

The

Cadre

Published by Sean O'Malley

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First Edition

**“Cattle die, and kinsmen
die, and so must one die
oneself. But there is one
thing I know which never
dies, and that is the fame
of a dead man’s deeds.”
-Old Norse Proverb**

**In memory of the late Dr. William Luther Pierce.
9-11-33 to 7-23-02**

Chapter 1

The deafening shockwave almost ruptured my eardrums, the earth violently shook, as the steel-structured frame of the building buckled, followed by mountains of crumbling concrete and molten ash, that poured over the vehicles surrounding the barricade in front of the ADO World Complex. A thick, murky smog billowed from the wreckage, and massive clouds of radioactive dust smothered the corpse-ridden streets of New Jerusalem. Panicked citizens chaotically fled the apocalyptic scene, as they trampled over one another like wild animals in a vicious stampede. Amidst the terror, I gazed up at the elegant swirls of smoke that drifted beyond the horizon, high into the heavens above. The memory of Debbie's untimely death crept into my mind, and made the hair on my arms, and the back of my neck prickle.

The alarm on my cell phone sounded, and I checked the time: 9:03 AM, the exact moment Debbie was engulfed by the enormous explosion at this very spot, on this very day, 22 years earlier. For 22 years I planned, and prayed for a day of reckoning.

Finally, I stood witnessing all of our preparation come to fruition in a single blast that would ignite the Revolutionary powder keg, and forever alter destiny's future.

After years and years of planning and patiently waiting for our chance to strike, The Union finally kowtowed. I have dreamt of this day nearly every waking moment of my adult life. To avenge Debbie's death, to secure the existence of Our People, I dream no longer! The plasma shape-charge relentlessly tore through the tower killing everything within a ten-block radius.

I kept staring at the rubble, as if I was in some sort of hypnotic trance, until Bruce interrupted me.

"Bob, Bob, c'mon we've gotta go! Get in the van, already!"

All I could see was a faded silhouette outlining the shape of what appeared to be a man in front of the burning wreckage. My eyes focused, and Bruce instantaneously came into view.

"Are you alright?"

Paralyzed, I could barely move.

"OK, just a second, I'm on my..."

Suddenly, I felt as though a baseball bat had crushed my ribcage jolting me against the pavement. I peered down and noticed a bullet hole in my Kevlar jacket.

Bruce's voice echoed in the background: "Bob, what the hell are you trying to do? Get us all killed!"

Union soldiers had opened fire on us, and were spraying the van with Israeli-made Uzis. My brain felt like mush, my knees buckled, and immediately Bruce grabbed me by the collar of my jacket, and yanked me into the van, while Richard and Mindy pumped round after round of .223 caliber into The Union scum. The two of them single-handedly mowed down the small platoon of guards, and as the van sped away, I looked out the window in sheer amazement at the geyser of blood bubbling from the pile of Union corpses.

"I-I don't know, I guess I had a flashback."

Bruce's eyes flashed with rage.

"Goddamn, man of all the times to have a flashback!"

Turning his attention towards my wound, his face relaxed, and he became calm.

“Take off your vest, and let’s take a look.”

I looked down at my wounds, and felt the sting of what must have felt like a thousand yellow jackets, but more than any physical pain I felt terrible anguish as the images of burning buildings reminded me so much of Debbie.

“Yeah you’re gonna be alright, just some minor bruising. Randy, let’s get him back to the bunker so he can heal up.”

While incapacitated at the bunker, Dr. Hassett gave me some pain medication, and suggested I rest for a while. But the revolutionary excitement of the day was too much. I couldn’t sleep.

Instead, I decided to record the events leading up to the infamous day of Revolution: November 9, 2023.

As I type these words documenting Our Struggle, I sit at the foot of a musty well, which is connected to an intricate labyrinth of tunnels leading straight to the bunker. The Cadre made sure to construct everything according to Headquarter regulations. This was nearly four years ago, and since then we had stocked up on every possible type of modern weaponry, and

supplies. The well sits upon several acres that stretch out over the grassy plains and rolling hills of the midlands.

I remember countless Saturday evenings when Debbie and I would watch the sun slowly descend beneath the snow-tipped valley peaks, while the cool autumn breeze wisped through the grassy meadows below. The colorful leaves would catch a drift, and dance late into the evening, past the horizon, before elegantly dissipating from view. I desperately miss the scent of her fiery auburn hair as it flickered across my face like a Viking warrior girl sailing into Valhalla! Staring out at the horizon, with her by my side made me complete. Had it not been for The Massacre, I'm certain she would still be right here by my side, as she was so many years ago. Curse the monsters who did this to me! No matter, today, I hang my head in mourning no longer. For I know Debbie's spirit is with us, and lives on, every time I gaze into the green eyes of our 23 year-old son Gary, I sense it. I wish she could have seen him grow into the strong young man he is today. In him, I see our blood, I see her, I see the future. Debbie and Gary represent the purpose of Our Struggle. The intrinsic purpose of

life is to survive, and this is the ultimate morality. For them, I fight harder.

Anyway, the rest of The Cadre just went back into Brooksberg to acquire medical supplies. Except for Bruce and Mindy, who are busy mixing neo-radioactive C-4 back at the lab just above the bunker. Bruce had learned how to use plastic explosives back in his military days in Iraq, and Mindy worked in the X-Ray department's radiology lab shortly before the Revolution.

I watched as Bruce took a gallon of bleach from the pantry, and placed it in the enameled steel container that I had picked up the other day while on a routine reconnaissance mission into Brooksberg.

“How's your side feeling, Bob?”

“Oh, not too bad. Thank the gods for Kevlar.”

“You can say that again,” Mindy chimed in. “Can you imagine what it would be like after the Revolution, if Bob wasn't with us to celebrate? We'd all be sitting around having a drink or two reminiscing, saying yep, it's too bad Bob didn't make it to see

victory.”

I watched her curvaceous slender body elegantly bend over as she picked up the steel container from Bruce and began heating it on the stove.

I lowered my eyes.

“Yeah, I guess you’re right, Mindy.”

“What do you mean you guess! Of course, she’s right Bobby!”

Bruce grinned, and gave me a friendly slug on the shoulder. Then his demeanor took on a more serious tone.

“Now pay attention Bob, just in case anything happens to Mindy or I, you need to know how to make this stuff.”

Mindy weighed out 63 grams of potassium chloride, which we had easily obtained at various health and nutrition stores.

“Now, you need to add this to the bleach, while it boils. Go check the hydrometer, and give me a reading.”

“It’s at 1.1.”

“Alright tell me when it gets to exactly 1.3.”

My eyes caught a sudden glimpse of Mindy as she removed

her lab coat.

“Now what’s it say?” Bruce asked.

Quickly I diverted my attention back to the hydrometer.

“OK, 1.29, 1.3, take it.”

Bruce placed the solution in the laboratory’s refrigerator and allowed it to cool until it was between room temperature and zero degrees Celsius.

In the meantime, we stepped outdoors to practice our shooting and hunting skills. I had never noticed before how sexy Mindy looked while firing her AR-15. Her muscular legs tensed as tiny beads of sweat formed under her blond bangs, as she held the rifle butt firmly pressed against her shoulder. Suddenly I awoke from my trance.

“BULLSEYE!” Bruce yelled.

“Good shot, Mindy,” I remarked.

Mindy turned and gave us both a wink. “Thanks, boys.”

Afterwards we stepped inside to listen to Mindy read the children a book called *The Poisonous Mushroom*. Then we went to check on the solution in the lab. Once it had cooled, Bruce

instructed me to filter out all the crystals that had formed and put them off to the side. Then Mindy boiled and cooled the solution and just as before, she filtered it, and saved the crystals.

Bruce took some distilled water and mixed it with the crystals that we had previously saved.

“Combine these in the test tubes like so,” Bruce said.

“You’ll need the following proportions: 56 grams per 100 milliliters of distilled water.”

Again, Mindy heated this solution until it boiled and put it back in the fridge to cool.

“Now Bob, you need to filter the solution for a third time. This time the potassium crystals will be pure.” Her golden blond locks fell lightly upon pure White skin.

Bruce powdered the pure crystals to the consistency of face powder, and then heated it gently on the stove to drive off all of the moisture.

“This part’s my favorite,” Mindy said with glee. “Take five parts of Vaseline, melt them with five parts wax, and dissolve it into white gas, or camp stove gasoline. In our case, the latter.”

Smiling, she placed 90 parts of the potassium chlorate crystals into a plastic bowl, and then Bruce poured the mixture of Vaseline and gas on them. Then Mindy, wearing her radioactive suit and gloves, kneaded the liquid into the potassium chlorate and high-grade plutonium until it was thoroughly mixed. Her fingers worked diligently, and methodically.

“When she finishes kneading the explosives, don’t forget to place them into the cool, dry contained section of the lab. Always make sure to avoid friction, sulfur, sulfides, and phosphorous compounds.”

I nodded. Bruce looked up, and his grey eyes locked with mine in a sharp serious manner.

“We often found that the explosive is best molded to the desired shape and density of 1.3 grams per cube and dipped in wax until waterproof. These block type charges guarantee us the highest detonation velocity possible, if used with a blasting cap of at least a size three grade.”

“Well, let me tell ya, after witnessing the blasts from those plasma shape charges you and Mindy cooked up for the ADO, I

must say I believe ya beyond the shadow of a doubt.”

“Yes, but there’s only one problem,” Mindy tactfully interjected. Due to the presence of the sulfur and sulfide compounds, which these explosives are highly sensitive to, if exposed, it’s quite possible that they could eventually cause the C-4 to decompose while in storage. So we need to detonate the neo-radioactive C-4 not long after creating it.”

I turned to Bruce and gave a sly grin. “I don’t think that will be a problem. Whattya think Bruce?”

“Oh I reckon we’ll have quite a few Union targets to hit, after today’s success.”

Mindy chuckled, and then placed the C-4 in the refrigerator.

Behind the refrigerator, in the back left corner of the lab, lies a sink, with cedar cabinets underneath. Behind the cabinets, there is a tunnel, leading to the labyrinth eventually making its way to the bottom of the well. Just in case we ever had to ignite a large portion of that C-4 in the bunker, I had devised a mechanism acting as a lift to elevate a 270-pound load, or human in order to escape. As I’m sitting here at the bottom of the well, I’m periodically

screening for any intruders that might show up on the telescreen of my laptop. Thank the gods, Bruce had installed security cameras about six months ago, just in case we got any unwanted company.

He had ordered the spy cameras off a website located out of Moscow, Russia, and had them sent to our leader's P.O. Box, which we had conveniently disguised to look like a regular apartment complex. This simple tactic was enough to fool The Union goons, and allow us to retrieve the specialty items we would sporadically order from all around the world. But Randy was our Internet guru. He knew virtually everything from hacking, to identity fraud, to counterfeiting. Anything there was to know about the Internet, Randy knew it, and if he didn't know, he made damn certain to learn.

Randy had contacts from all over America, and the world even. For years he molded Internet relationships with only the most dedicated members of Our Cause. If it weren't for Internet forums such as stormtrooper.org, Randy never would have been able to create the extremely qualified network that he had cultivated over the years. It was through this network of followers,

that Randy had developed our intricate escape plan that was foolproof from government intervention. If we needed to disperse immediately, Randy had coordinated everything so that we would all have our own anonymous contact liaison, who would provide us with the necessary shelter and survivalist materials.

It was Randy who had created anonymous accounts for all of us under the guise of screen names. It was through these screen names that we were able to access a decentralized network from any location on Earth, and our people could get in touch with us incognito. This was almost as helpful as the payphone plan The Leader had devised years earlier. These security implementations, among other preparations, were essential for creating our nerve center of operations, which I am now monitoring as I write these words.

Well from the looks of my laptop telescreen, it looks like Richard, and the others just pulled onto the gravel driveway. I'm going to take the lift up, and see if they need any help unloading the equipment. I can still feel the sting from the Uzi, and it is constantly reminding me of Debbie. Dr. Hassett examined me

earlier, and said the pain should go away within a few days. I sure hope so. In the meantime I intend to chronolog the events leading up to our initial strike for historical purposes.

Chapter 2

The Massacre struck back in late 2001, when, for the first time, The Union had finally succumbed to foreign aggression on domestic soil. My wife was burned alive that day, her body charred beyond recognition. I'll never forget when the paramedics removed the blanket covering her poor, blackened face. This was the inception of my awakening. Before that dreadful day in September of 2001, I was the typical lemming. In order to support my family I worked aggressively, and desperately tried to earn as much money as I could. In those days, Friday night baseball games, the occasional Saturday night keg party in my backyard, Sunday morning Christian services, and inebriated Monday Night Football games with plenty of chips, salsa and debauchery for all were the pleasures of my life.

It all came crashing down on that fateful morning, when the mass-murdering Moslem terrorists killed Debbie. Being the good Christian that I was, at first I tried to "turn the other cheek," and forgive the Moslem terrorists who had roasted my wife in a *real* Holocaust. A few weeks later, though, a friend of mine e-mailed

me a broadcast from a man by the name of Dr. Williams, the Chancellor of an organization called the National Allegiance. This broadcast forever altered my destiny. At first I couldn't accept his message as the truth, but the more I investigated, the more astonished I became.

