



# **THE LAADHEENEE DIGEST #2**

**The Laadheenee Digest is written by Laadheenee people for Laadheenee people. If you don't know what that means fuck off.**

# Proud of fucking what!

BY THE EDITOR

As I welcome you to The Laadheenee Digest #2, I feel like I've got to ask, just exactly what the fuck are we Maldivians proud of?

Are we proud of getting fucked over by the global tourism industry? Are we proud of getting a trickle of their millions?

Are we proud of being the only country in the world, other than Saudi fucking Arabia, to have a total ban on freedom of belief?

Are we proud of having an alarmingly high proportion of our youth joining ISIS type jihadi organisations?

Are we proud of having NGOS that pretend laadheenee people don't exist?

Are we proud of having politicians that take us for complete morons?

So what the fuck are we proud of? Our environment that we don't give a shit about?

Our history that we're so ashamed of that we actively contribute to its erasure?

Of having to beg elites, not just for money to survive, but also for basic rights?

Of having an art scene that is shackled to the point of self parody?

What the fuck are we Maldivians proud of?

I can't think of anything. Maldivians fucking stink.

Maybe that is why so many Maldivians take pride in hating us. Maybe that is why so many Maldivians take pride in simply meeting the bare minimum for being a believer.

If they have nothing else to be proud of, maybe they can be proud of shitting on us. The hell they promise in the afterlife pales in comparison to the hell they put us through on earth.

Maybe they can be proud of abusing us, of shackling us, of suffocating us with their korakali brained ideas of what it means to be a Maldivian.

At the end of the day, they can be proud of whatever the fuck they want.

We're proud of having survived other Maldivians. 💜

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# While The City Watches

BY KAASHI THEYO

Shh! They might hear!

Her voice pulls me out of my trance. I cease my moaning and look up at her. Her mahogany eyes have a twinkle to them as she licks her cherry red lips. I wrap my fingers around the back of her head and push her head down onto mine. Her warm tongue runs circles around it, twisting and turning as she sashés her moist lips up and down the length of my throbbing shaft.

She's wearing a tight black skirt with a close fitting yellow tank top. I rub my palm against the curves of her breasts and I feel her nipples harden beneath them. I pinch them between my fingers and she glances up at me. Soft as silk, her waist length dark brown hair curls and cascades around my groin. I pinch some more, rolling the engorged point between my thumb and index finger. She moans and goes back down. The feeling of my dick being completely enveloped in her mouth and then throat as her tongue works its magic feels wonderful.

I lean my head back against the cool concrete of the sea wall. In front of me, the ocean, barely visible against the inky horizon. It was a moonless night, the kind that was perfect for late night rendezvous and the breaking of taboos. The waves

lapped against the rock, pulling back little pieces with it as it foamed at the edge. The only other sound was the rumble of the occasional motorbike passing by; probably other lovers, on their way to their own little spots. A place to fuck was hard to come by in the capital. Everyone lived close to one another, in tiny flats, stacked all the way up to the sky. It wouldn't be so bad if not for the fact that everyone was always paranoid and always had their noses in each other's business.

My eyes rolled back in my head as she began to lick the skin beneath my balls. She lapped them up into her mouth with her tongue and licked while she sucked. All the while she gripped my cock, her fingers forming a ring underneath my foreskin. Her tongue wandered even further down, and soon I could feel the tip of her wetness draw circles around the wrinkles of my anus.

'Don't stop!', I gasped, pushing my asshole against her tongue.

A police siren blared up in the distance. It sounded like it was getting closer.

'Oh fuck!'

My dick was again completely enveloped in her mouth. I grab her curls and push her down harder.

She gasps for air, winks at me, and then plunges her middle finger into my ass, before going back down on me yet again.

She curls it up inside me and presses the pad of her finger against my prostate. I feel myself get harder with each pull. She pumps her head up and down in a steady rhythm, almost as if purposely in tune with the fast approaching sirens.

I convulse as I explode into her mouth; each swirl of her tongue feeling like an electric shock. She doesn't stop sucking as I writhe, helpless in the throes of ecstasy. Her deft fingers worked their magic inside me until I had given up every last drop. Finally satisfied, she tilts her head back and licks her lips clean.

The sirens now sounded like they were right above us. I pull my jeans up as she wiped her mouth with the back of her hand. In that moment she reminded me of a satisfied cat.

We snap out of it as we hear a door slam. The sounds of heavy boots on concrete follow.

'The report said they're around here somewhere!'

A gruff voice.

I grab her and pull her close.

She puts her fingers over my lips. Thankfully it wasn't the same hand.

'FUCK YOU POLICE DOGS! TRAITORS! THE LOT OF YOU!'

Another voice. Drunk and full of rage.

'After them!'

The heavy boots thundered off into the night.

We were safe.

'I still wanna fuck you.'

Her whisper, close to my ears. She nibbles on them and bites my neck, gripping my cock from outside my jeans.

She kisses me, licking my tongue with hers. I taste a faint whiff of myself on her lips and I feel myself get harder. Her nimble bronze fingers unbuckled my belt and with one swift motion, she had pulled my jeans off and was hovering above my born again cock.

She slowly dips down, teasing the tip of my dick with her warm velvet folds.

"I love skirts", she said, lowering herself onto me while I lay captive to her gaze. I feel my cock begin to slide into her tight wet pussy and soon all of it is within her. I love that initial baptism. She curls her fingers around my neck as she grinds into me. I love the feeling of her wet cum dripping onto my pelvis.

