	-
I'm not robot	
	reCAPTCHA

I'm not robot!

Allah is not obliged pdf

Allah is not obliged summary. Allah will not merciful to those. Whom allah does not guide. Nothing can happen without allah's permission.

ALLAH IS NOT OBLIGED TO BE FAIR ABOUT ALL THE THINGS HE DOES HERE ON EARTH. These are the words of the boy soldier Birahima in the final masterpiece by one of Africa's most celebrated writers, Ahmadou Kourouma. When ten-year-old Birahima's mother dies, he leaves his native village in the Ivory Coast, accompanied by the sorcerer and cook Yacouba, to search for his aunt Mahan. Crossing the border into Liberia, they are seized by rebels and forced into military service. Birahima is given a Kalashnikov, minimal rations of food, a small supply of dope and a tiny wage. Fighting in a chaotic civil war alongside many other boys, Birahima sees death, torture, dismemberment and madness but somehow manages to retain his own sanity.



Raw and unforgettable, despairing yet filled with laughter, Allah Is Not Obliged reveals the ways in which children's innocence and youth are compromised by war. Academia.edu uses cookies to personalize content, tailor ads and improve the user experience. By using our site, you agree to our collection of information through the use of cookies. To learn more, view our Privacy Policy.

ALLAH IS NOT OBLIGED TO BE FAIR ABOUT ALL THE THINGS HE DOES HERE ON EARTH. These are the words of the boy soldier Birahima in the final masterpiece by one of Africa's most celebrated writers, Ahmadou Kourouma. When ten-year-old Birahima's mother dies, he leaves his native village in the Ivory Coast, accompanied by the sorcerer and cook Yacouba, to search for his aunt Mahan. Crossing the border into Liberia, they are seized by rebels and forced into military service. Birahima is given a Kalashnikov, minimal rations of food, a small supply of dope and a tiny wage. Fighting in a chaotic civil war alongside many other boys, Birahima sees death, torture, dismemberment and madness but somehow manages to retain his own sanity. Raw and unforgettable, despairing yet filled with laughter, Allah Is NOT OBLIGED TO BE FAIR ABOUT ALL THE THINGS HE DOES HERE ON EARTH. These are the words of the boy soldier Birahima in the final masterpiece by one of Africa's most celebrated writers, Ahmadou Kourouma. When ten-year-old Birahima's mother dies, he leaves his native village in the Ivory Coast, accompanied by the sorcerer and cook Yacouba, to search for his aunt Mahan. Crossing the border into Liberia, they are seized by rebels and forced into military service. Birahima is given a Kalashnikov, minimal rations of food, a small supply of dope and a tiny wage. Fighting in a chaotic civil war alongside many other boys, Birahima sees death, torture, dismemberment and madness but somehow manages to retain his own sanity. Raw and unforgettable, despairing yet filled with laughter, Allah Is Not Obliged reveals the ways in which children's innocence and youth are compromised by war. YOU MAY ALSO LIKE QUICK VIEW Add to bookshelf QUICK V to bookshelf QUICK VIEW Add to bookshelf QUICK VIEW Add to bookshelf Get the latest updates about Ahmadou Kourouma And go from well-read to best read with book recs, deals and more in your inbox every week. Dismiss Thanks! Something awesome is on its way. Back to Top I was on a bus in Mali, somewhere in the desert between Bamako and Ségou, when we suddenly lurched to a stop. The sun was just starting to set, and the man sitting next to me said solemnly, "It's time for prayers." As we all shuffled off the bus, he threw his arm around the shoulders of the man sitting across the aisle and said, "Come on friend, let's go pray." As most of the other riders laid out their prayer mats facing east, however, the man and a group of his friends leaned against the bus and lit up a long line of cigarettes. They were Muslim, surely, but at that moment a Dunhill held more appeal than prostrations and murmured Arabic. In the middle of the desert, baser appetites superceded religious beliefs. Ivorian writer Ahmadou Kourouma's Allah is Not Obliged abounds with characters who strictly define and divide themselves as Muslim, Christian, or animist. But because Kourouma sets his story in the middle of the civil wars that burnt through Liberia and Sierra Leone in the nineties, the characters' similarities are more apparent than their differences—everyone is equally corrupt, violent, and power-hungry. The novel, originally published in France in 2000, was Kourouma's last before his death in 2003. While his earlier work, including the novels The Suns of Independence and Waiting for the Wild Beasts to Vote, also covered criminality in postcolonial West African life, with Allah Is Not Obliged Kourouma takes aim at a more recent and jarring phenomenon in the region: the widespread use of child soldiers, whom he calls "the most famous celebrities of the late twentieth century." The reader accompanies the narrator, a foul-mouthed ten-year-old orphan named Birahima, as he bounces from conflict to conflict over the course of several months in 1993. Traveling from his home village in Cote d'Ivoire, he goes in search of his aunt's house in Liberia, hoping she will adopt him. But once across the border, he quickly finds himself caught up in the tribal war raging there. Birhahima is given an AK-47, a supply of dope, and orders to kill. From the moment Birahima picks up his gun, the story becomes a picaresque; he remakes himself as a sort of child-soldier Mother Courage in order to stay alive. But whereas Brecht's doggedly amoral Courage in order to stay alive. But whereas Brecht's doggedly amoral Courage in order to stay alive. But whereas Brecht's doggedly amoral Courage in order to stay alive. But whereas Brecht's doggedly amoral Courage in order to stay alive. But whereas Brecht's doggedly amoral Courage in order to stay alive. But whereas Brecht's doggedly amoral Courage in order to stay alive. Kourouma highlights the futility of trying to escape this bleak cycle by peppering the novel with a whole slew of refrains, from Birahima's frequent curse words (many of them—faforo!—in Kourouma's native language of Malinké) to the repetition of the title, which is often given in full: "Allah is not obliged to be fair about all the things he does here on earth." History repeats itself and, as always, this is not a good thing. Kourouma doesn't shy away from putting Birahima right in the thick of things, letting him interact with the real players in the civil wars—no thinly fictionalized names here. At times the narrative voice seems to suffer in the service of providing a detailed recounting of the more shameful moments in recent West African political history. The same child who says "In bed, when I did pooh-pooh or pee-pee," also occasionally talks about the vagaries of Liberian election results or takes on an anthropologist's tone when discussing tribal politics. For the most part, though, Birahima's profane voice is one of the novel's great pleasures. Frank Wynne does a commendable job of translating the narrator's one-of-a-kind mixture of "colonial, racist, colonising French and big Black Nigger African Native words, and bastard nigger pidgin words." As lively a character as this "fearless, blameless street

