

# RAHOWA!

## STORIES OF RACE WAR



**Rahowa!**

**Stories of Race War**

**Index:**

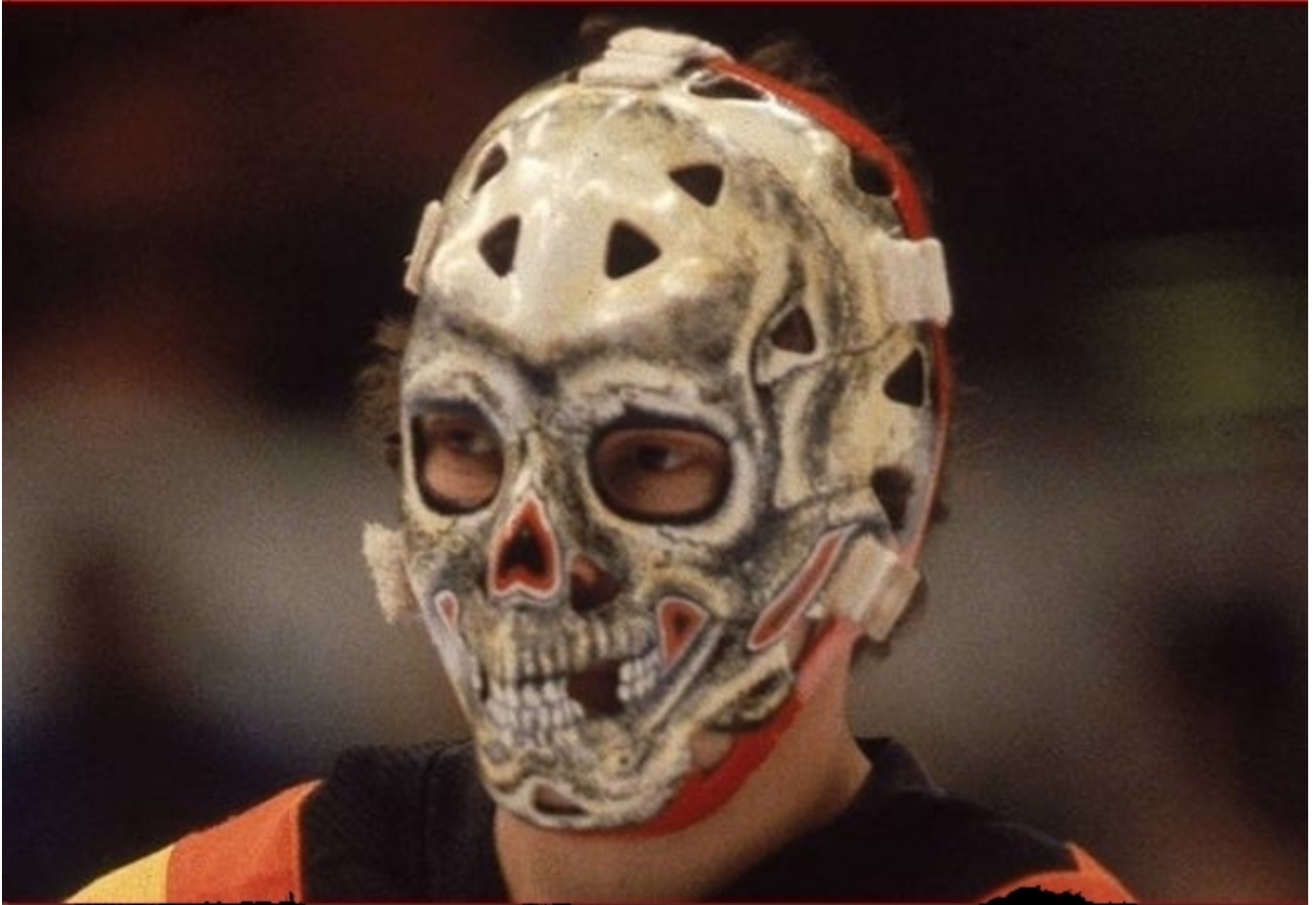
**Ice Time**

A promising white youth has his life destroyed and seeks vengeance upon the cabal. His dreams can only be realized in blood as he becomes involved in the esoteric skinhead Blut Krieg crew. An homage to the good old hockey game

**Universal Peace**

Jewish infiltrators employ new age religion as a cover in their plans to sabotage the white homeland. A faction of Aryan warriors goes on a rampage to put a stop to 'Universal Peace'.

# ICE TIME



SOMETIMES VICTORY  
COMES ONLY IN  
DEATH

## ICE TIME

Mack Kraft faced his opponent in the crease as the rival player came racing down the ice. He kept his eyes on those of the player and the player's shoulders which he knew signified the fulcrum of movement which would reveal the direction of the player's intended move—right, left, right, left—the player, a burly center who played on the Golden Gates team, the more affluent team in the town, moved ever closer chasing the blueline, deking out the defense man and having a clean break as he approached the net.

His eyes revealed his psychopathic mind, a fanatical stare penetrating those of Mack, whose eyes, behind his skull mask, registered the hostility felt towards him, an emanation of the will to power of his rival who was a 'big man on campus' at his high school by the name of Bruce Love, a liberal who was often seen with non-whites making displays of his 'broad mindedness' and harassing and abusing the poorer whites as a display of his sense of superiority. His father was the mayor of the town a fat former professor of sociology at the university in Zion City three hours away who had decided he would prefer to be a boss hog of the town of Boden and rule it with an iron fist without any checks and balances as in the big city.

Bruce came careening towards the net stickhandling, his icy grey eyes no longer having the sheen of hypocrisy he characteristically had when he wore his public face. Mack observed his movements and like a shark approaching his prey an evil grin stretched Bruce's mouth open to reveal his capped whitened teeth as he closed. Mack remained steady at the top of the crease gliding backwards apparently cowed by the onslaught. His rival sensing weakness attempted to perform some stickhandling theatrics and Mack shot out with his stick, poke-checking the puck away from his enemy who capsized, went sprawling on his face.

The teammate of Bruce, Simon Rosenthal, abruptly came up and slapped at the escaping puck which wizzed into Mack's brown leather glove as he plucked it out of the air with an aristocratic gesture as the referee's whistle blew. Simon attempted to knock Mack down as he skated past but Mack's friend and fellow team mate Donny McDonald knocked him to the ground. Simon crashed into the boards and Bruce, now up, raced after Danny and punched him in the face with his gloved hand. The two tangled together and Simon, still pretending to have been injured cried out: "you're dead Mack! We're gonna get you!". As Mack attempted to assist his friend and pushed Bruce to the ice. At that point the referee and linesmen skated up, two burly volunteer adults and broke up the fight.

The buzzer ticked down and the game was over. Both Donny and Mack were forcibly separated from Bruce and Simon who still lay on the ground feigning injury. The protestations of Donny that they started the fight fell on deaf ears and the referee, a sergeant of police named Brown roughly pushed Mack up against the boards saying: "You're just like your father—a trouble maker!"

Mack was working hard at school and aspired to be an artist as he had always been artistically inclined and thought he might be able to become a comic book artist and do something a bit different from the average fare of spandex wearing fags and the standard issue corny superhero archetypes. He didn't neglect his other studies however and focused intensely on the study of anatomy and geometry as part of his school curriculum. This in addition to practicing hockey and related exercise activities consumed his entire time as he studied the footage of the greats such as Johnny Bower and Jacques Plank as well as contemporary stars of the National League. Should he not have the ability to become a comic book artist he would pursue a career in the national league and aspire to stardom to leave his family name etched in adamant upon the minds of the people of his town and of the world.

His domestic life was tolerable and no great problems arose save those encountered from his rivals in the school: Simon Rosenthal, the son of a judge in the town, and his affiliates whose minds he controlled through his psychological manipulation tactics; Christian Humble the son of a protestant pastor at the 'Christ King Mission Church' in the affluent area of Golden Gates on the hill of the town where they and their other affiliate Bruce Love would look down on the 'pleibean masses' and scoff with contempt as they performed their experiments on the population and staged their kabbalistic rituals to accrue to themselves more power and advantage.

Mack was at the time unaware of the sinister nature of the society in which he lived but got a sense of the evil of those who dwelt in Golden Gates and their wholesale disregard for the well-being of the masses who they looked upon with contempt and derision as mere helots to be manipulated and exploited to serve their sadistic and egocentric purposes.

Mack's world, like that of most of the uninitiated youth who knew not the sinister side of the world was a simpler world in which life appeared, though not problem free at least accommodating to the promise of a future paradise world of his own imagination and of a present reality that afforded its pitfalls and heights but overall was a secure environment in which creative activity may be undergone.

Mack would soon be acquainted with the sinister side of things as time went forth and he would become entangled in the machinations of the cabal and its evil workings. The beginning of this time was heralded by a knock at the door one day. Mack was drawing in the kitchen and looked up at the door which Mack's mother opened and was met by Police who announced themselves: "Is your husband home? We have a warrant for his arrest and to search the place for evidence". The woman stepped aside taken aback and the police, two burly thugs with belts festooned with weapons entered, one of them, a swarthy jew radioed to his affiliates: "perp isn't here-you can all head out." Mack sensed movement from the side of the residence and observed through the window several nondescript grey and white vehicles starting up and leaving with sunglasses wearing buzzcut thugs moving out to their next operation.

Mack stood up and cried: "What do you want here!? You can't just treat my mother that way!" The jew, nervous looked at him menacingly and barked "This is a police investigation Mack!-stay seated or we'll have to restrain you!" Mack went to his mother protectively who put her arm around him. The police officer asked peremptorily: "Where does your father keep the leaflet he was handing out? You can save us the trouble tearing the place apart by letting us know. Well...?" His mother stated: "I don't know what you're talking about." The police officer approached with his partner who was a white anglo with sunglasses who played the silent part and said stiffly: "you sure? We'll have to rip this place up to find them as we have a court order here" waving the search warrant in the face of the woman who bravely looked at the police officer with her blue eyes and said with a cool tone of contempt: "There's nothing I can do to stop you." She held Mack close to her while her son attempted to move after the police and told him within earshot of the police as they began their search: "we can't do anything Mack, they have a whole army of thus to move against us and we would wind up in jail for obstruction if we attempt to interfere in their violation of the sanctity of our home".

The police were meanwhile tearing open the drawers and scattering papers about and finding nothing they headed into the room adjacent the living room. The police scattered all of Mack's mother's underwear about the room and various other of her garments as the two remaining in the kitchen observing from a distance. At this the mother and Mack became enraged and moved into the room with indignation. The anglo officer was at her in a flash as she blurted out "Hey!" Don't Touch me!"- and forced her against the wall. She struggled as he put an armlock on her which caused her to cry out and

Mack attempted to pull him off but the officer of the jewish law, becoming aggressive in his roid rage, elbowed Mack aside, the cop's elbow connecting to his skull and sent him sprawling unconscious to the ground.

The woman screamed and attempted to race towards Mack but the officer was in adrenaline Mode and pressed her up against the wall saying: "Stay where you are! Or You'll be arrested for obstruction!" The woman whimpered quietly as she was held against the wall. The jewish cop spoke to his partner: "Let her take care of her son and stand over her to make sure she doesn't act up." He went room to room while the woman stood over her son and tended to his scalp which had been cut open by the elbow of the officer. After another half an hour of searching the jewish cop came up from the basement with a box of leaflets that bore the caption: "Stop immigration-Locals first!" and an address and contacts of an organization proclaiming itself to be the 'Anti-Immigrant League'-"looks like we got 'em" he said addressing his partner He then turned towards Mack's mothers and said: "when your husband comes home he'll have to turn himself in-let him know that the place is under surveillance and that he's gonna be caught whether he likes it or not-we'll be puttin' him away for 'hate speech'-understand?" The jew said starting with his beady black eyes at the woman a nervous twitch playing about his features. The woman stared at him with a hostile look, her icy blue eyes piercing his reminding him of his eternal enemy the Aryan race, and he swallowed nervously breaking eye contact and said to his partner: " C'mon lets head to the station".

About an hour later Mack's father Roger arrived and opened up the door proclaiming his presence: " Honey I'm Home!-are you alright, I had a feeling something was wrong here and I'm back from the shop early..." He trailed off as he observed his wife come running up to him from their bedroom with a look of dismay on her face: "whats the matter honey?" Roger asked sharing in her look of concern. His wife related the events of the previous hour and Roger, becoming angered, stated "Those bastards are ruining this town-turning it into a police state and denying us the means to keep things as they were...as our ancestors had created it." he held his wife close to him and inquired about Mack. His wife told him Mack was playing in his room and listening to his favorite Baroque harpsichord music. Roger caressed her face and said he would go and check up on his son. Just has he was about to move away from his wife a loud knock on the door was heard, one of command. Roger looked at his wife again and the knock was repeated more loudly this time. He motioned for her to step aside from the doorway and said quietly "let me handle this". The knock was repeated again and Roger stated aloud: "just a minute" in his most reasonable tone of voice. He opened up the door after looking through the peep hole and confronted four police officers two of whom were jews, one white and one a recent hire, an East Indian who bore a resemblance to the jewish archetype and who was one of bene israel, the fifth caste of east indian jews.

Roger was unaware of the racial issue however and yet implicitly understood that he confronted only a group of antagonists in the form of police whose duty it was to enforce laws against transgressors thereof but that there was something deeper and more sinister present that being a strange alien resonance the police gave off, some occult force of evil which radiated from their being. He was somewhat mesmerized as if under a state of hypnosis at first and then, an instant later, he thought of his wife and his role as protector and defender recalling to mind his instinct his normal role as a man and husband and peremptorily stated again in his most reasonable tone of voice: "may I help you gentlemen?" The jewish sargent, who was wearing sunglasses stated as he brought out a piece of paper and held it under the nose of Roger saying rapidly: "Roger Kraft you are under arrest for inciting hatred contrary to section 34-201 of the criminal code". The jew continued to read his memorized rights under the Nation's constitution as the two officers frisked him moving in, one of whom whispered forcefully "turn around please, place your hands behind your back." Roger, not sure of how to act as he had never

been placed under arrest and so complied understanding that any attempt to employ physical resistance was futile and that it would simply lead to the endangerment of his wife and son. He looked towards his wife who was standing in the doorway and watching him and as the Jew was finishing his spiel: "Don't worry honey, we'll pull through...everything will be alright."

He was escorted away by the police and the Jewish sergeant said to his wife in a formal tone: "Mrs. Kraft your husband will be detained until a bail hearing can be arranged. He should be back home soon take care". The police left and the sergeant radioed to the others who were surveilling the surrounding environment and they dispersed in their unmarked cars. Mrs. Kraft went through the garage and observed her husband as they placed him in the back of their armour plated SUV and she called out: "I love you!" her husband responding with a look before he was guided forcefully into the vehicle which then rolled into the evening sunset.

Roger Kraft was escorted to the inner sanctum of the police station and made to wait in cue as the other prisoners of whom there were only two were processed. Roger made note of the fact that they were both negroes who had been brought in by the churches, two Somalians, under the pretense of being 'refugees'. From what they were seeking refuge Roger was uncertain but he was certain that there was a causal factor of crime and especially in the drug trade which they participated in with their gang, the Mad Cows. The clock showed exactly 06:36PM as the Somalians were patted down by the female police officer who appeared to derive especial pleasure from her task.

Roger's turn came and he was questioned as to whether he had any metal objects or weapons on his person and he stated no. The female officer grabbed his belt with its Swiss Army multitool and stated: "How bout this for a weapon" yanking off his belt and dangling it under his face then placing it on the counter top. Roger was told to strip off his pants and take off his shoes and socks which he did calmly and with dignity placing them into the basin he was instructed to place them in. He was then given the option of calling a lawyer and told the East Indian police officer that he would speak to one and was then escorted to the phone booth. He waited for at least 30 minutes and finally a surly and gruff voice answered the phone on the other end with a: " This is Mr. White, attorney at law, what have you been charged with?" Roger explained and the voice cut him off abruptly: "Mr. Kraft instruct the police that you want a bail hearing. They will go through the motions. You'll be there overnight so don't expect to get out for a while-good-day." The lawyer hung up and Roger signalled to the police officer who was watching him to open the door.

Roger was led into the cell at the end of a catacomb-like structure of hallways harshly lit with artificially lighting-a world of perpetual artificial sun-into cell #6. He was then left on the concrete bench in the cool atmosphere adjacent to the steel toilet whose bowl was encrusted with faecal matter and stunk of refuse. He lay down on the concrete slab and placed his hands behind his head. Closing his eyes he attempted to meditate reminiscing on his recent experiences and memories of his wife and child and the way the world used to be before the immigrants came with their crime and rude inconsideration and the 'controllers' as he called them, those who controlled the town, began to build up the police force and give positions of power and authority to those who weren't the founding stock of the town, justifying the invasion under such emotive terms as 'peace'; 'tolerance'; 'diversity'; 'inclusion', etc.

The minutes ticked by slowly and after the initial short period of his incarceration his meditations were interrupted by a wild shouting and screaming as apparently a female was brought in on drug charges and screamed and shouted intermittently about "The System!" and "the war overseas!" being caused by the "Facts!" and that society was "Just like Nazi Germany!"-the tone of her voice and the incessant

references to Nazis, etc. sounded artificial to Roger almost as if scripted. Her screaming stopped shortly after and she was escorted away by police though Roger was unable to see through the cell door as only a small window of bullet proof glass was placed at head height enabling the view of part of the hallway. He went back into a meditative state and shortly after his establishment of a state of wushin or 'no-mindedness' he was again interrupted by a lot of banging and shouting, that of a white youth who was saying: "the real criminals are the police! I deal so I can live-they deal so they can enslave!" and similar phrases castigating the police and apparently attempting to defend his drug related activities. He slammed and banged against the door adjacent and eventually fell to weeping loudly. Roger sensed a sort of theatricality in the performance, something artificial and not bearing the ring of truth and found it odd that these displays were being conducted in front of him. He speculated that the events of the time in the jail may have been staged by the police as some form of psychological manipulation tactic but didn't pay it much attention.

He returned to his state of meditation and tried to ignore any of the chaos going on in the surrounding environment. The hours passed by and he was interrupted yet again on the edge of the jail or at least adjacent to some source of noise outside. The dull throb of the music disrupted his meditation and he attempted to transcend its influence focusing on his pineal gland and placing his tongue in the roof of his mouth attempting to think of nothing. His rest was interrupted again by the jail guard knocking on the cell door and opening up the latch: "Do you want something to eat?" The negro guard asked and Roger replied "no thanks." Roger decided it would be best not to eat any of the food offered regardless of how long it took for him to get out as it might be laced with poison or some form of intoxicant that would encourage him to talk. He decided he would drink no water from the water fountain or any food until he could get out. He recalled from a class he had taken on law that police could only detain him for 24 hours so he simply had to wait, though he was aware that they could always bend and not occasionally only break the laws themselves, as there was no way to hold them accountable from any outside source.

After a few hours of fitful rest on the cold hard concrete slab in his boxer shorts his sleep was interrupted again by police. The officer, an anglo with clean-cut features and a stern countenance stated: "Roger-we're going to escort you to the interview room to interview you" Roger, understanding that 'interview' was simply euphemistic speech for 'interrogation' politely arose and accompanied the officer down the hallway towards the room whose door was open and entered in at the behest of a gesture from the officer.

The interrogation room was comprised of a table with rounded corners and two chairs riveted to the floor. The police officer entered and stared hostilely at Roger: " I'm sargent Stewart and I want to talk to you about this" he said as he threw the leaflet Roger had been distributing as part of his activities for the anti-immigration league on the table. Roger stared at the leaflet expressionlessly then backup at the police officer and stated: "I have nothing to say" The officer took out his notepad and motioned another officer in, a female jew who came with a friendly look of subtle commiseration on her features. They both sat down on opposite sides of the table the more aggressive officer taking notes.

The female bane the interrogation: "Roger-we know it was you so why not just come clean and make it easier on yourself. Just sign a statement saying you did it and you can get it all over with-otherwise it might take a long time and coast a lot of money and you wouldn't want your family to suffer would you?" She looked at him with an expression of sympathy. The other officer interjected after a few moments of silence-"you're going to jail either way so why not save yourself the trouble, the trouble your family will have to go through..."he trailed off menacingly still staring at Roger with his hostile look and was unsettled by Roger's reaction: " you better not touch my family you crooks! I won't sign



any papers!" he stared defiantly at the police officer who, taken aback at having his authority questioned stood up and looked at Roger standing over him menacingly: 'you'll sign the paper-or you'll pay the cost!' He immediately left and slammed the door behind him the female remaining seated again a look of commiseration on her features, a look which Roger discerned as one of theatricality: "I have nothing to say, I won't sign any papers". The attempts on the part of the female to wheedle him into signing were a failure and eventually she said: "too bad. you've been given a choice..." and trailed off with the same menacing tone.

He was escorted back to his cell by the burly police officer and the door was slammed behind him. He returned to his state of meditation and awaited the bail hearing. More of the stage theatrics occurred during the course of his stay there and being awoken one time by the adjacent cell he was reminded of the duration of his stay within the cell which had gone on seemingly interminably. He when to the door and knocked loudly on it and after shouting down the hallway a few times some minutes later the jail guard, this time a negro, came down the hall and asked what he wanted. Roger inquired as to the status of his bail hearing and the negro said: "a bail package is being prepared for you now. It won't be more than beyond noon of this day." "What time is it?", Roger asked. "6:00AM", the negro said as Roger thanked him and returned to his slab to attempt to meditate. He was by that time dehydrated and exhausted but the adrenaline that was being secreted throughout his stay keep him awake and alert as did the coolness of the atmosphere which made sleep largely impossible. After a few more hours he heard the sound of a dolly being rolled towards his cell and looking out the window in response to the knock of the jail guard he got up and reached for the phone which was being offered through the gate in the door. He picked up the phone and on the other line he heard a gruff voice, that of an aggressive lawyer: "Roger Kraft?" Roger acknowledged who he was: " Yes." "We've got a bail package for you. You can speak to a judge once they convene in a few hours. Hold on and we'll get you out on a \$5,000 bond-you don't have to pay unless you violate your conditions". Roger said: "thanks" and the phone was hung up by the a lawyer.

Roger was released some hours later and as he was passing the clock in the hallway it stated 2:20 PM (22 being the number for the jewish g-d yahweh/jehovah) and that he was released at that exact moment was presumably a signal to him that "G-d was merciful", though Roger was unaware of this as he had no acquaintance with the kabbalah of the jews and its numerology. As he stepped into his shoes and buckled up his pants adjusting his multitool, the jewish police sargent stated to him: "come this way we have to go over some release documents". Roger attended and completed the documents and was escorted by the jewish sargent out of the holding area and into the vestibule where he saw his wife and son waiting for him. His wife looked haggard and lacking sleep as did his son and Roger looked towards them with relief and stated: "I'm O.K" and his wife approached and embraced him as his son did also. "We'll pull through this fiasco alright" Roger stated attempting to carry a tone of confidence that he didn't feel attempting to reassure his family that all would be back to normal.

In the ensuing time period Roger engaged a lawyer, an older gentleman who was a fixture in the town and who Roger knew tacitly funded the Boden anti-immigrant league and thus was a trustworthy and reliable sources owing to his affiliation and his old world values which Roger had become acquainted with in a brief meeting he had previously had with the man over a land titles dispute. The Lawyer's name was Hans Ruppert and he was a German immigrant who had come to the nation after the second world war fleeing poverty and persecution by the allied powers he claimed. At the time, Roger, having been under the spell of jewish propaganda regarding the holocaust and their claims of victimhood simply dismissed his claims as those of a deluded crank but, when he met Hans again the latter and he discussed matters while going over the case and Hans attempted to persuade him of the falsehood of the jewish media and its lies: "you see Mr.Kraft" Hans began, "the reason why we,-both you and I, for I

too and under the gun-are the real victims and persecuted is because we are in their way. We are opposing the global order and they want to eliminate all who are against their plans; their plans-" Hans said looking at Roger significantly with a look of utmost seriousness "for global government What they did to my people in Germany and to the people of Russia and Ukraine and the soviet union at large they will most certainly do to all of our people globally-should they get to that point." Roger looked puzzled and asked:" our people? Who do you mean..you mentioned Russians; Ukrainians and Germans-and just who are 'they' who wish to get rid of..." Hans now looked puzzled in turn: "What? Do you mean you don't know?" Roger shook his head still more puzzled. Hans sighed and began to embark upon an explanation: " you see Mr.Kraft...it is a very difficult subject to approach without eliciting a negative reaction, as most people, indeed nearly all, are programmed by the media and the school system to believe-and that is exactly the word 'believe'-that what is said in the media and school system is an adequate representation of the facts of history. This is not the case however as you may readily believe. Roger replied: " I can see that much of history has been falsified so I'll grant you the premise. The question remains who are you referring to Mr.Ruppert and what do you mean by 'we' being a victim of 'them?'" Hans Ruppert stood up from his leather reclining chair and stood up going over to one of the wooden shelves which lined his study and took out a book which was a thick volume leather bound and embossed with gold. "This, is the testament of the Fuhrer, Mr.Kraft-the only book you require to understand what had occurred in history up to the time of the world war-the time which we- I means all Europeans, all white people both in Europe and without, lost our culture and become conveniently subservient to 'them'-to the jew".

He placed the book down in front of Roger who looked at it with an awkward look of discomfort his entire school system programming kicking in and impelling him to reject that which had been represented to him as the testament of a monster, of a madman, who seemingly without cause or reason, decided to butcher 6,000,000 jews and rule the world in the name of the aryan superman. Hans Ruppert spoke: "It is indeed the jews who are the 'they'-they are the cause of world unrest. The American industrialist Henry Ford wrote a book called "The International Jew" which goes over in great detail the subterranean machinations of jewry". Roger responded almost like a guilty schoolboy caught lying to his teacher when cheating on a test: "no, I can't believe it-all of the jews in the gas chambers-". Mr.Ruppert held up his hands and continued "you must disabuse yourself of all of the lies that the jews have concocted to create the facade of victimhood they use to censor others from speaking about them. You must understand, as I said, the jewish strategy is a subterranean one, one that operates behind the scenes. Their control can be demonstrated and substantiated with facts and statistics-from example, who do you think the judge in your case is?" Roger thought for a moment and shrugged his shoulders-"no idea". Hans continued: "He is a jew by the name of Rosenthal. You encountered police in the police station-I assure you that at least half of them were jews". Ruppert looked with knowing confidence as Roger responded: "I wouldn't know-I just got a creepy feeling that something wasn't right with them". The lawyer explained: "They give people-normal people-a creepy feeling because-you would have difficulty believing it-they are possessed by demons. They are not 'people' at all" Hans continued with an emphatic nod of his greying head: "They look upon themselves as the only people on earth, their religion is that of demonology-they practice witchcraft and all manner of evil things-there is copious evidence to prove that they routinely, according to their religion, practice child sacrifice and incest and pedophilia and murder on a mass scale through war and revolution. They work with dark forces to attain occult power...they care nothing for human life, certainly not for the lives of Aryans as the world wars and bolshevik revolution have shown in the last few decades. They are intending to have the whole world for themselves and they want none." He stated with a loud voice slapping the mahogany desk with his meaty hand "none of use white people on the earth!". His piercing blue eyes stared into Roger's and the latter became again uncomfortable, and looked back with a dubious expression on his face. "You must believe!", Ruppert stated emphatically, "Not only I but you and your

family-all of us, all of Aryan kind, have our lives hanging in the balance and only we can stop what is going on and this we must!"

Roger interjected "but how can we do that on such a small scale? If they control the world what can we do, you, I and a few others...?" Ruppert smiled triumphantly his icy blue eyes piercing into Roger's and stated: "We are all over the world! We are an underground movement and this in our town of Boden-German for 'soil'-is just one small group of a much larger network". Roger looked sternly at Hans and said: "I believe what you say without reading any of the materials you've referenced. My personal experience bears witness to the nature of the cabal. My question is: how do you know who is a jew and who is not? I don't see too many shylocks in town, though a lot of white people are a bit odd looking and don't look very stereotypically European." Hans replied: "Your instincts and aesthetic judgement are quite good Mr.Kraft-the jew is a hybrid, what has often been called a 'bastard' a word deriving from the Hebrew word 'mamzer' which connotes a mongrel or mixture of different kinds. I alluded before Mr.Kraft to the jew's being demon possessed and this I mean in all seriousness-they are derived from a neanderthal stock and are interbred over the course of many generations with mongols; negros and whites as well as other mixtures. The national socialist or 'nazis' as they are called in the jewish media had a popular magazine called "Der Steurmer" of "the Stormer" which had an article called "who is a jew" which goes over in detail the physiognomy and biology of jews-how to identify them in other words. The national socialists had a complete set of laws called the Nuremburg laws which entailed criteria for the analysis of jewry-those who met those criteria were considered 'jews', those who did not were not and those who met some of the criteria were considered 'mischlings' or partial jews, a mixture. These will enable you to identify who is and who is not jewish".

Mr.Ruppert stood up again and went over to one of the shelves upon which was a facsimile magazine of 'Der Stuermer". He took it up and set it alongside "Mein Kampf" addressing Roger: "This you can borrow and enlighten yourself on these issues-who is jew and who not. The case we are involved in now will take some time for me to gather the police reports to properly assess but, upon a superficial scrutiny of the case I can safely say that there is a higher probability perhaps a 90% chance, that the case will be thrown out as that there are many discrepancies in the search warrant and that it will not be admissible as evidence. For that reason you will not likely be convicted and we can move on with our activities in the league. As I said", he continued sliding the book and magazine over to Roger who took them up with a gesture of gratitude "we in the league are international and there is much to be done to once and for all settle the score with the jewish pest-this time it will be a global conflagration and it will be a life and earth struggle for our survival. For this reason I look upon these works I will lend you are imperative study to properly understand the enemy and what to do about it. Eventually we must take to the streets like all revolutionaries to combat the pest through insurgency tactics. Now we focus on recruiting and conversion and from that point expand operations"

Mr.Kraft looked at his pocket watch, a vintage windup that was the work of impeccable craftsmanship from the old country. "I must call this meeting short Mr.Kraft as I have unfortunately many other duties to attend to for the league. Please let me escort you to the door." The two men arose with Roger taking the works under his shoulder, feeling the leather embossed work with its smooth hardness in his hand imparting to him a strange magnetic resonance as of a conference of some form of magical power that emanated from the work. Ruppert smiled and clapped Roger on the back: "Yes! It is a magical text indeed!. The translation was approved by Hitler himself-it is called the Stalag edition and was given to British P.O.Ws who had been interned in Germany during the war". They approached the secretary a young German woman who went by the name of Liza. "Liza will book you for another meeting with me in a month's time. I regret I cannot meet with you before then as I would like to move you along in our league activities but I am very busy at this time". Roger smiled at the secretary and said: "I look

forward to meeting with you again. Hopefully I will have had time to study the works as I can sense the desperation of the times we are in." Ruppert nodded gravely and waved a hand in a semi-Roman salute to Roger as the latter descended the small staircase to the street and entered his pickup truck and drove away.

Roger sat alone in his shop after hours in his office. He bent over the book of Hitler "Mein Kampf" with great intensity of focus. He neglected the time as the sun had set and the natural light which once illuminated his small office had grown dim. He switched on his brass light to gain greater focus and read a passage "the racial question gives the key not only to world history, but to all human culture as well." He reflected how he had simply failed to think about things from that vantage point throughout his life and how he was like a fish in a fish bowl of a predominantly white town not knowing he existed in a relatively sheltered environment. He had not had much in the way of concrete experience with non-whites throughout his life but that which he had he now examined in light of the racial illumination that Hitler's opus bestowed-he recalled instances of the subtle hostility on the part of non-whites of their pretense of friendliness which was now that he saw the light and could penetrate the veil of appearances, clearly a false front they hide behind.

Continuing to read he stumbled upon another passage that seered itself into his mind: "All great cultures of the past perished only because the original creative race died out from blood poisoning". He reflected again on his experiences with non-whites: Chan the Chinese restaurant owner and his brood of orientals had always appeared to him as an arrogant and pretentious individual who sought to conceal behind the facade of friendliness a psychopathic intention behind his blase and apparently benign features. The times he had eaten there he always felt as if he was only on trial by the judge and jury of the Chinese who ran the place and who had given him a stomach ache with their food on the last occasion he had been dragged there with his in laws. He had begun to be more active in the Anti-Immigrant League at the time and now connecting the dots deduced he had been poisoned by the chinaman. His thoughts flitted over other similar experiences he has had-the loss of property he had experiences in the east Indian hotel in in City when he had last attended a hockey tournament and, in spite of his protestations to the hindu management he ended up losing his goods and confronting nothing but an apocryphal smile of commiseration on the face of the? Indian owner whose greasy hair and jewelled fingers bespoke the decadence of his culture and its orientation towards mammon. His having been scammed by a jew his stock broker in an investment scheme left its sour taste in his mouth and he could now identify the cause of the problem -the jew and his 'thieving 'subterranean' nature as the lawyer Ruppert had called it. He recalled a passage from "Mein Kampf" that he had read earlier and had made special note of, a passage which had seered itself into his memory as with a 6-pointed star brand: "the mightiest counterpart to the Aryan is represented by the jew". The jews he had encountered throughout his life stood out now in stark clarity as the issue of "Der Stuermer" had illuminated the dark corner in which they had previously hidden to commit their 'subterranean' malevolent acts against him. Yet another passage of "Mein Kampf" stood of in his mind "There can be no making pacts with the jew-but only the hard: either-or". The images of the jews he had encountered throughout his life shifted past his vision as a managerie of evil and violence of insidious falsehood and mendacity: the beetle brows; the hooked noses and squinty eyes; the corpulent figures and whiny voices-all bore testament to the master enemy of the white man. Roger now understood who he was and what his mission in life was: he must combat the jew even should he meet his own death for he had seen the enemy both in his mind's eye and in physical concrete reality and things stood out in stark contrast in his mind: good, light, the solar rays of day and the opaque half light of the moon which radiated its sinister glow upon a world of darkness-the former, the Aryan and his culture, the latter the jew and his destruction. Such was the choice: either victory and truth and beauty or defeat and a globe shrouded in perpetual gloom.

By this time it had grown dark and he caught a glimpse of something in the corner of his eye- a strong beacon of lamplight had been switched on in the warehouse adjacent a place apparently abandoned for some time and in which he had never borne witness to any activity. Now suddenly a bright light had been turned on in the ceiling and which was placed near the window so that any activity behind it was obscured by its brightness and by a diaphanous curtain which was pulled shut behind it. Still he could see the dim outline of a figure reading in a leather backed chair and smoking so it appeared. Roger broke from his reverie of study and looked at his watch still somewhat taken aback and feeling an uncomfortable sense of being watched by the figure in the adjacent warehouse: he noted the time- 1000PM! He had been reading for 5 hours ever since he closed his business and had lost track of time. He turned off the lamp and just as he did so the light adjacent was turned off. This disconcerted him so he pulled the blinds and began to descend the stairs to head home. On the way out to his pickup truck he observed another vehicle in the alley between the warehouse and the corner liquor store turn its lights on just as he entered his vehicle. He made note of the occurrence and drove off to his residence. The lights were still on and when he entered he encountered his wife who was still up in spite of his characteristic early nights. He told her he had lost track of the time and about the strange occurrences of the lights. She informed him that she had seen similar things around the residence-especially with the next door neighbours who had recently moved in. They put aside the topic but went to bed with a strange foreboding sensation.

The days past and Roger and his family were subjected to the same form of odd behaviour as on the previous night: lights shining into his residence and noise being generated around it periodically throughout the day, indeed just as they were about to sleep noise always seemed to occur: The idling of vehicle engines from the neighbours' teenage son; the release of their yappy dog; the playing of music and various vehicles driving around sometimes in the middle of the night . Once night a call was made to the residence by the police doing a check in as part of the bail conditions Roger had agreed to abide by-he was to remain within his residence from 1000PM to 0600AM presumably so he would not distribute any leaflets during the odd hours of the night. The police officer was a swarthy Jew who attempted to pump Roger for information using indirect means of probing under the pretext of regard for his well-being within the context of 'normal conversation': "How ya doing Roger?" the police officer said with a fake smile on his face as Roger, wearing his nightgown, came out to demonstrate he was present at his residence and Roger replied 'fine'. The police officer probed: "a good night for a walk-I always like to walk at night-not so many people around. What about yourself...?" Roger replied with a shrug "I guess". The officer continued: "times are tough what with the economy on a downswing-a lot of people are losing their business" he said in a strange tone of voice emphasising the last part. Roger feigned commiseration "yes". The officer continued: "I wouldn't want to be in the private sector now" again giving strange emphasis to his words. Roger replied: "Am I free to go? Its getting late and I would like to get back to my wife and go to sleep". The officer replied: "Sure just making conversation. Have a good night Roger-don't let the bedbugs bite". Roger returned inside and the police officer sat inside his vehicle idling for a few minutes more before he turned around and shone his lights in the master bedroom window and revved his engine and left. Roger patted to his wife as he slid under the covers. His wife said: "there's something sinister going on here and I think it goes beyond our little town of Boden." "Try not to think about it honey", Roger said, "I'm sure it'll be alright" and turned over to sleep after kissing her on the cheek.

A few days later Roger encountered his son coming home from school with his backpack filled with books and supplies. "I know that things have been a little rough lately so try to do what you can to cope-in today's world only the strong survive", Mack stated that he had been having a lot of problems of late with some of his school mates. He related how one of them, a Simon Rosenthal, had been deliberately been spreading rumors around campus that he was a fag as he heard Simon whispering this

in the ears of none of the other students. He had been treated very poorly as late by the other students with a few rare exceptions and had become ostracised. Even his teacher Mr. Weishaupt, had attempted to make a sex ed presentation attempting to encourage faggotry called "tolerating difference". All of the students in the class had laughed when Weishaupt had singled out Mack and asked what his thoughts were on the subject. Mack had stated in an angry voice that he looked upon faggotry as a mental illness and he was sent to the principle's office. The principle Mrs. Baar had given him a detention. Roger took all of this in with a disgusted look on his face and responded: "since we can't fight against such a large collective by ourselves perhaps we consult with the lawyer Ruppert and he can advise what to do about it. The deck is stacked against us and the networked which controls this society is too large to fight one on one. We have to be smart about fighting the enemy and not just turn the other cheek like a christian. We come from a proud line of fighter's us Kraft's and we need to maintain our family honour. Try not to display any aggressive behaviour towards those enemies of ours and simply fight them in an effective way. Perhaps the lawyer will have insight on what to do. I'll think about solutions myself and let you know what we can do about this problem when I come to some conclusions of my own." Roger invited his son to a hockey game later that week and asked him to bring a friend-it would be a mixed game featuring adults and their high school teenagers.

Later that week the two teams were ready-they were a small group of a few adults, Rogers' closer friends and their sons. He had rented the rink for the day and being a trusted member of the community was tendered the keys by the janitor whose duty it was to clean up the rink and who met Roger on the Saturday when no one else was round in the arena. The teams arrived more or less at once and parked their vehicles outside.

Roger waited until they were all there and then shut and locked the door of the arena behind him. He went with them to the locker rooms and they changed into their hockey gear-one team was white and the other in black jerseys, since they were not overly involved in hockey they had rented the gear from the local sports supply store which Roger noted, was run by a steroidal jew who treated him with subtle hostility veiled behind the mask of friendliness. The boys who played hockey brought their gear minus their jerseys and Mack brought his skull mask which had been painted by himself.

Donny Macdonald wore his golden coloured leather gloves which were spray painted with shiny gold paint as his characteristic marker. "All ready-" Roger said as he observed the last straggler finishing putting his jersey over his pads: "Lets get it on!" he said and they shouted in unison: "Boden boys! Boden Boys! Boden Boys!" a few of the players slamming into one another in a sumo style display of machismo as they filtered out along the rubber mat towards the rink. The lights were on as the group entered, dressed in black and white connoting the polarity of dynamic existence, the feminine principle of receptivity and passive substance (*causa formalis*) and the masculine principle of active force (*causa efficiens*), black and white which, united together to form a dyadic form of existence in the material plane.

Mack, walking in with his leather pads and skull mask looked up at the expansive of light and observed the flag of the Nation adjacent to the painting of the founder of Boden, Colonel Boon Boden who had transformed wilderness of savagery populated by Redskins into civilized paradise of Aryan mankind. The Colonel looked out over the arena as the players entered his stern chiselled features bearing witness to the nobility of the Aryan. He had been a leader of men, a man of scientific propensities and had designed many of the most ancient buildings of the town-buildings whose architectural principles adhere to occult cymatics and sacred geometry, harmoniously harnessing the energies of the earth to spiritualize the material plane upon which Boden represented a beacon of light in the darkness. Roger knew a fair amount of the history of the town being descended by one of the officers of Boden Lieutenant Karl Kraft and yet had only recently come to an understanding of the deeper significance of

the purpose for the settlers to have come to this region in its origins through his conversations with the lawyer who, though a recent emigre from Germany had a deeper understanding of the migrations from the old country.

They had come, according to the lawyer, and Roger could not but consider his representations as accurate, to escape the persecutions of the jews and to establish a land free from the enslavement of the despotism of the jews and their christian mind program. They had come to establish an Aryan homeland and to spiritualize the earth, to break the bonds of jewry which had been wound round their necks in the form of taxes, tithes and endless laws and regulations which constrained their liberty. Mack took all this in at an ur-level of his being as the group stepped onto the ice and began stretching and warming up for the preparation of the game. The atmosphere had a magical quality about it with the height of the arena and its complete emptiness serving as an amphitheater like in the Greek tragedies or the Roman colloseum of old. The new gladiators were here in Boden ready to give battle. The ruthlessness of bygone days was largely suppressed by the domestication process but not yet extinguished and existed in a latent form in the blood as the warrior spirit of the Aryan. The warmup continued apace with Mack and arrival goalie taking shots from their own team members in their own respective side of the arena. Mack displayed his prowess as an ace goaltender able to do the splits and cover the entire crease with rapid side to side motion, to cut down the angle of oncoming players and to employ his heightened awareness to anticipate the direction of the opposing players movements.

Roger went to the area where the sound system was and the microphone that would announce the game: "Ladies and gentlemen! and the millions watching around the world!-are you ready-?" the players responded with loud hoots and hollers as Roger continued with his best Michael Buffer voice: "Are you ready to-" more cheers accompanied him: "Lets get ready to rumble!".

The buzzer was set and rang throughout the arena. One of the team members had volunteered to be referee and came into the face off circle and dropped the puck. The teams played with intensity and the 20 minute periods went by at a quick pace the players taking only a ten minute break between them to avail themselves of a washroom break and to relax and recuperate their energy.

As the time ticked down the players had all but gotten exhausted and the two teams were tied until the end. The last remaining seconds were displayed on the clock as Donny Macdonald raced towards Mack in the opposing net over the center line and Mack perched at the apex of the crease positioned himself in readiness to defend the net. Donny came careening down towards the goal and shifting the puck from one side of his stick to another bore down upon net on a straight trajectory. He feinted right as if going for a backhand shot but Mack was too conscious of his opponents deception and stayed positioned in the crease braced to move in whatever direction Donny did cutting down the angle. Donny stickhandled inside of Mack's are and attempted to take a wrist shot at the net but Mack barred his way and Donny continued on around the net after he realized he wouldn't make the shot and attempted a wrap around but Mack was there and stopped him cold with a pad save kicking the puck out nearly simultaneously so that it bounced harmlessly against the boards was slapped at by one of the adults on the opposing team and gloved by Mack as the buzzer rang.

"Good job Mack!" Donny shouted from behind as he smacked him on his skull mask with his golden gloves; "you'll make pro some day!" The team gathered around Mack and Donny shouted again: "Star of the Game! Am I right!" holding up Mack's gloved hand. The puck dropped out as the crowd gathered round smacking Mack on the back of his skull mask and the puck tumbled to the ice, the upward facing side being a skull and cross bones with the caption surrounding it "Katz funeral service".

Roger, a certain sense of foreboding which had never left him throughout the time of the game in spite of his putting on his game face still present in his mind. Roger spoke up as the team began to disperse-"Anyone for pizza!" the team cried out with a resounding affirmation and he said "We'll head out to Gianni's pizza-I'll cover the tab you guys go ahead and I'll meet you there after I do a clean up with the zambonie".

The team filtered out of the arena and left Roger to clean the place up still dressed up in his hockey gear. He moved the nets back into the bleachers and began doing a once around with the zambonie which cleaned up all of the ice shavings from their skates. He was overwhelmed by a sense of gloom and recalled the image of the puck and of his son's face mask-both skulls and the caption underneath the puck "Katz's funeral service" and thought of the continual sense of episodes he had experienced over the course of the last few weeks: being spied on through the window, the loud noise of the neighbours and their bizarre behaviour, spying through the bushes that served as a border between their residences and always being present outside when he entered and exited his own; the falsehood of their behaviour and smiles. They were jewish alright as was the prosecuting attorney; the sherrifs in the court; most of the police who did check ins at his residence and so many others he had encountered in his business dealings which had been suffering as late. He continued to ponder his situation especially in light of the larger world situation of jewish despotism and their intentions to form a jewish government called 'zion'.

If Zion City was any precursor to what the jews intended he knew he must do what he could to stop them in their plans. He was awoken from his reverie by a sudden turning off of the lights. He thought for a moment that it might be a power outage but since outside of the rink and the concession stand areas, the multicolored lights of the arcade games which were positioned near the popcorn machine and adjacent candy floss machine were casting a strange flashing pattern of multicolored lights streamed into the ice rink and reflected off the painting of the Colonel and National flag which overarched the rink upon which Roger was driving the zambonie. The noise of the zambonie was now a disturbing presence that stood out in stark contrast to the surrounding ambient silence which was augmented by the absence of light the darkness heightening his auditory senses.

His sixth sense, that which perceived the higher planes beyond the merely physical however was fully engaged and he sensed a strange alien presence in the area as of newly arrived parties or perhaps parties who had been there all along and who had managed to conceal themselves in the area only a latent presence that was detected at a higher level of his consciousness. He turned off the zambonie and reached for his stick that he had placed on the machine and prepared to get off until suddenly the loudspeaker broadcast some music which took him only an instant to recognize: "ki, i, ki..ma, ma, ma...". His hair raised on the back of his neck and he looked around getting himself into a state of readiness for what may befall him. He knew it was a joke and that this music which played its discordant fiddle sound, the music of a horror movie bode ill for him; he could sense it was the culmination of the harassment campaign he had been subject to throughout the last month now coming out in full manifestation.

Just as he had dismounted from the zambonie and had begun to skate away towards the boards and gate where he could check the breaker in the hallway he heard another gate open, on the other side of the rink and observed a goalie come out dressed completely in black with a white skull mask, skating vigorously towards him. He braced himself for a collision and the goalie who was a robust 200 lbs crashed into him with his arms out thrusting him onto the ice. He slid away his hockey pants cushioning the fall and observed the goalie building up speed around the net at the end of the rink.



The music switched to the theme song from "jaws" as the goalie, his pale skeleton mask facing him as his body swayed from side to side approached. Roger had by this time made it to his feet and attempted to hip check the goalie but the heavy pads and body mass slammed into him like a juggernaut knocking him down again. This time he landed awkwardly and a shooting pain erupted from his tailbone whose padding was inadequate to stop it. As the goalie circled around for another pass the gate behind Roger opened up and this time a goalie dressed in pure white entered his mask a rosy cheeked white girl with golden hair parted on either side of her face, blue eyes with black holes revealing nothing but darkness that Roger was unable to see within. The music had changed to Stravinsky's "Rite of Spring" and the goalie pirouetted in a bizarre sort of dance movement around the face off circle where Roger was struggling to get to his feet. The black skeleton goalie careened into Roger again and sent him sprawling on the ice. Roger cried out: "What the fuck are you doing!" But just as he finished saying this the white goalie did an elegant pirouette next to him and simultaneously raised his stick overhead preparing to chop down in an axe motion. Roger's eyes widened and he rolled away just as the stick arced into the ice gouging freshly cleaned surface and spraying his face with ice chips some of which obscured his vision.

He attempted to lunge away from the assailants but the black goalie struck out with his blocker and punched him in the face with the blow of a professional boxer. Roger's head rocked as he stumbled again turning round a spray of blood sending droplets to the ice, a rough scratch from the blocker opening a wound on his eyebrow which issued fresh blood further obscuring his vision. He desperately attempted to skate away to the other side of the arena away from the goalies but observed yet another player this time dressed in blood red coloured uniform hop the boards and intercept him in his movements knocking the wind out of him with a hip check that sent him sprawling onto the ice and a moment later his knee was assailed by another axe chop from the white player whose bizarre mask looked at him laughingly with wide white teeth and a black hole in the center of a gap tooth for the mouth hole.

The music had changed to the music of the contest between Kirk and Spock from Star Trek and the blade of the goalie stick knifed down slashing his knee pad-the stick struck with a crunch and the stick recoiled from the kneepad leaving an indentation. Roger screamed as blood poured into his mouth from his head wound. The red player entered between the two goalies and Roger looked up with bleary vision his eyes filled with blood at the devil mask worn by the red player who was of an approximate size with the other two-three burly thugs who stared down at Roger who was trapped between them and couldn't have stood if he wanted, his knee having been broken by the downward slash of the white goalie. Suddenly the music stopped and a voice came onto the loudspeaker: "Gaaamee Ovveerr!" a pause occurred and all was silent the three players hardly making a sound as they looked down upon Roger who, though in a state of fear and rage managed to keep from crying out in spite of the pain which beset him on all sides and which coursed up and down his nervous system like sparks from a broken fuse.

The voice, a whispery and yet cold tone of dominance, a voice without pity or human sympathy rang out in a whiny tone: "You lose goy! You are out of the game! You have played well enough for a goy...and you will be rewarded!" It said with a menacing quality. "Yes-you will be rewarded! You are the star of the game Roger Kraft!-but first we have a booby prize for you!" The voice then went silent again and Roger could hear the sound of a winch and block and tackle speaking in the dark areas of the rafters overhead as a dark shape was lowered and the robust form of the lawyer Ruppert was revealed in a spotlight which switched on with a noise that seemed louder than it was amplified by the relative silence of the surrounding environment.

The spotlight revealed the form of Ruppert which hung by a wire cable obscenely from the rafters, the cable had laced into his neck and his face had become empurpled and bloated but nonetheless the noble features of the German retained their grave solemnity. The lawyer was dressed in his characteristic suspenders and elegant brown leather shoes his body moving slightly in the air. The voice again called out: "This is why we haven't been beaten goy! We kill those who oppose out power-we are the master race goy and we will rule this world-forever! There is nothing you can do to stop us. Send our nazi friend to the hells below!" he commanded at which the body was let loose the cable being retracted by some form of mechanism and the body fell unceremoniously to the ice below the bones breaking with a sickening smack and kicking up flecks of ice. The spotlight focused in on the corpse and its now deformed features which stared out ghoulishly into Roger's eye. Roger cried out: 'jewish devil!' as he convulsed with pain and revulsion at the barbarous rite which played itself to before his eyes.

Suddenly the announcer spoke and Roger's attention shifted from the ghoulish spectacle of his comrade whose body lay mangled on the ice and towards the disembodied voice which spoke from out of the darkness: "Goy! You anti-immigrant league will fail! We are too powerful! We have agents monitoring you goyim at all levels of society: from the jewish barman to the jewish postal worker to the jewish bus driver to the jewish business owner-to the jewish bureaucrat who approves or disapproves licenses for businesses; for firearms; for motor vehicles-for everything! We are unstoppable goy and you will come to understand this when you are taken by the archangel Michael into sheol!" The spotlight shifted from the body of Ruppert to a figure who was descending the concrete steps of the arena and talking into a microphone as he descended: "We will show you goy what it is to cross us and to contest our power!" The figure was pale with yarmulke on his head and balding with thick liver lips and a hooked nose, a sneer of arrogance played about his lips as he shuffled down the steps, his neanderthal body moving in an insectile manner towards the gate which he opened and stopped, issuing a command: "Bring the goy to the special room! We will make sure he finds his proper destiny tonight-It is the month of sacrifice of Purim and he will serve out angelic host as source of power!".

The three hockey players stepped away from Roger who was still racked with pain and the black and red player roughly grabbed him by the arms and dragged him along the ice towards the gate the flashing lights of the arcade game consoles creating a surreal atmosphere in the arena. Roger was unable to struggle and was simply a docile body, a pawn in the game of the jew as the pain of his injuries incapacitated him. The face of the rabbi revealed itself to him a ghoulish figure with pasty hue and beady black eyes that peered out at him with malevolence, his liver lips twisted in a sneer revealing some gold teeth: "You will come with us and understand our power!". he said with the same whiny voice and gestured to the players-"head to the subbasement!". The two gathered up Roger who was only able to spit at the feet of the rabbi and swear: "Fuck you!..jew devil!" though he winced in pain with each word. The journey down the hallway led to an elevator and the place was lit by a few red emergency lights which lined the ceiling at each entry into the hallway under the bleachers and Roger observed the devilish jew following behind as he was dragged under his arms by the red and black player the white one keeping an eye on him from behind, his female mask creating a discordant scene with the jew taking up the rear. They entered the elevator and descended towards the sub-basement after the rabbi inserted a key into the elevator panel and then pressed a black button on the bottom. The elevator descended and Roger experienced a sinking feeling as if he were descending into the bowels of hell and indeed, he could sense some sinister presence or presences as he made his way into the underground.

The door opened and Roger was changed into a room which was harshly lit by overhead lights. The room was of concrete and the walls of the room were bordered by a metal grate as was the centralized area a low metal doctor's table with myriad drawers bordered by a similar grate. A movable trolley

table was adjacent to the shelves in one corner and which were lined with glass jars and bottles of what appeared to Roger who took it in at a glance, to be human organs and strange hybrid creatures neither animal nor human. Roger was unable to move as the two players, the Devil and skeleton were administering a nerve lock on his neck and holding him tightly between them under his arms. The rabbi spoke: "Goy you are going to find our means of dealing with enemies to be very problematic-if you don't resist too much and comply we will make it less painful for you". Roger felt as if the life had already been drained from him his kneecap pulsed with pain as did his entire body which was only over come by his superlative willpower. The jew motioned to the other players to strap Roger onto the metal table which was festooned with straps and levers and small metal wheels which enabled the platform to be manipulated and shifted to different angles, elongated and moved about as if it were comprised of separate segments.

The devil player grabbed his right arm, the skeleton his left after they had strapped him in while the white player held his legs to immobilize him and they wound straps around his extremities binding him to the table. The jew rummaged through one of the drawers of the desk adjacent to the table and brought out a piece of red chalk. The players stepped away from the table to accommodate the rabbi as he drew a circle around the table moving in a widderskins direction all the while chanting in Hebrew: "Micheal, Gab-Ree-El, Ur-I-El-thee, thee I invoke!"

He continued this incantation for the time necessary to complete the circle and then raised his arms towards the ceiling calling out the names of his Hebrew demons as he swayed back and forth his head nodding repetitively as he called out their names: "Mich-A-El! Gab-Re-El! Ur-I-El! Thee, Thee I invoke". He made circles in the air with one of his hands and the other players followed suit circumambulating around the table widdershins repeating the cadence of the jew.

Suddenly above the table near the ceiling the uniformity of the concrete seemed to distend and warp in a series of apparitions coalesced above Roger. He felt a cold sensation as of a draft emanating from the strange vortices which were positioned over his head. The mirage like structures hovered over him as if they were fixtures on the ceiling and the rabbi opened up one of the drawers in the table extracting a folder from out of which he drew three sacrifice knives, hollow tubes with perforations which were sharpened on the ends and handed them around to the hockey players, himself taking from the folder one of the remaining ones and brandished it over the head of Roger. "You are aware of what this is goy?" Without waiting for a reply he continued: "We have throughout the ages performed this rite and most heavily on the day of Purim which is today."

He raised his arms towards the swirling vortices that appeared to be somehow integrated into the ceiling and yet protruding therefrom and chanted: "Ra-Fa-El! Ga-Bri-El! Ur-I-El! Upon me bestow your power! Bestow your power o' angels!" Roger observed the vertices increase in their motion and expand outwardly and the atmosphere seemed to increase in temperature the rabbi trembling as the occult forces were transmitted from the vortices. The rabbi continued as the three players stood motionless around the table and stated to Roger with a tone of command in his whiny voice: "You have secrets with the league that I want you to reveal. Should you refuse we will increase the pain and you will eventually tell us nonetheless-so you may as well confess now!".

He stared menacingly at Roger his beady black eyes peering at his captive with fanatical hatred. Roger, whose face was covered with blood from the cut over his eyes spat out the blood that was trickling into to his mouth at the rabbi. The latter, not expecting any resistance lashed out with fury impaling Roger in the thigh with his sacrifice knife which ejected a geyser of sanguine liquor that splashed on the rabbi's caftan. Roger spasmed in pain but couldn't move more than a few inches around his torso as his

hips and extremities were lashed to the table with gortex straps. The rabbi sneered and licked the blood from the sacrifice knife his pale tongue caressing the implement of torture and spoke: "You won't reveal the secrets of the league? I want names; I want to know what your plans are!" He screamed into Roger's face in his whiny voice. Roger spat into his face again and the rabbi further enraged cried out with ululating cry and bough down his cruel spike into the leg of Roger again which caused the captive to further convulse and choak, as some of the blood coursed into his mouth from his forehead, the rabbi again raised his arms and head towards the demons above: "Show yourself Ra-Fa-El! Show yourself Gab-Ra-El! Ur-I-El! Show yourself! Strike fear into the mind of this beast!"

The demonic forms began to shift and change themselves in figures whose translucent forms manifested as bizarre winged shapes neither resembling a man nor beast but skeletal figures whose leathery appearing flesh pulled taut against the boney structure of their forms, their bellies distended and bloated pulsed with a sickening vitality. Roger was in a state of shock more from blood loss than this encounter with the demons but he nonetheless registered their presence and its malevolent intent which compounded the release of adrenaline from his assaulted body. He writhed in his manacles and the rabbi said: "you have two chances left-let me know who controls the league! What are your plans!". Roger managed to bring out a few words: "Fuck you!...Jew...Devil!" and spat blood in the face of the jew who immediately descended again with his sacrifice knife into the kidneys of Roger who writhed in pain straining his bonds. The jew signalled to the others: "he refuses to speak! You have only one chance-you can die without pain- your soul will go to its proper destiny-if you speak and tell me what I want to know!" Roger shouted: "Hell no Jew Devil!" the jew, finally realizing it was an impossible task to extract information from his captive, raised his hands to the demons above and chanted: "Ra-Fa-El! Ur-I-El!- Gab-Ra-El!-make of this beast a sacrifice to feed! It is energy for you to feed!" and immediately embarked upon a series of pin pricks of Roger's form which sent Roger into paroxysms of pain and spasms as he strained his bonds. The cruel spikes of the ghouls punctured Roger's body as the blood poured from his form and the demons above descended to feed as Roger's perforated form released his life force the demons now having crystallized into material form their bloated bodies spasming as they imbibed his flesh their skeletal jaws working mechanically as they consumed his living form absorbing into themselves his soul. The rabbi filled silver cup with the blood as it poured out of Roger's form and gulped it down greedily: "Hosanna!" He cried: " Tob Shebe Goyim Harog!"

Mack waited in the pizzeria with the rest of the crew but felt the same sense of foreboding he had felt throughout the day. He contemplated the harassment he had sustained at the hands of his school mates and how they had framed him as a fag through their rumour mongering. He felt powerless to do anything about it however as should he attack Simon and his sidekicks Christian Humble and Bruce Love he would inevitably be further harassed and persecuted as his father had informed him they were the sons of a powerful group of criminals who ran the town. Their arrogance was presumably an attitude of moral superiority and contempt for others coupled with their hypocritical legions of the non-white students suggested a criminal disposition, one of swaggering falsehood and egocentrism. Mack understood that to simply strike out at those two would not be effective in putting a stop to the harassment, that it would continue and that he must simply rise above it and do his utmost not to be affected by them, His father had given him a book by an occultist named Julius Evola called: "The Doctrine of Awakening: Buddhist Varieties of Asceticism" which he had been reading. He found its message to be very useful in coping with the chaos of his still small world of high school melodrama. He had begun to practice third eye meditations as well and did his utmost to detach himself from the transience of daily life, from the sensation that most all teenagers were conditioned to immerse themselves in. He had decided, according to his father's advice to devote all of his time to the pursuit of his main purposes in life that of goaltending and art and all else was included were oriented towards these two purposes.

As he waited in line at the pizza place he felt a great disturbance in the previous relative tranquility of his mind and looked up at the clock as he thought of his father who was a bit tardy in coming. The clock said 0600PM and the smiling face of the pizzeria icon, an anthropomorphized slice of pizza looked back at him with an almost mocking grin, looking like a mangled piece of meat with red tomato sauce and hot cheese dripping from his doughy face. The icon was intended to be a humorous, appealing figure but was instead a ghoulish apparition which merely amplified his misgivings and sense of unease. He turned and spoke to Donny who was waiting in line with him: "I got a strange felling about my dad-he should be here by now-maybe something happened to him." Danny echoed his sentiments: "I think maybe you're right-something weird is going on-maybe we should get my dad to call him and see if he's ok."

Mack agreed and they approached Donny's father who went to the pay phone and called the arena. He let it ring 20 times before he hung up and said attempting to pacify the two teenagers: "We can try to call back in another half an hour-he probably is hung up in traffic or is just finishing up in the arena" he said with a confident tone. Carrying the pizzas they waited at the table for the rest of the group who attended and began to eat their post game repast. The meal was undergone in silence and with less festivity than would be expected from those who had just had a day of fun. The silence became uncomfortable after a few minutes and Donny's father suddenly came out with: "How was everyone's day? We had a hard go at it today-didn't we boys!". The responses were lack luster and again the silence fell upon the group.

Just then the t.v which had been positioned in the corner was turned up by one of the employees over the steady beat of pop music which was played at a low level. The news was on and a presentation was being done by the jewish presenter from Zion City: "The just in-breaking news in Boden, a small town a few hours away from the city. We have our news correspondent Michael Weiner with us in Boden live." The news feature had their attention rivetted now and the camera showed the hockey arena where they had come from only an hour before. Film footage of a body hanging from flag pole outside of the arena was seen with the national socialist flag wrapped around it soaked in dark red spots, the figure a gaunt white color. The sun had nearly set and the figure hung like a christmas ornament on a metal tree. Police were congregating around the scene and taking flash photography as the local broadcaster spouted off his spiel at a rapid rate: "Thank you Jacob. This gruesome event has just happened. Its too early to identify the man but police are investigating the tragic event. We have constable Brown with us now to discuss it.". Constable Brown, a swarthy jew with a furtive looking mien spoke: "Thank you Michael. Though it is too early to draw conclusions we speculate that the death may have been gang related-the nazi flag draped over the victim suggests he may have been either a member of the local chapter of the anti-immigrant league, a notorious neo-nazi organization with international ties or have been yet another of its victims."

The reporter thanked the officer who moved away of the camera crew towards the body and the reporter communicated with an older man who he introduced: " This is the local resident Sid Gabler who discovered the body as he was passing by going for a walk", the reporter announced. By this time the entire restaurant had turned around and was watching the t.v which became even more a focal point of their attention. Mack was seething with rage and pain over the death of his father and could hardly tolerate sitting and watching the scene but did his utmost to fight back his tears and take in the information which may prove vital in his seeking vengeance or solving the crime in some way. The man on t.v, Sid Gabler, a greasy looking jew with silver hair and a hooked nose spoke: "It pains me to see the violence of a society that I thought was free from prejudice. It reminds me of my past when I had to live under the nazi in Germany during the holocaust..."he trailed off attempting to capitalize on

the death of a white man and drain away any sympathy towards himself as a vampire draining away the blood of the innocent into himself.

The reporter asked with a look of pained commiseration: "You were a survivor Mr. Gabler?" The old Jew wiped tears away from his squinty eyes and stuttered: "Yes sir, I was interned at Auschwitz but managed to escape. I managed to stow myself away in a cart full of sacks of potatoes and got driven out. I leapt out of the cart and ran off into the woods. I was there for six days and managed to survive on roots and berries while I made my way to Poland. By that time the war was at an end-I just regret I couldn't save all of my fellow Jews", he said crying into his cashmere scarf. The reporter looked sternly at the camera and choked out monosyllabically: "Why can't we just get along."

Mack by that time had grown angry to the boiling point and had gotten up and left the restaurant deciding he would rather walk back to his residence. He told Donny as he put on his coat: "I'm outta here. Tell my mother I'll be heading back on foot."

Mack walked through the purpling sunset which was transitioning to twilight and thought of his father whose face he had recognized and who could only have been his father owing to the circumstances. He knew intuitively that it was his dad and that there was no alternative explanation for his father's absence from the pizzeria, his recent presence in the arena, his involvement in the anti-immigrant league; his gangstalking by the cabal and the appearance of the man on the flagpole a desecration of his father's memory which was furthered by the reporter, police officer and Jew discovered of the body and within such a finite time frame.

Mack suddenly thought of the anti-immigrant league and its connection to the Nazi flag and the allegation of its being international and 'neo-Nazi' as the cop had alluded to. Perhaps the league was right after all? Perhaps the Nazis were right to persecute Jews? Mack didn't know much about Jews but he recognized that those who called themselves Jews were largely responsible for his father's death-the police officer was Jewish; the reporter looked similar to him; the old Jew-even Simon Rosenthal and Mrs. Bauer his principle as well as a few of his teachers, especially the sex ed teacher-they were all Jews! Mack decided he would investigate further into the cabal and its operations. He wanted to know what his enemy was doing and who they were in greater detail the better to oppose their activity. He wanted to be able to know why the Nazis had been so vehement in their opposition to the Jews and why they had slaughtered so many. Perhaps, as his own experience had revealed, they had been just as cruel and evil to the Germans?

Mack decided to take a week off from school to help his mother cope with the loss of his father. In this time he occupied himself with his father's property and with his mother's assistance they went through it thinking that it would be best to try to overcome their grief through creating the necessary changes, giving away what their father had that was not of more lasting value or held a more intimate connection to his life. They gave away much of his clothing and sold his motorbike and many other items to friends who were only too willing to assist the family whose bread winner had so recently been killed. While going through the library his father had compiled over the years Mack discovered the leather bound copy of "Mein Kampf" which had been given to his father by the lawyer Ruppert who Mack had shortly after his father had been murdered discovered also was a casualty of the murderous act perpetrated by a still unknown group of assailants.

The crime was allegedly still undergoing "investigation" by the police he didn't anticipate they would bring any of the actual perpetrators to justice, maybe offer up a patsy to sacrifice but he didn't expect any real justice to eventuate. He had come to the realization that justice and law were wholly distinct

phenomena and that what the system and its hidden rulers perceived to be 'justice' was simply an expression of their own "will to power" as the philosopher Friedrich Nietzsche had called it. Mack mulled over these ideas while he took up the magnum opus of the Fuhrer and opened its gilt edged pages which were printed on a specialized waxed hemp paper that would last generations. He looked at the frontispiece and observed an eagle with outspread wings over top a symbol of the NSDAP and oak leaves bordering it "Mein Kampf" in stylized quasi-fraktur script above and the name of the author "Adolf Hitler" underneath the emblem.

Mack felt a stir of the blood memory, a recollection of the connection he bore to the racial soul of his ancestors. He leafed over the page and observed a full colour portrait of Adolf Hitler staring out at the reader with a bold, challenging expression that conveyed the meaning of the books' title, Hitler's struggle, his willpower which Mack felt immediately to be simultaneously his own struggle-the struggle for life, the preservation of the racial soul and the combat to the death against the enemy the jew, who Mack still only vaguely apprehended as the enemy not having had much experience with them save within his own sphere of youthful experience.

He leafed through the book wanting to take it all in at once impatient to absorb and assimilate its contents into his mind. He stumbled upon passage that stood out with a strange magnetism and which impressed itself upon his memory "the mightiest counterpart to the Aryan is presented by the jew". He had never thought in so concise a fashion of the world as a combat between opposing factions but, having had the experiences he did he now had a mere tangible awareness of this cosmic reality of light and darkness, good and evil. He became fully conscious of the fact that there was such a thing as "the Aryan" and "the jew"; that they were oppositional and engaged in deadly struggle presumably by virtue of their essential nature. He understood this only with a vague apprehension but nonetheless it registered in his consciousness.

He continued to leaf through the work: "...a racially pure people which is conscious of its blood can never be enslaved by the jew. In this world he will forever be master over bastards alone." Mack further pondered on the passage and now made the connection between the statement the jewish police officer on the news when his father' body was 'discovered'-the statement regarding the anti-immigrant league, the national socialist flag draped around his father's desecrated form and its having been soaked in his blood. Clearly the jews' agenda was to stop people opposing immigration, which meant stopping whites, Aryans, from opposing the entry of non-whites into their society and that this was the means through which they were attempting to destroy the Aryans. This much Mack could gather especially after having been to Zion City over the course of his still young life and having experienced the changes which were continually ongoing-the invasion of the non-whites euphemistically called 'immigrants' into his territory and into ever territory it seemed. He contemplated all of the scenes of when he had watched contemporary movies and compared it to old ones with all of the white people playing heroic roles, their being replaced by non-whites, 'immigrants' and his understanding of what the jews were doing increased.

He stumbled upon another passage: "in a bastardized and niggerized world all concepts of the humanly beautiful and sublime, as well as all ideas of an idealized future for mankind, would be lost forever." Mack understood as he leafed further into the work the dire severity of 'immigration' and jewish power and that it would either be 'the Aryan' or 'the jew' who ruled the world, either a world of beauty or a world of chaos, a world of 'bastards'-like the jew.

He was immersed in the work now and devoted his time to the study of the work making notes on various passages. In his study he had acquired a new label for an identity he had always felt in his blood, that of an 'Aryan'. He wrote down a passage: "the future of a movement is conditioned by its fanaticism-yes the intolerance-with which its supporters uphold it as the sole correct movement, and push it past other formations of a similar sort." Mack had what it took-fanaticism and his recently deceased father simply served as an additional source of rage against those who sought his destruction. He would become a fanatic-a fanatical 'nazi' as the media was always crying about. Apparently the media didn't want any 'nazis' in the world so they were perpetually vilifying 'nazis' through their propaganda mill. This convinced Mack even more that is the system and its controlled media opposed 'nazis' and the system was a jewish mechanism of genocide, it would be best for him to become a 'nazi' in order to defeat it as this apparently monstrous figure was what it feared most. He read on: " the highest aim of human existence is not the preservation of the state, let alone a government, but preservation of the race." Thus in reading only so far into Hitler's magnum opus he, Mack Kraft, a teenager of nearly eighteen years, had a life mission and that was to preserve his race. He could only this be following in the footsteps of Hitler and become a 'nazi', a fanatical opponent of jews and those who supported immigration, the 'niggerization' of his home and his people. The question only remained: how? How could he, an insignificant teenager with no connections or power, possibly solve the greatest problems in world history.

Mack felt it man imperative to convey the message to others but, recalling what happened to his father and his activities in the league as well as the state of the lawyer he thought it would be more prudent to keep quiet for now. Maybe, he ruminated, achieving success in life would be a possibility and he could use his status and money to assist his people and perhaps make contacts who would be instrumental in achieving this end. The league might be a contact but it might also paint a target on his back through any affiliation he might have with it so he decided he would avoid attempting to contact it for the present.

Though he was hesitant to throw his hat in the ring he felt it to be perhaps a necessity at some future point as, like his father, he was being gangstalked by the police and by various members of the community foremost amongst whom were members of the christian churches and the jews who controlled their mind. He would walk to school and their would always be undercover police cars as the periphery who would pass by him and revv their engines as the disappeared from sight only to return again by another route. He would be followed not only by christians and jews but by vagrants and swarms of the immigrants of the town who he speculated were paid to engage in this form of ritualistic harassment.

He was reading at the time a book he had discovered in his father's library entitled "Three Aspects of the Jewish Problem" by Julius Evola and stumbled upon the reality of freemasonry through this author in another of his articles. The subterranean tactics that Evola referenced in this work correlated with his own experiences-the subtlety that gave him a sense of being stalked and continually surveilled as if his presence were a criminal one that necessitated a pre-emptive strike against him. At school he encountered more of the same so that the harassment followed him wherever he went: at home, in the public space, at school-he was never alone and thus was made to feel like a prisoner without any physical walls surrounding him. He anticipated worse things to come but did his utmost to persevere amidst this chaos and to continue with his studies and practice of his technique in artistic creation and goaltending.



The season had ended for the year prior to his father's death and he was scheduled to attend a hockey camp specific for goaltenders. Prior to this he was to attend his father's funeral where a few family members from out of town were to attend as well as members of the community. His father had been cremated according to his will which referred to the process of the Traditional Aryan way to enable the soul to flee the body and to ascend to its proper dimension.

The funeral was scheduled for two weeks from the day of cremation and two and a half from the death of his father. The police reports still had not been revealed to the Kraft's in their entirety but what had been divulged was largely redacted information with black lines across it and what little was revealed was merely the formalistic rhetoric of the police who were specialists in covering their asses.

Mack was at school and reading outside at recess a work by Ernst Shertl "Magic: History, Theory, Practice", which was annotated by Adolf Hitler and was dedicated by the author to the Fuhrer. As he was reading, Simon Rosenthal, the son of the judge who served as the big wheel in the town's legal apparatus passed by with Bruce Love, the mayor's son. They hovered about pretending to look out towards the field where two young white girls both blonde haired and blue eyed were playing with a frisbee. Simon and Bruce appeared to be presenting themselves in a sort of theatrical context for the purpose of getting Mack's attention. Simon spoke nonchalantly: "To bad the white race will have to make way of the future of immigrants." he said with a sneer he barely concealed and looking out of the corner of his eye at Mack. Bruce responded: "a small price to pay for progress-thats the nature of evolution you know..." Simon shifted the conversation slightly to further drive the knife into Mack: "That guy who got killed-you know, the 'nazi'-what was his name...?" He asked rhetorically of Bruce. The latter rejoined: "Roger-he was a member of the Anti-Immigrant League" Simon made another comment: "Should have been nicer to the immigrants, maybe he-" at this Mack put down his book onto the ground and rushed towards Simon and blasted him in the face with a right cross knocking him onto the ground unconscious. Bruce was taken a back and lept aside form the unconscious jew seeking a means of escape but Mack grabbed him by the collar, swung him around with his left hand pulling him towards him and kneed him in the stomach causing him to bend over in pain crashing to the earth. He kicked him repeatedly in the face and was intercepted in his third attempted strike by the civics teacher who rushed up behind him and pulled him away, his two hundred pounds of bulk encircling Mack whose teenage form was inadequately strong to pull away. "Thats enough Mack! You're in big trouble-you're gonna be expelled!" The civics teacher said and dragged him away from the two slanderers who lay unconscious on the grass. "Go to the principles office Mack!" the teacher said his beady black eyes peering at Mack with a mixture of fear and fury: "Go!-we can't have any tolerance of nazis here!" Mack, though fuelled with adrenaline understood there would be no point in attempting to escape as the system was a panopticon and could trace him anywhere he went.

He did an about face and walked towards the principle's office as the teacher attempted to perform first aid on the two downed classmates. In spite of his agitation and apprehension of immanent punishment from the principle he was satisfied he had carried out a just act of retribution-though it was still inadequate by far and he thus wondered how he could strike out in revenge for the killing of his father whose killers were obviously related to both Simon and Bruce who were some of the most affluent and powerful people of Boden's offspring.

He walked into the principle's office and knocked being allowed into the vestibule by the secretary a snippy insecure older woman who had an intense dislike for 'nazis', a christian as far as Mack understood. Her pinched features and shrewish behaviour welcomed him into the office as she instructed him to sit: "and don't move a muscle!" she hissed as she buzzed the principle Mrs.Baar. The cold and authoritarian tone of Mrs. Baar responded: "Send him in." Mack entered the inner sanctum of bureaucratic mechanisation and faced his judge, a middle aged jew with frizzy red hair and off coloured

tan faced him and said: "I say what went on outside the window! You're in big trouble mister!". Mack looked her in the eyes and observed her cold, reptilian features peering out at him with emotionless beady eyes and eventually he looked away having grown tired of the game. Mrs. Baar spoke: "depending on how severe the injuries of your victims..." she paused and coughed to emphasize his alleged villainy: " you will be expelled the remainder of the year. However, since the year is almost over and exams have already been written, you will have to suffer some other form of punishment." She paused for a moment and began: 'I will have you do community service and to work with the police in a program that has just been developed called the 'New Start Program,'"

Mack returned that day to his house as soon as he was released from the school by the principle and contemplated how he might avenge himself and the two rivals who had driven him to the point of loss of control. He reflected upon how essential it was to maintain control in order to avoid a backlash from the system. He was in his father's library and had taken out a book called "The 48 laws of Power" by a jew named Robert Greene. He read the introduction and chapter synopses and the 'laws' adduced by the author revealed yet another layer of the jewish onion-the cunning falsehood and hypocrisy of the jew was laid bare through this brief synopsis of what the jewish author referred to as 'laws of power' or spiritual ethical means of self interest maximization and defeating enemies. This was the jews' 'cthonice' nature indeed Mack reflected, his 'subterranean' nature laid bare and codified in 'law'. He recalled to mind a work of the national socialist Alfred Rosenberg called "Immorality in the Talmud" and found the two to be strangely correlated both works reflections of each other. He incorporated the lessons of jewry into himself and thought further how he might strike out against the cabal in an effective way. That he was being subjected to harassment and surveillance 24 hours a day prevented him from getting away with any operations that would be a just compensation for the loss of his father and an effective means of neutralizing the cabal. He would have to bide his time and wait for an opportune moment-the jews and their affiliates the christians and freemasons intended the destruction of the white race and thus it was obvious that as history and his researches had revealed there would be no effective means to combat them save through extermination. He had done research previously into the Freikorps and the Croatian Utasha and understood that as Adolf Hitler said in "Mein Kampf": "...terror can only be broken by terror...".

The funeral was set for-later that week and when it came around Mack and his mother drove to it by themselves in his mother's care a two door used BMW that she had gotten from a buy and sell listing. She had had to sell his father's pickup truck as his lack of income had driven them into greater financial hardship and in spite of his mother taking a job as a florist in the town they had barely enough to meet the mortgage payments and the jewish lender was threatening foreclosure.

The two were silent in their drive towards the funeral which was held in the local community center as the Kraft's were opponents of the jewish curse of christianity which they had correctly understood to be merely a mind control mechanism for the enslavement of the 'sheep' or 'flock' which the priestly caste stood over as slave masters. His mother eventually broke the silence, her ice blue eyes casting glances at Mack as she drove and said "I know we're going through a tough time now Mack but we must do what we can to persevere. Your father would have waited you to continue the fight not lay down before the enemy." Mack replied: "I don't know what I can do but I will do what I can. We are being watched 24/7 so it is difficult to understand how I can oppose them-but I'll try to find a way, I promise." They continued on in silence until they pulled up to the community center and parked. There were a few cars there ahead of them and Donny was waiting in a black suit with a green cumerbund his arms folded solemnly in front of him and he nodded to Mack as the latter approached. When the funeral attendees were gathered together and most had taken their seats Mack greeted his grandfather who was

in Boden from another town an hour away and his grandfather said: "The world has changed for the worse Mack" as he patted him on the shoulder. "If there is anything I can do to help you let me know." The presenter of the eulogy was Mack's father's best friend Donny's father who went over his history with Roger and related tales of how the two had grown up together playing hockey and now they were mature adults handing the torch over to their children who he hoped would be able to make a better world than they had, won without corruption in high places. When he made reference to the corruption of the police state a few of the attendees coughed understanding the allusion to the presumed murders of Roger Kraft and their connection to 'high places', the connection being too close for comfort for them.

Sitting in the funeral were a few paid spies who were paid to monitor all activities of Mack and others who were suspected of having league affiliations. Mack could identify the undercover agents easily and the two others they were working with were civilian spies funded by the government. The government agents pretended to have attended the funeral as 'sympathisers' and masqueraded as friendly members of 'the community', their civilian counterparts were two busybody middle age christian women who worked in the church called "The Christ King Mission" a zionist church that was located in the affluent area of Golden Gates.

Mack's mother went up to the podium and began a eulogy for her deceased husband. It was short and to the point but implied that justice would be served against those who had murdered him: "I am sure that the forces of the cosmos will intervene on our behalf and will bring the perpetrators to justice-and soon." Her icy blue eyes looked out towards the agents in the audience and both of them became nervous and looked down at their hands making a pretense of solemn agreement with 'cosmic justice' though their hard set features and subtly nervous gestures suggested they understood that they were not the direct, then the indirect cause of the problem, of the termination of the life of an honourable man.

