

# Mete, the New Mafioso in the Making

By Naima Mouali

## Report of Wednesday 27 May 2015

Since last Saturday I moved out of my brother's on his request. I have full understanding that he has been depending on a damned unemployment benefits, and that he gets checked for this reason.

Under these threatening circumstances I took a solution which Elisabeth Vermeiren (Else), a former neighbor, suggested to me at the beginning of the year, if ever I am forced by the circumstances to find a place somewhere, and if she can't host me because of her mother who basically doesn't want foreigners in her house.

## The Profile of Mete Karvak

"I know Mete who has a very big apartment and who hosted people with in difficulties in his house before", Else told me. "There are inconveniences about co-existing with Mete, for which you need to be prepared, or you will be shocked", Else warned. He is a bit lunatic, he has been into psychological treatment, his place is filthy, he doesn't wash, he has a dog who has a priority over everything and everyone, he lets it do everything including pipi and kaka inside the apartment, and he doesn't share his food. Do you want me to ask him ?" she asked.

"I can always meet with him, because one never knows, and if I can't pay the rent, I offer to clean the place". "All the cleaners he has had, have ran away", Else continued to warn, "for example, there was one Polish woman among them, who he hosted, she got deeply demoralized, she ran away like a mad woman from him. The commune of Woluwe Saint Lambert - who is not so difficult offered a social house to the woman, but Mete continued to have such an impact on the women that she committed suicide... ", I understood from Else. "She was very unhappy and she drank vodka as if she was drinking water, so you could expect that something like that would happen", Else reasoned in a simplistic way, because the suicide could be a cover up.

Mete Karvak is a Turkish young man of about 40 years old, who lives on Chemin des Deux Maisons 61/21), 1200 Woluwe-Saint-Lambert (Mete 0472 48.84.81). He regularly visits Else since quite some years.

The reason for Mete's visits is also "hash", which he buys from her, because there is an officially authorized quantity which the people are allowed to buy. That weekend, when I was at her place, Mete stopped by with his dog to buy hash, and he smelled terrible. Mete and I exchanged phone numbers. (Mete 0472 48.84.81) (My phone 0485 85.39.16)

Else told me that Mete is a spoilt brat who comes from very rich parents who live in Moorsel (a rich men's area in Belgium), where they own a very big villa. His father tried to make a man of Mete, and he bought an apartment for him (on Chemin des deux Maisons).

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Else has seen the villa. She described that they have the biggest meeting room she has ever seen in her life, inside a private home. It's a room with a very very long table. (I imagined that this is where they plot - why else do they need a big meeting room ?).

I asked what business the father was in. "He does exports", she replied, but she has never been able to answer my question what precisely he was exporting.

### **Mete Was Eager to See Me Come**

Mete kept asking Else, when I was coming. Last Saturday, "his dream" was fulfilled. The curious things which immediately rang a bell, was that as soon as I entered the apartment for the first time, Mete asked me immediately to clean the shit of dog (precisely like Else told me before). He started cleaning parts of it, and he let me do the rest. I came equipped with gloves and with plastic bags, and I did it just to see what he was going to ask me next.

While I was cleaning, I heard him talking in Turkish to someone over the phone about me, because he pronounced my name. He was doing this every time that I was cleaning something else, like the day when I cleaned the floor of the entire apartment and when I cleaned out the entire kitchen. I wondered to whom he tells everything that he sees that I am doing. According to Else, it could be his father.

The next thing was to join them to their neighbor who invited them. That was the clue which made me feel that he was going to show me around (just like Mr Crocodile tried), because perhaps that is how he or his father make the earnings).

Mete and Jean took me to Robert and Bénédicte Lamotte (Chemin des Deux Maisons 63/28), 1200 Woluwe-Saint-Lambert. We had a meal together there.

