



**NOT WITHOUT MY DAUGHTER**

**A NEW FATHER'S VERSION**

**ANNO 2012**

**VINCIT OMNIA VERITAS**

**Not Without My Daughter**

**A New Father's Version**

**Anno 2012**

**Autobiography, Romantic Drama or Thriller?**

**At least it is a true story**

**by**

**Ton Hofstede**

**PUBLISHER**

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Disclaimer: This book is an expression of the thoughts and (free) opinion of the author, as stated while being a victim and under enormous psychological pressure. It describes his experiences on a certain moment in a specific phase of his life in which was under the strong impact of moral and emotional influences. Any statements that have been made by him during this phase therewith does not necessarily reflect his current view and conception.

for

**Rojin**

**RERUM PRIMORDIA**



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## Preface

This book and the title lying in front of you might be familiar. At least you might think so. And you are absolutely right. This book is very similar to an autobiographical book that was written over twenty years ago. It both tells the story of a medical doctor who is fired and which incident starts calling the misery upon their families and their only daughter. In both stories the families go to the homeland of the dismissed doctor, after which the relational problems start to arise in that country. But as this book in front of you is not a work of fiction but a genuine biography, (as they use to say in the disclaimer of the movies) *“any resemblance to existing persons or events is purely intentional”* and precisely because of this is any similarity to the previously released book *purely coincidental*. In other words, this book is, although it might seem to be new copy of the earlier released book, absolutely no plagiarism. Nor pretends it to be a “sequel part II” or “the return of” as Hollywood uses to milk its cash-cows. The story in this book did indeed not sprung from the imagination of the author, but it is also a true biography, based on real and verifiable facts that actually happened. With real people of the Hofstede-Yilmaz family. Completely independent of what happened to the family Mahmoody decades earlier. And yet so familiar.

The similarities between the USA-Iran version from 1984 and this 25 years later EU-Turkey version are very striking. And precisely because of this remarkable resemblance, the author would first like to point out the 1984 version to you, before you start reading his book. Below is a summary of the book by Betty Mahmoody, as it appears on Wikipedia. Then you are invited to read this new story anno 2012. Again you will be baffled and even more shocked! How could this

happen? It looks like a Kafkaesque nightmare. How is it possible that such events nowadays still can take place?

The author/protagonist in this book anno 2012 knew the story of 1984. Together with his wife he had seen the movie from 1991 with Sally Field and they even made fun of it.

- “*From now on you most certainly do not dare to come with me to Turkey, eh?*” his Turkish wife asked him teasing at that moment.

And the highly educated, adequately warned, but somewhat naïve, his wife completely trusting, Dutch husband replied:

- “*Honey, something like that will never actually happen to us!*”

He couldn’t have been more wrong!

And it could even become worse ...

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Not Without My Daughter (Turkish translation: *Kızım Olmadan Asla*) is an autobiography of the American author Betty Mahmoody. In her book she describes how she was held against her will in Iran in 1984 by her husband, the physician Sayyed Bozorg (Moody) Mahmoody, together with her daughter Mahtob. This book was filmed in 1991 under the same title. In 2002 the documentary *Lost Without My Daughter* was made, describing that history from the perspective of Moody.

Betty Mahmoody is persuaded by her husband Moody to visit his family in Tehran together with their daughter. Betty did have doubts regarding a trip to the Middle East, but Moody swears on the Quran that they will return to America after two weeks without any problems. The family travels to Tehran, where Betty immediately was obliged to wear a chador.

Once arrived in Iran Moody tells her that he was discharged from the hospital, where by the way he constantly was discriminated by his colleagues. Moody is a follower of Ayatollah Khomeini and wants to remain in revolutionary Iran. He confiscates all passports and credit cards and orders Betty that she just better had to adjust. Mahtob had better to become a Muslim and thus is the end of discussion. Betty realizes that there is no way out, for if she would divorce from Moody, he will get full custody of Mahtob.

For the time being, the family can stay at Moody's sister Ameh Bozorg, a woman to whom Betty has a mutual dislike. Ameh Bozorg and the rest of the family treat Betty with contempt and Ameh herself has the unsavory habit of blowing her nose in Betty's chador while washing. Moreover, the household is unhygienic, but her complaints to Moody causes irritation. Moody's fanaticism, which occasionally surfaced in the U.S.A. in discussions with his friends, started now completely to blossom. Moody also beats his wife now.

