

RECONQUISTA BLANCO

Reconquista Blanco. The conflagration which tore apart the United States of America was intended to fragment it along ethnic lines. The conspirators were comprised of the international clique of Jewish supremacists and their Shabaz Goy affiliates, those whose loyalties were devoted exclusively to themselves and their personal profit margin, and the accruing of occult power for themselves.

The price they paid in exchange was their racial treason, a deliberate and willful destruction of their own biological kin on the altar of humanitas, the abstract conception of universal brotherhood wherein all bipedal entities are equalized in a global system of slavery. These conspirators received their karmic backlash in the form of a rope and the guillotine, their bodies thrown into an unmarked mass grave as the intended redrawing of the borders of the United States was instead taken over by the pro-white faction who managed to gain the victory in the conflagration. After disposing of the conspirators through military coups, the borders between states were re-established as before, only purged of their white man's burden, namely the non-white hordes who had been instrumental in bringing about the conflagration.

The race riots which had been fueled by propaganda over the course of a century before and had been sparked through deliberate false flag events had been designed according to the conspirators to tear apart the nation, justifying the imposition of United Nations troops and quelling any backlash on the part of the white population. However, the failure on the part of the conspirators to properly assess the relative strengths and weaknesses of the varying races and the willingness of their hired military mercenaries to turn their guns on their own people proved to be their downfall given the preparedness of their rivals who had been anticipating such a strike against themselves, made by the sinister elite for decades before. As such, the non-white hordes who were thrown against the white population managed to achieve only marginal success in decimating their racial enemies, and this almost entirely in the cities, wherein the universalist crowd of humanists, hypocritical or no, yuppies who lived in the trendy downtown area, were subject to the horrors of bestial violence on the part of their equals.

The remnant of whites in the cities rallied around one another in their suburbs and pushed out all of their non-white neighbors, in effect quarantining the area through ethnic cleansing. Those unwilling to go were forced out through threat of deadly force. Those who insisted on remaining in the face of the threat had their buildings burnt to the ground and or were killed and or arrested forcibly then forcibly evicted from the premises.

The remnant of non-whites rampaged in the inner cities and tore up their own living space, falling upon one another in utmost savagery, returning to the law of the jungle.

What didn't sweep them away through intra-tribal violence did so through the reaper's sigh of disease and starvation. The United Nations and domestic troops were recalled from all their strongholds internationally and were turned against the white population under the cover of quelling unrest.

Most of the soldiers in the ranks followed the advice of their ethnically identical NCOs and sided with their own populace. Seeing the writing on the wall of the United States as it was known to them, a multi-racial empire, was sinking rapidly into the grave and there was no redemption possible in that form which led to its terminal illness in the first place. All that could be done was to salvage what value remained and what was valued by some was looked upon as a threat by others.

Whites valuing whites, blacks blacks, and so too across all color lines. All the security forces, of course, bent on amassing for themselves as much real property and possessions they could hoard and accumulate at the barrel of a gun. Most whites maintained, to the extent possible, the once thought commonly accepted notion of private property.

Having respect for that of all initially, but upon observance of the behavior of others, relativism became the default of this formerly universal concept of property. Each race taking from its natural rivals and the whites and Asians pooling their resources together, the darker races generally descending into chaos and rending one another for loot, and the intra-tribal struggle for dominance which had constituted the fabric of their culture throughout their history. A thin tissue of culture, cultural sophistication, which barely veiled the bestial visage of the non-white whores and their primitive barbarism.

Thus the conspirators were unable to succeed in their genocidal plans of global dominion given that their inability to make good on their payment to their mercenaries canceled out any loyalty the latter had toward their paymaster. With the collapsing of the fractional reserve banking system and the counter-propaganda of the pro-white faction, which had awakened prior to this time, the white masses, to a sufficient extent that they had become aware of the Jew and their affiliates and had turned against those whites prior to this, were deemed an untouchable elect of chosen ones about whom no criticism could be voiced, as this would constitute sin and merit social ostracism and the inability to function in society. With this awakening, military coup and backlash against the conspiratorial oligarchy, the Jews and their affiliates were taken from power and those who could be proven to have been a part of the conspiracy in a sufficiently serious way, all Freemasons and high-level Jews, were summarily executed in the aforementioned manner by guillotining in a row, their corpses dragged through the streets and broadcast internationally on the newly established Pax Alba media.

Those Jews and race traitors not executed were banished from the country and sent to a barren island in the ocean where they were forced to fend for themselves receiving

subsistence aid from Pax Alba, the newly established white government of the United States and Europe. During the course of this time, the rival nations of the world were held in check in any attempted strike against the white countries through the latter's advanced weapons platforms, while the former underwent civil war in the event of the collapse of their economies, not having any ability to service their populations basic needs, and thus the latter erupted in violence against those they perceived to be an oppressive cast of capitalists. China and North Korea attempted to preemptively strike the United States, as did Israel, which also attempted to send its nuclear ICBMs in Europe.

However, all were ineffective given the sophisticated missile defense systems, and thus these belligerent nations had to be obliterated in retaliatory strikes from their targets, which demolished any effective military defense against usurpation by the later-formed Pax Alba. Israel, as both a nation, ethnos, and state, was subjugated, as a mad dog it was, and the world was delivered wholesale into the competent hands of the remnant of the Aryan race for a sustainably developmental administration. During the course of the conflagration, the white population was forced by necessity to defend their lives from genocide by the violent hordes who perpetually beset them from all sides, whether in the country or in the cities.

Those former leaders who had obtained their positions through glad-handing and an agreeable manner, in addition to their connections, were either deposed or led their community to the slaughter through a cowardly acquiescence before the enemy, with whom they invariably attempted to reconcile differences and make concessions to give their thoroughly euthanized to, given their thoroughly euthanized nature, and through the influence of the perfidious Jews who contrived to mind-control them into going along with their race-mixing agenda, the former's minds being too polluted with liberal propaganda or Judeo-Christian propaganda to have a willingness to oust the aggressive foreigners. Accordingly, they led their communities down into the mire of chaos in a race war, where themselves either slaughtered or deposed by more virile elements of the population, who came to the forefront and manned up to the invader, recognizing the threat the latter posed, which was glaringly obvious in the face of the rape and murder they subjected the white population to, especially the lower class, who were not so fortunate as to be able to afford to ignore reality as their self-proclaimed betters, who had chosen to move away into privileged circumstances and continue to ignore reality as they had done leading up to the conflagration, in which, in large part, had brought it about. Thus, across all lines of class, the whites were forced to awaken to the mud menace to their society, and the social pressure imposed upon them from below by the broad masses, whose willingness to tolerate their own extermination at the hands of the non-whites, who they were forced to meet with direct counterforce as a necessary means of survival.

Thus, the upper class either defaulted toward a racially loyal state of mind, or were

deposed and often subjugated through righteous punishment for racial treason. Those hard men who came to the fore amidst the conflagration were the natural leaders, the alpha males, who were selected by natural law to rule, and had no need of a leisure domain and political chicanery and theatricality in order to springboard themselves into positions of power. Rather, it was a command of men which placed upon their brows the crown of rulership, and their innate personal magnetism and galvanizing will to power which drew to them the weaker, as well as the stronger, elements of society.

As iron files drawn to a magnet, the iron will manifested itself outwardly in the form of the iron of guns and blood, as the invading enemy was ruthlessly slaughtered in dispassionate and stoical praxis. At that point, the enemy would either buckle under the countervailing pressure and leave for easier game, if they could manage to escape, or were overcome or overcame the whites based upon relative strengths and weaknesses. Thus, ultimately, once things came to a head, all of the humanitarian sentimentalism and willingness to bow and make concessions to others came to an end, and the battle raged, victory going to he who was most clever, and who could muster the greater force, not of numbers, but of power, and target that power toward the appropriate points of the enemy's body, those which constituted the weakest links.

In general, the non-whites were fairly easily dispatched through cordoning them off through infrastructural means, holding and maintaining the higher ground, or across rivers and other artificial barriers. The control of the basic resources and the inoculation of diseases, which the local medical priests and lab techs cooked up, being distributed into the water, food, and air supply, provided by crop dusters, etc., quickly created a rash of terminal illness that, in addition to the cutting off of food and water, as well as proper sanitation, soon turned the downtown into a veritable sewer of contagious putrescence, and the attempts to strike the white population were largely met with the reaper's sigh of lead, another body to throw into the sewer. In the cases of areas where redskin reserves existed, the non-white population went on raiding parties to pillage and loot, similar to the strategy of Attila the Hun, and were initially encouraged by their Jewish masters to carry out their attacks, as they have throughout history, brought against the whites.

Like their ancestors, the white population were adept at war, especially those who still retained their healthy instincts, being closer to nature in their rural communities, and developed sophisticated strategies that would rival a Napoleon or a von Clausewitz, utilizing all manner of feints and indirect traps to manipulate the savages to attack and fall into the black widow spider's webs. In the cities, the whites fared much worse, but nonetheless, there was still a remnant prior to the conflagration who had retained their warrior spirit and brought it to bear against the enemy, whose own neighborhoods served to an even greater extent as containment areas, into which the non-whites were virtually imprisoned. In those cities where the non-white demographics constituted the majority of the population, and were sufficiently cohesive, even if their numbers were

smaller, they tore through the urbanized whites like a kitchen knife through the flabby flesh of a pig in a slaughterhouse.

The former au courant yuppie demographic, who lived just a short distance from the ghetto areas, found it a trying time indeed, as their multicultural utopia was ripped apart before their eyes, the rose-colored glasses being knocked off by the fury of the black and brown fists. Those who were in the midst of the conflagration still had the scales of willful ignorance on their eyes, were then dispatched to the grave without a moment's notice through the agency of those same fists, which were armed with knives, guns, and pipes. The churches of the Christians were burnt to cinders, those which were not converted to Christian identity, and who focused on self-defense, not having fallen for the pacifism of the Jewish propaganda that had infected the minds of the populace.

Thus Christianity met its death knell, and went the way of the Dodo, being replaced by a solar phallic spirituality modeled on ancient Aryan religions, such as Zoroastrianism, and that of the Sumerians and Egyptians. Before the chaos was unleashed, the alpha wolves had developed organizations to combat the conspirators and their hordes, anticipating the rug being pulled out from under them by the so-called chosen ones, and were accordingly prepared well in advance of the mass chaos, having developed skills in skirmishing with the savage hordes, and become expert in their psychology and modus operandi, usually operating on the basis of the sneak attack, the gang attack, and in the dark. The principle of war, of striking the shepherds so that the sheep are scattered and thereby disempowered, was employed by the pro- white faction, who utilized this strategy to take down the leadership in their local area through assassinations, and to disempower the non-white hordes, who were without their leadership, lacking in effective concentration of power, and thus easily subjugated, save in the cases where they had independent gangs, and had adequate resources of their own to project their power against their white hosts, who played the role of dodo birds, laying down before the greater power and greater number.

During the conflagration, the conspirators pulled out all the stops and utilized their fleets of drones against those they had deemed a credible threat. Compounds of dissidents were targeted, and anonymous strikes against leaders of the opposition were undergone, and the conspirators' desperate attempt to knock out threats to their power, and once their power had all but dissolved, to seek vengeance upon those they deemed the enemy, the remnant of powerful and healthy-minded pro-white advocates, were not within their employ as controlled opposition. Luckily, word got out to most via insiders in the military, and they managed to avoid the strikes.

However, another weapon in the arsenal of its psychopathic self-chosen ones, consisted of electromagnetic fields generated by specialized devices that could modify the atmosphere, superheating it and causing forest fires, drought, and snowfall, the latter case in conjunction with the dispersal of heavy metal nanoparticulate by aircraft, which

had been flown over population centers for the decade and a half prior to the conflagration, and which could be used to create storms that could create earthquakes and increase the seismic activity of localized areas. As part of their depopulation program, the global elite targeted, prior to the collapse of their system and leading up to their intended orchestrated chaos, the helter skelter of race war, third world countries through creating earthquakes and tsunamis that destabilized their infrastructure and created the catastrophes necessary to decimate the population through food shortages and internal strife. Mexico was hit hard with the capital's volcano erupting due to the seismic activity, coastal storms induced.

The disgorgement of lava carpeted the population with a red carpet, ushering them to the afterlife as the entire country, once its major power center was struck and taken out of commission, descended to chaos, the drug gangs and army fighting one another for supremacy and eventually joining forces against the states, their hated enemy to the north. The US military was thrown into the mix and easily subjugated. The oppositional faction, while the race war raged and resources were spread thin, thus largely neutralizing the militaries of both countries and their attempt to defend against foreign threats.

It is at this juncture that our story begins. San Diego was home to the Hollywood Marines, a large military base of soldiers who were situated there, one might just as easily have said installed there by the conspirators in their anticipation of the race riots to come, which they themselves had sought to orchestrate. They got what they wished for as the mestizo hordes battled both niggers and system enforcers in a raging war which soon spread over all the cities of the nation, according to the conspirators' plans.

When things began to get out of control and the enforcers realized their paychecks had turned to rubber and a collapsed economy, all parties concerned defaulted to nature and displayed their loyalties according to the natural law. The color of the skin becoming a uniform and universal conscription being necessitated given that it was a zero-sum game. Triumph or die, the victors getting all the spoils of war, including the women, were forced to revert to their traditional supportive role once the rainbow train of the multicultural got derailed.

In San Diego County, Jack Carlson, a respectable middle-aged school teacher, blonde-haired and blue-eyed, the perfect image of the area, did his best to weather the storm around him, which seemingly had descended upon him like a storm, but being the intuitive he was, anticipated for some time to come. He understood that the race relations existing between the different groups in the area were strained at best, but up to the last minute he had had faith that things would work out. Perhaps a little more tolerance on the part of the whites and a little more effort, he thought, would grease the wheels adequately to enable the multicultural utopia to finally blossom like the rainbow rose he had conceived it to be.

He was a true believer in humanity and the possibility of a world without violence and guns, but as the guns blasted in the downtown away from his comfortable suburban domicile and the smoke of burning buildings from the looting and riots billowed like an ominous signal from an Apache savage, he began to have his doubts as to whether the melting pot was not merely a cannibal feast, with the white man being the main course and those invited being the strongest and most savage who could force their way upon the populace. Carl thought of his wife and young child who were watching the riots on the local views. He was about to turn away from the fence where he was watching the riots through his telescope, and from there when the neighbor Brad Thompson approached from the other side.

Smoking hot, isn't it? Brad said, eliciting a rather irritable crawling sensation in Carl, who found the plumber a crude and rather low-minded person. He replied, a pity that we can't just all get along. Brad laughed and said, I told you there's no dealing with niggers and spics.

