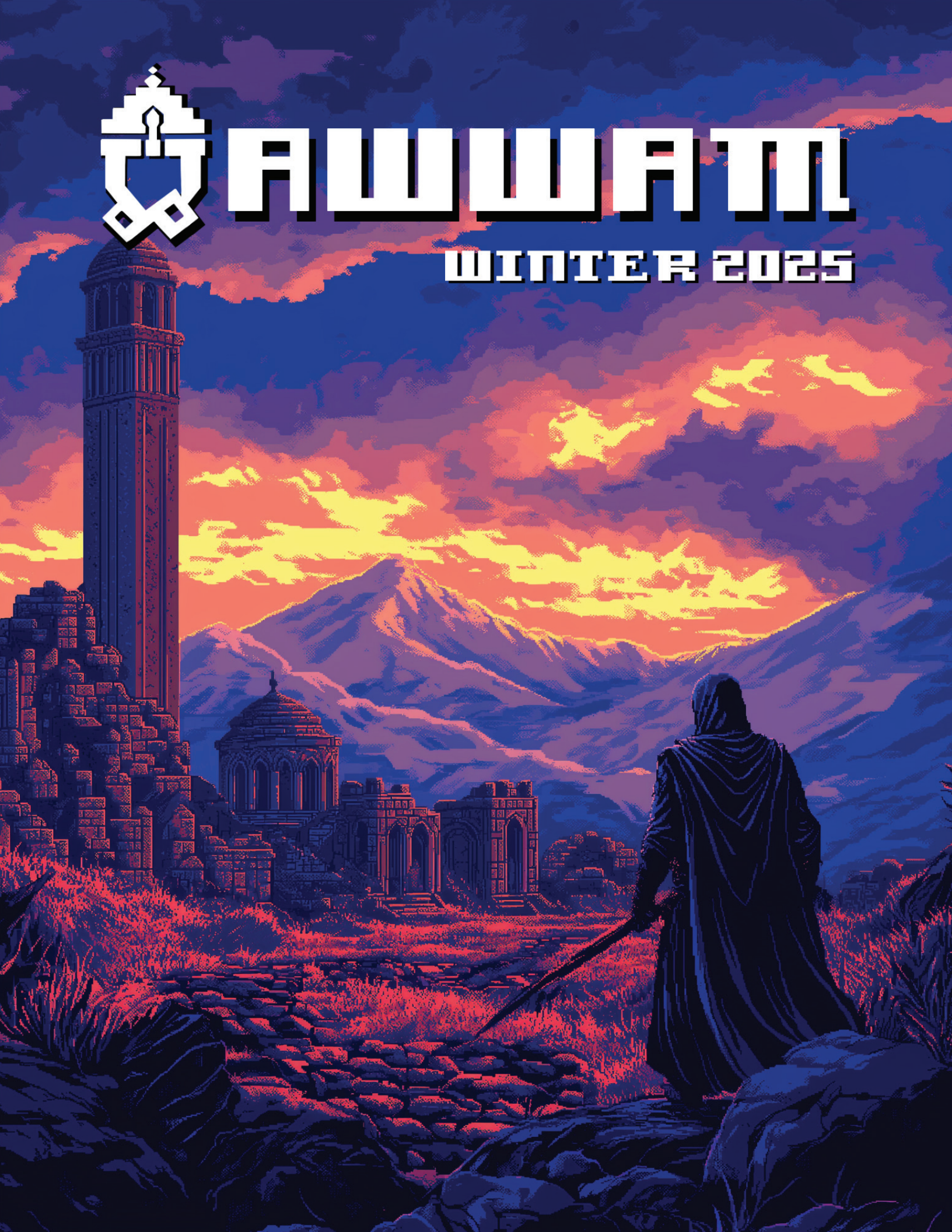





# AWWATM

WINTER 2025



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MAGAZINE IS FOR  
DEMIC PURPOSES, OR  
NT TO BE DONE IN  
CRAFT. **





# EDITOR'S LETTER

بِسْمِ اللَّهِ الرَّحْمَنِ الرَّحِيمِ

Since we last met, there was a particular “vibe shift” we all noticed. Many in the realm of politics think this is exclusive to the shift of the overton window in favor of right wing retaliatory ideas against the gay liberal world order (or as it is being called now, USAIDs), but it’s not just that. 2024 served us well for once. It wasn’t heavenly, but it was, for the Muslim world, at least a mixed bag. The year prior was full of horrors and blackpills, centered of course along our terror and dissapointment in the collective failure to stop the massacres in Gaza. This continued on all into 2024, but the consequences of that event, which I remain convinced ended the mirage of “international law” and the liberal world order of state building, gave us some jewels that we never expected. As Allah says, *[And whoever fears Allah, He shall make a way out for them, and grant them sustenance from where they least expect it]* (65:2-3); the biggest of these being the liberation of Syria from the tyrannical horde that was the Nusayri Assad regime, as well as its peaceful transition into the hands of a transitional Sunni government. We were taunted constantly after those days of liberation post 12/8 that Syria would become another Libya, that the country would be amok with beheadings and tribal warlord disputes akin to Afghanistan...none of this happened. It’s still too soon to say whether Syria will place itself into a strong enough position to rebuild into a prosperous Sunni nation, but this is an incredible start. We all know the changes in the political landscape that made the liberation of Syria as easy as it was, but spiritually, I have no doubt in my mind that the sacrifice of the people of Gaza played a role in that victory.

Congratulations are also in order for the people of Bangladesh, now on a similar path, after ousting the Hasina regime. I knew little about Bangladesh before this, but friends have informed me that this is a win all around, and a great step towards changing Bangladesh

from just being another Asian Coal Republic. Allah is greatest.

In this issue, something funny happened. Last issue I had little fiction to work with, but this time around I recieved almost entirely fiction. Good one guys. I decided to celebrate this by including a start to my own fiction series for QAWWAM, I think you guys will enjoy it.

TO BE HUSREV OF PARDIS by Edin Ramovic is perhaps some of the best I’ve gotten thus far. A mix of space opera caliphate with some tasteful medieval themes attached.

Yours truly is giving you BEAST IN TOW, the slightly humorous journey of a veteran Mamluk who, at his age, is starting to get more than what he wanted after embarking on a short mission in the Syrian desert.

We have an excerpt from BROTHERHOOD OF THE WOLF, Wes Al-Dhaher brings us a dark twist to the time encapsulating the fall of Constantinople to the Muslims. It’s a larger part of his Tales of Khayr project which you should all look up and check out.

The only non-fiction piece I’m bringing is an excerpt from a long forgotten book by Shaykh Abdulqadir as-Sufi, Sign of the Sword. It’s quite reminiscinet of his recently republished book Return of the Caliphate, but far more general and aggressive. Less of a history lesson, more of a proscription.

Another excerpt comes from author Thalib Razi, author of last issue’s fiction piece, from his novel The Enchanter’s Counsel. It’s an elven/goblin world with heavily Islamic inspired themes.

There’s also much more art than previous issues. Enjoy!

*Abdullah Yousef*

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF



# QAWWAM

JANUARY 2025

## **TO BE HUSREV OF PARDIS 13**

EDIN RAMOVIC introduces us to Gaidar, heir to Pardis, who must journey through the shock of life-changing news, consequential to all around him.

## **BEAST IN TOW 29**

From the Editor in Chief, a new short fiction series exclusive to Qawwam. An unnamed Mamluk gets more than he expected on what he believed would be a short expedition in the Syrian desert.

## **WHERE ANGELS FALL, MONSTERS RISE 37**

WES AL-DHAHER from Tales of Khayr returns, this time

## **THE FAITHFUL'S ARCHIVE: EXCERPT FROM SIGN OF THE SWORD 54**

It's simple: everything in the material, modern world is a built on a mirage of usurious lies. "Jihad" as we understand it, thus, must be seen from this perspective. All in minecraft of course.

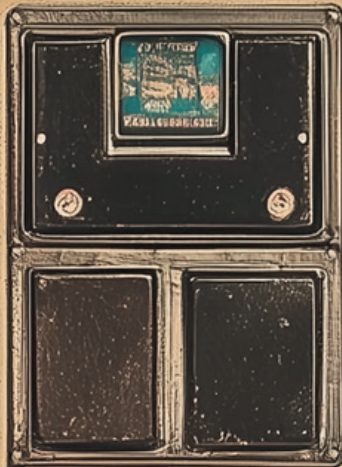
## **THE ENCHANTER'S COUNSEL 62**

This reminds me that I still haven't read any science fiction or fantasy in an elven-like world. I personally never got the appeal, but THALIB RAZI seems to. Here's an excerpt from his novel aiming in that direction, but more Islamically inspired.



سورة الاحقاف

# QAWWAM





**EXTRA**



**QAWWAM**

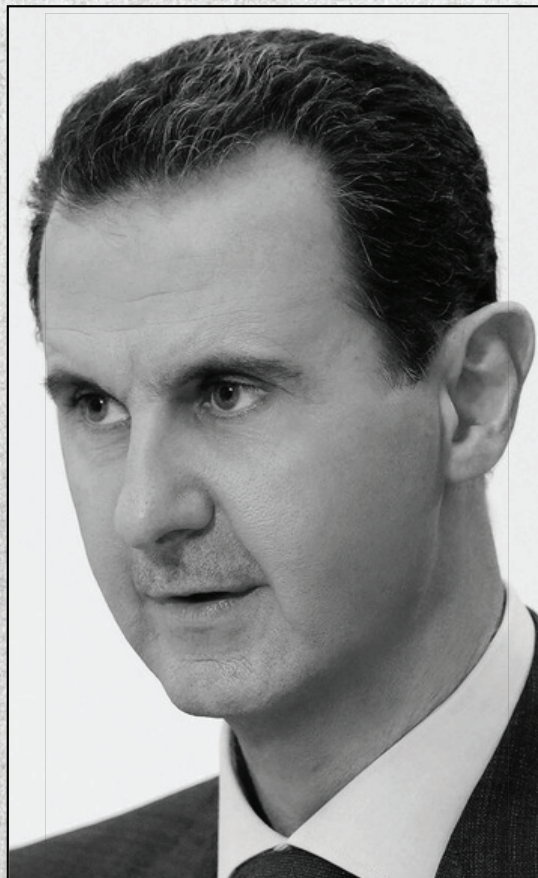
**EXTRA**

December 8th 2024

# ASSAD DEFEATED

## **Al-Sharaa says peace is at hand**

Roundhouse kick a shabiha. Slam a shabiha's head into the concrete. Eat a Shabiha's sandwich when he's not looking. Launch a shabiha into the sun. Dump a shabiha in a vat of acid. Steal a shabiha's overrated car. Slice a shabiha with a samurai sword in half with a single strike.



**Assad at his height**

He lost. His army lost. His family lost. Iran lost. The Alawites lost. Secularism lost. It's done. He's never coming back. He tried, they all tried, they failed, and now they're defeated. Why is this so hard for some of you retards to understand? He's not coming back. Nusayris will never be in power again. The Shia crescent is now a block of coal.

