

EXHIBIT A



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Memo re: FBI involvement in the abuse of Binyam Mohammed (al Habashi)
Date: August 24th, 2005
From: Clive A. Stafford Smith

Below is a memo about Binyam Mohammed. He has authorized me to reveal this information, as he wants a complete investigation to prevent this kind of thing happening again to someone else.

The FBI involvement allegedly began in Pakistan as set out in the memo. The media has got the flight logs proving that Binyam was flown from Pakistan to Morocco and back to Afghanistan on the days he had previously identified. We have no specific evidence to date that the FBI was directly involved in Morocco, although the evidence from the U.S. end demonstrates that they were involved in the U.S. investigation while the torture was happening in Morocco.

In terms of physical evidence, presumably the photographs of his abuse exist somewhere, although I would have no idea where these might still be stored.

You will obviously be familiar with the Jose Padilla case. The fact that evidence was being tortured out of Binyam for use in the Padilla investigation raises moral and ethical problems, in addition to everything else.

The named FBI agent also actively misled the family about where their kid brother was (it would arguably have been reasonable to refuse to disclose information, but the active falsehoods caused the family great trauma).

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Note: This memo is preliminary since I have not had nearly enough time to complete going through Binyam's experiences. This is derived directly from materials that have been deemed unclassified, and contains no classified information.

Binyam Mohammed was born on July 24, 1978, in Ethiopia. His father is Ahmed Mohammed Bushra, who was a supervisor with Ethiopian Airlines. His mother is originally from Yemen. In 1992, the government changed and the military took over. They began arresting people who had been associated with the old government. Binyam went to Britain on March 9, 1994. He sought political asylum and was given leave to remain while this was resolved. He was there for 7 years.

1. Binyam's seizure

Binyam went to the Karachi Airport on April 10, 2002, with a ticket to Zurich and on to London.

"I was seized in Karachi. I was by myself. I refused to talk in Karachi until they gave me a lawyer. I said it was my right to have a lawyer. The FBI said, 'The law has been changed. There are no lawyers. You can cooperate with us -- the easy way, or the hard way.'"

2. Torture for the Americans by the Pakistanis

Binyam was taken to Landi Prison from April 13-20, 2002. He was not interrogated there at all. Indeed, while he was later abused by Pakistanis, he was never interrogated by the Pakistanis at all.

From April 20-27, 2002, he was taken to the I.C.I. Unit, an interrogation center in Karachi. This is where he met the FBI. He asked for an attorney and refused to speak with them, since he said the Americans had nothing to do with him.

There were 4 small cells, each 2m x 2.5m. While there, he was hung up for a week by a leather strap around the wrists. He could only just stand. He was only allowed down to go to the toilet twice a day. He was given food, normally rice and beans, once every second day. "It was the first thing that happened to me. I just thought it would end. There were threats of beating, though."

The FBI would come in for morning interrogations. There were four of them:

1. 'Chuck'. White male, about 40, 5'9" or 5'10", brown hair, blue eyes, 70kg. "If I see him I'll know him."
2. 'Terry'. White male, about 50, 5'11 or 6', brown hair, blue eyes, clean shaven but with a mustache, 90kg. "If I see him I'll know him."
3. FNU. Black male (light skinned), 35, 5'10, bald, spoke Swahili. "If I see him I'll know him."
4. 'Jenny'. White female, 40-ish, 5'9", skinny, brown shoulder-length hair. "If I see her I'll know her."

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The FBI seemed to think that because he had lived in the US for a short while he had plans to do something there. "But I'm going to the UK," Binyam would say.

The FBI also seemed to think that he was some kind of top Al Qaida person.

"How? It's been less than six months since I converted to Islam! Before that, I was into using drugs," Binyam would say. Indeed, he had traveled in part to help try to kick the habit.

On the first day of the interrogations, 'Chuck' said, "If you don't talk to me, you're going to Jordan. We can't do what we want here, the Pakistanis can't do exactly what we want them to. The Arabs will deal with you."

It was at this point that Binyam told them his name and address. Chuck checked with the British and this was true.

'Terry' asked the same questions. "I'm going to send you to Jordan or Israel," he said. Then he threatened to send him to the British. "The SAS know how to deal with people like you."

It was after Terry's visit that they started the torture.

The Pakistanis could not speak English, and Binyam could not understand them. They would just come in and beat him with a leather strap. It had a handle, and then leather with a joint making the rounded end part whip back on him.

One Pakistani pointed some kind of gun at Binyam's chest. It was a semi-automatic, and he loaded it in front of Binyam. "He pressed it against my chest. He just stood there. I knew I was going to die. He stood like that for five minutes. I looked into his eyes, and I saw my own fear reflected there. I had time to think about it. Maybe he will pull the trigger and I will *not* die, but be paralyzed. There was enough time to think the possibilities through."

'Chuck' came in after that. He said nothing. He stared at me and left.

Two MI6 officers came after that. The torture stopped when the British came.

1. 'John'. He was a white male, 30, short black (?) hair, a goatee, 5'10" and stocky. ("I might recognize him.")

2. FNU. White male, 45, 5'10", stocky, full short black (?) beard. ("I would recognize him.")

"They gave me a cup of tea with a lot of sugar in it. I initially only took one. 'No, you need a lot more. Where you're going you need a lot of sugar.' I didn't know exactly what he meant by this, but I figured he meant some poor country in Arabia." One of them did tell me that I was going to get tortured by the Arabs.

'John' questioned Binyam. Binyam said he wanted a lawyer.

"How can I help you?" he asked.

"I don't know," said Binyam.

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“I’ll see what we can do with the Americans,” he said, promising to tell Binyam what would happen to him. He did not see them again.

A month later, Binyam was refusing to talk until he got a lawyer. The Americans left. The FIA came with the money he had had. They had him sign a paper for his release from Pakistan.

On July 19th, 2002 (he thinks it was a Friday), Binyam was taken from Karachi to Islamabad on a PIA flight with two officers, but not even in cuffs. He was in row 35 or 36. When he arrived, he was taken in a bus to a pickup truck. He was handcuffed, and taken to the Special branch office, where he was left in a room with a Pakistani prisoner until the Sunday night at about 10pm.

MOROCCO

1. Arriving in Morocco

On July 21st, 2002 (+/-), Binyam was taken to a military airport in Islamabad. There were two others with him. He was blindfolded, but it was very quiet. He was held there for about two hours.

a. Into U.S. Custody for Rendition

Once there, he was turned over to the Americans. The U.S. soldiers were dressed in black, with masks, wearing what looked like Timberland boots. They stripped him naked, took photos, put fingers up his anus, and dressed him in a tracksuit. He was shackled, with earphones, and blindfolded.

