

HEAR THE
CRADLE SONG



O.T. GUNNARSSON

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by

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“Hold the ancestors in reverence. Be true to the folk. May our people have a happy future.

I also thank my parents, who often had to suffer because of me. May they know all this happened while I was struggling to clarify the deeper aspects of my existence. My love will always belong to them.

May you all feel how I give you my hand, so that your strength will grow and you will be happy. Believe me, my heart’s desire is always to see you happy, so be it.

On the eve of the journey on which I’m allowed to join the long columns of those for whom only the deed counts...”

From the Last Will of an SS-Man

THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED TO:

- Those innocent and beautiful angels who’s presence on earth makes life worth living.

- Those of our folk, long forgotten, who’s blood runs in our veins and gives us the power and courage to face the hellish nightmare that may soon be upon us.

-The race itself, without which the creative life-force could not express its most high and noble characteristics.

O. T. Gunnarsson



INTRODUCTION

The “*New World Order*” had arrived. Unfortunately it wasn’t anything like its promoters and planners ever imagined it would be in their wildest dreams. Throughout the operation there had been two distinct groups advocating the new world order and both were left disappointed and crestfallen by the final results of their project. The first group of promoters was comprised of the Freemasonic and Secret Society crowd. They were aristocratic Europeans and Americans from “old money” families who attended prestigious universities and then habitually drifted into prominent positions in politics, economics, and education. From these positions members of *The Scroll and Key*, *The Owl’s Nest*, *Skull and Bones*, *Daughters of the Eastern Star*, and others worked toward their idea of how the world *should* be. They had absolutely no doubt that they could reorder the world according to the esoteric concepts found in Masonic Illuminism and they believed that once they had achieved their idea of reordering mankind, a utopia would transpire, a “*World of Light*” would shine forth where all would be *equal* - all would live, act, think, and look *the same*. There would be no borders in this “world of light”, no distinct cultures, no religions except Illuminism, no ownership of property, no family ties, no distinct gene pools because the different races would be integrated and propagandized into mating across blood lines, just a global village in which everyone followed the concept of “*one world - one way*”.

This was an agenda that had been pursued for hundreds of years in Europe, first in the form of the religion of Christianity, and later in its offshoot forms which were Masonic Dogma and Marxism/Socialism. The thrust toward a world "*super state*" by the first group of promoters had gone on so long in one form or another due to this first group being overly ambitious, power-mad, and gullible. They saw themselves, generation after generation, as being world rulers, benefactors, and knowledgeable enough to circumvent the eternal laws of nature.

Even though the people who comprised the first group were highly visible and occupied prominent positions throughout European and American society, the real movers and shakers and the real directors behind the various attempts at establishing all the New World Order utopias were the people who comprised the second group.

These members of the second group were not Europeans. They were followers of the Talmud and the esoteric mumbo-jumbo known as Cabbalistic Lore. These people saw the New World Order schemes as stepping-stones to be used for realizing their ancient dream of becoming absolute masters of the world, masters who could then use the mongrelized populations of slaves under their control to handle the labor and production needed to keep them living like kings. All of the peoples which comprised all of the races of the world were considered as creatures without souls, non-humans, things that were on the earth as servants for this "*chosen people*" and nothing more.

With scheme after scheme for "*social ordering*", the financing of major wars, the financing of political candidates and manipulation of political policies through the centuries, the members of the second group guided and cajoled the members of the first group to use and abuse the peoples of the world. The thrust was always toward world socialism under the guises of either Capitalism and Democracy, Marxism, Illuminism, or Christianity and the last great push began after World War II. It was to bring about a utopia that would throw the west into a hell of economic degeneration, social breakdown, violence and blood shed - a nightmare world of insanity.

Things really came together for both groups of planners and promoters of New World Order's. With the world "*safe for democracy*" and half of Europe handed over to communist cutthroats, a massive drive for third world immigration into white nations got started in earnest. Under campaigns with slogans like "*Help the Underprivileged*", "*Assist the Emerging Peoples*", "*Universal Brotherhood*", "*Equality for All*", and countless others, waves of negro, asian, oriental and breed-Indian immigrants began pouring into America, Canada, the "*free*" European countries, and other areas of the world where white nations existed. While this unarmed invasion of the white areas of the world was taking place, the planners and promoters began another series of maneuvers designed to sink nationalism, racial and cultural awareness and pride, and sense of community. These entailed the forced integration of schools and with this came the lowering of educational standards so that the third world types could fit in and

not get left behind in grades. There was a shift in school curriculums away from white history and white accomplishments and toward alien cultures and ideas. School children studied about Chairman Mao, Jomo Kenyatta, ancient Egypt, and the USSR instead of about the Vikings, the ancient Greeks, and Imperial Rome. Education deteriorated to the point where high school graduates could not read, write, or understand and think as well as sixth graders could before the second world war.

The second group of utopia promoters and planners who totally controlled the T.V., radio, and publishing media in every invaded white country, pushed distorted information on all aspects of normal life in the past and present while constantly portraying white historical figures as corrupt and ruthless fiends, or degenerate imbeciles. They relentlessly instilled a feeling of guilt in white people, guilt because white people were the supposed oppressors and repressors of all other races who were themselves portrayed as noble, righteous and innocent by the media masters. White people were to feel ashamed because everything that was wrong on earth was, according to those in the media, due to the white race.

The "*generation gap*" was also concocted, and school bussing, which was a scheme designed to separate children from their home and parents for longer periods of time, was another blow to the society. Free love, brotherhood, peace, race mixing and inter-racial marriage, drug trips, hate of "*the system*", rebellion against elders, and the hippie/flower-child movement came into being as the family unit weakened and the endless waves of immigrants continued.

With social deterioration came economic erosion. Giant national corporations began to set up manufacturing plants in foreign lands and became multi-national entities. Workers lost jobs as plants closed in white countries and were set up in the orient and Central or South America in order to “*equalize*” living standards around the world according to the agenda of the latest utopia. This meant that whites would have a lower standard of living while the third world would enjoy a higher one. Products made in white countries could not compete with those from the third world where laborers and factory staff were paid a mere fraction of the wages of white workers. The result was that more and more businesses and industries in white countries were squeezed thanks to consumers purchasing foreign goods for lower prices. Soon many began to close down. Another reason for industrial collapse in white countries was the lack of quality in the manufactured goods of local companies thanks to the integration of semi-competent and lazy workers from the third world into the work place, while in homogeneous societies like China and Japan quality was kept at a high standard and their finished goods were in demand by white consumers who turned away from more expensive and poorly made local merchandise. And in the midst of all of this, the flood of non-white immigrants, legal and illegal, continued.

As time wore on, the rise of the degenerate elements reached its maturity in the various white societies. Rabid lesbian feminists crawled out of the woodwork and their leaders felt that it was the purpose of their “movement” to destroy

the family unit, push the split between the sexes into a war between the sexes, and destroy the white birthrate by convincing healthy women that a lesbian relationship was a means to "*higher love*". And as time passed they became more and more active. The homosexuals also organized and began forcing their wishes on the crumbling societies as well. Since they helped weaken the family, destroy morals, slander white culture, and push "*universalism*" and "*brotherly love*", the queers and dykes were allowed full reign and were helped by politicians and bureaucrats as well as the media masters.

The queer agenda was added to school curriculums and the concepts of the "*alternative lifestyles*" were preached to young, impressionable children. Terrible social diseases followed and were on the increase through large segments of populations. Some were the result of biological warfare experiments released to stem population explosions while others were newer strains of those original viruses that had mutated into different forms and still others occurred within human populations naturally as a result of overcrowding, filth, and a degenerate living habits.

With all of this came the fall and destruction of the great cities. In the United States the demise of the great population centers took place rather quickly once all the eroding components were in place and playing their parts at their full potential. The large cities in the U.S.A. were teeming with third world peoples who were basically uneducable even though the curriculums had been readjusted to the point where a simpleton could comprehend them. These peoples comprised the

greatest part of the population of drug users, vandals, murderers, rapists, prostitutes, thieves, muggers, and above all - welfare recipients. Thanks to the socialist "*social programs*" which were in place at the time, the third world masses, who had always lived according to a feed-and-breed pattern, exploded in numbers.

Plenty of food, government provided housing, and medical care meant better health for hispanic, asian, and black populations and they hit the breeding act with all they were worth. The result was so-called "minority families" of six to ten children, skyrocketing teenage pregnancy, more welfare money needed, more housing needed, more medical care needed, more violent crime, more vandalism, more gang fights, and more degeneracy - all at the expense of the taxpayers who, for the most part, were white. The need for larger police forces soon arose, as did the need for more prisons. Both of which were funded by tax money.

Along with the strain on the economic picture caused by third world elements came the problems of a steep decline in the white birthrate. While the couples and unwed mothers of the third world peoples were generating offspring as fast as they possibly could, white people were either not marrying or not having more than one or two children if they did. Thanks to the destruction of the family unit and family values accomplished by the feminists, the insane concepts of the hippie/flower-child movements, and the relentless programming by the controlled media, white women chose meaningless careers involving shuffling papers, punching buttons, and

running errands over having and rearing children. The hippie/flower child movement and the lesbian/feminist movement had pushed for a distortion of male and female roles and the result was confusion between men and women as to how they should act and react to one another. This affected the stability of marriages and reduced the number of marriages taking place within the white population. There was an abundance of D.I.N.K.'s [Dual Income, No Kids couples], multiply divorced individuals, adults chasing consumer goods and keeping pets instead of raising children, and a few confused and troubled offspring from broken homes who were being brought up with no values or morals whatsoever. And, just as among the third world peoples, there was drug and alcohol use within the confused white populace.

Early in the disintegration process which destroyed the great cities, the white populace was kept in turmoil with concerns over "*minority rights*", "*gay rights*", "*women's rights*", "*rights of the mentally disabled*", "*animal rights*", "*rights of the third world*", "*criminal's rights*", and "*victim's rights*". They were bombarded with information concerning the *plight* of "native Americans", the *plight* of the whales, the *plight* of the dolphins, the *plight* of starving Ethiopians, the *plight* of third world children, and a legion of other "*plights*" which the media eventually hit them with in order to keep them from realizing their own plight which was steadily worsening and from thinking about the erosion of their own rights which were dissolving before their eyes.

Years of this madness passed and the number of white people reaching retirement age grew. The lack of white offspring to take their places had a telling effect on society in general and on the cities in particular. Fewer and fewer whites meant fewer and fewer professionals and skilled laborers which in turn meant fewer and fewer large incomes that could be taxed almost dry to support social programs, schools and teacher's salaries, police forces, and the massive welfare underclass. The great deterioration was now fully under way. Businesses and firms were closing down everywhere because they were constantly vandalized and set on fire by discontented mobs or thrill seeking gangs of third world peoples and because their products were not selling in the local market place. There was an even sharper rise in violent crimes of all sorts and the police forces, which were now saturated with third world elements thanks to no white candidates being available for the positions and "*affirmative action*" programs in the past, cared little about stopping the chaos. The entire edifice known as modern medicine crumbled into total uselessness for the same two reasons responsible for the deterioration of the police forces - lack of white professionals and careless third world employees. What was left in the cities of the white populace, pulled up stakes and headed for the countryside as life turned into a dangerous and dismal ordeal. The U.S. Military, also saturated with third world "brothers", fell apart and then split apart as men from different races simply collected gear, weapons, and ammunition, and then formed their own racial armies. There was no more military police to

stop it, no “spit-and-polish” generals to oversee things, just hordes of blacks, browns, and yellows, loyal to their own and hostile to all others. And it was when the military in the U.S. and other white nations collapsed that the ruling elite, big money families, media masters, and other promoters and planners lost all hope of control and achievement of their latest utopia.

Now it was dog-eat-dog. Soon the police forces and national guard followed the example of military personnel and they simply split apart and joined the racial armies. Open slaughter followed in many areas as the different races jostled for territory and the New World Order that did develop turned out to be closer to the Dark Ages than a “*World of Light*”. In the United States, on the west coast, the hispanics and asians formed their own “kingdoms” while the whites either fled to the north or northeast, or stayed bottled up in a few areas within Los Angeles County and Orange County. Certain small pockets also remained in posh areas of northern California, Oregon, and Washington. The blacks in these areas had long since relocated to the southeastern states where the Black Panther Malitia had set up their territory in an attempt to save their people from the dangers of disease and violence so common in the other parts of the country and especially in the large cities. This left populations of asians, hispanics, and whites on the west coast to “survive” along side of one another. As tension increased and the only remaining military and police forces mutinied, the utopia promoters and their stooges in the federal government made a

last ditch and feeble attempt at restoring order and maintaining control by having massive amounts of emergency food-stuffs delivered into the troubled areas around the United States. Their idea was that if they were at least well fed, the hostile racial groups would tone down and perhaps be open to more of the latest utopia's sales pitch. Their maneuver proved too little - too late and the last loyal troops who delivered the rations were slaughtered by the recipients. The promoters and their henchmen then melted away into the white populations in the countryside or in the posh areas still existing within the large cities and a dark age began in the United States and throughout the western world.

In the region of southern California, the largest territory or "kingdom" as such territories were called, was held by the asians. During the chaos and disintegration of society they had conducted a war among themselves for the control of their parts of the different cities. It was the Chinese that eventually triumphed after they either killed or forced the Koreans, Japanese, Vietnamese, Cambodians and others into submission. The leaders of the Chinese were all "lords" in the various Triads back in Hong Kong. These sinister underworld organizations had operated and flourished throughout the Orient before they had pulled up stakes and relocated in North America when the U.S. and Canadian governments kept the immigration gates wide open years earlier. Soon after they arrived they became solidly entrenched in many North American cities, carrying on business as usual in all areas of crime. The Lords or "High Dragons" of the resettled Triads

began having their “troops” enlist in law enforcement agencies, the military, and the National Guard. Others in the triad structures took jobs in the government on the local, state, and federal levels. The organization of the triad members was tight, their maneuvers unseen, and their final bid for power during the disintegration and chaos they helped to create, was utterly successful.

The lords welded together a ruthless and sadistic armed force using their Triad troops and the thugs from the street gangs in the China towns of the large cities in North America. Gangs like the Ling Wah, the Flying Ghost Boys, the Chin Li, and countless other chinese mobs who were overseen by Triad members received inside information from their associates in the police forces as well as arms and ammunition from police vehicles that were conveniently stolen. These thugs also acquired a substantial amount of artillery from gun shops that they robbed when their friends in the police forces failed to respond or turned a blind eye to their activities. On top of it all they knew of police deployment tactics during riots and they countered these with dazzling effectiveness as life became dog-eat-dog in all of the west coast cities.

The Chinese force, which was known among their people as “the Tiger’s Claws”, was led by a flamboyant and cocky Fortyone-year old Triad Lord whose name was Lu Meng. Although he was an underling in the Triad structure at the beginning of the chaos, his success against the other asians caused him to receive the title of “Supreme Lord” and after he was voted into the position of absolute dictator taking over

from his old superior, Dave Mah, he became known as "the Golden Dragon" or just "Dragon Lu".

In the midst of the social breakdown, the Golden Dragon secured a very large portion of both Los Angeles and Orange County, as exclusive asian territory, consolidating his people and the other asians in it. Once all those under his sway were settled in the areas of the two counties the Triad leaders proclaimed this massive territory the "Kingdom of New China".

The hispanics, although nowhere near as well organized or disciplined as the Chinese, also "came together". But they did it peacefully. Mexicans, Hondurans, Salvadorians, Nicaraguans, and the rest, all spoke spanish, all were indians or breeds of some degree, and all freely intermingled. During the disintegration they also had easy access to military weapons that were left behind after the base closures which had taken place years earlier and tactics, and they eventually set up a kingdom of their own which they called *Aztlan*. The hispanic numbers were sparse because of the numerous types of social disease spreading among them and the only bloodshed that went on during the founding of *Aztlan* was between individual leaders seeking more power and influence over the throngs of less ambitious followers. After the dust settled there was a council of six leaders in place and a Generalissimo who, although not a total dictator, was easily able to keep order and have his plans followed. This state of affairs did not last long however, the Generalissimo schemed and connived and finally destroyed the council of six and placed himself as absolute dictator in charge of *Aztlan*.

His name was Jonathan Olvera, he had been a university professor and was active in government circles when there was still a functioning society, and toward the beginning of the disintegration process in the two southern Californian counties, he also sponsored a variety of widely seen spokesmen for the underprivileged, homeless, and young criminal elements in the cities. After Aztlan was formed, Olvera became its leader due to his popularity with the hispanic masses, his cleverness, and his ruthless style of eliminating competitors.

The kingdom of Aztlan consisted of a core, densely populated area and hundreds of satellite communities within its borders. And the major turmoil of the total collapse of society finally did end.

The Present

Now there is still natural gas and running water throughout the two county area but electricity is only available in some parts. Gasoline is being rationed in both New China and Aztlan as well as in the last white neighborhoods in Orange County and the white occupied area of Beverly Hills and Bel Air in Los Angeles County. Although they are the last concentration of white people to reside in these areas, they have not declared them as "territories" or "kingdoms", and they have not expelled many of the non-whites who reside there with them. The reason why the white people of these two last areas have remained has nothing to do with

bravery. It is because their greed has overshadowed their fear and they refuse to leave because of having too much time and money tied up in property and possessions. During the polarization of the racial elements, these white people kept clinging to a forlorn hope that the government or “somebody” would somehow make things as they once were.

Little did they know, but things would never be as they once were and everything had deteriorated past the point of no return. Aside from the assortment of actors, directors, producers, bankers, lawyers, and media Jews in the Los Angeles area, and the wealthy in the Orange County area, the white people in Southern California are very few and far between. Some exist in small groups on the edges of Aztlan and New China while others are captives and slaves within those two “kingdoms”. This slavery is as yet unknown to the people in the last two concentrated areas of whites and, up to this point, the asians and hispanics have occupied themselves with problems within their own territories. As our story begins they are just beginning to turn their attention to the white people still around and the areas that these people still hold.

Hear the Cradle Song opens to the echoes of the fateful period of disintegration and collapse. It is a story of how things might be, of possibilities unseen or ignored, of fear and bloodshed, of treachery and scheming, and above all, it is a story of *will* - the *will* to survive, the *will* to conquer, the *will* to love, and the *will* to achieve power.

“...we must be responsible for our actions, which, by their wisdom or folly, may determine the rest of our lives. Our dreams may give expression, pleasant or painful, to our subconscious desires or fears. But in our waking hours, we must, if we are rational, make our decisions on the basis of the most objective and cold-blooded estimates we can make - estimates of the forces and tendencies in the world about us - estimates of the realities with which we must deal. Remembering always that nothing is likely to happen just because we think it's good, or unlikely to happen just because we think it's evil.”

Dr. Revilo Pendleton Oliver
Professor of the Classics

*“The best laid schemes by mice and men
often go awry..”*

from - Ode to a Mouse
by
Robert Burns

CHAPTER ONE

“We as individuals are nothing other than the leaves on a tree. Today they are green. One leaf is larger and another is smaller. Then one withers, then another. But that doesn’t matter if only the tree remains healthy!”

- Adolf Hitler

“God damn it! This ain’t no state, it ain’t nothin’ anymore!” Ed Finley was in a foul mood as he slowly walked from his car to his home. He had just returned from a very large meeting between representatives of the last remaining white residents of the various cities in Orange County and spokesmen for the inhabitants of “New China”, and the results of the meeting were not at all to his liking.

“Son of a bitch, get in that hole!”

After reaching his front door and attempting to unlock it exasperation peaked in the old man. It was dark and, at the age of seventy two, his eyesight wasn’t as good as it used to be. He just couldn’t seem to get the key into the lock and with frustration and anger already running high he easily lapsed into the rough and abrasive side of his personality, becoming very vocal - even with inanimate objects like house keys.

A few moments passed and with a bit more struggling and a few more curses the key finally slid into place and Finley instinctively took a deep breath to relieve the building tension inside him. Then he turned to look out at the ocean before entering his home. The view relaxed him a little. There was a small hint of red just on the western horizon and from that point eastward to the shore the sky went from dark blue to black with the first stars visible. As he let his gaze pass across the vast expanse above and then settle on the breakers crashing against the shoreline he began to wonder if there was really any point in going on living. Constance, his wife of 43 years had passed away recently and their son and daughter hadn't been heard from since all the social upheaval began nationwide three years before his wife's death. And thanks to the fact that they were both in the east and communication was next to impossible Finley had no way of finding out if they were alive or dead, and this was weighing heavily upon him.

A wave of sadness swept over the old man as he stood on his porch looking out over the ocean. Standing there in the twilight as it quickly faded into night, he felt that the end of his life might just as well come sooner as later since he held no real enthusiasm for the future anymore. Suddenly, memories of the life he once knew were triggered by his emotional state and came flooding into his consciousness. In his mind he saw himself in his younger years as a successful Oilman, wildcatting in Oklahoma after leaving his home town in Mississippi. To Finley, even the hardest times in the past seemed to hold a certain amount of happiness now, like the

time he was involved in a venture which produced one dry hole after another. He recalled returning to a small, wooden, paint peeled motel on the outskirts of some whistle stop at four a.m., bone tired, covered with dirt and grime, and mad at having drilled another dud. "Those were tough times but at least the future always held somethin' ta look forward to," he mumbled, still taking in the Pacific. Then came recollections of many happy moments with his wife and the births of his children. A faint smile appeared on the senior's face as he recalled moving the family out to California and their arrival at their home in Newport Beach and how well the kids took to life in the surf and sun.

To Ed Finley the past was honestly the only thing of value any more. In his lifetime he had seen the United States go from a condition of seemingly endless opportunity to one of crazy, bizarre, alienness. A strange place full of strange things and people with strange thoughts, a place that left the old man with the classic feeling of being caught in some slow paced nightmare that never ended and only got worse over time. He had seen American society when it was, for the most part, clean, wholesome, and sensible and he had seen the decay, the disintegration, and the total collapse that followed, a collapse that made him reach the emotional point where he didn't want to see anymore.

The smile was now giving way to a scowl as Finley's memories of the distant past were being replaced by more recent ones which contained all of the things he utterly despised. He consciously shut them off, turned abruptly and

shoved the door open muttering "God damn country full of god damn idiots," as he entered his house.

After turning on the lights he sat down and began thinking about what he was going to take with him. It wouldn't be much because he only had his station wagon to haul with and he probably would not have very large accommodations waiting for him in the only remaining neighborhoods that still contained White people over in Los Angeles County.

Finely had no choice, he had to leave and so did the other white residents who were left in Orange County. The meeting between their reps and the spokesman of New China was what had settled it. The Chinese simply informed the representatives of the white populace in the typically cool but polite bluntness that was common to oriental's, that either the last whites could leave the area they were in voluntarily with whatever possessions they chose to take or several divisions of the "Tiger's Claws" would come and force them to leave with only the clothes on their backs.

Being severely outnumbered and outgunned, the White reps had no choice but to agree to the one week deadline for pickup and outbound migration set by the grinning Chinese spokesman. Finely was one of four reps for the still-inhabited areas of Newport Beach and he realized that he would be spending most of the day tomorrow alerting the residents in his area about their forced move.

"No sense sittin' around like a damn fool," he thought to himself as he got up and headed for the bedroom realizing he would have to be up quite early to begin his rounds in the

neighborhoods. He knew it wouldn't be a simple matter of conveying the Chinese ultimatum to the residents, there would be a lot of whining and moaning, and there would be requests for another meeting with the Chinese for the purpose of talking them out of their decision, and Finely was not looking forward to any of it.

The old man had very little, if any respect for the White populace of Southern California at this point in time. To him they were the stereotypical fluff that the state had become known for: yuppies, airheads, snivelers, sheep, lemmings, rich beach babes and surfers. All with more money than brains or backbone, and Finely had gotten into the habit of referring to them collectively as, "A bunch of Knotheads who were so god damn stupid they wouldn't even know what their own names were unless someone told them three times a day!"

It was late now and as he lay in the middle of the king-size bed which stood near the window of the vast master bedroom his thoughts turned to conditions over in the White community in Los Angeles. There had been some very sporadic shortwave broadcasts in the last few months but lately nothing had come through and all attempts made from the Orange County end to establish communication proved fruitless. Most of the representatives with whom he met felt that there must have been some mishap with the equipment over in LA and saw no reason for alarm. Finley was not so optimistic. As far as he was concerned, the potential for large scale conflict and bloodshed was very real and he wondered if there would be any White community in Los Angeles left by the time he

and the other Orange County people arrived there. "Won't be long before I damn well find out!" he growled as he switched off the light by the bed.

As Ed Finely dropped off to sleep Gwendolyn York was watching her father Howard get into his car and drive away from in front of her home in Anaheim Hills. Howard York, like Ed Finely, was a community representative and he had just stopped off at the house of his eldest daughter to tell her about the Chinese ultimatum before returning to his own home which was about two miles distant. The Yorks were very well to do, coming from "old money" in the East and, at the age of twenty eight, Gwendolyn already had the things in life that most people only dreamt of having. She had been, and was, the sort of girl that was singled out for a lot of pampering by those around her and she had done all that was expected of her to deserve it. Even though Gwendolyn had grown up during a time when drug use and wild, irresponsible behavior were the norm, she had lived a clean life and stayed out of trouble, gone to an ivy league university and turned out to be an extremely refined and charming young woman. Upon her return to California she had gotten a position with a local company owned by a relative after her studies were completed and, until the closures and shutdowns, she enjoyed an excellent income and very good standard of living. Her parents had helped her purchase her home and, though she has never married, she was the object of the attentions of many men who fell into her income bracket. For the last year, she had been engaged to Craig Perkins whom she hadn't seen or

heard from since the disintegration had become full scale chaos several months ago.

She had him on her mind as she stood alone in her living room and she felt that he must be all right and still up in Beverly Hills because they had been so close that her intuition would have warned her if anything bad had befallen him.

“Well, that’s one good thing about moving up to LA, at least I can be with Craig again,” she thought as the idea of leaving her home and the area she was born and raised in began to take effect.

Gwendolyn York was not the sort to move about a lot, she fit her surroundings very well and, until now, she never had the slightest desire to actually live anywhere else. Of course, she had visited many other parts of the world and seen all of the major areas of the United States but home was home for her and even as renowned as Beverly Hills or Malibu or the other swanky cities in Los Angeles County were, they did not hold the attraction for her that the area her family lived in did.

Her point of view was not at all unreasonable because before the disintegration, Orange County consisted of clean, well-kept cities full of landscaped greenery, shopping malls, and civilized Americans who lived there in order to escape the rat race in Los Angeles. Just the sort of surroundings that a girl like Gwendolyn seemed to be made for - the area, the pace, and the feel of the place all combined into the perfect stage on which the life of such a young lady could play itself through in the most beneficial and enjoyable manner. Originally it had been farm land but in Gwendolyn’s lifetime

there were quiet, and attractive cities everywhere which then became overrun with Hispanics and Vietnamese. People moved out, rabble moved in, and now only small pockets of white Americans remained. Anaheim Hills, where Gwendolyn and her family lived, was one of those pockets.

Now it was over, they had hung on and had maintained their way of life as best they could but they had no choice except to get out. During the chaos of the last few months the white populace of Orange County had been reduced to having to rely on New China for most of their food. The Supreme Lord Lu Meng was cautious about the takeover he planned for the area because even though government at the State and Federal levels had lost control of things throughout the Nation, there was no way of knowing if the trend might be reversed and if it was the round-eyed devils might end up taking control of their county again. To play it safe Lu Meng acted as a well meaning "neighbor" for some time, supplying the last Whites with a good amount of food so that he would not be seen as a complete tyrant if things should not go his way in the future. But when the total breakdown of the United States was certain, New China in Los Angeles and Orange County changed from moderately helpful to dictatorial and the remaining Whites of Orange County who had never stooped to things as out of character for them as planting vegetables instead of having a nice green lawn and keeping chickens in the back yard, had to leave.

"Only five days. What am I going to take?" Gwendolyn said in the midst of a soft sigh as she slowly walked from

room to room looking at all the things she had accumulated over the years.

The truth was, she really wanted to take it all, but, of course, this would be impossible since it required the use of a moving van to do so and there were just none around at this point. Both her parents and her younger sister Candace had cars, but they could only take a fraction of the possessions they had all accumulated. Gwendolyn knew this and it irritated her. She had never had to make any really serious sacrifices in her life, her background didn't warrant it, and she was used to having her own way. Now she would have to leave behind her home and most of its contents and the thought of it upset her so much that she stopped her little tour as she was walking down the back hallway of her home and began to cry. Tears were streaming down her face and she was gripped with a feeling that was a mixture of anger, sadness, and frustration as she turned and looked at herself in a large oval mirror that was hanging on the wall.

The reflection of herself she saw there temporarily took the edge off her tantrum and she became absorbed with how appealing she would be to her fiance when they met again. As the tension and misery inside her steadily eased she began to take stock of her good points and although she was well aware that she could turn heads, she really did not know that she was one of the very rare examples to be found anywhere of a woman with genuine beauty.

Gwendolyn York did not need props in order to look stunning and capture hearts. She did not have to hide behind

the latest fashions or wear the trendiest chic hairdo nor did she have to resort to the extensive use of cosmetics. She was beautiful under any condition and in any state. It was simply natural and effortless for her but, like all women, she constantly worried about flaws and fretted over what she imagined to be her shortcomings. Unbeknownst to her, no one she came in contact with could see the things she thought were wrong with her. Instead they saw an enchanting young woman, not very tall and of medium build, who seemed to exude an incredible and delightful softness. A young woman whose voice and mannerisms, as well as appearance all spoke of tenderness and gentleness.

Gwendolyn continued gazing at herself and began to fuss with her hair a little. She wasn't sure if she should get her younger sister Candace to do something with it before she saw Craig or not. Her concern was unnecessary. It was shoulder length, fluffy, and white-blonde in color and it framed her face perfectly.

"Guess it's not too bad," she said aloud as she smiled, looking at herself straight in the eye. The facial features she saw in the mirror and took for granted had the combined qualities of childlike cuteness and innocence overlaid with refined elegance. Her dark eyebrows, sparkling blue eyes, good cheekbones, slightly upturned nose, small mouth and well-formed chin combined to produce something absolutely adorable, a face that could honestly be described as angelic and even regal. Whether she knew it or not, she was going to brighten up the White community in Los Angeles by several orders of magnitude.

She was in a better mood now, and she decided to look through the photo album that she kept all the pictures of Craig and herself in before going to bed. As she flipped the pages of the album her imagination produced wedding scenes and these served to temporarily ward off the sleepiness that was about to engulf her. Even in such unstable times as these, the wedding of Gwendolyn York to Craig Perkins promised to be an affair to remember since the bride-to-be, her younger sister, and her mother had conspired for quite some time over all the details. Details that caused the last thing in Gwendolyn's imagination to be a scene filled with elegant decorations, guests, family members, a very handsome groom, and herself as an incredibly stunning bride. Then sleep came and with it the dreams of happier times-to-be in the near future.

The next day the people of the various remaining White neighborhoods gathered at previously agreed upon locations to hear what their chosen representatives had to say. Most of them found it a bother and inconvenience but since the phones were out they had no way around the maneuver. At Balboa Pier one group had assembled and was waiting anxiously when they saw an old station wagon pull up and park. A short, stocky man got out. He was not dressed in the stylish way that the people of the area always were, instead he wore blue jeans with the cuffs of the pant legs rolled up at the ankles and a white dress shirt with a blue bow tie. His jeans were held up by a set of wide, maroon colored fireman's suspenders and he had ankle-high work boots on.

The man slammed the door of his wagon, gave his bald

head a quick rub with his handkerchief before abruptly jamming a panama hat on top of it, stuck a new cigar in his mouth and came tromping across the park toward the waiting crowd.

“Well Mister Finley, what’s the news?” someone shouted as the old man advanced close enough to be heard.

Finley didn’t bother to answer yet, he just kept moving steadily toward the crowd, bushy eyebrows low over his eyes and scowling as though he was ready to strangle anyone who happened to be within arms reach.

The people had chosen him as their representative because most of them were intimidated by his coarse, no-nonsense manner. He was bombastic even at the best of times and he was a witty communicator so they felt that if negotiating was in order he was likely to get further with the Chinese than anyone else would. They also knew that Ed Finley was a force to be reckoned with ever since they held their first meeting to choose a representative months ago. At that time they had thought of him as an out-of-touch redneck whose ideas were as strange as his appearance, that is they thought so until Finley seized control of the proceedings through sheer force of personality, arguing all rivals into submission and laying out how things should be done to the startled assembly. The old redneck proved to have a mind as sharp as a blade and a steam roller personality, and by the time the assembly convened Ed C. Finley was the representative for the community of Balboa Beach and Lido Island.

“All right folks, I’ve only got one piece of news for ya this time so shut up and pay attention!” Finley shouted as he

stood on top of a small hill facing the expectant crowd. "The gooks are taken' over the place and you all have five days to hit the road up ta Los Angeles," Finley said in a booming voice just after he bit the end off his cigar and spit it out on the ground.

"They can't do this!", "We won't go!", "There must be a way to stop this!" and a flurry of other replies issued from the shocked audience.

"There is no way to stop it and yes, they damn well can do it and no, you can't stay!" Finley shouted back as he glared down at the crowd. "Now you listen to me and you listen good. Those slant-eyed monkeys are gonna show up here in five days time and they're gonna be armed to the teeth. If ya haven't gotten out by then they'll get ya out and that's all there is to it!" the old man paused a moment for effect and the crowd became silent.

"I know you all have a lot to loose but there ain't no choice in the matter, we're licked and that's all there is to it. Now you didn't choose me as a representative because I back down and I can tell ya that it bothers me as much, if not more, than any of you to have to do this but that's the way things are," Finley pointed out with a hint of kindness and understanding in his voice.

"Well, how are we supposed to get up to our people in LA? Isn't it dangerous to travel the area between here and there?" one woman asked.

"You better believe it's dangerous, no tellin' what the hell we're liable to run into going up there," Finley replied.

“As far as how we get there goes, I can tell ya right now that the Chinks at the meetin’ made it clear that we ain’t doin’ it through their territory. That means we’ll be movin’ through the god damn mexicans and their private pigsty and I ain’t lookin’ forward ta that!” Finley continued, his voice getting louder and more abrasive again.

“We really don’t know what things are like in the hispanic areas these days, after all, we only get rumors once in a while by short wave from our people up in Los Angeles, and you know how rumors are,” another man spoke up.

“All I’m sayin’ is that it’s better to be safe than sorry so ya better take any firearms ya got and ya better have ‘em loaded and where ya can get to ‘em quick once you’re on your way!” Finley blasted and then proceeded to replace the cigar in his mouth, maneuvering it between his teeth on the left side, before biting down on it hard.

Some of the people stared down at the ground, others up at the sky, still others at Finley while shuffling nervously on the spot where they stood. The old man eyed the crowd for a moment and no one seemed to have any questions so he decided to break things up because he still had to meet with two other groups which were in his area.

“Well, that’s it then. Go home, start packin’, and be out of here in five days. I wish all of you luck!” he said and then he quickly turned and headed back to his car leaving the crowd still standing by the hill.

When Howard York had finished his meetings he returned home to find his wife Maureen and his youngest

daughter Candace in the process of trying to figure out what they should take and what should be left behind.

“Can’t the government or somebody fix this?” exclaimed Candace in an exasperated tone of voice as her father walked in the door.

“I don’t think anyone is going to be able to fix anything anymore,” Maureen replied quietly.

“What’s going on, what are you two talking about fixing?” Howard said as he came into the living room smiling.

He was a tall, slim man with fine features and grey hair, the sort of fellow one would expect to see in a position of responsibility anywhere. A successful businessman, he had come to California from Virginia early in his adult life, met and married his wife and they then settled down to raise a family in the house he now had to give up. Howard York was a happy sort though and nothing was likely to drag him down into the doldrums for long.

“Well, come on, what’s the matter?” he asked again, still smiling.

“Oh, we’re just talking about how all this business with the Chinese should be settled by the government or something,” answered Candace.

“Things are really changing Dumpling, you know that. I don’t think fixing by the government is possible any more,” Howard answered as he put his hand on his daughter’s arm and gave her a gentle pat.

His pet name for Candace was Dumpling and although she was twenty five and Gwendolyn, whom he often called

Button was twenty eight, Howard York still looked out for them as though they were youngsters. Not that he didn't realize that they were grown women, he just couldn't bring himself to stop pampering them. This was why Candace was back at home instead of holed up in the little apartment she had in Huntington Beach. When things became increasingly unsafe and daily life started being a grind, Howard had insisted that Candace pack up her things and move back home. He wanted her where he could keep an eye on her, for although she was not absolutely adorable and lovely like her older sister, Candace was still quite striking. She had the same white-blond hair as Gwendolyn and her mother did, along with a pixie-like face, an outstanding build, and long, shapely legs - just the sort of girl roving gangs of latinos and asians liked to use for a good rape subject. At home she would be safe and he would have peace of mind. Howard York did not worry about his other daughter in the same way though. Her home was in a very secure location and many of the neighbors were his long-time friends, so if something did happen they would look out for her.

"Where should we start dear? It's going to take all of us the whole five days to sort through everything," Maureen asked as she turned and looked at her husband.

"It won't take that long at all," Howard replied as he put his arms around his wife. "We'll take our food, our water distilling machine, some tools and the important papers and jewelry, and a few keepsakes and clothes but that's it," he continued, still hugging her.

“What do you mean that’s it? What about all the silver and all the other things we got over the years? We can’t just give it all up!” Maureen had tensed in her husband’s embrace and was now staring up at him with an expression of wonder and defiance.

“We don’t have any choice, dear, things have gotten very serious and we don’t have space to take everything,” Howard replied in a soothing voice. He knew that his wife could become quite difficult when she felt put out in any way and he didn’t want or need to go through this move with her off on a tangent.

“Can’t we make several trips? It’s only up to Beverly Hills,” Maureen asked looking and sounding quite sad.

“No, I don’t believe we can. A lot of the representatives don’t feel that travel through the hispanic area is very safe and the Chinese have already said we can’t get up there through their territory so it looks like it will be one quick trip!” he answered before kissing his wife on the forehead. He couldn’t blame her for being upset over the loss of so many of their possessions nor could he fault her for trying to come up with some kind of last-minute solution to be able to keep them but there was just no choice and she would have to face up to it.

Maureen gave a sigh and then turned to go and get a note pad and pen to list the contents of each room that they would take. She, like her daughters, was used to having things her own way and, for most of her life, that’s just how they had gone. Maureen York grew up in the area, came from a prominent family, and led a life of ease in which minor problems

were often blown out of all proportion simply because they were the only problems she had, and giving them more importance than they deserved provided her with a change from the calm emotional routines of a perfect existence. She was an exceptionally attractive woman who could be very charming and who was very fond of socializing, but she also had a moody and intolerant side to her personality which would surface on any occasion when she didn't get her way and when social status was not likely to suffer because of it.

All in all though, the Yorks enjoyed a happy family life together and in a short time Maureen, Gwendolyn, and Candace would all accept the facts attached to the move and put their efforts to constructive use. As for Howard, he would hide his intense worry about the dangers that were likely during the actual travel to their new destination. He knew that violence of any sort was alien to his wife and daughters and they would be completely unable to cope with it should it arise in any way. Somehow he would have to persuade some other families not to leave in a random manner, but to stick together because he, like Ed Finley whom he had never meet, felt there was safety in numbers.

As the days passed many of the whites left in Orange County began pulling out, sometimes in groups and sometimes as single families or even lone individuals. The general feeling was that a direct route on the Santa Ana Freeway from the city of Tustin through the densely populated Latino area of what was now called Aztlán and on into Hollywood on the Hollywood Freeway was the best way to go. Some of the

more cautious souls opted for a round-about approach which took them up the Orange Freeway north onto the Foothill Freeway along the base of the San Gabriel mountains then on to the Ventura Freeway and finally to the Hollywood Freeway north of the LA white area, thereby skirting the loose borders of Aztlan and altogether avoiding, they thought, any real contact with potentially hostile latinos. The cautious route was easily twice as long as the direct one, but infinitely more safe and Howard York came to the decision that he definitely would go the long way around when he and his family were ready to leave.

The evening of Day 4 found Ed Finley thinking the same thing. He sat in his den cleaning and oiling his old duck rifle and thinking about his chances of making it through. Finley was no starry eyed idealist, he knew very well what the latinos were capable of and he had no intention of becoming an unwitting victim of one of their killing sprees.

“By Jesus, if those red niggers try anything with me I’ll settle their god damn hash for ‘em good and proper,” he said quietly to himself as he held the long barrelled 12-gage up and peered down the sites. The crusty old timer began loading it with shells containing number 2 shot and he smiled when he thought of the hole he could make in a would-be assailant. Then, after putting on the safety, he took his shotgun out to the garage and placed it on the passenger side of the front seat of his loaded wagon.

“Well, damn thing’s ready to roll!” he said loudly as he shut the door to the garage. “I think I’ll wheel out of here

some time around noon,” he thought as he entered the house whereupon he went straight to his liquor cabinet, pulled out a bottle of good bourbon and, with his wife’s picture in front of him, proceeded to drink himself through more of his fond old memories and out of consciousness.

Miles to the north in Anaheim Hills, Gwendolyn York was sitting on the lounge in her backyard engulfed in sadness at the thought of spending the last night in her own home. Her neighborhood was silent except for the chirping of crickets and the distant barking of someone’s dog. Most of the people had already gone, only she and some guy at the end of the block were still there, and the silence from the absence of people only added to her despair.

She had spoken to her father earlier that day when he dropped by to see how her packing was coming along and tell her to meet them at the interchange of the Orange and Riverside Freeways the following morning at about 11:00. While he was there he had asked her to come and spend a last night at home but she refused and so he gave her the instructions for meeting them the next day. Now Gwendolyn wished she had agreed to stay at her parents that night and, after a good deal of brooding she concluded that her family was more important than personal possessions. Her home had been one of the main joys in her life ever since she had gotten it but it was nothing compared to her love for her family so she finally got up and went to her car. “Oh, to hell with it, I’m going to be with Mom and Dad tonight,” she said aloud as she pulled out of her driveway leaving her house unlocked and not caring in the least about it.

It was a case of territorial instinct surfacing in people like the Yorks and Ed Finley, for unlike most people who had no sense of community and who moved regularly because of social chaos, job pressures and other things, they had put down roots and were tied to their homes and neighborhoods very intensely. Leaving meant having those roots and ties ripped and torn and it went hard with all of them.

The morning of the fifth and last day before the asian takeover arrived and Ed Finley was restless. He had thought of hanging around until at least noon before leaving but by 9:30 he was ready and itching to take off.

As he locked up his home and headed for the garage he stopped in his tracks, turned, looked at the house and said, "Don't care if I am old, just may be that I'll be comin' back here some day. Just may be that the monkeys'-ll all be chased out. Just may be."

And with that he spit the end of a new cigar out into the flower bed and headed for the garage.

Howard York, his wife, and his two daughters were all driving down Lincoln Avenue toward the access to the Orange Freeway at the same time Ed Finley was driving up the Santa Ana Freeway along with quite a number of other people who planned to take the short route. Finley himself was going to exit on to the Orange Freeway and when he did he wasn't surprised to see the traffic that had been behind him continue on the Santa Ana.

"God damn Knot-Heads! Just askin' for trouble that's all that is!" he said to himself as he saw the line of cars continue

on through his rear-view mirror. "Jesus Christ, ain't anybody got any brains anymore?" he wondered as he drove up the empty freeway. Then, as he was approaching the Lincoln Avenue exit he saw four cars enter the freeway up ahead. Finley hit the gas in an attempt to close the distance between his wagon and the last of the four. But they were quite far away so he eased off on the speed and continued cruising.

"Good! At least not everyone's a dummy around here!" he exclaimed with satisfaction as he stared at the distant image of Candace York's BMW.

Three other cars started up the Orange Freeway that morning. They did so shortly after the Yorks had pulled out in front of Finley and they would be the last three cars belonging to whites to travel that route, all others who had to leave on the last day were taking the short trek. One car belonged to Oliver Curtis, the only other person who had been left in the neighborhood where Gwendolyn York lived. He was leaving behind one of the many houses his parents owned around the country, the one in which he had been living while he had spent his time accumulating degrees and posing as a perpetual student for several years. With the coming of the social chaos Oliver found himself on his own, cut off from the helping hands and overseeing eyes of his parents who were, the last he heard, somewhere in Britain on vacation but since the total collapse and ensuing chaos had taken place all across the western world, their whereabouts was a mystery to him. So at the tender age of thirty two the overweight, boyish Oliver found himself in a position where he had to face

pressures much greater than those which came with course examinations. He also found that he had to begin making serious decisions and he had come to the realization that no one in the world was going to hold his hand and guide him through rough times.

He could have left for Los Angeles by the second or third day but he had dawdled and wasted time until, after hurriedly packing on the fourth day, he decided, all by himself, to take the Orange Freeway on the fifth day. As he entered the freeway off of Lincoln Avenue he could not see the Yorks and Finley, they were too far ahead, and Oliver became a little apprehensive when he realized that he might be the only one taking the long route.

“Was it the wrong decision to go this way?!” he thought as feelings of being out of step with the crowd surfaced in him making him more uncomfortable. However, he continued on and decided that his original decision would stand. No silly mind changing for Mr. Oliver Curtis!

The other two cars to travel the Orange Freeway that final day were driven by husband and wife Eugene and Sandy Pruse. They were two of the last residents left in Corona del Mar and they had decided to take the long route because their son Dickey, who was 29 years of age and the lowest form of Mongoloid idiot, would need to be let out of the car every so often to expend excess nervous energy as well as to relieve himself. The Santa Ana and Hollywood Freeways would be too busy but the Pruse's would be able to pull off onto the shoulder while going the long way and let Dickey out to jump and lumber around as often as they liked.

As they travelled up the Orange Freeway Eugene was in the lead car and he noticed a small speck on the grey pavement far ahead in the distance. It was Oliver Curtis, who, just about at the same time, glanced in his rear-view mirror and smiled with satisfaction at the thought of not being the only one taking the long way when he caught sight of the reflection of the sunlight on the chrome and windshield of the car far behind him.

Eugene Pruse kept eyeing the road and looking at his idiot son beside him on the front seat, "Car trips with Dickey are always an ordeal, but he's special and is well worth the effort needed to care for him," he thought as he watched the drool run out of Dickey's mouth and collect in a small puddle on the idiot's Mickey Mouse teeshirt.

A couple of car lengths behind, Sandy Pruse and daughter Denise were talking about what things would be like in the white areas of Los Angeles.

"I think it will all turn out just fine," Sandy said in a pleasant tone as she reached over and patted one of 12-year-old Denise's hands.

"Yeah, I wonder what kind of house we're gonna get. I'll bet it'll be nicer than our old one!" Denise replied smiling back at her mother. She was a pleasant child by nature, usually well behaved and helpful but often overlooked due to the ridiculously compulsive habit her parents had of lavishing attention on what they called their "intellectually challenged" or "special" other child. Being quite clever and talented, Denise often managed to make things or accomplish feats that

were rather outstanding for a girl of her age only to receive a minimum of appreciation from the two Liberals and ex-Hippie Flower Children who were her parents. And her feelings were often hurt when her goonish brother, who was unable to manage anything significant in life, did some simple maneuver, although usually personally unaware of it, and received a non stop praising that could last for several minutes at a time.

Of her two parents, her mother was the one who related best to the little girl. Sandy Pruse was not unkind nor was she stupid, she had just been well programmed back in her youth to see the worthless as worthwhile and the worthwhile as common and nothing to get excited about. Now, as her daughter cuddled up against her side after sliding over on the seat beside her, Sandy's mothering instinct came out with full intensity with Dickie not present to divert it. She took one hand off the steering wheel and placed her arm around Denise who wriggled against her mother's soft sweater, completely relaxed.

"If Dickie is reasonable we should have a very nice trip today," Sandy mused, enjoying the feeling of her youngest child sitting contentedly beside her.

It was approaching twelve noon now and the seven vehicles were winding their way north over the Orange Freeway which was littered with debris blown in from winds off the surrounding hills. In spite of the slow speed over several stretches it was a case of "So Far, So Good", but the fates had ordained a significant change in the lives of the Pruse family on this day and for Denise the change would initiate a radical departure from the way she had been spending her childhood.

CHAPTER TWO

The drive was uneventful except for having to slow down repeatedly to navigate through debris, and as the Yorks and Finley were making the turn west on the Foothill Freeway Howard was quite relaxed. The tension over imagined difficulties had evaporated with the passing of each mile and since it was a typically bright and sunny California day there seemed to be no reason on earth for worry.

"I don't know what I was really expecting might happen, I guess I'm just too paranoid these days," he thought to himself as he noticed some peculiar white shapes on both sides of the highway some distance ahead. It looked to him as if someone had strewn dozens of store mannequins along the road. Then a sickening odor filled the car. It was sort of musky and sweet and a shudder went through Howard York as he began braking the car. He had just crossed the Sunflower Avenue overpass seconds ago and from about one hundred yards in front of his car all the way up both sides of the highway to the next overpass in the distance Howard York could see corpses lying in irregular fashion.

"Jesus Christ!" he shouted as his car came to a halt. "Jesus Christ, those are people! They... they must be... they have to be everyone who came this way in the last four days!" Howard continued while his hands clutched the steering wheel and his breathing turned to gasps.

In a moment he noticed Gwendolyn's car coming across

the overpass behind him and he was immediately jolted out of his shock. At once he had the door open and was out of his car waving his arms signaling his eldest daughter to pull in behind him.

“Why are you stopping Daddy, and what’s that horrible smell?” Gwendolyn asked after she had pulled up behind her father’s car and rolled down the window to talk to him.

Howard York leaned against his daughter’s car, spreading his legs apart to steady himself while keeping both hands clamped to the roof’s edge. “We’re in trouble sweetheart,” he answered in what to Gwendolyn seem a weak raspy tone of voice.

She picked up on her father’s distress instantly and a frightened, almost panic-stricken expression appeared on her face. Gwendolyn had never seen her father like this before and even though she missed seeing the corpses as she came across the last overpass because she hadn’t been paying attention to the distant road ahead she instinctively knew from looking at Howard that the trouble he mentioned must be extreme.

“You stay in your car, close the window and lock the door,” he told her as he turned his head toward the overpass behind him just in time to see Maureen come across.

Following the same arm-waving routine Howard ran up the road a little. He wasn’t thinking clearly, his wife would have stopped when she saw his and Gwendolyn’s cars parked by the shoulder but the shock from what he had seen and the fear that gripped him when he saw it continued to wear away Howard’s strength and reason. His mouth was dry and his

arms and legs were becoming more and more wobbly as he explained the situation to his horrified wife. Maureen began to feel nauseous as soon as her husband had told her what the stench was coming from, and the only thing that kept her from becoming violently ill on the spot was her desperate worry over the immediate safety of her family. No sooner had Howard laid the situation out for her than Candace appeared on the overpass followed closely by a car the Yorks had never seen before. Howard's whole abdominal region began to tense as he looked at the old station wagon following his daughter.

"Hispanics? Maybe it's the murderers!" he thought as he ran shakily back to his car and pulled out his handgun.

He turned and held the gun behind his right hip keeping it out of view while steadying his legs in an attempt to prepare for quick firing. "Why the hell didn't I practice with this thing more!" he thought as he became painfully aware of just how out of his depth he really was.

Upon seeing him take his handgun out of his car Gwendolyn fell into the depths of panic. With one hand over her heart and the other touching her open mouth she stared with terror-filled eyes at her father who was standing stock still looking at the two approaching vehicles. By the time Candace and Finley had pulled in behind Maureen, Gwendolyn was trembling and making short, barely audible moans. Howard soon recognized the single occupant of the strange car as being a rep he had seen at several meetings and he sank to one knee and hung his head, relieved but also overwhelmed with stress and fatigue.

When he looked up he saw Maureen get out of her car and begin talking to Candace. The girl's face registered immediate terror and Maureen hugged her through the open window as Howard tried to get up but all his strength seemed to have left his legs. He was about to try again when Ed Finley emerged from his wagon, one hand gripping his shotgun and the other hand clenched in a tight fist. Finally Howard managed to stand and by this time Finley was advancing toward him looking, as he usually did, like he was ready to murder someone.

"There's ..." Howard said weakly as he raised his arm and pointed up the road.

"I know what there is, I can see!" Finley cut in with a booming voice.

Gwendolyn began screaming uncontrollably. Up until that moment her attention had been fixed on her father and his activity out on the road, all of which had taken place to the rear or just beside her car. When Howard York had raised his arm and pointed up the highway Gwendolyn looked through the windshields of her father's car to see what he was showing the man who had just walked up to him with a gun. It was then that she saw the figures on both sides of the road and in a moment the realization of what they were struck home.

Howard lurched forward, grabbed the handle of the car door and yanked it open with enough force to make his daughter's whole vehicle shake. In an instant he had leaned in and was holding Gwendolyn tightly as he repeated, "It'll be all right, it'll be all right!" over and over.

With her head pressed against her father's chest the girl's screams soon turned to sobs and her entire body convulsed with tremors from her crying.

"It's all right sweetheart, come on, you have to calm down. We all have to calm down so we can start back and get on the Santa Ana like everyone else. There, there, relax, just relax," Howard continued as he felt Gwendolyn's crying begin to subside.

As the Yorks comforted their daughters Ed Finley stood in the center of the highway looking out at the macabre scene ahead.

"God damn," he kept saying softly as he squinted in an attempt to make his eyes focus better. After a few more "god damn's" he unclenched his hand, reached up and pushed his panama back on his head. Then, after rubbing his eyes with his thumb and forefinger, he took a new cigar out of the holder in his breast pocket and bit off the end as he was accustomed to whenever he was agitated.

Howard York approached him as he began to chew furiously. By now Gwendolyn had lapsed into exhaustion and was sitting limply with her head tilted back against the headrest and her eyes closed taking long gasping breaths in spite of the smell in the air.

Seeing that she had settled down, Howard felt he should talk to the man standing a few yards from the cars.

"Hispanics do you think?" Howard asked.

"No, they're our people," Finley replied as he turned to look at the other man.

“No, I mean do you think the hispanics might have done it?” Howard asked again as he looked into the old man’s blue grey eyes.

“What do ya mean - might have done it? Of course they did! Who else would have?” Finley answered sounding rather abrasive. “It wasn’t the god damned gooks, they’re all along the coast and I ain’t seen a negro for a year or more. Guess they all must have left or died off from all them diseases that were goin’ around,” Finley continued as he shifted his stance to one that was more relaxed.

“Well, I guess my family and I are going back down to the Santa Ana because I’m not going to have them drive through that,” York stated as he motioned toward the road ahead. “I don’t know what’s up ahead around that bend behind the next overpass, but I think it’s safer going the other way with everyone else,” he continued as Finley gave him a hard, unblinking stare.

“I wouldn’t be so all-fired sure about the other way bein’ the answer to our problems,” Finley retorted as he spit out the remains of the cigar end on the pavement just a few feet away. “But you’re right, no sense goin’ ahead and if those greasers are on the warpath there’s nothin’ saying they ain’t havin’ a good time right this minute over on the Santa Ana causin’ somethin’ like this here!” Finley continued, pointing to the bodies up the road. “This is life and death now mister and I don’t want to see all these pretties wind up as sport for a bunch of half-breed Indians!” he went on, placing a hand on York’s shoulder and using the kindest tone of voice he could muster.

Howard was silent and becoming locked in worry. "What if he's right? What if this is taking place on the other freeway too!?" he thought as a sick feeling began to grip the pit of his stomach.

"I tell you what, let's just get all these cars turned around and we'll drive back down to the Santa Ana and see if anyone's come back reportin' this kind of mayhem," Finley said, startling Howard York out of his thought pattern.

"I guess it's about all we can do considering," Howard answered slowly.

"Good, let's get the hell out of here then. No tellin' if whoever did this might come back!" Finley said as he turned abruptly and stomped back to his wagon.

The thought of the perpetrators returning caused Howard York to take a deep, gasping breath and he hurried over to Gwendolyn who was now in possession of a good deal more composure.

"Come on honey, we're going back to the other freeway now. You follow that man up there and I'll be right behind you," Howard said tenderly as his daughter looked up at him while still a little out of sorts.

Finley stopped by Maureen and Candace and instructed them to start up and follow him. Maureen cast a glance toward her husband who was watching by Gwendolyn's car and he twirled his arm in circle and pointed back to the way they had come. Needing no further prompting, Maureen and Candace both backed their cars up, made a U-turn and pulled up behind Finley's wagon. Gwendolyn came up behind

Candace and Howard brought up the rear. In a moment more they were off, travelling down the wrong side of the freeway until they hit the overpass. Finley was about to take the exit under the freeway to get to the opposite side when he saw two more cars coming their way. He hit the breaks and turned on his emergency flashers to alert the lead driver of danger.

Eugene Pruse began to wonder what the trouble might be as he took the pressure off the accelerator and began coasting toward the parked car ahead. Dickie had been unusually sedate during the trip and so there had been no need to stop anywhere before now. They had passed Oliver Curtis when he stopped for what he thought was a flat tire but what was only road noise caused by the debris on a certain part of the highway. However once he had parked Oliver became interested in an old wreck which was lying not far off among the vegetation. While he examined it, the Pruse's passed him by and were a considerable distance ahead before he started out again.

"Turn your cars around behind us and follow real close!" Finley growled as he stuck his head down by Eugene's open window.

"Why, what is it? Is the road blocked or something?" Eugene asked feeling rather intimidated by the gruff old man who had just given him the order.

"No, the road ain't blocked at least not for a ways. But it's lined with corpses of the people who came this way in the last while," Finley explained in the same growl.

"Corpses! What do you mean? Why?" Eugene, now becoming confused, stammered.

“Ya smell somethin’ unusual?” Finley growled again.

“Uh, yes. Yes, what is it?” Eugene asked, not putting things together in his mind.

“It’s dead bodies, that’s what! Now I ain’t palavering with ya about this any longer, we’re all in danger here so swing your rigs around and lets get going!” Finley roared as he slammed the palm of his hand down hard on the hood of the car. Eugene sat up with a start and the noise woke Dickie out of a silent stupor.

Ed Finley then turned and walked over to Sandy Pruse who had parked behind her husband. “Mam, swing around behind us and follow close. There’s trouble up there and I ain’t got no time to explain it now,” he said to the confused woman.

“What’s the matter mom?” Denise asked.

“I don’t know, but your fathers turning around and following these people so I guess we’re going back the other way,” Sandy answered her matter-of-factly as she wondered what the peculiar smell in the air was from.

Oliver Curtis was making the loop on the freeway 30 and Foothill Freeway interchange just as Ed Finley was getting back into his car. Since it looked clear of debris Curtis had sped up to proceed through the interchange when he heard three loud cracks and, as his windshield shattered, he was thrown into panic, swerving uncontrollably and hitting the accelerator at the same time. Instantly his car was smashing up against the guardrail.

The metal on the passenger’s side of the car was shred-

ded by the concrete rail and Curtis slammed on the brake as sparks flew up along the area of guardrail contact.

He was stunned for a moment only to be startled by a couple more cracks and two humming pings which instantly followed.

“Someone’s shooting at me! Uh .. Oh, God, I ... ! “ Curtis was now completely unnerved and terrorized. He opened the door and got out standing fully erect for a moment and then ducking down when he realized what he was doing. He didn’t know where the assailant or assailants were and he was too afraid to look around and figure it out. Instead he began to hurriedly make his way off the interchange by crouching down and staying against the right lane guardrail.

It was no time at all before Oliver Curtis had slumped against the rail exhausted and drenched in perspiration. His soft life style and poor physical shape were paying off in spades and, with his heart pounding heavily in his chest, he desperately tried to continue his escape, moving a few yards, resting, and then moving again. But he was not going to escape, the sniper who had riddled Oliver’s car with bullets knew this very well as he watched the hapless victim struggling along behind the rail. The angle did not allow for a clean shot but the sniper did not want one. He could have killed Curtis while he sat behind the wheel if he had wanted to but this wasn’t the plan.

“Let the white boy go, he’ll walk straight into the main trap anyway,” the mexican thought as he smiled with delight over the fun he had just had shooting up the car. It almost

looked like the stuff in those police shows that were always on t.v. before all the stations quit broadcasting.

The Mexican sniper was right, Oliver Curtis was indeed moving straight toward a trap. Ed Finley and the others had no sooner entered the access coming onto the Freeway from Sunflower Avenue than gunfire began. The tires and engine area of Finley's wagon and Sandy Pruse's Mercedes, which was at the end of the line, were shot up.

"What the god damn hell now!?" Finley bellowed as the impacting bullets were producing zips and pings in rapid succession.

The instant the firing ceased, two dozen latinos emerged from the shrubbery alongside the access. They were well armed with a variety of weapons and they advanced on the stalled convey of seven cars with rifles pointed directly at the passengers.

As he held his handgun on his lap despair enveloped Howard York. He knew there was no chance of escape or offering any significant resistance for the little party was both outnumbered and outgunned. The thought of his own life coming to an end did not even occur to him, it was the lives of his wife and daughters and their approaching termination that was all he thought about.

He had never felt so utterly helpless at any other time in his life. It was an anxious helplessness that he experienced, the kind which contained anger and desperation and wanting to do something along with dead resignation and the feeling that it was absolutely no use to even try. For the first time in

a long while Howard York began to cry. The sadness and terror of seeing the lives of those dearest to him end in such a brutal way was too much for him, he relaxed the grip on the handle of his gun and just sat slumped in his seat as the latinos were advancing.