Betty, who even wasn't allowed to make phone-calls, desperately tries to find a way out. Eventually she escapes with her daughter to the Swiss Embassy, which has an American section (as the U.S.A. has no longer an embassy since the hostage taking in 1979). There however Betty is informed that they can't help her. Under Iranian law, the wife of an Iranian man is also an Iranian. And an Iranian woman can only leave the country with written permission from her husband. Back home awaits a furious Moody, who threatens to murder her if she stays away for so long ever again.

Betty decides to soothe Moody's distrust by starting to behave in a more positive way. She takes Quran classes where she meets an American woman converted to Muslim, and she even started to have

sex again with Moody. In his turn he gives Betty some more space and finally allows her to start living with another family member. Meanwhile, Moody seeks work but can't get a job at his level. Moreover he complains about the lack of hygiene in the Tehran hospital. This frustration expresses itself in fanaticism in such a way that ultimately Moody's family also considers it to become out of proportion. Due to the relative freedom, Betty is able to contact some retailer who forms a link in an underground organization that smuggles people out of Iran.

Ironically the case is accelerated by the American IRS (tax services) that, due to the rising taxes and fines on the house of Betty and Moody, threatens to issue a foreclosure. Moody wants to sell the house as fast as possible and wants to send Betty for these arrangements to the U.S., though the official pretense is that Betty is allowed to leave to visit and part from her dying father. She has to sell the house and all other property, and transfer the yield after payment of taxes to Iran, and then has to come back. Obviously Mahtob remains in Iran, so Betty, if Betty would try to escape, would never see her daughter again. When Betty objects to the fact that Mahtob is not allowed to join her, Moody starts beating her again and threatens again to kill her. Therefore Betty decides that now the time has come to escape with Mahtob, and she runs away from her husband with Mahtob.

Via Tabriz and Iranian Kurdistan Betty and Mahtob pass with a Kurdish guide to Turkey. Via the U.S. Embassy in Ankara they return to the United States.

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# TURKEY

## 2011

30 June (15:00 h)



CONFIDENTIAL

**GPS: 39.xx – 32.xx (Yaşamkent- Ankara – TR)**

**DTG: 30.06.2011, 15.00 CHARLIE (12.00 ZULU)**

I was the first to get in. I wasn’t pushed, they just gave way. Clever of them. By staying a little behind they would have a better overview on the situation and simultaneously they had blocked the escape route. And it made me a little insecure, for I wasn’t able to observe what was happening behind me, as the wall in front of me didn’t reflect. Would they be professionals or were they just being polite? They didn’t put the handcuffs on to me. That was *their first mistake*. Well meant of course, for they also didn’t had a clue of what was going on. They very well realized that the story they had been told by my – from that moment on ex – wife and her lawyer didn’t add up in any way. They were also nervous about the possible international implications. The lack of means to communicate and our speech barrier had contributed to that. Neither of us knew what to expect of the other or how to deal with this situation. Great, that made the both of us insecure. And that would precisely work in my advantage, as I was trained to operate under uncertain and unknown circumstances and nevertheless to excel in optimum performance.

Then they also stepped between the sliding doors inside. And next they made *their second mistake*. Automatically they turned around, facing towards the exit, and thus with their backs towards me. Was this because they were insecure and didn’t want to look me straight in the eye, standing that close in such a narrow space? I still could remember the first time this did happen to me. It was at the SROKI, the School Reserve Officers and Management Infantry, at Ermelo. I was nineteen years old, just started my compulsory military service, and wanted to join the Special Forces. I already filed my VRA (Request-Report-Application) in two-fold almost immediately at



arrival. If you indeed have to interrupt your study or career, because I was not “indispensable as an intern at a socialistic political party”, like some draft dodgers, who –how on earth is it possible- later on even became minister of defense, considered themselves with their narcissistic megalomania and anti-social egoism, then it was better to make the best out of it and welcome it as an opportunity to develop yourself even more. As the in the last century world famous soccer player *Johan Cruiff* with very wise words for a boy of the Amsterdam district *Jordaan* uses to say: “*Every disadvantage has its advantages*”. That is a truism like in the Dutch proverb: An evident truth as a cow (and regarding that our Dutch cows do have an outstanding reputation of export-quality), just like the fixed and established third law of Newton “*action = – reaction*”. Inevitable. Kismet.