"I love the way you dance", I say as I slip my hands beneath her top and wrap my hands around her waist. Her supple bronze skin feels like warm silk beneath my

fingers. I lift my knees and begin to pump back into her, trying to match her snake like rhythm.

All of a sudden I sense motion out of the corner of my eyes. The sound of flip flops on concrete and out of nowhere a dark figure drops down over the sea wall. A tall dark handsome silhouette. He looks around, notices us and jumps back with a start.

“What the hell, is that you Mode?”, a familiar voice.

“Ibbé?”

“It is you! What are you doing here?”, he looked at me and Aisha. Her skirt covered my cock, which was deep inside her. She pulsed the walls of her pussy and gave me a devilish look.

“I uh.. what are you doing here?”, I asked, half mumbling.

“I couldn’t sleep”, he replied with a sigh. Aisha continued to tighten and relax her pussy, making me convulse and gasp.

Ibrahim, after taking a long hard look at Aisha’s waist and then my strained face, finally realises what was going on, takes a step back and says, “Are you guys fucking?”

I look at Aisha and she still has this devilish look in her eyes.

She looks up at Ibrahim and says, “Hey, I heard from Solih that you were bisexual.”

“I uhh”, he looks at both of us with a strange expression that seemed equal parts panic and longing. His flight or fuck instinct was in full effect.

I reach my right hand out and grab the growing bulge of his cock from outside his shorts. I feel it grow rock solid almost instantly. I grip it and pull him towards me.

Aisha was gyrating again, slowly slamming her hips into mine, looking at me and Ibrahim while biting her lips. With her left hand she begins to tweak her right nipple from under her shirt and let out a slow seductive moan.

“I wanna see you fuck his face”

Without another word Ibrahim drops his pants and throws his legs over my body, positioning his throbbing chocolate cock in front my mouth. The smell of it makes me hard as steel.

“This view is amazing, you have a great ass Ibbé”, Aisha said breathlessly, grinding into me even harder. With her right hand she slaps Ibrahim’s round ass and gives him a push.

His cock brushes my lips and then my tongue as it entered my mouth. I feel his throbbing veins against the flesh of my



tongue as he begins to thrust into me. He fills up all of my mouth, his cock making fluid thrusts through my wet lips as it banged against the back of my throat.

Aisha is writhing now, her sensual rhythm now lost in the frenzy. Ibrahim too was now unabashedly gripping the back of my head as he fucks my mouth mercilessly.

“Oh yeah baby, take it all”, Aisha said breathlessly.

I feel her pussy begin to pulse as she climaxes. A second later, I feel Ibrahim's hot cum begin to drip down my throat. Warm and sticky, it tasted like sugar syrup mixed with pineapple. He gasps and pulls back, but I grip his dick with my right hand and pull him back into my mouth, licking the folds beneath the head of his penis as he jetted even more into me. I lick the length of his convulsing shaft and grab his ass cheeks with both of my hands as I pull him towards me, his final drops of cum falling deep into the back of my throat.

“I.. I.. have to go”, he suddenly pulls back, his cock sliding against my lower lip on the way out. Without another word he buckles his pants and vaults back over the wall and we hear his footsteps fade off into the night.

“I guess he's not much for cuddles”, says Aisha, sliding off of my still hard dick. “Speaking of which, let's go somewhere

more comfortable so you can fuck me from behind.”

The police, and whoever they were chasing, were now long gone. We sneak up around the rocks and the sea wall and make our way to my motorbike.

It rumbled as it came to life beneath me. She hopped on and put her left hand on my hip with her right pushed in between my briefs and the bare skin of my pelvis.

The city was completely different this time of night. The hustle and bustle of the day was gone, replaced by an almost alien stillness. We were alone except for the other couples that occasionally drove by. We'd be fine as long as we avoided the police checkpoints.

As we gained speed, she slipped her hand in deeper, wrapped her fingers around my cock and commanded:

‘Faster!’

I accelerated. As my knuckles hardened around the throttle, so did my girth in her silky hands.

‘Faster!’

She sunk her teeth into my neck and began to rhythmically loosen and tighten her grip. Her hands now barely had any room to move. The empty streets of Malé City whizzed by.

We were now slowly making our way up a flight of stairs. They were tiled for some inexplicable reason. More than once I had to grip the railing for balance, which was also rather unhelpfully made of cold hard steel. All of these rich people living in their towers were crazy.

‘No noise!’

I raise my eyebrows in agreement. They did have an elevator but we were not using it because the noise would likely alert her sleeping parents. I had already made it up 8 stories, no need to fuck it up now.

We emerged out onto a terraced roof, which was bare save for a few long suffering plants. Above us, the glare of the city lights made the stars barely visible. It was the tallest building in the whole block, but still offered little privacy from the even taller ones just down the road.

She drops down and pulls me with her by the edge of my jeans.

‘If we stay below the wall they won't see us.’

‘So just like before then?’

‘Not quite.’

From seemingly out of nowhere she produces a king size spliff. The hash oil had soaked through the rolling paper, making it look transparent.

‘You smoke oil right?’

‘What else is there?’

I take it from her and light it. I talk a few puffs and pass it to her, before slipping down onto my back. A wispy cloud slowly made its way across my vision, tinted a soft pink from the glow of the city below. From the corner of my eye I see her drop her skirt around her legs.

“Pants, off!”

She inhales as she climbs astride and begins stroking my cock.

