

My Dog Mohammad
by Banjo_Billy

That little rascal runs off at the most inconvenient times! Of course, whenever your dog runs away, it is very inconvenient. Just like all of the times that he wakes me up to let him out at 3 AM just so he can crap on the neighbor's lawn, Mohammad is a very inconvenient dog.

It took me a long time to break him of the habit of gathering up fifteen newspapers, delivering them to my front porch before chewing on the entire bunch. I blame the free cat food samples that were in the Sunday supplement for that bad habit. For about a month before I broke him of the habit, it was darned inconvenient having to pay the newspaper bills for fifteen irate neighbors who tracked Mohammad's crap on their shoes as they pounded on my front door yelling obscenities at me and Mohammad. But they dared not get too frisky with me because Mohammad is attack-trained in the best German tradition.

However, the smell of the bitches makes him forget all of that good training. Last Friday, for example, when I drove through a strange part of town, Mohammad just had to get out of the car in a part of town where I had not been for several years. He insisted on it. He was excited and trembling. So, I parked next to a falafel store, leashed him and took him for a walk.

All of the shops and stores in this part of town have the weirdest writing on their front signs. It's like a bunch of ignorant, dumb-ass Mexican gang-bangers were scrawling graffiti in incomprehensible Mexican, but I know it's actually Arabic because I stopped some brown-skinned, black-eyed bastard wearing a long white shirt and a white watch cap on his head and I asked him. He was none too friendly and tried to walk around Mohammad and me on the sidewalk. But a white man with a Doberman Pinscher on a leash, is not easy to walk around on a sidewalk.

"Say, what's all that weird writing on those signs?" I asked as Mohammad tried to sniff his pants leg. But he backed away as if he had just taken a bath before going into surgery.

"What weird writing?" he answered while keeping a wary eye on Mohammad.

"On those signs up there."

"That is the holy writing of Arabia, the language of Allah." He tried to walk around but I have one of those leashes on a reel where I can extend the length as Mohammad pulls, or put the brakes on, or retract it in order to shorten the area upon which Mohammad can lift his leg. So I eased back on the lever and let Mohammad get closer to this prissy A-Rab who was wide-eyed and holding up his palms in horror at Mohammad's wet nose and drooling tongue.

"Please keep your dog away from me. I have just performed woodoo."

Well, my guess was that "woodoo" is one of those weird A-Rab deals where they dress all in white and hump their sheep. So, I sure didn't want Mohammad getting close to a pervert like that. But I always insist that they understand, whether they are ordinary queers or A-Rab sheep-humpers, that when they are talking with a white, Christian American like me, that they have the proper respect for who's the boss. And it ain't them.

So I said, "Why are there so many Muslim stores in an American city?"

He smiled with an evil grin, “We Muslims are just as American as you are. And someday, you will be Muslim, too, whether you like it or not.”

Well, I guess that a pig can claim to be a giraffe, but the only one he’s fooling is himself. This weird bastard sure was not fooling me; he was certainly not an American.

Suddenly, from the loudspeakers coming from a building on the next block, blasted the most god-awful caterwauling that I had ever heard from what sounded vaguely like a human voice. Trying to make sparks fly by rubbing together a banshee and a devil, is probably the closest that I can imagine how to describe that terrible howling and moaning.

“You must excuse me. That is the call to prayer. I must not be late.” This sissy Muslim edged around me and Mohammad by walking between two parked cars in order to get past us and then hurried around the corner. While all of this noise was assaulting the neighborhood, Mohammad had been pulling and tugging at his leash. He barked once, pulled backward, slipped the leash and ran down the block, away from that racket.

Mohammad is really inconvenient sometimes. Here I was, in a strange part of town that is infested with filthy Mexicans and perverted A-Rabs, none of whom are Americans. Usually, Mohammad comes when called but not this time. What with that strangled banshee gibberish calling the Muslims to pray to their murderous god, who knows what terrors arise in the mind of a dog who hears such demonic gargling? So, all I could do was chase after the now collarless and unlicensed Mohammad and try to catch him before the dog catcher did.

I ran down the street where Mohammad had gone, calling and whistling for him along the side streets and alleys for more than an hour. Then I doubled back. And what should I find but a preacher standing on the street corner, perched on a plastic milk crate, waving a Bible in his hand, and lecturing to the passing traffic as if they were his ardent disciples. “... and there will be false prophets who come after me and they will deceive many...,” was the gist of his loud sermon to the honking cars and the passing shoppers who saluted him with their middle fingers. I interrupted, “Say, you didn’t see a brown and black dog run by here a while ago, did you?”