He was put into a U.S. plane – he cannot say the size, but is sure it was some kind of official or military plane, rather than anything civilian, since it was so quiet on board before take off that there were not many others on it.

b. The location of the Moroccan airport

He was tied to the seat for the roughly 8 to 10 hour flight. He was flown to an airport in Morocco where he arrived on July 22nd. While he was blindfolded, he is sure there were two other prisoners on the flight.

He believes it may have been near Rabat.

Binyam believes that there was a U.S. military base near it.

2. The Torture Prison in Morocco – In Binyam’s own words

This is the first, very rough preliminary edition of Binyam’s diary of his torture at the hand of the torturers in Morocco.

It was when I got to Morocco that they said that some big people in Al Qaida were talking about me. They told me that the U.S. had a story they wanted from me, and it was their job to get it. They talked about Jose Padilla, and they said I was going to testify against him and big people. They named Khalid Sheik Mohammed, Abu Zubaydah and Ibn Sheikh Al Libi. I was meant to be working with these people, giving them ideas like the dirty bomb.

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It is hard to pin down the exact story, because what they wanted changed from Morocco to when I was in the Dark Prison, to Bagram and again in Guantanamo Bay.

But one thing is sure. I've never met anyone like Khalid Sheik Mohammed, Abu Zubaydah or Ibn Sheikh Al Libi. How would I? I spoke no Arabic at all when I was in Pakistan. And I didn't know Jose Padilla either. I never heard his name till they told me.

A. The Torture Prison itself

At the airport, I was put in what I believe to be a Reynolds van. I was told to lie down. My cuffs were changed to plastic ones, and they drove for half an hour or 45 minutes. I heard Arabic being spoken at this time.

Where I was first held, from July 23rd, 2002, to about August 15th, there was a series of houses which were dug down, almost underground. There were six rooms per house, and at least five houses in a group, with more further away. Three of the rooms were for the prisoners, one for interrogation, one for the guards and one empty. When I arrived, there were already two other prisoners in the other rooms.

From July 23rd to about August 15th, I was in the middle room of three. The wall was whitewashed. There was a large window, but it was shuttered.

I was then moved from the 15th to about the 22nd to the end room, which was next to the toilet. This was the dark, 'torture' room with wood paneling.

There was a metal fence all around. The trees outside were about ten metres high.

1. The Torture Team

Some of the torture team were masked, and some were not. Below is the best that Binyam could do in my initial discussions with him, but we will work on improving the descriptions so we can make an identification of them.

a. 'Mohamed'

Mohamed was about six feet tall, well built, blue eyes, brown hair, white skin, perhaps 28-30 years old. He was Moroccan.

b. 'Sarah' the 'Canadian'

Sarah was about 30-35 years old, white, blue eyes, blond hair, about 5'6", average weight. She said she was Canadian and was meant to play the role of 'third party' between him and his adversary, the Americans (and Moroccans). Binyam had refused to speak with the Americans and the Moroccans, so they thought they would try something else. He was told that she had come in specially to act as intermediary and they had to delay his interrogation for four days to do this. But he believes that she was probably just an American, or a Canadian involved with the U.S. military, and this was just part of the interrogation process.

"If you don't talk to me, the Americans are getting ready to carry out the torture. They're going to electrocute you, beat you and rape you." She seemed blasé about this,

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as if this were something normal. I listened but said I would not talk today. (August 2nd, 2002)

c. 'Smoke-too-much'

The one who smoked too much was Moroccan, about 5'10", brown skin, black hair, brown eyes.

d. 'Marwan'

My lead tormentor was Marwan. He was the one who was in charge of much the actual abuse. He was 6'2", said he weighed 90kg, brown skin, brown eyes, and clean shaven. He slapped me a few times during the interrogations, smoked Marlboro lights, and had a Motorola Wing telephone.

e. 'Scarface'

Scarface was the one with no name, scary looking, about 5'10", face like 'Scarface' (though he was masked), brown skin, brown eyes, deep voice, he did much of the questioning and the beating.

f. The Boss

The most senior one was about six feet tall, very white and brown eyes, hair that was black but flecking to grey, a trimmed beard, well built. It is said that he has been to Guantanamo to interrogate the Moroccans there.

2. American Plans for the Torture

According to the unclassified materials that Binyam wrote: "they want me to testify in court as they have no witnesses and they have told me they are preparing me and others for their use and giving us information on the accused which we know nothing of."

3. The initial softening up process in Morocco

I was placed in a room with three guards, and the cuffs were cut off, replaced with metal cuffs "Made in Spain." I was cuffed to the chair. The sun was already up, and I asked to be allowed to pray. They let me wash at the shower, and told me the direction to Mecca. I went to sleep in a 3.5 x 3.5 room with a bed and table. The large window was shuttered so I could not see out of it.

I was not of this world. I did not believe this was real, that this was happening to me. It never, never crossed my mind that I'd end up being hauled half way across the world by the Americans to face torture in a place I had never been, Morocco.

The first shift of guards spoke English – "How are you?" – and were white with Arab features.

The second shift were very Moroccan. They told me, "If you cooperate with them, they won't torture you." I knew I was going to be tortured. I was pissed off that the U.S. interrogated me, then took me across the world.

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For the first few days it seemed that they were just observing me. They would just ask me a few questions, and I would talk with the guards.

“What kind of torture do they do in this place?” I asked one of the guards.

“They’ll come in wearing masks and beat you up. They’ll beat you with sticks. They’ll rape you first, then they’ll take a glass bottle, they break the top off and make you sit on it.”

When I looked in the eyes of the people who said they’d make me sit on a broken glass bottle, all I saw was nothing but determination, certainty deep in them that they *were* going to do it. I hoped it was just a threat, but some Moroccan friends back home had told me about this happening in Morocco, they were known for it. I just didn’t think they were going to do it to someone who was not Moroccan, who had nothing at all to do with Morocco.

a. Friday, July 26

An interrogator came into the room. “This is just a welcome.”

I demanded who he was. I made sure I looked pissed off. We did not talk about anything. Nothing happened. I went back to my room. All I did was ask what kinds of tortures were available.

b. Sunday, July 28 (+/-)

Two interrogators came in today. In the interrogation room there was some kind of international swimming on television.

“This is just talk. If you want interrogation, we’ll interrogate you.”

