

Exhibit A

To The Honorable Judge KORMAN

Dear Sir,

My name is NOUREDDINE MALKI. I was born and raised in CASABLANCA MOROCCO. I am the sixth in a large family of thirteen brothers and sisters: Eight brothers; five sisters. I was twelve years old when my mother passed away. As a child I was in a state of shock and wouldn't accept the fact that a freak accident took my mother forever. It took years to recover from the sadness and finally realize that it was all God's master plan.

As I look back, I see the master plan the Lord God had for my life. He was arranging events to bring me and my older and younger brothers and sisters to places where we could find better life and freedom that we desperately needed.

Back when I was a teenager, my father got married again and I endured various forms of difficulties and tested the affliction of hard life without a mother. Yet as young I learned the hard way to contain myself no matter how hard life was. I knew that the Lord God will provide for me in this life and in the hereafter.

My love for America started when I was very young. I remember asking my mother questions about America. I was then ten years old. She knew that America is a large country of freedom far away across the ocean. At age fourteen I learned English. In fact, at that age I spoke better English than French and Spanish. I went to American cultural center to borrow books and video tapes about the American history and civilization.. When I graduated from school, I went to college. My major was English. My bachelor's degree thesis was The American Jazz age and the life of Francis F. Scott Fitzgerald. The subject was a critical analysis of "The Great Gatsby" and "Tender is the Night."

Back in 1988, I came to New York and lived in BROOKLYN. I had a tourist visa but I came here to stay. I made a terrible mistake by falling into the trap of those who took my money for a false statement. My goal back then was to live in America; their goal was to make money. So I gave in to their greed and gave fifteen hundred dollars. I wish I could turn back the time to correct this mistake.

Your honor, we all make mistakes one way or another. We learn from our mistakes. I stood before you and pleaded guilty. I also confessed my sins to the Lord of heavens and earth and He is oft-forgiving. I therefore sensed a weight fall off my shoulders. I am a married man who believes in the faithfulness the sanctity of marriage. I never tempted to go for fake marriage to get a green card, even knowing that thousands of people have been applying for legal status using false marriages.

During my eighteen years in Brooklyn I acquired an American heart regardless of the type of blood running in my ethnic background. My love for America is pure and so strong that there is no doubt whatsoever about my loyalty and patriotism. Prior to having been deployed to Iraq, I was law abiding citizen. I have no criminal record and never got myself into trouble with the law. I am honored to be living in America. It is the freedom and the principals of the constitution that motivated my spirit and made seek America as my country of choice. It is all God's master plan.

On September 2003 a call came in to represent America and serve in Iraq. I answered the call with pride, honor and dignity. I risked my own life to serve and be with the Army. I did not hesitate a second to give my part of my blood if necessary. I volunteered against all odds and against those who warned me of the consequences and the dangers of the mission. All I ever wanted in exchange is to be given another chance to correct what I did eighteen years ago. I was planing to come before an immigration judge and reveal my past because I believe I deserve another chance.

In Iraq I worked long hours with no days off at all. I took the extreme heat and sand storms. I endured all the hardship. Yet I never complained. I always reminded myself that I'm doing this for my country for America. I was attached to the 82nd Airborne division. I worked with other units attached to the 82nd. We went on missions to towns and villages. We worked closely with the local tribal chiefs and the good citizens of Iraq. We also hunted down the criminals responsible for conflicts and strives among Iraqis. We won the hearts and minds of those who believe in justice and freedom. We created several programs for the local neighbors. The purpose was to create jobs for the youth. We worked to make sure that they build small economics for their communities. We hired local Iraqis to work on base. The 82nd Airborne division and its attachments initiated a screening program to let all those decent local Iraqis who want to work. Those who passed the screening process were given badges to gain access to the base. Among the good-will approaches implemented were programs like the adopt-a-school program and the adopt-a-hospital program. We visited schools and hospitals. We fixed doors, and windows. We distributed medical supplies and school supplies. We developed friendships with all the neighbors around the base.