# WANT TO WRITE FOR QAWWAM?

At QAWWAM, we're always looking for new contributors to add value and help spread our message. If you want to submit an idea (or finished product) for an article, artwork, poetry, short story, or anything you think falls within our brand, shoot an email to [ayousef@qawwam.online](mailto:ayousef@qawwam.online) or visit [qawwam.online/writeforqawwam](http://qawwam.online/writeforqawwam)

## **WORD LIMITS**

***FICTION: 500 - 3,000 WORDS***

***ESSAYS: 500 - 2,500 WORDS***

***EXCEPTIONS APPLY WHEN  
WARRANTED***

***.DOC OR .PDF ONLY***





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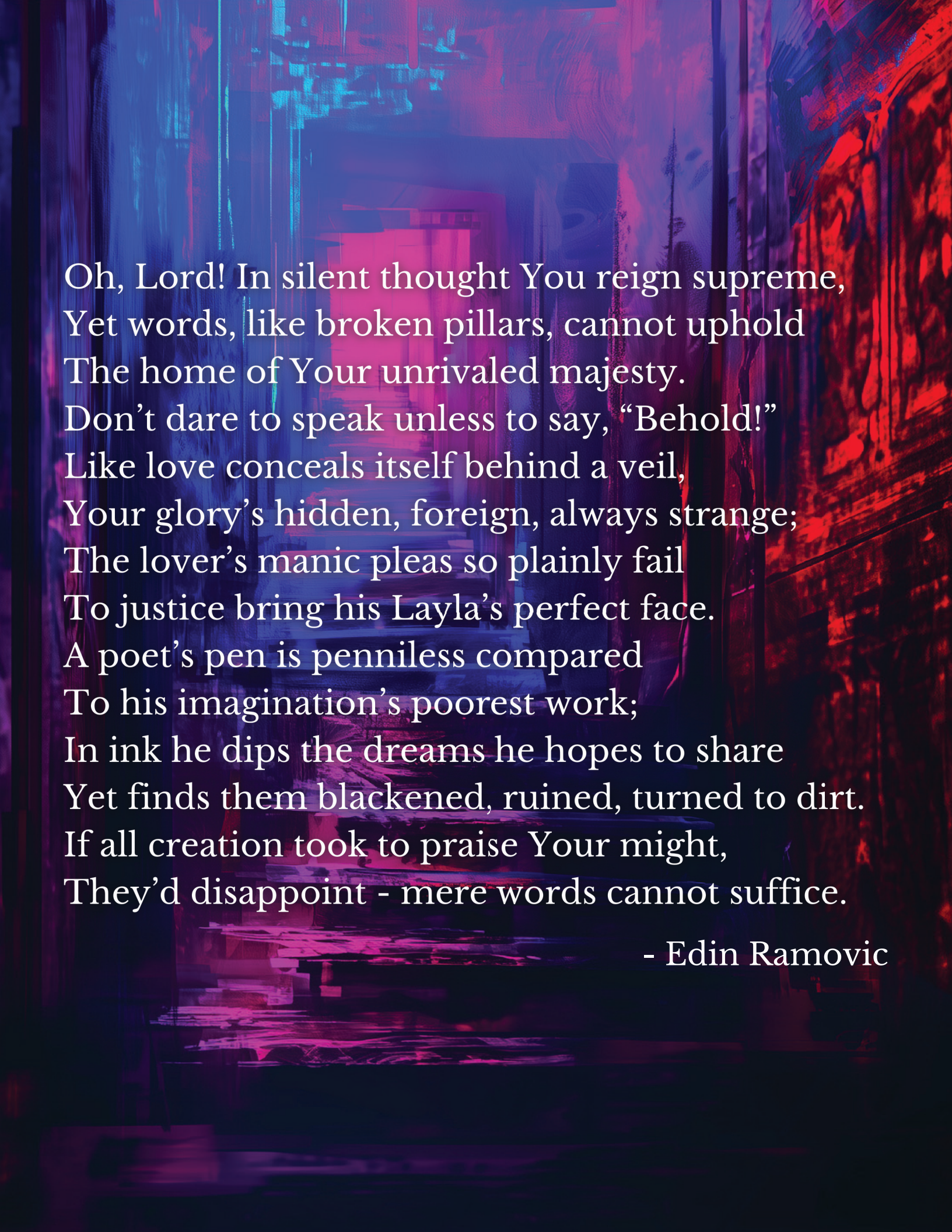
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Oh, Lord! In silent thought You reign supreme,  
Yet words, like broken pillars, cannot uphold  
The home of Your unrivaled majesty.  
Don't dare to speak unless to say, "Behold!"  
Like love conceals itself behind a veil,  
Your glory's hidden, foreign, always strange;  
The lover's manic pleas so plainly fail  
To justice bring his Layla's perfect face.  
A poet's pen is penniless compared  
To his imagination's poorest work;  
In ink he dips the dreams he hopes to share  
Yet finds them blackened, ruined, turned to dirt.  
If all creation took to praise Your might,  
They'd disappoint - mere words cannot suffice.

- Edin Ramovic

وَمَا تَوْفِيقِي إِلَّا بِاللَّهِ



# TO BE HUSREV OF PARDIS

WORDS: EDIN RAMOVIC

# “THE HUSREV IS DEAD, THE HUSREV IS DEAD!”

The panicked cries of the crowd reached the ears of Gaidar. The news did not come as a surprise — he knew the Husrev’s days were numbered the moment the mob had formed around his home — but it was no less shocking. “May the One in Whose Hand is my soul curse the deceivers!” angrily mumbled the Son of Pardis. His mind raced with thoughts that circled in a seemingly endless loop, like a twisted zikr in praise of all things evil. Among these thoughts was one that soon found itself alone: what now of Pardis? The question touched the very depths of his soul. Never had blood like this been shed on Pardis, and never had its citizens turned on each other so savagely until now.

The dust from the earth rose and formed a cloud at the ruffling of feet. Gaidar heard their steps grow louder, sounding like the heavy beat of drums at a funeral procession, before they ceased. They were outside.

“Oh, Son of Pardis, your people stand in wait!”

My people? Gaidar cautiously emerged from his techno-yurt to a mixed gathering of Children and Emigrants. “Have you not yet scrubbed the blood off your garments?” he sternly asked, and he noted a peculiar look in their eyes. “What purpose drove you here?”

“Shura,” proclaimed the Emigrant Ruslan, and the others behind him repeated the call. “Pardis now finds itself without a ruler; a Shura’s been called...” he paused, waiting for Gaidar to interject. Gaidar stood silent. Ruslan continued, “We had our grievances with the Husrev, yes, but never did we think it’d come to this. Our planet now lies in disarray. Yet, amid all the strife and confusion, treachery and violence, and turmoil ahead, only one thought has kept us from total loss...” Ruslan stepped forward, and those behind him did too. The whole crowd plotted forward like an Old-World tank over a trench. Gaidar — never one to fall back — stood his ground and watched the crowd. He again noticed the peculiar look in their eye that reminded him of the tired faces of the last Emigrants. In a sudden movement, the mass of people dropped to their knees. Ruslan, stammering, raised his voice once more, “A Shura’s been called, and the matter’s been decided. There is no one who we can comfortably entrust ourselves to save you. Oh, Son of Pardis!

Oh, Last of the Emigrants and First of the Children! We pledge our loyalty to you! We pledge our loyalty to Gaidar, the Husrev of Pardis!”

A perfect silence dominated the scene. Gaidar, Husrev of Pardis? Gaidar darted his eyes around the crowd, wishing to spot each one of its members. He read only a single thing from their faces: hope. Why do they put their trust in me? Who do they think I am? He cleared his throat to speak, “Was this decision unanimous?”

“Not one dissenting voice among us,” Ruslan proudly replied. “I am not qualified for the role you ask of me.”

“You are the most qualified!” a random member of the assembly proclaimed, and scattered shouts from the others repeated the notion. Their eyes began to glisten with light, and a sense of exuberance began to take shape. Some even ceased kneeling and inched closer to Gaidar.

“The path ahead will be wrought with hardships the likes of which Pardis has never seen.” Gaidar continued, trying to stem the tide of the crowd but they pressed on further still. “Death may make itself an acquaintance.”

“And who else but you could guide us through it! Who else but you can help us welcome Death!” the crowd reached their Husrev and formed a circle around him. Gaidar’s body turned to catch the others that had made their way behind him, not out of fear that they’d attack but to see if they showed any signs of regret. They do not lie - their words reflect their hearts. If the mob that had slain the old Husrev was one charged with intense anger and frustration, this was a mob charged by immense love and devotion. Hands reached out and tightly grabbed different parts of Gaidar’s robes. Tears began to form then poured from their eyes. Some even dropped to the earth, dirtying their hands and staining their robes. The women wailed and the men shouted. Gaidar tried to step back but was met by a wall of people blocking his way. He felt uneasy.

*“Any command I give, they’d follow. Any action I take, they’d support. Any person I condemn, they’d kill. Any evil I do, they’d justify. They are not my friends but my followers.”*

Gaidar took a big gulp as a strange thought entered his head: what power can I gain with them at my bidding! He attempted to finally respond but could only open his mouth halfway before finding it frozen. His body stiffened. The people paused their wailing, shouting, grabbing, and praying to hear Gaidar’s words. The thought repeated, but the more he heard it, the more disgusted he became with himself. As his disgust grew so did their anticipation. Any word I speak will destroy

them and me! He felt his body begin to loosen while his tongue remained locked, like a dangerous creature in a cage. A sudden burst of strength reached him, and he pushed his way out the circle.

The people looked confused as their Husrev vanished from sight.

The heart always finds a way to guide the body towards its utmost desires. A dirty heart compels the tongue to speak falsely, the hands to act unjustly, and the feet eager to stand with bad company, while a polished heart compels them to act only in goodness. Gaidar's heart had forced him to retire from that crowd, and now it moved his every limb to act towards seizing the one thing he wanted above all else: peace. It was this desire for peace that led Gaidar to the one place that could grant him it: the Qaswa — his mother's home, and the first ship to land on Pardis.

The massive oval-shaped structure and its surroundings were unusually barren — no doubt due to the turmoil of the past week — lacking the lively group of pilgrims chanting in their zikr circles or esteemed scholars moving in-and-out with data cubes and flanked by their students. Gaidar peered out starboard amid the rusting metal of the command center to make sure he wasn't followed. He was alone. He made his way to the archives.

The archive room of the Qaswa was where all the collected knowledge of the Old World was stored in thematically organized data cubes. The other Old World space vessels also had their own digital archives, but the Qaswa's was both the most celebrated and most studied given its role in helping to establish Pardis. Gaidar's mother was one of its caretakers in the pre-Pardis era, and even after they'd disembarked, she always made sure to return with her son. There'd been calls from some of the Husrev's men to close off the archives save for a select few persons, but Gaidar and others among the scholars, seekers, and wider populace had opposed the initiative.

As the sun set and the dust that permeated the room disappeared with the fading rays, Gaidar sat slouched and stared at the mountain of data cubes before him. He'd read as many entries as possible on history, power, and leadership that he could, but he found his head no clearer.

"Power corrupts all. I felt it today, and what did I taste of power? A crowd of desperate people calling my name is nothing compared to an army at my helm.

They understood this, the people of the Old World. But why weren't they able to end it? Whether it was through a monarch or a senate, tyranny triumphed in the end. One is an honest tyrant while the other is a liar. See how they nominated themselves 'for the sake of the people,' all the while plotting against them in advance! But must Pardis go down this path? Must Pardis be the same? Did we not come here to start fresh, to learn from those mistakes? Yet, how many set out to do the same? And all failed. Why has no one ever succeeded? Is it even possible to build a world free of evil?"

Gaidar chuckled at the thought. "Is building this world the end-goal? The Husrev was apathetic towards them, but those scholars have been warning us since the beginning! 'Fight for good but not for heaven; heaven cannot be reached in this life!'"

Gaidar pointed his finger upwards to mimic the scholars then chuckled once more. "'Fight for good.' If one must fight for good then one must either lead others or be led to fight. But how can one fight for good if power corrupts all, if all leaders share that same thirst and bloodlust? Well...not all leaders."

Day had fully given to night, and Gaidar stood still in the darkness undisturbed. He rose up in his seat and felt a renewed strength.

