

The Battle of Chamkaur

This is a fictionalised account of the battle of Chamkaur which was fought in 1704 CE by 40 Sikhs against an army of 1 million. The story will be based upon real historical accounts contained mostly in the Sooraj Parkash by the great poet Bhai Santokh Singh Jee. The account has been fictionalised to allow for the creation of a new narrative, that brings in different perspectives of the battle.

The fictional character that has been created is General Ali Khan whose eyes narrate the whole battle. All that happens with this General (personally) has been created through my imagination but all that he sees is from historical sources. Purists of history will not like this account and they should turn away and read Sooraj Parkash or listen to accounts from that or other historical sources – but generally information and detail is scant even in these historical sources.

This account has been written to inspire and inform us of this glorious history. It is in no way intended to dilute the actual history of the battle.

Harjinder Singh – December 2020

General Ali Khan



My name is Ali Khan, I was one of the generals at the battle of Chamkaur. I will now narrate my account of *the most bloody battle I have ever seen*.

I arrived at the outskirts of Anandpur in December 1704, with a battalion of 10,000 troops. I had been sent from Kandahar by the Emperor Aurangzeb to ***come and defeat these infidel Sikhs, who had to be eliminated once and for all***.

My battalion was made up of troops who had fought many wars against God like warriors – many were mercenaries with years of war experience. I only allowed elite soldiers with at least 5 years experience of war, into my battalion and I ran a strict regime of diet and fitness once they lived and trained under my command.

Me and my battalion had trained hard for one month to come to Anandpur and it had taken us a month to get near Anandpur. When we arrived, a siege had been ongoing for 7 months and the troops on our side, the Hindu Hill Chiefs and Mughal forces were demoralised and desperate.

Anandgarh Fort (Anandpur)



I had to camp outside Anandpur because there were already too many troops laying siege to the city. The troops inside Anandpur could not conquer the Fort of Anandgarh, where the remaining Sikhs were fighting from.

I had travelled with a few men into Anandpur and met other generals to discuss next steps.

My forces were told to stay posted outside Anandpur and await further orders.

Oaths on Quran & Holy Cow



A truce was agreed and the Sikhs were allowed to leave Anandpur, this was after the Mughals swore oaths on the Quran and the Hindu Hill Chiefs swore oaths on the cow, that they would not attack the Sikhs, if they left Anandpur.

I was furious when I heard this. I had been eager to enter the city and destroy the fort of the Sikhs. I also knew that the Emperor Aurangzeb was determined to destroy the Sikhs completely – so this truce made no sense to me.

We call these Sikhs ‘Kafirs’ or infidels, for not believing in our faith and the Prophet Mohammed, peace be upon him, as the last prophet. Yet, we the Muslims broke our oaths, as did the Hindus and our armies attacked the Sikhs, once they had vacated Anandpur.

This was done for two reasons – once the city was vacated, we could lay claim to it and tell the Emperor we had conquered it – so when we had taken the city completely – the pursuit of the Sikhs began.

Secondly, getting the Sikhs out of the fort was the only strategy left, as so much lives had been lost in trying to access the Sikhs inside the fort. I absolutely hated the idea of chasing the Sikhs who had left after solemn oaths, as we were acting like infidels to our own faith and God as our witness saw this. Me and my troops did not engage in the pursuit of the Sikhs at this point.

Crossing Sarsa River



The date is now the 21st December 1704 and a battle rages near the Sarsa River where the Sikhs had managed to get to from Anandpur. For three hours our combined forces could not defeat the Sikhs and once the deadlock was broken – only a single dead body of a Sikh was found, where the battle had been taking place. It was learnt that this was a warrior called ‘Udey Singh.’

The army generals were all perplexed by this, as it had seemed like they had been fighting many battalions and hundreds of soldiers had died in these three hours. Once Udey Singh’s body was passed, many Sikhs were seen drowning in the Sarsa and been taken away by its tide in the dead of night.

I got orders to take my troops to the other side of the Sarsa and try killing the Sikhs who may have made it across. I led my troops with speed and accuracy and after some hours we arrived at a village called Chamkaur, as we had intelligence reports that the Sikhs had come here.

