

A TRYST WITH THE METAPHYSICAL

By

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The topic of this true story is paranormal and occult.

Man over the ages have been curious of it but some have not delved deeply into it because it has not touched their lives and therefore believe that to be ignorant of it is not harmful at all.

It is an existence that had been mentioned in all the scriptures of all great religions, an existence that is known to be living and thinking as we are. They live in our houses and in fact spoil our thoughts and our hearts.

This is a true story of one man painful unpremeditated journey into the world of sorcery and spiritualism. It was a war between good and evil. Ultimately through perseverance and trust in God, God and good prevailed.

In memory of my father and my mother who did their best in bringing me up.

All names and places mentioned in this narration have been changed; any resemblance to other people, living or dead, or locales, is entirely coincidental and is regretted.

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My profound respect goes to the five men or beings of wisdom, honour and dignity with whom I talked but never saw, and who, in their own ways, stood by me, educated me and saved me from evil. A simple “thanks” is undeserving to them.

Above all I thank God the Almighty for having given me the inspiration, courage, strength and ability to fight the unseen evil and also to write this book.

Thousands of years ago and for thousands of years to come, men of wisdom, honour and dignity rose and will rise again from the ashes of destruction to challenge those men who were created by God but who dared challenge His supremacy and mystery, and His right to rule over the earth and heavens. The men of wisdom, honour and dignity will attain their greatness by setting forth into the north and south and into the east and west pursuing and eliminating those who destroy the earth and those in it that were created by God. Their only weapon will be their belief in the singularity and supremacy of God over His creation. These men will ask nothing from God in return or from the men they set out to free and protect, and for whom they will endeavour to restore the beauty of the earth and peace, as ordained by God. They are men of wisdom, honour and dignity and paradise will be their reward and everlasting abode.

(As conveyed by Issa one night, 2004 AD)

"In the Name of God, the Beneficent, the Merciful".

"Glory and Praise be to you God. Blessed is Your Name. Supreme is your Majesty. There is no god but You. I turn my face to Him who has created the Heavens and the Earth, shunning all false creeds and professing the true religion, and I am not among the polytheist".

Author's Note

I have written this story from events that I have merged into what I term as “hallucinatory” and factual. The “hallucinatory” stage is not as defined by modern psychologists but an existing part of the culture and the mystics of the East where the role of sorcery is accepted and still practiced, and is mentioned in the scriptures of the holy books of the great monotheistic religions. In my narration I am not totally disputing the psychologists or psychiatrists in their branch of medicine and the source of mental disease or disturbance but tend to rely more on Qur’anic revelations and religious perspectives that I, myself, have proved. In the Holy Qur’an there is no mention of people suffering from such a phenomenon as mental sickness but it is clearly stated that it is from shaitans (devils) and their human associates (auliya) in using sirhun (sorcery and magic) for their evil deeds against mankind.

Until today, in the East, human beings could acquire and control sorcery for different purposes, such as attainment of power, wealth or love. The books of great religions tell us that God has cursed and condemned to hell those practicing such arts, and it is accepted that these evil beings be removed by whatever means possible when it becomes known that their practices are harming others. Removal by killing is not openly practiced nowadays, except in some communities in African and Asian countries where burning and lynching has been observed. However these practices sometimes come at the cost of innocent lives, as was the case in Europe and the Americas with the coming of Christianity and the Papacy. At some point during the “hallucinatory” phase of my experiences I considered myself in some way hypnotised by the sorcerers, but at the same time I knew that their prime target was to confuse and destroy me, my wife Salma and my family, who are all central to this story. Sometimes I wonder if they did, in fact, succeed in turning my wife against me without her knowing it, and leading us to a bitter divorce. She was once an innocent, loving and beautiful woman who was dedicated to our marriage but suddenly became secretive, shrewd, sarcastic and insinuating. This sort of influence by sorcerers has, in fact, been revealed in the Verses of the Holy Qur’an, which states that the main goal of these evil beings is to destroy happy homes and drive a wedge between husbands and their wives.

They follow what the devils recited in the reign of Solomon. Solomon did not become unbeliever, but the devils did, teaching people sorcery and what had been sent down to Harut and Marut, the two angels in Babylon, who taught no one without first saying to him, “We are merely a trial and temptation, so do not become unbelievers”. People learn from them how to separate a man and his wife but they cannot harm anyone by it, except with God’s permission. They have learned what will harm them and will not benefit them. They know that anyone who deals in it will have no share in the Hereafter. What an evil thing they have sold themselves for if they only knew!

(Holy Qur’an Chapter 2 Verse 102)

The actual beginning of this story is April 2004, when my torment into what I term “day in, night out torture” started in earnest. The only periods of relief were during the Holy month of fasting, Ramadhan, and the four months following the “death” of Shirk in April 2005.

I would like to remind the reader that short and intermittent encounters with Shirk were taking place between 1993 and 2003, which include some of the years while I was still married to Salma prior to our “divorce” in 1996. I considered then that I was hallucinating and did not pay much attention to the events until a link of pre-2004 events was established by Shirk himself in mid 2004.

My twelve months of direct encounter with sorcery and witchery were marked by bouts of extreme depression and pain bordering on suicidal temptations, but I persevered for I believe in God and trusted that God stood by and protected me, and I lived in hope that those who dared challenge the supremacy of God over His creation would take notice. It was during this period of intense and lonely suffering that I became a transformed man through my total belief in God and Islam. I would like to stress that before these events, which changed my view of the people around me that I never believed in the existence of metaphysical evil powers or beings. It was because these powers began encroaching on my normal life that I began to research by talking to people and reading, and it was the Holy Qur’an that opened my mind to the reality and existence of evil and the means by which I could protect myself against it. I became absorbed in reading the Holy Qur’an and trying to understand the Divine revelations that it contained.

In narrating this story I would like to remind the reader that Shirk knew everything about my personal life from the day I was born in minute detail, and I was amazed that he would sometimes remind me in a questioning, humorous and boastful style of my closely guarded

secrets. Curiously, when he was in a good and philosophical mood he would push me into scientific and religious discussions, which I found educative and enjoyable. He was also able to imitate the voices of people I knew well, including my parents, who had died a long time before but with whom, in extreme circumstances, I would communicate and ask them for certain facts, which would always agree with what Shirk had told me. The clarity of these voices was amazing, and I later realised that it was his way of confusing me to try and make me develop a hatred of some people I knew and liked. Surprisingly, he could not imitate my voice nor make me hate the few honourable men who stood by and defended me in words and, in one instance, in deeds. It was these deeds, such as a prior warning of the Tsunami of December 2004, the car accident that Salma had in early 2005 and the demise of Shirk in April 2005, that finally convinced me that I was not hallucinating but that something out of the ordinary was happening to me and that I was being supported by some extraordinary people in this war of good against evil.

I also came to sense, after the first two months, that Shirk was also possibly Usama, sonara the devil who among his other impersonations would claim to be the Pharaoh, Ramesis II, and would join in only at certain stages of a discussion or heated exchange of words. If this was Shirk the real or impersonated then he probably had an acquaintance who were, most of the time, in the form of his brothers, and he would consult with them when he wanted something confirmed or clarified so that I would be impressed, but this information was misleading or untrustworthy most of the time. Shirk was well informed about almost everything, including the Holy Qu'ran, the factual world history, religion and science, but he would sometimes purposely distort things in order to misguide and confuse me. Apart from his ability to change his voice, he was able to change his persona and, at times, I was able to see an apparition or in brisk real appearances. Sometimes I wondered if it was Satan himself in disguise. There were even moments when I would be reading a certain Verse in a chapter of the Qur'an and when I tried to re-read it a few hours later it would disappear completely only reappearing in its rightful position months later. He would also tell me to read certain Verses in certain chapters dealing with a particular subject, and on checking it would find it not to be true! There were several instances of this type.

"O children of Adam! Let not Satan deceive you, as he got your parents (Adam and Eve) out of Paradise, stripping them of their raiment's, to expose their private parts. Verily, he and his tribe watch you from where you cannot see them. We made the devils protectors and helpers for those who believe not".

(The Holy Qur'an, Chapter 7, Verse 27).

The moments that Shirk cherished most were when he started talking and making

insinuations about incidents that had happened either a long time ago or more recently, Shirk and his other voices, or his brothers, would start what I now term a sequence of torture: they would begin by praising me with various humorous anecdotes of true events and then start insulting me before finally quarrelling among themselves with some in support of me and some against me. This happened routinely two or, sometimes, three times a day.

The truth is that I had a tryst with a powerful sorcerer or sorcerers who misguided, confused and tormented me without telling me their intentions or why choose me as their victim, but there were good beings that defended and guided me in the last half of my war with Shirk and his disciples.

I do not use any drugs that may induce hallucinations, although I did, at times go on a drinking spree lasting up to seven days, mainly to try and ward off what I thought were hallucinations, although sometimes I would go for up to two months without drinking. I have written this book in a state of complete sobriety, and the encounters with Shirk and his gang always took place in such an environment.

In 1999 I was diagnosed with brain atrophy; slight shrinkage of the brain, which the neurosurgeon assured me was common in some people over the age of forty-five and would not affect my normal life. I am grateful that it did not because while other parts of my anatomy were weakening during this torment, my brain was amazingly powerful, particularly during my war of words with Shirk, and when I had to remain articulate in my dealings with the honourable men of wisdom.

The reader of this story will notice some religious connotations and references to God and His Prophets. This is because the men of wisdom, honour and dignity are Muslims, and believe in the Oneness of God, while the sorcerers are disciples of Satan and unbelievers. It is a case of good triumphing over evil.

"God will not leave the believer in the state which you are in now, until he separates what is evil from what is good".

(The Holy Qur'an, Chapter 3 Verse 179)

"Is there any reward for good other than good?"

(The Holy Qur'an, Chapter 55 Verse 60)

The insulting and dirty language used by Shirk and his other voices, particularly in insulting God and His Prophets, and the sexual statements and explicit sexual voices and scenes

initiated by Shirk that I experienced have not been used in this story. Details, particularly those with religious connotations or the deeply held personal and confidential matters about which Shirk knew, have been summarised or left out in order to facilitate the reading of this story.

Apart from the sequential development of this story, no time frame is set for its narration, no records were kept and all is written from memory.

I have changed the names of some of the characters and places involved in this narration. My reason for doing so from my point of view is to avoid prying inquisitiveness and possible backlash, as many of the people involved were not aware how they or their names were being used or misused throughout this sad experience, where nothing visibly physical was destroyed but the spirit of men.

I am not aware of specifics but convinced that others, either through direct or indirect association with the sorcerers or sorcery, had their properties, businesses or selves destroyed, possibly members of my own family among them.

Throughout the twelve months of intense suffering induced by Shirk and his associates, and the previous ten years of intermittent trysts, I only confided in very few people about my experiences for fear of being branded a liar and a lunatic. I also felt it was best for me to fight it out by myself so as not to complicate matters. I did, however inform my eldest brother, Hamed, eight years ago, but he was indifferent and told me that I was hallucinating and probably my “brain neurons” were burnt out. I also told Salma who actually saw a change in my behaviour during those moments but thought I was going mad. I also informed my only child, my son, and my niece Nahid, who seem to sympathise with me but could not comprehend what I went through. The only other person outside my family with whom I talked and asked for his prayers was a long-standing close family friend, Rashad, the elder brother of Issa who was a very close friend and a college mate of mine.

Most of this book was written at the houses of my niece Nahid and “wife” Salma. Salma and Nahid seemed aloof but aware of the metamorphosis of my character and health during my secret war with the devil Shirk. I tried my best to hint at the cause of my change, but their response was always attributed to alcohol.

This book will probably have most appeal to the people of the eastern world where the Islamic, Hindu and other oriental religious factors and sorcery are engrained and understood. It may, however, make good reading for many others.

While the events of this story are true, to the best of my memory, some fictional material is added to enhance the timing and continuity of the narration.

The language used by Shirk and others in our dialogue was mainly Swahili, a language I am fluent in, and in translating the words and statements into English the expressive prose of the Swahili language may have been lost. I have written this book in English, the language of my education, for the benefit of those readers whose common language is English. The language and vocabulary used in the writing of this book is plain and simple so as to be advantageous to readers.

I have written this book as a challenge to try and expose evilness and to educate others who have never experienced such a phenomenon. I pray they never do. It is also written for those who have had or are having similar experiences in the hope that it will act as a morale booster and to tell them that they are not alone and the best defence and offence against evil elements is to believe and supplicate the One and only God for deliverance. God is totally against those seeking help by consulting others besides Him.

**"And if evil whisper comes to you from shaitan (Satan), then seek refuge with God. He is All-Hearer, All-Knower".
(The Holy Qur'an, Chapter 7 Verse 200)**

Save for the men of wisdom, honour and dignity, for whom I have a wholesome respect and who I hold in extremely high esteem, it would be improper and even blasphemous for me to even infer who they might be. As for some members of my immediate family, particularly Salma, whom I have seen and heard indulging in uncharacteristic behaviour, I have given them the benefit of doubt for they are of honourable character that has probably been tarnished by the sorcerers. As for the main sorcerers in the form of Usama, the evil jeweller, the real Shirk and, possibly, the involvement of his brothers Rakib and Yakrib in this affair, I consider them evil, wicked and lacking in any human virtue, and therefore I am exposing them in this book, to the best of my memory.

The voices I was hearing throughout this period did not directly come into my ears but into my head and brain, and on rare occasions, just to prove their presence, would whisper into one of my ears or pat me on my shoulder while I was sleeping. In the beginning I was responding in a normal way by opening my mouth and speaking loudly. Later I realised that I could respond without even opening my mouth, which was advantageous because people around me would not notice what was happening.

The story is divided into two parts: part one is a summary of my life history and a short background of Satan's followers, the Shirks et al., which also tells of intermittent encounters with sorcery between 1993 and 2002 and gives credence and connection with the events of 2003 to 2005. Part two tells of the intensive and almost daily torture by these "devils in disguise" and is almost specific in its timing and sequencing.

Throughout this story the word sorcerer will be used to denote magicians, witchcraft, voodoo, and black magic etc.

The setting of this story is partly in East Africa, but mostly in southern Arabia.

God is great,

Slem

November 2006

Chapter 1

Slem was walking through the streets of his hometown in Noman, a country in southern Arabia, on a cool December morning and was filled with happiness because he was still alive and healthy after the events of the past twelve months, which almost took his life and drove him to the brink of insanity. The year was marked by a lonely and a painful war of words and swords against an army of sorcerers that was led by the evil Shirk, a powerful sorcerer and probably a disciple of Satan or Satan himself. It was a war that not a single member of his family knew about. Slem felt a slight shiver go through his body, saddened that his lovely wife, Salma, might have known what he was going through but he had wanted to protect her so was never able to tell her that she was at the centre of the unprovoked conflict. Slem knew that he had lost her but was proud that he had protected her and his family as much as he could from the intensity of pain and glory that he had experienced. Salma does not believe she is still Slem's wife, even though he has told her repeatedly that the court made a technical flaw in granting her a divorce under Islamic law and he still considers her as his legal wife. According to Islamic Jurisprudence a man has a right to claim back his wife within three months of divorcing her himself or divorced by the court provided it is not a third divorce by uttering in front of two witnesses "You are my wife". Slem did this in the court and in front of the presiding judge and told the judge that he was one of the witnesses and in any case the judge knew that Slem was jailed for over three months and ignored it, Salma and Slem are now separated both physically and emotionally.

Slem has now come to understand that in war and peace glory belongs only to God and honour belongs to men, men who would stand up to preserve and assert His glory and honour their communities and families. God was indeed on Slem's side during the twelve months of conflict with Shirk.

Today Slem, at fifty-one years old, feels young and normal again, and is eagerly looking forward to meeting his brother, Yakoub, for lunch to begin the narration of a story so that it can be preserved as history and as a lesson for the future generation of their family. It is a story that a very few men, honourable or dishonourable, could begin to imagine. Slem is penniless, in debt and jobless because of partial loss of his eyesight, which was probably brought about by Shirk's complicity sixteen months earlier, but is happy and content today, in December 2005.

Chapter 2

While enjoying a spicy Indian curry lunch with my brother, Yakoub, in a half-filled Indian restaurant, I began narrating to him the story of my painful experience with Shirk, an evil sorcerer who came into my life for no other reason than the destruction of my happiness. Today I am happy that others, whose lives may have been touched by this evil being, may also be enjoying a peaceful lunch, for Shirk, along with his followers, were destroyed eight months ago. Beside God, who I thank for giving me the power of distinguishing between good and evil, Men of wisdom, honour and dignity stood by and supported me at the hour of my greatest need, and even though I never saw them and was only in verbal communication with them, I respect and thank them.

I was born on 27th July 1955 on the island of Zanpe in Eastern Africa, and my mother told me the date coincided with the birthday of our great Prophet Mohammed that year.

I am the eighth of ten children born to my late parents, Abdalla and Bibi Sheikha, who were both Muslim Arabs originally from Noman. My father matriculated from primary school, an education that was sufficient in those days, and achieved a managerial position in a company dealing with the booming clove business of the islands of Zanpe. He was a strict disciplinarian, excessively generous, kind and honest. My mother was educated to mid-primary level and was married to my father at the age of fourteen years old, as was common in those days. My mother was a quiet, unassuming and loving, and she also knew how to read and write, which was an achievement for a woman in those days. My siblings and I were brought up in a stable family environment where the importance of education and honour was always emphasised. I would say that we were extremely privileged at that time. At the age of seven I was afflicted with mengitities and child aggressiveness and I am sure my relatives, including my mother, saw it as the work of sorcerers. I was finally cured after a year by modern medicine as well as religious and, probably, superstitious traditions. All our uncles and aunts were loving and we were a close knit family that was full of happiness and laughter, until 1964, when I was nine years old, when a violent revolution by the mainly indigenous communists against the king took place. Our happy and easy-going life was shattered, properties were seized and bank accounts frozen, woman raped and men murdered, and many, including my father, were imprisoned without charge. We suddenly found ourselves destitute and there was no choice but to join the exodus of thousands of people from the islands in order to escape persecution, poverty and racial abuse. These were

people who had made the islands their home over a hundred years previously, following the establishment of Arab Noman rule and subsequent European incursion and colonialism in East Africa.

Most of my family who were able escaped to Mosasa in Keye where we had relatives, until my father was released from prison, and all returned to Noman. I was left in the care of my cousins in Mosasa, the father and mother of my future wife, Salma. They were good guardians and brought me up as though I was their own child. I was able to continue my education until I graduated from high school in 1972. While in Mosasa I played and grew into adolescence with Hafidh, Asad, Fahmy and their sisters. Their father, Seif was a relative of mine and their mother, Aisha, my first cousin and an aunt of Salma's. They lived on the first floor of a building while I was on the second floor. Years later, beginning in July 2004, I came to sense through discussions with Shirk and his brothers that he had entangled them in a web of sinister plots and a conspiracy to commit murder, as well as being involved in the character assassination of my immediate family and me. Shirk was proud about how he could cast his spell over them and, ultimately, destroy them by luring them into his circle through promises of wealth and power on condition of them giving him unwavering allegiance by taking oaths of the occult.