“God damn red niggers!” Finley roared as he pulled his 12-gage toward him from the passenger side of the front seat. “If I’m gonna leave this son-of-a-bitchin world like this, I’m gonna do it blastin’ away with everything I’ve got!” he continued as he grabbed the handle of his door and rolled down his window with hard jerking motions.

When the barrel of Finley’s shotgun was shoved out his car window the hispanics halted and one of them spoke, pointing at Finley as he did. “Djoo put djour gun out on dee grown or we choot everyone here righ now!”

Finley, who was about to open fire, hesitated. Should he start blasting or do as he was told? What if there was a chance of escape? What about those women and that little girl, should he condemn them to an instant death because of his anger? Wouldn’t they all be killed anyway, maybe in a more gruesome fashion? These were the questions that sped through the old man’s mind in the few seconds after the hispanic had given him the order.

“C’mon, what djoo waiting for! Drop djour gun out-sigh!” the latino’s voice had an impatient edge on it this time.

Finley hesitated for a split second and then slowly slid his shotgun out the window and let it fall on the pavement and as

the duckgun sent out a sharp cracking noise upon impact with the road the hispanics resumed their advance. Finley watched them coming, and his face was clouded with anger. He just could not bring himself to initiate the destruction of all of the other people in the cars behind him. Now, as the latino's drew closer, he wished that he had been caught there alone.

Gwendolyn, Candace, and Maureen were all terror stricken as they sat watching the oncoming assassins. This situation was so remote from anything they had ever experienced that instead of reacting with shock and crying the way they had when they saw the corpses, they just stared blankly, as if transfixed by some strange and bizarre spectacle.

Eugene Pruse was hyper-ventilating and his breath was making long hissing noises as it passed through his clenched teeth. He had been a staunch liberal all of his adult life, championing causes for the Third World, the Underprivileged, the people with "Alternative Lifestyles" and a host of others. He had always been against private ownership of guns and he had always held the minorities in high esteem, and as he saw the latinos coming closer with rifles pointed at the people in the cars, Eugene might have been concerned about his family and himself, but he wasn't. Although he didn't know what the business of the corpses up on the road that that obnoxious old man had mentioned was all about, he did know that latinos were, by and large, wonderful down-to-earth people and he was certain they could be reasoned with even though they had just riddled the front of his wife's car with bullets.

Eugene was on edge, not so much due to the actions of the hispanics, but because Dickie had urinated in his pants and was now violently bouncing his two hundred and twenty five pound body up and down on the car's front seat, shrieking and laughing wildly in the process. He couldn't let Dickie out of the car and he couldn't calm him down or restrain him either and this sent Eugene into one of his standard and very common tension fits. Since he could speak spanish fluently Eugene knew he would be the one to resolve any difficulties between the hispanics and the little party but it would be no picnic with Dickie in a frenzy.

From her seat Denise Pruse could see the hulking form of her retarded brother rapidly moving up and down as her father's car shook from the activity inside it. The little girl did grasp the seriousness of things though and she kept switching her gaze from the action in her father's car to the advancing latinos. Her mother temporarily had gone into shock right after her car had been shot up but now she held on to one of Denise's arms tightly and nervously watched the armed men while wondering why her husband did not do something.

"Okay, get out of dee cars!" the latino who had issued the order to Finley shouted the new command as he and his men motioned to each of the occupants to come out.

The doors of the cars slowly opened and everyone left their vehicles. Candace, Maureen, and Gwendolyn quickly gathered closely around Howard, who was sniveling and rubbing the tears from his eyes, and their captors grinned and

hooted with genuine joy as they stared at the two York girls. There wasn't one in the group that did not immediately feel a rush of excitement knowing how much fun they were going to have with the two beauties. They were all low grade mexicans, the common barrio variety, and they had been working this stretch of the Foothill Freeway on the orders of their commanding officer Victor Paez who had told them that there would be whites travelling over the span of the last five days and then instructed them to simply kill all who came by, collect any valuables and really rare cars like Rolls Royce's or Ferrari's, and bring them to him at his headquarters which was about ten miles to the southwest in what once was called West Covina.

They had been doing just that as well as having a lot of fun raping and beating to death any white woman they felt was attractive enough to warrant such attention. As for the rest of the people that they had been finding when they were conducting their ambushes, they had the honor of being shot on the spot if they were children and shot a little later if they were adults or senior citizens, after they had been thoroughly abused and humiliated. The sight of the York girls signalled a very special time for the mexicans and most realized their great good luck in having nabbed such desirable women as these on the white people's final travelling day.

Finley was out of his wagon in a flash, slamming the door hard behind him. He stood looking at the mexicans with both hands clenched in tight fists and his legs spread widely apart. Sandy and Denise Pruse also emerged quickly, the lit-

tle girl sliding over to her mother's side of the car and exiting out of the door on the driver's side. They stood together motionless staring at the mexicans who were nearest them.

"Look, we ain't here to bother no one, all we want is to get over to where our people are in Los Angeles," Finley said as he looked the mexican leader straight in the eye.

"What djoo theenk djoo doin' comin' through Aztlan mang? Dis ees our land, djoo don't got no righ here! Djoo don't got no fuckin' righ nowhere mang!" the mexican replied haughtily as he sneered and spat out the words in Finley's direction.

"All I'm sayin' is ...!" Finley was about to try to talk their way out of the predicament when shrieks and insane laughter caused him to stop in mid sentence.

Dickie Pruse had just been let out of his father's car and he showed his delight by clumsily flailing his arms around and accompanying this activity with the appropriate vocal backup of grunts, howls, and screams. For a moment all present turned and stared at the idiot as he grinned and squinted back at them.

"Jesus H. Christ!" Finley said to no one in particular as he took in the full effect generated by Dickie.

The idiot that had surprised Finley and others was so disgusting that he had everyone captivated. There he stood, a huge, blubbery lump with short, thick arms and legs, and a head which seemed far too small in proportion to the rest of his form. He also had a very short brush haircut and it accentuated the smallness of the back of his skull while allowing

his round, ill-proportioned face to make full impact on those who looked at him.

The creature they all beheld was dressed in a light blue teeshirt that had a large picture of Mickey Mouse on it and a dark spot about the size of a dinner plate which started just below the neckline. His shorts were red, the legs reached to his thick ball-like knees, and they too had a dark spot which extended from the crotch area down the inside of each leg and urine was dripping from the cuffs and running down the inside of both calves.

As Dickie stood there grinning away, still squinting and flicking his tongue in and out of his mouth while copious amounts of saliva ran down his chin onto the dark spot of his shirt, he seemed to vaguely sense that he was the center of attention. This dim realization caused him to let out an incredibly loud, piercing shriek of joy which startled everyone else out of their staring at him.

“Dickie! D-Dickie! Stop Dickie! Stop now! Stop now!” Eugene was attempting to calm his “special child” and was having no luck as Dickie began jumping and flailing again, letting out one scream after another.

The mexicans just stood around watching the spectacle of the nervous white man anxiously trying to control the freakish man-boy that, even by their standards, was sub-human.

“Hey mang, djoo bedder chud ub dat loco or I chud heem ub!” the Mexican Leader shouted at Eugene as he took careful aim at Dickie.

Sandy hurried to help her husband and when she reached

her son she pulled a shiny bracelet out of her purse and began dangling it in front of the face of the out-of-control idiot. The minute that he noticed the sharp sparkle the sunlight caused as it was caught by the jewels on the bracelet Dickie became still, staring wide-eyed and with mouth gaping.

“Daz bedder. Now djoo all geddaway from dem cars an stan een a line righ here!” came the next order from the head mexican as he pointed to a spot on the road directly in front of where he stood. His captives obeyed. Finley came stomping over and stood nearest to the mexican, the Yorks followed, but Maureen, Gwendolyn and Candace still hovered around Howard. As the Pruse’s slowly herded Dickie toward the group the mexican spoke out angrily as he turned his attention away from the Pruses and toward the Yorks, “Whad da fuck’s da madder wheed djoo?! I say ged een line!” The mexican’s eyes narrowed and all three women clutched at Howard tighter.

“Come on dear, stand beside me. Gwen, Candace, stand in line by your mother,” Howard said, now more composed, as he pushed his wife and daughters away from him and into proper position in the line.

Ed Finley caught Howard’s movement out of the corner of his eye but he didn’t turn to watch because he was too busy studying the mexican leader and his men. They were dressed in irregular fashion and they did not give the impression of being any sort of military style unit. He guessed their ages to range between sixteen to mid-twenties. The leader looked to be the oldest and he seemed to carry himself a little better

than his men who slouched and swayed as they stood in a row facing the now empty cars.

“Typical bunch of breed Indians,” Finley thought as he studied the leader who was now watching the Pruses get into line.

The mexican was short, shorter than Finley who was five foot eight inches tall, and stocky. He had a large hooked nose, small slanting eyes, and thick lips. Although his hair was quite short his narrow forehead, wide cheekbones, pointed chin and the dark reddish-brown color of his skin gave him away as being much closer to Indian than spanish. He presented a rather absurd image as he stood there in sneakers, camouflage pants, a bright pink dress shirt and, to top it all off, a beige colored military beret on his head. His men were dressed no better, many looked even more comical. However, there was nothing comical about their weapons or their mood. All had serious, deadpan expressions on their faces. “Okay, now jus stan steel een dat spot an don move,” the leader said to the line of worried people in front of him.

He then snapped something at his men in Spanish and some of them sprang forward and began unpacking all the cars. The rest of the men walked up and milled around, watching to see what their victims had brought with them as items came sailing out of the trunks and interiors, landing all over the road on the driver’s side of each car and the captives looked on sadly as all of their most important and cherished possessions were strewn over the road, cracked, dented, broken, and ripped.

The mexicans collected all of the jewelry, any firearms and ammunition, and some of the more elegant clothing as well as anything that caught their personal fancy. All other contents of the cars were roughly cast aside or trampled on as they continued their unpacking and examining procedures. By the time they were finished the captives were all quite sad. Even Ed Finley was shaken as he saw one of the latinos take the large, framed picture of his wedding and toss it violently on the pavement, smashing the glass and frame while another stepped on it once it had landed.

This destruction was especially hard on Gwendolyn York because many of the things she had packed were not of any practical use, they only held an extreme sentimental importance to her and tears were running down her face by the time the last of the contents was being rifled through by the mexicans.

“It’s not fair! Why do they have to do this!?” she thought to herself as she stood looking at the bits and pieces that a short time ago had been her most important possessions and quickly grabbed the small silver locket that was hanging around her neck tucking it inside the front of her blouse.

As the mayhem of the unpacking drew to a close Oliver Curtis was crouched behind the guardrail a few hundred yards away on the freeway. He had heard the initial gunfire and the screams and shrieks made by the Pruse idiot a short time afterward and, although he couldn’t see what was happening, he made the firm decision not to move up the road any further and find out.

But while Oliver had stopped, the sniper who had been watching him left his position and was making his way back to his comrades. Now he sauntered toward them down an open hillside and he shouted in Spanish that there was another bastard hiding up on the freeway.

The leader turned and waved to the arriving mexican and then ordered two others to get up on the overpass and bring back the lone white. Instantly a skinny, hollow-chested young gangster in baggy shorts, a baseball jersey and a woolen cap which was pulled down over his ears and eyebrows, ran up the access followed by one of the older men who was attired in cowboy gear. In a matter of moments the shouts of "Don't shoot! Don't shoot!" could be heard by everyone. Moments after that, the two mexicans were marching Oliver Curtis down the access while two more started Howard York's car and sped off down the freeway to search the new captive's automobile which was wrecked on the interchange.

"Ged een line White boy!" the leader barked as Curtis staggered into the looting area.

Oliver nodded and walked slowly to the line, out of breath and perspiring again.

"Now, what to do with these prisoners?" the leader thought to himself.

He had been eyeing Gwendolyn and Candace during the ransacking of the cars and he reached the conclusion that they were so special he wanted them all for himself. This presented a problem because he knew his men would each want a

turn with both girls and if he told them he was keeping them for his own amusement they would probably kill him on the spot and elect a new leader. He had to come up with something, some reason that they would find believable so that he could get away from them with the two girls. He thought for a moment and then one side of his mouth began to curl into a hint of a grin.

“I can say that Commander Paez told me that he also wanted all exceptional women brought to him, then I can try to slip away with them somehow when we are travelling to his headquarters!” he thought excitedly and then he turned to his men who were standing idly around and said in spanish, “Let us deal with these prisoners!”.

Great excitement erupted among the members of the latino mob and they all drew near to the prisoners laughing and chiding one another as they centered all their attention on the two York girls who were becoming increasingly anxious by the second.

“Hey baby, lez djoo an me go into doze bushes!” one of the mexicans said enthusiastically as he strode up to Gwendolyn and shoved his hand up between her legs grasping at her crotch.

“Please leave me alone,” she said in a soft, nervous tone while pushing the latino’s hand away.

“Look at dis mamma! I wanna fuckin’ do her, I mean real good mang!” another mexican raved as he approached Candace, spread his legs, and began thrusting his pelvis out in her direction with a quick, jerking rhythm. His intended part-

ner visibly trembled, her usual fire-brand character now completely intimidated.

Both Howard and Finley were ready to explode and Maureen was beside herself with anger, but before any of them could do or say anything, the leader spoke up in spanish.

“Leave those two alone, they have to be taken to Commander Paez!” he said.

All of the men looked as if they had been just been struck by lightening. It was unbelievable! Impossible! they all thought.

“Why? We never took any women to him before!” the mexican intent on Candace whined in spanish.

“We never found any women like these before!” answered the Leader and then he launched into a longer explanation.

“You know how I told you that the Commander wanted all the real good stuff like cars and jewelry and everything?” he started off.

“Yes,” some of the men muttered back.

“Well, he also wanted all the really fine women we captured too. But until now we only got some pretty ones - not like these. And if we don’t take them to the Commander and he somehow finds out about them he’ll kill us all!” the leader continued in his most convincing manner.

“But how’s he gonna find out about them? None of us will tell him!” another mexican near Gwendolyn asked while staring directly at her.

“He can find out in a lot of ways, he’s a smart man you

know! Maybe if one of us ever gets mad at the other he might tell. Or someone might let it slip in a boast to a friend and the friend might tell! No, we must deliver them to the Commander. I know you're disappointed, so am I, but it is our duty." The Leader looked around at the men who grumbled and shuffled their feet but no one was offering any more argument.

"They're believing it!" he thought as his spirits began to rise. "Now all I have to do is get away with this white meat sometime between here and the headquarters! And then I'm gonna have one long, good time!" he mused.

Once the two mexicans that had gone to loot Oliver's car returned preparations for departure began. The leader told them that the men and other women were not worth bothering with, and that he and two other men would deal with them later so as not to hold up the return to Commander Paez any longer.

The ambushers had been collecting all the valuable loot they had taken from their deceased victims and storing it all in the backs of three pickup trucks. A fourth truck held several fifty-gallon drums and was used by the mexicans to carry all the siphoned gas from the vehicles they waylaid. They did this because gas was no longer something to take for granted in Aztlan or anywhere else in the area. The Generalissimo Jonathan Olvera himself had ordered that all his captains carefully store and then transport any gasoline to several filling stations near his headquarters. Vehicles were only used now and then for transporting supplies to marauding units

working Aztlan's borders, or for transporting loot back to Olvera and his staff. The rest of the time units travelled on foot.

The population of Aztlan was rather thin for the kingdom's size. This was chiefly thanks to a number of diseases which had been eating away at the prolific latinos and laying them low as quickly as they multiplied, and so when walking through many of the areas of the hispanic kingdom, one was not likely to encounter anyone where once there would have been teeming numbers.

This was something that the head mexican was quite happy about as he instructed all his men to go ahead and take a ride into the Commander's headquarters.

"But what about you and those women?" one asked as he jumped up onto the back of one of the trucks.

"I will walk in with Rudolpho and Carlos after we see to these others. The rest of you have done your share of walking already and you deserve a little ride. As for these women, the walk will do them good! You know, it'll warm them up for Commander Paez!" the leader answered as he gave a nervous laugh. "And oh! Tell the Commander that we are bringing him something real special but don't tell him what. That way these two will be a big surprise for him and he may reward us all with a vacation at the capital!" the leader continued, changing his tone of voice as if he were talking to spell-bound children.

The other mexicans liked the idea of riding to the area headquarters and the thought of going to the capital was desir-

able since they had been up in this area almost a year doing nothing but guard duty on the highways. So they agreed to keep quiet about the York girls but just as they were about to drive off the leader spoke again, "It'll take me a couple of days to get over to the Commander so don't worry about me. You know these white women aren't used to walking and that means a slow two-day trip."

Some of the men nodded their agreement and then the trucks pulled away down Sunflower Avenue. Two days suited the scheming leader just fine. First he would get rid of the rest of the prisoners. Then he would kill Rudolpho and Carlos. After that he could get some gas out of that wreck up on the interchange, siphon it into one of the prisoner's cars, and drive north into the San Gabriel Mountains with the two women and begin his fun. Two days was more than enough time to accomplish this.

The entire process of capture and looting had taken only an hour and a half, and now with all but three mexicans gone a quiet stillness descended on the area broken now and then by the grunting and gurgling of Dickie Pruse. Everyone was very tired and emotionally drained as they continued to stand in line too scared to move or sit down. It wasn't that hot and a pleasant breeze was blowing but this did not give the captives much comfort. Their thoughts were on the corpses down the road whose stench filled the air although everyone was getting a little used to it by now. Aside from the Pruses, the members of the little party all fully expected to end up as food for the crows and coyotes up on the freeway but they

were so physically exhausted from standing stock straight in line for over an hour now that their panic had dwindled in intensity leaving them feeling a little nauseous and out of sorts.

The Leader eyed them all casually as he spoke with his men just out of earshot. "Okay, Rudolpho, you and Carlos take all the men up on the freeway to where the dead ones are and then kill them. I'll start marching the women back to the Commander," he said in a confidential tone although no one could have overheard and even though he thought none of the captives understood barrio spanish.

"All of them? Why take all the women to Paez, I thought only those two nice ones were wanted?" Carlos asked the leader with a puzzled look.

"Yes, yes, those two are the only ones wanted but I've been thinking that if we take the rest of the women it will help to calm down the white meat so they won't be so distressed when they get to the Commander's Headquarters. After we get them there we can just kill the others," the leader answered, still speaking in the same whisper.

His real reason for taking all of the women was so that Carlos and Rudolpho would have to watch them all and this he hoped would allow him to get the jump on his two soldiers and kill them.

"You know, we better take that loco too," he continued.

"Why the loco? Look at him, he's enough to make a sober man sick!" Rudolpho cut in.

"Because if we take the loco all the women will be preoc-

cupied with caring for him and they won't worry so much about what's going to happen to them at the headquarters," answered the leader in a matter of fact manner.

"That's right, there's nothing that takes away a woman's appeal faster than worry does," Carlos said in agreement.

"Now you've got it!" the leader exclaimed. "Deliver the goods to the Commander in the best possible shape!"

The three turned and walked towards the captives.

"Okay, all djoo meng excep dee loco weell go wheed deeze two!" the leader ordered as he pointed to Carlos and Rudolpho.

"Go where!?" Finley blurted. "All we want to do is go to our homes!"

"Djoo go wheed dem!" the leader shouted as he pointed his rifle at Finley's chest.

"Dee weemeng weell go dat way wheed me! Djoo weell breeng dee loco and take care of heem!" the leader snapped as he motioned for the women to start moving.

"Now wait a minute, what are you doing? Where are you going with them!?" Howard York demanded in a sharp voice.

The leader did not bother to answer, instead Rudolpho stepped up behind Howard and slammed his rifle butt against the left side of York's head. There was a smart crack, Howard's head jerked down hard to his left shoulder and then his body crumbled to the pavement. Gwendolyn, Candace and their mother all screamed and were about the rush to help the motionless form when the leader stepped between them and Howard.

“Djoo start moving now or I choot heem and den I choot all djoo too!” he shouted, grimacing in a diabolical fashion while pointing the barrel of his rifle down at York’s head. “No?! Okay, djoo wan to see heem die righ now?!” the leader steadied his rifle, bracing the butt against his shoulder when the women did not respond to his order.

“We’re going, don’t shoot him! Please!” Maureen cried as she and the girls began to take a few hesitant steps away while they stared at Howard.

Blood was beginning to appear under York’s face and head now and Gwendolyn was the first to notice it. She stopped in her tracks and gasped, coming close to fainting.

“Why djoo stopping for?! Move!” the leader ordered, this time screaming at the top of his lungs and bringing the rifle barrel near to Howard’s head.

Maureen grabbed Gwendolyn and pulled her along as the three moved further and further down Sunflower Avenue.

“Djoo get going too! An take dat loco!” the leader turned his attention to Sandy and Denise.

“Go on San, I’ll straighten this out as soon as he calms down and I can talk to him,” Eugene said confidently as he patted his wife on the back and urged her to start moving with a small push.

Sandy and Denise then began to slowly walk in the same direction as the York women, each of them holding one of Dickie’s thick, stubby hands and coaxing him along with kind words and the bracelet which still had his undivided attention.

Ed Finley had been staring down at Howard ever since he

had collapsed after being struck and he had initially thought the man was dead. Now he could see a little movement indicating breathing but he made no move to help, there was nothing much he could do anyway and so he just stood there feeling very, very old.

Oliver Curtis was terrified when he was shot at and his condition had steadily worsened. Now he visibly trembled after seeing York go down. He couldn't have mustered enough courage to let out a squeak in his own defense never mind question the leader. On the other hand, the tall, gangly looking man next to him seemed quite composed, almost oblivious to the danger present. Eugene Pruse had dealt with hispanics for many years and he knew that they reacted with violence only because they were down-trodden and frustrated. As far as Eugene was concerned, the mexican leader was just on edge and intimidated by white people, and that was why he had acted so volatile. As for the man laying on the road, he had gotten what he asked for because he questioned the authority and importance of the leader and triggered a violent act that stemmed from the frustration of the hispanic's feeling that whites never took them seriously. No, Eugene *knew* these poor people very well, he even thrilled during the disintegration period when they, the asians, and what little was left of the blacks, got out of the grasp of the so-called "oppressive" white society, now he would demonstrate his understanding and clear the whole situation up.

But the leader started down Sunflower Avenue after the women and Carlos motioned for Curtis, Finley, and Pruse to

grab Howard and start up the access to the freeway.

“Well I guess I can’t talk to the boss so this fellow will have to do,” Eugene said to himself as he looked at Rudolpho and smiled.

“Pardon me sir, but where are we going?” Eugene said pleasantly in spanish with a warm smile on his face.

“Oh, we’re going up on the highway,” Rudolpho replied grinning back at Eugene.

“Oh,” Eugene said nodding his head knowingly. Rudolpho giggled when he saw this. “And tell me sir, why are we going up on the highway?” Eugene asked as he changed his grip on Howard York’s arm while trying to stay in step with Finley and Curtis.

“Because we don’t want dead bodies scattered around to clean up. It’s easier when they’re all in one place!” Rudolpho answered in a very kind tone of voice giving Eugene another big grin at the same time.

“Oh, I see! You need us to take care of some dead bodies on the freeway! Were they from a bad auto accident?” Eugene’s tone of voice changed to a reconciliatory one as he looked from Rudolpho to Carlos and back to Rudolpho again.

The two mexicans stared at Eugene for a moment and then at each other, barely able to suppress the hysterical laughter that was fighting to come out of both of them.

“Yes, yes, that’s it! An auto accident!” Rudolpho replied with a choking laugh.

“What in tarnation are you gabbin’ with these two monkeys about!?” Finley growled, looking Eugene straight in the eye.

“For your information mister... uh mister, I don’t believe we’ve introduced ourselves?” Eugene said flatly as the expression on his face changed to one of annoyance.

“Finley! Ed C. Finley! Now what’s all this chatter about!?” came the answer and a question in a booming blast from the old man.

“For your information Mister Ed C. Finley, there’s been a very bad auto accident and we’re needed to help deal with the remains of the dead,” Eugene said in a condescending manner.

Finley couldn’t believe his ears. He gave Eugene a hard look and then shook his head saying, “Oooo you’re a real prize-winner you are!”

The mexicans had started laughing in earnest when they heard Eugene say “auto accident” in English and realized that he must be telling the old man his idea of why they were going up on the freeway.

“Listen you god damn clown, my wagon and your wife’s car are back down there full of bullet holes! What do ya think that was all about!? To stop us so we could help with traffic fatalities!? And what about the women, why are they bein’ taken away!?” Finley bellowed.

“You don’t understand these people. The shooting was just their way of trying to get on equal terms with us psychologically. We have so much more than they do and we’re always acting so superior and obnoxious toward them that they are impelled to act out in ways like this to make us pay attention to their wants and needs,” Eugene replied in his most scholarly manner.

“Shit for brains!” Finley snorted and then shifted his eyes from Eugene to the road ahead as they approached the freeway entrance.

“Where are you taking the women sir?” Eugene asked Rudolpho politely, picking up his conversation with the latinos again.

“Not far,” came the answer from the grinning and giggling mexican.

“Why were all of our possessions and gas taken?” Eugene continued in the same polite manner.

“Because we need them,” Rudolpho replied chuckling.

“How will we get back to our homes? Will you take us to them?” Eugene then asked.

“No, we will not.”

“But, we can’t walk there. It’s too far away!”

“No, that’s true you can’t.”

The mexicans were enjoying the dialogue immensely.

“Well, what are we going to do? We can’t stay out here,” Eugene asked with concern.

“You are not going to be doing too much at all, and yes you can stay out here,” Carlos spoke up.

“That’s right, you can stay out here forever!” Rudolpho exploded with laughter and was joined by Carlos.

Eugene chuckled weakly and looked at the two mexicans nervously. “What... what do you mean? There’s no food around. We can’t stay here,” he said.

“Don’t worry, you won’t need any food!” Rudolpho was laughing so hard that he had almost doubled over.

“Sure, in a little while all your worries will be over!”
Carlos added as he too convulsed with laughter.

A faint glimmer of the instinct to survive that had been long buried under a monumentous amount of liberal programming was suddenly felt by Eugene as he rapidly became more and more suspicious of the proceedings.

“Where did your boss take my wife and children? What’s going on here!?” Eugene demanded loudly as he came to a halt. He had almost fallen over because Finley and Curtis kept moving and their momentum on Howard’s body was enough to unbalance Eugene as he held York’s arm.

“Your families are gone! Forget about them!” Carlos said in the midst of his laughter.

“I’m not moving till you answer my questions properly!” Eugene said trying to give off an air of authority.

“Look mister, we’re going to kill you okay? You can come along and get it over with easy or we can crack your skull like his and have one of these two drag you up the road and do it that way,” Rudolpho exclaimed still laughing.

“Where’s my wife!? What do you people think you’re doing?” Eugene screamed as he fully realized the peril he was in.

“Never mind! We’re going to kill them too! So you don’t have to worry, you’re all going to end up the same!” Rudolpho answered as he laughed so hard tears began running down his cheeks.

“Oh God! Oh God, No! No, this can’t be happening! No!” Eugene began to whimper as he stood there holding

Howard York's arm and being stared at by Finley and Curtis who could not understand spanish. The Liberal thought of making a break for it but his limbs were paralyzed with fear.

"All right, you've held us up long enough!" Rudolpho snarled as he raised his rifle and turned it's butt toward Eugene's face.

Pruse didn't move but his eyes opened wide with terror. Then, just as the mexican drew back his arms in a wind-up for delivering a blow to Eugene's head a booming pop sounded in the distance and Rudolpho's skull shattered.

Finley, Curtis, Pruse and Carlos looked on in surprise as Rudolpho's headless body hit the pavement heavily. In an instant Carlos regained his wits and was turning in the direction the noise had come from. It was in the hills to their right but he couldn't see anything. A split second later another booming pop sounded and Carlos had also lost his head in the most literal sense.

Still holding up Howard, the three captives turned around to see who was doing the shooting and as they did, five men appeared in a line on the top of a distant hill.

CHAPTER 3

"To be simple and natural is the highest and final goal."
- Nietzsche

The two gun shots had caused the women to halt in their march and begin crying hysterically.

"That's two of them," the leader thought as he moved to push his startled and stalled group of captives along.

He had been forcing them to hold a very quick pace and as soon as he had gotten them to the intersection of the Arrow Highway and Sunflower Avenue which was about a mile from their starting point the gun shots sounded.

"Go, Go!" he shouted as he prodded Sandy and then Candace with the end of his rifle barrel.

"Hello up there! Who are ya!?" Finley shouted hoarsely.

"Are they more mexicans?" Finley asked Oliver Curtis, "I can't see 'em too good, they're too far away."

"I... I d- don't ..." Curtis stammered unable to finish his sentence.

"Well, whoever they are, they sure can shoot!" Finley added with enthusiasm.

"Here, c'mon, put this fella down and let's get his noggin cleaned up!" Finley began slowly lowering Howard's legs.

"Sit him up. Anybody got any kleenex or somethin'?" Finley asked as he examined the wound on York's head. It

was severe, probably more than enough to have produced a concussion, and maybe even permanent brain damage. The scalp was broken and a flap of it was torn off the skull hanging inside out and looking yellowish and encrusted with dried blood.

“Jesus, that monkey really gave him a wallop!” Finley said quietly as he lightly pressed the wad of tissue Oliver Curtis had produced against the part of the wound that was still bleeding. Oliver really didn’t care about York’s condition he was more concerned over the five men who had disappeared from the hilltop.

“Where’d they go? They aren’t up there any more!” he said in an anxious whisper.

Eugene just kept scanning the hills but didn’t offer an answer. Several minutes passed before the men came into view again. This time they appeared right beside the area where the cars were parked.

“Look, there they are!” Oliver squeaked just after he caught sight of some movement down beside the bottom of the freeway access.

Finley and Pruse turned to see who the newcomers were. They could be clearly made out now and to the relief of the three men on the freeway entrance they were all white. All were in camouflage fatigues and armed.

“God damn, am I glad ta see you boys!” Finley shouted as he waved to the five men who were trotting up the access in single file.

“Yes, we saw you from up on the hill carrying that body.

What's been going on here?" the lead man shouted back from halfway up the access.

Finley waited until they arrived at the freeway entrance before launching into an answer to the man's question. In seconds Curtis and Pruse joined in and all three were talking at once. They told of the bodies up on the freeway, the ambush and looting, the attack on Howard York and the abduction of the women, each one filling in details that were omitted by the others.

After listening attentively to the entire retelling of the events of the day, the leader introduced himself as Gerald Tracy and went on to say that he happened to be out scouting and just ran across the captives and the mexicans by chance.

"What do ya mean you're out scouting? What are you scouting for?" Finley asked.

"Our main force is up there and my chief sent us out to see if we could locate any latinos," Tracy replied as he pointed to a low mountain peak some distance away.

"Wait a minute! You say your main force is up there?! Couldn't you see what was happening down here today?! Didn't you hear the rifle fire!?" Finley roared, rattling out three rapid questions.

"We've been travelling all day from back in the mountains and we only got to that area up there a half hour ago. Of course we heard gunfire on our way here, but we were too far away and in a canyon, so there was no way we could have seen anything. That's why our chief sent us out the minute we got up there, he wants to find out what's going on," Tracy

answered patiently as he watched one of his men giving medical aid to the unconscious man on the pavement.

"Who's this chief you keep talkin' about and how many ya got in this main force?" Finley asked in a slightly more contained tone of voice.

"Styrbjorn Tagesson, and with everyone including us there are eighteen. The rest are back at the village!" Tracy explained.

"What village?" Finley probed.

"I'm afraid you'll have to talk to Styrbjorn about that," Tracy replied flatly.

"Listen, Mister Tracy, my wife and our two children have been taken somewhere along with three other women. Can't you go after them? They can't have gone too far and there's only one man guarding them," Eugene inquired with an agitated edge on his voice.

"We'll find your family for you but one thing at a time. First we have to get all of you up to our camp and sort things out with our chief before any of us go chasing after other people," Tracy answered as he and another man headed for the eucalyptus trees on the roadside to cut branches for a stretcher.

This answer didn't strike Eugene as acceptable but he had no choice other than chasing the mexican leader himself and, even though his family was involved, the great liberal couldn't muster the nerve.

The trip up to the camp turned out to be a long and arduous one, taking the better part of three hours to complete. The problem came from Finley, Curtis and Pruse having to stop for rests and climbing at a snail's pace.

The tremendous amount of stress they had undergone had sapped their strength and the steep, uphill trek became a grueling ordeal. The two men carrying the stretcher marched on without stopping and soon they had left the others far behind.

“Sorry I’m goin so slow, seventy two years can wear on a man,” Finley gasped as he sat resting on the slope.

Curtis was hunched over with his hands on his knees, perspiration streaming down his brow, his eyes focused on the miniature forms of the cars far below. Eugene was perturbed over how all the jogging he had done didn’t seem to provide the kind of endurance he needed for such travel. But Gerald Tracy and the other men who had remained behind while the stretcher bearers continued on were unaffected by the climb and not even breathing hard. They stood by and waited patiently time after time as their three followers gave in to fatigue.

“Take as long as you need, we aren’t running a race here,” Tracy said as he looked at Finley, a little concerned over the old man’s paleness and obvious discomfort.

“God damn, this is doin’ me in!” Finley retorted as his face twisted, showing extreme distress.

Seeing he could not go on under his own power Tracy and his companions waited an unusually long time to make sure Finley had recovered and settled down. Then they resumed the climb supporting him one on each side, with his arms over their shoulders while Curtis and Pruse stumbled slowly along after them.

This was how they reached the camp and their arrival

was greeted with indifference. Howard York was being tended to by a group of three soldiers while the rest talked and mulled around, studying maps, or eating the first meal they had had since leaving their village.

“Okay boys, I’m all right! I’m all right! I can manage from here!” Finley exclaimed in a tone of voice that indicated he had recuperated a little. “Thanks for the help,” he continued as he stood at the edge of the camp scrutinizing the residence.

Oliver Curtis was entirely out of breath when he got there and he immediately sank to the ground with his eyes closed, taking long, deep, and laborious breaths. Eugene was not quite so worn out, he only had to resort to leaning against the boulder while he rested.

The three were left alone as they recovered. No one seemed at all interested in them or even spoke to them. Even Gerald Tracy, who had been so helpful, was absorbed in some discussion at the opposite end of the camp and made no move in their direction.

“Ain’t the friendliest outfit I’ve every come across,” Finley thought to himself as he tried to ascertain which man was the chief.

They all looked serious and went about their activities quietly with slow deliberateness. At last Finley’s eyes came to rest on a man who moved about the camp, stopping by different groups of men, and speaking with them.

“Yup, that must be him,” Finley muttered under his breath as he observed his choice for the chief.

The man was tall and had excellent posture, and with

clothing that looked more like a formal uniform than did the clothes of the other men, he seemed to have an official air about him. The fellow was very fair with classic teutonic features and was well armed as were the others but he looked more polished as he strode about the camp.

“Hey mister! Ah, I’d like to have a word with ya if you’ve got the time,” Finley said loudly as the man passed close to the area where the three guests had settled.

The man stopped and then came over and stood in front of Finley as Oliver Curtis and Eugene seemed to come to life again. They all stared up at the fellow in front of them as he looked at them calmly and asked, “What can I do for you men?”.

“My name’s Ed C. Finley and I was wonderin’ if you and your men were gonna help us get up to Beverly Hills?” Finley exclaimed as he stuck out his hand and smiled, looking squarely into the grey-colored eyes of the man in front of him.

“I’m sure we can help you, but it will take a little time,” the man answered, returning Finley’s smile with one of his own and shaking the old man’s hand.

“How uh, how long do you think it will be before we leave?” Oliver Curtis asked weakly.

“I really couldn’t say,” the man answered politely. “It’s not my decision.”

“Not your decision. Well, you’re the chief, and if it ain’t your decision whose ... “ Finley was in the middle of his question when the man started to laugh and this made the old man stop talking and wonder what the joke was.

“My name is Don Saxena and no, I’m not the chief!” the man replied as his laughter sputtered to an end.

“Well who is then?!” Finley roared.

“He is,” Saxena replied as he turned and pointed across the campsite at a man sitting on the ground with his back against a small boulder.

Finley, Curtis, and Pruse all focused on the individual Saxena had pointed to.

None of the members of the small party could believe their eyes. The “chief” who was in the shade of a small shrub didn’t look anything like what they had expected. In fact, he seemed out of place among the rest of the men who were all in military dress and looking every inch like an army or special forces unit.

“Him?! That’s the leader of your outfit?” Finley asked in surprise, while not bothering to break his gaze, and look at Saxena again.

“Yes,” answered the soldier in a matter-of-fact tone. “That’s Styrbjorn Tagesson and he’s at the top of the line here.”

No one bothered to say anymore, they just kept staring across the campsite at the man who was chief. He wasn’t dressed in camouflage and he might have been mistaken for a hobo by the way he was sprawled out on the ground.

“Well, let’s get over there and see what the god damn chief has to say!” Finley growled as he started across the campsite with Oliver and Eugene following a few paces behind.

The man with his scruffy beard and bushy hair, some of which fell irregularly over his forehead covering it almost halfway down to his eyebrows, watched them approach.

“Looks like a bum!” Finley thought as he regarded the man’s attire.

With a pair of Indian moccasins that covered his light beige canvas pants up to knee level, and a blue t-shirt, over which was a dark grey denim jacket, the chief presented a rather forlorn and absurd image.

“Understand you’re the ringleader of this here circus!” Finley said in a very abrasive tone. He had no respect for the man sitting on the ground in front of him and when Finley realized that the seventeen other men willingly followed him, he lost all respect for them as well.

“You could say that,” the man answered casually. “I’m Styrbjorn and who might you be?”

“I am Ed C. Finley and I want to know what you and your bunch of clowns here are gonna do to get us to Beverly Hills!?” Finley blasted as he scowled down at Tagesson. “I also want ta know what the hell you’re sittin’ around on your ass like a god damn drunken wino bum when you should be chasin’ that mexican who took four women and a little girl?!” Finley continued as he pulled a cigar out of his pocket and then bit the end off.

Styrbjorn slowly got to his feet as the old man continued, “I guess this is just some Boy Scout play around troop! Or maybe you’re a bunch of god damn queers?! Is that it?!”

Styrbjorn was standing now, staring calmly into Finley’s

eyes. His face showed no anger but his eyes, which were a muddy brown in color, were sharp and piercing. They had no warmth in them and, if the eyes were truly the windows of the soul, then one would have to conclude that Styrbjorn Tagesson's soul must be dark and shadowy. Finley and his two companions sensed this in a way as Styrbjorn stood in front of them with those eyes moving slowly from one of the three to the others the way a hawk's eyes shift when it examines it's surroundings.

The chief's body looked different now as well. Before it seemed unimpressive and languid, now it possessed a definite tension, a sort of invisible energy, and it appeared blocky and muscular, but there was a definite litheness and ease to the way it moved.

"I understand your concern and I've already been told about your ordeal by one of the men who carried the stretcher," Styrbjorn replied evenly as he addressed Finley. "But this is not the movies. We are here for war and war is something none of you know anything about so allow us to handle the situation with those women in our own way and they will be back here safe and sound tomorrow morning."

"I know about war! I was in Korea and I can tell you ..." Finley started up with his usual growl but was cut off by the chief in mid sentence.

"You may have been involved in large scale, modern military operations, but those are only sprawling slaughter games anyone can play. War, real war, is different. It's smaller and more intense, fit for only certain types of people," Styrbjorn

answered and with that he turned and walked away toward one of the groups of men in another area of the camp.

“You better not make these guys mad Mr. Finley. I don’t think they’re very forgiving,” Oliver said as he placed a hand on one of Finley’s shoulders.

“As far as I’m concerned they’re all a bunch of psychopaths and that leader is something I’d figure on seeing in a maximum security prison! Did you notice his eyes?” Pruse interjected.

“I don’t know what to think of him now. Guess we’ll just have to wait and see what happens,” Finley said tiredly as he began to make his way to their original spot on the other side of the campsite.

Although they were not aware of it, the chief had not been relaxing in a stupor as Finley had thought. He had been changing plans, deciding how to get the waylaid travellers up to the Whites in Beverly Hills and worrying about the women who were still in the hands of the mexican.

He intended to get them back after dark and he had no doubts about being able to quickly close the distance between his men and the mexican once things were set in motion. Styrbjorn knew how irrational mexicans could be and did not want to approach the kidnapper before dark because there was a good possibility that he might start killing the women if he caught sight of his pursuers or realized too soon that he had been surrounded.

“All right. Gerald, you and I and Don will go get those women tonight. Bring your cross-bows and rifles, and dig out

those light grey coveralls, it's going to be a clear night and the moonlight will be bright," Styrbjorn instructed his two captains as he stood by the group they sat in. Tracy and Saxena immediately went to their gear and began to prepare while Styrbjorn walked over to where Howard York was lying.

"How's he doing?" the chief asked one of the men who were attending York.

"Not bad. He regained consciousness a while ago. Seemed to be thinking okay. Said to help his family and then drifted off to sleep," the man replied.

"Here's his wallet," another exclaimed as he handed the billfold to Styrbjorn. "Those people in the pictures must be the guy's family."

Styrbjorn examined the small photos of three women which were held between plastic covers in one portion of the wallet. His stomach quickly tightened as he looked at them because he knew how hispanics liked to violate white women with blonde hair and these two would be irresistible to the kidnapper.

"Something wrong Styrbjorn?" one of Howard's attendants asked as he noticed the deeply troubled look on the chief's face.

"Yes, something is very wrong," was Styrbjorn's reply as he walked away with the wallet.

Finley, Pruse, and Curtis watched as the chief approached them and they wondered what was going to happen.

"These women that were taken, were any of them injured before they left?" Styrbjorn asked Finley in a quiet voice.

“Nope. Why do you ask?” Finley replied, noticing the worry in the chief’s eyes.

“So they were all able to travel fairly fast then?” Styrbjorn asked without answering Finley’s question as he shifted Howard’s wallet around in his hand.

“No, they can’t travel fast!” Eugene cut in. “They have my son Dickie with them and he’s severely handicapped. He’ll slow them down quite a bit!”

This news came as a relief to Styrbjorn because after he had seen the photos of Gwendolyn and Candace he had deep concern over the mexican kidnapper becoming impatient and pushing them all the way to his commander’s base as quickly as possible. If the women and their captor reached the base before they were reached by Styrbjorn and his two captains they would probably be set upon immediately and raped to death.

“Well, we will catch them tonight and settle the matter with that Mexican good and proper,” Styrbjorn said to Eugene in a reassuring tone.

“We want to do this in darkness because the bastard might go wild and kill a few or all of his prisoners just out of spite if we confront him now. But after he’s asleep it will be much safer for them,” Styrbjorn explained after he turned to Finley.

“Listen boy, I didn’t mean to blow up at ya like that. It’s just that I’m real worried about those darlings and that little girl bein’ in the hands of that red nigger,” Finley remarked.

“If they’re being slowed down by his son then they won’t

make it to the base that this ambush group operates from tonight, so don't worry, we'll get them back good as new," Styrbjorn said smiling before he left them.

Finley now was at a total loss over the chief. First he had him pegged as a misfit, then he thought the fellow was an extremely vicious hardcase, and now Styrbjorn had metamorphosized into a reasonable human being with genuine concerns and the ability to behave in a pleasant, non-threatening manner. This rapid set of transitions just didn't add up in Finley's mind. He was used to dealing with all sorts of people, and he had developed the ability to "read them" accurately on first impressions but this time he was stumped.

Oliver Curtis, on the other hand, was captivated by the camp and its residents. He had begun to wonder what it might be like to live like this and how exciting it must be to take part in daring adventures like the one which was planned for that evening.

As for Eugene Pruse, he was fretting over his family's captivity and he intended to accompany the three-man team when it departed but he hadn't said anything yet. He would wait, he thought, until they were about to descend the mountain and then just follow along behind. For now, he just occupied himself by taking in the landscape from where he sat on the edge of the campsite.

The air was clear and visibility excellent. It had been a great change from the smog-filled days before the chaos and disintegration had hit. Now, with very little traffic movement anywhere in the two counties, the eye could perceive things at

quite a distance. Eugene sighed as he looked over the mass of deserted houses down below that lay directly north of the camp and extended to the foot of the mountains in the Angeles National Forest.

“Nothing doing in Glenora these days,” he thought. Then, looking south over the massive grey area of buildings and streets, he could see all the way to the ocean and over it to the horizon where the sun was beginning to set. There were lights on here and there in Aztlan and New China, as well as in the west where the last of the White people in the area were.

“I wish we were there already,” he said to himself before he shifted his gaze closer to the camp and wondered where his family might be located down among the darkening streets and buildings.

Several miles away the mexican leader was bringing his prisoners to a halt for the night. They had reached a small park and, since they were dead tired and moving at a very slow speed, the mexican decided to give them a breather until the next day. He was also on edge about Rudolpho and Carlos who should have caught up with them long before now.

“There were only two shots and they had to kill four prisoners. Maybe they got jumped by that old man and the other two and were killed instead?” he wondered as he watched the York girls lie down on the grass.

“That would be very good,” he kept thinking, “because then, I wouldn’t have the trouble of doing it myself!”

He grinned for a moment and then the grin turned to a frown as the realization dawned on him that if Rudolpho and Carlos were the ones that were shot perhaps the old bastard and the other two were trying to find him right now!

“Ah, Victorio, this may turn out to be harder to pull off than you thought!” the leader, Victorio Gomez mused as he settled himself against a tree trunk and looked apprehensively at the street he and the women had just come down.

Little did the lone mexican realize but at that moment a truck loaded with six of his companions was getting ready to leave headquarters for the area where he and his prisoners were located. They were being sent for him by the area’s commander after he had questioned some of the men about the absence of the three who had stayed behind. When they had told him that Victorio, Rudolpho, and Carlos were bringing him a “surprise” the commander, being a man of ill humor at the best of times, took it to mean that the missing three were off loafing somewhere and he decided to have them, and their “surprise”, brought to his headquarters without further delay. The little dictator of the area had received a message via courier from the Generalissimo’s staff that informed him of a massive assault that was planned against the White area in Los Angeles. The message also contained instructions for the commander to organize and drill his units in preparation for the offensive which would be launched “soon” although no specific date was given. This prompted Paez to send out small parties of men to the north, northeast, and southeast, to bring in the units that were ranging through his territory.

As the truckload of mexicans departed what once was the South Hills Country Club and now was the headquarters of Commander Paez, Styrbjorn and the two captains were moving south at a dead run along Sunflower Avenue. They had left the campsite just after sunset and were now faced with the problem of locating the kidnapped party who could be anywhere among the deserted street's buildings.

"Do you think we should wait for that guy? He fell behind on the hills and he seemed pretty upset," Saxena asked his two companions.

"When we left camp I told him he had to keep up and that we wouldn't wait for him if he lagged behind so that's exactly what we're going to follow," Styrbjorn answered, a little peeved at the thought of another noncombatant running around like a loose wheel that evening.

The three began deliberating about where they might find the mexican and his prisoners, and it was decided that they would split up and each cover a major street or avenue that led toward the large area of lights they had seen in the southwest while descending the mountain. They were about to depart when Eugene Pruse came running toward them looking very winded.

"You understand spanish, are you sure you didn't overhear the mexicans who were going to kill you say which way the leader was taking their prisoners? Think!" Styrbjorn said, questioning the exhausted Pruse who sat panting on the curb.

"No, no. Nothing, he didn't say anything I could hear," Pruse answered between wheezes.

“Well, we better go ahead as pl—” Styrbjorn stopped in mid sentence as a long scream echoed in the west, some distance away.

“That’s Dickie!” Eugene exclaimed as he struggled to stand. “He’s handicapped, mentally retarded, and he yells like that some times!”

Styrbjorn and the captains exchanged glances and then they were off, running at a good clip down Cypress street in the direction of the scream.

“Fuckin’ loco! Djoo keep heem quiet bitch, or I get reed of heem righ now!” the mexican barked as he shook his fist menacingly at Sandy Pruse who was desperately trying to calm the drooling, slathering idiot who had become agitated over the sight of a small lizard scurrying across the grass near where he sat.

Then the mexican sat bolt upright, he heard something. Yes, it was road noise created by the running motor and rolling tires of a vehicle on one of the streets south of the park, and it was getting nearer!

“Shit!” he thought as he looked around in panic. “I told those bastards I’d be there tomorrow! Why are they coming back? Maybe it’s not them? Maybe it’s the Commander!?” he thought, as he began to panic.

It looked as though everything would be ruined unless he could find some way out. First he thought of hiding his prisoners among the shrubs in the park but they were worn out from the pressures of the day and he wouldn’t be able to move them fast enough. His next thought was to make a run for it.

This instantly became a very attractive idea because if it was the Commander who was coming he would know about the lie Victorio had told the men about keeping White women and bringing them to the headquarters, and this meant Victorio would be shot on the spot.

The mexican hurried to his feet and then ran across the park and into the shadows of the deserted streets leaving his prisoners staring at each other in surprise. Meanwhile the truck had parked one street over and it's occupants split three aside and began combing the area. They had a pretty good idea where the leader and the two men who had stayed behind might be and so they decided to hit three or four of the unit's favorite hangouts to see which one they were in.

A block and a half from the park Styrbjorn, Tracy, and Saxena divided. They had estimated they were in about the area where the scream came from and each started to search down a different street north and south of the one they were on. Just as Styrbjorn had predicted, it was a clear night with an exceptional amount of moonlight illuminating the terrain and each of them kept to the sides of buildings using the shadows whenever possible for concealment as they hurried along.

As the two armed forces were moving about, the now free prisoners forced themselves to get up and start back to the freeway along the route they had come.

"Come on, hurry up! We have to get out of here and find your father!" Maureen said, urging her tired daughters to pick up their pace.

Sandy and Denise were falling behind the York women

as they slowly led the idiot who had drifted into one of his cantankerous moods in which he was extremely hard to control and given to bizarre fits of temper.

"I wish we could just leave him here and run," Denise thought as she tugged on her brother's thick, paw-like hand.

She had been brought up being told that Dickie was "special" and that she must do all she could for him, but as she and her mother pulled the grotesque slobbering freak along the darkened street while trying to restrain the nausea produced by the sour odor generated from Dickie's urine soaked shorts, she really couldn't have cared less about him at that moment and resented his presence.

After having scouted a culdesack it was Gerald Tracy followed by Eugene who spotted the women as they were returning to Cypress Street. Eugene was about to dash out to the group which was a half-block away when Tracy grabbed him and forced him to the ground.

"You don't want to do anything stupid now, that mexican might be with them and we don't want any fatalities except his," Tracy whispered as they crouched against a small masonry wall.

The plan was to let them come ahead and pick off the mexican as he went by, nice - clean, simple and quiet. Tracy would use the crossbow that he had brought along to do the deed. That way if there were any other latinos in the vicinity they would not be alerted. In a few moments the group passed their position and, when they saw that there was no mexican along, Tracy and Eugene emerged from the shadows

and a brief reunion of the Pruses followed. Before Maureen had a chance to ask about Howard, Gerald Tracy issued a strict order calling for complete silence on the part of all present.

“Can’t we even whisper?” Denise asked as she looked up at the unknown man.

“No you can’t, five people whispering causes a lot of noise!” Tracy explained in a kind but firm tone. “We’re going to wait over there behind that wall for my companions and *no* talking, moving, or anything else until they arrive,” he continued as he motioned toward the place where he and Eugene had been concealed only moments before.

Soon everyone was sitting except Dickie, who absolutely refused to squat down behind the wall and Tracey watched the Pruses as they pushed, tugged, and pulled the struggling idiot without budging him. Dickie’s face contorted into a wild grimace and then he let out another ear-splitting shriek. “That’ll get Don and Styrbjorn here!” Tracey thought.

They had indeed heard the shriek and both were on their way toward it from two blocks to the south but the six latinos had also heard it and they were milling around in the park just down the street. The whole force immediately started toward the hiding party chattering wildly in spanish and running up the street in irregular order.

“Victorio! The Commander wants you!” one of the mexicans shouted as all six approached the wall. On the other side Tracey signalled everyone to start crawling across the overgrown lawn to a parking lot about thirty yards behind them.

“Victorio, come out!” cut through the darkness as one of

the mexicans walked towards the wall while the others stood around in the middle of Cypress Street.

The Pruses had succeeded in getting Dickie to crawl through the grass with them. He thought it was great fun and smiled and blinked as he clumsily crossed the lawn but then, he stopped, sat up, and began to scream while flailing his arms in delight. This caused the single advancing mexican to stop in his tracks for an instant. At that moment Gerald Tracey stood up from behind the wall and opened fire with his M-16 riddling the nearest mexican and two more in the intersection full of bullets.

The others immediately returned fire and Tracey fell backward and was dead when he hit the ground. At once the four remaining latinosaurs sprang forward over the wall but by this time the York women had gotten to the parking lot and were running out of sight on the other side of the boarded up shell which was once a small office complex. The Pruses were still floundering with Dickie halfway across the lawn and the second the latinosaurs cleared the wall the lives of Eugene, Sandy, and their "special" child were ended in a hail of bullets, but Denise escaped. She had gotten ahead of her parents while they fought with her brother and now she lay motionless in the two-foot high grass and weeds, mostly covered and further concealed by the shadow of the building. Although she was not trained for any experience like this she did lie still when she heard the firing, and it helped that she did not, as yet, know the fate that had befallen her folks and their "special child".

She was about to turn her head when another burst of rifle fire sounded. This time it was produced by Styrbjorn and Don Saxena who had arrived at the scene seconds after Tracey's death. As the mexicans were killing the Pruses, the two men had come up behind them and now the bodies of all three assassins lay motionless on the lawn.

"What the hell's goin' on down there?! That's a lot of shootin' just ta get one monkey!" Finley exclaimed as he, Oliver Curtis, and most of the men in camp stood looking down over the darkened area of what once was the city of Covina far below.

"Maybe something went wrong. Maybe those other mexicans or someone ..." Oliver said quietly as they all listened for any more faint cracks that would indicate the discharge of firearms at a great distance.

While the group in camp listened, and Styrbjorn and Saxena located Denise and the Yorks, sentries at the edge of the headquarters of Commander Paez in the South Hills Country Club several miles to the south were reporting gun fire heard somewhere up by the Foothill Freeway.

"What are those asshole's doing up there?! Can't they follow a simple order without some problem?!" Paez exclaimed to one of the other unit leaders as the sentries gave him the news.

He would have heard the sound of the firing himself if it hadn't been for the loud, boisterous party that he and his officers, along with a few whores, were having.

"If they aren't back in a couple of hours let me know and

I'll go up there and bring them all in!" Paez shouted as the last sentry walked out of the room.

A couple of hours passed and Commander Paez was alerted by the sentries that the men still had not come in. But he was busy with the party and did not care. He would see to the foolishness in the morning he told them.

By dawn Styrbjorn, Saxena and the Yorks, who had been located by the two men after a quick search, were back in camp along with Denise Pruse. They had left the bodies where they had fallen except, before departing, Styrbjorn took all of Tracey's weapons. When they arrived Maureen, Gwendolyn, and Candace, exhausted as they were, rushed over to Howard who lay asleep at the far end of the camp. They were all overjoyed to find him alive and safe, and while they huddled around him he awoke and a tearful reunion began.

"Well, what now!?" Finley shouted as he came stomping up to Styrbjorn.

"Now, we leave if York is up to it," Styrbjorn answered.

"Oh he'll be up to it all right! He was pretty spry during the night and even got up and walked around some!" Finley said with confidence.

"That's good, because walking is one thing he, and the rest of you will be doing a lot of for quite a while," Styrbjorn answered.

"You mean we're gonna walk to Beverly Hills from here?!" Finley blurted with genuine surprise.

"Yes, it's the only way you can get there now.

Automobiles are easy to spot and are being targeted by the mexicans,” Styrbjorn answered calmly, amused by Finley’s surprise.

“Can’t we go to this village of yours and then drive over later on when things cool down?!” Finley continued, not liking the idea of more walking in the least.

“The village will be harder for all of you to reach than Beverly Hills will. It’s out in those mountains and quite far away,” Styrbjorn answered as he pointed to the San Gabriel Mountains while the imagined hardships produced by walking all the way to their destination began to bring on a miserable state of mind in Ed Finley and Oliver Curtis.

CHAPTER 4

“When human hearts break and human souls despair, the great vanquisher’s of distress and care, of shame and misery, of intellectual unfreedom and physical duress look down upon them from the twilight of the past, and hold out their eternal hands to faint-hearted mortals. Woe to the people that is ashamed to grasp them!”

- Adolf Hitler

Later in the day Styrbjorn announced that he intended to attack the mexican headquarters in the evening and asked who among his men wanted to be the eight to come along. Instantly the sixteen men all stated they were willing but Don Saxena did not. He would have to remain behind with a few men to look after their guests so he made no display of enthusiasm and instead just sat relaxed as he observed the eagerness of the men milling around Styrbjorn.

They had come to war against the hispanics and since Howard York still needed time before he would be well enough to travel they had the choice of sitting around and waiting or proceeding with their original plan. They opted for the later. As Styrbjorn randomly picked eight men out of the group, Finley and Curtis decided to see if they could find out

about these fellows and their chief from Don Saxena. They were in the process of questioning him about the mysterious village again and Saxena was getting ready to put them off again when Styrbjorn walked by.

“Hey, they want to know about the village,” Saxena said loud enough to catch Styrbjorn’s attention.

“Go ahead, you tell ‘em I have to see that everything’s organized,” the Chief replied.

Saxena shrugged, turned to Finley and Curtis, and began to fill the questioners in. He started by mentioning that the village was comprised of what used to be a State campground with a number of “modifications” made to it. There were twenty seven men there, if you included the ones who came to pay the latinos a visit, and a good many of them had wives and children so the total population was forty five. Oliver Curtis asked if they were all the “escape from society” types, survivalists who hated the world and withdrew from it. Saxena answered that most had been ordinary citizens before the real disintegration and chaos had taken place, and others from the local Skinhead element.

“No one wanted to withdraw from society,” Saxena said as he became more relaxed in his seat indicating he was prepared for a long question and answer period. “It’s just that when society fell apart no one was going to be run out of the place they enjoyed living in by mobs of aliens.”

He went on to explain how the people of the village had originally existed in very small groups in different areas of the two counties and were trying to survive in these little enclaves

when Styrbjorn had begun running across them as he ranged through Aztlan and New China causing no end of trouble for the latinos and asians.

“What sort of trouble you talkin’ about?” Finley asked, becoming more and more interested.

Saxena answered that at the time, Styrbjorn was waging sort of a private war in which he would suddenly appear in an area, kill a number of hispanics or koreans or vietnamese or whatever happened to live there, possibly burn down some of their important buildings, loot a little and then vanish.

“Anyway, over time we all ran into him in one way or another and he would talk of uniting and conducting a guerrilla war against our enemies,” Saxena went on.

“So ya all wound up at that campsite of yours?” Finley interjected.

“That’s right. Styrbjorn had been stashing food and weapons he looted up there anyway, so when we all got settled we all started training for battle,” Saxena answered.

“Training?” Oliver Curtis asked attentively.

Saxena told them that Styrbjorn took war very seriously and as a result he convinced them all that the building of the mind and the body had to be pursued fanatically in order to triumph over enemies with vastly greater numbers and advantages.

“What sort of training did you do?” Curtis asked again.

“Well, for the physical end of it we started climbing up mountain slopes, first just climbing, then climbing in a rush, and finally running. We do this every day at the crack of dawn whenever we’re back at the village only now we’re built

up to where we do it with a mouthful of water and heavy weights in each hand," Saxena replied.

"What's the mouth full of water for?" Oliver probed.

"To make us breath slowly and deeply through our noses and not puff and gasp with our mouths open. It tunes the respiratory system in for the economical use of oxygen and eventually produces excellent endurance, no oxygen-high and fatigue take place afterwards," Saxena went on.

The other training procedures Saxena told them about were exercises to toughen ligaments and tendons, techniques for training the nervous system to replenish the body with only ten minutes of sleep per hour during the day and evening, techniques for climatizing the body to pain and shock such as the one which entailed rising several times a night and dumping a bucket of very cold water over themselves. He also mentioned the guerrilla tactics and commando techniques that they used for warfare. "We don't bother with any fancy stuff, it's all very practical and very effective," Saxena pointed out, "And we've been quite successful so far."

"You mean this ain't the first time you've hit them greasers?" Finley cut in.

"This is the first time we've bothered with the ones in this area, mostly we've been concentrating on the asians and dealing with any latinos we come across while we're at it," Saxena replied as he put his hands behind his head and laid back on the ground.

"Well, what do you guys do in these battles? I mean, it

really must be something to see, all of you charging in on your enemies, cutting them down left and right!” Oliver Curtis asked as he watched the eight men who had been chosen beginning to assemble at the edge of the camp.

“No, it doesn’t work like that,” Saxena replied and then began explaining that Styrbjorn had a few simple rules which were always followed. “Styrbjorn doesn’t believe in giving enemies a chance. That is, he sees no sense in waving banners, blowing trumpets, or banging drums when at war. To him, the only time an enemy should have any idea that you are attacking is at the exact instant of his death. Before that, he shouldn’t see you or hear you,” Saxena said in a very slow, deliberate manner and then paused for effect, looking first at Curtis and then Finley who stared back waiting to hear more.