I lean forwards and slide my hands under her dress to unclip her bra, only to discover that she wasn't wearing one to begin with.

“High already? If I knew you were such a lightweight I would have rolled a smaller bidi!”, she said with a giggle and passed it back.

She takes off her shirt revealing beautiful brown breasts with delicious dark chocolate nipples. I was hard now. She placed its length against my abs and slides across it with the dripping wet mound of her vulva.

As the cannabinoids and her soft gyrations did their magic, I found myself feeling as if I was already on the edge.

“Don't be greedy!”

She takes the spliff from my lips and edges upwards along my body. I can smell her juicy lips getting closer as her smooth brown thighs rub against my shoulders.

She lowers herself onto my face and continues the gyrations over my lips. I thrust my tongue around the edge of her vagina, and I feel her cum drip down into my mouth. I love how she tastes. I gently suck on either side of her luscious folds, filling my mouth with her warmth.

She grabs the back of my head and guides me towards her clit. I press down with my tongue and rotate it from side to side as I suck on her lips with mine. I love how she tastes. Or maybe it was the smell. I look up and see the curves of her waist leading to her breasts. She had her eyes closed and was twisting her nipples with both her hands. As she bit her lips I thrust my face deeper into her throbbing mound. I feel her juices drip down onto my tongue and lips.

Oh yeah, don't stop, don't stop, don't...

She shudders as she comes all over my face. The tremors rock my jaw as her thighs clamp down against my ears.

She retreats back down towards my waist and passes the spliff. As I take a puff she grasps my throbbing cock. I feel it slowly become wet as she slides down into it, swallowing up every inch into her tight

pussy. With an evil grin she begins rhythmically squeezing the walls; my cock getting harder with each pulse.

I pass it back to her and she continues her gyrations. Swirling around my cock, eyes closed, as if performing some shamanic ritual.

I begin to lose track of time. My senses begin to collide into one another. Her smell. Her taste. The texture of her nipples under my tongue; getting rougher and bumpier with every pass of my wet tongue.

I'm pounding into her from below as she lays with her breasts pushed into my face. With one arm I pull her close, and with the other I pinch her nipples. Every time I squeezed she would suppress a gasp of pure joy.

Smoky figures and warm fuzzy shapes. I was now gripping her from behind. Her long black hair formed a dark river along her back that rippled as I rolled my hips into her.

The violence was gone now. She moved as I did. Or maybe I moved as her. Sweat dripped down my chest and onto my thighs; mixing with hers as the sweat bounced off her glistening ass. Plump and round, it had a wonderful springiness to it that seemed to naturally guide my cock into a relaxed rhythm as it slid in and out of her joyous wetness.

I reach a hand around her and rub her

buzzing mound. She responds by putting her head low to the floor and slamming back against my shaft. I slap her ass and continue to rub my palm in a deep circular motion, with my middle finger sliding into the cleft that hid her engorged clit.

She grinds into me and begins to quake uncontrollably. I can feel her orgasm ripple through her body as the walls of her vagina convulse and contract around the head of my shaft. I am so close to bursting that I pull out.

She stands up and puts both her hands on the waist high terrace wall, facing away from me. Her breasts and gleaming body were now exposed to all who might see in the city. With one hand she grips the cleft of her buttock and spreads her legs. She looks back over her shoulder at me, still on my knees and dick in my hand, and says;

“Come over here and fuck me in the ass while the city watches.”

I get up and I walk over to her. Silhouetted against the soft shades of dawn, her curvaceous silhouette looked irresistible.

I kiss her neck as I pull her towards me. I lick my thumb and press it into her rose bud. I move the pad of my thumb in a circular motion, slowly pushing my way in.

Don't be such a tease.

She grabs my cock and rubs it between her butt cheeks.

Shaft still slick with her juices I slide in easily. In a frenzy I pound into her. My nails dig into the soft flesh of her waist as I pull her into each thrust. I can feel her ass grip the veins of my cock in its warm embrace. She arches her back and I feel the grip tighten further still as my throbbing head makes contact with her g-spot. The bruised dark purple of the horizon was now giving way to a vivid magenta. It would be light soon.

As her breasts heaved and trembled, the city below us began to wake. She reached her hand behind her and pulled my head in close. My nose rubs into her hair and neck. I kiss its length and nibble her ear. She smells of sweat, of sex. The musk is intoxicating.

Don't stop until you come inside of me.

My balls slap into her clit, her moans getting more intense with each thrust. She plunges two of her fingers into her vagina and begins to fuck herself in time with my thrusts.

A ray of light breaks across the horizon. The scene before me begins to dissolve as I begin to float away. Despite its continued motion, I no longer feel like I'm in charge of my body, with each pump seeming to now happen on its own accord.

From its epicentre a glow, burning at first and quickly becoming blinding. I felt my being resonate with hers as my mind began to fill to the brim with pure ecstasy.

I explode into her just as the call to the dawn prayer begins.

Thank god, because otherwise her parents would have surely awoken to the sound's of their daughters joyous screams.



Fucking nothing! - anon

[What does laadheenee mean to you?]

# I respect your views

BY DHONKEYO KAJURU

You tell me you're *progressive*, because you "like" all the right statuses and post all the right comments and yet when I told you about my girlfriend, I saw you pause before you smiled and told me you were happy for me.

You tell me you don't judge, but when she told you her dead name, you told me she's a *mutant*, you told me it's mutilation, you tell me it's wrong and yet when it's a brand you're buying into, it's all okay.

