

## MY NIGGOT! FAVORITE FRAMEGRAB!

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Sheesh, I...I just love this frame here, my Niggot. Great stuff. Wonderful work you all did. You know, the brain damage I suffered in the process of being trafficked to replace you wasn't supposed to have been repairable. Can you imagine? Chuck duh Koch and his band of Niglets just thought that'd have been really fun.

Say, here's the thing! duh Koch's brother's dead, thanks to my timing in Russia circa 2018, mostly, apparently (isn't that funny?) and now we get to see what else happens as y'all wiggers tear each other apart. If I were a WAFP doctor, and if I could read, and that's really an edge case, I know, I'd really be on my side right now. But I guess we'll see what happens. Say! Congrats on Chuck's factory given back to the slightly less blackened niglets! Wonderful work. Love that guy. Glass or no glass. Who needs glass.

Say! You know what else! Speaking of WAFPs, back in 2017 I sold a violin by Walter E. Colton for a record price. Beautiful thing, a really fantastic concert quality instrument, late 19th century (can't remember the year, unfortunately). Was a consignment from my mother's very elderly old friend and wealth management client, Dr. S█████ G█████, music director at Church of the Palms in Delray Beach. Nearly doubled the previous auction record of about 2300 USD if memory serves, and for good reason - mine was a Guarneri del Gesu "Kochanski" pattern with higher arching more like the Lord Wilton, while the previous record was for a boring old Strad pattern violin. Colton was a train engineer who used to just whittle the things away while driving trains on loooooong cross-country routes. No joke. Never made many but the ones that exist are practically hewn by lasers out of glass. Cool guy. I was doing really, really well on eBay at the time with descriptions and research that went well beyond what auction houses typically do even today. It sold under an alias to none other than my old arch-nemesis General Michael Hayden, former **Cock In Ass** director under GW Bush. But, Hayden never wanted to pay. Wanted it gifted, because after all, I'm not Anglo while he is and so was the violin. "Black Like Me". Right? Well, obviously. Cock In Ass and all that. Anyway. This was late 2005 if memory serves. He claimed to have been scammed by a Bulgarian guy in Chicago to whom he claimed to have sent a Western Union transfer as payment. (Hayden speaks Bulgarian marginally, having apparently "studied" it at some point.) I gave him my phone number and asked him to call me.

Remember, I was 17 years old in 2005. Still a minor, my Niggot. So here I am, getting off the Tri-Rail at Dreyfoos around 7.30am one morning, and Hayden with his unmistakable hick drawl calls me on my very period-elite Motorola V60 tiny flip-phone kindly provided by my stepfather, a senior Accenture consultant who billed all of our phones to the company. Hayden explains in his unmistakable drawl that he has sent a bunch of money and does not understand whaaaah I am axeeing him for payments. I explain that my listing makes very clear that I only take PayPal. Why has he sent someone else a Western Union payment - not clear. Sounds like some sort of NiggerNet magic he was hoping for. OR maybe expected from me. By that time I'm at the rear gates at Dreyfoos. All of a sudden the local crazy Ukrainian woman, N█████ M█████, who looks EXACTLY like Countess C█████ de C█████ (for which purpose she may even have been explicitly moved to Florida to begin with) pulls up in her dark blue "Porsche" - the then-new 2005 Cayman built (badly) in Finland by drunks who often put the various gaskets in the engine on backwards which is why Porsche now sends an ENTIRE NEW ENGINE FROM GERMANY TO FIX ANYTHING ON THAT CAR and BRINGS LAWSUITS AGAINST ANY GARAGE THAT DOES ANYTHING ELSE. That same factory now assembles 3-cylinder Mercedes A-class cars for a third of the price. Anyhow. N█████ drops off her nutso half-Muslim illegitimate daughter ██████ off right in front of me, practically shoving her out of the car. (█████ is now a minor ballerina in ██████ with the ██████ if memory serves; not going to Google her to confirm because if I do she'll be sent out to someplace I frequent on Cock In Ass money and things will get weird, as they have twice already, in Seattle (2016) and Saint-Petersburg Russia (2017).) So there I am, Hayden on Line 1, the weirdo de C█████ troll on line Right There Right Now and the kid who follows me around every day at the Tri-Rail station but never ever says anything.

And I realize, like, this is now totally insane, because they're almost going to think that anything I say on this phone call is for THEM and not for the totally nuts corrupt intelligence director actually on the phone. So I tell him to send some screenshots of his payment. He then says everything is fine: slava bogu, the child bride is here. I say, "oh, I'm glad" as I start walking away. Then he waffles, confused, with long delays on the line, and finally says, "wait, you mean you're glad I got scammed?" and I tell him, no, just send the goddamned screenshots and I end the call and ignore the rest of the colossal welfare fraud peanut gallery and go to first period, totally traumatized for the rest of the month.

Over the rest of the week the whole thing sinks in. Hayden sends me an image of a message on eBay allegedly from a random Bulgarian guy dated well after the end of the auction and after our phone call asking for Western Union payment to him in Chicago. Hayden explains that he sent him the money. I go, well, OK, here, I'll call the FBI and report to eBay and I hope you get your money back, but look, I'm not willing to treat this allegorically, you didn't pay for the violin so I can't send it to you, it's not mine, it's just a consignment. I'm going to re-sell it, you're welcome to bid again, and if you win I'll comp the shipping. That cool? "No, sorry, I'm not going to pay for it twice." Rules of Planet X. Whatever. OK. So - I relist, it sells for even more money, almost 5000 dollars, double the previous record price, totally successful sale to a real collector, paid immediately. Hayden gone. Or so I thought. But of course - never. Never, ever with that fucking idiot. Then I buy an oddly-shaped late 20th century Austrian viola with wide gamba proportions for about 200 euro two months later. Resell it after a good cleaning and setup, photos, description, etc. - 10000 dollars. Sold without any problems. Made a giant payment towards my new Mercedes coupé. Then I start getting bombarded with fake articles on the internet about a Romanian girl who had allegedly sold her virginity on eBay. At first I was like - what the fuck is this. Then I remembered: my family's first phone number in Florida was 4074959420. In other words - Romanian country code 40, then Russian country code 7, then Moscow main city code 495, then 420 (no explanation necessary). Really funny if you're taking it all in at the Cock In Ass, I guess. Right? I don't know. Nigger-code ain't my thing.

And that's the beginning of my adult life. So you understand, naturally, why I'm not willing to tolerate you any longer. The funny thing is that I've threatened to expose Hayden this Friday, 3 June, if I don't get my Certificate of Loss of Nationality by that time. Not Hayden's fault, actually, but in light of the trouble he's caused recently for me and another significant person I occasionally stand up for just to make fun of his rubbish attorney, I was going to write something really a lot better than this and make it all public, but then I thought - why don't I just write it all to you right now, my Niggot, and tie it all together in public at once for everyone on my website. What fun that would be.

Jump off a bridge. God you're filth. Fuck you.

JWM

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