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## CNN LIVE EVENT/SPECIAL

### Terror in Mumbai

Aired November 24, 2013 - 21:00 ET

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FAREED ZAKARIA, CNN HOST: On November 26, 2008, the world watched in horror as the most significant terrorist attack since 9/11 flickered across television screens. My first reaction as I watched was to call my mother. You see, I grew up in Mumbai. My mother still lives there, and she has an office at the Taj Mahal Hotel. The site of some of the most gruesome killings that evening. Luckily she was out of town for the entire 60-hour ordeal.

My sister lives across the street from the other town that was taken over, The Trident. When Special Forces finally arrived, some stationed themselves in her apartment and fired at the gunmen from there. My nieces kept some of the shells as souvenirs.

The Mumbai attacks should worry us all. A handful of lightly armed men with little training were able to throw one of the world's great cities into total chaos, a small group with little connection to al Qaeda expanded its ambitions seeking greater international attention through greater acts of cruelty.

What you're about to watch is unique. All terrorist attacks so far have been reconstructed or recounted from the point of view of the survivors, witnesses and first responders. This time you are with the terrorists. You will hear the voices of the young men on the ground in Mumbai. You will hear their masters in Pakistan. And you will also see the victims -- men, women and children, and hear from those who

survived. It is the first 360-degree view of terrorism.

(BEGIN VIDEOTAPE)

ZAKARIA (voice-over): November 26, 2008, an organization determined to surpass al Qaeda as the world's most feared terrorist group sent ten gunmen to Mumbai, India's biggest city. Their mission was to kill and keep on killing. To stage a spectacle so terrifying that the world could no longer ignore Lashkar-e-Toiba, the Army of the Righteous.

(BEGIN AUDIO CLIP, TRANSLATION CAPTIONED ONSCREEN)

UNIDENTIFIED CONTROLLER: You're very close to heaven. For your mission to end successfully you must be killed. God willing.

(END AUDIO CLIP)

ZAKARIA: Indian Intelligence intercepted the terrorists' cell phone conversations with their commanders in Pakistan.

(BEGIN AUDIO CLIP, TRANSLATION CAPTIONED ONSCREEN)

UNIDENTIFIED CONTROLLER: Yes, do it. Sit them up and shoot them in the back of the head. Do it. I'm listening. Do it.

(END AUDIO CLIP)

(BEGIN VIDEO CLIP, TRANSLATION CAPTIONED ONSCREEN)

UNIDENTIFIED MALE (through translator): They were not shouting, not excited. They were doing their job as a matter of fact.

ZAKARIA: One gunman was captured alive.

(BEGIN AUDIO CLIP, TRANSLATION CAPTIONED ONSCREEN)

UNIDENTIFIED MALE: How many people did you kill?

AJMAL AMIR KASAB, CAPTURED TERRORIST: Don't know. Kept firing and firing.

UNIDENTIFIED MALE: Who were you supposed to kill?

KASAB: Just people.

(END VIDEO CLIP)

ZAKARIA: For The Army of the Righteous, it was a test run for future operations, not just in India, but perhaps elsewhere.

(BEGIN AUDIO CLIP, TRANSLATION CAPTIONED ONSCREEN)

UNIDENTIFIED CONTROLLER: Tell them this is just a taste. Let the government wait and see what we do next.

(END AUDIO CLIP)

ZAKARIA: Their method of attack could easily be adapted to any American city. No hijacked airliners or sophisticated weaponry, just ten young men with mobile phones and assault rifles programmed to kill and die on command.

UNIDENTIFIED BOY (through translator): I don't understand what these people are doing. What do they gain from all this killing?

ZAKARIA: This is the inside story of the attack on Mumbai told by its victims and by the terrorists themselves in hours of intercepted phone calls.

(BEGIN AUDIO CLIP, TRANSLATION CAPTIONED ONSCREEN)

UNIDENTIFIED CONTROLLER: The enemy must fear us. When this is over, there will be much more fear in the world.

(END AUDIO CLIP)

(BEGIN VIDEO CLIP, TRANSLATION CAPTIONED ONSCREEN) UNIDENTIFIED MALE: Where else have you done operation like this?

KASAB: Nowhere else. This is my first one. I haven't been anywhere else. You do it just once and you die.

UNIDENTIFIED MALE: You mean you have a shoot-out and you die?

KASAB: Yes.

(END VIDEO CLIP)

ZAKARIA: At dusk, ten gunmen arrive off Mumbai on a hijacked fishing trawler. The crew is killed, the captain left alive to navigate. Later that night, Indian Intelligence would monitor calls between the terrorists in Mumbai and a group of older men who were remote controlling the operation from across the border in Pakistan, India's long-time enemy.

(BEGIN AUDIO CLIP, TRANSLATION CAPTIONED ONSCREEN)

UNIDENTIFIED CONTROLLER: The captain of the boat -- did you kill him?

UNIDENTIFIED GUNMAN: Yes, we finished him off.

UNIDENTIFIED CONTROLLER: How?

UNIDENTIFIED GUNMAN: We slit his throat.

(END AUDIO CLIP)

ZAKARIA: Under cover of darkness, they landed in a fisherman's slum next to one of the wealthiest parts of Mumbai. Splitting up into teams of two they said their last goodbyes and hailed taxis to take them to their targets which were all close by.

(BEGIN AUDIO CLIP, TRANSLATION CAPTIONED ONSCREEN)

UNIDENTIFIED CONTROLLER: This is a struggle between Islam and the unbelievers. We're the people God had chosen to defend our religion against the unbelievers.

(END AUDIO CLIP)

ZAKARIA: The first pair of gunmen made for one of Mumbai's best known bars. They left behind a bomb in their taxi, set to explode in an hour's time.

