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**Part- 4**

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## **How were Daoud, the former President of Afghanistan and his family killed?**

A witness from inside the presidential Palace (Arg /citadel) reveals significant mysteries.

**D.M,**

I recall an encounter about two weeks after the coup, when I unexpectedly ran into you in the hospital room at Jamuriate Hospital. Do you remember? Allow me to recount the events of that brief meeting below:

I (DM) had visited Jamuriate Hospital that day to see a relative. Since I did not know the room number, I wandered from one room to another. In one corridor, I noticed a soldier seated by the door of a room. As I approached that room, I slowed my pace and glanced inside. Instantly, I recognized the patient as Ms Gulalai, the late wife of Omar and daughter-in-law of President Daoud, standing by the bedside with her hand on her wounded stomach.

Excited because until then, no one in the family knew if she was alive, I hurried into the room. She recognized me immediately. Despite having lost her two young daughters just two weeks prior, she greeted me kindly, yet with distress: "My life is not for you. Don't make a mistake." At that moment, the fear of the army did not cross my mind. I approached her and exclaimed loudly that everyone knew we were family, urging her not to worry and to tell me what she needed. However,

this honourable and caring lady insisted: "Quickly, leave. It is dangerous for you to talk to me. Just tell the family I'm alive."

As I exited the room, security guard, who had witnessed our exchange, remained seated and silent. Perhaps my loud voice reassured him of my harmless intentions. Had I spoke softly and furtively, he might have been suspicious and intervened. I was not afraid of the security guard at that moment, perhaps because I had not fully grasped the horrors of the communist regime. Alternatively, the five years of visiting our imprisoned father at Dehmazang prison, enduring suffering, and torture under Daoud Khan's regime, may have diminished our fear of authority figures.

Leaving with the memory of that day, I returned to the room two weeks later to find it empty. The wounded lady, still bearing the remnants of several bullets in her body, had been transferred to Poli Charkhi prison.

For the next three or four years, I could not see this bereaved lady until I visited her again in California. Over the years, I have heard her sad stories countless times. The last visit my wife and I paid her was in the summer of 2017, at her apartment in Maryland. Despite her physical and mental challenges, she welcomed us with a smile, sharing family photos and recounting her sorrowful memories once more.

During our 2017 meeting, she mentioned something about Daoud Khan's death, a detail she had not mentioned before. Previously, she repeated the official version: that the coup plotters reached the palace gate, demanded Daoud Khan's surrender, and upon refusal, opened fire, annihilating everyone.

But this time, while my wife Nadia and Gulalai, whom I always called Aunt Gulak, were busy looking at the albums of the family, I activated my iPhone camera to take videos of the interesting albums and Gulala 's talking. At that moment, I asked her how Daoud Khan was killed. Gulalai answered without hesitation:

"When the Khalqis (PDPA member) came, I think Baba Daoud killed himself with a pistol."

(As Gulalai said these words, she put her hand to her temple and simulated firing a gun into her temple.)

That concluded the conversation with Gulali.

From the preceding discussions and the detailed account provided here, it becomes evident how the events surrounding the deaths in the citadel were known from the outset to family members and other relatives. It was a secret that was not a secret initially, but gradually evolved over time. Time has veiled these events with the cloak of secrecy.

In addition to the conversations with Ms. Gulalai and their recordings, other accounts also highlight on the essence of the matter, as mentioned below. The head nurse of Jamuriate Hospital recounts the tale of Daoud Khan's murder as narrated by Gulalai Omar Daoud, who was wounded in the citadel

It is notable that on July 30, 2021, Mr. Farouq Shirdel, a compatriot from Hamburg, Germany, contacted me and narrated about the eyewitness of Gulalai. He talked regarding a conversation he had with Tahera. According to him, he had met Tahera, a former nurse at Jamuriate Hospital, who is a citizen of Holland a few years prior in his sister's home. Tahera had disclosed to him that following the April coup, the injured members of Daoud Khan's family were treated at Jamuriate Hospital.

Tahera relayed firsthand accounts from Gulalai, stating that Daoud Khan's son, Wais under his father's guidance, had made the decision to eliminate the women to prevent them from falling into enemy hands. Wais allegedly entered the women's room before the coup plotters breached the palace and killed several of them.

Mr Shirdel sought confirmation regarding the veracity of Tahera 's account. In response, I informed him that I was currently researching the same story and intended to publish it in the coming days, incorporating testimony from Ms Gulalai and other eyewitnesses. I sought Mr. Shirdel's permission to include the information relayed by Tahera, the head nurse at the time. This demonstrates how events initially known to many gradually became shrouded in secrecy, with conversations such as Glai Daoud's persisting unchanged over 45 years.

