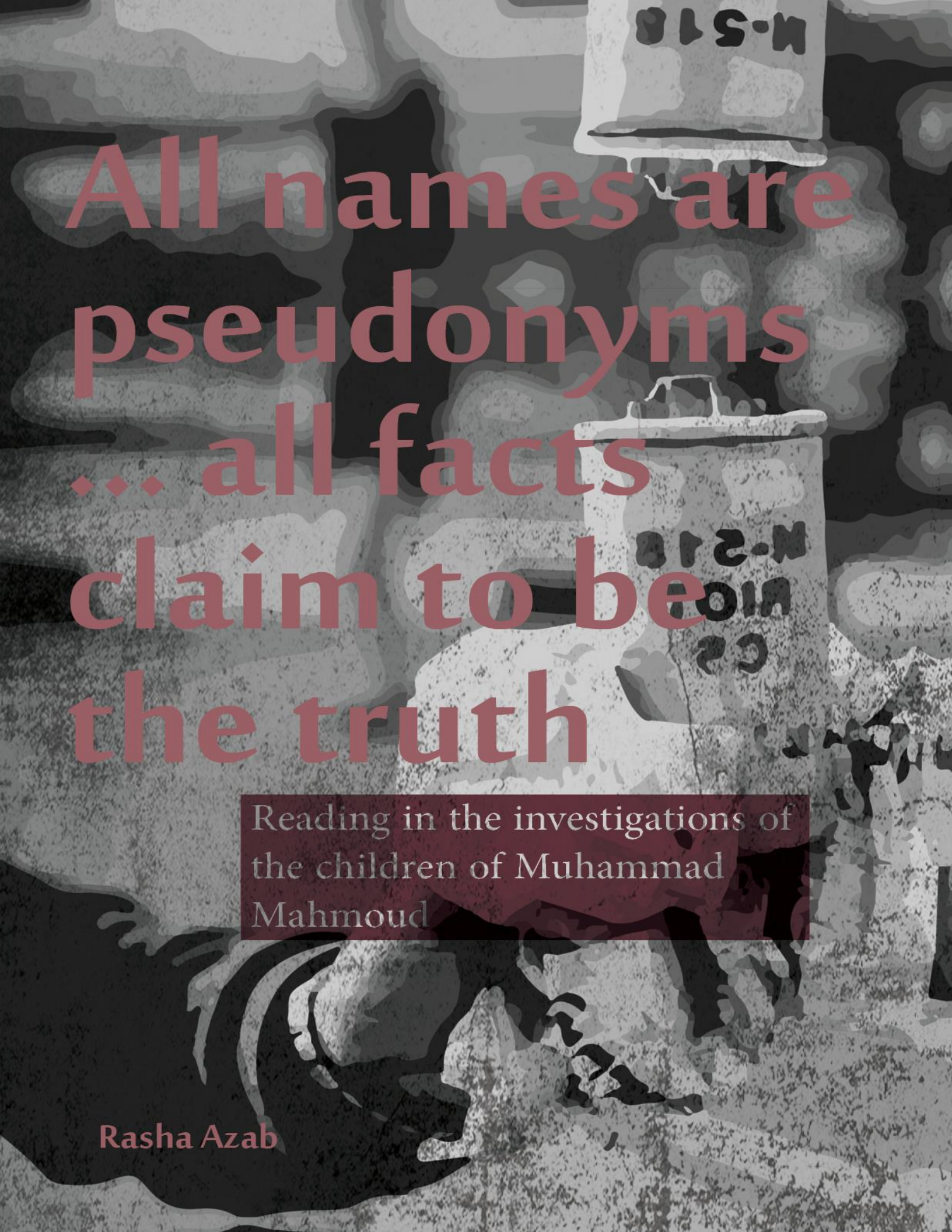


All names are pseudonyms ... all facts claim to be the truth

Reading in the investigations of the children of Muhammad Mahmoud

Rasha Azab

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An entrance into memory

Can we still hear the sounds of battle ten years later?

Here is the whisper of live steps, walking under the skin in a false submissiveness, coexisting with the present, sometimes proudly flattering the missed moment, and cursing it with anger at other times. We look at moments experienced by dozens of minors, children who participated in the first battle of Muhammad Mahmoud, which took place in November of the year of the Egyptian revolution. We look at the official moment as recorded in the papers, hear a few of their voices and try to draw their features from the misshapen description; they move on paper despite the steadfastness of absurd accusations and its ability to kill the mind of a child facing a fierce authority, alone, without parents or a lawyer in most investigations. Thirty-eight children, a number of them injured, stand in front of the investigation authorities, which were set up in the background of a major event taking place in the streets, two streets away from *Abdeen* Court, which witnessed the events of most of the investigations. The killing machine was relentlessly reaping lives; eyes bled and their light gone forever. Two streets away from *Abdeen* court, incidents- that official papers could not deny no matter how hard they tried to- took place.

From the first moment I re-read the papers in this case, I realized that going back is like going against the flow, expensive, peeling back layers of memory illusion. How can a story be read ten years later without thinking about the life path of its protagonists? They were young and became young men and women going through life now, with different destinies. Did they reconcile with that moment or did they leave it at the bottom of their memory to be buried in their remote poor neighborhoods from which most of them came? Most of them were far from the center, far from that "Egypt" that attracted the lenses of the world's photographers at that moment. Most of them longed to "watch the event" as they innocently expressed in some investigations, but when they came, there was no room for free watching and childish joking; they had come to the land of exorbitant prices where the government collapses in front of the military council's control over the course of governance, to begin the era of painful blows to the revolutionary path: the Muslim Brotherhood is in a state of political euphoria, preparing for the empowerment elections, and the revolutionary opposition is divided between participating in the first parliamentary elections and supporting the revolutionaries' battle on the ground. When the children of that battle came, everything had a price, and every step in the streets of this city had a meaning and a path paved with danger.

These are the words of a group of children; they entered the experience alone and came out alone as well. The details of what happened to them remained in these papers for ten years, and now they are trying to get out.

First day of investigations

21 November

These streets have not slept for two days, heavy eyelids walk in the hours of danger. A legacy of blood, of which smell does not evaporate from the air; the day it rained, we did not really know whether rain came to clean the streets or to form pools of dark pink colored water that magnifies the smell, painting the ground. We used to carefully walk beside blood pools as if we feared the resurrection, fearing liquid death pouring over our talk about life, change and sacrifices.

The previous night, the twentieth of November, after violent clashes with police forces, the military troops appeared at the end of the day and swept the square of people. The scarce light was enough for the camera to document the murder on the corner of Tahrir Street next to the *Safir* Tourism Company. The death toll had reached twenty-four, while the military council refuses to admit to the bullets fired at the chests of citizens, despite audio and video recordings. The crime shook those preoccupied with democratization.

Politicians did not understand what was going on, who controls the scene?

The numbers of solidarity activists increased after videos of the massacre were published, and thousands of people continued their quest towards the square from Cairo and the governorates to help the remaining few. Confrontations with the police resumed after the disappearance of the army forces as soon as the deadly mission was accomplished.

On Monday, the twenty-first of November, people exchanged the story of the sniper who appeared on the roofs of Muhammad Mahmoud Street. Only the trained officer knows how many he killed, just as many witnesses know how the field hospital doctor was killed as well as everyone who tried to save him. The ambulance carried three bodies piled on top of each other in Bustan bin Quraish Street, each of them tried to save another he did not know.