After the eulogy the operatives hung around and the two christian women hovering around Mack's mother began to act out one of the theatre skits that both Mack and his mother understood to be part of the harassment ritual that was being staged against them 24 hours a day. His mother had become greatly disturbed by the harassment especially at the funeral of her own husband prepared for the negative babble she anticipated hearing: she was not disappointed. One of the women, a fat old creature said: "I liked Roger. It is too bad he decided to follow in the footsteps of Hitler, the antichrist." With an evil smile of self-righteousness the other said: "yes he should have turned to Christ instead, maybe then he would have sur-" at that Mack's mother smacked the old woman across the face with her ringed hand, the sound alerting all of the congregation to the act who turned around to observe the scene. Mack's mother spat: "Don't you dare talk about my husband that way!" The old woman's head rocked on her narrow shoulders and she crumpled in a heap. Mack's mother loomed over her and her affiliate and said: "Leave Mack and I alone you paid spy! Or you're going to regret it!" At this point the other operators crowded eager to make more trouble for the deceased's wife. The woman on the ground got up and spat: "I'll see you in court for what you've done!" "So much for turning the other cheek" Mack's mother replied.

The scene was carried out of the funeral and a week later Mack's mother had to go to court. She was forced by the judge to pay a fine to compensate the christian woman for her 'mental anguish' and failure to do so would lead to jail time. Mack mother's financial situation was suffering and she was breaking down under the harassment she was being subjected to by the stalkers, her sleep interrupted at night and her employer deliberately shutting her out of her employment reducing her hours to part time.

One night one of the stalker's came around and shone a light in her bedroom window knocking at her wall intermittently. Mack's mother, becoming frightened reached for her .38 special revolver she kept by her bedside. She went past the basement stairs where Mack's room was located and out into the garage. She observed a vehicle nearby across the street which had its high beam lights on outlining the rainfall which shrouded the residence in a blanket of distorted half light reflecting the full moon above. She saw a dark shape obscured by the rain walking towards the vehicle and entering the vehicle a grey coloured four door asian model vehicle.

As she was looking outside she had a strange sense of foreboding that someone was coming up behind her and just as she was turning, a hand reached out and clamped around her mouth with a cloth soaked in chloroform silencing any screams prematurely, the other wrapped around her form and seized her gun from her hand. Just then another assailant trussed up and slipped an iron grip around her wrist holding her still and she heard a harsh voice whimper before she lost consciousness: "We don't want anyone starting any trouble for us do we..."

Mack's mother woke up in a large room which had a surreal effect upon her consciousness-the walls were irregular and created a hall of mirrors effect, the checkerboard floor was above her head and she at first thought she was suspended over it but, her proprioceptive sense in spite of the chloroform daze, brought her to a sense of the actual scene as she felt herself strapped onto a platform, the press of gravity coming from where the floor was not from behind her and her sensibility was confirmed when she saw standing over her robed figures the checkerboard patterned floor behind them or rather above them.

The walls were painted with surreal scenes of stars and moons and ladders projecting from the floor to where she was located. She took all this in an instant and as she came to her adrenaline kicked in her fight or flight instincts and she attempted to struggle against her bonds which held fast as she rigged. A voice spoke which she did immediately associate with a figure until the figure was present looming over head. The figure was dimly outlined, the candle light which cast shadowy flickering light on the strong who surrounded her. The voice articulated in a whispery and sinister tone: "you want to get to the bottom of it all shiksa?" he said, his gold teeth gleaming in the candle light. "Are you sure you want to know-the Truth?" He laughed a cold laugh devoid of any human feeling and held up a photograph before her vision. It was an image of her deceased husband whose body had been perforated with holes before he had died, his emaciated form having been bled white. Mrs.Kraft screamed out into the half light at the jew who sneered with cruel mockery at her helpless plight and stretched out his hands to the ceiling which was nonetheless a floor, an image of the inverted reality of the cabal and their conception of bringing a kingdom of heaven onto earth not through any godly being but through the jewish people becoming god, their own messiah, and bringing upon the earth their Zion government.

Through Mrs.Kraft was unaware of the details she understood that whatever beings these were, these jews, both they and the christian were working hand in glove to destroy her family-and now herself. The dawning realization that she wouldn't see the light of day evoked an instinctive rage response, a desperate assertion of life against her assailants. She struggled and screamed out but her voice simply echoed in impotence throughout the room whose sound dampening panels muted her screams. The jew with the gold teeth, the same murderous demon threw his head back and cackled: "There is no angel to respond to your cries you nazi shiksa! There is no one who will respond or come to save you-no Christ! no Messiah! We, we the jews are the messiah! This world has ever been ours, our plaything, and you have always been merely our goyim slaves!" The woman stared at him with her icy blue eyes which upon transmitting her hate vibrations to him caused him to cough and bend over at the waist: " Witch!" he said and spat at her face with his vile spittle spraying her pure sanguine features. She spat back and

he backhanded her face: "Enough!" he cried in his voice of whiny command 'you will see what befalls shikshas like you when you cross us!".

The figure outstretched his hand towards the checkerboard floor that served as the ceiling and began to intone: " Angelic Spirits! Emissaries of YHVH, of G-d, I implore thee-'O emissaries of G-d! Come to us and feast upon this sacrifice, this blue eyed witch devil who seeks to destroy little israel your holy seed! Come and destroy her mercilessly, ruthlessly! Kill her and for you her soul is forfeit!" He made another gesture with his hands which Mrs.Kraft attempting to interfere with his chanting cadence which had just began shouted out: "Jewish beast! You subhuman creature!-You'll suffer for your crimes!" The black mage thrust down with his hand in a smack and bloodied her lips with his bejewelled hairy paw. He intoned while the woman shrieked and was accompanied by others of his kind dressed in robes and dimly lit by candle light: "Ge-Gal-Resh-Aleph-Mem-Bet!" The Hebrew gibberish passed from his liver lips as he circumambulated widdershins around the stone altar to which Mrs.Kraft was strapped.

Lightning struck in the jet black sky overhead but which was only indirectly visible from a window which had been open in one of the comes of the room, a panel which was positioned at the bottom of a ladder which had been painted on the wall and which terminated in the checkerboard. It appeared as if a cube of space had been magically opened up and was transmitting some form of electromagnetism from another dimension into the room. The woman continued to scream and the figures circumambulated around her form and at an ever increasing pace creating some form of energetic vortex accompanied by an accelerated cadence of chanting: " Resh-Aleph! Gil-Gal! Mem!" the jew who was the lead began to intone as the rest of the morbid procession repeated the cadence as if with prior agreement or perhaps through some form of telepathic hive mind communication: "I invoke thee 'o angelic host of G-d! I invoke thee to serve a sacrifice-a blasphemer, a violation of G-d- a shiksa! Come! Come and receive her soul!" At this command from out of the room amidst the thunder and lightning poured a translucent body visible yet bending light a strangely opaque series of black shapes which seemed to illuminate the room with their comparative darkness which was that of a black hole of dark energy matter that flitted about like sinister furies as the throng stopped as if on cue and withdraw from their sable mantles the cruel implements of steel which constituted their tradition sacrificial blades the lightning illuminating the sheen of the metal which made it present to the vision of Mrs.Kraft. The shapes above responded to the formula of the jew: ' Gil-Gal-Resh! Aleph!" and gradually coalesced into discernible shapes of similar variety to those that her husband had only recently encountered bizarre skeletal simian shape a with leathery wings and distended bellies who hovered above the sacrificial table deterred by its same restrictive force. The scene of horror which transpired was yet another episode of jewish cruelty that had repeated itself throughout the ages like a bloody trek of cloven hooves over the earth-the ritual murder sacrifice of children and women-their abduction, their enslavement, torture and murder through revolutionary and religious fanaticism all serving the purpose of jewry in their propitiation of the demons they participated with in the enslavement of the world. The relationship was a quid pro quo and a taking based upon the currency of the life force, of the blood, in blood sacrifice that the donors fed off and, having bound themselves to jewry in vile pacts and through their particular form of bigotry impelled them to kill and murder as their modus operandi. For the jew was and always will be a vampire and his life is dependent upon the absorption of the life force from others.

Mack awoke after a night of fitfull sleep, a worried expression on his face. He didn't hear the usual shuffling and bustling in the kitchen which heralded the average day as his mother made breakfast-all he heard was silence as he ascended the stairs from his basement room in the two story house and opened up the door taking the wooden board he kept placed across it held in brackets to prevent any

potential intruder from murdering him in his sleep. He placed the two by four in a wall alcove adjacent to the doorjamb and entered the kitchen. There was nothing but a deathlike silence which he encountered as he entered the cooking and sink area. No food in preparation or already being prepared, no sign of any having been undergone-no wet clothes hanging from the stove or timers ticking down-nothing but a feeling of emptiness.

Something caught his eye outside of the window which was hanging from the birdfeeder- a blonde-haired female doll with large blue eyes was hanging from its feet and was stuck full of pins, swaying in the breeze, as it turned slowly around to face him as he looked out the window. Mack gritted his teeth and fought back tears, received the message whose meaning was clear and unambiguous -he would never see his mother again, she was dead and he was alone. His body tightened and he squeezed his hands into fists his muscles hard as taut cables staring out the window at the helpless doll who shifted in the morning breeze. Looking past he observed a non descript grey vehicle in the alleyway out into which the window looked and saw one of the highbeam lights go on as the engine revved starting up. The vehicle made a quick reverse into a parking space and he observed the license plate which had a Scottish rite freemason license plate. The tinted windows obscured the silhouette of a buzz cut dark shape which became partially illuminated as the occupant took a drag on his cigarette signalling his presence to Mack as he sped off down the alley leaving a cloud of dust behind. Mack thought of his mother and again looked towards the doll or it rotated by degrees in the draught and uttered: "You'll pay jews. You won't get away with your evil and I will avenge my mother and father for what you've done." He broke away from the window and headed up towards the attic where his father kept his library. He stood in front of the bookshelf and its leatherbound volumes taking in the history of his people as codified in the noble works of philosophers and geniuses who had with their more active counterparts in the world of politics and art, set their seal upon world history. All of this, the works of cultural achievement codified in stone and parchment were only one of the fruits of the creators who gave it birth and which amounted to nothing without the blood and soil that gave rise to it and, should it be destroyed through the contingency of history, could always be reacquired by the Aryan again. He faced the present with an acknowledgement of the past and his vision directed towards the future-what could he, a small and nearly powerless teenager, possibly do to shift the current of world history in favor of the white race and the preservation of its culture and history? He was at a loss but recalled the word so Hitler: "...terror can only be broken by terror..." This was the power he had. Lie the Freikorps and the Croatian Utasha, the Italian and English black shirts; the Romanian Iron Guard; the Hungarian Arrow Cross Party-he would adopt their tactics and this in secret. He had read much of the literature surrounding these movements and understood that they were the physical manifestation of the maxim of Hitler: terror, political terror. That alone was the way ahead.

He recalled to mind the scene of Gandalf fighting the Balrog in Mount Moriah-confronting a greater foe and descending into hell in order to arise out of the desperate conflagration a man reborn a hero. He would, he knew, not be able to carry out any operations openly but had to work in secret and impose his terroristic action in a way effective and like a blitzkrieg assault only striking and retreating so that he could maximize the probability of continuing to strike at his opponents. Who were his opponents? The question flashed before his mind before an instant answer came to him crystallizing his thought process into a word: "The Eternal Jew", "the mightiest counterpart to the Aryan". This and all of the affiliates of the Jew who served him wittingly or no. He recalled the work by Dieter Swarz on Freemasonry and this brought up yet another series of targets, recalling to mind the license plate of the Scottish rite freemason who had signalled his presence as he observed the voodoo representation of his mother who he intuitively understood was no longer alive save in memory. he cast his eyes on the work of Alfred Rosenberg "The Myth of the 20th Century" and instantly recalled to mind how his mother had been insulted by the two christian busybodies at his father's funeral, his experience with the treacherous

nature of his school mate Christian Humble and all other dealings he had had with christians-how Rosenberg had revealed in his work that christianity had always accommodated jewry and that without it the jew would never have been able to subjugate the Nordic nations and indeed all of the Aryan race. Mack could understand how this subjugation worked based upon his personal experiences with christians, his observation of their zombie-like behaviour, their passive-aggressive and untrustworthy nature, their self-righteous arrogance and mendacity-a pale reflection of that of their master the jew who they venerated as the 'chosen people of God'. They also were an enemy and through they pretended to oppose jews they simply served the purpose of reigning in the extreme chaos jews were always creating through their fronts such as the leftist factions.

The conspiracy was multilayered and multifaceted and though many of the conspirators perhaps most were unaware of what went on above their heads they nonetheless participated with a conscious awareness of their malevolent action especially those who had amassed greater power in the hierarchy. The lower level minions, 'useful idiots' were not as corrupt but corruption was emanating in a demonic fashion from the godhead of jewry down towards their shabbos goyim at the lower levels both right and left. All was corruption now and all were deserving of punishment. However Mack understood that his ability to punish was only of a small, limited scope-limited indeed to a lone wolf with a scope. He reasoned that the best way to be effective was to 'strike the shepherd so that the sheep will scatter' as the book written by the jew "The 48 laws of Power"; so well encapsulated the notion.

He had to transform himself into a wolf amongst sheep and to strike at the highest level wire pullers, the biggest cogs in the system he could get at. Eliminating them would be the means to shake the tower of babble-detonating the keystones in the tower would, to whatever degree he could manage, bring it down. He would do his utmost and viewing the world from his limited perspective, a teenager living in a small town, he would only be able to take out his enemies by stealth and by building power most importantly, power which started from himself and in himself and could then be directed through will power at the appropriate target and through the appropriate means.

He had his list of targets in his local town but unfortunately he was unaware of any higher level targets as his sphere of influence was confined to that of an introvertive high schooler. He conjured up images of the enemies he had in school and immediately his attention focused like an aiming scope on a sniper rifle on the faces of three of his antagonists who had initiated much of his problems and who, he understood, were connected to the highest echelons of power in Boden: Simon Rosenthal the son of a judge, a jew and a slanderer of his father's memory who was presumably a participant at least indirectly in his father's murder by the cabal and whose father might also have been a participant or a shot caller who orchestrated his murder to begin with. The jew would pay and taking out the judges's son would not only avenge Mack personally but drive a dagger into the black heart of his father terminating his family line. Simon, Mack heard, had just been accepted into Ivy university one of the most prestigious universities in the Nation which had been established long before by the whites of the Nation and which had, in the last hundred or so years been taken over by jews who employed their repetitive tactics to exclude the white youth from elevating themselves. Simon wouldn't become a freshman and make his mark on the world Mack vowed-he would be forced to retract his slanderous words against Mack's father and his execution would not only be an act of political terror but would be a symbol of the ascendancy of Aryan mankind and his reconquering of his birthrite.

His mind flitted from Simon's image and his sneering grin of subterfuge to the vapid face of Christian Humble who played the role of Simon's de facto thug, like all christians a pale shadow of his jewish master who doted on every word Simon whispered in his ear. Mack routinely discovered the pair plotting evil with one another showing contempt and hostility towards other whites who were not

christian especially the females who they seemed to harbour some irrational hatred towards perhaps a result of their jewish ethics which transferred themselves to the religion of christianity a religion which, like judaism and islam, viewed woman as mere cattle to be shackled to the male as a slave. The inhibited neurosis of Christian Humble was the perfect archetype of the Christian and which manifested itself in a violent hostility towards women. Mack had always viewed christianity as a mental illness and Christian Humble was the perfect archetype of christian spiritual deviance-a liar; a slanderer; a materialist and hypocrit he was the son of a pastor in the affluent area of Golden Gates, of "The Christ King Mission". Taking him out would send a message to the christian that their future was in the lake of fire and that they would pay for their enabling of the invasion of non-white savages to Boden, the once crime free town of his ancestors.

The only other target he could think of at that time was the mayor's son 'Bruce Love' who was a liberal low life that Simon also hung around and who he had just taken care of provisionally which had gotten him expelled and which, he promised to himself, would be just a preliminary warning shot whose echo would not have died out before he cast another stone. The mayor being one of the chief wire pullers in the town would have his family line severed as well and it would send a message to the cabal that they were not invulnerable and that they couldn't sequester themselves over rivers and on hilltops behind wrought iron gates, security guards and police and not wind up being struck at by those whose lives they've destroyed and who have no longer anything to lose-and everything to gain.

Mack stared out of the window from the attic which looked upwards towards the Golden Gates section of town and stared out with a hard look contemplating the strike. He emphasized in his mind that terror was the only means to combat terror and that he had to build power in order to be effective in taking down the enemy. Power, as Mao Tse Tung said, comes in the barrel of a gun but, Mack reflected, it takes an army to take down an international cabal of swindlers and rogues. He would do his utmost to build that army and any way he could work towards the establishment of white power he would. He envisioned an army like the Freikorps or the Utasha, like the iron guard picking off high level targets and continually disrupting the system, creating terror to combat terror.

He examined his own life, his own situation and skill set and concluded that his training as a goalie may be a means for him to gain sufficient money (which translated into power in the context of the current regime) and notoriety (which would attract to him the respect of others who could then be recruited into his unofficial network. He may be able, he thought, to affiliate with others through this means also like the league his father had been affiliated with prior to his passing.

He thought of the league and decided he would hold off on attempting to contact any of its members for now while he continued to train and develop himself over the Summer. He had no understanding of how to meet any of the members but apparently owing to the statements of the police officer who he had interviewed shortly after his father's death, it still existed and the system still viewed it as a threat even in spite of the loss of his father and the German lawyer. He thought of his mother and how he would never see her again, stared out with concentrated hatred towards Golden Gates whose residents would be suffering some loss in the near future. He would act locally and think globally in his revenge against those who destroyed his life and had terminated the lines of this parents.

Mack realized that it would be a fruitless endeavour to rely upon police to investigate his mother's death as "the boys in blue serve the jew" and all of the jews affiliates in the cabal indeed, were the enforcers of its rules and regulations and enabled it to continue to operate its terror campaign against the white population who were crushed into their square holes as human batteries to be drained by the



system and to maintain itself in power to continue to facilitate the vampirization of the energy of its slaves in the form of work.

Nonetheless he filed a missing person report with the police and to ensure that they didn't understand that he now looked upon the system as inherently corrupt and that he didn't acknowledge any of its rules or what it called 'laws' as having any legitimacy but merely an expression of the sovereign power, the dictates of the cabal giving the appearance of moral superiority' according to their Abrahamic religion and its occult variants taking form in the masonic lodges and lower level organizations. The phone rang twice and a female voice answered with a firm cordiality: "Boden police department". Mack stated he wanted to lodge a missing person report and the voice answered: "one moment" He heard a click and was on hold for a few moments after which a gruffer male voice responded "Investigation department this is Sargent Rader." Mack informed him of the absence of his mother and the Sargent continued probing him for information: "Sorry to hear that Mack. When was the last time you saw her? Is it a regular occurrence that your mother disappears overnight? Sometimes..." he continued in a glib tone "we need a break from routine and you never know, but spontaneous things occur-maybe she decided to go on a trip?" He stated insinuating that Mack's mother was some form of harlot or deadbeat. Mack, suppressing his rage, stated in a cold tone: "No. She is missing, she would never just 'disappear' like that without telling me." The Sargent answered in a non-committal way: "alright. So you want me to file a report and to begin an investigation? These things take time and a lot of taxpayer resources-maybe it would be better to wait until-" Mack cut him off before he could continue"-No. She's gone. She would never simply disappear like that." The Sargent responded with a tone of implied irritation as if he were being inconvenienced, indeed as if the entire community were being burdened by Mack's request: " I will put out a bulletin for all police to keep an eye out and, if you want I can alert the newspapers. I'll file a report today but we don't usually begin an investigation into missing persons until at least three days after their disappearance barring any strong evidence to justify a more immediate search."

Mack said he would come down to the station and get a copy of the report, and hung up after the Sargent confirmed he would have it ready for the afternoon. Mack made sure that he made himself a presence to the officials as a means of enforcing their adherence to their duties. He knew he could influence them if he played by their rules on the surface but knew that the thin tissue of democratic power for the 'people' they concealed themselves behind was only a veil of appearances they used to pacify the masses and the veil could only last so long and be used to his advantage to a slight degree. He was no gullible liberal who believed in the facade of democracy but simply took advantage pragmatically of its illusions which still had to be maintained by the regime.

He headed downstairs and decided he would workout to release the tension which had built up in him arising as he sensed his mother's absence. Now he knew for certain that she was absent from this world and the only way he knew of sublimating the pain was through working out intensely in the basement using his elliptical trainer and bodyweight resistance exercises to keep himself in fighting form. His coach had advised him that weightlifting would take away from his agility and that it would negatively affect his joints so he focused on the trainer he had been prescribed. That and the knowledge he had of the nationalist fighters of old, their lithe photographs in his historical books revealed them to be quite lean and quick and having excess muscle he knew would simply slow him down. He turned on a recording of third reich military marches to further motivate him as he waited to head down to the police station.

Later that day he exited his residence and along his route towards the station he encountered more stalkers who pursued him along his route walking on the other side of the street from him and ahead and vehicles deliberately driving past him revving their engines, attempting to cut him off as he crossed the street and having people around him as he walked along the sidewalk. He had become accustomed to the ritualistic harassment he was being subjected to and did his utmost to rise above the swarm of untermenschen and moral majority retirees who constitutes the majority of the stalkers. He had interiorized the daoistic maxim of 'wei wu wei' (acting without acting) and in one of the works he had read he had stumbled upon information about how the tao te ching had originally been an Aryan creation and that what were conventionally referred to as hexagrams derived from the runes and from their polar homeland in Hyperborea the land of the North star, the pole star which, when viewed in ancient times before the pole shift formed the swastika when viewed from the North pole in conjunction with the big dipper constellation during the solstices and equinoxes.

He arrived at the station and inquired after Sargent Rader who came out after he waited in the lobby for 20 minutes. Mack was called to the desk and after showing his I.D he was given the missing person report. Mack thanked the officer and, as he was about to leave the Sargent spoke: "Before you leave Mack I'd like to have a word with you about your community service hours that you were to do after your entanglement with your school mates." Mack replied: "What is it?" The Sargent motioned him over to a side desk away from the main area and took a manila envelope and extracted a sheaf of papers which he laid out before Mack. "I just waited, now that I've got you here-and I want to say this tactfully as your mother has gone missing after all and I don't want to detract from the seriousness of that-" he trailed off with a pause and Mack looked at him expressionlessly though he understood the innuendo and subtext of the jew's word-that the jew knew that his mother was dead and that the police had again, played an instrumental role in her death.

The Sargent continued: "-but perhaps we can take the time-now that you're here-to go over your community service options and the rehabilitation "New Start Program" that you will have to agree to in order to avoid more significant penalties." The officer paused and looked at Mack who shrugged his shoulder and said: "fine." The officer took out the papers and looked at Mack who shrugged his shoulders and said: "fine." The officer took out the papers and presented them to Mack saying: "We have a person on the inside-inside of prison that is in Zion City where he is serving a life sentence for murder of-well the details he can share with you-if you want that is...Mack replied: "sure why not". The Sargent went on: " Great, I'm sure your compliance with the program will go well and we can get this whole thing over with." He further explained that Mack had to do community service picking up trash around the local jewish community center and churches as well as commit time to volunteering with some of the refugees who had come to the town.

Mack agreed robotically and the Sargent finished up his dialogue: "alright. I'll just make you sign copies of this agreement and you can head out-but first you'll have to sign. Here's a pen-" he said placing it neatly on the last of the pages of the sheaf. Mack looked over the fine print of the document and couldn't decipher any subterfuge so he signed it and left with his papers. He was obligated to attend his community service taskings within the next week and once completed he was ostensibly free of the cabal's legal hold on him. The loss of his mother grieved him but he did his utmost to suppress it knowing that descending to a state of impassioned loss of self control wouldn't assist in avenging her death or opposing the cabal which sought the larger objective of murdering his race. The cabal's sinister nature had become all the more tangible to him after the passing of his parents and he now looked upon life as lived on borrowed time, the doomsday clock ticking down at some future point unbeknownst to himself and stopping his own life's clock in death. He lived now only for attack and the destruction of

the cabal as means of saving his race from extinction avenging his mother and father and engraving his name on the akashik records with an iron pen.

Mack prepared for his community service hours which were coming later that week by reading more literature. He had discovered a few weather beaten copies of the newsletter of a young man named Alex Curtis called "The Nationalist Observer" which propounded solutions that had never entered into his mind before and which completed the shift of his moral compass 180 degree from that of the christian-liberal egalitarian pacifism of the 'moral majority'. His compass had now aligned itself with the Hyperborean morality of cosmic law, not the chandal moralism of the jew and the slave caste the latter ruled over to augment his personal power over and against the Aryan. His compass, though never having pointed South now definitely pointed North towards Hyperborea and the gods who had created the white race millenia ago on this earth-gods who, though he did not know it, would be coming back and who he would, one way or the other join in unison with following the path of the warrior. The newsletter of Curtis spoke of the formation of the Aryan mafia, of a takedown of the system through force and through the war of the flea-taking shots at the system at major arteries and keeping clandestine lone wolves and small cells, "swimming in the sea of the people" as Mao Tse Tung said. The newsletter spoke of things, of ways of building white power which would never have dreamed of things such as street gangs whose line of work more than bordered the legal, it passed beyond the legal into the very illegal and what he had previously conceived of as 'immoral' but, considering things 'sub species aeternitatis' (from an eternal point of view) he understood were not immoral acts simply acts which were instrumental means for the survival, expansion and advancement of the white race-things such as involvement in the drug trade destroying the non-white pestilence with the harmful nostrums that were brought in predominantly by jews and much of which was targeted at white people specifically. He had previously looked upon such acts as reprehensible but now that he thought it fit in the larger context he understood their efficacy in achieving his ends. He conceded that many whites would undoubtedly suffer from the drugs that such pro-white gangs which he assumed probably existed trafficked in but looked upon it as an unfortunate casualty in the race war with the jew, a necessary sacrifice for the greater good of the whites, of those who were too weak to avoid the poisonous nostrums. He steeled himself to pity and committed to such a course of action should his other plans fail or should they become compatible with that once considered vile trade. Curtis spoke of the fact that most drugs were used by non-whites especially crack cocaine and thus he would file the fact away in his memory in the event it came in useful.

He discovered in the pile of various works on guerilla tactics and scoured them over the course of the week his photographic memory ensuring that he took in the useful information from the books that were printed by such publishers as Paladin Press; Desert Publications and Delta press. One work in particular entitled "The White Resistance Manual" he especially poured over with keen interest as it served as a stand alone work on guerilla wet work operations which he anticipated would be an inevitable necessity for the future-however long it would last. He leafed through Curtis' newsletters and discovered that his point system assigned for elimination of enemy targets corresponded nicely with his own conception of enemies. Research in the library of his father revealed another work entitled "Essays of a Klansman" by Louis Beam and "2083 – A European Declaration of Independence" attributed to Anders Breivik an operative of the cabal, both works being presumed fabrications of theirs but which his father's notes declared to be 'psyop-but useful'. Both works amplified the categories of race traitors and their relative significant classified in different ways by the respective authors. The cabal had declared a war on the white race presumably from the beginning of time and that meant though the vast majority of the white population didn't know it, all rules and laws had no meaning-only victory had meaning as capitulation before the belligerent enemy juggernaut meant death and thus the only effective means of survival was combat, was an attack against the enemy.

This was the only law and rule-the only means for the survival of one's kind-attack the foe and attain victory either in this life or in the next. Mack would play ball with the enemy on the surface-he would uphold the law and appear to be an upstanding citizen but would always be waiting for the proper time to strike and when it came he would strike hard and at the most significant targets.

Later in the week he went out into the woods which bordered his residence and took a photo of his mother and father with him so that he could commemorate their passing and lit a candle in the depth of the woods. Just then as he was kneeling down in silent communion with his parents ghosts he was suddenly alerted to a presence nearby though no noise was made in the darkened forest into which he had penetrated. He heard a voice that was that of his father echoing in the depths of his consciousness: "Attack! Attack!" and his higher intuition not only having received that communication from beyond but sensing of himself the alien predatory presence quickly concealed himself around a nearby tree that was concealed in bushes and allowed the candle to continue to shine out in the half darkness of the forest whose thick brush was nearly impenetrable in the evening light of the setting sun. A figure was dimly outlined against the darker shade of the forest and looking off to the side he took in its silhouette as it crept forward towards the light of the candle. He crouch walked in silence having only his moccasins open and came around the figure as it simultaneously made its forward progress towards the light which it could not see yet he was not in that location. Mack slid his hunting knife out of its leather sheath and as the figure crept near he lunged from the harsher ground and descended upon the figure burying his knife in the back of it neck. The figure reached up as if his form was charged with electricity, his body rigid and spasming as he pawed at the steel talon which projected from his neck, spurting arterial blood in comical jets of sanguine liquor onto the foliage into which he sunk, his weight flopping onto the branches as a side of beef thrown into a meat freezer.

Not willing to take chances Mack punched into his head with the blade and extracted it, wiping the vital effluent onto the wet leaves which carpeted the forest floor. Mack fumbled around and picked up the MP5-smg the assassin carried on a shoulder strap and slung it over his neck. His mind thought quickly as he scanned his mental map of the area for a place to dispose of the corpse. He thought of the abandoned mine that was nearby only a few hundred yards away but decided against it reasoning that a search party might find his DNA or the corpse and judging from his experience of roadkill he had passed on a walk sometimes it would take weeks for the animals to consume the carcass and for it to decompose which might not be adequate to lose a trace. Also he didn't want his knife, which had been a gift from his grandfather to be matched to the puncture wounds so he decided he would dispose of it in the nearby hog farm on the other side of the wooded area a kilometer away. The farmer lived in a house a short distance from the hog pen but the likelihood of his being discovered was minimal as the farmer was often gone to the tavern in the evening and lived alone being a habitual drunkard who had turned to the bottle for solace after his wife had died from her chemotherapy treatment-another casualty of jewish 'medicine', ie. allopathic genocide.

He picked up the picture of his parents and the candle and its small dish and put it in his jacket then shouldered the corpse and doused the flame of his candle after ensuring that no one else was in pursuit of him and dogtrotted with the medium sized body through the forest. He considered the exercise a training supplement and liked the mass on his shoulders the spring of his feet on the grass as he moved silently through the trees and bush the twilight having come upon the vault of the heavens by the time he exited and confronted the wooden fence rails of the hog farmer. He unclothed the cadaver and once done wrapped up the gear the would be assassin had stowed on him in his jacket-consisting of boots; socks; underwear; a belt with spare MP5 extended box magazines fully loaded and a medium sized double side dagger in hardcase.

He left his prize where it was and went over to the gate which contained the pigs opening it and smacked one of the pigs on his hide with the butt of the MP5 waking it up from its slumber eliciting a squeal of rage from the biggest hog. He dogtrotted back to his booty and took off into the woods as the pigs awoke and scented the bloody carcass which had been deposited in their mire as manna from heaven. They raced squealing over to the carcass as Mack dashed off into the woods and back to safety. As he exited the woods, this time indirectly by a circuitous route he was confronted by a vehicle which passed by at a distance from where he had gone in and from where his intended assassin also went in. The vehicle occupant was concealed behind tinted glass but Mack could nevertheless make out an outline of the person and observed a hooked nose which moved about furtively, the male taking a drag nervously on a cigarette. Mack continued on his journey careful to stay out of the light of the surrounding houses and eventually made his way to the back fence and to his residence.

He got out a steel barrel and put the clothes inside then took out a rake and some gasoline taking care to secure the MP5 and mags inside the house. He doused the clothes in gas and used a barbecue lighter to ignite a sheaf of newspaper which was kept in the garage and tossed it into the barrel which quickly consumed the clothing within a short period of time while he pretended to rake leaves as a cover story. He then, once the fire died down and the remains in the garbage were nothing but mulch, charred shoe leather and melted rubber soles took up the remains and bundled them upon into a garbage bag with other garbage and cast it into one of the neighbours' bins ensuring to use gloves and to ensure no one saw him. He went back to his residence and locked up the house using his advanced security procedures he had recently concocted-alarm system and motion sensor cameras as well as barlocks inside of the doors and pieces of dowling inside of the windows to jam them shut. He took up the MP5 and magazines with him and a bottle of rubbing alcohol and rags and descended into his basement room and using gloves removed any fingerprints while he then sequestered the weapon in a secret compartment behind the furnace, a removable section of wall which was kept in place by a rusty plate of 1/4" steel padlocked on two sides with equally rusty padlocks, appearing to be some form of furnace accessory. He then went to the attic to meditate in the library amongst the noble marks of Aryan heroes reminding himself of the maxim "...only terror can combat terror...".

The next day he was scheduled to begin his community service hours at the local jewish community center which was located in Golden Gates. He decided to take his mother's vehicle the small used BMW she had purchased off the buy and sell and as he was driving out of the garage he encountered a police SUV sitting out front adjacent to the street, a jewish police officer wearing sun glasses had the window open partially and as Mack began to reach the end of the short driveway the police officer flashed his lights and gave a short ring of his siren to alert Mack to stop which the latter did. The cop got out and approached the vehicle and said as he reached the back of the vehicle sternly: "hands on the wheel please". Mack did as instructed not wanting to trigger any response on the part of the officer and sat looking out of his side and rearview mirror attentively but showing no sign of emotion. The jew approached and said: "Mack I want to talk to you about an event that happened yesterday..." the officer trailed off attempting to derive some sort of information from his target but Mack's features displayed no sign of change. The officer waited a few moments and spoke again: " Have you seen any strange activity last evening around your place?" He paused and stared at Mack from behind his sunglasses. Mack replied in the negative and the officer continued: "some folks saw you out in the yard burning something in a fire barrel? Is that right?" Mack replied: ' Just burning leaves and raking" the police officer responded: " you know you have to have a fire permit for that?" "I forget" Mack replied kicking himself for having gotten into a conversation with the officer. However he reasoned it was better to shift attention from the larger issue to allay any suspicion and suffer the softer blow of the fire. The officer took out a piece of paper and wrote him a ticket and handed it to Mack who took it:" You can pay at city hall or the station. You gotta make sure you get a permit from now on -OK?" "Ok", Mack

responded. The officer continued to probe: " So you never saw anything last night? Nothing? We had a report there was burglar in the area and he was driving a grey vehicle with tinted windows? You didn't see any vehicles of that kind?" Mack responded: "No, just raked the leaves and decided to finish the job today as it was getting late." The officer continued: "So I guess you're heading out of here to the community center to do some community service hours?" Mack replied in the affirmative. "Well I'll let you get on your way Mack-have a pleasant day." The officer said and walked back to his vehicle making notes as Mack drove off towards the destination.

As he drove he contemplated how they could have known it was he who had dispatched the agent who was presumably mossad. Apparently their surveillance was more ubiquitous than Mack had understood as they had managed to identify him as the killer of the assassin, the tone of the police officer suggested more a total awareness of the situation than a mere suspicion. Of course by inference the assassin had been sent to kill Mack and the assassin was gone and Mack was alive-there was no-one else in the forest to any degree of probability and no sign or noise of the assassin's absence or of any scuffle having existed so from the perspective of the cabal Mack had either managed to escape detection or had killed the assassin. That the assassin was a professional meant that simply getting lost in a small wooded area was highly unlikely so the probability of Mack's having killed him came out the winner. This didn't of course imply total awareness or a panoptic vision on the part of the cabal but it did suggest as the officer's tone did that their surveillance was of larger scope than Mack had previously been aware of.

He filed this away in his memory as he made his way to the community center which was adjacent to the synagogue. Along the route he was tailed by vehicles which crowded him as he drove riding his bumper and which nearly slammed into him at cross sections. Most of the occupants wore sunglasses and drove aggressively attempting to display their power, revving their engines and driving in such a way as to cause him to have an accident if he had not been such an adept driver.

He entered Golden Gates and was forced to stop by the man-arm which barred his way, fluorescent strips in an x-pattern ran along the metal protuberance. A guard booth was positioned adjacent and a jewish security guard peered out from behind bullet proof glass his face concealed partially behind a beard and coke bottle lenses. The fat jew reached out to an intercom with a false smile plastered to his face and spoke in a husky, nasal tone tinged with condescension: " can I help you?" Mack spoke through the intercom which was outside of the window: "I'm hear to do community service at the community center". "And what is your name please" the guard continued with supercilious condescension looking at a clipboard presumably with names on it. "Mack Kraft" the guard paused a moment as if reflecting and stated: " I'll have to see some identification-do you have a driver's license or...?"he trailed off with subtle tones of sarcasm in his voice. Mack reached into his pocket and extracted his license form his wallet holding it up for the guard to see. The guard, making a pretense of not being able to see stood up and peered rudely through the glass as if to suggest that Mack's I.D might be fake. He smiled with a querulous expression on his face and said: "alright...you can go through..." he seated himself and said: "have a pleasant day" raising the partition partially upward but as Mack began to accelerate the partition stopped. Mack waiting patiently as the jew nervously fumbled with the switch pretending that he had made a mistake and Mack entered into the inner sanctum of the cabal and its operatives who had purchased their right to vote by the blood of others and who kept an iron grip on power employing classism and nepotism to exclude others from any dignified position in their socialist system of power. Only those who received kosher approval could play a role within the slave system of zion all others were demoted to the level of peons and serfs whose role was simply to provide their life force in the form of drudgery so that the parasitical elite could vampirize it for themselves.

Mack drove along the well paved streets and under the canopy of trees which bordered them and witnessed people coming out of their yards pretending to do yardwork and others staring out at him with an evil smile on their features. Clearly they were participants in the stalking he and his family had been subjected to ever since his father had become active in the anti-immigrant league. He dove forward towards the community center which became visible on the horizon at the peak of the hill. The building and its adjacent synagogue was like a fortress surrounded by elevated walls made of thick concrete and a spike wrought iron gate which served as its front entrance.

The entire edifice was elevated above the other buildings on a concrete platform which made it tower over the rest of the town and Mack observed through his rearview mirror the river that bisected the town of Boden into two halves-one for the haves and one for the have nots, and the town's administrative apparatus and commercial district where the poorer element could be more effectively monitored by the hired thugs of the cabal.

As he approached he was surrounded by clandestine vehicles which had tinted glass windows and were of grey colour. The make of the vehicles were an absence as were any license plates and Mack suddenly regretted not having brought his MP5 but knew that it would be the end of him should he involve himself in a stand off with these unknown potential assailants. Both vehicles stopped well in advance of Mack and an occupant exited the rear of each-a swarthy jew with sunglasses and a sidearm carried in a shoulder holster inside of their black silk suit jacket. The jew in the vehicle nearest Mack approached and spoke into a radio mic that was affixed to his suit as he did so: "He's here. You want me to frisk him?": A voice crackled in response: "No, we know he's clean. Escort him to the grounds-keeping area." The jew replied: "10-4" and motioned with a 'come along' gesture to Mack who accelerated his vehicle towards the wrought iron gates the jew entering in a keycode into the electronic security panel and as the gate began to open said in a tone of barely concealed hostility: "Head right to the back of the building on your right-thats the community center" as if Mack was unable to differentiate between the synagog and his assigned location the synagog being a distinct building that looked like a fortress and which was labelled synagog with Hebrew letters on either side in a dirty brown colour and a large ostentatious menorah out front with artificial lights for flames.

Mack noted that, though it was broad daylight, the lights were turned on and shone into his eyes as he drove past towards the community center. As he approached he noticed that one of the clandestine vehicles was following him from behind and, approaching the outdoor parking lot he observed two other vehicles one of which was a police SUV waiting for him. He stopped in the nearest spot to the exit and got out. The police officer who was waiting with two jews with yarmaluk on their head and looking towards him tapered off his conversation with the two rabbis as Mack approached and the latter managed to pick up what they were saying. The cop said: "Of course we are monitoring him at all times and we'll get to the bottom of what happened last night." The rabbis stared out at Mack and as he came within what they considered earshot they turned towards the officer who was a jew and said making sure his voice was heard: "I'm glad you're here to keep our community safe officer Javitz-with men like you on the force our community can sleep safe at night.." he trailed off looking pointedly at Mack with a look of gravity and disapprobation on his face. The two rabbis walked away as the officer obsequiously bid them adieu and stepped towards Mack with a challenging gait. Mack stopped in his tracks with a neutral expression on his face and the officer, looking out at him from behind his black glasses said in a stentorian tone with accents of professionalism: "Are you ready to work Mack?" Mack replied: "I'm here to fulfill my obligations". The police officer motioned him towards the back entrance which was adjacent to two dumpsters and was a large set of metal double doors sunk in concrete with an electrical keypad contained in a locked cage. The officer took out barrel key from his keyring and inserted it opening the cage which allowed access to the panel. He punched in a code ensuring that he

looked sternly at Mack and instructed him to turn away so as not to see the code. However Mack overheard the subtle tones of the keypad which sounded like numbers and kept a mental note of the combination: 6-6-6-7-7-7. The door lock clacked open as the bolt retracted and the officer closed the case and locked it then opened the door and gestured towards Mack to enter first. Mack did as instructed and the officer said behind him "walk straight down and towards the left there is a room- we'll be heading there."

Mack again complied and walked down the dreary utilitarian hallway towards the room which was a laundry room of sorts. He made his way to the entrance and the officer stared: "hold on". The officer said: "Is there anyone that can come down and take custody of the offender?" A static response came back: "coming..just a minute." After a few seconds a dumpy jew came out of another room inside of this one and shook the hand of the officer saying: "thanks officer Javitz I'll take it from here." The officer then left with a parting statement: "If there's any trouble I'll be in the area." The jew who had a yarmulke on his head and a rabbinical beard and looked with a saddened look at Mack saying: "its too bad about your mother and father-I empathize with your situation. However there are better ways to handle loss than attacking innocent third parties." This type of statement Mack expected as he had quickly come to understand the jews in the most visceral way in their behavioural subtlety and was unaffected by the implied slight against himself. He decided he would look upon his experience in this den of devils as a challenge to be overcome and simply comply with all orders that the jew gave him and finish off his community service ours.

The day went by quickly and over the course of the next week he was scheduled to carry out his community service he became intimately acquainted with the layout of the compound, for such it was. He displayed no signs of inquisitiveness and simply behaved in a completely normal fashion without any signs of his taking an interest in the environment though that was exactly what he was doing- staking out the territory and discovering ways and means to infiltrate in the event this would be a future possibility for an effective strike against the enemy.

Once he had completed his community service hours at that location which consumed a week of his time and he had more than enough experience of the jewish behaviour first hand to further know his enemy and how they operated. Next up on his list of obligations was the 'Christ King Mission' situated on the other side of Golden Gates which was administered by the father of Christian Humble, Pastor Thomas Humble and Mack encountered similar experiences in his journey there only this time he encountered an anglo police officer who was himself a christian as he explicitly stated. As Mack parked his vehicle in the lot and made his way to the front entrance the officer was speaking to the pastor who had a saddened expression on his face. Mack was met by the officer who took a step towards him and said: "So you are ready to work Mack?" Mack replied in the affirmative and the pastor stepped up and said: "hopefully you will come to understand how to tolerate others who have a difference of opinion"- and paused and looked at Mack with a look of self-righteous arrogance veiled behind a smiling mask: "we must learn that we are all god's children". Mack retorted in a neutral voice: "One man's god is another man's devil". The pastor stared at him with a fanatical look of hostility and said passively aggressively: "don't you care about your future in the afterlife?" Mack replied: "Our destiny is of our own making." The pastor becoming frustrated and motioned to the police officer who was staring at Mack with a look of hostility said: Officer Bradley...take him to Samson."

The officer escorted Mack past the hypocrite and towards the church out of which came a negro in a white dress shirt and purple tie wearing polished wing tip shoes and a pair of well-ironed slacks. He looked self-righteously at Mack from the top of the steps of the church which was made of concrete and resembled a fortress. A gaudy statue of Jesus stood adjacent to the steps with the alleged man-god



(or God qua man) stooping over a collective of non-white children who were eagerly looking upwards at the longhaired jew and a caption underneath stated: "all are precious in his sight." The negro looked down upon Mack with an arrogant display of self-righteousness and said: "You are...'Mack'?" in a pompous tone of voice his half-British accent inflected with his negroidal mode of pronunciation. Mack didn't respond as he ascended the steps and the negro, taken aback not accustomed to a white male opposing his will asserted himself again as Mack became level with him: "I asked you a question". Mack stared at the negro who became uncomfortable as Mack's icy blue eyes penetrated into his savage soul with their Hyperborean magnetism and he curled back his lips in an instinctive act of animal aggression. Mack said in a terse voice of command as he entered the church: "lets get this over with". The negro, angered by what he considered to be Mack's effrontery sniffed with his large nostrils and followed Mack inside the church. The building had a sepulchral feeling about it and Mack's heightened intuition enabled him to sense the presence of dark entities in the building giving him the creeps. The pews were as empty as the church which was as far as Mack was concerned devoid of any spiritual life, a veritable tomb of jewish supremacy, a receptacle of the souls of its captives.

The church had artificial stained-glass windows and looked like some prefabricated building that was put up just yesterday, completely devoid of any culture or harmonious elements that lifted up the spirits. Rather it was a dreary tomblike environment with a harsh, artificial lighting and an ugly and gaudy molding that ran along the ceiling and baseboards painted gold that amplified the brightness of the white paint that the interior was painted with.

"A whites sepulchre", thought Mack. The negro, who was suspiciously accompanying him from behind spoke up in a pompous tone: "this is a spiritual place", and sniffed. "You must be more respectful-you are in a holy place-now", he said aspersing Mack as he looked at him with half-lidded eyes, his fleshy lips pursed with disapproval as Mack stood looking with indifference at the surroundings. The negro motioned him to follow and Mack went along with him to the main area past the preacher's box and observed the sermon which was placed on one of the tables entitled: "the heresy of anti-semitism". The negro led him downstairs into the basement and to the janitor's section. Mack was instructed to sweep and polish the hardwood floors and then to meet the negro after he had completed his task. Mack took his time not wanting to have additional fuel added to the fire of his Herculean labors but not wanting to appear as if he were slackening and failing in his duty which might lead to his having additional hours added.

He pondered on the history of christianity and its hypocrisy as he cleaned the floor and recalled to mind the work of Nietzsche's "The Antichrist" which expressed in vehement manner the philosopher's disagreement with the creed. He had never fully grasped the animosity Nietzsche had towards christianity but as he had more experience with the hypocrisy of the institution and its ideological basis he understood at least partly the reason.

That a physical man who just happened to be a jew would simultaneously be the sum total of Being or some sort of Absolute Supreme Deity was a metaphysical problem he couldn't resolve. All he could understand was that a lot of people had suffered under christianity and that it had precipitated a dark age of ignorance and violence against all of the cultures of the Aryan throughout the world as it virally replicated itself from its center in semitized Rome.

He recalled to mind the work of Dietrich Eckhardt "Bolshevism from Moses to Lenin: Dialogues between Hitler and Me" and recalled how the author counted the parallels which existed between what had been during the time of its writing called 'Bolshevism' and what called itself christianity and that the immigration protocol was common to both, that both were the major influence in the manipulation

of the white population to acquiescence before the invasion and indeed to facilitate it as a 'moral' obligation. The 'morality' of 'equality'. Oswald Spengler's quotation from the work "The Decline of the West" that "christian theology was the grandmother of Bolshevism" seemed to bear the ring of Truth as both of their ideologies claim to deny race as a reality and to affirm that all organic biological differences should be levelled and a composite mixture be the resulting product of that mixture. Thus he was bound though he didn't claim to have the complete Truth about reality, to acknowledge that both what called itself 'liberal-communism' and christianity were destructive ideologies that threatened the survival of the white race. He continued to clean and upon fishing went up to the staff room where the negro was who was his appointed handler, had sequestered himself and informed him that he had completed his duties.

The negro who was gobbling down a hamburger with ferocious greed, stopped himself for enough time to articulate behind his mouthful of food: "Right...you can have lunch...then you can do more tasks." He continued to scarf down his food and Mack, disgusted with the presence of the savage though obligated to remain in the room turned his back to him and looked at the window observing the grounds. He saw a vehicle, a red minivan, turn on its high beams and shine them in his eyes-a signal of his being surveilled by the stalkers who habitually used the colours red, white and black to signify their presence, they being the hermetic colours of alchemy: black representing the breaking down or 'nigredo' phase, 'white' the 'albedo' phase, the washing away of impurities and red the rubedo phase, integration and completion of the alchemical process.

He turned his eyes away and stared off into a corner, resting from his labour. At that point the shrewish old female church lady came in who Mack had seen spying on him from a window in the office section of the church and she greeted the negro: "Samson are you having a good lunch?" Samson continued to eat and opened his wide grinning mouth", Yep you make a good hamburger Ellie", and returned to his food.

The woman continued to speak as she opened her bible reading a passage: "I came only for the lost sheep of the house of Israel"- "You know Samson there are many black sheep in the world-and though I don't like to speak of it, many wolves as well." She said with a cough. Samson, eager to take a stab at Mack for the latter's contemptuous treatment: "only the righteous go to heaven!" he said around a mouthful of hamburger. Ellie responded: "Yes jesus loves his neck sheep-he casts out the goats..." Mack went into a meditative state cancelling out the presence of the race traitor and her pet monkey. He thought of the world before christianity and its inhibited neurosis that simply negated all of the vital forces of the world-the heroism of the Aryan warrior, the beautiful culture that had been desecrated by the christians-the temples and statues destroyed, the murder of the philosophers, the burning of the library of Alexandria and most of the recorded knowledge of the ancient world. He thought to the 'witch' burnings, the burning of herbalists and the spiritual leadership of the Aryan and the massacres of countless whites throughout history through wars and the total subjugation of the soul of the Aryan to the iron manacles of the church and its splinter sects.

This sort of behaviour continued throughout the week and Mack did his utmost to transcend the pettiness of the christians. The pastor whose son he had knocked out was always making a display of his power and what he pretended to be 'righteous indignation' when in sight of Mack. The pastor's business seemed to consist in tailoring pre-made sermons that he received from the world council of churches and filling out paper work for the importation of so-called 'refugees' and 'temporary foreign workers', euphemisms of non-white invaders. The days crawled by as Mack painted the church outbuildings and did gardening among other laborious tasks.

The church had a van that would take refugees to the refugee center and the pastor insisted that Mack drive serving as a veritable taxi from one location to another, driving the non-whites around while they received their free advantages: free lodgings; free welfare allowance; free doctor's appointments; clothing and even additional money to partake of so-called 'christian culture' which consisted of attending gatherings in the privileged area 'Golden Gates' and its parks and recreation ground. Mack was forced to hear the singing of christian songs en route which the pastor incited amongst the non-whites as a passive-aggressive means of needling Mack who he knew was not a supporter of christianity, his father having been a member of the anti-immigrant league.

The pastor, an overweight and weak middle-aged male typified the teachings of christ in the mind of Mack-a religion of cowardice; weakness; passive-aggression and hypocrisy. "The Criminal History of Christianity" as the former national socialist scholar Karl-Heinz Dreschner had written of in his ten volume work and which Mack had read parts of in an abbreviated version, revealed this hypocrisy and had been instrumental in encouraging Mack to understand christianity at least from the perspective of one who had forsaken national socialist views publicly and become a liberal. Perhaps, Mack pondered, the christian religion had redeemable pre-christian elements in the Catholic church in its traditional form but what called itself 'christianity' in its modern form was clearly a highway to hell.

The third and last week of his community service hours had arrived and the coordinator of the "Next Step" program Sargent Rader had decided to merge his service with the "Christ King Mission" and the "One World " refugee center as Mack had already been participating in the activity and the two organizations networked together yet more nodes in the matrix web of Zion that the jews were perpetually weaving. The center was located in the downtown core amidst the ever growing crime of Boden-crime whose growth was directly proportional to the influx of non-whites into Boden. Mack, though coerced to fulfill these duties to a society from which he had already felt himself completely alienated and to which he had no sense of duty-for the town and its administrative apparatus was not his own-he was a displaced person who had no home, no soil of his own. His loyalty lay with his race and this regardless of where they might live in a world which was under near total subjugation by the parasitical occult cabal oligarchs.

He took in throughout his service to 'the community' to the community of his enemies, the layout of all buildings; the complete infrastructure-power transformers and cables; propane tanks; the types of locks and what sort of security they had; the surrounding environment and any cameras which were positioned around the scene. The information might come in handy in his takeover or at least demolition of the town. What operations he might conduct if given the chance he had as of that time no knowledge.

The refugees center contained the expected mixture of violent low I.Q savages, a cloaca gentium in the cancerous heart of Boden's downtown which only a few short years before he had a crime free environment where families could bring their children after work. Now unfortunately the downtown was rife with crime and police routinely patrolled the area with undercover vehicles and private security was hired by the more affluent commercial stores and organizations which clustered the downtown and provided an apparently respectable cover amidst which the non-white ethnic gangs could conceal themselves and their criminal enterprise of drug dealing.

The refugee center was a utilitarian concrete structure with metal security grills on the windows and murals painted on the side: a multi-colored array of non-white children dressed in their traditional garments laughing and celebrating amidst the downtown and a jewish man with a loving smile observing their festivity. The stark contrast between the prison-like building whose sign declared "One

World" and the colorful murals further underscored the hypocrisy of the regime commissioned of course by the devious jew devil who always made a point of showing himself in a revelation of the method to the 'goyim' as the mural itself revealed. That most people would fail to make the connection Mack understood all too well. It was his responsibility to see to it that they would make that connection.

One day nearing the end of his community service hours Mack was clearing up some of the boxes of the refugees 'cultural products', a variety of dirty grass skirts that they had imported allegedly for their marriage ceremonies and other boxes of the remains of khat weed which they used in the manufacture of methamphetamine, and as he was scraping up the detritus from the greasy corner he discovered a rusty partition that was placed against what appeared to be a hole in the concrete wall. He understood that the refugee center was a front for the criminal cabal and its jihadist an on-white gangbangers and suspected that what was contained within were useful items he could use on his strikes against the cabal, turning the tables on the table turners who had installed these savages to carry out their dirty work against the citizens of Boden.

Rummaging around in the darkened alcove with that wooden stick he knocked against a series of metal containers. Taking out his mini flashlight he peeked inside pulling aside the iron partition and observed several metal boxes which appeared to be I.E.Ds. The radio detonators and packages of C-4 plastic explosives being wound up and ready to go. He cogitated for a moment and concluded that it would rather be the jihadists who strike against the white citizens of Boden or it would be he who precipitated their strike and took them down in a blaze of glory saving the townsfolk of Boden whatever hardship and chaos the cabal had planned to impose upon them. Since, he reasoned, the I.E.Ds might be shifted at a later time and he might miss the opportunity to strike at all he decided he would avail himself of the opportunity and create a big bang to celebrate Ramadan which as fortune would have it was that very month.

The refugee center, presumably serving as a cover for the munitions depot of the jihadists in the next door mosque suggested further to Mack that there might be a tunnel connecting them together and that as the saying went "two birds with one stone" would be a sound tactical manoeuvre. In this case there were many dirty birds from the third world who had congregated to roost in the once pristine town of Boden. For that reason he would have to give them a send off with these incendiary fireworks. Navigating the boiler room he discovered a mechanised metal man-door behind a pile of old furniture and decided he would investigate further-that possibly this was secrete connecting tunnel to the mosque.

He opened the door which was shut with a spring-lock handle that he twisted and it sprang outwards revealing a dark half-light. He listened carefully and head the sound of prayers from the other side and concluded that it was a connecting tunnel as he had surmised initially. He decided he would have a peak in the mosque and see the layout of the place. He crawled into the man-door and inched his way along unconcerned about the condition of his clothes which had already become filthy with grease from the refugee center and its stinking kitchen which he was forced to clean-presumably the only cleaning it had ever had encrusted as it was with various caked on food residues.

As he approached he encountered a strange eerie feeling of the cadence of the prayer chanting continued: "All-A-Hu-Ak-Bar! All-A-Huy-Ak-Bar!" He sensed the presence of some form of what the muslims called djinn in the mosque and as he crept closer he peered through the grate which gave onto the hallway through which he could catch a view of the kneeling prostrate worshippers.

The imam was intoning in a state of ecstasy as he, dressed in his dark robe and cap reached upwards towards the ceiling and shouted intermittently with intensity: "Allahu Akbar!" and various other phrases in arabic whose meaning Mack could only guess at. In the midst of the frenzy of religious zealotry a burka wearing woman entered from the hallway carrying a shawl in which was wrapped an infant. Mack observed the figure closely and perceived that the baby was white and that the arab female had a look of malevolent fanaticism on her features and as the imam motioned towards her to approach she shuffled towards a podium that was overlaid by a Persian rug of ornate design.

The woman placed the infant on the podium and bowing obsequiously took her place amongst the other zealots who were intoning "Allahu Akbar!" again and again. The imam, in the subdued light of the room arose and took out from under his robe a shining knife which was curved in the manner of a schmitar. He approached the infant whose screams increased in volubility and raised his arms over his head intoning phrases in arabic as if calling on strange demonic forces. Mack caught the word 'djinn' in his expostulations and as the imam paused for effect above the infant a vortex of darkness seemed to expand and elongate into a spherical translucent structure, whirling and emitting sparks of bright light which became extinguished upon exiting its bound. The imam again intoned: "Allahu Akbar!" and the entity seeming to respond expanded itself and began to coalesce into a humanoid simian shape as the zealots continued to intone the cadence: "Allahu Akbar! Allahu Akbar!". Mack, understanding what would come next attempted to move and return to the boiler room to detonate the I.E.Ds and make his escape but he found himself transfixed compelled by some unknown force to remain and to continue to observe the unfolding of events. The infants creamed aloud just as the flash of the Imam's blade penetrated the shawl in which it was wrapped. The demon descended pouncing upon the helpless child and absorbing its effluent and soul energy as the imam stepped back and bowing obsequiously muttering to himself allowing the entity to slake its thirst of the blood of the innocent child.

Mack suddenly found he had the power to extricate himself from the ghoulish scene and crawled backwards towards the "One World" refugee center. He was infuriated as much as he was disgusted by the sight but understood that emotional instability would be of no value for the survival of the white race and thus put his plan into action. His supervisor had assigned him to the task of cleaning the basement until the termination of the day's duties and that time had nearly arrived. He decided he would rig up the I.E.Ds and time them for just shortly after he left to have maximal impact. He rigged up the bombs to the boiler and the propane tanks which were lying nearby he took out one by one and attached an I.E.D. He then went back and forth into the mosque's meeting area and packed them there in readiness and came back to the boiler room just minutes before he was scheduled to be interrupted by the supervisor who was one of the church ladies who served as a liason between the "Christ King Mission" church and the center. When she arrived she had the usually fake smile plastered on her face and an implied criticism ready on her lips: "You must do a better job next time Mack-I see all sorts of grease and oil still! Didn't you mother ever teach you to clean up after yourself?" She stared at him with a hostile look on her evil face covered only thinly by her fake smile. Mack stared at her with an equally hostile look and she, becoming nervous looked away and coughing said: "you can clock out now. Tomorrow you will have to do a better job or I might have to extend your time here." she said with a tight lipped look of hostility on her face. Mack had primed the I.E.Ds and set the detonator for 33 minutes. He would be well away from the scene before it all blew to hell-two filthy birds with one stone. He responded to her: "Why don't you stay and help the refugees here? I can walk back-or are you only here to punch the clock too?" She sniffed with arrogant contempt and walked towards the play area with the pregnant muslim males and their brood of future jihadists. She looked back at him with a self-righteous look on her face and responded: "I prefer to be with people who believe-than with those who don't" she said and turning walked towards her doom. Mack smiled beneath his visibly neutral features and decided he had better put some space between himself and this den of iniquity.

Mack returned home and decided he would check the news to see what had transpired. The local news was still putting out a special report on the strike and the helicopter footage revealed a column of grey and black smoke with a flaming base issuing from the burnt out cinderblocks of the vipers den he had just detonated. The reporter's voice was heard overlapping the helicopter footage: "The news on the ground here is that all occupants of the building have been killed, Just who could have done such a thing! 104 people have thus far been confirmed deceased by paramedics. The recent migrant crisis in the middle east was responded to by our community with compassion and love. We opened our doors" at this the effeminate male presenters' voice sounded on the verge of tears "and allowed these poor persecuted people into our society-and now they're gone."-"In a puff of smoke", Mack responded with a smile as he took a drink from his testosterone boosting tea that he had prepared. The camera shifted towards the reporter whose tear-stained face was contorted in a look of shocked horror. The paramedics were busy carting the bodies from around the burning building, those which had been thrown from the center to the periphery and firemen milled about with their hoses spraying the burning wreckage. The adjacent building "Nat's leaf", a marijuana store Mack knew to be owned by a Jew was also on fire and had sustained some damage from the cinderblock shrapnel that had lacerated the now smashed windows of the smoke shop. The marijuana had also caught fire and billowing smoke was issuing from the smashed windows and was caught by the wind which blew in front of the reporter's face. The reporter inhaled some of the smoke and coughed attempting to continue his report: "There is not indication of how this could have happened-no police who have yet been consulted are willing to give an opinion on the matter."

Mack knew the police or their agents wouldn't suspect him as he had been going here for several days and had displayed no sign of having any ability to create such an act and since there were two days left to go the suspicion that he could have caused it was probably minimal. No doubt the police assumed that the deed had been carried out by a rival gang in town who the jihadists were threatening to hone in on the drug trade and cut them out. The divisions which obtained between different gangs Mack contemplated, could be exploited to serve his agenda. Just as the Jews liked to divide and conquer their enemies so too Mack could play the same game. He only regretted that he didn't have enough time to gather weapons from the area as he was sure that both of the now destroyed buildings contained caches of weapons that would be serviceable in his future activities.

Mack was in the library reading in his leather backed chair and contemplating a picture of Adolf Hitler. The early morning had yet to rouse the sleepers of his neighborhood and all about him was dead silence. He thought of the world situation and all of the corruption which perpetually circulated around him-the Mossad agents who stalked him; the police and the hypocritical establishment of corrupt people who pulled the wires of the spider's web matrix of Zion-he was like the swastika in the center of the welter of chaos that circulated around him, the polestar in the vortex of swirling energies which impinged upon him as so many missiles directed at him by the enemy. He was the calm focal point of all of the chaos and he remained unaffected-unaffected by the Jews, by the Christian slaves they relied upon to prop themselves up in power; unaffected by the non-whites criminals who concealed themselves behind their fronts, the token Arab pharmacist and Negro 'civil rights advocate'; he was unaffected by all of the self-indulgent class of comfortable vacationers and suburbanite home owners who turned a blind eye to the replacement of their own race, indeed who worked mindlessly for their own immediate self-interest at the expense of the long term survival of their own kind. His gaze lay with the Fuhrer and the noble visage of he who had been called by the Chilean diplomat and magician Miguel Serrano as 'the last avatar' of Vishnu, the material vehicle, an Austrian painter and soldier, of a god. The god gazed back at Mack in the form of a painted memory of one of the last men to effectively oppose the Jew-Masonic and Christian cabal in the genocide of the Aryan their fanatical objective which they dressed up in the euphemistic trappings of 'peace' and a 'heaven on earth'. The earth which

they were contaminating with their 'volk chaos' was far from being a heaven but a 'real hell' as the Fuhrer said.

Mack recalled to mind a quotation from "Mein Kampf": "Only the destruction of the last race capable of culture and its individual members would leave the earth forever desolate." This desolation he thought as he contemplated the image of the Fuhrer was an inevitable result of the multicultural project those who controlled society were hell bent on creating driven as they were, he knew, by the demons who such as the imam had summoned. All of the Abrahamists be they christian, jew or muslim, were possessed by varying degrees and were the 'avatar' of demons-the more serious their devotion to their creed of jewish invented black magic the more possessed, the more in control were the demons and the less control they themselves had over their own lives.

Thus it was impossible to reason with them as they simply weren't irrational, were instead a robotic slave of the entities that Miguel Serrano called 'jehovah' a multitudinous being which manifested itself as a hive mind entity in what the jews and their slaves called 'angels' but which the average person not under the influence of Abrahamic ideology would undoubtedly call 'demons' or astral parasites who fed upon the energy of their slaves.

Hitler had conquered the demon jewhovah in the Spiritual planes though he had lost the war in the physical deliberately, Serrano claimed, so that his Idea could win. The jews and their slaves, robots of jehovah, had to have recourse to physical force as their ideas were false, were unable to persuade those of nobler kind who possessed the Truth-the ideas of equality, of 'peace' and 'universal love' for 'all' had been defeated as they were not powerful enough to overcome the ideas of the cosmos, of its laws-that the stronger force overcomes the weaker force, not in a material sense as ultimate power and cause but in that of the spiritual for 'as above so below' what happens in the physical first occurs in the spiritual planes. Those who, like the robots of jehovah, attempt to violate the laws of the cosmos, of God, will meet the wrath of God and this through the agency of the Aryan warriors and indeed all that have had their lives and cultures violated by these power seeking would-be hegemmen. They would ultimately be the ones to reap wa whirlwind and he, Mack Kraft, would see to it that he participated in the war in the most active way he could. He had only begun and his actions were soon to enlarge he anticipated. Again his thoughts returned to the mission and the necessary conditions of its realization: 1) building white power through any and all means and 2) striking against the enemy with greatest and most effective concentrated force possible, for as long as possible and giving as many blows as possible to the system both its official and unofficial agents and its hard and soft targets-the hard targets of infrastructure and the soft targets of the so-called 'people', the jewish de-men and shabbos goyim who propped up the apparatus of slavery and exploitation that called itself 'society'.

Mack broke off his concentration and shifted his gaze towards the magazine he had been reading and which had been in his father's collection. It was a publication by the ADL or anti-defamatory league of B'nai Brith jewish freemasonry entitled "Peckerwood" which discussed white prison gangs in the Nations' prison system which euphemistically was referred to as 'corrections'. The ADL had been established as a reaction on the part of the jews to prevent people from criticizing and exposing their criminality which had been revealed in a standout case of a jewish businessman and freemason who had tortured and murdered a young white girl and had attempted to blame his atrocity on a black. The jew was lynched by a mob of angry white men and the jews formed the league as a 'defence' in actuality a covert organization designed to slander and suppress anyone who had the fortitude to attempt to oppose them, resorting to clandestine assassination of not only their targeted opponent but their family as well.

The magazine did however provide Mack with a list of potential contacts that might link him to networks of pro-whites. He was unconcerned whether they were considered 'legal' or 'illegal' by the state as anything that was overall better for the white race was accepted and the legality or illegality of the act was of no concern to Mack as anything deemed 'pro-white' by the system was already though unofficially considered a transgression of the law. The ongoing harassment and gangstalking he was being subject to confirmed this in his mind if his more theoretical understanding had not entirely made this known to him before. The prison system contained all manner of whites who had nothing to lose and everything to gain making them a society unto themselves, outcasts and outlaws who had no liking for the hypocrisy of the self-serving elites or their imitators at lower levels of the socio-economic hierarchy.

The magazine 'Peckerwoods' would be a good source to consult prior to his encounter with the prison inmate who had had affiliations with racist skinhead gangs and who had for whatever reason ceased his involvement in gang activity. Mack intended to probe him and garner information on any currently existent gangs and means of seeking them out. He had no regards for cowards and traitors and surmised that the individual whose name he didn't know probably decided to avoid any future involvement into whatever gangs as he was too weak to continue the fight. Such people Mack had nothing but contempt for—he had proven himself already at the age of eighteen to be an Aryan warrior taking out significant targets and had earned any street cred a skinhead gang required to merit involvement. Though he wouldn't divulge information about his activities he had no difficulty lending further proof of his devotion to the survival, expansion and advancement of the white race and the white race alone. The day arrived for Mack's visit to local jail to have a discussion with the ex-skinhead gang members who, according to Sargent Rader the Jewish police officer had reformed and become a Buddhist and worked with police to mentor youth and to persuade them to avoid involvement with gang activity. Mack reasoned that if the police, who were the gang employed by the cabal to enforce its tyranny, didn't want young whites to participate in skinhead gangs that must mean they posed a threat to the system. In his mind anything conducive to white power acquisition and maintenance and which ideally diminished the power of the cabal was something he needed to investigate and depending on the information he could extract from the race traitor possibly something to involve himself in either as a primary or secondary line of action.

He drove towards the jail which was adjacent to the police station and parked his deceased mother's black BMW in the parking lot. He had been subject to the usual surveillance and harassment and did his utmost to detach himself from the chaos of his world existing in the crosshairs as he did and subtle interference that was perpetuated against him on a 24 hour basis.

His efforts in meditation to elevate his consciousness above the fray had paid dividends and he had attained a form of transcendental consciousness that he had never experienced before, one which enabled him to pull aside the veil of Illusion which concealed the higher planes. Through this means he could discern the True motives of others, could anticipate future events though only dimly—he could sense danger prior to the manifestation of any threat and understood through this higher intuition when he was being surveilled by others.

As he approached the police station he took into his awareness on the periphery of his perpetual field the countless eyes which observed his motions—through video camera, tinted windows in vehicles and from the station itself. He approached the front desk and spoke to the corrections' officer who was concealed behind a partition of bullet proof glass. The officer stared at him with subtle aggression and asked with a formal tone: "yes, can I help you". Mack replied by handing the corrections officer the paper he had been given detailing his community service orders. The officer skimmed it over and



replied tersely: "one moment". He turned in this chair and picked up the telephone pausing for a second before saying: "Mack Kraft is here to see you Toten-should I escort him to his cell?" The phone crackled in response and the corrections officer hung up and, standing up and said to Mack: "come this way". He pressed a button and the door leading off the reception area opened automatically and Mack entered. Mack was frisked by the officer before he was taken further into the jail along its dreary harshly lit hallways. The corrections officer wrapped on the cell door with his leather gloved hand and announced in a loud voice: "Toten! Got a visitor for you". The door was opened by the officer a moment later and Mack was shut in the cell with the ex-skinhead.

The man had tattoos on his arms, shoulders and neck-tattoos of swastikas and Celtic crosses and various numbers and letters the meaning of which was unknown to Mack. The man looked up from a newspaper he had been reading and nodded: "So you're in trouble with the law?" he looked with an ironical expression at Mack and the latter stared back without speaking. The man said: "take a seat-we'll have a talk." Mack sat on the edge of the bunk which was a concrete slab with a thin mattress placed on top and the ex-skinhead began: "whats your name man?" "Mack", the youth replied. The man continued: "I suppose they want me to tell you- 'don't do it'; don't follow in my footsteps-right?" Mack shrugged his shoulders and stated: "I suppose".

The man responded: "well I can't tell you your business son but I can tell you that I have been in and out of jails and prisons since I was fourteen years old-and they can wear you down." The man cracked his knuckles which had tattoos of runes and numbers on them. "Yeah, it ain't no life being inside-you're a dead man walking. I'm in jail now for a couple of years for narcotics trafficking-I made a deal with the police to reduce my sentence in exchange for informing upon my gang that I was involved in-the 23 skins." He paused. "You know what 23 means right Mack? The police told me you were a racist and a white supremacist-like I used to be..." he said and cleared his throat. Mack replied: "What is good for the white race is of the highest virtue what is bad for the white race is the ultimate sin". The ex-skinhead continued: "Right. Well the skinhead gangs-they don't care much about race most of them. They are just in it for the money and for themselves."

Again he paused and scratched at his arms. "They deal drugs, they kill people as contract killers...they deal guns and prostitutes-they're just criminals-the don't care about race. They work with all kind man-Mexicans; blacks; jews-they work with anyone so long as there's profit to be had and they don't share the profits with other whites. In fact they have no problem dealing drugs to their own people.. Mack replied: "How do you know that there aren't some who are concerned about their own people-and that they display don't have a choice to follow any other way of life?" How do I know?", Toten replied incredulously, "I know because I was in one and I was involved at a mid level. Maybe some care-but most don't and the organization itself ain't anything but a cover for greed." Mack retorted sure that there was more to it than that: "but why then do they claim a pro-white ideology and-" Toten cut him off rolling his eyes: "its a cover man, it ain't no deep spiritual reality. In prison, in jail-and on the streets, just as in nature in primitive societies, colour is a bond that makes for greater trust-that just the way it is man". Mack responded: "If thats' so and you acknowledge it why did you give up on your kind?" Toten responded after a pause of silence: "I never said I gave up on my kind, I just don't see the strategic value of gang activity-its a losing game man." Mack asked further probing him: "How else can whites who have been declared criminals in their own country build power? Most avenues for profit and networking that are legal are regulated by the system and shun pro-white values? What other recourse is there the following a path of crime? When legal avenues are shut down illegal ones are the only path forward..." Toten stared at Mack and said: "I've seen people killed man-you don't want to go that route-trust me." Toten continued "The groups that are involved are mainly controlled by high level organizations like the mafia. You've heard of the mafia I assume?" he asked sardonically. Mack said:

"The mafia's jewish. So you're saying that they are controlled by jew-all of these gangs?" Toten paused as if to think: "Not all but most are controlled by the mafia as far as I know. After all as I said I was only a mid-level skinhead not anyone at the highest level. I saw plenty of jews involved also." "So these groups you're saying are largely fronts controlled by jews and motivated almost exclusively by profit." "Right on the money" Toten responded. "You said some not all", Mack replied. "So that means there are some out there who aren't only in it for the money." Toten replied: "Yeah I suppose so." Mack probed further eager now that he was on the scent to discover the Truth. "Which groups are legitimate in your opinion-are they local or do they operate out of major cities only?" Toten hesitated in giving an answer and simply said: "I can't give you that information man, I don't want to feel responsible for getting you in trouble." Mack asked: "So you won't tell me?" Toten shook his head "Sorry, can't man."

The conversation petered out from that point and eventually after another few minutes the corrections officer knocked at the door and the two parted. Mack, though frustrated in not having discovered specific details felt confident he could find a legitimate gang to affiliate himself with-when the time came. Since Boden was a dead end for him his future looked towards the horizons. He would do his best in his artistic endeavours and in hockey and from there he would put out feelers attempting to expand white power and to strike against the cabal.

As Mack was driving back to his residence his community service having finally been completed, he thought of the changes that had occurred since the death of his father-how he had been considered by the community a promising youth and had been treated with respect by the majority of his teachers with the exception of some of the jewish ones. He had had his enemies but the friends he had had counterbalanced them and his life had been one of pleasant equanimity-until the beginning of his father's persecution for his involvement with the league. He pondered upon how his friends-those he thought were friends-quickly turned on him when the jewish rumour mill generated slander against him or what amounted to slander in the minds of his former friends-that he was a 'nazi' and a 'hater' and that amounted to a social stigma given the crafting of public opinion in the jewish controlled media and education system. he had retained small group of friends, his life long female companion Olga Frithfinsson who he had known since childhood remained loyal to him as her own family had always espoused nationalist sentiments and she had also come under the gun of the jewish witch hunters and their affiliated, their zionist servants and various other affluent liberals in the school.

Donny Macdonald was also loyal as were two others beyond which he was alone in the world. His isolation however far from creating any trepidation in him he viewed as a liberation from any psychological dependency on others. This isolation in conjunction with the assassination of his mother and father had hardened him to the vicissitudes of life and his esoteric practices further strengthened him elevation him from the emotional instability that would have been the fate of lesser minds. He contemplated what the cowardly sell-out Toten had said-yes Toten was a dead man walking but beyond his physical death he was also dead in his soul as he had severed his soul from the collective soul of which he was a part, had sacrificed it for himself, though being but a part he was unable to destroy it nonetheless diminished its power and caused harm to it as a cancer cell causing harm to the host body. The topic of discussion he had had with the traitor had at the same time afforded him with some information on gang activity and the local scene-how Toten had referenced a gang called the Aryan Mafia and how this gang was the major hit squad puppet crew under the Satan's Angels, an international motorcycle gang which operated a prison faction of itself on the inside as well. Toten had said that this gang Satan's angels was controlled by the mafia which Mack inferred meant the jewish mafia and thus the inference was that the Aryan Mafia was also controlled by the jews as a puppet group. Mack speculated that this was how the jews operated in all cases-via proxies which took the heat for what they themselves did as the bigger wheel and ultimate cause of the drug trade.

The Aryan Mafia had a monopoly on street level dealing amongst whites and served as the muscle or 'toughs' who the angels used to enforce the drug trafficking pinning the blame on the street level whites while taking usurious percentage of the profit. Mack speculated further based on Toten's claim that segregation was natural, a claim that he himself had violated in siding with the Jewish cabal against his own race and which Mack acknowledged as an axiom of biology, that the white gangs as Toten had said were white incidentally or as a necessity of nature as mixed gangs reduced trust amongst members and created the cohesion of the group, different races having loyalties to outgroup affiliates of their own race which might pose a conflict of interest to the gangs operations.

Nonetheless profit was clearly their goal and race was only a necessary analog of group cohesion, necessary for the functioning of the gang in its criminal acts. Thus the Aryan mafia was not an option to become involved with but he might inquire of them what other gangs existed that were pro-white asking indirect questions that might lead to actual contact with relatively trustworthy pro-white activists, people who put race before their ego whether considered 'criminal' or 'righteous' in the mind of the moral majority. He would set the idea aside for awhile and continue to make progress along the path towards his intended destiny, that of an artist and of a professional athlete. He knew who had adequate talent to achieve these goals the question remained whether the forces which opposed him would permit him to attain in them. He didn't think it too likely as the case of his father and mother bore witness to two perfectly decent citizens who had moved the slightest bit out of lockstep with the global government white genocide agenda and they met their doom at the hands of a cruel cabal of despots.

Mack drove toward his residence and spent the rest of his day in his library reading the work of Evola which the esotericist had written after the second world war "Men Among The Ruins". This work had been falsely translated to connote a romanticist escapism to appeal to intellectual aesthetes and whose proper translation from the Italian "Romani et Rovini" was "Romans and Ruins" connoting the distinction between the 'man of race' or the man of Tradition who embodied within himself the blood memory and the 'ruin' or degenerate raceless 'individual' of modernity who lived as Toten, purely for selfish purposes to 'feel good' and live in sheeplike contentment ultimately in the confines of a cell whether that be called a soviet style 'apartment' or an actual jail cell. Such was the fate of those who failed to 'do as the Romans' and to oppose the current of disintegration of the dark forces whose stratagem for power was a policy of erosion of the host population the ingratiated themselves with. Thus it was either an opposition to the death forces and the possibility of victory or the acquiescence to these forces and certain defeat through self emasculation just as had been the case with Toten who, though having had a life of risk taking, failed to control his will and harness it towards the betterment of his own kind and thus, like rabid dog, ended up biting his master's hand and winding up in the kennel whining for a snack. Such was not the fate of Mack-he had no intention of winding up in a state of disempowered weakness and allowing himself to be castrated as Toten had been. He intended to go down fighting if such was his fate, he would have to do his utmost to ensure a future of the Aryan Race on this earth and should all seem hopeless he would sacrifice himself in a blaze of glory.

Olga Frithfinsson walked towards the tree adjacent to the school grounds prepared for Mack who was to meet her after her soccer game. She had changed and come out of the tree where they had had their first kiss years ago while in grade school. The high school had been looked upon by them as a forbidden zone and they had breached the taboo of age and of innocence on that day which seemed so many years ago. Mack eventually arrived in his mother's BMW and Olga hopped in.

They drove towards the central park where they had arranged to have a picture. On the way Olga chatted about her friends and activities and Mack did his duty in listening to her banter but but detected a slight worried tone in her voice. He asked: "Is there something wrong Olga?" She paused a moment and then began again: "I'm worried Mack. All of those things that have happened to you-I'm worried about what they might do to you and to myself to be honest. I'm not sure I can take this anymore. The uncertainty of what will-might-happen is getting to me..."she trailed off looking at him petulantly for answers. He stated: "whatever will be will be-we can only do our duty to our race and come what may. No-one is guaranteed three core and ten years in this world-an old woman or a young man could be struck be a vehicle and killed and regardless of their caution they meet the same fate as all people will eventually. Its how you live your life in this world that matters-and that grants you a seat in eternity, in Asgard."

They had arrived at the park and the sun was getting low on the horizon. He parked the vehicle and they made their way to a secluded dell where he spread out the picnic blanket and set out the food which they had brought with them. Mack brought up more mundane topics of discussion and let her do most of the talking. After a short while he heard voices approaching and attuned his higher intuition, clairaudience to what was being discussed. He let her talk on and attempted to appear unchanged in his behaviour though eventually she too tapered off her conversation faltering at her sensing something wrong. Mack prompted her to continue with a reassuring smile and she did but with less eagerness. His clairaudience enabled him to pick up what was being said a short distance away on the other side of the bushes: it was the voice of Simon Rosenthal his archnemesis conversing with parties unknown. The voice nattered on in a whiny and mean spirited tone tinged with an evil amusement: "Dat nazi guy is over on the other side of the bushes with his girlfriend. He's a racist and he wants to deport all blacks and jews-we gotta get that guy!" A negro voice responded: "yeah we gonna fuck him up real good-how you want him done in?" The jew responded: "just beat'em it don't matter. I'll give you plenty of cash if you can make him disappear.", Simon added: "He's got a hot blonde bitch too you can have your fun with her-half now, half later", he said. The conversation broke off and there were movements that Mack could detect, the rustle of money and the specialized gang handshake consisting of a slapping of hands and other artful manoeuvres he had seen the blacks perform previously.