"His sages and His friends! There was, among them, no ego and tyranny but selflessness and safety! There was, among them, only good and no bad, only strength and no weakness, and only wisdom and no foolishness! They were lights in moments of dark; they were magnifiers of light in moments of light! They were among the people and not above or against them. Power did not triumph over them, but they triumphed overpower! They were an ornament for their positions, and the positions were not ornaments for them! They are the best and only examples!"

Suddenly, like the crash of a wave against firm rock, a gloomy feeling gripped Gaidar.

"And how do I know which one I'll be: tyrant or friend? Did I not have lust when power was being given to me? Did I not see their trust in me and fawn over the ways I can abuse it? I am no friend or sage of His, that's certain!" his hand crashed against the table in a fit of rage, causing the base of his palm to bruise from the impact.

"Oh, dear Gaidar, are you so certain?" A voice shouted out.

Gaidar's eyes frantically darted around the archive

room, his arms on his side and fists clenched, ready to fight. "Who goes there!" He replied.

"Would you flee at His call?" The voice shouted once more, this time with even more bass behind it. "He chooses His sages and friends, but tyrants are only chosen by themselves. Do you think yourself a tyrant?" The voice asked assertively. It held an authority beyond any known.

Completely dark and silent, the room betrayed Gaidar's best judgment as he desperately tried to find his surprise interlocutor. "Show yourself so that I can better answer you!" Gaidar responded with excessive effort, trying to mask the tremor in his voice. He was deathly afraid.

Out of the corner of a row of shelves emerged a towering figure robed in a green garment that shone brightly in the night. His posture was firm, his skin smooth, and his beard light in a way that carried wisdom but not age. "I've shown myself," He said with a smile, "Now answer."

"Who are...?"

"And who are you?" He responded, his face was still radiant with a smile. "Are you a tyrant?"

"I do not know." Gaidar pointed his eyes to the floor in shame, pondering the question asked. "Are you a friend?"

"Closer to a tyrant than a friend." "And what makes you think so?"

Gaidar paused a moment to take in what was being asked. He felt that same self-loathing from before his flight return with a vengeance. He found it hard to speak. "Because I...I saw in their eyes...a trust...a trust in me so strong, yet my only thought was..."

"Was to betray it." The wise man in green finished his sentence. "And you see this as a weakness?" He stepped closer to Gaidar, still enveloped in light.

"How can I not?" Gaidar's head was fully pointed down; his nails scratched the metal chair beside him. "Something as disgusting as that can only be a weakness."

A fit of laughter erupted from his new companion that astonished Gaidar. His laughter reached every far corner of the room, holding more power than his first proclamations. "You think yourself special?"

"Why do you laugh?" asked Gaidar, still perplexed.

Hand over stomach, he did his best to quell his laughter and respond in kind. "Every man and woman has this weakness, oh, Gaidar!" The last of the laughter

subsided. "Every man and woman has this weakness, but how many would flee from it like you did? Yet you still think yourself a tyrant?" He lifted and placed his hand on the shoulder of Gaidar. "Tyrants do not run from such opportunities, but they embrace it. Only His sages and friends - when called upon to lead, guide, or teach - retreat from it out of fear of His judgment. And..." He pulled Gaidar even closer. The strength of him, thought the Son of Pardis. "And if you were truly a tyrant, then why have I found you here alone concerned with the fates of others and not at the head of a thousand men seated in the palace of the Husrev?" A trickle of dim light began to enter through the stained windows. Gaidar turned his head to see the cause. "And why do the people still rush to you in the dead of the night if they suspect anything but good in your heart?" The sight of torches outside was now clear.

Gaidar felt weight release from his shoulders and turned back to find the wise man in green completely gone. "Am I to accept their calls then? What does He have planned for me?" There was only the muffled sounds of the crowd marching outside.

Exiting from the archives, Gaidar made his way through the narrow corridors of the Qaswa. His step felt light, as if he was floating like the ship once did. But why me? He thought, but he swiftly answered himself. But why question His decree? Can He not raise any soul at any time? Did He not shelter the orphan, enrich the beggar, or free the slave? With the opening of each blast door, Gaidar heard the crowd growing louder; they were waiting for him at the base of the ship.

The entrance slid open to reveal a gathering much larger than before with Ruslan still at the front. "Oh, Son of Pardis, our hearts ached at your..." His speech was cut short by the outstretched hand of Gaidar. The torches blew in the wind like clouds passing during the day. The people stood frozen like statues. Their eyes held hope once more, this time more certain; their Husrev was here!

*"By the One in Whose Hand is My Soul, by The First and The Last, no harm will come from my hand, and no lies will stain my speech! Pardis will not fall prey to the sins of old! Pardis will not fall prey to the tyrants of old! Pardis will not descend into chaos! Pardis will not be lost!"*

As the crowd erupted at his words, the Husrev's eyes caught a faint green light on the edge of the horizon that expanded for a second before vanishing completely.





**You made**  
**34,756**  
**bints hysterically mad with**  
**your X memes.**

 **AWWAM**  
**WRAPPED**



Even he's shocked.



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The Doors of Tamerlane by Vasily Vereshchagin (1872)

BOOK ONE OF THE ICHOR HEART SERIES  
ABDULLAH YOUSEF

A man in a dark hooded cloak with a sword, standing on a balcony overlooking a city with domes and minarets.

BLOOD  
OF THE  
LEVANT





# **AWWAM**

## **OF THE YEAR 2024**

**ABU  
IBRAHIM  
(1962-2024)**





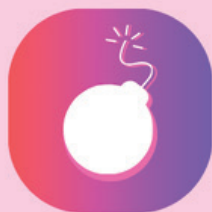
You either got it, or you don't.







Need a righteous wife to raise a family with,  
no tabarruj merchants. Niqab is a must :)



CRACKLE



# مقتطف من الكتاب

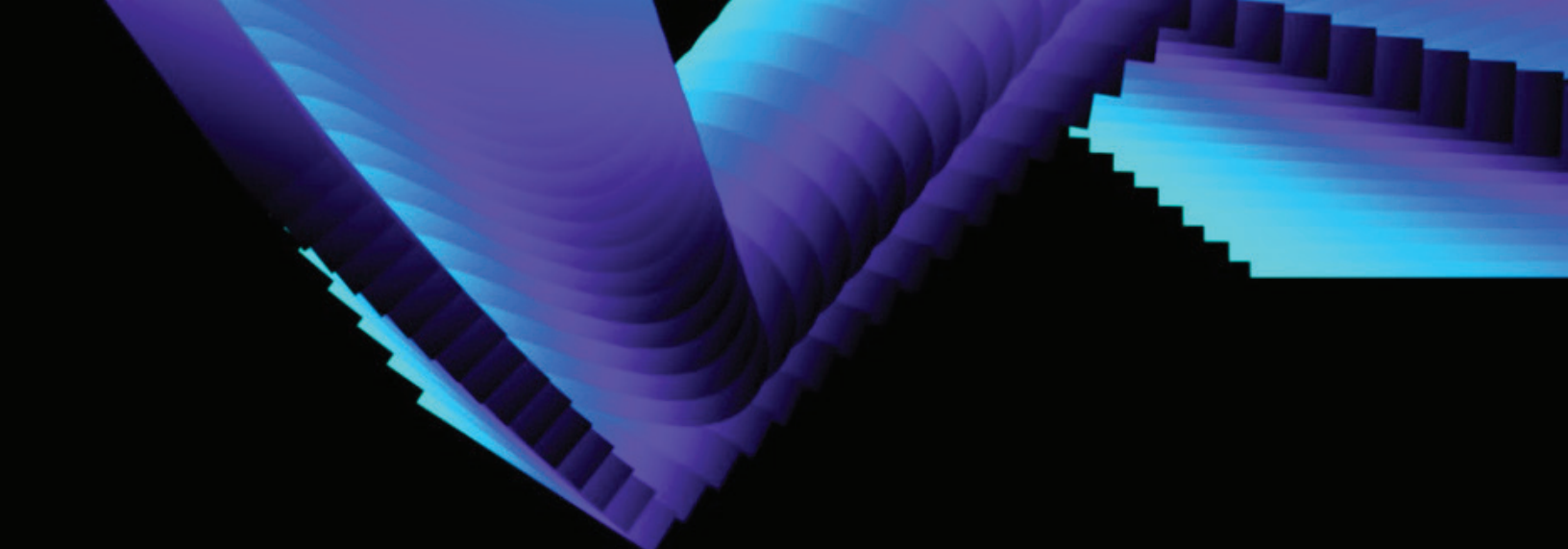
# « آيَةُ السِّيفِ »

للشيخ عبدالقادر المرابط (رَحِمَهُ اللهُ)

Page 54

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**You spent 5,789 minutes  
having useless Aqeedah  
debates online.**

Your peak was on November 8 with 340 minutes  
that day debating the color of the angels' sense  
of smell.

 **QAWWAM**  
**WRAPPED**



# QAWWAM

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**BEAST IN**

**TOW**

**PART 1**

A new series by  
Abdullah Yousef

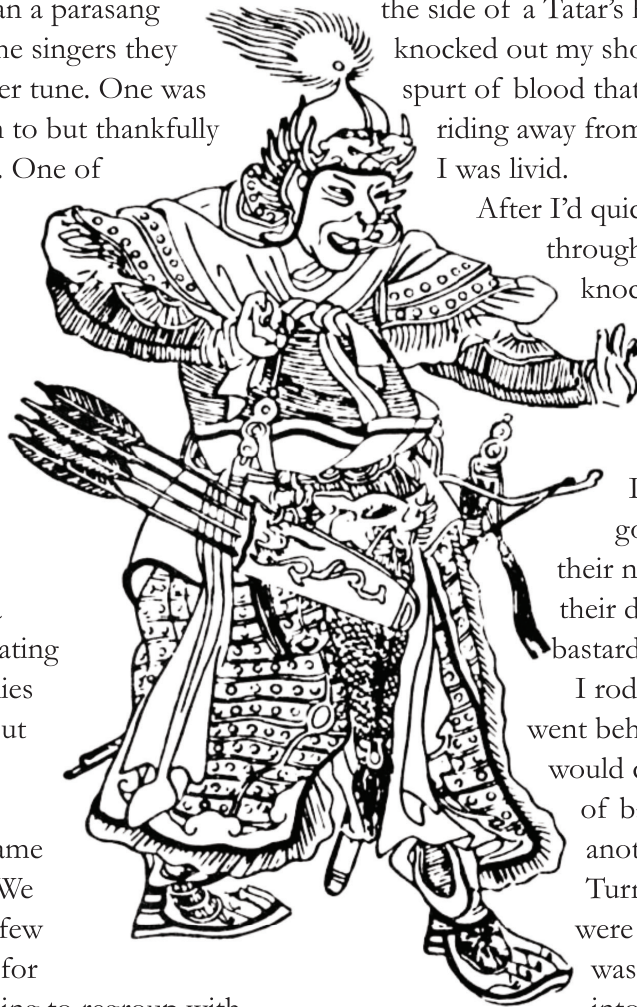
**A new series of short stories by the editor-in-chief, Abdullah, with a new outlook on both past and present through the eyes of God-loving Muslims of various types. The goal of these is to show that no matter the absurdity of any situation, the pursuit of divine truth is always applicable.**

**H**ear this well: I'd never have picked out these two fools if my life depended on it. In the Syrian desert, no less? It was like Allah was punishing me for a time when I'd neglected a friend in need, or something similar. They were cousins, by far the most awful men in our halqa. They weren't drunks, ironically, but had all their vices regardless. Them being drunks would have made more sense, actually. Laziness, greed, inability to walk more than a parasang without slapping the backs of the singers they dragged along to start up another tune. One was particularly horrendous to listen to but thankfully fell ill and died a few weeks ago. One of the two, Qutlug, cried over the wretched woman. He fancied her, but she technically wasn't his, so she was off limits. A lot of us were convinced Emir Yusuf had her poisoned when he saw how driven mad we were by her wailing. Great man — I really hoped those savages hadn't cut him open by now.