I was torn mentally about pursuing the Sikhs who had left Anandpur, after our oaths. I prayed to Allah that he bless me, as I had no way out of commanding my troops and doing my job as a soldier, or the Emperor or his generals would execute me too.

A mud fort



We were at least 1 million troops now in pursuit of the Sikhs and their Guru.

The Sikhs had made the Emperor and the Hindu Hill Chiefs furious with the 8 month long siege.

So all normal rules for warfare were now being ignored. The Guru and his Sikhs had taken shelter in a make-shift fort which was still under construction – its walls were standing but it was not a permanent structure, it was a 'kacchi garhi' meaning a half-baked fort.

This location of the Sikhs gave us hope. Meetings were held immediately with our

overall Chief Khwaja Mardood and Bheem Chand one of the main Hindu Hill Chiefs who had all also arrived at Chamkaur.

Offers of surrender were sent to the Sikhs and rebuttals could be heard from the walls of the fort.

So, we proceeded to surround the fort from all angles and took over homes and all land in the surrounding area.

Surrounding the fort



When we knew the Sikhs wanted to fight – our troops were ordered to attack the Fort from all angles, this was on the morning of 22nd December 1704.

Our troops on approach to the fort, came under attack from a torrent of arrows – daylight was emerging which caused havoc on our troops. The Sikhs were at a raised position and our approaches to the fort had to be uphill, thus they easily shot down at us with their arrows and bullets. Our troops were being killed at all angles as I watched the battle unfold from a safe distance.

The dead outside the fort



I could not believe my eyes 1000 of my troops who were hardened elite soldiers were all slaughtered in a matter of one hour. Their dismembered body parts lay strewn all around the exterior of the fort and a river of blood flowed from all approaches.

The blood had even flowed to where I was standing at a safe distance of at least 1km from the fort. *The fort sent out a clear message of death – go to it and you will die.*

Our generals cried out in fear.

We then approached the locals and asked how many Sikhs had entered the fort. They mocked us and said only about 40 – 50 Sikhs had entered the fort and said, *“There are that many of your troops that if you all took a handful of sand, you could bury the fort and Sikhs alive. Yet they are killing you with ease – can you not even conquer these few Sikhs?”*

We corroborated their information and the numbers they talked of were probably lower and only 40 Sikhs were in the fort.

I shook from my core in awe of the Sikhs in the fort and could see that the locals were inspired by the valour of the Sikhs, as they knew the hardships they had undergone, yet they were still fighting like men possessed with super powers.

The locals were enjoying the spectacle of the battle and knew that their homes may be destroyed and ransacked by our troops. They knew that they themselves may be murdered at some point too, so they were already accepting their deaths, so spoke defiantly to us.

I had previously heard of the miracles of the Gurus and their warrior spirit, but as a Pathan myself I did not think any race was superior in valour to us. I was now thinking I may have finally met my match with these infidels in the fort.

We couldn't even go towards the fort to collect our dead for fear of being killed on approach.

So, we would now have to do the unthinkable and tread over our dead to attack the fort once again. I went and washed myself and decided to do my 5 namaaz prayers in one go, as I knew I may not get a chance to do them again in the thick of battle. I took leave for an hour to do my prayers.

Whilst doing my prayers all I could hear was the clashing of metal, screams of death and gun fire. *I could not concentrate and fear of death was enveloping my thoughts so I hurriedly did my prayers and completed them all in about 45mins.* I came from the room to get a detailed report off my sub-officer who detailed what he had witnessed:

‘We have continued our waves of attacks on the fort, as directed by the great General Khwaja Mardood. First, we made some ground on the fort due to our sheer numbers and managed to place some ladders on the walls of the fort. But when our soldiers scaled the ladders – the Sikhs appeared and hacked at them from the first floor of the fort. Initially they shot at us, but when our soldiers continued undeterred in scaling the ladders, they then started hand to hand combat, by drawing their swords – *this led to*

numerous deaths and we had to retreat from this tactic, as death struck at us at every angle of the fort.