UNIDENTIFIED MALE (through translator): They came from my taxi and they were talking on the phone for a long time.

UNIDENTIFIED MALE (through translator): Thinking they were foreigners, I asked, "Want a t-shirt?" They said, "No." Then they asked, "Is the Leopold Cafe famous?"

UNIDENTIFIED FEMALE (through translator): He was wearing a beige shirt, height 5'9," and blue cargo trousers with pockets. When he came in we noticed he was good-looking, very handsome.

UNIDENTIFIED MALE (through translator): They stood like this with their faces close together.

UNIDENTIFIED MALE (through translator): And hands on each other's shoulders.

UNIDENTIFIED MALE (through translator): They were very, very happy. Talking and smiling. Then after ten minutes, they took something from their bag and threw it.

ZAKARIA: A grenade ripped through the bar. The gunmen emptied their automatic weapons, then reloaded to finish off the people who couldn't run away.

UNIDENTIFIED FEMALE (through translator): So then there were only fumes sparks, the noise of gunfire, of people running, chairs being knocked over, screams.

UNIDENTIFIED FEMALE (through translator): And the shouting of those who where killing. Terrible sounds.

UNIDENTIFIED FEMALE (through translator): Everybody was screaming. They killed until no-one was left alive.

What happened to me, it's very -- one is here, here, here, and this portion.

ZAKARIA: Eleven people died at the Leopold Cafe and 28 were wounded. At the same time another pair of gunmen were approaching Mumbai's railway station. Chatrapati Shivaji Terminus better known as Victoria Terminus or VT. Again, one of them left a bomb in the taxi. He was Ajmal Amir Kasab, who later that night would be captured and interrogated.

(BEGIN VIDEO CLIP, TRANSLATION CAPTIONED ONSCREEN)

KASAB: They told us there was a job we must do.

UNIDENTIFIED MALE: What do you mean?

KASAB: There was a job we must do.

UNIDENTIFIED MALE: What job?

KASAB: The VT station job.

UNIDENTIFIED MALE: What job was that?

KASAB: I was supposed to kill people there.

UNIDENTIFIED MALE: What people?

KASAB: Whoever was there.

(END VIDEO CLIP) ZAKARIA: At the station, Kasab and his accomplices smile, mingle with those they had come to kill. They were ordinary people from every part of India, traveling to a wedding, a village, a temple. Workers laden with holiday gifts, Muslim families heading home for the festival of Eid.

At seven minutes to 10:00, Kasab and his men opened their backpacks and took out assault rifles.

UNIDENTIFIED MALE (through translator): My wife was the first one to be shot. I turned round and saw her get hit. She was shot and she fell down. When a bullet hit me, it knocked me over. Then I couldn't get back on my feet.

UNIDENTIFIED BOY (through translator): The floor was vibrating with the gunfire. My ears went deaf. Everybody feel down. Then dad got shot. He fell in front of me.

UNIDENTIFIED FEMALE (through translator): My grandson said, "Grandma, why did we take the train? We should have gone by bus. Look how much Grandpa is bleeding." And I peeked out, and saw that my husband's shirt was red with blood.

UNIDENTIFIED MALE (through translator): They showed no fear or horror. They were like children firing toy guns. They strolled very slowly killing whoever they chose.

UNIDENTIFIED BOY (through translator): I tried to get up. My uncle said, "Stay down." Then I shouted for my dad, and he shushed me. There was a devout man behind us, and he was calling upon a Muslim holy man to help him. When the terrorist heard, he killed him.

UNIDENTIFIED MALE (through translator): My children were crying on top of my wife's body. They were soaked in blood. I grabbed them with my good hand and dragged them behind a pillar. I pretended to be dead, gripping my kids between my legs.

UNIDENTIFIED FEMALE (through translator): Right next to us and all around, blood everywhere. One person had his nose blown off, another had his head split apart.

UNIDENTIFIED MALE (through translator): There was a baby. His mother was still alive next to him. The baby started crying so the mother picked it up and was shot dead.

(BEGIN VIDEO CLIP, TRANSLATION CAPTIONED ONSCREEN)

UNIDENTIFIED MALE: Didn't you ever ask, "Won't I feel pity for these people I'm killing?"

KASAB: Yes, that's true.

UNIDENTIFIED MALE: Well, did you ask?

KASAB: I did but he said you have to do these things. You are going to be a big man and get reward in heaven. I asked, have you done these things, too? He said he had. I thought, well he's done it, I should do it, too.

(END VIDEO CLIP)

(COMMERCIAL BREAK)

ZAKARIA: From the start, the police were confused and disorganized. They did nothing to stop the killing. For 15 minutes they stood watching the massacre, then most of them ran away and hid. One who didn't was Sudham Pandarkar.

SUDHAM PANDARKAR, POLICE (through translator): There were 15 to 20 policemen present, but we had no idea what was going on, or what we could do about it. Our brains were not working. We just froze. We didn't know what to do.

ZAKARIA: The second in command at the station, police inspector Shashank Shinde rallied his men.

PANDARKAR (through translator): He said, "You five men with rifles, come with me." There are terrorists over there -- we must shoot them." My mind was blank except for one thing, aim, fire, kill. That was all I could think of. Shoot them and kill them.

ZAKARIA: The policemen were outgunned. Pandarkar carried an ancient bolt-action rifle with five bullets. Inspector Shinde carried a pistol. Another officer Ambadas Pawar was unarmed.

UNIDENTIFIED MALE (through translator): Ambadas Pawar told me he was an off-duty cop. He wanted to shoot them so he took my rifle and fired. Before we could reload, he came; the one who's been captured, the terrorist Kasab. He fired and the bullet went through my chest. Then there was silence. And Shashank Shinde and Ambadas Pawar were lying dead, both of them.

