



THE REVOLUTIONARY RESURGENCE



OCTOBER
2024



A nightmare for Zionist powers and a revered resistance fighter, Syed Hassan Nasrullah, achieved martyrdom along with his beloved daughter in an Israeli strike. Shaheed Hassan was an epitome of resistance, valor, and courage against the Zionist Empire in the world. Under his leadership, the Mujahideen freed Beirut from the shackles of barbaric forces. We pray to Almighty Allah that every drop of our Shaheed's blood gives birth to thousands of leaders and fighters who will continue to fight for the freedom of Al-Quds (Qiblai-e-Awal) and assist the Mujahideen until the complete eradication of Zionist occupation from our pious lands.

Before this Ismail Haniyeh, a beloved leader of the Palestinian resistance, was martyred earlier in a brutal strike by the same Zionist forces that continue their barbaric campaign. His life was a testament to the unshakable spirit of defiance in the face of tyranny, as he stood firmly for the liberation of Palestine and Al-Quds (Qiblai-e-Awal). His martyrdom galvanized the resistance and continues to inspire countless fighters to continue the battle for freedom.

We hope and pray that the silent Islamic world, especially the cowardly Arab rulers, awaken from their deep slumber before witnessing horrific realities. May they abandon their dead conscience and fulfill their duty toward the Ummah. We sincerely pray for the family members and loved ones of Shaheed Syed. May Allah grant them patience to bear this loss and unite us all against Zionist barbarism.

SYED SALAHUDDIN AHMAD

UJC Chief and Supreme Commander of Hizbul Mujahideen

Monthly



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THE GREAT HIJACKING: INDIA'S COVERT ENGINEERING OF JAMAAT-E-ISLAMI

Syed Ata Hussain Shah Bukhari



A few days ago, I stumbled upon a short video clip of Syed Ali Shah Geelani. Curiously, I began watching it, as I had done countless times in the past, whether on the internet or in person at the many Ijtima's, rallies, or gatherings where the Qaid-e-Inqilaab would speak. In this particular clip, he was discussing an article written by a renowned Kashmiri academician, who had long ago shed light on the RSS-BJP's envisioned "solution" for Kashmir. This academician had meticulously laid out the sinister designs that these entities harbored for Kashmir decades before they became apparent to the general public. Sadly, as is often the case with us Kashmiris, we tend to overlook such prescient warnings and fall victim not only to the deceit of our occupiers but also to their local collaborators and brokers in the region.

The crux of the article was unsettling but clear: the only "solution" to the Kashmir issue, from the RSS-BJP perspective, was to obliterate the Muslim identity of the region and convert the Muslim majority into a Hindu majority by any means necessary, including violence and coercion. Those who subscribe to this ideology have, since 2014, been in positions of power, openly formulating and implementing anti-Muslim and anti-Kashmir policies.

This has been especially evident since the abrogation of Article 370 and 35A, where several draconian measures have been put into place. The nullification of Kashmir's special status marked the beginning of a settler-colonial project, where land grabs, property seizures, and a quiet yet systematic erosion of Kashmiri Muslim faith are becoming increasingly visible.

What Syed Ali Shah Geelani and his devoted followers had warned us about for so long is now materializing before our eyes. The RSS-BJP's plans for Kashmir are no longer covert—they are being executed with alarming speed. It started with the revocation of Article 370, but that was only the first step. Their ultimate goal is to dismantle the Muslim identity of Kashmir, which remains the primary obstacle to their agenda. It is only now, after years of silence, that many Kashmiris are beginning to recognize what Syed Ali Shah Geelani had foreseen so many years ago. The future that was once just a possibility is now becoming an undeniable reality. The plans of RSS-BJP for Kashmir are actually now translating into reality, for they have now gone all out to settle this issue according to their own whims and ideology.

To achieve this, they have embarked on a methodical campaign to suppress religious organizations. Leaders, members, and associates of these organizations have been framed under fabricated charges and imprisoned, both in Kashmir and across India. One of the most notable examples is the ban on Jamaat-e-Islami Jammu and Kashmir. Their properties and offices of this organization were seized, rendering the organization completely defunct. Since the revocation of Kashmir's semi-autonomous status, the Indian government has pushed forward with a calculated strategy to coerce these religious groups into joining the pro-occupation camp, or at the very least, withdraw their support from the resistance movement.

India sought to strike a deal with various religious and resistance organizations by presenting certain conditions. Accepting these conditions would lead to the release of prisoners and the lifting of bans, if any, on these organizations. A few months ago, several individuals from different religious and resistance groups allegedly signed a bond with the Indian state and were subsequently released from prison. Among them, the core members of Jamaat-e-Islami Jammu and Kashmir were released without conditions to engage in discussions and explore the possibility of a compromise with Indian state—our occupier.