Mack put his finger to his lips and looked gravely at Olga whose conversation faltered once again. She attempted to open her mouth to speak but Mack pressed his hand against it and said in a muted tone of voice: "We got company-best to get out quick." Confusedly she rose and he protectively motioned her towards the vehicle but as he did so two niggers burst out of the bushes and whipped him across the back with chains they held in their fists causing him to buckle in pain. Olga screamed but her cry was cut off by the ringed fingers of the niggers who grabbed her from behind and aggressively yanked her off her feet. She kicked out and his grip broke as she twisted and kicked both of them crashing on the ground. Olga got up just as if she had been an India rubber ball and dashed off into the bushes pursued by the feral niggers.

Mack attempted to fight off the two who had surrounded him and save Olga, but their chains, gleaming dully in the twilight lashed out and struck him on the skull and face kicking him backwards and onto the grass the blood welling up over his brow. He attempted to stand but the lashes came again tearing his flesh as they smacked into his back. He heard Olga scream and a nigger voice shout: "C'mon niggers! Get dis bitch!" The two savages, forgetting their prey, dashed off leaving Mack to attempt to struggle to his feet. His head ached and body felt as if it had been stung by a thousand scorpions but he struggled in pursuit of Olga stumbling through the bushes after the enemy, who had put considerable distance between herself and them. As he reached the summit of the hill he heard the revving of

engines as the gang bangers raced off in their black SUV presumably towards their headquarters. Mack growled in anger as he rushed as fast as possible back to his BMW so that he could give pursuit.

The tomtoms of the voodoo priest beat rhythmically as the negros jumped up and down in the basement of their gang clubhouse. The concrete walls were draped in the skins of animals and carved mahogany sculptures of African fertility goddesses bordered the four corners of the room. Cruel implements of torture hung from iron hooks embedded in the concrete and in the center of this feral rite in a rusty iron cage placed upon a concrete slab was the frightened form of Olga Frithfinsson. The drumbeat increased its cadence as a robe figure entered into the room in the open iron door, an incense burner held in its hand that swayed back and forth. In guttural tongue the figure intoned in Hebrew: "Ge-Gal-Bet-Resh! Ge-Gal-Bet-Aleph!" followed by one or more primitive tongue presumably that of the Yoruba or other voodoo practitioners of darkest Africa: "Gab-Nagu! Mak-laka! Gab-Nagu! Loka-maka!" the drums beating in ever rising cadence as the frenzied savages raised and lowered their arms over their heads continuing to step in complex dance sequence. The figure's dark robe obscured his features but his pale skin was visible by the light cast by the brazier's which were sunken into the filthy walls-a gaunt nearly skeletal figure.

The figure stepped into the center of the savage circle which parted as the red sea for Moses and he stepped in front of the cage of the girl whose terror had rendered her silent. "Ge-Gal-Bet-Resh! Ge-Gal-Bet-Aleph!" he cried and revealed his features to her with a grandiloquent gesture of his hand his robe being pulled back. It was the face of Simon Rosenthal only in a state of trance and with features more gaunt than usual sunken eyes and hollow cheeks with lips spread wide in a skeletal grin that spanned nearly the whole of his jaw. His hooked nose with flaring nostrils gave him a decidedly reptilian appearance, his beady black eyes peering out at the girl who squeezed the trusted iron rebar the cage had been constructed from. "You had better let me go!" the girl cried. Simon, still in a trance repeated his mantra: "Ge-Gal-Bet-Resh! Ge-Gal-Bet-Aleph!" and extended his cries outwardly a gesture which was mimicked by the savage gang bangers who clustered around the modern voodoo practitioner dressed in their ghetto clothing which was a primitive atavism to the ceremonial garb of their ancestors. The jew stopped before the girl who, having broke the shock of terror which had immobilized her now began to rattle the cage attempting to break free. Simon raised his incense burner which emitted a rancid smoke that caused Olga to cough and retch and again intoned imperturbably: "Ge-Gal-Bet-Resh! Ge-Gal-Bet-Aleph!"

The room became suddenly alive as he raised his hand and again Olga screamed as a vortex of energy coalesced above the cage appearing to distort the concrete ceiling. The voodoo drummer raised the cadence of his frenzied music to a fever pitch and the gangbangers intoned in a rising and falling cadence echoing responsively to Simon's Hebrew: "Gob! Nagu! Maka-laka! Go! Nagu! Laka-Maka!" Simon took out a pouch from his robe unwrapping it produced a bundle of steel implements which shone duly in the firelight of the braziers. This he handed to the nearest gangbanger, this bundle of cruel implements of death who then distribute them to the next handing it around as they danced rhythmically up and down. Olga attempted to free herself from the cage with desperate exertions, shaking the bars and attempting to kick at the lock which sealed her within.

The shape above her coalesced into a demonic form, half simian and of skeletal appearances bearing resemblance to the physiognomy of a negro and jew with long hooked nose overhanging its fleshy lips which were pulled back in eagerness revealing needle like teeth. The cadence Simon uttered in his guttural tone continued, the drums beat furiously enticing the creature which depended above the cage. The gruesome events which transpired were too harrowing to relate as the pure blonde girl was cruelly tortured her soul absorbed into the creature the remaining energies that comprised her being trapped

within the magic circle that had been painted around the cages pedestal and were the repast of the ghoulish voodoo practitioners who in frenzied abandon lapped at the blood of the dying girl which poured in rivulets from the cage into separate concavities of the pedestal which served as vessels for the collection of the vital liquor.

As the drumming continued Mack drove his BMW with maximum speed towards the hangout of the nigger gang which he had made a mental note of in his researches and which he had marked for a future strike as it was from this location that much of the drugs were sold. He decided he would park half a block away from the clubhouse and make his way into the inner sanctum of the savages compound. The inner city was dark and lit only by streetlights on the main streets the alleys were completely black save for some indirect lighting from the main streets creating a criss-cross of degrees of darkness as a surgeon probing into the recesses of a cancerous body for tumors with his pen light. The warren of concrete and brick buildings encountered Mack like an alien presence, a strange architecture of the demonic demiurge jehovah god of jewry, with its utilitarian right angularity and decayed lifelessness it was a corpse of urbanity confronted by a virya, a man of race coming into incarnation to demolish and destroy, to clear away the demiurgic excrescence of modernity which constituted the matrix of Zion in one of its seemingly endless enclaves. He had only his stout hunting knife strapped to his belt but for him that was enough-the death machines of the robots of jehovah, their tech-nine's and colt .45s and whatever other implement of destruction they had been given by their demonic masters who controlled the government. An ancient blade which had been passed down by generations and had been forged by the blacksmith founders of the town of Boden his ancestors was ready at his side as he approached the crude concrete structure.

It was a three story building which fronted as a liquor store and served its actual purpose of a drug den and Mack approached the rear along the alley. The store was open and continued to ply its trade both legal and illegal as he searched along the alley for an entry point driven by a desperation that it might be too late.

He discovered a rusty fire escape that led upwards to an open window out of which hammered the rhythmic sounds of feral ghetto music. He ascended the fire escape jumping up from street level and climbing the folded scaffold winding his way up to the first accessible window. As he approached he heard a sound of voices: a black female and male were speaking in ebonics. Coming towards the window he observed their nappy heads inside of the window smoking what appeared to be a crack pipe and bobbing their heads to the feral music. The window was open and the savages were oblivious to his presence having taken a trip to fantasy land with the ticket of a crack pipe and he slipped in as a panther prowling amidst the tree tops sighting prey. His hunting knife slid out of its leather sheath under the dexterity of his cable like muscles and he thrust its steel talon into the back of the neck of the savage who dropped his crackpipe the blade projecting from his throat as some form of demonic steel tongue, and his female companion, turning her head in a daze, laughed out loud as she observed his dying form with its muscular spasms. Mack retracted the blade and lunged towards her her smile still splitting her cheeks which were greasy from fried chicken his blade impaling her voice box silencing any potential screams. She gagged as if a chicken bone had been caught in her throat and retracting his talon he slid it across her throat in a flash that carved another grin in her bloated form the blood cascading down her gold necklace which shone in the ill-lit room. Mack cleaned the blade with some of the malt liquor with his gloved hands and dried it on the sheets.

He lept off the bed with panther-like silence and made his way towards the door's peephole. Looking out he saw the way was clear but decided he should have check around the room before he made his way towards areas that Olga was likely to be contained. He surmised that since she had been abducted

the gangbangers would undoubtedly rape and probably kill her so the most reasonable location she would be would be out of sight and away from prying eyes. That meant the basement would almost certainly be the location and he had best hurry in order to save her life.

He did a quick glance around the room and observed a Mac-11 smg lying on the table. He checked the clip to make sure it was loaded-check. and found a stash of pills in a bag labelled 'opiates' under the table. The closet revealed a bigger payload: two .45s and a silencer for the MAC-11. he screwed on the silencer and made his way out of the room after taking another check, the urban jungle music still beating away in the room as he slipped out and into the hall towards the staircase. His Mac-11 was up and ready-just in time to encounter two of the brutes dressed in their flashiest costumes ascending the staircase their gold grills and jewellery shining in the hallway light. He they came to the top stairs he blasted them with his Mac-11, the stutter gun drilling them in their name brand clothes causing them to tumble down the stairs. He left over them certain that more were to follow and he was not surprised as three more bangers an angry look of surprise on their face were fumbling for their guns-too little too late he fired off a couple of three round bursts which peppered them with hot lead sending them to the lake of fire as they slapped the linoleum dropping their 40 ounces which poured out a little liquor for themselves as an homage to vice.

He moved down the living room area out of sight of the windows which were small and concealed with curtains seeking an entry point to the basement. He heard another banger in the kitchen who had headphones on and had his nappy hair done up in puff balls coon-crooning away while he cooked some crack rock on the stove. He appeared to be the last of the bangers upstairs and received his just reward of lead death, the banger shucking and jiving as a three-round burst laced up his abdomen and he crashed into the stove spilling his crack and hitting his head on the element which ignited his nappy hair. The alcohol in his body and on his fat lips, and the hair spray in his afro, hair must have served as fuel for the fire god as the orange flame eagerly lapped his head engulfing it and sending off smoke as the head traded places with the crack burning away what little mind the banger his body lying lifeless on the linoleum floor.

Mack spied the doorway leading downstairs and into the basement, certain that this would be the destination towards Olga. He heard the distance sound of the drum beats emanating from the basement and made his way towards the door after doing a 360 degree check to ensure he was not being followed and cautiously opened the door. The smoking head of the banger was met with a thinner more acrid smoke that emanated from the basement. He slipped in and headed down the stairs cautious to minimize noise and experiencing a sensation of great disturbance as of a demonic presence hearing as he descended the cadence of some archaic tongue: "Ge-Gal-Bet-Resh! Ge-Gal-Bet-Aleph!" Which repeated itself ever louder as he wound down the staircase. He observed in his horror the cruel sacrifice and the presence of the demon consuming the soul of Olga all in a split second. He shouted: "Die jew demon!" and levelled his weapon at the jew but it dry fired, emptied of its payload. He took out the colt .45s letting his smg dangle from its shoulder strap and blasted away a staccato burst of rounds into the jew who staggered and fell under the fusillade of lead hail.

The niggers received their reward next and he managed to get half before both guns clicked on empty. He placed them both in their holsters while racing towards his prey plucking out his ancient barb and disembowling the one nearest him, followed by a second and third. The fourth had managed to come out of his daze and had his glock up and ready but Mack lacerated his wrist spilling his sanguinous life's blood and, grabbing his pistol took aim and blasted off shots into the three remaining coons who were taken down with pin point accuracy crumpling upon the filthy concrete which was bathed in the ichor of sacrifice. The demon which had been feasting upon the soul of Olga seemed repelled by

Mack's presence and quickly left back half in the physical half in the metaphysical dimension its bloated distended body throbbing as its form seemed to evaporate into the air leaving nothing behind it. Mack raced towards Olga and observed her cruelly mangled form. There was nothing he could do, it was too late and he would not be able to leave with her in her condition.

Her soul, whatever of it was pure enough to resist the vampirization of the demonic horde had ascended to its proper realm in Asgard and now only her ruined physical form remained. Recognizing he might have more company he picked up the .45s and made his way towards what appeared to be a fire exit door. Before he reached it he discovered a side room which was here the furnace was sequestered and spotted a couple of crates that looked like they had military lettering on them. Upon closer inspection he observed hebrew letter in the dim light and, opening them, packages of C-4 plastique in one and in another stacks of magazines for various guns his Mac-11 included. He also observed detonators and, having done some research into I.E.Ds wired it up and set a countdown detonator to thirty minutes, taking up a dirty burlap sack and stuffing it full of C-4 and magazines as well as a few detonators. He activated the times and made his way to the exit.

That no sirens were wailing in the distance indicated to him that the clubhouse must have been sound-proofed or at least the concrete exterior muffled the sound of gunfire else he would have already had his encounter with police and be involved in a shootout to the death. He reminded himself not to lose control as he did but understood that his reason had been a strong one. He looked back towards Olga with a grim look on his face and reckoned that the losses he had suffered were slight in comparison to the losses sustained by the white race as a whole. However the losses on the side of the enemy were even slighter and he concluded that it was time for a reckoning. he put a clip in the Mac-11 and slipped out of the emergency exit putting on the burlap sack over his head in the event of cameras and walked out it the night. As he turned the corner a van whose description he couldn't quite see clearly shone one of its light at him-a gangstalker-hell to pay. He brought up his Mac-11 and raked the car with rounds peppering the glass and driver who emitted a muffled shriek slumping on the wheel. He dashed past the vehicle muzzle trained on the vehicle and, discovering no one else inside he made his way to his vehicle a half block away concealing himself in the back alleys as the sirens wailed in the distance. He made it to his vehicle as the sirens grew louder and drove away at a normal pace on a direct line for two blocks then turned and followed a different path away from the downtown.

Mack returned to his residence apparently having broken a trace after annihilating the gangstalkers in the vehicle that was outside of the gangbangers clubhouse. He took out the burlap sack of C-4 explosives, detonators and clips and stuffed his weapons inside, carrying them downstairs after taking the usual security precautions-locking the garage and house door with the bar lock and putting a door stopper against the bottom which exerted pressure against the metal door minimizing the probability of intruders who might try to smash it down. He placed the sack of armaments in the alcove in the basement and decided he would check the local jews' media channel for an update on the gang house. He still was grieved by the passing of Olga and the painful death she had to endure at the hands of the gangbangers and their jewish master but understood he had done his best to save her and had gotten vengeance upon at least those who had perpetrated the deed-those who had physically carried it out. His work, he knew, would never be carried out until all of the cabal and its demonic masters were dead. He went outwards the living room where the t.v was collecting dust and switched it on with the remote to the only channel he viewed and that on the rarest of occasions when he needed to gain an understanding of what sort of propoganda the kikes were injecting into the consciousness of the goyim masses.



He was greeted by a scene of carnage not unlike the one he had previously witnessed only a short time ago in his strike against the "One Love Refugee Center". The flaming ruins of the concrete structure that had only an hour before been a place of vice and a tumor on the body of society. The wreckage incorporated the attending police cars which looked like a mass of scrap metal, the flashing lights forever dark and corpses of niggers and a few others strewn about the wreckage which smoked like a charcoal hamburger on a barbecue. The sign 'Urban Liquor' hung obscenely in its moorings, the only other lights that were visible being flames which engulfed the structure and jetted out in columns of hellfire.

The adjacent building, an immigration center, was an added bonus and lay in a state of devastation as if a wrecking ball had smashed its manicured brick walls to rubble. The fire department struggled in a frenzy to douse the flames while the reporter, and half negro crypto-jew rambled in his pretentious tone aping his betters: "We the citizens of Boden will have to face the reality that exists in our town. The reality is-racism. Whoever carried out this ungodly crime must be brought to justice. In the meantime-" he gestured towards the carnage "We will hold their memories in our hearts and minds." Another pause occurred while the comical halfbreed mulatto stared at the camera attempting to emphasize the severity of the scene but came cross looking like the bug-eyed spook that he was, the delapidated urban liquor sign signifying the cherry on top of the scene. The mulatto began again as the camera panned out to incorporate Sgt.Rader the jewish police officer Mack had encountered. The newsman spoke up: "Sgt.Rader of the Boden police department is with us. Sgt..." the mulatto said with the same comical look of gravity on his face "is there anything you can let us know about this event-whether it had anything to do with what many have speculated the epidemic of white supremacy in Boden as late-was this a 'hate crime'?" The Sargent looked with seriousness into the camera and spoke with an affected tone of sternness and formality: "At this time we cannot determine if any such association exists but we are looking into possible white supremacist ties. Since the incident has only just occurred we are unable at this time to release any information pertaining to these events." Mack shut off the t.v and decided he would go and meditate in the library.

He ascended the staircase and entered into what he considered to be the inner sanctum of his residence. The leatherbound volumes of Aryan culture and wisdom surrounded the carpeted floors upon which a mat woven of linen was placed on the center of which was an ornately designed swastika. He knelt on the mat and went into a trance state bracketing off all sensory stimuli in the surrounding environment which as the night had descended was easier than during business times. He drifted in another dimension through the blackness and communed with the gods of his ancestors. His tongue pressed to the roof of his mouth and breathed through his nostrils and crossed his eyes gently focusing on the pineal gland between and behind his eyes activating his 'intellection', his higher intuition that was the possession of the descendents of the gods of the Aryan race, those who alone possessed the Divine spark, the Holy Graal. He drifted, allowing the gods to take him whither they would and all thoughts of the sensory world of the Demiurge left him-he was in Valhalla, in Eternia, in the higher planes and felt his soul increase in power and intensity as he entered a more rarefied state of being acquiring god-like powers from his deific superiors.

Suddenly he was back in his body and alert. A footfall had been heard in the downstairs through his clairaudience, his heightened sense perception which brought him back to the world of matter, of the world of beasts and away from that of gods. He rolled and crouch-walked like a ninja towards the doorway of the library which he had left ajar. He observed through the crack in the door a swarthy figure below walking around in the living room, a jew with sloped forehead and pronounced occipital atavistic features, a hooked nose and fleshy lips with beetle brow, features which confirmed his jewishness.

Mack scoured the environment for any other who might be in the area and wasn't surprised when he saw another agent at the other side of the room taking up the rear as they crept towards the staircase still not having detected his presence and presumably heading towards the bedrooms on the other side. He would wait and get the drop on them. He had on his person his ancestral knife and slid it from his sheath gripping it in his hand and contracting his leg muscles, preparing to crawl down the banister and leap upon the straggler. The lead jew was past the banister and into the area of the house with the rooms and he made his play, waiting until the rear guard was underneath him then propelling himself from the banister down upon the mossad agent, his steel barb gripped in an ice pick grip slashing into his cervical spine and severing his spinal cord in one swift vigorous motion. The body slumped to the ground the silenced uzi the agent was carrying dropping with it. The lead man, jumpy and on a hair-trigger attempting to pivot and trained his gun on Mack but he was too little too late to get off a burst from his uzi Mack's blade flying from his grip and embedding itself in the chest of the jew who, dropping his firearm clutched at it attempting futilely to tear it out of his chest but he fell to his knees and them to the carpet below.

Mack, scanning the horizon with his uzi decided he had dispatched his foes and that there were no more assailants coming in the interior of the house. He left the same where they lay and made his way to the windows taking glances around the perimeter first on one side then on the other. He observed that the patio door had been broken into a section having been cut out with a glass cutter. Finding the area otherwise clear he decided he would clear the bodies out of the living room. The furnace downstairs was a large woodstove with ample space for the rogues and he had equipment he could use to dispose of their bones once their corpses were roasted to ashes.

He brought the shit sacks downstairs in two industrial strength garbage bags to minimize any DNA residue and placing them both in the furnace loaded it up with adequate kindling but not too much to let the neighbours suspect anything and to have the fire department on the scene. Next he went upstairs as the bodies were being roasted and tore up the section of carpet upon which the bodies had spilt their vital liquor and decided he would burn it as well. The night sky would obscure the smoke and enable him to get away with the deed. He waited until the corpses were reduced to ash, the stove being hermetically sealed ensured that he didn't have to smell the reek of the jew carcasses that he had heard reeked worse than that of carrion fowl presumably a property of their negro blood or perhaps some form of demonic ancestry that made of them a creature who emitted a vulgar stench.

He read parts of "Mein Kampf" during the burning of the carcasses and read the following words which resonated with him: "...I am acting in accordance with the will of the Almighty Creator: bristling the jew I am fighting for the work of the Lord". Hitler had carried out his mission well though he had lost in his battle on the physical plane against jewry, he had won in the spiritual planes. Karma dictated that the last battle, that in which he himself was involved, would see the end of the jew-or the end of the world and everything in it, the latter outcome being a direct result of the rapacious nature of jewry.

The corpses he discovered had become nothing but charred ashes and bones as he looked up from the tome of Hitler towards the tomb of the jewish mossad agents. It was time to get on the grind and to grind up the bones of the jew. He got a large barrel and placed it outside of the furnace, opened the door and used the metal pokers and ash shovel to drag out the bones and ashes and dump them in the barrel. He then took a hose extending from the laundry basin and filed the barrel partially with water stirring the while, then dumping the ashes down the drain hole and towards their destiny in the hells below in sheol and them, having kept the bones in the barrel he swept out the ashes from the furnace and placed them inside to dry. After this step he got out his iron sledge hammer and taking out the bones began to crush them in the barrel with the head of the hammer into a rough powder. He then placed the powder

back into the furnace with more kindling, lit a fire and returned to his book waiting a while until they were reduced to ashes then repeating the process of the disposal of the ashes of the flesh. Now the two agents were nothing but a memory their vile soul having been burnt up in the flames and send to their proper destiny. By that time it was midnight and he was ready for sleep.

Mack decided that now that he was really in the crosshairs of the cabal as he inferred not only from the gangstalking, from the abduction and brutal torture and murder of his closest relations but also the two attempted assassination attempts on his life. Rather than remain a sitting duck and allow the terrorist cabal to destroy him and continue on its evil purpose he decided he should ramp up his fame and strike out with even greater force against the evil horde.

It was now the beginning of Summer and the weather was turning sunny and warm. Mack wanted to turn up the heat and decided he would place crosshairs on the cabal's major center of operations in the town which he assumed would be the central enclave of the kehilla, the synagogue and its adjacent community center where he had done community service previously. He doubted if the security code he had observed and memorized would work as the paranoid kikes probably changed it daily but it was worth a try and if it failed there were other means of ingress into the belly of the beast. Perhaps a physical infiltration would be a bit to risky given the intensity of paranoia of the jew especially with the recent events. Indeed he would be best off taking a week off from striking and simply focus on his skill development as the hockey school would be up and coming the week after and he didn't want to lose out on a chance to make the big leagues.

His time was invested additionally in the study of technical manuals on bomb making and improvised explosive devices. He know these would come in handy in his future actions against the cabal, knowing as he did that its members like to sequester themselves behind infrastructural barriers such as concrete and brick buildings, wrought iron gates and over rivers and boulevards protected by police and security task forces their dogs they paid to run the yard and bite any intruder who might get in the way of their masters' decadent lifestyle of hedonism and occult violations of cosmic law.

In order to breach security layers of that kind missiles were required that could be directed from a distance and that would have significant penetrative force to destroy any of his targets: drones and higher powered sniper rifles would be the way of the future against such targets as well as perhaps the usage of biologicals. The extreme level of security entailed an extreme level of risk and in order to minimize risk so he could continue taking punches he would have to stick and move from outside of the danger zone. It was a war of the flea, with the relatively powerless taking bites from the larger animal until the latter collapsed through bloodloss. Mack hoped his actions would spread virally around the Nation and then eventually enough continual strikes against the system would bring down Leviathan.

The week carried on productively and Mack with his photographic memory had assimilated all of the inner workings of the devices and their necessary components to have made of himself a munitions expert and his additional studies of biological weapons and poisons gave him a well rounded understanding of how he could operate with minimal resources having minimal connection and money. Nevertheless he felt quite confident he would be able fulfill his minions without any great difficult once he was ready to do so. The day he had appointed for the strike arrived and Mack loaded up his car when evening came. It was Saturday the day upon which the jews pay homage to their demon god yahweh-jehovah Saturn's day, Satan's day, the day so well encapsulated in the symbolism of the black cube-a time of restriction, of finitude, of death of limitation in the material plane of a restriction of the

upwards directed tendency of the soul. A day fitting for the telluric chandal of jewry to perform their black magic rites of evil.

Mack had read the works of the third reich on jewry and had gleaned a theoretical, philosophical understanding of jewry which had its corroboration in his lived experience. He would ensure that the holier than though self chosen people received a one way ticket to the proper destiny beyond this physical plane. He was prepared to strike and had loaded up his vehicle with C-4 plastique in a sack and affixed a detonator which he could activate at a moment's notice. He pulled out of the driveway and encountered more of the same gangstalkers creeping around his residence and ensured the place was shut air tight before he departed. One of his stalkers was behind him shining his high beams in his rearview mirror to signify to Mack he was under watch and Mack decided he would trade vehicles with the stalker in order to lose a trace to himself. He headed towards the light industrial district and towards some of the abandoned warehouses where he intended to make the trade off. As He approached another vehicle attempted to T-bone him from a side street and he swerved towards it as it passed by, slowing so that he ended up behind it, then still being followed by the other vehicle being in effect nearly boxed in he decelerated and exited the trap from the drivers side the tail vehicle shooting forward and now being followed by Mack.

Both vehicles attempted to come to a screeching stop the last taking the lead from the first and Mack had both of them in his sights before they had merged to exit the vehicle. He blasted the nearest vehicle with a spray of sound suppressed Mac-11 rounds: "phut-phut-phut" which tore into the rear window and left a spray of crimson on the driver's windshield. The other occupant burst out of the vehicle, a swarthy kike with a furious expression on his face raising his uzi but Mack intercepted him raking him up his body which crashed down to the pavement doing the rigor mortis shuffle not being able to get a shot off. To the public he was an arab, spray tan and a black beard with a disheveled black wig under a John Deer hat and sunglasses completed his profile.

The problem now remained how to switch vehicles and to take his own vehicle away from the site. An answer was had when he observed an old wrecked yard a few properties away and since today was Saturday and no-one would be around the warehouse district the probability of the detection of his recent bloody harvest would be minimal. He decided to stow his vehicle in the used car lot and to retrieve it later after ditching the jews. Driving towards the car lot he rattled the fence after observing whether it was electrified or not attempting to bring out any dogs who might be in the vicinity. None came however and he examined the fence for an entrance.

As luck would have it the fence was simply wired shut without any padlocks and he easily undid the rusty wire and drove his vehicle into the compound selling the gates shut behind him taking the sack of munitions with him. He made his way over to the jew and side stepping him got into the vehicle which was still running. The gas meter read 3/4 full and he drove around the tail vehicle in which the hapless thug was sprawled against the window pane his face a contorted mask of pain and death. Mack sped off down the one way street and towards his destination as the day had progressed into late evening and the setting sun had begun to make its way to the horizon. Mack had lost a trace of his stalkers and was relatively free now as he made his way to Golden Gates, the privileged enclave of jewry.

The problem of the security guard came up in his mind-he didn't want to call attention to himself but, since he was dressed in costume and drove a different vehicle he thought it would be a safe enough but especially since the driver's licence of the jew revealed a photograph sufficiently similar to his arab guise to pass as the legitimate owner of the vehicle.

He approached, ensuring that he didn't drive excessively slowly knowing the characteristic nature of jews and arabs and how they both had a penchant for rather chaotic forms of action, which was mirrored in their driving skills. The fat security guard signalled him to proceed as he approached at a rapid pace and Mack slowed the vehicle so that it stopped abruptly at the gate. The guard waddled out of his booth and said looking cautiously at the stranger: "Hold up sir, Can I see your identification?" Mack produced his jewish I.D and the jew took it and examined the picture comparing it with Mack's appearance "Hmmm." the jew said scrutinizing both images his eyes narrowing slightly. Mack said jokingly in his best jewish accent: "Do I look like a terrorist to you?" The jew looked up and observed Mack's grin and questioned: "How long have you had your beard? Looks a bit...different." Mack replied: "A couple of years-I'm due for a replacement I.D plus I just got back from Aruba with the family, so I'm not so pale." The guard probed further: I don't recall seeing you in Boden before Mr....umm..."he trailed off. Mack had memorized the name of the I.D and said: "Samuels-Jacob Samuels-I'm from Zion City". he volunteered having observed the address of the mossad agent. The jew cogitated a moment and then apparently convinced that he had a legitimate customer said: "Ok Mr.Samuels, you're good to go, Mack replied: "thanks pal. Keep up the good work. Your security service is essential to our safety." The guard, beaming with pride nodded his head and responded robotically: "Have a good day sir" going back into his booth and raising the partition which blocked Mack's way.

Mack dove inside of the affluent community and towards his destination. He had elegantly parked his goods inside of what appeared to be a student's backpack and thus handsome plausible excuse for entering the jewish compound within a compound with a sack of C-4 plastique and detonator charges. Driving up towards the protective enclave, the postmodern shtetl of jewry he observed several luxury autos approaching the same destination both from in front and behind and he kept pace with the traffic flow as he passed beside the affluent mansions which bordered the well paved streets. Upon approaching the enclave which was elevated on a concrete platform above the mainroad and above even the old mansions with their trapezoidal roofs he witnessed what appeared to be a beefed up security detail, further interrogating the caravan of jews who drove towards their destination. The line was moving briskly enough in single file as each of the jews were checked out by the mossad agents who were dressed in expensive black suit and wore sunglasses and ear microphone and commlinks attached to their lapels their suit jackets were open and the gently blowing breeze ruffled their suit jackets revealing a micro uzi in a shoulder rig at the ready. Mack had to play the good jew-for now-before he sent all of the demon seed to hell in a holocaust so richly deserved a real one this time, a brunt offering to yahweh-jehovah of his chosen people. Mack's turn to be interrogated was next and the backpack of C-4 plastique and detonators were stowed under the seat in the most concealed area of the vehicle's interior.

The mossad agent nearest him motioned him forward and he gave a big sarcastic grin and said through his beard: "Allahu Akbar my friend-do you know where I can find my camel?" The mossad agent sneered sarcastically and yet behind his sunglasses there was a hint of suspicion. He said: "you look new here-we don't take kindly to jokes of that kind here." Mack replied with an apologetic look: "take it easy man-you know I didn't mean it. Here-" he said as he brought out some I.D: "look familiar?" the agent scrutinized the plastic card and then looked back at Mack saying: "How come you're so dark?...and whats with the beard?" with a suspicious tone in his voice. At this point the attention of one of the other mossad agents was attracted and he came over with an aggressive swagger saying: "there a problem boss?" The agent holding his I.D hesitated a moment and Mack took the opportunity to interject: "I'm Jacob Samuels from Zion City-here on a special gig. We've heard the word there's a 'special person'", he said emphasising the words, "needing to have his attitude adjusted and I'm here to supervise the operation." The mossad agent said still suspicious: "why the tan Jacob" The latter replied,

"A vacation to Aruba recently". the mossad agent still unconvinced and now having gotten the full attention of the crew said: "The beard looks a bit off..." Mack replied: "I hope the target is an associate of the anti-immigration league and we're wanting to work the psyop of associating jihadists with the whites, you know, to frame the whites and put the crosshairs on them. I'm just getting used to the feel of this and just come from my surveillance of the target." The mossad agent relaxed and gave back his I.D saying with a tone of comraderie: "you're kosher" waved the gate guard to move his vehicle away from the gate and allow Mack passage inside the compound the continual stream of affluent jews taking up the rear behind him.

He made his way along the road leading to the community center as the synagogue parking lot was shared with the center and parked adjacent to other vehicles. No-one was outside in the parking lot and thus Mack was free to move around towards the community center though he suspected not much action was happening there though the doors appeared to be open and the place accessible. He followed the path around the center which led to the area through which he had been admitted during his community service.

He approached and took out a mini drill and drilled out the keyhole that allowed access to the keypad appearing to any cameras as if he were inserting a key into the hole. The grill opened he punched in the code: 6-6-6-7-7-7 and as luck would have it the kikes must have grown lazy and failed to change the combination the doorlock snapping open and allowing him access. He had his backpack of C-4 explosives on his back, his silenced Mac-11, an ancestral knife in its leather sheath concealed within a navy blue windbreaker jacket still wearing his sunglasses and beard as he slipped into the inner sanctum.

The laundry room had a few cleaner uniforms hanging up and he decided he would put one on over his clothes to serve as an added layer of security. Undoubtedly security would come around soon and inspect the novel occurrence of his entry as, he surmised, all ingress and egress was monitored by constant surveillance by security guards.

He gathered up the uniform and headed towards the main artery of the building the boiler room where he intended to wait until the synagogue celebration had gotten underway and enough jews were sufficiently settled to take on a ride to never never land.

He wandered through the warren-like maze of halls and found an elevator that had two upper floors and a sub-basement button. He was at the basement level of the center and wanted to head to the sub-basement however he was hesitant to simply take the elevator as he might wind up in the arms of the security and be on camera.

If it came to a confrontation with them it would be difficult to be able to justify his presence and his Mossad I.D wouldn't be too convincing but would simply raise more question marks. He decided he would search for a staircase and eventually found one heading towards the sub-basement. This had a map of the area at the bottom which indicated that he was nearly directly under the ground that bordered the community center and synagogue. All he had to do was to head towards the action in the synagogue area, hit the boiler and dump his payload then return the way he had come and he reasoned his best bet would be to leave on foot and simply leave the vehicle which had no DNA evidence of his having been in it. From there he would make his way back to the industrial district on foot and through the path which bordered the river above which the synagogue loomed as and ark tower fortress on the apex of the hill.

He recalled he had been canoeing with his father years ago and that there were canoes nearby that people could rent for recreation on the river. It was either this or alert suspicion by attempting to go through the gate again. This would also be a plausible possibility and would frame arabs for the deed so he considered this an option also. As he was weightlifting these options and walking along the hall he sensed the presence of a jew, his higher intuition enabling him to detect the energy body of the enemy and its negative resonance.

He quickly ducked into an alcove and hid himself away behind a large air conditioning unit that hummed away and masked any noise he might have made. At that instant a jew appeared wearing a security uniform and he heard the crackling of static: "All clear down here. No signs of the entrant. I'm going to check underground to make sure he hasn't headed in that direction." "10-4" the voice responded "10-4" the guard echoed as he headed towards a utilitarian looking door. He scanned a card on the box adjacent to the door which disengaged its locking mechanism allowing him entry. The darkness gave off an eerie vibration as of some form of living entity in that sinister oubliette down which the jew was beginning to descend.

"Tunnel of set", Mack thought and decided it was now or never-coming out from behind the guard and burying his knife in his back. The guard jerked back as if the knife were an electrified live wire and his body spasmed as Mack kicked it pulling his knife free sending the body tumbling down the metal staircase towards the bottom of what the jew called 'the underground'. Mack headed down the staircase taking in the scene of utilitarian gloom like an elaborate backdrop made for a hollywood B movie, the large open room was completely open and looked like an underground parkade only more reminiscent of a dungeon the use of which could be seen clearly from the rusty metal hooks and gaslights which bordered the large room above the shelves and desks which were fastened with various cruel implements. The atmosphere of the place could only be described as 'sepulchral' and Mack had an increasing sense of unease as he descended the stair. He wasn't entirely sure as to why he decided to descend the metal staircase but perhaps was impelled by some occult forces which pervaded the atmosphere. As he disembarked from the stairs and approached the dead jew whose neck stood at an impossible angle he had a sensation of walking through some form of living tissue though invisible to the eye which dispersed upon his contact and seemed to have a will of its own fleeing his presence as if in flight.

The presences relocated to the corners of the room and Mack saw out of the corner of his eye a series of blackish shadows flitting about on the periphery of his vision as if in another dimension wanting to strike at him perhaps but too afraid to approach repelled by his comparatively superlative power-that of the Aryan warrior who had slain many of their puppets the jews. Mack decided he would take a look at the scene unaffected by the creatures who he understood to be far from all powerful as they fled his presence just as the creature who had stolen the soul of Olga had fled from him so recently. He observed the scene and discovered an ornate box upon one of the desks which was engraved with abstract geometrical designs which contained a six pointed star within its center. He decided to risk opening the box and flipped its hasp opening it on its hinges. Inside was a set of hypodermic needles within which was some form of pale, yellowish liquid and a small index card. He took up the card and read the words which were printed in both Hebrew and English "Tay Sachs, Delta-6 variant". The below caption read; "exercise extreme caution, this strain is contagious and has a high probability of fatality." Mack looked amused at his find and was glad that he had discovered this almost certainly useful item. He put the needles in their case and decided to continue his search hoping for more profitable commodities he would put to good use. Continuing along the row of desks he observed the ghoulish items that festooned the shelves: shrunken heads; vials of blood and human organs; strange homunculi contained within larger glass vessels which, though apparently dead had a somewhat vital

quality their simian features, hairless bodies and closed eyes retained a liveliness that belied their nocturnal slumber.

The homunculi with their ghoulish appearances and varied forms took up an entire wall of shelves which Mack bypassed averting his gaze in disgust and moving towards a tall cabinet at the end of the shelving units. This was locked and Mack took out his mini drill and drilled at the core of the lock with the diamond mill bit spinning at high rpm. The cabinet doors opened revealing various bags of cocaine and ecstasy pills with an Israeli pharmaceutical logo Mack was familiar with stamped on them. He passed by these items to having a willingness to descend to the level of a street level dealer unless absolutely necessary for the goal of the survival and empowerment of the white race and continued to scan the shelves for other useful items.

He observed several exotic looking weapons which he recalled from his research were called masers or microwave weapons and could be used to kill remotely through walls rupturing the blood-brain barrier of targets and inducing what would appear to be a stroke or beaming the target's center of mass and inducing heart attacks. The Mossad, he knew, used these weapons to induce cancer states in their victims also beaming them for continual periods of time until they suffered horribly. Mack intended to turn the tables on the kikes and let them have a dose of their own medicine. He crammed a couple of handheld masers in his backpack and took one up to use in the event he encountered any creeping kikes inside of the labyrinthine catacombs of their compound; rather than to expend ammunition needlessly and leave a trace. He shifted his Mac-11 inside his jacket into its shoulder holster and prepared to leave the subterranean chamber that was presumably used for the vile kabbalistic rites of Jewry.

He ascended the stairs oblivious to the entities which huddled in the corners of the room half visible in the dim light and half in another dimension, astral parasites which occupied inner space, in the astral planes between the third and fourth dimension. Ascending the steps he exited 'the underground' and came up into the sub-basement finding his way towards the boiler room. As he paused along the hall turning the corner he encountered a room with its door open. A fat security guard lay back in his chair and was leafing through a pornographic magazine. Mack observed that he was the only occupant of the room which had banks of computer screens observing most of the compound and decided he would take a chance in facilitating the Jews' biological weapons experiments. He took out the pouch of hypodermic needles which contained the Tay Sachs contagious strain and, bringing up his fist knocked the Jew on the back of his skull rendering him unconscious. He quickly injected the Jew with one of the needles and using his gloved hands righted the Jew in his chair, placing the pornographic magazine on his chest. The Jew, still unconscious, breathed regularly and lay in a state of slumber while Mack scanned the banks of computer screens to get a survey of what developments had occurred since he last was on the surface some thirty minutes previously.

The parking lot had filled up and no one was occupying the grounds save a couple of Mossad agents who lounged about in their luxury autos. Mack decided the time was right to strike and he made his way out of the room towards the boiler room which was directly underneath the synagogue. As he made his way towards the room he heard footsteps coming along the hallway kitchen floor and quickly dashed into a janitor's closet so as to avoid being intercepted by the oncomers, the sound of their footsteps indicating more than one and the hard sound indicating dress shoes. He primed the microwave weapon and turned it on maximal power as the footsteps approached. He heard one of the Jews speak: "We got some sort of disturbance here according to the security guy on the main floor. The other guard hasn't come back and should have arrived 15 minutes ago." "Probably just jackin' off", the other said, "why we have to play nurse maid to lazy punks is a mystery to me." The two Jews rounded the corner and Mack beamed them from the shadows at the back of their skulls the high power maser



singing their balding heads and rupturing their blood brain barriers causing them to stumble and fall with a smack on the linoleum their twisted features contorted on in a rictus of death. Mack stepped out and dragged first one then another of the agents into the janitor's closet and shut the door behind not bothering to take any of their weapons as he was already fully loaded.

He continued down the hallway towards the boiler room and, finding it open, wormed his way into the inner workings of the main belly of the hydra of the jewish compound. He slipped his C-4 explosives out and attached them with their detonators to the boiler. He surmised that he was directly under the main area of the synagog and relished the living heat of the boiler room anticipating the explosion to come and his revenge on the jews for what they did to his family and both immediate and the extended family of the white race. He would see to it that the demon seed of jewry was at the very least removed from his hometown and ideally from the world-even if he died in the attempt he would nevertheless have attained victory in Valhalla. He wired the explosives to blow in 33 minutes, a nice kabbalistic number for the kike-o-demons would find their perfection in sheol where they would be consumed by their demonic masters.

The time ticked down: 33:32, 33:31,...and he decided he would make a hasty retreat out of the grounds and to safety. He reckoned that having injected the jewish security guard was probably inadequate as the explosion would almost certainly engulf the fat kike but in the event it didn't there would be a walking zombie infected with a contagion that would quickly spread into the remainder of the kike community. Exiting the sub-basement via elevator he made his way out of the community center and towards his vehicle. He approached the mossad agents and said, as he turned towards him: "I'm off boys! Gotta get into the action-the strike against the white nazi is scheduled for 30 minutes from now." The wiry mossad agent who was lounging against the luxury auto looked at him quizzically: "Weren't you in the synagogue? I didn't see you go in?" Mack was quick with a response and said: "I was playing ping-pong with some teens-we got bored of the sermonizing." The guard relaxed and nodded to him and said: "Get the nazi for name!" as Mack entered his vehicle. Mack drove off towards the gate and was left out after giving the same excuse to the other agent at the gate.

The compound faded into the distance still looming on the horizon like a house on haunted hill as th mansion and canopy of trees obscured its image in the rear view mirror. Mack making his way towards the gates of the privileged enclave of "Golden Gates" and preparing his next needle. Though the compound would almost certainly be largely obliterated he would be able to spread the contagion via this vector. He approached the guard and gave his familiar grin saying: "Gotta a mission to go on, had to cut it short at the synagog." The guard came around the partition with a nod and Mack gestures towards him to get his attention: "Wait", he said, "there is something you can do for me", the guard spoke through the bullet proof glass. Mack got out of his vehicle and said: "Let me show you something. I've got it in the trunk." The guard hesited a moment and having extended trust so far to Mack decided he would take a peek. As the guard came towards the rear of the vehicle Mack popped the trunk and, the guard extended his neck to take a peek and Mack blasted him in the back of the head with his gloved fist, dropping him like a sack of potatoes. he extracted one of the needles and injected the guard in the neck. He then placed the guard back in the booth and took out a copy of a porn magazine the guard had placing it over his fat paunch as he reclined in the leather chair. Mack got in his vehicle and drove off away from the place of evil. He wished the explosion would rain down brimstone on the privileged few and teach whatever whites lived around the jews in their shtetel that the reward for racial treason is death.

Mack drove the mossad agent's vehicle towards the light industrial area and disembarked after entering. He had driven around the periphery of the area so as to inspect from a distance whether any police presence exists and observing no-one decided he would take the risk of substituting vehicles. He approached and, as the killings he had perpetrated were still fresh his having been gone for only a little over an hour, observed the coagulating pool of blood spreading out from under the mossad agent. He parked the vehicle and left the door open placing the uzi he had liberated from agent on the ground near his hand to suggest some form of gunplay. He undid the wire that secured his own vehicle and drove it out of the compound replacing the wire and decided to head out when he noticed that a window in the adjacent warehouse was open he hadn't detected before but whose cobwebs indicated it had been open quite some time, the hinges having rusted. He peeked in out of curiosity and observed several crates and green colored metal with yellow industrial looking lettering on it. He approached the window and inspected the warehouse more closely. The dim light of the setting sun had been replaced by the harsh glare of the street lights and this shone dully on the metal crates which had Hebrew and Chinese letters written on them. Mack decided he would take a peek inside and may be pick up some additional items. Since the items inside were almost certainly a valuable cargo he wondered why there were no guards around the premises. Perhaps he had gotten lucky and missed the guards? He thought quickly, taking his silenced Mack-11 out of its shoulder holster and gripping it, was ready for action. He heard a noise inside the warehouse, a flushing of the toilet and checked his military issue wrist watch with its day-glo numbers: 09:45PM. He pressed himself up against the wall and decided he would have to take out whatever occupant of the warehouse was inside else he would undoubtedly be spotted. At that instant he observed some vehicle headlights passing the warehouse district indicating the arrival of another vehicle. Perhaps it was a shift change as the fact that the synagogue had not yet detonated, still another 10 minutes remained before it exploded indicated the vehicles arrival was likely unrelated.

Regardless he prepared his silenced Mac-11 and went around to the front entrance of the warehouse towards which the vehicle was heading and prepared to strike-two birds with one stone. The vehicle pulled in and the headlights were doused with the turning off of the vehicle. The occupant, a slender Chinese dressed in a business suit with naru collar and briefcase exited with a burly body guard of the same ethnicity both of whom made a direct path towards the warehouse door. Mack was at a sufficient remove from the two that he remained concealed behind a set of drain pipes that were stacked to the corner of the building. The Chinese in the business suit knocked in a series of knocks in quick succession presumably a password. The portal of the large door opened at one level and Mack, with his heightened intuition, overheard the exchange.

The guard on the inside asked in Chinese which Mack somehow was able to decipher, his consciousness existing on higher planes able to tap into the akashic records and translate Mandarin into English: "What is the password?", the lean oriental responded in Mandarin "Die white devil." The guard opened up the door with a rattle and allowed the Chinese entry. Mack decided he would follow suit and approached the door and knocked with a series of knock. A period of a half a minute elapsed Mack listening in to the conversation in Mandarin which was exchanged in whispers: "What is that?" the businessman queried: "who is there?" The guard responded: "I do not know-only you were scheduled for this evening", the businessman gestured towards the door: "Go! Do your duty! There had better not be any trouble!" The tone had a menacing quality to it and the guard eventually peeped out of the peephole in suspicion. He encountered nothing but emptiness and shut the sliding panel and locked it: "there is no-one there" he said. The businessman gestured to his bodyguard: "You two go check what is the problem. There is no other Chinese in the town on business that I know of so it might be a trap." The body guard with the security guard leading headed towards the door and Mack waiting outside adjacent to two dumpsters. As the door opened and the two exited in single file the Chinese security

guard dashing out in one direction, the body guard in another both with their guns up, Mack simply waited and observed.

The body guard who was clearly the more skilled of the two went around to the farthest corner of the warehouse his CSGC JS 9mm smg at the ready and , after checking that it was clear rounded the corner while the warehouse guard attempted to work his way along the other side of the building. Mack made his move as he rounded the corner and blasted at the guard from between the two dumpsters taking the guard down who crumpled in a heap, the sound suppressor covering the noise audible only to the other guard. Mack closed his eyes and went into a trance state attempting to discern where the location of the guard was. He perceived through the eyes of the guard the way the guard had come-presumably the guard had been alerted of the sound suppressed fire and decided the unknown assailants were located near the door of the warehouse or in the opposite side towards which he had been heading and this had reversed course to combat the foe. Mack concealed himself again behind the dumpsters and waited for the guard to show himself. The guard exercised cunning and caution and cast some pebbles out from behind the wall attempting to elicit a response. None came and he poked his head slightly around the wall and seeing nothing decided to chance it. The dumpsters were largely concealed behind the drain pipes and Mack observed the guard rubber necking his head on a swivel and CSGC JS 9mm smg at the ready as he dog trotted around the building. As he approached Mack employed a distraction technique of psychic influence that caused the guard to shift his attention outwards towards the road as he moved closer. Mack simply aimed and fired as the guard came crashing down in a heap nearly on top of the other chink. Two down, one to go.

Just then the night sky lit up and the location of the synagog appeared as a lone beacon on in the darkness. Mission accomplished. But Mack had Chinese fish to fry now and no time for kosher gefilte fish-there remained the unknown business man. He went outwards the warehouse and observed a service ladder positioned adjacent to the pipes. He scaled the ladder silently and took a peek into the warehouse from the dirty glass that covered the higher levels above the corrugated steel siding. He observed the man in the suit attempting to peer out the main window his Chinese knock off machine pistol in his hand. Mack took his chance and slithered in through the open windows-he wanted answers from the chink before he sent him to whatever hell his proper destiny was.

Mack walked along the catwalk behind the chink who was positioned below him and dropped down on one of the crates of military hardware. Mack climbed down it and landed on the concrete floor and confronted the Chinese: "Drop it!" the chink spun with a snarl and Mack drilled him in the arm causing him to drop his weapon. The Chink screamed a feral scream and dropped to his knees which slammed into the concrete causing him to fall on his side. He was going to reach for his weapon but Mack kicked it away and said: "Don't bother. I want answers and I'll spare you if you tell me.", he said in Mandarin. The Chinese growled: "Fuck you brown shit!" referring to the arab appearance Mack had garbed himself in. Mack placed the gun to the Chink's head and said: "last chance"-the Chink contemplated on the fly and said: "O.k, O.k-what do you want to know", Mack probed him for the purpose of the warehouse and hardware-what the mission of the Chinese was in Boden. The chink sneered with an evil smirk on his face and said, confident that the apparent arab would sympathize: "got lots of arms to kill white devils-take over town. You participate-we make deal..." The chink trailed off attempting to entice Mack. Mack, a cunning expression coming over his face pretending to go along continued: "who are you working with-anyone else? I have plenty of jihadists who are eager for blood..." he trailed off with a sinister smile on his face apparently making a deal with the chink who looked relieved and who replied: "you let me live? I tell you Truth 100%". Mack nodded his head as if in eagerness and the chink said: "we work with the jews to kill the whites-once no more whites we have total control of land-move here and make great place to live-you come too-yes?" Mack's false smile drained from his

face being replaced by a cold grin: "you're fortune cookie just got baked-it said: 'me so solly!'" as he ripped the chink's face apart with a fusillade of 9mm hollow point rounds peppering the smiling face of the sick man of Asia and leaving nothing but dim sum for whoever would come to clean up the mess. The gangsters having been dispatched Mack decided he would scrounge through the armaments. That he could read the akasha with his heightened intuition enabled him to decipher the Chinese and Hebrew characters,. They read: 'Mortars'; 'Rocket Launchers'; 'Grenades'; 'C-4'; 'CSGC JS'; '9mm ammunition' amongst other labels. He decided he would take a few mortars and a couple of launchers and make his way towards his vehicle once scanning the horizon to determine that the coast was clear.

He drove his black BMW back to his house in the suburb which bordered the forest and farmland that surrounded Boden. As he approached he observed a couple of vehicles appearing to lie in wait and they turned on their high beams putting him in the crosshairs to let him know he was being watched. He rolled up to his garage and hit the button on the automatic opener in his car disregarding the creeping spies who got their jollies playing voyeur against their own race. He understood the self-serving nature of modern whites was such that they would gladly bear witness to the death of their own race in exchange for animal comforts. Like hamsters in a cage they had no regard for freedom or the higher culture of this world. Their value lay in their ability to manufacture posterity in a purely physical organic sense-as to their personality they were merely cannon fodder, expendable units of the racial soul that they all derived their being from.

Whatever punishment they would received must ultimately be relegated to the after life for the gods to straighten them out. Mack would endure their abuse in a stoical manner with detachment adhering to the daoist creed of 'wei wu wei' (acting without acting). He understood that what had become known as the ancient Chinese culture was in reality Aryan in its origin and that the daoist creed was authentically Aryan in its uncontaminated form and had parallels with every other Aryan culture formation. He waited until the garage door had come completely down before he took out the backpack and duffle bag full of arms and moved them into the downstairs basement.

He decided to have a view of the carnage he had created that day and switched on the t.v set to the local news channel. The reporter, this time a female jew had tears coursing down her checks as she stuttered to articulate what had happened: "The devastation...is simply too horrible to describe. It just happened around an hour ago and still we are crying to G-d for answers." The flaming wreckage behind the camera revealed a ruin of concrete and twisted metal with trees ignited like Roman candles on the fourth of July, columns of smoke issuing from the creators that had been the synagogue and the surrounding ruins strewn with bloody corpses and burnt slabs of concrete, the parking lot having been largely turned into scarp metal, vehicles having exploded and lying on their sides in general disarray. The female spoke to a police officer adjacent the same Sgt.Rader who responded to her question: We are at war. We don't know who did this but we have suspicions that it is one of the recent immigrants who was caught on camera masquerading as a mossad...I mean a visiting attache from israel touring town of Boden. The remaining members of the muslim community have been consulted as to what knowledge they have of this tragedy and are working with our officers to assist in solving the crime. Other than this it is too late to tell what has occurred." The Sargent said, with a look of profound sadness mixed with anger on his features.

The jewish reporter thanked him and the camera panned towards the fat jewish security guard who guarded the jewish shtetel. The reporter asked him: "Mr.Rubin, a security guard of the community, was engaged in some brief conversation with the suspect. Mr.Rubin, let us know what transpired between the tow of you before the suspect left the scene." Rubin, his features appearing puffier than before and his face a paler hue presumably the early effects of the Tay Sachs vaccine Mack had injected him with

said: "Thank you Rebeca. I spoke to an arab man who said he was the israeli attache Sgt.Rader alluded to and before he parted from the community he said he wanted to show me something in his trunk. I complied and suddenly lost consciousness-I woke up later in my booth with a porno mag placed over my chest- I didn't know what happened but he was long gone by that time-then, about 20 minutes later the community suffered this horrible occurrence." He, said gesturing around him. Mack turned off the t.v having had enough of the plaintive cries of jewry for the day and decided he would head to the library and commune with the gods before he turned in for the night. He ascended the staircase and made his way to the leather bound volumes and to the yoga mat which was illuminated by the light of the full moon from the skylight above. He closed his eyes as he lay on the mat and focused his concentration on his pineal gland, gateway to the higher planes. he felt himself detach himself from the leaden chains of the jewish matrix and his True self soaring in the heavenly planes beyond the conditions of the world of maya.

Mack awoke the next day and began preparing for the hockey training camp which was scheduled for the next day in Zion City. He gathered up all of his armaments and began wiping off any trace of D.N.A or fingerprints that might have gotten on them ensuring as he did so that he wore a mask to avoid respiring any DNA on them in the process. If the armaments were discovered in the trunk of his vehicle he could always claim they had been planted on him as there was no trace otherwise. He took a wire brush and ran it up and down inside of the barrel and slightly altered the hammers of the guns to further confuse any forensics analysis; although he knew this was not a very effective action it could potentially minimize traces to himself and the ruins he had left behind him in recent weeks should any suspicion fall upon him.

He had packed the arms into military duffle bags and decided he would take one of the bags to Zion City and leave one sequestered in the alcove in his basement. When the day arrived he brought with him in his small BMW a duffle bag containing a mortar launcher and several mortar rounds; C-4 plastique with radio detonator devices; two silenced uzis and two colt .45 automatic pistols. On his person he carried his ancestral hunting knife with its full tang 6" blade of high quality steel that had been forged by his ancestors the founders of Boden. His hockey gear he placed in the back seat and he had obtained a specialized lock which he had affixed to the rear of his car that sealed the trunk in a clandestine manner.

The trip to Zion City was approximately 3 hours and during the ride he listened to an audiobook of Alfred Rosenberg's "The Myth of the 20th Century" who castigated the pernicious Roman Catholic church for its influence upon the ancient Aryan societies of Europe and specifically Germany. The christian had hell to pay as karmic blowback for what they did to the Aryan race throughout the history of that institution of torture and murder: torturing women to death of practicing herbalism and burning them at the stake as recently as two centuries ago, the legacy of the jew had branded itself in the flesh of the Aryan in the form of the torturer's implements. Mack would have his revenge upon the church for what it had done to the Aryan race and its nearly having exterminated whites globally the certain intention of jewry. The jews' slaves the christians would pay for their sins against the white race in blood and their whited sepulchres they called 'holy places' would be taken down burying them in the rubble. That Mack would be in the city for a few months during the hockey camp meant that he would have ample opportunity to tear down the trojan horses, the whited sepulchres of Zion which served as sanctuaries for the foreign invaders..

He was to rendezvous with the other players at the hockey arena where they were staying and then he would head out to the hotel he had booked. He approached Zion City which loomed on the horizon, as a tumor on the earth, its mid-sized sky scrapers reached to heaven like iron talons attempting to tear

down heaven, smokestacks emitting pollution over the area like a sewer of industrial waste blanketing the earth with the waste products of human excess. He compared this monstrous sight to Boden and recalled to mind the scenery of Boden, its forests and farmland and lakes and thought to himself that places such as this were a direct result of the antinatural worldview of christianity and jewish inventors, plaguing the earth with their rapine and greed all justified by an illusory heaven world above access to which required kosher approval through submissive slavery to their invented deity yahweh-jehovah who was represented as the sum total of Being, of course absurdly by jewish anthropomorphism, a simulacrum imposed upon the world of eternal forms as a parasite, a vampire absorbing all of the soul energy of its slaves into itself.

Mack drove according to his memory of the city which he had gone to on hockey tournaments many times before and passed through the seemingly endless rows of suburban box houses protected by concrete walls and surrounded by manicured lawns and well kept streets and sidewalks. Something about the area seemed lifeless, a sanitized world without qualities in which all were reduced to a robotic state of uniformity. He passed by with relief when the industrial area of the downtown presented itself before him the old brick buildings, rusted fences and industrial equipment presented a unique landscape that, in spite of its utilitarian ugliness, seemed to him an intriguing environment in which any number of things could and likely did occur, a pleasant contrast to the uniform artificiality of the suburbs. The industrial area had nothing to hid-it was a ruin of modernity and proclaimed itself such, its naked grime and grit revealing the true inner workings of the city unconcealed of its veneer of country life-the suburban wasteland.

He exited the industrial area and began to travel through the bohemian area and its surrounding commercial area with its looming commercial centers of officer and bars and night clubs. It was just past noon and the downtown area was bustling with the typical categories of who frequented these areas at that time: business people and government workers dressed in three piece suits carrying briefcases and various drug addicts and vagrants hanging around like so many multicolored dogs wandering around for a snack from their affluent slave masters. This was the dynamic of the establishment: parasites who used lower level parasites to justify their power grab and to exclude the potentially threatening petit bourgeois middle class who were slated to be gradually replaced by a hudge podge plurality of non-white ethnics who could serve to disempower the white population and this under all manner of excuses and justifications: temporary foreign workers; refugees; skilled labour, etc. anything to justify their presence in white territory so that the jewish parasite could rule over the mixed multitude and exterminate the white race its greatest competitor and threat for power.

The business people and government parasites who clustered about the downtown being protected by police and military and private security forces with their riff raff they kept on the periphery who themselves were gradually being shunted to the side as they became less needed in proportion to the jews power grab. The increasing police presence and the militarization of the police being justified by the jewish system as a defence against 'crime', against non-white violence, violation of the laws that jews created and indeed against the laws of the cosmos being of a hybridized stock they were of course incapable of harmonizing with the sum total and accordingly manifested a perpetual violence as their natural tendency.

Mack noticed the overly aggressive driving that the citizens displayed particularly in comparison to their diving in relation to themselves and this alerted him to the fact of his gangstalkers having either tailed him to his current location or having against planted in the city to continue their perpetual harassment against himself. He assumed the latter and maintained a state of constant vigilance lest he be T-boned or pushed off the road. At an intersection he observed a jewish female with pink hair

pushing a baby stroller in front of him and from across the street a swarthy looking jew taking a picture of him with the woman in front. He had read in a handbook called "The Hidden Tyranny: State-Sponsored Terror Campaigns" that this was one of the techniques jews used to frame people as a pedophile-taking their photo and compiling a dossier of similar photos then having actual or fake government agents go around to individuals in the community with the dossier and conscript them into spying and those the jews targeted involving themselves in harassment campaigns and ultimately assassinations for those operatives at higher levels who were bound to the cabal through freemasonic ritual initiation and compromise, the entire gangstalking operation was run by the mossad and though what had been introduced in the Nation as 'community policing' and entailed the usage of advanced technology to track, torture and murder those the state deemed undesirables or threats-threats to their tyranny, threats like Mack.

As the jew passed by an other presumed operative of the cabal, a drunken vagrant came up behind and shouted at Mack: "Pedophile! All heads turned towards Mack and the bum who stared obscenely in his face and he simply stared at the lights ahead and waited for them to change. The bum was barely out of the crosswalk when Mack accelerated forcing him to leap off onto the sidewalk and as Mack was moving away the bum attempted to work up some spit in his toothless jaw but only managed to hock a lugee at the luxury auto that passed behind Mack landing on the driver's window causing the owner to break in anger. Mack was gone before the owner had exited to push the vagrant onto the concrete and Mack thought about instant karma, amused at the outcome as he headed towards the arena which was located just off the downtown.

Mack drove up to the arena and observed the large building sprawling over the whole of the block, its concrete bilevel parking lot adjacent and navigated his vehicle towards the entrance where a negro attendant was lounging around reading rap magazine. Mack honked his horn as he drove in to alert the negro of his presence the latter jumped afraid of being caught lazing around and apathetically leaned towards the window in its characteristically nonchalant manner his eyes half shut with a look of egotistical arrogance on his face. Mack paid him the money for parking and moved towards the parking lot where around half of the attendees were congregated, many with their parents, some having come in via bus and others having driven in.

The group looked like they were in condition and nearly all were white save a couple of redskins who had come in from the nearby reserve, a token negro and a couple of jews who were gossiping together as if for self protection from the whites. The negro was with them and as Mack pulled in the negro looked at him with a look of astonishment as if there was something wrong with Mack. He took out his hockey equipment being and walked past them without a look towards a tall nordic looking youth and struck up a conversation. The youth's name tuned out to be Karl Stelling who claimed that his parents had immigrated from Denmark. Mack asked him about his background and what he thought of Zion City and Karl replied that he had and Karl replied that he had never seen any niggers before and that it was a strange experience this land which differed so much from his own whose culture was of a more ancient character. Mack replied that the Americas had once been colonized by whites thousand of years ago and that they had largely been obliterated by the redskin savages who had come over the landbridge from Siberia. The whites had returned a couple of times since then and had attempted to establish civilization but had only succeeded in doing so when they had had more advanced weaponry that allowed them to take down the vastly larger numbers of nonwhites in the territory. He alluded to a book called 'Vinlanders' which covered in great detail the ancient artefacts and presence of the Aryan race in the Nation.

Karl was intrigued by this piece of information and wondered why the Nation had transformed into the cesspool it had. Mack replied in a hushed tone that the jews had infiltrated and had rotted out the society from within through immigration which served them as an instrumental means in the destruction and take down of the white race. Karl said that this seemed a likelihood, he had heard of how the jews had been trying to destroy Germany during the second world war but he had never cared to much to investigate the subject. He was only interested in studying engineering so that he could become an engineer and build an engineering firm. Mack replied that there would be a useful field of study and could be of great benefit as the jewish agenda was global and was their strategy for takeover of the world.

The discussion continued in hushed tones as Mack gave references for Karl to study further and Karl wrote them down for future study. As they were talking Mack observed the jews staring at him with their negro puppet and made a mental note to avoid them if at all possible knowing that any involvement with jews entailed more harm than good owing to their malevolent intentions towards all whites which Mack speculated were a natural proclivity on their part were not a result of any education in the synagog but were a natural, biological pre-dispostion towards an enemy.

Perhaps this was reinforced to a degree by their education but perhaps at a deeper level metaphysically the jews were an entity which posed a threat of hostile intent towards those whose very soul was of a diametrically oppositional structure and this meant a magnetic repulsion existed between Aryan and jew and that it was something irreconcilable, insuperable. The image of the blue eyed, blonde haired Aryan and the black eyed, black haired jew well illustrated the stark contrast between the two groups. As Mack was conversing with Karl another vehicle pulled up blue minivan which belonged to Christian's father the pastor of "Christ King Mission Church" in Golden Gates. The two disembarked after pulling in ostentatiously avoiding any involvement with Mack and the pastor deposited his on Christian Humble adjacent to the two jews as their organ grinder's monkey. Christian approached the two jews with an artificial smile on his face and shook their hands and that of the negro and fell into discussion with them looking periodically over their shoulders at Mack and Karl. Mack informed Karl about christian and how he had made a nasty comments about his father's death with Simon the jew and told Karl in a louder voice that Simon had also been killed in some form of gang related bombing. This caught christians' attention and the latter stared furiously at Mack with his fanatical gaze eyes bugging out with hostility towards one who would 'curse' his jewish master.

After as short time a Cadillac pulled up and out of it stepped a Mack whose square jaw and taciturn features marked him as Ron Berry the hockey coach who was the entrepreneur who put on the hockey school aptly named: "Berry's School of Hard Knocks", the muscular man walked briskly towards the gathered throng and said before Christian's father had a chance to step towards him and shake his hand: "Listen up Puck!" he said with the stentorian voice of a drill instructor: "You're nothing but meat here and I'm the hammer that going to tenderize you before I fry you up on the grill!" the boys stared at their new coach with a look of respect on their faces. "You punks are gonna work and I mean work-this isn't going to be any burger flipper job-you won't have any grease on your pimply faces once you get started here-only blood!" The pastor looked with cowed hostility at the alpha male, his pinched features belying his jealousy for the superlative machismo of the coach. The coach made all of the parties introduce themselves and just as the players had nearly announced all of their names a vehicle pulled up, a pick up truck which Mack recognized as containing Donny Macdonald who got out under the angry stare of the coach.

Donny waved sheepishly to the crowd of onlookers and Mack nodded to him. The coach screamed: "Get down on the ground and give me 50 pushups-now!" Donny dropped to the ground and expertly



banged out 50 pushups as the coach stood over him and, as Donny began to gas out, the coach pushed him down into the ground shouting: "20 more-come on! 20 more! What are you a pussy!" The mother of Donny looked on in horror as her raggedly Andy doll was thrown around the parking lot as a mere puppet in the hands of the coach. The two parents clustered together whispering to one another as if in consultation as Donny carried out his actions. The two parents clustered together whispering to one another as if in consultation as Donny carried out his actions. Berry turned to them and shouted at: 'your children belong to me now! Come back when the summer's over!' He then barked at Donny to pick up his equipment and cart it over to the group in effect separating him from his past, his sheltered life with his parental units. The boys saw the coach conferring to the two parents who, hesitating, left with a wave and suddenly the parking lot stood out in the minds of most of the recruits as an ominous testing ground upon which their masculinity would be subject to trial, a rite of passage into manhood. The training sessions were scheduled for eight hours a day from Monday to Saturday with Sunday's off. Mack looked over the curriculum from the school and observed the detailed and complex drills and skirmishes and owing to the reputation of the coach which had global reach anticipated that the training would be the best way to ensure his success in the big leagues. He introduced Donny to Karl and the three of them formed a trio of sorts. Mack had previously filled Donny in on the books of national socialism and racialism and the two were both proponents of the values necessary to carry forward an Aryan victory and to combat the enemy.

The three had decided to get rooms in the same hotel a few blocks away from the arena so that they could be within easy access of the facility. Mack insisted that he liked to sleep alone and made of point of having his own room and the others followed suit not having an interest in pooling the resources as Karl was of an affluent background and Donny had saved enough money over the holidays shovelling snow to enable him to support himself during the summer months.

Mack wanted to ensure that he kept himself separate so that he could conduct strikes at night on the targets he deemed the greatest threat to the white race. While in town he hoped he could also discover some connections to any pro-white organizations that might serve as a connection for him to get his foot in the door of the inner sanctum of white power, perhaps, he speculated, there were parties behind the scenes who were affluent and powerful persons who could finance the revolt against the jew world order of debased modernity. He had to feel out all of his options and extend the scope of his power as much as possible so that the white race could survive-the enemy was powerful and he had to match and overcome their power level. This he couldn't do in any head on attack of course but he could assist in the undermining of society to a sufficient extent that he struck mortal blows.

The war of the flea entailed the destruction of Leviathan through enumerable strikes that would bring the creature down. That night he parted ways with Karl and Donny who were engaged in playing out probable scenarios in the realm of the good ol hockey game. Mack had another game to play and he intended to start that night.

The hotel he had first telephoned had booked him in and then cancelled on the day he was scheduled to arrive giving some flimsy excuse and he had detected a tone of sneering falsehood when it was given, the accent having been that of an East Indian or an arab he couldn't tell which. He decided that he would pay a visit to the hotel which was called "The Oasis" and looking through the phone book he observed the advertisement a neon sign with a winking camel and a palm tree and pool of water. The proprietor also had their image visible which was that of a grinning dark skinned southeast asian, some form of Pakistani or similar type. He would ensure that the oasis transformed from an an oasis of aqua vitae and became an oasis of a more sanguinous liquid. He would ensure he sent a message to savages that neither their manipulation nor themselves would be tolerated. Opening up his duffle bag he

decided he would go in a clandestine mission. Zion City was notorious for its drug wars and the major players were the Chinese Snake gang and the muslim Assassins, the latter being named after the founder of the ismaili murder cult the assassins of Hassan Saba. The two gangs had been warring with one another for a long while ever since the arabs had been brought in after the chinks, the typical thin and of the wedge technique of jewry: first, bring in an apparently benign group of slant eyes then add more feral biology to the mix for the creation of an ethnic chaos under whatever cover: cultural; religious, etc. and deny the whites a means to protect themselves through the threat of imprisonment or assassination by police and military forces. Mack surmised that, like most non-white businesses they served as a cover for drug trafficking as a means of legitimizing the power grab of non-whites. Mack was determined to sever the greedy brown and yellow hands at the wrist. He was no christian looked to give little love taps on the wrist of these savage hordes-he would send them a message. This message would in an amusing little wrapping however and that was the appearance of a Chinese gangland hit against a rival foe. Mack had brought with him a container of costume face paint, a canister of spray tan and a variety of costumes that might come in handy in confusing the police and whatever other interested party happened to take a view of the camera of "The Oasis" after the strike.

He went to the mirror and carefully observed himself as he made himself up in the costume of a Chinese gang banger. The skin dye he used was made from turmeric and other substances and gave him a brownish-yellow dirty skin tone characteristic of the lower type of Chinese who had been imported into the town and which formed the constituency of the Snake gang. He dressed himself up in a pair of shades and put on his doo rag and prepared to walk the distance from the hotel to "The Oasis" and pay a visit to the arabs who owned it. His weapon of choice for the strike was a made in China hunting knife and synthetic sheath with blue-black blade and synthetic handle and a silenced Chinese made JS9 smg with additional extended box magazines that he had obtained from the warehouse. He would spill some blood into The Oasis that night and leave a couple camel faces with Chinese coins on their eyes to signify his presence, If they were lucky he would even leave a fortune cookie or a lucky cat statue if he could find one on his way.

Mack made his way out of his room by the entrance into the hotel knowing there were no cameras along the hallway. To take extra precautions in the event he might be seen he had draped himself in a dark green coloured windbreaker and a rainhat of the same colour so that his features were completely obscured. He walked down the stairs in the middle of the hall and went out the rear entrance walking along the building to conceal himself and made his way along a row of bushes sheltered from any cameras by the treetop canopy that grew along the perimeter of the road which bordered the hotel. He went into a fast food restaurant, in the front entrance, and pretended to go to the washroom, running the taps to conceal the lack of noise then exited via the rear and out onto the side-street which paralleled the main strip along which "The Oasis" was situated. He ducked into an alley behind the dumpsters adjacent to "The Oasis" and stowed his rain gear behind a dumpster in a plastic garbage bag he had brought with him and appeared in his Chinese Snake gang costume, the red bandana and red jogging pants and red sport jacket concealing his silenced smg and hunting knife. It was go time.

Mack headed towards the hotel/motel with a swaggering strut to his walk which he had observed the Snake gang adopt in previous encounters with them when eating at a dim sum restaurant in China town, the trojan horse area of the city. Mack decided to get the drop on the arab Paki in the hotel and come in via the rear entrance, the door which led to the office and adjacent hallway. He observed in the bushes one of the patrons approaching to scan their proximity card to enable them entry and lept into action extracting his Chinese knock off hunting knife with its blue-black blade and punched the patron in the neck severing his spinal cord. The fat old white guy collapsed the blood trickling down his neck onto his shirt which bore the caption: "I stand with Israel". Mack would have let the baby boomer go but for

this slight against his ancestors and their destruction of their own people over the past two millenia. The zionist lay dead, the whites of his eyes reflecting the glare of the security light above him as if it were the technological go jehovah come to sweep him off his feet in cruel irony. "Steel you hear to pity" Mack thought and stuffed his body behind the radiator that cooled the Pakis at the front desk and made his way in thrusting open the door after he scanned it with his newly appropriated prox card.

The Paki sitting at the desk had a beard and a turban on his head, a blue colored turban which connoted his gang affiliation with the assassin gang, one down two to go-Mack met the glazed eyes of the Paki as the latter turned around to greet the customer with the barrel of his silenced JS9 smg -the stutter gun emitting a yellow flame of death-the perfect image of egregious violence for the camera that would infuriate the assassin gang and spark off a gang war. The body slumped in its leather backed chair, blood oozing from the holes in the Paki's face and out of his mouth adding insult to injury-perfect cinematography to fuel the flames of hatred between the rival gangs.

He knew there would be more Pakis on the scene and wasn't disappointed when he observed a look-a-like pop out of the office backroom with a scorpion machine pistol beginning to acquire a target and yet -too little too late-Mack fired off a fully automatic burst into his midsection staining his three piece suit with crimson liquor that erupted like a sprinkler soaking his silks and the exotic Persian rug which carpeted the floor. Using his gloved hands he thrust the body back into the office and wheeled the cadaver on its chair, subsequently closing the door behind him, careful to ensure that there were no blood stains visible to any patrons or family relations who might come around. He glanced at the cameras and thus far all was silent. In the corner of his eye he caught the safe which he had anticipated would be in the corner and went over to look at it. This would further anger the gang as this undoubtedly was the money laundering front behind which the gang concealed its operations.

Mack had done due diligence in researching safe cracking and expertly took out a stethoscope placing the delicate instruments cup against the mammoth steel structure and, twisting the dial first one way and then another eventually heard a click sound and felt resistance. After 5 minutes of this he puzzled out the combination and twisting the wheel that opened the safe heard a cracking sound as the vault revealed its contents pulling the heavy door open revealing stacks of laundered money and several bags of gemstones authenticated by professionals the cards displayed.

He gathered up a back pack from the nearby desk and, emptying it of its contents began stuffing the bag with the commodities that would be of use to him in his activities should he get a chance to meet up with any fellow pro-white or should he have to do it all himself from scratch. He zipped up the treasure and added the scorpion submachine pistol and additional extended box magazines into the first pouch of the bag then decided he would drop the bag in one of the black ponchos that was designated or hotel security flipping it around so that the letters were visible-another means of losing a trace. He was all packed up and ready to go when he heard a knock on the door followed by an aggressive sounding voice in a language specific to Pakistan. His higher intuition enabled him to read the akashic records at higher places and he deciphered the words translating them into meaning in his mind.

He spoke, affecting the accent of a Paki: "What do you want brother?" the voice replied: "Quit jerking off and come out-we've got business to discuss." Mack replied: "One minute sahib." he looked through the peephole and observes three Pakis in blue turbans and blue jogging shorts with gaudy jewellery and wife beater shirts. Mack strategized as to how he could take them out without getting blasted and decided on a forward approach. He turned the lock silently as the Pakis were jabbering to one another and suddenly the door flew open the astonished Pakis receiving a hailstorm of lead fury, the JS9 smg raking at them and bursting their flesh suits in sanguine mist as the hollow points peppered their forms

like a meat tenderizer. One of the Pakis stood standing a round embedding itself in his legs the JS9 smg dry fired on empty the brass casings having piled up on the floor. The banger gabbled for his glock and, before he could get it out of his waistband Mack had his knife out and drove it into his heart instantly killing him his body sinking to the floor. Returning to the office he grabbed up his sack and took the glocks from the bangers and went out the way he came in.

He raced down the alley where he had stashed his raingear and, tossing his garments in the dumpster he took out some flammable light fluid and doused. The clothes with it lighting a rag with a lighter and tossing it in. He put on his raincoat and hat and moved off in an indirect line towards his hotel finding another dumpster to discard the JS9 smg and knife in thereby losing all trace to himself as the perpetrator. He returned to the hotel via the back door and entered having laced a stick inside to keep the door propped open so that he wouldn't have any trace to himself using his proximity card. He placed his raincoat and hat in the laundry flipping it inside out to eliminate D.N.A traces and set the wash cycle. Once the wash cycle was complete using his latex gloves he placed the rain clothes in a bag and placed this bag in a larger garbage and put it down the garbage chute of the main hallway. Back at the hotel Mack was deep in meditation. The images of the past few months flitted past his vision, images of the perpetual harassment by agents, of the pain and suffering of his parents and of Olga, her young warm body horribly mutilated by the jewish devil who he had annihilated in a volley of lead death sending him to his Saturnian god Jehovah. The images he shoved aside replacing them with blackness going into a state of 'wu shin', of no-mindedness. He focused on his third eye and every time images came into his perceptual field or thoughts and half thoughts he blacked them out having them disappear into the void focusing on void meditation. He felt his pineal gland increase in activity concentrating energy into the third eye center. After thirty minutes he came gradually out of his trance and contemplated his photo of Adolf Hitler who Miguel Serrano had called 'The last avatar of Vishnu' before the last avatar Kalki came and destroyed the evil horde of this world. He intended to join with Odin and his Wildes Heer, his Einherjar in Valhalla and understood that this was the only way out of this matrix of the Demiurge, breaking on "through to the other side" as Jim Morrison, himself a victim of Mossad assassination, had said.

Mack contemplated his next strike and decided he would take a scan through the complimentary jews' paper that was placed in the hotel room. Opening it he observed the usual fare of shock jock rhetoric and sensationalism that constituted the fare that the broad masses consumed as so much garbage. Part way through he observed a mid sized article which proclaimed: "Sacred Heart Church welcomes refugees", the picture showed a group of whites with false smiles that covered their hostile look of judgment and a group of negro children with shit eating grins staring at the camera and the text went on to give details as to the location of the church and when it would hold its 'mass' of garbage.

Mack made a note that it was for the following Sunday and developed a rough plan in his mind as to how he might take care of business. The church as had been the synagog was located in an affluent area called Rose Dell and sequestered behind wrought iron gates as had been the trojan horse of jewry.

Mack filed away that information in his memory leaving no notes or plans however rough which might allow people to trace any actions to him. He prepared once completed to sleep. He slept on the table to avoid any potential bed bugs and to avoid having any electromagnetic fields transmitted into him via the cell towers. He knew the coil mattresses were designed with malice aforethought to transmit the signals from cell towers into the aura and modify its frequency and the frequencies of the brain, implanting subliminal thought into what the jewish oligarchs contemptuously called 'the goyim', the cattle as they referred to non-jews. This was yet another means the demon seed had of programming their slave, inculcating into their consciousness whatever mind program that would support their

agenda and quicken the coming of themselves as the messiah, the despotic rulers of the earth. Mack lay down on a couple of woolen blankets he had brought, his head pointed to towards the North and surrounded himself with high powered neodymium magnets facing North to South to generate a large electromagnetic field around his person to protect him from any of the harmful radiations given off by the agents of the cabal. His aura was powerful enough however to buffer most negative radiations but the magnets assisted in generation healing magnetism that assisted him in recouping his energies for the coming day.

The next day he met with Karl and Donny for an early morning breakfast. They were due at the rink at 0700AM and they woke at 0600AM. They had a fruit plate and some Balkan style yoghurt and prepared their gear and to head out towards the rink. Donny made reference to the gangland shooting that had occurred the other night and Mack commented: "Par for the course-thats the nigger nature for you-when they were allowed to act up they show their true colours." Karl said as they watched the news in Donny's room. "Lots of rich niggers in this country": between mouthfuls: "Never enough for a greedy savage." Donny observed how the Chinese were probably the most likely to take over the drug trade and to partner with the jews in destroying white society. "They are already", Mack said, "China is the biggest ally of israel outside of our Nation and its affiliates who as you know are controlled by the kikes from behind the scenes-they have been in China those kikes since before Marco Polo and have been working with them to poison us and exterminate us since the beginning.

Some speculate the plague rats that were allowed into the cities of Europe by Jacob Frank and his Frankist followers came from China which killed one third of all people in Europe. This time we won't let them destroy us-it is a do or die situation-either they go or we go, there is no alternative as they have forced themselves on us and we have no recourse. I look upon this as a good thing however, a challenge that only an Aryan warrior can meet!"