The ladders remain positioned there, but we have stopped scaling them.

We then attacked the main doors to the fort with all our might and gun shots boomed out from the gates themselves and we then directed all our guns at the gates. This led to holes becoming visible in the doors which meant our bullets finally started to penetrate and wound the Sikhs inside.

But, then for the first time, the doors of the Fort opened – our troops retreated to safety for we were unsure of what would emerge. We thought they may roll out a cannon or something else, so we waited to see what would approach.

Fighting outside the fort



Two Sikhs came running out with their armour flaying – they were emaciated and looked like giant skeletons running – ***they were both over 6' 5" each and with their turbans, looked like they were 7' at least.***

They ran straight into the centre of our forces that were standing in formation – they penetrated our first line of soldiers, jumping as we attacked them and the two of

them kept abreast of each other's movements whilst wreaking death everywhere they battled. They used just their swords and shields to battle. They fought like this for at least 15 minutes as we saw our forces hacked down. We could not stop them and Khwaja then ordered to get all our guns directed at them and to shoot – ***this was a reckless strategy as it meant killing many of our own soldiers,*** as we could only shoot at their direction and not necessarily directly at them, as they moved too swiftly.

This shooting took 5 minutes to be effective and in the end these two warriors lay dead with at least 40 gun shots each. The battlefield now had thousands of dead. The names of these two were later learnt to be Kotha Singh and Madan Singh.

After we killed these two Sikhs – the doors of the fort opened once again.

Now, a further three Sikhs came charging out.

We tried to shoot at them upon their approach towards our forces who were encircling the fort, but they ran so fast and with agility, that they kept changing direction, so we could not hit them with our bullets or arrows.

In this way, these three Sikhs now entered our ranks – they all had their spears drawn and were spearing 2/3 soldiers at a time, their eyes were red and they resembled death itself.

They were very agile and kept on carving their way through our ranks and once their spears were broken, they drew their swords, now killing us at close quarters.

After they tired and slowed, we could finally point our guns in their direction with accuracy - all our gunmen now took out each of these three Sikhs by firing in their direction. All three were thus finally put to death.”

After hearing this update, I now looked out onto what had become a scene of pure death.

All I could see were bodies strewn across the battlefield. Yet we were still in our thousands and backed now by a force of at least 1 million soldiers in total. Yet we could not traverse a make-shift fort of the Sikhs, with 40 Sikhs in it – all of whom were emaciated from hunger of an 8 month siege.

Our soldiers were in fear of death and many a time they had run away from the battlefield already, and retreated.

I now started to believe the talk of the infidel Sikhs – their Guru must truly be miraculous.

I was a hardened soldier and I could not comprehend anything but divine intervention at work, for what was now unfolding in the battle.

I ordered another 1000 of my troops to now enter the battle – my troops were elite warriors and we were bought here specifically to kill off the Sikhs. I got my 1000 troops to now make the frontline of the battle and await orders to make the next wave of attack. Whilst the gun men and archers behind us continued to fire at the fort without relent.

Now once again the doors of the fort opened.

Out came a single Sikh with a spear in one hand and a shining sword in the other. His moustache was curled and on his emaciated frame, muscles could still be seen – I watched through my telescope and could only catch glimpses of him, as he moved like the wind. He somersaulted to avoid attacks, and jumps around the battlefield as if he has wings. His spear is killing with ease and it seems as if it is unbreakable. He spins and creates waves of death through our troops. He successfully manages to encircle the fort – going through all our ranks.

All that can be heard is cries of anguish and the clashing of metal, whilst he makes bodies drop, like a child makes skittles fall in a game. My soldiers try to prepare to fight him with their swords drawn, but within minutes he has killed all of my 1000 troops and strikes out death like wildfire.

Finally, after one hour of battle in which we couldn't keep track of his location in our ranks, he slows and tires. We then once again, aim all our guns in his direction and thus kill this lion of the Sikhs.

I am sweating profusely whilst I watch all 1000 of my elite soldiers fall to their deaths.