However, after thorough deliberations, the core members, including central committee members, refused to compromise on the organization's fundamental principles. During this time, certain rogue elements—such as Shameem Ahmad, Ashraf Driver, Gh Qadir Wani, Gh Qadir Lone, and Syayar Ahmad Reshi—developed clandestine links with Indian agencies like the Intelligence Bureau (IB) and the National Investigation Agency (NIA). Shameem Ahmad, acting as an intermediary, facilitated meetings between these agencies and client politicians,

such as Altaf Bukhari, all without the knowledge of the other core members of Jamaat. After realizing that they cannot get the consent of those who actually matter, these thugs did not even deem it appropriate to at least inform some prominent central committee members most of whom are in jails.

After the failure to reach a deal, the core members were rearrested and imprisoned once again. Meanwhile, these individuals, whose names were mentioned earlier, were released to exploit the situation. Backed by the Indian agencies, they actually hijacked the organization by filling the leadership void and seizing control. Their immediate task was to mobilize Jamaat's ground cadre, preparing them for a significant announcement. However, their attempts to convince the Jamaat cadre to accept the Indian offer were met with staunch opposition again and again.

Facing intense criticism, these rogue elements began threatening other members with severe consequences if they continued to oppose them publicly. On the eve of Eid, Wani called a meeting and declared that the time of the Ameer-e-Jamaat had passed and announced himself as the new leader of the panel.

With active backing from Indian intelligence agencies, it was decided that Wani would unveil these developments in a phased manner, starting on polling day in central Kashmir. Wani's act of casting a vote sent shockwaves across the region, as many had hoped the internal strife would subside with time. However, when a video of Wani making a U-turn, under the influence of Indian agencies, surfaced on social media, the fissures became public. A press statement from some Jamaat members denouncing Wani and his associates soon followed. This led to a direct call from the intelligence headquarters instructing Wani to prepare for a press conference at the house of Gh. Bhat, the former Ameer of Jamaat, in Bemina.

India has long sought to dismantle Jamaat and its organizational structure in Jammu and Kashmir. Since 2019, amid widespread arrests and crackdowns on Jamaat members and associates, the Indian state has systematically tried to break the organization and render it irrelevant among the people. A small group of corrupt members and associates have now exploited this situation, grossly misrepresenting Jamaat's values and constitution, particularly in a climate where most members remain imprisoned, and dissent is met with brutal force. India has cultivated a younger group, consisting mostly of ex-associates and alleged members, to propagate state narratives and manipulate facts on social media. An IT cell has been created who run different Facebook pages by the name of JDF Langate, Kulgam etc and by the names of independent candidates backed by the panel. In the absence of a strong counter-narrative, this group has been able to exploit the platform freely, even receiving financial support from the

agencies. This group is led by Kaleemullah, son of Gh. Qadir Lone, who is now running as an independent candidate, backed by this rogue panel, for the Langate constituency.

Hijackers and Their Arguments

These hijackers, after deciding to contest the sham elections on their own, have now begun invoking the sacrifices made by Jamaat, the bans imposed, the arrests of its members, and the seizure of its assets. First, they must remember that no one has the right to exploit the sacrifices made by Jamaat. These sacrifices were made for a cause, a movement, a vision. You cannot simply disregard these sacrifices or the noble mission for which they were made. Instead, they should be honored, and the fight must continue until the mission, for which this blood was shed, is fulfilled. Who among those who made the ultimate sacrifice has given you permission to surrender to the oppressor and act as their agents? Isn't it a betrayal of those who chose to face bullets for Iqamat-e-Deen and the freedom of our homeland?

Second, Jamaat is not just an NGO focused on revoking bans or engaging in "social work," as your panel head, Ghulam Qadir Wani, claimed in a recent interview with The Quint. No one can erase the core principle of Iqamat-e-Deen from Jamaat's constitution or reduce the organization to a mere charitable entity. Jamaat's members may face brutal persecution, much like Ikhwanul Muslimeen, but they will never surrender or compromise on their fundamental principles. Jamaat is Ikhwanul Muslimeen, Hamas, Jamaat-e-Islami Bangladesh, and Jamaat-e-Islami Pakistan, all of which faced the worst crises yet remained resolute in their struggles, despite being banned, having members killed, properties seized, or being sent to the gallows. It is a global movement with a clear mission, one for which every member is willing to sacrifice life and wealth under any circumstances.

Regarding these sham elections, the hijackers claim they have been participating in elections and adhering to the Indian constitution since the beginning. But hasn't the context changed since the initiation of the armed struggle, a decision made by the Jamaat Shura? Can participation in these farcical elections still be justified after the martyrdom of nearly 150,000 people?

Above all, when you have no mandate from the organization, how can you justify hijacking it with the full backing of our oppressors? Do you even realize the magnitude of the blunder you're making? The general public must remember that these individuals are not representatives of Jamaat in Kashmir; they have hijacked it purely for their own vested interests.


To those who have launched a smear campaign against Jamaat, leveling baseless allegations and making sweeping statements—pause for a moment. Place your hand on your

heart and ask yourself: Is it truly just to malign an organization that has faced the worst and sacrificed everything for the benefit of our oppressed nation? Is it fair to hold Jamaat accountable for actions it does not condone, simply because it has become a victim of circumstance, hijacked by a handful of opportunists?

