{up} detainees in uniforms is the U.S. ~~the~~ ~~Everythings in the Jordanian~~ As to prisons' organization, the Jordanians adapt a 100% American system. The young guy behind the table is rather fat. He was acting as a clerk but he was a horrible one "What's your name?" "What's your address in Amman?" - "I am not from Amman"

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"Where the hell are you from?" - "I am from MR" I answered
 "No, I mean where do you live here in Jordan?" - "No where!"
 "Did they capture you while transiting through the airport?"
 "No, Haji took me from my country to question me for two days and bring me back" I wanted to make it sound as harmless as possible, besides, that what I was told, even though I had the feeling now that I was betrayed and lied to. "How do you spell your name?" - I wrote my complete name, but he didn't seem to have gone to primary school. He wrote as if with chopstick Chinese chopstick. He kept ~~the~~ filling a form after another and throw the old ones in the garbage can. "What have you done?" - "I have done nothing?". Both burst in laughter
 "Oh very convenient! you have done nothing but you are here!"
 I thought what crime ~~me~~ should I say in order to satisfy them. "██████ told me he needed my help" I presented myself as a person who came all the way from MR to provide info about my friends. What a silly answer I thought. If I were in Jordan to freely provide information, I could do so in MR. Anyway, the guards didn't believe me but what criminal admits to his crime benevolently? I felt humiliated bc my story sounded weird and untruthful. In the bureaucratic chaos, the commanding prison officer and took the process in hand. He took my wallet and copied my personal data from my ID. He was a serious looking ~~man~~ ~~at~~ his officer in his late thirties, light blond, caucasian looking, dry face. It was obvious he was married with the cause. During my sojourn in the Dar Al Taw kif wa Tahqiq. House for Arrest and Interrogation. I kept seeing him

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Working day and night, and sleeping in the prison. Most of guards do. They work ³ [REDACTED]

³ [REDACTED] rarely ~~leave~~ the facility. I kept catching them trying sneakily to look through the binhole without me noticing him. ³ [REDACTED]

³ [REDACTED] is an ³ [REDACTED] in what they call Al Jeesh Al Arabi - Arab Army. I was thinking 'what a masquerade! ~~we~~ Is that the protector of us - Arabs? We screwed up! The Arabic saying has it, "Her protector is her assulant" - "why they call you gus - Arab Army?" I asked, later on, one of the guards "Because we are supposed to protect the entire Arab world" he responded "Oh, that's really great" I said thinking that we were just fine if ^{they} protect us from themselves. After they had done "processing" me, ³ [REDACTED] ~~put~~ handcuffed me behind my back, blindfolded me, and, as usual, grabbed me from the back of my collar. We stopped on the way and waited until the lift arrived. We got in the lift and ~~the~~ I felt it was going up. We must have landed on the third floor. ² [REDACTED] led me through a corridor and took a couple turns, before a heavy metal door opened.

² [REDACTED] uncuffed me, and took off the ~~the~~ blindfold. I looked as far as my eyes could reach. It was not far about 8/9 feet to the window that was small and high, so detainees cannot look outside. I climbed once but I saw nothing but the round wall of the prison. The prison has a shape of a circle. The idea was smart b/c if you succeed in jumping off the window we land in a big arena ~~that~~ with 300/400 feet tall concert wall. The room looked bleak and stark, though clean. There was a wooden bed and an old

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blanket, and small sheet and that was about it. The closet door closed loudly behind [REDACTED] and I was left on my own tired and scared. What an amazing world. I never As much as I enjoyed visiting other countries, but never this way. I ~~waste~~ performed my ritual ~~po~~ wash and tried to pray standing but there was no way, so I opted to pray sitting. I crawled over the bed and soon trailed off. ~~The guard on watch~~ ~~shorted~~ The sleep was a torture, as soon as I ~~ope~~ closed my eyes, my friends, about whom I was going to potentially be asked about, ~~came~~ kept coming to me, and talk to me. They scared the hell out of me, I woke up numerous time mumbling their names, and failing to speak it out. I was in no win situation, if I stayed awake I am so ~~tired~~ dead tired, and if I slept I get terrorized by night mares to the extent that I screamed loudly. Around 4:30 pm, guard on watch woke me up for food. As much as I liked the plate, but my throat conspired against me. The depression, and fear was just too much. The food is served in a chariot that goes through the corridor from cell to cell and serves food, in a later time the cook passes with the tray and collects the empty plates. Detainees are allowed to keep one cup for tea and juice. When the cook showed up collecting my plate he saw that I hardly ate anything. "Is that all?" - "yes, thanks" - "well, if you say so!". The cook quickly collected my plate and off he rolled. In jail is not like in home. In jail if you don't eat is OK. But in home you parents and your wife do their best to persuade you to eat. "Honey, just eat a little bit more. Or should I prepare you something else... please just do it for my sake

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... why don't you tell me what you'd like to eat" and things like that. ~~But then~~ In Both case you more than likely would not eat more. In fact ~~bc~~ they scare the hell out of you, And in home ~~bc~~ you're spoiled. Same way when ~~felt~~ feel sick. I remember a very funny case, I was really hurt, it was ~~not~~ either headache or stomachache. "I have so much pain?" Can please give me some medication "Fuck you," ~~he said~~ crying baby" he said. I burst in laughter ~~bc~~ I remembered how overreacting my family would be if she knew I was sick. After having given my trash back I ~~pe~~ went back to sleep. As soon as I closed my eyes in saw my family in a dream, rescuing me from the Jordanian In the dream I kept telling my family it was just a dream but they would tell me "No, it's for real, you're home". How devastating for me, when I woke up and found myself in the dimly lit cell. This dream terrorized me for days. "I told you it's dream, pls hold me and don't let me go" I would say. But there was no holding me. My reality was that I am ~~in~~ secretly detained in Jordanian Jail and my family could not even possibly know where I was. Thanks God after a while that dream disappeared, and every once in a while I wake up crying intensely hugging my beloved youngest sister Najah. It was Ramadan, thus we go ~~to~~ two meals served; one at sunset and the second before the first twilight. The first night was the worst, if you pass it you're more than likely going to pass the rest. The cook woke me up and served me my early meals. after which I couldn't eat. I felt

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so lonely, helpless, far from home, violated in my night, pitiful, weak, sick, terrorized, ~~and~~ confused, and betrayed as never before in my life. Suhur is what we call this meal, ~~at home is more than~~ it marks the begin of our fasting, which lasts until sunset. At home, is more than just a meal. The atmosphere matter. My older sisters wakes everybody and we sit together eating and sipping the warm tea and enjoyed each others company. 'I promise I will never complain about the food of yours man' I was thinking to myself. I never always complains about the food, not in a bad way but just to find a reason not to eat. But complaining about the food of your own family is not appropriate. I learned it the hard way, when I had to eat whatever the prison offers. I hope you don't! I still hadn't adjusted to the new time of Jordan. I wasn't allowed to know the time or date, however, when I made friends among friends they used to tell me what time it was. This morning I had to guess. It was around 04:30 which means around 01:30 ~~at~~ back home. I was wondering what was my family doing? Do they know where I am? Hopefully God shows them my place? Will I ever see them again? Only Allah knows! As far as it looked, chances are very low. I ~~hadn't~~ didn't eat a lot; in fact the meal was not that big; a bread pita ~~is~~ bread, butter milk, and small pieces of cucumber. However, I ate more than I did the night before. I stayed reading Koran in the dim light, I wasn't able to recite, my brain was

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not working properly. When I thought it must be ~~be~~ the first twilight, so I prayed as soon as I finished, the Muezzin - Prayer Caller - started to sing with Azan, his heavenly, fainting, sleepy, and hoarse voice awoke in me all kind of emotions. How could possibly these praying believers accept that a part of their own is buried in the Darkness of ^{1,3} [REDACTED]

^{1,3} [REDACTED] House of Arrest and Interrogation. Actually, there were two Azans; one to awake people to eat the last meal, and the other to, both, stop eating and going to pray. It sounds the same, the only difference is that the Muezzin says in the last one "Prayer is better than sleeping". I redid my prayers once more and went to bed to choose between terrified while awake or asleep. I kept switching between both, as if I were drunk. ² [REDACTED]

- Around 23:00 The day passed without ~~any~~ events. My appetite didn't change. One of the guards gave me a book to read. I didn't like ~~it~~ it treats philosophical differences between all kind of religions. I really needed a book that ~~go~~ would give me comfort. I wished we had a little more peace in the world. I was between sleeping and awakening when the guard shouted ³ [REDACTED] and soon opened the door of my cell "Hurry up" - I froze and my feet numbed, but my heart pumped so hard that I ~~go~~ jumped off my bed and complied with the order of the guard. The Escort guard handcuffed me behind my back and pushed me to the unknown. ~~His part~~ Since I was

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blindfolded I could undisturbed think about my destination. However, the pace of the one escorting guard was faster than my anticipation; I felt the warmth of room I entered, when you're afraid you need warmth. The guard took both off the handcuffs and the blindfold. I saw a big machine in blue machine like the ones in the airports for scanning luggage, and some other object to measure height and weight. How relieved I was! They were about taking traditional prisoner's data such as ~~print~~ finger prints, height and weight. Although I knew there was no going around the interrogation session, I ~~was~~ both wanted to go through it as ~~possit~~ soon as possible, and so a friend of that session. I don't ~~know~~ ^{now} ~~ex~~ to explain it, it might not make sense, I am just trying to explain my feelings then the best way I can. In organizational matter, the Jordanians are much more advanced than the Mauritians. Another thing that kept terrorizing me was the violation of my privacy and checking every thing in my computers and my emails, not that there was anything in criminalizing me but ~~also~~ if you get arrested your whole private life is going to be busted open to the smallest detail! Not only, every thing would be interpreted to in ~~the~~ a way that criminalizes you. Saturday

³ [REDACTED] Around 10:00p. First Interrogation The routine of today was not different than the days before, though I gathered one vital information; the number of my cell was ³ [REDACTED]. After Iftar - fast breaking guards started to call loudly a number, a door opened loudly,

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and could hear the footsteps ^{of} and the taken-away detainees. I figured detainees were being taken away for interrogation. I heard ~~the~~ the guards shouting my cell # about a hundred times, after each I went to the toilet and ~~washed my face~~ and ~~in~~ performed a ritual wash. As it turned out no guard mentioned my cell # I was ~~just~~ so paranoid. ~~that~~ Around 10 p.m. a guard shouted ~~the~~ [REDACTED] for real I went quickly ~~to~~ to the bathroom, not that I needed to, but the urge was there. What was I going to urinate was probably blood b/c I really ~~hadn't~~ hadn't drunk any thing, and so far I had urinated about ~~the~~ half a gallon. "Hurry up, we have no time" said the guard who stood at the opened heavy metal door. Later on, I learned

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED] The sq ~~sent~~ hand cuffed, ~~and~~ blindfolded me, and off he pushed me. We took the lift and went one floor down. We got off the lift, and he ~~took~~ a couple of turns before we entered a new area I recognized b/c a door opened and I passed a step. The odor of smokes of cigarettes hit me. It was interrogation area, and they smoke relentlessly like an old train. It's disgusting when the smoke keeps adding up and dominates the odor of a house. If I am hungry it hurts my stomach. The area was remarkably quiet. The escorting guard dropped me against a wall and retreated. "What people did you send to ~~Russia~~ Chechnya?" shouted demonstratively [REDACTED] at a detainee in English, "I ain't sent nobody"

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responded the detainee in broken Arabic with his obvious Turkish accent. I right away knew the setup. This interrogation was meant for me in the first place, "Liar!" shouted [REDACTED]. "I ain't lying," responded the guy in Arabic, although [REDACTED] kept speaking his loose English. "I don't care if you have a German or American passport. You're going to tell me the truth!" said [REDACTED]. Now, I knew that the [REDACTED]. The setup fitted perfectly, and meant to terrorize me even more. Although I knew right away it was a setup but the scare element was not affected. "Hi [REDACTED] said [REDACTED]. "Hi" I responded feeling his breath right in front of my face. I was so terrorized that I couldn't realize what he was saying. "So your name is [REDACTED]" he concluded "No!" "But you responded when I called you [REDACTED] he argued. I didn't really realize that he had called me [REDACTED] but I found it idiotic to tell him that I was so terrorized that I couldn't realize what name he call me." "If you look at it we all are [REDACTED]" I correctly answered. [REDACTED] means in Arabic God's servant. However, I knew where ~~Abu Far~~ How [REDACTED] came up with the name of [REDACTED]. The Story of the Name [REDACTED]: When I arrived in Montreal / Canada on 26 Nov 1999 my friend [REDACTED] introduced me to his roommate [REDACTED] with my same civilian name. When I later on met with another [REDACTED] who happened to see a year before with me, he called me [REDACTED] and I responded by [REDACTED] I found it impolite to correct him. Since then [REDACTED] called me [REDACTED].

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and I found it cool not that I wanted to deceive [REDACTED]. After all [REDACTED] had the key of our common mailbox and always collected my official mails, which obviously bore my civilian name. Also, for the sake of a quiet life in the new country, I didn't want to make advertisement for myself. Given that the Americans already destroyed my reputation in Germany by telling the German that I am a terrorist. When [REDACTED] tried to smuggle explosives into the U.S, American Intels pointed toward me as the "Master mind" of the plot. Canadians among other things confirmed that I used an [REDACTED] which only worsened my situation and made look more suspicious. Nonetheless, Americans failed to provide Canadians with any piece of evidence that could lead to my arrest in Canada, even for one single hour. That was the story of the name. Obviously, Americans tasked the Jordanians to investigate why I did take the [REDACTED] in Canada, but the Jordanians understood the receipt by far more than Americans, thus they ignored completely this part of interrogation. "Do you know where you are?" asked [REDACTED]. "In Jordan" I responded. Obviously, he was shocked. I should not be informed about my destination, but the MR interrogator must have been very so angry that he didn't exactly followed the orders of the Americans. The initial plan was [REDACTED] must be sent from MR to Jordan blindfolded and not be informed about my destination, in order to plant as much fear and terrorism in my heart to break me. As soon as I answered the question [REDACTED] knew that

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this part of the plan was broken, and thus took off my blindfold right away, and led me inside the interrogation room. It was a small room about 10 x 8 (feet²) with an old table and three weathered chairs. [redacted] was in his

his assistant [redacted]

is a [redacted]

He is the type who ~~is~~ ready to do ~~anything~~ the dirty side of the job. He also looks [redacted]. I scanned both back and forth with my eyes and wondered about these guys. The whole problem of terrorism was caused by the ~~aggre~~ aggression of Israel against Palestinian civilians, and the fact that the U.S. is backing the Israeli govt in its mischief. So far so good, but these ~~Palestinian desche descendants~~ interrogators of Palestinian origine don't just fit in the vest they wear. More than fifty percent of the Jordanians are of Palestinian origine. When ~~Pale~~ the Israelis took over Palestine under the ~~British Artillery~~ fire of the British Artillery. The invasion resulted in a mass migration of the locals. Many of them ended up in the neighboring countries, and ~~the~~ Jordan received the ~~loirs~~ share. To me it didn't make sense that Palestinians work for Americans to defeat the people who are supposedly ~~defeat~~ helping ~~the~~ the former. I know that these two interrogators standing ~~before~~ don't represent any moral values, and don't care about human beings' lives. I found myself ~~seen~~ between two ~~fighting~~ supposedly fighting parties, both of which consider me as enemy. The historical enemies are allied to roast me. It was really absurd

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and funny at the same time. [REDACTED] played a vital role during the when the Americans started the war against the terrorism. He was charged to interrogate the kidnapped individuals and assign them to the different individuals of his team. He personally came to interrogate individuals in GITMO on behalf of the US. The last time I know of [REDACTED] [REDACTED] he didn't interrogate me, nor would I have in GITMO nor did I would I have cooperated with him. Back in my session with him in Jordan, [REDACTED] opened a medium size binder, which turned to be the the firmy file that the U.S. turned over to the Jordanians. He started to ask me questions that were not related to each others. It was the first time I ever experienced this technique. The goal of this technique is to quickly bring the liar in contradiction. But he obviously [REDACTED] was obviously not enoughly briefed about my case, and the history of my interrogations. In my case, it wouldn't have mattered whether I was lying or telling the truth b/c I had been questioned so many times about exact the same things by different agencies from different countries. Should I have lied, I would be able to lie again and again and again, b/c I had enough time to straighten my lies. But I hadn't lied to him nor did he doubted my truthfulness. At first, he showed me the picture of [REDACTED] [REDACTED] he had interrogated earlier, and said "I you tell me about this guy, I am going to close your case and you home" Of course he was lying about his promise. I looked at the photo and honestly answered "No, I don't know him". I am sure the guy was asked about the same question about me, and he must have answered the same b/c there was no way that

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He knew me. [redacted] was sitting on [redacted] left, and recording my answers. "Do you drink tea?" asked me [redacted] "Yes, I like tea". [redacted] ordered the tea guy to offer me a cup of tea. I got a big & hot tea cup. When the coffee started to mix with my blood I got hyper and was so felt comforted. Those interrogators know what they are doing. "Do you know [redacted]?" asked [redacted] I had been asked about [redacted] thousands and one times, and always tried to convince interrogators that I didn't know that guy. If you don't know somebody, you just don't know him, and there is no changing it. Even if they torture you, they will not have any useable information. "Well, I don't know him" For some reason, the American didn't believe that I didn't know him, and they wanted the Jordanians to make me admit. "No, I don't know him" I answered. "I swear to Allah you know him" shouted [redacted] "Don't swear" I said, although I knew that taking the Lord's name in vain is like sipping coffee for him. [redacted] kept swearing. "Do you think I am lying to you?" - "No, I think I forgot" that was too nice put, but the fact that the Americans didn't provide the Jordanians with any substantial evidences tied the hands of the latter mightily. Yes, Jordanians do practice torture on a daily basis but they need need a reasonable doubt to do so. They don't just jump on anybody and start to torture him. "I am going to give you pen and papers, and want you to write me your resumé and you write the names of all of your friends" and so did he close the session and asked the guards to take me back to my cell. The worst was over, at least, I thought so.