They asked about a Heritage Centre (a Mosque) in N. Kensington, about five minutes from where I lived, where I worked from October 2000 to about May 2001. They showed me pictures and asked about people who had been there.

I told them I refused to talk. “I’m not Moroccan, it has nothing to do with you.” I said this politely. “And if the Brits have questions, they should ask themselves, not you.”

The guy who was smoking smiled at me. “Why do you think the Brits sold you out to us so cheaply? Why do you think they sent you here?”

They asked me about Moroccan groups in Afghanistan. I told them I knew nothing. The first interrogator was smoking impatiently, and told me that I had better speak to them at once, or he would get up and smack me about.

“I know I’m here to be tortured, so you may as well get on with it,” I said with bravado. “I have nothing to do with you, or your Moroccan groups, as I’m not Moroccan.”

They left me alone all that night. At one point a guard – I remember he was the one who was 22 years old – came in to tell me something. “If you don’t speak to them now, you’re just going to see people coming in with masks and they’re going to beat the hell out of you.”

They left me all day Monday to think about it. Nothing happened.

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c. Tuesday, July 30 (+/-)

Today I was questioned about my links with Britain. The interrogator told me that we have been working with the British, and we have photos of people given to us by MI5. 'Do you know these?' I realized that the British were sending questions to the Moroccans. I was at first surprised that the Brits were siding with the Americans. I sought asylum in Britain rather than America because it's known as the one country that has laws that it follows. To say that I was disappointed at this moment would be an understatement.

The guards started talking about torture again. They talked more about the beating and the rape. I tried not to show them the fear that I had.

They left me for a while to dwell on it. I was thinking they were promising to torture me, so I asked for a Quran. They eventually brought me one on August 1st. It had been dipped in something like diesel, I have to leave it to evaporate before I could read it. This was a difficult moment, because it was a clear indication of the hypocrisy going on there. These people were not real Muslims. I was just learning Arabic then, but just reading the Quran gave me tranquility.

d. August 2 (+/-)

The "Canadian" called "Sarah" came today. She said she was supposedly a "third party" only interested in talking to me, because I had refused to talk to the Moroccans and the Americans, so maybe I would want to talk to a Canadian.

"If you don't talk to me, then the Americans are getting ready to carry out the torture. They're going to electrocute you, beat you, and rape you." She seemed blasé about this, as if this was something normal. I listened to her, but I said I would not talk today.

e. August 3 (+/-)

Today I told "Sarah" that I never asked for a "third party." She got angry.

"You don't know what's good for you." She had me taken back to my room.

A guard told me that they had waited all this time while she had been brought from Canada.

"How can I talk to them?" I pleaded. "I know nothing about what they want."

"Ask them for pictures," he replied. "You're the one who should ask them questions, how you can help them."

f. August 4 (+/-)

Today 'Sarah' came in with Mohammed, a Moroccan.

They had brought pictures, all of British people. "This is the British file," they said. "Sarah" picked up the pictures of two British people – Yusuf Jamaici and Amin Mohammed – and told their whole story, about how they were suspected of being al Qaida and other stuff.

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They also brought pictures of about 25 of the "most wanted" Al Qaida people. "I don't know these people."

I was interested in my own case.

"I'm giving you a last chance to think about cooperating with the U.S.," said 'Sarah.'

They left me alone for a day to think about it, with no interrogation.

g. August 6 (+/-)

It was "Sarah" and "Mohammed" again today. They came on all sympathetic, and brought in breakfast. I said I was not talking. They talked about politics and wars of the past. "I want you to answer the Americans' questions." "Sarah" talked on and on, all about snitching on people. Mohammed said they would send me back to the UK, where they were expecting me.

That night I thought I was going to be transferred out of there. They came in and cuffed my hands behind my back. But then three men came in with black masks, some kind of ski masks that only showed their eyes. They had military trousers and different coloured shirts.

When they came in my head stopped. I ceased really knowing I was alive. One stood on each of my shoulders, and the third punched me in the stomach. The first punch, I didn't expect it. I didn't know where it would be. I'd have tensed my muscles but I didn't have time. It turned everything in me upside down. I felt I was going to vomit.

Within ten minutes I was almost gone. It seemed to go on for hours. I had prayed the sunset prayer, but I don't know what time it went on to. I was meant to stand, but I was in so much pain I'd fall to my knees. They'd pull me back up and hit me again. They'd kick me in my thighs as I got up. I vomited within the first few punches. I really didn't speak at all though. I didn't have the energy or will to say anything. I just wanted for it to end.

I could see the hands that were hitting me. They looked like the hands of someone who had worked as a mechanic or chopped with an axe. They were heavy hands. There was dark black hair on the back of the hands and the fingers. I don't remember any rings. The wrists were thick, with shirtsleeves buttoned down all the way.

I looked in his eyes. I saw no sympathy. I never looked at the eyes of the other two. They never said a word. They just beat me up that night and left me.

I collapsed and they left. I heard the key lock. I stayed on the ground a long time before I lapsed into unconsciousness. My legs were dead. I could not move. I awoke still on the floor. I'd vomited, pissed on myself.

h. August 7 (+/-)

There was to be no more first class treatment. No bathroom. No food for a while. The door opened. I thought they were back. They were not. I was taken for interrogation.

"Are you going to cooperate or not?" asked the man, the seventh who had questioned me so far. I said nothing. They took me back to the room. But it was a different room now, next door to the other one, the dark room. It was lined with wood paneling.

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They left me there, depressed. I lost it at this point. I was numb. I was full of pain. I still have a permanent stomach problem, and my ribs hurt if I sit for long. Something is broken inside. But back then I was just numb.

i. August 7 (+/-) Night: The Circle of Torture

It was then that the circle of torture began. They'd ask me a question. I'd say one thing. They'd say it was a lie. I'd say another. They'd say it was a lie. I could not work out what they wanted to hear.

They'd say there's this guy who says you're the big man in Al Qaida. I'd say it's a lie. They'd torture me. I'd say, okay it's true. They'd say, okay, tell us more. I'd say, I don't know more. They're torture me again.

That night the same people came back. The same guy punched me till I couldn't stand. I was making noises, groaning, I couldn't breathe, I begged them to stop. They didn't care.

Then, after a while, they acted like they were sympathetic. One would say, as best I could understand in Arabic, "Let's leave him." One would say, "We've got to finish the job."

