

Yasir Abu Ghosh

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We received this eulogy from a friend in the occupied West Bank. We print it to honor Yasir Abu Ghosh, along with the scores of activists of the uprising, who have been summarily executed by the Zionist forces - martyred in the struggle for freedom and independence.

Wanted: Dead or Alive

The death of Yasir Abu Ghosh was a premeditated, well-organized murder on the part of the fascists in the Zionist security services and their collaborators. Surely, they drew a breath of relief when they heard the news: Finally, they had succeeded in eliminating one of the leaders of the intifada in the Ramallah district.

Yasir was the youngest son of the Abu Ghosh family who are originally from A'mwas village which was wiped off the map in the 1967 war. In its place, the Zionists built Canada Park. After the war, the family was expelled to Beit Liqya, from where they moved to El Bira. In 1981, Yasir's father bought a piece of land in Beitunya and built a house on it. Four years ago, he founded a small brick factory, with the help of his oldest son who works in Saudi Arabia.

Yasir was only 17 years old when he was martyred, but he was already a revolutionary leader. In 1986, the leadership of George Habash's Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine decided to allow Yasir to become a member, despite his young age. Already at that time, his great ability and talent for organizing were apparent. During the intifada, he turned out to be a teacher for many of the youth, and a great fighter against the occupation. He became an activist in the popular resistance committees which are composed of different units. One is named after the famous Palestinian writer and spokesperson of the PFLP, Ghassan Kanafani, who was killed by the Zionist intelligence in 1972. Another unit

is named after Khalil Abu Khadijeh, and it was in this that Yasir was an active leader.

The way he was killed is reminiscent of a death squad operation: Zionist security agents, dressed in civilian clothes and driving cars with West Bank licenses approach «wanted» activists and either arrest or shoot them. In Yasir's case, it was quite obvious that they didn't want him alive. According to his family, Yasir had been on the occupation authorities' «wanted» list for seven months. For this reason, he stayed away from his family home; even though the Shin Bet was well aware of this, they raided his and his brother's house eight times, harassing and threatening the family.

July 10th was the 17th anniversary of the martyrdom of Ghassan Kanafani. In the early morning, there were demonstrations. Yasir, as usual, was in the frontline, carrying placards saying: «Death to Shamir's election plan - Long live the independent Palestinian state.» By about 11:30 a.m., he was sitting with a comrade in a coffee shop near Ramallah's main square, when his attention was drawn to two cars closeby. According to eyewitnesses, there was a well-known collaborator in the first car, and three men dressed as civilians in the second one. Yasir recognized them and immediately realized what was going on. He jumped to his feet and started running. Two men got out of the car and chased him with their pistols drawn and aimed. Yasir stumbled and fell. As he tried to get up, he was shot three times in the back. He fell back and, according to eyewitnesses, one of the Shin Bet agents

came up and shot him twice in the head at close range. During the whole operation, *Yasir was not once ordered to stop*. This made it clear that they had planned in advance to kill him. His lifeless body was thrown on a jeep, his legs dangling over the edge. His friends tried to help him, but were threatened; a sound bomb was thrown to keep them away. After a «victorious» tour through the center of Ramallah, Yasir's body was brought to the military headquarters of the occupation army.

The news of his death spread like wildfire. Everyone was shocked. Yasir was well-known and much loved, not only in Ramallah but in the surrounding camps and villages. Women were crying, and the people began to walk in the direction of the Ramallah hospital, hoping he would be brought there. There was chaos at the hospital: People were crying hysterically or venting their rage on the hospital walls.

After about two hours, people decided to go to his house in Beitunya, where many had already gathered. His comrades were hanging up olive branches and pictures of George Habash and Ghassan Kanafani. Palestinian flags were flying all around the house. That day his family had gone to Israel, to visit his two brothers in the fascist prisons - one of them serving a two and a half year sentence, and the other in six-month administrative detention. Hatred and anger at the cowardly murder, added to pain and mourning, led the people into a spontaneous demonstration. About 250 marched through the small village. Then, another comrade was killed: Raja Mohamed Ahmed Saleh, 16 years old, one of Yasir's best friends, and his successor in case something would happen, was fatally wounded when the Zionist occupation forces opened fire on the demonstrators.

When Yasir's mother came home, the woman present in the house went out to meet her and took her into their midst, ►