ZAKARIA: As Kasab and Ismail headed for the exit, a policeman grabbed a rifle from a terrified comrade. It jammed. When Kasab return fire, in desperation, the policeman hurled a plastic chair. Now the gunman fired through the station windows shooting down a plain clothes policeman. The Wednesday night traffic passed by, the drivers oblivious to the horror inside.

An hour and a half had passed since Kasab and Ismail had come ashore with their eight accomplices. Now they walked out of the station

and melted into the darkness.

With the terrorists gone, the railway police rush out of hiding, weapons at the ready. Kasab and Ismail had killed 52 people at the station and wounded more than 100.

UNIDENTIFIED BOY (through translator): When the shooting was over, a man came and picked me up, and put me on one of those handcarts the porters use. My little brother was shouting, "Mommy, mommy." I said, "Mommy's fine," and took him with me to hospital.

Six of us died. Arif, my brother-in-law; Abbas, my dad; Radkila, my mom; my two cousins, and another uncle. They all died.

UNIDENTIFIED MALE (through translator): I miss her so much. When I look at her photo, I start missing her. I can't look at her for too long. It makes me want to cry. My daughter often points to it. "Look, dad, mommy's smiling at you."

UNIDENTIFIED MALE: We don't know. Is it a terrorist attack planned by some big organization? We don't know. Is it planned by the underworld? We don't know. But, yes...

ZAKARIA: The police had no plan or training for such an attack. Mumbai's most famous detective, Joint Commissioner, Rakesh Maria, found himself unexpectedly in charge of the control room. He didn't know who the gunmen were or where they would attack next.

RAKESH MARIA, MUMBAI'S MOST FAMOUS DETECTIVE: We received calls from our mobiles that it appears that they are moving towards the police headquarters. So, you know, in addition to looking at the control room, one also had to fortify this complex.

ZAKARIA: Now the bombs Kasab and his colleagues had planted in their taxis exploded, killing the drivers and their passengers.

MARIA: There was a taxi blast at Mazgaon; there was a taxi blast at Ville Parle; there were rumours of an attack at JW Marriott at Juhu; there is attack on the Four seasons in Worli. So, you know, we felt that the whole city was under a siege and under attack.

ZAKARIA: Amidst the chaos, the anti-terrorist police began scanning cell phone frequencies in the hope of intercepting any calls the gunmen might be making.

With hundreds of thousands of voices on the airwaves, their chances were almost zero. But earlier that year undercover agents had fed a batch of 35 sim cards to the Pakistani terrorist group Lashkar-e- Toiba. Intelligence officers discovered three of the sim cards had been activated that night. Suddenly they were listening in on conversations between the terrorists and their masters.

(BEGIN AUDIO CLIP, TRANSLATION CAPTIONED ONSCREEN)

UNIDENTIFIED CONTROLLER: I just wanted to check -- what did you do with the boat?

UNIDENTIFIED GUNMAN: We just left it.

UNIDENTIFIED CONTROLLER: What? You didn't open the bottom of the boat to sink it?

UNIDENTIFIED GUNMAN: In the rush, they didn't do it. We had to get out, things went a bit wrong.

(END AUDIO CLIP)

ZAKARIA: The gunmen were calling an Internet number bought from a company in New Jersey using money transfers from Pakistan. Once Indian intelligence locked on to the controllers' Internet number, they could listen to all the gunmen's calls.

(BEGIN AUDIO CLIP, TRANSLATION CAPTIONED ONSCREEN)

UNIDENTIFIED GUNMAN: So we jumped in the dinghy and got out of there? Brother Ismail's satellite phone got left behind.

(END VIDEO CLIP)

ZAKARIA: Little use was made of them, but the authorities would intercept a total of 284 calls. Most involved a single controller identified only as Brother Wasi. His grip on the young gunmen would not loosen until they were dead.

(BEGIN AUDIO CLIP, TRANSLATION CAPTIONED ONSCREEN)

UNIDENTIFIED CONTROLLER: Fight with all your might. Stretch it out as long as possible.

UNIDENTIFIED GUNMAN: OK. God willing.

(END VIDEO CLIP)

(COMMERCIAL BREAK)

ZAKARIA: As scores of people were being gunned down at the railway station, another pair of clean-cut Pakistani boys in their early 20s blasted through the entrance of one of Mumbai's top five-star hotels, the Trident Oberoi.

The lead gunman was Fahadullah, who wore black.

(BEGIN AUDIO CLIP, TRANSLATION CAPTIONED ONSCREEN)

UNIDENTIFIED CONTROLLER: Fahadullah? Are you there?

UNIDENTIFIED GUNMAN: Yes, I'm listening.

UNIDENTIFIED CONTROLLER: You're very close to heaven, brother. Today's the day you'll be remembered for, brother.

ZAKARIA: Fahadullah and his accomplice killed nine staff and three guests in the lobby.

Then they headed for the hotel restaurants. At Tiffin, a popular eatery, Fahadullah murdered 13 diners. Rishma Kiani (ph) was shot five times and left for dead beside her family and friends.

UNIDENTIFIED FEMALE: The whole place was very silent. I couldn't see my friends. Whenever I tried to look, I also saw Shihad and Mosh (ph). She was in the same position from the time she got shot and so was my cousin and his wife. I tried to nudge my cousin's leg



because I was close enough to do that. I think I succeed, but he didn't move.

ZAKARIA: Bewildered by the ferocity of the attack, the police made no organized attempt to storm the hotel. Rishma Kiani (ph) would lay bleeding on the floor of the Tiffin Restaurant for the next 16 hours before she was finally rescued.