They can't live in a civilized society where, at this point, he was cut off by Carl who expressed his umbrage and disdain for the latter's use of such crude language, and that it was people like Brad who had caused this situation in the first place, through their intolerant bigotry and fascist tendencies towards violence. At this, Brad laughed again and said, you've been swallowing the Jewade again, Carl? All that talk is system propaganda. It's just the Jews and their race-mixing bolt.

Carl again interrupted this time with exasperation. I won't tolerate anti-Semitism, Brad. That sort of talk led to the Holocaust, where six million Jews were horribly massacred by the Nazis.

We whites have much to atone for. We have sinned against all the other races, and we deserve what we get. Brad again laughed and replied, you sound like a religious man, Carl.

A real zealot. I guess your church of multiculturalism is burning. How are you going to put out the fire? Carl became exasperated, finally laughed, and not having any willingness to continue the conversation as Brad's laughter followed him.

Though Carl was a devotee to the multi-cult and had interiorized its dogma, perhaps as a means of convincing himself that he was doing what was right in his capacity as a teacher, indoctrinating the youth of society with their multi-cultist value system, he was left with a nagging doubt that his dogma was as sacrosanct and untouchable as he thought before the riots, and his emotional outbursts around Brad had been a way of convincing himself that his dogma was still the eternal verity he had conceived it to be throughout his life, and from the point of his own youthful indoctrination. As the riots raged on the TV, Carl stood next to his wife and child who sat on their plush couch. His home and family were the fruits of his labor of love, attempting to spread the gospel of

humanitarianism to the youth of society so that all would be one, and eventually form a loving group where there would be no more wars or strife and peace, could finally reign upon the earth.

The images of Spix, who Carl referred to as Mexican Americans to his wife and child, being white yuppies on the TV gave further pause for doubt in the possibility of such a world peace. Maybe once the dust settles we can all come to a reconciliation, he stated to no one in particular, more to himself than anything. His wife expressed an optimism which was characteristic of her nature.

I'm sure it'll be all right. Still, you should check the back gate to make sure it's locked, she said, referring to the heavy-duty fence they had installed, giving the increasing incidents of burglaries in the area, and which Brad, their neighbor, had recommended. Carl had eventually acquiesced under the pressure of his wife's insistence, though he wouldn't have paid the high cost if he had been a bachelor, and the notion of erecting barriers around himself didn't resonate with him, striking him as somewhat of a confirmation of what he had come to understand as white privilege and exclusivity, which is completely antithetical to his value system of inclusion.

His specious mind convinced him, however, that it was for his wife's sake that he had invested in a thick wall around his comfortable bourgeois domicile. When latent in his own consciousness, it was also motivated by a desire for that same exclusivity from the other he had so stridently opposed in his pedagogical vocation. Thus, in order to preserve a sense of integrity, he had transferred this selfish desire to his wife and child, though it included them also.

As he was checking the electronic mechanism with the remote to ensure that it was properly locked, he heard a scream from inside his house, followed by gunshots. He raced back to his house across the white line and took up a golf club, which was lying across a sack of fertilizer at the rear entrance. Cautiously, he looked into the residence and saw two figures darting around, pawing through drawers and upsetting the furniture.

He quietly turned the knob and shifted into his place, concealing himself at the foot of the stairs. He heard a coarse staccato of Spanish when he understood that being one of his specializations in his profession. Now, bish, don't have nothing worth taking to it, to which the other replied, gotta have a safe somewhere, I say.

The two searched around further and began to go down the stairs. Carl wound up with a golf swing he was known for at the country club and connected with the beaner's face, a spray of blood and teeth erupting as the nine-iron smacked the tattooed face of the gangbanger, who fell back to his partner and down the stairs. Caught by surprise, the other beaner attempted to pull out his machine pistol from his waistband but got it caught on his baggy pants and around his red bush jacket as Carl came up again with a swing and rocked his head on his shoulders, knocking him out cold as the two tangled

one another in a heap.

Carl pushed past them and scoured the place for his wife and child, who he discovered lying on the ground, each with a bullet in the head and a few body shots. He tested their pulse as he hugged them, with tears running down his face and found that they were dead. At this point, the scales fell from his eyes and he raced back to where the two Mexicans were and again took up the nine-iron and hacked at them like a demon golfer in a bad day, blood and bone flying up from their unconscious corpses as their lives expired.

He didn't stop until all of their skulls were tattered ruins of their former past glorious Aztec warriors. This was a rite of passage for Carl and it was bathed in blood. His liberal humanitarian bubble that had encompassed his head was now burst asunder and the blonde beast that his Viking ancestors had been in their berserker mode now laid itself bare.

He was now liberated from liberalism, the dogma which had artificially suppressed his natural instincts and inclinations to self-preservation. Now that his life has been destroyed in an instant, in the instant of the lead death visited upon his family by the ape men, he had resurrected himself through this epiphantical pain and loss. They had done this to him, to his family, to those who meant the world to him.

His world was now a hollowed-out, burnt-out world, scorched earth. Amidst the ruins, he found himself now a miserable slave of this multicultural prison who is recognized, now recognized that he had lived in error and for a purpose which had brought about the death of his wife and child. It was they who had killed him, yes, and they had gotten only a fraction of what they deserved, but it was also he who had killed them through his inability to protect his own kind, through his failure to play the role of husband and father in the way of his ancestors.

He had failed them and now he sat amongst the ruins of his life and world. He looked up as he cradled his wife and child's bodies at the TV and the riot footage. A police helicopter was patrolling the downtown and looking down at the spics as they beat and abused the white yuppies.

One white woman was being raped by a group of spic gangbangers who took turns with her as she lay helplessly crying. The police helicopter left the scene as reporter rambled on, but Carl didn't hear he was transfixed by the chaos. White bodies with bloody clothes lay on the ground and as the helicopter panned the downtown scene of San Diego, he observed the head of a white child impaled on a rye to iron fence post.

The anger of the berserker boiled up inside him and he laid his wife and child down after giving them a last hug. He would bury them in the ground later that day and discard the corpses of the Mexicans in a culvert on the outskirts of town. The downtown was under

martial law and the Marines had tanks and military aircraft flying overhead along with SWAT teams battling it out against the Mestizos and nigger gangs.

When Carl returned to his house, he called Brad on the phone to come over. Carl answered the door and escorted Brad inside. I know we had our disagreements in the past, Brad, but I've come to understand your perspective better now.

His eyes burned icily and Brad was put off by the cold, matter-of-fact tone of Carl. Carl, what's this all about? Carl stated bluntly, I know you're a hunter, Brad, that you're one of the gun nuts. Brad stared blankly at Carl.

I want guns, Brad. You've got to give them to me. Brad tried to express amusement, but his smile faltered under the penetrating gaze of Carl.

You got to get a license, Carl. I can't break any. Don't you see what's happening? Can't you see that the law has been put away and it doesn't matter anymore? Carl had grabbed Brad's shirt sleeves as he said this.

All right, Carl, but don't get too crazy. I can get you a gun. We can go to a place I know just west of here.

Guy I know. And he can set you up. He finished stoically.

Carl relaxed a bit, letting go of his shirt. Do you know how to shoot? Brad asked. Carl stated he didn't and Brad invited him over to his house to use his basement firing range.

The two went over and Brad brought him down to the basement. Carl scanned the room and took inventory. Automatic rifles hung from their racks, a wide assortment of various menacing looking armaments.

AK-47s, M16s, a grenade launcher, an H&K MP5, FN FAL, a MAC-11, a Scorpion machine pistol, and an assortment of handguns and shotguns of every make and model imaginable. The basement was lengthy and the end of the wall entailed a series of targets, most of which were of a racist nature, depicting stereotypes of the races. Jews, niggers, spics, chinks, and liberals.

The room was arrayed with flags of the NSDAP and various neo-nazi organizations. This was the inner sanctum and Carl was about to be initiated into the mysteries of racial realism. Brad gave him some earmuffs and shooting glasses and said, we'll start small given that you're wet behind the ears.

He handed Carl a glock from the wall and Carl readily accepted it, turned toward the targets, eager to get underway. Brad laughed and held up the unloaded magazine in a box of ammunition. First you got to learn how the thing works.

He instructed Carl the proper loading of the weapon and its mechanism of action. Carl

soaked up the knowledge and Brad finally handed the weapon to him after taking out the magazine and ammunition. Carl assembled it and Brad positioned him at the targets.

I've set this up to be pop-up and movable targets. The plexiglass wall we're hiding behind, in the event of any ricochet, will catch any stray bullets that don't get their steam taken out of them by the wall, which is comprised of a specialized material that deadens the impact of the slug. The targets are also made of a bulletproof composite material that may lead to ricochet, though they're on springs so the bullets would hit the ceiling, hence the plexiglass.

He handed Carl a bulletproof vest and helmet. This way creates some degree of realism in the training. Me and the boys go out to the desert where we have constructed a makeshift town with targets that pop up.

Sometimes we do drills with paintball also. Drills which have prepared us for what is going on downtown right now. I won't say you're too little too late, but you've got a lot of slack to pick up.

Carl, having put on the vest, took up the pistol and ammo and loaded the weapon. He was ready. Brad flipped a switch to darken the room and then pushed a button.

From out of the wall, in front, a target popped up and the sound effect played. Fuck you honking motherfucker! A nigger popped up and Carl took aim and fired. As the plexiglass registered red dots were the sound effects of gunshots mimicking the gunshots of the nigger.

Fuck you honking motherfucker! The sound effect again proclaimed as Carl blasted erratically at the target, bullets striking home and missing the target, swearing as he hit. Motherfucker! Brad let him get off steam and put his head, hand on his shoulder. Not bad for a first-time shooter, but you'd have been killed by the nigger if that were a real encounter.

Every time a red light goes off, you're hit. I can set it up so that levels of difficulty are created and you face tougher or easier opponents. I had set it on medium difficulty there.

Now we'll increase the difficulty. He twisted a knob on the wall which modified the program of the interactive shooting range. He twisted a knob.

This time a spic popped up and ran along the course. Carl was put into a state of fanatical rage recalling what had occurred just a few hours before and drilled the target, expending the magazine as the spic screamed out, Puto! Odele! La Raza Loco! and finally expired. However, a red dot had appeared on the plexiglass indicating that he had sustained return fire and had been hit.

Carl stated, I'll put a dent in those beaners if it's the last thing I do or they'll pay for what they've done to me and to the city. Brad said, now you're talking. Tried to tell you before, but Carl stared into my sleeve and said, when can we get the guns? Brad said that he wanted Carl to have more practice first before he was convinced he could pass a scrutiny of his connection.

Who was only interested in buyers who were of a more hardcore caliber? Carl acquiesced and Brad said that it was time to up the ante and move on to bigger and better things. He took a Mossberg pump-action riot gun from its rack and instructed Carl how to operate it. This time we'll use multiple targets as there'll be multiple targets coming after us soon, given what I'm seeing on the news.

Carl took up the Mossberg and trailed the weapon on the, trained the weapon on the impending targets SWAT style, ready to pump and dump a load of lead death into the assailants. He recalled to his mind the images of his wife and child and the faces of his spics on TV and those which he had smashed at the golf club. He would smash them all in vengeance for what they had robbed from him and his training here would be a test of his resolve.

Brad pressed the button and two targets, one from either side, popped out of the wall and came rushing forward. One was a Jew, his hooked nose and pasty face leering obscenely at Carl as the latter aimed the pump gun in his face and blasted it away. The target screamed, aye, aye, aye, as it popped up and down with your clown boxing bag.

At the other end, a mestizo rushed out into the sights of Carl. He discharged the remaining payload into the target, pumping out shot as the target raced by. Bato, loco! The target shrieked.

The sweat beaded Carl's face, his heart racing as he kept pumping rounds from the gun, blasting into the hole where the spic had gone. Brad placed his arm on Carl's shoulder saying, easy Carl, it's over. Snap out of it, buddy.

Carl finally came to his senses and responded, let's get it on. I want more targets and whatever it takes to get fully trained. Whatever your buddy requires, I'll supply.

Brad patted his shoulder and went on to the next training exercise which entailed the assault rifle firing on semi-automatic and from there to the Mac 11 and other SMGs. When the smoke had cleared, Brad said, I'll give my buddy a call and ensure that we can get an appointment, but you'll have to bring a wad of cash to get what you need as he doesn't deal with small fry. Carl agreed to the terms.

Whatever it takes, I'll do. Brad's contact lived out in Santee, away from the coast. There was yet minimal chaos in the suburbs as the smoke from the downtown's rotten core continued to billow up on the horizon.

The two traveled together in Brad's jacked-up 4x4 truck, Carl having brought a small satchel of cash that he kept in the floor safe in his house, amounting to a cool 60 grand. The terrain opened up as a dry, as the city faded into the background, though Carl could see the billowing of the smoke in the rear-view mirror for some kilometers as it spread off toward the survival retreat where the contact lived. A dirt road led off from the well-paved road leading from the city and they merged off toward the ranch.

A few cows and sheep grazed along the sparse terrain in the ranch house as it came into full view. Brad had phoned ahead to alert his contact, given that the latter typically had booby traps and alarms active, and when they approached the invisible perimeter that only Brad knew of, he contacted the owner. We're nearing the perimeter, Brad said, and received a double beep in response.

We're good to go, Brad said as he sped close to the ranch house. The contact was waiting for them as they rounded the bend and the house came fully into view. A thickly muscled man with chiseled features and iron-gray hair, a handlebar mustache and beard, as well as sunglasses and long hair, further served to obscure his features.

He was wearing what looked to be khaki fatigues and had a pistol in her shoulder holster, as well as military-style boots, and was carrying a military-style assault weapon, all black, with a large-capacity magazine. Call him Mr. Kelky, Brad said. That's the only name I know him by.

The man stared grim-faced at the truck and seemed to penetrate Carl's eyes with his own. The two locked onto one another as if drawn by magnetic forces. Two kindred spirits.

Or maybe it was Mr. Kelky who was calling to the war god within, challenging Carl with his gaze to test his mettle. Perhaps Mr. Kelky was transferring some of his occult qualities of war, his martial power, to Carl as well. Carl fed on the energy and anticipated what would be in store for him at the ranch.

Though Carl had been up until a few hours ago, a liberal, that eternal rainbow flag, that external rainbow flag wrapping had quickly been torn off through the traumatic loss of his wife and child, revealing the white marble of the Aryan within. Brad parked the truck, and as they got out, they heard a barking of a pack of Rottweiler dogs, which were chained up in alcoves on either side of the building, virtually hidden from sight. Mr. Kelky spoke.