I began to fully understand the motives for the Moslem attack on The Union. Unfortunately, I had to accept my wife as a victim of this deadly retributive attack, but I refused to take the attack at face value. I had to know why. Why would the terrorists attack innocent women and children?

Now, though, I saw clearly that The Union had duped me into believing that the Moslems had attacked us, because they "hated our freedom." At the time, I was so full of rage I would have believed anything. Hence the reason why I refer to myself as a lemming.

My awakening was not an instantaneous one, although Dr. Williams' broadcast certainly triggered a chain reaction that delved into my innermost spiritual recesses, and would ultimately lead to complete enlightenment, and human renewal. I visited the

National Allegiance's website and became addicted to listening to Dr. Williams' weekly speeches. I found myself captivated by his alluring charisma, and passionate desire to back up his allegations with unrelenting factual evidence. As time passed, I began to discover the forbidden facts and ideas that Allegiance members would need to turn this country back on the right path, the path towards securing America from another retributive terrorist attack. The Satanic Union had devilishly tricked millions of Americans into believing that the Tyrannical regime in the District of Cohen was dedicated to "ridding" the world of terrorism. Dr. Williams tactfully exposed the regime's web of lies, and the mask was gracefully lifted from my eyes.

It was around this same time, of the pre-Revolutionary Era, that I began working at a warehouse for a man by the name of Goldstein. Goldstein was a short, dark-haired, olive-skinned miser, with sunken beady little eyes, that eerily enlarged behind the glare of his thick spectacles, which sat perched quite peculiarly upon his hooked nose. He sat at his desk, and a tall figure entered the room, whose complexion and features sharply contrasted with those

of Goldstein's. He had a sharp triangular nose, slightly turned upward, with a medium build.

“Good morning, Mr. Goldstein. I'm here to pick up my check.”

It was Richard. Sunlight beamed through Goldstein's office window creating a halo effect behind Richard's bright blond hair.

“Oye, Richard. How much do I owe you this week?”

“Well, the same amount you always pay me Mr. Goldstein.”

Goldstein stroked the brown greasy locks of curly hair that grotesquely hung from his overgrown sideburns. His creepy black eyes flitted towards me, back to Richard, and then down to the pile of disorganized papers sitting in front of him.

“Oh, oh, today was a very bad week for ze business. I'm so afraid with ze taxes and everysing zat I can't afford to pay ju but only \$50. Oh ze ekonomy is getting so very bad.”

“What! How the hell am I supposed to pay my bills?!”

Richard's broad shoulders tightened as he faced Goldstein. His piercing blue eyes almost angrily glared at the dirty miser.

Goldstein cowered in fear from Richard's assertive

approach.

“Oye, no reason to get upset my son. I will have to take out another loan from ze banks. Remember, I do have a family to feed and clothe.”

I looked down in disgust at the stinking rags Goldstein was wearing. He was absolutely filthy.

“You do whatever you have to do, Mr. Goldstein. We have an agreement. If you can’t pay me, I’ll have to find work elsewhere.”

Goldstein’s eyes suspiciously shifted, and he shook his head frowningly.

“Oye, very well Richard. I will get you ze money. My son will just have to go a few days wissout food. Oye, ze misery.”

We left the office so Goldstein could feel sorry for himself in peace. Shortly after this incident, Richard began to point out some rather extraordinary revelations about Goldstein. He conveniently showed me around, and got me acclimated to the warehouse environment. He explained to me that Goldstein mass-manufactured handcuffs and distributed them to law enforcement

agencies all around the country.

Richard and I were the only two workers, besides the Chicano secretary, at Goldstein's handcuff plant. For some odd reason, perhaps the fact that the city had become so incredibly dangerous, Goldstein never stayed at the warehouse past 7:00 at night. Every evening Richard would peer through a tiny hole in the bay door that looked out into the parking lot. Once he determined that Goldstein's car was gone, we would raid his office and peruse through his personal files. From these, I learned just how strange Goldstein actually was. Richard was determined to show me that Goldstein was somehow wrapped up in illegal activity of various sorts. I was skeptical, but my curiosity slowly unraveled with every piece of new evidence we found.

The warehouse was literally a terrible mess. Goldstein had mounds of papers scattered throughout the entire office, underneath half-eaten pizzas, spilled milkshakes, and Kosher pickle jars. I'll never forget the first time Richard opened the door to Goldstein's office after he left that day. The stench was so putrid we had to cover our mouths with rags. Flies and maggots swarmed around

Goldstein's chair, while ants scoured his computer for crumbs fallen beneath the cracks of the keyboard.

“How can anyone possibly live like this?”

“They're not human,” Richard retorted. “Take the Rothschild's for instance. They are one of the most notorious criminal families in modern Western History. There was a famous movie made about them once. In fact, the National Socialists used an excerpt from it in their film *Der Ewige Jude*. Whenever the German tax collectors paid Baron Rothschild and his family a visit for tax evasion, Baron Rothschild knew they were coming. So he dressed his children in rags, and hid the roast they were preparing for the Sabbath. He told the collectors he had no money to even feed his children, much less pay taxes, even though he was the wealthiest man in Germany at the time! History has proven, they like to live in filth, and have no respect for themselves, nor their living quarters.”

“Goldstein sure as hell doesn't, that's for sure. Well let's go through some of his stuff.”

“Wait, you might want to put these on.”

Richard smiled and handed me a pair of latex gloves.

“You never know where anything in this office has been before.”

“Right, you’ve definitely got a point. Besides, we don’t want to leave any fingerprints, or traces of DNA.”

We began swatting flies, removing maggots and other insects, while examining everything from bank accounts, to social security numbers, passports, and a multitude of different business ideas and receipts. The more and more material we sifted through, the more I realized that Goldstein was involved in a number of underground activities. He had given his friend a loan to produce a movie for \$25,000 and at the young age of 21 given his wife a \$7,500 diamond wedding ring. I thought to myself, how does someone who sells handcuffs afford to shell out money in such large quantities? Goldstein had several different stock accounts with many banks in the world. It was rather difficult for me to understand why someone who sold handcuffs for a living would be connected to so many different business ventures. My mind kept wondering, and I hungered to find out more about this mysterious

Goldstein fellow.

“Hey Rich, how do you know Goldstein doesn’t have any security cameras in here?”

“I know for a fact he doesn’t. It’s quite simple, actually, he’s too cheap to buy the equipment.”

Richard and I increased our surveillance on Goldstein.

One time Goldstein had Richard use his cell phone to call a local hardware store to inquire about a few items. I told Richard to check Goldstein’s contact list hoping that we would certainly find a huge list of his corrupt cronies. Instead we found only about 11 contacts, but one of them turned out to be a high-ranking Union official. Not to mention we found business cards littered throughout the entire warehouse, with various FBJ agents’ names and titles on them. How could this be? A man perceived by the public to be an absolute nobody, had connections with so many people in positions of power, particularly within The Union. Even his wife used to work for AB-See News as a broadcaster. Goldstein and his wife used oddly titled names for their businesses, often with vague sounding labels like *Goods and Services*

International.

At first I was shocked, and then later frightened by the connections the mysterious Goldstein had with The Union. One day, while Goldstein was at lunch, we put on gloves, and got on his laptop. I was expecting to find some international spy ring, or something of the sorts, but all we found was some illegal pornography, including some disgusting bestiality photos of Goldstein, his daughter, and a horse. All of a sudden, Goldstein pulled up in his car, and we had to shut everything down. He had forgotten his coat, and Richard had his nine-millimeter ready, just in case we had to eliminate him. Fortunately, we were able to exit the office quickly before Goldstein noticed.

A few days later, we discovered a manila envelope addressed to Goldstein by a man named Silverberg from Israel.

“Hey Bob! Bob, come here, check this out!”

I turned around and noticed Richard pulling photographs from a large manila envelope with the name Silverberg written in bold black letters.

“What is it?”

Richard handed me one of the photographs, and as I looked down at the image my stomach churned uneasily. The gruesome memory still burns in my brain to this very day.

“It looks like some sort of illegal pornography.”

Inside the envelope were some naked photos of attractive young women who were handcuffed. The handcuffs must have been the ones we had manufactured for Goldstein. After much investigation we found that Richard and I were manufacturing handcuffs for Goldstein so he could get Silverberg to import sex slaves from Russia, and sell them to buyers here under The Union. Oddly enough, Goldstein was always acting very friendly around us, a little too friendly. He always gave off the perception that he was a moral man, who never did anything illegal. But Richard and I were discovering the *real* Goldstein.

After a few months of working at the warehouse, Goldstein started having us leave early before the Sun went down on certain days. I asked Richard why, and he said, “Follow me.” He led me to Goldstein’s office, and opened the drawer to his desk. Inside was a strange looking circular silver skullcap made of satin. We

both looked at each other, and from that moment I understood. Goldstein was a Jew.

He was forcing us to leave on the day before his Jewish holidays because we had to be home before the Sun went down. Richard told me that tomorrow was “The Feast of the Purim,” where the Jews would ritually make cookies called “Haman Taschen” representative of their age-old enemy Haman’s ears. The triangular cookies were filled with meat called “Kreplach.” All the children in the synagogue would get together and make loud booing, and hissing sounds whenever Haman’s name was mentioned. The adults got willow reeds together and viciously beat the ground signifying the scourging of King Haman.

I was appalled at the barbaric and disgusting rituals Richard kept telling me. It was strange, because I had always thought of Judaism as a peaceful religion. But I remembered Dr. Williams’ broadcasts warning us about the dangers of the Jewish-controlled state of Israel, and their influence on The Massacre. This confirmed what Dr. Williams’ had said. After The Massacre, various Jews in positions of power within The Union had bragged,

“to not worry about the Americans, because we the Jewish people control America, and the Americans know it.”

Ostensibly the Jews are filled with so much animosity that they celebrate the torture of King Haman, who opposed them centuries before. If they are that hateful, it would seem quite plausible that they were behind The Massacre. But I hadn't seen enough evidence yet, to fully convince me. However, this in conjunction with Silverberg's repulsive human slave trade inspired me to find out more. Especially since I have always been very much pro-freedom, and steadfastly against slavery of any sort. It was rather disgusting that Goldstein was able to practice slavery in my country, which was one of the *first* countries in the world to free slaves, and promote basic ideals of freedom, and justice for all.

Richard gave me a copy of their bible called the Talmud, and the passages about the molestation of young children terrified me. I knew there was something horribly wrong with these people. These Jews wanted to rule supreme over those they call the “goyim” or cattle. They were actually convinced they were in

control of the so-called “goyim.” I was thoroughly surprised that Goldstein was such a Jewish supremacist. But nonetheless this was not some sort of conspiracy, this was *real*. The more and more evidence I uncovered, the more I became convinced that we had to do something about the Goldstein’s and the Silverberg’s who were running The Union from behind the scenes, pulling the strings on their “goy” (singular for goyim) puppets.

One day, while searching through Goldstein’s desk, I found a list by the ADO, or Anti-Defamation Organization, an organization supposedly looking out for the interests of Jewish people. The list was a memo to The Union requesting that the following books be incinerated: *Jewish Supremacism*, by David Duke, *The Turner Diaries*, by Andrew MacDonald, *Why Johnny Can’t Think*, by Bob Whitaker, *Death of the West*, by Patrick Buchanan, and *Culture of Critique*, by Professor Kevin MacDonald.

I couldn’t believe my eyes. Why would an organization in today’s modern society urge The Union to burn books? I had learned in my University days that burning books was equivalent

to Nazism, and yet here was a Jewish group openly demanding that The Union destroy the aforementioned books. I was absolutely astounded, and determined to read every single book on the list. When I did, I couldn't believe the information contained in them. This was no conspiracy. This was real. I read thousands of footnotes confirming that the Jews are genocidal maniacs obsessed with exterminating the White peoples. I thought, no...this can't *possibly* be true. But it is.

My initial reaction was to dismiss the evidence as nonsense, but then the memory of Debbie kept creeping back into my mind. I knew there just had to be reasons why the foreigners attacked us on the terrible day of The Massacre. I tried to deny it. For days I agonized, and turned the thoughts over in my head. I tried fishing, hunting, watching television, exercising, but nothing worked. Once I read the truth, it was too late. No matter how hard I tried to forget, the memories just wouldn't go away. There was too much evidence. It also explained to me why the Jews have always been so persecuted throughout history. Have they always acted this way?

The reoccurring nightmarish images of planes pounding into buildings played over and over again like a tape recorder in my mind. Finally, I said, “this is enough, I’m going to see a priest.”

Father Christopher was a peculiar old man. He was well versed in Latin, and somewhat of an alcoholic. On Saturday evening, I scheduled reconciliation with him in the confessional...

“Hello there my child. What would you like to talk about this fine evening?”

“Hello, Father Christopher. I have a problem.”

Father Christopher adjusted his collar. “Well, that’s what the confessional’s for, isn’t it my son? Shall we begin?”

“Well, no, you see, that’s the problem Father. The confessional and everything.”

“Oh, it’s been a while then, has it?”

“No Father, it’s not that. It’s just that I’ve been, well, there’s this problem I’ve been having, concerning the Jews, you see...”

“Ohh, that sort of problem. Never fear, my child, for they

are God's Chosen people.”

