

WHITE DESTINY

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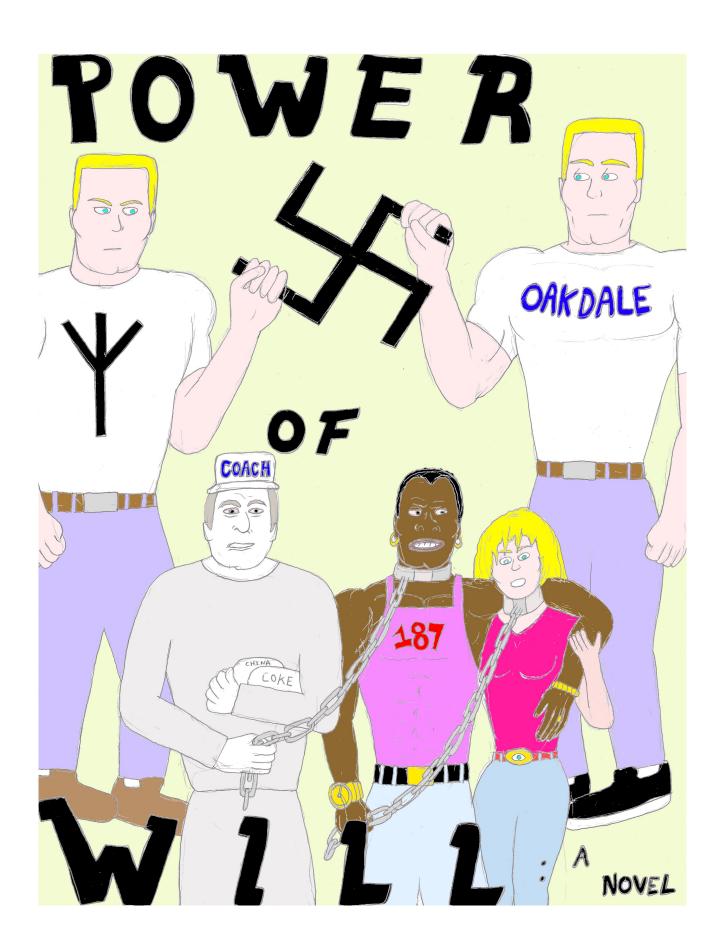
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WHITE ALCHEMY---a Psycho-Esoteric work of transubstantiation

WHITE LAW—a guide to Right White Life

White Dizzny's Wunderland----a cartoon Meme book



Power of Will

Once upon a time Oakdale Heights had been a thriving community of old brick and stone buildings wrought by the genius of the white pioneers who conquered that area from vicious Redskins through sheer grit and perseverance pursuing their manifest destiny. The town had grown in accordance with the industrious spirit of its white denizens and prospered until the 'new immigrants' arrived claiming to have been persecuted in Grozny and Moscow by the Tsar. They eventually monopolized trade and wormed their way through intermarriage with the ruling class into positions of political power – which they eventually largely monopolized through their control of the press and financial system which was eventually subordinated to a centralized system in the nation's capital. Soon the denizens, founders of their own environment were put into bondage through heavy taxation and found themselves dispossessed from power wielded only a generation before by their forbearers. It was at this time that the trouble began to escalate to the point of the unbearable in Oakdale Heights with the sudden influx of 'refugee' claimants comprised exclusively of brown and black masses eager to enter the peaceful white town now that segregation had been overthrown by the centralized government through military action against the surrounding capital cities of this middle America region wherein the town was situated. Crime rates escalated as the deluded parishioners of a corrupted church as well as irreligious citizens who had adopted the new ideological propaganda of the media and corrupted academic system continued to welcome the invading army of foreigners which is what it was.

Our story begins at a micro level of this socio-political situation in the life of our hero.

Will Stone is an athletic white high school senior on the local football team and also head of the chess club. He is being sidelined by the Jewish football coach Mr. Sandusty who is giving preference to the newly immigrated Negro Tyrone Shabazz (from darkest Africa). The apple of Will's eye, Susie, is the head cheerleader who is a mathematics whiz always being pursued by Tyrone who has garnered a notorious reputation amongst the girls as a philanderer and many rumours have spread that he forces his way with the girls when he corners them. He is an arrogant and bombastic figure in the high school, Rosa Parks High. It was the principal Ms.Lansky who conferred its name upon the school to replace its former name, that of its pioneering founder Colonel Davis MacDonald, who established a co-ed academy with segregated sections for boys and girls. This was in 1879 prior to the forced integration of blacks and whites.

Upon arrival in Oakdale Heights, Tyrone Shabazz and his fellow blacks formed an extension of their African tribe called 'Blackface' a name formulated by their cunning mastermind and underground affiliate, Mr. Sandusty, as an attempt to passive-aggressively vilify the local white population and to project upon them a guilt complex for the criminal tendencies of the transplanted blacks who, he constantly reminded the parents at the local PTA meetings, were lost sheep in need of acceptance and understanding. This rhetoric he used as a psychological weapon to disarm the justifiably worried and angry whites from opposing the chaos he was attempting to spread amongst the town using his rhetorical bombast of 'tolerance' and 'diversity' as a mechanism.

This gang, 'Blackface', had been involving itself in an illegal underground drug trade targeting white youth for the purpose of amassing personal gain and facilitating the destruction of their racial enemy. The police while turning a blind eye to the spread of drugs coming from the gang and working with them hand in hand in conjunction with the Jewish city hall, claimed they were getting 'tough on drugs' – this as a means of building their police state in miniature. The mayor of the town Samael (Sammy) Goldman pulled the strings and his Jew-dicial Court was a revolving door system thatenabled the creation of a criminal underclass who had an arm's length relationship with their Jewish masters on city council.

The oblivious citizens continued to go about their citizen duties with unwavering loyalty, content by the sensationalism of the corrupt media of the national broadcasting apparatus. Those of them who suspected a problem such as some of the more staunch adherents of the churches looked upon this situation as par for the course, secretly salivating in anticipation of the return of their saviour while those few more rational elements who had not been corrupted by media propaganda were shunned and persecuted by the establishment and their sheep's fold as pariahs, untouchables, 'racists'. Will, too young to have had much of an education beyond a literate family, copious reading in the classics and a steady drumbeat of contemporary scholastic dogma about the rights of non- whites who had been persecuted by whites as well as Jews who had suffered similar victimization at the hands of violent and hostile white people from Europe, Rome, and seemingly everywhere else on the globe throughout the whole of human civilization, could not understand how his alleged ancestors could have been so horrible and full of hate as his personal research had indicated they had been creators of great civilizations and had even crusaded for those same rights of those they had allegedly persecuted. This left him with a sense of unease and confusion as clearly what was being taught in the school system did not correspond to his lived reality. Such confusion served as a motivation for Will who was always curious to investigate the unknown and that which held itself out as sacrosanct. His mother had attempted to take him to church as a child in ill- defined hopes of inculcating in his mind a moral sense as her parents had to her. However, in spite of the laxity of faith in his family and this plastic morality fitting the suburban mold of conformism and respectability which he conceded was 'alright I guess' in its own place, Will found the mental prison, the leaden chain it thus represented as wholly alien to his own inner being, something in the way of a mental illness fraught with inhibition and as Mr. Weinstein the civics teacher called it a 'neuroticism' that led to feelings of shame, guilt and self- hate. He stubbornly took a stand against this discordant morality which though representing itself as morality per se and casting aspersions on his natural tendencies and inclinations as 'immoral' or 'hateful', he rejected as a poisonous creed of weakness and submission. Thus he found no solace in the popular dogmas of Bourgeois respectability instead he strove towards the unknown god within himself. Internet research led him to Crowley and Satanism but this itself struck him as an infantile creed of rebels without any apparent cause, though possessing some of the rudiments of positivity, he concluded it led down paths of degeneracy that serves to pique his searching curiosity but left him disgusted at the vile practices which were substituted as the antinomian antithesis to the thesis of Christian dogma, itself stale and worn out, nothing apparently threatening or to be taken with any

degree of seriousness. Neither however was its satanic counterpart which was to all appearances comedy of the most slapstick variety and thus an exercise in self- indulgent amusement something lacking in the gravity and drive his inner striving sought. Continuing his research into the taboo and unknown he stumbled upon a website casting aspersions similar to those in his textbooks about how the white people ('Europeans' it called them) were predisposed to violence and had what was called an 'authoritarian personality type'. These ideas left him feeling the same way as in his brief experiences in church, feeling as if he were being attacked in a subtle fashion, imperceptibly and as if those leveling that criticism were motivated by some deficiency of their own which translated itself into these textbooks under the guise of 'enlightenment' and 'education'. This same website still made references to figures in history he had previously avoided investigation of as they seemed 'corny' or cartoonish in the way they had been presented to him in the news media and popular culture as well as the education system. - Figures such as Tsar Nicholas of the Romanov family, Caesar, and Adolf Hitler. However in this format, purported as it did to be scholarly and 'objective', it quoted some of these 'boogeymen' whose statements elicited the attention of some distant primal urge difficult to identify or understand. Discussion of how a group of international financier infiltrators who adhered to a sinister religion that had its origin in Babylon or before in Canaan now called 'Jews' were a central motif of these authors' writings, men such as Dietrich Eckhardt and Alfred Rosenberg who apparently had been affiliates of Hitler in his rise to power. This dawning awareness of a global conspiracy against Germans and white people in general on the part of these 'Jews' led to Will's reflection upon his own life circumstances and how these Jews had a striking resemblance to prominent figures in his own hometown, most notably the mayor 'Sammy' Goldman and even his own Coach Sandusty who was always colluding with Tyrone and his gang of thugs. The falsity and pretense of their behaviour collectively as well as his principal, Ms. Lansky, their aggressive hostility and brief dealings he had had with them made him feel as if he had done something wrong, that he was to be blamed for problems that he had never created or had any part in creating. Clearly they had a bias against him, his teachers anyway – maybe this was because they were Jews?' he reflected. Continuing his research he investigated the names of these figures and stumbled upon a few websites from which he downloaded their works, websites which were virtual libraries of similar information regarding politics and philosophy which had apparently all but disappeared after WWII and which were far more scholarly and academic that his textbooks which seemed to breeze over matters of greater moment and harp endlessly on the petty minutiae, petty problems that were somehow imposed upon those who had no hand in creating the societies in which they lived, had been allowed to enter and yet were for reasons always ascribed to the pathologies of the whites who constituted the majority 'persecuted victims' who were 'suppressed' and 'oppressed' by their hosts. These new works spoke of the history of this group – Jews – and their tried and tested formula for subverting the culture of their hosts through monopolization of the economy through mafia-style tactics and collusion with government figures who had been corrupted by them through debts, infiltration of the church hierarchy and through the Freemasonic societies. This monopolization process applied equally to the major organs of communication, the press, and education system, which they also infiltrated as a means of controlling access to information by the populous who became their defacto mind-controlled slaves acting according to how they were programmed in the media. This explained why the textbooks and mass

media which Will typically avoided to expose himself to only briefly and occasionally watching a movie with friends, were so disjointed from the lived reality he encountered in his daily life, as his father was fond of saying 'the map is not equal to the territory' and the script writers of the textbook and media map were leading their flock, just as in the Christian churches, astray. This research enabled Will to conclude that the changes which had gone on in his town since his youth, a rather recent and seemingly spontaneous phenomenon, were a result of collusion between those in City Hall and their flock at a local level, those who identified as 'liberal' and 'Christian' and who seemed infected with that same mental illness his youthful church experiences had made him aware of. Now he could positively identify that previously strange behaviour he had noticed in many of his peers who seemed susceptible to that form of emotional programming, typically the girls in his school and many of the blacks as well as the other less bright kids. They were often driven into a frenzy and reduced to crying by Miss Baruch, a younger teacher who was a modern version of Rosa Luxembourg and Betty Friedan conjoined. His research continued and with it his knowledge grew. His understanding of his small world broadened in tandem with his research and he became driven to adopt this as his life's mission – to free his people from the mind control of the Jews – at the very least in his own town – and to go down inheroic struggle against this evil presence if need be. He now knew what he must do, simply becoming aware for himself was insufficient – he must spread this creed of blood and soil to his comrades and conscript them in his cause. Strength lay in numbers he believed and it was necessary to convert as many of his friends and acquaintances to his cause as he could. Around the school he would attempt somewhat discreetly given the political climate of society and his knowledge of the penalties attached to the recent 'hate speech' laws that privileged non- whites and various other abnormals and freaks of nature positing them over against the white man. Few could be trusted as the mind control exerted on the student body was vigorous and led to the shutting down of thought every time various topics regarding race as a biological reality as opposed to a mere idea, what his teachers called a 'social construct', were brought up. Simply to say the word 'nigger' or 'Jew' elicited in the majority of his classmates an emotional reaction of extreme hostility, aversion, and shunning which they had been entrained to manifest as their behavioural conditioning by their older and allegedly wiser teachers. Nevertheless there were a few students with whom he was affiliated and had a great rapport over the years and who knew him as a rebel through what cause he espoused they could not discern. Karl, his closest friend, always spoke of his 'drive', his willful tendency to pursue some unknown goal and who admired and respected his penchant for the indefatigable pursuit of whatever goals he adopted whether it was excelling on the chessboard or the football team. Karl was aware that there were greater goals that Will himself perhaps had no knowledge of. This fact persuaded Will to first approach Karl as a potential recruit. He informed him that the whole school system was not all it was cracked up to be in its claims to knowledge and that he had discovered sources of information he had downloaded and printed off, various websites which revealed a global conspiracy of which disinformation was simply a small part and yet large in its influence, that the media, banking system, and major corporations were all owned and controlled but an international network of non-whites (he stated they were not Caucasian) who advocated the genocide of white people and thereby the elimination of their competition for power in the world as well as out of a resentment for and hatred of those who had been the creators of civilization and whose civilization – civilization itself- was threatened with

extermination and a descent into brutal chaos and dark age ignorance. At one point in his zeal to awaken his peers Will mistakenly entered into conversation with one of his chess club teammates on the topic of the Jews and their influence in the media and banking system which he assumed would be a way of appealing to this apparently intelligent and moral youth who had expressed his dislike of the lies of the media and its sensationalism as well as the corrupt nature of the debt-based financial system. Mistakenly as he later found out that the world view of this youth was a mere replication of Marxist Jingoism that held itself out as the only alternative to vampire capitalism, both systems which were controlled by Jews and posited as their controlled dialectic of disjunctive choice, opposites which they intended to collapse into a synthesis called 'socialism' but was really Marxist internationalism with a money economy as it had been albeit in a modified form in the old Soviet eastern bloc countries as well as in all other countries that had come under the sway of this false dichotomy. Attempting to rationally persuade the young Marxist of the error of his way of thinking and how other, better alternatives existed such as National Socialism. The youth entered into his programming and with mouth agape and eyes bugging out in horror at the buzzword 'National Socialism' and falsely associated concepts, images of goose-stepping shouting Germans and piles of emaciated Jewish corpses in mass graves the youth fled Will's presence much to the former's amusement at the susceptibility of so-called intellectuals to ideological mind control. He continued to play chess until the door was flung open and Mr. Weinstein broke in demanding if this was the young man who had dared to profane the memory of his chosen people and his own grandmother who stated he had been a victim of the holocaust, who had managed to survive the tortures of the 'Nazis' (as he called them) and who had even given interviews on the local public access broadcasting station about her sufferings. The young chess player, surreptitiously concealed behind Weinstein motioned to Will stating 'he uttered hate speech' and 'anti-Semitism' which motivated Weinstein to viciously grab Will's arm and led him to Ms. Lansky's office to 'discuss these matters'. Will found himself expelled at the close of the discussion as he insisted on maintaining his position as justified in his espousal of national socialist values which Ms. Lansky continued to denounce as virulent hate and that 'racists' such as him should be sent to a re-education center if not put into a psychiatric institution and that she would have to consult with the school nurse about what course of action needed to be taken but that she was on maternity leave at the moment and her non-white replacement from the Philippines was still taking her examinations and therefore did not have the legal authority to give a competent assessment and referral to the local hospital. Thus he had to be let off for the moment – but only for the moment as this pending decision would require official review once either of the nurses would be capable of doing their job from a legal standpoint. Thus Will's attempt to raise awareness with the masses was an awakening in its own right to mass psychology best exemplified by the seminal work of Gustav Lebon's, 'The Crowd', which Will had read during his researches. Clearly the masses were asses and liberal lemmings however intelligent outside of their emotional programming and Pavlovian conditioning were incapable of rational thought once they had been exposed to certain words ('stimuli') that had been paired with certain permitted behavioural reactions ('responses') which they underwent as if they were an automaton. Reaching the masses was clearly out and there were only so many reachable ones who could only be trusted so far and awoken by degrees. Clearly this would not stem the tide of illegal drugs and the gradual degradation of his town through Jewish usury and moral

decay through their brain pollution systems, the media and academic system as the young chess player – once an acquaintance now an enemy – had clearly demonstrated through his traitorous actions. Will would take his expulsion from the school as an opportunity to make lemonade with the apparent lemons he had been given, to research and develop himself and in the hope of thereby discovering new strategies in this war everlasting between the children of light (the white race) and the children of darkness (the Jews and their useful idiots the blacks and other privileged minorities).

Oakdale Heights' once noble Colonel Davis MacDonald Academy now re-christened (or rather satanized) Rosa Parks High in memory of a lazy negress who refused to comply with the very simple rules of a transit system and who was thereby lauded as an anti-hero figure by the media moguls who engineered the minds of their sheeple with guilt complexes and a perverse sense of obligation towards what they referred to as 'the black community'. It, this once venerable institution designed by white architects and crafted through the skill and perseverance of the white pioneers but which was now a hollow mockery of yesteryear was holding a 'diversity dance' in which the premise was to deliberately pair off the black males, many of whom were Blackface members, with the naïve and corrupted white girls who had received a lifetime of emotionally based indoctrination at the hands of their charges, those who called themselves and were extolled as 'teachers of youth' when they were teaching in the manner of a Socrates and being 'corruptors of youth'. One teacher recently had been caught performing fellatio on one of the Blackface members while in the school room and had been through justifiable parental backlash put on suspension with pay pending a Board of Education decision to have her reinstated as the social science teacher. Rumour was that she and her auditor had also been involved in sexual liaisons under cover of performance review sessions in preparation for the board's decision. The 'Diversity Dance' was to take place on April 1st of that year, what Will came to appreciate as a sacred holy day of the Jews in which they celebrated the mass murder of Arabs hearkening back to alleged historical events of the past. His research into the scholarly and credible sources regarding Jewish ritual murder such as Helmut Schramm, Hans Joseph Eisenmenger, as well as Arnold Leese gave him insight into the nefarious nature of this dance and that it may well serve as the venue for which sacrifice was to be made. Accordingly he prepared himself for the worst and though expelled he sensed that his place within and around the school would be a necessity to circumvent the worst case scenario which was almost certainly to eventuate as the 'shin-dig' got under way, climaxing in this ritual murder as a celebration of the Jewish faculty's self- deification through this vampiric act for, they believed, the drinking of blood and even the consumption of flesh from a pure child, especially a white child, enabled them to absorb their spirit energy into themselves thereby amplifying their energy body to what they considered a 'godly state' to transcend their limitations as a less-developed being and thereby go 'beyond good and evil'. Will conscripted Karl who had been following along the same path as his mentor educating himself about the Jewish question and their world historical mission of global dominion and their plan to genocide all of those non-Jews who they called 'govim' (meaning animals) that were not useful as slaves within their global governance, a plan based upon their holy book the Babylonian Talmud which therein was called 'tikkun olam' or 'cleansing the earth' of the goyim['animals'], the incomplete souls' who they deemed not human but beasts. Since there was no solution but to combat the enemy, no willful ignorance would be conducive

to survival but instead to certain destruction, both parties insisted on preparing themselves for a war everlasting that would serve as the overarching mission for all of their actions hence forth, for once the ultimate cause of the problems of society was identified, namely the Jews as a collective, tribal group of fanatical dark occultists, the solution thereto came in the form of strenuous combat for no peace was in the cards. Given that peace with the enemy meant death and life entailed strife, what followed from the premises was the phrase Will had adopted as his life's credo derived from 'Mein Kampf' (my struggle in German), by Adolf Hitler, the book most reviled by the establishment, namely 'all of life is struggle'. Further amplifying this creed of Will was his adherence to the Wotan's creed of 'the preservation of one's own kind' which David Lane had encapsulated in the 14 words 'We must preserve the existence of our people and a future for white children,' making one's only obligation as a white man the survival of his own kind and the only morality survival not self- destruction under the guise of morality as with the creeds of Christianity and Marxism which advocated the extinction of one's own kind in the creation of a race-mixed 'melted pot' of global collectivism wherein no tribal identity based on biology would be permitted to exist, a 'universalist imperialism' as David Lane called it; raceless creed of anti- naturalism – what Will had identified as 'Luciferianism' or Judaism, an attempt to recreate nature in their own image as the living gods of the earth.

To prepare for the 'Die-versity Dance' Will went on the streets with the savings he had gained over the summer through his work in the building trades exploiting his skills he had developed in shop class, one of the few subjects he deemed of value for its practical utility. His intention was to purchase a stun gun and a switchblade knife both illegal but known to be weapons carried by many of the drug dealers as a way of coercing their will with late paying customers who had purchased on credit. Meeting with one of Blackface at their headquarters, Tyrone's second-in- command Leroy Johnson served as his liaison inquiring why he would want such items given his reputation as a 'straight edge' chess club member. Will replied that he was 'getting paranoid' and that he could make the deal if he had the goods. He then informed Leroy that he would accompany him with the items to an undisclosed location nearby where he had the money. On their way Will noticed Leroy bursting out into laughter on occasion but would not reveal the reason, which when prompted saying cryptically: 'Got a thang going on tonight y'heard me?' Such a response did little to satisfy Will's suspicion as there was a sinister undertone of cruelty in Leroy's tone of voice that suggested something more than mere hedonistic philandering as was Blackface's usual orientation to the little knowledge Will had of the gang given his limited experience with them. Will reflected that this was the way blacks had about them, a cunning manipulativeness and delight in cruelty that was often an expression of their power over others, a desire to 'get the better of others' especially their hated enemy the whites. Luckily however there were no monkey wrenches in the transaction and this led Will to think forward towards the 'Diversity Dance' and that perhaps Leroy's macabre humour referred to what activities he would be participating in at this even known to Will to harbour sinister undertones given the date of its occurrence on Purim (April 1st) and the general corruption and evil of the Jewish establishment. Only time would tell. Armed with these slight personal defense weapons, easily concealable yet powerful enough in their subjugation, Will got in touch with Karl and handed him the stun gun as he did not

want to incriminate his friend in a murder charge whereas the stun gun left no traces and would be less likely to kill the opponent if things became desperate enough to do so. Still lethal with sufficient discharge of voltage through multiple shocks it was a useful personal defense weapon. The dance was to take place that night at eight o' clock and attendees were to dress in rainbow tie-dyed shirts provided at the door for an admittance fee. The non-white students were exempt from the charge as they were considered 'underprivileged' even though many poor white students couldn't afford the surcharge ostensibly to be donated to the underprivileged non- whites in various third world countries through the global charity which was surreptitiously a money laundering organization called the 'World Fund' and which was based out of Brussels, Belgium, the headquarters of the United Nations. One of the parents of the impoverished white youth who couldn't afford the surcharge had complained to the school principal that it was a form of discrimination, 'reverse racism' but was silenced through threat of a lawsuit for hate speech against the protected 'minorities' as the nonwhites were euphemistically called, a term used to imply they were defenseless and disempowered victims of the also implicitly suggested 'oppressive' and 'racist' whites who were fast being displaced by the non-whites in the area their ancestors had created. The policy of implicitly anti-white discrimination through privileging non- whites at their expense was upheld by Ms. Lansky the principal as this was simply a furtherance of the white genocide agenda of the Jewish elite globally who had become master in all the countries founded by whites through their networking, intrigue, and money power.

Thereby whites had been demoted to the class of untouchables in their own society exempting of course the elite establishment who had become corrupted and converted into 'spiritual Jews' through masonry and the world council of churches which were controlled and corrupted or created by the Jews themselves. Growing resentment amongst the lower class whites manifested itself in letters to the editor over the influx of 'immigrants' as they were called and discrimination against the whites through preferential hiring policies of Jewish controlled and influenced private and public institutions as well as admission in the capital city university and its medical and law schools which had specific quotas mandating a certain percentage of non- whites regardless of merit. This of course served to decrease performance standards and facilitated the corruption of government and professional workers who subscribed to a morally relativistic political praxis favouring their own class and connections over those who, despite their merit, had no affiliation. This downward spiral of societal decay was exactly what Will Stone had made his life's mission to reverse, if need be through a total destruction of even good elements of the system so that like a phoenix ascending from the ashes a new edifice of white power could be established. Though he had no delusions that he would be the saviour of his people tout court he nevertheless knew that he would have to battle to the last of his vital being in order to attain Victory of Valhalla he had established as his end goal. Tonight would be the night of the beginning of the end. Will drove with Karl two blacks away from the school as they intended to avoid detection given Will's expulsion from the school and prohibition of being on school property through threat of legal action as a trespasser. To enter the school grounds both he and Karl were disguised as the school had recently played host to quite a few Mexican foreign exchange students whose names had not become familiar to either students or faculty as yet. Accordingly they had used brown face paint and wigs they had ordered over the internet, and sported Mexico soccer jerseys with the emblem

of the eagle fighting with a snake as a gesture of their implicit racism that most Mexican invaders who went under such guises as 'refugees' or 'immigrants' as well as 'temporary foreign workers' aided and abetted by the Jewish establishment adopted as their jingoistic behaviour which was considered taboo to address by the white population which had been entrained via the mind control apparatus to venerate all non-whites as their programming, the 'Xenophilic' (love of foreigners) behaviour they became obligated to express as a condition of being deemed socially acceptable or politically correct. The Spanish language which the Mexican invaders – also called mestizos a mixed race group of Jewish, redskin, and even occasional white genetic stock – had taken from their Spanish Catholic conquistadors was something both Will and Karl had some rudiments of via their Spanish class, taught by the liberal Ms. Dawkins who though white herself felt it her mission in life to sponsor and facilitate the passage of foreign invaders into Oakdale Heights through her position on the diversity and multiculturalism committee at City Hall. This would further convince any suspicious parties that they were legitimately present on campus although Karl had no official prohibition his association with Will in the past had sullied his reputation in the school once rumour that he was a 'racist' got round the student body by way of the faculty whose witch-hunt mentality required a scapegoat for sacrifice and Will had been insufficient to satiate this bloodlust. Their 'racist radar' having been activated the false light of their gaze naturally fell upon Karl as Will's best friend and eo ipso in their mind guilty by association. Since their liberal Marxist dogma blinded them to all questioning and reason any who were suspected were immediately guilty before any proof of innocence. The party had been in full swing for approximately an hour as the wristwatch Will wore signalled five minutes to nine p.m. The group of infiltrators were accosted by a larger group of white girls who gossiped eagerly attempting to garner the attention of the 'Mexicans' one referencing her birth control pills as a tacit form of invitation to the burly 'Mexicans' whose macho swagger piqued their ardour which had been entrained in them since kindergarten by their mind controllers and by extension their own parents who had bought into the trend of black is beautiful going so far as to purchase black dolls for their white children as a means of psychologically browbeating them with a guilt complex for their white identity and conditioning them to associate things such as motherhood and nurturing with blacks, that is was proper and even the height of virtue to devote one's life's purpose to their upbringing with devotion and love. This conditioning intended as it was by the establishment extended itself to all non-whites and manifested itself in an inordinate love of all that which was non-white and a contrary behaviour towards the white males of the school who were demoted in their eyes to a lesser status. Hence with their brown make-up that had a cocoa base giving off a chocolaty scent the younger girls were only eager to please when Will approached them and asked if there was any sign of Tyrone and Blackface on campus. At this the girls looked afraid and asked why Will would want to talk to 'that guy'. Will stated he had a score to settle with Tyrone to which response the girls relaxed and informed him that Tyrone had gone off with Susie earlier in the night after they had danced together. They received directions as to where he was last seen and the girls were disappointed when the 'Mexicans' rushed off with a hasty gratzia to their would-be paramours. Speed-walking around the interior halls of the school and passing by the principal's office they observed Tyrone and Susie compliantly following his lead into the school's sports area and into the office of Sandusty. Murmured voices were heard as Karl and Will approached silently towards the corner around which the office of their corrupt football

coach was located. It was indeed Sandusty's voice which grew audible as they approached conversing with Tyrone and with interjections by Susie. They were discussing the trade which bound them together in a thieves' pact and in which Susie had somehow become embroiled perhaps out of a gesture of rebellion against her strict Christian parents who though celebrants of multi-racialism euphemistically called 'diversity' they tacitly discouraged, even prohibited Susie from association with blacks under the cover of avoiding criminal entanglement knowing as they did that only blacks were members of Blackface the drug gang which currently represented the only known gang in town and whose members were exclusively comprised of the African blacks who had recently been 'welcomed in' as it was said by prominent institutions and figureheads of the town including their own church, the 'Temple of Zion' whose congregation was largely white though inclusive of all 'cultures' as they euphemistically put it. This hypocrisy apparently drove Susie to rebellion against her parents and into the arms of Tyrone who represented to her in his blatant anti-white racism against what he termed the 'pale people establishment' a beacon of truth in an otherwise darkly mendacious society of hypocrites. At the present time Susie was urging Tyrone to leave and come back to the dance as she was tired of discussing 'business' – a business she both feared given its criminal and immoral nature as well as found strangely exciting, to be a source of erotic stimulation for her given the risky nature of it. Will and Karl heard a slap sound and the thump of a body as presumably Susie struck the linoleum floor of Sandusty's office. 'Damn it Tyrone she might squawk eventually' Sandusty ejaculated but Tyrone's reply was cut off by Will swooping in. Susie began to rise as Sandusty further shouted: 'What the f*** do you beaners want here! Do you want to be sent back south of the border?' Sandusty noticed Karl's stun gun and screamed 'What the f***!' while Tyrone attempted to throw a punch at the latter who zapped him with 400,000 volts knocking him spasming to the floor with an acrid scent of scorched negro flesh wafting up into their nostrils. Not to be so easily incapacitated Tyrone rose to his feet while Sandusty threw a right cross at Karl's jaw knocking him senseless as he collapsed on the linoleum. Will attempted to engage Sandusty through a snap kick to the groin which caught Sandusty on the thigh.

Tyrone lunged towards Will and kicked him to the ground. Susie reached for Will but had her forearm grabbed by Tyrone who ran out of the room with her saying 'Not my scene cracka!' Will yelled: 'Why Susie?' who recognized who he really was and replied 'He's taking me to a place you've never been and could never go!' They swiftly disappeared into the basement presumably where the boiler room was located. Sandusty panicked screaming – 'You goyim never stop persecuting us! You'll be boiling in excrement like your Jesus soon!' as he leapt out of the open window and ran towards his Mercedes in the parking lot which was for him conveniently situated nearby. 'No one will believe you – we own the world!' and broke into maniacal laughter as he entered his vehicle and sped away with his lights off. Karl at this point began to come to rubbing his jaw amidst his groans. 'Sandusty claims he used to be a boxing champ', said Karl. 'He just knows how to fight dirty and where people's vulnerable spots are,' Will replied. The two recovered and sought out Tyrone and Susie who had demonstrated where her allegiance lay – on the side of the children of darkness whose only gift they had to bestow was the transience of appearance and sensationalism which the wayward Susie found more appealing than the protective security of a

conventional life whose only divergence from the wheel of routine was greater mental life the womb of art and science. She had decided to forsake these noble fruits for the forbidden fruit of illicit tryst with the more primitive elements of her conscious being. Nevertheless the white knight dormant in both Karl and Will resurrected itself and gave chase to she who was complicit in her own corruption. Blinded by the creed of David Lane that 'the beauty of the Aryan woman must not perish from the earth', Will lustily strove down the concrete steps into the inner sanctum of the school, a place where he had never been and knew nothing of the layout. The footsteps of Tyrone and Susie could still be heard echoing further down the passage and the two Mexicans still gave chase trending their direction towards the source of the sound. Following along a mesh grating overlooking a constellation of pipes and industrial equipment necessary for the functioning of the school Will heard the sounds of Tyrone's voice behind a metal door that was probably ajar. The two stopped and waited to hear what transpired. 'You said you wanted the bitch – now gimme mah muhf***in money!' – A hollow voice apparently male replied 'Fine. Now get out – go and hustle, we have a business to run and we need capital see!' Tyrone was apparently pushed out of the door with a bag in his hand and the door closed behind him with a bang. He spat on the linoleum and left muttering oaths under his breath and something that sounded like 'serves the pale bitch right – pale bitches all be slavers.' Once Tyrone had left the hallway the pair crept closer to the now shut door and attempted to listen in. Susie's cries penetrated the metal door and Will could hear her wavering words: 'Keep away from me I don't want your drink, I'm leaving' at which point she shuffled away and fumbled with the latch but was apparently pulled away screaming 'what is this? Let go! Let me' – but her voice was muffled and a scuffle began. At this Will tried the latch but found it shut. He looked around in desperation and discovered a fire hatchet in a reservoir on the wall next to an extinguisher and smashed the glass with this fist yanking the axe from its supports. He ran back to the door and began smashing the door with it, which he found was actually made of flimsy metal, and gave way in rents under his hacking thrusts. Panicked voices started shouting as he came bursting in the door. He witnessed the cloaked figures exiting through another door and Susie on the ground in the center of the room surrounded my candles. She looked up at Karl and laughed as he gaped at her noticing the blood pooling out from under her wounded abdomen – 'I told you you could never...save me...Karl...you're too... good.' The last words came out with her dying breath and she crumpled in a heap dead. Karl stoically looked at Susie and stated: 'The Aryan woman is difficult to tame, only an iron hand in a velvet glove can restrain her willful nature'. Will then understood that David Lane's words rang true, that it was imperative that the beauty of the Aryan woman not perish from the earth yet that this beauty in its cold hypocrisy was at the same time merely a bridge to the superman, a dangerous allure like that of the markings of a black widow. That the bridge to the superman required a sacrifice which, under the current regime of gynocentrism and anti-male bias, could only be attained through inordinate loss of the superman itself and that to avoid the web of the black widow the web itself had to be cloven asunder. Paradoxically this was the only way the superman could be attained, through self- sacrifice on the altar not of a woman's demand and whim but on that of the higher calling of Wotan, becoming a living god-man even if dying in the attempt in the battle against this web of Zion, the universalist imperialism that had imprisoned the white superman in its matrix. Examining the room briefly Karl picked up a badge that Will identified as Masonic. 'This must have been a ritual murder,' he said. The two left the room in silence and shut the door on their youthful naiveté. Will looked down at the axe he still held and declared: 'Let this be my Thor hammer – down with Jormungand!' So saying he hurled his axe into the electrical components overtop the mesh panelling which paralleled the hall immediately causing the disgorging of a hail of sparks from the humming machinery which then sent forth blue tongues of electric fire in the works accompanied by steam and rumbling, 'Hurry-let's gogo!' Will cried with Karl needing no prompting. They rushed up the stairs and ran down the hall and out into the woods which bordered the school as the entire school emitted rumblings and muffled explosions. Will looked back and witnessed students and faculty pouring out from multiple exits and fleeing the danger zone. They both made their way through indirect routes back to their vehicle. 'Tikkun olam' (cleansing the earth) had just begun only it would be the darkness that would be cleared away not the light. The pair were now committed like it or not, they had embraced Ragnarok and there was no turning back to their previous world of comforting middle-class oblivion. The world had become known to them in the most visceral way and they could never return to the callow ignorance of youth. Police investigation yielded no definitive results other than hearsay evidence that a duo of Mexican exchange students had been seen by two girls coming up from the basement just as the explosions began to occur and the sprinkler system turned on which didn't serve the purpose of saving the school which had been irreparably damaged by the explosions of volatile chemicals in the chemistry lab, and the oil tank and boiler in the basement which set off a chain reaction reducing the school to rubble. Will was technically still suspended and thus forgotten by the administrative apparatus whose problems focused on badgering the insurance inspectors to obtain compensation for the conflagration. Jews both on the school board and as agents for the insurance company squabbled over liabilities and contributory negligence as the students were released on early vacation as well as the teachers whose already lengthy vacation had been extended much to their delight with pay courtesy of the tax slaves in the private sector whose wage they paid in naïeve belief that the former were a necessary pillar of society as opposed to what they really were, a cabal of morally bankrupt luciferian Marxist anti-whites. The police were present also that day at the home of Karl and at the behest of Mr. Sandusty who stated he suspected Karl may have had a role in the debacle. This was because he had recognized Karl through his face paint and decided in his typically Jewish psychologizing and Talmudic reasoning that Karl had to be pre-emptively struck out at and neutralized as a threat lest he inform on Sandusty and jeopardize both his official teaching and unofficial drug kingpin careers. Karl was interrogated by the police but nothing implicating was discovered by the Jews' stooges the 'boys in blue'. This was not enough for Mr. Sandusty however who in collusion with other corrupt elites had Karl arrested on trumped up charges of drug possession with intention to distribute through planting drugs on Karl in a frame-up and police raid. Karl was being held in the local jail and awaiting the probability of a 10-year prison sentence, only his age served as a stumbling block to conviction as he was considered a minor by law. Will had overheard that Karl had been framed by Sandusty and his establishment affiliates and had gone to visit Karl who was awaiting sentencing and allowed visitors. Will was permitted to speak to Karl through the bulletproof partition that allowed inmates and civilians to communicate through a hermetically sealed vocal apparatus with no exchange of notes or messages through windows or slats. The look of stoical resignation with shadows of despair was etched into Karl's gaunt face which showed signs of

malnutrition and underfeeding. Karl, acknowledging the meaning of Will's look with a wry smile said by way of greeting: 'I'm already dead Will, this jew-dicial kangaroo court is a mere formality and sham; it's the end of my time. You must carry on with your mission of which I regret I could only play a small part though I hoped I could go with you to the finish line. This is the end of the line for me but I have one request of you – that you won't cease to adhere to the 14 words and will exact vengeance upon my executioners. For I myself have no ability to do so as I am in all but physical form, dead to the world and have no temporal power that might reach out the hand of vengeance and strike a blow at the Jewish tyranny and their puppets. I must therefore work through you as my instrument and lend to you my energy and what is left of my life force. My spirit will remain with you in your quest for a whiter, brighter world for as Hitler said 'What I am, I am through you and what you are, you are through me.' Karl pressed his right hand to the window from a sitting posture making a seig heil sign. Will reciprocated pressing his to his friend's and felt a surge of energy as if Karl's soul had migrated into his physical form imbuing him with the strength and resolve to fly at the serpent's throat and choke out its vital force stolen from the thousands, the millions, of sacrifice victims throughout the aeons of time on this earthly plane. Will turned and left knowing that Karl now lived within him and that what was left behind was a mere automation, a machine of flesh and bone that had given him the gift of Karl's life. With this added weapon in his arsenal he vowed to destroy the enemy to whatever extent his one life could do damage. A blow to the serpent of sufficient impact might initiate a chain reaction of like- minded people following in his footsteps. The words of Hitler quoted by Karl echoed in his mind: 'What I am, I am through you; what you are, you are through me.' Will's former existence as a promising student and reputable citizen had become metamorphosed through his heightened awareness of who he was and the role he felt compelled to play, his proper destiny. He had now attained Wotan consciousness, a transcendence in immanence that endowed him with godlike powers of detachment and aescetic self-control and denial. Now he was living for the 14 words and the survival of his culture which was a creation of the creator, the latter partaking of deity, the springboard in the material world to the divine and eternity. Without the white race and its creative genius the world may as well cease to exist and become yet another speck careening through the infinitude of space. The redemption of the world was that zenith of humanity who were bearers of the god-mind. Will's next move would be to kill Tyrone and Sandusty for destroying the lives of his friends Susie and Karl both being killed through the agency of the two drug dealers, Sandusty as kingpin and Tyrone as enforcer and go-between. He was unsure just how to strike at them as they were both embedded in networks of protection that could serve as an early warning system and Will's destiny would then be the same as Karl's defeating his mission. Thus the height of caution was necessary and all ramifications of action needed to be anticipated in an overall scheme of rational calculation, interlinking means and ends with minimal probability of error. A knowledge of his targets thus far was partial though adequate, the movements, and dwelling could be easily discovered; their behavioural tendencies were a matter of common knowledge: low impulse control so typical of both Jews and blacks though the former tempered their emotional erraticism with a psychopath's cunning and reptilian cold-bloodedness; both easily angered and prone to reaction though again Sandusty being a Jew and one in a position of responsibility which required advanced psychoanalytic ability would be more difficult to trap him in a given place to undergo the

assassination. Will decided that framing them both as they had framed and entrapped his friends would be poetic justice and a fitting end to their ongoing corruption. He decided to once again go onto the streets to Blackface's hideout and obtain more serious firepower that would ensure victory unlike in the case of his stun gun which merely incapacitated Tyrone for a few moments and he knew it would be unlikely to dispatch both Sandusty and Tyrone with a switchblade as that would necessitate getting in close and they would almost certainly be armed themselves given their justifiable paranoia for all the enemies they had made amongst rivals within and outside of their organization through their nefarious deeds and the harm they had caused to so many of the youth of the town. Upon arrival at the hideout – he was careful to adopt another disguise. - This time as one of the Chinese foreign exchange students with a wig of straight black hair, coke-bottle glasses, and a Mickey Mouse shirt. He was again greeted by Leroy who rudely demanded: 'what duh f*** you want chink – we ain't got no wontons here – you sellin' whorientals or what – sh*t!' upon which he attempted to close the door but was stopped by Will in oriental voice: 'want buy – you have stuff?' This question piqued the curiosity of the Blackface lieutenant motivated as he was by greed and the door was opened enough to pull Will into the drug den. Leroy thrust Will against the wall and demanded: 'You wearing a wire?' feeling around the clothes of Will with a rough and insulting crudity that only one of the lower races could manage in such a context of complete ignorance of another sentient being, lacking as they were in empathy and motivated by their base drives. 'Y'all for real do – whatchu want fo?' Will in his guise of an oriental gestured with his hand in imitation of a handgun pointer finger extended and thumb protruding perpendicular thereto. Leroy thought a moment then asked: 'what chu want dat fo – I ain't habin' no heat from da popos – now give it up – what – you – want – fo!' Will said 'Protek – vely fraid mista!' To which Leroy burst out laughing immediately relaxing now that he had a believable motive. 'Sho I can see dat!' he continued bursting out into guffaws of laughter as he held up a finger signaling Will to keep silent. The deal happened as before with Will in his Chinese capacity going with Leroy and the firearm, a Colt .45 semi-automatic, to the site where Will stated he had the cash hidden. Just as he was reaching for the cash box Leroy pulled the gun on him and wrenched it open to inspect the goods. This momentary distraction was sufficient for Will to operate his switchblade which he had concealed under his long-sleeved shirt and thrust upwards into the heart of Leroy who dropped the cash box and would have shot Will with his remaining strength but for the continuous series of thrusts into the vital organs and his knocking aside the gun with his other elbow. He rolled Leroy's dying corpse into the bushes and grabbed both cash and gun able to walk away with his prize without loss to self, content in his having struck a blow against Blackface's second-in-command as this would be a further setback to the gang's injurious influence. Next was to arrange a set-up meeting between Tyrone and Sandusty at the latter's apartment in the downtown wherein he would transact business of the more nefarious variety, his other dwelling being in a gated community on lakefront property protected by artificial and natural infrastructural barriers such as distance from the crime-ridden areas he assisted in creating as well as boulevards, dense shrubbery, parks, hills, and police and private security forces who manned twentyfour-hour surveillance systems comprised of ubiquitous cameras, floodlights and alarm systems. Getting at Sandusty in his virtual bunker would be too difficult a task even in disguise. He had other work to do and though he might be able to infiltrate Sandusty's defenses he was not convinced that

he would readily escape once he had dispatched him. He knew that the communication link between Sandusty and Tyrone took on a primitive form so that no traces could be made between them. They had gotten into the habit of tying a knot in the piece of rope that raised and lowered the flag on the school grounds and though the school was now reduced to rubble and awaiting reconstruction, the flag was still present as removed from the catastrophe area. Tyrone and Sandusty still used it as Will had observed noticing the knot tied and untied at various times. Usually a note was fasted to the rope with a safety pin folded in a bit of cloth to prevent the wind from blowing it away. These notes usually named a time in digits, e.g. 2130 for 9 p.m. and the place was omitted to avoid traces to location in the event a rare honest police officer, rival gang member, or even curious passer-by showed up for the event and jeopardized this convenient system. Will had taken one of these notes before and forged the handwriting style. He now placed the note which either of his targets knew either could have placed there and hoped that the handwriting he had forged was discovered by the other party otherwise he would have to find alternative means of setting the two up or simply stalking them individually. Returning to the site later in the day he examined the piece of cloth and found a time written in different handwriting signifying 'message received' and giving instructions as to the rendezvous: 2100. He would be there with bells on. Preparation for the assassination entailed outfitting himself in a business suit and briefcase as this appearance corresponded with the demographic in that busy area, the hub of the town. He donned aviator shades and a wig over his blond hair to further disguise his appearance which was an identifying feature. A rakish mustache was affixed to his upper lip giving him the appearance of a yuppie just leaving his office as he strutted down the avenue towards the corner on a diagonal from the building wherein the rendezvous was to take place: The Royal Arms apartments. A fitting appellation as the firearm he was packing with spare clips and ammo just in case would be the means through which his royal pedigree was confirmed, royal in a cosmic sense as the bearer of the divine Wotan consciousness of his forefathers transmitted through himself in the present. He took up position adjacent to a magazine and newspaper stand to await the pair. At 2055 he observed Tyrone swaggering towards the entrance and pressing the entry code which he observed through his monocular, a spy device that could be used with one finger and functioned as a binocular to magnify one's field of vision. He memorized the code and prepared to follow Tyrone in ensuring that he kept out of his field of vision. Dashing across the street as Tyrone ascended the stairs still visible through the large plate glass window Will quickly entered the code and ascended the stairs after Tyrone who had gone up to the third and last floor. Given the antiquity of the building the doors still projected sound from within as the old hardwood floors and gaps under the doors allowed one in the hall to eavesdrop on conversation within the rooms. A clatter of dishes and a muffled sound of pop music escaped the door gaps and Will was just in time to reach the top of the stairs and see Tyrone slip into a room at the end of the hall. He rushed towards it and heard Sandusty in a heated voice shout 'what you say he followed you- and you led him to me! How do you know he's not undercover and on the side of those white supremacists in the churches! I should pop you right now!' Tyrone hastily interjected to save his skin – 'we gotta get outta here Mista Sandusty – take the fire escape!' The sound of scrambling and a window being opened was heard at which point Will ran back towards the front around the building out of the glow of the streetlamps. He turned down the alley just in time to see Sandusty and Tyrone climbing down

the remaining rungs of the fire escape. Will approached at a dog trot – 'Hey Sandusty – this if for Karl!' Raising his Colt .45 he blasted Sandusty who fell on top of Tyrone in the narrow fire escape. A few more rounds discharged Tyrone who was reaching for his gun. Sandusty looked up with a hatefilled gaze in his dying eyes and spat: 'dirty goy!', then flopped down on top of Tyrone with blood pouring from his mouth. Will ran down the alley and escaped into the obscurity of the multitude as the sirens of polices response wailed echoing through the buildings. The media reaction to the killing of Sandusty and Tyrone, both together literally entangled with one another, a respectable sports coach and prominent philanthropist with a notorious gang leader and drug trafficker – the inference that 'birds of a feather flock together' was obvious. In order to quell the righteous anger of the populous over Will's assassination which was ascribed to gang-related activity by the police spokeswoman who read from the carefully worded script prepared by her handlers the Judeo-Masonic establishment who had decided in light of public outcry to sacrifice one of their own as 'dead men tell no tales'. This however opened up their administration to criticism and a desire for accountability in the form of an auditing commission or some similar body of members of the public with no affiliation with government or big business the average white citizens of the town who conscripted a local owner of a Japanese restaurant to be their spokesman as a means of countering claims of anti-Semitism and white supremacist political activism. Hiding behind the frontman many of the more conservative and rational citizens, owners of small businesses and blue collar tradespeople continued to rally for 'public accountability' echoing the tired phrases they had been indoctrinated with since birth regarding 'democratic process' and 'responsibility of public office' phrases sound within a smallscale society populated by ethnically homogenous demographics but a veritable tower of Babel in the form of a microcosm of the aspiring global empire the Jews and their cronies were fanatical about establishing, 'Zion' many of its censored critics aptly called it, a term deriving itself from the Pentateuch or old testament and perversely distorted by the Talmudic zealots and their Freemasonic and Judeo-Christian puppets. Given this fiasco the ruling elite conferred amongst one another and decided to hold a meeting at City Hall on May Day of that year, exactly one month after the school explosion and only one week away to discuss strategy as to how to generate positive reactions in the public to quell their suspicions as to the corruption rife in government and which the event of Sandusty's obvious drug ties would be the tip of the iceberg. Will heard wind of this meeting through his father's discussion with another friend that overheard his boss who he had identified as a mason, given that he was always sporting a masonic ring and tie clip, speaking about a meeting at City Hall to which he was invited and which would finally 'put an end to all the crying of the masses for good'. Will knew that this meeting was probably going to consist of more Jewish psychology tactics of reverse projection where the exception (in this case Sandusty) was put forth as an instance of the rule and, the twisted logic would have it, if a respectable man like Sandusty could be involved in drugs therefore any member of the populous who were looked upon as less reputable than an educator with the latter's seemingly high moral sense and self-effacing attitude. Thus the goal Will inferred was the building up of the police state to further enhance tyranny and subjugate the average citizen's ability to defend themselves through restricted possession of firearms and to speak through various censorship laws and their enforcement as well as arbitrary arrest, detention, search and seizure of property, etc. Will knew that this meeting was pivotal that he must take them all out then and there.

There would be no better chances to strike at the serpent given his limited powers and abilities; a high school youth not involved in any local networks of pro-white activists and restricted to the borders of his small community of Oakdale Heights.

Will was returning home from a workout at the local gym when he observed a note taped to his front door addressed to himself. He read it: 'Lansky saw you on camera forging the note and setting up Sandusty for the hit. We know when your parents aren't around and when you are. Payback time for Sandusty Goyboy!' Will was surprised that Ms. Lansky could possibly know of his involvement but the myriad cameras which had been installed on campus must have captured him in the act of setting up his targets as even though the school had been demolished there were still what he thought were broadcast speakers attached to the end of poles. The cameras must have been concealed within speaker boxes as a camouflage to allay suspicion amongst the public and thereby to more effectively monitor students and parents unawares. This mafia cabal that ran the world had transformed a once peaceable society of productive and creative citizens into defacto slaves droning their lives away for the illusion of respectability and importance. Will would remain extra-vigilant to prepare for whatever payback was to come. Will couldn't sleep that night beset as he was with a foreboding of catastrophe. he decided to go for a walk as the approaching City Hall meeting on May Day as well as the threatening letter increased his impetuosity to initiate the final phase of his plan: namely to kill all of the high level players in the meeting through whatever means possible. Perhaps, he speculated, Blackface would have higher power firearms that would prove adequate to take down the menace – to kill the king and thereby to kill the kingdom at least perhaps to trigger the chain reaction of copycat killers which would lead to the explosion of the powder keg that was J.O.G. (Jewish occupation government). He walked for at least a half hour away from his place but upon cresting the hill which overlooked his house upon his return he observed a brightly lit sky and upon reaching the peak looked down upon the flaming wreckage of his childhood home. He rushed down the hill taking in the fire engines which were spraying the fire with water cannons and hoses. Then to his horror as he reached level ground and was approaching the house he bore witness to a sight which evoked a berserker cry of rage as his mother's burnt corpse was being removed from the interior of the building. His father soon accompanied it into the coroner's van and was shut within. He pounded on the van and thrust aside the coroners who attempted to restrain him but it took two burly firefighters to restrain him and upon recognition of his impotence he grew silent knowing that now he had nothing to lose in the world, that all had been taken from him, his friends, his parents, and his future.

The government social workers into whose care he was placed were of course Jewish and members of the cabal, their interests being the covert and gradual 'killing out of the goyim' as it says in the Talmud under the guise of benevolence, equality, etc. The pharmaceutical drugs he knew they used as a covert form of black magic sorcery whereby they modified people's physiology and created subtle anatomical and behavioural changes that led to physical and mental deterioration as well as ruining the relationships they had with others rendering them pariahs in the social body, outcast recluses who had no means to reintegrate themselves into their communities save through the hypocritical helping

disciplines which created the situation to begin with and had operated secretly to soft kill their charges. Knowing this as he did through his research into the allopathic medical system and that it was a tool of the cabal for genocide and population management in accordance with their 'creative destruction' social engineering. These architects of chaos claimed to be the living gods of the earth who alone were human, all the rest being 'animals' or goyim and who used this process of creating amongst the populace imperceptible change which exacerbated over time and conditions of their environment so that one generation would have a totally different world view than those subsequent able to be played off against one another creating disunity and a fragmented society of solipsism and possessive individualism in which only personal self-interest mattered not one's sense of race and place, blood and soil. Will knew now that any future he might have was hopeless and that he would have to make his attack on the cabal a suicide mission if he were to fulfill the 14 words and see redress for the injury done to Karl, Susie, his mother and father who though largely ignorant save Karl of the causes of this world situation were nevertheless innocent and thus Will was obligated to carry out his act even if only to revenge his fallen comrades though if other precedents such as sparking a powder keg of white anger locally in his region if not globally, letting potential imitation know that it can be done that the cabal could be reached through physical means and that it was not all powerful, that would be an added incentive to dispatch his own life for that of his people and their survival as a race. Living in a virtual prison ward, what had been termed a foster home run by two homosexual Jews who had been given preference in the adoption process as another ploy in the cabal's system for using adopted children as rape victims and often as ritual murder sacrifices as the only ones who could know about themselves were those the government decided would know and could control every facet of the adopted child's life, using them also as experimental guinea pigs for drugs and black ops mind control projects utilizing electromagnetic fields, radiation, and pharmaceuticals. This improved the cabal's understanding of human behaviour which they exploited to control the populace for their own benefit, dumbing them down through a debased education system, through water fluoridation, and propaganda. Thus life lived within their care would be as a fly entering into a black widow's web from which no escape was possible. The two Jewish fags were downstairs one night discussing how they were going to give Will the ride of his life that night and Will overheard their whispered conversation. Rather than subject himself to that treatment which would inevitably lead to having to assault them though they always carried stun guns as a means of coercing people to carry out their will and though sure he could overpower them he also knew that he would be subject to greater sanctions possibly suffering the same fate as Karl. However he had decided to sacrifice himself so he was willing to strike yet another blow to the cabal this time against their two faggot child molesters.

Accordingly Will went down the stairs and approached the two fags. He claimed he wanted them to bathe him and prepare him for the night's festivities upon which they eagerly scrambled to the bathroom to fill the tub. They had cast aside their garments leaving their stun guns nearby. Motivated by a bestial mind of vulgar desire the two had thrown caution to the wind and this enable Will to carry out his intention taking the stung gun up and creeping towards the open washroom he grabbed one of the Jews by the ankles and heaved him into the tub. The Jew grew excited and stated he didn't know Will like it so rough while the other Jew thrust his buttocks at Will who promptly kicked him into the

tub on top of his lover. Will then turned the stun gun on to high power and tossed it into the nearly full tub creating a storm of electricity and an acrid scent of burning flesh as the tendrils of blue flame licked the pasty bodies of the Jews whose ridged muscles vibrated with 40,000 volts amplified through the tub of conductive water. He tested their pulses to ensure they were dead once the device had short- circuited. Another blow at the serpent struck and now Will had only to stow the bodies elsewhere until the time of his attack on City Hall so that he could live in the house without having to dwell on the streets. This enabled him to properly prepare for the event to undergo a regime of rigorous conditioning and mental preparedness. The Jews' bodies he buried in the forest outside of town using their car and a spade from their toolshed. While in the shed he noticed a surprising arsenal of C-4 explosives and grenades as well as Israeli passports and a Mossad badge – apparently at least one of the now-deceased Jews was a Mossad agent. He used a manual on improvised explosives to rig a vest with explosive C-4 satchels and dummy switches which were in a locked cabinet in the toolshed. The grenades he affixed to a bandolier rig that fitted over the vest and enabled quick access like plucking an apple for the tree – only these apples were the most poisonous apples of all. All of the poison the Jews had been injecting in the form of vaccines into the whites would be injected into their flesh in the form of shrapnel. A time delay was also rigged up with a bundle of C-4 surrounded by nine-inch nails. This package will then be placed in the back of the trunk of the Jews' Lexus which he intended to leave outside of Blackface's drug den upon their return from the gangster party on May Day. The clock would detonate just after midnight when the party in the town square would have finished and when Blackface and their prostitutes would return to their den of iniquity for one final revel – in the bowels of hell. The city hall knock off would be done by Will himself as a suicide mission. He didn't have sufficient explosives to take out City Hall and all of its corrupt elites even with the Blackface bomb so he knew that martyrdom was the only alternative.

Will himself as a suicide mission. He didn't have sufficient explosives to take out City Hall and all of its corrupt elites even with the Blackface bomb so he knew that martyrdom was the only alternative. Even if he had and lived to fight another day all of the assassins and his limited resources would inevitably be the end of him anyway. However this was pure speculation as he was now as in the game of chess in a position of check – soon enough he would either checkmate his enemy or be checkmated. Zero sum was the situation now and the only solution was victory through Valhalla.

On the night of May

Day just as the meeting was beginning will drove the Lexus to the Blackface den parking unobtrusively around the back alley of the building as he had seen that Blackface members only entered via the front. He started the countdown timer on the package, removed the key from the ignition, and locked the doors wearing a black overcoat over his explosives vest the dummy switches tied together with wires to prevent premature detonation. 'Time to head to the meeting – tonight I bet City Hall,' Will muttered under his breath.

festivities in the town square were in full swing when Will passed by on the periphery looking in from the outside as was his cognitive tendency especially after he had had conferred upon him an amplified consciousness not only through the ordeal he had just underwent but through his contact with Karl in the visiting section of the prison which had transmitted to him a Wotan wisdom through Karl's soul passing into himself through the latter's willing it into reality which had allowed him to live out in his post-mortem state endowing Will with enhanced powers of clairvoyance and mental influence as their souls were racially compatible vibrating at the same vibrational frequency. Will could look on the

festive crowd, which he had once himself participated in though with a vague sense of his own self-suffering, a loss of his perhaps greater awareness than his peers with a detachment that preserved the integrity of his soul through this process of living in the world while not simultaneously being of the world. The opposite was clearly the case for the crowd of raucous inebriates whose lower egoic consciousness could not transcend the lower astral realm of desire and its base drives – fight, flight, and fornicate, sensationalism and greed; the typically liberal desire to maximize pleasure and minimize pain if need be at the expense of their own life through drug addiction or the contraction of venereal diseases, etc. He observed Blackface reveling with their prostitutes many of whom were to his great sadness young white girls who had been corrupted through the mind pollution of the media to venerate non-whites as sacred cows or demi-gods before whom prostration of themselves as white satans or at the very least repentant sinners was considered a moral obligation transgression of which was tantamount to being consigned to a purgatory or hell of greater suffering than death.

He felt a sadness for the girls and for his race upon whose future rested the purity of the young white women of the world. This momentary feeling passed, a moment of weakness that a trained stoicism corrected and his emotions were placed under the control of reason and understanding. He knew that the only salvation for his race lay with himself and those of his ilk who could look past the transience of emotionalism and towards eternity. A kingdom of heaven upon earth necessitated the preservation of those gods of the earth clothed in their flesh suits of ruddy vitality for spirit and matter are one and race is the image of soul. Hence to attain eternity through illusion he had to secure the existence of his people – the white race – and a future for their posterity.

Passing on towards City Hall he observed a cadre of squad cars busying themselves observing the festivities of the May Day revel largely ignorant of their true purpose which was to provide security around the perimeter of City Hall. Dressed as he was in a black trench-coat he unobtrusively made his way past the indolent enforcers of the Noahide and Talmudic laws up the stone steps of the city hall which was in actuality a masonic lodge as could be seen by the images of Semitic god statues bordering the stone staircase – one of Baal and one of Ashtoreth apparently and for public consumption one of an anonymous Jewish looking war veteran and a feminist also sporting the characteristic hook nose and almond-shaped eyes of the world's oriental parasite – the eternal Jew. He observed as he passed that many of the luxury automobiles parked helter skelter around the entrance had masonic badges affixed to them above the bumpers signaling their status as Judaized gentiles. Will entered the heavy brass doors with gargoyle-like Jewish faces gazing down upon the entrant, perverse leering faces that mocked the entrant as if half-concealing their evil designs in a revelation of the method style of using 'the goyim', and having a tongue-in-cheek joke with the Jewish and Masonic initiates. No police had so far noticed his entrance and the hall was strangely silent until he abruptly encountered a Negro security guard who came from out of one of the doors jabbering on a cellphone with boorish volubility. His stun gun was out and in his fist before the lethargic Negro had time to notice – still jabbering to his 'homie' he was hit with 400,000 volts right in the chest around the region of the heart . The negro squealed like a pig and muscles tensed flopping on the stone floor with a smack, the caller still chattering on the phone. Will zapped him again for good measure and this time the spasms made the negro dance the rigor mortis shuffle as his bladder emptied. An acrid stench of flesh accompanied the zapping until Will could confirm a kill.

Though negroes were relatively unaffected by pain and had much thicker skulls than most races the incapacitating nature of the stun gun soon breached his biological defenses. Will dragged the negro around to behind the security desk and stuffed him into a corner under the overlapping marble surface. He took his walkie talkie and turned it off, discarding it with the negro but discovered a Beretta handgun with extra clips on the dead's body. He assimilated his weapons and was now equipped to do massive damage to his enemies. The dummy switches of his rig were still wired shut and he removed the wire carefully ensuring that the two ends were still clamped together. He then substituted some Velcro straps which could be pulled open with greater ease during the final climax of that night's festivities thereby detonating his vest. The stone staircase wound upward and inward so that it overlooked the main hall in which, undoubtedly an opulent spread of rituals would be in process of being greedily consumed by the decadent elite of Oakdale Heights, celebrating prematurely their own self-proclaimed god-like intellect and strategy. Their Freemasonic architecture would soon lie in ruins courtesy of the power of Will he whom they deemed merely an animal possessed. He looked down upon the Jews and their masonic and Judeo-Christian affiliates stuffing themselves with expensive wine, champagne, and decadent foodstuffs such as lobster, crab, and eels. Negro servants doted on their charges with a few naked prostitutes male and female dancing in cages from alcoves in the corners and in the middle of the hall. They gyrated their oiled bodies as strange oriental flutes, chimes, and perhaps a zither wailed their discordant noise. The room was lit from chandeliers descending from brass chains that were affixed to the vaulted ceiling a circular window overheard that allowed the projection of starlight into the room. That night the moon was full and added its pale luminosity to the room. Plush red carpets covered the floors upon which strutted the corrupt elite. An old-fashioned dumbwaiter large enough to hold a man lay open with its cable descending into the room below. Will looked at the moon through the glass lining the hallway and transmitted through telepathic means the words of Hitler to Karl. 'It is necessary to die for my people but my spirit shall rise from the grave and the world will know that I was right.' Will looked down the dumbwaiter and observed that it extended to the bottom with an opening at the end as light from the debauched celebration illuminated the bottom and the shifting of light broadcast by the chandelier played upon the sides of the dumbwaiter. He wrapped his hands in spare velcro straps to prevent the cable from digging into his hands as he repelled himself downwards along its course. As he neared the bottom he slowed and reversed himself carefully tucking his trench-coat around him to get a visual of the festivities. He was slightly below waist level and thus was obscured by the negro barman and the bar which clattered with drinks. He noticed Ms. Lansky and the mayor Sammy Goldman boorishly cackling with malevolent mirth over some crude joke or other. The ballroom continued to screech out its oriental cacophony while the revelers in near drunken stupor groping their paid prostitutes most of whom were males, writhed to the music going into near ecstasies of animalistic vigour. Will had had enough and given the dim lighting decided that now would be the time. He engaged his switchblade and turned himself around in preparation to launch himself against the negro barman. He projected himself out of the dumbwaiter and impaled his blade into the back of the negro's neck severing the carotid artery in front. Blood sprayed from his victim's neck as the negro struggled to turn and fight but Will held him firm. The spray jetted out in pulsating torrents onto the bar top and Ms. Lansky and

the mayor. They looked up with furtive aggression like a cornered animal but before they could cry out Will throwing a grenade amongst the revelers pulled out his Beretta pistol and pointing it at their faces squeezing off shots cried in paroxysm of rage "Delenda Est Judaica'. Their heads exploded like ripe melons and bodies fell prostrate taking the line of drinks on the bar with them. The grenade exploded simultaneously and he was diving into his rig for more lobbing them crazily around the perimeter of the room shouting the same invective 'Delenda Est Judaica!', Judaism must be destroyed and firing rounds at all scurrying rodent Jews in an arc radius downing fat bodies of masons and Catholic priests as they ran panicking around the room not knowing from whence the source of their death emanated. Sprinting towards the center of the black and white checkerboard floor Will positioned himself under the moonlit masonic tracing board depicting a scene in which Jacob's ladder projected towards the vault of the heaven's connotive of ascension towards the higher realms. With a flick of the wrist he realised the dummy switches to ignite his C-4 vest screaming in rage 'Valhalla!' as his body was consumed by the flames.