A general order came in to hire local transportation businesses to move American supplies from base to base. We succeeded in building economies in all the towns and villages around the base. Our objective was clear. That is to get young people job opportunities and make them so preoccupied that they would never think of joining insurgents.

My first assignment lasted six months. There was a transition period where the marines were coming in while the 82nd Airborne division was leaving. I left with them to Kuwait for my first vacation of three weeks. Prior to leaving Iraq, we made sure we stay in touch with the good people of Iraq. We exchanged phone numbers and email addresses. We also took thousands of pictures with them. Besides being busy all the time, I volunteered to teach cultural awareness classes to the troops. I earned the respect of all the Army officers of both the 82nd division and

all its attachments. I received certificates, letters of recommendation and medals. My second mission was with 502 Mi in the South of the country. Situation at that period of April 2004 was dangerous and out of control. The ALMAHDI Army revolted against coalition forces in Baghdad and almost all Southern towns. Their leader, a young Shia cleric named AL SADR, issued statements against the local police of the town of Najaf and against all coalition forces in the south. I was in the town of Najaf, and our base was very small compared to other bases in the country.

On August 2004 our base came under the attack from the ALMAHDI Army. We had to evacuate the base because fire was already raging in one of the cisterns holding fuel. We were frantically running against time to leave the base, when I accidentally broke my left shoulder during the process. I had to be moved by helicopter to Baghdad base to take a flight back home via Germany. By the end of September I was already home waiting for an insurance coverage. The response time from the insurance company took more than five months. So I had to live with a broken shoulder for six months., During that time people started calling me to ask about my health and to wish me fast recovery. I received calls from friends and relatives from France, Morocco, and even from Iraq. Some of my Army friends here in the states told the friends in Iraq. They all started to call me and ask what happened. After the sixth month which was February 2005 I was authorized to take an MRI test which proved they injury. I was then assigned a case worker to help me get the surgery I needed at New York hospital for special surgery. By May I was able to go back to work after three months of physical therapy.

Back to Iraq I was assigned to 184th Mi in the northern town of Mosul. I worked there for four months. One night I was approached by American civilians who claimed to be F.B.I. Agents in Iraq. They showed their badges which were similar to the one I have, a DOD Badge. They said that I had to go back to New York because something was wrong with my application. They asked about my name, date of birth and place of birth. They asked if they could keep my cell phone and my laptop computer. I gave them my cell phone and told them that I hadn't brought my computer with me. They also asked me to write a statement that I gave my phone and willing to give my computer freely and voluntarily. So I wrote two documents: one for my cell phone; one for my laptop. They said someone would pick up my computer from my apartment later. I arranged for them to call my friend Vincent Alston, to give them access to my apartment.

I came back home with the two documents. I called Vincent from the airport and he told me that some agents had called him for the keys to my apartment because I authorized them to take my computer. However, when I went home I found out that they took everything that was in the apartment. Papers, books, tapes, CD, scanner documents, my letters of recommendation, certificates, medals. Everything was gone with a court authorization. They left my desk completely empty, They stayed in my apartment for four hours. They returned the keys to Vincent around six o'clock in the evening. It was October 5th 2005 when I called agent John Ross. He left his phone his number with Vincent my friend. I told him that I was home if he wanted to see me. I was planning to reveal that fact that had been bothering for eighteen years. He said he wouldn't be able to make it until Friday. On Friday I called him again after I sensed

that he not show up because it was getting late. He told me that they were very busy and that he would come on Tuesday the following week.

