

My Paradise Lost, Thanks to Muslims: Australian Granny

Written by M. A. Khan

Tuesday, 23 October 2012 15:03

My life in my beloved country is over, they have won, Australia as we knew no longer exists! How I weep, my paradise gone.

In January 2008, Bishop Nazir Ali of Rochester kicked up outrage by writing in the Sunday Telegraph that increasing number of native white Britons see many of their streets in Muslim immigrants dominated areas had become "no-go" zones. Amidst the controversy, Olga Craig [surveyed](#) some of Yorkshire's Muslims dominated areas in order to see if Bishop Nazir Ali was right.

Tim Corbin in his 50s, who grew in the Oak Lane in Bradford and had moved out 10 miles north of Bradford, told Ms Craig, "*I feel like an alien, like I'm on a street in Karachi.*"

What was worrying Corbin, wrote Ms Craig, "*is that Britain's increasing espousal of multiculturalism has led not to an integrated society but, instead, to ghettoisation, with white-only and Asian-only communities existing cheek by jowl but with little or no common ground. And that, he believes, could have an ominous outcome.*"

Mr Corbin is amongst many white Britons, who had to move out of Muslims dominated areas in Britain, and many of them are even leaving the shores of Britain, heading to Australasia and North America. A survey a few years ago showed more native Britons are moving out of the country than those coming in. Squeezed out by immigrants from the mostly-Islamic third world countries, many Europeans are finding Australia as their next dream home. But that may not last long. A 70-year-old Australian granny write to explaining how her home, which she deemed her paradise, has been lost, thanks to Muslim immigrants. Here's her story:

I am a 69-year-old grandma, 5 foot 1 inch tall.

One day, I was in a Big W store and the loudspeaker said rails of cloths at chuck out price, so I walked over. A six-foot man pushed me into the racks as I went to get something, I just managed to save myself as a lady caught me from behind.

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I said, "Excuse me, what do you think your are doing?" He replied, "I want clothes." I said, "So do I. Where are you from?" He said, "Afghanistan".

I said, "Well, in this country, people do NOT push little old ladies about." He bent down and said to me, "when we take over and we will. I will remember your face. I will have you buried up to your neck and stoned to death. Now get out my way." And he just started grabbing everything, people just got out his way, he was like a man possessed.

On another day, walking in our town centre going up to the cathedral, I came across some Middle Eastern men formed a chain across the pavement. I had to walk into the oncoming traffic, and as I did, they spat at my feet.

On another occasion, going to a government office, I had to walk through this chopping centre plaza, a district that has been taken over by Muslims and Africans. As I was walking, they started jutting their chins up at me and yelling in their language. The security man walked me back to the shops on the other side. As I got in my car I notices a black man about nearly 7-feet tall, a giant, his eyes were bulging. He had a big leather belt and was slapping it in his palm. I locked my doors and stared the engine. He was coming for me. I just went. Had I knocked him over, I would have kept going.

At my library, there were tons of blacks people. Some Muslims came to the hall next door, I was sitting, ordering a book from the library girl. A young black kid came in and punched the back of my chair so hard that it nearly knocked my chair over. He laughed and walked away.

The girl said, "Hey you!" I said, "NO, don't. If you do, he will wait for me when I get out."

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