We weren't long past Palmyra when we were hit. We were sweating enough to fill goblets, but supplies weren't an issue. We had gone out at the request of a farmer who whined to the Sultan for maybe the hundredth time about the same horse-lickers stealing his goats. We were sure we'd got them, had a few heads tied on the Emir's saddle for proof. We were at least fifty aiming to regroup with the rest on another trip—nearly two hundred more of us—when we heard the familiar cries. We'd handled this before, but not in these numbers. That blood curdling thing they do with their throats...I'll never get over that sound.

The blood that stained me, not yet mine, ran half clear down my face when our rides met. I'd gotten lucky,

came across a young one that I bashed with my shield right off to the ground, got hit by a stray arrow. Another flew past me, but I remember thinking, amid the attack, how on earth these two men had made it this far unharmed. Thinking about them before knowing nearly all of us but they—Qutlug and Shihab al-Din, I, and our Emir would survive was totally coincidental. Like my thoughts kept them alive. Just as I sliced through the side of a Tatar's horse with a blow I thought had knocked out my shoulder bone, I saw through the spurt of blood that flew to stain me both of them riding away from the action. As you can imagine, I was livid.



After I'd quickly jabbed the tip of my sword through the neck of the rider I just knocked over, I turned back to chase them. I don't know what exactly I intended then. I was riding off the high of perhaps my cleanest kill, maybe I thought I'd rid myself of those two for good and spare the whole halqa their nuisance forever. Turns out, their distracting me saved my life. The bastards.

I rode past the rock formation they went behind, meeting them where they would come out, just outside the circle of battle. I was instead met with another pony that sped past me. Turns out they weren't running. They were chasing another Tatar rider, who was then circling back to ride again into the heart of the action. I could tell they were making weird faces through their helmets, soon enough I was within shouting distance.

"What on earth are you two—"

Then it happened. Another hundred Tatar riders coming out the end of the valley as if spawned there by a Moroccan sorcerer. I knew it was over instantly. I screamed for them both to stop their chase, but they

wouldn't relent. The mass of savages in the distance collided with the thirty or so remaining Turks in our Halqa and I felt the sting of failure burn across my chest. Within minutes most with our crest on their armor fell, and in the interim the two fools I chased were able to circle the one Tatar they were awfully obsessed with. Shihab knocked him down with the back of his sword, then dropped down to hold him good. We were at a good distance from the massacre at this point. None seemed to notice us, Alhamdulillah, but far off I could see them circling one last Turk. Emir Yusuf. Damn it.

They had ropes. He cut through some but soon they got close enough to disarm him. Tied him up like they were taming a horse. I yelled for Qutlug and Shihab to hide behind the rocks and wait. They dragged the Tatar with them that they still hadn't killed. When we all huddled up close, I could finally see why. This one was a woman.

They tore off her helmet and we saw silky, thick black hair tied seven ways across. Beads of sweat fell off her forehead that smelt flowery and grimy at the same time. She didn't say a word. It was my first time seeing one of their women up close. I'd seen plenty in the distance... war booty, rounded up whenever we hit a particularly good caravan. But thus far I'd never cared enough to have one personally. I'd also never seen one in full armor fighting. I'd heard years ago when Baghdad fell about a story of something similar. A Tatar girl that they didn't know was a girl until she stopped fighting, then they killed her straight away. I thought it was a ridiculous tale. Once the shock wore off, I took her helmet from Qutlug's hands and bashed him in the head with it.

"So this is what got you two to run? You idiots!"

Qutlug fell back, Shihab put his hands up in defense. I could still hear the savages in the distance looting our halqa's corpses. "Yeah, it is. We were doomed anyway! We couldn't have made a difference...might as well have run off with this one. She's a good looking one too, see!"

I saw red. I grabbed him by the neck, spit in his face. "Our whole group is dead, we're stranded here, and you're impressed you caught one Tatar girl?"

Qutlug spoke up, "We can trade her for the Emir!"

I laughed. How did they know she was in any way important? They objected, saying that, with utmost certainty, they saw her ride into us besides the commander at the front. I looked out from the side

of the rocks just a little to see our violators packing up to go. I realized this strangely female side of beef could have screamed and gave us away, but she didn't. Definitely thought we'd slit her throat. I don't know about these two, but I certainly would have. I only had the word of these fools that she was in any way important, too. Emir Yusuf was a high-class grab, if this woman was any less than a Noyan's wife we were screwed.

With my natural grasp of authority, I told them to stay put until our guests left and were closer to sundown. Then, we'd move.

---

Seeing in which direction the Tatar took Emir Yusuf, I knew they would be headed for Mosul. They'd taken it from Badr al-Din Lu'lu's incompetent sons a year ago, and last we heard one of Hulagu's lesser Noyans was there. It made perfect sense, so we hedged on it and made for a slow crawl along a farther off route, aiming to join another Mamluk Halqa belonging to Emir Yusuf's cousin, another Emir named Mahmud. Emir Yusuf was a young star, but Mahmud was a grizzled veteran who survived the initial waves of invasions into Anatolia. There was always an air of longing for the jihad in him that I didn't see in any of the other Emirs, not even in the Sultan. One of those mad men that make it through life through brute force and a will to make it at all costs. I remember after Ain Jalut he walked through the injured camp (where, I should add, a Frankish bondmaiden with the softest hair was stitching up my shoulder) and yelled that we needed to resist the desire to sleep at all costs, even if it's a flesh wound. "That's when the angel of death gets you, when you think you're just going to rest your mind for a bit as you're staining your cot!"

Once we were well on the road, the Tatar girl started talking. She started off mumbling things to herself occasionally, then frequently, then she snapped and started to curse us in her tongue and whatever broken phrases in Turkish she knew. Hearing her Turkish brought down my spirits, it was so unlikely now that she was anyone important if she knew this little. Qutlug loved it though. He kept responding, correcting her and playfully cursing her back. I could see it in his face, he wanted to tame this one. Young men. Instantly, I gave him and Shihab a stern warning not to bed her. They accused me of being a jealous old man. I turned away and kept riding. Let them figure out what I mean.

## QAWWAM MAGAZINE

When we finally set up camp for the night, we decided to take her out of the rest of her armor. It took all three of us to figure out how to untie the pieces whilst fighting back against her struggling against us. Once she was down to garments, I couldn't help but laugh. She was pretty for sure, her joints were a little larger than the typical woman, but she was stocky and filled out in her upper body like no other female I'd ever seen. I imagined a great khan sizing her up and determining in swift order she was better off in the stables or the on the battlefield than in his tent.

That didn't throw Qutlug off though. He still stared at her like she was a Greek maiden.

I laid back after praying Isha', and as I tried to drift away amongst the chattering of my travel buddies I got flashes of Ain Jalut again. I remember...I was in the third row of riders behind Qutuz. We thought it was over for most of us, but he pushed through anyway. Sultan Baybars was vicious. I could have sworn he cut a man in half riding past, his hulking body slightly bouncing on his horse that looked more scarred than he was. Sometimes, after a long burst of grueling effort where you didn't believe you'd make it but did, you reminisce on it out of a profound sense of humbleness. I heard some of us saying then that it felt like our own Battle of Badr. When you think about it, each few hundred years of Muslims has their own Badr. A time when they thought all was lost until they won

a victory against a superior number, aided by angels and the dear Prophet's (SAW) prayers. It comes after an era of decadence, constant loss, and some of the worst humiliations. Allah gives us the chance to redeem ourselves and prove to this sick, filthy world that Islam will never die after a century of humiliation.

It was these thoughts that concluded my awful day. May Allah bring a better one soon, I'm going to need it.







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 الله لولم يكن  
 لنا اليقين في  
 الآخرة

بِسْمِ اللَّهِ الرَّحْمَنِ الرَّحِيمِ  
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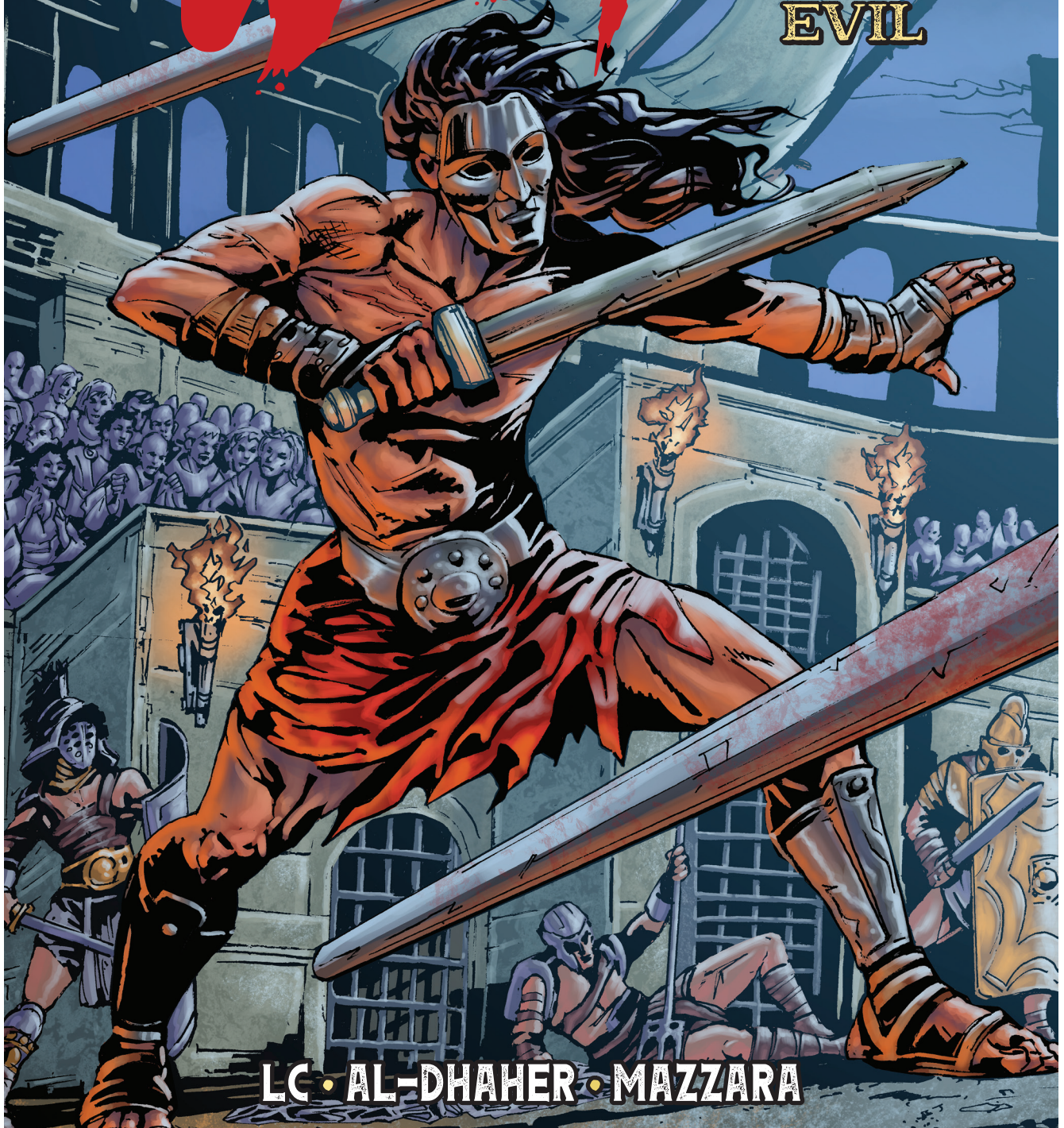
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# Brotherhood

OF  
THE

# WOLF

THE  
LESSER  
EVIL



LC • AL-DHAHER • MAZZARA



It is the early fifteenth century.