“No, Father, I don't think you understand. There's this Jew I work for, I mean I have a friend who works for a Jew named Goldstein, at the handcuff plant, and he orders my friend around while he manufactures handcuffs for him, you see, and we get to talking sometimes. And he troubles me, Father.”

“Oh, he's in the handcuff industry, is he? Strange. Reminds me of a joke I heard once; there was this cop and a priest, you see...”

“Father, Father, about my problem, Father... my friend and I talk about the Church and Jesus and the Bible and things like that.”

“Marvelous subjects, every one of them...”

“Yes, Father, but anyway, I mentioned the other day that I was going to go to confession, and my friend told me that Christianity is a terrible deception, an Oriental religion from the Middle East, created by Jews to control the masses.”

“Oh, did he now?”

“He sure did. And I have to confess, he was very convincing, and to be honest I think he might be right. For years

I have gone to Church and listened to you, and the other priests tell me that Jews are the Chosen people of God. But now I have come across incontrovertible evidence that the Jews are swindlers. I even read their bible the Talmud, and the Rabbis say their Bible supercedes the Old Testament!”

“Well, now, it’s very good that you and your friend are searching within your souls for God, and the true meaning of life, to serve him, and your fellow man. Tell me some of what you know about this Talmudic scripture.”

“OK, Father, in fact, I have some of it written down. First of all, he said that in Erubin 21b. it states that “whosoever disobeys the Rabbis deserves death and will be punished by being boiled in hot excrement in Hell.”

“Oh, hmm, he told you that now did he? Anything else?”

“Well, he also said that according to Maimonides, Mishnah Torah, (Chapter 10), p. 184: It is a mitzvah [religious duty], however, to eradicate Jewish traitors, minnim, and apikorsim, and to cause them to descend to the pit of destruction, since they cause difficulty to the Jews and sway the people away from God, as did

Jesus of Nazareth and his students, and Tzadok, Baithos, and their students. May the name of the wicked rot.”

“Oh, very good. Well, you’ve come to the right place. Let’s have a look at this together shall we? I see you have a Talmud there.”

“Yes, he gave it to me, and even highlighted parts of it for me.”

“Ohh, I’ll bet he did. Well, where shall we start? Here, do you know what this is?”

“That is the Talmud, the Jewish book of laws, or Old Testament, so he says. It’s all very interesting, but we’re under grace now, not under law.”

“No, actually the Old Testament is the Torah. The Talmud is quite different. Let’s look at the New Testament then, shall we? I think we’ll find that the practice God begun in the Old Covenant is not removed in the New, it’s fulfilled! Let us read...”

“No, Father. I want you to tell me right, now. Have you and the bishops been lying to me? Is it true that St. Thomas Aquinas stated in his writing called “On the Governance of the

Jews,” that: “The Jews should not be allowed to keep what they have obtained from others by usury; it were best that they were compelled to work so that they could earn their living instead of doing nothing but becoming avaricious?”

“Um, well...”

“Father! Why did Vatican II occur? Why did the Church support Adolf Hitler? Yet, now they are constantly forgiving the Jews, even though they still reject Christ? Are the Jews behind the terrorist attacks? Tell me Father, please.”

“OK, I will tell you, but you must keep this between us.”

“I swear.”

“OK, the Jews control us, they are our masters. They own us, just as they own and control other nations. First it was just Europe, but now their influence has spread. There is nothing you or I, or the other priests can do about it, other than submit. You are young, and brilliant. You still have time to make a difference. I encourage you to consider a vocation. Let me teach you, and then become a priest, help us. The Catholic Church is dying, my son. The only way to stop the devilish Jew is to pray to God for mercy,

and when we die, we shall seek eternal life.”

“No! I cannot believe you, Father! For years, you and the other priests have deceitfully and treacherously lied to me, and my fellow parishioners! Why? Why must you cause us such tremendous pain and suffering? Goddamn you, goddamn you to Hell, Father Christopher! You’re just as bad as the Jews!”

I burst out of the confessional, hurdling pew after pew, sprinting out of the church, and slamming the gothic doors behind me. Into the cold dark night I ran. The bell tower echoed behind me, drowning Father Christopher’s pleas for me to come back. Hot steam poured out of my mouth like a Jacuzzi in the middle of July. “How could this be?” “*How could this be!*” I screamed at top of my lungs.

My mind felt as thick as a murky swamp. Beads of sweat streamed down my face, and rolled off my cheeks. I couldn’t think straight at all. For blocks I ran, rounding the corner at Old 5th Ave. and Main, where Wolfensohn’s drugstore used to be. Gasping and wheezing heavily, I finally slowed to a tiring stroll.

I refused to believe it, but all the evidence was there. I just

had to hear it with my own two ears. Even my church, my very own Catholic church, knew about the Jewish problem, yet they felt helpless, paralyzed, and did nothing. They were all too cowardly to take a stand. I'm not afraid, though. For me, this is personal. My wife is dead because of these rats, I swore on her grave I would avenge her, and I will.

I kept roaming the streets of downtown until I arrived at Richard's apartment. A petite brunette with curvy hips, and grey eyes answered the door.

"Hello, I need to see Richard immediately."

"Are you alright? You look like you've just seen a ghost. Do you want something to drink?"

The sweat on my forehead turned cold, my hands trembled, and my vision blurred.

"Yes ma'am. I'll have a scotch and soda, please."

"I quivered. This can't be happening, I thought to myself. The whole world has been turned upside down, and inside out."

"Do come inside, dear. By the way, I'm Carrey, Richard's niece."

“Robert Eberhardt, pleased to meet you.”

“The pleasure is all mine, what brings you here to see Rich?”

I nervously fidgeted with my jacket, and attempted to hang it on the coat rack.

“Eh, well it’s rather complicated. Has he told you about the Jews?”

Suddenly I heard the door connected to the adjacent room behind me, and a voice said: “So you finally figured things out for yourself, huh Bob?”

“I turned around and there was Richard grinning like a Cheshire cat. He walked over to Carrey, took the glass of scotch and soda from her, and gave it to me saying:

“I knew you’d come around in time Bob. I always knew you weren’t like the others. They’re all a bunch of mindless drones, sheep, lemmings, whatever you want to call ‘em. But you, Bob, you’re a real go-getter. You see, you have independence of thought, and discipline. Very few of us possess those qualities, the qualities that make real patriots.”

I twirled the umbrella straw in my drink, and took a sip of scotch.

“Ya know Rich, I never could have done it without you. If it wasn’t for you I’d still be angry at those Moslems for what they did to my wife. Although, I am still angry with them, I understand the situation more fully. I’d like to propose a toast. To the future!”

The three of us clinked our glasses together, and I felt a sense of community, a sense of self-worth, a sense of belonging, like none other I had ever experienced in my entire life. My life now had a purpose; the most significant and ultimate purpose in the Universe.

“Wait a minute, what’s all this talk about the Jews, Uncle Rich?”

Apparently Richard had never told her a word about the self-proclaimed “Chosen” before.

“You’ll have to excuse my niece. I haven’t seen Carrey since she was four years old. My brother and his family just moved here from down South. I warned them for years that the race problems in the South were only going to get worse. They never

listened to me, and it cost them Jason's life."

Richard's eyes lowered, and he took a gulp of scotch.

"Wait, what do you mean? How did he die?"

"Well, Carrey's brother, Jason, my nephew, along with 14 other White students were shot dead by a gang of jigs at his school cafeteria last month."

"I'm sorry to hear that. Well Carrey I would tell you what I know about the Jews, but your Uncle here is much more knowledgeable about the subject. Why don't you pour us all another round of scotch and soda, I'll build a fire, and we can sit down in the living room and discuss our wonderful Zionist Occupied Government."

And so we did. We sat, and talked for hours. Essentially, Richard explained to Carrey that the Jews comprised an overwhelming monopoly on cabinet seats behind The Tyrant who was in charge of The Union. The truth was Goldstein's tribe had pushed for The Union legislation that allowed the foreigners into our country. The sneaky bastards even took advantage of the fact that the majority of legislators were Christians. They waited

until all the Christians went home for Christmas in late 1965 and early 1966, and pushed through the infamous immigration bill. The foreign Arabs were the ones who attacked us on the day of The Massacre, not because they “hated our freedom” but rather because the Jews had brought their wars from the Middle East to our shores. They allowed the Arabs into our homeland. In 1965 they opened the floodgates, and now we are paying the price. Not for long though, the time has come to drive both Arab and Jew out once and for all.

Richard explained that it wasn't long after the passage of the criminal Immigration Act of 1965, that the tyrannical Union regime was brazenly pushing for war with the Arabs in the Middle East. Rich and I didn't want to fight the Arabs, we just wanted them out of our land, for what they had done to us on the day of The Massacre. Now we realized that the Jews had allowed the Arabs into our country by pushing for the 1965 Immigration Act, in stark contrast to the *original* Immigration Act of 1790 which called for immigration of “free Whites only.”

After the passage of this criminal act, the Union began

importing illegal Third World labor while the controlled media convinced the lemmings that White people didn't want to work anymore. This in spite of the fact that White people had built this great nation from the ground up. These non-Whites invaded our homelands, because their nations had already turned into impoverished wastelands due to their incompetence.

The Mestizo invaders had done every single thing they possibly could to run White people off of their jobs. They pulled every lowlife trick, and stunt to get White people fired. Then if that didn't work they pulled the race card. This trump card was designed by Jews and their henchmen, to ensure that every single White man would lose his job, and be replaced with some foreign born Third Worlder. Soon there were few jobs left, and White people were constantly discriminated against in their own country. White people were forced to pay for crack-head pregnant Negro women, while *our* people starved in the streets. The steel factories, food production, clothing design, electronics, the automobile industry, everything had been outsourced to Third World nations. Our prices kept rising steadily, and the controlled media told us it

was the evil Arabs with their oil monopolies who were hurting our economy.

The truth was our dollar was being devalued, as more and more people lost faith in its strength. Oil wasn't the only thing that had become ridiculously expensive for White people, everything had. This insanity could only last for so long, before nature would take its course.

Finally, on the 20th of April 2004, at Richard's apartment Carrey and I both turned in Membership Applications to the National Allegiance. The Union deserved to pay for their treachery, and it was through this blatant treason, that my wife is no longer with us today. I was more determined than ever to avenge her.

I quickly began implementing strategies and tactics, with other dedicated members of the Allegiance. Through literature campaigns, leaflet distributions, and the purchasing of billboards and other media the Allegiance grew exponentially. We were a stunning example to free people throughout the world, of what a few brave men can accomplish when they refuse to submit to Union tyranny. Against incredible odds, we were steadfastly

determined to cripple the treacherous regime in the District of Cohen.

But we understood that in order to do so, Allegiance members would have to accomplish three primary goals. First the acquisition of monetary funds, second the obtainment of safe houses and weaponry, and third: seizure of The Union's infrastructure through force. In order to secure our first objective, an intense recruiting effort had to be accomplished. The more high-quality recruits we could gain, the quicker we could receive the necessary monetary support to further our second objective.

Once we had enough funds to purchase copious amounts of high-tech weaponry, land, safe houses, and other supplies, we would be prepared to launch our war against The Union. The Jews, and their shabbos goy collaborators, would be dragged out into the streets, and executed. Like a band of Viking warriors prepared to plunder our foes, we would strike mercilessly against our oppressors, The Union. We would utterly destroy them, and they would flee in fear as the Normans did when Scandinavian plunderers ravaged northern England. Unfortunately that was a

fratricidal conflict, but not this time. No more fratricide, now it is between the White man and the Jew.

The evidence abounded. The Jews were the primary reason why the Moslem foreigners had attacked us on the day of The Massacre. They were colluding with the government in order to keep us oppressed. Together, Richard and I began to formulate a detailed plot against Goldstein's tribe. A Trojan horse would be wheeled in right under The Union's nose, and then we would blitzkrieg. First we organized a hardcore group of radical fighting men, who weren't afraid to challenge Jewish power. After having been members of the National Allegiance for about a year, we finally decided that it was time to *really* start getting serious, so we created an elite underground unit, called The Cadre.

Chapter 3

In the beginning The Cadre had only ten members, eleven including myself. I created The Triumvirate along with my two best friends: Bruce and Richard. The Triumvirate, Bruce, Richard, and myself, composed the leadership of The Cadre. All major decisions were to be voted upon by The Three, or Triumvirate. The remaining eight would be the top layer of the hierarchical structural pyramid. The Eight only knew what The Triumvirate wanted them to know. Soon they would learn more, and as we recruited more elites, The Eight would be above them in knowledge, but never in status. The Triumvirate had handpicked The Eight, but at first none of The Eight even knew one another.

This was done on purpose, in order to test the will power, endurance, and most of all loyalty of The Eight. Bruce, Richard, and I knew precisely where our loyalties lay: with The Volk, and only The Volk.

We first began our operations out of Bruce's apartment, which was leased in the name of a silent local National Allegiance unit member named Vince. All of our driver's licenses had the

local unit's P.O. Box cleverly disguised as our addresses. We even made fake Secret Servicios and FBJ ID cards. If the FBJ ever came after one of us we would simply show them the Secret Servicios ID, and pretend to be monitoring the alleged "hate group." If the Secret Servicios showed up at the doorstep, same thing, instead we just used the FBJ Identification. None of our vehicles were registered in our own names. Basically, we were invisible. Moreover, Randy had networked with White Nationalists through stormtrooper.org's forum. These Nationalists lived in all sorts of different places, like New Jerusalem, California, Idaho, and Florida for instance. They were all financially stable, and had their own safe houses. From Bruce's small apartment, The Cadre began its first mission: Operation Finance.

