



Shaheed Muttakin Billah

Date of birth:	15 December, 1999
Date of martyrdom:	19 July, 2024
Division:	Khulna
District:	Magura

Short Biography

Profession: Medical Technologist, Innova Diagnostic Center, Rajnigandha Tower, Mirpur-14, Dhaka,
Place of Martyrdom: Mirpur-14, Dhaka

Martyrdom Details and History

Our '24 independence was achieved through the active participation and sacrifice of people from various walks of life. This independence is invaluable. One of the heroes of '24 is the patriotic martyr Muttakin Billah. He was a medical technologist. Muttakin was born on the 15th of December in 1999. His birthplace is Borichara village in Sreepur police station of Dariapur Union in Magura district.

Family life

Shaheed Muttakin Billah's father's name is the late Md. Akkas Ali and mother's name is Mosammat Rahima Begum. The martyr's mother takes care of all the responsibilities of the household. She is a full-fledged housewife. After the death of his mother, his elder brother took over the responsibility of Muttakin's family. The only support is Mr. Md. Shihabul Islam (35), who is a Malaysian expatriate. With the sudden death of his father, all the responsibilities of the family fell on him. There are a total of seven members in the martyr's family. The great hero Muttakin joined a private medical hospital to help the family. After some time, he moved to a rented house in Mirpur, Dhaka with his wife and child. This is how their family life was going on.

Personal life

Shaheed Muttakin Billah built his career as a medical technologist to pursue a career in medical cooperation. He was working as a medical technologist at the Innova Diagnostic Center in Mirpur-14, Rajnigantha Tower. He lived with his family in an area adjacent to Mirpur-1 in the capital. In that small family were Shaheed Muttakin's wife and only son, An Nafian Hossain (4). It is known through family and relatives that the martyr was a very caring person. Despite being very busy, he kept track of his loved ones. He would keep track of whether his mother was taking her medicine properly, how everyone was doing. The fiery hero was the most beloved face of the family. Even after the mechanical expenses of the capital city, Muttakin never forgot to send some money to his mother.

Background of Martyrdom

Only 25 years of life. Everyone wants to live in this world. Yet Muttakin had to leave this beautiful world at the age of just 25, leaving behind his beloved wife, beloved child little Nafian, mother and the rest of the family members. Yet Muttakin could have been more selfish. He might not have gone to the movement thinking about his wife and children. But Muttakins are not stopped by backward pulls, they are not afraid of death.

Because they know "Almighty Allah's word has bought from the believers their lives and their wealth in exchange for which they will have Paradise." (At-Tawbah: 9: 111-112)

Martyrdom Background in the words of Shaheed's wife Naima Erin Nitu

"How can I believe that the one who told me 40 minutes ago, 'Don't worry, I'm fine,' is no more?"

My husband is a medical technologist by profession, he used to work at Ibn Sina. I am also a medical technologist by profession. Since the start of the July movement, my husband was active in this movement. Every day after duty, he would join the movement.

On the night of July 18, when he was returning home after finishing his duty at 11 o'clock, he was attacked from Mirpur No. 10. He did not tell me anything because if I knew, I would forbid him from going to the movement, because we have a small child, so he initially hid the matter from me. Rubber bullets hit various parts of his body. He tried to hide the matter after coming home, but I saw it and gave him first aid that day.

The next morning, he went to duty. His duty was from 8 am to 2 pm. After finishing work at 2 pm, he was waiting at Mirpur No. 10 for the movement. Since then, I was repeatedly talking to him on the phone. The last time I spoke to him was around 4 o'clock in the afternoon, at the time of Asr Azan. His voice was completely hoarse then. His throat got hoarse due to shouting slogans from the front line of the movement and excessive sweating in the heat. In our last conversation, he said to me, "Don't worry, I'm fine. Everyone is protesting today" from women to children, old people, everyone has taken to the streets. How can I sit at home? What answer will I give myself? This was his last conversation with me. Moments after saying this, he was shot in the head directly from Mirpur No. 10 Gol Chattar. One bullet pierced his head and came out the other side, and the second bullet got stuck in his head.

