

# Exhibit 1

DO NOT WRITE BEYOND HEAVY LINES

الى المصاحبي رمزي قاسم  
١٥-٨-٢٠٠٨

شكراً على بذلك وجهودك في احقاق الحق واعادته لأهله وسفيره معنا  
دموع ممزوجة بالدم والألم وجريمة كبرى في تاريخ البشر  
رساله العظمت (الخيرية) في هذه الحياة وأنا أشاهد أكبر جرميه اسطرها بيكلامي ودموع عيوني لها شاهده  
في نفسي وهي بقية المظربين من التعذيب الذي يحدث لنا اليوم اسطرها بنفحات الدم التي تنرف من  
اجسادنا و أنفوسنا لتتلو (لأرضي) شاهده بهذا الظلم والتعذيب لمضربينا لهم ثلاث سنوات و البقي لهم  
سنتين اجسادهم تحينه ضعيفة مدمرة صحياً و نفسياً من سلسله الأساليب المتعدده من التعذيب لا يجازنا  
على فناء الاطراب ولكن اليوم و بعد هذه السنوات و سماعنا للقرار المتعمد كنا نظن انهم سوف يقفون  
بالاعطاشنا حتى قنوا لو مجرد حق انسان من يضي مضرب له اربع سنوات يتم معالجتنا و قد تمنا بطريقتنا  
انسانيه ولكن وجدنا الوضع عكس ما كنا نتصوره بل الامر مختلف على السابق بدء التعذيب الجسدي  
و بدون اسباب او ميرر لذلك و جناية في يوم القميص ١٤-٨-٢٠٠٨ نرى عسك كثرين و فرق شغب يدخلون  
النهر في هذا الصباح و نحن في الزنازين لا ندري لماذا اكل هذا البيض يدخل العنبر اليوم و فجاءه يسألنا عن التعذيب  
و اننا اسكننا بالعهده و قرار من الطبيب بتسريع التعذيب و ليس لكم خيار غير هذا أو خذ الاطراب فطلبنا مسكون الحزن  
و مسؤل الاطباء لتشرح له الامر و اننا منذ اكثر من ثلاث سنوات نتقنا بغير هذه الطريقة التي تسبب لنا الالام  
و المرض الموجه و التقارير الطبيه تشهد بذلك و الاطباء يعرفون ذلك فما السر في التغير فجاءه و حالت لان سببه  
للفايه اكثر من قبل و هو يشاهد كل يوم و علم عدم التسريع في التعذيب و هو هذا المظربين يتالمون و يستمعون  
تأليف بعهده الطريقة الجديده و ما كنا الصعيه لا نستعمل ذلك ام هناك شيء اخر هو التعذيب و الا بعدار على فناء الاطراب  
كما حدث للمضربينا في السابق فقلنا لهم بعد عظيم انا يا سيده بصولة الحزن و الاطباء قلنا لهم نريد مترجم حتى تعرف  
بالطبيب ماذا يريدون فجاء المترجم و قال لنا بمرأه و ضيقه حول عدم الرقعي و العنبر فالامر كما تعرفون بالقوه  
و هناك او امر و صلاحيتك للمساكين يتخار كانه اساليب التعذيب معكم من الضرب وغيره و انتم تعرفون مترجم جيد  
و المسؤوله خلف الزجاج يراقبون الوضع و قد أعطوا الاوامر بذلك و احسن شيء تفعلونه فكلوا الاطراب  
حتى لا تتعرضوا للتعذيب و فجاء بدء العساكر باليسون الدروع و الاقنعه و يمسكون البضائير لفرق الشغب  
و يا قنوا عند المضرب الاول و ياخذونه بالقوه مع تشديد القيود جدا عليه الى عايه نسمع الفراخ و البكاء منه و هو يقول  
عظمتي سينكسر و على اليدين و القدمين قيود حديد مشدوده بقوة و يا قنوا به الي كرمي التعذيب كرمي التعذيب طاعتين  
عليه من كل جانب و يقوه شديدا و يربطونه بازبطه الكرمي الكثيره و يشدون عليه حتى تكاد يطنه تنعيم و ذراعيه  
تتقلو و يديه و رجليه تنكسر مع ربط الراس بشده حتى يتعيس الدم على الدماغ و يربط في العنبر و على العيش و الصلوة  
و كما انه مشدوده يقوه على فمه مع اربطه اطرافه غير ما كنا عليه في السابق مع سته جنود و احد امامه يمسك على  
حلقه و رقبته يقوه و او احد خلفه يمسك رأسه الى الخلق و اثنان على اليمين و اثنان على اليسار يضغطون على ذراعيه  
و او احد ماسك يفتح امامه و هكذا يضغطون على هذا المظرب من حلقه فصار من شدة الضغط يخرج دم و مثلت الامامه  
البيضاء التي على فمه دم لتصبغ حمرا

