

# **In the Darkness of a Saudi Dungeon**

## **Eye Witness Account of Torture in a Saudi Prison**

In the Name of Allah, the Most Merciful, the Most Kind...

I don't know what to say in the beginning and how to start the story, but I find myself forced to speak the truth and to let the world know about the biggest hypocrite regime on the face of the Earth. Words are not sufficient for me to describe what happened.

I returned from the Jihad in Afghanistan, where I had gone to help the oppressed Muslims and fulfil my duty to Allah (Subhannah wa Ta'aala). One night I was sleeping with my family at my home in Al-Khobar, in the Eastern Province of the Kingdom of Saudi Arabia. My family heard a loud knocking on the front door which frightened them. My brother went to open the door, and as soon as he tried to open the door, the visitors forced their way into the house and put him up against the wall. They also got my other family members up against the wall. They forcefully woke me up from my sleep, dragged me by my clothes and put me against the wall as well. They started to swear at me: "You son of an adulteress! You dog! Where are the weapons in your house?" I told them that I did not have any weapons in my house. Then they started to beat me, in front of my family. They began searching my house and went through my things. Then they handcuffed me and took me in a car to the headquarters of the intelligence services.

When we reached the headquarters, they forced me out of the car and took me to one of the rooms. In that room, they removed all of my clothes and started to laugh whilst commenting on my 'awrah (private parts). When I asked them why they were doing that, they said that it was part of the search procedures. They gave me back my clothes, took me to another room and told me to wait there. The room was very cold and I waited for eleven hours before anyone came.

I had gone to sleep in a chair, and was woken up by a slap across my face. Then someone said to me: "How dare you sleep, you dog!" Then he started to swear at me, calling me a homosexual, a fornicator with my mother and a fornicator with my sister. I said to him: "Don't say that. It is not Islamically permissible." He gestured to two guards to hit me. They hit me a number of times. Then he said: "Don't teach us our Deen. We know it better than you." Then three officers entered. Their names are as follows: Ahmad Muhammad Al Ba'aadee, Nida Al Oteibi, Samir Rashid Al Qahtani. They had all been educated in the USA. They sat down and, when they saw me, they said: "His face does not suit interrogation, as there is not enough blood on it." Then a large soldier came and slapped me across my face a number of times until blood appeared. After that they asked me: "Where did you learn to be a Mujaahid?" I told them, "From the Book of Allah and the Sunnah of the Messenger of Allah (salallaahu 'alayhee wa sallam)." Then they said: "Liar! Liar! The Book and the Sunnah did not tell you to disobey the walee amr (ruler of the Muslims) and to fight the Islamic State." I told them that I had not fought the Islamic State. They said: "You don't speak, only we speak!" Then they asked me hundreds of questions over nine hours.

During the questioning, the subject of Shaykh 'Abdullaah Azzam - the Shaheed (Martyr) scholar of the Mujahideen in Afghanistan, came up. I told them that the Saudi government portrayed a good image of him in the media. Then one of the officers, Ahmad Muhammad Al-Ba'aadee said: "We know

the truth about 'Abdullaah Azzam. He called all the young beardless boys to Afghanistan in order to carry out homosexual acts with them under the guise of Jihad." Eventually I asked them: "Why am I here? I want to know!" I wished I hadn't asked. They said: "It seems as if you didn't have a good tarbiyyah (upbringing)." They then ordered the guards: "Teach him some manners!" And the guards beat me until the officers said: "Enough!" I was then taken and thrown in the cells.

The next day they returned and asked me: "Why did you go for Jihad?" I told them that I went for Jihad to help the Muslims and gain victory over the Kaafirs (disbelievers). They said: "Liar! You want to overthrow the Saudi regime." I said that that wasn't true. Then they questioned me for six hours. They asked me where I had hidden the weapons and the explosives. I told them that I did not have any of these things. They asked me more questions and I told them that I didn't know. They ordered the guards to take me to a room and make me stand until further notice. I thought I would be made to stand only for one day, being provided with food. In actual fact, they made me stand for eight days giving me only water but neither food nor a moment's sleep. When I used to make salah (prayer), I used to make long prostrations in order to rest. One of the officers used to come and kick me, lifting my neck with his foot. He would say: "Don't make long prostrations! Get up!" and he would swear at me. He used to do this whilst I was in salah! After the eighth day I felt I was near to my death, since I had had neither food nor sleep for eight days. Then one of the officers came and called me.

