

I ask all people to fear God ,hell is really very hard, I have just came back from it (i mean the syrian prisons)."

Ali Abou Dehn

13years of detention in syrian prisons.

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Five months have passed by since I was in the solitary confinement when my clothes started wearing out. Due to beating and torture with the “wheel” and the “German chair”, my pants were torn: Every time I went out for the daily meals or to the toilet, the guard kicked me saying:

-Saw your pants

One day I took the courage and asked him: how can I do it without the necessary tools?

– When you return to your cell knock on the door and remind me.

I did what he told me and when I knocked on the door, he shouted:

– Who is it?

– Number 13, sir

What do you want?

A needle and a thread.

After a while, the guard brought what I asked for and gave it to me through the casement. He gave me first the thread then the needle; I rolled the first on the middle finger of my right hand and stuck the needle in the middle finger of my left one. This was the only way to put the thread through the hole of the needle without losing it and getting myself into deep trouble.

However, I knew that something horrible will happen anyway: I will be beaten if I don't patch my pants or whipped if I loose the primitive stitching tools in the dark room.

I inserted the needle into my finger not to loose it and tried to introduce the thread into the hole of the needle depending only upon touch. Two hours and a half later, it finally worked out.

I sighed and kneeled to pray. In the same time, I wished I never ordered a needle and a thread.

When I finished, I knocked on the door:

- Who is it?
- I am number 13
- What do you want?
- I sewed my pants
- You have some light
- No sir
- You will see

At 6, I went to the bathroom and the guard was waiting for me. When he saw my pants stitched, he inflicted me with a massive punishment, the “the wheel”, because of a light I never knew about.

The genius guard had an explanation for my behavior: I was an experienced Israeli agent which is the reason of seeing in the darkness. I was also the first prisoner in the history of “Palestine” prison to break the traditions, when I was able to put the thread through the hole of the needle in the solitary confinement. When I returned to my cell, my friends who heard the dispute welcomed me with applause for overcoming the injustice of darkness.

Indeed, I spent a lot of time in the solitary confinement, dust and sweat became part of my stories of misery and despair.

Oppression and darkness were my companions in the cell. In order to escape from the first one; I decided to turn to my good and bad memories. I didn't know what I was doing, but I found myself touching and feeling the wall. Then I discovered a tiny hole, I wished I could escape through it. With time, a kind of human compassion grew between the jailer and me. He allowed me to take a bath in exchange of washing his pajamas. His name was Sakr, and was so kind to give me, during his working hours, a spoon to eat my meal. Bored, I used it to enlarge the hole in my cell... Time passed by and I was eaten by the sadness of the stories witnessed by these solitary walls instead of being killed by boredom...Until I heard a scribbling in the room!

I was sleeping. No difference between day and night due to the dark room. I stretched out my hand and touched a rat. It ran away and I was scared.

After a while it came back then escaped again. I wished I could build up a close relationship with it. I knew that mice and rats like eggs and cheese, so I decided to give up my daily share to my new friend. Four months later, while I was cross legged, the rat came back from the same hole, approached my hand, stole some eggs and then escaped.

After several attempts, we finally established a friendship built on trust. It came everyday to get its share of eggs and cheese in exchange of letting me teasing and playing with it during the long hours of the night.

I was so grateful to GOD that the rat didn't like “labneh” as if a divine power divided the food equally that neither of us would die of hunger. This friendship was the result of loneliness, lack of food, sun and air, and it lasted for a long period. After nine months in my cell, the prison guards decided to grant me twenty minutes in the sun in order for them to check the nineteen cells. Even during our limited free time, which was marked by humiliation talking was forbidden and we were not allowed to raise our heads, not to recognize the prisoners of the eighteen other solitary confinements. Whichever the case, neither of us will get to know the other because of our long hair and our beard that totally changed our looks.

They repeated our names in numerical order: one, three, two... twelve, fourteen... nineteen, not knowing the reason I was the last. They accused me of digging my way out of the cell through the hole. Despite

my denial, I got beaten.

When I returned to the cell, the hole was closed. I lost my best friend and my closest creature since I was arrested. As if death wasn't enough for them, I was left to die alone... alone without the warmth of the rat which used to sit in my arms to drive away the devils of fear and loneliness.

May they all be cursed by GOD!

In cells one and two, two women from the Iraqi "Baas" party were imprisoned. When everybody was asleep, an officer tried to rap one of them, resorting to threats he got what he wanted. The next day the colonel discovered what happened and punished the officer by transferring him to Tadmor prison. As for the others, whom the colonel never knew of, they continued raping honest arrested female politicians.

After all that happened they never took me for investigation. However I became obsessed with fear and terror until they moved me to another prison.

(I ask all people to pray and ask God forgiveness because HELL is too bad I'm Just back and I'm an Eye witness.) Ali Abou Dehn a formal detainee from the Syrian prisons.

Today is the 8th of March, anniversary of the Ba'ath Syrian Revolution. It is an official holiday in Syria and like any holiday, it is a sacred day to pray. We go out to the courtyard where the harshest penalty is awaiting us. We usually get beaten, kicked and flagellated. We hate the walk we get in the courtyard since it exposes us to beatings, orders to crawl on our elbows and knees. It even exposes us to the so-called sixth exercise, an extremely difficult military exercise. We have to do 50 push-ups, eyes closed, heads down while the whip is lashing on our heads. For these reasons, we called this day "a sacred day". As I already mentioned, it was an official holiday. On that day, I was sitting next to the door, i.e. the entrance gate. It was a big gate of rusted steel, with holes that enabled us to see the outside world. As I heard the guard arrive, I knew that food was here. I looked out of the hole. I really wish I had not seen what I saw! We were delivered rice with pine kernels and almonds, a pot of meat, mainly white meat barely enough to feed a few mouths, another pot of stew and a box of sweets. The guard ordered the deliverer to leave. He stole a few pieces of sweet while we barely had one piece for each one of us. I heard him say to his colleague: "these bastards want eat rice and pine kernels? These political criminals who hate our president? They should rather eat "shit", shouldn't they?" His colleague replied: "Poor guys, let them have some good food for a change!" The other replied: "No, see what they are going to get."

He opened his zipper and peed on the rice... I could not believe my eyes, but I had really seen him pee on the food! I was shocked and I sobbed. Luckily, no one heard my sob. My friend asked me: "What's wrong with you man?" I replied: "They did it! They brought us meat rice today while I have stomachache and can't eat rice". So my friend immediately replied: "Don't worry, I'll take your share and you take potatoes instead." I agreed to do so. I could not tell anyone. Had I done so, I would not have been alive now. I preferred to be a coward instead of telling what happened. The strange thing was that 105 inmates ate the rice on that day and did not notice any weird taste. We have been so malnourished lately that we didn't know what they were feeding us. Maybe had I not seen what happened outside, I would be like my friends enjoying the food. I am quite sure that there were times when I had food with pee in it, ate it and never noticed the difference!