Hearing the gun fire, hotel guests bolted their doors. Fear drove some of them onto the window ledges. The terrorists detonated a bomb in the tea lounge and rounded up survivors from the hotel restaurants. A group of 15 were marched to the top of the service staircase. Among them was Seyfi Muezzinoglu, a Turkish businessman and his wife, Meltem.

SEYFI MUEZZINOGLU, MUMBAI ATTACK SURVIVOR: The one in black, Fahadullah, told the woman to go up the stairs so we were pressed there and like in a crowded bus. And all of a sudden he raises his gun, and at that moment my wife screamed out, stop, stop, he's from Turkey. He's from Istanbul. He's Muslim or something, and he made the gesture -- Fahadullah.

I threw myself, face down and he started to shoot and all the bodies were falling on me. And I was buried under the bodies from my waist down.

ZAKARIA: Fahadullah left five people alive, Seyfi, his wife, Meltem, and three other women. The other ten had been gunned down on the narrow landing.

M. MUEZZINOGLU: You can hear them. Some of them were not dead yet. You can hear the sounds of their last -- I don't know. And -- and we had to, you know, step over those people.

S. MUEZZINOGLU: I said, look, I stepped on the back of this man, then on the neck of that man, and I will hold your hand. I ushered four women over the bodies and I told them not to step on the blood. Everywhere there's blood, and it's such slippery. I have never known it, that blood can be so slippery.

ZAKARIA: At the same time as the attack on the Trident Oberoi, two backpackers have strolled into the Taj, the most exclusive hotel in the city. Each carried an assault rifle, a pistol, hand grenades, hundreds of bullets and enough dried fruits and nuts to last a couple of days. They began killing anyone in their sights.

They were soon joined by the two terrorists who have just killed 11 civilians at the Leopold Cafe a block away. The newcomers narrowly avoided bullets meant for hotel guests. The two pairs joined forces in the lobby by the swimming pool. There were now four gunmen inside the Taj. They headed to the upper floors to switch on their phones and receive fresh instructions from Brother Wasi.

WASI (through translator): Pile up the carpets and mattresses from the room you've opened. Douse them in alcohol and set them alight. Get a couple of floors burning. And when we ring, make sure you answer.

GUNMAN (through translator): Peace be with you.

WASI (through translator): How are you getting on? Have you started the fire yet?

GUNMAN (through translator): No, we haven't started it yet.

WASI (through translator): You must start the fire now. Nothing's going to happen until you start the fire. When people see the flames,

they will start to be afraid. And throw some grenades, my brother. There's no harm in throwing a few grenades. How hard can it be to throw a grenade? Just pull the pin and throw it.

ZAKARIA: The gunmen, youngsters from villages in Pakistan, seemed mesmerized by the opulence of their surroundings.

GUNMAN (through translator): There are computers here with 30-inch screens!

WASI (through translator): Computers? Haven't you set fire to them?

GUNMAN (through translator): We're just about to. You'll be able to see the fire any minute.

WASI (through translator): We can't watch if there aren't any flames. Where are they?

GUNMAN (through translator): It's amazing! The windows are huge. It's got two kitchens, a bath and a little shop.

WASI (through translator): Start the fire, my brother. Start a proper fire, that's the important thing.

ZAKARIA: Once they've set some rooms on fire, the four terrorists began searching for more guests to kill. Amit and Varsha Thadani were about to hold their wedding reception at the hotel.

AMIT THADANI, MUMBAI ATTACK SURVIVOR: I was seeing a couple of dead bodies lying on the carpet outside. We heard a couple of people outside our room talking in a strange language.

VARSHA THADANI, MUMBAI ATTACK SURVIVOR: The next thing we heard was them dragging a lady out from the room next door, and she was shouting. She was shouting a lot. And then the next thing we heard, like, she was pushed again into the room and she was shot.

A. THADANI: They didn't just shoot her a couple of times. They continuously kept shooting at her.

V. THADANI: She was crying in pain, as if she was asking for some kind of help. But there was nothing that could be done that day.

WASI (through translator): How are you Ali? Everything OK?

GUNMAN (through translator): Thanks be to God. I'm fine. It's taken a long time to break the doors down. We've managed to break into three or four rooms facing the sea and we've set fire to them.

ZAKARIA: Finally the Taj Hotel, Mumbai's most iconic landmark, was ablaze.

Brother Wasi and his fellow controllers were watching the action live on international TV channels. It was an image Brother Wasi knew would travel around the world.

WASI (through translator): My brother, yours is the most important target. The media are covering your target, the Taj Hotel, more than any other.

(COMMERCIAL BREAK)

ZAKARIA: Earlier that night, a handful of police officers had crept into the Taj. Guided by hotel security staff, they headed for the CCTV monitoring room. They were led by Deputy Commissioner Vishwas Nangre Patil.

VISHWAS NANGRE PATIL, DEPUTY COMMISSIONER OF POLICE: We have seen four terrorists on the sixth floor and they are with AK-47, they are with (INAUDIBLE). They are wearing this dress and that dress. We hear a couple (ph) call to the control room.

UNIDENTIFIED MALE: They are recce-ing the area, they are on the 6th floor, they came on 5th floor. We fired at them, they threw grenades on us. Three men are recce-ing, they are with AK-47s and they are carrying big packs on their backs, sir. Over.

UNIDENTIFIED MALE: The naval commandos should be there in a few minutes. Keep them pinned down. Over.

ZAKARIA: For several hours, the cops in the Taj watched the terrorists on CCTV. They were able to relay to headquarters exactly where the terrorists were and what they were doing.

UNIDENTIFIED MALE: They again have gone -- gone back to room number 630. Over.

ZAKARIA: As the fire took hold, the policemen were driven from the hotel. The naval commandos still hadn't come.