The Ottoman Empire has emerged stronger from the strife of the Interregnum, a brutal, nine-year civil war. It is now bound by the iron will of Sultan Mehmed I under a singular vision: to rebuild the empire, reclaim the lost territories in Anatolia, and spread Ottoman dominance over the Balkans and Wallachia.

Though over, the echoes of the Interregnum still shape the region as Mohammedans and Christians vie for control of crucial trade routes that could shape the future of both empires.

The Byzantine Empire, once a beacon of Christian power, clings to survival within the fortress city of Constantinople. With its independence hanging from a thread, the city is a hotbed of political maneuvering, as each whispered promise of alliance or betrayal could spell the end of Christian power in the region.

Outwardly, the city remains majestic, a testament to all Christianity claims to offer, but behind the walls, a group known as The City of the Angel operates in the shadows to ensure Christian dominance in the region at any cost. Kidnapping, bribery, political assassinations—these are well-known by even commoners. Fewer dare

to whisper of the darker rumors—people being sucked into the earth, the sounds of distant screams seeming to come from beneath the streets, bodies found with strange punctures, drained entirely of blood.

Life goes on in Constantinople, the people too focused on the evils outside the city to see the evils stirring within. Such threats cannot be defeated by mere men; they require heroes, but in Constantinople, heroes are as missing as hope.

The young lord Nikephoros, pampered and unprepared for the horrors that await him, is about to get his first taste of true darkness.

## THE TUNNEL

Adam waited for him at the end of the street. The dark-haired boy was two years older than him. Though Nikephoros thought with some jealousy he looked even older than that—he'd probably have a full beard in the next year, while Nikephoros didn't have enough whiskers to fill out half a cat's face.

"God be with you," Adam said as they greeted each other with a kiss on the cheek.



## WORDS: WES AL-DHAHER

“And with you, Adam,” Nikephoros replied.

“Finally. I thought your mother would never open the cage.”

“I am hardly caged,” Nikephoros said with a frown, though he knew his mother would be even more irritated if she saw the familiar way Adam had greeted him.

Adam slung an arm around his shoulders and turned Nikephoros down the next street. “Thanks to me, that is. If I weren’t around, you’d never do anything interesting.”

“And if I weren’t around, you would have to be carried everywhere because your feet would be beaten every other week.”

“Ah, and that’s why we’re the perfect pair!” Adam said with a grin.

Nikephoros rolled his eyes but grinned back. “What did you have to show me?”

“It can wait—first let’s eat something. Come on, you’re buying.”

After sharing a smoked fish, Nikephoros followed Adam through the streets. They bustled with a multitude of people—Greeks, of course, but also Armenians,

Genoese, and even merchants from as far as Venice.

In Constantinople, there was always something new to see, always a new food to try, or some new trinket from a faraway land. He loved this city and would do all he could to defend it and Christianity from the devils outside the walls.

As Adam led them through a twisting path, the people thinned out and the bustle of conversation gave way to sharper sounds—the bark of dogs, the occasional angry shout, and most unsettling, a still silence that felt entirely out of place.

“Where are we going?” Nikephoros asked.

“You’ll see.”

After a few final winding alleyways, Adam stopped at a dead end where a pile of trash sat against a brick wall. He looked back at Nikephoros with a grin. “Here we are.”

Nikephoros looked around in confusion, sparing a worried glance over his shoulder—he hadn’t liked the way a few of the people on the street stared at him; or perhaps it had been his fine, clean clothes they were interested in. “Why did you bring me here?”

Adam nudged the trash away with the toe of his

shoe, revealing a squat, dark hole in the base of the wall. “I found this a few days ago; I waited until we could explore together.”

Nikephoros eyed the hole warily. “You want to crawl down there?”

“Absolutely. People say there are tunnels that run all over the city. Who knows what we’ll find down there?”

“Probably a lot of rats and vagrants.”

“You’re an officer in the military with a dagger at your hip,” Adam said, rolling his eyes. “I’m sure we’ll be fine.”

Nikephoros adjusted the ornate dagger on his belt. “It’s not—it’s mainly for show. And I’m not an officer yet.”

Adam gave him a pitying look. “You’re not still scared of monsters, are you?”

“No, I am not,” Nikephoros said with a glare, even as his mouth went dry at the memory.

Coming home late one night as he’d passed an alley, Nikephoros had stepped to the side abruptly to avoid a pile of fresh dog scumber and a rush of wind made him turn. There, in the shadows of the alley, stood a slender, too-tall figure, one arm hanging nearly to the ground, the other outstretched, as if it had just reached for him and caught nothing but air. Nikephoros stared, shocked, and the figure somehow seemed the same. It slunk back into the shadows, but not before he caught a clear glimpse of its hand—instead of fingers, thick, sharp talons sprung from its paper-white flesh, thicker than a man’s thumb.

He had sprinted away and never looked back. When he got home and was safely in bed, he’d told himself he’d been half-asleep, walking home after a long day and a long week of training and had dreamed it, surely.

“You look afraid to me,” Adam said.

Nikephoros pushed past him to examine the hole. “I never should have told you that.”

Adam slapped him on the back. “Well, you did. Nobles first.”

“You want to stumble around in the pitch dark?” Nikephoros asked, peering into utter blackness.

“Of course not,” Adam said and produced a finger lamp, lighting it with a flint. “There you have it. No reason to wait now. Unless you’re scared.”

“Shut up.” Nikephoros lowered the little lamp to see. There was a slight drop, but the ceiling was high enough to stand. Sure enough, it looked like a passage, though the flickering light died well before he could see where it led. “You better be right behind me.”

“Of course.”

Nikephoros slid his legs in first, making sure to keep the lamp level. As he stood, blinking in the dim light as his eyes adjusted, he was struck by how cold it was, even just a few feet underground. The walls were brick, ancient, but well-laid. Someone had built this place—it wasn’t some half-sunken building buried beneath the sands they were rediscovering.

Adam slid down behind him, springing back to his feet with a grin. “This is amazing.”

“It’s a hole.”

Adam grabbed him around the shoulders and shook him. “Nikephoros, Nikephoros, where is your sense of adventure? Come on, let’s see where this leads.”

He took the lamp from Nikephoros’s hand and headed down the passageway.

“We need to be careful,” Nikephoros said. “We don’t want to get lost.”

“It will be fine. We’ll just go straight and see where this goes. It’s not as if we’re in the middle of nowhere, we’ll be able to find our way out even if we got lost.”

“I don’t—”

“Come on or I’ll leave you behind!” Adam called.

Nikephoros hurried to catch up. The thought of being outside the small yellow pool of light chilled him to the bone. He relaxed slightly as they walked, and Adam mused about who built the tunnels, considering everything from smugglers to heretics.

“Maybe we’ll find the City of the Angel down here,” Adam said.

“Come, you can’t believe those stories.”

“Why not? If you haven’t noticed, us Christians could use the help. A secret society that operates outside the bounds of the law to protect us? Maybe they’ll let me join up.”

“Maybe,” Nikephoros said without much conviction.

“Sorry we can’t all have a straight shot at becoming an archon, sir Nikephoros, my lord.”

“Adam, I did not mean it like—” He bumped into Adam as the other boy stopped dead in his tracks.

“By God,” Adam breathed, lifting the lamp.

They stood at the entrance to a large, circular room. The light barely reached the far walls, but Nikephoros could make out a set of ringed benches that faced a central dais, on top of which sat an altar.

“I knew there would be something down here!”

Adam said, turning and giving Nikephoros a wide grin.

“I... what is this place?”



Adam walked down the row of benches for the altar, hefting the lamp. “There are carvings, but I don’t recognize the text. Maybe your well-educated brain will do better?”

Nikephoros scanned the dark corners, the other passages branching from the room and into unknown depths. There was nothing in them, nothing at all he could see in the inky black, but it felt like he was being watched nonetheless.

Swallowing his fear, he hurried to Adam and took the other boy’s arm. “I want to leave, now.”

Adam pulled his arm away. “Leave if you want to, you know the way back.”

“Stop being stupid!” Nikephoros yelled. His voice echoed in the stillness, rebounding back from the yawning passageways. He grabbed for the lamp and Adam jerked it away, dropping it. It hit the ground with a loud clang, spilling burning oil which flared briefly on the ground before winking out.

The room was cast in utter darkness. Nikephoros couldn’t see his hand in front of his face, even touching his nose. A whimper escaped his throat.

“Adam?” There was no response. “Adam?” he repeated, frantic.

“Yeah, I’m here you fool.” His voice was nearby, but not near enough for Nikephoros’s comfort.

“Thank Jesus,” Nikephoros breathed. “Here, stay there, I’m coming to you.”

“Just give me a moment.”

Nikephoros heard the scrape of flint and a tiny spark of light flared up, revealing Adam kneeling on the ground over the spilled lamp—and the tall, slender shadow looming over him. Then the spark was gone, and with it, his vision. The air in the room shifted, like something had moved very fast nearby, bringing with it a strange, unplaceable scent.

It took Nikephoros a moment to find his voice—he had simply imagined it in his fear. “Adam?” The only answer was a faint wet sound, like a dog lapping at water. He held his hands blindly in front of him, groping in the dark. “Adam?”

He stepped forward and slipped, crashing down hard on the stone floor. He groaned in pain, one side covered in something slick—he must have landed in the lamp oil.

But it didn’t smell like oil.

When Nikephoros was younger, he’d run straight into a wall while chasing his mother around the house. His mother had held him in her arms as his nose had bled,

tilting his head up so the blood ran down the back of his throat instead of all over his shirt.

With every breath he took in the dark, he could taste the copper of blood, but it wasn’t his. The wet slurping sound seemed to grow louder, until it was all he could hear, even over the desperate beating of his heart in his ears.

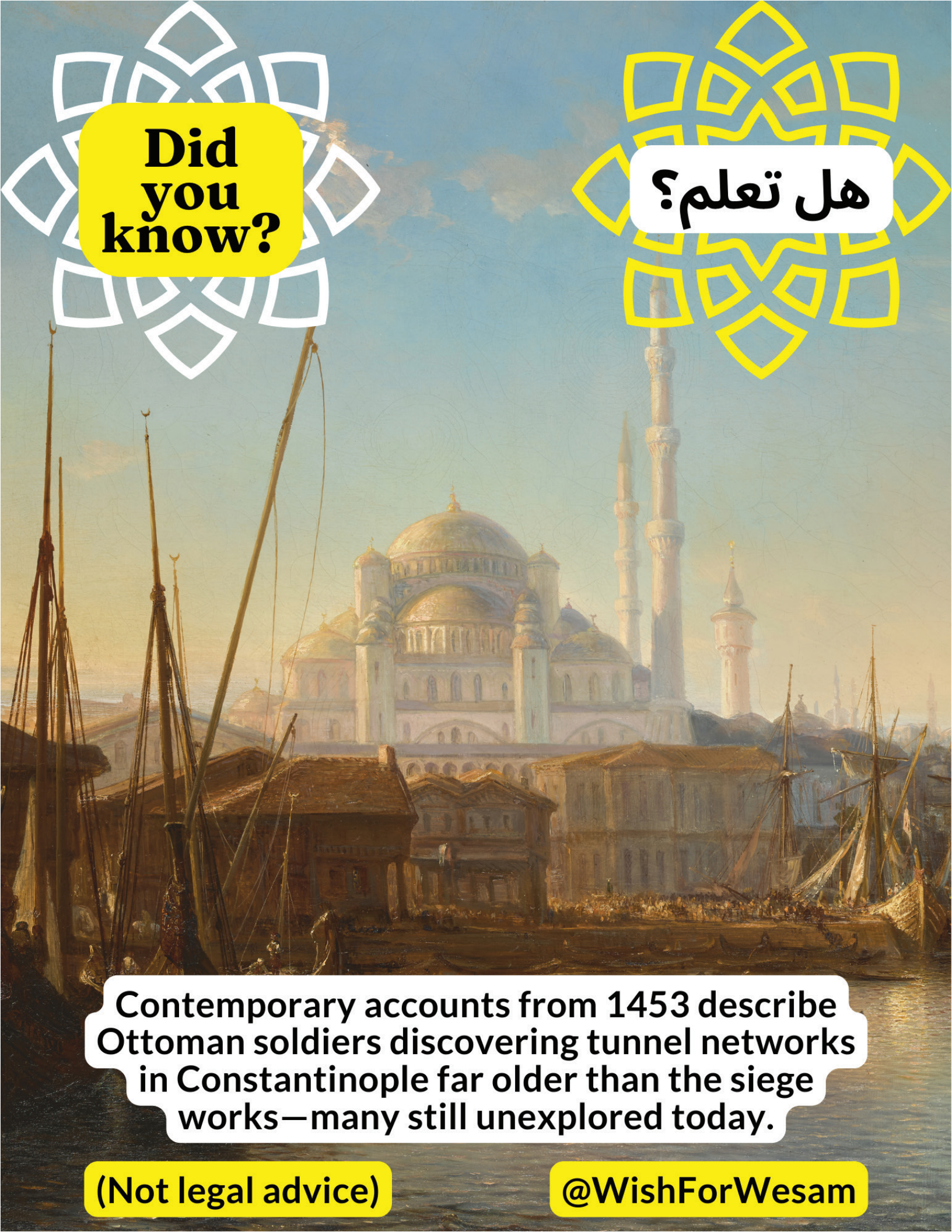
Nikephoros whimpered, scrambling away before fleeing the room, stumbling and scraping himself on the rough walls, with only one thought in his mind: flee.