Running smear campaigns against Jamaat, blaming the entire organization for the actions of a few who have exploited the situation for personal gain, is not just unjust—it is deeply wrong. Jamaat, despite its trials, has always stood for the rights of the people and continues to uphold its principles in the face of unimaginable adversity.

THE ACCELERATION OF RSS'S GHAR WAPSI IN KASHMIR

Syed Ashfaq Abdullah





MARRIAGE CERTIFICATE

(Approved by Govt. of India)

This Marriage is Performed Under Hindu Marriage Rituals

M.C. No. 296/2024
 D.O. Issue 19 AUG 2024
 D. & T. Marriage 19 AUG 2024
 Place VISHWAS NAGAR, DELHI-110032


WARNING: This Certificate is Invalid on Wrong Information & Without Marriage Photo

GROOM (वर)	PARTICULARS	BRIDE (बride)
SAGAR PRADEEP SINGH PARIHAR	Name	PURNI @ HUMERAH MOHI UD-DIN
PRADEEP SINGH PRABHAKAR PARIHAR	Father's / Husband's Name	GHULAM MOHI UDDIN LONE
C-5/8/1-3, NEAR D.Y. PATIL SCHOOL SECTOR - 5, CBD BELAPUR, NAVI MUMBAI MAHARASHTRA - 400614	Address	SHEIKH PORA, BARAMULA, JAMMU AND KASHMIR - 193198
27. 04. 1998	Age / D.O.B.	22. 10. 2001
INDIAN	Nationality	INDIAN
UN-MARRIED	Status At The Time of Marriage	UN-MARRIED
	Contact Number	
	Signature & Thumb Impression	

VINOD KUMAR S/O SH. CHANDER PAL
R/o D-58, KRISHNA BLOCK, JAIN NAGAR, DELHI-81

MRITUNJAY KUMAR S/O SH. RAJIV KR. SINGH
R/o H-N-152, GALIN-9, AMBEY ENCLAVE, CHAUHAN
PATI DELHI - 110094





Authorized Signatory
SANATAN VEDIC SAMAJ KALYAN SANSTHA
Regd. No. 599/2023

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पंजी. सं. 599/2023 19 AUG 2024

Follow us on : सनातन वैदिक समाज कल्याण संस्था (वै.सं.)

The RSS's "Ghar Wapsi" program in Kashmir is not a new development. The Hindu nationalist organization has long sought to convert Muslim Kashmiris to Hinduism under its reconversion policy. For the disputed region of Kashmir, this policy to them is the only solution to a decades-long conflict. Although we've heard about such efforts before, it is alarming to witness them being actively pursued with the full weight of state power behind them. Sporadic incidents of reconversion have now surfaced in the valley, with the RSS and its political arm, the ruling BJP, beginning their campaign of "de-Islamization" and reconversion, particularly targeting minors. Vulnerable teenage girls in the valley have now become their primary focus.

This ideological war, deeply rooted in their extremist vision, is a clear manifestation of what they have been preaching since the founding of their organization—a group that has drawn inspiration from fascist movements. The ruling BJP government, an extension of this group, has deployed individuals to implement anti-Muslim and anti-Kashmir policies across the region. A recent survey conducted by our team has uncovered covert programs aimed

specifically at teenage girls. These girls are taken to radicalization camps across India, where they are manipulated and subjected to unspeakable exploitation, including being encouraged to form illicit relationships with Hindu men. One survivor, Sobia (name changed), recounted her ordeal, explaining how she feigned illness to escape the camp and return home to a village in southern Kashmir. Another girl from Baramullah shared how she was approached by a state-sponsored agent posing as a welfare worker, only to be taken to Rajasthan, where she witnessed traumatic events. She, too, managed to escape and return to her village.

These young Kashmiri girls are lured with offers of lucrative jobs as receptionists in shady hotels across India, only to be entrapped in situations designed to strip them of their identity and dignity. The multi-faceted war against Islam in Kashmir, backed by the state, poses a grave threat to the region's Muslim identity and social fabric.

If we do not recognize the severity of these actions and take steps to resist, the day may come when adhering to Hindu rituals will be forced upon us. The abrogation of Article 370 in August 2019, while not central to our resistance, was a significant blow to those who believed India would not dare take such a step. Yet, we woke up one morning to find that it had happened. The Indian government had granted its occupying forces the right to kill up to 20,000 Kashmiris if there was any mass uprising, in a chilling bid to stifle dissent after they took the decision to scrap the semiautonomous status of the region.

Kashmiris have always been ready to sacrifice their lives for their faith and their homeland. However, the current situation is far worse than we have ever faced. We must rise and defend our culture, social fabric, ethnicity, and identity before it's too late. Strong nations do not sit idly by and wait for war to unfold on its terms. They act with foresight to preserve their future. If we again fell prey to the propaganda and deceit of those who are now invoking Indian constitution to defend the forced "marriage" of our teenage Muslim girls with Hindus, the day is not far when everyone of us might face this unprecedented situation in our own homes.

