



The boy from the tree and his unique story: Brigadier General Farhan Mohamud Aden-Qaroole



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Towards the end of 2013, I visited a security operation zone in one of Mogadishu's districts, which was where the security agencies were directing special operations. I had a meeting and chit chat with the commanders and other personal during my stay at the facility and I initiated talks with them.

When I began the conversation, I observed a tiny child stationed in the shade of a tree. He appeared on guard, he was far from us and was not hearing our conversation. The youngster seemed little, he was short and dark-skinned, and when I saw him, I asked the commander who he was, the commander told me that he is a "young lad from the neighborhood who works with us and performs an excellent job for us."

I recall staring at him and seeing his large grin, which startled me since the smile he

had was unique, in that the lips were not spread wide, but it was out there, this is the smile you see on actors and spies and is seldom seen on anyone save a few, he was among the few whose real smile can be impressive, I was also amazed by the confidence he exuded.

I was fascinated by the boy and approached him for a talk. When I questioned him why he was sitting alone and not with the others, he said that he was not a member of the army but a volunteer. He also told me that he was informed that a high-ranking commander would be visiting the facility and for that he didn't want to disrupt the meeting of the others.

While I was posing the questions to the boy, my instincts as a teacher kicked in and I saw a young man with a bright future, as well as a courageous and inspired young man.

As was customary in such visits, when unpaid army volunteers with no rights see a leaders, they begin protesting, demanding rights, and being put to the payroll. This boy was different; he never displayed a need or a different emotion than the individuals he

was with today, who segregated him and kept him hidden from me.

When I was leaving the center, I instructed the officer in charge that he should bring the small boy to my office on Saturday, which was four days later. I called him "the boy from the tree," and that was the name I wrote in my diary book that day.

When the youngster was brought to me, I first met with one of his commanders. The commander I talked with that day is still in service and is one of the finest members of our police force. I then questioned the officer on further information about the boy. The youngster was brought to my office, where we spoke for 30 minutes. During that time, I inquired about his personal information, his other general circumstances, and what more he can accomplish.

During the time I sat with the boy, I gleaned from his face and words that he is a gifted and fearless person with an understanding for those who pose a danger to our national security.

While I was seated with the boy, I came to the conclusion that he was necessary for the

work and that he should be officially part of the same station, I came to this conclusion without first discussing the other officers at the station. When we were done with the meeting, I give the boy some words of encouragement, instructions, directions, as well as the guidelines and procedures for the job, I asked him if there was anything more he wanted from me, but he refrained from asking for anything that was not related to the task.

On such occasions, it was customary for the senior officer to provide something to his visitor. I gave the young boy a small sum of money to encourage him, but he sprang up and exclaimed, “No, Commander, I simply want to join the army. I want to serve my country.”

I cannot recall whether I suggested that his supervisor give him the money or if returned the money to my pocket. According to what I have read or been informed about the young guy later, he is not a materialistic or self-centered person. The little youngster, official joined member of the security forces and has begun working at the location where he previously volunteered.

I constantly saw the name of the young lad who had been a part of many successful operations, some of which he even led himself in the daily reports that were sent to me. This was good news for me, since it aligned with the indications that prompted me to quickly hire him.

Due of his skills, diligence, and sense of responsibility, the boy was included in the Capital Security Special Forces, where he quickly rose through the ranks to become the most brave and active member. He evolved into an openly heroic figure who relentlessly pursued individuals who posed a danger to the safety of our population.

In a short amount of time, he rose through the ranks to become the capital's Special Forces commander, and I wrote his letter of appointment using his full name for the first time: Farhan Mohamud Adan. He became hero, the very mention of his name stroked fear in the hearts of those who oppose peace.

As his commander, I gave him hundreds of challenging and sometimes dangerous missions over the course of nearly four years, and I cannot think of a single one in which I was dissatisfied with the way he carried



them out or the results they produced. The more missions I assigned to him, the more he assigned to himself, and the more successful those missions were.

When it came time for me to send him on a mission and give him my last orders, he would often remark to me with a quotation that I was familiar with, which was, “Commander, I am going to pursue them forever, take a rest .”

During the time he worked with me, Farhan was renowned for his good manners, shyness, honesty, perseverance, willingness to take orders in both tough and simple circumstances, confidence, bravery, and vigilance. He was neither one of the officials whose private interests interfered with his duties, I did not hear or see Farhaan ask me about any specific interests, nor did I hear or see him being required at work but unavailable.

It will make you give Farhan ranks and awards if you participate in a mission with him and you see how well he performs, and for that reason, within a year, he became a Brigadier General. This meant that

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he became a higher in ranks than me, and I had to salute him and take orders from him. It was really exciting to see Farhaan with a higher rank and many awards.

Gen. Farhan Mohamud Adan took part in or commanded a number of rescue operations to free hostages held by the enemy in various locations, including hotels, restaurants, government buildings, and other establishments.

May God have mercy on him, General Farhan Mohamud Adan (Qaroole) has not only survived a number of efforts to have him killed, but he has also managed to keep his reputation intact in spite of multiple attempts to have it tarnished.

General Farhan Mohamud Adan (Qaroole) was killed while chasing the insurgents, and he was buried in Mogadishu after he gave his life for his country. Being a hero often requires you to give your life for your cause. In my head, I knew that Farhaan would not be slain by his adversary when he was asleep in a hotel room or in his own bed; rather, he would go after his adversary and be killed while fighting them on the battlefield.

Finally, I am certain Farhaan died while he is pleased with himself for not harboring resentment, fulfilling the promises he made to the people. We pray that God will have compassion on General Farhan Mohamud Adan and the other troops who were slain, and we express our condolences to his family, particularly to Father Mohamud Adan, and to his colleagues who were left behind.

May Allah have mercy on his soul.