



Shaheed Md. Raihan

Date of birth:	1 February, 1986
Date of martyrdom:	5 August, 2024
Division:	Dhaka City
District:	Dhaka

Short Biography

Profession: Day Laborer

Place of Martyrdom: Mugda, Dhaka

Martyrdom Details and History

From the Innocent Dream of a Day Laborer
To the Soil of the Martyrs

Martyr's Identity

In a narrow alley of Kalta Bazar in Dhaka, behind crumbling buildings and beside cement-stained walls, stood a simple, silent man. His name was Md. Raihan. Some called him "Raihan Bhai," others just "Chacha," but how many truly knew the pain within him? How many knew his lonely, lifelong struggle?

He was a day laborer who carried more than just bricks or bags—he bore the weight of an ailing body, a beloved wife, a young son named Nazmul, and the unspoken hopes of elderly parents.

Born on February 1, 1986, in the heart of Dhaka, Raihan was the son of Md. Salauddin, a carpenter who still labors at the age of 70, and Rahima Begum, a homemaker who prayed each day for her son's well-being. Education had eluded Raihan—not for lack of desire, but because life never gave him the time.

His reality was built on a modest income of 25,000 BDT per month, leaky tin roofs during the rains, and the struggle to pay his son's school fees. Yet Raihan was gentle, calm, and heartbreakingly trusting. He believed whatever people told him—perhaps that's why he never learned to distinguish friend from foe.

A City Burning in July

In July 2024, Dhaka was on fire—streets filled with students, workers, the poor, and the oppressed. What became known as the "July Uprising" was not just about politics—it was about survival, a cry for justice.

But people like Raihan often believed, "This isn't for us. We just work to survive."

He didn't understand politics. He didn't follow any party or march under any flag. All he knew was pain—his right hand had been fractured, and local medicine was not helping.

A neighbor told him, "Mugda Hospital is giving free treatment for the poor."

Raihan's eyes lit up with hope.

"Wife, I'm going to Mugda. They said it's free treatment."

She warned him, "Please don't go, the roads aren't safe."

He smiled gently, "Let me just check. It'll be fine."

The Final Journey

August 5, 2024, 5:00 PM – Raihan stepped into the city, heading toward Mugda Hospital. But that very road turned into a warzone. Clashes erupted between students and police. Tear gas filled the air. Baton charges. Gunshots. Raihan was already weak. The pain in his hand unbearable. In the chaos, police began beating indiscriminately. Raihan ran. He fell. Darkness took over. In a panic, he called his wife from his own phone: “Things have gone very wrong. Police are beating everyone... I’m here! pray for me.” That was his last message. Hours passed. His elder brother kept calling. No answer. At 3:00 AM, an unknown number flashed on the screen. “Is this man your relative?”

“Yes, he’s my younger brother,” his brother replied. “His body is lying under the Hatirjheel bridge. He was killed by police gunfire.” His family—elder brother, younger sister Swarna Akter Nurjahan, and aging father—rushed to the scene. Two lifeless bodies lay there. One, soaked in blood, bore heavy wounds; the right thumb severed. A military officer approached.

“Do you recognize him?”

They nodded, tears flowing.

“Then take him. We’ll manage the other one.”

They couldn’t speak. Their cries stayed trapped in their throats.

Silent Love and Unfulfilled Wishes

His younger sister later whispered:

“He was soft-hearted. He loved to cook. He always came over to eat my food.

On August 3rd, he called me and asked for some money. I told him I’d come in two days.

But I never made it. Now I can never fulfill his last request.”

His Final Resting Place:

Jurain Graveyard

Today, Raihan rests in the earth of Jurain. Left behind is a grieving son, a sobbing wife, and two tearful parents.

His name never appeared on any political poster. Yet his blood stains the soil of the movement. He was not a leader, not a speaker—just a man who believed in a neighbor’s words, just a father who wanted free treatment for his broken hand.

And for that, he was killed.

The Final Truth:

Md. Raihan is not just a man lost in the crowds—he is the face of countless anonymous poor, who wanted nothing but to live. And in trying to survive, he became a martyr—one of the many silent pillars of a revolution that was never meant to notice him.

His story asks us all:

“Why must a poor man die just for trying to receive treatment?”