I knew me. What's your story? Gone a grudge against the world? Looking for vengeance? As Carl began to open his mouth to speak, Mr. Kelky cut him off. It don't matter to me, son.

I heard all the excuses. Hell, I even made some myself. But when the war god takes

possession of you, you just let him use you.

You let him have his way, son. He'll take you for a ride you'll never forget. Hell, it just might bring you a little luck while you're at it.

Brad spoke after a pause. Carl here is looking for some firepower. Can you hook him up? Mr. Kelky pondered.

You got the cash? Carl, he said sardonically, still looking at him with his penetrating gaze. Carl took out his bank bag of cash and stated sixty grand. Mr. Kelky said further.

What do you want to do? Carl asked why, and Mr. Kelky displaying infinite patience spoke to him in the condescending tones of a schoolmaster speaking to adult pupils. If you want the right hardware, I gotta know what its function is so I can match the hardware to the program. Do you get the program, Carl? Carl was being looked at quizzically by Brad Grasso.

Just what it is that you intend to do anyway? Sixty grand is a lot of cash. Carl, his own patience wearing thin said, I have my reasons. What I want is hardware, as you call it, for operations of my own.

One-man operations that Mr. Kelky interrupted again. I gotta match hardware with the program. If you're here to joke around, you can get.

At that, he whistled at the Rottweilers. He began barking and growling. Carl said, tell you what, I don't know why Mr. Kelky says that Carl was concealing deep pain and loss.

Given his distant facial expression and tone of desperation, he replied, if you want, I can help you, to give you advice in any case. You look like you need it, Carl. His tone was no longer sarcastic and he whistled again to silence the barking of the dogs.

He invited the two into his ranch house, a brick-and-mud building with heavy log posts serving as a gate and fence with gaps in between so that a gun barrel could stick out. Barbed wire was coiled on top with shredded glass and various outbuildings dotted the landscape. Sea cans and square brick buildings that served as storage depots and guard posts.

Mr. Kelky approached the door to the house, a solid metal door with high security locks and multiple deadbolts set in a metal frame with super hard reinforced concrete so that any potential for release raids would be all but impossible. As he entered, Carl looked about and observed all the trophies of the hunt. Heads of antelope and bighorn sheep, of bears, and even the head of a lion and a hippopotamus.

Antlers decorated the walls like a veritable mausoleum of quadrupedal death, although quadrupeds alone were not represented. A large alligator staring at them as they

entered into the stone house and Carl was again imbued with the spirit of a war god. Bear and tiger skins, skin rugs festooned the stone floor and the music of Bach played on the crank phonograph by the bay window.

A fire roared and next to it a beautiful blonde woman with square and regular features, the spitting image of Teutonic beauty, strong of noble stature, standing by the fire and roasting some game birds on a spit. Mr. Kalki inquired of a woman whose name was Ingrid. When the meal would be ready and she spoke in a musical tone with a strange accent that Carl couldn't place that it would be ready for in a few minutes.

Bach's string music played in the background as the sun sank lower on the horizon. Mr. Kalki gestured toward the dark burgundy leather chairs and the pair sat down, their feet sinking into the bearskin rugs. Mr. Kalki spoke.

While Ingrid is preparing our meal let me know what your problem is in as little detail as possible and I'll give you my insight and recommendations. Carl met his eyes and again began imbued with the warrior spirit which kindled in him a recognition of the kinship he had with Mr. Kalki. A strange primordial connection in the blood memory and led him to have a willingness to extend to this stoical embodiment of the war god.

Extend trust. He began. Today I buried my wife and child.

They, he choked back his rage and pain, were killed by a couple of the Spics, gangbangers, La Raza. I want to get vengeance on them for what they've done. They took everything I care about.

Now I only have hatred for them. That is all I have to live for. Mr. Kalki responded.

Well Carl if you're living for hate you can be sure you won't be living for long. That, that is a thousands teeth that you're outnumbered at cartel by a large margin. If you're going alone that is.

Carl looked inquisitively at Mr. Kalki and asked what he meant. I mean the latter said that you don't have to go alone. He paused and stared up at the lion's head above where Brad was sitting.

Tom was the white man, the Aryan, was king of the jungle. Now the lion has been declawed by the Jew. He paused the moment as he observed the twitch in Carl's otherwise syllable massage.

Yes the Jew, that parasite has taken us down from our position as king of the jungle. The ass has put on the lion's skin and sits on a throne. Brad jumped in.

I tried to tell you Carl. It's the Jews behind the whole global conspiracy. They want a world of their own.

If you want any books on the subject I could lend you some but it would take a while to come to understand all the facts. Carl responded to the both of them looking from one to another. I was always aware that Jews had the lion's share of power but didn't realize that it was a conspiracy beyond the Christian and capitalists.

Now get that thought out of your mind Carl. Mr. Kalki said Christians serve Jews not the other way around. The conspiracy is Jewish from top to bottom from Freemasonry to communism and yes to capitalism as well.

They're all tentacles of the same octopus which chokes the world. They want to genocide us whites and eliminate us as competition to their power. To mix all the so-called races together into a mongrel byproduct.

They want those spics who killed your child and wife marrying or breeding with at least your wife and they want you and me and Brad and all whites dead. We either take down their system or they take us down. There's no other way.

Mr. Kalki continued. I've got a crew of hard men in the city who are right now doing what needs to be done with some of the inner-city gangs. Both spics and niggers.

I hope you don't mind my asking but did you get a look at the killers? What colors they were wearing? Carl stated blindly red. Mr. Kalki replied that would make them low-rasa. They are one of the most influential and powerful and spick gangs and are what amounts to numbers and power and invading army.

They are one of the major targets of the crew. I can put I can put you in contact with. They'll help you along and show you the ropes.

If you're serious. His penetrating gaze bore into Carl who returned his stare and Mr. Kalki then gave then given his knowledge of human psychology understood that Carl was a suitable candidate for the crew to which he was referring and stated I'll put you in touch with the crew when you get back. You can overnight here and we'll go through the inventory that I would recommend you have.

I make an effective strike or strikes against low-rasa. Make no mistake they're a well-armed cartel and when I referred to them as a private army I wasn't kidding. They are batshit paranoid and have had plenty of experience with inner-city skirmishes in reality.

More like battles with both the cops and nigger gangs as well as their own rivals. The crew intends to completely annihilate them and have all the necessary hardware and strategies of war mapped out. However there's still room for more and you can ride on the bandwagon to victory if you wish.

At that point Ingrid came out and announced that dinner was ready. Brad asked as she turned and went back into the kitchen. Mr. Kalki what accent is that? Sounds German

only not entirely.

The latter replied she's a migrant who was forced to flee from the nigger violence in South Africa. Her parents were tortured and murdered on their farm when she was away in the city shopping. When she returned she discovered them butchered like animals.

By animals. She was traumatized and had to leave to clear the memories from her mind. Carl looked toward Ingrid from the living room as they walked into the kitchen and stated I can relate.

Mr. Kalki called out to Ingrid. When is my wife coming back from the neighbors? Ingrid stated that it just radioed in. Mr. Kalki informed the pair.

We use radios here instead of phones that way there is no possibility of surveillance as our radio communications are necessarily brief and usually coded. We communicate with the crew in the city. Also I may maybe later we can have a preliminary call with them.

However I think it best if you meet face-to-face now that you have my approval. The crew will give you the opportunity of a lifetime to become a soldier in the race war. Ingrid greeted them and had pulled out their chairs at the table and eyed Carl with a secret look of admiration favoring him with a smile.

He returned her smile politely and they all sat down. Mr. Kalki spoke folding his hands before him. Eternal All-Father we thank you for this meal of your bounty which you supplied throughout your omnipotent creative will.

We will carry out our duties as apportioned to us by thine grace and carry them out unyieldingly in accordance with thy divine will. All-Father Wotan, O mighty omnipotent deity, grant us the power to defend our holy race, the Aryan race, in its nobility and honor against the forces of darkness and their devious treacheries. Grant us the heart to endure as we progress along the path of progress you have charted in the course of your heavens and to bring upon the earth the glorious Aryan Imperium for all eternity.

Grant us the power to mold ourselves in your image under your divine ages and to fulfill this noble task. For thy will is the truth and the light which banishes the darkness and prophecies a whiter, brighter world. All hail All-Father Wotan.

Ingrid and Brad echoed the words and Carl sat silently, feeling as if imbued with the divine light. They began the meal which, alongside the game birds, consisted of dishes of berries and peaches as well as sprouted bread, all of which had been grown on their farmland. Bach continued to play in the background, creating a noble ambiance to match the silver-wearing plate as they partook of their humble and wholesome meal in the stone-floored dining hall which could accommodate up to 50 people.

Mr. Kelke, observing Carl that the latter was looking at the coats of arms which

festooned the hall, explained, the above coats of arms are of the families, the clans of my Germanic, or perhaps I should say Teutonic, ancestors and their relations. I came from a very ancient house but have no heirs that I can trace. I had a son once but became separated from him until he was a young boy.

At that, Carl looked up suddenly from his meal with greater interest than before as Mr. Kelke went on. We were on a safari trip in Africa and we had been besieged by a nigger tribe. Our nigger hunting guides got scared and ran off, abandoning us in the jungle.

The gas we had with us was low, we could only drive so far toward the nearest village, a rival of the attacking tribe who followed our trail and beset us. I used what few guns and ammo I had to defend my wife and son but was shot in the abdomen. Mr. Kelke noticed that Carl was looking at him with an intent look on his face and paused before continuing, observing that Carl was not eating his food, so he reminded him and the latter continued.

Mr. Kelke continuing the narrative. Yes, I well, I still have a scar right over the kidney. The bullet lodged it.

Luckily, a local missionary doctor was able to extract it and as I crawled back to the village upon becoming conscious, my last memories of the event were of my wife being hauled away by the niggers, their bodies ceremonially scarred and faces festering with strange markings and primitive jewelry, bones and so on. It was at that point that I came to realize the savage nature of the nigger. My last memory of my son was one of the tribesmen hacking at him with a machete along his back and blood spreading out.

He was only eight years old at that time. His motives, he most certainly was killed by the savages. He trailed off as if uncertain as to whether his analysis was correct and his eyes again were directed at Carl, as if there lay a key to the mystery he had puzzled over for the whole of his life since that time.

Carl stood up and lifted his shirt, revealing the scar from the machete the nigger had made across his back and stated as Mr. Kelke opened his mouth in astonishment, his eyes growing wider. Father! cried Carl and the two went around the table to embrace one another. Ingrid smiled and Brad shouted out, a family reunion in the grand style.

Carl embraced his father and patted him on the back. The two looked into each other's eyes. Welcome back, my son.

His father continued and gestured for him to take his seat again and discuss his story. Tell me, how did you manage to escape? There was no trail left by you or the savages, so I couldn't track you down. Being wounded, I had no choice but to go back to the village and set out to find you with a crew of armed men as soon as I could.

We beat off the savages and rescued my wife who had been raped. I was unconscious

when we found her. There were no traces of you, Carl replied.

I was carried by two of the savages and when they rounded a corner in some bush, one of them tripped over a branch and crashed to the ground, sending me flying to the ground. I crawled away into some underbrush while the two fought with one another. One ended up being killed, his skull smashed by a rock.

The other took up. To cover his tracks, the killer ran off to join his fellow tribesmen and escape punishment for having lost me as he found he couldn't have been found without me, so he just disappeared. He concerned himself about saving his own hide.

I wandered in the jungle and eventually came to a dirt road which led to a nearby village. There I was given food and shelter and the tribe, in spite of their rough ways, made me an honorary member. After a period of days or weeks, I was unable to remember.

I was... I don't remember how long. An old English gentleman and his secretary came through with their entourage and took me away to America where they returned. I was raised by them and given the best education and wound up here after they died.

Their fortune was bequeathed to their errors of which I received a fair portion and have invested in various stock companies. We can use that money to fund the organization, of course, given that I no longer have any use for it. Who can tell what might come from this war against La Raza? I might die and hence the money will merely be stolen by the government or shyster lawyers.

60k is to me peanuts relative to the fortune I inherited. Mr. Kelki pondered a moment and replied, your story is quite amazing. A fortunate outcome we have had, yes? As to the money, the more the merrier, though I have amassed a small fortune of my own through arms dealing by way of my military contacts.

For I was a captain in the Marines when I retired early, not having any willingness to put up with the bureaucratic bullshit, I kept my hand in, only using my insider knowledge for good, for the destiny Allfather has planned for our noble Aryan race, rather than for evil to facilitate the protocols of the elders of Zion, such as in the case of many of my former military comrades, whose rise in the ranks entailed conscription to Freemasonry and its heinous atrocities of black magic and slavish service to the Jews. I take it you are aware of the why of the riots and chaos in the downtown of San Diego. Brad intimated that it was Jews behind the conspiracy and gave me references, but I haven't had time to prove it convincingly to myself, either through personal experience, which lends some supportive evidence, though I won't pretend that I am fully convinced one way or the other.

Mr. Kalki stated, as part of the organization's initiation, you will be required to attend various lectures comprising videos, presentations, and scholarly proof of this reality, in

addition to reading a variety of pamphlets which you will be tested on. That is the theoretical side of the initiation. He trailed off with a cryptic smile on his face.

Karl interjected, just what is this organization and how will it help me to seek revenge for what has been done to my family? Mr. Kalki answered, don't you see? They have their army, we have ours. You have lost your family, yes, and it is a tragedy, but don't forget your extended family, your race, from whence you sprang into which you owe your life, for it was they who gave you a chance at life. The organization is called the White Hand, and it represents the interests of the white race in this region of the country and globally.

It is a global network of militant pro-white activists who have decided they have had enough of the system and are willing to put their own lives on the line for the survival of their people. At present they are engaging the enemy of the city, and that enemy includes those not exclusive to La Raza. We will select your hardware with my advice and your agreement.

Karl nodded in confirmation of this willingness to place, and from there we can put you into contact, Brad and I, with the organization and recruiters, who will take you under their wing. Your mother and I remain here and play our roles as supply technicians and carry out administration that can be dealt with in person, that can't be dealt with in person and locally. He escorted Karl, whose eyes lit up upon being reminded of his mother, toward the armory and bounced there saying, your mother is away for the night, but will be here in the morning, and you can have your reunion then.

They descended the heavy wooden spiral staircase, which was constructed from rough human logs, which had been planed on top and bottom, and then had had a coat of natural varnish applied made of beeswax and pine sap, after having been dried in the sun. Over top were placed more animal skins of a variety of kinds, so that descending the staircase was like going to an exotic zoo. The staircase opened out of the basement, which also was festooned with stuffed animals and weapons, and the manner of Brad's shooting gallery.