Poor communication and leadership meant the Mumbai police missed vital chances to stop the terrorists during the crucial first hour when most of the killing happened. The Mumbai police chief failed to take charge of the situation. Instead, he left his lead investigator to run the control room, a man more used to dealing with the aftermath of a terrorist attack.

UNIDENTIFIED MALE: We are used to a blast, a (INAUDIBLE). We go to the spot, clear the area, sanitize the area, collect evidence and begin our investigation.

ZAKARIA: By attacking multiple targets, the terrorists had hoped to plunge the police into chaos. They succeed completely.

UNIDENTIFIED MALE: We were prepared for a terrorist strike, but maybe at one location. Four or five locations simultaneously, then going into hotels and taking hotels, all these things contributed to, you know, making the situation a very, very difficult one.

ZAKARIA: Barely a stone's throw from police headquarters, Kasab and Ismail, the two gunmen who'd slaughtered passengers at the railway station, were looking for some way to regroup. They drifted down a back street, towards a row of shacks.

UNIDENTIFIED MALE (through translator): This is my brother's house. He was in the middle of dinner. The man yelled, "Give me some water!" He shot at my mom so we ran into my house and then we don't know what happened here.

Ten minutes later, his little boy came and said, "Dad was eating. The man shot him."

ZAKARIA: Leaving Takul Wagaila (ph) to die on the floor of his shack, the gunmen jumped over a gate into the women's hospital next door. Alerted by the gunfire at the nearby railway station, 450 patients, relatives and staff had locked themselves in the wards.

Civil servant Harishchandra Shrivardhankar had also heard the gun fire and thought the hospital would be a safe place to hide.

HARISHCHANDRA SHRIVARDHANKAR, MUMBAI ATTACK SURVIVOR (through translator): I saw a dead body in a pool of blood so I got scared and ran inside the building. Inside there was absolute silence, but all the lights were on.

ZAKARIA: On the stairs, he bumped into Ismail, Kasab's accomplice.

SHRIVARDHANKAR (through translator): He grabbed my neck and quickly drew a knife and I knew he was going to slit my throat. So I kned him and whacked him in the face with my briefcase.

He still managed to slash my neck twice, then threw me down.

ZAKARIA: Now the gunmen roamed the corridors, testing doors, looking for hostages.

In one of the locked silent wards, Nasrin Sheikh (ph) was about to give birth.

UNIDENTIFIED FEMALE (through translator): She was screaming in pain. The nurses said, "If she screams, they'll fire into this ward and we'll all die. Tell her to endure the pain."

NASRIN SHEIKH (ph), MUMBAI ATTACK SURVIVOR (through translator): The doctor told me to lie flat. She started praying. She said, "Endure a little longer, my child." But I kept on screaming, and grabbing the doctor's clothes. I was banging my head on the ground, begging, "Do something! Do something!"

ZAKARIA: Nasrin's (ph) daughter, Ishwaria (ph), would be born safely an hour after the terrorists had left.

Meanwhile, the head of Mumbai's anti-terrorist squad, Hemant Karkare, had arrived near the hospital. Over the next 40 minutes, Karkare and two other senior police commanders would make repeated calls for armed backup. It never came.

Finally, Karkare and his colleagues drove down a back street to cut off the terrorists' likely escape route from the hospital. The three commanders rode in the front of a jeep, four policemen squeezed into the back. But the gunmen had already left the hospital and were looking for a car to hijack.

Arun Jadhav was one of the cops in the back of the jeep.

ARUN JADHAV, MUMBAI POLICE (through translator): Suddenly they sprayed our car with bullets. We had no idea where the gunfire was coming from. Then the man in front of me collapsed on top of me and I moved like this so my head was at seat-level. I couldn't reach my Sten gun. I went to draw my pistol but I'd given it to another cop.

UNIDENTIFIED MALE (through translator): The policemen...

AZAM AMIR KASAB, MUMBAI ATTACK GUNMAN (through translator): Oh, them.

UNIDENTIFIED MALE (through translator): What did you do to them?

KASAB (through translator): They -- they fired at us.

UNIDENTIFIED MALE (through translator): Really?

KASAB (through translator): Yes. I fell down and then Ismail shot them.

ZAKARIA: The gunman pulled the terribly wounded police commanders from the front of their jeep and took over the vehicle. The bodies in the back jammed the rear door shut.

JADHAV (through translator): The gunmen just drove off. Then a phone rang next to me in the back of the jeep and they sprayed us with bullets.

The man on top of me died, but I wasn't hit. God was working His magic.

They drove towards a junction crowded with media people and both gunmen fired. The driver used his pistol. I could see the whole thing through a gap between the seats.

ZAKARIA: Back outside the hospital, the wounded police commanders lay dying, undiscovered just 200 yards from police headquarters.

UNIDENTIFIED MALE: We could hear the firing, you know, at the Cama Hospital. It's very close. It's just behind this complex.

ZAKARIA: Orders had been given to send armed backup to the commanders at the hospital, but the police were in meltdown and orders did not lead to action. The three dead commanders were well known names in Mumbai.

UNIDENTIFIED MALE: When the information came to the control room that kamte, Karkare and Salaskar are dead, that moment, then everything stands still. Those few -- you know, one or two seconds, I think they would haunt me for the rest of my life.

They were some of the best officers, I would say, in the country. These are the people who are leaders. The challenge before the leadership at that time was motivating the men to continue the fight, to continue facing the terrorists.

(COMMERCIAL BREAK)

ZAKARIA: It wasn't until later that night when the sole surviving gunman was captured that the police would find out who their enemy was. An organization founded 15 years before with support from Pakistani intelligence to help reclaim the disputed territory of Kashmir from India, a group that was now trying to transform itself into a standard bearer of global jihad.