“You see, Styrbjorn never gives the asians or latinos a chance to harm him or anyone who cares to accompany him in war. He’s always saying that we have given them far too much already and we don’t need to give them a chance to prepare for us, or shoot us, or stab us, or anything else,” Saxena turned and was now lying on his side with his head propped up on one of his arms. “The enemy deserves nothing except death, that’s the way Styrbjorn looks at it. Be silent and invisible, strike swiftly when not expected, then disappear without leaving a trace. Also, never do what the enemy wants you to do and once a campaign has begun, fight when it is to your advantage and do it in as bold and rapid manner as possible,” Saxena explained and then became silent.

“God damn! It’s too bad we didn’t have a hell of a lot

more guys like you years ago! If we did, the god damn country wouldn't be in this stinkin' mess now!" Finley exploded as soon as he saw that Saxena had finished his explanation.

"You said something about building the mind as well as the body, what did you mean?" Oliver asked, not yet ready to let Saxena off the hook.

"Well, it isn't really training the mind. I guess I put it the wrong way," Saxena began seemingly unconcerned by the possibility of a lot more questions. "It's strengthening the self, and making one's spirit powerful. See, in our group everyone is free to believe what he or she likes but what ended up happening was that everyone eventually gravitated to the way that Styrbjorn follows because it was so much better in terms of being able to apply it to life and gain positive results."

"What's the way he follows?" Oliver asked in an overenthused manner.

"It's the approach to life that our pre-christian ancestors used back in pagan Europe," Saxena replied, noticing the surprise and shock in the faces of Curtis and Finley.

Oliver felt he knew quite a bit about the subject of beliefs in pre-Christian Europe having taken a couple of courses in religion and philosophy at university, and he decided to really get into it with Saxena and show off his expertise.

"So is Styrbjorn like your priest, and do you practice human sacrifices and things?" he began.

"We don't have any priests or priest and, yes, quite a few of us practice human sacrifice including Styrbjorn," Saxena answered with a mischievous smile.

“Jesus Christ! Before the society fell apart I heard of them devil worshippers that were supposed to sacrifice babies by killin’ ‘em in certain ways, is that what you are, a bunch of god damn butcherin’ freaks?!” Finley exclaimed in what was not his usual gruff attitude but in a state of genuine agitation.

“Let me explain before you get all steamed up,” Saxena answered as he kept grinning at the old man who was glaring down at him. “Styrbjorn’s personal god is Odin although he does follow Thor as well. But it’s Odin that he and many of the men pay most attention to,” Saxena paused for a second letting Finley unwind a bit more before he continued. “The prime message of Odin is to *become*, to *progress* into greater and greater states of existence through the use of your own *will* which is *focused* and under your conscious control. In order to become, to get to a new state of being from where you are now, you have to sacrifice. There is no way around it.”

“So you kill people and dedicate them to Odin in exchange for him granting you more power and a better life!” Curtis exclaimed as Finley’s eyes opened wider and his stare became more pronounced.

“In a manner of speaking, yes we do. The people we kill and sacrifice for more power, knowledge, and better conditions in life are our own, individual selves,” Saxena replied as he sat up and readied himself for launching into a detailed explanation. “In order to *become* you have to leave behind what you are now, at this instant. In other words, you have to die as what you are and then transform into something greater. A man who follows Odin does not just grow in skills

and abilities and knowledge in a casual, random manner, he *becomes* greater and greater by using his will and consciously directing himself into new states of being. In other words, you could say that in a symbolic sense, the average person only dies now and then and evolves into a greater condition of being but a follower of Odin willfully kills himself, he sacrifices what he is, to develop and evolve into a condition far greater. He is always pushing forward and trying to become more powerful in any number of ways.”

Saxena paused as he saw Oliver wanting to say something. “Well didn’t the pagans in pre-Christian Europe hang people and then stab them with a spear as sacrifices to Odin? I remember reading about certain Scandinavian kings being killed that way,” Curtis asked in an attempt to point out how brutal and savage European beliefs really were.

“That’s true,” Saxena continued seemingly unruffled. “When an important man, a warrior or a king was taken prisoner in war he was executed by hanging because our mythology mentioned Odin hanging on the Great Tree of Existence for nine nights in order to win knowledge and become greater. It also mentioned that along with haunting battlefields, Odin visited gallows and knew how to converse with the dead who were hung on them. So by hanging the king or warrior you are causing him to become into another state of being, the state beyond death, in a manner which reflected Odin’s own act of hanging on the Great Tree of Existence and facing the immense mystery to *become* more than he was,” Saxena explained and then turned to watch Styrbjorn and the eight

men who followed him leave the camp and descend the mountain slope. "As for the spear, it was also symbolic of Odin," Saxena began again. "In the myths, Odin carries a spear called Gungnir. It symbolizes the desire to probe into things, to thrust into foreign areas of the unknown and it is associated with inspiration. For example, in a lot of the old stories Odin is said to appear to a courageous person who is in a dangerous or important situation and touch the individual with his spear after giving them instructions on how to triumph over their problem or dilemma. This is symbolic of figuring out what to do and then becoming inspired enough to act. Now when a man was hung and then stabbed with a spear at the same time, it was to symbolize the receiving of divine inspiration from Odin himself to evolve into a greater state of being because in one of the myths Odin was wounded by his own spear while hanging on the Great Tree. This was to show that to become great it was his own inspiration that he used to sacrifice himself," Don Saxena took a deep breath and sighed as he tried to discern whether he was being understood by his audience.

"So when you take prisoners you sacrifice them by hanging them and running them through with a spear?" Curtis chirped.

"Hell no, to be executed like that was a great honor and it was only reserved for kings, nobles, and great Vikings. We would never dream of insulting our ancestors by using such a ritual on animated garbage like an asian or latino or any other non-white for that matter, and we certainly wouldn't insult the

mythic image of Odin by trying to sacrifice such creatures in his honor. What would he want with such trash anyway? According to our mythology he's only interested in great and noble heroes, not sub-human rabble," Saxena replied a slight bit annoyed. "Anyway, we don't kill any babies and we don't bother with non-whites and we only sacrifice ourselves for becoming personally greater. The old perspectives on things and the lessons and examples contained in the mythology of our ancestor's strengthen us, they let us know where we stand on things, and they give power to our spirits, that's what I meant by training other than in the physical sense," Saxena concluded.

Oliver Curtis knew the little bit of what Saxena had just told him was vastly more informative than the material in the "Ancient Religions" courses that he had taken when he was in University and he wanted to know more. "That's quite interesting Mr. Saxena, but how do you come to have such a great knowledge of such obscure things as the beliefs of European pagans?" Oliver asked.

"First of all, watch your mouth!" Saxena replied in a cross tone of voice that startled Oliver. "The people who held these beliefs were not just anyone. They were your ancestors and mine, the people whose struggles and achievements made life for generations of their descendants including you and me and Mr. Finley possible! Don't ever refer to them as if they were just people somewhere, sometime, with no connection to you or I or anyone else here!" Saxena paused and then continued on in a more even tone. "What I know comes from

listing to Styrbjorn's explanations and from reading a number of books that, even at the time they were published, were very, very hard to obtain. Luckily Styrbjorn collected them and saved them," he went on. "You see, even when society was still intact, before all the chaos and upheaval, Styrbjorn was deeply into all of this. While all of the rest of us were drifting along watching baseball games or going to the movies or nightclubs, or getting upset over politics, Styrbjorn was becoming. He was discovering his spiritual heritage and stepping into it *literally*! And believe me, what I have told you just now is only the most minute tip of the beliefs of our people, there is a fantastic amount of things which contain all sorts of power for those who can make them their own and use them properly! Styrbjorn knows all about it, I'm still picking things up as I go, but he's really become a living embodiment of the old ways. If you want any more details it would be best if you spoke with him," Saxena said and then slowly rose and walked away to another part of the camp.

"Well Mr. Finley, what do you think?" Curtis asked, turning his attention to the old man who had sat silently through Saxena's lecture.

"I think there's one hell of a lot of things I should know that I don't and that I intend to find out about! And I think I'm gonna go see how York is comin' along," Finley growled as he got stiffly off the ground and started in the direction of the Yorks leaving Curtis to sit and think about what they had been told.

Styrbjorn and his men were concealed near the South

Hills Country Club. They had observed the area and ascertained where the local Commander might be in the compound as well as where his men spent their time. Now they were waiting for the headquarter's population to turn in for the night before beginning their attack. Things were quiet at the new headquarters. Most of the men were lolling around and the officers had not yet recovered from the drunk they went on during their party which had come to an end around noon of that day. After sleeping off the effects until seven o'clock in the evening, Paez and his officers arose but felt in no condition to do anything. In fact, Paez had totally forgotten about the six men he had sent out looking for Victorio Gomez and his "surprise" the night before. When all the shooting started as the Pruses and Tracey and the six latinos were killed he was too drunk to care and the next day, after getting up from his stupor, he issued orders not to be disturbed about anything.

As the night wore on Commander Paez was drifting in and out of sleep with sixteen-year old Rosie Chapa lying beside him in a large bedroom that was actually half of one of the club's dining rooms and by the time the attack commenced the two of them were deep in their dreams.

The first to be hit were the five sentries that were stationed at a number of points on the main building's perimeter. Styrbjorn had his men fan out in order for them to enter several of the doorways at once. Approximately two hours after the last of the lights had been shut off the sentries toppled to the ground, each with two short cross-bow arrows in them.

Some were struck through the head, others through the heart. Silently the nine approached the building, slipping into the doors nearest them almost simultaneously.

Each group of three had a different task to complete. Styrbjorn and his two companions were going to capture the Commander and kill anyone they found along the way. The second group was charged with assassinating every officer on the premises. And the third group of three set up explosive devices around the area that served as the barracks for the men. The attack proceeded in three stages, first came the locating of the Commander and his capture. Styrbjorn and his men had little trouble doing that since just off the main entrance there was a large, crudely painted sign reading "El Commandante" with an arrow pointing to the entrance way of a main dining room. There were a couple of guards asleep in the Commander's office which was the front half of the dining room when they arrived and, after entering, Styrbjorn and one of the men slowly crept across the room while the third stood on the inside of the doorway.

They had developed an excellent way of approaching sleeping enemies without awaking them which was to slowly and carefully advance upon the targeted individual as he inhaled and then to freeze on the spot as he exhaled. Moving in rhythm with the victim's breathing in this way somehow kept their unconscious mind from sensing the attacker's approach. If the victim startled a little, changed his breathing pattern, or shifted his body into another sleeping position the attackers would simply stop moving and remain stock still

until the individual returned to a regular breathing pattern again before continuing to advance. This technique worked against even the lightest sleepers and in moments the two guards were eliminated. Styrbjorn then entered the Commander's bedroom area.

He observed the two occupants of the bed for a moment, walked to the side where Rosie Chapa was sleeping and then, after removing a short-handled axe from the loop on his belt, split and shattered her skull with one quick blow. Blood, brains, chips of bone, and teeth all flew across the bed and splattered on to Paez who awakened instantly, but before he could gather his wits, the butt end of the axe handle was driven hard against his jaw sending him into unconsciousness. The man behind Styrbjorn saw that the captive had been secured and then turned and signaled to the third man still at the door. At once the man left the dining room and in turn signalled the second group which was huddled in the darkness of the main lobby.

They went to work immediately and soon had located the officer's quarters. There were eight men and some were in bed with a female, and all the couples were separated by moveable office dividers so that they each had their own cubicle. The three men sized up the situation noticing from their position in the shadows, that there was some movement of the covers on a couple of the beds. At least two out of the eight were awake and so were the women they were with. They moved on the six who were motionless using their stalking technique of advancing in rhythm with their victim's breath-

ing. This was done while exercising the utmost care to avoid the empty bottles and other trash that lay strewn over the floor between their position at the door and the beds which were against the far wall.

After making it to the head of the beds of the first three victims, the men quickly placed one hand firmly over the sleeping officer's mouths while they jammed long, thin, needle-like spikes straight through an eye-socket and into their brains. This procedure, which was next to noiseless, was repeated on the next three and in a few moments more the two couples were the only ones left alive. The men would handle them in a different way.

As they listened to the quiet giggles and muttering coming from the next cubicle, two of the men silently went to the floor and began crawling around the divider into the next victim's bedroom. As the first man slowly stuck his head around the edge of the divider he saw a young woman lazily swaying as she sat on top of her officer. Her back was to the entrance and her torso undulated in a deliberate manner as she leaned forward, whispering something while gently shaking her shoulders. The officer's face was not visible but his arms lay motionless on the woman's thighs and his hands were squeezing her waist.

The men began to move again, silently and slowly, until they were lying on each side of the bed in a place where the woman would not catch sight of them in her peripheral vision. They could see each other through the space between the bottom of the bed and the floor. One looked at the other and then

he held one of his hands out in a fist. As the other watched, one finger pointed up, then another, and then a third, whereupon both smoothly rose from the floor. The man to the left of the couple instantly grabbed the woman and, with a hand over her mouth and nose, the spike was applied and her body went limp. The officer was dispatched at the same instant by the man on the right and, after lowering the woman's body down over the motionless form of the officer, the two men walked around the next partition. The couple in the last bed were not involved in any activity, they were just drifting off to sleep at the time. When they saw the two men they stared at them with sleepy, puzzled looks, and in seconds were quickly eliminated.

The third man of the group, seeing that the last couple was being dealt with, left the officer's quarters and gave the signal to the third group. The three moved to the area of the building where the men of the marauding units were bunking. So far, the entire operation was going quite well, there were no individuals wandering or languishing around in the hallways or any of the entrance ways, and none of the victims had been able to put up any sort of a struggle. If the last group of three could accomplish their task of setting the explosives at two different places in the bunk area, the operation would wind up without a hitch.

A vile, sour stench poured out of the barracks when the men opened the doors and they all had to stop in their tracks and fight back choking gags before advancing. The area was packed with men, some on military style cots, and others on

the floor rolled up in blankets. The atmosphere was fetid and the room was extremely dark. Due to the great amount of rubbish everywhere the three decided not to go any further than the door. Amidst the drone of loud snores they set their explosives together and started the timers.

Styrbjorn and his companions had long since taken Paez outside and they were joined by the second and third group as each completed their respective tasks. Now they were off, quickly disappearing into the darkness. Minutes later there was a tremendous roar and fire and debris flew high over a section of the South Hills Country Club.

“Well, that’s Styrbjorn finishing off those mexicans!” Saxena said to the Yorks as the noise of the explosion echoed up to their mountain top position.

Maureen and her two daughters had nothing to say. They were appalled at the idea that they were caught in the middle of what to them was a bizarre and insane nightmare, and so they simply stared back at the captain with expressionless faces. Howard York seemed more interested. In spite of the severity of his wound and having to recuperate out of doors, he seemed to be making great strides toward recovery.

“Do you think you will be able to get us to where we were headed soon?” he asked Saxena with a hint of anticipation in his voice as he sat up, ignoring the throbbing headache which had plagued him since he regained consciousness the day before.

“Oh yes, I think that’s very likely,” Saxena replied, “and I see you’re really coming along. Have you felt any better when you’ve tried to walk?”

“A little, but I’m in the midst of the worst headache I’ve ever had in my life,” York answered as Maureen was insisting that he lie down again.

“Come on daddy, just rest so we can get you better and get up there and out of all of this,” Gwendolyn remarked as she was fussing with the rolled-up blanket that had been serving as a pillow for her father.

“Yeah, the sooner the better!” Candace added in a low, annoyed tone of voice.

Neither of the two sisters were happy about being in the camp. Although they were glad to be out of danger from the latinos, and although they were very thankful that their father would be all right, neither one had any use for sleeping and sitting on the ground, not being able to bathe every morning and evening, and eating small rations of very coarse, bland foodstuffs.

They couldn’t wait to get to where they were going and their moods showed it. Maureen could have been just as adversely affected by conditions on the mountain top but she wasn’t, she was too concerned about Howard to even begin to think about missing the things she was accustomed to.

After reaching the Foothill Freeway, Styrbjorn and the eight men stopped to interrogate the prisoner. They had been traveling at a rapid, non-stop pace since they left the headquarters and had only slowed down momentarily now and then for two fresh men to switch with the two who were dragging Paez along.

Styrbjorn approached the groggy Mexican and looked at him in the light of a small electric torch. The right side of the

Commander's face was so swollen that his eye was shut and his hair was caked with blood and the remains of the brain of Rosie Chapa. He was awake though and when one of the men cracked a small vial of ammonia under his nose he stiffened with a jolt.

"All right, tell us about Olvera. We want to know why you and all your men have been killing the people who came over this highway?" Styrbjorn said as he looked into the mexican's face.

Paez just glanced at him dumbly and then began to crane his neck around to see what sort of group had abducted him. Styrbjorn asked the same question in exactly the same way again and again there was no reply.

Without hesitation he pulled the short-handled axe out of the loop on his belt and smashed the blunt end of it's head against one of the Commander's knees. A series of squeaking moans issued from Paez as his one unswollen eye opened wide and his body sagged toward the ground. The two men who had a hold on him steadied themselves and supported his weight as he gasped for breath and began shaking. Styrbjorn watched this with no emotion and, after Paez had settled a little, he put the same question about the freeway killings to him again.

"Thees ees Aztlan!" Paez began. "We keel who we wan, when we wan and soon we weel keel all of djor f...fuckin' friends in Beverly," he continued, his fanatical hatred being suppressed by the intense pain.

Styrbjorn took this literally and not as an empty boast because he knew the average mexican did not have the disci-

pline or mental capacity to conceal anything if he was pushed to intense emotional states.

“What do you mean by soon?” Styrbjorn asked the whining prisoner whose eyes were now wild with anger and pain.

“Nevermine! Djoo weel see een good time! Generalissimo Olvera will destroy djoo all an take everyting dat djoo got! Everyting!” Paez answered defiantly.

Styrbjorn placed a piece of wide duct-tape over the mexican’s mouth and had the two men drag their charge over to a tree. There, Paez sat, his back against the trunk and his arms wrapped around it behind him. His wrists were bound together with tape and the men moved away leaving him in an inescapable position.

“Well, let’s get going. We’re going to have to get those people over to that dreamland before any trouble starts,” Styrbjorn explained as he motioned for everyone to move toward the camp.

They left Commander Paez with his arms secured around the tree trunk to die slowly of pain, loss of blood, lack of water, infection, exposure, and/or anything else that might care to plague him. It was unlikely that he would be found by anyone, all the mexicans for miles around had been concentrated at the headquarters and they were all dead, so Paez would leave the world suffering in solitude. Of course the explosion was heard by other latinos in areas closer to their capitol because there was no drone from heavy traffic or any other sort of noise to mask it and the resulting fire could be made out as a small, flickering orange light in a sea of black-

ness from any point in the central and northern part of Los Angeles County. It didn't matter. The only ones who would have investigated would have been other latino commanders and they were all busy assembling their units and devising training routines for the assault on the Whites. It would be some time before Paez and his units would be called upon to assemble at the capital for the assault, and only then would any attempt be made to find out what had happened to them.

"Do you think they'll be another force sent out here to see what happened?" one of the men asked Styrbjorn as they made their way through the deserted streets of Glenora.

"No. The mexicans will handle this the same way as they handle everything else - slipshod, careless, and manyana!" Styrbjorn answered.

In a short time they arrived back at the camp and the men who had remained behind greeted them with questions about the operation and with much good cheer as well.

"Well, now that you've finished sendin' Hiawatha ta the happy huntin' grounds what're you're plans for us?" Finley asked as he barged into the middle of the men and located Styrbjorn.

"Try to calm down Mr. Finley, I told you we'd get you there," Styrbjorn replied as he turned around to face the cantankerous old man. "In fact, we're getting under way tomorrow so go and tell Mr. Curtis and the Yorks that I will be by to speak with you in a few moments."

Finley muttered that that was just fine with him and then went and took Oliver to where the Yorks were.

“Looks like we’re headin’ out tomorrow!” the old man exclaimed as he and Curtis approached the York family. Denise Pruse, who was now on her own, glowed with anticipation as she sat beside Gwendolyn in a spot next to Howard York’s sleeping area. She had been overwhelmed by the events of the previous evening and numb with shock after the realization of the loss of her parents had fully struck home, and Gwendolyn took her under her wing. With all of the softness and gentleness that was common to her and all of the kindness that came naturally from having a very tender heart, Gwendolyn York consoled and comforted the little girl until she began to feel like herself again, which wasn’t too long, since it is the way of most children to move quickly through emotional states and on to others. Once Denise had come around, Gwendolyn began pampering her and asking her for assistance in helping care for her father, and the two talked about what things would be like in Beverly Hills and other topics females of any age might find interesting. Looking after the Pruce girl had done wonders for Gwendolyn. She had her mind taken off the loss of her possessions, the concern about her reunion with Craig Perkins, the terrible scene of carnage on the freeway and all of the events which had befallen her in the last two days. She was also able to care for her father better because the presence of Denise didn’t allow her to slip into despair and anguish over his injury as easily as she would have otherwise. Now the little girl had become her shadow. Denise soaked up Gwendolyn’s charm and warmth like a sponge and she was full of admiration for the young woman’s beauty.

“How’re they going to take us? Real fast in cars or something?!” Denise chirped as she beamed up at Finley.

“Nope, I don’t think so. They’re Chief was sayin’ somethin’ yesterday about us walkin’ over there, but maybe he’s changed his mind,” Finley answered in a grandfatherly way.

“That’s insane!” Maureen broke in. “Does he know how far it is? And what about Howard, he can’t travel in his condition!”

“I’ll be all right. Don’t start upsetting yourselves until we hear what he has to say,” Howard said as he slowly sat up and attempted to compose himself before the arrival of the Chief.

“Dad, you won’t be all right and I’m not walking all the way to Beverly with these creeps and their stupid Chief or whatever he is!” Candace exclaimed as she did up the top two buttons on her father’s shirt. “Look at them all over there, I don’t think they’re any better than those hispanics that attacked us. They’re just a bunch of psychos,” she continued with disdain registering all over her face. Nothing had helped take her mind off their situation and it showed.

“Take it easy Dumpling, if it wasn’t for them who knows where we’d all be right now!” Howard said as he hugged his youngest daughter in an attempt to derail her outburst which had been getting louder with every word she spoke.

“If it wasn’t for them!” she retorted loud enough to be heard by all of the men who were at the other end of the camp and who turned around to look in her direction. “If it wasn’t for people like them among us and the asians and the hispan-

ics and the blacks and everybody else, the world would be a terrific place to live!" she went on, gesticulating with exaggerated facial expressions and wide sweeping movements of her arms.

"Quiet! Here comes that Chief of theirs now!" Gwendolyn interrupted as she caught sight of Styrbjorn leaving the assembly of men at the far end of the camp.

They all became silent as he approached and Styrbjorn caught their behavioral change as he drew nearer even though he didn't show it outwardly. "How are you feeling?" he asked Howard York while he took the last few steps that would bring him into their midst.

"Well, actually, I feel pretty fair," York answered, smiling in his usual pleasant manner.

"I'm glad to hear it because we'll be starting out for your destination first thing in the morning," Styrbjorn pointed out as he smiled back. "It seems that the head clown of Aztlan is planning some sort of attack against your new neighbors in the Hills."

"How do you know?" Curtis interjected.

"The commander in charge of this territory told us in a round-about way after we persuaded him to open up," Styrbjorn answered as he patted the blood-stained head of the axe hanging from his belt.

Everyone caught the meaning of this gesture immediately. Gwendolyn and Maureen averted their eyes feeling a little sick while Candace stared at the Chief with an expression of intense disgust. Finley raised his bushy eyebrows and just kept looking at the weapon whose handle had been inscribed

with peculiar symbols but Curtis, York, and the little girl seemed to be affected far less and they simply gazed at the Chief expectantly.

“This attack may take place fairly soon and we don’t want you stuck out here with all of the Mexican forces on the rampage,” Styrbjorn continued, “so we’re going to get you mobile and out of here as fast as you can go.”

“Wait a minute. Am I to understand that what Mr. Finley says is correct? That you intend to have us all walk to Beverly Hills from out here?!” Maureen cut in with a firm tone of voice.

“You, your husband, Mr. Finley and this girl will all leave with my Captain tomorrow morning,” Styrbjorn replied as he pointed to Candace indicating that she was the girl that would be with them. “You will travel along the base of these mountains and then southwest over to your destination and you will do it on foot,” he concluded in an even and still pleasant tone of voice.

“Not on your life! My husband can’t travel in his condition!” Maureen shouted as she rose to her feet, her face flushed with anger.

“Yeah, Freak! Do you have any idea how far it is to Beverly from here?! Get real!” Candace started in with the same sort of abusive tone as her mother.

Styrbjorn seemed unruffled by the emotional explosion and he just stood there calmly watching them all.

“Maureen, for heaven’s sake! Candace!” Howard was frantically trying to calm things down.

“Your husband can do anything he sets his mind to as you will soon see,” Styrbjorn began. “He *will* travel in his condition and he *will* walk to where you want to go and that is all there is to it,” he went on, emphasizing the word “*will*” every time he spoke it.

“You’re loopy! How are we supposed to walk all the way to Beverly in shoes like these over hills and in sand and stuff?!” Candace started in, her voice becoming shrill. The shoes that the women were wearing were low heeled dress shoes and totally unfit for any amount of long-distance foot travel.

“Never mind your shoes Miss, we’ll make you each a pair of these and you’ll be able to walk as far as you need to,” Styrbjorn answered the out-of-control girl in a pleasant tone as he pointed to his moccasins.

“Oh shit! Now we all get to be Indians!” Candace raved, rolling her eyes upward and throwing her arms out in a “What’s-the-use” gesture.

“Believe me, it has nothing to do with being an Indian,” Styrbjorn interrupted. “It’s just that these are the most practical sort of thing for this type of travel. They aren’t heavy like boots so you don’t get as fatigued when going a long way. They protect you from brush and even cactus spines, so you can’t really beat them.”

“Great! I’ll remember that the next time I go completely out of my mind and get an urge to walk through a cactus patch!” Candace exploded, feeling extremely irritated.

“I have enough extra leather with me to make each of you

women a pair. They won't reach as high up your legs as mine but you'll only be crossing very tame country anyway so it doesn't matter," Styrbjorn said. "And, they're silent, so if you can keep your mouths closed no one will ever know you're around," he went on as he looked directly at Candace and gave her a big smile.

"Idiot!" she replied, turning her back to the Chief.

"What about the rest of us?" Gwendolyn asked in a little voice. "I'm not leaving my parents and my sister."

"You, this little girl, and Mr. Curtis will come with me," Styrbjorn answered in a kind voice. "Since your folks and Mr. Finley will need to travel slower and there is only enough of our food left for them and the men, you three will travel with me over the Puente Hills and on to Mount Washington, then over to Beverly Hills. We have several food caches along that stretch and water too, so everyone will get over to their new home without being too put out."

"I want our daughter with us and I don't care if I have to split all our share of the food so that we all get a little less, she's coming with us!" Maureen said firmly as she stared into Styrbjorn's dark eyes.

"No, she's not going with you. It's far better to split up, there is less chance of being seen in two small groups than in one big one. And if the mexicans go on the rampage and stumble on us it will be easier to conceal you if there are only a few of you while we fight them or draw them off," Styrbjorn explained to the woman as he watched the determined look on her face change to one of despair.

“This is a nightmare!” she said sadly as she turned away, sat down beside Howard and began holding his hand.

“What are the chances of trouble along the way?” Howard asked.

“The latinos are irrational and unpredictable. It’s impossible to say where they’ll go or what they might do but, by the route you’ll be taking, I doubt that you’ll run into any,” Styrbjorn answered. “As for us, we will be passing very near their capitol but there’s plenty of cover and I don’t think we’ll have any problems.”

“How long do ya figure it’ll take ta get us up there?” Finley asked, breaking a silence that was uncustomarily long for him.

“Going slow and easy it should take you four or five days and, since we have to keep out of sight near a populated area, it will take us just as long,” Styrbjorn answered.

“What about all the men? Are half going with each group?” Curtis asked.

“No, they’re all going with the Captain. Where we’re going the fewer the people along, the easier and safer it will be,” Styrbjorn replied. “Now I’ll go get that leather and make you some shoes!” he exclaimed and then abruptly left the group.

Gwendolyn was quieter than usual for what little remained of the evening. While Candace and her mother fussed with Howard she lay on her bedroll that had been provided by one of Styrbjorn’s men and looked out into space at the stars. Denise, who was now trying to imitate her new friend and heroine in every way, did the same. The little girl

didn't speak because Gwendolyn didn't and so there was a long, uninterrupted silence between them.

Worry was gnawing away at Gwendolyn's thoughts that evening and the rest of the world seemed to disappear for her as she mulled over what she would have to face in the morning. It wasn't that she was really on edge about the safety of her parents and sister as they travelled by a different route up to Beverly Hills. The fact was, she thought they were as good as home with so many of those armed men with them and that abrasive old man to see that they were treated properly. If her father managed okay everything would turn out fine. What was really bothering Gwendolyn York during those wee hours was that she would have to travel up to their destination with the chief. Of course there was the danger of latinos but she was far more concerned about being alone with the likes of Styrbjorn whom she considered as some sort of weird and dangerous social deviant.

"So what if Denise and that guy Curtis are with us? What if this whole thing about not enough food and the safety of small groups is just a scheme he's using to separate me from Mom and Dad?" she thought as her mind began to generate possibilities of Styrbjorn getting her out in the Puente Hills somewhere and then molesting her like the mexicans were going to. "Why couldn't he? Anyone who runs around and kills people and uses an axe on them is likely to do anything! And it wouldn't matter if Denise and Curtis were there, what could they do? He could kill both of them and then I'd be stuck with no one to even see what happened".

Gwendolyn recalled how she had noticed Styrbjorn, Saxena and various other men in the group looking at her, not in the sense of leers, but just looking, as if at something they had never seen the like of before. "They're as bad, no, they're probably worse than those hispanics! That maniac could rape me and beat me up until he killed me and Mom and Dad and Craig wouldn't even find me! They wouldn't even know what really happened! They'd probably think we were all killed by hispanics somewhere." Gwendolyn's angelic features shifted into a frown enhanced by worry and terror as she thought of refusing to leave her parents in the morning. "What are they going to do, make me go the other way by force?!"

She then got up off her bedroll so suddenly that Denise, who had become engrossed in the sight of the countless stars overhead, jumped with surprise.

"What's the matter?" the little girl asked apprehensively.

"Oh, nothing, I'm just going to talk to my Mom and Dad for a minute. I'll be right back," Gwendolyn answered in her usual tone of voice that the child found so soothing.

"Listen Button, nothing's going to happen to you. If he or any of these other men had wanted to do things like that to you or Candace why would they bother to go through all of this fuss? Why wouldn't they just take you with them to that village Don was mentioning and leave the rest of us stranded here?" Howard York was reassuring his eldest daughter, holding her the way he used to when she was a child and talking to her in a gentle voice while she snuggled and put her

head on his shoulder. He knew that the events of the last few days had put tremendous pressure and strain on his wife and daughters, and he didn't blame Gwendolyn for her intense paranoia, but he knew that it had to be brought under control for everybody's sake.

After a long while and quite a bit more calming, Gwendolyn had finally become resigned to leaving with Styrbjorn although she was far from enthusiastic about it. As she left to return to Denise and her sleeping area about fifty feet away, Howard watched his daughter and thought about how he was going to manage the trip since he was still shaky and could only remain standing for short periods of time before dizziness and nausea took effect. "I just have to manage some how," he thought, growing a little apprehensive over the thought of such a test

The next morning arrived and the camp was broken as the sky was just turning blue in the east over the mountains. The men worked silently and let their guests sleep until everything was packed and ready. When they stopped for breakfast they ended their silence and the noise of their conversation woke the sleepers who then slowly began to get themselves organized and their bedding packed.

"Good morning!" Saxena exclaimed as he approached the Yorks. "I just wanted to let you know that we will be transporting you on the stretcher we brought you up here on Mr. York. You can walk as much as you like and for as far as you like but don't overdo it. The minute you start to feel bad get back on it again, no sense overdoing things!" Saxena con-

tinued as a pleased look came over Maureen's face. She had been expecting a "march or die" state of affairs and now that Howard wouldn't be forced to walk she experienced a great of relief.

"Look at these things!" Candace blurted with just a hint of a smile as she pulled on the new "shoes" Styrbjorn had made.

"Princess Mini Ha-Ha!" Howard laughed, hanging the name of a fictitious indian woman on his less than amused daughter while trying to ignore the throbbing headache that was still plaguing him.

In an hour and a half everyone had eaten and the two groups headed out after lengthy, last-minute goodbyes and "take cares". The members of the little party thought that the worst was over but events in their near future were likely to prove differently.

CHAPTER 5

- The priest portrayed the holiness of the baptized and painted the hell torment of the damned who did not want to hear the word of the high priest in Rome. Now the priest Wulfram of Sens turned to Ratbod himself: "Take then, King, the water of baptism, so that you, freed of all sins, may one day enter heaven with the throngs of believers, to sit at the right of the omniscient God from eternity to eternity, while all those go to hell, who die unbaptized."

Then Ratbod's voice interrupted the speaking bishop. He used the language of his ancestors: "You have said, priest, that I shall go to heaven if I allow myself to be baptized? Now tell me, priest, where are my parents, who are dead and had never been baptized?!"

Terror spread through the ranks of the priests, because the holy act had been so unexpectedly interrupted. The Bishop, completely in enthusiasm of the conversation, threw out the words: "All of them are with the Devil in hell, because they died as Pagans!"

Then Ratbod kicked the clay pan with the holy water so that it fell to the ground and burst into fragments. And he hurled his free words into the priest's face: "Then I want to tell you, Priest, I would rather go to my parents and the Devil in hell than with your priests to Heaven!"

from *Rather to the Devil in Hell*
by Gerhart Schinke

As the sun rays were beginning to brighten up the coastal areas of southern California that morning two men sat in an office of a quonset hut discussing an important move they were considering making on the White community in Los Angeles. One was Ivor Simone Des'Groseilliers, age fifty four, and the Commanding Officer of the Southern California branch of a white separatist group, the Aryan United Front. The other man, Henry Thurston, was the Field Marshall of the branch. The Aryan United Front, or A.U.F as it was popularly called, was really the only entity on the scene in the Western World that was capable of pulling White Civilization out of its tail spin and it differed a great deal from the other so-called "Pro White" organizations that had long since vanished before the chaos had actually gotten underway. In the case of the A.U.F there was a solid foundation made up of dedicated and highly competent personal who operated within very sound guidelines. There was a definite purpose and

direction to be found within the organization and this, as well as the quality of its personal, made it able to function over the decades and through various government crackdowns which brought the demise of the more highly publicized groups of the pro-white movement.

While the A.U.F continued to quietly build its membership and develop its strategy almost totally ignored by the controlled media and government secret police, the Ku Klux Klan, Identity Christian churches, Skin Head cliques, and various other manifestations of white discontent with a multi-racial society all containing crack-pots, deviants, unthinking true believers, and run-of-the-mill buffoons, were crushed and destroyed. In the pro-White/pro-Israel and New World Order arena of conflict it was survival of the fittest, and the fittest had definitely turned out to be the A.U.F.

On this particular morning the Chairman and Field Marshall were in the midst of deliberations concerning the method needed to seize control of the pocket of whites still in the area and secure a chance to make conditions liveable again in southern California. They were approaching the problem from the position that territory was of paramount importance and this view was the one that had set the A.U.F apart from other groups of the past and ensured its survival at the same time. While other organizations had been desperately working to convince the White race of its peril and responsibilities, the A.U.F had taken another path. After serious consideration its leadership concluded that the majority of people which comprised the White race at the time just prior to the

real chaos were no better than a herd of cattle or sheep, creatures incapable of real thought and significant action or reaction. The High Command deemed the throngs of bumpkins, yokels, educated idiots, and spineless whiners and flatterers to be unreachable and worthless in any sort of action against the forces of decay in the West. The existing *crowd* was good for only one thing - breeding material. They could and would produce children and if those children had a safe, clean territory in which to live and grow, as well as a sound education, the West could be saved.

The result of the idea was that the A.U.F managed to develop an elite membership, few in number, but very dedicated and capable. The organization then began formulating a plan-of-attack to be used at the appropriate time to counter the decay and degeneracy that was rampant and growing ever greater as the years went by and while they were quietly constructing their power plant to oppose the New World Order, the other groups and organizations were feverishly recruiting and trying to convince everyone that they had the answers to all the world's ills. There was a standard harvest which attended this sort of activity and it consisted of ranks filled with the most unstable and useless rabble which had been gleaned off of the general populace. The other organizations then fell apart due to inept leadership, decension and bickering in the lower levels, and frame-ups engineered by agent-provocateurs.

Time marched on and the other organizations tumbled into ruin amidst derision from the controlled media which

turned them into laughing stocks in the eyes of the public. Then, once the various opponents of the New World Order were out of the way, the controlled media, political action committees, secret police agencies, and the rest of the system's forces turned their attention to the A.U.F. But in spite of all the efforts and maneuvers by the sinister entities behind the decay and destruction, the organization's personnel held and began countering with their own actions. Now, after the chaos, the time was ripe for the A.U.F to begin its offensive and in Southern California Ivor Des'Groseilliers and his Field Marshall, Henry Thurston were preparing to play their part in the coming world wide action.

"Well, things have gone just about as far as they can go without this place turning into an asiatic sewer or mexican garbage dump," Des'Groseilliers said after a sip of coffee. "There aren't any White people between here and San Francisco in numbers worth counting and all of Oakland as well as San Francisco is full of asians. And of course, Arizona and Nevada are overrun with mexicans. If we loose our grip down here the whole southwestern part of the country can be written off."

"I know, I know. But I still can't see how you figure on swaying the people still over in Beverly Hills and Bel Air to fall into line? Hell, they're warped. They've been rubbing elbows and working with the goddamned jews in the media for so long that they couldn't understand logic and common sense no matter how much you tried to make them," Henry Thurston replied in an excited manner.

The two men differed from one another in many ways other than just point of view. Des'Groseilliers was a very calculating, methodical sort. He looked a fair bit younger than he was but he was portly and this gave him a down-to-earth appearance. People found him business-like and polished but pleasant and he and his wife Kathleen could fit in anywhere if no one knew that he was connected to the hated Aryan United Front. The Commanding Officer of the southern California unit, or Chairman as he was referred to by the organization's members, was a highly educated and astute gentleman who could trace his ancestry back to the early explorers of the continent and beyond to the Norman elite of Medieval France. Having joined the A.U.F well before the collapse, he displayed a remarkable ability to deal with the onslaughts of the New World Order crowd and their lackeys who were desperately trying to smash the last organization which contained hope for the White race. Des'Groseilliers proved to be a brilliant opponent in court battles that the A.U.F was often drawn into under trumped up charges and managed to hand the would-be destroyers a series of stunningly devastating defeats just before the total collapse of North American society had gotten fully under way. Ivor had a background in law as well as business and, because of being an able tactician, the leadership of the A.U.F stationed him in southern California, one of the nation's most volatile areas. The High Command felt that if anyone could hold a position in such an insane and dangerous place it would be the stout French Canadian. So Des'Groseilliers went west, teamed up with local members in

Los Angeles county and proceeded to construct a tight and efficient unit that could withstand the growing chaos. He had remained calculating and business-like right up to the present and would continue so during the infiltration of the last large community inhabited by white people in the area that was now planned in minute detail. Henry Thurston on the other hand, was action oriented and Des'Groseilliers had at times described the thirty six year old as being like "a bull in a china shop". His looks matched the way he acted. He resembled a football player. With a towering, burly form, excessively wide shoulders, a wide midriff, huge arms and legs, thick neck, and a large head which sported short curly red hair, Thurston was self-conscious about his appearance. He didn't like being so large and he was annoyed by his facial features which were boyish due to the fullness of his cheeks and the very fair complexion of his skin. Freckles dotted the area over the bridge of his nose and across the top of both cheeks just under each eye adding further to what he considered his adolescent image. It was his disgust over his features that had caused him to grow a beard but even with the addition of the heavy red whiskers he still had some resentment over his appearance and always kept burying himself in every possible type of work he could find as an excuse for not socializing with other people.

When Thurston had joined the A.U.F years ago it was paradise for him since he could bustle through each day carrying out a number of assignments, always being "too busy" for anything else. Unlike Des'Groseilliers and many of the other

people in the A.U.F, Henry was not married, never had been, and didn't have a girlfriend either. Not that he didn't want one, he was, in fact, a sensitive romantic underneath his self-consciousness and massive exterior and he had a genuine appreciation and respect for women. But, the minute he found himself around them in any sort of a casual setting where socializing, rather than reporting was taking place, Henry would get the stammers and stutters and fumble through the affair making one clumsy move after another until he would be too mortified to continue at which point he would hastily leave after making some lame excuse for his departure. Ivor and others were well aware of Thurston's self-consciousness and they never bothered him about it but they all found it quite comical and would often enjoy a good laugh while recalling this or that occasion when Henry had fallen apart at some social affair.

"Well we can't just march in and force them all to follow our lead under some sort of dictatorship. That Rabbi Glass as well as Diamond, and the rest of those Jews up there would kick into high gear and have a field day sowing dissent," Des'Groseilliers replied as Henry relaxed a little after asking him about the likelihood of using speeches as an effective method of persuasion on the remaining white populace.

"We'll just get rid of the Jews right off the bat. Leave it to me and my troops!" Henry suggested as his excitement returned.

"As much as I'd like to okay that, and you know how much I would, we still have to proceed with the talk first.

Now I know you're always saying that we've been talking ourselves silly for decades, and you're right, but before people would never listen because things were too safe and comfortable. Now, everything is unpredictable and very dangerous so they're liable to pay attention. That's why our people at National Headquarters told us to hold off the propaganda during the disintegration and chaos period. The idea was to let things go down hill to the point of being so bad that the people would be willing to consider anything," the Chairman exclaimed and then paused for another drink of his coffee.

"And, if they still won't listen?" Henry asked impatiently.

"If they don't listen this time we'll take action but remember, there is the community guard force there to consider. Almost all of them have had police training and they're just as heavily armed as we are. Then there's the regular citizens. A lot of them have firearms too and they may just back up the guard force if they can summon up the nerve," Ivor answered, getting out of his chair and walking over to the long row of filing cabinets which stood like a dark green and silver wall separating his office from other parts of the building.

"You know, according to our sources up there, David Diamond is pretty well thought of by all of those people," Des'Groseilliers continued as he pulled open one of the cabinet drawers.

"I know. That particular piece of Semitic garbage used to head up the local Jewish Defense League before everything went wild. Isn't he in Mossad as well?" Thurston asked as he tried to recall the information on Diamond.

“You bet he is, and now those sheep have given him top ranking in their protection force. He’s as sadistic and slippery as they come and he’s utterly ruthless, so you know he’ll stop at nothing to block us and keep control of the only armed force they have,” Ivor replied, taking several files out of the drawer before returning to his desk. Before he sat down he glanced out the nearest window to see if anyone was entering the compound of the abandoned lumberyard that was now serving as their fortress. The rest of the staff would be arriving soon from their homes which they had occupied nearby and Des’Groseilliers was anxious to see if anything had come through on shortwave during the wee hours of the morning. There had been constant radio communication with the National Headquarters on the east coast until last week when the transmitting was curtailed for security reasons. However, Ivor felt the broadcasts would resume soon and so he had a man monitor the station nightly. The troops were already up and being led through morning calisthenics in the far rear of the complex and the drill instructor’s shouts could be heard by the two men as they talked.

“Well, all I have to say is they’re all as ready for an action like this as they’ll ever be and if it was up to me we’d hit those Jews and the Guard Force and anyone else who cared to tangle with us like a ton of bricks. I’m sick and tired of diplomacy and trying to make the average dope see the light by waving statistics about disease and birthrates and violent crimes and all the rest of it in front of his nose,” Thurston started in, referring to the condition of his troops

and the organizations many, futile attempts over the last few years at educating the white masses.

“We need those dopes, as you call them, to fall in behind us if we have to use force. If all of the far-reaching attempts at recruiting had paid off a sort time ago we could march through the area and take over, but, as you know, we’re still no where near where we should be in terms of numbers here,” Des’Groseilliers pointed out, “all we have to do is rush in there, skirmish with the Guard, and fail to win, and those people will be so spooked the Jews will feed them anything about us and they’ll swallow it hook, line, and sinker. Then they’ll never come around to our point of view, the latinos or the asians or both will eventually overrun the place, and we’ll loose the last little bit of territory we have in this part of the country,” the chairman glanced out the window again and this time noticed the radio operator arriving.

He had been up on San Jacinto mountain where they had put up their receiving antennae and had just gotten back to Sherman Oaks after manning the radio all night but had nothing to report for his efforts.

“Look at it this way Henry, if we go over there and get to speak at that big community action assembly that is supposed to go on in a couple of weeks, we can at least make a case for all of us going to live there as private citizens then, once we’re in, we can start moving to eliminate certain elements and turn things around,” Ivor continued.

“So who are you going to get to do the talking? That asshole Jew Hiram Glass is so close to those community leaders

that they'll recognize you right off as soon as he alerts them and we aren't the big money types like the one's they're offering shelter to from Orange County either," Thuston asked, skeptical of the possibility that the whole branch of two hundred and sixty people would be welcomed with open arms by the high society crowd if they trickled in to the last big white community a little at a time.

"Bush can do the talking, he's a pretty good diplomat when he wants to be. And once we're in, the entire two hundred and sixty of us, could plant a lot of doubts and worries and second thoughts in the minds of those people in no time at all just through casual, everyday conversation. If we get them stirred up enough you and your troops may face very little resistance if any from the Guard at all," Des'Groseilliers concluded.

"That's true. And they don't know that our people are congregated up here, there's no way they could know since the only white people to pass by this area in the last several months were the ones that were leaving," Thurston agreed, "they won't know who we are and, like you said the other day, we can ask for shelter in that community on the grounds that there is safety in numbers and it's dangerous to try to live anywhere else around here these days. They'll buy that and let us in. But I tell you, I want to get that place secured and start in on those mexicans and asians as soon as possible and when I do I'm not going to stop until I run out or wipe out every last one of them!" Henry concluded as he literally shook with rage.

Des'Groseilliers watched his friend's anger fade a little and then he called his attention to the small stack of files in front of him which he had just retrieved from the cabinet a minute ago. "This is the information we have on the key movers and shakers in White One these days." The Chairman spread out the files and then began opening each one to reveal a group of papers stapled together with a cover sheet reading "White One Leadership" typed on it. *White One* being the label the people of the organization used when referring to the cluster of communities of white people still existing in Los Angeles County.

"You already know about Diamond and Glass but there are a few other interesting characters we'll have to reckon with once we set things in motion down there," Des'Groseilliers stated as he picked up the third file's contents and started reading. "Here we have Irving Shapiro. Age fifty one. Was high up in a number of film production companies before the disintegration period and is married to Cheryl Sloan."

"That's that high-flying movie star, right?" Thurston interjected as he recalled the woman his colleague had just mentioned being all the rage in Hollywood a few years ago.

"Yes, that's right. She's quite a bit younger than Shapiro, it says here she's thirty four. Anyway, the two of them are now quite active in promoting the 'peace and understanding' tripe in regards to everyone relating to Aztlan and New China," Des'Groseilliers answered and then went on. "Shapiro was also close to Hiram Glass. Both were with the

B'nai Brith and both were Masons. Shapiro's got a lot of influence among the entertainment people over there and so does his wife so when the Jews want a fuss made over something they desire instituted in White One, Shapiro and his wife have their network to draw upon for supporters. This wretch will be one of the chief pests we will have to contend with because the minute the scent of anything contrary to Jewish interests is picked up by the bastard he'll mobilize a whole army of do-gooders, liberals and placard-carriers from among the movie crowd."

"Who else have you got there?" Thurston asked patiently.

"Well, there is Nina Allred over here," Des'Groseilliers replied as he picked up the contents of another file folder. "Age twenty nine. Fanatic, feminist . . ."

"Jesus Christ, what else!" Thurston exclaimed, cutting the Chairman off in mid sentence.

"Exactly," Ivor continued. "Age twenty nine, militant activist and ring leader of the gay-lesbian element in White One, and, by the way, it's a sizeable one. She works alongside with Randy Frasier, who is the big wheel among the fags over there. Allred and her band of freaks are always present at the community meetings and they are quite vigorous in their attempts to sway community leaders toward Jewish approaches when decisions are made about solutions to any problems. Generally speaking, they keep things off balance by raising hell and they badger people into agreeing with certain lines of thinking. Oh, and they work closely with Shapiro and his group. In fact, there is quite an overlap between the

two in terms of members. Our people over there think that it's either Shapiro or Glass that winds Allred and her circus up and sends them off in whatever direction is desired."

Des'Groseilliers leaned back in his chair and stretched his arms over his head for a moment, then he began again, "Let's see here. Ah, here's Mr. Hudson Cooke, famous actor and now vice-chairman under that asshole Daniel McGowen," Ivor proceeded. "He's the visible link between the entertainment element and the Masonic/B'nai Brith worms. Shapiro and Allred don't hold any elected position in White One but Cooke and his superior, McGowan are the ones all the neighborhood leaders bow and scrape to. With McGowen being an owner of quite a bit of what was prime real estate in White One and prominent in local politics before the disintegration, and Hudson Cooke's well known image and highly respected position in entertainment, the two are quite a force over there. It's more or less a case now of what the two of them say goes," Des'Groseilliers paused.

"Get rid of Cooke and McGowen and the sheep won't know which way to turn is that it?" Thurston asked as his blue eyes sparkled with enthusiasm.

"Sort of," Ivor replied. "But remember, we're facing a domino effect if any of the people I've been reviewing here gets suspicious of us because they'll spread it to all the rest and the whole works will mount an opposition and drag in all the people they can in the process. So instruct your troops on the state of affairs and tell them not to get zealous or blatant in trying to convince people of anything when we go over there. As

a matter of fact, it would be best if they just lie low and let staff members and those under them do the P.R. work.”

Des’Groseilliers eyed the Field Marshal who was staring out the window quietly smiling as he thought of the two-fisted approach most of his troops took when they wanted to “convince” somebody of something.

“Next we have Craig Perkins,” the Chairman continued. “Age thirty one. Second in command of the Guard Force under David Diamond. No military or special forces training that we can find out about but he is a hot-head, ambitious and power mad. The guy comes from a wealthy background, his family was high profile in the community of White One before the disintegration. He’s a yuppie, has no loyalties to anything except his own desires and is manipulated by Diamond just like a puppet. I think we can count on him to take an active and vigorous part in fighting us when push comes to shove.”

“I know the type,” Henry replied. “The typical high-class garbage that will sell his own soul for some sort of material gain or promotion.”

“Lastly, there’s Benjamin Pearlman,” Ivor said slowly as he watched Henry’s face flush with anger at the thought of Craig Perkins and his irresponsible behavior. “He’s sort of on par with Shapiro and his wife but his approach is rather unique. Pearlman caters to the off beat element of White One, you know, all those people who were into that “New Age” stuff before the disintegration. What he does is have groups of them assemble and, in his words, ‘*tune in*’ to some

idea or feeling of what he calls *'the coming glory and light'*. According to our people, the idea is that all these nuts are going to mentally bring about a condition of perpetual love on earth."

"You figure a clown like that's worth paying attention to?" Thurston asked with a puzzled look on his face.

"It's not a joke. The bastard's connected with Glass for one thing, and that's trouble right off. Also, these groups of fools he leads can number as high as ninety to a little over hundred people and they sometimes attend community meetings and, along with Allred and her freaks, they turn the proceedings into a shambles. Pearlman and his people babble about 'tuning in' while Allred and her's screech about rights and McGowan and Cooke tapdance around until the community leaders come around to their way of thinking," Des'Groseilliers explained as he replaced the contents of the last file back into it's folder.

By the time Ivor Des'Groseilliers and Henry Thurston were concluding their talk the two parties of travelers had reached the foot of the low mountain they had been camped on. The stench of rotting flesh hit them again and the guests as well as some of Styrbjorn's men felt a little queasy, they had not been bothered with the odor at the higher elevation but now it was everywhere. The two groups had descended on different slopes so, now that they were at the bottom, neither could see the other.

"Guess we're on our own," Oliver Curtis said quietly, addressing no one in particular.

Styrbjorn replied that if anyone wanted to talk to someone while they were on the move they should do it in a very low tone of voice. "But before we really get going I think we should stop at one of those houses up ahead and take advantage of a shower and bathtub," he said as he turned around to look at them as they walked in single file behind him. His suggestion was greeted with instant and enthusiastic agreement by Curtis and Denise, and although Gwendolyn had been quite subdued right from the point of departure from her parents, she did light up a little and even managed a faint smile.

When they had gone through the commercial area on the south side of the Foothill Freeway and reached the abandoned houses behind it, they chose one that looked like a fairly expensive home and quickly broke in. It was empty of furniture and other household items but it was clean.

"Well, relax. We can take as long as we like here since I prefer to travel at night through the areas ahead of us," Styrbjorn commented as the group entered the living room. "I'll turn on the water and gas and then we'll light the water heater," he went on as he pulled out a small adjustable wrench and pair of pliers from the little bag attached to his bedroll.

Denise excitedly began to explore the house and Curtis and Gwendolyn continued to stand around in the middle of the bare living room. He looked at her for a moment but couldn't think of anything to say and so he just smiled sheepishly and shrugged his shoulders. Gwendolyn regarded him for a moment and looked away toward the entrance to the

hallway. She didn't like Curtis and she didn't dislike him either, she just couldn't be bothered with him and was just about to go searching for the bathroom when a booming vibration went through the house.

"Waters on!" Curtis exclaimed.

"Hmmm," Gwendolyn replied and then quickly left the room. After the water heater had been functioning for a while they took their showers with a bottle of shampoo and a bar of soap Styrbjorn produced. Curtis commented on Styrbjorn being prepared for anything and was told that with all the abandoned stores around things like shampoo and soap were no problem to obtain. Once the showering was done they all sat around on the living room floor in silence. Denise had wanted to go outside but Styrbjorn said it was better to remain indoors and so there they all were, sitting, in dead silence. Gwendolyn felt human again after her shower but she didn't really want to talk to Curtis or Styrbjorn about anything so she occupied herself with brushing and braiding Denise's hair while the whole house became dead silent. Styrbjorn was used to silence and it didn't bother him in the least to sit for incredibly long periods without saying anything or hearing the sound of another person's voice. Oliver Curtis on the other hand, couldn't stand the quiet and he kept glancing from Styrbjorn to Gwendolyn hoping that one of them would say something. He soon became on edge and then nervous, and finally he blurted, "Ah, Styrbjorn ... can I call you Styrbjorn?"

"Go ahead," came the reply as Styrbjorn watched the agitated man formulate his question.

"I understand... well, that is, your Captain Mr. Saxena was telling Mr. Finley and myself about you following the pagan beliefs of the ... ah, *our* ancestors," Curtis stammered, being careful to refer to the people of northern Europe long ago as his ancestors after being corrected by Saxena.

"Yes, that's right," Styrbjorn answered matter-of-factly.

"Well, Captain Saxena suggested that I ask you about those - er, your beliefs if I had any questions and well, you see, I took several courses at UCLA on ancient religion and a lot of what Mr. Saxena told us about human sacrifice was quite different from the course material," Curtis continued feeling more comfortable now that he was in the midst of conversation.

Gwendolyn's eyes had opened wide the moment she had heard Curtis mention "human sacrifice" and, although she still continued to braid Denise's hair and look totally absorbed at her task, she was all ears. "What kind of psychopath is that guy?" she wondered as she imagined Styrbjorn sacrificing people in some strange ritualistic manner.

"Mr. Saxena said that your personal gods were Odin and Thor, could you tell me anything about how you worship them and stuff? I mean if you don't mind me asking?" Curtis went on.

"No I don't mind you asking," Styrbjorn answered pleasantly. "First of all, I don't worship either one of them. I don't say prayers to them or expect favors or guidance from them either. I just live according to the examples they set in the old mythology. As far as acknowledging them as actual

presences go, I drink a toast to Odin during a good meal on the fifteenth of April and again on the fifteenth of October. I do the same thing for Thor on December twentyfifth,” Styrbjorn shifted to a more comfortable sitting position.

Oliver decided to see if Styrbjorn’s interpretation of Odin was the same as Don Saxena’s so he asked, “Well, what can you tell me about Odin then?”

“The entire message of Odin is that the *individual* should become greater than he is through the use of his own will-power, determination, and mental capacity. In order to become greater you have to make a metamorphosis into a new and better state or condition of being and leave the old, inferior you behind. When you do this consciously and willfully you are sacrificing yourself for a better, improved, and more powerful self. That’s why Odin is, among other things, the god of death,” Styrbjorn stopped as he noticed Gwendolyn was now watching him and Curtis quite intently. He didn’t look directly at her because he knew he made her uncomfortable, instead he gazed calmly at Curtis.

“Yes, but Odin was associated with battle and bloodshed. He had wolves and ravens that followed him around, and he had the dead brought to him in Valhalla. What about all that? How does it tie into personal growth?” Curtis asked impatiently.

“First of all, I’m not talking about personal growth. A chicken or a dog or a snake or a slave human grows. They do it naturally as life’s conditions force them to. They adapt, become more capable and so on, simply as they advance through life not because they consciously want to. *Becoming*

is different. You must be inspired in order to become, and then you have to consciously act in order to reach the desired state or condition, it doesn't just happen. You make it happen with your own power! That's why Odin is associated with inspiration, because inspiration is at the root of all becoming. Now as far as his connections to battles and war and bloodshed go, you could look at it this way; when men go to battle it is an act of their willpower, battles don't just happen, they are a clash of two forces willfully colliding with each other. This is just like becoming for an individual, he doesn't wait for a desired state or condition, he actively attempts to achieve it and as a result he encounters struggle and possible opposition to his attempt from any number of elements or conditions that stand between him and his desire. The struggle to achieve is like a battle, the opposing elements or conditions are like an opposing army. So what happens in battle? Why, warriors die in an attempt to achieve victory. What happens in becoming? The individual's old self dies as he struggles to reach a new and greater state or condition! Both proceed in the same way!" Styrbjorn exclaimed emphatically as he watched Curtis who looked as though his confusion was starting to clear up.

"What about Valhalla and the animals?" Curtis promptly queried.

"The wolf and the raven both use to haunt battlefields in the old days that's why they're associated with Odin, he is the lord of battle. When warriors die they gorge the wolves and feed the ravens so Odin is logically the feeder of wolves and

ravens since men die in their following of him. Although, the ravens are also symbolic of mind and memory coupled with intuition. When Odin's two ravens fly about and bring him news every day as the mythology tells us, it means that mind and the quality of memory and intuition should be used to find battles or ways to become greater wherever possible and should be used in this way every day. As for Valhalla, think of it as the new state or condition that the individual wants to achieve. Now, in the myths, Valhalla is Odin's magnificent hall where great heroes go when they die in battle and there they enjoy wonderful feasts and sport in the company of the god himself. So, look at it this way, here we have an individual and he wants to become. He is inspired. This means he approaches the struggle or battle to become as he is, but in an heroic manner. In other words, he's not afraid or hesitant, rather he can't wait to get to his desired new state or condition! Now as the individual struggles, he, as he is, dies or is sacrificed in the attempt to achieve the new state or condition for himself, so you have the hero dying in battle, sacrificing himself in an inspired, Odin-like condition," the Chief said, smiling broadly at Oliver for a moment before continuing with his explanation.

"When the individual achieves his desired state or condition he is very happy and life seems to have more possibilities and greater enjoyment than before. So you could say, he has reached Valhalla and become more like Odin. His old self is there, stored in memory along with all the other old selves that died in the battles of previous becomings. Their capabili-

ties are in a good state, ready to serve him and under his new, Odin-like supervision. The message is: The old self must die but it continues to exist for you in your new state as part of your army, your force to be used as you become again and again,” Styrbjorn concluded and shifted to a new sitting position again.

“You mean the power of the old self is compounded under the control of the new self?” Oliver asked, pretty sure that he understood what Styrbjorn was talking about now.

“Exactly! You have to metamorphosize in order to become greater, but the old self is not really lost, it’s power, knowledge, memories, abilities and so on, stay with you and can be drawn upon to help you become again,” Styrbjorn answered.

“Okay, but what about Ragnarok, the great battle where Odin and his army of heroes and all the other gods die?” Curtis asked in a cynical tone of voice.

