

Story
Not Out of Rage

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Abstract: *It is a nice story about the fight of imam Ali (p.b.u.h) with one of the important fighter of Quraish , in the khandagh expedition .*

*A*fter some thirty days of tiresome march the army of

Mecca reached the outskirts of the city of Medina. Abu Sofyan, commander of Meccan infidels, had, since a long time before, prepared this large army. His plan was to carry out a big raid upon Medina, which was the center of the new government of Islam. He had also planned to kill the holy Prophet and his loyal friends and overthrow Islam. The Meccan infidels, in order to make sure of the success of their evil plan, concluded a pact with the Jews of Medina, who great enemies to Islam, and intended to attack Medina with an army of about ten thousand soldiers.

When the Meccan army reached the city of Medina, they were faced with a strange scene. Round the city a wide canal of three to four meters depth had been dug. Inside the canal, too, many obstacles had been placed, so that despite their every effort the infidels could not overcome those obstacles and enter the city.

The Muslims of Medina had learned of the infidels' raid. So, on the suggestion of Salman Farsi, who was an Iranian Muslim and a faithful friend of the Prophet, they had dug that canal round the city before the enemy's imminent attack.

The Meccan infidels who never expected such a measure, halted in awe and amazement. They had cherished the hope of entering the city on their horsebacks, easily and unchecked, to massacre the Muslims. But the canal surrounding the city proved to be an insurmountable barrier for the pagans.

Then, Abu Sofyan broke the terrible silence of his frustrated army with a loud cry which showed his rage and anxiety. He ordered his troops to camp near the canal so that he might consult his army officers to find a solution. Very soon the tents were raised and Medina was surrounded by the army of Abu-Sofyan.

The siege lasted several days. Abu Sofyan's army became tired and weary.

They were deeply enraged at being unable to find a way to enter the city. Inside the city the Muslims who were about three thousands in number, with their trust in God, were preparing for the confrontation and each time the enemy army intended to pass the canal, they would pour showers of arrows upon them.

One day, however, an incident took place. In the infidel army there was a fighter named 'Amr Ibn-Abduwod, who had won great fame as a brave warrior among all Arabs. He had become weary and angry that the siege had had taken so long. So, he mounted his horse and surveyed the canal several times. Suddenly, he chose a place where the width of the canal was shortest and managed to jump over to the other side of the canal.

This caused a great uproar in both armies and all eyes turned towards him. The Meccan infidels encouraged him with their cries of support.

When 'Amr reached the vanguard of the Muslim army, he waved his sword in the air and boastfully challenged a match, saying: "Hark! Is there anyone who dares to step into the field to confront me?"

The Muslims held their breaths in the breasts and bowed their heads. To fight against such a powerful warrior was not a simple matter.

Suddenly, a voice from among the Muslim army, broke the silence. It was the voice of Ali (p.b.u.h.) who had volunteered to fight Amr, and was begging Prophet's permission to enter the field.

The Prophet had not yet consented to Ali's request to fight when Amr once more shouted: "Hark! I have kept on calling for a fighter so many times that my throat had got hoarse. Is there no one to take up the challenge? O Muslims? Do you not claim that on being killed you will send me to hell? So let one of you come and send me to hell or go to heaven himself!"

Again Imam Ali begged the Prophet's permission to fight 'Amr. Again the Prophet did not give permission.

'Amr kept on bragging and with each bravado the shouts of the infidels' acclaim filled the air. Then he galloped his horse round about the field and for the third time called for a challenger.

Again Ali volunteered to take up his challenge. This time the Prophet gave his permission. Imam Ali, smiling and confident, with a heart full of faith, took firm and steadfast steps towards his adversary, and addressed him saying, "Amr, keep quiet! Now your challenger is coming to you without the slightest fear!"

All eyes were turned to the field of battle. The infidel army's clamor gradually died down and they stretched their necks to see who had dared to take up the challenge of their great champion. The Prophet who had his eyes on the gallant Imam Ali said: "Now the whole of infidelity is facing the whole of faith." Then he prayed for Ali.

'Amr pulled back the rein of his horse and quieted it.

he then peered to see the challenger who had dared to confront him. When Imam Ali came in full view, 'Amr looked him up and down, and then said in a tone of surprise: "Young Man! Who are you that wish to lose your life so easily? Have you not heard my name?"

Ali responded: "I have heard your name; and I am 'Ali Ibn- Abi-Taleb!"

On hearing 'Ali's name, 'Amr trembled with fear and remembered Ali's valiant bravery with battles of Badr and Uhud. Then he urged on his horse to get nearer to Ali, and said in a low voice: "O son of Abi-Taleb! You are very young. You have plenty of time to live in this world. It would be a pity to take your life so soon. Go back and let someone else come to fight me!"

Ali took another step forward and said: "O 'Amr! I have come to fight you. are not you ready for a match?"

