

SINWAR-MAN

The Yemeni poet Fuad al-Humairi, said:

“What a difference between doubt and faith, between false testimony and what one witnesses with their own eyes!

Hollywood’s fictional heroes have fallen, while the real heroism of Tel AlSultan has risen.

Their Superman is nothing but fiction, while our Sinwar-Man is real”

It is as though the West suffers from a terrible deficiency of heroism and heroes. Its propaganda machine continues to shower us with invented, fake heroes.

How many of us grew up with their stories and films, like Superman, Spider-Man, and all kinds of heroes in every setting imaginable?

there are endless varieties of fighters and heroes who, having exhausted their missions on Earth, have begun fighting among the stars, planets, and parallel universes, or confronting invasions of extraterrestrial creatures!

Invented fictional stories have multiplied ever since European superiority grew so immense that Europe could no longer see anyone on Earth as its equal or rival

What heroism can a man take pride in when he can kill by dropping bombs from an aircraft flying thousands of miles above unarmed people who cannot reach him? Or when he kills from a control center, having dispatched a drone that he operates as though playing a video game, watching people who cannot see him and striking them down without their even knowing where he is?

When this is the reality of his warfare, stripped of any sense of heroism, his writers, novelists, and filmmakers have no choice but to invent superhuman enemies, either coming to fight him on Earth or forcing him to travel into space to fight them, just so that his battles might finally possess some meaning of heroism!

The greatest deficiency one observes in the Westerner is morality.

For the Westerner is a hypocritical criminal, and this is deeply rooted in his nature, particularly since his embrace of secularism. Morality, to him, is nothing more than a means and a tool. He employs it and violates it to consolidate his superiority, sometimes doing both at precisely the same moment.

The West has even invented a position within its political system called the “official spokesperson,”

This position is occupied by those most skilled at handling moral predicaments. If you wish to attain such a position, you must be shameless yet eloquent, cold and skilled at concealing immoral positions beneath a veil of moral slogans. You must possess the ability to deny the very existence of the sun!

This is why you find the Westerner so concerned with morality and so fascinated by it, but only in his novels, stories, dramas, and films.

Through these, he attempts to conceal the absence of morality in his character and his abandonment of it in reality.

He craves morality because he lacks it. He longs for it because he is empty of it. He clings to it because he cannot cultivate it within himself as normal, healthy people can!

Such a person becomes even more miserable, resentful, and furious when he sees all the qualities of heroism gathered in his enemy.

No one is more enraged than a coward when a brave man astonishes the people.

And nothing exposes a miser more than the appearance of a generous man beside him!

all the qualities of heroism have gathered within our Ummah, as though our Ummah were an overflowing spring of heroism, bursting forth without end.

Its sons fight on the battlefields in a manner unprecedented and unseen, the struggle of those who possess nothing against those who possess everything!

What meaning could heroism, courage, bravery, and boldness possibly have if not the scenes of fighters, besieged for 17 years in an isolated Strip, storming one of the most heavily armed states and delivering a resounding blow that shattered its reputation for security and shook its military prestige?

How can we describe heroism, courage, boldness, and bravery without referring to the scenes of a barefoot fighter emerging from a tunnel opening to place an explosive device on the most heavily armed and armored tank in the history of armored vehicles?

Or the fighter whose arm was severed, yet who continued firing mortar shells at his enemy with his remaining arm?

Or the fighter who watched his first companion fall, then his second, before picking up the only remaining weapon and continuing a battle whose outcome was already decided, without hesitation?

How can we speak of patience, steadfastness, and composure without recalling the people of Gaza, its elderly, women, and children, enduring unimaginable suffering that would break others who faced even a tiny fraction of what they have endured?

If I were to forget everything else, I would never forget a female doctor affiliated with a Western organization who came to Gaza after a round of fighting.

She was astonished because she did not see in Gaza the manifestations of psychological collapse and trauma that she had witnessed in the West after wars!

She was left bewildered and amazed, for the people of Gaza had struck at the very foundations of her scientific beliefs.

She no longer knew what to think: Were these people even human? Or had the science she studied and the experience she acquired been nothing but myths and falsehoods?

Now look and reflect upon how these 2 scenes have come together in the very same place!

Look at the heavily armed soldiers who rain down tons of scorching destruction from distant aircraft and employ the latest technologies to wage war.