UNIDENTIFIED MALE (through translator): What is the name of your organization? What's your gang, your team?

KASAB (through translator): It's Lashkar-e-Taiba

ZAKARIA: Lashkar-e-Taiba, the Army of the Righteous. Successive Pakistani governments had turned a blind eye to its training camps, its thousands of fighters, its new global ambitions.

UNIDENTIFIED MALE (through translator): How long was your training?

KASAB (through translator): Three months. In the training, there were 24 or 25 in our class

UNIDENTIFIED MALE (through translator): Where were the people from?

KASAB (through translator): They don't tell you. I only know about one. He said he was from Lanore. He became my friend.

UNIDENTIFIED MALE (through translator): Didn't they allow you to speak to each other?

KASAB (through translator): We were forbidden to speak to each other. It was very strict. The proper training, where they say, "This boy is ready now," that takes three months. That's it.

UNIDENTIFIED MALE (through translator): OK. Then what?

KASAB (through translator): That's it. After that he's ready. He just waits. They prepare him and say, "Off you go and die."

UNIDENTIFIED MALE (through translator): When was this planned?

KASAB (through translator): It was finalized a month ago.

UNIDENTIFIED MALE (through translator): A month ago? How? Was there a meeting?

KASAB (through translator): They brought Ismail and me together. I don't know where he came from. They said, "Guys, the time has come for you to be tested. Now we'll know who is for real," blah, blah. Stuff like that. "Here's your target."

UNIDENTIFIED MALE (through translator): Where? KASAB (through translator): They showed us a CD of this city, a full tour.

ZAKARIA: It wasn't the first time Lashkar-e-Taiba had attacked Mumbai. They had exploded bombs before, killing hundreds but attracting little international attention.

This time it would be different. Now, Lashkar-e-Taiba was showing its supporters in Pakistan and the Middle East that it could stage a spectacle the whole world would watch.

WASI (through translator): The commissioner of Mumbai has been killed. They're saying that there are many, many killed and injured. They're saying there are 50 gunmen -- the whole city has been shot up. Fires are burning everywhere. People are dying all over the place. With God's blessing, you've done a brilliant job!

GUNMAN (through translator): All praise to God.

ZAKARIA: Less than a mile from the burning Taj, at the Oberoi Hotel, Seyfi and Meltem Muezzinoglu was still being held, together with three other hostages.

M. MUEZZINOGLU: I was trying to take care of the young lady, the Singapore lady, because she was very scared.

ZAKARIA: Lo Hwei Yen was a 28-year-old lawyer, in Mumbai for a one- day seminar.

M. MUEZZINOGLU: I put her into my lotus shoes and I thought if she would have been on a business trip alone and what would have happened, you know?

S. MUEZZINOGLU: They took us out of the room, made us all lean on the wall and they were talking on the phone and they said, go away from the wall.

M. MUEZZINOGLU: All of a sudden, they -- they just shot those women, three women.

S. MUEZZINOGLU: And that young Singapore girl, she was crying so loud that she knew that they were being shot. It was terrible. I still hear her screams.

M. MUEZZINOGLU: And I was -- let's pray for those people, and we started to pray.

S. MUEZZINOGLU: And we both raised our hands and read the same sura from the Koran, which is spoken for the dead, so they were shocked, the terrorists.

M. MUEZZINOGLU: I said to my husband, they're going to kill us also. Now is our turn.

S. MUEZZINOGLU: They said to go into the room. Meltem said, "No, let them shoot us here." I said, "No, we don't go. You kill here." We leaned onto the same wall. And (INAUDIBLE) came and said, "No kill. You brothers. Go in."

M. MUEZZINOGLU: And they left. We didn't believe it. We don't believe it.

ZAKARIA: As the eight gunmen launched their attacks on the hotels and the railway station, the fifth pair had threaded their way through the alleyways of South Mumbai to a Jewish study center, Nariman House.

Brother Wasi reminded the two gunmen that killing a Jew was worth far more to them than killing a guest at the Taj Hotel.

WASI (through translator): As I told you, every person you kill where you are is worth 50 of the ones killed elsewhere.

ZAKARIA: The center was run by Rabbi Gabriel Holtzberg and his pregnant wife, Rivka. Their 2-year-old son had been put to bed. The neighbors heard what happened when the rabbi and his wife confronted the gunmen.

UNIDENTIFIED FEMALE (through translator): The woman shouted, "Shoot me, shoot me!" and they shot her. Then a man's voice also shouted, "Shoot me!" and they shot him too.

The bangs were very loud, then we heard glass breaking.

ZAKARIA: The two gunmen killed the rabbi, his wife and two houseguests. They took two women hostage. Then they turned their attention to the crowd gathering outside.

WASI (through translator): Can you see any movement to the left or right?

GUNMAN (through translator): There are quite a few people standing at windows.

ZAKARIA: Brother Wasi turned to his superiors for direction.

WASI (through translator): They can see regular civilians on the street. Should they shoot them?

CONTROLLER (through translator): Right -- anyone that moves, shoot them.

GUNMAN (through translator): OK.

ZAKARIA: One of the regular civilians they shot was Dameonte Gohil's (ph) son.

DAMEONTE GOHIL (ph), SON KILLED IN MUMBAI ATTACK (through translator): He didn't utter a single word. I was stroking his face. I lifted his head and cradled it in my lap. My neighbor gave him some water, but he still didn't speak a word.

ZAKARIA: Three miles away, Kasab and his accomplice Ismail, the pair who'd massacred passengers at the railway station, drove into a police roadblock. Ismail was shot dead at the wheel of their hijacked car. UNIDENTIFIED MALE (through translator): Kasab got out of the car and pretended to surrender. The other cops rushed at him and Kasab rolled onto his back. Officer Umble got to him first. But Kasab had an AK-47 hidden under his jacket. Umble saw this and grabbed the barrel with both hands.

