

Lost Verses of the Koran

By Lemnoc

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Surah 115: The Pig

Bismillah:

The hurried flight of the Hegira had led the Muslims to a fertile oasis, where they were at last safe from their many enemies in Mecca.

Pausing, each thanked Allah the moon-god for their good fortune.

Assembling at a long table, they enjoyed rare delicacies brought by bare-breasted sirens whose faces were veiled. During the feast Muhammad sternly forbade his disciples to partake of pig flesh, while fondling the youthful breasts of a Nubian harlot named Sheba.

Obedying the Prophet, the pilgrims partook of the succulent flesh of jackals and vultures, washing their food down with strong wine.

"I never dreamed I'd have to eat the loins of a jackal, let alone the bitter entrails of a cursed vulture," observed a hungry pilgrim named Ahmed to a fellow Muslim, choking on the unpalatable morsels.

"Neither did I, but the Holy Prophet has ordered it," grumbled another starving follower, almost heaving as he consumed greasy vulture flesh.

"A rancid pork chop would taste a hell of a lot better than this crap does," retorted Ahmed.

"It's an acquired taste brother, you'll get used to it," spoke up another, smiling with a mouthful of rotten teeth.

"I don't think so," said Ahmed, forcing down a burned jackal testicle.

An uncaring Muhammad, famished, greedily wolfed down roasted jackal in enjoyment, quaffing from an earthenware wine carafe on occasion, while choosing which of the sirens that would soon endure his favours.

The meal finished in the late afternoon, a drunken, lustful Muhammad initiated a sex orgy with the sirens, the debauched Holy Prophet, Allah speaking through him, declaring all earlier betrothals or marriages of the women he knew null and void.

The Muslims celebrated their good fortune, again thanking Allah for the bounty they had been blessed to receive.

Later, as Muhammad sat half-naked under a palm tree, masturbating to the thought of molesting little girls, Ahmed chanced by and remarked, "Oh great prophet, why does Allah say that we cannot dine on delicious porcine flesh?"

"Why?" asked Muhammad, closing his filthy, tattered, moth-eaten robe, "Because Allah's younger retarded cyclops brother is a pig, and Allah doesn't want us killing his holy kinfolk."

"Allah is a pig?" asked Ahmed, staring at Muhammad.

"Of course," replied the deranged Prophet, hallucinating thanks to ingesting strong hashish minutes earlier.

"That's ridiculous, why in hell do we worship pigs?" asked Ahmed, thinking his flight from Mecca may have been the result of heeding the words of a false prophet, possessed of a capricious desert demon who delighted in seeing them consume the flesh of vermin.

"Because they're better than we are," answered a smiling Muhammad, now fantasising about raping little boys, "Look at me, I'm little more than a lecherous child molester, thief and murderer!"

"True, but pigs can't even talk!" exclaimed Ahmed, digging a heel into the sand.

"Allah can, he speaks to me in my dreams," retorted the wildly hallucinating Muhammad, barely able to focus on Ahmed, seeing him in double vision.

"You're a madman," declared a disgusted Ahmed, "I'm heading back to join the infidels in Mecca!"

"Who cares?" retorted Muhammad, slurring his words and breaking into riotous laughter. Prophet Muhammad, opening his robe and again reaching for his flaccid sex organ, was too occupied with masturbating his building erection to reply further, while Ahmed disappeared behind a sand dune.

"What a stupid, perverted, licentious bastard," spat Ahmed, walking off, "Muhammad is crazier than a shithouse rat!"

Surah 116: The Pervert

Bismillah:

And it came to pass that Muhammad was growing ever hornier and more depraved: In a dream it was revealed by Allah that he was to molest a young girl named Ayesha.

Drunk on strong wine, the Prophet looked to a follower named Khalil and announced, "Allah has said I am to have sex on this day with a child; the virgin daughter of my brother in law Abu."

"What?" asked a frowning Khalil, holding a wine bottle, taken back by the remark and turning to Muhammad.

"I am to know Abu's daughter Ayesha," declared Muhammad, a finger in the air, becoming visibly aroused at the thought having sex with her.

"She is but a little girl who plays with dolls; her womb does not yet weep, are you insane?" asked Khalil, knowing in his heart that the Prophet was little more than a pervert, thief, liar and murderer.

"Probably, but it is the will of Allah", Muhammad said to himself, staggering off to the hovel of Ayesha.

"What a twisted devil the Prophet is – the will of Allah my ass, he's just an evil, depraved monster who lusts after the flesh," Khalil mumbled, putting the bottle to his parched lips.

An oblivious and uncaring Muhammad blundered down the street, weaving as he went, arriving at the hovel shortly thereafter.

Knocking on the door, Ayesha's mother Umm appeared. "What do you want Prophet?" she asked, staring at the debauched Muhammad, clad in a filthy tan robe covered in dust and wine stains, a lone flea crawling upon his moustache near his nostrils.

"Bismillah, I am here to take your daughter Ayesha in bed," the Prophet answered, slurring his words.

"You licentious beast!" exclaimed the girl's mother, "She is only six years old, if it is indeed the will of Allah, take me instead to satisfy your wanton depravity!"

"Taking you is not the will of Allah," retorted Muhammad, the scent of wine heavy on his foul breath, "You are a wrinkled and faded flower without comeliness; be gone with your favours; I could never get a hard on at the likes of you."

Enraged by her rebuff, Muhammad smote her upon the face with a backhand. "That's what one gets for disobeying the will of Allah," declared Muhammad, his words punctuated by a loud belch, "Take me to Ayesha, that I may know her on this day!"

Obeying, Umm reluctantly led Muhammad to the room of Ayesha, opening the door. "This perverted Prophet here wants to screw you," announced Umm with a frown, Muhammad ogling the virgin child in double vision.

"But you knew my cousin Abdullah, younger brother of Ahmed not an hour ago," replied a shocked Ayesha, dropping her doll, revolted by the sight of the filthy, lascivious paedophile Muhammad.

"Be that as it may, Allah has said I will also know you," said Muhammad with an expectant smile, the gleam of lust in his eyes.

"Why me?" asked Ayesha, looking to the Prophet with trepidation.

"Because Allah has said it and I am horny, let us lay down, that I may know you," ordered Muhammad as he removed his robe, Ayesha's mother shaking her head in helpless disgust and closing the door.

Surah 117: The Murderer

Bismillah:

Muhammad and his followers enjoyed many days away from Mecca at the oasis, home of his oafish brother in law, Abu Bakr, who was also Muslim.

Dining on roast jackal, vultures and snakes, their strength was renewed by the bounty Allah the moon-god provided: plentiful food for their bellies and plentiful sirens for their carnal pleasure.

Khalil was upset that the Prophet was an evil lecherous paedophile who had known a little girl, so he went to the home of Ayesha to speak with her father, Abu the oaf.

He made his way to the hovel, and knocked on the door.

Ayesha's mother opened the door, frowning as she beheld another of Prophet Muhammad's followers. "Is life not bad enough, what are you here for, to rape my daughter, me, or one of my sons?" she inquired with disdain.

"Indeed not woman, I must speak with your husband, not you," said Khalil, who as a good Muslim, looked down upon women as little more than objects of pleasure, or dogs to be beaten into submission.

"My husband Abu is very drunk," she related, lowering her gaze in respect.

Khalil entering the hovel, the oaf Abu appeared from a side room holding a wine bottle, and slurred, "What do you want here, follower of the Prophet?"

"I must speak with you regarding your little daughter Ayesha," answered Khalil.

"What about her?" asked Abu, blinking his eyes and trying to focus on the man.

"The Prophet came unto her in her room a fortnight ago; do you not know?" asked Khalil.

"He has come unto her many times since, she is his wife," replied the unconcerned oaf.

"His wife you say - you permitted it?" asked Khalil, stunned by the revelation.

"Of course; he has come unto one of my nephews too, Muhammad is a paederast, it is the will of Allah," declared a shrugging Abu.

"He's raping our child you drunken bastard!" exclaimed a tearful Umm, looking to Khalil.

Abu smote her across the face, admonishing, "Take care woman, speak not ill of Prophet Muhammad, it is the will of Allah. The Prophet first knew Ayesha in a dream, when Gabriel showed her to him, uncovering her body for him to see."

"That's really sick, she's only six years old," observed Khalil.

"Better for the great Prophet to know her than one of the infidels," declared a smiling Abu.

"Prophet my ass, Muhammad is a depraved monster possessed of a demon; how could you permit such a thing, you are her father!" exclaimed Khalil in utter disgust.

"Yes I am, and the Prophet says I will know her too," confessed Abu, contemplating the odd thought of having sex with his own daughter.

Umm burst into tears and sobbed, throwing herself to the floor upon hearing Abu's repugnant words.

A fearful Khalil fled the hovel, not knowing what to think; realising Muhammad and his brother in law Abu were wicked licentious perverts and vicious rapers of children, possessed of capricious and malevolent demons.

Later, Abu spoke with the Prophet while they entered a brothel together. He told him of the strange encounter with Khalil.

Khalil's an idiot, he takes Islam much too seriously," replied Muhammad, looking to his oafish brother in law.

"It is a bad omen Prophet, Khalil woefully disdains your marriage to Ayesha, and disdains that I am to know her too," declared Abu, even he feeling deep down that such a liaison was distasteful, but knowing it was the unalterable will of Allah, the moon god.

"It is the will of Allah for you to know your daughter, did not Lot of Sodom know his daughters in the cave?" asked a slurring Muhammad, quite drunk, leaning against a wall to steady himself.

"Yes Prophet, he did," answered Abu with firm resolve.

"Indeed, it was and is Allah's will," replied Muhammad, picking a flea from his beard and crushing it between his fingernails, "As for our problem, I will have a dream tonight, and Allah will order me to kill Khalil."

"He will?" asked Abu, putting a hand to his chin in confusion, "But I thought the Perfect, Most Merciful Pig Allah never revealed his intentions until you had a dream."

"No matter oaf, he is making his will known to me by making me drink strong wine on this day," said a quickly lying Muhammad, holding up a bottle.

"Don't you drink strong wine everyday?" asked Abu.

"Not as strong as this stuff," replied the Prophet with a broad smile, "It has hashish oil in it; let us partake of a pair of this brothel's women and enjoy wine together."

As Muhammad and Abu descended into more revelry and debauchery, a troubled Khalil approached another of the Prophet's followers, the one with rotten teeth. Telling him of his woes, he awaited the reply.

"Who cares what he does, have vulture and some wine," said the man, tearing a leg from a roasted, maggot-ridden carcass and offering it to Khalil.

"You don't care that Muhammad is a deranged pervert who has sex with little children?" asked Khalil, taking the leg.

"Hell no, I'm only here for the food, I was starving in the alleys of Mecca before I met Muhammad," replied the rotten-toothed man, grabbing more vulture flesh and a wine bottle.

"Oh," answered a defeated Khalil, taking a bite from the leg and reaching for wine.

Late evening came, with Khalil and the other followers drunk and passed out in their tent. Muhammad and Abu awoke at the brothel after midnight, rested and refreshed.

"What are we to do about Khalil?" asked Abu as they left via a side door, avoiding an encounter with the brothel's madam, to whom they owed money.

"Leave that to me oaf," answered the Prophet, holding up a hand, "In my dream Allah told me how to deal with him."

Muhammad headed down the street and stealthily entered the tent of his followers, intent on taking Khalil's life. Abu Bakr followed him through the entrance, looking about for possible witnesses. Holding an oiled leather garrote, the smiling Prophet mercilessly strangled the sleeping Khalil, knowing in his heart that it was the will of Allah. The helpless follower struggled defiantly as a determined Muhammad gritted his teeth and pulled the garrote tighter, crushing Khalil's windpipe, the Prophet letting out foul gas from his posterior due to the exertion. The struggling ceased; he and Abu then quietly removed the body from the tent and carried it into the desert.

"That takes care of that problem," declared a satisfied Muhammad as he pocketed the garrote, he and Abu making their way to his hovel so he could know his young wife Ayesha again.

"When will I know her Prophet?" inquired Abu in the lamp lit hovel, looking to his daughter's room.

"Very soon, Allah has said it, go know your wife Umm for now, oaf," suggested Muhammad with a smile, opening the door to Ayesha's room.

Surah 118: The Liar

Bismillah:

Time passed, and a strengthened Muhammad and his followers left the fertile oasis. The Prophet was joined by his young wife Ayesha and her father, oaf Abu, who left the remainder of his family stranded at the oasis, his wife Umm dying of grief shortly afterward.

Not one of the party dared question the vanishing of Khalil, some fearing that they too would vanish, perhaps due to Allah's will or worse. Muhammad told his followers that Khalil was an evil infidel, and had fled because he had coveted Ayesha, the child looking to her husband the Prophet, she and her father knowing he was not telling the truth.