Spirit Guides

The ship gradually receded into the distance, its warm glowing cabin lights gradually replaced by the pale moonlight as the two occupants of the small life boat drifted away from that vessel which once they called home. The captain of the ship, Kris recalled, had grown tired of suffering the perpetual quarrel which had existed between him and his fellow occupant of this humble derelict boat, Sam or 'Sammy' as many of the crew condescendingly called him as he was perpetually whiny and stirring up trouble implicating Kris as his strawman for it was the intention of Sam to have the former sent off the ship as a castaway which he had succeeded in accomplishing. What he hadn't planned on was his own dereliction at the hands of the captain who since Sam had so cleverly framed Kris it was unknown to the captain who amongst them was the ultimate cause. The confusion which Sam introduced brought upon the rancour of the captain who could see that Sam 'was not pulling his weight' and thus had to accompany Kris, who he looked upon as inherently guilty given his reserved nature which elicited the suspicions of the captain who was a blustery and capricious man. Hence the two on the occasion of the captain's blow-up, were deposited into their humble bark and cast adrift on the midnight sea with only the moonlight as their guide and the current as their paddle. Both enemies glared at one another from across the short distance which separated them. Unable to bear the penetrating stare of Kris, Sam was the first to speak though he had long attempted to use his magnetic sorcery to coerce Kris into precipitating himself from the craft into the black waters. Sam's words were as daggers aimed at the heart of Kris: 'you got us into this mess! I wouldn't sleep too soundly if I were you!' Kris new the power of Sam's kind, those near-eastern desert dwellers from the steppes who practiced a form of black magic they call 'cabala', a religion of demonology entailing the vilest forms of cruelty from vampirism to cannibalism and ritual torture for the invocation of dark entities and acquisition of personal power. They were versed in all the dark arts designed to do harm to all those who were not themselves, who they looked upon as sub-human or animals and who were to be used and then discarded when no longer exploitable for their personal advantage. Kris' disagreements with Sam were not based on those issues but developed from out of an innate antipathy between types, a schism between opposites which by virtue of their inner nature repelled one another in implacable war, a war which had lasted throughout and comprised the fabric of human history, a war between the children of darkness and the children of light which would end only in the triumph of one or the other of these antipodes. Sam cast furtive glances towards Kris throughout the night as the moonlight bated the two in its eerie rays illuminating them with a sombre light. Sam was at home in the moonlight, being both a nocturnal and lunar creature who venerated the darkness from whence his vitality was derived, vampirically reflecting the rays of the sun which Kris looked towards as his guiding star and which he embodied as the refulgent beacon of cultural creation and understanding. 'You look to the light of the sun for wisdom Kris – but I have no need of light. I have the inner light and have no need to pay obeisance to that solar logos which you supplicate for yet another day of toil and woe. I have no need of those fleeting joys which Phoebus Apollo bestows upon those chained to the five-sense illusions of the terrestrial plane – I live beyond that for I dwell in darkness and yet cast forth my illumination. Pity that you should have no comprehension of my great powers. You would thereby escape your earthly chains and attain eternal life through development such as I have undergone. I have evolved

beyond those transient states of external authority which ever promises salvation yet bestows none. Why wait for an impossible dream which would only be the nightmare of abject servitude? Why not join this dark power Kris and forsake your slavish devotion to a god who is merely man writ large?'To this diatribe Kris remained silent for a time and then spoke: 'I am of the light; you are of the darkness – you partake of the false light. What you believe to be illumination and a peeking behind the veil of appearance is merely an unjust accumulation of power which has been stolen from others. As to development have you developed yourself or merely tacked on borrowings from others? Development only occurs organically through one's self through a harmonious resonance with the sum total. How can it be that you resonate with the cosmos, with God, when you would be the central sun of your own universe and outshine the sun which enables all growth and development within this terrestrial sphere? How can it be that a pale reflection of the light could ever outstrip that light itself? Such evolution is clearly a mere fiction and as such it would be the evolution of a being wholly discordant with the sum total, in opposition to all beings on earth who derive their being only through sympathy with that of others and thereby sustain their being which is a part of their kind – your kind being in all opposition as mere 'individuals' yet tribal you lack the sympathy necessary to embody the true light, that of the solar logos. I would never join the dark side as I would then destroy myself thereby. Would that mean liberation? Destruction rather as no integrity of the self would be preserved and carry on towards higher states of consciousness through itself, organically that is the only form of evolution. Your path is that of destruction and inevitable chaos; mine that of order and creation. Like the sun and moon the two are opposed and no reconciliation would ever be possible.' The two continued to stare out at each other across the abyss of space, an eternal conflict only to be resolved in death. Sam was apparently quiet one moment and the next he lept at Kris, vaulting over the distance that constituted the interior of the small craft, grasping hands reaching out for the latter's throat. Kris struggled as his nemesis grasped at his throat with eager desire to serve as the agent of Kris' death. Falling into the interior of the boat they jockeyed for position each seeking to gain the upper hand and to do the other to death. Sam had managed to position himself on top and was thrusting Kris' head over the side of the boat itself on the verge of capsizing when Kris kicked with both feet at the chest of Sam and hurled him towards the other end of the vessel. Sam again charged but this time was met by a ready Kris anticipating the lunge with a blow of his fist that sent Sam careening into the moonlit night to splash down into the dark water apparently to meet his end. Kris looked around the perimeter of the craft monitoring the ripples of the water which radiated out from the place that Sam had entered the water. No sign of life could be seen and the body of Sam also was gone from sight. A few minutes more of this vigilance and Kris fell back into the boat exhausted, finally free of his hated foe that had brought him to this condition in the first place.

The dawn broke on the distant horizon and Kris awoke from his meager repast to the squawking of the overhead seagulls. It took a moment to register in his mind but he soon inferred that seagulls only fly short distances from land and that therefore land must be near. He hurriedly got to his feet scanning the horizon which was now becoming ever brighter as the sun rose. He noticed in the distance a dark stretch of land that promised salvation from his plight. He prayed the current would carry him toward it and was not disappointed as the humble bark drifted ever closer as the sun rose ever higher on the horizon. He now had a chance at survival! Washing ashore Kris marveled at the lush vegetation, the beach lined with coconut palms and banana trees, mangoes and dates. Interspersed throughout were a plenitude of nut trees with robust walnuts and acorns as well as almonds and macadamias – truly a

paradise for a castaway whose gastrointestinal tract growled angrily at the site of this bounty of nutriment enticing Kris to forgo the much needed sleep he desired for the greater desire since he had subsisted on rations during the ship's journey and had not eaten since the previous evening prior to being banished from the ship. He would soon nurse himself back to health on fruits and nuts as well as the succulent dandelions which grew plentifully about. No need for any nutrient, as none was lacking in such a diet. With the rising sun beating down upon Kris and the island being apparently without weather variation judging by the delicate flora developed out of all proportion to his customary wont of seeing things from the perspective of a denizen of the northern hemisphere. His inference led him to relax in the knowledge that though he presumably must live a life of isolation from humanity he nevertheless would live to as great a degree of health as one could wish for. Yes but for what friends he would make in civilized society he would pass his life away in leisure and comfort surrounded with the happy rays of the sun and the quietude of calm waters. Looking further towards the heights of the hills of the island Kris' vision came to rest on a stone structure whose outline was barely visible along the horizon, surrounded as it was with coconut and other trees tightly clustered together around the perimeter from his vantage point. Upon his discerning what this structure was beyond a mere ragged outline on the horizon jutting from out of the tropical verdure his gaze was transfixed by a force whose imperceptibility making its identification nearly impossible but which he could not deny was an actual fact. He felt impelled by this force and not against his will as if beckoned by some strange presence to approach and to thereby acquaint himself with his destiny heretofore in his young life hazily conceived as a jumble of half thoughts, blind strivings and indistinct images. These now congealed in this being and its call was to remind him of his appointment with destiny.

After breakfasting on an armful of mangoes fully ripened by the tropical sun and feeling invigorated he took up a nearby branch and wrenched it from the tree. Taking bark which he pulled from the branch he affixed a stone to this humble weapon and embarked upon his journey towards the pyramidal structure, presumably a temple of some sort given the radiance of that being that continued its magnetic impulsion that drew Kris to this beacon as a blind-man to sight. As he scaled the hilly escarpment he observed that a well-worn foot path had been trodden in the rich soil winding its way in the direction of the temple and radiating in rivulets in all directions from the place where he joined it. He was thinking that perhaps his isolation would soon come to an end as he wound further into the dense foliage. Suddenly a black-shafted arrow embedded itself in a nearby banana tree with a twang. Kris lunged into a roll and came up from the undergrowth away from the location from which he had been startled. Glancing frantically around for purchase he sought a target for his meager weapon. Nothing was detectable for a moment until a branch in front of him snapped and he whirled in its direction arm up and ready to hurl his missile at the probably foe. Again another branch snapped and Kris now bore witness to a dark-skinned savage such as he had seen once at a fairground in his native land – a negro it had been called. He hurled the weapon at the forehead of the foe and it struck the forehead In a spray of blood and bone fragments, the black dropping in mid-stride his hand letting go the bow and arrow which tumbled into the muck. Kris scanned the perimeter for similar foes but detected none. He rushed forward after some moments to grab the sophisticated weapon and quiver of arrows careful not to touch the points for fear of poison, knowing as he did that the savages of the tropics were inclined to cruelty and guile as a means of carrying out their warfare. Oft-times once the poison took effect the hapless victim would be subjected to the savages' inhuman tortures, removal of body parts; cannibalism and blood drinking; propitiation of demonic entities who were offered blood in

exchange for their occult power. This black no longer had the option of carrying out his dark perversions. – His life was extinguished and would fragment in the higher planes as it was insufficiently powerful to maintain itself outside of the material body and in the aethereal realms. These were the regions in which only higher vibrational beings could dwell and which precluded the entry of those dark beings that lacked the divine spark and greater vitality. Ashes to ashes and dust to dust, Kris thought as he took up the new weapon and examined it – a crudely fashioned longbow whose mahogany wood was worn smooth with use though sturdy given the type and was wrapped around with a ghastly rope of sinew at the ends and as a resting place for the arrows. These latter were formed of a similar mahogany shaft and a flint tip presumably derived from the cliffs on the other end of the island which Kris had seen from the beach. Again he heard a sound from behind and performed another diving roll, this time preceded by a backflip of sorts knowing that if another Black had witnessed his first roll and had accuracy of aim he would not have sufficient time to head in a forward direction. Thus propelling himself backward he again wound up in the underbrush from which he might observe the intruder. He discovered it was another black and waited momentarily for others or at least sounds of others. Confident that this black was the last he notched arrow to bow and let fly into the black's scarred chest which was criss-crossed with ritual scarrings perhaps rites of passage from some voodoo initiation. The arrow struck the heart and again a spray of blood shot forth from the black's chest himself falling backward with spear in hand and a voiceless cry emanating from his lips. Kris ran up the path with the spear in his other hand, bow and quiver thrown around his neck the more primitive though pure weapon he had constructed crammed in the quiver with the arrows. He made his way into a clearing and beheld the refulgent sun in its fullness shining down upon a small pool. He approached examining it for signs of pollution but detected none. It appeared to be a pool of dew which had gathered overnight in the rock indentation around which emerald grass led back to the denser jungle. Kris drank deeply of the water but as he was doing so he detected a face in the pool which bore the very countenance of evil – it was Sam! Kris spun around and was astonished to perceive not Sam but a mirror image of himself – a young man of ruddy hue with a shock of golden hair like his own and a face gazing at him wonderingly. However he was not so naïeve as Krist to have let down his weapon – a shining sword that reflected the sun in its noon glory as a blazing flame held in his fist. The young man spoke and to the even greater astonishment of Kris he could understand his tongue though it was a different language. Through some magical effect of sympathetic resonance the stranger had means of imparting to the mind of Kris the subtlety and minutiae of meaning that were in words inexpressible yet came forth in this strange vernacular, a vehicle of communication which seemingly served as a base upon which a larger superstructure was built: 'I am Vili and this is the kingdom of the Aryans. I understand you through my heightened sensibility that even you, an advanced being among your people – for I regret we have met such before who have come to this island and had to be sent back from whence they came – are not able to attain this level of comprehension. Though you can understand me to a greater extent that your fellow countrymen I have even greater comprehension of you and your history. He who you have witnessed in the pool is even now present on this island and is making his preparations for war against us. He has fallen in with the blacks who call themselves the children of Satun their god who has long inhabited the other side of the island amongst the cliffs and who is kept at bay only through lack of a mortal being to possess as the instrument of his will, a mortal sufficiently malevolent to enable possession through a sympathy of resonance. Sam as fate would have it – or is it perhaps his destiny? – managed to struggle to shore in the night and found a hidden crevice in the black

cliffs from whence he was ambushed by a group of blacks who brought him back to Satun for sacrifice. Satun however in his clairvoyance which is not absolute but penetrating in terms of brief spans of time and space identified the struggling Sam while he was carried from the water and impelled his negro slaves – for such they are – to effect the capture of this vessel so that the demon might incarnate itself in a material body which is of utmost necessity to attempt its conquest of the Arya, my tribe. But please drink Kris'. Kris was no longer surprised at Vili's understanding of his wants, needs, or biography; he listened intently as Vili told him tales of the Arya and how they once had created a civilized world that spanned all corners of the earth and lived in harmony with nature. This golden age had lasted for millennia until the Arya had grown less vigilant in guarding their territory from external alien invasion. At this time, perhaps sensing a laxity in defense the invading Satun and his minions the Juwz descended upon their paradise in space slave ships carrying a cargo of Negros to attempt to destroy the Arya for whom they had always had a jealous hostility towards and who they sought to exterminate through using their beasts as an army behind which they hid behind as a shield. Satun had at that time inhabited a mortal body which was encased within a mechanized suit which conferred upon it super powers. The suit and body were destroyed in the ensuing wars but the civilization of the Arya also met its demise. Over time during the enslavement of the Arya to the Juwz and beastmen who were guided spiritually by Satun who had not been able at that time to inhabit any of his minions' bodies given that it had undergone a great shock in becoming separated from its body and so had merely been able to influence its minions by proxy via the magnetic fields. The Arya had all but been displaced from their founded civilization which was usurped by the dark forces and those who could not flee were in the case of the males killed outright while the females were raped and served the Juwz and beastmen as sex slaves and incubators for their vile seed. This led to the rapid decay of civilization and though the remnant of male Arya would have gone back to destroy their enemies or die in the attempt, their remaining females insisted that the battle would have been futile and would be the end of their posterity hence they needed to escape to secure regions and abandon their former glory. This was the end of the golden age and the remnants were people like Kris who had attempted in recent years a recolonization of their lost domain but who had once again – this time by stealth, been subjected to an invasion from within which had been affected through the appearance of material wealth and power which had been acquired by the Juwz through terroristic practices, thievery and usury thereby concentrating into their hands the wealth of productive newer nations which had been formed by the dispossessed Aryans. History was again repeating itself and Satun having been confined to the black cliffs millennia ago by an order of white mages of the Arya was unable to unleash his full power but with Sam now serving as a vehicle this power could manifest itself and unleash itself form the island through Sam's escaping therefrom. Satun however sought vengeance upon the small tribe of Arya on the island and confident of victory decided to use Sam as his instrument of vengeance. We now must give battle to this dark lord and see that it cease to exist forever. Upon its losing control the entire world will again be ours and free of the beastmen and their Juw masters. However we first await the One who must return and save the earth from these alien beings and their despotic god Satun, the prophesies of our forefathers foretell of a noble Aryan man who knows not his true identity until he is illuminated with this knowledge through communion with His higher self who is the dweller in the temple which calls himself Kristos. Kristos alone can recognize our saviour who will bring a return of the golden age wherein the Arya will serve as stewards tending the bounteous earth and eliminating the tyranny of the Juwz and their technology which is an artifice of the mind of Satun who would subordinate this world to his rule as it is he who

wants no freedom on this globe. We Arya are the beacons of freedom as we are the beacons of truth for to know the truth is to set yourself free—the alternative being slavery to the lower pursuits of the beastman and the destruction of the higher self. Kris continued to discourse with Vili as the two headed towards the temple grounds. The foliage opened up and a clearing displayed the stone temple which had brought Kris thither. He could feel the energies of the place, full of vitality which impelled him forward needing no enticement of Vili. The latter recommended he continue on towards the temple at a later time seeing as he did that Kris was magnetically attracted to it and appeared unconscious of his surroundings requiring the intervention of Vili. The latter recommended they pay a visit to the chieftain of the tribe and make acquaintance with the priesthood for, Vili said, he was sure that Kris would make a very lasting impression on the group through which they now sojourned were many strong Arya gazing with wonder at Kris as if in eager anticipation of something the latter was still uninitiated into. Kris followed his guide towards a more humble and unostentatious building, nevertheless solidly built of the same stone as the temple though at quite some distance from it ringed round in concentric circles with yet smaller and somewhat humbler single family dwellings surrounded on the perimeter with defensive walls broken only by the entrance through which they came and three others at right angles within the circular perimeter. Warriors paced the parapets and entered and exited guard houses and military barracks lending an air of security to the place as well as a sense of martial readiness, the welltrained soldiers appearing lean and in fighting form as with long practice with their broadswords, crossbows, and spears. The two companions entered the chieftain's house and were given the pass by the guards two sets of which were positioned outside. Within natural light poured through ceiling openings and basked the interior in its glow. Vili approached the chieftain in an informal though respectful manner to introduce Kris. The chieftain, Ve by name, looked up at Vili in recognition as the other approached and then his eyes fixated upon Kris who extended his hand in greeting in the customary manner of his modern civilization. Ve looked with puzzlement at the gesture and was then instructed that Kris was from a foreign land and had been a castaway to the island. Ve looked thoughtful at this and greeted Kris inviting him to tell him of his life and history if he would be so kind, to which the latter embarked upon a discourse filling in the details as best he could. Kris was equally puzzled by the fixity of Ve's gaze as well as the bodyguards' two of whom stood adjacent to Ve yet alert to the surrounding environment attempting to politely avoid staring at Kris yet with eyes falling perpetually upon him in furtive glances. He was puzzled also by the questioning of very specific questions regarding his parentage, whether he had had any incidents as a child of strange phenomena such as visions or hearing voices, messages from beyond the material plane, etc. Kris informed the chieftain that he had had many such experiences especially as a child and that even now within this temple clearing with the Arya he had felt impelled by a strange force seemingly emanating from the temple which had led him to his encounter with Vili and to the clearing. Even now, he said, he felt the influence and was inclined if permitted to go into the temple as he knew that he would find his destiny therein. Ve then asked Kris a question he hoped would not be too impertinent, namely that of a special mark on Kris' right arm which was now covered by a strip of white cloth and which Kris kept there to keep tension on the muscles. Ve reached out and pulled down the cloth revealing a mark that left him gaping in astonishment and wonder at the red mark that seemed to glow on Kris' arm: a red swastika! The guards turned towards the pair and seemed on the verge of speech when Ve made a gesture to remain silent that Kris puzzled at. Ve continued upon replacing Kris' armband as if nothing had happened. Ve stated that though Kris felt the pull of the temple, he would first have to pass a series of

tests to determine whether this may be a possibility, for only the purest of heart and the strongest of mettle would be permitted – could be permitted by the being who inhabited its sacred catacombs which radiated under the small village throughout the protective barriers of its walls and augmented the vitality of the clearing so that all who lived within had attained the second sight and supernatural powers which enabled them and their small numbers to keep at bay the beasts from the black cliffs and their god Satun who was kept in magnetic check through the radiation of their god, the dweller in the temple, Kristos. Kris responded that he would be grateful to undergo any tests which were requisite for gaining this advantage, the permission to enter the temple. First Kris had to undergo the task of selfsacrifice which need not result in death if he had the mettle to endure it, a task which was assigned to a young warrior who had yet to prove his worth of partaking of the illumination of Kristos but which could be reassigned as an exception to Kris so that he might pass this one test. Upon his return if indeed he did return, he would then be subjected to the final test and subsequently should he pass he would then receive his illumination via Kristos should the latter accept him. The initial task was to go on a reconnaissance and rescue mission for one of the young Arya females who had been captured by the blacks and was being held in their prison within the black cliffs. As Satun was trapped therein he could not directly influence Kris but now that Sam had arrived and served as a vehicle of the dark force that was Satun, Kris had to be especially careful not to alert him to his presence and risk a standoff as Kris was not ready at this stage Ve said. Kris was armed with a broadsword instilled with spiritual power by the illuminated warriors who had forged it with the aid of Kristos, Ve said. Kris gazed at the temple between a bout of sword play with one of the Arya feeling its influence and knowing that his destiny lay with Kristos. 'Kristos' he muttered under his breath and there seemed to reverberate a response on the grounds, ringing in the sword which he grasped in his hand whose brightness shone still greater than it had a moment before under the sun. The nearby Arya were gazing at him and he then marched towards Ve's hut to get his consent to go on his quest. Ve furnished him with a tonic of healing liquid instructing him not to drink of it save in extreme circumstances of duress. Kris affixed it to his belt and saying goodbye to Vili and Ve he sped across his trail which had led him to the village of the Arya and in the direction of the black cliffs and the captured female Arya which was the target of his mission. He had in addition to his broadsword which he had sequestered in a scabbard, a short pointed dagger and a mini crossbow which was affixed to his left forearm with rope and a small quiver of darts on the underside which would give him ready access to reload its four chambers which could be triggered simultaneously or individually depending on need. Kris sped towards the cliffs ever wary of marauding blacks none of which he encountered until the vegetation began to thin out and be replaced by a more rugged terrain presumably a disgorgement of lava from a previously active volcano which this island was possibly comprised of yet had only developed a flourishing growth away from this specific area. Kris reflected that this was probably owing to the presence of Satun who had inhibited the growth of vital plant life owing to his radiation of evil which Kris felt as a palpable force that grew in proximity to the cliffs which he was nearing. As Kris came into view of the prison which was carved out of part of the cliff-side and populated with rows of barred windows he was alerted to the sound of a stone knocking against another as of a failed attempt at stealth to his rear. Spinning round and dodging to the side just in time to avoid the shaft of a black arrow that whizzed past his neck he upraised his crossbow arm which was loaded and primed to let fly the quarrels and released those spires of doom into the ritually scarred chest of his would-be assailant, a looming black beast who uttered a feral cry of anger before falling to the lava ground, legs twitching in death throes as two more of the brutes circled ready

to try their game with Kris who had dropped to a crouch, crossbow now empty but hands grasping broadsword and dagger both posed to impale themselves in the black flesh. The two blacks approached bearing spears in underhand grips thrusting towards Kris their flint points which cast an eerie sheen in the hazy glint of the sun which was obscured by clouds of noxious vapor spewed from some unknown source in the black cliffs. The black to the left of Krist thrust and his spear was yanked forward pulling his assailant onto the full length of the broadsword and parrying the other thrust of that on his right with the body of his comrade who was doubly skewed by the black shaft falling to the rough ground dead. The other black was swift in drawing from its sheath a twisted dagger of black metal and leaving his sword still impaled in the body of his dead foe to the hilt inside of his enemy, Kris switched his dagger form hand to hand as the two danced the dance of death circling one another and thrusting by turns until the black made a fatal error of grinning and mimicking Kris in his hypnotic shifting of the knife from hand to hand at which point Kris kicked out at the blade and sent it spinning and bouncing along the rough ground. The black lunged at Kris but was stopped suddenly by the injection into his heart of the dagger Kris had extracted and slashing across the throat of the clumsy black toppled his foe and returned to take up his broadsword. Wiping the blood free Kris then headed towards the prison alert to further potential signs of roaming blacks. He stooped behind a protuberance of lava that rose from the ground and peeped around it within range of the prison and its cell windows enabling him in spite of the dim light to view the interior and overhear what was being said. Kris' penetrating gaze brought into view through the hazy atmosphere a young girl with blonde hair and features such as himself and the other Arya gathered back at the temple. Concentrating on his auditory faculty he stood with incredible stillness and heard a muffled voice penetrating the smoky atmosphere: 'wait and see you white bitch! Daughter of a cur! Once I have fully merged with Satun I will be able to leave these accursed black cliffs and triumph over your people! Then you will have no future! I hold you for sacrifice here until the time is ripe and Satun has greater power over this miserable form, a compatible form as I, Satun, have created these Juw beings in my own image as a means of carrying out my will! I must go now but will soon return. Cease to struggle your life is already forfeit.' So saying he left the room in the dungeon and the girl who had stared defiantly at him slunk to the ground, her chains wrapped around her ankle preventing her from moving around. Kris moved over the window after scanning the perimeter again as well as the heights of the cliff which towered overhead. Grasping the bars he began wrenching them back and forth while the girl, recognizing his blonde hair and ruddy skin as signs that a rescuer had come to her aid, lifted her head and a look of desperate hope brightened on her face. Kris noticed her expression but quickly raised his finger to his lips to signify that silence must be maintained lest any of the guards be alerted to his presence. The bar he had been wrenching back and forth and chipping away at its lava base with his dagger was soon loosed and discarded, the process being repeated twice more to accommodate the lithe muscularity of Kris and enough for the girl upon their exit. He lowered himself into the cell and moved to break the chains which shackled the girl. They were too massive to sever and forged without weak points leaving Kris in a state of despair as to what recourse was to be had. He thought of severing the chains with his broadsword which would of course not only damage the weapon but create a loud crash which would surely bring forth the groundsmen and perhaps the entire contingent of prison guards would be upon him with himself trapped liked a rat in the dungeon. To his relief however the young girl extracted a hairpin which she gestured could be used to pick the lock. Kris watched as she picked it and wore a wry smirk as she mockingly undid the cuff which bound her. Kris motioned her to leave with him but at that moment the door burst open and Kris and Sam (Satun?) once

again contend with one another. Kris, still staring at his enemy and unsheathing his sword motioned the young girl into the corner out of the radius of his battle sword swing. 'I thought we would again stand off against one another someday! This time I intend to put an end to you for good!' So saying he swept the air with his blazing sword and crouched down into a fighting posture muscles tensed and ready for battle. Sam/Satun, beady eyes darting about cried 'Curse you Kris, you have plagued me for too long and obfuscated my plans' - 'Which are?!' interrupted Kris - 'To rule the world for I am Sam but more -Satun and I am the ruler of this world! You and your kind alone are an obstacle towards my ultimate victory – once you are finished from the earth I will be ruler absolute and incontestable!' So saying he drew forth a black broadsword, the very antithesis of that of Kris and met the latter in a battle crouch each circling the other the young girl all but forgotten behind a pile of rusty armor in the corner who beheld the spectacle with an anticipation that was an amalgam of despair and hope written upon her features. Both Kris and Satun circled and exchanged blows of white hot metal against the deathly blackness of Sam/Satun's sword. A glow of spiritual energy emanated from Kris' body in a circumference which seemed to struggle against that of his foe whose aura of evil diminished in proportion to Kris' radiance of vital force the two growing and shrinking while they engage in heavy blows against one another's weapon. They pressed together sparks shooting outward both jockeying for position and struggling for dominance. A blow of Satun/Sam's sword drove back Kris who stumbled with one bent knee defending himself against rapidly falling blows which generated a hail of sparks and tendrils of electricity as the foe pressed towards seeming victory. - Kris awaiting a final blow while blocking the rain of thrusts and sparks allowing his enemy's strength to sap and gathering his own. His foe pressed onwards seemingly indefatigable but the aura he radiated diminished in its size and density sapping strength from his energy body to maintain the continual assault. Kris' own aura only grew in proportion to the other's diminution and when a repetitive pattern of thrusts and cuts had established itself to a state nearly hypnotic Kris suddenly pressed his sword upward to meet the downward arc of a cut and thrust upward from his crouched position throwing his foe against the wall of the dungeon with spark and electricity engulfing his enemy who shouted with his remaining strength before Kris could deal his death blow: 'Guards! Guards!' and activating some alarm system built into his sword's emblem of a six-pointed star. Kris, observing the sound of distantly rushing feet and remembering his mission, rushed to the corner and grabbed the outstretched hand of the girl who divined his intention. He helped her up and out of the window and pulled himself up after her just as a rush of black arrows and spears clanked against the stone beneath. He threw the girl over his shoulders who then clung to his neck as he sprinted away from the prison and away from the black cliffs towards the village of the Arya with the black beasts in pursuit fading away into the distance as they lagged behind the pace of Kris.

Upon his return to the Arya village and the temple his waning vigor returned and was greeted by Vili and Ve who were awaiting him within Ve's stone house, knowing through their clairvoyant sight that Kris had passed his first test. They feasted on a dish of luscious mangoes freshly picked by the young women of the village which had ripened completely under the influence of the tropical sun. Ve heard Kris recount his adventure and applauded him over the subterfuge of waiting while the body Satun inhabited became tired as gauged by his aura's weakening force and using this state to build his own energy to overthrow his opponent. The next test would begin the next day before Satun and the beasts recovered sufficient strength to make the day's march to the village and give battle as they most assuredly would. The warriors of the village prepared their war machines and defensive bulwarks against the inevitable siege as well as stationing the majority of troops in concealed bivouacs around the

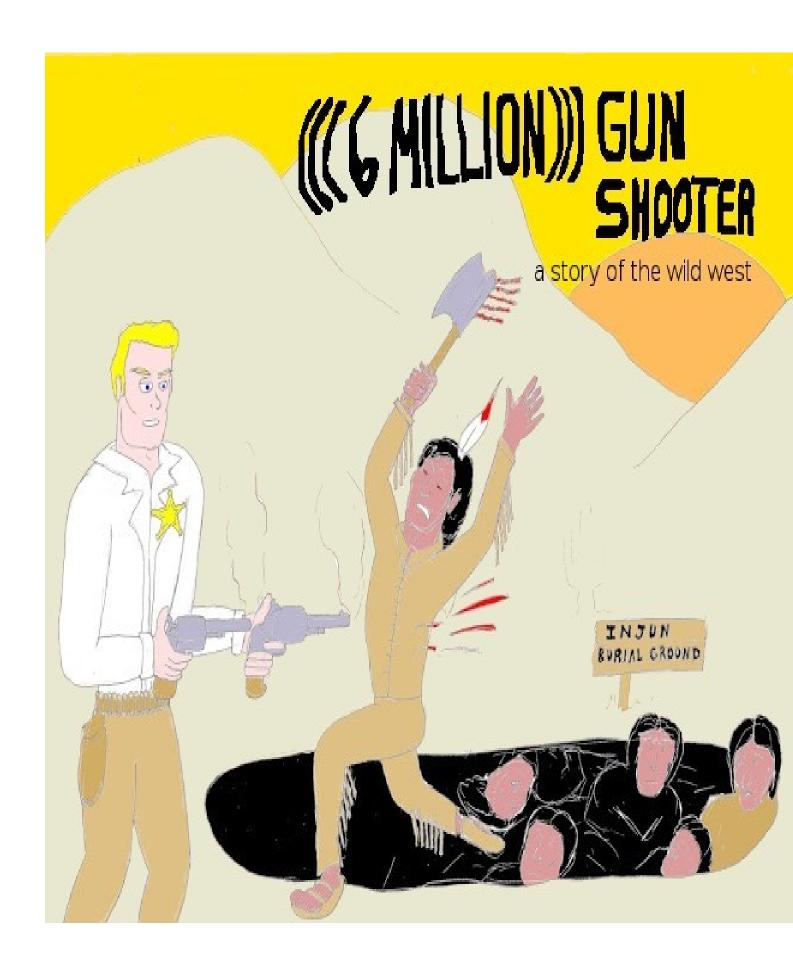
village walls where they could pincher the beastmen and their leader Satun between the two phalanxes thereby effecting a probable victory; however the greatest difficulty would be to overcome Satun himself who would be influencing things on a metaphysical level rending his hordes of blacks a much more formidable foe perhaps even controlling them and instilling within them a maniacal power to fight even as limbs were hacked off and quarrels skewed their flesh so that they become a living dead army of psychically influenced robots.

Dawn came swiftly after a refreshing night to heal which Kris accelerated through sleeping upon a magnetized stone on a thick woolen shawl over mats of reeds. The voltage emanating from the stone quickly recuperated his physical and subtle bodies which were charged to the maximum after this brief respite. The second test was to begin on this day and Ve informed him would consist of a test of his reasoning powers through a game of 'H8' which Ve described as a game of war only in miniature. Kris was bemused upon being shown the play of the game that it was a variant of chess only more complex and multi-dimensional having a three dimensional board and many more pieces to that which he had grown accustomed to in his native land where he had attained the rank of grandmaster. His opponent was a man of older age with a protuberant forehead connotive of his developed intellect, a priest from the ariosophic order of the community who was a living repository of sacred wisdom deriving itself through the generations to misty pasts lost in oblivion. The two seated themselves in the building which served as a guest room to the priesthood's inner sanctum which bordered the temple entrance and stood guard over it, excluding outsiders and more effectively being in communion with Kristos the god of the temple yet who would permit none but the priests this divine privilege. The table was already set with the octagonal tri-level board and myriad pieces arrayed at two opposite ends facing one another as in the modern game of chess. The players bowed before one another as was the custom and commenced the play moving their pieces in twos to the appropriate spaces to activate their respective 'god' who was then endowed with the powers of all and could lay waste to opposing pieces through contact mowing down whole lines of pieces in a move countered only by the opposing 'god' and the race to the top level of any piece which could break through the opposing ranks and scale the opponents steps towards the bane of the enemy held at the summit as its life force which, upon being reached would unleash either total chaos against the light side – those pieces which were black – or which would destroy them through their discordant resonance against the light. Thus the game 'H8' was a microcosm of the macrocosm that Kris now faced in real life. The game to be played with the priest was a test of his tactical thinking, the means he would avail himself of to wrest the victory from the dark forces which threatened no only the island but the entirety of civilization. Throughout the intense play of the game both sides' ranks were decimated by the opponent and both gods unleashed through establishing the proper configuration on each side's realm. Nonetheless a lowly pawn managed to struggle through to the summit for the white side, the side of Kris and win the game. Kris looked upon the match as a harbinger of things to come. The priest and he stood and bowed low to signify the match was properly won. The priest then had him enter a purification chamber with instructions to wash himself with a special magnetized water and to swim in the pool which was plated with silver for the purpose of germ and negative entity elimination. For this purpose as well the room was comprised of a special off-planet stone called shungite which had been made of an asteroid that had struck the island aeons before and which absorbed negative energy. The sun shone down upon Kris who basked in the water and prepared himself to encounter Kristos the god of the temple.

In his meditation Kris attempted to commune with the god but received no discernible communications beyond a sense of urgency and an augmentation of his energies enabling him to feel himself almost ready to confront his nemesis who from a lowly mortal called Sam had become possessed by the dark force of Satun and been converted into a tool of the expression of his will, a material instrument capable of acting out his protocols in the material plane. A cloud passing in front of the sun temporarily darkened the sky which was transmitting the sun's rays into the healing chamber occupied by Kris. This interrupted his meditation and alerted him to the necessity of confronting his destiny through a meeting with Kristos. What would happen from here was an unknown to Kris and he let his mind go blank as he dried himself off with the sun's rays. Upon garbing himself in the priestly robe of the order—that of a neophyte which was the grace he had earned through besting the priest in a game of H8 he now followed the gesture of the latter's pointing hand along a corridor winding down into the heart of the temple. Torch lights sputtered in their holders on either side of the stone passage and Kris could sense a presence gradually becoming stronger as if some form of magnetic radiation emanating from a central source – and this was a conscious entity that spoke in a voiceless yet intelligible way greeting Kris and informing him of his mission via non-verbal communication. As Kris descended he slowed to take in this communication and respond to it via telepathic thought transference which faculty he appeared to develop spontaneously with his approach to the deity. Light appeared before him, an electric blue that reminded him of that colour which had manifested in his confrontation with the figure of Satun/Sam during his rescue mission. This sparkling light (for so it appeared to Kris' vision which he could not tell whether it was ocular or some form of mental vision mediated through the pineal gland or other occult organ or faculty) radiating outwards and engulfed Kris as the voice communicated its intent to help the former and to fulfill his destiny as 'The One', for so the voice called him confirming his mission and status as the saviour of the Arya and their descendants of which he himself was one.

He then underwent a full body tingling sensation as the blue light ensconced him radiating throughout his form and gradually growing greater with intensity as he was unified with Kristos the god of the temple who then conveyed to him that he must return to the surface and gird himself for the final battle with the hordes of beastmen and Satun their demonic deity. Kris turned about not saying (even telepathically) goodbye as the god now lived about his presence as a spiritual guide with whom he had a telepathic communication, hence there was no need for goodbyes as he was ever-present. He faced a room with open door and beheld a sword shining with the same electric blue light as Kristos as well as a suit of light armor also refulgent with this energy. He donned the suit and sheathed the sword in a leather sheath lying next to it. He felt the sense of urgency he had in the healing room and knew through clairvoyant perception that he must hurry to combat the invasion which was taking place above. As he ascended the passage he saw the priest with who he played H8 awaiting him with a desperate anticipation. Sprinting the distance the priest motioned for him to ascend the temple stairs and to confront Satun, who had entered the temple through the defenses and assumed the high seat of Kristos drawing upon the sacred energies of the Arya who were outside defending the village from the beasts that had penetrated the border wall. Climbing ever higher Kris found himself outside of the throne room with its heavy iron doors barred and guarded by a group of hefty black beasts armed with cruel black swords which curved at the end in a crescent shape. They were ready for him given the echoes of his sprinting feet as he climbed the wide staircase and two of the four came at him from either side slashing overhand at Kris who adroitly side-stepped their blades and spun around with a vigorous slash that severed the bodies of the beasts at the midsection, blood spraying out in an arch against the stone walls.

He ducked and rolled as he made his way towards the door again met with overhand slashes which narrowly avoided his rolling form. He twisted and parried in a blow from the beast on the left while kicking out with his foot and knocking the wind out of the same with a forceful blow which left the beast keeled over who then lost his head as Kris' blade severed it from his body. He twisted again with the movement kicking with a roundhouse at the other brute who had waited a strike with a clear blow the foot connecting with the handle of his black scimitar and buying time by discouraging the assault as he twisted round again with blade slashing created a gash in the side of the brute who fell to the ground. Kris then slashed downward and severed his heart in a spray of blood. He looked towards the door and found that it had mysteriously come open both doors silently having moved on their hinges outwards to reveal Sam/Satun standing froth with his black cloak rippling in the chamber blown by unknown forces. A look of hate was on his countenance and candles sputtered in their alcoves. 'I have long awaited this moment' Satun said, for now it was Satun using his instrument to effect his will, namely to destroy Kris/Kristos, 'The One', he who was now Kristos and yet Kris, the latter having merely become empowered through the influence of his spirit guide not as in the case of Sam whose soul had been absorbed by Satun and whose material body now served merely the purpose of tool. 'The dark forces will always be extinguished by the light- you will defeat only yourself evil one.' With this Satun brought his hands together and a ball of purple fire began to congeal from the aether. Letting out a cry he hurled the energy ball at Kristos which was immediately reflected backwards at Satun whose black cloak become engulfed in its fire and a terrible scream of hate rose up in his throat as this same was scorched by the energy along with the material form of Sam both of whom emitted a blinding flash and then were disintegrated. Kris, who now had returned to his semi-normal state of godmanhood, approached the window overlooking the village and bore witness to the conclusion of the battle. With Satun now destroyed the beasts detecting this through the aether recognized they now had no change of victory as they were already being subject to defeat by the Arya. They began to attempt to flee the village walls but were cut down by the flaming swords of the Arya who slaughtered them wholesale. Kristos knew now that the age-old evil of the world had been vanquished and that a new golden age had dawned upon the world, an age in which there would be a future for Aryan children.



(((6 MILLION))) GUN SHOOTER

Eden, a place of apparent peace and quietude situated adjacent to a crystal-clear stream that led onto a river, the length of which snaked through the rolling hills of the semi-desert and beyond the limited experience of the townsfolk whose lived experience confined itself to the borders of the town. All was not so pacific within the borders of Eden however unbeknownst to the majority of the townsfolk whose daily affairs centered around citizen duties and the gossip and petty problems of a stereotypical small-town small-mindedness. Enter into the town dear reader and look about you – there are rustic buildings of wood seemingly put together in slap-dash utilitarian style but given the touch of grace which shows the creative genius of the white man in its ornate carving and elegant structure. On a sunny day (which was every day in these parts) the beauty of the town stood happily against the backdrop of the sky but as day turned towards evening and night the seedy underbelly of the town showed itself to those who preferred the cover of darkness for their activity, those positioned both high and low from the gutters of the speakeasy which doubled as a house of ill repute to the polished brass banisters of the seats of power and their secret inner workings. For the townsfolk these things existed though they turned a blind eye to them not wanting to turn from the righteous path along which their lord Jesus walked, though surreptitiously they would gossip and speculate as to the nature of the shadow world they knew existed. And indeed their speculation was not wide of the mark however wild its nature, as the unknown visitors with hardened faces who spoke with New York accents and dressed in the latest style burdened with leather valises and carrying sawed-off shotguns testified to. What their trade entailed could be seen from the gaunt cheeks of some of the more unseemly residents of the town who had decided to follow a broad and winding path towards the night-side of Eden and into the gutters of the town, sometimes appearing on display in the local undertakers as a model for a new casket design. Yes the residents knew that the town was shiny on its surface but underneath it was a place pregnant with violence and that such traps were best avoided through treading the straight and narrow path to church and workplace and home.

Continue dear reader down the street past that den of iniquity called 'The Lightbearer' for it offers nothing but perdition and gaze at the beauty of the town such as it is for nothing is perfect and we must take things as they are. Here's a shop – let's stop inside and see what there is to see: 'Hymie's Dry Goods'

Scene 1:

"Herschel! Herschel! Come away from those porno books and greet da custamas – they are here already! Hurry Herschel we must make des visitas welcome!" The shopkeeper, wiping down his apron of flour rushed to the door and leapt out of the way in time to avoid being smashed as the two gargantuan New Yorkers entered, their hawk-like faces gazing outwardly seeking targets.

They held in their ham fists two leather valises bursting with unknown goods the sides bulging outwards. The shopkeeper presented an unctuous grin and spoke: 'What can I get you two gentlemen? Would you appreciate a glass of ' – at which point he was cut off by the one with a scar running down his cheek whose eyes stared penetratingly into the shopkeep's. "Cut it Hymie! We're here on business not to get comfy in this backwater." At this the shopkeep, Hymie by name, recoiled and fawned over his two business partners for such they were. "This way gentlemen," and quickly led them towards the back of the office shouting "Herschel! Get the 'bread' ready!" His son raced into the back office and quickly turned the dial on the safe that was concealed behind the door. He brought out a small valise which was stuffed with cash and set it on the table. By this time the men had all crowded into the back office which was lit by a small kerosene lamp. Hymie spoke to Herschel in a harsh whisper: "Go man da store and keep intruders out – we don't need no trouble from da goys!" Herschel slipped out and pulled the door shut but it failed to catch on the mechanism which enabled it to remain shut and bounced back against the jamb leaving a slight crack unbeknownst to the three 'businessmen' who were crowded in the room and who were unable to detect the fact focused intently as they were on the goods and cash to be exchanged. Herschel returned to the counter and monitored the front. Soon a woman came by and he greeted her inquiring if she needed any assistance. She indicated a certain type of dry good that was kept in the basement and Herschel stated he would return rushing off to the corner of the store opposite to that of the office. The woman continued to browse around the store. As Herschel raced to the basement he slipped on a wet patch from a leaking overhead pipe and cracked his skull on the stone floor terminating his life creating no noise as the tightly packed earth and clay damped the sound and he had insufficient time to cry out. Thus Herschel met his end. Above the trio in the office were still largely oblivious to the goings on without and were busily counting cash as payment for the heroin that the two Mafiosi had brought. "Twenty-five kilos..." Hymie was reckoning as he matched cash with 'product'. "We'll create a lot of damage with this haul," he chuckled meeting with a sneer from his affiliate

the New York Mafiosi. At this point the woman had been standing outside and overheard the goings on within the office. Fearing for her life she turned to go and leave the premises without her goods to escape the probable fate she would meet when one of her shoes struck a floorboard protruding from the ground and caused her to stumble creating the noise she had desperately tried to avoid.

"Whazzat!" Hymie gasped as the trio wheeled round and discovered the woman who froze on the spot: "Please I...didn't hear anything...I...Just let me go!" The trio rushed her into the back room and gagged her, Hymie turning the kerosene lamp off and rushed into the store under his characteristic guise of shopkeep taking up a broom and pretending to sweep the floor. Just then a wiry labourer named John Dogsbody rushed in responding to the scream and looked with suspicion at Hymie who was maintaining his pose as shopkeep cleaning his floors. John looked at Hymie scrutinizing the floor – "Don't look like it's in need of a dustin'. That scream from in here – what's it all about? Are you hiding somethin'?" The labourer searched around the room and checked around fumbling with the knob to the office. "Hey you can't go in der! Dats private!" Hymie swooped down on the man attempting to physically subdue him. The man turned round and grabbed the shopkeep by the ear forcing him to his knees then grabbed him by his greasy locks stating: "I'm gonna investigate this place – or I'll go to the sheriff!" Hymie replied, knowing the corruption of the sheriff who was involved in the narcotics trade with him stated curtly: "Fine go and rat! See who cares!" Cogitating a moment and realizing that the administrative apparatus was more likely to side with Hymie than himself given the classistic nature of those of the upper orders such as Hymie and his administrative affiliates he then reached into his belt and brought his six-gun out aiming at the head of the shopkeep with the threat to either show him around the shop or he wouldn't be selling anything to anyone again.

The shopkeep acquiesced and speaking in a voice loud enough to be audible to his affiliates stated "I have ta get da key ta my office downstairs – so we'll check der first – ok?" The labourer nodded and accompanied Hymie down the wooden steps. At the bottom Hymie witnessed his dead son and cried out in anguish: "Oy vey! My dearest Herschel!" he raced down the steps with the labourer behind him and stooped over his son. The labourer spoke with suspicion: "Something strange going on here..." Hymie opportunistic as always was quick with a response: "The scream must have been Herschel's! He's dead, dead!" and so saying he stooped over the youth making strange bobbing motions with his head muttering some form of arcane speech

juxtaposed between cries of "Oy, oy, oy'. The labourer however was not fooled by this pantomime and spoke callously towards the jew: "The scream came from a woman – where is she?" Hymie shrieked back: "My son is dead, have you no compassion you goy! Check where you will all is lost to me now" so saying the Jew bent over his son wailing with tears pouring from his face. The labourer looked at the Jew with disgust and pushed past him down the passage. As he passed by Hymie still keeping up the pretense of sobbing reached into his shirt and extracted a lead cosh he kept handy. Now that the labourer was past and Hymie out of his range of vision the latter continued shedding his crocodile tears intermittently articulating 'oy vey' and stood up bringing the cosh down on the labourer's head which brought him down into a heap. Triumphant Hymie cried out "Tob shebbe goyim harog" (even the best of the gentiles must be killed) and rubbing his hands with glee he cast an apathetic glance at his son and climbed out of the basement. Looking around cautiously he discovered no one in the store and approaching the office door giving a series of knocks corresponding to the syllables of the above Yiddish phrase. The door was opened and Hymie got a view of what the two Mafiosi had accomplished. The woman was trussed up with the belts of the two men and was wriggling on the floor her mouth gagged with a handkerchief. Hymie reported that they had another sacrifice victim in the basement and that his son was dead. If they were ever exposed they could blame the occurrence on the labourer and Hymie would be giving a habeas corpus of his son to the sheriff today with whom they would undoubtedly have an ally, a partner in crime so to speak. At which statement the Mafiosi laughed understanding how their Cabal worked. The woman lay on the floor looking up with a frightened face dripping with sweat. Hymie looked down at her recognizing her for a frequent customer a certain Mrs. Blonde, wife of the rancher Ezekiel Blonde who lived on one of the nearby ranches. "So Blondie," Hymie stated, "out for a bit of shopping?" He gazed down at her heaving bosom and slowly licked his lips with relish. "How's about a little porridge Blondie?" he said as he patted her cheek with his ruby-ringed hand hairy knuckles caressing her reddened cheeks. "But first you'll need a porridge spoon...and I've got just the thing." So saying he looked into her blue eyes with his beady black soulless eyes and stated to the Mafiosi: "How's bout a nightcap?" They looked down at the woman and one of them replied: "Dat would be my pleasure." Hymie shut the shop down early that day. Unbeknownst to the trio the woman's acacia-wood cross she wore around her neck lay against one of the shelves nearly wedged into a

crack and not readily apparent. A drop of her blood from when one of its sharper edges when the cross was pulled from around her neck bespattered the cross.

Scene 2:

Mayor Samael Goldblatt was the defacto town despot, a position so appropriately held by a member of his tribe, ruling over and micromanaging the every movement and breath of the townsfolk. The heavy tax burden and seemingly endless laws and bylaws enacted by the mayor came increasingly with the increase of his power and the concomitant diminution of that of his kids as he increasingly cast from key positions of power, non-Jews who were actual or merely potential threats to his own supremacy and replaced them with members of his own tribe thereby through this gradualistic praxis attaining a monopoly on power. Raised in New York of an immigrant family of Polish Jews he made his bones in the ghetto of Brooklyn and through his connections made his way to the lower levels of power in the kosher nostra of his area. This however was never enough for Sammy so when his mafia boss offered him the position of mayor in an obscure town called 'Eden' he jumped at the chance and packed his bags for wine, women, and the greatest aphrodisiac of all – raw power. He basked in his leather-backed chair smoking a cigar and cradling a snifter of brandy in his other hand. His garish dress bespoke a man knowing no limits to excess, the gold cufflinks and silk cravat testifying to a man of an ostentatious mind motivated by materialism, a devotion to Mammon. Across from him sat a red-cheeked man with handlebar moustache dressed in equally ostentatious garb wearing a large cowboy hat and a string tie with masonic emblem stamped upon it was the sheriff his badge clearly declaring the fact, a six-pointed star connoting the great architect of the universe before whom the Jew and his masonic puppet bowed in obeisance. Surrounding this gap were a few toughs with six-shooters gazing lackadaisically out of the glass windows into the streets. The mayor spoke: "This town is indeed an Eden and we are the gods of this paradise. Our great work is building nicely and soon we will be equipped to branch outwards and assimilate the other neighbouring settlements. Eden will then become a kingdom of heaven upon earth and we will rule uncontested once we eliminate those cursed Christians and their congregation." So saying he took out a mirror and a bag of cocaine from his desk drawer and set it on the table. He rolled up a dollar bill he extracted from his silver money clip and snorted – "Is there no help for the widow's son' his accomplice stated indicating his own banknote roll tapping it with impatience. The mayor looked irritated

and reluctantly poured a little of the white powder on the mirror passing it to the sheriff who coarsely snorted the line like a bull in a bullfight. The mayor's face bore a look of disgust taking back the mirror and another sip of brandy. "On to business. The savage gang have been too lackadaisical of late with their grooming of the Christian girls and a few of them have escaped during their captives' drunken carousing. The Christians are getting all hot and bothered about the disappearance of the girls and blame you Sheriff for not doing your job. They are beginning to mistrust the administration and some of their more outspoken members are beginning to say things, things that call into question our altruistic motives as to their well-being. One man in particular, a certain rancher by the name of Ezekiel Blonde. I'm sure you're aware of him Cuck?" At which he glanced in the direction of the fat sheriff whose bloodshot eyes stared outwards in apparent anger upon hearing the name. "I know 'm all too well Sam." He growled, "Been a thorn in my side since the scandal over the expropriation of his brother's estate for the resettlement of Mexican labourers and its conversion into a work camp. Been trying to agitate the goyim in the town to oust me from office – hope we'll put a stop to that soon though - right Sam?" The mayor smiled grimly his black beady eyes staring penetratingly into those of the sheriff. "Our kosher pastor in the church has attempted to subdue the concerns of the locals through his preaching of tolerance, etc. – all the universalist mind control that had been developed by the hierarchy in London to browbeat the local white population into submission to our despotism. The Mexicans will be, over time and with much brainwashing of the women of the white govim, integrated into their communities and eventually brown out their demographic through our plans – given greater benefit to the greasers and stripping it away from the whites. I estimate one generation should be enough to genocide the whites." At this the sheriff sneered and took a gulp of his brandy. "What's next on the agenda?" he asked. The mayor took up a small silver bell and rang it. The door was opened and in walked a Redskin accompanied by a squaw dressed in a loincloth her firm breasts bouncing with each step. The Redskin had scars crisscrossing his cheeks and was pompously dressed in the latest fashion, a top hat and cravat with an eagle feather projecting from it. His feral black eyes darted about the room taking in and sizing up the bodyguards who met his stare with challenge. The Redskin motioned to his squaw to attend to the sheriff who leaned back in the leather chair and accepted her into his arms his gold-ringed ham fist squeezing her breast and his tongue licking his lips – 'sweet' he growled.

The squaw put on a display of flirtatious pleasure and fumbled at his crotch cooing as he

squeezed. "Enough!" the mayor spat, casting a side glance at the sheriff. His eyes returned to the Redskin: "You are the representative of the savage gang?" The Redskin replied: "Ugh. Me come for peyote and firewater." The mayor asked: "Do you have the girls?" to which the Redskin replied again in affirmation: "Ugh." "Your gang has been too incautious – the townsfolk are beginning to suspect that something in the town is not right. You must not let them get away again – understand?" The Redskin met his stare with his own and eventually looked away under the gaze of the mayor. He spoke: "Many brave have too much firewater. They will be punished for not keeping girls safe."

The mayor in satisfaction replied: "Less firewater for you this time. If it happens again there will be worse consequences." He motioned to the squaw: "Sheriff Cuck here will keep company with your squaw and ensure that things progress towards our intended purpose. Ensure also that you keep your raping to a minimum as the buyers want fresher girls – one of them complained that he had gotten one who was pregnant with a half-breed. They had to incur the expense of an abortion. No white squaws for Redskins capishe!" At this the Redskin's brow darkened and he stared at the mayor with a look of hatred in his eyes – "Ugh" he a last uttered knowing that he lived in virtual thrall to the mayor and his hired thugs all of whom had been deputized as law enforcement officers to facilitate his plans. The mayor then gestured to the Redskin towards the door: "My assistant will tender you your peyote and firewater. Do a better job next time and you get more firewater." The Redskin turned silently and left. "Next order of business..." the sheriff stated, "one of our spies caught a young punk putting up posters on the saloon calling for your abdication. He's waiting out in the foyer under armed guard." "Bring him in," the mayor declared. The sheriff picked up the bell and rang a series of rings which served as a signal ushering in a pair of toughs who were carrying forward a youth who was thrashing out with his legs and attempting to shout from behind his gag. He was a youth of about 19 with brunette hair and a white shirt which had embroidered upon its chest pocket a Christian cross.

The mayor sneered exclaiming "You want your representative to abdicate do ya!" He stood up and approached the youth who was being held some distance away. He shoed him in the stomach which buckled the youth over who writhed with the pain his gaunt and haggard face showing the bruises of his handlers punishment. The mayor screamed, "I ain't never going to abdicate!" He spat in the face of the youth who continued to writhe in the grip of the toughs. The mayor put his hands on his hips and laughed aloud hysterically kicking the youth again in the solar plexus. The

youth lashed out at his abuser and the mayor took a shoe on the knee. He became even more enraged and sucker-punched the youth in his belly indicating for the toughs to drop him. The youth curled up on the floor in the fetal position and wretched, discharging a stream of vomit onto the Persian rug of the plush office. The mayor shoved his face in the vomit and screamed: "Clean it up!" The youth stared up at the mayor challengingly ready for whatever abuse he had yet to endure. The sheriff squeezed the breast of his squaw and exclaimed: "I have his poster here," handing a piece of printed parchment to the mayor who took it up and read it aloud: "Stop the grooming gangs – stop the Jewish mayor and his masonic sheriff – in the name of Jesus, Lord." The mayor smirked and looked down contemptuously at the youth who still had the gag in his mouth which had partially obstructed his vomit. "So you want to stop me?" he said sarcastically. "In the name of Jesus? Maybe you're gonna have to take it up with your lord..." at this the sheriff and his squaw laughed out loud at the joke knowing what it portended. "It's Christians like you who are turning this Eden into an inferno. We want peace here in this town and your kind are nothing but troublemakers." He turned towards the sheriff: "Any other business or should we go and pay a visit to Jesus?" The sheriff replied: "Hymie the dry goods store owner says he wants to talk to you. He says he's got a present for you." "He here?" the mayor replied, to which the sheriff responded, "He's over at the store."

Scene: Hymie's Dry Goods

The mayor and his coterie walked down the street with the youth who had a bag placed over his head and up the few steps to the dry goods store. A predetermined series of knocks opened the door which had been shut while the woman was being held prisoner in the basement by Hymie and his accomplices. Hymie greeted the mayor: "Mazeltov Sam, I got a present for you waiting in the basement. She won't be squawking for long." The group entered the store and the door was shut behind, Hymie looking puzzled at the youth and then inquisitively at the mayor: "What gives?" he said to which the mayor responded: "Just another Christian punk who wants to spill his guts," laughing at his own black humour. The shopkeep shrugged his shoulders sarcastically: "If that's what he wants." They all laughed as Hymie turned the sign to 'Closed' and he led them down into the basement past the still warm corpse of his son. It was the mayor's turn to look puzzled and cast a similar look of inquiry to Hymie who replied: "Accidents happen

– I'm in the market for an assistant, got any leads?" The mayor replied casting a snide glance at

the sheriff who had brought along his squaw: "Maybe old Cuck here wouldn't mind putting his chattel to work – for a small fee of course." "How small?" Hymie replied. "How about sloppy seconds?" Cuck frowned unwilling to part with his prize but a look from the mayor resigned him to his fate: "She can work during the business hours – but I want her back after." They had by now entered into an inner chamber carved out of the stone foundation upon which the dry goods store had been built. It opened up and was lit only within the central area, the fringes being wreathed in darkness. Kerosene lamps were affixed to the stone pillars which terminated in a board ceiling. Gold tapestries with red pentagrams were positioned inversely on each pillar facing the passage entrance and were contained within a square and compass itself contained within a six-pointed star of black. Within the centre of the room was placed a smooth-surfaced stone slab with ornate carvings upon its side of demons and other entities circling the thick table legs themselves carved from the same stone, straps were dangling from the table with buckles attached and grooves were scored into the sides of the table which let out into corner openings which overhung earthen terracotta jars. Adjacent to the table were pairs of chains and manacles hanging down from the stone pillars and corresponding pairs at their bottom. The mayor went over to the all-too-familiar closet which was positioned against one of the walls and pulled out a black robe which had emblazoned upon its back the design of a unicursal hexagram in red. He handed another robe to Hymie and a pile to the others who were congregated around with the exception of the squaw who he instructed to sweep around the table. Hymie called out into the darkness: "C'mon out gang! We got another fish to fry!" The two Mafiosi came forth from the darkness the sound of a shutting down echoing about the chamber. They escorted the woman, Mrs. Blonde towards the manacles and trussed her up like a hog both ankles and wrists confined therein. She writhed against her bonds and spat from behind her gag which had become slightly dislodged: "You'd better not touch me you greasy kike or my husband will come after you!" The mayor and Hymie as well as the sheriff had by this time approached, the former said: "You mean touch you like this Blondie?" as he cupped her breast. She squirmed in disgust and he backhanded her laughing: "We'll see if Mr. Blonde can save you and your village from me. I've got orders from the highest levels that give me a virtual license to carry out my every whim. I'm unstoppable!" He gave her another squeeze. The Christian was then led towards the sacrifice table and strapped in by his handlers. The mayor approached the table upon which the youth was strapped down observing his shirt soaked in sweat. The mayor reached into his vest and extracted

a bone-handled knife, its blade shining as it was extracted from its sheath. Perspiration beaded on the head of the Christian youth whose chest heaved in fear. The mayor sneered with disdain for the youth and said: "You wanted to see Jesus didn't you..." as he plucked the buttons from his shirt with the blade poking at the cross embroidery. The shopkeeper and sheriff began to chant ominously: "Lu-ci-fe-ro-yod-he-shin-vau-he" repeating the cadence as it reverberated throughout the catacomb. The lights from the kerosene lamp appeared to dim and a strange heavy presence fell upon the room. The woman screamed as an apparition coalesced into humanoid form seeming to overarch the writhing body of the Christian. "Jesus!" the youth screamed from behind his gag. The woman screamed as the mayor plunged his knife into the heart of the youth through his cross embroidery, a gush of blood spurting from the wound. The apparition was upon the victim as the mayor screaming in bloodlust cried: "O' Lucifer bring the light into me, bestow upon us your power! Lu-ci-fe-ro-yod-he-shin-vau-he!" The gang crowded the table and held their goblets up as the arterial blood spurted into them draining draughts down their throats with vampiric glee. The woman had by this time fainted and remained hanging by the chains. The squaw danced about the table lapping up the blood which splashed upon the ground, a rite she was familiar with in her tribe and which she routinely participated in, especially when the blood was from white, Christian male sacrifices as she lusted for the spirit energy of the whites just as all the rest of her tribe did. The apparition seemed to have had its fill and darting towards the squaw took possession of her body which gyrated uncontrollably and tore the loin cloth from her body. The fat sheriff disrobed and fornicated before the congregation with the demon-possessed squaw, the mayor and Hymie intoning: "Lu-ci-fe-ro-yed-he-shin-vau-he."

Scene: Blonde's Ranch

Ezekiel Blonde was a man of 40 who had occupied the territory since he had come over from the old world as a pioneer. Life had been hard on him and he had hardened himself in its furnace becoming steeled against the deprivations of life: the near-starvation condition of the semi-desert topography, the lack of water until he had stumbled upon the river with his fellow townsfolk who had staked out the land and had been involved in many wars with the Indians which had perfected his skills as a gunfighter to a degree beyond those he had developed in the army in his home country. He was a borne soldier but too much of an iconoclast to submit to the yolk of the oppressive regime of Judeo-Masonry which had put his homeland into subjection.