MY DAYS WITH SAHEED DR. MANNAN WANI

Mujtaba



That day, Bhatt hesitated to join me for a cup of tea at a small Dhaba near Aligarh Muslim University, where we were both pursuing our research. Despite my repeated pleas, he stayed glued to his phone, uninterested. Frustrated, I decided to leave him behind as a small act of protest. I was certain he would follow, but surprisingly, he didn't. His absence felt strange.

When I arrived at the Dhaba, I noticed a new face, a young man sipping tea alone. Curious, I approached him, and that's when I met Abdul Mannan, a student from the Kupwara district. We quickly struck up a conversation, and before I knew it, we had been talking for hours. By the time I checked the time, it was already past midnight. That evening marked the start of a friendship that would soon become unforgettable.

As the days went by, we watched Mannan rise within the university. He was driven, outspoken, and fearless, especially when it came to defending students' rights. His passion for justice was inspiring, and his dedication was exemplary. His principles were non-negotiable, and it didn't take long for everyone to notice. No one could have predicted that this new student would leave such a lasting impact on our lives.

Mannan quickly formed a vast circle of friends. He was social, yet grounded, always

generous and humble. He often spoke of Kashmir—of its struggles, of its people, and of the ways the resistance movement could grow stronger, more resilient, in its fight against Indian occupation. His words resonated deeply with us. We admired him, not just for his stance, but for his courage in voicing it.

Over time, Mannan and I grew particularly close. We would often go out shopping, enjoy meals together, and even travel back to Kashmir as a pair a couple of times. Our bond became stronger with each passing day. On one of those days, just before a long break, he called me back to that same Dhaba for tea. This time, he was alone—no friends, no phone. He spoke about life, about Islamic heroes from history, their struggles, and their sacrifices. It felt like any other conversation, though in hindsight, there was a quiet finality in his tone that I failed to notice.

As the night wore on, I suggested we leave several times, but Mannan insisted on staying just a little longer. It's hard not to wonder what I would have done had I known this was the last time I would ever see him so easily and sit with him in such a comfortable way. How would I have reacted?

The next morning, Mannan was gone. He left without saying a word to anyone. When his phone remained switched off for more than a day, whispers began circulating among his friends. Some spoke in hushed tones, realizing he had met them all with a certain solemnity in the previous days.

As I stared at the clock, waiting for news, a friend sent me a photo that shook me to my core. There was Mannan, in military fatigues, holding an automatic rifle. He had joined Hizbul Mujahideen, a native armed group fighting against Indian occupation in Kashmir. The image felt surreal, and I couldn't immediately process my emotions. There was pride—I knew he had chosen a path that was indeed noble. But there was also sadness, a deep ache that he had left without saying goodbye. I would have hugged him, given him whatever little money I had, kissed his forehead and maybe bought him his favorite ice cream.

In those moments, I missed him more than anything. It was one of the hardest times of my life—my heart heavy with conflicting emotions. I knew Mannan had made his choice, but I wished he had let me share in that moment.

Soon after, rumors and controversy began to swirl, driven by a few self-serving students who wanted to distance themselves from his decision. But rest of us stood by him. We knew the kind of person he was, and we were ready to defend his choice, even if it meant facing difficult consequences.

I was at home. Four months had passed since Dr. Mannan had taken up arms and joined

the ranks of armed resistance. One evening, I received a message on my phone, and instantly, I knew who it was. It was our beloved commander! My heart raced with a mixture of excitement and worry. Almost a month before his martyrdom in Shartgund Bala of Handwara, I was connected with him and at times went to see him on what he usually referred to as "point", a secret rendezvous only a few trusted friends knew about.

In those meetings, I saw a different side of Mannan. He had always been brilliant, but now, his intellect shone with a sharper edge and his words laced with conviction. His sincerity and passion had grown stronger and more focused. This wasn't just my friend anymore—he was a commander, a symbol of resistance. Every time we met, I could feel the weight of history on his shoulders and the responsibility he carried for our people's future. The stories he shared with me during those days will forever remain in my heart, not just as memories, but as lessons that continue to inspire me. His words were filled with wisdom and his commitment to the cause was a constant reminder of what it means to live a life of purpose.

There was something profound about sitting with him during those secret meetings. Despite the obvious danger, Mannan exuded a calmness that put my own fears to rest. He never spoke of regret or hesitation, only of the path ahead. He would talk about the injustices our people faced and how the struggle for freedom was not just a fight for land, but a fight for dignity, for existence and for our religion. He believed that every person had a role to play, and he pushed me to understand my own responsibility in this larger movement. I often left our meetings feeling a renewed sense of duty, with his words echoing in my mind and urging me to do more.

Then, the inevitable day came, the day that no one close to him wanted to imagine. News of his martyrdom spread quickly. I remember the hollow feeling in my chest, the crushing realization that I would never hear his voice again and never meet him at "the point." Mannan, my dear friend, had made the ultimate sacrifice.