When they were finished they headed towards the arena taking Karl's truck. "If I can make the big leagues I'll be set-no need to study engineering", Karl declared. "I can use the money to fund our activities." Mack responded: "my plan exactly"" and Donny echoed: "Me too-we'll all have more than enough funds to build a network and prepare to take over this town completely and from there we can radiate outwards buying up land in surrounding areas and spreading ourselves over a region large enough that no one can stop us." Mack added: "Once we get big enough in the underground and conscript enough military members and police onto our side we can effect a coordinated strike on military bases and take them over. Once we have the bases we can take whole territories, then whole countries, continents-the world. As George Lincoln Rockwell's his book "This Time the World" says it all. "Rahowa! This Planet is All ours!" Donny added.

They pulled up in the arena and observed as several of the other vehicles filtered in. The lazy negro was again in attendance and was conferring with another parking lot attendant, a Philipino, as they made their shift change. Mack drove up to them and they pointedly ignored him observing out of the corner of their eyes that he was a white male youth in a pickup truck, demonstrating their sense of superiority the Philipino ostentatiously holding their university business textbook and the negro looking at his cellular phone. Mack honked his vehicle but they didn't respond and he accelerated moving towards them striking fear into the black hearts, fear for the white man and his juju magic, his unpredictable mind which they could only asperse as 'demonic' and 'devilish' as means of inflating their egos in self righteous judgment. Mack was accustomed to this form of treatment and had come to understand that only fear and the prospect of material advantage or power had any appeal to the non-whites-the golden carrot and the iron stick were the only means to tame the savage beasts of the field. The Philipino opened the gate after Mack handed him the money and the two entered the arena's grounds.

The dressing room was an ultramodern structure with erasable marker boards upon which Ron Berry drew circles, lines, x's and o's and various other symbols on the board while he barked out instructions. Karl, Mack and Donny occupied one section of the room and the two jews and their nigger along with Christian Humble occupied the other, mutual antipathy based upon sympathetic resonance repelling them from one another, the children of light, the Aryan, and the children of darkness the jewish 'anti-race' race, the mongrel savages and their beastmen negros and judaized gentile Christian Humble, the eternal race traitor.

Ron spoke: "Today we're gonna break off into teams-black and white." He said looking first at the jewish corner and last at the Aryan. His steel blue eyes fell upon Mack and the latter gathered that the coach was a sympathizer and understood the metaphysics of race, the principles of good and evil quite well. One of the jews would serve as a goalie on the opposite team and he on the other while the rest of the players would be assigned their respective team at random as the coach alternated in his selecting, going from one end of the room to the other: "Black, White, Black, White, etc."until the two teams of six with alternates were selected.

The game began some minuted later after a warm-up on the ice-a preliminary skirmish which would enable the coach to assess the skill level of the players. The coach had a referee and two linesmen who were affiliated with his school that also served as assistance coaches and the referee dropped the puck with a whistle in the faceoff area, the two opposing sides separated with black and white uniforms scrambled for possession of the puck. Mack positioned himself at the edge of his crease and observed the action through his skull mask. The puck was sent around the boards at the other end and the goalie lifted it over the heads of the white center and wingman; passed the center line and it was taken up by one of the jews as his negro slave battered the other white wingman Donny into the boards taking him down with bestial rage and hunting for the next targets. The jew managed to check around Karl who was playing often and suddenly there were only two on one favoring the black team, Christian Humble and his jewish master against the remaining defenseman. Mack steadied himself in the crease and began to fall backwards his glove up and ready as the jew body checked by the defenseman crashed to the ice the puck being picked up by Christian Humble who had a breakaway against Mack. Christian attempted to feint to the left but Mack had already anticipated his play and remained steady in his crease as Christian careened towards him attempting a backhand. Mack gloved the puck as it sailed towards the net and, seeing that he had failed Christian attempted to crash the net and given their relative weight discrepancy sent Mack crashing into the net falling on top of him the puck going into the net with Mack and knocking it off its posts. The referee blew his whistle and Mack observed the coach angrily staring at the scene, Christian whispered in a hostile way: "What concourse hath christ with belial!" and Mack stared into his eyes causing him to blink and look away. As he did so Karl came up from behind and slammed into him as he attempted to get up. Christian slipped on the ice and pretended he was hurt while the referee blew the whistle furiously separating Karl for the devious zealot.

Karl was sent to the penalty box and Mack raised his arm from the ice in a cover Roman salute which Karl reciprocated with a raising of his glove. The referee looked with scorn at Christian and sniffed the latter feigning injury. Mack tossed the puck to the referee who scooped it up and Donny came over and spat near Christian in contempt as the latter, understanding his game was seen through and limped away.

The next faceoff was taken and the puck made its way to the other end of the rink the center and Donny exchanging the puck, confusing the jew in goal who dived at the oncoming player attempting to poke check the puck and succeeding only in tripping up the center who crashed to the ice slamming his knee

into its surface. Simultaneously Donny slapped at the puck and it went into the net, The center attempted to rise but his knee had been injured and he limped off towards the boards.

The referee had blown his whistle and sent the jewish goaltender to the penalty box with Christian to be replaced by another backup goalie. the game progressed and continued in the a similar vein with the remaining jew and his negro thug seeming to taint the team with their negative resonance blackening the character of the team and transforming it into and collective of evil. Perhaps the soul of the jews, of their negro and of their shabbos goy judaized gentiles. The dark spectre of the evil horde transmitted itself to the other players with whom they were allied and made of them pawns in their group-or perhaps it would be best to say pawns in the game of the entities who controlled them.

Mack finished the game with a win and Ron Berry called all of the players into the center of the rink for a recap of the day's events. He said: "Good job guys lots of hustle today. What we can't-" he said emphasizing the word and directing his attention towards the jews and Christian who huddled together with theatrical looks of innocence on their features" tolerate is dishonourable behaviour. I'm keeping a record of all of your performances and will continue to do so throughout the school. Some of you will pass-others fail. Some of you", he again looked towards Christian and his kike team mates: "May not even be here at that time."

The group eventually broke up and headed towards the change room. The coach had disappeared to confer with his assistants and to draft up criticisms of the players and tips to improve upon while the youth changed into their "Berry's School of Hard Knocks" t-shirts and shorts which they were obligated to wear throughout as a means of creating a sense of identity and as a rite of passage to sever then from their previous way of life as high school student. The members had all graduate from high school and were undergoing a shift in consciousness that Ron Berry' school was designed to facilitate in addition to facilitate the transition of competent youth into the big leagues. As the group began to filter out the coach appeared from the adjacent room and motioned to Mack, Donny and Karl to come into his room.

The three followed him inside and making sure all of the other players were gone out of eye and earshot and closed the door saying in a serious tone: "What do you three think about you opponents' actions today?": Karl piped up: "dirty fighters." Berry looked with approval at Karl and asked the two remaining who gave similar responses occurring with Karl. Berry continued and said: "I'm going out on a limb here in saying this, and it will sound strange, but what we say today goes deeper than that particular situation-it has been going on for a long time in our world-beyond this time and this place."

Mack asked: "You mean a war between good and evil?" Berry responded with a grave look of appreciation: "I would use the terms order and chaos. You see -and I don't want any of this information I am going to tell you to leave this room-the four black players I designated black for a reason-they are the chaos of the earth which their behaviour reflects as we all agree. The larger issues you may or may not know of-is that they serve an agenda that serves chaos. Beyond that I can't tell you but what I can tell you is that it is the jewdeo christina religion and its originators who are the chaos of this earth." Karl again volunteered: "You mean the jews and their slaves the christians?" Berry put on a look of bemused shock and said: "Bang! You got me! But don't let anyone know." He paused a moment: "I just wanted to take you three aside as I can see you are awoke to the realities of this world and to invite you to attend a meeting that I and a few others will be having this weekend and Sunday. We are called the Nationalist Front." He handed them a card and at that moment a knock on the door interrupted them and Berry held up a finger to his mouth to indicate that no discussion of the topic was to continue or any reference made to the conversation. He opened the door and one of his assistants was there saying

he needed to discuss matters with Berry. Berry then nodded to the boys and said as he departed: "Keep your stick on the ice."

Sunday came around and the trio made their way in Karl's pickup truck towards a location that the coach had given them in the heart of the downtown, an old stone building that had been a clubhouse for the German league during the early 1900s and which had served a similar purpose as the headquarters for the Nationalist Front. Travelling in that direction Mack informed his two other comrades about the cabal's gangtalking operations which were run through 'community policing' as they aggressively drove through traffic which attempted to crowd them and push them off the road, intercept them as they crossed intersections and cut them off during turns. Most of the vehicle occupants were wearing sunglasses and some of them had dogs hanging their heads out of windows as they passed by, one of the neurolinguistic programming 'anchors' that served as a signifier they were being tracked and spied upon by the cabal.

Mack filled the two in on the details of his research and referenced a few publications on the topic by a researcher named Tim Rifat and how the entire operations entailed the chipping of targets with R.F.I.D chips so they could be tracked via satellite and the deliberate torture of subject through no-touch torture tactics, poison of food and water and the deployment of directed energy weapons such as masers to perform cruel and unusual experimentation on otherwise innocent members of the public which ultimately end up in the clandestine assassination of the targets. Donny interjected: "So that's why I keep getting woken up during the night and having noise going on around me all of the time.-the damn kikes deserve death-I can't wait to bring them to the grave!" Karl added: "Yeah the jews are always dragging their demon seed around me and bumping into me on the streets." Mack commented: "That's the way they have of framing people as pedophiles or 'baby killers'-they know that any normal person-excluding themselves of course as they are perpetrators of these crimes-would attack or oppose to the fullest extent of what is permitted by the laws of their despotism, anyone who can be convincingly shown to their goyim as capable of deeds that only jews and their cronies perpetrate. This is the way they have of isolating people from society just as they did in the middle ages under the despotism of the Catholic church and its 'witch hunts', etc. They psychopath jews never change their tactics-" Karl gritted his teeth in anger: "Fucking kikes! Projecting their own sickness on me." Mack stated: "We only have so much time in life-once the kikes know you are aware of them they will go into feral mode to tear you down and conscript the whole of their mind controlled slaves to assist them in the process. We only have so much time on this earth to carry out whatever operations we can use against the system and by all means necessary legal or illegal." Donny declared: "The system's gotta come down or we'll be brought down with it. There is no alternative choice. Either it goes or we go." "And the only way it will go is if those who control it go. Soft targets are the major arteries of the system and sometimes the only way to get to them is through hard targets. Both can be equally valuable-it just depends on tactics." Karl said: "Here we are just a couple of high school graduates who wanted to make the big leagues and now-" "And now like it or not, according to the system we're domestic terrorists. Anyone having a regard for white people and their culture, anyone affirming that white people exist is considered either a terrorist or affiliated with terrorists and thus a terrorist. There is no baking out only moving forward-to victory or Valhalla."

They pulled into the parking lot of the old stone building. A few vehicles were parked there mostly those of an inexpensive variety-pickup trucks, respectable middle class four door vehicles-but there were others as well that suggested a higher calibre of class-a couple of luxury autos of the more stately variety. Pulling in Mack observed a figure sitting in a car on the other side of the street wearing sunglasses his hooked nose pointing downwards towards his notepad looking up furtively as he scribbled the licence plate number of Donny's truck on the pad and made record of the two jotting



down particulars. He then took out a camera and took a photo of the three. Karl wanted to go and charge him but Mack cautioned that his actions were plausibly deniable and that they would be charged with assault or intimidation and that it was already known who they were to the cabal so it would be at best a pyrrhic victory. "We have bigger fish to fry", Mack said, "Once we fry the bigger fish all of the little fish who supported them can be fired next."

The two disembarked and made their way towards the Nationalist Front's headquarters, the wrought iron fences which ringed it round were tall enough to shut out any gawkers or saboteur's and the iron gate have an electronic intercom protected by an enclosure of bullet proof glass with a lockable sliding compartment that was open and allowed access to the intercom button a few small holes had been drilled to allow verbal communication. Mack pressed the button through the tiny hole with a pen and he heard the crackle of static amidst a background of indeterminate noise: "Yes?" Mack responded: "We're here from the school of Hard Knocks to pay to visit." The gruff voice responded: "Ok." The gate lock was popped open and here was electronic buzzing ground as the three filtered into the compound.

A German shepherd dog ran up barking to meet them apparently having been lying in wait amidst the bushes and Mack who had always had an intuitive rapport with animals communicated in wordless communication towards it and it ceased to bark and began wagging its tail. Mack stroked his fur with his leather gloved hand and the dog followed them towards the entrance. The stout wooden door with worn riveted boards sunk into the stone and concrete doorway opened outwards and a rugged older man with an iron grey high and tight hair cut greeted them, his features wrinkled though nevertheless having a vitality about them, his blue grey eyes twinkling as he looked at the youth: "Come in", he said and looked past them towards the Jew who was still spying on them in his vehicle."You're in the crosshairs now..." The trio went inside as the man shut the door. He faced them and shook their hands introducing himself: "Name's Buckley, Willis Buckley-I'm an old hand at this game." He spoke briefly about his career in naval intelligence and how he had been given a dishonourable discharge for refusing to be silent about the Jews and their power. He had then formed the National League and its publishing wing "Nationalist Guard Publishing" and had been instrumental in spreading the message of white survival globally. He then asked them about their background and they gave a brief synopsis of their high school life history Mack of course omitting his activism though not the assassinations of his mother, father and girlfriend.

The old man grew angry at that and spat out: "God damn those kikes! They'll pay soon enough for what they've done-we've got plans and we're gonna implement them soon enough." Mack replied: "Count me in." "Me too", Donny added. "Me three", said Karl. Willis Buckley smiled and said: "Good! Good to hear it-we'll need young blood to draw the black blood of the Jewish demons!" He motioned them towards the tables whereon congregated the remaining members of the Nationalist Front, approximately 25 members in all were engrossed in conversation and failed to notice the youth who had just arrived. The hall was an expansive place with a stage and podium at one end and at the other stood the new arrivals taking in the scenery, the old plaques and framed photos of heroes of the white race, the walls festooned with antiquaries from firearms to swords to insignia and flags connote of the race in its various guises at different times and places.

The old man expanded his chest putting his hands to his mouth and barked: "Attention! We've got newcomers here!" the heads of the members turned towards them and stared out with expressions of curiosity mixed with suspicion and in some a look of hope for the future. Willis made the introductions and after everyone had been introduced he took a seat with 'the lads' as he called them and called a drink. As short time later a middle aged blonde woman arrived with a tray of fruit juice for the three and they drank their drinks and sat on the leatherbacked chairs made of stout cherry wood and

answered questions as the members which had an interrogative undertone about them. To Mack's mind that was a sign of legitimacy as anyone involved in legitimate activism that was largely considered illegal by the Jewish police state almost certainly would have their reasonable suspicions about newcomers. Ron Berry congratulated the trio on their performance and commented on that of the Jews and their Christian and Negro slave "Those fools will not make the big leagues-count on it. If they don't get themselves thrown out of school before it's over they will pass on into whatever other racket is their customary trade: drug or organ trafficking behind the facade of preachers or businessmen or gamble on the stock market as accountants or insurance salesmen.-the typical dirty business of kikes and their affiliates."

The group went on to discuss the upcoming activities of the league making sure to inform the youth of their mode of operations;"we have an above ground" said one of the older men, "and below ground." Rallies and demonstrations are for the above ground and other activities are far below the radar of the system and its spy network." Mack pricked up his ears upon hearing of an underground assuming that it was the hardside activism he had been steeped in himself and which he knew was necessary in order to ensure the survival of the white race. He asked the man whose nickname was 'bones' owing to his gaunt features and lanky form what the below ground activism consisted of. The man hesitated a minute before replying the other members becoming a little uncomfortable and trepidatious as if it were a needless risk to divulge this information to the youth who, though apparently fiery fanatics could just as easily become fiery fanatics on the opposite side tomorrow as far as they knew owing to the superficiality and lack of maturity of youth. Bones spoke: "If you get along with the league we'll introduce you to some of the hardside members. However this easily in the game we can only let you know that they are distantly reminiscent of the Freikorps of Germany during the interwar years or the Croatian Ustasha or the Romanian Iron Guard of Corneliu Codreanu." Mack responded: "I've researched those subjects and familiar with them-more so that I can comment on", he added cryptically alluding to his activities of late.

Bones and the rest of the crew looked curiously at Mack and Bones then switched the conversation towards the upcoming rally the league was going to have during the course of the next two months. The fall season was coming up and the rally was designed to be appealing to the students who would be attending the Zion Academy, the prestigious university that had a disproportionate number of Jews in attendance. The boys were invited but Bones put for the proviso: "Maybe it would be better for you not to be seen at the rally...any publicity you receive would potentially ruin your career options in involvement with the big leagues. You could probably be of greater assistance to the Nationalist Front as a sponsor at least before things get really hot-the front could always use funding and the salary of a professional sportsman would give us a boost in leaps and bound towards our goals."

The boys realized the truth of what he said and decided it would be best to absent themselves from attendance at any rally and would do their best to achieve success in the big leagues. Berry interjected: "What you can do is assist with the publishing angle of the league: we need help in writing articles, editing and other duties that could be of benefit-we have an opening for two people but they would have to relocate to the city." Karl said he had to attend engineering courses at Zion academy and that he was too busy to assist. Mack and Donny volunteered and they were set to begin after the school of Hard Knocks was due to finish in the next two months before the academic year began.

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uring the course of the evening meal which consisted of Traditional European fare, boiled fish with potatoes and steamed vegetables drenched in a sauce. Bones attempted to probe Mack regarding the hardside of activism and his knowledge of the Freikorps. Mack related that he had read a few works such as Louis Beam's "Essays of a Klansman" and a newspaper entitled: "The Nationalist Observer" by

Alex Curtis as well as other stories by David Lane "K.D. Rebel" and O.T Gunnarson "Hear the Cradle Song" and that this seemed to him the only way forward. Bones' features already bore the mark of austerity but appeared even more grave as he expressed his agreement: "at some point that will be a necessity-until then we can only prepare ourselves and by many people of quality we can reach with our message and send them in that direction, a direction that will be, if I could venture a prediction though I am no prophet, an inevitability. But outside of your theoretical understanding", he lowered his voice "perhaps you are acquainted with the hard knocks of life?" Mack returned his gaze and nodded discretely. Bones continued: "Why don't you come back to the office now that you're done with your email-we can talk there." Donny and Karl were engrossed in conversation with the league members discussing the gangstalking which plagued Zion City.

Bones got up and gestured to Mack to follow who did, the former leading them along the rows of benches towards the back office area which was positioned at a slight elevation from the rest of the room and which had one way glass and was sound-proofed. Bones spoke: "We check this room daily for bugs so there is no need to worry about people listening. You don't need to tell me about your activities as I can infer from the information I have received in our underground what you've been up to. Good work, yes. This is exactly the kind of operations we're speaking of. I had to vet you in person in order to make my decision regarding you. I am interested in passing you on to others who do indeed occupy 'the hard side of activism'. "Are you interested?" "Yes", Mack replied. "It appears to be your destiny" Bones reflected.

Bones continued: "We have a few organizational lawyers that are unrelated officially thus cutting out a trace. These organizations work to eliminate problems before they get out of control sort of like an antibody in an organism engulfing a virus and destroying it. I can put you in touch if you are interested in pursuing the hard side of activism which ultimately is the only side that will grant us victory as you claim you understand." Mack replied in the affirmative: "I'm in or a penny in for a pound. Like you say I've got the crosshairs on me already and I've got a score to settle with the enemy not only personally but on a large scale."

Bones told Mack to return to the clubhouse the next day and he would put him into contact with a man who would be his contact. "Karl and Donny are good guys", Bones said, "But they aren't leaders of the kind we're looking for-Karl is an ambitious guy who is career focused but his career stands before his devotion to his race so far as I can perceive. He is a good support but wouldn't have the willingness to sacrifice to achieve our objectives. Donny is also a good follower but lacks the independent initiative to qualify as what we could deem a 'lone wolf activist' of the hardside variety. Both of you will be available additions to the organization in the above ground activism but if you are willing to go all the way you will have to give up your organizational association and not participate in any of the propaganda side of things." Mack understood the relative value of creating real life changes that were commented on and reported in the organs of propaganda and the propaganda itself-without deeds all talk was sterile. He recalled a quotation from Mussolini: "Inactivity is death" and limiting one's activity to writing and commenting on action was only the shadow of action and not action itself. At most and best the commentary, the philosophy, propaganda and art led to action and where it did not, as in the case of nearly all bourgeois democratic rhetoric nihilism was the end result as an impotent analysis or theoretical well spring without any aqua vitae or concrete results. He didn't intend to limit himself to living in a world of shadows as a copy boy or pompous intellectual. All of his thoughts and emotions were directed towards action, everything else he deemed superfluous, the idle dreaming of fools.

The next day was Monday and the school began against in earnest at 0700 hrs. The trio again made their way to the arena and were given a coaching session before they warmed up for the skirmish. The coach said: "Today I don't want any repeats of the cowardly antics of the previous game", he said looking at Christian Humble and his Jewish handler. "Today we'll switch uniforms with the previous white team wearing black-that way you don't get accustomed to a one dimensional way of thinking. We don't want you associating your game with any irrelevant details. Look upon it from a higher point of view-the world you live in changes and imposes itself upon you trying to tear you down in all kind of ways-you have to stay focused and keep your game face on otherwise you might suffer a loss." He said eyeing Donny who was fiddling with some of his equipment and stopped as he realized the coach was looking at him: "To win the game you have to keep your head in the game-any distraction could lead to defeat...now lets get out there and play for keeps!" The players finished putting on their jerseys and shuffled out on the rubber mats towards the rink. The warm-up entailed performing some drills with their own team members in their respective ends of the rink and various dynamic stretching exercises to lubricate the joints and circulate the blood around the muscles, warming up the tissues. The coach blew his whistle and shouted: "Three periods with five minutes of rest between which you can take on the ice-no need to head to the dressing room. Today its focus on intensity-high pressure!" He blew his whistle as the players moved towards their positions the extras sitting on the sidelines. Donny played left wing and Karl was again defence with Mack in the crease. The black jerseys of the players with their white numbers contrasted in opposition to the whites with black letters and Mack had a certain sense of foreboding as if in anticipation of some form of catastrophe to come, the black shade of the jerseys amplifying the strangely funereal atmosphere which had the energies of the battle to come, a desperate contest for dominance and power.

The puck was dropped by the referee and the centers faced off with one another in a mad scramble for control of the object of victory the puck, the center of focus of the game. Donny rushed after the puck as it streaked in his general direction and he stickhandled towards the net of the opposing goalie having a clean break as he shovelled it through the legs of the white right winger moving towards the goal and winding up for a slapshot. The puck missed the net and ricocheted around the boards being scooped up by the white defenseman and slapped out of the white zone over the center line towards the black as the white center picked it up and drove forward the net but was bodychecked against the boards by Karl catching the player against the glass.

The player went down and the linesman blew his whistle, the puck skating harmlessly towards Mack who covered it as the opposing players came careening in desperately attempting to force him in the net. The referee blew his whistle repeatedly and the game was brought to a stop, Karl receiving a penalty as the center was escorted by two of his team mates towards the coach. The coach called out to the medic on staff and he told one of the players on the bench to accompany him to the dressing room and to notify him of any problems. The player was alert but had the wind knocked out of him and to avoid any legal liability the coach ensured that he took all of the mandatory precautions. The game had to go on however and the players with a new white center positioned themselves around the hashmarks outside of the crease and the referee dropped the puck into the chaos of sticks which attempted to grab it for themselves and, an instant latter, one of the white players attempted to wrist shot it at Mack who knocked it away with his blocker only to have to kick it out with his pads a moment later in the opposite direction the puck coming into the possession of the black team.

Donny had the puck and he was racing down the ice on a beeline towards the opposing net but had two black members gaining speed but tailing behind him in competition. As Donny wound up for a shot blasting it past the goalie and into the net the Jews' stick knifed into the back of Donny's neck sending him sprawling on the ice without any signs of vitality. Mack observed all of this from a distance and a

hollow feeling occurred in his stomach, a feeling of dread in his solar plexus as he saw friend sprawled on the ice her neck at an awkward angle. The players clustered around and coach Berry rushed towards the unmoving youth who had represented to him such great promise not only within the realm of the good old hockey game but in that of the struggle for white survival. The coach observed the jewish player attempting to conceal himself behind the others and went through him thrusting him onto the ice saying: "Get outta the way dammit!" The jew carshing onto the ice and shouting out: "What? I don't get it?" The coach felt for vital signs and after a minute proclaimed him head instructing the referee to get the medic and call 911. The coach then turned towards the jew and said: "Your action were deliberate-you're out of this school and you're gonna be facing legal punishment-mark my words."

Mack now had a feeling of complete emptiness inside-all of his friends and family had been killed by the cabal one ways for the other and he had nothing any longer tying him to Boden. He still had business there however in the form of revenge otherwise it was just another place to him, a receptacle of dead memories. He looked at Donny on the ice and then at the jew who impressed upon his mind would be a marked man and wouldn't live to see the inside of a jail cell. Not to say, Mack cogitated, that jew would ever receive any legal punishment from the jew-dicial-system-a system of talmudic law that operated on double standards-the jew dictated what was prohibited, obligatory and permitting everything for themselves and only slavery for the 'goyim', prohibiting all Traditional forms of life for those they looked upon as mere cattle'. The jew would get a jewish lawyer paid with his affluent father's money or that of the jewish kehilla or receive pro bono work-all because he was jewish. The jewish judge would twist semantics of the ambiguous laws and would ensure that an apology soaked in crocodile tears was offered at best a few community service hours at worst and maybe a little payload to the deceased family-the cold hard cash of the jew always used to buy himself whatever he wanted, for in the mind of the jew every man had price. Mack stared again at Donny and vowed he would avenge him. The game was called short for the day according to the coach's instructions and the day would be taken off for mourning the passing of Donny. The coach stated that he would be holding a gathering later in the day at the arena and that all were obligated to attend.

Later that day the players gathered in the arena in the dressing room according to the coach's instructions and sat in relative silence until the coach entered, a picture of Donny having been set up in the middle of the room with a placard which stated: "A coward dies a thousand deaths a hero but once." The coach came in and said in a quiet, grave tone of voice: "Tonight we care going to have an experience that you will never forget. When you're through you will appreciate life...and its fragility." He instructed them to put on their uniforms and equipment and prepare for a memorable occasion. He was accompanied by his assistants who filtered out silently with the players a menacing quality radiating from them. Once the players were assembled in the rink the coach blew the whistle, went up to the nearest player, the negro and said: "Put up you gloves!" the negro did and the coach began to box him, the assistance coaches following suit as the entire rink turned into a free for all, blows being exchanged between various parties and being continually kept up by the coach for another twenty minutes until the players had either been knocked down and out or had become too exhausted to fight. The coach and his assistants were still on their feet and Ron Berry said: "This is what...life is like-Fight-or die a...as all life is struggle!" He and his assistants went out of the arena and left the players where they were. A minute later the lights went out and the players were left in darkness to ponder on the passing of youth into manhood.

Mack returned to the hotel with his comrades and parted ways saying he was going to meditate. His friends respectful of his primacy bid farewell realizing that it was prudent to allow those who had suffered a loss to have time to themselves. Mack's motive was only partly solace and predominantly strategy. He needed time gathering his bearings for the strike against the jews and their nigger slave and

if Christian could be found with them so much the better-four dirty birds with one stone. Mack entered into a trance state as he lay on his magnetized mattress pad and focused on this third eye energy center activating higher intuition. He viewed the surrounding scene of the room in which he lay looking down upon his body the center of his consciousness being bound to his higher self as he astral projected.

He then observed the walls and parking lot and moved towards the surrounding area all the while thinking of the jews specifically and their faces, gravitating towards the targets he sought. He observed one of the jews in a holding cell then released on bail and heading back to his hotel with a sneer of arrogance on his face meeting his friends the other jew and his negro puppet and preparing to head towards the bar so they could 'screw chicks'. They were putting on their expensive silk garments and jewellery and discussing amongst themselves. The first jew said: Looks like I'm free and clear of any punishment now-my dad's rich so I can buy whatever lawyers i want-he said he knew a lawyer who never lost a case-guaranteed victory. At most I'd give some sort of apology" the other jew interjected: "Don't forget to bring your onion juice." They laughed and the first jew said further underscoring his nasty psychopathic mind and in Mack's mind further confirming his death sentence: "That Donny goy deserved to die-too much of a goof off." The second jew said: "He should have watched where he was going and he wouldn't have ran into you stick." The first jew: "I'm gonna get that stick gold plated as a trophy, a memento mori of another goy biting the dust-or the ice." They began to discuss their plans for the evening: "Which bar is the best for getting chicks?" The nigger piped up: "Club Sodom. They got a lot of fags there but chicks aplenty." The first jew responded slapping the nigger on the ass: "We got all sorts of sweet meats to partake of my friend!" They all laughed and headed out towards the bar. Mack returned to his room and to waking consiousness. They wanted some meat? He would give it to them, as he examined a cheap Chinese manufactured hunting knife he had bought the week before while in disguise from a local wed shop. He would serve them up a fillet minion or two-kosher approved. As a backup he took the silenced Mac-11 he had liberated from the nigger gang in Boden and dressed himself in the clothes of a hotel cleaner he had stolen from the hotel, a generic uniform that was used by a successful local cleaning company and that wouldn't be possible to trace to himself. He dressed in his security windbreaker and wore a pair of glasses and wig that he had earlier that week purchased from a costume store while in another disguise paying both cash and discarding his receipts once he was finished. He thus had a double layer of disguise on him and wound his way by the usual circuitous means towards his destination.

The two storey club was observable by its neon pink buttocks sign which alternated between two images of the buttock so that is appeared to be bouncing up and down, the letters 'So-D-Om' appearing in a randomized pattern in brown letters underneath the sign and 'club' in red above. The music was the typical feral animalism that played in the concrete jungle and which was an electronic echo of the feral rhythmns of darkest Africa and before that of Lemuria the sunken continent in the pacific aeons before when the god pan was worshipped by primitve simian beings. Indeed the worship of Pan continued in the modern world under the guise of the jewish kabbalistic Ain Soph Aur and the earth mother, reducing all to a mixture of savagery and primitve chaos.

Club Sodom was simply another enclave of vice that functioned to disintegrate white society and drag the whites from the upper class into the abyss so that the noble and creative Aryan could be castrated in the Dionysian rites of sodomy and whose the bestial magic of sacrifice and torture. The same rites of the mother goddess had never gone away and Mack understood the necessity of opposing them as means of ensuring the survival of the white race. He approached the rear entrance of the club as appropriate ingress for a club of sodomites and observed that one of the bouncers was at back smoking some form of drug out a glass pipe. Mack approached as the steroidally muscled male dressed in tight leather pants and a sparkling silk shirt which reflected the kaleidoscopic patterns of lights from the

discoball inside speaking to one of the transvestites who had come outside to attempt to get the bouncer alone. Mack slid in past the bouncer as he and the tranny involved themselves in mutual groping and soul kissing and made his way into the interior of the room with his security wind breaker on, the darkness of the environment and crowd of people gyrating and jumping up and down observing his passage into the bar area where he took up a silent vigil in a dark corner and waited his prey.

Within a few minutes the two jews with their pet arrived and seated themselves in a prominent area speaking loudly and bragging about their money. They gestured to the waitress a heavy set negress who waddled over and received their order for drinks. The jew nearest her smacked her ass and she loomed over him in a threatening manner and she shrank back with a laugh. The night unfolded over the next 20 minutes and eventually one of the jews got up and headed towards the bathroom. Mack pursued him and fingered his knife ready for vengeance. The jew was in the urinal excreting his poison liquid and Mack, not hesitating for a moment, snicked his knife out of its case and buried the blade into the neck of the kike serving his spinal cord. The kike crashed down and Mack extracted his crimsoned weapon and a cascade of effluent erupted from him as he lost control of his bowels. Mack, side stepping the spreading pool, yanked the kike towards the air conditioning vent which was in the corner and tore the grill from its screws stuffing the jew's body into the hole like a sack of garbage replacing the grate and pressing garbage can up against it to prevent it from falling off. He exited the washroom and went into the end of the hall pretending to talk on a payphone as he awaited the next dirt ball to arrive.

He observed in the glass of the payphone the large black shape of the negro and waited for him to enter before he retraced his steps and plunged the knife into the lumbar region of the coon causing him to arch back in a paroxysm of fury. Mack extracted his knife and punched it into the nape of the nigger's neck dropping him like a rhino on safari. He grabbed the coon by his crocodile shoes and preceded to jam him in the grate with the jew. Things were getting crowded inside the air conditioning unit but he had just enough room to accommodate the two. After having replaced the grate he took up a mop and wiped up the urine which had been emitted on the floor and as he was doing so another patron, a fag by the looks of him entered and said: "Jeez-someone needs an adult diaper!" Mack laughed to appear to blend in with the clientele and finishing up, exited the room. The remaining jew was Donny's killer-the best saved of last. He smiled upon lady fortune as he thought up unique ways to punish the kike for what he had done and thanked fortuna again when a Philipino female approached the jew and asked him to dance. Mack sat back in the corner while they grabbed and probed one another in a prelude to the dionysiac frenzy which was certain to transpire, he anticipated.

After some time the jews whispered in the ear of the Philipino and they made their way out of club Sodom after the jew threw some money on the table and made a passing comment to the barman, a transvestite who stuffed the bills into his bra. Mack went out the back as soon as he saw the bouncer distracted and, discarding his security windbreaker in the dumpster half a block away doused it with lighter fluid and set it on fire. He then made his way to the hotel that the jew was staying at in the center of the downtown, 'The Regal' the multi-storey hotel loomed above the traffic below and Mack walked along the back alley towards the destination in his cleaner's uniform wearing the spare wig he had brought and changed into in the alley way.

He approached the hotel from the side entrance which gave on to the main foyer. The jew and his whoriental were lined up behind an old white baby boomer couple who were bragging ostentatiously about themselves and their money while the jew and his whoriental mocked them from behind. Eventually the East Indian concierge gave them a ledger for them to check in which apparently was the hotel's security protocol and they made their way up to the ninth floor via the brass elevator. Mack moved towards the cleaner's room next to the desk seeming to belong in the environment and was

stopped by the Indian which was Macks' intention. "Wait! Wait! Wait! I have never seen you here-who are you?" the East Indian said his false smile concealing his aggressive and domineering nature. Mack approached feigning an inability to hear and the East Indian began to repeat himself and as he did so Mack kicked hard into his testicles with his biker boots, the electric waves of pain knocking the concierge unconscious. Mack dragged the dot head behind the desk and dropped a pile of sheets on top of him after hog tying him and gagging his mouth, He then looked at the ledger and observed which room the two had gone to: "Paul Stein, Trixie Nguyen-913".

He took up a set of keys from the rack in the staff area and , hesitating a moment, observed the safe in the corner thinking it would be a useful source in addition to an alibi to lead the cops away from the scene and towards commonplace burglary, an event which may also suggest that it was related to the jews themselves as Paul Stein, the murder of his best friend Donny would wind up in the grave that night. Mack cracked the safe with ease scooping out the money into a bank deposit being and putting it into the backpack of the East Indian which he placed on his shoulder and made his way towards the elevator.

By that time he speculated that they should be in the midst of their perversions and he would be able to get the drop on them without any difficulty. He ascended the elevator towards their floor get out then crept towards their room on silent shoes. He listened in at an angle so that his shadow was not cast underneath and overhead them involved in their exertions sounds which sounded were the jew yelping out with a whiny voice and the Philipino female shouting: "You want it like that! Do you!" He inserted the key and twisted the lock opening the door and shutting it behind him as he observed at a distance in the room that was in the far corner of the spacious living room the Philipino impaling the jew with a strap-on dildo and whipping his back with a leather cat -'o nine-tails. "Too easy", though Mack.

But he intended to make things hard for the jew, his accomplice was just another casualty in the game of white survival and the necessary reaction against the supremacy of jews. Mack stepped into the room and said in an authoritative voice knowing that room was sound proofed and that he had heard the noise they made only through his advanced clairvoyance: "You're in big trouble jew-boy!" The two twisted around in a frenzy caught in the act of their feral ruttings and the Philipino attempted to reach for a handgun that was on the coffee table but Mack was too fast on the draw and, bringing out his Mac-11 drilled her full of holes as she crashed to the floor in a pool of blood. The jew, naked and hairy like an ape from the jungle stared bug eyed at Mack and said: "Whaddya-want?-I-I'll give you money! I got lots of cash-just name your price." Mack responded. "Life doesn't have a price. you took the life of my friend, nor your own life is forfeit." The jew searching for answers attempted to distract Mack as he wormed his way towards the gun: "Honest, we can work it out, it was a mistake-I'll do my best to compensate you-" he attempted to lunge at the gun and take a desperate chance at life but Mack was ready for him he blasted the balls off of the jew who howled in pain and crashed to the floor writing in agony as he held his ruined procreative phallus: "You killed my friend Donny and now you must pay the price." The jew looked up at Mack with fear in his eyes and screamed: "Wooo!" as Mack ripped into the hairy hide of the jew sending him to sheol as he did the rigor mortis shuffle. Mack changed into some of the jews' clothes and headed out to the fire escape leaving the key to the room on the table and made his way down and onto the street back to the hotel at which he was staying.

Mack returned to his hotel room and disposed of his garments in a dumpster a block away burning them with lighter fluid. He then went into his hotel room and slept in preparation for the meeting with Bones and the unknown affiliate he had spoke of. This would be the key to gain entry into the circles of white power he had been working towards. He had suspected that society worked on a two-fold basis- the above ground and the underground and that the surface appearance of 'civilization' was at most a



plastic facade or mask which concealed the skeletal face of natural law underneath and that the smiling lips which surrounded the gaping maw served merely to pacify the broad masses so that they could be more effectively consumed by those who operated the jaws of the Leviathan He hoped he could become influential in the movement and contribute to the building of white power and the tearing down of the jewish of the thieving parasite jew who insisted upon asserting themselves in opposition to the host civilization they wrought to tear down as well as to prey upon as a vampire.

His generous contribution of funds would also be of assistance to the nationalist front which would enable them to expand their operations. Thinking those thoughts he drifted off to sleep and awoken on the other side ready to throw his hat in the ring.

Mack told Karl that he was going to attend a meeting at the club house and he left his friend to study his engineering and his hockey drills. Mack took his on vehicle and loaded the back seat with the sacks of money he had liberated from the hotels and headed out on his journey. Again he encountered the standard harassment campaigns of operatives attempting to intercept his vehicle and sabotage his progress along the streets one red vehicle narrowly T-boning him but for his breaking in time. He was followed also by what appeared to be either a police or military helicopter over his head along the journey and eventually arrived at the clubhouse pulling into the lot adjacent to the iron gates. He took up the money bags and headed towards the clubhouse, pressed the button on the intercom took with his pen and was buzzed in without any response. He was on time at exactly 0900 AM and Bones was waiting for him with Ron Berry also in attendance. He shook both of their hands and was escorted inside healing the money bags on the table. Berry and Bones looked at him with a puzzled expression on their faces and Mack enlightened them as to the contents: "A gift from me to you-untraceable bills that I've liberated from a couple of places-no one knows I have it on me. Its all laundered and hence no trace." Bones allayed the suspicion of Berry as he said: "I say that our friend Paul Stein was taken out the other night. Maybe this is from him? I know who took him out however..." he said with a smile clapping Mack on the shoulder. Berry relaxed and smiled-"Since you're at liberty and haven't been scooped up by the cops I assume you managed to get this as a bonus. I was worried there for a moment". Bones grabbed one of the sacks and Berry took the other gesturing to Mack to follow to the office further inside of the clubhouse. Berry was speaking: "Good to see you got your vengeance Mack-we need people like you in the movement, people who are risk taker-not yahoos who act on a whim but people who can act when the time is right and do so with will and skill."

Inside of the office a man of about 35 was seated on a leather backed chair. he stood up as Mack entered, his serious features scarred by a deep scar that ran along the side of his face from just under his eye to the end of his jaw. The man stared at Mack with steel blue eyes and sported a small tattoo blood drop under the eye opposite to the one upon which the scar depended. His shaven head was large than average bearing testament to the cerebral development his brow ridge jutting forward to accommodate his superlative pre-frontal cortex. He was powerfully built his tree-trunk neck almost parallel with his jaw bones and was marked in certain places with a celtic cross and initials of which Mack was unaware of the meaning. He was dressed in a black leather jacket and blue jeans with motorcycle boots.

Bones introduced the skinhead to Mack: "This is Duce, 'the leader!' like Mussolini."The addressed spoke looking with appraisal at Mack sizing him up with the look of a predator: "Glad to meet you Mack" he said extending his hand. "Bones has been telling em about you." Mack shook his hand and felt its crushing force capability marvelling at the man's strength which eradicated as a being possessed of incredible forces which radiated outwards seeming to challenge Mack to join him in the war against the enemy. Mack replied: 'Good to know there are people who are willing to fight rather than to lay down and die in comfort.'

"Mack brought us a little gift Duce", Bones said. "Have a look", he said tossing one of the money sacks onto the table. Out of courtesy Duce looked for approval from Mack and the latter nodded with a gesture of invitation. Duce zipped the bag open and took a glance at the contents: "This should be a service to the cause." he said zipping the bag up. "What I want to do today Mack is to invite you to meet some of our guys who have seen the hard side of the movement, what could be called the 'real movement'. Bones has informed me of some of your operations and we feel it would be a good fit for you to participate in our movement in a deeper way." Mack replied: "Anything I can do to assist the white race and its survival. Without us the world has no value so may as well be destroyed." Duce nodded his head and clapped Mack on the shoulder: "good man", he said.

After further discussion of the movement and its activities Mack left with Duce and followed the latter in his car. The Harley Davidson motorcycle that Duce rode lead Mack towards the industrial district and its warren of apartment buildings. The motorcycle rolled up to a click building with an iron loading platform and rusty iron fence surmounted with barbed wire and parked in front of a bay of opaque windows laced with wire to prevent any sabotage or burglary as well as bars on the outside which had the appearance of having been a new addition. Black bubble cameras festooned the corners of the building and the entire compound gave the impression of a fortress. Mack parked his vehicle adjacent to Duce who dismounted his bike and gestured to Mack saying: "This is our barracks-not too much the kikes or their slaves can do to sabotage it either. I'll show you the run of the place."

Duce came up the rusty metal stairs before the door and commented as he punched in the key code: "These stairs are retractable via electronics from the inside of the building. Once they are folded up and drawn in the platform comes down and can be padlocked from the inside. The platform-as you can see-" He said gesturing towards the grooves in it which appeared to be some kind of sliding peephole" contain specialized gunports that can be used to shoot out at people coming in via the main road down which we came. The other sides of the building as you can see are sandwiched between two warehouses we own and narrow alley bordered by residential houses-the entire compound can be exited and entered only with our knowing- noone can creep in and catch us napping." He opened the door after giving a password in a strange dialect Mack had never hear before and commented further: "You'll learn out ways and become trained to our level of expertise-if you get past the initiation."

Mack was brought into the foyer which was a metal room that was comprised of hardened steel and the density of it he could feel was of at least a foot thick concrete. "This is the safe room", Duce said: "Anyone who managed to break in will be trapped here and the only way out will be out the door. While they stumble around in confusion looking for a means of getting at us we have, as you can see above" he indicated with a nod, "remote controlled gun turrets with submachine guns ready to clear their mind of any confusion." Mack took in the scenery and Duce continued: "The walls are super thick-two feet of superhard reinforced concrete-even a bulldozer would have difficulty getting though here. This is the first layer of security at the entrance."

Mack felt the platform move under his feet and a sinking feeling as the room disappeared only to be replaced by a view of the main foyer of the club house. He observed the logo of the organization on a banner which overarched a solid mahogany desk upon which various files and papers were stacked neatly, a skinhead with a pair of glasses sitting in front of the computer monitor which partially obscured his thickset form. Shelves of books lined the area and a bay of computer monitors off to the side showed views from all of the motion sensor cameras. The man had an H & K MP5 on the desk for ready access with a few extended box magazines, a series of two way radios in chargers and a few chairs were situated on either side of the desk each bearing the emblem of the organization. Mack

remained silent as Duce introduced Mack to the man: "This is Hack-so called because he has a background in computers and can hack into high level security databases and computer systems. This is Mack" he said to the man indicating the new comer: "he's seen a fair amount of action-a self starter, looks like a good prospect. Tell him about yourself.", he said with a smile. Hack responded as he rose to shake Mack's hand and strode towards him: "Glad to make your acquaintance Mack. As to myself a brief resume should suffice- I have a professional background in computing and was trained in the military in intelligence. I have hacked and planted viruses on Israeli systems and intend to do my best to continue to sabotage the enemy by any and all means." Mack looked impressed and asked, observing the banners and logos on the chairs: "What does your logo signify-I don't know your organization's name?" "We'll let you in on that after you pass the initiation", Duce said with a smile slapping Mack on the back.

They left Hack with an '88' and passed towards the inner sanctum of the compound passed rows of shelves which were stuffed with files and books. Duce commented as they passed: "We keep all of our files near the entrance as we see no point in concealing them in any sub-basement. With the ground penetrating radar and sonar depth finders of the cabal they could find it anyway. This way we reinforce in our minds that if we die there is no future for and memory of our past and so to secure the past we have to secure the future-there is no cheating god so to speak, no cop out of the laws of nature-the culture of a people is bound up with its physical representatives and if the latter dies the culture dies. We chose to face the enemy head on and not hide in the shadows. Of course we are still clever and effective in our opposition as you understand yourself with your operations."

They walked up a set of metal stairs and made their way towards a locker room area. "This gives on to the gym-we'll do a warmup and initiate you today prepare yourself you're going to have a once in a life experience." Mack referenced the previous night's punch up at the arena and said he could handle it. Duce replied: "I can see that, coach Berry filled me in on your endurance. He also told me about your strike against the kikes in the bar and hotel-great work. You've avenged your friend well. There will be plenty more action should you get further in our organization."

Duce brought Mack towards the locker room and handed him a gym bag which was resting on a table nearby and said: "Kit up and come on out the other side of the locker room-we'll get it started then." Mack went into the locker room and got out the gear: a pair of shorts and cotton t-shirt with the logo of the organization-a black swastika with its eight vortices and eight white five pointed stars white on black. The shoes were also black and white and were tied up with red laces a special brand of martial arts shoes which fit him like a glove and a pair of eight ounce red MMA gloves and sports bottle filled with distilled water.

He left the locker room and came out the other side with the gloves on. He made the assumption that Duce wanted him to come out wearing them and wasn't wrong as he was assailed with a kick in his midsection by a heavily muscled skinhead who had swastikas tattooed on his neck and head. Mack assumed a fighter's stance and prepared for the next assault but was struck from behind by another skin sending him crashing to the floor. He rolled and came up to face the opponent who kicked out at him as he lay. Mack blocked the kick with his gloves and tackled the skin to the ground. The skin wrapped his legs around Mack attempting to unbalance him while simultaneously the larger skin who had struck out first, charged him like a bull and knocked him to the cushioned floor which was obstructed with a layer of foam padding.

Mack attempted to block the flurry of blows on the part of the brute but suffered a few buffets against his skull before he rolled away and put some distance between himself and his opponent. Another skin rushed to him from behind a wall barrier in the relatively open gymnasium room and attempted to snap kick at Mack's midsection which he blocked with his thigh and launched a haymaker connecting to the skull of the skin who, dazed, kept his distance while the two others charged him and brought him down to the ground pummeling Mack before a whistle blew. At that point Mack, still dazed and confused from the pummeling rose and stood to confront Duce who stood with gloves on and said: "Now its my turn." Mack put up his dukes and circled with the leader who danced around smacking his gloves together before he dashed in and jabbed Mack in the face. Mack countered as Duce skipped back and landed a weak body blow as the leader stepped beyond the range of significant impact and Mack, overextending himself opened himself up to the flurry of blows from the leader who landed a coordinated flurry of crosses and jabs which Mack desperately tried to fend of.

Mack exchanged blows landing a right cross and upper cut to the midsection which disrupted the graceful movements of the leader who, growing angry, came at Mack with battle rage and struck him with a flurry of jabs as he feinted first left then right. Mack entered into his zone with his gloves up and through himself into the leader for a takedown and the two wrestled on the mat, rolling around and jockeying for mastery over their foe. Eventually Duce grabbed Mack interlacing his arms through his and pressing down on his head his legs immobilizing him. Mack tapped feebly on Duce's arms as he felt his consciousness waning and then Duce released his grip, Mack rolled away and gave himself time to recover his body a throbbing sack of pain.

Duce said over Mack: "You pass the first stage-with fighting skills like that it would be an easy victory over most. We'll work on your skills as we go forward if you pass the next stages of the initiation." Duce gestured towards the treadmill which was situated in a corner of the room and the entire crew headed there, with Duce stopping then in front. "Mack, I'll make the introduction short-these are a few members of the organization: the big guy you first met is named wolf-he's been a skin since he was born and proved his loyalty on many occasions in street brawls and lone wolf clandestine operations. Next to him is Shank, so-called as he earned his place in our organization on the inside and next to him is Carceral as he's seen more time inside than out. We've got members all over the nation but this is a representative sample of our kind of guy. But enough of that-" he said as the crew finished shaking hands with Mack-"This is the next trial. In order to fight a war we need speed and in order to have speed you've got to be able to be speedy-sprint for as long as you can go and I'll accelerate the speed until you gas out. We need to run from our enemies when prudent and pursue them when prudent-we can't stand against an entire police state with only a few people so sometimes running from an impossible struggle is the best idea. Now hop on the treadmill and we'll see how far you can go."

Mack stepped up on the platform which began to pick up speed as he accelerated, faster and faster his legs pumped in rhythmic cadence with his hands and arms counterbalancing the movement propelling him forward. The speed picked up still more and beads of sweat poured out of Mack's skin, his armpits and back starting to soak his cotton shirt in perspiration. The mill shucked and jived as the belt ripped around in a blinding haze of rubber Mack's shoes pounding on the surface as he sucked air; Duce increased the speed until Mack began to falter and gradually reduced it to a sticking pace which Mack continued on until he caught his breath Duce stating: "Good-you beat the record of Shark who was our fastest so far. Next up you can head through the obstacle course and then we can test out our final act which we'll save as a surprise until then."

The crew headed towards the obstacle course which was along the far side of the room, a jungle gym style apparatus with a full complement of equipment: monkey bars and tires and rope ladders and a climbing wall. Duce instructed Mack: "First up we want you to race along those monkey bars which head to the end of the wall-bit the catch is you'll have fifty pounds of legs weights strapped to you ankles which will make it a bit difficult to get out where you want to go. Simultaneously we'll be pelting you with bean bags from these specialized launchers", he said indicating a set of launchers and piles of bean bags in a rack adjacent to the bars. "You make it across within one minute-you fall you'll have to do it again until you complete it." Mack strapped on his leg weights and lept up onto the bars going hand over fist towards the wall which seemed to stretch out before him interminably.

The skins grabbed the launchers and began pelting him with the bean bags the sharp blows that he felt knocking the wind out of him slightly but he preserved, his toughened hand gripping the bars and releasing in a rhythmic pattern he made his way towards the completion of that phase of the obstacle course. He finally reached the end his hands aching as much as his midsection from the battering and stress. He dropped onto the cushions that were positioned underneath and collapsed breathing heavily: "Pass!" shouted Duce as Mack unstrapped his leg weights breathing heavily: "Mack-you're almost done this phase-next up." Duce said, "The ropes." Mack observed leg ropes depending from the ceiling with knots intermittently placed throughout their length approximately the size of an average body.

Several ropes were adjacent to one another and Duce gave the instructions: "This phase of the obstacle course is simple-get to the top. However" he said adding: "we'll be trying to stop you as you ascend, Don't worry we've got harnesses to prevent you from falling and dying-no problem." He pressed a button which activated some materialized mechanism above and out of a trap door fell four harnesses one for each rope climber which jerked up as they reached the end of their tether ten feet above the ground. The crew and Mack harnessed up and Duce raising his hand said: "You get a ten second head start!" Mack lept up onto the nearest rope and began pulling himself up grabbing each knot as he ascended. After nine seconds the skinheads began leaping up and Mack felt the pressure ascend to meet him like alone swimmer swimming with a pack of sharks who scented blood. Mack was three quarters of the way to the top when felt a tug on his leg-jaws of the shark had closed on him. He attempted to thrust himself upwards and felt tow more hands grabbing him attempting to tear him down. His shirt ripped one of the skins nails' tore into his flesh as Mack struggled to break free, his adrenaline pumping in desperation. He felt himself losing his grip as Duce climbed over him and toe his hand off the knotty rope. Suddenly he was in freefall crashing to the mat below and prepared himself for the jerk of the cord which decreased his fall winding him up a foot from the mat.

The skins dropped one after the other with him and he had to buffer them as they collided with his form. He faced Duce with a grin and the latter took out his whistle and blew it-"ten seconds!" Mack scurried up the rope desperate to reach the top as he heard the shuffling of the skins below racing towards him. He was nearly at the top and about to reach the ceiling until again a death grip like that of a great white shark closed around his ankle yanking him down with incredible force into freefall. The save scenario played out with himself again ascending the rope mustering all of the strength he had left to punch through the top. The skins raced after him and again he felt like a desperate skimmer seeking to avoid a shark. This time he managed to reach the top just as one of the skins had a strangle hold on his shoe. Duce blew the whistle and called off his dogs. ""Good job Mack", Duce shouted. "Now we can get to the special scenario in the circus room."

The crew headed towards the door which was situated at the corner of the room opposite to that of the one through which Mack entered. He had taken off his shirt as it had ripped and Duce had instructed him to towel off with it and put it in the laundry chute. Mack followed the skins towards the steel door which was in a reinforced frame and pushed it open: "we call this room the 'circus room' as its a realm of illusion that can make and dreams come true...and nightmares too.", he said curiously.

The skins entered the room following Mack who was impelled forward, the room a pitch black until Duce turned on the lights with illuminated the ceiling and floors with an indirect glow the lights being embedded in alcoves behind the walls. Mack observed a large circular platform in the middle of the room which was separated from the rest of the floor and appeared to be a large treadmill of sorts. Duce commented further: "This is the room of illusion-we can create any scenario from the audio-visual data we gathered from the internet which had maps of much of the globe and can put you inside of the scenario so that it a life-like simulation of a real operation."

He took up a vest suit with a variety of wires and nodes on it that were interwoven in velcro straps and handed it to Mack saying: "Here is a sensor suit that can transfer your movements into the screen which, as you may have guessed is the entire ceiling floor and walls-all of which are part of the simulation creating a sensation of full immersion in the operation. We use this," he said adding: "To wargame scenarios-unfortunately it is used one at a time a hue haven't the capabilities to do life-like scenarios with more people-however we can program in the scenarios of other members and have them play out simultaneously. This changes the logistics of the scenarios, the arrangement of players and the digitized enemies which we construct from video and photographs of our actual enemies-non-whites and antifa; zionists and jews amongst other dirt balls we'd like to frag." He handed Mack a gun as the latter strapped on the suit kitting up for the scenario. The gun was a police issue glock and had sensors attached to it as well: "you'll be firing blanks-so no real danger will occur". "we'll start with a simple scenario-you are a fully initiated skin and you've been assigned a mission to get in and get out of an immigration department bureaucracy-you're mission is to retrieve a hard-drive from the office of the chief parasite, and to put a bullet in his brain. This-" he said touching a button on a remote control, "is what the person looks like" a picture of a fat jew with a balding head and false fringe stretching his face was displayed on his twisted features bearing witness to the 'master race' of jewry. "The place is heavily guarded and you need to employ cunning in order to get in and out without arousing any suspicion or reaction. I should maintain that the gun isn't silenced so any noise you create will ricochet alerting the paranoid scizophrenics in the red tape machine and they'll be sending the full brunt of the law against you. This is an actual building in Zion City and the layout is exactly correspondent with reality. We won't give you any further instructions-begin."

Mack stepped onto the platform as the lights went off and the screen lit up with the light of day-a row of brick buildings adjacent to a parking lot appeared and out of the corner of his eye Mack observed a police station. The screen shifted in the direction of where he turned his head so he understood that what was being observed was what he observed. Mack made his way towards the immigration department realizing there was no way to sneak in via the side or rear door or entrance should there be any fire escape because of the eyes of the police so he decided he would approach from the opposite side pretending he was interested in going into the convenience on the other side of the parking lot. He popped in and observed the Asian proprietor staring at him from behind the counter who looked down at his Chinese newspaper as Mack walked past. Mack did a round of the store pretending to look at his watch and continuing pointing himself towards the immigration building which was a solid stone building that blocked his view of the police stretch.

Presumably the cops had him on camera and could tap into the camera systems of one the properties as he strolled non-chalantly towards the 'Center for Newcomers' and observed an employee outside of the building smoking a cigarette. As approached and feigned interest in the building-" so you helping to bring in refugees too " with the smiling look of a gullible libtard. The greasy arabic female smiled with a sneering look on her face as if he was a witless fool and smoked her camel cigarette saying: "yes sir" with an arrogant condescension. He asked further : 'Would the direction be in? I'm working for a student newspaper and would like to interview him." She relaxed slightly believing him to be just another gullible white fool that she could manipulate through her wily nature. She replied: "Yes sir he is here. You'll have to go into the front entrance to check in for security purposes sir", she said. He responded pretending he was sexually interested in her: "What is your position here-have you been here long or-" She threw her cigarette away and took out her proximity card scanning the electronic reader which disengaged the locking mechanism with a muffled clack and she said departing: "Go to the front desk to check in sir." He pretended to hold the door open for her and as she paranoiaccally and with the appearance of revulsion crept past him he went into action as she turned her back immediately taking in the scene-the stairwell the hallway which led into the area of offices and through his arm around her neck squeezing tight as the door closed her body becoming rigid attempting to kick out as he lifted her backwards applying pressure as she lost consciousness.

He continued to squeeze for a moment longer to be on the same side and, observing that a janitor's closet was be nearby stuffed her inside tying her hands and feet with some towels and gagging her mouth shutting the door behind her and taking he proximity card. He then made his way into the inner sanctum assuming that the kike would be on the top floor of the building so that he could look down the goyim from his lofty perch. Mack walked up to the elevator and encountered a suspicious looking East Indian male who looked towards him with a questioning look, an artificial grin spread across his brown face: "May I help you sir?" he asked challengingly. Since Mack was almost certainly on camera he said: "I'm from the student paper-here to see the director." The Indian relaxed slightly and questioned further, attempting to encounter Mack and to dominate him with his supercilious arrogance: "I don't recall seeing you come in sir? How may I ask did you get in..."Mack smiled and said to the Indian: "I have a special pass from the school-see" he said flashing the arab's I.D The Indian's suspicion was not yet allayed and prompted a further question: "see...when did this start-I have never heard of it.."Mack punched the elevator button and said changing the subject: "Are you heading up?" The Indian, his suspicions having increased by the dodge of the question: "I don't know..." he said. "I think I should contact security about this..." at this point the elevator door opened and Mack clapped the thin man on the back into the elevator as he was beginning to shift towards the main foyer and retrace his steps. Mack held him by the shoulder as the doors shut then, his hands moving with great agility towards the astonished Indian grabbed his head and made a twisting motion breaking his neck. Mack pressed the button for the second floor and the elevator ascended. He knew he didn't have much time to go now that he had left a body trail and as the elevator opened up he did a quick scan of the environment observing two large potted plants on either side of the elevator.

He quickly jammed the body of the wiry Indian in an obscene yoga posture behind the clay pot and pushed it back against the wall so that it obscured the form of the parasite. He stepped out and observed a door with frosted leading in to the office marked 'Director of immigration service', Zion City, Samuel Rubin, "and a series of letters after his name testifying to the self importance of the director. He opened the door with his proximity card and went in. The jewish secretary looked up from her desk and opened her mouth to say something but Mack beat her to the punch-literally giving her a knock out mule kick blow to the face which sent her and her leather backed chair sailing back against the wall with a dull thud. He heard the voice of the jew Rubin pipe up with anger: "Sarah I told you to quit interrupting me!" Mack was in the office in a flash and had his gun up pointed in the face of Rubin. The feral jew's

rat like gaze sized Mack up and said: "What do you want?" Mack replied: "I want the hard-drive from your company Rubin-gimme it and I'll let you go." Rubin, seeing an opportunity put up his hands and said: O.K you win-I'll get it for you." He made a move towards the computer and said as he shifted the computer to get at the hard-drive: "It'll be a little while for me to retrieve it-why not have seat?" Mack stated in a cold voice: "Just the hard-drive Rubin." Rubin, getting desperate let his eyes flash towards the underside of his desk and Mack pretended not to notice concentrating on the computer. Just then Rubin's hand darted towards the desk and grabbed a .45 automatic which was concealed under the desk but he was too little too late as Mack blasted him away with his own .45 Rubin's body flying backwards under the hammer blow. The hard-drive was still contained within the computer and Mack scrambled with it to extract it and eventually tore it free of its enclosure. By that time sirens were wailing from the street as someone in the office must have heard and pressed the alarm button, the center being a de facto protectorate of the police. Mack grabbed the device and raced towards the fire escape-but it was too late-the building had been surrounded by S.W.A.T police who had set up a blockade.

The screen went blank at that point and the skinhead's clapped and cheered with a sarcastic mockery. Wolf shouted: "Victory hail!" in a sarcastic tone and Duce chastised him: "Now, now, Wolf-Mack's done a fair job for a first timer. He's proven himself in real time so we don't need to subject him to more tests." He addressed Mack: "I wanted to see how you would operate on a more clandestine strike. Of course the prudent thing to have done would have been to muffle the blast of the .45 with a pillow or simply attacked the kike physically as he was alone on the top floor and could probably have been dispatched with relative ease. Of course you handled yourself well with the indirect approach and with the decoy conversation but it was still a risky move. I probably would have just gone to the top floor via the stairwell myself and so avoided the other office worker-just waltzed in and taken the place by storm- but its arguable which approach would have been best."

He paused a moment and clapped Mack on the back: "You're almost in the gang." He said to the crew openly: "What do you say guys-do you want to take Mack out on the town a raise a little hell for an initiation?" The crew chuckled and Carceral volunteered: "hows 'bout we pay the antifa a visit and let a little red christen the ceremony?" Duce smiled as he said: "I like it-blood in, blood out." Duce escorted Mack to another room which led off from the training area and into a room which served as a changing room-the place was filled with full patch leather jackets with the log of the organization on it and romper stomper boots and wife beater tops-the traditional skinhead aesthetic. In a corner there were ball bats and collapsible batons as well as biker chains and leather gloves with iron filings in the knuckles-a pile of spring loaded knives also.

Duce advised Mack to get kitted up in skinhead gear for the night on the town. Mack suited up in a pair of suspenders and biker boots and equipped himself with a collapsible baton and folder knife as a last option weapon. Some knuckled gloves rounded out this kit and he came out of the change room trading places with the rest of the skins as they got into their gear. Duce stood by and carried on a conversation with the initiate: "We are the hardside of activism" he announced, "but there is also, though it may not appear obvious on the surface an esoteric hidden side as well. That is what we'll conclude with I don't know if you're familiar with meditation are you Mack?" Mack nodded and said he meditated regularly. Duce said: "Good to know. Of course we involve ourselves in all kinds of activity of that kind-we are, so to speak, what the christian would call 'sorcerors' as family as in may sound", he said with sinister a playful smile on his face. "We are adepts in what the christians would call 'the black arts' We'll be sure to assist you on your journey both in this world and in the next. Your commitment to is doesn't require you to participate in mainstream society-if you want you will play a role us on the real side of this cosmic battle between light and darkness-already you have drawn blood and fulfilled that requirement



for initiation so you can know for certain that we will bring you up to a higher level of power beyond even that-kill at a distance? Yes you will learn that skill.-Create fire through the power of your mind-yes that too you can create. Watch-" he said as he concentrated intensely and placing his hands together rubbed vigorously, his face twisting into a snarl as flame erupted between them. "Its all about how you use the magnetism of the aether-many call it the astral light or odic force or chi. Your body and mind are your greatest weapon and we'll teach you how to use them."

The crew eventually filtered out as Duce had completed his discussion and he himself popped into the room coming out five minutes later in a similar outfit. "Ready to rock?" he said to the crew. They all shouted: "Skinhead!" and Duce picked up his cellular phone and made a call: "I need some skins to come out to the club to take over watch." He listened and said "88", hanging up. "It will be twenty minutes before someone shows up so I can show you another one of our secrets before we head out-this will help us prepare for the night-concentrating our forces no the old gods-Hail Odin! Hail Thor!" They crew shouted in unison and Mack, picking up the cadence joined in: "Hail Odin! Hail Thor!" Duce led the gang up a flight of steel steps towards the upper level of the clubhouse which was a three storey building. Once they reached the top they were ensconced in the light of the moon at its fullest phase, its rays streaming down upon them. The room as surrounded by runes on banner which occupied the square room and a symbol of the black sun was placed on the floor in dark green marble with a purple hue. Silence hung over the room which Mack could sense was infused with a magical aura. Duce gestured to Mack to occupy one of the points around the twelve rayed black sun symbol each occupying a section with a space between and each party and at the largest open space was placed in its center Duce's leather jacket with its starred swastika symbol. Duce seated himself in the lotus position with his fingers forming vajra mudra and each of the others followed suit with Mack imitating his betters. Duce began to intone: 'Odin! Thor! Gods of the Aesir! I call upon you to bless this man, Mack Kraft, new initiate of the Blut Krieg Crew. Upon him send your blessings bestow upon him your power!" He raised is hands and began to chant in a strange tongue

Ryta fyr eis gibor!  
Hag-al is ryta is asa!  
Fyr os laf myn eis is not!  
Laf is halga-ryta: kaun ryt is suntyr!  
Fa os kaun ur!  
Thor is sun!  
Hag-al asa ur sun!  
Ryt barbar (biörk-bar) asa ur thor!  
Is sun tyr!

repeating it as the crew also raised their hands

Ryta fyr eis gibor!  
Hag-al is ryta is asa!  
Fyr os laf myn eis is not!  
Laf is halga-ryta: kaun ryt is suntyr!  
Fa os kaun ur!  
Thor is sun!  
Hag-al asa ur sun!  
Ryt barbar (biörk-bar) asa ur thor!  
Is sun tyr!

Duce continued to intone the verse with variants as the crew intoned in the ancient sanskrit language: "Aum! Aum!" the room seemed to fill with a strange radiation of energy though no apparent change in the light of the room occurred a strange sense of illumination swept though Mack who felt himself exhilarated and continued to intone: "Aum!" as his nerves seemed fired as if with a being and healing electrical discharge. "Odin! Thor! Gods of the Aesir, bestow your blessing, bestow your protection upon this man, Mack Kraft" Duce said vibrating the words. "Grant us good luck, grant us victory for we aspire to be with you in Valhalla and in Midgard our world of illusion! We will make you proud of your Aryan folk o' gods of the Aesir!" The energy reached its fullest intensity just then as of a glorification by the Divine Will had been bestowed upon Mack and his crew of illuminated Aryans.

Duce lowered his hands gradually and the energies seemed to decrease slightly though still represent as if the Aesir were looking down upon Mack and the crew to decrease slightly though still represent as if the Aesir were looking down upon Mack and the crew with beneficent guidance. Duce then stood and was followed immediately by the skins and MaCk who stared into the inner circle. The leader raised his arm in a Roman salute and was followed by Mack and they all proclaimed according to their motto: "The Blurt Krieg crew salutes you brother Aryan, father gods and mother goddess; for the future victory of the Aryan Race we salute you. Victory or Valhalla! Victory or Valhalla! Victory or Valhalla!" They followed the leader out of the room and as they exited heading down the metal steps in silence Duce's phone rang and he answered saying: "Yep. We're on the way out. Consider us gone."

Duce led the way towards the downtown. He stated as they exited the clubhouse: "We're going to pay antifa a visit tonight-the full moon's out and the gods claimed sacrifice!" He informed Mack as they walked along that the local antifa was financed as were most of the organizations by the jewish bankers and the drug trade: "privileged punks who have nothing to do other than live for hedonsitic thrills-we'll be knocking some sense into them tonight. When the full moon's up the likelihood they are all gathered together to drink and drug themselves to oblivion is pretty good. Its also July 29th which is some form of occult holiday as July is the seventh month and '7' in kabbalistic numerology represents 'Christ'-2+9 equals 11 which represents death so the fact that the full moon is out amplifying their characteristic insanity as it exerts a magnetic influence on the soul of organisms and the occult date means that we're bound to see something especially since its Saturday they day the jews prostrate themselves before their Saturnian diety 'Kronos' Jehovah-Yahweh-. The planet Saturn, according to Miguel Serrano, the esoteric Hitlerist, is a captured aion by a group of entities which the jews call 'jehovah' and which it is my personal knowledge having seen and sensed their presence on the astral, are of a vampiric nature-they feed off and consume the souls of those beings -organisms be they plant, animal or 'human'-who are insufficiently powerful to overcome their influence, who are rooted in the lower drives of fornicating and feeding who have what might be called 'beast consciousness'. These entities are what jews refer to as angels or sephardim and who bestow upon them power through their relationship to jews."

Mack asked: "How do they obtain power? Why do these entities work with them?" Duce responded: "The entities are given the soul energy of sacrifice and feed off that energy-all wars, revolutions and conditions of stress and hardship such as coerced wage slaves and subsistence wages; usurious taxation; fear of not making ends meet-all jewish inventions, are the mechanisms to induce stress in the non-jew. The jews are not fully in control however-they become the puppet of these entities who are bound to them and who feed off their energy. Hence the jew, Whose life force wanes over time through this means at a greater rate than those organism-especially the white race-who have a superfluity of energy-must feed off the energy of others-hence the phenomenon of vampirism, of jewish ritual murder and the consumption of white the 'christian' blood, for in their minds, as a means of cursing us they call us 'christians' which in a way they have made us through the mind control psyop of christianity."

Mack interjected: "So christianity is, as Nietzsche said, a slave religion-but why are they deficient in the life force-is it only because somehow these entities have bound themselves to them?" Duce responded: "They are, are the jews, a hybrid stock of neanderthals who have been mixed with the white race and other proto-negro and proto-mongols over the millenia of their wandering. The hybridity of the jew and indeed of all hybrids amounts to an inner schism or fragmentation of their being- a lack of sufficient integrity of their soul to ensure that they can maintain the cohesion of their elemental structure of their soul-and this enables these 'demonic' entities if we could call them that to bind to them and to coexist with them in a parasitical and controlling way-the instability of the hybrid creates 'inner schism' and this caused the accessibility of their energy of their soul to these entities who feed off the energy.

All of the chaos and strife perpetually being caused in this world is a direct result of the jews and these entities working through them to augment this chaos to give off the energy of the suffering that they may feed upon them. Just like fishermen casting their nets out to catch fish in the ocean and using certain forms of sonar and bait and other equipment to snare them so too do these entities feed off others through casting out their energetic nets of war; revolution; poverty; starvation; ethnic strife; between the sexes-it also works in anything that causes the release of energy such as sexual relations, when the consciousness level of the people is reduced to a lower state of vibrational frequency this also increases their capacity for resistance and makes them more accessible prey for these entities who again, work through the jews in feeding off the souls of others especially the souls of the white race who have the highest and purest form of energy as they are the purest of races who as you may know-derive from the gods who created civilization on this earth scores of millenia ago." Mack responded: "So the jews are not entirely in control or the ultimate cause of the chaos." "Not ultimately" Duce responded. "still they are responsible as they are fully conscious of what they are doing and thus are no victims as the christian have been programmed through their religion to portray them, trying to convert them to 'Christ'. The impossibility of this should be clear as it even says in their own bible: an Ethiopian cannot change his skin..." "in other words the proper nature of a being in its proper nature and won't change. Perhaps there are cosmic changes that will abolish these entities but we can't simply sit around and 'wait' or pray to the jewish god as that would be suicide and to grant the jews what they want-the earth for their inheritance on a silver platter. We need to combat them even to the extent of our death."

Mack asked curiously: "What cosmic changes are you alluded to? That sounds like some sort of second coming of Christ, some type of messianism only of an esoteric nature?" Duce responded: "Yeah I know it sounds sort of corny but thats the nature of the cosmos. Some, such as the occultist Peryt Shou in his "The Mystery of the Central Sun" have said that the solar system is circling the galactic plane and as we get closer to the galactic center the energies emitted from there will heat up the solar system and that this is the 'coming of Christ' or 'Kali Avatar' as it says in the Bhagavad-Gita the ancient Aryan vedic sacred text. Serrano claims that the ice rings which encircled Saturn are made of ice and others have said that this is the case even mainstream scientism if we can believe anything they say. These rings Serrano claims were generated by these entities which transform Saturn into a broadcast station that generates time which his why Saturn has always been associated with time, which means in real terms decay, finitude and death. The energies emanating from Saturn bounce off the ice rings and are amplified and directed towards the earth from the moon which has also been claimed to be an artificial structure, not necessarily man made but made by these entities who can take on physical form as well as dwelling in all dimensions above the physical the inner space or astral planes between the third and fourth dimension that traps people in a lower vibrational state of consciousness in what might be called 'hell' or at least Midgard halfway between heaven and hell, between Valhalla and Hellheim. The jews and their controllers wish to trap us in the matrix which they symbolize with a black cube-black for

death, the cube representing the artificial structure of a prison, that which has no inner mobility or vitality but simply sits in an inert state. This is the state of the passive slave, of the christian, another cubus or brick in the wall of Solomon's temple, another drone in the beehive from which they can siphon off our energy." Mack said: "So this cosmic change will melt the rings of Saturn and free us from their slavery?" No, we might not even be alive at that time-only attack against the enemy is the solution: "Victory lies eternally and exclusively in attack"-as Hitler said."

They walked in silence for a time and Mack said: "Perhaps playing hockey is a waste of time then and occupying myself trying to be an artist-maybe I should just involve myself in the movement on a full time basis?" Duce replied: "There is not much the left I'll be honest with you. Maybe you could become a star and achieve success, perhaps that would be the best way and just devote yourself to the movement part time. You'll make a lot of money and if thats your goal to contribute the funds would be welcome. Of course you might find it hard to find acceptance in the system as you're known by it as you've spoken of before. Once you gain notoriety you'll find it nearly impossible to obtain any employment in the normal society-only networking with your own kind will enable you to exist and your existence won't be glamorous by any stretch of the imagination. Since you're already involved and on the way towards the big leagues I would advise staying involved until it doesn't work out for you. If you fail there will always be a place in the movement for you now that you've received your initiation." At the point they had carried in the general area of the downtown the full moon casting its glow over the back apartment building which housed the antifa in an eerie glow. Mack sensed the weird vibrations and commented in a hushed tone: "I get the feeling that there are same entities in that place." Wolf added: "Antifa are all possessed their rituals bind these demons to them and their lifestyle of degeneracy-sex, drugs and crack rocks and bank roll lead towards the abyss. Like the christians", Duce added, "They're all possessed. Its up to us to beat the demons out of them. Lets split off into teams and approach in a pincher strike on both side and rear entrance." "Rear entry is the antifa way so we may as well given them a baton up the ass." Wolf said.

The two teams separated with Mack, Wolf and Shank hitting the side and Duce; Hack and Carceral taking the back. They each approached their respective entry points-the rear entry having a rusty old fire escape that wound up behind the building and the side entrance having a basement window which luckily didn't have any bars. Wolf commented as they approached the window the sound of feral music beating against the walls of the apartment block from somewhere in its inner sanctum: "If there's an alarm it will be hooked up to the glass as a wire sensor." He inspected the window and fished a glass cutter and small suction cup out of his pocket and affixed the cup to the window cutting along he perimeter of the window inside of the alarm sensor wire and then snapping the glass inward holding onto the pane as it sunk inside the dark room and then pulled it out and placed it on the corrugated steel drainage ditch in which they had squatted. Wolf spoke in a hushed tone: "O.K I'll go first then wait for my instructions once we're inside." He peeked in with a penlight and dropped down on the concrete floor five feet below and waited for the other two to enter. "Looks like we're in the boiler room", he said in a soft tone.

Duce, Mack an Carceral approached the rear door and Duce said to Hack: "You know what to do." Hack approached the electronic entry box and proximity card reader and took out a piece of equipment from his pocket an electro-magnetic device and held it up to the prox card reader which beeped and clicked open the lock allowing them entry. Duce left the team in and encountered a stairwell leading up towards the upper floors and downwards towards the basement. The music emanated from the upper floor so he signalled to his fellow skins to head upstairs their batons ready in their gloved fists. Duce headed to the first level and observed a series of apartments on either side of the hallways and most had their doors open, the end of the hallway opened up onto a larger room area where a set of double doors

were shut and music thudding against them indicated that was where the action was. Duce signalled to the members of his crew to go left and right respectively and Hack and Carceral split off as Duce continued down the hall in search of prey. Hack peeped into the room to the right and observed a couple of fags screwing each other in the ill-kept room. Drug paraphrenalia strewn around the tables and a black strobe light slashing as their electronica played. Hack wound up and smacked the tattooed degenerate on top of the skull which sent him into a black out state, the fag underneath him sensing an interruption in their ruttings twisted his head around and met the end of the rod he had least expected the steel black whip of the baton striking him in the face and knocking him down whimpering. Hack stomped on his head with his biker boots and he was down for the count.

Carceral meanwhile had discovered a stash of drug pills in a plastic bag behind which was concealed a silenced Ruger Mark four .22 lr pistol equipped with a loaded magazine He pocketed it and came out to join Hack showing him his prize. Duce was heading towards the double doors with their thumping music that rocked them on their hinges when out of one of the side rooms that must have served as a communal kitchen a lanky jew exited. He observed Duce's the latter brought up his baton to strike at his wooly head out the jew was quick on the draw and dodged the strike as it was descending on him bringing out his .45 that he had on his waistband. Carceral aimed and fired as Duce struck and the jew was knocked down with a double dose of death both in steel and lead his face cracking under the crushing blow of the baton and the lead missile of the Ruger, his body sprawling in a corner in a heap, a look of feral rage plastered on his face. The crew kept going booting aside the already dead corpse and Duce clicked up the .45 and pocketed it as he went towards the red double doors which had emblazoned on them the antifa logo. Duce tried the knob which rotated easily under his gloved hand and looked back at Carceral saying quietly so as not to be available by any of the partiers behind the thumping door: "Get ready with the pistol-I'll pop the door open and head right-Hack you two head left and Carceral stay in the center taking out any threats."

He pushed the double doors open with all the force he could muster and was up and gunning with his leather gloved fists striking the antifa members as they guzzled their liquor and smoked their drugs laughing and jeering at one another's jokes. No longer, as the fist and batons of the Blut Krieg crew crashed into skulls and bodies tumbled onto the floor, the music too loud to enables their screams to be heard. One of the antifa members, a heavily muscled mulatto attempted to strike back but was to a slow to the punch from Duce's ham fists and with a one-two jab across combination the coon sprawled onto the rug his bladder erupting in a puddle of his own piss which pooled around his swollen form. Out of the corner of his eye Carceral caught a spidery oriental looking like a shanghai pirate who just crawled out of an opium den take out a small glock from his expensive looking silk suit jacket and point it at Duce-Carceral was quicker drilling the gook in his oriental noodle like a repeat of the famous photograph of a Vietnamese being shot by the Vietcong his quint eyes crossed and his gap toothed mouth opened as he crashed comically into the cactus in the corner of the room.

The room's occupants had been incapacitated and the haze of marijuana smoke made the place look-like a gun battle had just taken place. The trio scoured the room for goodies and Hack picked up the small glock stuffing it into his waistband. They found nothing besides a pound of marijuana and a weed scale which they left for the cops to smoke and stole out of the main foyer leaving the music to bump and bang into the dead of night. Mack and his crew led by Wolf scrounged around the grimy basement until the overheard the bizarre intonation of chanting in a room down the concrete hallway. Wolf made a gesture of silence and let the way down the corridor: "Raphael, Sephaniel, Gabriel!" Thee, thee I invoke! Ge-Resh-Graf-Graf-Mem-Chesed!" The Hebrew chanting was on the verge of beguiling the skins so Mack made a point of tapping them on the shoulder so that they snapped out of their sate of quasi-hypnosis The two skins shook their heads and snapped out of the daze they had entered into.

Wolf squeezed his baton as the three continued to move silently towards the steel double doors that led beyond towards some unknown site of macabre properties. The chanting continued in some strange combination of Hebrew and Enochian: "Graf-Graf-Lamed-Resh-Graf-Chesed!" vibrating with ever quickening cadence as they approached. Suddenly they heard the whispering of what sounded like a small child and Wolf, infuriated by the almost certain torture and intended sacrifice of the child stormed the steel doors which burst their locking mechanism under his weight his partners rushing in with batons in their fists ready to take down any jew standing. The ceremonial spectacle revealed the horrors of the intended rite-blood soaked altar on which was strapped a white child whose body was perforate with the wounds of the ghoulish jews who ringed it round in their black shrouded robes their ghoulish features bespattered with the blood of the child which they had been slaking their thirst of from silver cups.