After the meal, Mete explained how we will get organized for the night. He suggested that I sleep on the couch. I refused (because the dog sits in it the whole day), I told him that I prefer to sleep on the ground and that I spotted a space in a tiny room, the one in front of which the dog shit was (it was the cleanest place !). "That is where I want to sleep", I said (like this, I have privacy and I lock the door behind me). He was sleeping with Corrine, an elder Belgian woman who also needed shelter. Jean, a Belgian friend who is hanging around Mete all the time for some strange reason, said that he will sleep on the couch.

### **He Beats and Insults Women**

When Robert and Bénédicte, and a Moroccan woman named Fati (0472 86 20 80) who was there with us, heard that I was sleeping on the ground, they organized two spare mattresses that I put one on top of the other. Fati as well as those neighbors and Else, kept looking after me every evening.

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One evening, the neighbors ate pancakes which I made at Mete's place. After everybody left, Mete said "In the past, I used to have sex with just any woman, and I wouldn't know her the next day... Until I met someone who I truly love who did precisely that to me, then I stopped. Women too use men like sex machines". I said nothing because I was not interested in that discussion. "You know, I am a Bonobo and sometimes a man needs to ... ejaculate somewhere", he continued.... "Can I ask you a question ?" he asked. He didn't wait for the answer, he quickly jumped into asking "Are you a virgin or not ?"

I don't wish to answer your question. "What do you mean ?... Are you one of those stuck-up people?.. Aren't you ?... What's wrong about asking just a question ?.... you are in my house remember... "I am not answering that question", then he began roaring about the Islamic bullshit, that I'm a fundamentalist, etc. I stood up and I said that I am not interested in this conversation. I wished him good night. He said nothing.

The next morning, Jean stopped by for a coffee and Mete tried to start the same fight. I stick to my position. "I don't feed stuck up people like you. I don't let them use my bath and they just can't have it their way in my house", he shouted in a highly nervous way. I have the right to remain quiet about my private life. Jean supported that. Mete almost exploded and then I said that I was going out for a walk. It was 10 AM. "I shall be back at 1:30 PM, before Else and her friends arrive".

### **There are two people who can witness that he has used physical violence against them :**

- Martine (the girl friend and the neighbor of Philippe Jadoulle in whose place I stayed over during the night of 27 May 2015) told me that he violently slapped her twice when her dog chased Mete's chicken-hearted dog away.  
When Martine told me about it, I said that she should have called the police. Her answer to this was "If I go to the police, he will come and kill me". This problem will never get resolved if all the women deal with criminality precisely like this.
- Corrine (the old woman who slept with Mete on the night of Saturday 23 May 2015, and who didn't reappear on Sunday 24 May 2015 at Mete's house. He was mad at her. When she reappeared on Monday 25 May 2015, he slapped her and he chased her out at 11 PM.

### **I Discovered Blood Against His Walls and Doors**

He is a psychopath. That is what Kanu told me, when I told him about sleeping on the ground and cleaning the dog shit, and having me clean day and night. Today I found a possible proof that Mete is a psychopathic murderer.

Today, he requested that I clean the doors. I started by the kitchen, then the salon, the lavatory, and I moved on to the hall, the entrance door to the apartment and then to the rest. I started at 8 AM and from 11 AM onwards, I planned to get out for the rest of the day until 9 PM.

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After finishing the door of the lavatory, Mete inspected the door and he spotted a large number of small drops against the wall which is painted in orange, at the entrance near the lavatory. He thought that it was the filthy water which I sprayed against his wall. As the wall looked so damaged, I argued that I didn't do it, but I felt that he was fishing for something to start an argument with me.

"Yes, you did it and you should be careful not to spoil the walls around here", he shouted. "These drops over here are not wet. They are dry. Get a paper tissue, press it against the wall, and see if it is wet", I defended myself. He immediately gave up and said "oh no, that is not necessary". When he disappeared, I tried to clean the spots. On the orange paint, they look green-greyish. Once the spots were dissolved and when everything started to come off, it appeared to me that it was actually blood. My eyes popped.

I first gave it a thought and then I told him that the spots were looking like blood. Then he came and he had a second look. As I moved on to the entrance door, I found blood there too, dripping out of the lock, but I said nothing. I didn't show him all the spots that I was finding. Those were for me, to take him by the balls.