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وبعد سدة الظفر عليه بدماء اطرافه تبرد ويعينه تشفير بسبب الضيق والاحساس بالموت والاشارة بدماء  
واضح عليه بالموت والمترجم واقف فقال للعسكري انه سوف يموت والعسكري ما زال مستغرق في ضيقه حسب الامر  
التي اعطيت له فاذا المترجم لا يستعمل هذه الموقف بأن يرى شخص يموت امامه فاشد وطرب العسكري بقوه على ظهره  
وصاح عليه انك سيموت فأعطاه العسكري قليلاً من التنفس وظل شاداً عليه وتأخى الممرضه بكل وحشيته بالانبوب  
و تدخله الى انفه بقوة مذهله واذا الدم يخرج مباشرة من انفه ويطلق له انبوب بالدم ويسقط على ثيابه والدم  
الانف يدونا رحماً تدخل له انبوب بقوة مع الدم الى معدته وتغلق عليه التقيديه بسرعه شديده وهو يستفرغ  
اذا المقصود ليس تقديه الفاهو التقديب لعرق الاطراب وهكذا انتشرت التقديه وجسمه مليئ بالتقيب  
والمرضى ما هذه الطريقة البشعه ومن الشدة وبعد الانسواء بدلاً مما الاربعه الى زنتائه يتركونه وقت طويل  
على هذه الفعالة السيئه حتى لا يفكر صده اخرا ان يعود الى كرسي التقديه والاسوف يحصل له من التقديب مثل هذا  
او أكثر وليس له حل الا فداء الاطراب وياخذ الطعام القادي وهكذا يعودونه بالفوه التي زنتائه ويرصونه على  
الارض لنظف فسمع صوته وصريعه من الالام التي في جسده وهكذا نشاهد الارهاب والتقديب الذي لا يله الا اول  
قلنا لابد من حضور المسؤولين والاطباء فبعد التقديب ونحن لا نخرج عنها يأتي المسؤولون وكل الامر قد تم والى اعطى  
العسكر الضو الاخضر بالصرف والتقديب واذا ابرهم ياؤنني ويرشون عليه ما نافذت الايا عليه كبيرة من  
البصاخ فاكاد اموت من شدة البصاخ ويصوي بصرف وعيني لا ارايوا شيئا و ثيابي تبتل بجمد المسيل  
من البصاخ المعرم دولياً يستخدمونه مع المظربين الذين هم عظام وجلده وهكذا يفتعون به زنتائي وانا  
في حاله سيئه جداً ويدخلون علي بقوه ديموني على الارض والجدار ويضربونني بسنده بأيدهم على جميع جسدي  
ويصكون من الاما التي الصناسه ويلفون قدمي ويدي جسده حتى تورمت واهيبت رجلي ويدي  
ويضربونني بقوة ويظلمونني على كرسي التقديب ويستم رجلي مثل المصراي الاول بقده على راسي وعيني وحلقتي  
وكتفبي ويطني ويدي ورجلي التي كل مكان والعسكر لا يكتفون بهذه الاربطة الشديده يظفطون علي من كل جانب  
مع تركيز الظفر على راسي وحلقتي والرقبه حتى اشعر بمفارقة الحياه وهكذا تأتي الممرضه بكل قساوة وشده  
تدخل الانبوب وكأنه سكين يقطع الانف واذا بالدم ينزل والانبوب يذهب الى المرءه والاد اختنق والدم  
ثم اخريست ومحاولة مزار وهو يذهب الى المرءه ثم دخل الى اطعده بالدم ثم فكت التقديه بقوه  
للممرض المسيق الاحالتي لا تستعمل التسريع وقد كنت اخذ ابطني شديده ومع ذلك كنت استفرغ الا ان الفرجم هو  
التقديب لا غير وهكذا ايضا استفرغ طول التقديه لتملئ ثيابي ولارفي بالدم والفق وهكذا تشتهي التقديه  
وجلست فترة طويله على الكرسي مع الستمار العسكري الظفر علي حتى لا تحدثني نفسي بالرجوع الى الكرسي  
التقديه مره اخرى وهكذا اياخذونني الى زنتائي ويرمونني على الارض بشده ويخرجون ثم يؤسسون الى مزار  
اخر وهكذا يعذبوننا واحد كلو الاخر حتى انشرو منا واحد المصريين عند ماشدو على رحمتهم اعصبي  
عليه وبعد انتمنا التقديه واعادوه الى الزنتان ضل الممرضه سكت فاقده الوعي على اهان وهو يستمع  
الصوات المصريين يعذبون لكن الالم الشديده ما يبعده يستطيع ان يذهب الى مواسه ليستريح غير انه لم يستطع الحركة