In that moment of grief, I also felt a surge of pride. Men like Mannan are rare, and our movement has been blessed with such great souls who, without hesitation, gave everything they had for the cause of freedom. He could have chosen an easier life, a life of comfort and academic brilliance. But Mannan knew that his true calling lay elsewhere—in the service of his people, in fighting the occupation that had robbed Kashmir of its peace for decades. He was a symbol of hope, of resistance, of resilience. His martyrdom, though a loss for all of us who knew and loved him, was also a reminder of the price we must be willing to pay for our freedom.

We will never forget Dr. Mannan, nor the countless others like him who have walked this path. Their sacrifices are the foundation upon which our struggle stands today. Their courage

continues to light the way for us and show us that the road to freedom is neither easy nor short, but it is necessary. Every drop of blood shed in this cause strengthens our resolve and every martyr reminds us of the duty we owe to those who can no longer fight alongside us. And so, in their memory, we will continue this struggle—until every chain is broken, until every shackle of oppression is cast aside, and until the dream of freedom becomes a reality for the people of Kashmir.

Mannan's legacy will live on in the hearts of those who knew him, in the stories we tell, and in the resistance that continues. We will carry forward his dream, his vision, and his courage. And as long as we breathe, we will fight—because men like Mannan did not die for us to forget. They died so that we could remember, and so that one day, we could taste the freedom they fought for. The journey may be long but with the memory of heroes like Dr. Mannan guiding us, victory is not a distant hope—it is an inevitable reality.

CULTURAL AGGRESSION: HAVE OUR UNIVERSITIES BECOME THEIR TARGETS?

Zahoor Ahmad Rather



Last Ramadhaan, a news of Central University of Kashmir (CUK) administration not allowing an Iftaar Party went viral. Some students reported that the administration denied the permission of arranging an Iftaar Party that would have otherwise been a normal activity a few years back. Now, while I am writing this, a video circulating on social media shows students from outside the valley dancing in their traditional attires, suggesting a shift towards promoting non-native cultural practices. So, why are universities allowing this kind of cultural intrusion while banning simple, native religious gatherings? What forces the administration of these highest places of learning to organize events having a negative impact on the native land, its people, culture and religion?

This issue is not isolated to CUK. Universities and educational institutions across Kashmir, under the influence of Indian intelligence directives and covert collaborations (such as those with Israeli institutions), are increasingly becoming centers for what can only be described as cultural and ideological aggression. Activities, once foreign to Kashmiri society, are now promoted under the guise of "cultural awareness," and students are forced to

participate in events that erase or overshadow the region's rich Islamic and Kashmiri heritage. In fact, this transformation seems part of a broader, state-sponsored project. The University of Kashmir, for example, has started preferentially admitting non-local students from outside valley, often rejecting qualified local applicants. This trend is disturbing, as it mirrors larger efforts aimed at diluting the cultural and religious identity of the region.

There are countless other signs of this erasure of Kashmiri identity. Schools are now required to incorporate Hindu bhajans into their Morning Prayer sessions instead of Islamic prayers. Another directive orders school administrators to repaint their buildings in the Indian tricolor and replace school signboards with the same color scheme. Furthermore, Hindi, a language alien to Kashmiris, is being actively promoted with substantial financial support from the Indian government, while the Kashmiri language is sidelined, despite being the mother tongue of the local population.

This pattern of imposed cultural practices is part of a deliberate strategy to Hinduize Kashmir in every form—religiously, linguistically, and culturally. While we focus on the educational institutions, there are numerous other state-sponsored projects aimed at achieving the same end: erasing all that is native to Kashmir and replacing it with a carefully curated version of what the occupiers deem acceptable.

In the face of such aggressive cultural indoctrination, it becomes very important for Kashmiris, especially the youth in universities, to remain vigilant and resist these attempts to obliterate their identity. The future of Kashmir's rich cultural and religious fabric depends on the determination of its people to protect it. The deliberate replacement of local traditions with alien practices is not merely an attack on Kashmiri customs but a strategic effort to sever the region from its historical roots and spiritual ethos.

Now, more than ever, it is important for students and intellectuals to understand the significance of these changes. What appears as harmless cultural events is, in reality, a slow and systemic dismantling of the Islamic and cultural identity of Kashmir. If this is not resisted, we risk losing our heritage, traditions, and religious values forever.

Kashmiris must be mindful of these insidious changes and work together to safeguard their identity. Universities, which should be bastions of free thought and cultural preservation, are being transformed into institutions of ideological indoctrination. It is time to reclaim these spaces and ensure they reflect and respect the true essence of Kashmiri culture and religion. If we fail to act now, we risk losing everything that makes us who we are.

27 OCTOBER 1947: FORGETTING IS A LUXURY OPPRESSED CANNOT AFFORD

This creative monologue, giving voice to Kashmir, has been written by Abdul Majid.