"That is not true my father, Khalil only came to tell you of the Prophet knowing me," Ayesha whispered, she and Abu standing only a few cubits from Muhammad.

"Take care in what you utter among others child, some things are better kept to oneself," answered Abu quietly, not half the oaf the Prophet thought he was.

The rotten-toothed man was listening intently; he had watched from the shadows while a smiling Muhammad strangled Khalil, but wisely kept this knowledge to himself, vowing to flee the group at the earliest opportunity.

Abu Bakr, fulfilling the will of Allah, came unto his daughter Ayesha over several evenings in a tent at the beckoning of the Holy Prophet, oddly finding her favours more satisfying than those of his wife. Feeling strange from the experience of knowing his own daughter, a troubled Abu sought wise Muhammad's advice.

"It was the will of Allah," declared the debauched Muhammad, drunk on strong wine, "Allah has also revealed it is you which will sire her firstborn in her twelfth year; her incestuous bastard child Fatimah."

"I will?" asked Abu; incredulous that he would be siring a child by his own daughter.

"Yes," replied the Prophet, removing his filthy robe, "But first I must satisfy my carnal urges, by indulging in her favours myself."

Prophet Muhammad entered the tent and came unto the young Ayesha, who complained that she was sore from knowing her father three times in one day. Striking her across the face, Muhammad admonished, "Keep your mouth shut wife and be thankful to Allah that only I and your father are knowing you."

"Yes Holy Prophet," Ayesha replied, closing her eyes and wincing in pain, as Muhammad again knew her.

Arriving in Medina the following week, the Muslims found friends in this city, delighting in drunken revelry and the favours of veiled, tempting harlots with dark eyes. A lecherous Muhammad, Ayesha and his brother in law Abu took up residence at a fine brothel, the Prophet and the oaf sampling the offerings over many weeks, finding that Medina had the finest of all harlots in the land.

Many residents of Medina found that Islam was a faith that appealed to them, Allah's unalterable will moving the people, they abandoning their staid ways, joining with Prophet Muhammad in idleness, licentious revelry and drunkenness.

Abu later visited the Prophet in his tent, informing him of dreadful news that Medina was host to a band of Jews.

"Jews you say, the people of the book," answered Muhammad, "They are bitter enemies of Allah and Islam; we will not suffer such people to live in our midst."

"But there are 40 score or more of them in the city Prophet, do the warriors of Allah have the numbers to defeat them?" asked Abu.

"Of course oaf," declared the evil Muhammad, "We shall wait until the dark of night, prowling by stealth, and then cut their throats as they slumber; Allah has willed it."

Listening in the shadows, the rotten-toothed man determined it was time for him to flee. Regardless of the free food, he wanted no part of a group of vicious, skulking cowards who would slaughter people as they slept.

Allah's will was fulfilled on the next night, 40 score Jews meeting their end at the hands of the deranged, murderous paedophile Muhammad and his obedient Muslims.

Bismillah:

A fortnight passed, with many of the remaining people of Medina embracing Islam, and others fleeing for their lives, with the exception of a wealthy merchant named Sabri and his family.

Sabri vexed the followers with his words that Prophet Muhammad was little more than a drunken liar, murderer, and wanton sexual pervert; a wicked, lascivious monster and paedophile who kept the company of prostitutes, drunks and the slothful.

In another dream, the Holy Prophet learned that the vexing merchant had to be silenced, and that he had been chosen by Allah to murder him. Telling Abu of his dream, he and Abu plotted the murder of Sabri the merchant.

After enjoying strong wine together, they headed to his home on a dark late evening, let in by a lovely servant girl. Muhammad and the oaf Abu observed the opulence of his residence; Sabri dressed in a fine silk robe with a silk turban, seven rings of gold and silver on his fingers.

His wife and the lovely servant girl brought food and a carafe of wine for her husband, they disdainfully looking upon the filthy, debauched Prophet and his henchman Abu.

"Why will you not submit to Islam, it is the will of Allah," declared the evil Muhammad, looking to Sabri, looking for the chance to end his life.

"The will of Allah my ass, you Muhammad are a murderous debauched lecher and raper of children. Your loathsome followers feed on the rancid flesh of vermin instead of fine pork roasts, and defile all that they touch," declared a disgusted Sabri, noting that the Prophet was drunk, dressed in a filthy tattered robe, with his unkempt hair and long beard matted with dirt.

"I consume the flesh of vermin too, Great Allah is a Holy, Merciful Pig, it is not halal to dine on the sacred flesh of his younger brothers," said Muhammad with a finger in the air, Abu nodding in agreement.

"No, it is you who are a pig, you deranged cretin possessed of a vile demon," retorted Sabri, looking upon the Prophet with hatred in his eyes.

"Those who do not submit to the will of Allah will suffer dire consequences," threatened Abu, looking about for anyone who would dare stop them. Observing only two women in the house, he smiled, knowing that the will of Allah was about to be fulfilled.

Sabri paused, staring at the Prophet and Abu in contempt, hoping he could in some way persuade them to leave the city, noting that business had fallen off to practically nothing since the arrival of the Muslims.

"Look, if I give you money, will you and yours flee Medina and never return?" asked Sabri with folded hands, hoping he could encourage them to leave with a payment of fine gold.

"I can't leave," declared a smiling Muhammad, "I am serving Great Allah, the Most Merciful Pig."

Sabri, confused for a moment, replied, "But I thought Allah was the moon goddess of Mecca."

"Whatever," retorted a shrugging, uncaring Muhammad while picking his nose, he knowing that Allah didn't exist anyway.

"You are destroying Medina with your vile harlotry and wicked ways!" exclaimed Sabri.

The Prophet laughed, and replied, "Indeed not, Allah is guiding my hand in this and all my actions, providing me and my followers with what we desire: food, fine drink and the company of willing sirens, like your lovely servant girl back there."

"My servant girl is betrothed to a good man in Mecca, you will not speak ill of her, nor will you covet her favours," declared Sabri, noting Muhammad leering through an open door, ogling the girl and his wife.

"I will do as I wish," retorted the evil Muhammad with another laugh, reaching into his tattered, filthy robe and producing the garrote, "I covet the favours of your servant girl, and will take her to my bed for a concubine on this night. Those such as you will not stop the will of Allah or his Messenger."

Abu rose while the Prophet was speaking and smote Sabri upon the face with a closed fist, knocking the silk turban from his head.

Muhammad descended upon him like a viper, pulling the garrote tightly around his throat, strangling him in his chair while his wife and servant girl screamed. "Be silent women, it is the will of Allah!" Muhammad yelled through gritted teeth as he took the life of Sabri.

Oaf Abu moved into the room and beat them into submission while a struggling Sabri kicked the wine carafe from the table, it shattering on the floor.

Sabri's life vanquished, Prophet Muhammad exhaled loudly and let the lifeless body tumble to the floor. The trembling women remained silent as Abu returned to the Prophet with them.

"Where is your money?" asked a greedy Abu of Sabri's wife.

"A box of gold and silver is in our bedroom," answered his tearful wife, almost fainting from Abu's foul breath.

"I'll get it," volunteered a smiling Muhammad, pulling the garrote from the body, "Get the rings from his fingers oaf."

The Prophet returned with a box of glittering coins, pleased that Allah had provided such bounty for his followers.

"I can't get the last ring off," complained Abu, having pocketed six others.

"Cut off his finger to get it, and take his robe and turban too," ordered Muhammad, determined not to leave one valuable item in the house. Abu obeyed, reaching for a knife on the table, slicing off the finger and pulling the ring from it.

Arriving at the brothel, the Prophet celebrated his good fortune by knowing Sabri's wife and the servant girl, annulling the widow's marriage and the girl's betrothal in the eyes of Allah.

Later that evening Abu was given Sabri's widow for a concubine, as he had grown weary of Ayesha's favours, also needing an able slave to cook and serve him. Having to beat her before he knew her, Abu thanked Allah and Muhammad for the welcome gift of Sabri's wife.

Surah 120: The Hypocrite

Bismillah:

More time passed, with some of Muhammad's followers finding the Prophet's actions in Medina going against everything he had preached in Mecca, seeing him as Khalil, the rotten-toothed man, and the merchant Sabri had seen him: an evil, debauched rapist, paedophile, liar, and murderer. These and other apostate followers were quickly slaughtered as infidels, fulfilling the will of Allah; a smiling Muhammad strangling many of them as they slept.

Even Abu began to think that Muhammad's wanton depravity might have been going too far when he encountered him in a tent knowing several young Jewish boys that had been taken captive.

"Prophet, some of the followers are complaining that you are denying them participation in the bounty given us by Allah, and that you are also practicing strange acts that Allah has forbidden to others," related Abu, frowning at the displeasing thought of Muhammad knowing little boys.

"They want some of the gold, right oaf?" asked a drunken Muhammad, dressed in Sabri's silk robe and turban, seven rings of gold and silver upon his greasy fingers, the fine garb growing filthier with each passing day.

"That, and some of them would also like to have some of the girls and boys for concubines," answered Abu.

"They cannot have the little boys, Allah has given them to me for my carnal pleasure," declared the lascivious Prophet, "As for the little girls, give them to the followers as wives, so that their carnal desires can be sated; it is the will of Allah."

"Others say that you don't practice what you have preached," added a fidgeting Abu, hoping not to arouse Muhammad's maniacal wrath.

"I'm only the messenger, Allah's revelations don't apply to me," retorted Muhammad, releasing a tearful Jewish boy from his carnal embrace.

"What about me?" asked Abu.

"They don't apply to you either oaf; would you like a lovely little boy for your carnal pleasure?" slurred the depraved sodomite Muhammad; lustfully leering at another boy he had chosen next to debauch.

"No, I find not that boys appeal to me," answered Abu quietly, though he was a lecherous paedophile and incestuous pervert, he had no desire to sodomise little boys.

"Suit yourself oaf, more for me to enjoy," answered the Prophet with a chuckle, undressing another captive boy, returning to his lecherous paederasty as Abu left the tent.

The city of Medina had been taken completely by the conquering Muslims, they reveling in their murderous victory over the infidels and Jews. In another dream, it was revealed to Muhammad by Allah that they were to attack and conquer the city of Mecca. They were to subdue it and convert the inhabitants there to Islam, after which the Prophet was to take a pagan shrine called the Kaaba and defile it in the name of Allah.

"In Mecca there is glittering plunder, fine gold to steal, and many women to be taken for concubines," declared the Prophet, "Allah has said to have faith in him and we will not fail; are you with me, warriors for Islam?"

The devoted followers answered, shouting in unison: "There is no god but Allah the Pig, and Muhammad is his prophet!"

"We will need weapons to defeat them," Abu observed, looking to the Holy Prophet.

"Easily done oaf," replied an unconcerned Muhammad, ordering several henchmen to plunder the city of metal so weapons could be quickly fashioned. Bronze implements were seized from every home; ploughshares were heated and beaten into fine scimitars for the devoted followers. As his followers laboured over hot forges, Muhammad gave a sermon, declaring that vengeance, blood and death would rain down upon Mecca in the name of Allah.

The work completed over several days, a feast was held by the warriors of Islam to further strengthen them for the long journey; the flesh of rats, snakes, vultures and jackals gracing their tables. The hungry Prophet had a willing siren prepare his favourite of all dishes, fat dung beetles boiled in seasoned vulture broth.

"We should give Allah our thanks for the bounty he has provided," declared Muhammad, seated at the head of his table beside Abu, crushing the hard shell of a dung beetle between his filthy brown teeth.

All bowed their heads in prayer, thanking Allah for the food he had provided.

"Would you like to enjoy a tasty dung beetle oaf?" asked the Prophet, turning to his brother in law, offering one to him.

"No thanks," replied a nauseated Abu, choking down a plateful of greasy rat flesh. Washing the unseemly morsels down with strong wine, Muhammad and his followers filled their bellies with the bitter flesh of vermin and then enjoyed the welcome favours of tempting, veiled harlots with dark eyes.

The Muslims, their women and their captives set out for Mecca on the following week, determined to exact Allah's revenge on the people who dwelt there.

"There are many able men in Mecca, much more than we have," observed Abu, realising their numbers were wanting when compared to the teeming hordes of infidels occupying Mecca.

"Allah will watch over us oaf," replied Muhammad, a sharp scimitar on his hip, he unsure as to what the outcome would be, but keeping this from the others and preparing for the worst.

"There aren't enough of us Prophet – how will we win?" asked Abu with his arms in the air, looking at their limited numbers, no more than 50 score of able men in the service of Allah.