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The escorting guards hand cuffed, and blindfolded me friendly. There is always one common thing between ~~the~~ the guards, whether they are Americans, Mauritians, or Jordanians, they all reflect the position of interrogators. If Interrogators are happy the guards are, and if not then not. The escorting guards felt some freedom talking to me. "Where are you from?", "MR", "What are you doing in Jordan?", "My country turned me over", "Are you kidding me?", "No, I'm serious" - "Your country is fucked up". In Jordan Prison it is extremely forbidden for the guards to interact with detainees, in MR and GTMO is also normally forbidden. However, hardly anybody follows the rules. "You are starving man, why don't you eat?" he asked me. He was right. ~~My stomach~~ The shape of my bones was clear, and anybody could tell how serious my situation was. "I am going to eat only if I get back home. I am not interested in prison food. I am interested in my mom's food" I answered, "God willing you are going to get out, but for the time being you got to eat". I don't want to make him look good, ~~his job~~ the type of his job defines already his personality, but he felt that his country is not just. I needed any comforting word, and so far he had done good job with me. Other guards joined us in the corridor and asked him where I ~~was~~ was from. They opened the door to [REDACTED]² I felt as a big burden was taken off my back. "It's only a matter of days, then they will send me back home." DSE was right I thought. The fact that Jordanians were as much confused about the case of ~~the~~ mine, the US had given to them, as I was. Obviously, the US gov't hadn't

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any substantial material to help Jordanians doing the dirty job. I felt I liked to eat something since the painful ~~started to~~ fear started to diminish, and I started to get used to it. Sneaky. I'm - watching - you appeared at the bin hole of my cell and give thirty numbered piece of papers. The coordination between interrogators and the guards was perfect. I was tasked by ³ [redacted] to write ~~to~~ down the names of all my friends, which was ridiculous. I had so many acquaintances that it would be impossible to ~~in~~ include them in less than a big book. Further, ³ [redacted] tasked me to write about my resumé. I was he didn't ~~like~~ ask for kind of resumé I used to write in order to apply for a job. I immediately wrote both assignments, and mentioned the ~~most~~ closest friends of mine, and a traditional resumé. I used for that purpose about ten pages. I had for the first time some relatively good sleep that night. Some time, in a couple of days ³ [redacted] picked up the written materials, and the empty papers as well. He counted the papers thoroughly. "Is that ~~@~~ all you have to write?" "Yes, Sir!". ³ [redacted] ~~was~~ had been working days and nights, and all he was doing was checking on detainees through the bin hole without being ~~remark~~ noticed. The most of the time I couldn't notice him. Once, he caught me having good time with a guard, and he took me and interrogated me about what we were talking about. ~~As to the~~ As to the guard he disappeared and I never saw him again. ~~Re~~ ICHL vs. Jordanian Intel - Cat and Mouse: "Put your stuff together" said the guards, waking me up ~~for~~ in the morning before my sleep. "I quickly grabbed my ~~only~~ blanket, my Kwan, and the one library book I had. The guard I was so happy

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by I thought I was leaving and going to be sent home. The guard ~~let me~~ made me hold my stuff, and blindfolded me. They didn't send me home, instead I found myself in the cellar, [REDACTED]. The cell was not clean, it seemed to have been abandoned since long time. I still liked to believe in good intention, and thought this was the transfer cell for detainees before release. I was so tired and the cell was very cold I went to sleep. Around 4:30pm Iftar was served and I came slowly to life. I noticed an old paper on the door with the rules of the prison. The guards clumsily forgot to tear the paper off by I wasn't supposed to read them but since nobody is perfect I had the chance to discover something. Among others the rules stated (1) you are only allowed to smoke if you are cooperating (2) Talking to the guards is forbidden (3) ICRC visits the prison every 14 days (4) Do not talk to ICRC about your political case. I was happy by, at least, I would be able to send letters to my family, but I missed a vital point, I was taken temporarily to the cellar to hide me from the ICRC in a cat-and-mouse game that lasted eight months, my stay in Jordan. Every fourteen days, the guards had been consistently moved me from my cell to the cellar where I ^{had} spent a couple of days before they brought me back to my cell. After about two days, I was transferred to [REDACTED] where I spent the rest of the time of my incarceration, unless when I was moved for a short period to be hidden from the Red Cross. ~~When~~ When I discovered the trick, I explicitly asked my interrogator

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³ [redacted] to see ICRC "There is no ICRC here. This is a Military prison" he lied - "I have seen the clauses of the Rules, and you're hiding me in the cellar every 14 days in order to prevent me from meeting the Red Cross". ³ [redacted] looked at me firmly "I am protecting you! And you are not going to see ICRC". Then I knew there were no changing their minds, and ³ [redacted] couldn't even decide about that issue. It was way above. The conspiracy between MR, us, and Jordan to committing the crime should be perfect. If my involvement were cemented, I would be executed and the party would be over. So who was to know what happened. "I'd like to see the MR Ambassador" I asked the interrogator "Impossible" - "OK, what's about the MR-Intel" I asked, "What do you want to tell them?" - "I would like to tell them ask them about the reason for my incarceration in Jordan. At least, you know that I have done nothing against your country" - "Look your country is a good friend of us, and they turned you over to us. We can do anything with you we like with you; kill you, arrest you indefinitely, or release you if you admit to your crime" ³ [redacted] both, lied and told the ~~party~~ truth. Arab countries are not friends, in contrary they hate each others. They never cooperate, all they do is conspiring against each others. To MR, Jordan is worthless, and vice-versa. However, in my case the US compelled both to work together. I tried so many times to contact my family but with no avail, and when washed my hands off the evils, I prayed to God to take care of my family and make them know, where I was. Later on, I noticed that I was not the only hidden package. ~~Some~~ Between ~~two~~ one and three other detainees were subject to the Cellar operation. The numbers

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kept changing as the time went by. My whole time in Jordan, I ~~was, of course, always~~ had been always, of course in isolation. However, I could tell whether there ~~were~~ ^{were} detainees in the neighboring cells, based on food chariot, guards, ~~movements~~, and detainees movements. FBI sends my confiscated hard disk to Jordan: It is just amazing that the FBI trusts Jordanians more than the other American Agencies. For instance, the FBI confiscated my harddisk when I turned myself in Fall 2001, and when they sent me to Jordan, they sent the content of my harddisk to ~~the~~ Jordan. On the other hand, DoD had been trying to get the disk, and they couldn't until now. I heard lately from my DoD interrogators that the FBI at last, turned the harddisk but I haven't seen yet anything. Usually, DoD would ask me questions about the stored data. There is really nothing but my business emails and other ~~data~~ related data. I remember having over 1500 emails messages, and a whole bunch of pictures. It doesn't make sense that the FBI cooperates more with foreign organizations more than the domestics. But I do believe that the Intel industry is like any other industry. you buy the best product with the best price regardless the origin country. Do the Jordanians offer the best product in this case? I am not sure, but they understand the recipe of terrorism more than the Americans. Reportedly, without Jordanian on the field, Americans would never have achieved as they have. However, Americans overestimate the capability of the Jordanians by sending them people from all over the world, as if they the Jordanians were a super Intel Agency. "I am going to show you pictures, you tell me about them" said [redacted] lately, he and [redacted] Jordanian were appointed to interrogate

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me ² [redacted] was the leader. He only interrogated me the first time once. In Jordan, they have a technique, which involves two interrogators one more who interrogate you separately about the same thing, in order to making sure that you don't change your statement. They rarely sat together and interrogated me. "Alright!". ³ [redacted] started to show me the pictures, and as soon as I saw the first one I knew it was my computer, or more accurately the computer of the company I had been working for. My heart started to pound, and I felt my saliva getting ~~set~~ extremely bitter - It always happened to me in Jordan, when I got extremely scared. My face started to turn as red as an apple, my tongue got heavy and twisted. Not $\frac{1}{2}$ I have done any crime with my computer, but ~~that is~~ there is more to it if somebody's freedom is violated ① The PC belonged to a company that trusted me, and the fact the a foreign country such as U.S. searches the company and confiscates material is a big burden for the company ② In the PC there are the financial secret of a company, which the latter wouldn't share be willing to share them with the rest of the world ③ Since I have worked for a family company, they hardly draw the line between their company and their private life, which means that the computer contains ^{familial} private data the family wouldn't share with the rest of the world ④ The PC was a shared station, anybody within the company could and did use it, so there are a lot of data I don't know of, even though I was 100% sure there was no mine behind it knowing my colleague and their dedication to their work and life. ⑤ I personally have had emails with my friends in Germany, some of them aren't even Muslims, but

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I was more worried about my emails with the Muslim friends, especially the ones who ever helped financially or spiritually, oppressed people in Bosnia or AF b/c their messages would be interpreted evilly. Just put yourself in my shoes, and imagine somebody storming your house and trying to mess with your whole private life! Would you welcome such an assault? I started to answer him with my best knowledge, especially the pics of my own. He put the pics I could identify on a side, and the rest of ~~and~~ on another side. I explained to him that that pc ~~was~~ had been used by several colleagues, one of whom was scanning all kind of different pics for the clients who attended the Internet Café. There ~~are~~ were all kind of private ~~pic~~ familial pictures. I was so mad at myself, my gov't, the U.S, and the Jordanians b/c I noticed how many people's private life was ~~attacked~~ violated. I also was confronted in a later session with a couple emails I ~~ex~~interchanged [REDACTED].

[REDACTED] The funny thing was: Mehdi sent an email before I got arrested, and the MR gov't interrogated me about it and I explained to them with definite evidence that there was no evil in it. As soon as I got back to my office I wrote [REDACTED] the following email: "Dear brother! Pls stop sending emails b/c the Intel are intercepting our emails and giving me hard time". I openly didn't want any trouble, and thus liked to close any door that would lead to such things. "Why did you write [REDACTED] this email?" asked [REDACTED]. I explained to him the issue - "No, b/c you are afraid that the gov't learns about your mischief's with Mehdi" he sillyly commented, "Well, this message was addressed to both Mehdi and the gov't. Knowing my emails

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are intercepted by emails. the govt I assume that the govt always gets a copy of my email traffic" I said "you are using a code when you write [REDACTED]" he said, "Well, I am sure you dealt with coded messages in your career or you have specialists who help you. Go to them first before you make your mind up" - "No, I want you to explain to me the code" he asked - "There is no code, what you understand is what I meant". I had another issue with the Jordanian interrogators by the ~~Army~~ original emails are in German, and the Americans translated them in English and sent them to the Jordanians, who in their turn translated the English version in Arabic. Under these circumstances, there is space for evil interpretations widened with every translation and the original text suffered. The Good News I ~~was~~ supposedly attempted to kill the MR President: In summer 2001 I was taken by my company to assist technologically the visit of the MR President to the city of Tidji Kja. Knowing that the family ~~to~~ who employed me are from Tidji Kja it made sense that their interest lied considerably in the well-being of the city. We ~~put a medical~~ installed a small medical consulting center using solely the Internet, and transmitted the visit of the President in real time. The company took many pictures where my colleagues and I appeared close to the president. The closest photo, when the president stood behind my neck wondering about me "magically playing with the computer." "I can tell, you were plotting to kill the President" said [REDACTED]. I couldn't help laughing "So, why didn't I kill him?" - "I don't know. You tell me" [REDACTED] said "Look! If I tried to kill my president

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in my country is none of your business, nor that of American. Just turn me over to my country, and let them deal with me? I was both angry and hopeful. Angry because the U.S. wanted to pin any crime on me, no matter what, and hopeful because they were going to turn me over to my country to suffer to capital penalty. Americans couldn't possibly have dreamt of a better option. However, Jordanians were fishing on behalf of Americans, and whenever you notice your interrogator fishing, you can be sure that he is bankrupt. [REDACTED] is sort of a reasonable interrogator, though as evil as he could be. Thus, he never asked me again about the plot on my President, nor about the pictures in my harddisk. I regretted, however, why I didn't act on the suspicion and made myself look guilty in order to get myself extradited back to Mauritania. It was a crazy and desperate idea, it doesn't think that Mauritians would have played along because they know for fact I haven't done it. Why when my situation worsened in the Jordanian prison, due to physical violence, though only twice but and constant psychological terror, I planned to confess that I had operation going on in MR, and only hidden explosives. The idea was that I tried to be sent back to MR. "Don't do that. Just be patient, and remember that Allah is watching!" so told me the guard when I asked him for advice. In the meantime, I made a lot of friends among the guards, who brought me news, and taught me about the Jordanian culture, and about the torture methods in the prison, and who's who among the interrogators. They also got me the best books from the library, and recounted me the latest jokes, and offered me cigarettes

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but I turned it down b/c I don't smoke. Furthermore, they told me about other detainees and their cases. Through speaking with the guards, I know ~~everything~~ almost every thing about the life in Amman. In interrogators: Jordanian Interrogators have been working side by side with the American since the begin of the operation baptizied "Global War Against Terrorism". Jordanians, interrogated in the field, and outside. They have their agents in AF profiting from the Middle Eastern average look. In the first place Jordanians were seen as a potential associate for doing the dirty work. As Americans grew hardened in their sins, they started to take the dirty job in their own hands. The fact that Jordanians use widely torture as a means to facilitate interrogation seems to impress the American authorities. However, there is a problem, Jordanians don't just take anybody and torture, they must have reason in order to practice ~~torture~~ heavy physical torture. Nonetheless, being arrested in Jordanian Trail is an irreparable torture already. (1)

He's been leading interrogators' team in Jordan, and interrogating himself detainees in GITMO on behalf of U.S govt, and most likely other in other secret places in AF and else where. He interrogated me only once, thus I don't know him very well, but he seems to be widely known in Jordan, as I learned from some Jordanian detainee in GITMO. ~~the~~ ~~also~~ also seemed to be pretty well experienced, when he saw my file once

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he decided it to be not worth wasting his "precious" time, thus he never bothered to see me again. (2) ³ [REDACTED]

was good b/c I wanted him to stay hyper during the interrogation. "You know [REDACTED] your only problem is you time in Canada. If you really haven't done nothing in Canada, you don't belong in jail" concluded ³ [REDACTED] after several sessions with him. He is specialist in AF, and he himself attended the training camps as an under cover agent during the war against Communism. When I was training in AL Faruq in 91, he was working under cover as a ~~tea~~ student in Khalden. According to him, he had been taking a whole bunch of pictures. He ~~was~~ questioned me about my whole trip to AF thoroughly, and showed satisfaction with my answers. That was very much his whole job. In winter 2002 he was sent, maybe under cover, to AF and Turkey to help the US capture the Mujahideen and I only saw him when he came back in summer 2002 with a whole bunch of pictures. ³ [REDACTED] showed me the pictures.