“Ragnarok, or the end of the gods, can be viewed as the individual’s physical death,” Styrbjorn began, his tone of voice changing from pleasant to serious. “If you were taught anything in those courses you took you’ll know that the gods live in a fabulous city called Asgardr. Symbolically you could say that Asgardr is a great state that is achieved by an individual who spent his life constantly becoming. This is why the myths say that Odin built Asgardr. The point is, all things, no matter how great they are, must eventually end. They must, in fact become or change. Nothing stands still. So, we have Asgardr, the great city of the gods, magnificent

and wonderful beyond a mortal's wildest dreams. This is symbolic of the power, the possessions, the knowledge, the ability, the memories and everything else the individual has as his life's achievement after constantly becoming through the years. A state so great that he could never have dreamt of it at any earlier point in his life. Okay, so what happens? One day signs appear that Ragnarok is near. The violent, dark powers then begin their attack. The great bridge between the world of men and the world of the gods is broken. Odin and all the heroes in his hall, as well as Thor, Frey, Heimdalr, Tyr and the other gods charge out and meet the vile monsters, forces of evil, and elements of destruction and all on both sides perish in a last great and mighty battle. Valhalla and the homes of the other gods and goddesses are destroyed. Asgardr is finished, the world of man is finished, the Great Tree of Existence shatters and all is as if nothing has ever been. So you look at Ragnarok like this; in spite of your greatness and power in everything that makes up you life's work - your Asgardr, you cannot hold it. You can't stop decay and death. Instead of cowering and worrying, you should charge out with all your might and meet the forces of your destruction. You should die with a sword in your hand, going forward into death unafraid, just the same way all the old Vikings used to go into real battle. Your Odin-power which is your knowledge, memory, intellect and so on, should lead the army of your heroes or past selves - your power from all your old existences which died during your many becomings - out to fight

and struggle, to *become* once again. All of your might or Thor power, and goodness or Frey power, and everything else should join the war and all will perish as will your life's work and everything it contains. The Great Tree of Life, your physical body, will shatter and, in the end, it will seem as though you never existed at all," Styrbjorn stopped his explanation and noticed that Oliver seemed to be deep in thought. So did Gwendolyn, who was looking down at the bare, hardwood floor with a sad expression on her face. Denise was enthralled and seemed to stare at Styrbjorn with a "tell-me-more" attitude.

After a fairly long silence Oliver spoke, "Then life and all it's struggles and pain and suffering are all for nothing according to these beliefs?" his question came in a raspy voice, as he looked more than a little upset.

"Not at all. After Ragnarok a new sun shines and a new moon is born. Odin's sons and Thor's sons and many of the goddesses are still alive. The world turns green and the oceans settle and two new people, a man and a woman, are brought forth and the great process of *'beginning, development, and end toward another becoming'* will start again. This can mean that some of the individuals' power lives on in his children and although his life has ended, their's is just beginning and they will have to repeat what just happened to the now dead man. It can also mean that the individual finds himself in a new state of existence and must initiate his becoming once again," Styrbjorn replied.

"You mean like reincarnation?" Curtis asked, now seemingly in better spirits.

“No, at least not in the way it’s popularly understood,” Styrbjorn answered. “But that’s enough of my chatter for today. It’s starting to get dark so why don’t all of you get out your food and we can eat before we start off,” he said as he got up and stretched. “By the way, how are you finding those shoes Miss York?” he asked causing Gwendolyn to jump a little since she was mulling over everything they just spoke about and wasn’t expecting any questions to be put to her.

“Oh, uh, they’re okay. I guess they’re comfortable enough,” she answered as her eyes settled on the crude looking things covering her feet.

“Good! Good! I’m glad to hear it!” Styrbjorn retorted smiling at her.

She looked up and gave a nervous little smile of her own.

While Styrbjorn and his little group had spent the day inside the abandoned house the larger party led by Saxena had been travelling steadily and had only stopped around noon for lunch. Their pace was quite even and as dusk approached, Candace, Maureen, and Finley were only moderately tired. Howard York was doing fine and had walked for only a little while and was transported on a stretcher the rest of the time. All of them were feeling pretty good and the fact that it was springtime and the temperature was only in the low seventies during the hottest part of the day had helped their endurance capabilities quite a bit.

“Marchin around like this ain’t half bad, that is, it wouldn’t be if we didn’t have to worry about them red niggers raising hell,” Ed Finley proclaimed as the group came to a

halt for the night. They had been walking parallel to the freeway all day and their evening camp would be among some very tall trees at it's edge. "I guess we made about what? Twelve miles would you say?" Finley asked Saxena just after he had sent a couple of men off in different directions to watch for the presence of latinos.

"Oh, about that. It's far enough, no sense rushing things with York in the condition he is," Saxena answered.

The men immediately began clearing the area and setting up the hammocks which the Yorks and Finley would be sleeping in and the captain announced that everyone should eat whenever it pleased them and that there would be no formalities observed for dinner at a specific time.

"Eating this crud isn't going to please me no matter what time I have it!" Candace thought as she pulled out a small package from between the folds of her bedroll. It was the ration of dried food she had been given and it consisted of venison jerky and several packets of freeze-dried vegetables that were commonly sold in sporting goods stores for hikers and campers. "Just add water, eat, and puke!" she muttered as she opened the package and peered into it.

Finley overheard the girl, came over to her and decided to tease her a little. He had no use for whining and had always taken a dim view of people who refused to make the best of things, but he wasn't that upset with Candace. She was young and pampered and this wasn't her normal routine, and Finley knew it but he couldn't resist having a little fun at her expense.

"My-my-my-my-my, aren't you the absolute vision of

loveliness Miss Candace!” he announced as he came stomping up to the startled girl. “Here you are, nice rosy color in those pretty little cheeks! Happy as all get out! Standing nice as you please in those Indian clodhoppers! I do declare, you are a wondrous thing, you are!”

The expression on Candace’s face revealed that she was hardly excited about the old man’s rapid-fire compliments and this made Finley’s grin widen and his comments come even quicker. “Now, looky here darlin’, you just gotta contain all that happiness and joy that’s bubblin’ out of you! Why, if you don’t, you’re liable ta spread it around and we’ll all end up in a state of extatic bliss! After all! Somebody’s got to be serious around here!”

Candace was quite annoyed by the time Finley had finished uttering his second batch of observations about her but she didn’t say anything. Instead, she whirled around and walked away in the opposite direction in a very dark mood.

“Old coot! As if this stupid trip wasn’t bad enough, now I have to listen to his crappy comments!” she thought to herself as she went and settled by her parents.

“What’s Mr. Finley talking to you about dear?” Maureen asked her daughter after her arrival.

“Nothing! God, he grates on me!”

“Well Mr. York, you seem to have weathered the first day’s travel fairly nicely.” Candace had no time to elaborate just why Finley grated on her because both he and Don Saxena had just come over to the York’s spot in the campsite to talk to her father.

“Oh yes. I don’t feel that bad at all. Maybe I’ll get a bit more walking in tomorrow,” Howard replied cordially and the three men began a casual conversation. They started to chew on their jerky and Saxena laughed as he watched Finley laboriously gnawing on a particularly hard and stiff chunk.

“It ain’t funny!” Finley growled as he slid his panama back on his head so that the brim was tilted well above his eyes. “It’s sad and sick, that’s what it is! Us havin’ ta tromp around like a bunch of refugees in our own country! It’s about time the rabble was run out of here once and for all!”

“Listen Mr. Finley, if people all would just get along and cooperate, none of the problems we’re in the middle of would even exist!” Candace cut in, with a severe tone.

“You can say somethin’ like that after all you’ve been through and after what those monkeys did ta your father and that little girl’s family? You better wake up darlin’, because we ain’t dealin’ with people like ourselves, we’re dealin’ with garbage! scum!” Finley said to the girl who did not seem to be able to make an adequate assessment of reality as far as he was concerned.

“They aren’t all bad! There are a lot of nice latinos and asians and blacks! And if people like you weren’t around, everything would be just fine!” Candace answered in a higher tone of voice. “All you are is a racist! You hate everybody because, underneath it all, you hate yourself!”

“Hate everybody! Sure, I hate everybody! I hate ‘em because they hate me and because they’ve turn *my* country, *my* home into a crazy world of violence and filth and crime! I

hate ‘em because they’re parasitical vermin that can’t do a god damn thing except feed and breed! And I am and have been, sick and tired of supportin’ ‘em with *my* tax money, seein’ ‘em being educated with *my* tax money, seein’ ‘em takin the jobs that *my* own grandchildren could have if I had any! You bet I hate! I started hatin’ when the god damn nuts in the government began forced integration years and years ago before you were even born and I’ve been hatin’ ever since! And I’m gonna go on hatin’ ta the end of my days!” Finley was steaming as he abruptly pulled a cigar out of his shirt pocket and jammed it between his teeth.

“He’s right Miss York!” Don Saxena cut in, breaking the growing tension between Finley and Candace. “The whole mess is due to all of our people here and in Europe holding on to self-defeating and insane religious concepts.”

“What?! What’s religion got to do with any of the problems we have today?!” Candace replied incredulously as she turned and looked at Saxena who had been sitting beside her father.

“It has everything to do with the mess of today,” Saxena replied in a calm, even tone. “You see, Christianity is actually a formula for extinction that works excellently on whoever is foolish enough to follow it. It ah, it *infects* people with what Styrbjorn calls ‘*the heaven syndrome*’ which is a state of mind that disconnects people from reality.”

“Wait a minute! I’ve always believed in the Good Lord and I ain’t never been disconnected from reality in my life!” Finley blasted as he cut Saxena off.

“Hold on a minute, Mr. Finley, just hear me out and you might be surprised to find that what you really believed in all these years was not the ‘Good Lord’, as you call him, at all.” Saxena began again as Finley stared at him with a frown. “One of the components of the mind-warping infection Styrbjorn calls the ‘heaven syndrome’ is the ‘*savior fixation*’ and another is the desire to *win by losing*. I’ll lay it all out for you and you just see if anything makes sense.”

Saxena began his explanation by stating that most middle-eastern deities including the Christian Savior and his Father were stern, vengeful, and dictatorial and that mortals were supposed to worship them in a very exact manner while following a great many impossible rules and regulations at the same time. He then proceeded to lay out the standard way in which God, Savior, and mortal interact according to Christianity and older middle-eastern religions. Saxena said that first of all, the God demands worship in a strict, unchanging manner from his mortal followers and if they fail to meet his standards he punishes them with plague, pestilence, and disaster.

“If you read your Bible you’ll see that old Yaweh does a lot of punishing even if his followers *do* worship properly,” he said as he looked at the Yorks and then at Finley who seemed to be slightly on edge.

“So what?! Are you tellin’ me this ties in with things today?!” the old man blasted again.

“Yes, just listen and have a little patience!” Saxena answered.

Next he told them that the Savior was usually sent to help

mortal followers gain Yaweh's favor because, "and this is important," he said, "the whole message behind the religion of Christianity is that mortals are naturally bad and despicable beings, worthless garbage without God's blessings."

Saxena then mentioned that the Savior promised everlasting life and Yaweh's blessing in exchange for the mortals taking on even more impossible rules and regulations. And he said that the Savior being sacrificed and his blood being spilt provided the only ticket to Yaweh's heaven for the followers *if* they managed to stick to the rules and regulations the Savior had brought them.

"Of course, if they don't they still end up in hell, burning forever!" Saxena explained. "Now this is where it all starts to connect with our society before this disintegration really set in. In the middle east the gods and saviors are despots and the mortals who believe in them and follow them are merely their slaves who must adhere to supernatural dictums or suffer terribly. And the cultures of the middle east were all the same way. The pharaoh, king, or emperor was usually considered either a living symbol of God or literally God incarnate. These monarchs had to be obeyed and worshipped without question and the priest class that was always around them, functioned as *"the Savior"* in the equation. They interpreted royal edicts and taught, steered and blessed the common people seeing that they obeyed the monarch thereby bringing them salvation and a chance to go on living in the monarch's society. Just like the mythic savior bringing everlasting life to mortals. Now," Saxena continued after clearing his throat, "if the peo-

ple rebelled against the priest class or the monarch or both they would be punished severely, killed, or thrown out of the kingdom, just like going to hell in their mythology.”

“All right, all right! What the hell has this got ta do with *our* people and *our* problems?! I can’t pick up your drift!” Finley shouted.

“Because we were so stupid to have accepted Christianity or were forced to accept Christianity by our greedy leaders far in the past, our societies eventually became structured in exactly the same way as the ones in the middle east,” Saxena replied. “Before the disintegration really took off, we had kings, queens, popes, priests, and *government detached from the common people* all in the monarch position. And in the savior category we had political figures, judges, economists, experts, specialists, lawyers, doctors, law enforcement personnel and so on. The worthless mortals were, of course the common, taxpaying public. And, you know, the common people never really question the god/savior element any more than they question Yaweh or Jesus in Christian mythology. They are *the flock* that can be herded into higher taxes, integration, foreign wars and anything else the leaders, or shepherds want them in to.” Saxena noticed he was starting to get through and decided to press on. “Of course, if they refuse, the *hell* of poverty, prison, social ostracism, unemployment and so on await them.”

“So! A lot of people didn’t like what the leaders were doing and made a fuss in a lot of ways! How do you fit them into this?” Candace asked.

“Well, just like Jesus making promises of heaven which

never comes, so the modern social leaders make promises that are never fulfilled. Back when we still had a society there were experts and specialists of all sorts who claimed to have the answers to problems, and when things got worse they may have become unpopular but the flock would just turn to another set of experts and specialists, and so stay stuck in the same routine,” Saxena began again, this time addressing Candace. “It’s like this; doctors were repeatedly using treatments that failed or which made people’s conditions worse but the flock still kept seeing doctors as saviors and hospitals as heavenly places of salvation, so when they got fed up with one quack they didn’t act on their own, they just started seeing another. And take governments for example; they would tax mercilessly, and do all sorts of things that turned our countries into hell holes but, when the flock got upset, they just voted for a different political party and the farce went on as usual,” Saxena paused and then continued again, this time looking back and forth at everyone. “When you live in a Christian-based society which exists on *‘Have Faith and God or Leaders will save you’* you loose the ability to think and act for yourself. You see, you didn’t really have to believe in the Christian religion to be infected with it’s heaven syndrome, the whole structure of society itself was infected so it couldn’t help but rub off on you personally!

Just as the religion says that Yaweh and Jesus will save you if you have faith in them, so our society said that the leaders would save us if we had faith in them. You had to follow Yaweh regardless of how much he abused you and, in our society, you had to follow the Savior Leaders no matter how

much they abused you. The idea that Jesus and Yaweh were intensely interested in common mortals kept the people following and having faith for centuries just like the idea that politicians, quacks, and other notables actually cared about us and were not just filling their pockets at our expense kept us all following and having faith in our social conditions even up to the disintegration period.”

“So you’re saying that the various sorts of leaders took us to the collapse of society and we just followed?” Howard York asked as he chewed on another piece of jerky.

“They didn’t just take us! We, in a general sense, wanted to go!” Saxena replied emphatically. “That’s where ‘*Win by Losing*’ comes in. We as nations and as individuals, wanted to be *just like Jesus*, our supposed supernatural savior. Our entire race, all the people here and in Europe, were so gripped with the savior fixation that we tried to *save* the rest of the world by providing technology, food, medicine, machinery, education and weapons to hostile, competing races.”

“We sure as hell did, God damn it! I agree completely with you on that score, boy!” Finley interjected, frowning and chewing at the same time.

“If you think about Christ, what did he do? He won by losing didn’t he?!” Saxena began again after Finley’s interruption. “Look at the mythology of the Bible, it says that Jesus was born in, and lived in, lowly circumstances. It says he worked at a menial profession. It says he loved and forgave all criminals, degenerates, and so on. It mentions that he fed multitudes by his own hand. It states that he was hated and

abused by high-ranking people in Palestine *but* that he loved and forgave them all. Not only that, the Bible says he was spat upon, whipped and crucified, but that Jesus didn't mind. In fact, it says he sacrificed himself for the sake of mankind so his suffering and death were good and noble and, by being destroyed, he gave life to everyone else forever!" Saxena stopped short and bit off a piece of jerky. Then, after chewing it enough to where he could speak again and be understood, he resumed his explanation. "The Christian Savior recommends that his followers totally ignore themselves and favor everyone else, and he guarantees salvation if they do this. Remember '*The First Shall be Last*', and '*The Greatest Among You Shall be He that is Least*', and what about '*Take My Yoke Upon Thee and Learn of Me for I am Meek and Lowly in Heart*'? Then there's '*Take the Low Seat*', '*Love Your Enemies*', and '*Give to Every Man That asketh of Thee*'. Remember those?" Saxena asked as his four person audience nodded affirmatively. "Okay, now listen to how they fit in to the society and the way of thinking we had before the disintegration," he continued. "Adhere to the dictates of leader-saviors and take their orders; sacrifice yourself in their war-for-profit schemes; pay plenty of taxes so that government can grow; sacrifice yourself in a dead-end job with little pay and be a slave; this is all related to being a true believer and *taking the leader's yoke upon you* as well as *taking the low seat*. You are supposed to win salvation by losing like this. Now, how about, '*Advance the Underprivileged*' all over the world! Give them technology and weaponry which can then be

turned against you; be a slave and work to provide for them; if or when they perform terrorist's acts against you, love and forgive; if they destroy you it doesn't matter because you're *just like Jesus*, he died so that others could live; this is winning salvation by losing while loving your enemies and following ideas like '*If you are smitten on the right cheek turn the left also*' and '*sell all though hast and give to the poor*'," Saxena watched as the faces of Howard and Finley took on a stunned look. "Here's a bit more for you," he began, rather pleased with the effect his examples were having. "Save the starving and diseased all over the world; provide them with medicine, thereby ensuring a lower mortality rate and higher birth rate among them; then force-feed *your land* with chemical fertilizers, herbicides and insecticides while inflicting over irrigation so that you destroy the environment in your own country to feed them. That's wining salvation by losing while *giving to every man that asketh of thee!*"

"But those people needed help," Candace exclaimed hesitantly. She had been involved in movements to save the environment for some time and was now beginning to realize just why the environment had been so threatened.

"No, they didn't need help and they didn't deserve any either," Saxena answered her in a kind voice. "You see, Miss York, none of the other races would ever help us White people if they were in our position and we were in theirs. They don't follow Christianity and practice *winning by losing* techniques. While we were working to provide for them and not even having children of our own in enough numbers to keep

up our population, they were breeding like rats at our expense! So what did we do then?" Saxena asked looking right at Candace and then answering his own question before she could. "Well let's see, we imported them into our countries from the third world, then we gave up our territory for their benefit, then we provided them with housing paid for by our tax dollars! But we didn't stop there, oh no! Then we gave them an education paid for by our tax dollars, and we made sure they had advantages for being hired in the job place over us through those affirmative action guidelines! And was that enough? Not at all! We gave them jobs our own people should have had, and we paid out welfare to legions of them that couldn't be educated no matter how low the academic standards were and we gave the ones that didn't want to work a free ride at our expense too. We let them turn our neighborhoods into slums, our cities into crime-ridden wastelands, our schools into jungles and we kept forgiving and understanding and sacrificing more and more! Why, we sacrificed our whole culture and background with it's traditions and promoted *their* primitive, tribal monkey-shines and we adapted to *their* needs in our own countries! We became *last* so that they could be *first*! We practiced the Savior's recommendation of '*give to every man that asketh of thee*' until now, we don't have a country anymore. As Jesus said; '*If a man steals your cloak give him your coat also*' and that's just what we did," Saxena stopped and relaxed a little. He had almost been shouting and he didn't want to be too hard-headed in his approach.

“God Damn, I just never thought of it all like that young fella,” Finley said in a slow, thoughtful tone. “I, guess I’ve just been plum blind my whole life!”

“Everyone’s been blind, except for guys like Styrbjorn,” Saxena replied. “Look at that idiot of the Pruse’s, he was alive because of *win by losing logic*.”

“What do you mean? They loved him,” Maureen asked, a little subdued by the captains discourse.

“No, if they loved him they would have mercifully ended his life at the moment of his birth rather than condemning him to a sickening existence like the one he had,” Saxena answered. “But in our society caring for misfits and degenerates is being *just like Jesus!* When we keep an idiot with a deformed brain alive or, better yet, pretend he’s ‘*special*’ and try to somehow fit him into society using our tax dollars it’s just great! The idea is that someone like Candace doesn’t need all sorts of opportunities because she’s not *special* but a semi-vegetable does deserve it,” Saxena answered the troubled and confused woman as she stared down at the ground in front of her. “And it’s not just idiots either,” Saxena went on, “before society fell apart we pampered and fussed over rapists and drug addicts and queers and murderers trying to understand them and forgive them while we put their victims *last* and them *first* while following the twisted logic that the most sickening and repulsive should be ‘*loved*’ the most! After all, Jesus said to sacrifice for the sake of others. Lepers, freaks, fiends, and other rabble deserve one’s love and labor. Jesus thought so, the Bible said he sacrificed himself for their sake.”

“But how come nobody woke up to all of this? I mean, why didn’t somebody do something somehow?” Candace asked in a troubled voice.

“Oh, some people in each generation woke up all right, but they were always few in number and couldn’t do much,” Saxena replied. “The whole society was saturated with this kind of stuff, people were bombarded with it constantly. Children for instance, look at what they were exposed to! Look at the Ugly Duckling story, the Beauty and the Beast story, and a whole lot of other material which told children in our society that the off-beat, the grotesque, and the ridiculous deserve to win and to attain heavenly bliss and salvation. We got the same thing as adults in so-called classic works like *The Phantom of the Opera*, *The Hunchback of Notre Dame*, and *Les Miserables*,” Saxena said as he saw the four people he was speaking to register looks of surprise. “Of course, in more modern terms, we were all bombarded with the image of the *Anti Hero* which is a perfect promotion of *win by losing* masochism. You know how all those paperback novels and motion pictures always have the anti-hero going through self-destruction and suffering, or lost love and suffering, or lost battles and suffering, or any other equally miserable conditions with plenty of suffering?” he asked. Candace and Maureen nodded in an affirmative manner while Howard and Finley just sat and waited for Saxena to begin again. “Well the message behind the anti-hero or heroine is this: ‘If you lose you’re worth admiring’ and, ‘if you suffer and die, people will love you and care about you just like the Christian

Savior is adored because of his suffering and death,'. Also, the anti-hero points to a strategy that says, 'if you throw your life away, the world will be sorry and everyone will realize what a wonderful person you were - like Jesus!' Saxena explained and then was silent. Finley was brooding as he finished his food for the evening, Howard and Maureen were also deep in thought as they kept eating, and Candace was silent and still trying to make herself begin her dinner.

"Well, I damn sure learned a few things tonight!" the old man exclaimed as he got up and headed for his hammock.

"Dad, do you think all that stuff is right? I mean, we've been going to church and everything, and if its all this bad . . . " Candace asked turning to her father.

"I don't know but it sure makes you think doesn't it?" he replied and then was silent again. That evening, as many of the men stood guard in shifts, there was quite a lot of thinking going on in the four hammocks. Things once taken for granted as being good were becoming very unpalatable in the minds of the Yorks and old man Finley.

CHAPTER 6

“You know, I never thought it would come to this,” Irving Shapiro commented quietly as he, and three of his fellows milled about in the elegant and spacious living room of the Bel Air mansion belonging to Hiram Glass.

“Relax Irv, our people have found themselves in some pretty sticky situations before and we always come out of them smelling like roses!” David Diamond, head of the security force in the last white area in southern California had grown tired of his colleagues fidgeting and finally spoke up in an attempt to derail some of Irving’s anxieties.

The four men had gathered in the house for an emergency meeting called by none other than the old Rabbi himself Hiram Glass. The doddering, frail senior might have looked like a man with one foot in the grave but his mind was very sharp and it never ceased to calculate and weigh all possibilities that he became aware of. With the expected white refugees from the Orange County area failing to arrive during the past five days Hiram’s mind had plenty to work on, and he became determined to deal with the resulting panic and concern that were building among the goyim in Los Angeles County.

“Never mind the fussing! Everybody sit down and let’s get to business!” Hiram exclaimed in the loudest tone he was capable of. Each of the three men turned and stood facing the emaciated figure in the large easy chair, who had just issued

the command. As they all found a place to sit Hiram feebly shot out one of his bony hands and grasped the crystal goblet full of Port that sat beside his chair on an end table. He brought it to his mouth in a trembling manner, almost spilling some of the contents before his huge, purple-blue lips curled over the rim of the goblet. Hiram Glass presented a particularly pathetic and unattractive image and, although his three colleagues had great respect for his ability to plan and manipulate, and for the way he could transform himself into a lively and personable speaker at community meetings, none of them could stand to be around him on a one-to-one basis for very long. His shallow wheezing, his yellow sagging skin covered with large liver spots, and his cold, mechanical way of relating to others was more than even they, his fellow Jews and loyal co-conspirators could stomach.

Glass began the “meeting of the minds” by pointing out that everyone in the room had noticed the tension among the Whites, or *Goyim*, as they were called, and that something had to be done to settle everyone down or they might begin to leave the area and this was unacceptable to the interests of the local Jews. “We didn’t work this hard and rise to the top of things just to loose everything because we can’t keep the two-legged beasts under control!” Hiram said with a firm, and somber look on his face. He then went on to point out that not only did they stand to loose their personal property and influence if the community fell apart, but the greater plan of eventually achieving a world-wide dominion for the Jewish people in which they, collectively, could live like kings off

the labor of their enslaved subjects whom they considered sub-human would come to nothing. “We cannot just let our power bases crumble! As you know, and as you were all taught even when you were children, there are always better times ahead so long as we don’t loose control and influence over the goyim or panic ourselves. There have always been upheavals and loss of life but we Jews must see our people, our culture, and our God as being all the same thing! God *is* the Jewish people, the earth *is* ours, and we can either hold what we have through these hard times and seize all the rest later, or we can give up and fall apart!” Hiram lectured as he looked into the eyes of his three henchmen.

The pudgy, wildly-dressed Benjamin Pearlman reflected for a moment on what Hiram Glass had just said. He had the concept of Jewish superiority drummed into him right from the time he was old enough to attend Hebrew school and understand anything, and he knew full well that Irving Shapiro and David Diamond had also been given the same instruction. Benjamin believed it when he had first heard it and he still believed it. He liked the way his people had prospered off of others and he liked how easily he could lie under oath, break any promise, and sabotage any plan concerning the goyim, and never need to feel guilty because once a year he, and the other Jews, recited the Kol Nidre prayer which absolved them of guilt for cheating, lying, and stealing, for the coming twelve months so long as all such activities were directed exclusively against non-Jews. The problem in Pearlman’s mind was that if he and his people collectively

made up an actual god-entity on earth, why were their plans always backfiring and why had the American society in particular, which they had carefully groomed into a desired condition through media manipulation of its citizenry and politics, fallen apart and left the Jews in a worse mess than they had ever been in since the time of the Spanish Inquisition? He wondered why a God should always have so much difficulty just attaining what was naturally his, and he was personally rather tired of the fanaticism required on his part and on every other Jew's part to keep 'God' moving in the direction the Zionist Rabbis felt he should go.

Contrary to Benjamin, David Diamond, the most non-Jewish looking Jew of the four, fully agreed with Hiram Glass and had no second thoughts about all the work being for nothing or about retreating from the area and having all power, influence and property lost for what would probably be quite a long time. He sat facing Hiram and nodding his head at just about everything the dictatorial old fossil said. Diamond was cocky and his feelings of absolute superiority over all non-Jews tended to show through in the way he dealt with people much more than it ever did with his three companions.

While Hiram was busy sipping his port and letting his three henchmen ponder what he had just said, David Diamond turned and spoke with Irving Shapiro off the subject.

"Say Irv, how's that shiksa? She still putting out any way you want her to?" Diamond asked through a big grin as Irving squirmed uncomfortably in his chair.

"Yeah, you know shiksas, they'r so damned stupid they'll

believe anything and do anything!” Shapiro replied as he gazed down at the floor, feeling rather uncomfortable. Irving knew that his friend was referring to the bizarre sexual practices that he had involved his wife in, and boasted about to Diamond when they weren’t in the company of either Hiram Glass or Nina Allred. He didn’t want Hiram to focus in on such things because the old man was dead set against the idea of Jews marrying non-Jews and would always raise quite a fuss over the fact that Cheryl Sloan was a shiksa, *considered on par with unclean and rotten meat*, and fit to use for sexual experimentation but never to marry. Nina Allred, who was not in on this meeting to the relief of all present, was an abrasive, loud, and obnoxious feminist who would go up one side and down the other of Shapiro, Diamond, Pearlman, or anyone else who made any remark about women that she thought was unfavorable.

“Damn it! That’s another reason why we face such an uncertain future!” Hiram Glass exclaimed. “It’s you younger fools who have drifted away from the true ways of our people! You and your stupid nonsense of taking up goyim customs, of marrying-shiksas!” Hiram was steaming as he hurriedly placed his almost empty goblet of port on the end table and then resumed his tirade. “You know, when I was a young man we knew how to behave. Some of us ran movie studios and strip joints, why, my father ran an old burlesque club in his day, and we knew what to do with a god damn shiksa!”

“What was that?” David Diamond cut in, hoping to calm the frustration in Glass.

“What was that? *That* was to get them on a drug habit, use them for our desired sexual expression, slowly make their lives into a living hell, and make them unfit to bear healthy goyim offspring, and then see them off to an early grave! Not marry them and live with them!” Hiram answered angrily, the pale yellowish skin on his face now flushed so that he resembled a blushing corpse. “And the ones with blonde hair and blue eyes are the worst of all! Why do you think our people in the media started that ‘Dumb Blonde’ stuff years ago?! Because we wanted to destroy the self esteem and the self-worth of that particular type of shiksa so that they would drift into life-threatening habits like drugs and alcohol, so we could play on their self-hatred and get them into pornography and sleazy movie rolls to program the goyim children into accepting this as typical behavior for the blonde women of their race and have male goyim see a blonde as a target for abuse and unfit for marriage!” Glass was wheezing now, but his rage enabled him to keep speaking. “The whole idea was to destroy the best and most beautiful of the goyim women and you, Shapiro, go and marry one!”

“But Hiram it isn’t like I’ve been a real husband to her! I’ve screwed around quite a bit and I’ve gotten her to do so many perverse things in the bedroom that she’s bound to be affected mentally!” Irving Shapiro interjected in an apologetic tone.

“I don’t care! You should have married one of our women and had a family! Hell, you could have kept the shiksa on the side and enjoyed yourself all you wanted while

slowly destroying her at the same time! That's the proper way!" Hiram declared with his anger still rising as he lurched and swayed in his huge easy chair. "All of you should know by now that our people have been working to destroy the Aryans for centuries, and this destruction was to be of their blood, their genetic heritage. How the hell can it be done when younger men like you only care about your own gratification and wind up marrying their women instead of just using and destroying them like you should?!" he went on as he leaned toward the end table and pulled it's drawer open. None of the other men said a word in response to Hiram's last question, instead their eyes were riveted on the strange looking grey metal container which the old man took from the table drawer.

Glass held the odd looking metal container in his hands and a sinister grin slowly materialized on his gaunt face. Finally he lifted his head and looked at the three silent and curious men. "I'll bet you're all wondering what I have here?" Hiram mentioned as his tired eyes moved from man to man, the lower lids drooping so much that a large portion of the eyeballs showed, making him appear owl-like. No one answered, they had never seen anything quite like it and all waited for Hiram's inevitable explanation.

"This is the way things stand - thanks to all of the young idiots like you fellows, our people have lost almost all of what we struggled for centuries to attain. We've lost our grip on the world, finance no longer has any meaning in the scheme of things, the governments that ran countries according to our

desires as explained in freemasonry no longer exist, many of us have been killed during the disintegration here in North American and in Europe, and, thanks again to idiots like you three who didn't have families, we have no children to replace those lost," Hiram droned away, this time containing his anger and frustration. "What little is left of our people today face a future that is uncertain at best and bleak and terrible at worst. You all sense our position, and I know I've told you and others time and time again, that we must bank on the future and that we must hold control of the goyim to do so. What I have here, right here in this little metal container, is what we, the true chosen people will employ if things slip out of our grasp any further!" Hiram giggled now, as he carefully worked the top of the little container. "During the last conference for the promotion of world Jewry I was voted as the one to perform the supreme ritual, the act of glory, that would assure our people of triumph over all others on earth." He was referring to the last get together of rabbis, financial leaders, government advisers, and Israeli secret service men which had taken place in Zurich several years before the disintegration really began to unravel the western world. The great minds of Jewry discussed their people's progress and the possibilities which the future might hold for them. After four days they reached a consensus that the future of the Jews was more uncertain than it had ever been in centuries, and that unless the goyim leaders, whom they influenced, could be cajoled into using force to hold things together in their countries, all would be lost. When the militaries, which were full

of third-world aliens, mutinied, the Jewish hope for influence and control evaporated and the real chaos and disintegration began. This was foreseen as a possible eventuality by the prominent Jews at the last conference and, in a Cabalistic ritual, they chose one of their number to perform the “act of glory”. As it turned out the chosen one was Hiram Glass, and although the Jewish leaders would have preferred the great “act” to have taken place in Israel, things did not unfold in a way to make this possible. When the chaos hit, Hiram was stuck and isolated on the west coast of the United States and as a result of this the “act of glory” would have to take place there.

“This is something very special! It was conferred upon me by the esteemed membership of the Kahilla network and it is up to me to use it at my discretion,” Hiram continued in a secretive tone as he placed the lid of the container down on the end table in a slow deliberate manner. Pearlman, Diamond, and Shapiro all craned their necks to get a better look as the contents of the container was now visible. There was a small glass vial sitting in a bed of cotton batting and the vial had a label on it with some typed information in red letters.

“What the hell is that Hiram?” David Diamond asked in a quiet, almost child-like voice.

“Ahhh, this gentlemen, is the final key to triumph! It was stolen from the Pentagon by one of our Mossad agents just hours before the hispanics and blacks on staff there set the building’s interior on fire and began killing all the whites on the premises. As you know, the entire structure was

destroyed by the flames and explosions and everything inside was lost on all the various levels. Luckily this was not, and now we in this room hold the most deadly agent ever developed for the purpose of biological warfare!" Hiram answered with obvious delight in his voice.

"You mean that's some kind of killer germ or something?!" Irving Shapiro gasped as he stared wide-eyed at the little vial.

"Oh, it's not just a killer germ, it's *the* most virulent biological agent ever developed by the U.S. Military! It's incredibly fast acting and it has spread through a number of disease vectors," Hiram responded gleefully.

"What do you mean? What vectors?" Pearlman asked apprehensively.

"Well, microbacteria in water can carry it and infect people when they wash, brush their teeth, or take a drink. Biting insects can spread it! It can be spread by airborne particles and pollen! The beauty of it is - it doesn't require a specialized environment like moisture or dryness or warmth to live and spread, it can hit from any number of angles carried and spread by many ways!"

"So this isn't like, sexually transmitted or something?" Diamond cut in again.

"No, no! It's transmitted in a multitude of ways! You can't stop it! And it will Kill! Kill! Kill!" Hiram screamed in a shrill voice and then shrugged his shoulders and laughed.

Benjamin Pearlman smiled nervously, Irving Shapiro sat back in his chair rather stunned, and David Diamond became

enthusiastic. "But, you mean our people take an antidote and then release this stuff and let it kill all the goyim?" he asked with a gleam in his eye.

"No, not at all! There is no antidote for this - once it's released it's the end for everyone including our people!" Hiram replied in a scolding tone. "You see, if those god damned niggers and hispanics hadn't started that fire when they rampaged in the Pentagon, these containers would have probably been broken and none of us would even be alive right now! Intense heat such as that produced by a major fire kills the virus, and that's what saved mankind when the Pentagon was ruined."

"Well, what good is it to us? If we'll be killed with everyone else what's the sense in having it?" Shapiro shuddered as he directed his question to the old man.

"Yeah, geez, this is crazy! If that ever broke we'd all be up the creek!" Benjamin added as his nervousness reached new heights.

"Shut up! All of you just shut up!" The frantic Rabbi demanded in a wild but stern voice. "At the last conference it was decided that our people had come too far to be set back for what could possibly be centuries. The high ones of the esteemed Kahilla network reached unanimous agreement that if things hit a point of total disaster for our people we would destroy all and thereby triumph in death by conquering all the other races through the death we would deal to them! We, the God of the planet, would die in the glory of an absolute conquest and annihilation of the inferior, demonic races who have

always been against us, and that's where this biological agent ETIN-12 comes into the picture. With it we will leave the mortal plane of existence just as some of our ancestors did at Massada when the Romans held that fortress in siege! At that time they cut their own throats rather than surrender to the inferior goyim of Rome but this time when we cut our throats so to speak, we do so knowing that we automatically cut every last goyim throat at the same time - the result is a miserable death for them and final conquest with glory for us!" Hiram shouted as he raised one of his feeble, spindly arms heavenward and waived it about with spastic jerks and trembles.

Benjamin Pearlman was now very on edge. Beads of perspiration were beginning to slowly run down his chubby face and he sat stock still, hardly even breathing. "The old man is nuts! He's fucking nuts! Commit suicide for some primitive religious concept!" Benjamin thought as he stared at the raving Hiram Glass.

"Wait a minute Hiram. I mean, we're with you one hundred percent and we're all true to our people's way but at least let us try to get the goys in line and out of their panic before you break that vial," David Diamond blurted out with a shaky voice devoid of it's usual confident edge.

"That's my point gentlemen. If we can't hold this community together I am ready to conclude that things are indeed hopeless for our people everywhere else in the country and the world. I will take the fall of our community here to be a sign sent to me by our divine God Consciousness that the time has come for the great *act of glory* which will send us all out

of this world and into another dimension of being! Now, I won't just break the vial, there is a Cabalistic ceremony which must be performed first, one in which you three will have to participate. *Then* we crush this wonderful little beauty and all die laughing!" Hiram answered, addressing all three men simultaneously, giggling like a lunatic as he did.

"My God! He want's to do this! He really wants to - he's looking forward to it! He's insane, completely insane!" Benjamin thought as he observed the old man's delight.

"Now gentlemen, I want you all to go out into the community and do your best to control the goyim you influence. I will deal with Daniel McGowan who I'm sure will be easily persuaded to drum calm into the masses. But let's give ourselves until after the next community meeting, if we succeed, the vial is put away, if the goyim stampede once they realize their fellows in Orange County are never going to show up, we employ our little wonder," Rabbi Glass explained in a matter-of-fact tone.

"Look, I met with one of Olvera's people two days ago on the edge of the Aztlan border, and I was told that the Generalissimo thanks us for supplying him with the information about the whites in Orange County being pushed out by the asians. According to the person I spoke with, the whites were killed when they tried to pass through Aztlan just like you hoped they'd be Hiram," Irving Shapiro explained. "So, once the people here find out, and they will eventually, how will we stop them from leaving? I mean they're on edge already!" Irving Shapiro queried.

“The more goyim dead the better!” Hiram remarked coarsely.

“We’ll just lie to them, tell them anything! You know, we’ll use the time honored tactic of repeat - repeat - repeat, and sooner or later they’ll believe and get in line!” David Diamond said as he got up out of his chair.

“If any of you see Nina tell her I want a word with her as soon as possible!” Hiram said as the other two men got up and were about to head for the door.

“Are you going to mention the vial to her?!” Diamond asked in a surprised tone.

“No, of course not! Women are not the decision-makers in our race, and knowing Nina, she’d probably throw a fit about male arrogance or something if she found out,” Hiram replied, turning rather annoyed at the thought of Nina Allred and her feminist concepts. As far as the Rabbi was concerned, feminism was developed by his people for the purpose of breaking up goyim families, dividing the sexes, and causing a decline in the goyim birthrate, it was not meant to be taken to heart by any Jews themselves. As Hiram’s brooding over the attitude of Nina Allred became more intense his three companions headed for the front door. Outside of certain facial characteristics and a similar skull shape there was nothing about the three that made them alike. Benjamin Pearlman was short and rotund, looking and moving like an oversized toddler, while Irving Shapiro on the other hand was a nervous, weasel-like man with a medium build and perpetual false smile on his typically Jewish face. The guard leader,

Diamond was the tallest and had a fairer complexion than the others which greatly added to his possibility of being accepted by the non-Jews he was interested in influencing. As they left the Bel Air residence of the Rabbi, their states of mind were as far apart as were their appearances. The news about the biological agent and Hiram's intention to release it had caused very intense emotional reactions within the three and it showed. The thought of final annihilation of all humans including Jews didn't bother David Diamond so very much even though the news of it had unsettled him initially. Now he was thrilling to the feeling of power welling up inside him as the realization that the chosen finally had the means to triumph over their hated competitors, all the other races on earth finally struck home. This feeling of power was not so pronounced within Shapiro, in fact it was almost non-existent. Of course he didn't mind the idea of a scenario of total destruction, because a desire for suicide lay at the bottom of every one of his masochistic sexual tendencies which held great sway in his life and played upon his imagination constantly - this set of deep feelings took the edge of importance off of Hiram's plans for him. Irving was concerned over keeping the community together because he just liked the way he was respected and he enjoyed being treated in a special fashion by his wife and all of his entertainment friends. No, for Irving Shapiro, the community would have to survive and the "great act" would have to be postponed. There was no doubt in his mind about that.

The one to take the news of triumphant suicide proposed

by the Rabbi the hardest was Benjamin Pearlman. The idea had terrorized him and the absolute last thing he wanted was to die at the age of twenty nine, and when he thought about dying in the excruciating pain and agony which the biological agent ETIN-12 would undoubtedly cause, Benjamin immediately became physically ill. As he sat in his white Jaguar with the slogan "Tune In" painted on the doors in bright pink, he was caught on the horns of a dilemma.

He wanted to drive directly to his home in Beverly Hills, crawl in bed, pull the covers over his head and escape from the world, but he had to begin meeting with his "Love and Light" people in order to calm them down and have them remain in the community and he desperately needed to find some way of convincing Hiram that total destruction was going much too far. Benjamin had never really been a self-starter, everything had always been set up for him throughout his life and the hardest work he had ever done involved counting money and making out bank deposits, but now he could not afford to indulge his tendencies to run away from anything difficult. Unless he wanted that insane old Rabbi to put an end to everyone's life including his, he would have to start doing something immediately.

"Okay Benny, get a grip! You can't bail out now, that old bastard's crazy enough to do just what he said he would, so come on get going!" the voice in Pearlman's head told him as he turned the key in the ignition and clumsily blinked his eyes because of the droplets of perspiration that had just collected on his upper eyelids.

The three pulled away from Hiram's house almost at the same time and each car made it's way to a separate destination through the streets that were lined here and there with pedestrians but missing vehicular traffic altogether. Since gas was now a non-renewable resource only community leaders had the constant access to it and they were the only ones who were ever seen driving about, everyone else conserved their fuel supply and only used their cars to pick up rations or attend assemblies, otherwise they walked.

"Where's David?" Craig Perkins muttered to Beth Diamond as he strode nervously about in front of the guard commander's home. Mrs. Diamond had just emerged from inside to tell him that her son might be a little late but Perkins had spoken before she had a chance to open her mouth.

"Oh, he's over at the Rabbi's, they were going to discuss something this morning but I'm sure he'll be here any minute," the sleepy looking old woman answered in a conciliatory tone and then she asked him in for some coffee.

"No thanks, I've already had too much this morning. I'll just stroll around out here until he shows up if it's okay?" Craig responded while he glanced down Alpine Drive hoping to see his friend's Mercedes approaching but knowing that it wasn't.

"Sure, go ahead. But if you want to come in later please do," Beth Diamond said as she went back in the house.

It was already ten o'clock in the morning and the two men were due to address the members of the Guard concerning the Orange County people and their failure to arrive.

Everyone in the community had been expecting them when their leadership was informed via shortwave from Orange County that the asians had demanded total evacuation of all whites in that area within five days. It was now eight days since the evacuation was to have started and no one had shown up, furthermore, there had been no more short-wave communications thanks to one of Diamond's trusted Jewish henchmen sabotaging the radio equipment and rumors were flying around among the whites still in Los Angeles County that there must have been real trouble or the Orange County people must have gone east to Arizona or something. Not that Craig Perkins cared in the least where everyone down there had gone, his anxiety centered on Gwendolyn and where she might be. He hoped nothing had happened to her and he kept his hair-trigger temper under control at the thought of her going to Arizona or into Nevada instead of coming to him ever since the fifth and final day of evacuation, now he was out of patience. Craig intended to propose to his commanding officer that he and a few guardsmen go down to Orange County and see what was going on the minute he met Diamond before they went to address their men. As usual, his patience gave way in no time while he waited for Diamond outside his home and he was now in no mood to visit with the man's mother. It took a good half-hour more of waiting which was accompanied by an almost continuous flow of mumbled curses on the part of Craig Perkins before Diamond came zipping up the street. The Jew noticed the well dressed, impressive-looking man strutting around in his driveway as he

car drew nearer to it's destination. The sight of Craig put a damper on Diamond's power rush since he actually hated this person who so stupidly thought that one of the chosen people was actually his friend. Craig Perkins represented almost everything the Jews had been, and still were, trying to destroy and, for the purpose of keeping the goyim masses under control and blind to Jewish maneuvering, David Diamond and many others like him down through history had to feign friendship, and become allies with those very individuals who embodied the characteristics and qualities Jews hated most in Aryans. The man who was mechanically pacing around in front of Diamond's house was strikingly handsome with looks that would have easily made a career in modeling or entertainment possible had not both of those areas ceased to exist. The fact was Craig Perkins had played with the idea of acting years earlier after much prompting from his mother, but he found the work boring and, in spite of quite a few offers for parts in TV shows and two for motion pictures, he let the whole thing slide and continued surfing, taking odd courses at the University of Southern California, and generally living it up on his parent's money.

With his looks being what they were and a physique of the type one would expect from an athlete/actor/playboy, Craig enjoyed a lot of popularity among the women he eventually ran into during all the partying and socializing he did. Being somewhat of a Don Juan, he had taken a rather casual approach to romance and it wasn't until he had run into Gwendolyn York that his emotions became seriously involved

and his attitude settled, making him willing to consider the idea of permanence. It was Craig's popularity and the ease with which he seemed to attract all sorts of women that was one of the key reasons for him being hated by Diamond who, although very good looking for a Jew and always on the prowl, couldn't hold a candle to him.

As he drove nearer David waved and smiled at Perkins who did the same in return, but it was superficial on Diamond's part for in his mind he cursed all the goys and this one in particular.

"Morning! Think everyone's wondering where we are by now?" Craig asked in a slightly sarcastic tone as he greeted Diamond while leaning forward so that his face was near the open window on the driver's side of the Mercedes.

"Yeah, sorry I'm late. C'mon, get in and let's get over there," Diamond replied with false pleasantness as he looked up at the face of the enemy with its features in fine balance, sharp blue eyes, and a crown of brownish-blond hair. As they sped towards the headquarters of the Community Guard which was situated on Beverly Boulevard just where the civic boundaries of Los Angeles, West Hollywood, and Beverly Hills met, Craig sprang his idea of leading an expedition down to Orange County to see what was going on. Diamond smiled inwardly as he listened to his second in command because he knew what Craig's real concern was.

"You bastard! You're not interested in the welfare of the general populace down there at all! You just want to retrieve that shiksa of yours! A Jew would always put the whole of

his people first but not these fuckin' goys, they're too divided," were the thoughts that ran through Diamond's mind as Craig continued to lay out his plan. "I know you're concerned about everyone down there, I am too, but we can't start doing anything rash," Diamond responded as soon as his "friend" had finished detailing his idea.

"What's rash about going down there to see what gives?!" Craig asked impatiently while relaxing into the leather seat. Patience was not a strong point for him at all, he had always gotten anything he wanted and the slightest delay was enough to put him on edge.

"Both you and I know what the asians and latinos are capable of - remember that slaughter we saw on the edge of Griffith Park just as New China and Aztlan were forming?" Diamond asked as he turned to Craig and received an affirmative response in the form of a head nod after calling a large-scale gang fight between asians and mexicans to the second-in-command's attention. "Well, everyone here is talking about tolerance and peace and understanding but you and I know better. Those oriental and hispanic creeps will kill just for the fun of it, but we can't start mobilizing expeditions or acting like there's a lot to be really concerned with because all the people in our community will just panic and leave, and we'll all lose everything we own! You don't want that do you?" Diamond continued but this time there was no response at all from Craig. "Let's just hang on for a few days more and play it cool. We can calm everyone down by acting like there is no problem and then you and one of the squads can slip

away and go down there, okay?" Diamond was enjoying himself as he made his last suggestion, it was like playing with a fish after it had been hooked. The Jew had no intention of authorizing the squad's departure for Orange County in a few days or at any other time, he just wanted Craig's anticipation to stay fired up. And Diamond couldn't have cared less about the fate of the Whites in Orange County either although he would have liked to have had Gwendolyn around because Craig had shown him her picture once and he found himself wanting to defile her in some way or other ever since. If she had made it up to Beverly Hills he would have found a way to do it even if it had meant having a few of his old associates from the defunct Jewish Defense League who were now Guardsmen abduct her and hide her in Hiram's place where they could all take turns using her for sexual enjoyment in any fashion they wished. The thought of violently applying a stiff, tough, leather whip or some similar object to Gwendolyn's beautiful, creamy white skin making her bleed and scream in agony, had caused Diamond to smile with sinister delight on more than one occasion, but now he felt that if she had been torn to pieces by a bunch of asians or latinos it would have to do because a suffering death for a shiksa like that at anyone's hands was better than no death at all. In the end he knew the chosen would triumph just like Hiram always maintained, and every one of the goyim would be obliterated, but it was more fun for Jews like Diamond to engineer the individual destruction of those whites which they deemed the best among the general populace. This was why he was mildly disappointed

that Gwendolyn York had not shown up but as he pulled the car into the headquarters parking lot, Diamond didn't let his partner catch the slight frown that had appeared on his face as they were driving. Instead he consciously changed it to a grin and pressed on the horn to signal their arrival.

While David Diamond was instructing the guard to deliberately play down the rumors of threat and disaster, and to initiate calming conversations with the citizens they met while making their rounds, Irving Shapiro was discussing things with his wife as they sat on the patio of their huge backyard. They had decided to live in their Beverly Hills home at the time when Aztlan and New China were establishing fixed borders. Their Marina del Rey beach house was too distant from the main part of the community and too near the edge of New China for comfort and although they had been continuously preaching tolerance and peace to everyone they felt they could influence, neither one was willing to tolerate asians or latinos except at a considerable distance.

"Calm everybody down huh, just how are we supposed to do that? Visit them all and give them another little speech about how all is well and everything will work out?" Cheryl Sloan asked her husband in a quiet, lazy voice as she relaxed on an expensive patio couch. She had one of those distant expressions on her face and she didn't look at him as she voiced her question, instead she focused her attention on some of the Bird of Paradise plants that were growing at the far end of the yard near the oriental style fish pond and fountain. Irving took in the image presented by his wife for a few

moments before he replied and as he did, he felt a stirring between his legs. He didn't love the woman he saw by any stretch of the imagination, but she never failed to kindle his lust on several occasions during the course of each day without any effort on her part, and this was one of those occasions. There was a slight breeze blowing and it gently ruffled the loose curls in her blonde hair which was cut in a shorter style and just fell to the midpoint of her graceful neck. As the breeze moved through the golden locks it also caught the edges of the front of her light blue silk bathrobe making it flip open on her chest a little further than it already was, exposing the inside contour of her classically shaped breasts while further down, the robe fell open so that one of her legs was left uncovered right up to the curve of her hip. Irving noticed her eyes slowly close as the air circulated over her and the just-right warmth of the morning sun sent her into an even deeper state of faraway, careless, relaxation. He liked it when she got into states like this, there was something child-like about her at such times, something that pointed to a yielding innocent tenderness rather than just raw sexuality and it was easy to see why she had been so popular in many of the motion pictures that were made before the disintegration and chaos had really set in. Even though these movies had been major releases and were done with massive budgets, their whole selling point had hinged on the explicit sexual acts they contained, and Cheryl Sloan had the knack of portraying such things in a manner audiences seemed to desire. Irving had often thought that it was all due to the experience she had got-

ten while he put her through the most bizarre sexual practices imaginable at home in their own bedroom. As he gazed over at her from his seat, his mind wandered to the costumes and vast array of rubber and mechanical devices upstairs and how enjoyable it would be to give her what-for with some of them right then, but he caught himself and tried to calm down.

“We don’t have to visit them in any sort of official sense, all we have to do is keep pointing out how hard they have all worked in the past and how much they’ll lose by leaving the area! We can play up the *‘don’t panic and do something we’ll all regret later’* angle whenever we see anyone, and then at the assembly next week you or I or both of us can give an official address on the situation. Hudson and Daniel won’t mind, hell, they’ll probably be quite supportive,” Shapiro said, finally answering his wife’s question.

“Yeah, okay. It’s just that I’m getting really tired of all this. Why can’t life just get back to normal?” she replied as she held visions of working in movies again in her mind, still motionless and enjoying the effects of the sun’s rays and the intermittent breezes.

“Times change,” Shapiro pointed out raising his eyebrows and shrugging his shoulders in typical Jewish fashion. “Hey, why don’t you slip out of that robe and we’ll go over to the fish pond and I’ll cover you with the mud from the bottom of it and then . . .” Shapiro continued, surprising her with his suggestion.

“No way! God, the last time we did that I didn’t feel clean for a week!” Cheryl replied in a loud, startled tone of

voice, cutting her grinning husband off in mid sentence and looking at him with an annoyed expression as she pulled her robe closed in one quick motion.

“Ooooh! Come togetherrrr! Let us tune innn! We must bring in the light of the angels! We must calm the troubled waters of fear and apprehension!” Benjamin Pearlman addressed the large crowd of his followers in his usual sing-song manner as they stood, clad in white toga-like apparel, in the middle of Roxbury Park in Beverly Hills. He had forced himself to go through with his duties in spite of his haggard emotional state and was starting the gathering that had been scheduled a week ago. It was a very good turnout that he met with when he arrived at the park and this gave him some enthusiasm. If he could really get these people geared up, they’d all go home and see family and friends, and fanatically push for community togetherness and staying put. This was what must happen for Rabbi Glass to delay his ‘act of glory’ and for Benjamin to have time to think of a way to somehow derail the old maniac’s plan permanently. *“Yes, my good and wonderful brotherrrs and sisterrrs, the world needs love more than it everrrr has and I want you all to tune innnn to that!”* he continued and the heads of many in the crowd of one hundred and sixty nodded in agreement as a collective mumble of “yes, we must bring love!” arose from their midst. It was an audience of people whose ages varied greatly, some were mere children of pre-school age who were with their parents, others were senior citizens as old as eighty one, but the majority were in their late twenties to mid-forties. They all shared

the same wishy washy, escapist mind set and they all held to the delusion of reality change and utopian paradise being within their grasp. If they had been anywhere else but California they would have seemed at least slightly out of place, but they were perfectly acceptable on the local scene. After all, they had been regular, productive members of the community before the disintegration and chaos, and their religious behavior didn't offend anyone, even the local, hard-line Christians, so they had no trouble with public acceptance.

“As you all know, there are a lot of rumors circulating about the people down in Orange County and why they haven't arrived when they should have. *Thisss is a detriment tooo the light!* We can't bring in the light with such negativity, the angels love us but they allow us to freely choose our state of being and if we allow negatives so will they! They won't intervene if we keep focusing on negatives! *We must tune innn toooo love and light and positives!*” Benjamin's speech proceeded, his voice rising at key points while his bloated frame heaved and shook as he gestured with head twists, arm twirls, and forward and backward bends. This sort of performance was not unlike the typical maneuvers practiced by the TV christian evangelists in the past, and the crowd ate it up. Benjamin knew he was really getting to them when he saw people start to smile and clasp their hands as if in prayer. “They're worked up now!” he thought as he let fly with another set of his ‘tune-in’ instructions. By the time it was all over, two hours had elapsed and Benjamin was almost hoarse. He had hit his followers with everything he could

think of. Some had fallen on the grass and were rolling around with their eyes closed and smiling, others were jumping up and down, and still others were hugging one another as they repeated "*We have the power!*" over and over. They were ready to spread the message of calm, trust, and patience among the community, and Benjamin had lost some of his anxiety at least for the moment. It was just after noon and the temperature had risen to seventy eight degrees, pleasant for everyone except an inactive tub of lard like Benjamin, who sank heavily to a slouched sitting position, and wiped the sweat off his face with the back of his sleeve. While he watched the crowd disperse the thought of dropping by Nina Allred's place and informing her of Hiram's desire to speak with her crossed his mind. Benjamin didn't mind because he found her relentless abrasiveness attractive and, of the four men, he was the one who could deal with her most successfully. Since Nina was a rabid and vicious lesbian she would respond to most men, Jews included, in extremely aggressive ways without the slightest provocation. But Benjamin was almost effeminate in many ways so she found him to be non-threatening and could at least be counted on to treat him in an almost human manner.

As the key players of the chosen maneuvered within the clean, orderly atmosphere of the only remaining White community in the southern part of California, other elements planned for it's demise. Since there was still electricity throughout almost all of the community it's desirability was very high. Both the asians and hispanics sat in darkness with

the exception of the odd patch in a certain city district within their territories that still had electricity. And being in the dark was only a small part of the inconvenience, there was no refrigeration, no time-saving appliances, no CD players. Whenever darkness fell, the masses of New China and Aztlan would peer into the darkness enviously as their eyes would catch the far off glow from the lights in the buildings and homes in the white territory. It was only a matter of time before they would move to annex that area for their own use.

CHAPTER 7

“The almighty will be the just judge, our task, however, is to do our duty, so that we can stand before him as creator of all worlds according to the law he gave, the law of struggle for existence.”

- Adolf Hitler

The next few days passed with a rather hectic pace in White One. The entire Jewish population threw itself into the effort of dissuading their goyim neighbors from leaving and people like Hudson Cooke and Daniel McGowan were paid several visits by their friend, the Rabbi Hiram Glass. With the key Jews of the community such as Pearlman, Shapiro, Allred and Diamond at work on the groups they influenced, as well as other Jews trying to sell any goy they happened to talk to on the idea of staying, it wasn't long before the White sheep had been calmed by their shepherds and were once again living according to the wishes of the “true God on earth”.

The newfound confidence and peace were to be short lived because even as the chosen were settling their lambs

down an explosive force in the form of the A.U.F members were preparing to move on White One, while Styrbjorn Tagesson, Don Saxena and their parties were only a day's travel from reaching their destination. The trip had passed uneventfully for them and there was much relief on the part of Maureen, Candace and Howard as they slowly closed the remaining distance between themselves and their new home. Finley was in a state of heightened agitation due to his frequent discussions with Saxena dealing with the tactics and war exploits of Styrbjorn's group. To Ed Finley, there was no doubt that a counter-attack had to be mounted against the alien elements that were fast over-running and taking control of the area. As far as he was concerned, southern California was still part of the United States of America and if people like Styrbjorn and his men could be convinced to attack for the purpose of conquest rather than just for loot and the thrill of battle, things might begin to change for the better. So Ed C. Finley began his sales pitch for persuading Saxena and his men to move to the White community of Los Angeles County and he was as relentless and slick in his delivery as a snake-oil salesman in the deep south long ago.

Even as they made their way down the streets and avenues which would soon take them into White One, Finley hounded Saxena over living in the community. The old man's continuous ranting was taken with humor by the Captain and the rest of the men although it did cause the seeds of desire for a pleasant living environment, more food, and the possibility of turning the community into a little fortress

from which serious warfare could be waged against the enemy hordes to sprout in their minds.

To the south, Styrbjorn and his party were holed up inside the gutted shell of a department store waiting for dark before beginning their last leg into Beverly Hills. They had passed the densely populated area within Aztlan and, as they carefully made their way in the night they saw groups of armed men being drilled by uniformed officers in the distance lights which illuminated a very large school yard and park. Since the capital of the territory was the only large area with electricity, the training of troops went on well after dark while activity in the rest of Aztlan came to a halt with nightfall.

Seeing the drilling troops made Oliver Curtis quite nervous and Styrbjorn didn't help his mood at all when he mentioned that the attack would be very serious, and if the White people weren't prepared they would meet with a terrible fate.

"Don't you think people can be reasoned with? I mean, does everyone always have to fight and kill?" Gwendolyn had asked as the little party watched the distant forms marching about in the school yard.

"No, they can't be reasoned with," Styrbjorn retorted in a calm whisper, signalling that even a voice as soft as Gwendolyn's must be kept down, "because the different races of the world don't just have different colored skin and features, their thoughts and feelings and approaches to life are worlds apart as well."

"But people have gotten along before . . ." Gwendolyn began as she recalled how, in spite of a lot of crime and ten-

sion, the different races had lived in each other's midst in the melting pot of the U.S.A. before social disintegration began. She was unaware that the aliens played a major role in bringing that disintegration about and, like so many other people, she felt that somehow it "just happened".

"People have never gotten along before," Styrbjorn interrupted, "they've only lived together if there was plenty of food, shelter, and amusement as well as police to keep their aggressiveness in check. Humans have tried to maintain exclusive territories for thousands of years and they have never had any trouble killing others who weren't part of their racial group. It's all part of evolution you know," Styrbjorn went on as Gwendolyn listened with a defiant attitude. "Nature wants diversity and this aggression and territorialism works to keep the races apart and unique, that's why we don't have a world full of brownish breeds. It goes against healthy instinct for all peoples to mix and mingle, they were never meant to and the only way they'll do it is if they are bribed or forced," he then put one of his hands on her shoulder and gave her a little pat which took her by surprise and she turned to face him with a frightened expression. It was the first time he had touched her in any way and she didn't like it.

"Take you and your sister for example," Styrbjorn began again as he removed his hand from the startled girl's shoulder. "If it wasn't for many generations of our ancestors using violence to keep Arabs and Mongols and Turks out of Europe, there would be no blonde hair and blue eyes to be seen today. You and your sister and the parents who had you and every-

one on down the line would never have existed. You're the result of a race existing within an exclusive territory while fighting and killing all invaders."

