

YOU ARE NOT LONG FOR THIS WORLD, OSAMA!

A discreet word, please.

It has been claimed that tragedy and humor possess a well disguised common thread. Most tragedies appeal to our humanity in the same manner in which we accept or reject humor.

This book presents a humorous profile of the man responsible for the tragedy and act of war of September 11, 2001. Osama Bin Laden will remain as the perpetrator of another day of infamy in our history.

Beyond the tears shed by our nation by the September 11 attack, we have strengthened our resolve and perhaps acquired a new perspective of ourselves in these times. But we have not lost our sense of humor.

While Osama Bin Laden, the man responsible for the death of more than three thousand persons, does not qualify as tragic-comic and will always remain a criminal fanatic, humor is all around him.

The somber and somewhat sinister appearance of Osama and his undeniable skill in avoiding detection have aroused the curiosity of the peoples of the world. Unavoidably, a humor component about this enigmatic man can not be ignored. Maybe when the noose is finally around his neck he will realize that his entire life has been a cruel joke.



What is the key to your success as an evil and heartless international terrorist?

One word: See evil, do evil, think evil.

That is more than one word.

Evil is not for the simple minded!



“Osie, what happened to the vegetable garden you planted last spring?”

“You really wanna know? Let me tell you”

“Please do!”

“You see, infrared cameras from a satellite, probably a KH type took some frames of our area in their visible spectrum. They spotted the garden at once. Automatically, the images were cross loaded to another satellite fitted with communications gear. This in turn beamed the package down to some receiving station, most likely at Fort Belvoir in Virginia. From there the images went by land link to the RNO and were quickly relayed by fiber optics to Langley . The spooks looked at them, fixed coordinates, set up targeting and submitted the package to Rumsfeld. He called the President and asked him to press the button. At once, Predators, B-52's and other Navy planes bombed the hell out of our vegetable garden!”

“How do you know all this?”

“Fatima, don't forget that I was a doctor before I became a patient”



Osie, don't you get tired of cave hopping?

Nope. Look at it as a sporting event.

How is dat?

Hole in one every day!



Do you have any regrets, Osie?

You bet! Since I moved into the caves I haven't had a chance to ride my Harley Davidson!



Osie, why so much destruction to convey a spiritual message? Is this what Allah would do?

Of course not! Allah would never kill...he is the Life.

Then-then... I don't understand?

Precisely. That's what religion is for. For you not to understand, for me to destroy, for Allah to forgive.