“And befool them gradually those whom you can among them with your voice, make assaults on them with your cavalry and your infantry, share with them wealth and children and make promises to them.” But Satan promises them nothing but deceit.

(Qur'an, Chapter 17, Verse 64)

I now bear no ill feeling towards them as I have not been able to verify their direct involvement, apart from knowing that their family has been torn apart, putting brother against brother, son against mother, and their business almost destroyed; it is classic example of the devil's modus operandi.

It was during my stay in Mosasa with my guardians that I discovered I was falling in love with their daughter, Salma, but I only had confirmation of her love for me in 1975, while I was in the United States pursuing my university education. She was sixteen years old and I was twenty.

Chapter 3

I arrived in Noman from Mosasa, Keye, in February 1973, having achieved a good high school diploma. Noman had a new king who had ascended the throne in November 1971 and who was young, energetic and visionary, and who started the country's renaissance into the modern age under his wise and intuitive leadership. Thirty-five years later, today, that leadership, wisdom and vision has been realised and modern systems of governance and government, infrastructure, education and social services are firmly in place.

I arrived at my parent's house in the capital and discovered that all the members of my family were living in the same vicinity. I had not seen many of them for several years, including my brother Khaled, who had just returned from Russia with an International Law degree from Kiev State University and whom I had not seen for ten years. Sadly, Khaled died at the age of sixty-one, two months into the writing of this story. I felt exhilarated and happy on that beautiful day, even though my mother did not immediately recognise me.

Noman in 1973 fuelled by modest oil revenues was growing fast and booming, with abundant opportunities in business and education. I realised immediately that I was part of this renaissance and chose to continue my education as a priority.

I won a scholarship from the American Agency for International Development to the American University of Beirut to study geology, and arrived in Beirut in August 1973 with fourteen other Noman scholarship students. Among them was Issa, a brilliant young gentleman who had experienced the full scale horrors of the 1964 Zanje revolution and its aftermath. Like many others he returned to Noman with almost nothing to start rebuilding his life, and today he is a director general at the Ministry of Finance, His brother, Rashad, a religious man, is the manager of Noman's modern international airport. Both were my friends who became like brothers to me.

In Beirut I shared an apartment with Issa and my elder brother Salman, who was in his final year of public health studies. Salman got his doctorate in microbiology from the University of Manchester in the United Kingdom, but died at the age of fifty eight, one month before I started writing this book.

We arrived in the big city of Beirut unaware of the simmering internal unrest of the country

and its intrinsic political situation. It was also a tense time in the ongoing Arab-Israeli conflict. I was eighteen years old at this time and proud to have the opportunity to continue my education at this prestigious institution of learning. I was apolitical and did not become involved in the student demonstrations that were a daily occurrence both inside and outside our university campus. It was the Arab-Israeli war, known as the October or Yom Kippur war, which started in October, two months, after my arrival at the university that finally made me aware of the reality of international affairs and world conflicts. This was the third Arab-Israeli war and I experienced its reverberations almost at first hand. As soon as this war ended another started right on my door step — the Lebanese civil war. I saw the initial stages of this tragic war where anarchy was evolving as bombs were exploding everywhere and the streets became unsafe for everyone. Our studies were disrupted and on orders from our government we left Lebanon in May 1974 on the verge of full-scale civil war.

Chapter 4

After a few months in Noman, the fourteen scholarship students were sent by our government to continue our studies in the United States of America, but we were scattered throughout different colleges and universities. We stayed in touch through telephone calls and letters and visited each other during the holiday breaks whenever we could. We are still in touch today, although as middle-aged adults with our own families we now, unfortunately, meet a lot less frequently.

I spent the 1974-1975 academic year at Davis and Elkins College in Elkins, West Virginia with two other Noman friends. West Virginia is a truly beautiful place and befitting its motto of “Almost Heaven”. I did well at college maintaining a B average, and transferred to a university in Louisiana in the summer of 1975. It was the biggest blunder of my academic career. The university was located in the deep south of America where there were still remnants of racism embedded in some people, including some lecturers in the geology department. While growing up in Mosasa, maturing in Beirut and reaching adulthood in Elkins, I was naïve to the history of racism, segregation and the suffering of the “coloured” people of the United States, particularly in the south. I was brought up never to think that people were different just because of the colour of their skin, but I realised the existence of such thinking when I first arrived at my assigned dormitory and was asked if I would like to share a room with a white or black student. I was shocked and opted for a room by myself. It was an awakening for me that all man are not born equal in the eyes of others, an awakening that was emphasised a year later when a Kuwaiti friend and I attended a funeral of a lady friend near New Orleans. The place we were directed to was desolate and eerie with isolated shacks inhabited by mostly black people, and when we could not locate the catholic church I stopped to ask two little black girls, who were the only people around for directions. I was shocked when they asked us whether we were looking for a black or white catholic church! Since the deceased was white we went to the whites only catholic church but as we waited outside as the cortege arrived and the whites only mourners filed in, a burly man in his sixties came up to me and placed his right hand on my shoulders and asked if I was a friend of the deceased. I answered in the affirmative and he invited us into the church and sat with us throughout the proceedings. I later learnt that this gentleman who invited us to share his grief was the father of the deceased. Indeed there are men of dignity when it comes to choosing between right and wrong.

At the university geology department I had difficulties from the onset because the Head of

Department, who was also my advisor, refused to accept me and reluctantly did so only through the intervention of the Dean of the College of Engineering. Throughout the three years I spent at this university, I felt marked by some of the lecturers in the department, which was probably due to my colour and ethnic background. I came to realise that two foreign students before me had also dropped out because of this treatment. I was an average student in all other courses but only achieved lower grades in geology courses, even though I gained A's and B's in the first exams and was convinced I had done well in the finals. Twice I was placed on academic suspension for not making the minimum C grade average. I am not only blaming the university as I also became casual in my studies and sometimes would miss classes altogether through late-night partying. Ultimately I dropped out with only four courses left to graduate and enrolled with the long-distance program of the University of the State of New York in Albany, New York, from which I was awarded a Bachelor of Science Degree in geology in December 1979.

Despite my experiences with racism, which were in mainly Louisiana, this wasn't the same throughout the United States, quite the opposite, in fact. Throughout my travels around America, I found a proud, generous, welcoming people, some of whom were deeply conscientious and religious people, especially the Cooper and the Laser families of Elkins, who always welcomed me into their homes. There were others too who showed me great hospitality, of all colours. Those from New Iberia, Louisiana; the indigenous American who I met at his gas station in the reservation outside Salida, Colorado, who hardly spoke any English but nevertheless invited me to dinner in his home on the reservation; Millie Hewitt of Mill Valley, California, who welcomed my Nomani friend and me into her beautiful house, and other people I met at airports, bus stations and rest areas along the highways, who were all beautiful Americans and as curious as we are of people from other countries and cultures. The unique thing I discovered about the United States was its lack of conformity from the landscape itself and the culture, accent and style of living as you travel from state to state and from county to county. This was the United States of the 1970s I came to know while living and studying there.

I returned to Noman in 1979 and found employment with an oil company in December that same year. I started as a wellsite geologist working at drilling locations with a working schedule that was one week on and one week off. I was fortunate to be able to combine this work schedule into two weeks on and two weeks off so that I could travel to England and be with Salma, who was already in college there. This went on for almost two years until we finally got married in Mosasa on 3rd December 1981, one day after her twenty-second birthday.

Chapter 5

Shirk, Rakib and Yakreb, whom I came to know later in Noman, were among the thirty-seven mostly male children sired by their father, Sihrin, from seventeen wives, which he took four at a time in accordance with Islamic law, who were black women from various East African countries.

Sihrin's father was a slave from Mozambique who was brought to Ibara in Noman to work in the date palm groves, as well as other physically demanding jobs, for his Arab master. Sihrin's father converted to Islam and was taught to read and memorise the Holy Qur'an. He also acted as an assistant for his master when he practiced as the local medicine man, using both religious invocation and sorcery, including exorcism. Sihrin's father was a curious and intelligent man who quickly absorbed this knowledge. He was married to a slave and had, among other children, Sihrin, to whom he taught Qur'an and, secretly, the rudiments of the evil art of sorcery. Sihrin, like his father was intelligent and quick to learn, but could not openly practice this art in Noman. Sihrin hated anything Arabic, including the colour of his skin, but zealously embraced the language, culture and religion of the Noman Arabs without forgetting his own history and the Swahili language of his ancestors.

With the abolition of slavery and migration of the mainly Noman Arabs in late 1800s to Eastern Africa, particularly to the islands of Zanpe for a better life, in the 1920s Sihrin, by then a free man, also decided to leave Noman for Zanpe, where he arrived considering himself civilised, educated and an Arab, but with a low opinion of the indigenous Africans. He started practicing local medicine combined with sorcery but could not compete with the established local "doctors".

He was intelligent and ambitious and so decided to move deep into Africa where he could gain the respect he craved from innocent, unsuspecting, uneducated and deeply superstitious Africans. He found Burigi in eastern Unda a perfect place to settle and practice his art, and also saw himself as a respected leader of this enclave by virtue of his hated Arabic civilised culture and power of his sorcery. He knew he could subdue the local African people into giving him the respect and wealth, but in truth he had nothing but evil intentions.

Sihrin quickly established himself in Burigi and beyond as a trader, a preacher at the local mosque and a local "doctor" who treated various ailments, including those "possessed" by the devils through exorcism. Sihrin did well in this latter business and accumulated wealth in

the form of domestic animals and money from the illiterate and superstitious Africans, but the wealth he cherished above all was the women who came to him from near and far for their marital problems or the young girls who were sent by their parents or relatives for treatment and exorcism. He was able, by using sorcery and hypnotism to turn the wives against their husbands or young girls, whom he would fool, and their parents into accepting him as a husband.

Sihrin had no control over his vast number of children or his wives and ex-wives, who all stayed in his compound of thatched huts at Burigi. The children grew up without guidance from their father or from their many mothers and became delinquents early in their lives, even resorting to incestuous activities among themselves. Sihrin was cruel to his family and became paranoid upon discovering the incestuous behaviour of his large family, so he castrated some of his sons, including Shirk and Rakib, to whom he had taught the basics of sorcery and hypnotism while assisting him in his evil profession.

All his children came to hate and fear him and were relieved when an opportunity arose for them to leave Unda for Noman. Sihrin started commuting between Unda and Noman to practice the only profession he knew — sorcery. Sihrin used to receive many visitors by virtue of this art but one of his most important and respected client was the late Unda dictator, Dil Mana, who would frequent Sihrin's compound at Burigi for advice and favours. Dil Mana was the most ruthless and brutal ruler in Africa, and he died soaked in the blood of his people and a believer in sorcery. The other infrequent visitor whom Sihrin feared was Usama, known to me as Sonara. Sihrin died in the plane while coming to Noman from Unda in 1998 but who knows how many lives or homes he had participated in destroying by then. Some of his children did not even attend his funeral. The character of Sihrin translated into his sons' behaviour into their adult life, and although I am not aware of the details of the other children I saw it for myself in Shirk, Rakib and Yakreb, who all exhibited the characteristics of lies, cheating, arrogance and use of physical force to get what they wanted. What drew my attention to them most was their open declaration of their hatred of being black, their marriages to fair-coloured woman and boasting of their ability to perform sorcery.

All this and other information was passed to me intermittently in various stages of my paranormal encounter with Usama, Sonara, Shirk and Rakib, with qualifiers and comments from Yakreb. In time I came to realise that this was Shirk's way of pushing me into earning his respect, and being in awe and fear of him. This continued as the war of words raged, beginning April in 2004 and ending with the battle of swords and Shirk's "demise" in April 2005, and was completely silenced in October of that same year. These encounters took

place at Salma's house, where I was given a room at the back of the house for my use. I called it the "boiler room" because some of the most intense, painful and happiest moments took place there. Likewise, some of the most dramatic and glorious moments took place in Nahid's house, where I was given a room inside the house and at the house inherited from my parents, which was located in the old section of the city. I call this the old house; it was the house that I first stayed in when I arrived in Noman from Mosasa, and it had a sentimental ring of my family history. It was here that some occurrences during my war with the sorcerers took place. Later on I could not bear to stay in my own house, which I had built to the west of the city, because of the embarrassment I felt and the phobia of the neighbourhood I developed during and after the divorce proceedings and court sessions initiated by Salma and her uncles and aunts, and probably, unknown to her by these evil beings.

Chapter 6

Usama, whom I call “Jeweller the devil”, and who was feared by Sihrin and his son Shirk, is a complex and enigmatic character who seemed to suddenly appear and disappear in conversation and in rare apparitions as the war of words with Shirk and his associates advanced. It was difficult for me but I was finally able to work out that he was, at times, imitating Shirk and his brothers, and Aisha and her children among others. While they were real people I knew, Usama was a wicked, boastful and probably a highly informed and educated paranormal entity. Shirk knew and feared him and would take a back seat when he was talking, referring to him as “emperor”. Aisha and her children would call him “sheik”. He was a three-faceted being. Sometimes he was the original Usama, who was born in Zanpe of Indian origin and worked as a jeweller in Mosasa, Keye (hence his name Sonara, which translated from Swahili, means “the jeweller”). He never liked it when I referred to him as Sonara, but I gave him that privilege because sometimes it hurt him when he was hurting me. He would also be a wealthy white businessman known by the name Allison, who lived in London. In addition he would also boastfully hint to me that he was the Pharaoh, Ramases II, who had been reincarnated, hence the sorcery powers. I felt he was the mastermind and controller of Shirk and, through Shirk, Aisha and her children, among others, and I am convinced that I am not the only one who was victimized by Sonara and his cohorts.

As this saga was painfully proceeding, I was able, through his conversations and mistaken hints to piece together a profile of the evil Sonara.

Usama was also known to me as Sonara by virtue of his occasional trade as a jeweller. He was born, so I gather from his boastful conversations with me, on the main island of Zanpe sometime in the 1930s, a descendent of one of the indentured labourers brought to East Africa by the British colonial rulers from India, which was, at the time, non-partitioned.

Sonara’s grandfather was a practitioner of sorcery and brought it to Zanpe in 1900s. He taught it to his son Ali and grandson Usama. It was a powerful form of sorcery which gave him the ability, among others, to change himself and others into other human forms or voices, thus Sonara’s claim of being Ramases II with an age of 6000 years old. It was, for them, an inherited family secret, which the older Sonaras used carefully and in a limited way to gain wealth and privileges, particularly in Zanpe’s booming clove business, but expanding into other businesses in East Africa and other parts of the British Empire. Sonara, who ultimately inherited this wealth and the powerful sorcery, went further: he wanted power and through it to rule men and nations by proxy.

My great grandfather, Hakim, left Noman for Zanpe in the 1900s. He was self taught and a man of letters in Islamic religion and jurisprudence. He was also well acquainted with cures for many ailments through the use of herbs and religious invocations. In Zanpe he indulged in various businesses, although not sorcery, which some say he was capable of but never practiced. The business he was most successful at was selling cloves from his plantations. He was an Advisor to the king and Chief Justice of Islamic Courts from 1920-1935, when he died. Sonara, I gathered from his conversations, blamed my great grandfather for all the misfortunes that befell the Asian community in Zanpe during his tenure as advisor and chief justice. His complaints included the relegation of Indians to second-class citizens, though neither my uncles, whom I asked, nor I were aware of these misfortunes. Sonara clearly and explicitly informed me that he hated me for that and told me that I would pay for it unless I join him, Shirk and the others in their brand of evil by taking the oath of disowning God and insulting Him and his Prophets. He repeated these threats several times during our encounters and would try to tempt me with offers of riches and power. Shirk was also threatening me throughout this period, and although I refused all their offers I paid for doing so through continuous insults, lies about Salma, my son and other members of my family, and the horrible visions I was forced to see.

Sonara, like many other Asians and some Arabs in Zanpe, gained a good British education at universities in England. He studied biology. Through his travels in the colonies and into deep East Africa, he observed a weakness among the rulers and the ruled, particularly the disenfranchised Africans. In Unda he met and befriended Sihrin, whom he saw as a weakling who could be manipulated to advance his plans of ruling and controlling man by proxy, and in a secret agreement, Sihrin gave Sonara unwavering support and allegiance to his leadership in exchange for being taught sorcery, which was actually rudimentary but sufficient to fool people of lesser knowledge. Sonara, along with Sihrin, started initiating other Africans into a new religion, which Sonara called “the religion of three prophets”. The initiations that I was forced to witness took place once or twice a year in Sihrin’s compound at Burigi and were satanic in style where people danced themselves into a frenzy chanting their praise to their god, Satan. This would usually take place between sunset and sunrise, and men and women would be loaded with alcohol and marijuana. Among the food would be a child slaughtered as a sacrifice. Sonara and Sihrin would eat beef sitting on a raised platform as “kings” watching the ceremonies, which included incestuous sexual acts and sodomy involving men, women and children. These ceremonies continued until a time when Sihrin’s own children, including Shirk and Rakib, participated. The only addition to these satanic ceremonies was the repeated counting and recounting of money stolen or pick-pocketed and the presence of some government dignitaries, who sometimes included the

dictator of Unda, Dil Mana himself.

In the 1950s, The British colonial administrators appointed mainly educated Indians and some Arabs to prominent positions in the civil services, including the judiciary, police, and customs and teaching professions, and they became a privileged class in government and business. The Africans were completely left out. But Sonara wanted more, by making himself and his family an elite class within the privileged system.

This was the beginning of discontent among other races of colonial East Africa, which continued even after independence from British rule in the 1960s. Sonara made good use of this discontent from early on, creating a rift between the races: in Zanpe he became a supporter of Arabs against Indians, and he agitated and lent his support to Indian merchants against Arabs, exporting cloves directly to India and not through Indian agents. He also, cleverly, infiltrated and gave financial support to African movements against the British, Arabs and Indian domination, which finally saw the bloody revolution against Arab rule in January 1964 and subsequent pogroms of Arabs and Indians. He boasted of this accomplishment, including the coup he had masterminded in Unda in 1972 and the rise to power of the brutal Dil Mana and the subsequent expulsion of thousands of Asians by this dictator.

As an evil person he had no racial, tribal or religious affiliation. His sole aim was to sow mistrust, violence, conflict and chaos among people and families, and then step aside to savour a job well done. This was probably his plan for me, and it almost worked. He succeeded in separating me from my wife, making me an enemy to some members of my family and, at the same time, destroying them and enjoying seeing me suffer emotionally and physically. But he was never able to step aside and savour his accomplishments because he was destroyed before being able to do so. This was Usama the Sonara.

I can vividly recall my first encounter with sorcery, which started in 1993, coinciding with the beginning of the disintegration of my marriage to Salma. It went on intermittently throughout the years with attacks sometimes lasting for a few days. But I never knew then who my real tormentors were and why!