At midday of Monday, the confrontations reached the borders of Mansour and *Nubar* Streets, and "honorable" citizens appeared at the borders of *Abdeen* area to hunt down demonstrators. The investigations that we are trying to re-read begin from the twenty-first of November and continue until the twenty-fourth of the same month. It is not paradoxical that it was the same day that the killing and intimidation machine expanded to confront the angry numbers that joined the battle of Muhammad Mahmoud. We all saw students in school uniforms carrying bags stuffed with books

and stones; no one summoned them; they did not carry political theories for the moment; they came and had their say in the streets, and some of these papers documented their journey.

Taha

On Monday morning, "Taha" left *Mufti* Street in *Beni Suef* Governorate. He is seventeen years old, but he appears younger. His short stature and thinness put him at a lower age, the thing that may agitate teenage boys in light of growth competitions where they compare one another ability to grow, as if it were a personal effort. As Taha prepares to travel to Cairo, he wears clothes that reflect a joy and a buzz: a white jacket, matching sneakers, blue jeans, and a gray T-shirt.

Taha went out alone, and we also don't know how he did it while police was monitoring the entrances and exits of the square, arresting citizens who might have come to participate from the *Munib* Metro and train stations. But he arrived at the square on Monday afternoon at half past twelve, according to his description. Taha entered the square, driven by the enthusiasm that surged in his chest during the past two days of seeing the events on the screens. He burst into chants and then entered into the midst of the crowd, receiving the gas bomb canisters he was watching on TV screens.

The storm begins... the sound of an armored siren while everyone running here and there. Taha tried to hide in one of the narrow alleys, and found himself facing an army soldier. He tried to beg him, but the soldier did not listen; he twisted his arm and then handed him over to the Central Security Forces, to be beaten by young men who were a little older than him, perhaps they came from the same governorate stuck in the crater of Upper Egypt. The soldiers transferred Taha to a wooden booth adjacent to the Ministry of Interior building, to start another beating party in the midst of warm human dough dripping with blood. Taha came out of the wooden booth with bruises on his face, neck and back, but the matter did not end there. Taha found himself with dozens of detainees, including eight boys of about his age, being pushed into a deportation car, and then presented to the prosecution.

Finally, Taha found someone to ask and listen to him. Since his arrest, he had tried to say a few words, but the stupid wooden sticks do not hear. He stood before the prosecutor at five in the evening, when the record registered in his name in the papers of this case was opened. Only five hours since he arrived in Cairo, five stubborn hours were witness to what happened. The prosecutor bombarded him with huge accusations; the accusations were like the wooden sticks that terrified Taha since his arrival in Cairo, but the boy said part of what he wanted, part of what remained as a testimony to his short revealing journey.

Q: When exactly did you arrive in Tahrir square?

A: at 12.30 noon

Q: what brought you to Tahrir square?

A: I came to join the demonstrators

Q: what pushed you to do that?

A: the scenes I watched of killing and injury of the demonstrators on Tahrir square by police and army forces

Q: are there any bodies or persons who invited you to participate in these demonstrations?

A: no, as an Egyptian citizen I wanted to join the demonstrators

Q: do you belong to a party, organization or political movement?

A: no

Q: what were the slogans you chanted in the square?

A: "down with military rule", "Civilian State…we want a civilian state", demanding the release of detainees.

Abdo

Abdo formulated his story as befits a student whose misfortune led him to Tahrir Square and then was surprised by what was happening around him. Most of the students came

to the battlefields stealthily from their parents; some of them were martyred, while their parents thought that they had gone to a private lesson!

Abdo lives in the *al-Sayida Nafisa* district. He was a student at the Khedive Ismail School, located in *Nubar* Street, whose extension reaches towards the city center and intersects at some point with the entrance to Muhammad Mahmoud. The students of *Khedive Ismail* School, *Abdeen* School and *Mustafa Kamel* School were a prominent faction among the demonstrators, especially in the peaceful morning hours. Clashes would have barely calmed at these times, when school students appeared, pouring clean oil over the street fires. The Khedive Ismail School remained an active cell for revolutionary student activity, from which student demonstrations poured towards the square. The school lost two of its students in the fiercest battles of 2012, when Ahmed Youssef was martyred in the Port Said massacre while encouraging Al-Ahly Club. He was followed by Gaber Salah "Geeka", the high school student who was killed by the Ministry of Interior. He was one of the youth of *Abdeen* district, which was known in the early days of the revolution as the home of "honorable' citizens, until *Geeka* died, and conditions changed when marches entered *Abdeen* neighborhood under the protection of the flag of the red-shirted boy with "Superman" printed on its front.

Abdo belongs to the same high school, a tall, tanned young man with black hair. He was wearing jeans, a black T-shirt and sports shoes with the same color when he was arrested. The documents recorded the injuries on his body: a cut wound on the top of the scalp and abrasions on the hands, right and left arms and back, which means that he was severely assaulted.

Abdo arrived with his companions from school. He said that he had to pass through Tahrir Square to receive class papers from one of his friends before the exam that was due the next day. Then his companions were lost amid the clashes in the streets. Abdo was hit by a brick in the head, the source of which was, as he said, "a fight between opposition and supporters of the sit-in"... He saw two teams of civilians throwing stones at each other in Mohamed Mahmoud Street while the police was trying to separate them. Abdo rushed into the center of downtown at *Bab al-Louk*, injured and blood oozing from his head. While he was trying to ask for help a gas canister hits the ground next to him, he loses his balance, and a group of civilians gather around him to beat him and hand him over to the Central Security Forces, which continue the assault party, then hand him over to an army officer who takes on the task of beating the boy alone. He is then taken to *Abdeen* prosecution for investigation on charges, the simplest of which was assault on the police force.

Abdo was able to record the assault on him in a separate report, and these are some of his statements:

Q: What are the details of your injury?

A: It is as I said: My injury happened when someone from the government in civilian clothes arrested me, and some of the conscripts beat me and inflicted my injuries and took me to a booth next to the Ministry of Interior and then brought me here.

Q: Who exactly caused your injuries?

A: Central security conscript soldiers.

Q: Do you know any of them? And how many are they?

A: I don't know them, but many people hit me.

Q: And why exactly did they do that?

A: I don’t know.

Q: What was their intent by doing that?

A: They intended to beat me, injure me, and arrest me.

Q: What tools did the aforementioned use in that?

A: they had Central Security batons.

Q: how was your status in relation to them in terms of distance, level and direction?

A: there was no distance between us. I was arrested and they were at the same level of height in front of me and at my back.

Q: how many beatings exactly did you receive by the aforementioned?

A: many, I cannot be specific.

Q: where did you feel those beatings?

A: my right and left arm and back.

Ramadan

Deep in the center of *Al-Khanka,* in *Qalyubia* governorate, lies *Kafr Hamza*, one of the hundreds hamlets in the Delta region. *The hamlet* was surrounded by internal roads overlooking a similar reality, mud streets, slow movement towards modernization, two-storey buildings slashing the green patch, and farming and growing corn and rice are still the most prominent occupations. But *Kafr Hamza* was given a special gate, which became a way out for the daylight, as it is located on the agricultural road between Cairo and Ismailia. People came out to this road to block it in the face of the state and its passing citizens; this was the rural road most protesting against existing conditions, usually to confront the city's denial of the rights of suburbs. But the sixteen-year-old Ramadan went far beyond the highway. Ramadan decided that day to join his friends in *Mostorod* Agricultural Secondary School, the closest agricultural school to *Kafr Hamza*, and go to Tahrir.