I didn't recognize any body, and felt bad for myself. Why did they show me more than a 100 pics I didn't know none. It didn't make sense. Usually, interrogators that are related to you. In my inside I decided to recognize at least one picture. "This is Jamal Abdul Nasser" I said "you are making fun. Aren't you?" said ³ [REDACTED] angrily "no, no, I just thought it looks like him". ³ [REDACTED] is a former Egyptian President who died before I was born. "Those people are from the same gang as you are" said ³ [REDACTED] "Maybe. But

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I don't know them" I said. He didn't say much after that. [REDACTED] just spoke about his adventure in AF. "you're courageous" I remarked in order to give him fuel for more talk. "You know, Americans are using ~~lot~~ smart weapons that follow the target based on temperature changes. Many brothers were captured" [REDACTED] recounted under the thick cloud of smoke he made, and that filled the small room. I never saw [REDACTED] after that session. A part of his mission was to gather intel about me from other detainees in AF but he didn't seem to have come up with anything. ③ [REDACTED] I know his real first name - "boom" when he slapped me across the face, and pushed me against the wall with my face. I was sobbing, maybe more bc of frustration than pain - "you are not a man! I am going to make you lick the dirty floor and tell me your story, beginning from the point when you got out of the vagina of your mother he continued" "you haven't seen nothing yet" he was correct, although he is the biggest liar I ever met. He lied so much that he contradicted himself b/c he forgot what he said the last time about a specific topic. "In order to give credibility to his he kept swearing and taking the Lord's name in vain. I was always wondering whether he thought that I believed his garbage. However, I always acted as if I did. As a matter of fact it wouldn't make a big difference, except that he would be angry if I called him a liar. He arrested big A & guys who talked about me being the sad guy, and he released them thousand and one time from ^{the} prison for they told the truth. The funny thing that he always forgot that he arrested ~~them~~ and released them already. "I arrested your cousin Abu Hafis and he told me

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the whole truth. As a matter of fact he said 'Don't you put your hand on me, and I'm gonna tell you truth', and I didn't. He told me bad things about you. After that I ~~see~~ bid him farewell and serenely took to MR. In MR he would be interrogated for a couple of weeks and released. But you're different, you keep holding back ^{intels} I am going to send you to the secret political prison in the middle of desert. Nobody is gonna give a shit about you". To refresh your memory, dear reader, [REDACTED] is on the top of the FBI wanted list with a reward of US\$ 25,000,000. FBI believes him to be involved in 9/11 attack. The problem was that I had to keep listening to the same garbage over and over, the only thing he changed was the dates of arrest and release. In his dreams, he also arrested [REDACTED], [REDACTED], and other individuals I never heard the names, who had been supposedly providing information about me. Good for him, as long as he didn't beat me or attack me verbally I was cool, and listening carefully to his Thousand and one Arabian Nights tales. "I've just arrived from the U.S and I had interrogated [REDACTED]" he obviously lied "Well, that is good b/c he must have told you that he doesn't know me" - "No, he said he ~~did~~ does" - "Well, that is none of your business. According to you, I have done crime against the U.S, just send me to the U.S or tell me what have I done against your country" I sharply remarked b/c I grew tired from a futile conversation with him, to convince him that I have nothing to do with Millennium Plot. "I am not working for the Americans, some of your friends are trying to hurt my country, and I ask you indirect questions as an interrogation technique" ³ [REDACTED]

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led, "What friends of mine are trying to hurt your country?" I wondered, "I cannot tell you!" "Since I haven't tried to hurt your country, there is no blaming me. I am not my friends. Go and arrest them and release me". However, if you try make sense of things, interrogation room is not ~~free~~ for you. Whenever, ³ [redacted] told me that he arrested somebody, I knew the guy ^{was} ~~is~~ ~~safe~~ ~~some~~ still free. ~~But~~ Although, he used physical violence against me only twice, he kept terrorizing me with other methods that ~~are~~ were maybe worse than physical pain. (A) He put next to my interrogation room a poor detainee, and his colleague start to beat him with a hard object until he burst crying like a baby. How cheap! That was painful. I started to shake, my face got red, my saliva got as sifter as green percimen, my tongue as heavy as metal. Those are the symptoms I always suffer when I got scared extremely, ~~It didn't seem to be~~ the constant fear didn't seem to harden me much more. On the other hand, the depression reached its peak, and started ^{to} hallucinate. "Do you hear what's happening next door?" "Yes" "Do you want to suffer the same?" "I almost said yes. It was so hard for me to helplessly watch somebody suffering. It is not easy to make a grown-up cry like a baby. "Why, I'm talking to you" I said showing a fake composure. After all, the brother next door was also talking to his interrogator. ³ [redacted] sardonically smiled and continued to smoke his cigarette as if nothing were happening. This night I was very cooperative and quiet. The logic and argumentative human being in me disappeared all of a sudden. ³ [redacted] knew what he was doing, and he has been doing it

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apparently for long time. ^{na} ⑤ He made pass through the torture row blindfolded, there were cries, moans, and the shouts of the torturers. I was blessed b/c the guards kept me blindfolded, so I couldn't see the detainees. I was not supposed to see them, nor was I interested in seeing a brother suffering or actually anybody. Prophet Mohamad (Peace Be upon Him) said "God tortures, whoever tortures human beings" and as far as I understand the religion doesn't matter. ⑥ "I am going to send you to the Sharks' Pool" [redacted] told me, when I refused to talk to him when he hit me, "you don't know me - I swear by Almighty God I'll never talk to you. Go ahead and torture me, it will take my death to make me talk, and for your information I am sorry for every cooperation I have done in the past" I said, "First of all your cooperation was achieved by force. We didn't have a choice nor will you in the future. I am going to make ^{you} talk" [redacted] said. [redacted] started to push me against the wall and hit me on ~~my~~ the sides of my face, but I didn't feel any pain. ~~I didn't think~~ I don't think that he hit me with his whole strength. The guy looks like a bull, and one hit of him would have cost me 32 teeth. At the same time, he started to ask me questions. I don't remember the questions, but I do remember my answers. There was only one answer "Ana Bari - I am innocent I drove him crazy, but there was no making me talk." Right now, I have no time, but you're gonna suffer heavily tomorrow, son of a ... " he said, and immediately left the room. The escort took me back to my cell, it was around ~~my~~ midnight. I sat on my prayer mat and started reading Koran, and praying until ~~and~~ very late night. I ~~could~~ ~~not~~ concentrate on what I was reading

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"How would it be like in the sharks' pool?" I heard of electrified pool. I know they use it in Egypt, but sharks' pool sounds terrible. "Would it be cold or warm?" - "How can I get the Fight Bulldogs on my side?" I was thinking about the methods [redacted] threatened me with some time earlier that night. "What about beating me without my cloths?" - "I hope I pass out as quickly as possible, so I don't feel any pain". But the rendez-vous came and went without me having been taken to ~~the~~ the torture place. One day, two day, three days! ~~later~~ Nothing happened to me. No food, not bc they didn't give it to me but I had no appetite as always when get depressed. I learned later in GTMO Camp from a det Jordanian fellow detainee, who spent fifty days in the same prison, that there is no such thing as sharks pool, but I do have other ~~or~~ painful methods of torture, such as hanging detainees from hands and feet and beat them for hours, and depriving them from sleeping for days until they lose their minds. I personally witnessed the beating but I don't know ~~how~~ whether the detainees were hung or not, and I witnessed deprivation from sleep more than once. "However, in Jordan they don't torture unless they have evidences" [redacted] said. "If they knew as I do, they wouldn't even bother arresting you. The Americans told them to" [redacted] continued. "The torture party starts around midnight and finishes ~~at~~ around twilight. Everybody takes part; the director of the prison, interrogators, and the guards" [redacted] said. [redacted] information ~~is~~ are correct, for ~~be~~ one, he is a Jordanian who's been in that same jail, and for two, his information are consistent with what I know. We had

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I just wanted you to know the facts.

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been talking about Jordan for long time. @ Body building center - what I know kills me It was late night when I was talking to some of my guard-friends. I kept hearing as if some people were performing harsh training with loud voices to get out the whole energie out of the body like in Kung-Fu. I heard as if heavy bodies hit the floor. I was just too noisy, and too close from my [REDACTED]. "Are you guys training so late?" I asked the guards, but before he could say any word, another guy dressed in Ninja-like suit that covered him from head to toe appeared. The guards looked at him, and turned his face to me smiling "Do you know this guy?". I forced an official smile "no". The new guy took his mask, he looks like the devil himself. Out of fear my smile developed to a laughter "Oh, yes! We know each other" I said. "[REDACTED] asks if you guys are training now?" my guard wrongly asked the Ninja. "yes! Do you want to train with us! We have many detainees enjoying the PT" he sardonically said. ~~My~~ I knew right away that he meant torture. My ~~smile~~ laughter faded into a snarl, and the smile into fixed lips over my teeth. I didn't want to reveal my disappointment, fear, and confusion. "No, I am just fine" I said. The devil resumed his business, and I asked my guards "Why do they put the masks for this type of jobs?" - "They want to protect their identities. For in Jordan, you can get killed for doing such thing" He was right b/c most of the detainees were arrested b/c they know something, and b/c of crimes, thus they would be released sooner or later. I wished I hadn't known about that mischief. It was just impossible for me to sleep, when was listening to grown-ups crying like babies.

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I tried to put every object in my ears, and around my head, but nothing helped. As long as torture lasted, I couldn't sleep. The good thing, torture was not every day, and ~~not always~~ the voice didn't always reach my cell². When ³ finished my hearing, he made me sign my statements. "Read the statements and sign them" he said. "I don't need to read I trust you!" I lied. Why should I, anyway, read anything when I didn't have the option to sign or to refuse. ~~Any~~ No judge would take in consideration somebody's statements, which were coerced in a prison facility, such as the Jordanian Military Prison. After about one week ³ ~~entered~~ took me to interrogation in a nice room "your case is closed, you haven't lied. And I thank you for your ~~or~~ cooperation. When it comes to me, I am done with you, but it is the decision of my boss, when you go home I hope soon". I was happy with the news, and I expected it, but not that soon. "Would you like to work for us?" he asked me. "I'd like to, but I really am not qualified for this type of work" I said, partly lying and partly telling the truth. He tried to convince me friendly, but I, with the most friendliness I could manage, told him that I was ~~as~~ too idiot for intel work. Uncle Sam's Angry as Hell: when the Jordanians shared the result of their investigation with the U.S, and sent them the file, the latter took the file and slapped the ~~in~~ Jordanians in their faces. I felt the anger of Uncle Sam, thousands of miles away, when ³ came back into his old skin during the last two months of my incarceration in Jordan.

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I tried all I could to express myself. Sometimes I talked, sometimes I refused. I hunger struck for days, but [REDACTED] made me eat under the threat of torture. I figured that good food was better than kicking the tail, I wanted to compell the Jordanians to send me back home, but ~~to~~ I failed. Maybe, I wasn't hardcore enough!!! Later on, I hunger-struck secretly. I just wasted ~~the~~ my food without the knowledge of the guards, and they thought I ate. The goal of this type of hunger strike was to make myself so weak that I ~~don't~~ feel neither physical nor psychological pain. I don't know about other people, but if get too hungry, my feelings, and care drop considerably. Nobody taught me anything like that, I just found it while in jail. I practiced the same method later in U.S. custody.

Torture in Oodles: Around Feb' 2003 The director of the Department for Fighting Against terrorism was subject of an assassination plot. He almost gave his soul back. Somebody planted a timed bomb in the chassis car's chassis of the biggest fund of the Islamic movement in Jordan. The bomb was supposed to explode on the way between his home and his office, and it did. But what happened looked like a miracle. On his way to work the Director felt like buying a cigarette, the driver of his stopped in front of a store, and left to grab a pack of cigarette. The director felt like going with his chauffeur. As soon as both left the car, the bomb exploded. Nobody was harmed but the truck was his tony. The investigation led to a suspect, but after watching his family's house for some time, they

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the secret police couldn't find him. However, the King of the Fight against Terrorism cannot be messed with. Suspect must be arrested, and the guilty part must be found, immediately. The Injust Justice: Jordanian Secret Agency had to revenge for the big head. The peaceful brother of the suspect was to be taken as a pawn, to and tortured until his brother turned himself in. Special Forces were sent out, and arrested the innocent boy in a ~~too~~ crowded place, and beat him beyond belief. They wanted to show people the destiny of a family, a member of which tries to attack the gov't. The boy was taken to the prison, and tortured every day by his interrogator. "I don't care how long it takes I am going to keep torturing you until your brother turns himself in" said his interrogator. The family of the boy ~~was~~ had been given opportunity to visit the boy, not out of humane reasons, but the interrogator wanted the family to see the miserable situation of the boy, so they turn the son in suspected son in. The ~~suspe~~ family was devastated, and in the formation leaked that the suspect was ~~hiding~~ hiding in his family's house. Late night, operation ~~are~~ stormed the house and arrested him. The next day his brother was released. "What would you say, if somebody asks you about the bruises and injuries I caused you?" asked him the interrogator. "I'll say nothing!" he answered the boy. "Look, usually we keep people until they heal, but I'm releasing you; you go ahead and file anything you like against me. I did what I got to do, to capture

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a terrorist, and you're free to go". As to his brother, he was taken care of by the director himself. He kept beating him ~~with~~ for six straight hours. Not to mention what the his interrogators have done to satisfy their chief. I learned everything from the guards, when I noticed that the prison was ~~now~~ remarkably crowded. Not I could see anybody but @ the food supply ~~is~~ shrank decidedly @ They kept moving detainees from one to their cells, and whenever detainees led past my cell the guards closed my ~~door~~ whole @ I had seen the different shifts more frequently than usual. The situation started to relieve in summer 2002. Organization of the Prison Dar Al Takki~~q~~ wa Tahkik: The prison is run by three individuals; director of the prison ([REDACTED] his two assistant [REDACTED]

[REDACTED]. They play a role similar to the one [REDACTED] in GTMO-Bay. Supposedly, they are independent from the Intel Community but, in practice, both work together and collect Intels. Every one, with his own methods. ① The director is a very big guy dressed proudly in his Beduin - Civilian suits. He passes every morning and ask every single detainee, "How are you doing? -- Need anything?". I hated his tour ~~by~~ for one, I didn't want to see him, and for two, he always woke me up to ask me the same question. During my eight-month time I asked him for bottle of water, which he offered me. I wanted to put the ice-cold water I got from the faucet on the heater in order to warm it up, so I could take care of my own hygiene. I do think that it was good think to ask and check on detainees. However, under the treatment circumstances, chances are zero that ~~somebody~~ detainees were going to fix things with the help of the

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director who reportedly was taking part actively in torture. The prison was a copy of an American one, ~~unlike~~ except for the torture I don't believe that the Americans practice torture as widely as Jordanians do, especially inside the U.S. However, from what I hear, American prisons are among the roughest in the world, for example, there is no comparing them with the European correction facilities. Director makes sure that every body gets three meals a day (a) breakfast around 7 a.m. (b) Lunch around 1 p.m., mostly chicken and rice (c) dinner, light meal with tea. All in all I find the diet adequate, but I couldn't take advantage of it ~~bc~~ the psychological pressure was just too high. (2) ³

³ were continually patrolling through the corridor and checking on every body, including whether the guards are following the rules. ³ was responsible for what they call External Operations, such as capture and house searches. (3) The guards as the working arms for the organizers and interrogators. They are picked up mostly from the Beduin tribes that are known for their historical loyalty to the King, and payed miserable wages, about US\$ 430 give, or take. Although this wage is among the best in Jordan, but a guard cannot start a family without the support of his own. The guards are part of Jordanians Special Elite Forces, and enjoy all kind of training oversea. ~~It is~~ when a guard spends fifteen years serving, he has the option of retiring with the half of his last wage, or continue with that money plus his usual wage. There are no females in Special Forces. It is categorically forbidden for the guards to interact with the detainees, but they always broke these rules. They almost told everything, and

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brought me the best book from the library, even the bible b/c I wanted to study the book that must have shaped, more or less, the life of the Americans. The best part in the books that detainees pass message back and forth and solacing each other by writing good things inside the book. I didn't know any detainee, but the first thing I always did was sifting through the book looking for messages. Meanwhile I memorized all the messages. In Jordan, they have a pretty respectable collection, though some of it is meant for propaganda for the King. Guards also told me about their private life, marriage, children, and the social life in Jordan. [redacted] are responsible for moving detainees from cell to another, or to interrogation, to the show, or to their parents during the visit that takes place on Fridays. I was so frustrated when I had to watch everybody seeing his family while I was deprived from that right. Week after week. Lower ranking guards are responsible for the watch. Also, [redacted] are responsible for grossery that takes place every Saturday. The responsible [redacted] goes with a list from cell to cell and while what a detainee wishes to buy. You may buy the following things: Juice, milk, candy, underwear, towel and that was about it, if your money is enough you get what you ordered, if not then not. I had about \$US\$ 87, which seemed to have been enough for my modest grosseries. One time, when the [redacted] was going around with his list I spotted my name under my accusation = "Participation in Terrorist attacks". Every other day the guards offer you a five minutes recreation time, I hardly took advantage of, b/c the fact that I had to be shackled and blindfolded was just not worth ~~the~~ it. Every once in a while detainees get their hairs cut. The guards

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also gives every sundays cleaning materials to mop our cells, and they mop the floor. The jail is not dirty. My detainees: Neighbors @ Courageous boys. There were two of them. Although it was forbidden to talk in the prison, those two boys were consistently shouting, "God's help is coming soon Remember! God is on our side, and the Satan is on theirs". No matter what the guards did to them they kept solacing detainees and remind them of God's inevitable relief. I felt bad b/c I didn't want anybody to suffer for my sake. you could tell from the accent that they were Jordanians, which made sense, since the locals are more likely to be protected by their families than foreigners. None theless, I have no doubt those boys suffered for what they did. (2) [REDACTED]

I was the only constant in my neighborhood, the cells next to me kept changing their owners. At one point, my next happened to be a Lebanese young nitwit who kept crying and refusing to eat. His story, according to the guards, goes as following: He came to Jordan from Lebanon to have some fun. When he bumped into a routine Police patrol in Amman downtown, ~~when~~ they found an AKM-47 in his trunk, and arrested. Now, having a weapon on you in Lebanon is not a big deal, but in Jordan is forbidden to carry weapons on you. When taken to jail the young Lebanese suspect was losing his mind. He kept crying, and refusing his food for, at least, two weeks until ~~they~~ his release ~~was~~

release. Oh, what a relief for me, when they released him. I felt so pitiful for him. I am sure he learned his lesson, and would ~~think~~ ^{bad} about having weapon in his trunk the next

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he comes to Jordan ③ [REDACTED] He was sentenced to one year, ~~but~~ at the end of which he went crazy. He was shouting "I need to see my interrogator!" all the time. When I asked the guards why he did so, "bc his sentence is over, and they wouldn't let him go" the guard answered. Sometimes, he started to sing loudly, and sometime he shouted at the guards asking for a cigarette. I don't blame him, unless you have nerves of steel, chances ^{are} ~~that~~ you lose your mind in the Jordanian custody, ~~are high~~.