Because "homophobia" is just a buzzword, because being transphobic isn't a thing, because to you, you are *born* right and anything else is wrong. Because you've read the book and you are *enlightened*, you have *seen*, you've admired a girl in a movie, right? So really you get it too.

You tell me, "I respect your views", when I tell you I'm pan. As if feeling the way I do is a *choice*. As if I decided one day to put on my sexuality the way I chose to put on a shirt. As if my body, my *mind*, is an opinion that I should keep silent for *your* benefit. As if what you're denying is not as much a part of me as the colour of my skin. As if by *saying* you're progressive, your words will no longer hurt, will no longer pierce through me like arrows.

This

This is *not* an opinion. This is not a choice and it is not easy. It is not a trend that I picked up the way I learned to wing my eyeliner, and this is not something I should have to break down for you to understand.

Because I am not asking for your *permission*, I am not asking for your okay and I'm not asking to be your token gay friend so you can use me as an example of how 21<sup>st</sup> century you are.

And my only opinion?

Is that you're a bitch, because I should not have to make concessions, and I should not have to apologise so you can gloss over the fact that what *I* like is what *you* don't.

See, I don't need you to respect my "views". I just need you to respect *me*. Because this is a part of who I am, the way I will always have brown eyes, because if you can't, you're not enlightened, you are not an ally and you are not the vision of *modern day acceptance*.

All you are is just a petty hypocrite. ❤️

Hiding your true self because you're afraid of getting shunned and excluded by your “friends and family”.

- anon

[What does laadheene mean to you?]



# 41 TRUE FACTS ABOUT THE MALDIVES

BY HAVAADHULI BANAS

1. There is no freedom of conscience/ belief/thought/religion.
2. National sport is driving around on motorbikes.
3. There are no political parties that support minority rights.
4. Islam is a mandatory subject from grade 1 to 12.
5. If you are a local it is easier to get heroin than it is to get a beer.
6. A woman cannot run for president.
7. More amazing artists than you could imagine.
8. Everyone loves American culture and capitalism but hates individual freedoms.
9. Selling cloth for hijab / niqab is a big business.
10. Mainstream music copies hindi songs shamelessly.
11. Everyone hates America.
12. Everyone hates Israel and “the jews”.
13. People are extremely paranoid about anything resembling an “idol”.
14. Everyone is incredibly racist towards Bangladeshis and other expats despite them following the same religion and being from the same geographical area.
15. Everyone speaks Dhivehi, a unique language that is useless outside of the Maldives because nobody else speaks it.
16. There are racist words people use in regular speech such as “baburu” (Dhivehi n-word, usually means dirty, smelly, or unwashed) and “thifney” (referring to the eyes of East Asians).
17. Maldivians are completely culturally distinct from Sri Lankans and Indians.
18. Maldivians like eating sea snails.
19. Everyone is addicted to coffee and redbull.
20. Everyone is obsessed with football and the premiere league.
21. A lot of Maldivians can’t swim.
22. Most Maldivians use handlines and not rods to fish.
23. Most Maldivians believe in Djinn.
24. Everyone is extremely homophobic.
25. Most Maldivians are dumb enough to believe the “100% Muslim” thing.
26. Most Maldivian are obsessed with porn and have giant collections on their harddrives.
27. Everyone is having sex.
28. Has the highest divorce rate in the entire world.
29. There is no proper waste management.
30. Everyone litters everything everywhere.
31. Pop stars become extremist pop star sheikhs.
32. Home to the most delusional film industry in the whole world.
33. Has one of Asia’s longest serving dictators.
34. Many Maldivians who grew up during dictatorial times had only one (legal) TV channel growing up.

- 35. Everywhere but Male' is not developed properly
- 36. People go to picnics on other islands. If you are rich you go to a resort.
- 37. The capital barely has a beach.
- 38. People are obsessed with keeping exotic pets.
- 39. Everyone is obsessed with technology and has the latest phones.
- 40. There are people who drive ferraris and lambos on the tiny capital.
- 41. All politics are cult politics. ❤️

Someone who doesn't fit in the religious mould that the Dhivehin want that have been shoved down our throats for years and years.

- anon

[What does laadheenee mean to you?]

Maldivian grandpa dressed in hajj clothes surfing through duty free shops sees wine bottles for the first time and calls his wife ‘come Hawwa lets buy some meybis kadhur juice for our hajj trip’

[Joali Times]

# #laadheenee

BY BIS\_KEEMIYA

I've always been fond of writing. It began during the year of 2004 when my family moved back to Male' from Addu and visiting the National Library (back then) to find books that sparked my interest and took up the habit of reading. My mother is an avid reader and she would read almost anything that she can get her hands on. So, taking her example I did the same. But writing was a whole new ball game. It required a lot of effort, imagination and creativity. The Lord of the Rings, Harry Potter, Game of Thrones and many other that build worlds, characters and excitement that I held in between my hands blew my mind. It started off with the thought, "what if I...".

At first, I was not reading works of fiction, hence I was more mesmerised with this book called Civilisations of the World. Well, at least it is what I think it was called as my memory was never good. It taught me that one of the features of civilisation was writing. Maldivian literature that took forms like "lhen", "mazumoon" and various others. My childhood started during Maumoon Abdul Gayyoom and teenage years started with Mohamed Nasheed (Anni) and anyone whom witnessed the era between 2002 to 2008 would tell you that Maldives slowly paved a way towards a change. Back then there were "noos majahlaa" that only wrote about films, food,

history and basically anything that the government did not prohibit to write about. Even news was controlled. Rebels rebelled, and reform of the constitution included freedom of expression and was codified in chapter 2, article 27 which said, "Everyone has the right to freedom of thought and the freedom to communicate opinions and expression in a manner that is not contrary to any tenet of Islam." I was 13 when I first read the constitution and this at that time it did not ring as much as it should have back then.