The preacher stared royally down at me from his high, exalted podium. “Friend, I see many brown and black dogs in this neighborhood,” he said. “Tell me, was he running away with a set of hub caps or with a television set?”

“He is a real dog,” I replied.

The preacher stepped down from his dais. “They are all real dogs,” he answered. “Every Mexican and Muslim is a real dog from hell. Stupid, vicious, dishonest and filled full of hate towards white people. Only when they accept Jesus Christ as their savior do they become tame and civilized enough that we don’t have to shoot ‘em.”

“Reverend,” I said, holding up the empty collar with its dangling license tag, “that’s music to my ears but I don’t have time to talk. Mohammad slipped his leash and the dog catcher works on Fridays.”

The preacher grinned like the Cheshire Cat and queried, “Your dog’s name is Mohammad? Why did you name him that?”

“When he was a puppy, he loved baked ham. Couldn’t get enough of it. He was just crazy over baked ham. He was so mad for more and more ham, that I named him Mo-ham-mad.”

The preacher's grin widened and he claimed, "Yes, I saw that dog run toward that Muslim temple of hell, what they call their masjid, where they pray to their Moon God by sticking their butts up in the air to moon their moon god. You will definitely find Mohammad down there."

"Thanks!" I called out as I ran toward that building that had the loud speakers.

The preacher sent me off with, "Go with God. Oh, Jesus, protect him from those fiends!"

I did not like the sound of that but I hoped it was a blessing.

By the time I reached that Muslim temple, the services were out and all of those weird bastards were streaming outside into the sunshine. All of them were males of the species, many wearing beards, some dressed in long night shirts and pajamas with knitted beanies covering their greasy black hair. As they were all in the same group of about one hundred, I called out to the lot of them, "Hey, you guys! Have any of you seen Mohammad?"

Out of one hundred Muslims, at least eighty of them raised their hands and replied in unison, "I am Mohammad."

I was amazed. "What? You are all named Mohammad?"

One of them stepped forward with a smile on his moist, rubbery lips. "I am the Imam of this masjid. Yes, Mohammad is our most popular name. We love Mohammad. Many Muslims are named Mohammad." A murmur of agreement welled up from the gang of eighty as the whole mob began surrounding me like an amoeba surrounds its dinner.

"None of you are the Mohammad that I am looking for."

"How do you know?" the grinning Imam asked.

"Because none of you look like Mohammad."

"No one knows what Mohammad, peace be upon him, looked like. Perhaps Allah has sent you here to learn about Islam and about the holy prophet."

"I really, really doubt that," was my critical reply.

"Nevertheless," the Imam continued, "Allah is all-Powerful and most-Merciful. He could easily have sent you to me for instruction. So, tell me what you know of Islam. I am a Muslim scholar and can answer any question you may have." The entire group pressed in closer to listen. They must do queer stuff in that masjid because they all smelled like cheap perfume samples at a Macy's Back-to-School-Days perfume counter. A regular bunch of perfumed faggots, was my guess.

I replied, "I know that Muslims kill anyone who does not want to be a Muslim and you enslave your women."

"Oh, but you do not understand Islam," the Imam said. "We are the humble servants of Allah. Allah has ordered us to kill non-Muslims because non-Muslims are the enemies of Allah."

"Well, then, if Allah is all-Powerful, why can't he kill his own enemies all by himself? Why does he need Muslims like you to do his killing for him?"

The Imam had trouble answering that question because he was kind of choking on an inner fury. So, his assistant chimed in, "We are merely the slaves of Allah. We should not ask too many questions but to merely obey the teachings that were revealed to Mohammad, may peace be upon him."

"Yes, that's right," continued the Imam with some relief.

But I wouldn't let them off the hook. I like cornering creeps with their own lies. "Then what about the way you treat women? Why, it's downright barbarous."

The Imam grinned as he massaged his groin like a nigger rock star hitting a high note. "Muslim women submit to the will of Allah because Allah has created them to be the servants of Muslim men. After all, they are fitted to the task of pleasing us in every way. They must humble themselves and submit to our wishes, otherwise they will go to the hell-fire. So declared our holy prophet."

"So, if they don't please you, you terrorize them with the threat that they will go to hell. Or you beat them, right? You don't wait for Allah to send them to hell for not screwing you on demand or whenever and wherever you want a blow job. You blacken their eyes and break their noses to make them submissive."

He puffed himself up regally and replied, "Allah commanded Mohammad, may peace be upon him, in the proper way to keep our women humble. Allah is most merciful. We don't always beat them. Sometimes locking them in a room with no food is enough."