Gwendolyn could see the logic but she didn't admit to being convinced, however she decided to pay closer attention to Styrbjorn's behavior because he had become more puzzling to her the longer they were together. She did just that and in the following days she noticed how his character seemed to change according to different situations and the changes were very extreme. It wasn't like the unpredictable mood shifts of a mentally disturbed individual, but rather a smooth and total metamorphosis from one way of being into another. Gwendolyn had never experienced a personality quite like this and, as they sat in the gutted department store, she recalled how many times Styrbjorn had interacted with Denise while they were stopped between travel times. He always did it in a very pleasant and easy manner which made the little girl feel completely at ease. It was hard for Gwendolyn to believe her eyes when she witnessed this because Styrbjorn was almost animal-like while travelling and a strange, sinister quality seemed to develop in him which frightened her a great deal. How, she wondered, could he be so completely kind and warm with Denise, understanding and tolerant with Curtis, and polite with her, and then change into what to Gwendolyn was an utterly ruthless, vicious, and fiendish being who almost appeared like something other than human as he prowled along ahead of them on their marches, keen for Latinos to kill?

During this last wait before nightfall and their final march into the community, she summoned up the courage to confront him over it. As Denise scampered around between the empty clothes racks and rubble and Curtis dozed, Gwendolyn sat down close to Styrbjorn and began her inquisition.

“How come you change the way you do?” she began in a hesitant, almost apprehensive tone of voice.

“Change? What do you mean?” Styrbjorn replied, a little surprised at the way Gwendolyn had seated herself so close and initiated a conversation with him.

“Well, you seem to become a totally different person at different times and under different conditions,” Gwendolyn replied in a very quiet, tender voice as she kept her eyes riveted on the floor being careful not to look at Styrbjorn who was right beside her.

Styrbjorn had recognized how uncomfortable he made her feel every since they had begun their journey days earlier. It was the standard reaction which he elicited in women and although he didn't like it, he was used to it. The thing that bothered him about Gwendolyn was that she was so incredibly beautiful in both looks and manner that her worry and fear stabbed through his usual indifference to such reactions and tore at a part of him that had long been inactive - the feeling part of his heart. As she sat there beside him gazing down at the floor and nervously winding the fingers of each little hand around one another, Styrbjorn looked at her in an indirect way and began to feel very sad. He realized then how empty his life was and had been for many years, and it took a conscious

effort on his part to steady his voice before he answered her.

“The reason I can change into these completely different states is because I’ve gained knowledge of the various parts of myself and I’ve developed the power to activate each one in its totality while silencing the others so they don’t interfere with it’s functioning.”

Gwendolyn raised her eyebrows slightly and turned to look directly at him but she made no indication that she understood anything of what he had just said and the powerful charm of her angelic features cast its spell over the chief.

“It’s this way,” he continued smiling at her momentarily while drawing a circle in the dust on the floor with the tip of his index finger. “If you think of this circle as your total being and then divide it up by running lines across it you end up with a being which has a number of parts, just like wedges that make up a whole pie. Now, each one of these wedges stands for states of being, one of which contains violence, brutality, and aggression, another contains kindness and love; another holds sociable pleasantness, and so on. When you make use of your will and deliberately center yourself in any one of them you can get the most intensity and power out of it. When you do this you’re shape shifting, changing form in the most intense manner rather than just unconsciously sliding in and out and over all of the states with no direction or purpose.” Styrbjorn looked at Gwendolyn and got a nod from her in response.

“But why can’t you just be yourself? I mean, why can’t you just live?” she asked in a small voice.

“When a person does this they are being themselves, only they’re doing it in the most intense, pure, and powerful manner possible. ‘Just living’ as you call it, has no power. It’s mixed up and the feelings, traits, and capabilities contained in each state of being never function at full capacity,” Styrbjorn could see that Gwendolyn had lost a little of her apprehension so he decided to continue since she didn’t seem to mind that the conversation was becoming lengthy. “You see, in our mythology which contains the true ways of our race, the ability to shape shift is referred to a number of times as a quality of Odin and some of the other gods and goddesses. They change into serpents, eagles, fish and become invisible, the whole point being that conscious, willful use of, and focusing on, the different states of being contained within you can bring about fantastic and very powerful capabilities. In the different Sagas written at the end of Pagan times a number of Vikings were said to be shape shifters. They could change into bears, or wolves and fight with the ferocity common to those animals. That didn’t mean that one minute the individual would be a man and the next a wolf with fur and a tail, running around on all fours. It meant that the man could shut down all other states of his being so completely, and focus himself in the one state that brought this war power so purely, his actions and strength and courage would be so intense that he would seem closer to an actual bear than a human being. But this procedure works in all states, you can love without being interfered with by anger or harshness, you can be diplomatic without having impatience or moodiness hit you and so

on. I think it's a good way because if you are going to do something, you might as well do it with all the power you have and this is a technique that allows you to do that—if you are at war, be totally warlike and have nothing else except animal-like viciousness and ruthlessness inside you. Or, if you are in love, then be *in* love and not half focused in it and half focused in some other state.”

“Sounds okay but, well, I just don't agree with the violent part,” Gwendolyn replied while sighing and looking back down at the floor.

“Like I said before, violence is a necessary part of the enginry of evolution and we must have the capacity for it in order to survive. Mother nature doesn't make mistakes or give you any more than you actually need to live, and since she gave us a violent side we must need it. But there's something you're not aware of,” Styrbjorn said.

“What's that?” she asked, looking up at him again with her blue eyes sparkling in a very appealing manner.

“It's that men and women are not the same even at very deep levels.”

“What do you mean? Are you saying one is better than the other?”

“I'm saying that a healthy man's behavior mirrors the action of the sperm of our reproductive process while a women's behavior is like the egg. One struggles aggressively, competes to connect, and the other waits in ease to receive the connection.”

Gwendolyn's face revealed that she was not making the

connection between Styrbjorn's "sperm and egg" idea and the necessity of violence in humans.

"A man is always struggling, always competing, looking for a connection with something. His nervous system is wired for this behavior and war, killing, and other violent acts are results of his naturally aggressive tendencies. Women can be aggressive too, and they can kill, but they'll only do it if they are forced to and in times of emergency, otherwise they think more of promoting life and helping it to flourish. It's like the human egg which receives the life force when connection with the sperm happens; the egg grows, develops, and life is promoted," Styrbjorn explained as Gwendolyn began catching his drift. "With shape shifting the aggression is used selectively for the proper occasions, and that way there are no violent outbursts against women, children, animals and so on. But when a typically normal man 'just lives', like you were saying, that side of him is always in gear and he can become very moody or frustrated or even physically violent toward those who don't deserve such treatment. That natural, aggressive power within him is not harnessed by his will and turned on and off completely so it can hit him in any degree of intensity at any time, and that's no way to live." Styrbjorn paused while Gwendolyn thought over what he had just said.

It all sounded reasonable in the way it had been put and she had to admit that it seemed logical but she was not clear about just how different men and women were from one another in Styrbjorn's mind. "So the sexes aren't equal then?" she asked abruptly as her angelic features took on a

look of cool, distant, annoyance.

“No they are not,” came the answer. “Before our people took up the insane concepts of Christianity, women were thought of as being possessed of a kind of holiness. They were very respected and even the laws followed by Viking pirates stipulated that no woman was to be abused or molested in any way if they were taken captive during raids. In the old days, men thought that women were connected to the life force itself and to the Great Tree of Life, if they said anything, even as a casual comment to a man, he would take it very seriously and follow it as advice,” Styrbjorn brought his explanation to a halt when he noticed a little smile flash quickly across Gwendolyn’s face.

“Go on, I’m listening,” she said in a pleasant tone.

“Well, this was because it was considered greater to be able to naturally give life and promote it as women do, than to struggle with it and kill it as men do. Women were of supreme importance and it was only after our people throughout Europe were forced under the threat of death to convert to Christianity by greedy kings anxious for trade with Rome and Byzantium that women fell into the position lower than livestock in our society, a typically Semitic homosexual view of life was adopted and women have suffered ever since.”

“Hmmm,” she replied softly, “but how did you learn how to shift from one state into another?”

“It was a matter of first discovering it was possible and then consciously exploring the different parts of myself, mentally connecting them, and then wilfully focusing on each

until it could be activated at full capacity while shutting off the rest completely when they were not required.”

With that last insight Gwendolyn rose in a happy, but still unsure frame of mind about her escort and wandered off into the shadows to look for Denise while Styrbjorn turned his attention to the street and any sign of activity along it in the direction they would be travelling in as soon as darkness came.

“Hey, look over there!” an afternoon-to-evening detail of the Community Guard was casually passing time at their post on the intersection of Sunset Boulevard and Hayworth Avenue in West Hollywood when one of their number noticed a fairly large group of people blocks away coming towards them. “Some of them are armed and there’s a person on a stretcher,” another guard observed as the entire group watched the people approach.

As the strangers came nearer, Paul Rubin, ex Jewish Defense League member and now Community Guard Sergeant shouted out a question as to their identity.

“We’re from Orange County ya god damn asshole!” came the booming reply from the old man who was stomping along at the head of the procession next to what appeared to be a military officer. “Now get the hell out here with some transportation, we got tired people!” the old man blasted again as he made a rough gesture with his arm signaling the Guardsmen to come forward. Seeing the whole Guard detail lolling around and watching them as Maureen, Candace, and the stretcher-bearers tiredly shuffled along had immediately

put Finley in a sour mood and he had no intentions of hiding it.

In a few moments two vehicles were driven out of an underground parking lot and before long the Yorks, Finley, and Saxena were on their way to see David McGowan and Hudson Cooke at the Administration Center while Styrbjorn's men remained behind at the guardpost.

"So, you guys are really overdue. We were expecting you days ago, what happened?" Paul Rubin asked Finley as he looked into the rear view mirror at the old man and the Shiksa who were in the back seat. Rubin and all the other Jews of the community knew very well what happened but he feigned ignorance in order to see what sort of reaction these people might give to questioning.

"What happened! I'll tell you what happened! The god damn son-of-a-bitchin greasers went wild and killed everyone that tried to get up here, that's what happened!" Finley exploded with the reply in such a loud voice that it caught Rubin by surprise and made him jump. "We were ambushed and almost killed ourselves! Hell, a whole family that was drivin' in our group was wiped out except for a little girl and there are corpses all along the Foothill Freeway! Probably all over the Santa Ana too!" Finley's blue-grey eyes glared from under his bushy eyebrows and his mouth turned into a glowering frown.

"If this old bastard starts shooting his mouth off like this now it's liable to start a panic and the whole community will fall apart," Rubin thought to himself as he drove along still casting glances in the mirror and eyeing Candace who sat

with her own eyes closed, wishing she were in a nice quiet, clean room with a good bed.

“You people will have to rest up and unwind, you must be very tired and stressed out,” Rubin commented in an exceedingly pleasant tone.

“Well we don’t feel like doin’ the Highland Fling just now if that’s what ya mean!” Finley retorted in a loud growl.

“Mr. Cooke and Mr. McGowan will take good care of all of you but everyone’s on edge here and it would be a good idea not to mention what happened to anyone who came up here, it might start a panic you know,” Rubin suggested using the same sugary tone of voice.

Finley made no reply, instead he began to size up the situation with the idea of somehow stirring up the population into a stiff resistance to the alien threat. He still held out great hope that Styrbjorn and Saxena could be convinced to relocate to the community and he had every intention of blowing the lid off of any state of ignorance these people might have about what they were up against. Ed C. Finley was getting ready to incite his own revolution and the first item on his agenda was to see what sort of men Hudson Cooke and Daniel McGowan were. As for this Jew who was acting as a chauffeur, Finley considered him and his kind parasites and he had no intention of giving him any idea of what he had in mind. “None of the hook-nosed bastard’s business!” he thought to himself as he noticed Rubin looking as if he expected Finley to fill him in on his plans.

Maureen, Howard and Don Saxena were not getting

questioned by their driver. There was no need, because Maureen cut loose with a steady stream of information on every last thing that had happened from the time the Yorks had left Orange County and guardsman Josh Goldstein just drove on soaking it all up like a sponge. When Maureen got to the parts about Styrbjorn, his village, and the group her other daughter was travelling with, Don Saxena turned around in the front seat and told her quite firmly that it wasn't necessary to rehash everything but she continued on, taking no notice of his angered expression. Howard caught it immediately though, and tried to shut his wife up by changing the subject to the accommodations they would have in the community and she became sidetracked on to the issue leaving the driver very curious about this so-called village and it's occupants.

In a short time the two cars were parked outside of the Community Administration center, and after escorting the four passengers in to see Hudson Cooke and Daniel McGowan, Paul Rubin met with the other driver and discussed the conversation that had gone on during the drive. The fact that these people had even shown up was important enough to alert David Diamond, but Rubin was sure that the information concerning the village and the second group that was due to arrive any time would probably be sufficient to cause another emergency meeting of the heads of local Jewry. He was correct. Within minutes of learning about the arrival of Orange County people and the information from them, Diamond was off to alert Hiram Glass who told him to have

Pearlman, Shapiro, and Allred assemble at his home later that evening. "And get over to the Administration Center as soon as you can, the goys might have told Cooke or McGowan even more, see if you can find out anything!" Hiram squeaked in a high pitched voice as Diamond was about to leave his home.

"Don't worry, I've got Marsha Rosenberg keeping her eyes and ears open for anything in Cooke's office and Gloria Sobell is doing the same in McGowan's. You know how it is, secretaries can find out anything!" Diamond answered smugly just before entering his car.

The Rabbi closed his front door and slowly walked back to his living room, his mind racing to figure out how this new development might affect the goyim of the community. "So, things change again! Well, well, we just may be closer to the *act of glory* than I had anticipated!" he thought as he cast a glance toward a large painting on one of the walls which hid the safe holding the small vial of ETIN-12.

"That's terrible, just terrible. Well, we certainly are glad that you're here and out of immediate danger. I can't tell you how shocked I am to hear about this, I mean we suspected some sort of delay had occurred or that the Asians had detained you, but my God, massacred!" Hudson Cooke, long-time screen idol, Hollywood notable, and community leader was attempting to restrain his emotions and welcome the new arrivals at the same time but was having little success. A look of severe distress marred the face that had made him so popular and which had been seen by so many in over fifty motion

pictures, not to mention other public appearances. The smooth, debonair manner had given way to a fretting that was almost silly and more appropriate for an old woman than a motion picture he-man. It seemed to be contagious because Daniel McGowan was wringing his hands and nervously nodding his head every time Cooke would repeat how upset he was over the news.

“Uh, folks, I’d like to suggest that you all get some rest and then we can approach this uncomfortable development with clear heads. You’re all very tired and I don’t think we should keep you sitting here answering questions just now,” McGowan stated in the kindest manner he was capable of.

“Yes, of course. I agree,” Cooke spoke up. “Do you have relatives or friends here who you will be staying with?”

The Yorks indicated that they knew people in the community but had no idea whether they could stay with them and Finley said he didn’t know anyone in the area.

“That’s all right, for the time being you can all stay in one of the hotels, most of them are empty but they all have lights and water and we’ll see that you have all the food you need. Let’s see, the Wilshire is pretty close, I guess we’ll run you over there,” McGowan explained as he motioned to his secretary to have a car made available.

“I’d like to ask you all to do Daniel and I a favor,” Hudson Cooke said in an anxious voice, “things are kind of on edge around here right now. You know, people are very nervous because no one from Orange County has arrived and, well, if they hear anything about the slaughter it’s liable to

cause a real panic, so I ask you to please keep silent about it all until our next meeting and don't even mention that you've come up from there if you talk with anyone."

"But people have a right to know," Maureen cut in, a little surprised at herself for being so forward and interrupting the famous Hudson Cooke.

"Yes, of course they do. But it should be done at a community assembly under structured circumstances or else there will be no end of trouble!" McGowan cut in. "You know how people are, they hear something and exaggerate it a bit when they pass it on to someone else, why, in no time there are all sorts of wild rumors floating around and everybody is completely misinformed and acting on erroneous information," he continued sweetly as he patted Maureen's hand with his.

"Don't worry, we won't let anything slip. But I'm concerned about my other daughter, she's supposed to be getting here fairly soon," Howard said. He was feeling much better and his injury wasn't bothering him with such severe headaches any more.

"Oh, don't you worry, as soon as she gets here we'll bring her right over to your hotel! Marsha, send someone to the Guard Commander and tell him to alert all squads to be on the lookout for a second party!" Hudson Cooke turned on all his charm and then gave his secretary the order in an official manner hoping to settle the York's concerns over Gwendolyn.

Gloria Sobell walked back to Cooke's office where the meeting had been going on and informed the arrivals that a car was waiting to take them over to the hotel, and with that

the meeting broke up and the Yorks and Finley departed leaving Don Saxena, who had been silently observing the proceedings, still sitting in Cooke's office. After walking the Yorks to their car and reassuring them all the way, Cooke and McGowan returned to deal with him. Still pleasant, Daniel began the questioning as he shook Saxena's hand.

"Well, Mr. Saxena, I understand that a number of your men are back at the guardpost at Sunset and Hayworth?"

"Yes, we would like to wait here until the other party arrives," Saxena replied politely.

"Wait? Why don't you stay? I mean it looks like we all need to stick together the way things are going!" Cooke responded anxiously.

"Yes, Misses York mentioned something about your encampment a few minutes ago, we could provide the vehicles you need to go and get your belongings and anyone who's there and transport them back here quickly if you think its possible to make it through the hispanic territory that way right now?" Daniel McGowan added persuasively as he leaned toward Saxena and smiled.

"Well, that's up to our Chief to decide and he's bringing in the second party. You'll have to make this proposal to him."

"Chief? All right, we'll wait for him to get here then, and in the meantime you and your men can rest up over at the Wilshire with the people you escorted here!" McGowan responded sounding very pleased. "Would you like to return to your men first and then go to the hotel or shall I arrange for them to be driven over later?" he continued.

“I better get back there and tell them all what gives and then we’ll all go to the hotel at the same time,” Saxena replied.

“Fine, fine! I’ll arrange for your transportation right now!” McGowan said as he hurried out of the office.

After Saxena was on his way back to the guardpost in West Hollywood, Hudson Cooke and Daniel McGowan sat in Cooke’s office and discussed the new developments while Marsha Rosenberg sat at her desk in the adjoining office and listened attentively to their conversation as it filtered through the open door which separated the two rooms.

“Jesus Christ what a hell of a mess! You know, even if we do announce this at the assembly it’s going to send everyone running up north, there is no way we’re going to talk them out of leaving now!” Hudson Cooke ranted as McGowan sat brooding over the thought of community breakup.

“I know, and I’ve got everything I own tied up here, so do you, but life is worth a lot more than material goods I guess. Maybe it’s better if we all do get out now?” McGowan grumbled in response to Cooke’s frantic outbursts. The two thirty third degree Freemasons were both losing faith in their absurd esoteric concepts of brotherly love and the planet as a “Global Village,” and the influence of Hiram Glass was quickly wearing thin. Now cold, stark reality was staring them square in the face and a sinking feeling of despair gripped them.

As their conversation wore on, the two attempted again and again to come up with some way of persuading the populace of the community to stay put but neither was able to keep

his enthusiasm up for it. In the end, they both felt that perhaps they should simply recommend at the next assembly that everyone pack up and leave instead of wasting time trying to convince them that all would be well. It was an hour and a half after Cooke and McGowan had finished their conversation that David Diamond showed up at the Administration Center and met with the two secretaries in an unused conference room in the back of the building. He was given a detailed report concerning everything that was said while the new people were there as well as afterward when Cooke and McGowan were discussing things. As he left the building through one of the side entrances in order to avoid running into Cooke or McGowan, he thought about the meeting he would attend in a few hours and wondered how old Hiram would take everything that Marsha Rosenberg and Gloria Sobell had told him.

Over at the hotel, the Yorks and Finley were getting settled. One of the people assigned to assist them had left to find some clothing for them while another handled the laundering of what they had been wearing. This left them with nothing to wear except the hotel's complimentary bathrobes, but since they just wanted to rest, the problem of not being able to go anywhere was not a concern to them. Howard and Maureen relaxed and quietly talked about Gwendolyn's arrival, each making an effort not to fall into worry about anything that might have happened to her which would have kept her from getting to the Hills. In the next room, Candace finished a long shower and was toweling herself off relieved that she would

be able to live like a normal human being again.

“Here at last!” she thought happily as she worked a towel through her soaking hair. “No more dust, no more hammock, no more jerks with guns! It’s heaven!” she exclaimed aloud as she vigorously rubbed the remaining moisture out of her blond locks.

Ed Finley was in the room on the other side of the hall and he was neither relaxed nor happy. As he sipped a small glass of bourbon after pouring it from a bottle he had found in the room’s liquor cabinet, he looked out over the community and thought about how he was going to stir things up. “Those two clowns who are runnin’ this circus ain’t gonna be much good for gettin’ things started, they’re too interested in playin’ everything safe and not rockin’ the boat!” he thought as he recalled all of the simpering and whining that Cooke and McGowan had indulged in while they were discussing things. As far as Finley was concerned, there had to be some stiff backbone put into the people of the community if they were going to make a stand and in his eyes, neither Hudson Cooke nor Daniel McGowan would be up to the task. That left him, Saxena, and Styrbjorn if he could convince the two to stay on and help him. “One look at him and these knotheads would shape up and fall into line in a hurry, by Jesus!” he thought, as he imagined the impact Styrbjorn would have on the people of the community if they were confronted by him at the assembly. “Scare the livin’ hell out of ‘em that’s what he’ll do! They wouldn’t have to worry about any god damn monkeys or chinamen then cause they’d have their hands full with the

devil himself right in their midst!” Finley laughed out loud as he pictured the soul-chilling feeling Styrbjorn’s dark eyes generated in people and the way the community’s populace would likely respond to it. “I just have to get these fellas ta stick around,” he muttered as he took a seat at the large table beside the window.

By the time Finley had finished his musing it was beginning to get dark and the devil himself, along with Gwendolyn, Denise, and Oliver were preparing to leave their concealment in the one-time department store. The three travellers were all quite happy and in very outgoing frames of mind since they realized that this was the last bit of travelling they would have to do, and Styrbjorn had to constantly remind them to keep quiet as they began to walk up the deserted street toward their new homes. It had been a hard, tension filled routine full of concern over ambush and remaining undetected, however now the worst seemed to be over and a natural let-down began, and as they followed Styrbjorn through the night they did so in a more confident, easy manner. The trip had placed Oliver Curtis in a realm of fantasy. To him it had been “just like” the goings-on in many of the action packed motion pictures he had been so fond of and which had been so common before the social disintegration. It wasn’t that he couldn’t grasp the seriousness of the situation because he did, but because of his unrealistic T.V. mentality it still seemed like some sort of game to him and he was at once relieved to have almost reached safety and depressed because the adventure was drawing to a close. This emotional state was not shared

by Gwendolyn York. She was very happy that their march would soon be completed, and she would definitely not miss it after it was over, but she had changed since her departure from her home in Orange County. The Gwendolyn York who would be arriving at the White community shortly would be vastly different from the one who left Anaheim Hills days earlier. Her physical and emotional limits had been tested in many ways and she had been forced to push herself beyond them. She had "left the nursery" so to speak, and the moody poutiness, and tantrum throwing parts in her character had evolved into a state of patience and considerable willpower but it wasn't a change which turned her hard and bitter, she still had all the softness and charm functioning at peak capacity. Gwendolyn's "becoming" had made the appealing parts of her being far less susceptible to things that would detract from them by causing emotional shifts in her. She was more stable now, and, thanks to the presence of Denise Pruse, she took adult responsibility seriously and was beginning to enjoy looking after the little girl. And Denise had grown very attached to Gwendolyn as well. As they travelled through unlit streets towards the bright glow of lights signifying the edge of the White community, Denise held on to Gwendolyn's hand excited about staying with her once they reached the community but a little worried about Gwendolyn rejecting her and then being left alone once the journey was over. There was still a great deal of pain inside her stemming from the loss of her parents, the kind of pain that would remain with her for the rest of her life although it might not

always be fully active. With Gwendolyn there to comfort and distract, Denise had a relatively easy time emotionally over the last few days, but something deep down inside her sensed that an emotional collapse would accompany any separation from Gwendolyn and so she grasped her heroine's hand with a tighter, more determined grip than usual. "Why are you holding on so tight?" Gwendolyn asked gently as she glanced down at Denise.

There was silence for a moment and then a reply of, "Cause I don't want to loose you" came in a timid voice.

Gwendolyn assured the girl that everything would be fine and that they were almost to where they were going, but she knew what Denise was concerned about and, until this moment, she had no thoughts of the little girl's future in the community nor had she considered acting as a permanent guardian once they had arrived. Now that she was faced with the idea of having Denise around her on a permanent basis she didn't find it very attractive. Looking after the child under the terrible conditions of the near past had been one thing, but to become an instant mother was not something Gwendolyn thought of as reasonable. This development took the edge off of her pleasure at being so close to what she thought was safety.

During the trip, Styrbjorn had also changed, only this change was not one of his self-willed "becomings". Instead it was a change set off by a force outside himself, namely Gwendolyn York, and the effect of the change was profound. The lovely and natural elegance and beauty of Howard York's

eldest daughter had worked a spell over Styrbjorn's heart, an unbreakable spell that caused him great happiness because he was in the presence of such an adorable, angelic girl, hearing her voice that was so soothing and tender, watching her movements that were so light and gentle, and seeing the expressions she made when talking as her blue eyes would light up and sparkle. But the spell caused an equal amount of sadness. This was because he knew that Gwendolyn York saw nothing of value in him and found his mere presence quite disturbing. And the sadness worked its way through his mind too as his imagination churned up dreams of some mutual heartfelt connection developing between the two unlikely partners, only to be shattered by an internal voice which reminded him of the impossibility of it all. Yet in spite of how bleak things appeared, Styrbjorn became more and more intent on somehow achieving a positive and lasting romantic bond with Gwendolyn. After all, he was a follower of Odin, the King of all Gods and he knew that there was really nothing that was impossible so long as a person purposely *became*; adapting, adjusting, and sacrificing to finally achieve a desire. As the party trod along getting closer and closer to their destination, Styrbjorn was silently making up his mind to win the heart of the angel who walked behind him with the little girl at her side. His will was becoming fixed on her as a wife and a "do-or-die", "no matter what" set of feelings circulated through his being. He knew it would all have to be done carefully. She was already afraid of him, and no spur of the moment frontal assault consisting of him pouring out his feel-

ings would matter, she would reject him in an instant, and since Styrbjorn was of a practical mind, he didn't try to fool himself to the contrary. He also had noted that there was a possibility of marriage in her near future after having overheard Gwendolyn and Denise chatting about a fiance named Craig. This added an entirely new and presently uncalculable set of obstacles to his latest becoming since, not only didn't she like him, she loved another enough to be thinking of marriage as well.

"This will be very hard and tricky to pull off," he thought as he wondered about how he might go ahead with his intended becoming. There was no doubt that a lot of details would need to be worked out.

Benjamin Pearlman and Nina Allred were standing at Rabbi Glass's front door waiting to be let in after having rung the bell. Both had been briefly filled in on the new development in the community and what it might mean to Jewish plans, and neither Benjamin nor Nina were very happy about it. The gaunt and spindly feminist had not been informed by the Rabbi as to the plan to release ETIN-12, but she had been told by him that he personally would see that there was great and monumental changes in the lives of all Jews and all goys sometime in the near future. She took this to mean that another formula for guiding the community was being worked out in which she would be given an assignment and expected to carry it out with little or no questions asked, and she hated the thought of it.

"More male chauvinism!" She concluded silently while

casting quick glances over at Benjamin. Pearlman caught the behavior and looked timidly into the women's brown eyes seeing she was almost deranged with fury. Her repulsive features were framed by a mop of dark brown hair and her habit of standing in sort of a stooped and leaning posture added to her ugliness. Benjamin once again realized how disgusting Nina really was as he stood there observing her frenzy.

"What's the matter, you seem upset?" Pearlman asked meekly. But before Allred could answer, the door opened and David Diamond ushered them in. They no sooner sat down than Hiram Glass launched into his oratory as his audience listened without so much as a peep and with varied degrees of enthusiasm. He told them that it seemed the community's populace had calmed down considerably thanks to all their relentless programming, but with the arrival of the people from Orange County and the information he had learned from David Diamond and his contacts, things could easily revert to the state of panic they had been in a short while earlier if rumors were spread about the massacres and the other outrages. Hiram pointed out that he personally felt the situation to be passed the point of no return but that everyone should continue the pacifying attempts until the public assembly which was less than a week away. Benjamin Pearlman began to squirm uncomfortably in his chair as Hiram announced the coming of the "act of glory" when the goyim began to leave the area. This set off Nina Allred who had become irate over the vague references Hiram kept making about some sort of monumental change.

“Look Hiram, I’ve had it with all this bullshit about ‘acts of glory’ and monumental change, do you understand?! Now, if you’re trying to tell us to secretly start getting ready to leave this area while we pretend everything’s okay, then say so and don’t fuck around with all the Cabalistic, Talmudic mystical crap!!” she shrieked while pounding her fists on the arm of her chair and glaring daggers at the old Rabbi. Shapiro, Pearlman, and Diamond all felt uncomfortable and not one had the nerve to tell their female colleague off like they had done so often in their imaginations, instead they sat silently looking at the paintings on the walls or gazing up at the ceiling, or getting distracted by anything else that wasn’t near Allred or Glass. As for Hiram, his feeble form shook with rage and his cheeks flushed purple but he didn’t return Nina’s abuse. After a short effort, the Rabbi calmed himself enough to reply with an even tone of voice covered with faked pleasantness, and what he said was that no one would have to start packing and he asked Nina to be kind and humor an old man who had so little in life to keep him happy. With this request Allred relaxed a little and managed to control herself through the rest of the meeting which consisted of not much more than Hiram’s usual religious and racist mutterings. It wasn’t until near the end, when everyone except Hiram was bored stiff or, in Benjamin’s case, very nervous and on edge, that the Rabbi began to focus on the importance of the armed men who had arrived with the Orange County people. To the Jewish populace of the community this was indeed a serious condition. As Hiram sputtered and droned

his way through a theory he had which held that the presence of more heavily armed men might serve to give the local goyim more backbone and determination to stay put, he made an unconscious slip about such determination interfering with "the act of glory". Benjamin picked up on this immediately and saw a faint glimmer of hope for averting the Rabbi's insane doomsday. When it came to things like pain and death, Benjamin Pearlman was loyal to, and the ally of, anyone or anything that could and would prevent such terrible conditions from affecting him personally and if he could get to these new goys and have them convince the populace of the community to make a stand, the old lunatic's plan might be foiled for good and he could be persuaded to destroy the little bottle of death.

Benjamin eased himself back into a more relaxed position and began thinking over how he would approach the new men, and in a few minutes he became lost in thought to the point of no longer hearing Hiram's cackling or even being aware of what was happening in the room. "Were they survivalists?" he wondered, looking as though he were in some sort of daze. "What if they were neo Nazis or some other White Supremacists? How would they react to a Jew approaching them and trying to talk them into something?" Benjamin experienced a slight twinge of fear at the thought of being alone and in the midst of such severe Jew haters, but he quickly put the feelings out of his mind because it was not worth considering when compared with the annihilation in store for him if Hiram were to get his "act of glory" off the

ground. Benjamin knew that Hiram, being a deeply mystical sort, would never just break the vial on his own, it would only happen during a Cabalistic ceremony and that definitely required the presence of several men, men who Benjamin hoped would never go along with it if there was a chance for future progress, "If the people stay, Hiram will never convince any of us to take part in his annihilation idea," he thought. For the first time since the old man had shown the vial, Benjamin actually felt reasonably calm and even happy over the future. The idea of using the new soldiers was a long shot, but it was better than nothing, and at this stage of the game that was just what Benjamin's frazzled nerves required.

The sound of his friends rising from their seats brought Pearlman back to the here and now. The meeting was over and as he looked around, the rotund Pearlman caught sight of Hiram staring at him with a puzzled look.

"You better wake up Benny my boy, there's great times ahead!" Glass chuckled at the surprised young man.

"Oh don't worry Rabbi, I'm awake all right! You can be sure of that!" came the reply as Benjamin hurried out of the room. The Rabbi, more amused than anything else, didn't consider the young man's behavior as something to be concerned over. To him, Benjamin was just a naturally nervous and timid individual who couldn't help fidgeting and squirming. "Ah, but he's still one of us, and as such he deserves some respect and consideration," the old man thought to himself as he stood by his front window and watched Pearlman waddling down to his car.

Styrbjorn, Gwendolyn, Oliver and Denise arrived at the southwestern outskirts of the community and walked up to the guardpost on Whitworth Drive in a most nonchalant manner.

“You’re the other group from Orange County,” the officer in charge observed. “We’ve been waiting for you, hell, I’m surprised you got here! Don’t you know there are hispanics just a few blocks away?”

“There aren’t any hispanics anywhere near here right now, they’re all congregating further to the south east getting ready to overrun your neighborhoods,” Styrbjorn replied flatly.

A brief conversation then ensued dealing with how Styrbjorn knew of the impending attack and what the party had seen during their journey through the heart of Aztlan. A feeling of nervousness ran through the men stationed at the guardpost as they listened to Styrbjorn’s news and it expressed itself through their attitude and behavior, which suddenly changed from a state of relaxed carelessness, to a stiff, serious, and jumpy condition. There at the intersection of Whitworth and Robertson, the first few individuals of the last major White community of the area experienced the realization of the possibility of extermination at the hands of savage, semi-primitive fiends. The new realization began to settle over the programming of co-existence, peace, mutual respect, and all the other niceties that had been so relentlessly pushed by the movers and shakers of the community assemblies, and the clash between the reality of the situation and the mind-warping fantasy they had been living under was very unsettling. It was true that the populace was on edge and that

they were suspicious of asians and hispanics, but no one really expected full scale warfare to erupt now that the major disintegration and chaos seemed to be over. At most, it was felt that it was unsafe to go into Aztlan or New China, and that a few bands of thieves might want to invade Beverly Hills or Bel Air to see what they could find, that was the logic for having guardposts on every other block around the community's outskirts. If the people had any idea of what was really possible they would have deserted the community in droves, regardless of how much they might loose in a material sense.

The news that this second party brought promised to incite such desertion and just by chance, the guardpost they had run into had no Jews stationed in it who would have taken precautions to keep things quiet by immediately whisking the four newcomers away to see McGowan and Cooke before they could start a panic by divulging what they knew. In this case, the goyim comprising the guard unit were all ears while being told of every detail of what Paez had revealed and the military-like maneuvers going on in the hispanic capital. It wasn't until after this information had been fully explored through questions and answers that the unit's leader obeyed the order he had received earlier, which told him to deliver any arriving people to Daniel McGowan and Hudson Cooke, and to notify Diamond or one of his underlings immediately thereafter. All the guardsmen had been ordered to keep new information to themselves and not excite the civilian populace. Such orders included the necessity of obtaining clearance about such new information from the two community

leaders or the commander of the guard itself, but the panic felt by the guards was something neither McGowan and Cooke or David Diamond had bargained on.

Once the party had been taken to the community leaders, they were given the same speech concerning keeping things quiet, and not causing rumors, but Daniel McGowan and Hudson Cooke were unknowingly wasting their time because at the precise moment that they were giving their lecture to the second Orange County group, the entire membership of the A.U.F's Southern California branch was pulling up to several guardposts on the extreme southwestern edge of the community.

Their original plan of gradual infiltration had been scrapped after they had observed several large, and heavily armed groups of hispanics massing to the southeast in what they had first thought might be preparation for an attack on a section of New China. Observation over two days revealed the hispanics to be deploying toward White One rather than New China and Chairman Ivor Des'Groseillies, Field Marshall Henry Thurston, Vice Chairman Bush Walden and others decided to mobilize for a full-scale confrontation with either the guardforce of White One or the Aztlan army, or both. They would force their way into White One if they had to, take control and organize a resistance regardless of how the general populace might react.

While Cooke and McGowan rattled away about calm and the necessity of keeping the residents in the dark about things at the Community Center, half a dozen guardposts were being overwhelmed by A.U.F forces who, through superiority in

both numbers and arms, simply approached the posts, ordered the men to lay down their weapons, and then began executing any Jews present after identifying them by the contents of their wallets.

The executions were silent affairs involving the use of rifle butts in order to avoid the panic that gunfire would generate in the community's populace who were now all in their homes for the night, fast asleep and complete oblivious to the calamity that was about to strike.

CHAPTER 8

*"The European peoples
have only one choice if
they want to save their
existence; to see what
they have in common and
to stand up for it."*

from SS Leitheft

"What the hell is with all the traffic?" Hudson Cooke blurted with a surprised tone just after he had turned from the people of the second Orange County party and glanced casually out the window of his office. The streets the window was facing were well lit but should have been deserted at that hour, and seeing a column of vehicles advancing toward the Administration Center was not something Hudson Cooke expected so his surprise was hardly overdone.

Daniel McGowan joined his friend moments later and both men stared curiously as the vehicles could be seen approaching from several streets now. Both Marsha Rosenberg and Gloria Sobell were present. The secretaries had been told hours earlier by both Cooke and McGowan that they could leave for the evening, but they had refused. The second party hadn't shown up yet at that time and they were under strict orders from David Diamond to remain at the

Administration Center all night if they had to so that they could be around when the Orange County people came in. After taking in most of the conversation that had been going on between Styrbjorn's group and the two community leaders, the two tired women were contemplating departing but now, with the strange procession of vehicles suddenly appearing, they became more animated and alert. By the time the first of the vehicles were pulling up to the Administration building both Cooke and McGowan had commented on the presence of Community Guardsmen being perched on the hoods of some of the cars and clinging to the outside rails of the truck beds. The two startled leaders had also commented on the fact that all the men leaving the vehicles which had just been parked outside were heavily armed.

"These aren't any of our people?!" they must be some group that Wait a minute! None of our Guardsmen have their guns!" Cooke exclaimed loudly as he leaned with his face almost against the windowpane and gazed down on the street below. This sent a wave of panic through the two secretaries who turned and looked at one another and then left the office of Hudson Cooke without so much as one word of explanation.

Once out in the halls, they discussed whether they should stick around or not. They didn't talk long. The loud clapping sound of shoe leather on slick tile echoed through the building as Ivor Des'Groseilliers, Henry Thurston and Bush Walden, along with two dozen of Henry's troops and several disarmed Community Guardsmen came up the staircase to the second

floor. Rosenberg and Sobell ducked into an empty office across from Hudson Cooke's area. Their action was instinctive, they had no logical reason to fear these people, for all the secretaries knew, they could be another group from Orange County. It was an unexplainable feeling of uneasiness that had sent them into hiding and, as they waited for the entourage to reach the door of Cooke's office, they both felt a little silly over having reacted the way they did.

"I'm Ivor Des'Groseilliers, Chairman of the West Coast Branch of the organization known as the Aryan United Front. This is Field Marshall Henry Thurston and Vice Chairman Bush Walden. We hereby inform you that we will be running things in this community from this point on and you will be expected to cooperate and provide us with all the information we need. Failure to cooperate will result in swift and deadly measures being taken against you." The stout, distinguished looking man at the lead of the group which had just barged into Hudson Cooke's office issued the statement with cool authority.

Both Cooke and McGowan were too shocked to reply immediately, Gwendolyn eyed the men of the group nervously while many looked at her and smiled, Denise who had fallen asleep was now trying to figure out what was happening and Oliver Curtis felt a rush of excitement as the adventure he had become so fond of seemed to be picking up steam now rather than coming to an end. Styrbjorn simply sat and calmly watched the situation unfold.

"I assume that you have the names and locations of all

the people still residing in this vicinity?" Des'Groseilliers asked McGowan in a slightly demanding tone.

"Well, yes but, ah, why all this fuss? Everybody here is quite willing to work together, there is really no need to take such an offensive attitude," McGowan replied as he looked into the Chairman's eyes with a worried expression.

"We are well aware of how everyone in this community cooperates and of their reasons for doing so. We will not be proceeding in that direction any longer nor will we permit anyone to stall our plans through demonstrations, endless debates, and aggressive agitation. Now, if you'll show our Vice Chairman to the files or produce the lists containing the information we need on the members of this community, we can get under way."

McGowan was now extremely upset, "Get under way? Can't this wait until morning?!" he asked puzzled by the way things were proceeding.

"No, there won't be any more waiting. We have quite a lot to do and, in case you weren't aware, there is a very large force of hispanics just a little south of here who are massing for an attack against you. There's a lot of work to do and very little time left to do it in!" Des'Groseilliers explained forcefully, causing McGowan to react with even more intense panic. He motioned for the tough hardboiled ex-construction foreman with the crew cut and dark green military style clothes to follow him to the files.

"What's your plan? I mean, what are you going to do with the citizenry?" McGowan asked as he and Walden walked into Gloria Sobell's office.

“We are going to straighten the people around here out and we are going to eliminate the undesirables at the same time,” the Vice-Chairman answered in a gravelly and naturally loud voice.

The two secretaries knew that there was going to be trouble the moment they had heard Ivor Des’Groseilliers announce himself and his group as a branch of the A.U.F. The Jews of America and Europe had been in a running war with this organization for decades before the social collapse had taken place, but even with their monopoly of the entire media and their influence in government they never managed to crush the hated “anti-semitic”, racists, fascists and “hate mongers” as they had labeled the organization’s personnel. “Holocaust!” was the word that flashed through the minds of the secretaries and as they heard Bush Walden tell McGowan about “eliminating undesireables”, both women realized that they had to spread the alarm among their people so that a counter-attack could be mounted before it was too late. Quickly they slipped out of the empty office and, after removing their shoes in order that they would not be heard, they hurried silently down the hallway and out one of the back entrances of the Administration Center. Their cars were parked nearby and they wasted no time in leaving the scene.

“I’ll go to David’s place and you tell Mr. Shapiro!” Marsha Rosenberg exclaimed in an excited manner as she stuck her head out of the driver’s side window just before Gloria Sobell had closed her car door. The two left from opposite ends of the parking lot and sped off down the desert-

ed streets to their first destinations.

“You’ll have to surrender your weapons,” Henry Thurston informed the scruffy-looking fellow who sat with an air of indifference on the couch in Hudson Cooke’s office.

But the order didn’t seem to carry any weight with the man and he simply looked up at Henry who was standing beside Hudson Cooke and smiled before replying, “I’m not surrendering anything to anyone and I advise you and your friends not to get too overbearing or you’ll find there will be more than hispanics to worry about,” Styrbjorn answered as he tapped the stalk of his M-16 with his fingers in a rhythmic manner.

“Just who are you?” Des’Groseilliers queried as he watched the seemingly calm individual and wondered how such a person fit into the community with all it’s flashy, trendy, and wealthy citizens.

“I happen to be a leader as a matter of fact!” Styrbjorn said in a boastful manner. “A portion of my men and I have just brought what possibly could be the last living white residents of Orange County to this community and we won’t be ordered around like a bunch of two legged sheep.”

Ivor and Henry both caught the way Styrbjorn stressed the word “white” when he answered the Chairman’s question and it took the edge off their aloofness. After a few more questions which Styrbjorn answered without hesitation, Des’Groseilliers and Thurston realized that they were talking to a potential ally who held the same views which they did. After inquiring about the other people in Cooke’s office, the

Chairman arranged for one of his men to transport the three Orange County refugees to the Wilshire Hotel. Hudson Cooke had filled the Chairman in on the location of the Orange County people, how many had shown up, and what they had said upon their arrival. Des'Groseilliers felt a genuine sadness over what this meant and addressed Gwendolyn, Curtis and Denise in a kind voice saying there was nothing for them to be concerned over, that they would now be taken to the hotel, and that his organization would ensure their safety no matter what happened or was going to happen in the future. This came as a relief to Gwendolyn who got up with Denise in tow and made her way to the office doorway. Curtis followed along behind them and, as Styrbjorn watched the three leave, he felt extremely disappointed over being unable to at least have a few parting words with the oldest of Howard York's daughters. As things happen, she didn't even turn and say goodby or thank him for helping her reach safety, her beautiful little form just slipped out the door and vanished from sight. This put Styrbjorn in a rather dark mood and a peeved expression came over his face.

"All right Mr. Tagesson, how's about us working together to clean out the Jews, straighten out this community, and wipe out all the rabble in Aztlan and New China?" Henry Thurston asked the unusual fellow in a friendly voice. "You up to it?" he probed.

"I was born up to it," Styrbjorn answered flatly.

"Great! So what sort of training have you and your men had?" Henry exclaimed.

“All of us are able shots, we are also proficient in quite a number of guerilla tactics. We have been very successful in our campaigns against New China and parts of Aztlan using them,” came the answer.

“So you’ve had actual combat experience?” Des’Groseilliers asked, now obviously becoming more enthused about Styrbjorn.

“Quite a lot of it. We’ve eliminated at least two hundred Asians and Hispanics since we started our warfare and our losses come to three,” Styrbjorn replied, “and I learned about certain tactics from an old guy who was the landlord at the apartment building I used to live at before the disintegration.”

“Landlord?” Henry cut in with a puzzled tone.

“Yes, he was in the marines in his younger years, was in the Korean War for two years and then Viet Nam for eight and a half years. The guy was pretty good too - got himself two silver stars and three purple hearts and hacked his way through a lot of gooks while he was at it. He showed me all kinds of stuff, lethal hand-to-hand fighting techniques, the use of anything at hand for a weapon, like a stick or an axe, and he gave me the rundown on fighting methods used in small engagements, all in spite of objections from his wife,” Styrbjorn explained.

“Why was his wife opposed to him showing you all of that?” the Field Marshal asked curiously.

“Oh, she wanted him to put all that war stuff behind him and just live an ordinary life. But, if it wasn’t for him showing me all of this stuff, a lot of people in my group wouldn’t

be alive today and a lot of the mexicans and asians we fought would be.”

The three men continued their discussion which touched on ideas of loyalty to the cause of reclaiming the country and western world, and about concepts concerning subordination to authority and the willingness to be a part of a chain of command. Eventually they worked out an agreement which had Styrbjorn fighting as a separate entity and not subject to order's from either Thurston or Des'Groseilliers, however they did agree on formulating battle strategies collectively and working cooperatively during actual campaigns.

After they had ironed out how they would relate to one another, the three began working on how Styrbjorn and his men would be utilized in the “community reform” operation which Ivor, Bush and Henry had come up with after they had realized the intention of the hispanic forces. It was a process that the Chairman knew had to be gotten through quickly due to the Latinos threatening to attack from the south at any time.

Within an hour after the two secretaries dutifully reported the new developments to Diamond and Shapiro, a general mobilization of the entire Jewish population was under way. Before long, pandemonium was breaking out everywhere in the community north of Santa Monica Boulevard. In all the residential areas, members of “God's Chosen” were scurrying from door to door alerting people about the community being overrun by sadistic “neo-nazis” who had appeared suddenly out of nowhere and who were indiscriminently slaughtering people throughout the area. The white sheep, accustomed to

being herded and swayed on a regular basis had no difficulty believing the alarming news and were quite willing to be ordered about by their neighborhood leaders who were Jews. Everything was happening so fast that no specific plan had been formulated. The best David Diamond could come up with after being roused from his sleep was to instruct Marsha Rosenberg to get back in her car, drive to each of the neighborhoods, and tell the leaders there to assemble the residents in the canyon streets. What Diamond had in mind was to round up what might be left of his Community Guardsmen, set up barricades in the hills, and see what happened next, although it had occurred to him that it might be too late for such a maneuver and, if so, he knew that Rabbi Glass would be calling for a ceremony to release the ETIN-12 anyway so one way or another this would be the end of the line for everyone.

The thought of eminent death caused a feeling in Diamond that was very close to sexual arousal. There was something about the approaching doom of the human species that made him excited, expectant, and even joyful. As he left his home he happily instructed his mother to drive back into the canyons and wait for him there and with nothing more than a "see ya later", he was off to see Irving Shapiro and Benjamin Pearlman.

"Neo nazis?! What next?!" Cheryl Sloan muttered in a loud confused tone of voice as she sat up in bed rubbing the sleep out of her eyes after Irving had returned from answering the door. "Well, what are we supposed to do?" she continued,

as her husband got himself dressed.

“Awh, nothing, nothing. You just go back to sleep, all we have to do is some negotiating and everything will be fine,” came the reply as Irving kept dressing without bothering to look at his wife. He knew what would happen; ETIN-12 and Hiram’s Cabalistic ceremony were now the major part of the equation and it wouldn’t matter where Cheryl was or what she did, she would be dying a painful death anyway. And, for that matter, Irving didn’t care. This shiksa had been useful to him for as long as he had wanted her, and now she could go to hell with the rest of the goys in any manner, his responsibility was to be part of the “act of glory” over at Hiram’s. God’s chosen people would attain existence in a new dimension, while the demon races would finally be sent to where they always belonged - into oblivion. Like David Diamond, Irving felt the edge of excitement slowly building inside him at the thought of the total destruction of human life.

As he was pulling out of the driveway, David Diamond swung in at such speed that the two almost collided. Then after a short conversation, it was decided that Irving should ride with Diamond and that they would swing by Benjamin’s and then head over to the Rabbi’s house. With one vehicle they would lessen the chances of being apprehended by the Organization’s troops and the act of glory could get under way without delay. During his drive over to Irvings, Diamond had been reflecting on the situation and as his mind cleared he had realized that Hiram’s ceremony was inevitable and, regardless of the resistance that the remainder of the

Community Guard could muster, the act of glory was imminent and so he lost interest in the mobilization in the canyons altogether.

“Oh well, it will give ‘em something to do before they are all sent out of this world,” he thought as he imagined the pell mell rush that was going on in the neighborhoods as he drove to Shapiro’s place.

While the A.U.F troops were methodically blocking off streets and overcoming Community Guard positions near Wilshire, and the residents of the northern part of Beverly Hills and Bel Air were frantically going through a maneuver that most of them had not given one thought to, Benjamin Pearlman was racing toward the house of Rabbi Glass. After being awakened by his doorbell and realizing that the news actually meant, Benjamin’s adrenalin kicked into high gear and his only thought centered on talking Hiram out of calling his ceremony. As Diamond and Shapiro made their way down streets lined with panicking people in the middle of making their escape into the canyons, Pearlman was pounding on the Rabbi’s front door with a rapid and insane rhythm.

“Ah, Benjamin! Come in! Come in! I’ve just about gotten everything in place out in the yard!” Hiram exclaimed happily after answering the door. “Wonderful, isn’t it?! Here, follow me and we’ll put the last touches to the sacred area.”

Pearlman blanched. He realized that the old man was fully intent on going through with the act of glory and, with the ceremonial area almost completed, talking him out of his

insanity would be impossible. “Ah, Hiram, where’s that vial of victory?” Benjamin asked with a faked delight. He intended to grab the vial and destroy it himself now, and he knew he had to work fast because Diamond and Shapiro might arrive any second and there would be no way that he could kill ETIN-12 with them present, they were both too fanatical and too close to Hiram.

“It’s sitting right outside on the main altar,” the Rabbi turned and answered with a large smile before lurching on through the rooms of his mansion toward one of the patio entrances to the huge back yard.

“Okay Benny, this is it! It’s do or die!” Pearlman thought as he watched the Rabbi’s gnome-like form dawdle along in front of him. The two had gotten as far as the dining room when the doorbell sounded. Both froze in their tracks.

“Well, well, there’s Irving or David! I’ll go let them in and you go on ahead out back,” Hiram bubbled joyfully as he passed by Benjamin.

Pearlman edged toward the patio entrance on the other side of the room without taking his eyes off Hiram. The second that the old man had disappeared, Benjamin made his move which consisted of a mad-dash for the main altar. Even though the Rabbi’s mansion was large, it was packed with clutter and Benjamin almost landed flat on his face twice before he reached the patio because of tripping over unseen stacks of old newspapers on the floor. As he yanked the glass door open, he could hear the echoes of the voices of Diamond and Shapiro from the other end of the house and he was

thrown into a complete panic. He shot out into the backyard patio at a clumsy dead run - his chubby body shaking and heaving with the unaccustomed strain and exertion. There were no thoughts running through Benjamin's mind now, his eyes were riveted on the top of the main altar which stood a good fifty yards from the back of the house.

The yard was overgrown and hadn't seen a mower in over a year, and Benjamin found it doubly hard to run through grass and weeds which reached almost as high as his waist. It was a supreme effort for him, but he managed to snatch the small grey container off the altar and make it as far as the six-foot high cement block fence at the back of the yard before Hiram led Diamond and Shapiro out on to the patio. Benjamin was frantically attempting to scale the wall as the voices of the three men reached his ears again, and he began to utter a series of short squeals and whines as he repeatedly hoisted his bulk up the side of the fence only to weaken and slide back down again.

On their arrival out in the yard the three men hadn't realized what had happened, Hiram was a little surprised at not finding Benjamin there but he figured that his youngest henchman had just gone to the toilet or something. The missing container was not immediately noticed by the Rabbi either, and since there was dense shrubbery and a number of large trees growing all along the back fence, Benjamin's floundering would only be visible if the old lunatic or one of the other participants of the act of glory looked directly at him. After three more tries, Benjamin scaled the fence with a

last desperate effort before his strength failed completely. He tumbled over the top of the wall totally exhausted and then hit the ground on the other side with a heavy thud. Benjamin had landed on his back and the wind was knocked out of him, his arms and legs were devoid of strength, his entire body drenched in perspiration and racked with pain from the fall. He lay there for several minutes before panic overtook him again as he heard Hiram's shrill voice begin to wail in Yiddish. The old man had finally noticed the missing container when he was arranging the candles on the altar and at once he began uttering curses in a high pitched whine.

"Move, damn it! Move!" Pearlman groaned, still in pain. Slowly he managed to sit up and then he took a moment to get his bearings. Benjamin found himself in the backyard of another home which was brightly lit and full of activity. "Steal one of their cars! That's it! Okay, come on, come on!" he said between gasps for breath as he struggled to stand. After brushing fragments of decaying palm fronds and other vegetation off of himself, Benjamin was just about to advance across the yard when a thought hit him, "Where's that container?!"

Now a genuine terror gripped at the very core of the pudgy Jew's being. He knew he had it in one hand when he finally went over the fence but what had happened to it afterwards was a mystery to him. Had he fallen on it? If so, had the force of the fall and the weight of his body broken the vial inside the container?

"Oh God, Oh God, it can't be broken! It just can't be

broken!" he whined as the dread of already being infected with ETIN-12 spread over him. Benjamin immediately dropped to his knees and began groping around for the container.

“. . . it can't be!" were the words that intermittently filtered out of his mouth between heavy gasps and panting. At last his hand made contact with the container and, with his heart thudding in his throat, Benjamin carefully lifted the small object up to his face in order to examine it in the light cast from the distant house. "Looks okay!" he hissed, quite relieved as he gazed at it through the thick lenses of his glasses which were spotted from falling droplets of sweat. Gently he worked the lid off and gave a heavy and deliberate sigh as he stared at the little glass vial still intact and nestled in the layers of cotton batting. "Good enough!" he thought, while replacing the lid, there was no more time to lose, he could hear Hiram literally screaming for Diamond and Shapiro to search the house and grounds. All Benjamin wanted was to escape the area because he knew that David Diamond would probably shoot him on sight now and that the Community Guard would soon be instructed to do the same. The destruction of Etin-12 would have to wait until he was safely out of the reach of all of his fellows. With that thought in mind, Benjamin Pearlman made another mad and clumsy dash, this time in a line toward the garage of the house just over 75 yards away. He had pulled off the first part of his plan.

Gwendolyn, Oliver, and Denise were getting settled at the hotel by the time Pearlman made his bid for continued life

a few miles away. There had been a rather loud and emotional reunion between the Yorks and their eldest daughter when they arrived, loud enough to awaken Finley who came bursting out of his room to see what was going on.

“Well, lookey here! Got your other angel back did ya?!” he exclaimed in a booming voice as he approached Howard with a surprisingly happy expression on his face. The Yorks were overcome with joy at having Gwendolyn with them again and the old man’s enthusiasm triggered a high spirited response from them as Finley found himself surrounded by happy people who began hugging him as much as they hugged each other. Soon they were busy discussing Gwendolyn’s journey and, as this conversation wore on, it became apparent to Finley that the night’s sleep was over for him. He sat in the York’s room and listened along with Howard, Maureen, and Candace to Gwendolyn’s explanation of her trip. When she got to the part concerning the buildup of hispanic forces, Finley became intensely agitated and he realized that his plan for pushing revolution in the community had to get underway soon. But it was when Gwendolyn got to the events at the Administration building and the invasion and takeover by the white supremacist group that Finley really got wound up.

He had suddenly excused himself and then rushed back to his own room where he quickly dressed and then headed for the lobby.

“I sure as hell ain’t gonna waste my time sleepin’ when I can get in on somethin’ like this!” he growled as he threw

open one of the large glass doors leading out to the street. Finley could see some activity blocks away in the form of what appeared to be squads of armed men in dark uniforms erecting blockades. "Good! About god damn time there was some kind of action like this in these parts!"

It took Finley a good twenty minutes to march from the hotel to the Administration building and once he arrived he was stopped and confronted by several of the organization's troops who were standing guard at the entrance. A heated verbal exchange ensued but the harder the guards tried to dissuade the cantankerous old unknown from bothering the leadership, the louder and more determined Finley became.

"Now you just listen to me sonny! I am Ed C. Finley, resident of Newport Beach, I've got to discuss conditions as they stand with your leaders and that's exactly what I'm gonna do!" he roared as he tore into one of the guards who was most insistent on turning him away. It was a battle of wills and, true to form, Finley steam-rolled his way through the situation. Finally, he stomped into the building, and as the tired guards stared after him, they wondered why it had been their luck to run into such a bear at three o'clock in the morning.

"Wellll, good mornin' boys! What the hell are we gettin' ready to do here?!" came blasting from the entrance way to Hudson Cooke's office. Ivor Des'Groseilliers, Henry Thurston, Bush Walden, as well as the very tired Daniel McGowan and Hudson Cooke all looked up from the lists on the top of Hudson's huge desk and stared slightly amazed at the old man who had just come bursting into the room.

Styrbjorn, and Don Saxena, who had been brought over from the hotel by some of the organization's people a few hours ago, both started to laugh the second they set eyes on the stocky form attired in construction boots, denim pants, dress shirt, fireman's suspenders, bow tie and panama hat.

"Stonewall Finley!" Saxena exclaimed with amusement.

"What?!" Des'Groseilliers blurted as he quickly glanced in Saxena's direction before he turned to the old man who was standing a few feet away running his thumbs up and down the insides of his suspenders while grinning triumphantly. "Who are you? How did you get in here? We have important work to do sir so if you don't mind. . ." Ivor continued.

"Mind! Hell no, I don't mind! I'm here on a sacred mission and I intend to be of full service in helpin' you get all this important work done - whether you like it or not!" Finley blasted, cutting off the Chairman in the process and then following up with roaring laughter.

It crossed Des'Groseilliers mind that the old man could be mentally unbalanced but this musing over Finley's psychological state was short lived as the intruder thrust his hand out toward the organization's Chairman and introduced himself, "I'm Ed C. Finley and I'm guess'n your the one whose in charge of this here shindig!"

"Pleased to meet you Mr. Finley, I'm the Chairman of the Aryan United Front, Ivor Des'Groseilliers, this is Vice Chairman Bush Walden and Field Marshall Henry Thurston. I take it you've already met these other two fellows?"

“Sure, I know them! And I want it clear here and now, that if you guys have any shootin’ in mind I want to be a part of it! I mean, I want to be right smack dab on the front lines!” Finley retorted in a confident manner, puffing out his chest and snapping his suspenders with his fingers in the process.

Henry Thurston picked up on Finley’s bravado and decided to find out if the old man was just bluffing. “That’s good to hear Mr. Finley!” he said, smiling at the gruff old character. “We need all the motivated and able men we can get! Tell me, what experience with weapons do you have? I mean, what do you prefer to shoot?”

“Well, I was in the Korean war you know, but, ah, I had this old duck gun that I was sort of keen on before the god damn greasers stole it when they ambushed me between here and Orange County,” Finley replied, a little more subdued than he had been just seconds ago.

“Duck gun huh?, Well, I think we can do a little better than that,” Henry began again as he reached around to the back of his chair and pulled a weapon off the floor. “Here you go! This is a tactical assault shotgun - Mosburg Model five hundred. Fires seven shells, has a six-shell side saddle in case you need to reload quickly, the grips give you great control and the stock folds up for short range shooting - just what you need!”

“Holy jumpin Christ almighty! Am I ever gonna enjoy myself with this contraption! Thanks much sonny!” Finley exclaimed with obvious glee as Thurston’s face registered surprise. The Field Marshall had just handed over his own

shot gun to the old man figuring that Finley was all talk and no do. Now he would have to ask for it back and look like an ass doing so or sit quietly and let the old man keep it. Henry opted for letting the coot keep the gun but he wasn't happy about it and his mood became a little glum. "Alright Mr. Finley, welcome to the organization. If these fellows vouch for you then you're in with the troops," Ivor remarked as he motioned to Styrbjorn and Saxena who nodded their approval of Finley.

After Finley took a seat at the desk the meeting continued and the discussion centered on corralling and organizing the citizenry. According to the operation that the organization leadership had developed, the adult male segment of the community's population would be divided up and assigned to different combat squads with the exception of any Jews, mulattos, queers, drug addicts, and other rabble, who would be sorted and dealt with according to the potential threat they posed to the plan. Women and children, along with those who were too old and infirm to manage any significant service would be confined to certain holding areas until the Aztlan army had been repelled and the organization personnel could begin reordering things.

There was the problem of how cooperative the citizenry would be in regard to this maneuver and reports were coming in from certain patrols which were ranging to the north of the Administration building, that many of the neighborhoods were in an uproar and people were rushing further back into the hills.

