

From the interrogation of Colonel Ali bin Hajii by the Russian Military and Intelligence Directorate, Foreign Office, Embassy of the Russian Federation, Tokyo, Japan (as conducted and translated). This interrogation provides the answer to the central question regarding acquisition of the weapons by the Caliphate.

Let the record show that the prisoner was brought into the room in shackles and chained to the interrogation table. Members of the security services and intelligence directorate conducted the interview. No coercion (enhanced technique process) was necessary as the subject voluntarily gave his statement.

For the record, please state your name.

My name is Ali bin Hajii

And for whom do you work, Mr. Hajii?

Actually, you may address me as Colonel Ali bin Hajii. I am, was...a soldier, a colonel in the Caliphate Military.

Come now, there is no need for false modesty...you weren't "just a colonel" as you say...yes? You were THE colonel, reporting to your glorious Leader himself, right?

Your scorn for my...Leader is evident, but I choose to ignore your attempt to anger me. You wouldn't like me angry. However, your statement is correct, yes, I was the commander of the Caliphate's military arm, and yes...I did report directly to the Leader. However, I am, was, more than just a military man...I also consider myself to be a scientist of sorts.

Good, now we have established who you are and what you do...let's begin this session by going back to Libya. What was the date again?

It was 3 November 2011, the day Gaddafi was fully deposed and killed by the rebel forces...I would add, the forces that killed him were NOT under our control. To be clear...it was not an action we undertook.

Ah, yes. And, why you were there? You mentioned previously your focus was the munitions warehouse. Please describe how you were directed to the warehouse.

Actually, it was easy. Libyan military officers loyal to the Leader were more than eager to give up the location of their most secret munitions holding facility to curry his favor. Once we gained entry, I directed my soldiers to execute the Libyan facility's guards and stack the bodies against one wall so they would be out of the way. Curiously, the men who had just taken the warehouse by force found that there were two Chinese nationals locked in a cage within the warehouse. I considered the two Chinese men we'd captured and what to do with them.

What did you do?

"Don't shoot them just yet," I said to one of the guards. I was very interested as to why they are even here. We were a very long way from China...I instructed two of my men to hold them in the office while I looked over the warehouse manifest. Controlled and operated by the Libyan Office of the Security of the Revolution, this particular warehouse was the only reason we were in Libya. Accompanying me was a small but powerful contingent of my Caliphate soldiers, akin to your vaunted Spetsnaz or the U.S. Special Forces.

Exactly what were you looking for in this warehouse?

We were well aware of Libya's former WMD programs, and had intelligence that led us to believe this warehouse housed material and equipment that would be useful to our...struggle.

So, you found what you were looking for?

I truly had no idea what we would find; I only had faith and hope. I was...amazed. As I opened a large, three-ring binder we liberated from the dead hands of the warehouse manager I was impressed with both the quantity and quality of the munitions stored there. I had heard rumors of Gaddafi's secret warehouse in Libya, but on seeing it with my own eyes, I was, to be honest, somewhat jealous. Speaking to Youssef...

Youssef?

Yes, my loadmaster and deputy commander. Sadly, he is dead or shall be very soon.

Hmmm...Continue.

Calling to Youssef I told him to bring the trucks and get them loaded as quickly as possible. I see many things we can use here in our struggles against the infidel's, many things. There are guns and ammunition, many land and water mines, more than 22,000 shoulder fired American stinger missiles...I was shocked a bit, but also knew that our departed brother was prepared for a fight, too bad he didn't try to use some of these...it was then that I saw them and I had to stop for a moment.

Saw them? What do you mean?

I shall get to that part, stop interrupting me...anyway, when I saw it, I literally held my breath for just a second. I looked up at the Chinese men with a little more respect and raised my voice and yelled, "Everyone Stop What You Are Doing"...I was shouting to be heard above the noise, "everyone in this building, stop moving, stop what you are doing!" Instantly, things and people ground to a halt as my command echoed through the warehouse. Pallets hung in midair and feet stopped scraping the concrete floor. In the semi-darkness of the warehouse, I recognized the symbol in a column next to two items.

What symbol?

The international ionizing radiation trefoil warning symbol of course. Surely you know of it or have seen it once or twice?

Yes, please continue.

"Allah the Merciful be praised," I thought. "The...nuclear weapons are here...these are the rumored purchases made by Saddam from the Chinese. I don't know how but here they are..." Looking over the information I glanced again at the two trembling Chinese men with my mind racing, *"These two men must be some kind of weapons experts."*

Wait...Gaddafi had nuclear weapons in this warehouse!?

No and Yes, that is what I am trying to tell you...he did not own them, he was apparently keeping them hidden...it had long been rumored that Saddam, just prior to starting the First Gulf

War with the Americans, purchased two small nuclear weapons from the Chinese government. It had long been rumored that somehow the weapons ended up in either Syria or Libya.

Ok. When you realized the weapons were there, what were your next actions?

Well, apparently the expression on my face was something my forces had never seen before as my men began edging away from the two large containers that were the center of my intense focus. “What are you, dogs? Or are you men?” I yelled loudly making fun of their reluctance to be near something that had caused me, the great and powerful Hajji to stop for a few moments. I stretched my arms to cover the two large crates and said, “Listen to me, in these crates are two very wonderful and powerful weapons, it is possible they have become unstable in the years since their manufacture, so, be very careful...I then yelled to the loadmaster.