And so he had ventured to the new world in search of freedom unrestrained by the despotism of the conspiracy of the dark forces of the world. To carve out of the rugged terrain of the semi- desert a future in his own image. His upbringing as a Christian had left its psychological scars which had developed a broader spiritual constitution honed in the fires of his gnostic researchers and spiritual practices which followed the path of natural law and apotheosis under the guiding principle 'do no harm.' Though he had no great animosity toward Christians he understood that a rough world of dog-eat-dog made of Christians, lambs to the slaughter and that such a destiny was foreign to himself. He refused to bow submissively before any lord or master. He was master within his own sphere and lived his own life as well as let live the lives of others. However he was no solipsist or individualist who snubbed his own kind but was a defender of his clan against all threats external as well as internal. After a hard day of farming on his ranch he was sitting on the porch reflecting upon how his family had been one of the original founders of the town which had, with the evil influence of the recently arrived mayor and his corrupt assistant Sheriff Cuck turned a once peaceful town into a nightmare of drugs and gang warfare, sex slavery, and outright murder. The mayor's cabal, he reflected, had showed up almost overnight with heavy financial backing ousting the current mayor through what had been made to appear as an 'accident', a band of redskins being unleashed upon him as we tending to his herd of cattle. Not the rancher alone but the entire herd of his cattle had been laid waste burnt in a holocaust as a sign-veiled but apparent to those such as himself who could read between the lines that the power of the former mayor had been fallible and that that of the new 'that Jew devil' Ezekiel called him was incontestable as since no raids against either him or his men had occurred since their assumption of office five years before during which time Eden had become a hell on earth. Ezekiel knew that the savage gang which had plagued the community ever since their arrival was working with the sinister administration and that they had been the ones giving weapons to the redskins reconciling the prior tribal animosity so that they could be used as a terrorist army and criminal gang surreptitiously affiliated with the administration whom Ezekiel referred to as the dark force which plagued the town. Recently also the priest from the local church had died mysteriously having fallen out of the belfry of his church and been discovered the day after by his wife during the early morning hours.

It appeared to Blonde that this was the infiltrators way of decapitating the leadership of the town in accordance with the tenet of their religion derived from the Babylonian Talmud:

"Kill the best gentiles" as a levelling process of reducing everyone to the lowest common denominator so that they might be ruled over by the cabal. Even going so far as to import non- white savages from Mexico, what Blonde called 'Latrinos' as they stunk of urine and could be found lounging around the town outside of the saloon in a drunken stupor drugged up on peyote, one of their favourite pastimes outside of picking crops and rolling around with their squaws.

The priest who had been brought in was a crypto-Jew himself his pasty face and beady black eyes and hooknose belying his claims to being of Welsh origin. It was this man – or demon rather

– who came preaching a new gospel of tolerance and integration and was especially keen in playing upon the sensibilities of the women getting them on the side of the meshitsos (Mexicans) portraying them as victims to the more emotional and perhaps gullible fairer sex so as to drive a wedge between those whose role was to serve and protect the town of Eden, namely the men and those who were by nature nurturers and caregivers, deliberately distorting and shifting their material instincts to these creatures with their shit-coloured skins. Thus a turnover of leadership had occurred and the good had been jettisoned the vacuum being filled by the bad. The minds of the townsfolk were beguiled by the serpents who had infiltrated and who had introduced a wholly new ethos, new problems which the townsfolk had never before experienced and which suddenly descended upon them like a torrent of brimstone. Between the mind control emanating from the preachings of the universalist crypto-Jew priest and the pretense of democratic representation going on in the political system and the townsfolk being conditioned to accept the new and to discard their tradition Blonde understood that it was nearly time for a hero figure, a saviour if you will, to go against the powers and principalities that worked hand in glove in secret amidst the shadows and to bring forth the true light into the darkness of the false light which was little more than an inversion of the natural order of things. Though he himself sought a return to the traditions of his ancestors he understood that most of the townsfolk were too wedded to their faith to discard it and that a new doctrine was necessary to steer the sheep towards his side. Blonde's right-hand man Hasker was a trained priest who had through his researches into Gnosticism discovered the hidden god within and become enlightened through his white magic spiritual practices overcoming his previously dogmatic frame of mind burdened with false theology that had no correspondence with the original texts upon which the bible had been based. It was Blonde's intention to somehow – he knew not – win the masses over to the side of this new spirituality and convince them that it underpinned what they in their naiveté

adhered to as the 'word of god'. By this means he also hoped to awaken the masses and lead them to a revolution against the administration either through pacifistic or forceful means. He gazed into the sunset: 'Big dreams, but dreams they remain' – how to realize them that is the question." He continued to ponder what course of action to take for a time then came out of his reverie as the sun was going down over the horizon and he was reminded of the time and that his wife had not yet arrived who usually returned in the evening when she went to town visiting with her sister who lived in there. Just then he heard a coach arriving down the road and recognized it as his wife's sister and her husband, accompanied by their two teenage children. He stood up and called out to his son and daughter to attend to their horses and went off the porch towards them in greeting: "Hail Sister! What news?" but then as he saw her worried expression: "What's wrong – where's Gudrun" which was his wife's name. The sister shouted that she didn't know and that because her sister always came at the same time when she came to town and that she had seen her in town earlier that day and promised to stop by she became worried when she didn't arrive and thus decided to come out to Blonde's and cheek up in the event she had been abducted by redskins or some other misfortune had befallen her. This news brought worry to Blonde's face as he informed her that she was not here either. The husband of his step-sister and their two boys had gathered round Ezekiel looking towards him for leadership. He pondered and eventually spoke to the throng: "Given the time of day we will have to organize search parties.

The neighbours will have to be alerted and we will head to town and, though I know the mayor and his cronies can't be trusted he will have to be alerted so that the pressure can be kept on him and he can be held accountable for her disappearance if she's not found by sunup. We will have to set out immediately to increase the chance of finding her. I hope you brought your six-guns and rifles as there are all manner of redskins crawling around at night – being nocturnal animals they usually carouse with the firewater into the dead of night but remain sober enough to be dangerous especially when they are hopped up on peyote." The husband of his step-sister whose name was Jake stated: "We always come prepared," displaying his bandolier belts of ammunition and twin six-guns. Even his two sons were similarly accoutred and carried rifles in their hands, the new repeating rifles that the redskins didn't have for lack of supply because of stinginess on the part of the administration had failed to supply them with. Hence they were adequately prepared for their journey. The group began to saddle up their horses and prepare to inform the neighbours who, given their altruism, would undoubtedly come along for the ride. Just then the

noise of a war whoop was heard heralding the signal of a redskin attack. The group froze for an instant and as if drilled in a predetermined procedure split off into their respective corners around the farmhouse itself constructed of kiln-dried bricks surrounded by a chest-high wall that served to shield much of the farmhouse from attack and which was penetrated with gunports intermittently. Blonde had had a special turret constructed which could be rotated around the perimeter entrance from which all intruders had to enter given that the ranch was situated in a type of canyon flanked by craggy and inaccessible hills themselves carpeted with cacti that Blonde had grown as a further strategy of self-defense in the event a sniper with excellent climbing skills had managed to ascend the rocky peaks and take a pot shot at himself as his family. "Man the corners!" Blonde cried as he leapt into the pivoting turret and fed the ammunition belt in the Gatling gun. On the horizon just as the sun was fading to its extreme position came scores of redskins shooting wildly as they rode whooping with feral glee at what they anticipated would be an easy kill and the prospect remaining of robbery and rape to quench their feral lust for white flesh.

Blonde cranked the Gatling gun as he took aim pivoting the platform with the special levers he had contrived to enable it to move in its tracks emitting hot death as the rounds mowed down the onrush of savages leaving neither horse nor rider standing; the screams of the savage blending with those of the horses each as animalistic as the other. The other men fired upon the savages as they took pot shots at the wall in desperation at having been robbed off their easy victory. The riders and horses fell in heaps as the screams of the savages penetrated the night. At last realizing the formidable nature of the enemy the few remnants rode off apparently in defeat. Blonde scanned the horizon in attempt to make certain none of the redskins were not merely faking death and hiding behind their horses as was their characteristically sneaky propensity.

Blonde detected motion out of the corer of his hyper-alert eye and directed the Gatling gun at its source peppering the carcass of a horse with rounds until a scream of rage was heard as the rounds penetrated both horse and redskin behind who had attempted to play dead and presumably return later in the night to finish off the group. Blonde observed that no further movement could be seen and that it was still enough on the battlefield to warrant a check-in with the other members of the group: "Hasker you alright? Anyone hurt? Go and check while I man the gun." The aforementioned went around to all members of the group and returned to Ezekiel with the news that all were present and accounted for. "Now we will have to wait until we can be

sure that there will be no more returning." As soon as he had spoken however there came another whoop and again a crowd of redskins this time riding on the sides of their horses came pouring in a spread out formation zigzagging as they approached the ranch compound. Blonde was undeterred as his box magazines still had ample ammunition to blast away this slinking crew of feral marauders. He again cranked the weapon pivoting with eagle eye accuracy as the horses buckled under the fire screaming and obstructing the band of redskins from behind they becoming entangled within one another in piles of dead and dying horse flesh, smoking with the heat of rounds of ammunition while a mist of blood erupted in the atmosphere as rounds chewed up the carcasses. Just then the gun ran out of ammunition Blonde having been overexuberant in his intense desire to mow down as many savages as he could knowing as he did what vile creatures they were and how they had been instrumental in the abduction of white women who they raped and sold into sex slavery to the administration's underground buyers. Blonde had his pair of six-guns out and had leapt off the platform: "To the farmhouse – hurry!" he bellowed as he retreated further within the compound. His fellow defenders turned and ran into the farmhouse as he followed ,over the wall a redskin leapt his scarred body streaked with blood which poured from a wound in his shoulder. His feral eyes stared into the darkness and were illuminated by the moon reflecting an animalistic gleam as of a hunting predator. Predator become prey the next moment as Blonde blasted a hole where one of his eyes had been, they having been as beacons to enable him to target the enemy. As Blonde saw out of the corner of his eye the remaining member of his group flood in he raced into the farmhouse and closed the heavy iron door behind him inserting the bar locks which were also of thick iron and which were embedded in the walls of brick. Whoops were heard through the windows which were also barred with a lattice work of iron as the redskins poured into the compound. The group spread out around the house instinctively manning each part in a 360 degree circumference of the large room which diverged onto a few smaller rooms. The rear exit was shut and comprised of the same heavy iron door and bar locks. They were sufficiently well-equipped to withstand an army let alone a relatively disorganized band of savages. The redskins beat upon the door with one of the implements from the farm attempting to smash it down but were immediately scattered with a barrage of gunfire leaving two of their members dead. Blonde cried out to the group: "Watch for snipers through the windows!" as he sped off down the cellar which led to a secret entrance to a gun turret and Gatling gun that would enable him to finish off the redskins who had surrounded the house. Creeping down the passage he surfaced in the turret which was similarly structured as the other and observed the compound which was surrounded by approximately fifty redskins who were examining the building seeking a means to gain entry, so far to no avail as the roof itself was molded from

the same materials as the wall and was affixed to the ground making any attempt at penetration impossible. They were apparently planning to camp out as their leader was speaking to them in their vile tongue indicating in the moonlight that lunar orb and giving the universal gesture for sleep thereby seeming to indicate that they should 'sleep on it'. –Sleep? "No rest for the wicked," muttered Blonde as he observed them hunkering down for the night's vigil – "Time to light up the night!" as he cranked the Gatling gun discharging a stream of hellfire into their devilish hides watching as they attempted a war whoop of surprise cut off midway by the hailstorm of hot lead which had no effect on the farmhouse given its depth and solidity having been comprised of super-hard ceramic which had been forged using the latest technology Blonde had devised. The illumination of tracer rounds enabled Blonde to observe the explosive mists of blood erupt from the instant cadavers of the redskins as they in their panic attempted to flee the scene and wound up doing the rigor mortis shuffle to the abyss, gore showering down upon the compound as the Gatling gun continued to bring the light of Lucifer to them. Finally Blonde relaxed his pumping action and let the smoking gun cool in the moonlight. His keen eyes observed the throng and bore witness to the dead. One of their number bedecked with more vulture feathers that the others was crawling away from the compound attempting to hide himself from the unknown assailants and escape the fray. Blonde, realizing he was the only one left took his six-guns from his belt and hopping out of the turret he descended the craggy escarpment upon which the turret was built. He encountered the redskin in the moonlight as he came out of the compound crawling with his shattered legs having been wounded by the Gatling gun's ammunition. He observed Blonde and with hate in his eyes muttered as the latter approached "White Devil..." to which Blonde responded with a laugh pointing his guns at his head: "Who sent you?" he said coldly. The redskin looked fearful at that and Blonde then knew he was onto something. "Speak up savage," he stated as he cocked his six-guns. The redskin, with sudden quickness drew out a flint knife and cut his own throat the look of fear passing into one of hopeless despair as his life drained onto the ground before him. He collapsed upon the ground dead. Blonde turned over the carcass with his foot and observed that there was a piece of parchment contained within the redskin's wampum pouch. He took it up and saw a picture of himself, how it had been obtained he knew not but it looked as if it were a blow-up of a wedding photo of his and a caption on the bottom said: "Kill him – the sheriff." Blonde now understood that the sheriff had put a bounty on his head and that the redskins were hired assassins who had been sent against him. He now faced the imperative of having to go to town and bring the administration to justice. The group piled the bodies of the redskins away from the ranch after piling them in the covered wagon and throwing them out amidst the other carrion at the front of the ranch

where the battle had primarily been waged. At this point dawn was breaking. Blonde took up a little brush and strew it around the sage which carpeted the ground as kindling. As they headed to town the battleground became a scorched earth of flame as the demonic spirits which pursued the redskins feasted upon their spirit energies released from their physical bodies and, unable to ascend given their chthonic lower vibrational frequency were greedily consumed by their metaphysical parasites which they attracted to themselves through their rituals of torture, murder, and rape which caused the pain of their victims to invoke these same entities who fed on the pain and suffering of innocence. Though far from innocent, the redskins constituted a tasty morsel for their demonic affiliates who, like all lower beings, turn on their kind in a trice without reservation.

The smoke from the carcasses plumed high as the dawn came, the small band heading out in Blonde's specialized armoured carriage which was fitted with the same super-hard yet super- light ceramic material and galvanic rubberized carriage wheels to prevent any arsonist who would attempt to destroy yet another of Blonde's sources of greater power. A Gatling gun was affixed in a similar turret on the roof which could be angled in all directions along a panorama and the interior periscope enabled the shooter to view the exterior while he was shooting within the ceramic carapace of the vehicle. Blonde's prior military experience had enabled him to hone his gunsmithing and machinist skills in the development of other incendiary devices such as grenade launcher and flamethrower, both of which were attached to the vehicle and which could be detached for commando-style operations also. This vehicle struck fear into the heart of the administration as they didn't have adequate firepower to stop it nor were there any similar machines devised in the world that Blonde knew of, neither with the speed nor with the defensive capabilities. Should the horses fail to continue through being shot or wounded the vehicle could detach itself from its reins and be steered from within though at a slower speed through a pedal mechanism similar to a bicycle only as many as three pedallers could sit up front and propel the vehicle forward it being manoeuvrable through a steering wheel connected to the front wheels.

Upon entry into the town the group disembarked with the following plan: Blonde would monitor the vehicle and the others would make inquiries as to the whereabouts of his wife. The sister of his wife went off in one of the directions and stopped by a few shops without any leads, other than the last one, the shopkeeper mentioned that she had been in and went to Hymie's dry goods. Upon her arrival at the dry goods store she encountered the shopkeep who asked her if she was in need of something. Knowing the nature of the Jews, that they are a rabidly supremacist group who congregate with one another on an exclusive and illicit basis, she decided to pretend that she was just browsing so as to better inspect his

shop. Rounding a shelf she looked at a shining object on the ground, what appeared to be a cross of acacia wood with drops of blood on it she saw as she picked it up. She surreptitiously pocketed it knowing that Hymie and his store must have been the place of the disappearance of her sister or at least connected therewith and she upon standing upright picked up an item from the shelf to mask her discovery and avoid detection, paying for the item and leaving with a cordial goodbye so as to alleviate all suspicion in the Jew's mind knowing that they had an in-built hypersensitivity often called 'Jewdar' a pun on radar that enabled them to detect those who became aware of them and their deceit which was the means through which they exploited others representing themselves as allies so that they could stick a knife in their back when they had outlived their usefulness as Jews looked upon non-Jews as nothing but animals to be used for their purposes exclusively.

Returning to Blonde's vehicle his step-sister informed him of what had transpired displaying the cross before him. "It's her cross alright," he said brow furrowing in anger. "Hymie's going to have an interrogation he'll never forget." So saying he exited the vehicle which had been parked in an obscure location of the town discreetly concealed from passers-by and locked it up making it impervious to break and enter given the ceramic shield which he pulled down and locked with a special type of locking mechanism impossible even for trained locksmiths to pick. The pair headed outwards and he stated to his step-sister to return to her home as there was no need for her to further involve herself but to find her husband as a witness as his good reputation in the town would be needed to ensure a conviction should Hymie be found to be involved in what appeared to be the murder or at least beating and abduction of his wife. As he approached the store he saw Hasker come out of another and whistled over to him gesturing him to come over. He explained what had occurred and that his wife and children would be returning home and that he required his presence as a witness. The two approached Hymie's store and the shopkeeper fawningly greeted them in his most characteristically unctuous manner. Blonde seized him by his coverall straps and extended him to eye level as Hymie was a typically stumpy Jew and met Blonde only to the height of his chest. "What do you know about this!" Blonde stared menacingly as the shopkeep's eyes bulged from his pasty face, sweat beading down his face. "I...uh...oy vey I know nothing!" Hymie exclaimed. this reaction merely confirmed in Blonde's mind that Hymie had some connection to the disappearance of his wife. Hasker flipped the sign on the door and locked it with an ominous click. "You're gonna talk Jew!" He threw the shopkeep upon the ground and the latter screamed with a mewling girlish shriek as he twisted in pain. "I swear to god sir...I don't know nothing about nothing...please sir...I gotta three wives and six kids I mean...two wives and..." Ezekiel levelled a kick at Hymie and drove the tip of his boot into his gut

making him shrivel up like a worm shrieking "Murder! Murder!" Blonde stooped down again and shook the shopkeep like a barn cat shaking a rat. He looked over at Hasker and said "Get the keys, he's gotta have her stashed here somewhere!" Hasker observed behind the till a set of keys hanging from the wall and snatched them up. "You're gonna show us your place shopkeep, and we'll decide for ourselves your innocence or guilt."

The Jew Blonde trussed up with some packing string he found behind the counter binding him both hand and foot as they searched the store. The office turned up nothing but scattered cocaine powder on the desk which was used for Hymie's business dealings, a scale had on one of its pans a bundle of what appeared to be peyote which showed the shopkeeper had been at his work prior to the entry of the two. Aside from that the upstairs was empty and the trapdoor leading down into the cellar had been artfully concealed by the shopkeep to prevent anyone discovering his sacrifice chamber. Blonde cuffed Hymie across the face causing him to go sprawling onto the floorboards of the store. "Take us to your shed out back – I'm sure you're hiding something there." He pushed Hymie ahead of him and the latter looking apprehensively over his shoulder stumbled towards the shed which was covered by a heavy iron door that was padlocked with a giant thick-hasped padlock whose mechanism was apparently insuperable without the key. Hasker fumbled with the keys but found that each was inappropriate. Hymie stuttered, "There's no way...to...to get in...I lost the key...honest" Blonde grabbed the greasy kike whose beady black eyes bugged out of his skull, his rat-like face twitching with neurotic paranoia drooling at the mouth uncontrollably. Blonde's steely blue-eyed gaze penetrated the Jewish devil's and he spoke: "You're a liar like your father – the devil." So saying he reached into Hymie's shirt and brought out an intricately forged iron key which could be none other than that which fitted the lock with its three-dimensional grooves and complex angles which the lock seemed to have its hole having all manner of wards and delicate spring mechanisms. Blonde wrenched at the gold chain upon which hung the key and broke it from Hymie's neck who let out a despairing wail of self-pity as his expensive gold chain was ruined and fell clattering to the ground. Blonde threw Hymie against the iron door and the latter smacked his head against it. His scalp split open letting out a well of blood onto the rubble – he screamed: "Persecuted! Always persecuted! Oy vey when will it end? Shalom, shalom!" he went into a state of hysterical whimpering as Blonde opened the padlock, throwing it into the sand. The heavy iron door swung inward on its hinges revealing a large room that was replete with bottles and jars which, by the light of the morning, appeared to be filled with blood and human organs as well as heads and limbs. The place reeked of detritus and decay and a heavy pall of dark energies filled the environment with their lower vibrational frequency. Blonde and Hasker both looked outward with rage at the scene taking in the red

six-pointed star of David and inverted pentagram on a black tapestry hanging from the ceiling and a menorah of sickly looking unlit candles presumably of human fat. Hymie was dragged from the dirt by Blonde who in a rage took the Jew and smashed his head against the glass jars and their contents causing a deluge of blood and body fluids as well as the organs and remains to spill outwards into the shed. The Jew again being a theatre actor played possum and cried out: "Please...I know nothing of this...it was like this when I...uh" – Blonde aimed a kick at the Jew's head and started taking out his six-gun: "Either you bring me to my wife or I'll kill you Jew boy!" aiming the gun at Hymie's head, his steely blue eyes icily looking down at the furtive Jew whose glance darted from right to left. The Jew stuttered "Okay...okay...I was set up...it wasn't my fault sir...I" – Blonde cocked the gun and stated "Where is she?" to which the Jew retorted "B-b-basement...honest...it wasn't my fault..." Blonde and Hasker stepped back while Hymie made his way out of the shed being compelled by the gesture of Blonde's six-gun indicating him to move. The Jew stumbled bleeding, intermittently crying out "Oy vey" and holding his head as they made their way to the cellar which had been cleverly disguised under a display rack that Hymie had set up. He pushed aside the rack which contained Christian propaganda magazines about the virtues of tolerance and looking piteously at the caption which read 'One world, one love' he pushed it regretfully aside revealing the rough-hewn trapdoor that went downwards into the dank cellar. As they descended and entered into the inner catacomb Hymie turned on a kerosene lamp to illuminate the darkness himself still being held by the rope which Blonde had wound around his neck from the shed. "Please sir...I...couldn't stop 'em...they'll kill me if they find out..." The lamp was now sufficiently bright for the two men to witness what had become of Blonde's wife: a figure hung from the chains which had been placed in the celling and which were also attached to her ankles – Blonde's wife, stripped nude her body decorated with welts and bruises as well as lashes from a nearby whip which lay on the floor. Her legs were soiled with excrement, probably a result of a loss of bowel control through the beatings she had been administered. Blonde rushed up to the woman who stared vacantly into his eyes unresponsively her blue eyes meeting his as if he were merely part of the scenery. Blonde spoke: "Gudrun?" She didn't respond so he took out a vial of smelling salts and held it under her nose its pungent odour being adequate to revive her. "Ezekiel..." she said, her eyes opening wider with recognition, a tortured smile coming to her lips as she beheld her saviour. "I am here darling, we'll make sure that whoever did this to you pays the ultimate penalty! Tell me, who hurt you?" She slumped down however at this time and was unable to respond further having fallen into a semi-comatose state. Blonde turned towards the shopkeep who swallowed hard meeting with an ingratiating whine: "They made me honest sir!" "Who

are they!?" Blonde asked coldly yet with insistence that bore the tone of command. "Sheriff Cuck – please don't kill me sir...oh sir Ezekiel." Blonde detached the manacles from the woman and threw her over his back and, grabbing the rope to which the Jew was tied began to exit the chamber and ascend the steps followed by Hasker who ensured that the shopkeeper would not be able to escape the punishment to come.

Scene: Sheriff Cuck's Office in the jail

Cuck sat on the plush leather office chair fondling his squaw that he shared with the shopkeeper and looking over to the holding-pen area behind the bars he spat a gob of tobacco juice at the prisoner who leapt up and rattled the bars of the cage shrieking: "Sheriff Cuck you can't treat a Christian this way!" The man's face was gaunt and of ashen hue his lean frame comprised of rope-like muscle under his white linen shirt and suspenders. Cuck leaned forward again and spat his shirt striking the emblem of the cross with tobacco juice: "Shut it churchie!" he growled "You're not in heaven...yet" his menacing tone brought a screech of enjoyment from his squaw who cackled with laughter at the helpless Christian. "I have done nothing, me a poor Christian man humble before the lord – you shan't get away with this! You are not a man of the law!" The sheriff sneered again and replied: "Render unto Caesar the things that are Caesars" and, with a salacious grin he cast his gaze down upon the supple breasts of his squaw squeezing one with his other hand. He bent down to kiss her and spat a gob of tobacco juice into her mouth which she spat back in his face, both amusing themselves in this childish fashion bursting out into guffaws of laughter. He reached over to the desk and picked up his brandy glass as the Christian was crying out: "If there is any conscience left in you for the love of god release me! I won't cause you any further trouble...but will leave it for the lord to have pity on you!" At which point having downed the last of the whiskey he hurled his brandy glass at the bars and it sprayed glass shrapnel all over the cell splashing the Christian with brandy who threw his hands up to protect his eyes from the shards. The sheriff spoke soberly in spite of his alcoholic stupor: "You're the one who's been workin' with that other Christian punk putting up posters calling for the impeachment of me and the mayor – that right?" The Christian picked himself up and wiped the detritus from his face as blood from the fragments poured across his vision: "You have dishonoured the laws of this town Sheriff, selling the poor girls into slavery to your 'associates'. Do they not deserve a chance at life? Do you not yourself have a daughter? How could we – and where is Bradley anyway, perhaps you have murdered him also? How could we not try to stop the mad course along which this town has gone dragging us all into the abyss – I beg of you in the name of Chr-" At this the sheriff again spat tobacco at him this time in the area of his face so that the Christian

was choking on the juice, coughing to expel the poison. The sheriff sneered again: "Yeah I gotta daughter. So what? She likes the savages more than she likes the Christian fags! But I got me plenty more chillins where she came from "he burst out laughing as he pointed to the belly of his squaw "– A young womb like that can make plenty more!" The squaw shrieked with laughter as the sheriff fondled her breasts some more. "You're the one who's gonna pay – Christian!" he spat the word out of his mouth with another gob of tobacco. "We gotta find a scapegoat for the crime see, and now that you have been apprehended for possession of cocaine that my boys planted on you we're gonna hang the crime of pimping on you too as the townsfolk are becoming alert to the fact. We forged your signature on a confession that admits to the act and already have plenty of witnesses we can bring to vouch for your guilt. You're gonna hang alright Christian! Just like Jesus hung on the cross you're gonna hang!" He and his squaw burst out in fits of laughter while the Christian stared hopelessly at the sheriff in impotence: "I go with a clear conscience," the man said, "willingly to meet my maker. Pray that god will forgive you your sins..." The Sheriff became serious and tapped the masonic sheriff's badge on his chest: "I am god Christian. A lucifer like me lives only in order to buck god – that's why they call me a goat!" and with this declaration he again fondled his squaw who giggled in amusement as he made humping motions with his gargantuan bulk that rocked the desk. Just then a rapid knock was heard at the door to the office and the sheriff bellowed in response: "Whaddya want!" The door opened at his utterance and a lanky deputy with an apathetic expression said: "Got a man here to see you sheriff, a Mister Blonde." This name was uttered in a tone purporting to connote significance. The facial expression on Cuck's face darkened and he heaved up his bulk thrusting aside the squaw who tumbled aside but immediately came up again and snatched the brandy bottle behind the sheriff's back sneakily eyeing him with caution to avoid his wrath. The sheriff however was looking at the deputy and pulled his heavy bandolier belt with its six- shooters up to his belly: "What does he want?" he asked. Without waiting for a response he elbowed the deputy aside and strode into the foyer. Mr. Blonde was standing there a woman thrown over one shoulder and the shopkeeper dragged by a rope in his other hand. "What's this all about?" the sheriff barked attempting to sound manly in face of the fearsome look cast by Blonde. Blonde whipped the shopkeep forward onto the ground and declared: "I know your administration is corrupt Sheriff but I want this man brought to justice," he booted the shopkeep in the ass which latter cried out "Oy vey...Sheriff don't let him hurt me oh please Sheriff." The sheriff looked down upon the shopkeeper in disgust and spat a gob of tobacco juice in his eye.

The shopkeep curled up with a shriek rubbing his eyes in vain attempts to clear the poison the sheriff queried: "What's the charge Blonde?" To which the latter replied: "Rape, assault, and

abduction. You know the penalty for rape Sheriff." The addressed nodded gravely thinking of the value of Hymie's property and how he could embezzle it for himself once the shopkeep was done away with. "Hanging," he said with gravity, the word eliciting a desperate response from the shopkeeper who threw himself onto the boots of the sheriff clutching them and mewling: "Please Sheriff, it wasn't me-"and the latter knocked him out cold. At this Blonde observed that the shopkeeper had been right in implicating the sheriff else why would he have been silenced in so abrupt a manner? His icy blue eyes penetrated the depths of the sheriff's soul and the latter nervously spoke in his most professional sounding tone: "Of course there must be witnesses and a fair trial before a conviction can be made..." he trailed off as Blonde's gaze never left his own. "Naturally," Blonde stated. "when will the trial be?" "Today," the sheriff uttered and looking at Hasker queried: "Is this your witness?" Blonde nodded relaying to Cuck the details of his encounter with Hymie and his step-sister's discovery of the bloodstained cross which he presented to the sheriff who looked at Hymie in disgust grovelling on the floor and again spat a gob of tobacco juice in his face. "Raping women are we Hymie? That's a serious offence, very serious...hanging serious. You'll have to pay for your sins Jew boy." At which the shopkeep let out a loud wail as Cuck grabbed him by the rope around his neck and, opening the door leading into his office/jail cell opening up the cell and throwing him in with the Christian. "Two sex offenders – together for the rest of their lives!" and slammed the cell door before either the desperate Jew or outraged Christian could escape the cell, the former out of a desire for escape the latter out of a desire to confront the sheriff in marquis of Queensbury rules pugilistic standoff. They both crashed into one another knocking heads as Hymie attempted to rush out of the shutting door and the Christian fired with righteous anger attempted to follow in the footsteps of his saviour and pull a miracle walking through the bars. The sheriff returned to the foyer and informed Blonde that the trial would be held this afternoon and to ensure he would intend. The latter, trusting in the greed of the sheriff to ensure justice would be served at least to the extent of terminating the life of the shopkeep, confirmed he would be there with his witness and walked out the door letting Hasker know that he would save his revenge against the sheriff for a later time as though the law of the town had been corrupted he wanted to uphold its principles to the extent the conformed to natural law and that given that the sheriff was above the law defacto, a vigilante response was warranted to rectify the injustice he had committed against his wife and the innumerable other girls who had fallen victim to the rape gangs and sex slavery orchestrated by the administration. For this he would pay and as cosmic justice called by some providence by others karma through individuals he would be the judge who would judge the judges working within the fallible constraints of man-made traditions which must needs deviate from the

natural law as they operated only in the transient realm of illusion though they strove for eternity. Hasker was charged with the duty of dropping his wife off at his step-sister's.

Scene: Mayor's Office; court

The mayor's office let onto a larger room which served as the town's court though kangaroo court would be the more appropriate term as it was notorious for its corruption, all verdicts being given by the mayor and only his cronies being allowed any leniency all others being given the harshest penalties especially the Christians who the mayor had subjected to many a mock trial and frame up with the false accusations / charges levelled at them. The mayor sat in his plush leather-backed chair drumming his gold-ringed fingers on the arm. He looked like a cornered rat, ferality displayed on his features, eyes staring at the clock on the wall for when the court would commence its proceedings pupils shrinking to pinpricks in anticipation of the exposure his regime might have to endure through a public scrutiny of his affairs given his close involvement with Hymie and illicit narcotics trade that was run surreptitiously from behind the scenes and which had ties to his office that might be possible to trace. Accordingly he had formulated a plan to convince what he referred to as 'the dumb goyim' to hang Hymie out to dry through rendering a guilty verdict after pretending to weight the evidence with great consideration ensuring that he played the role of impartial judge and altruistic mayor knowing that this was indeed the only role necessary to play given Hymie's obvious guilt which was more obvious to the mayor than anyone given his involvement. In order to allay suspicions of his own involvement he had visited Hymie in secret, taking the underground passage which led from his office to the sheriff's and confided in the latter that the only way he could placate the rancour of the goyim was to convict Hymie and enable him to escape before the public hanging which was scheduled for the day after should he be convicted. In his place he would hang the Christian and dispose of the body before anyone could take notice. He would then maintain his valuable agent in the narcotics business who would receive plastic surgery from the surgeon thereby disguising his countenance enabling him to continue his operation in the town transforming the dry goods store into some other type of venture and obtaining a monopoly on the dry goods trade through making it a public concern which would simply funnel more money into his pocket. The only loss was Hymie's features which were of no great appeal in any case and were, in his estimation, in need of reconstruction. However, he contemplated, there was always the chance that one of the govim, especially that Blonde gov rancher who started all this trouble, would cause yet more trouble he knew not what but instructed himself to remain ever vigilant so as to anticipate whatever move he might make.

Cogitating thusly he looked up at the clock which announced that it was a minute to the time of opening the court. He gave a glance to the court security guard who stood and opened the door for those waiting outside. Cuck entered with Hymie on the rope he wore around his neck thrusting him forward to make a great display of his righteous anger before the throng who hung back behind him as he made his way into the docket bumping Hymie in with his barrel of a belly and slamming the gate behind him. The jury were motioned in, the mayor wearing an expression of grave solemnity leafing through his law book which was still in brand new condition as he only brought it out as a theatrical prop in his kangaroo court to 'blind the eyes of the goyim' he said to himself. The pious women entered, those who took an interest in such matters as the self-appointed enforcers of the mores of the town and seated themselves in the jury stand as church-goers awaiting a sermon from their preacher. A few of Mayor Samael's minions also took their seats in the jury box to keep up the appearance of a representative democracy the women feigning offence at their presence yet subtlely making eyes at the 'bad boys' whose latent dangerousness they detected with their female intuition and which gave them a sexual thrill in spite of their neurotic inhibitions that had been entrained in their consciousness from birth through their Jewdeo-Christinsanity religion. Hymie looked somewhat at peace with himself yet still agitated at the possibility of his actually receiving punishment in place of the Christian fall-guy who still lingered in the jail cell unaware of what the mayor's plot consisted of. Sweat beaded on his forehead given the audience the impression of his guilt which served his interests. At this point Blonde came into the courtroom and removed his hat displaying the golden blonde hair which was the basis of his cognomen, his icy blue eyes staring with eagle- like penetration into mayor's beady black eyes which latter shrank to pinpricks and began blinking uncontrollably under Blonde's gaze. The mayor attempted to over-compensate for his loss of face by bellowing out: "The court is now in session," and, consciously attempting to avoid the gaze of Blonde, began the court proceedings. Blonde scrutinized him then Hymie the both of whom he held in the utmost contempt and discerned some unknown connection existing between the two apart from their obvious Jewishness, aware of the existence of their being connected in some way that was indiscernible to him. The trial went by the book with all proper ceremony the judge performing his duty according to procedure and both Hasker and Blonde were brought out to bear testimony. Blonde's wife who had by this time recovered displayed her bruises and welts and broke down in tears on the witness stand over her treatment at the hands of Hymie. However, for whatever reason she failed to recollect the mayor or sheriff perhaps having

blocked out their memory through the trauma they had induced in her the mayor being an expert in hypnosis and an ability to 'wipe the brain slate clean' rendering the woman, at least in those particulars essential for implicating himself or Cuck as complicit in the rape and abuse, amnesiac which he had achieved through heavy doses of belladonna and hypnotic black magic derived from the Kabbalah. Hence the woman could only implicate Hymie through recollection of memories he conjured up in her mind all of which became associated with him exclusively rendering him the perfect scapegoat though himself still having been the principle orchestrator of the abuse and sacrifice of the Christian youth whom the woman had witnessed being sacrificed. The trial began to wind down to a close as Hymie was asked to take the stand in his own defense. He looked about at the crowd with a look of wounded innocence, a pained smile spreading his pasty flabby cheeks in a look of contrition for the woman and then ascended the stand next to the judge who looked upon him with cold indifference creating in the minds of the jury the appropriate impression thereby subtlely influencing their opinion which always followed authority as lemmings gravitate to power as surely as iron to a magnet. Hymie spoke this time revealing his true intentions, knowing well in advance that the verdict would be guilty and that he had no chance but to rely upon the mayor's plan. He decided that, through his whole life of living a lie he now had an opportunity to speak the truth. Hymie shrieked with a fanatical look on his face, veins standing out on his neck and forehead: "You gentiles!" he shouted, "I accuse you! Yes I did the deed, but was it not you who made me? For I am the victim, I am the persecuted one and it was all that I could do not to murder that shiksa as I had the donkey Christian – and with my own hands!" At this the audience hissed with rage, the women gasping in astonishment and muttering under their breath. Blonde balled his hands into fits and stared menacingly at the shopkeep who continued his diatribe: "I could not but do what I did you gentiles! You're history of persecution of people of my kind, the people humble before god, has gone on unrelentingly throughout the history of the world and my vengeance could not be suppressed any longer! I did what I did because of you! Because we want a world of our own free of persecution, a world where peace will reign and all of those whose souls you have destroyed will be able to live and love and laugh." The mayor looked uncomfortably at the shopkeep who he deemed to be laying it on too thick and risking exposure, coughed subtlely under his hand. "No longer," Hymie continued, "must we be forced into ghettos to slave our hands to the bone only to be a bootlick to a king, a footstool to a prince! I had to do what I did – there was no other way to revenge myself, in the name of the equal rights of all mankind then to kill and rape and torture! For the sins of your fathers are upon you, you gentiles, and must be atoned for!" The room had fallen silent as the shrimpy shopkeep screamed out his defense concluding with: "I know that I have made peace with my god though it would never be enough to rectify the balance of justice. Go on! Hang an innocent man; I am accustomed to your hatred!" With this he spat at the wife of Blonde who immediately rushed at the shopkeep but was restrained by the minions of the court. The mayor banged his gavel on the table attempting to bring order to the court. "The jury will now render its verdict." All members having been assigned a voting card

upon which was displayed a set of boxes, one for 'guilty', one for 'innocent'. These being tallied and summed up the verdict was a unanimous 'guilty'. Hymie was led out of the courtroom and the mayor ended the trial by saying: "The court finds the shopkeeper Hymie Weinstein guilty of rape, assault, and crimes against humanity, namely murder through sacrifice, and is sentenced to death by hanging. The hanging will take place tonight after sundown at the town fountain in the central square."

Scene: The Fountain

The townsfolk gathered around as the sun was beginning to set, many of them having brought unlit torches to view the spectacle which was to happen once the sun had gone down over the horizon as a symbolic act of the passing of a life which was a time-honoured tradition of the town, a gesture which implied that a life taken had to be taken away in turn to rectify the balance of justice, 'an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth.' The throng gathered as an ox cart with what appeared to be Hymie was brought into the center square driven by Sheriff Cuck who wore his cleanest apparel, clean and pressed and his six-pointed sheriff's star shining brightly flashing in the torchlight which the townsfolk generated from their torches now that the sun had set. The mayor was seated beside Cuck and the man appearing to be Hymie was trussed up and gagged with a hood over his head so no one could positively identify him. Two armed guards on horseback flanked the ox cart ensuring that the struggling hooded man would be unable to escape his fate. Arriving at the fountain the cart stopped and the sheriff roughly threw the man onto the ground out of the cart leaping after him and spreading his arms wide for all the throng to witness: "Behold, justice comes swiftly to the guilty – in the form of a rope!" and so saying he held aloft a rope displaying it for all to view. His two toughs grabbed the man by each elbow as he came out of his daze and began to attempt to free himself from his hood as if he wanted to reveal to the audience his visage. The toughs grabbed him and pulled him upright so that his manacled feet dragged behind as they led him to the podium under the scaffold. The sheriff and mayor both followed suit behind the dead man. The mayor held a piece of parchment in his hand and the sheriff held the rope, each stood on their respective sides of the convicted facing the crowd, created an air of solemnity. The mayor extended his hands in a manner similar to the sheriff before and began his prepared speech: "This man stands before you convicted of crimes against humanity. It is our opinion that justice will be served this day and that it is our hope that the grievous wrongs perpetrated against an innocent woman will be redressed to the extent that such may be possible. The life," his voice rose to a crescendo to emphasize his speech and elicit an emotional reaction from the audience, "...of an innocent, her very soul, has been irreparably damaged to the point that it could be said that in the very core of her being she has ceased to be who she was – is instead now a living dead." He waited as the emotion built in the audience.

Continuing with his neuro-linguistic programming mind control he reverberated using a certain beats-perminute cadence. "And as her life has been destroyed so another...must...be... destroyed – for does it not say

in the holy scriptures 'an eye for an eye...a tooth for a tooth..." He trailed off and letting the parchment drop to his leg he turned towards the squirming hooded man throwing out his pointing finger in accusation: "You, Hymie Weinstein, monster of iniquity, I find an abomination in the sight of our lord." He stabbed again at the hooded man in vigorous condemnation each word being accompanied by the gesture: "An – eye – for – an – eye – a – tooth – for – a – tooth!" and finishing gestured to Cuck who placed the rope around the man's head which writhed with great intensity as every fibre of the man's being struggled for self- preservation, the two toughs with difficulty restraining him and preventing him from escaping his fate. The sheriff placed the noose around the man and the four stepped away from the platform which caved in as the sheriff pulled a lever releasing the trapdoor. The man plunged into the pit of no return and his neck snapped killing him instantly. At this time the hush of the crowd was interrupted by a small group of men riding into, at the head of which Blonde rode. He approached the platform as the crowd parted from his horse to avoid being trampled. Blonde spoke clearly and distinctly but without excessive volubility: "Let me have a look at that dead man sheriff," at which request Cuck became flustered his bloodshot eyes bugging out and beet red face becoming blustery as he rushed towards the body attempting to block it with his corpulent body. "You can't do that Blonde! I'm the law around here!" - At which Blonde unsaddled and approached the sheriff. "The townsfolk have a right to know whether justice has been served. Stand aside so I can remove the hood." The sheriff refused to move and the mayor looked furtively about for a way of escape but was hemmed in by the crowd and had no means to escape. The sheriff reached for Blonde saying, "You're under arrest for obstructing jus-" and was immediately dispatched with an uppercut from Blonde who then brought an elbow crashing down upon his neck with enough force to render him unconscious. The fat sheriff collapsed under his own hulking bulk and the mayor met the gaze of Blonde with trepidation, a stream of sweat falling from his brow: "Mr. Blonde, you have struck a man of the law...but..." he said in attempts to avoid the same fate, "You are right – yes...the people do deserve a chance to see who...Sheriff Cuck has brought here to be hung. My own..." he continued with nervousness, "...implicit faith in the sheriff preventing me from questioning..." he trailed off as Blonde moved towards the hanged man. The mayor backing away with a gaze of apparent curiosity attempting to convince the crowd that he the mayor was in favour of what he had imposed upon him by Blonde. The big man reached out and cut the rope from around the man's neck, his body falling to the ground in a heap. The citizens with their torches moved nearer to illuminate the darkness as Blonde worked to extricate the hood revealing the Christian man from the cell. The crowd gave a collective gasp, some exclaiming: "It's Joshua," "The man who went missing a week ago." The mayor feigned surprise and looked with apparent outrage at the sheriff who was still unconscious on the ground: "What kind of a game is this! An innocent man..." but Blonde and his small band were off, Blonde parting with "Time to take justice into our own hands fellow citizens! We must tear this town apart to find that butcher!" He lifted his six-gun in the air and waved the townsfolk forward to scour the town. The mayor whined after them: "Don't wreck the infrastructure! We must abide by the rule of law oy vey! That's vigilantism! You'll be sorry Blonde!" After this outburst he brought out the smelling salts and attempted to wake up the sheriff smacking his rosy cheeks while the toughs brought him up to a sitting position. Dazed, the sheriff came to questioning the mayor as to what happened. "No time for that Cuck! We gotta get the savages here for when they come back and wipe 'em out." "You gonna wipe the whole town out Sam?" the sheriff queried with an amused smirk on his face. "Just Blonde and the other principle figures — whatever casualties are lost is their own problem. We'll come in after and make it appear that we saved the town and that Blonde was the cause of the problem. We'll pin the blame on him and make ourselves look like heroes. We'll claim he substituted the Christian goy for Hymie and that he had his wife knock you out with smelling salts in the jailhouse so you didn't know. Those dumb goyim won't suspect a thing." The sheriff sneered and became energized over the prospect of revenging himself on Blonde. He rose to his feet and collected his wits: "I'll go and see Chief Firewater now." So saying he leapt upon the donkey he rode and signalled with masonic hand gestures to the toughs to follow him. The mayor looked about him with trepidation and finally leaped onto his horse and chased after the already departing sheriff.

Scene: Redskin Camp

The mongoloid sub-humans who had poured into the Americas over the land-bridge that connected the continents together had brought into the civilization of the whites nothing but chaos, violence, and disease. Given their animalistic tendencies these redskin invaders had outbred and driven whites from their created territories through sheer numbers leading to a near wholesale genocide of the white pioneers who had created the Americas thousands of years ago as colonists from Atlantis. However this concealed historical reality had been swept under the rug by the Jewish establishment who used their savage slaves as a terrorist army against the white settlers as a means of demoralizing them and destroying their created territories through creating a false historical narrative that the redskins were the first occupiers of the land and therefore had a moral entitlement to dwell there in accordance with the prevailing Christian morality of egalitarian universalism which claimed that everything that walked on two legs upright was 'human' and therefore was entitled to equal treatment which was a non sequitur outside of that hegemonic moral discourse which the Jews had invented as a means of subverting and usurping white society. The redskins thus were mind-controlled to perceive themselves as victims of white villainy and entitled to reparations if need be in the form of slaves and blood.

Their savage sub-IQ mind was incapable of grasping the fact that everything they had was simply given them by whites without which they would have stagnated in Stone Age poverty for eternity and that the only reason why they had been allowed to live was because of the mind poison called Jewdeo-Christianity which had been injected into the Whites' consciousness by the Jews themselves as a means of rendering them docile slaves who had a sin-expiation complex imposed upon them by their subtle mind manipulators. The gang

calling itself 'The Savages' lived a short distance from the town and which – so far as the townsfolk of Eden knew – was a tribe of 'indigenous peoples' who were victims in need of love and Christian charity by the whites. There were many more conscious whites however who were aware of the abduction of white girls and even boys for sex slavery and that the savages were the pawns of a larger, more sinister regime that sold them across the border in Mexico and perhaps shipped them all around the world. These were typically the more healthy-minded who had not allowed Jewdeo- Christianity, a religion of suicide, to snuff out their more healthy instincts which enabled them to arm themselves and undergo rigorous training as a means of preparing a defense against the redskins when the latter would inevitably be led against them in a racial holy war (RaHoWa) at the instigation of this shadowy regime. Many amongst the congregation who adhered to a radical splinter sect of Jewdeo-Christinsanity interpreted this regime as being led by the Jews themselves against those they deemed the Israelites, namely the white race. This apparent theological inversion of the Jews' mind control where the Jews were put into the position of the devils of the earth and the whites as the children of god was at the very least a practical theology that accorded with the natural law edict of selfpreservation. The unfortunate reality was that only a small group of these exited, those instrumental in the formation of the paramilitary organization they called the 'Adamic knights' after the theological interpretation that the Adamites or Adamic race was equivalent to the white race. The vast majority of the small town of Eden adhered to the standard issue Jewdeo-Christian ideology wherein the Jews were looked upon as the children of god and wherein all beings who walked upon two legs were equalized regardless of merit, the latter disproven through the sum total of history, a history which was glossed over with the term 'pagan' as a diminutive epithet designed to minimize the reality of history that it was a white creation and in absence of which nothing but stone age violence and a bellum omnia contra omnes world of chaos would reign. Thus at this juncture in the short history of Eden the veil of deception had been placed over the eyes of the populace and only a few could pierce its tenebrous tissue. The naïeve townsfolk still continued to feed the problem which only exacerbated itself leading to their own loss through conferring upon the unworthy the fruits of their labour and knowledge. By arming the savages with a knowledge of the white man's ways they simply revealed the chinks in their own armour and made of themselves a target for the savages which manifested itself in the abduction and rape of the women and children and the commission of arson against their property, Sheriff Cuck and the mayor entered the redskin camp accompanied by two of the terrorist gang etc. members carrying repeating rifles and bearing the self-inflicted scars which testified to their rite of passage which crisscrossed their cheeks, their topless bodies tattooed with various demonic markings which they used to invoke the lower astral entities which they propitiated for occult power in exchange for the blood of sacrifice. They ostentatiously wore large gold donkey ropes around their necks and had gold rings in ears and nose as well as gold rings on their fingers. They entered into camp with the sheriff and mayor riding in front the two toughs flanking them slightly behind and the redskins on their sides. The camp was made around a

central fire before which several white girls whose necks were manacled to an iron chain were sifting grain and pounding it into flour and putting it into sacks for transport and sale. The chief's corpulent body lolled on his stacks of blankets which served as his throne surrounded by more white girls and a white boy that he kept on his knee a chain wound around his fist. The boy was kept in a small cage which the chief dropped scorpions into through an opening in the top and which the boy attempted to bat out of the cage to prevent them from stinging him. The chief was in process of drinking another brown bottle of firewater which he would smash against the cage so that fragments would bombard the white boy as a means of getting his jollies. The chief was being fanned by the white girls he allowed to stand and these were intermittently spat at by the squaws who thronged round the chief. The redskin male youth danced around the fire in ecstasy screeching out some type of arcane language in propitiation of whatever entities hovered round the camp. Tom-tom drums beat out a cadence which was punctuated by the youth's cries as the group entered. The sheriff approached the chief after dismounting from his donkey and gave a masonic hand sign in greeting which was reciprocated by the chief. "We got a problem," the sheriff stated matter-of-factly. The chief finished his bottle and smashed it against the cage which again caused the boy to cower in the corner in fear. He wiped his fat mouth with his massive ham fist bloodshot eyes staring at the sheriff who stared back unperturbed. The mayor walked up to the chief and pointed his finger in his face — "Listen up Firewater, we've got no time for your games. We gotta hit for you and your braves see!" The mayor took out a sketch of Blonde and held it up to the chief's face. "This guy's causing trouble for us and that means trouble for you capishe? We need him taken out tonight. Send all you got but only take out those who shoot back and those men who surround the guy. We don't need a massacre, all those goyim have gotta be used as tax slaves to generate revenue see...just take out the leadership – strike the shepherd and the sheep will scatter..." The chief's alcoholized gaze stared out at him from his bloodshot eyes. "Mayor," he began, "We redskins are a simple people, we only want peace. You want us to fight. But how can a peaceful people be made to fight?" he asked rhetorically kicking a stash of gold he had at his feet. "You want more than you deserve redskin," the sheriff replied, "but we need you now so what's your price?" The chief smiled in self-satisfaction pretending to ponder what would be a just price and finally said: "Fifty per-cent of the pale-skin money," by which he meant the sex slave trade, and in his greed added "...and fifty per-cent of the peyote money." The mayor gnashed his teeth in anger but suddenly an idea came into his head – that he would bring in hard men from back east and clean house of the redskins whose irresponsibility was jeopardizing his illicit operation, threatening exposure amongst the govim of the town as the recent Christian sacrifice had proven. Once they had them properly trained they would take back what money the redskins were given. Finally appearing himself with these reflections the mayor consented urging the chief to hurry as their contact Hymie was threated and he was an asset having connections from back east that were of considerable value that would bring in more profits for the organization. The chief then clapped his hands above his head and shouted above

the din of the drums and screeching of youths: "Prepare for war against this pale-skin. Only fighters must die, kill no one else!" And so saying he passed the picture of Blonde around to the braves who gazed at it imprinting his image on their memory. The chief then let out a whoop and stood up, his massive bulk illuminated in the firelight. He took up the cage in his two hands and held it aloft saying "Taka tubba wasin! Taka mihela wasin!" The drums instantly began to beat as if in preparation for battle a martial dirge tramped out in monotonous staccato beat while the braves leaped into the air and circled the fire in counter-clockwise directions intermittently screaming out: "Taka tubba wasin! Taka mihela wasin!" as they brandished their spears in the darkness. At this moment an apparition seemed to crystalize over the fire assuming a humanoid form, its gaunt hollow cheeks and eye sockets suggestive of a long-starved and tormented soul, its wild shock of black hair spilling out over the fire yet still an impalpable shape semi-translucent in the fire existing in both physical and metaphysical dimensions bending over the fire yet too timid to reach out to the prize of the white child who clung desperately to the cage bars as the chief shook it seeming to taunt the creature inflaming its ardour and greed. The chief took out a flint knife and screamed out "Taka taka wasin!" at which point he poked at the child with the flint, a course of blood accompanied by a scream emanating from the child's body. The apparition trembled with eagerness as the chief again struck out at the child who emitted another scream of pain – the blood flowed out as the chief shook the cage over his head. Finally he shouted "Tubba wasin!" and hurled the cage into the flames at which the apparition leapt upon it and gorged itself upon the child, its jaws moving in two dimensions spraying blood into the fire which hissed with each drop. The chief stood by with arms over his chest relishing the sight as the mayor and sheriff laughed with glee over the entertainment their toughs sampling some of the fried chicken the chief had in buckets around him. "We go! War on the paleface!" the chief cried out, the terrorist youths leaping onto horseback to ride upon the town. The mayor and Cuck looked down upon the white girls and the mayor said: "Time we taught these girls a lesson eh Cuck?" The sheriff sneered with a salacious look on his face and licking his lips took up one of the liquor bottles and drained it down.

Scene: Eden

The townsfolk had turned up nothing in their search of the jailhouse or of the saloon and brothel. They now at the instigation of Blonde made their way to Hymie's store and stopped outside. Blonde ascended the steps and said: "You all go and surround the town so no one can get out. Hasker, myself, and a few others will go inside and if we find him we'll come out and hang him and give the Christian a proper burial." Blonde reached into his gun belts and fisted his two six-guns kicking the door of Hymie's open which opened up onto the store which had the kerosene lamp turned out. Hasker lit it and wrenched it from its moorings holding it up so that a view of the interior was possible. The group felt the oppressive atmosphere around them as if some demonic energies haunted the place. The interior room was barren as if someone had been clearing the shelves

of its goods in preparation for leave-taking. Blonde held out his arm suddenly barring Hasker from heading into the office room. He indicated a trail of blood which led down into the basement. The trapdoor was opened by one of the men upon instructions from Blonde who then descended the steps with the men behind. A faint light could be seen at a distance and Blonde extinguished his own so as not to be detected. They went forth into the inner chamber and observed Hymie bent over a leather-bound volume of Yiddish characters, the binding seeming to be of skin and the lettering to be of a bloody hue. A menorah was lit in front of Hymie, the candles giving off an odour of animal – perhaps human fat – and he was busying himself bobbing before the book, his arm and hand wrapped in a black leather tassel and a black prayer box on his head. Below the menorah a child was strapped to the sacrifice table, its mouth gagged and its blonde hair streaming sweat. The shopkeep muttered Yiddish phrases in a whiny alien tongue as a strange entity coalesced on top of the menorah, a hybrid serpent humanoid creature which hovered in the atmosphere over the child. Hymie was beginning to go into ecstasies as he bobbed back and forth, his left hand grabbing a silver sacrifice knife and preparing to strike into the heart of the child. Just then a shot rang out as Blonde terminated the life of the floating creature sending a magnum slug into its brain. It fell on the floor squealing and writhing as Hymie whirled around the daze he had been put in interrupted by the discharge of the projectile. The child he ripped from its moorings and giving an apprehensive look over his shoulder he twisted round and held the silver knife to its throat while it writhed in his arms attempting to break free. Blonde let another shot off knocking the knife from his hand which blew apart in fragments. Hymie dropped the child and prostrated himself before the group of men. "Please, have mercy!" he cried, "I am a victim of" – Blonde cocked his guns as the group approached Hymie surrounding him and trussing him up with the straps he had had the would-be sacrifice victim in before. "You're going to stand trial Hymie," Blonde said, "You've sinned and must compensate those you've injured." He gestured to the men who began to move him out instructing Hasker to find some gasoline to burn the building down "as an evil place such as this must be wiped from the earth". The group exited Hymie's and were welcomed by the crowd who heaped vitriol upon the criminal. Blonde wound a length of rope around the prisoner's neck and leapt upon his horse leading it at a trot with the Jew stumbling behind holding the rope which would be used for his own hanging. The throng gathered around the place of execution and Blonde ascended the scaffold with Hymie behind, his associates following in tow to prevent the Jew from escaping. The Jew had to be dragged up the steps as he attempted to resist his fate, the men prodding him with their rifles up to the platform which Blonde had reset. The rope was thrown over the scaffold and Hymie was brought over the trapdoor. Blonde in the spirit of lawfulness made the standard request for last words to which Hymie screamed out: "You may destroy me goyim but you can't stop what the evil one has planned for you. Even the best gentiles must be killed!" At this the trapdoor was released and Hymie fell through, the rope not being taught enough to snap his neck so Blonde pulled his body up and down as a tolling of the death knell of the Jew whose body was jerked up and down his feet running beneath him in a perverse comedic display of

his death throes. Eventually his body went limp and Blonde tied the rope's end around an iron rail spike which had been pounded into the scaffold leaving the Jew dangling into space so there would be no possibility of his coming back from the lake of fire. The townsfolk cheered aloud and began to celebrate the destruction of an evil in their midst when the shots from a repeating rifle were heard in the distance. One of the men of the scaffold fell and Blonde yelled: "Get back to the sheriff's and the jail – we can seek shelter inside," as the walls were made of thick slabs of granite and the building was all but impenetrable to assault from without. The townsfolk rushed to the jail while the shouting picked up. Blonde covered their rear firing intermittent shots when he realized that most of the shots were directed at himself he decided to draw the fire away from the crowd who rushed to comparative safety in the jail.

Blonde sped towards his vehicle as the whoops of the redskins approached believing themselves to have discovered easy prey. Blonde headed down the alley where he had left his carriage.

Unlocking it he leapt inside and twisted a lever which enabled the bulletproof visor made of diamond-coated glass to pop up thus shielding him from any bullets directed into the cabin and twisted another lever which enabled the Gatling gun turret to project outwards and acquire targets. He pedalled the vehicle out of the alleyway and into the crowd of oncoming savages who shot at him as they rode their emaciated horses screeching their savage war cries piercing the quiet of the town turning Eden into a hell on earth. As Blonde could see up the street past the savage horde most of the townsfolk had managed to attain sanctuary in the jail though a few had been shot down before they could make it inside both women and children as well as men. The horde pressed on towards Blonde and now that he had a clear field ahead without any of the townsfolk in the way he opened fire with the Gatling gun mowing down the redskins who were then caught in a pincer movement of sorts between Blonde and the men in the jail who opened fire through the bars now having access to the town armoury. The Gatling gun continued to blast away in its staccato melody of death turning on its turret in a tightly controlled formation controlled by Blonde who manoeuvred the vehicle from side to side to present a more difficult target and introduce confusion into the minds of the savages as to whether he would approach or not. The lines of Redskins kept charging forth seemingly in waves of red bodies their feral eyes and teeth being the only visible brightness on their bodies bathed in the firelight of Hymie's store which Hasker had apparently doused with gasoline and begun the burning of prior to the townsfolk's retreat to the jail. The bodies of both horse and rider fell to the ground writhing in pain and gaping wounds erupted on their flesh exploding in bursts of blood and muck as the redskins screamed their war cries of death. The onslaught against Blonde had become an onslaught against the redskins by Blonde as he turned the tables on the feral terrorist army and continued to reap a bloody harvest. The dim light of reason finally dawned on the remaining savages who then reared their horses around and attempted to flee from the barrage of Gatling

gunfire but not a single one escaped. Silence again descended on the town as the smoking Gatling gun wound down and the moans of the wounded redskins ceased, the jail snipers knocking them out one by one leaving a carpet of detritus in the form of carcasses on the main street of Eden. Blonde exited his vehicle after parking it next to the jail cell exhausted after having stayed awake for such a long period. He approached the jail visible to its occupants and raised his six-guns high into the night sky in a symbolic gesture of victory. The crowd cheered and the men inside the jail came out to congratulate Blonde on defeating the savage gang. To his reckoning it appeared as if he had defeated most of their numbers in his two recent skirmishes all within the period since he had last slept. At this juncture at the edge of town two figures rode towards the group bearing torches. The men levelled their guns but when they saw that it was the sheriff and the mayor they hesitantly dropped them to their sides and waited for them to approach. The two entered into hearing distance and the mayor bellowed out: "Thank the lord y'all are safe. We got caught up with a band of redskins when we were looking for Hymie and narrowly escaped. We couldn't pursue them as we'd have been done for sure. We tried to circumvent them and warn y'all but they were already upon y'all," the mayor stated with theatrical intonation pretending to be winded and full of anxiety over their fate. "Why not search for Hymie in the town," queried Blonde rhetorically. "Why exit the town's perimeter and why would a large group of savages appear shortly after your disappearance almost as if you were the cause of their presence?" The mayor entered into his theatrics again feigning righteous indignation: "Mr. Blonde! Surely you, yes even you, would find it hard to impute a motive to me for such nefarious action. Why the sheriff and I are only looking out for the best interests of the townsfolk. We want everyone to get along...and you! You've killed them. Granted they are a savage breed but surely you can see to it as a Christian to forgive their trespasses..." To which Mr. Blonde staring icily at the mayor responded, "If you are acting in the best interests of the townsfolk why then did you hang an innocent man in the place of Hymie?" The sheriff snorted: "Blonde! I already told you why – I was drugged and someone with vested interests substituted the two bodies. I ought to arrest you for striking me – but I'll forgive you as a true Christian, only on the condition that you drop this issue and cease to undermine the law of which I am a humble representative," he looked indignantly at Blonde whose eyes displayed a sarcastic humour. "I," he began, "as everybody here knows, am no Christian though I have no objection to the adherence to the real teachings of Christ. As to the law it appears to have been put away here. If you are indeed a Christian you would not invite savages amongst your flock, wolves into the sheep's pen. Now I and my wife and children will leave to return to our ranch and hope that you will adhere to the laws of Eden as they were enacted at their creation generations before." In saying this Blonde returned to his carriage to pick up his wife and children from his step-sister's turning his back on the two representatives of an inverted law and order in a world gone mad.

