Threnody for the Victims
Awaiting the dawn of redress and justice
Dedicated to
Mothers who grieve in their heart for their lost loved ones, and all of sorrowful victims and survivors of the last three decades of war, in hope for the day when the realization of justice heals their wounds.
Prologue

Afghanistan is a country with her history composed of pride and yet legendary for her exploited people’s pain and blood on one side and on the other hand dirtied with the despotism and crimes of her dark rulers.

The mournful people of this land have never enjoyed a basic life especially in recent decades. There is no family who does not have the pain of losing a loved one in the prison or on the battlefield and has not felt the troubles of displacement and homelessness. There are no victims and survivors who have not experienced the psychological and physical traumas of life calamities as widow, orphan or disabled. And there is no compatriot that has not tasted the bitterness of poverty and adversity because the private and public assets were looted directly or perished during the wars.

Additionally, the collapse of economic, social, cultural and administrative structure has created a huge gap in the national unity, accompanied by the spread of violent culture as the legacy of war and autocratic regimes. It will take many years to change it into a progressive culture. These are the factors that have submerged Afghanistan into vast human rights calamities.
In the last thirty years, whoever has taken power has nailed their own benefits into our people’s head and have gained in the cost of other’s depravation. The corrupt and anti-nation leaders paid attention to everything except the welfare of the people and building the country’s potential. One of them slaughtered the nation in the name of “food, clothes, shelter” while the next used “Islam” as a napkin to clean up its crimes and filthiness. One of them was not merely content with “Sharia Law”, slashing and insulting people in defense of moustaches and the burqa. Now there is another with its preplanned map to swallow this homeland for the long term, spreading its claws in the name of “security”, “democracy” and “women’s rights”. Still the human rights violations and bullying is widely continuing, warlords and other terrorists continue to amass money and power, while NATO and Taliban forces contribute to continued insecurity and civilian causalities. Amnesty International in its recent report stated that in 2012 more than 2000 civilians were killed and 4800 were wounded. Today Afghanistan is at the top of the list of countries with widespread corruption, insecurity, production of narcotics and violence against women and children.

With no doubt, the biggest betrayal against the people of Afghanistan will be that the violators and spoilers creating the disasters in our country receive impunity from any prosecution. This includes “amnesty” to the torturers and murderers of these three decades, the war criminals with blood stained hands after killing thousands of our innocent compatriots; this includes “forgiveness” of war damages by invader countries, and relinquishment of our nation’s assets into the claws of the robbers and corrupt gangster leaders. The Afghan Parliament smoothed the path for continuation of these disasters by passing the self-forgiveness law of “National Reconciliation and General Amnesty”.

Thus there was and continues to be a strong need for the establishment of the Social Association of Afghan Justice Seekers (SAAJS). Formed in August 2007, survivors and victims of the recent thirty years of war bear witness to the violation and injustice. The people insist on the rights of these victims, while the world and the Afghan government have given them hardly the slightest attention.
For sure, realization of justice is a huge responsibility. We must collect proper documentation now so tomorrow we will have the means to prosecute all of the war criminals one by one. SAAJS has strived to contact the survivors and victims’ relatives to collect documents and witnesses as well as to establish victim’s unions, but we know it is not enough and we are in need of more cooperation. If the individual voices of justice seekers join together, then it will become a cry that no criminal can escape, and no government can ignore.

The current book includes the painful accounts of victims and a tiny part of the cruelties committed against the people of Afghanistan in recent years. Of course, this is not a complete document and we are hopeful to enrich and enhance with support of our sorrowful and justice seeking compatriots.

Most importantly we thank all of the victims and survivors who have shared their heartbreaking stories with us. We vow to never step back until the blessed day of justice and we will defend their right with our full potential.

Social Association of Afghan Justice Seekers (SAAJS)
May 2013
I have witnessed the bullying and killing of Hezb-e-Islami

**Abdul Manan s/o Abdul Latif:** I was living in Takhar province along with my family. After the coup of April 27, 1979, the military operations of the factions against the central government and the Russians started in Takhar province. Both sides were using light and heavy artillery against each other during clashes. Gulbuddin’s Hezb-e-Islami, Rabbani’s Jamiat-e-Islami, and Maulawi Khalis’s Harakat-e-Islami were all active in Takhar at the same time. They recruited people either by force and threat, to properly carry out their military operations. Whenever they suspected a person to be working for the other side, they would kill him immediately without any further investigation. Some men of Commander Gul Podari belonging to Hezb-e-Islami had grown suspicious of one of my close friends named Ahmadullah. One summer day, Gulbuddin’s men told him that he was spying for the government and without any further inquiry they killed him by throwing him into a deep well. I witnessed this horrifying scene with my own eyes.

Most of the leaders of the seven factions are among those accused of having committed war crimes.
I survived a KHAD nightmare, and lost my loved ones in a rocket attack

Said Mirza s/o Malik Mirza: I had been living in Gardana-e-Bala Hisar in the first district for many years. During Babrak Karmal’s rule, I had a metal workshop in Sarai Wazir Qalacha.

On August 30, 1989 around evening time, fifteen men from KHAD’s fifth superintendence entered my shop. Some were armed with Kalashnikovs and pistols and dressed in military uniforms and some in civilian clothing. Syed Himmat Ali, the owner of a shop next to me, and I were arrested and taken to our homes. They searched our homes and did not find anything. Then they took us to their headquarters.

The preliminary investigations began. The investigator asked Syed Himmat Ali, “Do you know someone named Mohammad Yaseen?” He answered, “Yes we share a shop. I will bring him to you whenever he comes.” He got released with this answer. I remained in KHAD’s fifth substation for eight days. I was beaten badly. There were 22 other people imprisoned with me. I still remember the names of some of them like Engineer Siddique, Pahlawan Miskeen, Abdul Ahad, and Ameenullah.

At the time, the head of the fifth superintendence was Dr. Baha, from Goldara district. They transferred me to Sidarat where I was imprisoned for another three and a half months and severely tortured. Other than beating, I was electrocuted with a water heater.

After some time, I was transferred to the first block of the Pule Charkhi prison. At that time, the chief of the Supreme Court was Karim Shaadaan, Babrak Karmal’s cousin. We were twenty-four people. Our public hearing was held. From twenty-two people who received sentences, two were sentenced to death, and the rest of us got sixteen years of imprisonment each.

Despite the fact that I had no links to any groups, I spent seven years in prison and was freed in 1989. I was accused of having connections with Hezb-e-Islami, and I spent seven years in jail.

On September 21, 1989, when the fighting intensified between the Mujahideen and Najib’s government, a rocket landed on our home. It was fired from the Chahar Aasyab district by Hezb-e-Islami forces. My
wife Bibi Hanifa who was 22-years old lost her life along with my 1-year old daughter, Zarmina. I buried both my loved ones in Shohadaye Saliheen.