"Great Allah has said it, they in Mecca will embrace Islam or die for resisting his will," the vengeful Prophet declared as Medina disappeared behind them in the distance.

A thoughtful Abu wondered why Allah would wish his followers to attack a fortified city where they were outnumbered, and also as to why Allah would have chosen a debauched murderer and licentious pervert for his Prophet.

"Oh well, it is the will of Allah," agreed a sardonic Abu, much too committed to the deranged Prophet and Islam to back out, checking for the scimitar on his hip.

Surah 121: The Coward

Bismillah:

Returning to the oasis to gather strength before attacking Mecca, Muhammad and his followers again feasted on the bitter flesh of vermin and partook of the favours of eager women, the depraved Prophet coming unto the veiled, bare breasted Nubian harlot Sheba.

Oaf Abu learned that his wife Umm had died, Muhammad stating to him over strong wine that it was Allah's will.

A grieving Abu came unto his new wife, the widow of Sabri, and also knew his daughter Ayesha, fulfilling the will of Allah the Pig.

The Holy Prophet also lusted for Abu's bride, demanding that he be permitted to lay with her again. A shrugging Abu handed her over, an angry Muhammad having to beat the stiff-necked infidel woman once again before he knew her.

"You evil murderous beast!" she screamed in tears as Muhammad was knowing her, "May the gods of my fathers destroy you and all you have wrought!"

"How dare you attempt to curse me or Allah," grunted the Prophet as he reached orgasm, his fetid breath causing her to heave, "Take care woman, or I will expose you as the sorceress you are, giving you over to be stoned by my devoted followers."

"Better to be dead than to endure your vile attentions again," Abu's wife retorted as the Prophet rose from her bed.

"Bitch," Muhammad muttered as he left Abu's tent, adjusting his filthy silk turban.

Leaving the oasis on the third day, the devoted Muslims resumed their journey to Mecca, Abu still troubled about their limited numbers and telling the Holy Prophet of his doubts.

"Don't worry oaf, we will remain behind while the first wave of our brothers besiege and subdue the infidels in Mecca," Muhammad declared in a low tone of voice, Ayesha looking up to him and frowning.

"Do you have a problem with that wife?" asked Muhammad, strangely controlling his compulsion to beat her for daring to disagree with Allah's unalterable will.

Ayesha remained silent and looked to the ground, Abu answering, "I thought we would lead them in battle."

"No, we are to remain behind and observe the followers take the city, it is the will of Allah," replied Muhammad, he filled with doubts and preferring to watch from afar, as the strong hashish he had eaten in Medina had worn off long ago.

Arriving outside the city walls under cover of night, the Muslims prepared for battle in the only way they knew: skulking by stealth and murdering defenseless people while they slept.

As a full moon rose, a vanguard of devoted followers scaled the city walls, only to be discovered and cut down by the defenders of Mecca.

"Attack in the name of Allah!" shouted Muhammad while retreating to a bluff with Abu, his wives and several trusted followers, the Meccans opening the city gates to meet the glorious warriors of Allah in battle. Seeing the Holy Prophet on the bluff by moonlight, this sight strengthened the attacking Muslims.

"The battle is not going very well," observed Abu as the moon rose higher, watching the Muslim army being wiped out.

"Yes, Allah is displeased that our faith was not strong enough," replied a strangely detached Muhammad, staring from the bluff at the carnage outside the walls of Mecca.

"That, or we didn't have enough men, I told you," retorted Abu, watching several followers being hacked to death by the defenders.

"That is possible oaf," admitted Muhammad, Abu frowning at the reply.

"What do you plan to do to save your followers Prophet?" asked Ayesha.

"Nothing, it is Allah's will," replied Muhammad with a shrug, still watching the battle.

Abu's frown grew into anger as he watched a smiling Muhammad delight in the butchery of his followers.

"You've lost at least 30 score since the moon rose, do you intend to stay until we are slaughtered too?" asked Abu's wife.

"How dare you speak to me unless spoken to!" exclaimed the Prophet, preparing to smite her across the face.

"My good wife Fahimah makes a wise observation," declared Abu, using her given name for the first time, grasping Muhammad's forearm, preventing him from striking the widow.

Pulling away from Abu, the Prophet paused and replied, "It's time for us to leave oaf, we shall retreat to the oasis to pray and fast."

A defeated Muhammad and his trusted followers left the bluff and headed back toward the oasis in the moonlight. Looking over his shoulder, the Prophet feared that vengeful Meccans might pursue them. "Let us make haste," declared Muhammad, fearing for his life.

Several days passed as they retreated from Mecca, the remaining band of Muslims at last pausing for needed rest and making a camp in the desert. The captive Fahimah had grown to respect her new husband Abu, as he had prevented the Holy Prophet from striking her outside the walls of Mecca. Making him a meal of jackal flesh soup, she presented it to him in his tent.

"Thank you woman," Abu replied, taking an earthenware bowl and strong wine, she nodding and leaving him to eat.

As Abu was eating, a stir rose in the camp: a lone survivor of the battle having at last caught up to the followers. Putting down his bowl, he left the tent to find the survivor admonishing Muhammad.

"You coward," he gasped, "You left us to die, have you no faith in your visions, or are they only lies coming from your vile mouth?"

The Prophet, drunk, answered, "I had a dream after the battle, it was Allah's will that we were defeated, as it was his will that you survived. We lost because our faith in Allah was not strong enough."

"You lied, telling us of easy plunder and women; there weren't enough of us to take Mecca, 50 score died outside the gates for nothing!" the man exclaimed.

"No matter, have dung beetles and strong wine to renew your strength," slurred Muhammad, picking fleas from his beard and flinging them into a small fire at his side.

The man, much too exhausted to argue further, gratefully took a plate of boiled dung beetles and a bottle of wine, trudging off from the deranged Prophet in disgust.

A shocked Abu observed this from the shadows and retreated to his tent. Such knowledge set heavy upon him, he meditating privately on the events. Finishing his meal, he called for his wife Fahimah, she appearing before him.

"I would hear your words wife on this matter: Muhammad preaches Islam, yet he does not follow the words of Allah."

"He is your Prophet, you have sworn to serve him and Allah, my words are those of an infidel," she answered respectfully.

"Still I would hear them, for there is wisdom in what you utter," Abu replied.

Fahimah, still fearful of her brutal husband, yet bound by her personal honour to obey, told him of her thoughts on the Prophet and his actions. "I care not what god he worships, but this demon in man's guise is not a prophet of a clean desert god," she began.

Abu looked at her as she continued, "He forces his followers to consume the flesh of vermin, delighting in their disgust. I truly believe him to be so perverted as to rape an infant - he has others carry out his murderous work while he has no courage to fight himself: you should draw a knife across your daughter Ayesha's throat and my own to save us from the corruption of this man."

Abu, oaf that he was, looked at her silently as she urged him to destroy the demon Prophet Muhammad, her wise words much harder to ignore than the screechings of his deceased wife Umm.

Surah 122: Muhammad the Merciless

Bismillah:

Abu Bakr, though he had listened to the wise words of his good wife Fahimah, found the prospects of strong wine, glittering plunder and wanton sexual pleasure outweighed her foreboding admonitions; he advising her to remain silent with regard to the Holy Prophet. For this request, he agreed that he would do his best to keep the depraved Muhammad from coming unto her.

The widow bowed her head respectfully, obeying her brutal husband.

Staying for a time to renew their strength at the oasis, Muhammad announced over a fine evening meal that they would return to Medina and take it in the name of Allah.

"That will be easy, considering we slaughtered everyone there who resisted us," slurred a drunken Abu, he, the Prophet and their closest followers sitting at a long table. Veiled, tempting sirens with bare breasts served the bounty Allah had provided: the flesh of vultures, vipers, and lizards gracing the table.

"Good point oaf," the deranged Muhammad agreed, seven rings of gold and silver on his fingers, his mouth stuffed with roast vulture. He swallowed, belched loudly and added, "Allah revealed to me in a dream that Medina will be our base, and from there we shall send brave warriors out to capture and recruit new followers."

"More men will be needed after the debacle at Mecca," replied Abu, looking to their limited numbers, choking down the bitter flesh of a fat, boiled viper with another gulp of wine.

The evil Prophet hid a smile at the sight of Abu's nausea; watching from the head of the table in delight as his devoted followers dined on the flesh of vermin. "No matter about the others, they are dead and gone, it was the will of Allah," declared an uncaring Muhammad, spitting a shard of fractured vulture bone to the table. Wiping greasy hands on his filthy silk robe, he grabbed a wine bottle and took a deep drink from it. "My belly still rumbles, bring tasty dung beetles to sate my gnawing hunger," he ordered to a siren nearest him.

The lone survivor of the battle of Mecca, a swarthy Bedouin named Hamal, sat at the table, eating from an earthenware bowl of lizard soup, seasoned with ground peppercorns, onions and the juices of crushed scorpions. Having considered his low

standing amongst his fellow Muslims for calling the Prophet a lying coward to his face, he wished to make amends by making himself useful to Muhammad. In return, he hoped the murderous Prophet would allow him to live, so he, like his debauched leader, would have the chance to kill, rape and plunder in the name of Pig Allah, the moon god.

Their meal finished, a lustful, drunken Muhammad initiated another sex orgy with the sirens, the warriors of Islam delighting in the licentious revelry: the debauched Prophet entering the tent of the Nubian harlot Sheba, relieving his carnal urges while held in her willing arms.

"Oh great Prophet, if it is the will of Allah, will you take me as one of your beloved wives to Medina?" asked Sheba, looking up to him with seductive, dark eyes as he continued to know her.

"Sure, as my young bride Ayesha often grows sore from my constant attentions," grunted Muhammad, reaching orgasm for a third time, finding her the most satisfying harlot he had ever encountered.

"She is only six, most wait until they bleed first," replied Sheba, the Prophet looking at her and frowning, both knowing that he was little more than a brutal, licentious paedophile who delighted in the rape of little girls and boys. Rising from the bed and closing his robe, he left her tent, adjusting his filthy silk turban.

Later, when others at the oasis were asleep or passed out from drunkenness, Muhammad, oaf Abu, and Hamal the Bedouin sat by a small fire, discussing plans for the recruitment of new followers. As the fire died down the Holy Prophet rose and walked into the shadows, releasing foul, pungent gas from his posterior while Abu and the Bedouin continued speaking.

"When will we be leaving for Medina?" asked Hamal, looking forward to visiting a comely harlot he had met there.

"Very soon, but you will not leave with us," answered Abu, just as Muhammad leapt upon the hapless Bedouin with an oiled garrote. Pulling it tight around his throat with all his strength, he gritted his teeth and strangled the infidel to death, crushing his windpipe.

"That is what one gets for insulting Allah's messenger," declared the wicked Muhammad with a smile, allowing the corpse to drop to the ground. He pulled the garrote from Hamal's throat and pocketed it in his filthy silk robe. Looking to Abu, he said, "Get over here and help me with the body oaf."

Abu rose, the Prophet and his henchman carrying the remains of Hamal into the desert.

On the next day, Abu's young nephew Abdullah appeared from his mother's hovel at the border of the oasis. The adolescent appeared more of a man than a boy, his face having a short beard. Troubled, he asked his uncle as to why he had left his aunt Umm to die of grief, and why he had permitted the Holy Prophet to know him and his little cousin Ayesha. Not aware of Abu's incestuous relationship with his daughter, he awaited the answer.

"My daughter Ayesha is his child bride, given unto him by Gabriel on high; alas, Muhammad is also a paederast, it was the will of Allah for him to know you," a shrugging Abu replied, revolted at the thought of paederasty, not looking his nephew in the eyes.

"The will of Allah? Then Allah is an evil, insidious demon possessed of lust and caprice!" exclaimed Abdullah. "Your Prophet is a depraved sodomite sent from the

depths of hell: grasping my crotch, he raped me after having a seizure, holding me down and declaring it was the will of Pig Allah!"

"I don't know what to say, my nephew," replied Abu, looking to the ground, knowing that Muhammad had truly hurt a beloved member of his family by raping him.

"I do," said an angry Abdullah, tears welling in his eyes as he glared at his uncle, "I say be gone forever from our oasis, you, your demonic Prophet, your vile brethren, and never call me your nephew again!" Wiping away tears, he turned and trudged off, a saddened Abu watching as the young man disappeared into a date grove.

A fortnight passed; the Muslims returning to the nearly deserted city of Medina. The faithful inhabitants celebrated at the sight of Prophet Muhammad, joyously greeting his arrival with a spectacle of drunken revelry and lasciviousness. To the Prophet's pleasure, he found the brothel was still open, the madam thankful to Allah that the brave warriors of Islam had returned unto their midst.