I immediately received a call, and I went there. But I did not find him there. A brother from there took him to Mirpur Al-Hilal Hospital. First aid was given there, and his head was bandaged. But seeing his condition deteriorate, he was transferred to Ibn Sina Kalyanpur branch. Later I came to know that after going there, many good doctors came forward for his treatment. Many attempts were made, but he did not regain consciousness. He did not regain consciousness in any way. Upon receiving the news of his being in Ibn Sina, I rushed there. But the Chhatra League was active at the entrance of Ibn Sina and the hospital. They would not let anyone in. I was crying there holding their hands and feet, but they did not let me in. Meanwhile, I received another call. It was said that my husband was in Suhrawardy. I went to Suhrawardy from there again. I don't know how many times I ran from the 2nd floor to the 5th/6th floor like a madman. I have never seen so many dead bodies in my life as I saw that day. I was turning over all the dead bodies to see if it was my husband. I could not find him there either. Then I called that number again. Then it was said that I had to go to the Neuro Science Department. I went there too. But there is no entry there, no information, nothing. That day was just dead bodies and dead bodies. I don't know if it is even possible to keep so many records. The doctors were just getting patients and treating them as they could. And those who were dying, they were moving everyone to a separate room.

I still can't forget that scene. Finally, another call came. It was said that he was in Ibn Sina, on the 9th floor in the ICU. Finally, I found him there. His surgery was going on there. But the Chhatra League entered Ibn Sina that day and was causing a lot of problems. They would not allow treatment. The doctors later handed over my husband to me and said, "He cannot be kept here. He needs to be taken to the Neurosurgery Department, because he has been hit by a bullet in the head. The best treatment for this problem is there." So I took him to Neuro Science. But they refused to treat him there too. Because by then the League's attack had started there as well. Later, when it was 10 o'clock at night, and there was no other way, I admitted him to the emergency where I work. My husband was alive until Fajr. He was given blood all night. But his body was not taking any blood. Blood was coming out of his nose, mouth, ears. He was bleeding all night. I was just hoping that he would regain consciousness once. But he did not regain consciousness. He did not open his eyes even once. He did not respond at all. Finally, my husband died at the time of Fajr Azan.

My husband might have survived if he had received treatment at the right time. I could not convince myself

of this one pain. I rushed from hospital to hospital, but could not treat my own husband. I have a three-year-old child. He does not understand that his father is no more. What will I tell my son, tell me? That I went to the hospital, but they could not treat him? That in the country for which his father was willing to give his life, goon forces stand in front of the hospitals of that country so that the bleeding people cannot get treatment? My son still makes paper planes. He thinks his father will come and play with him. I cannot answer. I watch and hide my tears.

I myself cannot believe that the man who spoke to me in the morning, ate breakfast and went out in front of me, with whom I spoke on the phone so many times, who told me even 40 minutes ago, "Don't worry, I'm fine," is no more—how can I believe this, tell me? However, whatever it is, my husband gave his life for the country. He is now not just mine, but of this country. I am proud to think this. He gave me a lifetime of pain and pride together. I am the wife of a martyr. I am raising a martyr's son. This is my only asset.

Will little Nafian remember his father? Will Nafian reminisce about his father with any memories? How many days could Muttakin's wife live with her husband? She will have to live her whole life clinging to only a few happy memories. Even if he cannot remember his father's memories, he will be able to be very proud of his father, Shaheed Muttakin Billah's son An Nafian.

Shaheed's Profile at a Glance

Shaheed's Name: Shaheed Muttakin Billah

Birth: 15.12.1999

Death: July 19, 2024

Grave: Baraichara Mosque Graveyard, Magura

Birthplace: Magura

Permanent Address: Village: Baraichara, Union: Dariapur, Police Station: Sreepur, District: Magura

Profession: Medical Technologist, Innova Diagnostic Center, Rajnigandha Tower, Mirpur-14, Dhaka

Date of Martyrdom: 19.07.2024

Father: Md. Akkas Ali

Mother: Rahima Begum

Number of Family Members: 07

o Md. Shihabul Islam (35), Expatriate (Elder Brother)

Proposals

1. The martyr's wife may be given monthly or one-time financial assistance.
2. The responsibility of the martyr's son's education may be taken.

Quranic Verse

They rejoice in what Allah has bestowed upon them of His bounty. (Al-Imran 3:170)

Hadith

The souls of the martyrs are in the bodies of green birds. (Sahih Muslim 1887)

Prayers offered: 0

Memorial Photo Gallery