The day was quiet, and an aura of gloom hung in the air. It felt as though the mountains that cradled me had whispered a warning in the wind, a foretelling of the storm that was about to engulf me. I remember the moment clearly – the way the golden autumn light filtered through the trees and casted long shadows over my valleys. My rivers ran cold that day while sensing something amiss. The birds, usually chirping with the joy of freedom, were silent. I was holding my breath, unaware that it would be the last time I'd know peace.

Then they came. Soldiers, hundreds of them, marching onto my chest with rifles slung across their shoulders and a weight of intent in their steps. They arrived on iron birds and landed on my heart as if I were nothing but a prize, a territory to be claimed. That day became the beginning of my unending sorrow, the day I was again torn apart from within. Before this, I have faced many such invasions from foreign, barbaric people.

I am Kashmir. Once a paradise, a place of beauty where poets found their muse and where my people lived with the grace of nature. My skies, kissed by the snowcapped Himalayas, and my meadows, brushed by wildflowers, were once symbols of peace. But after

that day, I became a battleground, and my people—the ones who cherished me—became prisoners of war. The sounds of laughter that used to ripple across my lakes were replaced by the echo of gunfire, and the scent of saffron in the air was tainted with the acrid smoke of burning homes.

I didn't understand what was happening at first. My people, too, were confused. They had no part in the politics that carved me up, yet they were the ones to bleed. The soldiers didn't see them as children of my valleys, of my streams, or my forests. To them, they were obstacles—mere bodies to control, to punish, to erase. The first scream tore through me like a lightning bolt, but it wouldn't be the last. Every cry, every plea that followed sank deep into my soil and planted seeds of grief that would grow into forests of sorrow.

As the years passed, the violence deepened, and I was transformed into something unrecognizable. I was disfigured. I tried to keep my rivers running free and tried to keep my mountains proud, but my heart was breaking. My body was covered in scars—villages flattened, homes destroyed, lives torn apart. I became one of the most militarized regions in the world, suffocated under barbed wires, bunkers, and checkpoints. I watched as my children—so full of life once—disappeared in the dead of night, taken by soldiers who turned my fields into graveyards.

The mothers, oh, the mothers—they haunt me. I watch them, wrapped in their shawls, waiting for sons who never come home. Their faces, filled with the pain of years, look out over my valleys and hope for a glimpse of someone who was taken away, never to return. I wish I could comfort them, but all I have to offer is the cold wind and the memories of what once was. The pain of a mother's loss is the deepest scar I carry.

And the children, those who have grown up knowing nothing but fear—they break my heart the most. Their innocence, stolen by the sight of guns, the sound of boots on the ground, the constant shadow of war. They know no lullabies, only the sound of burning houses. I weep for them, for the future they deserve.

Every crack in my earth holds the tears of my people. Every tree stands as a silent witness to the horrors that unfold day after day. My rivers—once symbols of life—have carried away the bodies of those who were deemed disposable, their souls swept downstream as the world looked away. I scream, but my cries are drowned out by the sound of helicopters and gunfire. I bleed, but my wounds are bandaged only in silence.

Decades have passed, and still, I am not free. The occupation continues, like a slow poison. Every time my people dare to rise, dare to speak, they are silenced with force. Curfews lock them in their homes, soldiers knock down their doors, and fear runs like a current through

the streets. Yet, despite it all, my people have not given up. They resist, because forgetting is not a choice for them. They carry my pain with them, but they also carry my hope.

I long for the day when I will once again echo with the songs of joy, when my meadows will be free from the boots of soldiers, and my rivers will flow without carrying the weight of sorrow. I dream of a time when the children of my soil will play without fear, and the mothers will no longer wait at their windows watching the horizon for sons who will never return.

But until that day, I remain in chains, broke, sad, and oppressed. I am Kashmir. My beauty may have faded under the shadow of violence, but my soul remains uncrushed. The day of October 27, 1947, began my nightmare, but it did not destroy me. I remember. Because forgetting is a luxury I cannot afford.

VOICE FROM THE HILLS SHAHEED DR. MANNAN WANI



*I
n memory of a brave soul who gave everything for the cause of freedom, we are republishing the powerful words of our martyred brother, who was taken from us on 11 October 2018. Though many of you may have read this before, his message continues to resonate in these dark times. It reminds us that the struggle he lived and died for is far from over. Let these words serve as both a tribute to his sacrifice and a reminder of the fight that still burns in our hearts.*

To the digital audience, mostly educated, I had written a piece in CNS Kashmir, calling for contemplation and the revision of views. But within a span of 6 hours, the Indian state in an utter frustration decided to blackout the links and brought them down. It was not the civil administration that threatened the press and the people, but it was the military set up that was upset and shaken. The fact is that our occupier lacks the spine to bear our word, leave the bullet. Even our words shiver 'the world's largest democracy'.

Those who are developing an antithesis for the weapon wielder using the ink, let the

audience, a different one than earlier.