After indulging in the favours of comely, dark-eyed harlots for several days, Muhammad, his wives Ayesha and Sheba, together with his entourage of slave women and little Jewish boys, moved into the merchant Sabri's house. Oaf Abu and wife Fahimah accompanied them, as the residence had more than enough room.

The body of Sabri, murdered by the Holy Prophet months earlier, lay rotting on the floor, a tearful Fahimah looking to the desiccated remains of her loving husband.

"Lamentations over infidels is forbidden, it is the will of Allah that such die for resisting him," declared Muhammad, picking fat fleas from his beard and crushing them between his fingernails. Ordering other followers to remove the remains, they dragged the body from the house and dumped it in the street for all to see. Looking down, the Prophet smirked and kicked Sabri's mummified severed finger through the open door.

"You soulless brigand, I am an infidel, why don't you just kill me and put me out of my misery?" asked a defiant Fahimah, tears of grief wetting her cheeks.

The Holy Prophet raised an arm to smite her, Abu stepping between them. "You will not strike my good wife Fahimah, nor will you touch her in any other fashion from this point forward; there is much wisdom in her utterances regarding the likes of you," warned Abu, staring at the Prophet with anger in his eyes.

Muhammad lowered his arm. Hiding his fear, he frowned at his muscular henchman. "Of course oaf," he muttered, quickly turning and leaving the house. "Bastard," he spat in defeat, heading to the brothel for the favours of harlots, strong wine, and hashish.

"Thank you husband, for what you have said and done for me," said Fahimah.

"Don't thank me, thank your gods," replied a confused Abu, sweat on his brow, looking to the doorway that the madman Muhammad had passed through.

Charged by the words of the Holy Prophet, vanguards of devoted followers moved across the land surrounding Medina, converting scores to Islam in the name of Allah the Pig. Along the way, the warriors helped themselves to women, children and glittering plunder: slaughtering, torturing, raping and robbing as caravans, villages, towns and cities fell before them. Returning to Medina with fresh converts, the warriors rested, joining with their fellow Muslims in idleness, debauchery, licentious revelry and drunkenness.

Fearful of being exposed as the coward he was, Muhammad was determined to prove he was an able leader, chosen by Allah the moon god. Together with trusted group of followers, he, Abu and a band of vicious cutthroats entered a peaceful village near

Medina in the middle of the night. A guard, subdued and beaten by a pair of the Prophet's followers, asked Muhammad, "We have done you no harm stranger, what do you want here?"

"We want everything," answered a smiling Muhammad. Pulling out his garrote, he strangled the defeated infidel to death, fulfilling the will of Allah.

Allah the Pig smiled upon the devoted followers; over time the Muslim army was strengthened to near invincibility, their numbers in Medina now amounting to over 300 score.

Surah 123: The Demon

Bismillah:

Growing restless at Medina, an insane Muhammad was determined exact his revenge upon the inhabitants of Mecca, so he could capture the city in the name of Islam and defile the Kaaba in the name of Pig Allah.

At his urging, followers created more weapons, seizing metal wherever it could be found, using captured infidels as slave labourers for the hot forges. Under the watchful eyes of brutal Muslim slave drivers, cooking pots, utensils, ploughshares and pruning hooks were heated and beaten into deadly scimitars for the warriors of Islam; those who refused to serve the warriors slaughtered, their bodies thrown into the fires of the forges.

The once peaceful Medina had been transformed from a prosperous trading centre into a filthy lair of vicious freebooters, brigands, and evil cutthroats, hungry for plunder and blood. Allied with the warriors of Islam were assorted perverts: depraved paedophiles, brutal rapists, and lascivious sodomites: comprising a revolting den of amoral, lustful, lecherous monsters who gleefully destroyed entire towns, taking the virtue of women, girls and boys at will.

The Muslims were led by the corrupting force, Prophet Muhammad, chief pervert of Islam, otherwise known amongst his fellows as Abu al-Qasim Muhammad Ibn Abd Allah Ibn Abd al-Muttalib Ibn Hashim.

The Holy Prophet, knowing from his vivid, epileptic dreams that his actions were the will of Allah, returned to his licentious paederasty, knowing freshly captured Jewish boys during bouts of drunkenness. At other times, strong wine having caused vile fits of vomiting in the street just outside Sabri's house, he amused himself by eating strong hashish, molesting his young wife Ayesha afterward.

Seeing the depravity of Muhammad, the Nubian siren Sheba felt shunned, left out of the wanton debauchery, watching in horror at his perverted, drunken orgies with little boys from a dark corner of Sabri's house.

"You're hurting me Prophet, I bleed!" cried a very young Jewish boy of eight as Muhammad knew him, his ample girth having ruptured the boy's posterior.

"Vile Jew, how dare you question the will of Allah's messenger," retorted an angry Muhammad, slitting the boy's throat to the spine with a sharp knife. He threw the body to the tiled floor of Sabri's house; his filthy erection covered in blood and faeces as it slipped from the murdered victim.

Shedding painful tears while viewing the murderous sodomy, the Nubian siren also witnessed the Prophet's brutal fits of paedophilia with young Ayesha.

"You ingratious bitch, how dare you cry out as I indulge in your comely favours, my knowing you is the will of Allah!" grunted Muhammad, slapping the child, finally achieving orgasm within her.

"Yes Holy Prophet," replied Ayesha in tears, having turned seven that day, wiping blood from her lower lip.

"These terrible actions of Muhammad are not the work of Allah, nor any other god; they are truly the evil ministrations of a vile and sadistic demon," Sheba said to herself, withdrawing into the shadows.

Troubled, she approached Fahimah one evening and told her of her woes.

"You made your bed painted harlot, lay in it," the widow retorted while cooking a pot of viper stew, not wanting to arouse the Prophet's maniacal wrath. The house had grown filthy on the orders of Muhammad, it revealed to him in a dream that cleaning it was not the will of Allah.

"But what of you, how did you come to be here in this hell on Earth?" asked Sheba, surrounded by iridescent flies, filth and the butchered bones of vermin, not knowing how the upright woman had become part of a band of depraved brigands led by a demented, demon possessed maniac.

"Your disgusting Prophet murdered my good husband Sabri in this very house in which you stand. He took our money, raped me and my maidservant, and then gave me to his brother in law Abu as his wife."

"As for Muhammad being my Prophet, I cannot be sure from what I have seen him do; how can you live such a life among such after what you've been through?"

"I am but a prisoner of uncivilised brutes: I cannot live such a life, except at the whim of my gods, perhaps one day I will simply die and be released from this dreadful fate," said the widow, just as Abu walked in.

"I need food and wine," the oaf announced, the harlot withdrawing from the room.

"Yes," replied Fahimah, presenting him with a bottle and a warm earthenware bowl filled with snake flesh cooked in seasoned jackal broth.

"Viper stew – I can't stand this shit!" exclaimed Abu, revolted at the boiled head of a snake floating in the bowl, an eye staring at him, surrounded by sliced onions, bits of scorpion shells, and withered parsnips.

"We have no more jackal, vulture, or rat meat, Muhammad has eaten it all, even to their rotting carcasses and the nauseating entrails; that and other vermin is all your Prophet will allow us to consume. I respectfully confess that I long for a fine pork roast to dine upon," said his wife.

"That's the truth; what did the Nubian harlot want here?" asked a resigned Abu, pulling the snakehead out and gnawing at it, pulling an occasional scale from his mouth with a thumb. Shuddering for a moment, he spat a tough, chewy eyeball to the floor.

"She came to complain to me about Muhammad shunning her comely favours, while knowing little Jewish boys," answered Fahimah. "She also said the Prophet is knowing your young daughter too much; I have seen it, from the way she walks, she has grown very sore from his attentions."

"Yes, he should come unto Ayesha only after a week or so has passed, as do I; for it is Allah's will for me to know my daughter. Regarding the little boys, I fear that the Prophet's wanton paederasty is both strange and revolting to me," Abu replied, throwing the skull to the floor in utter disgust and drinking jackal broth from the bowl.

"Revolting; a filthy bitch in the throes of heat is not as vile as that depraved sodomite: he is an evil, lecherous, perverted freak who lusts after the flesh of men," his wife declared, not telling of her revulsion to her incestuous husband knowing his daughter in their bed on many occasions.

"They're not men, they are infidels, according to the Prophet, such does not matter in the eyes of Allah."

"Flesh protrudes from their loins; as does it from the vile crotch of Muhammad. My gods frown upon such perverse acts, condemning those who engage in those practices to eternal damnation."

"They do not yet spit their seed on the ground, as Onan did, they are nothing," replied Abu, taking a gulp from the bottle.

"That has nothing to do with what I am telling you husband," said the wise Fahimah, "Your Prophet knows little boys; it is wrong in the eyes of my gods: he is little more than a queer."

Oaf Abu stared at her for a moment, knowing in his heart that she was correct. He returned to his meal, peeling snakeskin from a chunk of viper, the fat carcasses of boiled maggots infesting the meat. Looking at the maggots, a frowning Abu spat, "What the hell, I'm hungry," stuffing the half-rotted flesh in his mouth and chasing it with wine.

After several weeks of preparation, the rebuilt Muslim army was ready to attack Mecca. Hordes of bloodthirsty Saracens were armed with sharp scimitars of brass and iron, their bellies filled and bodies nourished with the bitter flesh of vermin.

A drunken Muhammad, standing on the upper porch of Sabri's house, gave a sermon, telling a crowd of devoted followers that pain, death and destruction would be visited upon the inhabitants of Mecca for resisting the will of Allah and his Prophet.

As Muhammad smiled in delight, the crowd shouted to the heavens in unison: "There is no god but Allah the Pig, and Muhammad is his Prophet!"

"He said that the last time," Ayesha observed, Fahimah stifling a laugh while they stood only a few cubits from the vile Prophet.

Looking to her, Abu sighed. "Yes he did, but take care in what you utter child, for Muhammad has a great, malevolent power not of this world."

"That's because he is the Devil incarnate; may the gods of my fathers destroy that queer murderous bastard and all he has wrought," retorted Fahimah.

"Do you beg for him to strike you down?" asked a frowning Abu.

"Perhaps I do, for death is better than this existence," she answered bitterly, looking to the demon in man's guise calling itself Muhammad, while feeling the life of an innocent unborn in her womb.

Surah 124: The Defiled

Bismillah:

Another fortnight passed, during which Muhammad and his devoted followers delighted in the vilest of debaucheries; the drunken Prophet leaving the bodies of several murdered Jewish boys in a dark annex of Sabri's house; their posteriors ruptured and throats slit by him. The Nubian siren Sheba watched from the shadows, shedding tears for the slaughtered children.

Oaf Abu Bakr, fulfilling the will of Allah, again came unto his daughter Ayesha, she having recovered from the Prophet's advances; a lecherous Muhammad occupied with knowing the remaining Jewish boys.

"Why is it that you know me, my father?" asked a satisfied Ayesha, sitting up on the bed after Abu had withdrawn from her and closed his robe.

"It is the will of Allah," answered the oaf, looking upon her nude body. "Cover yourself from my sight child, have you no decency?"

"Do you not find me comely, or is the stiffness of your nether member only for my stepmother Fahimah?" asked Ayesha coyly, smiling and reclining before him.

"I do find you most comely, that is why you must cover yourself," Abu ordered, finding his incestuous lust for her troubling.

"Yes my father," replied an obedient Ayesha, pulling a sheet over herself.

Crossing the desert, the Muslim army left Medina and returned to the oasis to refresh themselves and rest among the palms, the inhabitants there vexed at the presence of the Holy Prophet. A defiant Mecca stood to the south, Muhammad knowing that with the help of Allah, the army of Islam would prevail over the infidels.

Abu learned that his nephew Abdullah had committed suicide by climbing a tall date palm and hurling himself from it, his broken body buried in the desert by his grieving father and brothers.

Troubled, he approached Muhammad and told him of his grief.

"Waste not time mourning over him oaf, it was the will of Allah," said Muhammad blithely with a wave of a hand, drunk in his tent, dining on a bowl of boiled dung beetles smothered in thick vulture gravy.

The Nubian harlot Sheba looked to Abu in silence, sympathy in her eyes, recalling the Prophet's licentious paederasty, having watched from in the shadows as he murdered those who dared to cry out in pain at his advances.

"That, or he couldn't live with the idea of you having known him," replied a frowning Abu, staring at the floor of the tent, sadness on his countenance.

"My knowing of him was a gift: how dare you question the will of Allah or his messenger!" exclaimed Muhammad, finishing his meal of dung beetles, his filthy fingers covered in cold vulture gravy.

"I don't question the will of Allah, what I do question is the unrelenting stiffness of your nether member and your licentious paederasty, knowing little boys in his sight," retorted Abu. "Are there not captive women in our camp that could satisfy your carnal urges?"