UNIDENTIFIED MALE (through translator): As soon as they saw he was down, everyone just jumped on him. Umble was right in front of the gun. He was trying to pin him down. And that's when Kasab pulled the trigger. Umble got hit by eight or nine bullets.

ZAKARIA: At 1:00 AM, four hours after he'd come ashore in Mumbai, the police took Kasab under armed guard to a nearby hospital where they began taping his interrogation.

KASAB (through translator): He made us do a terrible thing.

UNIDENTIFIED MALE (through translator): Who did?

KASAB (through translator): Uncle did.

UNIDENTIFIED MALE (through translator): Who is this Uncle?

KASAB (through translator): The one from Lashkar.

ZAKARIA: He said his father had in effect sold him to Lashkar-e-Taiba, the Army of the Righteous, at their branch office in his village.

KASAB (through translator): He said, "These people make loads of money, and so will you. You don't have to do anything difficult. We'll have money. We wouldn't be poor any more. Your brothers and sisters can get married. Look at these guys living the good life. You can be like them," he said.

UNIDENTIFIED MALE: Your dad said this?

KASAB: Yes.



UNIDENTIFIED MALE: What does he do for a living?

KASAB: He used to yell yoghurt and potato snacks in the street.

UNIDENTIFIED MALE: How much did they give you? Did he put it in your account?

KASAB: There is no account. They gave it to my dad.

UNIDENTIFIED MALE: How much did they give him?

KASAB: I don't know, maybe a few hundred thousand.

UNIDENTIFIED MALE: After finishing your job today, where were you supposed to go?

KASAB: We were all supposed to die. UNIDENTIFIED MALE: How?

KASAB: He said we would go to heaven.

(COMMERCIAL BREAK)

UNIDENTIFIED MALE: And the whole idea is to kneel down and shoot those -- that is, as soon as possible. Then, the team is applying it's strategy on who to...

FAREED ZAKARIA, CNN HOST: Kasab's capture had been reported on TV. Now his masters wanted him back.

The gunmen inside Nariman House forced one of the hostages, Norma Rabinovitch (ph), to call the Israeli consulate. Then they made her speak to Brother Wasi in Pakistan.

NORMA RABINOVITCH, HOSTAGE: Hello?

BROTHER WASI: You've talked to...

RABINOVITCH (ph): I have already talked to them. I was talking to the consulate just a few seconds ago and they are making the phone call. They said to leave the line free. They are calling the prime minister and the army in India from the Embassy in Delhi.

ZAKARIA: Brother Wasi had promised Norma he would release her and the other hostage, Yohavit Orpaz (ph), in exchange for Kasab.

WASI: Don't worry, Norma. Just sit back and relax and don't worry and just wait for them to contact. OK?

RABINOVITCH (ph): OK.

WASI: And save your energy for good days.

If they contact right now, maybe you're gonna celebrate your Sabbath with your family.

ZAKARIA: Brother Wasi briefed the gunman on what to say to the Indian government.

WASI: The Indian authorities will call you on this number and ask what you want. Just say, release our guy to us with his weapons within half an hour.

GUNMAN: God willing.

ZAKARIA: He warned him not to let slip that Rabbi Holtzberg and his wife had already been murdered.

WASI: So you mustn't say you'll release the two hostages. You must say that you'll release all the hostages. You tell them they can negotiate with us.

ZAKARIA: As the terrorists waited for the Indian government to call, the Holtzberg's 2-year-old son, Moisha (ph), wandered among the bodies, including those of his mother and father.

The little boy's nanny, who had hidden inside the house overnight, later snatched him and escaped.

After much delay, 400 commandos had arrived from Delhi to take over the operation. They began to engage the terrorists.

On the 18th floor of the Oberoi Hotel, the commandoes cornered Fahadulla and his fellow gunmen of the Rahman (ph). By now, they had murdered 35 people at the hotel.

WASI: How's it going, brother Fahadullah?

FAHADULLAH: Brother Adui Rehman has just died, praise God.

WASI: Oh, really? Is he nearby?

FAHADULLAH: Yes, he's next to me. May God accept his martyrdom.

The room is on fire. They're showing it on the TV. I'm sitting in the bathroom.

WASI: You mustn't let them arrest you, remember that.

FAHADULLAH: God willing, God willing.

ZAKARIA: The next time Brother Wasi called, Fahadulla was still hiding in the bathroom.

WASI: Fahadullah, my brother, can't you just get out there and fight? Throw a grenade and try to get out.

FAHADULLAH: I've run out of grenades.

WASI: Be brace, brother. Don't panic. For your mission to end successfully, you must be killed. God is waiting for you in heaven.

FAHADULLAH: God willing.

WASI: May God help you. Fight bravely, and put your phone in your pocket but leave it on.

Fahadullah? Fahadullah?

ZAKARIA: It was 10:00 p.m., 24 hours into the attack, and the call from the Indian government to Nariman House had still not come. Again, Brother Wasi turned to his superiors.

WASI: Do you want them to keep the hostages or kill them?

Listen up.

GUNMAN: Yes, sir.

WASI: Just shoot them now. Get rid of them. You could come under fire at any time and you risk leaving them behind. GUNMAN: God willing. Although it's quiet here at the moment.

WASI: No. Don't wait any longer. You never know when you might come under attack. Just make sure you don't get hit by a ricochet when you do it.

GUNMAN: God willing

WASI: I'll stay on the line.

Go on. I'm listening. Do it!

GUNMAN: What, shoot them?