Time to time, I still go back to the past news which these days is a little bit more difficult to find. I thought about all the people that were very vocal about the issues that were happening in the society, many who faced backlashes for it. If I can give you an example, the first thing that comes to my mind is the rally that happened in 2011, the protest against religious intolerance.

I grew up knowing only one religion and it is Islam. For me, as long as I said that I believe in Islam, I would not be facing any harassment, threats or violent attacks. The biggest lesson that I learnt about Islam is that it is the most peaceful religion on earth. But, what does that say about my countrymen who went through attacks just because they had a different opinion? What does that say about my countrymen who are different from the heteronormative philosophy in Islam? What does that say about all the violent

crimes and infringement on human rights under the name of Islam?

The answer is simple. Freedom of thought, opinion and expression as long as it is not against any tenet of Islam. Other religious thoughts and opinions out of the window. Love can only be expressed unless it fits a certain criterion. Oppression is justified in the defence of religion.

With the short time that I have on my hands, I wish to tackle the theme of this volume of the “Laadheenee Digest”. What does the word “laadheenee” means to me?

I do not wish to go into the details such as the “isthilaah” meaning of laadheenee since everyone can get the gist of it. It means anyone who is against religion, specifically Islam and refuses to accept, believe or practice religion.

There is clear conflict between being a muslim and treating any other faith or belief on equal grounds. Ever since we were little children our Quran classes revolved around the miracle of Quran and how divine the words are and also how stupid were the people for not believing and how Allah exacted punishment on to those disbelievers. We have all heard about the stories of the people of Lut, Pompeii and how Muhammad ibn ‘Abdallah defeated the “jaahilun” and claimed back the holy land of Mecca. Just like all the super hero stories, the good will win and the evil shall perish. Evil being anyone who is not a muslim. Basically, almost

everyone grew up with the mindset that if you are a muslim, you are without a doubt good and anyone who is a “kafir” is not. Given the many trips I have had taken with my parents to foreign countries, their willingness to trust a stranger because they acted and had the appearance is of a muslim is all the time. Sadly, for them, the case is the result of trusting these people and meeting an honest person have the same probability as trusting anyone regardless of their religion. It did not stop their preference, but it made their minds to open up a little.

“You can commit any atrocity there is made available for you to commit but you are fine as long as you do not say anything against the religion”, this sentence reminds me of something my father said to me one day. “It is not a crime unless you get caught”. When he said this, I was baffled that this came out from his mouth and laughed about it. But it was later dawned on me that majority of my friends who belong to different sexual orientations, faith and belief had to live this way all their lives. Often, among friends, couples form, and they hide themselves from the world and stay hidden, it affects their relationships. If you are a straight person, think about this. What if, you cannot tell your parents about your relationship? You having to hide away to a secret room so that you can the least tell your partner that you love him or her? You cannot hold their hands in public? Face harassment and abuse for being with the person you love?

Can you imagine how difficult it is for you to live your life like that? I know this might not be the case for some, but I am very close with my parents. It would break me for not being able to tell them and keeping it all a secret. How about those being forced into praying and doing other “religious obligations” whilst they do not believe any of it. Faith is something very close to your heart. Faith can give you strength and even redeem your hope. Can you imagine being forced to practice something you do not want to believe in and you cannot be vocal about it because you are simply not allowed to? Many of us goes through psychological conflict because of this. For them, they are committing sins in the eyes of the society and are in constant fear of being exposed if they said anything about it. Can you stay quiet and endure all of this in silence?

We have seen the cases of what had happened when you got vocal with these issues. From blogs to YouTube videos, people have been vocal about not just for the existence of a more religiously tolerant society but also did tackle many other social issues. We all know why Ahmed Rilwan Abdulla (@moyameehaa) was kidnapped. We all know why Yameen Rasheed (@yaamyn) was brutally murdered whilst waiting for his elevator in where he lived. We all know why Hillath Rasheed had to flee the country. I do not know anyone of these people personally, but I have read what they have written.

One of the features of a civilisation is writing. Writing was the reason why we

know what we know about our history. Different forms of literature and art came to be because of it. Anyone who wrote their philosophy, idea or story is forever immortalised because of that writing. More importantly writing is the reason why we still can refer to it. To me, it is a great source of power. It is used to make people aware, convey thoughts and most importantly it is the physical evidence of the existence of an idea. What if I ... use this great tool to start aiding my friends and family to help them get their rights back? What if I ... use my writing to share stories of these people forced to live their lives in closet? But if I start writing all of these, I will become “#laadheenee”.

If laadheenee is what I become because I defend my friends and family, advocate for a more secular country, call out for the reformation of the constitution so that it includes every dhivehi meehaa out there then I'll wear the tag with pride. To me laadheenee is not a derogatory term. To me, laadheenee does not define my beliefs as evil or as what is corrupting the society. To me, laadheenee is a movement for a better change. To me laadheenee is strength and hope. ❤️

To me La'dini means not depending on religious beliefs for comfort. Having all kinds of fun in a healthy way without involving religion.