“And throw that which is in your right hand! It will swallow up that which they have made. That which they have made is only a magician’s trick, and the magicians will never be successful, to whatever amount (of skills) he may attain”

(Qur’an, Chapter 20, Verse 69)

Chapter 7

It was in the summer of 1993 that Salma left our house with our seven-year-old son to go and live in her grandmother's house. That was the beginning of Salma's intermittent separation from me, which would last anything between a week to a month. She would continuously complain about my drinking, sometimes falsely, to her parents and relatives, and was asking for a divorce. I was out of work because I had resigned from my job with the intent of starting my own business, which never materialised.

One Thursday evening I went to visit Salma and tried to convince her to come back home and she promised to do so. I returned to my house by bus and was dropped about a kilometre away. As I was walking through the half-lit street towards my house I sensed and saw that my body was somehow doubled, with a black outline of my outer body contours. With each step I took yellowish red laser-type flashes would come out of my foot that was not on the ground. I was disturbed by this phenomenon but never gave it a second thought as my mind was occupied by the impending return of Salma and my son.

I went to bed at about 10.00 pm but could not sleep at all. The night was filled with strange voices, old folkloric songs and poetry of old Zanje filled with insults and insinuations about me and my marriage to Salma. I had no idea whose voices they were.

At about 2.00 am I decided to get out of bed and go to the psychiatric hospital, which was about five kilometres away to see a doctor. I had no car at that time and hoped for a late taxi or a lift. I got a lift. At the hospital I was told by the male duty nurse that there was no doctor in attendance and calling him because of my situation, which did not seem to be an emergency, would take a long time. In my confusion I asked for a stethoscope, hoping to hear the voices. He refused and asked me to come back the next morning. I decided to leave as I did not consider myself mad but was possibly just having nightmares, bad dreams or even hallucinations, even though I had not been drinking for the past three days. I walked home because no taxis or cars stopped for me to take me back. I felt strangely strong. The double outline, the flashes and the voices were still there, and as I walked I noticed that I was actually covering several steps for every step I took, sort of floating and not touching the ground. I covered the five-kilometre distance in about ten minutes! My house was directly opposite a mosque and I decided to take a short cut across the mosque compound but as I entered the compound a large flock of black crows hovered over me chanting their normal cry. My shock turned into amazement that crows would be there at that hour and in an area

that was not common for them. I decided to sleep it off, but could not.

As the first rays of morning sunlight pierced through my bedroom curtains I struggled out of bed and went to the sitting room with the intention of calling Salma and asking her to come home immediately. I was not feeling well and was fearful and lonely. As I picked up the phone to call I noticed an odourless smoke coming through the sitting room door. At first I thought I may have left something cooking in the kitchen and had forgotten about it, but as I was going to the kitchen to investigate I noticed that the corridor was full of this misty-like smoke. I panicked and decided to ask my neighbours for help but before I reached the door a fair-skinned man with a goatee beard holding a cane and with a small boy of about five years old by his side walked through the door without opening it! My panic turned into shock and fear. The only word I heard from him before racing towards the door to exit was “Salam” an Arabic greeting meaning “peace”. Outside, my heart thumping, I ran to a house belonging to a relative of Salma’s. I did not ring the door bell but banged on his door with my fists. As soon as he opened the door I held one of his hands in wrench-like grip and told him that my house was on fire and there were strange people in it. He freed his hand from my grip and rudely told me he could not help me as he was feeding his son. This was a pious man who never missed the congregational prayers at the nearby mosque, but I was thinking too fast and was too full of fear to argue. I rushed to the house opposite belonging to Badar, a very close friend of mine, and he welcomed me into his house and brought a mattress into the sitting room for me to lie down on. After a few minutes I told him what had happened. He gently assured me that I should not worry and offered to go with me to the house, so we went there together. Everything seemed normal, so I thanked him and he left.

As soon as he left the fair-skinned man with goatee beard appeared again with the child, but my fear had subsided by this time. He told me he was going to the mosque for prayers and would be staying with me for the night. I welcomed him and went to show him his room. He thanked me but as I was walking with him and the child towards the main entrance door they just passed through it without opening it!

That afternoon and in the early the evening, I experienced some strange phenomena and visions. While I sat in the sitting room trying to stop myself thinking about what had happened by watching the only available local television channel, I was joined by young boys and girls dressed in Nomani attire whose facial expressions seem to constantly change. They did not have five fingers as humans do, but three long fingers. They would sit on the sofas chatting to each other or to me in a language I did not understand. They would sometimes float in the air or go under the sofa, and when I could not bear it anymore I went to my neighbour, Musba, who lived next door, and told him what was happening in my

house. He came with me to the house but did not see anything. He advised me to go and stay with relatives and gave me a lift to the main road so that I could take a taxi. That night I went to stay with my mother and told her of the incidents. She calmed me and tried to play down my fears, but I was bedridden for three days from shock. Salma, together with my son, came to stay with me.

Months after the incidents, during our usual family get together at my uncle's house for Eid Al Adha, marking the end of fasting of the Holy month of Ramadhan, I saw on the wall opposite from where I was sitting a full-length picture of a man with a goatee beard and holding a cane who seemed familiar to me. When I asked who it was I was informed it was my great grandfather Hakim! I chortled and never told anyone why.

I never saw the man with goatee beard again until years later in 2004.

Chapter 8

In the preceding chapter I have narrated in detail, to the best of my memory, what I consider as my first tryst with the metaphysical or paranormal encounter, which was confirmed by Shirk and Sonara ten years later.

The following narration covers a period from that year, 1993, to early 2004 when a full-scale campaign by these sorcerers began. I will try, in the following chapters, to summarise those ugly intermittent moments, although I may err in the timing and sequence of the events as the period involved is long.

In between 1993 and 1996 my marriage was going from bad to worse and Salma's demands for reconciliation were unreasonable and unrealistic. I was also drinking, sometimes heavily. Unbeknown to me Salma had already approached the divorce court for nullification of our marriage, and had also embarked on a plan, supported by her uncles and aunts, that included the pious relative who refused to help me the day I had my first paranormal visit. The plan was to get a divorce at whatever cost, even if it meant getting me imprisoned to prove her point. I had, in fact, been arrested on several occasions for no reason other than walking from my house to the shops after drinking alcohol. I attended all court sessions to which I was summoned, but it was unbalanced as all present were her closest relatives and were naturally against me, to the point of lying. She totally refused reconciliation and as an evidence of my drinking had me arrested on several occasions to prove they were right. The pious neighbour and one of her uncles even resorted to going from house to house on my street requesting that the male head of the household attend the court sessions and give evidence against me, and many went without me being present. One honourable man, Musbah, refused, telling the pious neighbour that I had never disturbed him and neither had he any interest in Salma, which was a painful snub. The "divorce" was finally granted in June 1996 while I was still in prison. While in prison I found out that the young wife of the pious neighbour had died and that he had asked for Salma's hand in marriage immediately after the divorce. She had politely dodged him. One of the uncles had also been divorced by his wife and I vividly remember sarcastically telling the judge after the divorce verdict was pronounced that I was a great grandson of Hakim and he that he would not like it!

I found out, after 2003, that Shirk and Sonara knew about this period in intricate detail and would replay personal conversations with Salma, court sessions or Salma's communication with her uncles and aunts almost word for word. They told me that it was not a machine

recording but a replay by sorcery. I was impressed. They also boasted that they had set up the whole operation leading to the divorce including the unfair arrests. I came to realise early on that my failure, particularly in marriage, were their priority so that Shirk could then marry Salma and, like his father, even use sorcery to force her into this union. It was only by chance, pre-ordained coincidence or smartness on my side during the war of words that I was able to inform them that she was still my wife because of a technical flaw at the divorce court. That probably saved her from them. I discovered through their talk that according to their society “code of ethics” none of them could marry or sexually use a woman unless she was legally divorced from her husband, as to unmarried woman it was a free and open game, thus the inclusion in early 2004, through the promise of wealth and power, of the innocent but sorcery-inclined brothers Hafidh, Asad and Fahmy. Shirk drew up a plan with the brothers to drive me mad, or have them murder me if necessary. This was his only remaining alternative in order to marry Salma and fulfil a command from the obsessed Sonara. If the plan was successful the brothers were to be blamed and then destroyed. This latter plan, I believe, was achieved by Shirk before his bloody and painful demise in April 2005.

My dear mother passed away in August 1995.

Chapter 9

I came out of prison in December 1996 without any bitterness, just disappointment, and was wondering where I could go and stay. I had rented out my house while in prison and did not feel that I could ever live in it again. To this day I have only visited it twice. The house in the city inherited from our parents was undergoing repairs and the work was slow, so I decided to make a home with my elder brother, Hamed, and his family in a house on a farm seventy kilometres from the city that we had also inherited from our parents.

Salma and our son were safely living in a house provided by her company. A week later I made contact with them and met them at their home. No mention of the bitter “divorce” was made. I started commuting between the farm and the city on almost a daily basis searching for a job and would go to Salma’s house, after calling her, for meals and sometimes, at the insistence of my son, would stay for a few days with them. This slowly became a regular occurrence and I saw it as an opportunity to be near to my growing son and to establish the closeness I once had with Salma. I was still in love with her.

My stay at the farm was marked by severe depression, anxiety and loneliness. I discovered a rundown place on a farm some distance away that was illegally occupied by a group of strange and jobless squatters who would spend their days drinking and nights quarrelling and fighting. Even though I had uncles, aunts, brothers, sisters and cousins that I could have stayed or spend time with, I knew by their talk, sometimes directly, that I was not welcome in their homes. I was considered, particularly after the divorce, a failure and a drunk. I therefore found the company of the squatters ideal to pass time and get rid of my depression and loneliness, and when I was not in town would spend a whole day and part of the night with them before returning to the farm to sleep. As the days passed I became closer and friendlier to them and contributed to the communal food and drink.

Some of the people in this group were from respectable families and were, to some extent, educated. They were separated from their families and homes for almost the same reasons as me, namely divorce and being outcast by their close family members and friends. There were five brothers who were black and it only occurred to me some years later, probably in 1999, that they were the half brothers of Shirk, Rakib and Yakreb. Apart from Rakib, the others did not stay but would come for long hours of drinking, and would boast of their sorcery capabilities and were arrogant; they never became close friends to me, and it never occurred to me that one day they would become my enemies or our lives would be entangled in a war

of good against evil.

This arrangement went on for about a month until I developed ulcers and was admitted to hospital. Nahid, my niece, on her own initiative, invited me to stay with her young family. I knew it was a sincere gesture and an offer from her heart because she saw how I was suffering and how my life was crumbling around me. I still visited the group very occasionally, especially when I needed a secluded place to drink. Sometimes I would just visit to pass the hours. It was probably at this time that Shirk began scheming to destroy me after becoming familiar with my life history or after making contact with Sonara. These visits permanently ceased in the year 2000 when I found a new job and made new friends, and the group had been evicted from the property.

The five brothers and I remain friendly to this day and occasionally meet accidentally, but they never figured in the paranormal encounters with Shirk and the others.

During the period between 1997 and 2003 I found work in three oil service companies as a rig geologist, which required me to work in the desert. I felt complete and enjoyed doing work I was very familiar with. I was also earning and contributing to the upbringing and education of our son, and was slowly regaining my self confidence, and esteem among my peers and family members. Salma had moved into her own beautiful villa and although at different times we would argue and bring up old minor details of incidents that led to our “divorce”, we remained close. I admire her and give her credit for the splendid work, effort and dedication she put in bringing up our son in a stable family environment, always reminding him of the virtues of life. I had moved to Nahid’s house but would sometimes stay at Salma’s to be near her and our son.

As the years went by, sudden and intermittent attacks of hearing strange voices, reminiscent of those that occurred in 1993 took place, and Sonara and Shirk became apparent. I also became paranoid as the attacks took place and would move between Nahid’s, Salma’s and the old house. It was also during those moments that I would lose my job either for absenteeism or through by my own loss of interest coupled with drinking.

I was also secretly seeing a psychiatrist at the main hospital in the city, though when it was crowded I would attend a hospital in my village. The doctor’s diagnosis was as I predicted — alcohol related — but the events always took place when I was sober, especially after 2003.

PART TWO

Chapter 10

One night in late 1999 when I was on a break from work and was spending a few days with my son at Salma's house and was sharing a room with him, that night I could not sleep because I was hearing strange, distant voices similar to those I had heard in 1993. It started with men and women angrily ordering me to get out of the house and never come back, as it was not my house and Salma was not my wife. Then they would talk of other things and the tone would sometimes change into a silly advisory style telling me that I should not eat certain foods as I was suffering from various diseases. As the night wore on the voices became nearer and clearer and were accompanied by the beating of drums, music and insulting poetry. I remembered the event of 1993 at my own house and became worried. I lay down in bed quietly listening as I had done on many such occasions, and later I became an audience rather than a participant. I lay fearfully wondering whether Salma and my sixteen-year-old son were also hearing the voices, and as I tossed around on the bed I prayed that they would never hear the dirty words being said or what they implied concerning them and me.

I did not sleep for the whole night and the commotion continued into the morning as Salma was getting ready for work and my son for school. I called Salma aside and told her what had happened and asked her to tell me if she knew anything so that we could try to find a solution to it, either together or separately. She denied any knowledge of it and was not concerned, although she was curious of the details. I was alone in the house when they left and the voices and drum beating continued for the whole day. I became confused and sometimes disoriented and I could not watch television nor read the newspapers. In the afternoon my son came back from school and I unintentionally ignored him, I knew he felt it but all I wanted was to be alone. In the evening Salma came back from work and never even asked about what I had told her that morning. I was surprised because the voices were telling me that she was having random sexual affairs and that she was a whore and my son was a homosexual. I did not want to believe it but as the frequency and intensity of the voices increased into the night I began to become paranoid.

During the night the voices became very insulting and for the first time I heard Shirk's and Rakib's voices, which I already knew, leading the others in this painful campaign. I was in shock. Shirk started by claiming that he had been having sex with Salma since we were in my house and that I should leave or harm will come to me. The words used were threatening. I was very afraid and for the first time actually saw people in the house, some on top of my

son. I was shivering and sweating, but as I tried to get rid of the men I touched nothing. I woke up my son and asked him to go and sleep in his mother's room. I did not give him any reasons, but when Salma opened the door I explained to her what was going on. I was rebuked.

The night became a nightmare for me. I wondered whether I was hallucinating or getting enigmatic messages through a medium unfamiliar to me. At that time, because I was not familiar or properly informed about sorcery and paranormal activities, I did not believe in them, although later I later came to learn that in my part of the world sorcery was rife and was used to the advantage of the invoker, whether for good or evil. In my case I felt it was being used to "possess" me to turn me into a slave before driving me mad to the point of being liable to commit suicide.

Every word I was hearing from Shirk, Rakib and the other numerous voices was dirty, insulting and meant to hurt me and were applauded by their supporters. They kept saying that Salma was having affairs, that my son was a homosexual and that several of my female relatives, who they named, were whoring around. As the insults and insinuations went on and morning approached, I felt tired, confused and hurt but could not sleep. My body was aching for rest but my eyelids would not close because my mind kept turning things over, absorbing them and trying to decipher what I was hearing. I lay in bed tossing restlessly and wondering if the house had been bugged with wireless miniature microphones through which Shirk and Rakib were transmitting their dirty talk. I decided to go to the police station to report the matter but when I got there the officer in-charge found my story strange, unbelievable and thought I was probably mad. He advised me to go back home. As I was walking out of the police station I was met with a barrage of boos, insults and threats. I arrived back at Salma's house as the sun was rising but I still could not sleep as the voices had increased their torrent of insults, which was combined with strange music. I even clearly heard the voice of Salma happily communicating with Shirk.

That morning as Salma was leaving for work I told her that I felt something strange was going on in her house and again asked her whether she knew anything about it, but she just chortled and went out. I was hurt at her reaction and realised that she was probably hiding something. It was characteristic of her to be secretive.

Chapter 11

I called my elder brother Hamed, who was no longer staying at the farm, and explained to him what had happened to me over the previous two nights. He told me I was hallucinating; I liked it! I liked to think that all that I had heard and seen was just my imagination. I also decided to call Rashad, Issa's brother, hoping to be further convinced about the situation. I wanted to hear him telling me that from his personal and religious convictions I was hallucinating. We arranged to meet after sunset prayers at a mosque near his home.

While I was on the phone talking to my brother and Rashad, Shirk, Rakib and their gang were interfering in the conversation with their dirty words. I thought my brother and Rashad could probably hear them too, but when I asked them later they told me they had not heard anything.

The non-stop talk, insults, music and booing continued throughout the morning and into the afternoon, when I left to meet Rashad. I was there before the prayers and was amazed that these insulting voices followed me into the mosque, although surprisingly, I did not hear Shirk's or Rakib's voices among them at that time, although, to this day, I have no idea why. Rashad came into the mosque and we waved at each other before he led the congregation in prayers. As the prayers proceeded, their tactics changed by telling each other to push me or insert a cane in my backside, which made me shake all over and perspire profusely. I lost the prayer proceedings and was instead praying that the prayer finish before I collapse from fear. I came to sense for the first time that the change of voices was from one source and probably from a powerful being.

After the prayers I somehow lost Rashad in the crowd, or through my own confusion, and decided to go to our farm to spend the night there instead of in Salma's house. I felt that my presence at Salma's house might endanger her and my son as the threats were becoming more realistic and the events more and more apparent as the talk focused on other members of my family, particularly woman. I became keenly aware and fearfully positive that the reputation of my whole family was ultimately going to be destroyed.

As I travelled by taxi towards the farm, Shirk's and Rakib's voices began issuing me with death threats and as I stepped out of the taxi and walked towards the house, which was just a short distance away but shrouded in darkness, I was warned to watch out and to look at the ground I was walking on. I could actually see huge python-like serpents but instead of

avoiding or running away from them, I stepped on them, not caring as exhaustion had overtaken my fear. I had no key to enter the house but in darkness was able to find the spare in its usual place under a brick. I had the feeling I was not alone and as I looked around me in the darkness I could see men in human form or as apparitions. They were dressed in old Arabic-style robes, and some looked like executioners of old times, shirtless and carrying axes. They warned me not to enter the house, but I was so tired I did not care and told them to do whatever they wished.

The house was in shambles inside as it had not been occupied for a long time. I found a mattress and collapsed onto it. Two of the executioners came and stood on either side of me and there were snakes swivelling around but not touching me. The executioners kept on raising and lowering their axes over different parts of my body and once I felt a blade actually touching my throat. I lay still and told them to finish me off, to kill me, and I actually meant it. I finally fell asleep only to be awakening by early morning bird song. I felt I had slept for only about half an hour.

I left the farm fearless of what these evil beings might do because I realised that deep within me they had a weakness and that I had to find it in order to fight them. The one thing I was certain of that morning was that their aim was to instil fear in me through their talk and scary apparitions, but they were incapable of physically harming me directly. I was glad to have come to realise these things, but was still profoundly aware of the pain and its consequences that they could inflict, especially to those who were unaware of it. I also realised that they could use their power to destroy my family, as they had threatened to do. The likelihood of them using such powers to blackmail or threaten others, particularly the very old, the young and the women was immense, so I decided to warn the family.

