November 16, 2026

To,
The Honourable Chief Justice of Pakistan
Supreme Court of Pakistan
Islamabad

The Honourable Chief Justice
Federal Constitutional Court of Pakistan
Islamabad

The Honourable Chief Justice
Islamabad High Court
Islamabad

SUBJECT: **OPEN LETTER FROM ADIALA JAIL, THROUGH COUNSEL: A HUMANITARIAN PLEA FOR MEDICAL TREATMENT & IMPLEMENTATION OF COURT ORDERS.**

My Lords,

On 11 November 2026, in a meeting of three hours at Central Jail Adiala, my client, Mr. Imran Ahmad Khan Niazi, gave me his instructions and notes, and asked me to carry his words to Your Lordships. I have composed this letter faithfully and solely on those instructions. The words that follow are his.

My Lords, these words come to you from a solitary cell, carried by my counsel, for that is now the only way my voice can leave these walls. I do not write as a former Prime Minister, nor as the head of a political party. I have given my life to Pakistan. I served this nation on the cricket field, in social work and philanthropy, and as its 22nd Prime Minister. For seventy years, not a single criminal case stood against my name. Then, after the age of seventy, came an unprecedented and ruthless campaign of political victimisation: countless prosecutions, more than a hundred appearances before the courts, pre-arrest bail sought again and again, and an assassination attempt which, by the grace of Allah, I survived. Through all of it, I chose the path of law. I decided that I would fight every one of these politically motivated cases in the courts, and I never stopped.

From time to time, I was granted relief, and each time it renewed my faith that justice would prevail. After the constitutional amendments, however, that relief became narrow, and then it closed off altogether. It grieves me deeply to say that, when I needed it most, the system I had placed my trust in did not come to my aid. Within the walls of Adiala, my wife and I have faced criminal trials one after the other, and our appeals still await decision. Yet I have never once sought relief on medical grounds, nor used illness as a tactic. I fought on the merits, with confidence, and I still do.

On 20 December 2025, the very day judgment was announced in the Toshakhana (Bvlgari) case, everything changed. I was totally isolated, disconnected and held incommunicado from the outside world, in torturous solitary confinement for up to twenty-two hours a day, in disregard of every constitutional right and every entitlement the Prison Rules guarantee a prisoner: no family, no lawyers, no call to my sons, no books and no television.

After months without access to counsel, my lawyer reached me on 10 February 2026 only because the Honourable Supreme Court sent him to me as amicus curiae. He found that I had lost 85 percent of the vision in my right eye, and that neither my family nor my counsel had been told. After that visit, the disconnect returned, and the jail administration, acting vindictively, isolated me once again. In this entire year, I have been allowed to meet my counsel only four times: on 10 February, on 8 April, and then, after a silence of almost seven months, on 2 and 11 November 2026. My wife, Bushra Bibi, has been allowed to meet her counsel only once in this entire year. This is a violation of the Jail Manual, the Prison Rules and the most basic right of every prisoner to consult a lawyer, and it has left us unable to defend ourselves in the very cases we are fighting.

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Prolonged solitary confinement and the absence of any meaningful human interaction have taken a heavy toll on my mental health. This is not my claim alone: the jail's own medical board has recorded my anxiety and advised more frequent contact with my wife and family, reading material and television. That advice has not been followed.

My weekly meeting with my wife, my only human interaction, is skipped by the jail authorities week after week, without reason or explanation. My three sisters, I have learnt, are now themselves in custody, and I am not allowed to meet them. My sons, Kasim and Sulaiman, are not allowed to call me, in contradiction of the clear orders of the Honourable Courts. No one in the jail is permitted to respond to me or speak to me, not when I offer them Salam, and not when I recite a verse of the Holy Quran. The purpose, I can only conclude, is to make me ill and to break my will.

Yet it is not my own condition that disturbs me most, but my wife's. In April 2026, her retina detached; she underwent complicated eye surgery in secrecy and sent straight back to solitary confinement. When I saw her this month, she could neither bear the light nor open her eyes, and without another surgery she may lose her sight permanently. Her records are withheld, her doctors denied, her suspension of sentence unheard, despite the law's compassion for women prisoners.

On 18 August 2026, a three-member bench of the Honourable Supreme Court, acting on the jail's own report, which showed that my health had deteriorated and that the doctors considered me at risk of complications, ordered that I be shifted to Shifa International Hospital within two days, that a medical board including a cardiologist and an eye specialist examine me, and that I be allowed to meet my family weekly and speak to my sons twice a week. That order has not been implemented. My case now rests on the docket of the Federal Constitutional Court, awaiting a hearing.

At the same time, I have learnt that my Al-Qadir appeal is being taken up out of turn, ahead of older appeals, whereas my health, my wife's eyesight and the unimplemented orders of the Honourable Courts have received no attention. It saddens me deeply, to observe that Al-Qadir appeal hearing has taken priority while my life, my rights and my wellbeing are left waiting.

It is my wife's failing sight, and that unimplemented order of the Honourable Supreme Court, that compel me to write. In solitary confinement, my blood pressure has become uncontrolled: 130, then 150, then 170, and last week 192 and 193 on 10.11.2026. The doctors now tell me that I am highly vulnerable to a brain haemorrhage and cardiac arrest, and that my heart has already suffered damage. At seventy-four, this unrelenting state is taking me to a place from which I may not return alive.

I have fought impossible legal battles in countless cases, and I have not stopped. But the system has stopped giving me justice. The Jail Manual, the Prison Rules and my constitutional rights are violated brazenly and blatantly, and even the orders of the Honourable Courts remain unimplemented. I spent my life building hospitals so that those who could not afford treatment would receive it free of cost. Today, I ask only that my wife and I be treated.

I do not ask Your Lordships for any favour. All I request as justice is the implementation of the orders of the Honourable Supreme Court and proper treatment for our medical conditions. I will only remain able to prove my innocence if I stay alive. I appeal to Your Lordships, on the most basic grounds of human compassion: give me justice before it is too late.

With the highest respect,

Imran Ahmad Khan Niazi
Central Jail Adiala, Rawalpindi

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