People coming from the Delta regions ride taxicabs that take them to *Aboud* station, and from there they can enter the city through the gate of Ramses Street, and from there strangers infiltrate the city center through the streets of *Champollion*, *Abdel-Khalek Tharwat* and *Maarouf*. At noon, Ramadan arrived at *Champollion* Street, leading to the square, which he did not reach, according to his statements. He was arrested and taken with others to the same wooden kiosk next to the Ministry of Interior and then to the Public Prosecution office in *Abdeen* Court.

The investigation papers indicate that the investigation was opened at eleven o'clock on Monday evening, which is the end of a long day for the boys and interrogators who only gave a few scattered words in describing the young defendant, among them: a boy of medium build, slightly tanned, black hair, clean-shaven beard and mustache. He wears blue jeans and a white shirt with a black woolen jacket over it. He does not show any signs or injuries that would draw the attention of the investigator or inform the investigation procedures, which were not as lengthy as happened in the investigations of the other boys. However, there is a small detail in the body of the investigation, which reveals that the apparent injuries were not documented in most cases, only when a lawyer was present. Ramadan, according to what he said to the prosecution, was subjected to assault.

Q: what happened and how were you seized and brought here?

A: What happened is that my friends told me let us go to Tahrir to watch the demonstrations, and when we reached Tahrir Square, I found people being beaten and falling to the ground, so I was helping them. Suddenly, I found Central Security soldiers who were all over us and dragged us to the booth of the Ministry of Interior. They sprayed something on our eyes. Ten minutes later, they took us in a microbus and drove us to *Abdeen* Police Station, that's all that happened.

Q: when and where did that happen?

A: this happened today, 21/11/2011, around 12 P.M. in *Champollion* Street which leads to Tahrir square.

Q: what is the reason for your presence at that place at that time?

A: I was watching the demonstrations that took place in Tahrir Square.

Q: Who was with you at the time?

A: I was with my companions, but I separated from them.

Q: What happened while you helped the injured in Tahrir Square?

A: Central Security forces attacked us and dragged me to the kiosk of the Ministry of Interior.

Q: What do you say about the aforementioned statement in the investigations of the Public Prosecution that you joined the demonstrators by throwing bricks, empty bottles and

Molotov cocktails and disrupting traffic in Tahrir Square, Mohamed Mahmoud Street, *Sheikh Rehan*, *Talaat Harb* and all the roads leading to the Ministry of Interior, as well as *Bab Al-Louk* Square?

A: That did not happen. I was watching the demonstrations and helping the injured.

The second day of investigations

22 November

The ambulance road on this day was like an open vein, a deep crevice in a cohesive human mass; the road opened from *Omar Makram* Mosque, where the field hospital was, to the entrance of Muhammad Mahmoud. Teams of volunteers on motorcycles move in back and forth, picking up the injured and martyrs and return, while standing along both sides of the path, in the cold of November, witnesses of the massacre, shielding the air in the hot corridor; they were not spectators; they were the witnesses, who saw the last look in the eyes of the departed.

The official statements indicated the need for calm before the call for a million strong "rescue demo" that was due that day, but the anger of the Military Council was evident from the kind of chants in the square and its masses, as recorded by the regime's journalists. On Tuesday morning, police forces tried to push the demonstrators away with a barrage of tear gas and to take control of the walls of the American

University, but the numbers arriving to the square repelled the attack several times and moved the clashes to the borders of *Mansour* Street and *Al Falaki* Square. That day witnessed the largest number of casualties: six hundred and ninety wounded and two dead with live bullets.

In the evening, Field Marshal Tantawi's first speech was announced to comment on the events after accepting the government's resignation. Demonstrators expressed their disapproval of the speech's content, lifting shoes as they had done with Mubarak's second speech. The square was subjected to a qualitative attack through colorless gases that caused some convulsions... The gases emptied the heart of the square, and the speech was nothing but an announcement of the second phase of the storm and terror; politicians and the junta leaders failed to stop police assaults, and political groups failed to stem the adrenaline rushes ready to face death.

The outer shell of the event pointed to a political struggle between the Military Council and the civilian government led by Essam Sharaf, while the Muslim Brotherhood stood at the margins of the conflict in an attempt to capture the remaining spoils of the battle. The struggle had other roots. The battle was between continuing tyranny and trying to stop it. Some try to craft their own myth in the most incomprehensible moments. People did not choose to start this battle; the beginning was well known: a unilateral decision by the Military

Council, without the government, to disperse the sit-in of the martyrs' families at noon on the 19th of November. But they chose to be inside it. Perhaps regret came later after a series of unforeseen defeats, but at the time there was only the temptation to resist and face the danger head-on, the individual consciousness dissolving in the collective. As the battles intensified at night, the lights were cut off from the area of the clashes, and everyone moved in a perceptible darkness to the lights of fires or the green laser torches that were popular at the time as one of the battle tools. In that long night, the voice of the crowds was solid and deeply rooted in the defeated streets; who can forget!?

Ibrahim

The shift ends in the factory, then life, as Ibrahim chose it to be, begins. A sixteen-year-old worker, forced to leave education and learn a craft. A small finger print lies at the end of the investigation papers on his statements shows us that Ibrahim is illiterate.

Shubra El-Kheima factories are filled with young green lives, informal labor, who earn their daily living without insurance cover because the law prohibits child labor, but the law will not feed them and will not serve their empty stomachs, which will not find what to chop on with every sunrise.

By the end of Tuesday, Ibrahim traveled with his friends to what he called "the land of Tahrir" to watch what is happening, without participating, as he stressed in his statements. He expected the clashes to calm down by evening. Around mid-night, his friends returned and Ibrahim decided to stay for a while. At the moment of leaving the square, someone called him and then dragged him to the Central Security forces and they arrested him at dawn on Tuesday. He tried to convince them that he did not belong to the people of El-Tahrir, but found himself falling to the ground and reckless wooden clubs began to play their part. Consecutive blows to his head, foot and back. He was dragged in a hutch to the transfer van, which took him to an unknown location, and then he arrived in the interrogation room. Where does Ibrahim go after the factory shift? He goes to jail!

Is his fate different in the land of "Tahrir" from the land of *Shubra El-Kheima*?

When Ibrahim's friends decided to go to the square, he had not yet reached the age of issuing an ID card. He only had his birth certificate in his wallet. Apparently, "Mohammed Mahmoud" was not their first scene of confrontation, as they lived an hours-long battle on Al-Habibi Street, next to the Shubra II police section, in front of the *Al-Sawalha* Mosque, from which demonstrations began. The majority of marches begin in an attempt to reach the *Mo'assasa* Bridge, where security forces were stationed to try to prevent the *Shubra*

al-Kheima march from reaching Tahrir. Twenty-five protesters were killed and dozens were injured in the Friday of Rage events. Ibrahim and his generation watched as death descended upon their narrow streets, railed open to destruction, but those events also constituted another sign of life that they tried to taste for the first time, as did millions.