Till now, numerous mass graves have been discovered in areas surrounding the Polygon of Pul-e-Charkhi. All require further investigation and examination.
I lost three children in Russian bombardments

Deen Mohammad s/o Noor Ahmad: I am a resident of the Haibat Khel village in Said Khel district of Parwan province. I am father of two daughters and four sons. In 1981 my wife, children and I went to Daak village in Said Khel to attend the wedding of my daughter-in-law’s sister. At night, my daughters and a son stayed there with their sister-in-law and we returned home to tend to our farm and fields. We planned to attend the ceremony the next day.
In the morning, we saw a helicopter that usually transported supplies to one of the military bases in an area nearby called Qala-e-Sorkh. When the helicopter noticed a large crowd of Daak residents in one house, it called for a bombing plane and attacked it without investigating the event. All the people thought about the safety of the eighteen children and sent them all to the soof (a safe closet which was built for this purpose). Out of fear, all the children surrounded the oldest one, a 16-year-old girl. The bomb hit the soof directly and the whole thing was destroyed.
We left our village immediately when we got the news. When we arrived in the other village, we saw the venue of the wedding. All the houses around it had been turned to complete ruins. All the villagers were in shock. They kept looking for the part of the soof that had been hit.
The people were digging up an area when suddenly everyone heard the moaning of a child. They continued digging and found the dead bodies of children. Among them, only my son was alive with a severe head injury. Though we were completely out of our senses, we took my son and other wounded people to the Parwan Central Hospital. That was also very difficult because the area where the hospital was located was under the control of Gulbuddin and Massoud, and Charikar (another area close to their village) was governed by the Khalq and Parcham regime.
Despite efforts and treatments, my young son died due to his severe head wound.
When the Taliban captured Shamali, we were forced to leave our homes and belongings and move to Kabul. We then settled in Nimroz province, till the Karzai government took over.
There was nothing left for us when we returned to our village after many years, so we rented a house. The agonizing sorrow of losing my
daughters, 13-year-old Fawzia and 12-year-old Fazeela, and my 18-year-old son Hashmat, devastated us. My wife was paralyzed and died two years after my children’s death. Now I am also very ill and cannot move half of my body. I spend my days with countless hardships.

A child victim of Russian bombardments.
The grief of the disappearance of my loved ones, torments my soul

Shukria d/o Akhtar Mohammad: I was living in Shewaki of Kabul during the reign of Karmal in 1984. At that time, the central government was caught up with its opponents who were Gulbuddin’s Hezb-e-Islami, Massoud’s Shorae Nizar, Rabbani’s Jamiat-e-Islami, Sayyaf’s Ittehad-e-Islami and others. The areas a little outside the city were considered the resorts of the factions. People who lived in these areas were not allowed to become soldiers, or police or army officers. Whenever someone attempted to do so, they were secretly terrorized by the factions, usually at night. Such an incident took place in my own family.

Late one winter night, twenty armed men of Hezb-e-Islami surrounded our home and ten of them entered after breaking our door. They asked where my brother-in-laws, namely, Sardar Mohammad, army officer stationed in Ghazni province, Aaqa Mohammad, army officer in the eighth district of Kabul, and Said Mohammad, a student, were. We denied that the two army officers were in the house. The men took away Said Mohammad, also my brother-in-law.

We had hidden Sardar Mohammad and Aaqa Mohammad behind our beehives. As Said Mohammad was young, he exposed the hiding place of his brothers when he was tortured by the armed men. After half an hour, ten armed men returned and took away all three brothers. They went towards Logar province. We found a note after one and a half months which said, “If you pay us 200,000 Afghanis at the address mentioned in Logar, we will free all three brothers.”

When my father-in-law, Faqir Mohammad, quickly prepared the money and took it to the address mentioned in the note, he did not return. We do not have any information regarding all four members of our family till today.

In 1987, during Najib’s rule, my husband, Akhtar Mohamamd, was forced into the army by the government and was assigned to the front in Paghman, which was under Sayyaf’s Ittehad-e-Islami. He was killed just a week later and we buried his body in Shewaki.

After the collapse of Najib’s government, when the factions took over, we used to live in the first district of Kabul. The first faction that took control of our area was Doştum’s Junbish-e Milli. They were fighting against Hezb-e-Islami and Shorae Nizar.
One evening in 1993, my daughter Latifa was washing dishes in our courtyard when a bullet came from the direction of a petrol pump (Logar Petrol Pump) controlled by Gulbuddin’s men, and hit her head. My dear daughter died on the spot and we buried her in Shewaki. When I tell all these stories, they seem so simple, but what we went through at that time is outside the endurance of a human. The pain of the loss of all my loved ones wrenches my heart every moment of every day. Latifa’s memory torments me all the time.

A mother and her children under the debris of Russian bombardment in Herat city. The photo won an award in 1987.
I was imprisoned by KHAD, then targeted by Dostum’s men

Juma Khan s/o Mirza Mohammad: At the beginning of Babrak’s rule in 1979, I had a cloth shop in Sarai Jamhuriat and was living in Nawabad Qalacha area of eighth district.

One morning three armed men in civilian clothes entered my shop and arrested me. They belonged to the fifth superintendence of KHAD and took me to their headquarters where I was imprisoned for a month. Then I was taken to Sidarat where I was brutally tortured and beaten for six months for having connections to Gulbuddin’s Hezb-e-Islami. This was while I had no links to any party or faction and still do not.

Finally I was transferred to the Pule Charkhi prison and sentenced to six years in prison. There were about 100 prisoners with me in the same room. I remember the names of some of them like Assadullah, Wazir Gul, Zafar, Habibullah, Fida Mohammad and Abdul Samad.

After I spent four years without being proven guilty and with no charges brought against me, I was finally released from jail in 1983, after efforts and countless appeals by my family.

The Burje Barqe Qalucha, an area that was completely destroyed.
In 1992, when Rabbani took over and factional infighting began, I had an eatables shop in Mandawi, Kabul.

One day during the winter at around noon, I was on my way home on my bicycle when three militiamen from Doštum’s party, armed with Russian Kalashnikovs, stopped me near Shah Shaheed. They were Rasool Pahlawan’s (one of Doštum’s famous commanders) men and were wearing goopeecha. At first they took away my bicycle and then took me to Bala Hisar area in a Russian jeep. I was in their custody for eighteen days and they would beat me savagely with a hammer and rifle butts every day, threatening to kill me unless I paid them twenty lacs. One night a soldier came to me and said, “I am very tired of this check post and want to go somewhere else. If you pay me five lacs, I’ll release you.” I readily accepted his offer.

At around five in the morning we both escaped from Bala Hisar and went to Mandawi, where my nephew, Fakhri, had a shop. At around seven he arrived at his shop, I borrowed five lacs and gave it to the soldier. He immediately left the area.
I wish to live to see the prosecution of the perpetrators of barbarity and crimes

Izzatullah s/o Mir Ismail: During Najib’s era I had a workshop in Qalacha area. I lived a modest life with my wife and four children. I would go every morning to the workshop and returned in the evening. Sometimes I had to work a little. My children were small and could not help me in my workshop, so I worked alone.

Our life continued this way till the day Najib’s government was replaced by the Islamic parties in 1992. We were very happy that an Islamic government had been established. Little did we know the miserable days they would bring upon us.

The factions could not agree on the division of posts in the government, and started violent and bloody attacks against each other inside Kabul city, without thinking about helpless civilians and the country. Every street of Kabul burned in the heavy battles and people lost their lives and properties.

I am one of those victims. My shop was looted by Doštum’s militia in 1993 and I had to stay home without a job.

One day, we were all home when all of a sudden we heard a very loud explosion. When I opened my eyes, I was under dust and bricks. I was not able to move so I called my wife asking where she and the children were. My wife answered weakly that she was buried under the rubble with the children. I wanted to stand when I noticed that my hand was hit by a piece of shrapnel and I could not feel my legs either. I was not able to move at all. I desperately started calling people and pleading for help. Our neighbors arrived and pulled us out from under the debris. I noticed that my 14-year-old daughter, Jameela, was not there. I called her but no answer came. I started shouting “Daughter, daughter”. People began searching for her. We finally found her right behind the wall which was struck by the rocket. She had died right there. I forgot my pain. We cried and yelled. We could do nothing else. With the help
of our neighbors we buried my daughter and I was taken to the hospital. I had lost lots of blood and my treatment went on for a whole year. I ended up losing a hand and leg. After being discharged from the hospital, I returned home which was nothing more than ruins. All the walls had collapsed and we lived in a room which was in a slightly better condition.