My commander of company A was a former commando himself and, after hearing the stories over me by my platoons lieutenant, he first wanted to see by himself what kind of person I was, before referring and sending me to the KCT, the Corps Commando Troops at Roosendaal. He was a little taller than I was with my 1.85 meter and was literally standing with his nose against my nose, in a way it can also be seen at those recruitment posters of the US-marines.

- “Well, so you think you’re good enough to join the Corps, right?”

By nature I cherish my personal space, and when in line waiting for the cashier I will always keep an appropriate distance from the people before me in line. But I didn’t give a blink, did not give way back for even a single millimeter, but instead looked him straight in the eye with my piercing Aryan blue eyes and yelled back:

- “Yes, major, sir!”, without even lifting my nose for just one second of his nose.

By the way, that was the last time ever I stood that close to a stranger (man), although I am always prepared to make an exception for beautiful woman. For instance, when standing at the airport before boarding, waiting in a group of people, I will always and continuously wiggle my backpack slightly from left to right, rotating over my spine. I do that in order to prevent that people in line behind me (and thus out of my field of vision) are able to unnoticeable touch my backpack. For trying to open up a zipper from a moving object is not easy to do. I would most certainly feel that. And by all that swinging, the people behind me might get my backpack in their face, by which I made certain I had not only in the line before me (my own choice), but also behind me (by choice of the others forced upon them by me), that my personal space was guaranteed according an appropriate distance.

But whatever reason they may have had to turn themselves around, fact was that the both of them were standing with their back towards me. And that was a rooky mistake, although to me they seemed sufficiently experienced and this was probably not their first arrest. My first it was, so who of us was the rooky? The sliding doors slowly shut, the trap inevitably closing. Teasingly slow crawled the doors towards each other, as if there once again had been a power failure and only the basic operating functions on the back-up battery were still active until the generator would fire up and all electronics would be reset. Or was this the adrenaline rush by which, like the comic book character *The Flash* could notice everything with the speed of light, and as often is said that you might see your whole life passing in front of you in the few seconds before your death? Probably the latter. Ever since the buildings from our newly created complex were connected, the power seldom went down. The elevators were running on full power. And so was I.

The sign above the control panel showed [11]. The number of the floor of our apartment in block 6. We had been given the right elevator which was slightly smaller than the one in the left shaft. The police officer at the left-side in front of the doors pushed on the button [0] on the control panel. That was *their third mistake*. The main entrance of the elevator was at floor [-1]. That had been a trick of the contractor. From the municipal building control supervision they had been allowed to build a maximum of fourteen floors. But by starting the counting at minus one they had been able to realize in fact fifteen layers without breaking the regulations. That was a lovely seven percent extra turn-over at the same square meters of the lot.

Yes, entrepreneurial qualities in Turkey still offers opportunities in Turkey, and that is the reason why Turkey is having a growth of 7% while the rest of the western world currently is experiencing a deep economic crisis. Flexibility and pragmatic handling things is here still possible, while the stagnating bureaucracy and need to control of western governments had suffocated their countries and economically locked them down completely. This has also been one of our decision points we had evaluated in our motivation at the end of 2009 for migrating from the Netherlands to Turkey. In the SWOT analysis (Strength – Weaknesses – Opportunities - Threats) the opportunities clearly did won it from the threats. At least that was what I was thinking back then. And to be honest, also nowadays opportunities are still available in Turkey. Even to me.

The score was 3 – 0. I never had a crush for team sports. But up until now this was a home match. Three mistakes of the officers against none of me gave me a head start in my advantage. Whether in this case you had to score that as 3 – 0 or actually as minus-3 – 0, I didn't care. Temporarily I did have a lead and I wanted to keep it that way.

