



Below is the transcript of a true story of a girl called Hira. Born a Hindu, she accepted Islam at a very young age, but was persecuted mercilessly by her family for this. The story is narrated by her uncle.

Hira's uncle relates: If I was to say that since the world has been created, the world has not seen a more sinister tyrant, a more vicious predatory animal, yet at the same time an extremely fortunate individual, then this will be an accurate description of myself.

I was born 42 to 43 years ago into a Hindu household. My family were known for their criminal behaviour. My father and uncle were amongst the leaders of a criminal group. Theft, violence etc. was in the family blood. In 1987, during the Mayroth riots, I was with my father to assist our tribe in the riots, Together we killed 25 Muslims with our own hands.

After this I joined Bazrandil, an extremist group after becoming influenced by the hatred and enmity towards the Muslims. Infact, I killed many Muslims during the riots that broke out in 1990 at the time of the demolition of the Babri Masjid. Furthermore, I killed many more Muslims in Udhyanwe in 1992.

A true famous Muslim used to reside in Ijrara. In my eyes however, he was a criminal as he was a Muslim. All Non-Muslims in the area were petrified of him. With the help of my friend I shot him dead as well.

Enmity towards the Muslims caused me to carry out such a tyrannous and violent act that I believe has not been seen, heard of and thought of under the sky and on top of the earth.

In the 30th Para of the Quraan, there is a Surah titled Surah Al Burooj. This Surah discusses the punishment of those people who had kindled a fire and killed innocent true Muslims, I feel that this Surah has been revealed due to people like me. The only difference IS that the culprits referred to in the Surah, have been doomed to the fire of Hell and Allah Ta'ala has blessed me with Imaan.

My story is such that it gives hope to all those who are in despair. When Allah Ta'ala has shown such compassion to me, then I feel that no one has the right to despair. My elder brother was also involved in violence against the Muslims. Despite this, we shared a strong mutual love and affection. My brother had two sons and two daughters. I did not have any children. The name of my brother's eldest daughter was Hira. She was extremely beautiful. Whoever she liked, she loved fully and whoever she disliked, she disliked fully. At times we used to worry that she was affected by supernatural forces. We consulted exorcists, but it made no difference. She studied until the 8th class at school (in India).

Thereafter, she left school and was made to learn the household chores. However, she had a real zeal for further studies. Therefore, she applied for a place at college without consulting the family and without their consent. To pay for her school fees and purchase the required books, she even worked in the fields for 8 days. With the money she earned, she purchased the books. However, she could not understand some of the text and thus started attending tuitions. The tutor's son, who was a robber, took advantage of my niece. He misguided her and one night ran away with her.

He took her to a jungle near Barod, where his compatriots were residing. As soon as Hira arrived there, she immediately realised the mistake she had made and the damage she had caused to her and her parent's reputation. This remorse caused her to secretly weep.

One day one of the compatriots of the boy she had run away with, noticed her crying and asked her the reason for this. She explained that although in her naivety she had runaway with her tutor's son, she had realised the consequences of her immature actions. She explained that the pain she had caused to her family was now causing her tremendous distress.

After hearing this, this boy revealed that he was a Muslim and that Muslims are true to their word. He promised to help her and treat her like his sister. He assured her that he would take her away from the jungle and re-unite her with her family members.

The boy now forged a plan. He advised the gang of robbers that they needed to take on some women in their gang to assist them in achieving their objectives. They agreed and took her on. But were vigilant of her as they could still not fully trust her. During this period the boy who had promised to help Hira, would keep watch over her at night, to protect her from the evil intentions of the other male members of the gang.

One day, he sent Hira on an errand to Barod (near the jungle). This was to be her escape. He explained to Hira that once she arrived in Barod, she must go to his brother's house in Idreespur, explaining to him that she had been sent by his brother from the jungle. His brother would then come to the jungle and explain to the other gang members that she had been detained by the police on suspicion of crime. This would provide Hira with the opportunity to go to the police and explain that she had been abducted and that she had escaped from her abductor. The plan materialised and the police finally re-united Hira with her family. Although we allowed her back in the family home, we could not whole heartedly accept her. We were angry at the fact that she had run away with a boy and feared that she would have lost her virginity. This remained the fear despite reassurances from Hira to the contrary. One learned relative advised us to take her for medical tests to confirm her story and dispel our fears. My brother and I, (Hira's father) agreed to this with the condition that if the medical report corroborated her version of events we would bring her back home. If not, then we would murder her and dispose of her body in the local river. The medical story backed up Hira's version of events and we delightedly brought her back home.