Thankfully it was very quiet that morning, and when I got a lift from a middle-aged woman, to whom I briefly and indirectly disclosed what had happened to me, she told me, to my surprise that she believed in such phenomena because it had happened to her own brother, who was very sick. She advised me to seek help immediately.

I went to Rashad's office at the airport and told him about my experiences of the last three days. He immediately asked me if I had been drinking, but I was able to truthfully tell him that I had not. He advised me to pray and offer supplications to God for help. I have a high respect for Rashad and his standing in the community and particularly for his knowledge of the Islamic religion and that is why I went to him, at that time I was not praying regularly.

I then telephoned my elder brother, Hamed, who, as usual, told me I was hallucinating. In the

evening I went back to Salma's house and, fearful that the "bad guys" might hear what I had to say to her, I wrote down the details on paper and asked her and my son to read it. The next day I went to Nahid and did the same thing, warning her about their possible intentions. A week later when I asked her if she had read the letter properly, she replied she had not and, in fact, did not know where she had put it. A year later her marriage collapsed for a reason that seemed to fit Satan's style: her husband had secretly married again and some other women had informed her by telephone. I made an appointment with my cousin Said to tell him of my experiences and to warn him so that he could tell other members of the family, but he never kept the appointment.

I did not realise at the time that it was two days before Ramadhan, our Holiest month of fasting when, we are told, Satan and his soldiers are locked away. I did not experience any episodes — voices or visions — during Ramadhan. It was a serene month from that point of view; however it was in the first week of that month that I lost my job because I was so sick from shock and stress that I could not attend to my duties.

Chapter 12

The month of Ramadhan and two months into 2001 passed without incident except my health was not improving. I had moved to Nahid's house and felt comfortable, although I was sometimes secretly drinking at night to try and get rid of my depression. I had come to a decision not to mention or discuss any past or future incidents through fear of being branded a liar and a madman, and possibly being thrown out of the homes of either Nahid or Salma.

Early that year I decided to confront Shirk and Rakib to get the truth from them. It was not easy to locate them but I finally found Shirk in a place he frequented. I asked him directly if he knew anything or was involved with the episodes I had told him about but he denied it. I did not press him further as they were other people with him, but as I was leaving Shirk walked with me for a short distance and politely told me not to mention the matter in front of other people. I was puzzled! Why make such a request and in such a nice way. I bade him farewell with strange feeling that he was involved. It was also a poetic farewell for I never saw him or Rakib in person ever again.

In about March 2001 I started to feel a strange uneasiness. For example I could not seem to decide what to wear or what to eat at the dinner table. I could not sleep and would spend the whole night watching movies on the television without being able to follow the story, and I would just nod whenever Nahid or her children talked to me. In reality I understood only half of what they were talking about. I felt I was withdrawing unintentionally but could not understand my strange behaviour. I know Nahid noticed it, and so did Salma and my son who would sometimes visit or have meals with us.

This went on for about a month until one night while lying in bed I suddenly started to hear a new voice speaking clear Swahili and fluent English. In the beginning this male voice was very polite and well mannered referring to me as "Mr. Slem" and asking me if I knew or remembered him. I remained silent. This time there was neither drum beating nor any cheering. The voice had the aura of a highly educated and articulate person, one who is used to giving commands. He started by introducing himself as Usama and telling me that he knew me from the day I was born. He told me the names and life history of my parents, uncles, aunts and several of my close friends, and went on to tell me his life history. He had been born in Zanpe and his parents were merchants dealing in wholesale cloves export business. He said that my great grandfather Hakim had interfered in their business by favouring non-Asian Muslims. Usama told me that he was capable of destroying me, just as

my great grandfather had his family.

I thought this was an absurd statement as I did not even know the history of my great grandfather. Usama went rambling on about his wealth and powers until dawn, stopping several times in the final sentences to ask someone whether he was telling the truth. This other person would either be Shirk or Rakib, who would, in a well-mannered tone, say, “Yes, Emperor”. He ended his speech by giving me conditions and warnings, including that I should never make up with Salma or visit or stay at her house again or he would kill me or drive me to madness. He added a sweetener to his threats: that if I agreed to join their sorcery society, known as “The Consortia”, he would make me a rich and a powerful person, but it would be without Salma. It was then that I first opened my mouth and spoke to him. I told him to go to hell where he belonged, which made him, together with Shirk and Rakib, venomously furious and insulting, warning me of my impending destruction and death. I accepted the challenge without knowing how I would face it. That was the beginning of an intermittent painful ordeal through words and visions. Because I still knew nothing about sorcery it was a one-sided offensive that caused my health and physical outlook to further deteriorate.

In the morning, after Usama had finished, Shirk took over with a barrage of insults to my late mother, Salma, Nahid and other family members, particularly woman. He would move from one to another by calling them by name and telling me stories about them and adding insults, reminding me of long past incidents, some of which I knew nothing about. He kept me awake and I felt he was brainwashing me into hatred. This went on for many days and I never told anyone about it. I also felt it was one person talking but sometimes with other voices, for instance Usama was Shirk, and Shirk was Rakib and so on.

What intrigued me most as the ordeal progressed was Shirk’s ability to tell me in advance what I was thinking or planning to do any given moment or later on. He would tell me, for example, of my need to use the toilet or telephone, what I felt like eating, where I was planning to go, who would be coming to the house. He would even know what someone would tell me and even what I had dreamt while briefly asleep!

As the one-sided offensive was going on, I increased the number of cigarettes I was smoking, which forced me to go out of the house on many occasions, day or night as Nahid did not allow smoking in her house. One morning she mentioned the disturbance this caused but I could not tell her the real reasons. As usual when these attacks took place I had never been taking alcohol. It was my belief and philosophy, which I put into effect, that in order to counter these evil beings I had to stay sober. It worked well, especially in the later years of the intensive attacks when I got help from men of wisdom, honour and dignity. Out of

respect for them it was a necessity for they were believers in one God and his decrees. They tried to test me on several occasions by telling me to go and have a drink but I always refused.

Late one night when I was outside having a smoke, Shirk showed me his powers by showing me real things, but by this time my fear of him had partly eroded and I did not respond. Suddenly I saw, in the empty yard of unoccupied house to the right of where I was sitting, something like a car out of which came Salma, her mother and sister, my sisters and female cousins, all of whom were well dressed and wearing make-up, as if they were going to a party. Each one waved and greeted me by name, forming a line as if waiting for further instructions. I was perplexed. I never saw Shirk but he was booming with a sinister laughter and telling me he had brought them for a sex party. He asked me if I wanted to join in. I could not speak and was glued to the chair; I was in shock but not fear. My female relatives including Salma, but not Nahid, were busy chatting to each other and laughing and seemed to be enjoying the spectacle of my shock. Shirk was also enjoying himself. He realised I was in shock and repeatedly kept asking about it, laughing loudly. It was the voice and laughter of the real Shirk.

Suddenly Shirk gave orders for preparations for my execution to start. Within minutes a wooden platform had been erected by strange-looking beings and a slow-swinging, sharply pointed thick log of wood held by two ropes was ready. The swings of the pendulum were slowly increasing and with every swing the log was coming closer to me. Shirk told me to accept their demands or be ready to die. I was frozen with fear, being unable to talk or even move. A feeling of impending violent death came over me and even though immobile and speechless I seemed to be saying to myself that I did not care and would welcome death. Shirk knew exactly what I was thinking and kept on asking "Is that your decision?" The log swung closer but I remained defiant. The women were with Shirk and he was telling them how dirty my reputation was, that I was a homosexual, a coward and a drunkard. They seemed to approve of my death and were nodding and smiling. Suddenly Shirk appeared in his real form, which was the first time I had seen him in this situation. He called Salma to his side and when she complied, he put his left hand around her hips. She was smiling.

I was sweating profusely. Shirk kept lecturing the woman as the pointed log kept on swinging closer to my chest. This went on for about an hour, which seemed like hours to me. Suddenly, he gave orders for the swing to be stopped. He told me that this was only the beginning and he was giving me time to think things over. Shirk and all women went into the car-like vehicle as the platform was dismantled. I was quiet and felt cold. I could not move. When I recovered from the shock I slowly rose and on shaking legs made my way into the

house. As I was climbing the stairs to my room I noticed several midget-like beings shouting at me; they were exactly like the ones I had seen outside. The house, especially my room, seemed to be full of these humanoids, and as I lay down on my bed in the darkness they floated over me, coming close to my eyes, changing their facial features, smiling, showing their small teeth or widening their shining eyes. I was totally exhausted and finally I fell asleep. That was the first of many direct visual experiences with sorcery and metaphysical beings.

I woke up about thirty-six hours later and tried to piece the events of the previous day together. Was I dreaming while awake? Was I hallucinating? Was I going mad? Or was something real and sinister in the form of sorcery directed at me taking place? All these questions were going around in my mind but I could not find any answers. The only fact I had was that it had happened before and now the intensity and frequency was increasing. The visualisation of the events worried me most and the most confusing thing of all was that I had definitely seen an apparition of Shirk and Salma! Was Salma experiencing it and hiding it from me? Was she, unknowingly, a central figure to my suffering? I had no answer to all these questions and could not talk to anyone for fear of being branded insane. My curiosity and helplessness was occupying most of my time. I started to observe Salma, her reactions and style of talking to me as I was slowly becoming withdrawn and paranoid towards her. I had begun to doubt her because of her indifference and the way she acted towards me but, at the same time, I felt guilty that I could be coming to wrong conclusions because she might not even be aware of what was happening. It was a case of reality and the counterforce against it. It was a complex situation: I felt she had a hidden agenda but at the same time felt the need to protect her, but how? It was a question that drove me into sickness and weakness of the body, loss of appetite and lacks of sleep though definitely not a diminishing mental state.

Chapter 13

The insulting and threatening voices of Shirk et al continued and my paranoia was increasing. Salma almost always had lunch at Nahid's house during their lunch break from work and I took the opportunity to tell them what was happening to me, but they were indifferent and not at all curious. Nahid made it obvious that I was disturbing her by my comings and goings throughout the night, and she was right. Sensing that I was not welcome at that time, I decided to leave the house for a short period thinking that it would also be good for me and could help erase the bad experiences I was with hallucinations. I telephoned my elder brother Hamed and asked him to take me into his house, which was located in our village about a three-hour drive north of the city. He agreed and came to pick me up that evening. I used the first excuse that came into my mind to inform Nahid of my departure; that I needed a break from city life. I sensed she was relieved.

While driving to our village I heard the most insulting words directed to God and his Prophets by Shirk, Rakib and Yakreb. The insults were coming from the car radio with the words replacing the normal program transmission! My brother was talking to me but I didn't hear him. The insults were continuous until we reached our destination.

My brother, sensing that I was not all right, decided that instead of taking me to his house, which was only a short distance away, he would take me to the half-completed tourist resort he was building. We were met by Adil and Harub, whom I knew and were staying at the resort and helping my brother. By this time the insults to God had subsided and threats to my life had replaced them. I never told my brother what I was hearing.

The tourist resort is located at the entrance to our ancestral village, where my great grandfather Hakim was born and from where he left for Zanpe in early 1900s. The resort is located on a slightly high ground from where the surrounding villages can be seen. Nearby is a cemetery where our long-dead ancestors are buried. It is a place where the stars can clearly be seen at night and one can easily distinguish the zodiacs from the stars, and when we arrived just before midnight the sky was full of stars. It was a beautiful night!

As we exchanged pleasantries with Adil and Harub, I saw to my right ash-coloured forms, not resembling humans, with small eyes standing or rolling down the mountains that form part of the Noman mountain range. They were huge and almost doll-like. I remained calm as I did not want to draw attention to them. After it had been arranged that Adil, Harub and I

were to share one of the completed rooms, my brother left us and promised to pass by me in the morning. After he left we were sitting outside and I saw a convoy of about ten different types of cars, the headlights coming into focus as they approached the resort and entered the compound. Fair-skinned men and woman who were unfamiliar to me got out of the cars after they had been parked, to the right of where we were sitting. They were all dressed casually in jeans and shirts and none talked to us although they were talking among themselves. I could hear their voices but could not understand what language they were speaking or what they were talking about but realised from their preparations that they had come to murder me. Some of them climbed the trees and sat on the branches, some stood some distance away from us giggling, and a few of them were in front of me preparing what looked like an old fashioned catapult that was used in the old days when besieging a castle. The doll-like figures stood in the background and they were so tall they almost reached the mountaintop. It was, for them, a sort of carnival atmosphere. I felt sure my end had come and, surprisingly, I welcomed it without fear. It was not the first time. I knew that Adil and Harub could not see what I was seeing, nor did they feel what was going on. They bid me goodnight and went to sleep. The place was eerily silent except for the barking of wild dogs.

The ‘executioners’, four males, were busy with their elaborate preparation of the catapult, which was directed towards me. I do not know how but I stood and shouted at them to hurry up because I was ready. The executioners loaded the catapult with a huge boulder they lifted from the foothills of the mountain. I could not understand how just one man would carry such a weight, but I was seeing it. I stood up and again shouted at them to do their job. Adil and Harub came out of the room and asked me who I was talking to, so I explained to them and even pointed out the cars and the catapult. They kept on telling me that there was nobody there and urged me to come in and sleep. I refused, and kept on taunting the executioners to get on with it. The boulder was loaded into the catapult. Adil and Harub, sensing that something was wrong with me, almost physically forced me into the room and locked it. I did not sleep for the whole night. I started hearing familiar voices, though not those of Shirk or Rakib but some I had heard at Salma’s house. They were arguing among themselves how to burn me without harming the others. At dawn the shouting and threats ceased and I fell asleep for about an hour. Harub told me the next day that he had seen me floating over the mattress. Adil and Harub became very close friends and I was sad when Harub died of natural causes two years later, in 2003.

My brother came in the morning to take me to his house and Adil and Harub told him what had happened. When we got to his house I explained to him what had taken place in the city and the night before, and I reminded him of the warnings I had given him months before and stressed that, according to my analysis, this was definitely sorcery at work and it was going

to destroy me and the family. I also gave him the names of Shirk, Rakib and Yakreb. He calmed me down and took me to the hospital where I was prescribed sleeping pills. I knew he did not believe me. I stayed with him for the next three weeks, during which time the voices slowly subsided and finally disappeared. Hamed and his wife took good care of me, making sure that I ate properly and slept well. In fact, my appetite slowly came back but sleep remained a problem, particularly when I had flashbacks of the scary nights I'd experienced at the resort and at Nahid's house.

After four weeks at Hamed's house I felt I had regained my health and confidence, so I informed him that I intended to go back into the city to start searching for a job so that I could try to piece my broken life together again. He telephoned Nahid and convinced her that I was better and she should let me stay in her house. She agreed.

Back at Nahid's house I tried my best to maintain a semblance of normality and the closeness that we had once shared was slowly rekindled. Nahid's attitude towards me was casual and friendly. I knew that my brother, with the best of intentions, had told her and Salma about the events I had experienced in the city and at his resort so I did my best not to frighten them. Salma had, however, cut me off.

My son was preparing for his final high school examinations and I tried my best not to disturb him. What I feared most was that the attacks would re-occur at this critical point in his life. I was rarely invited to Salma's house, so most of the time I would communicate with my son via telephone, or when he came for short visits with his mother on weekends. Salma and I had an unspoken agreement with each other not to disturb my son during this period. I guessed my son understood.

The noises had disappeared but sometimes would appear for brief moments. I started to look for a job seriously; I needed something to occupy myself and my mind and wondered whether boredom could be the cause of my hallucinations.

After about a month at Nahid's I had not been able to find a job and, one day, I went out with some friends for a drink. I came back two days later and Nahid refused to open the door for me. There was a small room at the back of her house that had previously been used by a male servant so I occupied that. It was July and extremely hot and humid. There was no air-conditioner or windows but fortunately the room had a small toilet. I tolerated the situation. Nahid knew I was in the servant's room but never came to see me, except on my birthday, but the housemaid brought me food and water daily. I had no money, telephone, radio or television and the day would pass without even knowing what day it was. One day my son

came and told me that he had finished his final examinations and gave me the date of his graduation. The day arrived and I almost forgot it, I rushed to Salma's house to enquire about the arrangements and she would not allow me into the house. She told me through the half-opened front door that only four guests were allowed to attend and that she had given invitation cards to her nearest relations. I was not one of them. I was shocked and felt like strangling her, but I controlled myself. I asked to see my son so she called him to the door and, with tears rolling down my cheeks, I congratulated him. He was seventeen and for the first time I saw in his eyes an adult feeling the disappointment and yearning to be with his father and share the joy and happiness of that momentous day.

The situation at Nahid's improved and I was welcomed back into the house. I swallowed my pride for there was nothing I could do.

My proudest moment was when my son telephoned to tell me that he had convinced his mother to let me come into their house. He wanted me to help him choose a college in the United States through the Internet. We sat in front of the computer and ate our meals together for the whole day until we finally found a college to his and my liking, and two weeks later he received confirmation of his admission.

I was not in position at that time to contribute financially to his education, but Salma had made arrangements for a bank loan. I give her full credit for this and pray that she receives God's blessing for doing that. She is still paying back the loan today. I felt ashamed as a father, but I explained my predicament to my son and he assured me that he understood. I promised to take care of him once I found a job.

The ugly voices and visions had disappeared completely and I was happy. My health had also improved. As days turned into weeks I was occupied in finding a job, but with no success. I realised that age was a factor as I was already forty-six years old. I was sad about my circumstances but happy that the miserable life induced by my hallucinations was over. I liked to think that it was hallucination and not the dangerous sorcery.

My son and I began meeting every day and this helped me regain my self-confidence. He was preparing to leave for the US and I was there to help him. Salma, like all mothers, was concerned over every minor detail but I knew that she was secretly grieving that her only son was leaving home, not only for the first time but also for a prolonged period. I was there to console her, and she appreciated it, and slowly our intimacy was returning to normal.

The day before my son's left, Salma told me that he would be leaving at one o'clock. I

assumed it was in the afternoon so I woke up early and went to Salma's house to prepare for our son's departure. When I got there I discovered that he had already left! Salma had told me it was one o'clock in the morning I felt miserable and guilty that I had failed my son yet again; my throat became dry and my saliva tasted bitter. I felt as though I was a useless father. It was a gloomy day for me. Two days later I was able to talk to my son and explained to him that I did not miss his departure intentionally. As always he assured me he understood. He was, and still is, a good son.

My life continued on normally and I was enjoying the company of Nahid, her children and Salma, which made me feel as though I had finally been accepted. I was also searching for a job. However, I was also drinking secretly, though only in limited amounts. I was puzzled by the fact that the doctors had told me that the noises and hallucinations I had experienced were alcohol related, but I was drinking and was not getting them.

I did not succeed in finding a job fitting my qualification, so I turned myself into a part-time businessman, selling and buying. I was earning enough to keep me afloat and maintain my dignity. My life went on like this until August 2003.

Chapter 14

While struggling to find a proper full-time job I hardly heard the voices that had haunted and destroyed my health before.

I was going on drinking binges from time to time, that is I would drink continuously for two to six days and would stop for one or two months. My relationship with both Nahid and Salma was also erratic. There were times when the relationship would break down totally and I had to stay at the half-finished old house in the city, or it would be close and very cordial.