"Perhaps there are, but none are as tight as the lovely orifice of a little Jewish boy," answered a smiling Muhammad.

"You are a hypocrite; you have repeatedly denied others of your inclination the ability to know them, stating that such actions are a sin in the eyes of Pig Allah," said Abu boldly, revolted at the thought of paederasty.

Harlot Sheba silently wiped tears from her cheeks, she mourning for the young victims of Muhammad's insatiable homosexual depravity.

"Hypocrite, no, for Allah's revelations do not apply to me, nor do they to you," answered the Prophet with another smile, wiping hands on his filthy silk robe. "You, oaf, along with myself, have sanction from Allah to do whatever we wish."

"We do?"

"Yes," answered Muhammad, pausing to squeeze foul matter from a swollen boil on his forehead, "It runs the gamut, from taking women in our beds, or lovely boys in our tents, or even to the knowing of pretty animals, indulging in their comely favours as it suits us."

"The favours of beasts!" exclaimed Abu, "I always thought you were a twisted bastard, but the likes of us knowing animals?"

"A camel can be most attractive if one drinks enough wine: just look at their pretty eyes," replied Muhammad, raising a bottle and drinking deeply from it.

"Such is bestiality!" exclaimed Abu in utter revulsion.

"No oaf, it is love; for Allah is love, and his Prophet is love: I spread Allah's love by knowing those I desire; indulging in the favours of comely women, lovely boys, and pretty animals."

"You are a depraved raper of young boys and a perverted molester of lowly beasts!" retorted Abu, looking the drunken Prophet in the eyes.

"Be that as it may, it is the will of Allah," answered an uncaring Muhammad, growing visibly aroused at the thought of knowing pretty animals, a small, malnourished female camel with light brown eyes just outside his tent crossing his utterly deranged mind.

Pulling open his filthy robe, he reached for his erection and began masturbating, the harlot turning away in disgust.

"Have you no respect or decency, even in the eyes of your wives and fellows?" asked Abu, turning his head and covering his eyes.

"You needn't look unless you desire to pleasure Allah's Prophet, such is the will of him should you find my organ enticing."

"I'm not queer, your offer is revolting!" exclaimed Abu, turning and heading from him.

"Very well, be gone with you, ugh, oaf," grunted Muhammad, reaching orgasm as he finished the sentence, spitting his seed upon the ground and his filthy silk robe.

Leaving the tent, Abu chanced upon another of the Prophet's followers, a dull-witted, nearly toothless man with a missing eye, known by his fellows as Sadi.

"Duh, where is the Prophet?" asked a staggering Sadi, he very drunk.

"He's playing with himself in his tent over a camel, do you want to watch?" spat a disgusted Abu, pushing him out of the way.

Sadi tumbled to the ground, watching Abu trudge off into the darkness.

Returning to his tent, a troubled Abu told Fahimah of his terse words with Muhammad, and that the Holy Prophet was not only a paederaster, but also a vile practitioner of bestiality, knowing pretty animals in the sight of Allah.

"I told you he was little more than a depraved devil in man's guise," she replied, "Only such could lust for the loins of a beast. Muhammad is an evil madman desiring death for all who oppose him; you, husband, will come to blows with him, if not only to save your very life."

"Do we have any food?" asked Abu, not commenting on her wise words.

"Yes, with the help of your daughter and the Nubian harlot, I caught and baked several rats for us this afternoon."

"It beats viper flesh, bring some to me wife, with a full bottle," ordered a frowning Abu, hoping that drunkenness would ease his contemptuous feelings for the Holy Prophet.

Surah 125: Mecca

Bismillah:

Having renewed their strength at the oasis, the vengeful warriors of Islam marched into the desert, heading south toward Mecca, killing any in their path that dared to resist. Along the way they recruited more converts: augmenting by several score a revolting cadre of amoral pirates, vicious brigands, twisted perverts, depraved paedophiles and lascivious sodomites, all hungry for glittering plunder, rivers of blood, and helpless victims.

Muhammad and his entourage followed, a string of captive Jewish boys in chains, having been thoroughly sodomised, trudged along with them, some forced to carry the Holy Prophet in an ornate litter. Fahimah and the Nubian siren Sheba, together with Muhammad's child wife Ayesha, were carried in another litter behind the Prophet.

"What are we to do about that insane monster in man's guise?" asked Sheba, her voice low in fear of the Prophet.

"Nothing harlot, we are but women, and haven't the strength to subdue such as him," whispered Fahimah, her belly showing she was with child, fearful the Jewish boys carrying them might hear and tell the evil Prophet of their words.

Oaf Abu, dismissing his utter disgust at the Holy Prophet's revolting paederasty and bestiality for the moment, conversed with Muhammad in their litter as they were carried across the desolate waste.

"You told the followers that great Allah dwells in heaven; who else dwells there with him in his abode on high?" asked Abu, wiping sweat from his brow.

"His brothers," answered the Prophet, drunk on strong wine. Covered in sweat, scratching at biting fleas in an armpit, he pulled his filthy, sweat stained silk turban from his head, revealing a head of lice ridden, matted hair drenched in perspiration. Frowning for a moment, he grunted, releasing foul gas from his posterior.

"What are their names?" asked a gagging Abu, pulling a curtain open for fresh air.

Muhammad, his head reeling from drunkenness, making up the story as he went along, replied, "Let's see, Allah, Holiest of all Pigs, rules the heavens and the earth, sitting on his golden and bejeweled throne. His younger brothers, Hogallah the fat, Swineallah the wise, Boarallah the cyclops, and Porkallah the whiskered one stand at his side, singing his praises for eternity."

"You're telling me heaven is filled with pigs?"

"Yes," answered Muhammad plainly, his mind much too deranged to realise his utterances made no sense at all.

"If that is so, what use would they have for the likes of us or our worship, considering we are not pigs?" asked Abu, confused and doubtful of the words he was hearing.

"Upon our ascension to heaven, we too will become holy, purified Hogs, welcomed into paradise by Allah," declared Muhammad, crushing a flea between his fingernails. "Once there, 72 devoted, eternally virgin sows will tend our every desire, feeding us forever with ample morsels in golden troughs to sate our piggish gluttony. To slake our thirst, they will bring us welcome drink from rivers of wine, and will give us their comely favours upon demand."

"Oh," said Abu, wondering if reincarnation into a ravenous, depraved hog upon death was something worth looking forward to.

Later, the warriors of Islam came upon a laden caravan of peaceful merchants on a trade road, heading with their wares toward Mecca. Skulking behind sand dunes, Muhammad and his devoted followers watched, laying in wait as the caravan approached.

"What will we do?" asked Abu, looking to the deranged Prophet.

"Allah told me in a dream that we will take the caravan, kill the merchants who own it, and then use the caravan to enter Mecca and subdue the infidels," answered Muhammad, delighted at their stumbling upon easy victims in the middle of the desert.

"That should prove easy with the numbers we have," replied a smiling Abu, looking forward to glittering plunder and the favours of comely women.

Without warning, scimitars in hand, the army of Islam burst from the dunes like locusts, vicious cutthroats and pirates slaughtering the merchants and taking their goods in the name of Pig Allah.

A young and comely water boy with green eyes, cringing in the corner of a wagon, was spared for the carnal pleasure of the lascivious Prophet, as were several dark-eyed maidens betrothed to men in Mecca. Abu Bakr, on orders of Muhammad, took their virtue, their betrothals annulled in the eyes of Allah as he knew them one by one.

His lust satisfied, Abu handed the captives over to other trusted followers, who were then debauched by hundreds of lascivious brigands in the name of Islam. Their carnal needs sated; the warriors left the broken bodies in the wake of the caravan.

Sitting behind the reins, Muhammad, henchman Abu at his side, headed to Mecca, followed by the vicious and depraved Muslim army. Approaching the city on the following morning, vanguards were sent forth to the gates, they telling the Meccans that merchant Fateen had arrived with goods to sell.

"Good friend Fateen, welcome again to our city," said a smiling guard, unknowingly opening the gates for the vicious warriors of Islam.

Many laden camels and wagons entered Mecca while the bulk of the Muslim army hid in the distance, the doomed inhabitants celebrating the arrival of the caravan. A Meccan elder of many years walked up to Muhammad and Abu, asking where the merchant was.

"Good Fateen, he was delayed and will arrive later," Muhammad answered, reaching for his oiled garrote.

"You look familiar friend," replied the elder, hiding his disgust at Muhammad's slovenly appearance, clad in his filthy silk robe and turban; his beard matted and neck caked with dirt.

"Do I?" asked the evil Prophet, he and Abu stepping from the wagon. Followers hidden in other wagons reached for their weapons and prepared to strike.

"Yes," said the man.

"I should look familiar; but I am not your friend: I am your enemy Muhammad," retorted the Prophet as he pulled the garrote, terror filling the man's eyes.

Abu Bakr moved quickly and punched the hapless elder in the face with all his strength, breaking his neck from the blow as Muhammad yelled, "Attack my followers, attack and kill the infidels in the name of Allah!" Bloodthirsty saracens burst forth, sharp scimitars in hand, gleefully slicing off arms, legs, and heads of the stunned Meccans.

"Good work oaf," the Prophet declared, looking to the body of the vanquished elder as hordes of his devoted followers came through the open gates.

An orgy of death swept over Mecca as the Muslim army slaughtered and raped in the name of Allah. Stepping over the bodies of vanquished infidels, Muhammad made his way to the Kaaba, home of the gods. Standing on the roof, oaf Abu at his side, the smiling Prophet delighted at the unremitting carnage, watching as his devoted, bloodthirsty followers murdered his enemies.

"Allah is smiling upon us on this day," said Muhammad in the bright sunlight, watching as his licentious minions, having defeated the infidels, repeatedly raped the wives of the Meccans before him.

"He is indeed," replied a pleased Abu, sounds of revelry and voices of screaming women filling the air.

While greedy freebooters looted the Meccan treasury in the name of Allah, an orgy of drunken lasciviousness occurred as other Muslims celebrated their victory. Standing on the Kaaba during the festivities, Muhammad gave a sermon, declaring to his followers that they could do anything they wished to survivors who refused to embrace Islam. A cadre of lustful perverts and eager paedophiles smiled in delight at the Prophet's welcome words, leaving the Kaaba at once in search of victims.

Several days passed, the cries of the defiled diminishing as the army of Islam, having grown tired from the orgy, passed out from drunkenness. Hundreds of infidels lay dead in the streets, covered in flies, having died in the most horrific of ways, the women having been raped to death, the bodies of debauched children having fallen into the hands of murderous perverts and paedophiles.

In late afternoon, the Holy Prophet, recovered from a marathon bout of drunken paederasty, roused a snoring Abu, telling him of his plans for the day. "We must enter and cleanse the Kaaba in the name of Allah, as it is his, and only his, house," he declared while scratching his posterior, an obedient Abu forcing the locked door down.

Over a thousand gold, silver and alabaster idols of the gods of Mecca were contained therein; each sitting in ornate nooks prepared for them.

"Obscene infidels!" exclaimed an angered Muhammad, "There is no god but Allah the Pig!"

"What shall we do Prophet?" asked the oaf, awaiting further orders.

"We must destroy them!" declared Muhammad, the Holy Prophet and Abu exhausting themselves smashing the pagan idols over the next hours.

A breathless Abu looked about, every idol in the Kaaba having been destroyed. Searching in vain for the idol of a pig, he feared that he or Muhammad might have accidentally destroyed Allah in their frenzy of destruction. Composing himself, he asked, "Where is Allah?"

"Here he is oaf," said a smiling Muhammad, pointing to a large black stone sitting on the floor of the Kaaba, surrounded by the remains of destroyed idols.

"Allah is a rock, I thought you said he was a pig," said Abu, looking to the insane Prophet.

"Allah's spirit dwells within this stone, when one touches it, they can feel his awesome power."

"It feels like a cold rock to me," replied a frowning Abu after having placed hands upon it. All this effort and carnage for a shapeless boulder? he thought, staring at Muhammad as though he were a madman.

Surah 126: The God

Bismillah:

Having taken Mecca, the Muslims continued to defile and subdue the city in the name of Pig Allah, the inhabitants surviving the carnage now slaves of the army of Islam.

Bodies were left to rot in the streets on orders of the Holy Prophet, the stench of bloating corpses filling the air while he and a group of his followers raided wine cellars for strong drink.

Their new slaves forced to butcher entire herds of goats and flocks of birds for a welcome feast; Muhammad gave no thought to leaving some to replenish what they would consume. Some wise followers told him of this, to whom he replied, "No matter, Allah will provide ample food for us."