Q: How did you get those injuries

A: As I told you, Central Security Forces beat me with wooden clubs, and I took a blow to the head between my eyes and another to my right leg, and I took a number of blows to my back.

Q: Where are your injuries, who caused them and what are the tools used to cause them?

A: I have an injury between my eyes at my forehead, and another in my right leg caused by a beating with a club and I received several blows to my back

Q: Exactly how many beatings did you receive?

A: One to my head, one to my leg and several to my back, I cannot count them

Q: Who exactly caused your injuries and what tool was used to cause them?

A: I was beaten by central security soldiers and they beat me with the wooden clubs they had.

Q: what was the nature of the ground you were standing on at the time?

A: the asphalt of the street

Q: how were the light and vision at the time?

A: the street as dark and vision was not clear.

Hassan

We cannot predict where Hassan lives at present. Perhaps he was erased by the heavy hand of "development" among all that it has erased. The papers indicate that he is a resident of *Bulaq Abu Al-Ela*, in reference to the mosque of *Sultan Abu Al-Ela*, gatherer of hearts and lover of the deprived. The mosque remains a lonely witness, after urbanization took over with a view towards modern buildings with blue glass windows. The devotees left and the investors came.

Hassan says he had to go downtown out of fear for his cousin, who had gone to attend the protests around the Ministry of Interior. Hassan decided to go to find him and bring him home. When he reached Tahrir, he saw protesters throwing Molotov cocktails and stones at security forces, while the forces responded with tear gas. Here, Hassan's role evolved from searching for his cousin to play a role in what was going on. He said that he tried to stand in the first rows to separate demonstrators and security forces and to protect

security forces as well. Then he felt a danger to himself and decided to move away a little. Security forces then carried out an attack on the demonstrators and took him. They mistakenly believed that he was making Molotov cocktails with the demonstrators.

Hassan is a tall, ruddy young man, wearing blue jeans, a black jacket, and black sports shoes. He is seventeen years old according to the papers, so among the accusations was not carrying an identity card, which he said he lost on his short journey to Tahrir.

Hassan was arrested at three o'clock in the morning on Tuesday, and he was brought before the prosecution at ten in the evening of the same day, along with a number of minors. This day had the lowest number of arrested children. Perhaps the thousands of solidarity activists in the million people march on Tuesday relieved the pressure of the security frenzy in the continuous arrest campaigns, as well as the participation of the Al-Ahly and Zamalek Ultras and their playing their games in exhausting the police forces. They opened pores in the mentality of "live fire" so that the "Pasha" realizes that there are ways to confront the demonstrators without killing them and without turning into a hero because he was able to professionally put out the eyes of the demonstrators!

Hassan was arrested while he was unconscious after receiving two painful blows to his head. He woke up while he was inside

the transfer van. He woke up to excruciating pain from the continued attacks on him even after he fell. Hassan attended the prosecution's investigation, and the signs of the attacks on him were visible from head to toe. No one was interested in referring him to the forensic medicine because he was taken to a hospital and his detention continued despite his condition.

Q: When and where did this happen?

A: today, 22/11/2011 at 3 a.m. in front of the ministry of interior

Q: who was with you?

A: I was alone.

Q: why were you there?

A: I was looking for my cousin

Q: who attacked you?

A: central security soldiers but I don't know which one of them

Q: how did you know they were central security soldiers

A: they were dressed in black, the central security uniform and were standing by the ministry of interior

Q: why did they attack you?

A: they wanted to arrest somebody so they arrested me

Q: where did they stand in relation to you?

A: they were all around me, I didn't know where the beats were coming from

Q: were any tools used in attacking you?

A: yes, central security clubs

Q: how many times were you beaten?

A: I only felt two blows, and then I fainted and when I woke up I felt an ache in my body.

Q: where were you beaten?

A: two blows were to my head, when I recovered consciousness, I found blows to my back and left hand.

Q: did you try to defend yourself?

A: no

Q: why didn't you?

A: they were many and I would not have been able to confront them.

Third day of investigations

23 November

The previous day had been long and protracted, the demonstrators were exhausted, hundreds were injured, and thousands returned to their homes to follow the course of

their lives outside the square, while the battlefield remained open; the hour of decline had come.

On this day, police forces focused on the only ones left in the confrontation. The ferocity increased, cast a gloomy shadow, and targeted the doctors in their workplace. The police threw loads of gas canisters at the field hospital. The wounded and the paramedics suffocated, including Dr. Rania Fouad. The demonstrators tried to get her out of the cloud of gas, but the continuous police attack prevented this until she died along with those she tried to rescue.

This day was like an extensive campaign of revenge in response to the confrontations of the previous day and in response to the clear slogans raised by the square against the Military Council and the Brotherhood. Four new martyrs were killed, bringing the number to thirty-six. Dozens of injured people poured into the hospitals surrounding the square. As the sounds of gunfire rose, all official agencies fell silent, and the Military Council issued an electronic message denying that the army had participated in the killings. But they waited and watched for the hyenas to devour the young eagles; on this day, one of the injured caught the laughter of the officer, who had shot him in the eye a few seconds ago. He watched him rejoice in his victory. His companions dragged him with his eyes dripping blood to the hospital to face the rest of his life with a glass eye.

Appeals came out trying to stop the terrible events. A delegation from Al-Azhar sheikhs came to Muhammad Mahmoud to establish an urgent truce, then the police broke the truce and rained tear gas on the street, despite the withdrawal of the vast majority of the demonstrators to the square. School students organized solidarity marches that ended with their joining the ongoing battle; some were injured and some were arrested.

The youth of political movements and parties were lost in how to deal with the escalating situation, and there was no way but to call for a new million demo the following Friday, to emphasize the basic demands of the transfer of power to civilian bodies and groups and the cessation of military trials for civilians in addition to the revolution's basic demands for "bread, freedom and social justice"; they demanded a reckoning with the killers who infiltrate the echelons of government and then take to the streets, playing the game of death as the only means of defending the state.

Magdy

Magdy was witness to a delicate and violent moment, one of the recurring moments of the storming of the field hospital in the *Ebad al-Rahman* Mosque, a hidden corner inside one of the alleys in an architectural zigzag that connects Muhammad Mahmoud directly to the square, built by the workers and

craftsmen of downtown shops as a prayer hall next to their work. Since the Friday of Anger, it had turned into a field hospital during the clashes, and it continued to play this role for a while. The demonstrators tried to set up some field hospitals in places of worship surrounding the square, such as the *Omar Makram* Mosque and the *Qasr al-Dobara* Church, in a desperate attempt to protect the injured. Perhaps the boy went to this place thinking that it was a safe place, perhaps he wanted to play a role different from the clash with police forces, which did not spare him even though he was in a mosque that took the status of a hospital in the event of clashes.

From Magdy's story, it is clear that the police forces that were encamped for days were sometimes ready to storm the ant's nests if asked to do so. In the last days of the clashes, the assaults they inflicted against the demonstrators were hysterical. The forces were deprived of good sleep for days, hungry and denied vacations. They were vicious.