They left me on the floor for, I don't know, maybe fifteen minutes, half an hour. A guard came in and uncuffed me, and gave me food. "It's all over. You don't have to worry any more." I wanted to believe him. I just couldn't.

j. The phoney war

But this time they left me for a week. I got regular meals. I was in pain, I could not get up for prayer. But they left me alone.

One week later one of them came in. "Faraj," he said. That means freedom. "You're going to leave." I thought I was going to Cuba then. To be honest, I was relieved. I thought it would be public there, so some of this would not happen.

Half an hour later I was taken blindfolded in a vehicle. I was take up some steps, along a hallway, into another room. Was it the waiting room at the airport? When I could see again, it was about three metres square, white, with a window, opaque, high up. But there were hooks in there for hanging people.

But for two or three days, I was treated okay. Again, I thought it was over. That's what they kept on telling me.

Then one night they tied me with a rope, back to the wall. They put shackles on my ankles. My feet were just on the ground again. They left me for about half an hour. I thought maybe I'd be left there, or maybe they'd start beating me with sticks again. I just didn't know.

It was Marwan who came in. "Give me the whole story all over again." I did what I could. "If this is the best you can come up with, you haven't seen any of the tortures yet." He called the three goons in. He stood behind them watching while they beat me. He was just standing there, watching, smoking cigarettes like the Godfather in the film. He just gave an order. Idrabo, in Arabic, which means beat him. And he stood back while they did it.

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I guess this went on for a couple of his cigarettes, I don't know exactly how long.

"Is this what God has promised you?" he asked.

"God has promised me heaven," I answered.

At that point, he cursed the Quran. I smiled, as I know I had got through to him. It was a mistake. He came and backhanded me across my right cheek. In a strange way, though, I felt victory over him again for a moment. I'd got under his skin.

He left with his people, left me hanging. I thought they'd just leave me there, but an hour or so later they came back in and started beating me up again. When they were doing it, it was only like a sting by then. I was semi-conscious. I wasn't really there. I had memorized some verses of the Quran, just the first chapter, and I was trying to think of them. The pain would come later.

They hit me in the chest, the stomach, the legs. They'd knock my feet out from under me. I have a shoulder pain to this day from the wrenching as my arms were almost pulled out of their sockets.

I was left again, maybe a couple of hours. I was almost asleep standing up when they came back. They came back in, with their masks on again. They were not wearing masks to prevent themselves being identified. It was to create fear. I'm sure of that. In their eyes, they were just doing a job. They were just getting paid for doing this.

This time it seemed to go on all night. They came in four times that night. Towards the end they seemed to get really pissed off. I called them hypocrites I think. I think I must have recited a verse about hypocrites or something. I don't really remember. But the one who was punching, he hit me on the jaw and knocked me out. I think I reached heaven then, but I came back. That was the problem. I came back. I think I came back after only a few seconds, and he was just there waiting for me. I didn't really know what was happening, but he must have knocked me out again. The next thing I remember, I was seeing guards come in. They took me down and left me on the floor all day. I was happy. I could just sleep now.

I remember a guard telling me that it was not being a good Muslim to get tortured. They'd bring me tea and sweets, but I couldn't take much of it.

They'd tell me, there's worse to come. I could hear people screaming across the hall and next door all that night. There were two things crossing my mind. Either one, that these people are getting raped, or they are getting electrocuted. I just didn't know what to feel or think. At that point, I was just wishing I was dead.

But nothing happened. They left me for a week, maybe two. I'm just guessing. One day was like a week, and sometimes a week would be like a day. I'd sleep. But I'd wake at night because of the screams. The guards running up and down. They'd open the door to wake you every half an hour or so.

The guards would say, "America's really pissed off at what happened, and they've said to the World, either you're with us or you're against us. We Moroccans say we're with you. So we'll do whatever they want. They want revenge for everyone who died on 9/11."

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It was Marwan who came in next.

“How are you?” he asked me.

I was thinking if I said I was alright they'd beat me again. I thought they'd left me to heal so they could start all over again. “I'm in pain.”

He started speaking about my case. “You're doing good. But we need to prepare you for other stuff. Someone in Al Qaida has said you're a big man in Al Qaida, so we figure it must be true.”

I had been through so much, I said, “I've got no problem saying whatever you want me to say.”

“That's good. When I say something, you say yes.”

But then it would get to me. He thought he was something, doing all this. He thought he was something smart.

“Why do you think the Americans brought you to us?” he'd ask.

I made a mistake. “You're not intelligence, you're Moroccan. The British have intelligence. You don't.”

He swore at me.

That night he came back. He had me tied to the wall again.

4. Torture heavy in Morocco

a. The scalpel

Marwan brought in the three thugs.

“Strip him.”

They cut off my clothes with some kind of doctor's scalpel. I was totally naked. I was afraid to ask Marwan what would happen, because it would show fear. I tried to put on a brave face. But maybe I was going to be raped. Maybe they'd electrocute me. Maybe castrate me.

“You don't think I'm a man, not with Intelligence. Show him who's a man.”

They took the scalpel to my right chest. It was only a small cut. Maybe an inch. At first I just screamed because the pain was just. . . . I was just shocked, I wasn't expecting. . . .

Then they cut my left chest. This time I didn't want to scream because I knew it was coming.

Marwan got agitated at this. “Just go ahead with the plan.”

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One of them took my penis in his hand and began to make cuts. He did it once, and they stood still for maybe a minute, watching my reaction. I was in agony, crying, trying desperately to suppress myself, but I was screaming. I remember Marwan seemed to smoke half a cigarette, throw it down, and start another.

They must have done this 20 to 30 times, in maybe two hours. There was blood all over.

"I told you I was going to teach you who's the man," Marwan eventually said.

They cut all over my private parts. One of them said, it would be better just to cut it off, as I would only breed terrorists.

I asked for a doctor. "The doctor's off," I was told. But in the end there would be two doctors.

Doctor #1 was 45, almost totally white, 5'9", stocky, carried a briefcase. "You're alright, aren't you? But I'm going to say a prayer for you."

Doctor #2 was 40-45, 6', stocky, goatee and mustache, brown hair, wore white overalls. He would advise me to do anything I could to avoid torture. He gave me an alkaseltzer for the pain. I told him about my penis.

"I need to see it. How did this happen?" I told him. He looked like it was just another patient. "Put this cream on it two times a day. Morning and night." He gave me some kind of antibiotic.

I was in Morocco for a total of 18 months. Once they began this, they would do it to me about once a month.

One time I asked a guard. "What's the point of this? I've got nothing I can say to them. I've told them everything I possibly could. What's the point?"

