

## Testament of Freedom

*He who avenges himself  
Says farewell to his beautiful wife  
Has no longing for power or wealth*

It does not worry me a bit if this will and testament of mine reaches the great people of the glorious Balochistan or not. As I write these words, there are armed guards all over the place, keeping a watchful eye on every move I make. I have only eight hours to live. Eight hours from now I shall be proudly walking to the gallows. I have no feeling of remorse, nor am I bothered by the thought that I should have lived longer rather than be dead soon, because to lead a life without any purpose or to live under the yoke of slavery, is a curse.

I am not the first nor the only one to give his blood for Balochistan; hundreds of Baloch have laid down their lives for the fatherland. In my family alone I shall be the second person to kiss the hangman's noose. And thus sacrifice my life for the great goal, which I am certain, the younger generations of Baloch shall ultimately achieve. One of my ancestors, Sheran Dad Karim, was executed by the British in 1902.

I would like to tell my friends that such a priceless boon like freedom cannot be won without the supreme sacrifice. I know of no precedent in history where nations have achieved freedom without rendering the supreme sacrifice. The path to freedom and independence is admittedly a difficult one. However, the goal awaiting us is truly magnificent. I feel happy and consoled to think that though independence may elude us from a long time to come – my little daughter Bibi Banadi who is now 3 years old may experience it in her life time – my grandchildren and those of my brother Beebagr's will surely be blessed with it and that day will be the day when my soul will finally rest in peace and receive true comfort.

*Can you, by severing the heads  
from the bodies,  
Kill living thoughts  
And ideas?  
can you, by wrenching  
the flowers from the branches,  
Stop their fragrance  
from spreading?*

I am certain that every member of my family will take my execution with calmness and fortitude. I wish my mother were alive today, for, she must have sung this lullaby in my ears when I was a child:

*If you die a hero's death,  
I shall visit your grave,  
In the best of attire*

*and make up.  
Instead of mourning  
and lamenting  
I shall sing you a song  
of joy:  
And shall proudly  
give birth  
To another child  
exactly like you.*

I am sure dearest sisters will not weep and go into mourning over my death. I ask my grandmother to recall the lullaby she used to sing for all of us:

*When my flower-like son  
becomes a youth  
he will arm himself with  
the best of weapons.  
He shall make the traitors  
Bite the dust,  
He shall fight and crush  
His enemies.*

The lofty mountains and the vast plains of Balochistan are waiting for those who could embrace them and turn them into castles and battlegrounds.

*Mountains are the fortresses  
of the Baloch  
Impregnable heights are  
Their treasure houses  
Flowing springs quench  
their thirst  
Their children are  
selected arrows  
Sharp-edged daggers are  
their son-in-law  
Baloch fathers are  
broad-bladed swords.*

Shaheed Abdul Hameed Baloch.