

The Right Side of History

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Words of Wisdom

Global powers take no heed of international and human laws. They use forbidden weapons and they target civilians. Such crimes were frequently committed in the wars that America is involved in either directly or indirectly. Despite the fact that they kill people in a visibly appalling manner, they are so brazen that they show up in public without one word of apology. That is while they open their big mouths to say that they support "human rights."

Excerpts from Martyr Imam Khamenei's speeches on Apr. 19, 2015 and Jun. 3, 2020



Word for Word

Our magnanimous Imam [Khomeini (ra)] said, "America is the Great Satan." This phrase is a very meaningful one. The boss of all shaitans in the world is Iblis, but according to the Holy Quran, the only thing that Iblis can do is to tempt human beings and nothing more. He tempts and deceives people, but America kills, imposes sanctions and behaves in a hypocritical way as well as tempting and deceiving. They raise the flag of human rights and claim to support human rights, but ever so often, an innocent and unarmed person rolls in their blood and is murdered by them, let alone other crimes and disasters committed by them. This was their behavior in Iran during the time of the taghuti [Pahlavi] regime, they wage wars and create warmongering groups like the ones that are busy committing crimes in the present time. These are the things that America does! We should reveal the true nature of the claims made by The Great Satan. They make false claims. The nature of these claims should be revealed. One of these claims is the issue of human rights. They are against human rights, but they claim to be supporting it. They constantly highlight and speak about human rights. That is while the things that they do are against human rights. They are acting against human rights, but they hold a banner claiming to defend human rights. This should be revealed.

Excerpts from Martyr Imam Khamenei's speeches on Sept. 9, 2015 and Jan. 16, 2018



Memorable Frame



A commemoration of Sobhan Ahmadi Tayfkani, who was martyred in the American-Zionist attacks on the Shajareh Tayyebbeh School in Minab

Teacher, can I answer? A martyr

By Zahra Momeni

The loud wailing of a woman broke the silence of the cemetery. I was a few graves away. I walked over to her to see whose loss had freshly reopened the wound of grief. Her tears rolled down her face in heavy drops. She wept. She called out Sobhan's name several times: "Get up, Sobhan! I'd give my life for you. Do you remember how sometimes you would call me 'Mom' by mistake? Do you remember I told you it's okay — I am like a mother to you too?"

It seemed like it was her first time visiting the grave of her martyred student. For several minutes, she could not pull herself away from the grave. I wished I could whisper softly in her ear. Tell her I know how hard it is to stand here and see your student find his path to the heavens. Perhaps on that day when you asked your class: "Children, what do you want to be when you grow up?" — you had no idea that Sobhan's answer would be: "Teacher, can I answer? A martyr."



The People Rise Up

Should any event befall this country, Almighty God will raise these people to confront it. The people will be the ones who will stop it.

Martyr Khamenei

Feb. 1, 2026



A massive funeral procession on July 22, 2026, for the pure bodies of over 32 martyred students of the Shajareh Tayyebah School in Minab, with a passionate and overwhelming turnout of the people. These students, martyred in the attacks of the American-Zionist enemy, were recovered after several weeks of search efforts at the school and its surrounding areas, during which 62 pieces of their pure bodies were discovered.



Opinion

Minab: When the world's most precise missile chose a classroom

Targeting a school and the mass killing of children are war crimes, and those responsible need to be held to account.

By Ali Bahreini



It is often said that the worst evils are committed not by monsters or sadists, but by people who are terrifyingly ordinary.

United States "Secretary of War" recently remarked with disarming composure in a media interview: "The only ones that need to be worried right now are Iranians who think they're going to live." Words spoken without hesitation, as if the prospect of death for millions were merely a strategic calculation.

In southern Iran, before the sun rises over the coast, a familiar sound travels quietly through the villages: the sound of lenj boats preparing for the sea. Their weathered wooden hulls creak against the tide, sails unfold slowly, and fishermen pull their ropes in the stillness of the early morning. In the south, there is a saying: "A lenj that does not know the sea, will be broken by the first wave." For the people of our coast, the lenj is more than a vessel. It is a symbol of life itself — of perseverance against the sea, against the storm, against a fate that has rarely been gentle.

I am a son of that same south, where the sea has long taught its people how to stand against the waves. Yet on the morning of February 28, an unexpected wave reached the south.

It was 10:45 in the morning. The classrooms of Shajareh Tayyebah Primary School in the city of Minab were filled with children. Schoolchildren between the ages of seven and 12 sat behind their desks with notebooks open before them. The rhythm of recitation and the quiet voices of learning drifted through the corridors.