"As far as I know, it's just to degrade you. So when you leave here, you'll have these scars and you'll never forget. So you'll always fear doing anything but what the US wants."

Later, when the US picked me up, a female MP took pictures. They treated me and took more photos when I was in Kabul. Someone told me this was "to show Washington it's healing."

b. More

"There were even worse things. Too horrible to remember, let alone talk about." Three days later Marwan came in again and the thugs tied me up. I did not curse or say anything. Last time, look what happened.

5. 18 months in Morocco

a. Trying to Get his Script Right

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About once a week or even once every two weeks I would be taken for interrogation, where they would tell me what to say. They said if you say this story as we read it, you will just go to court as a witness and all this torture will stop. I could not take any more of this torture, and I eventually repeated what was read out to me.

They told me to say that I had been with Bin Laden five or six times. Of course that was false.

They told me to say that I had told Bin Laden about places that should be attacked. Of course, that was false too.

They told me to say that I had sat with UBL's top people. That was a lie too. There were about 25 of them. They told me all their names.

They told me that I must plead guilty. I'd have to say I was an Al Qaida operations man, an ideas man. I kept insisting that I had only been in Afghanistan a short while. "We don't care," was all they'd say.

This lessened some of the torture, but it wasn't over. They began the brainwashing system.

b. The abuse continues

During September-October 2002, I was taken in a car to another place. The room was bigger, maybe 2.5 metres by 4. It had its own toilet and a window which was opaque. There was a metal door with a flap. The walls were painted white and there was a pinkish-white mattress on the floor that was made in either the UK or France, I forget which. I had two blankets, one dark brown and red, the other dark and light brown. There was no pillow. They gave me a toothbrush and Colgate toothpaste. There was a bar of soap for washing clothes with a peacock on it. It was French, with the name Laus or Laos, or something like that. It was dark yellow or brown.

I was allowed to recover from the scalpel for about two weeks, and the guards said nothing about it.

i. The noise

Then they cuffed me and put earphones on my head. They played hip-hop and rock music, very loud. I remember they played Meatloaf and Aerosmith over and over. I hated that. They also played Tupac, "All Eyes Only" all night and all day.

A couple of days later they did the same thing. Same music. When I became a Muslim, I had tried to get away from this. I'd canceled all the music out of my head and now they were forcing it back again.

I could not take the headphones off as I was cuffed. I had to sleep with the music on and even pray with it.

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For eighteen months, there was not one night when I could sleep well. Sometimes I would go 48 hours without sleep. At night, they would bang the metal doors, bang the flap on the door, or just come right in.

ii. The stench

Two times, for a month each, they took me to a room that smelled of piss twenty-four hours a day. The walls were moldy and damp. It was cold in there. It would give me headaches and a runny nose all the time. There were holes in the toilet so the toilet would leak out into the room.

iii. The drugs

Maybe a week later, they started the stuff in the food. I found myself laughing my head off, drunk, or something wrong with me after eating. I did not know what to do. I had no choice but to eat. This went on for two weeks and it got so bad I decided I had to go on a hungerstrike.

This was all mental torture, meant to break me. "It's best for you to go back to your old ways. You need to be a Muslim only in name," said one of the guards.

I went four days without food or water. Then they came in again, and strapped me to a mattress. They put an IV in my arm. First one, then a second. There was some kind of yellow liquid. This I think must have been heroin, though I've never tried it, so I don't know for sure. I was out of this world. I didn't exist. They alternated. They'd do a plain IV, then the heroin IV, then the plain one, then the heroin one. My body started reaching. I started shivering. It was like going cold turkey on drugs. This went on maybe ten or 14 days, but I lost track of time. By then, my body needed the drug and if I didn't have it, I'd go nuts, shaking, paranoid. I wasn't hungry. I didn't eat at all.

In the end I agreed to eat, and they stopped. The food that came still seemed to have something like hash in it. Bad though that was, it was better than having the other drug injected straight into my blood.

iv. The porn

When they knew it was the time I should be praying, they would turn up the volume on their sex films they were watching.

They brought in women. This happened over six months. They were naked, or part naked. I was high or drunk. One woman was beautiful, with brown hair. They were just enticing me.

v. Binyam is broken

This mental torture was a lot worse than the physical torture. For they were now working on my brain. I think I came to several emotional breakdowns in this time, but who was there to turn to?

vi. Scripting it

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They continued with two or three interrogations a month. They weren't really interrogations, more like trainings, training me what to say.

Scarface, the interrogator, told me what was going on. "We're going to change your brain," he said.

c. The Routine

I suffered the razor treatment about once a month for the remaining time I was in Morocco. About once a month they would do other things to me that I just cannot talk about. I would be "interrogated" perhaps once every ten days or so, though this was mostly about how I could be a witness. This happened even after I'd agreed to confess to whatever they wanted to hear. If this torture is for information, why are we tortured even though the real interrogation had been over for a year or so?

The last time they cut me, they tied me up and slashed me twelve times or so with the razor. I had lost hope that I could even talk to them. It became like a routine. They'd come in, tie me up, spend maybe an hour doing it – they used to be very slow, deliberately slow. One would cut me, they'd take a rest. They'd have a cigarette, talk in some Moroccan dialect that I couldn't catch. Then another would take his turn. They never spoke to me, not a word. Then they'd tip some kind of liquid on me – the burning, the stinging, was like grasping a hot coal . . . but not with my hands, even. The cutting, that was one kind of pain. The burning, that was another.

In all the 18 months I was there, I never went outside. I never saw the Sun, not even once. I never saw any human being except the guards and my tormentors, unless you count the pictures they showed me.

When the Americans told me in Karachi, "Our friends the Arabs know how to deal with you" I didn't really know what they were talking about. Now I understand why the Americans call the Moroccans "Our Arab Friends."

What kept me going was the stories of Stephen and Jesus and Mohammed and thinking that nobody goes through torture except that he is in the right. And I always thought that the Truth shall prevail.

Note: Binyam did learn from people there about others who might be there. Details to follow.

6. Binyam is taken to Afghanistan

"Farich – you're going home." By now I would not believe it. I thought there was something special coming along. The first time they said "farich" was the first time I went to the torture chamber and they hung me up.

It was a cold night. I was cuffed, blindfolded, put in a van and driven for about half an hour. Then they took me into a room, still blindfolded. It was dark.

It was January 21st or 22nd, 2004, at about 10pm. After waiting about two hours, I heard a plane. I knew I was going to go. I heard an American accent. I knew then I was being transferred back to the Americans. It was me and two other prisoners.

