



# THE HIJRAH

*of Umm Sulaym al-Muhajirah*

**M**y hijrah to the Islamic State was a journey not unlike that undertaken by many others who sought to leave the lands of kufr and reside in the lands of tawhid. I was forced to disavow my strength and ability, and to place my trust in Allah and rely on Him alone in order to find a way out from the dangers and difficulties I faced along the way. It was a means of purification that would strengthen me and prepare me to remain patient and steadfast in the face of the hardships we face today as the entire world gathers against the Khilafah in an endeavor to extinguish the light of Allah ﷻ.



THE MURTADD THUGS OF "LIWA AT-TAWHID"

### The News of My Previous Husband's Shahadah

My previous husband – may Allah accept him – had been fighting in Sham with the mujahidin of the Islamic State while I remained in Australia with our children awaiting his signal to join him. Six months had passed and it was “December 2013” when he told me, “I am confirming to you my allegiance to the Islamic State of Iraq and Sham. I have given bay’ah to its amir Abu Bakr al-Baghdadi al-Husayni al-Qurashi. We are anticipating betrayal from the other factions and we’re speculating a propaganda war. Jabhat an-Nusrah aren’t what we thought them to be. Dawlah are the true mujahidin. They are not fighting for democracy or nationalism, they are fighting to implement Shari’ah! The brothers are not perfect and we have our issues but they are the only ones with correct ‘aqidah and who are following the correct manhaj, and wallahi, the announcement of the Khilafah is close and over my dead body it will not come from anyone else but them! Always have sincerity in your quest for the truth and Allah ﷻ will not forsake you. Have tawakkul in Him.”

Shortly afterwards, I would learn that on “January 4th” my previous husband had joined a group of mujahidin in the town of Huraytan in Halab Wilayah and they set out to assist their brothers who had been ambushed by the Sahwat. However, on route they too were ambushed by the thugs of ‘Liwa at-Tawhid’. The mujahidin were drawn into a battle and within half an hour my previous husband had been fatally struck by a bullet in the jaw. The brothers swiftly sheltered him away from the enemy’s line of fire and

a few minutes later he had proclaimed his shahadah and returned to his Lord, inshaallah in the heart of a green bird with a lantern hanging from the throne of Allah ﷻ.

The news was bittersweet. I was so happy for my previous husband – may Allah accept him – as Allah ﷻ had not denied him his desire to attain shahadah – we consider him so and Allah is his judge – but I was anxious because I now had to make hijrah with my children, alone.

### The Murtaddin Are Exposed and the Mujahidin Remain True

It was not long before Allah ﷻ exposed the Sahwat. They were allying with the kuffar and tawaghit, receiving funds and various other forms of assistance. They did not implement the Shari’ah in any of the places where they had tamkin (consolidation), nor did they bring peace and security to the Muslims. Rather, tyranny and oppression remained widespread. Meanwhile, the Islamic State had liberated Raqqah and numerous other cities throughout Sham and implemented the Shari’ah in all their strongholds. However, this did not deter the claimants to Islam and jihad from defaming and belittling the mujahidin, condemning their actions in order to appease the kuffar, and accusing the Islamic State of hijacking Islam when in reality it was those social media-obsessed entertainers we call “scholars” who have hijacked and distorted our pure religion by encouraging voting in kufri elections, embracing peaceful co-existence with the kuffar, accepting the rule of the tawaghit, and by other than

that of misguided affairs.

As for the Islamic State, their intentions remained clear with their conquests in Sham. Their ambition was to pave the way towards re-establishing the Khilafah. They were the true mujahidin and I wanted for my children and myself to be a part of this noble campaign. I wanted my children to be nurtured under the shade of the Khilafah, where they would be taught the correct 'aqidah in an environment void of kufr, shirk, and open immorality and glorification of sins. I wanted them to grow up with jihad being our reality, not just pages read in the books of seerah and tafsir, all so we could succeed in the Dunya and return to Allah as shuhada, not fasiqin.