One day Dostum’s militiamen, under the command of Khoshhal, who was a famous bloodthirsty commander, entered our already destroyed home. They ordered me to go with them. I asked them how I could leave my children alone at home. They said angrily, “If you do not obey us we will make your life a living hell. Come and load all your valuable items in our vehicle.” Scared for my children and my own safety, I took the few things that remained in our house and loaded it in their vehicle. I even loaded the broken windows and doors. Not a single piece of our property was left. I had nothing more left. With hearts filled with sorrow, and fear for our lives and dignity, we left our home and moved to Shamali.

After the Taliban took power, we returned to Kabul. With a lot of difficulties and troubles, we rebuilt our destroyed house. We have a hand to mouth life now.

We poor people suffered from crimes and still feel the pain of those times. I lost a hand and leg, I can no longer work, I lost my loved ones, and my house was destroyed. Now I am living with only one hope: before I die, I want to see the prosecution and punishment of those who committed cruel crimes against the people of Kabul with my own eyes.
The killing of all my family members for being Hindu

Munna d/o Bandarinaat: We had been living in Hindu Guzar street in Shor Bazar area of Kabul for a long time. When the factions took power in Kabul, Shorae Nizar fighters, under the command of Daraab, controlled the Shar-e-Kohna area. In the first days, they looted our Daramsal and threw all our statues on the street. They made fun of them and insulted us as they destroyed them in front of our eyes with different weapons they had. They asked us why we were not returning to our homeland, India. These savages could not understand that our original and ancestral homeland was and still is Afghanistan.

At this time, Commander Daraab ordered his men to break in and loot the Hindu people’s houses and force them out. At the same time, Junbish’s militiamen, under the command of Rasool Pahlawan, entered our neighborhood to loot it too. Doştum’s men started fighting against Shorae Nizar on the issue of looting civilian houses.

We all hid in our homes out of fear. Our gate was locked. Commander Daraab’s men shot at our door with Kalashnikovs and broke the gate. All us women hid in a store room which appeared as a closet from outside. My father named Bandarinaat was left alone in the house. After collecting and grabbing all our things, one of Daraab’s men – whom I think was the head of the group – ordered his men to shoot my father dead. The reason was that we were Hindu, we were infidels and therefore we must be killed. We could clearly see everything from cracks of the closet. One of the men of the group who wore a pakol (a common traditional Afghani hat) on his head, and had blue eyes and average height, shot my father with his Kalashnikov. All our family members who were watching came out of the closet. A barrage of gunfire began. I was still inside the closet and fainted. When I opened my eyes, I found each and every one of my family members dead.

As I had lost every single person of my family and was all alone, I had to get protection from a Muslim family. After some time, I left for Pakistan with the family. And finally, not having any other option, I had to marry their son.
I have suffered a lot. I only wish for the day when the killer of my family and the destroyers of our home and lives are punished for their brutalities. If we truly get justice in our society, I wish to watch murderers of my father hanged to death.

The Daramsal of the Hindu population in Hindu Guzar street of Kabul which was completely destroyed and looted during the factional fighting in 1992.
We fled out of fear of Sayyafis and Dostumis and lost everything

**Torpakai:** We lived in Hindu Guzar street of Shor Bazar. We had a peaceful life till the factions came to Kabul. Two months after Mojaddadi announced his government in 1992, Rabbani seized power. Then the battles among the factions intensified. In our neighborhood Ittehad-e-Islami, and Junbish were fighting against each other day and night, using heavy artillery that was the cause of civilian casualties.

One day at around 4 p.m. my father went out. There were rumors that a very violent battle would break out that night. My father returned home and said that we should leave the house and go to Shamali because of the upcoming heavy fighting. My parents and I left for Shamali. When we arrived near Khair Khana, it got dark and we spent the night at a stranger’s house. The next morning we woke to the morning prayer and left for Shamali.

After spending three months in Shamali we came back to Kabul. Our area had been under the control of Junbsh’s militia. They had destroyed all the houses and looted every item they could. Seeing everything in that condition shocked and disheartened us. My mother could not bear all the sorrow and grief and had a stroke that left her paralyzed. We had nothing left. We put up a tent in the courtyard of our demolished house to live in. It was a terrible time for us.

One day my father was going to a market when a rocket landed near Jadae Maiwand from an unknown direction. My father was hit by a fragment that left him seriously injured. People took him to the Jamhooriat Hospital. When I was informed of the incident, I rushed to the hospital. He was lying on a bed, without his right arm. He was hospitalized for two months and as soon as his wounds healed a little, he was discharged.

Since then my father has been unable to find a job due to his disability. We have no other bread-winner. I work at people’s houses washing clothes. My mother died a few years ago because of her serious illness.
Now my father and I are living in our old ruined home in Hindu Guzar of Shor Bazar. We have lost whatever we had in our life.

More than thirty years of war in Afghanistan has left 800,000 people disabled.
I was held captive by Gulbuddin’s Hezb-e-Islami

Obaidullah s/o Mohammad Qasim: We had been living in the Karte Nao area of Kabul for many years. I was a shopkeeper and we had a modest life.

Due to heavy fighting in Kabul city during Rabbani’s rule, I moved to Tagaab district of Kapisa province with my family. There I worked as a shopkeeper too. Gulbuddin’s party controlled the area where we had settled.

One day at around ten in the morning, some armed men of Hezb-e-Islami came and arrested several shopkeepers and me for no reason, and imprisoned us in their check post. All of the arrested people were poor, hard workers who neither had links to any opposing party nor with the government. The men tortured and harassed us brutally and sometimes even threatened us to death. In exchange for very little amount of food we had to do very arduous jobs like bringing bricks and mud to build their check post.

Finally, one night some prisoners and I decided to escape. We were fed up with all the cruelty. We made a plan and fortunately succeeded to escape. We kept walking for a very long time till we reached the Kabul-Jalalabad Highway early in the morning. We took a bus to Torkham and left for Pakistan.

And that is how we escaped from the ferocious Gulbuddinis.

The entry of factions in Kabul city in April 1992.
I witnessed military attacks, looting, and assault by Shafi the ‘mad’

Mohammad Daud s/o Mohammad Hassan: My family and I were settled in Naw Abad of Bala Hisar in the first district of Kabul. After the fall of Najib’s regime, one of the first parties that took control in our area was Mazari’s Hezb-e-Wahdat under the command of Shafi Dewana (Shafi the ‘mad’).

Kabul city was divided among Shorae Nizar, Jamiat-e-Islami, Hezb-e-Islami, Sheikh Asif Mohsini’s Hezb-e-Harakat, Junbsh, Ittehad-e-Islami, and others. The fire of hostility between these parties blazed in different areas of Kabul city. All involved groups were using light and heavy arms against each other and had had built their military strongholds in residential areas. This is why the death toll of civilians in Kabul was the highest.

The armed groups did not resort to this only. While they occupied different areas, they would carry out arbitrary killing of civilians for random reasons, loot their possessions, and rape women, girls and young boys.

