

Go away from my country

In one of his most memorable letters to the British, The Sayyid did not mince words, bluntly and boldly he spoke Truth to the arrogant and ignorant British

Imperial power.

He wrote:

I want to rule my own country. I want to protect my own religion....

All you can get from me is war, nothing else....We ask for Allah's

blessings. Allah is with me as I write this. If you want war, I am

happy; if you want peace, I am also content . But if you want peace,

go away from my country to your own.

Today the leaders of the Union of Islamic Courts

The inheritors of the mantle of Sayyid Mohamed Abdille Hassan

Have delivered the same message

To the Tigrinyan Tossport

To the Tigrinyan Totalitarian

To Mickey Mouse Melles:

If you want peace, go away from our country to your own.

Don't listen to what Yay & Ghedi are whispering in your eager ears.

This land is not yours!

Our creed

Our country

Are not for sale.

Just like the days of the Sayyid

Just like the days of yore

Just like the days of lore

There are two types of Somalis:

The foolish faithless few traitors who let themselves be led astray

Like Yay

Like Ghedi

Who have treason in their blood.

These Melles minion mental mules are a minuscule minority

Without merit

Without muscle

Without marrow

Without mind

Without might

Without main

Without moxie

Without marbles.

Yellow Yay & Ghastly Ghedi are on The Road to Damnation:

It is their lot

To limp along the road to hell led by the nose by Mendacious Melles

To trot in terror behind the enemy alien honky Kaffir infidel

To understand nothing

To be condemned to Madness

Like Bush

They are full of bushwa

Like Bush

Like Blair

Like Melles

It is their lot

To hate Islam & Muslims

To despise the Sharia Divine Law

To be the children of the Devil

Like the ill-mannered Iidoor

It is their lot to be

The ofay's Tool

The ofay's Fool

The ofay's Tonto

It is their lot

To shamelessly grovel at the feet of Mindless Melles

To be forever as asinine as asses

To be the houseboys of Bwana Bush

It is their lot

To butcher pigs for the Tigrinyan Tinhorn Tinpot Tyrant

To never be nauseated as they butcher pigs for bald bad porcine Melles

It is their lot

To mistake the hell-bound Crusader for the Prophet

It is their lot

To never breathe the Sweet Airs of Paradise

If Quisling Yay were a Muslim

He would loathe the Tigrinyan Transgressor

He would not be affectionately holding his hand right now in downtown Gal-ka-yo

Whispering sweet nothings in his eager ears

Calling him sweet soft names

Calling him:

Tigrinyan Ismail!

Our very own Dear Dude of Darod Ismail!

This is just as ridiculous as

When Perfide Albion!

When the British proclaimed

That they are the kissing cousins of the Warsangale Darod!

Prompting the Sayyid to deadpan:

I did not know you Anglo Saxon SOBs also traced your ancestry back to our Darod!

Are you trying now to steal towards me through my ancestors?

If Goofy Golem Ghedi were a Muslim

He would not be so proud of being

The most disliked donkey dummkopf of Somalia

The most despised dingbat of Somalia

The Tigrinyan's Tonto

The Tigrinyan's Toady

The Tigrinyan's Fink

The Tigrinyan's Floozy

The Tigrinyan's Flunky

The Tigrinyan's Lackey

The Tigrinyan's lickspittle

Gheddi & Yay are hand in hand on The Road to Damnation

To lead Tigrinyan Apes in the Hell called Hawiyah!

Whereas we, the overwhelming majority of Somalis

At home and abroad and in the Galut

Aid and abet and comfort the leaders of the Union of Islamic Courts

Just like the worldwide Umma of the House of Islam

We hereby add our voice to their deafening chorus heard around the whole world:

Melles!

Go away from our country!

Go back to your own!

Our creed, Islam

Our country, Somalia

Are not for sale!

Allahu Akbar!

There is no power

There is no strength

Save in Allah!

Islam is our Faith

Islam is the Perennial Philosophy whose time is always Now!

Truth is come

Falsehood is vanished

For verily Falsehood is ever the vanisher

Melles!

This land is not yours to invade with impunity!

Like the Sayyid before us

Every Somali who loves Somalia is

On the Sayyid's Road of Righteousness:

We are Muslims

We know Allah who delights in our steadfastness

We delight in His Sharia Divine Law

We will never forsake our Faith in Islam

Come Bush, Blair, or their Running Dog, Melles!

We will gladly Jihad

To defend our Faith

To defend our Fatherland

We are Muslims who proudly celebrate

The Genesis

The Genius

The Genealogy

The Geography

Of our Somali Race

We are the Muslims who are now saying

To Melles

To that Filthy Unbeliever

This land is not yours!

The Lord of hosts is our protector

If Allah is for us

Who is Monkey Macaque Melles?

If Allah is for us

Who dare be against us?

The Lord is on our side

We will not fear: What can man do unto us?

Not unto us, O Lord,

Not unto us

But unto Thy Name

Give victory

Give glory

For Thy mercy's sake

For Thy Truth's sake

The Lord of hosts is with us

The God of Jacob is

Our defense

Our refuge

Our redeemer

Our fortress

Our strength

Our shield

We will not be moved

We will not be afraid of the Yankee terror by night

Nor of the Tigrinyan arrow that flies by day

O Lord

Let the words of our mouths and the meditations of our hearts be acceptable in Thy sight

The Lord is our Light

The Lord is our Salvation

Whom shall we fear?

The Lord is the protector of our lives:

Of whom shall we be afraid?

Under the Tree-of-Good-Counsel

We Muslims talk turkey to each other without the tutoring

Of the Tigrinyan Trickster

Of the Tigrinyan Tick

Of the Tigrinyan Tyke

Of the Tigrinyan Twerp

We Muslims are always ready

To fight the good fight

To finish the course

To keep the Faith

We are the Muslims who boldly proclaim

The Lord is our Helper

We will never fear

What Melle shall do unto us

For like the Sayyid

Our portion is to walk in the company of the Sura of Watiin

Basking

In the blessing of Allah

In the bakshiish of Allah

In the praise of Allah

We are unbeatable

For we are united Somalis under the Shade of the Holy Quran

The Lord is our Helper

Every morning at dawn we Muslims lift our eyes

Unto Allah

Unto the hills

From whence comes our help

When the help of Allah comes from His holy hills

When the victory of Allah comes

You see as you do now

The people enter into the religion of Islam in droves

Praise Allah from whom all blessings flow

Praise Him all creatures here below

Now the Lord and his hosts fight upon our side

Now God & our good cause fight upon our side

Now God & good angels fight upon our side

As we fight against the enemies of Allah

Yay & Ghedi will soon lament:

Ya laytani kuntu turaba!

'O would that I were earth!

The Tigrinyan Tyrant will fall in the height of all his false pride

Happy victory is ours!

What traitor hears me now and says not Amen?

By Mahamud Siad Togane

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SOURCES

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Shakespeare's Richard 111.

These four sacred books Allah has sent that every literate Muslim reverts & reads: the Torah, the Psalms, the Gospels, and the Quran.