Youseff again?

Yes. He replied, “Yes Colonel?” He’d been standing not more than twenty feet away. I told him to call for an immediate heavy transport helicopter, make that three helicopters. I said something like “We have two, very special packages here that I need to evacuate immediately, so get me three transport helicopters here to the warehouse parking lot now.”

So, you had not planned on stealing the helicopters? That means you did not expect to need them; you believed the 18-wheelers would be enough? Looking back, was your planning or information for this raid incomplete?

No, we had several large semi-trucks. It is true, I did not plan on needing the helicopters...but, your military makes such good ones, that when I did need them, I knew exactly which ones I needed. After my order, within 30 minutes, three large Mi-26 heavy transport helicopters, liberated by pilots loyal to the Leader from a nearby Libyan Air Force base, just minutes away, landed at the warehouse.

With some of my men loading the trucks with pallets of equipment and weapons, I directed helicopters to be cleared of non-essential equipment. After accomplishing this, my men began loading the two special crates into two of the helicopters.

You loaded two nuclear weapons into the two helicopters?

Sure. It never occurred to me to do anything else with them. Once they were loaded and tied down and their extra equipment was loaded into the third one I motioned my protection team to load the Chinese men into the helicopter as well. As they entered the helicopter and sat, I told the pilots to take off, giving them instructions over the headset as to our destination. I told Youssef to bring me the satellite phone and dialed the Leader.

The Leader has a phone that he actually answers? Do you believe it is still operational?

Yes, he had one then, I suppose it still works...he thinks me dead since he sent assassins to kill me.

Ahh...ok, we’ll get into that in a moment. Continue with how you transported the weapons.

When the Leader answered, I said, “Excellency, Allah is praised, for he has delivered the enemy

into our hands this day. The warehouse raid was successful, we have obtained many weapons.”

“Allah be praised, is there more to report?” was his soft reply.

I was excited to report that the rumors of the special items supposedly purchased by Saddam were true. You must know, we had no knowledge that was where they were being hidden...I said something like, “today, Allah surely guided us.” There was a moment of pause, and then he asked, “Was there some information about them at the warehouse? You know where they are or where they might have been sent?” “In fact Excellency, not only have I have found them, but I HAVE them with me as we speak, in my helicopter. I am sitting within two meters of them. I also have two Chinese men, no doubt weapons experts of some kind, who were with the weapons. We are currently in flight over the Mediterranean enroute to the lair.” There was a brief moment of silence on the phone. The Leader filled the silence quickly by saying, “Excellent, when you arrive, turn the packages over to Dr. Ghani. I shall call him when we ring off and alert him to prepare to receive them...and...do not lose your passengers over the ocean...see to their safekeeping. We need to interrogate them. As soon as these tasks are complete, come see me immediately. We must now begin preparations for the Final Solution as imagined by the Emir and perfected by me.”

So he told you not to kill the Chinese men, and to take the weapons to Dr. Ghani? Who is he?

The Leader is quite good at divining purposes, sensing the pathways of time and space...it's almost like he knew somehow that the bombs would be there, that, and, well, there were other instances, I'll not speak of them yet...to your other question, Dr. Ghani is the Caliphate's lead scientist, a brilliant man with broad and very useful skills and education. He was able to dismantle the weapons and eventually redesign and reconfigure them to be more useful in battling the infidel. As I said, he is quite brilliant.

Interesting story...now, why does the leader think you are dead?

Before I get to that, I want to make this statement...when I ended the call, I took a moment, reflecting on my place in the world to this point, and how different it would be soon. I remember turning towards the window nearest me, watching the waves rush by outside as the helicopter flew just off the Libyan coast at top speed, not more than 20 feet off the surface. I was thinking, *“What comes next?”*

Seems that perhaps that was a good question to ask...since, what came next killed millions of people.

Yes, I see that now...you ask why does the Leader think me dead? Well, as I was completing the destruction of the Japanese Shrine, a face I knew briefly distracted me. In that moment of distraction, I was almost killed by four assassins.

How do you know they were sent to kill you?

The face I mentioned, it was the face of the woman I...loved...I did not know she would be there, and it was too late to stop the explosion, but, in a flash of regret, I had to at least try...as I left the safety of my cover, I was attacked by four highly skilled men. After our brief but violent

encounter, I allowed one of them to live long enough to question his mission...he still had his tongue, so his answer was clear, the Leader sent them to make sure I followed through on his orders to excise the world of that shrine. Once that was accomplished, they were to kill me. When they saw that I was going to try and stop the action, they decided to intervene. They failed. That is the why and the how of my journey to your facility and care.

Now, if you don't mind, may I have a few minutes?

Let the record show that the prisoner remained in the room. Restraints were removed but he was put on immediate suicide watch. Subject demurred, indicating that he was not intent on self-harm. Members of the security services and intelligence directorate supervised his care. Minutes after terminating the interrogation Colonel Hajji was offered permission to perform Fajr, the Islam Morning Prayer.

He declined and instead asked for time during which he could meditate.