It was a chilly winter day in 1992 during Rabbani’s reign, when the fighting intensified. A bombing jet belonging to Shorae Nizar started flying over our area and bombed it. One of these bombs was dropped in an opening in front of our house killing one person and injuring another. My brother, who was outside got severely injured too. We took him to a hospital and he lost his right leg.

A week later, one afternoon we heard a knock on our door. My brother opened it. Armed men from Hezb-e-Wahdat entered and slapped my brother. They took all our cash and other belongings forcibly. When they wanted to go to the upper floor where our female family members were hidden, I had no choice but to start shouting and asking the neighbors for their help. The Wahdati men got angry and after a thorough beating dragged me to their check post.

They were using Haji Hamahang, Bashir and Painda Hamahang’s (famous singers who had escaped with their families during clashes in Kabul) house as a check post and slaughterhouse. They pushed me inside a toilet and I immediately noticed fresh human blood on the walls. I got very scared. After almost an hour, a commander named Shafi Dewana entered the
toilet and started beating me with a rifle butt, injuring my abdomen, thigh and shoulder. Luckily, one of our neighbors by the name of Fatah was working as a cook for Shafi Dewana’s group. He recognized me and pleaded for my release. While I was walking through the gate, I saw the dead bodies of three men who had just been murdered. That very night, I took my family and moved to Ashiqaan Arifaan area, leaving everything behind.

The streets of Kabul were turned into checkpoints of armed forces.
Naeem Chireek is the murderer of my whole family

Mazar Mohammad s/o Imam Mohammad: My family and I were residents of the Dahne Shohada area in the first district of Kabul. When the factions attacked, our area was occupied by Dostum’s Junbish party under the command of Rasool Pahlwan, with Naeem Chireek heading a group, and also by Mazari’s Hezb-e-Wahdat. They both were fighting against Hezb-e-Islami and Ittehad-e-Islami of Sayyaf. They all used light and heavy artillery.

One night during the winter of 1992, at around 9 p.m., nine people from Junbish’s militia under the command of Naeem Chireek entered our house by jumping over our wall. After robbing our gold and cash, Naeem ordered his men to take my sister Fatima to their check post. I could not tolerate this dishonor to my family. I started fighting and resisting the men with bare hands. A fight broke out between the armed men and me. They took me to the basement and beat me up with a rifle butt till I fainted.

When I opened my eyes, I recognized Naeem Chireek’s voice ordering his men to kill all my family members. I saw how they killed each and every one of my family members: Fatima, Jahan Aara, Imam Mohammad, Qurban Mohammad, Mohammad Sharif, Sangeen Mohammad and Shams Mohammad were all shot dead on the spot.

I was completely devastated and horrified and had no one to even share my grief with. I left the house. When I reached the end of our street, I saw that Chireek’s men were forcing our neighbor’s daughter out of the house and dragging her with them.

The same night I arrived in Khair Khana. Five days later I returned home. I saw the dead bodies of around 30 young girls, all thrown out in the street near Naeem Chireek’s check post in Bala Hisar. I carried the seven dead bodies of my loved ones to Khair Khana and buried them in Dosad Fameeli graveyard.
The nightmares of my daughter’s death don’t abandon me

Mohammad Ismail s/o Mohammad Ibrahim: I had been living in Gardana-e-Bala Hisar for several years. At the beginning of Rabbani’s rule, our area was seized by Junbish’s militias. It was the winter of 1992. One day at around 11 a.m., 50 to 60 militiamen from Junbish entered our home. They were all dressed in goopeecha and shalwar kameez, their faces were covered with scarves, and they were armed with Kalashnikovs, PKs, rockets, pistols and grenades. The local commander of Junbish named Siddique accused me of having links with Jamiat party, and arrested and took me to Bala Hisar. For 24 days I was jailed in a container with two other people. I witnessed many heinous incidents there. To tell the truth, every single moment was unbearable. Some of the things I saw are still on my mind and haunt me like a horrifying dream.

One day a 15-year old boy had lost his way. Junbish’s militia brought the boy in and dragged him to a room. Around fifty armed men raped him very brutally. When they finally brought him out of the room, blood ran from his trousers. The poor innocent boy who was just a child, was taken to Bala Hisar and shot dead.

Every two or three days they would bring us out of the container and make us work like slaves. During my detention they forced us to break more than fifteen government tankers into pieces and sold these in second-hand spare parts shops.

One night, at around 1 a.m., there was an argument between the soldiers and the door of the container was open. I took this chance to escape and ran towards Kote Sangi area. Sayyaf’s armed men had taken up positions at the back of Seelo. They stopped me to ask what I was doing there. I answered that I was on my way to my father’s home. They arrested me and kept me there for 24 hours.

The next morning, after I was released from the Ittehad men, I left for my father’s home that was located in the sixth district to get some news about my family. My family was not there. I left for Sahak Shewaki and went to my cousin’s place there. I found my family there.

When I saw my wife she burst into bitter tears, she told me what
had happened after I had left. With tears running down her grief-stricken face she said, “The fighting became very intense. I wanted to bring our children (two sons and four daughters) here. Near Pul-e-Safid of Beeni Hisar area, there was fighting between Hezb-e-Islami and Junbish. My 15-year-old daughter Nazoo died on the spot when a bullet of Junbish’s militia hit her temple. The fighting was so intense that we could not carry her dead body and escaped to Sahak Shewaki. After a while when the battle got quieter, I went back to that area to search for her body but could not find it.” I could not know whether my daughter’s body was eaten by dogs or somebody had buried her. We haven’t got any information till now. This pain will scar my heart till death. During the war, Junbish’s men looted all our belongings and our home was completely destroyed.
I saw the body of my son and nephew in pieces

Ashraf s/o Mohammad Omar: My birthplace is the Kharabaat area of Kabul. My father was a singer and that way we earned our livelihood. During Rabbani’s rule, there was extreme fighting between Junbish and Shorae Nizar, which killed many innocent civilians. All the factions committed crimes against the people. For example, Dostum’s men forced men to carry their dead soldiers to Bala Hisar which was a mental blow and torture. A boy who had carried a dead soldier could not bear to see all the blood on his clothes, and he lost his mental stability, never to regain it. My family and I had no other place so we spent the days of fighting with countless hardships.

One day my nephew and son were going somewhere. They sat in a rickshaw and just started moving when a rocket from the south suddenly hit the rickshaw. I was at home when I heard the blast. I suddenly felt uneasy so I headed towards the main road to see what had happened. I saw the rickshaw in a corner and my nephew’s clothes. When I got near, I saw that the driver, my son and nephew had all died. My son’s insides were lying inside the vehicle. Pieces of the rocket had hit all three of them and their bodies were drenched in blood. With a lot of difficulty and help from the people around me, we wrapped the three bodies in white cloth and buried them in Shohadaye Saleheen.

After this painful event we moved to Pakistan but we had no place to live in. We lived in a refugee camp for a while but even that became too hard to take. We moved back to Kabul.