Magdy came to the field with the aim of providing first aid to the injured and committed himself to standing in *Ebad al-Rahman* Mosque, until the forces stormed the mosque and swept the place. Some tried to escape, and among them was an old lady who fell to the ground. Magdy tried to save her, but the police arrested him with another group from inside the field hospital, Central Security forces attacked him, and an assault party began using black sticks.

The description in the papers of the boy's body could not reflect all the assaults he mentioned. He was thin and of medium stature. His jacket was stolen from him, and he spent the investigation wearing a short-sleeved T-shirt in the cold of November. The T-shirt had the word "Master" written on it.

Q: Who caused your injuries from the Tahrir Mosque, and with what?

A: The Central Security Forces, they beat me with black sticks.

Q: What is the description of the tool used to attack you?

A: black sticks, about a meter long.

Q: And how many strikes did you receive from the Central Security?

A: about 13 strikes

Q: And where did those strikes hit you?

A: They hit me all over my body, but the one that hurt me most was the one that hit my left elbow.

Q: What is your destination when the Central Security Forces attacked you?

A: I was facing them

Q: What was the distance between you and them at that time?

A: There was no distance between us, because one of them held me under his arm and hit me with sticks.

Q: was that person known to you? Are there any disagreements between you and him?

A: No, he is a military man who wears their military uniforms, and I do not know him and there are no disagreements

Q: What was the intention of that person as a result of that assault?

A: He beat me with a black stick, a meter long.

Q: How did you defend yourself?

A: They were beating everyone to empty the square

Suleiman

The outskirts of Giza are still a port where the youth of the northern and southern provinces settle when they travel to work in the capital. They come through middlemen who make them work for pennies, combing the city streets for a living and spend the night with poor labor in overcrowded apartments. Some of the big merchants organize a network to attract the youth and children of farmers and Upper Egyptians and control their sources of livelihood. A stranger cannot live in the city without cover or protection, at least in the first period of arrival; so who does not fear the people of this city!

Suleiman is one of them. He lives on *Al-Mahatta* Street in Giza, moving from his place of birth in the *Barakat El-Sabaa* Center in *Menoufia* Governorate. Suleiman works as a "free" peddler for some household items, selling plastic plates and cups made in the clandestine workshops scattered in the cracks in rural roads and on the outskirts of cities.

The papers described Suleiman as a boy of medium height, well-built, with fine and long black hair, wearing gray black-striped trousers and a dark half-sleeved shirt. We have not yet understood the secret of the police forces' obsession with stealing the coats of children and young people during their arrest!

The story that Suleiman tells is that, while passing by the Ministry of the Interior on Tuesday morning, on his way to buy an electric heater from a shop next to the Ministry, he stood to watch the blocked pedestrian traffic and waited for things to calm down. As he was passing by, he was arrested; he was taken by an officer to that wooden booth that was mentioned in a number of children's testimonies, an extension of the torture chambers in *Lazoghli*! On the way to the cursed booth, the officer was ordering his soldiers to attack Suleiman, "shouted" at them and told them: "Avenge yourself," so the conscript slaps Suleiman with all the force he can summon to prove to the officer his determination and courage! When Suleiman arrived at the aforementioned booth, his pockets were emptied and he was parked next to the rest of

the victims for hours until midnight. Suleiman was brought before the prosecution at dawn on Wednesday, the twenty-third of November, more than fifteen hours after he was crammed into the wooden booth.

Q: Tell us about your injuries

A: my left leg is swollen.

Q: What is the cause of this injury?

A: when the officer took me, he was telling the people of the Central Security, "Come, avenge yourselves." One of them hit me with his boots in my legs, and it swelled

Q: how many blows did he give you this person?

A: one

Q: did he use any tools in causing it?

A: no

Q: where did he hit you?

A: the calf of my left leg

Q: how do you explain that there are no apparent signs in your left leg when we examined it?

A: it is a mild injury, not severe and is only a swelling in the left leg, nothing more

Q: do you accuse someone in particular?

A: I accuse the central security soldier who beat me

Q: what is his name?

A: I don't know

Q: what was his intention when he beat you?

A: he wanted to beat me

Q: do you want referral to forensic medicine?

A: no

Sayed

His friend Nabil has been absent from his home for two days, probably since the beginning of the events of Muhammad Mahmoud. The two lived in the streets of *Al-Zawiya Al-Hamra*, the hybrid area that was formed in the eighties, after the first wave of urban expansion displacing of the residents of the "huts" of *Al-Turguman* and *Bulaq* during the reign of President Sadat, to build the *Al-Torguman* parking lot that now exists, and remains a witness to the failure of the transfers of street vendors from downtown. The state decided to get rid of some of the poor who live in the city center and push them to an agricultural area on the way out of Cairo towards the Delta. *Al-Zawiya Al-Hamra* used to belong to the Shubra El-Kheima neighborhood and then became independent after the sweeping urban incursion to become a new informal neighborhood created from the core of old informal neighborhoods.

Sayed went to Tahrir after the mother of his friend Nabil, who had been missing from home, called for help. Sayed, a boy of medium build, light complexion, not yet sixteen years old, retraced his friend's footsteps to the same remote place, thinking of the dangers to be expected of such a visit, especially with Nabil's absence and no-show for two days.

At about 9 am on Tuesday, Sayed was arrested. It is not clear where he was arrested from. He appeared in the prosecution on Wednesday without a lawyer as usual, but the prosecutor insisted on making a note in the investigations stating that they sent a delegate to the lawyers' room in the prosecution headquarters at 2 am and did not find a lawyer to be there with Sayed; then the note ended!

Investigations did not indicate whether Sayed was a student or a worker, but he was asked, like all minors, about his mother's name to confirm his identity later, and during the referral of the case at the next stage.

The investigator asked Sayed about the reason for his presence in the place that the investigations did not specify. He replied that he went to this area because he knew that there were wounded and injured there, expecting to find Nabil among them; he did not find him. He stressed that he did not go to the Ministry of Interior and was not arrested next to it, as the accusations claimed.

Q: What do you say about what Officer Zaki Ahmed, Director of the Cairo Investigation Department, wrote in his minutes dated November 22, 2011 that while he was in the service of securing the headquarters of the Ministry of Interior in partnership with the Central Security Forces and in cooperation with the Armed Forces, he arrested you among a group of demonstrators present in the area and that you threw stones, glass and Molotov cocktails at the forces, trying to storm the ministry building, where you were caught?

A: did not happen; I did not go near the ministry

Q: how then do you explain what he said?

A: I don't know, maybe he thought I went there

Q: why did you search for your friend at that location?

A: because there were inured people there, so I went to search for my friend among them

Q: do you have a crime record?

A: no

Q: have you been arrested in similar cases?

A: no

Q: do you have disagreements with the aforementioned central security soldier?

A: no

Q: You are accused of using force and violence against persons charged with a public service, who are members of the armed forces, in order to unjustly force them to refrain from doing their job, and you did not reach your goal, and that was by beating them with stones and Molotov cocktails?

A: this did not happen and I did not go to the ministry.

Q: you are also accused of not carrying an ID although you are past 16 years of age and an Egyptian citizen

A: I have not yet issued an ID

Aliwa

Aliwa looked at the screens, watching the motorcycle men present in Tahrir Square. They were more flexible than ambulances and had everyone's confidence. Protesters have never forgotten that at the bloodiest moment, ambulances were used to transport some weapons to the police during the Friday of Rage clashes, when the soldiers were surrounded without ammunition in front of the demonstrators, after the leaders fled at the moment of the security withdrawal; everyone became defenseless in the face of the moment!