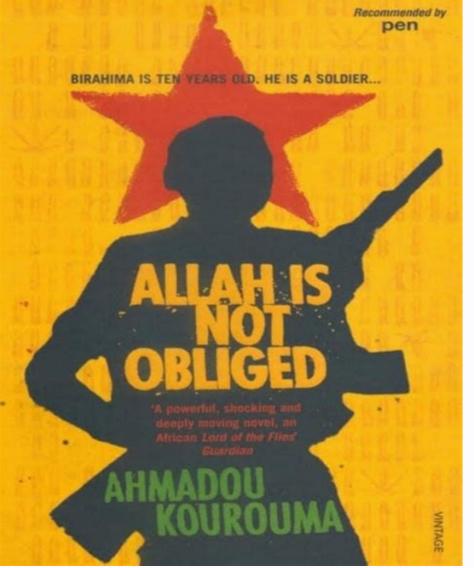


kid" is, the author has greater ambitions.

Birahima's plight serves to expose the absurdities of tribal warfare—and the even greater absurdities of religion in the region. Most of the warlords that Birahima fights under profess to be men of great faith, but religion repeatedly proves to be a mere imprimatur upon whatever murderous actions a given tribe wishes to commit. As a commander of a troop of child soldiers just in the memorably, "God says thou shalt not kill too much, or at least thou shalt kill loss." Kourouma calcarly takes a dim view of human nature—not just in West Africa, but everywhere. In Birahima's words, the warlords "divide up everything and the whole world lets them kill innocent men and children and women." But Birahima has little sympathy for the purported solution to the attorities, sending in peacekeepers from Nigeria. "Human nature religion in the region. Most of the whole world lets them kill innocent men and children and women." But Birahima the activation in the provides action, in the provides of the man and calculater sensities, sending in peacekeepers from Nigeria. "Human naturation resists such an easy conclusion. For Birahima the activation of Heart of Darkness. While the reader may be able to derive some moral, some moral, some easy conclusion. For Birahima the activation of the reader may be able to derive some moral, some moral provides the new subjects of the man easy conclusion. For Birahima the activation of the reader may be able to derive some moral, some moral provides the country where the new subjects of the transfer of the man easy conclusion. For Birahima the activation of the reader may be able to derive some moral, some function of the reader may be able to derive some moral, some moral provides the solution of the reader may be able to derive some moral, some function of the reader may be able to derive some moral, some moral some function of the solution of the sol