However, her encounter with the Muslim boy in the jungle had increased her inclination towards Muslims and Islam. She started going to a Muslim friend's house who gave her two books titled, The threat of Hell and The Key to Jannah. When I saw these Islamic books in the house, I reprimanded her and warned her against such a thing in the future. However, Islam had entered inside her and enlightened the darkness of her heart. Hence, the warning fell on deaf ears.

She went to a Madrasah with a Muslim friend and accepted Islam at the hands of a local Moulana. Subsequently, she started learning how to perform Salaah and became punctual with her Salaah. Slowly, she started finding it difficult living in a home devoid of Tawheed and filled with polytheism (Shirk). A girl who was always smiling, had now become lonely and sad. Realising she could no longer live in the family home, she ran away and sought refuge at a Moulana's house in Fulat with his wife. The Moulana's name was Mohammed Kaleem Siddiquee. For her own safety, Moulana sent her to his sister's house in Delhi. She looked after Hira with huge love and a sense of responsibility. Hira stayed in Delhi for over a year and found it easy to practice Islam openly. She used to call Moulana's sister 'Raani Fufu'.

Hira had been extremely close to her mother and therefore longed to meet her again. Her mother was also frequently becoming ill. One night, Hira saw in her dream that her mother had passed away. This dream saddened her further and made her all the more determined to see her mother. In addition to this, the thought of her mother dying without Iman was unbearable.

Therefore, in the middle of the night she started crying profusely which caused the household to be awakened from their sleep. They managed to calm her down temporarily, but these thoughts could not let her rest. She started asking Moulana Mohammed Kaleem Siddiquee to grant her permission to go home and visit her mother. He advised her against this, explaining that her return would virtually guarantee her death or she would be forced to revert to Hinduism. Her Imaan was too valuable to her, but so was her mother's love. She relented and finally convinced Moulana to let her go.

Moulana advised her to invite her family towards Islam. Hira explained that her family despised Islam and would never accept Islam. However, Moulana clarified that if Allah Ta'ala has decreed guidance for them, they will start despising Hinduism like they currently despise Islam, just like you used to despise Islam and now despise Hinduism. If you go with this intention, the help of Allah Ta'ala will be with you through His protection and if any harm does come to you, it will be due to imitating the Sunnah of Muhammad (sallallahu alaihi wa sallam). Therefore, even if your family kills you, you will achieve the status of martyrdom which is the easiest path of achieving Jannah. I am certain that in such a case, your martyrdom will be a means of their guidance. She then performed two rak'aat salaah, made dua and left with the intention of inviting her family towards Islam.

Her arrival enraged us. I persecuted her and ordered her to forsake Islam, but on the contrary she ordered me to accept Islam. She was adamant that nothing could persuade her to denounce Islam. When her mother passed away after two months, Hira pleaded with us to bury her in the Muslim cemetery as she had recited the Shahadah in front of Hira before her demise. However, we cremated her according to the Hindu tradition.

After this, there would be a commotion in the house on a daily basis when she would either invite her brothers or father towards Islam. We sent her away to her mother's family, but even they sent her back. We consulted the elders of our community and religious leaders, who all gave the opinion that we should kill Hira. Acting on their advice I dug a five foot grave on the banks of the river.

The plan was to bury her alive. Me and my brother, Hira's father took Hira on the pretence of visiting a relative in a village. Hira was an intelligent girl and at once realised what was being planned. She therefore had a bath, put on new clothes and asked for permission to perform her final salaah. Joyously, she left the house like a bride. Despite taking an unusual route to the relative's house, she did not even once raise a query. When we reached the river bank, she turned to her father and commented that the relative's house was not there.

Hira's father and I, her tyrannical uncle took her with five litres of petrol to the hole I had dug up previously. I pushed her into the hole in the ground mocking at her: that how can you save us from the fire of hell? Here, save yourself from this fire, I poured the petrol all over her and lit her up with a match stick. Hira's father, my brother, stood there speechless and crying. The fire started burning her new clothes, When Hira saw this, she stood up in the hole, raised her arms to the skies and cried out: 'Oh Allah, You can see me, can't you? Oh Allah, You can see me, can't you? Oh Allah, You love Hira, don't you? You love the Cave of Hira, please also love the Hira who is burning in this hole. If I have your love, I do not need the love of anybody else.' After this, she turned to us and pleaded with us, Oh my beloved father, Accept Islam, Oh my beloved uncle, Accept Islam.