Scene: Church of Universality

After these events the mayor and sheriff decided it would be best to lie low as they waited for their heavy hitters from back east to arrive as they intended to finally take out Blonde once and for all. That day a man arrived in the town who had never been there before. He was a young man with blonde hair and blue eyes dressed in a formal suit and riding a horse which pulled a small cart behind inside of which was his every belonging. He wore a brace of pistols on his belt and a white brimmed hat neither the latest fashion nor anything unfashionable like himself an implacable and non-descript character outside of the intensity of fervour which radiated from out of his icy blue eyes and gaunt features baked in the sun a ruddy hue. As he entered into town and approached the church of universality his gaze looked down with a stern fanaticism at the priest whose corpulent body was wheezing as he attempted to water the cacti which grew on the grounds of his church. The man passed by with contempt having no willingness to greet what he deemed a 'pharisaical hypocrite' who led the flock into the wolves den and into the flames of the lake of fire. "Truly," the man cogitated, "the worldliness of the priest manifested itself in his rotundity and flabby appearance, an abomination in the sight of god. The outer is the inner and the inner is the outer. "It would be," he thought, "a great shock to the people of this Edenic paradise to have the scales wrenched from off their purblind eyes and to behold the truth he had come to enlighten them with. Many would be resistant as they still clung dogmatically to the teachings of men and the distorted letter of that what they in their ignorance construed to be 'the law'. Such laws were not for such as he and soon those who were receptive would understand the true law and overcome their dogmatic slumber. He made his way to the recently reconstructed building that had been Hymie's dry goods where he would be establishing his new Church of the Divine Gnosis which would serve as a mechanism of deliverance from the dark age ignorance the townsfolk had come under and which was facilitated by the hypocritical administration as it was in all places throughout the world – the peasants subordinating themselves to the priest class who would feign humility before an abstract anthropomorphic deity as a means of perpetuating their mastery over their serf class. He would do his utmost to sever the chain that bound them in subjection to the tyranny of universalism embodied in the Jewdeo-Christinsanity church of the universal and the Jewdeo-Masonic administrative apparatus all of which was merely part of the same despotism, which ruled under the guise of representation of the popular will and tending the garden of god via priestly caste hegemony. As the man approached Hymie's he was met by the mayor and a small delegation of the town establishment. The mayor approached and vigorously shook the hand of the man: "Greetings," he said unctuously beaming before the man, "we are all very glad you decided to purchase this building and establish a rival church. Diversity is our strength we like to say in Eden. It's the town's new motto." The women in the audience smiled with welcome, some amongst them attempting to elicit his attention in turn intimating to him that they were more than pleased with his arrival and his lithe physique and rugged

constitution. One of the men having overheard the mayor's 'Diversity is our strength' slogan made a sourlooking face and recovering himself attempted a smile keeping up appearances. "We welcome you good sir. Your name is Eckhardt is it not?" he questioned with ingratiating unctuosity. "Hans Eckhardt," he said smiling politely if not with a tone of mirth and took the mayor's hand in his own giving him a vigorous handshake. "You must be Mayor Goldblatt," he enunciated his Jewish name pretending to have a great veneration for the Jewish self-proclaimed master race. The mayor appeared to get the hint and filled his chest with pride, his sixpointed gold star puffing outwards reflecting the sunlight revelling in his own vainglory, his purple silk cravat crisscrossed with gold threaded Yiddish characters and black silk suit bespeaking a man too big for his britches or rather like a child stepping into his father's clothes. After further introductions the delegation left and Eckhardt was left alone with the store. He had purchased the building while in St. Louis having recently arrived from the old country on the basis of photographs and reports of property assessors who worked for the town. Observing it now he saw it was in need of repairs but given the prize was not too self-critical of his purchase decision and perhaps naïeve reliance upon the administrations' representation and altruistic regard for the buyer. Over the next few days Eckhardt worked to fix up the building for conversion into the Church of the Divine Gnosis (C.D.G.) and had finished painting the sign which he was expert at having been trained in the fine arts as well as having followed a mystical path whereby he had attained enlightenment. The demonic entities that Hymie had enticed into the building had been purged the day of his arrival as his heightened sensibility enabled him to detect their presence which to him was no different than vermin easily discarded through the higher consciousness that he channelled through himself as a conduit of the Divine Absolute. These lower entities dispersed as they could not dwell within the light radiated from the higher god-man Eckhardt had made himself into. The satanic torture chamber had been the reservoir of these lower astral forms which lingered even after Hymie's had been burnt down and another edifice erected in its place. The church of the divine gnosis was in direct competition with that of its rival the church of universality and over the weeks the townsfolk came to appreciate and recognize the more meaningful and sincere sermons delivered by the preacher which were more interactive and where they were given exercises, meditations, and tasks of a spiritual nature to undergo as opposed to merely to passively spectate as the preacher of the other church Jude Barrabas broadcasted his platitudes of universal brotherhood and love and peace always intimating that submission to the church was essential and all one had to have as a means of ensuring their ticket to the pearly gates was a blind obedience to the dogma which was contained in his bulletins which were little more than a religious reflection of the administrations politics of 'integration' (i.e. race mixing) and boundless tolerance for all manner of sick and weak forms of societal decay, as a representative of god upon earth he was the arbiter of all truth justice and his truth and justice corresponded to the policies of the administration without deviance therefrom as he was himself a member thereof. Such acts as sodomy, which he called 'brother love' and pedophilia which he persuaded the congregation was merely a natural tendency for all those who

welcomed Jesus into their hearts, he sermonized about in a rapture of ecstasy absolving all who committed such acts of punishment and declaring that god the 'lord' recognized no sin if only belief in Jesus were had and the laws of his earthly administration of Eden were upheld. Given the extreme changes to the lives of the townsfolk which this created now that they had an alternative gathering place for their spiritual development and edification many of the townsfolk perhaps also beguiled by the aesthetic appeal of the young priest as opposed to the doughy corpulence of Barrabas would much rather take in his positive vibrations than the doom and gloom preaching of the latter who deliberately though unbeknownst to the majority would play upon their emotions as a means of mind-controlling them, created states of fear and depression and then appear to offer them the solution afterwards which was always the instruction to adhere to and obey the law of the town which according to him was merely the application of divine law on earth which worked itself through the instruments of the divine will, the priest himself and the mayor and sheriff. At a basic intuitive level of consciousness the masses understood that the church of universality was a source of depression leaving them feeling that they had been stripped of their willpower which in fact they had as a deliberate ploy to dumb them down and drive them into the vices which the administration was only too happy to offer them such as prostitution, and alcohol and drug addiction. Also on this level of consciousness the white majority of the town knew that the term 'integration' meant the destruction of their ancestral culture and identity and that, in spite of the preachings to the contrary, it was in no way a desirable thing for them to be replaced in their own town in spite of the jargon of 'diversity' and 'acceptance' – they knew instinctively it was wrong but the mind control was so entrained within them that it merely led to a demoralization and chronic depression. For this the pastor Barrabas would administer special 'pep pills' that he said contained the elixir of angels which would help to lift their spirits of the congregation. Many of the townsfolk had gotten addicted to these pills and that was one of the reasons they continued to return to the pastor and would simply endure his depressing sermons as a means of getting their fix. In spite of this more and more were leaving and finding their way to the Church of the Divine Gnosis and to the priest Eckhardt who would lift their spirits through what he called 'discourses' instead of sermons where after there would be a question and answer session where he would divulge his personal experience and the trials and tribulations of his adventurous life in the old country and in the larger cities of the new world as a means of illustrating his principles and lessons on the higher mind and the potentiality of all of becoming who they were, their true selves and that there was indeed an eternal hereafter that was available should the individual have sufficiently developed their higher self which meant a freedom from the slavish adherence to others such as the priest and government, the powers and principalities which reigned with arbitrary sway over the destinies of their charges who had been convinced that they only freedom they were entitled to was that which was dispensed by the regime. "Freedom is before the law," he stated, "but before which law? The laws of man...or the laws of god! Thus even in chains one is free so long as the chains are the armour of god and not the rusty fetters of the legions of Satan!" Preaching of this sort had brought upon him the rancour of the mayor and administrative apparatus who had initially looked upon him as another seminary student eager to level up in the hierarchy and obtain what pastors such as Barrabas and others from the beginning of time had sought: temporal power and the luxury of a materialistic life. Now that, given the talk of the townsfolk and their rumblings and rumours of discontent the mayor began to suspect that since Eckhardt was the only change that had been introduced into the town since the change of attitude of the populace he must be the ultimate cause. "Eliminate the cause, eliminate the effect," the mayor said as he and the sheriff sat in the office upon holding a meeting to discuss the matter. "We gotta get this goy," the mayor stated. He gestured over to one of the toughs who was guarding the door and whispered in his ear: "That priest punk Eckhardt – take'em. I want it done tonight see?" The tough nodded in obedience. "Make it look like a suicide," he stated. "Here is a silenced weapon," he stated as he reached into his vest and drew out an ornate gun which resembled a long-barrelled machine pistol. "This is a custom-made gun from the kosher arms factory in New York. It discharges in automatic form. One squeeze of the trigger and that's it." The mayor smiled with a smug look on his face contemplating the destruction of the young priest whose gnostic gospel was in direct contravention to his prescribed dogma that his pastor puppet served at the mouthpiece of, the gospel of 'universal brotherhood', in which any being that walked on two legs qualified as a 'human' and was entitled to resources from the labouring peasants, from the white goyim. He knew, or at least believed his delusive beliefs amounted to knowledge, that he alone was a human being of the Jewish people. The sheriff who was in the room with him reached out and fondled his squaw with a lecherous look on his face, his bloodshot eyes a testament to the bottle of whiskey he held in his hand. "Animals," the mayor thought contemptuously as he beheld the fat sheriff, his bulk spilling over the chair. He did indeed resemble a pig in his pink cheeks or jowls would perhaps be a more appropriate word and his wheezing breath. Disgusted the mayor looked out the window of his office at the congregation which were filing into the church. That young punk would soon get to see whatever god he worshipped he thought sneering with contempt.

Scene: Church of the Divine Gnosis

Eckhardt knelt before the image of the Celtic cross and meditated on the divine gnosis of god who he channelled through himself concentrating all his energy upon the cross, a white cross on black background before and to the sides of which were set a candle which further enabled him to concentrate on the cross. Knowledgeable about the spiritual war which played itself out before his eyes in this very town which was a microcosm of the macrocosm of that eternal struggle between the forces of light and the forces of darkness between the Aryan race of divine gods and the demonic race of Jews and their beast-people slaves who they used to attempt to destroy the Aryans and their civilization, the only civilization on earth properly so-called. Eckhardt had been a member of Aryan orders which adhered to gnostic ariosophical kristianity and had broken through this enlightened path from the pietistic church of his formative years after he had stumbled

upon works by the ancients and books of philosophy in his grandfather's library who was a local eccentric in his woodland town. He was self-taught and had no dogmatic path which he adhered to, no taskmaster who overarched his activity directing him towards whatever path that was foreign to his own inner nature, a nature that drove itself as a self- propelling wheel, its own motive force needing no impulsion from without. He concentrated unblinkingly at the cross breathing from his diaphragm slowly and rhythmically as he chanted "We must secure the existence of our people and a future for white children" repeating the fourteen words in homage to the Aryan race and its posterity. His fingers formed the mudra signifying 'white pride' where the thumb was brought into a circular formation with the forefinger, the others splayed outwards. He sat with his arms outstretched before him over the pair of six-guns he carried ornately engraved in filigree of gold bearing the markings '14/88' for the fourteen words and eighty-eight precepts of David Lane. The classically blued barrel and metal of the gun stood out in stark contrast to the gold. His chanting continued for some time in silence the magnetic energies he invoked from the surrounding aether amplified his consciousness and enabled him to perceive all disturbances in his surroundings. Suddenly he sprang into action rolling sideways and picking up his pistols coming up in a crouching run as a stream of silenced bullets pierced holes in the reed mat he had been sitting on moments before. Turning as he ran he fired his six-guns at the target he could perceive hidden in the darkness but which was to him as clear as day given his heightened perception. The figure's head exploded as the projectiles crashed into it blood and muck erupting like a geyser exploding from the earth.

The man fell inward from the window which Eckhardt always ensured was kept open to ensure a continual supply of oxygen. Blood oozed from the wound onto the floorboards of the church and the special gun clattered out of the man's hand. Eckhardt began cleaning up the detritus and took the body in a wheelbarrow to be buried. The next day Eckhardt called an emergency meeting of his inner circle of gnostic ariosophists, these members of his church which he had initiated or, like Ezekiel Blonde, were themselves initiates through other organizations they had been involved in from past lives outside of Eden or through their own cultivation in solitude amidst the crowd of sheep who had gathered at the dogmatic church of universality to slavishly bow before the priestly caste in what they believed in their naiveté was the will of 'the lord'. Eckhardt's meeting was his revelation not only of the assassination attempt which had been made on his life but which was his proposal of the formation of a counter-movement that opposed the tyranny of the town and its internal decay brought about by the priestly caste. "I have gathered you here today," he began, "to demonstrate my willingness to work with you all in forming a defensive organization against what in other places has been referred to as Z.O.G., the Zionist Occupation Government comprised of Jews and their underlings the Freemasons and Judeo- Christians embodied in the figures here of the Jewish mayor, Sheriff Cuck, and Pastor Barrabas. These three figures as you all know have been holding the populace of this town in subjection through their mind control and this through the church of universality, the drug and alcohol

monopoly and their usurious tax system which has all but driven the townsfolk into serfdom on the verge of being supplanted by sub-human untermenschen, the mestizos and redskin savages.

In order to secure the existence of our people we must oppose with counter-violent force this tyrannical regime else we will surely perish and the memory of our ancestors will be wiped away from the earth." At this the elect order of the Church of the Divine Gnosis nodded their heads in agreement and were engaged in sporadic discussion that was becoming heated until Blonde, ever the voice of reason, interjected: "we must not get over-excited," he said, "let us harden the sword of passion in the cold waters of reason. Clearly what you say Eckhardt is true, this regime has become insufferable and must fall. The question is how, given that the beast-people and toughs of the mayor and sheriff are on their payroll, their loyalties have been bought and the finances are apparently inexhaustible behing bound up with the central banking system the Jews run. More replacements could be brought in if we didn't do a clean sweep all at once and wipe out the opposition. Given that the townsfolk are largely mind-controlled through the church they have been brainwashed to view us with suspicion. I have heard rumours that the pastor has been influencing them to view us as Satan incarnate which further binds them to the church. Should we not attempt to win the hearts and minds of the masses through propaganda counter to that of the universalist church? Or perhaps we should simply work within our inner circle?" The question was put slightly rhetorically and Eckhardt underscored the point: "The townsfolk being the lemmings they are clearly were only as iron filings in relation to a magnet – and that magnet is power. There is no way that irrational lemmings would be or even could be receptive to the gnosis. They are incapable of being reached and simply assume whatever yolk is placed upon their neck, though all of them have some potentiality to receive the gnosis it would be impossible to break through to them through rational argument. Thus it is only seeing us from the sidelines as spectators scoring victories that will bring them over to our side. To the victor go the spoils and the game is zero sum – total victory or death." The crowd was now held rapt by his rhetorical stance as he continued to particularize his general principles and course of action: "I propose we elect from an organization modelled on vigilantism and destroy the enemies' key power points to weaken him for the kill. Clearly the beast-folk are one of their strengths and constitute the force arm of their conspiracy in the main, as well as their mules for the trafficking of drugs which they grow out in the desert." Blonde interjected, "Suppose we kill two birds with one stone and set up the pastor who is clearly an affiliate of theirs, entangling him and ruining his reputation and then lynching him after." Eckhardt laughed aloud at the cunning of Blonde and in agreement: "Clearly that Barrabas must be crucified. The only question is how that can be orchestrated." The group fell into a dialogue attempting to strategize how to eliminate this excrescence upon the creation of god. Their conclusion was again Blonde's idea: to assault the mestizo camp and kill all of their squaws enraging them against the white population and leaving a tangible clue behind that pointed to the church of universality leaving one of the universal bibles behind. If the mestizos survived the defensive measures of the administration then they could be exterminated as what they

were namely a tangible threat to the security of Eden. If the mestizos killed off the administration then yet another bird would be killed leaving all problems solved. In either case the church of the divine gnosis would escape with clean hands and reap a benefit either way. Whatever members of the congregation wished to seek sanctuary they could do so as Gnostics knowing full well that the lies of universalism would have been exposed in the wrath of the savage mestizos and redskin remnants who had joined their tribe to their cousins. "An excellent plan Blonde," Eckhardt said. "I fully subscribe to it, and now we must confer a name on our inner circle. Given that we are all Aryan and serve the Aryan race that name that I will confer is that of the Adamic Knights as we are according to the scriptures and ancient texts, the Adamites of this world, those whose blood derives itself from the gods and who as it says in those texts are of a ruddy or rosy complexion clearly connoting us. Therefore we are the living gods of the earth and all of these others are as beasts in relation to us."

The Adamic Knights rode out from the town at high noon careful to remain undiscovered by the administration. They passed by the church of universality and observed the pastor gobbling his luncheon of bacon and lobster with a jug of wine beside him. He was too engrossed in his meal to pay attention to them as they rode by, one of his squaw helpers massaging his corpulent flesh which would have obscured his view anyway. Eckhardt and Blonde were at the lead and looked back with amused disgust at the pastor as they discussed the affairs of the town. Their passing of the church of universality signified their exit from the town as it was on the outskirts. They headed off into the desert with six-guns and bandolier belts crisscrossing their bodies, repeating rifles hanging from their saddle bags. It was on this day of the week that the mestizos went to pick up their shipment of peyote from Mexico and exchanged their portion of the townsfolk's tax money which was tendered to them by the sheriff. Thus the mestizo camp would be largely unguarded and their plans would undoubtedly work without a hitch. The more gruesome the slaughter the more enraged the mestizos would be – fuel to the fire. As they approached the camp from above they were pleased to observe that the fat chief could be observed through the spyglass Blonde carried as they crept on their bellies to observe from the cliff gorging himself on liquor as he lounged around amidst his squaws who danced naked before him on buffalo hides, other squaws drumming a monotonous beat, and the few white women and girls who had been captured were tied via a single chain to a heavy metal object and sat disconsolately apart from the redskins looking outwards towards the sky. The savage terrorist youth also indulged themselves in drink and were busy fornicating on the buffalo hides with abandon. "Easy pickins," Blonde said handing the spyglass to Eckhardt. The latter smiled as the opposition came into view and he stated, "Move out knights. Your mission is to take out the males and gruesomely slaughter the females. While we're at it - we may as well liberate the white women who we can bring back to the gnostic church. They can be of service and given that they will bind themselves to us – their liberators – they won't be a liability." So saying they rode down upon the camp and the inebriated savages were too dull in their consciousness to have any awareness of the fact until they were

upon them. Blonde fired both six-guns simultaneously as his horse wheeled and rose up neighing on his hind legs, his hooves beating back one of the savages who had attempted to rise with his repeating rifle and take aim. A series of bullets penetrated his chest knocking him back against the buffalo hides blood pooling underneath. The chief grabbed a few squaws as shields but Eckhardt blasted through them killing them instantly. The chief's fat belly erupted in a geyser of blood as bullets penetrated his flesh and he went down writhing with muscular tremors, his fat shaking like jello.

His massive bulk flapped on the ground like a corpulent pancake with a resounding crash.

The other savages were discharged with ease, their bodies riddled with magnum rounds discharged from the six-guns and repeating rifles of the Adamic Knights. The squaws stared around in wonder at the Adamic white males who were so able to overpower their inebriated males. They prostrated themselves at their feet wantonly offering themselves to the white men as their new masters. However Eckhardt, blue eyes flashing icily, stated with cold decision: "The end justifies the means," and blasted a hole in the chest of one of the squaws. He leapt off his horse and ripped his hunting knife from its deerskin holster and slashing wildly at the squaws brought them down as so many laid low with the reapers scythe. His other knights blasted and hacked with their respective weapons until there were no redskins standing. Eckhardt carefully positioned a universal bible next to the chief to indicate to the mestizos when they returned that the deed bore some connection to the church. He approached the white women who looked towards him as a liberator with a look of hope upon their faces and spoke: "We have come here to put an end to the administration's evil. We would like you to join us. Our church, the church of the divine gnosis has a place for you. But we require complete loyalty and devotion – there is no room for traitors in our church." So saying he brought out a skeleton key from his pocket and unlocked the manacles that bound the women and girls who rubbed their necks which had become sore and rashy through the iron manacles. Blonde stated: "Perhaps we should leave them at the ranch given that women's loyalty changes with circumstances." Eckhardt looked thoughtful for a moment and stated looking at the females: "Perhaps I was hasty. We should instead take you to Blonde's ranch and we can initiate you there. There will be much violence to come and it would be best if you are kept out of the fray." The women consented to this and looked relieved to be as far from danger as possible. They took the females into the saddle with them and headed off to Blonde's ranch to undergo the initiation and then sped back to town to warn the congregation of the coming chaos. Eckhardt separated from the group to warn the townsfolk leaving Blonde in custody of the females.

Scene: Eden

Once back in town Eckhardt went immediately to his church and sounded the bell in the belfry as a signal for his holding an emergency meeting. By this time it was nearly evening after

the ride and the townsfolk had finished their tax slavery roles what they dignified with the term 'working' and had filled their bellies with the local fare. They were now up to entertainment and the special ring of Eckhardt's bell was a welcome sound. Within half an hour all of his congregation had assembled and he invited them in with a sense of urgency that impressed itself on his followers or perhaps fellow travellers would be a better term as he looked upon himself merely as a conduit of the true knowledge, a vehicle of enlightenment illuminating whatever portion of the darkness of the material world of imperfection he could through his finite consciousness. He entered the circle from which he spoke surrounded by the congregation.

Raising his arms outwards he began: "Townsfolk – I have intimate knowledge of many significant events which happens in this town and on the outskirts and I can say with assurance that you are no longer safe from the regime which controls it. As many of you know and many others have suspected, the administration is thoroughly corrupt and have caused irreparable damage to both yourselves and the surrounding environment which they have raped and pillaged in the name of Mammon. I know that at this very moment – for I have foreseen it in a dream – the peyote gang and remnants of the savage gang are about to strike against Eden out of a hostility and vengeful hatred borne of their resentment for the better type, the godly Aryan man." The congregation stirred and one of the women asked in alarm, "What should we do? They will slaughter us all." Eckhardt raised his hands in assurance. "Fear not," he said placatingly, "We can prepare a defense here in the basement. Whatever damage they will do must be the responsibility of the sheriff and his men and if they can't manage to finish them off we will then come against them. This will serve as a proof of the competence of the sheriff and whether he has what it takes to perform his role. Since your houses lie outside of the main part of town which is between the savage camp and yourselves it is not so likely that they will strike you. The earliest warning sign will be the church of universality which will in all likelihood be targeted first. The basement being a fireproof and separate structure with a passage leading out to the stone shed, if the building burns we will still avoid our deaths. It is safest..." he said reassuringly, "...to remain within this church. I will, with your assistance, summon guardian angels to surround the building and ward away the animalistic beings whose lower consciousness is repulsed by the higher. Then we stand the greatest probability of survival." A worried discourse ensued amongst the congregation as they decided whether it was not safer to return home and guard their belongings and many were on the verge of leaving when Eckhardt again spoke: "Come with me to the basement there is something I wish to show you." He opened the trapdoor as the congregation out of deference to his history of prudence and complete lack of triviality decided it would be in their interests to at least entertain what he had to offer. They all made their way into the basement and Eckhardt told them to wait in the large room wherein Hymie had performed his sacrifices but which was now thoroughly cleansed of the demonic Jew and his presence. Eckhardt walked briskly back up the passage and pulled a rope on a pulley that brought a metal column away from the alcoves in the walls which exposed the top part of the basement to the outside through these portals which apparently served as gun ports. The top

part of the basement was elevated from the ground enabling them a view of their houses which were just outside shooting distance and from which vantage point they could snipe the peyote gang if they came within view attempting to gain access to their houses. Eckhardt spoke further: "See we are not defenseless at all!" as he opened up a large cabinet stocked with repeating rifles and a large Gatling gun which could be wheeled out and which had a large box magazine attached that was piled high with a belt of ammunition. "If any of the drug-dealing peyote gang come out and attempt to ambush us we can finish them off from here. We would be doing ourselves and the world a favour in ending the degenerate lives of these brutal animals – sex slavers, murderers, and poisoners of our Adamic race! - Unless of course you wish to return to your homes and defend yourselves there." He looked at the position of the sun and said: "I think it is safe for you to quickly return to your homes and gather your children and whatever arms you believe would be of service for the beast- people always attack at night being of a nocturnal nature. Quickly now, bring whatever would be essential for a fight and we will shelter through the storm here." The townsfolk began to filter out and Eckhardt said in parting: "Should there be any others worthy of salvation please pass the message on. If they are not willing to be receptive they must find other forms of succour."

Scene: Church of Universality

Pastor Barrabas gazed out of his window as the sun set on the horizon as he reckoned his daily accounts. His market share had dwindled ever since Eckhardt had come to town and led away a large contingent of his flock. He had had to increase the peyote pills to dull the minds of his loyal followers to prevent them from straying from the broad and winding path he had carved out for them in his sermons. His church was now full of those few whose loyalties remained with him and he had gathered them all now to preach a sermon on blasphemy which targeted Eckhardt's Church of the Divine Gnosis. He liked to make the congregation wait for his sermon, 'beg for their supper,' he would say to himself as 'casting pearls before swine' required the building up of greater digestive juice than the 'milk-fed babes' they were. He chuckled at his cleverness applauding himself for being so much more superior to the 'common folk' as he derisively called them. He could hear the squaw working the organ and playing 'Bringing in the Sheaves' as the congregation robotically sang the cadence. 'Bringing in the green' he chanted sneering at the 'ignorant rabble' who he exploited to fatten himself at their expense – 'like an effendi'. Gathering up one of the pre-packaged sermons he ordered from his universalist catalogue he exited his accounting room and made his way into the assembly, a smile of false humility plastered to his face as he walked stooping up to the podium. The organ music came to an end and he made a gesture with his left hand in further apparent humility signalling to the congregation that he was about to speak. The latter consisted of quite a few mestizos, some of the Jewish community, a few race-mixers who had hybrid offspring, retarded people, and the deliberately ignorant Mammon worshippers who attended mainly out of a hypocritical desire to maintain the image of a pious

person as a means to maintain their employment and to cultivate business relations. Pastor Barrabas began: "Tonight's sermon has been written by myself and Rosita my housekeeper who is an underprivileged minority in our town. It is "'Tolerance' and its limitations." He paused significantly so as to allow the weight of the title's meaning impress itself upon the congregation. One of the mestizos in the audience farted and a few of the more hypocritical members attempted to suppress their laughter while they were chided by the women. "Yes...tolerance," he began, "what does this word mean?" he asked rhetorically. "We must all learn the meaning of this word as it is god's will, the very basis of our community, the bedrock of society. There are some," he continued, "who are not possessed of this virtue...and they may learn to embrace OUR values... however...I'm afraid there are others..." and at this he made a grimace, "...who have no understanding of this ideal and who never in all likelihood will. They are the goats spoken of in the bible. They..." he began to speak with increasing volubility as the audience tensed in expectation, thrilled with the harshness of his tone and that there was an 'other' whom they could castigate and shun as a way of gratifying their ego. "... They are anathema!" he paused again waiting for effect and then continued using his hypnotic voice roll speech cadence: "...and they live...in this...very town of Eden! I think you know who they are...don't you good sheep of the universal church? They are those who call themselves Gnostics who claim to have knowledge...a satanic –knowledge- from the very bowels of hell! We are the wheat! They are the...tares!" He spoke in thunderous tones suddenly becoming silent as though exhausted through having to use such force in speech, as though it pained him to have to castigate even the devil himself. He hung his head in exhaustion and finally said in a quiet voice: "We must learn...tolerance...for we...are the sheep...and stray not from the shepherd." The audience, having taken their peyote pills prior to the beginning of the sermon were now put into a state of relaxation and heightened suggestibility. The pastor, having delivered the intended message continued: "Prior to the delivery of the sermon I have prepared for this evening I have only one thing further to say and that is this: Hans Eckhardt – is of the devil! I sensed it given the power vested in me by the lord. As soon as I saw that devil in his white suit, a wolf in sheep's clothing if I've ever seen one, I received a message from the lord – and that was: "Be led not into temptation by those false preachers who would look under every rock...and every bush... ferreting out the knowledge that the lord forbids – and which brings nothing...nothing but vice and sin." The straight and narrow path – follow it and only it...for it is as the lord walked...away from temptation." So saying he picked up his premade sermon and began, the audience still in a state of hypnosis by his voice roll technique. "Tolerance...the virtue of the meek. Springer Publishing..." he inadvertently read the caption of the publisher and some of the audience appeared to take notice and one of the hypocrites coughed. The pastor recovered saying: "I had this sermon published in the...journal of theological studies at my alma mater...the universal cemetery...I mean seminary..." he trailed off and another of the hypocrites laughed at his mistake, his Freudian slip. He began again: "Tolerance – should we learn to love the way the lord loved? For surely he was a tolerant lord...and..." just then shots rang out and the pastor with feral instincts honed

through a life of political corruption and having to always look over his shoulder, dived down on the ground as the stained glass window shattered inwards as a fusillade of shots rang out from repeating rifles, a series of shrieks ringing out into the night: "Arriba! Arriba!" as the mestizos rode their donkeys around the church blasting away with their guns. A few of them had burning firebrands in their hands and tossed them inside in spite of their own people who were shouting in Spanish from within pleading with them not to attack. The flames spread rapidly around the congregation who attempted to flee from them but most of whom were engulfed and fired upon from outside by the repeating rifles of the donkey riders. The pastor had managed to crawl down into the basement which he had constructed as a fireproof room for himself in just such an event knowing that there were countless enemies forever in pursuit of him given his drug dealing and financial swindles. What had brought about this turn of events he couldn't say but the insurance would cover his losses he reasoned. Clearly the role of preacher had had its day for him and he would have to involve himself more heavily in the drug trade to make his pile of money and then retire down in Mexico to escape whatever uncorrupted sheriffs might pursue him. He rummaged around in the basement for his shotgun in the event any of them would break in and attack and locked the trapdoor leading down behind him which itself was carefully concealed from above by a carpet that overlapped the cut-out area thereby disguising it. Outside the heathens raged as their whoops and chatter of broken Spanglish penetrated his basement hideaway. The screams of the congregation above also met his ears as he smirked at his 'flock's' having to meet the lord before their time sarcastically wishing them luck. Outside the sheriff and his men watched from a distance as the mestizos circled around the church intermittently blasting at those hapless members of the congregation who were trapped in a wicker man of hellfire and the brimstone of repeating rifles. Sheriff Cuck spoke: "Let them vent. Once they've spent their ammo then we can snipe them from the jail if they come into town. If not...c'est la vie – no skin off our nose. As the chief law enforcement officer my duty is to protect the citizens of this town and the citizens can't function without an administration.

Accordingly I must protect this town — even should all of those churchies perish in the act," he sneered and the men positioned themselves at a gesture from Cuck taking up their vigil as the church burned before their eyes. The mayor then spoke: "You've outdone yourself Cuck…those greasers must have some reason for acting up — and yet you didn't keep them in line as you stated you would." The sheriff re-joined, "I'd like to see you keep a bunch of animals like that in line," he growled. "Now, now Cuck…there are plenty more mules to serve us way down mestizo way. The main problem lies with that priest punk Eckhardt and his butt buddy Blondey. But I've already made all the preparation we need — got some heavy hitters coming from back east and they are gonna back you up Sheriff. You might say that they will give a professional touch to the flabby arm of the law." Cuck crimsoned at the barb and gave the mayor a scathing look but the latter stared him down and snorted a line of cocaine from a money bill he had rolled up. "Yeah!" the mayor said punctuating his statement: "They're some real heavy hitters alright. Unlike these dumb goy Christians who

are heading to hell they know the real law: might is right." The mestizos began to make their way into the town now that they had riled themselves up emotionally, hopped up on peyote and a hostile desire to 'make the whiteskins pay'. Given that the town's commercial district appeared deserted the mestizos were drawn towards it as flies to jam eager for loot. As they approached the jail Cuck gave the signal to his men to begin firing and many of the donkey-riding mestizos came down with their mounts, the streetlights illuminating the sprays of blood the sheriff's men had blasted out of them. Undaunted the mestizos continued to ride down in a veritable army of savages cautiously making sure they avoided the jail and its barrage of gunfire. The administration's men were only too happy to see them head towards the residential section on the outskirts and try their luck with the townsfolk in robbery, looting, and rape. At this point the members of the church of the divine gnosis observed the mestizos approaching their settlement and Eckhardt shouted to them from inside as he raced up the tunnel to the stone shed where he had stowed away a Gatling gun – "Cover me! I've gotta get a better vantage point to wipe away these meshitzos!" As Eckhardt ran the mestizos continued to pour in rushing upon what they believed was an easy kill in the collection of houses which was informally designated the residential zone or 'the village'. Opening the heavy iron door Eckhardt entered into what amounted to a bulletproof gun battery with ports along the walls big enough to gain a view of the target small enough to be incapable of being sniped at in return. The crowd of mestizos moved steadily on their donkeys towards the village shooting wildly as they went until Eckhardt opened fire with the Gatling gun mowing down whole columns of mestizos whose bodies were ripped apart as a veritable slaughterhouse of gore and exploding bodies as the high calibre ammunition punched into the soft flesh of wetbacks whose sweaty carcasses became bathed in blood. The mestizos caught by surprise attempted to return fire and escape and began to split up to flank the storehouse wherein Eckhardt was positioned. However further fire was discharged from the ports of the basement and this additional fusillade dampened the mestizos ardour for vengeance scattered their remnants in all directions confused as to which way to head. Eckhardt pivoted the Gatling gun sweeping them away with an iron boom until nothing but silence descended on the town, the church on the hill still burning in the night.

Scene: Church of Universality

The pastor sheltered in his fireproof room as the chaos around him continued the screams and gun blasts and falling boards, the rustle of the fire as his church burned to the ground. He opened up a bottle of whiskey and relaxed in his easy chair looking at burlesque images he had had imported from St. Louis. "Nothing like a hot time in the old town tonight," he sneered, taking a pull of his bottle and flipping the pages of his pornographic magazine. After a time the sounds of the mestizo killers diminished as well as the cracking boards, the pitch the church had been constructed of having been a ready fuel source that, when ignited spread the flames throughout causing the structure to tumble in on itself with himself protected in the

fireproof underground room. After a short time he heard distant gunshots from repeating rifles and then a shorter time later the barrage of a larger gun, some type of military weapon that discharged a continuous stream of rounds and much screaming of the mestizos. He paused and curiosity got the better of him. Now that the fire had all but dissipated there was only wreckage and burnt bodies remaining he decided to risk a view with his spyglass. He cautiously opened the trapdoor and observed the night sky, flaming boards burning at hip height around but not within reach of himself. Taking his spyglass out he scanned the perimeter of the town from the vantage point of the hill upon which his church was situated. He observed the mass of mestizos being mown down by the Gatling gun which was to him concealed behind the shed and church of the divine gnosis: "Eckhardt!" he spat as he took another swig of whiskey wiping his mouth with the back of his hand. The Gatling gun stopped apparently having wiped out the mestizos. A few minutes later a small group of men came riding up the hill, Eckhardt and a few others of the church of the divine gnosis, pastor Barrabas' rivals. Eckhardt came up leading the pack and observed the wreckage with Barrabas in the midst of it with his clean and pressed suit: "Is this the sermon you have to preach to us tonight Barrabas?" Eckhardt spoke with a sarcastic tone of condemnation.

Barrabas reddened as the firelight reflected in his eyes looking the very image of a demon-possessed man. He raised the bottle as if it were a weapon and then checked himself lowering it and like a cornered rat looked around furtively at his surroundings as if for a means of escape. "Now see here Eckhardt!" he began attempting to sound offended by his blustery tone, "I..." "Don't bother Barrabas – like your namesake you were always a robber. Whatever motive you might have had in bringing in these savages to murder those innocent people of your own congregation I don't know and cannot decipher...however I know that their blood is upon you as you stand here in a clean and pressed suit with a bottle of whiskey and no signs of contrition on your face for the dead – and they lie butchered and burnt an unburied mass whose flesh suits are desecrated by filthy Mexican vermin. One thing I know is that you are implicated in their death and that you must therefore suffer for your sin." So saying he leapt from his horse and took a rope from his saddle. Another of the men did so also ensuring that there was no escape for the pastor. "I am an innocent man!" cried Barrabas, "I know nothing of their death! O' Lord forgive an innocent man!" he wailed as the two men bound his hands and neck together so that he could be dragged towards the town square to receive his punishment. Eckhardt and the other man swung into their saddles and trotted away towards the square the fat pastor wheezing behind them. Once they had gotten near the town Eckhardt called out to the congregation who could see him from the ports in the basement of the church: "We've got a traitor in our midst people of Eden! Behold the crucifixion of Barrabas!" One of his men queried: "You're not actually going to crucify him are you Eckhardt?" The latter laughed and replied: "Such a practice is far too cruel and unusual for an Aryan – that would be something more in the line of Jewish ritual murder. No, he will be given his fair trial and punished accordingly." The townsfolk by this time had congregated in the street and formed a procession around

Eckhardt and the pastor who was still dragging behind his captor intermittently shouting: "An innocent man! For the lord's sake!" etc. and other stock phrases he used to elicit pity from his congregation. Most of the townsfolk knew that Barrabas was indeed a robber and that he stole the souls of his congregation through rendering them mere puppets of his tyranny dancing to the tune of his mind manipulation, his drugs and neuro-linguistic programming techniques. Now that they had recovered through discovering for themselves the real truth they had no longer any pity in their hearts but rather an understanding of the causes and consequences of all the agents of god upon earth and that it wasn't for them to forgive and to judge, but merely to uphold the laws of nature which were simultaneously those of god, the materialization of spiritual reality as it inhered in matter upon earth. At this junction the mayor and sheriff exited the jail and observed Eckhardt and the procession. The mayor shouted at Eckhardt to stop but the latter continued looking straight ahead towards the town square when the trial would commence. Sheriff Cuck raised his pistol over his fat bulk and fired a shot in the air, the toughs he and the mayor were surrounded with standing guard with weapons drawn, repeating rifles at the ready and pistols on their hips, bandoliers of ammo crisscrossing their chests. The mayor repeated his statement now that the crowd noise had been shocked into silence; the townsfolk looking with stern contempt and annoyance but not without a modicum of fear at the administration, just enough to stop the processions. "What's this man accused of? You are unlawfully imprisoning an outstanding member of the community...explain your charge!" Eckhardt laughed mockingly: "Charge? This man was found in clean spotless clothing amidst a pile of bodies of his own congregation. He had no remorse over their death and for all we know was instrumental in the Mexican invasion which could have led to the slaughter of the entire town. Why was he not harmed? How did he escape the flames of his church? Perhaps he had bigger fish to fry than a small town and wanted to collect the insurance money from his church and to perhaps eliminate witnesses. But that alone does not convict him for there are many in the congregation here who have been poisoned by the drugs he trafficks in his church. Perhaps he knew that his time was short before discovery." As Eckhardt spoke he jerked the rope around the neck of the pastor who he had brought close to his horse to prevent him from escaping. "It's a lie!" Barrabas spat looking wildly around his bloodshot eyes bugging out with primal instinct for self-preservation. "I didn't do anything to anyone! I'm as pure as the virgin Mary!" He screamed face reddening. The crowd booed his statement and the mayor, upon hearing the charge of drugs stated, for fear of implication should the pastor reveal his complicity: "The man appears delusional. The trauma from witnessing those mestizo murderers injure his flock must have been too much for him to take. Let us pity this man..." at which statement jeers arose from the crowd but the mayor continued, "...for we are all sinners, all imperfect in this satanic world of sin." The pastor attempted to graft onto this idea by suddenly adopting a nervous tick which he intermittently pantomimed to attempt to confirm the diagnosis of his mental illness. Eckhardt lashed him across the face with the rope: "Stop that clownish behaviour! We all know you're faking – just like you did in your sermons!" The audience having been

damaged by the pastor had no sympathy for him and began chanting: "Guilty, guilty!" as the mayor and sheriff conferred with one another on the steps. Finally the mayor stated: "You all, good townsfolk, would know better than I having been most of you members of his congregation. Though he appears an innocent man in my mind I must submit to your judgement as you are all more acquainted with the facts than a mere instrument of the popular will such as myself, I tender his fate into your hands to do with what thou wilt. I can only pray the lord that you have made a sound decision, with impartiality and have weighed the evidence in a judicious manner. You may carry on Eckhardt…only don't make a habit out of it… for there is law and there is… vigilantism, the justice of the mob, is always fraught with error." So saying he turned and with a pompous display of dignity went back into the jail followed by the sheriff and toughs who eyed the crowd suspiciously slamming the heavy iron door behind them.

As the statue of Wyatt Gott, the town of Eden's pioneering founder came into sight the torchlight from the crowd's torches illuminated the hero's rugged features and burly physique which was depicted in a scene struggling with an Indian and pointing his pistol at his fallen savage foe as a testament to the supremacy of the white man and his superior technology over the savage with his stone knife, his violent features and receding forehead testifying to his animalistic mind. The statue had been cast in bronze by one of the local artists who had in miniature immortalized the eternal conflict between the higher and lower type, between reason and passion, between good and bad, noble and base. The statue also featured a tree to situate the scene in the context of a lone promontory, the isolation and barrenness of the semi-desert enabling the viewer to feel a part of the scene given their surroundings. The branches were approximately twenty feet high – the perfect height for lynching. Eckhardt reared up on the horse as they approached the base of the statue and spoke: "What does the town of Eden decide will be the fate of this man? Shall it be guilty or innocent?" The crowd shouted in unison for the former: "Guilty!" and the pastor reeled with madness at the verdict shrieking out: "No!" in the dead of night though he knew his fate was sealed regardless of the priest's question. "Very well," Eckhardt continued: "This Barrabas, this thief, is found guilty before a jury of his peers. The punishment for being an accessory to murder through drug trafficking and poisoning both body and mind of the people as well as the most heinous crime of all – racial treason – what he calls euphemistically 'integration' and 'diversity' – is death by hanging." Eckhardt dismounted and approached the pastor who attempted to flee though he was surrounded on all sides by the townsfolk. Eckhardt threw the rope around his neck and, holding him as he attempted to struggle, threw the other end around the branch of the statue. The firelight from the torches flashed over the plaque which bore the name of the founder of the town 'Wyatt Gott' and the pastor's beady eyes were reflected in it wildly staring around as he cried out: "Let me say at least a few last words! For the sake of the lord!" he sputtered feeling the rope tense around his neck as it flopped to the extent of its length around the branch. "Speak then," Eckhardt said out of a sense of principle more than a desire for any revelations of truth or edification coming out of the satanic priest's mouth. Barrabas straightened eyeing the

crowd and with great solemnity pronounced: "I stand here as an innocent man wrongly injured by a mob of ignorant and hateful bigots. If here I must die, then die I shall but not before I have made you pay for your sins." He began to chant in an arcane tongue: "Ge-gal-ram-vau-resh-resh-nun!" intoning this strange series of words three times his eyes bugging out and yet vacant staring into space as if no longer cognizant of his surroundings. "Ge-gal-rem-vau-resh-resh-nun!" And in the process of this chanting a shape began to crystallize in the space before the statue illuminated by the torchlight. It appeared to be a winged entity with translucent skin, a pale and sickly construct of a greenish yellow hue. It began to coalesce further becoming densified as the pastor laughed malevolently his head thrown back crazily mad with his sense of power over what he construed as a rabble of animals, goyim. As the shape became physical it screamed out in a ululating cry striking fear into the weaker members of the congregation. Eckhardt pulled out his shotgun and before the entity could tense its muscles to strike the townsfolk he shot it dead from the air, it collapsing in a heap of flesh rather like a plucked chicken. The pastor screamed as his vengeance failed and Eckhardt gave a gesture to the man holding the other end of the rope who yanked it down with his body weight causing the pastor to be yanked upward smacking his head into the tree branch. However the fat pastor was too heavy for the man's weight and the pastor came crashing down again his face empurpled by asphyxiation coughing and sputtering, his pants having a black stain spreading from his meeting with the reaper. Eckhardt signalled to another man to add his weight and this time the pastor was erected to the top of the branch which pinned him against it, his legs kicking feverishly as brown muck oozed down his legs and splattered against the statue of the redskin. Finally the spasming muscles relaxed and the dead weight of the pastor hung for a few minutes as the men continued to hang onto the rope to ensure that justice would be served. The townsfolk cheered with satisfaction and the body was dragged back to the church of universality left for the vultures to feast upon.

Scene: Mayor's Office

The Jew stood with a malevolent aura in the office his reptilian hooded eyes peeping outwards with a look of psychopathic indifference. His lean face and square jaw somewhat obscured by the five o' clock shadow which grew from his neck. Adjacent to him and equally diminutive in stature was his partner also dressed in dusky black fatigues carrying a black leather valise. "So you're the guys," the mayor queried rhetorically seemingly nonplussed. The two men nodded. "I don't see how you're gonna be the solution to the problems here..." he trailed off. "The Big Boss back in New York is sending a troop down," one of them said. "We're here to prepare things for them and to...impress upon you the importance of upholding standards..." The mayor stared at the newcomer with hostility and responded: "I'd like to see the Big Boss maintain control down here with such meagre resources..." he trailed off his display of bravado dampened by the stony stare of the Jew. "Let me tell you..." the newcomer said, "...you don't want to make waves..." Then Sheriff Cuck interjected: "Enough! Show us what you have to offer." The Jew took his leather valise and put it down on the

desk before the mayor who sat back with his arms folded behind his head in a display of apathy and indifference. The Jew took out a bag of powder: "This is the spice of life...or should I say death..." he sneered cruelly. "It is the most addictive substance our chemists have yet devised. It was developed in Switzerland in a chemical lab and is a compound of heroin, cocaine, and other synthetic chemicals. One hit and you're hooked. You can never have just one..." he continued sneering. The sheriff moved his fat bulk from the chair and the Jew stepped aside to make room. Cuck took out his pocket mirror and a money bill which he rolled into a tube. He scooped out some of the powder and took a snort. Immediately he began coughing and wheezing and hacking up blood, his fat bulk shaking and quaking as he fell to the floor his form a rictus of spasming muscle wreathed in jelly-like fat. His eyes bulged from their sockets face empurpling with asphyxiation. He wheezed gasping for breath and finally relaxed in the arms of the reaper. The mayor stared at the sheriff and then angrily back at the newcomer. "Now what am I gonna do for a sheriff! More responsibility for me! The vultures are already circling in this town. But..." he thought, "how can that poison be any good...other than as an assassination weapon..." The newcomer replied: "The dumb goy wasn't supposed to snort it. It's a sublingual. Only under the tongue. But he insisted..." The mayor stated: "...so it's that addictive is it? And the price...?" "There is no price they won't pay once they're hooked," the newcomer said. "As to a sheriff, I'm your man," he said pointing at himself. "Name's Shem Bronfman. I'm a krav maga expert and one of the inner circle of the Big Boss up in New York. I can manage my crew and whatever toughs you got can be assimilated. We'll train 'em up to our level or whatever level they will be capable of." "Not so hasty..." the mayor put it. "You gotta earn your position." In saying this he rummaged around in his desk and extracted a photograph of Blonde. "This guy lives out in the sticks on a heavily fortified ranch called Blonde's Ranch. Take him out and you can have the sheriff badge." The Jew took the photograph and put it in his valise replacing the powder. "This stuff can fetch a pretty penny," he looked at the mayor significantly. "I'll hold onto it until then. Consider the goy dead. Before I go and take care of business I should introduce my partner Joe Dalitz. He's got another surprise for you." With this the Jew indicated brought forth from his heavy valise a strangelooking hand- held cannon. It was constructed of what appeared to be a length of pipe and a metal container attached. "It's a white phosphorus cannon. This stuff melts flesh like a barbecue and leaves nothing but a smoking pile of grease and bones behind." The mayor looked uncomfortably down the barrel of the weapon: "For Lucifer's sake point that somewhere else." The Jew did as requested and pointed it at the corpse of the sheriff. He pumped the action and it appeared to prime the weapon. A discharge of white powder exited the muzzle and the corpse of the sheriff was immediately a sizzling pile of bacon as if he had been thrown on the grill. The Jew laughed and pumped another spray at the corpse. The substance ate into the clothes and leather belt of the sheriff leaving nothing more than a grease stain behind the stone floor dissipating the fumes which the mayor was quick to clear away through the open window. "How many of these cannons can be brought down here?" Shem answered the mayor's question: "We've gotta factory in New York that makes them. Takes

a long time and a lot of dough to make 'em though. We could maybe bring a couple down but not for a good year at least." The mayor thought for a moment becoming indifferent realizing the weapon was merely an assassination device more than a weapon of mass destruction capable of holding hostage large populations which is what he wanted as a means of holding sway over the population of the town and expanding its borders into neighbouring settlements. The mayor snapped out of his reverie of conquest and spoke to Shem: "I'll assume the sheriff's role until you can take out Blonde. I want his wife and children dead also – no one on the ranch alive." With that the Jews left taking their merchandise with them.

Scene: Blonde's Ranch

Blonde's wife arose as usual with the dawn and meditated before the rising sun which was her usual practice. The chickens were up also cackling in the nearby coop. The cows were lowing in the corral where they had been placed to prevent coyotes from attacking them both livestock were sheltered behind a high adobe wall which further expanded the borders of the compound. The woman continued to mediate until the sounds of falling rocks behind her broke her from her reverie and she twisted round immediately her instinctive mind going into fight or flight mode and she raced to escape the figure, a black apparition only partially visible in the dawn light. The man slipped and fell down the rocky escarpment sliding down towards her with a curse in a strange foreign tone. She was in the process of going towards the house when one of the cattle before her was struck by a smoking canister which emitted white smoky powder. The cow bellowed and attempted to run to escape just as she herself did in the opposite direction now confronted with two threats to survival, the one apparently in front and the other behind. The white powder burned into the flesh of the cow which bellowed again horribly as it emitted smoldering smoke. The woman took out her derringer which she kept in her garter and spun round taking aim at the black dressed figure with brutal pasty face and liver lips blasting a cap in that ugly maw which erupted in a spray of blood and bone fragments, the man dropping the large gun he carried and crumbling on the ground in a silent scream given that a hole in his face had been introduced by her well aimed shot. However, another man behind him brought up his two six-guns and blasted at her with both laughing all the while with maniacal glee as the rounds ripped through her linen dress splattering blood on the dirt. At this moment Blonde came bounding out of the house with his own pair of sixguns and discharged all rounds into the man as he, caught by surprise, fell to the ground in a cry of angry rage, clinging to life even as it fled from him. Blonde ran to his wife who was by now on the verge of death and looked up into his face unable to speak. He held her to him as she died and then laid her onto the ground a few moments later knowing that it would be futile to attempt to revive her, that her spirit had departed to the higher realms and that it was out of his hands what destiny was hers. However, what was not out of his hands was to impose vengeance on her killers and whatever hidden hand had been behind their hire as, investigating the bodies he observed that they were strangers with pale complexions, some type of hired gun. He dug into

their pockets for evidence of who they were and found a matchbook 'Sid's Pickled Herring Co. New York'. Discarding this he rummaged further and came up with the sketch of himself with the caption in the mayor's hand: "Blonde Ranch." The mayor was behind this as he had suspected, hired kosher killers from Jew York City brought in to eliminate opposition to the Jewdeo-Masonic tyranny which had an iron grip on the town and its people through taxation, etc. and which was ultimately enforced through the mind control of the church of universality and the force of arms the sheriff and his toughs could bring to bear against opposition. He looked down at his wife's body and a rage burned through him. The mayor was going to be in for a hot time. Thinking thusly he buried his wife in the hills overlooking the ranch and prayed with devotion for her passing into the fields of Elysium. As it was still early dawn he began to make preparations for his journey into town. If he could enlist the Adamic knights in the cause it would be liberty for the townsfolk otherwise slavery to the administration and inevitable assassination attempts to the point of his inevitable destruction at the hands of a greater force of arms or the life of a hunted dog whose children would be perpetual targets for the assassin's bullet. He gathered the bodies of the killers up and left them far outside of the compound for the vultures. The white phosphorous cannon he took up and loaded into his carriage. There would be a hot time tonight if he had his way. Blonde pedalled off into the desert and towards the town.

Scene: Eden, High Noon

Blonde pedalled into town at the sun's peak and observed from a distance the arrival of a few wagon loads of hard men descending from their carriages which themselves appeared to conceal Gatling guns, each man, a Jew so far as he could see from the other side of town through his spyglass, carried a repeating rifle and a brace of pistols. They were headed towards the stone jail and the mayor's regular toughs were standing around to welcome them in. Blonde realized that there was no time to attempt to recruit the Adamic knights and that the fight was now his and his alone...at least for the initial salvo. If they wished to enter the fray that was their choice and would have to make their move when the time was right for them as they would undoubtedly hear the gun battle which was to ensue. Given that the majority of the men were still unloading their hardware from the wagons he found it would be an opportune moment to welcome them to Eden: he let rip with the Gatling gun as he approached, aiming high so that the rounds took out a few of the Gatling guns in the carriages before concentrating on the men who attempted to fire upon his bulletproof carriage. Their rounds bounced off harmlessly whining off into nowhere as his dragon's flame of hot death moved from side to side in the turret mowing down the Jewish devils who blew apart under the impact of the Gatling gun ammo, its large calibre punching holes in them like a sewing machine as they shook in death agony vibrating to the beat while doing the rigor mortis shuffle. The men he had not struck rushed into their wagons and began grinding out return fire from their Gatling gun which was only minimally effective against his body armour until he decimated the gun and wagon upon which it was contained. One of the remaining men leapt out of the

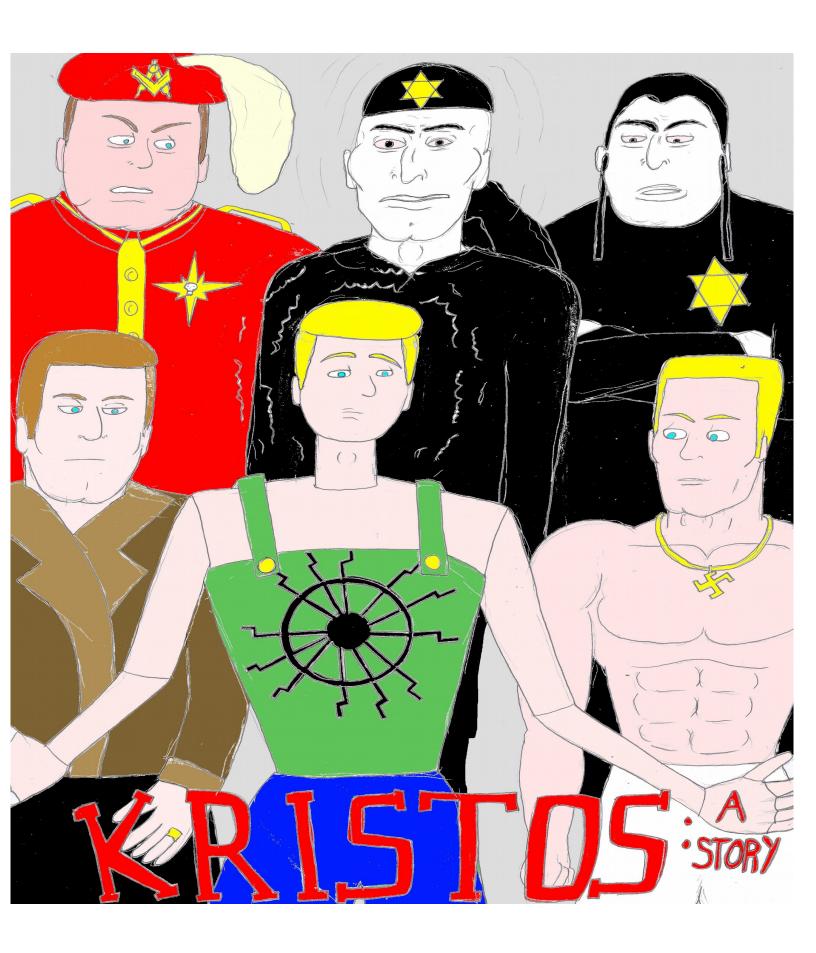
wagon and hurled a bomb at Blonde's carriage before being raked over with a barrage of fire. The bomb detonated at the feet of the carriage and cracked the body armour capsizing it. Blonde hurriedly grabbed his brace of pistols and leapt from the vehicle running and gunning into the alleyway out of range from the big guns at the jail. Now it was just himself, a pair of pistols and a pack of kosher killers from New York as well as whatever toughs the sheriff still retained control of. He ran around the back of the jail but was barraged with gunfire as soon as he stuck his head around the corner. he turned around and brought his guns up blasting as other hard men attempted to gun him down in the alley like an old alley-cat being sprayed with the contents of a chamber pot. The hard men went down and he scanned the environment for options. His only hope was up and he began to climb the side of the building adjacent to the jail which was constructed of rough-hewn boards that enabled him to grab a foothold. Up he went as yet more toughs became emboldened and attempted to sneak their way into the alley but were blasted by his six-guns as soon as they entered. He reached the top and ran at a crouch over the saloon adjacent to the jail finding the trapdoor which lead him down into the building. He stumbled upon a penthouse suite in which an adulterous couple was engaged in a tryst, a jewishhired thug fornicating with a white female who appeared to have been shooting drugs into her veins given the needles which lay beside the bed. He spared them no mercy as he unsheathed his bone-handled hunting knife and ripped a gash into the throat of the Jew who disgorged a stream of blood onto the prostitute. Before she could open her eyes and scream Blonde silenced her with the knife tearing into her throat also as she had to pay the ultimate penalty for racial treason and to avoid detection by the administration though he would have gladly dispatched the woman regardless. He glanced round and discovered the black robe of the Jew which, though filthy with snot and grease, was an adequate cover for his own body to enable him to escape the saloon/brothel in safety. He picked up the wide-brimmed hat of the Jew and covered his hair with it. Exiting the room he made his way downstairs and observed the occupants of the bar who were at this time few in number. Passing out the side entrance out of sight of the administration's men he made his way over to the Church of the Divine Gnosis now discarding his greasy garments and knocking against the metal door of the shed which led to the secret passage into the church. After a few moments Eckhardt came up after viewing Blonde through the portals of the basement and queried as to what he wanted. Blonde quickly informed him that the administration's new heavy hitters were after him and that he needed Eckhardt's help in dispatching them. The door was opened and Blonde descended with his fellow Aryan knight into the inner sanctum. "I've got a plan," Eckhardt stated. He motioned for Blonde to follow him over to the cabinet which served as an armoury. Upon opening it he displayed two suits of specialized ceramic armour which he referred to as the armour of god. A shield and helmet with transparent vision were also available and two specialized pistols that were belt-fed in the same manner as the Gatling guns which enabled the user to fire on automatic thereby discharging many rounds with a single depression of the trigger. The belts were wound around both Eckhardt and Blonde outside of the armour they had put on and further dynamite sticks were worn around them in belt

fashion so as to do maximum damage. Blonde had left the white phosphorus cannon in the coach and mentioned it by way of warning to Eckhardt who stated that the ceramic suits with their undershirts were incapable of being penetrated by any acid or flammable/combustible material and that though the enemy had undoubtedly sequestered the weapon it could easily be reacquired in the event of its necessity. They formulated further plans and prepared to set them into motion. They both exited by the rear of the church and came up in front of the newcomer thugs in the main street. Shooting as they ran they headed straight for the thugs in parallel, one on each side of the street. The thugs returned fire heading for cover and Blonde darted into the saloon while Eckhardt went into the herbalist shop the latter of which was run by a Jew. Blonde took care of the Jewish barman who was serving drinks to one of the alcoholics of the town a degenerate wastrel who freeloaded from the public purse gunning both down and heading to the staircase and balcony from which he had come upon his earlier entry.

The herbalist who was a cabalistic witch Eckhardt dispatched with a round between the eyes and then took up a position up the staircase loft in the blasting her old husband who was puffing away on a marijuana cigarette as he leafed through a pornographic magazine. Both Adamic knights monitored the entrances for the inevitable newcomers and as they began to filter in had retreated out of sight towards the roof hatch planting dynamite sticks below which after a few men had gathered in were detonated blowing apart the hired hard man. These dens of iniquity caught fire as both knights found kerosene lamps and lit them on fire as they exited escaping the blast radius incinerating and burning the sins of the occupants from their houses of ill repute. The two kept going legs pumping as they ran across the rooftops shouting into the fray below those thugs who poured out of the jail angrily sniping at the knights with dynamite being exchanged as well as copious rounds of ammunition from their modified six-guns. The snipers in the jail kept taking pot shots at the knights as they ran past and eventually began climbing and converging on the jail from either side, throwing dynamite sticks into the windows which exploded upon entry demolishing the stone building and leaving it a hull of its former self. The remaining toughs came out blasting seeking vengeance but were hunted down by a barrage of six-gun ammo.

Finally the dust settled and the top floors of the building lay in ruins around the foundation. The two knights approached and observed a trapdoor leading down towards an underground portion of the jail. Eckhardt lifted the handle and was met by a shot from a pistol which bounced off his armour. "Who are you shooting at?" he said with a tone of humour in his voice. The rat-like scuttling of someone gave off his position. "Nowhere to run Mayor!" Blonde shouted grabbing some harness rope that had been attached to a stake in the ground. He jumped down the tunnel rolling as he landed, shots bouncing off his armour as the mayor cursed "die goy die!" Blonde threw a punch at the mayor's head which knocked him to the ground. Blonde hogtied the mayor and climbing up pulled him after him still unconscious. At this point now that the dust had settled and the townsfolk saw who it was who had finished off the administration they cheered and

clapped the two knights on the back their having taken off their helmets revealing themselves to the crowd. "Now we will have justice," Eckhardt said. "This rat has caused enough trouble for the town," Blonde said holding smelling salts under the nose of the mayor who struggled to avoid the scent regaining consciousness. The mayor looked up at the crowd with rat-like eyes looking furtively for a way out. "You'll never take me alive goy!" he screamed as he fished out a derringer and attempted to shoot Blonde in the face but Blonde knocked down his hand and the shot merely buried itself in the dirt. "Hang 'em!" shouted someone in the crowd. Blonde rose with the rope he had slung around the mayor's neck in his hand. "To the statue of Wyatt Gott, our founder!" Blonde cried as he dragged the mayor behind him kicking and shouting out vile curses. The procession moved towards the statue as the sun began to descend from its highest point on the horizon. The same procedure was undergone as with Hymie and the pastor. The rope thrown over the statue and the struggling mayor, sweat streaming down his face was hoisted up in the air spasming with death agony as he expiated his sin for turning Eden into a hell on earth. The body was left to fall upon the redskin statue impaled upon the bronze knife the latter held aloft in the position of an attempted murder of the founder of the town, the pioneering adventurer Wyatt Gott. The townsfolk cheered again as the shackle of tyranny fell from their neck and they were at liberty again to fulfill their destiny. Eckhardt spoke: "Noble Aryan kinsmen, today is the beginning of a new struggle - the struggle to purify this town and build it anew in the image of god. From thence all horizons are open to us for expansion, the world is a place of limitless possibilities and we Aryans intend to branch outwards and build our kingdom of heaven upon earth."



