



Capt Omerzeb was born in 1984 at CMH Rawalpindi. He was the third son to his parents. Omerzeb was very healthy weighing eight & half ponds on his birth with broad eyes and smiling face. He was sparkingly handsome. Anyone who would look at him could never resist kissing him. He grew as a very playful and cheering lad. I hardly remember him unnecessarily crying or bewailing. I vividly remember in one of the mixed gatherings in the mess I was carrying omerzeb, one of a senior officers while looking at omerzeb remarked , “ afzal, I don’t mind having 12 sons like this boy”.



MASHALLAH, Omerzeb was stunningly good-looking and attractive. Somehow he would get overjoyed on wearing colorful and smartly fitted cloths, a habit which remained with him always. No doubt he would put on smartly stitched suits and the uniform.

As a youngest son and the brother he always got the special attention not only from the parents but the whole family. His broad manly looks, smartly dressed, charged agility with lots of mannerism made him a very sought after young boy both with children and elders alike. His early schooling at Iqra Academy Quetta, Presentation Convent Murree, Army Public Schools at Sialkot and Peshawar went very rewarding for his personality building. All along he has been very extrovert and taking full participation in outdoor activities, may these were games, musical evenings, debates, physical shows or naat competitions. Omerzeb was visible everywhere and has a good collection of prizes and certificates. An interesting thing about him was that he would do exceedingly well when put under competition with



someone. He could never see any one surpassing him. He would take it a matter of life & death and prepare so hard to win under any circumstances. On one such occasion when studying at Army Public College at Rawalpindi, one of his class fellows who was a good English debater challenged him to come on stage and compete in the coming annual English debate. He accepted the challenge and started preparing for the debate, the first of his student life. He certainly was a bit nervous initially but with lit bit motivation and counseling as how to start preparation, he got on to his tempo and prepared with the help of English teachers from various other colleges, all at his own and finally came up with an excellent script. He rehearsed this script over dozens of times in front of mirror, in front of me -his father, friends and added style to his delivery.



The boy was really involved in this event. He prepared it exceedingly well and on the day of competition he was way ahead of his challenger. He won and was declared the best debater of the year 2002 and was selected as General Secretary English Debating Society as well.

This is how he grew- all committed, focused and exactly knew about his aim and how to

accomplish that. Never ever I received any complaint from anywhere – his teachers, his friends, neighbors or any family member. I never chased him for studies, he never tutored except once and that too for a short while. He was weak in urdu writing but his English writing and expression was excellent.

As his FSc was about to finish, I asked about his future move, his answer was (and I knew well) “ Army is my only choice”. I



did give him few other options but he just brushed these away. He had all along been crazy about Army. He would, as a young boy very often put on my uniform and behave like an army officer. Army had been his dream. Of course her mother always sided with him in joining the Army. As soon as he passed his FSc he applied and started preparing for 111 Long course and got selected. Once again his passion, commitment and focused preparation made him through. His stay at Military



Academy has seen many ups and downs. His extrovert nature, very friendly, over confidence impressed his juniors and seniors and became a popular cadet of his course. He somehow could never fall in the category of disciplined cadets and therefore was first in getting de-striped in his course. He very often remained on evening punishments rolls because of his frankness with staff, over protections of his colleagues, cranking of jokes and such like activities which were more fun oriented and lively. Omerzeb and the punishment dress remained very friendly to each other at the Academy. The good thing is that he remained ever smiling under much stressed moments, took these tough times like a man and passed out as a Gentleman cadet in 2005. On his Passing Out day one of his Platoon Commanders whom I met remarked about him “ Sir, Omerzeb is very different , this boy will rise very high , the only thing is he has to show more seriousness towards his profession”. Omerzeb standing next to me listened, smiled and his inner challenges accepting nature whispered something which he kept up his mind till last. He joined 9 AK Regiment at Azad Kashmir as 2nd Lieutenant and I saw him immensely pleased.

2nd Lt Omerzeb ., a smartly turned out officer worked very hard in his unit, earned great confidence of his seniors, participated in all activities of the unit with lot of motivation. He volunteered all outdoor events and soon became a very



likeable young officer in the unit. He got the second pip at his turn. The Batallion Commanders in succession appointed him on their staff only because of his seriousness and efficient work habits. On his basic course at Infantry School he got AX grade, this performance he repeated on the Mortor Course as well by obtaining AX. He passed his promotion examination, got promoted as Captain and was appointed Adjutant of the Batallion, a chair which every young

officer cherishes. He moved with the unit to Rahim Yar Khan and always remained busy with the normal unit activities. He would daily talk to every member of the family and express his respect and love to everyone. His extrovert nature made him a lovely member of the mess and cantonment functions. He was a very good singer, a prolific anchor and a dramatist. These virtues made him popular among young boys, girls and ladies as well. But somewhere down his heart he had different plans - all together different.

Captain Omerzeb by now had become very mature, very serious in his professional obligations - his battalion and his job was his total life. He started writing diary and what he wrote in that reflected his burning desire. Capt Omerzeb was wishing a very dignified journey, a journey which Hazrat Ali wished but could never get on that, a journey which takes you to the apex, a journey which takes you to the destination where you are received by ALLAH HIMSELF. Capt Omerzeb as usual was again focused, committed to his aim and very well new his destination. His battalion was ordered to move to SWAT area where Pakistan Army is fighting the very existence of its country against the terrorist who by all means are foreign sponsored by most sophisticated arms and tons of money. These terrorist call themselves as Talibans and Muslims but are most brutal and well trained. They preach Islam in its crudest form, in fact these terrorist are bigotries, atheists and hardened criminals from different nations who hold evil design against Pakistan and its nuclear assets. Capt Omerzeb was well aware of all national and international involvement in the current situation on our Northern Pakistan. As his unit move order came he was visibly over excited. He came home for a day to meet us all and later joined his battalion on a journey from where he came back not as a Captain Omerzeb but as a Capt Omerzeb Shaheed , engulfed in his country's national flag, placed in a coffin box on the shoulders of his comrades in uniform. Capt Omerzeb met SHAHADET on 21 May 2009 in Operation Rah-e- Rast in area lower sawat and went on a journey where no doubts he must have been received by the CREATOR HIMSELF.

ALLAH BLESSES YOU OMERZEB. YOU WERE BORN AS A JEWEL, YOU LIVED AS A JEWEL, AND YOU LEFT AS A JEWEL. YOU WILL EVER REMAIN A PARAGON. MAY YOU LIVE IN ETERNAL PEACE.

We all – your parents, brothers, sisters, family members feel proud of you and salute you, the honor you gave us and this country.



Contributed by Capt Omerzeb Shaheed's father
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