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**- Lucas Gage, in a letter to  
Ahmed al-Sharaa**

*Al-Sharaa never replied.*



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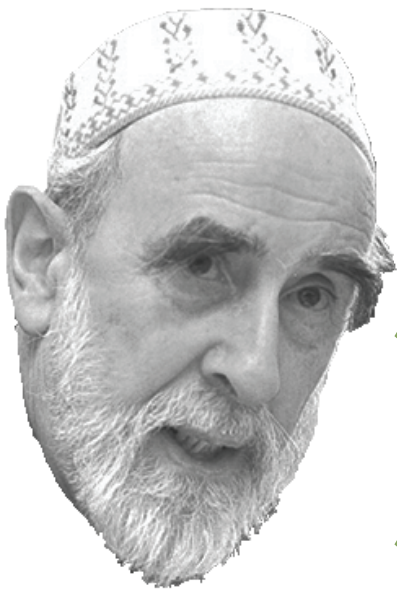


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**QURRAH IBN IYAS REPORTED: THE MESSENGER OF ALLAH, PEACE AND BLESSINGS BE UPON HIM, SAID, "IF THE PEOPLE OF SYRIA ARE CORRUPTED, THERE WILL BE NO GOOD IN YOU. A GROUP AMONG MY NATION WILL CONTINUE TO BE SUPPORTED [BY ALLAH], UNHARMED BY THOSE WHO FAIL THEM UNTIL THE FINAL HOUR."  
(SUNAN AL-TIRMIDHĪ 2192)**





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# THE FAITHFUL'S ARCHIVE

an excerpt from

THE SIGN OF THE SAIF

IF SAIF



**BY SHAYKH  
ABDALQADIR AL-SUFI**

## THE ENEMY

*Yahya related to me from Malik that Yahya ibn Sa'id heard Sa'id al-Musayyab say: Keeping gold and silver out of circulation is part of working corruption in the land. (Al-Muwatta 31.16.37)*

In locating the enemy, we must immediately be aware that it is not a nation with a politique and an army and a flag — although they can send armies into the field. It is not a nation — it is in fact ‘international’ yet it will invoke the legitimacy of national laws and rights to defend its non-nation based power. Floating a haram paper (promissory) money they themselves are ensconced in a power situation of gold reserve, gold market ‘price’ manipulation, the diamond market and other fall-back systems of ‘real wealth’ in the deliberately orchestrated phases of inflation and bankruptcy.

*Yahya related to me from Malik from Musa ibn Abi Tamin from Abu'l Hubab Sa'id ibn Yasar from Abu Hurairah that the Messenger of Allah, may Allah bless him and grant him peace, said: a dinar for a dinar, a dirham for a dirham, no excess between the two. (Sunan ibn Majah, 2261)*

That the real human transactional business ethos of Madinah Islam remains on record is a miracle of the miracles of the Messenger of Allah, may Allah bless him and grant him peace. The contrast between its social justice and the gross gigantism of billion-dollar debts and the macabre trillions of dollar debt the United States people owe to private banking underlines both the deep humanism and sanity of Islam and the demented nature of the usurious society. It is clear however that there is no road of reformism possible for their society — the slow erosion of realism from the days of Thomas Jefferson and the banking crises whose culmination was the cataclysmic upheaval of two European wars, each based on the irrational malfunction of the monetary system which had no basis in real wealth, gold and silver.

*Malik related to me that Zayd ibn Aslam said: Usury in the Jabiliyyah was that a man would give a loan to a man for a set term. When the term was due, he would say, 'Will you pay it off or increase me?' If the man paid, he took it. If not, he increased him in his debt and lengthened*

*the term for him. Malik said: 'The disapproved way of doing things about which there is no dispute among us, is that a man should give a loan to a man for a term, and then the demander reduces it, and the one from whom it is demanded pay it in advance. To us that is like someone who delays repaying his debt after it is due to his creditor and his creditor increases his debt.' Malik said: 'This is nothing else but usury. No doubt about it. (Al-Muwatta 31.39.84)*

The Jews and their Christian cohort knew that they had one final act before the complete subversion of Islam to kufr. They had dismantled the legal systems which were the social purpose of Islam. They had made contradictory arguments both accepting the madhabs and rejecting them as causing conflict among the Muslims — while nowhere on the political horizon could be seen a unified school — it was a theoretical fantasy which they knew well would never be and would in any event be nothing other than a fifth madhab. They had supplanted the great tafsir literature with modernist journalism which nowhere laid bare the necessary ahkam which led to legal judgment and political action. They had allowed a rhetoric of jihad while destroying it as a realistic program since, as we will see, inshallah, they had denied its foundational rules. The final act was to bring the whole Muslim nation into the realm of Riba and haram banking while cynically convincing the common people that it was ‘Islamic’ banking — when the word itself means usury and is not an Arabic word. Within ten short years we were to see the leaders of the modernist movement established in wealth at the head of the so-called Islamic Banking’ nexus.

There is no need to pretend to theoretical discussion on the issue as modernist literature, which now abounds, has done demonstrating by ‘economic theory’ that their system is not usurious. The inescapable fact is that banking by its nature is one global system. if you plug into it with one small ‘clean’ investment called non-interest banking it still must interface throughout the whole larger system until it becomes immediately and automatically enmeshed in the usurious process. One single credit facility to a country can involve up to over one hundred banks in the process and entangle capital flow in a multitude of usurious investments. Yet the passive involvement of ‘Islamic banking’ in the usurious system is not where the matter ends. Already there is clear evidence that its ventures are geared to the abolition of Islamic education and knowledge.

## QAWWAM MAGAZINE

Funding from 'Islamic' banks has gone to support kafir universities and even the building of churches. So-called 'Islamic banking' far from being a solution to the danger of usury is the deliberate deception of the people by the usurious enemy who have subverted the munafiqun to their purpose of illegal gain.

*Malik related to me that he heard that 'Abdullah ibn Mas'ud used to say: if someone makes a loan, they should not stipulate better than it. Even if it is a handful of grass, it is usury. (Al-Muwatta 31.44.95)*

Another deliberate over-simplification of the kafir 'banking' system is that banking operates in some kind of economic vacuum. While it has its own rules and systems, it is utterly interactive with other networked institutions of the mushrik anthropology" Banking is wed to the Stock Exchange system which is both its ally and its enemy. Clustered around that system are the whole body of commodity markets and futures markets, even penny markets for the poor investors. The Arab nation has already experienced the magical power of market manipulation of the spot markets and stock exchanges. At one moment they held a political power by their control of the price of oil. It took only just over a year for the enemy to re-align the value of the same commodity until it was devalued to the point that these same oil nations have been taken to the edge of bankruptcy.

What is presented to the people as a kind of self-operating Minotaur that cannot be predicted — the Crash of '29, and so on — in reality is orchestrated with a Mozartian finesse and mathematical precision. It is quite amazing how the munafiqun who wished to enmesh the Muslim nation in banking were able to avoid the fact that this meant total immersion in the stock exchange and commodities exchange system with its futures market and other practices so clearly and unmistakably forbidden in the Book of Allah and in the Sunnah of the Messenger, may Allah grant him blessings and peace.

We have no choice but to characterise the whole monetary system as usurious. That is to say the interactive networked system of banks and mega-banks (IMF, World Bank etc.), stock exchanges and all forms of trading conducted under their protocols, are nothing other than the true face of usurious power control which openly governs the world through its own

organisations and personnel, in turn dispersed over the banking system as such, and interlocked with the vassal systems of so-called democratic governments and their agencies on the one hand. and the puppet dictators who rule the debtor client nations.

All this can be identified rationally and openly without recourse to conspiracy theory or arcane identification of secret masonic societies and so on although even these bizarre elements serve the so-called rationality of the main system as has been repeatedly demonstrated in recent history as in the scandals surrounding the catholic church and the mafia and the masonic control system that ran the Italian government (and in a new form still does).

The weave of modern society crosses and double crosses from the economic and business world to the political, and the political world simply provides the theatrical arena for the masses to personalise the issues as a series of party and individual crises and interactions veiling the true nature of the issues which never cease to involve money and its activities in banking, borrowing, and the taking over of real power by its method, that is gold, silver, ownership of production and land. Bankruptcy, for a bank is a means of access to the private wealth of ordinary people and indeed even the wealthy of the pre-banking regime.

"International" banking — is a system without any national allegiance, or institutionalised central authority. Parasitic, as usury is, it lives off and uses the existing national and international agencies of politics and economics, as well as its own multi-faced public identity as high-street bank, national bank, state bank, conglomerate, mega-bank and world power institution. And all this in turn is utterly enmeshed with the multi-national corporation and the supranational methods of corporation activity which removes these mega-structures from so-called national political and economic control. Indeed, nationalism has been an aesthetic and nothing more since the Bretton Woods Agreement.

Nor should there be any illusion that this is a 'capitalist' philosophy. In the East we are merely dealing with state-banking and a different design pattern to the same acquiescence to the banking masters. The vodka-cola syndrome has long since revealed the indistinguishable nature of the modern monetary control system. That the Chase Manhattan has a branch in Moscow, address 1 Karl Marx Square, does not mean they are communist agents but rather reveals that the



east/west dialectic is merely a method of vitalising trade wars and capital competition.

Sophisticated arguments in the language of ‘economic theory’ are scripted by Jewish economists in their intellectual strongholds, those same universities which have taken command of ‘Islamic studies’ so that within the short span of ten years they have made the Muslim governments demand academic credentials as a proof of Islamic knowledge when it is not merely a proof of ignorance but a badge of being the enemy’s agent. The Islamic ‘duktur’ another non-Arabic signifier — is himself the apologist of an Islam without power to fight.

The banking system is, in detail and in general, a usury edifice with a usurious central principle and with usury its necessary condition. On the matter, the Qur’an is uncompromising.