We have still not recovered from the grief of those years, and now spend our days in sorrows and hardships.
I witnessed the massacre of Afshar*

**Maryam d/o Sajauddin:** I am 48-years old, am mother to five daughters and three sons, and live in Afshar. When the battles started, Afshar in Silo, Afshar was under Mazari’s Hezb-e-Wahdat, and its surrounding areas were controlled by Sayyaf’s Ittehad-e-Islami and Massoud’s Shorae Nizar. In fighting between these groups, many people were killed, injured, or forced to abandon their homes. On February 11, 1993, after constant fighting, Massoudis and Sayyafis took over Afshar. The first opportunity they got, Shorae Nizar’s men entered our homes and plundered all we had. Later, Ittehad-e-Islami forces under the command of Zalmai Toofan and Sher Alam* joined them, and thus started the massacre of Afshar. They took away all men and young boys for no reason, or killed them in front of our eyes. During this attack, two of my uncles named Sultan (45-years old) and Aiwaz (22-years old), and my elder uncle’s father-in-law, Mohammad Ali (80-years old) were all shot dead in their homes near their gates. On this day, 68 innocent people were massacred in Bala Tapa only, which was our residential area.

I had three sons and two daughters at that time. At around three in the afternoon that day, Massoudis came in our home and took away my husband. When my son ran after his father, they shot near his foot. He could not move anymore out of shock and his shoes were burnt. We saw that other than killing and arresting men, they were raping women and girls too.

Out of fear of being all alone I decided to leave with my daughters at around five in the evening. I could not take my sons, so I left them there. With the little things left in our home after Shorae Nizar looted it, I cooked them food for several days. When I was leaving the house, my elder son noticed and begged me to take them along too. I was finally forced to do so. I left that very night with a group of women who were left alone without shelter. We did not even find time to bury our men’s dead bodies. I had no information about my husband and did not know
what cruel fate he suffered from. We went to a Takia Khana in Taimani where many families from Afshar had sought refuge. We lived there for a while and then left for Ghazni with my children. My husband was missing for three years. I contacted Sayyafis several times and tried to get some information about him, but they told me that he had been killed.

One day in the evening, we were home when my husband came. He had become very weak and thin. When I asked him where he had been and what he had faced he said, “I was imprisoned in one of Sayyaf’s check posts near Paghman with twenty other people. They fed us a little food once in a while and forced us to work. We were beaten and tortured, they forcefully fed us opium. They killed people in front of our eyes every day.”

Now my husband is an ill-tempered man and always quarrels with people. He is a carpenter, but wherever he works, he is fired after some days because of his squabbles. We hide dangerous things like knives from him because when he gets angry he hurts himself or others. Our life is hard in many ways.

My brothers, Zainullah (12-years old) and Hassan Raza (14-years old), and my uncle’s brother-in-law Arif (12-years old) were also imprisoned along with my husband. They were all freed from the Sayyafi’s after a month and a half of efforts by my mother and payment of bribes.

The ruins of Afshar near Seelo in 2002.
The Wahdatis dropped my innocent brother into a well

Mohammad Asghar s/o Ghulam Sarwar: We were living in Shor Bazar, Kabul. In 1992, after the collapse of the Najib government, the first faction that took control of our area was Junbish. They were fighting the Shorae Nizar. Later Wahdat party also joined forces with Junbish.

It was the winter of 1993 and the fighting had intensified. One day at around ten in the morning, my brother, Mohammad Yaseen, went to the mosque to bring water. Junbish soldiers dropped him alive in a well in the mosque without any reason. My brother committed no crime, had no connections to a group or faction, and was not someone important or rich. We noticed after about twenty minutes that Yaseen had not returned. We all got very worried when someone named Malem Omer came and informed us that Junbish soldiers had put Yaseen in a well in the mosque. My other brother, Mohammad Moeen, and I went to that place and pulled him out of the well. He was still alive and we rushed him to the Ibne Sina Hospital but by the time we reached, he had died. We brought him back home and with help from relatives and neighbors, we buried him behind the Ghazi Stadium.

Later, we investigated our brother’s death and found out that this crime was committed by the Wahdatis under the command of Siddique, and not by Junbish soldiers. Commander Siddique, who was famously called ‘zanjeer’ (chain) or ‘bache godamdar’ (son of warehouse owner), was a savage man. He had long, tangled hair and would always tie two sets of grenades around his waist. It was impossible not to fear him at first sight. His eyes were red and he always spoke with a loud voice.

The Wahdatis were dominant in our area, and the Junbish soldiers led by Khushhal ruled over Bala Hisar. Wahdatis tied turquoise ribbons around their arms that was their identification as belonging to Wahdat party. Later, our house was burned down by a rocket fired by Doštum’s men from Bala Hisar. Our house was left in ruins and all our goods were looted. We had lost whatever we had, and had to move to Shamali.
They shot my husband dead in front of my eyes

Rasa Gul d/o Shamsuddin: We were living in Allauddin in Kabul. When the fighting started, the Wahdat party and Shorae Nizhar took control of our area. We spent most of our time in the basement in fear of rockets. It was a spring night and we were all asleep. My husband was sleeping on the upper floor. It was around 12 a.m. when suddenly armed men from Wahdat entered our home. When my husband asked who they were and what they wanted, they said they were the Mujahideen, and we had to immediately vacate our house so they could build their checkpoint in it. My husband pleaded that we were poor and had no other place to stay in, so we could not give them our home but they still told us to empty it.

Although I was very scared, I came out of the basement and begged the men not to make us homeless in the middle of the night, amid so much insecurity. They were many in number, but only two had come to talk to us. They were both wearing shalwar kameez and had wrapped their faces with scarves. One of them pushed me and told me to stop talking. My husband got angry and said loudly, “Be careful! Don’t touch her!” One of the men said to the other, “Shoot him!” And he shot my husband with his gun. The bullet hit his temple and he died after a few minutes. My children and I shouted and cried. The armed men left our home. My brother-in-law, who was our neighbor, heard our screams and came to our home to find my husband dead.

In the morning, the neighbors and local cleric buried my husband’s body near the Khawaja Sabzposh shrine. The costs of the funeral were covered by the mosque and we were left helpless.

The fighting increased. I moved to my mother’s home with my children and stayed there until the factional fighting ended. When the Taliban took over, we returned to our home and are still leading a poor life there.
I escaped certain death

Mohammad Zarif s/o Mohammad Anwar: I had been living with my family in Tapey Salamin the third district of Kabul for a long time. In the area where we lived, Mazari’s Hezb-e-Wahdat ruled under the command of Shafi famous for ‘mad’. Shorae Nizar made their checkpoint on the Kohe Telvision. They both started fighting each other and used many kinds of heavy and light artillery. In 1993, the fighting intensified. One night, a rumor spread that Wahdat forces had entered our area and were raping small and young boys and girls. Since all the armed men of factions had a reputation for raping and murdering and committing other crimes, we left our home at around one or two at night. We went through the back streets with our children, and my old mother who could not even walk, and reached my cousin’s home in Shahr Aara. We spent some time in a rented house in Khair Khana but I regularly checked on our old home. One day as I was leaving our home after checking everything, armed men from Wahdat arrested me and wanted to take me to brick making kilns in Dashte Barchi. It was said at that time that when armed men of Wahdat took civilians to that Residential areas, the Kabul Museum, and other public institutions were widely plundered by the fighting forces.
area, they used to burn them instead of wood. I was absolutely sure I was going to die. It was by chance that a commander named Haider had been our neighbor at one time and he recognized me when he saw me. He freed me from his men and that’s how I escaped certain death. After this incident I repented going to my home, and said goodbye forever.

