

## CHAPTER-ONE

*LUXURY HOTEL SUITE  
TIMES SQUARE, NEW YORK CITY  
SEPTEMBER 30TH 2001*

**Mohammed Ahmed** a very rough looking late thirties Palestinian from Ramallah. A former member with the Alqsa-Matyre Brigade, a radical military branch associated with Fatah the main PLO-Military wing under Palestinian authority President Yasser Arafat. Ahmed also worked for Hamas, the extremist terror group responsible for many suicide bombings in Israeli cafes and buses. Now an Al-Qaeda operative and businessman in New York City. Where he owned and operates six small newspapers and magazine stands. Turned one of his regular strippers onto her knees and fucked her doggy style. The stripper, in her early twenties, a beautiful luscious mix-breed from an African-American father and a Hispanic-American mother was one of his three regulars from the exclusive City Scape strip-club in Long Island City Queens, New York. She moaned as Mohammed Ahmed pulled her black thong on the side and fucked her beautiful big butt like that of Jennifer Lopez. As Ahmed was doing his manly duty from behind the two other strippers, an Asian American and a Caucasian kissed, grabbed his cock, and sucked his long balls.

The sexy mix-breed moaned again, "Yes...yes...yes oh, baby don't stop, give it to me.Uh...uh...uh, don't stop oh yes, baby give it to me, don't stop I'm almost there ahhh...baby...I'm cumming...ummm...ahhhh"

After his marathon sex Mohammed Ahmed pulled up his pants, and he walked calmly into the other room, and walked back a few seconds later holding an automatic 9mm handgun fitted with a silencer and point it at the luscious mix breed. The two other strippers looked worried and scared as he suddenly pulled the trigger and shot the Caucasian and the Asian Stripper execution style. He blew the smoke off the nozzle of his 9mm handgun. He walked toward the luscious mix-breed and pulled her long black curly hair and whispered in her ear with his Arab accent..."from now on you're my sex slave whenever I want sex you must give it to me and I will give it to you and if you don't you'll end up like them." He turned and point to the two dead Strippers on the floor.

*ANOTHER AL-QAEDA SLEEPER-CELLS RAID  
JUNE 27TH 2005*

On a beautiful dry and warm Saturday morning, at 09:00 hours the birds flew and tweeted, in a quiet neighborhood of Astoria, Queens, New York. Minutes later Captain Ronnie, head of the FBI SWAT team, a Hispanic male in his late thirties, and FBI Agent Jean de' Luc in his mid-thirties, a French national from the Caribbean Island of Martinique screeched up in a Chevy Lumina, sirens blazing, flashing blue and red lights with a convoy consisting of two NYPD cruisers and a black FBI Van. The FBI black Van stopped along side the other vehicles outside the brick house. A few seconds later, about thirty FBI SWAT Agents with M-16 and

MP-5 assault rifles surrounded and took positions around the redbrick house, awaiting orders to move in. Both Captain Ronnie and FBI Agent Jean de' Luc wore bulletproof vests with FBI stamped on them. The area around the house had been completely blocked off from traffic with NYPD cars and FBI vans flashing red and blue lights.

Captain Ronnie and Agent Jean de' Luc pulled out their 9mm automatic handguns and started walking toward the freshly painted entrance. Directly behind them crouched two FBI Agents Hassan Abdel, the American-born Palestinian, also in his mid-thirties, and Rivka Cohen an American-born exotic looking Jewish female in her mid-late twenties both dressed in FBI combat outfit and holding MP-5 assault rifles. Meanwhile, inside an apartment in the brick house were four AL-Qaeda Sleeper cells from four Muslim countries, Pakistan, Yemen, Saudi Arabia, and Iraq. They are playing cards against the backdrop of a sprayed painted Persian rug with writings in Arabic that read. "We will strike again, we will bring Jihad into their homes and streets of the infidels." Against the Persian rug were two AK-47 assault rifles.

Captain Ronnie, Agent Jean de' Luc, Agent Hassan Abdel, Agent Gary Viktor, and the other FBI SWAT Agents walked up to the door with their assault rifles. Captain Ronnie signaled Agent Jean de' Luc and Agent Hassan Abdel and the other FBI Agents to move out of the way then he signaled the Agent with the huge metal bar to knock down the door. The Agent knocked down the door. Captain Ronnie and his SWAT Agents rushed into the apartment and pointed their M-16s and MP-5s assault rifles. "FBI don't move!" Captain Ronnie shouted. The four AL-Qaeda Sleeper cells were cuffed, Captain Ronnie picked up one of the AK-47s assault rifles against the Persian rug he looked at the four AL-Qaeda

Sleeper cells “So what were you guys planning on doing with AK-47s? This is New York City, my friends. This is not Beirut where you can walk on the street with an AK-47 assault rifles. Guys get these Arab rejects out of here.”

Agent Hassan Abdel walked toward the Persian rug on the wall and said “Captain, come and take a look at this.”

Captain Ronnie, Agent Gary Viktor, and Agent Jean de' Luc walked toward where Agent Hassan Abdel stood. Captain Ronnie said, “Yes Hassan...what am I looking at?”

Hassan pointed to the Persian rug on the wall. Captain Ronnie said, “Yes, Hassan, I'm looking at a giant Persian rug hanging on the wall with giant Arab-sprayed writings. Is that what you want me to look at?”

“Yes, Captain, the writings on the rug. The writing says, We will strike again and we will bring Jihad into your homes and streets of the infidel's.”

Captain Ronnie walked toward the door and said, “Good for them. Well, I guess they will strike this time inside Riker's Island. Let's get out of this dump.”