Kourouma doesn't shy away from putting Birahima right in the thick of things, letting him interact with the real players in the civil wars—no thinly fictionalized names here.



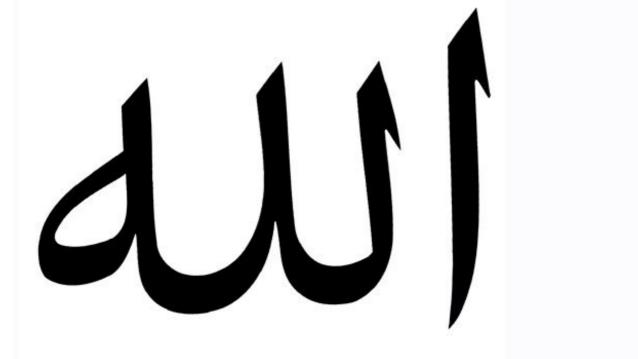
At times the narrative voice seems to suffer in the service of providing a detailed recounting of the more shameful moments in recent West African political history. The same child who says "In bed, when I did pooh-pooh or pee-pee," also occasionally talks about the vagaries of Liberian election results or takes on an anthropologist's tone when discussing tribal politics. For the most part, though, Birahima's profane voice is one of the novel's great pleasures. Frank Wynne does a commendable job of translating the narrator's one-of-a-kind mixture of "colonial, racist, colonising French and big Black Nigger African Native words, and bastard nigger pidgin words." As lively a character as this "fearless, blameless street kid" is, the author has greater ambitions. Birahima's plight serves to expose the absurdities of tribal warfare—and the even greater absurdities of religion in the region. Most of the warlords that Birahima fights under profess to be men of great faith, but religion repeatedly proves to be a mere imprimatur upon whatever murderous actions a given tribe wishes to commit. As a commander of a troop of child soldiers in Liberia puts it memorably, "God says thou shalt not kill too much, or at least thou shalt kill less." Kourouma clearly takes a dim view of human nature—not just in West Africa, but everywhere. In Birahima's words, the warlords "divide up everything and the whole world lets them, everyone in the whole world lets them kill innocent men and children and women." But Birahima has little sympathy for the purported solution to the atrocities, sending in peacekeepers from Nigeria: "Humanitarian peacekeeping' is when one country is allowed to send soliders into another country to kill innocent victims."

In one scene, the Nigerian navy simply lobs shell after shell into Freetown, Sierra Leone, "shelling the whole fucking mess," in a late-twentieth-century update of Heart of Darkness. While the reader may be able to derive some moral, some fucked-up barbaric country where everyone is cutting the

everyone's throat, what do you do? You become a child-solider of course." Let's go pray.

Christopher Cox is associate editor of The Paris Review. Words Without Borders is the premier destination for a global literary conversation. Founded in 2003, WWB seeks to expand cultural understanding by giving readers unparalleled access to contemporary world literature in English translation while providing a vital platform for today's international writers.

© 2003-2022 Words Without Borders. All rights reserved. Words Without Borders is the premier destination for a global literary conversation. Founded in 2003, WWB seeks to expand cultural understanding by giving readers unparalleled access to contemporary world literature in English translation while providing a vital platform for today's international writers. © 2003-2022 Words Without Borders. All rights reserved. Dear Patron: Please don't scroll past this. The Internet Archive is a nonprofit fighting for universal access to quality information, powered by online donations averaging \$17.



Join the one in a thousand users that support us financially—if our library is useful to you, please pitch in.