After Hezb-e-Wahdat was driven away from our area, Shorae Nizar took over. When I went to our home, all our things had been looted. According to our neighbors, the men of Shorae Nizar had plundered everything.
I lost my mother, three brothers, two sisters in a rocket attack

Imamullah s/o Abdullah: I had been living with my family in Gardane Bala Hisar for many years. When the factions took over, Shorae Nizar and Jamiat-e-Islami took over the Presidential Palace, and fighting started in the city immediately after that. The first factions that took over our area were Shorae Nizar and Junbish. They were fighting Hezb-e-Islami in their strongholds behind Bala Hisar, through to Safed Sang in Logar, in Shewaki, and Beeni Hisar. The factions used a variety of weapons inside Kabul city and areas surrounding it, like rockets, SKRs, cannonballs, and others. Many civilians in these areas were killed, became maimed, or injured by rockets, cannonballs or bullets, and lost everything they had. Families were forced to flee to safer areas. When the fighting escalated, we wanted to take refuge in Pakistan to be safe. So first I went to Pakistan and after renting a house, came back to take my family there. When I entered our area, the neighbors told me that one morning at around 11 a.m., in the spring of 1993, our house had come under attack with bullets and cannonballs from Shewaki and Beeni Hisar, areas under the control of Hezb-e-Islami. I had lost three of my dear brothers Hameedullah, Habibullah, and Azizullah, my sisters Pari and Zarmina, and my mother, Qandi on the spot. The neighbors had buried them all in Shohadaye Saliheen. Five family members of our neighbors who lived in our house had also been killed.
I lost everything and was left disabled

Abdul Waahid s/o Mohammad Saleem: I had been living in Mochi Parah Buth Khak in Bagrami district of Kabul for a long time. In the first days of the Rabbani government, the infighting intensified. We were forced to leave our home, leaving all of our personal belongings behind. When we were on our way to my cousins’ in Joy Sheer of Deh Afghanan, the factions announced a ceasefire. One afternoon during the winters of 1992, I went to check on our belongings and house when a rocket hit nearby where I was standing. A piece of the rocket hit my head. The rocket had been fired by Gulbuddin’s men from Chahar Aasyab. Sohrab, our neighbour, rushed me to the Maiwand Hospital and they transferred me to the Jamhooriat Hospital. I was under treatment for a long time, and lost my hearing and developed mental instability. After being discharged from the hospital I went home. When I arrived, there was nothing left except ruins and burnt things. At that time our neighborhood was under the control of Ittehad-e-Islami. Their faces and way of dressing were horrifying. They wore turbans, shalwar kameez with their trousers raised above their ankles, commando waistcoats, and would be armed with Kalashnikovs, pistols, PKs, grenades and rocket launchers. After so many years, I still have not been able to rebuild my life or recover to good health.

A victim of the factional battles.
Shorae Nizar’s men killed my husband

Meena d/o Rahm Khuda: My family and I had been living in Aqa Ali Shams area of Kabul for a long time. After the fall of Najib’s regime and the domination of factions in Kabul, our area went to Hezb-e-Islami that was fighting against Shorae Nizar. Fighting went on from street to street. One street was occupied by Hezb-e-Islami, and another by Shorae Nizar. This was why many civilians of the area lost their lives and property. My husband Mustafa was 28-years old. Someone had informed the men of Shorae Nizar that he had been an army officer during Najib’s reign. One day in the spring of 1993, at around 6 p.m., when my husband was on his way home, armed men from Shorae Nizar stopped him and started questioning him. My husband insisted that he had been an army officer but had not committed a crime or sin. Despite this, the commander emptied an entire magazine of his Kalashnikov on him and killed him. My cousin, Agha Shireen, had witnessed the scene.

I was at home with my children when people brought his dead body. I was pregnant. Our friends and relatives took the dead body to Jabil Saraj and buried him.

I gave birth to a son seven months later. I have five children now. I raised and fed them with many hardships. Thousands of innocent civilians lost their lives during the infighting of the factions. I am only one of the victims of those years.

Hangings without a trial in Kabul, September 6, 1992.
Factional fighting killed my brother

Shukria d/o Mohammad Kareem: We were old residents of Deh Khodaydad in Kabul. There were clashes between Hezb-e-Islami and Shorae Nizar there. They both used heavy artillery and forced civilians to fight for their groups without their consent and without having any knowledge of the purpose of the fighting.
One such victim of this inhumane behavior was my own brother. The fighting became intense. Finally, Hezb-e-Islami retreated and ShoraeNizar entered our area. The next morning they searched the houses and took all the young boys with them.
One day in the spring of 1993 at around 9 p.m. our door was knocked. A number of people clad in shalwar kameez and commando waistcoats entered our house. They talked to my brother and me about how they needed boys to join them in order to defend the neighborhood. They took my 22-year old brother Mohammad Naseem by force and didn’t listen to my pleas. Many boys were taken away from our streets, like my brother.
At night when the fighting worsened, a rocket had hit the check post where my brother was positioned. The rocket killed him on the spot. His dead body was brought to our home. They brought his dead body home.
We were in a terrible condition that day. I am still not able to talk about it.

Three decades of war has taught children nothing but violence.
Mass murder of eight of my family members by Junbish militiamen

Fawzia d/o Mohammad Anwar: We were living in Bala Hisar, first district in Kabul. In 1992, Doştum’s Junbish and Hezb-e-Wahdat captured the area. They were fighting Shorae Nizar and Jamiat-e-Islami that were controlling the areas of Sare Chawk, Foroshgah, and Hindu Daramsal in the Darakht Shing street.

When the fighting got heavier, we had no option but to leave our homes and join my uncle’s family in Sarake She of Karte Nao. Though this was not a safe place either, as it was under Doştum’s control we had nowhere else to take shelter.

One day in 1993, we all went to meet my aunt’s grandchild. Shameem, my brother’s fiancée and our cousin were seen by armed men of Junbish when they were on their way to meet us. Right after she entered, five Junbish militiamen knocked on the gate and came into the house. One of them got close to Shameem and asked her to leave her fiancé and marry him. Shameem was silent in utter shock and fear.

This Doştumi continued coming to ask for her hand in marriage, warning and threatening every time, but Shameem and her family rejected him. Finally, when this commander became hopeless in convincing the family, one afternoon at around 3 p.m. in the summer of 1993, they attacked my uncle’s house with grenades. They killed my uncle along with his whole family: his four sons, Nangialai, Waheed, Feroz and Baryalai, his two daughters, Shameem and Yasameen and his wife, Anees Gul.

The people of the neighborhood buried eight bodies in the graveyard of Tapae Karte Naw.
Taliban and non-Taliban criminals should be prosecuted, not forgiven

**Multan s/o Subhan:** We belong to Laghman. We have always lived in Darwaze Lahori of Shahre Kohna. During the civil war (1992-1996) we took refuge in different parts of Kabul and other provinces. I have five sisters and five brothers. All our belongings were looted and our house was destroyed.

In September 1996, the Taliban took power and we returned to our home. My five elder sisters and three elder brothers all married at this time. I lived with my ill mother and one brother. I was 14-years old and sold vegetables on a cart with my father. My father was Subhan Qurban and 50-years old.

One day in the autumn of 1997, at around eight or nine in the morning, we were in Foroshgah market selling cauliflower. Several traffic Taliban appeared there and started harassing and beating up people. They did not allow us to stand there and sent us from one place to another several times. One of the Taliban commanders ordered his men to beat my father. He immediately attacked my father and hit him in the head with his signal hand sign. My father’s head started bleeding and he died on the spot. I ran towards my father and started crying and screaming. I could not do anything else. I remember that when my father was attacked and killed, all the Taliban present ran away. After my father’s death, I went to every Taliban office to get justice for his death but no one paid any attention.
Now I earn for my mother and brother with menial jobs. Our life goes on with countless hardships. I hope for a day when all Talib and non-Talib criminals are not forgiven, but tried and held accountable for the killings, lootings, and destructions they caused.