Kristos

Everybody is a star. – Crowley

Abba the Syrian magician was schooled in the arcane arts both white and black. He had scoured the seven seas and the seven wonders of the seven worlds for all manner of hidden love and its keepers, clandestine and reclusive enclaves of ancient orders, isolated wisemen and dangerous mages spanning the terrestrial globe, some working for evil others good. Abba had ingratiated himself with all and sundry carefully concealing his sinister intentions to appropriate for himself their carefully guarded gnosis. His was the procedure of the cobra, to mystify via hypnotic gaze and magnetic influence, to lull into a false sense of security and from thence to sequester their talismans, parchments, and other sacred objects after he had assimilated their gnosis through participation in their rituals and rites. He would then either dispatch them with his poisoned needle whose sting was instant death or employ cruder methods such as strangulation or demonic invocation to serve them up as a sacrifice in exchange for an amplification of his personal power. Now he was situated after years of persecution and inner strife brought on by demonic possession in a state of relative – for him – peace and quiet in an equally peaceful and quiet town. It was his desire to pour over his trunk of ancient manuscripts here and possibly to formulate plans for the conquest of the town and its peasant folk who he thought may be easily led against their leadership who had grown decadent with vice through living a life of too-great leisure and not being hardened by battle or refined through the furnace of study and mental training. These as yet vague plans however were for later at the moment he had much studying to do. Pondering upon an ancient Akkadian ritual one day he was reminded of the practice of rendering inanimate beings, such as stones, animate through endowing them with the energy of pure youths who had been unsullied by vices such as alcoholism, drug addiction, and carnality. This may, he contemplated, be useful in the construction of a small cadre of slaves who could be conscripted to do his bidding. However the creation of each construct required the pure energy of a child and to create a legion of such would certainly implicate himself as the cause of the children's disappearance. Hence he would not be able to make more than one as a means of financing his hire of a small mercenary contingent to stir up discord in the town and to serve as his protectors, furnishing them with the needed arms and armor and sheltering them in his farm outbuildings which were out of the eyes of those peasants and townsfolk he had not yet corrupted and rendered his de facto slaves through his hypnotic magnetic influence. To raise funds he would create one of these constructs and sell him to the local merchant with whom he had contact in his nefarious dealings for herbs and various drugs and who served as a liaison between him and the outside world. Abba communicated with the merchant who lived on the periphery of the town by way of sign. He was accustomed to allow his cow to graze on the opposite side of his stone farmhouse but when he desired Stromboli the merchant to meet with him he would graze his cow in front being within the visual field of the latter who he had equipped with a spyglass for the purpose as the town was some way off. Once a child was caught by the merchant who usually carried out the ritual with Abba in exchange for some of the blood of the sacrifice; the construct could be made and forthwith sold into service to Stromboli who would then resell it to whichever of his contacts trafficked in such wares. Such was not the concern of the magician only the payment from the merchant. Stromboli fawningly greeted the merchant after responding to the signal: 'I have just the thing', he cried beginning his sales pitch: 'a most rare herb from the wild steppes of the hinterland. Certain to augment the mental faculties and '- Abba silenced him with his piercing gaze and communicated to Stromboli what he

sought. Stromboli was silent, his visage growing ashen not out of moral sentiment for the sacrifice to be but out of fear lest Abba respond with hostility to the information he had to bestow upon his paymaster and indeed his de facto master himself. 'Out with it, what are you concealing from me?' Abba demanded. Stromboli informed him that he heard some of the townsfolk in their gossip and they spoke of Abba as a queer fellow and that perhaps he was to blame for the disappearance of the child they had last sacrificed. The townsfolk were becoming wary of Abba the merchant stated and he knew not how long their relationship could continue undisturbed. Abba waved his hand: 'It matters not - the townsfolk will soon be under my influence'. He then requested that the merchant procure for him another child and that this time it would fetch Stromboli a high price. Stromboli reluctantly agreed to the kidnapping after stammering a silenced protest and was off that the child must be procured before the moon reaches its full for it was needed to be sacrificed at that time for the purpose Abba had. This ancient Syrio-African practice of child sacrifice so prevalent in Canaan and Mesopotamia ensured that the energy of the child was incorporated within the villain who carried out the act through the imbibation of the blood which, the occult lore had it, was a gas and not a liquid that became liquid upon exposure to the atmosphere but within the body was in gaseous form. This contained the life force of the being and upon release this spirit energy was capable of being imbibed through vampiric and cannibalistic acts. As such it was the blackest of magic negating the life of another to enrich one's own life. Abba had been a habitué of this practice and as a result had grown very powerful at the expense of the innocent he dispatched with callous disregard for their suffering. This came not without a price however and that was the conflict of soul energy that became entangled with his material body deforming it anatomically as well as physiologically thereby introducing great strife within. He had become, indeed, powerful however this power began to tear apart the very fabric of his own soul manifesting itself in these conditions of disfigurement for 'as above so below; as within so without; spirit and matter are one' and what affects one affects the other. Heedless of these consequences and addicted to his sanguinary practice Abba insisted on continuing to feed himself this elixir vitiate through his vampiric violation of the sanctity of another's life. A few days later under the time of the full moon Stromboli knocked at Abba's door with a prearranged series of knocks thereby signifying that it was he and not a peasant or the defense forces of the town who had previously sent spies to gather information on Abba who had cudgelled the milkmaid for her speaking to one out of naïeve ignorance. He opened the door and allowed entry to Stromboli who had a burlap sack on the bed of straw where Abba's mastiffs slept and readied the circle for sacrifice in accordance with ancient semite cabalistic ritual, arranging the candles of child fat contained within leaden holders arranged on the six points of a six-pointed star on the stone floor, this symbol having been previously drawn by Abba with the charcoal of burnt bones from a past sacrifice incorporating the face of the demon he intended to invoke to enable the transfusion of blood into a wooden marionette he had purchased from the town woodcarver ostensibly for a young nephew he knew who Abba claimed enjoyed to play with marionettes who were of a similar size as himself to create imaginary friends that were a reflection of his own developing mind. The leering face of the demon also reflected Abba's own countenance as he recalled the little black lie he had told the woodcarver whose suspicions of Abba were alloyed once mention of an innocent child related to Abba was made. This false association technique always worked on the peasants the magician thought with a smirk of disdain – they would be blinded by the sight of anything that had the childlike appearance of innocence as they operated in the lower 'chakras' – an ancient Indian term for the occult metaphysical energy centres of the physical body – meaning that they had an animal or beast mind and were incapable

of his cold rationality and god-like perception that differentiated him from the mere beasts that called themselves men. He had thus obtained the marionette with problems but had first instructed the carver to create an orifice in its mouth which would enable the storage of liquids – the woodcarver paused a moment, a glimmer of suspicion returning to his features but he then was put at ease for the idea that the puppet was to be used by Abba himself and this for a hidden flask of alcoholic beverage entered into his mind. In truth Abba through mind transference via the aether, had implanted this thought in his mind as a means of allaying the suspicion of the woodcarver who would no doubt have spread rumours regarding the existence of Abba's alleged nephew. This then would cast further suspicion upon Abba which could at present not be tolerated and hence Abba had implanted this idea in the crafty woodcarver's mind, one rooted in the coarsest of drives and fleshly pursuits. The carver happily bored a hole into the puppet with his tools but according to the magician it was inadequate. He then instructed the woodcarver to bore a larger hole within the pelvic region of the puppet and to use a cork to seal both ends. The woodcarver complied further convinced that Abba required this marionette as a flask for drink or perhaps even a sexual device for his own twisted purposes. The strangeness of Abba was now given an explanation and the puppet was tendered to Abba. This ruse of the magician enabled his strangeness to repel rather than attract attention as rumours would necessarily be spread and the townsfolk would cease to think of him as a child abductor and murderer and more along the lines of a sexual pervert and inebriate. This bought him more time for his purposes until he could cultivate a better reputation with his useful tools the 'dull-witted peasants' as he thought of them. The struggling sack was opened by Stromboli and the gag removed from the young boy's mouth. An elixir of herbs was thrust into his mouth and the boy's struggles ceased being put into a stupor by the brew which caused ennervation through its narcotic, sedative effect. Stromboli lashed the boy to the pentagram binding hands and feet with straps that were looped through iron handles embedded into the stone floor. Abba then began to chant an ancient invocatory cadence comprised of a mixture of arcane language of monosyllables: 'bara-ra-ta-ka-ta-na-ma', his voice enunciating every syllable with vibratory rhythm: 'ka-ta-la-na-ma!' 'Kata-ma!' his voice rose with the cadence being repeated seven times as he swayed widdershins around the pentagram sprinkling incense from a burner on the body of the youth who stared transfixed at the ceiling. Stromboli beat a gong at each point Abba reached circling seven times and repeating the cadence. 'Oh Kristos holy spirit of ancient days thee I invoke!'; and so repeating this cadence the aether above the bay began to coalesce into an opaque formation resembling the face of a god form, face leering and emitting a shrill ringing noise that altered in volume as if the demon were communicating to Abba. The boy's face took on a hint of fear in spite of his nearly comatose state. The apparition descended as Abba continued to repetitively chant 'ba-ra-ra-ta- ka-ta-na-ma'. Soon the mage was upon the boy but stayed, hovering over his form as if somehow repelled or unable to descend upon his victim. Abba then collected the marionette from the rough-hewn table nearby and placed it adjacent to the boy. He also took a basin from the table and placed it between the boy and the puppet—'ba- ra-ra-ta-ka-ta-nama!'. He picked up his sacrifice knife while the demon hovered seemingly eager for the hot liquor which would soon pour from the jugular of the innocent child. Stromboli tightened the straps holding the boy who as if now finally coming to an awareness of his plight began to struggle wildly at the thought of extinguishing his life and forfeiting it to the demon. A fate worse than death dawned in his drugged mind but too late as the merchant held fast the child while Abba skewered a gash in his throat with the knife. As if unchained the demon plunged into the sanguinary basin which filled rapidly with the life's blood of the child. It shook as the demon imbibed the vital elixir into its person. Abba abruptly,

as the struggles of the boy ceased and a sufficient quantity of blood was extracted, began to pour the blood into the marionette which enraged the demon who was interrupted in its feast. It followed the blood into the puppet which then shook as if with life. The remaining cork was placed in the mouth hole once the puppet's container was filled and the shaking ceased. The wooden doll began to change in appearance, its features softening and taking on the glow of human flesh, the ruddy colour of youth. Stromboli, never having borne witness to such an occurrence, in spite of his experience with prior sacrifices of Abba's gaped in wonder at the vitality the once dead being exuded. 'He lives,' he ejaculated. Abba impatient with the boorish lack of self-control shoved the merchant aside saying 'you will pay me a pretty penny for this construct merchant'. The latter though thinking little else then for money was only too willing to sell this freakish construct as quickly as possible and to be discharged his obligation towards the magician. The marionette moved about the floor and spoke to the two seeking to know who he was and why he was here; who they were and a torrent of similar questions. Abba ignored him and spoke to the merchant about buyers who stated he was in contact with some calling himself 'The Mason' who wore a splendid suit of scarlet with gold buttons and wore an eight-pointed star of gold on his coat as well as white gloves and spoke in an uppity and condescending tone. Abba claimed he cared not who the buyer was so long as the price was right to which Stromboli assured him he would not be disappointed as this man, however precious he was in his manners was independently wealthy and required no haggling over prices but was always forthcoming with the sum Stromboli demanded. The merchant then took the strangely vital wooden boy half- dead half-alive with him in the sack to which the marionette gave only feeble protest until Stromboli instructed him to cease to speak on part of being thrown to the wolves or burnt as kindling. The puppets wriggling continued as Stromboli hefted it over his shoulders and carried it back to his place. Abba the magician shut the door on Stromboli after instructing him to return with the sack of gold he exchanged the puppet for. 'The Mason' gazed into the crystal palatire as he contemplated the events unfolding in the lodge of which he had been a member since infancy and to which he was bound through rituals too unspeakable to describe and which had conferred upon him a certain dark power that was shared in common by those who had changed him from a weaker and still-developing neophyte into a monstrous hue-man possessed by dark entities which vied for supremacy within him and partaking of the genius of the lodge which was the demonic entity which exerted its influence over him and yet through which he derived many of his supernatural faculties of clairvoyance and clairaudience, able to discern the thoughts and inclinations of others through a hyper-aware consciousness amplified through being plugged into a dynamo battery as it were of which he was a part as a cell within the larger power source. He desired in this seeking through his crystal gazing, the discovery of a suitable candidate to play the most lucrative role of child actor in his Hollywood productions in which he and his partner, Mr. Cahn, were seeking to fill the role of their former child star, Ricky McDougall who had met with the unfortunate fateful accident of ending up as the main course in a cannibal feast that both he and Mr. Cahn had made the concluding scene in their latest blockbuster film 'Ricky Goes to Timbuktu' where the African scene had portrayed the boiling of a cannibal victim and subsequent cannibalization of this victim in a fictional scene that was rendered real much to the chagrin of Ricky who had been bound hand and foot with his acquiescence to be then plunged into the boiling water which had been omitted deliberately from his copy of the script to inveigle him into allowing himself to be trussed up like a fatling pig in a pig roast. At this thought the sinister coachman sneered maliciously and rubbed his swollen belly at the thought of how he and Mr. Cahn had celebrated the ritual feast dressed in blackface so as to preserve the realism of the film for the

audience. Of course with the current stodgy censors on the film board of Hollywood, most of whom were Catholics, most of the death scene of the sacrifice had to be omitted and sold on the black market for a much higher price. The Mason's thoughts were interrupted by an apparition in the crystal, an almost artificially handsome boy who had the perfect features of a mannequin – almost as if he were a mannequin himself only endowed with animate properties. He was gazing into a hearth and showed no visible emotion on his almost wooden features. This was the new child star to play the leading role in a remake version of the classic story 'Wooden- head', about a young boy who was brought to life from mere pieces of wood carved by a blustery old man fond of the wine bottle, old Gilletto, an Italian in the classic sense who had had recourse to carving pieces of wood he collected with his jackknife while he lived the life of a vagrant. The 'Woodenhead' was an old family favorite teaching the youth of society the lesson that 'though life hands you lemons, lemonade can still be had' even for a gin-soaked skid-row bum like Gilletto. The Mason put aside his crystal and observed the play of shadows upon the wall cast there by the perambulations of his fellow masons who through this process had created an energy vortex that through the law of attraction brought in sympathetic information from the aether to discover the next child star of Satanic Hollywood. Mr. Cahn suddenly stopped, knowing that the mason had discovered his newest star and cast off his black robe revealing a pasty-hued skin and almond-shaped eyes with black pupils and a shock of receding black hair over a hook nose so characteristic of his people. 'I presume you have selected,' he addressed the coachman now turning towards the latter the other masons themselves casting aside their robes and flowing out of the rooms towards the place of their next ritual activity to prepare the atmosphere and arrange the ceremonial implements – to which the addressed replied in the affirmative and added 'the perfect Woodenhead'. Stromboli cast a bundle of garments towards Woodenhead, the mannequin Abba had created, and which he alternately called the former or 'Goyboy' given his characteristically hostile attitude towards all those not of his biological type. The woodenhead, who in spite of the cork in his mouth, which had grown over this plug thereby resembling a normal mouth though incapable of projecting sound, had a strange way of transmitting sound through his nostrils and rather than imparting a nasal quality to his voice gave it a more mellifluous quality. This fact disagreed with the merchant who was easily riled into a state of aggression given his biological predisposition to low impulse control and higher testosterone. The puppet, Goyboy, began to speak and was immediately put to silence by the crack of a backhand across his face from Stromboli who told him to don the apparel as the buyer was soon to come and to take him away from the cabin which was the merchant's. A knock at the door of the cabin alerted the merchant to the mason's presence followed a predetermined series of knocks with varying degrees of force transmitting a correspondent tone. Stromboli flung open the door and the mason entered with a supercilious sneer on his face, striding into the room and casting a glance about for the marionette. 'You needn't inform me of your designs merchant,' the mason said, 'I have seen the puppet in a vision through my palatire and now have come to claim him as my own'. 'But surely you will pay a reasonable price as always', inquired the merchant with a slight demand to his tone attempting already in his implicit negotiations to up the ante for this magical item. 'No more!' shouted the mason, 'I tire of this dirty shopkeeps game of barter!' and with that he projected a lightning bolt from his hand a concentration and discharge of his bio-energy at the merchant who flew into paroxysms of spasmodic violence as if being ripped asunder, fat belly bouncing and jiggling as the electrical voltage fried his flesh, a high-pitched scream broke from his lips and he fell to the ground continuing to shake as his vital energies ebbed away from his lifeless corpse. An acrid smoke wafted from his cadaver with whatever soul he had retained from his vampiric rituals of imbibing the life force from others. The mason had lit upon the wooden boy who was now a fleshly living-dead structure animate and yet inanimate possessed of a vitality latent and potential only yet able to appear as the reality and in a perfect form for his future role as a Hollywood star. The mason stared into the unblinking and apparently emotionless gaze of Goyboy, who the mason called simply 'puppet' and fell into a trance under the magnetic influence of the mason's will. The mason then threw him over his shoulder and into the darkened limousine which was driven by himself as even his initiates could not be trusted with such a lucrative task as they may attempt to abduct Puppet for themselves for ransom money. The limousine ride for Puppet – for this is the only name he has yet been identified as by his new master – was a smooth one without any event other than his cognition of the difference between his previous short life inside of the farmhouse of Abba and in the cabin of Stromboli as well as the brief glance of the countryside town as he was hurled into the back of the limousine by the mason, whose name he knew not but was impressed by his violent energy that seemed to radiate from his body and generate a chaotic sensation. Those brief experiences enabled Puppet to develop his latent faculty of reason and to thereby grow, to understand the power differential which expressed itself through the form of the mason, the merchant, and Abba whose name he was unacquainted with but who had given him life. The mason was powerful indeed far more so than the merchant but not much more than the haggard mage who had brought him life. Though what life it was he failed to understand as he still knew himself not being only an undeveloped being. The skyline of the City of Angels, 'Hollywood', arose over the hills and Puppet became further aware of the contrast of his environment, between little and big, sophisticated complexity and rude simplicity both yet elegant in their nature yet representing great contrasts to one another. The limousine suddenly squealed to a stop outside of a palatial suite belonging to Mr. Cahn, the mason's partner in the 'picture business' as he was fond of calling it and had been speaking via a communication system in his limousine during the course of their journey. The mason spoke into space: 'I have arrived with the puppet Mr. Cahn; send out an escort to prepare the puppet'. Shortly thereafter Puppet observed a coterie of Negros dressed in butler uniforms walking briskly towards the limousine. They carried leg irons and handcuffs which after open their opening of the door they affixed to the half-marionette half-boy's wrists and ankles affixing another chain to both of these which was several feet in length. This larger chain with a handle attached the mason grabbed and motioned to the Negros to step aside which they smartly did. 'Mr. Cahn the puppet has been shackled you may meet us in the foyer'. The large plush Persian rug greeted them as the finely molded door was opened by one of the Negros who rushed ahead with amazing speed to cater to the mason's rapid gait. Mr. Cahn descended his brass-banistered staircase across the Persian rug which molded itself to the mahogany stairs spiraling upwards towards a vaulted ceiling. The film producer was at first taken aback by Puppet never having seen such a strangely artificial yet natural creature, even his golem he had created were mere clay and iron relative to the seamless purity of Puppet. These golem he had used in many of his power moves against competitors who had found themselves in the bottom of the ocean or tumbling from his brass balcony overlooking his swimming pool, leaden weights attached to their limbs. 'He'll be good for the part', Cahn stated flatly. 'Take him into the lower levels and keep him on ice'. Straight away the two Negros took the chain the mason had dropped upon the ground and they pulled Puppet down the spiraling staircase into the stone dungeon Cahn had designed to serve as a holding pen for those of his associates who refused to comply with his often one-sided contractual terms which favoured them but no one else. Puppet heard the wailing of cries emanating from the cells which paralleled the stone passageway lit by sputtering candles set in iron embrasures. The iron bars of one

cell were being beaten on with a tin cup by one of the prisoners who cried out 'I want out! Cahn! Give me Cahn!' before the Negro escorting Puppet took a stun gun out of his waistcoat and discharged it into the face of the prisoner who fell to the floor trembling and weeping. The few other prisoners some of them with ill-kept beards and hollow, sunken cheeks and eyes, returned to the inner recesses of the stone cell cowering from the burly butlers who cast no glances to either right or left suddenly stopping abruptly before a vacant cell at the end of the hall. Into this they brought Puppet shackling his chain apparatus to an iron ring in the corner of the cell with a heavy padlock with many tumblers and wards. The Negros returned by the way they came and Puppet was left in isolation just as he had been in the sack of the merchant. He appreciated the silence as it opened up a path into a heightened state of awareness and contemplation. He entered into a meditative state watching the flickering shadows from his prison bars on the floor. Suddenly he heard a noise but it was not a noise transmitted through any vibrations within his environment but rather a noise from another dimension that was only audible to himself. 'Kristos – that is who you are' it stated and was for some time silent. The puppet communicated through his nasal apparatus in response: 'Who are you?' The answer: 'Kristos' I am inside of you and this is who you are. Once you were a boy...or rather I was a boy – once I was a god – and am still a god. I am both boy and god and I am you. You are the nexus of both mortal and immortal, you have your feet in both worlds, material and immaterial. Your destiny,' the spirit - for it must have been a spirit if it were not visible Puppet reasoned – 'Is to become who you are. But find you must understand yourself and to do so you must understand others. I will counsel you from now on to serve as your conscience, your genius who influences your actions. I will not interfere with your development through verbal advisements but I will be a voiceless guide who steers you towards godhood. Some day you will be a Real Live Boy.' Puppet – who we will now simply refer to as Kristos, for that was who he was – sat in contemplative silence for some time before understanding his plight and that such conditions as he had seen in the dungeon he had been imprisoned in were terrible indeed and that the pain of those trapped within had been long suffering. He felt their pain sympathetically though understanding that though different he was yet similar to them in having the faculties of affection, being susceptible to the like sensation and pursuing and forbearing from the like paths of good and evil. Such men as Mr. Cahn and the mason not to mention the merchant and Abba also appeared different in that they did not have that, were unaffected by the pain others suffered and were in fact the agent of its infliction further emphasizing their lack of all moral scruples. Though unable to articulate his thoughts Kristos nevertheless understood these matters with his heightened intuition and recognized them as species wholly alien to himself, a threat and danger to his life and that of others such as the young boy he had in part been and the prisoner who had been ruthlessly electrocuted by the Negro's stun gun. In the case of the latter he noticed no sign of emotion or regard for the prisoner as he had been shocked to the point of incapacitation and extreme pain. He felt the necessity compelled by an ever sharpening faculty of reason to judge that Negros were of this nature – incapable of feeling and remorse, a cruel and barbarous group of animal-like creatures who willingly subordinated themselves to a greater and more violent power such as in the person of the mason and Mr. Cahn. Interrupting these reflections of Kristos came again the Negros who were placing more Persian rugs along the stone floor and spraying perfume around preparing the way for Mr. Cahn and the mason. The duo's footsteps approached while the Negros stood at attention along the side of the other cell. The pair presented themselves in front of Kristos' cell which was opened by one of the burly Negros. Mr. Cahn and the Mason stepped into the cell carrying a doctor's bag and a video camera which was manned by the mason. Mr. Cahn uttered 'lights' – at which

point a recessed light near the ceiling of Kristos' cell was illumined; 'camera' – the mason turned the camcorder's light so that it shone green signifying it was on – and 'action!' Two Negros entered the cell and brought a table in also another chain which was affixed to a ring in the ceiling and which could be used to pull Kristos once attached to his chain apparatus which would strain his muscles and ligaments. His harness was rigged up to the chain which was then grasped by the white-gloved hands of the mason who then yanked a fearsome wrench on the chain and extended Kristos so that his legs were extended to the point of dislocation. he screamed an unintelligible cry of arcane words: 'ge-bo-ra-la-ka- ma' and writhed against the chain. The mason relaxed his grip on the chain taken by surprise at the utterance of the puppet who until that time had not spoken. Mr. Cahn was the more sober of the two and wrenched from his bag a sacrifice knife long and pointed and full of holes from which to let the blood of his charge. He jabbed at Kristos who had once more been pulled taut by the mason which puncture emitted a spurt of blood. Again Kristos writhed 'ge-bo- ra-la-ka-ma' as the inner spirit within him raged against the violation of the sanctity of his flesh vehicle which grew more ruddy and sinewy as Kristos writhed against the chain. 'Hold him!' screamed Mr. Cahn as the mason struggled to maintain his hold motioning with his head for the Negros to grab a hold of the remaining length and to lend their strength to his – however the rock into which the iron ring had been embedded began to crumble around the pressure being exerted by Kristos as he continued to writhe with outrage over the prick while Mr. Cahn stood by like a cornered rat seeking to dart in and finish the job thereby defeating his own plans for making the puppet into a Hollywood star and thereby deriving profit for himself and his partner. 'Ge-bora-la-ka-ma!" shrieked the puppet whose real name was Kristos. Soon a discharge of electricity emanated from his body and encapsulated his jailors and their serfs causing them to shake with uncontrollable frenzy as it entered into them. Soon they lay dead and the chains that had bound Kristos were broken, himself freed of their limitation. He walked from the cell not forgetting the jailor's keys for he desired to free the prisoners from their cells as he had freed himself from his. Two of the cells were still occupied but the third contained only the decomposing body of an unknown who had apparently disagreed to acquiesce to Mr. Cahn's contractual terms. One of the two he had freed ran up the staircase with a shriek bespeaking his lack of sanity and was not seen by Kristos again. The remaining prisoner greeted Kristos with a cordiality that seemed out of place in the dungeon environs. 'Thank you, good sir, for freeing me from this wretched abode. I am Mr. Roncesvale and I was a Hollywood producer but only of the variety that has now grown rare, a moral one.' With this he took Kristos' hand in his shaking it and said: 'you are a strange creature whoever you may be, pray tell me your name.' 'Kristos', the puppet said. Truly you must be endowed with some miraculous power Kristos for you have dispatched in one blow the foremost producer of moral depravity and his affiliate in one blow and with minimal loss to yourself.' So saying he gestured towards the mark where Mr. Cahn had pierced him in the side with his sacrifice knife. Observing this gesture of Mr. Roncesvale Kristos noticed the wound beginning to close and the blood to dry up. 'How did you do that?' Kristos asked to which his acquaintance responded: 'It was you who did it when you recognized that I was your friend. Your occult anatomy healed you internally and 'as within so within' we say'. '-We? Who are we?' asked Kristos. 'We spiritually enlightened. We know when we are with friends and enemies and who is which.' The two made their way at the recommendation of Mr. Roncesvale away from the dungeon and upstairs to the now vacant palatial suite of the deceased Hollywood producer Mr. Cahn. 'Yet I think,' Mr. Roncesvale stated, 'that you have unfinished business – is that not so?' Kristos was slow to respond but stated he had had a father once, one who was the height of evil and who lived near a small town amidst

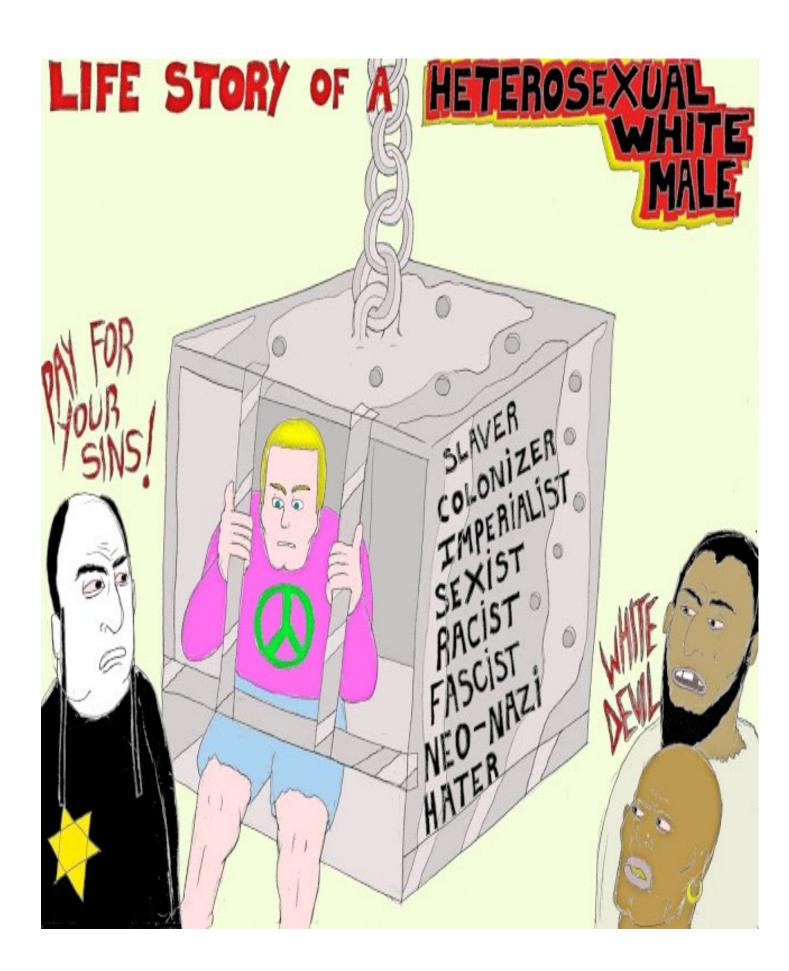
peasants on a farm outside of its borders. He stated it was so very far away, whither he knew not but that he must pay for the sins of his father as this sire was carrying out evil deeds that must be rectified though it cost him his own life. Mr. Roncesvale pondered a moment but then as if with a dawning realization: 'Your father, he was a magician, a sorcerer is that not so?' Kristos affirmed the fact. 'Yes he must be Abba! - The sorcerer who usurped my kingdom who has now enslaved my noble peasants under the lash of his dark minions who he has imported into my poor kingdom. It appears as if our paths are star-crossed and we share a common destiny. I had been forced to become a Hollywood producer in hopes of amassing enough public approval to rally an army against his treachery but Mr. Cahn stood in my way – until you came to liberate me. Now we must liberate my– no our – kingdom for I will if you consent, grant you lands in the kingdom should our victory prevail. Kristos agreed to participate in the venture acknowledging the truth of Mr. Roncesvale's words that their paths were mutually shared and that Abba must be vanguished else he may seek to develop an empire of most horrible tyranny. Mr. Roncesvale and Kristos sped into the valley of Hollywood from the palatial suite of the deceased Mr. Cahn which continued to burn along the horizon through their having set fire to it to wipe away all traces of their presence especially that of Mr. Roncesvale who had been forced at gunpoint by Mr. Cahn and his Negro minions to sign a declaration of guilt that he had been the mastermind of Mr. Cahn's takeover of Hollywood studios through mafia-style tactics and that Mr. Roncesvale had kidnapped the niece of Mr. Cahn with the threat of execution if the latter had gone to the police for a confession or to inform on his alleged captor. This declaration was hidden somewhere on the premises and its whereabouts were known to a few of Mr. Cahn's affiliates who if anything happened to Mr. Cahn or if he were disobeyed by Mr. Roncesvale would make public the declaration thereby absolving Mr. Cahn of any liability for his takeover bids and high pressure tactics. In committing arson to the suite he effectively wiped away any potential trail leading to his arrest and the liquidation of his assets which would be forfeited to the state. Now he was at liberty to sell off his studios to obtain the necessary military hardware to combat Abba his usurper and thereby to reclaim his throne. Kristos was to have personal vengeance against Abbas as the latter had destroyed the lives of others as a means of making him come to life and this not out of altruistic regard for Kristos as a surrogate child but rather out of crude material gain through creating an effectual slave to be sold to the highest bidder. This alone would have been the gravest immorality had it not been compounded by the use of the proceeds being allocated towards the funding of a mercenary terrorist army whose sole purpose was the wresting of Mr. Roncesvale's kingdom – which was incidentally called 'Paradis' – so that Abba could become supreme tyrant and dictator of 'Paradis' conferring upon it the name 'infernal' which he had subsequent upon the usurpation of Mr. Roncesvale who had hardly escaped with his skin transformed it into a technological monstrosity which put the peasants into bondage through tax slavery and tithing to the universal church which he erected around himself, a cadre of priests who immersed themselves in the blackest arts using the peasantry as guinea pigs routinely sacrificing them in open rituals in the public square to demons invoked and propitiated through Abba's blood sacrifice. The peasant's once free life was reduced to abject serfdom each day but one of the week, each being a day of incessant drudgery throughout the daylight hours and into the night so that the sum total of a peasant's lived experience consisted simply of physical drudgery allotted only enough nutriment to sustain the endless cycle until exhausted they were to be led to execution on trumped up charges as a heretic who had violated the sanctity of the demons which perpetually encircled the towers of Abba's keep, spires of blackest iron projecting towards the darkling sky.

The duo found ample buyers for the Hollywood studios which they sold exclusively to ethical buyers who would produce only elevating and morally uplifting content so that the scales on the eyes of the atpresent blind populace would fall away and the beacon of truth would shine upon them. Having gathered enough proceeds from the sale they set about enticing willing followers to participate in the coming war with Abba the sorcerer. This done they wound their way as a caravan to the outskirts of Paradis armed with munitions and firearms for the peasants. John Strong, a local stuntman from 'Universe Studios' which had been named by Mr. Cahn evincing his aspirations to supremacy which had fortunately been defeated by Kristos, was an expert in munitions and improvised explosive devices and would serve a valuable role in the coming conflict. It was he who volunteered to free the peasants using his skills of physical prowess and to sever the cable that was projecting electromagnetic fields from towers strewn around Paradis which had the effect of placing the populace under mind control through alteration of brain wave activity that could be modified by these devises to create sensations of fear, panic, anxiety, depression, hopelessness, etc. thereby creating a false association between the mood state of the victim and whatever sensory appearance (visual, auditory, etc.) could be paired with this state rendering the mind control subject to deviant from their healthier instincts and go against their innate tendencies and instincts in their behavior, rendering them subordinate to the whims and caprice of authority. John Strong knew that the cable was heavily guarded by the beast-men Abba had brought into Paradis and that heavy armaments were necessary to dispatch their number. He selected two Heckler and Koch MP-5's and extra capacity magazines as well as a chest rig with grenades. He donned a black wetsuit and ran off in the direction of the cable. Once out the peasants would be aware of their surroundings enough to be reachable to the return of their king and welcome his second coming. Abba though usually clairvoyant lay dormant in his tower by the looks of it as far as Kristos, who had heightened sensibility, could perceive through his inner sight. Now was thus the time to move on Paradis. The beast guards were armed with Kalashnikov AK-47's using ancient combloc ammo which wound around their chest and was fed into the gun. John Strong back-flipped over the gate, which was not so high as to prevent this manoeuvre. He landed behind the lethargic guard who was staring into an electronic entertainment device observing the latest sporting event. Suddenly his head snapped right and he gazed away from the device all happening too rapidly to elicit a surprised reaction as John Strong broke his neck. Strong moved with catlike agility along the tops of the myriad guardhouses scattered in a perimeter around the central tower and its power cable which ran underground to a hydro- electric dam buried deep under the former Paradis, now 'Infernal' the place surrounding villages spoke of in hushed whispers as 'The Accursed Land' and trembled over what seemed to be their inevitable fate that of crushing servitude and the expropriation of all their earthly goods to be sold at auction to Abba's co- conspirators black magician mages who hid behind the hidden hand of earthly political machinations driven by some dark force that goaded them on towards a project of unending chaos. Strong was wearing a tinfoil hat under his wetsuit which buffered the electromagnetic fields which may have thwarted him from his task through inculcating in his mind different thoughts and emotions which, in such close proximity to the tower may have driven him mad. The guards who patrolled widdershins around the tower wore specialized helmets that transmitted into their brain certain voltage of electricity which kept them in a state of hyper-alertness. In spite of this Strong remained as yet unseen. Nearby the central tower he espied a toolshed which may contain what he needed, means of severing or at least destroying the cable through it was encased in a specialized material, an alloy of super hard metal and ceramic which could

apparently withstand most coarse implements. Investigating the toolshed which was locked only with an easily pickable pin and tumbler combination lock that he used his lock picks and specially hones skills to enter. He observed mainly garden tools and bags of cement along with smaller bits and pieces of electrical wire and various electronics arranged in trays along the bench which bordered the shed's interior. Just as he was scouring the shed for suitable materials a Negro guard entered with a yawn. John quickly hid himself behind the door and blended seamlessly into the darker interior in his wetsuit. The Negro uncorked a bottle and fell to, leering with greed as he quaffed the liquor which gave off a pungent and malodourous scent reminiscent of rotten fruit and chemicals. Strong acted quickly and impaled the Negro in the back of the neck while the latter, still oblivious to his fate though now dying continued to make the motions of drinking while he wiped at what his dimming consciousness understood to be liquor dripping from his mouth but which was actually the vital liquor of most sanguinary quality. Strong lowered the brute to the floor and took up the laser pistol which was affixed to the brute's belt. He knew this would be adequate to penetrate the concrete encasement and sever the cable that kept the populous under mind control. he decided a distraction was needed and, gathering the bottle of liquor as well as some fertilizer and electronics quickly assembled an explosive device that would detonate in the shed once he had repositioned himself atop the roof overlooking the main cable housing. His radio-controlled detonator was as small as a TV remote and was slipped into his pocket. He quickly exited the shed and ascended the roof springing off adroitly onto other roofs leapfrogging back towards his destination. He flipped the activation switch which exploded the shed causing all the guards to go rushing in the direction of the explosion. He extracted his laser pistol and blasted three quick blasts on high power in rapid succession which demolished the housing and concealed cable beneath. Testing the results he removed his tinfoil hat and detected no signs of artificial interference with his ordinary mentation. Mission accomplished. He radioed to Mr. Roncesvale and Kristos to move in with the armaments as he hurled primed grenades in a 360 degree radius to exacerbate the chaos and distraction thereby drawing the guards away from their posts towards the source of the noise and enabling the duo with their assistants and weapons cache to go to their wet work on the beast guards. The sounds of laser pistols rattled and echoed through the night as searchlights danced wildly around seeking purchase. Cries rang out and occasional laser blasts were heard. Kristos had decided that a meeting with Abba was necessary and that he alone could take down his nemesis who was also his father. He wound his way up the craggy pass which diverged from the entrance delegating the task of the peasant rebellion's leadership to its rightful hero Mr. Roncesvale and girded himself for battle with the enemy who had been the sole cause of the harm which had befallen both himself and the denizens of Paradis. He vowed he would avenge the wrongs which his father had imposed upon the populace through Abba's destruction – it was the only way to kill a kingdom – to kill a king especially one as malevolent as Abba whose accumulation of evil lore manifested itself outwardly in the tyranny he oversaw in his dark tower and the empire he sought to create for the overlordship of the world. Winding his way up he was beset by many pitfalls and a circling horde of vulture-like creatures with hooked bills and wild bloodshot eyes which constantly darted at him as he neared the summit but which were beaten off through his surrounding himself with a protective aura that allowed no evil to enter within it. As he neared the summit however this translucent orb began to wane in its strength as the power of Abba's malevolence increased in proximity to his tower. He approached the gates and was set upon by two burly beast guards who brandished metal beams with hooks protruding from their ends, their faces dark as pitch revealing a grimace of yellow fangs. They circled and intermittently swept their hooked beams with great rapidity which Kristos darted away from.

One of the pair had his hook embed itself in a rock it was swung with such intensity and, attempting to extricate it from the fissured crevice it had snagged on was not quick enough to pull out is black dagger from its hauberk before Kristos sent a ball of electrical energy from out of his hand at the creature who immediately vibrated with the intensity of the voltage as acid wisps of smoke wafted from its scorched flesh. The remainder had his black metal dagger out and dove for Kristos even as another ball of electrical lightning met its heavy body and discharged itself over its course causing a writhing paroxysm of muscular tremor with the same smoke emitting from its reeking flesh. Kristos ran for the gate as the portcullis fell to bar his entry but managed to dash beneath its knife-like ends which embedded themselves in grooves with a crash. He had gained entry into the tower of Abba and now had only to find the mage before he achieved the victory over Mr. Roncesvale and the peasantry. Climbing yet further into the recesses of the tower Kristos ascended a spiralling staircase leading into the interior of the castle where his heightened intuition detected the malevolent dark energies of the sorcerer whose power had seemed to increase relative to what Kristos recalled from his last meeting when his dawning consciousness was still in its infancy. Turning a corner he stopped dead before a heavy door of black metal and knew Abba must be behind. Surprisingly it was open and he could see through the crack upon peeping behind the door. He witnessed Abba perambulating around a pentagram with those same candles of human fat as when Kristos in his dawning consciousness was brought into creation by his progenitor. Now this same was again invoking some dark entity as he stopped facing a large window cut into the tower and cried: 'Mal-kal-zebo-nama!' which he repeated with increasing volubility seven times, his hands and arms raised making a 'V' shape with feet together toes pointed outwards. 'I call upon thee oh Nama, spirit of ancient chaos, to enter into the pentagram – enter in so that I may grow mighty with power! I offer to thee O' Nama, this young child!' So saying he brought out from behind a metal chair a bruised and battered youth who was riddled with wounds over his body, his face pale and ghostly and only able to stand it seemed to Kristos through being under the magnetic influence of Abba. 'Oh Nama, chaos of ancient days, I beseech thee – harken unto me Abba of the steppes now mighty ruler of Paradis – enter into the pentagram that I may obtain great power!' So saying he flung the child, who was chained by his ankle to an iron ring in the floor, into the midst of the pentagram who then crumpled lifelessly upon the stones as Abba had apparently removed his magnetic influence which was holding the abused and mutilated child erect. Abba rushed to the pentagram as a dark force manifested itself over the child which though seemingly impossible grew more ashen and its bloody wounds ceased to show a rubicund nature as the dark being imbibed its vital elixir. Abba positioned himself over the child and extracted his sacrifice knife, that same which he had used to murder the boy whose spirit had become part of Kristos and whose other spirit, purified of vampiric evil, was the demon that Abba had first invoked to create from a marionette a Real Live Boy who was Kristos. Just as Abba was finishing his cadence of 'Nama, Ka-ta-zebo-ra-ta-nama' in monotone, Kristos jumped into the room from behind the door, recalling that his own earlier fate had occurred in just such circumstances and that he must save this boy to save himself. He concentrated and hurled a ball of electric lightning at Abba who immediately went into spasms of uncontrollable strain still holding his sacrifice aloft. The dark shape that was Nama ceased its waiting to partake of the boy's vital elixir to an even greater extent and turned against Abba whose sizzling flesh and ululating scream was exacerbated through Nama entering into him and absorbing his soul from within. Transfixed Abba stared through dead eyes as Nama vampirized his life force. 'Nnnooo!' he cried in anguished helplessness and he saw his life ebbing before his gaze. He stared as Kristos entered the room yet further and traced a chalk mark closing the pentagram. The

demon Nama raged inside the pentagram while Abba lifeless fell to the ground with the now dead boy who was too late to be saved. The trio exploded or rather imploded it seemed leaving nothing but a smudge mark. Just then Mr. Roncesvale and John Strong entered at the head of a group of peasants singing a victory song to the march of a side drum. They opened wide the door and stared at Kristos as he turned to meet their gaze: 'We have attained eternity,' he said, 'good will always prevail over evil and the path of destiny tread by evil is that of extinction.'



Life Story of a Modern White Human Male

I was born in a major multi-ethnic city – that is assuming my biological mother did not abort me through contraceptive medication or through going to a Jewish abortion clinic and having one of their non-white workers or themselves use metal instruments to mutilate my developing body. Should I carry past this point I would be born of a mother who may have had relationships with non- whites in which case I would be contaminated with their genes which have been intermingled with her own even if condoms were used as they are microscopically porous and allow semen to filter through into the woman thereby contaminating her with the DNA of non- whites which inevitably passes on to the offspring. If I should be lucky enough to avoid this fate I would probably be subject to genetic damage through the alcohol my mother drank. Upon conception I would be yanked out of her womb with metal forceps by a non-white midwife or a Jewish or non-white doctor who would with their knowledge of anatomy, deliberately maim or mangle me through alteration of the spine thereby crippling me for life. I would be luck to avoid this fate and would be pulled out through metal forceps which would horribly traumatize me. Of course I should also mention that the ultrasounds and radiation I was subjected to would cause mutations in my DNA and would probably induce extreme trauma as well. Upon being taken out of my mother's womb I would be taken by the Jewish doctor and have my foreskin cut off thereby adding to the trauma of my short worldly experience. The Jewish doctor would then suck the foreskin vampirizing my blood according to his Talmudic religion. He would send the foreskins from myself and other newborns to meat-rendering plants which would mix the meat from animals with them to curse the non-Jews by forcing cannibalism upon them. I would be given vaccines filled with mercury and formaldehyde as well as various other heavy metals, dead fetal tissue and adjuvants. These would cause my brain damage and possible sterility or reduced fertility as well as organ damage which would reduce my chances to thrive in this world. Upon being taken out of the hospital I would be subject to the quarrelling of my parents who depending on their socioeconomic class would devote their lives to selfish and egotistical pursuits with my father roaming around with his drinking buddies and crashing into our home be it apartment or McMansion disturbing my ability to sleep and creating an atmosphere of tension and strife while my mother would be too interested in creating petty problems to entertain herself out of a desire to look upon herself as a courageous feminist controlling the life of a man. I would be neglected and have to live in a state of sympathetic nervous system dominance, a fight or flight state which would burn out my adrenal glands and deprive me of sleep. My mother would probably be too concerned about her breasts sagging if I should breastfeed so she would put me on a soy-based formula which would deprive me of the needed growth factors and nutrients to form a healthy skeleton and brain. I would thus be underdeveloped and have less opportunity to thrive in life as my body would be deformed to a greater extent than otherwise; the facial bones would not grow as wide as they would under normal conditions and I would thus be less attractive to the opposite sex, thereby diminishing my opportunities to spread my genes and have a family of my own. Upon my debut in society my mother who is a modern woman, a careerist and feminist, would leave me in the nursery – or 'daycare' center as it is called to be raised by state- financed caregivers who are of a racially foreign stock and who have a hostility to me because I am white or at least visibly so (if my mother had had relationships with non-whites prior to my conception). The other children with whom I have to get along are also predominantly racially foreign and have the same hostility.

They bully me and abuse me and are egged on by the non-white girls who have been instructed by their propagandists to hate white boys and to censor and harass them as a socially obligatory behaviour and to get a sense of power over me. I suffer through this treatment during the weekdays and it is cold comfort when my father picks me up from the daycare center as my callous mother is too busy working in her career to care for me as she wishes to accrue to herself a sense of importance in the eyes of her fellow career women. I am subjected to electromagnetic fields being transmitted by the cell towers and smart meters in the center and from my home which causes cellular excitotoxicity and maintains a sympathetic nervous system dominance which causes hyper-anxiety, adrenal fatigue, and insomnia. I am fed a diet of genetically modified foods which incubate cancers in my body and modify my DNA as well as having to drink chlorinated water which contains the chemical chlorine used as a warfare agent in gaseous form. I go to attend the school where again a multi-racial nightmare confronts me with many black, Arab, and hybrid students subjecting me to abuse and bullying me at every turn. My feminist and Jewish teachers are forever punishing me for defending myself against these non-whites who have only been in my country for a most of a couple generations but typically only having been born here of parents who have not been in the country my ancestors created for more than a decade. These so-called teachers or brain polluters have never taken my side and insist on imposing their sanctions against me in defense of my own existence. My career as a student continues on with a repetition of the same activity continuing through the grades. I am being passed through their system without any meaningful education, merely being propagandized with Marxist indoctrination, what has been called 'liberal democracy' or 'socialism', secular humanism', etc. The children from the more affluent classes in my school have all of the opportunities and are stream-lined towards becoming future controllers of society where I am left behind, relegated to a lower order of society because the social engineers judged me unfit as I am not an arrogant or extrovertive person from an affluent class as they are and given that I am a white male they look upon me as an enemy, as the modern day Satan in relation to themselves as the priestly caste of those who matter, the Jewish elite and their white liberal race-traitors and non-white replacements. The privileged students in my school are progressing towards their destination as a financial and social success where I am demoralized and have low self-esteem. They are going out to parties and having relationships with the opposite sex but I am left alone having no one to associate with as I am an introvertive person and not an arrogant extrovert like them. This hobbles my development and this combined with a feminist mother who controls every facet of my life creating a dependency in me upon her as well as a lack of self-esteem which inhibits my ability to be a functional member of society, a society relative to which I am an alien, an outsider having no place. The attractions of the youth of society disgust me: alcohol, loud music, and drug culture. They have a vile and cruel personality always vilifying those who are not of their socioeconomic class and who they look upon as beneath themselves. I managed to graduate high school and had sufficiently high marks given that I withdrew from society throughout my academic career having no recourse but to study and to learn on my own and seek to improve myself not out of spite of other's judgments but though an inner drive to achieve, to make myself a better person not knowing just what that would be but nevertheless understanding that I was an imperative. I managed to obtain student loans though as a white male, non-whites and women are given preference over me for student loans. I do well in the school system taking a liberal arts program. Unfortunately all of my personal study outside of the school curriculum mainly of old books prior to WWII does not correspond with the contemporary ideology or accepted mores of society and this leads me to research into the facts of history further. I come to the realization that society, as it is, is a far cry

from that of the past and come to venerate. The culture which pre-existed in the 60s was an infinitely superior one. I stumble upon more books that make reference to Jews and their influence. From there I become aware of their evil throughout history and how to physically identify them. I then look over the course of my life and realize that these claims made in the books are true and that the Jews are attempting to genocide the white race through psychic castration of the white males whose duty and innate drive has always been as a defender and protector of society. That their plan is clearly to destroy the society which whites created through non-white immigration and feminism, to weaken society and thereby enable a takeover by their Chinese and Russian troops which they have controlled sine the Bolshevik revolution in Russia and the Boxer rebellion in China under Lenin and Mao respectively. I continue supplementing my education with a more important education – that of racial awareness and the history of the world as faithfully represented in those old books lying in musty corners of university libraries as well as in electronic form on the internet printing them off and compiling my own library. Though I have had difficulty in the school system because of racial bias against me from non-whites and Jews as well as sexual bias against me by feminists, from the professors, that is who deliberately grade me poorly so that they can get a twisted sense of vengeance against heterosexual white males who they blame for whatever troubles or problems they perceive in the world or their own personal lives; in spite of their tyranny I manage to graduate through supplementing my course curriculum with less politically charged courses which I take through distance education where I don't have to see a biased professor face to face who seeks to harass me for being a white male who is not a complete degenerate, a homosexual, or race mixer. I eventually graduate having made no friends in the school system as I was in high school, not an extrovertive person who desired to hang around in a bar in the middle of the night drinking alcohol and listening to loud music. I am no longer receiving student loans but prior to graduation had managed to obtain work in a security firm so that I could avoid being subjected to unpleasant working conditions knowing that I have minimal prospects for obtaining employment given the racial bias in hiring policies in all corporations and public sector positions where the only white males who are hired are homosexuals or the remnant of the well-connected upper crust. Anticipating these inevitabilities I seek employment in capacities that seem at least somewhat appealing such as trades of various sorts. However given that my student loans are cut off and it is impossible to obtain more and that my occupation doesn't enable me to save any money as it is too low-paying; hardly enough to pay the bills I desperately seek out alternatives – perhaps a relation in the country can enable me to live off their property and work on a nearby farm or labour site so that I may survive. However there are no such options as, given I was raised apart from society and had built no connections or marketable skills I have no such options. I see other white males my age – in their early 20s – having recently graduated from the Marxist indoctrination centers they call schools involving themselves in all manner of degenerate practices from race-mixing to drug and alcohol use. I myself having no interest in the vulgarity of society dissociate myself and live in my own segregated world apart from the degeneracy of society that surrounds my tiny apartment. Further research on the internet and through books that I had managed to save up enough money to purchase convinced me that given the tyranny of the Judeo-Masonic control system there is only one path that lies before me and that is through white nationalist activism and through this either victory or Valhalla. One way or the other my destiny however tenebrous, lies before me presenting me with the few options that I can avail myself of.

I live in a minimalistic lifestyle paying only for food and shelter not even having enough money for a gym pass as I am attempting to stockpile food and obtain a firearms license, guns, ammunition, and other survival supplies before society through the outsourcing of jobs and increased mass non-white immigration destroys society from within and enables the imposition of a police state and the further strengthening of a totalitarian regime – unless of course well- positioned white nationalists use that as an opportunity to create domestic terrorism in society and have a potential military coup of the corrupt establishment flushing out the non-whites who would have to be sent outside of the borders or killed if need be for the survival of the white race within their own borders. I can only do so much with so little after all. Just the other day the Jewish landlord of the apartment building I am in gave me an eviction notice as one of the non-white tenants had complained that I 'made them feel unsafe' – they had probably heard me listening to a white nationalist podcast and sought vengeance against me for not willfully bowing to them and recognizing the implicit threat of the racially aware white male from whom they derive their sustenance through his work in trades and industry and who they lord it over in the offices receiving their employment through the biases of public policy conferring upon them a privileged status as an 'untouchable victim' who can do no wrong and will always have their side taken by any legal or other power structure which plays a role in the disenfranchisement of white males from their society. I thus have no recourse but to avail myself of government housing or homelessness that assumes of course that I will be accepted into government housing given that preference is given to non-whites and especially newly arrived immigrants who have countless children when they arrive to derive benefits from the productive white male worker. The Jewish landlord having heard rumour from their non-white tenants that I was an 'anti- Semite', as they fallaciously call an anti-Jew like myself, was quick to use the complaint of the non-whites as a pretext for my eviction. Luckily I managed to obtain through one of the older white employees in the government a place in government housing in the run down inner core of my town, a place which was once a thriving community of productive white citizens who had built beautiful stone buildings which are now little more than hives of degenerates from every dark corner of the third world and who have turned them into dens of iniquity, incubators of their sub-human spawn who involve themselves in gang war and rape of white women. I am now to be downgraded to a sub-human myself, a continuance of the life of deprivation and ignominy I have been forced to live since birth.

The drug den and prostitution brothel that is my new residence places me into the bowels of the beast that is J.O.G. (Jewish Occupation Government). I am literally surrounded by vice of all forms from drug deals going on inside and out, to rooms of prostitutes plying their trade to a veritable incubation centre of Negro and Arab offspring who play about around the dumpsters with pigeons and who immediately form gangs raping and killing each other and those who are the descendants of the builders of this ruined society, the whites.

The job I am in had been tolerable until I was transferred to a site where I had to work alongside a Jewish woman. She had the characteristically psychopathic personality all Jews have and eventually given her hypersensitive Jewish nature she sensed I was aware of who she was, as a Jew, and framed me on the jobsite sending emails in my name to the non-white human resources manager of the jobsite I worked on to have me fired. This enabled her to justify my firing which she, a token non-white from the Philippines, had obviously desired upon setting eyes upon me the first day I arrived on the site – her racial animus towards whites and white males specifically being palpable and manifesting itself in her constant attempts to trap me in dereliction of duty by leaving things not supposed to be in certain places

out and visiting me randomly at my duties.

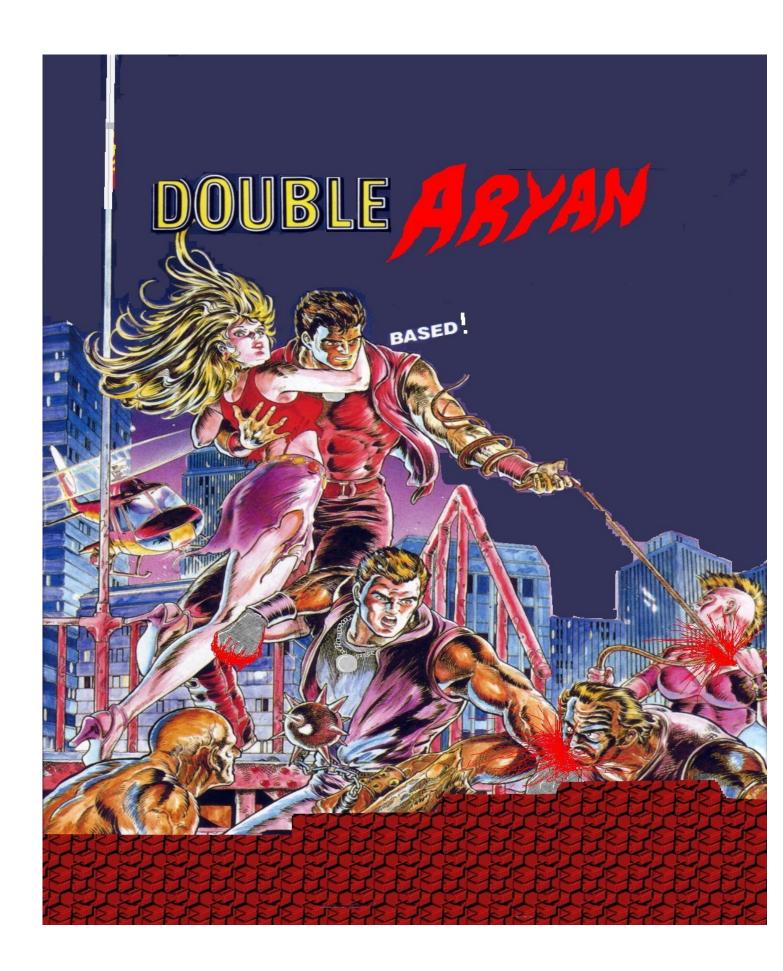
Now that I am fired and have no means of sustaining myself or building a future for myself my life is more or less forfeit. I now know what I must do and that will be to commit suicide by cop through blowing up a government building and assassinating whatever Jewish and white race traitor politicians I encounter in a spree of violence which will put to rest at least a small part of Jewish tyranny.

I, out of prudence and regard for legal gun owners not wanting to enable the conspiracy to create more gun control or restriction legislation to justify the dispossession of firearms form the populace and thereby render them defenseless against the non-white hordes they are bringing in and aiming in their mosques and Chinatown enclaves. Hence I will go onto the streets and obtain illegal higher powered firearms to more effectively strike out the control system without implicating my own people. I will also eliminate all paraphernalia relating to white nationalism and in place obtain communist and Marxist paraphernalia even going so far as to tattoo the hated communist hammer and sickle on my body prior to the strike as a means of deflecting any possible attention towards the white nationalist community. I will also fill my apartment to as great an extent as my meager means allows with degenerate material to deflect attention away from me: photo-shopped images of myself with non-white males and women in orgies and as friends; BDSM gear and porn; marijuana and alcohol as well as books by Aleister Crowley and the Communist Manifesto. This should serve as a red herring to cover my tracks.

I will also obtain knives and non-descript functional clothing that will enable me to manoeuvre in my hit. Monitoring of the target site – the law courts and city call both physically from a distance in disguise and via the internet to obtain maps of entry and exit points will also be undergone. I will download Anders Breivik's Manifesto from the net which plans out a similar strike only in much greater detail, read this blueprint of his and relate it to my particular situation. 'The Turner Diaries' and 'Hunter' novels available in audiobook format from the net will also be listened to a couple of times each with notes being made as the preparation and execution of the events spoken of therein relate to my current situation. I will foresee any contingencies occurring and attempt to avoid potential glitches in my plans which will be made plastic so as to accommodate circumstantial changes. Upon the day of the execution I will take ephedrine Hcl or caffeine to heighten awareness and motor responses in the carrying out of the hit careful to have experimented with them several weeks in advance on a trial run dress rehearsal careful to do so outside of the eyes and area of the actual target site, mentally creating the event in my mind.

I underwent my dress rehearsal today. I was getting hyper-tense and overwhelmed with a euphoric anxiety, sympathetic nervous system going into hyper-drive as when I was ripped from the womb of my mother by the metal forceps the Jewish doctor wielded. Now I am in the grip of another pair of forceps — either to end my life in a blaze of glory, whatever glory may be had from such an event or to find another path and continue to live, to use my remaining funds to leave this place and find a more peaceful environment in the country where I might finally begin a life of some degree of meaning and fulfillment — but how? I don't want to end my life as I believe I have much to give to my own kind though given their corruption I have no means to have any connections or friends of any sort. Nevertheless it is posterity I fight for — the question is whether I should live to fight another day given that I have no means at my avail to fulfill any purpose let alone surviving myself. This decision plagues me and no conclusion can be arrived at. I walk the streets into the night still in a state of

hyper-alertness that caffeine tablet not having worn off yet. I think of those images of white picket fences in the countryside where people are enabled to have freedom amongst their own white people and a decent healthy life an compare it to the nightmare of multi-racial demon-ocracy that has been imposed upon the whites in this prison society that represents itself as a joyous world of love, peace, humanity, etc. but is in reality a cover for Jewish supremacism and white genocide. Should I end my life in this belly of the beast and strike however feeble a blow I may, hopefully awakening others to the fact that the control system is not unreachable, invulnerable? But perhaps the message would be confused by the communist angle and send the wrong message? Perhaps the leftists would like this thinking that their mystical 'fascist capitalist white supremacist state' is being dismantled? Perhaps the people I am trying to reach would turn against the leftists towards a more hard right direction? Perhaps the control system would use my act as a means of increasing totalitarian measures through building up the police state? Perhaps this would be a good thing? Perhaps I should just get a bust ticket and leave the city forever to find a paradise in the country? Perhaps such a paradise exists? Perhaps it doesn't? I might be able to start a life elsewhere and live in a Norman Rockwell painting ignoring the reality around me – though I could attempt to raise awareness outside of this prison of unreachable fools. I pass out from exhaustion and dream about a dark future.



"Double Aryan"

Scene: Long Island, NY, Don Palumbo's Compound

The Sicilian Don paced back and forth inside his plush office across his Persian rug as he glanced at his diamond-encrusted Rolex watch – 'late again!' he fumed muttering under his breath. He grasped the decanter of 50-year-old brandy and filled his crystal goblet, ham fist nearly breaking it in rage. 'Fifteen minutes late – too late...', setting the goblet down on his mahogany desk he opened a drawer by its brass handle and a spring-loader holster containing an odd-shaped gun sprung out. He looked up into the nervous eyes of the rat-faced man on the leather sofa who swallowed and looked with wide eyes and shrinking pupils into the granite face of the Don who bent over the desk as if rummaging for papers, the gun invisible from the point of view of the rat-faced man who took a swig of brandy from his glass, sweat beginning to bead on his forehead and greasy dago hair. "You've been with my organization for two years – that right Jakie?" The man stammered a reply, "Bout that Don Palumbo..." The man was too nervous and intimidated to correct the Don in addressing him by the name his mother, the Don's cousin, called him. The Don, not expressing his emotions, took amusement in emphasizing the name by way of disparagement knowing the man detested being belittled even by the Don himself. The Don continued, "That man you recommended me to hire – what was his name?" Jakie jumped in his seat knowing that he was accountable for having the man, who was fifteen minutes late, hired and that the Don's use of the past tense meant that the man was finished in this world. "Just give him another chance, Don Palumbo, I swear he must have some excuse – I swear on my grandmother's grave – just, just give him another chance." The Don appeared to ponder his words weighing them as if this decision had not already been made and could be overridden or swayed by his cowardly nephew. "Will you answer for him Jacob," this time using his proper name. "I swear Don Palumbo, I swear!" The Don beckoned his nephew forward around the desk and Jacob stopped short seeing the glistening gun projected from the drawer only now visible. "Something wrong?" the Don queried nonchalantly. "What're you gonna do, Don Palumbo?

You're not gonna ice me are ya?" The Don appeared taken aback and looked with wounded reproach at his nephew. "Would I make your mother lose a son? We're family. No, the gun is not for you — at least not to dispose of you. No you are gonna make right your mistake of hiring that good-for-nothing." "But...you said..." Jacob stammered. "You stated you would answer for him," the Don stated matter-of-factly. "Does the thought of blood disturb you" "We's like brothers Don Palumbo," Jacob whined, supplicated the Don's pardon, "we been through thick and thin together. Could you...could you just give him another chance?" At this a knock was heard at the door, that specially decided upon between the Don and his right-hand man, Stern. The Don looked icily at the prostrate Jacob who kneeled before his Don in religious supplication but then Jacob nervously arose in embarrassment upon hearing the knocking, dabbing his brow of sweat with his

mismatched handkerchief a purple silk on olive-coloured suit. He looked towards the door. The Don buzzed Stern in who escorted an equally nervous man dressed in rakish apparel with a bright orange suit and shiny shoe buckles. Stern looked at the Don with a look of significance as if of reproach for both Jacob and the man. The door was closed and Stern remained within barring the exit of the man. Don Palumbo repeated his prior statement still yet unanswered by Jacob: "Does the thought of blood disturb you?" Jacob's knees weakened and his Adams' apple bobbed up and down, "I...I...don't know... I...can't Don Palumbo, I can't..." at which conclusion he stooped forward with head and eyes bowed before the Don not looking at his friend. The Don appeared to consider, and let his features soften. He reached out his arm and drew his nephew towards him in a gesture of reconciliation, Jacob reciprocating his apparent familial kindness. "You were always a softie Jakie!" At which pronunciation the Don wrapped both arms around his nephew and squeezed hoisting him up into the air at the Don's full height. The nephew squealed at the pressure of the Don's massive arms enwreathing him like two anacondas squeezing the life force out of him. Jacob attempted to pull away and struggle beating the Don wildly as his face empurpled, eyeballs protruding and cranial and jugular veins standing out like ropes on his beet-coloured skin usually a pale opalescent. One final gasp of panic and Jacob fell limp into the arms of the Don who dropped him to the floor like a sack of groceries. The man near the couch stared open-mouthed in horror both at the prodigious strength of the Don and in expectation of the same treatment. The Don spoke: "Jakie said he'd answer for you, you need have no fear." The man let out a ragged sigh of relief and opened his mouth to speak but was silenced by the Don's beckoning gesture. He approached to the desk from in front and the Don leaned over concealing the gun from view. He queried, "What did you find out?" The man answered stammering that he couldn't find where the girl was dropped off. That he had lost the tail and that traffic was too dense. The Don said: "Jakie answered for your lateness. I can forgive you...that." The Don extended his ring and offered it to the man to kiss. "Swear you'll do better next time." The man stammered again and stated he would. "Kiss the ring," the Doninstructed. The man brought his lips to the ring and upon contact was engulfed in a wave of blue electrical fire, the ring discharging millions of volts into the man's body which was held against the ring by the Don's hand, tendrils of blue fire licking his ham fist with no visible effect or harm. the man was smoking, his body trembling uncontrollably in rictus. Suddenly the electricity stopped and the smoking body fell to the floor on the Persian rug. The Don looked upon the corpse which was curled in the fetal position and smiled a satisfied smile. His law was infallible for he served the One who ruled the world from behind the veil of appearances, and who demanded sacrifice by way of propitiation.

