

Jihada Genesis

Friday, February 2, 2001, Candlemas Eve, I was having dinner with my stockbroker, who was also a friend. At present, I no longer have a stockbroker because I have no stock thanks to my crooked stockbroker who, of course, is now an enemy.

But back then, I valued her advice and was trying to decide whether to try to get the Ho, my alien criminal wife, deported or just forget about her—chalk it all up to another revolting experience involving a girl.

Previously, a friend of mine and graduate of Harvard Law School, had convinced me not to perjure myself on an affidavit to the Immigration and Naturalization Service that the Ho and I were still happily married. That would have resulted in Immigration granting her a green card and she could then become a citizen in three years. As my friend said, “If you do, she and her immigration lawyer will always have something over you.”

So at dinner, I was trying to decide whether to push Immigration to deport her—which I thought at the time was likely, but now know was stupidity thanks to the Feminazis perversion of the law—or just forget it. At the time I was auditing math and physics courses at Columbia University in an effort to work my way to a PhD. I decided to forget it and concentrate on my studies.

After going home that night, there came a loud tapping, a rapping at my apartment door. It was two overly stuffed female cops who served me with a Temporary Order of Protection. The Order, issued by the Queens Family Court without my being present or even notified of the proceeding, said that if I contacted the Ho or came within a certain distance of her, intentionally or accidentally, I would go to jail—no ifs, ands, or buts.

The Ho's immigration lawyer had told her to obtain the Order so as to pressure me into signing the false affidavit for Immigration. The Ho told the Feminazi sycophant judge that I had threatened her with a gun and a knife—both false, and that I had bruised her arm—true. The bruise resulted in my using a martial arts move to disarm her when she came at me with a steak knife. Temporary orders of protection based on female lies—are females capable of anything but—are a favorite Feminazi tactic to invoke state violence against an innocent male. Being locked up without due process is clearly violent to one's liberty and may possibly result in worse.

During the remainder of the evening while I pondered dark and weary, I resolved to have my vengeance. Not just against the Ho and her immigration lawyer but more importantly the Feminazis who made such an abuse of government power possible. I would fight them until my last dollar, my last breath, and if there is anything after death, for eternity.