I could no longer tolerate living in Australia, and the guidance of our "scholars" was insufferable. Their solution for saving the weak and oppressed did not go beyond having us donate \$30 a month to a charity, and this is the limit set down by lazy cowards, not true men! When the Ummah became humiliated, subdued, and defeated due to our abandonment of jihad and the absence of khilafah, jihad became our only path to attaining victory, strength, consolidation in the land, and success in the Hereafter. But would the callers to misguidance ever admit this and declare it openly?!

### **The First Steps on the Path of Hijrah**

Following my previous husband's shahadah I began making preparations for my hijrah to Sham. I was to depart soon after my 'iddah had ended, but I was worried because I was living with my parents and I didn't know how to leave without them noticing. One night during qiyam al-layl, I made du'a, saying, "O Allah! Whoever would stand in my way and hinder my hijrah, remove them from me and blind them!" And indeed, Allah ﷻ answered my du'a. My father received a phone call informing him that he was required to attend a business meeting that would oblige him to travel overseas, which he did, and my mother soon accompanied him. Meanwhile, my in-laws became preoccupied with their own affairs,

which distracted them from taking any notice of my plans. ASIO (Australian Security Intelligence Organisation) was also blinded and were unable to gather enough information to prevent me from flying despite their continuous efforts.

I had designed my flight so that I would appear to be travelling to Lebanon, disguising it as a trip to visit family. However, my intention was that during my stop-over in Abu Dhabi I would arrange tickets to Turkey.

In the days leading up to my flight's departure my siblings became aware of my intentions, and the night before I was scheduled to leave my brother exposed me to my parents and they were greatly angered. They forbade me from flying and instructed my brother to confiscate our passports and tickets and prevent us from leaving the house. I made sujud, begging Allah ﷻ for assistance.

Allah ﷻ changed my father's heart and he instructed me to travel to Lebanon and informed me that he would meet me in Abu Dhabi. I was hesitant to agree to his requests, but I knew that resisting would have my belongings confiscated again, so I agreed and prepared to leave. My parents were understandably frightened for us and I did not want to hurt them, nor did I want to cause any further pain or grief to my in-laws, but Allah ﷻ says, "You will not find a people who believe in Allah and the Last Day having affection for those who oppose Allah and His Messenger, even if they were their fathers or their sons or their brothers or their kindred. Those – He has decreed within their hearts faith and supported them with spirit from Him. And We will admit them to gardens beneath which rivers flow, wherein they abide eternally. Allah is pleased with them, and they are pleased with Him – those are the party of Allah. Unquestionably, the party of Allah – they are the successful" (Al-Mujadilah 22).

When it was time to travel, we successfully boarded our scheduled flight and my children were very well-behaved on the 14-hour journey to Abu Dhabi. I repeatedly made istighfar, dhikr, and du'a to Allah ﷻ. I was still a little nervous because I needed to organize the Turkish leg of our journey and my finances were limited, but I knew that Allah ﷻ would not forsake me.

After arriving in Abu Dhabi, I managed to leave the airport terminal with my children before my father could reach us, and we travelled to Dubai, where we organized our flight to the Turkish city of Gaziantep via Istanbul. When we arrived in Gaziantep, I was exhausted! The Turkish summer proved to be burdensome and I was dressed in my jilbab and niqab, pushing several heavy bags of luggage while running after my two overly-excited children. Alhamdulillah, Allah ﷻ had inspired in me strength and patience, and the events that followed would require plenty of it!

We had arrived in Gaziantep and one of the brothers



GAZIANTEP INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT IN TURKEY

collected us from the airport. He was accompanied by another man and we were taken to a safe-house where they picked up Umm Sarah, Umm 'Ammar, and Umm Layth and her three children. Within half an hour of driving we were told that we were in Syria. I was alarmed because I knew Gaziantep was at least several hours away from the border of Sham. The men escorted us out of the vehicle and assisted us with our children and several items of luggage as we walked in the dark night through an open plain field. I made du'a seeking Allah's ﷻ protection. We were instructed to stop walking and to wait while they returned to the vehicle to collect the rest of our luggage.