### **He Panicked and Started Cleaning and Washing**

He became nervous. As I moved on to the other rooms, he took his cleaning bottles and he started doing the same doors that I did, particularly at the entrance. He opened the door, and started cleaning the fittings of the door in the floor, fearing that traces of blood could be hiding there.

I kept looking for more blood spots. I found them against the wardrobe, against almost all the doors, there must be some in the floor, in the long corridor which leads to his bedroom.

In the bedroom, when I was cleaning the door, I saw a big stain of old blood, so so much blood and then I realized that a murder happened in that bedroom, in which the person must have tried to flee, and through which the stains everywhere were produced.

Mete went to the bedroom and he started taking out the sheets and the cover. The mattress was naked with a huge bloodstain. Lots of blood must have soaked into the mattress. How he can sleep in a bed like that is something beyond my understanding. How Corrine slept with him in that same bed, the first night when I arrived is even more beyond belief.

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Report of Thursday 28 May 2015

I forgot to report to you yesterday, that Mete and I agreed earlier this week that I was going to inform him about how long I need to stay in his place on Wednesday night. He couldn't wait that long and I received a phone call from Mete at 3 PM, in which he promptly said "I want to make an end to our collaboration". "I want you to get out tonight", he instructed and he hung up the phone. "Great" is what I thought, because like this, I don't have to flee because of the blood that I have seen.

I returned to Mete's, to take my luggage in the evening. He and Jean arrived at his place at the same time like me, at 21h45. Then I went to the room in which I used to sleep and in which my luggage was stored. The first thing which struck me was that Mete had washed all the bed covers in which I saw the blood... but he didn't change the mattresses. The mattresses which Robert and Benedict gave to Mete were still in the room in which I slept. So there is a chance that the old mattresses in Mete's room are still there, for the police to check out.

I walked to the entrance and I said "I am leaving now. Thanks for what you have done and good luck for the rest of your life". Mete came and opened the door for me like a gentleman. "I hope you don't mind that I say goodbye to your neighbors Bénédicte and Robert", I asked. "You could use the phone and tell them that", he suggested. "I want to see them", I responded knowing deeply that he was hiding something that they were not going to accept.

Just when I walked through the door, Mete asked me to kiss him good bye. I quickly turned my head away and said "no, I'm not kissing you". "Then get lost you peasant ! Go away !" he shouted angrily. Getting out of there is precisely what I wanted to do, especially after discovering a mattress full of blood.

### **It's His Habit to Sink the Women**

My plan was to greet Robert and Bénédicte and to go to the police, but things didn't turn out that way. Robert and Bénédicte didn't let me go. Robert found it undignified that Mete threw me out so late at night. Robert and Bénédicte both remarked that Mete was lately becoming more and more, erratic and behaving strange the whole day, but they didn't specify what precisely they noticed. They were only sad because initially Mete spoke highly about me the day when I was coming, and they assumed that I was a new person in his life. Apparently, that is how he spoke about me, and I never dated him. When they met me, they all fell in love with me. That is why it came hard on them when I came to say good bye already so soon. It is very clear for them that Mete has a problem, because in comparison with all the girlfriends that he used to have, I am the first who doesn't drink, who doesn't use drugs and who simply is independent emotionally as well as physically. Mete cut is short and Robert started fishing for the answers on the question "why". Later on, he learned from Fati that he told her that "I didn't want to kiss him goodbye".

"What comes harder on me... are the mattresses which you gave to Mete." I told Robert and Bénédicte. "You should take them back", I suggested. "Oh no, he can keep them," said Robert.

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Bénédicte said that they were standing in their way. For the moment, I prefer to think that Robert honestly offered the black mattresses for me and not to replace the stained white mattresses, because when I told him that Mete threw me out, he told me that Mete didn't say a word about it the whole evening. Robert and Bénédicte were not aware that Mete had thrown me out, until I told them that. Mete tried to prevent me from telling the story to them or anybody because the main question which everyone

Robert moved heaven and earth to find me a place to stay right away for the days after he and Bénédicte have left on vacation, this Friday. He managed to place me with Philippe Jadouille and his girl friend Martine. They reported that he did the same to many people who he sheltered, including Fati, when she was struggling to survive. I asked if he specifically throws out the women. They never looked at the problem from this perspective.