It was always during my drinking binge that I would be arrested. I was being arrested innocently for I did not always go out when I had consumed alcohol and on several occasions I was let out of jail in the morning. Sometimes a taxi driver I had hired to take me somewhere would, instead, take me to a police station when he smelt alcohol on my breath. I wondered what made them do it — was it because consumption of alcohol is prohibited for Muslims in our country, though it is freely available in the many bars and hotels around the country, or was something else that I could not understand happening to me? One night I was arrested for waving down a police car instead of a taxi — I could not see properly because I was not wearing my glasses! And once I was arrested for just standing outside the old house! This was my life between late 2001 to mid-2003. Shirk later claimed responsibility for all the arrests and I found out later from him that they were watching me all the time, wherever I was living, in the toilets and during my normal and private activities. When they found out that I had taken a drink they would grasp the opportunity to call the police. Could sorcery do this? I have no answer!

Chapter 15

After a hiatus of almost two years without a major incident with the Usama, Shirk or Rakib I finally found a job in August 2003 with a major contracting company as a hydro-geologist in charge of water wells. I was relocated to Ibari near the northern borders of Noman, about four-hour drive from the capital. Although the salary was low I welcomed the opportunity to be on my own. I was given a villa, which I shared with a Sudanese computer specialist, and I was contented. Some weekends I would go to the capital and would stay either at Salma's or Nahid's house.

Although the voices had ceased I would sometimes hear Shirk talking for short periods of time, but I tended to ignore him. I had stopped drinking completely, assuming that it was the cause of the voices and hallucinations. Also I did not want to lose my job. I was able to make monthly contributions towards my son's education even though it left me with very little money. I was a proud man. I also started praying again, but did not read the Holy Qur'an so did not know much of what was in it. I found praying gave me consolation and tranquillity.

My son came for his summer holiday in 2002 but not in 2003 when I had started the new job. I noticed immense changes in his style of talking and physical stature. He was eighteen and almost an adult. He told us he had enrolled in boxing classes for self defence and I encouraged him even though Salma did not like the idea. He stayed with us in Noman for a month. It was the most beautiful time I had with my son and Salma. We would go for picnics in the mornings and have dinner together in the evenings, or have a barbecue with Nahid and her children at her place. We celebrated his eighteenth birthday in grand style, one befitting a teenager's transition to adulthood. Our son, according to him and through our observations never took up the bad habits of smoking or drinking. I thank God for that, after all he is our only child.

I liked my job and was happy doing it to the best of my ability. I made new friends, Nomanis and other nationalities, and I became particularly close to a Sudanese and a Nomani called Ibrahim and we would almost always have lunch or dinner together. Ibrahim was from religious family and one of his brothers was an assistant judge with the Islamic court in the capital. I spent every free moment asking him about religion and about the paranormal and sorcery. If he did not have an immediate answer he would call his brother and come back to me. I would always ask him questions on the subject of sorcery indirectly, without giving him the impression that I had been affected by it. I wanted to find out as much as I could

about this evil activity and through him slowly learnt the truth about it, which is, according to the Holy Qur'an, that sorcery does exist and God hates, has cursed and condemned to Hell those who practice it.

My life was slowly adjusting. I was happy and my anxieties and depression were disappearing. I was also sleeping well. However, in December I started to experience strange phenomena. As I prayed, particularly the dawn prayers, I would feel pushing on my back, and I would sometimes be awakened by slight nudges on my shoulder and an unfamiliar voice telling me it was time for prayers. This started happening only occasionally but by early 2004 became almost constant before the dawn prayers with the light nudges becoming a heavy shaking on one of my shoulders. I could not comprehend what was happening but had a strange feeling that whoever was responsible had good intentions, so I welcomed it. I never told anyone about it.

My standing and authority in the company, particularly with the Ibari project was rising fast, and I was in a position where my advice and suggestions were taken seriously. In January 2004 I suggested to my senior manager and the General Manager that the company tender for a contract soon to be awarded by the Oil Company I used to work for. It was accepted and I was authorised to start working on it. I was to ultimately head this unit. I was really happy and immersed myself with the preparations, at the same time taking care of the work at Ibari. The preparations and research were hard and took half my working and free time. I was also commuting between Ibari and the capital to attend meetings and consultations.

Apart from being woken for prayers sometimes, I did not experience any major incidents and I began to think that it was not sorcery that had affected me. I convinced myself that it was hallucinations that had caused my suffering.

While all was going well for me I did not realise that the project manager at Ibari was bad mouthing me and sending false reports of complaints to our head office. I only found about it when I accidentally had access to my personal file. I believe he was jealous of my new status and of my ability to mingle and communicate freely with senior managers of the company.

In March I learnt through my contacts at the oil company that the Business Development Manager of the company for which I was working had bypassed me and registered the contract with a tie-up with another international company and not with my consultant company as agreed. I was furious and the same day tendered in my resignation. It was April 2004.

The same day I tendered my resignation I started to hear humming in my ears followed by the voice of Shirk. I ignored it. I left Ibari for the city and went to the old house. I wanted to be alone. I did not know how to explain to my family, especially Salma who was happy that I was working and contributing to our son's education. I felt ashamed and thought of myself as a failure. I stayed in solitude locked in the room of the old house for six days except for meals. After I had recovered enough to face my family members, I went to Salma and tried to explain to her what had happened. She only believed half of what I told her and angrily accused me of having been fired for drinking during working hours. I had no reply. She did, however, offer me our son's room to stay in and I thanked her for that kind gesture. I was lonely and disappointed in myself. I had only been staying for two days before she complained of my going in and out for a smoke, so I decided to use the outside room, the "boiler room", and it was there that Usama or Shirk and Rakib started their almost continuous daily torture of words, and where the Men of wisdom, honour and dignity first appeared.

I did not know until a month after losing my job and leaving Ibari that Shirk and his friends were not at all happy about my getting such a good job. Later, he boasted that they were the ones who made me lose it.

Chapter 16

A few days after moving to the "boiler room" Shirk, Rakib and sometimes Usama started their campaign of talking non-stop, day and night. Shirk started by sarcastically conveying to me his sympathy for losing my job and the money from the oil company contract, he was followed by Rakib who talked to me in the same way. They would also collectively sing sarcastic songs implying that I had not only lost my job and the contract but had also lost Salma and would soon lose my sanity or life. This time there were no cheerleaders or beating of drums. I remained quiet as I was feeling depressed. This went on for some days before they started to go into my personal life, reminding me of who I was and what I had become — a tramp, a loser, a drunkard and a homosexual. They would “play back” actual conversation that I had had with Salma, Nahid or my brothers, cousins and friends. It was all accurate and I was astounded. They would also, amazingly, “play back” the most private moments between Salma and me from years ago, it was like a tape recording. What surprised me most was that they could not imitate my voice; they claimed they were protecting me as “others” were also listening. I had no idea who the “others” were, I but assumed they were their compatriots. They completely failed to reproduce my voice throughout this experience.

Shirk and Rakib would talk non-stop twenty-four hours a day, sometimes adding anecdotes that would make me laugh. They seemed to enjoy it when I laughed and would repeat the story on and on for another hour. To me, they were clever in their style of approaching certain incidents that had happened during my lifetime. There were moments when they would remind me of something sympathetically and offer me advice on how to cope with it, putting the blame for my failure on some of my family members and close friends and insulting them. They also had a way of questioning and arguing among themselves until they arrived at a conclusion on which they agreed, which was, most of the time, completely false.

As days passed I began to think that what they were telling me, whether it was true or false, was not coming from them but someone who was feeding them information. I was aware that they would tell me something then stop and start again, and they would hesitate before asking me a question, which was sometimes silly that they would answer themselves. A time came when I knew I had to retaliate by talking to them. I remember the first statement I made to them —that they were street dogs who fed on other people secrets and that they were unleashed but had a handler, probably Usama the Sonara, who was feeding them information and forcing them to say the things they did. What I said to them and my calling them street dogs, which were worse than wild dogs who were free and ate what they hunted,

seemed to have unsettled them for they remained silent for about fifteen minutes. Shirk, in a subdued voice, asked me why I called them street dogs. I kept asking them whether they were in consultation with their handler when they did come back. To me it seemed obvious that something or someone was using them because they did not have their usual quick answer to the street dog statements. It seems their handler had abandoned them and without him they could not hit back. I had hit them hard and discovered their weakness, and I realised I could fight them and go into an offensive, insult for insult. I enjoyed the confusion I caused in them with my first statement. The words 'street dogs' and 'Sonara their handler' became my ammunition, for they never liked the words and would openly show their displeasures. I had found my first means of hitting back by offending and taunting them.

That day was unlike the previous days, when I had tolerated their non-stop sometime painful one-sided talk because they stopped talking completely. I encouraged them to come back, but they remained quiet for the whole afternoon and night. This gave me a little hope that I could get rid of this nuisance, may it be sorcery or hallucinations. Their silence convinced me that I was dealing with something real and dangerous, but the calmness of the afternoon and the quietness of the night gave me time to plan my strategy and offensive. I decided not to remain passive any more, after all I was at war with an unknown person or group of people, probably a highly educated and a well-informed 'general' leading his army of sorcerers. I also decided that I would become the hunter and not the hunted anymore, so I had to collect myself and prepare my weapons to fight back or even kill my prey.

First thing that occurred to me that afternoon was a realisation that I was alone and that I did not know my enemies' true intentions, strengths or weakness. I knew their intentions from their talk, but had to find out the last two. It was Salma they wanted but they had to destroy me first followed by my whole family. To find out about their strengths and weaknesses, I had to first find out just who my enemy was. I went to a number of bookstores and found only one book dealing with jinns and devils. It helped. I also bought an English translation of the Qur'an as I do not read or write Arabic well. This not only opened my mind into the work and destruction of Satan and his follower, the sorcerers but gave me a whole new insight into spirituality through the divine words of God. I also read the Bible and would have read the Torah, if I could have found a copy. I used the Qur'an and its Verses well during this war of words and, finally, swords. I also tried to locate Shirk and Rakib to confirm their involvement in this seemingly deadly affair, but I failed in this endeavour because nobody seemed to know where exactly they were living. I did, however, meet some people who knew them and confirmed that their father, Sihrin, was a sorcerer, and that the brothers might know something of this art. It took a whole afternoon and most of one night of searching and researching. I even thought of my great-grandfather Hakim and was

wondering how I could get to him or his help through whatever means possible. These were thoughts of a desperate man. At dawn I started praying, which I thought was necessary if I was seeking the ultimate help, God's. Over the following days I discovered that praying gave me a calm confidence and inner strength. To this day I try my best not to miss any of the compulsory prayers.

Chapter 17

After a respite of half a day and a full night, I was savagely attacked early the next morning with a full force of insults to my dead parents, particularly my mother, and God and his Prophets. I guess the brief respite I had enjoyed was a strategic withdrawal for re-planning their offensive. When they came back I could hear Shirk, Rakib and Yakreb taking a satanic oath stating that Satan was their God. I cannot write the insults to God, Prophet Zachariah, Maryam and Prophet Issa (Jesus) that I heard as they were unforgivable to any man, whether a Muslim, Christian or Jew. To rub salt into my bleeding wounds, they claimed that some close members of my family had joined them and had taken a similar oath.

I remained quiet and continued reading the Qur'an. I was not only reading it as supplication to God, seeking his help and intervention, but was also reading it to understand the divine message in its Verses. I was taking notes as I was reading and it became clear that God hates such people: jinns from the devil. Shirk would interrupt me when I was reading a particular Verse that related to their kind and would tell me God was wrong! He also told me that I would never finish reading the Qur'an because my death was drawing closer. I challenged him about that statement and told him that I would live as God has ordained, and long enough to finish reading and understanding the Qur'an and to expose him and his associates in a book. They never seemed to be happy when I mentioned the name of God or when I read a particular Verse related to them and their activities to them. They would go into frenzy and translate the Verses to their own liking, and would tell me God was Satan, their God!

This attitude of theirs, coupled with insults to various relatives and friends, some of whom were dead and included the King of Noman, went on for days. I was alone and did not know how to stop this seemingly endless talk about my history and honourable people I knew. I discovered a Verse in the Qur'an that explicitly states that God is near us and hears our invocations, so every time I finished praying I would supplicate God for deliverance from the torture I was experiencing. I would mention Shirk, Rakib and Yakreb by name and would pray to God to punish them equally, especially for their most unpardonable insult of Him and His Prophets. I begged God to remove Shirk from this earth and give him a grave of coal fire, and asked that Rakib should suffer in this world before going to hell, and that Yakreb should be judged by Him — I had not heard much from him after his oath insulting God. I left it to God to decide on a punishment for Yakreb's crime of seducing and causing a divorce between his own brother and his wife. I also asked God to impose on them the law

of Qisas (lawful revenge), pain for pain, and suffering for suffering.

As days passed, the tactics of these evil ones changed from hearing their voices to telling me after making a particular comment to look at the wall, where I would actually witness indecent sexual scenes involving Salma and many of my female relatives. I would also see these activities through the wall of Salma's house as if watching television. This false show would sometimes be instant or go on for hours, and I would become transfixed as if hypnotised. They would shout at me 'Do you see what Salma or so and so is doing? It was extremely painful, particularly when they showed the 'television' part. I was helpless, my health was deteriorating very fast, and I could neither walk properly nor sleep and would spend days lying on my mattress. Even the simplest things became an effort, and I would crawl to the toilet and take shower sitting down. Salma was not talking to me and never came to the "boiler room", though Sitra; the housemaid brought me food and water. I still believe that Sitra did this on her own initiative and not because Salma had told her to. Sitra noticed I was not well and would come to enquire about me twice or three times a day. She was a Catholic and a very religious woman who never missed her Friday mass at the city's church. She was truly a woman of substance. She is still with Salma and I thank her for her assistance during those critical times in my life when I thought my end was nearing. I repeatedly asked her to tell Salma that I was sick and at least to come to the window, which was less than a metre away from my room. I also wanted to tell Salma what was happening to me but she never came and never gave me the opportunity to do so.

In early May, after two weeks, I gained enough strength to stand up on my own and not using the surrounding walls for support. I was standing shaving in the toilet when Salma came and asked me while rolling her index finger on her right temple, indicating my madness, how I was. I did not answer her. She told me that my son was arriving in three days' time for his summer holidays. This news excited me and I forgot all my misery. For some reasons I felt as if I had been miraculously cured. The action of Salma rolling her index finger on her temple and the news of my son's imminent arrival seemed to have also excited Shirk and Rakib and it became a subject of ridicule for the whole of that day and the next. They would tell me that I was mad and that Salma was aware of it and that she did not care about me. This was their way of humiliating me whenever Salma or anyone acted or spoke negatively towards me; it was what I came to call fodder for them. I did not care and thought that I could get rid of the talk by sometimes shaking my head slightly violently. All I wanted was to see my son, hug him and may be tell him about my suffering, although I realised I had to be careful in doing that. I was happy that I could finally spend my time talking with someone other than the "street dogs.

Chapter 18

The day before the arrival of our son, Salma's behaviour had dramatically metamorphosed into a laughing and talkative mother. She came to the "boiler room" and told me that I could come into the house and stay with my son in his room. I found her fickle behaviour amazing. I was still feeling weak and excused myself the next day from going to the airport, but our son gave us a surprise when he arrived at the house at midnight and not early in the morning. He had purposely misinformed us of his arrival time. We were, once again, a happily reunited family and stayed up talking until early morning, something I had deeply wished for.

I had agreed to come into the house and now shared a room with my son. Sometimes Salma would come to the room and join in the talk and laughter. We would listen to our son talking and joking in his new-found North American accent. With such happiness in the house I started recovering quickly. He had his friends, mostly former high school mates, who would come over and our relatives sometimes join us for dinner. Life was beautiful! I also looked for an opportunity to be alone with my son so that I could tell him what had happened to me, although I felt that Salma had already told him of the story as she knew it without understanding the depth of it. I kept on putting it off as I did not know how to start, but an opportunity arose one afternoon when Salma was at work. I started telling him what I had been going through but did not include what Shirk and Rakib had said about him and his mother. It was too painful for me to utter those words and I did not want to hurt or confuse him. I did, however, tell him about the insults to God and his Prophets. He listened and occasionally interrupted me to ask a question or elaborate on something. I also clarified certain things by showing him Verses from the Qur'an, and at the end of my talk to him he suggested that I might have been hallucinating or even that I could be suffering from slight schizophrenia. I was neither shocked nor disappointed of his assessment as I knew that it was what most people would say. I never discussed the subject with him again. Throughout these days Shirk and Rakib kept interfering, insulting or trying to direct me in what to do or say whenever I was with my son and Salma or guests. I ignored them completely.

Because my son had a lot of visitors of his age and also spent a lot of time on the computer, especially at night, I decided to go back to the "boiler room", but we would have meals together, particular family dinners, and would sit in the sitting room with Salma and our son late into the night before bidding them goodnight. As soon as I got back to my room the insults and insinuations would start; they kept talking sarcastically about the index finger

incident and the reply my son gave me. They insisted that I was telling myself what they were saying and that I was hallucinating and was mad. They even gave me a nickname, hunchback. I am slightly hunched and this made me wonder how I could call myself a hunchback or insult myself, or my parents or, most of all, God and his Prophets. This idea did not impress me. I knew I was hearing words and seeing scenes from beyond and I did not let go of this assumption. I kept insulting or giving them names, for instance Shirk, in real life, had large teeth so I called him Mr. Teeth. Rakib had a habit of imitating woman voices, I called him Queeni or, sometimes, Drag Queen or Dragie for short. At the times Yakreb occasionally joined in, I would refer to him as a small but hard stool, 'kikutu' in Swahili, because he was in real life very short

One early morning I heard the familiar cultured voice of the evil Usama, the Sonara, whom I will, from now on, refer to by the later name. He started by greeting me nicely and telling me that my health was better and that I should eat this and that, and he was happy that I was happy with my son. He went on praising my son and flattering me on other issues but suddenly he changed tactics by telling me that he was a Muslim and prayed five times a day and that he had power of jinns. He suddenly asked me why I was putting my trust in God when I could trust him. He wanted me to join him in his denomination of the 'three prophets', he being one of them and the leader, and told me that together we could rule the whole world. He even offered me kingship of any country I chose, and continued by reading to me his 'manifest' that the world would be ruled by white and brown men, each in their domain, and black men, even though free, would be relegated to being almost serfs doing menial jobs. Of course, he being white would be the supreme ruler of this earth! I immediately sensed it was Satan, Lucifer or his soldier talking. It was a classic behavioural pattern of Satan's to turn man against God, and is written in the Verses of the Qur'an. I found it strange that he was talking about the supremacy of white and brown in front of his soldiers Shirk and Rakib, who were black but immediately grabbed this opportunity to taunt them. They started to murmur and Rakib asked Sonara if this was true. Sonara, or Satan, rebuked them for interrupting him and insulted their colour. They apologised.

