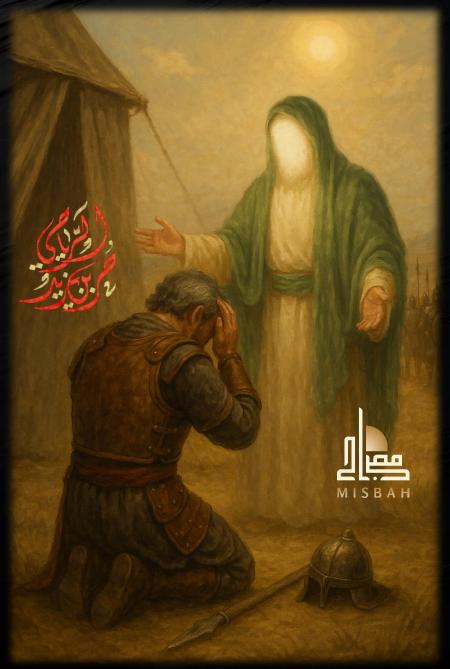
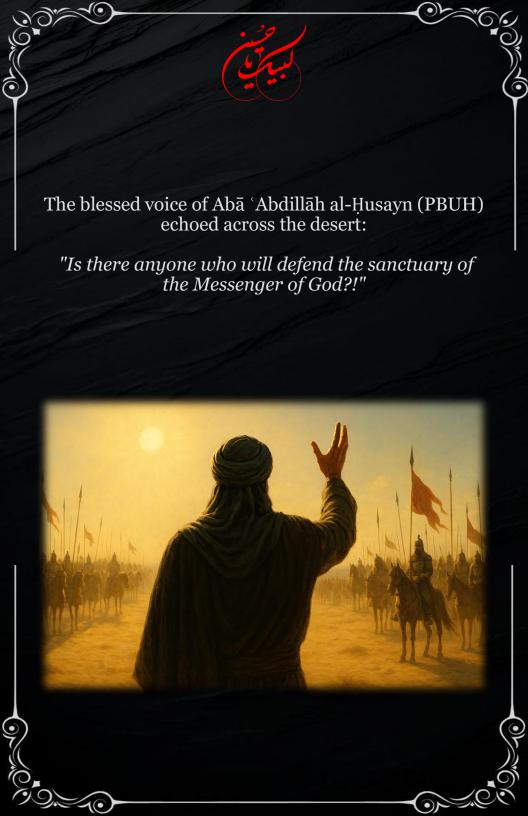
The Night of Repentance



Ḥurr ibn Yazīd al-Riyāḥī







And in a corner of the army of disbelief, a heart trembled...

Perhaps it was a grace from heavens...
Just ten days earlier, he had said to Ḥusayn:

"Had anyone else among the Arabs said these words to me—'May your mother mourn for you'— I would have said the same thing to them. But I can say nothing but good about your Mother..."

And that one sentence became destiny-shaping for a man lost between Heaven and Hell...





And so it was Ḥurr ibn Yazīd al-Riyāḥī— He could bear it no longer...

He set out, his spear turned upside down, his shield lowered,

and his head bowed in shame— For he could not lift his eyes to face Ḥusayn, the son of Fāṭimah...

Mounted on his horse, he moved toward Ḥusayn, trembling in every limb...