They gave me food and drink and said: "Now that we have saved you from death, you will speak and tell us where the weapons and the explosives are." I told them that I did not know because I did not have anything. They said: "It seems that you have still not learnt any manners." They took me to a room, sat me on a chair and attached electrodes to my hands and legs. The officer turned the switch on to 30V. He asked me where the weapons and the explosives were. I said to myself that I would not reply except with 'La ilaha ill Allah'. He started to increase the voltage to 60V, 90V then 120V. When he reached 150V, I fell unconscious. I awoke after one day. They took me to the same room, and poured cold water over me in preparation of more electric shocks. At that point I said: "OK! I'll tell you where the weapons and the explosives are." They asked me where, to which I replied: "I left them in Afghanistan." They then started to beat me and swear at me again.

For two days I was not given any food. Then one of the officers asked me whether I wanted to eat. I replied in the affirmative. He asked me which restaurant would I prefer to eat from. I replied: 'Masha Allah, you have five star service here!' He said: "In fact, you'll see that we have ten star service here." Then he began to laugh and I wondered why he laughed. He took me to a room and asked me what I wanted to eat. I thought he was serious. I said: "A cheeseburger from Hardees'." He said: "What else?" I said: "French Fries." He asked: "And what else?" I said: "A Pepsi." He asked me if I wanted anything else, and I replied that that was sufficient. Then he said: "What do you think if we also get you an Apple Pie?" I said: "Yes, yes, bring that too!" He told me to wait there and he left the room.

After a while, he returned with four well-built men. He pointed to the men and said: "This is 'Cheeseburger', 'French Fries', 'Pepsi' and 'Apple Pie'. They will serve you your meal insha'Allah." I was sat in a chair, with my hands laid out flat on a table. The man he named 'Cheeseburger' came and with a long cane, he struck the backs of both of my hands until they became blue. The officer asked whether I had eaten my fill with the 'Cheeseburger'. I wanted to say yes, but I was in so much pain that I couldn't reply. Next came 'French Fries'. He brought with him three canes and said: "These must be broken today!" He started to beat me across my back. By the Mercy of Allah, all three canes broke very soon. I don't know how many times he had struck me, since after the third strike, I stopped

feeling any pain. Then came 'Pepsi' and 'Apple Pie'. They laid me on my back on a table, and brought something known as a 'falakah'. This is like a short, thick, wooden log with a short rope stretching from one end to another. They inserted my feet through the rope, and rotated the log against my shins, winding the rope and tightening my feet together. Each person held an end of the log and raised it, so that my feet were up in the air. Then a third person came and with a long, thin cane, beat the soles of my feet until they were covered in blood (as a result I wasn't able to stand for about six days, since the soles of my feet had become torn). I pleaded with them to stop but they did not listen and continued to beat me.

After four hours of torture, they stopped and left the room. The officer returned and asked me if I wanted any other food. I said: "No I am full." He asked if I would like some cake as a dessert after my meal. I was extremely angry and replied: "Get lost youkafir! You dog! You dajjal! You American agent! You Israeli agent! You Cross worshipper." He clapped his hands twice and three men entered with three glass tanks. In each tank there was a snake. He teased me: "Shall we release these, leave you and go? Shall we? I'm a kafir am I? I'm a dog am I? We will release these and also bring some scorpions." One of the snakes was as thick as my arm and one was a cobra. "They will entertain you!" he said and he gave the order for the glass cases to be opened. I became very frightened and I called him. I started to cry and said: "I'll tell you everything, and I won't hide anything from you. Just take these snakes away." The officer became very happy. He stroked my beard and my head, saying "Masha Allah. You are a good boy now. You have become well-mannered." He started to wipe my tears, saying: "Don't cry little boy. I'm like your father."

I marvelled at Allah's patience with this man.

They unshackled me and I told them I couldn't walk. The officer said: "Don't worry. We are at your service." and he ordered the others to carry me to the interrogation room. By now I was psychologically destroyed. I gave them information about the brothers, but I didn't tell them everything.

And Allah knows that I didn't tell them anything, until after I had reached a state of psychological destruction.

For the one who is reading this account of mine is not like the one who has been through it.

I ask Allah to excuse me on the Day of Judgement.

**Source:** shareeah.org via The Mujahideen