

BENGALI MUSLIMS (also falsely known as Rohingya) FALSIFY VICTIM STORIES, MASSACRES, RAPES, HISTORY, IDENTITY Why Are So Many of Their Stories Untrue?

by Rick Heizman, Feb 2, 2018

Hannah Beech achieved infamy several years ago when she wrote the screed article 'The Face of Buddhist Terror' in Time Magazine. The front cover was the serene face of U Wirathu, as she said, "the Buddhist monk who has taken the title the *Burmese bin Laden*." Nearly every sentence of her article was erroneous, opposite reality, rude, inflammatory, and downright stupid. I quickly wrote a couple of scathing rebuttals at that time. And, by the way, it seems like every writer of an article that mentions Wirathu refers to the 'monk who calls himself the Burmese bin Laden' - even though, no one has ever heard him say that, there is no video or audio clip of that, and he, himself, says he never said that! So much for journalist integrity.....

Hannah Beech has continued to be a jihad enabler and appeaser, clunking out masterpieces of idiocy, however, this time around she has some excellent excerpts to quote from her Feb 2, 2018 article titled: 'The Rohingya Suffer Real Horrors. So Why Are Some of Their Stories Untrue?'

SHE: Their accounts were dramatic: Their mother had died when their home was burned by soldiers....Their father was one of thousands of Rohingya Muslims who had disappeared.... Somehow, the sisters — ages 2-12— made their way to refuge in Bangladesh. An uncle, who had been living for years in the Rohingya refugee camps in Bangladesh, had taken them in. "My parents were killed in Myanmar," said the eldest girl, Januka Begum. I was reporting on children who had arrived in the camps with parents. Within an hour, I had a notebook filled with the kind of quotes that pull at heartstrings. Little of it was true.

ME: Hannah, people like me knew this many years ago - it is one trait that seemingly most Muslims flaunt - the never-ending victimhood, combined with dehumanizing the real victims with all of the outrageous brutal accusations that are, in fact, the tactics of the Muslims themselves. (Sorry if I offend some people, but I am just reporting and analyzing, and if you are offended then, good - think about it, because I am offended by being offended).

SHE continues: After three days of reporting, the truth began to emerge. Soyud Hossain, the supposed uncle who had taken the girls in, was actually their father. He had three wives, two in Bangladesh and one in Myanmar, he admitted. The children were from his youngest wife, the one in Myanmar.

His troubles, he said, began when he was briefly back in Myanmar and saw a 12-year-old girl with fair skin and delicate features. “She was so beautiful,” Mr. Hossain said. “I needed to marry her.” [!?!?!?!?]

ME: So, this guy lives for years in the Rohingya refugee camps in Bangladesh, but he can sneak into Myanmar, just after a 12 year-old girl, somehow support 3 wives that don't know about each other, either lie to the girls or have the girls lie about him being father or uncle.....
WOW.....

SHE continues: Child marriage is distressingly common among the Rohingya, and soon, Mr. Hossain began shuttling among his three wives. Not every wife knew about the other, but Mr. Hossain didn't think three wives were too many. His own father, he said, had six wives and 42 children.

ME: This is exactly why Myanmar has restrictions and procedures pertaining to Bengali Muslim marriages! In the USA, or any other civilized (even uncivilized) non-muslim countries we don't want or allow such 'marriages'. If Bengali Muslims in Myanmar, or any Muslims anywhere want that then it is their responsibility to march out of that country and go to a place which allows that. Child marriages, multiple wives, and forced conversions to Islam are not allowed, for good reason.

SHE continues: Yet Mr. Hossain admitted that he was not adept at balancing family relations. When his four daughters sought shelter in Bangladesh after their village had been burned, [or fake story] Sajida, the wife with whom he has been living in the Leda refugee camp, was furious.

“My husband is a bad man,” she announced, after she finally admitted the girls' true provenance. “I am tired of all his lies.”

Later, when I reached Mr. Hossain by phone, he was seething.

