



Shaheed Md. Abdun Noor

Date of birth: 1 April, 1995
Date of martyrdom: 5 August, 2024
Division: Mymensingh
District: Mymensingh

Short Biography

Profession: Journalist (Crime Reporter, Ajker Goyenda Sangbad; Staff Reporter)

Place of Martyrdom: Registered as deceased at Dhaka Medical College Hospital with a blood-stained ID card

Martyrdom Details and History

The Forbidden Report Written in Blood

Martyr Md. Abdun Noor

Serial: 766

ID: Mymensingh Division 079

Identity of the Martyr

Md. Abdun Noor – just one name, yet a complete world, an unfinished story. Born on 1 April 1995, his eyes sparkled with dreams and a hunger to witness the world. His father, Md. Abul Bashar, and mother, Mosammat Asma Khatun, are still alive, though they live beneath a shadow of grief so thick it hums like the echo of blood with every breath.

Nur was a journalist by profession. A seeker of truth, a carrier of stories for the people. His pen made its mark in two news outlets, his thoughts rippled into countless readers' hands – offering knowledge, courage, and care through words. But then came the rebellion of July, changing everything. As thousands took to the streets, thirsty for justice and freedom, Nur joined them – not as a protester, but as a reporter, microphone in hand, press ID swinging around his neck. That ID card was once a badge of independent journalism; now it bears silent witness, stained in blood.

When Journalism Becomes a War Cry

How does war turn into music? That was the question, tangled in tears, when Nur's microphone captured the sound of gunfire – and his own screams became the slogan of a new uprising. The flash of his tiny camera, the pencil in his coat pocket – all were transformed by blood. His family says, "The bloodstains still haven't gone, though we tried to wash them many times. But blood isn't just liquid – it is history." Those stains are not only on a garment; they've become eternal images carved into a mother's chest.

Nur's room is silent now. His voice is gone, his gentle smile only floats in the frames on the wall. His wife had already separated. His daughter – burdened by madrasa life – lost her father's voice long before she could understand its warmth.

This martyr and the world today – they may not be visible to the naked eye, yet they live in every drop of spilled blood, in every corner of memory. If only someone would say, "Nur was here. He spoke the truth," perhaps that one sentence would offer his mother a fragment of peace. But the truth is, Nur is gone – but his voice, his pulse, his courage remain. They echo in news pages, in public memory, and in a piercing emptiness – like blood, they never fade.

Context of the Movement – The History of Red July

July 2024. The streets of Bangladesh were on fire. Not with celebration, but with blood, smoke, and the cries of the oppressed. What began on 1 July as a peaceful reform movement for quota justice turned, by mid-July, into a stage of brutal repression. On that stage entered the ruling party's student, youth, and volunteer wings, alongside a heavily armed police force. Their message was singular – "intimidate, silence, crush."

But resistance had been building for years. From Rampura to Mirpur, Banasree to Tejgaon, all wore the same mask of defiance. Students stood barehanded, with open chests, as human shields. The same youth who once read about democracy in textbooks now embodied it on the streets. Even ordinary citizens joined – some offering food, others water, others just their voices.

It was a time when fear was collapsing, and silence was no longer an option. This was not a failed revolt – it was the courageous birth of a generation, baptized in flame. Red July was not merely a protest – it was a pulse.

The Final Story of a Truth-Seeker

And in that moment, emerged Abdun Noor. Not just a journalist, but a living document. A tiny pen became the mirror of the time. He carried no weapon – only a notebook, a microphone, and his journalist ID card, which ultimately became a bloodstained relic. He was not just filming – he was gathering stories, amplifying voices of the voiceless, and reminding the state that truth cannot be buried.

He knew – any regime that fears truth is inherently violent. He knew journalism was a battlefield where pens are rifles. So he didn't stop. Bullets were fired in his direction too – perhaps to silence, perhaps to scare. But his camera kept rolling, his voice remained unshaken. When he finally collapsed, his blood soaked the street where thousands had walked for justice.

That blood could not be wiped away – it was not just from flesh, but from spirit, from consciousness, from a new struggle for freedom. It traveled beyond smartphones – touching hearts across the nation. People realized that even journalists are not safe. Even truth-tellers can die. But people didn't forget.

Today, Red July is not just a date – it's a spirit. It doesn't trend online – it burns within hearts. Nur was consumed in that fire – and rose through it. The warmth of that light still burns in those who live, refusing to turn into ash.

History may one day document Red July – but the martyrs already wrote its first draft in their blood.

How He Was Martyred

5 August 2024 – an afternoon of terror. Abdun Noor had once again gone out to gather news. His eyes tired, but his resolve unwavering. Dhaka's streets were no longer fields for reporting – they had become warzones. Every sound – was it a slogan or a gunshot?

Nur dashed through chaos with his microphone and backpack, chasing truth, recording history.

At exactly 4 PM, his father, Md. Abul Bashar, received a call. Unknown number. Unknown voice.

“Do you know anyone named Abdun Noor?”

Time froze.

“He's my son.”

“Come to the hospital, quickly.”