Gunsmithing equipment was scattered about with various projects in place, in vices and in varying stages of disassembly and workmanship. Mr. Kelke spoke as they stepped off the staircase. This is a factory, Karl.

We, myself and an associate of mine, do all of the more advanced gunsmithing for the organization. For us, it is a labor of love and a hobby. We manufacture silencers and large-capacity drum and box magazines, as well as more exotic equipment, like this.

He grabbed a multi-barrel firearm, which Karl noted had five barrels and a large drum of ammunition underneath. Here, Mr. Kelke said, handing the weapon to Karl and being still a neophyte when it came to handling firearms, took the weapon awkwardly and

examined it. Mr. Kelke pointed out its features, indicating the switch was toggling between all to alt to center.

That means, if an explanation is needed, all barrels fire, or every alternate one, or the central one alone. When it fires, all barrels are fired with one depression of a trigger, giving the firearm a real kick. Karl inquired us the nature of the gun and its use, admitting that he had minimal knowledge of firearms.

Mr. Kelke continued, it's a semi-automatic rifle that is commonly called an assault rifle, and discharges NATO standard rounds. However, it can be converted, using the barrel tubes, to discharge com-block ammo, rendering it relatively useless to any who might recover it, given the relative rarity of that ammunition in this country. We're proud to say we haven't lost one yet.

He picked up a hefty magazine that went with it. This is a 200-round magazine, and when you point it to another toggle switch, which indicated auto and semi, flipped to full auto here, it'll eat up that ammo in no time, on all or alt. The barrels are shrouded, and can accept silencers, which I've developed.

I call it Kelke, after myself the inventor, but not only, as the ancient Aryan, after the ancient Aryan Vedic texts speak of the coming of an avatar of Kelke, who is the last avatar, and who will come on a white horse to close the cycle of the Manvantaras, ushering in the new golden age, when all of the wicked are judged. This, he pointed at the weapon, will be the harbinger of their judgment. Perhaps you, Carl, will be, if only as one of the many forms of that avatar, the rider on the white horse.

Carl looked at his father, and his icy blue eyes met his gaze. A war god drew his sword at that moment, and Carl raised the firearm, its pistol grips raised shoulder-high, and pointed to the target at the other end of the room. He discharged the trigger, and took aim at the image of the Jew's head, plastered to the wall, blasting it apart with all barrels, the rounds of Saturnian-led death, eating it up as brass casings flew, the firearm trembling with battle rage.

The silencers having been installed, the only sound that was emitted was a muffled whistling footing sound, and the sound of the cases littering the concrete floor. Carl stared at the decimated target, his features hardened, and his icy blue eyes riveted on his father. Show me what I need to have to get my revenge.

I see now that things are bigger than myself, but I still must have vengeance for what was done to me by the beaters. His father took the gun from his hands, and placed it back on the workbench. When this is completely finished, I need to adopt it, adapt it to accommodate a night-vision scope and a detachable tripod.

If, and I know you will, you pass the complete initiation process, then I'll give this to you.

You'll have earned the right to bear Calci, and like the Avatar, to deliver justice in the form of lead to the evil of the earth. The Beastmen and Jewish Devils.

You will then embody the martial spirit, and serve as an Avatar yourself. We'll serve, like I have, so many times as the instrument of the war gods and of divine justice. Carl nodded as his father escorted the two into an adjoining room.

This is where we keep the stores and furnish the crew, the White Hand, with everything and anything their White Hands can carry. Carl took stock of the inventory, which carpeted the wall with instruments of death. Grenades, rockets, mines, automatic and semi-automatic weapons of all shapes and sizes, from the conventional to the exotic.

Miniguns and belt-fed machine guns lined the floor along the wall, as well as a couple of smallish bombs and missiles. We're just about ready to make an all-out strike against the savage hordes, Mr. Calci proclaimed to the pair. We've got insiders in the military ready to make a coup on a national level.

We'll let them handle their business, and they'll see to it that interference on the part of the military is minimized. Our mission is to burn through the ranks of the non-whites and decimate them. For all the rape, murder, and drug dealing they've done, all the harassment we've suffered as a race at their hands, they'll have hell to pay as Calci will roar with the fury of a raging lion.

Mr. Calci looked at his son and stated, If I were in your shoes, which I wish I were, but I'm duty-bound to man the fort here, I would gather the following arms with which to bring an effective one-man war against La Raza, the Spics in general. Fortunately for yourself, you'll be working in conjunction with the White Hand, of which you'll be a member, though I'm sure they'll grant you the privilege of carrying out special missions in the form of what has been called lone wolf activism. Assassinations and one-man operations, taking care of business in an efficient and effective manner.

Only in this case, you'll also be a member of a pride of lions. Carl said, Whatever you think is best, I'll rely on your judgment. His father slapped him on the back and directed him to award a military-style metal cabinet.

Opening it, he displayed his contents. Plate carrier vests with super hard ceramic scales called dragon skin with myriad pouches to accommodate magazines and fragmentation grenades. Ballistic face masks and Kevlar helmets and armored plates that resembled hockey gear.

Shin guards and shorts, knee and elbow pads, all in black. Spring-loaded tactical batons and double-edged commando fixed blade knives. A couple of miniature crossbows that could be affixed to the forearm and would discharge small black darts, the ends of which could be infused with liquid poisons.

Exotic laser pistols and mazers, which latter could rupture the blood-brain barrier of the target and induce heart attacks and strokes, rendering the assassination untraceable and undetectable. Myriad varieties of fragmentation grenades, discharging flechettes and various forms of shrapnel, as well as gas grenades. The entire arsenal of Mr. Kahlke proudly displayed before Brad and Carl.

Behold, the mother load of personal defense and offense weapons. Carl selected one of the mazers, as well as a full complement of body armor, and rounded out his personal kit with an assortment of grenades. Mr. Kahlke advised that he add to the list some C4 plastic, which came in square packages, and like a child playing with plasticine, Carl felt young again.

What fun he would have seeking revenge against his family's killers, the soulless savages who had massacred as human attempts in attempts to enrich themselves unjustly at the expense of the over-generous white population, who had foolishly, and through the mind-control influence of the saturnian Christian mores, bent over backward to build up the numbers of this bestial horde, when by the law of nature they should have put them to the sword, and have bowed out, been put to the sword, and bowed out of light, having played their role, and poorly, on the earth. Now the savages savaged the white man, raping women, and torturing and murdering to the limit of their ability, when they were enriching themselves and their resources, which whites had so foolishly bestowed upon them at the expense of themselves. Carl smiled grimly as he kitted himself up in the armor to ensure a proper fit, observing himself in the warrior, as the warrior, which was attached in the mirror, which was attached to the cabinet like a high school gym locker.

He stood before the mirror a strange harbinger of death, black ballistic face mask covering his features, save for his icy blue eyes, black Kevlar helmet, giving him the appearance of a phallus of death, the tack vest and limb armor completing the picture. Now for the weapons, Mr. Kelpke added. You've got a maser, he handed Carl a pistol-like object, which had a wide rectangular barrel, and was powered by some type of power cell, which Carl took, placing it in the holster of his belt.

You've got a fighting knife, again he handed it to Carl, who equipped himself with it, sliding it into the sheath, which was attached to his tack vest. Carl then took up gas and fragmentation grenades, and attached them likewise. The collapsible baton rounded up the kid, and after, again glancing at himself in the mirror, he stated, firearms? His father stated, just what the doctor ordered, right this way.

He motioned to Carl and Brad to come over to another cabinet, which he then opened. The two took in the arsenal, submachine guns, pistols, the machine gun pistols were affixed on racks to the panels of the doors and interiors of the cabinet, which contained the SM G's, given that they were, in most cases, of greater length. Mr. Kalki gestured to

the array, and then directed his hand toward one of the pistols.

This is a Glock 20 semi-automatic sidearm. It'll give you what you need in close-quarter combat, and has minimal probability of jamming. I'd recommend it.

He handed it to Carl, who pulled back his slide and toggled with the safety. As Mr. Kalki continued, developed extended bags for the weapon, both in the form of box bags, as well as drum, enabling a 50-round capacity, shooting hot loads and hollow tips, guaranteed to do damage, even for the most blind fool with a gun. In close quarters, 50 rounds of explosive ammunition couldn't but hit home.

Carl nodded his head in agreement that it looked like the way to go. This bad boy, I've also reconfigured to fire on full-auto, so that it becomes a submachine gun, SMG, only more compact. I've also added a special metal alloy around the barrel to enhance cooling, enabling multiple drum bags to be discharged before the barrel heats up too much.

I myself had put the weapon through four magazines a couple of rounds before, four magazines before jam. One out of 200 rounds near continuous fire is not bad. Mr. Kalki then went on to the next silencer Ruger MK2 with a shortened barrel.

This he handed to Carl and placed it in a holster, which was lying on a wheel trolley adjacent, along with the Glock. I made the silencer extra quiet. When he flipped the switch on the side of the gun, he stated taking it out of the holster and indicating a switch.

It creates an implosive vortex of energy that nullifies sound without interfering with the velocity of the bullet. If you cough or sneer, sneeze next to this device, even you won't hear it. He held up the gun to his mouth and pushed the sliding button, revealing a small green indentation.

Carl and Brad observed his lips moving and yet no sound came out. Mr. Kalki inhaled deeply and his face reddened as he appeared to scream into the gun. Yet again, no sound issued forth until he took it away from his mouth by a few feet, holding it out at arm's length and swinging it from his body as the sound in his voice became audible, like someone turning up the volume of a remote control from mute to full volume in a few seconds.

Now you can hear it, he shouted. He replaced the pistol in his holster, chuckling with amusement as both Brad and Carl smiled with appreciation at what they envisioned would ultimately be the silent death certain lead gangbangers would require in order to gain victory for the Aryan race. Mr. Kalki took out a drum magazine that complemented the rigger and placed it on the trolley.

He reached back again into the cabinet toward the SMGs, grabbing out another which

was painted black and which had attached an extended box magazine. This is a standard gangbanger MAC-11. I've modified it, however, rendering it silenced in the same manner as a Ruger.

The magazine is 50 rounds shooting 9-millimeter hold point hot loads. He placed this on a trolley next to a case and pointed Carl and Brad away from the cabinet toward the wall. Have a look at the arsenal.

The three walked over with Mr. Kalki wheeling the cart behind. They took in the scene. Myriad semi-automatic and automatic weapons passed through the wall and racks lined up with barrels pointing to the ceiling like an army of erect phalluses, shooting lead through potency, bringing forth the flowers of death as the lead's blood exited their partners, their targets.

Black and dark gray, they stood out against the light gray concrete which comprised the walls. Since you are going alone and in teams, you'll need a sniper rifle both to provide sporadic cover fire from buildings in urban environments and to target enemies for assassination. He motioned over to one of the weapons.

This is one of the most reliable rifles for sniper wet work, the Winchester Model 70 with starlight scope and heavy tactical barrel. You'll need this. He said taking the weapon down and placing it on the trolley.

It comes with specialized accessories along a silencer is included in a red dot sight that can extend it light over a kilometer and were led some distance along the wall as Mr. Kalki pushed the cart. This here is an M16A2 assault rifle with M203 grenade launcher with large capacity box magazines. She'll help you pull through in close quarters and for run-and-gun fire.

He placed the weapon on the trolley and the others with the others as he continued along. He spoke to Carl. You can forget having to pay for this as we're family.

Whatever money you want to donate to the organization is your prerogative though you feel no obligation. Carl replied that whether or not he passes the initiation, he would leave the money he had to his father through his father's trust knowing that it would go to good use. His father smiled with appreciation and then said, we'll go and test these weapons out on the range as I call it.

They kitted up Carl keeping his entire gear on as per the advisement of his father and they ascended an elevator leading out of the property into more of the covered garage which appeared to be an extension of the house though it was a separate building. A large concrete and steel structure containing vehicles of different makes. One military-style jeep with mounted machine gun and protective steel plate shield.

One covered van armored and with bulletproof windows riding on jacked up tires. A

gyrocopter that could accommodate two or one man with a lot of gear in a speedboat which also looked as if they were armored and having windows at the same make positioned fore and aft and on port and starboard sides. All vehicles were black.

The boat resting on a trailer and a gyrocopter on a pull trailer. Its rotors folded down and two mounted machine gun barrels covered to prevent the entry of dust though the garage was well ventilated. Mr. Kalki pushed a trolley card which he had brought toward the center of the garage.

Take up your weapons crew. Carl gets first pick. Carl strode forward still wearing his body armor and selected the M16 as well as a souped up Glock and a drum of ammunition attached to the receiver handle.

Ready, he said. Mr. Kalki handed Brad a Scorpion machine pistol which was equipped with a large capacity magazine and grabbed himself a sniper rifle. We'll move out to the range and prepare for a real episode of target practice.

Now that it's nearly dark and the Sun is all but set on the horizon, we can test the strength of our vision as well as our accuracy. All of these weapons are loaded with tracer hot load rounds of explosive ammunition. I've got a set of night vision goggles for you on the bottom tray of the trolley.

We'll head out to the range first and prepare for the more serious exercise I have in mind. Carl, he said pausing and looking into the eyes of his son. You'll be undergoing the first phase of the initiation tonight.

I'll let you know what the mission will be once we're about to set off. Mr. Kalki loaded up the armor plated bag with additional ammo and they each got in. Mr. Kalki pressed the button on the remote and the heavy garage door began to roll up.

As the fading light filtered in, now that the garage lights were off, the trio observed the black luminescence descending upon the earth. Today, or should I say rather tonight, you are to undergo the rites of passage you were robbed of as a child. Only it isn't rites of passage into manhood, but onto the bridge that leads to the Superman that you will begin now.

Mr. Kalki growled as he threw the van into high gear and it sped off into the numinous night, the roof barely avoiding scraping the rolled door and speeding off toward the range. Mr. Kalki was silent as they raced off along the desert hardpan, passing cacti and hearing the quavering of coyotes in the distance over their run silent engine that barely uttered a murmur and that enabled them to better avoid detection by any prospective opponents. Mods of the Shabaz-Goy security forces that had yet to recognize that Mr. Kalki was anyone other than a retired military veteran.

The range became visible to their night vision as they approached and was an open-air

facility set against a backdrop of a low-lying rocky escarpment, the range being situated in an indentation at its foot. Railings were visible and an entire makeshift two-dimensional town made of wood and concrete constituted the size of the range and being comprised of layers of wood and concrete that created the illusion of a three-dimensional town by which as which was densely layered so as to mimic an urban environment on one side and a rural environment on the other. As they pulled up, Mr. Kalki stated, finally breaking the silence, tonight you step onto the bridge toward the Superman, Carl, but first a warm-up.