After the Taliban attacked Shamali, the residents lost all they had.
Our unfortunate family was victimized in all three decades

Shaima d/o Juma Khan: I am a resident of Hashim Khel village in Said Khel district of Parwan province. With the coup of April 27, 1978, everyone’s life was ruined and everything changed. The people in the surrounding areas of Kabul constantly lived in fear of the Khalq and Parcham regime and Mujahideen groups and were victims of both sides. Our unfortunate family experienced this.

My brother Abdul Rashid was 22-years old and studied in the twelfth grade of Said Khel School. One day in the autumn of 1980 he was arrested by the Khalq and Parcham regime’s men when he was on his way to school. He was taken to the Jabel Saraj district and they tortured him to death. As much as we tried, they didn’t give us his dead body. We were just told that he had been killed.

Ghulam Sakhi, my elder brother was 35-years old in 1985. When he was on his way to Joye Porozha in Charikar district in his car, he got caught in an ambush of the Mujahideen of Jamiat-e-Islami and was killed. The people of the area brought us his dead body. He was buried in the graveyard of the Hashim Khel village. He left a daughter and son behind who we brought up with many difficulties.

In August 1997, the Taliban attacked Shamali. In Said Khel village, there was fighting between the Taliban and Massoud’s men. In June 1997, a piece of rocket fired by the Taliban hit and killed my 15-year old niece named Adila Abdul Rashid. We had not yet forgotten the pain of her father’s death when we lost his young daughter.

I hope a day arrives when the criminals of all three periods who shed the blood of our innocent children, are prosecuted.
We Hindus have suffered from crimes and degradation in the past three decades

Diljeet Kawr s/o Eera Singh: I am an Afghan Hindu born in Ghazni province. I had been living in Hindu Guzar street of Shor Bazar, Kabul along with my family for a long time. With the fall of Najib’s regime and the seizure of power by the factions, our life was completely destroyed. Our area was under Doştum’s and Massoud’s men. They were fighting each other. The situation deteriorated day by day. Finally, we had to flee and go back to Ghazni. We lived there till the end of the infightings. When we returned to Kabul all of our belongings had been looted by Doştumis and Shorae Nizar’s men and our houses had been turned to ruins.

During the Taliban era our men were obliged to have a small yellow cloth stitched to their cloths so as to separate them from the Muslim population. Women had to wear yellow burqas to be distinguished. We would be punished and harassed if we did not observe these rules.

With the formation of the Karzai regime, we thought that our life might improve but we have not seen any change. The property of some of our families who were living in Karte Parwan were grabbed by powerful people who hold high positions in the government, and they had no option but to live in the Daramsal. Now as most of us don’t have houses, we are living in the Daramsal, each family occupying one room. Our male family members are palmists or sell homeopathic medicines on roadsides or own small shops, to earn a livelihood.

My husband’s nephew, 38-year-old Narinder Singh, and his family were living with us here in the Daramsal. Last year (2012), he bought a new car and was driving to Ghazni to meet his parents, when his car was crushed by the US forces’ tank. We collected his body parts in a plastic bag.
His wife and three children were left without a caretaker and had to move to Ghazni to live with Narindar Singh’s parents.

An aerial attack by NATO in Kunar province on April 7, 2013, killed ten children and eight others.
Scenes of unforgiveable crimes committed by the Taliban in their Emirate (1996-2001).
The destructive US bombs killed my child and 92 other people

Fatima: We had been living a poor life in Azizabad village of Shindand in Herat province for many years. After I married a teacher during the Soviet war, we still lived a humble but happy life. Our marriage bore three sons and two girls. During Ismail Khan’s criminal era, we had nowhere to go and continued living in the same house. After the downfall of the Taliban regime, people were happy that a better government would be formed and our life might improve. Little did we know that we would witness much more terrible events, and even the massacre of our villagers by US bombs.

It was seven in the morning on August 22, 2008. My husband and two sons had left for school. My little daughter was asleep inside the house while the elder one was helping me in the household chores in the backyard. Suddenly, I heard a plane flying around. It made three rounds over our area and then on the fourth dropped a bomb and everywhere was filled with deep black smoke. I became unconscious and when I opened my eyes, I saw our home in ruins and people removing bricks and remains with shovels. I saw my husband and three sons crying loudly. The whole place was filled with the sounds of moaning and screaming and all were in shock. As I stood up and ran towards our destroyed home, I saw that all neighboring homes and farms were completely demolished. I was still for a moment and could not recall what had happened moments ago. I saw my son’s nose bleeding. I was very confused and asked my husband what had happened. He answered that our daughters were buried under the rubble. When I looked at the ruins, I screamed and knew there was nothing we could do.

The people helped us dig out the bodies of our children. My little daughter was seriously injured but was breathing but the older one had lost her life under the rubble.

My innocent child and 92 other innocent and suffering victims had no links with the Taliban. From that moment onwards, we have neither been
able to recover nor rebuild our home and are now living in much harder condition and more poverty. Our oppressed people have been killed for being Hazara, Pashtoon, Tajik, Talib or pro-government for many years. My wish and demand is that all criminals and people responsible for this bloodshed suffer just like we did and feel the pain of losing their children.

During the factional fighting, thousands of families were forced to abandon their homes.
A number of martyrs of the US bombing in Azizabad, Shindand

August 22, 2008

(These photos have been collected by the Social Association of Afghan Justice Seekers)
The massacre of innocent civilians in Farah by NATO forces

Haji Allauddin Khan: I am a resident of Granai village in Balabuluk district of Farah province. I am 70-years old.
On May 4, 2009, a battle broke out between Taliban and soldiers of Karzai’s government in our village. The Taliban left the area at 2 p.m. At 9 p.m. that night, bombing planes of the US-led NATO arrived. Women, children and the elderly who were hiding in a number of areas a little far from the site of the battle were targeted. As a result tens of innocent civilians died.
The roar of the planes was extremely horrifying. I think the hearts of many children and women may have stopped out of fear of the sound of the planes only. Tens of poor farmers were burnt in the white flames of the chemical bombs. A dreadful calamity had fallen upon the place. No one cared about anybody. Heart-wrenching moaning and groaning sounds came from everywhere.
People who arrived at the site of the incident did not dare to help others because of the fire. Around 125 people were killed and countless others like me were injured. Many did not recover at all or suffered from severe mental illnesses.”
In this massacre, 125 innocent people were killed, including Mohammad Nabi, my 19-year old son, Bibi Gulsoom, my 40-year old daughter, and Mohammad Hussain and Nazaneen, my grandchildren. Countless
others were injured. Abdul Bari, my young married son, was dug out alive from under the rubble but has completely lost his mental stability. He now stays at home and I feed his family of seven members. I am a survivor of this tragedy. I miraculously survived the bombing but like many other people, I faced physical and mental trauma. I have still not recovered completely.