We bring his body from the battlefield as we believe it to be the actual Guru of the Sikhs as we cannot believe any other Sikh could miraculously fight so bravely, – but to our woe, he is actually Mokham Singh one of the closest Sikhs of the Guru. We had hoped it was their Guru so we could try calling an end to this relentless battle.

I now decided that if we are to win this battle – the only way is to capture or kill the Guru of the Sikhs.

It was still daytime, so I now used my telescope to scan the whole of the fort from a raised position which I found in a nearby house. I can now see that the fort is being penetrated by our fire and the Sikhs are being drawn into battle outside of the fort, as they can no longer safely defend the fort without coming out to fight themselves.



I scan the walls of the fort and can see what seems like light shimmering from the top of the fort and a small window. I zoom in and ***now see jewels on a plume and the next thing I see, is a wonderful radiant face and this person looks straight at me. I shudder and fall backwards, I lose all my senses and faint.***



I rise and once again look at this figure, now realising it is Guru Gobind Singh Jee, he is smiling right at me. I lower my gaze and fall to my knees and reverently bow in his direction.

His eyes and face had possessed me – I felt as though I had seen God himself.

Butterflies were in my stomach and when my forehead hit the ground in his direction, my whole body became light as a feather and energised.

The one I had called an infidel and the one I had come to kill, had now besotted my heart.

Coming to my senses I frantically looked around and realised no-one had just seen what I had done, others were too scared to come to this rooftop, for fear of being killed, even from over 1km away from the fort.

I sighed in relief, but what was I now to do?

I now turned and bowed once again in the Guru's direction, but now I could feel the feet of the Guru under my forehead.

I opened my eyes and saw his feet in front of me and kissed them softly.

He raised me and said 'Do not worry, carry on fighting like a warrior – God is my protector He decides our fate.'

Faltering I started crying 'Make me your Sikh, you are God incarnate, forgive my sins.'

Guru Jee said – 'Be a good Muslim as you are – your devotion will liberate you.'

'But Guru Jee I am now yours I can no longer be the infidel that I was, please accept me as yours.'

Guru Jee said, 'You are my son, do not worry about outwardly labels – now carry on fighting like a warrior as is your duty in this battle.'

'No Guru Jee, please let me serve you.'

Guru Jee then said, 'When the opportunity arises and I clap my hands to leave the fort, you can only serve me at that moment, until that point continue in your duty as a Mughal General.'

Guru Jee now disappeared from sight. I quickly grabbed my telescope and looked to the fort and could see Guru Jee smiling at me again.

How wondrous are his ways.

His eyes betrayed my evil nature and made me saintly.

I will serve him and die fighting for him. All the talk of infidels and their faith – has now left me, and only devotion of his feet is desired by me.

I now went to meet Khwaja Mardood the Commanding Chief of the forces assembled – for now I knew that the Guru was divinity himself and only what God ordained would happen. We were mere pawns in his play, what we did was of no significance.

The Fighting continues



I informed Khwaja that the fort was now being penetrated with our fire and that the Guru was raining down death from on top of the fort and the reflection of light from the top of the fort was actually his kalgi (plume). Khwaja asked if we had any marksmen who could assassinate the Guru from this distance, I answered in the negative, as the Guru was firing from a very acute angle and only glimpses of his body could be seen emerging.

Secondly, no marksmen we had, could shoot from this distance of 1km, which could only be done with a very skilled archer, plus the archer would have to stand on the rooftop fully exposed to make the shot, which would lead to death from the Guru in any case. Khwaja

decided to keep sending troops forward and thought we would take the fort in the next few hours.

I now got civilians to go out and take the dead bodies away on carts from the battlefield. What we saw now was a lull in fighting.

The Sikhs in the fort saw that it was civilians taking the dead away and did not shoot or kill them. I also noticed that only troops who had ran towards the fort or were engaging in battle were shot down or killed by the Sikhs.