“No matter, we’ll round them up one way or another whether they’re in their homes or running around the streets,” Henry confidently commented after hearing one of the squad leaders report his findings.

“But how’re you fellas gonna get all these knotheds to fall into line and do what ya tell em?” Finley wondered aloud.

“They can be forced!” Styrbjorn spoke up. Neither he nor Henry were in any mood to give lectures or draw pictures for the people of White One at this point and both intended to get things straightened out without delay.

“But wait a minute, people won’t stand for that sort of thing and there’s the rest of our Community Guard you’ll have to contend with!” Hudson Cooke exclaimed.

“They won’t have any choice except to stand for it,” Styrbjorn answered dryly.

“That’s right! And if your Guard hasn’t got the sense to cooperate that’s fine. I don’t care if they are part of our people, we’ll wipe them out just as fast as we would the damn mexicans, niggers, or anyone else,” Thurston added in an overdone tone of happiness

By this time neither Cooke nor McGowan doubted that Henry would carry out everything he said, and so they became silent and let the discussion proceed. The community was then divided up into sectors and these were assigned to Styrbjorn and the Field Marshall. There would be no time for rest, the action against the citizenry would begin immediately, and Ed Finley found himself assigned to one of the squads of

troops which would be hitting the remainder of the Community Guard that was now entrenched behind barricades along Sunset Boulevard.

“Let’s get it done boys!” Finley bellowed as he left the office along with Styrbjorn, Saxena, and Thurston. Ivor Des’Groseilliers shook his head in dismay and then turned to the Vice Chairman and mentioned his concern about Finley being possibly more of a liability than an asset.

“Too late to worry now, Ivor!” Walden retorted as he perused the original lists of still present citizens. He had photo copied them for Styrbjorn and Thurston marking the targeted undesirable thanks to McGowan’s help. Now he had to deal with the Aztlan army and this meant a trip back to the extreme southern edge of the community with a squad of troops to monitor the goings on.

Craig Perkins had been unaware of the arrival of the Orange County parties earlier in the evening, and it wasn’t until the bedlam struck the street which he lived on that he finally was informed. A community activist associated with Nina Allred had knocked on his door and given him the news about the slaughter being perpetrated by the neo-nazis and how all citizens were to assemble in the canyon streets. This news was enough to send him into a screaming fit about being second in command of the Community Guard and not being notified about defensive strategy.

The homosexual who had awakened him became quite flustered and simply left the premises with Craig still ranting on the front door step. His shouts and curses then filled the

interior of his home as he tried to force himself to shake off his sleepiness and dress at the same time, he didn't quite know what he was going to do but he had to do something. His first thought was to get over to Guard Headquarters and link up with David Diamond but then he realized it was too late for such a thing and that Diamond was likely battling the neo-nazis.

"Maybe I can still find one of the units that hasn't gone to meet the invaders, then I can get over to the action with them! That fucking asshole, why didn't he send one of the men here to get me?!" he said to himself as his mind cleared and he cursed David Diamond under his breath for not getting him in on the events. "Neo-nazis! Get real!" he exclaimed in a loud voice as he pulled the swat-team gear he had gotten when he became second in command out of a cabinet, and this was the first time he had ever considered using it. Suddenly a slight feeling of hesitation came over him, he had never done anything like this before, never shot or killed another human being. Although he had a fine opinion of himself and had always pictured himself as a hero or knight in shining armor, the reality of kill or be killed took quite a bit of the bravado out of Craig Perkins and even slowed his temper down. By the time he left his house he was good and nervous and he began talking to himself as he was driving out of his neighborhood which was filled with people scrambling toward the canyons.

Eventually he spotted a Guard Unit and then sped toward them narrowly missing several frantic pedestrians in the

process. "What the hell's going on!" Perkins roared out of the drivers side window at the unit leader.

"Well, we were told to set up a blockade here and fire on any foreign force sir," the man answered, taken aback by Craig's gruffness.

"When did all this start!" Craig shouted with the same belligerence.

"Just about an hour after the second group of people from Orange County came in sir," the man answered respectfully.

"People from Orange County!" Craig exclaimed in a surprised whisper. "Who were they? You mean two groups from Orange County came in tonight and I wasn't told?!" Craig hissed through clenched teeth.

"Yes sir, they're all over at the Wilshire Hotel sir. Commander Diamond left instructions that he alone was to be informed of any more arrivals after the first group came in early this evening," the unit leader replied in a confused tone.

"Early this evening! They got here early this evening and he kept it quiet! Fine, you and your men carry on!" Perkins blasted, before setting off at high speed for the hotel. Perhaps he could find out something, anything, that would give him a clue as to what happened to Gwendolyn he thought as he raced down Beverly Drive.

Diamond himself, along with Irving Shapiro and three ex-Jewish Defense League members were conducting their private manhunt for Benjamin Pearlman as they slowly worked their way down the different streets and drives near Hiram's Bel Air home, shining a high beam searchlight into

the yards of the now deserted houses. They were too late however; Benjamin had stolen the car he had seen in the driveway of the house whose yard he had tumbled into, and was heading for what he thought would be safety in the winding streets further back in the hills. Diamond was beside himself with anger and his body was so tense that the motions he made to steer the car were stiff to the point of being mechanical.

“Take it easy David, we’ll find the little shit,” one of the JDL men said, slightly annoyed at the way the car was jerking abruptly from side to side every time Diamond moved the wheel.

“You don’t understand Phil, that nebbish is in a position to ruin everything for our people. If we don’t catch him and catch him soon he’ll blow centuries of struggle and planning for us!” David snapped as he hit the accelerator and craned his head around hoping to spot Benjamin’s rotund form scrambling down some culdesack.

David Diamond’s frantic efforts were in vain because by this time Benjamin had reached Coldwater Canyon Avenue which ran right through the hills and on north, allowing him to put miles between himself and his would-be assassins. Pearlman planned to drive straight north through Studio City and get on the 101 Freeway, once this was done he intended to keep going up the coast and then inland and disappear. He was breathing a little easier now, noticing the street signs and happy that every second of travel took him closer to the freeway.

“They’ll never get me now!, never!” he thought and

smiled with satisfaction. "Yup, Benny-boy, you did it! No more - end of the world and all of human life crap - for those nuts!" Pearlman laughed and bounced joyously on the seat of the car as he looked at the gas gauge and felt even more comfortable knowing he had a full tank.

"I don't care if I have to steal cars every day, I'm going to get the hell out of this area and go to . . . uh, let's see, go to . . . Wyoming! That's it, Wyoming! I'll just turn myself into a typical redneck - use a different name, the goys won't know I'm not one of them and the Jews'll never find me. Hah! I'm safe, I'm . . ."

Benjamin his the breaks as his headlights settled on the two moving vans parked across the road. "What the fuck is this? No, No! It can't be blocked, not completely! I've got to get through, I"

The windshield was shattered by bullets and Benjamin's head flew into fragments before he could finish his whining. Unknown to everyone in White One the hispanics had deployed in a number of positions in the north of the community as well as to the east and southeast. Benjamin just happened to run right into an assault force and his life was terminated immediately.

Once they were sure that the occupant was dead the hispanics quickly went through the car for anything of value. One pulled the small case containing the vial out of one of Benjamin's pockets and examined it curiously. Soon others gathered around and a discussion started about what it could be. After much debate and no real conclusions, the case was

casually taken by the force leader who placed it in the breast pocket of his jacket and ordered his men forward at a slow march down Coldwater Canyon Avenue toward White One which was finally settling down from the panic and confusion that had taken place earlier in the evening.

By this time, the organization forces had thrown up their barricades across the intersections on Wilshire Boulevard using automobiles and anything else at hand to block off the advance of the hispanics. Their relentless training and high level of discipline which was patterned after the German Military during World War II was paying off. Once the orders had come down from Ivor Des'Groseilliers and Bush Walden, the setting up of defenses had taken place with machine-gun like rapidity and precision and even though the organization troops were, for the most part, men with no formal military training, they had been drilled and trained into a formidable miniature army. But the power of the organization did not stop there, their basic philosophy was holistic. They saw themselves as functioning parts of an evolving universe, an immense hole, and their group was a reflection of that whole in microcosm. Just as they saw the white race as a unique part of the whole of the universe, a part with a distinct function, so they saw each individual within the whole of their organization as a unique part with a distinct function to perform. The result of this sort of thinking allowed each person to take part in the organizations various projects and maneuvers according to their own capabilities. Women and children were very important elements and while the combat

troops was barricading and preparing to defend White One, they were busily organizing and preparing lines of supply and medical aid, and securing facilities for convalescing. There was a natural respect for the individual within the A.U.F. and this was what made it function so well, there was no autocratic leadership and slave-like underlings to cause friction and destroy moral.

Arrayed against the Aryan United Front's southwestern branch were twelve hundred hostile hispanics who were less disciplined and organized, but just as eager for battle, and the remaining Guard Force of White One, whose members had set up their own barricades along Sunset Boulevard to shield the non-combatants who were scattered throughout the hills also were in opposition to the people of the murderous Neo Nazi group.

As Craig Perkins sped toward the Beverly Wilshire he noticed squads of men stationed at intersections along Wilshire Boulevard and was shocked when he realized that these were the "neo-nazis" he had been told about and his nervousness returned with a vengeance. While closing the last bit of distance between him and the hotel, Craig began to worry about being stopped and possibly assaulted or killed by the invaders. There was little chance of this however, because all of the invaders were preoccupied with coping with the hispanic force and Styrbjorn, Saxena, and Thurston had already departed the vicinity and were preparing to settle with the Guard Force of White One on Sunset Boulevard.

He was relieved when he was able to drive right up to the

hotel and, after carefully examining the area around the hotel from inside his car, he hurried into the building.

“Can I help you sir?” Perkins whirled around and looked at the woman who had just addressed him with overdone surprise considering the circumstances.

“Er.... yes, yes you can help me. I understand that a couple of groups of people from Orange County arrived and are in this hotel,” he answered the expectant woman while giving off an air of authority which had been missing when she startled him.

“Yes, that’s true. I’ve been assigned by Mr. McGowan and Mr. Cooke to see that they’re made comfortable. Are you here to see any of them for some reason?” the woman spoke with a cooperative tone and Craig became more at ease.

“Yes, I was interested in news about the reason for no one else arriving, my fiance was down there you see,” he answered, turning on the charm. The woman’s expression changed to one of sadness and she mentioned that as far as she knew, all the people due from Orange County were dead, killed by hispanics and asians. But she said she heard it as a rumor only and so she couldn’t say for sure.

Craig’s heart sank. He was about to turn and leave the hotel when the woman mentioned that the Yorks had spent a lot of time talking to McGowan and Cooke before they were settled at the hotel. “They probably could tell you for certain, but I myself just haven’t been told and I was instructed that I shouldn’t bring the subject up with them,” she said, noticing Craig lighten up when he heard the name York.

“Listen, I’m second in command of the Guard as you can see, and I need to know if there’s a Gwendolyn York here and, if she is, what room is she in?” Craig asked with a happy but official tone. The woman obligingly told him Gwendolyn’s room number but before she could state that she believed all the guests to be asleep, Craig was racing across the lobby to the elevators.

In a few moments he was standing in front of the door to Gwendolyn’s room rapidly knocking on it as he repeated “C’mon, open up, open up!” to himself in an excited but low tone of voice. Then the door opened and a slightly confused Gwendolyn stood before him. She had been fast asleep and when she opened the door she looked straight at Craig’s chest rather than at his face. Seeing the strange uniform confused her and because of her sleepiness, she reacted rather slowly. After gazing up at her fiance’s face for a few seconds, her tired mind finally clicked in and she flung her arms around him. Gwendolyn had presented quite a sight to Craig as he stood there waiting for her to realize who he was. Her hair was messed from being asleep and her eyes were squinting as they tried to adjust to the light in the hall after being in darkness. She was wearing mens pajamas that were far too large for her and the cuffs on the arms fell over her hands while the pant legs were dragging on the floor. She looked more like a tired little girl than anything else, and all she needed was a teddybear to complete the picture.

“Little cutie!” Craig exclaimed as he held her and kissed her repeatedly. “I was beginning to think I’d never see you again!”

Gwendolyn didn't reply. She just kept holding on to him tightly and returning his kisses with her own. Their little reunion ritual went on for some time until finally another door opened nearby and Maureen stuck her head out to see what was going on.

"Craig! Howard, Craig's here!" she shouted excitedly as Gwendolyn and her future son in law stopped their petting and stared at her with large grins decorating their faces. Soon Howard entered the hall. He didn't say anything, he just walked over to Craig smiling and, putting one arm around the officer's shoulders, gave him a hug. Gwendolyn was now totally awake and very happy, the last thing she was interested in was going back to sleep and so the four entered Howard and Maureen's room where they relaxed and began filling each other in on what had and was going on.

Craig was told of the ordeal, the rescue, and the trip to Beverly Hills, and as he heard the details he held Gwendolyn firmly in an unconscious act of protection he realized that he was extremely lucky to see his sweetheart and her family and that he had been betrayed by David Diamond who knew of his concern and of Gwendolyn being his fiance.

"I'll settle up with that asshole all right!" he thought, as Howard recounted the last leg of the trip to the hills for him. As the last of sleep's effects wore off of Howard and Maureen, and Gwendolyn snuggled with Craig, the conversation turned to the local scene and it's invasion which the Yorks only knew scant details of.

“Neo-Nazis? Is there going to be violence? I mean are we safe here? Those people at the Community Center didn’t look like nazis!” Gwendolyn asked perking up from a dreamy state of contentment.

“I don’t know, but things are pretty serious. There are blockades being erected and the citizenry is scattering into the hills,” Craig answered with a tone of voice indicating his genuine concern.

The Yorks began experiencing the tension that they had thought would be a thing of the past once they had reached White One.

“I’d like to get you all out of here and into the hills before any real bloodshed occurs. You know you’re sitting right in the middle of what’s likely to become a combat zone, I saw some of those creeps assembling just down the street when I was driving over here,” Perkins explained.

“Just down the street! Well, we’re not staying here! I’ve had enough of life and death experiences!” Maureen stated forcefully as she rose from her chair and headed for Candace’s room to wake her daughter.

Howard York also hurried out of his seat. “I’ll just get dressed and we can start taking our things down to the car!” he said as he approached the bathroom. The things he was referring to were the few essentials that had been supplied to them by the people assigned to their needs on their arrival.

“Where are you going to take us?” Gwendolyn asked in her usual small voice.

“We’ll go up to Benedict Canyon Drive, there’s plenty of

spots for staying out of harms way there,” came the answer as the second in command of the Community Guard gave his wife-to-be a reassuring hug.

“I better go and get Denise up, it won’t take me long,” Gwendolyn mentioned, after just remembering the little girl in her care still asleep back in her room.

“Denise? What do you mean?” Craig asked surprised.

Gwendolyn explained that Denise had become very attached to her during their trip and how the little girl had no one to go to in White One. Craig was understanding upon hearing this but a little unsettled over having a child tagging along while he was trying to renew his romance with Gwendolyn. The news about Denise was the second disturbing thing he had heard from one of the Yorks, the first was that Gwendolyn had been rather liberal with praise for the man that had brought her to safety. He noticed that even though she spoke of the way Styrbjorn Tagesson had taken her and the two others through Aztlan in a matter of fact manner, she did show a certain degree of admiration for him as she described the care he had given to everyone. Having a hair trigger temper and a jealous streak a mile wide, Craig responded to Gwendolyn’s innocent recounting of events with a hidden suspicion and worry.

“So, what really happened on that little hike?” he thought to himself as he watched Gwendolyn leave to get Denise. “I’ll have to take this up with her when we’re alone - and soon!” he continued in his thoughts.

It took little time before they were on their way and as

they went down Rodeo Drive Howard exclaimed that he had forgotten to alert Ed Finley and that they should go back for the old man, but Maureen and Candace both raised such a fuss that they continued on. Eventually they hit the Community Guard barricades and then were on their way up Benedict Canyon Drive, passing a few people who were late in making their escapes and who were still slowly trudging their way into the hills. Finally Craig swung the car into a small culdesack and pulled into the driveway of a large home.

"It's used by the Guard for meetings some times, but there won't be any of that going on now so we can stay here. There's food and stuff so we won't have any problems," he pointed out happily.

"What about your parent's house?" Candace asked. She had been on the grumpy side ever since being awakened and was only now beginning to act in a civil manner.

"Too close to where the action might be. I would have liked for us to stay there alright, but, well, it's better to be safe than sorry," Craig replied.

"Well I'm sure that those policemen and the other men will take care of the nazis soon, then we can get over there," Gwendolyn remarked in a soft but confident tone.

"Nazis! Imagine, of all things!" Maureen spoke up. "There's just no end to the crazy people in the world today!"

As they unpacked Craig's car they were blissfully unaware of the hispanic assault squads which were making their way through the hills in their direction and of the traumatic events that would be visited upon them once again.

CHAPTER 9

*And if we have loyalty,
and nothing else in the world,
that is enough, and no one
stands before us.*

*None can revile us,
no enemy can keep pace,
death cannot reap
with its hard cut.*

*In you and me and everyone,
it grows early and late,
and in the middle, where we fall,
there it is sowed.*

*And if we have loyalty,
and nothing else in the world,
that is enough, and no one
stands before us.*

- Hans Baumann

Styrbjorn and Saxena were on their way to where their men were staying and as they walked through the deserted streets they talked of a number of things. After splitting off

from Henry Thurston and Finley they had joked about how sorry they felt for any guardsman who had the misfortune of running into the old man now that he was armed and stirred up. The mood of the two men was rather light as they recalled Finley's behavior and attitude at the mountain camp, but when the topic changed from Finley and settled onto the people back at their village, Styrbjorn became sullen and Don picked up on it as he was wondering aloud about how his wife and children were doing.

"Nancy and the kids are probably worried about me. I wish there was some way I could let them know that I am okay," Don said as he stared at the sidewalk just ahead of where he was walking and noticed the partition between each slab of concrete as it came toward him.

"Well why worry?! You and a lot of other people at the village keep insisting that Nancy is very intuitive or psychic or something, so she must know that you are safe and sound," Styrbjorn retorted with a bit of sarcasm in his voice.

Don grinned a little and then turned and looked at his friend. "You just don't like her do you Styrbjorn?" he asked, a little annoyed at his friend's insensitivity. It took a while for the chief to answer and the only sound around them was the noise of their steps on the concrete as they walked. The fact was, Nancy Saxena irritated Styrbjorn in the same manner that the average cat irritates the average dog. The two just had personalities that clashed with each other but this was not the reason why Styrbjorn had just taken a little poke at Don's wife. He had been around Nancy long enough to overlook the

routine friction that was natural between them and, although they had reduced their relationship to one in which only the most formal comments and greetings were exchanged, Styrbjorn was inclined to tolerate the captain's wife because he found her physically attractive and liked her generally happy demeanor which only changed to one of hostility when she was dealing with him. He had often watched her from a distance without her realizing it and had admired her figure which would be considered average but still nicely shaped and rounded in the right places. Nancy was one of those women that retained the sort of brightness and natural sex appeal that women possess in their late teens but usually lose once they have children. It could not be denied that the auburn haired sprite had caught Styrbjorn's attention more than once with her mischievous smile and laughing brown eyes but such natural appeal did not ease the tensions between them to any significant extent.

If he had really thought about it, Styrbjorn would have had to admit to Don that he was actually fond of Nancy and liked her spunky, devilish nature, but what had put him in a caustic mood was something that she had once said about him during a village gathering.

"It's not that I don't like her, I just don't like that notion she seems to have about being able to foresee things and pass judgment on people's lives," Styrbjorn finally replied to the question Don had asked in a mildly conciliatory tone.

"Well then, what's the matter? You seem kind of distant and glum," Saxena queried as he stared at Styrbjorn while

they made their way through the business district of Beverly Hills. Styrbjorn was reluctant to answer but after a bit of prodding by his Captain he finally spoke up.

“I’ve decided to get married and I’m trying to think of a way to do it,” he said casually.

Saxena was taken aback by the news and only stared at the Chief with surprise for a moment.

“What?! You?! Married?!” Saxena blurted.

“Yes, Me. What’s the matter with that?” Styrbjorn answered in a calm, matter-of-fact manner.

Don Saxena began to laugh. Then he stopped and looked at Styrbjorn with surprise and then began laughing again. The grin left his friend’s face and was immediately replaced with an expression of cool, distant, and closed emotion.

“Have I been telling some kind of a joke without knowing it? What’s so funny?!” Styrbjorn asked as he stopped and stood looking at his laughing comrade.

“Who are you going to marry?” Saxena shouted between bursts of laughter. “No! Wait a minute! Not that York girl you brought here?!” he continued with real surprise as the realization of who Styrbjorn might be interested in just occurred to him.

“Why not?” came from Styrbjorn in a dry tone.

“Jesus, you don’t ask for much do you? I mean, when you decide to do something you aim for the highest heights!” Saxena exclaimed.

“She’s a person like anyone else. Stop blowing this out of proportion!” Styrbjorn answered defiantly.

“Bull shit she’s like everyone else! And what makes you think she will ever give you a second thought? Remember what Nancy said that time” Saxena noticed Styrbjorn cast his gaze down to the pavement when he mentioned Nancy. **“So that’s it!”** he thought as he looked at Styrbjorn who seemed very sullen now. Don recalled the incident when people were asking his wife if she sensed anything about their lives and destinies during a village celebration. He remembered Nancy half joking with most of them and everyone taking her predictions with good humor, and he remembered Styrbjorn sitting quietly away from the crowd paying no attention to his wife and the people surrounding her. Then Don recalled how Nancy had climbed up on a table and announced with a loud voice to the crowd that there was one person in their presence whose life she could foresee and the way she turned and looked directly at Styrbjorn as she did this with everyone giving her their full attention.

Don could see the whole thing with his mind’s eye as though it had happened just minutes ago - Nancy got down off the table and walked over to Styrbjorn who showed absolutely no interest in her behavior whatsoever. The image of Nancy standing directly in front of Styrbjorn and leaning forward so that her face was only a couple of inches from his as he sat there looking rather bored was extremely vivid in Don’s memory. He could still see his wife’s profile as she grinned in that mischievous way of her’s and asked Styrbjorn, **“Wouldn’t you like me to tell you about your destiny and fate ole chiefy?!”**

“No, don’t bother,” was Styrbjorn’s reply as he looked straight into Nancy’s eyes. Don’s wife didn’t move, she stayed nose to nose with the Chief and, still grinning, said, **“I’ll tell you anyway!”** and then proceeded to recount her **“seeing”** to Styrbjorn in front of the people of the village. Don had no trouble remembering her whole speech.

“You’re really special you know?” she began. **“Your luck centers around destruction of other’s lives. You’ll always have lots of success in war and everyone you come in contact with will recognize what a great warrior you are.”**

“I have news for you, Nancy. If I am successful at war or anything else, it will be because of my own determination and willpower,” Styrbjorn interjected laconically as the seeress moved her face closer to his so that there was only a fraction of an inch between the tip of her nose and his. Styrbjorn was hardly amused by this but shrugged it off as a ploy of his friend’s wife that was supposed to be taken as cute.

“Nope!” Nancy continued with a giggle. **“Your determination and willpower will only work when you do what you’re destined for and what you’re destined for is all that is possible for you to do! Don’t flatter yourself by thinking that you can swim against the current of fate Chiefy, you and everything else in creation is manifested by the Great Well of creation and everything has a certain course it must follow that the creative force of life gives to it when it’s born or comes into being. You know that course and purpose can’t be altered, and it can’t be substituted for a different one either!”** Nancy pulled back a little after making this point and then

continued, "You're blessed with good luck in war and you've got a fantastic talent for ending the lives of others. Because of that, you are cursed with bad luck when it comes to normal human relations."

She could see that Styrbjorn wasn't moved by any of this news so she responded with a louder and more provocative tone of voice, making sure everyone heard what she said. "Chiefy, you're doomed to go through life always fighting in some way or another and to never really know the joys of normal life with a wife, never to know that your descendants will live on after you - because you'll never have any kids! The focus you have makes you part of the cycle of destruction not the cycle of life and growth, and this is where all your personal suffering will come from. As you know Chiefy, there has to be balance in everything, that's the way creation is set up! So to balance out all the pain and anguish you will cause others during your life, you'll have your own to deal with," Nancy paused for a moment.

The crowd was silent and still. Styrbjorn was staring straight into her eyes looking rather bored and she was beaming in her usual way, enjoying her own performance.

"Styrbjorn Tagesson," she said in a confidential manner, "you're doomed to go through life alone! No woman will every consider you as a possible husband no matter how much you want her or how nice you are to her. You will be invisible to most of the women that cross your path and the rest will find you repellant and frightening. And this will be where the pain you must experience to balance the pain you cause others

will come from - your own loneliness! Oh, I see you don't believe me!" she continued, still smiling, her eyes sparkling with glee. "To make sure you feel this pain the fates have blessed you with the ability to appreciate all of the qualities women have. You can perceive beauty, elegance, sexual potency, loveliness, tenderness, and all the other things that women contain and you can perceive all of these qualities under any circumstances, even when most men would overlook them. But the fates cursed you with a magnetism that repels women. You can look but never really touch. You can desire and love but never really be desired and loved. You will see great beauty in your life time Chiefy, but it will be beyond your reach and the pain of your desire will rip and shatter your heart until you're hooked on that beauty but you'll never reach it. Unfulfilled desire, and loneliness will eat away at you from that time on and, even though you might do a good job at hiding it, you'll be miserable as can be till the end of your turbulent life. That's your destiny and fate - destruction and war, and an equal balance of pain and misery from what you want more than anything else but will never have!"

With that Nancy ended her prediction and Don remembered the way Styrbjorn sneered as she turned and was accosted by other people wanting to know about their own destinies. The end of the prediction was the beginning of the friction between his wife and Styrbjorn, and Don decided to get the issue out in the open.

"Are you upset with Nancy because of what she foresaw

that time in the village?" he asked Styrbjorn who stood gloomily in the shadow cast by one of the buildings beside them. "You are aren't you?" he started again.

"I will do anything I want and no amount of predicting by Nancy or anyone else is going to stop me," Styrbjorn exclaimed.

"Well remember, you're always saying that in the times when our race was still sane, women were thought to have a special link to the life force. And, you're also always saying that women were listened to and taken seriously whenever they felt they foresaw things or gave advice!" Don pointed out.

Styrbjorn had to admit that this was true and he also knew that Nancy seemed to have a knack for predicting certain events, and proved it by accurately pointing things out long before they happened.

"Yes, I know, I know. I'm always saying that but we understand a lot more about the way the human mind works today than our ancestors did. There's such a thing as having suggestions implanted in the subconscious so solidly that those suggestions become a self-fulfilling prophecy because the person unconsciously lives according to that program," Styrbjorn argued.

"Well, we think we know more than they did but I wouldn't bet on it," Saxena quipped. "Hell, there's a lot more to existence than levels of the human mind and these other elements probably affect us far more than we'll ever know."

Styrbjorn was silent and his mood was growing darker with every one of Saxena's counter arguments. The two men

began walking again but Saxena kept up his nagging because he wanted to defend his wife's position. "You know yourself that in our mythology even the gods and goddesses with all their capabilities and powers, are subject to a fate and destiny which can't be escaped," he stated with confidence, parroting information Styrbjorn knew very well. The Chief kept walking but made no reply. His mind was whirling with different thoughts and possibilities. Could Gwendolyn be the great beauty that Nancy mentioned so long ago? And what about how inaccessible she was, and the fact that she intended to marry someone? Was it true that he had good luck in war too or was his success simply due to planning and training? The chief couldn't decide if such things were coincidental or part of a foreseeable destiny.

"Well, I don't care about the fates or destiny, or the doom I'm supposed to have, I'll do my best to get what I want and if I fail it will still be better than giving up," he thought as his mood began to lighten a little although he was troubled over the fact that things seemed to be happening too fast for him to adapt to Gwendolyn's image of a desirable mate. There definitely was a part of him that was very fond of the idea of a settled life with the usual things that come with it, and the prospect of being with Gwendolyn and having some children, as remote as that prospect seemed to be, was enough to fade the thrill of warfare and combat to the point of insignificance. Whenever Styrbjorn thought of the future and of somehow winning Gwendolyn York's heart he lost the old feelings of animal-like savagery and enthusiasm for commotion, and a

new yearning for some far-away possibility of normal living replaced those violent tendencies.

“No use worrying about the future or trying to forecast things,” he thought, “just keep trying and never give up the ship!”

They were approaching the area where their men were stationed and Saxena eyed Styrbjorn in an attempt to see whether he had calmed down enough to effectively address the waiting warriors. “Well, are you ready to tell them about our newly made arrangements with the A.U.F. people?”

“Of course,” Styrbjorn replied lightly as they crossed the street and the men gathered together to find out what was going on. They had been put up just on the outskirts of the business district after voting to remain there instead of rooming at the Wilshire with Don and had been awaiting orders from Styrbjorn concerning their departure for the village. Now they would be asked to assist in the attack against the Guard Force of White One and Don Saxena wasn't sure whether they would agree to it. He noticed the expectant looks on some of their faces as Styrbjorn was about to address them and wondered about their reaction. Anything was possible since they were the most belligerent and wild individuals of the village populace. Styrbjorn had handpicked them for the raid on Aztlan for just these characteristics, knowing that they liked battle and that almost all were without families and romantic attachments that would soften their hearts and make them hesitant about risking their lives. The fellows who now waited for their chief to speak were always eager for commo-

tion and were so intensely involved in the old ways that, like the ancient warriors of the Spartans, Goths, Vikings, and others, they had neither fear nor respect for death. This and their guerilla training made them incredibly dangerous and Styrbjorn had been looking forward to ripping through Aztlan with them but as it turned out, he would be tearing into people of his own race if the members of his little force agreed to it.

“All right, here’s how things are,” Styrbjorn began with a loud voice. “We’ve been talking with the leadership of the chapter of the Aryan United Front in this area and the idea’s come up that we should join together and clean up this place and then settle here and turn it into a fortress that we can attack the hispanics and asians from. What do you think of that?”

“Why waste time on the freaks around here? Let’s go back into Aztlan and raise hell there!” one man shouted.

“I don’t care who we fight just so long as we fight someone!” another added boisterously.

“I should tell you that if we stay here and deal with the degenerates we’ll probably get a better chance to fight more hispanics than we would if we went into Aztlan. They have assembled an army just like the commander we abducted told us they would and, according to the guys in the A.U.F. organization, they’ve moved close to the southern edge of this community. If we stick around they’ll come to us - in droves! So what do you say?” Styrbjorn said and then waited for replies.

“What about the village?” someone asked.

“Everything can be moved here and we could do more damage with the A.U.F. troops as our partners,” Saxena

answered as Styrbjorn nodded in agreement.

“Do they follow the old ways?” was the next question.

“Actually they do, but they’ve given some of the original concepts modern labels like the Great Well of Existence, they call it the Creator, and the fabric of time, space, and life is what they call the whole manifestation of the Creator. Destiny and fate in the myths are referred to as ‘the Creator’s Purpose’ by them but all in all, we’re looking at things in exactly the same way just using different terms to describe them,” Styrbjorn explained. “Now who wants to stay? I want a show of hands!” Saxena shouted. Immediately all present raised their hands. It was now decided, Styrbjorn and his warriors would stay and woe to anyone whom they fell upon.

“Good! Now I want to say a few words to all of you concerning this situation,” Styrbjorn began a small speech he had been thinking about with enthusiasm. He was very happy that his men had agreed to remain because this meant that he wouldn’t be too far away from Gwendolyn and that suited his plans just fine. “As I see it we can look at this community as a microcosm of the Western World. It’s filled with confusion, degeneracy, perversion, and uselessness. The vermin Jews hold many positions of prominence and they have been, and probably still are, working to erode the last little bit of goodness and natural decency that’s left in the people of our race here.” There was some low grumbling among the men as Styrbjorn mentioned the affects of the Jews on Western society. “Now I know how you all feel about race traitors who marry non-whites and I know that none of you have any

respect or use for the average white person in this community with their pathetic, gutless ways of approaching life, but there's something you've all got to understand - these miserable excuses for human beings are still the descendants of those who made your own existences possible and who you admire and respect so much. Since this is the case, we have to approach them with the idea of salvaging as many as possible. We can't afford to indulge in our personal aversion to them. I understand that many of these people are so confused and warped mentally that they are too far gone to ever be able to live in the normal way a person of our race should, but most of them can still do one very important thing. They can produce children and if these children are given good instruction and a healthy environment to live in they definitely will grow into the type of people our ancestors would be proud to have as their descendants. So we can't just ignore these people or wipe them out indiscriminantly because if we do we'll be ignoring or destroying many links to the future of our race, so I want all of you to meet aggression with aggression in the case of the local guard units but as far as the residents are concerned, treat those who offer no resistance as needed elements, and if you can't look at them as part of our folk, then see them as valuable and necessary breeding stock if nothing else!"

The men nodded and grumbled some more but no one objected to Styrbjorn's recommendations and so he continued on. "I mentioned that what we have here is a microcosm of the entire western world. Well, not only is that true in the sense that the community, like the western world, is corrupt

and degenerate, it's also true in the sense that, just like the entire western world, this community is surrounded and threatened by hordes of hostile, ruthless, and sadistic enemies. Our people across the West fed, clothed, and administered medical aid to the other races and created a monster which wants to kill it's creator - in southern California the people of our race sat back and let their territory be overrun by non-white aliens and then did nothing while these aliens were fed, clothed, housed, and kept healthy with medicare all from our pockets. It's the same damn thing only on a small scale!

What we do here and how successful we are at doing it, may just mirror what's in store for our entire race. So, are you going to summon the power of Thor that's within you and let the essence of might stream through you?!"

The men responded with affirmative shouts "You let'em hear the Cradle Song Styrbjorn, we'll be right there with you!" one roared.

"That's right, we're going to smash and crush the enemies of our race within this community and without!" another exclaimed.

More shouts and some cheering came as a reply. What would have seemed to be an unusual suggestion to an observer concerning a "Cradle Song" being heard by the enemy was well understood by the men and had such impact that it became a signal for total war. It stemmed from the ancient practice of naming weapons that was employed throughout northern Europe prior to the adoption of christianity. In those times it was customary for a warrior who had achieved a

remarkable proficiency with a certain weapon to name it and then always refer to it by that name. It was thought that the weapon actually became a physical extension of the individual who used it and that it also held a certain portion of his life force and intent within it. By naming the weapon, the warrior conferred a definite personality on it, a recognition that it was far more than just a mere object or tool to be used for a certain purpose. Styrbjorn had followed this custom once he had developed a great amount of skill in using his axe as a weapon. It was then that he named it "Cradle Song" and carved the name in runes on it's handle, after which he painted the individual rune staves with his own blood in order to establish the link of power and give the weapon which was now a personality, life force. No one knew why he chose to name the axe Cradle Song, some thought it was because enemies who fell after being struck by it would see their lives pass before them while dying and even hear the songs that were sung to them while they were still in the cradle. The real reason was quite different. According to the beliefs of ancient Europe a baby had it's destiny conferred upon it by powers connected to the Great Well of Creation itself. While only an hour or two old the baby would be visited by these powers and it's destiny and doom would be sung to it. The song was one which only the little one could hear and then, even though forgotten as the child grew, would be eventually lived out. Styrbjorn felt his cradle song had been one containing struggle, strife, and war even before Nancy's predicting; and his life seemed to reflect it, so he named his favorite weapon

Cradle Song as an indication of his personal destiny and doom which had to be lived out regardless of the consequences although he never thought that such consequences would entail the exclusion of normal human contact in his life.

“Remember, in the myths Thor fights and slays enemies for the protection and well-being of the other gods and goddesses as well as for progress and expansion! Are you going to keep fighting until the last threat is destroyed?! Until the last alien is driven out of our territories starting with this community?! Will you find that invisible thread that reaches back through the distant corridors of time and connects you with those mighty heroes of old?! And will you let their power flow into you, their descendants, through that great thread, and laugh in the face of death?!”

The men were now whipped into a complete state of warlike fury. As they stood there in front of their Chief, clutching their weapons and breathing hard with eyes aflame, they felt a mixture of enthusiasm and melancholy for those of their race who were now part of the past. They would not be fighting for the Stars and Stripes, or for George Washington’s vision, or for the Constitution. They would enter into battle fighting for future, as yet unborn generations and with a desire to do honor to those of their race who had won glory and renown in the heroic ages long ago. Modernism and all of its distorted and limp components didn’t rate consideration in the minds of Styrbjorn’s warriors. They saw no value in the current way of living and felt they there was nothing worth salvaging in it - to them everything worthwhile hinged on connecting with the

power of those who had long since passed and with those yet to appear in an atmosphere of progress, cleanliness, and happiness, and nothing short of physical annihilation would stop them.

Seeing the men were primed and ready, Saxena quickly detailed how they would proceed. He told them that they would be responsible for the destruction of all opposition on Sunset Boulevard from Beverly Glen Boulevard to Beverly Drive.

“We have to take out all stations or barricades of the Community Guard between these points and then round up the people in the hills and assemble them at the Los Angeles Country Club to be sorted out. The guys in the Organization will handle things from Coldwater to the eastern limits of Beverly Hills.”

“We won’t split up for this,” Styrbjorn added. “We’ll attack together and use the strategy of Thor’s hammer.”

The strategy Styrbjorn spoke of consisted of an approach that was not their usual one of silent and invisible attack, but instead it entailed approaching the enemy and then hitting them with concentrated force from three sides at once. It needed fearless abandon to perform but if executed properly it was devastating and the men couldn’t wait to get started. After checking ammunition and weapons and saluting Thor with a loud yell, they were off, closing in on the first barricade at the intersection of Beverly Glen Boulevard and Sunset.

It was just after three a.m. and the men of the Guard Force were tired and unsure of just how much danger they

were really in. Most thought that if anything significant happened at all it would probably be some sort of standoff with the two forces eventually negotiating an agreement which would see the neo-nazis, or whatever these invaders were, depart from the area. Hardly any of the Guardsmen had been filled in on the actual size of the opposing force and had simply been ordered to throw together makeshift barricades and fire on any hostile party. Other than this basic command, they were told that more instructions would be issued by their Commander, but these instructions never came since David Diamond was too busy with his frenzied quest to apprehend Benjamin Pearlman and he was still combing the different neighborhoods as Styrbjorn's force came close enough to the first barricade to begin their attack.

It started with many of the men crawling slowly through the shadows and along gutters towards their enemies. Once within a short distance which could be covered in a few seconds when the charge began, they stopped and waited for the signal. Within moments it came in the form of a single shot fired by Don Saxena, a shot which fell one of the Guardsman who was sitting carelessly on top of an automobile which served as the greatest part of the barricade. As the sound of the single shot from Saxena's rifle echoed through the deserted streets and the dead man fell, all of Styrbjorn's warriors charged the Guardsmen. It was over in seconds; when they reached the edge of the barricade they poured a withering fire into the completely surprised Guard Force. Most didn't even have a chance to pick up their weapons, those who did were

cut down just as fast. Out of a total of fifteen only four survived the initial hit and these scrambled up Beverly Glen Boulevard in full retreat. Styrbjorn and several of his men were after them at once and the fleeing Guardsmen didn't get far. Two were shot full of holes within a hundred yards of the barricade, one positioned himself at the entrance of an alley and attempted to return fire but was overwhelmed and slain by one warrior who put a crossbow arrow through the Guardsman's forehead. Styrbjorn himself pursued the last of the escapees. The Chief had opened that part of his being which held dark, animal fury of his soul and he closed in on the running guard with a wild rage lashing inside him. Once the Guardsman realized that he only had a single attacker on his trail he summoned up the courage to stand and fight. Instantly he hit the pavement and pulled his revolver taking careful aim at his pursuer. But as he was about to squeeze the trigger Styrbjorn, who was running at full speed, began zigzagging in an irregular manner. His approach kept its rapidity but his form would jerk and lurch first to the left, then to the right, then right again, and then back left. The movements had an almost mesmerizing effect on the Guardsman who was in an extremely agitated emotional state, it was like trying to take aim at a rabbit in full flight - the movements were just too irregular to draw a bead on. Out of desperation the Guardsman began shooting in a wild, random manner and badly missed his target. As the man rose to a kneeling position, Styrbjorn had gotten close enough to leap on him and the two collided and tumbled to the pavement. With lightning

speed the end of the axe handle rammed into the area just below the Guardsman's sternum. In horrific pain the man instinctively rolled away from his attacker but he was too late, the blade of the axe head sliced into the side of his neck through the vertebra producing instant death.

Styrbjorn looked down at his victim, still in a diabolical frenzy, and noticed the night stick and other articles which gave the man away as having been a regular police officer. Realizing this Styrbjorn began to laugh in sinister spurts. He harbored an intense hatred for the police and had always felt they had been the running dogs for the destroyers of his heritage and race. The fact that he had caused the demise of one of the Judeo-Masonic system's goons made him quite happy and he showed it in a ghoulish way.

"Good bye to you, scum!" he chuckled, as he yanked the axe handle causing the blade to dislodge from the corpse. No sooner had he done this than a couple of his men came running up. They were relieved to see him in good health and full of life after all the shooting they had heard.

"Well we got them all! The whole dam bunch!" one exclaimed happily.

"Good, let's get going, there's still some more of them a few miles down Sunset," Styrbjorn declared as he started back to the intersection at a slow trot.

Meanwhile, at the other end of the community, Henry Thurston and his troops had begun their assaults on the barricades in their area of operations. Their system was a little different than Styrbjorn's. Since they had a much larger force

they simply approached one barricade after another head-on while a number of troops who had earlier split off and traveled up into the hills behind the Guardsmen came down the street at the backs of those on the barricades at the same time. Henry then issued an ultimatum stating that all should drop their weapons and surrender. This was enforced by the fifty caliber machine gun which was mounted on the back of a truck and trained on the Guardsmen and their barricades. Those that knew about weapons knew that the machine gun alone could turn their barricade and all behind it into bits and pieces so they promptly gave up without a struggle.

As prisoners, they were under the watchful eye and no nonsense character of Ed C. Finley whom the Field Marshal had given the task of guarding and processing the prisoners to.

“All right, I want some god damn order here! Get yourselves into lines, put any identification that you have on the ground to your left, and then lie down on your bellies with your hands on the backs of your heads!” Finley bellowed as he strutted around like a bantam rooster itching for a scrap. “First one of you clowns that tries anything is gonna wind up real sad!” he continued as the prisoners from the first barricade were handcuffed by several troopers. “Now, you’re all gonna sit at this here intersection and behave! These four men will keep an eye on ya until we move ya out to our sortin’ area,” he instructed the Guardsmen who merely stared back at him and the troops in shock. It hit them that the situation was indeed life and death serious and that these so called “nazi kooks” meant business.

The routine of ultimatum and surrender continued all the way down Sunset Boulevard as the troops and the Field Marshall moved out the opposition before going into the hills for the general populace. But as they moved west down Sunset they could hear the distant reports of gunfire and Henry Thurston wondered how Styrbjorn and his men were faring.

“Sounds like things are getting ugly down there,” he thought to himself as he and his troops moved in on yet another barricade. He was right. Things had gotten very ugly and Styrbjorn and his men had fought three pitched engagements in which two of the warriors were killed and five wounded. The Guardsmen were on the alert after hearing gunshots to the west down Sunset and each barricade that Styrbjorn’s force fell upon put up a struggle which resulted in wild gunfights and panic-stricken last stands. The warriors who had been wounded managed to keep up and still fought. They had been worked up into such a state of righteous furor that their will power overrode the pain and weakness caused by their wounds and they happily participated in the destruction of one guard station after another.

It was a series of merciless battles and there would be no prisoners to process from Beverly Drive west down Sunset. After the last barricade was overrun, Styrbjorn and his men rested and waited for Thurston and his troops to meet up with them and as they sat there with their wounded men lying irregularly in the Coldwater/Sunset intersection, they could hear gunfire back in the hills.

“What’s going on up there?” Saxena exclaimed as he gazed into the blackness of the hills. No one seemed to offer any possible reason for the fracas but all were preoccupied with listening to the firing and trying to ascertain in exactly which direction it was coming from. Little did they know but the hispanic forces to the north were now pushing their way through the neighborhoods and attempting to kill or stampede all they found there. This surge was synchronized with the attack launched by the main hispanic army on the south and west edges of White One. In a few moments the gunfire in the hills became steady and loud explosions and more gunfire could immediately be heard to the south.

White One was about to be thrown into complete pandemonium and the carefully planned procedures worked out by Ivor Des’Groseilliers, Bush Walden, Styrbjorn and Henry Thurston for securing the community before the hispanics attacked, were about to go up in smoke as the army of Aztlan began its campaign of white extermination.

Along the entire length of Olympic Boulevard, A.U.F. patrols coordinated by Bush Walden fought a desperate battle against the on coming hordes. As he frantically called out commands to the patrols over field radio, the Vice Chairman hoped that the main bulwark along Wilshire Boulevard was ready and would hold.

“We’re in for it tonight!” he said to himself in the gruff tone he had used during his career as foreman for a large construction company. “God damn it there’s a lot of them! Hey! Get those two machine guns into position! Come on, move!”

he shouted out a command for two of the organization's machine guns to begin operating. His troop responded with quick but calm action. This was what they had trained so long and so hard for, what they had all looked forward to with anticipation. And now they would prove themselves in the gallant fashion of the many soldiers in all the great armies from the time of Alexander the Great to the decades of Adolph Hitler.

The Hispanics were very well armed as well, and were making use of mortars, grenades, high-powered flame throwers and other implements of destruction which had fallen into their hands during the collapse of the armed forces, national guard and police forces a few years ago. They swarmed up the drives and avenues that intersected with Olympic Boulevard like ants, blasting and shooting as they advanced and it was then that the A.U.F. soldiers all thought of how very fortunate it was for them that the really big artillery had been removed from the state when the military bases were closed down years earlier.

Suddenly Walden began receiving messages from some of the patrols that they were in danger of being overrun. He realized that the hispanic numbers were too great to engage on the spot so he issued the command for all patrol units to fall back in order.

“Take your time! Keep them slowed down!” he yelled into the microphone as he fired his pistol at the oncoming hispanics.

With the reception of the command the patrols began

pulling back while fighting a fast paced defensive action. A few blocks to the north the main force was preparing for the hispanic onslaught. Well positioned and ready to hit the army of Aztlan with everything they had from high powered machine gun fire to flame throwers, they sat waiting for the arrival of their patrols and their enemies who would be close behind. Ivor Des'Groseilliers was at a hastily prepared field command center overseeing the last minute preparations for the major battle.

"We've got to hold them here. If they get past these barricades they'll overrun the whole damn community," he said with a troubled voice as several lieutenants stood and received his order to stand their ground with their men at their particular intersection and keep fighting to the last man no matter what. "This is it. We either stop them now or we, and every other white person in the area will be killed, there's no two ways about it!" he concluded. The captains nodded and saluted, then left the room and were soon in their vehicles speeding toward their appointed positions along Wilshire Boulevard where their men were waiting for them.

It was then that Des'Groseilliers received the message from his Field Marshall in the north part of the community. The news was grim and a sinking feeling began to make its presence known in the gut of the Chairman. Henry Thurston reported constant gunfire in the hills and the pell-mell rush of the residents of White One out of the neighborhoods and down toward Sunset Boulevard.

"Christ, they're hitting us from three sides! How are we

going to hold off all of the attacks with our positioning the way it is?!" the portly A.U.F. leader thought, almost slipping in to panic. There was no way anyone could have been aware of the Hispanics which had come down on the community from the north and events were unfolding so fast that preparation would have been impossible even if they had.

Ivor felt his mind go blank momentarily. He had to think and think fast or there would be a massacre on a terrible scale. He didn't know of the exact state of things near Sunset Boulevard and he hoped that his Field Marshall and Styrbjorn could form some sort of counter-attack or at least hold on in a defensive action.

"But if they're as thick as they are over here, Henry and Tagesson won't be able to hold out long! And all those people! They'll be slaughtered" the Chairman's thoughts of pending disaster were interrupted by a radio operator who informed him that all the patrols were back behind the defensive positions.

"Vice Chairman Walden is at Wilshire and Santa Monica sir. He says to inform you that he will oversee the defenses up to the McCarthy intersection and feels that we should be able to hold off the enemy in that area." The young man stood at attention and waited for a response.

"Excellent! Get on the wire and tell Vice Chairman Walden that I wish him good luck and tell him to watch the streets to the north. Tell him he could face an assault from another hispanic force of as yet unknown strength." Des'Groseilliers gave the young fellow the instructions with-

out showing his worry. "And tell Sonders to get in here, I've got to get a message to the Field Marshall!" he added, as the trooper left.

It was then that intense firing commenced all along Wilshire Boulevard. The main force of the Aztlan army had arrived and was attempting to storm the barricades and defensive positions. The next several hours were to contain action that would produce its share of heroes, villains, saboteurs and fools to be remembered in the minds of the survivors of the terror being unleashed that night for the rest of their lives. In the north, Field Marshall Henry Thurston and his little force stood fast in an attempt to engage the first of the hispanic assault force divisions and send the fleeing residents toward the south where the Organization's defensive positions were. Styrbjorn and his warriors engaged every hispanic unit they came across, fighting like demons and sending the surprised half-breeds into full retreat. Several major fires had started up in the hills and along Sunset Boulevard while confused and terrified residents flew into an out-of-control panic as bullets seemed to be flying everywhere up and down the drives. Many lay dying, others ran first west then east, ignoring the continuous shouts of Ed Finley and other men as they roared into megaphones calling for the people to head toward Wilshire Blvd. One of the organization's troopers was killed as he yelled out instructions and his megaphone was grabbed by a tall, lanky looking man who happened to be running by at that moment. The man was Randy Frazier, leader of the militant gays and a first rate queer of the screaming faggot

variety. As soon as he had the megaphone in one of his spindly hands, he began screeching into it telling the people not to cooperate or listen to the fascist scum.

“They’re responsible for this! They’ve brought this destruction to our homes! They want to kill us all!” he howled in a high pitched whine. “They’ll gas us, don’t do anything they say! Run! Run!” he continued.

Strangely enough, amid the bedlam there were many people who followed the freak’s advice. These same people, who had acted as if they were deaf when Finley or some other A.U.F. trooper had given them instructions, managed to recognize Frazier’s bum-boy drone and immediately began running toward the grounds of the Los Angeles County Club which was on the western edge of Beverly Hills and totally unprotected from the hispanics who were advancing through Westwood to the southwest. Nina Allred and a group of panic-stricken lesbians heard the yowling leader of their community’s sodomite contingent and took up the cry themselves, telling everyone they met to ignore the instructions of the neo-nazis. The “monkey see - monkey do” reflex action took over and soon there was a stampede of residents who had been milling around aimlessly in droves, toward the country club. It was where they were supposed to end up in the first place according to the plans made earlier by the organization’s high command, but now things were drastically different.

“What the hell’s the matter with them?! Why aren’t they going to Wilshire?! And who’s screaming for disobedience?!” Henry yelled in frustration as another wave of hispan-

ics began an attack on his position at the intersection of Sunset and Beverly Drive.

In the northwest several of his troops which had been organized into assault teams fought engagement after engagement with hispanics. The prisoners which were handcuffed and left at different intersections had been killed by this time and the number of hispanics pressing in the northeast end of Beverly Hills was steadily growing - soon they could no longer be held off.

When the next report came in from the Field Marshall to Ivor's headquarters the Chairman knew that the main force stationed along Wilshire would have to be redeployed in order to meet the hispanic threat now moving in from the northeast. He ordered all his troops from McCarthy east to Robertson along Wilshire, to pull back and form up along Beverly Drive. He hoped that the wedge formation that would result with Bush Walden holding the southwest, the main force spread up the center of Beverly Hills, and Henry on the northwest end of Sunset, could stave off the relentless advance of the Aztlan army. So far the enemy had been shot to pieces while trying to overwhelm the Wilshire positions, this was a promising sign that gave Ivor the confidence he needed to settle down and handle conditions as they developed.

There were others who couldn't or didn't handle conditions as they developed. One was Rabbi Hiram Glass. After he had sent David Diamond out after his needed ingredient for the annihilation of the human species, he had fretted, stewed, and brooded his way through several hours in the manner of

the stereo-typical “nervous Jew”. Hiram had stayed put, confident that the neo-nazis or whoever was invading the community, would be held long enough for the cabalistic ceremony to be completed, but when the hispanics began their attacks he panicked and fled his home. The Rabbi was without transportation having sent out several of Diamond’s henchmen in his three automobiles to hunt for Benjamin Pearlman and so he was forced to try to make it to safety on foot. Being the frail, doddering creature that he was proved to be an insurmountable handicap for one of the prime leaders of Yaweh’s darlings. As he hobbled down the streets toward Sunset Boulevard, he could hear the gunfire and the shouts and screams behind him, and he cursed young Pearlman roundly for his treachery between shallow wheezing breaths. Soon he began to feel a sharp, continuous pain in his chest and moments later the feeble, skeletal form of the Kahilla leader faltered and sunk to the pavement with a tiny trickle of blood running from his mouth. It was a ridiculously common end for someone so self centered and so convinced of his superiority over all other beings.

There were people like Henry Thurston and Styrbjorn Tagesson who would have put the old man to death in the most excruciatingly painful manner, but perhaps an ending consisting of a pathetic collapse on a deserted street in a corrupt community thrown into chaos was far more just. For someone who felt his people were “God” and who felt that he himself was part of “God’s high intelligence”, and who had harbored the desire for self immolation that would also

destroy all of humanity, for such a person to die in such an ignominious way, running like a spineless coward, was more punishment and harder for one of the leaders of God's chosen people to take as he drifted out of existence sprawled out on the pavement than hours of torture at the hands of his enemies would ever have been.

So ended the life of the "great" Rabbi. As for David Diamond, Irving Shapiro, and their JDL friends, they did manage to escape the attack of the hispanics from the north. When the trouble began they had simply sped through the winding streets in the hills until they got to the overrun barricades of the community guards on Sunset Boulevard. Seeing the state of things, Diamond said that they should mingle with the throngs and keep out of sight until they were sure of the outcome of the calamity.

"Then we'll either make a run for it or we'll form up the Guard and take on these fuckin goys!" he said as the occupants of his and Hiram's cars left their transportation and disappeared into the frantic crowds.

Cheryl Sloan, who had been swept up in the mayhem during the attack made by the hispanic force north of the hills, was a member of those crowds which were constantly swelling as more and more of the residents of White One fled the homes in the hills and canyons on to Sunset Boulevard. Cheryl had not packed up or bothered to prepare herself to flee as other people had. She had been under the impression that any trouble would be handled by the Guard and that her husband would soon return with news that everything was

under control. When this didn't happen and the gunfire started, she fled their home in nothing but a flimsy negligee and silk bathrobe. She was a mess by the time she merged with the others on Sunset and her dismay at her husband's failure to rescue her was almost as great as her fear of death during that night of mayhem and butchery. As the fates would have it, her existence was going to be much more harrowing in the very near future than she could have imagined even as she ran down Sunset with the frantic throngs in the direction of the country club.

As dawn approached, the organization troops had completed their maneuvers and were in position for defense against the three rampaging hispanic forces. Ivor Des'Groseilliers, Bush Walden, and Henry Thurston had been in constant radio contact and once the crowds of panic-stricken residents had finally settled along or near the edge of the Los Angeles Country Club, they had their troops take up positions on the rooftops of buildings as well as in the middle floors and down on the entrance ways at street level. From there the A.U.F. soldiers could hit the Aztlan forces with layered fire from several angles at once no matter which direction they attacked from. It was do or die and the most fierce fighting had yet to occur.

As the sky brightened and dawn arrived the hispanic force that had come down from the north was linking up with their considerably diminished main army just off Santa Monica Boulevard. Their soldiers were spread for blocks north and south, and the Commanders were meeting with

Generalissimo Olvera to work out a coordinated attack.

“I tell all of you, I’m not satisfied with the results of our initial action!” Olvera shouted as he paced up and down in front of the Commanders. “We’ve already lost a lot of men, and we haven’t even destroyed the majority of their non-combatants yet!” he went on, staring at the pavement with burning anger.

“Sir, perhaps Commander Pintor and Commander Flora will do better as they push up from the southwest?” one of the men mentioned in a weak tone of voice.

“I have received word that Pintor and Flora have halted and can’t break the defenses in Area 2! They’re waiting for us to drive forward before they begin pressure again!” Olvera shouted his response, visibly irritated by the man’s interruption.

It was indeed true, the hispanic force just south of the Country Club had halted thanks to Bush Walden and his men who had taken the starch out of them and decimated their numbers considerably. This was what was preventing the massacre of the residents now at the edge of the Country Club. The hispanics had great reservations about pushing forward and meeting the same merciless fire and stubborn defense that had done so much damage to them just an hour or two ago. Wilshire Boulevard ran through the Country Club grounds and the hispanics assumed it was riddled with enemy defenders just as it was near Santa Monica Boulevard, so they withdrew and pleaded with their Generalissimo to do something from another direction because they were up against impossible odds.

“All right. We’re going to go straight down Santa

Monica Boulevard, Carmelita Avenue, Elavado Avenue, and Lomitos Avenue. This will enable us to hit their defensive positions along Beverly Drive from four routes in a concentrated way.” Olvera began to formulate his strategy for the next attack and his voice was more pleasant to the ears of his Commanders than it had been moments earlier.

“I don’t want to fuck around here. This offensive is going to break their capability for opposition and I don’t want any more delays or almosts! This is going to be the *last* decisive battle. We outnumber them and there’s no reason why we can’t finish this in the next encounter. And just to make sure, I want squads of men stationed behind our ranks with explicit orders to shoot down any man who retreats from the line of battle or who refuses to move forward once we begin the offensive!”

Olvera had just sent a shock wave through his Commanders. He knew they would be surprised with his order to shoot their own men but he was confident that they would comply. In the past he had repeatedly lectured them on the necessity of hard hearted action in order to accomplish things and they had repeatedly agreed. Now he was putting them to the test and hesitantly they nodded in agreement.

“I’m glad you gentlemen agree with my precaution against slackness and cowardice. Now, we will rest the troops during the daylight hours and begin organizing battle formations after dark. Then we will give them everything we’ve got at exactly midnight.” Olvera was intelligent enough to realize the advantage in attacking at night and knew that there

was a better chance of the enemy crumbling after a day sitting on pins and needles as they waited for an action that would never come. He hoped the despised whites would be physically and emotionally drained by midnight and easily dealt with. The Commanders immediately gathered around Olvera and a large topographical map of the city and began to plan for the great battle to come.

CHAPTER 10

“Man is superior to material, if he opposes it with a great bearing, and no mass of external force is conceivable which cannot be beaten by spiritual strength. And from this anyone, who is capable of it, can draw the conclusion that in men, real men, values are alive which cannot be destroyed by shells or mountains of explosives.”

- Ernst Junger

By nine a.m. the day was showing itself to be of the gloomy variety common to southwestern California at the end of spring. Low cloud cover that was thin enough to let in a good deal of sunlight but thick enough to obscure the sun itself, and the smoke from the fires that had started during the calamity, caused what some called a “silver” day. The term described days when the light seemed to accentuate all the grays and blacks in the surroundings and cause the naturally

brighter colors to seem drab and darker with the sky looking like a light grey or silver blanket overhead. It was a fitting sort of atmosphere for a day which would proceed a vicious battle.

There was great activity within the defensive wedge formed by the A.U.F.'s troops. Attempts were made to care for the wounded, comfort the fear paralyzed residents, and prepare for the enemies next attack. Des'Groseilliers, Walden, and Thurston were all happy about the fact that in spite of the confusion and surprise A.U.F. sustained very few casualties and were able to redeploy so successfully. That morning, they met at a new central command post and discussed the night's business.

"For all the fuss we did quite well but I tell you, there were times last night when I'd thought we'd had it!" Ivor said, addressing the Field Marshall as they sat together over a meager breakfast.

"Yeah, we were just lucky to hold them off in the middle of the panic with all those people who were running around. You should have seen it, old folks being trampled, children screaming after loosing sight of their parents, the shit really hit the fan where my force was!" Henry replied. "And you know, there was even some asshole who got hold of one of our megaphones and started yelling for those people to ignore our directions. If I find out who that idiot was, he'll be good and sorry."

"As far as I'm concerned, we all did okay considering the way things unfolded," Bush interjected, sounding quite satis-

fied. "I don't know about your men but mine gave that western group something to think about."

"By the way, where are Mister Tagesson and Mister Sexena?" Ivor asked Henry, wondering about Styrbjorn and Saxena, and their men.

"Hell, you'd have to have seen them to believe what they did!" he answered excitedly. "First they took out all five of the guard positions - not one guard was alive once they finished, then they kept tearing into the hispanics that came out in front of us on the west end of Sunset just before the country club. Some of them were badly wounded but they still kept fighting anyway - boy if we had a thousand guys like those crazy bastards, we could take over the whole country. If we had ten thousand, we could take the rest of the world!" Henry was beaming at the thought of the performance of Styrbjorn and his men.

"But where are they now?" Des'Groseilliers asked.

"Some are on the front lines at Sunset and Beverly, and some are being treated for wounds," Thurston replied.

He was right in a general sense, Don Saxena and five of the men were in position awaiting the hispanics next attack. The wounded were receiving care and hovering at death's door, and Styrbjorn was making his way through the masses of people near the country club trying to find the Yorks.

