

In fact, I don't know where to begin... or how to begin... Josh, Khaled the interpreter... I feel very sorry for **forcing you to see...** It might be the first time in your life... to see a human being who suffered too much... dying in front of your eyes... I know it is an awful and horrible scene, but... I really feel sorry for you. There was no other alternative to make our voice heard by the world from the depths of the detention centers except this way in order for the world to re-examine its standing and for the fair people of America to look again at the situation and try to have a moment of truth with themselves... why was no conclusion reached with regard to the detainees in Guantanamo Bay, Cuba until now? Until when will this tragedy continue? When will it end after all these years, and when will the detainees go back to their homelands, families, wives and children? When will this tragedy cease to continue... until when? The detainees are suffering from the bitterness of despair, the detention humiliation and the vanquish of slavery and suppression...

Josh, Khaled: Actually I spent nice hours with you... even though they were full of talking about my agonies, pains and grieves... I hope you will always remember that you met and sat with a "human being" called "Jumah" who suffered too much and was abused in his belief, self, dignity and also in his humanity. He was imprisoned, tortured and deprived from his homeland, his family and his young daughter who is in the most need of him for four years... with no reason or crime committed. Remember that there are hundreds of detainees in Guantanamo Bay, Cuba – they are in the same situation of suffering and misfortune. They were captured, tortured and detained with no offense or reason. Their lives might end like mine... When you remember me in my last gasps of life before dying, while my soul is leaving my body to rise to its creator, remember that the world let us and let our case down... Remember that our governments let us down... Remember the unreasonable delay of the courts in looking into our case and to side with the victims of injustice... Remember that if there were people who are actually fair and who defend justice and defend the victims of injustice and if there are judges who are fair, I wouldn't have been wrapped in death shrouds now and my family – my father, my mother, my brothers and sisters, and my little daughter – would not have to lose their son... forever... but what else can I do?

Take some of my blood... take pieces of my death shrouds... take some of my remains... take pictures of my dead body when I am placed in my grave, lonely... send it to the world... to the judges... to people with live consciences... to people with principles and values, "the fair-minded"...

To make them carry the burden of guilt in front of the world for this soul that was wasted with no guilt it has ever done...

To make them all carry this burden in front of the future generations for this wasted soul that has done no sin...

To make them carry this burden of guilt in front of history for this soul that was wasted with no reason...

After this soul has suffered the worst by the hands of "the protectors of peace and the callers for democracy, freedom, equality and justice"...

There, in the very far east, at the other end of the ocean... there in the east... how many fathers, mothers, wives, siblings, children and other family members who are crying now

for their imprisoned children at Guantanamo Bay, Cuba... Why... Why do they have to suffer the agony of separation and swallow the bitterness of deprivation from having their sons...

I am not the only one suffering ... this anguish... my family is very much suffering too... My little daughter whose spirit they destroyed with my detention and taking me away from her... sends me letters saying: "Dad please come to me... please come back to me... all the girls in my school have dads, except me?!... Dad, I need you... I want you to come back to me... please come back for my sake..."

In fact, I don't have an answer to her question... The answer to her question is there, with "the fair minded people"...

Josh... Khaled: At this moment, I see death looming in front of me while writing this letter... Death has a bad odor that cannot be smelled except by people who are going through the agony of death.

Josh... Khaled: farewell... farewell with no hope of you seeing me again... I thank you for everything you have done for me, but I have a final request... Show the world the letters I gave you... let the world read them... let the world know the agony of the detainees in Cuba...

Note: I wrote this letter on the same date shown, but I was surprised that Khaled, the interpreter, did not appear. I really wanted to see him before I leave this life... I have decided not to make any changes to this letter that was meant to talk to you and Khaled, out of respect to my faithful friend Khaled... (same day at night).

Prisoner of Deprivation /  
Jumah Abdel Latif Al Dossari  
Guantanamo Bay, Cuba  
*(Signature)*  
Friday, 10/14/2005