On Tuesday October 11th I called him again around midday. He said he would be by my apartment in half an hour. Later he showed up with two other agents: Bob and Mark. I made some coffee for them. They started asking about the job and the mission in Iraq. They asked about my name and I told voluntarily that my real name is NOUREDDINE MALKI and not ALMALIKI NOUR. That my place of birth is CASABLANCA, MOROCCO and not BEIRUT, LEBANON and told the story how it started. By six o'clock they showed me a paper that reads my rights and asked me to sign it. After that they asked me to go with them to the district attorney's office downtown to talk to the prosecutor about. They said they help fix this problem if I cooperated with them. They even said they drop the charges of false statement if I told them that I had connections with the insurgents. I got angry and reminded them that I worked for the Army and I was on base twenty four hours a day with the Army personnel as roommates. They said they had information I was receiving phone calls from Iraq. I explained that the people who called were local Iraqis who worked on base and that they vetted by the Army. I was shocked to find out they were accusing me of having insurgents phone numbers. I asked them to prove, but they didn't.

I did all this with a good intention to solve a problem, not to be confronted with false allegations. I felt I was deceived by them because they were asking me to create an illusion that never existed. They just wanted me to go to jail for long time. I made a mistake by talking to them without a lawyer. Just because I told me about what I had done back in 1998, didn't mean that I had been a bad person all this time.

At about eleven at night they told me that I had two choices: Either I would go to a hotel; or I would to jail, and the next day morning they would pick me up to continue to talk. I had no choice but to accept the hotel and they took me to the Marriot across the street for a night that costed three hundred and forty nine dollars.

The following day we met again for another session to talk. Again they brought the subject and said if I told me the insurgents they would send me home without charges. I again insisted that I never had any connection with insurgents and that their information, if there was any, was wrong. By six o'clock evening they decided to send me to jail. The charge was false statement.

Wednesday, October 12th I was already in jail. The following day I went to court but the prosecutor asked my then newly assigned lawyer for thirty days to prepare for the charges. October 24th I was called and moved to special housing unit. When I asked why no one seemed to have an answer. I was asked to file what they call here in jail a forms from BP9 to BP14 to find out why I was brought to special housing unit. I did what I was told and filed a BP9. A week later I got an answer from the SHU Lieutenant who wanted to withdraw the form I filed. He said he would see if he would get me out of the place in thirty days. On November 7th I went

to court to ask for a release on bail. It was denied because the prosecution labeled me as flight risk and that I was dangerous without proving it.

My cell phone finally came from Iraq and the prosecutor wanted to talk to me about the list of the names I had stored in my phone. Because of my very difficult situation here in the SHU I had hard time remembering all the phone numbers. I told them what I could remember, but when we got to two numbers listed as B1 and B2 I couldn't tell immediately whose numbers were they. The prosecutor took it as evidence that in fact B1 and B2 are two Iraqi numbers belonging to insurgents. Later on I recalled that B1 and B2 were not Iraqi numbers and that they were in fact Jordanian numbers that belonged to IBRAHIM who owns a dealership of tractor trailers in Amman Jordan . Iraqi numbers have the seven digits just like in the States. Jordanian numbers have six digits. Also area and country codes are different.

When I received the discovery I reviewed it with my lawyer. But later on as I was reading I noticed that they put things in certain paragraphs that I never mentioned to them. Also, I found out that there are things I said they never mentioned there. I knew they have been using deceitful trickery to keep me in jail.

Because of the ignorance and the lack of understanding they claimed that B1 and B2 are Iraqi numbers. This is not true and I totally deny these false accusations. Your honor when you asked the prosecutor about the security noise he was creating he responded that their phone analysis told them that I was talking to insurgents. I know for certain that they built heavy burdens that are hard to bear and have them on my shoulders, They requested that I should be upgraded to total segregation here in SHU They even asked for SAM by plotting trickery to put a mark of shame on me. I'm sure that if you look at my letters of recommendation, my medals, and certificate which they conceal up to from my lawyer and you, you will know the truth. My computer is full of evidence to clear me. They never told the truth even though they saw proofs in my computer that I'm innocent of what they said.

Only God knows that their accusations are false. My the Lord God deliver me from their hands. I pray everyday for God's help. Please ask my lawyer to show you my letters of recommendations from all Army officers. I'm asking you to ask about them and read them to know the truth.