For e.g. enjoying life dancing, laughing out loud, listening to music, watching half naked people in movies, reading erotica, doing sports wearing appropriate clothes, taking & enjoying fun pictures, making all kinds of art, mingling with opposite sex, eating whatever you want if it's edible and not harmful.

- anon

[What does laadheene mean to you?]



# Laadheenee Challenges

BY HOONU MAS ROSHI

## **Maumoon's Legacy**

- “100% Muslim” rhetoric. Creates a false reality where the majority of the population believes in this impossible statistic. No two humans can share the same beliefs 100%. How can an entire country.
- Loss of cultural identity. Maldivians have no idea what their culture is. Official sources present a sanitised version of events that is compatible with tourism propaganda and nationalistic rhetoric.
- Continuation of Arab colonisation. Started when the Maldives was forcefully converted. These wounds have never healed. Our original writing system is only known by historians. Modern thaana is based on arabic numerals.
- Religion entrenched in politics. All politicians must fear god. A good politician is a religious politician. A bad politician is someone who is somehow irreligious.
- Nationalism and religion impossible to separate. People think the constitution is divine law, not some document made without much thought by conservative old Maldivian men. To be Maldivian is to be religious. The secular identity of

Maldivians is poorly understood and not often celebrated.

## **Small Islands with Small Populations**

- Everybody knows one another. Gossip is currency. Family viber and telegram groups, and their extremist versions, share the latest info on literally everything. They bolster the pre-existing culture of having your nose in everybody's business. Accusations against suspected laadheenee people spreads like wildfire.
- No “countryside” to flee to, the Maldives is mostly ocean. There are no safe havens. Just tiny islands that suddenly end with a beach, harbour, or reef. Barely anyone owns their own boats. The islands are a trap. The transport between islands are a funnel.
- Nobody, especially people in power, is trustworthy. Telling the police that extremists are targeting you could result in you getting arrested for blasphemy or worse. Laadheenee school kids like LGBT youth cannot trust their teachers or any authority figures.

## **Spineless civil society**

- Will not even publicly acknowledge that laadheenee people exist, let alone do anything to help.
- Deliberately censor their own publications and research in order to avoid controversy. They practice erasure by leaving laadheenee people out. You

- will never have the data for questions you never ask.
- Laadheenee rights is not a priority for civil society leaders. The lack of freedom of conscience is not seen as something that is extremely oppressive. The truth is most leaders are conservative Muslims who benefit from being able to call other people laadheenee.

### Systemic oppression

- Secularism is impossible. How do you begin to separate religion from politics and governance when the entire constitution is theocratic?
- Constitution is extremely theocratic, outlaws other beliefs, there is no freedom of conscience / religion / belief / thought. It is illegal for Maldivians to think for themselves. Most Maldivians are proud of this fact.
- Laadheenee people are not allowed to participate in politics, have their own NGOs or media. You cannot be visible when your existence is illegal.
- This results in a society that always leans towards extremism. It is the only direction that is possible. The effects of this on the mental health of Maldivians cannot be understated.
- The police will not help you. They think you are illegal. There are also many extremists amongst them.

### The Dhivehi Language

- Extremists and conservatives alike use Dhivehi as a way of obscuring their communication from the world at large. There are no mainstream solutions to auto-translate Dhivehi. This means that hate speech in Dhivehi goes undetected by social media moderation teams. Reporting such hate speech / abuse is usually completely useless.
- This allows extremists to get away with all manner of abusive and threatening behaviour. There are many pages on Facebook, and even telegram groups etc that act like religious police. They post photographs/screenshot and leak details of people they suspect of being laadheenee. In Maldivian society this is pretty much a death sentence. Any number of religious vigilantes may take up the task of “saving” the Maldives from the laadheenee menace.
- Very few resources exist for laadheenee people in Dhivehi. Most information is in english, and even that is not written with Maldivians in mind. There are massive gaps in areas like LGBT sexual health etc. This is not to mention the depressing lack of laadheenee oriented art and prose written in Dhivehi. 💜

Laadheenee means everything to me. It represents an unwavering commitment to human dignity in the face of insurmountable hatred. Laadheenee is my life's truth, realised through gut wrenching pain, tears and existential struggle that left me empty and stunted to the core of my being. Being Laadheenee means having the strength and courage to be who you are that no amount of derogatory labels can topple. Laadheenee is life. Laadheenee is power.

- K

[What does laadheenee mean to you?]

# Crushed Flowers

BY KANBAAFAANU

Is there any statement that you can make with certainty concerning masculinity, and if so what is it? When I thought about this question, thought about what I know and could claim with certainty concerning masculinity, I thought of my childhood home. Memories long forgotten came crashing back in waves, one after the other. Memories of making garlands, of nights spent munching on *maskaashi* (coconut and dried fish), surreptitiously listening to the men of the house talk politics in hushed tones. Memories of the smell of burning incense. Memories of starry skies. Memories that leave me feeling bittersweet. This puzzled me. This puzzled me because out of all the things that I could have thought of concerning masculinity, it was my childhood home that immediately came to mind. It puzzled me even more that these memories felt bittersweet. I couldn't put my finger on why I thought and felt this way. What could my childhood and the home I grew up in possibly teach me about masculinity that I could claim to know with certainty?

