

Writing from Jalloh

Jalloh

I started this writing in the name of Allah the Most High

I pray that this message will bring peace and understanding in people religions differences and cultures.

My name's Ibrahima Jalloh

I was born a Muslim and with the help of my father I study the Qur'an and become a haapiz, which means that I memorise all of the Qur'an by heart. I finished memorising the Qur'an at the age of 15. In my madrassa, which means a school, I was the second cleverest and always studied hard. My parents are very religious and they had done everything they can for me to study the Qur'an and to become a good Muslim, which I really appreciated.

I didn't know of any other religions or any other ways of life. I only knew Muslim path and everyone I knew was Muslim.

As a young boy I used to go hunting with my friends. We brought back birds, rabbits and on lucky days we may bring back a deer e.t.c.. I learnt from my teachers... In Heaven you can have everything that you wish for, and eat everything you want. so my wish was that when I entered Heaven, if I do the work to get me in, I can just call the flying bird and it would come to me the way that I wanted it to. Cooked in a nice sauce and tasting lovely, so that I don't have to go in the long process of lighting a wood fire to cook it or going through stinking bushes to hunt anymore. I'm now getting older and my wish has changed. I now wish to have a very nice lady just like the way I want them to look. In my belief the woman's in Heaven called HOOROL AYN and their beauty is nothing that you can compare to any woman in this life and the don't go to toilet. Instead of using toilet, the sweat that they eat and their sweet smell nicer than any perfume you can think of.

My Allah make me one of those people who will achieve this success and protect me from the Hellfire.

I moved to England at the age of 16 and I'm now responsible for my own life and I can do whatever I want without my parent's consent. I have become friends with people of all different beliefs and then things started to change. I started to miss my five daily prayers and I began to pray them all at ones, just before I go to bed. I started to convince myself that God would forgive me because He knows that this is England and things are different to where I come from. A few months later I stopped praying.

I was now on the street in London living a different life. I began to enjoy the life I was wishing for, when I get to Heaven. I'm now enjoying all these nice things , very closely to what Heaven was described to me. I can now order a big bird, like a turkey, in a nice sauce that I use to wish for and it will come to me whatever I'm whit out going hunting anymore. i can also go to the club drink alcohol and play with a

girls with a different colour , white girls, Arab girls e.t.c.. I started to feel like I'm in heaven because they used to preach to us that in Heaven no back colour, so basically if you are a black person and you get to Heaven, God will change your colour to a white colour. I have to say when I get to Heaven I will ask God please to let me stay black.

Ibrahima Jalloh

Halal Meat

I would like to share with you about my growing up as a Muslim in my village in West Africa.

In this topic I would like to discuss with you how some people's beliefs can be more important in their life more than anything else, including their food, their wealth and sometimes even their children.

As you may have heard before, Muslims eat halal food. Halal food is an animal that been killed in the name of good. Basically when you're shooting the animal you need to say this, "I'm starting this process in the name of God" and then shoot the animal. All vegetable, fruit, fish and everything that is from the sea are halal.

As a Muslim we can eat food from every race and with every race as long it's halal. We can eat food with English people, Chinese people, brown people, white people, black people Jewish people, Christian people e.t.c., as long it's a halal. Eating halal is very important to us. I would like to tell you a story about how mindful we are, when it comes to eating halal.

I come from a very poor village in West Africa and sometimes we found it very difficult to get food to eat. We used to go to hunting to kill animals, so that we can have food to eat. We go out day and night but more times we went out at night, because you're more likely to get something decent then! The big animals like to come out at night. We go out in the day to look for deer and rabbits, so that we know where our destination will be at night. We left for the hunting at the middle of the night and when we arrived to our destination we left the dogs on the bottom of the tree and we climbed on top with our equipment, the shot gun , bullet and torch. We had our torches wrapped around our heads and the guns in our hand. We were all placed in different trees in a nearby area and we both could communicate with each and other with our torches to let the others know there was an animal heading towards the other, even though we may flash it sometimes just for fun!! We usually went out in twos or in threes. When the animal appeared, we shot the animal . It may take from 30mins up to 3 hours for animal to appear, even when the animals appear you need to make sure that you have a high percentage of hitting somewhere that it won't survive, before you shoot, because you need to buy the bullet and people are very poor. Anyway when you finally shoot one it will run then you shout on the dog to chase it while you're getting off the tree. When the dog finds it, it will bark and you arrive after a little run. If you find it still shaking and is not dead then you pull out your knife and slaughter it in the name of God but if its already dead you can't slaughter it, because it won't be halal anymore. And you can't eat it, so that night you may come back with nothing.

You spend all the night and you one bullet to get food for your family and you're coming back to your family with nothing. You could not care about eating halal and bring the dead animal back for the family to eat but you can't. You can only eat the dead animal without slaughtering in the case of death, if someone is hungry and they are going to die. i hope this message will explain to the non-Muslim if the Muslim people refuse to eat food with them it's not because we hate them it's because our believe are more important than anything else.

Ibrahima Jalloh

The Meatball

The story about a meatball with a respectful lady who came to visit me.

This very respected lady from an organisation call Detention Action, which gives help and support to people that are in detention and out of detention, came to visit me. This organisation was the one that helped me to get a place to apply for bail, when I was held in detention for the first time, which I really appreciated!! i haven't been in contact with this organization since i was released from detention in 2008 and I got in contact with them again in 2015 after I got released from detention the last time. I started to work with them again and some members of the group came to visit us sometime to see how we were getting on with things and to give us support with housing problems, education, counselling e.t.c. After my group completed our session which took several months, they stopped coming to visit us and they're now seeing a different group.

I received a phone call from them one day asking me if I would be happy for my picture to be taking for their organization and I replied yes. After two weeks, two people came to take me the pictures and we met in Newcastle city centre. We walked around the city centre to find a place to eat and we found one! They bought food for themselves and offered to buy me some but I couldn't eat because it was Ramadan and I was fasting. When they finished eating their food we started to take pictures .The lady said her camera was not working properly as she forgot to bring something that it's a part of the camera and she would be coming back next time to take the pictures. When she came back next time Ramadan was finished so I decided to cook a meal for her as she was sent to me by the organization which helped me a lot in the past, including help to get me bail from the detention. I made one of my best meals, which was meatballs cooked in West African sauce combine with rice .

When she arrived I went to get her from the bus stop and we came to my house .At my house I told her I have cooked her some food and we're going to eat! She asked me what I cooked? I told her i have cooked some meatball's sauce and she looked at me and said what and I said it again, so i could she her face started to change looking like she was getting worried and I'm wondering why she's looking worried for, after all the offer I put in to cook her that meat. I'm thinking to myself it's hard to please English people but that was not the case. I was saying the wrong word. I wanted to say meatballs, but I was saying meatbows .

Anyway when I brought the food and we begun to eat then she must have realised what I meant and I could see her getting happy . Now that she knew what I meant, she was no more panicking about eating my bows but instead she will be eating very tasty meatballs. It's very hard for people like me to express their true felling and their generosity to English people, because we say something and hear somethings totally differently .

I pray that this will bring understanding in people and will bring more love between people, Amen.

Ibrahima Jalloh