The elevator had put itself in motion and the number above the control panel changed from [11] to [10]. Darn, 8% of my time wasted with collecting my thoughts, without any fruitful result. Not effective. Think. Fall back on your training. When in imminent threat of captivity your best chances lay, like with a heart attack, in the very first minutes. There is still chaos. The system hasn't been activated yet. The procedures are still not operational. First a strategy needs to be picked. Chosen which regulations do apply. Who has jurisdiction and is the decisive authority. Which orders must be received or will be given. This moment of chaos is your best chance. Because you have been trained you can use this uncertainty to your advantage and haphazardly fall back on your trained and acquired routines. You do not have to wait first in order to see what possibly might be going to happen. You just act, completely independent, according the current circumstances, without the need for instructions from the levels in command above. *Nunc aut nunquam*, now or never, the motto of the commandos. You are the expert regarding operations behind enemy line. Invisible exfiltration is your strength. Use it. Think.

A standard part of the ECO (Elementary Commando Education) is the training at the Military Intelligence Services, the MID. After first having been a week on survival training, in my case in the Biesbosch – a huge wetland without inhabitants, isolated at an island attempting to survive of what nature has to offer you – and afterwards enduring an exhaustive march, in order to subsequently, with complete nocturnal disorientation because the hunger, exhaustion and fatigue has taken its toll, to walk into an ambush. The limited briefing at the beginning of the training I had not forgotten: You will be captured, exposed to interrogation techniques by the MID while being held at a kind of camp, like we nowadays know of Guantánamo Bay. Feet and hands tied up. A bag over your head. Wretched noise out of the

speakers. Sleeping will be impossible nor will it be allowed. As soon as they notice you tend to dose off the guards will come over and force you to make curtseys or other nasty exercises. As long as you will feel uncomfortable and will not fall asleep. Sleep, hunger, thirst, fatigue, pain (even if it is only from the uncomfortable positions you are forced into). That will be waiting ahead of you now as well. And perhaps even worse ...

In 1978 I had seen the movie *Midnight Express*. It pictured the actual happened, but dramatized, story of the American Billy Hayes who in the period 1970 and 1975 had stayed in a Turkish prison for he had tried to smuggle drugs out of Turkey. In those years before at a high school I had once experimented with the smoking of hashish. The seventies just were such kind of an era. And even the American president *Barack Obama*, who is three years younger than I am, has experienced that period in a conscious way. That movie over the life in a Turkish prison did have quite some impact on me at that time. In fact that was the reason why I still watched my luggage very carefully when crossing a border and was always wiggling with my backpack. And not in vain the movie had won two Oscars and had put the diplomatic relationship at risk. But truly happened or exaggerated, that was something you did not want to experience. That lesson I had learned back then, and 30 years later I still had not forgotten it.

The [10] above the control panel jumped to [9]. Think! The situation that had come over me seemed unreal. It appeared as if I was watching myself from the outside. This was not some lucid dream or a schizoid dissociation. Neither vague “astral excorporation”, but simply self protection in a clear and present state of emergency. I was all by myself, and the only one who was able and should protect me was I. My brothers keeper, that was I.

“Sergeant Hofstede! Help him!” He doesn’t have anyone else. How would you advise him? In what way did you resolve it back then in 1979? At that time you were the only one of your platoon that managed to escape from the ambush by the MID. You were walking at the back of the group, as the officers always used to, and thus had just a couple of seconds time at the moment the assault raid started. That was just enough. That little amount of time you will have now as well. What was it you had been learned, no, rather drummed inside your head in order to never ever to forget? Try to escape in the *most possible early stage*. Do not give them any time to notice your presence or allow them to register you. Prevent from entering the circuit. Stay ahead of them. Once inside they will have got you, and your chance of being able to escape will be heavily reduced. Do not let it get that far. You succeeded back then as well. So now you will be able to repeat that success. You’ll manage.