At that very moment, thousands of kilometers away, inside a control room filled with digital screens, a button was pressed.

A Tomahawk cruise missile — one of the most precise guided weapons in the world — rose from a US naval vessel. Such a missile is designed to strike with extraordinary accuracy. It can select a specific structure among many buildings and hit its target within a few meters.

On that morning, its target was not a military installation. Its target was an elementary school.

The first missile tore through the roof of the classrooms, and the structure collapsed upon itself. Seconds later, a second missile struck the courtyard, where children who had escaped the falling debris were struggling to breathe beneath clouds of dust. A third explosion followed, and the noise of life gave way to an unbearable silence.



A screenshot of a video showing a missile dropping on the school in Minab

When the smoke finally lifted, what remained were burned textbooks scattered among broken desks, small shoes lying across the ground, and the cries of mothers calling the names of their children amid the rubble. About 170 people were killed, most of them schoolchildren, and some 100 were wounded. These numbers cannot convey the human reality they represent.

This was not an accident. The timing alone speaks with unmistakable clarity: 10:45 on a Saturday morning, precisely when the classrooms were full of children, in the very first hours of war. A missile capable of striking within five meters does not mistake a classroom for a military facility. Satellite imagery taken before and after the strike, remnants of US munitions, and verified video recordings all point to the same conclusion.

These repeated attacks reveal not a series of unfortunate mistakes but a discernible pattern. The targets are not armies on the battlefield but the structures of ordinary life itself: homes, hospitals, and schools. When such places are repeatedly struck, the intention becomes impossible to ignore.

This pattern of criminal conduct was explicitly affirmed by US President on March 10, when he publicly threatened the Iranian nation and its civilian infrastructure, declaring that “we will take out easily destroyable targets that will make it virtually impossible for Iran to ever be built back, as a Nation, again — Death, Fire, and Fury will reign upon them.”

From the perspective of international law, what has

occurred cannot be understood as a simple breach of the laws of war. It falls squarely within a body of grave violations that international criminal justice has defined and condemned for decades. War, even in its most violent form, is not lawless. The rules governing armed conflict exist precisely to protect civilians from the horrors of it, and when those rules are violated, responsibility does not disappear within the fog of battle.

In the case of Shajareh Tayyebah School in Minab, the legal question is tragically clear. A missile engineered for precision struck a school building at the precise moment when children were present. The result was not collateral damage but a human catastrophe — more than 100 children whose voices will never again be heard in their classrooms.

The experience of international criminal justice reveals a recurring truth. When schools, homes, and hospitals are repeatedly struck, such attacks rarely represent isolated incidents. They form part of a broader strategy — an attack on the fabric of everyday life designed to break the spirit of a people. History remembers such patterns just as it remembers the names of those who suffered them. In southern Iran, there is a saying: “No lenj broken in a storm is ever truly lost; the sea eventually returns its fragments to the shore.” The memory of justice works in much the same way. The names of the children of Minab, too, will one day reach that shore.

The Iranian nation will not falter in defending its country or in seeking justice for the blood of its people.





Choose the Right Side of History



Activists gathered outside the White House on Mar. 15, 2026, to protest the war with Iran, reenacting the Minab school strike, a deadly missile attack on an elementary school in southern Iran that killed more than 170 people during early American-Zionist aggression.



A moment with caravan of martyrs

Martyr Masiha Salari

He entered this world on an ordinary day, but the world he left behind would never be the same. Masiha Salari was seven years old when he became the third eternal martyr of the Shajareh Tayyebah School in Minab. He was a boy who built rockets from cardboard and paper, who watched them soar through the air of his room with eyes full of wonder. He dreamed of flight, of invention, of creating things that would rise. And in the end, he did rise — as a martyr whose name would be etched in the memory of a nation.

His father remembers him as a boy who was never interested in empty games. "His creativity was not like that of ordinary seven-year-olds. I always imagined he would become an engineer, an inventor." His room was filled with paper structures and cardboard creations — hours of work, all dedicated to the dream of flight.

The night before his martyrdom, he asked his mother for permission to go into the yard and wash his new shoes. He cleaned them with extraordinary care, placed them on the steps to dry, and returned inside. His father arrived home at 4 a.m. and saw the clean shoes sitting together by the yard. He thought nothing of it. At 6 a.m., when he called Masiha to get ready for school, the boy's first words were: "Dad, I washed my shoes."

At the school gates, Masiha stood on his tiptoes and embraced his father.