Back in December of 2005, Randy purchased our first high-quality Epsun RX600 printer, along with an Envisions scanner, several packages of 500 sheets of HP 22 lb. paper, a large quantity of Ellmer's glue, and aerosol lemon juice spray. In the meantime, I sent Richard and Mindy to the local bank to get a hold of some

crisp new twenty-dollar bills. Using a computer, we made sure to disconnect from the Internet, and began to scan the twenties, until we could later perfect our methods to incorporate higher valued tender. After having scanned the first five, for instance, Randy would open the bill in Adobe Photoshop, and then lighten it by 20 per cent. Then, after much experimentation with a series of positioning the bills on the page, we were able to print out sheets of high quality counterfeit with five bills per page.

The process was completed in an assembly line style format. While wearing gloves, Randy would print the page, and then flip it over making sure it was positioned correctly so that the opposite side would come through properly aligned. Then he'd hand the page to Richard, who would then dip it in the bathroom sink, which was filled with one part glue, and four parts water. After submerging the page in the solution for a few seconds, he would clip the page to a clothesline that stretched out over the bathtub.

When the initial pages had dried, I would take them, and use a paper cutter to precisely cut the bills out. After I finished

cutting a page, Mindy would take that page and spray it with lemon juice, and then toss it into Bruce's dryer. Once the dryer was decently full she would sprinkle a fair amount of baby powder into the load, and let it run on "Permanent Press."

Then Bruce would take the bills out and mark them with counterfeit detection pens to ensure they appeared real. The glue and water solution made the bills feel realistic, while the acidic lemon juice would react with the counterfeit pen to produce the correct color needed for verification. We also experimented with nail polish remover to remove the ink from one-dollar bills, and then print higher denominations on the blank bill. Once he was satisfied, Bruce would then place the bills between various pages inside the car manual of his glove box, and transport them to local gas stations, where we had our people stationed as clerks. Upon entering the convenience stores, he would purchase a packet of gum, and pay our man with an excess of money. Our man would then hand Bruce the real money from the register in return. Using this method, it was typically only customers that ever interacted with our clerk and the bills. If the manager or police asked any

questions, the clerk would just pretend like he had no clue what was going on. Besides, no one trained them to check for fives and tens anyway.

The situation in our city had become so desperate that really the only people our clerks had to deal with were blacks that were strung out on crack cocaine, Chicanos who were stoned on Marijuana, or slant-eyed Communist Chinamen who didn't care whether the money was real or not, as long as they profited and White people suffered.

The counterfeiting accomplished two tasks. One, we were putting more bills out than The Union's market could handle, and two, we made thousands of dollars per week. But we still weren't making enough to advance to step two. So in the meantime we roamed the Illegal Alien infested streets, armed with tasers and gave the Mestizos 9,000 volts of high-powered electricity, for an instant tax return. Once The Triumvirate had decided we had reached a sufficient level of cash flow, we began to pursue phase two: Operation Armament.

Chapter 4

When the ancient Greeks and Romans secured their civilization, they heavily relied on salt deposits from the Black Sea, and grain for trade. Once they had acquired vast amounts of wealth, through trade, they built, and purchased weaponry. This would be used for both defense, and war. The Vikings on the other hand, plundered their foes without remorse.

Using history, as our model for Revolution, we began acquiring large amounts of money, and started to use that money to purchase weapons. We bought some property out in the country, Northeast of Brooksberg. We purchased just a little bit at first, with the money we had made from counterfeiting, and our credit card scams. Then we began buying up as many weapons as we could get our hands on. Richard's cousin Steve had connections with the underground firearms trade, and we were able to purchase some very decent weaponry at an extremely inexpensive rate.

We hoarded up about every type of gun we could get our hands on: Shotguns, handguns, Mini-14's, Barrett sniper rifles, grenade launchers, and plenty of ammo. However, we primarily

focused on the stockpiling of AR-15's. The reason for this was that we had learned from our ex-military recruit Brian that in the event of a revolution, The Union would be using 5.56 rounds of ammunition. So we needed guns that could fire blackmarket government ammo. Although we were buying as much as we possibly could, we never knew how much ammo we would need in the end.

Nearly every week Bruce and I would drive out to our land, and bury the weapons in different underground caches. We created a bunker out of an old trailer that we bought, and buried it underground. This would later serve as our command center.

Meanwhile, the National Allegiance's media was expanding quite rapidly. Much of the ill-begotten funds we funneled back into the organization under the guise of "dues payments." We flooded the National Headquarters with thousands at first, and later millions. Every year the Allegiance's media grew, and reached more people than ever before. At first we had just a book catalogue, magazine, and a radio program. Then we started putting up billboards all around the country advertising our websites.

Then we started producing our own DVDs, and massively distributed them. Ultimately we had our own news website, with live feeds from Allegiance members around the country, and a daily paper delivered to the doorsteps of nearly every American. Much progress was being made as our tentacles of propaganda stretched across the globe.

As we painstakingly drained The Union of its cash, by artificially inflating their monetary system, and thereby increasing the power of the Allegiance's media we systematically elevated ourselves, and lowered The Union. As a result of these changes, The Union started drastically implementing Draconian laws to not only muzzle us, but strip away one of our most important rights: the right to bear arms.

Just as we were working systematically to undermine The Union, they were doing the same to us. Except, of course, they had more power. In 2008, The Tyrant signed The Waxman and Levi Acts into law, which permanently banned all "Assault Rifles." This was the first follow-up ban to the old poorly-worded 1994 Assault Weapons ban, which reached its Sunset after 10 years,

back in 2004. Few patriots remembered the former Attorney General Janet Beano's words: "Waiting periods are only a step. Registration is only a step. The prohibition of firearms is the goal."

Fortunately by 2008, we had already stockpiled heaps of so-called "Assault Weapons" and grenades. We had even ordered massive amounts of receivers and parts, so that we could manufacture our own. At this time it was still legal to possess "Assault Weapons."

The Waxman bill outlawed all manufacturing of anything that did not look like a basic rifle or handgun. Of course we argued that was all up to the eye of the beholder, but The Union sent out Mestizo inspectors, and basically anything they deemed illegally manufactured after January 1st 2008, was discarded. The subsequent Levi bill outlawed the possession of "Assault Weapons" and was passed only a few months after the Waxman bill.

When these bills were passed many patriots were angry, but did nothing. They were too afraid of The Union to fight back. Even the powerful gun lobby seemed muzzled. Everyone lived

in fear. Except for us. We were busy hoarding weapons, and planning our next move.

Three years later in 2011, on the 10th Anniversary of The Massacre, using shotguns and hunting rifles hundreds of “Arabs” in Washington D.C. and New York went on drive-by shooting sprees in front of all of The Union’s important government buildings. They also rained bullets on all of New Jerusalem’s local synagogues. Of course I felt much pain after these attacks, as did most Americans. The memory of Debbie stung in my heart, and I wanted to go out and slay the brutish foreigners who harmed more innocent Americans that day. But I knew the time wasn’t yet right, so I waited. Ten thousand innocent White people died that day at the hands of Moslem terrorists. Strangely, the synagogues were empty, and few Jews died.

Due to the minute number of Jewish deaths, there was much speculation of a Jewish conspiracy in various White Nationalist circles. More than likely, this was the work of the Mossad, a Jewish terrorist organization, whose motto was “By Way of Deception, thou shalt do war.”

Nonetheless, this caused The Union to enact the 2013 “Terrorist Firearms Removal Law.” The Union argued that since the terrorists used basic shotguns, rifles, and handguns to murder thousands, that all citizens must turn their guns over to The Union, or else the terrorists might “strike again.” They claimed that in order for America to be secure against terrorism it was necessary for law-abiding citizens to hand over their guns. We knew this was a joke, as did all serious patriots, but most Americans gleefully handed over their guns in exchange for “security from the terrorists.”

Fortunately the National Allegiance’s media was growing out of control due to our massive funding campaign, and The Cadre continued to build and stockpile more guns.

Chapter 5

Out of these troubled times of governmental oppression of White people, and suppression of our most basic right to freedom of speech, the time had come to finally act. We had amassed thousands of dollars, hundreds of weapons, a good amount of property, upon which our bunker had been built. It was now time to take things to a new level.

Our first operation was to rob Goldstein's bank: Bank Amerikwa. Back when I had worked at Goldstein's warehouse I had discovered the keys to his safety deposit box under some scattered papers in an old office drawer, where he kept his yarmulke. I took them.

The plan was for Bruce and I to enter Bank Amerikwa wearing disguises, and empty out Goldstein's safety deposit box. Next, I was going to calmly wait in line, and hand the teller a note saying:

“If you want to live, hand over all of the money in the drawer. Don't make any sudden movements. **NO** ink bombs! If

you panic, We'll slaughter every last one of you! Cooperate and no one gets hurt. You have 10 seconds.”

The black van, containing three members of the bottom tier of The Cadre, was parked across the street. These members, disguised as construction workers were fully armed with a Barrett sniper rifle, three AR-15's, and 25 grenades. The white van, containing three members of the medium tier of The Cadre, was parked in the actual parking lot of Bank Amerikwa. These members were armed with a whole cache of weapons, including military grade mortars. Richard, and two other senior members of The Cadre were to pose as actual customers of the bank, heavily armed, with full body armor underneath their civilian clothes. Of course, Bruce and I certainly weren't lacking a sufficient supply of arms ourselves.

All eleven of us wore transparent earpieces and microphone headsets that were encrypted for effective communication with one another. Bruce and I rode in the white van, and rendezvoused with the black van across the street. Then we let David, Mindy, and Richard out in intervals of 15 seconds. Mindy and Richard entered

together posing as a couple, but appeared unaffiliated with David.

Then Bruce and I, disguised as Rabbis, drove the other three across the street, parked, and entered Bank Amerikwa. As I approached the safety deposit box section I noticed a hideous looking woman hunched over a telescreen wearing a large necklace, decorated with many keys and a giant six-pointed star composed of two inverted triangles. Her dandruff infested curly, black hair, loomed over the telescreen, while her pitch black eyes suspiciously flitted back and forth.

“Shalom,” she said. I nodded at her, and said “Shalom” back.

“How may I help you?”

“My name is Israel Goldstein, and I’ve come to show my friend Isaac here some of the items in my safety deposit box.”

“Oye, shalom, Israel and Isaac. Welcome to Bank Amerikwa. My name is Elizabeth. May I see some identification?”

I handed her my driver’s license, and she meticulously scrutinized it. Seeming satisfied, she handed it back to me and

asked for my key.

“Right this way, gentlemen.”

We followed her past the safety deposit box section, and after meandering around a few winding corridors, we descended down a dark staircase, and Elizabeth stuck my key, and one of the keys around her neck into a large metal vault door, and turned them both simultaneously. The door opened, and Elizabeth notified us that she would be back in five minutes.

Perplexed, I opened the door and walked inside. Bruce stayed watch near the door to make sure the Jewess didn't try to lock us inside.

“Bruce, Bruce! Goddammit, Look at this!” I shouted.

As soon as Bruce turned around, his jaw dropped in utter bewilderment.

“What the... Oh my God!”

There must have been millions of dollars worth of gold bars, and diamonds stacked all the way to the ceiling.

“Ya know there is no way we can carry all of this out of here.”

“You’re right, let’s take as much as we can.”

Bruce and I both quickly stuffed our backpacks with as many gold bars, and diamonds as we could carry. As he was sealing his bag, Bruce said: “Man I think this is enough for now. Maybe we should play it safe, and not give the note to the teller.”

Shocked, I responded “There is no way in Hell that this is all we’re taking. This is merely Goldstein’s personal stash, and we’re barely even making a dent.”

All of a sudden I was interrupted with a knock on the vault door. It was Elizabeth.

“Oye, time to go boys.”

Bruce sheepishly nodded in agreement, and we made our way back to the surface of Bank Amerikwa. When we entered the lobby I noticed Mindy sitting on the couch, David talking on the payphone, and Richard walking out of the restroom. Everyone had heard our discussion in the vault, and knew what to do. In order to prevent interception by Union authorities Randy had ordered encrypted transmitters, effectively creating an auditory intranet.

I got in line, and slowly, one by one, they all followed.

“Next please.”

My heart was pounding, my palms began to sweat, and the artificial beard Mindy had made me was really starting to itch.

I forced a smile at the gorgeous White woman behind the desk.

“Yes, sir?” She joyfully smiled back.

I looked in her eyes, and knew there was no way I could shoot this woman. I grasped the note in my hand and slowly slid it across the countertop. Before she could even finish reading the first sentence, I heard a loud nasally voice shout from behind me: “Hold it right there.”

There was a lump in my throat, and as I turned around in horror there stood Silverberg. For a split second, I felt fear, but the emotion was quickly drowned with a flood of courage.

Pulling the Colt Commando from my duffle bag, I yelled “Everyone on the ground, or you’re all gonna die!”

Bruce, Richard and David quickly pulled out an MP-5, an Israeli Uzi, and a MAC-11, while Mindy hit the floor pretending to be a baffled customer.