Back then you also had the advantage of a home game. That ambush was in the forests of *Vught*. You did grow up there and knew the environment like the inside of your pocket. As a child you did a lot of swimming in the *Iron Man* lake, when you stayed for summer in the by your neighbors rented farm at *Cromvoirt*. As an adolescent you had been riding your motorbike a lot through those forests. You were the one playing keyboard every weekend with those Mollucan friends from your music band. For those band repetitions you did come over every weekend to the *Lunetten*-camp, a former concentration camp from the Second World War, where your Ambonesian friends and their families in 1948 were “temporarily” accommodated and thirty years later still stayed over “temporarily”. No wonder that in 1977 they were in search for more drastic methods in order to ask political attention for their situation. Desperate attempts like at *Wijster* and *de Punt* were, having

nowadays knowledge regarding (like in my very own situation, caused by the incompetence and neglect of the Dutch government) circumstances quite understandable. But also back then the Dutch government didn't lift a single finger to assist their citizens in a desperate need for help.

The conclusion that *Sylvester Stallone* would draw later in 1982 being *Rambo* in his action movie *First Blood* was correct: this was your territory. Here, you were the one determining the rules. As the only one you managed back then to escape the MID and used that moment with the banknote of five guilders, which you had been hiding in your socks, to purchase some French fries at the local KMT, the Catholic Military Home. They were amazed when you, completely disorderly and run wild, not shaven for a week, your camouflage make-up still on your face and mud spread out all over your tunic, among those half-pussies-*blenco*-berets, was standing in front of the take-away counter. But you didn't give a damn about what they might think. As long as you could be fast enough to be on the road, before anyone might start asking questions and might give away your location. No, also back then they didn't know how to handle the situation. But it provided you with the opportunity to stuff some food inside, just enough calories to digest in order to be better capable of withstanding the forthcoming interrogations, where you, in favor of your training intended to voluntary return to.

You will manage this time as well. The police have no clue about where they are. But you on the other hand know all the stairs. You know in which direction the doors open. You know every underground exit of the parking garage. You also know the surrounding outside of your complex, because you have walked around here a lot, roller-skated, and rode a bicycle. Together with

your daughter, on your way to the play grounds, exploring “secret corridors” what your daughter considered to be fantastic exciting. Or just when you was at your own when going out for shopping or to your work. That way of collecting *intel* didn't you do just in vain. So use it. That advantage is equal to your situation thirty-two years earlier, back then in 1979. You can make it. Go for it ...

The [9] changed to [8]. I was yelled awake by myself. “*Sergeant Hofstede! SitRep!*” (Situation Report).

- *Who?* You against just two police officers. As far as you know you do not expect any supporting troops outside of the building. There will be no police helicopters available. Perhaps from the army, but before they have been activated there will have passed a lot of time. And their infra-red, if that will be standard equipment in their machines anyway, will not be of much use. Outside it is 35 degrees and the difference with a human body of 37 degrees will not be noticeable. With your training you can out-run these people.

- *What?* Imminent captivity. They still do not have you, although they might think they do. You will use the first minutes of this phase to your advantage. You will disable these two men and be long gone, before they realize what had happened to them.

- *When?* Use their third mistake. They pushed on the [0] button. That level is an apartment layer. Not the vestibule with the main exit. When the doors will be opening they will be surprised. They will stare into a blind wall. They will not understand. They won't know what to do. They will not pay attention to you. That might be your, possibly only, moment to grab.

- *Where?* Via the underground parking garage and the system of corridors in the complex. You do have a key of the heavy, reinforced access door to the garage. You will be able to pass. They won't. That will slow them down. On the 0<sup>th</sup> floor you will take the flight of stairs



at your left downwards. This way will be shorter than the one at the right side. Moreover these doors will be open, against fire-regulations, in order to ventilate the building in this summer heat of 35 degrees. You will hold the right key in your right hand in position, jump over the armrest in a turn to the right, slam the double fire doors behind you closed, and make sure to pull the heavy garage door, after having this opened with your key and passing the exit, back into its locking position. Subsequently you will take, via the flight of stairs next to the generator of block 10, the south-entrance which is not guarded and just stands opened for all construction workers who are driving on and off the premises with their machines and equipment. The police will start to look for you at the main-entrance at the North-East side. That will cost them valuable time. You will go South-West. Into the city center, instead of out.