Continuing, it is worth noting that Tahera, a Chief Nursing Officer (CNO) at Jamuriate Hospital, had heard these accounts directly from eyewitnesses and victims in the immediate aftermath of the April coup, years before my own involvement. After citing this confirmation, with transition to the testimony of another eyewitness, Mr. Daoud Ghazi, who was present with his family inside the citadel on that fateful day.

On April 24, 2015, accompanied by a group of friends, including Mr. Daoud Ghazi, grandson of Daoud Khan and son of Nizamuddin Chazi, I dined at Casino, Vias San Diego

As Daoud Ghazi and I strolled through the evening streets, the weight of his memories hung heavy in the air. His gaze fell upon the old wound beneath his knee, a grim souvenir from the tumultuous night of May 27th. I hesitated to broach the subject amidst our companions, but as the others dispersed, leaving us alone, I seized the opportunity to delve into the shadows of that fateful night.

With a solemn tone, Daoud Ghazi inquired about Gulalai Omar Daoud and requested her contact number, revealing his intent to reach out to her. I obliged, sharing the number I had stored in my phone, and we ambled on at a leisurely pace.

In a hushed voice, Daoud Ghazi recounted the horrors of that night, his words laden with empathy for Gulalai's plight. He spoke of tearful pleas to Daoud Khan himself. Recalling his desperate flight to the citadel's gates, Daoud Ghazi confessed to a moment of panic before retracing his steps to the safety of his family.

As he traversed the labyrinthine corridors, Daoud Ghazi stumbled upon a clandestine gathering of Daoud Khan's ministers, sheltered from the chaos outside. Their tales echoed through the darkness, revealing their absence from the inner chambers where Khan met his tragic end. It became apparent that these ministers emerged from hiding only after the coup had run its course.

Curiosity gripped me, I inquired about Daoud Ghazi's age at that time, and he responded, "I was 13 years old."

During Daoud Ghazi's recounting of the events of that night, characterized by a mix of dread and occasional excitement, I queried him further:

"Did you happen to be in the room at the time of President Daoud's martyrdom?" He affirmed, "Yes, I was in the same room with others."

"I asked, 'Are you aware that it was recounted, based on your own words, in the book of Gausuddin Faiq, that after the President dismissed Sahib Jan, the commander of the guard, and advised the guard to surrender, upon his return to the room, he retrieved a pistol from his pants pocket and shot himself?'" In response, Dawood Ghazi appeared uneasy and somewhat irate, denouncing the account as falsehoods attributed to him.

Undeterred, I pressed further, "If you were present, could you please provide your version of how Daoud Khan met his end?"

Daoud Ghazi's reaction was swift, dismissing the account with palpable unease and a hint of indignation. He adamantly refuted the portrayal, affirming his presence in the room where Daoud Khan's fate was sealed. With a furrowed brow, he braced himself to set the record straight, ready to unveil the truth behind that fateful night.

Daoud Ghazi responded, "When they shouted from outside the gate to surrender to the order of the Revolutionary Council, Baba Daoud replied that we will never surrender. After that, I heard gunfire from several sides, but I didn't see how it happened."

Continuing emotionally, without any prompting from me, Daoud Ghazi exclaimed, "That damned fool who claims he fired at him (the president) from outside the door and killed him is evil, he's lying."

I inquired, "Do you mean Imamuddin (the commando officer who ordered Daoud Khan to surrender)?"

He affirmed, "Yes, the same one."

Further, I queried, "If they didn't commit the act and kill, then by whom and how was he killed? Was the family, including Daoud Khan, fired upon by your uncle Wais to prevent them from falling into the hands of the enemy?"

Daoud Ghazi did not respond to this question. Instead, he redirected the conversation, stating, "When Uncle Khalid was injured, bleeding, and in severe pain, he pleaded with Uncle Wais to end his suffering by shooting him. Uncle Wais said he could not. Khalid cried out again, 'Have courage and relieve me from this pain.'"

I pressed Daoud Ghazi on whether Uncle Wais eventually shot him. He replied, "No, before Uncle Wais was ready to do this, Uncle Khalid passed away himself." Next, I asked Daoud Ghazi if I had heard correctly that Uncle Wais had contacts in the morning with some family members. He replied, "I don't recall anything about it."

Repeating my question, I inquired, "How did your late father become a martyr?" He responded, "I didn't witness it."

I then asked how Sardar Naeem Khan was killed. He said, "In the midst of the same chaos."

At that moment, I observed his excitement and uneasiness, and I gently reassured him, praising his courage for enduring such harrowing scenes and remaining composed. I also suggested that we would have a more relaxed conversation in the future, perhaps at home.