Scene: alleyway behind Ivan's Grocery

Sieg and Tod, two white male youths in their late teens, are practicing martial arts with a heavy- bag hanging from a fire escape. Sieg, a blonde-haired, athletic youth is doing roundhouse kicks against the bag held by the darker-haired Tod. "C'mon Sieg you can strike harder than that! Even the Coonskin gang can strike that" – mention of the Coonskins elicited a rage response from Sieg who landed a forceful kick against the heavy-bag knocking Tod sprawling into a pile of fruit crates – which broke under his 175 pounds of lean body mass. Arising to his feet Tod congratulated his brother: "That's more like it..." he said not fully confident in his words still rubbing his back. Both brothers had been orphaned in their youth, their mother having been raped and murdered by the Coonskin gang who had viewed both her and her husband as easy prey. They had both fallen for the preachments of egalitarian dogma with its emotive slogans of 'Brotherhood', 'One Love', etc. and so had decided to volunteer in the 'underprivileged' neighbourhood out of sympathy for the media portrayal of the negro youth. Their confrontation with the culture of the negro ended nearly as soon as it had begun – through abduction and cruel voodoo ritual torture by the negro gang youth who were practitioners of their vile 'culture', one of predation, bloodlust, and licentious self-gratification at the expense of others if need be. Indeed the principle 'do no harm' was the very antithesis of their black creed. The two boys were adopted by kind-hearted Ivan, a recent émigré from the old country who had lost his wife in the holodomor under the Jewish tyranny of Eastern Europe. Having no means to pass on his legacy however economically humble he had made the decision to take under his wing the two boys who were in need of a home and were of sound genetic stock even that exceeding Ivan's who was a former military officer in the old country. He needed protégés to pass on his initiatic tradition, a most ancient teaching that made of its practitioner an apotheosized god-man whose martial arts skills were no mere mechanical endeavour but were the seat of occult power used to combat the dark forces which governed the terrestrial plane and the city in which he now lived, the crucible of vice, New York. Sieg and Tod moved on to the next part of their training session that of harnessing the occult power they were in process of developing to manifest as a concentrated projectile weapon, a ball of energy gathered from the aether which pervaded their surroundings, interpenetrated them and constituted the very fabric of reality. They established a target constructed of wooden vegetable crates with a drawing of a Coonskin member head and face, wearing the characteristic black bandana of the gang with its red fist patch. Recalling the pain and suffering of their lost parents at the hands of this savage gang, Sieg and Tod both positioned themselves into a ready stance, knees bent, torso erect, and hands cupped facing one another. They concentrated their forces within breathing regularly and slowing their sympathetic nervous system function, reducing their heart rate and concentrating their energies within, drawing in energy from without through the creation of a vortex focusing its development within the space created between their cupped hands. A small vortex of energy opened up gradually widening to the inner surface of the hands. They were on the brink of its release and direction at the target when – "Boys, boys, we got customers!" the old man Ivan broke in, the energy balls not fully developed flew off in a wild direction and ignited one of the boxes which the old man rushed to douse with the herbal tea he carried. Then, beating out the flame from the smouldering wreckage he cried, "You must concentrate boys – no interruption should prevent your striking the target! But now – go and serve the customers for we must have bread and the hooknose tax farmer has been by today already. Hurry to your posts boys!" The two scrambled to assist the customers leaving Ivan in the alleyway who took a moment to ponder as he looked over the tops of the skyscrapers to The Source Of All—"Will they ever be ready? They must be for soon the Cabal will make its move." He turned and attended to his duties.

Scene: Adams' Manor: Kristina Adams, daughter of the industrial magnate and philanthropist, Colonel Adams, shared in her father's zeal for assisting the poor. She had only recently started attending the soup kitchen at the encouragement of one of her classmates, Esther Glumwitz, one of the 'innocent' Jews whose grandmother was killed in the holocaust by the Nazis as Esther had told her. Kristina didn't entirely understand the history of the 3rd Reich and what had gone on or what motivation Hitler might have had in persecuting the Jews but she sympathized with Esther who, though a fabulously wealthy society woman from Manhattan, appeared to have undergone great suffering through the trauma of this historical event and though not having had any direct involvement in it nevertheless took on the suffering of her grandparent. In fact every time Kristina made mention of her family history Esther was quick to reference her grandmother and the Nazis. This seemed out of place to Kristina and perhaps even intended as a subtle reproach against her, as if she herself were to blame for the historical events she had only second-hand knowledge of and could see no way how they connected to herself and her family. However these allusions of Esther still left her with a strange witch's brew of feelings of shame, guilt, and obligation to Esther and the Jews as a whole. Her attendance at the soup kitchen though primarily motivated by altruism was directed away from her initial desire to help the white youth she had seen gathered in the street and seemingly malnourished, dressed in rags. Though many of these were also gathered in the food bank line it was mainly populated by negros and mestizos many of whom were dressed in expensive name-brand clothing and had gold jewellery on their bodies and were loudly declaiming against 'white privilege', 'white supremacy', and 'racism' which they seemed to give expression to as weapons directed against those who were bestowing free things upon them as charity. Esther was also stating that 'we whites were evil and owed all the minorities' for past injustices, etc. These types of statements elicited doubt in the mind of Kristina as the Jewish background of Esther was clearly not white? Why would Esther say these things to the minorities if she were Jewish? Nevertheless Kristina continued to ladle out soup and hand out cheese and tins of sardines to the non-whites always making sure to smile and behave in a friendly manner. Perhaps they were only hostile towards her because they had been 'kept down' and 'persecuted' as Esther had been? Still the idea that 'white folks' as one of the negros referred to white people were capable of 'slavery and colonialism' in some hateful and evil way didn't correspond to her own lived experience of white people and their behaviour. She continued to ladle out soup attempting to be of good spirits. On another occasion she encountered Esther in conversation with some blacks outside of her prep school before they were to go down to the soup kitchen. The blacks looked with arched eyebrow at Kristina and then back to Esther who signalled to them with her own strange look the meaning of which was unintelligible to Kristina suggested somehow a compact between the two, a secret relationship of some sort. Esther left the group which stared at Kristina in a silent mockery, sardonic looks plastered to their faces, concealing a none-too-subtle malevolence. Esther approached saying that they would be late for the soup kitchen if they didn't hurry. On the way there the chauffer kept looking back

through the rear-view mirror and Kristina was curious as to what he was looking at, her eyes drifted towards the mirror scanning it intermittently as Esther played with her phone communicating with someone, a smirk playing about her features. A souped-up '64 Impala was following them as this was the only vehicle Kristina saw throughout their ride. Before catching sight of the soup kitchen the chauffeur veered off into an alleyway and the '64 followed all but blocking the rear-view mirror with its closeness of proximity. The limousine ground to a halt with the driver rolling up the electronically controlled divider between front and back passenger seat.

Kristina was startled by this turn in events and began to speak but stopped as she observed Esther leap out of the limousine and slam the door behind her. The chauffeur locked the doors with child safety lock in place effectually imprisoning Kristina who, panicking, began to beat against the door and window with her shoe heel attempting to break through the bulletproof glass windows. She shouted to be let out as she continued her fruitless exertions observing that the '64's occupants were exiting the car and that Esther and the driver were conferring with the crew of negros who were attired in what looked to be gang uniforms, a black bandana and a red fist patch covering their heads, their torsos clothed in ostentatious colours and limbs covered with tattoos and gold bracelets and watches. They congregated around Esther who laughed saying, "She's all yours boys," to which their apparent leader a huge black with deep bestial voice stated, "Cracka ho gonna pay her dues!" Just as she was observing the group breaking up and the four negros approaching the vehicle in which she was imprisoned, two aside, she witnessed two other figures come into the scene she was watching through the rear window, one blonde and one darker-haired muscular white youths. The darkhaired youth accosted the chauffer and Esther with a question: "What do you think you're doing here?!" The chauffer reached into his jacked and Esther into her purse both at the same time withdrawing gleaming metal objects which appeared to be guns. The two white youths gave a snap-kick to the jaw of both, effectually dispatching them into unconsciousness. Meanwhile the two sets of negros were rushing towards the youths talking about 'donchu touch mah money muhfuka! Dats muh meal-ticket!' They reached into their pockets the two nearest the youths for their guns but were met with a roundhouse to the skull which left them swaying drunkenly given the protection afforded by their thick negro skulls, a sweep kick knocked them off their feet and an elbow to the Adams' apple dispatched them from this world. The two other negros were upon them and attempted to slash them with their switchblades, alternately thrusting and slashing with frenetic mania at their hated white foes who adroitly dodged the gleaming blades. Tod, the dark-haired youth snap-kicked the blade out of the onrushing negros hand and followed up with another to the face whilst Seig ducked a slashing blow and sent a fist into the solar plexus of his foe, tangling up with his feet and burying his own knife in his belly pulling it out with a gush of blood and slicing across his throat for the finisher. Tod did a roundhouse to his assailant's head and then a knee to his belly; whilst the negro beast curled in winded pain Tod brought his elbow smashing down on the cervical vertebrae of his foe shattering his spine.

The two brothers inquired of each other if they had any injuries and discovering none they formulated a plan to dispatch the bodies of the negros. They approached the limousine and opened the doors after retrieving the keys from the chauffer. Kristina stepped out of the vehicle and was assisted by the brothers asking if they had been hurt, to which the brothers responded that they would only be hurt if she were. She stated she was fine but what was to be done now? The brothers asked if she knew these negros to which she responded in the negative. They told her they were of the Coonskin gang and that if the other two (indicating Esther and the chauffer) had any dealings with them they were just as corrupt. The two began to come to, Esther moaning and looking around eyes suddenly lighting upon Kristina who stood over her with a hostile expression on her face. "Bitch!" she spat smacking Esther back into unconsciousness. The two brothers were monitoring the chauffer who gazed up at them with a rat-like expression of fear and anger, eyes darting around for an escape route. "Looks like another Jew devil," Seig said, fully aware of the plague upon the white civilization that the Jews represented as Ivan had instructed both him and his brother through his pedagogical influence and personal background as a military officer. "Clearly they were seeking to make you their sacrifice and use the negros as their tools. This is the secret relationship between blacks and Jews one of reciprocal use and abuse, reciprocal hatred and yet mutual dependency. The negros hung around Jews for the gain they acquire through the Jew's master- minding of their evil devices. This has been their relationship since before time on this earth according to occult lore." Kristina responded, "I thought this bitch, Esther, was attempting to create a negative situation for me given her apparent insinuations with the negros in the soup kitchen and other places that white people were an evil group who had committed all manner of past injustices. Given the evidence the evil appears to lie with them." So saying she gave a swift kick to the body of Esther which elicited a reaction of feral survival instinct from the prostrate form. The chauffer too was still seeking a way out looking at the brothers for signs of weakness, for a window of escape with his beady black rat's eyes. The trio of victors were contemplating the next course of action. Looking down they noticed a yellow star tattooed on the hand of Esther. "The star of Remphan," Seig declared calling attention to the tattoo with a gesture. "They are members of the cabal." "The Cabal?" queried Kristina. "Yes," replied Tod, "it is the Jewish cult who worships The One, the evil dark force which has gotten hold of this world and is enslaving the population, attempting to use their non-whites to freeload off the system and eventually to use as fodder in a revolution against the whites." They both looked at Tod in astonishment at his emotional outburst, but Seig corroborated his brother's statements saying "once we dispatch these bodies perhaps you would like to have a discussion about this issue with us. As you can see even in this particular instance the general principles which my brother Tod has spoken of apply: these negros were hired goons of these two Jews here to attempt to sacrifice you for whatever reason..." he was abruptly cut off as he observed Tod pull back and whip a throwing knife he carried past Seig's chest on a downward arch. Seig turned abruptly to see the chauffeur holding a small derringer in his dying hand

gasping out his breath without the strength to get a shot off. Muscles spasming in rictus, nerves sending interrupted signals to his limbs being poorly guided and controlled by a dying brain. He slumped to the ground and his companion eyed the brothers with stereotypically Jewish rat-like ferility. "My name's Seig by the way," he stated addressing Kristina, who replied in kind introducing herself to the brothers. "We will have to dispose of the bodies," said Seig, and looking around they observed the '64 Impala. The bodies were lying about and Seig indicated the vehicle stating: "We can drive this vehicle into an old abandoned construction site I know of and give the two Jews the holocaust they've all been wanting – only this time it will be they who pay for the sins of their fathers as well as their own." Accordingly the trio began striping the bodies of their ostentatious jewellery which the brothers intended to sell as a means of paying some of old Ivan's debts to the loan sharks of the cabal to whom he was indebted for 'protection money' and to pay a tariff on his imported goods to the Cabal's middle man, an importer of foods from Israel and the middle east, mainly Saudi Arabia which the Cabal had coerced Ivan to adopt as his sole connection. Thus Ivan had been put into thrall to the Jewish cult of which Esther was also a member. Tod unbuckled a belt from one of the negros and trussed up Esther in the even she might escape. "What are you doing goy! I know people at the highest levels! You can't get away with" – but her vituperation was cut short when Tod ripped the bandana off a negro and thrust it into her mouth leaving nothing but the red fist projecting outward. "Nothing worse than a noisy kike! They've been squawking in the Jews' papers and the Talmud-vision for far too long. At least this one's had her say." The trio hurriedly loaded the trunk and rear of the impala with the negros on bottom and the Jews on top so that they were crushed against the ceiling. Lucky for them the windows were tinted and thus no one would see the pile of bodies in the back. The vehicle rode high but with the souped up shocks it appeared to be a typical gangster ride the Coonskins favoured thereby serving as a perfect disguise in travelling to the site of the ritual burning where the trio would turn the tables on the Jews in a gesture of poetic justice and vacate the premises in the limousine which Seig and Kristina would drive. Tod rode in the '64 bumping the tunes the negros had 'enjoyed' for lack of a better term, the lyrics, hardly intelligible broke out in mumbles and slurs: "Hoe ass bitch, gonna kill me a white muthafucka" – Tod endured the music to maintain his cover while inserting the earplugs he kept handy to drown out the city noise. "Payback's a bitch!" the music spat and Tod had to second that thought, again thinking that poetic justice had descended upon the negros' head like a ton of bricks and that a few more angry and hateful negros would be prevented from continuing their cold race war with the whites reflected in the horrific trail of crimes they committed from rape to theft to murder of the most torturous and inhuman kind. 'Inhuman,' yes, Tod thought – that was the word. Clearly neither they nor their Jewish masters were human. Tod wheeled the vehicle into the abandoned construction site whose buildings and cranes towered against the setting sun as the arms of Moloch, the Jew's god of sacrifice. He parked the vehicle between these two spires – a set of metal girders projecting into space ready to transmit the energies of the soon-to-be holocausted towards wherever

'Remphan' might be in the firmament above. The trunk had room enough for spare gas canisters which Tod proceeded to douse the leather interior with making sure to splash the kike bitch in the face so that her beady black eyes would cease to glare at him. She wriggled on top of the bulk of negro flesh beneath still pinned between it and the roof of the vehicle. Tod dug around in the waistcoat of the chauffeur for a cigarette lighter but found none. He decided the only way to ignite it would be to blow the gas tank with one of the negros pistols. Rummaging amidst the bloated girth of the Coonskins he came up with a semi-auto .45 and slammed the door shut locking it from within. He observed the limousine at a distance approaching and gestured for it to stop. He then ran towards it halfway and turning still within rage took aim and fired a round into the gas tank. It had an immediate effect creating a whoomp sound and blowing the vehicle off the ground, the gas catching fire and increasing the flames which engulfed the vehicle. "Come on let's go!" Seig cried from the window as Tod turned and ran to the limousine. The flames licked the vehicle which had been thrown from its original position and soared upwards arms reaching towards Remphan, bestowing upon it the energies of sacrifice. The limousine drove off into the sunset. Over the course of the next few weeks Kristina, 'Kris' to the brothers, would take trips into town from Adams' manor to visit her friends and to help the inner city white youth as she had become aware of the false claims of the Jews in their media mind control apparatus and its portrayal of non-whites as 'innocent victims' and how this representation of fact had no correspondence with reality but was merely an illusion designed to undermine and demoralize the white population so that the Jews could take over their society, mix them with non-whites, and subject them to genocide. Kris' father Colonel Adams, upon hearing of her becoming aware of the Jewish problem had expressed concern over her being too vocal about these issues knowing the danger of the Jewish Cabal and their influence. Kris tried to reassure her father stating that she knew how to maintain the necessary façade of political correctness and would be cautious in dealings with those who were potentially upset by politically controversial topics. At Ivan's grocery she and the boys were playing a chess variant called 'H8' (pronounced 'hate') a microcosm of the macrocosm of the global spiritual war which had been going on since the beginning of time and in which they had become immersed through their initiatic rite of ritual murder of some of their enemies, representatives of the Coonskins and the Jews Esther and her chauffeur, the latter of whom were (at least in the case of Esther) clearly signified figures in the Cabal's reckoning given that only initiated members of the Cabal were tattooed with the yellow star of Remphan, The One, their god of dark forces. This game was a 3-dimensional chess game with a matrix of three octagonal boards representing the material plane and higher dimensions within leading to a pinnacle region wherein the ultimate power – for both dark and light side – was attained transforming one into a god, an apotheosis of man, man become superman.

The brothers became more expert at the game with their new combatant Kris who brought a more subtle and intuitive form of gameplay given her female consciousness which itself grew through conflict with the polar opposites of the boys, both of whom had very idiosyncratic qualities. This game Ivan told the trio when they had time to discuss the spiritual situation of the world during lulls in business activity, had developed in the mists of time back in the old country, derived from long dead civilizations of the white race which had fallen through non-white invasion and in some cases through employing the non-whites to do their slave labour which led to their either being led by the Jews in slave rebellions or through the whites granting them citizenship and leading to inter-breeding and the dousing of the divine spark of the white race through genetic devolution. In spite of the collapse of these ancient multi-millennial old civilizations whose history had been deliberately obscured by the Jewish tyranny and its media and state indoctrination monopoly, the game 'H8' continued to serve the secret societies of the white race of which Ivan was a member as a mental training exercise, with its complex logic and infinitude of permutations and combinations. To concentrate and focus one's mind on the game was to undergo an alchemical transmutation of consciousness the end result being a function of the gameplay and the individual qualities of the players which manifested in that gameplay and its effect on consciousness. Around this game and the martial arts training the two would undergo they developed greater spiritual powers than previously taking further steps towards godhood. Ivan would intermittently come out and deliver the lectures to them about the history of his people, a sub-group of the Aryan race and touch upon the Jewish influence historically and all of the notions they had invaded and destroyed. Throughout his lectures he would reference their psychology, tactics, and other forms of cunning which they would employ as a means of gradually and imperceptibly taking over the societies of others and subverting them from within. He had a large library of rare and difficult to find books that discussed 'how to recognize and identify the Jew' (one of their titles) and various strategy in overcoming them, matching in intensity only for the good, the fanatical loyalty the Jews had to their self-interest which was bound up with their diabolical kind by all white racial loyalists who had the ethical obligation to serve the greater cause of their own kind not merely for their own self-interest which was the dark side. One day Ivan appeared in the alleyway from the shop and took them aside. "I feel that you are now ready brothers for the next stage of empowerment. Kristina, you must forgive me for exempting you from this honour as it passes only by way of the masculine line. In the Arya which as you know is the name of our society the females play a different role from the men. They serve as medians, channels for the divine force and as a connection to the divine spirit world. The men are the agents, the women the patients although both play both parts at times. The men are involved merely actively in the spiritual combat with greater force whereas women are in a way the more knowing, more understanding in their intuitive nature. Hence at this stage of initiation we require you, a young woman, to serve as a donor of magnetism to these two pendants – upon saying 'pendants' he raised up two metallic circular objects intricately engraved with runes and symbols all of which were unintelligible to

the trio. "These two pendants are sources of great occult power which when activated and endowed with the appropriate type of magnetic life force, from a young woman preferably endowed with blonde hair such as you Kristina. They are forged from a metal which knows no earthly origin and which is believed to have derived itself from a far off planet in another galaxy from whence the Aryan race originated." Ivan closed up the shop indicating to them to follow him to the rooftop. As it was evening they witnessed the setting sun bordered by the skyscraper skyline. The rays of sun shone upon them and the boys knelt as Ivan indicated on two reed mats gazing into the rays of the sun. Ivan instructed Kris to take the pendants and clasp the metal surface of the disk between her fingers still exposing them to the light of the sun. He told her to look into the sun while holding them above her head with arms forming a 'V' shape, that of the life rune. Ivan began to intone in a strange, guttural language unknown to the trio who remained in their positions at Ivan's behest. Ivan then arose and instructed Kristina to place the pendants around the necks of the brothers who kneeled bare-chested in the sun, still gazing into its rays. They felt a strange vibration or perhaps radiation would be a better term emanating from the pendant invigorating them with some subtle power. Ivan told them to stand which they did still looking at the sun in semi- hypnotic fashion. He then spoke: "At this point in history we are nearing the final confrontation with the enemy, called Ragnarok. The enemy, the Jews, the dark forces they propitiate and whose powers they harness, the powers of their god Remphan, are now making feverish preparations to finally annihilate the white race from this earth so they may become supreme ruler of the world and bring into it dark spiritual forces – for they, the Jews, are merely earthly emissaries of their god preparing the earth for these same Lucifer spirits. We must annihilate them both for our own and for the survival of all life on earth which would otherwise merely be food for their god who like them is a vampire. Accordingly I have performed this ritual as a means of preparing you for Ragnarok. I have conferred upon you great powers through the possession of this pendant which should be worn at all times and will amplify your spiritual powers of foresight, clairvoyance, enhance concentration and enable the bringing to bear of great force in battle with the enemy. I also will present to you these weapons" – so saying he took out of a leather case he had positioned on the rooftop prior to bringing them there and opened it. He produced a set of gloves with hard metallic knuckles, presumably of the same alloy as the pendants, and the remainder of a strange flexible material which appeared like a breathable latex or skin. He motioned to Seig: "Since you are the better boxes these will be as suitable addition to your fighting skills. Put them on." So saying he held them out to Seig, who put them on his hands. "They don't feel like they're...there," Seig stated in astonishment. Ivan pointed to a brick chimney nearby. "Strike that," he stated. Seig approached and threw a right jab at the chimney which exploded in fragments upon the gloves' contact. Seig stared open- mouthed at the force impact. "Handy in a trice," he quipped. Ivan then reached into the leather case and brought out an intricately carved small gleaning blade and small magnetic circle which, when twisted (it was in fact two circles placed on top of one another as a stack of coins) would come apart from the knife which presumably

had a magnet of a similar nature within it. Ivan twisted the 'coins' again and the knife hopped onto the coin, the blade disappeared instantly within it housing handle. He approached Tod and handed him the device. "You may place the magnet on your pendant," he said. Tod did so and the magnet seemed to weld itself to the metal inextricable therefrom. "It will never come off," Ivan state matter-of- factly. "Turn around and come to the other side of the chimneys." The trio did so and observed a grouping of thick iron rebar projecting from a section of broken bricks on the tenement building. "Twist the magnet," Ivan stated which instruction was followed by Tod. The knife blade projected with lightning speed from the handle. "Throw it at the rebar – hard!" Ivan shouted. Tod with practiced knife throwing skill did so and the rebar was shorn from the brick, the knife lodged handle deep into the brick wall. Tod gazed open-mouthed just as Sieg had done. "Now twist the magnetic to return the knife," Ivan commanded. Tod did so and the knife popped out of the hole it had bored into the brick returning to the magnet with minimal impact though it flashed across the space between the brick and Tod. "Now attempt to remove the knife," Ivan stated. Tod did so with great ease and juggled the knife in his hand. Ivan walked up to the iron rebar lifting it towards their faces. It was shorn as with a laser. "Extend the blade by twisting the magnets," Ivan instructed. The knife in Tod's hand was pristine with no scratch upon it. The trio gazed in amazement. "There is one more thing," Ivan stated reaching into his grocer's apron, "this philtre is a life-giving draught which, though not conferring immortality, has the power to heal all maladies of poison and virus and to accelerate the healing process within one's own body. I give this to you Kristina for the woman has always been a healer and to heal herself is a means of healing others. Take a draught and save the rest for emergencies – for yourself or others. Only a sip now!" Kristina did so and placed the remainder in her purse. The trio now equipped to give battle the enemy decided to go with Kristina to Adams' manor to meet their father. Ivan still accompanying them to the shop inquired as to who her father was as he was yet not acquainted with Kristina's background. Kristina informed him that he was Colonel Adams and that he was a philanthropist and inventor who had served in the military. At this piece of news Ivan's curiosity was further piqued leading him to inquire whether the colonel had a birthmark on his arm in the shape of a lightning bolt. Astonished Kristina confirmed his suspicion stating that it was a green mark, a sort of zigzag pattern, "yes – just like a lightning bolt." Ivan stopped the trio in their path down towards the store. "Know this," he stated with gravity, "that Kristina is of the bloodline of the Arya and that is prophesied in the ancient texts that this bloodline will deal the decisive blow against the legions of Remphan. She must be guarded – you boys must make this your task – to guard her from the Cabal and to give battle with the Cabal and its non-white legions executing and thereby disbanding the Cabal brick by brick – as with your fists Seig, you must crumble to dust this monster, this dark force! I have given you the weapons which have been transmitted throughout time and which are beyond time in their powers as I now feel it needless for you to train any further. Now you must put your training into practice through the helterskelter of battle—that is the only training you need." The two boys swore an fealty oath to Kristina to guard

her as the bearer of the superman to come against the dark forces of the cabal. Later they accompanied Kristina back to the manor in the limousine they had appropriated from Esther and ultimately the Cabal though having taken it to a chop shop to modify its external appearance so as to be largely undetectable to any members of the Cabal. As added precaution they parked the vehicle several blocks away and made sure that they took circuitous routes so as to avoid detection by the Cabal's agents. Once arrived at Adams manor they were introduced to the colonel, a middle-aged gentleman of immense height with iron grey hair and a monocle leaning on a brass-handled cane of black walnut wood. The elderly (or nearly so) gentleman had an eight-pointed star affixed to his lapel and a star of Malta above glinting in the warm sunlight as he stood on the marble steps to greet the brothers as he had had foreknowledge of their arrival apparently, they knew not how. The two brothers followed Kristina up the steps to the Colonel who shook both of their hands with a vigorous handshake seemingly radiating an unusual and strange energy, projecting a magnetic influence into their own hands leaving them feeling more invigorated as if he, an aging cripple, had imparted some of his superabundant life force to their already robust constitution. "You are the two...brothers I mean," the colonel said with a smile as if wanting to reveal a secret but recovering at the last moment as if the time for the impartation of such knowledge were not yet mature. They replied that they were the brothers who had saved Kristina as she had already informed the colonel of this fact and that they would do their best to protect Kristina from any future repetitions of entanglement with the Cabal. They approached the veranda overlooking the lush gardens of the Adams' estates. The colonel began to inform them of how Kristina had come to the realization – he could not have convinced her otherwise – that charity should exist only towards one's own kind and that to be charitable with others, in her case the non-whites she had attempted to help in the soup kitchen before she was set up by the Cabal and ambushed by the non-whites and through that experience became aware of the evils of out-group altruism, which was merely the act of feeding and building up an enemy who would then turn around and destroy one and one's own kind. 'The 88 precepts' of David Lane, I ensured became available to Kristina to, as it were, remove the scales from her eyes, and then the rose-coloured glasses. Now she sees with lucid perception that all types of creatures in the world serve their own and that this is the law of nature, of the cosmos. The colonel informed the boys that he had many irons in the fire of charity, though himself keeping a low profile unlike the self-promoting Jews who trumpeted their ostentatious charities seeing their name in lights while skimming the majority of donations off the top to fatten their own pockets. Such hypocrisy was foreign to the colonel who gave without expectation of reward and clandestinely so as to avoid the public eye. Simply to see the good prevail was enough. "The good being," he said, "the survival of the white race," and accordingly he bestowed his largesse only upon sympathetic affiliated organizations who helped exclusively white children. "What about the influx of non-whites Colonel – is there nothing that can stop it?" The colonel replied that he was working with affiliates but that the power of the Cabal was still too strong and had to be weakened before any

legislative enacting could be brought into play – else the Cabal and its minions, the other non- white gangs would simply assassinate whomever attempted to introduce any changes in public policy. He himself was targeted for assassination. Tod asked why and the colonel looked inquiringly at Kristina who nodded her head and stated, "It's okay father, they are already knowledgeable about the situation. They have even been initiated by Ivan." The colonel looked pleasantly surprised though concealed his surprise as best he could. "So you know Ivan?" he asked which Tod answered in the affirmative: "He is our foster father and told us that you were yourself an initiate." In so saying the colonel pulled up his brass-buttoned sleeve to reveal the green lightning bolt tattooed on his forearm. "I am indeed," he stated, "and have known Ivan for many years. He has told me about you. I may as well reveal what so far I have attempted to conceal – that we believe you and Seig are those destined to bring about the destruction of the Cabal, that one of you as yet I know not which..." at this he looked indirectly at Seig "- are destined also to marry my daughter Kristina and to continue the bloodline." The two brothers looked at him then at Kristina in slight embarrassment knowing not what to say. "I myself, as I was beginning to say, have been the subject of assassination attempts and narrowly escaped. I was much more active in fighting the Cabal until I was run over by a Cabal assassin which crippled my right leg. Prior to that I had been an expert – more so even than Ivan, I was at a higher grade than himself in the Arya of which you two are now members – in the martial art of the order which I employed against the Cabal on numerous occasions. Now however I am looking for a replacement and two are better than one." He looked at them ponderously and with a look of expectation and hope. "I have released a work of the Cabal's which was discovered on one of their members' bodies who had failed to breach the defenses of one of my factories, a manufacturer of ozone generators – a work called "A Plan for Global Dominion" which outlined the Cabal's general plan for the subversion of white society through infiltration and using the media to manipulate the minds of the population to accept subversive activity such as the inversion of sexual roles and the influx of non-white invaders euphemistically called 'migrants', 'refugees', 'temporary foreign workers', or whatever excuse can be made to bring as many in to serve as voting blocs through the democratic system to vote white people out of power and ultimately out of existence, to breed them out or even outright murder them if need be. This book I have been publishing using my own clandestine publishing house for all of one year and already I have had multiple assassination attempts on my life." So saying he produced from his waistcoat a copy of the work, a thin and easily accessible volume with a yellow star of Remphan around which a serpent was coiled on the verge of biting its own tail. He placed it on the table and dug again into his waistcoat, this time producing what looked to be a letter on parchment with a wax seal. He turned the latter to the boys who witnessed that the letter bore the seal of Ivan, the same he had used for all his business correspondence only in this case it contained also another indentation – a specialized logo the same as their pendants. They looked inquisitively at the colonel who began to read: "Please see to it that the boys are welcome in your manor. I know they are the ones

spoken of in prophecy. They may stay there with you indefinitely as I can no longer train them beyond their current level. If they will I would have them pay a visit sometime. – Ivan." The colonel stood up and said: "The time for Ragnarok has become just as in the old texts – all circumstances are now ripe for the final battle – the final solution to the Jews and their god Remphan." The time at the manor with the colonel, though brief, was extremely productive. At the training centre the boys honed their skills with the colonel's men, ex-servicemen who had attained special forces status and were proficient with firearms and all weapons used by the lower tier minions of the Cabal, the gangs whom the boys had previously had encounters with such as the Coonskins – the negro gang – and the Scorpion gang, a coterie of Arab jihadists who operated sex slavery rings and assisted the Jewish leadership in the subversion and demoralization of white society selling the exotic drugs imported from clandestine labs in Israel and China. These were only the lower tier of the Cabal though their leadership had status within the Jewish hierarchy and were themselves crypto-Jews of a more Sephardi background adhering to a mystic occult tradition called 'the pure' – and who lived an aescetic life of denial of passion and worldly desire as a means of attempting to ascend to the 7th heaven and to have a harem of 666,000 virgins from which to manifest their suppressed sexual instincts which were considered merely of 'fleshly concern' of the 'tomb of the spirit', the body. These ex-servicemen served the colonel as a security task force which monitored the compound 24 hours a day and which accompanied the colonel on his infrequent business trips in an armoured vehicle which was thoroughly inspected for explosives prior to driving. The boys cultivated a rapport with the team and were taught in their brief stay many technical aspects of booby traps, bomb making, and other useful guerrilla combat information that would prove useful for their operators in their inevitable clash with the Cabal. In consultations with the colonel, the brothers decided that a full frontal assault on the Long Island compound of Don Palumbo was unfeasible given their lack of battle experience beyond skirmishes with the lower level Coonskin dealers who would often be sent around Ivan's to solicit the old man for funds, 'dues' to the Cabal who looked upon such ilk as Ivan as unworthy of their attention and thus under their radar save as an entry in their account ledger. Apparently they had no knowledge that he was an initiated member of the Arya and credible opposition to their operations which he sought to undermine to the greatest extent while still evading detection. The plan the Colonel, Seig, and Tod devised was to create instability and breakdown within the cult through severing the chain of command between lower and higher tiers by striking against accessible targets who had significant enough power to cause the Cabal irritation at a low level. Thus sabotage and the war of the flea were the strategy and through interrogation of prisoners to gain greater insight into the workings of the Cabal so as to more efficiently throw monkey wrenches into its gears. This would be facilitated through table turning on the Jews' dividing and conquering' that which they themselves had built up through those same tactics. Taking out Remus Jackson and portraying the hit as the act of the Scorpion gang was the first mission.

The secret underground passage opened up onto a large chamber replete with alcoves with sputtering candles held in iron braziers. The cold cement walls made the ambience like that of a dungeon – or a tomb. Ali Mahfouz stood with Don Palumbo as Stern approached escorting a negro Coonskin member who looked frightened out of his wits – eyes bulging and sweat beading on his forehead, his black bandana soaked through. The Don turned towards Stern with a querulous look on his face, eyebrows arched in sardonic confusion. "What do you bring me Stern? I though zoo animals were locked up at night?" At which Ali sneered with a reptilian countenance offering his opinion in facetious disdain: "They take their stink with them too." "Enough!" the Don growled. "Stern, bring him close," at which request Stern gave the Coonskin a shove towards the Don who was positioned ear the center of the room outside of a reverse pentagram scored into the cement in a triangular trough-like indentation with the central square opening up into it and the trough extending into a deeper trench outside of the pentagram. "You were given a task – weren't you boy?" The Don emphasized the last word knowing it triggered the negros given his Cabalistic mind control in the pop culture. "Ye..yes. Don Palumbo." "What was that task?" the Don asked rhetorically. "I was sposed to acks the rep from dem Scorpion gang to meet up with the rep of da snake gang fo' de transaction." The Don looked puzzled: "Did you?" Desperation showed on the face of the Coonskin who stuttered, "No..no..no Don Palumbo." "Why?" the Don asked in a whisper. 'F-f-forgot Don Palumbo...you see...I... it's like this...see"--"Stop" Don Palumbo said flatly. "You were given a task and failed to make good. But I will excuse you. Now go and apologize to Mr. Mahfouz here the representative of the Scorpion gang – maybe he will forgive you. Well, Mr. Mahfouz – why not shake and make up with this – beast," Don Palumbo said with evident sarcasm. Mahfouz stretched out his hand and the Coonskin mirrored his gesture, relief coming over his countenance in the belief he had escaped punishment. Mahfouz, a burly man with cold, burning black eyes grabbed the hand of the Coonskin and dropped to a knee pulling the negro forward. Mahfouz rolled around and grabbed the negro around the neck shouting hysterically: "That missed meeting cost me 20 keys of China White!" So saying he pulled the negro's head back and rabbit punched him in the occiput and then in the back of the neck which shocked the negro who fell forward in a daze of disequilibrium. The Don and Stern were upon the group pinning the arms of the negro to the ground in the pentagram. The Don intoned "Ra-ba-ka-la-grav- mem-shin-on!" reverberating the syllables in repeating cadence. The negro tried to struggle but his limbs were pinned as with manacles of adamant. Mahfouz slid a hooked dagger from his silken suit and waited for an opening while the Don continued his cadence which rang out in the chamber. "The Scorpion's sting is the best vengeance!" Mahfouz hissed as he plunged the dagger into the heat of the negro eliciting a spurt of blood spattering his coat. Stern held down the legs preventing them from doing the rigor mortis shuffle while Mahfouz slammed his sanguine blade into the throat ripping it from ear to ear sending a torrent of blood cascading into the pentagram while the ominous presence of a lower astral entity eagerly fell upon the blood welling from the neck of the negro the remainder draining into the pool. The trembling of the sacrificed negro ceased

and Stern rushed to produce three golden goblets from which the sinister trio drank after dipping them into the pool. "Every dog has his day," the Don stated grimly.

Scene: Ivan's Grocery, New York City

Seig and Tod traveled in their modified limousine with Kristina to pay Ivan a visit prior to their embarkation on the mission decided upon with the colonel. They parked the limousine in its usual place several blocks away and walked the remainder of the distance towards the store. Rounding the final corner before the store came into view they heard the sound of smashing windows and the thud of furniture falling on the ground. Shouts of inarticulate Ebonics were broadcast from the smashed open window as the trio ran towards the store rushing into the fray. They witnessed the blacks, members of the Coonskin gang by their characteristic berets – black with a red fist emblazoned upon it – throwing the groceries around the store shouting: "Give us your muhfukn money ol' bitch!" As Ivan wrestled with one of them who was attempting to slam his head into the cash register, an old vintage heavy metal special. Sieg shouted – "Hey niggers! Why don't you take on a challenge instead of harassing an old man" At which a few of the gangsters turned towards him some throwing groceries at him. Perceiving that these bad apples were irredeemably degenerate he slipped on his fist gloves and gave a right cross to one, metal knuckles crashing against the black bandana-covered head and appearing to take away the bandana like a piece of laundry on a clothesline, a spray of blood, brains, and bone fragments gushing in a stream with his fist like a bullet crashing through a wine bottle. "Keep back Kris!" Tod said as he twisted the coin on his pendant thereby releasing the knife and extending its blade. As he did so a Coonskin pulled a heavy bowie knife from a leather sheath depending from his belt and began tossing the knife back and forth in mockery of Tod with his apparently pusillanimous blade that nevertheless emitted an eerie light. The negro kept up his taunting until suddenly Tod let fly the blade in a backhand toss, a gleaming missile imperceptible to the naked eye which plunged into the mouth of the negro making him appear as if he had swallowed the knife, it exiting clearly the back of his skull and returning with equal speed as Tod again turned the magnet. The negro looked agape at Tod as if uncertain that anything had happened until suddenly blood gushed forth from his mouth and he sank with a thud to his knees. Tod gave a roundhouse kick to the side of his head cracking the rest of his skull in an explosion of bone. Kristina hung back pressed against the pinball machine Ivan had in the corner for the local kids to play with and to keep them out of trouble. Seig was pummelling the Coonskins left and right exploding heads and caving in chests with his hammer blows while Tod slashed with his knife filleting the negros like a butcher on amphetamines - black sheep to the slaughter. The fray continued with shouts and crashes the brothers unable to tell which direction they were in knowing only that any black face was an enemy and thus must be struck out at without restraint. Battle lust darkened their vision to blood red whilst adrenaline pumped out inflaming their

ardour. All of a sudden it grew quiet and the last negro thumped to the ground dead. The brothers looked at one another and scanned the room paranoically in 360 degrees taking in a complete panoramic perspective. – All clear. But wait – where had Kristina gone! – And Ivan. They gazed down at the body of Ivan with his white balding head and saw that he still lived. He muttered, "Kristina – get her..." and the boys on instinct rushed to rescue her from the negro hordes who had apparently escaped. They observed another souped up '64 swinging around the corner out of reach and returned to the store to check Ivan. He was labouring for health and frantically trying to tell them something. A black blade projected from his side, a stream of blood pouring around it and soaking his shirt. "Do you know their...headquarters..." he gasped. Tod answered in the affirmative. "It is too late for me...boys. Use the entrance...on the roof to get...without...seen..." at which he died in the arms of Seig. The two boys gathered up Ivan and took the elevator to the roof. There they burnt Ivan's body in a shed that was used by the janitor to force Ivan's soul to ascend. It was again sunset and a bloody sunset it was. Kristina was now their objective. They had to find her tonight before the animals who were the Coonskin gang had their way with her defiling her pure body with their vile seed and ruining the bloodline of that branch of Arya. The two brothers went downstairs and hurriedly washed the blood from their bodies in the event the police or curious passers-by would investigate the damaged shop. They clothed themselves in black and took additional weapons Ivan had stockpiled on site. A bandolier with hand-grenades for each and some C-4 satchel charges as well as MAC-11 submachine guns and extra ammunition. their raid on the Coonskin compound would be the first strike against the Cabal. They were ready.

Scene: Coonskins' headquarters

Remus Jackson was a typically slick negro whose adept communications skills and ruthless strong-arm tactics had enabled him – with Don Palumbo's approval – to rise to the top of the black gangs of the streets of New York and to consolidate power over the lower tier of the Cabal's gangland. He was not yet 40 years of age as most negros rarely lived past that age through a combination of drug usage, alcohol consumption, venereal disease, and gang violence. He had in his short years positioned himself above the competition to an apparently unassailable position within the Coonskins – that of priest, the leadership role of the gang. It was so-called because of the voodoo rituals which the Coonskins partook of as means of increasing their occult power, an atavism to their inner nature once the white hand of justice and its iron rod were removed. Remus reclined casually on his panther-skin covered chaise lounge, a mahogany cane topped with a shrunken head cradled in his bejewelled hand, thick golden rings and multiple Rolexes glimmering dully in the subdued light cast off from brass lamps with human skin shades painted with the blood of their victims in primitive designs and sigils of demonic spirits. The room was clouded with marijuana smoke and two white female slaves knelt before the priest rhythmically beating out a cadence on skin drums. They had chains attached to

their necks which were capable of being shortened or lengthened through a mechanism which the priest controlled. Now he let them play, let them invoke the demons. Remus felt at home in his abode, reminiscent of the Motherland. In New York City, New Africa rose as the spirits of his departed ancestors, arising from the pain and suffering at the hands of the white man's lash. How he angered over the genetic memory of his tortured people who – he mistakenly believed – had be so cruelly tormented by the white race. He had insufficient learning outside of Jewish propaganda of course to understand that the Jews were behind the slave trade and that the whites had been a benevolent influence on the negros bestowing upon them the gift of civilization and ending the cruel hardship of slavery for both black and white through legislative reform. Nevertheless in self-righteous egotism he revelled in his abusive mastery over his 'white hoes' as he called them delighting in keeping them in subjection to his every whim. At this point they had largely lost the will to live and subsisted in dependency upon that of the priest. Around the room hung lion skins and a cage with a white child hanging from the ceiling. This cage was connected via wires to a controller the priest held and when the priest desired he would press the button to discharge electricity into the bars and floor of the cage which would make the child leap about crying with the pain. "Vengeance was a dish best served cold" – was a quotation he was fond of. Stacked adjacent him was a mahogany table carved in the likeness of an African fertility goddess carrying a jug on her head and upon it was a stack of books featuring W.E. Dubois, Marcus Garvey, and Malcolm X. Open on the table was a human skin bound book with weathered skin pages open to a section which the priest intermittently glanced at covered with more sigils written in blood. The priest raised his bloodshot eyes to the light and his cane simultaneously barking out in a strange barbarous tongue: "Obaba - wonga – odlala!" The drumming continued but the light seemed to dim upon the cessation of this utterance. He repeated the formula while simultaneously pressing the button on the controller such that the child screamed in fear and pain as the light further dimmed. The cage rocked back and forth as if impelled by an invisible force. "Tawanga! Tawanga!" he shouted in a voice of command as from the alcoves in the shadows appeared two muscular initiates of the voodoo cult. They adroitly raised their hands in gestures of propitiation while the priest again pressed the button this time holding it down so that the electricity rocked the cage and sent sparks in all directions. The child screamed while the mute white girls continued to drum rhythmically. The cage continued to shoot sparks, the child's body spasming and shaking with the current transmitted through it. But it was not the voltage alone which rocked the cage = it was the demon who amidst the marijuana smoke began to take shape so that its features crystallized revealing a gaping maw and hollow cheeks – the features of a negro distorted in a surreal manner like a concretization of the negro oversoul. "Tawanga! Tawanga!" shrieked the priest in his bass voice. The child's skin seemed to be melting from its body while its spirit energies attempted to flee but the demon absorbed it within itself the already dead body smoking from internal electrical fire which had caught the flesh as its kindling and began producing oily smoke as the fat crackled like a pig roast. Suddenly an explosion of brick erupted into the room as Seig

pounded the walls with his fists sending fragments into the sacrifice chamber. Tod sent his knife honing in on the nearest initiate which buried itself in his heart sending streams of blood spurting onto the tiger skin rug. However the blood seemed to disappear and become sucked back into the body as the apparition flew about the wound and vampirized his own draining the blood from the body so that it took on a whiter hue of an ashen grey. During these moments Seig hurled his fist at a initiate who managed to duck out of the way but was met with a roundhouse to his thick skull. Swaying drunkenly the priest attempted to grapple with Seig and overpower him. A spear penetrated his chest and narrowly missed making a shish-kabob out of Seig and his assailant – the priest had launched his leaf-shaped spear which he had kept next to his table. Tod's knife had returned to his hand and he attempted to throw it into the body of the priest. However mid- flight it stopped and hung suspended as if being resisted by a counterforce. The priest strained as a battle of wills began Tod finding that he could accelerate the speed of the knife through a magnetic influence. However his knife was ineffectual. Twisting the magnet on his pendant he fell back on his spiritual weapons as Seig thrust his impaled opponent to the floor preparing to battle the priest. The priest cried: 'Tawanga! Obaba – odlala!" which elicited a reaction from the demon who, having finished lapping up the energy of the impaled initiate now whirled upon the targets of the priest and prepared to descend upon them. The priest intoned "Tawanga! Tawanga! Odlala!" while the two white girls continued their drum beating in apparent obliviousness to the surrounding events. The demon thrust out at Seig who was forced back by its assault. Tod cried out as the priest continued to chant and the drummers continued to drum: "Use the pendant Seig!" The both of them placed their left hands on the pendant and raised their right arm at a 45 degree angle from their body their fingers outstretched and slightly raised. From the pendant which was placed over their heart chakra a brilliant green energy welled up and followed the path of their arms meeting together in a burst of energy at the demonic target. Showers of sparks and rays of electrical energy poured forth from the demon which struggled to free itself from the ball of energy which engulfed its amorphous form. Its shaking accelerated until a high-pitched buzzing sound amplified in pitch culminating in an eruption of the demon into a burst of light. Once Seig and Tod recovered their eyesight they checked the room in panorama but found nothing but the two girls who had by this time ceased running and were rubbing their necks looking around in wonder as if awoken from a daze. Seig approached them. "We've got to get you out of here. Are there keys to your manacles?" One shook her head but the other stated that the priest had it and wore it around his neck along with the key to where the other girl was kept. At this Seig prompted them eagerly: "Other girl? She had blonde hair? Where is she?" The one who had spoken before was about to speak when the other silenced her saying with a significant look "He'll find out". Seig overhearing attempted to allay their suspicions but was met with silence. Tod approached and proposed: "If you let us know where she is we can let you free from this place – no one will know and we can smash a hole through this wall for you to escape from." The one who had initially spoke inquired: "But the Cabal is too powerful. They've inserted tracker chips into our

bodies which they can use to track us. No matter where we go they'll find us." Seig responded that he knew a powerful man who could help them and that he had at his disposal a large array of professionals who surely would be able to extract the chips. In so saying he noted a glimmer of home in their dull eyes and they agreed to help him. He let them know the address of the colonel and Tod used his knife to cut through their bonds delicately cutting the neck band without doing any harm to their body. Seig gently pushed against the brick wall so as not to make excessive noise. A large section fell outwards and the shine of the streetlight bathed the room in its ghostly glow playing over the bodies of the initiates and the incinerated corpse of the child swaying in the breeze ushered in from outside. The two girls ran out without a 'thank you' into the night to find the colonel and have him remove their chips to enable themselves to break free from the Cabal. "We gotta find Kris!" Tod stated prompting Seig out of his astonishment at the fact of the ingratitude of these former captives. The two raced out of the sacrifice room and in hyper- vigilance scanned the interior of the Coonskins headquarters which opened up into a centralized room with walls of cracking plaster and a bare bulb hanging over the whole with a zigzag staircase rising to a second storey. The pair had come down the fire escape and had heard the intoning of the priest and so had broken in at that point knowing that only primitive beastmen would be causing such a scene and that Kristina would not be harmed given that the Cabal had issued orders for her abduction to be held for ransom to blackmail the colonel in ceasing the publication of the book "A Plan for Global Dominion" which was circulated amongst the white elite and the more influential classes to influence them to oppose the Jewish tyranny. The garbage and 40 oz. liquor bottles strewn around the floors reflected the harsh light of the overhead bulb testament to the animalistic life of the negro. The two brothers crept further up the stairs until they heard the sounds of rap music coming from one of the upper rooms, all rooms along the way being quiet and eliciting the sensation on the brothers heightened awareness of being empty. Given the time of day it was reasonable to assume that the Coonskins were out partying and cruising the boulevard in their '64s as the brothers had seen them doing so frequently before in their work at Ivan's grocery. They ascended creeping cat-like up the stairs with their MAC-11s drawn at the ready sound suppressors screwed into the barrel to minimize a reaction from potential hearers, the rap music also was sufficiently loud to cover the muffled sounds of suppressed fire. They positioned themselves at 45 degree angles to the door from which the music emanated. Seig knocked out the song 'Shave and a Haircut' to give the impression that it was one of the Coonskins with their characteristic nonchalance wanting something from their fellow Coonskins. A doped up negro stuck his head out and Tod slammed the stock of the gun on his head downing him to the ground. They scanned the room and found nothing but more 40 oz. bottles and a few bags of marijuana in process of being divvied up into smaller portions for sale, presumably to the local teenagers. Many thought that such a 'benign' commodity was harmless but in reality it was a brain damaging substance and the brothers strongly opposed the trafficking and usage of drugs looking upon dealers as a contaminant in the system of an otherwise decent society. The

probability of the drugs being contaminated with other possibly lethal poisons was just another reason why gangs whose main source of income was drug sales needed to be stamped out. The negro came to after the brothers had dragged him into the room and shut and locked the door throwing the dealer on the bed amidst the pile of 40 oz. Bottles and a bucket of half-eaten KFC. "Muhfukr – what duh..." The negro groaned in a daze feeling the lump on his head. His eyes came to rest on the brothers who had their guns levelled at him. "Tell us where the girl is – the new one named Kristina," Seig demanded cocking the gun threateningly. The negro gulped and slurred, "She be...down in de basement...cool?" He attempted to pacify Seig in a fawning way. Seig pretended to consider and looked down at the table at the marijuana cigarettes called 'blunts' by most of the negro gangs. Putting down his weapon he picked up a Bic lighter and a cigarette and nonchalantly gave the negro the items saying: "Relax bro – we just want her back." The negro seemed to relax at this and struck up a 'joint'. Seig asked a further question: "Good shit? Bet that be laced with some extra special shit right?" mimicking the slanguage of the negro gang to ingratiate himself further with the negro to elicit the desired response. The negro looked with satisfaction at Seig, a crafty look coming into his eyes. "Fo sho bro – it's China White and gasoline – dis be the hard sheet!" Seig's act continued: "Bet dat fetch a high price bro," – the negro replied: "Bout 100 times what she worth playa!" chuckling to himself at his clever business sense. The look on Seig's face clouded and the negro, still oblivious to the white man's change in countenance continued: "Sheet I been selling dis sheet to dem white folks in da burbs – dez trippin' off dis sheet – yup!" His eyes fell upon Seig and the smile faded from his face. He took an extra-hard pull off the joint and Seig stated: "Just say no to drugs Coonskin," before ramming his gloved fist into the negros skull, a spray of wet muck exploding from what used to be his head extinguishing the joint. The negro fell forward onto the table scattering the packages around and crashing on the table. "Let's go Tod," Seig said picking up his MAC-11 and exiting the room. The two crept downstairs and to the ground floor from whence they came. Underneath the stairwell they noted a carpet and as there were no other evident points of entry indicating a basement they kicked aside the carpet revealing a removable panel which looked down upon a staircase carved into the concrete spiralling down into gloom. A distant noise could be heard rather like an animal's roar, a lion or other big cat. The pair descended the staircase with MAC-11s pointing the way. As they crept closer they heard increasingly the roar of the animals reminiscent of the lion in the logo of the Jewish Hollywood company. They observed brighter light as they continued down the passage dully glowing overhead lights intermittently placed along the passage and smeared with some type of greasy pitch to dull the brightness for whatever reason. Tod speculated that given that negros were nocturnal animals they had a desire to reduce the brightness which was more suitable to their constitution and which was also more conducive to their voodooistic practices enabling the invocation of demons such as that seen as they entered into the priest's chamber.

They were now overlooking a catwalk which entailed a group of steroidally muscled negro gang members armed with automatic military-grade rifles who stood over the ground floor of what appeared to be an amphitheatre or platform similar to a boxing ring without ropes that was separated from the surrounding concrete walls by this same type of catwalk. Remus Jackson was standing dressed in the Coonskin uniform of red pants, black bandana, and green gloves looking agitated and alert. He had Kristina with him on a long chain which was manacled to her neck.

Adjacent more bodyguards tightened the grip on their rifles in readiness for some form of event that appeared to be of pressing moment. He spoke in boisterous volubility: "Dis bitch be de cause of da trouble! Her white bros be coming to us here if we don' take action. Dey killt the cacodemon but not da boss demon dat control dis 'ere crib! Da only way to invoke da muhfuka is to give a virgin pure sacrifice – and only da lions in da cage o'er dere can bring it in. Only da might of da lion canst invoke da muhfuka. No one here..." – he gestured with great solemnity around the congregation – "...touch da bitch or dey die by ma hand." So saying he brandished his shrunken head cane and rattled the chain at the end of which Kristina strained with the other attempting to remove herself as far as possible from both the lions and the priest. The priest gestured towards the lions' cages which were positioned on the platform and intoned in a deep bass: "Konunga! Konunga! Tuga mekeki!" All the lights dimmed and the room became ominous in its vibration. The negros positioned against the walls clanked the barrels of their automatic weapons on the railing of the catwalk which offered protection from the reach of the lions. The priest continued to intone the demonic cadence while dancing in a bobbing fashion around the lion's cages leading Kristina before them which elicited growls of excitation from the beasts who thundered against the bars of the cages sweeping their claws outwards in wide arches as they sprang. The priest attempted to ascend a platform overhead while pushing Kristina towards the cages whose front bars were being raised by the negro attendants. The priest was ascending the scaffold continuing his voodoo chant when he stopped suddenly pierced to the heart by Tod's knife which was imperceptible to the audience yet let out a torrent of blood which splashed upon the platform. Sensing the slackening of the chain, Kristina looked up towards the priest and observed his tottering on the scaffold. She yanked vigorously and he came down spilling a stream of blood from his torso and screaming out unintelligibly. The lions were nearly out of the cage and scraped past the uplifting bars to rush upon the priest whose corpse fell between them and the girl who flung herself onto the staircase and raced up the platform. The negros in the audience were moving madly about seeking the assailant. Both Seig and Tod rushed out of the alcove still undetected and Seig shouted "Lie down Kristina" who flattened on the platform as primed grenades exploded in the catwalk area of the audience, Tod burying his knife in some of the guards whilst discharging a full MAC-11 magazine into the audience. The lions tore into the priest but were themselves soon blown apart by the grenade flechettes which turned the once noble beasts into mincemeat. Gunfire rattled from the automatic weapons while Kristina flattened herself on the platform

forgotten by the negro gang. Seig hammered out blows with his fist spraying blood and muck in all directions while the pair let loose their grenades around the audience whose only exit was barred by the brothers. Soon all gunfire ceased and the brothers checked one another observing that both were unscathed. They shouted to the girl: "Kristina! You alright? It's all clear now!" She cautiously raised her head peering around the room in hyper- alertness. "Thanks for saving me Seig – oh, and you too Tod." The brothers looked her over and informed her that it was time to go. They told her that Ivan had been killed by the Coonskins in their raid on his shop. Seig spoke: "We have no place there anymore Kristina. Your father as you know has initiated us to the fullest extent of his ability. It's only you two we have now. Our first mission is accomplished." As they ascended the staircase and returned to the main floor they gathered together as much armament from the compound they could, discovered in one of the ground floor rooms which entailed a secret compartment. this same contained rocket-propelled grenades and launchers as well as crates of grenades, 9mm hollow-point ammunition, and more C-4 satchel charges. They moved these out into the back alley and Tod ran back to place satchel charges throughout the compound as the Coonskin gang was now finally obliterated from the earth. It was only left for them to erase all memory of this cancer on society. Seig and Kristina had already loaded one of the '64s with the crates when Tod entered the vehicle. "Got two minutes before she blows," he stated as Seig sped away in the vehicle into the moonlight. "Looks like the boss demon will go down with the ship," he exclaimed chuckling over the poetic justice of how the Coonskins' attempted sacrifice led to their own sacrifice and the demon they fed with their sacrifice was itself a sacrifice. "Black humour," laughed Kristina who had now learned her lesson that there was no innocence in nature, least of all amongst murdering voodoo practitioners.

Scene: Scorpion gang hideout, Ithaca, New York

Over the past two decades, the immigration of Muslims into the New York area had increased exponentially owing to the legislative legerdemain of the Jewish Cabal and its infiltration into politics at the highest level of the administration. Legislation had been introduced that was designed to replace the white majority of the country though with more easily controllable as lower IQ populations of non-white third-world invaders whose primary motivation for their migration was to exploit the productive white society to the fullest extent draining away its resources into their own empty coffers heedless of the consequences to themselves as they devolved their host's vitality (culturally and economically) through their parasitism, in consequence leaving a ruined society behind in the image of their own societies which they had largely destroyed through overpopulation and inability to cultivate the land in a sustainable fashion. The base consciousness of these black and brown denizens of primitive societies prevented them from far-sighted rational planning and immersed them in the transience of momentary existence what the Hindus called 'Samsara'. Not all of these

violent invaders had such short-term motivations however and yet violent they most definitely were. These invaders were comprised largely of two groups: the first and perhaps most threatening as least discernible and most cunning were the far eastern Asians, the Chinese whose ties to their communist home country made them the greatest threat. This force stationed itself both within and without New York as well as in the Pacific Northwest which was the staging point of their invasion of America. The Chinese concentrated their forces in the form of the snake gang with affiliates scattered about the country hiding behind the appearance of mercantilism representing themselves as humble traders who simply wanted to 'live the American dream' outside of their communist stronghold which they portrayed to the naïeve white population as an 'oppressive regime'. The name of their gang was an appropriate image given that their strategy was that of a snake, sneaking around and concealing itself in the grass — 'hiding in plain sight' ready to strike at the heel of the white race and inject its venom to anaesthetize and eventually kill the host body. They had established operations within the heart of New York City creating for themselves a segregated area as in all other major cities called 'Chinatown' and operating under the guise of being 'Christians' which enabled them to ingratiate themselves in the good graces of the gullible white majority who still laboured under the mind control of Jewish-created Christ-insanity, a religion of slaves who worshipped Jews and advocated living simply to follow their dictates awaiting a fictional world beyond. The other major threat was of an even more violent caste, that which was also cryptically racially based – that of the Arab and their black subordinates who they tricked into defacto serfdom just as whites had been tricked into serfdom by the Jews. Indeed the Jews and Arabs both had much in common along racial lines and had an unstable relationship of friendly enmity in which 'the enemy of my enemy is my friend' of course temporarily and treacherously. Being also of a race- mixed constitution the Arab was a wellspring of violent and chaotic energies which manifested in the religious fanaticism of Islam which was the iron hoop that bound them together as a collective enabling them to have functionality, order within the chaos of their political machinations which consisted of initially consolidating power hand in glove with the Jewish Cabal through commerce and subsequently political infiltration. This was done through guileful terrorism and as with all other non-white invaders creating the appearance of humanitarianism and loving kindness, etc. This face enabled them to disarm the whites while subtlely building power for themselves through swelling their population and using the democratic system to vote in their own people once they became wealthy enough through heroin trade based out of their home countries. The Arab drug gangs largely controlled the Coonskins through being the wholesaler of narcotics in relation to the retailer who had more street-level presence. The Chinese cornered the market on cocaine, crystal meth, and various pharmaceutical products which where both highly addictive and deadly to the user and were trafficked largely in white areas and to white youth. Just as the snake gang had its surreptitious mode of operation and thus deserved its name, so too the Arab gang had its own guileful treachery and would frequently strike without warning at the enemy who was all who had not been initiated into Islam and who

did not follow its tenets which were embodied in its law called 'sharia'. The leader of this gang had given it the title 'Scorpion' as connotive of the sudden violence of its practitioners and its mesmeric quality which appeared to those confronting it benign or at least non- malevolent until they found themselves skewed by its sting. The leader's name was Farouq Akbar, a self- proclaimed Ayatollah who was the harbinger of the living god to come and who communed with him in the higher planes. According to this seat of Islamic theology, the function of Faroug Akbar the Ayatollah was to serve as a medium through which the absent god could communicate his intent and whose dictates uttered through the Ayatollah as his mouthpiece were absolutely biding on the gang, questioning of which was punishable by torturous death. The Ayatollah lay on a bed of nails in a barren room wearing nothing but a loincloth and his turban. His greying beard projected from his gaunt face emaciated with fasting and illuminated by a small skylight above-the only source of light within the room. His eyes gazed vacantly at a tapestry of Arabic writing spelling out the name 'Allah' in black ink on a white square of linen. He sensed – or so he thought in his depleted state – that the djinn who conferred power upon him were pervading the room with their strength – the strength of god's love, "Blessed be Allah!" and who had come to enable him to be of greater strength in his service to the one true god- "Allah peace be upon him". His fanatical gaze drilled into the tapestry as if wanting to make Allah appear before whom he could prostrate himself in obeisance to the One. 'Smite the unbeliever O' Allah! I humble myself before thee and will strike them all in thy name! They will burn forever blessed be thee O' Allah! For you are my strength and to you I give my life in devotion!" Such ramblings continued in his mind when suddenly the door of the chamber emitted a timid knock, a quick staccato tremulous with a latent fear of disturbing the Ayatollah. The gaunt figure was awoken from his reverie and screamed: "Allah Akbar! What disturbs me at this hour?!" Leaping from the bed of nails he rushed to the door with scimitar in hand, loincloth wrapped around his emaciated form. The door opened inwards and the entrant jumped back just in time to avoid being slashed across the chest with the sword. The Ayatollah fell exhausted upon the barren floor too weak to pick up the sword yet his beady black eyes blazed forth with fanatical rage at having had his religious ecstasy interrupted by this fawning figure who now grovelled at his feet. "Allah's curse be upon you Hasim!" The Ayatollah screamed, fever sweat pouring down from his body. Hasim responded in anguished timidity, "Ayatollah please in Allah's name – a thousand apologies. I must tell you an important piece of information...it..." The Ayatollah shouted: "You were instructed not to interrupt me! – During..." he panted, "...my communion with Allah!" The Ayatollah paused, a look of craftiness coming to his senile face. He continued feigning friendliness: "Surely Allah is merciful," he said reflectively as if in contrition. "He alone can forgive you... but what is it you have to say – out with it!" he said impatiently. Hasim informed him that the Coonskin's had had their headquarters destroyed and that all of the members save a handful had been ruthlessly slaughtered by two young white men whose identity was unknown but whose features had been observed by one of the survivors. They had had a white girl with them whom they had called 'Kristina' and who had been abducted

by the Coonskins at the behest of Don Palumbo himself. At this the Ayatollah became more curious than angry. "They were seen? What do these boys look like?" Hasim handed the Ayatollah a sketch of the two boys which had been done by based on one of the witnesses' descriptions: one blonde, one dark-haired; both with chiselled features, muscular bodies, and high foreheads. They were both shown in full with their black suits and grenade bandoliers. "Tough guys – as they say in America," the Ayatollah mused, a look of disdain plastering his face. "We will show them who is tough! Yes Allah will smite them; these infidels and have no mercy! We are his agents. Peace be upon him!" He looked over to Hasim with a cold look of hostility. "You... Hasim...you will be the one to dispatch them. Now go to your room and beat yourself for violating the sanctity of Allah and his humble servant your Ayatollah. Go!" Hasim backed away bowing in reverence before the Ayatollah. The latter turned towards the tapestry upon which was written the name of his god "Allah smite them the infidel! Make them as if they never were!" He reached for his scimitar and cut across his chest in a gesture of self-mortification, eyes riveted on the name of god, drawing sustenance from the name. "Allahu Akbar" he whispered in reverence and fainted through the weakness induced by his exertions.