- *How?* Do you have to disable the police officers first? With Tae-Kwon-Do you will not be able to make it. You might indeed have a black belt, in the mean time you did grow older quite a couple of years. Moreover you will need at least one-and-a-half leg-length for just one person. For two guys twice that space. That much room is not available in this elevator. So what's next? Take the most nearby one in a strangulation grip? And then what will you do with the other one? You will have to keep them both under control. Use their second mistake: they are standing with their backs facing to you. Apparently they are both right handed. Their holster is on their right side and not locked in its holster. You can just take their weapon. You did never understand that anyway, for often in the crowded busses, that's why they are called *dolmuş* – from the Turkish word full-, police officers have been standing in front of you, who you obviously, without any problem, could have easily overpowered. Apparently they were not prepared for acts of terrorism. They are still thriving on the fear of the military ruling of before 1980. Civilians are afraid of

the military. They will not expect any action from you being just a citizen. What kind of weapons do they carry? Not the Browning 1911 or Mark III, the Glock, the American Colt, or the German Walther PPK or P5 which you do know. It does have a clip holder, alright. But would it also be filled and maintained? Can you rely on the operation of the spring? Is the safety latch standard upper left or is it ambidexter? Tumble or shift? Are you prepared in anyway to use the gun? For if not, just threatening would have no effective use. And if you are, what will be the consequences in such a small space? Is there any danger for a ricochet?

In the mean time the elevator did pass the fifth floor. You are well passed the half of the ride. Your time is running out sergeant Hofstede. What is your conclusion? What strategy will you follow and what tactics are you going to use? Remember, it is not a time of war. Turkey and these officers are *not* your enemy. And if things go bad you will not be supported by your own government or back-up troops. If you choose the way of fleeing than there will be no more way back. Both in a figurative way of speech and literally. You will be out there all on your own. Not that this would be a bad thing. You have been trained in independent operations behind enemy lines. But you should realize: No way back will mean that you have to leave everything behind. You will not be able to take anything with you, and most probably, after such a stunt not be in a position to pick it up later, neither by yourself or by others. Losing all your money and stuff is just one thing. But what will it mean for your daughter? That part is not negotiable and even completely beyond any discussion. Your daughter comes first. You have promised her that you would always protect her. You can't leave her behind with these deranged paranoid-psychopathic family in law of yours. Fleeing is not an option, you will have to fight! And therewith the cortisol hormone induced fight-flight response was chosen...

The [3] on the control panel of the elevator changed into [2]. New plan. Plan B. Now fleeing yourself, and therewith abandoning your child and leaving her behind, is not an option you will have to switch fast to another strategy. You still can escape and use the period of confusion to get your child from school and take her with you. But was she indeed at school? You didn't have any contact with her for the last five weeks. Did the school's summer holiday already start? In case her mother, your apparently ex-wife, at this time –in with she normally should get our child of school– was right here, then your daughter could not be at school, isn't it? So, where was she? Did you have sufficient *intel* to be able to evaluate the situation? No, did not. Could you acquire this information rapidly? No, not on a short notice. And after that, all access roads towards her would be guarded, that's for sure. Not that it would be that bad, but it would make things more complicated. Suppose that you would manage to take her in time. Then what would you do? Going out of the country would not be a problem, even not with the two of you. You were the expert. You do own a PPL, a *private pilot license*. So flying was a possibility. Indeed you do not have a boatmasters' certificate, but being Fryisian and being the child of parents who do love watersports, you would probably be better capable of handling a boat than any licensed person at all. Driving a car would most certainly not be a problem with your experience of hundreds of thousand kilometers behind the wheel. And also a combination, including public transportation and walking, probably under these circumstances the best and most safe method, would be easy to manage. You did read in the newspapers about the construction of fortifications at the border with Greece. The European Union had asked for that, but to Turkey it was not a matter of high priority, as they wanted to join the EU themselves, and therefore rather saw all borders disappear.



The water borders would be a piece of cake. Out of *Bodrum* you would be within the hour at the Greek Island *Kos*. You had taken that route once before. But it also would be too obvious. If they would start looking for you, and of course they would, then the best option would probably be North via the Black Sea, or East via Iraq and best of all the least of all directions they would expect. It would also be a good stunt, because by now than they would realize that in the beginning of this event you did went South-West, out of your complex, and their search in North-Eastern direction would have turned out to be disappointing.