The sermon on history of the world and why God created black people among white, yellow and brown people continued for the whole night. Sonara stressed that the blacks were created solely for slavery and were criminal by nature. Here I interrupted him by reminding him that I was not and never would be a racist, for it is my belief that a person's skin colour is not indicative of his class. I reminded him that according to my beliefs it was not the colour of person that influences another person; for instance a criminally minded white man could influence a good and honourable black man and vice versa. He did not like that and asked me angrily if I would allow my sister to marry a black man. I told him I would, provided the

black man is honest, kind and truly loved my sister. He became belligerent, started shouting at me and reminded me that Shirk wanted to forcefully sleep with Salma by using his sorcery but that he had stopped him because he was black! He went on by telling me that he had stopped Shirk, Rakib and others whom I did not know from destroying me and my whole family. I answered it was God's will and he became infuriated and chased Shirk and Rakib away. He had no support then, it was just him and me.

I went on debating with him through the night and reminding him that never in history had one country or leader ever ruled the whole world because it belongs to God. He said he could and I hit back, 'How could a once mighty archangel, now a slave relegated to the level of a devil jinn do so?' He became so belligerent and came so close to me that I could hear his answer near my left ear. He claimed that he was an angel and never a slave. I used the simple argument that if he was an angel and he was kicked out of the heaven for his disobedience to God's command, then he must have been on the earth before Prophet Solomon because God had granted Solomon the title of 'King of men and all Jinns', devils included, and therefore Satan, being a jinn, was definitely a slave to the Prophet Solomon! He asked for proof so I read chapter 18, Verse 50 from the Qur'an, which clearly states 'and Satan is one of the Jinns'.

"And (remember) when We said to the Angels: "Prostrate yourselves unto Adam". So they prostrated themselves except Iblis (Satan). He was one of the Jinn; he disobeyed the Command of his Lord. Will you then take him (Iblis) and his offspring as your protectors and helpers rather than Me while they are enemies to you? What an evil is the exchange for the dhalimun (polytheist, wrongdoers etc.).

(The Holy Qur'an, Chapter 18, Verse 50)

He remained silent; I could not imagine his reaction for I could not see him but knew I had confused him and my opportunity to hurt this heartless being had come. I continued by reminding him God had probably tested Satan by giving him the temporary power of thinking logically when he ordered him to prostrate before his creation, Adam. He had become jealous upon seeing such a beautiful creation with such perfect form. I also told him, that he was not only jealous of man but wanted to be like us. I think I hurt him even more when I told him that he was nothing but an evil spirit that had no form and if ever a chance came to him to choose a female or male form to choose a male form for he was a homosexual as all sorcerers are, going against God edicts.

I felt exhilarated for saying these words and knew that I had had my first victory over evil. I also knew that devils and sorcerers never give up. I had started a war!

The final words I heard from the Sonara was him giving me a warning of the impending destruction of my family and me, and he commanded Shirk and Rakib to destroy me first. I slept well after that.

Chapter 19

That most recent encounter and the debate with Sonara proved to be a turning point for me and I became even more determined to end the pain and the horror that was being inflicted on me. I decided to be more aggressive and less fearful and meek, as I had been before. I became more and more absorbed in reading and understanding the Qur'an and myself and I kept on supplicating God when I was praying and in whatever else I was doing. I had nobody to turn to, God was my only Saviour.

When deciding on how to go into an offensive, I immediately heard Shirk's solemnly talking to me in my head. Whether he was acting or trying to impress on me his anger over Sonora's outburst regarding black people I could not make out. He again, with Rakib's intercession, pleaded with me to join them, just as some members of my family had done. I became curious about who these 'some' members of my family were and Shirk laughed loudly as he named them one by one. First Fahmy, followed by Asad and finally Hafidh all greeted me and implored me to join them. I was shocked! Fahmy started by telling me that he had been a member of the sorcerers' clan for the past ten years and his brothers had joined four years ago. He told me their ultimate reward would be riches and power through their present business, and again he urged me to join them. The three brothers encouraged me politely and gave me an example of how their company had made them wealthy. I responded by telling them to get out of the trap they had created for themselves and reminded them that the devil had tricked them into becoming wealthy and powerful but that they had already paid, through the normal practices of sorcerers, by being given what was promised, which was now being destroyed. I asked them that if they were rich why had their company split up and why were they fighting each other so much that it had gone as far as the law courts. I also asked them why they were not speaking to each other and pursuing different businesses, which were all collapsing. Fahmy, who was the most outspoken, accused me of drunkenness, joblessness and losing my wife and son. I replied that what had happened was God's will and that if it was the will of God it would come back. I told them that in their case the wealth they had accumulated was by the will of God but by forgetting him and associating themselves with sorcery their business had collapsed and their infighting is the will of the sorcerers. I pointed out to them that they were under the spell of Satan and that God does not like nor protects those who side with Satan. I again beseeched them to get out of the circle of evil immediately.

Shirk interrupted our conversation and told me that Fahmy, Asad and Hafidh could not get

out because they and their mother, Aisha, had already taken the satanic oath, and I heard them individually reciting it as it was replayed for me. It was same oath that Shirk, Rakib and Yakreb had taken before. I froze in horror and doubted that what I was hearing were voices of Hafidh, Asad, Fahmy and their mother Aisha. Hafidh was married to my sister, Fahmy was married to my sister's daughter and Aisha was my first cousin. Shirk sensed my doubt and confusion and laughed sarcastically and invited me to ask them myself whether they taken the oath. I did so and they proudly confirmed that they had. With shaking legs I stood up and urged them to come to me together or individually and tell me they did not take the oath so that we could then shake hands and would go to the mosque to pray together. I finished by telling all of them, including Shirk, Rakib and Yakreb, that from that moment until I proved otherwise they were enemies of God. I suddenly felt sick and weak and lay down for the rest of that day without taking any food. While the satanic oaths taken by my blood relatives kept ringing in my ears, Shirk, Rakib, Fahmy and sometimes Asad and Hafidh, though not Aisha, kept repeating in chorus, 'We got you slem! You are alone now! You will go mad and die soon! Get out of there! More is coming!'

This taunting, among others, went on for some days, even when I was together with my son and Salma. Fahmy ventured further by telling me that my dead mother was a prostitute and he had seen her in 1964 in Mosasa going into people houses for that purpose. I replied back that he had only been five years old at that time and how could he remember or know what he had seen. I also told them all that if my mother did what they were accusing her of then I was proud of her because it was just after the Zanpe revolution and my father was in prison. She had to take care of us and she did it behind closed doors not in the open as Shirk's and Rakib's sisters and some of Fahmy's relatives were doing right now. This was the war of words that they seemed to be incapable of fighting unless fed with information or what to say from their handler, Satan! I knew their handler would sometimes purposely embarrass them by giving them inapt replies for the insulting discussion they had initiated. This was the beginning of when my own relatives, through their voices, were included as allies of the sorcerers in this dirty war.

Chapter 20

Days went by fast and I hardly noticed. My son had already been with us for a month and the torture of insults and nonsense talk by Shirk, Rakib and Fahmy's gang was in full swing. Shirk told me that Asad and Hafidh were involved but were trying to get out but could not unless they paid back money due to them who, according to Shirk were also being tortured. He said that Aisha knew about these activities but was protecting her children. I could not telephone or face any of my family members who were involved or inform them of what I was hearing because I was afraid I might be wrong and be accused of making up stories to tarnish their reputation. The fact is that I had no proof of their involvement and knew it would be wrong for me to even talk about it to anyone, especially about the allegation that their mother Aisha was involved! I kept quiet until almost the end of this painful saga when I visited Aisha and, in summary, informed her of the situation. On those rare occasions that I met or encountered Hafidh, Asad or Fahmy they seemed perfectly normal, which made me feel uncomfortable to talk to them about the situation I, and possibly they, were in.

The situation at home was normal except that I was seeing my son less as he was staying up late at night on the computer or going out with his friends and would sleep the whole morning and afternoon, only waking up briefly for lunch. I noticed a change in his style of talking to me; he would be abrupt when answering my questions or when telling me something and I felt something was bothering him and it started to bother me. Whenever I asked Salma about it she would always tell me that he was all right and the change of his behaviour was probably due to his lack of sleep. I noticed this change of behaviour mostly at the dinner table after he had just woken up.

One weekend afternoon I knocked on the back door entrance to get tea and my son opened it. From his face I sensed something was wrong. He asked me, very rudely, what I wanted and told me I could not come into the house! I was in a bad mood myself after a bout of being taunted by the 'devil's children'. I slapped him hard. The next thing I remember was that we were scuffling and I hit my right eye on the railing of the small steps leading to the back door and had hurt it badly so I could not see well. Salma and Sitra heard the commotion and came to stop it. I went back to the "boiler room" and lay down but could hear my son, full of regret, in the distance shouting and crying and telling his mother that he was angry at me because some people had been telling him recently that I was giving her a hard time, that I was a drunkard and a homosexual and that I was embarrassing him, Salma and the family and had been advised that I should be admitted into a mental hospital.

I was in intense pain from my eye and from the words that I was hearing from my son. Salma came to the room to see how I was feeling; she told me that my son was also crying. I asked her if he might be under the influence of drugs and asked who the people were that had told him all those things. She did not know but blamed me for reacting first, saying that he may have wanted to tell me about it at a more appropriate time. I had no comment but sensed it was the work of the sorcerers. I lay almost paralysed and in severe pain, both physical and emotional. I realised that the war had entered into a new phase.

None of us had dinner that evening, but late that night my son came and, with tears flowing from his eyes, apologised and informed me that he would be leaving early in the morning for Duba where his uncle, Salma's brother was living. He told me he needed a few days break. I, in turn, apologised to him and wished him a safe journey. I did not ask him who the people who had been talking to him were and to this day we have never discussed that incident. It has always seemed too difficult to bring it up again. After my son left I prayed to God and, as always, asked for his assistance. I also supplicated Him that any sins that my son may have committed be added to my sins. I repeated this every time I finished praying. The same night Shirk et al, who now included my relatives, spoke excitedly and said how sad it was that a son had attacked his father. They repeated that I was alone now and that nobody wanted me. They advised to leave the house and Salma alone. Rakib, Fahmy, Asad and sometimes Hafidh were clapping their hands and mocking me. It was a grand night for them but the saddest for me.

Our son left by bus to Duba early in the morning but did not come to say goodbye to me. Salma told me later that he was too depressed and felt guilty about what had happened between us. The severe pain in my eye was spreading all over my face and head so that evening Salma took me to the ophthalmology clinic in the hospital, where the doctors decided to perform an emergency surgery the following morning. It turned out that my natural lens had been ruptured and my eye was bleeding internally. It was the first of the six operations to be performed on both my eyes. When I was admitted I could not sleep the whole night because Shirk and his colleagues were so happy and were making noises and comments. Shirk even volunteered to tell me that it was Fahmy and Asad who had been calling and inciting my son. He played a recording of the telephone calls for me. When I asked Fahmy and Asad if it was true, they readily and arrogantly accepted the responsibility. I was hurt but doubted that my own blood relatives could do such a thing to me. It appeared from their non-stop talk that the main reason for wanting to hurt me was their jealousy of my marrying Salma. Fahmy added it had been pre-arranged that Salma and her two sisters, who were their cousins, would marry them. I found this be absurd and wondered why my son was

involved.

At the hospital I performed the dawn prayers on my bed and again begged God to assist me, to forgive my son and for his sins to be added to my sins. I repeated the supplication when I was being wheeled into the theatre later in the morning. I felt the evil gang was following me as their talk was near me even when I was placed on the operating table. They were frightening me right up until the last moment of consciousness as the anaesthesia was taking effect.

I woke up in the ward to find Salma and Sitra by my side. They told me they were at the hospital before I came out of the theatre and I was happy that someone was there for me. Salma whispered in my ear that she was leaving as I was sleepy and that she had not told anyone about my injury because she did not want the news to spread and any gossip to start. She visited me everyday for the six days I was in hospital and came to take me home when I was discharged. I really appreciated it and it made me feel closer to her. I also felt guilty about thinking she may have been involved in my suffering. I never told her what I had heard.

My son came back from Duba two days after my discharge from the hospital. He could not directly look into my eyes but I tried my best to remove his guilt by telling him it was not his mistake and that I slipped and fell on the railing myself. Shirk did not like this and he and his evil gang kept on insinuating and implicating others.

Our son left for Canada at the end of July after I celebrated my forty-ninth birthday.

Chapter 21

The disturbances and almost continuous talk by Shirk continued into August. My relationship with Salma was variable. We continued having dinner together and that was the only moment we would talk, although it was always brief and brisk. I never even tried to discuss about the evil ones with her. I was not eating or sleeping well, and would sometimes remain awake for three days running. I was also losing weight rapidly and was weak. I continued to pray regularly and supplicate God for salvation from the chaotic life caused by Shirk and his colleagues.

One day I went to the hospital's ophthalmology clinic for a routine check-up and was told by the doctor that the lens in my right eye had moved and there were traces of glaucoma in my left eye. The good doctor, Shah, suggested minor surgery on my left eye and, after a few days, to my right to rectify it. I agreed and informed Salma by telephone; however neither she nor anybody else visited me for the eight days I was in the hospital. When I was discharged I went back to the "boiler room" in Salma's house but she suddenly and completely ceased talking to me or seeing me. I found this behaviour strange and suspicious. I stayed there for about ten days continuing to fight my internal war with Shirk et al until their insults and Salma's behaviour became intolerable. I decided to leave and went back to the old house in the city.

Three days after moving to the old house with my eyes still bandaged, I was returning from a restaurant with a parcel of food when I suddenly fell, not fainted, in a narrow lane leading to my room. The way I fell was strange: I did not feel wobbling or weakness in my legs but fell almost erect and hit my forehead on the gravel below. Luckily I did not fall on my eyes. I could not breathe well and thought I was dying, and however hard I tried to stand up, I just could not. I called a passer-by to help me up and he gave me his hands. While I was struggling to stand up, a dark young man, who was definitely a Nomani and was dressed in light blue Nomani robe, came up to us and almost ordered the man holding my hands to let go of me. He was about half a metre from me but I could not see his face properly. After slight argument between them the man holding my hands let go of me and I fell to the ground again. I was struggling and kept on calling for help, but none came as it was a lane that was not used much. I crawled until I reached an electricity pole when stood up and dizzily made my way towards my room by supporting myself on the surrounding walls. I heard Shirk faintly telling me that he was responsible and had shot a thorn dart soaked in

snake venom into my neck. It was not meant to kill me but was a warning that I should stop insulting them and not to go to Salma or Nahid's house because both Salma and Nahid were theirs and under their protection. He told me that either I would die soon, go mad or be blinded. Rakib and Fahmy kept on repeating the warning. I had no strength to speak and do not remember falling asleep. That was on Saturday morning and I was awakened by a friend who had found the front door unlocked. He told me it was Thursday. I had slept for five days! I felt thirsty, sick and weak, and vomiting throughout the whole day. My friend stayed and took care of me.

As I lay sick in bed sick I tried to reconstruct the events and the last warnings of Shirk, Rakib and Fahmy. The face of the dark young man in the blue robe kept flashing through my mind; one thing I had noticed was that he had full head of African hair. Shirk had African hair. Was he really Shirk? If so then it was clear that they were following me and things had reached a stage when they wanted me dead or crippled, probably on orders from Sonara. They had moved from a psychological war of words to physical warfare of actually trying to kill or maim me. I never told anyone. In fact nobody came to see me, not even my brother Hamed who sometimes visited his office situated at the front of the old house. I assumed that word had gone out from Salma or Nahid that I was acting strangely.

I continued to stay at the old house during the next two weeks and when short of money would, with difficulty, go to either Rashad or Issa for a loan. I never told them what was happening to me.

At the old house the insults, mockery and, sometimes, visions continued. There were times when I thought I was probably hallucinating. I would see myself floating in the air and flying, and would visit Unda, the original place of Shirk and his brothers. I would see their satanic life, and their compound scattered with human and animal bones. I once saw myself with my great grandfather Hakim and his two wives in Zanpe. He resembled the same man with goatee beard I first encountered at my house in 1993. His age would be about one hundred and forty five years by the year 2005. He would teach me how to cure sickness through herbs or certain parts of animals, but I do not remember that well now. His house itself was made of clay and thatched palm leafs and he always cooked for himself over a fire. We never discussed my suffering or Usama, the Sonara or Shirk. All these visions and voices happened while I was lying down and wide awake. I remember my great grandfather telling me to call him when I needed him by shouting, 'Babu! Babu!' which is a nickname for grandfather. What fascinated me was that Shirk knew about these hallucinations and would remind me of them questioning me about this and that as if he was a teacher trying to make sure that his student does not forget his lessons. The more I thought

about the previous incidents and the hallucination and change of voices, and the imitation of other people's voices, particularly Fahmy, Asad, Hafidh and Aisha, the sicker I got.

At the old house Shirk devised a new way of hurting me. He would begin talking as usual and then suddenly I would hear the voices of my relatives in the discussion or questioning, including my oldest living uncles, my brothers or Issa, Rashad and Salma's parents, who were far away. Their voices were always very clear. He would tell me the history of some of them, their sins and how they had wronged me, and I knew that some of the accusations were true. He would solemnly tell me in a kind way that he was speaking the truth, but when I ask him to swear that in the name of God he would stay quiet. So would Rakib, Fahmy, Asad and Hafidh. When they were quiet I knew I was dealing with Satan or his, probably human, followers who were dangerous. Shirk's admitted and named those whose lives he had destroyed and told me my family, starting with me, was next. I told him that he could only destroy those who did not believe in God and that he had made a big mistake of starting with me instead of the younger members of the family, the women and the weak who may have succumbed to his frightening tactics and blackmail. I dared him to continue.

"It is only Shaitan (Satan) that suggests to you the fear of his Auliya (supporters and friends). So fear them not, but fear Me, if you are true believers".

(The Holy Qur'an, Chapter 3 Verse 175)

A few days after challenging Shirk, I was slowly walking back to the old house from a close-by shop when I suddenly felt something hit my right eye. The stinging pain all over my head and body was intolerable, and I had to lean against the nearest wall to hold myself up. To my left I could see the same person in the same light blue robe holding his robe up to his knees running away. I struggled to my room and dropped onto my bed. My right eye was in searing pain and was continuously watering. At first I thought I'd been punched by someone but then the image of the person in blue robe convinced me otherwise. I had no doubt about the involvement of that man, who Shirk claimed was him. Fahmy had told me that he was there and Shirk had used a special tube which released high pressure air directed at my eye. Fahmy also said that Shirk was not far from me and the accuracy of hitting my eye was done through sorcery.

In the early evening the pain was overwhelming and unbearable. I was alone and was afraid that something serious might happen to me, so I collected myself and took a taxi to Salma's house. I found the "boiler room" door locked and so knocked on the window opposite to get Salma to open the door. She came to the window and I cried out to her that I was hurt in the eye and begged her to open the door, but she told me to go away. I could not stand up and in

my confusion and pain hit the door with my shoulder. The cheap lock gave way and dropped onto the mattress.

Within minutes Salma came and started yelling and calling me names. I could not speak nor sleep due to the pain and had also developed a fever. I lay trembling all over.

