

**Impressum**

Klaus Bung: Ruki's Rant

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**EDITORIAL INTRODUCTION**

Ruki met a young girl, Pakiprincess, in an Internet chat room. She agreed to meet him in the flesh. He became her first boyfriend. Five months later she discovered that he was married with three children. She had him followed and collected photographic and documentary evidence. She then created a website in which she exposed his treachery and advertised it among his friends in the chatrooms. Such occurrences are not uncommon, but this is pure fiction and any similarities with real people, dead or alive, are accidental.

**Klaus Bung:  
Ruki's Rant****IF IT MOVES, HE FUCKS IT**

Hi, I am Ruki, a.k.a. Rukana Ahmed Sheikh. Sometimes I call myself Rukana Rashid. I live in 58 or in 22 or 50 Wistaria Grove in Bradford. I am not quite sure about my own address because I tell so many stories about it, I have given out dozens of them, and told so many fibs about my life that I get completely confused about who is my wife, who is my sister and who is my cousin. Well, it's more or less the same, innit? That's why my friends call me bhenchud (sister-fucker, in case you are a gori chick and didn't know). 'If it moves, he fucks it', that's what they say of me. I think that is a compliment.

Some people even call me a bhaichud (brother-fucker) but that's not a compliment: I don't love my brother that much.

Everybody in the chatrooms knows and loves me. Especially the girls. I am warm-hearted, happy, relaxed and have a great sense of humour. Just look at the picture.

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My wife Hasina thought so too when, almost ten years ago, she helped me to get into this country by marrying me. Five years ago she eventually succeeded. For me it was convenience, for her it was love.

She loves me dearly. She is kind and beautiful and used to be very sexy. I want to keep her to myself and will not put her picture onto this website. Her image is only in my heart - but sometimes I forget.

Right now she is very unhappy because she thinks I don't love her no more. I don't fuck her, except when I am pissed and don't care whether I bang another bun in the oven. When that bun is born, it will, of course, cost me dearly, for the rest of my life.

Instead of Hasina I love lots of other girls, and if I get half a chance, I'll fuck them. Of course, I don't tell them that I am married. Do you think I am stupid?

And I won't tell them that my flipping wife is four months' pregnant.

And that I am neglecting her because I am fucking around too much with the unsuspecting girls I meet in the chatrooms.

With all that fucking around, I hope I won't give them AIDS, or herpes, or chlamydia, or the pox, or the clap, or one of the other nice souvenirs that may be riding on my cock.

### **MARRIED**

I have three lovely kids. My eldest daughter is Shurafa. She was born in India long before I took up residence in this country. I was a sewing machine operator then. Shurafa is nine years old now. Since she was born in India, I don't have a birth certificate for her.

Then comes a boy. His name is Yasir. He is eight years old. His birthday is 16 June 1995. Here is his birth certificate. It proves to all the world that I am happily married.

The youngest boy (until November 2003, when he'll have a little brother) is Gohar. He is seven and his birthday is 30 June 1996. Don't forget to check out his birth certificate. I do want to be sure that everybody knows that I am married and that I am a respectable member of my community. I am not a kid any more. Got it?

My wife Hasina is very upset, and so are my kids. They know something is wrong, they feel sorry for their Mum and they don't do as well in school as they used to because somehow they are afraid of losing their dad.

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### **SPIES**

Hasina and her relatives and friends follow me around, hide in the bushes or round street corners and take notes. They write down when I entered a house, when I left it, if anybody else went there and how long she stayed.

They can tell you for several years back every occasion when I screwed a nice chick in my car, in a hotel or some private house. Whenever I have a nice thing going with some unsuspecting chick, they try to break it up, and usually they succeed.

Fucking disgusting they are!

How can a guy screw a girl in peace and quiet when he knows that his old woman is standing outside, hidden by her burka and ready to pounce on him when he comes out, or to warn the chick off him!