However, soon after, the darkness was interrupted by the approach of bright lights, which kept shining brighter, and there were sounds of vehicles, which kept growing louder, and within seconds we heard over a dozen Kalashnikovs being locked and loaded and then aimed towards us, with men jabbering in Turkish. We instantly knew we were not in Syria. We were in a lot of trouble!

### **Imprisoned by the Murtadd Turkish Forces**

We had been intercepted by the Turkish border patrol, and they commanded us at gun point to remove our niqabs. We complied for a moment but quickly covered our faces again as they were staring at us with their perverted eyes. We remained silent as

they yelled at us and rummaged through our luggage, helping themselves to whatever they desired. They huddled us into the back of an armored vehicle and transported us to their barracks where they seated us outside on a concrete floor, questioning us. After several arduous hours, they relocated us inside the facility, where we were monitored by over a dozen armed guards.

Many more hours passed and the army general returned with his face burning red. His fury was demonstrable on his face as he yelled several times, "Are you Daesh?!" We replied, "Why are you asking?" He said, "Because there are Daesh at the borders threatening to attack us, burn the fields, and bomb places if we harm you and not release you." I praised Allah for this because it confirmed the brothers' knowledge of our duress.

The following morning, we were transferred to the murtadd Turkish gendarmerie, and a short few minutes after exiting the compound we noticed our belongings scattered on the floor and realized that we had been caught very close to the army barracks, so we grew suspicious. We arrived at a gendarmerie facility and were further exhausted with incessant interrogations. During my questioning there was one particular officer whom I despised. His name was Abu Qasim, one of the senior officers. He told me that he had the authority to help us reach the Islamic State, claiming his loyalty to them, but I was cynical of him despite what he feigned of politeness and

chivalry, and Allah ﷻ would later confirm my reservations.

Umm Sarah was pregnant at the time and the stress of the ordeal complicated her pregnancy. Allah ﷻ put compassion in the hearts of the murtadd Turkish officers and they released her. However, she later attempted hijrah again and successfully arrived in Sham, so I ask Allah ﷻ to accept from her.

The officers of the gendarmerie eventually transferred us to the Turkish branch of Interpol, where the officer responsible for our case was very annoyed with his new assignment. We endured further interrogations, were threatened with a ban of re-admission into Turkey, and were told we would be turned over to our corresponding embassies. We continued to argue with him until he angrily said, "I'm going to throw you all in a cell." We replied, "We would rather be in prison than to return."

When we arrived in our cell, Umm Layth revealed to us that she had snuck in her cell phone, and she hastily called her husband and informed him of what had happened to us. Abu Layth later called and informed her that he was liaising with the brothers and that they were collectively in the process of accessing the relevant people to negotiate our release. This truly was a karamah because our cell was in a basement and reception was unavailable. The officers would have to address their calls upstairs, and despite that, we were able to make calls without a glitch, and all praise is due to Allah.

The brothers bought time with the Turkish officers by sending various people to question us. However, one afternoon, the officers notified us that flights had been arranged and we would be returning to our countries the following morning. When it was time to leave, the officers came to collect us from our cell, but one of them received a phone call. He gestured for us to return to our cell and then ran upstairs to take the call. He returned soon after and informed us that we would no longer be leaving. We were confused. Umm Layth called her husband to update him and he informed us that the Islamic State had liberated Mosul! So we knew that the murtadd officers were taking negotiations seriously as a result.

### **From the Hands of the Turkish Murtaddin to the Hands of Their Sahwah Allies**

As one day changed to another, so did the attitudes of the officers towards us. They became friendlier, they were polite, they would bring us food regularly, and they allowed us to take our children outside to play in the courtyard. The news then came that negotiations had been successful and that we were to be released to the Islamic State. However, our happiness was soon overturned by these murtadd officers.