"Provide what, the bitter flesh of jackals and vultures?" asked one, the wicked Prophet pleased at the thought of them consuming vermin for sustenance.

As Fahimah, Ayesha, the Nubian harlot, and slaves prepared the feast, a drunken Muhammad gave another sermon, standing before the Kaaba with a wine bottle in his hand. "Did I not tell you in Medina that we would have victory over the infidels?" he slurred, as scores of celebrating followers shouted "Yes!"

Others shouted, "There is no god but Allah the Pig, and Muhammad is his Prophet!"

A few, overcome in their devotion, knelt and began to worship the Prophet, he smiling upon them and welcoming their fawning obsequiousness.

Standing in the distance, Abu lowered his eyes, disdaining the worship of such a vile and perverted man. "Debauched hypocrite, he only desires the worship of himself," he spat angrily, trudging off.

Fahimah and the Nubian harlot, together with Ayesha, watched in horror as Muhammad was placed in the ornate litter by his most devoted followers. Marching around the defiled Kaaba, the followers shouted repeatedly, "There are no gods but Allah the Pig, and Muhammad his Prophet!" Seven times they circled the Kaaba carrying the smiling Prophet, while slaves heaped nearby tables high with the bounty of Allah.

Delighted in his new role, the god Muhammad was brought to a long table in his litter.

Taking a seat at the head of the table, worshipping followers fed him wine, dates, and the tender meat of roasted goat. Wolfing down the food like a glutton, in his feeding frenzy Muhammad bit off the fingertip of an elderly follower named Abbud, who, in his fanatical insanity, felt honoured to be eaten by the Holy Prophet.

Looking to his blood-covered finger, the nail crushed; Abbud smiled broadly and shouted, "Allahu Akbar!"

Other worshipful followers saw the crescent shape of the wound and Abbud's devotion to Muhammad; raising him to their shoulders, they paraded around the table, shouting, "Abbud is the chosen of the Prophet!"

Muhammad smiled broadly, morsels of goat flesh hanging between his filthy brown teeth.

In celebration of Muhammad's ascension to godhood, after the feast the drunken Prophet and his worshippers had another sex orgy; a wanton spectacle of debauchery and lasciviousness: whoring, paederasty, paedophilia, even bestiality and the knowing of other men, the followers committing every perverse act imaginable in the name of Allah. Enthusiastic shouts of "Allahu Akbar! and Allahu Al Kabeer!" were heard amongst the celebrants as the revelry continued into the early evening.

Abu Bakr, disgusted that Muhammad would accept and encourage the worship of himself, later approached him and asked, "How can you, of all people, place yourself before Allah in our victory over the infidels, being worshipped in blasphemy as a god before your followers?"

"I am a god, and so are you," replied Muhammad with a smile, quickly making a story up, "I had a dream, and Allah said we are to be worshipped by the followers as his representatives on earth."

Abu looked to the Prophet sternly and retorted, "If you want to be worshipped as a god, that is your business, but leave me out of it."

"Very well, if you don't want to be a god, that's fine with me; as for myself, I do."

"Do you actually think you are a god?" asked a somber Abu, not believing the words he was hearing.

"No, but it does do much for the ego," said Muhammad while picking his nose, "Be gone with you, go cleave unto your daughter, oaf."

Having nothing better to do, Abu again came unto his daughter Ayesha in the bedroom of a fine house he had claimed for himself. She, relaxing in satisfaction after he withdrew from her, said coyly, "That is the third time you have known me in a fortnight, do you shun my stepmother's comely favours?"

"Cover yourself in my presence daughter, Fahimah is with child, it is not wise to touch such when they show."

"You did not wish me covered earlier, will you make me with child, my father?" asked a smiling Ayesha, not covering her nudity.

"Yes, Allah has willed it, but not until your twelfth year."

"Then you had better get used to me being naked in front of you," said Ayesha, Abu turning his head in shame and leaving.

Surah 127: The Vile

Bismillah:

More time passed. It having been revealed by Pig Allah that he was a god on earth, Prophet Muhammad, convinced he was invincible, descended further into the bowels of wanton debauchery, gluttony, drunkenness and lasciviousness, a sorrowful Abu Bakr repenting that he had ever laid eyes on him.

The bountiful herds of goats and flocks of birds exterminated and eaten by the ravenous Muslims, the insane Muhammad ordered all adult camels butchered and eaten in another feast, the Holy Prophet saving the young females for his carnal pleasure.

Once the camels were consumed, they and the deranged Prophet returned to dining on the bitter flesh of vermin. A reclining Muhammad, wearing his filthy silk turban, seven rings of gold and silver on his greasy fingers, was fed vulture flesh, dates and boiled dung beetles by his devoted followers, each competing to be the most favoured of the Prophet.

Between orgies, the smashed idols were cleared from the Kaaba; the remains stripped of their jewels, gold and silver before being dumped outside the city gates. The precious stones and metal were claimed by god Muhammad, and hoarded by him in the Kaaba. Availing himself of the opportunity, he and his entourage of fawning sycophants took up residence there; drunken, lustful orgies with comely harlots and perverse lasciviousness among their fellows being the order of the day.

Each morning, Muhammad, rising from his drunken stupor, would give a sermon to his devoted followers, telling them of the wonders of afterlife in Paradise with Pig Allah and his brothers. They listened to fantastic tales of golden troughs filled with food, rivers of wine, and comely, virgin sows that would sate their every desire; the Prophet at times hallucinating on hashish, moving about the floor on all fours, grunting and snorting like a pig before them. Reverent murmurs of "Allahu Akbar" would be heard among the followers as the Prophet continued in his peroration.

Defiling the Kaaba further in the name of Allah, all manner of filth and the bones of butchered animals littered the grounds. Each day, worshipful followers marched around it seven times, carrying the wicked Prophet in his ornate litter, shouting, "There are no gods but Allah the Pig, and Muhammad his Prophet!"

Growing weary of the comely favours of harlot Sheba, child wife Ayesha, and little Jewish boys, Muhammad had begun to covet little Arab boys, leering at them and their animals from his litter as they passed the Kaaba. The stiff-necked infidel woman, Fahimah, now very much with child, was also an object of the Prophet's twisted lust, she having been denied to him over the last months by oaf Abu, who was also shunned by the Holy Prophet as of late.

Overcome by his paederastic desire for little Arab boys, on a bright afternoon a drunken Muhammad cornered one in the Kaaba, tearing off his loincloth and debauching his posterior on the black stone of Allah, while his closest followers drank wine and watched in enjoyment.

"But I submitted to Islam great Prophet, how could you do this to me?" said the boy, tears in his eyes after Muhammad released him from his carnal embrace.

"Quite easily, I have given you the honey of Allah's love from my member, you should thank me," said the satisfied Prophet, closing his tattered, filthy silk robe as the terrified boy ran from the Kaaba.

Later that day, coveting the favours of pretty animals, Muhammad, his deranged mind filled with depravity, led a young female camel into the Kaaba, presenting it to his followers. Therein he embraced and knew the animal, finding it one of the most pleasing beasts he had ever encountered.

"Life is good," declared a smiling Muhammad as the defiled camel walked from the Kaaba, spending the evening hours being worshipped by his followers and drinking wine until he passed out from drunkenness.

Having heard woeful tales of the Prophet's latest perversions from a debauched Arab boy named Saa'id, Abu, walking past rotted skeletons of Meccan infidels on an early evening, consulted his wife Fahimah after entering his house. Respectful of her brutal

husband, she had prepared him a warm earthenware bowl of rat soup, seasoned with peppercorns, onions, and withered parsnips.

"The Prophet's actions are revolting, they go against everything he ever preached at the oasis," he began while eating, his daughter Ayesha and the Nubian harlot also there.

"Prophet?" retorted Fahimah, "I told you from the beginning that he is no prophet my husband, he is a wicked devil in the guise of man, perverse to the core, devoted to chaos and the lusts of the flesh."

"I know," replied Abu, "But many of the followers revere him as a god on earth, we haven't the numbers to subdue such a horde."

"There are other able bodied men in Mecca that feel as you do," said the wise Fahimah in a whisper, "The freebooters and their ilk have no use for Muhammad or his god, they are only seeking further plunder, strong wine and the favours of willing women."

"But their numbers are not as great as Muhammad's fanatical worshippers," mumbled a frowning Abu, his mouth full.

"No, but they are seasoned fighters, whereas Muhammad's followers are little more than addled fools, drunks and the slothful."

"Be that as it may, their numbers are many," countered Abu, drinking rat broth from the bowl.

"Then do as he has done my husband: kill him while he sleeps," urged Fahimah, her eyes filled with hatred for Muhammad.

"A real man does not lay in wait to kill those who slumber," said a frowning Abu, repenting of the time when he had done so on orders of the Prophet.

"He does!" exclaimed Fahimah.

"Regardless, you will have to kill the Prophet my father, before he kills us," declared Ayesha, Abu shocked at such words coming from a child.

"She is right," agreed Sheba, "Muhammad shuns us, preferring his worshippers and the favours of little Arab boys; not a fortnight will pass before he declares us infidels, turning us over to the faithful to be killed."

"Bring me a bottle," ordered Abu after finishing his meal, needing strong wine to help him decide what to do about the evil Muhammad.

Surah 128: The Evil

Bismillah:

A fortnight passed. Muhammad, the unquenchable fires of insanity burning without respite in his deranged mind, continued in his licentious debauchment of little Arab boys, dozens of them running from the Kaaba, rubbing their sore posteriors. After having another dream, his most worshipful fellows were permitted by him to join in his wanton pederasty and the knowing of pretty animals within the Holy Kaaba.

The Prophet, now a god on earth, resorted to practicing all manners of lascivious revelry in the name of Allah: in his lust he had come to desire a captured man slave of Mecca named Zaid, having leered at him lovingly on several occasions while carried in his litter around the Kaaba.

His closest followers delighting in homosexual paederasty and vile bestiality with comely camels, Muhammad had taken to courting the man slave Zaid, while still coveting the favours of Abu's wife Fahimah, she now very much with child.

Zaid Ibn Haritha of Mecca was a handsome young Muslim male of good build, bronze skin, fine hair and light brown eyes, given by Pig Allah the disposition of a woman, who found Muhammad's keen interest inviting.

In the Kaaba they consummated their perverted desire, the Holy Prophet knowing him on the black stone of Allah, wantonly fornicating with Zaid within where he spoke and in his posterior: comely Zaid responding forthwith to the Prophet afterwards.

"Holy Prophet, please give me another example of Allah's love, in my posterior," said a smiling Zaid while he lay prostrate before the Prophet of Allah and spread his cheeks, looking to Muhammad.

The drunken Prophet, reclining, his filthy silk robe open, stared at his flaccid, soiled member, covered in the faeces of Zaid. Scratching his flea-infested testicles, he replied blithely, "All in time my good friend Zaid, Allah above says that I must rest and replenish my ample loins before enjoying your favours again."

Man slave Zaid, though he loved the Prophet Muhammad Ibn Abdullah deeply, turned his face from the Prophet's fetid breath, the crushed shells of dung beetles and rotting entrails of vultures wedged between his filthy brown teeth.

Over time, details of god Muhammad's latest perversions were heard by his wives Sheba and Ayesha, both shedding tears at the thought of Prophet shunning their favours for the likes of a comely man.

"I told you he was queer," scolded Fahimah sternly, standing in the house of Abu Bakr while his wives lamented their actions, "Muhammad is a licentious sodomite who lusts in his loins for the favours of men: those such as him are the spawn of a devil!"

"But he said he loved me when he first knew me in my father's house," cried Ayesha, wiping tears from her face, harlot Sheba weeping in the background.

"And you, child Ayesha, my stepdaughter, now know your own father in bed, may my gods forgive both you and he!" retorted Fahimah.

Ayesha withdrew and hid herself in shame from the vengeful and righteous Fahimah.

"Muhammad said he loved me when he knew me in the brothel at the oasis," sobbed the Nubian siren, feeling sorrow for herself and no other.

"My heart pumps piss for you harlot; your perverted Prophet Muhammad said he loved me too, while raping me, as my good husband Sabri lay dead on the floor of my house!" thundered an angry Fahimah, turning from Sheba. Disgusted with her lot in life, she occupied herself stirring a boiling cauldron filled with the bitter flesh of rats and vipers, seasoned with salt, peppercorns and onions.

While the Prophet continued in his lascivious debauchery, factions of war were growing in the city of Mecca, Abu Bakr and the freebooters on one side, Muhammad and his fanatical sycophants on the other.

Zaid, now Muhammad's closest confederate and sole male sex partner, approached the Prophet and told him of his woes, confessing, "Abu Bakr told me on this eve that you are little more than a licentious sodomite and revolting zoophile; he rues the day that he ever laid eyes on you."