My wife has a brother (Amjad), a sister (Rehana), a cousin (Afzani) and a couple of trusted friends, and together they can get wind of absolutely anything I do. The CIA couldn't do better. So if you want to be seen, or if you want your secrets to be discovered (for absolutely none are safe with me), become my girl.

I think Hasina is a fucking disgrace. I think a wife should have more understanding. She should know that a man has to do what a man has to do. Don't you?

When she gets on my nerves with whining and watching me and following me around, I shout at her and make such a scene that she gets frightened and leaves me alone for a few weeks. Then she knows what's what and who is the boss in my house.

### **ANOTHER BRAT**

You'll be wondering why there is another brat in the oven, seven years after the last. Fucking Hasina did that to me. She saw our marriage going down the drain and thought in her despair, like a stupid woman would, another baby would make me love her again. So she stopped taking the pill. Didn't tell me, of course. Does she think I'll find her big belly more attractive than her worn out bunghole? What good is a fucking baby for our sex life! Just think of the sleepless nights, and the stench of piss and shit which are about to start again.

Of course, after this trick, I find her positively repulsive, and she deserves it too, for being so stupid. But the bottom line is, it is me who will have to work and pay for this loaf when it comes out of her oven.

She is worried that I will abandon her with her four brats. I might well do that. I have my British passport now, so I can't be deported to India any more.

Screwing is easier in England than in Gujarat. There are more willing girls around - as long as they don't know that I am married and therefore could not possibly ever marry them.

### **BIG BROTHER**

My wife is really scared of me. She can't understand why I know absolutely everything that she does in my absence.

Well, my hobby is spying and manipulating and intimidating other people. That really gives me a kick. For example, I have our house wired up and our telephone bugged. So when Hasina makes a phone call or even only talks to a visiting friend, it is being recorded.

When I get home from work, I can listen to every word she said behind my back. She thinks it is uncanny that I know absolutely everything, and it really scares her. I would scare you too if you were in her shoes.

When I leave the house, she opens my mobile phone bills. Or she tinkers with the mobile itself if I forget to take it with me. If she has discovered the phone number of one of my girlfriends, she will ring them up and tell them that I am married. She will offer to bring the evidence, wedding photographs, passport, marriage certificate, birth certificates of the kids and all that.

When I come home, I'll know about it. Then I make such a scene that she doesn't dare to go to take the documents to the girl or her dad. And then the girl wouldn't believe her any more because she didn't bring the evidence: she must be lying.

### **STORIES**

Then I tell the girl some cock-and-bull story, e.g. that this woman is not my wife but my sister, and her children are my sister's children, and I confuse these girls so much that they believe absolutely anything. The one thing they won't believe is that I am married.

Then I have to explain why my brother or sister or parents should spy on me, tell lies about me and try to break up the relationship. Well, that's easy. I tell them my family want me to get married to some woman in India, say some cousin on whom they are really keen or to whom they have promised a British passport, or who has promised them a dowry, and my Dad has all the authority in the house, and that's why they are hell-bent on breaking up my relationship with the girl and why they are telling the most outrageous lies to achieve it.

Married men have no right to be jealous of their lovers. But since I have made such a fuss at the beginning of my affair about that chick being a virgin and being faithful to me and all that crap, of course she wouldn't even dream of thinking that it is I who is being unfaithful, or that I am married.

So they will believe my stories rather than those of my wife, whom they continue to regard as my sister. So come to it, I really am a bhenchud.

So by spying on my wife and threatening and shouting at her, I keep her under control.

### **CONTROLLING THE GIRLS**

It is the same thing with my girlfriends. First I find out as much as possible about them, with my spy software and in any other way I can.

That is my hobby. I am a sort of private detective. Then I approach them, surprise them with the many things I know about them and the many things we have in common and make them interested in me.

Once they have fallen in love with me, I tell them that they are the first girl in my life. At first they are a bit surprised cos I am 27, and which self-respecting guy that age has never screwed a girl.

But in the end it gives them confidence and gives me the right to demand some innocence from them as well.

### **MY JOB**

I tell them I am a university student: so they think I am clever and will be a good provider, so they like me even more.