WASI: Yes, do it. Sit them up and shoot them in the back of the head.

GUNMAN: The thing is, Umer is asleep right now. He hasn't been feeling too well.

WASI: I'll call you back in half an hour and you can do it then, OK?

ZAKARIA: For an hour the gunman hesitated. Finally, Brother Wasi's patience ran out.

WASI: Well?

GUNMAN: Please don't be angry. I had to move things round a bit.

WASI: Have you done the job or not?

GUNMAN: I was just waiting for you to call so you could listen.

WASI: Do it, in God's name.

GUNMAN: Right. Hold on.

WASI: Do it, in God's name.

OK, that was one of them, yes?

GUNMAN: Both, together.

ZAKARIA: Friday dawned, 36 hours into the attack. Brother Wasi told the gunmen at Nariman House it was time to die.

WASI: OK, so the thing is, Brother Akasha...

GUNMAN: Yes, sir.

WASI: ... you've run out of water and you're tired. They know this too. They're hoping to arrest you once you're weak from hunger and thirst.

GUNMAN: Today is Friday so we should finish it today.

ZAKARIA: Nine hours after the Jewish hostages were murdered, the commandos finally attacked.

WASI: Helicopter overhead?

GUNMAN: Yes, I think there's a helicopter on the roof.

Shoot, shoot!

They've opened fire. They've opened fire.

Umer, take cover! Take cover!

They're firing into our room, into our room!

(CROSSTALK)

ZAKARIA: An hour later, the gunman spoke to Brother Wasi for the last time.

GUNMAN: I've been shot. I've been shot. Pray for me.

WASI: Where are you hit?

GUNMAN: One in my arm and one in my leg.

WASI: God protect you. Did you manage to hit any of their guys?

GUNMAN: We got one commando. Pray that God will accept my martyrdom.

WASI: Praise God. Praise God. Good keep you.

(COMMERCIAL BREAK)

ZAKARIA: Brother Wasi's work was done. For three days, the terrorists he directed had dominated the world's headlines. The identity of Brother Wasi and the other controllers still has not been established.

In his interrogation Kasab, the sole surviving gunman, named the mastermind of the operation.

KASAB: Zaki. Zaki. Uncle Zaki.

UNIDENTIFIED MALE: Uncle who?

KASAB: Zaki. Za-ki.

ZAKARIA: Zaki-ur Rehman Lakhvi, the head of the Lashkar-e-Taiba, the Army of the Righteous, has been arrested by the Pakistani authorities. His trial is being held in secret.

Kasab has confessed his part in the attack. If convicted, he may be hanged.

UNIDENTIFIED MALE: So you guys came here for jihad. Is that right?

KASAB: What jihad, sir? UNIDENTIFIED MALE: It's no use crying. Tell me the truth. Is that true or not?

KASAB: You wouldn't understand.

UNIDENTIFIED MALE: We broke him psychologically. We realized that they had told him, if you commit jihad and you die for the cause, there is a scent emanating from your dead body. There is a glow on the face. So we asked him, who told you this? He said the instructors told us this is what happened. They had seen people who died fighting for jihad. This is what happens.

We did take him to the morgue and we showed him the nine dead bodies there. The shock on his face, I think. It dawned on him that whatever he had done, he was taken for a ride by the instructors and there was no truth whatsoever in what they had told him.

ZAKARIA: Joint commissioner, Marias Baas (ph), the Mumbai chief of police, has been moved from his post and given responsibility for police housing.

170 people died in the attack on Mumbai. Many were Muslims, including 12-year-old Afroz.

AFROZ: My dad was a taxi driver here in Mumbai. So one day he took us all out for a drive. He took me and my sister to the Birdhouse, the Aquarium, the Garden's, Aji Ali Mosque. He took us to many places. I don't even remember.

Mom and Dad loved me so much. Thinking about it makes me want to cry.

They killed my mom and dad and so many other people. What harm did we ever do for them to kill so many people?

ZAKARIA: With more than 2,000 offices in towns and villages, Lashkar- e-Taiba, the Army of the Righteous, is deeply embedded in Pakistani society. It remains close to its backers within the Pakistani intelligence services. Pakistan has an arsenal of nuclear warheads and is one of America's key allies.

During the attack, a Lashkar-e-Taiba controller had briefed one of the Mumbai gunmen on what to say when the media called.

CONTROLLER: Give the government an ultimatum. Say, "This was just the trailer. Just wait till you see the rest of the film. This is just a small example."

GUNMAN: "Wait for the rest of the movie." Shall I write that down?

"The main film is yet to come."

ZAKARIA: We have just been warned by the terrorists that the main film is yet to come. The horror we have seen is simply the trailer. How worried should we be?

Let me give you some background. The group responsible for these attacks, Lashkar-e-Taiba, was created to wage war in Kashmir, the territory that has been under dispute with India and Pakistan since 1947. Lashkar was assisted from the start by the Pakistani military. There is little evidence that Pakistan's generals are making any serious effort to shut down what has become a vast organization within their country.

Lashkar-e-Taiba's stated goals now go beyond Kashmir to the imposition of Islamic rule in all of south Asia. Its pamphlets are filled with attacks on Hindus and Jews. Like al Qaeda, which also began with limited goals and some state support, it could be morphing into something larger and much more sinister.

Terrorism is waged by individuals. We saw these young peasant boys who had little education and no prospects in their country. They are the ones who enlist for the jihad. So we have political and ideological forces on one hand and the simple despair of young men on the other. The two have combined to create a deadly mix.

The only way this movie will end well is if we tackle both sides of this problem. We need to get the military and foreign policy right. But we need to change the sense of hopelessness and the culture of hate that exists in these societies. We need to help these young men you just watched embrace life rather than death.



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