Remember, I was born in the hills and I am back to them again. Meanwhile, I have realized my mode of resistance. From my birth, I have been surrounded by military boots, and even my school functions were held at army camps. My elementary studies too have a military base. I was taught at Jawahar Navodiya Vidyaliya – the educational extension of the Indian occupation in Kashmir. By then, my imagery of India was a fantasy, and my aspirations were similar to a true Indian. I graduated from a College in Srinagar and engaged in understanding the discourses and identified the difference of being.

I was reading politics, learning sciences and deliberating on the streams of ideas. I was looking around and identifying my place in society. I was growing, interacting and knowing. By 2009, I began synthesizing my own wisdom, and I developed my own critique. I was selected for the University of Kashmir; however, its suffocation led to a change of mind. I opted for a leading Indian varsity at Aligarh, which is contesting its history in the courts of law. My beautiful alma-mater was born to the blood of Muslims, and today it is facing the atrocious Hindutva. I am sure that the spirit of the Founder will overwhelm the tirade of the fascists and my garden will bloom.

My University life was beyond an M. Phil or a Ph.D. Degree. I was active and political. The Dhabas would feed my belly, my bosom, and my brain. I led the campaigns that brought student leaders to thrones, and reach the hall of the dispute where the picture of the Founder of Pakistan is still hanging – symbolizing an identity which Indian Muslims may need again in the Tharoor's emerging India. India of Nehru and Gandhi gave us a Sachhar Report; the New India is preparing the templates for the obituaries of the lynched.

I would travel on and off, only to feel pity for the sorry state of India. From the 'nominated' dirtiest cities of the World to watch the millions suffering from malnutrition, thoughts of the Booker prize winner would reverberate my mind that India wants Azadi from Kashmir, and not vice versa. India is a poor nation, and that Freedom is inevitable for Kashmir was her claim and it was like a Gospel truth. I did analyze the wisdom of those in chairs who wanted us to abandon false hope and macabre heroism and work towards a dignified exit from the conflict. However, I trusted that woman more than the man; she was not the part of the system and hence more truthful. She was free and hence correct; she was the agency of none. She was strong, truthful and wise.

Back home, India was a trigger-happy nation drenching my paradise into the blood. The bloodbath was a consequence of politics of imposition, deceit, and manipulation. My peoples' will was an element of hate for the occupier. I left the pen and made a conscious decision to

stare at Indian forces holding a rifle in my hand. Because the only way India was holding my land was by her military might. My choice to fight the 'emerging superpower' had to halt for more than a year as I was waiting for the approval of my brothers in the field. Today, I am happy and at more peace because I am genuinely fighting the battle of my own. I am reasonably satisfied with the redressal mechanism, I chose. Remember, where the history has to be saffron, allegiance has to be to Dogras, subjugation has to be the identity, and compromise has to be the principle, only the bruised souls can try 'an anchor'. A place where the interests of the occupier run supreme and undeclared war on a civilian population is the modus operandi, black laws define the activism and politics is a prostitute, restoring the dignity of one's own self by a non-violent culture is a false hope. When the occupier is uncivilized, its collective conscience is bloodthirsty, its morality is deceit, its mindset is hegemonic and it thinks through the barrel of the gun, the response cannot be a peace talk, it has to be to crush her arrogance. The military footprints are the only thing that defines Indian strength in Kashmir, and challenging the military might alone will compel India to respect the aspiration of the occupied. Limited war of today may swell for the same reason, someday.

The resistance was never mindless. It was preferred by Nadeem Khateeb, educated in the US and born to the Chief Engineer, and today our faith in the gun is equally strong. The Indian Army Chief's assertion that gun will stay active on both of the sides is to acknowledge that India will never be able to subjugate us into submission. His men will continue with the genocide agenda but the visible failure of the military approach has made them weak and tense. His soldiers come in thousands in the bulletproof vehicles to face one of us, fire from a mile, rocket the bricks, and all of this is our strength, and not theirs. His men are committing suicide; ours are smiling even when laid to the graves. While death and destruction by Indian state is a routine, the more people aspiring to die than those being killed indicates the peoples' power to fight.

True, that we are martyred, but occupations are born to kill, the option is to die as a fighter or as a duck. We chose to be fighters. Civilians, who come to save us at encounter sites are brave and make a case for a referendum in our favor. They are not armchair fighters, they are real. Massive funerals are a political statement and writing on the wall.

Those who feel that this is a glorification of pain must remember that we cannot sanctify the pain of being a slave. We cannot allow the occupant to dictate what to speak and when to speak. Being free is our religion and its consciousness is our survival. We prefer to face the ruler than to beg for concessions. Unlike some, we don't trust the courts because we are not blind to our own history. The winds blowing from the graves of our martyrs in Tihar, hanged by the

sanction of the highest court tell us that India has an only bloodthirsty collective conscience for our heroes. This court has no word for the forcibly disappeared or the unlawfully jailed. We don't intend to secure a job; we want to live a dignified life.