I grew up in an extended household, surrounded by my aunts, uncles and cousins. My earliest memories are of days spent playing with my cousins under the shade of the *moonima gas* in the sweltering afternoon sun. Just us girls. We used to collect the *moonima* and *huvandhuma* that had fallen to the ground. When we had

collected enough flowers to make a mound we would sit in a circle and string them together, basking in the fragrance. But this peace never lasted long. Almost always, one of the boys would show up and stomp on all the flowers we had collected. We'd scream, cry and run to our mothers who were busily cooking away for when the men came home expecting lunch. They smile knowingly when they see our tear streaked faces and the crushed flowers in our hands. They tell us to pay no heed. That's just the way boys behave. They tell us to dry our tears and start all over again. Boys, will always be boys. There was nothing we could do about it but begin again.

I grew up in a home where men discussed politics in hushed voices when the power went out at night. Hushed because this was a country where one man competed in the Presidential elections for thirty years and always "won". Hushed, because my grandfather had once been to prison and exiled. Hushed, because no one wanted to risk the neighbours overhearing. Power outages always brought out the inner politician among the men of the house. The men always sat in a tight circle in the middle of the courtyard, illuminated by the light of the moon and stars. Not surprisingly, the women stayed in the kitchen adjoining the courtyard preparing *maskaashi* for the men to eat. It was a household tradition during power outages. Us children, we stayed indoors eating *maskaashi* in the dark. The courtyard was a space for men, where women hovered

around the edge, occasionally breaking the circle to offer food. There was an unspoken understanding that this was the way things ought to be. The men talked. The women gossiped and pretended to not hear or understand. Us children, we played our games and pretended to not hear or understand. But we saw, we listened and we understood. Things stayed the way they ought to be as long as we pretended to not hear or understand.

These men that gathered to talk politics under the stars had another secret. A darker more sinister secret that everyone pretended to not know. We used to lie awake at night listening to the sound of fists against flesh, of muffled cries and whispered pleading. Unable to sleep we tossed and turned in bed only to pretend that we do not see the bruises the next day. We talked, laughed and ate breakfast together like the night before was just a bad dream. We pretended to not hear these men, who spoke with great disgust of the torture carried upon men in Dhivehi prisons, beat their wives black and blue. We pretended to be unaware of the violence that was perpetuated in our very own home. We feigned ignorance because we were taught to believe that it was a man's right to raise his fists in anger. We were taught that men will always be men. There was nothing we could do but weather the blows and hide the pain. So we pretended to not see, hear or feel this violation of human dignity.

So what is it about masculinity that I can claim to know with certainty? Masculinity is a mask behind which nothing resides. It is a performance that conceals a secret that does not exist. Yet still, it is as real as the crushed flowers of my childhood. It is as real as the battered women I know. It is real because we are all guilty of ritual collusion\*. We pretend to see what we think exists behind the mask even when we see otherwise. We interpret masculine signifiers that are performed by others as being truly indicative of who they really are as opposed to a performance they put on. No matter how many times the mask of masculinity is taken off, we continue to define boys and men we know according to it. We believe that boys crush flowers because that's how boys are supposed to behave. We believe that men beat their wives because violence is their heavenly right. The place from which the gendered gaze emanates is as implicated in the doing of masculinity as the site on which it is performed. The endurance of the mask of masculinity is a testament to the power of pretence. But in our recognition of the mask of masculinity lies hope for change. In our recognition of the mask lies the possibility of a world where we are not left with crushed flowers but beautiful garlands. ♥

\* Michael Taussig, 'Schopenhauer's Beard', in *Constructing Masculinity*, edited by Maurice Berger, Brian Wallis, Simon Watson, Routledge, New York, London: 1995, pp. 107-114.

It is possible to coexist in peace and I don't understand why people chose hatred and violence. What happened to Islam being the religion of peace? Seems like nobody who follows it in the Maldives is peaceful nor knowledge about what they're practising themselves. - anon

[Rants]

# Religion

BY DHONKEYO KAJURU

Seven days after I was born, there was a celebration. There was sweet rice and mutton and everybody crowded around to coo over the newest addition to the family. I grew up being told to do as I'm told, that God was always watching, to recite strange words that I didn't understand. It was less important that I knew what they meant, and more that I spoke them, I was told.

Slowly, my life began to be built around rules upon rules and I began to learn that I had already lost the lottery of gender when I was born a girl.

Because see, there's so many guidelines no, not guidelines. There's so many rules you see. But for every two a boy gets, a girl gets three.

I slowly learned that my mere existence was a conflict. At every turn was sin. My every action was just shy of the flames of judgment that were sure to befall me some day.

"Cover up, for God's sake", my mother said. Metaphors about candy chimed in from every direction, the distance between me and hell marked by two inches of skin between my wrist and my sleeve.

So there I was. Learning that my skin, was sin. My voice, was sin. My hair, my eyes, my lips. Sin.

Everything a test and every glance a temptation that I mustn't, I mustn't, you mustn't, because men are weak, because men can't help themselves, because you were created as a pleasure, a blessing for the same men that you are taught to stay away from but it's okay. As long as you are legally bound, as long as a ceremony was performed, and remember. You must obey.

I'm depressed, I said. Pray it away, they replied. Mental illness is a modern myth that scientists have invented to lead you astray and the only medicine you require is touching your forehead to the ground five times a day. Because God loves you so have faith and you won't die.

Pray to God, they told me. Pray for forgiveness, for understanding, pray that he may wash away these thoughts that are clouding your judgment. These doubts that you're proclaiming, surely they're Satan's own whispers.

My life was beginning to feel less like a structure, and more like a cage. *Haram*, they cried. You mustn't question. You mustn't doubt. You were created in the best possible way and yet they cry *infidel* when I say I love a girl, they say I am sinning, that love has to fall into a set design that some man created a thousand years ago.