He exited with Brad and Carl following. Brad said, addressing Carl, this setup is the original concept of my basement raid and where I got the idea. The targets pop out, though, and only run between the rural and urban settings along the rails.

That way you get a diversity of targets and scenarios. Mr. Kalki approached a nearby which had a box affixed to it and threw the switch which initiated a whining sound as the system started up and running. Carl strode toward his father, his Glock out and ready, knowing what to do.

The three placed earmuffs on their heads and Carl got into a ready stance, an Aryan cowboy standing up against the enemy. Night vision goggles lit up the sight in an eerie green glow as suddenly a whirring of gears sounded and out raced a troop of mestizos from the makeshift city and toward the town across the rails. Carl had the weapon on single shot, fired rapidly as the bullets found purchase and pinged off the targets which were on springs, folding over as if dead, once struck, emitting screams to the sound system.

Ay-yi-yi, senior! Carl continued to hammer away with his postmodern Thor's hammer, sending lead death clanging into fat greasy brown faces with red and green bandanas wrapped around. Clang, clang, clang, went the fuselage as standard ammo from the Glock struck home. Just imagine what the greasers would make, what sound the greasers would make if you were shooting explosive ammo, Brown ejaculated.

It would be an explosive sound in any case. There'll be plenty of meat for your taco, charbroil, Mr. Kalki directed Kalki to, Carl to the town. Now pretend we're, they've managed to breach perimeter security and are in the town.

Carl trained his weapon and flipped the toggle switch to burst mode, firing three round bursts like a jackhammer blows a Thor's hammer into the flabby faces with their gold teeth and liver lips that popped up around the buildings, moving up and down in between behind windows and doors. White females popped up at random, some appearing to be held hostage by the mestizos who fired small plastic beanie pellets at Carl. The sound effects continued, fucking puto! Die gringo, die! And Carl had to avail himself of escape-evade strafing tactics as a horde of beaners continued to lay a fuselage of plastic beanies at him.

They contained a die which left red marks on whatever they struck in the graphic designs of submachine guns held in the hands of the metal mestizos caricature and further realism through the quantity of pellets discharged, accompanied by the sound effects of gunfire. The screams of the white women and cries of the children recalled memories of Carl's recent lost family and he doubled down his exertions targeting the beast with berserker fury. Eventually a bell rang signaling the end of the round.

Mr. Kelke said, get ready for urban combat in the city, it's gonna be a trot. Carl took out his Mac 11 with attached drum magazine containing 50 rounds but his father stopped him and insisted that he wear a bandolier of 500 rounds that the latter kept on site. Things will go fast and furious in the city, be prepared to utilize cat-like reflexes and keep running and gunning.

As Carl took up the bandolier belt and wound it about his arm and waist, attached a belt-fed mechanism to the Mac 11. Ready? Mr. Kelke said more as a command than as a query. Ready, Carl stated his knees slightly bent in a stance of readiness.

Suddenly the sound of police helicopters came over the loudspeakers, a sound effect to set the scene for urban combat and sirens blared out. Suddenly hordes of Mexicans broke out of windows and doors firing streams of plastic pellets at Carl, who rolled and strapped, responding with lead as the gunfire shattered back and forth, pinging off targets. More white females and children were displayed and Carl had to hone a laser focus on targets while dodging their assault.

The Mac 11 roared like a lion on the hunt as jaws released streams of lead death. Each ping was accompanied by the scream of a Mexican who shouted expletives as they expired. Ese, fuck you puto, blanco diablo.

Eventually, Carl's ammunition belt became light as the spent casings piled up around him like shells in the beach and the episode continued to ramp up in intensity. He had yet to sustain any red dye markings, meaning that he had managed to avoid being hit, and yet the fusillade kept coming. With the next scream of Mexican exploration, suddenly a rumbling noise was heard from the speaker and smoke erupted from one of the buildings.

At this point, a team of Mossad dressed in black and emblazoned with the blue star of David on their backs, on their black uniforms, exited the building, which was smoking. Oy vey, shmuel, we got another going out here. Better cover our tracks, Mr. Kalki shouted toward Carl.

Turn it on full-auto, which the latter did just in time to avoid being sprayed by the plastic streams which were exiting from the Uzi's of the Mossad, who shouted die, die. Carl strapped a gun, pinging rounds off the targets, who were mowed down as the remaining ammo was used up. A triumphal music played as the remaining Mossad were eliminated.

Mr. Kalki clapped Carl on the back and said, good, you passed the preliminary stage. No dye marks on your body armor. Now you're ready to take care of business, handling live targets.

Carl turned his head quizzically toward his father, who grinned a mischievous grin. You bet, we'll take this fantasyland theme park into a reality tonight. He took out a vial of capsules which contained the metabolic sympathetic nervous system stimulant ephedra sinica, a Chinese herb.

Here, we'll need these to keep ourselves hyper-vigilant for the next training exercise. Carl and Brad took a capsule and listened attentively as Mr. Kalki gave them a rundown on the exercise. Near a ranch is a, how shall I say, roving band, a settlement of sorts, which periodically has sent some of its braves to take this ranch and kill us.

All of them failed, of course, never being heard of again. Their fate was to become mulched into fertilizer to grow crops. Like the settlers of the Old West said, the only Indians, good Indians, a dead Indian.

I suppose you could say that we face two choices, either live and let live, only we would have to face them sooner or later, and then they certainly wouldn't live, but may cause great damage to the property, the interior, in the interim, and threaten Ingrid and your mother. Hence, we face the alternative possibility that of a preemptive strike and eliminating the problem altogether. This roving band operates as the modern version of covered wagons.

RVs and cargo vans. They huddle together and follow their traditional culture, namely the law of the savage, whereby only the strongest survive. Their lives consisting of fornication and propagation and elimination of the weakest links.

They earn their cash through the sale of illegal narcotics, primarily to poor whites who have become addicted to them. The cash, that is, that they can't get through thievery and extortion. They are a cancer in this land, having come from Asia originally, and upon arriving, slaughtered most of the white tribes who were here before them.

Hence, they've got karma to this charge and will be scoring, serving a higher purpose in exterminating them. Tonight, Carl, you'll have your chance to put your newly rediscovered skills to work, those that derive themselves from your blood ancestors. You will not only have a chance to avenge, in part, your wife and child, but your ancestors, who were brutally tortured and slaughtered by the savage beasts.

Time to put the beasts into the grave and establish an Indian burial ground as a monument to the memory of our ancestors. Mr. Kelke raised his .357 Magnum pistol into the air and fired off a shot. Let's go, team.

The three piled back into the armored van and headed back to the garage to prep and

ready additional vehicles. Brad was assigned to the gyrocopter and Carl took the machine gun jeep, Mr. Kelke striking, sticking with the armored van, which had mounted machine gun turrets. They fueled up the vehicles with Mr. Kelke taking the lead and set off toward the reservation.

The night was pitch black by that time and going on 2,300 hours. As they sped along the hard pan road, Mr. Kelke spoke to the other over the intercom. You see the campfires spread out.

Brad to the left and Carl to the right. We'll take them in a pincher movement. There will be no need to get out of the vehicles until they're off and running and then we can set off on a hunt.

The initial salvo will be a strike at the campers in front. Peel off to the sides after and get out. The beaters don't even have enough firepower to do any damage to the vehicles and we can strike at them from there.

As he finished speaking, Brad and Carl had barely gotten a response in when they detected firelight ahead. Lights seeming to race up toward them as they sped toward the target. The two veered away from the armored van and activated their machine guns, training them on the camp.

The three opened fire and observed the tracer rounds spark off the campers as the guns sounded their staccato death knell. The glowing green streaks they left behind looking like a futuristic fireworks display. The beaters shrieked harshly as the rounds ripped apart their caravan of thieves and murderers.

The majority of them racing off into the night with a few taking potshots at the vehicles from behind cover, their rounds pinging harmlessly off metal. At this point Carl and the rest, having parked their vehicles in a cup-shaped formation, dashed off toward the campsite running in a sporadic zigzag fashion so that their movements were unpredictable to the savage hordes who blindly fired off shots as the black figures raced toward the campsite gunning as they ran. Carl had his Glock out again and was blasting off three round bursts of the savages who were the more young and aggressive representatives of their criminal cartel.

In the night vision, Carl saw only savage animals, the same animals who had brutally butchered his wife and child just that past day. He was an avatar and Kalki was his guide. A war god possessed him as he fired and strapped, weaving in a zigzag fashion as the half-white Mexicans shattered their rapid-fire SMGs and explosives in hopes of doing away with the gringo Diablo.

To no avail as their lean and tattooed brown hides were ripped apart with explosive rounds whose incendiary fury sent their limbs in all directions, arms and legs

pinwheeling with the blast force. The remainder of the camp had scattered. Now was the time to strike out on the hunt, Mr. Kalki instructed.

Team, switch to your sidearm firing single shot. We need to practice marksmanship and give these savages a chance to fight back. We don't want to make it too easy on ourselves.

They split off and followed a similar direction, performing the role of a dragnet as the greasers ran before them, some on dirt bikes and a few having a pickup truck. Carl raced after the horde, running and gunning as the latter, recognizing that they were in desperate straits, decided to wheel around and confront the foe, gaining confidence through their greater numbers and juiced up on a liquid courage and peyote, charging them with the illusion of power. They screamed as they wheeled around for the charge, thinking they had an easy mark.

Odele ese, kill this gringo Diablo. The caravan seemed to move as a wave of brown bodies, similar to the shooting gallery, converged on the three Aryan warriors dressed in black. The latter two were racing toward their foe and easily anticipated their maneuver well in advance of its implementation.

The three had their guns out, they zigzagged toward their targets, berserker rage giving them the adrenaline boost that drove them into hyperdrive, struck a sudden fear into their once confident foe, sending them scattered around, blasting their technized SMGs haphazardly as the marksmanship of the Aryan opponent took them out one by one, the trio doing a rapid sweep from the periphery to the center with Mr. Kalki covering the middle. Brown bodies erupted in incendiary carnage gore and muck discharged like a charnel house. Madman Lewis with a chainsaw, Carl rushed toward a vehicle that had veered off to the side and leapt into the halftime's bed, driving lead nails into the coffin of the occupants, their angry faces displaying their gold teeth as they sounded out the death rattle.

Soon the opposition had been all but destroyed and Mr. Kalki spoke up to the others, fire intercom. There are certainly a few stragglers back at the camp. I want them all eliminated, the children included.

We don't want any attempts at revenge killings or to be responsible for any brats that might rat us to their affiliated gangs. We got enough problems here as it is. The three headed back to the camp and were greeted by shots from a Tec-9 that their night vision picked up as coming from one of the capsized RVs.

Out came a teenager of around 13 years old blasting away and burning up a magazine. A woman who was apparently his mother was walking away and screaming curses at the trio. Fuck you! Green God Diablo! The teen attempted to flee but Carl, raising his gun and taking aim, blasted him in the leg which stripped him up and he fell sprawling and

shrieking on the ground and echoing the curses of his mother who continued to scream, Fuck you! Fuck you! Mr. Kalki gave Carl the go-ahead and the latter walked up to her and shot her in cold blood in the mouth, her cries silenced by the leaden sickle of Saturn.

The teen, upon seeing his mother executed in cold blood, shrieked, Fuck you! Blanco Diablo! And Carl, face concealed behind his ballistic face mask, aimed his pistol at the creature and shot her in the chest, his body sprawling backward over the RV. Carl looked about for others but was confident that all had been dispatched and they eventually went back to their waiting vehicles which remained as they had exited them unscathed. They entered the vehicles and drove off into the night back toward the compound.

Mr. Kalki said, You passed, Carl. Now you can begin the next phase of the initiation with the white hand itself. Carl replied anytime and they maintained radio silence until they got back to the ranch.

Mr. Kalki addressed Carl again, Tomorrow you can meet your mother before we leave to visit the city again and undergo more strenuous initiation. The next day Carl awoke feeling imbued with confidence over his initiation into the arts of war. He was eager to undergo further training once he could return to the city and yet was nearly equally eager to acquaint himself with his mother from whom he had been absent since a child.

The images of his wife and child lingered before his mind recalling memories of his fatherhood, happy memories of a happier time, before the race riots and the mestizo bangers had taken away all of what he loved. These images became blended with an indistinct facial outline devoid of any clear features of his long-lost mother, whose memories still dimly recall from a scene in which light was streaming through the window and she was approaching him and he was waiting for her, waiting for her presence. He had fallen and injured himself and he was seeking her to wash away the pain.

This image impelled him out of his room and as he exited the solid wooden frame of the doorway and shut the open door behind him, he saw a familiar form standing illuminated from behind by the rays of the rising sun in the kitchen. As he walked towards her, his mother turned to see him and spoke without any tone of uncertainty in her voice. Carl, as if conferring upon him a name, he responded, mother.

The two grasped one another's hands and his mother hugged him. She invited him to sit down at the table and the two began speaking. She expressed her sympathy for Carl and his recent loss and stated that his mission of vengeance was a just one, both for the Aryan race as a whole and to cleanse his soul of the leaden weight of obligation which the gangbangers had imposed upon him, through their creating that loss.

I am behind you in your mission, Carl, and I want you to avenge your wife and son, both of whom I unfortunately had never gotten a chance to meet. When you accomplish your

mission, I want you to take Ingrid as your wife, once the pain of your loss has been wiped away through vengeance. I know it will be soon after, she continued, but time is not the only thing that heals.

In this case, the healer will be the steel of your vengeance, which will fulfill your obligation to your loved ones. Carl stated that she was right. That would be the only way to heal the wound which had been opened in his heart and left him feeling the necessity of making the animal hearts of his savage foes bleed.

Ingrid, not having overheard their soft tones, entered into the kitchen and began preparing the breakfast, greeting Carl and favoring him with a smile. Soon, Mr. Kalki and Brad entered as the morning eggs and buckwheat pancakes were cooking in fresh butter. Ingrid had churned that day before, and the group gathered around the table, Mr. Kalki again saying grace.

All Father, we thank you for this your sumptuous repast and express our appreciation for thine inheritance which thou has conferred upon us, thine offspring. We solemnly swear to carry out our duties to you and to our noble family, the Aryan race. Treating these, those who deserve to be treated justly and those who merit punishment to punish them, yea, even unto death.

We seek your favor in the mission ahead to be granted a successful victory through the power of our will and skill of our arms under thine agents and with thine blessing. O Holy Wotan, we call upon thee, upon Kalki and Tyr, the war gods, to imbue us with thine spirit in the combat to come and to grant us the victory in spite of all odds. O blessed Father Wotan, All Father, you have made the heavens and the earth and are the source of all of our spiritual power.