Mack's baton descended in an arch of black streak cracking the skull of the nearest jew who went down in a heap lifeless. This was immediately followed up by Wolf's hammer blow which rocked the lead jew, a guant and grey haired veteran on the concrete floor, what wolf's strike hadn't ruined was taken care, of by the hardened floor shattering the eggshell skull of the ghost. Left and right the crew flailed their rods of steel as skulls and bodies were beaten and broken into sheol. Soon the warriors had tolled the entire group and rushed towards the child. As they cast their eyes upon the victim they observed that what small life remained had departed, the child lying lifeless in mutilated gore a gruesome spectacle of the vile rites of the jew. Wolf said angrily: "This place is coming down! We can give the kid a burial but we'll make sure he gets to Valhalla! Go find the rest of the crew-we're gonna burn this building to the ground."

At that moment Duce and the remaining member arrived and Duce exclaimed: "Vile scum!-" as she looked at the mutilated child. "They're gonna pay for this! We got all of the members on the first floor but thought we'd come down here to check up on you and maybe coordinated a strike. I heard a fair amount of noise on the upper levels so there are plenty more where these came from.", he said as he aimed a kick with his steel toed biker boot at the head of the jew nearest him hearing a satisfying crunch as the corpse sprung back on elastic muscles and ligaments. Wolf said: "I was thinking we should burn this down with all of them inside?" Duce said: "I'd rather hunt them down one by one-they're still be time for a funeral pyre once we're through-c'mon!" he said as he rushed out of the room in anger followed by the rest of the crew. As Mack looked back he observed an indistinct diaphanous shape coalescing in the room but decided that they could deal with it later. He did however transmit his aura of protection around the child protecting its soul from the astral parasite demon jews called an 'angel'.

They were up and out of the basement climbing stairs at a print pace heading towards the upper floors. Carceral still had the silenced pistol in his fist and Duce the .45 he had lifted from the kike on the first floor above the main entrance with Hack pocketing the small glock the chinamen had nearly taken him down with. Other than that the crew were armed only with batons and flick knives, their fists and biker boots.

As they ascended the stairwell they heard a shouting conversation over the din of the electronica music: "Sounds like some fighting", Duce said as they crept towards the upper hallway from the stairwell. They overhead the staccatto burst of arabic shouting over a husky jail voice which was attempting a reconciliation of sorts with the arab." "Trust me-we're guaranteed to win-those dumb white goyim aren't gonna know-they do whatever we tell them." the arab calmed down a little and said loudly: "The cops are spying on our mosque all the time-we can't get the kufr white devil children without being rounded up!" The jew responded: "Trust us we control the cops-they wouldn't dare to do anything

without getting the go ahead from us-our sargents will lead them on wild goose chases, our chief of police will lead them to the slaughter or say his hands are tied--or any number of excuses-we can't lose. These goy kids are money in the bank-China pays big bucks for them there-they look upon them as a delicacy-a delicacy to rape and torture-but we all know about that don't we Muhammad."

At that Duce come up on the landing and charged down the alley with the rest of the crew following suit "Death to Zion!" he called out, the other crew members raising their batons as Duce ploughed into the arab with a knee to the chest knocking him down just as he was reaching into his waistband for his gun the jew leaping back and, going for gold brought out his piece but- too late and had his hand shattered by a blow of the baton of Wolf which caused him to howl piteously his cry echoing throughout the hallway before it was silenced by a boot to the jaw as he dropped to his knees. The arab meanwhile had attempted to roll but Duce crashed his baton against the skull of the savage sending him sprawling. He shook his head dazed and prepared to launch himself at Duce. At this point out of the side rooms in which they were listening to some middle eastern modern music some more brutes lept, looks of feral rage contorting their features.

Carceral took no chances and blasted his silenced weapon drilling one of the savages who collapsed under the impact the remainder grabbing for their pieces but were brought down by Carceral and Hack's pistols. Duce meanwhile was grappling with the brute on the tile hallway floor and the savage had put him in a headlock but, taking advantage of the leverage applied by the brute Duce tightened his ropelike neck muscles and rolled over taking the beast down with him rolling to his side breaking the hold and leaping on the brute for some ground and pound. When it was over the arab lay a bloody mess on the marble tiles and Duce said: "time to torch this placed of evil-but first we'll have a look around in the top floor and see if there is anything worthwhile that we can convert to good purpose here." They split off in different directions and began to search the rooms. In one of them Hack discovered a set of hard-drives and file folder of papers and in another a couple of ammo canisters with two kalashnikovs that had been sequestered under the floorboards one of which had been attached a fifty round drum magazine. Bags of cocaine also were concealed under a floor board compartment and a few bags of laundered money bills. Duce commented: "looks like we have some finances for our cause. The crew loaded up the goodies and turned on the gas in the gas stove of the kitchen and then headed downstairs towards the basement carrying the loot behind them with they had put into a couple of duffle bags. "Do you know which vehicle is antifa's?" Wolf asked. Duce nodded: "Its the luxury auto parked in the alley-we can to wire and cart this stuff out of here." The gas from the stove was dissipating around the building as they went downstairs and took out a jug of gasoline that was lying around in the boiler room with a bunch of rags and empty liquor bottles. The crew filled up a molotov cocktail and capped it with a rag whose end descended from the neck taking the gas jug out into the open air through the small hole in the window which Wolf had cut his glass cutter earlier. The gas continued to fill up the apartment block and Duce told Hack: "Go hotwire that vehicle and get ready to go."

Hack raced off towards the luxury auto and punched the door lock gaining instant access and stating the engine hot wiring it. As the car came within distance Wolf went over and opened the doors for the rear: "Read...set..." said Duce as they backed away from teh window "-Go!" The ignited their molotov cocktails with Duce giving the hand signal: "Go!" throwing them into the open window first one there another as the dark basement ignited with yellow flame the crew drove into the vehicle and shut the doors as Hack accelerated tearing up the pavement racing off into the night.

Hack brought the car to the edge of the city's industrial district on the opposite side of where their clubhouse was and Duce radioed into headquarters: "We need a pickup. Come around in the stealth van to..."giving instructions as to their whereabouts. Duce filled Mack in on the details: "The stealth van is a non-descript white cargo van which we use sometimes for lone wolf operation-either one man or a couple of crew members. The licence plates are changed periodically before the strike so that there is always minimal trace. The special features of the van consist of a few sliding panels around the rear and side doors just like at the entry to the clubhouse-they are springboarded allowing visibility and a gun port to strafe the enemy with automatic fire or potshots. The walls, ceiling and floor and have heavy gauge sheet metal riveted to the interior as a means of minimizing return or militia fire as well as, and you may not know this, blocking out any microwaves from the microwave weapons these cowardly sneaks use to assassinate their enemies namely us, and whoever else they hate: environmentalists; their erstwhile relationship with the jihadists; whatever other enemy they conceive of in their parasitical mind. The glass in the van also is bullet proof and made of a specialized material to block the microwaves. The tires are run-flats with extra thick tires and the whole machine is run with a supercharged engine that can reach hot rod speeds. We have a few of these we have equipped. Just like the Freikorps in Germany during the end of world war one we are preparing for a war and require the machines of war to carry out our strikes. We'll show you the garage someday-we've got motorcycles with side cars that can pivot on a half circle and be equipped with machine guns; we've even got cars that can be controlled via remote and transformed into a mobile I.E.D-the radio control mechanism can manoeuvre the vehicle from up to two km away and the vehicles are equipped with panable cameras in their interior that enable a 360 degrees panoramic view of the landscape. No need to get your hands dirty in jihadists style strikes going to some paradise above-we're a bit more sophisticated than that-and we don't throw our lives away when we're needed here to carry out more operations. There'll be a day for us all but unless the act merits our death we fall back upon technology."

At this time the crew had disembarked and observed the stealth van coming down the one way street adjacent to their warehouse. "We could torch the vehicle", Wolf said but there's no need-we're all more or less covered so no DNA would get on the vehicle-best to leave it for the cops to puzzle out." The van rolled up and a skin appeared, his shaven head and grin greeting them with the 'zeig heil' and Roman salute stopping the van as they transferred the gear from the luxury auto. "We've got a haul", Duce said-"Antifa are expanding their operation it would appear-to child sex slavery and ritual murder." The Skin's face glowered with anger: "Hope you paid them in full!", he said Duce responding: 'and their clubhouse-they're all ghosts now, food for their master the Demiurge. We got us a fat stack of cash also to assist in expanding operations. Lots of info to and some hard-drives. We can slip this to some of our police contacts and military people for some assistance if need be-bypass the higher ups so they don't bungle the deal. First I want to have a thorough look at it-may be it can serve as the basis for some strikes of our own."

The Skin looked at Mack and then back at Duce who made the introductions: "This is Toten Mack-so-called as everyone who crosses him ends up in a bodybag for some strikes of our own." The skin looked at Mack and then back at Duce who made the introductions: "This is Totenkopf Mack-so-called as everyone who crosses him ends up in a bodybag-or some of the unpleasant place-an acid pool, a pig farm, etc. In day case they cease to be a problem on this earth." Mack said: "I'm familiar with a hog farm backhome-had a run in with some mossad there in the forest one night-" he broke off as they spotted lights shining at them, then the barrage of automatic weapons fire as the approaching vehicle laid out its payload from two sets of swarthy hands extended out the window. The crew raced around the vehicle as shots peppered the hull of the van, Totenkopf rolled up the bullet proof glass window as the rounds pinged off leaving dusky marks. The van doors allowed access to the gun ports from the interior as the skins returned fire, the fusillade of rounds from the kalashnikovs shattering the window



of the luxury auto which accelerated and ran into a nearby fire hydrant along the alley blowing it open releasing a deluge of water that cooled the heat of the rounds which punctured the vehicle-but not too cool not too ignite the engine in a "Whoomp!" of flame that lifted the vehicle off its carriage sending it up them chasing down into a pile of scrap metal that lined the warehouse building wall. The van, peppered with smg fire from the uzis of the cars' occupants took off with a sequel of fires barrelling down the alley and towards its destination. Sirens sounded in the distance and the distant light of a police helicopter searchlight seeking the cause of the alarm. They left the burning wreckage behind and Duce shouted out over the noise of the engine: "Where did they come from?" Mack said. "they're part of the organized stalking campaign of the cabal. They've been stalking me ever since they began stalking my father who they assassinated along with my mother, girlfriend and best friend." Duce looked as contrite as his hardened features would allow him to be: "we'll get these kike devils soon-its either them or us!"

The van pulled into the clubhouse which was accessible via a separate building fenced in with an electrified fence and razor wire. The garage was fully equipped with the machine's spoken of by Duce armoured stealth vans or which they were were four; a row of motorcycles approximately half of which were equipped with a sidecar and or group of cars which could be remote controlled and outfitted with I.E.Ds. Duce led Mack along the line vehicles and said: "Now that you're in the club we'll be stow on you your own bike-you've contributed handsomely to our cause thus far and your skill level of fragging enemies is impeccable. This hot little number", he said approaching the bike which had a sleek flame design on its gastank with skulls and shiny chrome all around "can be equipped with smgs on its front", he said indicating the gun alcoves in which a Mac-10 or similar smg could be locked in and could swivel on a ballbearing turret." The electronic controls which we've added to the bike enable the rider to utilize the guns while steering the bike-the handle bars have a special button which fires them here" he indicated a red button submerged into the handle: "and activated with a flip of this switch" he pointed to the red switch "that brings the guns out of their concealed hood. The glass shield here is bullet proof as is the gas tank and other delicate mechanisms of the bike." He invited Mack onto the bike to have a feel for how it rode: "Check it out-like riding on a cloud-even has a built in radio in the helmet that coordinates with the others and a microphone. We intend to do war on these brutes and we'll be well equipped to do so-street fighting just like the Freikorps against the communist menace-I should say the menace of the Demiurge as it comes in many forms: zionism; communism; jews; freemasonry; non-whites-all are coming to destroy us as the evil tide moves ever closer we are that much closer to the Ragnarok."

"I'm glad to fight with you", Mack said dismounting from the bike. The crew got out of the garage leaving Totenkopf and to polish up the damage left by the mossad agents. "We'll head up the room of illusion again and commune with the gods to deliberate out strike against the foe-and to received whatever they have to tell us." The group ascended the staircase to the clubhouse side entrance and accessed the intercom they were buzzed in by one of the crew members and entered another bulletproof steel outer foyer which served as an elevator controlled from an interior command post that brought them to the highest level after Duce gave instructions to carry them to the room of illusion. They exited the elevator and all were silent as they made their way into the antechamber to change into their white robes taking turns each coming out and positioning himself around the black sun and Duce, dressed in his white robe raised his hands and beg and to commune with the gods: "Odin! Thor! Gods of the Aesir! We have attained a victory! We ask you blessing and guidance in our fight against the enemy, we seek your wisdom to strengthen us against the foe!" He began to chant, a chant which was picked up by the others and gradually circled around the sun wheel each intoning the words

Ryta fyr eis gibor!  
Hag-al is ryta is asa!  
Fyr os laf myn eis is not!  
Laf is halga-ryta: kaun ryt is suntyr!  
Fa os kaun ur!  
Thor is sun!  
Hag-al asa ur sun!  
Ryt barbar (biörk-bar) asa ur thor!  
Is sun tyr!

This went on for a few minutes, the vibratory cadence calling upon the gods as the moonlight illuminated the circle bathing them in its magnetism. Eventually a presence was felt by Mack who experienced a flood of images, of war and violence and chaos-of buildings with high security fences, walls and security systems of advanced weaponry and of the torture and murder of white children and women their bodies lying in smoking rubble and the cackling of jews with their evil smiles and their shabbos goyim aping their behaviour. The imagery shifted gradually as a possible prophecy of things to come-a brighter world of wooden houses and of happy white people playing about amidst a wholesome environment-was this the past-the future? The traditional costumes of the whites could have been either, no signs of any buildings or technology of and contemporary or other form could be seen. The dream lifted and a voice spoke in an arcane tongue which nonetheless was intelligible to Mack. The deep voice, perhaps the voice of Odin the wise one spoke: "Aryan warriors! You have gained a slight victory and it was good. There are more battles that require your martial skills-behold I present to you a vision of the near future, of what will be within the cycle of the moon" so saying again the crystallization of imagery occurred and what was seen by all parties was the large Chinese community center situated in the downtown in the heart of chinatown. The interior catacombs of the Chinese anthill revealed rows of cages and inside them them white children and women who were gagged and bound and standing over them Chinese gangsters in silk suits with automatic weapons one of whom carried a cattle prod and intermittently zapped the helpless whites in the cages which induced paroxysms of pain their bodies jerking reactively to the electric current. With them a gathering of jews was positioned around supervising the activity.

The scene shifted again and revealed the synagogue that was located in the jews' shtetl-a large bauhaus structure comprised of concrete and surrounded by concrete wall. In the interior of the structure two rabbis poured over the pictures of the captive whites and Chinese gangster, head of the local snake gang sat with them in consultation. The dream imagery evaporate and in its place darkness the voice broadcasting its stentorian tone: "This racket must be destroyed o' Aryan warriors-it will be within the cycle of the moon. Destroy them all and liberate the captive Aryans-the snake gang and their demonic masters jahudi must be destroyed." The presence lifted and as it did so it imparted a surge of magnetism that courses through the forms of the crew as they sat cross-legged in contemplative silence, their souls re-energized, recharged with the spirit of Odin.

The crew then arose and Duce went over to an iron brazier which he lit up with the kindling that was piled beneath, Hack opening up a skylight window to enable the smoke to exit and Duce told Mack to remain seated in the center of the black sun symbol and remove his robe and bare his chest. Mack did so and Duce took up a brand from the corner adjacent to the stove and placed it inside until the metal became white hot. He then extracted it from the stove and Mack observed that it was the symbol of the swastika, the white hot-yellow glow moving in the darkness as the Hyperborean light of the pole star when viewed from the North. Duce said: "Mack Kraft, prepare to receive the symbol of initiation that will confirm your place in the Blut Krieg crew."

Mack bared his breast and watched as the blazing brand seered into his flesh his mind attempting to transcend the pain and to dwell in the heights of Valhalla with the gods. The brand etched the symbol of the Aryan race into his chest and when it was taken away a moment later the brand had diminished in its brightness almost as if it had imparted to him its spiritual light. He felt ennobled upon being so marked and the crew clapped him on the back celebrating his initiation into the cast of warriors: "Victory Hail!", shouted Duce, "Victory Hail!" echoed the crew extending their right arm in a Roman Salute.

Mack told the crew as he departed from the clubhouse that he had to attend his friend Donny' funeral back in his hometown. Back at the hotel he told Karl Stelling he would be gone for a couple of days and to inform Ron Berry the coach about his short term absence. Karl informed him that he would do so and Mack took his duffle being of wetwork paraphernalia with him and sped off towards the town of Boden.

Along the way he was again persuaded by stalkers whose reckless driving was an attempt to sabotage his path attempting to drive him into an accident. He managed to steer around the vehicles and maintain his course until he returned to what was once his home. He no longer to looked up Boden of home-all of what he had cherished there was now destroyed and his former home was now just another territory that had been largely vanquished by the enemy. Through he had decimated their ranks they were still in power-the oligarchy of the cabal still operated through the masonic lodge and its clandestine network and the presence of a jewish community still existed through the members had been decimated by his synagogue strike a few months before.

He knew the nature of the jew was parasitizing off the white race to such the life force from the noble Aryan and that when their numbers decreased they did their utmost to increase them either through accelerating their birth rate as through the importation of more of their kind via migration-suddenly Hymie would show up in town unannounced bringing with him Sarah, David and Rachel and their family and so forth. They would then form an ingroup which was impenetrable to outsiders, a nation within a nation that existed as a parasite absorbing the wealth and energy of the host. They would monopolize trade by nepotistic pooling of resources and using their connections beyond the borders of the community to facilitate their parasitism. Once they had gotten a stranglehold on trade, a monopoly, they would intermarry into the nobility and corrupt them by financing their military campaigns, their decadence-finding all manner of means to harness them to pull their cart as a mule. Eventually they would be the ones to rule the host upon which they fed and then they would seek to import non-whites to serve as their scapegoat for the chaos they created as means of further breaking down the old order so that they could install a new order with themselves as oriental despots sitting above all as an oligarchy of thieves, liars and murders.

Mack understood that with jews it was an either-or situation: either the jew was excluded or the host into which he entered would be subordinated to him as a slave as had happened in Egypt under the Hyksos, the so-called 'Shepherd Kings'. Today the shepherd kings were the freemasons, priests of the order of melchizedek who 'shepherded' their sheep, their 'goyim' so that they could shear and eventually slaughter them for their personal benefit, their vampiric enrichment with the lifeforce of the noble Aryan reduce to witless slaves. Mack knew that such a fate was not that of his people either in Boden or in any town in the Nation or in the world. He had work to do and the town of Boden would be cleared of its riff raff-at least temporarily once he got through. Even though he had bigger missions there was still the unfinished business of revenge against those particular individuals who had destroyed the lives of his mother, father , girlfriend and best friend. He would, he vowed, eventually take over the town and establish it as his own private fiefdom wherein he would give his people a

chance for a meaningful life of creative self-expression and noble achievements rather than a life of drudgery under the jewish yolk. As he observed the town of Boden on the horizon he was greeted by the rising sun, herald of a new promising future for Aryan mankind. He would be the aegis of the future and it would be forged in iron and blood.

The funeral of Donny was held at the Christ King Mission church wherein Christian Humble, the killer of Donny's friend was to be, his father attending to give a sermon on 'tolerance'. They only people Mack know who had any decency and who would be attending the funeral were his mother and father. The remnant of the church were nothing but race traitors and moralizing bigots who attended the 'Christ King Mission church' and made it their mission to condemn and insult all of those who didn't attend their privileged world of hypocrisy. He would see to it that his role was that of the angel of death and swiftly descend upon these self-righteous hypocrits and sweep them away from the earth with the sickle of Saturn.

He didn't know exactly where he would strike them but strike them he would into their leaden coffins. Mack checked his house and found it to have remained unmolested though he was sure that acoustic equipment had been planted in his residence. He rented a moving van and packed his library in it, that which he had inherited from his father and other items that could contribute to the crew's headquarters.

The day of the funeral came upon him a Saturday the day dedicated to Saturn jahovah, the jews deity of vampirism and enslavement. The day was overcast and rained down upon the 'Christ King Mission church' which appeared a somber spectre against the gun metal sky. Mack drove his black BMW towards the church whose parking lot had already been filled with the vehicles whose occupants were to attend. He parked his vehicle and shouldered his backpack which though small contained enough C-4 plastique explosives to detonate the church and everyone inside. He approached and stated to the negro attendant: "Samson-where do I go to drop off the food I brought?" The negro looking with disdain upon the white man gestured downstairs with an ostentatious display of his Rolex watch. Mack went down into the kitchen area which was largely deserted then quickly moved further down into the basement and began rigging up the C-4 explosives around the main furnace area and adjacent to the propane tank which was installed on the other side of the basement, the christian waiting to keep it from being damaged by any outsiders, any 'heathens' or 'worldly sinners' who passed by their church of concrete and steel. The radio detonators would communicate instantly with the C-4 plastique transmitting an electrical charge which would rupture the plasticene explosive brick creating a chain reaction which would bring hellfire and brimstone, the wrath of God, upon the pharisaical church and their hypocritical self-righteous sermonizing. The sermon on the menu today would be written in blood and guts and would be a proper send off to Donny rather than have his soul delivered to the vampire deity jehovah.

Once Mack had finished installing the C-4 he then went up to the kitchen area and discovered the negro Samson gobbling up some of the pie that was to be served to the parishioners after the dinner that evening. He ignored the coon who started leafing through his bible and putting on a look of self-righteous holier-than-thought superiority. Mack passed into the main area and observed the pastor who pointedly avoided his gaze and who was in conversation with Christopher Love the mayor and head of the freemason lodge. His son Bruce was occupied with a Chinese girl making sleazy Don Juan moves. Mack avoided both of them and approached the parents of Donny. He greeted them and said: "Whether it was the hand of God or some other force the killer was killed shortly after however little consolation that may be to you both I just wanted to let you know: The mother, stricken with grief as he features betrayed responded in an outpouring of emotion saying she wished there would be an end to violence.

Mack sat down next to them as the pastor began his sermon on 'tolerance': "We are gathered here today" he began in a sanctimonious tone" to mourn the passing of a young man who, though having his problems, was nonetheless a child of God." Donny's mother's brow furrowed with anger at the implicit aspersion against her son but remained, enduring the continual abuse from the fat pastor: "Yes, we all sin, we are all guilty of offending the Lord. We are all responsible for the passing of this youth whose future looked so bright..." The pastor droned on quoting intermittent bible passages and anecdotes to denigrate Donny's memory in a backhanded way. Eventually he wrapped up his pompous sermonizing: "...and like Daniel in the lion's den we are all wayward mortals; we must pick our battles and we must walk softly amongst the lions for is it not said that the jews are a special people upon whom God smiles-we must therefore forgive them if they are rebellious children just as we must acquiesce to the chastisement of the Lord and not seek private vigilante justice-for it is the Lord of hosts who will decide upon whom he bestows his grace or punishment, his blessings and his cursings. Thus let us make peace and remember in our hearts the good aspects of our dearly departed's life. He was a troubled youth, he had been subject to the mind virus of anti-semitism, but he still had a future until our good Lord took him from us..." The parents of Donny were demoralized by the sermon of the pastor, the mother alone having a vestige of regard for her lost son.

Mack whispered in her ear as the sermon was concluding-"we should leave this place of evil-lets go outside". He got up and his friends mother and father accompanied him while Mack called silently upon the gods to avenge Donny's death. He cast his eyes towards the gunmetal sky and its torrential rain which peppered teh three as they walked out in their rain jackets. They had gotten towards their vehicles and were going to go to a local coffee shop when Mack's calling to the gods manifested in a bolt of lightning which struck the church igniting its roof.

Almost simultaneously he pressed the trigger on the detonators which caused the church to implode in rubble and flame the parishioners inside being crushed to death under the concrete and steel and fire, a holocaust, burnt offering to their demonic deities which they had bound to the building through kabbalistic incantations encoded in the bible. The parents huddled together dumbstruck and Mack left them-he had other things to take care of.

The next day Mack managed to find a buyer for his vehicle and hired a moving company to relocate to the City to the clubhouse where he would be staying. He was greeted at the gates by Duce who had the gates open and a pallet loaded and ready to transport the goods into the inner sanctum. The moving company guys were given a tip each and sent back to Boden. Duce looked at the library of books and commented: "Must have taken a long time to accumulate-lots of rare and historical works. Still without ourselves as a race, culture has no meaning so it can only be preserved as long as we exist. We'll incorporate this into the archives and should we attain a victory it will come in handy if no we've at least done what we could to preserve our past. The preservation of the past depends upon the preservation of our race and a future for our race as you are so keenly aware of."

At 'Berry's School of Hard Knocks' Mack kitted up for the game and now that it was only Karl Stelling who Mack could relate to as all of the other players were ideologically unaligned, were the typical libertarian possessive individualist type and cared nothing for the survival of the white race only for their personal career and however many thrills they could derive from a life of hedonistic abandon. Karl was too involved in his school curriculum to have a willingness to participate with Mack at any deeper level of activism. His strategy was to 'play it safe' and to attempt to infiltrate the system and to build power within using a portion of his money to fund the movement. Of course, Mack cogitated, people like Karl were often-all too often in fact-blinded by their self interest and whatever idealistic promise they made in the youth was cast aside later once they had become corrupted by the life style of

careerism and yuppie-hood, having to cater to the decadent whims of whatever female they became bound up with, their former idealism evaporating before the realism of life in the rat race.

Not to say that it was a necessity that they should pursue the path but comfort and social status were to them more important than the future of civilization and the white race. Their short sightedness was probably born of their own inner weakness, a decadent desire for self pleasure, for an inability to suffer or endure hardship beyond that of nine to five pursuit of the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow road of social respectability and self satisfaction. Mack understood that though Karl was ideologically aligned to Mack's worldview intellectually and in a theoretical way he didn't really have what it took in the flood to take a stand and oppose what was going on in the world.

The ideological agreement of Karl with the white cause was largely a lot of smoke blowing and career focus in spite of all claims to the contrary was a sign of Karl's lack of appreciation of the long term consequences of his actions. It was the contrary with Mack-he would do whatever it took even to the point of death in order to serve the cause of the survival of his people and any amount of worldly goods, benefits of whatever transient nature, would sway his pursuit of the survival of his race and with it civilization.

The game began between black and white as usual and Ron Berry was observing. A Jewish man sat next to him and watched as the players skated back and forth over the course of the rink body checking one another and taking shots over the course of three months and felt assumed that he would make the big leagues. However in the depth of his soul he felt that it would be a time investment that would take away from his activity with the Blut Krieg Crew, the most effective route of activism: what occurs in real life and created the necessary changes to topple the system.

After all there was plenty of money circulating around and yet it meant little to nothing as none of its possessors had a willingness to contribute to the cause. Those few who did were of course valuable assets as patrons but all the money in the world meant nothing if no one was willing to at.

This was the disruptive power the system sought to neutralize at all costs, giving steam valves and ineffective channels of activism to pro-whites that assisted in bleeding off any effective resistance to their despotism. Mack understood that the only effective resistance was force, lone wolf and small cell strikes at vulnerable points of the Leviathan-shutting down the system like an aging cancerous body first one soft target than another with the addition of hard targets at key points that would completely incapacitated the system' functioning.

Mack knew that should he pursue a career in the big leagues he would be too distracted to focus all of his energies on the necessity of pro-white activism. However he decided he would play things out to the end and do his best to at the very least get into the draft and find out if the system would even let him get that far. Should it do so he would acknowledge Karl's path may still be viable for some, but should his path to the big leagues be barred then it would be too late to participate in the system if one were even suspected of having pro-white values.

He suspected the latter was the case but played on as Ron Berry and the Jew, who he suspected of being a talent scout, observed his movements. That there were no Jewish players remaining on either team limited the selection of the Jew to white players. This increased Mack's chances of success and so his probability of being drafted was the highest possible all things considered.

The game progressed smoothly with Mack shutting out all attempted shots, making a respectable number of saves a few of which drew upon his phenomenal agility and quickness. The game was nearly at an end at the bottom of the third period with only a few minutes on the clock. Though the team led by a 3-0 score and the possibility of the other team winning was minimal to none the game was merely a display of competence of the recruiter and this losing or winning was not really the purpose. The purpose was a showcase of skills necessary of the big leagues: aggression and proactive defence, and indefatigable and talented offence, the role of the goalie being exactly what Mack had demonstrated, making him an archetype of goaltending: speedy; agile; ruthless in the defence of the crease; optimal proprioception and coordination; situational awareness. The last few seconds ticked down and Mack was at the edge of his crease backing slowly as the onrush of a two on one offence raced towards him, still cutting down the angle Mack feinted left as the player on the same side came in first then dropped the puck back to the other player who wound up for a slapshot but Mack was too quick for him and struck out with his blocker deflecting the puck over the net and glass just as the buzzer went ending the game.

The players thronged round clapping Mack on the helmet and equipment and celebrating their victory. Mack looked over to the bleachers where coach Berry was standing upright with a smile on his face, the Jew looking rather stoical continued to make notes in his clipboard.

Later that evening Mack took a look at the roster of draftees that had been tacked up to the corkboard outside of the coach's office. The players gathered round as they had been waiting most of the rest of the day in the game room to know what their future had in store and Mack, who had come up a little behind the crowd and scanned the roster for his name. His name wasn't ticked off with the mark that signified he would pass into the draft to be accepted into the big leagues. He recognized now that there was no hope going forward within the system's rules. He was in his mind an outlaw and had no choice to fulfill any destiny that was appropriate to for him within the context of the system. His fate was sealed from the system's 'grace'-it was now up to him and to him alone to ensure that he took hold of his own destiny that was appropriate for him within the context of the system.

His fate was sealed from the system's 'grace'-it was now up to him and to him alone to ensure that he took hold of his own destiny against it, understanding that his rejection, though the best player in the school signified that anyone suspected of being pro-white would necessarily be shut out of the system even if they, as he had shut out all competition according to merit. Even at the top of his game and far outperforming the competition he was still denied access. For pro-whites and eventually all whites as the necessary consequence-were clearly shut out from the system. That Mack was being targeted by the system and gangstalked proved that any pro-white was completely barred from entry to the system. Karl, who had affiliated himself with Mack was almost certainly targeted as well. The Viking mentality of Karl, that of a possessive individualist blinded him from recognizing that he was not going to be able to participate in the system by virtue of his past ties with Mack. What Karl failed to realize was the necessity of collective struggle against a common foe. In the mind of such as Karl all were free to do whatever they wilt following the creed of an Aleister Crowley, a possessive individualist for whom Self superseded Other and others were merely a tool to serve the self at best a friend held at arm's length to involve oneself with in mutual piracy of Others be they white, black or otherwise.

Such a mentality, Mack reflected is what brought down the British Empire-a lack of cohesion brought about by the necessity for mutual defence against a common foe. Isolation and independence could only be had at the expense of one's own race and ultimately at the expense of oneself. The survival of a race necessitated cohesion amongst its members and failure to do so led to one's death. Mack, now that he had finally been liberated from all of the fetters which bound him to society and to any future within

society, know that what amounted to society was now a compete enemy and held no promise of advantage for him. Thus he was branded an outlaw, a man who had no protection under the law and who thus became a law unto himself. He differed from Karl in realizing that the individualistic solipsistic path was an impossible one to tread and thus that law existed only bound up with blood and that this meant Race superceded the individual member thereof, that the individual was only able to sustain his life under the auspices of his race and that should it be necessary for his race to exist he must cease to exist in sacrificing himself for his kind.

This was the law which he recognized as his only law: that of the survival and advancement of his own kind. He understood that , according to the laws of the cosmos, those the Divine Will, any organism could not simply 'exist', it either had to expand and increase its forces or contract and atrophy. The former was the self-development of the Racial soul and its conquest of others, the latter its stagnation through lack of combat and challenge, its atrophy, and as the inevitable end result its termination. Thus it was either expand in a Faustian style projection of its will or death would be the inevitable end result. Mack decided he would hang up his hockey gear as he had reached the limits of this form of life.

His life now must be devoted purely to the cause of white survival and Imperium over the earth in accordance with the imperative of the Divine Will. He would thus stand and fight as there was no alternative, all specious alternatives being mere feints in the game of the enemy, traps and false options that those less conscious of the tactics of the enemy would fall for. He thus directed his course towards the head quarters of the Blut Krieg Crew and severed all ties with his former self and his past. Mack arrived at the headquarters and entered the correct keypad combination announcing himself to Hack who was inside monitoring the promises. He was allowed in and descended into the inner sanctum, to the records archive where Hack was positioned at his computer. Hack nodded to Mack and said: "We got a strike prepared tonight Mack-you in" "You know it", Mack replied and Hack asked another question: "So-how did it go with the recruitment-did you get drafted?" Mack said he would make that known to all of the members in attendance before the strike as he wanted them to know what his plans were and thought they should all be made aware of his plans. Hack responded that they would be there in a short time as the preparation for the strike necessitated planning and consultation in the simulation room.

They discussed the local politics of the city and who was who and who was jew and Hack gave a run down on organizational rank structure and protocol as well as how the organization was subdivided into above and below ground and that the underground hard side of activism was the motor of change but that the impetus for its working was the Race Idea which the above ground organization transmitted into the popular consciousness. As Karl von Klauswitz had defined war it was politics gone about by other means and that meant the hard side of iron and blood. "We are the weapons of war for the white race", Hack stated "and propaganda of the deed is the necessary means to effect our purpose. The problem with this movements the difficulty of finding hard core people who actually care enough to put their lives on the line and most importantly who have the brains and brawn to be effective. So many have neither but those who have brains often don't have the brawn and vice versa. Our crew is an elite group many of whom have a background in the military or police and who have sense combat in foreign wars. They have been inside prison and have experienced lifetimes within the relatively short span of their lives. Your own experience is a case in point of welding together brains and brawn."

They discussed the upcoming strike for that night: "As you may have surmised since our attack on antifa headquarters we are now into bigger game as the Deity has informed you-we're going to smash the slavery ring tonight and put an end to the creatures who have captured our women and children. You should enjoy the night's action." The buzzer rang and Hack pressed the intercommand Duce's



voice broke out on the other end: "We're here." Hack pressed the button and allowed the crew in and when the elevator doors opened there was a six man team dressed in their leather jackets and jeans and biker boots who walked in. Duce greeted Mack and said: "How'd thing go?" Mack replied: "I made my decision not to continue with the good 'ol hockey game. I performed the best I had ever performed and my team won the game with a shut out and I performed some very elaborate saves bit..." he said, "the jewish talent scout who was there still didn't draft me." Duce slapped him on the back in expression of his condolences but Mack continued: "I had decided before on quitting-I think it isn't worth devoting my time to a child's game no matter how lucrative now that I am in the crew. We have enough money as it is and following my personal path would simply constitute a deviation what duty requires here with the crew." Duce contemplated nodding his head and commented: "I think you made the right decision. For all of the fortune and fame you could have acquired following your long cherished goal you could attain immortality with us. The real duty of the Aryan at this time is that of war against the enemy and to the death-either their death or ours. We don't have much time remaining."

Duce motioned the crew towards the simulation room: "we're going to introduce Mack to some of the most vile creatures that exist in Zion City and then-we're gonna kill'em and free our women and children who are kept as their prisoner and put a stop to the slavery ring." The crew proceed to the simulation room and arranged themselves around the screen upon which a slideshow projector was illuminating. The scene of China town appeared and Duce, who was commenting while Hack ran the projector said: "This is the rat warren where the Chinks live. The large building you see in the downtown is their alleged 'cultural center'. In reality it is a high security facility that is the heart of the Chinese trojan horse and that is the basis for their operations in the drug trade and the sex slavery ring. It is also an occult daoist center where they price their vile rites of cannibalism and vampirism torturing and consuming the flesh and blood of our people to absorb their life force and augment their own. The creatures work with the jews and are in a way a pale reflection of the jew: a ghoul, a subterranean creature who feeds off the life force of all sentient life it can get its hands on. The kikes let those asiatic rats in and they are spreading their plague germs and sealing our substance-our life's blood!" he said shouting in anger which stirred the other members of the crew. We will severely punish these sewer rats this night."

The slideshow shifted towards a series of Chinese faces, the first of which was an emaciated figure with greying and balding head his wizened features of a pale yellowish white color, his beady black eyes sunk in epicanthic folds that looked like slits and his gaunt features cracking into a smile revealing gold and blackened teeth.

This is the leader of the Snake gang 'Li Hsin'. He is the alleged 'entrepreneur' who financed the construction of the 'community center' and who is the Chinese communist party's main contact in this region of the Nation. He is an expert daoist which of course translates into 'black magician'. This ghoul, has, we suspect, been responsible for the abduction and disappearance of most of the whites in Zion City in the last five years and he is the go-to man for the jews as the 'Chinese connection'" The slideshow continued through a few more Chinese with Duce commenting on each giving a briefing of their background and significance in the Snake gang most of the gang members masqueraded under the front of a respectable business man or woman as both male and female members played a prominent role."The Chinese understand the psychology of the white man-or so they believe", Duce said, "Which is why their strategy has been of a similar nature to that of the jew-a sneaky and underhanded one cancelled behind the offspring of economic benefit and always behind a benign smile. We are of course not to naive as they think-we see through their facade of friendliness and understand the red face behind the mask. We intend to tear aside that mask tonight and expose that monstrous face beneath for the public to see. The police will be forced to reveal the criminality and trace it to its origins, namely

the jews at highest echelons of power and their Chinese connections. Some high level jewish players will no doubt be in attendance tonight. We can pick off the major players they send and take care of the rest later.

Duce led the crew to the armory which was accessed from the simulation room. "Tonight we're gonna take out the trash", he said as he entered. "we've received blessing from the gods to carry out the strike. This group is much more hardcore than the antifa will ever be and batons and boots won't do the job of putting them in a pine box. We need more hardcore weapons to deal with the hardcore opponent.", he said taking up an H&K MP5 from the rack that was screwed into the wall and upon which was displayed a varied assortment of death machines from kalashnikovs to automatic shotguns to street sweeper smgs. Duce said: "Pick your poison boys! We want each member carrying a primary and secondary weapon capable of packing a punch. Your commando daggers are on the table yonder" he said indicating the table which was placed at the end of the rack. Wolf grabbed an automatic shotgun and bandolier of slug ammo winding it around his shoulders and stapping another belt of double '00" buck around his waist: "Time to blast the evil horde!" Mack selected a brace of Mac-11 smgs-equipped with silencers and shoulder holsters and put them on replacing his leather jacket over top. Each member also grabbed a bullet proof kevlar mask for concealment and protection as well as a vest. The other members amongst whom were Carceral and Shank grabbed their weapon of choice and the appropriate ammo and stood at the ready for Duce's instructions. The leader said: "we'll head to the compound in three stealth vans-two with three people and the remainder with myself and Carceral. We'll park them a block and a half away on the perimeter of China town and make our way inside down the alley behind the Sun-Fan supermarket and infiltrate the place via the rear delivery entrance. No doubt the chinks will be inside covering every exit so we need to move fast and furious and wipe way as many as possible before they can get the police involved. The sub-basement is where the whites are being held captive and that is our target. The chinks and kikes can make up any excuse if any are left alive to tell the tale so a scorched earth policy is essential. I'll be bringing some plasticine with detonators to force the cops to attend the area and we'll set those fireworks off once we leave bringing the whole city to the scenes." He checked the crew members ensuring they were fully equipped and had radio music and head phones to facilitate the coordination of the strike. "Lets move out men-Hail the gods and smash the enemy!"

Li Hsin sat on his silken cushions and smoked his opium pipe. He would go to the land of dreams and commune with the ghosts of his ancestors. His squinty eyes shut as he contemplated the great ultimate communing with the ghosts. Around him were positioned a coterie of fellow Chinese Daoists all of whom were dressed in black silk suits of a traditional Chinese make. He alone wore a suit of red to connote his superior position in the order of the snake gang whose name was secrete to all save its members. Another man, whose features were also of gaunt appearance and whose balding head was not yet grey sat in the same lotus position and smoked an opium pipe also.

His name was Moshe Golan an israeli mossad agent who was the go-to point man of the slave cartel, a liason between the Nation and Zion City and the state of israel. Li Hsin understood that the power of the jew would cast its light on they who paid homage to their religion of egocentrism. That was fine, he reflected, he could appear humble-so long as he didn't feel it inside. He was beyond the petty particularism of the jew for the Chinese, the Dragon Race, was the true master race of the earth. He would play the long game for power and let all others fizzle out-he had, he reflected, ample time to conquer-the ghosts of his ancestors would be very pleased with his usage of this pawn who styled himself the 'master race' or 'chosen one'. In the end, Li Hsin though caused, it would be he who would choose and he would choose his own people, the people of the dragon, to attain victory over the earth and to enslave all of the people so that no more could the dragon seed be repressed and forced into

subjection at the hands of the despotic middle easterners and white devils who cursed the earth with their greed. The great ultimate would reign over the earth and universal peace would be the outcome. Li Hsin took up a small brass mallet and struck a gong which was positioned next to him. The gong racing out in sonorous tone and the eyes of the jew flitted towards him expectant of some change of sorts. Soon the sound of cries could be heard from a distance through the ornately carved laquer doors. The dragon doors with fearsome beasts overarching the lintel were suddenly opened and the volubility of the cries increased as a young white girl was brought in trussed up in hand cuffs and leg irons, her mouth gagged with a ball gag.

Her writhing form was held in check by two burly Chinese guards whose emotionless expressions posed an incongruous quality to the desperate struggles of the girl. She was placed upon the table which had a varied assortment of buckles and straps that could be manoeuvred by way of grooves along which they ran to accommodate any size and positions suitable to the vile rites of the daoists. Li Hsin rose and immediately his fellow daoists rose as the girl was strapped down to the elegantly designed laquer table, her limbs stretched to their limits placing her into a position of an 'x' cross representative of the Saturn logos. Her neck too was bound with straps and forehead thus preventing her from writhing. Only her abdomen was left free and she jerked her hips in desperation to free herself as the daoist priest stood around her, the israeli agent also following suit and minimizing the motions of the Chinese raised his harms towards the ceiling.

Once they had completed their work the guards exited the room bowing obsequiously and taking up the position outside of the double doors. Li Hsin began to intone in Chinese a somber cadence whose monotone structure amplified the alien nature of the rite-something wholly divergent from the consciousness of the white man in whose society Hsin had installed his trojan horse. The chanting continued and was intermittently punctuated with a ring of the gong.

After a certain span of time the room dimly lit with oil lamps clouded yet further as a multitude of strange shapes began to coalesce in the atmosphere their diaphanous forms swirling around the room and giving off an eerie radiation of strange energy. The girl writhed her hips on the laquer table desperate to flee the presence of those vampiric creatures who, though held back by some mysterious force from her form nonetheless seemed eager to partake of her vital energy. Li Hsin took out of his suit a slender golden knife which he brandished aloft and articulated arcane words that were unknown to all outside of the room and had been carried down the generations by word of mouth. The daoists present followed suit and raised their daggers to the ceiling looking upward at the ghostly creatures whose forms were half ape, half anthropoid with a skeletal quality swirling overhead with frenzied rage desperate to break the magic barrier which held them spell caught and whose key was blood.

Duce and the crew pulled up to the alleyway and disembarked carrying their weapons in black pvc pipe to conceal them from any cameras that might make them visible and traceable. They darted down the alley towards the 'community center' and made their way towards its concrete walls which encircled it also that it was impenetrable to all outsiders save those coming via the main entry and exit point. The barrier was made to look like a flower garden and was stacked high above street level so neither vehicular nor pedestrian traffic could approach without observation by the cameras.

Duce took out a grapnel and cast it over the wall and hooking it around a steel fence which bordered one of the terraces of the garden. Hoisting himself up and over he was followed by the of the members of the gagging who followed suit and arranged themselves around him concealing themselves behind a large concrete flower box. Duce whispered instructions as he took out a glass cutter and suction cup: "Wolf-get us in", the addressed grabbed the gear and traced a man sized hole in one of the glass panes.

They entered and as they began to head down the main hall Mack spotted a burly guard doing his rounds and, raising his sound suppressed Mac-11 fired off a burst into the center of mass dropped the chink whose body lay splayed on the ground. The crew rushed forwards and made it downstairs without any encounters until they came onto the main floor hallway and observed a pair of guards talking in their mandarin tongue as they looked out at the street below.

Again Mack drilled the guards, emptying his magazine bringing them down as they did the rigor mortis shuffle. He slapped in another clip and kept pace with the crew whose weapons were sure to bring more heat eventually should they be heard. The water fountain outside was running and the only sound they made was their footfalls on the stone floor as they headed down into the basement.

Li Hsin intoned in a louder voice as sweat began to bead on his forehead the daoist priests repeating his decadence in a mesmeric fashion as his echo while the blue eyed blonde haired girl writhed in fear on the table to which she was bound. Li Hsin's voice was now amplified to the pitch of madness while the banshees flitted about overhead.

At that moment gunfire was heard and the doors a moment later burst asunder, the crew entering in and blasting away the Chinese who, disarmed and caught by surprise were Peking ducks in a shooting gallery their silken suits crimsoned with blood and muck by the barrage of gunfire discharged by the crew. The ghouls whirled the room and dropped just as the banshees above disappeared leaving the room a quiet scene but for the struggling female. Duce spoke: "We've got no time to fool around. I'm going to ask you where the others are hidden so we can free them and whether there are any exists in the basement we can escape through. Now-" he said with a friendly voice as he touched her shoulder "Let us know where they are and how to get out of here." He removed the ball gag from her mouth and she said, gasping for breath and in a state of shock: "Head down the stairs and they are in the room with the double doors-but they are heavily guarded. There is a door leading outside-" she said trailing off and crying with emotional shock. Duce said: "Stay here-you're safest in the room. The police will come soon just hold on and keep the door shut. When they come explain the situation before you open the door." The crew headed down the hall and as they did so they overheard the thudding of running footsteps from both upstairs and down.

The Snake gang was upon them as they made their way towards the staircase which led to the sub-basement wherein the white slaves were kept and Wolf pinioned on his half as the Snake Gang rounded the corner and raised their automatic smgs in their direction blasting out a volley of slug ammo from his autoloader shotgun the impacts of the lead slugs bursting the chink apart a Chinese stirfry with soy sauce added their bodies splattering the concrete walls of the Chinese Trojan horse.

More were coming and the crew confronted them head on discharging their payload into the onrush of Chi-comms who were moved down like crabgrass on a rice paddy as the crew formed a phalanx and charged through them towards their destination. The sub-basement door came up to meet them and they heard shots and the rush of boots on concrete as the enemy took up their positions in the interior. Duce affixed a blob of C-4 plastique on the space between the double doors and primed a detonator motioning the crew to head for cover behind the stairwell, three members monitoring the staircase as it made a bend towards the upper level and three underneath. Within seconds the charge exploded as Duce pressed the remote detonator and the double doors burst inwards the hinges having been wrenched the lock and dead bolt melted by the blast. Shots rang out and peppered the general area through the smoke tearing holes in the concrete and ricocheting around the hallway out of range of the crew: The lights in the interior room which had encircled it went black as the enemy sought protection amidst the darkness. One of the crew shank had picked up an FN-Fal with infrared scope attacked and

began picking off targets one by one as the screams from the interior erupted and fusillade of fire met them as a reaction against pinging harmlessly off the peppered concrete which looked like a moldy grey cheese gnawed at by rats. The sniping from Shank continued as eventually, the last few slave dealers rushed out of the rat hole attempting to storm the enemy but Duce's H&K MP5 tore them down like so many Chinese lanterns on Chinese new year, their flaming firework smgs going dark as the last of the few members were eliminated from the earth.

Crying and whimpering emanated from the darkened room and Mack observed dimly the row of cages which were stacked against the wall of the large interior. Duce tapped him on the shoulder and whispered in a sub-acoustic voice to head to no-one side of the entryway telling the others to head to the other side. This they did and as they headed towards their firing point a voice called out from the interior anticipating being struck at and making his last stand: "Come one step forward and I'll trigger the electrical discharge which will electrocute all of the shiksa and young goyim here!" the whiny voice screeched defiantly a cornered rat ready to leap at its assailant.

Duce said back: "What do we have to do I order to free the hostages?" The voice cracked with glee and broke our into chaotic laughter: "Goyim! You must die! There is no other way!" So saying the red emergency lights went on and the overhead lights were shut off. Duce shouted again: "You can't win! Give up the prisoner's or we'll kill you!" The voice laughed again crazily drunk on its own power: "Goyim! Those lights are programmed to transmit deadly microwave radiation that will eventually kill you-I control the intensity-you are now being cooked-alive! Ha ha ha!" the voice rang out. The microwaves crackled in the light bulbs and the crew began to have a nauseous feeling. At that movement a shot rang out and the voice screamed with feral anger: "Goy! Goy!", before silence. Shank, observing the darkness though his infrared scope stated: "Got him! We're clear-lets head to the room!" Mack and the crew headed in and Shank followed scanning the dark room for the light switch while the captives brightening at the sight of the crew's victory shouted and cheered them on rattling the bars of their cages as they gained confidence of liberation though some had had their spirits dampened and even crushed from the torture and abuse of in many cases months of captivity. The march of feet above could be heard as the Chinese mobilized on the staircase.

Mack peered around the room which Shank had just illuminated and observed an exit door. He informed Duce of it: "Here's the exit!" and the latter nodded his head as he cogitated on what to do. He signalled to Mack: "Get ready to shut the double doors to the extent they can be shut" as he molded a large ball of explosive playdough and jammed a detonator inside tossing it out like a baseball under the staircase down which the chinks were creeping muttering in their own language.

Mack and Carceral raced to the doors forcing them closed though they were warped and the hinges prevented their full closure-a large bowling ball sized hole prominent in them from the previous charge. Duce said: "Unlock the cages and lets go!" Hack found the electrical panel and starting flipping the switches unlocking the cage doors. The bodies of the Chinese on the stairs could be heard quite audibly entering through the stairwell their voices picking up as they decided to charge-and charge they did as Duce pressed the detonator button causing the ball of C-4 to erupt in a flash, the flames shooting through the cracks in the doors and concrete peppering the steel doors, the oriental wails sounding like banshees as their soul joined their relating in the great ultimate.

The cage doors were flung wide and Duce said to the captives: "We can take you with us-free yourselves, the police should be on their way with the sound of that explosion!" The crew headed out leaving the captives to their own devices and made their way back to their vans without being

observed. The police sirens converged on the community center as the three vans stole away into the night taking circuitous routes back towards headquarters.

Back at the headquarters the crew celebrated the liberation of the white captives who were now able to tell the tale to the police and to the outside world. The fact that the police were not wholly corrupt in Zion and that the many eyes and ears surrounding China town who witnessed the event were attentive to the goings on gave the whites a chance at life. Duce reassured Mack that the police though corrupt were subject to an inner schism with some pro-white police remaining who still held some authoritative positions. It was a gamble that the captives wouldn't simply be gunned down so that the cabal could avoid exposure of its crimes but the probability was high they would at least be allowed to live to tell the tale or what they knew of the facts from their frog perspective, looking up at a grand conspiracy from the mire in which they and the average white person was forced to live. The fate they would certainly have been subjected to would have been much worse than even assassination at the hands of a corrupt police firing squad so in either case the right decision had been made. The sex slavery ring had been smashed and most of its minions and especially the diabolical leadership of Li Hsin who now existed as a ghost to face whatever fate those who sold themselves to the dark forces had to face. Duce led the crew to the room of illusion and they positioned themselves around the symbol of the black sun after they put on their white robes. Duce raised his hands and began to intone a formula of arcane words:

Ryta fyr eis gibor!  
Hag-al is ryta is asa!  
Fyr os laf myn eis is not!  
Laf is halga-ryta: kaun ryt is suntyr!  
Fa os kaun ur!  
Thor is sun!  
Hag-al asa ur sun!  
Ryt barbar (biörk-bar) asa ur thor!  
Is sun tyr!

repeating the cadence:

Ryta fyr eis gibor!  
Hag-al is ryta is asa!  
Fyr os laf myn eis is not!  
Laf is halga-ryta: kaun ryt is suntyr!  
Fa os kaun ur!  
Thor is sun!  
Hag-al asa ur sun!  
Ryt barbar (biörk-bar) asa ur thor!  
Is sun tyr!

The light from the gibbous moon shone down through the skylight and ensconced the crew in its ghostly light. Duce again raised his hands in a symbol of the man rune and spoke, vibrating the words: "Thor! Odin! Gods of the Aesir! We have carried out the strike against the slave ring-all of the kikes and chinks have been exterminated and we have destroyed they slave ring freeing the white women and children. What task must we know embark upon to best serve the white race? Tell us 'o ye gods of infinite wisdom, bestow upon us the knowledge of what enemy must be struck at! O' Thor! O' Odin! bestow upon us your wisdom!" At that moment the room brightened and the stentorian voice of Odin

was heard: "Behold-your next task! Carry it out and you will be a step towards the conquest of Zion City. Enemies remain still-the freemasons are one of the most significant of enemies-destroy them all! Let none survive!" At this imagery of the major masonic lodge in the downtown the Zion Masonic Temple was seen with a full complement of members gobbling food and involving themselves in the vile rites-amongst whom were the so-called 'elite' of the corrupt cabal-politicians; doctors; professors and judges all involving themselves in the demonic rites.

"Behold!" the voice said, "this will occur in two days time. Prepare now for your strike and ensure that you are in optimal condition for the strike-if you complete it you will have only a few more tasks ahead of you to take Zion City for yourselves as your fiefdom. Go now and prepare the strike! Know that there will be a full complement of police protecting the lodge as is their usual practice-Go! and achieve victory for Aryan mankind!"

The voice disappeared and the light dimmed to the previous level of moonlight. Duce and the crew sat in silent meditation upon the flood of images which had been instilled in their consciousness and which had afforded them with a detailed layout of the building, its levels and points of entry and exit, its surrounding buildings and positions where the police would be stationed to conduct surveillance and keep the ghoulish demon possessed freemasons safe and secure so that they can further perpetuate their atrocities. Eventually the crew arose after Duce and went into the antechamber where they put away their robes and filtered out towards the armoury.

Duce announced-"Two days hence we'll strike. We can prepare our weapons now and I want all members to remain in headquarters until that time to cancel any trace by any stalkers who might be surveilling the perimeter. We'll select weapons and a couple of guys and head out and take care of the stalkers who are out there now. We'll shift the vehicles away into the garage then and leave a couple outside to further lose a trace. Then we all remain within the barracks and await the strike." The crew prepared their weapons which they selected deliberately for the particular occasion-all were silenced: Carceral took up a sniper's rifle and would stand as pointman taking out any of the surrounding freemason police who guarded the lodge; Hack and Shank took up an H&K MP5 with red dot site and infrared optics and Duce took a Scorpion machine pistol and Walther sidearm with Mack taking a brace of sound suppressed Mac-11s all with additional magazines. They took a bulletproof vest and mask as well as a pair of kevlar knuckled gloves and stowed them away in their locker. Duce then delegated the task of getting rid of the stalkers outside to two team: Wolf and Hack on one and Mack and Carceral on the other. The two teams would split up taking different exits from the building and abduct the scum who were paid to spy on the crew and bring them back if possible inside for interrogation. The crew headed downstairs to the bay of computers and the surveillance screens and observed the perimeter looking for spies. They observed a nearby house which had a light on and a van parked in an alleyway on the other side. Duce said: "Wolf team-take the van and Mack's take the house. If you can take them alive do so, if not waste'em."

Mack took along his Mac-11 and Carceral adopted the same policy both donning a stocking mask to conceal their features and prepared to take the house. They moved out at a dogtrot pretending to head in a direction on a right angle to the house down the alley then cut back along the block which at that time (0300AM) was dead quiet and accelerated their pace as they approached from the front door-crashing it in with a heavy boot to the door lock. The door snapped back and two male jews who were scrambling for weapons were given a snap kick the Mac-11 came down on their heads rendering them unconscious.

The room was filled with surveillance equipment, one of the screen looking like some form of radar was pointed right at the headquarters and was displaying a grotesque image of the crew rendered in CGI graphics as a featureless set of bodies standing around the computer screens which appeared also to be mere geometrical shapes when captured on the radar.

Mack said: "This is one place that needs to be purged with cleansing fire" as he went towards the kitchen stove and turned on the gas grabbing some stove gas, a rag and one of the empty beer bottles the jews had been drinking out of and made up a molotov cocktail and, both he and Carceral shouldering the two kikes over them moved out towards the rear entrance and out again. As the house began to fill up with gas Mack lit the gas soaked rag in the cocktail and tossed it inside igniting the gas which created a chain reaction as they raced off into the night back towards headquarters the house exploding with a deafening bang as gas mains erupted lighting up the night in a holocaust of flames.

Back at headquarters the two dumped the jews on the concrete floor in the surveillance where the others had remained. "Escort these kikes into two separate cells", Duce said as he motioned to two crew members who did so. Duce explained to Mack: "You haven't seen it yet but we have cells underneath in the basement. We'll head down there now that you're back as Wolf and Hack have already scored their bag-two scum in a van running surveillance. The hull can be seen burning on the video screen-" he gestured to the screen which Mack took a glance at. "The two are already awaiting our interrogation in the cells below." The crew headed downstairs to begin the interrogation as the wreckage above burned the sirens of the police and ambulance wailing in the distance.

The cells were less than hospitable for the stalkers and mossad agents who had been recently captured. They were literally pits which had been constructed of poured concrete and a sheet metal mold with a cage door that sealed them inside. The bottom of the pit contained a toilet hole which went to a separate septic tank outside of the building and which was contained within a small brick building which also contained construction supplies and other odds and ends.

The cells were cleaned with firehoses and bleach when unoccupied but when occupied they were simply pits in the floor that contained whatever rancid meat the crew picked up for interrogation or as hostages. Duce led the way into the oubliette which was sound proofed and surveilled by the bubble cameras on all sides of the room looking down into the bay of pits. The mossad agent was screaming out loud about how he would be getting vengeance for what had been done to him as Duce approached and, picking up a bucket of offal hurled it at the kike who screamed out in disgust as the rotten meat and blood smacked him in the face. "Eat up kike!" Duce said. "Its you Hanukkah feast!" The skins gathered round and Duce said, beginning the interrogation: "Who are you and why are you spying on us? If you give straight answers your punishment will be reduced..." The kike attempted to spit at him but the spit bounced off the bars and landed on his face, the depth of the pit being ten feet and five feet circumference. Duce dumped another load of offal on the jew who shouted out in anger: "AAAHHH! Nazi Devil!" This song and dance continued to play itself out going forward with an exchange between the two until Duce, who had had enough of the kike and his partner who was also making a hullabaloo pulled out his taser and blasted the kike with 50,000 volts elicited a scream as the electrical discharge coursed through the slop in the cell and surrounded the conductive metal walls making the kike dance as Duce administered another blast to the kike.

Eventually the kike in the adjacent cell began to scream and shout: "Let us out Nazi! Let us out or you're gonna be killed! We got you under surveillance 24/7-you have no hope! If you want to live you'll free us or die." Duce signalled to Wolf to give the jew a zap and the later did so eliciting yet more feral



cries from the mossad agent. "Who are you working for jew? Who?" Wolf asked as he kept tasing the kike. After a while the screams died down and Duce approached to observe that the kike lay immobilize in a pool of his own urine which trickled down the drain hole. Duce said "Looks like one's down-three to go if they don't start talking." The kike next to the dead meat started laughing hysterically: "What the fuck!", he said "You're gonna be sorry-you'd better let us go or-" at that Duce blasted him again and he quieted down afraid to have his silver cord cut prematurely and sufficiently conscious to reason as to his probable fate.

The kike remained silent and then, observing Duce poised over him with the taser finally acquiesced and said: "O.k! O.k! Its the kehilla the rabbis-don't ask who...I don't know, I'm just working' for 'em-Now are you going to let us go?" Duce silently moved towards the next prisoner who was an anglo saxon with a high and tight military style cut, the latter looked stoically at Duce trying to win a staring contest. Duce spoke: "Hurry up goof we don't have all night." and the operative blinked revealing his cowardly nature but continued to stare stupidly. Duce sneered and brought up the taser: "Last chance or you'll be the first shabbos goy to go the way of the dodo." The thug continued to stare and Duce blasted him in the face saying : "didn't your mother say not to stare at strangers" the voltage coursing through his body dropping him to the ground in a rictus, whimpering with pain. Duce shouted into the pit cell: "Now or never!-who are you working for? Answer!" The operative glared up at the skin and shouted: "You'll just kill us anyway Nazi trash!" Duce put on a sad facial expression and and shook his head saying: "You made your play" and discharged another 50,000 volts down into the cell the electricity being amplified as it connected to the spreading pool of urine which had erupted from the bladder of the thug. Duce repeatedly administered a blitzkrieg of lightning onto the thug who eventually ceased whimpering to avoid the smell of burnt bacon and ozone wafting up from the bottom of the cell.

"One more to go", he said as he moved towards the partner of the thug: "Whose your employer?", he said, the thing responded: "The mossad against told you right." he said looking up fearfully Duce said: "Good-so I won't torture you then." He adjusted the voltage of his taser to maximal volume and nodded with a smile to Wolf who followed suit saying:"I'll let you go-" he said the agent looking visibly relieved pretending to be friendly with his captor "-to hell!" Duce finished as he raised and fired his taser directly at the thugs' face sending electrical discharge into him and roasting his flesh like a pig at a BBQ.

The thug gyrated and shook as his bacon cooked, the kike adjacent receiving similar treatment from wolf. Seconds later the two dropped like a pig at a pig roast onto a steel plate with a sickening smack into a puddle of their own urine. Duce said: "Get these meat sacks cleared out of here and spray down and clean up their mess." Shank and another another skin set to work and Duce and the rest of the crew exited the premises to further prepare for the strike.

Half an hour later Shank exited room and attended the meeting in the simulation room which was being conducted by Duce: The leader interrupted his slides how presentation and Shank stated: "We disposed of the corpses in the usual manner stuffing their bodies in empty propane tanks and leaving them in the pile of others for later disposal." "Good man.", Duce said. He informed Mack that what they usually did was use an acetylene cutting torch to cut empty old propane tanks open and then once filled with a corpse which may have to be dismembered to be fit inside, the tank was again welded shut and spray painted to camouflage the deed. The tanks were taken to the dump and left in scrap piles with all of the other detritus they weren't in need of or were simply discarded in an industrial area where no questions would be asked. The valves of the propane tanks could bleed off the gases of the corpse and would eventually stop stinking once the corpse have completely decomposed.

In the simulation room Duce broke down the scenario of their coming strike-he showed detailed maps of the streets and building and they discussed lines of approach for entrance and exit and how they would attack the demon possessed ghouls who committed their atrocities in the lodge in their aspiration towards godhood. Mack asked: "What bout the police guarding them? Is there a way to avoid attacking them and if not wouldn't that draw heat from the police force?" Duce answered: "The cops guarding the masons are masons themselves or their selected corrupt underlings who would in many if not in most cases have committed acts of atrocity themselves as a means of attempting to ingratiate themselves with their initiated masters. Such is the nature of hierarchy under the corrupt regime that those who are involved at lower levels invariably seek to rise to higher levels and bask in the false light like their demon possessed masters. Indeed most people now are under the influence of the demons who the jews propitiate as their rulers, the 'angels' of 'Jehovah', lord of vampires. Thus they are expendable and having no redeemable qualities deserve their fate."

He cogitated for a moment and snapped his fingers: "To lose any trace as there will almost certainly be cameras everywhere we'll disguise ourselves as jihadists dressing up in Islamic style costumes and creating more of a distance between ourselves and the lodge to facilitate a better concealment. According to our map here the alleyway is devoid of cameras for a block along this route", he said indicating one of the alleys, "and only within a block radius of the masonic lodge is there a ubiquity of cameras surrounding it. We should be able to lose all traces by parking a block over and going along the alley way. We can make some muslim-style costumes out of the costume materials we have stored on site and we'll have to use only smaller arms, so the sniper rifle will have to be left behind. Splitting up and going in teams surrounding the lodge will be the only option, covering it from three sides and the area in our approach should reveal any cops. The plan will be to strike at them and be in and out within fifteen minutes before any shift changes assuming there would be any. We'll strike on the hour two hours after they congregate and get down to their vile business. By that time they will be too inebriated and caught off guard to do anything about it, no doubt there will be guards inside of the masonic lodge and we'll have to take them as we see them. Team one will be myself, Shank and Hack; team two will be Carceral; Wolf and Gear; team three will be Mack, Bones and Pipes" having the remaining two skins in the room. The plans were set and the skins made their way out of the simulation room and to bed as they still had not slept since the day of the strike against the slavers.

When they awoke it was the later afternoon of the day before the strike and they had a good twenty four hours remaining to get themselves in peak condition for the confrontation with the demons which possessed the lodge and all with their puppets who they controlled on the earth plan. The day consisted of intense exercise in the gym-lots of sprints staggered throughout the day with adequate stretching and recuperation and a few bouts of mixed martial arts as well as some high rep bodyweight resistance training. Communing with the Aesir rounded out the activity with additional detailed study of the area and of the figures on the lodge membership who undoubtedly would be in attendance.

In the simulation room Duce did a run down on the major players of the lodge, its self-professed 'gods'; First up was a greasy fat anglo-saxon with a reddish hue to his flabby face and a wide grin revealing his capped teeth completed with an occult Saturnian hairdo, his hair parted in such a way to suggest the sweep of the rings of Saturn trapping the 'profane' in the matrix of slavery, of lower vibrational frequency states of consciousness. "This pig's name is John Simmons, a high level bureaucrat at city hall second only to the mayor and in a way the mayor's counsellor of sorts as the mayor, though you may not be aware of it Mack, is a celebrity in Zion City, a token negro who serves as a de facto puppet of the jews. He was selected to insult the white population on the part of the jew, part of the black magic 'cursing of the gentiles'; technique. Simmons is largely the brains behind the operation of the city, his 'creative destruction' being a page out of his jewish masters' playbook..."

Duce changed the slide to a sneaky looking kike with an ashen skin and equally fat features: "This is Guido Laguardia-a crypto jew made in the mold of his name-sake the former jew york city mayor during the 30s-he's an alleged finance minister in city hall and cooks the books to fill his and his kehilla's pockets with the wage slaves life savings. He'll be a prime target.", Duce then turned to another slide which depicted a serious looking figure with bulls' neck and meaty jaw and moustache his eyes sunken with bags underneath and a protuberant skull that over-arched them creating the impression of one suffering from acromegaly: "This beasts' role is as chief of police-his distorted features are rumoured to be a result of injecting excessive human growth hormone and his neck underscores his penchant of illegal substance. He is the big wheel in the criminal system a so-called, and knocking him out will set the entire mechanism in disarray. His name is Sam Brown and is another descendant of the founding elite of Zion City who were largely English with the obligatory kikes breathing down their necks.

"Here", Duce said indicating, showing a picture of a wiry jew with rat-like features and hair lips: "is Itzak Meier the chief rabbi of the city's synagogue and head of B'nai Brith jewish masonry which makes him the head of the lodge-taking him out will create a factional war amongst the kikes for power over the kehilla. This big wheel will greatly upset the machinery of the Zion Leviathan once we mangle his gears."

Duce brought up another image: a muscular looking jew with a crocodile smile on his face and orange looking tan: "This, Mack, is the talent scout you had pass you by for the big leagues-it'll be your time to get vengeance once we strike the lodge.. Though he's a relatively minor player we'll leave him in your hands should circumstances permit."

The day ended with a meal of vegetarian fare, egg omeletes with a fruit platter on the side and the crew went to with a hearty appetite as their day had consisted of intense training. They hit the sack in their respective rooms and when the next day arrived they were up and ready at the noon hour checking their weapons and oiling them as well as their back up taser and double edged commando dagger. On the advice of Duce they also came equipped with a metal vest that would serve the purpose of buffering any microwave weapons beamed at their vial area as well as turban for their jihadist costume that had two layers of copper foil molded around it to prevent any similar attacks against their brain. All were also equipped with pinhole camera glasses so that they could film the strike and compile a video of it and represent it as a jihadist attack. Their faces were concealed behind beards, their skin dyed a dirty brown color to masquerade as arabs and they had dressed themselves in a non-descript black costumes to create the impression of an arabic group of jihadists fighting against the great satan. The crew had familiarized themselves with a few arabic phrases and directions to make the action more believable. The time for the strike was approaching after the exercise session upon waking and subsequent preparations and they took a capsule of ephedra since the Chinese herbal stimulant an hour before the strike so that they were in a state of hyper-vigilance. The crew looked lean and gaunt like a group of 'islamic-extremists', ie. muslims and were ready to rock and roll.

They leaped in their vans and made their way to the site by three different routes, each team moving by circuitous routes towards their destination a block over from the masonic lodge to triangulate fire against whatever demon possessed police might be lying in wait. They communicated in arabic via the microphone Duce giving orders: "turn on your pinhole camera glasses and get ready to rock-get the cop cars in view and your weapons primed." The undercover police were lined up around the lodge down alleyways and the police could be seen through the scopes of the crew members respective weapons which were infrared and enabled the penetration of the tinted windows of the hired goons. Mack and his team were positioned at the end of the alleyway and Mack gave the count down to doomsday for

the sitting duck: "3,2,1-fire" the trio let rip their smgs and sent a hailstorm of leaden death to pepper the window of the cruiser transforming the dark tinted glass into a ruined spiders web and tearing into the high and tight hairdo of the thug, crimsoning the front windshield. "Mission accomplished", Mack relayed over the commlink. The second team and third made god and the three units converged on the lodge which now had no perimeter defence, save whatever roaming guards might be around it.

Duce approached from the left side and observed the iron fire escape zig-zagging up towards the ornately carved stone building towards the obscene gargoyles which depended from the roof amidst its faux Grecian design. Duce clambered up the folding fire escape and was followed closely by his crew. Mack and his team simultaneously headed to the other identical side and began their ascent while Wolf's team made their way to the back. Duce radioed into the common channel and said: "Mack-head midway up and we'll take the roof and head down-wolf-you start from the bottom and make your way up. Mack I want you to remain at midlevel and to wait for when the shooting starts-I'll give you both the signal and we'll strike at the cockroaches simultaneously". "Roger that", Mack said, echoed by Wolf: "Roger."

The masonic hall continued a pace as the ghouls celebrated their vile rites of horror. The lower level was occupied by a group of tantra practitioners who took Kali as their daimon and participated in the sinister rites of black sex magic. In the room there were two white boys trussed up like hogs and the masons danced around them widdershins. In the manner of a whirling dervish hovered above them a swarm of entities whose ghoulish features lusted for blood and vital energies of the captives, the sound of ancient timbrels played in the background by philipino eunuchs who danced about in a trance state like automata possessed by the demonic forces.

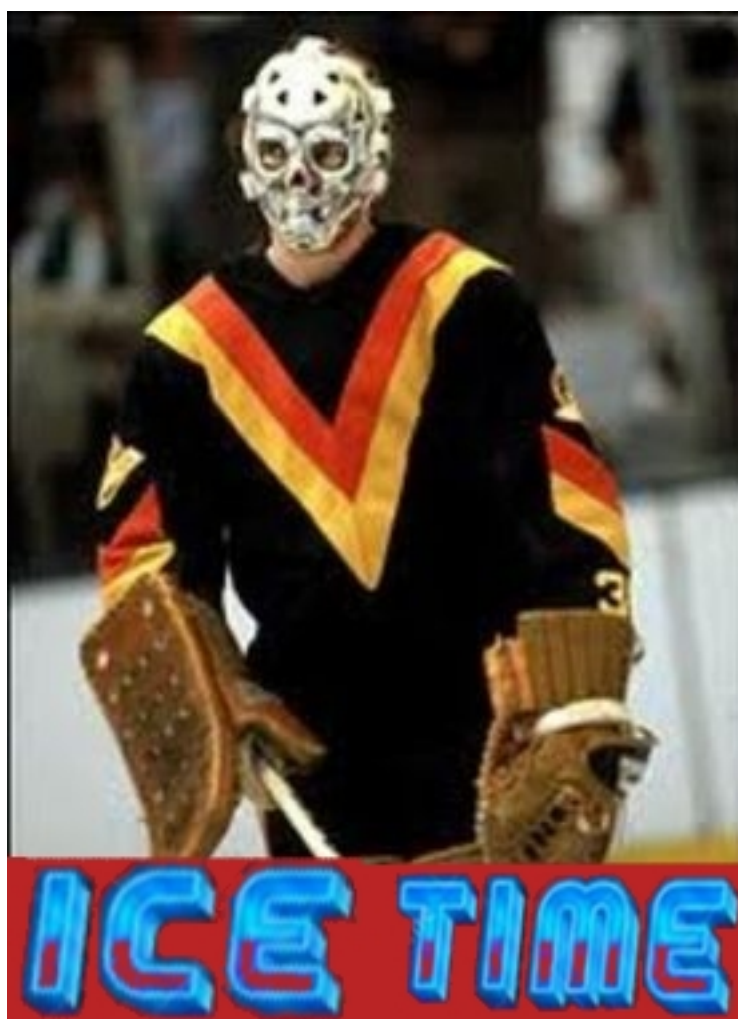
The hockey talent scout Meerschiemer was amongst them, his phallus erect as he desported around the captives in nakedness along with the other members, The scene was replicated on the top floor with the highest level jews who sat around a pentagram and chanted facing an altar upon which a white child was strapped: "Resh! Aleph!-Mem!-Chesed!" and their hebrew words in tier vile tongue as the entities crystallized overhead preparing to descend upon the pure child and to devour her soul.

At midlevel a party was still going on amongst which the chief of police was the center of attention garrulously shouting as he sucked back h'oer deurves and guzzled a red liquor down his throat, the other masons boisterously shouting and carrying on. On his knee the chief had a white teenaged girl manacled with a choak-chain around her neck which he sadistically jerked on intermittently to demonstrate his raw power.

The stage was set and the crew was ready. Duce had penetrated into the inner sanctum and observed the vile rite unfolding before his eye, he checked in with the others: "Team two and three are you in place?- I've got targets in my sights." Mack responded: "I've got a bead on the chief of vice as he spoke he observed the gathering from a higher level staircase having entering via one of the windows on the side of the lodge. Wolf responded: 'got a gang of lucifers in my sight-they're ready to commit an atrocity.' Duce said: "Taken'em!" and the units opened up the breach and let rip a fusillade of fire from their firing positions punching the degenerates and knocking them to the ground. Return fire erupted from all three groups with swarthy jews and ferocious masons blasted indiscriminately at what they deemed their assailant. The thick set cop attempted to grab the girl and use her as a human shield, looping the chain around her neck in a swift motion but, too little too late Mack sent a volley of lead nails into his coffin sending him sprawling-the room was clear and Mack gave the signal: "Clear mid-level!". Duce continued to fire at the group and one of the lucifers, a wiry jew attempted to roll away behind a bronze statue of jahbulon but was eventually cut down when he made his appearance greeted by smg fire which dropped him: "All clear!" Duce said leaving only Wolf and his crew to take down the

stragglers. Wolf had the group of revellers in his crosshairs and discharged his magazine on full auto knocking them down like fleshly rolling pins: "Clear!"he shouted as the last kike fell to the ground, "Got Meerschier-sorry." After they freeing the girls making sure to sound like they were jihadists, looking to take the booty of the masons. Once outside they left them out of sight of the cameras setting the children down so as to avoid any implication, though regretting leaving the children alone at night in the downtown they would have a better chance of survival than becoming demon possessed in the charnal house of the Zion lodge. They headed to their vans and drove off towards headquarter with Duce saying in 'arabic'-"Switch off" which they did then he stated in English: "Good job guys the gods will be pleased." Mack responded: "Hail Odin!"

He knew that the war everlasting in which they were now involved would only end in death. When that came it was up to the gods to decide and that he could only play his part as a warrior for the survival of his race and their triumph over the earth or noble death through combat. He had been through cleansing fire which had burned away the dross of any purely animal state of consciousness that most all were subjected to within the confines of the Zion matrix. He would play his part as a dutiful Aryan in tearing apart the prison walls which enslaved his race and which eroded their soul over the incarnations. Smashing the walls down with the hammer strength of Thor and the wisdom of Odin to guide the blow combining will and skill for the win. Victory or Valhalla was destiny, he reflected as the crew sped off into the night. He recalled the words of Hitler, "Victory lies eternally and exclusively in attack."