Is this what I am to be? Forever trapped in the conundrum of why I was put through

so much pain, so much suffering by such a loving God. Trapped in the religion of peace that condones war.

But it's okay as long as they're *kafir*, right?

Right.

Taught to constantly live in fear of the next test of the next trial, of the next sin that you may never recover from but wait! You can have salvation. Just cover your hair and accept what you are. That your word will count as a quarter of a man's, that your entire purpose is to serve and breed and create more automatons to fear death, to fear the aftermath, to fear the next life, but it's alright! Because the religion that tamps down on sexuality, will also promise you seventy two virgins, as long as you play theological Simon Says. 🍷



Very few people can have same level of belief in something with others at the same time. Prophet even didn't practice being prophet from birth. He got to prophets level when he was past 40. Just because someone can't believe in Arab medieval superstitions doesn't make that person a threat. We live in a technological era now. Forcing people to pretend to believe in everything prophet did was good would mean being ok to slavery, child-marriage, less inheritance to women, war, barbaric punishments for things like adultery which we don't practice anymore. We already have child & women protecting laws that are much better than 7th century laws. Yes their lifestyle was different & it made sense back then because before Islam it was worse. Our laws provide better protection for everyone already compared to them banning child marriage, marital rape, slavery, giving equal inheritance to females, etc so no need to kill people who are not copying 7th century people who lived without phones, electricity, internet, tv & social media. Threatening people that if we can't believe what you say you will kill us is same as saying Islam will be a death threat if you can't believe in it & death threat is not a religion. - anon

[Rants]

# Advice for Laadheenee Activists

BY BURAKASHI

- Trust no one. Not your family. Not your friends.
- Be aware of Maldivian geography. There is nowhere for you to run.
- Do not underestimate the power of gossip.
- Express your ideas for people who want to listen. Don't limit your audience to extremists who hate your guts.
- Write for each other. Listen to each other.
- If you don't like each other, that's ok too. Everyone doesn't have to get along. Equality can be achieved when we are all afforded the same rights, not when we all become friends.
- Don't fall into the trap of having to constantly justify your existence.
- You deserve to be Maldivian just like everybody else. Nobody can take that away from you no matter what they say.
- Think of the bigger picture. What would you do if you were already free? What kind of art would you create? How would you contribute to society? How would you help people like yourself? Build resources and help your community.
- Understand that everyone is entitled to their own beliefs and their own stories. We all have our own paths to salvation.
- Anonymity is your friend. Don't feel like you've got to martyr yourself in public to affect change. If you have an idea that can help laadheenee people, and you don't feel safe enough to use your own name, do it under an alias. You know who you are. Take strength from this fact.
- You are no help if you're dead. If you're gonna put yourself at risk, make it worth it. Don't make yourself a target for simply being an edgelord.
- Many people will try to extract information from you by asking questions in bad faith. Don't take the bait and reveal more about yourself than you are comfortable with. They know such questions will be deeply personal to you and they will try to make you drop your guard by making you emotional.
- If you're going to debate someone, stay on topic. If you're off topic, stop the debate. Many Maldivians don't want to debate you as much as fish for info on whether you're a munafiq or infidel. This is as much a danger for progressive Muslims as much as non-Muslims and LGBT people. Many progressive Muslims are baited into revealing their support for minorities, only to get labeled as an atheist or gay person.
- With that said most debates are useless.
- Document, document, document. Someone send you a death threat? Document it. See some terrible article? Document it, archive it. Keep a folder of threats you have gotten personally.

- Document threats to people like you. Document dog whistles and document blatant bigotry. If the day comes when you have to prove to someone that you need asylum, you will need to provide them with this evidence for them to accept your case. We are all familiar with the methods and context of our oppression. The world is not. This is why the Maldives is still such a hot tourist destination for western stars who claim to be human rights defenders.
- Learn self defence. Learn to hit back. Not just with your words but with your fists. If they are going to come you will not go down easy.
- Don't travel alone at night. If you must always let someone know where you are going. Have an emergency contact on speed dial. Know your own neighbourhood. Just because you're paranoid doesn't mean you are wrong. This is the curse of being born Maldivian.
- You are not something for people to test their faith with. Many people will harass you with questions like "if you're laadheene, what about this hadith?!". Let such people figure out the problems they have with their faith on their own.
- You do not have to accept or respect people who do not accept and respect you. It is okay to feel angry and frustrated at such people. However instead of becoming like them, try to focus your frustrations into a more productive outlet.
- Don't let your struggle take over your life. You are more than the label put onto you by society. Do not waste your youth trying to justify your existence to people who don't give a shit about you.
- Learn that you will never please some people. Most bigots are similar to narcissists in that they will never be satisfied. They will make you feel like if you give them the right answer they will finally accept you for who you are. Such people will never accept you because it was never about you in the first place. Their hatred of you is a projection of their own insecurities.
- Your story is the most valuable thing you will ever have. Never underestimate this. Never let anyone feel you are worthless. You are a beautiful human being just the way you are. You are as Dhivehi as any islander that has ever called our isles home. Nobody can ever take that away from you. ❤️

**To submit content for  
The Laadheenee Digest #3  
get in touch with your rants, art, stories, erotica,  
and whatever the fuck else you feel like saying at  
[thelaadheenee@icloud.com](mailto:thelaadheenee@icloud.com)**



**The Laadheenees will rise again!**

**The Laadheenee Digest #2 June 2019**