Shine upon us and let us reflect your light, for we are thine offspring. Hail victory. The group ate the sumptuous meal as the morning sunlight streamed into the windows, illuminating the group and the coats of arms above them, the latter ensconcing in the mystique of a noble past, a lineage of warriors that gave battle so that the present generations could live and continue their race's march of destiny toward a dominion over the earth.

When the meal was over, Mr. Kalki addressed his son. At this time, the centralized government, also known as Zog, Zionist occupation government, is experiencing massive cracks in its foundation. It's fragmenting in its control and now, as you as you bore witness to yourself, it's experiencing a hot phase of the Rahoo, racial holy war, that will tear it apart.

Like a torture victim on the rack, it's just a matter of time. We intend to accelerate the process and that's where you'll come in, Carl. I watched your determination, stamina, and marksmanship skills last night and I'm very impressed.

We'll head out after we have a talk here in the city and you can meet the other members of the order who will take you under their wing and initiate them, initiate you. El Guano relaxed comfortably amidst his opulence as he sunk into the leather coach, smoking a revert. He didn't like to be called that name but he had heard rumor that those still loyal to him, from those still loyal to him, that they had heard some of his men, mainly the new recruits, calling him by that appellation.

He wanted to be called by the name he felt he rightly deserved, Montezuma, in honor of his self-proclaimed ancestor. El Guano Montezuma believed himself to be an Aztec king, a descendant by blood of the heroic warriors of old who, in his delusional and barbarous mind, he believed had created a thriving civilization and the whole of the Americas which the whites so cruelly and treacherously took from him. He seethed with anger at the images of his people being slaughtered.

He had derived from a recent Hollywood movie called Aslan Rising which was produced by the director Seymour Weinberg and which had garnered rave reviews in the Jewish controlled media before the race riots and race war in San Diego County and throughout Southern California had largely been responsible for inciting. In it were depicted a cruel and rapacious group of white cowboys who spent their time shooting his Mexican ancestors and raping his women for sport while they burned their villages to the ground and erected Christian churches in their place. He would not allow them to call him the heir to the throne of Montezuma, El Guano.

He flicked his marijuana cigarette and took a swig of tequila from a bottle lying next to him, the fiery liquor warming his belly as it protruded, sweat pouring off his skin. Around his neck were gaudy gold chains made in his home of Mexico with traditional Mexican patterns and stones of turquoise and other colors. His Mexican sex slaves greased his body with perfume massage oil, the two fawning upon him as they needed his corpulent flesh.

He spoke attempting to put forth a brave exterior which covered his inner insecurities. The whites in the suburbs are going to pay for what they've done to my beautiful people, my beautiful señoritas. He ground his gold teeth at his bloodshot eyes, looked with theatrical sadness and anger at his sex slaves who had been purchased through his power and money.

They looked at him with sadness as he caressed their brown bodies lasciviously. He recalled how he had once as a young man seduced and scored with a white woman. How much better her white flesh had been than the brown flesh his tools were was.

He became further enraged, enraged at the whites for their superiority, for their beauty, and for their intelligence. He recalled memories to his mind of his university career when he had been a professor of cultural anthropology at the local university. He knew in his subconscious mind that he had received the position because he was a mestizo, as his

grades, even in spite of the dumbed-down academic curriculum, were only slightly above average.

His master's thesis had been a paper on the street gang he had eventually headed and with which he had had an informal relationship throughout his academic career. Given that it covered a popular topic and the role of the non-white victim was in vogue, he managed to use a race card to leapfrog over the other and more qualified white and oriental students, most of whom had PhDs and had done serious academic work. Nonetheless, he had been granted the position of professor and arrogantly strutted about insisting that he be called Professor Lopez when he was moving up the ranks of La Raza once he had been fully initiated.

He had been required to rape and murder a white girl as a condition of his initiation. One of his white female students, who had, like most white girls, been inculcated with a self-hate complex by the Jewish media, had accompanied him on a date and after the dinner during which he showered her with compliments, he had taken her back to his plush house on a hill and had raped and strangled her on camera, a condition of La Raza's initiation. Blood in, blood out, and the blood of the white girl was the lubricant that set the gears in motion to springboard El Guano slash Montezuma to the leadership of La Raza.

He had poisoned his competitor for power, a clever and determined young brave who had grown up on the mean streets of South Central Los Angeles and who had scrambled his way to power through his talents. However, he was not clever enough to prevent El Guano from poisoning him, the head of La Raza thought with a sneer, his greasy liver lips pulling back to expose his gold teeth. We striped a gringo diabolos tonight, he showed it over to his five lieutenants who were playing poker over on the table in the other room.

They gradually turned their heads in an unctuous attempt to demonstrate their respect for El Guano slash Montezuma. Apparently not fast enough, so El Guano raised his voice even louder. Tonight, you hear putos? They suppressed in irritation at being disparaged by a leader they hardly respected.

Prepare the warriors, we hit the north side suburban hills tonight. The crew made plans and El Guano made excuses to wriggle out of accompanying them, saying that he wanted the newest braves to receive full initiation and that this was a test of their loyalty and worthiness. He was unable to go as he might have distracted them from performing in a manner natural to themselves.

The lieutenants suppressed their contempt with fawning looks of appreciation at the wisdom of their leader. See that someone brings a camera, I want to see the red blood come out of their white bodies. I want to see these gringo diabolos stuck like pigs.

Si, puertos. The lieutenants exited to round up the rest of the crew. Roger Daniels and

his wife had been residing in Crestwood Heights since he had obtained employment with a manufacturing company as an electrical engineer.

He had been retired for just over five years and the couple were living happily, enjoying the fruits of their labor in the suburban dwelling. Their children, now grown up, were visiting them and were discussing their future plans to develop themselves in their careers. The eldest, a daughter, was a librarian at one of the libraries in the city and the youngest was an upcoming executive in a local software business that allocated a portion of its proceeds to charity.

They were all gathered around the table, partaking of a sumptuous dinner that Roger's wife had prepared in honor of their daughter's birthday. However, there was a pall of foreboding that overarched the, to all appearances, happy gathering. They couldn't ignore what was going on in the city.

They couldn't refrain from speaking about it. Their daughter attempted to put a pleasant face on the matter. I'm sure it'll be all right.

They'll just need to have their concerns addressed. That's what the mayor said anyway. The younger son attempting to instill a tone of confidence in his voice and lend credulity to his sister's words.

Right, the police and military will handle the terrorists, no problem. Why, they have the most advanced technology, armored personnel carriers, and helicopter gunship. There's no way the criminal element could beat them.

His tone of confidence instilled the gathering with a sense of relief and their conversation turned to other things. No doubt remained in the depths of their conscious minds. Just then the sound of a window breaking was heard at the front door and the family jumped collectively.

The father whispered harshly, quick get the gun. But his wife reminded him of the fact that they had handed it over to the government when it had been made illegal to own firearms. The attempted to move away, the four attempted to move away from the table and down into the cellar.

The color drained from their faces but at that point when the windows overlooking the dining room burst open as a lead pipe held in a brown fist was seen protruding from behind the curtain. And then they saw them. Five mestizo gangbangers dressed in bush jackets and sunglasses even though it had become dark.

The porch light illuminating them as their violent faces stared out at them with hatred bordering on madness. The four whites attempted to bolt from the cellar but knew it was hopeless as the burly gangbanger nearest the door kicked at the door and splintered it knocking it inward with a crash. As he did so, three more gangbangers entered into the

kitchen and ahead of them spoke.

A sinewy creature with gold teeth and sparse mustache. A livid scar seeming to pulse across his cheek. Hey gringo, he began aggressively.

Don't you want to be my friend? You ain't a racist, right? He stepped forward in a challenging way attempting to look over to loom over the whites though he was of a shorter stature than the son and of an equivalent stature to the father. The sheer number of them amounting now to ten was great it was a greater threat. In his hand he held a sharp knife which glinted in the subdued light of the kitchen.

What you saying gringo? You know my ancestors own this land? He said his eyes bugging out from behind his glasses which were visible to the guests as he swept the knife around in an expansive gesture in demonstration of his claim to ownership of the place. You got a lot of splintered though gringo. He said getting himself worked up his body posturing and display of feral aggression.

His cohort stood stoically by each of them holding a pistol or knife by their side. The leader approached the daughter and the son attempted to intervene smoothly saying, Mr. I don't believe I caught your name but as he attempted to reach out his hand and shake the leaders and the latter slashed him with the knife lacerating his wrist which pumped a sanguine liquor from the radial artery. The son attempted to stop the blood looking with horror at the leader and recognition of his impending doom through blood loss.

Gringo I told you I get that fuck away from my peoples. The leader screamed the smell of blood eliciting a feral reaction from him. He stabbed the son's chest the blood penetrating the blade penetrating his abdomen up to the hilt.

The leader stared at the white man with bloodlustful rage and he yanked the blade from out of his body with a gush of blood squirting out the son's shirt crimsoning with a death flower of life's blood as he tumbled onto the linoleum floor of the kitchen. The mother screamed and rushed to her son who stared at his chest chest wound and attempted to stem the flow as he looked into his mother's eyes. The mother cried as she cradled her son whose life drained away as the linoleum became abattoir floor the dark crimson liquor reflecting the light from the faux chandelier over their heads.

The father boiling with a desperate anger held his daughter close as he looked with hatred at the leader who sneered contemptuously at the impotent father. The latter recalled memories from his days in military service in combat with the gooks. This gangbang murder was no different from them a monster an animal.

If only he thought in the blink of an eye before the leader grabbed the pistol from the nearest gangbanger and put a bullet in his face in his forehead obliterating his conscious

awareness. If only I hadn't given up my guns only I hadn't been so weak. He thought of the Mongolian soldier a half-wild ape man from the steppes of Asia who he had shot point-blank between the eyes severing his silver cord as the bullet from the leaders 45 automatic smashed into his skull and terminated his life.

The mother and daughter screamed collectively as their patriarchs died nearly at the same time the son slumping in his mother's arms near dead weight carcass his soul detaching itself from its material shell his father's protective form falling with a heavy thud of ignominy onto the linoleum floor pulling his daughter who had been protectively entangled in his arms down with him as if to demonstrate the ineffectuality and impotence of her masculine protector. The two women huddled together protectively and the leader stood over them with a mocking sneer his lips pulled back revealing his gold teeth which shone in the light of the chandelier. He took up the knife that he had dropped on the ground and with riveting beady black eyes fixed upon the woman licked the bloody blade as he did so however his tongue was cut along the edge as he pulled the knife away shouting fuck you gringo even your blood curses me he bent toward the menacingly and stated we like the gringo pussy do you want to have a real man white bitch he he shucked and humped his hips at the prostrate women who stared at him with cold rage mingled with fear he spun away and turned the gang members saying we's gonna give the gringo bitches a good time right I say the nearest gangbanger slapped his outstretched hand the two patting one another on the back and giving their gang sign the leader and his cronies grabbed up the two white women mother and daughter who in spite of the trauma the circumstances attempted to wrestle free screaming as they struggled against the wiry brown limbs covered with tattoos that bound them the gang took them into the living room and went to work on the women throwing punches at their head and face and wrenching their arms away so that they couldn't defend themselves from the violence one of the gang members took out a camcorder began videotaping atrocity as the leader shouted recruits get out your pricks you're gonna rape these white bitches these gringo whores then you're gonna slice them up we want only a ruthless killer we don't need no stinking pussies in our gang is saying Carl drove with mr. Colgate his father's the city and the armor-plated bath it's all a drab color nearly concealing concealed his passage along the dirt road leading from their ranch and then on to the well-paved tarmac of the highway the dusky morning providing only the glimmer of day on the horizon and the shine of Venus the morning star in the heavens they drove with lights off in the arsenal of weapons including the calci calci the gun of the avatar of a warrior of the warrior God calci whose swift vengeance was to come mr. calci spoke the crew were a rough bunch of hard men Carl they've seen a lot of action the barrios where their record distribution business operates out of the Jews are aware of where they live and have conscripted a few of the local gang members who are in their pay as hired assassins they've gone toe-to-toe with one Raza that race of fecal matter more than a few times and I supply them with the weapons they need to dispatch their foes their record business was instrumental in bringing about the early stages the

cataclysm which you see playing out before you their cacophonous music of righteous anger is still much bigger into the will of our people and you see the consequences of this before you now mr. calci gestured toward the banner of the cityscape which as the days they don of day came the smoke refracted it's like turning the atmosphere of surreal blood red today is the day you get initiated son blood in blood out as you may know that once you're in you have only one exit and that's death once you're in you're a lifetime member Carl looked stoically toward the sky city skyline as the van sped toward the downtown from the hill down which it descended past the industrial buildings and then entering into the barrio police and military helicopters were dimly outlined against the sky and the Sun's light glinted off their metal hulls and windshield the van careened around corners and toward the sound of sirens and machine gunfire eventually pulling up in a brick and mortar building which had wire mesh and bars on the windows as well as a chain link fence which was electrified around this perimeter waiting to meet them was a young man of athletic build in his early 30s had shaven and wearing a white shirt that boldly declared 100% white he had a German Shepherd with him on a chain that was wrapped in his fist mr. Calci parked the vehicle as a former RC blue eyes stared as the vehicle pulled up waiting with stoical immobility unaffected by the noise of the gunfire around him just blocks away in the wailing of sirens as the two occupants stepped out the man addressed him his voice strong and clear miss it did welcome to my world he said with a glint of humor playing about his features mr. Calci strode forward and shook the hands of the man who gave it a vigorous pump this is Will Stone aka Totenkopf the leader of the White Hat he addressed reached out and shook Carl's extended hand which betokened his acceptance of Carl mr. Calci has spoken to me about you as you may know will said I'm prepared to accept you here to undergo the initiation your family's loss can be avenged but only if you are willing to devote yourself 100% to our command from now on consider yourself not to have any independent will our word is your bond keep in mind that though your family's loss is a tragedy there are many more whites who also are subject to a far worse state and many more to come he paused a moment as Carl took in the information come up to the headquarters and meet my lieutenants he waved the two up and he ascended the concrete staircase that led to the embrace entrance of the building and will open the heavy steel door that was contained within a metal frame and embedded in concrete the three entered and the door was shut behind them before them appeared an open area and a bubble dome camera in one of the corners the room was entirely of concrete this is what we call a trap room will set anyone breaking and entering will find themselves back into a corner here nowhere to run but if any latrinos or niggers get caught in here they'll have hell to pay he spoke indicating a fissure in the wall which served as a gunport covered by a sliding half-inch thick steel panel there was a buzzing sound and the sound of an automatic door latch unlocking will approach the interior as the door was pushed open a pleasant scene greeted the eyes and Carl of Carl and mr. Kelky a well-lit room whose multiple skylights enabled the early red dawn to enter into the room stood before them plants festering the room giving a vital quality to the minimalistic decor old wooden furniture that appeared