He rode a motorcycle with a person, whose name he withheld in the investigations. The two left the neighborhood Old Cairo, heading to Tahrir, to join the popular ambulance teams. When they arrived, the police forces were launching one of the

attacks on the demonstrators. Both tried to avoid the stampede, but one of the soldiers arrested Aliwa, while the motorcycle driver evaded the same fate. The two left the motorcycle to its fate, too.

Aliwa is a skilled worker who works on a wood-shredding machine in a carpentry workshop in the Old Cairo neighborhood where he lives. He has a thin body that did not help him face the assaults and repeated torture ceremonies with the arrested. Aliwa went to the investigation of the prosecution, which examined him and recorded that he had sporadic bruises on his body. He was barefoot facing charges of assaulting police forces!

Aliwa was arrested at dawn on Tuesday. He was pushed into the wooden booth, then transferred to a Central Security camp, and from there he was transferred with others to attend the prosecution's investigation the following day.

During that time, Aliwa was interrogated in one of the Central Security camps, and it is remarkable that he insisted on his statements in the prosecution's investigation, that he came to support the injured whom he saw in need of help. Although fear appears to be a self-evident ghost to a sixteen-year-old minor who has not yet obtained his identity card, Aliwa was too young to be controlled by fear when Old Cairo fought the hours-long battle into the evening on the Friday of Rage to open the way for thousands of demonstrators from *Maadi, Tora and Helwan*. The demonstrators were trying to reach

Tahrir Square via the Nile Corniche Street, which passes through Old Cairo. The success of Old Egypt would enable thousands of people coming from afar to cross, which they did.

Q: Was there a dialogue between you and the person who arrested you?

A: They insulted me and beat me, but they did not talk to me.

Q: And who exactly arrested you at that time?

A: They are the police who arrested me, but I do not know the names of any of them.

Q: What is the number and description of those who arrested you, exactly?

A: They are soldiers from the police, but I do not know their number because they were many.

Q: And did you recognize any of them?

A: No, I don't know their names.

Q: What action did they take against you?

A: After they arrested me, they took me to the booth and then to the Central Security camp.

Q: Did they search you?

A: Yes.

Q: What resulted from that search?

A: They took from me two mobile phones, money and my wallet.

Q: Who searched you?

A: They are the ones who arrested me, and I don't know them.

Q: What was the intention of the person who attacked you at that time?

A: They thought that I was standing with the protesting people and participating with them in the demonstrations.

Q: How did you identify that intent?

A: Because they did this with the people who were standing in Tahrir.

Q: Would you like to be referred to Forensic Medicine?

A: No, I want to go home. I do not want to be examined by Forensic Medicine.

Hilal

The time was 4:30 a.m. on the 23rd of November when the Public Prosecution opened its investigation with Hilal. Identifying the places of harm and abuse of this child was not difficult. The report did not exceed four sheets of paper, and despite the brief investigation that did not include a separate report of injuries and assaults, the matter was clear.

Hilal arrived in the square as part of his work as a street vendor, selling masks to protesters facing tear gas canisters during the days of the clashes. Hilal was not the only one assigned to work on those dangerous days in the square, as dozens of street vendors came to work under these conditions. It is not possible to predict whether this was his personal decision or the decision of those employing him, who pushed him and other child vendors to work under such conditions. The important thing is that during this period there were those who read the needs of the public involved with the police, and there were those who engaged with the moment and faced consequences.

Hilal had finished his work for the day, which means that he had sold all the masks he had in his possession. It was at noon on the twenty-second of November, the moment the demonstrators rallied in the Tuesday demo. While leaving the surrounding area, he entered a street by mistake, which later turned out to be an ambush, as he alone faced a group of Central Security soldiers who arrested him after hitting him with black sticks. They beat him on his feet and then dragged him to the notorious wooden kiosk located next to the Ministry of Interior, where a police officer punched him in the face. He received a few more blows to his body and was kept in the kiosk until he was taken to the prosecution.

Hilal was accused of not carrying an ID card. He said he hadn't issued one yet. He was a tall young man with a light

mustache, and a lot of bad luck, which had given him only a small degree of education; we found an unmarked signature on his statement. Hilal came from the streets of *Al-Marg* neighborhood, the rural area overlooking *Qalyubia* Governorate, which was famous for its palm cultivation. Villas and rest houses were built for the well-to-do, such as the villa of *Zainab Al-Wakeel*, the wife of *Al-Nahhas* Pasha, and then one of its palaces was turned into a permanent exile for *Muhammad Naguib*, the first military president in the Officers' Republic, which has been seizing, since the eighties, groups of the poor of the city, in a continuous attempt by those in power to push them to the outskirts.

Q: And what do you say about what is attributed to you that you are accused of not having a personal identity document since you are a national of the Arab Republic of Egypt?

A: I have not issued one

Q: what happened and what are the circumstances of our arrest and seizure?

A: What happened was that I was selling masks to people in Tahrir Square, I went to another place to work, and after that, when I finished I walked and entered a wrong street other than the one I walk in every time, and after that I found soldiers holding sticks and wearing a helmet and they hit me on my feet without causing injuries and after that they took me to a booth and after that I found an officer who

punched me and put me on a deportation car, and after that I came to the prosecution.

Q: when and where did this exactly happen?

A: This happened on 22/11/2011 at 12 noon on a street of Tahrir square and Muhammed Mahmoud Street

Q: What is the occasion of your presence in the aforementioned time and place?

A: I work there as a street vendor of masks.

Q: Who was with you at the time?

A: I was alone.

Ragab

This story is unique and takes a different turn; in it, the child gives descriptions of things, no names, only facts unrelated to the event that was taking place, and the events may, paradoxically, have taken place in the time frame of Tuesday morning's clashes of the million strong marches.

Ragab lives in the popular *Sharabeya* neighborhood in eastern Cairo. He describes himself as a construction worker. In the morning, Ragab went to the *Qasr al-Nil* Bridge from the Opera side to meet his brother to get something important from him. On his way back to Tahrir Square, he saw a group running on the bridge and behind them another group is wearing black.

he did not know who they were, and then had to run with the fugitives for fear of the scene coming towards him; he ran until he was caught.

The interrogator asks him what his brother was doing at that time and place, and he answers that his brother works as a soldier in the naval forces of the army and that this is his place of service, and that he is the one who called him and summoned him to the place.

Ragab was attacked by the black-robed group, they "flipped his pockets" and got his money, which he estimated in the report at a thousand pounds. The investigator asked him, "Where did you get the money from?" He said: “My father gave it to me.” The interrogator repeated the question and the boy replied with confidence: “I am used to carrying a lot of money”!

Ragab was hurt, especially in his hands, probably while protecting his belongings: the money and the expensive phone, the value of which he proved in the investigation report. He was hurt in his shoulder and back, and he requested that he be referred to forensic medicine. In investigation, Ragab was able to talk about the perpetrators of the attacks against him when the interrogator asked him if they were members of the police, and he replied in the affirmative.

Ragab was of medium build, with black hair, clean-shaven, and wore a gray-and-red T-shirt, navy jeans, and white sports shoes.