The Guru could see for miles around the fort from his position yet he did not kill the allied forces, until they marched on to engage the Sikhs. *This left me in even more adoration of the Guru.*

After the dead had been cleared out, our soldiers took up their positions. We had built defence mechanisms by using the local buildings and building trenches for our shooters and keeping an array of shieldsmen in front of our archers.

We synchronized movements of our troops in a methodical manner, but the Sikhs kept penetrating our lines.

I now deputed another 1000 of my men to the frontline – Khwaja was pleased with this, as he knew my soldiers were elite warriors. My 1000 men lined up and I commanded them to kill the two Sikhs who were emerging from the fort gates.

These two Sikhs ran and evaded our fire, penetrating our defence mechanisms. ***They engaged in close combat with our soldiers creating waves of death. We could not track their locations and only knew of their movements, with the fall of dead bodies.*** They were conducting a very wise battle strategy in which they were worked as a duo – starting with their backs to one another they were killing soldiers in the semi circle in front of them, killing up to 25 soldiers at a time, in the space of about a minute. Then, when they had the dead all around them they regrouped and started upon another direction of our soldiers – so they left holes of the dead in our streams of soldiers.

Khanda



All our efforts and defences fell upon these two Sikhs who were decimating our forces. Their weapon of choice was the Khanda – a double edged sword which can only be used effectively by very skilled soldiers in a battle situation, as being double-edged you can very easily injure yourself – but these two Sikhs had mastered its art and ***were using it as a weapon of mass destruction.***

They took the brunt of the metal upon themselves and received many wounds but still fought on, ***smiling and laughing when getting wounded.*** After at least 3 hours of battle these two Sikhs finally tire and fall to their deaths.

Our soldiers went and got the bodies of these two brave Sikhs to identify them, much to the woe of Khwaja, they turned out to be Himmat Singh and Sahib Singh and not the Guru. I knew they were not the Guru but had to keep quiet. Khwaja and the soldiers were hoping to end the battle by killing the Guru and were shocked that two Sikhs could fight like this let alone their Guru.

I now did an internal prayer to the one I now saw as my saviour and Guru – ***Guru Gobind Singh Jee and begged him that I may also be able to fight like these two brave warriors in his defence.***

Immediately, I heard the Guru bellow back to me ‘Sat’ meaning true word, giving me gleeful joy at the acceptance of my prayer. I now started to think and wait for my opportunity to sabotage the Mughal and Hindu Hill Chieftans forces against the Guru, but also remembered the Guru had told me to wait for him to leave the Fort – I eagerly awaited my opportunity.

My battalion of the 1000 troops was completely decimated, with most dead or injured. The injured only survived as they were left for dead by the Sikhs, with dismembered body parts strewn across the battlefield.

Our troops who were witnessing these losses were completely demoralised, plus the reinforcements could see the dead and injured, even if we transported them out.

So, we had to come up with another strategy which meant bringing in soldiers from our reinforcements who were kilometres back from the battleground – so that they would gladly fight and have less fear.

I even moved my remaining 7000 soldiers further back too.

Our losses now tallied at least 50,000 dead and the injured that could no longer fight were also in their thousands.

I now watched on as a further 5 Sikhs emerged from the fort. ***These five Sikhs working in formation, once again went around killing our forces like a ball knocks over multiple objects with ease.*** When they tired, they fought to the death – these five too fell to their deaths after taking multiple blows.

I now ordered 5000 of my troops to the frontline – Khwaja was getting more and more frustrated and I knew that defeat and victory, life and death was being decided by the Guru at the fort and it was not in our hands. I also needed to maintain my outward loyalty in order to serve my Guru later on, when given the opportunity.

Nahar Khan enters the battle

- He kills some Sikhs
- He goes to the garhi
- He is killed by an arrow of Guru Sahib



Nahar Khan led out my 5000 troops whilst 6 further Sikhs came out of the fort.

Khwaja thought he could smell victory as he knew the Sikhs numbers were quickly depleting and much blood now flowed again, as these Sikhs engaged in battle with our forces.

Nahar Khan actually killed some of these Sikhs and all six fell to their deaths. Nahar Khan now grew in confidence and ran towards the fort and ordered all the troops to rush towards the fort to take it.