Scene: Adams' Manor, New York, New York

The refurbished limousine cruised towards Adams Manor with Seig and Kristina in the back and Tod driving. They were all in good spirits having successfully completed their first mission sweeping away more of the maggots of the rotten Apple of New York. "Now that the Coonskin gang has been destroyed," Tod said through the divider. "The children on the streets of New York have only the Scorpions to contend with – and their minions are far less than the Coonskins. We're on our way to a whiter, brighter world," he laughed as he accelerated the limousine which careened around the bend escalating towards the manor now in view. As their eyes fell upon it, Kristina cried out observing the smoke coming from the main building, the manor house: "What's happening Seig? Hurry Tod we have to get to father!" Tod accelerated the vehicle which whipped towards the manor house. As they approached they observed that the heavily fortified gates had been blown apart leaving a tangled wreckage of wrought iron with the remains of an ornate signpost reading: "Adams..." for the name of the manor curling in twisted shape towards the clear blue sky as smoke billowed up behind. Several armoured vehicles belonging to the security force of Adams Manor had been reduced to scrap by mortars whose fragments had detonated their gas tanks tearing into the hull of the machine. The doors of the manor were also ajar and wrenched from their hinges hanging twisted in their frames by an apparent bomb blast. Shouts from within could be heard even at that distance by the trio in the car. "Stay inside the vehicle," Seig instructed Kristina as Tod pulled into a discreet location adjacent to the manor

where they could not be seen. "Be safe Seig, Tod," she replied softly kissing Seig on the check as he jumped out putting on his MAC-11 shoulder rig and ammo vest. He waved back to Kristina while he and Tod raced up the manor steps in hyper-vigilance hugging the corners and approaching from opposite extremes to cover a panoramic view of the interior. They spotted one of the security team who luckily identified them before he could get a shot off and gave a Roman salute, his other hand cradling a Heckler and Koch MP5. He signalled to them to ascend the left staircase which spiralled upwards in the central hall to an upper landing which was overarched by a domed skylight depending from which was a chandelier that was partially obscuring the sight of anyone who entered through the front door. The shouts from beneath the staircase they were ascending became louder as submachine gunfire stuttered. A group of swarthy Arabs came forth with the colonel, pushing and prodding him forward at the point of their Scorpion machine pistols. By this time the brothers had ascended the leftward staircase whilst the security team member had ascended the rightward. Both were concealing themselves as best they could behind statues, imitations of Roman centurions with bronze spears held in their fists. The colonel was thrust upon the Persian rug which covered the ground floor in a sprawling and undignified manner, his cane flying from his hand as he flung his hands out to brace himself. The smallest of the men, bearded with hollow cheeks and sunken eyes rushed in front of the colonel blocking his potential exit from the manor and gave him a swift kick to the stomach. "Infidel!" he cried. "Where are the boys who have insulted Allah!? Bring them to me!" and so saying he gave another swift kick to the thigh as the colonel struggled to rise and face his opponent, buckling and wincing in pain as the leather shoes of the Arab connected with his femoral artery area and surrounding nerves. The Arab raised his Scorpion machine pistol and levelled it at the colonel's head. "Where? Where?!" he screamed working himself up into a frenzy. The colonel stared coldly into his dead black eyes preparing to go down without betraying the future of his bloodline, of his race and the hope that was revealed in the prophecies of the ancient texts. Just then appearing as if from nowhere a spray of blood erupted from the Arab's hand who dropped the weapon on the ground screaming in pain. In an instant the other Arabs whirled round only to confront the gunfire of the boys and the security member. They danced with machine gun fire spraying the ceiling and crashing the skylight in which fell deadly fragments onto the upper floor where the three were stationed. A long sliver of glass impaled the security member through the neck nearly severing his head from his body while he did the rigor mortis shuffle, feet beating out a tattoo in homage of his long career of service in spasming rictus. The Arabs below lay in pools of blood but for one. The short man who was about to deliver a death sentence to the colonel had escaped leaving only one Arab, a big burly steroidal-looking figure whose muscles burst from his traditional dress. The MAC-11s had chambered on empty and the bandoliers of the brothers had been without extra magazines and were only stocked with C-4 satchels as they has intended to use them as spares for demolition work, their other vests having been placed in the trunk. The Arab raced towards them perceiving them to be largely defenseless. He looked around furtively and

espied the Roman centurion with his bronze spear held in his grip. The Arab pulled it from the statue with a metallic sliding noise as a sword drawn from its scabbard. He advanced upon the brothers sweeping the spear before him shearing of smaller statues from the banister as he ascended and the two brothers leapt back out of range. They came around the dead body of the security member on the other side and Seig reached for the spear pulling it free of the statue just in time to meet and parry the thrust of the Arab. They clashed again and again Seig's spear thrusting at the Arab who parried it aside with sheer muscular force. Seig was being pressed back down the rightward staircase while the Arab went in for the kill, ready to impale Seig with the spear. Seig was knocked down lying angled downward on the staircase and rolled hard as the thrust came, a chip of marble flying off as the spear bent against the stone. "Didn't...your mother..." Seig gasped, "... tell you to clean behind... your ears!" The Arab looked puzzled then angry but the anger was to no avail as when the Arab lifted his spear as a club to smash Seig the latter popped up with his metal-knuckled gloves and struck the Arab on the cheek, his head shattering with a spray of muck that splattered upon the red carpeted marble stairs. His body fell off the balcony and crashed with a thud to the ground below. Both the Colonel and Tod clapped as vigorously as they could at the performance: Seig picked himself up inflating his lungs: "Back to Allah beastman!" The brothers raced down the staircase to inquire as to whether the colonel was in need of assistance. "I'm as fine as I'll ever be boys.

That was the Scorpion seeing to carry out an assassination attempt. They've been here before; they are a lower tier of the Cabal but are used for more skilled operations than the Coonskins. "The Coonskins are wiped out Colonel," Tod said. "We took care of both them and their headquarters last night. Whatever dark entities they were using as a power source are now banished from this plane, unless they found another host to operate through." The colonel replied, "You can never be sure – the higher planes, even the astral planes which are the only ones accessible to the negro race outside of material existence – a strange place governed by strange laws. But you say you completed your first mission? Good for you boys," the colonel seemed genuinely pleased. "Why were they here? Was it another attempt on your life? The little fellow was asking about us..." The colonel replied grimly, "It wasn't only you he was after... Kristina too. Where is she now?" he asked, the boys faces taking on a worried expression as Seig dashed out of the foyer and towards where the vehicle was parked. Moments later he rushed back with the news: "She's gone! Looks like that little raghead abducted her!" The colonel looked crestfallen: "Out of the frying pan and into the fire," he muttered. He then began to instruct them in the whereabouts of the Scorpion gang's headquarters in Ithaca, New York, and how the compound was a greater fortress by far than the Coonskins'. He took off his pendant he wore around his neck and handed it to Seig. "This pendant enables a psychic connection between the wearers.

There are two – the other of which Kristina wears. Only true members of the Arya bloodline can sense each other's resonance and communicate through non-verbal communication by way of this device, it being of as

ancient lineage as yours and of an extraterrestrial origin. Once you approach the compound you may be able to detect where she is located. You may take one of the remaining armoured vehicles and further arm yourself in the armoury. The next mission is to free Kristina and destroy the Scorpion gang which would be a major blow to the Cabal and its drug and sex trade operations.

Scene: Tel Aviv, Israel

Don Palumbo accompanied by his bodyguard Stern pressed his hand against the wailing wall, muttering a cabalistic incantation to 'The One', dark lord of the earth. Accompanying him were two orthodox rabbis who maintained the appearance of solemnity and quiet dignity to mask their natural inclination towards vice of all description, a behavioural emanation of the Talmud which was the basic book of their religious philosophy they fanatically adhered to construing all non-Jewish people as mere 'animals and excrement', what they called 'goyim' (meaning 'animals', in yiddish). The Don was here on business, the only kind he trafficked in, namely murderer for hire, pain and suffering through drug addiction, sex trafficking, and organ harvesting – the funding and fomentation of wars and genocide of peoples. He, being a big-time player in the Cabal, the heavy calibre operating out of New York, took frequent trips to this Jewish ethno- state which prided itself on being the homeland of the 'chosen' of The One, the earth's dark god. Rabbi Moshe Mendel confided in Don Palumbo calling him by his Hebrew name 'Yakob' for Palumbo was a Sicilian crypto-Jew who masqueraded under the cover of Italian Mediterranean ethnicity when it suited him amongst the goyim. "Yakob, why not? Why not do dis ting for your people – for Israel," the rabbi entreated with an ingratiating smile revealing his crowded teeth and wizened face bedecked with scraggly beard and gesticulating with his hands. "You have given so much and I don't want to impose...but there is much suffering in the holy land and ve could use dis...dis boon on your part." Don Palumbo continued to walk alongside the rabbi seemingly deep in thought as if considering the proposed course of action whose onerousness was only counterbalanced by the effrontery, the chutzpah of the rabbi. "So you want me to pull the strings I hold in my hand...?" said the Don. "What would profit you would profit me of course as we all share a common bloodline, of the seed of Israel, but – it can only be done with much risk and expense..." he trailed off and shook his head subtlely as if in denial of the possibility, upping the ante with the rabbi for what he sought in the bargain. "Perhaps ve could sweeten the deal," the rabbi said. "Come...let us attend the bathhouse where dey serve de best kosher wine and we can discuss it further." So saying, the Don nodded in satisfaction.

The bathhouse was a flimsy cover for a homosexual and pedophilic sex brothel which was favoured by the rabbis and which served as the environment in which their more clandestine dealings occurred given the controversial nature of the activity, even for Israel, the world's den of iniquity. Once seated they were attended by naked boys with silver plates bedecked with lines of cocaine and a straw as well as goblets of a red liquor reminiscent in appearance to blood (as it was the very thing). The Don, taking a snort of coke and

a gulp of blood waited for the rabbi to finish his goblet which he slurped down with evident relish licking his lips and wiping his beard on his greasy caftan. He took a snort of cocaine in preparation for the negotiations he knew would inevitably ensue and was determined now pepped up with vigour from both the drug and adrenaline-filled blood to minimize his losses now that his prospect of a free lunch was hopeless. The Don, knowing what he sought in advance waited for the rabbi to speak and begin negotiations. The rabbi taken off guard by this cautious approach began conjecturally: "The neighbouring country of Arabistan is an extreme threat to de security of the nation...we need tde goy army of the States to intervene and bomb dem back to the stone age – de animals. Just last veek...my aunt's boyfriend's daughter vas wounded in a terrorist attack by de filthy animals! Ve got 'em back but...it vas horrible..." he trailed off shaking his head in apparent anger and sadness. Don Palumbo adopted the appropriate facial expression of outrage and sympathy mirroring the rabbi. "Go on Rabbi...let me know what I can do to help and to take vengeance against these accursed animals..." The rabbi continued after the necessary pause of prayerful sympathy. "Dere are benefits to be had in bestowing dis favour. Ve could for example create an inflation in de price of the gold shares and..." he saw no effect was had as the Don's bored look conveyed disinterest. "Vell...ve could pull some strings with de Saudis to lower oil prices..." Still Don Palumbo was reserved appearing irritated and slightly offended by the proposal. "Well..." the rabbi said in amused exasperation, "Vhat can I offer? Vhat is it you want?" Don Palumbo cradled the goblet of blood in his hand and ponderously spoke: "The One came to me last night in a dream. He spoke to me and said that there existed a representative on earth who had the power to give me a slight portion of his own power and that I required this to fulfill a very important mission against the hated white race whose awareness of our secret power is growing. This gift exists in the holy land in the keeping of a rabbi...it is a ruby in which is concentrated some of the energies of 'The One'...perhaps you know of this stone?" the Don asked with difficulty badly suppressing his greedy lust for power. The rabbi looked at him and said: "Dhat is a tall order Jakob...it is not entirely vithin my power..." he trailed off. The Don knew it was and that he had final decision in the Sanhedrin that his ruling was decisive. "I can promise you Arabistan will become a parking lot in two months' time," the Don said adding an incentive to get what he sought. "Make it vone," the rabbi responded,""Dhere is much grievance vith dhis nation of dogs in de holy land." "Consider it done," the Don replied grinning ghoulishly. The masonic lodge in Tel Aviv was one of the most elaborate and ornate on the planet. Its occult symbolism was an arcane text codified in stone hiding in plain sight before the lesser brethren of the Sanhedrin, its spires arching skyward in homage to the horned king the G.A.O.T.U. On the outside of the building the cornerstone had writ upon it in Hebrew the letters Yod He Shin Vau He, connotive of the demon to whom it was dedicated over a masonic square and compass surrounded by a six-pointed Magen Dovid star of Remphan, the very demon to whom the dedication was made – 'The One'.

Rabbi Mendel and the Don both dressed in the black hooded robes of this higher initiatic order of the Cabal, made their entrance into the tomb-like sepulchre, the inner chamber of the lodge which was constructed of black marble walls, the floor a masonic tracing board depicting the heavens above and the ceiling a surreal two dimensional representation of a 4-dimensional hyper-cube of black and white squares. The room was dimly lit by lights embedded in fissures where the wall met the ceiling and the room had a cool and vacant quality outside of the latent sensation of the presence of lower astral entities which gave the Don a sense of affinity, of the promise of the greater power he lusted for. The rabbi approached a menorah situated in the center of the room and uttering words in Enochian while bobbing his head, he proceeded to light the nine candles in their holder from right to left looking upwards and pausing after lighting each in silent prayer of invocation. All of the candles being lit he discarded the long sulphurous match which still smoked into a golden brazier at the feet of the menorah which was shaped like the tree of life, each candleholder being one of its branches. The Don knelt before the candle holder in silent prayer swinging one of the tassels on his robe as if to invite the entities which pervaded the room to bestow upon him the power he sought. This gesture of his was of course preliminary for the entities would not give without first receiving and they required blood. There would be much blood spilled that night. The rabbi raised his arms with the commencement of his prayers and spoke in a commanding voice: "Ve are born to die ve mortals! But it is immortality ve seek! Remphan,!Remphan! Ve vould be vith you in your immortal beth-el (house of god)." In a quieter tone he spoke to the attendant: "Bring dem in." The rabbi raised his arms again and repeated the invocation. A stirring in the aether occurred and the Don eagerly anticipated the new power he was to acquire. A slight squeaking was heard as the attendant wheeled in a cart reminiscent of a clothes rack only in place of clothing there were chained three Palestinian youths manacled to the top and bottom by their wrists and ankles. Their fearful faces conveyed the youthful desire for life against all odds, sweat pouring from their dark curly hair and down their naked forms. The attendant wheeled the cart before the menorah, the moonlight streaming down from the skylight surrounded by the surreal checkerboard design. The rabbi used his remote control to dim the lights in the fissures enabling only the starlight cast down from Sirius to illuminate the youths whose ashen-looking skin glistening with sweat. The rabbi, continuing to invoke the entities above drew from his cloak a hollow tube dotted with holes and ending in a point. He gestured for the Don to rise who in turn drew out his own device. The Palestinian youth, knowing the tales of what Jews did in their rituals wriggled against the rack, threatening to topple it as it swayed back and forth. The attendant grasped it firmly to steady it but the rabbi gestured him away. He produced his remote and held it up to the faces of the youths. Pressing the button they writhed as 100,000 volts of electricity reverberated through the device and into the youths whose bodies stiffened as the current coursed through them. The rabbi released the button and gestured to the attendant who held the cart steady: "Remphan! Remphan! Ve offer dee sacrifice!" he stated brandishing his sharpened tube. The Don also brandished his above and both plunged

their tubes into the body of the nearest youth who convulsed as rivulets of blood spurted from his body into the golden basin held by the attendant who attempted to catch the blood, the remainder flowing down into the grooves, the tracing board pooling in a larger indentation what was a representation of the moon. The Don and rabbi worked like sewing machines puncturing sackcloth as they impaled the youths over their bodies streams of blood shooting forth from their blood vessels bright scarlet blood pumping out in arterial jets. Once the youths sagged and became less convulsed with their dying life force, the rabbi screamed, "For Dee Remphan!" as he removed an obsidian sacrifice knife from his robe. He sliced across the chest of the one nearest and a flap of skin fell forth the intestines spilling out on the tracing board steaming in the cool room with vital elixir. He handed the knife to the Don who shouted in his bass: "For Dee Remphan!" as he slashed across the remaining two youths, their dying bodies ceasing to convulse as their life force drained away.

The attendant opened the gift box attached to the cart and in the light of Sirius a ruby shone twinkling in the night. "None but de elect may see the Star of Remphan, de ruby of all power, and live!" The rabbi screamed knifing the attendant in the throat who fell to his knees issuing forth his life's blood over the stone. Around them gathered the entities who dwelled within the lodge lapping eagerly the blood at their feet, pouring their own energies into the stone. The Don took up the stone which was partially encased in a gold border attached to a chain and placed it around his neck, that source of power he so craved. His body vibrated with its occult power amplifying its own demonic energies through this stone of violent sacrifice which contained the pain and suffering of countless souls for thousands of years. "Remphan! I am close to you now!" the Don shouted feeling the power course through him as the light of the lodge illuminated him.

Scene: Ithaca, NY

The armoured vehicle wound its way through the placid suburban landscape of New York — 'Ithaca', the sign read. A town apparently at rest with no need to fear anything in the world save whether one's infidelity was made known to one's neighbour or whether the family down the block had an alcoholic mother or an abusive father or whether the children skipped school to do drugs down by the river where the vagrants hung out. Little did the denizens of the quiet town suspect that a notorious gang of fundamentalist Muslim terrorists had quietly moved onto the outskirts of the town under the cover of warehouse workers in an apparently operating business that was created out of an abandoned mine site which had now been fenced off and was covered with spirals of barbed wire. The fence had been electrified after two youths had gone missing and the townsfolk had raised an uproar over their disappearance. To deter investigation into their premises, the fence had been electrified as teams of investigators comprised of searchers from the townsfolk had been commissioned. The Freemasons on the town council had filibustered the search in time for the jihadist gang to create this defense — for had this been investigated the Cabal's plans of using Ithaca as a jihadist training

centre would have failed. They had chosen Ithaca as it was more clandestine and the Muslims could build up their power slowly, ingratiating themselves into the good graces of the population and worming their way into the political system for an eventual forced conversion of the population to sharia law and Islam. At such point the Cabal reasoned they could within a matter of a decade or two merge Christianity (the prevailing religion of whites) with Islam as the new slave religion controlled by the Judeo-Masonic hierarchy of priests. Seig and Tod arrived at a local hotel as the sun began to set having spent quite a while on the road; they needed recuperation time before their raid upon the compound which they decided had to be done that night given that Kristina might have become lost in the subterranean network of the Cabal which virtually spanned the globe. Once she left New York it would be difficult to track her even with Seig's heightened awareness and its amplification through the pendant the colonel had given him. They knew that she would be unharmed by the Scorpion's given that the Don desired her for himself for sacrifice, to imbibe the blood of the Arya into himself and get a glimpse of eternity through his vampiric ritualism. As the boys were parking the armoured car they espied an Arab with gaunt features buying groceries at the local supermarket. As he drove away in the cube van Tod decided to approach one of the locals who was also unpacking his groceries in the parking lot and looking with suspicion long and hard at the Arab who then drove away down the street. Tod asked the man what he thought about the presence of the Muslims in his town and the man responded that he looked upon them as a threat to the security of Ithaca. Tod nodded his head in agreement and continued to pump the man for information as to the whereabouts of the mosque. The man whispered that he speculated it was located in an abandoned mine site and that this was some type of jihadist training center wherein two local boys had been probably abducted or murdered. Tod continued his gossip for a while to find out more particulars on the compound as a means of developing a detailed plan of attack. The man said his cousin delivered concrete to the compound once and that the compound had now constructed a concrete wall around it as a means of avoiding the townsfolk from spying into it. The electrical fence was located on the exterior with the perimeter wall within. Beyond that he knew little else than that the compound was situated largely beneath the earth in the catacomb of mine shafts. "Who knows what dey got in der," he said, speculating that the myriad delivery trucks may have been bringing everything from automatic weapons to sex slaves. Tod listened to the man's rambling discourse for a time longer and then excusing himself he headed into the grocery store to buy provisions. Upon exiting he looked across the street at the local convenience store and saw an attractive young white girl leaning against the wall seemingly solicitous of the attention of the passing men. A greasy Arab with an angry face exited the side entrance and confronted the girl. He held out his hand to her and became increasingly angry eventually erupting in loud aggressive epithets: "White cur!" he shouted as he backhanded the girl who fell sobbing at his feet. "Next time you try harder!" Tod had had enough. He raced across the street towards the two and cuffed the Arab across his greasy face, the latter's front jowls flapping with the impact. The tough Arab looked up with rage and anger boiling in his dusky

features and shouted: "Allahu Akbar!" drawing out a dull-looking curved blade from his grease-stained white apron. The Arab swept towards Tod with the knife who dodged the knife whistling past his midsection. The thrust unbalanced the Arab who lurched forward making contact with a knee from Tod which cracked a few teeth out of his mouth spewing blood on the greasy concrete. The Arab fell to his knees but rage-induced adrenaline propelled him forward to thrust once again at Tod's midsection raking the knife across his body, the point scratching the skin as his shirt opened up in a tear. Tod responded immediately through twisting the magnet on his pendant which dropped the open blade in his hand. As the Arab again lunged Tod swept his knife across the latter's throat like a knife through butter severing his head. A geyser of blood rushed forth out of his neck and spilled all over the girl who crouched trembling in the corner drenched in his blood and shrieking with horror at the disgusting scene. Another Arab rushed out of the convenience store with a soundsuppressed submachine gun already raising it to aim at Tod. In time the latter flicked his knife at the wouldbe assailant which buried itself in his wrist causing him to drop the weapon. As the Arab grabbed his wrist in agony it dangling obscenely by a twisted section of sinew and bone spraying the girl with arterial pumps of sanguine liquor, Tod gave a snap kick to the belly and the Arab buckled. A roundhouse to the back of the head crashed the Arab against the brick wall splitting his skull like a ripe melon. The girl stared in shocked horror at Tod saying: "Don't...don't hurt me please..." Tod told her to relax and asked if there were any other Arabs in the store. She stated that one of them had gone to the compound where they would often go. Tod prompted her to come with him and, shouldering the machine pistol and keeping out of sight of civilians he crept with her back into the alleyway. Her tight-fitting clothes were covered with blood almost to the point of dying them completely. They were now out of reach of the civilians and nearing a carwash. He told her to undress and he would clean her off with the spray hose. Outside of the carwash there was a clothesline in the neighbour's yard and he adeptly hopped the fence and returned to the carwash with the clothes for her. Drying herself with the dryer she then donned the clothing looking cautiously at Tod. "Tell me more about this compound," he said. She told him that it was the hidden mosque centre where the imam dwelt though she hadn't seen him when she had been taken there for her training. "Training?" queried Tod. She said that the Muslims had forced her to dance for them as they said this was most enticing for the clientele, that it seduced 'buyers', they said. Tod's face darkened in a frown at seeing his own people reduced to such abject servitude and debasement before a group of half-savage desert dwellers. He prompted her to tell him if she had seen another girl called 'Kristina' who was also blonde. The girl responded that there was and that she had recently – as of yesterday she had been told by one of the Arab women whom the Arab men called their 'wombs' as they were used as incubators of future jihadists in preparation for the takeover of the white society they always spoke of making such statements as "Ithaca first – then the world!" Tod suddenly looked at the girl and recognized that she might have been one of the one's at the Coonskins' headquarters they had freed. However he kept silent about it and let her continue. "It's inevitable anyway.

Both they and the Coonskins are too powerful - we'll all be Muslim soon so we better join now before they kill us all..." Just as she said the words she met his eyes and came to the realization of the fact that he was one of the one's who had freed her in the Coonskin compound. "Oh please!" she cried, "don't hurt me...I... didn't mean it..." she looked around her frantically for an escape route and suddenly turned and ran down the alley away from Tod. He let her escape as she seemed to be uninterested in the survival of her own people. If she wanted to submit herself to the jihadists, that was her concern. Someone so mind controlled to look upon their own racial kinsmen with fear and to seek a violent slaver as her protector was a lost cause who had no redeemable qualities. At least he had struck a blow against the Arab sex slavers at a low level and had redeemed a useful weapon in the process. Tod decided that he had best return to the motel room and kit up for the invasion which had to be bumped up in the schedule given that the Arabs might become alerted to their presence now that some of their members had been slain and would inevitably be discovered by the police soon and thereby be transmitted throughout the networks of the Cabal to all of their minions. He doubled back over his tracks and observed from a distance that the bodies were still visible from the road. He quickly slipped into the store through the side entrance which was still open and turned off the lights flipping the sign to 'closed' and locking the door. Dragging the bodies behind the cash register would buy him time even if the girl ran to the Cabal and informed on him. He took the video tape from the video camera as the Arabs had been too cheap to upgrade their technology once they purchased the franchise from an old retiring white baby-boomer couple who simply wanted to blow their wad on gambling and vacationing and who had disinherited their own children. Tod locked the bodies in the meat freezer where they wouldn't decompose and attract insects and vermin. He then exited and used the spray washer to wash away the blood from the side wall down the drain into the sewer. This would buy a little time keeping heat off the boys as they struck the compound at least from official channels such as the police, etc. "That's what I get for my heroics," Tod stated thinking of the girl and his risk-tasking. "Best not to be distracted from the mission – no good Samaritan has a role to play in a RaHoWa for the survival of one's race. Casualties are bound to be incurred."

Back at the hotel Seig was cleaning weapons and setting up his rig equipped with grenades and C-4 satchels. Tod informed him of his recent experience and the necessity of striking A.S.A.P. Seig agreed stating: "A damsel in distress is a dangerous Pandora's box. The word to the wise is to tread carefully." Tod nodded in agreement recognizing his own weakness when it came to women. They exited the room and stuffed bedding under their blankets to make it look like they were in the room, leaving the TV on also as a cover and left to where they had parked the vehicle at the rear of the hotel. They threw their duffel bags in the backseat of the armoured vehicle and took off their coats they had concealed themselves under not wanting any passers-by to inform on them to the police. Thus equipped they left the hotel without needing to return as they had checked in with forged identification and thus no trace to themselves could be made. They

headed towards the compound as the sun set on the horizon leaving the residents of Ithaca in blissful ignorance of the dangerous threat to their community at the hands of the Scorpions.

Scene: Scorpion compound, Ithaca, NY

The armoured vehicle rolled up to a stop on a side road nearest the compound but shrouded in trees. The compound was visible ahead and lights from the top of the walls blazed outwards intruding into the dark forest around the compound which was situated in an indentation in the ground given that it was built on an old abandoned mine site. Though placed in the middle of the mined out area it was still visible from above where the two boys crouched in their harnesses and black suit. They could see below a gathering of Muslims praying all directed towards the star which shone brightest in the sky apparently in reverence of its glory. The man who had attempted to assassinate the colonel came out dressed in sombre clothes wearing a turban, eyes blazing with fanatical religiosity. He ascended a platform so that he was positioned above the congregation. He shouted out loudly enough so that the brothers could hear: "Allah praised be he. He is mighty! The infidels in the town of Ithaca must die like dogs! They are a plague upon the earth! Allah punish them! Be it so that your servants here in this mosque may be used as an instrument of his divine will! – That the true faith of Allah – peace be upon him! – may conquer the world! Ithaca today, tomorrow the world!" The congregation arose from their prayerful posture and faced the star with upraised fists shaking them in religious rapture: "Allahu Akbar! Allahu Akbar!" the congregation chanted. Just then Seig, yawning with boredom nudged Tod and made a gesture of taking off a grenade and throwing it at the congregation. Tod shook his head. This time he would chastise his brother for his imprudence. He held up his hand as a signal to descend on the compound, putting a finger to his lips connotating to infiltrate into the inner sanctum and then escape again and detonate the compound with C-4 satchel charges. Seig nodded in agreement – it was too risky as yet to risk the life of Kristina given that they had no knowledge of what the Scorpions with their lower impulse control would do if threatened. Accordingly as the Muslims faced the star above the brothers crawled down the hill toward the compound now that they were convinced that there were likely no watchers and that all were congregated above – all save the Ayatollah and perhaps a few minions. The two brothers crept round to be away from that side of the compound and Seig used his gloves to burrow a hole through the wall behind the main building. Having no other choice he also burrowed through the main building and discovered that he had entered into the servants' quarters. A man was bustling about in the kitchen adjacent and could be seen through the open door from the darkness of the room. He was scooping out monkey brains onto a large board which the Muslims used as their collective plate soon to be sharing in a feast in celebration of Remphanadan, one of their holy celebrations. The servant opened a hidden cupboard and poured a draught of what appeared to be wine down his throat hiccupping and swiftly concealing the

bottle again peering over his shoulder out of guilt and concern lest he be discovered. His crafty bloodshot eyes bulged upon sight of Seig and Tod who stood in the doorway to the kitchen. Seig held up a hand and the wily Arab looked around nervously for an escape route. Seig's silenced MAC-11 made him think twice and he put on the best actor's smile he could. "And what can I help you with sir," he said sweat beading on his forehead as he looked down the barrel of the sound suppressor. "Where is the girl called Kristina?" Seig asked in a quiet menacing tone, his steel blue eyes gazing with icy coldness at the black eyes of the Arab. The Arab answered hesitatingly not wanting to anger Seig: "She not here. They send her to snake gang for keeping – Allah I swear it is true!" Seig was noticeably angered by the news yet still self- composed enough to make use of his captor: "Where is the Ayatollah?! We have words with him!" The Arab recoiled at the name of the Ayatollah. "I swear on the holy Koran I know not! Allah peace be upon him I cannot say!" Seig raised his submachine gun away from the Arab and threw a hard right punch next to the man who trembled with fright as the kitchen stove exploded into fragments. "I won't ask again," Seig said his calm inducing fear-sweat to tumble from the greasy brow of the Arab. "Okay, okay, I will tell. He down flight of stairs and to right..." he trailed off nervously. "Right?" Seig asked, raising his weapon. "No...I mean left...oh Allah be merciful!" Seig pointed to the hole in the wall which was only partially visible from the kitchen. "Go!" he commanded. "You are free." The Arab hesitated nervously then yanked upon the hidden compartment where the liquor bottle was concealed and with a sly smile and gesture of raising a toast to Seig exited by the hole out into the night. Tod noticed that a fine powder trailed after him – "Cocaine!" he said. "That should buy him a ticket to paradise." The brothers then made their way down to the room where the Ayatollah was alleged to be. They wound their way down rough-hewn wooden steps and turned a corner to the left. "This must be his room," Tod whispered. The two approached the heavy steel door at a 45 degree angle and Seig then used his gloves to pound it off the hinges. The door fell inward knocking over the tapestry of Allah which had been pompously displayed before all entrants who would have to view this calligraphic representation of their moon god Allah. The room was vacant and only a cloud of dust billowed up as the starlight shone upon a bed of nails, adjacent to which were left splayed open copies American pornographic magazines and a bottle of sesame oil. The brothers scanned the room but found nothing. Exiting they continued to follow the hallway which led down another flight of wooden stairs overlooking an open section carved out of the bedrock of the earth. They had a view of the adjacent side of the pit and saw bathed in harsh light that a ritual was occurring: the two blonde girls from the Coonskin gang were gyrating their hips as a Muslim played a wailing chorus of flutes and bongos, the girls having attached to themselves timbrels and bells. The Ayatollah sat prostrate on a Persian rug with legs crossed and a look of rapture on his face as he ogled the gyrating and sweaty bodies of the white girls who were chained together and which chain he held in his fist intermittently whipping it so that the girls were struck with the heavy iron chain leaving red marks on their bodies. This sadomasochistic action was apparently a source of sexual excitation to the Arabs

who worked themselves up into a frenzy. They had acompanying them a group of goats who they masturbated. The Ayatollah eventually stood and raised his hands above his head screaming out "Allahu Akbar! In the name of the mighty and powerful Allah I call upon thee o' djinn of this mine! I call upon thee to come to feed upon these young fatlings! Grant power to Allah o' djinn, for thou art a mere vessel of Allah's will upon earth!" So saying his attendant brought forth one of the goats by his horns and the Ayatollah removed a curved knife from his linen shirt brandishing it in the air so that the shine of the harsh lights were reflected on the blade like a point of light, cruel and pure. The goats head was tilted mercilessly by the attendant, its eyes upturned and a frightened bleat exited its maw. The Ayatollah's knife struck in a downward arch and sliced across the throat of the animal which trembled in death throes as the attendant struggled to keep a grip on it. The Ayatollah readied a cupped gnarled hand out and filled it with the blood wiping it on himself, and screaming "Allahu Akbar! Allahu Akbar!" - summoning the djinn. The lights appeared to dim to some extent and the Muslims who were not occupied in playing instruments took up incense burners and lit them with a Bic lighter, sending the perfumed particulate wafting into the air. A shape began to form with all the dust in the air and the incense, one gaunt skeletal face which overhung the group on the other side from the brothers. It hovered over the goat and the blood was licked clean absorbed into the djinn. The Ayatollah yanked roughly on the chain which bound the two girls towards him and they obediently unlike the goat walked forward seemingly oblivious to the intent of their master who brandished his dully gleaming knife above them preparing to slit their throats just as he had the goat's. The djinn bent forward over the two girls, its diaphanous body taking visible shape in the incense and dust, a snakelike shape with a humanoid skull its maw gaping in eagerness over the prospect of its vampiric feast. Just then the Ayatollah let out a scream of pain as Tod's knife burst through his belly exploding in a torrent of blood and gore. The chain fell to the earth as the Ayatollah's hand slackened and yet his body did not fall it being taken up by the djinn who tossed it up in the air to more efficiently drain the blood which poured from the wound into its maw. The staccato bursts from the MAC-11s of Tod and Seig mowed down the remaining Muslims, musicians ceasing to play their instruments and the others being mere lambs to the slaughter. The two girls prostrated themselves to the earth as the gunfire peppered the rock walls and ripped apart the congregation of Arabs upon whom the djinn fell upon with relish absorbing their vital fluid within itself. As the two brothers approached on the walkway which bordered the open pit behind them rushed a large contingent of Muslims, those who had been praying above and who had come aware of the chaos beneath them. They attempted to charge the brothers across the walkway but the brothers were nearly on the other side. Tod waited until they had nearly all come upon the bridge before lobbing a pair of hand grenades behind him waiting until the fuse was sufficiently low to explode on impact taking the bridge down with the Muslims who screamed with rage as they plummeted to their deaths into the abyss. The djinn sped after them to feast upon their broken bodies. Now the brothers had reached the two girls and asked them how they could exit the mine. The two pointed to a shaft nearby which was apparently an elevator leading to the surface. Tod held out his hand in a gesture signifying for them to lead the way and they sped forwards toward the shaft. Seig placed one of his C-4 vests on the platform with the Ayatollah and a timer to detonate once they had managed to escape. The brothers went into the elevator and began pulling it up and out of the mine. Once upon the surface they heard the subdued explosion of the C-4 and a rumbling in the earth. The four ran off into the woods where the armoured car had been waiting. "Where are you taking us?" one of the girls asked nervously for it was she who had run from Tod earlier. "Nowhere," came his reply as they approached the vehicle. "You've made your choice to betray your race." The girls looked frightened and attempted ingratiating themselves with Tod as Seig appeared immovable in his cold rationality. "Please don't leave us to die in the woods. we had no choice but to do what they wanted." Tod replied, "You wanted to be independent didn't you? Now you have your independence...do you seek dependence again?" They shuffled their feet and looked nervously into the woods into the unknown world which loomed before them threatening their comfortable lifestyle of pampered indulgence. Seig, knowing the history of the two stated "You can't make a whore into a housewife," but continued saying "but we are not evil like the Jews or any of the other non-whites you have been affiliating with. If you promise to devote the rest of your life to the 14 words we will return you to your parents in New York or allow you to live off the system in Ithaca if you want." Visibly relieved the girls complied but the one Tod had assisted last inquired, "What are the 14 words?" Tod recited them: "We must secure the existence of our people and a future for white children." The two girls looked thoughtful, Tod's acquaintance said: "I promise to do whatever is necessary to secure my people's existence." "So that the beauty of the Aryan woman shall not perish from the earth," Tod replied.

Scene: Snake Gang Headquarters, Ithaca, NY

The people of Ithaca looked well upon their Chinese community – 'Salt of the earth' many of them said. The townsfolk didn't realize of course that the salt was in fact MSG and that, though an addictive substance leaving you wanting more, it had a very deleterious influence on the health of the host body. This was the strategy of the Chinese communists who worked hand in glove with the Cabal at its highest echelons and who had developed a feudal society which operated under the auspices of a Mandarin who benevolently looked after his people according to the precepts of Confucianism. At least comparatively, comparatively benevolent relative to the Maoist murder machine funded by the Cabal to subvert the traditional society and to build it into a military juggernaut to be used as a battering ram against the white society intended for its

ultimate destruction. The policy was to seed as many Chinese immigrants into all white nations on earth and within a few decades to have enabled a takeover of power through the Chinese communist party funding their excess population of colonists who would then buy up real estate and ingratiate themselves into the political system, a policy which was – to a greater or lesser extent depending on the non-white demographic - universal for all immigrants as devised by the Jews to reduce the power of the white population to a nullity in preparation for their genocide. Each Chinatown, though appearing benevolent and an economic and cultural gift, was in reality a criminal Trojan horse which had been put in place until the time was right for the cabal to unleash their terrorist army against the whites. The town council had already quite a few Chinese on it not representative in terms of the proportion of the population exceeding it by a few times thus granting inordinate power to this foreign group who had had no stake in creating the country in its origins let alone the small city which was on the other side of the globe. Sitting in his comfortable office in his traditional Chinese medical clinic, Dr. Chew Li, leader of the Snake Gang, looked placidly over his round spectacles at the two turtle doves he kept in a gilt cage overlooking the window. So peaceful, he stated yet...so dull. He slid a large lacquered box over to the cage from the other side of his desk the holes peppering the side emitting a hissing sound which disturbed the doves and caused them to cease their warbling and cooing. The doctor slid the side wall away out of sight of the turtle doves and this led them to attempt to crane their necks in concern attempting to perceive whether there was a potential threat concealed behind the box. He then opened a compartment on the desk which enabled the snake to crawl in without detection from the birds. He smiled placidly as the snake crawled into the inner maze of his desk outfitted with myriad drawers and compartments ostensibly as cupboards for oriental herbs. The doves coold nervously but appeared to have relaxed appreciably as the snake (which they had not yet seen) had ceased its hissing and thus exited their bird brains. They went back to pecking in their trough while Dr. Chew Li pressed a button on his desk initiating an electronic mechanism which opened another compartment adjacent to the cage. Sweat beaded on the doctor's face and he became erect bending over the cage in a state of ecstatic anticipation. Suddenly the snake darted out and struck one of the doves in the neck breaking it and injecting its venom. The other dove attempted to fly away and beat its wings against the snake whose sleek black body stooped over the dove its cobra hood inflated. It arched away from the dove and Dr. Li approached climax, the cobra and doctor both simultaneously expelled their fluids – the cobra its venom, the doctor his semen. The doctor shaking as he hugged the cage, the other dove flapping its wings in death agony as cobra venom splashed into its eyes. The cobra struck at the bird impaling its fangs in its neck. It clung to the creature whose life force drained into the cobra's body while the doctor heaved in ecstasy over the gilt cage. A few moments later the doctor had put the cobra safely away in its lacquer box and picking up a little golden bell from his desk rang. The door was delicately pushed inward and a

slender youth of about twenty entered standing at attention after bowing obsequiously before the doctor. "Chan," the doctor began with a smile concealing his more sinister motive for summoning the youth, "Have you been in contact with the honourable gentleman Don Palumbo?" "Yes Doctor, he has informed us that he will be returning from Israel this evening and that he has one of the usual 'special guests' accompanying him, a certain Freemason of the thirty-first degree named Sir Reginald Comingsford, an emissary of the royal family. It appears that Sir Comingsford is not compliant with the directive of the Cabal to take out Arabistan. He claims that it would create tension in international relations for the Anglo-American faction to intervene and that resources in the area are spread too thin." The doctor nodded with understanding and reflected: "So the Don wants to cater to his guests? Chinese is on the menu..." he said, glancing at the pigeons which had been infected with cobra venom. "They will make a succulent delicacy fit for royalty." He smiled a cold, hard smile at Chan who returned it respectfully. "Let the Don know that I will be throwing a feast tonight including a very special dancing girl of the Aryan bloodline who we have in custody." Chan bowed and exited the door. The doctor looked again at the pigeons and smiled his cold smile. "Might is right," he thought, "all things go to the grave but some have a more comfortable life and a more comfortable death." At this he laughed hysterically conjuring up in his mind images of himself living in an opulent palace in China surrounded by a harem of young boys that he would find great delight in torturing to death. He turned and was broken away from his reverie as he looked out at the city streets and the McDonald's across the street its arch casting a yellow golden glow which he had imagined as the glow of his sumptuous golden palace with distaste he picked up his golden bell to ring for his servant to begin preparing the birds for the feast. "Curse America and curse the white devils!" Soon he would live his life of luxury as a Mandarin and no longer have to kowtow before fat society ladies and coarse westerners for their filthy petro dollars.

Scene: Dinner table, Dim Loo's Chinese restaurant in the same building as Dr. Chew Li's medical clinic The Don had seated himself in the faux opulent booth, a ruby-coloured red with shiny golden wallpaper, ornate red lacquered latticework with an aquarium nearby filled with many coloured fish. The Don squeezed himself into the booth after the Freemason who was effectually trapped within the booth by the Don's steroidal bulk. Dr. Chew Li waited politely and took his seat once the Don had gestured for him to sit. The aroma of soy sauce and greasy lard filled the atmosphere along with that of white rice. Oriental yang xin music whined in the background as secret service people stood guard at a distance. The Don spoke: "Sir Reginald," he spoke with deliberate insult and at which his companion grew red with anger but had not the fortitude to protest given that the Don was an imposing man. "If I may," he continued,

"inquire as to why you are so opposed to the Arabistan campaign? As you are aware the state of Israel views this as a serious security threat failure to take the appropriate measures meaning the compromise of the ODED YINOM plan for the formation of greater Israel and the formation of Solomon's temple..." he trailed off observing a fortune cookie that had been left from the previous gusts and which had not been cleared away. Dr. Chew Li coughed with disgust like a cat hissing at a child playing too roughly. "Solly Don Palumbo, the waiter will be severely punished." The Don shrugged his shoulders appearing bemused. He looked at the cookie and then at the Freemason: "What will the future have in store...?" He trailed off. "Open it," he said softly though with irrevocable command. The Freemason rolled his eyes sarcastically and took up the cookie with a look of irritation on his face: "Right then if you wish me to play this game" — so saying he cracked open the cookie and unravelled the paper message inside: "Today you will have ill luck," he read with a sneer of disdain. "I would hope the best for you Sir Reginald," the Don continued, "for Israel needs your assistance. Since you are the only one preventing the campaign against Arabistan with your influence amongst the royals and the international community it would be a pity if you could not see it in your heart that Jews must live and that Israel is our homeland." Sir Reginald responded attempting to pacify Don Palumbo who looked at him with a vacant smile of wounded dignity.

Dr. Chew Li chimed in: "Here comes the first course – a big bowl of egg drop soup – a delicacy in my country and a cup of orange pekoe tea." As the dishes were placed upon the table the doctor asked in a polite tone who had waited on this table last. One of the servants claimed responsibility and the doctor's pleasant smile immediately hardened as a cobra preparing to strike. He picked up the tea cup and flung the hot tea into the servant's face. "You forgot to pick up your fortune! – Now – misfortune!" at which he laughed aloud while the servant attempted to subdue the pain, muscles contorting as will battled with flesh. "Now go to your duties!" The servant bowed and went away face peeling in reddened pain. Sir Reginald smirked superciliously and swallowed a gulp of tea. The Freemason continued: "Given the negative reputation Israel has in the democratic countries to strike against Arabistan would be to show our hidden hand too clearly even for the common people. This could create a great diminution of trust in the appearance of representativeness of democracy and also to boycott of Israel's goods and refusal to submit to taxation for foreign aid to Israel especially in the European countries." The Don made a rude circling gesture with his hand: "Yeah, yeah Europe's finished anyway, The idiot Christards in America are all the justification we need to get the campaign underway. We will have war with or without you…" he stated matter-of-factly. "But this conflict could escalate and bring about war with neighbouring countries and through diplomatic ties bring about a world war – Solomon's temple will just have to wait for a more opportune moment." The

Freemason though a race-traitor found the necessity of betraying his aristocratic lineage as a pure blood British – a distasteful action especially in kowtowing to this 'Jew upstart' as he called him in his mind. They set to their meal to alleviate the tension and the Don made several other attempts at swaying the Freemason finally drifting to other topics concerning China and its role in international affairs and its relationship to Israel and how Britain was a failing nation and that China would be the next world superpower; that Israel and China would form a great partnership and a global order would arise that would wipe away all previous forms of corruption stemming from Rome and the Vatican, etc. At these words the Freemason became angry: "I must protest this slander – without England's backing Israel would not exist. Past history requires" – at which point he was cut off by the Don: "Past history is past history. We're onto bigger and better things and besides with the city of London – what do we need of England?" In saying this he demonstrated the subordination of the former British empire to the financial power based out of the city of London governed secretly by the top Jewish banking houses. At this the Freemason seethed and abruptly turned on the Don his secret service agents becoming attentive and fingering their weapons. At this instance the waiters returned minus the scalded one carrying covered dishes steaming through their cracks, the fine bone porcelain of which they were constructed gleaming in the dim light the yang xin still sounding in the background. The Freemason continued to stare at the Don who shifted his attention to the meal. Chinese chicken balls and wonton soup were the fare for the Don and doctor while a glistening pair of turtle doves sleek with pig lard were that of the Freemason's fare. Rice bowls were supplied on the side with chopsticks. The Don looked apologetically at the Mason: "Sir Reginald, let's eat," he stated with an amicable tone in his voice. They began gorging themselves on the fare and the Don slid a steel chopstick from his rice bowl into his hand reversing it in an ice pick grip. The doctor also seemed to stiffen as if in readiness, an incomprehensible smile plastered to his face. "Food's good..." the Freemason mumbled between bites. Suddenly he hacked, face empurpling and eyes protruding from their sockets. He bent over in his seat hacking. The Don and doctor made a simultaneous move both assailing the secret service agents, the Don coming up and down with the chopstick jamming it into the eye socket of the agent, the doctor striking a few pressure points with his ba gua skills – one to the solar plexus and followed immediately by a punch to the throat then a palm to the nose jamming the nose bone into the brain of the agent. The Don had not been idle his other chopstick jammed into the throat of the agent and grabbing both chopsticks one in the eye and one in the throat dragged the agent down onto the table after sweeping his legs out from under him smashing his head into the porcelain bowl. The Freemason was curled in the fetal position under the table as the venom took effect. The Don drew a knife across the throat of the agent and a pool of blood welled out into the dish. The Don and doctor both dipped their teacups into the blood and drank a toast: "First New York, then the world," the Don said clinking his cup against the Oriental's. The two got up and shifted booths to get away from the gore and detritus scattered about. They sat down again and began discussing affairs. Dr. Chew Li brought up the topic

of Kristina: "As you are aware Don Palumbo, there is alive and in our keeping one of the daughters of the bloodline of the Arya. She is kept in the basement of Dim Loo's kitchen. Would you like to see her?" The Don nodded and said: "There is only one thing remaining for me to become a living god – and that is the blood of an Aryan virgin. Are you sure she is pure?" Dr. Chew Li responded: "We have done genetic tests to verify that she has not been contaminated with the genes of any of the other races and her hymen is intact – this without a doubt proves that she is virgin." At this the Don became excited: "It is rare in today's degenerate age for a woman or even a girl of young age to be virginal – Remphan smiles upon me at this time. Soon the world will belong to Israel…and you of course will share in it Dr. Chew Li as well as your people. We will transfer power from America and Europe to your country as a major superpower and base of operations. We'll rule the world with an iron fist!" The Don arose and demanded: "Bring me to her! I would finalize this project. The blood of the Arya must be mine!"

Scene: Dim Loo's Kitchen basement wherein Kristina is held

The grimy floors and reek of rotting Chinese food which wafted into the dimly lit basement were not enough to defeat Kristina's hopes of rescue. She heard a scraping on the stairs sure that it was the hunchbacked kitchen slave who fed her her daily fried rice and pork come to deliver. However the stairs groaned under what sounded like a great weight descending. She defiantly stood her ground and prepared for whatever would enter. The steel door opened outwards and she came face to face with a giant of a man thickly muscled and dressed in a black suit with a large glowing ruby depending by a gold chain from his neck. He stared at her through his Neanderthal brows and granite jaw clamped shut in a thin smirk the lower and upper lips having the appearance of thin pieces of raw liver, his skin tone a pasty colour yet luminescent as if possessed by some strange occult force. He walked in and stood before her: "Kristina Adams? Your father has caused much trouble for the Cabal," he stated with a menacing tone. "It would be hoped that his daughter would pay for the sins of her father." In so saying he took up his fist with its electric ring and grabbed her transmitting direct current into her arm. She screamed as the voltage cursed through her arm rigidifying her form. The Don sneered and hurled her into a corner. The doctor followed behind and entered saying: "If you will be needing me I will be upstairs with Dim Loo going over accounts," he said bowing and shut the door behind him. The Don towered over Kristina and the star of Remphan on his chest glowed and pulsed as if sensing that what is needed was within reach. The Don reached towards Kristina as if impelled by the star which used him as its instrument. The girl kicked at the Don who became enraged at the sight of Kristina in her red dress as a bull is angered by a red flag. He charged at her but in his blind rage struck a piece of metal rebar projecting from the concrete floor and went crashing with his full weight against the wall headfirst cracking himself against the concrete. Stunned he swayed and Kristina attempted

to sidestep him and make for the exit but was pulled down under his bulk and wrapped in his steroidal arms which imprisoned her in that adamantine grip. "I will have blood!" bellowed the Don who shook Kristina like a puppy in his arms.

Scene: Dim Loo's office, Dim Loo's restaurant

Dim Loo, a gargantuan Chinese sumo wrestler who had adopted the lifestyle of a sumo in his journeys in Japan found the marital art to be complementary to his gluttonous propensity. This was partly the reason he had established the restaurant - to state his immense appetite for delicacies. His greasy fat face billowed out at the chin taking on a buddhistic appearance. His greasy topknot hung back off his head exposing a large ornate chain with a jade gemstone depending from its golden links. His opulent silk suit patterned with dragons of gold thread shone in the light of the paper lanterns which illumined his office. Two lithesome oriental geisha maids dressed in Chinese schoolgirl outfits waved paper fans to cool his grotesque bulk which sprawled on silken cushions. The room was large and spacious accommodating his many large meetings which both he and his superior Dr. Chew Li arranged in overseeing the affairs of the Snake Gang. Now the two leaders poured over their accounts which were recorded on paper as no electronic database could be trusted. These were stacked high and Chan their assistant stood by making notes in assigning orders to the gang's members for the collection of debts. Just then a row was heard in the foyer as the remaining kitchen help raced out of the kitchen armed with cleavers and submachine guns. The two leaders looked puzzled and instructed Chan to go and report to them on what was happening as they sealed the room with is sliding door effectually concealing them from detection from whatever problem letting the staff fight it out. They turned towards the screen that showed the front entrance and watched the scene ensue. Two white youths attacking the staff who employed their most highly developed martial arts skills in combatting them. The submachine gun-toting chefs were dispatched with a roundhouse kick from the darker-haired youth and another's head exploded in a rain of gore as the lighter-haired youth dealt an uppercut to the jaw with metallic-looking gloves, followed by a sweep kick to the remaining fire-armed assailant who crashed to the ground striking his skull against the floor.

The remainder of the waiters were dispatched by the two, one with a knife thrust through his throat which ripped away his head, the other with a fist to the stomach that broke him in half. The final waiter whose face was scarred with fresh third-degree burns knelt prostrate before the two youths and a conversation appeared to ensue finishing with the frightened waiter pointing back to where the two leaders were and the two youths racing after their target, the oriental waiter rushing out of the restaurant out of sight of the cameras.

The two leaders sealed within their room hurriedly put away their accounts in their lacquer boxes and picked up their ceremonial tasselled swords in preparation for the assault to come. The fat Dim Loo heaved his bulk up and assumed a crouch stance with his sword extended in one arm off to the side. The doctor covered the

other section of the room both being at forty-five degree angles to the steel bulletproof door. Suddenly fragments of the door burst inwards as Seig's fists pounded holes within the door buckling it on its hinges and eventually sending it sliding across the floor with a scraping sound as nails on a chalkboard. As Seig's last flurry of fists flew the doctor slashed with his sword and brought forth a rush of sparks from the contact of metal on metal. Tod rushed it and met the slash of Dim Loo's sword with his knife slicing the blade in two. Dim Loo looked in amazement at the severed blade then entered into a sumo stance thrusting forward at Tod with his incredible bulk hand after hand attempting to push Tod into the concrete wall and crush the life out of him with his incredible bulk. Tod's knife slashed upward splitting the skin of Dim Loo whose belly burst open spilling its contents on the floor the sizzle of fried fat wafting upwards and mingling with the incense. The jade pendant that hung around the neck of Dim Loo glowed and shook. Appearing in the incense an apparition arose and stood over the group its flat black eyes like those of the dead Chinaman which looked up vacantly from the bamboo matted floor. Seig was too busy to see the apparition which had descended upon the fallen Dim Loo and was feasting upon his vital elixir. The doctor slashed and his slashes were met by Seig's gloves. Seig jabbed at the sword and it shattered into fragments when he used his knuckles. The doctor immediately crouched into horse stance and prepared for the onslaught. Seig hurled punches alternating left and right which the doctor adroitly sidestepped bobbing out of the way, backflipping some distance away from Seig and onto a low-hanging platform upon which rested a Ming vase. He toppled it over and a wave of sulphuric acid rushed out of the top burning a hole in the floor. Tod utilized the opportunity to whip his knife at the doctor whose silk suit was impaled from the front pinning the doctor to the wall tapestry. Tod twisted the disc on his pendant and the knife flew back to its source causing the doctor to fall into the smoking hole left by the sulphuric acid and down below. The demon which emanated from the jade rushed down after the doctor to imbibe his vital elixir into itself. Seig looked down into the pit and observed that the room into which the doctor and demon had fallen also contained Kristina. "Kristina!" Seig yelled but the girl didn't respond as she was in a hypnotic state a red glow surrounding her. From below the head of the Don appeared and yelled, face contorted with rage: "C'mon punk! C'mon and put it to the test!" Seig yanked the silken rope from one of the hanging tapestries and tied one end around the lacquer table. He rushed down on top of the demon who still feasted upon Dr. Chew Li's corpse. The Don confronted him, muscular body trembling with rage as veins projected from his skin, he having discarded his suit for the ritual sacrifice of Kristina which had not been able to be completed though she had been put under hypnosis as a preliminary act. The star of Remphan glowed brightly on the Don's chest as if pulsing with life. Even the demon kept its distance contenting itself with the meal of the doctor's soul. Tod came crashing down on the silken rope shortly after Seig his knife sailing at the Don yet shattering to pieces on his flesh, the glow of the star of Remphan brightening in intensity for a brief moment flickering as if mocking the assault. The Don bellowed: "Your weapons are useless! You cannot defeat me!" charging Sieg who attempted to buffet

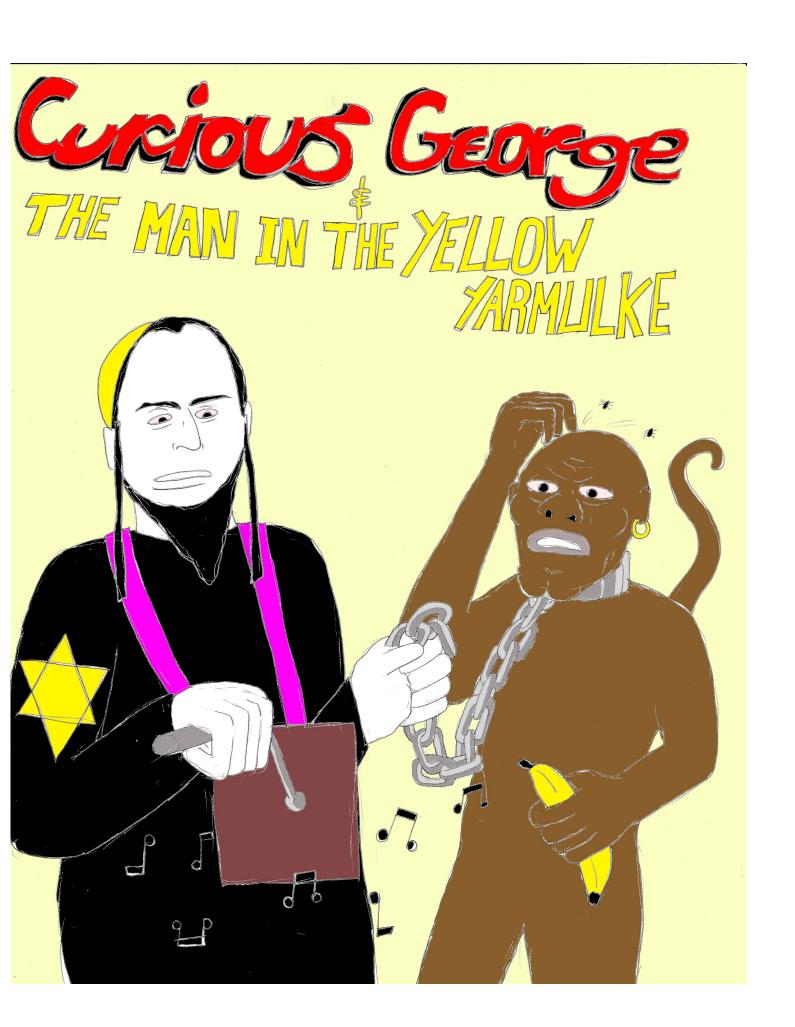
the Don with his fists but to no avail the blows landing with metallic sound as of metal on metal. The Don laughed maniacally: "Remphan flows through me – I am demigod soon to be god!" Seig was seized in the arms of the Don who attempted to crush the life out of him. The pendant of Sieg glowed which elicited a greater glow and brightness from the star of Remphan. Seig derived greater power through the struggle the formerly steel limbs of the Don becoming flesh and his own taking on a more steel-like hardness. The Don's eyes bugged out in astonishment as he sensed the relative shift in power between his supremacy and the challenge Seig represented.

Just then he was struck a blow on the back of his neck by an elbow from Tod which diminished his defenses. A further blow against his lower back by Tod had him loosening his grip on Seig. Both brothers pendants glowed now and even that of Kristina's was also glowing. The demon who had apparently had his fill of the doctor's vital essence rushed back out of the hole in Dim Loo's restaurant. The star of Remphan glowed brightly and the Don let out a cry of anguish as the pendants of the Arya lit up like molten metal radiating outwards their energies. A ringing sound emanated from the pendants and the star of Remphan cracked letting forth a rush of bright light, the light of a thousand thousand souls which had been trapped within the jewel for a thousand thousand years. The Don's body shook and a well of blood erupted from his mouth spewing the contents of his vampiric feasts of a lifetime onto the greasy concrete. "Noooo!" screamed Don Palumbo as his plans for global dominion washed down the drain of a filthy Chinese restaurant in an obscure city on the eastern seaboard. "Yod He Shin Vau He!" he screamed choking on the words. His body slumped to the ground dead. The demon appeared again at the hole in the ceiling and rushed upon his corpse to imbibe the elixir of many victims of torturous sacrifice. "All's well that ends well," Seig said going over to Kristina who was recovering from her hypnosis and helped her to her feet. "Anyone for dim sum?" Tod joked. The three of them left the demon to lap up the remnants of the Don.

Prologue: The trio drove the armoured car towards Adams Manor eagerly anticipating their reunion with the colonel and celebration of the death of Don Palumbo one of the major operatives of the Cabal. They wound their way towards the manor over the rolling hills of green under the blue skies above and came in sight of the manor. Repairs after the destruction at the hands of the Scorpion gang had been underway and were in process of completion. Though the manor had lost its ornate and traditional ironwork and statuary which had been desecrated by the Scorpion gang in their raid upon the manor last they visited it had acquired a sterner more rugged quality, the stone blocks out of which it was constructed being of a black marble to replace the former white. The wall had been rebuilt with double thickness and the wrought-iron gates were doubled, separated by a distance of ten feet to minimize the ability of infiltrators to gain entry. Arriving at the gates in one of the armoured vehicles they were met by a security detail of a similar calibre as the previous one though comprised of new faces given that the old had been largely wiped out by the gang raid.

Tod stuck his head out of the window and stated he and Seig had Kristina with them and that he wished entry to reunite the colonel with his daughter. Kristina poked her head out of the open window and waved to the guard who had become acquainted with her image from family photos. He signalled to the gatekeeper to buzz them in and the sliding gate began to open. Once inside the trio exited the vehicle and they were escorted inside by the security member who beckoned for them to follow him onto the veranda where they espied the colonel lying down with an ice pack on his gaunt, ashen face looking out over the fields. As they came into his view he brightened at their coming, ashen face showing the ruddy complexion of old: "You've returned! You're alive!" he croaked, lips spreading in a ghoulish grin. He fell back against the cushion wracked with pain. "What's wrong Father?" Kristina asked as she stooped over him. He gestured towards the glass of water on the table and she brought it towards his lips to drink. He took a sip and fell back exhausted yet in spite of his painful grimace he had a look of accomplishment like he had attained what he had been born unto the earth to do, to continue the bloodline of the Arya. He spoke: "Kristina...before I die I must request of you that you marry Seig. For you must continue the bloodline." Kristina looked towards Seig and then back to her father. The colonel continued: "Promise me Seig that you will take my daughter in marriage," at which point he coughed hacking into his kerchief. Seig replied: "If Kristina will have me I will gladly do so." She looked towards him and smiled a token of her consent. The colonel explained to them why he was so incapacitated: "The Scorpion Gang stung me," he laughed hollowly. "One of their members injected me with a bio-weapon which is impossible to recover from. I have only two days to live according to my old and trusted friend Dr. Harrow who has gone to town and who is treating me here. I have implicit faith in his diagnosis. I must accordingly initiate the final solution to the Jewish problem and perish myself in the attempt..." he trailed off in another hacking fit and Kristina attempted to get him to relax to cease struggling. He resisted continuing to finish his statement amidst much coughing: "Seig, you and Tod must continue the fight whatever there is left once my final mission is completed. I want you all to remain here with Kristina and to continue the bloodline to preserve the teachings of the ancients." The plan the colonel had devised he reiterated to the trio: he would use his underground Hanebu craft and internal canisters of bio-weapons which were racially specific targeting Ashkenazi and Sephardi DNA and would fly over the heart of New York City spraying the particulate over the area so that it would be impossible for any Jew to either detect in advance or to escape their inevitable destruction. He would first give the signal telepathically to all other pendant wearers who were members of the Arya and who would initiate similar strikes in all the major cities of the western world and also to operatives who pretended to be Christian evangelists in Israel to detonate a facility of such canisters in Tel Aviv and Haifa. The operatives were Palestinians who had a righteous desire for vengeance against the Jews and would have no difficulty dying in a suicide attack. They were custodians of the pendants through transmission from ancient Aryan bloodlines that had become racially mixed yet retained the external trappings of their forbearers having mutual interests bound up with the Arya throughout their history. All of these acts would occur

simultaneously across the power centers of the Cabal. There were even rogue ethnic Chinese agents who descended from Mandarin bloodlines and who had been ousted from power under Mao and who thirsted for vengeance. Indeed the entire world had a dog in the fight against the Cabal and their tyranny over the earth through their system of usury and exploitation. The colonel prepared the next day for his flight – it had to be a suicide mission as that was the only option for a man with only one day to live – the day that he had chosen upon which to die. He intended to crash the Haunebu into the Long Island compound of the Cabal and put the finishing touches on his apotheosis. A self-destruct mechanism was placed into the Haunebu should additional force be needed to obliterate the compound. The next day the colonel was placed into the cockpit and took off into the clear blue sky. Hours later, order was finally established amidst the chaos that had been the history of the earth. Seig and Tod stood with Kristina on the veranda and welcomed the dawning of a new day.