### **The Polish Woman is named "Renata"**

Upon this remark, Jeremy Rhoux (0479 337 114) told me the story of his former girl friend, who died a few months ago. "She is a Polish woman born from a Polish father and a Russian mother, and she was very beautiful. Through hard circumstances she also became homeless. Mete took her on as a cleaning lady and he made her clean up the pipi and kaka of his dog, just like he did to you", he told me. "My girlfriend got depressed because of the way Mete was treating her. She had the feeling that life was not for her because she has bad luck all the time. When she was living in Poland, she went through a major shock which turned her life around and which she was unable to process, ever since. The shock is that she lost her baby in a car crash. In Poland, she used to be the director of a museum and married to a successful banker, but after the loss of her child, she began to drink and she divorced because of that. In Poland she met a Belgian man (I think he said) with whom she married. He brought her to Belgium, but her drinking behavior in addition to smoking joints led him to throw her out (as if he didn't know that beforehand). The girl was on her own, without a job and without a home." I think he said that Mete was dating her and sheltering her, and then he presented her to Jeremy. Jeremy said that the drinking got worse. She drank vodka straight out of the bottle. It was so bad that he too couldn't put up with her. He kept her until she managed to get a place of her own.

Very carefully I asked what her name was, because he visibly is still in love with her and I didn't want to sound like I am investigating her case which could be related to the blood that I have seen in Mete's bedroom. "Renata" he said.

From the story that he was telling, I didn't understand for what reason she turned to Mete again after she had a place of her own through the local social housing service of Woluwe Saint Lambert, but the main point which I was looking for in the story of Jeremy is that there was a relation of some kind between her and Mete, after she separated with Jeremy.

Jeremy also reported that she became suicidal after the separation with him (or rather after joining Mete, who apparently is very good at destroying the self esteem of the women).

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Perhaps a financial investigation will highlight this fact, because Else told me that as soon as Renata started receiving a welfare pension, Mete came after her and he took 200 Euro per month from her. She has to do sex with Mete and his friends, and she has to give her pension to them as well. Is it any wonder that from that point onward, the woman became suicidal ?

If this is true, then the police should suspend the unemployment benefits for Mete Karvak immediately, so that he begins to feel what it is like without any money.

Apparently the case was filed as a suicide **and Jeremy Rhoux told me that the case was closed**. Perhaps the case is closed, because the girl is "a Polish immigrant" and "a case of human traffic", which is the holy lucrative business machine of this country.

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### **Report of Friday 29 May 2015**

Jeremy Hroux, the former compagnon of Renata, who gave the full details about her: her name is Renata BURA, and she was living on avenue de la Reine 172 in Schaarbeek (Brussels North).

The owner of the apartment on avenue de la Reine is a Moroccan and he was the first to discover her had hanged herself.

She used to have a social house from Woluwe Saint Lambert, and Jeremy confirmed that Mete was running after her every month to take her money. 200 Euro is the amount which he said. He harassed her so much that Jeremy took back Renata, until she got another address, in Schaarbeek. According to him, Renata never had a relation or contact again with Mete, but Mete werd nooit ondervraagd.

Philippe also said that Mete is protected by very high up people, given that his father has a business in imports and exports. Being protected for doing what ? Mete is a junkie ? Why does he get protection ?

From Philippe Jadoulle (avenue Mullie 55, 1200 Woluwe Saint Lambert), I learned that Mete owes money to a lot of people, including him. Mete called him up on Thursday morning to tell him that he had to throw me out from his place too. Martine and I protested that he should let Mete decide what he can do in his apartment. "Mete owes me 100 Euro", he said sheepishly

He has one element in his disfavor and this could be the death of a Polish woman