This report was drawn against this child by a police brigadier general working in the Department of Morals Investigations in Cairo!

Q: How were you caught?

A: When I was going back to Tahrir Square, I met people running and I ran with them.

Q: And what is the reason they were running?

A: I don't know

Q: why did you run with them

A: I thought they must be running from something

Q: who arrested you?

A: people in black; I don't know who they are

Q: why did they arrest you?

A: I don't know.

Q: did any of them attack you?

A: yes, they beat me

Q: are you accusing them of attacking you?

A: yes

Q: You mentioned in your statements that a group of people seized some of your belongings; describe how this happened?

A: When they caught me, they searched me and took the things that I had on me.

Q: What were those things, tell us?

A: The amount of 1000 pounds and my mobile phone.

Q: Where did you get the amount referred to?

A: From my father.

Q: What is the occasion for you to keep it?

A: I always have a lot of money along with me.

Q: Describe to us the cell phone that was seized.

A: My Nokia N95 phone is black in color with two lines and their numbers are ********** and **********.

Q: How much does it cost?

A: It cost 2500 pounds.

Fourth day of investigations

24 November

The demonstrators learned of the so-called "Thursday" statements that were issued by the Military Council before the call for million strong demos; these statements had an unchanging nature, which is the formal response to some

demands to calm the mass mobilization and reduce the momentum around the demands, which causes schisms within the bloc calling for the demos; thus, creating a division! But the mood of the masses at that moment was vigilant and still enjoyed the freedom of political movement in the street. The culture of protest spread in society like wildfire and went beyond Tahrir Square to work sites, popular neighborhoods, and provincial squares. However, the failures of politicians and the instinct of the revolutionary youth, most of whom were not involved in political work before due to the restrictions of the pre-revolution years, and finally- and often- the opportunism of political Islam groups, including those who managed to reach power like the Brotherhood, were all reasons why the consequences of this battle were frightening and catastrophic despite what it invokes of revolutionary nostalgia and moments of impossible resistance. The disturbed balance of power could not disturb the purity of the battle; it was logical for the crowds to search for a formula that summarizes the concept of treachery and purity, summed up smoothly in a simple and loving phrase: "They were hyenas and we were lions".

The twenty-fourth of November was the politicians' day par excellence; traces of the battle were still here and there, while the blood maps coagulated to a dark red. The Military Council burped with a new message of apology, the usual one after each massacre, and the state could finally withdraw its

forces the depth of the Ministry, after it continued to prey on the demonstrators under the pretext of defending the building that is tens of meters away from the clashes. They were protecting the ministry located on *Sheikh Rehan* Street by killing on *Muhammad Mahmoud* Street.

Years later, the headquarters of the ministry were moved to a private desert settlement away from private residences and the old city center. This could have happened immediately after the revolution, and many residents of the area, whose public and private properties were destroyed, would have been pleased with this step; but it is a battle for power. Protecting the building, offices, and components of the deep state were not the only reason behind killing the dozens; they were also protecting the sites of torture, the tools of repression, and the comprehensive control over the lives of people.

On Politicians' Day, Kamal Al-Ganzouri, Mubarak's man, returns to the cabinet as Prime Minister. The clashes calmed down and fences and barriers were placed in the heart of Muhammad Mahmoud, as if they were breaking out a fight between two equal fronts! The Deputy Chief of the Military Police talked about reaching a truce with the loyal youth of the revolution. As if the matter was closed with no hard feelings.

Immediately after the truce talks, attempts at a wrecking began between the army, the police and the people, and that there were infiltrating elements who ignited the fires of

Muhammad Mahmoud, and not the systematic killing and revenge planned to liquidate people's eyes and souls.

In these raging moments of calm, two wounded martyrs in Al-Qasr Al-Aini Hospital joined those who preceded them in the list of those killed in the events of Muhammad Mahmoud Street, bringing the number to thirty-eight martyrs at the time, and more than three thousand injured.

The Public Prosecution's investigations continued with those arrested, including a large number of minors arrested in the previous days, in order to preserve the continuity of the work! It was like lighting a spark and suddenly throwing water on it! There are still these children stuck in their suffering without realizing there has been a truce...the law is fond of keeping its course regardless of the course of human life around it.

Kamel

Kamel was the only child who went to the prosecution's investigation while his wallet was still in his pocket. He had not been "turned over and his pockets empties." He did not mention any assaults he had been subjected to; how amazing!

Kamel is a street vendor, who went to Tahrir Square on the stormy 23rd of November to meet some of his friends from the street vendors who work in the square. That was until someone stopped him and took him into a mosque behind the Tahrir Complex, according to him. There is only the *Omar*

Makram Mosque, which is located next to the complex and not behind it, and the mosque worked as a field hospital and a store for medicines and the needs of the wounded at that time. Only the small corner attached to the Tahrir complex remains. The cleric who caught him kept swearing at him, "You thug... you thief".

Kamel realized that he was being held until the police arrived, but he was surprised by an army officer who came to take him from the cleric and bring him to the prosecution office.

When the child was searched at the Public Prosecution Office, he had a brown leather wallet containing the national ID card and a ten-pound note. The boy escaped from the policeman's "theft"! The national ID card indicated Kamel's place of birth in the village of *Saft Al-Khimar* in *Minya*, which is a developed village affiliated to the center of *Minya*, and includes many schools for girls and boys. This village was known for its interest in girls' education, and its control of the elections results there, as it has been playing this political role for years, monopolizing the membership of the People's Assembly for white- and blue-collar members! Some families have controlled that village for decades, and they may have given part of their luck to this captured child, so he did not experience what dozens of people were subjected to.

Kamel's investigation report was one of the few records in which he was confronted with the names of some people, who

were not among the arrested children, and the identity of the rest of the persons was not inferred in the investigation.

Kamel was a boy of short stature, thin, black-haired, in a check shirt and jeans, and black canvas shoes.

Q: When and where did it happen?

A: This happened today at 10 am in Tahrir Square.

Q: What is the reason and occasion for your presence in the aforementioned place and time?

A: I was going to vendor friends of mine in downtown.

Q: Who was accompanying you at the time?

A: I was alone.

Q: What is your relationship with so-and-so and so-and-so?

A: I don't know them.

Q: What exactly happened when you were in Tahrir Square?

A: Someone grabbed me and took me to the mosque in Tahrir, behind the main building?

Q: Did identity that person or his name?

A: No, but he was a bearded sheikh

Q: What was the reason for the aforementioned taking you to the mosque at that time?

A: I don't know, but he kept shouting at me: thug, thief

Q: What is the reason for the aforementioned attacking you with these words?

A: I don't know, but he may have thought I was.

Q: What happened when you were in the mosque?

A: I found the army, and they arrested me and brought me to the prosecution.

Muhammed

Muhammad Mahmoud's authority topped the descriptive scene that was always hung over the investigation document; it was not mentioned whether he was a student or a worker; his address or his place of residence was not mentioned. The documents lacked any basic information and only described the boy who went into the Muhammed Mahmoud clashes alone to see what was happening, the clashes which became the topmost news for all to see and hear. Muhammad came out fully dressed, as strong as the moment.

The investigation papers describe Muhammad as a boy in his second decade, who has not yet obtained an ID, brown-skinned with black hair, wears gray and green long shorts, a black sleeveless sweater, a blue T-shirt under it, and brown sandals in his feet.