The arrangement was that we would be delivered to the brothers in Jarablus. However, we were delivered instead to A'zaz, where we witnessed the Sahwat collaborating with the officers of the gendarmerie. As we anxiously walked through the gates, I saw Abu Qasim standing outside, and another man greeted us, saying, "As-salamu 'alaykum my sisters. I have been waiting for you." He ushered us into a room and I heard him tell a guard, "No matter what you hear, no matter what happens, nobody comes in or goes out unless I say so." As we entered, I noticed men hiding an ashtray filled with cigarette butts and turning off the music that was playing quietly in the background.

The man positioned himself behind a fancy desk, making himself appear very important, and introduced himself as the 'amir,' Abu 'Ali, revealing that the Turks regularly brought him muhajirin. He questioned us particularly about Shaykh Abu Bakr al-Baghdadi and Shaykh 'Umar ash-Shishani, asking if we knew anything regarding their movements and locations, or if we knew anyone who knew them, but we could not provide him with the answers he was looking for, which infuriated him. So he intimidated us by sending us to an adjacent room adorned with beds, blankets, pillows, and fans. Umm Layth called her husband, and when he and the brothers learned of our situation they were enraged. He reassured us that the plan was still in process and we would be brought to the Islamic State, with Allah's permission. But the murtadd officers were clearly trying to assist their allies, so we had none to save us from this situation except for Allah, the Protector of the believers. "And Allah is most knowing of your enemies; and sufficient is Allah as an ally, and sufficient is Allah as a helper" (An-Nisa 45).

A short while later Abu 'Ali returned to the room and calmly stated, "I have agreed to send you back to the Turkish officers so they can send you to the shabab in the Islamic State, but please sisters, please speak to them and persuade them to stop the bloodshed. Let's unite and get rid of Bashar, and everyone can take a corner and

implement whatever society they want. If the boys want Shari'ah, they can do it in their own territory and leave us to govern with whatever qanun (law) we want in our area." His statement affirmed the reality of the situation. The events in Sham were considered a 'fitnah' to some, but they were only a fitnah for those who were desperately trying to excuse themselves from joining the mujahidin, as it was unmistakably clear that the Islamic State was following the correct manhaj and endeavored to re-establish the Khilafah upon the prophetic methodology, and this ambition was interfering with the selfish and ulterior agendas of the Sahwat and their proprietors.

### **At Last We Reach Safety**

Abu 'Ali escorted us to an area where Abu Qasim and his crew of murtadd colleagues were waiting for us with a convoy. The close relationship between them was apparent. Abu Qasim personally drove us the 4-hour journey, but he did not send us to Jarablus as agreed. Rather he would take us to Suluk, bringing with him Abu Yusuf, a contact from among the locals whom he could leave us with upon arrival so that he himself could flee as soon as he had delivered us to the city. When we arrived in Suluk we were hurried out of the vehicle, and within a blink of an eye it disappeared into the horizon. We entered the compound where a few brothers welcomed us and asked Abu Yusuf, "Where are the Turkish dogs?"

He laughed and said, "They flew away." The brother replied, "The brothers were waiting for them in Jarablus. They were going to catch them and have their necks after the stunt they pulled!"

Allah knows best what caused the unfortunate events we experienced, and ultimately, all good and bad is from Allah ﷻ. Today, I continue to be grateful to Allah that my children and I are in the Islamic State. And despite everything that has occurred, I am forever grateful to Allah ﷻ that He has granted us the blessing of living in the Khilafah under the shade of tawhid and the Shari'ah, where the Crusader armies have united in their quest to invade us, purely because we believe in and implement "La ilaha illallah." And let these Crusaders take heed, for just as the Khilafah is filled with men who love death more than the Crusaders love life, likewise are the women of the Islamic State. So let them not think that we will succumb due to them targeting our husbands with drones, or bombing our homes, or dropping white phosphorus on our children. No! This only strengthens our conviction, inshaallah.

I ask Allah to keep us steadfast upon this straight path until we meet Him. May Allah's blessings and peace be upon our prophet, Muhammad, and upon his family and all his companions. And all praise is due to Allah, the Lord of the creation.

THE SYKES-PICOT BORDER BETWEEN TURKEY AND SYRIA