The history is a witness that Delhi's only interest in Kashmir is to cultivate a nursery of collaborators, in politics, establishment, and society. Though the dead collaborators are guarded even in their graves, their young have expressed lack of power in the seats of power and some have been dethroned in a humiliating manner, yet these shameless and emasculated people continue to seek Chairs to kill, maim and rape the native citizens. The breed of collaborators that is emerging and the new fronts being cobbled are only to downplay the peoples' will. The Police functions to kill and civil servants are enthusiastic PSA appliers. These mercenaries are plainly the colonial agencies, nothing more. My choice for the gun is also a response to these elite, the product of a fraudulent democracy, worst occupation and allegedly intellectual.

Our political history has found them as the slaves of the lowest kind. They all are well aware of the history of the transformation of the constituent assembly into the house of filth, they remember the days of the prison of the grand man of Kashmir, they felt the rebuke by the Indian PM and died of cardiac breakdown, and their chairs fell shamelessly when the mats were taken off. They speak in the auditoriums of the elite institutions but are asked, how they sleep in the night. We understand that this nexus of our people with the brutal occupier is a worry. We thought that shame has a height, but our special class has no moral compass. To these sold out souls, we reiterate the words of the Master Martyr Burhan Wani who asked them to stand by their own people and join the struggle against occupation. We ask them for civil disobedience. We do ask them, 'how do you sleep in the nights'. Someone must ask them to read the latest UNHCR report in the dim light on a calm night and question their loyalties as to whom do they belong to.

To people, we say don't fall in the same trap every day. Don't vote, because even if you vote, you will be dragged by the bonnet and humiliated. If you stay away from the ballots, you will save yourself from their bullets in the long run. Those who beg you for votes are being sold as peoples' support to the integrationist agenda. Stay away from them; you may be deprived of a Sadak, but that a small sacrifice against the deceit they play with you. If you don't shame them in the society, they will continue to shame you as a nation.

As we are witnessing a surge in the seekers of armed struggle, we want to convey to people that things are going in a planned manner. Limited war must not be taken as our weakness; it is to offer a scope for the wise. Yes, we tell you that if you are not holding a gun,

don't stay as ducks but expose India at all platforms and ensure that India turns restless. Every action by any section of society is the strength of this movement. The peoples' support, especially from the students of universities, colleges and schools, is making us strong.

Our struggle is gender neutral; it has seen the women being raped and the men too. The sacrifices of the women are our motivation. They have offered their modesty, their eyes, and lives. Our sacrifice is nothing compared to theirs. We want them to be brave, active and resilient. We together make the nation, and together we the fight the occupation. Our leadership must ensure unity, strength and the commitment to the cause of the people of Kashmir. The sacredness of this movement will never be allowed to be brokered.

I have told you that narratives and meta-narratives are being generated like the printing in the press. But these narratives have lost the worth in Kashmir. From Kashmiryat to Sports activism, from autonomy to self-rule, from good governance to sadhbhavna, from all party trips to the visit of anti-insurgent peace-nicks, from renegades to self-styled platforms, and from dialogue to interlocution, all these narratives have been punctured. India has been exposed and even world bodies have lately shamed them. Till the path of martyrs is walked, no corrupt narrative will find its space in Kashmir. The day, the gun is silent, their deceit will succeed.

Our cause is crystal clear, and let nobody feel confused. This is the leftover of partition and India has to go. It is the people of Jammu and Kashmir who will determine their future course of society. Our question has never been of being fit in a culturally diverse India, it has fundamentally been of our dignity and right to stand for own selves. A compromise on dignity creates slaves and in slavery, there is no dignity. Our battle has an international recognition, and even the use of the gun is justified for seeking the right to self-determination as per the principles of the United Nations, which India is a signatory of. We have morality, history, peoples' support and the legal international basis on our side. The only hindrance is the arrogance of India.

I continue with the point made earlier in the CNS article, that as Muslims, we must adhere to the values of Islam which encompass all spheres of life. Islam offers teachings for welfare and justice based state. We respect the freedom of all to choose their own religion. We are neither chauvinists nor fascists. We call for universal brotherhood, While Communalism is the tool of our occupier.

To end, I must tell you all that surrender is a weakness and to fight is the strength. For a Brave Nation, Freedom is the Destination. Honour, not exit is our way. My fingers are on the trigger; however, they do touch the keypads to write for my people. Both ways, I stand for

Freedom, Truth, and Justice. I ask my readers on social networks to tag the collaborators and make sure that the piece is read by all.

Friends Live happily. I am doing fine. Do enjoy.

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We are not against negotiations with India. But negotiations can only lead to a fruitful outcome when they take place between parties that recognise each other as equals.

Negotiations cannot happen between a master and a slave or, as the great thinker of Palestinian armed struggle, Ghassan Kanafani, very aptly put it, as “the conversation between the sword and the neck”.

Some Indian leaders insist that we must talk within the ambit of the Indian constitution; what they really mean is capitulation. They are not interested in honouring our legitimate political demands. They are only interested in pushing for policies and mechanisms that further entrench the occupational apparatus.

Shaheed Reyaz Naikoo

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