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There were five U.S. soldiers in black and grey, with face masks, and again with Timberland type boots. They did not talk to me. They cut off my clothes.

There was a white female with glasses. She took the pictures. One of the soldiers held my penis and she took digital pictures. This took a while, maybe half an hour.

She was one of the few Americans who ever showed me any sympathy. She was about 5'6", short, blue eyes. When she saw the injuries I had she gasped. She said, "Oh, my God, look at that!" Then all her mates looked at what she was pointing at and I could see the shock and horror in her eyes.

Later, when I was in Afghanistan they took more pictures. They were treating me, and one of them explained that the photos were "to show Washington it's healing."

AFGHANISTAN

1. Kabul

It was about ten hours before we reached Kabul. I was put in a truck. I was only in shorts and it was very cold. It seemed like we were driving along a dirt track.

I was put in a prison called "The Prison of Darkness." I was in Kabul for about five months from January 22, 2004, until late May.

The US military told us, "Bin Ladin had his laugh on 9/11 so it is now our time to have our laugh."

There was a hall with rooms apart from each other. I am guessing there were about 20 rooms. I was told special people were housed in it, and I was "special" which is why I was being taken there. I later found out that these special people were people like Abdulsalam Hiera, the Yemeni businessman from Sana'a, and the former Ambassador of Afghanistan.

They knocked my head against a wall a few times until I could feel blood, then I was thrown into a cell. It was cell number 16 or 17, the second or third to last room from the shower room. The room was about 2m by 2.5m. The cell had heavy metal door, all solid, then a second door with bars. There were speakers near the ceilings at both ends of the room. There was a watching hole low down on one wall. There was a hanging pole for people left there in a kneeling position. There was a bucket in the corner for a toilet.

I was put in shorts and a top, and chained to the floor with little or no room to manoeuvre.

The mat was thin as a blanket, and the blanket was thin as a sheet. It was hard to use the toilet in the dark. All the shit and piss in the bucket got on my blanket, but when they let me lie down I had to use it, as it was all I had.

Showers were either weekly or monthly, as they wished.

It was pitch black, and no lights on in the rooms for most of the time. They used to turn the light on for a few hours, but that only made it worse when they turned it back off.

They hung me up. I was allowed a few hours of sleep on the second day, then hung up again, this time for two days. My legs had swollen. My wrists and hands had gone numb. I

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got food only once all this time. After a while I felt pretty much dead. I didn't feel I existed at all.

Then I was taken off the wall and left in the dark. There was loud music, Slim Shady and Dr. Dre for 20 days. I heard this non-stop over and over, I memorized the music, all of it, when they changed the sounds to horrible ghost laughter and Halloween sounds. It got really spooky in this black hole. The only light I saw came from the guards using flashlights to bring inedible food, mainly raw rice and beans for lunch, and bread and beans for dinner. Just the sauce, not the beans themselves. I lost 20 kg in the weeks of my stay. They used to come and weigh us every other day, it seemed like they were making sure we were losing weight.

Then there was a misunderstanding in interrogation that led to my being chained to the rails for a fortnight, all cause I said the truth about what I had and hadn't done, thinking the CIA interrogators looked understanding.

Interrogation was right from the start, and went on until the day I left there. The CIA worked on people, including me, day and night for the months before I left. Plenty lost their minds. I could hear people knocking their heads against the walls and the doors, screaming their heads off. Well, what a time to believe in God. Without hope I would certainly have been dead.

Throughout my time I had all kinds of music, and irritating sounds, mentally disturbing. I call it brain washing.

In the Dark Prison, they had separate cells, where the guards could walk all around them. There was a door, and another grill down by the floor, and a small window at the top of the cell. But it was dark anyway. To begin with the cell was dark 23 hours straight. The guards had flashlights, and it was eerie when they would come around. Then they had it dark for 21 hours, and they gradually increased it until it was only dark for about 12 hours.

It was bad in the Dark Prison in Kabul. For 20 days, 24 hours a day, they played some album by Slim Shady and Dr. Dre. I don't know the name of the album, and I've tried to block it out. But it has some song about "America I love you" on it. There is talking on it by a girl, and it's about her. They used this music to torture us. It was blasting loud all around. There were speakers in every cell."

Then they used horror sounds, like they were from the movies. 24 hours a day, for maybe two weeks. There was hardly any way to sleep. It was like a perpetual nightmare.

After that, they came with other sounds, irritating things -- thunder, planes taking off, cackling laughter, the screams of women and kids, that kind of thing. It was meant to drive you nuts. There's a prisoner here in Guantanamo who was there who had totally lost his head.

There was not meant to be any sleeping anyway. The guards would come around to keep you awake. They wore masks, they said no words. They just made noise to keep you awake.

To begin with there were no showers, but later it was once a week. They had you chained by one hand and you had to undress with the other. The water seemed very salty, and left something on your body. Sometimes they would give you clean clothes, sometimes not.

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But you weren't allowed to wash the ones you were in.

To begin with they gave me food every 36 hours. After a couple of weeks, I got two meals in 36 hours. It was all rice and beans. Made the Guantanamo food look like gourmet, no matter how bad it is here. In March 2004 they added tea and bread for breakfast. I lost about 30 kg in my time there.

I had interrogation most days. He started with pictures. I would say, "I don't know them." He would say, "You do know them." I'd said, "Okay, I do know them." I would describe the people and what they did. I was just making stuff up, but it made the interrogator very happy. But then he went off and did his homework. He came back angry. "If you make up stories again, we're going to torture you." I asked him to tell me what he wanted, cos I didn't know what to say. "Just say what we want. Don't make things up." From then on they would give me the name and the story behind each picture. Most of them were Afghans and Pakistanis. I was surprised at that, since I rarely had much of an interaction with an Afghani while I was there, because I did not speak the language.

In the Dark Prison, American soldiers, dressed all in black, came to me with a story. They said, "This is the story that Washington wants." It was about a dirty bomb. I was meant to steal the parts and build it with Padilla in New York. I did not even know what a dirty bomb was. At first, they talked about an atomic bomb, but then they talked about a dirty bomb. It was meant to be half A-bomb, half something else to make it explode. The story went round and round for the four months I spent in the Dark Prison. I could not understand what they were talking about, and got it wrong. They hung me up for ten days, almost non-stop. They had me in a sitting position on the floor, where I could not lie down. My hands were suspended above my head. There was a bucket next to me, but it was hard to maneuver to use it. I kept knocking over the bucket when I tried.