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To Attorney Ramzi Kassem  
8-15-2008

Thank you for your efforts to achieve justice, to restore it to its rightful owners, and for your struggle on our behalf.

Tears mixed with blood and pain; a big crime in the history of humanity.

A letter from the final moments of this life. I am watching the biggest crime ever as I chronicle it with my weeping and the tears from my eyes for the torture I suffer along with the rest of the strikers. I am writing about the torture that happened to us today with the drops of blood that are coming from our bodies and our noses, filling the earth and bearing witness to the injustice and the torture the strikers have been facing for three years and some for two years. Their bodies have become weak and thin, physically and psychologically destroyed from the sequence of numerous torture methods used to force us to end the strike.

Now, after all these years and after hearing about the court's decision [in *Boumediene*], we thought that they would give us our rights, even if that only meant the right of a sick human being who has been on strike for four years to humane medical treatment and feeding. But we found that things were the complete opposite of what we imagined and the situation is now different from before. They began to torture us physically without reason or justification. On Thursday 8-14-2008, many teams of soldiers and IRF teams [Initial Reaction Force—riot squads used to punish and intimidate GTMO prisoners] entered the cellblock in the morning. We were in our cells and did not know why this whole army entered our cellblock on this day.

Suddenly they began to ask us about the feeding and they told us that it will be done by force from now on and that the doctor has decided to accelerate the feeding, adding that we have no other choice but to end the strike. We asked to speak to the guards' supervisor and to the head doctor in order to explain to him the situation, that we have been fed for more than three years in a different way that causes us much pain and many ailments and that the medical reports confirm this and the doctors know about it. So what's the reason behind this sudden change. We are now in an extremely poor state, more than ever before. And as he saw every day, even without accelerated feeding, the strikers are in pain and they throw up. So what will happen when they start the new way of feeding and our state of health cannot endure it? Or is it just another way of torture to force us to end the strike as happened with the previous strikers?

When they refused to allow us to speak to the chief of the guards and the doctors, we told them we wanted a translator to know exactly what they want from us. The translator came and he told us sincerely to be patient and not to refuse because they will use force against us, as we know, and that there are orders and measures in place for the soldiers to undertake all necessary kinds of torture on us including beatings and other methods and reminding us that we well know what the soldiers are capable of. He also told us that the

people in charge were watching from behind the glass and that they had already issued the orders such that the best thing to do was to end the strike so as not to be tortured.

Suddenly, the soldiers began to put the shields and the masks on the IRF team members and held the sprayers for them. They went to the first striker and extracted him by force, tightening the handcuffs so much that we heard him scream and cry out that his bones were going to break. His hands and feet were bound very tight in iron shackles. They made him sit on the feeding chair, the torture chair, applying extreme pressure on him from all sides. Then they tightened all the chair's numerous restraints on him until his stomach was about to explode, his arms were about to get severed, and his hands and legs were about to break. They also tied his head tightly to the point of cutting off circulation to his brain and tied straps around his face and eyes and throat and a tightened muzzle over his mouth in addition to other restraints that did not exist before. There were six soldiers, one of them standing in front of him holding his throat and his neck tightly and another soldier behind him pulling his head backwards and two soldiers on his right and another two on his left pulling his arms and a soldier holding a sprayer in front of him. They pressed on this striker's throat until blood came out from him and the white muzzle on his mouth turned red with blood and yet the soldiers kept on pressing.