When I can't keep up that story any more, I pretend I have a job running the payroll system for an obscure clothes manufacturer off Marconi Road in Bradford. That is a routine job, not as smart and well-paid as being a programmer, which I said I was studying for at university.

Since I don't study, I will never get promoted. But once I have hooked a chick, she will be satisfied as long as she believes I am at that level of education and job.

### THE ENTRANCE TO MY FACTORY



But now comes the best, for I am not a white-collar worker at all. I am nothing but a bloody sewing machine operator. That's what I was ten years ago in India, and that's what I have remained ever since. You can't support a wife and three brats and study for a better job at the same time. Not when you are as low and as ill paid as I am.



That's me on the shopfloor second from the left - payroll, my foot!

### WHERE I LIVE



Now see the posh place in which I live.

The fence has been down for the past three years, I cannot afford to repair it, and that TV stand has been lying there in the rain for nine months. It has its uses though: the dogs like it for piddling and my kids like crawling through it -- but not at the same time.



I will soon have four kids, and there will be lots of nappies on that laundry line. At the moment it is only my wife's and my kids' stuff.

So even if I were to get a divorce, and even if I bang up one of the little idiots who allow me to fuck them, and even if I were stupid enough to marry one of them, I still wouldn't have much money to support her because I have to continue paying for my first four kids, even after a divorce.

But, of course, they don't know this, unless they find this lovely website of mine, of which I am so proud.



This is my jalopy, well, it was until I was so broke, I had to sell it to my cousin (or was it my sister, or my great-grandmother, ..., I keep getting so confused with all those virtual relatives of mine).

#### HOW TO EXPOSE ME

Now this Hasina of mine is really stupid. I don't mean really stupid (for deep down I still love her, and my kids, and am really sorry for what I am doing to her) but really stupid in not being better in out-smarting me.

To start with, she should know by now that I have the house and the telephone bugged. So when she wants to make phone calls to warn off my birds or offers to show them evidence that I am married, she shouldn't phone from home or use her mobile or from the house of a relative, because I have them all bugged: She should use a public telephone somewhere in the town centre. I cannot bug all public phones, can I?

Then, if she wants to prove that I am married, she doesn't have to take her marriage certificates, and photographs and all that (even though she could, of course, put photocopies in the post or send her brother or cousin Rabina). All she has to do is to phone

them from a public phone and give them the names and dates of birth of my two youngest kids, Yasir and Gohar.

Then the lucky chick I am screwing at the time, can just go to the Registry Office in Liverpuddle Street, near Bradford Station, and ask for a copy of the birth certificates. They cost just £7-00 each, and they state the names of the parents. Hey presto.

But I am such a nice guy. I want to save you giving that money to the government. And that's why I have decided to put the birth certificates on the Internet. So you can see them for nothing.

### **CONTROL**

Let me tell you a bit more about how I control my birds. So they have fallen in love with me, then I ask them about their history, whether they have had any boyfriends and all that stuff. (Of course, I don't tell them about the stupid cunt I married.) Usually they are nice and innocent and trust me and they think it is their moral duty to tell me the truth. So I hear about a friend or two.

Once I have that name, I start terrorising them. I accuse them of being unfaithful to me, of still loving the last chap, of still talking to him. I create terrible rows. Then they start defending themselves because they are scared for their reputation, especially if I have fucked them already in the back of my car or wherever. The more they defend themselves, the more I shout and the more unreasonable I get.

If they had any sense, of course, they would chuck me out there and then. They would say: if men are allowed to screw around, then so are women. But most of these stupid cunts are so well brought up, alhamdulillah, they daren't say that, they think they have to be faithful, they ARE faithful and they think they have to prove it to me.

Ok, and that's where the fun starts because now I really have them in my pocket. I keep saying I do not believe them and they are doing things behind my back. Now if you are a good hacker and a good observer you can find all sorts of things in the chatrooms, and that's what I do. So I say, I don't believe them, and in their despair they piss themselves, especially if I have busted their cherry already, and then they give me absolutely anything I ask.

