































4

She held my hands in hers and said: “Sometimes when I pray, looking towards Qibla, I imagine looking through these walls and the other houses, beyond the roofs of the city, beyond the forests and the mountains and the seas and the continents, and that my eyes meet those of hundreds of millions of others from the entire world at the Kaaba. And when I think about it, about the diversity of the umma, I realise how presumptuous we are. I mean, only God and the Prophet can judge what qualifies as true Islam and what doesn’t. Isn’t it blasphemy when we claim that we are the only ones who truly live according to Islam and that the other ninety-nine per cent of Muslims don’t?”

“Wait a minute”, I shouted, and withdrew my hands. “What are you talking about? Stop changing the topic all the time.”

“I’m not. Everything is interconnected: what we believe in, the way in which we live, the consequences that follow from these decisions. I don’t need to be put on display by Abu Tarek just because I’m a woman. That is not Islamic. Umm Ammarah was a companion of the Prophet and she defended him against the Meccans with her sword. Zaynab Fatima bint ‘Abbas was a poet and a legal

scholar, and she preached in Cairo and Damascus seven hundred years ago. Malala Yousafzai was awarded the Nobel Peace Prize. She is younger than me and yet a role model. I want that to be my Islam.” She grabbed my hands again. “For a long time, I have refused to see it. Only you have made me see it.” “Excuse me?” I cried out for the third time and pulled my hands away. But this time, she held on to them.

“Yes, you. Do you remember how you explained to me why you don’t believe in Hell? Without a deep understanding of Islam, you spoke from your heart about the love and the mercy of Allah. And that’s when it became clear to me that I had to read the Qur’an again in a different way.”

This time I pulled away, jumped to my feet and looked down on her coldly.

“You should have told me so back then. In the meantime, I can actually picture Hell pretty well. And I will not let you – or the both of us – end up there.”

“What does that mean?”

“Adil is going to jihad. And I am going with him.”

(from Dschihad Calling, p. 276f) Extraits de

Note on translated documents: The proposed translation reflects the position of the multi-LEARN institute regarding multilingualism in action and interaction. This position assumes, on the one hand and classically, that a translation strives to respect the spirit and the letter of the source language and, on the other hand, that the linguistic identity of the translator manifests itself from the inside of the translated version that can evolve over time.

