Twitter Thread by SEHRISH



SEHRISH
@SehrishLone



BURIED MY HEART IN A PIT.
Some heartbroken i can say talks of a helpless father.
A Thread by @tkwmag
I have mentioned few thing, hope you won't ignore.
Please share as much as possible

Mushtaq Ahmad Wani is the father of Ather Wani, a 17-year-old boy killed in an alleged gunfight in Srinagar by the government forces on 30 December 2020. Ather was buried at a desolate graveyard, more than a hundred kilometers away from his home in Pulwama. ++

The oppression dies — at last. The oppression has to end.
#ReturnTheBodies ++

On 30 December 2020, near 12 pm, I reached home to a group of people waiting outside my home. I rushed inside, anxious. “Your son has been martyred in Srinagar,” my elder brother told me.. I boarded a family vehicle with Ather’s mother and reached the PCR in Srinagar. ++

My son was lying inside the PCR but the police personnel at the gate didn’t allow us. “I’m his father. I want to see his face,” I pleaded. I pleaded more. And more. But they didn’t allow me, saying, “Wait till the higher officer calls them.” ++

I stood outside and cried in helplessness. After one hour, they allowed me to go inside. Ather was lying on a trolley outside the complex. He was stripped naked, draped in a blanket, put inside a body bag. I wanted to hug him, press him close to my chest. ++

As I kissed his forehead, they pushed me back and took him away. They didn’t touch him; one personnel got into the vehicle, another just dumped the body bag on the floor.
— the floor where we keep our shoes
— like he was an animal. ■■
++

At least put him on a seat," I shouted. But they pushed me outside and drove away. When the vehicle came on the main road, I lay bare on the road. To pass, they will have to drive over my body. Police personnel dragged me away. "Kill me!" I screamed at them.
++

This was my son. His body was my right. Even if a Pakistani or an Indian dies at the border their bodies are returned. I have no rights — not even over the body of my son. ++

We drove towards Sopore, (north Kashmir), in the same vehicle in which I had come from Pulwama. I had heard that that's where they take them to bury, in graveyards. Ather's mother boarded another vehicle and chased the police. I was only half-way when they called me to say, ++

"Ather is being taken to Sonamarg." I drove back.
Sonamarg has wild animals; what if these people would just dump my son in the snow and a wild animal takes him away from me?
I cannot trust this country anymore.
++

I found my family stopped at Gund camp at 4:30 pm. There CRPF and police stood with batons in their hands. And they stopped us also. For the sake of humanity, I asked them as a father to know where my son is buried?
I cried and cried with his mother, but they didn't allow us. ++

The CRPF personnel were laughing at me. My Kashmiri brothers, who were there on duty, laughed at me.
__This is lanath on us, Allah is watching ■■ how can people be so heartless__
Allah ■■
++

They took the batons out. I was ready to be killed. I asked them to kill me, and bury me next to Ather. "Or shoot me," I told them. "But I won't stop." After two hours, I left for Sonamarg, about twenty-three kilometers away, with Ather's mother, sister, and grandmother, on foot.

At Gund camp After a few more pleads I was given a vehicle. I drove with my brother and picked the women en route.
Near 7:30 pm, I spotted the police vehicle in Sonamarg on the road. I sighed that I reached on time. I asked for permission: "Can I see my son now?" ++

As asked, I and my brother picked up Ather's body and put him on a wooden slab — eight-inch wide and seven feet long. There was no vision — we were denied any light. Shivering in cold, I switched on the flashlight of my phone and hugged Ather tightly. ++

I took off my pheran and his mother cleaned his body: a grave wound behind his ear, still bleeding; two bullet shots on his chest, at heart; hands bruised with rope, and the skin of his nose and face were peeled off. He was so brutally killed. ++

"Read the janaza if you want, but hurry," the personnel insisted.
I held my son's corpse on a shoulder and started climbing a small hill, covered in snow. It was so dark that I couldn't see

who else shouldered my son, other than my brother, to the grave. ++

But the wooden slab was small and my son would slide down, again and again. I held Ather by his shroud; I was afraid my son would fall down.
The only light bulb in nothingness lightened the grave that wasn't. It was a pit, dug by JCB. How could I bury my son here, I wondered ++

If you talk loudly, the army will beat you up." But what would I be afraid of? I was already dead.
When the women were crying on the road, I entered the pit and my brother lowered the body. Ather was bleeding a lot; the shroud was stained. ++

As I buried the piece of my heart, Ather opened his eyes and looked at me. I put my hand over his eyes and said, "Close them, son."
They shut the light and asked us to leave. ++

My heart knows how I buried him in the snow — just three graves in nowhere. I felt like my heart would come out of my mouth. If I go back, I might not be able to identify the grave. I never got the time to mourn my son. ++

Every night, before I go to sleep, I think about how to live the next day? I'm scared in my own room. I swear on my son, I'm scared of sleeping. Of waking up. ++

All I want is his body. I want a grave to sit next to and cry, mourn my son. Return the body and I will bury him in the death of a night, in silence. There will be no procession, I promise.
Or kill my family in a fake encounter and bury us near my son, in Sonamarg.
++

— because they can't give us justice.
Said his father.
Stopping my flow of tears, I'm concluding this painful story of a helpless father.
Let's get together, today it was ather, Tomorrow it could be one of us.
Let's raise our voice for our people.
#ReturnTheBodies