A psych came to see me two times while I was in the Dark Prison. He asked weird questions. It was like they were studying us.

It was May 2004 before I got to go outside. I got five minutes that week. I sat in the Sun for the full five minutes. For a person who had not seen the sun for two years it was like being given chocolate. I got to go out once a week. It was fresh air for the first time.

2. Bagram

In May, we were transferred to Bagram Air Base by helicopter, tied like hens going for slaughter. We were thrown into the helicopter. After a flight of 20 – 30 minutes we landed in Bagram. We were tied for hours. We were blindfolded, with headphones.

There was processing that went on till the morning hours, with no right to pray or use the bathrooms. I had no blanket or mat for two days, then they gave me just a blanket.

Men of 75 or even 90 years old were body cuffed and made to stay in a sitting position for six hours in a row with no right to toilet or food or water because they were praying when it was body count time.

We were forced to take showers all naked with 8 or 10 of us, while soldiers looked on talking about which PUAC is worth penetrating. A PUAC is a Prisoner Under American Custody.

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I was allowed to see the ICRC for the first time in my life some time in late May or June, I don't remember the actual date. The ICRC said they can't publicize anything, 'cause they have an agreement with the US government to keep everything on the hush hush.

I was in Bagram from the end of May until I was taken to Guantanamo in September 2004.

They said that there were ten of us meant to go to court. Some had to write statements. Some just had to sign statements that had been written by the *U.S.* interrogators. They said we were meant to go to court right on arrival in Cuba.

They made me write something out for them in Bagram. It was long - about twenty pages - but the first fifteen pages were just an autobiography. The actual story was only a couple of pages. By then, the story was something like this. First, Jose Padilla and I were meant to have good connections, because we both spoke English. We were meant to have been hanging out together. The FBI showed me Jose Padilla's picture as early as April 2002 when I was in Pakistan. When I was in Morocco I was shown a news clip of him. The truth is that I do not know Jose Padilla, I did not recognize him in the photograph.

Second, I was meant to have come from Afghanistan with him. The truth is that I have no idea whether I did. I was in a group of people for two or three days coming out of Afghanistan. I have no idea whether he was in it, or even whether he had been in Afghanistan. I did not know him, and kept to myself, and I can say that I have certainly never spoken with him. But, of course, by the time I was in Bagram I was telling them whatever they wanted to hear.

Third, I was meant to say that Jose Padilla and I were going to go to the *U.S.* to explode a dirty bomb.

I don't really remember, because by then I just did what they told me. But I think that was about the total of it by then.

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Binyam & Those Who Have Treated Him Decently

Binyam is remarkably without bitterness. My impression is that he is suffering from Torture Victim Syndrome / PTSD or some related sequelae:

What I am saying may not be exciting enough for you. But when I think about it, I am counting my rewards from God, and I cannot express what I felt. I'm sorry I have no emotion when talking about the past, 'cause I have closed. You have to figure out all the emotion part, I'm kind of dead in the head. Perhaps I can work this out later.

a. In Morocco

The woman who took the photographs in Morocco was a white female with glasses. She was 5'6" (at a guess, Binyam thinks she was 'short' but thought that 5'6" was short), blue eyes. She took the pictures. One of the soldiers held my penis and she took digital pictures. This took a while, maybe half an hour.

She was one of the few Americans who ever showed me any sympathy. She was about 5'6", short, blue eyes. When she saw the injuries I had she gasped. She said, "Oh, my God, look at that!" Then all her mates looked at what she was pointing at and I could see the shock and horror in her eyes.

b. In Afghanistan

The general in Kabul seemed a decent person. He changed a lot of rules while Binyam was there. He met with some of the prisoners and acceded to their requests after they explained what had happened to them. He showed some respect, but said "I can only do so much without getting fired."

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The FBI Makes An Appearance

Benhur Mohammed, Binyam's brother: Benhur said that two FBI agents visited him at his apartment at 10am some time in May or June 2002. Benhur found the card left by one of the agents:

James R. Sobchack,
Special Agent,
Washington Metropolitan Field office.
Washington, DC 20535.
Phone 202-278-4352

Benhur has given a depiction of the visit:

Agent No. 1 was 5'11", skinny, clean shaved.

Agent No. 2 was 5'10", clean shaved.

It was around 10am, in the morning when a bang on the door woke me up. I opened the door and two Caucasian males were standing at the door. Agent No. 1 said, "Can we speak with you for a moment?" I let them in.

Agent No. 2: We are from the FBI, this is in regards to your brother.

Agent No. 2 then took out a picture from yellow envelope and showed it to me, the picture was of medium size, black and white of an Arab looking person with small Islamic hat [skullcap], and said, do you know this person. I said, no, I do not know him.

Agent No. 2 asked: Have you ever seen this person. I said no.

Agent No. 1 said: Do you know where your brother is right now.

I said: I do not know. I am looking for him. I know he is in London, but I have not heard from him for over a year now.

Agent No. 2 said, "Your brother was seen with a bad person in Pakistan, a person that we want, this guy in the picture."

Then I asked was he involved in anything?

Agent No. 2 said: "No, he was seen with a person that we want, and picked up the picture from the table, the same picture he showed me earlier and said he was seen with this guy. And he added, "this is a bad guy, he has done a lot of bad things, we are looking for him, we do not need your brother."

Agent No. 1 said: "When was the last time you saw him? I said in August of 1998, I went to visit him.

Agent No. 1 said: "What was the purpose of your visit?"

I said, I just went to see what he was going. If he was still in school or not.

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Agent No. 2, said: "like big brother, little brother."

I said yes.

Agent No. 1 asked me full name, date of birth, passport, driving license, date of entry in the United States, social security number, date and place issued. Places I have lived, school I have attended. Do I pray or not. How religious I was, etc.

Agent No. 1 said: "Do you belong to any Islamic religious group?"

I said no.

Agent No. 1 said: "Anyone approached you to join their group?"

I said no.

Agent No. 1, looked at my passport, wrote my SS number, my email, my driving license number and passport number. And asked if I have another passport,

I said no.

Agent No. 2 said: "Have you travelled anywhere with another passport?"

I said no.

Agent No. 2, asked about where my father works, where he lives, about my sisters and my mother, their phone numbers and their addresses, etc.

Agent No. 1 said: "When was the last time you talked to your brother?"

I said sometime in June of 2001.

Agent No. 1 said: "Did you noticed anything unusual?"

I said no.

Agent No. 1 said: "Did he mention to you anything about the United States?" and he added, "Was he against the United States government?"