So I get all their passwords and IDs. If they retain one of which I don't know, well, I know the internet and the chatrooms and the hacker software inside out, and soon I find out that they are trying to hide an ID from me. Then I create such a scene, I shout at them, storm out, say I never want to see them again, call them whores, and bastards, ... You'd think they would just walk out and be glad they don't have to see me any more, but these stupid



cunts continue trying to prove their innocence, as if I had a right to demand it.

Then when eventually I simmer down, they are so sick and tired of all those accusations and all that fighting that they'll do anything I want, just as long as there isn't another row. Then I have them eating out of my hand.

It never even occurs to them that I might be married, for it's them who is in the dock, not me. I am the accuser, not the defendant.

### **ANOTHER STORY**

If I have to invent some cock-and-bull story, like that I have to work to pay the bills for my Mum and Dad, they swallow it as if it were President Bush's spunk. Holy Monica! If I tell them that my brother and sister and Mum and Dad are pursuing me and trying to break up my relationship with whosoever is the current chick, they believe it - and that's really a good story, I use it a lot, because it explains absolutely everything, and if my wife Hasina eventually gets on to them, they don't believe that she is really my wife but only that she is my sister pretending to be my wife in order to break up the relationship so that this stupid family of mine (or so I make them believe) can marry me to some stupid cow in Gujarat.

### **IMPERSONATING A GIRL**

I'll tell you another trick that will scare the shit out of your bird once you have trapped her. A couple of years ago I had this gori cunt, Spanish she was, a real stunner, shagged like a rattlesnake, loved running around naked, screwing in the woods, with more passion than an Arab mare, called me her stallion in fact - fuck me, what a bore this Hasina is compared to her, well, like I always do, I bullied her into giving me all her IDs and passwords, and one of them was 'naughtygirl69'. I forced it out of her, she was a bit embarrassed about it, she said to me it was just an ID, didn't mean anything, fuck me, do you think I am so stupid as to believe that? If I go into a chatroom and meet somebody who instead of being, for example, 'mary234875' calls herself 'naughtygirl whatever-the-number', do you think I expect that this is the ID of fucking Mother Teresa or the Virgin Mary? Bloody hell, of course not. What I expect is to find a cunt who likes to talk dirty and wants to find guys with whom she can do it. Well, of course, I like such chicks, I only pretend I don't.

But that poor Spanish slut (well, I like sluts, and there is nothing more sluttish than a Spaniard, I know that from an opera I once saw on the telly, they are fed up with their fucking parents and their fucking Pope, that's why) but she was already so tired of convincing me that she was purer than white and that she had been a virgin until I bust her cherry, well what I did to

her to really embarrass her, to stamp her into the ground, I went online as 'naughtygirl69'. So nobody knows it is me. They all think I am the real naughtygirl69. So on comes this guy and says, 'Hello, naughtygirl69, where have you been so long. I have missed your snatch, I haven't had a good wank for two weeks (or was it two hours?), would you mind grabbing my prick.'

'With pleasure,' I said, 'I am a tight-fisted asshole, watch what I can do to you, but wouldn't you prefer my cunt, I need some cock badly. Why waste it in my fist!' And so we went on. It was great fun pretending to be a woman, and the other guy didn't have a clue that he was being shagged by a motherfucking virtual fairy. But now I knew the sort of conversation my fucking gori liked to have in the chatrooms when she came as 'naughtygirl69'. Jesus Christ! You cannot imagine the dressing down I gave her. 'You fucking slut,' I said to her. 'How can I ever trust you to be faithful to me? I thought you were a fucking virgin when I met you, but you are nothing but a fucking liar...' And so on. She really made me mad.

#### **A MAN'S DILEMMA**

Just in case you don't understand me, this is really high science. If I screw a girl, I want her to be a virgin. So Mary would have done fine. But once I have fucked her, I despise her. If she allowed me to fuck her, how can I know she won't 'do it' with any other guy that comes along? That makes me insanely jealous. So first I fuck her, and then I call her a fucking whore for having let me. These broads are nothing but trouble, they are. But we need them.