④ [REDACTED] Kept coughing the whole time "He is very old" told me the guy, "why do they arrest him?" I wondered. "Wrong time in the wrong place" the guard answered. The older man was always asking for more food, and smoke. After a couple of weeks, he was released. I was happy for everybody released from the crazy facility. ⑤ [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] This detainee ~~spent~~ was put next to me ~~in~~ in autumn 2002, and then then he never missed fasting any day. He only ~~ate~~ ate in the night. He was very quiet and hardly interact with the guards.

② [REDACTED] Jordanians turn me over to the U.S. As described in earlier chapter,

(... to be continued)

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Secret Police show in my house and ask to accompany them to the Secret Service Building.

It was around 4 p.m. when I got back from work. It was long day, hot, and humid. One of those days Islamic Calendar read Ramadan 4th and so far everybody in the family is fasting except for the kids. It was a remarkable work day, my company sent me to assess a relatively big project for our small company. We were asked to give an estimate for networking the Presidential Palast for both computers and Telephones. The day before, I made an appointment with the project coordinator, ^{for} early morning today. Waiting ~~was the order~~ before his office was the order of my half day. The common things among govt officials are, one, they don't respect appointment, and two, they never start the work on time. But, I took those common factors in consideration. During Ramadan, most people party ~~the~~ nights and sleep days. I ~~did~~ hadn't partied last night, but I stayed late for some other reason, namely I had a little familial fight with my beloved wife. I hate fights, thus I was depressed the whole nights and couldn't sleep. As drowsy and sleepy I was, but I managed to be on the site of my rendez-vous, though not punctual, but enough to beat the coordinator by hours. His office was closed, and there was no ~~chair~~ free chair in the corridor, thus I had to put up with squatting on the floor with my back to the wall. I fell asleep many times. Around noon

~~showed up~~ showed up, and took me to the Presidential Palast. I thought it would be a lot of formalities, ~~esp~~ especially for a terrorist suspect such as myself. But nothing like

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that happened, I showed the guards my Id, and they verify the visitors' list where my name appeared with appropriate clearance. You should give your name the day before, so ^{you} can get the clearance. I was suprisingly choiced. But, after all, only Americans suspect me of terrorism, and no other country. The irony is that I never been in the States, and all other countries I have been in kept saying "The guy is alright". Inside the palast, there was a garden with all kind of flower. As soon as I entered the sanctuary of the palast I felt as if I were in an other country, the weather was just cool and fine. Water foun fains create light drizzle. We went right away to business. I went through many rooms in different stores and took some measurments, but we were stopped and advised to leave the actual palast for there was an official visit, but we could stay inside the compound. I used that time and went to the Palast-Telephone central to check on the infrastructure. The [REDACTED] and as friendly as most people from Atar. He was more a security choice b/c the president trusts more his own people, which makes perfect sense. I felt depressed b/c the whole project needed much more work than what it said in the papers, and first of all I needed help, professional help. I didn't want to mess around with the Presidential Palast. I rather retreat back completely than starting to sell Hig-Tech made-in-Tumbekto. The [REDACTED] showed us the thing we needed to see and disappeared to his guests. It was late, and the coordinator asked for another appointment to finishing the measurement work and assessment of the needed infrastructure. We both left ([REDACTED] and I) with the intention of coming tomorrow

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and finishing the work. By the time we left the gate, I was already tired, and was like 'Get me the hell outta here'. I made a call to my boss and briefed him, I even went to the office after that and told my colleagues what happened. On my way home, [REDACTED] called me to making sure that I would be at Dinner in his House. [REDACTED] is a [REDACTED]

[REDACTED]. Besides, [REDACTED] is an old friend of the family, I knew him, and played cards with him, when I was a child. [REDACTED] today, was organizing a big dinner for his friends, including my brother, who was on vacation with us, and me. When [REDACTED] called, my car had a break down. I hate it when my As-old-As-my-Grandpa car does so. "Do you need me to come to you?" asked me [REDACTED]. "No, I can see a garage, not far from me. I am sure they will help me" - "Don't forget our Dinner Party, and remind [REDACTED]!" he said. "I won't". I brought a Mechanic from the garage who found out that the benzine pipe to the carburetor was broken, and fixed it. In MK people fix every thing, in Germany, people replace every thing. The Mechanic wanted to pay him more than I thought he ought to be paid, thus I did the thing I hate the most, negotiation, and paid him the amount we agreed on. One thing I like about Germany you don't need to negotiate, everything is labeled with a price. You could be mute, and, nonetheless, treated justly. The thing about negotiation is that somebody is going to be disadvantaged, for the most of the time. I personally, just want a just price for both part that makes every part happy. I arrived at my mom's home around 4.p.m, there were only my [REDACTED]

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³ [redacted] and my sister ³ [redacted], and both were asleep. My mom went outside to gather her scattered sheep. It was time to feed them. I went inside the house and put on my bathrobe. On my way to the shower, my mom and two secret police guys urged almost synchronically inside the house. "Salahi, the D.G. wants to see you?" - "Why?" - "We just don't know" said the guy. "OK! I'm going to take a shower and change my clothes" - "OK!" said the guy ~~and~~ stepping outside "We're gonna wait on you outside". The secret police respect me highly since I turned myself in a couple of weeks ago. They know I am not a person who ~~is~~ flee. I had been ~~still~~ under house arrest sin 2000 but I could have fled the country, ~~but I didn't~~. However, I didn't any reason why? I took my shower, and ~~was~~ changed. In the mean time my aunt woke up ~~b/c~~ of the noises. My sister died as far as I remember, and that was good ~~b/c~~ I was only worried about her. She suffers lately extreme depression. "I think the police called you ~~b/c~~ you bought a new TV, they don't want you ~~to listen to the~~ to watch TV. Don't you think?" said my mom innocently. I smiled and said "I don't think so, but every think is going to be alright". My mom ~~or~~ was referring to the new sat - Antenna I ~~is~~ installed last night to have a better TV - Reception. The ~~is~~ is that the ³ [redacted] was the one who helped me installing it the night before. When I was in prison, he asked me to find a job for him ~~b/c~~ the police ~~don't~~ pay him miserably. I promised him I will. In the mean time, I wanted to offer him an opportunity to do some work for me. Thus I called him to fix my antenna, and paid him

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adequately. That was the only way for a man like him to survive I helped him in his work, and we were sipping tea and joking in my house. "I didn't bring you to my house to arrest me." I jokingly said. "I hope ~~we~~ you will never be arrested," [REDACTED] said. My mom's house is next to my brother with a short wall that separates both. I could have simply jumped to my brother's house ~~and~~ and escaped through his door that completely opens to another street, and guess what? There would be no finding me, not only $\frac{1}{2}$ so many people would shelter me, but also the Police agents would not have been interested in finding me. I even ~~think~~ believe that the govt would have been much happier by saying to the U.S. "He fled, we couldn't find him." You should know, dear reader, that turning over a country's own citizens is not an easy deal. The President wished, he hadn't have to turn me over. Wonder why? After all it cost him his office afterward. I understand if the U.S captures me in AF and takes me to GTMO for whatever reason. My govt cannot be blamed $\frac{1}{2}$ I chose to go to AF. But kidnapping me from my house in my own try and giving me to the U.S. breaking the constitution of MR, and the customary International Laws and treaties, that is not OK. Mauritania should have asked to provide evidences that incriminated me, which they wouldn't $\frac{1}{2}$ they have none. But if the U.S does so, MR must ~~try~~ try me according to the Criminal code in MR, exactly like Germany does with its citizens who are suspected to be involved in 9/11. On the other hand if the U.S says "we have no evidences", then the MR response should be something like "Fu*k you!". No no, things don't work this way. Don't get

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* Directeur Générale de la Sécurité Nationale

me wrong! I don't blame the U.S as much as I do my own govt. Obviously the ~~agents~~ secret agents wanted me to flee, especially [redacted]. But I wanted to keep it real. Not to mention that the govt assured my family that I have done nothing, thus my family wanted to me always to go ~~the the~~ to the police when they asked to see me. The funny thing about Secret Police in Arab countries are more known to the Commoners than regular Police forces. I think the authorities in Arabic countries should think about a new nomenclature such as 'The Most Obvious Police' ☺

There were four of them when I stepped outside the door with my mom and my aunt. My mom kept her composure, and started to pray using her fingers. As to my aunt that was her first time seeing somebody taken by Police, thus she got crippled and couldn't say a word. She started to sweat heavily, and mumbling some prayers. Both kept their eyes staring at me. It's the taste of helplessness, when you see your beloved fading away like a dream, and you cannot help him. I watched both my mom and had been watching both my mom and my aunt ~~for~~ praying, through my rear mirror until I took my first time I saw my beloved ones. "Take your car, we hope you can go back today. The DG* might just ask you some questions" said one of the guys. [redacted] occupied my passenger seat, as sad as he could be. "Salahi, I wish I were not part of this shit" he said. I didn't respond I kept following the Police car that was heading toward the Secret, well-known jail. I have been incarcerated a couple times in the same illegal prison, and know mis it didn't make me like it. I hate

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the ~~com~~ compound, I hate the dark dirty room, I hate the filthy bath room, and I hate everything around, especially the consistent state of fear and terror. "Earlier this day, the inspector was looking for you. You know the DSE is on a trip in Spain. The Inspector asked us who has your phone #. But I didn't anything, even though I have your #". Continued [redacted] trying to make himself feel better. The only guy who my phone # was the DSE, and obviously, he didn't give it to anybody. Here ~~are~~ we are at the gate of the resented prison. The [redacted] in his office looking at me with his dishonest smile, he quickly charged in frown "we didn't have your phone #. The director is on a trip. He is coming in three days, and meanwhile we are going to hold you in contempt" - "Why? I'm really growing tired from being arrested for ~~the~~ no reason. What are you willing from me now? you've just released me" I said so, and was both frustrated and angry. Especially, the guys who knows my case is not in the country. "Why are you so scared? I never knew you like that" [redacted] said, "Look, you arrested me after 9/11, and the U.S interrogators came here and interrogated me. After that you released me, ~~when~~ realized that I'm innocent. I sort of understand the mass arrest after 9/11, but this arrest right now is not ok" - "Every thing is gonna be alright. Give^{me} your cell phone" ~~said~~ ^{lied} The Inspector, smiling his usual forced smile. [redacted] had as much clues as I ~~do~~ did about the goal of my arrest b/c the govt couldn't have shared with him anything. I don't believe that the MR govt had achieved any resolution

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in my case back then. The main guy ³ [redacted] was on a trip, and without him a decision could hardly be made. He is [redacted]

[redacted] What the [redacted] and I knew back then was: The U.S. asked the MR President to hold me in contempt, the MR President asked the DG - Present President - to arrest me, who in his turn ordered his people, led by the Inspector to hold me in contempt. However, I think that the U.S. ~~was~~ did not make a secret of its wish, namely having me in Jordan. ~~As~~ So, at the point of my arrest ~~two people~~ ² [redacted] two people knew the plan; the MR President and his DG. Since the U.S. asked too much from its ally, the MR govt needed some time for digesting and counseling. Turning me over to ~~the~~ Jordan involved a couple of things ① The MR Constitution must be broken ② The MR President was hung in his office by a spider thread, and any trouble would shake him heavily ③ The U.S. didn't ask the MR to turn me over to them, which would make more sense, ~~to~~ no, they want me in Jordan, and that a big dis respect to the sovereignty of Mauritania ④ MR govt had been asking for evidences (any evidences), and the U.S. failed to provide any thing. Thus, arresting me alone was burdening for the govt, let alone sending me to Jordan ⑤ MR govt sought in accumulating evidences from the countries I have been in; Germany and Canada. Both countries provided only good conduct. ⑥ Given these and other reasons, the MR President needed his trusted guy The DSE before he took ~~any~~ such dangerous step.

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I handed my cell phone to the inspector and he ordered the guards to take care of me and he left. So I had to party with the guards instead of ³ [redacted] and the rest of my cousins. The guards in the MR Prison: ~~As~~ As much as the MR guards sympathizing with me, but they would do ~~everything~~ anything they ~~are~~ would be ordered even if it would involve taking my life. Such people are resented in the society b/c they are the arms of the dictatorship without which the dictator is crippled. They must not be trusted. The need of money is not reason enough to make your brothers and sisters suffer. Nonetheless, MR guards showed me all kind of sympathy and respect. We ate, prayed, and socialized together. Obviously, they were directed to treat me that way. "We have seen many people who have been here, and ended up occupying very high level job in the gov't. We're sure you will" they always teased me. I am sure they aspire better jobs in the gov't, but I personally don't believe in working with a gov't which is not righteous. MR guards have something in common, they all live way below the line of poverty. Without a supplementary job no one could make it to the end of the month. In the prison, we shared everything, food, tea, and we had a radio receiver to hear news. Guards ~~working~~ worked ² [redacted] We slept all slept in a big room with no furniture and an oodle of mosquitoes. Since it was Ramadan time, we ate nights, and stayed awake for the most part, and slept during day. Sometime, the [redacted] joined us to check on

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things. ~~As~~ I didn't get any visit from my family, as I later learned my family was not allowed to see me, and they were denied the knowledge of my whereabouts. As scheduled the DSE came back from his trip. "Hi" he saluted me, "Hi" - "How are you doing?" - "fine! Why are you arresting me?" - "Be patient! It is not fire!" he said. Why did speak about fire? I wondered. He didn't look happy at all and I knew it was not me who caused his unhappiness. I was completely, depressed, and terrorized. Thus, I felt sick. I lost appetite and couldn't eat anything, my blood pressure dropped gravely. The DSE called the Doctor who checked me, "You cannot fast" he said, "you have to eat", and he prescribed me some medication. Since I couldn't step up I had to urinate in water bottle, and as to digesting I didn't need to b/c I hadn't eaten anything. I got really very sick, and the MR govt was completely worried that the Merchandise was going to vanish before the U.S client took it. Some time, I tried to sit in order to eat a little bit but as soon as I sat straight, I started to get dizzy and fell down. All that time I drank, and ate what I could while lying on a thin mattress. I spent seven days in MR custody, and on the eighth day 28 NOV 2001 the DSE came and informed me about me going to be shipped to Jordan. At that point, I got hyper b/c my blood pressure raised considerably. Of course that strength was fake, as you noticed when I was shipped to Jordan. [REDACTED] Jordan's trip

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² [REDACTED] I turn myself ~~over~~ⁱⁿ to my gov't upon the Latten's request. It was a very busy day, for one, I was involved in the organization of the wedding of my lovely niece ³ [REDACTED], and for two I was invited to attend a big dinner organized by a very important man in my tribe called ³ [REDACTED]. He unluckily got involved in a terrible car accident, and ~~was~~^{recently} ~~arrived~~ came back from the U.S after having spent some time for ~~treatment~~, medical treatment. ³ [REDACTED] enjoys a high respect among the people from the south. The dinner aimed what we call The Cadres of Trarza. In the morning I asked my boss to give me some money which he did. I wanted ~~the~~ money to help my sister in the wedding. In MR we have ^{the} bad attitude of organizing every thing on the whim. It is a heritage of the rural life, which all Mauritians still today have to deal with. I helped transporting the invited people to the site where the wedding took place. I finished transporting the guests, and checked with my mom on the situation, every thing to be alright. No services don't seem to be required as far as I could see. The atmosphere of wedding was clearly going to dominate. Mauritanian Weddings, wedding in the Islamic Arabic World are ~~not~~ not only different one country to another, but also within the country itself there all kind of different customs, though very similar. I restrain myself here in the customs that are practiced by ~~an~~ average prestigious families. Most of the work is usually done ~~with~~^{by} the guy. He investigates the would-be wife's background by unleashing the female relatives, he trusted the most. The report of this committee is going to produce an assessment

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about the technical data of the girl, her attitude, her intellect... etc. Some time this investigation step can be skipped when the ~~family of girl~~ girl has already a good reputation. The next step is dating, though different than American model. The interested guy dates his would be ~~guy~~ wife in her family's house, usually in the presence of other family members. The goal of this dates is for both to get to know each other. The dating can take between a couple of months and a couple of years, depending on the man and the girl. Some girls don't want to start a family before graduating from school. Some don't, or let's say the family pressure and the man compell her to start the family right away. On the other hand, most guys are not ready for marriage, they just want to "reserve" the girl and go about their business until they financially ready. Before the guy officially asks for the hand of the girl, he send secretly a good friend to the girl ~~or~~ to ask her, whether she might consider him, when this step is established. The decisive step comes next, the guy asks the mother of her daughter. Some times, the guy sends a third trusted person in order to avoid the embarrasment of being turned down. Only the mother of the girl can decide, most fathers have a little to say. To spare the embarrasment, guys only ask for the hand of a girl, if they know they would be accepted more than likely. This step though not official, but is binding

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for both. Everybody knows that [redacted] is engaged to [redacted]. Premarital sex is not tolerated in Mauritania, not only b/c ~~it is~~ of religious reasons, many guys mistrust any girls who accept having sex with them. They assume if she accepts having sex with me, she would accept another man, and another man, in an endless sexual adventure. Although the Islamic Religion regards both male and female the same way in that regard issue. However, the society tends to accept premarital sex from men much more than women. You may compare it with cheating in the U.S, the society tolerates more if a man cheats than if a woman does the same. I ~~don't~~ never met any American man who would forgive cheating, but I did meet many American women who would. There is party, or engagement ring, but the fiancé is entitled to give his to-be wife presents. Before the engagement a lady would not accept presents from a stranger. The last step is the actual wedding, the date of is set by agreement of both. ~~everybody can take as~~ every party can take as much ~~as~~ time as it need, as long as it is reasonable. The man is expected to produce a dowry as a ~~formality~~ necessary formality. It is not appropriate for ^{the} families of the girl to ask for ~~any~~ any ^{amount} ~~sum~~, the whole thing must be left to the man, and his financial possibilities. ~~Since~~ Thus, the dowry varies from a very modest ^{amount} ~~sum~~, to a relatively sinful high amount. Once the ~~husband~~ man produces whatever his possibility and judgement allowed, many families take only a small, symbolic amount and