“I beat her when you left,” he said. “I will beat her again tomorrow.”

ME: I feel offended and confused that Hannah shows no concern for wife beating. Is that because if a Muslim hates gays, and doesn't believe in women's rights, and forces all women to wear burkas, and beats women, that's okay? Because we all are equal, and it is not right to judge or criticize?

SHE: Aid groups want to help the neediest cases, and people quickly realize that the story of four orphaned sisters holds more value than that of an unharmed family that merely lost its home.

To compete for relief supplies distributed by aid groups, refugees learn to deploy women with infants in their arms. Crying babies get pushed to the front of the line.

Yet I have seen Rohingya people quoted in the foreign news media telling stories that I know are not true. Their accounts, in some cases, are too compelling, like a perfect storm of suffering.

But false narratives devalue the genuine horrors. And such embellished tales only buttress the Myanmar government's contention that what is happening in Rakhine State is not ethnic cleansing as the international community suggests, but trickery by foreign invaders. Muslim roots in the region reach back generations.

ME: It is massive trickery, by foreign invaders. Why does every story about this crisis say, 'The Rohingya, who have lived there for centuries.....or the Rohingya who arrived in the 8th century....'

There is NO Rohingya identity before 1960, and even then it didn't come into use until the 1990s, and it still is not known to all that are supposed to know who they are. I have interviews, in rural Bengalis villages, where Bengalis are asked, 'Are you Rohingya?' Answer, 'What is that?' 'What do you call yourselves?' Answer, 'Bengali (or Chittagonian)' And, if you learn some history, and read the British census reports you will see that there were a very small number there along with Hindus, Chinese, Javanese, Ceylonese, Portuguese, Dutch and British. And then, in the last 100 years the waves of illegal migration brought drastic increase in numbers, but also brought Islamic intolerance, supremacy, and violence.

SHE: But with the Myanmar government restricting access to the area where the Rohingya once lived, even refusing to let top United Nations officials into the country, it is impossible for investigators and journalists to gather firsthand evidence of atrocities.

ME: I have been there, twice in the last few months, in the restricted zone, with permission which granted me free access anywhere. Of course, they aren't going to let people like, Hannah Beech, Human Rights Watch, Amnesty International, Fortify Rights, in the restricted areas, and they should not let any of them go anywhere in the country. All of those people or groups mentioned are either fully incompetent Muslim jihad appeasers, or stealth Islamists seeking an end to all non-Muslim people and countries.

SHE: For four days, I interviewed a 9-year-old boy named Noorshad, and his story had it all. In my notebook, he drew pictures of his house — and the tree from which his parents were hanged by Myanmar soldiers.

But there were inconsistencies. Noorshad said he liked cricket, a sport popular in Bangladesh but not in Myanmar. His grandparents were killed by the military, he told me, but then he admitted they had died of natural causes.

I found locals from the village I believed he was from. It turned out that no one had been killed there, much less hanged from a tree.

ME: The boy is from Bangladesh! One cannot even trust Bengali kids, sadly. The young boys are already brainwashed with Islamic supremacy and intolerance.

SHE: A cockroach skittered across the floor. A rat followed.

ME: That last sentence was the best thing she ever wrote.

by Rick Heizman, San Francisco, Feb 2, 2018

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Mr. Hossain's sister-in-law had also explained part of the family's complicated truth. A neighbor later relayed that her candor had earned her a beating from her husband.

Rather than highlight the plight of unaccompanied minors, my reporting had catalyzed domestic violence in two households. I regretted the days of questioning Ms. Sajida, who goes by one name.

I had found her unsympathetic when she said she wished those girls would disappear back to Myanmar. But that night her husband would beat her. As I stood and judged her for not embracing these four girls from her husband's youngest wife, a cockroach skittered across the floor. A rat followed.

Ms. Sajida began crying.

All around, through the bamboo slats that make up the walls of a Rohingya shelter, children's eyes followed my movements, wondering what I was doing there and why I had made a grown woman weep.