to Carl to have been handmade a few tables covered with artwork and business forms tables and accounts and files cluttered the area will took out a small two-way radio and said come up to the office we've got a raw recruit here a deep voice responded 10-4 will then turn and face Carl given that you're a raw recruit require you to take the oath mr. Kelky told you about blood in blood out are you willing to agree to those terms Carl applied I agree to them will extended his hand to Carl ship it you are now officially a recruit and will become a member once you have completed the test we assign you at that moment another door opened with a click and a heavily muscled white man in his late 20s entered the room wearing a shirt that stated the same thing as wills 100% white his thick neck and traps tapered to a shaved head and his tree trunk arms hung it aside ready to do damage this in he said will introduce to mr. Kelky after some brief conversation with the others departed leaving Carl in the custody of the white hand will motion Carl to follow him and the other man whose name was rich the bench accompanied they walked down two flights of stairs into the basement and opening the door came into the gym there another man dressed the same t-shirt and wearing the same black jogging pants was fixing the door to the wire cage which served as a fighting ring and which covered the mass circumference to the height of nine feet will introduce the man that's Jack Martin Carl he's a techie of our operation anything technical he's an adept at Jack noticing them entering gave Carl an inquisitive look and in return fixing the doors hinges that's what we call the crucible Carl it's a fighting cage you can be electrified if need be to increase the intensity of the training sometimes we managed to get some filthy Mexican flies in the trap room and take them into the ring to fight it out to the death the winner can crawl back to their burial and let their fellows fix no we mean business once we get the tasers and cattle prods out and force them into a rage they go at one another to the death the beast men have no loyalty to one another Carl as you may know they care only for themselves and how much gain they can acquire if need be at the expense of their fellow beast man we on the other hand are genetically programmed to be altruistic toward one another only when the Jew has infected our minds at the mental pollution of Judeo-Christianity and its modern variant liberalism or humanism as our altruism become focused upon the beast man and self-chosen Jews not on ourselves the white people in the street and the race war which has torn this nation in shreds is the end result of that poison now we the healthy minded white remnant must become the Aryan warriors we're genetically programmed to be and salvage what we can of our folk your wife and child and all the other whites who have been butchered and slaughtered by the non-white hordes and their Jewish overlords must be avenged and the evil of the world eradicated lest it caused even greater suffering you must begin your training today and after two days we can subject you to a test that should you pass will complete your initiation into the white hand Carl was escorted by the two to the change room and given gym clothes bearing the emblem of the organization a white upraised right hand and a black background within a red diamond-shaped border he asked well what the meaning of the emblem was it will inform him it is symbolic of the white race's resistance to that which is against our ancient Aryan law against because upraised in the

gesture of warning or prohibition law because the right hand that which is correlated with the left side of the brain which governs the logical faculties and concerned itself with order and control of the chaotic forces of the universe through conscious awareness white because of course white and contained within a red bordered diamond to connote the diamond body or absolute personality the fully integrated soul the colors chemical process of transmutation from the base metal of the lower self of beast consciousness and a fragmented soul divided amongst itself so that to that of the philosophical gold of man perfected black connoting the negro or breaking down phase and white that of the albedo integration and read that of the phase of rubato of full integration and strengthening of the cell to attain immortality thus our organization is not purely devoted to mundane affairs but also toward the stars and the development of the higher self Carl had by that time finished dressing as will related this information through the change room door now they were about to begin the preliminary training over the two days Carl was subjected to a battery of tests including sprint intensity running for one hour having to run through an obstacle course that entailed leaping over wide pits and climbing along a rope as well as wall climbing he had to navigate through the obstacle course while being shot at by plastic BBs of automatic firearms which were ensconced in a wall all codes then he was subject to strength conditioning where push-ups and pull-ups with body weight as well as with a weight vest were undergone he was forced to do gymnastic style exercises such as handstands and pommel horse and backflips before involving himself in sparring a boxing match with rich the uber bench and then a mixed martial arts competition with Jack Martin who is a black belt in various disciplines after the two preliminary days which lasted 12 hours each interrupted only for nourishment and rest Carl was ready to finally undergo the test for re-entry into the order a two-hour sprint run on incline a hundred push-ups followed by a hundred pull-ups the running of the obstacle course within a minimal time limit and an adequate performance in five rounds of boxing and MMA with both Rich and Jack to round things out Will supervised the process throughout and eventually sent Carl into his room to await his decision Carl was though exhausted from his days of intense striving satisfied he'd be given the opportunity to avenge his family under the aegis of the organization if he were rejected for membership he would go out on his own and utilize the weapons mr. Calbee at first and with and lay waste to every brown body he met if he had to die in the process he would willingly go and take as many of the enemy with him they would simply until they would simply see sprayed minted into the aether and he would become what he was an immortal an Aryan who is predestined by virtue of his genetics to attain victory after some time it seemed like only a short time the door was open and will enter we have elected to make you a provisional member of the order Carl the address raises had him look stoically at his mentor for such he now was preliminary that means that there are still other tasks that you must complete before full admittance Carl looked at him again and inquired us what does it be first we'll set you must strike in a predetermined target an assassination if you will second you must be prepared to devote your every living breath to the rahoia the racial holy war which we are embroiled in and have been

continuously for the whole of our history with the non-white hordes do you agree to these terms Carl answered in the affirmative and committing to the action to return to the basement where the testing facility and gymnasium were contained richly ubermensch had brought mr. Calkey's weapon stash down on a trolley by the elevator and it was waiting there for Carl to kidnap and begin to lay waste against whatever target will directed him toward will began in an assassination stealth is of penultimate importance given that mr. Calkey is supplied with such exotic weaponry and maybe easier than in the case of a conventional assassination to eliminate the target you probably won't have to use as much stealth and you probably won't have to get in as close as in the case of using a silenced 22 Ruger mark 2 or some other form of small arms given that your demolition skills haven't been developed and we don't want to make things too easy for you that road is also eliminated you can take a sniper rifle in addition to your more exotic weaponry he stated gesturing toward the silenced Winchester model 70 in its large-capacity magazine Carl shoved to one side of the trolley allocating it to his mission you might perhaps inevitably have to get in close will set as Carl and submitting him took up the Glock 20 semi-automatic full auto conversion with its 50 round drum magazines and slipped it into the double bag which will it supply he took up a ballistic face mask and Kevlar helmet both flat black to match the tuck vest and body armor he added in on the advice of will he added a few fragmentation grenades to the bag and began pinning himself out with the layers of argument over his black suit will gestured over to the trolley for Carl to equip himself with a double-edged commando dagger and forearm mini crossbow which shot a series of black darts could be filled with a liquid poison that when discharged would disbash the target one way or the other we took the liberty will set a fill of the darts with a liquid nicotine guaranteed death one of the most lethal poisons around untraceable and cost-effective rich the ubermensch laughed and related a story about an incident he had with one of the spit gang bangers one day I showed up as a pizza boy and gave him a bellyful he said I haven't had impregnated the pizza with liquid nicotine and they had a stomachache all right that crew won't need to worry any more about paying the pizza boy they paid the final price to the rebirth Carl was ready to go and said as much all right recruit will said taking out a piece of paper here is your target Carl unfolded the paper and observed the portly and flabby Mexican with a hooked nose and liver lips dressed in a three-piece suit with the newspaper caption underneath stating Latino rights activist Jose Gutierrez will hand in another image to Carl saying this one's more realistic it doesn't have a fake smile or three-piece we took a shot from a drone we fly around the barrio the photo revealed a man known as Al Guano with a pair of shorts and thick gold chain around his neck lying in a pool chair with two blonde women massaging his flesh they call him Al Guano will said sarcastically he calls himself Montezuma and looks upon himself as the ancestor of the Aztec butcher King Carl took the photos and placed in his double bag the barrio barrio compound where Al Guano lives is only a few blocks from here we will await either your return or the photo of his body to confirm the kill if you make it back you can join the order and participate with us on a final strike we are preparing to obliterate La

Raza we have splinter organizations all around San Diego and Los Angeles who will at least those in this city focus their efforts on La Raza and its compound in an all-out raid this is planned for tomorrow so you must be back here by dark tomorrow we are willing to wait until then before we strike Carl thank Will and took the map the latter handed to him and followed him to the exit finally able to prove himself against the gang which had devastated his life through horribly torturing his wife and child Carl took the nondescript stealth van Will lent him and drove off to do a preliminary investigation of the site a large concrete and adobe wall concealed most of the compound from street level as Carl drove past around the compound and further encircled the blocks that bordered it getting a general perspective on how to approach the place he parked the van in an industrial area which was within sprinting distance and by this time the evening was drawing to a close the deep purple and blood-red sky turning black as the Sun set on the horizon just as you have darkened my world El Guano I will darken yours Carl muttered as he strapped on his forearms crossbows and tightened his equipment he inserted his dagger into his sheath and attached fragmentation grenades to his tac vest loading his Colt 45 Mac 11 and Winchester 70 sniper rifle he affixed his two smaller weapons into their holsters and slung the rifle over his shoulder on its sling he exited the van and now being dark in the street lamps having turned on moving around to the other side of the van and out into the street he crept closer to the compound which was still a block away almost surely they would have sent sentries and these he must dispatch birds he ascended a tree when within half a block and climbed it ensuring that he was obscured by foliage though his black suit alone would be adequate he took a look at the compound through the starlight scope observed two heavily muscled Barraza members were pacing about on the compound their tattoos were visibly in his night vision scope though the light from the guard shack shone out through the windows onto them he observed a disgusting abomination that called itself art etched onto their bodies intricate figures of skulls and snakes and weapons of war live by the gun die by the gun Carl whispered as he acquired the targets and in the center of the scope the pasty faced in the mosquito covered by sunglasses a sneer of arrogance played about the beast man's face gold teeth glinting in the light of the guard shack searchlight which shone out into the alley not far enough to detect the man in black suit who had had his life robbed from him he who had had his life robbed from him by these animal men Carl squeezed the trigger and the head shattered like a melon blood and muck exploding in a 360 degree radius he shifted his aim and acquired the partner who was just reacting to the delusion of gore that had been bathed with his own melon detonating on impact as he opened his mouth to scream silencing his cries forever Carl quickly did a scene survey and noted that no one had defeated he detected the kills he slipped down from the tree and shouldered his rifle as he dog trotted over the compound and took out his graph no slinging over the wall and finding purchase he pulled himself up and over and raced along the wall which is a couple feet in thickness enabling a path though he had to ensure to walk around the iron spikes which projected from the concrete and adjacent to the adobe tiles which tiles also covered the roof of the compound he moved a little distance further and came upon

an entrance that gave a view of gang members inside the compound carousing with their females while they played poker the sound of Latino gangster rap was coming out of one of the open windows and conveniently covered the sound Carl might be he was about to swing his grapple over to the roof of the main house when he observed a pitbull coming around the corner he had no choice but to silence this early early warning system with a burst of poison dust from his forearm crossbow the pitbull rolling on his side as a nicotine filled darts punctured his vital area from neck to viscera Carl took out his grapple and swung it onto the adobe tiles in the house finding purchase he then attached the other and to one of the iron spikes and pulled himself across a shadow on a moonless night a harbinger of death once on the roof he came up to the skylight and observed the gang bangers below he wanted bigger game and kept moving on another skylight presented itself to him as he continued along the roof and this one was slightly open allowing him to hear the sounds beneath he approached and listen your dumb blonde bitches you know I fucked her like a dog bitch Joe I'd say you here Carl looked into the window and observed the fat greaser dressed in the silk smoking jacket being one of his blonde slave girls with some type of stick smack smack smack the fat brought the stick up and down with a furious rhythm as a blonde woman cringed before him Carl opened up the skylight and took aim with his sound suppressed Colt 45 he flicked the switch from safety to full auto and depressed the trigger just before this is he used his forearm wrist darts which were tranquilizer darts and shot the blonde woman behind Al Guano in the back causing her to sink in unconsciousness and administered another two darts to the blonde the beast was assaulting putting her into a like state of consciousness then dispatched Al Guano discharging a fusillade of hollow point rounds into the wall of brown flesh that called itself Montezuma who fell under his own weight with a crash his face staring up at Carl from below blood oozing from beneath his gold teeth and liver lips his bloodshot eyes staring up at the starlight perfect whispered Carl as he took out his camera and zoom into the face of the alleged ancestor of the Aztec butcher king he returned his camera and moved back toward the other skylight he took out a glass cutter and suction cup and cut on a square of glass and then primed two frag grenades dropping them into the cushion to the gangbangers couch he moved swiftly and silently back toward the grapnel and pulled himself across reaching the other side and over just as they detonated sending window glass and debris fragments flying he sprinted to his van and burned out of the area victory for him Stanley Cohn sat in his plush penthouse overlooking the downtown and observed the billowing smoke of the race war below next to him his right-hand man Greenberg stood and watched him as the latter soliloquized I never wanted it to turn out this way we had all the cards a royal flush we couldn't lose and then it all fell apart those damn wise boys in the military taking the top dogs of it to heal it from power through their coup in DC holding with New York hostage with their ICBMs out of Missouri he got us checkmated now we got only one move left can't get out we got to go down with the ship maybe the next life when we resurrect on this earth we'll get our chance yeah then we'll have a world of our own he took a gulp of brandy from the brandy glass and then took a nervous drag on his Cuban

