

# Muslim Girls

## TURN ME ON!

Men are in charge of women, because Allah has preferred men over women....As to those women on whose part ye fear disloyalty and ill-conduct, admonish them; banish them to their couches and beat them.  
—Holy Quran (4:34)

If a man and a woman are alone in one place, the third person present is the Devil.  
—The Prophet Muhammad

These are days of moral decline and spiritual malaise for the West, what with compulsory lesbianism among grade-school girls, not to mention lotsa slobbering, sourpussed, clit-stapled, hairy-pitted female bulldoggies who never resolved their daddy issues hanging around all the places where I like to buy coffee.

There are no dykes in Afghanistan, and that's reason enough to move there.

Chicks are ruining the West. Over here in this neck of the world, a sloppy Goddess Goulash stinks up the skies...while the Middle East, with its well-endowed macho God, starts to smell like paradise.

Wherefore art thou going, O wayward Western woman?

The Western woman has become defiled.

The Western woman has lost her soul amid the godless quest for mammon.

The Western woman has gotten all uppity and stuff, always ordering the most expensive desserts when you take her out to dinner.

The Western woman does not realize that there is no higher satisfaction for a woman than to please Allah.

Here in the land of the Great Satan, we extol feminine character traits, and yet we still expect to win a war against our unflinchingly butch enemy.

The man who falls prey to feminine wiles is no man at all. Those Muslims know that once you surrender your mighty natural-born male-warrior spirit to female charms, you become a

pathetic, undignified cuckold. You become an unmanly lad.

What's worse, you incur the wrath of Allah, who's really

hard to deal with when he's pissed.

Women have desires that have to be fully suppressed lest

they lure the righteous believer into the pits of hell. Whorish immorality is the natural female state. Observe how the four-year-old girl rubs her crotch up against the coffee table while you have guests over, and you'll agree with my premise here. Once a woman realizes she is capable of sexual pleasure, she becomes vexatious and troublesome to the righteous man. You get her started, and a

few weeks later she's goblin' chubby strangers' cocks in piss-encrusted truck-stop bathrooms, and that's not cool. That's not cool at all.

Unlike the vaguely faggy virgin Jesus, the Prophet Muhammad was a stud-muffin. Hung like Allah, too, I'll bet. Here was a religious leader with a robust enjoyment of carnal delights. He liked 'em young and tight. He liked 'em old and loose. He liked 'em, period. But he didn't like 'em if they had their period, 'coz that's disgusting. While the homo Christ chose to laze around with 12 other males, Muhammad plowed through at least a dozen wives, plus scads of hot, horny slave chicks. He married a six-year-old girl



when he was 51. He died at 62 on the lap of a 17-year-old bride. A true pimp daddy, Muhammad was. The Original Gangsta.

And his followers were nearly as burly as the Prophet himself. His cousin Ali wisely stated that "The entire woman is evil.... Men, never ever obey your women....They complain of being oppressed when in fact it is they who oppress." Omar, Islam's second caliph, counseled Muslim guys to "Adopt positions opposite

those of women. There is great merit in such opposition." Indeed, these were men of great wisdom and holiness. Righteous bro's. Ain't no fun if the homies can't have none!

And I want some. I want some sultry Saudi sirens. Some cock-hungry Kuwaiti cuties. A classy Pakistani lassie with a sassy chassis.

The Muslim girl oozes mystery.

She teases, tempts, and tantalizes. She keeps her mouth shut, too, or they'll cut off her tongue. All that repression is simply irresistible to me. Her delicious subservience. The way she does what she's told.

The way she understands that all these rules are for her own good. Think of all the repression which has been crammed into her swarthy body. Think of all that coiled libidinal energy, 100 times more pent-up than in the most guilt-stricken Catholic girl. Think of how fun it would be to fuck all that repression out of her.

Suddenly I'm transported to a harem tent stuffed with big fluffy pillows, hash-filled hookahs, and totally hot chicks in silk costumes who wanna blow me. A summery breeze floats in from the oil fields. The smell of cocoa butter and fig newtons intoxicates my nostrils. A big, sopping, matted, goat-herd shrub waits nestled between her legs.

She's wrapped up like a mummy, peeking out from the slit in her burqa. I watch lustfully as it takes her four hours to get all those clothes off. I sniff her Islamic vagina. Tweak her Quranic nipples. Poke my finger inside her Middle Eastern anus. Go on a Crusade 'tween her legs. Invade the Holy Land. A hummus-like paste forms between her thighs. When I finally insert my falafel, she shrieks with delight.

Happy Arabian boners pop across the Middle East. Millions of brown, hairy nutsacs tighten in unison. Proud Muslim girls hoist their lovers' cocks like AK-47s. Muslim women...YES! Muslim women...NOW! Muslim women...GROOVY! Muslim women...FUNKY FRESH!

I want to take her home and tell her to do things. Vacuum that carpet, Muslim girl! Fetch me a hoagie and some cold lemonade, thou handmaiden of the One True Prophet! Keep your olive-colored bazooms tightly under wraps, Muslim girl. Stay in the house, Muslim girl. Stay ignorant. Stay preppers. Stay down. Down, girl, down!

The word "Islam" translates literally as "submission." God wants us to keep the wimmens down with head scarves and clitoridectomies and ceaseless beatings. Shred and sew up their genitals in order to contain their relentless, meandering lust. Righteous men nod approvingly as Revolutionary Guardsmen disfigure the faces of women who've worn makeup. Wives suspected of immorality are doused with gasoline and torched to a crisp. Thousands of randy Muslim bucks cheer and laugh as sin-stained women are herded into stadiums for public floggings.

Islam offers several advantages for the believing man's enjoyment, almost all of them sexual. On Earth, a Muslim man can marry up to four wives at once. In heaven, he is greeted with a minimum of 72 submissive virgins poised to please him eternally...72 Muslim broads who never break a sweat, never age, never get their periods, and never tell you to take out the trash. In paradise, a man is given the sex drive of 100 men. It's like Islamic Viagra! Lo! My Penis is ever High, Exalted, Great.

The Holy Quran advises us: "Men, your wives are your tillage. Go into your tillage any way you want." I think that means the Hershey Highway is OK with God. If you were so inclined, you could probably get away with the Dirty Sanchez and the Dutch Oven, too.

The more I hear about Islam, the more I like it. Islam is such a cool, violent, sexy religion! Islam rocks! Those Islams is good people. Those Muslims know how to keep their bitches in line!

And I ask the nonbelievers...what's so wrong with all of that? And I wonder...are we really on the right side in this war? It is a war of gender philosophies that we're fighting, and we may be on the wrong side, dudes. The Western man would be wise to take a second look at Islam, if only for the chicks.

Would you be willing to trade some of our cherished freedoms for the right to enslave and abuse women? When one ponders all the sexy perks offered to Muslim men, it becomes obvious why they're willing to die for their faith.

The attack on the Twin Towers was intrinsically phallic in its symbolism. Woe unto the emasculated Western Man, mocked by his women as he drools and begs for sex. Woe unto the West, where women dominate and the culture falls apart. The West will fall because it is pussy-whipped. We may have the money and the technology, but we just don't have the starch in our shorts anymore.

However the winds blow, the war on terrorism will be a good thing for the American male. If we win the war, we get their women. If we lose the war, we get to treat our women like they treat their women. Who's to complain?