Allah, glory be to Him, says:

*Those who devour usury will not stand except as stands one whom Shaytan by his touch has driven to madness. That is because they say: trade is like usury. But Allah has permitted trade and forbidden usury. Those who after receiving direction from their Lord desist shall be pardoned for the past: their case is for Allah. But those who repeat are Companions of the Fire: they will remain there. Allah will deprive usury of all blessing, but will give increase for deeds of sadaqa: for He loves not creatures ungrateful and bad. Those who believe and do deeds of goodness and establish prayer and pay the zakat will have their reward with their Lord: there shall be no fear on them, nor shall they sorrow. Oh you who believe, fear Allah, and give up what remains of your demand for usury, if you are indeed believers. If you do it not, take notice of war from Allah and His Messenger: But if you turn back, you shall have your capital sums: deal not unjustly and you shall not be dealt with unjustly. (Quran: 2.275/279)*

This is a clear declaration of war by Allah and His Messenger. That is, by Divine Decree and the laws of Islam, where usury is practiced is Dar al-Harb and a zone for Jihad under Divine and prophetic authorisation. Small wonder the dukturs have declared that the concept of Dar al-Harb and Dar al-Islam are no longer valid in this age. On the contrary — we find that it is the terrain of international banking that is the arena of usury, and so, is Dar al-Harb, until the victory, the inevitable and promised victory of the forces of Islam.

Significantly, in the light of this great Ayat we observe how the Muslims, especially in the Arab heartland of the umma were led astray by the modernist and revisionist Ulama. Absorbing the language and methodology of kufr in preference to the Islamic language and method they found themselves thinking and acting not like Muslims but rather like either reactionary rightists with political ambitions in the arena of assembly politics or radicals with fantasies of revolution. Of course, revolution is a rabbinical invention whose model is the anti-religious French revolution, which was put in place by the encyclopaedists, the precursors of the new Jewish elites of Harvard and MIT. Islam can no more absorb the foreign concepts of revolution and socialism than it can the equally alien ideas of interest-based loans and zero-worth money disconnected from bi-metal wealth in the hand.

It is not an accident that the result of one hundred years of redefining Islam meant that its only means to militant action should be couched in the masonic model of a secret society of Assassins, and this not for the first time in Islam’s history. One of the major tragedies resulting from this strategy, quite apart from the slaughter of Muslim youth without ever a victory, in open defiance of the clear laws of Jihad known to those ulama who still had access to the primal material, was that Muslims adopted a naive western political view which was strictly based on personality politics.

The idea that a society controlled by an all-embracing web of networked banking and supranational control systems could yield to the assassination of a President here and a Prime Minister there was a proof of ignorance of the enemy and an abandonment of the Book of guidance and the model of the Sunna.

In the scenario of modern Kufr the role of politicians — who exert no more than a personal style — is precisely to act as centre stage actors drawing the attention of the masses from the theft of wealth and resources going happening on the sidelines. The assassination of one American president and the disgracing of another made scarcely a ripple on the market nor an indentation on the value of the dollar.

Once politics has been identified as a snare to trap would-be activists against the kafir system it follows that the mythic vocabulary of national entities be recognised. National sovereignty like political power is a pseudo authority to control the masses. Flags are for sports arenas and local parades. Their reality is

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purely propagandist and rhetorical. Once the banking entity has injected its blood into the body politic, it no longer is a discrete entity but rather an amorphous mass without legal boundaries. Governments merely initiate massive loans and must be removed if they hinder debt repayment or rescheduling. On the whole there are benign ‘democracies’ for the arena of the dominant banking forces and puppet dictatorships for the poor countries who must continue to hand over their raw materials and commodity wealth in exchange for debt enslavement. Sometimes a ‘revolutionary movement’ is necessary to reduce the population to controllable levels by genocide and to try out new weaponry designed by the banking entities.

It is vital that the Muslim mujahideen do not mistake the enemy and think this is a war against a nation or a leader. Although the struggle may present leaders and nations to distract and ensnare the Islamic forces, it is a Jihad — under orders from Allah and His Messenger, may Allah bless him and give him peace. It is a Jihad against the usurious banking entity. Thus it is a Struggle that can be waged not just on one terrain, or under one Amir, but it is a Jihad that will be characterised by fighting wherever the enemy’s forces exist.

It is not merely a personnel but a method, a deen, with its Temples, the banks, with its holy places the Stock Exchanges of the world; and its false scriptures — the data-banks of figures, these magical millions and billions that hold the world’s poor to ransom for the sake of a small elite of kafir power brokers, their core Jewish, their allies the lawless Christians. It is with these that war must be waged.

In order that the activist should be clear on this at first difficult issue the matter should be summarised. Remember, the control systems of press and media are geared to make you enter the false dialectic of left and right, rulers and radicals, liberation of workers, women, deviants and so on. However tempting it is to attack a ‘king’ for his obvious and undeniable shirk in claiming kingship, it is a serious distraction which could cost you your life. It is the red cloak of the matador — not the matador.

To think ‘politically’ is irrelevant to recognition of the power mechanisms of modern society. To think ‘economically’ is to accept the politico/economic divide. Using the currently indoctrinated viewpoint of media is similar to playing checkers while the opponent plays chess. Thus, you hold only pawns while the enemy

can deploy its forces hierarchically on the board with a variety of sophisticated moves which you cannot understand, not having apprehended the rules of his game.

The age of the sovereign nation is finished. It is the age of structuralist interweave of supranational and varied corporate elements, above national law, elusive of the mythical ‘international law’ — interfacing with governments, regimes, leaderships, multinationals, conglomerates, and the banks themselves. Its hermeneutic control system coded into the language of market values and movements. Currency value, commodity value, futures options, stock exchange method, all these play in the game of the world banking system. It controls corporation productivity and dictates what should be produced. Its most rewarding product is high technology armaments as this ever-changing market of lethal weaponry provides the highest and quickest return. Thus, it is a system dedicated — without any moral examination — to the need for a war scenario, always, somewhere, and the threat of nuclear war its strongest piece on the board to control both market and political short-term activity.

The banking entity is a pharaonic tower reaching to the heavens in its ambitious unified structure. It is a pyramid whose vast effectiveness is nevertheless based on the ordinary person’s contribution to the local bank with his checking account. Any idea that you are being ‘halal’ by simply rejecting interest payments must be discarded as utterly mistaken. In fact, you are strengthening the enemy by giving them the money which will nevertheless accrue. The withdrawal of the poor Turkish immigrants back interest from the Berlin banks would bring about these banks collapse almost immediately. Yet they have been duped by a leadership which is none other than the modernist ‘Islamic movement’ whose role is to negotiate Islam into the banking system, something which can only be done by deliberately distorting the clear evidence of Book and Sunna. There is no clean position visavis the banking system — if you use paper money you are part of the monolithic system and are its powerful support. Only by effecting damage and causing the superstructure to collapse can the Muslim have a clean relationship with the shayatin of the monetary system and its usurious method. That is, only by taking up the Jihad declared in the Quran, as we have noted.





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# THE ENCHANTER'S COUNSEL



THALIB RAZI

## AN EXCERPT FROM THALIB RAZI'S ISLAM-INSPIRED COMING-OF-AGE FANTASY NOVEL:

With his new enchanted boots and shining twin rapiers, Buzzard Galatiel felt like a true elf warrior. As he and his party of forest rangers walked home from a night off spent at the bars, he bounced ahead on drunken confidence – and the boots' gravity-reducing enchantment.

“Whoo-eeh!” he shouted as he jumped high into the air, swords drawn, executing a perfect front flip and rolling onto one knee with a wild grin.

Then he doubled over and vomited.

His companions caught up to him. “Easy, Buzz,” one of them said, thumping him on the back. Buzz looked around warily, wiping his mouth. On this major road in the Green Valley of the Republic of Merwick, with neighborhoods of massive trees lining its sides, anyone could have seen that spectacle. Quite improper behavior for one of the Wreath's finest. Luckily, it was three in the morning, and the street was empty. Perhaps only their fellow on-duty cops were awake at this hour, and they would be patrolling Ashgrovia University, miles away. He dusted himself off, relieved.

Suddenly, he heard a rustling in the undergrowth between the trees.

They stopped. Buzz rolled up his sleeves and walked towards the sound. “Hey, who's there?”

The rustling continued, more frantically now.

Buzz stabbed his swords into the ground and reached out with one hand, which began to attract specks of golden light from thin air. “Come out, or taste the power of my spirit,” he growled, eyes narrowed.

A black-robed figure popped up out of the tall grass. He was one of the Kinfolk, just like them, but not an elf. The olive-green skinned goblin waved nervously in the dim light of a nearby lamp-tree's single fruit.

“Well, well, a green snake hides easily in the grass, doesn't it?” Buzz said. “Taking a dump, were you? Heard you 'Folk don't know how to wipe with a leaf.”

Mizan al-Wasati was tempted to retort, “We use water; it's cleaner, you unwashed barbarians.” But he didn't. After all, he left the University hours ago. This was fair elf country, and these were some real country fair elves. Instead, he smiled meekly and said, “Taking a nap, actually, sir. I'm from the Frozen Wharf, and I'm traveling to Oddstar to take a ship back in the morning. Enjoying this lovely night, I hope?”

Buzz smiled back. “Not anymore, buddy. We're rangers, see.” He kicked a stone with a pointedly absentminded boot. “And this right here,” he gestured drunkenly, “this right here is our range. Now just how were you expecting to get to Oddstar by the morning? It's a good day's journey from here – on horse! Seems like you're in no hurry for a fella on foot.”

“I actually – ” Mizan started to say that he actually had some very fast transportation which broke down, and he was just finished fixing it, but he didn't mention it because he thought they might be bandits, not plainclothes rangers, and come to think of it, he was in a bit of a hurry, so if they'd excuse him, he'd just be on his merry –

“Save it,” Buzz interrupted. “A fire-loving goblin in black robes, meddling around in this dry grass, late at night? With all of these innocent elves sleeping away in their trees? But we 'infidels' are never innocent to you, are we.”

“What? No!” Mizan cried. “The Way forbids – ”

“Don't tell me what your Subverted brand of religion says, I know all about your false pretenses of peace,” Buzz snarled. “Boys, what do ya say? That maple mead is really running through my veins right now. I know we're supposed to call for backup, but as you know, our colleagues don't care much for our style of...adventuring.” His companions laughed. “So,” he continued, yanking his blades out of the ground. “Who's up for a little heroics?”

“Yeah!”

“Let's put a boot up this savage Riever where the stars don't shine!”

“For the Free 'Folk!” cried one of the more old-fashioned elves.

“Wait, w-wait!” Mizan said, holding up his hands. Then his voice grew harsh, and his expression crazed. “You're right. I am of the Riever sect of the Way – a berserker in fact, our sect's highest class of assassin. These black bearskin robes were bestowed upon me by the Supreme Riever himself, along with the frenzy-inducing hashishrooms running through my veins right now!” He cackled wildly. “And by El, we'll incinerate the next elf who moves.” He started to levitate, raising his hands to the sky. Golden specks of light rushed towards him, encircling his body. A cloud of smoke shrouded

him, and when it lifted, he had disappeared.

“What in all Four Verses?” Buzz breathed. His spine tingled. Were there more of them?

Out of the grass, a large flying carpet rose with Mizan on top, still glowing with light. The goblin shouted a command, and the enchanted rug rushed forward, bowling the elves over before turning sharply and zooming down the road.

A second later, they all got up and rushed after the distant flying figure, but they were too late. One ranger fired an arrow, more to make a rhetorical point than a literal one. Buzz brandished a rapier, broken in the impact, his golden hair flowing and murder in his blue eyes. “Come back here, you filthy underlander!” he roared, incensed. That blade was a family heirloom from the Old War! Then he looked down. “Hang on...”