Thus a massive push was made to finally take the fort by all our forces.

Nahar Khan entered the centre ground of the fort after entering its main gate and was instantly shot with a shaft from the Guru and fell to his death.

Khawaja Mardood enters battle

- He gets scared
- Hides behind the wall of the fort
- Retreats out of fear



Khawaja in the mean time had also grown in confidence and also went and fought, and approached the fort. He witnessed Nahar Khan enter the fort and saw him fall to his death.

Khawaja now hid behind the outer wall of the fort and fearing for his life, was paralysed there, not moving for fear of being killed with a shaft. I knew it was the Guru himself firing down death from his blessed arrows.

I now thought what a blessed way to fall to one's death and made my final prayer to the Guru – I wanted him to also kill me with a shaft to my heart for his divinity had already taken my heart. What better way to die but from a shaft from his bow, that would pierce my heart. This prayer got no reply, so I was confused as to whether it would be fulfilled, and continued to play my role as part of the enemy lines.

The troops attacking the fort tried to enter through its gates and once again started scaling the walls with ladders. But, now what occurred resembled a mountain with a stream flowing down it. The mountain resembled the fort and a river of blood now flowed from the fort as our troops all fell to their deaths.

Some were slashed at the walls of the fort, others fell to the numerous shafts being dispatched. Gun fire was not heard now, as most of the fighting was hand to hand. A blanket of red blood covered the earth all around the fort.

6 Sikhs enter battle – Sahibzada Baba Ajeet Singh is among them



In this fighting 6 Sikhs emerged from the main gates of the fort and started unleashing death once again. They were backed up by a young archer and a gun man whom fired their weapons to assist them in clearing the lines of soldiers. The archer fired shafts in all directions, whilst moving constantly with agility, changing direction and positions. The gunman assisted him in the same manner.

The archer finished all the arrows in his quiver and now took up his spear, as his

favoured weapon.

Whilst, the gunman retreated to the fort and got upon a horse.

The archer became encircled by our troops. Seeing this, the gunman who had now taken up two swords in his hands and the reigns of the horse in his mouth, speedily approached our troops who had encircled the archer. ***The gunman on horseback sliced our troops from both sides of his horse and fearlessly and deftly controlled the horse with the reigns in his mouth – it was a sight to be seen. He successfully got the archer out of the encirclement of our soldiers.***

Five of these Sikhs fought on fearlessly and each fell to his death, after causing much havoc.

The archer Sikh now remains by himself and Anwar Khan is dispatched by me, along with 2000 more troops of mine, I advise Anwar Khan to not enter the battle upon an elephant, but he is arrogant and ignores my advice – I know this will lead to his death. Whilst, the archer Sikh has broken his spear and is now down to his only major weapon, which is a small sword.

Anwar Khan rushes towards the archer and the Sikh sees the approach

Anwar Khan enters battle on elephant



of the elephant and runs directly at the elephant, as the elephant also moves towards the Sikh. The Sikh runs and jumps onto the trunk of the elephant scaling it and stabs Anwar Khan with a sword, the sword gets stuck in the seat of Anwar Khan as ***the Sikh had stabbed him with such ferocity that the sword had now become fully stuck in the seat. The*** Sikh struggles to pull it out and our troops seeing their opportunity now shoot and attack this Sikh.

This Sikh – the archer, is identified as the eldest son of Guru Gobind Singh Jee – Baba Ajit Singh.

I become tearful upon hearing this, the Guru had even sent his son to battle yet me the unworthy one, wearing the colours of the enemy, had not yet been able to serve him. A few soldiers see my tears and question me – ‘Why do you cry sir?’

I meekly lie and say ‘Anwar Khan was like a brother to me.’ I am unsure if they believe my lie, but they just retreat upon hearing my answer.

Baba Ajeet Singh in battle



Khwaja scrambled his way back to safety, with the help of some of my soldiers. He had become a laughing stock amongst our troops and had caused ripples of fear and despair by his cowardly actions. I reprimand him and he had no words for his insolence.