Summary at a Glance

Full Name: Md. Raihan

Date of Birth: 01-02-1986

Profession: Day laborer

Father’s Name: Md. Salauddin (Carpenter, age 70)

Mother’s Name: Rahima Begum (Housewife, age 58)

Current Address: House-40, Kalta Bazar, Kotwali, Dhaka

Permanent Address: House-428/A, West of Adarsha School, Mirhajirbagh, Shyampur, Dhaka

Monthly Income: 25,000 BDT

Child: Nazmul (11), Class 4 student

Incident Location: Mugda, Dhaka

⌘ Attacker: Police

⌘ Injury Date & Time: 05/08/2024, around 5:00 PM

⌘ Death Date & Time: 05/08/2024, approximately 6:00 PM

⌘ Grave Location: Jurain Graveyard

Recommendations

1. The martyr's family should receive financial assistance.
2. His son's education should be ensured through full sponsorship.
3. A permanent home should be arranged for the bereaved family.

Quranic Verse

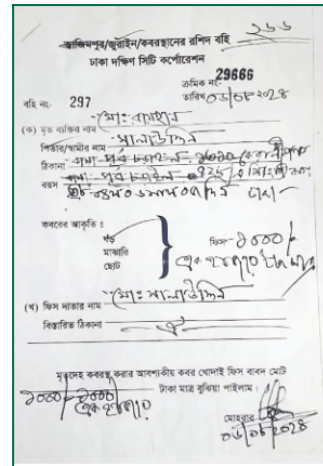
Never think of those killed in the cause of Allah as dead. Rather, they are alive with their Lord, receiving provision. (Al-Imran 3:169)

Hadith

A martyr will be able to intercede for seventy relatives in Paradise. (Sunan Abu Dawood 2520)

Prayers offered: 0

Memorial Photo Gallery



রায়হানের এতিম শিশুটির কি হবে?

⌘ হাফেজ ইসলাম চাঁদ

আমার হাইলের ১১ বছরের একটি ছেলে আছে। ছোট্টা এতিম হয়ে গেল। এই এতিম শিশুটির এখন কি হবে? হাইলকে খুব মশংসভাবে মারা হয়েছে। হাইলের নখ উপড়ে ফেলা হয়েছে। একটি মানুষকে এত মশংসভাবে মারতে পারে সেটা আমার ধারণা ছিল না। আমি হাই হাজার সঠিক কিছুর চাই, ঠিক কান্না বিজড়িত গলায় এভাবেই ন্যা সিগরের এই প্রতিবেদনের কাছে আমার অভিযোগ নথীভুক্ত করেছেন কেটা। আশেপাশের বিহত রায়হান হোসেন সান্নামের বোন সোনারী স্বপ্ন।

হাজরতের খব-অস্থানে ঢাকা আশেপাশের নিহতের সংখ্যা প্রায় হাজার টুই টুই। জাতিসংঘের রিপোর্ট অনুযায়ী এখন পর্যন্ত নিহতের সংখ্যা ৬৫০ জন। তাদের মধ্যে শিশু শিকারী, চাকরিপ্রার্থী, দিনমজুর, সাংবাদিকসহ নানা শ্রেণিপেশার মানুষ রয়েছেন। অনেক নিরীহ মানুষ নিহত হয়েছেন। অনেকে ঘর থেকে বের হওয়ার আগে জানতেন না ঘরে আর কিরকি পারবে কি না। ঠিক এমন ঘটনা ঘটেছে হাজরাপুরের মীর হাজিরুল্লাহ এলাকায় রায়হান হোসেন সান্নামের সাথে। নিহত রায়হানের বোন সোনারী স্বপ্ন ও তার স্বজনদের সাথে কথা বলেন, আমার হাই রায়হান হোসেন সান্নাম একজন দিনমজুর ছিলেন। পেশাগত কাজে তিনি হতে আনত পান। এ জন্য হাইলের কোনো হারুখাতু ভেঙে গেছে কি না জেনাশা করাতে দুপুর বেলায় হাজরাপুরের মীর হাজিরুল্লাহ এলাকায় রায়হান হোসেন সান্নামের সাথে আশেপাশের বিহত রায়হান হোসেন সান্নামের বোন সোনারী স্বপ্ন। চারদিকে গোলাগুলি ভরা অবস্থায় তিনি পড়ে ৯ ম পু-৭-এর কলমে