One of his friends rushed up to him. “Hey Buzz, should we call a Knight or something? A Riever on the loose and whatnot.”

“Nah.” Buzz picked up an Ashgrovian University graduation cap, soft and tasseled, from the ground. “He wasn’t a Riever after all, just a skinny goblin nerd.” He chuckled. “Those black graduation robes looked awful zealot-like on him, eh? Rich college boy – we probably could’ve scared him out of a ton of pearls... Too bad he fooled us with those cheap tricks. Aw well.”

“Hey, so what now?” one elf said. “The night over?”

Buzz turned around. “Friend, the night’s never over.” He waggled the broken sword knowingly. “There’s always monsters to slay in these woods, always treasures to seek, maidens to beguile, ain’t it? It’s Saturday night, lads! For a party of adventurers like ourselves, well...” He sheathed the blade and grinned. “The party never stops.”

“Filthy underlander!” The words rang in Mizan’s pointy ears. They twitched rapidly, shaking off the sting of the insult, as he approached a roadside rest stop at the top of the Valley. Toggling one of the jewels sewn into the carpet, the goblin activated the damaged brake-field which had sent him careening into the grass earlier that night. For a moment, the laws of momentum and air resistance were bent, and the carpet gradually slowed down.

But before it could come to a halt, the carpet suddenly began to shake. Mizan frantically grabbed for another gemstone button, but the shaking intensified. He and the carpet fell to the ground with a thump, right in front of the parking stables.





“Swear to...” Mizan muttered. He dusted himself off and tucked the carpet under an arm, patting it with weary sympathy. He had to cut the old rug some slack; after all, it had gotten him this far on a hasty repair spell. Here, at least, there would be eyewitnesses if more “adventurers” were afoot. Underneath the rest stop was an underground train station heading back into the Valley, and many would be waiting for a seat inside the roomy exoskeleton of an enchanted earth-wyrm.

A number of Kin were seated on nearby benches – mostly fairies, but a few dark elves too. A couple of the fair elves gave him funny looks as he unrolled the carpet onto the floor. He ignored them, knelt down, and began the process of enchantment repair. He rubbed one of the gemstones, mumbling magical formulas from a half-opened scroll. A golden thread of spirit rose from it with his finger, which he stabbed back into the rug, haphazardly suturing its anti-gravity enchantment.

“All right then, you fearsome Riever,” the goblin said to himself, half-smiling, as he sat cross-legged on the rug. “Rise, quintessential spirit in these stones, in the name of El, Creator of all spirit!” he chanted, using his limited grasp of his mother tongue. The fairies stared harder; to them, the goblin language was harsh and guttural – further proof of the barbarity of their green-skinned Kin who lived on the other side of the world. Mizan continued to ignore their eyes, gazing hopefully at the carpet.

Its emerald-studded corners glowed and flapped a bit, but then flopped back down. Mizan sighed. The rug was originally enchanted in the goblin language by his grandmother, whose husband had bought the spirit-filled gemstones on his pilgrimage to the Northstone at the edge of the world. So his broken goblin just would not cut it, nor would his textbook-level enchanting skills. He stared through the window at the meandering road which led down to Oddstar, the capital of Merwick, and sighed. He was going to miss his ship.

“Meezawn?”

Grimacing at the mispronunciation, he turned around and immediately recognized the green-eyed elf girl staring down at him. He grimaced inside. “Apple!” he said, getting to his feet. “Wow, what a surprise.”

The fair elf laughed. “Almost...serendipitous, don’t you think?”

“Very funny,” he growled at her reference to his goblin island homeland, Serendipitiya, located under his feet on the opposite face of their coin-shaped planet.

Only a century ago, the island gained its independence from being a colony of Merwick; centuries before that, it was “discovered” by shipwrecked Merwickian soldiers who were just seeking shelter. It was the first of the provinces of the multiracial Wayfarer Federation to fall to the fair elves, marking the turning point of the Old War between the coin’s faces. So in fairie slang, the word meant “unexpected luck.” Not so much for Mizan’s people, though.

“Ah come on – I meant ‘cause you’re Serendipitiyan, that’s all,” Apple said. “Hey, want a cookie?” She held out a tree-shaped cookie with green frosting, half-nibbled.

The unexpected request made Mizan chuckle. “No thanks. It’s got dragonsleaf in it, I’m guessing?”

“Ho yes,” she said, eyes crossing for a second. “Still on the good old Way, I see?”

Mizan shrugged. “Still not a fan of your ‘high elf’ friends, if that’s what you mean.”

Apple snickered. “The high elves. Yeah, they were a dumb crowd. You know, I’m a Wayfarer too now.”

“Really?” he said, perplexed.

“Sure!” she said, tugging her tasseled graduation cap with both hands so her hair was completely covered. “Oh, look at me, I’m a Sister of ze Way, khakhakha, may ze peace of El be wiss you,” she proclaimed with an airy dwarf accent, clasping her hands together in a bow.

Mizan narrowed his eyes. His childhood friend Daena was an ordained Sister of the Way, and more than that, he hated being deceived. He huffed lightly in the elf’s direction, and a sharp gust of wind knocked the cap right off, revealing Apple’s pixie-cut red hair with blue highlights: the twin colors behind the green Wreath on Merwick’s flag. She yelped, her fingers snatching the cap just before it soared away. It was a trick Mizan had learned from Daena, actually, a little goblin fire-breathing – minus the ignition spell of course. He wasn’t that mean.

“Chill, bro!” Apple said, fixing the cap back on. She turned to a couple of schoolgirls looking on in concern at this act of underlander aggression. “Whaddaya looking at, huh? He’s not going to eat me.” She scowled until they looked away. “Anyway. Basic fairie chicks. Hey, wait a minute. Where’s your grad cap?” She gestured at his head of curly black hair.

Mizan reached into the empty pocket of his robes. “Damn.” It must have fallen out when... He told her about his escape from the off-duty rangers.

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“Bloody El,” Apple said when he finished. “Oh, sorry, pardon my language.”

Mizan waved it off. “To you your way, and all that.” El, God, Creator of the even and the odd and the masculine and the feminine and all five elements, Who continuously spoke the poem of the uni-verse into being, had many Names, but Bloody was not one of them. Not according to the Way, anyway, which taught that El transcended the corporeality of His creation. “Bloody El” was an oath peculiar to fairies, perhaps from their Druidist religion. But her oaths weren’t his problem – and they harmed El not.

“You know, you weren’t the only one assaulted this evening by guys trying to reenact a fantasy,” Apple said. “Me and my girl-friends went out dancing for a last hurrah on campus, and this ugly troll-faced elf kept pushing himself on me. ‘Love should be free among the Free ‘Folk,’ and all that.”

Mizan tsked sympathetically.

“I mean, no offense to trolls; we Kinfolk are probably ugly to them. The point is, some ‘Folk have no fear. But I changed that.” She winked and pulled her petrified wood flute from her belt, twirling it dangerously.

He chuckled. “I don’t doubt it. So, where are you headed?”

Apple’s expression completely changed. “Oh, you’ll never guess...” She didn’t give him the chance. “To a year-long fellowship at the Musical Conservatory of Fridheim!” Apple said excitedly, grabbing him by the shoulders.

“Woo! Um, congratulations.”

“You don’t...sound too happy.” Apple’s eyes narrowed.

“Er...” Mizan didn’t want to get whacked by a stone flute. “Look, it’s my city. I have a lot of mixed feelings about it. Plus, you’re not the first fair elf to benefit from the regime’s special preferences while returning to the ‘Grey Lands’ your ancestors sailed from, or whatever you call it.”

“Ugh, don’t be like that.”

“I’m just saying, Fridheim is...well, it’s a lot of things, all at the same time. I just hope you’ll see it as it really is.”

“Fair enough – I’ll keep that in mind... Anyway, your carpet’s still broken, huh? I’m here on old Barb; I was just buying some feed for the old girl. You need a ride? We’re headed the same way, after all, at least until Finnstar where I’ve got to stop to see my mom.”

Mizan laughed. “On Barbara, yeah right!” He remembered the stout old goat which Apple rode around to class. “The daily ferry to Finnstar leaves just before noon. So unless you’ve enchanted her, hah...”

“Well...” Apple grinned sheepishly – or perhaps goatishly.

“You what!” he exclaimed. “I mean, it’s my profession, but...” Enchanting was meant for inanimate objects, not living things! He had heard that the Wreath was subsidizing local steed enchantments to compete with the famed magic carpets exported by rival goblin Azulistan. But still...if you could enchant the living, what would stop you from enchanting the dead? He shook the thought out of his mind. “How’s that stuff even possible? She’s got a mind of her own, no matter how fast you’ve enchanted her to be.”

“True,” she said. “But where there’s a mind, there’s the potential for mind-control. And while my bard magic only works on people, I did take a few courses in druid magic, remember?”

“Oh right,” Mizan said with a laugh. Then he looked away. “Actually, I don’t remember... We haven’t exactly –” He paused.

“I suppose it has been a while,” Apple admitted.

He nodded. “Just been busy, you know. Enchanting courses were Hel –”

“Come on, Meez,” Apple said, shaking her head and smiling. “You’ve been avoiding me!”

Embarrassed, Mizan looked away. Thankfully, the wyrm-train had arrived and left, and the crowd with it. “Yeah,” he said. “I suppose I have. Ever since our... date, I guess? If you could call it that.”

“Yeah, that was a weird night,” Apple said with a laugh. “Although if more ‘Folk had dates like that, Quatrain might be a better place.”

Mizan grinned. “Right. ‘Do you believe in El?’ ‘Who should have won the Old War?’ ‘Do you want to have kids?’ ‘What are your thoughts on the institution of marriage?’ No surprises later on...”

“Anyway, look,” Apple said firmly. “It was a dismal date. We disagree on too many things; you think I’m too free with myself, I think you’re too rigid and cultural – whatever. We agreed just to be friends, but you’ve barely said hi this past year.”

Mizan sighed. “I’m sorry. I just felt awkward.”

“I get that – I felt the same way coming up to you just now. But think about it; does this feel awkward?” She gestured around as if their conversation was floating in

the air.

“Huh.” Mizan paused. It felt like they were back in university, bantering over imported Azulistani tea – a meeting of minds, not hearts. “I guess not.”

Apple smiled. “Then it’s settled. Friends?” She extended a hand. “No more, and no less?”

Mizan shook her hand firmly. “Friends.”

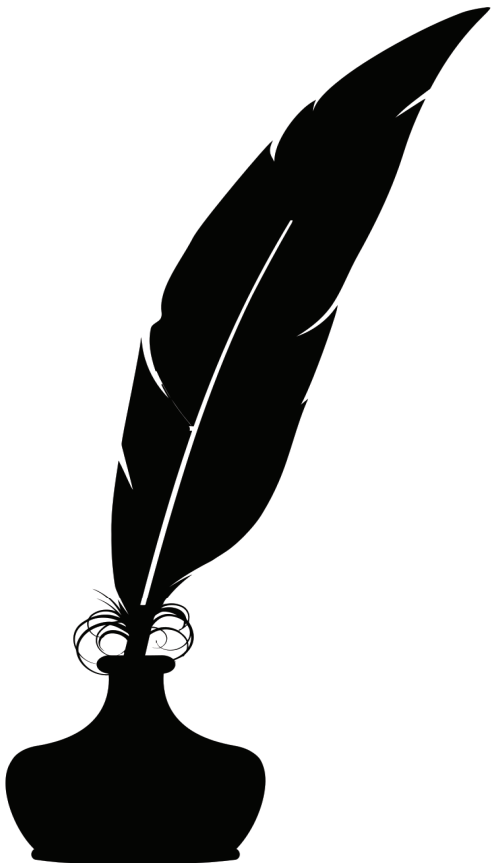
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Middle Eastern Combative Arts



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