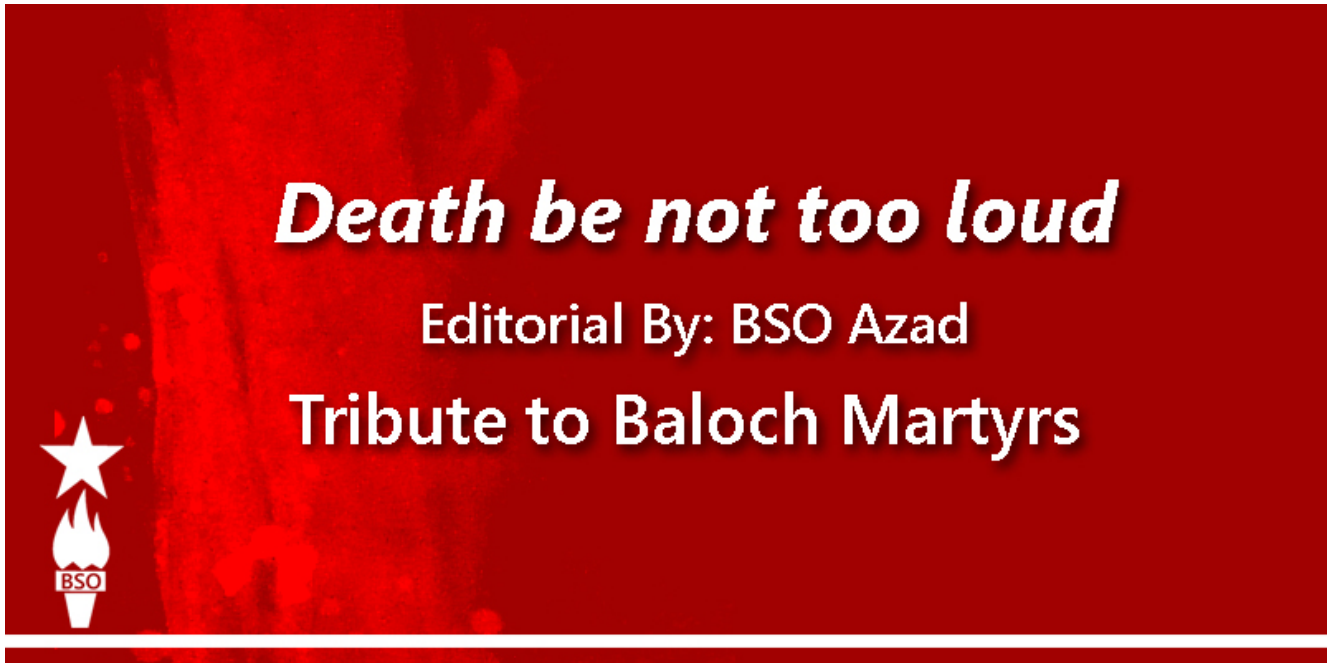


# Death be not too loud

## Editorial By: BSO Azad

### Tribute to Baloch Martyrs



The endless slogging,  
Sleeping under the stars,  
Navigating by the stars,  
the cold  
Lonely vigil of the sentry at night,  
The misery,  
The hunger,  
The exhaustion,  
The comradeship,  
The terror,

And exhilaration of being underfire,

The joy at survival,

The dream of home,

The shimmer in eyes

For only a cause

Freedom Freedom Freedom

And glare in the eyes

For embracing the martyrdom.

We saw the thing coming at us, we looked like a wobbling, wavering ball of fire. Suddenly, as we turned our gaze, there was a terrific bang. Everything went bright red, we got stuck, as we pulled ourselves up, our arm touched the red hot steel and we smelt our own flesh burn! Before the pain set in, nausea hit us; than we must have fainted. But not for long. We wanted to get out of that blazing steel coffin! We pushed ourselves up through the hatch, there was not a moment to lose if we were to live! With our last bit of strength we pulled ourselves out and fell gasping onto the ground.

'Nearby we saw the war going on. Some of the crew bailing out as it exploded in a ball of fire. Suddenly out of the clouds emerged three twin-engined bombers. The three bombers could now be seen coming down in a shallow dive. They were bombers. We saw explosions erupting in the center of the town our land, several bombs were falling near other areas, and worst of all some fell on children's playground. Within few minutes, many civilians were martyred, among them many innocent children. We watched this scene as detached as if we were watching a war movie.

From dawn to dusk our town land turned to ashes, we looked all

around, all we could see, devastations, dead bodies, infertile land, and ruined houses.

We were shocked, frozen with fear, but then we tried to crawl away from that ghastly scene, repeating to ourselves loudly, "we are strong and we are going to survive, we must live". But a tear ran down our cheeks, we felt the pain so badly, the pain we couldn't stand. It made us scream and cry. the last thing we remember is someone calling our names. Our head became heavy and the world turned black.

There was no glamour no light but lots of blood. Scattering all around like a red dust on the ground. Blood it may sounds pathetic, but it is a grim tale, this blood can't be depicted, but it speaks in silence for those who carefully listens. Blood, a most terrible dealt with, which will remain alive in history.

This is our Balochistan on daily basis, where such barbaric activities are most common and daily routines of forces. Many innocents lose their lives, homes, families, friends and further more. And few offer their lives for its sovereignty, and flag, who fearlessly face the enemy with a stiff upper lip and a reckless disregard for danger.

Former tennis champion and political activist Arthur Ashe once said that " true heroism is remarkably sober, very dramatic. It is not the urge to surpass all others at whatever cost, but the urge to serve others at whatever cost".

Balochistan history has witnessed thousands of such lives who embraced martyrdom for the sake of their Nation's sovereignty. Since Nawab Mehrab khan (1839) upto now many were dipped with blood. They lived in a world that the families and friends they left behind can only begin to imagine, they strangled each things for a purpose to free their nation, and lost their gracious lives in that journey.

Each 13 November at memorials of Balochistan Martyrs, for a

little while we walk taller, straighter, and with a sense of pride, remembering our lost minds and visions whose visions are still being taken ahead.

On 13th of November

We remember

Laughter and tears

Foes and enemies

Victories and disappointments

Heroes and martyrs

We remember

Cries and fears

Bravery and courage

We remember

Tales, which are unsaid

Songs, which are unsung

Journey, which is continue until end

Motherland, which is dipped with blood.

We Remember!

Mourns of mothers

Despairs of fathers

Dismays of sisters

We Remember

Heroes and martyrs

Who drawn their last breaths

Gave their life to a beautiful cause

We remember those

Who paved the way

We remember those who stay.

We pay a huge tribute to all the martyrs of Balochistan who are being martyred on daily basis, and 13th of November is the day where we all remember those precious lives.

Tribute to those whose voices we no longer hear,

Tribute to those whose vision we still are privileged to see,

Tribute to those whose dreams are yet to be accomplished.