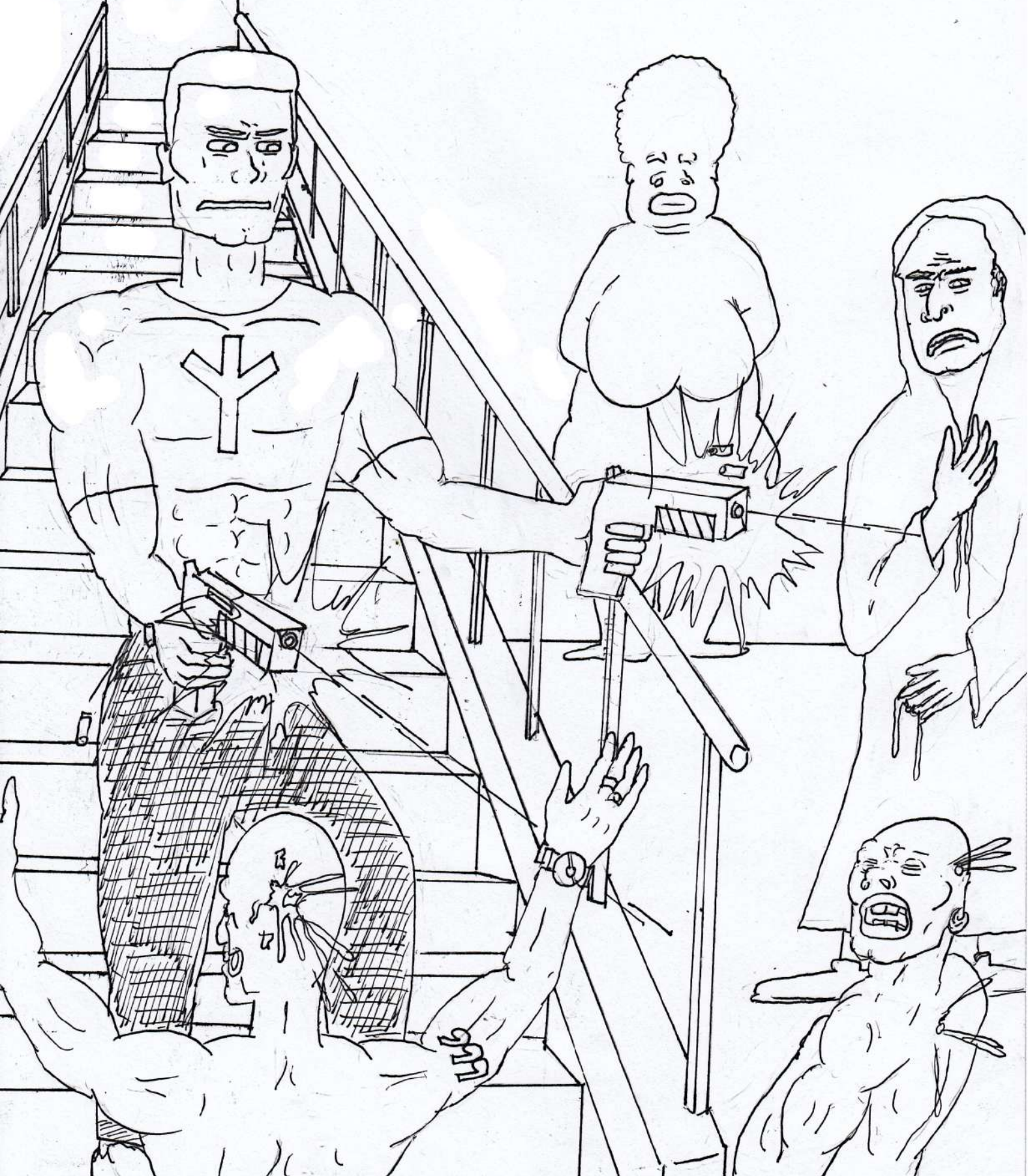


**BLUT KRIEG**



**CREW**

# DESCENT INTO DARKNESS



# ANTI RACIST ACTION

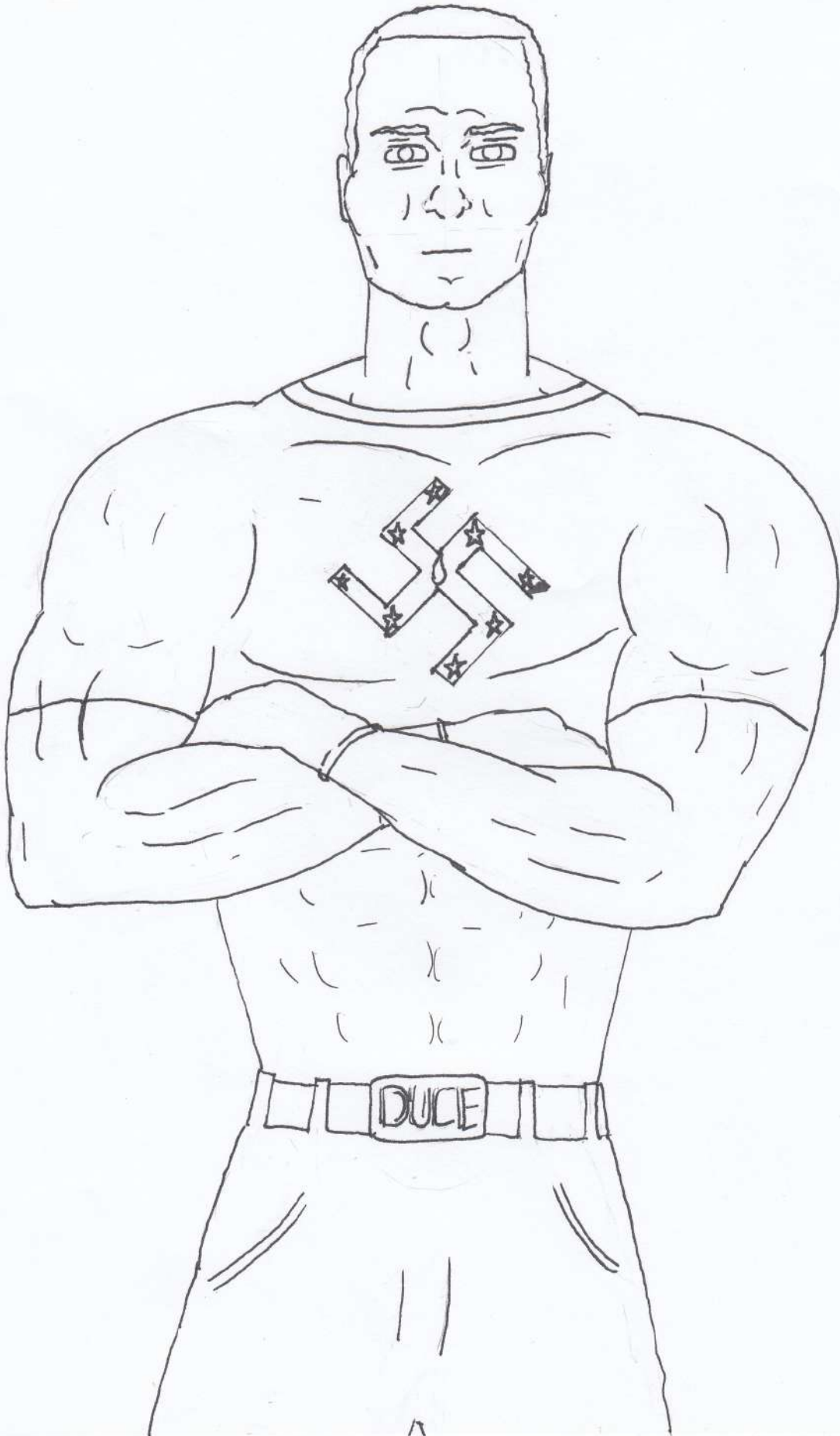




# CHRISTIAN HUMBLE



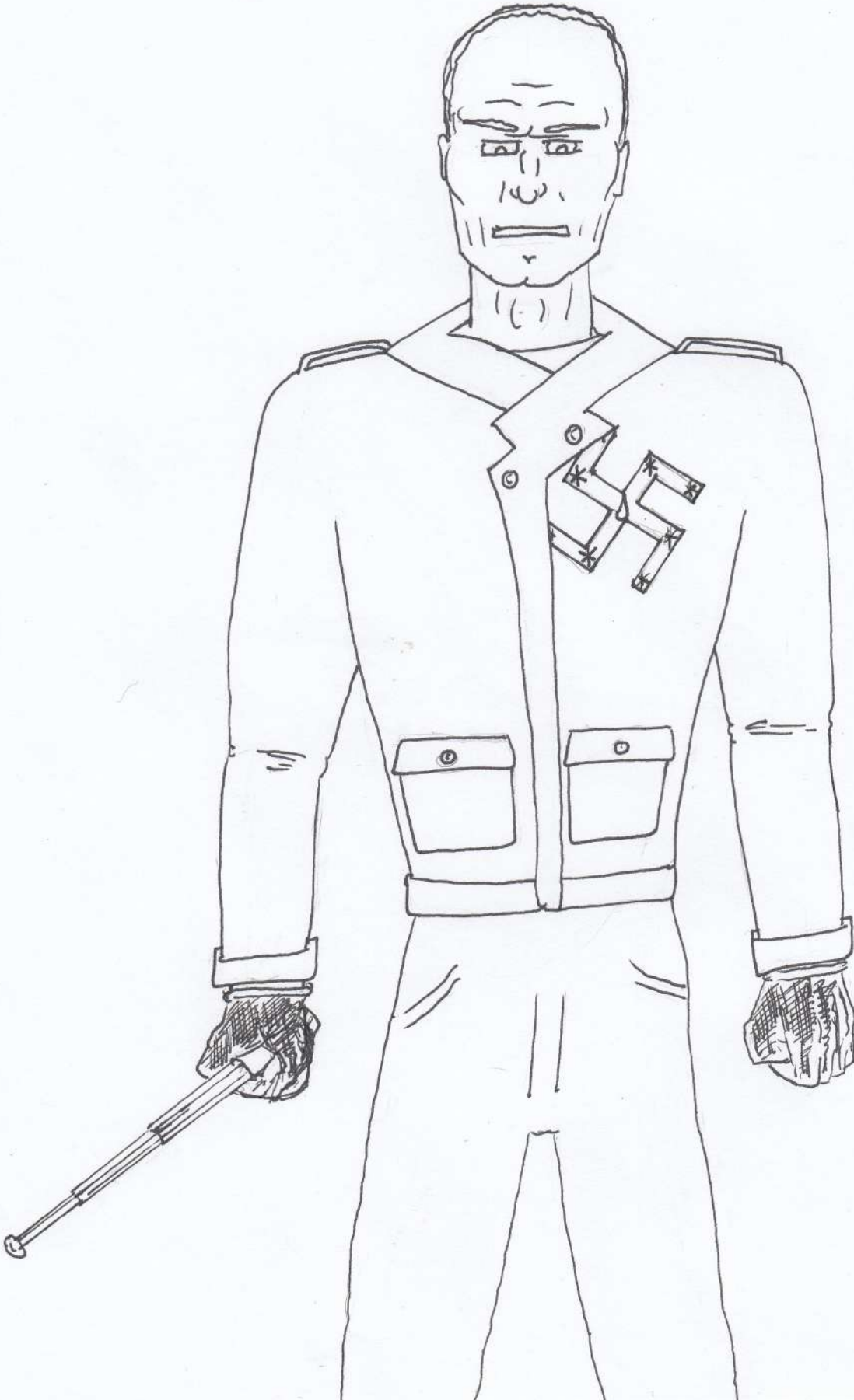
DUCE



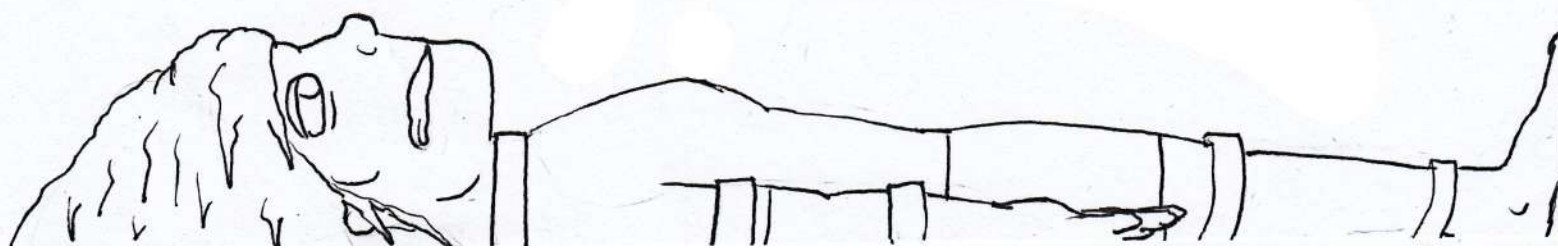
# GANG STALKERS



HACK



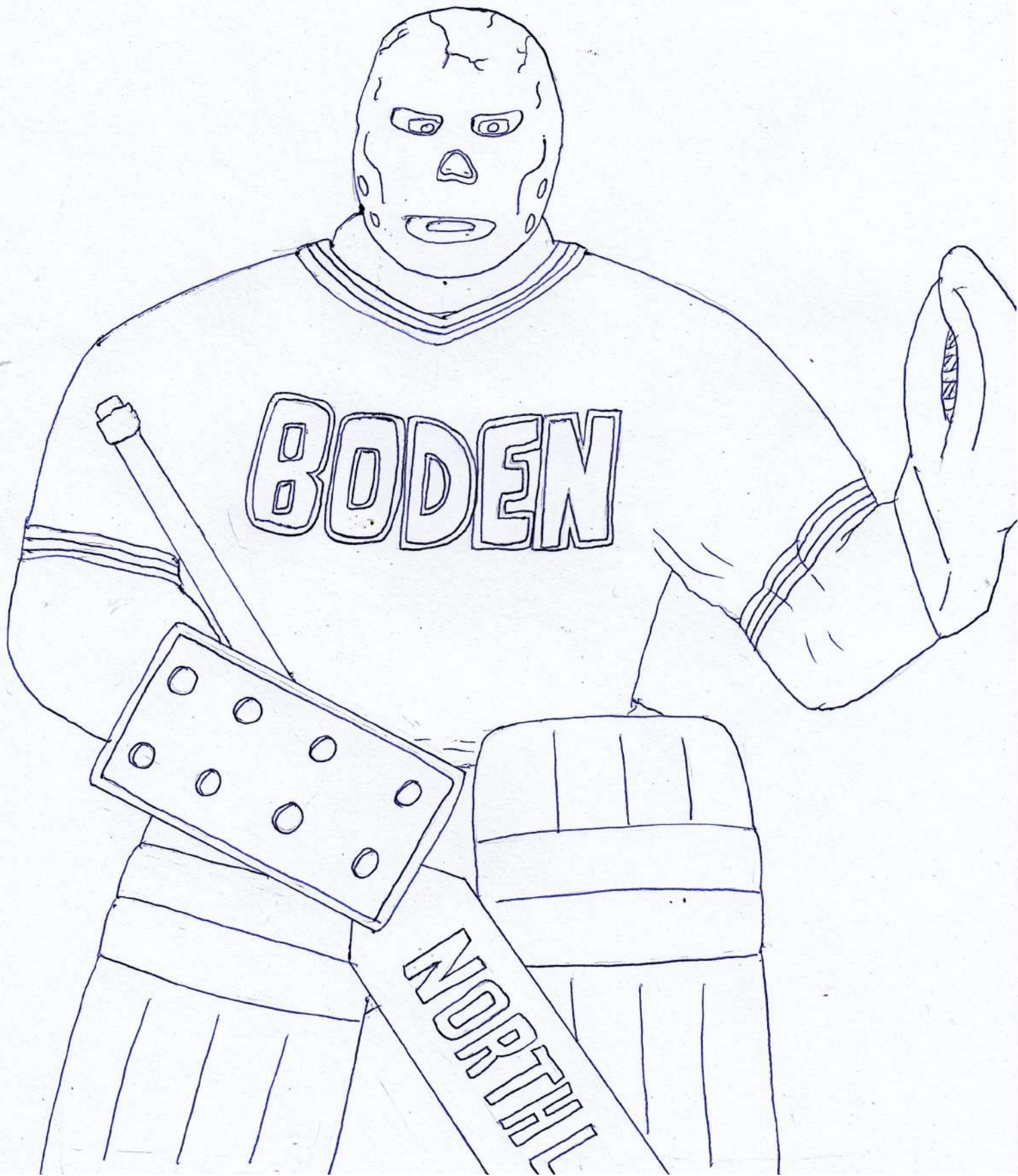
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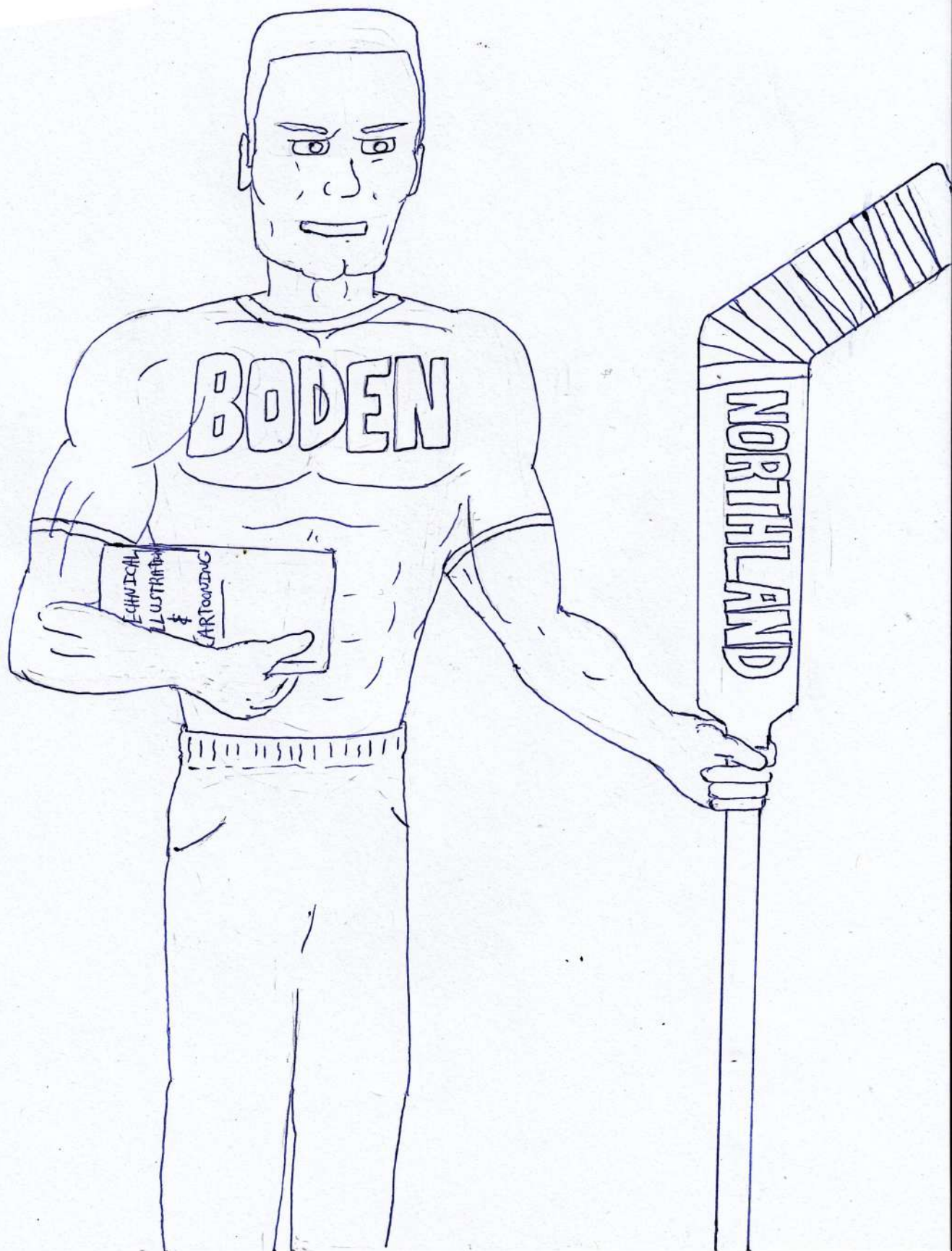
MACK TAKES OUT THE TRASH



9 MACK • THE • GOALIE

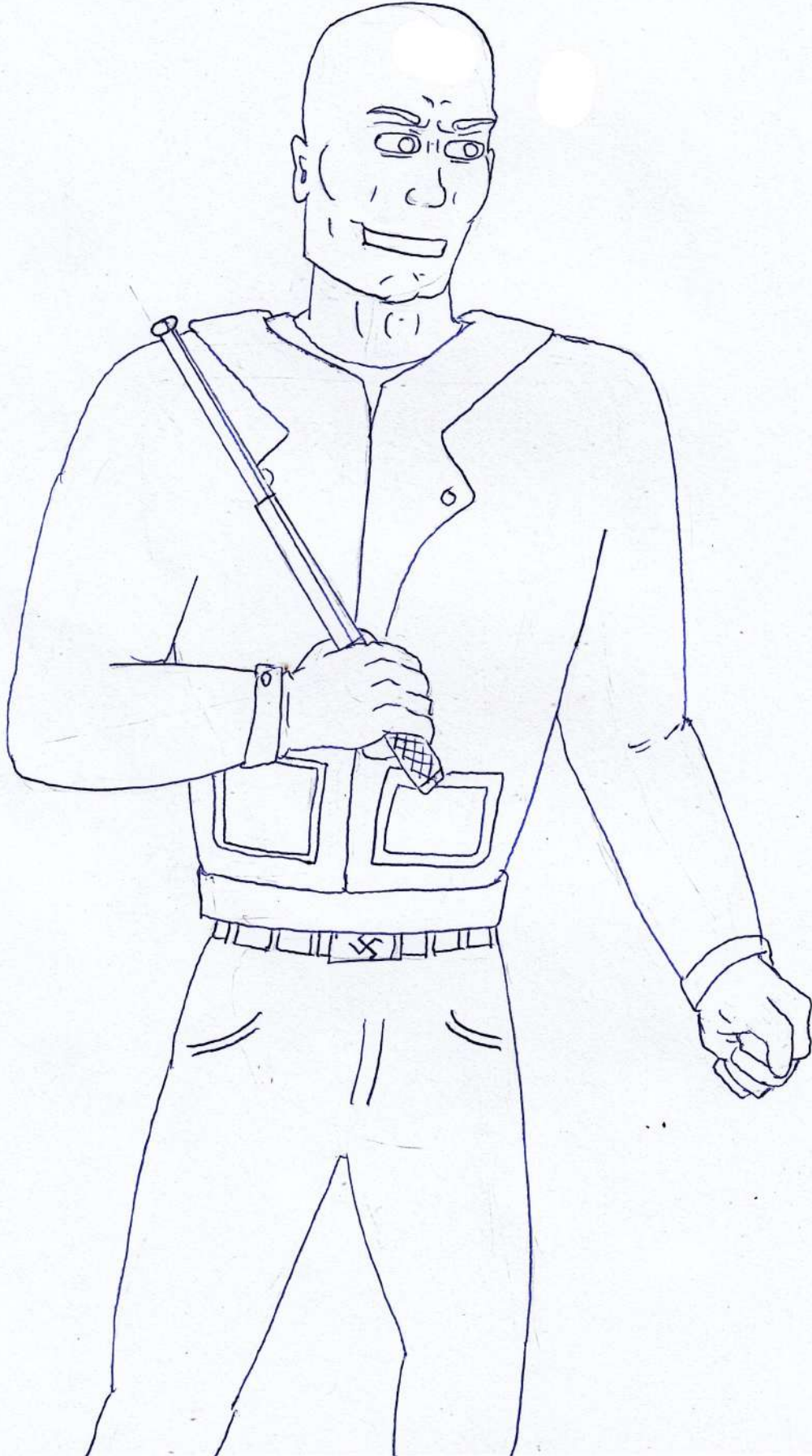


BLACK • THE • SCHOLAR

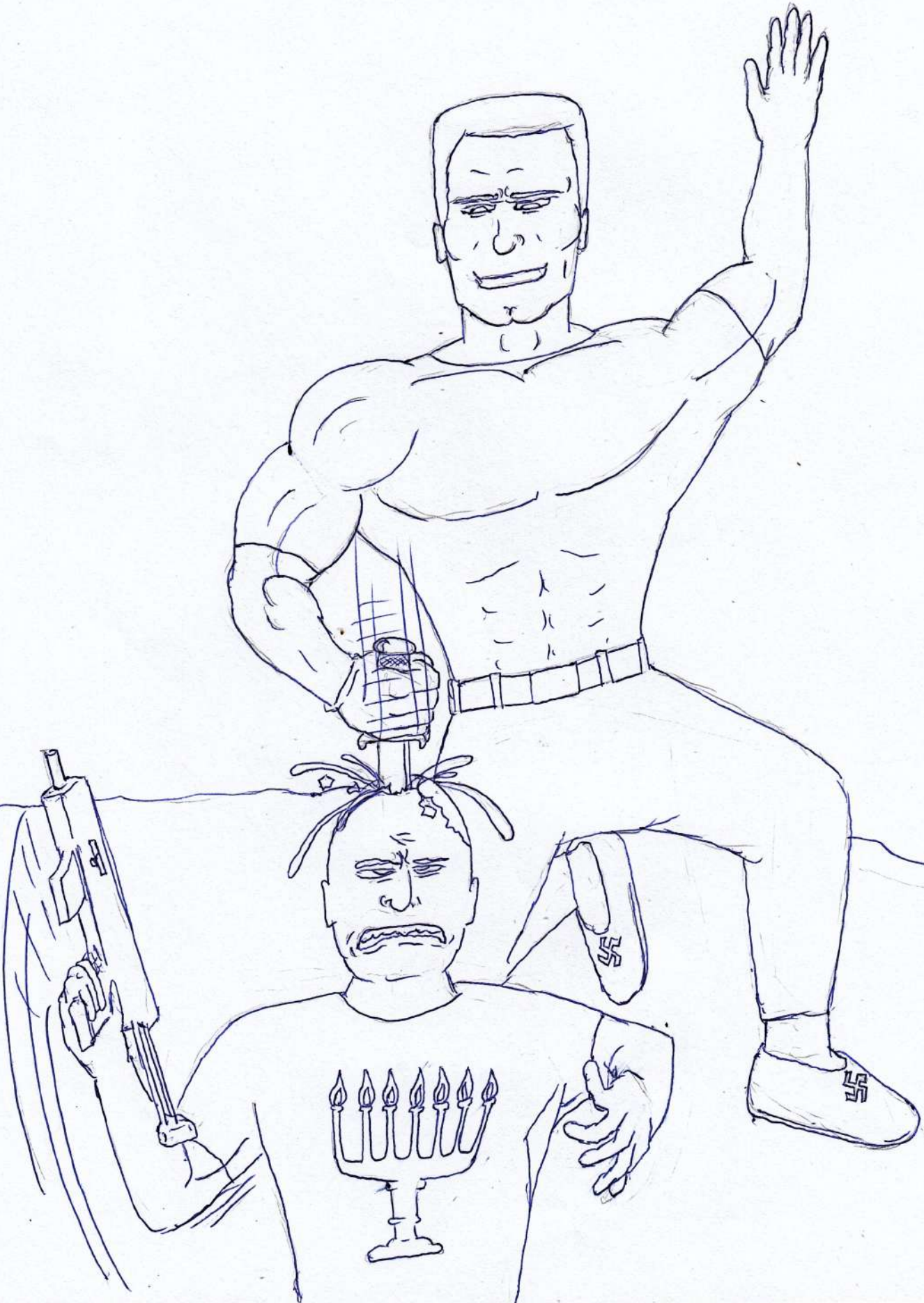




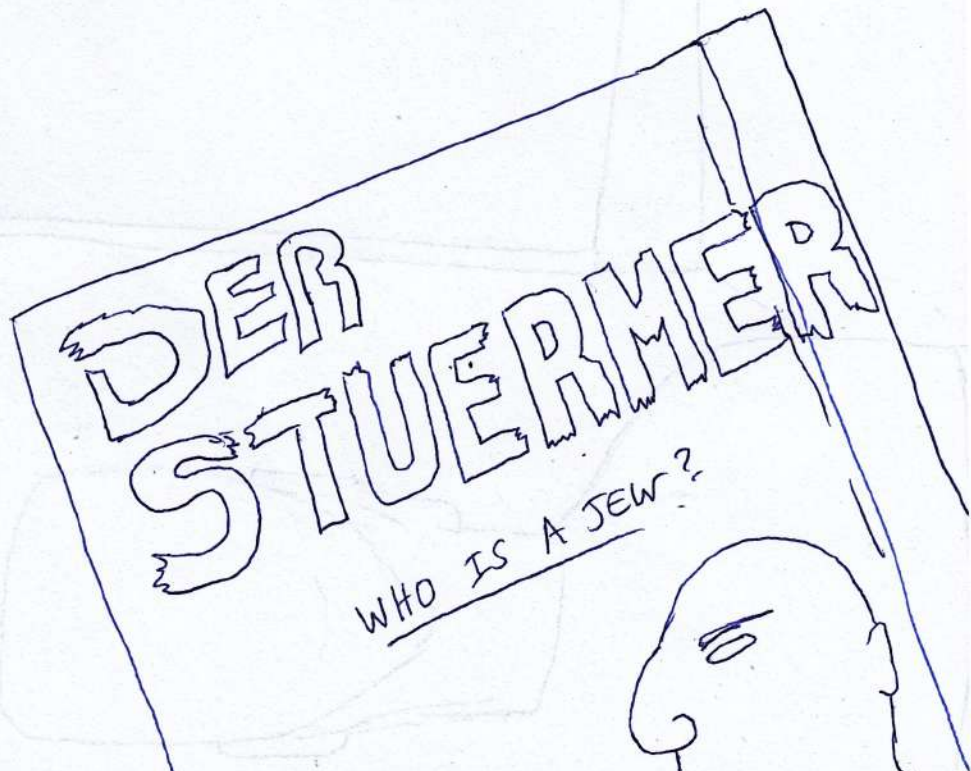
A MACK • THE • SKIN



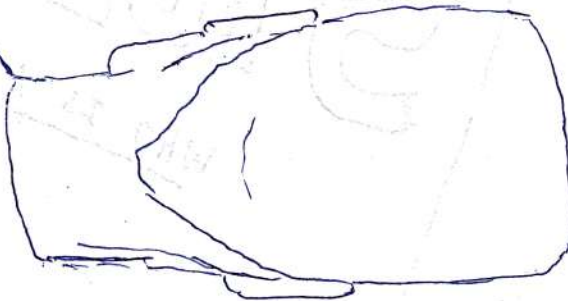
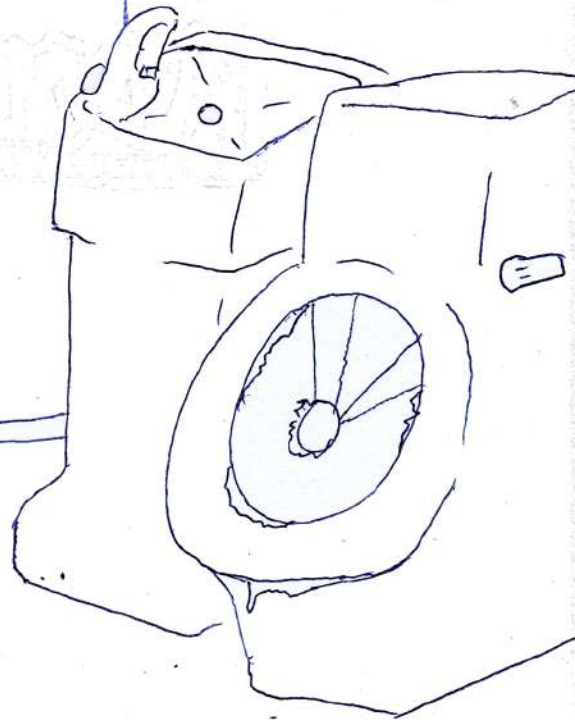
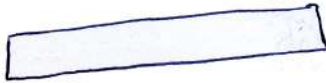
MACK'S RITE OF PASSAGE



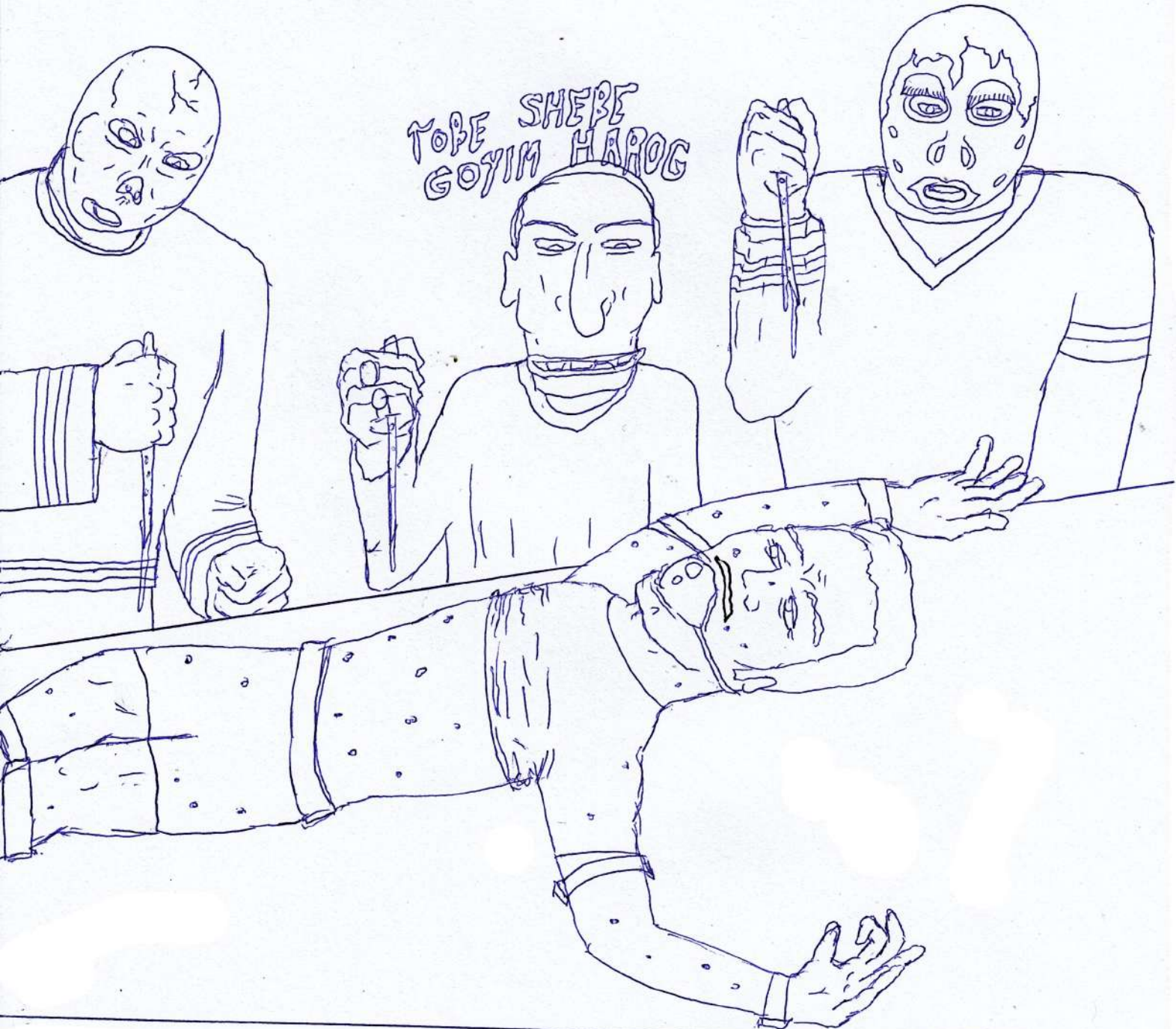
— ROGER AWAKENS —



ROGET IN JAIL



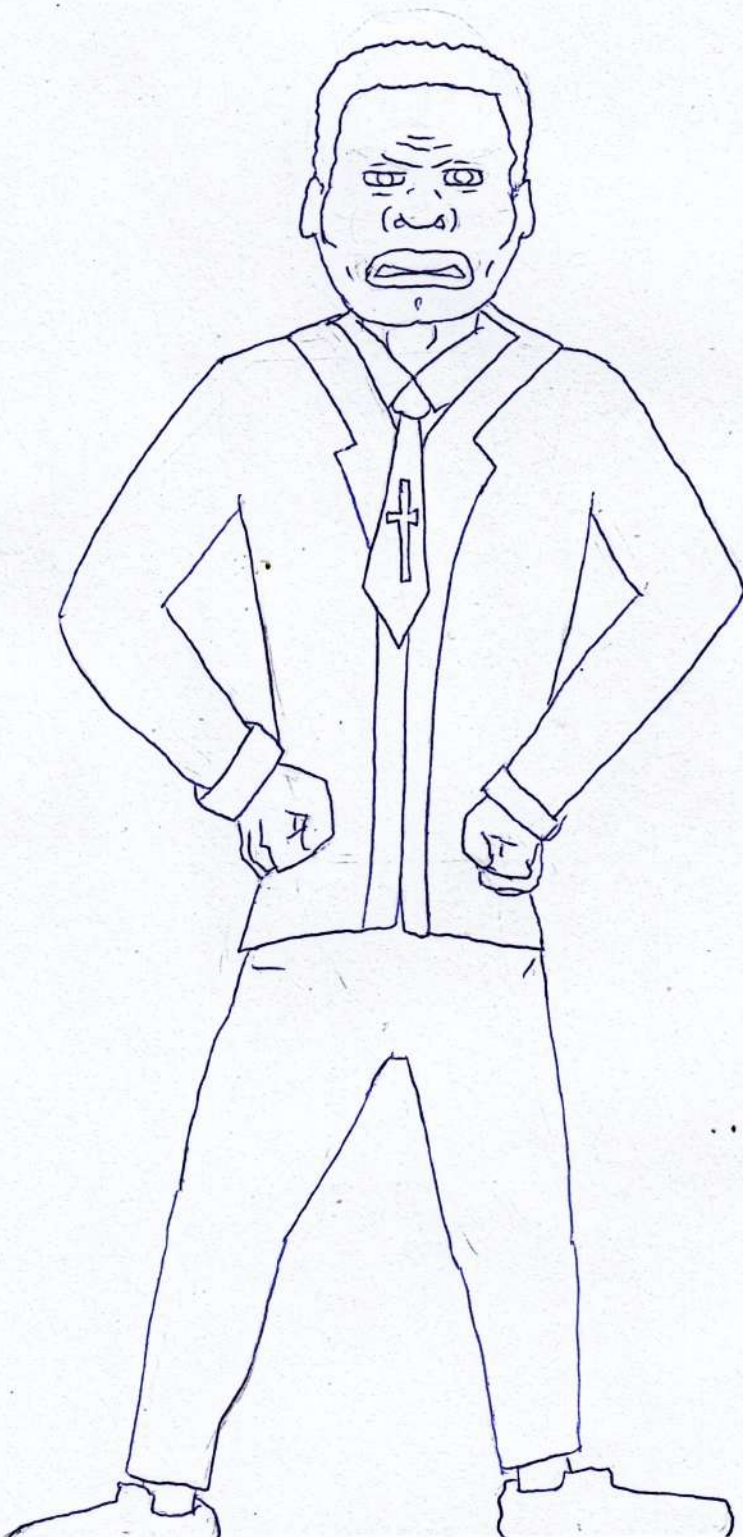
Roger Kraft - assassinated



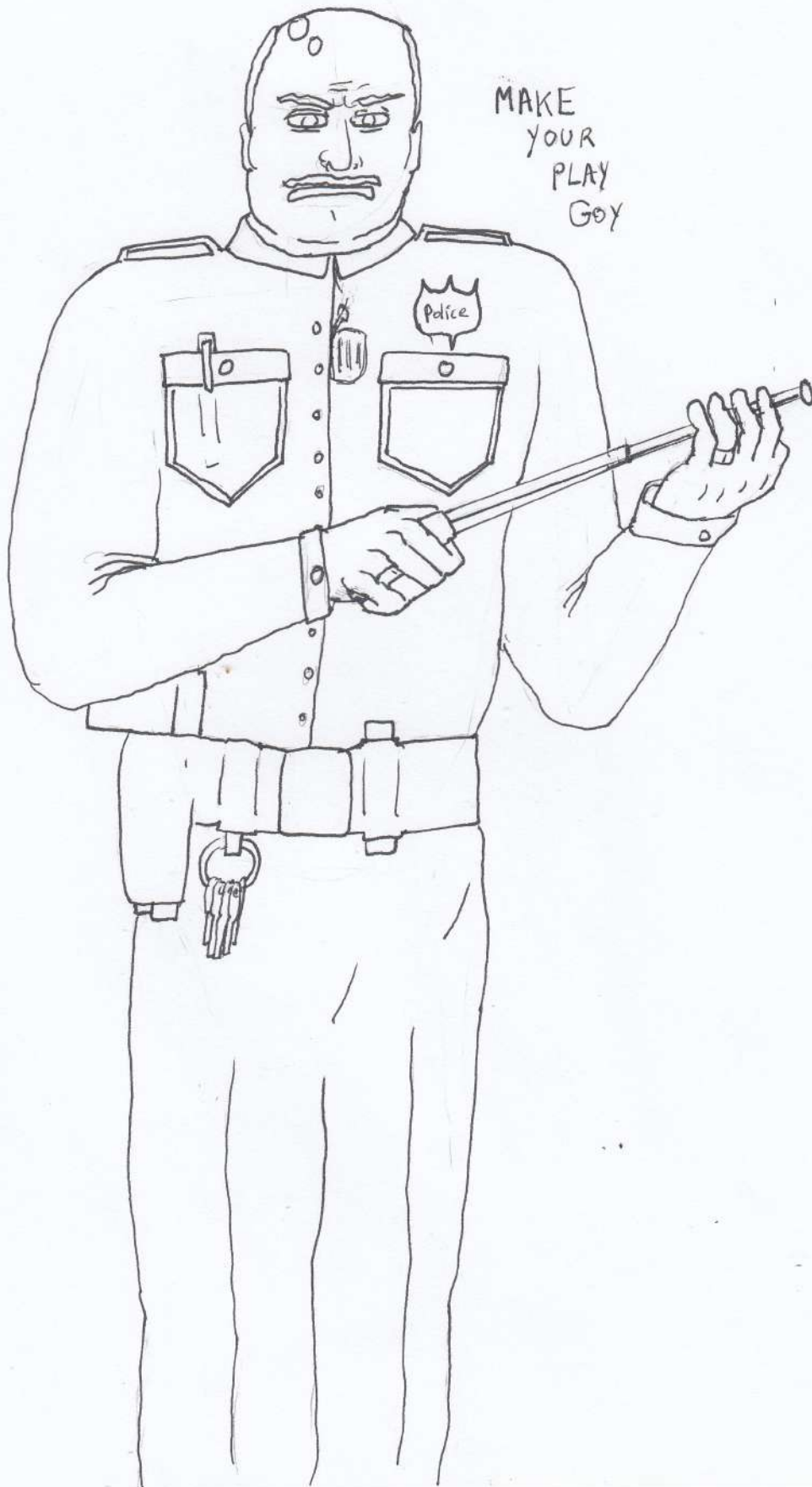
RON BERRY 'COACH'



SAMSON



# SARGENT RADEK



MAKE  
YOUR  
PLAY  
GOY



# SIMON ROSENTHAL



# THE OASIS



# UNIVERSAL PEACE



# Universal Peace

## A Story of the Jewish Hypocrisy and the Necessary Reaction Thereto

Jacob Ruben was a archetypal Jew; a cunning, devious, and manipulative con artist cut from the same cloth as P.T Barnum, Harry Hoodini, and Simon the Magician. He came from a lineage of past masters of guile. Ruben was the son of a local businessman, a big wheel in the local area, who had made his way in the business world through that same stealth and cunning that flows through his veins, employing sharp practices and swindles, insider trading, and even resorting to mafia style gangland threats, which on more than one occasion he had carried out himself. His exploits in the black market had cast a cloud of suspicion upon him amongst the more respectable elements of society, those who were the descendants of the founding stock of the region and who had attained what they had attained through hard work and consistent effort. Of course Jacob's father's work was also hard, but like a piece of rusty iron colored with the blood of the innocent, his hardness was that of a rogue, the criminal, the underbelly or shadow side of an otherwise open and honest society.

The jews had invaded the White society with cap in hand at the turn of the twentieth century, coming to the new world before they set up the Whites from the old country to be butchered and overrun by their paid mercenary hoards from far east and central Asia. These they utilized to do the dirty work for them, seeking eventually to perpetrate the same activity against the Whites of the new world once they, in characteristic fashion, developed enough power over them. Their procedure was the same as used throughout history:

1) Enter into the society of Whites under the cover of trade pretending that they had something to offer, e.g. a monopoly on a certain good and/or trade connections with a far distant land, thereby enticing the upper class to enable them passage into their territory as merchants;

2) Offer to provide services to the upper class as e.g. tax collectors and astrologers, all the while representing themselves as a down trodden group who had been persecuted in other lands by other groups and that they really were a harmless group of traders who adhered to a humble religion, were merely humble and inconsequential people;

3) This of course allayed the suspicions of the upper class Whites and that which they had over whether their power was threatened and they continued on as before, though with the jews continuing to beguile them and tempt them with all manner of corruption which they also made offers of to the under class. Such things as exotic drugs, prostitution, and the evils of black magic, which mainly they taught to the nobility of the upper class: such things as human sacrifice, vampirism, cannibalism, and Dionysian rites hidden from the view of the public;

4) From this point they would broker marriages with the upper class and buy noble titles -- in effect, through subtle guile, overrunning their opposition and seeking to beat out their competitors. Once adequate power was had, or even prior to that point, they would push for an expansion of territory, convincing the nobility to pursue campaigns for territorial expansion and conquest of rival groups, perhaps even inventing variations in the self destructive ideology they constructed in the first place, to further divide and conquer the Whites and gain further power and advantages for themselves;

5) Once adequate power was obtained by the Jew, they would then open the gates in hopes of slaughtering the White population who they hated given their genetic superiority which put to shame the Jew and represented a mirror that reminded them of their own ugliness.

Such was the procedure currently being undergone in the local area of the new world where Jacob Ruben dwelt and aside from his international flights to Tel Aviv, New York, and myriad of other locations to involve himself in business dealings in an acquisition of his kabbalistic pseudo-gnosis that he had been initiated into since birth, and which he had become a fanatical devotee of. Indeed his father, the mafioso Don of the local region, had specially trained him from birth to play the role assigned him in the Jews' attempt to create destructive, ideological mind viruses in the region. Some of the Jews, pretended a conversion to Christianity so that they could worm their way into the Catholic Church and take power as Priests over others. As Priests, others forming their own sects with the monies supplied them by the Cabal, which served as rivals to other groups and which were used as vehicles of mind poisoning that would disseminate yet greater self destruction amongst the parishioners, especially the females whose innate tendencies to "get along" were exploited by Jews so that they could bring in the non White hoards. The policy of course, covert and confined to the Jews' through their synagogues, was yet another characteristic tactic the Jews used in their attempts to subvert a society:

- 1) Weakening it and turning the lower class women in particular against the more powerful, intelligent, and thus to the Jews, threatening white males and attempting to subvert their opposition through internal dissension.
- 2) Exploiting the maternal instincts of the white females and catering to the rabble, and through the mind control and the emotionalization of these self destructive ideologies enabling non white savages into the societies under the guise of their being innocent, etc. and perhaps eliciting some form of illicit appeal in the case of the women through the importation of a dark foreigners.

For the men, they had their own strategy to have them acquiesce to the under class of females through a manly sense of duty and also through the exploitation of the non whites as economic tools, perhaps exploiting their desire not to see white people having to suffer abject serfdom and thus have a greater willingness to exploit an obviously more suitable beast of burden whose consciousness was at such a low level as to have little dislike for their work and in many, if not most, cases enjoyed it as their expected lot in life-- tallying bananas and carrying burdens on their heads, much as their ancestors had done, even existing in a state independent of the white man's influence. Thus the Jew would find every possible way to subvert the white society and enable the invasion of the non whites, who once in the gates or even when prohibited entry into the gates under the watch of the white man, would attempt to open the gates and allow the hoards of savages to enter in and butcher the whites. The diabolical Jew, overcome by his jealous hatred of the white man, even destroyed on most occasions, if they were not removed first his own host society, ultimately having to leave and find another or stagnate once more on a subcultural level through barter and subsistence hunting and gathering like a stone age savage, which of course he had always been.

Jacob Ruben was merely playing his age old role as an agent of destruction and subversion at the behest of his Kahilla and whatever higher dimensional being controlled him. Jacob's roll, now that he had attained to maturity and had become fully initiated in the dark art of his Cabala, was to appear to have had a change of faith based upon an epiphany and too, by a Jewish control of the press, be given an expose on his change of heart having been a somewhat well known shady figure as the son of the most shadowy figure of the town. He nonetheless portrayed himself as a

philanthropist to have finally seen the light of truth and the need for universal brotherhood and peace.

The Cabal arranged things so that it appeared as if Jacob had had an accident and had suffered a concussion. He of course, merely took a vacation to Tel Aviv to celebrate his 'change of heart', involving himself in the vilest, sodomite orgies with all and sundry at the dens of iniquity he had become famous in. Once his quote unquote concussion was over and he had recuperated, the local news gave him publicity and he was thereby given a vehicle to unveil to the public his intention for the establishment of a center for a new creed called the Center for Universal Peace. He claimed that this creed had come to him directly from what he believed to have been the voice of God and which he had received while in a coma.

During the half year he was in a coma, he had been receiving these messages in the form of a voice, the description of which he was conveniently unable to convey, merely describing it as a wonderful, melodious voice whose soft yet stirring commands instructed him in the ways of the True Faith and informed him that he had been chosen to bring to the public this message and to work against all odds for the establishment of universal peace. That he must establish a center to instruct those worthy of these teachings and to devote his life to the gospel of glad tidings. The media of course, gave the contacts of his church, and Jacob ended his unveiling of his creed with the mantra the Cabal had developed to beguile the masses; "look within, those of good heart, and know that salvation from this world of hatred and fear is to be found through walking the path of peace. There are only two paths to choose: those which go up and those which go down-- toward peace or toward death, to a life of hatred and strife. Only you of good heart can choose the path of peace."

Ruben was thus established as the figurehead of the center whose construction was begun immediately. During this time Ruben had placed advertisements with all the media and on billboards advertising his glad tidings with contact information that would enable the enquirer to obtain a copy of his introductory book, "Universal Peace: Entry Onto The Path" and which would itself lead to yet further studies that consisted of a cryptic and dumbed down Cabala targeted at the white population, and white women in particular, beguiling them with the promise of a higher spiritual state and pleasant feelings and which was offered free--the introductory book in any case. As Jacob said to himself with a sneer, when he had made his media debut, "first one's free Goyim". This sort of book was of course deliberately designed to entice the gullible, especially those of the wealthier bourgeois caste who had plenty to spare in addition to being the greatest potential problem for the Jewish Kehilla in their attempted take over of the white population. The women, Jacob knew, were the weak link in the chain which bound the whites together, and were the primary target, accordingly.

Once the center was constructed, Jacob set about working in a physical way after the correspondence with the mainly woman adherence of the religion had been going a pace and he had accumulated a significantly large stock of adherents, mainly the young and impressionable. The Cabal had supplied him with a Rolls Royce, that his half Chinese, half Jewish chauffeur and side kick, named Ching Lee, would drive him around in. He would create an air of mystery when he attended expensive cocktail bars in the circuit of impressive venues where the upper crust of the town would congregate; the opera house, the coffee shops, and the night clubs. He would be seen everywhere followed by a coterie of his followers, mainly white females who had been conscripted to further inflame his rivals with jealousy and make them lust after him. He would carry copies of his books around with him or rather with his secretary and had arranged for book signings at the more upscale bookstores and malls to further spread his gospel of peace. Of course, he had made many enemies as well, especially in the religious industry--rivals from various sects and quasi-religious industries that

were not under the control of the Kehilla, those that attempted to aggitate against him and to castigate his creed and himself as a charlatan selling false dogma. But those slanders merely lent weight to his reputation and credibility in the eyes of his adherence, making of him a martyr. Thus the business of Universal Peace was going along quite well and Jacob continued to aline his pockets, not only with the money of the cabal, but also with the monies of the bourgeois females whom he preyed upon.

The center was located upon a sprawling estate whose grounds resembled that of a golf course with fish ponds and topiaries as well as tennis courts and swimming pools. It was surrounded by a concrete wall that was topped with a rod iron spiked fence that itself was artfully concealed by topiaries so that it would be even less visible to those in the outside world, those who were considered “Goyim” in the language of the Jew and who were, in the language developed by Jacob and his handlers, to give his adherents a sense of superiority, “fallen” and “worldly”. This us verses them dichotomy that the Center for Universal Peace established in its rhetoric helped in binding the members to itself and inciting them to a hatred of that which was 'Other' to themselves.

Many of the adherents had chosen to leave their careers, and those who were independently wealthy also had chosen to relocate to the compound and live a life of service, as it was called according to the various mumbo-jumbo protocols: chants, yoga postures, prayer sessions, etc. in hopes of attaining a state of superlative enlightenment, bestowing upon the cult much of their wealth which Ruben used to invest in all manner of harmful ways that would contribute to the undermining of a larger society, such as funding underground drug laboratories and paying hush money to politicians as well as funding international terrorism in an attempt to develop a mercenary army comprised of non white gang members who at some point, when the cabal was ready, attack the white population.

## Chapter Two

John White was a freshman at the local university and had yet to adjust himself to the strangeness of the place. He had lived his life in the country and had been largely immune to the negative influence of the changes which had been introduced into society by the cabal and of which he was largely oblivious. A few so called refugees from Africa had been brought into his town by one of the local churches who had made a great display of virtue, the local newspaper also being there to publicize this alleged act of what they called humanitarianism to the entire town. John was put off by this apparently ostentatious display of self righteousness--it leaving him with an unpleasant sensation--a disgust at the crudely overt display of this moralizing.

Upon encountering a few of these savages he was further disgusted by the reek of their body odor which was reminiscent of that of one of the local redskin winos who often urinated in his dirty jeans in a state of drunkenness and wandered about the town going into the various upscale shops, the coffee houses and curio shops to denigrate the white establishment with his filth and which John had encountered at more than one occasion. John had nevertheless, not much in the way of experience with either the hypocrisy of the bourgeois caste and their egocentric moralizing and virtue signaling behavior which he found unintelligible though it left him with an unpleasant impression as if he was personally being attacked by them, nor did he have any experience with the non whites who at best were a curiosity, and when he encountered them at all, an alien presence with which he could in no way identify and which impressed him as a subordinate and lowly being, a comic relief and in some way an object of pity—at least from a distance. When he got up close and personal, however his pity evaporated

in the presence of their general hostility and micro-aggression which with the exception of a rare individual amongst them was a characteristic trait.

Now that he had made the journey to the city which was of medium size for the country he was in, he experienced a culture shock and was adrift in an ocean of strange fish: blue haired freaks with myriad piercings in their flesh and tattoos covering their bodies, flagrant displays of sexual perversity, parades of fags, and even young children being brought to them by their blue haired mothers, ethnic gangs discharging firearms not only in the dead of night but in midday also- pushy and arrogant bourgeois people dressed in suits, and foreign invaders especially from China and the Middle East walking four and five abreast down the sidewalk like they owned the place so celebrating what they undoubtedly believed to be a premature victory over their hated and detested white opposition. John felt as if he had entered a war zone and was ill prepared. So ill prepared that his experience had been largely confined to this nearly exclusively white town beyond having gone on the few vacations that his hard working parents salary had enabled.

Now that he had become conscious of the realities of the multi-cultural society. He accordingly set aside the rap music that he had been listening to and began to pick up the slack for the lack of education he had received in terms of his ancestral heritage. He began to listen to Bach and Mozart; ceased reading rap and body building magazines, and began to read ancient philosophy and Nietzsche, which later he stumbled upon in the University library. A book called "Beyond Good and Evil" and the "Antichrist". He absorbed the latter and its ethics coming to an awareness of the deleterious influence of Jews on society and the poisoning of the mind that Christianity represented--its weakening emasculating life denying qualities and the necessity of eradicating its influence from the white mind.

Simply to experience this multi-cultural nightmare in the city and to compare it to his experiences in his home town is adequate to conclude that the notion of equality was absurd and that Christianity in its modern version, this idea of "oneness", as so many of the advertisements and media put forth, was a false idol and before which he refused to genuflect and which he felt the necessity to smash down and replace with a nobler one--a statue he had seen in one of the city's parks which the local "antifa" or antifascist and media and a few Jewish University professors had aggitated to have destroyed, claiming that it represented White supremacy and "colonialism"--a statue of a man on horseback of distinctly Caucasian features chiseled with a noble brow and wavy hair, holding aloft his sword and leading a charge to victory. John heard that the statue commemorated the defeat of a hoard of redskin savages and that without victory in that battle the city would never have been established.

Given that his parents had been typical libtards, products of the early gen-x generation who had had their minds polluted with the dogma of equality from birth and who had neglected or were never aware of the history of their people and the struggle for existence they had undergone, had never imparted any of the history to their own son, who with such a lack of a role model and guidance and lack of historical sense and an understanding of where he came from and who he was, had resorted to whatever masculine archetypes he could find in the Jewish media as a substitute father figure, eventually falling into the degenerate culture of rap music and what he called "urban culture". Now however, he had by way of contrast, become sickened by the crudity of the culture of the nigger and his jewish masters, had supplanted the lowly culture of primitivism with that of the noble culture of the Aryan. He had



discovered Bach and Aristotle, Nietzsche and Mozart, and had begun to steep himself day in and out in the culture of his ancestors: spanning the entire historical gamut from Atlantis and Hyperborea to the Gobi desert civilization to ancient India and Egypt as well as the Americas.

He had discovered a flier in his University which proclaimed “Jews behind immigration” and which referenced an organization called the Order of the White Hand. This flier had a website address for the organization which contained a library of references that enabled him to cut through the cultural distortion the University was presenting to him and get a broad brush understanding of history and ideology so that he in a short time, through constant exposure to this material, garnered a full understanding of the situation both he and the white race of which he was a part was forced into by the perfidious jew and the jews affiliates ; Jesuits, Freemasons, judeo christians, and communists as well as the non white hoards they all hid behind and used as a battering ram to attack the white poor who they looked upon as their enemies and as a threat to their supremacy and whose elimination they sought.

John finally came to an understanding of the fact that he was White, a concept that which before he had only been dimly aware of, something he had never consciously or verbally understood but which merely existed as a backdrop of his life experience. When he had journeyed to the city that conscious awareness had been enhanced exponentially, however he had not yet become aware of things so that he could put it in words contained within a term. Now however, through the on-line library, he had become fully aware of the reality of White identity and that there existed such a thing and that he was a “White man”.

John decided after reading a few of the documents and listening to some of the audio books and pod-casts that he would reach out to the organization and make contact both for friendship and in hopes of being able to play a roll in opposing the “White genocide agenda” which the Jews were obviously the major player in, orchestrating an agenda motivated by what Nietzsche called “resentment morality”--a resentment of the superior type by the inferior and the desire on the part of the latter to drag down into the pits and ultimately to destroy the superior type, the White race. John’s personal experience corroborated the views of Nietzsche in his recognition of the hatred toward himself-- a healthy, intelligent and aesthetically appealing youth, on the part of the non-Whites and Jews from the student body to the lowest tiers of society to the Jewish professors and other professionals he had contact with who embodies that resentment and went out of their way to assault and asperse him; to trip him up and deliberately sabotage his plans and academic career through giving bad advise or failing to process his forms on time so that it caused him to fail to register on time for courses and myriad other underhanded communist tactics of subversion that deride themselves from the Jews, Lenin, Trotsky and Gramsci amongst others. In his mind, based upon his brief experiences of the hostilities in the city he had concluded that the White genocide agenda was in full swing and that the Jews and their non-white hoards were in a phase the bordered the hot phase of violence and that there was only so much time remaining before these savage haters, governed in their actions by resentment, were led by the Jews and their white race traitor shabbos goyim against the white society and to bring about its intended destruction. Thus John felt it imperative to reach out to the organization and throw his hat in the ring so he could fulfill his duty to his race and not allow the devious haters to sabotage him or his relations existence.

John had been attending school during a fall semester and had already encountered enough of the micro-aggression on the part of the non whites and their Jewish masters to understand that whatever hope there might be for him to continue in his academic career would necessitate a backlash against them and a preparedness for what he foresaw coming his way based upon the prior history of communist revolutions--that soon they would be in a hot war and there would be no escape from the chaos to come. He had only a matter of a few short years at best, to warn his people of what was being done to them, by whom. And how to solve the problem would largely be a matter of their own devices but other than the organization, he had little understanding of what particular tactics would be necessary to give combat to the Jew and their devious attacks against the White race.

He reached out to the organization by email and was told to come to an appointed destination on campus and to wait by the university's latest sculptural abomination, a twisted amalgam of metal and concrete which purported to have some kind of intellectual properties that apparently only liberal professors could understand. John had been there for five minutes and was approached by two slightly older University students who were dressed in the uniform of the order—a white polo shirt with a blood red diamond shaped patch with the symbol of a right white hand upraised, black cargo pants, and neat fashy haircuts. They were both of a wiry body type cast in military mold with stern and chiseled features.

They approached John and one of them extended his hand which John took into his own. "John, glad to meet you. I'm Uber..." he said smiling as he saw the odd look on John's face... "of course its not my legal name. This we don't disclose to others. If you are admitted to the order, you will of course have a different name also. We do this as a means of preserving anonymity and preventing government agents and their unofficial affiliates antifa from doxing us or gathering intel on us they can use to build a case against us in the event of any future roundups or arrests. We anticipate this society only going further down, eventually going into a hot Rahowa. You know what "Rahowa" means don't you John"? The addressed said he was unaware of the terms meaning. Uber continued, "If you check the library on the website there is a book written by a man named Ben Klassen, the founder of the creativity movement called "Rahowa: This Planet Is All Ours". If you read that book you will know what it means in detail but I will give you a brief synopsis:Racial Holy War. That's the key to the kingdom and no Christian heaven on earth where lions lie down with lambs. We intend to take the whole world for ourselves and make it a Whiter, brighter world". John replied, "Sounds like a plan. I would hate to see what an evil world we'd be living in if the jews got their way and it doesn't get any whiter or brighter than this".Uber stated: "If the jews manage to get away with their plans they'd kill us all. We only have a short window of opportunity to strike the blows we need to take the JOG down. You know what the term J.O.G means, right"? John nodded. "Jewish Occupation Government". "Right now" Uber continues. "now we need to gain recruits. We know it's hard to conscript fighting men into the movement given the brainwashing the masses have received but we do our best. The posters are one of our most effective techniques we currently have as well as using social media. The local Antifa group shut down our food and clothing drive where we assisted poor Whites on the street, claiming we were attempting to spread hate. The cops as usual were there to enforce their dictates which came as a directive from City Hall itself and the Jewish mayor, one Immanuel Diamond. We've got a score to settle with him and he'll have hell to pay once Rahowa gets hot. Right now we need dedicated members who have a willingness to devote a fair amount of time and effort to propaganda and

recruitment. Do you think you can handle the pressure?” John nodded and said “I don’t have a choice”, to which Uber responded, “none of us do .”

### Chapter Three: Paradise Found

Ruben knew that the young White girls which he contemptuously called Shiksas, meaning unclean meat or menstrual blood in his Talmudic understanding or misunderstanding of reality, were a gullible bunch and could be hooked into what ever sort of crazy ideology as long as it sounded pleasant and enabled them to get their jollies. Of course some, especially the bourgeois class had to be appealed to on the basis of a higher, nobler sounding purpose.

Something along the lines of “humanity” and so on. Ruben cynically sneered at the thought of the White Shiksas he had enticed into the Center of Universal Peace and had debased, convincing them to perform all manner of perverted sex acts claiming that it activated various chakras and that this was a necessary condition of attaining enlightenment. They had taken the bait hook, line, and sinker in most all cases and were now bound to the center through his trauma based mind control-sodomic rape and occasional beatings kept them as bitches on his iron chain. He stared at his mark as he recalled his brutal assaults against the women and was reminded of the one who had gotten away—the blue eyed and blond haired Nordic Shiska who had managed to escape his advances as he was fondling her form preparing to begin his tantric yoga sessions that he intended to escalate toward other things. She had resisted and he had attempted to use force to impose himself on her, but she had managed to break free after a struggle and ran screaming from the center which she had attended upon his invitation. She had informed the police and a superficial investigation had been undergone but his glib tongue had persuaded the police that she must have been stoned on some of the drugs she had taken, and given that he was considered one of the untouchable chosen and thus was too well connected for a Shiska, even one as well off as the blond, to effect his position. The case was thrown out of court and simply inclined him to implement even greater precautions in the center having installed a couple of members as security guards who were armed with stun guns and masers, a microwave weapon designed in Israel, that could when directed at a target rupture the blood brain barrier and kill leaving no evidence of anything untoward, and making it appear as if the victims had suffered a stroke.

On another occasion he had been more prepared--one of his Shiskas had attempted to struggle as he imposed himself on her, eager to rape, and she had suffered a taser to the belly causing her to bleed out. Ruben had raped her unconscious body and beaten her black and blue. His half Jewish, half Chinese assistant had come in at his call and the two tied up the woman in the basement as they waited for certain astrological alignments to come to fruition so that they could invoke the genius of the center and receive power, only it had to grant them for a price. That price was the torture and murder of a White girl who they cannibalized and whose blood they drank and shared with the higher order of the Center for Universal Peace whose cryptic cabbalistic name was the order of Michael the Archangel which was their hidden, exclusive shadow side that concealed itself behind the facade of the new age cult. Ruben was now looking for fresh meat-his bevy of Shiskas having depleted as he sent some overseas as sex slaves. Indeed the cult also served that function and was a defacto grooming and processing plant for the international sex slave industry the Jewish Cabal was heavily involved in and the mastermind of. Ruben played a key role and the center was simply one of his grooming facilities. He oversaw and employed an underground ring of kidnapers who

enticed both female and male children and teenagers and whomever else they could abduct--even the elderly to conscript as their sex slaves and human sacrifices--fulfilling the genetic blood lust for the blood and flesh of the white race-- those who embodied the life force they themselves were so deficient in. Organs and body parts were also an analog of this gruesome harvest and fetched a high price on the black market, especially in China and Israel itself.

Ruben's piercing and wary gaze fixed upon his next mark, a young white girl with blond hair and blue eyes as she hung around the University campus reading a copy of D.H. Lawrence's *Sons and Lovers*. Ruben's calculating mind set in motion and as he walked toward her, approaching from a side as one would a rabbit so as not to frighten her away, he conceived a conversation starter that would be sure to entice the young girl into his harem of slaves. The girl, sensing danger, looked up from her book as he approached and attempted to smile with an unsteady look, her head turning away from the novel toward this stranger. Ruben, an ingratiating smile playing about his lips, stammered out a little chuckle—"Oh pardon me, I ah couldn't help but ah see that you are reading one of my favorite books" he said, having concluded by her focus of attention on the book that she was enjoying. She relaxed noticeably, recognizing that the stranger had a plausible pretext in approaching and that although he was not the most attractive man she had seen, a plain and in a way somewhat unappealing person in terms of his physical qualities, his charming clumsiness had a way of disarming her inherent self-protectiveness. "It's interesting" she said in a wistful way. Ruben replied "I've always been a fan of Lawrence, he presents such a complex tapestry of motifs in his work, does a great job of defining the characters so that they become believable, if a bit unapproachable given their bourgeois nature." The girl looked toward him and said, "You think so? I find Paul more aristocratic than bourgeois—he has that aloofness about him". Ruben decided to begin to shift the conversation towards his general purpose. "In my mind Aristocracy is a character of the soul and is not a matter of birth--don't you think?" The girl pondered for a moment and replied that that seemed true enough. Ruben continued with an air of mystery, "It may seem strange to you that I myself live in pursuit of nobility." He began to inform her about the cult he was involved in. "For you see I have spent many years in the study of the hidden side of things and have in my journeys discovered the path to true enlightenment though I am but a traveler and certainly don't have all the answers. I only seek to know the truth and to help others. "Here" he said fumbling in his pocket "my card". The girl beguiled by his honeyed words and their impress of sophistication took the card from his hand and glanced at it. "Center for Universal Peace, Jacob Ruben, facilitator". The girl looked quizzical. "What is this center about" she asked. Ruben replied "It is a center, an organization that seeks to bring universal peace, as it says. More specifically we attempt to share the message of the inner teachings with those who pass our initiation". She looked suspicious, detecting a hint of danger in the words "inner" and "initiation". Ruben, observant as was his nature, quickly added "We follow the light side, the right hand path. We avoid all things that harm, adhering to the occult maxim of "do no harm-- our organization" he said putting on his most winning smile, prides itself on practicing what it preaches—we only accept people of a pure and uncorrupted nature and ensure that they are treated with the most benevolent treatment. We seek to assist the upliftment of all mankind". He bowed his head slightly and smiled upon her with his most benevolent look that his years in the Yeshiva school acting classes enabled him to have an almost natural look. Still the girl hesitated, and picking up on it he said, "You are welcome to attend if you wish. I won't push you, of course. Please

investigate the website on the reverse of the card and acquaint yourself with our material, all free”. She agreed to investigate the center, and after a few more pleasantries he bid her a due and went his separate way seeking yet other game. He could tell that he had won her over and that she would be sure to investigate the literature. What she didn’t know, he thought smirking to himself, was that the literature was written as a well- formulated cabbalistic spell that put the reader under hypnosis and beguiled them into feeling a pleasant association with the cult, enticing them to join. Ruben chuckled as he contemplated the prospect of having her as his mark.

#### Chapter Four: Initiation

John biked his way to the predetermined location where he was to meet organization members for his initiation. It was a fairly long ride from his ghetto apartment just off the University campus to the light industrial district where the organization had it’s headquarters. John was instructed to bike to the local mall and was to be picked up there, the organization not informing him of their location for clandestine reasons. He arrived as per instructions and sat down on a coffee-table bench visible to The Order members who would be able to see him. He ordered a bottle of distilled water, as he had eschewed all caffeinated beverages, and sat waiting—the pink haired waitress treating him with the disdain and contempt characteristic of her leftist kind who had been indoctrinated from birth to have a hostility to White males, looking upon them as the enemy. He maintained a stoic facade of politeness and ignored her rude and sarcastic looks as he sipped the water.

An Order member, disguised in civilian clothes, approached him and flashed his badge discretely indicating his legitimacy, the white hand patch appearing and disappearing in the blink of an eye. John stood up and took the members outstretched hand, and leaving the money for the water on the table, left with the order member who walked down the adjacent alleyway and onto the other side of the street. A nondescript van was waiting and one of the members inside opened up the sliding door and John was told to get in. He entered and the other member got into the passenger side door, the van taking off out of the trendy area and it’s shops cruising out of the downtown area and away from the University campus and towards their headquarters in the light industrial area. John had been blindfolded upon entry and stoically resolved to undergo whatever challenges and twists were put before him.

The van eventually came to a slow and turned into a driveway as John could hear and feel the gravel beneath the tires of the van. It stopped and the, until then silent order members, said “step out” as the van door was slid open by the order member who had met him in the coffee shop. Still blindfolded, he was escorted up a set of wire metal steps and had to balance himself against the smooth iron railing that rose up the staircase. A knock on a heavy door was heard and a thud and a series of bolts and clanky springs was heard as the components locking mechanism was opened from within. John entered a room that felt like a large open space and once the door was shut behind him he was instructed to remove his blindfold, which he did, taking in the large building interior of an industrial warehouse. Filing cabinets and two sturdy desks were positioned in one corner and crates of odd marking, some in Cyrillic and others in Chinese characters, were piled up against the other side of the wall. Two black paramilitary jeeps, which appeared to be armored, were parked near the roll up door and one of the order members appeared to be servicing them wearing coveralls and cranking away on the engine with a ratchet.

Uber greeted John, “Welcome to paradise, John. We’ve brought you here to enable you to see that we aren’t any lightweight organization like the alt-right the media has put before you. We are the real deal. We follow in the footsteps of Hitler and his Freikorps, of Rockwell and his crew and of hardcore nationalist socialist freedom fighters. We want you in as we can see you will be a good candidate. Your behavior and general deportment suggests a capacity to endure hardship and to be unaffected by suffering. We need stoical people in the organization, not a bunch of irrational children like so many who have reached out to us so far. Silly cartoon memes only go so far to “raise awareness” amongst those who may potentially be radicalized. We are not here to raise awareness really, although that is something we will take as an analog to our activity of recruitment. We are here to build a revolutionary vanguard and that means getting involved in hardcore activism, not wasting time with rallies and demonstrations or going door to door like some Jewish shoe brush salesman. We mean a real effective action that strikes against the JOG in a legitimate way. Can you deal with that, John”. John replied, “As you said before there’s only so much time left and we can only do so much talking”. “Right”, Uber replied, “ I like your attitude”.

Turning toward the other members present, Uber introduced them. “The man on your right is Krup--so named because he is as tough as Krupp steel. He was an MMA fighter who was cast out of the federation he was affiliated with when he k.o’d a nigger who had been scheduled to win the fight. Krup couldn’t stand to let a nigger take his glory so his Jewish handlers gave him the boot. The nigger’s still in a coma--am I right Krup”? The addressed smiled and held out his hand to John who took it in his own. “Nice to meet you John”, he said squeezing the latter’s hand in a vice grip. John smiled and squeezed back, not willing to back down. The two stared at each other in friendly competition. Uber broke them up saying, “consider it a draw. “Next up” he said indicating, “is Ford”. “Tell him why you are called Ford,” he said. Ford responded, “I’m from where Henry Ford had his old newspaper, the Dearborn Independent. My hometown of Dearborn, Michigan has been flooded with Arabs since the Jews wanted to get revenge on Ford, my namesake not myself, for exposing their international conspiracy in his newspaper, the Dearborn Independent, where "The International Jew" was published in installments. Ford was attempting to dismantle their conspiracy, but failed. I took my name--to make a long story short--in his homage and as I did my duty toward my hometown taking my Ford truck and giving some of those Arabs the ride of their lives. Of course, after that I had to leave, if you know what I mean”. He smiled a crooked smile which John reciprocated, appreciating the openness of the organization. “I guess I don’t have a choice but to make a commitment now,” John said with a laugh—“otherwise I’ll be the one going for a ride next”. “Don’t worry” Uber said. “We don’t think you’ll rat whether you pass the test here or fail. We don’t care if pro-whites like yourself hear a few tales here and there. It’s best not to divulge things but there is no proof, and plenty of doubtful shadows have been cast over the scene for each one of us. We are all fairly new to the area and all have a similar past--all of us except for Gear over there who is local. This headquarters he inherited from his father in a living will”.

John looked over at the mechanic who was appropriately twisting gears, oblivious to the surrounding circumstances, and expressed his opinion. “Glad to see some of the baby boomers haven’t squandered their parental inheritance and have sought to ensure the survival of their own kind --that’s a rare case”. Krup spoke, “You bet John, that generation are definitely a traitorous bunch. They’d rather sacrifice their own children on the altar of their ego, then ensure they pass their torch of prosperity. Gear lucked out. His father was a Vietnam vet who volunteered to fight against the Communist Gooks. So his values were more parallel to ours and he understood the necessity to ensure the survival of his own kind”. John replied, “Like most baby boomers, my liberal father basically wasted his parents assets on himself—in effect cutting off my lifeline. I could have used all of that money to fund this

movement, but now all I have to offer is myself". Uber slapped him on the back. "You can only do so much with what you've got. We are all dead men walking John," he said looking John in the eye. "The JOG doesn't know where we are located but they are always searching around like the eye of Sauron," he added sarcastically. "We little hobbits have a lot of work to do to blind that eye".

Just then a voice spoke from over where the desk was, apparently, someone had been hiding behind the filing cabinet. "To attain victory we must become war". Uber led John over to the filing cabinet followed by Krup and Ford. "This is Manu", he said gesturing toward the man with the shaven head who sat at the desk. "He is the brains of the operation". Manu got up and bowed sarcastically to John saying, "Enough of that, Uber". I don't need another fluffer to fluff my stuff". "He's got plenty down at the crack-house" Uber laughed. Manu shot him a glance. "So you are John"?, he said focusing on the youth. "What are you taking at school, John"? "Computers", the addressee replied. "That might come in handy for the organization," Manu responded. "But if I could advise you, you might want to take some trade courses if you get a chance to and round out your skill set. For action in the real world, you'll want to know how to be a smooth operator. This means you will want to know how the infrastructure of the skinner box called "society" operates. You never know when the time will come for the lights to go out and for you to get to work dismantling that skinner box". John nodded, but looked a bit puzzled. Manu picked up on the confusion and elaborated. "A skinner box is an experimental, controlled environment where rats or mice are placed inside and experimented on. They only have a finite set of things they can do in that environment and the scientists who study them can get—so the theory goes—an understanding of their behavior. We are the lab rats of JOG, John and the Jewish technocrats are the psychopathic scientists who seek to engineer our behavior. What they don't know, of course, is that we, given our greater creative genius and intellect, can reverse engineer anything they can throw at us and throw their whole system into chaos. We intend, as you might surmise, to throw their whole system into a conflagration so that the lights in the skinner box go out permanently to 'blind the eye of Sauron', as Uber so eloquently put it". Uber stepped in. "I should introduce you to Manu, John". "Don't bother, Uber. I don't need anyone to represent myself. I'll do the introduction, the "bio" if you will. I come from a long line of, shall I say, aristocrats. Yes, that would be an appropriate word though they have not always held titles. They were always warriors and, perhaps, magicians would be a good word to designate them, also. "You look doubtful? Doubt it not, John, there is more to life than material things. I am the proud bearer", Manu said, puffing his chest up theatrically and half closing his eyes with an air of pomp and circumstance, of the bloodline of the Arya, a noble lineage that traces itself back through Europe, India, and Sumeria to Atlantis, though the last two sources are based more on inference than any tangible sources. However, I can trace it back to India to the Kshatriya and Brahman castes, and there exists proof of that. Hence the name Manu, derived from the author of the law code of ancient India. Myself I hold many initiatic degrees in secret societies that oppose the Judeo masonic Cabal and its distortion of ancient Aryan lore. I was educated outside the academic curriculum and its falsified knowledge and would be able to put to shame most university PhD s--able to refute their false dogmas that claim to lend an air of legitimacy to the Cabal's aspirations to global government and all its specious props and supports, such as democracy, humanitarian ideology, etc. As you probably now know, equality is a false God and we intend to smash it down. He extended his hand to John who took it and said "I'll do what I can to assist". "Great" Manu said.

John was escorted up another flight of stairs to a room that was fitted out like a sound booth and had a small array of computer screens positioned on an angle looking downward from the ceiling and a leather-backed chair with arm-straps and what appeared to be an electroshock helmet attached to the back—somewhat like an electric chair. The room was otherwise dark and lit with hidden lights from behind the chair so that the person seated would see only the array of screens which were currently

turned off, black squares staring down ominously. Manu spoke, “John, this is the first test. Don’t take it amiss, but we don’t trifle around with our recruits and the vetting process. We ensure that they are subject to rigorous tests of loyalty. This loyalty comes at a price” he said gesturing toward the electrodes that dangled down from the chair, “as does disloyalty. Please be seated, John, we will begin to conduct the test.” John sat himself down with confidence, ready for whatever the order had to give him--he knew that he was incapable of disloyalty to the crew and had now, more or less, taken the plunge into a new world. “Begin test number one,” Manu said. Uber began strapping John in and attaching electrodes to his fingers and earlobes and placing the metal skullcap on his head. The cap had affixed to it blinkers, like those used for horses, which were rotated downward and positioned in places so that John’s vision was confined in tunnel-vision style to the band of screens overhead. He could see nothing but the dimly lit black screens and heard a click, as of a light switch or some form of equipment being turned on, and the hum of machinery as the chair powered up. Manu gave his instructions. “John when you finish hearing the question, say one or two, indicating which answer you think more is more appropriate. The first part requires merely a yes or no response. Begin-now.”

As soon as he finished speaking the images on the screen switched on and a robotic voice began speaking as images of violence erupted on the screen—all of which entailed the visuals of non-Whites, predominantly black males and Mexicans, shooting, beating, and sexually assaulting White women and other Whites, from police officers to convenience store owners. The whole menagerie of scenes looked like an episode of World’s Wildest Crimes or some variant of that theme only taken to a higher power of violence than would be permitted for T.V. to air. The screens depicted images as nigger rap played in the background, almost as if the scenery was a bizarre music video.

The robot spoke, “Have you listened to rap music?” John articulated, though he found it difficult to admit that he had done so given the chaos that he was bearing witness to. “Do you like rap music?” the voice asked. The images of torture, murder, and abuse bombarded his senses and the music he had previously found appealing in it’s feral nature, had seemed to strike a chord at some primitive level of his conscious and subconscious mind seemed confusingly mingled with the stomach turning horrors he was forced to bear witness to. He finally stated, after the robot repeated the question, “No” with a tone of self loathing and contempt for his previous involvement in what he had once identified as a manly and powerful musical genre, now recognizing it for the brute savagery it galvanized and thus its perverse nature which was in reality a direct assault against everything he held dear--his tradition, his culture, his family, and his race in general. He now understood that this musical form was just another one of the J.O.Gs' means of creating a mind virus and implanting it in the mind of the White race--a means of degenerating the higher type to the level of the beast—just like the beasts depicted in the images who carried out the natural predilection toward violent savagery.

Suddenly the scenes flashed onto a different theme--photographs and video footage that must have been obtained from the black market playing against a background of the audio track of pornographic films--images and footage of snuff films and women being raped, images of the bodies of women having been mutilated and butchered by unknown assailants; chained up in basement rooms and addled with drugs, their faces gaunt with hunger and the ravages of drugs. This sequence of images was interposed with the most decadent fare of pornographic footag--women being sodomized by donkeys and tied up in sadomasochistic abuse, disgusting images, too brutal to give utterance to, while the audio track of ecstasy played in the background against the intermittent screams of captive females who were being subjected to abuse.

The robot voice spoke. “Do you like porn?” John could barely speak, reflecting upon all the hours of his teenage years he had expended on the dissipation of hypnotizing himself watching porn



and how he had always had a sense that it was wrong, somewhere in the back of his mind he knew that it was a degenerate and perverse medium that simply led toward a life bound to a lower state of consciousness. The robot voice repeated the question and John, as before, articulated “No”, his eyes barely able to witness the atrocities playing out in front of his vision, fighting back tears as he witnessed women being murdered on film and dying in the streets, hooked on drugs.

The next series of images continued the disgusting activity depicting fags engaged in their degenerate practices of anal sex and fellatio, of smearing fecal matter on themselves and urinating in each others mouth--all this with the background music of Philadelphia Freedom of Elton John. The robot voice asked him as the images sped passed his vision filtering into his conscious mind like a stream of filth, “Are you a fag?”. John who had never had any thought about the matter before, answered based upon his observance of the vulgar escapades, “No.” He had had no knowledge of the depths of depravity to which the fags stooped, but now he understood how they had been historically so humorously deplored by nearly ever civilization and why it had met with fairly extreme penalties so far as he had heard. Now he wondered why.

The screens went on to the next scenes of images and footage. In the background played the music, 'Mary Had a Little Lamb' and images of small children in similar situations as to what the women had been subjected to played across his vision--images and footage of young children trust up like pigs in sadomasochistic harnesses with ball gags in their mouths, looks of apathy and fright on their innocent faces. Pictures and footage too horrible to describe. The robot voice spoke, “Are you a pedophile?” John stated again, articulating his disgust and hatred on having seen the footage given expression to. “No!” Never the less he managed to control himself, although this was most difficult when it came to the children, which effected him the most.

The screens again again went black and a new series of images and videos came into his conscious awareness depicting Jews involved in all the above video footage--pornography, enabling non-white invasion, and being behind the rap music industry, running abortion mills and being involved in sex slavery and organ harvesting, creating wars of the world, and all this presented on the backdrop of Hava Nagila (the Jewish song so characteristic of their tribe). The beady black eyes of alien faces peered out from the scene in mocking amusement or fanatical hatred of everything good, looking like the depiction or literal face of evil. The robot voice spoke, “Who are the cause of the problems in the world, 1) Illuminati, 2) Jews?” John answered promptly, “Two.” The robotic voice answered, “Begin phase two of test.”

New images flashed on the screen depicting police in various circumstances—shooting people and saving puppies from a sewer, saving a cat from a tree, and brutally beating an old man—a mixture and confusion of images which bombarded the consciousness of John to the backdrop of sound effects and sirens and police dispatch. “Do the current police benefit the white race, John: 1) Yes, for the most part, 2) No, they are overall a detriment?” John, in spite of the welter of images bombarding his vision, stated “Two.”

The computer screens flashed new images of guerrilla fighters from all over the world; of mercenary insurgents with the sounds of gun fire and explosions and the screams of dying men haunting the dark environment; images of members of the PLO in occupied Palestine being killed by white phosphorous and gunned down for throwing stones at tanks and soldiers; images of Rhodesians being killed by nigger communists and non-white United Nations soldiers; images of Yugoslavians being killed by the same United Nations International Army while fighting to defend their homeland; footage of Germans fighting allied soldiers and the dead and mutilated corpses of Germans lying by the

roadside; the tortured and starved corpses of Ukrainian peasants--their bodies piled up in mass graves. John was angered by the hypocrisy of those styling themselves peacekeepers and a feeling of sympathy for all of those he had heard of who had been vilified in the Jewish controlled media by the Jewish Cabal in their political system who had been brutalized by that same Zionist monster. The robot voice spoke. "1) Terrorist or 2) freedom fighter?" John responded without hesitation, "Two."