This angered me even more. I got hold of my brother's arm and dragged him away from there. My brother, Hira's father, said to me that we should have tried explaining to her one last time. Nevertheless, we started returning, having accomplished our religious duty as we understood it, hearing cries of the Shahaadah from the hole where Hira had been left burning. The experience of the final moments of Hira's life left me and my brother depressed. Infact, Hira's loss was too much for her father and proved to be fatal. Two days before his demise, he called me and said that despite whatever he had done in his lifetime against the Muslims, he was sure of leaving the world on the religion of Hira. He accepted Islam at the hands of a local Moulana and he chose Abdur Rahman as his Islamic name. He requested me to bury him in a Muslim cemetery. This was extremely difficult for me, but I managed to take him away from the locality with the excuse of treating him in Deihi and fulfilled his wish there. My brother's Islam was impossible for me to accept. I thought a Muslim must have done black magic on our entire family for them to one by one accept Islam.

One day, I was travelling in a bus being driven by a Muslim. He was listening to the story of Prophet Muhammad (sallallahu alaihi wa sallam)'s treatment of an old lady, who he had helped carry her shopping. This story changed my perception of Islam and I realised that such a person could only be the truthful messenger of Allah. So I decided to carry out further research into Islam.

One day whilst travelling for this reason, once again the driver of the bus was listening to a speech by Qari Haneef Sahib on 'Death'. This shortened the distance between Islam and myself even more.

I met a Moulana and asked him to help me understand Islam. He advised me to go to Fulat and seek Moulana Mohammed Kaleem Siddiqee, saying that he was the best person to contact. Upon reaching Fulat I was told that Moulana Siddiqee was away and was scheduled to return the following morning. I was given a book to read authored by him. This book changed my heart completely and although I had travelled to Fulat merely to learn about Islam, I was convinced enough to accept Islam.

The following day on 31st January 2000 after Maghrib, I accepted Islam at the hands of Moulana Siddiqee. I requested an additional hour with him. In this I described to him my past crimes and murders. I narrated the whole incident of Hira. Upon hearing Hira's story, Moulana Siddiqee started crying profusely and revealed that Hira had in actual fact resided at his home, and then later at his sister's house in Delhi. However, he assured me that despite my barbaric crimes against Muslims in the past, Islam would offer me a fresh start. He narrated to me the Hadith that highlights this, I could not understand how such murderous actions could just be forgiven. To dispel my worries, Moulana Siddiqee encouraged me to save the lives of some Muslims to compensate for the Muslims I had killed.

Therefore, I now look for opportunities to save and help Muslims wherever possible. Due to my Hindu contacts, if ever I would be made aware of an attack against the Muslims of a particular area or village. I would inform them.

One such incident where Allah Ta'ala used me to help the Muslims, was in a Madrasah in Bhawnagar. The plan was to burn and kill 400 Muslim students. Ten minutes before the attack, I broke a wall at the back of the Madrasah, allowing the students an escape route and therefore saving the 400 students,

Then I went to Gujarat for three months. Moulana Siddiqee assured me that AllahTa'ala would forgive me just as he had guided me towards the straight path. He then advised me to spend some time in Tabligh to learn about Islam, I encouraged some of my family members to accept Islam including Hira's Sister. After this, I spent some time in Tabligh, Moulana advised me to

keep reciting Surah Al Burooj. I have managed to memorise it and have also read the meaning. Whenever I recite the Surah, Hira's last words come rushing back to me, 'Oh Allah, You can see me, can't you, Oh Allah, You can see me, can't you? Oh Allah, You love Hira, don't you? You love the Cave of Hira, please also love the Hira who is burning in this hole. If I have your love, I do not need the love of anybody else.'

I pray that Allah forgives me for my previous behaviour and makes me a means of helping my fellow Muslims, to compensate for my abhorrent behaviour in the past, Aameen. (Naseeme Hidaayat ke Jhonke pg. 17-31)

(Translation courtesy of Inspirations vol. 6)