

effect on the morale of the enemy soldiers, though in the opposite way. They used to curse their leaders in front of the people, and say they wanted to live in peace. Sometimes they would avoid confronting us when they spotted us. One day a patrol was going through the camp and got lost. Not knowing who they would meet, the soldiers just left the vehicle and ran away. We found the vehicle, searched it, took the food supplies and burned it up in broad daylight. In that period, the camp was absolutely controlled by the fedayeen.

In 1970, after the September massacre in Jordan, Abdel Nasser died. A large, armed demonstration erupted in the camp. The soldiers knew we were in the demonstration, but they did not dare disrupt it. Two months later, Israeli soldiers stormed and searched my house. When I learned of that, I never went back home. The soldiers were occupying the house facing ours, which was owned by an old woman living alone. From that incident, I realized that I was wanted. I decided to go public, fully armed. From then on, my weapon was my constant companion. I told no one of my whereabouts or how I spent my time.

One day we decided to write slogans on the walls. When we finished, we saw an enemy patrol coming. They saw us and started shooting. We returned fire. In the combat, I was shot in the foot - the same spot where I was injured during the war. My comrades carried me back to the base. Fortunately a nurse lived nearby. The comrades brought him and he gave me a sedative. After that, a female comrade began taking care of me. Less than a week later, I was moved to a hideout in a house where a female comrade lived. I was lying in bed in the courtyard, wearing my camouflage suit and watching the door. All of a sudden, the comrade's eight year old daughter rushed into the house shouting: «Israelis, Israelis.» I told her to leave the house fast. Her mother went and stood by the door, trying to prevent the Israelis from entering. She told them: «One moment, sir, my daughter is taking a bath.» Meanwhile, I went back to the hideout where a few comrades were sitting. We watched what was going on between the soldiers and the comrade. She was shouting: «You will not get in.» I proposed that

my comrades escape while I would confront the soldiers. One comrade, Abu Hadid, left me his klashnikov and I gave him my hand grenades and pistol. I was determined to sacrifice myself if necessary, especially as my injury prevented me from running. I asked my friends to kill me if I was hurt. We then rushed in the direction of the soldiers who had managed to enter the house after pushing the woman comrade aside. A battle erupted. Abu Hadid managed to disarm the commander and then got away. As he was running, he saw the communications operator in the patrol car. He threw a bomb, killing the operator and destroying his equipment.

This caused a disturbance which allowed me to escape in the opposite direction from my comrades. A woman saw me running and gave me her skirt; another gave me her head scarf. I took off my uniform and put on the skirt and scarf. I gave one of the women the money, letters and pictures I was carrying, asking her to give them to my family. Then I went to a hideout that nobody knew about. I built it under the rubble of a house that had been destroyed by the Israelis. The residents of the house were living in a tent nearby, and I asked them to go to the camp and bring me news about what had happened. They returned telling that Abu Hadid had been wounded. I sent a message to the comrades, informing them of what had happened. Their reply said that the comrades were safe. The messages I sent and received were all through a contact who was the mother of a martyred comrade. I asked the residents of the house to bring me a wig, a woman's dress and a taxi. Two women helped me get into the taxi. The driver noticed the klashnikov I was hiding under my dress, but said nothing. Ironically a policeman was sitting next to me. I went to the place the taxi took me and stayed there for a long enough period that I could move freely afterwards. Now, more than fifteen years after that incident, I still have pains from the wound. The scars have not vanished. As for the woman who hid us, she went to the hospital and got a doctor's report that she had been hospitalized during that period. She was saved, but not her house. The Israelis blew it up. Despite that, when

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Comrade Hassan in Gaza.