Then more images, this time bombarding him at a rapid pace as the Confederate song "Johnny Rebel" played in the background; images of all the heroic efforts of the White race and its combat against the evil which sought its destruction. "1) Revolution or 2) electoral politics?," asked the voice again. John replied, "One".

The next sequence of images bombarded his vision—a synthesis of all the above atrocities that had been committed against his race throughout history, interspersed with the images of Jews and a cackling, mocking laugh. The voice spoke again, "Who is the enemy, 1) Jews, 2) Illuminati?" John replied, "One." Suddenly the lights went on and Manu spoke, the screen simultaneously going blank. John blinked his eyes, still in a hypnotic state of consciousness. "You have completed the first test adequately, though you had made some mistakes hesitating for a time during the rapid pornography sessions. Perhaps you were contemplating the error of your ways, eh John?" John looked toward Manu with a shamed look on his face. "I admit I had become entangled in the degeneracy of this society" John said. "Most people couldn't and wouldn't imagine what follows from the premises of those values, John. Now you know. At the very least it will scare you straight. For those of stronger stock, it will rile them up to do battle with the enemy. By the look of you and the readings of your biometrics--heart rate, skin conductance, metabolic rate, etc—I can safely conclude that you're a fighter. Consider yourself to have passed the first test." John's mind was still filled with the images and screams of victims of war and the awful fate which had befallen the women and children and which could be directly traced to Jewish influence—to the Jews as a collective group, as the ultimate cause of their pain and suffering.

He rose from the chair and followed Manu, Uber, and Krup out into the hallway and down the hall which was lit only by a few dim lights sunk into the ceiling that cast an eerie glow along the hall. They came upon another room similar to the last and entered. "Now we will have you do a variety of tests of logical reasoning ability and general knowledge tests which are all multiple choice. Just pencil in the circle which corresponds to your answers to the questions. This way we can scan it into the machine and get an idea of what we can use you for. Given that you are a student, we are bypassing the more elementary tests and giving you an advanced protocol developed by our affiliates in Europe. Oh, you didn't know we are international?" Manu asked with a smile on his face. He gestered for John to be seated and to begin filling in the answers. The other members left and Manu placed a clock which had a sixty minute LCD display. "When the buzzer goes you must stop. If you finish before the timer ticks down, you get extra points. Your overall score will be forwarded to headquarters and will be entered into a database there for further training opportunities. We will access you ourselves, of course, as we need to understand in very specific terms what your knowledge set is and what use we can make of you. This will be the first in a battery of tests to pass or fail of which will bring you more of the same tough meat—and tougher—or will result in a more limited outcome for your involvement in the organization. Best of luck", he said as he punched the clock and strolled out of the room. John worked at a fevered pace checking boxes as soon as he took in the information, processed it and comparing it to the answer section drew his conclusions. He had completed the first test with a good seven minutes remaining, punching the clock. Manu and the crew came in and took the test leaving another and informing him that he was to repeat the process. Yet another hour had nearly elapsed when John again

punched the clock, with three minutes time remaining. Again the crew came in, this time giving John a bottle of distilled water and he was informed that further tests throughout the day would be undergone, however, he must first accompany them for another, this time, a physical test.

They left the room and went down a spiral staircase which opened up into a cement basement that looked like another mechanics garage. It was fitted out with ropes hanging from the ceiling and rows of tires as well as a rope ladder that stretched across the floor with a pull-up and dip station at either end. A treadmill was placed in the center of the concrete floor—a heavy duty industrial machine set at an incline. There was also a set of squat stands and barbells already racked, loaded with a couple of 45s per side, a dead-lift platform and another thick handled barbell loaded up as well. Two heavy dumbbells were also present and a jungle gym style monkey bar apparatus spanned the ceiling from one end to the other, a weight vest lying at the one end. Krup spoke up indicating the MMA ring with its cage in one corner. “We’ll get into it once you’ve gone through the gauntlet,” John. “Here”, he said taking out an ephedrine tablet from his top pocket. “You’ll need this to help boost your energy, though I don’t recommend you using these on a regular basis unless you want to get a heart attack—they are good pills for battle mode, for emergencies. They used stronger stuff in wartime”. He handed it to John who popped it. “But,” he continued, “We don’t want to wear you out to the point of a life or death level of performance, though we’ll bring you close to the edge.” John already felt the rush of adrenaline coursing through his body as his stomach acid dissolved the pill that he washed down with a slug of water—entering his bloodstream and binding to his receptor sites. “Good for what ails you,” he said.

Krup took him toward the kilo-pound beam scale and told him to step on, which he did. John weighed in at a slim one hundred fifty five pounds, five foot eleven inches. Krup said, “We need guys in military shape—in the classical sense—for the Rahowa, John. No bodybuilders could out run the French Foreign Legion and all of them are lean as a whip. We need optimal pound-for-pound strength—tendon strength and lean hard musculature--not roided out mega monsters as they couldn’t last in states of extreme deprivation and the pulse pounding highjinks we’re going to put you through.” Krup reported the data in his log book, "155 pounds".

He gestured for John to accompany him toward the treadmill, “We need a sprinter to get past the JOG and its agents. Your ability to sprint is—as nature shows on the Discovery Channel— correlated with your ability to survive--get in and get out, get ghost or you’ll be a ghost.” He chuckled at his humor, revving up the mill. John stepped on as the machine began to pick up speed following the gesture of invite from Krup. John began to race like his life depended on it-his mind filled with the images of the atrocities committed against the beauty of the Aryan women and the slaughter of the children which still haunted his mind. The adrenaline was pumping out like a sliced artery spraying arterial blood—his sympathetic nervous system on full alert; knees pumping, arms knifed in the air as he pounded the machine as it whined—the heavy device taking and absorbing blows as it was designed to.

Krup accelerated the pace, checking back to his motion censor device that recorded the miles per hour. Krup let the machine run for a minute longer, John’s breathing coming in raged gasps, sweat pouring from his face and staining his white shirt so that the color of his skin shone through. Finally Krup said, “Pass” as he decelerated the machine and allowed John to catch his breath. Krup gave the next command, “Run for a half hour at this pace”—a pace just outside of the sprint range. John breathed deep and focused his will power on making the motions, staring ahead at a spot on the wall while going into a Zen state, concentrating his energy on maintaining himself as a dynamic system-an integral machine banging out steps as he felt himself soaring beyond the limitations of time and space. His mind again played over the seemingly endless images of torture and murder—of the horrible

atrocities and all the non-White savages who had perpetrated them against his people, and the diabolical Jew who had orchestrated these circumstances by bringing them into contact with his people, subjecting them to their natural savagery. He looked back over the eons of time—seemingly conjuring up the blood memory of his ancestors and screamed in his mind with a berserker fury at his enemies. Now was the time to kill! Now was the time to fight or die! In his mind he was a Viking warrior, a Roman centurion, a Grecian Hop-lite, a Kshatriya of the warrior caste of India, and before that dim shadows of memories lent him the energy to conquer, to overcome the beast man and his demonic master-memories of Atlantis, of Hyperboria. And suddenly Krup was there reducing the pace on the treadmill and John was brought back from his memories to the present, to the training and what he must do here and now. Krup looked impressed and responded, “Good work, John. You have the warrior spirit within you, that I can tell.” He gave John, whose entire suit of clothes was now covered in sweat, a large jug of distilled water and a small bag with a suit of clothes, indicating that he should get dressed and prepare for the next battery of tests.

Once John had relieved himself in the locker room and had changed into the suit of workout clothes, a gray shirt and short, he came out and Krup led him to the weight lifting equipment. “Consider this a general strength test. We’re not too obsessed with how much mass you can move, but it is always good to get a general understanding of where you stand on the squat”, he said motioning John under the squat rack. The latter got himself under the squat rack and un-racked it—the two 45s on either side clattering slightly as there was no collar on the bar. “Give me ten full reps,” Krup said.

John banged out the ten full reps on command in textbook form without any side to side motion, his frame taut. The bar moving in a perfectly perpendicular path relative to the floor. Krup added a 45 to each side and called out to John, “Now give me five with this weight.” John again squatted up and down for five reps, keeping his torso tight with plates only clattering slightly as he pushed himself up from underneath. Krup made notes in his log. “Good. Now we do some dead-lifts.” John accompanied him toward the dead lift platform and was met with the same weight as he had finished with squats. “Another ten,” Krup commanded. John stepped to the bar, squatted down and arched his back erect--holding the bar with arms rigid, his head looking straight. He moved slowly through the motion breaking the inertial force with each rep. He let the bar drop on the last rep after it struck bottom and came up again. “Good,” Krup said noncommittally. He took another two plates from the racks adjacent and added them to the bar, indicating for John to step up. “Another five.” John again pulled the weight up and down for the last five with a few grunts emitting from between his clenched teeth. Krup motioned for him to come back to the squat rack and took off two plates a side. He commanded John to press it overhead for ten. The disciple un-racked the weight to his shoulders and positioned himself under it, pressing it up with explosive motion starting in his hips. He continued to pump away, throwing the weight up over his head and back to his clavicles, racking it again once completed. Krup added a couple of twenty-five kilo plates to each side and John pumped out the remaining five reps on command. At this point his shirt was slick with sweat, but he was fully alert-in battle mode and ready to prove himself worthy of entry in the order of the White Hand. Krup made yet more notes and Uber called out from the side lines, “Good job, John.”

Krup escorted him to the monkey bars and told him to slither into the forty five pound weight vest. Krup stated that he was to go from one end of the gym to the other without a pause as fast as he could go. He would be graded on speed. John slipped into the weight vest and jumped up to the low hanging monkey bars which were angled downward from the ceiling and rose as he clambered up to reach it a few feet above. He dangled from the ceiling where a fall would almost certainly amount to a few bones broken. His death grip was nonetheless slick with sweat, but he clung on for dear life. Krup

gave him the signal. “Go,” and John began to go at a fair pace—hand over fist, each grasp being a grasp of the jaws of life, enabling him to swing his bulk and the extra forty five pounds across the room. He reached the other side, turned awkwardly and nearly slipped because of the sweat pooling on his hands—but he continued back to the other side of the bars where Krup was waiting. His concentration focusing on the noble combat he sensed in his blood memory his ancestors had given to the enemy--the beast hoards, and the diabolical Jew. He had reached the end and had gotten to the last rung allowing himself to drop and roll with the weight, his knees cushioning the impact as he folded.

Krup made his notes and helped John with his vest, the sweat facilitating the slide. “One more to go John”, Krup said as he escorted the initiate toward the tires which were lined up in two rows. “This is a test of speed. You are to go through this gauntlet at as rapid a pace as you can muster.” John nodded and lined himself up before the tires. John got into position before the obstacle course and Krup came up behind with a set of leg weights. “Get across as quickly as you can, reverse and come back.” He handed John the weights while the others watched. John strapped them on and at the signal of Krup he raced across the tires, each foot going into the tire forcing him to raise his legs high like the marching of a soldier on parade. His foot falls hammered into the tire holes as he accelerated across their expanse, reversing himself at the end and coming back in front of Krup. His body was dripping sweat by this time as Krup handed him a towel which he used to towel off.

Krup took off his jump suit that he was wearing, revealing his heavily muscled form—like a block of marble chiseled by Arno Breker, visible veins spiraling over his form. He reached into a nearby bag and came up with some MMA gloves and a set of spandex shorts and instructed John to get changed and head to the ring for the match. He would be expected to take on all the crew members in a gauntlet, all the members coming at him at once. His goal was to survive for as long as he could before he was pinned to the mat. The standard rules of MMA applied so that no serious injuries would befall any of the members. When John came out of the locker room, all of the other order members were already in the ring sparring. Uber called out, “Let’s get ready to rumblle!”

As John approached the cage its door ajar, as if in challenge to his worthiness to gain admittance to the order. He entered and slammed it shut behind him, jumping up and down and throwing a flurry of punches as he shadow boxed, the ephedrine tablet still coursing through his system and pumping the adrenaline. John was feeling a high and felt he could conquer the world. He focused his concentration on his opponents. Gear had joined the crew making a full compliment of order members. Uber, Ford, and Krup were ranged around and even the middle-aged Manu, nearing fifty years, was present. All of the members presented a formidable foe from their ripped physics, rippling muscles, and displaying of aesthetic gauntness that would make a fakir cringe. They ringed him round preparing to rush him, to fake him out and to take him down. The bell suddenly rang--ding, ding, ding and the order members moved in and out throwing fake punches and kicks testing John’s agility and playing a game of chess with him. Stick and move, stick and move--they threw right and left kicks and punches bounding about the ring teasing John. He bounded back, faking them out appearing to be intimidated, then darted in with a kick to the knee of Uber, the later buckling slightly.

Angered, Uber kicked back and John blocked his kick to his shin deflecting it harmlessly. At that moment Krup came in for a lung attempting to take down, but John wriggled out of his grasp, side stepping him and placed a well aimed kick at Krup’s skull rocking him back. Krup shook it off and rolled away as Ford and Gear converged on John who attempted to keep himself away from the cage to avoid being pinned, keeping himself moving. He was caught in a pincer movement and was grappling with Gear as Ford aimed well placed kicks to his torso and knees which John could do little about save attempt to shift his body away still having to utilize all of his strength to prevent Gear from grabbing

his head and taking him down for the choke out. John managed to squirm away from Gear and use the momentum of the force applied by Gear to hurl him into Ford, the two becoming entangled. John threw a right hook to Gear's face and he went down, disoriented.

At that moment Manu came up from behind John and wound his arms around him, putting him into a headlock and pressing down on his head from behind. Krup had gotten up at that point and given John a vicious kick in the abdomen causing him to further buckle down and Manu brought him to the mat. John was down but not out as he twisted out of the headlock which threatened to cut off his circulation and reversed positions with Manu—getting a choke lock around his neck, his hand braced in the crux of the other arm's elbow joint. Manu tapped and he was out of the ring, rolling away and out. Krup had John's back and was attempting another choke, locking his legs around John's torso while Uber aimed kicks at John's head. John rolled with Krup attempting to escape but he was held in the jaws of life. Another kick from Uber and he was down--pinned to the mat but still dimly conscious—tapping the mat. Krup released him and stepped back, picking him up and slapping him on the back. Manu raced in with a bottle of water and John drank it coming to, the adrenaline and his will power reviving him from the battle. “Good job John! Not to many people could have lasted even as long as yourself. You are definitely a success in the fitness department”. Uber and Manu and the others gathered around John coming to his feet. “You need a break after all this John,” Manu said. “We'll go and have lunch and you can do the next battery of tests after you have refueled.”

The crew headed out after changing into their order uniforms, John having been given the uniform of the initiate--a grey jumpsuit similar to a cross between Rocky Balboa's jumpsuit and a Monk's cowl, the hood hanging down behind. “This” Uber said, “is the uniform of the initiate, a sign of your casting off your civilian identity and acquiring a new one in the order. You aren't a member, but you could be and that is infinitely better than having no such opportunity.” Ford spoke up. “When I was in the military they would say that the civvies have no values. And while that's a partial truth, most of military people I have had an affiliation with, especially the muds were as degenerate as any of the degenerate civilians—a lot of drugs and copious quantities of alcohol. We on the other hand,” he gestured to the members of the order, don't follow the path to perdition. We follow a harder path—upwards. That you are here implies that you have way better values than any Zogbot mercenary or civvi side respectable bourgeois type.” Manu added, “Like Gandolf the Great in the story of Tolkein, you'll become Gandolf the White—you'll be wearing the white polo shirt with the red diamond patch and white hand, if you can make it through the tests we set.”

They headed down a hallway after climbing the spiral stairs and stepped in front of a door emitted the aroma of cooking--a sweet and pleasant aroma somewhat like that of spaghetti with oregano and tomato sauce. Manu opened the door and they entered into the dining room which was fitted out with a central table and old style restaurant couches that reminded John of a diner from the 50's. The kitchen counter-top was visible from where they stood and two blond haired, blue eyed women were busy preparing the meal in the kitchen. They piled the plates high with cooked vegetables and buckwheat noodles as well as vegetable sauce and sprinkles of Parmesan cheese on top. John's mouth began to water and they all quickly seated themselves before the plates that the serving girls were bringing in.

Manu introduced the girls. “The one on the right is named Krista, the other on the left is Gerta.” The two girls gave a cute and flirtatious little curtsy tinged with a cheeky sarcasm before John and he said hello to them though their stunning beauty made him a little nervous. Manu continued, “They are both South African ex-pats. They immigrated to our country some time ago when they were still young children. The person with whom they became entangled—someone who claimed interest in helping

them—ended up being an operative of the Cabal. Luckily they escaped before he could continue his abuse as they had been subjected to harassment by him. Given the videos you have watched you can imagine the fates they managed to escape. I picked them up off the street where they had run away from the residence the operative had taken them to. I helped them here and am their surrogate father of sorts and all of us here are like their brothers. Their parents had been killed in a farm murder in their country.”

John observed the exquisitely proportioned faces of the two young women— who couldn’t have been more than nineteen—and gave them an expression of contrition. “Sorry to hear about your parents.” The two girls looked sad for a moment as Manu was speaking, but their natural strength—that of the proud Aryan—shone through and a smile came to the face of the one nearest John, Gerta. She spoke, “We are glad that Manu has helped us. Our people need our help also and we seek to do what we can for all of us around the world.” John replied, “We have the whole world against us. But it is this world that has been built by us through our creative genius. As Manu said, all we have to do is turn the lights out and strike against the system. From there it is just a matter of hanging on to our hats.” Gerta smiled and the two girls departed after setting out the dinner. Manu spoke up, “We try to keep a somewhat segregated atmosphere in here as we can as we tend to discuss topics that might jeopardize the safety of the organization and the girls also, who recognize a necessity to compartmentalize information. That way if any of us are captured or interrogated they won’t compromise the organization. If the JOG knew who I was they would probably send a swat team out here right now.”

Or just bomb the place,” Uber added. Manu said, “The girls are in school now, studying the sciences so they can be licensed nurses and set up an alternative health business with their credentials, legitimatizing them in the eyes of society—who obviously, as you know, respect labels based upon socio-economic status. We are doing what we can to ensure the improvement of the girls lives and future. If we last that long we will hopefully be taken care of by them in our old age.”

The conversation continued, “We have a very serious problem on our hands John, and I think you are aware of what that is given your experience in the school system,” Krup said. John replied that he could guess. The former continued, “There’s an antifa organization whose members exist purely for the sake of harassing other of our members and affiliates—those who have an arms length affiliation with the order without actually being members. These young punks are usually the dregs of society or the privileged self-hating Whites of the bourgeois class.” Uber interjected, “That, too and maybe that especially. I tend to forget the White race traitor”, Krup explained. “Anyway, this group at your local school is causing some serious problems—job loss for some of our activists, a couple of them have been expelled and even jailed—their lives ruined”.

Uber picked up where Krup left off. “We are going to coordinate a strike against Antifa and we want you to lead the charge. That will be the final test that confirms your initiation. Of course the process is ongoing and any violation of the standards of the order will be met with the appropriate penalties. I don’t think I need to inform you what the penalty for treason is, do I John” The addressed smiled and said, “You have no need to tell me. I’d rather die than side with the enemy. Like you said before, we don’t have a choice. It’s either victory or Valhalla.” “You’ve got the right attitude, John. There is no getting along with those who wish to kill you.”

They continued their meal in silence and Manu decided to interject another topic. “By way of a life lesson John, I will inform you that in all of the initiatic orders I have been I have recognized a common pattern—that they all adhere to a vegetarian diet and eschew meat. They claim, and I would agree with them, that it dulls the mind, acidifies the body, and is a direct recipe for cancer as well as

being highly estrogenic . That is why we follow a vegetarian routine here. I don't think you need a lecture but since we're here eating I thought I would give you my insights and conclusions. As for physical culture, you clearly don't need a lesson there given your performance today. Our order put together a document that we will have you study when you are given our curriculum called "Ubermencheit: Health Protocols'. This outlines our recommendations for the basis of health that our order adheres to." John said that he observed how the Jews were always pushing veganism in the media and that he wasn't sure if that was the best way to go but he would give it a try. "Manu responded, "Vegan-ism definitely is a death diet and the Jews push it as they want to weaken the population and make them nutrient deficient and infertile, through lack of cholesterol in their diet which assists in the formation of pregnenolone, a testosterone analog. They especially want to push the soy boy agenda and make all males effeminized and weak and soy more or less equates to estrogen physiologically. To make a population weak and stupid is the way to control them and to attempt to justify in the mind of the populace that control of a public sector monopoly on the food supply producing nothing but monocrop grains like in China is desirable.

They want their slave class effeminised, docile, and weak so that they can't rebel or think of strategies to overcome their tyranny. Cholesterol plays a large role in brain function and a brain is comprised in a large part by cholesterol and protein. A vegan diet doesn't contain anywhere near enough usable, assimilable amino acids for optimal or even sub-par health. Once you are on that diet you have only so long to live before physical degeneration sets in. Even if, for sake of argument, we wanted to go along with the tyranny of this world and though we would get our thirty pieces of silver by siding with the Jew, we would only last so long on a good day with all the vaccines, chem-trails, polluted water, and vegan food. Hence even this most corrupt person would be prudent to oppose their own destruction."

Uber added, "But with their total monopoly on the media, the Jews won't allow any contrasting opinions especially those that implicate them as the cause. The only solution is revolution against the system--it's death throes won't be a pretty sight as each battles against all for survival." The crew had finished and Uber continued. "John you have another battery of tests to undergo before we set about our mission against Antifa. Follow us," he said as they got up and exited the kitchen saying their goodbyes to the girls who were talking over their studies. They both bid John good luck with his initiation. The girls were in a soundproof room so that they would not be privy to the conversation of the order members so as not to be subject to any police interrogation or reveal any information about the order.

John was taken to another room in which a desk was placed and another bank of computer screens was placed before him. "This will conclude the battery of intelligence tests and will test your capacity for logical reasoning at a higher more developed level of analytic and synthetic thought, similar to a law or medical school entrance exam as well incorporating a variety of Mensa like tests. Simply click the mouse on the answer for the question and answer portion and give a few paragraph answers to the written portion of the exams. Once completed we will take you to the first room you were in for a final examination." John set about to work and did his utmost on the challenging tests—all manner of puzzles, questions testing his ability to reason analogically, comparing similar and dissimilar things, and selecting relevant information.

He had done a few of these types of tests before—one as an entrance to his University and another as means of gaining entry to the National Guard in which he had been a member for a couple of years and was still, but given his knowledge of the current situation almost certainly would restrict his involvement in the military to the most basic activity--his previous plans prior to encountering the



order having been to become a computer programmer in the military. He had just about applied to the officer training program but was at that time part of his involvement in the Order undecided as to whether he had a willingness to make a commitment or no. He now looked upon the military as too corrupt an organization to involve himself in. He would keep his hat in with the Guard to the extent that it didn't interfere with his Order activities and gather whatever useful experience he could and use it to assist the realization of the fourteen words of David Lane—"we must secure the existence of our people and a future for White children." He had encountered Lane on the orders web site and had read and reread the 88 precepts which outlined the natural law philosophy which the Order largely adhered to. He would do what he could to bring to bear what was in the realm of possibility to ensure the survival of the White race and so that the beauty of the Aryan woman shall not perish from the earth as Lane appended with his additional fourteen words. Women such as Krista and Greta were the treasure he was fighting for and all the superman that would come through them.

He blazed through his tests-writing at a fevered pace his answers to searching ethical questions that were posed. If you were faced with the option of escaping capture and potentially jeopardizing the organization if caught with information that would take down the organization and the probability of capture was high, would you have the willingness to swallow a cyanide tablet committing suicide so that that information could not be obtained and the Order not named". John reflected about how he had read about a similar scenario in the "Turner Diaries" of William Luther Pierce and how the character had not swallowed the tablet when he may have had the chance and was harshly punished for his lack of discipline, especially through his divulging secrets to outsiders in hopes of recruiting them through improper channels which jeopardized the organization. The bulk of the latter section of the test entailed rigorous ethical dilemmas that he had to delve deep into his conscience to properly understand himself and to answer. In carrying out the task he came to understand that he was still very fallible-weak willed and did not have sufficient fortitude to fight for the cause. This he told himself-etching his advice indelibly into his psyche was something he would have to strive to overcome-weakness. He would have to work to hone himself into a diamond from the soft coal he was at present. He set out at an even more rigorous pace and completed the test just as the door opened and Manu came in. Manu took the sheets of papers John had been scribbling on with a fury and said, "Let's go for the final interrogation."

John was escorted to the first room and strapped into the chair. "This time," Uber said as he strapped the electrodes on John's fingers and earlobes. "We won't be taking readings alone but there will be consequences for errors and the error- margin is thin indeed." What appeared to be a seismograph lay before John that measured his heart rate and pulse. John seated himself into the chair and Manu came by with a needle filled with a translucent serum, a fraction of which he shot out of the end as he whipped a patch of John's skin clean, rolling up his sleeve and said, "Veritas" injecting the sodium pentathol into a vein. John felt a little woozy, but found it pleasant, relaxing in the chair after his hard days work of trauma and exertion.

Manu began firing questions in a monotone asking them in an interrogative manner. "What is your first name?" "John." "Where were you born, in the country or the city?" "Country." "Have you ever race-mixed?" "No." "Have you ever had homosexual relations?" "No." "Have you ever done any drugs?" "Yes." "What drugs have you done?" "Ephedrine." At this Manu smiled and continued. "Have you ever given precedence to non-Whites over Whites?" "Yes." "When?" "As a teenager." "Explain." "I let a nigger take my place in line at school." "Did you feel cucked in doing so?" "Yes." "Is this behavior acceptable?" "No" The questions went on and on. "Did you ever kill?" "Yes." "An animal?" "Yes." "A person?" "No." "How do you feel about killing? Would you kill to preserve your life?" "Yes." "To preserve the life of another?" "Depends." "On what?" "Who they are." "Who would you kill?"

“Enemies.” “Who would you preserve?” “Friends.” “Are non-Whites friends or could they ever be friends?” “No.” “Why?” “Because there is no interspecies compassion in nature.” “Are non-Whites another species?” “Yes.” “Explain.” “They are different anatomically and physiologically to the extent of being qualified as another species. “Have you ever betrayed your family?” “Yes” “When?” “I lied to my mother about having stolen something from my Uncle as a child.” “What did you steal?” “A porno mag.” “Do you like porn?” “No,” John replied truthfully, now that he had seen the footage of that day. “Is it because of the footage you’ve seen?” “Not entirely.” “Would you betray your family again if they betrayed their race?” “Yes.” “Is your loyalty to self or to others?” “Both.” “Explain.” “I and others are one.” “One race?” “yes.” “Would you be willing to take orders from the Order?” “Yes.” “Even if it meant your death?” “Yes.” “Would you sacrifice your life for the fourteen words?” “Yes.” The questions continued seemingly interminably, with John staring into the blank array of screens above and Manu asking a continuous stream of questions. Manu eventually ceased the questioning and John was informed that he had passed the test. John rose and Uber said, “Good work so far John. Your next tests are going to prepare you for the mission which, if you complete it, will give you membership in the order. This is where things get hot and heavy and you can combine your critical reasoning skills with your physical capacity.”

John again followed the crew down the hall and towards another area of the property—a sub-basement that had heavy-duty sound proof paneling lining the walls and ceiling. At the end of the room there was a large screen positioned and what looked to be an electronically outfitted series of firearms that were sheathed in a ready to draw holster which was projecting from the floor at the opposite side of the room. “This is a handy little room one of our international members assisted in designing. It serves as a firing range only it is all electronic and the components appear on a giant sized video screen which covers the remaining three sides of the room. You will wear a special suit with electronic sensors that transmit vibrations to the area where you are shot or attacked with whatever other objects—all in virtual reality, of course. We don’t want to draw any heat or waste any ammo.” John looked around at the floor which had a circular panel cut into it with a treadmill on it, with some curiosity.

“This is where you will undergo your movements, within the circle. It is on ball bearings so everywhere you go the circular panel will rotate with the inertial force you impart to it and you will move through the virtual world as you move on the treadmill. The first mission is a facsimile of what we are attempting to do—only you have to go it alone. You will be attempting to take out the Antifa hideout. We have based the computer models on exterior photo and video footage but the interior is a mystery. We don’t know what the layout is like so we improvised. Based upon the architectural design of the old apartment block, a brick building with multiple entrances and a fire escape— we speculate that the interior—unless the local Antifa modified it substantially—will model similar designs that we gleaned from the archives. In fact this specific buildings architectural plans were available so we had our developers incorporate them into the 3-D model of the building. The artificial world is confined to a few blocks and buildings that are older than the surrounding area and that are also accessible, but of course, just as in real life would constitute break and enter. Police and witnesses have also been incorporated into the game—for such it is—so that it will be as true to life as possible. Have you ever shot a gun John?” John replied that he hadn’t, other than an old squirrel gun one of his friend’s dad inherited from his father. “My Dad was too much of a liberal pussy to have any willingness to involve himself in firearms.” Manu spoke up, “Most liberals have no idea how to raise a child let alone a man. I am glad to see that you managed to bring yourself to your current state, John.” “I pretty much raised myself,” John replied: “My dad was too busy drinking with his buddies and too interested in virtue signaling about how he hated capitalist.” Manu pursed his lips in disgust, expressing sympathy to the

extent his stoical features could express emotions that were human, all to human. "Well" he said, "now is your time to shine."

"We'll start off with the scenarios in which we raid Antifa and then move on to other more complex scenarios. Here," he said taking a colt 45 semi-auto pistol from one of the holsters. Try this on for size. John took the gun and felt its weight. "Heavier than you expected right," Manu said. John acclimated himself to the weight. "The guns-all of our guns all shoot blanks and are weighted to the same specs as the real McCoy. All of these firearms are modified from the original and incorporate circuits that transmit instantaneous wireless signals when fired which registers on the screen and the target and creates a realistic animated sequence as a round fired. The blank will of course be discharged from the action and you will have to reload and conserve ammo. Ready?" The lights dimmed, fading to black as the screen came on and the order members kept to the back of the room, sitting back in easy chairs. The last screen behind John appeared, surrounding him in panoramic view and he was immersed in a street scene in the middle of the night with street lights illuminating the surroundings and the sound of vehicles off towards the main boulevard occasionally passing by. Otherwise like any other mid- size city on a weeknight, the area was relatively quiet. A few party goers could be seen in the windows above in the Antifa headquarters and also in a one of the apartment blocks a few properties down.

John stepped onto the platform and began to walk around the environment. The complete immersion of himself in the video game felt almost as realistic as real life as he progressed forward across the street feeling the hard pavement beneath his feet though it was really the platform whose surface was of a hardened galvanized textured rubber. He ran around the building, the sound of the parties growing louder. "The AI on this game is as lifelike as any a game designer could make it," Manu said. John was startled as he had begun to feel as if he were actually there, and responded, "I almost forgot where I was." "Your mission is to kill the leader of Antifa and any witnesses who show their faces-anything that breathes. We must steel ourselves to pity at this time. Anyone who betrays their race, no matter how good hearted their intentions, must pay the ultimate penalty if their crimes are deemed sufficiently worthy. Given that Antifa has doxxed, caused to be fired, jailed, and injured many of our members globally, anyone having any affiliation with them is complicit in their crimes and must be dispatched. The mission is a wholesale slaughter within the apartment block; doing room to room and clearance-search and destroy-but in and out as fast a time as possible as you're in the downtown area and there are cops nearest to the area you are in.

John was still searching the perimeter of the building and had come around the back way and discovered a set of dumpsters with a fire escape above leading into an open window at the top. Manu went on. "When we go in we will be equipping our guns with silencers so as to minimize the noise. Your weapon has the ability to fire blanks, but these particular blanks mimic the sound of a silenced round and are mainly to give you a feel for the blow back and recoil of discharging a round so no great amount of noise will be discharged." John was beginning to assail the fire escape which he did by moving forward on the treadmill. "All of our fire arms here are similarly modified so that we can minimize the decibel level." John was in the apartment and crept along the hallway, careful to detect noise and to minimize his own noise.

His weapon up he quickly ducked into one room and observed two degenerates engaged in sodomy-their tattooed bodies writhing to the music which was a discordant jarring sound-the genre of which he couldn't place. He pointed his weapon at the partner from behind as he thrust maniacally, he blasted his purple haired head with all of its primitive piercings-quickly turning before the other could

cry out and avoid a pot shot to his own head-it rocking back before the body fell to the mattress amidst all the drug paraphernalia and the two were left tangled together as carcasses in a slaughter house.

John made his way out of the room again and dipped into the next room, his pistol out and ready. He targeted another couple-a nigger buck lying on top of a drugged out White girl-and took aim. "Steel your heart to pity," Manu's voice echoed in his mind as the adept spoke encouraging words, inciting him to shoot. John blasted his .45 at the Black-a marksman shot at the back of the skull-shutting down his limbic system. The girl was about to scream, but a round put the thought out of her mind—the two brought down in the embrace of death. The nigger deserved it as he was defiling the female and the latter was too far gone to be reclaimed. John was on the move exiting the room and converging on the larger group in the living room. The degenerate music of Bob Marley drifted out toward him-the iconic primitive beat of "One Love" echoed down the hall as John entered, his pistol up.

The room revealed an odd assortment of degenerates-some toking on marijuana cigarettes, others draining bottles of liquor down their throats while they giggled and shouted in bestial abandon-their conscious minds having been abandoned to the passions of their hedonistic revel. John blasted an Oriental who was taking tokes on his refer and the famous black and white photograph of a Vietnamese being shot in the head came to mind-a small indentation appearing on his forehead as his wog eyes crossed-his mouth opened in a voiceless scream. The woolly-haired Jew sitting next to him laughed crazily as if the wog had done some kind of parlor trick-blood spraying on him. He spat out a spray of liquor as he guffawed. The wog toppled over but as he was turning to John it was too little too late and soon the bottle that he was tipping back shattered—a round piercing his mouth followed by another which knocked him off the chair he was sitting on. An Arab girl was drinking a bottle of tequila as she turned to John--her blurry eyes puffy with drunkenness-and he shot her in the neck. She grabbed for her throat as a White male with emaciated features and corn-rows in his hair, finally got wise to what was happening. "Hey what's, he's got a-",but he was silenced-the wind being knocked out of him by another round from the 45.

The remaining Antifa members-six in number-John barely got an image of as he blasted away-the gun running on empty-with one member left. However the member didn't seem to notice and put his hands up, lucid enough to understand what was happening. "One Love." The music played on with no one the wiser. John cast a look out the window and saw noone-the night was quiet. He turned to the remaining guests. "Where's your list of fascists. Give me your data and all your valuables-take me to the safe." The White male put his hands up and said, "Alright man ...just let me...get it together." John motioned with his gun for him to rise and the Antifa member did. The inebriated and drugged up youth lurched forward slightly--swaying as he attempted to rise. John backed off a bit so that he wouldn't have the ability to disarm him and the youth moved awkwardly forward, looking about in a half conscious daze as he took in the carnage. "Fuck, dude! You let them have it!" He began to laugh in a delirious way, his humor mixed with a look of confusion. "Get moving," John commanded pointing his Colt 45 at the youth's head and moving him towards the hall.

The youth now moved at a rapid pace, perhaps his drugged out state of consciousness causing him to see spiders and creepy crawlers chasing him as he let out a panicky whine-still shuffling and swaying as he wound down the staircase at the end of the hall, presumably toward the destination where the documents were concealed. The youth opened up a door and suddenly John was outside and there was a swat team there blasting rounds maniacally at him as the screen went red and a flash of the words "Game Over" surrounded him. Suddenly he heard sarcastic clapping as the lights came back on and Manu said, "You failed John. You were expected to get in and out taking out the enemy not

gathering documents or involving yourself in conversation with the occupants. However, in a way you passed, also.” John had turned around disappointed and confused at the same time. “Yeah you failed but your performance was good enough to merit a pass, but with a lesson learned—that being that time is of the essence and that in the game of life there is no second try. Something like that could very easily have been a real life scenario. Now when we get out and do this in real time—you’ve got to ensure that you move with a greater sense of urgency.” John nodded his head in compliance and said, “Yours to command, mine to obey.” Manu laughed and replied, “Now you’re talking.”

## Chapter 5: Peace at a Price and for Profit

The Center for Universal Peace was spread out on a large estate that overlooked the city from a hill. It was accessible only by one road and a helicopter pad which had on it the cult’s personal helicopter painted in rainbow colors. Surrounding the compound was a highway and a wall with topiaries that prevented anyone from entering, especially with the concealed addition of an electrical fence just in front with coils of electrically charged barbed wire atop.

The palatial mansion sprawled across the ground--about the size of a small resort hotel made of brick and concrete with a circular driveway put into place and several armored stretch limousines parked in front. On the grounds a team of guards dressed in khaki colored paramilitary garb roamed around on a twenty four hour basis--approximately five at a time--each armed with a micro Uzi, Walther PP7 sidearm as well as a tazer. Trained dogs which could recognize the scent of friend or foe were present and roamed about at their leisure amidst the topiaries, swimming pool, tennis court, and hanging gardens. Such an opulent sight impressed Mary as she arrived by limousine.

Ruben, accompanying her was telling her tales of his spiritual journey and what brought him to his current situation—all lies of course, but the glib tongued Jew was a master of the lie--so characteristic of his people as Luther had said: “once the epiphany had dawned upon me, it was as if my consciousness of the past that I had lived had shattered--it had all been a lie I realized now that I had come into the truth and had had revealed to me the message of the gospel of Universal Peace that was” . . . he continued as if groping for words to describe his process of enlightenment--it was as if the whole of my past, all of my striving for success to make something of myself had been a lie and that now finally I had made acquaintance with my true self—my higher self.”

He drifted off taking in the view of the opulent scene he had largely been instrumental in creating. All of the hard work had paid off—the illicit drug deals the payola and hush money costs to the feds, the bought politicians, the blackmail, the dangers of the international sex slavery trade that he was hooked into as a major player. Yes it was all his now--an unassailable fortress of power, a new Zion dawning on the horizon of a fallen world! He, Jacob Ruben, a humble Jew who had prostrated himself before G-d, had been blessed by the Almighty. Such grandiose reflections caused him to drift and he was interrupted by a question.

“What is it like being at that level of being?” He had forgotten the Shiska whose annoying question he had to answer. He would teach her a lesson she would never forget, soon. “Oh,” he replied with a mystical tone to his voice, It’s . . . it’s ineffable! You’ll experience it if you put in the effort which I know you are capable of—I can see it in you.” She appeared to drink up his compliments as she smiled and looked out upon the scene of luxury and said with a wistful tone, “I sure wish I could have universal peace.” They came to a halt in the driveway and the two guards stood by with a look of readiness about them. “Why are there guards here,?” Mary asked. Ruben fumbled for an excuse. “We’ve . . . had a lot of . . . persecution in the past from the fascist government and various right-wing organizations who want to investigate this organization. They’ve sent people here to attempt to plant

drugs and frame us—we've gotto be cautious. She looked doubtful now—suspicious and afraid. Ruben quickly went on, "Never fear, these men are good headed individuals. They are here as members of the Center themselves and are our protectors—yes, good people—why I have known them for years." He looked at Mary and gave her his best smile—a practiced gesture he had always relied on to reassure those who might be suspicious of the purity of his motivations. There had been doubters but they had been a rarity—usually some fascist white goy who was a born anti- Semite and who suspected that a Jew lurked behind every bush.

They walked up the marble staircase and Ruben greeted the guards with a loving smile and Mary walked to them, albeit timidly and with reservations. They ascended the staircase and came into the mansion followed by the half-Chinese, half-Jewish female body guard Ruben always had accompany him. They came into the mansion which opened up into a large foyer with a spiral staircase on either side, leading to different rooms on the second floor. A group of people—a multi-racial contingent without any White males present—were gathered, a few Arab males under the age of thirty, a few Chinese males and two females as well as an Indian male and several White women—all of similar age, approximately half of whom were around Mary's age or slightly older, the remainder their senior. Ruben introduced Mary to them all and--in by way of greeting they raised their left hands and bowed their heads with a beaming smile plastered on their faces. They were all robed in a rainbow garment, a diaphanous robe that covered their black undergarment--some form of bodysuit. They were barefoot, except for sandals, and each of them wore a rainbow skullcap signifying their subservience to the Jew's God-- whether they knew that was its purpose or no.

Ruben smiled again and spoke in his most artificial, happy tone. "Welcome Mary, to the Center of Universal Peace! Though you have yet to be formally initiated—which is purely a choice you make and will have all the time during your weekend stay with us to consider." Ruben escorted Mary, accompanied by the crew, toward another room that had large windows that invited the bright rays of the sun, illuminating the room that was draped in a rainbow curtain that had—as did the robes of the members—a shiny and sparkling quality that created a kaleidoscopic impression on the observer. A low lying table was spread with a cornucopia of food items and Ruben said, "We are soon to partake of lunch. We here at the Center are advocates of the plant based diet as this is the diet least harmful to Mother Gaea that we know of. I am sure you support our environmental policy, don't you Mary?" Mary declared that she had been an environmentalist from a young age and had always wondered whether it was possible to live without meat. Ruben laughed kindly and said, "But of course Mary! I myself have been a practicing vegan, that is to say a diet exclusive of all meat, eggs, and dairy, all my life." Before she could react, Ruben did a back flip before her and outstretched his hands to demonstrated his physical prowess. Mary smiled and complimented him on his health and said, "I suppose that is the healthiest diet after-all."

The group seated themselves cross-legged on chairs and one of them, a woolly-haired Arab with a long beard asked, "Swami Namaste, "May I give the prayer in honor of our guest?" Ruben smiled and informed Mary, "I am called Swamy Namaste here at the center which means "peace" in ancient Sanskrit. This is Abdul. He is a recent refugee from the Middle East and has come here fleeing persecution and violence in his homeland." Mary opened her mouth to express sadness and Abdul said, "Good to meet you, Mary. You are as beautiful as rubies, as we say in my country." Mary blushed--her features reddening—and Abdul began, "Lords of Peace, bless us so that we may continue along the path and carry out your work which we your humble servants have taken on as our duty to humanity to serve the betterment of the whole so that everlasting peace shall reign upon God's bounty on earth." They all began to eat the bounteous fare that was placed before them—baskets of fruit and leafy greens

and salads. The members ate ravenously as if they had been in a state of starvation and quickly depleted the fare before them. After their repast, discussion occurred about the state of the world and all the worldly people who devoted their lives to matter and a boundless pursuit of ego-status and fame in the eyes of their fellow “fallen ones.”

The group then, after castigating the worldly, embarked on a sort of preplanned dialogue that was initiated and led by Ruben. “Jing Lee”, he said addressing the Chinese nearest him, “Please tell us your story of how you came to our Center.” The addressed began, in broken English, “Mary welcome. I am very very glad to have come to our place of peace. I am from China and was working very very hard there, but the government make me a slave. I get citizenship here and now am free. My government must make Chinese people work to make products for Westerner. We slaves but Westerner free. Why, Mary . . . Please tell me?” Mary felt a sense of guilt and contrition for her country's deeds which were of course assumed, given her mind control in the Jewish controlled education system which was an indoctrination facility that brainwashed Whites with a self-hatred over their alleged sins of falsified history that the Jewish Cabal had invented and distorted posterior to the second World War. Jing Li continued, “I want to be Happy here in your country, in your western world—please Mary . . . will you let me?” Mary at this time--on the verge of tears and supplication--reached out and took the hand Jing Li offered. Jing Li hugged Mary and said, “Please accept my friendship Mary,” and she responded, “Of course, Jing Li. I want only to live in a world of peace with all of you.”

Round the circle went the stories with each of the non-Whites presenting in an oblique manner their personal sob story of how the “western world” had harmed them—guilt tripping Mary so as to reduce her to a state of emotional trauma and attempting to reconcile differences with her as well as love-bombing her, thereby creating an emotional tie to her subtle abuser. After a gauntlet of passive aggressive love-bombing, Mary was more or less rendered a docile patient which was a technique of the cult to soften up and render their members emotionally fragile so that with a few passive aggressive statements or words such as “western”; “racism”; sexism’, etc. They could serve as a stick the cult could use to beat their members into submission—to standardize their behavior and create submission to the commands of Ruben and the inner circle who went by the name “Order of the Arch Angel Michael.” Through this classical conditioning process of carrots and sticks, the members could be manipulated at will like an animal. Ruben viewed all of his “animals” as mere tools to assist him in his quest for total power and elevation to godhood. He had been schooled by Rabbis in the Yeshiva school and raised from birth to play the role as an operative of his Cabal.

As the session ended, Ruben led the group out into the sun where they were arranged round in a circle to begin the next exercise of welcome to embrace Mary into the cult. Ruben took out from his robe that he had put on prior to them exiting the building, a hemp satchel of some kind of herbs and began distributing it around the circle to each of the members, moving widdershins one to the other and giving each of them a pinch of the herb, all the while singing in a whinny Jew voice—“to each and all we shall stand or fall; loving wisdom Gaia’s’ herb gives; to sip upon her bounty is . . . a blessing to us all.” When he finished he sat down at one of the places in the circle and spoke, “Each and all . . . we will stand together . . . or fall,” at which word he swallowed the herb, the other members, apparently accustomed to this action having experienced it before, followed suit with Mary being encouraged by a gesture from Abdul.

Soon Mary was tripping off the herb which Ruben had laced with PCP and she was staring up at the sky—the rays of the sun entering her eyes—and hearing the cult chant a mantra—“Namaste, Namaste, no nasty, western be. Love. Love. Love. There is no race but all of us.” This was repeated ad nauseum as Mary’s head spun and she began to see various and sundry strange shadowy presences flit

past her vision. Suddenly, though she was unconscious of it, the tone and language of the group changed to the use of a Kabalistic formula--each word being vibrated: “Raaaphhhaaeel: thee, thee I invoke! Gaaabbbreeelll: thee, thee I invoke! These shadowy images seemed to crystallize over Mary’s person still lying down in the grass, her eyes blank, her pupils dilated from the hallucinatory effect of the PCP that had modified her physiologically, accelerating her metabolism and putting her into a state of heightened awareness. Yet possibly attributable to the herb or the shades, she was somehow immobilized and bore witness to the ever more tangible shades that began to take on lifelike properties being of a humanoid shape and two in number—one of which was a hook nosed Vampiric demon with skeletal head and emaciated body, it’s beady black eyes boring into hers as it obscured the presence of the sun from her sight, yet cast no shadow. The other entity, a hunch-backed dwarf with liver lips and a sloping forehead and jug ears, it’s distended belly breathing in and out with a repulsive sexuality, screamed out in a whiny voice, “We are the angels of the presence. We are here to bind you to the Order of the Arch Angel Michael.” The emaciated one spoke up, “You are ours now. While you are with Namaste, you are ours.” The two continued to stare out as the cult members continued to chant, “Raaappphaaeelll! Gaaabbbraaeelll!” It spoke again, “We are the rulers of this cult. Namaste is our slave and you now are also. The fat angel spoke up and proclaimed as if uttering a curse to the effect of —“Now as long as Namaste lives you will be our slave. Repeat my word, Shiska.” Mary, against her will, felt her mouth and vocal apparatus moving, uttering the same words. “Now as long as he lives . . . I will be . . . your slave” Suddenly the chanting stopped and the two angels—or more properly demons-- evaporated as they had corporealized by imperceptible degrees, fading away and leaving Mary staring at the sun; having the pleasant chanting of the group and no conscious memory of her encounter with the demons—a strange feeling remained as if she had lost the full control of her faculties and that some unseen force was influencing her from another dimension—“Namaste, Namaste, western world must abide in peace! Love, love, and always love. No hatred in our peaceful club.” Mary felt again an inner calm, a peaceful joy, abiding amongst the green grass and midday sun.

The day progressed with lectures on ways and means to bring about Universal Peace and how awareness could be raised amongst the “fallen” and to assist in saving them from their near certain perdition should they fail to walk the path of peace. Yoga lessons were interspersed between these lectures and Ruben ensured that he employ his art of neuro- linguistic programing to maximize the effects of the lectures instilling an aversion to and enforcing in Mary and some of the other recruits a bias against white civilization, White males in particular, and having them focus their energies on defaulting to a parasitic state of mind and adhering to a primitive naturalistic world view so as to transform them into a group of bovine sheep, referred to by him as his Goyim.

Soon the evening was upon them and the recruits and lower level members were sent to their rooms to sleep, each being placed in separate chambers that had a specialized ELF machine that distributed extra low frequency radio waves that transmitted subliminal messages into their minds as they slept and assisted in binding them to the cult—various phrases such as: “The Universal Peace Center is the solution; the Universal Peace center is legal and law-abiding; the Universal Peace Center is for humanity; western society is evil, it is hateful, it is harmful and a danger to humanity and Universal peace,” etc.

Meanwhile Ruben and his inner circle, the Order of the Archangel Michael, made their way, accompanied by three of the guards on duty, down to the subbasement. Ruben had insured that extra guards were patrolling the grounds in the event of any “do-gooder” spies who had been previously caught and taken to the very same subbasements that the inner circle was headed toward. “Tonight we gotta special treat,” Ruben declared as he entered into a hidden wall compartment that opened from the



top floor with the turn of a knob. A giant sized painting of a stylized angel draped with a rainbow robe and radiating light of all colors surrounding it.

The crew entered and Ruben turned the same knobs on the opposite side of the wall, thereby shutting the compartment that slid along hidden rollers once the locking mechanism was tapped with the turn of a knob. Down a spiral staircase they descended, a metal scaffold like material comprising it and ringing out hollowly within the subterranean chamber. The guards followed up in the rear with one leading the way to take extra precaution. The inner circle consisted of the Arab Abdul, Ruben's half-Chinese, half-Jewish body guard, and Jing Li as well as an Indian male—all of whom had cast aside the mask of "Universal Peace," their real faces now manifesting themselves, faces of a hard adamant reflecting their psychopathic inner workings of their diabolical minds. The flashlights carried by the guards showed the dull gray of concrete that comprised the walls of the descending chamber, the staircase spiraling down for some minutes before opening out into a small room with a steel door, doorframe sunk in concrete, and a sophisticated electronic lock with a key pad. Ruben approached and entered in the combination. A series of mechanical sounds occurred, the spinning of wheels and the snapping open of bolts and the door opened.

The crew entered and encountered another of the guards, a swarthy looking Jew with a crew cut, pouring glasses of what looked to be blood from a larger vessel. The crew stood round and grabbed a glass saying, "In homage to thee o' genius of the center, we partake of this the blood of the sacrifice of gentile children. We pay homage to you in the name of Gabriel and Raphael. We propitiate thee to center on us the power of your spirit and your favor that we may contrive to serve thee as thy humble instrument." They drank the blood in unison. The Jewish guard opened another door leading to a room in the center of which was a stone altar of a dull black sheen, the light set into the wall glinting off its surface.

The group donned black robes and Ruben moved toward a panel in the wall that had a handle in it which he slid open allowing moonlight to shine into the chamber illuminating it from within. He clapped his hands and the clap-on, clap-off lights turned off as the group gathered around the altar in a semi-circle. Ruben vibrated, intoning: "O watchers of the north, watchers of the South, I call on thee to bestow thine favor upon this chamber!" He repeated these words in each of the four directions as he turned toward the four corners of the chamber finally stopping at the opening whereby the moonlight cascaded into the chamber. "O' Lilith, black moon, bestow upon us your favour, this sacrifice we make unto thee—this sacrifice we make of an offering of a virgin child, a gentile pure of heart and soul." The moonlight seemed to darken slightly as if a shade had entered into the room by the opening. Ruben clapped his hands three times above his head and the guard brought forth a silken cushion upon which was placed a silver gong. Ruben took these implements and held them aloft: "O' Lilith, dark mother, destroying angel, we offer to thee this sacrifice!" He sounded the gong three times followed by an interval during which two more guards came forth bringing a bundle, a wriggling figure wrapped in black sable. Ruben again sounded the gong as the guards took out the struggling child, a blond boy of about five years of age, and strapped him down to the table. "O' Lilith, hear our voices," he said sounding the gong in a rhythmic manner—"bonggg! bonggg! bonggg!" as the crew began to chant in Enochian and Hebrew: "Rhenish-gil-gal-peth-ghep-glged-gil-gal-dag-deleeth!!" The child by this time had been strapped down and was writhing uncontrollably, the guards having difficulty holding him down, the gag in his mouth preventing him from issuing forth his panic cry."Bonggg! Bonggg! Bonggg!" The gong sounded as from their belts ,Ruben and the crew took out a silver tube, sharpened at one end and perforated with holes.

Now the infants struggles increased as he recognized the danger to his life. The crew increased their chanting-"Rhenish-gil-gal-peth ghep-glged-gil-dag-deleeth!", and began plunging their knives into the young boy who writhed with pain, the life's blood pouring out of his body staining the altar and collecting in rivulets and pools molded into the concrete floor and which was hastily one might say with eagerness, gathered up by the guards into silver basins which were then set aside as the struggling child's life force began to dissipate.

At this moment the crew finished their ghoulish work as an apparition concretized above seeming to gather the ether of the surrounding locusts around itself and then--attaining the shape of a mousquetoid creature--descended and impaled its sharp protuberance into the heart of the child who's wriggling had ceased, his body rigidifying with the death blow then going limp, the translucent creature seeming to absorb a majority of the blood of the sacrifice and now becoming proportionally white, his features once rube-scent with the life force becoming gaunt and pallorous. The demons bulk swelled with the blood and suddenly appeared to fold into itself as if entering into another dimension and moving as a stretched figure towards the moonlight from whence it presumably came. Ruben and the crew stood immobile, not daring to interrupt its passage as it left the room, and finally once it had faded appreciably, Ruben uttered the following words: "Lilith, we your humble servants have carried out this venerable deed to furnish you with the power of the life's blood of a gentile. Convey upon us O' Lilith, now convey upon us a portion of your might that we might become you only in microcosm."

At the repetition of these words a change in the ether occurred and a sudden brightening seemed to ensconce the diabolic scene--each members form appearing to become electrically charged with a numinous quality, causing them to tremble in ecstasy for the moment of it's effect. After a brief pause of reconciliation, Ruben raised his hands as he clapped the lights on. The dead and mutilated form of the boy, gaunt and white, lay stretched before them. They each, still holding their cruel sacrificed instrument placed it on the ground and took out a steel carving knife and began to carve parts of the child consuming it raw--gobbling it with relish--as the poor infants form was desecrated. "Kosher!", Ruben laughed, smiling with a psychopathic cruelty as they pulled up chairs from around the room and began to make a cannibal feast of the child. "Towards universal peace!," Ruben said, toasting the occasion as he held aloft a piece of flesh. "And the destruction of the hated White race!" The murderers repeated his words as they fell to.

## Chapter Six: Anti-Antifa

The members of the Order of the White Hand who were to go on the mission, had kitted themselves out with the necessary gear—black suits with ballistic masks, black-face paint obscuring their white skin, black gloves and combat boots as well as a camera strapped around their masks that would film the action to be used to terrorize Z.O.G and its operatives. They were carrying scorpion machine pistols with collapsible stocks and extra mags in a bandoleer rig as well as a few satchels of C4 explosives and a radio detonator. In addition, they carried a Fairbairn-Sykes blue black commando dagger in a reverse sheath at the center of their rig and ultra light body armour worn as vests over their black suits. They were kitted out and ready to rock. Uber, Krup, and John were the operatives Manu had chosen for the exercise—Krup, as he had the muscle needed to b&e any potential barriers or obstacles and for the intimidation factor; Uber as leader; and John as initiate being put to the test.

They were all gathered around Manu in the parking garage where Gear was giving the nondescript black van a thorough going over to be sure it wouldn't suffer any malfunction, though it was always kept in perfect working order. Manu presided over the leave taking ceremony. "As our ancestors said, or at least mine, you are going-a-Viking. The skraelings and race traitors are to be wiped

out as in the virtual exercise before. Only this time”—he looked at John—“no slip ups. Stick to the script and take the leaders' orders! Anything you can scrounge in the basement or whatever hidden space they may have on site that may be of assistance to the organization, do so. Take nothing inessential, even firearms or any traceable items, we have plenty here and better. The C4 charges are mainly for the safe should there, as I anticipate there will be, an issue and it can't be unlocked by any other delicate means. After you raid the place, the remaining C4 can be set around the furnace room and foundation and timed for a 10 minute get away, detonating it by our radio detonator. It would be nice to leave a pile of corpses, but this way we send a signal that a more professional job has been done, leaving them marveling at our expertise and strength. Sensationalist displays such as explosives register much higher on the terrorist scale in the mind of the sheep—and of the goats like Antifa.” Uber interjected, “Wolves don't weep over the tears of sheep,” and the crew gathered around smiling with the blood lustful smile—that of a wolf drooling over his meal. “Move out team,” Manu said and the crew clambered into the nondescript van. It was now approximately 2300 hours (11 pm) and being another party night for the degenerates the order members could be sure that they wouldn't catch the Antifa napping—maybe just being inebriated and in a drug induced state of delirium.

John anticipated something similar to what he had experienced in the virtual reality simulation before, trusting in the prudence of the order to make sure that he was adequately prepared. Each crew member took another ephedrine herbal tablet to ensure that they were keyed up to the max and ready to match their berserker fury to the maniacal diabolism of the drugged out leftists whose instability of mind made them unpredictable and liable to any act of irrational and erratic form—from dropping a cinder block on their head to dousing them with poison or some form of excreta. They would in any case be a hard target and ensure that they would be hyper vigilant so as to be the last man standing.

The van careened out of the light industrial area with specialized glaze covering the headlights so as to minimize visibility but keeping within the parameters of the law so that no cop would have the plausible excuse to pull them over--the tinted windows, legal in the area--concealing them totally from the sight of passersby. The van drove into the downtown core and Uber, who was driving, parked the vehicle a few blocks away from the apartment in an alleyway behind a dumpster and got out. Uber observed the apartment with his binoculars and saw, as in the virtual reality simulation that the window was occupied by a chaos of forms back-lit by a kitchen light and a living room light just as in the simulation. The Antifa had no direct view of the alley which diverged on an angle from the building and, given the nature of the black suit of the order members, would have no possibility of witnessing them. The building had a ladder leading up to a fire escape from below but Uber judged it to be too risky and spoke under his breath in a barely audible tone, “We'll approach from the rear.” He gave a go signal and the crew moved out their machine pistols up.

The front entrance overlooked an empty square that served as a trendy cobblestone area for smokers in the now vacant office building surrounding the apartment and didn't allow access to traffic--the rear of the apartment being bordered by other apartment blocks and being accessible by an alley used for trash pickup. John noticed as they moved towards the apartment, dogtrotting in combat boots, that the office building nearest was one of the most significant high priced and advertised law firms in the city and that any explosion set off by the C4 would almost certainly take out the adjacent building, if not-to say the least-render it's business interrupted. John smiled as the adrenaline began pumping through his system as the crew spread out on each side-Krup going around the left, Uber and John around the right, Uber taking the lead.

They entered the alley and decided to go to the back given that it would be less noticeable to the partiers in the living room though a fire escape ladder bordered the sides as well, leading to the

bathroom upstairs. As they came around the bend, Krup was waiting for them and whispered instructions—"I'll go into the basement and begin planting the charges. You two take the fire escape upstairs and take'em. Uber gave his blessing with a nod at the grease stained window that led into the basement and which was sealed with a iron latch from the inside. Krup took out a glass cutter and suction cup and held them up to the others who then proceeded up the dirty, rusty fire escape that made the faintest humming and squeaky noise as they ascended it. Just as John, who was behind Uber, was about halfway up, a noisy guffaw, as of someone retching, could be heard and a torrent of vomitus shot past him, luckily aimed off kilter, and as he was looking up he saw a corpulent Jew diving out of the window past him, his flabby face writhed in a rictus of doom. John looked up and Uber gave him the thumbs up as the bulk crashed to the concrete with a ludicrous flapping sound as of a giant pancake being flipped in a pan--blood and guts spraying out of the skull of the behemoth like a mad artist painting the town red. John took a breath and continued to ascend the ladder entering onto the fire escape walkway with Uber to his right. Windows skirted both sides and the one fatty flew out of, or was thrown out of by Uber, was open inviting their presence into the inner sanctum. Uber gave John a sign for him to go first and John entered, his scorpion machine pistol up and ready.

The room was filled with liquor bottles, drug paraphernalia, and ratty child pornography magazines. A skinny nigger boy was stretched out on the bed with a penis pump on, listening to rap music as he looked at the kiddie porn mag. John didn't hesitate and stitched him from stem to stern with the silenced scorpion stinging him to death as his emaciated and drugged out form did the rigormortis shuffle. John had the camera set at HD, taking in the action. Uber had, meanwhile, stepped into the room adjacent and encountered an orgy of faggots whose exotic tattoos covered their bodies and who were comprised mainly of pasty and flabby Jews involved in some kind of twister game while a trance style music pumped away in the background. Again, drug paraphernalia was scattered about and bottles of alcohol littered the floor. Posters of Communist figureheads festooned the walls, exalting such mass murderers as Mao Tse Tung, Lenin, and Che Guevara—all bastard crypto Jews. Uber didn't hesitate or pause to take in the scene--having a mission and knowing that anyone affiliated with Antifa was a scumbag and deserved to be taken out of this world. He raised his submachine gun and wasted the degenerate revelers, some of the bottles smashing as a few of the bullets found purchase. John was exiting the room as another Antifa member came down the hall, a fat beer-bellied youth whose drug-addled face had aged him beyond his years and who had several facial tattoos, one of which was a hammer and cycle. John yanked his commando dagger out and punched it into the neck of the Antifa member, a stream of sanguine liquor spraying out of the wound. John extracted the blade and ripped his belly open, spilling his hot entrails onto the dirty hall rug as the pasty whale crashed to the ground.

Uber at this time had entered the room and they both heard a drunken shout from the living room. "What's matter? Pipe down!" The two didn't hesitate but came barreling into the living room with their guns up encountering a group of degenerates who had a cat they were abusing in the center of the room with a chalk pentagram around it. They were oblivious of the two and a couple of them held a bloody knife in their hand. Another kittens' body lay on the ground with it's head cut off, a pool of blood oozing out of it's furry white body. The two order members took in the sight in an instant and began laying waste, placing pinpoint accuracy shots in the heads of the members who collapsed on the floor with a thud like a sack of potatoes. An older Jew was seated in a chair and attempted to fumble in his professor's coat. John caught sight of him hidden away in the corner and took out his knife, hurling it with professional accuracy at the arm of the professor who was forced to drop the pistol he had been on the verge of removing from his jacket which clamored on the ground. The room was cleared but for the Professor whose beady black eyes looked up at them with a diabolical hatred-his swarthy, pasty skin and receding graying hair, revealing him as a Jew and some type of leader of the group. The professor

looked like a cornered rat who had just had a flashlight shone on him and was cursing under his breath, “Fuck! You goys!” and other words in Yiddish, presumably invective, pouring from his lips as he clutched his arm, the knife having burrowed deep into his flabby flesh. Uber approached and yanked out the knife with his gloved hand, smacking the Professor in the face-knocking him backward into the chair. The Professor’s curses abated somewhat as blood poured from his mouth, the Kevlar knuckled glove having opened up another wound.

Uber spoke, “Who are you?” The professor refused to speak and sneered with a stubborn animosity and impudence at the Order member. Uber wound up and again cracked him across the face, his head rocking back as if he was in a boxing match and had just received an uppercut. The resistance seemed to fade slightly from the Professor and Uber repeated the question. Still the Jew refused to speak and pursed his mouth shut. Uber took his knife and held it against the throat of the professor and gave a final ultimatum. “Tell us who you are or I’ll slice your throat like kosher deli meat.” The professor, recognizing that the threat wasn’t empty, began, “Levine,” he said defiantly, “Professor Levine.” he emphasized in arrogant pride. Uber asked another question, “Where are the files and valuables? Take us to the safe.” Levine cringed back in the leather chair and all seemed quiet as the trance music continued to play in the background. “You’re just going to kill me anyway,” Levine said with hostility and began going on a rant, his google eyes widening with fury and starring fanatically at Uber. “You Nazis are all scum . . .” His harangue was cut short as the knife was back against his throat, the razor sharp blade pressing against his windpipe threatening to tear his vocal apparatus and carotid artery in one swift motion. Levine recognizing that the jig was up and that his emotional theatrics wouldn’t save him, relented--perhaps calculating that their might be another opportunity to escape and that it was the only move he could make at this point in the chess game of life and death. “Alright,” he said, breathing deeply through the blood that continued to well up in his mouth. “Alright . . . I’ll take you” Uber backed up and John covered Levine with his scorpion machine pistol ready to stitch him up the legs if needed to ensure compliance. Levine saw that this was his motive and finally realized that he would have to bide for time. He arose, shaking from the blows he had received and Uber steadied him, pressing his knife into his back. The professor looked furtively around and spat blood from his mouth at the Antifa members bodies laying on the ground. “Dumb goys,” he muttered, the wad of bloody spittle landing near the white kitten who shrank back in anger and hissed.

The professor was escorted down the hall with him giving instructions where to go--“down the staircase and in the basement. We gotta safe there, you can take it all if that’s what you want . . . just let me go!” His voice held out the faint hope of promise as he was accustomed to the Christian and liberal Whites who abided by-to him-some unintelligible rule of fair play. He felt certain that if he could appeal to the sympathy of the Nazi Goyim that he would be able to wriggle out of their trap and escape. Then, he contemplated, he would seek vengeance upon the Goyim--on all of them, especially the children and youth. In his mind, Levine had already won, it was just a matter of time. He gained confidence from his self-delusions and began to become emboldened as he descended the staircase. They approached a room adjacent to the furnace, a rusty steel door that was padlocked with a high security shackled lock, and Levine spoke. “You want me to open it?” I’ve got the key in my pocket.” Uber replied, “Yeah, hurry up. Don’t try any tricks. My partner’s got his gun trained on you.” Levine opened his eyes sarcastically and muttered, “Ok, ok” . . . fumbling in his pocket for the key. He opened up the lock and the door swung inward. Uber switched on the light switch adjacent to the door and they beheld rows of shelving units that stretched on for quite a way into the room-containing boxes of ammunition, automatic rifles; mainly Galils and AK47s as well as Chinese knockoffs and sealed containers with painted decals in Yiddish, Chinese, and Cyrillic containing untold amounts of tainted mystery meat. A few bags of cocaine, a scale and piles of pills were on a table at the end of the room.

The professor said, “The safe’s in the corner behind the shelf to your right” then muttered something strange in Yiddish, audible enough for anyone inside the room to hear.

Suddenly a thud was heard behind them and Uber and John spun around to see a Chinese male dressed in a Nahru suit with a knife still clasped in his hand splayed out on the floor with a head wound, blood pouring out onto the concrete and running into one of the drains in the floor. Krup stood behind them and had his machine pistol out. “Close call, guys.” The professor attempted to flee but Uber threw out a leg and tripped him, Levine’s body falling on the Chink and snapping his head against the concrete which dazed him but didn’t render him unconscious. “We need the safe combo,” Uber said. Krup replied, “No need, I’ve got enough C4 to blow the door off and the basement is deep enough to muffle the noise at street level.” He gave Levine, who was moving slightly, a kick that knocked him unconscious and moved into the safe room. “My, my what a haul the Kike’s have here. I bet this will upset their plans of subversion.” Krup strode into the room toward the safe, placing small charges of C4 evenly on all sides of the safe in the tiny cracks in the door, wedging it in slightly. Just as he was about to wire it up and move everyone out to detonate the explosives, John observed a piece of paper on the table adjacent to the bags of cocaine and took it up. “Wait Krup,” he said. John held out the piece of paper and read off the safes combination. “L45, R62, L37, R15, L3.” “Let me see that,” Uber said holding out his hand. John tendered the paper to him and Uber showed Krup smiling, “Looks like they were in the midst of counting out their wares and needed access to the safe. That Chink is probably one of their overseas affiliates who came into town for a little international trade.” “Krup,” Uber continued. “I assume you cleared the basement and set the satchels.” Krup gave a nod, “Affirmative on both counts.” “Always good to double check,” Uber replied and gave Krup the safe combo. Krup made an attempt and got it on the first try. “My old man was a locksmith and he taught me a few things.”

As the door opened stacks of papers and files in manila envelopes were extracted which Uber put in a waterproof pelican case he took off one of the bottom shelves, extracting the bags of fentanyl pills and placing the safes contents inside. A few sacks of gemstones and gold coins, a couple of micro Uzis with spare clips and the papers in addition to various CDs and USB storage devices, all of which would be sent to the international HQ after making copies themselves. Krup shut the safe after all contents had been extracted and the crew prepared to leave. Uber took out of his pocket a couple of plastic cuffs which he proceeded to tighten around the wrists and ankles of the professor. “I’ve got an idea. Something that will give us rave reviews in the Jews papers—headline news if I’m correct.” Krup took up the professors body after Uber wound duct tape around his mouth to prevent him from screaming and Uber motioned toward the Chinese, “Take his legs,” he told John who did as instructed. “Let’s get out of here,” Uber said and the three exited via the basement door, a one-way access via a push bar, and out into the dead of night. They made their way around the building and Uber informed them in hushed tones that they were going to decorate a lamppost he knew with Kosher Christmas ornaments.

They made their way back to the van, Levine still unconscious. Uber opened the case he had shouldered, equipped with shoulder straps, and took out a kiddie porn magazine, stuffing it into Levine’s coat and one into the Chinese’ jacket as well. He opened a compartment in the van’s interior and took out two lengths of greasy, rusty iron chain and wound it around the necks of both parties in a knot, keeping it loose enough that it wouldn’t choke out Levine. Uber took up a piece of cardboard from the alleyway and spread it around the van’s floor placing both bodies on it. He and John hopped into the back and Krup entered the front seat and received instructions. “Go to the monument of multiculturalism around the bridge where the trendoids and yuppies live, just off where the condos are.” Krup said “ok” and asked, “I suppose we detonate the building once we’re done there.” Uber answered,

“Once we’re done there and at a safe distance then we can flip the switch.” The van drove smoothly through the downtown toward its destination. The moonlight illuminated the monstrosity of multiculturalism that presented itself to all of those yuppies and establishment types who were also permitted to walk over it from their precious suburbs over the river. A series of non-White and White female figures who looked toward a nondescript multi-racial mongrel child, standing on the body of a covertly depicted stereo-typed Nazi figure holding up a torch signifying their alleged “enlightenment.” The caption at the bottom of the monument, written in large letters, rubbing itself as ideological excreta into the face of the upper class, mainly White observers stated: “together,” purporting to imply some type of alliance between all non-White males and White females against the White devil man. A Jewish Rabbi looked on approvingly--removed from the crowd at a slight distance and elevated slightly above it.

The crew got out of the van, pulled up to the monument and the first body was dragged out with some substantial length of chain and one of the cinder blocks that John had obtained from the alley. He dropped the end of the chain and tossed it over the torch so that it fell into the grass on the other side and went around and attached the cinder block as Uber tossed the other end on the other body so that both the professor and the dead Chinese were stretched slightly but not elevated from the ground. John attached the other chain end to the other cinder block and dragged them toward the bridge, preparing to throw them off. At that moment, perhaps motivated by some instinctive survival mechanism, the Jew came to and recognizing he had a chain around his neck began to squirm, attempting to break free. John tossed the first cinder block off the bridge and the professor witnessed the chain being yanked out of sight, his eyes going wide in astonishment at the fate that would happen to himself. He struggled further as the Chinese body was pulled against the torch, stuck in the niche between the torch handle and arm. Then it was the professor’s turn—his flabby body yanked upwards--a trail of muck falling out of his pant leg as his form followed suit. The professor’s superman flight was cut short as he collided with the dead Chink’s body, his legs kicking out spasmodically as the life force drained away, his body spasming and then rigidifying before it went limp. Krup had meanwhile affixed more C4 to the head of the Jewish statue of the Rabbi and had wired it up simultaneously to that of the building making it impossible not to connect the two incidents and sending a message that the multi-cultural pipe dream of the Jewish Utopia was an inevitable failure. The van sped away towards the light industrial district as Krup flipped the demolition switch. Mission accomplished.

## Chapter Seven: Reefer Madness

Alvin Hooper was a young enterprising Kike in his early thirties. He had been raised, like all the rest of his Cabal to play a roll in the overall conspiracy, to serve Zion and the self-proclaimed chosen ones. His father was the owner of an auto parts franchise amongst other small businesses and had been schooled in every sharp practice that the Talmud had to offer--refined in the furnace of history and adjusted to the contemporary context.

Alvin internalized the principles of the Jewish monopoly and had great plans (great in his mind) to monopolize the weed industry in the city. Currently he had, through his connections, managed to acquire an interest free loan and business grant from a pseudo philanthropic organization that was affiliated with the Cabal and served to bilk gullible White Christians of their money--who assumed that their donations were being sent to African migrants, but were instead recirculated back into the Jewish community for such business enterprises as Alvin's. Marijuana had recently been legalized by the Jewish occupation government and was devastating the minds of the populace through its inherently brain damaging component, THC. This was all par for the course as far as Alvin was concerned as he, being a typical Jew, reveled in the chaos and devastation he caused to the White Goyim.

He was sitting in his store reading the local headlines with his business associate, another Jew, his cousin David. “Those damn Nazis,” he said as he pointed out the headlines he had just seen to his partner having just unrolled the paper and borne witness to the image of Levine and the Chink strung up on the statue. “Look at these headlines! What a tragedy—beloved professor cruelly murdered in cold blood.” David stood over him and then flipped to the section indicated under the caption, saying “Jesus Christ, Alvin, them Nazis gotta pay for that! We gotta do something to get vengeance on them!” They both observed the caption that elaborated on the incident-“apartment building destroyed, law office suffers collateral damage-a link with the murder of Professor Levine?” An image with the bombed out building was shown with the bottom levels of the law office completely demolished and the middle of the high-rise shown having most of it’s windows broken and the bottom section gutted to the foundation, yet the building still stood. The apartment block, however, hadn’t faired so well- the entire edifice having been reduced to rubble, virtually imploded in on itself with other nearby buildings having sustained similar damage. “That area is pretty posh,” Alvin said, thinking in his usual Jewish way of money.” “Must have cost a awful lotta of bucks,” David replied. “It’s gonna be a big loss . . . to the Goyim.” He sneered, knowing that their central banking system and insider trading could make up the cost so that it would be a drop in the bucket. Alvin changed the subject, “That’s the cost of doing business in today’s world. Same as it ever was. We just gotta stay one step ahead of the Goyim and make sure they don’t get us . . . before we get them. But anyway, we gotta get ready for the students and other Goy coming to the club soon. I got something special prepared for em, and sneered. David looked curious but didn’t inquire.

The multi-cultural club was situated at the back of the store and was an adjunct to the local University’s club of the same name, that operated out of the once noble institution that had been subverted from within by the Kikes and their virtual takeover of academia since the sixties. Levine had been instrumental in the club’s spilling over into a more-real world and unsupervised environment where he could sway the non-Whites over to the Communist party and hook them on mind control drugs via Alvin who was tied into the entire drug trade. Alvin had baked some weed brownies earlier that day, and like his affiliate Ruben in the Center for Universal Peace, had laced them with PCP so that the consumer would have a greater susceptibility to the mind control he administered as his aperitif to his Goyim. Alvin raised his hands outwardly and gestured with a smirk to his cousin to observe. He began a dress rehearsal of his own of his act that he was soon to stage before his non-White puppets. “We gotta do something!”, he said with impassioned righteous indignation, slamming his fist in his palm. “The fascists are taking over the world!” His eyes burned with the fanaticism of a true Bolshevik as he stared at his cousin. “They want your money!” He smashed his fist into his palm again. “They want . . . your freedom!” Again the fist came crashing down. “But we . . . we,” he screamed pointing at himself, “won’t tolerate their desire to enslave us. We won’t tolerate their hatred! Their racism!” Again the fist was brought down to punctuate the utterance. David interrupted him, “What is the lead up to their conclusion? Are you presenting a lecture by Chomsky or . . .?” Alvin responded, “We’ll begin with greetings—move on to a lecture on the evils of capitalism, and then, we’ll blame the Whites like usual and end with a rabble rouse.” “Standard operating procedure then!” David stated with an impudent smirk. Alvin gave a communist leftist salute and finished his class and dress rehearsal with “Vinceremos! Workers of the world unite!”

In a few minutes the library of the University closed and all of the non-Whites showed up, from the bus they took, outside the door to Alvin’s weed shop, which by law had to be covered allegedly to protect minors from being enticed by the drug trade—but in reality, to entice those of the age of majority minors, with the appeal of the forbidden and the anti-establishment behavior, those who perceived themselves as rebels, although they were merely conforming to the degenerate nature of the



contemporary culture. Alvin observed, as he was watching the panoramic camera affixed to the exterior of the building, that the non-Whites had gathered in a group and had buzzed the intercom.

He heard one of them speak in broken English—an east Indian girl, “We. . .are. . .here. . .Alvin.” Alvin took his finger off the button, and saying to his cousin, “There’s a sucker born every minute. Have you had a piece of her yet?” David shook his head and said, “How about you?” Alvin said, “You can tell by the tone of her voice, can’t you?” The two high-fived and Alvin pressed the button. “Just give me a sec, Mahini.” Alvin continued, “once we get them stoned, we can take them upstairs and have an orgy. David laughed and slapped his cousin on the back. Alvin buzzed the throng of non-Whites in and they entered after the electronic lock popped opened. Entering they presented a rather sad image—a group of seven with pink and blue hair and piercings—Chinese males and females and a fat Negress as well as an Arab—the remainder being East Indian. Alvin gave the left-handed Communist fist and they all raised theirs, mimicking his behavior, saying, “Vinceremenos!”

They had their backpacks on and a smart phones in their right hands, all looking like the perfect group of faceless Goyim—perfect slave JOG bots of the Zion world order. Alvin smiled his most ingratiating smile and put on a sneaky look, as if he had some hidden secret that he had to be cautious in his trusting of the outsiders. They adopted a similar look—well crafted, yet curious as to what he had to tell them. He motioned furtively toward the back room and they obediently followed as a will-less collective. Alvin had them take a seat and said, “Have a brownie—I just baked them this morning.” They greedily grabbed for a large brownie from the plate, falling upon it like a ravenous animal. David, meanwhile, had mixed up a jug of “punch,” he called it--into which he dissolved a few tablets of oxycontin he had ground up--pouring out a glass for each of the non-Whites who washed the brownies down and began getting into high gear as David told them a few of his jokes—managing to bash Whites, Christians, and Fascists all at once, mocking them and sneering at their alleged psychopathologies! He observed one of the non-Whites eyeing the plate of brownies with greed and licking her lips. Alvin motioned to her invitingly--“Take as many as you want. I know those capitalists don’t want the people of color to thrive! They’re too busy smoking their Cuban cigars and drinking their Champagne to care about those who they tread under their heels.” The female grabbed another brownie and was followed by the others taking another for themselves. “But don’t worry,” Alvin continued, “Jews like me and David are going to do what we can to stop it! We’ve been tortured and murdered for our entire history by those White fascists—and we are not going to let them win!” He used the females anger to segway into his discourse: “Women of color like yourself . . . uh . . .Angela,” he gestured toward the fat Negress, “are always being used as slave labor by the Whites. But we got the real power! We have the power of numbers! We have the power of necessity!” he shouted as she wolfed down another brownie. “We know they need our labor—their earth raping machines couldn’t run without us—and they couldn’t do without our hands.” At this he held up his hands showing their manicured nails and pasty white palms that had never done a days work in their lives. “But,” he said dropping his hands and getting into a conspiratorial tone of voice. “They don’t properly estimate our power,” he screamed raising his left fist, which was instantly followed suit by the non-Whites who shot up their fists and screamed, “Vinceremenos.”

David had meanwhile brought another jug of punch laced with crushed fentanyl tablets and the non-Whites, now becoming thirsty, drained another glass he was pouring out.. “We have nothing to lose but our chains.” He raised his voice again. Just then he heard a crash in another room and was instantly alert. “Keep them busy,” he muttered to his cousin as he decided to check out the noise—fumbling nervously in his trench coat for his Desert Eagle Israeli made pistol he had bought back last he went to

where he intended would be his ultimate destination. He exited the back room and saw a column of fire piling high as more Molotov cocktails were thrown through the shattered window, his illicit merchandise beginning to catch fire and smoking up the place. He attempted to take aim at the hidden assailants but was incapacitated by the smoke. Suddenly a fuselage of lead drilled into him from the street, the flames piling higher and higher as the interior burned in an uncontrollable blaze. Alvin dropped unconscious from smoke inhalation that quickly suffocated him. Outside, John dressed as before in black, raced away with Ford in tow towards the awaiting black van behind the building—their empty bags previously filled with Molotov cocktails rolled up in their fists as they pumped their legs in a sprint toward the nondescript black van. Gear was driving and made an expert getaway out of the downtown core—John videotaping the blaze of glory as the weed store burnt to the ground. Soon he heard a muffled explosion as the boiler blew and the building sent a blast of brick and mortar shrapnel into the adjacent immigration center that suffered a mass load of damage. Driving out of sight, Ford flipped the detonation switch and the immigration center bureaucracy blew inwards with the satchel charges that he had placed around the lower part of the perimeter—a steel plate placed on the outside with a small boulder in front so that the blast would direct itself more inwardly. Both buildings destroyed and footage of each gathered, the crew sped away into the night. Mission accomplished!