I said no, I have never heard him say anything bad about the U.S. government.

Agent No. 1 said: "How do you communicate?"

I said over the phone.

Agent No. 1 said: "Do you write letters to each other?"

I said no.

Agent No. 1 said: "Why did you stop calling?"

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I said someone kept saying I am dialing the wrong number. Then I asked her where did she get this [mobile] phone, she said she bought it from someone.

Agent No. 1 said: "Who has a close contact with him?" I said my older sister.

Agent No. 1 said: "Where does she work?"

I said, At the CVS pharmacy.

Agent No. 2 said: "Is she at work right now?"

I said yes, and told them where she works.

Agent No. 2 said: "I will leave my business card, and give me a call if you want to tell us anything more."

I said OK and took the card.

Agent No. 2 said: "Do you have any questions?"

I said yes, and said, "Where is he right now?"

Agent No. 2 said: "We do not want him. He is in the custody of the Pakistani government."

I asked how can we contact him.

Agent No. 2 said: "He is not in our custody any more, maybe you need to contact the Pakistani consulate in New York."

Zuhra Mohammed, Binyam's sister: In June or July of 2002, two FBI agents came to visit Zuhra at the CVS pharmacy she worked at at the time, which is located at: 5001 Duke Street, Alexandria, VA 22304.

Zuhra described the agents as follows:

Agent 1: white male, short, dark hair, did most of the talking. He gave Zuhra his card. His first name is Jim and his last name started with an "S". (Zuhra said the spelling of his last name was very complicated and hard for her to pronounce. This is presumably James R. Sobchack.)

Agent 2: white male, tall, lighter colored hair, quiet during the interaction.

Zuhra said she was standing in the middle of an aisle when the agents came in. She saw them enter. They both immediately walked up to her and asked to speak with her. Zuhra said it seemed like they didn't know who she was. She asked her boss for permission to speak with them, and then took them both to the break room in the back.

Jim asked, "So who's Binyam?" Zuhra explained that he was her brother and asked where he was.

Jim told her Binyam had gone to Pakistan to learn religion.

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Zuhra asked Jim what the FBI needed Binyam for. Jim said, "We don't need Binyam," and continued: "He's fallen in with a bad crew." Jim showed Zuhra a photograph and asked her if she "knew this guy." Zuhra said the photo was of a Hispanic male with close cropped hair and a chubby face. Zuhra asked, "Who's that?" and Jim replied that it was Jose Padilla. Zuhra said she didn't know Jose Padilla. Zuhra then asked Jim what Jose Padilla had to do with Binyam. Jim told her that Binyam had fallen in with him and that Jose Padilla was a "bad guy."

Zuhra then asked where her brother was. Jim told her he didn't know. He said the US wouldn't have him since they "didn't need him" and that he might be in the custody of the Pakistanis, but he didn't know for sure.

Jim gave Zuhra his card and he and agent #2 left the pharmacy. Jim told Zuhra to call him if she heard anything about Binyam. He asked for her number. Zuhra gave him her cell phone, work number, and home number and told Jim to contact her if he found out anything about Binyam. She said that if he did find Binyam, to give him her number so that he could get in touch with her.

Zuhra estimated the interaction lasted approximately 30 minutes.

Looking for their kid brother

Zuhra: Zuhra called Jim a while after their meeting looking for Binyam. Jim suggested that she try the Pakistani embassy or the Pakistani consulate in NYC. She did this, and was asked to send the embassy a photograph of Binyam. She didn't hear anything back. She called again and was told they hadn't found Binyam in any of their prisons.

Zuhra called Jim again, who told her to keep trying the embassy. She contacted the embassy a third time – they could give her no information about Binyam.

Zuhra said she called Jim fairly often between the time of their meeting and December 2003. Each time they talked, Jim would basically tell her that he didn't know what was happening with Binyam. He didn't know why he would still be in captivity since the FBI "didn't need him," and kept telling Zuhra to try the Pakistanis.

During one conversation, Zuhra asked Jim if he could put her in touch with Jose Padilla, so she could ask him if he knew where her brother was. Jim said she couldn't. Zuhra asked him why and he replied, "Padilla won't talk to you. He hasn't been answering any questions, so he won't talk to you." Zuhra asked Jim if she should hire a lawyer to talk to Padilla or to Padilla's lawyers to try to get information about Binyam. Jim told her no. Zuhra said this is why she didn't seek legal representation earlier.

Zuhra is very angry about this: "I should've hired a lawyer from the beginning, but I didn't because of what Jim told me."

In December 2003, Zuhra called Jim's number and a woman answered. She told Zuhra to call Jim back. She did, and Jim told her there was nothing he could do and to stop calling him, since he "didn't know anything." Jim again suggested she try the Pakistani consulate in New York.

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Zuhra estimates that she called the Pakistani consulate about 10 times but was only able to reach someone working there perhaps 5 times. She spoke to a female there once and the same male the other 4 times. The male at the consulate eventually told her they weren't able to track Binyam down.

Zuhra did not know of Binyam's whereabouts until early 2005, when she was contacted by the Red Cross and told that Binyam was in Guantanamo Bay.

Benhur: Benhur and Zuhra did most of the work looking for Binyam. They sent the Pakistani consulate Binyam's photo upon request. They heard nothing back. They sent another photo. Finally, someone at the consulate told them they were unable to find Binyam, and that they would need to be more specific.

In December 2003, Benhur went to the UK to look for Binyam. He was in London for a week searching.

The emotional toll

Zuhra: Zuhra says that she feels hurt more than anything. She resents the fact the FBI knew where Binyam was all along but didn't tell her. Zuhra said she cries about Binyam often and that she's felt a great emptiness ever since she realized he was missing. It gave her some relief to know Binyam was in Guantanamo, she said, because at least she knew he hadn't been killed.

Zuhra said she is frustrated at the FBI's handling of the situation. She resents being made to look for her brother by herself, particularly when she has been actively misled as to where he is.

Zuhra felt guilt during the search: "I was really nervous. I didn't even know what to look for. I was worried that I was failing Binyam, but I wasn't sure what to do."

She is very distrusting of the FBI. She spoke about how she felt comfortable, initially, when she and Jim spoke at the pharmacy – she thought that the FBI (i.e. Jim) would help her find her brother. It made her feel very helpless and insecure when she realized Jim wouldn't help her. It was much later (after she had wasted a great deal of energy looking for her kid brother) that she learned that Jim had actually misled her.

ENDS

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