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send the rest to the man's family, at least the half of the dowry. Party of the wedding takes trad place traditionally in the girl's family house, but lately some people found a lucrative business in organizing professionally weddings in club-like houses. The Party begins with the AKD - Marriage agreement, which can be performed by any Imam, or respected Sheikh. Mauritarians don't believe in govt's formalities, thus there's hardly anybody who declares his marriage at a govt institution unless for financial advantages, which hardly exist. Usually ~~to~~ the groom is older than the bride even much older, ^{some times} but in few cases the bride happens to be older, sometimes, much older. Mauritians are ~~very~~ relatively tolerant when it comes to age differences. The wedding party in itself, ~~draws~~ equally draws both the groom's and bride's family. ~~then~~ Traditionally, Mauritians party for seven full days, but the punishment of modern life cut back the seven days to one single night. In the party women don't mingle directly with men, though they can be in the same hall but every sex respects the spot of the other. However, ~~everybody~~ all the attendants talk to each other, and enjoy the same entertainment that ~~the~~ takes place in the middle of the hall, such as sketches, music, and poetry. When I was a child women and men used to pass back and forth coded messages that target a ~~special individual~~ every time a special individual who ~~underst~~ certainly understood the message, and which his or her friend laugh at him/her, and he/she must fight back targetting the anonymous person who sent the message. The messages unfold usually funny situation that can happen to anybody in life, and that are somewhat embarrassing. People don't do

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this teasing entertainment anymore. Only the friends of the groom, ~~and~~ or their generation are qualified to attend the wedding, unlike women who can come from all different ages. Brides female are allowed to conspire and kidnap the bride and hide her. It is the job of the groom and his friends both to prevent the event, and to find out where the bride is in case of an abduction. ~~It~~ Sometimes, it takes many days for the males to find the bride. The bride must cooperate with her female friends, otherwise, she would be branded with all kind of bad adjectives, but usually she does. During the wedding food and drinks are generously served. ~~Some~~ Traditionally, the party is closed with what they call Thaweess - Pillage, which doesn't have any thing with the literal meaning of the word. It just describes the plot of the women to kidnap the bride, and the brothers trying to prevent the act. When the man succeed in getting the bride the party is over, and the bride is given to the groom. Both get escorted by their closest friends in a long rally leading to the house of the new family, should the man fail in preventing the abduction, it is their duties for the next to find the bride and deliver her to her husband. In either case the party is over for the mass of attendants who retreat each to his home. With the modern life, people tend to skip many traditional custom and like I said the customs are different from a region to another, and from a tribe to another, etc...

The wedding of my beloved niece [REDACTED] that night was most like in no difference. I was not supposed to

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attend the party b/c I was way older than the groom. Nor did I have time b/c I have another interesting party waiting on me. When I got to the party site - The ~~house~~ beautiful villa of [REDACTED] in Teregh Zevia, the warmth of companionship hit me gracefully in the face. I didn't know the majority of the guests, but I spotted my beloved [REDACTED] drawn in the middle of the crowd. I right away fought through the crowd and sat beside [REDACTED]. He was happy to see me, and introduced me to the most remarkable guest. He, a few friends of his, and I retreated to the margin of the party. [REDACTED] introduced me to a friend of his - a young [REDACTED]. The [REDACTED] asked [REDACTED] and I whether he could defend [REDACTED], who ~~was~~ is wanted by U.S. authorities with a reward US\$ 25,000,000. "What are you going to do for him? Reducing his sentence from 500 years to 400?" I wryly said. People in the other part of the free world, such as Europe have problems understanding the draconic punishments in the U.S. For example why sentencing somebody to 300 years when he is not going to live that long? Mauritania is not a country of law. So, we don't have problem understanding whatever the gov't says. None the less, the MK Code in itself is much more humane than the American, when enforced. We just were talking like that, and enjoying the food that was generously served, when my cellphone rang. I pulled my phone out of my pocket and stepped aside. The display read the phone # of the DSE (Secret Police Chief). "Moh Hi" - "Mohamedou where are you?" he said "Don't worry! Where are you?" - "I am in front of my house door! I'd like

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to see you" - "Fine! Just hold on! I am on my way" I said. I took [redacted] aside, "Look! [redacted] called me, and I'm going to see him" - "As soon as he releases you, give me a buzz" - "Alright" I said. The DSE was waiting in the front of his house but he was not alone - his assistant was beside him, which was not a good signal. "Salamu Alaikum" I said, stepping outside my car. "Waadaikum Es-Salam. You're gonna ride with me, and somebody else is going to drive your car" - "Fine". ~~The DSE~~ The Inspector, and I rode with the DSE and headed toward the Secret, Well-known jail. "Look! Those people told us to arrest you" - "Why?" - "I don't know but I hope you'll be free soon. The whole 9/11 attack thing is screwing up everybody I didn't say thing. I just let him and his assistant make the talk, to which I paid no attention. After 9/11 attack the DSE called and interrogated me twice, but obviously ~~are~~ ~~not~~ ~~sat~~ ~~in~~ the American gov't. is not satisfied with the yard, they wanted the mile at first and the whole Autobahn as it turned out, in the end. They put me in the same room I have been one and half a year ago. ~~I quickly~~ Inspector went out to brief the guards which gave me the opportunity to give a quick call to [redacted]. I am arrested I whisper, and ~~am~~ hang up without even waiting on his answer. Furthermore, my whole phone book. Not that I had any ~~thing~~ hot numbers, ~~but~~ All I had were some numbers of business partners in MR or Germany, but I didn't the U.S gov't to harcelate those peaceful people, just b/c I had their numbers. The funniest record I deleted read 'PC Laden' which means computer store. The word for store in German

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SEARCH

* give me your cell phone

just happens to be, Laden. I knew no matter how hard I would have tried to explain, the U.S. interrogators would not ~~beti~~ have believed me. For pete's sake, they ~~para~~ tried to pin on me things I had nothing to do with.* Among the belongings the Americans took back home, was my old, funny looking cell phone, but there were no numbers to check. As to my arrest, it was sort Political drug-dealing-like deal. The FBI asked the U.S. president to interveⁿ ~~in his turn~~ and have me arrested. In this turn George W. Bush asked the vanishing MR Presideⁿ to a favor. Upon the U.S. president request his MR colleague moved his ~~to~~ Police Forces to arrest me. "I really have no questions for you b/c I know your case" The DSE said. Both the DSE and his assistant left, and left me with ~~with~~ the guards and a whole caddy of mosquitoes. After several days in the prison, the DSE came to my cell-room " Look! These people want to know about ~~and they said you~~ ^{were} ~~are~~ a part of Millennium plot". " Well ~~are~~ are my friends in Germany, and as to Millennium plot. I have nothing to do with it". "I give you a pen and papers, and you write whatever you know". I did as the DSE suggested, and in a later time he collated the papers I used for writing. U.S. Interrogators Gone Crazy! FBI? DoD? After two weeks of incarceration in the MR prison two white U.S. interrogators ~~came~~ came to the jail late afternoon to interrogate me. I would say they were FBI b/c the stuff they confiscated ended up in FBI's hand back in the state. Before ~~came~~ came to me, they asked the police to storm my house and office and confiscate anything that could

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give leads to my "criminal" activities. A special search team took me home and, searched my house, and took everything they thought to be relevant for the Americans. When the team arrived my wife was asleep, and they scared the hell out of her. She ~~had~~ never saw police searching somebody's house, neither did I, but I had no problem with the search except that it bothered my family. Neighbor didn't care much ~~for~~ for one, they know me, and for two they know that MR Police ~~is~~ are unjust. In a different operation another team searched the company I had worked in. ~~All in all~~ As it turned out, Americans were not interested in any of the garbage except my work computer and ^{the} cell phone. When I entered the interrogation room, the two guys were sitting on a leather sofa, and looking extremely angry. "Hi" I said reaching my hand, but both my hand and my "Hi" remained hanging in the air. ~~3~~ seemed to be the leader. He pushed an old metal chair toward me, on which I sat. "Do you see the picture on the wall?" ~~3~~ said pointing on the President's picture, and ~~3~~ translating in German. ~~3~~ His accent gave him away. "Yes" I answered, "your President promised our president that you are going to cooperate with us" ~~3~~ said. I thought how cheap! I personally don't give a damn about either president, to me both are unjust and evil. "Oh, yes! Surely I will" I said reaching to a drink on the ~~3~~ table full with all kind of drinks and sweeties, but ~~3~~ jerked swiftly the drink off my hand. "We are not here for a party" he said. "Look! I am here to find the truth about you! I am not here to detain you" "Ok! you ask me and I answer you" ~~3~~ In the middle of his

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di's course, the tea guy urged in trying to accommodate his angry guests, "Fuck off" said [redacted] very disrespectful for poor people, idiot, ^{racist} and has one of the lowest self-esteem in the world. I myself ignored all the curses he addressed me with and just stayed cool, though very thirsty by the session lasted the whole night. "Before 9/11 you called your younger brother in Germany and told him, 'concentrate on your school'. What do you mean with this code?" - "I didn't use any code. I always advise my brother to concentrate on his school" - "Why did you call satellite company in the U.S?" - "B/c we have our Internet connection from the U.S and I needed support" - "Why did call in Germany the hotel?" - "My boss asked me to make reservation for one of his cousins" - "How many computers do you have?" - "Only my working computer" - "You're lying!" - "You have a Laptop?" - "It's my ~~wife~~ ex-wife's" - "Where is your ex-wife living?" - "The DSE knows" - "Ok let's check this we out". [redacted] disappeared for several minutes, asking the DSE to search my ex-wife's house and cease the comp laptop. "What if you're lying?" - "I am not" - "But what if?" - "I am not", of course he threatened me with all kind of painful torture when it ~~is~~ should it turn out that I was lying. "You know we some black mother fuckers who have no mercy on terrorist like you". and as he proceeded his racial references kept fleeing his mouth. "I myself hate the Jews." - "I didn't comment him" - "... but you guys come and hit our building with planes" he continued. "That is between you and the people who did it, you must resolve your problem with them. I have nothing to do with it". Every once in a while, [redacted] receive a call, obviously from a lady. During that time the other

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German idiot came up with the most stupid question. "Check this out. This a German news paper writing about you guys" he said. I checked the newspaper with an article speaking about extremist presence in Germany - "Well, [REDACTED] that is none of my problem. As you can see I am in Mauritania" - "Where is [REDACTED]?" Where is Neumann's said [REDACTED] angrily. "I am not in AF, I am in MR - in the prison how can I possibly know their whereabouts?" - "You're hiding him" he said. I was going to say, 'check under my sleeve', but I realize my situation didn't allow it. [REDACTED] said. "That he knew you?" - "I don't know [REDACTED] There is nothing to change about that fact". In the mean time, the DSE and his assistant came back with the Laptop of my ex-wife. They were not allowed into the interrogation room, they knocked at the door, [REDACTED] stepped outside, I looked with the side of my eyes and recognized the bag of the Laptop. I was happy that they found the big "secret". [REDACTED] came in "What if I told you that they didn't find the Laptop" he said, trying to be smarter than he is. "All I can tell you that I have no laptop" I said letting him believe that I hadn't seen the Laptop. After that he didn't ask anymore about that Laptop. They mirrored all the hard disk and took them home, just to waste four years popping their eyes out of their heads looking for the non-existent treasure. Tough luck! "We invaded AF, and are killing everybody. Do you think that is OK?" [REDACTED] said "You know better what you're doing" I said - "Do you know Houari?" - "No!" "The Canadians said that they saw him with you. Either I am lying to you. or they lied to me, or you're lying" - "I don't

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~~PP: [redacted]~~

know him but in the mosque, or the café ~~in the floor~~ beneath it, I was always around many people I don't know".

"Why do you think we picked you up from more than two millions Mauritaniais?" - "I don't know why. All I know I haven't done nothing against you" - "Write your name in Arabic" - "I complied with his request and wrote my name. For some reason, he kept taking pictures during the session. He really confused the hell out of me. "Why did you call UAE?" - "I didn't" - "So you think I am lying to you?" - "No, but I don't remember calling the UAE". As it turned he lied but maybe unintentionally. I didn't call to UAE but I did receive a call from a female friend of mine [redacted], who tried desperately to bring me and me ex-wife back together. During the session I couldn't remember, ~~but~~ for I was so nervous, but when I was released my family helped me remember, so I went to the police on my own and explained to them the call and another call my [redacted] performed to France to contact his medicine supplier in Paris. In real life if I give my phone to some body I trust I don't ask him about the details of his call. But if you get arrested, you have to lay out your whole life, some thing like "I don't remember" doesn't work.

During the session [redacted] called my ~~and~~ family and me all kind of names, and forbade me to drink from the goods that my people paid for. It ^{was} our taxes that made the U.S guests comfortable. At the end of the session when I was about to dehydrate, [redacted] hit me in the face with 1.5-liter water bottle, and left the room. I didn't felt the pain that

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almost broke my nose for the relief of ³ [REDACTED].
 Seeing learning was so exciting that I felt no pain.
³ [REDACTED] didn't write anything, which struck me
 b/c interrogators always want to write, but I believe that
 they recorded the session. ³ [REDACTED] tried his best to repeat
 the curses that ³ [REDACTED] was generous by producing. I
 think that ³ [REDACTED] was worthless to Mr ³ [REDACTED], he just
 brought him as a translator. ² [REDACTED] release
 from the custody American left ^{1,2} [REDACTED] and the
 next day, the MR gov't released me without any charges.
 Further more, the DSE went to the Media Center and informed
 them that I was innocent and acquitted from every charge
 The boss of the DSE - the DG offered me a loan in
 case I had problem getting back to my work, at the
 same time, the DSE called the PDG of my company
 and assured them that I am innocent and must resume
 my work, "we never doubted him for a second. He is
 welcome any time" my former boss answered. Still the
 gov't was ordered by the US to keep me under house
 arrest with no reason beside injustice, and the misuse
 of power. I was not worried about getting a job after the
 jail, for I know that Mauritians were growing tired of
 Americans jumping on innocent people all around the
 world and trying to intimidate them. In fact, I got
 so many job opportunities I never got in my life. My only
 worry was about my sister ³ [REDACTED] who was suffering of
 depression and anxiety. My family was, of course, very happy
 with having me back, and so were my friends and relatives
 who kept coming and bid me farewell and good luck.

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~~Too soon to~~ The Camel Rests in two steps: The legend has it that an Urban dweller rode a camel with a Beduin. The Beduin in the front of the hump, and the Urban dweller behind it in order to steady him self by ~~grab~~ grabbing the Beduin. When they arrived home, the camel bent his front legs to come to rest, but the Beduin caught off guards ~~fell on the~~ lost his equilibrium and fell on the ground, the Urban-dweller couldn't help laughing at the Beduin. The Beduin looked at his friend and said "Too soon to be happy, the Camel rests in two steps". Indeed, as soon the camel bent his rear legs to come to his final rest the Urban-dweller fell face down. As soon as I can remember I never fell off a camel, however, as soon as I resumed my life, the U.S. gov't conspired with the MR gov't to kidnapp me from my home on ^{Jan} [REDACTED] 16:00, and ship me to Jordan ² [REDACTED].

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² [REDACTED] The First Arrest in Senegal. 23³⁰ Senegalese police arrest me in Dakar. It was a very long trip. My friends ³ [REDACTED] dropped me yesterday 20:00 at Dorval Airport / Montreal. I took the flight Sabena to Brussel and the next day I continued with to Dakar with the same company. In Brussel I arrived in the morning, sleepy, tired, and worn out. I stayed in the International area after having collected my luggage. My flight to Dakar was scheduled for late afternoon. I collapsed on one of the benches using my bag as a pillow. One thing was sure, anybody could have stolen my bag b/c I was so tired. When I slept for one or two hours I woke up, and looked for a toilet where I could wash and pray. The airport was small, neat, and clean. ~~There were~~ Restaurants, free Duty shops, phone boosts, Internet PC's, a mosque, a church, a senagogue, and a psycho consulting bureau for atheists. I checked out all the God's houses, and was impressed. I thought this country could be a place I want to live in, "Why don't I just go and ask for asylum?" I would have no problem. I speak the language and have adequate qualifications to get a job in the heart of Europe. The border was inches away. Had I crossed that border, I would never have written this book. Actually I have been in Brussel city, and I liked the multicultural life and multiple faces of the city. During my time in the International Zone I many times contemplated crossing the border ~~in~~ and living in ~~the story~~ Belgium. In the small mosque I performed the ritual wash and prayed. I

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felt so tired and laid down in the mosque. It was very quiet in the mosque - peacefulness was dominating. I read Koran for some time and fall asleep. I woke up on the movements of another guy who came to pray, he seemed to know the place and to have been transiting via the same airport many times.