I am 27 now, and there are still some girls around who believe that I am a virgin and have never had a girl, and all that crap. I really despise women. The more innocent they are, the more I despise them, even though I must give them credit for one thing: a tight pussy (yes, I do like them young and tight) is better than the strongest fist, even my own.

Well, I have worn out the stupid cow I married, Hasina you know, she is a bit slack now, she still wants to be fucked (women!!!) but she can't have it. Let her bloody well look after her brood, that's what women should do. I just tell her I have got a sexual problem and will get it treated at the Royal Infirmary, but then I say I am too busy to go there.

#### **TOTAL SUPERVISION**

Now just let me tell you one more thing (if you are a bloke, you can benefit). You have to be very careful and clever to attract a girl but then you must make sure that you keep them. What I do, I scare them and frighten them by taking their privacy away. I make sure that they can do nothing without me knowing about it. BIG BROTHER RUKI IS WATCHING YOU.

So I have this spy software called ISPY NOW. I send it to them and tell them that it will make it easier for the two of us to communicate. It will 'bond' us, I say, and they think that's a great thing because it is 'love-software' sort of. Women like my 'love-hardware' as well, but they need it embedded into love-software, they want all this fusion of souls, all this sharing and understanding and communications crap. So they really go for this spy program which, as I say, will help us to communicate, to become real 'soulmates'.

So I send it to them and tell them to install it on their computer. Usually they are so stupid, they don't quite understand how it works. So they just install it.

From that moment onward I have them in my power. Look at my shifty eyes, and you can imagine how I enjoy that.

You wouldn't buy a used car, double glazing or an insurance policy off of me, would you now? But now it is too late. They can't escape any more.

I know absolutely everything they do on their computer. They cannot set up a new ID to join a chatroom: I will know about it and create a scene - and they will get dead scared because they do not know how I do it. It feels like someone creeping after you with a knife. They don't know how to get away from me any more. And if I discover something really dodgy about them, I can blackmail them. That's fun.

This program that I send them records absolutely every bloody keystroke they make and transmits it to me. They cannot even type out a shopping list without my knowing it.

Even if they get wise to what the program is doing, they cannot get rid of it any more. OK, they can uninstall it. But the moment they reboot, it will come back again, for it has hidden copies of itself under some obscure name in several low-level directories, and from there it generates more off-spring.

Pakiprincess, this poor chick who was my last girlfriend until my wife, may she rot in hell, warned her off, well, she couldn't even go to piss or wank without me knowing about it.

I managed to get into her house once, and while she was having a pee, I installed a bug underneath her computer desk.

#### **WANT SOMEONE TO FUCK YOU UP?**

Now you know what a great fellow I am. Who's next? I have a vacancy, and I have something that can fill yours!

Hi there, girls, why aren't you queuing up yet?

I cannot offer marriage because I am married already with four brats, I am a bore because I have to work hard to feed my family, don't go out and can't go out, can't travel, can never marry my current girlfriend, have no prospects in my job, haven't read anything, can do nothing but watch TV, sit around at home and chat in the chatrooms till one in the morning while my bloody wife is in bed fretting and wants me to come and fuck her. I am quite a catch, aren't I.

Hell, still nobody coming? Nobody wants a bit of cock, which is all I am able to give. Can't you recognise a good match when you see one?!

Well, I am waiting. If you want someone to fuck you up for the rest of your life (as I did to Hasina, my wife) just write to me:

Rukana Sheikh  
58 Wistaria Grove  
Bradford LE72-7ER

So long, chicks! And don't forget to download and keep my picture so that you can recognise me when I come online with some new ID and with some new cock-and-bull story.

Ruki

PS. I am not a bad guy really. That's why my wife, and Pakiprincess, my latest ex-girlfriend, love me so much. It's just that sometimes there is too much fuckosterone in my body and my cock is a bit too cocky for its own good. Marriage just wasn't made for me.

^eof