The [2] changed into [1]. Only one more floor to go before the doors would open. You have to decide right now. This is your final chance. Let’s suppose you go for plan B. Then what will be the consequences? Just the escape you would definitely manage to achieve. But then? Relying on your own government will not be feasible. The Americans, like in Mahmoody case, do not extradite their citizens. Actually they do not comply with any international agreement at all. They do not even recognize the ICC, the International Criminal Court in The Hague. And also countries like

China, Russia, Turkey and even Germany do not hand over their citizens to other countries. But you most certainly can not trust the Dutch government. They will be the first to capitulate and hand over their citizens if that will put the politicians in a better position to acquire some nice international fun-job. After all they are not in it for the people, the people only exist for their own careers. In that perspective not that much has changed ever since the feudal system, and life has only become even more unaffordable. Instead of just handing over your tenth coin to one King, nowadays you had to hand over nine out of ten coins, and was only allowed to keep that single one for yourself. Now all of those little power authorities, safely tugged in their status of “civil servant” not risking their safe potentate positions, had to be fed. So from that side you shouldn't be expecting too much. As soon as you will return to Holland and enroll your daughter at a school, the police or Interpol will appear on your doorstep in order to take her away from you and to send her back to Turkey. In that case you will not win anything, on the contrary. Out of the frying pan, into the fire. After that you will never ever get access to her again.

So what else? Plan C? For ever on the run? Going to a non-extraditing country in South America or Asia, or something like that? Is that the future you want to offer to your little girl? Not a good choice. Irresponsible. You can't expose her to that. Remember, you have to protect her on the long run. If that means that you will have to make some sacrifices at the short term, so be it. Amen.

The [1] changed into [0]. Zero hours. The moment of truth. Think only of the best interest of your daughter. You can't apply your own or even military rules upon this situation. That will not lead into an acceptable future. The alternative? You are a legal counselor,

studied on one of the best law faculties of Holland at Tilburg University. Believe in the system of justice, even though you do not trust it. As the Latin proverb says *Vincit Omnia Veritas*, the truth will conquer all. A lie has no legs. Or as the saying in Dutch goes: *Although the lie may be very fast, truth will always catch-up and passes it*. So decide now. Remember what the conservative Dutch politician Bolkenstein once said: *“Beat them at their own territory, and the victory will be irreversible”*.

*Stultum est timere, quod vitare non potest*. It is foolish to be afraid of something that can’t be avoided. A serene tranquility came descending over me while the elevator doors slid open. Not again delayed, but with a normal speed. Great isn’t it, how every time over again I am capable to perform outstanding under stress and will find the most optimum solution just in time?

I had made my choice. The interest of my daughter precedes over anything. *Alea iacta est*, the dices have been thrown, or as they say with the roulette-game: *Rien ne vas plus*, furthermore nothing will go. This is it. *Inşallah. Deo volente*. As God desires. The narrowing of consciousness, or was it actually a broadening, had disappeared. And kindly I spoke in Turkish to the police officers, telling them to push at the minus one button, for there would be the exit. In return they kindly thanked me for my help, unaware of the fate that really had been hanging over their heads for a moment like a sword of Damocles...

On June 30th 2011 a Dutch medical doctor and former special forces commando was arrested by the Turkish police.

Everything was taken away from him. His daughter, his money, his home, his clothing, his possessions and documents.

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As a vagabond he was thrown out on the streets. With nothing else left but his self esteem, his huge will power and perseverance, the clothing on his body and his passport in his hands, the man starts, completely abandoned by his own government, a fight against the corruption within the legal systems and the governments of both Turkey and Holland.

The man wants to protect his six years old daughter, whatever it takes (even though he doesn't have a single dime anymore), against those psychopaths who have kidnapped and holding her hostage ever since.

The beginning of a horryfying **TRUE STORY** against bureaucracy, the indifference and neglect of the public authority and their outdated legislation, and against the influence of one of the kidnapers, a retired judge from the Turkish Supreme Court, who exerts all his power and contacts to have the man being killed in jail or having him deported as a persona non grata.

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The day- and nightmare of a father who wasn't allowed to see his daughter anymore.

“Honour” revenge of a Kurdisch family  
or just an ordinary criminal theft?

ID: 12345