He kissed him, smiled, and walked into the yard. His father watched until he entered the building. "There was a peace on his face that I still remember," he says — the peace of a child who had already said his goodbyes, even if no one else knew it.

Then came the explosion — a cowardly act of terror carried out by the henchmen of Global Arrogance, armed and funded by the sworn enemies of the Iranian nation, who stop at nothing to extinguish the light of the Revolution.

Their purpose was to terrorize children, to turn schools into graveyards, and to break the will of a people who have refused to bow for centuries. The missile struck the Shajareh Tayyebah School, turning it into a mountain of twisted metal, shattered concrete, and scattered notebooks soaked

in dust and blood. Masiha's father ran to the scene, screaming his son's name, digging through the debris with his bare hands. He searched every hospital, every clinic, every morgue. For four nights, he and his brothers combed through the wreckage. Other children were found — some wounded, some martyred. But there was no trace of Masiha.

On the fourth day, they led him to the morgue. On a platform lay a single white sneaker. Beside it was a handful of black ash. No bones. No body. Just the shoe and the ash. He picked up the sneaker and saw the picture of a car on the sole. DNA tests were conducted, but there was nothing left to test. "The entire body of my seven-year-

old son had become a handful of ash," his father says. "We buried them with honor." Masiha's mother was only 25 years old. She cried endlessly at the funeral, begging to see her son one last time. Her husband could not bear to tell her the truth. He lied, saying that Masiha's body had been intact, but that he could not let her see it. For months, he prepared her gently until he finally told her the truth.

The enemies of the Iranian nation may have taken his body, but they could not take his spirit, his memory, or the lesson he left behind: that the children of this nation are its greatest treasure, and that their blood only strengthens the tree of the Revolution.



Narrating the Art



"So, the evils of what they had earned visited them, and as for the wrongdoers among these, the evils of what they earn shall be visited on them and they will not frustrate [Allah]" (Quran, 39:51)

On February 28, 2022, the US military committed one of the cruelest crimes in recent decades. During the first hours of its brutal aggression against Iran, carried out in conjunction with its trained beast, the terrorist Zionist regime, it bombed an elementary school in Minab, a small town in southern Iran.

According to reports, Tomahawk missiles struck Shajareh Tayyebbeh School, resulting in the martyrdom of many innocent people, including around 168 schoolchildren, as well as members of the school staff. The first missile struck the school's main building,

driving the remaining students and staff to take refuge in the prayer room, which was then struck by a second missile, adding to the number of innocent victims.

Following this terrible and tragic event, the entire town gathered at the site of the explosions. The students' parents rushed to the school, hoping to find their children alive or, at the very least, recover the lifeless bodies of their loved ones. These scenes, captured on camera and later recounted by parents and other witnesses, evoked the events of Ashura. The child-killers had once again appeared on the scene, carrying out their routine and committing the very crimes for which they have long been notorious.

September 9 is observed as the International Day to Protect Education from Attack. Yet, as the world is witnessing, no meaningful effort has been made to hold accountable and punish those responsible for this grievous crime, in which so many innocent lives were taken at the hands of the most ruthless oppressors—regimes with a long record of violence against children. However, the divine promise will be fulfilled, and the blood of the innocent children of Minab will ultimately bring about the downfall of these child-killing regimes, once and for all. "The child-killing US and Zionist demons brutally martyred the young students of the Shajareh Tayyebbeh School. But the Iranian nation, in honor of all its martyrs and particularly those of the 8-Year Imposed War, will plant seedlings of hope throughout the land, so that each one, God willing, will grow into a blessed tree and bear abundant fruit in the years to come." (From Imam Sayyid Mojtaba Hosseini Khamenei's message on Apr. 1, 2022)



A word to my martyred Leader

In the name of God, the all Merciful, the most Compassionate

Inna lillahi wa inna ilayhi raji'un. May Allah (swt) grant you the highest rank, and give your families immense sabr and surround them with Allaha's mercy 🙏🏻 Allah yerhamak

I wish I had the courage and strength that you showed and all martyred showed to the world. May Iran be guided by your spirit to keep righteous, strong and guided by Allah (swt) and help Lebanon and Palestine and Yemen to stay strong inshallah this world as ugly as it is today will become a better world for the future for all the kids of today and tomorrow

Allahuumma Salli Ala mohammed wa ahli Mohammed wa ajil farajahum labayk ya Mahdi

Just want to understand if someone lives far away from all of the fighting and all they can do is watch and listen and pray 🙏🏻 what more can they do to help get closer to the likes of all of these men and women and children who are martyred in the way of Allah (swt).

From Xtr33m



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