The picture of the well-groomed boy is not yet complete. The prosecution's examination observed that Muhammad had a

bruise in his left eye and abrasions on the right foot, revealing that he had been abused for hours.

On the afternoon of Tuesday the 23rd of November, Muhammad tried to enter Muhammad Mahmud Street, but his attempt was unsuccessful. The police were carrying out one of their attacks and chasing the demonstrators to the edge of the square. Muhammad entered *Bab al-Louk* Street, but an ambush awaited him in one of the streets. The boy found himself in a small street branching from *Bab al-Louk*, surrounded by police and Central Security forces from one corner and stationed army forces from the other. He tried to beg for the sympathy of the forces, repeating that he did not throw bricks at the ministry, while one of the soldiers arrested him and took him to Muhammad Mahmoud Street. Along the way the boy was dragged like prey, attacked by soldiers with all forms of sticks and clubs until he decided to drop to the ground to protect his body. The soldier stopped the attacks by his colleagues on the miserable boy and took him to a person in civilian clothes. Muhammad tried to talk to that person, but his response was a slap on the boy's face, which resulted in the bruise surrounding one of his eyes. Muhammad was pushed into the ominous wooden booth next to the Ministry of Interior until he and others were transferred to one of the Central Security camps, and from there to Tora prison, and later to the prosecution after a twenty-four hour long torture journey.

It was clear that the places of detention could not handle the full number of arrests; they took the children to Tora prison, which only receives adults over the age of eighteen. The matter was similar with the Public Prosecution in charge of the investigations, as it did not have enough work force to cover all these investigations, which necessitated the assignment of prosecutors from different prosecutions to complete the investigations. This is what happened with Muhammad, as he was interrogated by one of the prosecutors assigned from *Al-Waili* District Prosecution.

Q: who exactly caused your injury?

A: central security soldiers whom I don't know

Q: what tools did those named use on you?

A: they beat me with leather sticks they had on them. There was one with them in civilian clothes who slapped me.

Q: where in your body were you beaten?

A: the belt sticks were all over my body and the one who slapped me was on the left side of my face.

Q: how many beatings did you receive on your body?

A: the central security soldiers beat me many times all over my body but the one who slapped me slapped me only once on the left side of my face.

Q: did you try to fend yourself?

A: no

Q: why?

A: because I could not do anything with this large number of soldiers beating me

Q: did you try to call for help?

A: the place where they took me was full of soldiers and there was nobody who could keep them away from me

Q: do you want to be referred to forensic medicine?

A: no

Q: did anybody force you to give those statements?

A: no

Q: do you have anything else to say?

A: no

Saad

Saad admitted that he was on Muhammad Mahmoud Street at the time of the events. He said that he and others were chanting "*Selmiyyah… Selmiyyah*" (Peaceful… peaceful) until the soldiers shot them with birdshots, followed by tear gas canisters, until he was arrested. It happened around seven in the morning on the twenty-third of November.

Saad joined protesters he did not know. He fell staggering among them, almost losing consciousness. He was dragged on the ground until he reached the wooden box of evils, the "Pandora" of the ministry of interior. The boy was squeezed with his comrades in this place, a lump of meat waiting to be prepared, after which he was taken for finger printing and then to the prosecution where interrogation began at three o'clock a.m. the following day.

The 4.5 kilo area, in which Saad lives, is located at a far distance from Tahrir, and requires three to four different means of transportation to get there, as the area is located at the end of Nasr City Road and the beginning of the Cairo-Suez Road. That area was built without an urban plan, huts and houses were erected, then buildings with multiple gates without identification papers. Until recently, the state refused to recognize the area and refused to provide basic services and facilities to it. The inhabitants of that area, thirsty in search of water, had their wishes limited to a hospital and a school not tens of kilometers away. Dozens of homes were removed and moved to new cities in exchange for some services being introduced to the existing homes, in a barter worthy of a successful investment company, to be called later: City of Hope!

Maybe Saad lives in the new city of hope, or was moved with his family to the dwellings of "*Ahalina*" (our families) in the Dar al-Salaam neighborhood, but he was working in an

Aluminum manufacturing workshop in his area; he was born in a forsaken quarter, and his steps did not save him from the evil of temptation.

Saad was one of the few who found a lawyer with whom to attend the prosecution's investigation. Those present saw a boy of sixteen, of medium stature, with black hair, in blue jeans and a black shirt, and slippers on his feet. He was injured in the shoulder and back. The prosecution examined him and recorded his injury in a brief investigation.

Q: What are the circumstances of your injury?

A: What happened was that I was in Tahrir Square and I got injuries from the police, and I don't know their names, and I was hit in the back and shoulder.

Q: what is the name of those you accuse

A: it is the police, I don’t know their names

Q: What was the distance between you and the defendant

A: small distance, don’t exactly know how much

Q: do you accuse someone of causing your injury

A: no

Q: do you want to be referred to forensic medicine?

A: no

Q: do you want to add anything?

A: no.

Examples of accusations against minors in this case

Q: What do you say regarding what is attributed to you that you are accused of not carrying an identity card and you are older than sixteen years old and a subject of the Arab Republic of Egypt?

Q: What do you say about what Captain Karim Ezz El-Din stated, in the minutes of collection of inferences dated 11/11/2011 regarding your arrest and that of others, in coordination with the military police and army forces, of your throwing stones, empty bottles and Molotov cocktails at the Ministry of Interior and closing the roads leading to the ministry, which led to the injury of some conscripts from the special forces to secure the ministry, disrupting the traffic of cars and pedestrians, destroying some facilities, shops and cars, and the area that could not be examined now due to the presence of demonstrators, and preventing their owners from reaching them, forcing central security forces to throw some tear gas that is used in such incidents to disperse you and prevent you from breaking into the ministry building?

Q: You are also accused of using force and violence during the gathering, the subject of the first accusation, against public servants, including officers and police, in order to unjustly force them to abstain from an act of their job, and assault

using white weapons that injured the officers and soldiers of the police forces, as shown in the papers!

Q: You are also accused of causing injury to both police officers and members of the Central Security Forces, since you were part of a gang or gathering of five or more people who agreed among themselves to carry out the attack as indicated in the papers!

Q: What do you say about what the aforementioned added to the investigations that the number of demonstrators exceeded thirty thousand in Tahrir Square and they had political demands in the square and their disputes were transferred to the side streets and they started storming the Ministry of the Interior, thinking that it was responsible for the political decisions issued by the authorities in charge of running the country? And that the seized elements are being held in the Ministry of Interior?

Q: What do you say about what Lieutenant Colonel Muhammad Ahmed Sayed Khalq, Commander of the special forces brigade of the Military Police, told the Public Prosecution, that when he was present with a security taskforce inside the Ministry of Interior, on November 24, 2011 at 6 pm, so-and-so came and informed him that they arrested you, and others for throwing stones at the security forces and the demonstrators, with the intent of provoking strife, inciting terror and causing a wedge between the police and the

demonstrators, which led to clashes between them on Muhammed Mahmoud Street?

Q: What do you say about what the aforementioned added to the investigations that you and the rest of the defendants are accused of calling for political demands in the square and attacking the Ministry of Interior on the grounds that it is responsible for those political decisions and the elements that were seized within the ministry?