But this wasn't an invitation to treatment – it was a silent call to farewell. A summons to death. A father began walking toward the end of his world.

With his younger son, he took a rickshaw. Roads blocked. Police everywhere. They walked – through Bawnia Bazar, flyovers, and army zones. Feet bruised, hearts trembling. A stranger on a motorbike offered them a lift, not a journalist, not a friend – just a human. He brought them to Mugda Medical's

emergency ward.

There they met Rakibâ€”the caller. â€œI'll stay with you until the body is handed over,â€ he promised. But sorrow still weighed heavy in his voice.

In the morgue, a curtain lifted. A body. The back of his head shattered. Blood pooled so thick it hid his face. His panjabi soaked in it. Not just shoesâ€”hearts were stained in red.

This truth-seeking journalist, once a voice of courage, now lay motionless. His bag beside himâ€”maybe holding half-finished notes, some photographs. He would not ask questions again. He would not write again. He had become the report itselfâ€”a bloodstained headline.

At 9 PM, his body was taken home. No red carpet. No state salute. His death wasn't live-streamed. No Facebook scream, no YouTube tears. It was a silent passingâ€”one father's unshed tears the only obituary. It was as if the state itself had executed a journalist. Every bullet screamingâ€”â€œSpeak the truth, and die.â€

This death is our shame. And our silence is its true killer.

Family & Grief

Md. Abul Bashar, Nurâ€™s father, still wakes up at 4 AMâ€”exactly when that call came. His mind replays the moment: â€œDo you know ?â€”a question that ended a life.

Asma Khatun, his mother, speaks little. She doesn't look anyone in the eye. Quietly, she wipes silent tears with her saree's edge. She once dreamed of performing Umrah with her son or buying a small family home. Today, those dreams lie scattered beside a lifeless body.

Nurâ€™s wife had already left. Their young daughter is in madrasa. Will she ever understand how the state blew her father's head apart? Will she know that he didn't just die from bulletsâ€”but from the heavy burden of a society's indifference?

They lived simplyâ€”two meals a day, small savings, some humble dreams. Now there is no income-earner. Only a cruel emptiness echoes through their home.

Still, they do not beg. When journalism students visit, Nurâ€™s father softly says, â€œMy son used to do this too.â€ But the bullets seem lodged in his throatâ€”words won't come out.

They don't want charity. They don't want pity. They want recognition. They want the state to speak. They want the media to say just once:

"Abdun Noor was martyredâ€”for telling the truth."

Proposal & Legacy

The daughter of a martyr must not be left an orphan. Let this be our first test as a nation of conscience.

If justice remains lying in the dust while the constitution is engraved on paperâ€”then all our values are mere decorations. Abdun Noor was not merely killedâ€”he lived every breath as protest, every step as a vow to speak truth and never bow to oppression. His death is not just his family's burdenâ€”it is our collective failure.

Let the government provide a scholarship for his daughter. Let her full educational costs be borne by the state. Let them provide mental health support and financial aidâ€”not as charity, but as justice to a martyr's family.

Let the family be given seed capital to start a small businessâ€”so they may live with dignity, not with hands outstretched. Let his daughter grow up and proudly say, â€œMy father was a martyrâ€”and I carry his legacy.â€

Let future generations know that Abdun Noor too, was a son of this soil. He wore no hero's armorâ€”only carried a pen, and questions in his eyes. A bullet silenced that pen, but could not silence his dreams.

His blood is not just on the streets—it stains our conscience. His death reminds us—a bullet doesn't just end a life, it can tear through the pen of history and silence the voice of the future.

So the question is no longer “why?”

The question now is: how will we honor this death? How will we keep alive the spirit that once silently bled on the streets?

Martyr Profile at a Glance

Name: Md. Abdun Noor

Profession: Journalist

☞ Crime Reporter, Ajker Goenda Sangbad

☞ Staff Reporter, Ovijaan News TV

Date of Birth: 01 April 1995

Father: Md. Abul Bashar

Mother: Mosammat Asma Khatun

Marital Status: Separated

Child: One daughter (Madrasa student)

Place of Death: Dhaka Medical College Hospital

Date of Martyrdom: 05 August 2024

Injury: Bullet wound to the back of the head

Post-mortem Status: Registered as deceased at DMCH with bloodstained press ID

Burial: Family village “ Bagergaon, Ushthi, Gafargaon, Mymensingh

Blood Group: [Not specified in source]

Birthplace: Mymensingh

Present Address: House/Holding: 43, Sector: 10, Uttara West, Dhaka North City Corporation, Postal Code: 2233

Permanent Address: Bagergaon, Ushthi, Gafargaon, Mymensingh

Medical Case ID: 24992

Gazette Martyr Number: 765

Quranic Verse

Do not say that those who are killed in the way of Allah are dead. Rather, they are alive, but you do not perceive it. (Al-Baqarah 2:154)

Hadith

Whoever sincerely asks Allah for martyrdom, Allah will grant them the status of martyrs. (Sahih Muslim 1888)

Prayers offered: 0

Memorial Photo Gallery