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After all of this pressure his limbs stiffened and his eyes changed shape because of the strangling and the feeling of impending death. It was clear that he was going to die. The translator was standing there and he told the soldier that the prisoner is going to die but the soldier kept on strangling the striker following the orders he received. The translator couldn't stand to see someone dying in front of him. So he hit the soldier on his back, and screamed at him to let him go because he's going to die. The soldier let the prisoner breathe but kept holding his throat. Then the nurse came savagely with the tube and inserted it in his nose with astonishing force. The blood rushed out from his nose and the tube became stained with blood that dripped onto his clothes and the floor. Without any mercy, she continued forcefully to insert the blood-stained tube into his stomach. She also accelerated the feeding until he threw up.

So, the intent is not to feed but to torture him to end the strike. This is how the feeding ended, with his body weary and sick from this ugly procedure and from the brutality. Afterwards, instead of returning him to his cell, they left him for a long time in this position to make him fear returning to the feeding chair, lest he be tortured this way or even more, leaving him no solution other than to end the strike and return to eating the normal food. Then they forced him back to his cell and threw him on the floor. We kept hearing his voice and cries from the pain in his body. In this way, we witnessed the terrorization and torture met by the first one of us.

We said the people in charge and the doctors had to come at once because this is torture and we won't come out until the people in charge come. But it was too late; the thing had been decided and the soldiers already had the green light to act and torture us. They sprayed me from the window of the door using a big sprayer. I was about to die from the



harshness of this spray. My face was burning and I couldn't see a thing with my eyes and my clothes were drenched with the lacrimator from this spray which is internationally prohibited but they use it against the strikers who are no more than skin and bones.

Using this method, they entered my cell while I was in an extremely bad state, grabbed me forcefully, threw me on the floor and against the wall and beat me up badly with their hands all over my body. They grabbed me by my private parts and twisted my hands and feet until they became swollen and painful. They forced me out and put me on the torture chair and tied me up like the first striker from my head, my eyes, my throat, my shoulders, my stomach, my hands and feet. I felt pain all over. But the soldiers were not satisfied with the tight restraints. They kept on pressing me from all sides, focusing the pressure on my head, my throat and my neck until I felt like I was about to part with life.

It was then that the nurse came, harsh and brutal, and she inserted the tube. It felt like a blade cutting my nose. The blood began to rush out and the tube went into my lungs such that I almost suffocated. She pulled it out and tried again and the tube went into my lungs. Finally, the bloody tube went to my stomach and she then activated the feeding at full thrust. They know about my condition, that I can't endure the acceleration and that I was fed in an extremely slow manner though I would still throw up. The object could only have been torture, nothing else.

I kept throwing up during the feeding process. My clothes and the floor became covered with blood and vomit. I remained a long time on the chair and the soldiers kept applying pressure on me so I wouldn't be tempted to return to the feeding chair ever again. Then they took me to my cell and harshly threw me on the floor. They left and went to another striker. This was how they tortured us one by one until they had tortured all of us. One of the strikers fainted when they pressed on his neck. After they finished feeding him, they returned him to his cell where he remained unconscious for close to an hour until he woke up and heard the other strikers' voices as they were being tortured. The extreme pain he was in motivated him to go to his bed to rest although he was otherwise unable to move.

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### Certificate Of Translation

I, the undersigned, Mahmoud Khatib, translator at Middle East Translation Services, Inc. certify that I am proficient in both the English and the Arabic languages and that this Arabic to English translation of the document titled "**Letters from Ahmed Zaid Salim Zuhair**" has been done to the best of my ability and knowledge. This translation has been reviewed and proofread for accuracy and honesty in transforming the original Arabic terms and general meaning into their equivalent English terms and meaning.

*(Translated document titled: "**Letters from Ahmed Zaid Salim Zuhair**" is attached to this certificate.)*

Sincerely,



Mahmoud Khatib

Tuesday, September 16, 2008