

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 foreigner.

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 its 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 its 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 whiped 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: “Raaaphhhaeel: 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 “Vinceremenos! 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 programmed 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 bloops 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 than 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 picked 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...