Early the next morning, before Salma left for work, I told Sitra to tell her that I was very sick and needed to go to the hospital. Sitra came back to tell me that Salma did not respond. By noon I could not bear the pain anymore so I went, half blind, to the nearby shop and telephoned my cousin Said, who came and took me to the hospital, where the same doctor, Shah, informed me that my eye was severely ruptured and that he would be sending me to the university hospital for emergency surgery. I heard him describing the damage to my eye to his colleague as resembling a boiled egg that had dropped on the floor and had many cracks. Dr. Shah informed me of the risks involved, that my eye may be already infected and that I may lose it. I asked for a telephone and rang Said asking him to inform the family. At the university hospital I was seen by Professor Alexander who told me that the left eye also needed a lens implant, which would be done a day after the operation on the right eye. The first surgery was scheduled for the next morning. I just couldn't understand Salma's behaviour and did not want to think that she knew Shirk and was involved in my destruction. I thought instead that she might have, unknown to herself, been hypnotised by sorcery. The next morning, as usual, Shirk et al started bidding me farewell and again I prayed to God and asked for forgiveness for my son and, this time, for Salma and Nahid.

The surgery on my left eye was almost postponed because the ECG showed an irregularity in my heart, but finally, at midnight, the physician and the anaesthetist gave the go ahead. I was in the hospital for twelve days. Salma, Nahid and her sisters came to see me twice, and Said, my brother, and Issa also came to visit me.

When I was discharged, Said, on his own initiative, telephoned Salma and convinced her to let me convalesce in her house. I rarely saw Salma during that time but her behaviour continued to puzzle me. Was she aware of my suffering and who was causing it? Was she, and maybe Nahid and some members of my family, unknown to themselves, been hypnotised into hating me through sorcery? Were they, particularly Salma and Nahid, being misinformed without themselves being aware that their thoughts were being manipulated? I had no answers to these questions but their attitude sometimes convinced me that something abnormal had happened to them and this hurt me most.

Chapter 22

One day in August 2004, just before sunset, I was approaching my room through a narrow tiled passage, which separated it from the main building, after having been to a nearby shop when I heard a voice. Unlike the voices I had heard before it was beautiful and gentle. At first I thought it was Shirk up to his old tricks but something told me that this voice was not ordinary. I could, by following the voice make out the position of the speaker: he was on the right-hand side of the door of the "boiler room". He greeted me by saying, 'Salam, or peace, Slem.' He introduced himself and the three people with him, two of whom were his brothers and the last one, the oldest, as their father. He told me that they had come from far away. I knew intuitively they were extraordinary men or beings.

I was composed and was not frightened and immediately decided to refer to them as 'Noble Sheikhs'. I welcomed them and asked them what the purpose of their visit was. It was almost always the first sheikh who talked to me, in Swahili, and on rare occasions the other three would talk to me in a language I did not understand so the first sheikh would translate for me. He told me they were speaking Aramaic, an ancient language from which Hebrew and Arabic probably originated. In reply to my question the first noble sheikh told me even though they were far away, they had heard that a man in Noman was suffering a lot. I told him, referring him by his title, to which he did not object, that there were millions of people around the world suffering from hunger, natural disasters and wars and that they deserved their attention because my problem was minor compared to their. He replied that they had been to places where millions of people were suffering and, in their own way, had helped them through their prayers and invocations to God. He told me they could travel anywhere in the world as fast as the blinking of my eye and went on to tell me that they had come to me because my enemies, who had caused my suffering, had now become theirs and God's because they had insulted God and his Prophets. I understood the hidden meaning of that statement and was encouraged that Usama and Shirk and their friends had now been recognised as enemies of God as well as mine. They had declared war not only on me but also on God. I felt greatly relieved that I was no longer fighting evil alone and that God had answered my prayers. I also hoped that the end to my suffering was near. I cried and the first noble sheikh asked me tenderly why. I told him I was crying from my heart because I was happy and I thanked them all.

I told them the house was not mine but that I was temporarily living in the "boiler room", and I welcomed them inside. They refused to come in but the first sheikh asked me to approach them and as I neared where I thought they would be I felt as if I was surrounded by

cool air.

The first noble sheikh wanted to know in summary how everything had started and as I started to tell them he would ask me questions. He knew Shirk and the others by name and seemed to know about everything I was telling him. Sometimes the other three noble sheikhs would interrupt and, in Aramaic, would ask for an explanation and the first sheikh would translate. He also wanted to know if I understood the Verses of Holy Qur'an I was reading. I answered that I had only started reading the Qur'an recently and still had a lot of questions. We spent the whole night reading some Verses from the Qur'an and they would answer my queries. We also discussed religion and history, not only of Islam. Sometimes the first sheikh would ask me to open the Qur'an anywhere and he would tell me the page number, the chapter and would read for me, in fluent English and Arabic, a Verse that was on that page.

The first sheikh also taught me some manners, such as how and when to say 'yes' or 'if God wishes', and a few minutes before dawn prayers he told me the call for prayers would be soon and that I should go and perform my ablutions, and while I was doing so the call for prayers actually started.

The voices of Shirk et al did not trouble me that evening.

This became a routine during some of the days that they were around. They would always bid me farewell when they left and I learnt never to ask them where they were going to or coming from. I would always stand up when I heard, 'Salam, Slem', knowing they were back. It was only during their absence that Shirk and his colleagues would start talking to me. Sometimes they talked harshly but they all sounded shocked and panicky by the unexpected appearance of the Noble Sheikhs, the men of honour, wisdom and dignity. Shirk was trying to befriend me and would try exposing the others as the culprits, insulting Fahmy, Hafidh and Asad, and claiming they had pledged their sisters to him as a surety for my destruction. They would also fight and insult each other. Shirk must have known who the four Noble Sheikhs were for he never dared insult them or interfere when they were talking. He probably did not tell the others what he knew about the Noble Sheikhs so that, particularly Fahmy and Rakib, would insult them. It seemed that Shirk wanted it that way without knowing who they truly were. I myself was not sure who they were but gave them my utmost respect, deserving of honourable men.

I began to relax and my health started to improve. The Noble Sheikhs and I established a special relationship based on my absolute respect for them. We had rapport and a special system of communication between ourselves; one was formal and the other casual. I always

asked permission to talk or ask a question or apologise for a remark that may have offended them. In the casual mode they would tease me or make sincere jokes about something I had said or that had happened, but I liked and enjoyed both the formal and casual sessions, unlike Shirk who never liked it, but gone were the days of insults, insinuations and physical pushing during prayers. I was convinced that the Noble Sheikhs had come for a good reason and that they were sincere. They were true Muslims and were extraordinary.

One day during one of our many discussions, the first Noble Sheikh asked me if I wanted to see them. I refused and told them that if I was to see them now I would probably melt due to their radiance. They chortled, impressed, and for the first and the last time I was able to very briskly, maybe for a second, see their features above their shoulders. Their color is indescribable beaming with radiance. I saw the "father" most who had shoulder length platinum hair and was bearded and very beautiful teeth as he was smiling. The others were extremely good looking. This convinced me that they were not ordinary.

As soon as the Noble Sheikhs had left Shirk et al would start their silly and dirty talk, and Shirk would tell me that the Noble Sheikhs were not what I was thinking were and were imposters. I did not understand what he meant because I could not see them and only had an idea of who they might be. I only knew from their talk that they were honourable and honest. I did not like to start a conversation with Shirk anymore and would only answer him, 'The war is now between you and God and I am on the side of God. You should start counting your days as your end is nearing,' This answer hit him hard for I could hear him in the background telling his evil companions that I had become arrogant since the arrival of what he called the 'imposters'. He was curious and asked me why I had told him to start counting his days, but the fact is that I did not know myself what I had meant by that statement. I also believed that their handler, Sonara, had deserted them during this period because they did not seem to talk coherently or intelligently anymore, nor could they tell me what I was thinking or planning to do. Shirk would, in a questionable and by trial and error, tell me what I was thinking or what had been discussing with the Noble Sheikhs, but he was now not the roaring lion but a frightened chicken who did not know where to run to.

Chapter 23

The Noble Sheiks stayed with me for about three months. One month before their departure two events took place which shook me and convinced me that something out of the ordinary was happening to me. In summary:

One morning I was going to the shop and asked permission from the Noble Sheiks who were sitting outside the ""boiler room"". As I walked through the narrow space between the main house and the compound wall leading to the outside I saw to my left a handsome tanned white "being", probably a man with shoulder length brownish hair but not bearded sitting and leaning on the wall of the main house. His form kept on appearing and disappearing. As I was about to pass him he asked me in a clear voice why did I not greet him like the "others", implying the Noble Sheiks. I was about to greet him when I heard the mellow voice of the first Sheik from a short distance where he was telling me not to greet him; as he was Iblis (Satan). This "being" did not comment and I just passed him. After coming from the shop the first Sheik assured me that indeed he was Iblis (Satan).

One afternoon a week later, the Noble Sheiks were sitting outside as usual and I was getting ready to go to the shop and as I was about to step out of the ""boiler room"" I heard a new commanding voice coming from somewhere on the top of the main building opposite me asking me to sit down. Out of respect of the Noble Sheiks who I felt were to my left I sat on the small step leading out of the room. This new voice commanded me to call him by his name. Respectfully, I replied that I could not because I did not know his name. He then asked me to call him by his title; again I told him that I could not because I did not know him or his title. He then told me that he was going to ask me questions and he wanted my reply on each one of them. I was terrified by this new approach and accepted by nodding. The first question he asked me was: "Slem I am able to take your life; would you like me to take it now and place you in paradise"? I refused and he asked why. I answered him that I was not yet dead and had not been resurrected and not judged how could It be possible! The second question was "I can make you a king of all Jinns on this earth, would you like that"? I refused and told him that I do not know how to command or control Jinns. The third question was "I can make you a king of any country you choose, would you accept this? I refused and told him that I am not good at leading and prefer to be ordinary. The final question he asked me was "tell me any amount of money you want and I will right away deposit it in your bank account (he knew the name of my bank), do you want me to do that? I thanked him and told him I do not want any money that I have not sweated for. Immediately after this reply, a

hollow booming voice came from somewhere above me. I stood up and stretched my neck as far as I could and saw high in the air a huge man in flowing dark green robes and turban on a huge horse without a saddle. He had his back to me and could not see his face at all; neither did I see his hands or feet. The horse had thick long hair with a long body but short legs. The "man" was telling, "Slem If you had accepted even one of my offers, I would have killed you and thrown you in hell! And the last I heard from him was a laughter-like, ho! ho! ho! as he disappeared into the horizon. I stood astonished by the event, I did not hear anything from the Noble Sheiks whom I assumed to be near me and neither did I ask them. In our normal conversion later I never ventured to ask them who or what it was and they never volunteered. Multiple thoughts revolved in my mind. I do not wish to make any conclusions. Maybe I was hallucinating too deeply. I leave it to God who knows best the secrets of the seen and the unseen.

In mid November 2004, three months and some days, after the arrival of the Noble Sheikhs, they informed me that they would be leaving and I should not be afraid as the end of my suffering was nearing. They asked me to stand up and I heard them invoking and supplicating God saying that I am a man created by Him, that I had suffered enough and that I had stood my ground in defence of Him and my family so deserved deliverance. They asked for punishment and curses to be brought down on those involved in my torture, particularly those guilty of insulting Him and His Prophets, as ordered by Himself in the Holy Qur'an. They recited the following Verse, which had been given to me by the good man Rashad and was the supplication by the Prophet Yunus (Jonah) when he was in the womb of the big fish.

**"None has the right to be worshipped but you God
Glorified [(and Exalted)] You (above all that (evil)
they associate with You!
Truly I have been of the wrong doers".
(The Holy Qur'an Chapter 21, Verse 87)**

They did not allow me to walk with them but reminded me to never stop praying, reading and trying to understand the Holy Qur'an, and to never lose hope and faith in God, the Almighty. It was the last time I heard that beautiful and gentle voice. I started to cry, this time not just from the heart only but because I was alone and did not know how to fight these dwellers of fire, Satan's followers. I could not sleep that night, even though it was quiet and a serene. I continuously recited Verse 87 of Chapter 21 of the Holy Qur'an.

Chapter 24

Two days passed since the departure of the 'Noble Sheiks' and I had not heard a word from Shirk et al. I was slowly readjusting to normality and trying to get myself back into the routine of life, but I was now alone and realised I had to be ready should the evil Shirk and his sidekicks decide to start their 'pogrom' on me again. I had faith in the supplication to God by the 'Noble Sheiks' which I had heard. Two forces emerged within days, one was evil and came from Shirk and the other was good and came from a newcomer, who I will call the 'The Radiant Sheikh' and who I saw in quick apparitions. The Radiant Sheikh was dark but not black and had two different styles of talking; one was slow the other rapid. He joked a lot and sometimes sung the old poetic songs of Zanpe. To me, he was a being of action.

On the way to the shop one day I saw a man sitting down beside the small door of the compound wall. He was dark and wearing a black cap embroidered with green stars and crescent moons. I passed him without speaking. He was there for two days and I became curious, thinking that he was a priest from some Christian denomination. I asked Sitra, the housemaid, if a priest from her church had come to visit her but she replied in the negative. While I was lying down in the afternoon of the second day, a strange humanoid being walked in and went towards the toilet door. I normally leave the main door of the "boiler room" open as the air conditioner was too powerful for the small room. The "being" started talking to me in fluent English, telling me that he had been waiting for an opportunity to talk to me because he wanted to ask me to marry his daughter so that he could give me wealth and power. He went on to tell me that although he seemed to be dark skinned he was actually white. I kept quiet. All the time he was talking it was from a position where I could not see him. He took the toilet saucer and urinated in it, adding his stool and finally his phlegm to it. By the time he came and stood in front of the toilet door his shape and movements had become surrealistic, but he offered the saucer to me telling me to drink the contents so that I would become powerful. I stood up in rage, shouting at him to get out. He just 'flew' away and when I checked the saucer, there was nothing in it! He never told me who or what his name was, and I wondered whether it was Satan who came before or Sonara the devil? I was convinced that this was the devil who imitated the voices I had heard before. I was not very sure neither was I disturbed by the incident.

Around sunset I began to hear Shirk cajoling me that I was alone, that the imposter sheikhs had deserted me and that the time of my death, not his, was nearing. By this time I had developed a determination not to talk or respond to him. He told me that Hafidh, Asad and particularly Fahmy and Rakib had decided to sexually attack Salma, all at once and that tonight was the designated time. I heard Fahmy telling Shirk they had waited too long for him to show them that it could be done through sorcery. Asad was also saying that either

Shirk should do it or return their money; Rakib was also complaining that he had been stopped from having Salma for himself for a long time. I hardly heard Hafidh in this conversation and it seems that Yakreb had totally disappeared from the group. It was very painful just to hear them talking about what they had planned for Salma that night and I did not know what to do because Salma was not talking to me and I was not allowed into the house. On several occasions I had asked for her through Sitra, she never responded. I also did not want to tell her or scare her because should nothing happen she would think I was lunatic and would probably mock me. I prayed nothing would happen.

It was past midnight, while the commotions of Shirk, Rakib, Hafidh, Asad and Fahmy were going on, that a sort of ghost-like figure appeared at my front door and said, 'Babu! come with me.' I was puzzled but I complied and followed him. Outside the door his form but not his speech disappeared.

He made me stand outside Salma's window and in a slightly commanding voice he told me to go through the window! I answered him nicely asking why I should go in and pointing out that in any case the window was locked and had grilles. He insisted and I just stood there dumfounded but suddenly I found myself going through the window and standing in Salma's room beside her bed. She was sound asleep and Rakib was sitting and leaning against the wall on the right side of her bed and on the left side, also sitting but leaning on the cupboard, was Shirk! I knew them too well to question what I was seeing, and with the memory of what they had told me hours before I felt a sudden surge of strength going through my body and I stepped forward and punched Rakib on the face. It was a hard punch and I could feel his flesh. He ran away and as I tried to move towards Shirk, he too ran through the wall. As I followed them into the sitting room, I saw myself passing through the door without opening it! In the foyer of the sitting room I saw Hafidh, Asad and Fahmy sitting on the sofas. I had not even moved towards them when I saw astonished expression on their faces and they 'flew' out through the window. I walked towards the back door leading to the outside and again passed through it without opening it. I went back to the "boiler room" and did not feel at all shocked. On the contrary, I had the most satisfying and exhilarating feeling that I had never experienced before throughout the whole ordeal. I knew that something extraordinary, which had involved me physically for the first time, had taken place. I was no longer the lonesome Slem fighting evil, an evil that had insulted God and his Prophets and tortured me. I lay down half smiling to myself wondering who the 'being' that had called me 'Babu' was and whether he would be around to help me fight Sonara and Shirk, or other evils that manifested themselves in the form of sorcery? I sensed the end of good triumphing over evil nearing. I slept very well that night.

The next day was quiet and I felt refreshed. I spent it trying to locate Shirk and Rakib, but my efforts were in vain. I was tempted to face Hafidh, Asad and Fahmy but decided against it to avoid implicating myself. Informing Salma of the previous night's incident was totally out of question.

The next few days were strangely quiet and I guessed Shirk and his colleagues felt I was not responding or reacting to their insults or tortures and that I had derived strength and confidence in dealing with them. I began to eat well again and take long walks for exercise and it was during one of these walks that I heard Shirk telling me to let him take Salma to Unda for thirty days so that he could show her to his 'people'. I understood this to mean that he was under pressure to deliver the goods he had promised to the sorcerers, led by Sonara, who had provided him with the instruments of evil in return for delivering Salma to them. He became angry and threatening because I did not respond to him. He informed me that he would place felled trees on the road as she drove to nearby Duba and in the ensuing accident they would take her away. Salma had got into the habit of driving with Sitra to Duba to visit her brother, and although it was only a four-hour drive, there were long, empty stretches along the road that could be dangerous especially for women driving alone. I had previously warned Salma of the dangers but she had continued to do so. A week later Salma had a major accident on this road. She never told me about it but Nahid told me that she had hit a herd of goats crossing the road. I never wanted to consider whether it was a coincidence or not.

At the beginning of December 2004 strange phenomena began to take place, starting with me hearing the dawn call for prayers before time and my clock and wristwatch showed different and incorrect times. The incident that I ignored at first but that later sent shock waves through me was the appearance of a strange looking humanoid standing in front of the toilet door of my room one night. I was woken from my disturbed sleep by him calling me by name and introducing himself, in perfect English, as George. He told me he was originally from the smallest planet in our solar system that had only recently been discovered. He appeared to be very short but not a dwarf and I could not make out his facial or body features. He was speaking eloquently in an educated style. He told me he was educated at the University of Kentucky and had studied drama and literature, and that his mother was married to a human. This was the first sign that he was not one of us but I was interested in this friendly being and decided to converse with him. We talked about literature and drama and I offered my opinion on the little I knew about the subjects. He told me that because of his stature he was being alienated in this world and had found a way of returning to be among his people. He wanted me to go with him. In my curiosity I asked why he had asked me and how were we going to travel that great distance and he answered by telling me that he knew of my suffering that was causing me so much unhappiness causing me to be isolated

by my own people. He went on to tell me that he would place me in a box on a particular day when there would be very high winds and huge waves when many people would die. While he was telling me this a picture of this event appeared on the opposite wall and I saw the waves and trees swaying from the high winds near the coast, and people running everywhere. I even saw corpses floating on the sea. He told me this would take place soon and implored me to go with him. I thanked and told him I belonged on earth and with my people. I stood up as a sign of respect when he politely bade me farewell and wished me luck, and I returned his compliments. Two weeks later Tsunami of 26th December 2004 struck!