The Chief stalked through the groups of dazed and confused residents like a hawk walking among peahens. His piercing eyes would be met by their own fear-filled and beleaguered gazes as he checked for the faces of the Yorks and the

people wondered who this man with the axe at his side was. Was he one of the nazis? Perhaps an executioner sent to pick out victims? Those that saw him felt very uneasy. This lone figure had a very strange quality, a sort of oppressive magnetism that worked a negative spell on their emotions. It wasn't that he carried weapons or that they felt he was one of the neo nazis that bothered the residents which Styrbjorn passed by in his search for the Yorks. It was a chilling feeling that gave them the impression that there was something diabolical or inhuman in their midst that terrible morning and this was extremely hard for some of the residents to take after the hellish night they'd just been through.

Styrbjorn's presence among them was fueling their anxiety over what would happen to them now that things seemed to have calmed down. Most had no idea of just what the state of affairs in the community were and the A.U.F. personnel were just beginning to circulate among them and fill them in on what was happening as well as get them organized into a temporarily settled condition until the danger passed.

The sprawling crowd of residents was immense and as he moved through it Styrbjorn felt more and more as though his chances of finding the Yorks were about as good as they would be if he were looking for a needle in a haystack. Fatigue was beginning to make itself felt through both his mind and body as he kept scanning the sea of faces and he knew that he should go back to the front lines and get some rest. It was a matter of sound strategy since depleted energy and dull reflexes due to lack of rest could prove to be fatal lia-

bilities in battle, but he was torn between concern over Gwendolyn's safety and good sense.

But the Yorks were not among the masses of pathetic, forlorn people who used to be the big money, the movers and shakers, and the famous and admired. When the attack of the hispanics from the north was underway they had not panicked like the rest of the people up in the hills. Instead, Howard York had managed to keep his family safe from harm by having them hide in a deep ravine which contained dense shrubbery that kept them all out of sight. Luckily the larger hispanic attack groups had fanned out through the hills and driven the residents of White One down into the main streets so as to be able to exterminate them all much easier than they could have by going from home to home. The hispanics simply killed a few of the first people they had come in contact with and this started a stampede after which the Aztlan forces marched forward thinking all the whites were running ahead of them and not thinking any might be hiding instead. As it happened, the hispanics went right past the ravine without suspicion and kept going until engaged by the defending troops on Sunset Boulevard.

For the rest of the evening the Yorks wandered cautiously through the hills not really caring to get involved in the gunfire and chaos they observed down on Sunset and trying to decide what to do when daylight arrived. It was another harrowing ordeal for all of them, but because they had faced life and death conditions during their journey to White One the family was able to weather it without too much terror or emo-

tional wear and tear. All was not well in terms of the relationship between the future bride and groom to be however, because during the night Gwendolyn's admiration for her fiancé had plummeted due to his behavior while they were in the ravine. As it turned out, Craig's nerves were not up to chancing discovery by hispanics and he became more interested in running away and whispered his idea of making a run for it to Gwendolyn on two occasions when his anxiety was at its peak thanks to the nearness of some hispanic forces. It would have meant abandoning her parents, sister, and Denise and she found the suggestion unthinkable. Unfortunately for Craig, she found his out of control nervousness to be just as repulsive as his idea of running and had ended their whispering dialogue with a sharp "get a grip!"

By the time the morning was half over they were in a home in one of the out of the way canyons safely waiting out the calamity. Howard was preparing to take a journey to the edge of the commercial area to see what was happening and Craig was to accompany him but the Guard's second in command wasn't happy about it. Maureen relaxed and rested while admonishing her husband to be careful and not take any risks. Gwendolyn was still miffed over Craig's behavior and would only speak to him when she had to, otherwise he received the cold shoulder and she and her sister spent their time resting and keeping the little girl amused. Craig decided to try getting his fiancé's feelings on the positive side one more time before he and his future father in law departed on their scouting trip. It was when Gwendolyn left Denise and

Candace and was on her way to one of the upstairs bedrooms for a nap that he silently came up behind her and carefully halted her with an embrace.

“Let go of me” were the words that came flowing cooley from her lips as she stood stiff and unresponsive in his arms.

“Come on Gwen, I know what I did was wrong. Don’t you think I feel sorry about it? I mean, I care about you so much that I lost my head last night. I just wanted to get you out of there and I wasn’t thinking clearly,” he pleaded. Craig was lying of course but his fiance had no way of knowing it and his convincing tone coupled with the tender embrace stirred her to take him at his word and begin treating him in a loving manner again.

“I know, I guess we were all pretty upset. Lets just forget it,” Gwendolyn replied before she began to gently caress his hands and forearms that were still wrapped around her.

Craig bent his head down and began kissing the left side of her neck. She shuddered slightly from the feelings and was about to pull away because she felt a little guilty over feeling such pleasure at a time when the whole family was still in danger but Craig had different ideas and began to slowly slide one of his hands up under her blouse. He could feel the soft, smooth skin on her stomach as the hand made its way higher and higher on her body in one long caress and Gwendolyn felt like surrendering to the wonderful sensations right there on the spot. But it wasn’t to be, at the last second before her passion took over, she abruptly struggled away from her expectant lover and continued her way toward a bedroom leaving

Craig standing there feeling very put off. Because of her behavior he couldn't have known that she had forgiven him, and as he turned and went to locate Howard he felt quite dejected over the prospect of more unresponsiveness on Gwendolyn's part in the future.

"Ready to go Craig?" Howard asked as his future son in law approached.

"Yeah, I was just uh...just telling Gwen to stay safe while we were away," Perkins replied nervously.

"You two are the one's who'd better stay safe! And don't you go staying away too long either!" Maureen interjected with more than a hint of worry in her voice as her husband headed for the door.

Safety was also on Ed Finley's mind that morning. He had gotten caught in the on rush of the frantic crowd on Sunset during the confusion while the organization's troops battled the on-coming hispanics and the crowd had bowled him over causing him to twist his ankle while smashing into the pavement. As the street battle surged and swept on down Sunset Boulevard Finley realized that he would not be picked up. The troops were moving too fast after one group of hispanics and none had noticed him missing. Knowing how dangerous things were he had crawled into one of the shops at the intersection of Sunset and Lomitas Avenue and there he stayed for the rest of the night, cursing his injury and believing his chances for survival to be rather poor.

Just after dawn, Finley had thought of trying to hobble or crawl back to the Community Center where McGowan and

Cook had their offices but that location was blocks away and he was worn out. There seemed to be no alternative for him but to wait and see if any white people came by in which case he would be all right. If this didn't happen, he was quite ready to call it quits and put life away.

"But before I go I'm gonna snuff as many of those damn greasers as I can!" he exclaimed in a loud boast as he rubbed the stock of his new shot gun affectionately and peered out the store's front window onto the deserted street. In spite of all he had been through and in spite of how aware he had been of society's problems over the years, Finley was having a hard time coping with events of the last few hours. There was some part deep within the old man's being that just wouldn't accept the fact that he was now living through the death of everything he felt was worth while.

"This just can't be the trend for the future, god damn it! There must be some way around it - things can't wind up like this," he said to himself, perking up his enthusiasm for more action as he turned his gaze from the deserted street to the silent, empty interior of the shop he was stuck in and began to brood.

After the members of the A.U.F. had addressed the residents of White One and filled them in on the situation, many of the people were ready to cooperate fully in anything that needed to be done - not out of gratitude, but out of fear for what they considered to be a mob of hostile lunatic fanatics who now were in charge of the community, and out of fear of death at the hands of the hispanics who opposed them. There were others who had no intention of cooperating with the

defenders. One of these was Randy Frazier who had been busy through the morning locating his gay and lesbian associates in the masses of people who sat and lay up and down Greenway Drive and on the adjacent Country Club grounds. Eventually the freaks began combing the crowd in small groups and finally they came together, several hundred strong, to hear what Frazier and Nina Allred had to say. Both of them were almost spent emotionally and physically but in spite of this they summoned enough vitality for planning out a disturbance. It was just after noon and a warm breeze was moving through the area carrying smoke with it. Allred was feeling extremely uncomfortable and she looked it standing in a slouched posture, long dark hair in a tangled mess, and dressed in denim pants, t-shirt, and sandals. Randy Frazier, himself looking like something between a skid row derelict and a scarecrow, squinted because of the smoke in the air as he kept looking over the throngs and noting how many of his queer friends were assembling in small groups here and there amid the sea of human beings.

“So they intend to keep fighting the hispanics. Well, we’ll just see how they do when we cause a revolt!” Frazier said to his lesbian Jewess colleague as they waited for the freak element of the community to assemble.

“That’s right! These fucking fascist shit’s aren’t going to take over here!” Allred replied, seething with all the insane, venomous anger that was common to her tribe. “If we can convince everyone that these animals caused the hispanic conflict and that the hispanics would listen to our ideas for peace

but that the nazis just want more war, we could turn their plans for defense upside down!”

“No, no, we can’t convince everyone of that, there isn’t time! We have to get our people to create as big a disturbance as possible, and the confusion that will take place will panic the rest into following us!” Frazier told the Jewess with assurance.

“Okay, but let’s do it when the fighting starts again. Then the creeps won’t be able to stop us, their hands will be full with the hispanics!” Nina said firmly. Her owl-like eyes stared hard up at the fag and he meekly agreed to her suggestion.

Once the word was spread through the rest of the gays and lesbians milling around them, the main group began to separate into smaller satellites. They positioned themselves in a number of different locations within the great crowd. From these positions they intended to spring into action on the signal of Frazier who was still in possession of the megaphone. When he gave the order all the little mobs would begin shrieking, howling, throwing whatever was handy, and setting buildings on fire if they could manage it. They hoped that even if some of the A.U.F. people tried to quell the disturbances the greater mass of residents would panic and there would again be stampedes and bedlam. It was a perfectly natural desire for the queers to have since they were warped, twisted individuals driven by hate for life and themselves and anything around them that represented progress. Now, with disaster looming in the community’s near future, the extinction consciousness of the corkscrews and dykes began putting an attractive light on the idea that they could initiate the possi-

ble final collapse of control and order within White One. And so, Allred, Frazier, and their cohorts smugly bided their time and awaited their chance to revolt.

“Well, from what I can see, it looks like the nazis or whatever they are have either corralled everyone or they’re defending them,” Howard said as he and Craig strained to see what was going on near the Country Club. “See, there are men on the roofs of all those buildings!” he continued, drawing Craig’s attention to the A.U.F. troops on top of some of the buildings far down below their vantage point.

“We know the hispanics didn’t overrun everything anyway,” Howard’s future son in law added with a sigh.

“Are you still upset about Gwendolyn?” Howard asked, noticing Craig’s downcast mood.

“Yeah, I sort of lost my head last night. I guess she’s pretty mad at me.”

“Oh she’ll get over it. Wait and see, when we get back she’ll be overjoyed to see you,” Howard wasn’t aware of why his daughter was treating her love so badly, and he thought it was just due to Craig’s display of nervousness the night before.

“So, are we going to go down there?” Craig asked, thinking that Howard might want to get his family back among the rest of the community.

“I don’t know. No, I don’t think we’d better until we’re sure of what’s going on down there,” Howard responded and then relaxed and rested comfortably against the side of a concrete wall which stood on the edge of one of the hilltops’ estates overlooking the Country Club. “Let’s just sit here for

awhile and watch, then we can head back and see what everyone thinks of what we've seen."

Craig followed his lead and let himself ease back against the wall, and there they both sat watching the goings on in the distance. Things seemed so calm that it gave them an eerie feeling. Just hours before, there was a small war in progress and now things almost seemed normal except for a few buildings still on fire and the bodies littering Sunset Boulevard.

Life had indeed become one continuous nightmare with lulls every now and then that served to trick the mind into a state of security and relief. Howard York found it all very tiring and wondered as he sat, when it would all end. But unfortunately, individual human desires never counted for much when the tides of instinct swept through large racial groups and threw them into hostile patterns of action in ages passed and things weren't about to change for the better at this point. There was a definite trend to events now and as unpleasant as that trend might be, it would require a long time and a lot of agonizing effort to break.

After several hours of observation which yielded very little in the way of an indication of the safety in the community, Howard remarked that it was about time they get back to their hiding place. "I don't think we should go down there. There's no telling what a bunch of nazis lunatics might do - even though Gwendolyn said that they seemed reasonable. They might turn out to be as bad as the hispanics," he remarked to Craig as they skirted the wall and began making their way back to the rest of the family. At this point, Craig

felt quite happy about Howard's conclusion and was thinking of ways to persuade the whole group of future in-laws to desert the area and head northeast away from the large concentrations of non-whites.

The rest of the day passed without incident as the defenders rested in shifts at their positions and a handful of the residents slowly began to organize sleeping areas for themselves in the buildings that they were near. This was done at a very slow sort of pace thanks to their depleted vitality from the stress and fatigue the night before. While the arrangements for night quarters went on, the queer element remained inconspicuous, waiting for their opportunity to instigate chaos. Jews like David Diamond and Irving Shapiro, as well as the JDL element, also had been conversing in small groups and, upon hearing of the planned uprising of the degenerates, intended to make the best use of the confusion they could and perhaps jump and disarm a few of the A.U.F. troops and then make a break for it. These select elements among the Jewish population were not giving too much thought to their people as a whole at this point, they were now more interested in their own personal escape and saving their necks. Although some still had handguns hidden on their persons the high powered firearms they had possessed were confiscated early in the morning by three-man squads of very severe looking men who were working with the main group of defenders but not in troop uniforms. The armed Jews had meekly complied when Don Saxena and some of Styrbjorn's warriors approached them with rifles leveled at their chests demanding

their weapons. The Jews had the immediate choice of shooting it out on the spot there and then or giving up their weapons, and they quickly chose the latter option. Through the tumultuous course of events in the last few hours the intense hatred for the miserable goyim had not abated in the person of David Diamond and he was determined to find a way to cause them as much trouble and harm as possible.

“Tonight just may let us get back at them” he observed as he spoke with Irving Shapiro who found the opportunity of ogling so many women in bed apparel and other revealing articles of clothing much more interesting than planning assaults against neo-nazis. As he stared in a most blatant and crude manner down the front of one woman’s loose-fitting pajama top as she was bending forward, he took in the scenery provided by the cleavage of her well-developed breasts and he wondered for a moment about the fate of his wife. Not that he cared much, it was just that such an arousing sight triggered memories of Cheryl’s body and this caused Irving to muse over whether he might not be a widower by now.

Such a development wasn’t to be just yet. Cheryl Sloan was a few blocks away totally out of sorts and mad as a hornet over her husband’s behavior during the calamity. She had no idea where he might be and the thought of him being dead was not weighing too heavily on her mind at this moment. What concerned her more was her own pampered self and how she was going to fare in the middle of the bedlam. She was huddled up against the front of a building and as she sat

there on the sidewalk among the beleaguered throngs, she found herself regretting her marriage.

“If I ever get out of this I’ll dump that creep so fast he won’t know what hit him, if he’s still alive that is,” she thought as her anger over having to sit in the street dressed in nothing more than a badly torn robe and negligee surfaced again at a steady boil. Cheryl Sloan wasn’t very knowledgeable when it came to underground groups or, for that matter, anything else except the motion picture industry and the social scene that was linked to it and because of this she wasn’t that apprehensive over the A.U.F. presence. She didn’t care about the latinos either but the confusion and deaths they had caused the previous evening did shake her up into a state of profound concern and worry. A certain spunkiness began to stir inside her however, and she set herself to survive the current mess and somehow put the life she was accustomed to back together again. “I’ll get out of this one way or another and that’s all there is to it!” she grumbled, trying to get into a more comfortable position on the sidewalk.

At eight p.m. the hispanic Commanders began having their soldiers slowly form up with lieutenants reporting for briefing and orders and the sing-song was almost identical at the gathering points on the east end of the avenues Lomitas, Elevado, Carmelita, and Santa Monica Boulevard. The Commander of the Lomitas assault force stood up stock straight in front of the rows of hispanic soldiers and cleared his voice loudly before launching into the battle plan formulated by Olvera earlier that day.

“Men, I want to start off by saying that I’m proud of the way you handled yourselves in the face of such stiff opposition meted out on the part of our enemies. As you all know, we still have plenty of work to do here before our task is complete and we can safely say we’ve brought more glory to Aztlan!”

The men cheered and smiled confidently as they listened to their Commander’s opening remarks. “I stand before you all now to tell you of the great battle strategy conceived by our Generalissimo. It is a battle strategy that is going to achieve our aims and secure the destruction of these miserable oppressors!” More cheering took place in the ranks before the Commander signalled everyone to stop by waving his hands in the air and shouting “Silencio! Silencio!” good naturedly. “This is very important and you all must understand the seriousness of the situation. We cannot fail - we must not fail! It is imperative that we break through their defenses and wipe them off the face of this earth! This is how we will proceed; first, we are to send two squads up this avenue. They are to hug the sides of the buildings and, when they are close enough, open fire on the enemy in their defensive positions. The squads must be relentless in their assault because we are then to send up our three troop carriers to ram and smash through the barricades they’ve put together with automobiles and rubble. The squads must keep the enemy pinned down so that our vehicles are not bothered too much as they are smashing through!” The men were silent now, picturing the first part of the battle described by their Commander.

“As our vehicles are smashing their barricades, the entire company is going to march up this avenue and you are going to storm over their crushed defensive positions and you are going to go forward and kill! Kill every last one of them, no exceptions! There will be *no* retreating, there will be *no* stalling - you will keep moving forward no matter how hard they fight you! This is the Generalissimo’s wish and you will fulfill it! There will be a squad stationed behind you as you march forward and they will shoot any of you who turn and run or who stop moving forward and attempt to just hold a position. This is also the Generalissimo’s wish and it too will be fulfilled!” The men were now in a very sober state of mind. They all understood that their Commander would carry out every detail of the strategy they had just heard and they knew it was do or die, kill or be killed.

“Any questions?!” the Commander began. “Good! because it is my desire that our company be the first to break through and destroy the enemy. Now, I want all men carrying flame throwers to fall in behind Squad C and F, you will be hitting their positions first”

After sufficient agitation every company of hispanics began the last ordering of ranks and then waited for the appointed time to move forward. It was now fifteen minutes after eleven p.m. and Generalissimo Olvera drove from one company to another, saluting his men as he went by and finally stopped among the men on Lomitas Avenue. He intended to follow the battle from that position and when he announced this it injected an extra bit of determination into the company

that would attack from that Avenue. With the Generalissimo himself honoring them with his presence at their position that night, the company on Lomitos knew they just had to be the first to break through the White One defenses in their area and begin the civilian slaughter immediately after, now and as Olvera smiled and waved at them there was no doubt in their minds that they could accomplish the task.

“Do you think they’ll attack tonight?”

Styrbjorn turned in his position at the Santa Monica Boulevard defenses and looked at the young fellow who had just voiced the question.

“Of course they will,” he answered in a deliberately slow and calm manner. He knew what sort of tension the young A.U.F. trooper was experiencing and he decided to help the fellow out. “Pretty scared aren’t you?” he asked, smiling at Private Earl Joe Kooch. The trooper didn’t answer, he just stared up Santa Monica Boulevard and swallowed hard after taking a deep breath. “Don’t worry about it,” Styrbjorn began, “the only thing that gets rid of fear under conditions like these is experience. The more you go through these things the easier they are to face.”

The trooper mumbled something and then blurted out another statement - “I don’t think I’m brave enough to be able to face one of these ordeals after another,” he said in a low voice.

“It doesn’t depend on bravery. Forget about that part of it, this is real life not something in a movie and there’s a proper way to handle it,” Styrbjorn replied, eyeing the obviously nervous young man. “You have to make yourself steady, you

have to dig in your heels and tell yourself that you are not going to be moved off this position, that you will live, and that you will defeat your enemies. Just keep calm, go at this in a methodical way - take good aim at those hispanics and don't lose your head and get worked up and flustered."

The head of Earl Joe nodded affirmatively.

"And remember, we were hit by surprise last night and in spite of that and being outnumbered, we held them off even though we had to shift positions while we were at it," Styrbjorn pointed out with good cheer. "We'll handle their crap okay, just relax, keep calm and then give them what-for when they get here."

Earl Joe laughed a little and settled into his position behind the obstacle created across the intersection feeling a little better.

"By the way, what time have you got there?" Styrbjorn asked.

"Oh, uh, its . . . eleven forty five," Kooch answered, fumbling a little as he pulled back the sleeve of his uniform to expose his timepiece.

All of the avenues that the hispanics would attack on ran in a casual curve and had a slope to them as well. As for Santa Monica Boulevard, it was straight but also had a slope and this insured that the defenders of White One wouldn't spot their attackers until they were well into their advance.

As the final minutes passed, no one among the defenders really expected a battle to begin at any moment, most were of the opinion that the hispanics would try something a few

hours later. As midnight approached Ed Finley was full of adrenalin as he peered out of the plate glass window in the shop he had taken refuge in. There was a very large group of hispanics assembling just outside at the intersection. He observed the two squads of fifteen men line up on each side of Lomitas Avenue and then noticed the armored transports being started and pulled up in the center of the street, he speculated on the action to follow.

“Bastards! They ain’t gonna quit, this is another attack!” he thought as he became aware of his heart thudding in his chest. “This can’t be all that’s left of their men, hell, they’ll be attacking up and down the line from one end to the other!”

Finley began worrying now. Was this how things would end, in one massive slaughter? He hoped that the people on the receiving end were ready because the hispanics he could see outside seemed to have a look of determination about them as the two squads started down Lomitas at a dead trot.

The loud grinding roar from the engines of the transports could be heard all the way to the defensive positions and the troops went on alert. The question of whether the sound from the vehicles meant that the Latinos were pulling out or mounting an offensive was on everyone’s mind when the men stationed on the rooftops of the buildings caught sight of the squads rapidly making their way down the different avenues and Santa Monica Boulevard, hugging close to the storefronts or moving between houses as they came.

“All right, get ready - this looks like it’s going to be it!” Bush Walden shouted to the men at the Santa Monica position

just after the word of the advance reached him. Styrbjorn, who seemed to be in a sort of meditative state up to that time, began to chuckle and was smiling broadly as he waited for the arrival of his opponents. His eyes had taken on a wild, animal-like glaze and his form seemed very tense as his head turned with quick, sharp movements allowing him to scan the edges of the buildings down the Boulevard. Off to one side of the chief Earl Joe began to make his conscious effort to keep calm and cool in the face of what was happening.

Just north of their position on Elevado Henry Thurston and his men stood ready while Don Saxena, and another group of heavily entrenched A.U.F. troops were also awaiting the hispanics with the same zeal at Carmelita half a block over. Ivor Des'Groseilliers was directing the men stretched from Lomitas Avenue up north on Whittier Drive to Sunset Boulevard and he too was anxious for the fray to begin. The ability of his men to stave off the enemy the night before in the midst of a number of unexpected occurrences had greatly strengthened his confidence. The troops had withstood the test of fire and not only survived but triumphed against an enemy with a large numerical advantage as well and Des'Groseilliers wanted nothing more at that moment than to hand Aztlán's "Grand Army" a crushing defeat.

"This time we know where we are and what we're doing - no surprises, and this time we'll really lace into them!" he thought as he stood listening to the noise of motors getting closer.

Suddenly the cracking reports of rifles started. The

troops began to hit the approaching squads with layered fire as soon as they were within range and many of the hispanics were mowed down. They hadn't expected to be hit from so many angles and their immediate reaction was to hole up and escape the reign of bullets descending on them. Then the transports roared by at full speed and after them came the waves of hispanic soldiers all running at a good clip so as to hit the defensive positions shortly after they were rammed by the transports.

On Lomitas there was a surprise waiting for them. A single anti-tank weapon which A.U.F. personnel managed to abscond with during the collapse of the cities and disintegration of the military and national guard, stood ready for whatever came down the road. It was a ninety millimeter RCLR that could fire an anti-personnel flechette round which was effective against troops at a range of three hundred meters and was equally useful against tanks. Rather compact in size, the RCLR was capable of maneuverability and very little time was needed to transport it from one area of battle to another. When the three armored personnel carriers sped around past the first intersection of Lomitas and Linda Drive, they were hit, one after the other, by the rounds from the device and taken out. Ivor wished that such a useful piece of equipment had been unpacked and ready the night before but was glad that it hadn't fallen into the hands of the Latinos during the quick retreat to the more secure positions they were now in. "Better late than never" he said with relief as the burning transports sat motionless in an irregular formation across

Lomitas Avenue. Black smoke was billowing out of them and reducing visibility a good deal, but the men on the roof tops kept up an unceasing fire on the advancing company of hispanics. As the first waves came into view through the smoke, the RCLR was fired and the enemies ranks were destroyed.

Things weren't going as easy to the south at Elevado, Carmelita, or Santa Monica. Although Bush Walden had the fifty caliber machine guns at his position and was able to cut down the attacking squads they weren't much good against the on-rushing heavily armored transports which came crashing into the cars parked across the Boulevard. The same was true of developments on Elevado and Carmelita. The transports came barreling through followed by wave upon wave of hispanic soldiers who kept up a non-stop return fire on the troops stationed on the rooftops, entranceways, and windows of the buildings on the defensive line.

The fighting was desperate on both sides and with three out of the four defensive positions smashed and the hispanics riddling what was left of the barricades with bullets, it looked as though the Aztlan army was gaining the upper hand. Grenades were used by both sides and the rubble and dust created along with the flames and smoke from portions of buildings on fire, made for a hellish battle environment.

"Okay, let's start now!" Nina Allred snapped as she rammed her elbow into the ribs of Randy Frazier, urging him to give the signal for their planned uprising. Frazier had been captivated by the billowing smoke and noise that was coming

from the area a couple of hundred yards away and he quickly turned and looked at the Jewess with a narrow-eyed expression of annoyance once he felt the smarting blow to his spindly chest.

“Let’s go people! This is *our* time! We’re not going to take this anymore! Act up! Act up!” blared out of the megaphone he was holding and over five hundred homosexuals and lesbians began to yell, scream, and rush through the streets grabbing anything light enough to throw and assaulting A.U.F. personnel wherever they encountered them. The din caused by five hundred screaming, rampaging degenerates could be heard all the way to the front lines, but before Ivor Des’Groseilliers or anyone else had a chance to react, the mob managed to grab a few arms from fallen A.U.F. members in the small rear guard as they were surprised and shot by David Diamond and several of the JDL henchmen who were running with the pack of out-of-control queers.

It happened quite suddenly and now there were five fags in possession of automatic rifles and happily using them to kill troops on the defensive lines which their mob was quickly moving toward.

“What the hell’s going on back there?!” Des’Groseilliers shouted just after he had whirled around and noticed two of the men to his left fall lifeless to the pavement. They were in a position where they could not have possibly been hit by enemy fire and for a moment the Chairman thought the hispanics had broken through Bush Walden’s lines to the south on Santa Monica and were advancing through the Country

Club grounds attacking the residents of White One as they came. When he noticed that it was the residents themselves who were doing the killing and who were running wildly about, smashing windows and beating other residents up, he was struck with shock for a moment.

Members of the mob seemed to be everywhere, like scurrying ants, moving up and down the area where the residents had taken shelter. Henry Thurston viewed the same riotous confusion from his post and was just as taken aback as Ivor had been. The forces of his organization had been so well placed and were doing an excellent job of fighting off the hispanic companies that the Field Marshall had felt certain that they would defeat the attack until the riot started behind the lines of defense. Now things were as serious as they had been the night before and there was really no possibility of sparing any men from the front lines to quell the insanity in the rear, but something had to be done and done fast or the mob's activity would threaten the outcome of the battle.

"Fucking goy - eat this!" Diamond growled as he stood by the corner of one of the buildings and fired at the side of the head of another A.U.F. trooper who was frantically shouting for order through a megaphone. No sooner had the man fallen dead to the ground than a couple of lesbians grabbed his rifle and ammunition.

"David! Come on! We found a car with the keys in it and plenty of gas in the tank!" It was Irving Shapiro alerting his friend of their chance to escape while the area was in turmoil. "We can go north on Sunset and then up Beverly Glen, there's

no fighting in that direction!" Irving admonished his friend who had just taken aim at another trooper about twenty yards away.

"Okay, just a minute! This is great, the goys don't even know where my shots are coming from!" Diamond replied and squeezed the trigger hitting another trooper.

The two Jews then hurried toward the car Irving and another JDL member had found, but the teeming mob of queers made their going quite rough. They had to elbow their way through the onrushing freaks who had now worked themselves into a wild frenzy that allowed every last particle of their hate for life to surface and have it's play in their actions. A short distance away a group of homosexuals had cornered one of the A.U.F. women and were proceeding to punch and kick her to death while shrieking "Die, Fascist, Die!". Seeing this, other fags began accosting more women who were organization members and others who were residents in the same manner. It was spreading as "the thing to do" throughout the riot area but there was an unexpected reaction to it. As more and more of the homosexuals attacked one woman after another, the lesbian element in the mob managed to contain their lunatic rage enough to realize that females were being attacked and killed by males and this set off their white-hot hatred for all men in general.

The rioting suddenly reverted to a tooth-and-nail combat between the two varieties of freaks who had initiated the mayhem as the lesbians began attacking the homosexuals who were in the process of beating normal women to death. And as the members of the mob turned on each other the savagery

of the lesbians as they clawed, kicked, hit, and bit the faggots who responded with equally vicious tactics, resembled a pack of wild primates in a pitched frenzy.

Shrieks, howls, screams, and yells all reached such a volume that they began drowning out the sounds of gunfire on the front lines. A free-for-all was now in full swing up and down Whittier Drive and Greenway Drive as the degenerates vented their twisted frustrations and anger on each other. Here and there homosexuals lay dying after having their genitals shot off. There were others who, after receiving a severe beating, were reeling through the streets shrieking wildly as blood gushed from numerous wounds. The dykes were not faring much better. Some were dead, many more were mangled and savaged, and the pandemonium increased with a faster and faster pitch as those who were still able and who were now driven by a full blown rage over the injuries inflicted on their companions tore into each other with all the strength they were capable of. Then, as suddenly as it had begun, the uprising and riot ended as did the violence between the perpetrators.

There seemed to be homosexuals everywhere, writhing around on the ground with their eyes gouged out and good sized chunks of flesh bitten out of various parts of their bodies. Large numbers of lesbians sat or lay with blood oozing out of their mouths that were now missing the majority of their teeth and massive amounts of hair had been pulled from their scalps. They too lay moaning in pain from these injuries and the agony caused by plenty of broken bones. The combatants had beaten the aggression out of each other, many were dead,

none had escaped injury, and now they occupied themselves with what they did best which was complaining and whining.

As for the other residents, they were awe struck by the vicious spectacle and terrified of the battle which was still raging only a short distance away. At the end of the riot they began taking refuge with their few fellows who were already inside the different buildings in the immediate area, barricading the doorways in hopes that neither nazis nor queers could get in.

The push was on at Walden's position at Santa Monica and Wilshire. Now the soldiers under Commander Pintor and Flora were driving forward hard in conjunction with the company that had come down Santa Monica Boulevard from the east. The action was fast and furious and it was going to turn into the severest test any of the defensive positions would face that night in spite of the fact of the presence of two fifty caliber machine guns on the defensive line.

"Keep firing - keep firing, god damn it!" Walden barked, almost hoarse as yet another wave of hispanics made a mad, kamikaze rush toward the remains of the blockade across Santa Monica. Their plan of a complete overwhelming of the defenders and slaughtering of the residents was not turning out as it should. With fifty caliber machine guns sending round after round spraying over the Boulevard and shredding anybody caught in their fire, the hispanics were forced to resort to the periodic rushing of the defenders while their own men kept up a covering fire. Flame throwers were also employed, but their operators were shot to pieces before

reaching a range close enough to the defenses suitable for firing.

Now, with the force under Pintor and Flora involved, the Vice Chairman frantically split his men. Styrbjorn was left to handle things against the company on Santa Monica and Walden directed the defenses against Pintor and Flora which were swarming up from the south toward Wilshire.

Once the company of hispanics attacking down Santa Monica realized that there were far fewer defenders facing them, they pulled what was left of their forces together and then rushed the remnants of the blockade. All were armed with automatic weapons, and if they broke through they would soon wipe out Walden and the other troops who had their hands full with Pintor and Flora.

“Here they come!” one of the defenders shouted as a mass of human figures suddenly came streaming out of the smoke and haze. The hispanics commenced firing the second they could see their enemies. Immediately chunks of plaster flew out of the entranceways where some of the organization’s troops were, There were also fragments of masonry exploding from the outside of the windows on the higher floors from which more troops had been firing down on the swarming enemy.

The defenders steadied themselves amid the whizzing shells and then returned fire. The remaining machine gun began to spray but this time its operators were killed before it could do much damage. Since Bush Walden had removed the second machine gun and taken it with him to face Pintor and Flora the defenders on Santa Monica Boulevard had no more

heavy artillery. Grenades were hurled out at the Aztlan Force from building entranceways and from out of the rubble of the barricade. The hispanics began to fall as fast as they approached.

“Get on that gun!” Styrbjorn ordered the young Private Kooch just before a bullet from some hispanic’s handgun struck the chief a glancing lick over his left eye. Styrbjorn fell, his eye socket shattered and the left side of his face ripped open. Earl Joe saw his commander go down and caught himself as he was about to stand idly in place and stare at the bloody pulp that was once part of Styrbjorn’s face. Instantly he rushed to the machine gun and began firing. There were less than twenty defenders left in the Santa Monica position now, but with their machine gun in operation it was enough. The hispanics were almost through the barricade, but their rush had spent itself and their numbers began to melt very quickly thanks to the efforts of Private Kooch. What was left, which amounted to no more than thirty men, then ran frantically back into the haze where they were met by the rear guard under orders to shoot down all who retreated or stalled.

“Don’t! Don’t! We can’t get through, there’s a” One of the hispanics in the lead of the retreating company attempted to reason with his comrades but his plea was cut short as their rifles poured out their deadly projectiles. The last thirty men of the company on Santa Monica Boulevard lay dead and the rear guard simply sat and waited for further orders from the Generalissimo.

Once they realized that the threat on Santa Monica was eliminated, the twenty defenders rushed to help their fellows a block and a half away on Wilshire.

As they arrived they noticed the body of Bush Walden laying motionless in a pool of blood. He had been hit at least a dozen times and the command fell into the hands common troops. They had no one to direct them now. It was either think fast and move fast or be overrun. But they still could rely on their training, and their credo which contained the position of never surrender. And so there they stood, killing and being killed, throwing everything they had at Pintor and Flora. Their moral was unaffected by the loss of their commander. To them, he had fallen for a good cause, and such a death was part of his duty as a defender of his race.

With a single machine gun to help whittle down the hispanics, the battle on Wilshire Blvd. took a good deal longer to resolve than it should have. But in the end, both Pintor's and Flora's companies were slaughtered, a total of three hundred and sixty hispanics. The A.U.F. troops still living at the end of the fray totalled seven and four of these were severely wounded.

Over on Santa Monica the twenty five hispanics comprising the rear guard finally elected to advance and find out what had happened. There was no more gunfire ahead and they all felt that Commander Pintor and Commander Flora must have achieved their objective of destroying the defenders and were moving on to engage the rest of the enemy or slaughter the residents.

As they slowly and cautiously made their way down Santa Monica Boulevard Styrbjorn was crawling through the rubble trying to regain his wits. He had been thought dead but, in spite of the severity of his wound, he had only been unconscious. The scene of the streets and buildings appeared to tilt and sway as he viewed them through his good eye. He had lost use of the other and would now be partially blind, but the adrenalin rushing through his system blocked out what should have been intense pain to a large degree. He did have a splitting headache though, and he felt very nauseous but this was not enough to incapacitate him completely. He also had his psychological focusing technique, training and physical conditioning, and they were paying off again - this time by letting him keep his head and deal with the effects of the injury without succumbing to it.

Styrbjorn paused in his crawling and attempted to stand but as he slowly rose the surroundings tilted and swayed even more than they had when he was on his knees. It was then that he heard the sound of boots on pavement. The sound was coming from the other side of the barricade.

“Hispanics - it’s more hispanics!” he thought as he clumsily turned and shifted his head so that his good eye could perceive what was happening. The boulevard was still heavily smoke-filled and he squinted trying to make out if there were any men nearby.

“Ah, you miserable bunch of butchering skraylings! You’re back for more are you!” he said in a low, growling tone of voice as the first few men comprising the rear guard

became visible. They were still approaching very slowly and they didn't catch sight of the lone man on his hands and knees just on the other side of the barricade.

Styrbjorn turned and looked at the machine gun which was about thirteen yards from where he had paused. Then he began to concentrate. His awareness sliced into the blackness of his mental environment and again made full contact with the part of himself that contained the animal-like rage. In seconds that part began to take over, his muscles tightened and his breathing became deep and rasping. Then he was ready, the furious desire to destroy was at its peak and the injury he had sustained along with the pain it generated, lost all significance as his good eye fixed itself on his intended destination. There was nothing left to do now but scramble for it and as soon as he did, some of the hispanics caught his movement through the haze and smoke.

Immediately they opened fire, and bullets struck the pavement and debris around Styrbjorn. But he was moving extremely fast on his hands and knees and was shielded every few yards by a piece of automobile wreckage or some other object that had been used on the blockade. A few more feet and he would be there - then a searing pain ripped through what he thought must be his whole abdomen. The pain should have been intense but it was blocked out by his psychological state and failed to slow him down. Luckily, he had only been hit in the side and the bullet had passed through him creating a large tear in the flesh and top muscle that lay just above the pelvis and just below the last rib, it would not

be a mortal wound in spite of its visual appearance and the large area it affected.

With another sprawling leap he had reached the machine gun and in a second more it was cracking loudly away. Some of the hispanics tried again to shoot him, others were turning to retreat, all were mowed down.

With that last engagement, the battle on Santa Monica and Wilshire closed. The hispanics were defeated and with blood streaming out of the wound on his side and the left side of his face feeling like it had fallen off, Styrbjorn Tagesson relaxed against the weapon and drifted out of consciousness.

On Lomitas Avenue, the northernmost attack route, the hispanic force ran into a complete disaster. The ninety millimeter RCLR took a great toll and what was supposed to be a valiant and glorious victory for the hispanic company on Lomitas turned out to be a slaughter in favor of the defenders. After wiping out his opponents, Ivor Des'Groseilliers had the ninety millimeter recoilless rifle quickly moved over to the heavy fighting going on at Elevado Avenue. It was there that Henry Thurston was repelling an almost non-stop attack. Henry also had a set of defensive positions which allowed for layered fire, but because of their numbers the hispanics attacking down Elevado put up a return fire that was sufficient to enable them to approach the blockade in wild rushes. To make matters worse, the position held by the Field Marshall was the one which happened to catch most of the shells shot by the rioting degenerates before they went at each other's throats. Over twenty defenders had been sprayed by rifle fire

from the queers while they were involved in warding off the large hispanic assault and it was only when the RCLR arrived and was put into action that the tide of the battle began to turn.

“Am I glad to see that thing!” Henry exclaimed with relief. By this time the rioting in the rear had spent itself and as he concentrated his efforts on the hispanics, his mind had thoughts flashing through it of a fitting retribution being meted out to what he thought were the ordinary residents for their killing of so many of his men. Of course most the ones with the weapons had been shot down almost immediately after the defenders realized they were under attack from the rear, but this realization came after many troops on the blockade were shot and killed in the first volley from the rioters.

With the destruction of the transports from flame throwers, all that was left was the two companies of hispanics pressing in on Elevado and Carmelita, and they were faring rather poorly.

The fates weren't kind with the Generalissimo and his subjects this night, for while the campaign for White One was being fought, the great kingdom of Aztlan was being conquered by several divisions of the Tiger's Claws sent up by the high dragon Lu Meng when he learned the hispanic forces were engaged in Beverly Hills. Lord Lu had ordered the total destruction of the hispanic territory including the killing of all it's occupants and this is exactly what the thugs in the Tiger Claw divisions did. It started on the LA and Orange County line and methodically swept northwest, no terms or ultima-

tums were involved in the matter, anyone and everyone from infancy through to old age were systematically eliminated regardless of whether they offered any resistance or not, or if they begged for mercy on their knees.

The "Black Tigers" as the commanders of the divisions were called, were the most sadistic, brutal, and heartless fiends in the Triad structure. They had terrorized and murdered many of their own people throughout their adult lives, and the sight of hispanic women and children screaming pleas for mercy just before being shot, stabbed, or clubbed to death, was to the Black Tigers like water off a duck's back and the total destruction of Aztlan's populace was a guaranteed fact by the time the battle for White One was beginning to wind down.

It was now two a.m. and the battles on Elevado Ave and Carmelita Avenue were still in progress. Olvera sat in a state of high tension back on the intersection of Sunset Boulevard and Lomitas Avenue fervently hoping that his two remaining companies would break the defenders and finish what they had come for. Aside from a couple of trusted underlings, he was alone, everyone else had been sent up to fight and as he sat there one of the men with him noticed an automobile to their rear moving slowly down Sunset toward them.

"Who could that be?" the assistant exclaimed a little puzzled at the sight.

"Maybe some spectators are coming to see how we're doing!" the other aide offered jokingly just before receiving a hard and angry stare from Olvera who hadn't even bothered to

turn around in the seat of the jeep which served as his mobile "headquarters". The car was facing down Lomitas in the direction of the defenders even though the company on that Avenue had been wiped out some time ago. When the automobile, a large Cadillac, pulled up, it was behind Olvera's jeep and he couldn't see the occupants nor could they recognize him.

"Where's the Generalissimo? I must speak with him at once!" the old man who had been driving demanded with an edge of panic in his voice.

"The Generalissimo can't be disturbed right now, can't you hear? There's a battle going on here!" one of the assistants replied cuttingly.

"Is that so! Well, you may be interested to know that all of Aztlan has been taken over by the asians! What do you think of that?!" the old hispanic countered with every bit of boldness he could muster. Olvera's eyes opened wide when he heard this and then he spun around on the seat of the jeep and stared back at the car with an insanely frantic look on his face.

"There's the Generalissimo - get out and go speak with him!" one of the aides admonished the old man in a weak, shaky voice. But before the driver of the beat up Cadillac could open the door, Olvera had shot out of the jeep and was leaning toward him in the window. The old man could see that the Generalissimo looked sick, sort of pale, and was showing the beginnings of a sweat. "What about the asians?! What's going on!?" Olvera gasped, his eyes squinting as he spoke.

“Our land is now mostly in the possession of the asians, they they have killed and are killing all of us who are still alive and are quickly taking what little is left of Aztlan,” the old man sounded dejected and expectant all at the same time as he made his reply. He looked at the incompetent buffoon known as the Generalissimo and hoped that he would do something.

“How many? Uh... are the asians attacking with a lot of men?!” Olvera asked, his mind spinning with confusion as it tried to grasp the severity of the happenings back at Aztlan.

“Yes, many. They have been coming from the southeast and from the coast. I only narrowly avoided capture five separate times as I drove here,” The old man stated as he stared at the confused dictator who now had a look of pathos about him.

“Olvera the Great!” - “Olvera the Founder of Aztlan!” - “Olvera the Generalissimo!” - was now Olvera the inexperienced fool who had bitten off far more than he could chew.

“Quick, call a general retreat! We’re pulling out within the hour!” Olvera snapped as he lurched into an erect stance. The two aides responded immediately and left in the jeep for the companies down on Elevadoc and Carmelita.

“Mother of God, why did this have to happen?! Why?!” Olvera screamed as he stood looking up into the smoke filled night sky, his hands clenched tightly into fists and his body vibrating with the tension of anger combined with frustration. The old hispanic just stared for a moment and then shook his head and turned the key to start up his car.

“Where should I go?, I mean, I don’t want to be in the way of your soldiers sir,” the old man asked in a quiet and respectful manner.

“Just . . . just go down here on this . . . uh, on Maple Drive here and wait where it intersects with Elevado. When the men come up from the battle you will use your car to transport as many of them as will fit into it back to Aztlan,” Olvera answered sharply. The old man did as he was told and drove slowly away down Maple toward his rendezvous with the retreating hispanic soldiers.

Jonathan Olvera was in deep trouble now and he knew it. All of his transports were destroyed and there weren’t many vehicles to take his men back to fight the asians with. Most had marched to White One and only the Commanders and a few elite squads in the northern assault force had come in on vehicles. He was faced with the problem of getting all of what was left of his force back to Aztlan at once in order to try to stop the asian invasion but he had no means by which to do it. As he stood there alone in the intersection deep in thought trying to remember if he or any of his commanders had seen any buses or large trucks in the area surrounding White One, he didn’t notice the door of a nearby shop open or the old man who came limping out holding a shotgun in one hand and a couple of metal curtain rods tied together which served as a crutch in the other.

“My, my, my, my, my, if it ain’t the grand knothed himself - I do declare!”

Olvera whirled around and stared with surprise at Ed

Finley. The Generalissimo was about to say something but then decided not to. The fact that his weapons were all in the Jeep that the aide had driven away in, and the fact that the old white man had just leveled his shotgun at Olvera was sufficient to keep the hispanic quiet.

“You know boy, you got a real talent for causin’ my people a lot of trouble and grief. And I am personally sick and tired of it!” Finley said cooley as he grinned at the hispanic dictator who stood stock still and then began to raise his hands in a gesture of surrender. Olvera was sizing up his chances of escape at that moment. He wondered whether he should make a run for it and if so, in which direction could he go to get out of the shotgun’s range the quickest. He also saw that Finley was injured and tried to calculate the speed that the old fellow might be able to react with if he suddenly made a dash for it.

“You look worried boy, mighty worried. Maybe even ready to panic and try something. Well, I’ll tell ya what - you go right ahead and see what you can do!” Finley smiled and coaxed the Generalissimo in his standard boastful manner and Olvera made the snap decision to run. No sooner had he finished his last sentence than Olvera took off down Maple Drive at full speed. Finley had a wild glint in his eyes and his bushy eyebrows rose on his forehead in a joyous manner as he let the hispanic leader run about twenty yards before sending a blast into the back of Olvera’s legs.

The Generalissimo was cut down and he lay writhing in pain as Finley slowly hobbled up to where he had fallen.

“What’s wrong there, clown? Don’t that feel nice!?” Finley said as he stood over Olvera. The Generalissimo made no reply, he just rocked from side to side grimacing in intense pain as he kept running his hands over the two bloody pulps that used to be the back of his thighs. Finley gave him a heavy poke on the side of his head with the end of the shotgun’s barrel to get his full attention and with that as an incentive Olvera finally forced himself to turn and look up at his assailant.

“Please . . . please, I give up! I”

“You keep that open sewer you got in the middle of your face quiet because I’m gonna make a few things clear here!” Finley roared, cutting off the dictator’s surrender speech. “Now, first off; you just got ta understand your position here. You are low grade, parasitic trash and you have worked for years to ruin *my* country and the lives of *my* people and *myself*. And if you think you’re gettin’ some sort of civilized treatment now, you are sadly mistaken!”

Olvera kept staring at the old man, now scared out of his wits and realizing he was very close to being blown to pieces.

“You and those like you came in here and weren’t satisfied with how things were. No, you wanted it all *your* way and then you god damn people went into your feed and breed frenzy at our expense. You and people like you were always puttin’ those activists on the TV tellin’ everybody how you’re vermin offspring were our responsibility, and how we should keep supportin’ and supplyin’ you breeds with everything while you turned the whole southwestern part of our country

into a pigsty welfare state! And if that wasn't enough, you went into open rebellion and killed us after we gave you so much!" Finley paused for a moment as he shifted his grip on the shotgun and braced the butt against the hip of his good leg. "Well, sonny, I am Ed C. Finley, your very own judge, jury, and executioner, and I am here to tell you that my reach is lengthy and my vengeance is absolute!" Olvera hung his head and tried desperately to fight the burning pain shooting through his body from the backs of his legs.

"Now you get yourself ready to meet Manitou or the Great Spirit or whoever it was your god damn ancestors mumbled their gibberish for, cause I'm passin' the sentence of guilty on you. You are guilty of aggressive invasion! You are guilty of social sabotage! You are guilty of torture, mutilation, and murder against *my* people, and *my* race! and you are guilty of bein an over-ambitious, stupid, pompous, half-breed, without the sense ta know when ta stop or what's good for him! SO YOU JUST TAKE THIS ON HIAWATHA!"

The tirade was ended with five blasts from Finley's shotgun, blasts which splattered the slime that used to be Olvera's body out all over the pavement in every direction. "I still got plenty of life in me yet and all the rest of the monkeys running around these parts will be gettin' the same damn thing before I leave this old world!" Finley muttered to himself as he slowly limped back up Maple Drive.

"I guess I'll just park myself over here and wait for some of them troops to come up this way!" he thought, easing himself onto a bench at a bus stop on Sunset Boulevard. His

ankle was throbbing with sharp pain due to his little maneuver with the Generalissimo and he knew he couldn't manage on it all the way down to the defensive positions even with the help of his makeshift cain. Ed Finley would be sitting out the remainder of the conflict in the wee hours of the day quite satisfied with himself over having deprived Aztlan of its great leader. The death of the Generalissimo really made little difference in the scheme of things at this point though. Aztlan had fallen and even if what was left of its army could have been transported back rather quickly, the asian forces, which vastly outnumbered them, would have triumphed with little trouble.

As Finley sat down on the bench the leader's two assistants were making their way down Elevado Avenue to the rear guard that had taken up a position near the company now running into a perfect hell created by the RCLR and automatic rifle fire from the defensive line.

"Our people are being killed by the fuckin' asians, send someone up to this company's commander and tell him to pull back, the Generalissimo has ordered an immediate departure for Aztlan!" One of the assistants waited for the Captain of the Guard to move on what he had just been told, but the man just kept crouched against the storefront of a building and stared at the sidewalk in front of him in a state of shock.

"What's the matter with you! Send one of your men up to the Commander!" the man shouted as he punched the captain's shoulder in a rough manner. "We're going over to Carmelita and let them know, now move!" the other aide

added as both got up from beside the captain and hustled back up Elevado to their Jeep. The Captain immediately gave one of his men the message and told him to advance and alert the commander of their company, which the man did, but what he found a few hundred yards ahead was no commander and a handful of men still alive who had ducked inside and behind a few buildings.

“We’re going! We’re going! Pull back!” the soldier yelled and the survivors, a mere fifty out of an even three hundred hispanic marauders scrambled back up Elevado for safety.

Don Saxena and his command were now the only defenders still engaged in battle but they were holding off the relentless hispanics quite well. They hadn’t taken the pounding that Bush Walden’s position had and, for some reason, the company that faced them on Carmelita just didn’t seem to have the gumption to really storm the blockade. It may have had something to do with the fact that Saxena had instructed all the men under his command to take aggressive action whenever an assault was under way. They had been led by him in counter attacks which would drive the surviving members of the hispanic assault force back up Carmelita in hasty and irregular fashion. Saxena and close to forty troops would charge out from behind the blockade after the majority of the hispanics had fallen and chase the remainder back up the middle of Carmelita Avenue where they would be hit from the men on the rooftops instead of being able to sneak back to their company’s main force while hugging the storefronts and front yards.

Thanks to this little counter attack being repeatedly employed, many of the assault waves never reached the main company and were totally annihilated. Such developments played upon the morale of the enemy and each group of soldiers forming up for a new assault would be less enthusiastic than the group that had proceeded them and never returned.

As the leader's two assistants reached the company commander on Carmelita Avenue, Henry Thurston was leading his men up Elevado. They would hit the last hispanic force in a flanking maneuver, coming at them from Rodeo Drive which was one of the many drives that intersected with the avenues at that end of Beverly Hills. As Henry led his force toward their destination the trooper he had sent to Saxena was informing Strybjorn's captain of the planned action. Without hesitation Saxena ordered all the men on the blockade forward. Now the hispanics would be attacked from the side and front, and they weren't expecting anything of the sort.

The Commander, having received the Generalissimo's order from the two aides, was leading his men back up Carmelita rather happy about being able to break off the hostilities.

"Let'em have it!" came booming out of the Field Marshall's throat and the troopers, who had taken positions on Rodeo Drive just before it met with Carmelita Avenue, opened fire on the unsuspecting company. Dozens of the hispanics fell without realizing what had hit them, others tried to flee back down Carmelita to the next intersection behind them which was where Camden Drive hit their Avenue. Their

intention was to cut across to Santa Monica Boulevard down Camden and escape to the Generalissimo that way, but Don Saxena's command awaited them and they ran straight into a heavy fire. There was complete panic and total disorder in the hispanic ranks as their men made a half-hearted attempt to make a fight of it but fell in droves.

It was all over in no time, not one hispanic was left out of the entire Carmelita company, a final and grand defeat for what was the army of Aztlan. The fifty that had fled up Elevado heard the battle and, when they reached Maple Drive they found no Generalissimo waiting for them. None of the other companies were there waiting to depart for Aztlan either. The confused men milled around for a few moments and then one of them said that they should go over to Lomitas because that was where the Generalissimo said he would stay during the campaign. All agreed with the idea and they had gone about half-way up Maple Drive when they came upon the gooey mess that used to be Olvera. When they first saw the arms and legs on the edges of a grizzly pile of shattered bone, torn up organs, and shreds of uniform, they thought it was just one of the soldiers from the company but then they caught sight of a blood soaked red beret near a pile of stuff that had been the Generalissimo's head. It had been blown off his shoulders by one of Finley's blasts and what was left had landed about fifteen feet away.

There was only one among them that wore a red beret, and they knew who it was. The fifty hispanic survivors of the battle for White One now stood looking at the carnage as if

they were mindless zombies. Here was the great, well-known professor who had then become linked with all the great social activists, who had become a mob-boss, and then a dictator - the man who had promised them so many wonderful things, the man who had brought them all to total disaster - now nothing more than crow carrion. They all knew that there was no sense hanging around any longer, there would be no attack on the asians to save Aztlan because there was no army or Generalissimo to do it with, so the fifty hispanics simply melted away down the streets east of Beverly Hills hoping to avoid being captured by the asians while they located their families and tried to make it south to what used to be San Diego.

The defenders of White One assembled near the Country Club grounds for further orders. Their work was far from finished and they couldn't afford to rest, the situation was still too critical. Although they had no idea of the asian activity in Aztlan, they were on edge over the problem of more riots on the part of the queers and the large number of Jews among the non combatants which were liable to try anything at any time to destroy the grip the A.U.F. now had on White One.

Electricity had been lost in many parts of Beverly Hills as a result of the fighting but luckily the area around the Country Club was still lit and Ivor Des'Groseilliers began his address to the troops in full view of the former rioters who were still languishing around in agony after their free-for-all and within view of the many of the other residents as well.

"All right, I want details placed to guard these people.

Herd them into those buildings over there and keep them there. Any that don't cooperate shot down on the spot. Also, post a guard detail over the rest of the residents with the same orders - no one will be allowed loose and I don't care how much of a fuss they make. The situation is critical here and we're going to restore order as fast and efficiently as we can. These people will be kept under confinement until we can get things around here secure!" The Chairman had no sooner spoken than several squads broke off from his, Thurston's and Saxena's commands and began rounding up the rioters. The whole process of moving queers into nearby buildings and keeping them secure once inside took about a half an hour. Not one of them tried to resist confinement or argue in any way with the troops, most were terrified and the rest were too physically and emotionally worn out to be able to react. Then, after they were all under control, the members of the organization turned their attention to the rest of the pressing problems. There were wounded to find and help, fires to extinguish, bodies to dispose of, reconnaissance to conduct in order to find out about the remainder of the Aztlan army, and as dawn approached there was activity within White One going on at a good clip although none of it had anything to do with fighting. It was the sickening clean-up work that was under way.

CHAPTER 11

“When she left, she left behind a different man, who again looked toward the future with hope and happiness. The bearing of the wife gave the sacrifice of the man its final and great meaning, from it grew his strength and healing. “

SS Leitheft

By mid morning Howard York and Craig Perkins were back at their lookout point viewing the scene of the western end of Beverly Hills with a mixture of curiosity and shock. They had come to see what had happened the night before after listening to the gun fire and explosions from the pitched battles which had echoed up into the hills among the canyons. What they saw was dead hispanics, rubble, bellows of smoke, and clean-up brigades.

“It must have been hell on wheels down there last night,” Howard observed in a subdued mood.

“Yeah, but should we all go down there?” Craig answered with a question of his own. “You said you were helped by two of their leaders?”

“No, those fellows that helped us weren’t connected with these nazis or whatever they’re supposed to be, and I don’t even know if they’re still around or if they’re still alive!”

Howard said, correcting Craig's impression that the troops below had been the escorts through Aztlan a few days ago.

"Well I think we should go down there anyway. I mean, if they are a bunch of white supremacists or something, what can it hurt? We're the right color in their view!" Craig began again, pushing for some kind of definite action. Things between him and Gwendolyn had remained distant and he couldn't wait to get her separated from Denise and into some nice, safe, king sized bed where they could work out their differences while engaging in a wonderful routine they had long been deprived of. As Howard continued to observe the activity below them, Craig began to call up memories of the various love making sessions he experienced with Gwendolyn before they were separated during the period of social collapse in the area. He now realized that the Yorks had no intention of running northward and the pictures in his mind's eye of her smooth, soft limbs and her proportions that were just right for her height and weight stirred up his being to a point where he was actually becoming visibly impatient. The ex-second in command of the Community Guard couldn't wait to get to his house and cajole Gwendolyn into the bedroom and what he hoped would be the beginning of better relations between them.

"Hell, you're right. We don't have too much choice except to go down there I guess. After all, there's strength in numbers and I don't like the idea of making a run for it at all, not with all these hispanics around - who knows where more of them might be in the north?" Howard had finally come to

a firm decision and Craig felt satisfied that he was now just a few steps away from getting Gwendolyn right where he wanted her.

“No sign of any more trouble down there, they all seem to be cleaning up not ready to fight. Let’s go get Maureen and the girls then,” Howard exclaimed with resignation in his voice even though he still had misgivings over what they were about to do.

The question of what to do with the remains of the hispanic soldiers was a pressing concern for the defenders that morning. Mass graves were considered and even transporting them to the coast and dumping them in to the ocean with the outgoing tide was suggested, but Don Saxena came up with the most practical idea. It came to him when he remembered how the old Vikings used to dispose of the dead after large-scale battles.

“Burn them?” Ivor said, liking the sound of the idea after Don had mentioned it.

“Sure, pile them in heaps and then burn them to ash!” he added in a matter of fact tone.

“Why not?! It’s faster than digging pits, and the smoke from all those heaps will act as a signal to the rest of the sub-humans that we don’t fool around! We’ll stack ‘em up all along San Vincente Boulevard and any hispanic that’s around will see just what’s making all the smoke!” Henry added his point of view and agreement with the disposal method to the conversation as the three men stood at field headquarters on Lomitas Avenue orchestrating the cleanup.

So it was that the dead hispanics were cremated en masse. The procedure started that afternoon at almost three o'clock. It had taken that long for the entire defensive force working non-stop to load, transport, and pile a good amount of the dead. After the remains were soaked quite well with the gasoline that had been poured over them, flame throwers were used and the once-arrogant and proud army of Aztlan began to go up in smoke.

"It'll take a lot more than those bastards to put us away!" the Field Marshall observed happily as he saw the thick black smoke rising from the piles high into the still afternoon sky.

The dead of the defenders, not quite a quarter of their whole force, were buried quickly but with due ceremony on the Country Club land. There would be no more golfing or any other foolish, time-wasting pursuits on the premises from this point on. The extreme southwestern end now became the cemetery and the rest would be put to use for gardens.

The wounded were also seen to in the quickest possible manner. While the remains of the dead were sorted and then transported to their respective destinations, the wounded were treated and taken to some of the hotels to convalesce. It was during all this that Ed Finley was finally picked up on the east end of Sunset Boulevard.

"God damn, I was beginnin' ta think that you boys were never gonna get up this way!" he growled as a couple of troopers helped him into the vehicle that would take him over to the Wilshire where he would be recuperating.

"Well, at least we got here, old fellow!" one said in reply.

“That’s right old timer, no need to worry, all the fuss and muss is over” the other added good naturedly as Finley grumbled in the back seat.

“No need to worry! If it wasn’t for me the greasers would still have their dictator! Hell, I practically won this war all by myself!” the old man mused, feeling quite good with himself for depriving Aztlan of its leader.

About the same time that Finley was being taken to the hotel the Yorks and Craig Perkins were spotted walking down Lomitas Avenue by Don Saxena as he and the two A.U.F. leaders were formulating a plan for dealing with the residents that were still under guard.

“Well what do you know? I wondered where they’ve been all this time?!” he exclaimed while looking up Lomitas and waving at Howard who had recognized him and was waving back.

“Who the hell are those people? And why aren’t they locked up with the rest of the sheep?!” Henry exclaimed as he looked at the approaching party. He hadn’t seen any of them before except Gwendolyn and Denise, and they were to the rear of the party and out of sight at the moment.

“Take it easy Henry, Don knows these people!” Ivor said patting the steaming Field Marshall on the shoulder. “You do know them don’t you?” he asked turning curiously to Saxena who was smiling broadly.

“Sure, they’re the ones we brought here, the people from Orange County I told you about - ah, except that guy in the Guardsman’s uniform, I don’t know him!” Don replied happily.

“Oh yes, there’s that young lady and that little girl we saw at the community center the night we arrived,” Ivor responded, noticing Gwendolyn and Denise as the little party drew nearer.

“Howard, where have you been for the last day and a half?!” Don shouted at the Yorks who were now about fifteen yards away.