"Mohammad taught you that, did he? A grubby, old, Arabian camel jockey with a big dick, heard voices in his head and claimed it was God talking to him. And you believe that?!"

"The holy prophet never told a lie."

"A lunatic is convinced that he never tells lies either, because everything he says seems so real to him."

The Imam shouted, "You are insulting the holy prophet. For that, according to Muslim law, you must be killed."

"You aren't killing anyone, Bud. Keep your hands to yourself like I see you already know how to do. I don't have time to talk with you. And I am not interested in your medieval Arabian lies and fantasies. I've got to find Mohammad."

Eighty Muslims replied in unison, "I am Mohammad."

"No, not you guys. I am looking for my dog. His name is Mohammad." With intense rage, one hundred sets of eyeballs suddenly glared at me from one hundred shitty, brown, angry faces.

The Imam shouted with utter disbelief, his voice going up in decibels. "You cannot name a dog Mohammad! That is an insult against the holy prophet and against Islam. Under Muslim law, insulting Mohammad is a death penalty."

"Relax, Bud," I replied. "This isn't Arabia. This is America. If I want to name my dog Mohammad, neither you nor anybody else can stop me."

"You are insulting the holy prophet," he screamed.

"Get off your high horse, Mister," I shouted back. "If you want to name your little picaninnies Mohammad, I can name my dog Mohammad. What's the difference?"

"What is a picaninny?" he asked.

"Never mind that. Nobody can insult dead people because they're dead and they don't care what you say about them."

"But the holy prophet is unique above all men. We must hold him in respect."

"Unique means only one," I answered. "So have you seen Mohammad?" Eighty Muslims raised their hands and replied in unison, "I am Mohammad."

The Imam began shouting his Arabic gibberish while pointing at me and then he shouted in English with spittle spraying from his mouth, "We are believers. We can name ourselves Mohammad. But you cannot name a dog Mohammad. No one insults the holy

prophet and lives!” I could see veins bulging on his neck and on his forehead. His eyes were bloodshot.

“Relax, Bud, or you will have a heart attack. What you need to do is to give up this weird shit and take a break from being nuts. Drink a couple of beers, settle down with a mess of barbecued pork chops, pork and beans, chips and potato salad and watch a football game.”

Again, he screamed, “Now you are insulting me! We Muslims do not eat pork or touch alcohol.”

The crowd began pressing closer and I was beginning to feel unwelcome. So, I said, “Since you all are so unfriendly, I’m leaving. But I still have to find my dog.”

As I walked away, I whistled for the little rascal and called for him, “Mohammad, here boy. Where are you?” Behind me, eighty Muslims raised their hands and said in unison, “I am Mohammad.” I whistled a couple of more times and called loudly, “Here, boy. Mohammad!” I whistled again, “Here Mohammad! Here boy!”

A blood-curdling scream split the air behind me. Spinning around, I saw the Imam, eyes full of hate, teeth bared through snarling lips, saliva streaking his beard as he ran toward me with a long knife clutched in his fist like an ice pick, ready to stab.

In just that moment, Mohammad came sprinting across the lawn followed by a young Doberman bitch. He jumped into the air as if grabbing a Frisbee, snatched that Imam by the arm and began shaking him like a rag doll. The Imam shrieked, dropped the knife and began pummeling Mohammad on the head. Mohammad’s new love-life, that pretty young bitch, followed his lead and grabbed the Imam by his punching arm and shook the be-jesus out of him. Both Dobermans drew blood, one hanging on each arm, and they kept shaking him with no more effort than shaking a rat while all the Muslims stood petrified in shock.

Even though his screams sounded a whole lot sweeter to me than his loudspeaker call to prayer, the only thing I could think of at that moment was, “Holy shit! Lawsuit!”

“Mohammad! *Aus!*” I ordered in German dog-training commands. He obediently dropped the bloodied arm and marched toward me, tongue lolling and chest proud. “Let’s get out of here, boy, *mach schnell.*” And the three of us high-tailed it to my car and got out of that neighborhood before the first ambulance and police sirens even got close.

And – finders keepers – that is how I got my second Doberman, a beautiful young bitch that I named Aisha in honor of the six-year old little girl that the false prophet of Arabia had raped as one of his twelve wives.

Mohammad does things at inconvenient times. However, this time, he was a very good dog to have around. So, if anyone asks, “What’s black and brown and looks good on a Muslim?” Say: “Two Doberman Pinschers.”

* * * * *

© 2012 Bamboo Delight Company

Permission is given to republish this article in any media as long as the entire story is published and our website is cited as the source at www.bamboo-delight.com

First published February 1, 2012. The contents of this Adobe Acrobat file may be copied but not changed.