"Be that as it may, he is an infidel oaf who has spurned the favours of Allah, such will be damned; no need to worry over the likes of him," replied Muhammad with the wave of

a hand, taking Zaid in his filthy, carbuncle covered arms and kissing him deeply on the mouth.

Later, Abu Bakr met in secrecy with Zubair, leader of the freebooters, and his swarthy lieutenant Jabbar, cautiously listening to their words regarding the Holy Prophet as they drank wine together in Zubair's tent.

"We're only here for the money Abu; we couldn't care less about Muhammad or his silly gods, do as you like with him," said an uncaring Zubair, tossing an empty bottle to the floor of his tent. A deep, red battle scar on the left side of his face marked the vicious Arab freebooter from his forehead to chin: wearing leather armor, heavy boots and bronze helmets with visors, he and his fellows appeared more like ancient Roman gladiators than contemporary Arabian pirates.

"God, not gods," admonished Abu sternly, "Great Allah is our God, only upon his Holy Name do I approach you, for Prophet Muhammad has sinned in the eyes of Allah, may peace be upon him!"

"Whatever you say friend, who cares," replied Zubair, drunk on strong wine, he and his fellows only interested in lucre.

"Allah is your god Muslim, not ours," added Jabbar.

"Then who is your god?" asked a confused Abu, looking to the amoral freebooters.

"Gold!" exclaimed Zubair and Jabbar in unison, Zubair adding, "And nothing but, excepting perhaps for wine and harlots," the pair laughing loudly.

"You forgot silver and jewels, friend Zubair," said a drunken Jabbar, pointing to him, choking on his laughter and coughing for a moment, spitting yellow phlegm upon the ground.

"No I didn't, I'm just more interested in wine and harlots!" exclaimed Zubair, sticking out his tongue, laughing and slapping his friend Jabbar on the back, a thoughtful Abu looking to them in astonishment.

Infidels, they know not the love of Allah, thought Abu, looking to the floor of Zubair's tent. "You and yours do not believe in Allah?" he asked.

"Yours is a god of swine, it is said he'll turn us into pigs if we believe in him," answered Jabbar, "Who wants to become an oinking pig upon death, eating slop for eternity from a golden trough; I'd rather be in hell as a man, fighting, or not exist at all."

"No friends, our Prophet Muhammad is wrong on that point," admonished Abu, a true believer, he forging the first pillar of Islam. "Great Allah is not a pig nor a porcine creature, he is God on high, apart from us all, the maker of mankind and all that exists, everywhere. May he smile on us from above in grace; peace be upon Allah our God, and, woe unto him, his perverted and twisted Prophet Muhammad, peace be upon him as well."

Zubair, spitting on the floor of his tent, snickered at Abu's words. "Muhammad is your prophet, not mine," he retorted. Grabbing another bottle, he took a gulp of wine.

"If your words are so Abu, then Allah is crazier than Muhammad ever was," added a smirking Jabbar.

"You do not believe in Allah?" again asked Abu, frowning at their irreverent blasphemy.

"No, and I never will; you're an ass like Muhammad, and I don't give a damn about your worthless god, would you care to debate me on that?" asked a drunken, angered Zubair, pulling his scimitar.

"I meant no offence friends," answered Abu, holding up hands.

"Are you a coward?" asked Zubair. He lowered his weapon, looking Abu in the eyes, the vicious, greedy freebooter wanting to kill him for simply existing.

"No, I am not, and I grant you licence to believe in whatever you wish to believe," replied a brave Abu with hands out, staring him back, Zubair's narrowed, dark brown eyes staring into his.

"Why would you do that Abu, those who grant freedom of choice to adversaries are usually cowards," retorted Jabbar.

"Because a man's belief is in his heart only; I, as a man, cannot force you to bow to the will of Allah; I can only hope that he will move you to fulfill his wishes."

"Yeah, whatever you say, just don't try to make us worship your stupid god," replied Zubair, grudgingly respecting Abu for having faced him down.

"Granted, so, are you with me, should I choose to depose Muhammad?"

Zubair and Jabbar looked at each other for a moment, then turned to Abu.

"Sure, we're with you," answered Zubair, Jabbar nodding in agreement.

"Then it's settled," replied Abu, "You will back me, should I decide to turn against Muhammad."

"Why not," said Zubair, "Just make certain we have ample gold when we leave Mecca, otherwise I'll cut your throat and watch you die, gasping for your very breath."

"Done," said a determined Abu, shaking Zubair's hand.

Surah 129: The Vanquished

Bismillah:

The following afternoon, god Muhammad woke from his drunken stupor, comely man slave Zaid snoring away beside him. Hungry, he reached for a bowl of boiled dung beetles. Brushing iridescent flies from his meal, he began stuffing cold, vulture gravy covered dung beetles in his mouth like a famished glutton, chasing the morsels with gulps of strong wine.

Having convulsed from a seizure near dawn, he had then dreamt a vivid dream of knowing Abu's wife Fahimah again. In the mood for a woman's touch, the Prophet sat on the black stone and consumed a copious quantity of hashish; delighting in the hallucinations Pig Allah gave him when he ate the Holy drug.

The hashish taking effect quickly, a wildly hallucinating Muhammad wandered from the Kaaba, shielding his eyes from the brilliant afternoon sun, intent on securing the favours of Fahimah. Abu Bakr was meeting with the freebooters outside the walls of Mecca when the Holy Prophet arrived at his house, forcing the door open with his foot.

"What do you want here, you debauched demon in man's guise?" asked a disgusted Fahimah, looking upon the filthy and diseased Muhammad, his white silk robe and turban having turned brown from over a year's worth of dirt, dust and sweat.

"I want your favours, infidel bitch," slurred the intoxicated Prophet, leering at her, Ayesha and Sheba watching him in fear.

Terror filled Fahimah's eyes as the evil Muhammad started toward her: grabbing a pot of boiling vipers; she threw them at him, the pot and scalding broth hitting the Prophet in his face, knocking the filthy silk turban from his head.

"That's what I like, a feisty woman," declared a smiling Muhammad, wiping broth and a large patch of blistered skin from his forehead, feeling no pain from the scalding broth. Grabbing Fahimah while his wives screamed, he beat and then knew her on the floor of Abu's house.

"But I am with child!" cried Fahimah, Muhammad grunting as he reached orgasm, "Be silent, it is the will of Allah for me to know you on this day!" Much too engrossed with abusing the stiff-necked infidel woman, Muhammad hadn't noticed that his child bride Ayesha had run from the house, intent on finding her father.

Infidel Fahimah sufficiently violated, the evil Muhammad leered at a cringing Sheba for a moment, then staggered from the house, heading back to the Kaaba.

Happening upon Abu at Zubair's tent, Ayesha, out of breath, said, "Come quickly my father, the Holy Prophet is at your house, knowing my stepmother."

"The depraved bastard, I'll kill him!" exclaimed Abu, rising and running from Zubair's tent, Ayesha falling to the ground as he passed.

Freebooter Zubair put down a wine bottle and rose from his seat. He helped the child to her feet, and called for his lieutenant Jabbar.

"What's going on?" asked Jabbar, walking up.

"Grab your scimitar and tell the others that we're heading to Abu's," ordered a frowning Zubair, anticipating the worst.

Abu arrived at his house, entering as Sheba was kneeling over the fallen Fahimah, she growing weak and bleeding profusely, the lower part of her clothing covered in blood.

"Muhammad raped her!" exclaimed Sheba, her face wet with tears.

Ignoring Sheba, Abu lifted his wife and placed her on their bed. "I am here Fahimah, forgive me for not defending you from that evil monster."

"My forgiveness will be yours my husband, but only if you kill that bastard before the sun sets," said Fahimah, the upright infidel woman lingering for a moment, then dying in Abu's arms.

Zubair and Jabbar arrived just as Fahimah died. "What do you want to do Abu?" asked the freebooter.

Abu sighed, letting out a deep breath. Remaining silent for a few moments, Zubair again asked what he intended to do.

"I'm heading to the Kaaba to deal with Muhammad. Do as you like with his worshippers afterward, but leave Muhammad to me," an angered Abu answered, turning to Sheba. "Quickly harlot, find those who can tend to my wife's body." Leaving the house, he kicked Muhammad's filthy, flea infested turban from the doorway into the street, it landing next to the rotted skeleton of a murdered infidel.

Arriving at the Kaaba, Abu picked up the bleached thighbone of a butchered camel. Slapping it against his palm, he tested the heavy bone for strength. "Muhammad!" he yelled, looking about for him.

"What do you want, infidel oaf?" asked Muhammad, appearing in the doorway, barely able to focus due to the hashish, seeing Abu in double vision.

Abu was taken back at the horrific visage of the debauched Prophet, his wrinkled face burned, blistered and bleeding from the scalding viper broth; his filthy silk robe stained, his matted hair wet.

"What happened to your face?"

"My face?" asked Muhammad, steadying himself, leaning against the doorway, devoted worshippers appearing at his side.

"Your face, what happened?"

"I don't know," slurred Muhammad, staggering toward Abu in the bright sunlight and again asking, "I'm tired from my revelry, what do you want from me oaf?"

"You raped and murdered my pregnant wife you evil, licentious bastard!" yelled Abu, Zubair, Jabbar and a cadre of armed freebooters arriving behind him.

"I did?"

"Debauched monster in man's guise, you don't even realise what you've done!" screamed a livid Abu, raising the thighbone.

"Be that as it may, whatever I did was the will of Allah," retorted a smiling Muhammad blithely, turning from him, "Put down that silly bone oaf, and go home."

"The will of Allah my ass, go to hell where you belong!" yelled Abu, smiting the Prophet on the head with the thighbone using all his might, the Prophet falling to the ground dead from a fractured skull.

"That's the last time he'll ever call me oaf," declared Abu, repenting that he had not killed him sooner.

A wicked smile still on Muhammad's face, Abu, Zubair and the others watched in horror as a dark and evil spirit left the debauched body, floated into the defiled Kaaba and disappeared within the black stone of Allah.

"My God," said a stunned Abu, watching as the Prophet's worshippers started blinking and shaking their heads, as if waking from a trance.

The one called Abbud, marked on the hand by the Prophet, walked up to Abu Bakr. He looked down at Muhammad's body, blood pouring from his head. "You killed him, you killed the god Muhammad," he said.

"What choice did I have; he murdered my wife and unborn child," retorted Abu angrily, the thighbone still clutched in his hand.

Abbud paused and looked to his fellow worshippers, then turned to Abu. Kneeling before him, he yelled, "Hail Abu Bakr, he has killed the wicked Muhammad!" The other worshippers followed suit, shouting and marching around the Kaaba, "Hail Abu Bakr, he has killed the wicked Muhammad!"

The body of the evil and debauched Muhammad at his feet, blood still running from his skull, Abu watched as the worshippers celebrated the welcome death of the Holy Prophet.

"The Prophet is now with Pig Allah!" shouted one, falling to the ground, overcome by his complete devotion to Islam. Other followers continued to march around the Kaaba, shouting, "Hail Abu Bakr, he has killed the wicked Muhammad!"

The freebooter Zubair looked to Abu Bakr, intent on securing his authority over the Muslims. A hand on his scimitar, he asked bluntly, "What are your orders Abu, shall we kill them all and be done with it?"

"No, let them live, for Muhammad, peace be upon him, had them under the spell of a wicked and capricious demon. Take up his vile body, remove it, and throw it outside the gates." Turning to the followers, Abu ordered, "Lock up the Kaaba, so the Prophet's ghost cannot escape."

Muhammad's defiled body, dragged by the feet from the Kaaba by a pair of freebooters, was thrown on a rat infested garbage dump outside the gates of Mecca.

Later, Abu gave a sermon, standing on a bluff overlooking maggot-ridden refuse, the body of the Prophet therein, covered by iridescent flies.

‘Though our Prophet was a twisted pervert and a mincing, boy-hungry paedophile, Muhammad, peace be upon him, showed us the way of Allah; not Allah the pig, but great Allah, lord of the universe!’

"He’s almost as bad as Muhammad was," snickered Jabbar, standing with Zubair and the other freebooters.

"Yeah, but he’s not half the drunk or pervert Muhammad was," replied Zubair, laughing at Abu’s ridiculous sermon.

Surah 130: The Caliph

Bismillah:

A week passed, a laden caravan arriving at Mecca, providing the Muslims with what they needed most: decent food, instead of the bitter flesh of vermin. Goats, grain and camels were offered, Abu Bakr dealing with the merchants directly, paying them from a box of precious metal originally stolen from Sabri the Merchant.