'Amr reasoned: "I have been a friend of your father, Abi-Taleb, and have no wish to see you immersed in your blood!"

Ali said: "O 'Amr! I have been told that if in the field of battle your adversary makes three requests to you, you will surely grant one of them."

'Amr said: "Yes. What you have heard is true."

Imam 'Ali then said: "Now I have three requests from you; one of which you must fulfill."

'Amr said: "What are they?"

The Imam said: "First, give up infidelity and idolatry and submit that Muhammad is the rightful Prophet and thus live with honor and freedom among the Muslims."

"Amr said: "This is impossible. What is your next request?"

The Imam said: "Abstain from fighting us and return from the way you have come. Your horse can take you to the other side of the canal."

Amr retorted angrily: "If I return to the other side of the canal I shall be disgracefully reproached by the other soldiers. So, you can be sure that I shall not return before I strike a heavy blow on the Medanese army."

At this answer Imam Ali smiled and concluded: "My third request is that you dismount from your horse to fight me!"

Amr became so greatly enraged that immediately leapt down from the horse and charged against Imam Ali.

Both armies kept perfect silence, and waited for the outcome of this duel.

Amr waved his sword in the air and brought it down with all his might upon Ali's head, but Ali swiftly protected his head with his shield, and the clash of the sword and shield echoed loudly in the silent field. For

a moment the joyful uproar of the infidels dominated the groans of the Muslims.

As a result of this blow Imam 'Ali's shield was split and the corner of 'Amr's sword wounded the Imam's head slightly. 'Ali dressed his wound in a brisk and before 'Amr could collect himself for another assault, the Imam advanced him. He clasped the hilt of his sword firmly with both hands and swiftly swished 'Amr on the body. The flash of the sword sparkled the eyes of the infidels' army and the great historical blow of truth was dealt by Imam Ali.

The blow was so forceful that it could have shaken a mountain, and this it could have shaken a mountain, and this single blow knocked the wretched 'Amr down. Both armies craned their necks in curiosity to see the proceeding amidst the clouds of dust. They could not quite make out the one who was lying down on the ground.

At this moment a Victorious chant put an end to the deadly expectation of both armies. It was the voice of Imam 'Ali, chanting Allah-o-Akbar [God is Great]. The whole army of Islam, hearing 'Ali's voice, joined in chanting, Allah-o-Akbar, which sank the hearts of the infidels to the bottom. 'Amr's wounds were so deep that he was unable to stand up.

Imam 'Ali sat on 'Amr's chest, as it was the conduct to end his pair. 'Amr was livid with rage and envy at his defeat by the lion-hearted man of Islam. This mental pain was so great that he forgot his physical pain. So in his last moment he resorted to an insolent and unmanly act, and in his helplessness to move, he suddenly spat on the face of Imam 'Ali.

at that moment another heroic act began to take place. Imam 'Ali, who had raised his sword to finish off the work lowered it slowly, rose from 'Amr's chest, and cleaned his face. He let out a deep sigh, looking up at heaven, and began walking to and fro.

The enemy forces, 'Amr and even the Meccan army were struck with astonishment.

They asked themselves:

-Why did 'Ali rise from 'Amr's chest?

- Why does he not end it all?

-Why is he walking to and fro?

-Why doesn't he finish off the work?

-What is 'Ali thinking about?

There were so many 'whys'. But no one but God and His Prophet could know what was in 'Ali's mind or the reason for it. In those moments an utmost faith in God and in His satisfaction was surging within the mind of the Imam. When 'Amr committed his mean and lowly act, 'Ali became very angry, and everyone expected him to kill 'Amr at once. But contrary to the general expectation, 'Ali did not do so. At that moment he thought that killing 'Amr at that instant would be attributed to his own anger. So he rose from 'Amr's chest and walked about until his anger subsided. Then he knelt on 'Amr's chest and with a manly blow, which was dealt only for God's satisfaction and not in revenge, killed 'Amr and returned victoriously to the Muslim army.

'Amr possessed a valuable chain-mail and sword. It was customary among the Arabs that the victor took the mail and weapon of the vanquished for himself. But Imam Ali in his chivalry left those objects of 'Amr in the field.

Some days later when 'Amr's sister heard the news of her brother's death, she inquired who had killed her brother. When she was told that Ali had done so, she said without any show of uneasiness and anger: 'If my brother had been killed by anyone else but Ali, I would have wept and groaned. But I know that Ali is a, noble and peerless warrior, and my brother's death at the hand of such a man need not be lamented."

This historical combat of the Imam filled the infidel army with despair, and after a while they abandoned their siege of Medina in defeat and went away.

The significance of Imam Ali's strike in the battle of Ditch (Khandagh) was so great that the Prophet said: "Ali's strike in that battle was worthier than the religious devotions of all human beings and angles.