“Make your tellers hand over the money, right now Silverberg or you die first, got it? The Union soldiers may surround us, but not before I smash your head like a grape. Do it, right now goddammit!”

Silverberg belted out a rather sinister laugh, a peculiar mix of arrogance and paranoia. “Don’t ju know zat ju, and all zeez people in here are nusing but livestok to us? If ju kill us, ju will not accomplish anysing. Our tribe is too powerful, Eberhardt. Ze police will be here momentarily, and soon ju shall all be apprehended. Lay down jour weapons, and I’ll make sure ju only get ze life sentence, razzar zan executed.”

Enraged, I slung the Colt Commando around my shoulder, pulled out my dagger, and put Silverberg in a headlock.

“Everybody look up here. This is a Jew. He’s not just any Jew; he is the owner of Bank Amerikwa. But that’s not all he owns. For years he has traded White Russian sex slaves in Israel and New Jerusalem. The time has come to stop these sick creatures who brought their Hebrew wars to our shores!”

“Chutzpah!” Silverberg managed to gargle out, as poisonous saliva spewed from his Jewish lips.

I tightened my grasp, and Silverberg’s forked tongue slithered as he choked for air. “That’s a specious argument, Silverberg, you tried to sell me earlier, and you know it. Now look at you. A walking dead Jew.”

One of the hostages chuckled.

“SILENCE!” Bruce Barked.

“Now listen up folks, and listen very carefully. Either you are with us, or you are against us. Don’t get in our way, and you won’t get hurt. From now on, I see a yarmulke, I kill the kike wearing it! You tell the Yids, The Cadre’s coming, and Hell’s coming with us!”

With that, I slit Silverberg’s throat from ear to ear, and then plunged the blade through his yarmulke, deep into his Semitic skull.

The Jewess Elizabeth screamed, and Bruce turned with lightning-speed as the words “Shuttup kike!” flowed from his mouth. Almost simultaneously he unloaded an entire magazine

on her. The bullets ripped through her body amputating her appendages, and the Star of David keychain, soared across the room.

We all turned our guns on the tellers, except for Mindy. The White woman, her voice trembling, timidly muttered to the others “give them whatever they want.”

A bald fat man lying near Mindy tried to pull out a handgun when we weren't looking, and she stood up and shot him in the back of the head.

As David and Richard began loading the cash bags, we heard a warning through our headphones from the black van. The police scanner said that the cops were on their way.

The members, disguised as construction workers, had set up a decoy in front of a manhole cover. Days before, The Triumvirate had painstakingly developed our underground escape route through this manhole leading to the downtown tunnel system. When the four of us emerged from the tunnel in front of the old church on South Main St. we were met by the black van.

During the heist, the crew in the white van had been firing

mortars at the local police department a few blocks from the bank. As soon as, The Triumvirate, plus Mindy descended into the depths of the sewer, the team in the white van set spike strips on the ground for the patrol cars.

Our first big overt mission against The Union was a success. The Union cops outside Brooksberg police department ran in all directions, like chickens with their heads cut off, as the military grade mortars rained down on them like a thunderstorm. The patrol cars that did manage to reach Bank Amerikwa without being charred by mortar fire, soon discovered that the spikes had shredded their tires, immobilizing them. There was much more bloodshed than we intended, but we also walked away with quite a bit more than we had anticipated: nearly 10 million dollars.

Chapter 6

After the bank heist The Triumvirate became 95 per cent certain that all of our members were legitimate. Everyone had carried out their duty as planned, and with the exception of a few minor details it all went smoothly. In order to consummate The Cadre, The Triumvirate planned an initiation ceremony.

This ceremony would set the standard for future Cadres, so we painstakingly planned out the details of the ritual. Mindy got several of her friends to stitch robes and make candles for us.

Up until this point only The Triumvirate knew the location of the bunker, but now all members were going to be made fully aware. We met at the National Allegiance headquarters in Brooksberg at midnight. With the stolen money from the bank heist, I had purchased three black Mercedes SUV's with a thick black window tint. The Triumvirate had removed all of the identifying symbols, and other characteristics from the vehicles, and created artificial license plates.

All of the inductees got into their respective vehicles. Bruce, Richard, and I started the engines, and drove for miles.

Throughout the entire trip, it was dead silent. For miles I drove into the night, around the winding curves, and over the rolling hills of the midlands until we finally reached our destination.

We exited the vehicles, and I handed each member an AR-15. Then with gun in hand, I started running. Into the pitch-black night we ran for two miles through grassy fields, intense brush, and stomped over trickling streams until we reached the bunker. Throughout the jog, no one said a word.

The inductees were awestruck by the technology and Aryan efficiency that we had constructed the bunker with. I led them into the artillery room, and instructed them to not talk amongst themselves. Meanwhile, Bruce, Richard, and I went down into the meeting room. We got dressed in our leadership robes, and pulled the hoods over our heads.

The inductees were blindfolded and led out deep into the forest behind the bunker. After the forest had cleared, we herded them into a reconstructed miniature Greek amphitheater where the ceremony was to occur. After assembling the inductees in the proper formation, I began reading the rites of the ritual,

while classical music by the great Richard Wagner played in the background. As the candlelight flickered against their White faces, it casted a dark, lingering shadow upon their robes.

“First Candidate: Frank Silva, remove your blindfold, and approach the altar.”

Candidate Silva, tonight you remain here amongst the few brave souls willing to partake in a communion with their ancestors. These few who refuse to submit to tyranny in the land that our parents, and grandparents, and great-grandparents, and great-great-grandparents for many generations had built with their hands, and their hearts and their brains and their blood. For blood alone moves the wheels of history.”

[Pauses to light a candle, and hands to candidate]

“And now comrade, the time has come for us to stand up like men and swear the sacred oath that you will reclaim what our forefathers discovered, explored, settled, built and died for. Stand up like men, and drive the enemy into the sea! Are you with us comrade?”

Silva replied: “I am.”

“Candidate Silva, understand that you are mortal. Your life is fleeting, and some day you will die. As you look down at your skin you can see with your own eyes where you came from, who you are, and what community you belong to. Our community. Understand, that if you ever even slightly feel the need to betray your own kind, it is weakness. And that weakness is nothing compared to eternity. If you sell us out, or turn us in to our enemies, you will forever bear the guilt of treason against your own kind.”

I turned towards Bruce, and he continued: “For thirty pieces of silver is not worth it, comrade. Not all the money, possessions, or even happiness is worth the treasonous guilt you will feel. Kinsmen die, cattle die, and you yourself die as they, but there is one thing I know that never dies, and that is the fame of a dead man’s deeds.”

“The German philosopher Arthur Schopenhauer expressed essentially the same idea when he said that the most any man could hope for is a heroic passage through life. In other words, greatness, rather than happiness is the mark of a good life.”

“Our enemies will offer you all the pleasure and happiness you could ever dream of. But all of that happiness, and pleasure is fleeting. Tonight, you enter a sacred oath with your comrades that will live forever. Our people will never forget the sacrifices you pledged to make on this night, Frank Silva.”

The Two of us turned towards Richard, and he finished saying: “And now I give you your last chance to withdraw from the oath. If you are not yet ready to give your all, no member will hold that against you. You may leave. Behold! Your comrades stand before you. Look each one of them in the eyes, and tell us your decision.”

Candidate Silva: “I will fight to the death by my comrade’s side, sir!

“Then it is finished, comrade Silva. You are officially a member of The Cadre. In the unfortunate event that you are ever captured by our enemies, swallow this capsule and accept your fate.”

(I then presented Silva with a rune necklace containing a cyanide tablet).

Second Candidate: “Gary Eberhardt, remove your blindfold, and approach the altar...”

All of the candidates swore loyalty to The Cadre, on that night, and were assigned their first big mission while a giant rune was set on fire in the Greek amphitheater. June 29, 2014 was proclaimed the Night of the Media Moguls.

At the end of the ceremony, I gave another stirring speech. This was the speech...

“It is now a very dark and dismal time in the history of Our People. A dark shadow has been cast upon Our Movement. Our cemeteries are full of our ancestors, yet we have become dispossessed. Our ancestors and our heritage have been pissed on. The mongrel hordes rush to steal our sacred posterity, and yet our people care not. Throughout our lands our children are being deceived into accepting mongrels as their idols, their heroes, and worst of all their mates.

This course is taking us straight to Hell, and yet our people see not. This is not an accident, but rather a design orchestrated by our enemies to systematically wipe us out. For us, it is self-

evident because we have eyes to see that this diabolical shadow has befallen our lands. Proof abounds that a certain corrupt, alien destroyer has taken control of the European nations. How is it that such a parasite has gained dominance over its host? Instead of being vigilant, our fathers have betrayed us.

How bleak these parasites have made our children's future. Everywhere we look our people are dying. They roam the streets in poverty asking for handouts. Young White males are found hitchhiking along the side of the road because they cannot afford \$10 a gallon gasoline. Our cities swarm with muddy hordes. The water is poisonous and the air is putrid. Our farms were seized long ago by usurious leeches and our people were forced off the land. The Communists and the Capitalists joyfully pick at our bones while the disgusting hook-nosed masters of thievery plan our demise.

We hereby declare ourselves to be a free and sovereign people. We claim a territorial imperative, which will consist of the entire North American continent north of Mexico....

Soon I will mail an open letter to The Union with our

signatures confirming our intent to do battle. It will say the following words...

“Let ally and enemy alike be made aware. This is war! We the following, being of sound mind and under no duress, do hereby sign this document of our own free will, stating forthrightly and without fear that we declare ourselves to be in a full and unrelenting state of war with those forces seeking and consciously promoting the destruction of our race.

Therefore, for Blood, Soil, and Honour, and for the future of our children, we commit ourselves to Battle.”

With that, I abruptly stepped down from the podium, and the new inductees gave a standing ovation.

...

When the ceremony had concluded, Bruce and Mindy led me back to the lab to show me a “surprise.”

“What’s going on? What’s the big deal? Do I have to wear this crazy blindfold?”

“Shh,” Mindy whispered in my ear and put her finger over my mouth.

“We’re almost there,” Bruce said.

We rounded a few corners, and went down a couple flights of stairs, before I heard a faint whimper. Finally they removed my blindfold, and I was completely shocked at what I saw.

“We thought you would like to see your old boss,” Bruce exclaimed.

“Goldstein! Hahaha! How the hell did ya capture him? After all these years... You sunavabitch. What a surprise.”

Mindy and Bruce laughed.

“Oh but there’s more,” Mindy turned towards the laboratory fridge, and pulled out two vials. “Inside these test tubes contain Tay-Sachs disease.”

Goldstein started kicking and screaming, but Bruce had bound and gagged him tight.

“That’s right, Goldstein.” Mindy seductively held the vials in front of Goldstein’s hooked nose. “You’re going to be our little guinea pig.”

“The first Jew to die from being injected with a lethal dose of Tay-Sach’s disease.” Bruce pulled out a long syringe, and

turned towards me. “Bobby, why don’t you do the honours?”

“My pleasure, Bruce. Now Tay-Sachs? Only Jews can die from Tay-Sachs right? But isn’t it something you have to inherit?”

“Technically, yes unless you’ve cracked the Jewish DNA code, and can develop a serum that alters their DNA giving them Tay-Sachs, hahahaha!” Mindy laughed. “You see, we’re going to inject, Goldstein here, but once we perfect this, we’ll be able to douse entire cities with crop dusters filled with liquid Tay-Sachs. If you think Hitler invented the gas chamber, just wait!”

“The ironic thing is, Goldstein, your tribe invented the gas chamber propaganda. The Jewish-owned newspapers tried to sell our ancestors the lie that Europeans were gassing millions of Jews literally decades before Hitler even became Chancellor of Germany. It wasn’t until the creation of the Television that we gentiles finally bought the lie by the millions, six million that is.”

“But your tribe doesn’t know when to stop pushing, Goldstein,” Bruce interjected. “There always comes a time when patriotic gentiles realize they’ve heard enough of your lies and distortions. There were no gas chambers in Germany during World

War II. They were disinfection chambers. Most of your fellow tribesmen who died, died as result of Typhus or malnutrition.

Hitler made a mistake by expelling your tribe, and forcing the rest of it into productive labor. You can't force rats to work. You've got to just exterminate them.”

Goldstein began kicking and screaming as he vehemently struggled to free himself.

“Well, without further adieu, it's time for your Bar Mitzvah, say goodnight, Goldstein!” With that, I injected the serum into Goldstein's neck. His face started to contort, and writhe in all different directions. First his head shriveled unrecognizably to almost rat-like features, but then it became so disfigured and snakelike it was beyond recognition. He yelped like a little girl.

“That'll teach him,” Bruce remarked.

“You two did well, keep up the good work!”

Chapter 7

By 2013, all of the major news and entertainment media had been consolidated into the hands of just five men. These five men controlled virtually every television channel, radio station, newspaper, and Internet website in America. Freedom of speech died long ago, and the citizens were merely subjects in their own land, with no voice or say.

On June 29th, The Cadre began to put a stop to that. The Triumvirate assigned each Media Mogul an assassin. I would have just ordered Tay-Sachs to be spread over their houses, but it was too indiscreet. We needed to make a real statement. We needed to show the world, we mean business.