Names of the victims of several families that I remember are:

**Victims of Hasamuddin’s family:**
1. Hasamuddin s/o Mohammad Hussein Khan
2. Wife of Hasamuddin
3. Abdul Hakim s/o Hasamuddin
4. Bibi Farida d/o Hasamuddin

**Victims of Malem Rahmuddin’s family:**
1. Mohammad Amin s/o Rahmuddin
2. Rawzoddin s/o Rahmuddin
3. Ainuddin s/o Rahmuddin
4. Mairajuddin s/o Rahmuddin
5. Wife of Malem Rahmuddin
6. Lailuma d/o Rahmuddin
7. Zubaida d/o Rahmuddin
8. Bibi Maryam d/o Rahmuddin
9. Bibi Aquila d/o Rahmuddin
10. Bibi Bashru d/o Rahmuddin
11. Bibi Shahrbano d/o Rahmuddin
12. Bibi Gul Ranga d/o Rahmuddin
13. Rahmuddin’s daughter who lost her mental stability after the incident

**Victims of Abdul Hakim’s family:**
1. Mohammad Ismail s/o Abdul Hakim
2. Zabiullah s/o Abdul Hakim
3. Bibi Maftoora d/o Abdul Hakim
4. Bibi Payinda d/o Abdul Hakim
5. Jamila d/o Abdul Hakim
6. Bibi Nazaneen d/o Abdul Hakim
Victims of Mohammad Ibrahim’s family:
1. Mohammad Ibrahim s/o Mohammad Amin
2. Mohammad Shafeeq s/o Mohammad Ibrahim
3. Bibi Atifa d/o Mohammad Ibrahim

Victims of Mohammad Musa’s family:
1. Mohammad Riza s/o Mohammad Musa
2. Mohammad Jan s/o Mohammad Musa
3. Mohammad Akram s/o Mohammad Musa
4. Jan Aaqa s/o Mohammad Musa
5. Bibi Longeena d/o Mohammad Musa
6. Bibi Parwana d/o Mohammad Musa
7. Bibi Lailuma d/o Mohammad Musa
8. Wife of Mohammad Musa

Victims of Mohammad Hussein’s family:
1. Wife of Mohammad Hussein
2. Said Ahmad s/o Mohammad Hussein
3. Ali Ahmad s/o Mohammad Hussein
4. Noor Ahmad Jan s/o Mohammad Hussein
5. Maalik Jan s/o Mohammad Hussein

Victims of Abdul Khaliq’s family:
1. Nisr Ahmad Abdul Khaliq
2. Bibi Najiba d/o Abdul Khaliq
3. Bibi Nazaneen d/o Abdul Khaliq
4. Bibi Fawzia d/o Abdul Khaliq

Victims of Abdul Ghaffar’s family:
1. Bibi Gulalai w/o Abdul Ghaffar
2. Bibi Gul d/o Abdul Ghaffar
3. Bibi Hawa d/o Abdul Ghaffar
4. Bibi Mah Gul d/o Abdul Ghaffar
5. Abdul Ghaffar and two of his daughters were severely injured.
Victims of Said Adam’s family:
1. Said Baran s/o Said Adam
2. Said Khyal Mohammad s/o Said Adam
3. Bibi Zarmina d/o Said Adam
4. Bibi Maida Gul d/o Said Adam
5. Said Ahmad s/o Said Adam
6. Said Jan s/o Said Adam
7. Said Wali s/o Said Adam
8. Bibi Gul d/o Said Adam
10. Said Aminullah s/o Said Adam

Victims of Baaran’s family:
1. Abdul Khaliq s/o Baaran
2. Abdul Maalik s/o Baaran

Victims of Said Malik’s family:
1. Gul Badan d/o Said Malik
2. Abdul Ali s/o Said Malik
3. Amanullah s/o Said Malik

Victims of Said Shakar’s family:
1. Salem Said Shakar
2. Bibi Haleema w/o Said Shakar
3. Abdul Maalik s/o Said Shakar

Victims of Said Nezam’s family:
1. Abdul Jabbar s/o Said Nezam
2. Said Ghaffar s/o Said Nezam
3. Said Burhanuddin s/o Said Rahmuddin
4. Said Mohammaduddin s/o Said Karim
The Americans injured me, the government arrested me

Abdul Hameed s/o Saif-ul-Rahman: I study in the eleventh grade of Imran Khan High School. On December 19, 2012, in Azair Gul village in Narai district of Kunar province, when I was returning home, I was arrested by US forces and injured. Due to the deep wound, I had to be taken to the hospital. On the way to the central hospital with my father, I was arrested by the police for being a Talib and taken to their station. I spent a cold night in the jail of government forces while bleeding. The next day, after a lot of pleas, I was bailed and taken to the central hospital with two policemen. Then I was handed over to the National Directorate of Security (Afghan intelligence). I was in their custody for about fifteen days. During this time, my family had no information about my whereabouts. When the school session for 2013 started, I went back to school. After some time, I was again arrested by intelligence forces and I was finally freed when I paid them. Now I have graduated from high school but my case is still pending. I am the only son so I want to continue my education, despite many hardships. I had never thought I would face such a fate.
Reference words:

- Daramsal: the religious shrine of Hindus.
- Dostum, Abdul Rashid:
- Goopeecha
- Gulbuddin Hekmatyar: Leader and founder of Hezb-e-Islami (party). Gulbuddin is famous for firing countless rockets and bombs into Kabul city during the 1992-1996 war, consequently ruining most parts of the city. He is currently opposing the government.
- Harakat-e-Islami (Islamic Movement of Afghanistan)
- Harakat-e-Islami Afghanistan (Islamic Movement of Afghanistan)
- Hezb-e-Islami (Islamic Party)
- Hezb-e-Wahdat Afghanistan (Islamic Unity Party of Afghanistan)
- Ittehad-e-Islami (Islamic Union)
- Jamiat-e-Islami Afghanistan (Islamic Society of Afghanistan)
- KHAD – Khadamat-e Aetla'at-e Dawlati: State Intelligence Agency
- Massacre of Afshar
- Massoud, Ahmad Shah
- Maulawi Khalis
- Mazari, Abdul Ali
- Rabbani, Burhanuddin
- Sayyaf, Abdul Rab Rasul
- Shalwar kameez: traditional Afghani and Pakistani cloths consisting of loose trousers and long shirt.
- Sheikh Asif Mohsini
- Shorae Nizar (Supervisory Council)
- Sidarat
- Takia Khana
- Zalmai Toofan and Sher Alam
Other documents detailing the stories of victims and eyewitness accounts from the past three decades of war and crimes:


Let’s Break the Silence (collection). Armanshahr Foundation.

Social Association of Afghan Justice Seekers (SAAJS) has been active from 2007 with the following demands and aims:

- The immediate expulsion of all the Khalqi and Parchami, Jehadi, and Taliban criminals from their governmental posts.
- The prosecution of all those accused of crimes and treacheries in competent and impartial national and international courts.
- We want immediate halt of civilian killings by American and NATO forces and their acts to be officially recognized as war crimes.
- We want the discovery and investigation of mass graves and to have a memorial monument built for our martyrs and missing ones.
- Collection of documents of crimes and treacheries of the past three decades from all over Afghanistan.
- Documentation of crimes by contacting families of victims.
- Unity of all the victims and their families so our voice is stronger.

For more information, contact us:

**Website:** Saajs.com  
**Email:** victims.families@gmail.com  
**Postal Address:** P.O.Box No. 980, Central Post Office, Kabul, Afghanistan.

**Funded by:** European Commission
... For these our dead, I ask for punishment. For those who spilled blood in our country, I ask for punishment. For the executioner who sent us murder, I ask for punishment. For those who prospered from our slaughter, I ask for punishment. For he who gave the order that caused our agony, I ask for punishment. For those that defended this crime, I ask for punishment. I don’t want them to offer us, Their hands – soaked in our own blood, I want them punished. I don’t want them as ambassadors, Or living comfortably in their homes:

I want to see them tried here in this plaza, here in this place. I demand punishment.

Pablo Neruda