“Hiding in the hills!” came the reply. The family was then introduced to the two leaders of the organization and when the attention fell on Craig Perkins, who was armed, Howard spoke up for him and was able to convince Des’Groseilliers not to lock up his future son in law.

“If it wasn’t for these fellows you’d have no place to live right now!” Don began. “They’ve saved you from the clutches of the Aztlan army you know?!”

“You played a large part in that yourself” Henry pointed out as he gave Saxena’s arm a squeeze.

“So where’s the Chief?!” Howard asked happily. “Still out chasing hispanics or something?!”

There was a few seconds of silence. No one had spoken about Styrbjorn until now and all three of the leaders thought he had been killed at the action on Santa Monica Boulevard along with Bush Walden and a good many others.

“Dead!” Saxena answered, while looking straight into Gwendolyn’s eyes.

“Yup, and it’s too bad. That guy could really fight I’ll tell you,” Henry exclaimed proudly.

Gwendolyn didn’t know why Don Saxena had looked at

her when he answered her father's question and she didn't know why he was still looking at her as if expecting some sort of reaction to the news of Styrbjorn's death especially from her, but it made her strangely uncomfortable. She reacted by winding both her arms around one of Craig's and let her head rest on his shoulder while she looked casually away at some point in the distance. The maneuver was enough to stop Don's staring.

"Sorry to hear that!" Howard said respectfully, speaking to Saxena who was now feeling bad about the loss of his friend.

"That's life, I guess," Don muttered.

During the discussion about Styrbjorn's fate, Candace had noticed Henry giving her the once over and in her typical brash manner, she raised her eyebrows, opened her eyes and mouth as wide as she could, and then leaned toward the Field Marshall in an exaggerated version of his own behavior. Henry's acute embarrassment was immediately triggered and his face began to flush a deep scarlet as Candace started to giggle. Thurston turned on his heels and set off in the opposite direction cursing himself under his breath. The girl had a certain quality and the sort of looks that he had often dreamed about and, as usual, the Field Marshall had once again made a spectacle of himself at a time when he simply wanted to be friendly.

Ivor watched him walking up to a group of troopers and knew full well that it wasn't because they needed him over there. "Good old Henry, social clown!" he thought, turning his attention back to the Yorks.

Candace also knew full well why the big fellow had hurried away and she was quite pleased with herself for routing him. "He's a teddy bear! Boy, could I have some fun with him!!" she thought as she watched Henry trying to act as official as possible with the troops knowing that the girl could still see him.

"Well why don't you folks stay at the Wilshire like before, we can run you over there right now?" the Chairman asked after talking with Howard about accommodations.

"Or, uh, they can stay at my place on Lexington Road. That's where they were supposed to be anyway" Craig cut in.

"Sure. Let's go to Craig's!" Candace urged her father, not wanting to be stuck in a hotel with wounded troops.

"All right, let's go to Craig's then," Howard replied.

"I'll drive you over there," Saxena spoke up as he beckoned them towards one of the automobiles nearby. As they walked to the car, Craig held on to Gwendolyn who now didn't seem to mind his attention while he took stock of Don Saxena. Perkins had never seen Styrbjorn and had never received any indication from his fiance that she had had an interest in him, but he was still happy to hear that the man who had so much time alone with Gwendolyn while he was escorting her across Los Angeles County was dead. As for Saxena, Craig was happy that he didn't have to compete with him for Gwendolyn's attentions. He was a little too good looking and far too personable for comfort.

As Saxena drove away with the new arrivals, Ivor walked up to Henry who was still strutting around like a nervous peacock trying to look good in case Candace might cast a final glance his way.

"You can relax, she's gone," the Chairman said with a laugh.

"Gone?! Who's gone?" Henry replied casually, feigning ignorance and looking quite puzzled by the statement made by his friend.

"All right, forget it. Listen, we should get over to the hotel and see all the fellows before it gets too late, and then we can get some rest because we'll have to start the processing of all those people bright and early tomorrow morning you know."

"Yeah, Christ are they gonna be miserable by the time we bring them out in the morning! But it'll do 'em some good, they've had things their way for too long!" Henry responded laughing at the thought of all the movie stars, producers, directors, writers, and other big wigs having to sleep on the tile floors of the buildings they were in. One blanket apiece wasn't going to make those tile floors any softer he thought with humor, as he and Des'Groseilliers headed for a free vehicle.

While they toured the floors of the Wilshire which held their wounded fellows, both Ivor and Henry were happy to learn that no one who had been brought in was in critical condition and all were expected to recover.

"That's great news Kelly! You and the rest of the ladies take real good care of these guys! I'll have a few men assigned to you who will bring you whatever you run short of." Des'Groseilliers gave Kelly Rigeley a hug after she had given him the news about the expected recovery rate. The woman had medical training and was a naturopath whose hus-

band was in Henry's force during the fighting, and she and the rest of the A.U.F. women were now nursing the injured and running the supply of rations in the community.

"We'll do that!" she replied as she stepped into the elevator to see about things on the next floor.

For the next hour Des'Groseilliers and Thurston went from room to room giving pep talks to those who were awake and leaving short, handwritten notes of praise by the bed sides of those who weren't. Then they entered a room and stopped dead in their tracks. There relaxing on the twin beds was Styrbjorn and Finley.

"Don't just stand around there like a couple of dumb stupid Jehovah's Witnesses, come on in and sit down!" Finley bellowed in a friendly tone.

Soon the four were discussing the details of the night and when Finley mentioned that there was no need to worry about Olvera any more Ivor asked why.

"Did you see which way he went?" the Chairman queried.

"Sure! He went to the happy huntin' grounds courtesy of me and my friendly persuader!" Finley shouted happily as he pointed to the shotgun leaning against the far wall.

Ivor and Henry exchanged a surprised glance and then looked back at Finley.

"Well I did! Right on Maple Drive!" he said, thinking that the two men didn't believe him.

"Don't worry Stonewall, if you say it's true, then it's a fact in my book!" Henry told the old man as he took Finley's

hand and shook it.

“That’s right, we need a man like you Mister Finley and I’d like to discuss your joining us once your leg is back to normal,” the Chairman added, sincerely feeling that Finley would do a lot for the organization.

“Fine, fine. Whenever ya want,” the old man said, “and by the way, if either one of you fella’s should come across any cigars around this here idiot’s paradise send ‘em up ta me will ya?”

After assuring Finley that he would receive any cigars that were found, the two A.U.F. leaders turned their attention to Styrbjorn who had been silently listening to their conversation with his roommate. His head was bandaged up but his good eye was able to take in things around him although it hurt him to move his head in any direction. His side was also bandaged up even though the bleeding had stopped while he was unconscious out at the site of the battle.

“Well Chief, good to see you’re still among us!” Henry said happily as he beamed at Styrbjorn.

“I have something very important to do here and I’m not going anywhere until it’s done,” Styrbjorn replied out of one side of his mouth - the other side was too swollen to move properly.

“Good! And if you need any help doing whatever it is, just call on me, I’ll do anything I can!” Henry responded enthusiastically.

“So will I!” Des’Groseilliers added.

“Thank you. You can start by telling me if you’ve seen

or heard of the whereabouts and condition of some people called York? You remember, one of them was in the office at the community center with me when you first came here,” Styrbjorn asked, still clinging to a strong hope that Gwendolyn was alive and well.

“Certainly. We were speaking with them just an hour or so ago. Don drove them to the house they are going to stay in on Lexington Road!” Ivor happily answered.

Styrbjorn sat up excitedly, “Was there a girl among them, a very beautiful one, kind of quiet?!” he inquired desperately.

Henry was laughing, “So, I guess she has something to do with this important thing you just have to get done here?!”

Styrbjorn relaxed back on his bed showing no more emotion.

“There were two girls in the group and both were quite charming, but the little one really was something to behold,” the Chairman stated. “She was latched on to some fellow who was supposed to be her fiance according to her father.”

“That’s fine,” Styrbjorn said calmly.

The conversation then turned to Styrbjorn’s wounds and how he received them. The Chief gave a rather bland account of the happenings on the Santa Monica position, making no attempt to gain the praise of two A.U.F. men who were still very vague about just what he had done.

Realizing that he wasn’t going to go into very much detail, Ivor suggested that he and Henry leave their friends to get some rest. Once out in the hall the Field Marshall asked rather annoyed, “Why couldn’t we have stayed and asked him

some more questions? I wanted to find out what the hell really happened to him!"

"The fellow wasn't going to let on. Obviously he doesn't consider it that important so we'll find out about it from the other survivors from that position," Ivor said calmly as he pressed the down button for the elevator. "Lucky this part of town still has power!" he mentioned as they waited.

"Well I'm coming back here sometime tomorrow and speak to Donelin, Kooch, and LaPort. Hopefully they'll be awake and I can find out what went on," Henry announced, referring to the three men out of the five who had not succumbed to the wounds they had received on Santa Monica and Wilshire.

"Go ahead. But first we straighten things out with our beloved flock in the morning!" Des'Groseilliers quipped as they left the elevator and strolled to their car.

They would be spending the night in one of the houses near the Country Club so that in case any trouble arose with the imprisoned residents they would be on the scene immediately.

The next morning fifty tables were placed in front of the buildings where the residents were confined. Des'Groseilliers, Saxena, Thurston and other members of the A.U.F. would be seated at them and the people would be let out of their temporary prisons fifty at a time to be interrogated and dealt with.

"Let's get started, there's several thousand couped up in all these buildings and we can't rush through this and miss any undesirables," Ivor exclaimed as he rubbed his hands

together expectantly as he went to the nearest table and sat down.

It was quite a morning in White One, the smell of smoke was still in the air and the sky was overcast. Just the sort of day for dealing with the assortment of freaks, degenerates, flakes, whiners and flatterers that made up the local citizenry and the interrogators all enjoyed the idea of being able to sit down and relax while working after the tension filled days and nights just past.

“Okay, let out the first group!” Ivor shouted to the troopers on guard outside the long string of one and two story buildings holding the residents that hadn’t taken part in the rioting. They were the people that would be dealt with first, the queers would come later.

After the doors of several buildings were opened, the guards went inside and quickly emerged with the first subjects. They all slowly made their way to the tables nearest them and were instructed to sit down in a polite, non-threatening manner by the man who sat waiting for them.

“Identification please,” was the first thing each of the frightened residents were asked after they had seated themselves. “If it was lost or left somewhere in all the confusion, state your name and place of residence in this community.” was added on for good measure. Each of the interrogators had copies of the resident lists made in McGowan’s office two days ago and they simply checked for the person’s name after examining their driver’s license and other identification. If the person checked out and wasn’t a Jew, they were given a

short apology for the inconvenience they had suffered and told of the extreme danger existing in the territory encircling White One. Once this was done, they were informed that they were not a prisoner of any sort and if they wanted to leave the community they could do so at their own risk.

On hearing this, most of the residents would inquire about what kind of conditions they could expect to have to live with if they chose to remain at their homes in the community, and the answer they received was simple and straightforward.

“If you choose to stay, you will find that this community will be run in a most civilized manner, and you will be safe from any more of the sort of thing that’s been taking place around here for the last couple of days. Of course, as a member of the community you’ll have tasks to do - tasks that will help keep this environment and everyone in it healthy, clean, and happy.” This was the standard sort of line given by all the interrogators. Once said, another statement was tacked on having to do with presentations being given in the evenings by certain members of the A.U.F. concerning its aims, its concepts, and its material relating to the collapse of modern civilization and those who caused it.

“We don’t want anyone feeling like they are under some sort of enemy occupation here, but the information concerning our organization is too involved and complex to go into now. Suffice it to say, you’ll probably be pleasantly surprised when you attend the presentations for community members and view exactly what we’re all about,” the Chairman point-

ed out to an apprehensive young woman who was the wife of a once-prominent producer.

“Can I look for my husband now?” she asked meekly.

“Actually, if you return to your home it would be much better. You see, if all or most of the people we speak to begin milling around trying to find other people there’s going to be a lot of confusion and delay. Believe me, the process is necessary Mrs. Calhoun, and don’t worry, your husband will be along as soon as he finishes here,” Ivor answered being as friendly as he could. His reply seemed to satisfy the woman who then got up and began walking tiredly away in the direction of her home but the Chairman was a little on edge after the interview. For him, the processing maneuver set off an internal conflict in which the genuine concern for the people of his race struggled against his intense hatred for their pathetic life style and habits. Since he had always had a great talent for level headed diplomacy Ivor Des’Groseilliers made an excellent A.U.F. Regional Chairman and it was thanks to his even-tempered approach that the white residents of the community were being treated so respectfully rather than in the high handed manner which his Field Marshall thought was appropriate. Still, there were times, such a now, that Ivor felt like suspending the civilities and coming down on the people of his race with the hobnailed boot of uncompromising authority that would surely set them straight and make them shape up fast. After all he’d been though, Ivor was in no mood to listen to whining and now he had to use every bit of his control to keep from snapping people’s heads off as they asked one mindless question after another during their interrogation.

“Mr. Amshel Silver - according to these records you live on Calle Vista Drive, is that correct?” Henry Thurston, implacable opponent of the chosen people had the luck of receiving the first of the many Jews of the community.

“That’s what it says doesn’t it?!” the Jew snapped back. He was the typical specimen: ugly, sly, and vicious. “You listen to me, I’m an American citizen and I’ve got rights! This *is* America not Nazi Germany and I don’t have to answer any of your questions!” the chosen one went on, working himself into a real Talmudic mouth frothing fit.

“Mr. Silver, you will go with these two men. They will take you to a holding area where you will await your trial!” the Field Marshall snarled as he motioned for the two troops standing behind him to come forward and take the Jew away. Henry looked deep into the black, beady eyes of the irksome creature seated on the other side of his table and his blood began to boil. He would have liked to strangle Silver right then but he managed to control himself.

“What?! I’m not going to any holding area, I’m going home!” Silver started up. “You gonna make me wear a yellow star of David or something?! And what trial?! I’m not guilty of anything. You can go to hell! Do you hear me?!” Flecks of saliva shot out of the Jew’s mouth as he shook his fist in Henry’s face defiantly.

“What trial? Why, a trial for crimes against humanity Mr. Silver, what else?!” Henry answered with a slight grin. The commotion the Jew was causing could be heard clearly all over the street and his loud ranting was beginning to upset the

other people seated at the tables. Realizing that Silver had gone out of control, Henry clenched one hand, turning it into a huge fist, and then sent it crashing into the Jew's forehead. The eyes of Yahweh's darling slowly crossed and his body went limp.

"Get him out of here!" Henry said frantically as the two troopers each grabbed an arm and pulled the unconscious chosen one down an alley to another building where the Jews would be confined.

It took all day and most of the night to complete the processing of the residents and things developed into a clearly predictable routine early. Every Jew that came out made a great fuss and had to be physically restrained and dragged away while the white residents were usually frightened and unsure of things but ended up cooperating. The small portion of mulattos, asians, and hispanics, and those whites married and related to them that were part of the community's populace were put into vehicles and driven north up Coldwater Canyon and on to the 101 Freeway running through Sherman Oaks. Once there they were told that they were on their own and could do as they pleased so long as they never returned to White One. There was a stink raised about racism, bigotry, and hate made by the misfits as they stood around after being unloaded in what everyone thought was an outlying area of Aztlan but which had become part of New China. The complaints carried no weight and the troops simply returned to their vehicles and drove back to the communities leaving the race mixers stranded without food, water, or transportation. It

was not long afterwards that they ran into divisions of the Tiger's Claws and when they did the Chinese killed them on the spot.

It was a fact that everyone in the A.U.F. from the leadership down hated race mixers but Ivor felt that the on-the-spot executions that were desired might put too much of a strain on the relationship between his people and the residents, so he decided that banishing them would be more appropriate. The Chairman knew that the residents might opt to leave the area if they became too upset over the reordering proceedings and the reclaiming of southern California could not be done without them. The tempers of the A.U.F. personnel would have to be controlled and the race mixers only banished in order to keep things stable and save the territory later, there was no way around it. Strategy prevailed over emotion and the disgruntled troops complied with their orders.

As the processing was underway on Wilshire, the troops were stacking and burning the last of the hispanic dead on San Vincente Boulevard. There were only forty bodies left on the last truck and the troopers assigned to the task were bone tired from working all night and sick to the point of nausea of the sight of gore, but the thought of the last load having arrived perked them up a bit.

As they pulled the "floppies", which was the term they used to describe the bodies, off the truck bed, the troops began checking for handguns and ammunition. The large weapons had been taken while the remains were being loaded at the site they had fallen, but it was up to the cremation crew

to collect any small guns, shell cases, or ammunition clips that were in the uniforms of the human kindling.

“What have we here?” one of the men said as he pulled a small silver container halfway out of the large breast pocket on the jacket that one corpse which was missing one arm and it’s head was still wearing.

“Liquor flask, you dope,” answered Sergeant Willy Pudloozney, “leave it! Christ, with all the diseases these bastards have I wouldn’t go near anything that’s been in their mouths. Why do you think we’re wearing rubber gloves and masks?!”

Hearing this the trooper slid the metal container back into the pocket and roughly pushed the floppy onto the pile. After another twenty five minutes the cremation detail had finished with the last of the bodies and were drenching the pile with gasoline. Sandbags had been placed around the bottom of the hideous stack so that the excess fuel would be soaked up and would then make the bags into huge briquettes once the fire was lit. The flame throwers spewed their contribution onto the pile and the job was almost complete but the crew had to stick around and hit the burning mass with the flame throwers whenever it’s combustion slowed down. And as they stood there anxiously waiting for the last of the floppies to turn into ash so they could leave and get the rest their bodies were screaming for, they had no idea that the flames before them were destroying a little concoction that could have ended mankind. ETIN-12, that wonderful development in the world of biological warfare produced by the psychopaths in the Pentagon years earlier was finally neutralized.

With the Jews and Whites almost sorted, Don Saxena leaned back in his chair and yawned. After signalling the guards at the doorway of the nearest building to let out the next person his thoughts focused on the village. He was sure that everyone there was all right and he began thinking about how involved the move to relocate them in White One might be. Saxena had not learned that Styrbjorn was still alive yet since Des'Groseilliers and Thurston had been preoccupied with processing procedures since first thing that morning and he felt that the relocation maneuver rested solely on his shoulders.

"Sit down please - can I see some identification?" Saxena asked dryly without looking up at the face of the person who had just arrived at his table. David Diamond hadn't made any escape during the riot of the queers the night before. Instead he, Irving Shapiro, and a few of their JDL henchmen had been mobbed by a pack of lesbians who had inflicted a good deal of physical damage on the surprised Jews. The keys to the automobile that they were to get away in were grabbed and tossed away by one of the mad dikes during the assault and the Jew's plan for escape evaporated into a dismal failure.

As Diamond sat in front of Saxena he thought about his fate. Would he be killed? Did anyone witness his shooting of a dozen of the A.U.F.'s personnel last night? Saxena looked at the man across the table, "Do you have any identification?" he asked becoming annoyed with the unresponsive Jew. Diamond made no reply, he just sneered as he stared at his interrogator. "Fine. Take him to the holding area!" Saxena said calmly, as two troopers approached to lead Diamond

away. Instantly the Jew sprang up and tried to push the table onto the goyim enemy but the Captain reacted too fast and jumped out of his chair avoiding the collapsing piece of furniture. In another second Saxena was around the obstacle between him and the Jew and was facing off with the Commander of the Community Guard. Diamond braced himself and sent a vicious kick in the direction of Saxena's groin. It was one of the moves he had become quite good at while working toward his black belt in Shotokan Karate years earlier, and it had excellent power behind it. If the kick had landed it would have ruptured, smashed, and broken up the area of Don's pelvis it was to hit but the Captain's commando techniques neutralized the blow. Saxena stepped in to the oncoming kick and caught the Jew's leg as it sped toward him, and in a split second it lost its momentum. Then the palm of the Captain's free hand came down on the knee area breaking the leg bones at the knee joint and snapping ligaments. Diamond screamed in excruciating pain as he fell on to the pavement.

"If you can find anything to say you'll get your chance to speak up at your trial!" Saxena said contemptuously as the troopers began dragging the screaming Jew away.

Standing a few yards away witnessing the confrontation with wide eyed excitement was Oliver Curtis who had just been okayed by one of the troopers at another table. No one had bothered to tell him about the so called "neo-nazi invasion" and when the hispanic attack had started, he was still up in the hotel. The past forty eight hours had been the most frightening and exciting in his life and now, after watching

Saxena dispose of the belligerent man at the table, Oliver was determined to become part of what ever it was that the people in charge were connected to.

“Hello Don, I see you’re still in fighting trim,” he said as he walked up behind Saxena.

“Oh, Curtis, how are you?” Don replied as he shook the man’s hand.

“I want to join this group or whatever it is Don. How do I go about it?” Oliver asked in his usual excited, boyish manner.

Saxena explained the need for him to attend the presentations that would be given in a day or two and said that he would probably have a chance to join at that time.

The two talked for a few more minutes about the events of the previous night and then Curtis departed for the Wilshire happy in the knowledge that he might be “on the inside” as he looked at it in a matter of days.

“Let’s get dinner and then we can start on the rioters!” Ivor said loudly as the guards indicated there were no more people in any of the buildings and the other interrogators were finishing with their last subjects. Soon he, Henry, and Don were at the house in which the Chairman and Field Marshall had spent the night, and as they began their simple fare for the evening, the discussion of how to handle the freaks got under way.

“You know, quite a few of those nuts are sons, daughters, sisters, brothers, grandchildren, or other relations of the people we’ve just finished with. So how are we going to get rid of them and keep on reasonable terms with the rest of the citizenry?” Ivor asked. He was deliberately emphasizing the

concern he had for returning the community to a normal condition as soon as possible and making it into a stronghold to be used to re-take the south end of the state as he pointed out how touchy the residents would be about Thurston's idea of using firing squads to deal with the rioters.

"We'll kill the instigators and weed out the Jews among the lot for separate trials, but I don't think we can exterminate the whole works without panicking the residents and causing them to pack up and make a run for the northwest. We can't hold the community alone, we need its members and if we want to be able to gain strength and eventually clean this area up, we'll have to make some concessions now," Des'Groseilliers continued.

"So what do we do, just let all those miserable lunatics loose and expect them to fit in and do things our way?" Henry asked, surprised at the lenient tone of the Chairman. Thurston then became silent and sat there feeling very annoyed but Saxena spoke up and offered his perspective.

"Ivor, this is something you can't compromise on. You've got a few hundred Jews under lock and key that we'll be putting on trial in a little while and we've already decided that the high profile and more notorious ones would be executed in front of their tribesmen and that the insignificant ones would be used as slave labor - don't you think that's going to unsettle the residents even after they've seen our presentation material?"

Des'Groseilliers nodded slowly seeing where Saxena was leading and realized it was what was the only real solution to the queer problem.

“Remember what Styrbjorn said up at the hotel before the hispanic attack? He said that the populace could be forced to accept our ways whether they liked it or not, and I agree!” Saxena continued. “Those freaks can’t be kept around here and they can’t be taken some where and dumped like the non-whites and race traitors were. These people are mentally deranged, sick, and if we let them loose in any way they’ll deliberately try to cause us problems just like they did last night. You said yourself Ivor, they’re twisted on the most basic level of their being, and they will never do anything except work to destroy things that stand for healthy, clean living - their as bad as the Jews!”

“Well, what do you say to separating the Jews among them and then taking the rest out into the distant canyons and ending their lives by means of Henry’s idea?” Des’Groseilliers responded. “Now you’re talking!” Henry exclaimed jubilantly and with that the three began to concentrate on their meal.

Henry and Don took to their food well but Ivor was not at all pleased over the stuff he was consuming. Being a connoisseur of fine food and gracious living, the chairman found that the most annoying and intolerable part of life at this point in history was meal time. No matter how much he tried, the portly Frenchman just could not bring himself to enjoy any of the tasteless material which the rest of his fellows seemed to think passed for food. Breakfast, lunch, and dinner were indeed most dismal events for the A.U.F. leader.

As it happened the dinner discussion was a waste of time because when the three leaders returned to begin the maneuver, they soon found that the others involved in the plan were not going to cooperate. "Henry! Since you like Jews so much, you and your men take Allred and all her sisters, and we'll see to the prince of the pansies and his loyal subjects!" Saxena said laughingly as he and a squad of men walked over to the buildings containing Randy Frazier and all of the homosexuals. The fags and dikes had been separated when they were placed in confinement and the leaders had been told by a number of residents that they had spoken to during the identification processing earlier that day, that Randy Frazier and Nina Allred had apparently been the ring leaders of the uprising and rioting during the battle with the hispanics. What Saxena, Thurston, and the men with them on Wilshire didn't know was that both the fags and the lesbians had formulated plans for attacking their captors as soon as the doors to their buildings were opened. The queers were under the impression that the A.U.F. people wouldn't dare retaliate in front of the rest of the citizenry. What the freaks didn't know was that all the residents, even their relatives, had gone to their homes and Wilshire was deserted as the doors of the buildings they were in were opened.

As they heard their captors approaching freaks of the two groups that were still physically able to cause a ruckus after the beatings they had sustained at the close of their riot readied themselves for their wild breakout and stampede. The fact that they were not in contact with one another during their confinement, and kept in separate buildings while still manag-

ing to come up with the same scheme, proved that twisted minds really did think alike.

Thurston and Saxena and their troops got to the doorways about the same time and, as planned, when one of their men opened the door the queers came rushing out screeching and shrieking, mobbing the surprised captors before they even had a chance to speak. Both Saxena and Henry had twenty men with them and the degenerates numbered close to two hundred but the troops who had been standing in the center of the street for the purpose of falling in line and escorting a few queers at a time to waiting trucks managed to open fire on the mobs before they were overwhelmed.

At the entrance way it was a fight for life and limb for the A.U.F. personnel as packs of the homosexuals and lesbians attempted to beat and kick them to death. As the troops in the rear kept up a steady fire mowing down the degenerates as fast as they approached, Don Saxena, Henry Thurston and the three men that accompanied each one of them to the doorways faced off with the insane perverts in fast paced hand to hand combat. Near the doorway of one building the field Marshall was roaring with laughter as he sent attacking lesbians sailing into one another, knocking some of them aside with his arms and side-stepping others. His men were not quite so easy going and after belting the first few attackers into unconsciousness, they started shooting. A little way down the street, the fighting was more intense and vicious, for although the assailants were fagots they still had male agility and strength. In the initial rush Randy Frasier and three burly side kicks flew

at Saxena who was almost caught totally by surprise. One of them sent a fist driving into the side of the Captain's head and the force of the blow was enough to almost knock him out. Saxena reeled backward trying to regain control of his body but it wasn't responding. It was only the frenzy of the four attackers that saved him and gave him enough time to regain his wits and regular response in his limbs, because instead of taking careful aim with their punches or kicks, the fags flailed wildly, sometimes missing Saxena by a good foot. The captain swayed and stumbled this way and that as the queers lashed out and this added to their failure to connect, but in a few seconds he had regained his normal ability to move and then he went on the offensive. As the four freaks moved in from all directions Saxena sprang forward at the two in front of him driving the heel of one palm straight into the first one's solar plexus and letting it continue up to under the queer's chin with natural momentum. There was a sickening crack as the jaw shattered, but in a split second the palm of the same hand had moved in on the other homosexual and landed right over his left ear breaking the eardrum. Half turning to look behind him, Saxena then sent a hard rear kick to the third's leg just under the knee which snapped the limb like a twig.

The three bum-boys hit the pavement like dominos and Randy Frazier was next. Saxena observed a stereotypical fag-got's sneer on the tall, gangly creature just before he let out a high pitched screech and flew at the captain. Don pivoted so that the fag was approaching from the side and then, when Frazier's long, skeletal fingers were almost grabbing him

around the throat, Saxena delivered a double hammer punch blow square on the breast bone of the attacker. The power of his torso, shoulders, and arms went into the move which was felt as the two outside edges of his hands which were laced together hit a small area on the queer's chest. Don heard a loud thud as Frazier flew backward from the terrible impact which had stopped his heart and caved in the front of his rib cage causing the bones to puncture both lungs in several places.

After downing his first four opponents, Saxena faced the throngs still streaming out of the building that were now also making for him. He quickly glanced around to see what had happened to the three troopers who were beside him when the doors were opened. Only one was standing and he was desperately striking at a number of fags with his rifle butt and trying to retreat back to his comrades some thirty yards away.

"Shoot them! Shoot them! Go Ahead!" Don shouted at the man who was so hard pressed that he had no time to lift his rifle and take aim, the fags were rushing him so fast that he had to keep up a whirlwind of blows just to fend them off. The captain had to move fast as well. He pulled his rifle off from over his shoulders and was able to open fire just as the mob had closed to within ten feet of him. From then on it was a turkey shoot. The sound of the first shots brought several details of troops scrambling to the scene from the areas near by, and when they arrived, they too opened fire.

"That's it! Give it to the corkscrews!" shouted Sergeant Willy Pudloosney as he and cremation detail took aim at, and

shot down queer after queer. Henry and his men had fought their way out of the dyke mob and they were also pouring rounds into their adversaries. It was a strange, sickening feeling that came over them as the women began falling, for as insane as these lesbians were, and for all their hatred of men, they were still women and the normal individuals of the Aryan United Front felt the natural empathy that was usual between male and female. That evening they did their duty but there was no sense of victory in it, only a sadness and despair over so many women's wasted lives and the mental focus promoted by repulsive creatures like the now dead Nina Allred which had brought them all to such a terrible end. With the homosexuals it was a different story; their slaughter caused nothing but a feeling of a job well done.

"God damn slimy trash!" Henry said as he and Saxena stood together and looked at the scads of new corpses littering the three-block area of Wilshire Boulevard near the Country Club. they had just finished executing all the dykes and fags that had been too injured to take part in the rebellion and were now preparing to launch another clean up maneuver.

"I'll bet you guys thought you were all through burning up garbage?" Henry asked Sergeant Pudloosney who was too tired to answer. "Never mind, we'll form another detail, you fellows go back and get some rest" the Field Marshall continued with an understanding tone.

"Thanks, sir, we appreciate it!" Pudloosney answered rather relieved over being released from the cleanup job.

That night several squads worked at cremating the

remains of the queers after they had been taken out to San Vincente Boulevard where the hispanics had gone up in smoke. By the next morning the area of the slaughter was clear and many of the troops were busy with the rubble and the remainder of the barricades that still had to be cleaned up. Around noon Saxena and the rest of Styrbjorn's men who had not been wounded in the hispanic action departed on foot for the village with the intention of moving it's population back to White One as soon as all the logistics were worked out at that end. Ivor Des'Groseilliers began sorting material that had been sitting ready for weeks, ever since they had decided to move into White One. There were video tapes, booklets, photocopies of government documents and contents of various Jewish publications for the residents to be exposed to during the presentations scheduled to begin in two days at the auditoriums of both the high schools in Beverly Hills. Henry occupied himself with the task of establishing guard posts around the outside of the community's boundaries, guard posts that would always be manned and heavily armed.

There were other organization personnel that began planning the agricultural projects, and still others that would be training the residents in the tasks that would have to be done in order for the community to keep functioning properly. Then there was the restoration of electricity to the areas where it was knocked out during the battle, and the planning for the day when the power would eventually cease. Time flew by and when the evening of the first presentation had arrived it didn't seem like two days had expired but, as Henry joked to

Ivor as they stood in one of the packed auditoriums, “the show must go on!” and it did.

What the people of the community saw and heard at the two auditoriums that evening was well thought out information dealing not only with the A.U.F. and its agenda and ideals, but also with why society had collapsed and why such an agenda and ideals was now the only way out of the danger and chaos that threatened to plunge the western world into a “dark age” that could easily last many centuries.

The role of the power elite and the Jews was laid out and explained with questions being taken and much clear evidence to back up the Organization’s position against such people in the form of documents, personal letters, and articles in private publications were distributed. The point of the presentations was not to convince or recruit, for many of the residents of White One including its leaders like Daniel McGowan and Hudson Cooke were involved in promoting the very things the A.U.F. stood against. The people packed into the auditoriums were simply being shown how and why things were going to be run the way they were from then on and why it didn’t matter at all whether they liked it or not - they now knew the score and were going to live with it.

“I think anyone can dream up any interpretation about anything! And I just don’t believe that the Jewish people have been deliberately working to destroy anything! Hell, I’ve got plenty of friends that are Jewish and they’ve never done anything or said anything to put them into your category of ‘race destroyers’ in my view!” One man had stood up and

challenged the chairman on the information and accusations he had just leveled at the Jews and there was a lot of mumbling from others in the huge audience in agreement.

“Sir, I really don’t care if you believe or disbelieve what’s been presented to you tonight, but I’m going to lay some absolutely rock solid facts out for you and everyone else here because I think that these facts are something that you’ve all been kept in the dark over ever since you were children,” Ivor replied in a forceful tone and the man who had stood up and yelled his question now sat down, then the audience became silent.

“Now, I’m going to go through all this point by point and I’ll give you some examples of how these facts tie in with what has been happening and what is happening in the world!” he began, readying himself and looking out at the mass of expectant faces in the darkened auditorium.

“First of all, you must realize that the different human sub species, or races, as we call them, all developed in *isolated* areas of the world and they did so out of choice and inclination. All the distinct physical and psychological traits in the various peoples of the world are the result of selective group inbreeding over countless centuries on the part of their ancestors.

Secondly, these unique in-breeding groups or races came to be termed ‘evolutionary units’ in modern times by certain scientists pursuing knowledge about life. The evolutionary unit exists as an entity because of instinctual cooperation within the group and prejudice against beings not part of the group.”

Third, in human evolution and development, the tendency

has always been toward the production of larger and more powerful evolutionary units, because size of population determines possibilities for group survival." Ivor paused for a moment and cleared his throat while watching for people with questions but there were none. He wondered if he was really getting through to them or if they were just sitting obediently but ignoring his speech all together, at least they looked attentive enough he thought, so he continued on without further delay.

"My fourth point here is that because human evolutionary units, or races, strive to become larger, territory is vital to their existence. An evolutionary unit, or race, must have its own territory in order to keep developing and maintain a pure gene pool. A sense of territory, the 'territorial instinct', insures an evolutionary unit's survival - it keeps the gene pool pure but allows it to grow. And I might add, that territorialism is one of the main reasons why the insane mono-culture of this country and the western world fell apart. All the races that were imported into it instinctively desired an exclusive territory and pulled apart!

This brings me to point five which is that territorialism is not simply a matter of human whim or choice; it's part of the natural law which all things including man are subject to, and it is essential for the progress of evolution. Even communities of lower animals resent gate crashing strangers who seek to infiltrate their groups. In simple terms, we all like to be with our own if we're healthy, and we are all hostile toward those of competing races - if we're healthy. Now, if any group of beings is to work out its evolutionary destiny, it's absolute-

ly essential that it stay removed from other groups and not allow invasion of it's home territory by non-related elements. I don't mean that there shouldn't be any trade or that vacations to other parts of the world are wrong, I mean that to import non related peoples into our countries is where the problems lie. This is exactly what we as a race have failed to understand and we're paying the price for it now.

The next point I want to make you aware of is that man has been governed by the instinct of territorialism since his beginnings. For example: the Dartians, which were the pre-human anthropoids - the first of the erect apes, had already split into branches which were very distinct; and, after doing so, they established their own territories and did not mix and mingle. Development like Pilthdownman, Zinjanthropists, and others, took place within the separate and distinct stems of the human evolutionary tree, not by a great mixing and mingling of all the humanoids on the planet like so many of the liberal One-Worlder's who taught most of you in school have said.

Point number seven then, is that mankind has never mixed or mingled at any time since the Dartian anthropoids. Instead, all races have kept to themselves and developed their own living habits in their own territories. There were two reasons for this - the first is that movement meant coming into contact with other non-related races and therefore conflict and animosity was what resulted. It was safer to stay at home. The second reason was that migrations did not take place because of the complex logistics required for such activity,

they were simply beyond man's ability until just recently in history. The races just didn't wander all over the place and co-habitate. If they moved it was to take more territory and this always involved warfare."

The audience didn't look like it had lost any of its attentiveness and Ivor smiled a little as he gazed out over the seated crowd before again resuming his point by point run down of human behavior.

"This brings us to point number eight which is that evolutionary units, or races if you like that term, developed distinct societies and cultures. Societies are nothing more than breeding communities and, unless they possess enmity which is prejudice and aggressiveness toward non-related outsiders, and protect their offspring, the society, the breeding community, dies. Societies are not around to cater to the whims of degenerates or coddle disruptive criminal elements or provide sustenance for those competing races - they are for the safety and welfare of the children of the race that founds them.

Alright, now here's number nine, the evolutionary process causes enmity which is ferocity, competitiveness, deceit, anger and hate, to exist as a deep-felt compulsion in races toward foreign elements because such feelings keep gene pools apart as well as pure and distinct, and this enables them to proceed with their unique destinies. But the evolutionary process also causes something else in races and that is amity. Amity is friendliness, goodwill, self-sacrifice, love, and cooperation. And these feelings exist between members of a race to insure that like breeds with like and that expan-

sion, which insures a race's survival, takes place. Now, it's because of the jews, christians, masonic illuminist's, and humanists with their one-world schemes that our race has turned its enmity inward and its amity outward so that we make war on our own relatives and help our competitors and enemies among the different races of the world. German fights Britain, while feeding and supplying the African or Chinese with technology - that has been our race's pattern of behavior for centuries thanks to the insane dogma of our parasites and foolish leaders! For decades we've all been told that black, white, yellow, red, and brown are all equal and the same by the very people who said that Germans, Britons, Scandinavians, White Russians, and so on, were different! This is why our numbers have dwindled and why all our territories have been overrun - we've been living backwards!

I just have a couple more points for you and then I'm going to touch on the Jews so please be patient," the Chairman said as he noticed some individuals in the audience raising their hands for questions.

"The tenth point is that enmity and amity are inbred traits in the human animal; they have to be in order for healthy procreation to take place. If a race's amity is extended outward as we have so foolishly done with ours, the race loses its ability to protect itself from competitors and enemies, and eventually is destroyed.

Lastly I will say that this outward extension of amity has been promoted endlessly for centuries by the Jews who profited by it since it allowed them access to not only our territories

but also the territories of those we became friendly with. And it's also been promoted by the christian churches because they could gain a larger flock if they had access to the territories of others, and by the masonic political and banking power-elite who would reap the wealth caused by the trade and conflict generated by such a maneuver.

Now, when you all think about the racial tensions, the parasitism, and the aggression and violence that has turned this country and others in the western world into hotbeds of chaos, you can see from my little set of points that it's just the result of an unnatural approach to life by us and the standard animal politics of territorialism and expansion on the part of the different races we've let inside our borders.

All right, now what about the Jews? How do they fit in with the evolutionary business?" Ivor asked as the audience silently waited for answers. "Well, first of all, the Jews don't comprise an evolutionary unit - a race, in spite of what they say to us goyim and in spite of how much they, themselves, wish they did comprise one. The fact is, they are the result of oriental, semitic, negro, and white interbreeding - they're simply breeds whose mental and emotional makeup is built upon disjointed, unrelated traits and tendencies they've inherited from all the races that spawned them." The Chairman heard some gasps in the audience and some grumbling and this made him happy because he knew that the residents were paying attention even though they might not be buying what he just said.

"Okay, so because the Jews are not a race they don't live

according to the natural inclinations found in genuine evolutionary units. They have *no* evolutionary destiny and their behavior over the centuries easily proves it. Now remember, there's a natural territorial instinct within the members of evolutionary units; the Jews do not possess such an instinct. They don't desire their own territory or their own space in which to expand as an evolutionary unit, because all the disjointed traits they possess not only kill the desire for an exclusive territory, they make the Jews incapable of creating and working progressively out of their own initiative."

"Nonsense! What about Israel?! They've done a pretty good job over there on their own, how do you explain that?!" someone yelled defiantly from the back of the auditorium.

Des'Groseilliers peered into the darkness and made out the form of an attractive woman with blond hair who had just stood up. He couldn't see her well enough to recognize that she was Cheryl Sloan, movie star and wife to the vile Irving Shapiro, but he figured that it must be someone who had some intimate connection with one of the chosen people. She was still miffed over Irving's behavior during the hispanic attack but had always had a great sympathy for the Jewish people thanks to the religious conditioning she had undergone during her childhood and the Holocaust propaganda that she and everyone else had been bombarded with during all of her adult life. Now she was going to stand up for the world's perpetual victims and oppose the revolting man at the microphone for all she was worth.

"Quite a while back, the Jews demanded Palestine for

their own special state; but what many people don't know is that Palestine - Israel was not a place they all left their host countries for, it was only a stop-over point for Jews who had to flee one part of the world to wait until they could immigrate to another, friendlier part," Ivor began, as Cheryl Sloan stood by her seat in a pose that suggested defiance and lack of respect for the speaker. "Israel was kept afloat by the U.S. Treasury and by West Germany. It was given all the weapons, all the technology, and all the help it needed to function. It never had any industries except that it exported a small amount of citrus fruit and manufactured certain small arms, and it couldn't survive on all the aid received from our country and Germany so it took out massive loans which it never paid back. In fact, this may surprise you, but our government agreed long ago to pay back any debt the Jews over in Israel couldn't manage, so since we were the chief suppliers of money, what happened was that we would loan them billions and then when they didn't pay it back we'd pay off the loan with more of our taxpayers' money! So Israel was never anything except the monument to parasitism and that's it." Ivor could still make out the woman and noticed that she wasn't taking her seat so he continued to direct information at her personally.

"Of course, the Jews flourished for centuries while living in the territories of genuine evolutionary units, specifically *ours*," Ivor stated, still unruffled as the woman at the back of the auditorium finally seemed to lose her aggressiveness and started to seat herself again. "Since they have no evolutionary destiny of their own," he went on, "they are more or less con-

tent to live a parasite-like existence among other peoples, feeding off the progress and struggle of those who *are* trying to live out a unique destiny. You should understand though, that just because the Jews are products of interbreeding and have no real evolutionary destiny, they do sense an empty area in themselves where the urge to realize a destiny should be. The fact is, they have tried to fill this emptiness by manufacturing a false, make shift destiny for themselves based on their metaphysical lore, and it has led them to try to establish themselves as Zionist world rulers. I know this is hard for all of you to believe and that's because all of you are products of a pure gene pool with a real destiny in front of it. None of you can imagine or desire to rule the world or be kings over other peoples, you just want to mind your own business and live your lives in a manner that suits your natural tendencies! But remember," the Chairman paused a moment for effect, "the Jews are *not* like you, they are not like any other people either, they are abnormal. It appears that they are torn in two ways by all their unrelated and disjointed traits. On the one hand, they want a world with no boundaries where they can live anywhere they choose off of anyone they choose because they survive best when living in such a manner; and on the other hand, they want to destroy the distinct races and their cultures by promoting the insane, socialistic mix and mingle idea so that this planet will be inhabited by a lot of half breeds with no evolutionary destinies and no inclination to struggle in any definite way. This would, according to Jewish thinking, allow their people to rise to the top of the heap and be the

true kings. Now I don't have to tell any of you that if the races were to be destroyed through cross breeding so would mankind's ability to progress and evolve in definite directions, everyone would be like the Jews who couldn't produce and must live off someone who can, and the Jews themselves would sink into the world wide mess and never be kings of anything. Breeds not only don't act logically, they don't think logically either. The Jews have wanted to destroy other peoples but they never understood that in so doing they were destroying their meal ticket and means for survival. They got into politics and screwed things up; they got into health care and promoted a system of medicine that kept people sick or made them more ill than they really were, and the health of the Jews was undermined just as ours has been from this. They also got into law and worked for a state of affairs where the criminal had more rights than the victim, and they suffered as we did from the rising criminal acts around us; they relentlessly promoted pornography and wide open, irresponsible sex for years and, since they themselves have sexual inclinations that range into the perverse, they took part in that trend and suffered more than anyone from the various, deadly social diseases that appeared.

In other words, the Jews have been driven by their unnatural makeup to work for disorganization, perversion, and destruction in many areas of life and have succeeded in destroying themselves as well as their means of support. They are insane, criminally insane, and a blight on any people they infest."

After some questions about what Ivor and his people

were going to do with the local Jews that were all answered with "Get rid of them!" by the Chairman, the presentation ended and the residents returned to their homes more than a little cowed by the material they had been exposed to and by their realization that the people of the A.U.F. were dead serious about ending the lacsidasical foolishness that had been such a big part of the In-Crowd's life style for so long in Beverly Hills and the rest of southwestern California.

After going over all the material for the residents, including facts about the Jews, Ivor's severe indignation and resentment over the suffering of the people of his race had undergone over the centuries really began to exert itself and cause the chairman to rethink his position on what to do with the Jews of the community. He talked with Thurston and they came to a new decision on how they would deal with the "chosen" who were now in their fifth day of confinement.

"So you don't want to keep the vermin around as a labor force, now?" Henry asked with mounting expectation over being able to wipe the whole lot out in one fell swoop.

"That's right, I don't want to see them around here anymore even if they're forced to do tasks for our benefit!" Ivor answered angrily.

"So what do you want to do with them?" Henry probed.

"You know Henry, I'm washing my hands of the whole thing. You handle it in any way you feel like," the Chairman replied matter-of-factly as a little look of surprise came over the Field Marshall's face.

"Okay, whatever you say, Ivor!" Henry chuckled happily.

At dawn the next day the Jews of the community were roused out of their prison and herded into the backs of a dozen large vans. Their trip didn't take long. It was only a few miles to west Hollywood on Santa Monica Boulevard and a large company of troopers went along to clear out any hispanics they might run into, so the convoy sped to it's destination without hesitancy. Upon reaching Kings Road the trucks stopped and their cargo was let out.

"What the hell is the meaning of this?!" one of the chosen exploded as she came down from the van.

"Oh, you're the true kings of humanity as we all know, and, ah, this is Kings Road in West Hollywood, one of the most degenerate places on earth, so make yourselves at home!" Henry replied, thoroughly amused at the woman's gesticulating.

"We are going back to our homes, it's our right, it's only fair!" another Jew exclaimed. He was a younger king, about twenty years of age.

"What's that you say? Fair!" the Field Marshall bel-
lowed, causing the youngster to flinch in apprehension.

"Well, when you're tribesmen ran the communist revolution and takeover of Russia, and when they starved, tortured, and killed millions were they fair?! And what about when some of your people decided to push another one of your 'Red Changes' on the goyim in Hungary? What about when they conducted their revolutionary tribunals and gave the Hungarians who had the backbone to fight against the takeover of their nation exactly one minute of time on the

clock to defend themselves in court and then shot or hanged them?” Henry asked politely.

“Our people never did those things! It’s all lies!” some of the Jews howled.

“Shut up! Who do you think you’re talking to here, one of the sleeping sheep?! We’ve kept careful track of all your escapades,” Thurston shouted. “You know, escapades like pushing Hungarians out of speeding trains and making them jump off tables with a noose around their neck while their families watched after they had finished digging their own graves? You all remember your triumph in Poland around the second world war when your people massacred all of the Polish leaders and intellectuals in the Katine forest! You all recall how your tribesmen raped German women in the streets and used German children for their sexual pleasure before the Nazis cleaned them out! You know you’ve been financing wars, revolutions, and degenerate social trends across the western world for centuries through the web of banks your people control and now you talk to me about what’s only fair!” Henry grinned at the nervous group who were shuffling and trembling as they stood listening to all the facts their leaders had taken such great pains to hide from the despised goyim.

“Well I’ll tell you what’s only fair!” he began, “What’s only fair is that we kill you all in the slowest and most painful manner possible! And that’s what we’re going to do!”

There were screams and agonizing cries issuing from the chosen as the Field Marshall raised his hand for quiet.

“Hold it! Hold it! Don’t let your insane imaginations run

away with you like you did when you invented that myth about the gas chambers after the second world war! We aren't Jewish and we don't have your sadistic temperament, so don't expect us to torture you or anything like that!"

The huge crowd seemed relieved upon hearing this and the wailing and gnashing of teeth subsided.

"We are going to do something that's far worse than torture is to you creatures - we're going to leave you all here, on your own, to live off your own labor! And if you ever try to return to our community you'll get this!" the Field Marshall signalled to a line of troopers who stood behind a line of Jewish big-wigs whose hands and legs were tied, and among this group was David Diamond, Irving Shapiro, and the JDL men. Each trooper stepped up behind the Jew opposite him, took a knife from his belt, and slit the chosen ones godly throat from ear to ear.

The crowd was dumbstruck at the sight and some women and older Jews fainted and collapsed.

"What's wrong?!" Henry asked between peals of laughter. "That's your own kosher way of slaughtering animals, isn't it?! Well get this straight, you miserable, parasitic vermin - you've looked at my race as animals and called us goyim which as we all know in Yiddish means "cattle" - now we're going to look at you the same way. Any of you so much as show his or her hideous face near our community and we'll hunt you down and butcher you just like your friends here!"

Thurston and his men simply turned and got into the

trucks, and drove back to White One. Nothing more was said or done to the Jews and no more was seen of them although troops sent out on reconnaissance missions months later reported that the chosen seemed to have vanished from the area.

There were other happenings in White One that gave life there an interesting edge for some people. After he was up and around, Ed Finley became thoroughly acquainted with the A.U.F.'s ideals and agenda and had the position of Vice Chairman conferred upon him. Don Saxena arrived almost one month after his departure with the population of the village, he was made a Force Commander and the people soon settled in and become A.U.F. members and great assets to the community. Des'Groseilliers, Thurston, and Finley were all surprised to learn that Don had seen no sign of any hispanics on his journey and that whole portions of Aztlan looked empty except for masses of rapidly decomposing corpses.

Candace York and Nancy Saxena became fast friends and their favorite source of entertainment involved making poor Henry as uncomfortable as possible. The youngest of the York girls knew the Field Marshall adored her but she indulged in her mischievous streak and made a habit of teasing and embarrassing him whenever she ran into him while her good friend made sure he was kept on the line like a hooked fish by telling him that Candace really did like him and that she was very interested in romance. This caused the reluctant Henry to summon up all his fortitude and firmly decide to approach the young beauty only to end up a stam-

mering mess as Candace repeatedly met his advances with suggestive behavior and challenging remarks.

Oliver Curtis was finally allowed to join the Organization and went into training for physical conditioning and combat. Howard and Maureen York busied themselves with starting a new life and eventually drifted into very important community positions which was particularly good for Maureen since it kept her in the social lime light and in the happy mood that always accompanied it.

Daniel McGowan and Hudson Cooke were relieved of any important responsibilities and spent their time at menial tasks but being intelligent men they soon saw the A.U.F. as a blessing rather than a curse and both cooperated fully whenever they were called upon for help in dealing with the citizenry.

Cheryl Sloan, like many of her colleagues, took the readjustment into the Organization's way of life very hard and was quite miserable before she was finally able to start getting used to things but she still showed little enthusiasm for her responsibilities.

The wedding of Craig Perkins to Gwendolyn York was set for the spring of the following year. Craig didn't like it but went along with the idea without raising any objections. Denise Pruse was told by her heroine that she could stay with her and was part of the York family, which fulfilled the fondest wish of the little girl.

Styrbjorn Tagesson recovered from his wounds rather quickly but when the bandages came off his face his appear-

ance had changed dramatically. When the bullet hit his left brow it had shattered most of the eye socket and sent bone chips slicing down through the eyeball and ripping their way over and out of his face at his left cheek bone. Once the damage had healed the flesh around the left eye socket sagged to a degree and the brown of his eye faded to a yellowish white. Large scars ran from his lower eyelid down several areas of his cheek in irregular lines and all this combined with his usual detached expression gave him a cold, stern, very unattractive look.

“Styrbjorn, you haven’t got a hope in hell of marrying Gwendolyn York now! Why, one look at you and she’ll run away screaming in terror!” Don joked as he spoke with his long time friend one day just after returning from the village. The Chief smiled good naturedly as he listened to his partner, giving no indication that the remarks were cutting through to the very core of his being. Sexena didn’t think he’d mind because ordinarily Styrbjorn couldn’t have cared less whether he was seen as handsome or not, and ordinarily the Captain would have been correct in his assumption. However, Styrbjorn’s internal environment had changed considerably, and now the joke was devastating. There was a great deal riding on this new ‘becoming’ and anything that might help or hinder the outcome was taken very seriously by him.

Although he still considered Don to be a close friend, Styrbjorn purposely avoided him from then on as he avoided all the other people he knew in the community. It wasn’t that his appearance made him ashamed or self-conscious in

respect to the public, it was that the reactions it caused from people made him think of how Gwendolyn would behave towards him when she saw his grim countenance. Strangers he met on the street were bad enough but at least he didn't have to socialize with them, what he detested was his friends and acquaintances constantly calling attention to his injury by remarking, "Does it still hurt?" or "Boy, that eye's healing up just fine!"

As they days drifted by Styrbjorn found he had no real interest in the community itself and as he sat on a park bench one afternoon seriously considering leaving and going out into the mountains or into Aztlan for some adventure he happened to spot Gwendolyn walking home from some function she had attended. It instantly occurred to him that this was a good time to force a meeting and finally get her reaction to his appearance with no one else to interfere. She was about a half block away and hadn't seen him yet so he got up and stepped behind some shrubbery.

In a few moments she passed by and a wave of kindness swept over the Chief as he observed the angelic beauty walk wistfully along. He wondered for a moment how a being so lovely could have been placed on the earth by the fates at such a point in history, and he experienced a sudden sadness at the thought of the physical and emotional hardship she had gone through. "A darling like that should always live in ease surrounded by the best things in life, its too bad that fates put her in the world during this crazy mess," he mused just before making his appearance.

"Hello little one, how are you these days?" he said in a rather tender tone after silently stepping out of the shrubbery and then on to the sidewalk just behind her.

Gwendolyn stopped dead in her tracks. She recognized the voice she had just heard but she didn't turn around. "Who is that?" she inquired, sounding very much like a startled child.

"Turn around and see," came the answer.

Gwendolyn wasn't really a superstitious person and she didn't believe or disbelieve that ghosts existed, but for some reason she felt more comfortable not turning around. "What do you want?" she asked whatever was behind her in the same small, innocent tone of voice.

"I want to talk to you," Styrbjorn answered, a little puzzled by the girl's refusal to turn around.

"But you're supposed to be dead."

"Oh, well, I'm still here and I'm alive even though some might prefer that I wasn't," Styrbjorn responded playfully.

With that Gwendolyn turned around smiling, but the smile soon vanished as she saw her former escort and protector's face. "It's true," Styrbjorn thought as he kept facing her and trying to smile, "she'll never love me like this!" but as those thoughts crossed his mind, Gwendolyn walked up to him and placed one of her soft little hands on the left side of his face.

"What happened to you?" she asked looking up at him with very sad, blue eyes.

"Oh, it was during all that trouble with the hispanics and" Styrbjorn didn't finish what he was saying because Gwendolyn had stepped closer and was now hugging him tightly.

"I'm glad you're still here Styrbjorn, and I'm glad you're okay now," she said as she let her head rest against his chest.

Having her so close was at once wonderful and sad for the Chief, but he ignored the sadness that came from not being with her always and held her tenderly.

There was a light, fresh, feminine scent to her fluffy white-blond hair that drifted up to Styrbjorn's nostrils and made him want to kiss the girl who felt so nice as she cuddled against him. He had never dreamt that anyone could be so irresistible, so right. Everything about her fit - her looks, her gentle way of moving, the "littleness" of her voice, the way she smiled - it all combined into a package that was absolutely devastating to the heart of anyone who had the awareness to realize what they were looking at when they saw her and Styrbjorn had that necessary awareness.

"So have you gotten married yet?" he asked casually.

"Nope, not until the spring, and I want you to come to the wedding," Gwendolyn replied and hugged tighter. This strange man had suddenly become much more human in her view, his injury played on her immense kindness and compassion and she now saw him as a person - a person who could be hurt and a person who needed to be treated with warmth just like all the other people she knew.

"You want me at your wedding looking the way I do? I'd frighten the guests!" he joked.

"Don't talk about yourself like that. It's a long ways off, but please come, I want you to." Gwendolyn turned her head and looked up at the Chief with an expression that indicated

she expected an answer.

“Well then, I’ll be there no matter what!” he replied as he gently patted her back with one hand.

“Good! I better go now, see you later!” she said as she slowly pulled out of their embrace and started on her way.

Their meeting had been something that evoked Gwendolyn’s almost limitless compassion but that was all, and she happily walked down the street content over the good deed she had just done by showing the peculiar ex-escort some kindness and warmth. For Styrbjorn it was different. As the eldest daughter of Howard and Maureen York departed the scene she was followed by the warrior’s heart. It had broken and shattered during this short meeting and then flown away to remain beside her always, even though she had no idea that it was near. Now there was only a pounding muscle in the chest of Styrbjorn Tagesson, something that would keep his blood moving, but the feeling part would always be far away.

“Well, whether you love me or not, it doesn’t matter,” he said quietly as he watched Gwendolyn getting further and further away, “I’ll never turn from you. You can marry anyone you please, I’ll still be loyal to you and I’ll see that no harm ever comes to you or those dear to you. I swear that by Odin himself.”

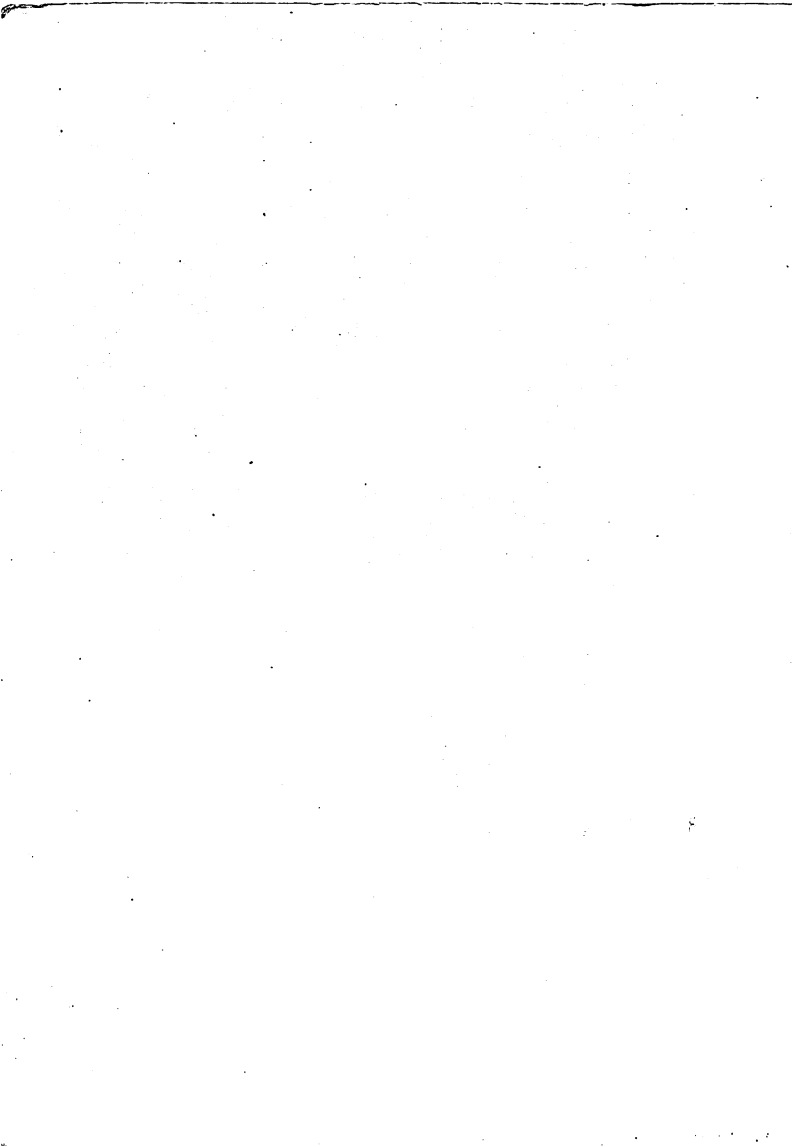
Styrbjorn took a couple of deep breaths but his good eye stayed fixed on Gwendolyn and then he continued his little speech and oath to the recipient who had long since passed out of ear shot.

“Yes, I will be at your wedding next spring little one, but a lot can happen before then, and it will happen if I have anything to say about it!”

Styrbjorn became silent but kept watching the York girl as she walked down the street for a long time, and he was happier than he had been in weeks. As Gwendolyn turned the corner blocks away and disappeared, he reached down and gripped Cradle-Song which hung at his side, while his pleasure continued to soar. Then he remembered something his father always use to tell him when he was still a child; “*Never try to second guess the fates or predict the future, and never give up the ship!*”

Smiling, he turned and slowly made his way through the park, and as he did Nancy Saxena’s “seeing” came to mind and he felt his will set and become stronger than it had ever been.

TO BE CONTINUED.....



The Place: Los Angeles and Orange County in Southern California.

The New World Order has backfired and a repeat of the Dark Ages threatens the western world. In Southern California, new Hispanic and Asian Kingdoms spring up, and the remaining White residents desperately try to survive in the midst of unprovoked, large scale violence.

It is a time that heralds the appearance of great heroes who carry with them long forgotten and much needed values and beliefs. A time when the line between life and death comes into sharp focus for everyone.

A TIME TO KILL OR BE KILLED

The novel **HEAR THE CRADLE SONG** is laced with page-turning action and emotion, filled with colorful and unique characters, and riddled with unsettling life-like outcomes. Read it and you will look at the past, present, and future in a new and more realistic manner.

Fiction? Yes.

A warning of things to come? Definitely!