After having stalked the moguls for months, at precisely 9:00 PM on June 29th Randy, Evan, Richard, David, and Frank were to execute one Media Mogul each.

Media Moguls: Spielberg, Wiesenthal, Pearlstine, Lefkowitz, and Adler were to be made examples of. The police would find all of the moguls' corpses riddled with bullets at the

same time, and be forced to report the news worldwide.

The mission was almost a complete success. Except for the fact that someone must have seen Evan as he stalked Pearlstine. The assailant had already alerted police before Evan had even fired off six silenced lethal rounds from his nine millimeter Beretta into Pearlstine's chest. Evan tucked the handgun into his jacket, and exited through the elevator in the lobby of Pearlstine's condominium, where he was swarmed by Union thugs.

They beat him mercilessly, and took him back to ADO headquarters. Evan had attempted to swallow the cyanide tablet dangling from his necklace, but the Union goons had ripped it off during the sudden struggle.

“Hey cracka! Wake da fuck up!”

Evan lifted his head and peered around the room. Two ape-like figures faded in and out of focus, before finally coming into view.

The ADO Chairman, Izzy Bronfman gave a cackling laugh from behind.

“Well, well, well, if it isn't one of The Cadre members

himself. So what do you have to say for yourself Mr. Barrow?
Hahaha. We already know where your stupid little hideout is.
Soon we're going to raid and burn every last one of your friends to
death. Remember Dresden? Perhaps we'll spare you some pain,
and not rape all the women and children, before we kill them. That
is, *if* you cooperate...Is that clear?"

"Answer him White boy!"

One of the Negroes cracked a black leather whip across
Evan's neck.

"Dat's for slavery foo'!" "Now you's betta ansa him, or we
is gonna give ya da rat treatment. Ain't dat right, Jamal?"

Jamal started gyrating like a chimpanzee.

"Das right, I bet dis he'e cracka ain't eva felt da powa of da
rat!"

But faithful Evan just hung his head in miserable silence,
ignoring the demands of the ADO Chairman, and his two Negro
henchmen. His head swirled like Vertigo from the mind-altering
drugs they had given him.

Bronfman wheeled the torture bed around, and pulled out a

long cylindrical tube from behind his back.

“See this? You’re going to meet lil’ Mickey. Get ‘em boys.”

The Negroes lunged at Evan, ripped his pants off, and shoved the cylindrical tube up his rectum.

Bronfman rang a little bell, and a Chicano woman, with a crucifix around her neck, arrived with a large cage full of rats.

“Si, señor.”

“Ah, Gracias, Senorita.”

Bronfman took the cage with his large muddy-olive colored hands, and opened the trap door. Out popped a giant hairy sewer rat. Its eyes bulged with crimson rage, and its starving fangs glistened under the powerful light Bronfman beamed down upon it.

“See this, Evan? This is Mickey,” Bronfman said as he stroked the rat’s fur.

“Mickey hasn’t had a meal in over a week. Guess what’s for supper?”

Evan looked bleakly at Bronfman and the rat.

“Guess, goddammit!”

“I-I don’t know.”

“Lil Mickey’s going to have Evan surprise. Don’t forget to say your prayers. You stupid goy. Ahahahaaha.”

Bronfman tossed the rat across the room, and the Negro caught it.

“Shit! He bit me, you muddafuckin kike!”

“Shut the hell up, nigger!” Bronfman angrily retorted.

“Stick the rat in the tube.”

Evan wearily swayed his head towards the Negroes, and then back towards Bronfman. The drugs started to cause extreme drowsiness, and the images of the two blacks and Bronfman started to become choppy. Suddenly, he started having flashbacks of his brother being raped in prison years earlier by Negroes with AIDS. No matter how hard he tried to shut it out, it just kept coming back to him, how the blacks repeatedly tortured poor Ian until he died.

“Ok, ok boss, get da blowtorch, Ramone,” Jamal replied as he placed Mickey into the cylindrical tube.

“Woohoo, dis is da fun part dawg,” Ramone ignited the blowtorch, extending the flame to two and a half feet, while

waving his hands in a typical “gangsta’ rap” fashion that had become normal Negroid behavior in the days preceding the Revolution. “We gonna fry yo’ ass cracka!”

Evan’s heart began pounding faster, and faster. The memories of little Ian swarmed throughout his head. He began to sweat.

“Bon appetite, lil’ Mickey,” Bronfman snickered.

The two black thugs held Evan still by standing on his calves, while blasting Mickey with the flamethrower. The sewer rat fled down the cylindrical tube, and desperately tried to eat his way out, and by doing so hungrily ravaged Evan’s rectum.

In those long moments of pain, the whole room swirled around Evan. The laughter of the Negro thugs burned in his brain. The conniving glare from Bronfman made him wince, as Mickey the rat tore him apart. All he could think about was poor Ian being raped to death just because he had dared to stand up against The Union’s anti-free speech laws.

After Ian’s death, Evan had committed himself to joining the Movement, and now the blacks were terrorizing him, under the

leadership of the monstrous Jew: Bronfman.

The Jew then grabbed Evan by the throat, and spit in his eye.

“You dirty goy! Tell us what Eberhardt’s next move is.

Tell us where he’s hiding the gold!”

“Never,” Evan replied.

“Chutzpah!” Bronfman angrily retorted, while pulling a thin glass tube from his breast pocket and painfully shoving it into Evan’s urethra.

He then meandered over to the wall, where various weapons and torture devices were. First he reached for the pickaxe, but then decided to grab the Samurai sword instead. Just as he lifted it off the shelf, the Jew changed his mind, and picked up a spiked club. At the last moment he finally decided to use the chain saw instead.

Evan winced in pain from the glass tube, while Bronfman revved up the engine.

“You listen to me, and you listen good. If you don’t tell me where Eberhardt is hiding the gold, I’m going to crush this

glass tube, and then have these two niggers hack you to death with this.”

“Say Boss, datz raciss.”

“Yea, dawg, use cain’t git down on us brothas, foo. Ain’t dat right Jamal?”

“Shut the hell up!”

Bronfman’s eyes bulged with bloodshot rage, as he started the chainsaw.

“Ok, ok. Take away the rat, and I’ll tell you everything,”

Evan muttered.

“Jamal, Ramone, remove the tube, it seems as if Evan here has finally come to his senses. So, tell me. What are Eberhardt’s plans?”

...

After being tortured by some of the most deviously sexually abusive methods, Evan divulged many of The Cadre’s secrets. Meanwhile, Bronfman’s cousin Shmuel Wolfowitz was

feverishly doing what all of his fellow tribesmen had done for years: brainwashing the American public. The assassinations of the media moguls had not slowed down Wolfowitz one bit. In fact, the sexual debauchery shown on television hadn't ceased even for a moment to show condolences for the Jewish media moguls' deaths.

The amount of revolting filth emanating from the Jewish television networks had caused girls to become more aggressive, seeking out jobs as fighter pilots, experimenting with bisexuality, and even bestiality. A few years ago, if there was a disgusting fetish, you could bet, and win every time that a Jew was involved. Now, however, the Jews had such a stranglehold on America's youth, that they were parading down the streets with rainbow flags, shouting gay pride, and organizing gay-straight alliance clubs in their schools. The exhibitionists, sadists, race-mixers, you name it, if it was even the *slightest* bit perverted, the public followed right along. While the Jews in Israel laughed every time they saw a queer parade, or a diversity get-together, Bronfman and Wolfowitz celebrated with glee.

Chapter 8

“Order, order. Silence! You down in the front! No talking in my courtroom!”

“Bailiff, bring the defendant Evan James Barrow forward. Mr. Barrow, raise your right hand. Do you swear to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help you Allah, Jehovah, Yahweh, Buddha, and Christ?”

“I do,” Evan mumbled.

“The court may be seated. Prosecutor, you may proceed to examine the witness.”

“Mr. Barrow, on the night of June 29th, 2013 did you aid and abet the terrorist group known widely as “The Cadre” in the assassination of media extraordinaire Allen Pearlstine, also a Jew?”

“Yes.”

“Do you understand that murdering a person of Jewish descent is in direct violation of the anti-Terrorist code 7.018 of the 2006 Blumenthal anti-Terrorism law, and moreover flagrantly violates the official Rothschild hate crime legislation acts of 2009 and 2010, respectively, which could enhance penalties to other

family members?”

“Yes I do.”

“And do you also realize that since you are a White male who has violated the aforementioned statutes, your penalty for doing so is death in the State gas chamber?”

“I understand.”

“The State has also found you liable for various hate crimes, and flagrant violations of diversity and political correctness as specified by the Condi Barleycorn act of 2007.”

“However, the State has been notified by the proper authorities that you are willing to expose the other members of the highly dangerous “Cadre” and reveal its plans for worldwide terrorism, and therefore by doing so, you will be permitted a stay of execution, and confined to life imprisonment with indefinite torture. Do you agree with the Prosecution’s decision?”

“Yes, I-...

“Wait Councilor Finkelstein, I’ve just been notified by the State that before the defendant is required to proceed, that we are to adjourn. This court will pause now for a short lunch break, and

resume Mr. Barrow's testimony at 1:00 central time."

"Very well, Judge Kaplan."

As Justice Kaplan exited the courtroom, she headed down the hallway to the women's restroom, as she always did after leaving the courtroom. There she was greeted by eight Cadre members, including myself, wearing ski masks and suits.

I grabbed Kaplan by the throat, and slammed her up against the bathroom mirror. Richard and Bruce secured the door.

"Listen up, Jewish bitch! You're going to go back into that courtroom, and you're going to declare that the State has decided to release Defendant Barrow, or we're going to hack both your breasts off. We'll send one to the ADO Chairman, and the other to Internet Media Mogul Daniel Sludge. Got it?"

Kaplan violently nodded her head, as she stared back at the eight of us with a look of pure fear coming from her slit-like Mongolian eyes.

"Good, and don't get any funny ideas about trying to expose the fact that there are Cadre members in the Courtroom. We've got the entire place secured. Our people control the security

here, and on top of that, the Courtroom is surrounded by 10 trucks packed with fertilizer bombs.”

“So here’s what you’re going to do, kike. You tell the entire court that Defendant Barrow is to be released, and that the Bailiff is going to escort him down the Courtroom steps where a van is waiting for him. If anyone asks any questions, they’re all to be directed towards the State media department outside. Understand? Good.”

“Aright boys, release her.”

Chapter 9

“All rise, this court is now back in session.”

“Defendant Barrow, the State has ordered that you are to be immediately, and unconditionally released from custody on this day September 8th 2014. Bailiff, escort Mr. Barrow down the steps to the vehicle awaiting his departure outside. All media inquiries are to be directed to Union personnel. This court is adjourned.”

Swells of angry dissent erupted from the mouths of the Jewish onlookers, and as the violent uproar spread amongst the Courtroom spectators, there was a particularly rowdy outcry from the family members of the Jewish Media Moguls.

“Order, Order! No one is to stop Mr. Barrow from leaving the building.”

The Jewess had done as she was told. For she knew her fellow tribesmen would all perish by the fertilizer bombs if she refused. Moreover, her breasts would be hacked.

As Evan staggered down the steps outside Brooksberg Courthouse towards the van we had prepared for him, a swarthy hunchback Jewish mobster leapt out from the crowd and started

firing shots.

Six Cadre members immediately jumped out of the van, and began mowing the protesting crowd of Jews down.

“Evan, quick get in!” I then yanked Evan into the backseat.

Finally Evan was back with us, and all Cadre members were secure inside the armored van.

“Let’s get the hell out of here!” Gary hit the gas, and we took off. Richard and Bruce sprayed hundreds of rounds at the Jewish protestors, and Mindy hurled a hand grenade out the back window.

I grabbed Evan by the shoulders and shook him with joy.

“Evan! How are you, comrade? Are you OK?”

Evan’s eyes were heavily dilated, and his head swirled in an intoxicated stupor from the drugs the Jews had injected into his rectum.

“Mindy, here take care of him. We need to get him to a doctor. He’s not responding, and looks to be in a catatonic state.”

“OK, poor Evan. What have they done to you?” Mindy cried while holding his head against her chest. “You’re safe at

home now, everything's going to be okay.”

“Gary, head back to the bunker, I'm going to call Dr.
Hassett.”

Chapter 10

By 2016, we were producing so much counterfeit money, we literally didn't know what to do with it all. After all these years no one had gotten caught except for Evan during the Night of the Media Moguls. Our members were renting apartments all throughout the White-flight areas of Springfield and Brooksberg. Inside these apartments we had used a thin coating of silicon to encase the bills between the wall and a layer of wallpaper. To this date, not a single Union soldier had discovered any of the illegitimate cash.

So one late Autumn evening The Triumvirate decided to load two white vans full of counterfeit cash, and a third black van with a fertilizer and jet fuel bomb. The Cadre was set to make the largest armored car robbery The Union had seen since 1984.

A grey fog gloomily rolled over the hills that fateful day as the vans pulled out from the compound, and headed into Springfield. Both white vans drove to Springfield shopping mall and parked in the underground garage.

The black van, filled with the explosives that Bruce and

the others had mixed the night before, drove to the predominantly black movie theater on the south side of town. During the midnight showing of *Cracka Hoes Gonna Die, Nigga* directed by the Jewish Schiff Bros. and produced by fellow tribesman Adam Katzman, Richard and Gary detonated a huge blast that nearly leveled the entire theater.