After having finished his prayer he greeted each other "What are you doing here?" he asked me "I am transiting. I came from Canada, and am heading for Dakar" - "How come? Where are you from?" - "I am from Mauritania. What's about you?" - "I am from Senegal. I am a Merchant between UAE and my country. I am waiting on the same flight as you" - "Good" - "Well, let's go rest. I am a member of club..." he named a club I don't recall the name. In deed we went to the club, and it was just amazing. TV, Coffee, tea, Cookies, comfortable couch, ~~and~~ newspapers, and other things. I was overwhelmed ~~but~~ I spent most of the time sleeping on a couch. In the meantime, my ~~new~~ friend went to have lunch, and woke me up to do the same. I was concerned of not being able to come back ~~bc~~ I had no club card, and they just let me in ~~bc~~ my friend flashed his membership card. However, my stomach call was louder, and I decided to go outside and have some ~~meat~~ food. I went to the counter of Sabena Airlines and ~~the~~ asked for a free meal card, which I ~~do~~ got. I went to a restaurant but there was not much I liked, most of the ~~meat~~ food was mixed with pork, so I decided for a veget-arian meal. I went back to the club and waited until My friend and were called to our flight Sabena # 502 to Dakar. I chose Dakar ~~bc~~ it was by far cheaper than

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flying directly to Nouakchott (Mauritania, which was good for Dakar is only about 300 miles away from Nouakchott, and I arranged with my family to pick me up from Dakar. So go for so good, people do it all the time. During the flight, I was full of energie b/c I had had some quality sleep in Brussel airport. Next to me was a young French girl who lived in Dakar and studied medicine in Brussel. I counted with the case that my brothers might not make it to the airport on time, so I would have to spend some time in the hotel. The French girl benevolently enlightened me about the prices, and how the Senegalese people try to overcharge strangers, especially Taxi drivers. The flight took about five hours. We arrived around 23:00, and the whole formalities stuff took about thirty minutes. When I took my bag from the baggage-claim, I bumped into my [redacted] friend, and we bid each other farewell. As soon as I turned away carrying my bag I saw my brother [redacted] smiling, he obviously had seen me before I saw him. [redacted] was accompanied by my other brother [redacted] and a friend of their I didn't know. [redacted] grabbed my bag and we headed toward the park lot. I liked the warm night weather that embraced me as soon as I left the gate. We were talking and asking each other excitedly ~~who~~ how things are doing. As we crossed the road I honestly cannot describe what happened to me. All I know that is less than a second I was shackled behind my back and encircled by a bunch of ghosts who cut

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me off the rest of my company. At first I thought it to be an armed robbery, but as it turned out it was a robbery of another kind. In The Name of The Law. "We arrest you in the name of the Law" said the special agent while locking up the chains around my hands. "I am arrested" I said to my brothers I couldn't see anymore. I figured if they missed me all of a sudden it would be painful for them. I didn't know whether they heard me or not. As it turned out they had heard me indeed by my brother [REDACTED] kept mocking me, and claiming that I am not courageous since I sought help. Maybe I am not, but that's what happened. What I didn't know was that my two brothers and their two friends were arrested at the same time as I was. Yes, two friends by one came with them my brothers all the way from Nova Scotia, and his brother lives in Dakar and took the ride with them to the airport ~~the~~ put in time to be arrested as a part of a gang! What a luck! I honestly was not prepared for this "injustice". Had I known the US investigators were really so full of it, I would not have left Canada or Belgium through which I had trisited as I described. Of course I left Canada mainly by the US pitted them on me but they didn't arrest me, though they started to watch me. However, being watched is better than being put in jail. Ultimately, they were going to know that I am not a criminal. For some reason "you I never learn" as my mom always put it. I never believed that the US was evilly trying to get me in a place where the Law has nothing to say. How wrong I was. If you think, dear reader, I am wrong, I just would like to check this out - Why didn't the US have

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me arrested in Germany? - Germany is one of the closest ally of the U.S. Why didn't the U.S. have me arrested in Canada? - Canada and the U.S. are almost the same. For some time, the U.S. interrogators and investigators claimed that I fled Canada out of fear that I was going to be arrested, which doesn't really make any sense, for ① I left using my passport with my real name, and going through all formalities, including all type of registrations ② Is it better arrested in Canada or in MR? - Of course in Canada ③ fleeing a country involves usually, at least, using a fake identity, which can be found in sodas for people who are interested in it. Why didn't the U.S. have me arrested in Belgium where I spent about twelve hours? I just would like you, dear reader, to think about these facts. Besides, why didn't the U.S. have me turned over to the U.S. when they arranged for my arrest in Senegal? Supposedly, I had done crimes against the U.S.! Why did the U.S. choose to turn me over to MR instead of the U.S.? MR is not interested in me in any criminal sense, but the U.S. is! So take me to the U.S., or am I wrong? I do understand the anger and frustration of the U.S. if they get hit were about to, however, jumping on innocent individuals and make them suffer looking for fake confessions, doesn't help anybody. It rather complicates the problem. Unfortunately, the U.S. has a history of arresting innocent Muslims for no reason. ① [redacted], who left the Military dictatorship in Algeria and sought asylum in the U.S., and ended up spending a couple of years in the U.S. prison before he was acquitted. [redacted] left the U.S. and was granted asylum in Sweden. ② The Palestinian guy

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who was arrested after the bombing of Oklahoma in '95, and only after a complete confession of McVeigh, was released.

③ [REDACTED] who was turned over to the U.S. by Canadians, and after years of incarceration in the U.S. was acquitted of the charge linking him to the Khobar bombing or the other one in Saudi Arabia.

In the end, the U.S. turned him over to Saudi Arabia ④

After 9/11 the govt is just gone wild arresting people ⑤

After the bombing of Madrid 2003 or 2004, the U.S. arrested a decent Muslim lawyer trying to link him to the attack. According to my information, he is suing the U.S. govt in order to establish his butchered reputation

⑥ That some of what I know, and I am sure it is just the summit of the ice-berg. I always tell the U.S. agents: "guys! Cool down! Think before you act! just put a small percentage that you might be wrong, before irreparably injure somebody" and things like that.

When something bad happens, people start to freak out and their composure. I had been interrogated throughout the last six years by over a hundred interrogators from different countries, and they have one thing in common - confusion. Maybe, the govt wants them to be so! Who knows! Anyway, the local police at the airport intervened when they ~~saw~~ had seen saw the mêlée, but the guy behind me flashed a magic badge, when made the place men retreat immediately. The special forces were dressed in civilian suit thus there was no differentiating them from a bunch of bandits trying to rob somebody. All five of us were thrown in a cattles' truck, and soon we got an-

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other friend. The guy I had seen in Brussels, just before we bid each other farewell, at the luggage carousel. Guards got in with us, and the leader of the group sat in the passenger seat, but he could see and hear us, the glass that usually separates the driver from the cabbies was not any more there. The truck took off like in a Hollywood's chasing scene. "You're killing us" must one the guards have said because the driver slowed down a little bit. The local guy who came with my brothers was losing his mind. Every once in a while he ~~threw~~ spit ~~some~~ indistinct words, conveying his worries and unhappiness. ~~Since I was the starring actor, I felt bad that I caused so much trouble for so many people.~~ As it turned out the guy thought that I was a drug dealer, and he was relieved when the suspicion turned out to be terrorism! Since I was the starring actor, I felt bad for causing so much trouble for so many people. My only solace that I didn't mean to. Also, the fear in my heart dominated overwhelmingly the rest of my emotions. When I sat down on the rough floor, I felt better surrounded by the warmth of my company including the Special Forces Agents. I started to recite Koran. "Shut up!" said the boss in the front. I didn't shut up, but I lowered my voice, not enough for the boss for ~~the~~ he said "Shut up! You're trying to bewitch us out!" but this time raising his boot to hit me. I knew he was serious, thus I prayed in my heart. Although I hadn't tried to bewitch anybody out, nor do I know how to do it, but Africans are one of the most gullible folks I ever knew. The trip took between

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fifteen and twenty to the Commissariat de Police - Warf (Police Station). It was shortly after midnight when we arrived. The mind heads of the operation stood behind the truck and got involved in an argument discussion with my Brussels' friend. I didn't understand anything, they were talking in the local language. ~~though~~ though my two brothers speak ~~and~~ ~~en~~ After a short discussion, the guy took his heavy bags, and off he went. When I later asked my brothers what he told the police he told me that he claimed to have seen me in Brussels, and never before, and he didn't know that I was a terrorist. Now, we are five persons jailed in the truck. It was very dark outside, but I could tell that people were coming and going. We waited between forty and one hour in the truck. I grew more nervous and a afraid, especially when the guy in the passenger seat said, "I hate working with the Whites", or he used the word 'Mawres', which made me believe that ~~he~~ they were waiting on a MR team. I started to have nausea, my heart was a feather, and I shrank so small to hold myself together. I thought about all kind of torture that I heard of, and how much I could take tonight. I got blind, a thick cloud built in front of my eyes, that I couldn't see anything. I got deaf, after that statement all I could hear was indistinct whispers. I lost the feeling of my brothers being with me in the same truck. I figured only God can help my situation. God never fails. "Get out" shouted the ~~guy~~ guy impatiently. I fought my way through, and one of the guards helped me jumping down the step. We were led into a room, just small room that was already occupied by mosquitoes, just in time for these

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to start their feast. They didn't even wait until we slept, they went right away about their business tearing us apart. The funny thing about mosquitoes is that they are shy in small groups and rude in big ones. In small groups, they wait until you fall asleep, unlike big groups where they start to tease you right away, as if they were to say: "What can you do about it?" and in fact nothing. The toilet was as filthy as it could be, which made it an ideal environment to breed mosquitoes. I was the only chained person. "Did I beat you?" asked the guy while taking off the handcuffs - "No, you didn't". When I looked I noticed I had scars already around my wrists. The interrogators started to pull us, one by one, for interrogations starting with the strangers going through my brothers, and pulling at the end. It was a very long night, scary, and dark, and bleak night. My turn came shortly before the first twilight. When I enter in the interrogation room there were two men

³ [redacted] a male interrogator and his recorder. The ³ [redacted] Police chief happened to be in charge of the Police Station, ² [redacted] looked so tired that ³ [redacted] fell asleep several times during the interrogation out of boredom, but ³ [redacted] was not a part of the interrogation. The American ² [redacted] was taking notes, and sometimes ² [redacted] passed notes to the interrogator. The interrogator was a quiet, skinny, smart, rather religious, and deep thinking ² [redacted] "We have very heavy allegations against you" he said while pulling a thick stack of papers out of a felt bright yellow envelope. Just halfway, you could tell he had

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been reading the stuff many times. I knew already what he was talking about by the Canadians had already interviewed me. "I have done nothing. The U.S. wants to dirty Islam by pinning such horrible things on Muslims" - "Do you know [redacted]" - "No, I don't. I even think his whole story was a fake, to unlock the terrorism budget and hurt the Muslims". I was really honest about what I said. Back then I didn't a whole lot of things as I do know. I believed ~~me~~ excessively in the Conspiracy Theory, maybe not as much as ~~American~~ U.S. gov't does. Nonetheless, I do believe that the U.S. gov't doesn't like Muslims. Why? There are objective and subjective reasons, but it would be beyond the goal of this book to lay down these reasons. The interrogator also asked me about a bunch of people, ^{most} ~~some~~ of them I ~~don't~~ didn't know. However, the people I knew were not involved in any crimes whatsoever, as far as I know. At last, the Senegalese asked me about my position toward the U.S., and why I transited through this country. I really don't understand why should my position toward the U.S. gov't matter to anybody? I am not a U.S. citizen, nor did I ever apply to enter the U.S., nor am I working with the U.S. Besides, in such case of coercing information I could always lie. Or let's say I love ~~A~~ the U.S., or I hate it, it doesn't really matter, as long as I haven't done any crime against the U.S. I explained clearly in a clarity that left no doubt all the circumstances to the Senegalese interrogator. "You seem to be very tired! I suggest you better go and have some sleep. I know it's hard" he said. Of course, I was dead tired, hungry, and thirsty. The guards led me back to the small

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room where my brothers with the other two guys were lying on the floor, fighting against the Senegalese most efficient Air Force Mosquitoes? I was not luckier than the rest. Did we sleep? Not, really, the interrogator and his assistant showed up early morning. They released everybody the two guys, and took me and my brothers to the building of Ministère de L'Interieur - ~~Foreign Affairs~~ National Affairs. The interrogator turned out to be a very high-level person in the Senegalese govt. He took me to his office and ~~and~~ made a call to the Minister of Interior Affairs, "The guy in front of me is not the head of a terrorist" he said. I couldn't hear what the minister said, "When it comes to me, I have no interest in keeping this guy in jail, nor have I a reason" the interrogator continued. The telephone was short and straight forward. In the meantime, my brothers made themselves comfortable, ~~and~~ bought stuff, and started to make tea. Tea is ~~one of the things~~ the ~~the~~ only thing that keeps the Mauritanian person alive with God's help. It's been long time none of us had eaten or drunk anything, but the first thing that came in mind was tea. I was happy $\frac{1}{2}$ the one-ton stack of paper the U.S govt ~~provided~~ had provided the Senegalese about me didn't seem to impress them. I didn't take my interrogator a whole lot of time to understand to whole situation. My brother ~~Two~~ brothers started a conversation in Wolof with the interrogator I couldn't understand. I asked my brothers what the conversation about, and they said that the Senegalese govt is not interest in holding me in contempt, but the U.S was the one who was going to call the shot. No body was happy $\frac{1}{2}$ we had an idea how the U.S

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call would be like. "We're waiting on some people from the U.S. embassy to show up" said the interrogator. Around eleven o'clock a black American, ³ [redacted] showed up. ³ [redacted] took pictures, fingerprints, and the report the recorder had typed earlier that morning. My brothers felt more comfortable around the black ² [redacted] unlike the white ² [redacted] from last night. It was very naïve approach. As a matter of fact, people feel comfortable with the looks they are used to, and since about 50% of Mauritians are black my brothers can relate to them more. In either case, ² [redacted] be it black or white would be just a messenger. ² [redacted] after having done with ³ [redacted] works made a couple of calls, and pulled the interrogator aside and spoke to him shortly, then ³ [redacted] was gone. The inspector informed us that my brothers were free to go and that I was going to be held in contempt for some time. "Do you think we can wait on him until he gets released?" my brother asked. "I would suggest you guys go home. If he gets released, he is going to find his way" ~~and if not~~ My brothers left and I felt left and lonely, though I believe my brothers did the right things. For the couple of days to come, the Senegalese had been interrogating me about the same things. U.S. investigators sent them questions they asked me. That was all. Senegalese had not hurt me in any way, nor did they threaten me. Since the food in jail was horrible, my brothers arranged with a family he knows in Dakar to bring me one meal a day, which they ~~did~~ consistently did. Different Guy Different ² [redacted]

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There was a folklore tale tell us about a rooster-phobe who almost was losing his mind when he encountered a rooster. "Why are you so afraid of the rooster?" asked him the ~~ph~~ psychiatrist. "The rooster thinks I am a corn" "You are not a corn. You are a very big man. Nobody can mistake you with a tiny corn" ~~the~~ - "I know Doctor. But the rooster doesn't, your job is to go to him and convince him that I am not a corn". The man wasn't healed since a talk with the rooster was impossible. End of the story. My concern in jail was and is still to convince the U.S. Gov't that I am not a corn. In Senegal, my only fellow detainee's concern was to smuggle himself to Europe or America. We definitely had different Juliets. The young man from Ivory Coast was determined to leave Africa. "I don't like Africa. Many friends of mine died. Everybody is very poor. I want to go to Europe or America. I had tried twice. The first time I managed to sneak into Brazil, when I smarted out the people of the port, but one African guy betrayed us to the Brazilian authorities, who put us in jail, until they deported back to Africa. Brazil is a very beautiful country, and very beautiful women." "How can you say so! You've been the whole time in jail!" I interrupted him. "Yes, but every once in a while the guards escorted us to ~~see~~ looking around and took us back to jail" he smiled, "you know brother, the second time I almost landed in Ireland. I've seen the ground, but the ruthless [REDACTED] kept me in the sheep, and made ~~the~~ Customs take me and put me in another ship heading back to Africa" sounds Columbus-ly. "How did you get on board in the first place?" I wondered "It's very easy brother. I bribed

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some of the workers at the ports. those people smuggled me into a ship heading to Europe or America. It didn't really matter. I hid in the containers' section for about one week until my provision was done. At that point, I got up and mingled with the crew. At first, they got very mad. The Captain of the ship headed to Ireland was so mad that wanted to drown me. "What an animal!" I interrupted, but my friend was recounting this part, exactly like the rest of the story. "However after some time the crew accepted me, and gave me food, and made me work" - "How did they catch you this time?" - "My smugglers betrayed me. They said the ship was heading nonstop to Europe. But we made a stop in Dakar and the customs took me out of the ship, and here I am!" "What is your next plan?" - "I'm gonna work, save some money, and try again" My fellow detainee was ~~so~~ determined to live Africa at any cost. Moreover, he was confident that one day he was going to put his feet on the promised land "Man! what you see on TV is not real how the real life looks like in Europe" I said, "No! my friend had been successfully smuggled into Europe, and they have good life. Good looking women, and a lot of money. Africa is bad". "You might as well end up in jail in Europe" - "I don't care, Jail in Europe is good. Africa is bad". I figured the guy was completely blinded by the rich world that shows us poor-African, deliberately ~~created~~ the "paradise" we cannot enter, though he had a point. In MR, the majority of the young people want to immigrate to Europe or the U.S. If the politic in Africa doesn't change radically to the better, we are going to experience a catastrophe that will

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affect the whole world. I also was honest with him regarding the reason of my detention. His cell was catastrophic, mine was a little better. I had a very thin worn-out mattress, but he had nothing but of piece of cartoon he slept on. I used to give him my food b/c ~~if~~ when I get anxious I cannot eat. Besides, I got good food from outside, and he got the bad food of the jail. ~~so~~ The guards let us together during day and locked him up nig hts. My cell was always open. The day before I was extradited to MR, the ambassador of Ivory Coast came to confirm the identity of my fellow detainee. Of course, he had no papers whatsoever.