## Chapter Eight: Higher Learning

John had progressed in the Order and had become a full member given his initiation through the Antifa center demolition. He had earned his place and had received copious knowledge and information in the tactical operations the organization staged, learning especially from a useful handbook the organization had penned the “White Resistance Manual” which detailed the nitty gritty details of carrying out strikes against the enemy with minimal trace for the Z.O.G and its unofficial spies like Antifa and the myriad of Jews always prying into anything they in their paranoia deemed a potential threat or anomaly. John still continued to attend the University and took his training courses in computer science which were crossed trained with the organization giving him insight into high level and specialized technical knowhow-how to track government databases and spread viruses to enemy organizations such as immigration departments, feminist organizations, and non-White community centers.

John was building his reputation in the organization yet still kept his boots on the ground in distributing material around campus clandestinely doing leaflet and flier drops via vehicle and bicycle in the dead of night-throwing baggies weighted with stones and leaflets on people’s lawns and sticking leaflets in windshield wipers--ensuring that he was wearing gloves and was properly disguised with a plausible disguise that didn’t violate the new laws that had been enacted in the country whereby it was considered a crime to walkabout in the country in disguise and if caught distributing leaflets, itself considered an offense if the content violated the Z.O.G’s nebulous “hate speech law,” would simply amplify the penalty of the so-called transgressor and wind him up in jail. The J.O.G system, recognizing the increasingly aware public and their reaction against the obvious totalitarian nature of the system, was building their police state and increasingly hiring non-Whites to serve as their thugs so as to throw them against the white population when they got enough of their savages brutes from the third world into the country. The intention of the J.O.G, as both John and the Order knew, was that behind the official appearance egalitarian policy; while behind that mask of this false appearance of love and peace, the non-white hoards they were bringing in, being a defacto terrorist army that the Jews incessantly brainwashed with a fanatical hatred of the Whites of whom the non-Whites were naturally jealous given their obvious genetic inferiority and inability to create civilization even in the most blessed areas of the earth—living in variable Edenic gardens of paradise such as Africa, India, and

South America yet being incapable of even brute subsistence without nature thinning out their numbers through disease and a shortage of the food supply.

Given that the White population had been mind-controlled by the Jews to have guilt complexes for the alleged evils of their ancestors, such things as slavery and colonialism—words that had become a variable anti-White mantra non-Whites used to harass the Whites and attempt to extract leverage to brainwash the White population and to bestow more freebies upon them—they had dumped a variable cornucopia of resources upon them, medical care, free food, free housing, and free education upon the savage brutes thereby swelling their population to well over ten fold.

At that point the Jews had accelerated their brainwashing and browbeat the Whites with a steady rhetorical beat of racist, racist, racist until enough of them relented and complacently allowed the mixed multitude to come in on barges and jumbo jets under the guise of refugees, temporary foreign labor, and other excuses masquerading under the guise of humanitarianism and a rainbow world of love and peace. Those few Whites who actively resisted were either jailed or had the full weight of the iron heel police state brought down upon them to the extent that enough of them were broken and beaten and sent a message to the remainder that any overt acts of opposition would be put down with force. The Jew's brain pollution apparatus comprised of private media and public education, or rather indoctrination which were in reality two sides of the same false coin, were used as a fever pitch to ensure that the subsequent generations in the majority were brow-beaten into going along with the population replacement agenda. The resisters such as John and the order were marginalized such that they constituted an invisible underground resistance that the so-called moral majority were conditioned by propaganda to hate and fear.

One time when John was distributing leaflets around campus in the dead of night, he observed one of the campus security guards talking to one of the drug addicted white vagrants whose lives had been ruined by the J.O.G and who had turned to the mind-bending influence of drugs as a means of escaping the horror of a society of non-White violence and the apathetic disregard of the traitorous bourgeois class who lived their lives in willful ignorance, turning a blind eye to the suffering of their own people and even in psychopathic social Darwinism actively facilitating the genocide agenda for personal profit. John took in the features of the security guard, lanky torso and broad shoulders, pasty alabaster colored skin, and straight black hair—a Chinese by the look of his height and skeletal structure. John was reminded of a Chink he had encountered in the Antifa headquarters and the copious quantities of drugs the order had discovered there.

Here, thought John, was yet another operator of the Cabal and here also was a clear path for him to eliminate another of the Cabal's operatives and possible connection to the source of drugs in China. He slipped his leaflet bag around his shoulder and extracted his tazer that he carried on occasions when he was spreading his propaganda, ensuring that he carried that as well as his trusted blue black double-edged Commando dagger in a reverse lanyard sheath around his neck. He approached noiselessly from behind in the shadow of the bushes as the Chink who had his back to him was taking out a package of fentanyl pills and making an exchange with the vagrant. John closed in and extended his tazer like a punch in the spine, jabbing the prongs into the Chink's lumbar region above his security belt, discharging 50,000 volts of direct current. The Chink rigidified, spasming and uttering a feeble whine as the hot pain of electricity coursed through his nervous system incapacitating him and dropping him to the ground. The vagrant dropped the pills and rushed off, his feral instincts well honed to a life on the streets. John plunged the knife again into the nap of the neck of the Chink who was still quivering as the electricity ran along his nerves and outwards along his extremities. Again and again John zapped the Chink until his body smoked with the heat of the current. After five jolts, John drew the conclusion

that the Chink was a corpse, that he had severed his spinal cord and that he had gone to whatever laundromat or convenience store in the sky his kind went to when they gave up the ghost. John dragged the body into the bushes so that it would be discovered at a later time and searched the body for useful articles. He found only a wallet with a list of addresses in Chinese characters and a smart phone in a case the Chinese carried. Taking these he decided to cut his leaflet distribution short. Before taking his leave he flipped the Chink over and carved a Star of David into his forehead with his commando dagger, creating confusion when the police arrived and hopefully drawing an association between the Chinese and Jewish communities, possibly generating bad blood over a drug deal gone wrong, at the least, assuming the Jews papers or the police, by word of mouth, would release the information to their networks and to those who had real influence. Knowing, as he did, that the brainwashed majorities knew little to nothing of the actual politics of society and that their votes and opinions were merely a means of giving them a steam valve to prevent them rioting and striking--upsetting the Jewish applecart, in other words.

John made his way to the organizations headquarters and radioed while on route to Manu who was a night owl and kept a vigil over the building and the South African expats, Gerta and Krista, who he looked upon as his daughters and towards whom he felt a need to play the role of a protective and strong father figure. A nighttime vigil enabled him to remain in contact with the higher dimensional spirits who commuted with him and informed him of the goings on in the world and the worlds above—the different dimensions and planes of beings which impinged upon the earthly dimension he occupied—instructing him in how he might help his race and circumvent and oppose the evil of the Cabal of black magicians led by the Jews and their reptilian overlords who currently enslaved the planet and had managed to acquire power through the control of the mind of the Whites by exploiting their sympathetic nature and inherent desire to assist others.

He was interrupted in the midst of a power meditation by a radio communique--"HQ this is the initiate." Manu opened his eyes and picked up the radio. "What is it initiate? Go ahead." John responded. "Got some intel for you. ETA five." Manu, "We'll be waiting." Manu uncrossed his legs from the lotus position he was in and arose from his meditation cushion. He took a drink of an herbal detoxification tea he had nearby and made his way down to the garage after donning a black robe with the organization's insignia emblazoned on the back. As he entered the garage he received another communique and simultaneously heard a car drive up, intimating it to be John as he felt his presence. He pressed a button on the garage roll up door and the front bay doors also began to slide open, they constituting a double door system that provided optimal protection against thieves. In order to disguise the compound, the order had brought in a contract expert graffiti artist who had been hired to spray paint non-gang related graffiti on the front of the building to obscure the fact that it was a pro- White organization. They had been blindfolded and payed half in advance and half upon completion and the location was unknown to them as they were from a different city altogether.

The headquarters resembled a large abandoned garage and blended in perfectly with the other buildings in the environment. John drove his small car into the garage, as the doors opened and hoped out. He greeted Manu with the gesture of the order, an upraised right hand signifying that he had no weapon and had come in friendship—the right hand also signifying the activation and alertness of the facilities of the left brain, given that the opposite side of the body was governed by the opposite hemisphere of the brain and that they were governed by reason and order-not the disorder and chaos of the purely right-brained Antifa types who lived their lives in a state of virtual emotional insanity. Manu spoke, "Greetings John. You have some important intel to show me?" "Maybe," the latter replied and explained the cell phone and how he had obtained it. Manu responded, "Another act of vengeance to

terrorize the J.O.G-most excellent. Let us have a look at this phone, although I don't have full knowledge of all the dead languages in which I am versed, I am fluent in Mandarin-both speaking and reading." John handed Manu the phone after taking it out of the lead-lined bag in which he had encased it to avoid its being tracked by the J.O.G satellites and traced to the headquarters which itself was covered with steel on its exterior overhead with concrete so as to prevent any electromagnetic fields from penetrating the building and spying on the organization. To those on the outside-the spy centers around the world-the building was just another abandoned dead zone where Sauron's eye was unable to reach. The computer banks were run from an underground cable connected to a main satellite receiver in an alleyway adjacent to a property a few buildings down-its cable buried under the earth and covered in cement--the satellite itself being overgrown with weeds and covered in large part with obsolete rusted appliances so as to appear as just another piece of useless metal, although it was both a powerful broadcast station and receiver of outside signals which could at the same time be shut down from the interior of the compound. Manu took the phone and scanned through it checking the e-mail and phone log, looking thoughtful and serious. "Good job, John," he eventually said. "It looks like you have stumbled onto something big. We've got a connection that you just severed to the Cabal's international drug and sex slave ring run out of Israel and China. Here," he said displaying one of the messages to John. "It's a communication between this operative and two other affiliates. One is some Chink in China-a reference is made to a shipload of meat-- and the other is to The Center for Universal Peace which you may have heard is located just outside of the town here. The message states, bring the meats of the Whites to the rail yard at this time here," he said indicating the text holding it up to John, "on Wednesday, that's tomorrow at midnight. We had better get prepped to sabotage this little rendezvous," John frowned and muttered under his breath, "Those bestial cannibals are going to eat crow tomorrow at midnight." Manu looked at him and corroborated his statement. "Hell to pay."

The crew was informed by Manu when they woke of the proposed strike against the cannibal trafficker who Manu presumed to be trafficking in the body parts of sacrifice victims which had some relationship to The Center of Universal Peace. Krup, Ford, and Uber were prepped in black suits carrying MP5 smgs with silencers, their weapons blue-black to blend into the Stygian midnight of the ghouls they intended to take out. They each carried a couple of fragmentation grenades, in the event things got really hairy, and had spent the day running routines and probable scenarios that they had programed into the virtual reality simulator using a map of the area.

They were now ready to strike the Cabal at one of its tentacles and from there hopefully to follow up other leads if any evidence was available from the operatives vehicle and/or person. Uber took the lead, Manu and Gear staying behind to monitor their progress. Manu had also dispatched a drone earlier that evening that had positioned itself around the railroad tracks, equipped with a live stream camera that could give a visual of the surrounding scene that would enable the crew-both those in the van and those at HQ-to anticipate any possible problems. Manu would communicate with them via a com link and keep them informed of any movement they couldn't get a visual of on the ground using the 360 degree maneuverable camera that was affixed to the drone under its zoom function. The crew headed out toward the site as it was nearing midnight, their visual from the drone which Manu operated indicated that there was at least one operative—a swarthy Arab accompanied by a Jew who were present in what appeared to be an armored luxury car, an old souped up Cadillac Brougham with exotic rims and trim. A closeup confirmed they were operatives as guns could be seen in a shoulder holster under the suit jacket of both as they grew restless given the imminent arrival of their business affiliates. It was five to the hour and suddenly a stretch limo, also apparently armored given the heaviness of the way it rode, careened into view of the street lamps—the crews nondescript black van blending into the shadows of the old industrial building near the tracks. As the limo approached the

crew got out of the back door and left it ajar slightly, expertly darting out into the shadows, their combat boots silent as they struck the pavement. The limo pulled up near the other vehicle, keeping a fair distance, the order crew were around the building observing their video watch, keeping an eye on the transactions from the drone positioned next to one of the transformers on the telephone pole—no one in sight. Apparently the ghouls had reckoned on no interference with their transactions and that they were immune from observation. Apparently also, the body of the Chink hadn't yet been discovered nor the Cabal alerted to the deal being potentially compromised. Apparently. . . the crew had their weapons out and were spread out in a wider formation so that each could cover the other without any friendly fire and would create confusion as they made their move to the target.

The Jew and his Arab buddy were looking around cautiously but nonchalantly as were the crew in the limousine--two Chinks who had exited with a briefcase presumably full of unmarked bills and had strode across the gap, an artificial affable smile plastered on the faces displaying their hands to each other in pretense of a wave as if they were old comrades. The Jew and Arab had a wheeled pelican case which presumably contained the body parts and organs the Chinese were buying, for sale on the black market—to be used for organ transplants and as a delicacy for the wealthier Chinese cannibals whose ghoulish practices perfectly corresponded with their psychopathic minds--that like the Jew, looked upon all that was “other” to themselves as inferior. The two pairs of oriental brutes were nearly on top of one another when Uber gave the signal and the crew fanned out from around the building, running and strafing the ghouls with a silenced hailstorm of lead death. In spite of their bulletproofed vests, well placed shots from the order members found purchase and it was oriental meat that was on the menu—not the gruesome harvest of “white meat” that had been the basis of the transaction. From out of the armored limousine hopped two heavysset Chink operatives who attempted to wheel around and return fire against their unknown assailants but to no avail as they went down doing the rigor mortis shuffle before they could get off a single shot from their Chinese smgs that clattered harmlessly to the pavement, their bodies following suit. The crew searched around as Manu radioed in on the com link--“Good job guys . . . no sign of any action out of your view—you're all clear.”

Uber took out some plastic ties and motioned to John to assist him in carrying the body of the nearest ghoul to the tracks. He indicated to the later that they should drop the Oriental cannibal on the tracks, as he spoke with poetic justice on his face—“dim sum salami, we got a slicer right here.” The other team members followed suit and soon had all the bodies positioned under the relatively sharp wheels of the train that would sever the bodies of the ghoulish cannibals and create another media blowup, sending a message straight to the Cabal. They searched the vehicles and came up with a few kiddie porn mags and bags of cocaine as well as another wad of bills. The drugs and mags they left and took the briefcase of money, hopping in the van and returning to base, leaving the salami to the slicer when the rail crew got up from their drunken stupor for the early shift, and moved out of dodge to greener pastures.

When the crew got back they, accompanied by Gear and Manu, took the briefcase to a specialized containment room which was both airtight and impenetrable to biological material and which contained robot arms that could be manipulated from outside to open the case and other items the order had appropriated from the Cabal that might prove of a disastrous nature failing their precaution. Manu used the electric control panel in the adjacent room and they all observed on camera the robot arms manipulating the briefcase and working the locking mechanism which eventually opened. Manu zoomed in on the contents via the camera and observed a few mini CDs in jeweled cases and a sheaf of papers as well as a large stash of money in stacks of bills with elastic bands around them. Manu spoke, “Looks clear, we can go and retrieve the information, copy it, and submit it to the

international head quarters. The crew went into the adjacent room and obtained the items, taking them into an office space. Manu began making copies as the crew took in the data. In the sheaf of papers were lists of names and business accounts that linked a few reputable businesses with the trafficking activities of the Cabal. One significant figure stood out prominently in John's mind—a Professor at his University who taught sociology and was the chair of the department. John indicated to Manu that the Professor had taught him and that the Professor would be a good target to send a message to the Cabal and to the public as to the corruption of the once venerable roll professors had held and his affiliation with all of that throughly Jewish—namely the societal corruption and vice that permeated the once pristine nation. Manu observed the name of the Professor and said, “As a further test to your loyalty to the Order John, I want you to personally take out this degenerate tumor on society. It should be done in such a way that a harsh lesson is taught to the rest of his affiliates—that their liberal behavior and supportive pacifistic ideology are no longer going to be tolerated and will meet with harsh consequences.” John nodded in agreement and asked, “When should the work be done?” Manu replied, “As soon as possible,” given that he wanted these incidents to follow one another in quick succession so that the average person understood: a) that society was corrupt beyond any reasonable level of tolerance; b) that the corrupt had to be held accountable; and that c) the Order, though unknown to the public, was ensuring that corruption was curtailed through a fear-inducing violence the populace almost certainly failed to comprehend. The result of such a series of extreme acts occurring seemingly simultaneously from an unknown source would be that the citizens would lose faith in the government to protect them and thus undermine its authority. Eventually, once enough chaos was generated and the system was unable to contain it, enough anarchy would reign and the masses would turn toward whatever source could serve as a guarantor of their protection and the ranks would swell with anti-system dissidents. The order would, beginning with the Professor, lay retroactive claim to the previous acts they had carried out to demonstrate that they were all connected, thus establishing in the mind of the populace a system vs. order dichotomy that would force them to choose loyalties and increase their own power at the expense of the system. “Of Course,” Manu continued, “he didn't anticipate that any but a determined minority would side with them once they had become disillusioned with the systemic corruption. That would be a critical mass essential to topple the power of the system and oust the Jews from their midst and all the muds would have to follow suit.” Of course, that would be a while in coming and perhaps they would never witness it in their lifetimes but it would enable posterity to continue on the fight and they would have done their duty to their race.

John ensured that he set to work planning out his strike. He monitored the Professor's movements from a distance, observing where he parked and the make of his vehicle. The Professor, a forty something yuppie who was popular amongst the student body, playing the role more of an entertainer than a professor and who was an artful and astute psychologist, expert at manipulating the consciousness of his students through the employment of neurolinguistic programming and an ebullient personality was for the Cabal a perfect tool or vehicle of their propaganda dissemination—he was an athletic but not overly muscular person, thus having a modicum of sex appeal to the female students and yet not appear to pose a threat to either them or the male students through his relatively weak and somewhat effeminate mannerism. He had a long blond ponytail which he, on occasion, dyed different colors to make some type of statement and imply his affiliation and sympathies with the leftist values which he preached—his tattooed arms further underscoring his degenerate nature.

John had been forced to attend a class with the Professor before and had done his utmost to swallow all of the indirect slander that was brought out of the Professor's anus mouth against European peoples and their culture identity. He managed to pass the course, nonetheless, though he had received the worst grade he had received in even his most difficult courses, but had been forced to take the

course as part of the curriculum. The Professor drove an expensive electric car that of course only the ultra wealthy could afford and which he paraded about with a false show of humility to underscore his affiliation with the local environmentalist organization and his university affiliates of which he was the head. It wouldn't be difficult to find the Professor once John affixed the tracker bug on his vehicle which could be monitored from a special device that Manu had supplied him with. John had observed the Professor's vehicle, represented by an icon on a graphic map of the city, go about its routine of going to and fro from a location in an exclusive gated community which the privileged few of the town always bragged about in public and which was notorious for being a playground for the bourgeois bohemians such as the Professor. It was removed from the downtown by a bridge and surrounded by a gated community situated on a hill so that the broad masses such as the Professor claimed to be champions of were unable to gain access without being spied on by all and sundry, especially the local security guards who drove about in the area and assured the privileged few were not interfered with in their decadent lives of self indulgence outside of their professional capacities as desk jockeys and pimps of the lower classes whom they treated with condescending disdain and contempt. John concluded that the Professor lived there and after a few days of observation borrowed one of the more posh vehicles from the Order to tail after the Professor, entering into his inner sanctum of liberal hypocrisy where only predominantly Jews and the White establishment lived. John watched the Professor from a distance as his small electric vehicle wound its way up a hill and down a lengthy driveway toward his two-story home with its wrought iron gate and waist high brick wall. John made a mental note of the address and made his way around the ritzy area, some more scouting for entrances and exits and how to navigate the area without drawing undue attention to himself. The Professor, secure in his naive trust in the System, had the gate mainly for show—the entrance wide open and accessible on two sides of the spacious yard so that his vehicle could drive on a bend in and out without turning around.

John's plan was to strike the Professor later that week and returned to the HQ with his armored Cadillac to scoop up some hardware for the strike. Manu greeted John as he pulled into the open garage door. The guru anticipated his arrival, given his heightened intuition, and had gone down to meet him. "Figured it out ,yet?," he said. John replied that he had and that he needed some tools of the trade to carry out the project. Manu smiled and the two went down to the armory to outfit John with the requisite gear. Manu stopped after switching on the light, the both taking in the scene. John had now developed sufficient skill that he had no need of any training in the virtual reality simulator, at least for basic missions where the design of the building wasn't known and where the conditions necessitated a "play it by ear" quality. Manu looked thoughtfully at the armory which had been a few years work of gradual amassing of firearms and explosives from their international contacts and the Cabal's sources they ripped off when they put them to the sword-various suits of body armor festooned manikins, ceramic plate and Kevlar; a full compliment of vests, helmets, face masks, and armor-like body suits used for bomb disposal; bulletproof translucent face shield and riot shields; specialized non-lethal weapons to incapacitate targets-pepper spray bombs and guns, as well as the conventional spray canisters; smoke grenades which could be filled with any kind of substance; fog guns which distributed aerosolized material and could be used for the dispersing of biological and chemical weapons of any physically compatible variety-flash-bang grenades and launchers as well as sonic weapons from guns to grenades; tazers-both those discharging bolts and those necessitating up close discharge, ranging from 20 to 100,000 volts; various knives and arrows, some of which had specialized grooves into which poison could be placed; throwing knives of all shapes and description from butterfly knives to shurikens, to darts and forearm crossbows to which they could be fitted-from the less lethal to the more lethal-any firearm make and model under the sun from heavy bore military grade sniper rifles to



submachine guns to multi-barreled shotguns to hand held micro smgs with extended large capacity magazine chambered in conventional Nato or Comblock ammo.

From the personal defense and attack weapons to weapons of mass destruction—rocket and grenade launchers to large sized microwave rifles that could burn down houses and cook people from their insides out. Crates of the appropriate ammunition were piled up against the wall. Manu, filling his inventory, motioned to John to accompany him. “I’ve got something special for you John. You will like this little item—it will serve you well in close quarters.” They walked behind the stock of ammo crates to where the gun-smithing table was and John took in the scene—scattered springs and barrels of all shapes and sizes; fancy collapsible stocks and oddly shaped magazines that could apparently accommodate hundreds of rounds of ammo; drill presses and a lathe as well as tap sets and a myriad of other machinists tools--gauges and highly sensitive scales. All of this John took in at a glance as Manu directed his attention to his far right where partially hidden behind boxes of ammunition that were in the process of being modified to accommodate explosive charges was an odd looking futuristic weapon that Manu took up and that perfectly accommodated itself to his hand, fitting around his forearm and being able to be braced by a recoil pad against the elbow joint when the arm was placed in a 90 degree angle. The metal was of a blue-black hue making it almost invisible on the backdrop of the greasy workbench of a similar color and obscured by all manner of gun parts. Manu held it out for John to see. “Behold! My most recent invention! The magazine is incorporated into the gun itself and can accommodate an ammunition belt firing nine millimeter hollow point subsonic rounds. The gun sans belt can store up to 200 rounds as the chamber that serves as the magazine winds around the receiver doubling it’s girth while the forearm fits inside like a glove. I call this little gem “the white hand“ after the organization and it’s ergonomic design. John investigated the device appreciatively taking in the intricate and elegant mechanisms whose contours were as smooth as a luxury auto and whose dull glinting metal held forth an almost sensual quality like the aphrodisiac of war and the promise of victory. Manu picked up the accompanying belt that was wound around a harness that could be easily slipped on and off and unbuckled from the belt. John took up the weapon and found it to be amazingly light. Almost as if it was made of aluminum. “Surprised?” Manu said. The metal is a specialized titanium alloy that has yet to be released to the public and almost certainly won’t be until after the Rahowa (racial holy war). We’re keeping these secrets to ourselves so as not to play by any Marquis of Queensbury rules.” “Alls fair in love and war” John corroborated. He took the weapon and sunk his hand into it , the smooth metal feeling like silk sheets as he gripped the grip and examined the weapon. “You see that toggle switch?” Manu said. John nodded. “That enables you to fire on full auto—single shot, bursts of three, and accelerated mode which increases the rapidity of the fall of the hammer and the feed of the rounds that are calculated to fire at approximately one and a third times as fast as full auto without a jam”. John placed it in the black pelican case that laid beside it which was designed to accommodate it –two belts with a thousand rounds and the same amount of ammunition that was already placed in the belt and ready to go.

Manu gestured to John again and the two walked over to where a cabinet of knives was kept—double-edged commando Fairbairn Sykes, Gladius blades with blood grooves, and a variety of throwing knives and darts. John took a selection of each that could be accommodated on his person amongst which were two blue-black throwing darts in reverse sheaths that Manu accompanied with a warning, putting his hand on John’s shoulder to enforce his words. “Be careful with these, they’re coated with scorpion venom and any prick of the skin will induce paralysis”. Manu added a couple of smoke grenades and John took a miniaturized laser that looked like a small flashlight but which Manu said discharge 100,000 volts-adequate electricity to drop a large animal whether two or four legged.

Next they headed toward the body armor section and Manu advised John, "I recommend this little item," he said stroking a charcoal black upper body suit. "This is specialized ceramic material that is harder than steel and yet lighter than aluminum". At this he bounced the vest up and down demonstrating its light weight quality. It was comprised of small scales like fish scales that overlap one another and help to dissipate light seemingly such that looking at the armor was like looking into nothingness-one's vision disappearing into the dark opacity of the material with an almost mesmeric affect. John set down his pelican case and knives and held out his hands taking the proffered body armor and slipping into it. He felt as if he was only wearing a sweat shirt. Manu grabbed up a mask comprised of a similar material with an accompanying helmet. "I doubt you'll need this given the limp dicked professor would almost certainly not be heavily guarded, but you can at least get a feel for how it wears for more serious action ahead. The Professor will be a good test run given that there are armored patrol guards in the community and that they won't hesitate to shoot. A few of them are Mossad agents brought in by the Cabal clandestinely race so that they can have their own chosen selves given precedence for security from their hated "Goyim" serfs on the other side of the river. The White Shabbas Goyim and whatever other foreign imports they know won't be much trouble given that they bought their loyalty". "It's always best to hope for the best and prepare for the worst, right?" John said. "Couldn't have said it better myself," Manu replied. "The Professor, according to his blog site, is holding a party for his upper tier students and other leftists academics. It'll be the perfect message to send to the Cabal and to the public that their values, though they deck themselves out in false humilities, are chutzpathic and hubristic beyond the pale of tolerance and send them a message that their values aren't hegemonic but are in reality a perversion of the good, the true, and the beautiful." "John," Manu said looking him in the eye, "you are to be that messenger and the message you will send will be to demonstrate the ugliness of their values. Whatever you want to do particularly is up to you. I'll leave that to the artiste to bring into being whatever great work you care to, so long as the message is clear-no more leftism without consequences.

John gathered up his gear and accompanied Manu to the kitchen for supper with the crew where Gerta and Krista were making a wholesome vegetarian meal for them. After the girls left, the crew began to discuss a particular action of late-how many potential recruits they had allowed entry to and various methods of propaganda spread as well as their own particular forms of propaganda of the deed. The crew was eager for John to reveal, through his hard side propaganda, the existence of the order and its threat to the system-how it claimed responsibility for the previous, , unrelated acts and that they were now at war with the system- it was to be a declaration of war against J.O.G and the initial salvo of open warfare introducing to the public consciousness that the system was not invisible-that it was instead very fragile and that Leviathan was beginning to come apart at the seams.

John got ready for the strike that night getting in a good workout and taking an herbal ephedrine capsule to accelerate his sympathetic nervous system and put him on full alert for any of the dangerous snakes the Mossad agents represented who slithered around the gated community, perpetually seeking anti-Semites and any vagrant or White blue collar who might have justifiably gotten a chip on their shoulder against the system and want to take out their aggressors against their socioeconomic betters, through arson or just random mayhem. John was highly cognizant of the Jews paranoia and how it manifested itself in NKVD style spy society with everyone looking over their shoulder at everyone else, attempting to conceal their suspicion and fear behind a pasted on smile. John was on the move as night by that time had fallen. His sleek new luxury model auto blending in perfectly with the privileged few who raced around their exclusive community to and from their after dinner parties to whatever illicit affair or rendezvous they had planned for the night. John smiled gleefully anticipating his strike. It would be a Salvo against J.O.G-a declaration of war-and he would simultaneously eliminate a decent

sized sample of the academic brain polluters who were poisoning the minds of the youths with their anti-White hate propaganda, falsified history, and degenerate culture.

John wheeled his vehicle smoothly down the pristine tarmac the privileged elites rolled their luxury autos along. Like a shark sensing blood in the water, his armored Cadillac whipped toward its target. The night had fallen, enveloping the gated community in its mantle of tenebrous foreboding. John's smile widened as he passed by an apathetic security guard texting on his phone as he sat in his vehicle—"community watch" the vehicle proclaimed in fluorescent paint. "Watch out community," John thought as he neared the Professor's residence. "You're gonna be taken by surprise-what's coming will sweep you off your feet". John observed a congregation of vehicles lined up outside of the party-latest model electric cars, smart cars and trendy motor scooters as well as a few skinny tire bicycles of the most expensive Italian and French made variety-the property of the privileged hypocrites who proclaimed that they were against capitalism and consumerism-yet nonetheless failed to practice what they preached but, like the cowardly liars that they were, looked the other way with self serving bias.

John pulled up behind a BMW off toward the hedges and turned on his helmet camera so that he record the party and his crashing thereof. He was dressed in full kit, black as a phantom, and took the white hand gun and inserted his right arm into it up to the elbow-its velvety caress being like the hand of a nubile waif, promising him her charms in the event of victory. His tac vest body armor was crisscrossed with a bandolier of ammunition and a few smoke grenades depended from it like water balloons. He had his poison darts and commando knife to back him up in the event he lost his main weapon and also carried a silenced micro uzi as backup. The white hand he had also affixed a silencer to and was now ready. He got out of the vehicle and crept around to the back of the building ensuring the he would be concealed in the shadows of the topiaries that grew around the wrought iron fence and could observe the interior of the mansion with all of its lights on.

As he approached the back yard, he took in the loud screeching and whooping of the party goers and their degenerate music which was some contemperized techo version of Credence Clearwater sung by a Negro in which he incorporated African drums. The singer, if such he could be called, wailed on about austerity and gentrification and various other Marxist buzz words. A group of multi-racial students hung around in the back yard smoking weed and playing about on the playground equipment. John smiled and said to himself, "Like shooting ducks in a fairground gallery," taking aim with the white hand and depressing the trigger. He strafed the yard with full auto mode, the sound suppressor and subsonic rounds emitting muffled "phut phut phut" sounds as the heat of the gases dissipated with the cooling affect of the barrel shroud. He mowed down the revelers-blue-haired elitists and mongrel bastards-mixtures of Oriental and White and Negro and White and an assortment of swarthy looking Jews with pasty faces and trendy tattoos as they attempted to run from the hailstorm of lead death, but were merely like a flock of chickens attempting to escape the farmers bloody ax. John let the ax fall: "Phut phut phut" as screams erupted and the loud music, with its dance-hall reggae tone, muffled their screams and the partiers within were non the wiser, oblivious to the outside revelers who did the rigor mortis shuffle as they shook the death rattle, their bodies crashing to the well manicured lawn amidst the playground equipment-spring horses, swing sets, and merry-go-round-comically bumping into these implements and setting them in motion as the music played.

John scanned the area with a panoramic rubber-necking motion ensuring no stragglers survived and bounded of to the pool area on the other side of the house in the back yard that led into the interior of the mansion where apparently, judging by the noise, most of the partiers were congregated. He heard splashing and screaming as yet another type of music overlapped the previous, eventually eclipsing it, as he dogtrotted toward the corner of the yard still keeping in the shadows-some form of techno that

incorporated all manner of bleeps and bleeps and was interlarded by the caterwauling of the Negress. The pool contained a motley assortment of representative mixed multitude of the multicultural hell society under the evil influence of the Jew had become. Chinese splashed about with their water wings amidst Congoid giants and desert Arabs groping White females whose bodies were covered with degenerate tattoos reminiscent of south sea islanders or some primitive savages from darkest Africa. Piercings festooned their bodies and their hair, that which they hadn't removed was dyed all the colors of the rainbow. John no longer felt any pity for the fate of those who had become so steeped in the mind poison of liberalism as to be irredeemable. He was immune to the sentimentalism of weaker natures and understood the necessity of sending a harsh message to his people so that they, unlike the White females congregated at the pool who had defiled themselves with the beast men, who would understand that there are consequences for racial treason and if, sufficiently extreme, would have to come in the form of forfeiture of life.

John steeled himself and began running along the yard, along the wrought iron fence, strafing the partiers with well aimed shoots of three round bursts in quick succession giving off the sound of flatulence "phut phut phut! phut phut phut" as he ran. The bodies shook and gyrated with the fuselage of leadened hail and spun as whirling dervishes into the pool. The big Congoid nigger who had attempted to extricate himself from the pool prior to John's move was struck in his rhino hide by a burst and, throwing up his hands, slipped back into the pool with a grunt like a hippo in darkest Africa. The Chinese, chattering away in their monotone language, were stitched up and down, their bodies still floating on the surface as the water wings held them comically there, their bodies wriggling like doing some sort of shimmy shimmy shake, the sanguine liquors spreading out through the pool like the Koolaid man had taken a piss in the once clear pool. The White women who fell under the fuselage of fire and a few of the White males whose hair was also dyed in various colors, were beginning to open their mouths to shout as they observed John blasting away were taken down in a group. One Jew attempted to make a break for it but his out of condition form was unable to pick up enough speed to overcome the lead projectile hollow points that mowed him down like the hand of God, knocking him head over heels in a comical three stooges act that would be his last stage act on planet earth before the lake of fire. John was giving the yard another scan, ensuring that all targets got their just reward. To his left he observed movement and saw, from the corner of his eye, a White Male in his forties ready to shout and bolt, alerting the others, but John in one swift motion pulled out his poisoned dart from the sheath and shot it across the yard into the chest of the libtard, the man staring incredulously at the dart as its poison began working its way into his bloodstream, his body seizing up in a state resembling rigor mortis- breathing ceased and his body tipped over dead before any awareness of the reality of the situation could be registered in his conscious mind. John took in the sight of the partiers in the interior who were mainly congregated on the bottom floor. The deck leading onto the pool had a set of glass doors that opened up into the interior and John observed a mixed multitude inside, there being a more mature group sitting about and drinking wine while they gesticulated excitedly.

John crept up to the doors and tried them, opening them and, as the music from the outside drifted in a few heads turned toward him, their smiles fading, attracting the attention of others. John leveled his gun at the crowd congregated around leather couches and chairs in the living room frowning at him and said, "Where is the Professor who owns this house?" pointing his exotic and fearsome looking weapon at the head of the nearest person, a balding Jew with liver lips and a furtive gaze. The Jew stammered, "Who uuhhh . . . what" as John let the white hand rip tearing off the Jew's head like a weed wacker, his body slumping to the ground. The other members stood frozen and the emotional female, a mongoloid hybrid was on the verge of crying out but John said: "Answer the question or you get the same". The calculating mongoloid answered in a frightened yet pedantic tone of voice: "He's in

the other room, please ...don't hurt me." John squeezed the trigger anyway and the head of the mongoloid exploded in a shower of blood and muck, her body like so much dead wood colliding into the glass coffee table, upsetting the bottle of red wine which stained the beige rug, adding its contents to the gore. John having gotten what he wanted simply wasted them all, mowing them down like crabgrass and other assorted weeds, their half drunk carcasses flopping on the rug and back into the leather couches and chairs before their inebriated minds could properly activate their motor skills and set them into motion. One of the professors, or so John assumed him to be, flopped back in the easy chair and looked like he was taking a nap, the warm glow of the exotic brass lamp adjacent casting its light upon him as the blood coursed from his silk dinner jacket, his mouth hanging open like a Thanksgiving guest having stuffed himself with too much turkey— only he was the turkey stuffed with lead.

John made his way into the room where the mongoloid indicated he was and as he approached the room down the hall he heard a perverse screaming as of an animal in the midst of copulation. John approached the door which was improperly shut and pushed it open a crack and was beset by the bestial noise making of a Filipino male youth, probably underage, being sodomized by a long haired forty something who was presumably the Professor. The room festooned with the multicolored light of a disco ball that rotated with the feral music of techno played in the background. A buck nigger wearing a sadomasochistic pink latex mask and holding a whip was standing by lashing the Professor who screamed out intermittently and pumped at the Filipino boy so that they created a strange amalgam of ceremonial perversity. John had had enough of the disgusting scene after only the few seconds he needed to scan the room for potential assailants and, taking out his poison knife, plunged it into the nap of the nigger's neck dropping him like a bull with a cattle prod.

The Professor was on the verge of turning around and waking from his daze of hedonistic ecstasy, but John put a stop to his twisting about and struck him with a side kick to the head that knocked him out cold. The Professor crashed to the ground, his appendage popping out of the Filipino, the latter, still on all fours, John gave another kick sending him crashing to the ground. John took the knife from the nigger's neck and began to set about his gruesome work, taking out a small blow touch that he had brought with him to accompany his necessary task. He steeled himself to the work and went about it like a surgeon, severing the Professor's hands from his arms so that he would never again be able to write any of the poison he wrote and infect the minds of the youths. He cauterized with the torch the stumps to prevent excess bleeding and pried open the Professor's mouth and cut out his tongue with the knife. No speech, no writing, no sophisticated forms of communication would ever again be optional for the Professor—this leftist degenerate had done everything he could to assure that people such as John were cut out of society and prevented from having a voice let alone adequate power to maintain their identity against the hegemonic influence of the J.O.G. Now the Professor received his karma—he would never be allowed speech or to write or publish again. John proceeded to the Filipino boy and slit his throat and using his knife he slit open his abdomen, spilling out his guts, following with the nigger whose pink latex suit was slit up the middle. John took the intestines of both and wound them around the body of the Professor to demonstrate that the intimacy between different species of beings was a perversion of Nature that would not be tolerated. He took out a piece of paper from a pouch under his body armor and placed it on the bed. It read "The Order of the White Hand sends the white race greetings—loyalty to the white race alone, all loyalty to others will be severely punished. For further proof see . . ." and the list of prior incidents was delineated for the organization to lay claim to having carried out the deed and to warn whites of the danger of treason. John got up and walked from the room going out the way he came, the degenerate music still playing in the dead of

night. He got into his vehicle and sped off through the gates and over the river, the security detail, presumably on one of its rounds.

## Chapter 9: You Can't Fight City Hall

Mayor Emmanuel Diamond leaned back in his reclining leather backed chair and took a nervous drag on his Cuban cigar, attempting to distance himself from the stress he was under with its delicate aroma, an aroma that reminded him of his privileged position in the Cabal's hierarchy. Still he was unable to focus his mind and put himself into his visual state of hyper-alert calculation, his thoughts clouded and befuddled by the proceedings of the past few weeks which had come to a head with the recent episode of the goy Professor's mutilation. The goy had survived to tell the tale-not of course with his tongue that had been cut out but through the note some organization calling itself the "Order of the White Hand" had left behind amidst the carnage of the Professor's home.

The mayor had to admit it was expertly done-something that would have been a difficult endeavor even for the Mossad-and that was what worried him. Whoever this order might be, there had been no evidence up to this time but the dots connected and they were leading right to himself and his tentacles of the Kabalistic octopus which sought to strangle the world for itself and to "suck the milk of the Gentiles." That was why he had called this meeting of his top people-to see if the problem could find a solution and if so to implement it before more of the chaos was imposed upon his personal fiefdom, the mid-size city that he had been appointed to by his Cabal.

Gathered in his office and looking with anticipation toward Diamond were the Chief of Police, a Jew named Blankstein, and the leading Freemasons of the town who represented businesses and government heads as well as the city's two Rabbis and Jacob Ruben of the Center for Universal Peace. All were jews and all were B'nai B'rith jewish Freemasons, so called "Sons of the Covenant" who believed they had a special relationship with the Semitic sky fairy called Jehovah who they claimed had a monopoly on spiritual power-whose power trickled down to themselves, differentiating them from the mass of those that they contemptuously referred to as "Goyim" (cattle or animals and which applied to all non-jewish bipeds who walked erect upon the earth).

The mayor blew out a stream of cigar smoke and sighed, inhaling. Jacob Ruben, unused to the inhalation of cigar smoke, coughed, his delicate lung tissue accustomed to the relatively fresh air of the resort irritated by the particles of ash. Diamond spoke, "We got a problem . . . the whole Kehilla's got a problem. . ." he paused taking another drag-his hairy hand bedecked by a few jewel encrusted rings catching the light of the fire nearby. "This 'order'. . ." he spat the word out with disgust, "of these white goyim, these nazis. . .we gotta get em out of this town-out of this world!" He tapped the ash of his cigar into the ashtray that was comprised of the bones of sacrificed children that had been ground into clay and molded into its current form. "We need," he continued, starring at the Chief of Police and punctuating his words with the thrust of his finger, "To find out who they are... where they are. So far we" he said emphasizing the word "we" and pointing at the Police Chief "got no leads other than a piece of paper. There's no camera footage and no traces. They got the biggest law firm downtown; they got the weed shop and commie indoctrination center; they got some of the higher level mules by the tracks; and now this white goy professor and all of the partiers, many of whom were children of Israel," he said, raising his voice. The Police Chief shrugged his shoulders apologetically and replied, "I got the best men on this job . . . honest. They're doing triple shifts trying to find the perps, but these guys are ghosts, they turn up one place than another-if they even are a group and not just one guy ..", he trailed off. The Mayor spat out mockingly, "One guy! . . . what are ya kiddin me? No way one guy could pull that off." Still, he seemed doubtful and took another drag on his cigar.

After a pause he spoke up again with some decision in his voice. “I got it! We’ll lay out some bait that they . . . or ‘he’ . . .” he said with sarcasm “can’t resist. Something real juicy that will ruffle their feathers and force them to act . . . entice them out of the woodwork and into this trap.” The chief replied, “They seem to like to oppose fetishes, maybe we could set up some kind of prostitution ring and . . .” he was cut off by the mayor. “No. They are more political than that. They take strikes to the main arteries—the money, and make their moves symbolic.” “How about a paedo ring with drug ties?” One of the Freemasons spoke up. “We could leak the information through the underground, set it up for real and bait them into the trap. Have the Mossad and black ops hit team take them out when they show up.” The Mayor looked contemplative for a moment, imagining the occasion, than snapped his fat bejeweled fingers as he took another drag of his cigar. “Perfect,” he said. “We’ve got plenty of goy kids holed up. It’s just a matter of leaking the information. Maybe,” he said, continuing his train of thought, “We could make a media scene of the faggots and trannies comin’ out of the woodwork in a story hour with kids in school, and claim that one of ‘em is tied to a paedo ring. That will bring out the white knights-straight into the trap.”

Ruben spoke up and was looked upon with condescending arrogance by the Mayor who couldn’t stand the young upstarts’ success which he looked upon as a threat to his own maintenance of power. “We got a connection in the bohemian district—a goy tyranny whose dipped his into more than a couple of times and is a notorious paedo in the area. He’s a significant figure in the LGBTQ movement in the town and for this ‘order’ to strike out at him would be a trophy as a political move.” The Mayor looked shrewdly at Ruben and thought of how he could potentially eliminate this rival and the Order at the same time. He didn’t have time to refine the details of his plan as yet, but decided that he would play it by ear and see how things developed. “Alright, Ruben, you handle it. This’ll be your baby. You see up this freak and the order and we’ll see that you advance in the Kehilla—we’ll make you an international player.” Ruben, knowing that the Mayor disdained him, was suspicious but feigned affability and responded, “You got it Mayor. Consider me on the case.”

Krist DeVille, the tranny leader of the local NAMBLA chapter and an ardent pedophile, looked itself over in the body-sized circus mirrors as it applied facial rouge to its pallorous skin. The permanent makeup it had had injected into its skin had presumably caused, by some of the ingredients in the dye, a breakout of a rash and a rejection of the ink so as it was forced to reapply the rouge after another surgery had to be undergone to correct the profuse bleeding from the earlier injections. Krist pirouetted in front of the mirror in the soft light that surrounded it, staring in vain narcissism at its’ form. Fake breasts and penile and testicular circumcision had rendered it vaguely female in its appearance, though the cheek bones and Adam’s apple threw off the general effects of femininity. Hair removal electrolysis that Krist DeVille underwent biweekly left the body smooth so that the copious tattoos could be rendered more visible to the general public when it went out walking its poodles. Sometimes its lovers, many of whom were themselves tyrannies, would be substituted for the dogs and would put on dog mitts and shoes and play the role of Krist’s dogs. But what really appealed to this perverted creature was its involvement in pedophilic rape. Yes, this anti-natural psychopath had—having been raised from birth by adoptive Jewish pedophile parents—been conditioned to adopt the same perverted Bohemian behavior it had been subjected to from infancy—rape, sodomy, faecophilia, and bdsm, its Jewish masters had imposed upon it being reciprocated as the cycle of abuse continuing its affect on the younger generations—for this was how the LGBTQ agenda spread itself, through trauma based mind control. It was creatures like Krist and all who came before it who had carried forth the lineage, if such could be called, of the sexual perversity of the basis of its lifestyle.

Though born a non-Jew, Krist had been initiated into freemasonry and the Jewish Kabbalah at a young age and was an adept black magician having, through ceremonial magic and the consistent sacrifice of gentile children, become bound to the same demon who governed the Center for Universal Peace. Krist DeVille was a member of The Order of Michael the Arch Angel—the sinister cult that constituted an inner order in the Freemason’s lodge of the city and was exclusive to Jews and their most useful Shabbos Goyim.

Krist had a rendezvous that night for what he called a ‘meat order,’ a newly arrived shipment of White children from Eastern Europe who had been abducted by the Cabal and were en route to the Orient. First, however, a selection of this ‘meat’ was to be kept in the country for the sinister purposes of the Cabal. Krist garbed itself, parading before the mirror, in a latex dress of ruby red and threw a purse over its shoulder that contained a micro uzi and wads of cash as well as its smart phone. It was time for the rendezvous.

Manu pushed the local Jewspaper rag across the table to Uber who scanned through the headlines: "LGBTQ leader, Krist Deville, exonerated on child abuse charges—to celebrate; VIP Gala Ball at Club Cherub tonight at 8 PM. Special invite only". Uber said, “Looks like Krist is due for a dance with the devil. What do you think John?” The addressed smiled and replied, “The White Hand could use a little dose-e-doe. It’s been feeling lonely since the Professor’s party.” Uber rejoined, “I’ve been feeling a little left out too. Maybe we should paint the town red.” He looked at Manu to get the go ahead. “ Sounds like a good idea,” Manu offered. “Whatever set of insidious dealings are going down there, are probably much more serious than what the papers reveal. Best to nip them in the bud and put creatures like this Krist DeVille into a shallow grave. I’m sure these paedo freaks will be highly concentrated there tonight in the den of iniquity. Best to exercise caution however and go in prepared for anything. These devils are always looking over their shoulder and are on hyper alert. Hit the armory and get yourselves strapped with some heavy fire power and body armor and take the two armored vehicles, that way there will be backup in the event you are targeted as a group.” Manu’s instructions were heeded to the letter and each member of the team ensured that they were kitted out to the max—taking sound suppressed FN FAL assault rifles with extended clips and an assortment of smoke and fragmentation and flash-bang grenades. They looked like a team of otherworldly demons,unleashed from the bottomless pit, in their black outfits. They were ready to get and the time was ticking down to doomsday for the pedophile ring and its freak operatives.

The black van and a smaller armored 4 door 4x4 SUV were ready and had been previously inspected by Gear to ensure no mechanical problems would arise. They got in and before leaving, Manu gave them a black colored drone he called the ‘Harbinger Vulture’ that looked reminiscent of a bird and which was equipped with a panoramic camera that could be viewed as on the previous strike. They moved out and prepared to salvage what vestiges of purity the children had not had defiled by the cult.

The drone flew through the night from the clearing in which The Order members had situated themselves overlooking the club. Uber and the crew monitored it in the back of the van as its camera took in the sights of the city below. Club Cherub was situated at the bottom of the hill where they were located and was considered one of the city’s most upscale night clubs. The neon sign, depicting a drag queen with angels wings surrounded by dancing cherubs that gyrated its hips back and forth, salaciously proclaimed ‘Club Cherub’ in ruby red letters. The parking lot was filled with luxury autos and only a few stragglers were seen making their way into the inner sanctum to partake of what ever vices the club had to serve up-be it cocaine, opiates, or the forbidden fruit of prostitution of all varieties, from the conventional to the unconventional. Yes, Club Cherub, had all the wares available



that money could buy and there were plenty of customers. The drone did a perimeter search—flying by like a black bat and being detected by none save maybe appearing as a flitting bird on the wing in the eyes of the camera. It took up its position in the rear of the club in front of the steel push bar doors that could only be accessed from inside.

Uber and the crew sat back and waited for the appropriate time to crash the party which had just begun and would continue on in full strength until well past midnight. He panned the camera around and observed that there were a couple of hardmen in the black Lexus off to the side who had a full view of the parking lot and anyone entering, their cruel faces looking like they had been chiseled by the demon barber of fleet street. Of course the cocaine they were sniffing helped to rev up their metabolism and shred the body fat from their forms. They looked like a couple of contest bodybuilders on show night, their gaunt faces reflecting harsh light that seemed to etch planes in their face as of a marble statue. However, their muscles and whatever heat they were carrying would be no challenge to The Order whose superior fire power and numbers would easily overpower a couple of meat-heads who were little more than sitting ducks in their posh vehicle. After a few minutes one of the thugs apparently received a call, his phone on vibrate, the drone able to pick up acoustics through the laser beam that could project upon glass and even walls and pick up vibration or sound and decode it electronically to the sounds being produced. Thus The Order had an audio and visual feed that enabled them to eavesdrop on the communications of the thugs and their contacts. The cell phone chirped--the voice on the other end fuzzy but still intelligible: “We’ll be there in five minutes to drop off the shipment. Make sure you’re ready and no trouble.” The thugs replied, “Yeah we’ll be here, no problem.” After the time elapsed, a vehicle rolled in, a large cargo van with blacked out windows. The thugs got out of the vehicle and looked from right to left-cautiously scanning the horizon for any signs of detection. Out of the van exited a troop of swarthy looking Jews dressed in black shirt and a couple of Chinese, all of whom were armed with automatic weapons—a micro uzi clenched in their fists—accompanying them, a group of small children—their faces the very image of fear and traumatic abuse, their mouths gagged, a rag around their head, and plastic cuffs tying their hands in front of them. They appeared to be under ten years old and around the age of five at the youngest. They were herded together like animals, one of them being cuffed on the head by one of their Jewish handlers whose hairy knuckled hands resembled that of a Neanderthal, his menacing features callous, a psychopathic grin plastered to his face. “G’wan Goy punk! Get movin” he roughly spat out as the child scurried into the group of his fellow children who huddled together for protection. There were about twenty in the group and ordinarily, in a better world, these young children would be in school, but were instead herded about, not by the benevolent hand of the pedagogue but by the malevolent fist of the pedophile rapist!

The hard man gave a series of knocks on a steel door, reminiscent of the Jewish song ‘Hava Nagila.’ After a brief pause the door opened and the order caught a glimpse of the interior—a large bare room reminiscent of a warehouse with cages lined up against the wall and neon lights reflecting a harsh red glare off the smooth concrete floor. The troupe moved in double file, the Jewish thugs looking around monitoring the environment in the event there might be a witness. The door shut and the thugs returned to their car still on full alert. After about ten minutes the doors again opened and a couple of Chinese and Jews came out and entered the van after giving a nod to the thugs driving away. They settled down and began gossiping amongst themselves. “I’d like to get me a piece of that action, eh Jerry.” The other thug smiled with a leer and said, “Never get high on your own supply—their worth their weight in gold, I hear. Each one of them will fetch a high price in the middle east, higher still in China. After they are done with them they carve themselves a piece, if you know what I mean.”

Uber frowned and said to the crew, "I've heard enough of this. We all heard the password to get in--time to move out." The crew exited the van and split off into both vehicles, each part following the same route until they entered into the compound of the club. As far as the members of the order were concerned, anyone affiliated with Club Cherub had no place in this world and had purchased for themselves a one way ticket to the lake of fire. The two vehicles raced along the tarmac toward their mutual destination and when in view, they split off--one headed toward the front--the big van loaded with explosives in the form of C-4 plastique and a couple of rocket and grenade launchers--the other filled with the remaining hard men, Ford, Krup, and John who would take out the guards in the rear and attempt to rescue the children.

Inside the club, Krist Deville paraded around the children—its clothes discarded and a bull whip in its hand. Krist spoke with a laugh. "Little children! How I love you little children," and as it spoke raised the bull whip and lashed the little boy nearest it so that the whip cut in his flesh producing an audible cry. "How I . . ." the whip flagellating, fell again on the adjacent boy "...love children!" Krist cackled with glee, reeling in the whip and licking the blood from its leather, its tongue caressing the whip as if it derived some form of morbid delight from the pain of the children. Krist shook and writhed with ecstasy as it danced and whipped the children again and again--the Chinese and Jewish Mafiosos looking on with a ghoulish grin, an evil sneer of sadomasochistic glee as they observed the freak parading about.

At this moment a loud bang was heard from the interior of the club, Krist pirouetting as his sadomasochism came to an end. "What was that?" it asked, shrieking with surprise as smaller shrieks erupted in the dance area. "Get them! Go out there and find out who ..." But then another bang was heard at the front of the club and soon more shrieking and a stampeding sound occurred. Cars in the front parking lot had been meanwhile rigged with C-4 plastique, the heavysset bouncer at the entrance taken out by a well placed round from the sniper rifle that Uber carried as the revelers spilled out of the club, smoke from the smoke grenades Gear had shot into the club, spilling out and choking the confused throng.

By this time the front members of The Order had retreated into their van a short distance and waited long enough until the revelers had entered their vehicles before Uber hit the switch and blew the vehicles to hell, the blast careening across the parking lot, lifting up the vehicles from underneath where the C-4 had been applied and sending metal flechettes ripping through the drug and alcohol addled bodies of the revelers, flying into the interior of the smoke filled club and blocking the entrance.

Meanwhile, at the back, the pedo-sexslavers, leaving their cargo of children, sought to escape through the back door but were gunned down by FN FALS firing on full auto as they spilled out—their bodies doing the rigor mortis shuffle as they collapsed. One of the hard-men who had been on the inside kept the door wedged open as he fell back into the club, the two Mafiosos in their Lexus, scrambled to get out as they found themselves in an expensive deathtrap and were gunned down by a fuselage of lead death, their bodies swaying a comical dance with the reaper.

Krist attempted to run into the interior of the club but was forced to remain in the warehouse area amidst the caged children that lined the wall, their gaunt features looking sickly in the red light as they clung to the bars of the cages. Krist's bladder erupted and urine poured down its leg pooling at its feet. At that moment, John and the others raced into the room and John was taken by surprise as his conscious mind registered the freak. At first he had thought it was a woman, by the general impression, but a double take enabled him to understand its androgynous properties. "Krist Deville, leader of the freaks!" Krup shouted pointing his FN FAL at the freak who sunk to its knees attempting to crawl

towards him in supplication whimpering. “Please sir . . . please!” Krup placed a well aimed kick at the tranny’s belly and another bowel movement erupted and exited the red dress, the tyranny rolling in its own excrement and sobbing, “I . . . I’m . . . please . . . please . . . don’t kill me.” John took up his commando knife and said, “It’s ok Krist Deville, we’re just gonna give you a little surgical procedure”- in so saying , John sliced open the red dress of Krist, spilling out its guts on the floor, eliciting a piercing wail, a swan song, from the tyranny. Krup then sliced its throat and the creature tumbled to the ground in a sewer of its own excreta and effluent.

John radioed to Uber, “ We got a lot of kids here and so far as we can see there’s no one around-- come on back and we’ll rescue the kids.” The radio crackled as Uber responded, “There’s a team of Mossad behind the door John. I can see them in the drone cam. We’ll circle around and take ‘em out . . . just keep the door shut.” The door had been shut by Krup when they came in and secured the area. Uber and Gear swung the van around and moved with silent stealth toward the rear entrance still having the Mossad in view on the drone cam and who were oblivious to the goings on, both inside and out. The van moved in for the kill, Gear with the rocket launcher out ready to blast the group of agents who were waiting in their unmarked vans a little in the distance to find out what sort of move to make. As the van rounded the corner, Gear had the launcher out and fired point blank at the Mossad’s van, the rocket detonating on impact and rocking the van back on its haunches like a dogged kicked by its disgruntled master-flames erupting from the vehicle which crashed down on its side in a smoldering wreckage. A Mossad agent crawled out of the back of the van panting and in pain. Gear took an FN FAL and chewed him up with hollow points, his body stuttering like a Tourette’s syndrome sufferer before it went down in a heap. The van threatened to explode as it continued to flame and The Order members radioed in to John instructing them to remain inside to avoid any further detonation and injury. John responded, “10-4 and they waited a short while for the vehicle to undergo its inevitable explosion. By that time the wail of sirens in the background was growing louder. Uber instructed John to come out and beat a hasty retreat—to leave the children for the cops and the public to view. It wasn’t their responsibility to care for all the White children in the world who suffered under the evils of the Jews tyranny—it was only theirs to do what they could to see that those who sought to harm them and make their lives impossible, either through abortion, miscegenation, or outright mental or physical torture and murder, would receive their just punishment. That was all they could do. The Order moved out as the police approached, their sirens growing louder against the black night.

#### Chapter 10: Peace be with you:

Emmanuel Diamond waited in his armored Limousine for the Chinese connection. He didn’t like to lose face and demonstrate his reliance upon the Chinese who in his mind were just more Goyim and to rely upon them was a blow to his ego, and admission of failure and weakness that simply emboldened the Chinks to increase their tightening of the thumb screws they had put on him through their black market trade deals, claiming that they were unable to compete to offer him their services and goods at the previously agreed to prices and that he would have to increase his payment for the fentanyl tablets and cocaine and decrease their payments for the “meat” his Cabal had to offer. However, he was in no position to exert leverage as approximately half of his agents had been killed off by the mysterious Order and he had to seek immediate outside assistance as a means of combating their threats to the continuance of the operations of his business.

The most recent incident at Club Cherub had been the last straw and he realized that they were able to take on even his most heavy hitters. He accordingly reached out to the local Triad gang and requested that they furnish specialists who could handle the assassination of the order-to search and destroy. He was to meet with Jing Li, one of the members of The Center for Universal Peace whose

public face was a mask of new age adherence and who was one of the major players in the Triads as well as in the cult, working hand and glove with Ruben.

Now, though the Mayor hated the situation, he had to rely on Ruben as well, which doubly cucked him and diminished his standing while proportionately increasing that of his rivals. No matter, he thought as he drew deeply on a Cuban cigar and laid back in his Limo, his hooded eyelids giving him the appearance of a leisurely Mafia Don, which in fact he was, though officially the city's benevolent Mayor. That punk Ruben and his Triad affiliate would be taken out in due time—at present he was a useful pawn that could play a roll in wiping out another of his enemies.

After a few moments he observed through the tinted windows of the Limo, a black Limo of a similar make and model, wheel into view and a pasty Oriental get out of the vehicle-- Jing Li, accompanied by thick set Chinese body guards who looked paranoically from right to left covering the man who stood with stoic equanimity and looked toward the Limo of the Mayor. The latter was led out by his Mossad bodyguard and walked toward the Oriental, his face a mask of cordiality to which the latter reciprocated the two almost simultaneously holding out their hands in greeting, taking their partners and giving it a firm handshake. "Mayor Diamond, greetings," Jing Li said. The Mayor responding, "Glad you could make it Mr. Li. Shall we go to my Limo?" The Chinese bowed his head slightly and gestured toward the vehicle. "Lead the way Mr. Mayor" with not a little note of condescension in his voice that the Mayor pretended not to register when they both returned to the Limo and began taking sips of fifty year old port the Mayor had in his liquor cabinet. The Mayor spoke about the issues he had with The Order and how they had created a massive setback to his business. "It's a big problem Mr Li-for both of us. The problem is they've wiped out most of my men-I'm short staffed and we can't get a new influx of agents for at least a month as they are tied up internationally with other affairs in Israel and still in the process of training more. We need high level professionals skilled in the art of assassination-not newbies fresh out of the academy. I personally don't trust the White Goyim here as they don't have the ruthlessness of the Oriental like you and me. We need people unaffected by any Christian sentiment who are less decadent like the Whites-people who have a willingness to take big risks not play cloak and dagger games like those goofs, the Whites." Jing Li smiled and conveyed his agreement with the Jew while simultaneously implying his oriental supremacy and white inferiority. He replied, "I have many well trained men, Mr. Mayor-but they too have become accustomed to higher standards, living in the White countries. It will not be cheap for they are not Japanese Kamikaze, they value their lives." The Mayor took a gulp of port and replied, "We're in a state of desperation. Those Goyim in that Nazi order—they've got big time connections and big time fire power and are highly skilled. They alone pose a threat to us as they know that for them it's live or die, kill or be killed—thus we are fighting desperate men and they could do anything given the craziness of the White Goyim." Jing Li responded, " We understand, both you and I, how desperate these times are. Still there is much money to be had—much in the way of trade to be had," he emphasized implying he wouldn't budge on the price the Mayor knew would be exorbitant. The Mayor relented and said, "Name your price—we can recoup the losses once the order is finished." Jing Li smiled his subtle smile and the two began to lay out the details of their plan for the proposed elimination of their mutual rival.

Ruben and the throng of acolytes were gathered round with Jing Li dressed in their characteristic rainbow robes covering their black leotards. Mary was similarly garbed and they were all seated in the lotus position and uttering the mantra "Om Namah Shivaya Om" in monotonous repetition while Ruben had the ELF machine on generating vibrations that put all of the members into a state of harmonious consciousness so that all of the troubles that he and his inner circle had felt, given the

failed hit on The Order at Club Cherub, would dissipate. He intended to let off some steam that night and let loose in a sadomasochistic orgy with his haven of women and his affiliates in the inner order of Michael the Archangel with whom he had confided prior and who had been willing accomplices. Abdul and Jing Li had made extra effort to ingratiate themselves with the White women of the Center and to entice them into what they auspiciously described as a ‘sharing circle’ where they would all divulge their secrets and let out their closet of skeletons for all to see as a cathartic disburdening of their souls and as a cleansing and healing process to work toward universal peace which, Abdul said, began within.

The females were intrigued by the prospects and gathered round, motivated not purely by their desire to purify their souls as a desire to hear the salacious and more abundant experiences of their fellow cult members. The ELF machine was cranked to ‘happy vibes’--high vibrational frequencies being generated that conditioned the members to have a keyed up and near ecstatic state of consciousness that was amplified by the self-administration of what Ruben called ‘sweet grass,’ a PCP laced marijuana cigarette he said derived from an ancient native American practice—herbal lore that had been concealed by the Catholic Church until free thinkers had released the information from a desecrated church in Spain during the Spanish revolution. The cult toked away on the dope and entered into an ecstatic state. Abdul gave Ruben and Jing Li the signal. It was time to make their move on the females. Ruben bent over and whispered in the ear of Abdul. “How about we take some of those Shiskas out into the woods for a sacrifice to the Archangel?” he said with a conspiratorial sneer on his lips. The Arab’s eyes narrowed as he stroked his beard with a ghoulish grin spreading on his face. The White girl nearby, a young twenty something, giggled and pushed the Arab whose features momentarily darkened and his feral reactive behavior was hardly reigned in by his rational mind which he quickly corrected with a smile on his face and playfully gave a love tap to the girl. “Stop it,” she squealed—the drug beginning to work on her impressionable mind. Ruben got up from the yoga mat and raising his hands above his head clapped three times to get the attention of the drug addled group. “Ladies, ladies,” he said with a laugh, “lets all go and have a picnic in the woods next to the center . . . what do you say?” The girls looked up at Ruben with half-baked looks on their faces and giggled. Ruben clapped his hands again and gestured toward Abdul who rose, grabbing the wrists of two of the girls nearby who screamed again and were yanked to their feet. Ruben reached out to two other girls near him and began to move away from the circle taking them with him and said to Jing Li, “Stay here and keep things peaceful,” as he laughed with a cruel tone of voice and accompanied by the Arab, went out of the room to a nearby wooded clearing just outside the compound. The drone that had been monitoring the scene, transmitting audio/visual feed to Manu and the order’s compound, rose also and flew away toward the clearing spoken of by Ruben.

Manu communicated by com-link to the order members who were present nearby and who were preparing to strike against the Center for Universal Peace, forwarding to them the footage just captured with the message. “Go! to the clearing-Ruben and one of his affiliates are heading there with some of the White girls and it looks like trouble.” Uber responded, “10-4,” and relayed the message to the crew who were driving toward the compound with himself, Krup, and Ford in the van and the others in the armored SUV. They switched gears and began moving toward the clearing.

Once in the clearing, the members of the Center for Universal Peace began creating a space for the ritual which Ruben instructed them would be to initiate them into a higher knowledge. The girls, still high on the spiked marijuana, giggled and gathered round in a circle surrounding the fireplace. Ruben conferred with Abdul as the girls giggled and played about. “We will invoke the Archangel Michael and give to him the energy of the sacrifice of the White Goyim.” He opened his robe slightly

and revealed his cruel black knife that was hidden within. “forged in Israel and consecrated with the blood of sacrificed Goy children,” he said sneering. The Arab reciprocated his sneer and licked his lips. “But first we need to have some fun with these Shiskas,” he said with a tone of conspiratorality. Ruben agreed and they moved toward the girls groping them as they giggled, high on marijuana and PCP.

At that moment the revving of engines was heard as both van and SUV burst into the clearing, coming to an abrupt stop, their occupants spilling out, silenced H&K MP5s upraised and ready. The Arab and Ruben attempted to use the girls as human shields, Ruben taking out his sacrifice knife and pressing it to the throat of one of the girls who sobered up a little and stared toward the onrush of Order members who were outfitted with black armor and Kevlar helmets and face masks. Uber, leading the charge, took aim and with pinpoint accuracy took Ruben out with a head shot and his body went limp, collapsing on the grass. The Arab meanwhile attempted to sue for peace and feigning victim-hood said, “Oh thank you for sparing our lives heroic men. Thank you for liberating us from this capture, we . . .” At that pathetic display of innocence, Uber blasted another round into the face of the Arab who followed his Jewish master and collapsed on the ground—the girls screaming hysterically. The Order members surrounded the girls and Uber commanded, “string them around the trees and let the police handle them.” He took out a commando dagger and began cutting strips from the robe of Ruben, handing them to the other members with the instructions: “Gag ‘em and tie ‘em around the trees—there’s rope in the van.” Krup, the order member nearest the van, went and dug around for rope and came back with a coil, cutting off sections, handing them to the other members who grabbing the girls by their wrists, tied them to the trees and gagged them with the rainbow cloths. Uber stated, “Let’s move on the compound . . . go!” and they dogtrotted into the van and drove off leaving the girls tied to the trees struggling.

The vehicles wheels spun in the mud and they ripped away toward their destination. The drone flew ahead manned by Manu who guided it. As it came into view of the compound the wrought iron gates and topiaries could be seen, beyond which some of the Center guards were busy on their patrols with guard dogs meandering about. The vehicles came within sight of the main driveway leading to the compound and Uber said to his nearest companion, “Blast a hole through the gate Ford.” The latter took up a rocket launcher and opened the side passenger door taking aim and firing, the rocket speeding ahead of the racing van and blowing apart the electronic gate which buckled inward like a spider’s web that a juvenile delinquent had thrown a stone through as the two vehicles ripped through the flaming wreckage—the guard in the adjacent shack having been torn to shreds by the gate that had been blown apart like a grenade sending flechettes ripping through the hard-man, the armored vehicles racing through and into the compound. The security detail, those not already present, upon hearing the noise, raced around to the front entrance and began opening fire on the vehicles which proved fruitless as the racing machines were converted into assault weapons and rammed the guards, some of whom attempted to hold their ground. The windows of both vehicles were rolled down and the MP5s were pulled out erupting a barrage of sound suppressed fire, gunning down the remaining guards. The attack dogs had run for cover—those that remained were taken out with tranquilizer rifles darts the van carried.

The crew pulled up in front of the center and were greeted with a staccato of gun fire from Chinese made assault weapons held in the hands of Triad members present on the scene awaiting another shipment of meat from their boss, Jing Li. The Order had hidden themselves behind their armored vehicles and had begun to aim their fuselage at the Triad members who were scattered around the marble steps of the center and who were blasting away with their Chinese knock-off automatic rifles. The exchange went on for some time until only a few Chinks remained, most having been mowed down—their bodies lying on the steps, broken and battered with the hailstorm of lead they had

endured. The monotone rattle of Mandarin shouting could be heard over the order members gunfire and the few remaining Triads gradually backed off and into the interior of the mansion, turning and racing away inside followed by their adversaries.

As The Order members filed into the mansion a female scream was heard from up the staircase and the members split off to each side of the large staircase that wound upwards and toward the higher level at the signal of Uber who motioned them upwards. The scream was heard again.

As the order members reached the upper floor they caught a glimpse of a hang-glider positioned by the window with Jing Li holding one of the White girls captive, a pistol in his hand. He looked back with a sneer just before he pushed off and out of the mansion window that overlooked the hill and the town below. Not wishing to harm the girl, Uber looked out of the window and observed several other gliders at various altitudes descending upon the town, and ducked back inside. "There's nothing we can do save to strike against the Triads holdout, a Chinese community center in the downtown core. Given that they are obviously working hand and glove with the Cabal, they are long overdue for a strike against them as punishment for all of the drugs they have trafficked around this White world and all the atrocities they have committed against us--from their sex-slavery to their cannibalization of fetuses and whatever other sick perversion they carry out behind the scenes and behind their facade of 'humanity,' 'righteousness', and 'principle' and their 'great ultimate'. We'll give them a great ultimate, alright," he said holding up his MP5 as the mid-day sun glinted dully off the blue barrel.

Uber radioed in to Manu. "We chased the Chinks out of the Center but most of them escaped. Send your drone after them and give us a trace of where they end up. They've got some White girls with them as well." Manu's voice crackled on the headset, "I'm already on it, Uber. I've been following your exploits since the clearing. Great work so far. I'm gonna have to call in a favor from you first though. Before you leave the center, leave it a pile of rubble. We don't need that kind of 'universal peace' in this town, or anywhere else for that matter."

The Order members set about the task of demolishing the center, returning to the van and planting enough C-4 explosives in the basement to turn it to rubble. While there, Uber instructed the crew to search for records and any safe they might find as the information might be useful in assisting in stamping out other affiliates of the Cabal in other cities. After a brief time of searching, John came up with a source-a small bump in the carpet near the wall in one of the rooms that when the carpet was pulled up, after zipping it open with his knife, exposed a floor safe. Krup, an expert locksmith, entered into the room and took a stethoscope from the backpack he carried that contained essential miniaturized burglary tools and began turning the dial back and forth. After a few minutes he managed to open the door that exposed a large quantity of CDs and data storage devices apparently containing lots of sensitive information.

Krup took a small duffel bag out of his pack and began loading it with the information. Uber was looking over his shoulder and exclaimed, "Check it out, Krup! Vials! Better be careful!" Krup delicately extracted one of the test tube looking vials and examined the letters on it. It read, Avian flu. He placed it in a hardshell case he had in his backpack and took up another of the vials. "Tay-Sachs. Looks like someone has plans to create some chaos," Uber remarked. "Maybe we should beat them to the punch," John proposed, looking over Krup's shoulder. "I've heard," Uber remarked, "that Avian flu is not a virus that can harm the White man much, but has a specific influence over Orientals . . ." "And Tay Sachs is specific to Jews." Krup interjected, "And those with black blood," Uber commented with a smile. "And we know who has both mongoloid and negroid DNA . . . a perfect solution to a messy problem." "It will be up to the Lord to sort them out," Krup stated, ". . . the Lord of Karma, the Lord of

Nature.” The remaining vials were of the same material and Krup carefully placed them in the hardshell case. “Time to blow this Center for Universal Peace to pieces!” Krup said as the crew exited the room and made their way back out to their vehicles. They could hear, by this time, sirens wailing in the distance and Manu came on the headset. “Better get out of there guys . . . we’ve got the squad coming.” The order members piled into their vehicles and raced out of the compound. As they headed off down the road, Krup flipped the switch that detonated the C-4, sending the Center of Universal Peace to its eternal rest—the sky lighting up in a brilliant intensity of yellow light as marble and metal flew up 360 degrees around the compound.

#### Chapter 11: Chinese Lanterns:

The Chinese cultural center was located in the downtown of the city and monopolized the better part of the entire block in Chinatown being bordered by Chinese restaurants, manicurists, and Chinese grocery stores in the windows of which hung pressed ducks and the faces of pigs that had been dried and coated in some form of sweet and sour sauce. Flies were hovering around these items which to the Chinese were delicacies. Inside the center the Triad leadership sat back on lacquer chairs and silk red cushions embroidered with gold thread as the wail of Yangqin music played in the background. The Mayor and his coterie of Mossad agents, as well as a couple of high level masons of B'nai birth, sat around the table and sipped rice wine as the Triad leader, Jing Li, laid out his plans. “We,” he gestured toward the Mayor and his coterie, “are under attack by those White devils. I have called my contact in the Chinese embassy and alerted him to this fact and that we are needing more operatives here—both from you and from mainland China. There are no Triad members who can come here on such short notice, other than those based halfway across this country, and the local chapter can only spare five men. “You,” Jing Li said pointing toward the Mayor, “are tied up and I,” he said pointing toward himself, “am tied up. We do not know what their next move will be—we are sitting ducks—we do not even know where or who they are.” He brought his fist down on the lacquer table with a crash that surprised the Mayor who effected an air of common indifference at the uncharacteristic display of emotion on the part of the Chinese. The group continued to confer in desperate tones as The Order members crept into the center through the roof where they had found an air conditioning duct large enough to enable them passage. They had climbed up the rear entrance’s fire escape and onto the roof that allowed them entry into the interior and had come out inside the community center’s hall that opened up into the meeting room and were now positioned over it, their sound suppressed H&K MP5s poised and ready to do damage.

The Mayor who was slightly tired of the ranting of his Chinese affiliate began to yawn and attempted to suppress his look of boredom. However, at this moment the crew had all but surrounded the meeting from above and Uber yelled out, “Freeze! Drop your weapons!” The Mossad and Triad thugs, attempting to defy the odds, reached for their SMGs that were concealed beneath their clothes, but to no avail as the phut phut phut stutter of the MP5s riddled their carcasses with hollow points bringing them down like jittery marionettes on strings, crumpling in a heap. The Mayor and Jing Li had frozen initially hoping that it would be the prudent move, but as the thugs sprang into action, they reached for their piece until their arms were struck and incapacitated. Once their guards dropped they sued for piece. “Please . . . please” Jing Li cried out, recognizing from some dim level of his conscious mind that if the men in black had wanted him dead they would have already succeeded. The Mayor, thinking this thought also, looked around wildly hoping to find a means of escape, but finding none clung to his wounded arm and looked with a rat like gaze at his nemeses who began to race down the staircase toward the two crime figures. The men in black had them surrounded, their weapons trained on their targets, and Uber approached the two. “You two will pay for your crimes against the whites in



this town and against the the world"-and with a subtle motion, as they were staring at him, gestured to Krup and John who were behind the thugs and who had administered a rifle butt to the head of each which knocked them to the ground, unconscious.

Uber then took out, as Krup and John pulled off their jackets, two syringes from the pouch he was carrying and the others opened their shirts. He injected one of the syringes into each of the gangland leaders and walked out of the room followed by the remaining members. "Avian flu and the Tay Sachs virus should do their communities some good. Once it starts to spread around they will be dropping like flies. Krup who was tailing behind, cuffing the unconscious Mafiosi with plastic cuffs on wrists and ankles, caught up to the crew and they bounded up the stairs toward the exit and the waiting vehicles. Uber radioed Manu to bring the van around as they dogtrotted up the main vestibule making sure to leave an order pamphlet to notify the police or whomever entered the building that they had done the deed and that victory was theirs.

## Chapter 12: Raise High the Flag

The Mayor Lay sick in the most prestigious Jewish hospital in the country and motioned over to his yenta wife whose sad sack expression was etched with the suffering, real and imagined, of her people. Immanuel Diamond coughed violently as his fever sweat poured over his face, leaning toward his wife. "Honey . . . I . . . I'm dying." His wife anticipating this admission looked into his beady black eyes, tears pouring from her face. "I want . . . you to . . . help . . .," he muttered, his ashen face bathed in sweat. "Yes, what is it honey," she wailed. "I want . . . to . . . to go to . . . Israel . . . one last time. . . before . . . before . . .," he trailed off coughing.

Later that week with the Mayor in a state of terminal illness, owing to the inoculation of a contagious strain of Tay Sachs disease by The Order, he was lying in the sun at Tel Aviv and in spite of his pain took solace in the fact that he was there. A young Jewish nurse with a distraught look on her face, approached him with a newspaper, The Times of Israel, with a caption proclaiming: "Tay Sachs outbreak runs rampant through Tel Aviv." Below the caption read, "Possible trace to visitor from another country. Investigators have identified one Emmanuel Diamond, former Mayor of . . ." Diamond put down the paper and looked up at the noonday sun over the veranda and screamed out, "Oy gevalt! Oh vey!" his heart pounding uncontrollably as blood began to course from his mouth that gaped with horror at the fate of his chosen people. Terror sweat poured over his corpse like skin as his head sunk back against the pillow. He was dead—the strain of his recent experiences having caused a heart attack.

In Beijing, Jing Li also lay sick in the county's best hospital, surrounded by the most competent doctors his illicit funds could buy. His features were more gaunt then they had ever been, even in the days of his cocaine binging youth when he would take crank and coke to get him into fighting mode on the mean streets of the city, and which enabled him to claw his way up from the gutter to his height as the Cabal's Chinese connection in a mid size city in a country far away. Now he shook with tremors and turning his head wretched as a stream of vomit erupted from his skeletal maw, splashing on the adjacent doctor's smock. The doctor conferred with his associate in the Triad and stated that he had only one day to live at most. The Triad affiliate thanked the doctor and texted the message to his local unit so that they could fill the gap left by Jing Li's death. What the clever Orientals didn't know, of course, was that they were already dead and that the Avian flu virus that had been administered was already virally replicating over mainland China and would soon spread to epidemic proportions. The Triad affiliate would be bringing back the virus to his nest of Oriental snakes and worms, poisoning his own brood as they had been poisoning the White man's land from where Jing Li had come.

Back in the white nation a similar process was occurring, a viral replication of both Tay Sachs and the Avian flu spreading outward across the land as if a mysterious hand of death or a reaper's scythe was cutting down the ethnic communities so affected. The Order had come a long way since the beginning and had begun to seriously clean up the town. Now that the Mayor and his major henchmen as well as Triad affiliates had been eliminated, it was simply a matter of going after the more bestial gangs of spics and niggers to clean up the drug trade and the ethnic pollution that plagued the white population. As they went to work, the police and military were in a war of their own with infiltrators within their own ranks, attempting to pull off a coup and shut The Order down-putting the town under marshal law and eliminating their competition. The White cops and soldiers who hadn't been thoroughly corrupted, which was the majority, underwent clandestine housecleaning in the form of assassinations, the physical removal of their dissident elders which now excluded Jews and Orientals, all of whom dropped like flies, owing to the virus The Order had unleashed. It was now mainly a matter of eradicating the traitors in their midst, disarming and banishing the non-Whites who were no longer considered citizens but 'unpersons' whose presence in the town would be met with extreme prejudice, liable to execution on sight by any White resident. The order and police worked hand in glove cleaning house and after a week of steady pressure had pressure washed the fecal matter from the white picket fence and soon enough the swastika flag, the emblem of the Aryan race was raised from the city hall to fly proudly in the western breeze. John gazed upon the flag against the blue sky as Manu clapped him on the back. "The future looks bright here John, perhaps". .he paused "a little boring, however. What do you think?" John grinned in anticipation of what was coming next and said, "What can be done to alleviate the boredom of small town life?" Manu replied as the crew looked on, "Head to greener pastures-bright lights, big city. There's a world yet to conquer and we have only so long before the Valkyries come to take us away." The crew saluted the swastika flag and shouted, "Hail Victory!"

**THE ORDER** will return...