One day in early December Salma abruptly informed me that she was going on holiday the next day and that I should make other arrangements for a place to stay as there would be nobody at the house and she was going to lock the "boiler room". Nahid was also on holiday so I decided to go to the old house where renovation works had progressed enough for me to find a room that I could live in.

Chapter 25

I lived in the old house until the end of February and adjusted well enough to become familiar with the beauty of independence. The voices were becoming rarer, but I would sometimes hear the Radiant Sheikh's voice, which I had come to recognise immediately, and he would converse with me on a number of different subjects but mainly on religion and Satan. He would also joke a lot. He informed me that God loves those who are patient. So I was to be patient with God's ways in dealing with apostates like of Shirk and Rakib. He also reminded me that I was not special to him or God, that everyone who believes in Oneness of God and undertakes obligations ordained by Him is special. He and the Noble Sheikhs had come to support me because of the dirty insults that Shirk et al had uttered against God and his Prophets and the stand I took in defence of Him, in spite of the temptations offered by Sonara and Shirk. He told me to be patient as I had his protection and he was watching Shirk's every move, and those of his colleagues. This gave me confidence, even though I did not know who exactly I was talking to.

One evening before sunset while sitting in the open area of the old house, I heard a voice in English referring to me as 'Mister Slem'. The voice identified himself as Sonara but told me that in reality he was the pharaoh Ramesis the Second. He started his conversation in an intellectual style telling me that he would make me a wealthy king if I joined him. He went on to tell me that he had the great sorcery powers of the pharaohs and could change himself into any human form of any colour. He also told me that he had a master plan to rule the world and his manifest was to divide the world into blocks to be ruled on his behalf by men of its present colour division, for instance the Americas and Europe would be ruled by white men, and Africa and Asia by brown men. Black men like Shirk were to be slaves as they were then. He would be the supreme ruler of the world. He invited me to become a ruler of half of Asia. I could not control myself and told him that the ruler of the world was God and no one in history, from Alexander the Great, the Romans or Hitler, had ever been able to conquer and rule the whole world because it belonged to God! He told me he had his ways of attaining his goal for he already had an army formed by him that would achieve his aims because he was not a man and his army was not made up of humans. In other words he was challenging God in this undertaking. I asked, 'Are you telling me that you are "making what God creates"?' and he said, 'Yes! And are you refusing my offer.' I knew immediately I was either being tested or this person or being was the devil or a soldier of the devil. I told him that I was refusing his offer and that in any case, should I accept and become a ruler under him, he would do what Satan normally did and that was destroy me! I had a strange

premonition that Shirk had fallen out of favour and that his end was nearing. The parting words from this evil being were ‘So, you shall see, nobody can destroy me’, to which my farewell words were “God can and we shall see.’

I fell asleep that Saturday evening and woke up five days later on Thursday morning after hearing a loud and continuous knocking of the front door by a friend who had come to visit. I was perplexed. How could I have slept continuously for five days without eating, drinking water or using the toilet! I had not drunk any alcohol nor taken any sleeping pills. I remembered the parting words of Sonara. It was a warning that had turned real.

This encounter, probably with Satan himself, made me more convinced than ever that I was not hallucinating and something unique was taking place within me. What puzzled me most was that I was not someone who was holding a high office, nor was I wealthy. I did not have any particular special faculties of brain or mind so why I was being victimised for not possessing anything spectacular, physically or spiritually. I could never answer this question.

At the beginning of February 2005, Nahid contacted me and asked me to go back to her home. I guessed she felt guilty but I welcomed the invitation because I could not properly maintain myself financially and was extremely lonely and depressed. I hardly had any friends nor met anyone during my two-month stay at the old house. What I did not know was that my situation at the old house was exactly what Sonara or Shirk et al wanted. They never wanted me at either Salma’s or Nahid’s houses because they wanted me to be completely isolated from my family and society so that in the end I would go mad or even commit suicide. What they did not realise was that I was regaining my confidence and inner strength and the good forces were on my side.

I felt like a stranger during the first few days at Nahid’s house even though she tried her best to make me feel at home and at ease. I slowly adjusted and together we revived the old uncle-niece relationship and would go out for dinner, sometimes at Salma’s, or to the cinema together. Even though the evil voices were rare they were still there and this made me uncomfortable and so I refused most of Nahid’s invitations to go out. I still also communicated with my son about once a month. My life was not that beautiful and I was anxious about this phase of my life, which I wanted to totally disappear, but the only way that could happen was the if Shirk et al disappeared, which I was not in a position to do anything about. I was convinced but not completely sure of the involvement of the real Shirk, Rakib and Hafidh, Asad or Fahmy. Sorcery could play havoc with one’s mind and I had to be careful and not publicly point a finger of accusation, particularly of sorcery, to any of them at this point. I decided to tolerate the predicament I was in and await God’s

deliverance.

Having lived in this state of anxiety for almost two months, in April 2005 the inevitable happened. Shirk suddenly appeared again and his voice sounded full of regret and revenge. He asked me for a truce but I replied that if he wanted truce then he had to do it with God, with whom he had made the war. I told him that his handler, Sonara, had declared him his slave and that his ultimate ambition was to make all black people slaves. He seemed to be shocked with this disclosure and asked again and again if Sonara had said that. I repeatedly told him to disappear from my life as fast as he could because Sonara was going to dump him, and the men of wisdom, honour and dignity were going to destroy and remove him from this world for his arrogance that had transgressed all limits. I heard Hafidh and Asad telling him they wanted out and he shouted at them, telling them I was lying and was using psychological tactics to scare them. Asad insisted that he, Shirk, had made them take the satanic oath and he never intended this war to go as far as killing or maiming me. Their only reason for associating with him was to get the sorcery that would enhance their business and make them wealthy. Suddenly the room became alive with voices of Aisha, Hafidh, Asad, Fahmy, Rakib and Shirk fighting amongst each other. Aisha and her children wanted to get out and only Fahmy was prepared to go on with him, provided he got the sorcery and the wealth he had been promised. Shirk admitted that he himself had been promised the power of sorcery and that they should wait. He wanted a *modus vivendi*, meaning new arrangements. It was then that I entered into the fray by telling Aisha, Hafidh, Asad and Fahmy to forget what money they had paid Shirk or the promises they had been given and that they should beg forgiveness from God. I quoted for them this Verse from the Holy Qur'an:

“And be fool them gradually those whom you can among them with your voice, make assault on them with your cavalry and your infantry, share with them wealth and children, and make promises to them”. But Satan promises them nothing but deceit”.

(The Holy Qur'an, Chapter 17, Verse 64)

There was a sudden quietness; Asad was the first to speak. He apologised to me and told Shirk he was out and did not want any money repaid or any power of sorcery. Aisha and Hafidh and Rakib remained quiet but Fahmy still demanded his money back and was prepared to go along and wait. Here Shirk exposed Aisha and Fahmy, and to some extent Hafidh and Asad, by telling Aisha that in return for him ‘helping’ her children gain wealth she had promised to work to give him Salma by bad mouthing me to Salma’s parents. He also said that he had given information about the money that Hafidh had stolen from their

company to Fahmy and all the brothers had promised Rakib their sister and could not get out of that promise. He threatened them with harm and reprisals, and he and Rakib demanded money from them. I could not believe what I was hearing; my head was spinning from these disclosures. How true was it all? Was it really Aisha and her sons? The voices were definitely theirs but as for the facts I was not sure. It was months later that I confirmed for a fact that Fahmy had initiated court proceedings, claiming a substantial amount of money from his brother Hafidh. That started a conflict between them which resulted in the ruin of their business and family ties. To this day they do not talk to each other. I also confirmed that telephone calls were made by Fahmy, and probably Aisha, to Salma's parents bad mouthing me before and after the 'divorce'. Fahmy also sent vitriolic e-mails and even insulted his uncle, Salma's father. Satan's classic modus operandi was at work.

The heated exchanges went on for another half an hour while I was in a state of shock and confusion, but then I intervened on the side of my blood relatives. I reminded them that if they had taken the satanic oath, which I had heard, and which insulted God and his Prophets, under duress or threats then it was understandable but if they had become immersed in sorcery willingly, which to me seemed to be the case, then God would never forgive them. I invited the brothers individually or collectively to come and talk to me. I did not know at this stage whether I myself was being set up or being tested or whether the brothers were hearing me. What I did know was that I was sincerely speaking the truth, and deep in me I had the most beautiful satisfaction of hearing Shirk panic. The conversation stopped as abruptly as it had started.

I lay on bed in deep thought late that night when I suddenly heard a voice identifying himself as my great grandfather Hakim and referring to me as 'Babu'. I felt so good hearing that voice. He asked me if I was bodily clean and I answered that I was not sure. I quickly enquired where he was and told him that I wanted very much to meet him. He told me that he was downstairs but first wanted me to take a shower and offer prayers. I quickly did so and asked permission to go down and meet him, but he stopped me from doing so and instead told me he had heard everything I had been saying to the one who called himself Ramses the Second and the conversation earlier that evening. He wanted me to recite the opening chapter of the Holy Qur'an and Chapter 21 Verse 87 three times for him.

After I had done this he asked me to come downstairs and go outside the house, where I immediately saw a man dressed in a white robe and turban. It was a moonless but a starry night. He told me to look in the direction of some buildings in the vicinity and when I did I saw the building disappear and in the distance, separated by sea, was some island-like land. At its centre was Shirk with his hands outstretched pleading to me to forgive him. A

transparent sword suddenly appeared in front of me in a vertical position and changed to horizontal when it went flying towards Shirk and cut him into pieces. The whole operation took only seconds. I was transfixed by what I was seeing and knew I was probably witnessing something special although I did not know what it meant. I heard a distant voice waking me from my trance, but it was not that of my great grand father but of the Radiant Sheikh telling me to go and sleep.

I could not sleep and for the next seven days I had a multitude of thoughts running through my mind and I thought I was probably going crazy or suffering from schizophrenia. On the tenth day after the vision I got my answers and was greatly relieved. By accident I met one of the squatters from the old days and he informed me that Shirk, the real human, had died a painful death in the intensive care unit of hospital three days earlier. I was a little shaken by this news but content that I was neither crazy nor hallucinating, but what satisfied me most was that I experienced it and probably, apart from the Men of wisdom, honour and dignity and the evil ones, nobody else knew about it.

It was a triumph of good over evil. Shirk had gone and from that day onwards tranquillity returned to my life. To this day I have never heard his dirty and ugly voice again. I was able to start rebuilding my shattered life.

"And when they advanced to meet Jalut (Goliath) and his forces, they invoked; "Our Lord! Pour forth on us patience, and set firm our feet and make us victorious over the disbelieving people"

"So they routed them by God's leave and Dawud (David) killed Jalut and God gave him [Dawud (David)] the kingdom [after the death of Talut (Saul) and Samuel] and Al-Hikmah (Prophethood) and taught him of that which He willed. And if God did not check one set of people by means of another, the earth would indeed be full of mischief. But God is full of bounty to Alamin (Mankind, Jinn and all that exist)"

(The Holy Qur'an, Chapter 2, Verses 250 and 251)

THE END

Epilogue

It is one year to the month since I started writing this story and I thank God for having given me the strength and ability to do so. I have written it in truth and summarised the events that formed one of the unhappiest phases of my life. Certain dialogue and incidents have been totally ignored in the story due to the sensitive nature of their contents.

This book describes what really happened to me and what I saw and heard. If it is not true of those whose names I have changed I offer my sincere apologies, but if it is true of them and they were involved in hurting me I urge them to repent and seek God's grace to forgive them.

What convinced me most of the paranormal encounter was the tsunami and Salma's accident, about which I was forewarned, and the sword and death of Shirk, which I was made to witness.

I have not added or exaggerated any of the incidents that took place except for some minor fictional material and some of the incidents can be corroborated by some of the individuals mentioned.

I have researched some of the facts presented, including the history of Shirk and his family, by asking some members of his own family who were not involved in the story. I admit that some members of my immediate family on my aunt's side, who are still living in Zanpe, were affected by their ancestor's involvement in sorcery. The grandfather of Hafidh, Asad and Fahmy, who is also related to me, was without doubt also involved in this evil art to the extent that all the children borne by his second wife were affected by madness. I was there when their grandfather was in rigors mortis, a transition between life and death, and what I saw in his dying moments convinced me that his death was painful. The brothers could have been influenced or mildly affected by the possible involvement of their grandfather in sorcery.

I never at any point accepted offers of sorcery during this 'war' with Shirk et al from them or from the Noble or the Radiant Sheikhs, who I felt were testing me.

I never saw Shirk or his brother Rakib again in person from 2002 until our eventful and

paranormal encounter beginning April 2004 and culminating with Shirk's death in April 2005. I have no idea of the whereabouts of Rakib and Yakreb nor do I know what happened to them, although I have information that they are still alive. Apparently Rakib has lost his job and is leading a destitute life. I still see and occasionally meet members of my family who figure prominently in this story, particularly the brothers Hafidh, Asad, Fahmy and their mother Aisha, who were portrayed as associates of Shirk and were out to destroy me and my family. Fahmy was the most adamant in his quest for wealth and power through sorcery. I am still perplexed and unsure whether all were actually involved or whether they were scapegoats of Shirk or the devil himself and were used to portray their dark secrets to me to confuse me and make me hate them.

"O you who believe! Verily among your wives and children are your enemies for you: therefore beware of them! But if you pardon (them) and overlook, and forgive their faults, then verily, God is oft-forgiving, most merciful".

(The Holy Qur'an, Chapter 64, Verse 14).

Based on that Verse and my doubts, I went to visit Fahmy to get clarification from him, he denied everything. The next day I went to Rashad and informed him of the ending of my suffering and from his reaction I assumed he did not believe me. I also went to Aisha and asked to talk to her and Asad in private. Asad was not available. In five minutes I briefly told her the story but she never commented nor gave her opinion on the matter. Previously I had made two attempts to meet with Asad over lunch but he never kept the appointment. He was and is still avoiding me.

The reader might be intrigued by the fact that although I had other brothers and sisters I insisted on staying with Salma and Nahid. Two of my sisters have lived all their adult lives overseas, and two of my brothers had been divorced and had died living alone. My brother Hamed lived far away in our village; Yakoub was and is always on the move. I could not stay at my own house anymore after developing a phobia related to the events that took place. I now live in the old house.

The relationship between Salma and me cannot be wholly severed because we have a son together. We still talk and occasionally meet and our relationship is warm and friendly. I still meet and visit Nahid. Both were aware that I was writing this book although neither of them has shown any interest or curiosity.

I have to admit that sometimes I was hallucinating and knew it by the illogical events or words, but will leave it to the reader and those mentioned in this story to decide which ones

were hallucinations and which were facts.

I still hear occasional and unfamiliar voices even today, but the talk is mostly erratic and deals with religion and the philosophy of life. Sometimes I barely hear them and tend to ignore them. I sometimes feel that it is probably my subconscious talking to my conscience.

As I have stated earlier, the purpose of writing this story is to expose the reality and the existence of the evil art of sorcery as it had happened to me, and I'm sure many others have probably suffered in silence. It is not a fantasy nor is it meant to make myself appear valiant for either fame or fortune. It is the truth, and God is my witness.

I welcome any constructive comments or criticism from readers in regard to the contents of this book. I welcome those readers who have either themselves or through a member of their family or friend experienced or are experiencing such a phenomena to write to me to at salimaloufy@hotmail.com. I will honour and respect the confidentiality of any communication.

I will leave the reader with the following Verses from the Holy Qur'an, which may have a meaning in their lives:

"Verily, those who annoy God and His messenger, God has cursed them in this world and in the Hereafter, and has prepared for them a humiliating torment".

"And those who annoy believing men and women undeservingly, They bear (on themselves) the crime of slander and plain sin".
(The Qur'an, Chapter 33, Verse 57 and 58)

"They may hide (their crimes) from men, but they Cannot hide (them) from God: for He is with them (by His knowledge), when they plot by night in words that He does not approve. And God ever encompasses what they do".
(The Qur'an, Chapter 4, Verse 108)

"He [Shaitan (Satan)] make promises to them and Arouses in them false desires: and Shaitan's (Satan) Promises are nothing but deceptions".
(The Qur'an, Chapter 4, Verse 120)

**"And the (unbelievers) plotted and planned,
And God too planned, and the best of planners
is God".**

(The Qur'an, Chapter 3, Verse 54)

**"As for them, they are plotting a scheme, and I am
planning a scheme".**

(The Qur'an, Chapter 86, Verses 15-16)

**"And verily there were men among mankind who
took shelter with the males among the Jinn, but
they (Jinn) increased them (mankind) in sin and
transgression".**

(The Qur'an, chapter 72, Verse 6)

**"Everyone is going to taste death, and we shall make a trial of
you with evil and with good. And to us you will be returned".**

(The Qur'an, chapter 21, Verse 35)

**"And indeed we have created man, and we know what his own self
whispers to him.**

And We are nearer to him than his jugular vein (by Our knowledge)

(The Qur'an, Chapter 50, Verse 16)

**"Know that the life of this world is only play and amusement, pomp and
mutual boasting among you, and rivalry in respect of wealth and children. (it
is) as the likeness of vegetation after rain, thereof the growth is pleasing to
the tiller; afterwards it dries up and you see it turning yellow; then it becomes
straw. But in the hereafter (there is) a severe torment (for the disbelievers –
evildoers), and (there is) forgiveness and (His) Good pleasure (for the
believers- good-doers). And the Life of this world is only a deceiving
enjoyment".**

(The Holy Qur'an, Chapter 57, Verse 20)

**"And certainly, we shall test with something of fear, hunger, loss of wealth,
lives and fruits, but give glad tidings to As-sabirun (The patient). Who when
afflicted with calamity say "truly to God we belong, and truly to Him we shall
return".**

(The Holy Qur'an, Chapter 2, Verses 155 and 156)

"Or think you that you will enter paradise without such (trials) as came to those that passed away before you? They were afflicted with severe poverty and ailments and were so shaken that the Messenger and those who believed along with him said "When (will come) the help of God?" Yes! Certainly the help of God is near!"

(The Holy Qur'an, Chapter 2, Verse 214)

And finally:

"So, all praise and thanks are God's, The Lord of the heavens and the earth, and The Lord of Alamin (Mankind, Jinn and all that exist, seen and unseen). And His (Alone) is the majesty in the heavens and the earth, and He is All-Mighty the All-Wise".

(The Holy Qur'an, Chapter 45, Verse 36 and 37)

God is Great!

Salim

December 2006