The nearly starving Muslims gorging themselves on the bounty of Allah under a full moon, Abu, drinking wine, conversed with the merchant Ghanim into the night, asking of news from the lands surrounding Mecca.

"Business hasn’t been what we expected," answered a frowning Ghanim, having come from afar, "Many of the villages near here are deserted, rotting bodies litter the streets; Medina is empty, all of the people are dead. My cousin Bashir is a gifted seer, and says roving bandits led by an evil jinn caused the carnage."

"Is that so?" replied Abu, feeling guilty, knowing personally that the army of Islam, led by the deranged Prophet Muhammad, had slaughtered the innocent victims.

The caravan departed several days later; having secured his authority over the Muslims, as the first Caliph of Islam, Abu ordered Mecca purified, including the grounds of the defiled Kaaba, the evil demon of the Prophet trapped therein. Rotting garbage, bones and the bodies of infidels were dumped outside the gates of Mecca, covering the decaying, silk robed carcass of Muhammad in the filth that he had loved.

Establishing another pillar of Islam, for a fortnight the followers were ordered to march around the Kaaba, throwing pebbles at it to drive out the Prophet’s demon.

"Why are they doing this Abu?" asked a confused Zubair, watching as the Muslims continued to circumambulate the Kaaba. "If Muhammad truly was a demon or jinn in man’s guise, surely throwing little stones at a building will not harm him."

"It is a ritual to cleanse the Holy Kaaba, the rejection of Muhammad’s capricious demon is a rejection of Shaitan," answered Abu, a true believer in Islam.

"Who is Shaitan?"

"Another demon of the underworld, very powerful, he is king of all jinns."

A cynical Zubair sighed and let the subject drop, trudging off to find strong wine and the favours of harlots.

Later that evening, fulfilling the will of Allah, Abu Bakr again came unto his daughter Ayesha. Sitting on the side of the bed after withdrawing from her, Ayesha asked

cooly, "I am now a widow my father; since Muhammad and my stepmother are dead, and you have no other wife, will you not wed me?"

"Uh, I will have to consider your words, child," replied Abu, shocked at her incestuous proposal.

"We do need to have our baby, my father, is not marriage proper for the mother of your unborn child Fatimah?" asked a smiling Ayesha, refusing to cover her nudity.

A silent Abu left the bedroom, needing strong drink to grapple with the dark thought that he may be affected by a demon for desiring his own daughter. Coming upon the Nubian siren Sheba, he ordered, "Bring me a bottle."

Obeying, Sheba brought the first Caliph of Islam strong wine, in which Abu imbibed deeply, becoming very drunk, the harlot bringing him another bottle over the next hour. Shunned by the Prophet in his last days and needing the touch of a man, sitting beside Abu, she asked, "Since the wicked Muhammad is dead, do you wish to indulge in my favours?"

"I need to think about Ayesha," replied a somber Abu, distraught over the marriage proposal of his comely daughter.

Jealous of Ayesha, the harlot Sheba had enjoyed being the wife of a powerful man, she wishing to become the wife of the Holy Caliph. "Do you not find me attractive Abu?" she asked, baring her breasts and body before him, running a slender finger down his face.

"Not particularly harlot, be gone from my presence and tend to the needs of my house for your board, I've no desire to know the likes of you," he slurred, an insulted, livid Sheba feeling he was treating her like a common slave.

"How dare you say such to me, you're nothing but an addled drunk like Muhammad was!" she exclaimed, covering her nudity and withdrawing from him.

"Shut your mouth harlot, it is not your place to admonish me in my own house!"

"Your house? A house stolen from an infidel that you murdered? I was the honoured wife of a great Prophet; I will not be relegated to a second position in your home!"

"Then leave my stolen house and fend for yourself in the streets as you did at the oasis," retorted Abu in disgust, "There are many others of your kind in Mecca, much cleaner and comelier I might add, and without the vicious mouth of a serpent!"

"If I leave here, I will tell all I encounter that you are affected by a demon; that you have the same afflictions as Muhammad did!"

"What are you saying to me harlot?" sneered Abu, putting down an empty bottle.

"You're not only a drunk, you are as perverse as the Prophet was; you lust for your daughter in bed you filthy pig, shunning my favours in preference of hers: I'm a woman you twisted deviate, not a child that you rape!"

"Whore, you have earned this!" yelled an enraged Abu, rising and smiting Sheba hard upon her face with a closed fist. Her neck shattered from the powerful blow, the Nubian harlot fell to the floor, dead at his feet, the deed done.

"That shuts her up," declared Caliph Abu with a satisfied smile, staggering downstairs to a wine cellar for more strong drink. There he drank himself into unconsciousness upon the stunning realisation that Allah on high had betrothed him, long before he met Prophet Muhammad, to his own daughter.

His wives Umm and Fahimah had fell before her, his comely and enticing daughter Ayesha; she who had sprung from his loins, and borne in pain by Umm eight years earlier, chosen by Allah to bear his daughter Fatimah.

Abu woke in the cellar near noon, his head pounding, feeling guilty for killing Sheba, but having accepted that it was Allah's will for him to marry his daughter and make her with child.

The body of Sheba was removed from Abu's house that afternoon and buried in a somber funeral ceremony in the sands just east of the garbage dump. A subdued Abu gave a long sermon over her remains, repenting before Allah and his Muslim followers that he had killed her in drunken anger.

"Hell, Sheba was an ugly bitch anyway, I don't know what Muhammad saw in her," observed Zubair bluntly, watching the proceedings from his tent with an empty bottle in his hand. Lieutenant Jabbar and a drunken cadre of infidels laughed loudly at Zubair's crude remarks, a helpless Abu and the funeral attendees frowning at their callous laughter.

Abu, still feeling guilty after the funeral for his drunken murder of the Nubian harlot, on that day swore before Allah and his fellows to never again touch wine, declaring that all true Muslims should forever abstain from the deleterious effects of alcohol. Upon hearing those words, many followers, including Zaid, the comely young man slave of Muhammad, and Abbud, chosen of the Prophet, reconsidered their embracement of Islam and recanted, moving outside the gates of Mecca. There, they and others resumed drinking strong wine in excess, welcomed with open arms by the uncaring, infidel freebooters, all outside the gates delighting in revelry and lasciviousness.

The following morning, on orders of Abu Bakr the Caliph, the Holy Kaaba was reopened, Prophet Muhammad's demon having been exorcised by the devoted followers.

To prevent his evil demon from ever returning to Mecca, the black stone of Pig Allah was hauled from the Kaaba by a team of followers and destroyed outside the gates. The shattered remains of the boulder were buried in the garbage dump, cubits above the evil, rotting remains of Prophet Muhammad, a demonic smile still on his decaying face, his vileness interred beneath garbage, camel bones, and the bodies of infidels; his grave covered by the shattered black stones.

Mecca purified, it was time for the true believers of Islam to be cleansed and purified of the evil, corrupting force of Prophet Muhammad. Meditating in silence away from his followers, Abu attempted to discern what Allah wanted of the Muslims and how to keep them on the path of light and righteousness. Pondering the subject, Abu determined that wine and all he was forced to eat by the Prophet was haram, along with pigs, not wanting his followers to be reminded of the heresy of Pig Allah and his heavenly hogs.

Still pondering the beginnings of Islamic doctrine, a troubled Abu decided to consult with Zubair and Jabbar, whom he respected, even as infidels.

"Why are you asking us for advice?" asked Zubair, chuckling at Abu's words. "We're not Muslim and never will be; for us, everything is halal."

"You may be able to help in my time of need, I need to establish a firm moral base for the followers, so they will walk upon the path of righteousness before Allah."

"Morals, such rules are for those who live high on a camel, they needn't worry of survival," observed Jabbar, picking his teeth with a dagger.

"That is the truth," agreed a smiling Zubair, reaching for a bottle.

"Perhaps," admitted Abu, "But I have determined through prayer and reflection that Allah does not want his followers to consume wine, nor does he want them to dine on pigs, dogs or the bitter flesh of vermin."

"Really Abu, you should ask someone else. I love wine, and if I'm hungry, I'll eat practically anything, including dogs," replied Zubair, "I enjoy rat flesh and swine too; hell, I'd even eat people if I had to."

"You would consume the sacred flesh of people?" asked Abu, shocked at his blunt remarks.

"Why not, vultures and jackals eat such when they're hungry, what's so damn different about us?" retorted Zubair.

"I don't know about you Abu, but I like eating pork and getting drunk, I guess I wouldn't make a very good Muslim," said Jabbar, breaking into laughter at the pious Abu's words.

"You think Islam is funny?" asked a frowning Abu, staring at the amoral freebooters.

"Not really, but it's not for those like us. So make whatever you like haram; just don't try to force Islam on us, otherwise, you and yours will face dire consequences, from me," answered Zubair bluntly, looking Abu in the eyes.

"Of course," answered Abu, moving his gaze to the floor of Zubair's tent.

A somber Abu returned to his house, sadly realising that he would have to forge Islamic doctrine without the assistance of others. Prostrating himself on a rug for many hours, he faced the Holy Kaaba and prayed to Allah for guidance. Believing he had received a revelation, near dusk he rose and gave another sermon before the Kaaba, telling his devoted followers that they should never touch wine or the bitter flesh of vermin.

Introducing his version of Islam, on the following day, the apostate cult of Pig Allah and his sacred, heavenly hogs was officially banished by Caliph Abu; all they were forced to eat by the Prophet, including dogs and pigs, now considered haram.

A fortnight later, in atonement for his fornication with her, Abu and Ayesha were married before the inhabitants of Mecca, at the Holy Kaaba, devoted followers and the freebooters invited to attend the solemn ceremony of his foreordained union with his daughter.

"At least Abu's not as twisted as Muhammad was, he's only a paedophile," observed a smiling Jabbar, he, Zubair and other freebooters returning to their tents for strong wine and the favours of harlots.

"No, but a drunken sex orgy to celebrate their marriage would have been nice," replied the amoral Zubair, laughing as he entered his tent with a comely, dark eyed siren.

Over time, Caliph Abu, wishing to absolve himself of his guilt, established the five pillars of Islam, further refining Muslim doctrine. Remembering his good wife Fahimah, Abu adopted her moon god as the personage of Allah, the crescent and star becoming the symbol of Islam on his order. Outside the city, he reverently showed the devoted followers how to pray to Allah, facing Mecca in remembrance of the horrors of the demonic Prophet Muhammad.

Growing restless, as Mecca had changed for the worse, Zubair informed Abu that they were leaving the city in search of adventure and profit. Wine was running low, and as of late, the devout had been attempting to convert infidels outside the gates. One zealous follower, a dark harbinger of the Muslim faith, had beaten man slave Zaid to

death with his fists for his refusal to embrace Islam, the fact of Zaid having propositioned him beforehand considered mitigating circumstances by Caliph Abu.

"You will not remain, submit, and become our Muslim brothers?" asked Abu, still hoping to convert Zubair and the freebooters.

"No, never will I embrace Islam, such a parochial viewpoint is much too narrow," replied Zubair with firm resolve.

"But why will you not submit to Allah?"

Zubair took a deep drink of wine, and said, "Look Abu, if there is a god, Allah or whatever, it will do as it pleases with us, we can do nothing to change that, and by our very actions we are fulfilling his wishes."

"Interesting, I never looked at it that way," replied Abu.

"It all depends on one's point of view, doesn't it?" asked Zubair; frowning for a moment and releasing foul gas from his posterior.

"Yes, it does," answered a wise Abu, receding from the tent while nodding in agreement with infidel Zubair.

Hearing news of the departure of the freebooters, devout Muslims petitioned Abu, the first Caliph, to send them abroad in the world with them to spread the doctrines of Islam and the love of Allah.

"I will take it up with Zubair," said Abu, meeting with them in his house. Again consulting the freebooter, Abu and Zubair conversed about taking Muslim missionaries with them.

"Sure, I don't care, just pay me not to kill them should they annoy me with your Islam," Zubair retorted with a wicked grin.

Abu sighed, and agreed. To the loyal freebooters Zubair and Jabbar he gave gold, silver, and costly spices, allowing them to carry off the last of strong drink and the comely harlots of Mecca. At the gates, Abu, the first Caliph of Mecca, consecrated their holy mission with a sermon, a prayer and the giving of a banner his wife Fahimah had made, showing the crescent moon and star. "You are now warriors for Islam, believers or not," he declared, "You will guard our caravans and those who go out from Mecca to spread the word of Allah."

"Why not," said a shrugging Zubair, his swarthy lieutenant Jabbar at his side.

Charged by the Caliph, they, like Muhammad's second army, left the Holy City of Mecca, rampaging, pillaging and plundering across Arabia in the name of Allah.