(...to be continued)

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Drug Deal. Rendition to MR [REDACTED]; "We are releasing you!" said ~~the recorder~~ happily the recorder who had been interrogating me for the last days. "Thank you!" I interrupted him, ~~we~~ looked in the direction of Mecca, and prostrated thanking God for being free. ~~again~~ However, we have to turn you over to your country" - "No, I know the way, I do it on my own" I innocently said $\frac{1}{2}$ "I didn't really want to go back to MR, may be Canada or somewhere else. My heart had been teased enough by. "I am sorry, we have to turn you over, ourselves!". My whole happiness turned into agony, fear, nervousity, helplessness, confusion and other things I cannot describe. "Gather your stuff!" The guy said - "We're leaving" he continued. I started to gather my few belongings - heart-broken. The inspector grabbed my bigger bag and I carried my small briefcase. ~~Meanwhile~~ During my arrest, Americans copied every single piece of paper I had and sent it to Washington for analysis. It was just around 5 pm when we left the gate of the Commissariat de Police. In front of the stood a Mitsubishi-Pajero-like truck. The inspector put my bags in the trunk, and we got into the back seats, on my left sat a guard I never seen before, rather older, and big boned. He was quiet, and rather laid back, he only looked straight most of ~~the~~ time, and rarely scanned me quickly with the side ~~of~~ of his eye. I hated it when guards keep staring at me as if they had never seen a mammal before. On my right sat the inspector - the recorder. In the passenger's seat sat the leading interrogator. The driver was a [REDACTED]

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From his tan you could tell he had spent some time in a warm place, but not in Senegal b/c the interrogator kept guiding him to the airport, or maybe he was looking for best way. I couldn't tell. He spoke French with a heavy accent, ~~but~~ though he was stungy in his conversation, he ~~only~~ limited himself within the extremely necessary. He never looked at or addressed me. The other two interrogators tried to ~~start~~ talk to me, but I didn't answer, I kept reading my Koran silently. The Senegalese didn't confiscate my Koran out of respect, unlike Mauritians, Jordanians, and Americans. Also the Germans didn't. It took about 25 minutes to the airport. The traffic was quiet around and inside the airport. ~~The~~ The white driver found quickly a place in the Park Lot. We got off the truck, the guards carried my luggage, and we all passed through the diplomatic way to the waiting room. It was the first time that I cut short the civilian formalities while leaving a country to another. It was a treat but I didn't enjoy it. Everybody seemed to be prepared in the airport. In front of the group were the interrogator and the white guy and kept flashing their magic Sidges, and took everybody with them. You could tell clearly that the country had no sovereignty. There is still colonisation in its ugliest face. In the ~~western~~ so-called free world, the politicians preach things such as, sponsoring democracy, freedom, peace, and human rights! What a hypocrisy! Still many people believe in this garbage propaganda garbage.

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The waiting room was empty. Every body took a seat, and one of the Senegalese took my passport, went back in stamped it. I thought I was going to take the regular flight of Air Afrique that was scheduled to Nouakchott that afternoon. However, it didn't take long time that I had my own plane by myself. As the goon as the guy returned back with my stamped passport back, all five us stepped toward the runway, where a very small white plane was already running its engines. The American man ~~steps~~ gestured for us to stay behind and he a quick talk with the pilote, maybe the interrogator was with him. I cannot remember, I was too scared to memorize everything. Soon enough, we were told to get in the plane. The plane was as small as it could be. We were four, ~~we~~ and hardly managed to squeeze us inside the butterfly with heads down, and bent backs. The pilote had the most comfortable place. She was a French lady. You could tell from her accent, and she was very talkative, and rather on the older side, skinny, and blond. She didn't talk to me, but she changed some words with the inspector during the trip. As it turned out, she told her friends in Nouakchott about the secret package she delivered from Dakar. The bigger guard and I squeezed ourselves, knees-on-face in the back seat, facing the inspector who had a little better seat in front of us. And the plane was already overloaded. The inspector and the American man waited until they made sure that the plane took off. I was not paying to the conversations between the Pilote and the inspector, but I heard her at one time telling ~~at~~ him about the

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trip taking between 45 min and one hour depending on the wind direction, and that for only 300 miles. That sounds so medieval. Inspector tried to talk to me but there was nothing. To me everything was already said and done. I figured he had nothing to say to help me, so why should I talk to him? I hate traveling in small plane b/c they are shaky, and I always think the wind is going to blow the plane away. But this time was different, I was not afraid. In fact I wanted the plane to crash, and only me I survive. I would know my. It's my country. I was born here, and any body would give me food and shelter. I was drowned in my dreams, but the plane didn't crash, instead it was getting closer and closer to its destination. The wind was in its favor. I thought about all my innocent brothers who were and still are being rendered to all strange places and countries, and I felt solaced, and not any more alone. I felt the spirits of unjustly mistreated people with me, I heard so many had heard so many stories about brothers being passed back and forth like a soccer ball just b/c they have been once in AF, Bosnia, or Chechnya. That is screwed up! Thousands of Miles away, I felt the warmth of the breath of other unjustly treated individuals, comforting me. I stuck all the time with my Koran, ignoring my environment. My company seemed to have good time checking the weather, and enjoying the beach along which we had been flying all the time. I don't think that the plane had any type of orientation technologies b/c the pilote kept a ridiculously low altitude and oriented itself with the beach. Through the window I started to see the sand covered small villages, around

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Nouakchott, as bleak as their prospects. There definitely ~~was~~ had been an sandstorm earlier that day. People started gradually to dare going outside. The suburbs ~~app~~ of Nouakchott appeared more miserable than ever. Crowded, poor, dirty, and free from any life's crucial infrastructures. It was the Kebba - Getto I knew, It only worsened. The plane flew so low I could tell who was who among the people who seemingly were moving orientlessly - everywhere! It ~~to~~ had been long time since I ~~saw my~~ had seen my country last - AUG 1993. I was coming back but this time as terrorism suspect, who was going to be hidden in some secret hole. I wanted to cry out loud to my people, "He I am! I am not a criminal! I am innocent!" I am just the guy you knew! I am not difference" - - - - " - ~~justice~~ But my voice ^{was} oppressed, just like in a night mare. Nothing I could really recognize, the city plan ~~of the city~~ had changed radically. I finally realized the plane was not going to crash, and I was not going to have the chance to talk to my people. It's amazing how hard for anybody to accept his miserable situation. The key to survive any given situation is to realize that you are in it. Whether I wanted or not I was going to delivered to the very people I didn't want to. "Can you do me a favor?" I asked the Inspector. "Sure!" - "I'd like you to inform my family that I'm in the country" - "OK!" - "Do you have the phone #?" - "Yes, I do". The inspector, against my expectation, indeed called my family and told them about my reality. Moreover, the Senegalese made an ~~the~~ official Press declaration stating that they turned me ~~over to my~~ country. Both, Mauritians and

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Americans were pissed off. "What did you tell the Inspector?" the DSE asked me "Nothing" - "You're lying. You told him to call your ~~his~~ family". I didn't really take David Coperfield to figure that our telephone was intercepted. The hand-over was quick. The landed near the back door of the airport, where ~~the~~ two men were waiting - The ~~was~~ MR-Inspector, and another freaken' big black guy, most likely brought to take care of business - just in case! "Where is the Airport Police Chief" wondered the Inspector looking at his black colleague. I knew the Airport Police Chief. He had been once in Germany, and I helped him buying a Mercedes-Benz and gave him shelter. I hoped he would show up, so he could see me, and put a good word for me. But he never showed up. Nor would he have put a good word for me. MR Intelligence is by far the highest law enforcement authority. However, I felt like drowning, and would have grabbed any straw I encountered. "You will be escorted to the hotel to spend the rest of the night" said the Inspector to his guests. "How are you?" he said genuinely looking at me - "I'm fine". "Is that all he has" asked the Inspector - "Yes that's it", I was just looking about my belongings & being passed down while I am alive. "Let's go!" said the Inspector to me. The black guy, ~~carried the~~ who never get his eyes off me, carried the luggage and pushed me before him toward a dirty small room at the secret gate of the airport. In the room, the black dude unfolded his dirty black, 100-year-old turban. "Mask your head thoroughly with this turban" said the Inspector. Typically Mauntanian, the Beduin spirit still dominates. The Inspector couldn't have foreseen that he would ~~be~~ need a Turban to wrap up!

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my head. In Mauritania organization is almost non-existent. Everything is left to whim and chance. It was tricky, but I didn't forget yet how to fold a turban around my head. It is something people from desert must learn. The turban smelled after piling-up sweat. It was just disgusting to have it around your mouth and nose. However, I complied with the orders obediently and held my breath. "Don't look around" the inspector said when we the three of us stepped out of the room toward the parking Secret Police car. A [redacted]. I sat in the passenger's seat, the inspector drove, and the black guy sat in the back seat, without saying any word. It was about sunset, but you couldn't tell exactly b/c the cloud of sand was covering the horizon. Streets were empty. I looked illegally around whenever the chance arose. But I could hardly recognize anything. The trip was short - about ten minutes to the Security Police Building. We stepped out of the car and entered the building where another guard was waiting on us - [redacted]. The environment was an ideal place for mosquitoes, human beings are strangers in that place - filthy toilet, dirty floor and walls, holes connecting all the rooms, ants, spiders, flies. "Search him thoroughly!" said the inspector to [redacted]. "Give me everything you have" [redacted] respectfully asked me, wanting to avoid searching me. I gave [redacted] everything I had except for my pocket Koran. The inspector must have missed the Koran, for [redacted] came back and said "Do you have a Koran?" - "Yes, I do!" "Give it to me! I told you to give me everything" now you could hear a loud

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of being sent back, searched me gently, but he didn't find anything but my pocket Koran. I was so said, tired, and terrified that I failed to sit up straight. Instead I put my jacket on my face, using the one-inch thick, worn-out ~~mattress~~ 100-year-old mattress - The only object that existed in that room. I wanted to sleep, lose my mind, and never wake up until every bad thing was over. 'How much pain can I take?' - 'Can my family intervene and save me?' - 'Do they use Electricity?'. I read ~~and read~~ stories about people who were tortured to death. How could they bear it? I read about Muslim heroes who faced death penalty headup. How did they do it? I didn't know. All I knew that I felt so small before all the big names I knew, and that I was scared to death. Although the mosqui^{to}es were tearing me apart, I felt asleep. Every once in a while I woke up and asked myself 'Why don't they interrogate me right now, and do with me whatever they want, and everything would be over'. I hate waiting on torture. I managed to perform my prayers. How? I don't know. The Fate of Terror: Some time around midnight I woke up at people moving around, opening, and closing door in an extraordinary manner. When the guard opened the door to my room I glimpsed the face of ~~mine who happened to be in it~~ a MR friend of mine who happened to be with me long time ago when I visited in 1952 during the struggle against communism. He looked sad, weathered, and must have gone through a painful torture, I thought. I almost lost my mind, and knew for sure I was going ^{to suffer} at least ~~the~~ as he did. Given his close relation with the MR-president, and the power of his family

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- qualities I don't have. I thought 'the guy ~~had~~ surely had spoken about me, and that was the reason why they brought him here'. "Get up!" said the guards, "Put on your turban". Indeed, I put the dirty turban, gathered the last strength, and followed the guards to the interrogation room, like a sheep driven to its last destination - a laughterhouse. When Terror Takes over: When I was driven past the guy I had seen before, I figured he was just a screwed-up guard who failed to keep his uniform the way it should be. Moreover, he was sleep and drowsy, they must have taken him in the midst of his sleep, and hadn't yet washed his face. That was not the friend I anticipated, it was just anxiety, terror, and fear that were dominating my mind. Lord have mercy! I was ~~relieved~~ somewhat relieved. Did I commit a crime? No. Did he commit a crime? No. Did we conspire to committing a crime? No. The only thing we have done together was a trip to AF ~~to help the~~ in Feb 1992 to help them fighting against ~~terrorism~~ Communism. And as far as I was concerned that was not a crime, at least, in Mauritania. So why was I so scared? ① When you are scared, your ability to know right and wrong drops decidedly ② Crime is something relative, it's something ~~defines, and re-defines~~ whenever it pleases the govt defines, and re-defines, whenever it pleases ③ The majority of people don't know really, where is the line that separates breaking the law from not breaking it. ④ If you get arrested the situation worsens b/c most people trust the govt of having a good reason of arresting you ⑤ If I personally have to suffer I don't anybody to suffer with me ⑥ I thought they arrested my friend in connection with Millennium plot, if only b/c he's

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been in AF once I entered the interrogation room, it was the office of the DSE - Directeur de la Sûreté de l'État. The room was, and has some furniture; ~~the~~ ^{one} leather ~~on~~ couch, ~~closet~~ ~~by~~ ~~the~~ two Love-seats, one coffee-table, one closet, one big desk, one leather chair, ~~and~~ a couple of other chairs for not important guests, and, as always, the pictures of the President conveying the weakness of the Law and the strength of the gov't. I wished they had turned me over to the U.S. At least, there are things I could refer to, such as the Law. Of course, in the U.S. the gov't and the politics is ~~gaining~~ lately gaining more and more ground on the cost of the Law. Still, it might take some time until the U.S. gov't takes over completely and overthrow the Law, like in the third world, and the communism regimes. ~~Even~~ ~~I~~ ~~know~~ I speak about ~~2000~~ the year 2000. But after 9/11 ~~the~~ ~~gov't~~ Americans started to lose some of their privacy and freedom, in what some people call "chipping away the privacy". ~~The~~ Gov't started to speak about electronic ID's, even in some schools they introduced already radio-ID's. The gov't is very smart, it invokes terror in the hearts of people to convincing them of giving up their freedom and privacy. But really that is none of my concern. I am not an American citizen, and thanks God my gov't doesn't possess the technology to track Bedwin's in the vast desert. In the interrogation room there were three guys: The DSE, his assistant, and his recorder. The DSE ask them to get my stuff in. And the whole night, they were searching thoroughly everything I had. There was no ~~store~~ ~~that~~ ~~remained~~ ~~untaken~~. They didn't speak to me, they only speak ~~to~~ with each others mostly in whisper. Just to annoy the hell!

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out of me. At the end of the thorough search, they sorted out my papers and put aside the ones they think to be interesting. Later on, they asked me about every single word in those papers. "I am going to interrogate you. I just want to tell you as a fore warning that you better tell me the whole truth" the DSE said firmly, making a big effort to take a break of his smoking pipe, he never took off his lips. "Surely, I will" I answered. "Take him back" the DSE dryly ordered the guards. The First Interrogation in Mauritania: "Listen! I want you to tell me about your whole life, and how you joined the Islamic movement?" said the DSE when the guards dragged my skeleton off the mosquitoes room into the interrogation room. If you get arrested for the first time, chances that ~~you~~ are not going to be for that you are not going to be forthcoming, and that is OK, even though you know you haven't done any crime, but it is objective for ① you are very confused. And you'd like to make yourself as innocent as possible ② you are arrested for, more or less, reasonable doubt, and you don't want to cement that suspicion ③ Questioning involves a lot of stuff you nobody wants to talk about, such as your friends and your private life. Especially, when the suspicions are about things like terrorism, the govt is very rude. In the interrogation you always avoid talking about your friends and your private, intimate life. ④ you are so frustrated b/c of your arrest and the you really don't owe your interrogators anything. In contrary, they owe you to show you the true cause of your detention, and it should be entirely up to you to comment them or to leave them be. If this cause is enough

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to hold youⁱⁿ contempt, you can seek professional counseling, if not, well you must not be arrested in the first place. That how the civilized world works, everything else is dictatorship. Dictatorship is governed by chaos. To be honest to you, I was had been acting like any average person. I tried to make myself looking as innocent as a baby. I tried to protect the IDs of every single person I knew, unless he/she was too known to the Police. The interrogations continued in that manner, but when they opened the Canadian file, things soured decidedly against me. US gov't Dramatizes the Matter: The US gov't saw in my arrest, and my rendition to Mauritania, a once-in-the-blue-moon opportunity to unveil the plan of Ahmed Ressam who refused to cooperate with the US authority. Forther more, U-S wanted to learn in details about my friends, in both Canada and Germany, and even outside these countries. ~~But~~ After all my cousin, [REDACTED] and my brother [REDACTED] was already wanted with a reward of US\$ 5,000,000. The US also wanted to learn more about the whole Jihadi issues in AF, Bosnia, and Chechnya. Expertise for free. For the aforementioned reasons, and other reasons I don't know, the US drove my case as far as it could be. ① They labeled me, "Mindhead of Millennium Plot"

② They asked all countries to provide any tiny bit of information they possessed about me. Especially, Canada and Germany.