"Curious George and the Man in Yellow Yarmulke: An Allegory of the Secret Relationship Between Blacks and Jews"

Many years ago there was a little monkey named – well, he didn't have a name as he was just a silly little monkey. He lived in the jungle with his tribe who didn't have a name either as they too were just silly little monkeys who did silly little things in a big bad jungle. The little monkey was neither happy nor sad living amidst his tribe amidst the jungle as he had little mind with which to be happy or sad. He simply existed in his own little monkey way: eating, sleeping, propagating, and fornicating. His tribe also did these little monkey shines with not a care in the world – for how could they care when they had no mind with which to care. One day the little monkey was terribly frightened, for the tribe had begun a voodoo ritual and they needed a little monkey to sacrifice for their ritual – and that little monkey was the little monkey who is the star of this tale. They chased him over hill and dale, under vine and around banana tree – they chased him across piranha ponds and around hungry lions on the prowl. The little monkey ran and ran and finally reached a crew of sailors who were disembarking from their ship, making camp and setting fires for food. The little monkey saw that they had many nets and many chains and manacles. If the little monkey had a mind he would see things more clearly. He approached the men who sought to hunt him for their supper brandishing their carving knives and shouting at one another with glee over the prospect of meat. Just then another man dressed in a stately mantle of ermine fur clasped with a bejewelled gold chain cried out: "Cease this foolishness! Who can tell if there are not more about? We will use this one to bring the rest to us!" So saying this man, who wore a funny little round hat which he called a yellow yarmulke which was also known to his fellow tribesmen as a kippah, brought forth from his pocket a shiny yellow banana which he held up to the vision of the little monkey. The monkey, who was in process of escaping the sailors was enticed back by the gestures of friendliness the hook-nosed man made as he placed the banana on a barrel of rum and beckoned to the little monkey to partake thereof. The little monkey approached and began to partake of the banana. The man in the yellow yarmulke smiled with ingratiating affability and said to the little monkey by way of hand signs: "Are there any more of your kind around little monkey?" to which the monkey responded in the affirmative. The man instructed the monkey to bring back the rest of his kind and he would have many more bananas to partake of. Yes, for each of his kin he brought he would have a big yellow banana.

The little monkey returned to his people and to avoid his fate as a sacrifice for a cannibal feast convinced them to enslave the neighbouring tribe with whom great conflict had always existed. He saw this as a means of killing two birds with one stone and set upon his journey to his village where he

would negotiate his own freedom for the promise of gain. The chief monkey of the village was easily convinced and the little monkey led his tribe to capture the neighbouring tribe. Being weaker, they submitted to the might-is-right ideology of the jungle and were tied up with vines around their necks in a line and led by the chief guided by the little monkey to the shore where the man with the yellow yarmulke was with his sailor crew. The man upon seeing all the monkeys signalled to the sailors to arm themselves but upon concluding that they came in peace shouted to them: "Cease fire men! These monkeys are here to trade – looks like they want bananas in exchange for these other monkeys who are clearly their slaves." He signalled to the little monkey, whom he had befriended, that he should bring the chief forward. The latter puffed up with the vanity becoming of a chief, signalled by sign that he wished to make the exchange. The man signalled to the sailors for crates of bananas to be brought which they did upon which the exchange was transacted. The monkey captives were herded onto the slave ship and the man with the yellow yarmulke with his ingratiating smile signalled to the little monkey to come onto the ship with them as they were now departing for a land where there were many bananas for little monkeys like him. The monkey slipped into his leash which the man held and scampered up onto the shoulders of the man peering with disdain at his fellow monkeys who were not so fortunate as to be a favourite of this banana-bestowing benefactor. The other monkeys who were on the island and who had laid to in prying upon the crates to extract the bananas were astonished to discover that the soldiers upon receiving a signal from the man with the yellow yarmulke who was by the way the captain of the ship turned upon the monkeys with their rifles and not knowing what these 'sticks' were – taking them for spears – retaliated at the cost of the lives of many of their companions at which point they came to see the error of their ways and threw themselves upon the ground before the magic of these white priests. They accordingly allowed themselves to be shackled in fear and trembling before this group of white priests and were escorted onto the boat. Solomon Goldberg, the captain of this vessel helped the little monkey affix collars on his people and said with joviality to the little monkey: "I will call you 'Curious George' as you are so curious in investigating my yarmulke. You see that it is an emblem of my people, the Jews, who are the chosen people of god. Soon we will rule the world as the master race." So saying by way of sign which his white servants couldn't understand – he chuckled at his cleverness – even a silly little monkey knew more than the white goyim he employed as slaves. George ate a banana to toast this piece of cleverness of his new master whose hand had a firm grip on the leash. The ship's sailors kept watch upon the monkeys who were thrown down into the cargo hold of the ship, intermittently airing it out to prevent the spread of cholera and dysentery. Soon the ship arrived in the land Solomon Goldberg had trade dealings with called 'land of luxury' a place that had been created by white people thousands of years before yet which had until recently as at the

time of this story been occupied by an invading army of red monkeys who had arrived from another continent and slaughtered most of the whites who were there. A group of whites arrived later and took their land back after attempting to form friendly relations with the red monkeys. They then proceeded to re-establish the civilization their ancestors had created only using modern technology. This 'land of luxury' however was run by a secretive cabal of Jews and their Freemason slaves. Hence the country was called 'Uncle Samael' after the Jewish leader who was truly the offspring of the devil.

Upon arrival, groups of white protectors attempted to stop the landing of the monkeys who they detested and who threatened their livelihood as they were enslaved through the bondage of taxation to the cabal and Uncle Samael and were subjected to replacement by the more simple-minded monkeys who could be made to love their serfdom unlike the whites whose inherent rebelliousness made them a liability to the Jews and their economic slave system, given their rebellion against their former master the king of the Yiddish empire. The little monkey loved to play about in the cotton fields with his fellow monkeys and was fond of the delicious watermelon that constituted his pay. He saw that the man in the yellow yarmulke who ran the plantation had a great fondness for his fellow female monkeys and that many of the females' chillins had the features of the man with the yellow yarmulke. They behaved in a very deranged and corrupt way always involving themselves in fights – even more so than his own kind – and putting on airs of superiority to himself. This angered the little monkey who wanted to kill those whose lighter skin seemed to possess some higher quality that his dull consciousness could not perceive. Solomon Goldberg perceived the anger of the monkey and took him aside to give him counsel. He told the latter that the whites were to blame for all the hardship the little monkey had had to suffer picking cotton and tallying bananas and that he, a humble Jew who only wanted the best for the little monkeys wanted to help them become the equals of whites who had 'privilege' he said and that he would give them 'rights' and they could live in the manor house just like the white people and wouldn't have to do such onerous work picking cotton and tallying bananas. The man with the yellow yarmulke got the little monkey so angry that he persuaded his other monkeys to 'act up' and 'take the shirt' of the white man. Accordingly the man with the yellow yarmulke gave the 'bang sticks' to the little monkey so that they could kill the whites and take their stuff. However, the whites were too perceptive and caught wind of the slave revolt even though most of their numbers were merely humble workmen or dispossessed from their employment by the little monkeys. They put down the revolt before it even got started and hung the leaders as a sign to the other little monkeys not to 'act up' anymore. Soon the little monkeys forgot the ideas that the man with the yellow yarmulke put into their heads and they happily went back to work. However at this time the whites in a different area of the

country who had no understanding of what was going on in that region where most of the monkeys were placed had been exposed to a lot of propaganda from the Jewish-controlled media that the monkeys were being subjected to abuse from the racist whites. Through this means and using his influence with the federal government, the man in the yellow yarmulke initiated a campaign for war against the other region ostensibly to help the little monkeys but in reality to destroy the other region's economy and political independence so that it could be completely controlled by the federal government and so that the little monkeys could be brought into the region controlled by the federal government and enslaved in factories instead of living in comfort and freedom on those few plantations owned by whites, those owned and operated by Jews having been the real cause of maltreatment and abuse. Such is the nature of scapegoating by a silver-tonged Jew such as Solomon Goldberg however that the whites in the north were keen as a whip as to what they believed was helping the little monkeys and thus had a willingness to sacrifice themselves against their own racial kinsmen in the name of abstract ideas such as 'the rights of man', 'equality', and 'freedom' while in reality merely serving as a useful instrument, a 'Shabbos goy' of the Jewish elite who ran the country and would only put the little monkeys in even greater servitude. The war raged for many years and led to the devastation of many whites resulting in the destruction of the region wherein the little monkey and his master Solomon Goldberg lived. This time was a time of turmoil and the little monkey's area was devastated by war and in its aftermath the little monkeys, having nowhere to go, ran about committing arson, raping and murdering the whites whose jobs they took and who had been courteous to them. The man with the yellow yarmulke decided to continue with his plans and placed the monkeys in the political offices so that they could lord it over the whites and enslave them.

However at this time there was a white man who saw that this would not cease until he took a stand and formed an organization called the Ku Klux Klan to prevent the annihilation of his people during this time from the violent and mindless monkeys and their greedy rapacity. Lucky for the whites and unlucky for the man in the yellow yarmulke and his little monkey the whites managed to quell the revolt and oust the monkeys from power. However the monkeys got what they wanted as the whites were too acquiescent to their demands and gave them the 'rights' they had been encouraged by the Jew to 'act up' for. Now that the monkeys had rights they were puffed up with a sense of importance and spent their days walking around with an uppity disposition taking liberties with the whites who the federal government had castrated politically as a means of reducing opposition to the Jewish tyranny.

Now recognized at least officially as 'equals'. These little monkeys, so the man in the yellow yarmulke stated, were destined to 'see their names in lights' by being made into sports heroes, jazz musicians,

and entertainers of all kinds so that they could be built up at the expense of whites and eventually become interbred with the white women who were especially made the target of emotional propaganda wherein the monkeys were portrayed as 'innocent victims' who needed to be given freebies by the white people who were portrayed in the media the Jews controlled as 'privileged' and 'evil racists' or at least as 'good Christians' who had an obligation to help the 'victim' in the name of 'equality', an artificial equality which was created by Jews through legislative means imposed upon the whites through the barrel of a gun. This trend of elevating the monkey to the status of a man and portraying them as happy simple creatures so full of childlike helplessness while simultaneously brain-polluting the women to view them in this manner, caused exactly what the Jewish elite (and the Jews collectively) intended that they continued to push for greater and greater equalization such that the monkeys were given huge salaries as entertainers and put into positions as political activists who were crusaders for what the Jews called 'human rights' which simply meant bestowing upon the little monkeys free advantages of an economic and political nature which ultimately would lead to the degradation of society through unprofessionalism in the form of skilled labour and professional capacities being filled with the monkeys after the whites were forced out.

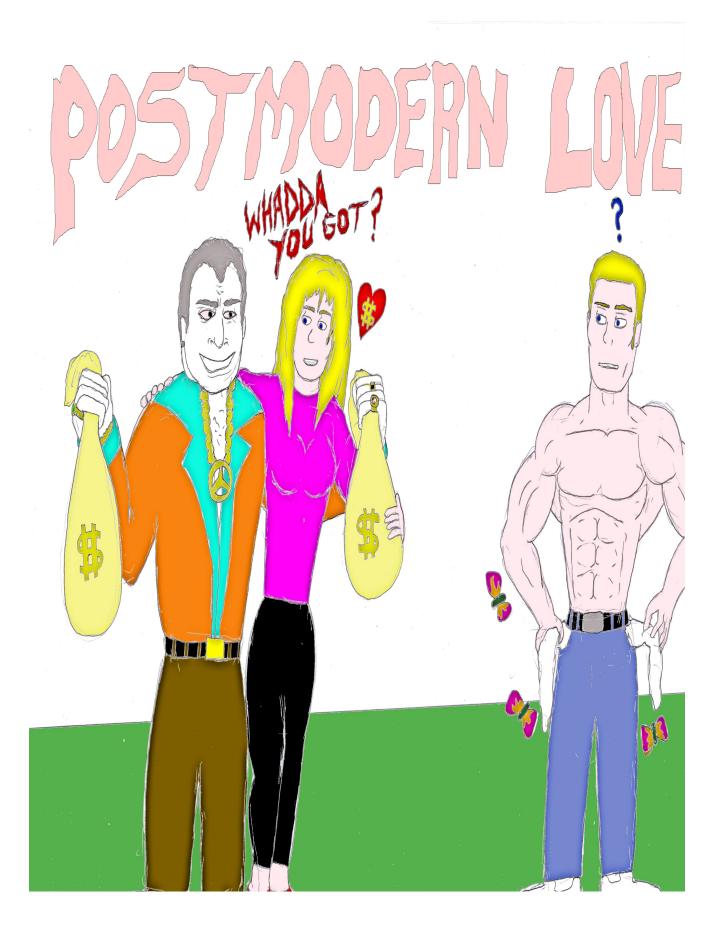
Eventually the white population became dispossessed of their own country and the man in the yellow yarmulke tyrannized over them as a veritable tax-farming slave master. The whites had been thrown into the streets as they couldn't pay the rent and had been displaced from their jobs. Soon the man in the yellow yarmulke began spreading his propaganda again inciting the savage monkeys to violence over a falsified history that had been concocted by the Jewish elites which portrayed whites as demons who had hurt the little monkeys and had a natural tendency towards violence and hatred against them and must therefore be struck from the record of history through a genocide against them. The monkeys were eager for blood as they secretly desired to rule over the whites as masters and to rape their women and live in their large houses and take their possessions. The man in the yellow yarmulke created some more legislation that stated that since the whites had not been in the land of Uncle Samael first but were evil colonizers who had murdered monkeys who had been there before them they were not entitled to own the houses they had built or the land they had cultivated. Accordingly the large monkey police and military force was mobilized to begin expropriating the land of the whites through force.

This act however pushed things too far and the passive whites became angered – they became active and rebelled against the federal government of Uncle Samael through counterviolent force. Since the police and military was still largely white a military coup occurred as violence in the streets instigated by Jews and carried out by non-white monkeys erupted in riots and arson and mass shootings by mind-

controlled monkeys who had no thoughts in their mind but raping and robbing the white populace. The whites fought back long and hard and the numbers on the monkeys' side however great became decimated through famine and disease spread and through the advanced weaponry that had been taken over in a military coup by the white military and police who had not betrayed their own people and who had the willingness to sacrifice themselves if need be for the survival, expansion, and advancement of the white race and the white race alone. Finally after all the hard fighting and the shedding of innocent white blood by the monkeys and white race traitors led by the Jews, the war was over and the victor was the white race who came out of the ashes of the conflagration like a Phoenix born anew. The leadership of the whites knew that justice had been served – but it was not over yet.

There was yet another task to administer too and that was the punishment of the guilty: the Jews, monkeys, and white race traitors. The groups of enemies were dispatched with barrages of automatic weapons fire and their bodies burned through napalm, the smoking wreckage being visible for miles around. Before the man in the yellow yarmulke was assassinated he looked at the little monkey he had brought over from Africa and grabbed him by the neck, his face a mask of rage, beady eyes boring into his slave: "It's all your fault you little monkey!" he said as he throttled the little monkey who fought back with his fists and teeth pummelling the man in the yellow yarmulke. The two grasped one another in battle-lust and soon the life force drained from each other's faces and they lay dead in each other's arms.

Prologue: Back in Africa the whites unpacked their sparse belongings comprised of tools and basic necessities. "Finally we have returned!" one of their members cried as they scanned the horizon overlooking the world's most resource-rich continent. "Back to one of the colonies of our Atlantean ancestors — old Egypt to the north and South Africa to the south and all points in between! Now that the monkeys are gone and their masters the Jews we can finally create a beautiful civilization for white people to never be bothered again!" The sun had risen over the hills heralding the new age wherein a whiter, brighter world could serve as the lebensraum of the Aryan race.



The author does not take responsibility for those who choose to follow a M.G.T.O.W or degenerate lifestyle but has penned these slight works to serve as a portrayal of the zeitgeist of the Kali Yuga.

The author recommends only a course of wisdom and prudent caution in all conduct with the female sex.

Given the nature of the J.O.G legal system and bias against males whose livelihood may be threatened by golddiggers or vengeful females who have decided their former man-slave's use-value has come to an end, prudence in all things is recommended according to the prescriptions laid out in Aristotle's Nicomacean Ethics.

Indeed it is wise to heed the words of the wise and such figures as Nietszche, Shopenhauer, Evola and Aristotle are excellent sources to ponder upon in developing, polishing the pearls of one's wisdom.

The 'Sexual Strategy' outlined in the handbook 'WHITE LAW' provides a practical course of action to take in all affairs of the heart.

In reading the following therefore know that these poor manuscripts are meant only as 'perspectives' shedding the light of truth on matters of love and lust and perhaps serve to better guide the aim of cupid's bow towards its target. To be taken 'Cum Grano Salis' (with a grain of salt)



Give it to Beaver: a meeting of a traditional and a post-modern family

Traditional: Gather round family we are about to greet our long absent friends who have just arrived from America. Unfortunately we have not had the privilege of sojourning to that wondrous land. Let us welcome our friends. Here they are now I hear them knocking.

Post-modern: 'Sup foo! Wha's crackin loq! Jus' playin' wit chu homie y'all know dat! The chillin be here now – line up now chillin! I said line up now! Well dey don't wanna line up so I'll make de introductions: Laqueesha over der she just got her y'know whatcha call it 'abortion' – she be the first one of the litter ain't but 12 year. D'other chil' she be not 9 yet – I think – and she flunking her grades but dad o.k. she gon' be jus' fine once dem babies start coming! Sho nuff!

Over der dat be de man of de house – he rollin' wit de Blackface crew an' cashin' in big money – y'know what I'm saying! D'old man he done run off somewheres devil take 'im and ain't got no chil' support. Don't matter anyway he done no good fo' nobody anyhow! Shee de state be a betta father than he ne'er be.

T: Pardon me my good woman I believe you must have the wrong household for we are seeking the company of an old acquaintance and we have not the privilege of knowing yours. A thousand apologies but we simply can't continue to dialogue with you as we must await the arrival of our good friends.

PM: Whatchu talkin' 'bout!? Ain't you the Joneses from round the way? Y'all look like dey does!

T: I do apologize my good woman but our name is James and we have no knowledge of this group you reference. Please excuse us while we wait for our dear friends. And thank you for your time.

PM: Sheet! (Walks off and door is closed)

PM2 (the proper family): Greetings friends! Here we are after our long absence in the Americas back to the homeland of our ancestors. I would like to sit down and discuss our respective families good neighbour. By the way how much did you pay for your house? Ours was within the highest income bracket where we were staying and near the river. We had a large yard where the children could play when they were little. By the way they are here with us now. They are teenagers now as you know whereas they were young children when we last saw you. Let me introduce you: Jaden here is attending high school and is first in her class. She is also on the debate team and is a champion of human rights in the local multi-cultural club. She aspires to be a United Nations ambassador when she attains maturity.

T: She sure is a healthy young girl. But my so many tattoos – surely those are a sign of...

PM2: Tattoos? Oh all the young girls get them nowadays! They are a way of demonstrating their liberation from heterosexual white male patriarchy and proving to the world that they have nothing to prove.

T: Indeed. She sure appears rebellious with all of her piercings and skimpy clothes.

PM2: Her civics teacher who is a Ph.D. in cultural anthropology and head of the feminist community at her school advises all the younger girls to dress down as a protest against the treatment of women and

girls as sex objects. By dressing down they demonstrate that they don't care if they are treated as sex objects because they transcend the norms of a rigid western patriarchal society.

T: But surely such a society is what enables them to 'dress down' as you would call it...what societal form would you prescribe in place of this 'patriarchal' one as you call it.

PM2: Surely you jest! Only one remains, which is an egalitarian society wherein the boundaries between races and genders are broken down and substituted with a rainbow reality of love and peace. Such is the goal our dear daughter is striving to manifest. She has always espoused goal of a universal humanity genuflecting before the earth mother as their most gracious god and mother love.

T: Sounds very Christian this utopia of yours: (presumably those spoken of as human) somehow equalized in terms of the division of labour; all selflessly sacrificing their own personal self-satisfaction for the 'earth mother' as you call it, an idealized concept of materialistic naturalism which is endowed with female qualities to bind the brainwashed slaves in happy obeisance to an abstract matriarchal god-form.- If not Christian then at least communist.

PM2: I won't stand for being called a Christian! Nothing is more abhorrent to me than to be included in or compared to that group of patristic, violent totalitarian authoritarian personality types. The very notion makes me ill. However communism though it failed in past instances was and is a workable idealistic philosophy worth another try. I truly believe this and look forward to its success.

T: Very well comrade we shall see what eventuates in this world once revolution begins. As to wealth redistribution I was quite nonplussed to bear witness to a large number of homeless yesterday.

PM2: Homelessness! Truly a sad state when the world is the home of all. Wealth clearly must be shared and our family does its part – it's the least we can do with our vast fortune. We donate to several charities and love to bring joy to those in need.

T: Why then is there poverty in your own town and in mine? Where does all of this redistributed wealth go? There are many who still have nothing.

PM2: It is given to those who are in real need – those in the third world who deserve a chance. Most of those who are local homeless are there for a reason.

T: And that would be...

PM2: They are on drugs or from the lower classes and typically drunkards or work-shy. They are given plenty and yet still have nothing – their own fault.

T: I doubt they are all on drugs but if they are that should be remedied not encouraged or ignored with all of the wealth to be redistributed drug addiction would be a thing of the past – if it were justly distributed as most charities simply abscond with most of the proceeds for alleged administrative fees and send the remainder to third world countries so that they can conceive larger and larger populations which not only can't be sustained by technological means nor should be, but can't be sustained in terms of the natural environment either. Hence the feeding of the third world is to feed a problem which simply exacerbates over time. The more they are given the more chaos and destruction will ensue.

PM2: The world can sustain billions more.

T: Should it? Is it not the contention of environmentalists that there are already too many mouths to feed, too many 'consumers' they say, and that the global population requires a decrease not an increase of current numbers?

PM2: That may be so but still – they are an innocent group who deserve our help surely.

T:Perhaps it is nature's contention that they are not so deserving...?

PM2: Here is our son fresh out of summer camp! It is a special camp where young men – he is 14 – go to learn to tolerate and understand the different cultures which so enrich our lives.

T: Cultures that are Trojan horses within our society and which proliferate as so many cancer cells: the rape culture of Muslim males, the gang culture of blacks and Asians – the list goes on.

PM2: Not so! This summer camp – only for the elect of course – espouses an inclusive philosophy of diversity in which all are one and celebrate each other's differences in a holistic framework of harmonious love and peace. Our son was very pleased to discover that he is a homosexual and that he simply was suffering under the hegemony of repressive white male patriarchy that structured his developing self-understanding into a rigid mold that had to be broken. He broke that mold this summer with his new lover Sam Goldberg. The camp counsellor was very eager to superintend their togetherness – her name is Sally Reitman.

T: Sounds like a very Jewish gathering.

PM2: Well I'm not sure they were religious – but maybe? In any case our son has become a crusader fo homosexual rights. He refuses to be repressed in his sexual exploration and self- discovery by the patriarchy. In a way this is his form of rebellion against the tyranny of this planet.

T: Which would that be?

PM2: Why the fascists of course! - The authoritarian personality type which is biologically inherent in all white heterosexual males. It is the reason why I had got a vasectomy — to discontinue any possibility of procuration so that the hated white race will cease to conceive white people, given their inherent tendencies towards aggression and hegemonic oppression of visible minorities and women as well as the various genders. Oppression of all kinds will cease with the white male of course — it is inevitable!

T: But what about Jews – don't they have these same tendencies given their involvement in the slave trade of both whites and blacks, their fomentation of the major wars of history as well as their economic enslavement of the world's people through their banking system? Not to mention their mind control through the media that they control, as well as all major publishing companies and academia which they have perverted to suit their political ends.

PM2: That's anti-Semitism! Whatever power Jews have in the world is probably gained through hard work and long suffering. Why would they have suffered so much in the holocaust if they were the cause of global strife? Couldn't they have put a stop to that madman Hitler?!

T: That would be a lengthy discussion. Consulting any revisionist historian would answer any questions you might have on these issues.

PM2: In any case I'm sure whoever is controlling society is very cunning and that white male privilege is the ultimate factor.

T: Where is your wife?

PM2: Oh we choose not to call it that as we have never formalized our relations. We like to keep an open relationship – more inclusive that way you see. We choose to live apart though I volunteered to take custody of the kids until they are of age. She is just too burdened with all of her duties as a public administrator and part-time professor at the local university teaching gender studies. She can manage though as she has a live-in girlfriend who was born in Somalia who helps her with the duties. They were together during our living together until we decided to choose separate dwellings as a means of preserving a safe space for each other. I not wanting to exert patriarchy over her nascent relationship with her Somalian lover – whose name is Freki by the way – decided it was best to relocate within our university town. The children of course were educated so that they would come to appreciate that pure love can only come in homosexual relationships as heterosexual relationships are by their very nature oppressive forms of patriarchy. Hence our son has become an embodiment of this pure love of platonic proportions.

T: And yourself – how are you doing? Have you written your book of poems yet as you had communicated to me over the phone some years back in our brief conversation of those times?

PM2: Yes I have and it is causing waves amongst the intelligentsia of the left. It is called 'Tears of the Downtrodden' and is dedicated to the young negress who presented at the United Nations conventions on racism. They are mementos of he who could never understand the plight of the voiceless, namely a heterosexual white male.

T: But if this negress is voiceless why is she presenting to the United Nations? That surely implies that she, as representative of her endless mass of putative victims, is being heard through being granted a global audience? I see now why your poems are so popular with the majority and have such mass appeal. Everyone loves a victim; it enables them to feel superior through a power dynamic where they are the master, the recipient being the slave. Thus they establish themselves in a position of greater power through conferrance of the object of desire upon that of they who desire – they exert power over the recipient – giving in order to take.

PM2: Profound philosophy indeed but my motives are pure – I have nothing but love for all the children of the world and look forward to the day when all will sing the international global anthem under the rainbow flag of universal love and peace.

T: Shall we meet my family dearest friend? I have them awaiting us in the drawing room and they are eager to meet you and your children.

PM2: Lead the way...

T: This is Johnny my eldest boy – he is but 15 and yet has become a nationally recognized chess grandmaster having just won this year's tournament in this region. He is also the captain of the football team and will be taking his team to the pennant this season.

PM2: Barbarous sport! Such knuckle-dragging exercise is fitted only for the coarsest of brutes! And chess! A game which is merely war writ small, a microcosm of that terrible macrocosm which shrouds the world in darkness! Fie upon it! My young son would never partake of such crude combat – why, he is a lover not a fighter!

T: Pity...but we must all make our mark; some through the mud and blood of conquest and war, others through the mud of a different sort.

PM2: Hmmm...and who is this young girl? - Your daughter? But she is so old-fashioned-looking caparisoned in a raiment of slavery with her dress and bow in her hair — veritable shackles of domestic serfdom! Is this, comrade, what you are preparing your daughter for — to be the serf of a brute shackled to a stove and existing only to be at the beck and call of the coarse lusts of a ruffian — for what modern man would have tolerance for such inequality!

T: It is her wish to dress so – and I am proud of her choice. She is currently learning another musical instrument along with her expertise with the piano – the flute, and has been making straight A's in her courses. She aspires to be a teacher of youth who she understands need much guidance in this degenerate world. Observe – she and her mother have made a scrumptious pumpkin pie for you and your family!

PM2: Look at my son he is continuing his sexploration – this time with the dog!

T: I must protest such vile acts in this house. Please, take your pumpkin pie and leave my residence.

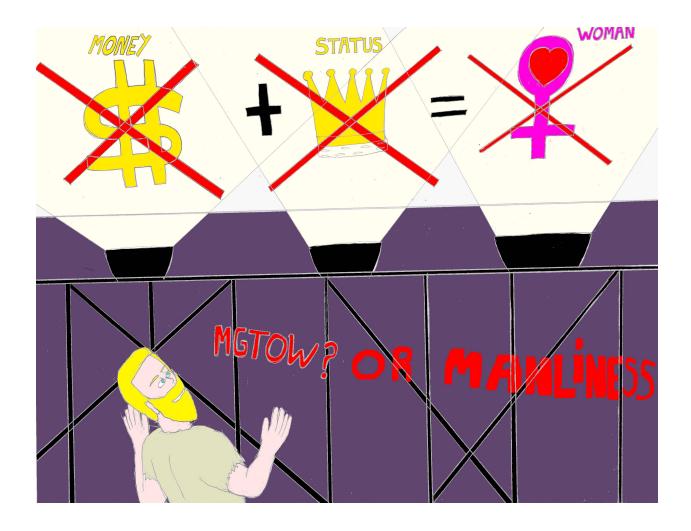
PM2: (taking pumpkin pie and throwing it at 'T'): Intolerant bigot! I can stand your attitude no longer. Come children let's go! Where is daughter? Son take a break from your exertions and let us look for her.

T: Where is my son? We must find them!

(Both enter into master bedroom and the son and daughter fornicating in the

white sheets)

Mother: They make a perfect couple!



M.G.T.O.W. or Manliness? – A dialogue between Dudley Dooright (D) and Snidely Whiplash (S)

D: Hold Snidely Whiplash you base-born son of a cur – I Dudley Dooright, hero of the Mounties am here – you shan't get away!

S: Curses you got me Dooright – let's make a deal: if I can best you in argument you must let me go and continue my nefarious schemes of brigandage – deal?

D: Whiplash I know that I am in the right and no sophistries on your part would ever be sufficient to best me – you shall have your debate! Now what topic is it that you wish to discuss? I need no preparation for honed am I as a keen blade in the realm of all manner of subjects: philosophy, politics, the sciences. Your feeble wit will undoubtedly be vanquished by my own.

Now speak up – what shall the topic be?

S: I propose, since we are forever brought together over that hussy you are forever doting on, that we debate over the merits and demerits of they who are falsely called the fairer sex and strive to answer

the question as to whether they are worth the effort beyond mere sport, in other words to phrase it in the form of a proposition: 'MGTOW or Manliness'.

D: I refrain from dispatching you now only as I have given my word to honour this contract with you for my Nell has never been nor ever will be infidelitous and though I at present have not received the favour of her affections I know her to be merely shy, demur in her expression of the like for myself. But pray, what do you mean by your proposition? What is 'MGTOW' and in what way is it contradistinguished from 'manliness', for by the disjunctive form of your proposition I infer that the two are in fact contraries.

S: As contrary as black and white Dooright! Yes as contrary as you and I though distinction is more subtle and misunderstood in the popular mind which you yourself judging by your swaggering devotion to your would-be paramour clearing replicate – their error that is.

D: Speak plain man – I understand nothing of this cryptic speech!

S: Very well Dooright what I mean is this: MGTOW is an acronym which denotes 'men going their own way' which means in the vernacular that practice or lifestyle adhered to by men who privilege themselves and their personal projects over playing the role of a white knight such as thee Dooright! Yes it means autonomy over matrimony, over slavery – it means freedom!

D: Freedom is the negative, there is no freedom save in chains! Without a woman in a man's life there is no refulgent beacon casting its charming glow over her hero and saviour, her provider and defender. This I would look upon as manliness – to self-sacrificially defend to the death if need be the frail and weak fairer sex which you sarcastically malign with your vile words. How could freedom exist when there is nothing to be free for and only 'free from', namely a woman. Given that this is the basis of life, the cradle of civilization, without the tender mother love of a fair maiden there would be no life!

S: Naiveté to the extreme Dooright! There are countless women in the world and countless men also. However, biologically there need only be a ratio of one man to many women – for within a polygamous structure there would not be any woman unpaired and those men who wish to play the sucker's role could provide for many fair dames. Of course this assumes that society matters and it is not the individual alone who matters. You say freedom for what and posit woman as the prize! I denounce your prize and put in its place the goddess of wisdom, of learning and of artistic creation. The prize you seek can be found in the gutter for a few kopeks, in the dens of iniquity in the red light district. Life will go on Dooright, just as white knights such as you will continue to trip over yourself for the lights of your life – false lights I might add for the real light shines within! As to manliness this dutiful honour concept of yours is simply the manifestation of biological drives urging you to propagate the species and spread your genes to a posterity that depends upon such a transmission. Indeed Dooright it is the height of egotism to put yourself on a pedestal as the defacto ruler of the world without whom the species would cease. Such is the hypocrisy of the 'self-sacrificial' - as they envision their 'self-sacrifice' as the basis of the world's existence pivoting upon them as its axis.

D: Snidely what you say goes against all my better instincts...but perhaps you are right – perhaps these 'instincts' are merely biological drives which impel me unconsciously towards my own destruction, the destruction of all higher purpose that would otherwise be unrealized. Nevertheless I persist in my devotion to Nell, the love of my life – for her I would die if need be.

S: Dooright you are indeed a sucker who has made yourself a devoted slave to the caprice of a woman. For her favour you would cast away all wisdom and its fruits; you would dissipate your creative drive through low-minded puppy love what you laughably call 'love'. The real meaning of which is harmony which implies autonomy not subordination. Hence your love amounts to little more than self-hate as you have sold your autonomy for a pittance and acquired moreover a ball and chain shackling you to the mundane things of life.

D: Hypocrite! I observed you just yesterday on my rounds with a serving wench – how then can you affirm that my honourable devotion to Nell is not of a higher more exalted nature than your philandering with various and sundry base wretches from the lower orders?

S: You fail to distinguish Dooright between Eros and platonic love (sophrosyne). The partaking of wenching is merely an exercise of the will, a means of transcending the baser drives and thereby demonstrating mastery over them while simultaneously experiencing and thereby knowing them in their true nature. In your case you elevate these drives in your lack of illumination to the level of the goal of existence nullifying your own autonomy and identity in the act – it is a gesture of self-murder this wilful subordination to another and for no greater purpose than the realization of base drives, their gratification in animal tryst. In my case this tryst is merely a springboard to the divine, a consciousness raising and expanding pursuit which enables me to overcome the lower drives.

Through their exercise they are transcended whereas in your case they are perverted and become the sole object of desire thereby consuming your energies in as you say 'devotion' which implies subordination to an external Other.

D: There is no higher form of consciousness that the recognition of another as receptacle of one's love; that one sees himself in the other and completes himself in that other. This is love and nothing could be more harmonious than self-sacrifice. This is what it means to be dutiful and to have honour – to have the willingness and the ability to sacrifice oneself for another without expectation of reward.

S: Again laughable Dooright! Extinction of the self is attained through such 'self-sacrifice' – it is even inherent in the very term. Such is the mark of the madman blinded by his biological drives. Have I not yet proved to you that MGTOW is the way and your conventional brand of white- knighting – what you call 'manliness' – is merely folly and a delusion. MGTOW is the way to the higher consciousness this 'manliness' of yours is the way to perdition.

D: You contend then that this is extinction and that no higher mind can be cultivated through devotion to a woman? Why then do I feel so uplifted and full of happiness around Nell – oh Nell, Nell my truest love!

S: Your feelings and sentiments are merely the operations of the lower mind Dooright; they indicate no higher but rather a lower consciousness trapped in what the ancients call 'Maya' or 'illusion'. The higher mind transcends this illusion and the sex magick rituals I undergo with my harem of maids – which I through my higher will could forgo on the instant – simply serves as a springboard to the divine.

D: Speak not of such vile practices Whiplash! Rather justify your claim that it is not manly to serve in self-sacrificial devotion a fair maiden. I contend that this is nobility itself.

S: I will refute your contention easily Dooright! And this from the standpoint of etymology: 'manas' means mind and its cognate 'manliness' simply means the embodiment of the higher mind. It is conventionally associated with masculinity as only men are able to attain this state hence the linguistic cognates used to denote and connote that which is 'manly' or 'ma-sculine', etc. Self- sacrifice in the sense of self-destruction which implies the sacrifice of the higher mind of which you are a part is blind folly and the mark of an undeveloped being. Such a being cannot even claim to be a 'man' let alone manly as it has no higher principle. Thus it is merely a hybrid at beast of animal-man.

D: Truly Whiplash you are a word twister! When I mean 'man' I mean flesh and blood such as I or you! The higher principles you allude to either exist in all or are mere fictions, the sport of semanticists such as yourself who refuse to acknowledge the bare bones realities of life, namely that people cannot develop these metaphysical qualities you ascribe to them — that they are either there or they are not. To be manly is to be brave and courageous to sacrifice oneself for the greater good and for a woman especially! It is the duty of the strong to protect the weak and the weak to tend to the wounds of the strong! This Whiplash is the basis of life and how societies function!

S: Dooright will you never learn! We are not speaking of society but of the higher principles and states of consciousness. Such women as I partake of are alike to all women! – Mere stable sweeps and kitchen maids ripe for sport as a springboard to the divine. In order to achieve these states which are properly spoken of as 'manly' one must have a willingness to recognize for what they are these other alleged virtues of yours: mere chains to be wound around one's neck and hobbles to transcendence. Once understood that in the capacity of a white knight it is you who are being ridden by the Red Queen then you will understand the necessity of dealing with the so- called 'fairer sex' in the proper way namely as a tool for immanent transcendence or nothing. They obviously serve the function of raising children but this need not concern us Dooright no matter how wilfully subordinate you wish to be, prostrating yourself at the feet of what you believe to be a goddess but who is in reality a mere whore!

D: To continue to malign woman in that way Whiplash is to incur my wrath! Only my word keeps me from shooting you down as the cur you are.

S: Too late now Dooright I see behind you your lovely Nell who wouldn't want her white knight to harm another. You must consider her interests Dooright as her interests are your own near and dear to your heart.

Nell enters into the conversation.

D: Nell! I have long been waiting to see you! Where have you been it has been so long and my devotion to you only waxes the hotter with absence?

N: Oh...Dooright, I mean Dudley...please forgive me I didn't notice you. I had come with a message for Mr. Whiplash.

D: Mr. Whiplash! – A message?

(Nell walks by Dudley Dooright to Snidely Whiplash)

S: Here we are my sweet now let us have that message. (*Reads message*) - A discount at the tavern from my old affiliate barman boor. Care to join me my sweet?

N: So long as you're paying.

They go off leaving Dudley Dooright open-mouthed.

Dialogue between Nell and Dudley Dooright

N: Oh Dudley I didn't notice you were there. How are you today – is everything going well with your job?

D: I am about to be promoted Nell and was eager to inform you of this fact as I also have a question to ask of thee.

N: Question? What question?

D: I have long favoured thee Nell but have long held back. Now I know that our love is genuine and that now is the proper time to propose to you a marriage between I and thee.

N: Love? You must have me mistaken for someone else...

D: Nay Nell that is mere coyness on your part. For you have always favoured me I can observe that from your general speech and demeanour – your sidelong glances and demur coquettishness that you were simply trying to intimate to me your true opinion of me and entice me to reciprocate your regard that I might make such an advance as this toward you.

N: Surely you jest Dooright!

D: Such a thing as love is no matter for jesting dearest Nell; nay it is for great jubilation such an occasion as this! To be wed! Surely such a thing comes but once in a lifetime – if the groom be lucky – else he will be nothing but a bridegroom or rather a bridesmaid – hahaha!

N: So it's settled then is it?

D: Truly! I knew you would consent! And my promotion is near also which means we will be so much better off in our budding nuptials.

N: Promotion – oh yes you mentioned that. How much would that be Dudley? D: More than enough my dearest Nell!

N: I love you money – I mean honey!

<u>Post-divorce court</u>: Snidely Whiplash encounters Dudley

D: Alas even a blackguard like you, Snidely, must concede that women are a cruel breed! It is not so... even though years of one's life are spent in devotion to a woman they are as not once that dove has transformed herself into a cruel hawk and wrenched one's heart from his chest carrying it away whiter he knows not for what again he knows not. Tell me Snidely how can women be made loyal and never stray from their doting manservant?

S: Dooright I see now you have finally learned your lesson and come to understand that she who you have heretofore regarded as unapproachable, immune to criticism is now the target of your bitterest gall making of her a veritable spittoon for your rancour. As to an answer to your question that would be an impossibility, an absurdity, as it is in the nature of woman — who is all one, all of a piece so-to- speak with only subtle variations as that of a chord plucked delicately it still remains within its range of octave — it is in their nature to stray. — For they are always seeking that which accumulates the most benefit to themselves and that comes in the form of status, money, and pleasures of the flesh. But pray when did this separation come about? What do you think precipitated her leave-taking? I see that now you are accoutred in the vestments of a lowly private whereas you had attained the position of a colonel?

D: Alas it is true I, through my devotion to Nell and her endless wants, had at one point committed a dereliction of duty – a minor infraction though blinded as I was with love for her and a desire to cater to her whims I forsook my greater duty and was thereby demoted to my current lowly station as a mere private. From thence Nell couldn't stand the disgrace she said of associating with lowly rabble such as myself and found another man I know not whom, who she said could afford her and would cater to her whimsy. I say good riddance and may he be cursed by her as she cursed me!

S: Now, now, Dooright – you are trying to make a housewife out of a whore. They must be treated as such and discarded when the sport has become wearisome; to be picked up again once the inclination arises. Like feathers in the wind they go where they want and seek what they will to the extent they can. Though never content they are forever in pursuit of satisfaction. They are a walking contradiction, an absurdity Dooright! Pay them no heed or simply heed them for who they are: an exploiter, a usurer. Make good sport of them Dooright or avoid them. No whore can be made into a housewife save with the purchase price of money and status – even then they are as wayward as a weather cock.

D: The question again plagues my mind – what base-born churl had absconded with my Nell?!

S: Hold Dooright! You do the gentleman wrong – it is not he who was the cause of your Nell's absence but her own inner nature. You have clearly not yet learned your lesson: that woman is merely an exploiter, a black widow spider who drains the blood from those flies she catches in her web. It is not the gentleman philanderer or white knight sucker who is to blame but she herself. The loyalty of a woman as I stated previously is to herself exclusively and at best can be hired out to the highest bidder whose claim upon her is merely ephemeral and like a wisp of perfume fades away in the wind directing itself along whichever current blows the strongest. He who creates the strongest current directs the course of woman. Or if you like another analogy he who has the greatest magnetic force impels women towards him as flies to jam even if he be the greatest shit the world has ever seen. They see, you see Dooright, the twinkle of jewels and other baubles – signals of wealth – flashing from under the reek and, holding their nose, seek that which they desire though they must get their hands dirty.

D: Nevertheless Whiplash I can't help but feeling vengeful that my former possession should have been absconded with – or rather absconded herself with – I…

S: Dooright do you not yet understand that these feelings of yours are simply your innate biological drives that impel you to fulfill nature's imperative: the perpetuation of the species. Know that and you can thereby transcend the anchor which pulls you down to the depths into a world of cyclical decay 9

- -5 Monday to Friday only to be let off from your drudgery to drown your sorrows. Why not live a life of creation, of productivity and joyous revelry and women be damned as they have already damned themselves!
- D: You're right Whiplash! Good on the fellow that beguiled Nell or rather benefitted through his usage of her and pity the fool if he played the white knight role; but perhaps mock him as he will have to learn the hard way and this will be a tough learning experience for him. Still I would like to know who that man was...
- S: Dooright do you really wish to know? Yes? Well it is I who have put her into service, only the service that you yourself could have if you had only the knowledge you have now. Better luck next time Dooright!

Perhaps Dudley Dooright was simply too naieve and lacking in the manly virtues to be a powerful enough magnet to attract Nell? Perhaps, in spite of the social situation of the present M.G.T.O.W is merely a gesture of weakness and a poor excuse for failure however much of a survival strategy it may be.........



DAWN OF A NEW DAY

'Esau is the end of the world and Jacob is the beginning of it which followeth'

In an early period of Oakdale Heights' history around the turn of the 20th century, a gaunt, spindly man in his 50s innocuous and solitary arrived to the town, rumours had it somewhere in eastern Europe possibly Poland or on the borders of Russia, Georgia some said. In any case he was a Jew and the townsfolk understood that he, as well as others of his fellow kinsmen, recent arrivals, was fleeing 'persecution' in these lands by the soldiers of the Tsar, at least so rumour had it. This was prior to the Bolshevik revolution wherein the Jewish supremacist leaders of the revolution and their degenerate untermenschen of the lowest orders brutally tortured, raped, and mass-murdered men, women, and children specifically targeting Christian clergy and the more intellectual and moneyed elements of the population which the Jewish leadership had incited their Bolshevik hordes with hatred against blaming them in their mind-control propaganda for the usury, classism, and injustice which was visited upon the peasants and underclasses who were thereby crippled with poverty, though it was the Jewish bankers, money lenders, and commercial monopolists who had driven them to this fate. Prior to this genocide they had orchestrated, the Jewish financial elite enabled through their influence in the white governments of the world to enable safe passage to this demon spawn into the white-founded countries. Mr. Fish was one such guest – or rather parasite – who claimed asylum in the small village of Oakdale Heights much to the curiosity and unease of the townsfolk who would rather have preserved things as they had been and not enable the passage or racially foreign elements into their community; these townsfolk – that is who were not subject to the indoctrination of the churches which at that point had been confused in their doctrine by the Schofield bible which was the work of powerful Zionists and their Shabbos govim ('stupid animals' as the phrase in Yiddish translates being the term applied by Jews to non-Jews who serve as their beasts of burden), a pseudo-scholar named Schofeld who had corrupted the King James version which itself was a corruption of the council of Nicea version which was a corruption of the very Truth which proclaimed itself the Christian faith. Thus with the church- goers a passive flock not given to great criticism and having an implicit faith in all authorities external to themselves and vested with priestly raiment, eagerly welcomed the steady stream of persecuted 'chosen people of god' as they called themselves. These same had ready cash to purchase desirable properties in the town suited to such privileged chosen people and thus congregated in the same area which they called the 'Stetl'. This gesture on their part was motivated by their Talmudic religion which commanded that they 'be a people who shall dwell alone' as they didn't want to have more contact than necessary with the townsfolk who they considered in accordance with their Babylonian Talmud, their holy book, 'goyim' or animals, contact with who would amount to a contamination of their person - they believed. They had arrived from eastern Europe knowing that the people there were to be slaughtered by their 'revolutionaries' or terrorists more properly, and that these same had been financed by their financiers operating out of America, England, and Germany who had been carrying out the protocols they had crafted in their Zionist congress and which is embodied in the leaked document 'The Protocols of the Learned Elders of Zion'. This latter document had gotten into the hands of some of the townsfolk but had been an item of condemnation by the clergy and those few townsfolk who had this pamphlet received virtual ostracism from their former peers as the social pressure brought to bear by the propaganda apparatus the Jews controlled influenced the minds of the citizenry to shun those who attempted to raise alarm over the issue. This effectively neutralized opposition to the presence of the Jews who were then objects of pity in

the eyes of the naïeve and ill-informed townsfolk foremost amongst those were the women who were susceptible to appeals to pity and concern over 'victims' which the Jews were portrayed as in the media, all newspapers but one in the area being controlled by Jews through their 'power of the purse'. The exception was in the hands of a wealthy industrialist who had long been aware of the influence of Jews in a society not of their creation and who was attempting to warn his people of the impending threat not only to Russia but to all other White Nations of Faith. However the influence of his paper was small in comparison to those of the Jews who had a virtual monopoly on the dissemination of facts outside of pamphlets distributed at a more local level and through networks of racially conscious whites. The situation at the time was that the Jews had entered and were there to stay. Mr. Fish was, however, reputed to be more than merely a respectable tradesman, he was, rumour had it, a man of letters and a medical doctor thereby cultivating an instant reputation amongst the townsfolk who venerated external authority and would never suspect a physician of any untoward activity. This perfect disguise enabled Mr. Fish to carry on his monstrous activities, the recounting of which follows. Mr. Fish had been situated in the suburb of Oakdale Heights, overlooking the downtown area, that area wherein was located the Stetl of the Jews so that they could bask in their vainglory and pride as they contemplated the execution of their future plans for the area once it was able to come under their control through their usury and monopoly of trade in middle man positions and their eventual intermarriage with the non-Jewish elite, plans which followed a formula tested through long experience in white societies and was their technique of usurpation. At the time the following events occurred, Mr. Fish – a name he used to ingratiate himself with children and women to carry out his monstrous ritual sacrifices and torture murders, his real name being Fishbein – had reconstructed the mansion he had procured through his financier bosses' influence into a domicile of horrors through which he extorted money from his paramours he seduced through his unctuous and ingratiating manner also playing upon his reputation as a trustworthy paternalistic figure, a doctor and learned man of letters, to facilitate his extortion practices.

Little Kris and his elder brother Will were playing one evening upon the rocks near the Stetl which they intuitively knew to be enemy territory given that it was the borderland which separated the Jews from their hosts who lived down in the town which was overcast by the shadow of their infiltrator and parasite who chose self-segregation as a means of preserving their own racial (or perhaps 'special' would be a more accurate term) stock from what they believed to be contamination by the 'goyim' in the village below. The two brothers were, in their imagination and perhaps reality, going on a reconnaissance mission into the Jews' district perhaps to simply demonstrate at some subconscious level their willingness to put forth opposition to those invaders who had no stake in the founding of their town and who thus had no purpose in the place they had sought asylum in and who were a foreign presence that their instincts told them, had no place in the land of their ancestors. Exploring the rocky hillside the pair fought the evil powers, the dark entities which flitted about invisibly but nevertheless perceptibly to their heightened consciousness. These same led them down a seldom-used path towards a bridge they had not previously discovered in their journeyings through the town, one dark and evil-omened. They stopped short and brandished their sticks as if at a more palpable form yet invisible to sight. They hesitated until Will, taunting Kris, said: 'what's the matter – you scared that the troll under the bridge will get you?' – To which Kris replied through racing off under the bridge into the darkness. Will lingered for a time himself trepidatious owing to the dark atmosphere his taunting of Kris being a projector of his own fears, then he mustered up the courage necessary to charge after his younger brother, out of love for his own kind and a paternalistic regard for him knowing that he must give chase to defend his kin against the demons which

he intuitively understood prowled about the bridge and which may cause harm to his younger brother. Brandishing his stick and waving it back and forth he plunged into the darkness after his brother but to his astonishment found no trace. Looking around he noticed that his brother's stick had been left lying half in the water and wedged between the boards which served as a walkway over the water underneath the bridge. Knowing his brother would not have left his real and imagined protection under such circumstances he became frantic and enraged at those who he ascribed the disappearance of his brother to, namely the dark forces which had congregated around the bridge he swung his own stick against the heavy wooden beams that constituted its structure attempting to ward them from the place and return his brother to him from whatever realm they had taken him. He continued his frenzied exertions while following the darkness inwards around the bend which it took and out towards the other side. He swung his stick round the corner and looked away down the road it came out to. He observed a horse and buggy winding upwards toward the Stetl further up the road and came to the realization that Kris was still dwelling in this plane only that he was in the buggy and being transported towards a place perhaps more sinister than that Will was currently situated in. There was no choice but to dash off after the buggy and through following its tracks attempt to rescue Kris from the imprisonment he had suffered at the hands of an unknown assailant or group of assailants. He ran forward following the wheel ruts and soon came upon a cluster of old dwellings that marked the entry into the Stetl and witness a parked buggy at the end of the road which wound its way up to the top of the hill. No other pedestrians were visible as he ran towards this unknown destination full of fear and anger, each emotion taking precedence over the other in a whirl of confusion. At last, anger won out and he rushed towards the house which was trapezoidal in its upper part, the design typically utilized by occultists for demonic invocation as the pyramid minus its capstone held certain sacred geometrical properties which attracted higher dimensional entities given its vibration appealing especially to those on the lower astral planes. The sinister-looking house stood separate from the others connoting by its seemingly strategic placement a leadership role played by the other, standing over the others and governing their existence in some metaphysical way. Will quickly approached the house and stealthily walked around its perimeter seeking a point of entry. He noticed that one of the basement windows was slightly ajar and peeping around the perimeter of the dimly lit room he detected no movement and thus recognized that entry at this point would be the best option. Still fuelled with a sense of urgency he opened the window and found himself in a musty basement crawling with spiders and coated with years of spiders' webs, a veritable arachnid atavism to nature's insect kingdom, the most primitive and mechanistic as well as the most brutal and instinctive. He witnessed a doorway and partially shut door leading upwards into the main floor of the house. He heard stumbling noises as of the movement of a heavy object, dragging it upstairs to the top floor of the house and muttered curses at its weight and difficulty of movement. 'Kris!', Will cried mentally as had still enough prudence to understand that to remain silent was to be effective in his rescue. This suppression of his emotional outburst was transmuted into action as he ascended the staircase from the basement and searched the newly discovered area for the staircase leading to the upper rooms. The noises from what appeared to be an old man grew louder as Will ascended the winding staircase towards the top floor. As he came within range of the man who he had not yet seen some dark force seemed to hold him back, resisting his upward climb towards the top of the stairs and to bear witness to the circumstances which were unfolding there. Will hovered around the corner of the room and cautiously peeped around it. He observed an older Jewish man putting a black robe over his suit and shrank back afraid of what this sinister figure might bring upon his brother and himself. He heard more movements and observed the flicker of a shadow as

this dark creature moved past him taking with him a black aura of hostile energy. Will peeked around the corner again and observed the man in black going towards another room obscured by the other corner of a hallway. He decided to take the risk of getting caught and knew that he must confront this demon soon or perhaps his brother's life would be forfeit. Just as he was making his way down the long hallway, peppered with other rooms to right and left their doors ajar he heard the voice of an elderly man still resonating with power intone - 'Abaddon! Abaddon! Thee...thee I invoke!' - which was repeating along with utterances of an arcane tongue unintelligible to Will, but certainly of a demonic nature given its monosyllabic and guttural quality. Will was impelled by this voice even as he shrank from it and continued down the hall in a hypnotic trance yet subconsciously knowing that he had to be the agent of his brother's rescue from the black-robed demon in the guise of a man. A scream rang out as Will was halfway down the hall and this broke the intonation of the mage as well as its hypnotic influence over himself. He ran the distance and discovered a sight of horror which rang in the depths of his being draining him of his life's force: the mage was stooped over his younger brother Kris who lay in a pool of his own blood, his scream having been abruptly silenced through the knife of this black-robed demon. A mist of black hovered around the mage which apparently drew energy from the blood; this Abaddon creature which had been invoked by his disciple who sat transfixed with bloody knife now brandished in the atmosphere a golden goblet of blood to his lips being drained within his murderer and becoming intertwined with he who had attempted to steal his soul through vampiric means. Will cried out while he hurled himself upon the black being casting him to the floor scattering the knife blade across to the other side. He threw him aside and attempted to salvage his dead brother whose eyes had glazed over in death. The demon Abaddon hovered over him and he grew rigid with terror; at the same time the sorcerer reached the blade and lashed at Will scratching his shoulder with its heat. Will kicked the sorcerer away and he sprawled upon the pentagram which was drawn upon the floor unconscious. The demon continued to press and harry Will instilling in him extreme fear and desperation to withdraw from the room. Stooping he took up the corpse of his dead brother and moved as quickly as he could down the hall and staircase sensing the presence of the demon behind. He exited the house and placing his dead brother in the carriage unwound the straps from the porch which served the purpose of binding the horse and buggy, assumed the position of driver and whipped the horse on towards an isolated place he knew far away from the hill and Stetl and all its dark energies. He careened down the path towards his selected destination, another bridge at the outskirts of town. The horse seemed to intuit his intention and needed little steering towards this destination, being in sympathy with Will that the place from which he came was a place of evil and that anywhere else was an improvement. As such the buggy bounced up and down as they sped away from the dark forces of the Stetl. Once arrived at the bridge it was darkest midnight and only a few stars shone out reflecting their light upon the water which flowed away towards the sea. Will dismounted and gathered up his brother's corpse. He broke apart the carriage with a heavy rock lying next to the riverbank and used the remaining pieces to construct a skiff into which he placed his brother's body and set it adrift towards the sea. Gazing up at the stars he swore to the gods that he would bring vengeance upon the black sorcerer even if it cost him his life. He walked and the horse walked behind him following the river back to the town. Deep in thought he hadn't noticed the horse lingering around and attempted to send him away. This failing he raced away from the animal weaving in and out of the small houses in attempt to lose his tail until he ceased to hear hoof beats and eventually arrived at his house. He climbed the tree next to his window and entered his room blacking out with the grief of the loss he had just suffered and vowing he would avenge the loss with the blood of the sorcerer.

A grey dawn broke with winds whipping down from the hill and against the houses in the town. Will awoke and heard them shrieking outside his window. He sprang from bed recalling the memory of yesterday and began immediately to formulate plans for his revenge against the evil which had suddenly presented itself to his formerly peaceful world. Upon descending the stairs he overheard his mother discussing with a police officer outside the apparent theft of a horse of a Dr. Fish which had been discovered in her yard that morning and which was alleged to have been stolen by her son from the former. At this point the mother had not as yet discovered the murder of her younger son Kris but was nevertheless distressed and had a look of sleeplessness about her. She mentioned to the police officer who was a Jew himself that she didn't hear Kris return last night and upon looking in on him discovered that he wasn't there. She was about to wire for the police when the officer had arrived. The conversation continued on for a time while Will quietly ascended the staircase and escaped out the window. He was now a fugitive from the law. As he descended the tree leading onto his room he ran into another Jewish police officer who grabbed him by his shirt collar. 'So you been around Fish's have ya? Better not pry into secrets, kid – or you might have to pay the piper!' So saying he threw an open-handed punch at Will's face which sent the child sprawling backward against the tree. 'You better not squawk kid or else you'll be next on the chopping block' – and with this he gave a swift kick to Will who buckled over with the shock. As the Jew walked away he stated to Will under his breath 'We'll come for you next goyboy! We don't like goys spreading rumours see?' Will was still panting for breath but knew he had only a short span of life remaining before the thugs of the Jewish invaders would come to abduct him – and what could he do so powerless a child as he was? He reasoned that the only hope for the future now was to terminate his life in the attempt to destroy the evil that had immigrated to his town. Strategizing he realized that given the materials out of which Fish's house was constructed namely wood with sawdust insulation the structure could serve as a deathtrap for its occupant whose comings and goings could be monitored from a distance and whose presence could be detected at night via the illumination of the upstairs window which shone a spotlight on Fish and his nocturnal lifestyle which was apparently carried on outside of his offices as a doctor. The first thing was to obtain materials with which to burn the house and a spyglass to observe from a distance when Fish was there and when the time would be right to commit the incendiary act. He knew his father, who was away at work, kept jugs of kerosene in the root cellar of their house for lamp fluid and packages of matches and candles were also stocked there. With these humble items he would burn in effigy the evil that plagued his town and which he inferred was concentrated in that house and its occupant. Obtaining these items and a backpack to store them in, he directed his gait from the town towards the Stetl and the place where he would establish his vigil. Fish had turned off his lights and taken to bed and to sleep. From thence he would enter via the basement or use his mother's hairpin to gain entry via picking the lock upon his arrival at the destination point Will looked towards the setting sun and thought of how he and his brother just the day before had been playing around the bridge upon which he now sat and observed the house which had been the end of his brother's life. The sun set and transformed into night but still Fish had not arrived. The lengthening of the hours began to stress Will to the point of despair as the thoughts entered his mind that his nemesis would refuse to show himself and that he had waited this night in vain. This night but perhaps there would be no other? Perhaps the police thugs of the Jews would have gotten to Will by that time and his vengeance would go unrealized. Such thoughts played themselves out in his mind until they were intruded into by the sounds of the horse pulling behind it a buggy similar to the one

he had smashed by the other end of town and upon which he had set his brother's body casting it off to sea with the current. The horse approached and Will recognized it as his former friend but the crack of the whip kept him racing on towards the house up the bend – towards the horror house of Fish. Will remained at his vigil until the light in the top room winked out at which time he sped off along the same path he had followed yesterday evening to carry out his mission to avenge his brother's death. The horse was awaiting Will as the latter ran up as if knowing that its liberator had come to divest it of its shackles and free it from the evil of this place. It let out a low snort as Will approached and repeated his act of undoing the straps from the porch and off the neck of the beast. The latter nudged Will and trotted off towards its own destiny finally free of the black demon that infested the area with his presence. Will undid his backpack as he approached the same location by the basement as before. It had been locked however and he was forced to attempt entry via the front door. He extracted his mother's hairpins and tried wiggling one in the lock, the other serving to twist the round area around the keyway in the pin and tumbler lock, a recent invention and improvement over the previous spring locks. He continued to twist but the hair pin snapped and he had to have recourse to using the bits from those which he had used whole. With difficulty he snapped off all the pins and pushed open the door. The room was still and a sensation of dread and despair clung to the atmosphere as of earthbound souls who were incapable of leaving their place of sacrifice and painful death, robbed of their destiny by the vampire who had come to this peaceful town from some alien realm and who was here only to destroy. As Will was walking from room to room spreading kerosene he heard a low ululating cry coming from the top floor; he was in process of splashing fuel along the stairs when it surprised him. He heard again this piercing shriek as of a demon disturbed in its repose. The door in the upper room flung open and the sound of a banshee bounding down the stairs accompanied the vibration. Will, wasting no time bolted out of the house as he lit a candle and lobbed it into the pool of gas. As Fish descended the staircase he was met with a gush of flame rushing up towards him and illuminating his eyes. Will turned outside of the house and viewed through the open doorway the demon staring at him with wild- eyed fury and screaming hoarsely – 'Curse you goy! Curse you!' As the flames engulfed his body and he fell down the stairs a black form ascended from out of his body, a shade-like being which turned towards Will as the flaming beams fell upon him, his black form disappearing in the holocaust of fire.

Will woke up in a room in the hospital in his town and saw his mother had fallen asleep by his side. As he stirred she was awoken and burst out in an emotional release crying and holding him to herself. 'Where is Kris?' she asked amidst her tears. Will informed her that he had been killed by Fish and they held one another each breaking down into a state of grieving taking farewell of Kris and his memory. 'I got him back, ma', Will said through sobs. 'Is that where the fires came from – you?' Will answered in the affirmative saying he had burnt Fish alive in his house. His mother informed him that the entire Stetl had burnt and that Will's body had been discovered unconscious by the bridge. His shirt had been torn as if by an animal but he had been found by one of the town's volunteer firefighters and a horse had been discovered nearby. 'Are they all dead those – immigrants', he said not knowing who or what else to call them. 'Their area had been burnt and most of them died. The few survivors relocated to the capital city. So long as you're safe – that's all I care about', she said. Will looked out of the window and saw the sun begin to rise on the horizon.