Only 23 blacks and three White race mixers had survived the explosion that night without injuries.

The bombing was part of our plan to divert the attention of local authorities while we held up five armored cars that had convened in the lower parking garage of Brooksberg mall. For weeks we had monitored the deposit schedules of these particular armored trucks, in this specific mall.

We only had a five-minute window when all of the guards would be outside of their respective vehicles. Armed with Israeli Uzis, AR-15s and Colt Commandos we pounced on the guards.

“Hold it right there!” I shouted. “All of you, hands in the air, now!”

“Eh vato, mane what da hell you guys doing mane?” the

shocked Mestizo guard asked.

“What’s your name, spic?”

“Pedro, eh mane, wha’s yo’ problem mane? Cain’t you jus’ let us do our job, yo? Why use Gringos gotta be hatin, yo?”

“Not another word from any of you. Put down your weapons and kick them against the wall. I want you all to hand your keys over to Pedro here.”

When Pedro brought the keys to me, I took them, and shot him in the neck . Blood spewed from his throat.

“Estupido White man. Jesus gonna punish you in Hell for dis, yo,” Pedro gargled.

Immediately I tossed the keys to Richard and Frank.

“Start loading all the cash into the vehicles. Now as for the rest of you muds, if any of you say a goddamn word, you’ll end up like Pedro over here, is that understood, comprende, yo?”

Nodding their heads in agreement the rest of The Cadre forced the remaining guards into the van where they were stripped of their uniforms, bound, and gagged. Four Cadre members including myself took the keys, and unloaded the counterfeit from

the other van.

We took millions from the five armored trucks. Then we took the four mixed-race guards out of the van, and made them kneel in front of Pedro. I went down the line, and shot each of them in the back of the head.

The Union never retrieved the 7.2 million dollars we had stolen from the armored trucks that day.

We met Bruce and Gary back at the compound where we celebrated our victory all night long. We drank Viking mead, and watched Tom Koppel broadcast another media report on the new suspected “terrorist bombing” and “armored truck heist” by an unknown “White Supremacist group” commonly known as “The Cadre.”

Meanwhile, Evan was still catatonic, and so I decided to check up on him, and see how he was doing.

“B-B-bunker...M-M-Mindy.”

“Evan, what are you trying to say? Please just tell me.

Bunker, bunker what?”

“T-t-the f-f-feds...”

Mindy delicately stroked Evan's face, which had turned a peculiar yellow color, his contorted body cringed like a rag doll.

"The feds what?" Mindy asked patiently. "Robert, I think Evan's trying to warn us about something."

"Evan, ole buddy. What's on your mind? Did you and Mindy see the armored car heist we just got away with out in Springfield? Let's celebrate."

After a while, Evan began speaking coherently. Suddenly his eyes bulged, and he sprang up from the bed.

"Goddammit, Robert, we've got to get out of here now! The feds are coming, the feds are coming!"

"What, wait hold on there a second comrade. The feds? They don't know where the hideout is."

"NO! You don't understand, Bob. They tortured me horribly."

His face strained, and turned from yellow, to purple.

"They drugged me, I had no choice but to tell them, we've got to act soon, I have a feeling they'll be here any moment."

Without a second thought, I issued the orders.

“Alright, that’s it. Everybody out. We’ve got to evacuate. Let’s relocate to Safe house B west of Brooksberg. Load all the vans with explosives. C’mon move!”

“Bruce, you and Mindy wire the plasma charge down in the basement. As soon as the Union thugs get here, we’ll blast them to Hell.”

Fortunately, Evan hadn’t told them about safe house B., and from here we could detonate the plasma shape charge.

Around 2AM on the morning after we launched our successful armored car robbery, 200 Union special forces descended upon the bunker. Half of The Cadre was watching them via telescreen from safe house B. Once I had determined that the majority of The Union agents would die from the explosion, Randy detonated the charge, which engulfed nearly all of the agents in a humongous ball of fire.

Using the high-resolution-modified scope, Gary and Bruce shot down three Union helicopters with .50 caliber Barrett sniper rifles. Then we all fled underground through the tunnel network, arriving safely at safe house B.

We partied heavily the next night, celebrating our victory over Union forces, and I gave a very motivational and charismatic speech thanking Evan for coming back to life at just the right moment, and reminding all Cadre members that the hardest times in Our Struggle were yet to come.

Dressed in our robes, we passed around an ancient Viking horn filled with mead, and each of us took turns drinking from it.

A giant wooden rune burned in the distance, and Bruce shouted:

“Three Cheers for Evan!”

“Heil, Heil, HEIL!”

And the voices of Victory echoed long and hard throughout the night.

Chapter 11

Due to our constant pressure on The Union, it was impossible for the controlled media to ignore The Cadre's activities. Conditions were worsening and by 2019, the Allegiance was gaining more and more supporters. Thousands joined the ranks of the National Allegiance, unafraid to stand up against The Tyranny.

Our media efforts had reached a critical point, and the masses were now reading our news and entertainment publications, listening to our broadcasts, and watching our media even more than the controlled media. Since the media wasn't able to exercise full control, it began to concern itself more with The Tyranny than with brainwashing the masses.

The Tyranny resorted to Stalinist starvation tactics, and slowed the importation of food into the major cities. This only forced our ranks to gain momentum. The people flocked to us in monumental numbers, and the seeds of truth were beginning to sprout. Soon it would be time to harvest.

A dark cloud loomed over the land, however, on one

gloomy day in January. The wind howled overhead, lightning flashed, and thunder echoed throughout the hills. Suddenly there was a violent knock at the door.

After Bruce asked for the code, he reluctantly opened the door and found Mindy drenched and hysterical. Quickly I threw a blanket over her, and led her over to the vibrant coals burning in the fireplace.

“What’s wrong?”

“One of us has been talking too much,” Mindy sobbed.

“Some of the folks in the town might know about The Cadre’s whereabouts.”

She was clearly distraught, yet still appealing. The droplets of rain rolled down her thighs.

“Who,” I calmly asked.

“I-I can’t s-say...”

She started fidgeting with her jacket in a sexy sort of way, almost childlike though.

“Goddammit Mindy, answer me!”

“Evan,” she quivered from cold nervousness. “He’s drunk

at the bar, and telling everyone how he was tortured by Jews and Negroes in prison.”

“Bruce, get me my Tommy gun [Editors note: the author is referring to a .45 caliber Thompson fully automatic rifle. These guns were banned long before the Revolution and were often used by Mobsters]. We’re going for a stroll into town, boys.”

“Robert, don’t! He’s just trying to recruit. He didn’t mean it. The drugs must have ruined him,” Mindy protested.

“Mindy, I’ve heard enough from you.”

Clad in long black trench coats, cleanly polished boots, and masks from ex-Presidents, the eight of us marched through the streets of Brooksberg armed with Tommy guns. The deluge of icy rain gushed down the alleyways crisscrossing through the intricate cobblestones of Brooksberg.

As we approached Sal’s Bar, the lights from townhouses lining Main St. started turning on like sporadic fireflies in a dimly lit forest. We could feel the eyes curiously peering from the opaque windows, as we marched onward. As we passed 5th Avenue where Wolfensohn’s drugstore used to be, the light extinguished.

I remembered the night I fled from Father Christopher in the confessional.

There wasn't a single car in all of Brooksberg on the road that night. We turned toward Sal's, and the water trickled off the barrel of my Thompson fully automatic. "It's not conducive to hate other races, but one must hate with a pure and perfect hatred all those who commit treason against one's own kind."

With this in mind, I kicked open the door to Sal's.

Evan drunkenly staggered to his feet.

"Bob, I-I-I didn't mean it! Please don't shoot me, please," he begged while stumbling over the barstool.

The crowd stood paralyzed, like a deer in the headlights. A horrid look of fear glazed their eyes.

"Let's get 'em boys."

Thunder roared from our guns, pieces of wood splintered from tables, broken glass flew across the room, as hundreds of rounds of ammo streamed from our barrels pummeling everything in sight.

Smoke billowed throughout the bar. Pulling a noose from

my trench coat, I walked over to Evan and strung him up to a light hanging from the ceiling. I took a piece of paper, and wrote “Traitor” on it, and slammed a dagger through it penning it to his chest.

As the haze cleared, the mangled amputated bodies of our victims littered the floor. Any leaked information would never be sold.

I then turned towards the members of The Cadre.

“From now on, no one says a goddamn word about anything. Is that clear?”

As we exited Sal’s the rain subsided, and a thick grey fog consumed the land. We walked back to the bunker in solemn silence. The lights from the townhouses turned off, slowly, one by one as we passed by.

Not a soul dared to challenge The Cadre that night. All the townsfolk knew we were the law, and there was no stopping us. As we made our way through a clearing, I gazed up at the stars, and thought to myself, “poor Evan, I’m sorry brother, but it just had to be this way. I’ll see you in Valhalla, my good friend.”

Mindy came running up to me, crying. I took her by the shoulder and looked into her teary blue eyes.

“It had to be done, it’s not your fault.”

“I know. I’m sorry Bob. I tried to help him.”

I tucked a damp golden strand of hair behind her ear. “You did everything you could.”

She hugged me, and put her head on my shoulders. I held her, gently rocking her back and forth. She reminded me of Debbie. My eyes began to water.

I lifted her chin from my shoulder, and kissed her lips. I could taste the salt from the tears, that had uncontrollably streamed over her mouth. She kissed me back.

I thought of Debbie.

Chapter 12

By November 9, 2023 our membership had swelled to 8 million nationwide. I called the Chancellor of the National Allegiance, and told him it was time. He mobilized a telephone tree effort, contacting 850,000 of the most experienced and disciplined recruits to march on Washington D.C. for the largest protest in Union history.

The rest of the approximate 7.15 million recruits were instructed to boycott everything on November 9th. No one was to show up to work. Doctors, lawyers, teachers, computer technicians, construction workers, policemen, firemen, politicians, truck drivers, and many others all stayed home from work that day.

As the march was being held, I instructed Cadre members that we would not be participating. Instead we had a more important task. I anticipated that the Jews would hear about our protest in advance, and plan countermeasures. We had informants in the ADO who relayed information back to us that there was going to be a large “anti-terrorist” World Conference in New Jerusalem, hastily arranged to coincide with the march.

Zionist leaders from around the world were going to meet, and discuss how to stamp out the “racist terrorists” once and for all. I called all of The Cadre leaders of our various Sister Cells together. Copycat Cadres were popping up all over the place after Randy had finished writing his fictional novel discussing the details on the formation of each. The result had created hundreds of disciplined and elite underground cells. As the Union gradually became more and more brutal over the years we witnessed a world radically different from the early years of heritage, freedom, and prosperity. On the contrary, we lived in a world with cops on every street corner and a militaristic government ruled by Jews, and their henchmen. The Union started watching our every move and regulating every aspect of our lives. In order to compensate for our lack of freedom, we used Randy’s novel to communicate. Due to such intense Union surveillance, we had to maintain a strict zero-tolerance policy for any illegality suggested by a fellow member. Simply by pointing to various passages within Randy’s novel allowed us to work together without fear of being recorded. Even if they did catch us on video, it would be extremely hard for the

prosecution to argue, and convince a jury that we were pointing at highlighted passages in the novel indicating illegal activity. Nature always runs its course. The harder The Union clamped down on our freedom, the harder we fought back, the more we adapted, and the more we evolved.

The groundwork had been laid, it was time to strike back hard and fast. The only solution was to launch a Blitzkrieg-like attack. I instructed all Cadre units to launch Operation Kolibri, which called for the destruction of all Jewish synagogues in Union territory. In the meantime, my Cadre unit was to travel to New Jerusalem and blow up the ADO building. The ADO building, now more commonly known as the ADO World Complex, had been built upon the exact ruins, where the foreign terrorists had murdered my wife, and thousands of others on that fateful day in September known as The Massacre.

Two more targets were selected. Houston, and New Jersey. Practically all the oil in The Union flowed from these two places. Over the years, the power grids had become overloaded because of the excessive amount of electricity being consumed. Without oil,

the grids would stop functioning. I contacted a few Sister Cells and arranged for them to systematically target the pipeline system, and hack the power grids.

Travel by plane was virtually impossible due to the Stalinist Airport search and seizures, Birnbaum Terrorist Act 7.28 and the George W. Tree Act of 2007. So, instead, we disguised ourselves as ADO Rabbis attending the Zionist conference, and traveled by automobile.

As Mindy applied our makeup, she packed a round piece of grey putty shape-charge inside the traditional Jewish hats we wore as part of our disguise. The plan was, once we bypassed Israeli security, to travel to the 50th floor of the ADO World Complex, remove our hats, assemble the bomb, set the timer, and leave.

Dressed in suits, brandishing bullhorns and protest signs, the legions of disciplined National Allegiance protestors marched in lockstep throughout the streets of the District of Cohen. Behind a podium on the White House steps The Chancellor addressed the crowd...

“Five years ago, I met with just 10,000 of you here in front

of the White House. Who would have thought on that day, April 20th 2019, that in merely five years I would meet with 850,000 of you!”

The crowd loudly chanted their approval.

“You well know that in America, there are certain traitors that Zionized and committed treason against our People, heritage, values, land, and way of life. Much of this was caused by the interactions, and communications between Jews and non-Jews.”