③ Since I am already a "bad" guy force must be combined to roast my person. To the dismay of the US gov't things didn't seem as the really are, nor did the gov't achieve what they wanted. No matter how smart somebody plans, God's plan always works. I felt like "Me Against the

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World" of 2PAC. And here why, ① All the Canadians could come up with was 'we have seen him with x and y and they are bad people' - 'we have seen^{him} in this and that mosque' - 'we have intercepted his telephone conversations, but there is nothing really!'. Americans asked the Canadians to provide them the transcripts of my conversations, after they edited them. Of course it doesn't make sense to take selectively different passages from a whole conversation and trying to make sense out of it. I think must have done one of two things, either refuse to provide a ~~judicially edited version~~ or Americans any private conversation that took place in their country, or provide them ~~the~~ the whole conversation in its original - not even translated. Out of the words the Canadian's chose to share with their US colleagues, US interrogators stuck magically with two words for more than four years - Tea and Sugar. "What do you mean with tea & sugar?" - "I mean tea & sugar". I cannot tell you how many times the US asked me, and made other people ask me this questions. Folklore tales in MR recounts about a blind born man, who had the chance to get a glimpse once in his life. All he saw was a rat. After that when anybody tried to explain anything to that guy, he always asked, "~~can~~ compare it with the rat. Is it bigger, smaller. ---". Canadian Intels wished I were a criminal so they can make up for their failure when [REDACTED] slipped from their country to the US carrying explosives. The US blamed Canada for being a preparation ground for terrorist attacks against the US, and that why Canadians Intels

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freaked out. They really lost completely their composure trying everything, to calm down the ~~the~~ rage of their big brothers The U.S. I remember after ~~the~~ plot, Canadians tried to implant two cameras in my room, and that of my roommate. I used to have a very heavy sleep. I heard voices but I couldn't tell what it was. Or let's say I was too lazy to wake up and check on them. My roommate ~~was~~ was different, he woke up and followed the noise. He laid low and watched until the tiny hole was through. The guy in the other room blew through the whole ~~the hole~~, and when checked with his eye, he got eye's contact with ~~the~~ ~~the~~ Woke me up and told me the story - "I heard the same voices ~~of~~ in my room. Let's check!" I said to him ~~the~~ and I checked, and our short investigation was successful, we found a twin - Tiny - hole in my room. "What should we do?" ~~the~~ "We call the police" I said - "Well call them!" ~~the~~ said. I, on purpose, didn't use our telephone. Instead, I went outside and used a public phone dialing 911. Two cops showed up, and explained to them that our neighbor, without our consent drilled two holes in our house, and we wanted him to be held for his illegal action toward us. Basically, we asked for a fair relief. "Put some Caulk inside the holes and the problems is solved" said one of the cops. "Really; I didn't know that. Are you a carpenter? Look! I didn't call you to give me advices in how to fix my house. That is an obvious crime behind this ~~was~~ trespassing, and violation of our privacy. If you don't take care of us, we take care of ourselves. And by the way! I ~~accepted~~

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guys business cards" I said. Both silently produced me their one business card with the other cop's name and contact on the back of it. Obviously, those cops were following some idiot directions in order to deceive us, but for the Canadian Intels, it was too late. For days to come we were just sitting and making fun of the plan. Canadian also had been watching the people they believed to be bad, including me. Canada the only democratic country I know that provides Intels about its own citizens to the U.S. All other democratic countries hold back as much as they could, to protect their citizens. ~~The~~ ② The irony was that I lived in Germany for twelve years and that they ~~didn't~~ didn't provide any identifying information about me, and they were accurate. In Canada I stayed less than two months, yet the Americans claim that they provide tons of information about me. Canadian don't even know me!!! ③ Since the whole Intel's work is based on what-ifs, MR and the U.S started to interpret the information as they please, in order to confirm the theory of me being ~~the~~ the mind head of Millennium Plot. Getting stuck in the Cule-de-Sac The interrogation didn't seem to develop in my favor. I kept repeating my AF Jihad story of 91/early 92, which didn't seem to impress the MR interrogator. Mauritania doesn't give a damn about a trip to AF, they understand it very well. However, if try to make trouble in the country, you're going to be arrested, regardless whether or not. You've been in AF. On the other hand, to Americans ~~and~~ govt a bare

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visit to AF, Bosnia, or Chechnya is worth watching you the rest of your life, and trying to lock you up. All Arabic countries have the same approach as Mauritania, except for the Communist ones. Still, I think that the Communist, Arab countries are, at least, in that regard fairer than the U.S. gov't b/c they forbid their citizens ~~to~~ to go to Jihad in the first place. Meanwhile, U.S. gov't prosecutes people based on an unwritten law. Anyway, MR interrogator was interested in my activities in Canada, which are non-existent in the minimal sense, but nobody was willing to believe me. All my answers to the question "Have ~~do~~ you done this or that while in Canada?" was "No, No, No, No, - - -". And there we got stuck completely stuck. ~~I~~ I think I looked guilty b/c I didn't tell my whole story about AF. I figured I had to fill that gap in order to have strength. MR interrogator brought filming materials that day. As soon as I saw it I started to shake, and knew I would be made confess and they were going to broadcast me on the National TV. In Oct '94 MR gov't arrested Islamists, ~~and~~ made them confess, and broadcast their confessions. I was so scared my feet couldn't carry my body. You could tell there was a lot of pressure on my gov't. "I've been very patient with you boy. You got to admit, or I am going to pass you the special team ..." I knew he meant the torture team. "Reports keep coming every day from everywhere". ~~The~~ ~~story~~ In the last days before this talk I couldn't sleep. Doors kept ~~on~~ getting opened and closed. ~~to~~ My room

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was next to the archive. Through a small hole I could see some of the file and their labels. Every move around me hit my heart so bad, I started to hallucinate and read papers about me that don't exist. I couldn't take anything anymore. And the torture no way. "Look, Director! I have ~~been~~ been not completely truthful with you, and would like ~~you~~ to share with my whole story. However, I don't want you to share the AF story with the U.S. gov't b/c they don't understand this whole Jihad recipe, and I am not willing to put gas on fire". "Of course I am not" DSE said. Interrogators are used to lie to people. Interrogation's job is about lying, deception, out-smarting, and other things. "I can even send my recorder and my assistant away, if you like to" he continued. "No, I don't mind them around". The DSE called his driver and sent him to buy some food - he brought chicken salad, which I liked. It was my first meal since I left Senegal. Today ~~we~~ is 12 FEB 2000. "Is that all you ~~ever~~ gonna eat" wondered the DSE. "Oh, yes I am full" - "you don't really eat" - "That's the way I am". I started to recount my whole Jihad story with the most boring detail ("... and as to Canada or attack against the U.S. I have nothing to do with it" I finished. In the following days I got, by far, a better treatment, better food ~~and~~ ~~and~~ all the questions he asked me, and the answers thereof were consistent in themselves and the information he already knew from other sources. When the DSE knew that I was telling him the truth, he quit believing the U.S. reports to be the Gospel truth and very much put them aside, if not in the garbage [REDACTED]

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Shows up and Interrogate me: There were three of them [redacted] [redacted] [redacted] I don't remember the name but he work in [redacted] Evidently, MR authorities shared my whole integrally my interviews with the [redacted] so that [redacted] and the Mauritians were at the same level of information. When the team arrived they were hosted at [redacted] gave a fore-warning the day they interrogated me "Mohamedou, we have nothing on you. When it comes to U.S. you are a free man. However, those people want to interrogate you, I'd like you to be strong, and honest with them" - "How can you allow foreigners to interrogate me?" - "It's not my decision, but it's just a formality". I was very afraid because I never met American interrogators, though I ~~had~~ anticipated that they would not use torture to coerce information. But anyway, the whole environmental setup, made me mistrust very skeptical toward the honesty and humanity of the U.S. interrogators. It was kind of "we ain't gonna beat ~~you~~ ^{ourselves} but you know where you are!". So I knew, [redacted] wanted to interrogate me under the pressure and threat of a non-democratic country, and that was cool! Good for them. The atmosphere was prepared I was told what to wear, and what to say. I wore my dirty some my dirty clothes and never had the chance to take a shower or to wash my clothes. I must have smelled terribly. I was so skinny due to my confinement condition, my clothes didn't fit. I looked like a teenager in baggy pants. As much as I was pissed, but I tried look comfortable, friendly, normal as I could. Interrogation

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[REDACTED] arrived around 8 p.m., and the interrogation room was cleaned for them. I entered the room smiling. After diplomatic greeting and introduction, I sat down on a hard chair trying to discover my new world. The [REDACTED] started to talk, "We have come from the N States to ask you some questions. You have the right to remain calm. You may also answer some questions and leave others. Were we in the U.S., we would have provided you with a lawyer - free of charge". I almost interrupted his non-sense and said 'Cut the crap! And ask me the questions! I was like 'What a civilized world!'. In the room, ~~I was~~ there were only the [REDACTED] interrogators with an Arabic interpreter. MR Interrogators stepped outside. "Oh Thank you very much. I don't need any lawyer" I said - "However, we would like you to answer our questions?" - "Of course, I will" I said. They started to ask me about my trip to AF during the war against Communism, showed me a bunch of pictures, asked me questions about Canada, and ~~other~~ hardly any questions about Germany. As to the pictures and Canada I was completely truthful, but ~~my~~ I deliberately withheld ~~my~~ ~~complete~~ some parts of my AF trip two AF trips in Jan 91 and Feb 92. You know why? B/C It is none of the U.S. gov't ~~what~~ business what I have done to help my Afghan uni brothers against the Communism. For Pete's sake the U.S. was supposedly on our side, when the war was done and I resumed my regular life. I haven't broken the MR ~~law~~ or the German law. I legally went to AF and came back. As to the U.S. I am not a U.S. citizen, nor have I been in the U.S. So what law have I possibly

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broken? I understand if I enter the U.S and they arrest me for reasonable doubt, then I have to completely explain to them my position. Canada, well they made a big deal out of me being in Canada ~~and~~ some Arab guy tried to attack them from Canada. I explained with definite evidence that I am not a part of it. Now Fuck off and leave me alone. The [redacted] interrogators told me that I wasn't truthful - "No, I was" I lied. The good thing that I didn't give a damn about what they thought. [redacted] was ~~or~~ kept writing my answers and looking at me at the same time. I wondered how could he do both? But later I learned that [redacted] interrogators study your body language while speaking, which is nothing but bullshit. There are much more factors involved in an interrogation, and it differs from a culture to another. Since [redacted] knew my entire case now, I suggest that [redacted] should go back and check where he marked me lying, just to check his competence. Outside their job, the U.S interrogators did what any interrogator would have done. They fished, asking me about Sudan, Nairobi, and Dar Es Salaam. How the am I supposed to know about those countries, unless I have multiple doppelgänger. [redacted] offered me to work with them. I think that offer was futile unless they were dead sure that I was a criminal. I am not a cop but I understand ~~that~~ how criminals can ~~be~~ repent. I personally had nothing done to repent for. Next day, about the same time, [redacted] showed up once more trying to get a least the same amount of information I shared with the MRs, but there was no ~~way~~ persuading me. After

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all the MR authority duly shared with them every thing. The [redacted] didn't push me in any uncivilized way. They ~~were~~ acted rather friendly. Since [redacted] have no time the chief of ~~the~~ the team - the [redacted] said "we're done. We're going back home" exactly like Um - Amr and ~~his~~ her donkey. [redacted] left Noua Kchott² [redacted] and I was Released² [redacted] "Those guys have no evidence whatsoever" said sadly the DSE. He felt completely misused. In the first place, MR didn't want me delivered to them, b/c it was a no-win situation if they ~~found~~ found me guilty. If they deliver me to the U.S they were going to feel the wrath of the public, if not then the wrath of the U.S govt. In either case, ~~the~~ the president was going to lose his office. "We found nothing on him, and you guys don't provide us any evidences." ~~said~~ ~~the~~ ~~Senegalese~~ Under these circumstances, we cannot hold him. But if you want him, take him" said the Senegalese "No, we cannot take him b/c we get to get evidences on him first" answered the U.S govt "Well, we don't want to have anything to do with him" said the Senegalese - " ~~don't~~ turn him over to MR" suggested the U.S govt "No, we don't want him, just take him" cried the MR govt. "You got to" said the U.S govt giving the MR no choice but to. Some thing like ^{that} must have happened under the table. "You are free to go" said the DSE. Mauritania ~~always~~ p govt always prefers keeping ~~between~~ peace between the ~~of~~ people and the govt. They don't any trouble. "Should I give him every thing?" asked the recorder - "Yes, every thing" the DSE answered. Indeed

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family wanted me to stay in the country for different reasons, if only to see me on a daily basis and enjoy my company. My ex-wife and I wanted to go back to Germany and fight for a stay. Canadian Intel Threatens Me: "Look Uncle! The Canadian Embassy in Paris called me and asked about you but I told them you are not around. They said to tell you that you should never consider going back to Canada b/c if you do, they are going to put you in jail and cause you all kinds of trouble" said my [redacted] pulling me aside. "Don't tell anybody. I don't want our family to freak out" - "OK! I won't". I think it was very cheap and ignorant. A man as old as I was knew that he wouldn't be arrested in Canada or killed for no reason, if the law still has something to say. However, Intel always takes people down for one reason or another reason. The Unlucky trip to Germany is ~~from~~ 2000 my wife and I against the ~~our~~ opinions of everybody else in the family decided to go back to Germany and ask for asylum. We secretly applied for a Schengen visa, which we got by the Spanish Embassy. We avoided the Germans b/c we suspected the U.S. wouldn't let them give us a visa. One day before the trip, we informed the family - "Why don't just go to Canada" at least there you have a great status" my brother [redacted] reasoned - "Can't you just wait until your brother [redacted] get back from Germany" he continued. [redacted] was right but my ex-wife couldn't accompany me to Canada, it would take forever to get her a visa, and we both didn't want to get separated again. In MR

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the Intel scared the hell out of her when they interrogated her. I remember when she called me crying and asked me to get back while in Canada. She was scared, she didn't tell me anything about her being interrogated. I completely shocked my family, but my mom agreed, maybe, against her internal conviction. I hated that trip, even before it started, but my ex-wife thought it would be good. I just hated the fact seeing ~~my~~ my kid-nephews and nieces crying, and didn't want me to leave. We took the trip via the beautiful paradise on the earth - Las Palmas, in order to sneak into Germany without being noticed, and we would have time to piece together our Asylum case. Schengen states are virtually one big country, there is hardly ~~a cent~~ any control at the border. We ^{had} enjoyed a couple of days in the beautiful island before we flew to Düsseldorf, Germany. Lock up the ~~outlaw~~ ² ~~_____~~: "Ladies and Gentleman this plane would be checked by the Bundesgrenzschutz - Immigration, PLS, prepare your IDs" ~~_____~~ said the commanding pilot. I knew the whole thing was b/c of me being in the plane. Germans started to make fun "Is anybody hiding a bomb - ha ha!" - My ex-wife almost lost her mind. I tried to play the man, though I was scared too "Sweetie, we have legal visas, and we have done nothing wrong, the worst thing they could do is sending us back home. Big deal!". As we stepped out, the BGS agent checked our passports quickly and handed them back to us. "See I told you, is just a routine control". We went to the carousel to collect our luggage. "Can I talk to you, pls?" whispered one BGS in my ear. "Oh, yes" - "Pls, hand me your

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passport and that of your wife". I handed him both and he stood in the corner waiting on us to pick up our belongings. "follow me. Pls" he said after we had picked the luggage. I knew something was wrong. In the customs area we were subjected to a thorough search, after that they took us to the next police station, and put us in separate room. I almost sufficated. The room had no windows and only door was closed. I grew crazy b/c I was worried about my wife. The Cop opened the door "your wife would like to talk to you". She is released and you're gonna stay here" - "What's wrong! look everything's gonna be alright" I said to my wife, giving her a couple hundreds DM. "you go to your friend's house" I said. The cop called a taxi and gently escorted her to the door of the taxi, and off she went. I felt so relieved as never before in my life. I fell a sleep in the room I had hated minutes just minu 15 ago. There was no furniture whatsoever. "wake up" said the police cop. "I followed him. He took technical data, and ~~for~~ my finger prints, and handed me a paper stating the reason of my arrest. "you took insurance work insurance money, while trying to establish your own company" I was so happy with the charges, which were correct, though I did it unknowingly. In the morning I was transferred to Duisburg jail where my female judge scheduled me for 15 May 2000 to attend my Trial: "How do you plead to the charge?" - "guilty" - "I sentence you to six months on probation" which was harsh for such a minimal fraction. Next day

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I decided against the will of my wife to go back to my country "If I'm gonna be screwed up, it would be in my country. Look! German Intel are coming and asking me to work for them. Those people still believe that I am a criminal!" I argued 17 MAY 2000
 Back Home upon the request of U.S. authorities, my passport was confiscated when I got back home. Furthermore, I was forbidden to leave the country. I said to myself 'screw it' went out, found a job, and had been enjoying looking in the pretty face of my mom every morning. ~~No fun~~ And no joy is forever. I my govt asked to turn myself after 9/11, notable
² [REDACTED], which I did.

The End
 GTMO 28 SEP 2005

Mohamedou Ould Salahi
³ [REDACTED]

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