

Mumtaz was born in Sialkot Pakistan and was one of many children. He loved me early on and I remembered that he would take me to auctions and taught me how to survive without money. We had over 22 pharmacies and medical centers and he lost it all. Time and time again. I stood in opposition to him from an early age. We did not see eye-to-eye on schooling and America. My parents as I stated earlier wanted me to pursue politics and be governor of New York State. But that's not what my heart was set on. In time I learned the depths of his despair. He was not a spoken man. But he knew quite a bit. He was everything you do not want a father figure to be. But alas on January 31, 2021 he died of acute myeloid leukemia. A form of leukemia of the blood. It was a devastating blow to me for a long time about six months afterwards I started to recover. I observed him and decided what I would not become. He always cheated me but I forgave him for God's sake. He bought me an auction computer for windows 3.0 for less than 75 bucks back in 1993. And I was off and running. I had no idea at the time what computer programming was. I used word perfect to keep track of all my valuable comics. He was a task master. Who says do was I say not as I do. One time out of sheer rebellion I opened up all the toys in the store and placed plastic sticky eyes paper in my back pockets he couldn't find it. He spent his life pinching a penny and he died penniless. I do not envy that type of coldblooded calculation. He was always planning ahead and time caught up to him. He death was sudden and pretty much expected. There is a time for everyone to grow up. He never did in the worst possible way. I never really knew my father. We kicked him out and he came back in. He had an opposite effect on me. His poor lifestyle forced me to be a great guy. He hated my political victories and achievements. And he was grumpy. All in all, He was a fool.