“Throughout history the European people have ordered that the Jews be separated from the cities and towns where Our People prospered. We gave the Jews separate living quarters, and hoped that by such separation the situation would be remedied. However for 2,000 years, the situation has never been ultimately resolved. Many times the European peoples have ordered pogroms; and throughout many centuries various investigations and Inquisitions have found many guilty Jews, and gentiles who have collaborated with them.”

“These pogroms have occurred twice here in America, three times in Great Britain, four times in Italy, five times in

France, and six times in the glorious German states. The most recent instance occurred in the years 1933-1945 by Herr Hitler. Since the latter pogrom, and premature termination by both Jews, and traitors, the Jew has constantly screamed “Holocaust,” “Persecution,” and more recently “Arab Terrorism” in order to garner sympathy from the non-Jews, or Goyim as they call us, which as most of you know, literally means “cattle.”

“Furthermore, we are informed by the brave men and women of the National Allegiance, as well as others, that the great harm done to Our People persists, and it continues because of the conversations, communications, interactions, media control, and banking monopolies that non-Jews have with Jews. These Jews have persisted for thousands of years subverting our natural way of life and trying to draw faithful Europeans away from our healthy beliefs.”

“These Jews have instructed our people, and people of other races in the ceremonies and observances of Jewish Law, they have circumcised our children, and moreover they have inflicted unscrupulous monopolies on nearly all books, magazines, music,

radio, television, and Internet broadcasts which have perverted Our People's minds. They have brainwashed them to believe that there is no other law or truth besides that which the Jew deems kosher."

"Therefore we base our decision on the confessions of various Jews, which we have apprehended. We also base our judgment on the testimonies provided by those who were perverted by the treacherous Semites and their henchmen. Ultimately, the Jew has committed egregious, and unrepairable damage to our media, law, and other areas of cultural and economic life in America. They are responsible for contributing to the grave detriment of our glorious homeland."

"We knew that the true remedy for racial suicide was to sever all communications between Jews and non-Jews, and expel them from our lands. Throughout history Our People have ousted the deviant Jews from all the towns and cities and places of both Europe and America. The Aryan peoples believed that this would solve the problem, and also warn other cities, and places where the Jew had not yet infected."

"Since history has informed us of this treachery, again like

our ancestors before us, we find the Jews culpable in the alleged crimes and transgressions against our People. We have devised a complete remedy to obviate and to correct such opprobrium and offense to the healthy European heritage and way of life.”

“Every day the Jews increase in continuing their evil and harmful purposes wherever they reside; and now there is no place left for them to continue to offend Our People. Therefore, from this day forward the National Allegiance will mend and reduce the damages inflicted by the Jews, and return society to its previous state. This has only been done through sheer will power.”

“However, due to the altruistic frailty of our humanity, we understand that there may come a time when future generations succumb to the diabolical temptation that has plagued us for centuries. This temptation must be removed once and for all. Therefore, we must expel the Jews from all European lands including America and Australia.”

The Chancellor paused, and looked up gazing into the eyes of the many White faces that were listening eagerly.

He went on...

“Whenever a grave and detestable crime is committed by some members of a given group, it is reasonable that the group be dissolved or annihilated, both the petty criminals as well as the infamous ones. They should be punished one for the other; and those who pervert the good and honest living of the working classes in their towns and cities and who by their contagion would harm others, should naturally be expelled from the midst of the People.”

“It only stands to reason that various minor causes would instigate harm, and instability to the Nation, and all the more so for heinous crimes. For the heinous infractions are even more dangerous, contagious, and lethal.”

“Therefore, after much deliberation, and with the council and advice of the eminent men, and conscience of the Board of Directors of the National Allegiance, it is agreed that all Jews be ordered to leave our lands, and never be allowed to return.”

The crowd roared louder than before, and began snapping Roman salutes [Editor’s note: Long before the Revolution this salute was used by schoolchildren during the “Pledge of

Allegiance” and later used by the Germans during the rise of the Third Reich. This salute was later banned in both America and Germany, until now.]

“We further order in this edict that all non-Whites and Jews that reside in our domain and territories leave with their sons, daughters, and relatives, by the end of February of this year, and that they dare not return to our lands, not so much as to take one step on them or trespass upon them in any other manner whatsoever. Any non-White who does not comply with this edict and is found in our domains, or who returns to our lands in any manner whatsoever, will be shot on site. We further order that no person in our lands of whatever station or noble status hide, keep or defend any non-White, or Jew either publicly or secretly, from the end of February onwards, in their homes or elsewhere in our reign, upon punishment of loss of their belongings and hereditary privileges. The non-Whites and Jews may dispose of their household belongings in the given time period, under the protection and security of the National Allegiance until the end of the month of February. The Jews and other non-Whites may sell

and exchange their belongings and other items.”

“During the said time, no one is to do them harm, injury, or injustice to either their persons or to their goods. Those who disobey this order shall be dealt with under no uncertain terms by National Allegiance security.”

“Thus we grant permission to the non-Whites, and Jews who have infested our lands to take their goods and belongings out of our reigns, either by air, sea, or land, with the condition that they not take out either gold, silver, minted money or any other items prohibited by the bylaws of the National Allegiance. From this day forward, we order all Congressmen, Senators, Justices, Generals, military officers, officials, and good men of all European, American, and Australian towns and cities of our reigns and dominions, that you observe and comply with this decree and all that is contained in it. You must give all the help that is necessary for its execution, subject to punishment by the National Allegiance and by confiscation of all your goods and offices for our National Headquarters.”

The crowd began to get out of control as they cheered

wildly. The Chancellor continued:

“And so that this may come to the notice of all, and so that no one may pretend ignorance, we order that this edict be proclaimed in all the plazas and usual meeting places of any given city; and that in the major towns and cities of the all the counties. We demand that it be done by the National Allegiance media in the presence of public officials, and that neither one nor the other should do the contrary of what is desired, lest they be subject to punishment by the National Allegiance resulting in the deprivation of their offices and the subsequent confiscation of their goods to whosoever does the contrary.”

“We further order that evidence be provided to the newly established courts, in the manner of signed testimony, regarding the manner in which this edict is being carried out.”

“Today we now proclaim the District of Cohen, Washington, hereby now renamed the District of Columbia on the ninth day of November in the year of 2023. Hail Victory, Comrades!”

Shortly after the Chancellor finished his speech, the timer

expired on the detonator in the World Conference building. It was a day of reckoning as the earth violently trembled underneath New Jerusalem from the explosion, which ripped the building to shreds. The bodies of the conniving Jews were engulfed by flames, and then buried under a myriad of metal, concrete, and glass. Black smoke billowed from the debris, depicting a scene reminiscent of the Massacre twenty-two years earlier.

This time the true culprits were held accountable for their actions, instead of innocent victims like Debbie. I contacted the Chancellor, and he told me about the success of the march. He said the crowd just heard of the mighty explosion in New Jerusalem, and the simultaneous detonations at the Holocaust museums, and synagogues targeted by our Sister Cells. He said the crowd was jubilant, but maintained its discipline. As soon as the Chancellor finished delivering his speech, The Tyrant had tried to flee to Israel via Air Force One.

The National Allegiance media reports were so powerful, and our mighty display of strength and discipline on November 9th caused the Union military to side with us. There were some

initial coups, since the late Commander in Chief had fled for Israel. But the non-Whites immediately dropped out of the military and fled for their homelands once they heard our message, and the ambivalent Whites chose to side in favor of their own skin color.

With three-fourths of the world's Jewish population now dead, and the rest disenfranchised, most of the other Jews and non-Whites left all of the European homelands. Although, the Arabs and other non-Whites did not welcome them with any hospitality either. Especially after they heard The Tyrant was dead, and we had The Union military on our side. However, some had heard our message, and stubbornly held their ground. Our next mission was to launch a ruthless war against them.

The Triumvirate had agreed that The Cadre would take the front lines with elite squadrons of National Allegiance members. I decided to travel south to Houston, where many Mestizos and other non-Whites, including a few Jewish leaders, had managed to create a stronghold outside of the massive explosions. Bruce, and Richard led two other units to face the hordes of multicultists in Los Angeles, and the queers in San Francisco, respectively.

For three months, the National Allegiance trained millions of Whites in preparation for the expected forced expulsion. We unearthed thousands of guns hoarded underground for years, and handed them out. Some guns had even been buried as early as the 1960s. Ever since about 1965 or 1966 White people had been preparing for the day of collapse. Now that the majority of Whites saw that we had power over them, and not the Jews, they quickly forgot their Jewish brainwashing and joined the fight.

On February 9, 2024, as promised, we launched our first huge battle against the non-Whites. Our battle cry was *Remember the Alamo! Remember Blood River! Remember Dresden! Remember Ruby Ridge! Remember Waco! Remember The Massacre!*

Chapter 13

After my father died in the Battle of Houston I found his memoirs saved in the laptop hidden at The Cadre's original Headquarters. That day over 500,000 brave martyrs died, while driving the enemy into the Gulf. All of Texas was purged that week of non-Whites. Unfortunately, Bruce died at the Battle of Sacramento, but not until after he had purged all of Los Angeles, including Hollywood and Beverly Hills. White traitors were taken from their houses, dragged onto the streets, and executed. Richard's Cadre didn't have much trouble in San Francisco. When the queers heard a race war had broken out, most of them jumped off the Golden Gate bridge to their deaths in record numbers. Oh well, that just made our job easier.

The rest of America was racially cleansed within the next two months. The anger that had brewed in patriots for so many years finally was released in a thunderous tornado of rage, and the non-Whites were no match at all for the brave patriotic fury.

Tragically, my father, Bob Eberhardt lost his life, and

never got to see the dream of a White nation free from all Jewish influence. But I think he was satisfied knowing that his genes had lived on through me, his son, Gary. I took it upon myself to compile my father's memoirs, and continue them myself so that future generations would fully understand the truth about our past.

On November 9, 2025 the second anniversary of the Great Revolution, and the 102nd anniversary of the first National Socialist revolution in Germany, I married Evan's daughter, a beautiful young woman named Bronwyn.

The sons and daughters of the Martyrs who died so that Our People could be free joined me at my wedding, and Randy's son, Randy Jr. was the votive warden, who presided over the ceremony. The betrothal took place under a lime tree at the land where my father founded The Cadre. Songs by Mozart were played, and Bruce and Richard's children recited poems by Hebbel and Hölderlin.

Randy Jr.'s sermon revolved around passages from the Edda:

Possessions pass away,

Relatives die,

You yourself die as they.

One thing I know

That lives forever:

The famous deeds of the dead.

We all paused, and I solemnly reflected upon the valiant memories of both of my parents.

Randy Jr. then concluded with a quote from Nietzsche's Zarathustra:

“Marriage I will call the will of two to create one, which is more than they who created it.”

After, we exchanged official National Allegiance Membership rings and bread (symbolic of the soil's fruitfulness) and salt (symbolic of the soil's purity), Randy Jr. began the blessing:

“Mother Earth, which lovingly bears us all, and Father Sky, who blesses us with his light and his weather, and all the beneficent

powers of the air, may they rule over you until your destiny is fulfilled.”

Then the crowd followed us inside the newly built Robert J. Eberhardt Memorial building. Together, we walked down the hall and into the ceremonial oak-paneled room decorated with carved runes of life, sunflowers (symbolic of the sun wheel), and fir twigs.

Bronwyn and I stood facing a short column crowned by a basin in which an eternal flame was lighted to symbolize the fire of the hearth.

Turning towards Bronwyn I presented her with my dagger in token of her capability of bearing arms, and my superior National Allegiance officer presented me with a replacement.

The ceremony then concluded with a rendering of Johann Sebastian Bach’s *Wedding cantata* by string quartet and solo soprano performed by the National Allegiance Chancellor’s son.

Chapter 14

Nine months after I married Bronwyn we had our first child. I carried him into the Robert J. Eberhardt Memorial Hall on a Teutonic shield, wrapped in a blanket of undyed wool embroidered with oak leaves, and runes.

I inscribed the child's name and date of birth on the first page of his *Book of Life*, and then both of us placed our hands on him pronouncing his name: *Robert Jay Eberhardt II*. Through his mighty deeds, and our children, my father Robert Jay Eberhardt lived on forever.

Bronwyn and I were to have many more healthy children in the times to come, and each of them became a productive member of our National Socialist society-a society with no classes or castes-a society that would last for 1000 years or more.

Now that we had been able to regain control of our government, and community, our cities were filled with libraries and monuments dedicated to those martyrs who sacrificed themselves for us, so that we might live on. Eager and fresh White faces paraded through the streets with robust joy. No longer were

European people isolated and alienated. Everyone had their place in society, and felt a common bond of blood with their ancestors, and fellow man.

One early autumn morning, I looked out the window of my house, and saw a White garbage man stop by to pick up our trash. He had a grin that stretched from ear to ear, as his sea-blue eyes looked forward to picking up the trash from the house juxtaposed to ours. And I thought to myself, we truly have accomplished something great, in a National Socialist society even the garbage men are happy. I smiled back to him, gave a stiff-armed salute, and thought to myself, this is what my father died for...and I could almost feel his smile upon my shoulders from high above in Valhalla. In fact, I know I did.