Yet these same soldiers display the most despicable moral conduct, taking pleasure in killing women, children, and animals, and destroying mosques and hospitals. Whenever they suspect that an enemy might be present somewhere, they launch a strike that kills hundreds of people around him.

Then, when they storm a house, the soldiers take out the women's clothes, put them on, and photograph themselves wearing them!

Then look at their Western patron, who never stops supplying and supporting them, despite having spilled tons of ink and filled mountains of paper theorizing about human rights, the laws of war, prisoners rights, and so on!

All of this would come together in the scene of Abu Ibrahim Yahya Sinwar's martyrdom: Islamic heroism that endured until his final breath, and the hateful, vengeful brutality of the Western Zionist-Crusader, determined to revenge until the very end.

The fighter (Sinwar):

- A fighter who fought above ground, personally taking part in the battle.
- covered in dust, giving everything he had
- Alone after his companions had scattered or had been killed, whether alongside him or elsewhere.
- Steadfast and unyielding until the very last moment. When he had nothing left but a stick, he threw it at his enemy and continued fighting.
- His face covered, preventing the enemy from identifying him, capturing him, and turning his capture into a source of humiliation for him and a victory to boast about for themselves.
- Wounded and bleeding, yet he used his mouth and his other hand to tie a cord around his injured arm to stop the bleeding.
- He was not in a tunnel (though there would have been no shame if he had been), nor was he using captives as human shields
- He carried his equipment for battle: his weapon, alongside his spiritual provisions: a book of dua, a sheet of daily remembrances, and his prayer beads.

He also carried gum that people use to freshen their breath.

We do not know whether he carried them for that purpose, in which case they would reflect his cleanliness and personal care, or whether they were a meager source of nourishment because, as a besieged fighter, he had nothing else to eat.

As for his enemy:

- A criminal who fired a tank shell at a wounded fighter armed with nothing but a stick.
- A coward so afraid of a single fighter that he sent a drone to investigate his condition.
- So terrified that he waited an entire day before daring to enter the ruined house where the lone fighter, whose ammunition had run out, remained.
- A vile and despicable enemy who stole his body and then demolished the house.

this enemy would face even greater exposure, while Sinwar's honor and dignity would become even more widely known.

For all of this was revealed by the enemy himself.

And no one knows. Perhaps the martyr displayed other remarkable qualities that the enemy concealed and kept hidden!

The great Iraqi poet Ahmed Matar recited his remarkable poem, perhaps 30 years ago or more, in which he said:

Your faces are masks, remarkably flexible.

Their outer coating is wisdom, but beneath it lies foolishness.

Satan applauded them in astonishment, sold you all his tricks, and declared: "I am leaving. There is no role left for me here. You will play my part!"

Whenever the enemy sleeps comfortably among you, all you do is criticise him!

And the harshest thing you can manage is to shout, "Rise, O Salahudin!"

until even his grave complains!

How many times a year will you wake him? Do the living seek help from the dead?

Leave Saladin in his grave and respect his peace. For if he truly rose among you, you would kill him!

Yes, if Saladin were to rise today, he would meet the same fate as Sinwar, Hazem Abu Ismail, Ismail Haniyeh, and countless others who have filled prisons, places of exile, and graves!

If we were to study history and read the life of Saladin, then turn our attention to ourselves, examine our own experiences critically, and reflect on our present reality, we would have to acknowledge one thing:

Salahudin could never have achieved his victories and liberated Jerusalem without first defeating the traitors who were stabbing him in the back.

He could not liberate Jerusalem until he had broken the power of the rulers of the Levant who had allied themselves with the Crusaders and stood in the way of liberation.

Salahudin tried to avoid confronting them. He sought to win them over, made promises, offered encouragement, advised them, and appealed to their better judgment, but nothing worked.

And this was Saladin, a man renowned for his mercy, gentleness, and forgiveness, so much so that some historians even criticized him for forgiving too much!

If even a man known for his exceptional forgiveness could find no way to liberate Jerusalem without first defeating the traitors who stabbed him in the back, how could anyone else?

The heroism that bursts forth from our Ummah will remain suppressed for as long as the traitors remain.

And even if that heroism breaks through and surges forward despite them, it will remain hunted until it meets its end through betrayal and slaughter.

And this is the path.

This is the path that the heroism of the martyr Sinwar points toward.

- Arabic article by historian Mohamed Elhamy, translated into English.

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