I informed him that I will now depute my final 2000 soldiers into battle as Khwaja does not have the fortitude to fight himself. ***I know that those that are felled in this battle, no matter what their allegiances, are all receiving blessings from the swords of the Sikhs and arrows of the Guru.***

Being killed by divinity is a blessing in itself.

Baba Jujhar Singh in battle



Next, another 6 Sikhs emerge from the fort. They are flagged at their rear by a gunman who looks like a child. ***This child fights like a crazed elephant crushing his foes at every avenue. He is very agile and runs between the legs of our soldiers and acrobatically dances about the battlefield, killing and maiming many soldiers.*** All these six Sikhs also fall to their heroic deaths. We learn that this child was the second eldest son of Guru Gobind Singh, Baba Jujhar Singh.

Our forces after killing these Sikhs try once again to penetrate the fort. But, now the indescribable takes place.

About 10,000 of our troops who are the frontline to the fort and encircling it, are all felled within about 60 seconds.

A torrent of arrows seizes all of them, killing them all.

Our troops retreat, seeing the soldiers falling. All my 2000 soldiers are killed by these arrows. Now, all that can be witnessed is the fort on top of the hill and death surrounding it at all angles – a sea of the dead, 10,000 dead bodies strewn like a border around the fort.

Guru Jee kills 10,000 with 1 arrow



Night had fallen and our soldiers retreated and took rest. Fresh soldiers were sent out on sentry duty, but the fighting had now come to a stop.

Our soldiers are suffering from fatigue and are demoralised. The praises of the Sikhs are now being sung throughout our ranks – we all believe we are fighting Gods and not infidels anymore. We know defeat is ours, regardless of what the outcome of the battle is, as so many of our soldiers have fallen in the short space of one day of battle.

Dynamite



I see this as my opportunity to serve the Guru and purposely go around our camp distributing dynamite saying this can be used to explode the fort. I do this as I know dynamite can easily explode with fire. In this way, I am planning a sabotage of my own soldiers and camp, as I now know that the time for the Guru to escape the fort is upon us.

From my calculations there can only be about 6 or 7 Sikhs left alive which includes the great Guru and with the night

falling, this is the opportune time for the Guru to leave and make good on his escape and get to safety.

I stayed alert and did not take rest as I knew this was going to be the night I could finally serve my Guru.

Calm, an eerie calm was now present.

Guru Jee in battle



But, all of a sudden, *a loud clap was heard and someone saying 'the Guru is leaving – capture him alive or dead if you have the bravery to do so.'* This call bellowed out three times – I heard it clearly and I immediately gathered some torches and went around igniting the dynamite I had dispersed around our camp.

This caused much death and havoc, whilst doing this I had to kill many soldiers who attacked me.

Whilst near the fort, the Guru was now fighting to penetrate our forces and get away to safety. He was creating a path to walk free by killing all those around him, he started to do this by extinguishing torches in the battlefield. This caused pitch darkness and complete confusion, as our soldiers started to attack one another, they could not distinguish between their own troops and the opposition in the dark.

I also went around killing as many soldiers that I could, to assist the Guru in his escape.

I saw the Guru leaving in the distance and his plume was still shining. I was tiring and now implored him through an internal prayer to grant me my wish and strike me down with an arrow to my heart.

My blessed death

ਕਬੀਰ ਸਤਿਗੁਰ ਸੂਰਮੇ ਬਾਹਿਆ ਬਾਨੁ ਜੁ ਏਕੁ ॥

Kabeer, the True Guru, the Spiritual Warrior, has
shot me with His Arrow.

ਲਾਗਤ ਹੀ ਭੁਇ ਗਿਰਿ ਪਰਿਆ ਪਰਾ ਕਰੇਜੇ ਛੇਕੁ ॥੧੯੪॥

As soon as it struck me, I fell to the ground, with
a hole in my heart. ||194||

The glorious Guru turned and put a shaft upon his bow – I outstretched my arms to welcome the blow and the shaft penetrated my heart and I fell to my death. The Guru liberated me and I went to his abode in the afterlife.

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