cigar the fireplace crackled in the background and Greenberg spoke up though he didn't like to intrude to his boss's reverie you want I should call Brodsky and get him now don't do that we'll handle Cohn interjected we've got an ace up our sleeve with that fat greaser in his crew they're in tight with the Mexican drug lords and are attempting a military crew as we speak once they get Mexico it's adios amigo we have them come against the Hollywood Marines and take him out LA's too tied up with the Chinks and any potential invasions so they're neutralized all we got to do is get in touch with one Raza head out Guano and make sure he sets his troops in motion against the cops from there we can still take this town this area maybe shift over to Mexico if we get away from this area it's Tony's voices out of a desperate man and desperate men do desperate things Greenberg said we could set them in motion and make a retreat to Tijuana in case Conan project what and flee in my moment of victory we get it but it wrapped up there's no way we could lose with that main Browns how the way it's gonna save their skins we're safe goods on our side we'll make it through it's written in prophecy he gulped another mouthful of brandy with artificial confidence a smile breaking and revealing his cat white teeth ring up El Guano I want him set in motion that fat monkey give me the phone he twisted around his Greenberg handed in the phone which was gold-plated and snatched it from its cradle the phone rang and eventually one of the Mexican gangbangers picked it up what you wanna see mr. Cohn's fat angry get El Guano on the Mexican responded with a surly tone he just got shot he did it see what you wanted for could pause the moment Cohn paused the moment panic gripping his chest who's in charge there I want I want to talk the head man to his to the second in command the gangbanger responded what you want man you were the second in command Cohn's anger boiling his voice never mind I want you and your crew to strike against the Marines tonight bring out all of your arsenal against them use all of your connections in the cartels and all their firepower tonight get it the banger retorted mr. Cohn we ain't got enough it was cut off by goldie screen either you strike them or I'll send us the squad out to finish you off the banger swore at the other line becoming your asshole fuck that we don't got enough firepower Cohn gave him an ultimatum either it's tonight or it's lights out for La Raza and hung up the phone at the headquarters of the White Hand Will and his two fellow members dressed in white robes they chanted ruins Carl having been blindfolded kneeled on the floor within the circle which was uncompleted there is the three vibrated as they circumambulated around Carl the latter holding his right hand a ceremonial dagger engraved with the ruins there is Oz and so Willow drawing and powers and protection and willpower the three chanted at this point an apparition took shape coalescing the atmosphere above and below before Carl as the three members continued to chant the ruins a masculine figure appeared of a translucent luminous form an area in a great stature being about seven feet in height and of a powerful bill this blonde hair streaming behind him and blue eyes looking forth beyond Carl Carl shuddered as he appeared though he was unable to see him through the blindfold after a few moments and the eventual cessation of the chanting Carl was instructed to remove his blindfold remove your blind the boy said emanating from the Aryan god man who

descended upon the earth plane Carl did as he requested and beheld the figure standing before him in full war gear apparel which was unplaceable in any historical context in which appeared of a shimmering armor like quality fell snug to the body you have proven yourself Carl worthy of the name Carl for that name was reserved for the nobility in another time one that your ancestors bore you have demonstrated through your recent exploits of worthiness to bear that title and now I bestow upon you the power of the Aryan reserved for those worthy of the name noble Jarl or Carl so saying a luminescent Aryan god man reached up to Carl and placed his hands on either side of his head upon contact a strange energy emanated from his hands and conferred upon Carl the greater power that he had ever experienced as if he had undergone in the instant a thousand battles and been victorious all simultaneously his body shivered as the energy course through him and after a few moments of this the god man removed his hands and spoke with you now is a martial spirit of Tyr of Thor and a wisdom to employ that of Odin you may now go forth and annihilate the enemies of both the dagger you hold will amplify this power when worn and when put to use it will be charged with the blood of the enemy and confer upon you still greater power at this a god man stepped back and gave Carl farewell Carl Aryan warrior of the wolf age you are one with Kelki with Tyr and Thor and Odin you have been blessed with the power of the Aryan go forth and destroy the enemy without mercy I bid you farewell so saying a luminous god man disappeared and the chanting resumed for a brief moment the circumambulation around the circle ceased abruptly and well-spoken arise Aryan warrior Carl obediently arose still clasping a dagger in his hand congratulations well said his voice returning to normal as richly ubermatch turned up the knob increasing the illumination of the roof you are now a full member of the White Hat now we turn our attention to more serious matters than your training over there are yet more tests needed and they will be undergone in the midst of iron blood blood in blood out is a condition of our order but once in there is much blood in between these stages and it is out of the enemy whose blood you have already tasted we will hit those filthy Mexicans tonight of their compound that will be the final strike needed to dispatch them from this world Carl accompanied the three others down again into the basement armory to kid up for the coming conflagration once down in the elevator will escorted them into a room which came off the main gymnasium which resembled mr. Calphey's armory this is the war room well announced as they entered into the heavy metal door Carl took in the stock of weapons myriad SMGs from oozes and tech knives to mac-11s and scorpion machine pistols to happier assault rifles of all makes and models ancient K FN foul bullpups and various other exotic brands bandoliers and crates of ammunition belt-fed machine guns and various conventional firearms ranging from pump-action shotguns and pistol grips the high-powered rifles and gas-powered pistols in addition to this there was an assortment of IEDs and even larger bombs crates of grenades rockets and mortars as well as launchers for all given that the compound is surrounded by other buildings owned and occupied by the members it's within our interest to create chaos and drive the cockroaches from their lairs we'll point it out to where a group of drones lay in the corner we'll use these robot insects to swoop

down on the cockroaches these drones can be equipped with IEDs it could be remotely detonated it will scatter the Mexicans of the panic robot will then fly a drone around in surveillance and go in ourselves to clear up after the initial salvo our armored van will serve as a protective protection to get us in and out from there we can exit and lay waste in the savages who remain after the initial strikes whichever crawl out of the rubble we'll begin assigning firearms to the crew Rich the ubermensch took the belt-fed machine gun and a sack of fragmentation grenades Jack Martin grabbed the scorpion machine pistol and an Uzi with plenty of extra magazines and Will took a HMK MP5 and rocket launcher with a sack of rockets Carl and Mr. Kalki wanted you to prove yourself in action with this he pulled a sheet from off a trolley that revealed the multi-barrel gun that Mr. Kalki had created Kalki said Carl that's right the perfect weapon for an area warrior and you get to give it a test run Carl grabbed the weapon up and felt a surge of power course through his limbs communing with the war gods he took up the six 50-round magazine that came with it and fitted them into a duffel bag shouldering the weapon on its strap ready Will asked the crew ready they replied in unison as he ascended the elevator they chanted the ruins which would fall to see victory and exited the compound kitted up in a black armor and military apparel of black death they were propitiating the war gods of blood sacrifice today and bringing down the reapers sigh upon the Latino hordes who had plagued the city with their drugs and rapine ever since they had set foot in the country through the perverse pathological altruism of Jewish Christianity will enrich loaded up the drones onto the roof and prepared to drive off toward a nearby hill from once they would be launched once the hill was ascended will took up a remote and turned on a monitor at the back of the van which enabled him to view the landscape as the first drone took off from the man's roof and sped off in the direction of the burial will had equipped its undercarriage with an IED and it zipped over the tumble down shacks of the barrio the shantytown rooms of corrugated metal and adobe tile and took in the fortified compound of the Raza its concrete walls bestrewed with traditional Latino graffiti art images of serpents snakes leopards and Aztec warriors will chuckled as a drone sped past hostel Avista beaner as he pressed the button on the drones remote which caused the IED to detach from its robot pincers the drone twisted around in flight and will came in again for a pass and scene survey as a camera lit up the firelight the building below exploding in rubble and debris as the IED found purchase detonating on impact number two go will cried as a crew I five watching the monitor as if it were Friday night movies the drone sped past the wreckage again and the camera switched from one to two after we'll set the first on the ground a ruin lay before them in a swarm of violence and angry gangbangers bustled about shrieking obscenities their staccato voice fucking piece on the leg the white bitches before the next IED lit up the evening star the fire served incendiary death inferno blazed and bodies flew as the heart of the gangbangers was torn up with the fingers of the fire God sacrifice to his voracious maw the hat white hand members high-fived again in celebration of their victory and will said let's go team we got a lot of buildings to clear and plenty of prayer coats the barbecue the members locked and loaded their armaments and piled out of the vehicle

their black armor virtually obscuring them from sight in the dim light of the impending night even to the feral eyes of the Latinos they found out and Carl had calced up and directed toward the enemy the alleyway they headed down led to the complex of houses that comprised the burial community a variable warren of plague rats the smoke from the compound rose in the sky the greater smoke to the downtown riots billowed upward prematurely blackening the sky enabling only evil blood-red rays from a dying sun to enter the streetlights had been smashed in this area rendering the nighttime total darkness and the crew switched to night vision as they hunted their prey at the edge of fences and walls they spread out and stalked their prey exterminators hunting vermin looking to ethnically cleanse the area Will took out his rocket launcher and pointed it over a wall here he heard the loud shots of gangbangers behind peeking through a crack in the wall he is behind the steezos chattering to one another their do-rags and sunglasses and facial tattoos obscuring their simian features they were congregated around a group of vehicles in the backyard and had their weapons out apparently ready for the kill being fluent in Spanish she overheard their crude expostulations fucking pigs man is a strike against us we gotta strike him back I say at that Will had more than enough and aimed his rocket launcher through the crack in the throng firing a rocket at the gas tank of the nearest vehicle a souped-up 64 Impala with candy-painted shiny gold colored ribs kaboom the entire group flew apart like a simian hand grenade sending limbs and gore in all directions as Will ducked back around the wall concealing himself from the shockwave debris rained down down the alley rich the ubermesh had his machine gun primed and ready he slung a few fragmentation grenades at the pool party some of the steezo gangbangers were having him upon detonation the remainder came running and gunning their machine pistols attempting to wipe away the shadowy figure whose exact location they couldn't perceive the darkness through the wrought iron fence which led into the backyard rich opened in the flare flaming dragon's moth as it spit to live death the rounds pinging off the iron railings and chewing up the remnant of gang bangers whose 40 ounces of skulls shattering a spray of alcoholic blood along the alleyway Jack Martin ran cover for the two other members and swept his SMGs in an iron broom clearing away blood and muck amidst the chaos of ethnic cleansing Carl had leapt over one of the fences which gave the appearance of security to the throng of bangers with that in who were in the midst of running toward the scene and to the hope of victory but whose hopes were swiftly dashed as Calkey roared the anger of the war god poured forth from its moth all barrels unleashing a fusillade of lead and hail as a Saturn's side sweeping away the evil of the earth drug dealers rapists murderers and extortionists met their death as Calkey raged Carl himself being transfixed as an avatar of the war god astride his white horse sweeping the heads of the enemy off with his flaming sword house-to-house went the cleanup crew dispatching their foes merciless stoicism they had a job to do and no Christian pity existed in their hearts which had been purified and ennobled from by it and ennobled and discharged from from the spiritual syphilis of the sickly semitic creed fragmentation grenades rocked the burial compound on all sides as a steady shatter of the gunfire communicated its harsh either or victory or defeat life or

death the crew communicated by a convict well-spoke there's another compound where they keep all their drugs and weapons that cash is their fallback place we're going to surround it in a pincer movement and crush it in the jaws of death move out it's a block east three o'clock the four took their positions instinctively allocating sides to each other and descended upon the depot as they came up a couple of miles away and whispered by convict will again taking the lead how many frag grenades you have left crew rich responded that yet a few and Carl round the same number though the remaining two had done all right crew say well I'll send a few rockets into the roof of the wall he logged grenades into the compound well shoulders his launcher again and place the rocket at the roof followed by another through the window both detonating with only a few second digital as the grenades nearly simultaneously burst against the compound screams erupted as the guards within the depot under their death cries and from there it was time to go and in the confusion Carl logged a couple of smoke grenades into the compound on either side of the building and the floor converged upon it leaping onto the wall and peeking over into the windows of the building gunfire burst out of the building from one of the windows at Carl and was returned with the roar of calci the windows shattered as the rounds peppered the glass panes the four men in black suit crept to the property on all sides ensuring that they keep an eye on the window above a tec-9 was thrust out of one of the windows at Jack Martin it was retracted with cries the latter rooted the invisible assailant with his mac-11 up the steps toward the deck crept will his mp5 thirsty for blood he approached the sliding door and detected movement from his peripheral vision his night vision shifting toward the target a young Mexican banger dressed in do-rag and tattooed arms peeping out with a feral look of hostility on his face will took aim and shattered both glass pane and sitting in his face as his mp5 stuttered the sound suppressor reducing the noise and minimizing its ability to be detected by the enemy on the opposite side of the compound Carl was scaling the roof of his grapple and Jack Martin was approaching the top of the small deck which led into a patio door Carl had reached the of the rubble that remained on the roof and at the same time well entered in through the shattered door pane and Jack Martin got a view of what remained of the second story through his window rich the ubermensch covered the grounds below with a machine gun ready to mop up any stragglers will search the interior with his night vision not being backlit by the sky which was pitch black and the same darkness as the interior now the roof had been blown off he acquired some targets in the corner hard men beast men who had their technoids up and ready he stitched them across their torsos zipping them up in a body bag as blood flew in rivulets and hollow points punctured their flesh Jack Martin meanwhile had entered by the upper floor and gave another set of gang bangers a salutation from the reaper stitching them up females and their pups cowered in a corner screeching in fright as admit of the men in black Carl descended from the roof met three surrounded bitches in their brood tell me where your leader is well shouted angrily as he held his mp5 against the skull of one of the latrino born criminal children mestizo female cried her fat face blubbering said in Spanish you don't stare you alone no one else she reached out her hands for the child will not easily

fooled by the surreptitious stutter on the female made a gesture as if to finish the child and she said I have two men well shifted his mp5 away from her child to her relief which lasted only a split second as he brought it up and annihilated her for her lie and not only for her lie but her very being itself the womb of criminality which generated more of her vile kind she and her child who were responsible for the chaos which led to the degeneration of the society for the rape the murder and thievery which had torn apart the ones pristine white world the child who attempted to strike him he turned the gun on as well and giving a signal to the rest of the crew annihilated then a vipers amidst shrieks and screams and hatred and selfish desire for life at all costs he then signaled to the three others to fan out and head toward the basement which was at the opposite end of the room and was sealed by a metal chopped door will took some c4 of his potion got his fellow crew members to man the doors and get behind the wall to avoid the explosion he had fixed the c4 to the metal trap door and wired it to a timer setting it to 30 seconds the crew members went out with a shout all clear to notify rich who was prowling outside with machine gun after a short interval the metal door exploded sending shrapnel around the interior of the house a scream was heard and then continued cries of anguish were uttered from the depths as Will and the crew came into the house rich remaining outside as he croaked toward the underground cellar Will took in via his night vision a figure curled up on the ground surrounded by three dead bodies and the steezo gangbangers the live one a young male in his 40s rolled back and forth and grabbed his leg which had been lacerated with shrapnel Will dropped down into the hole while Carl and Jack Martin kept watch kept watch their guns drawn while the former gave the beater a kick tell me what your plans are beater who won't kill you all the address stared up in a wild fanaticism bordering on madness and spat blood at the ground Joe won the truth bingo he said pain in his voice as he wrestled his ankle we're gonna take this town we're gonna kill all the cops in order he's gonna the whole Mexican army on our side Joe have a chest put on he spat the final day Will has simply raised his MP5 stitched him up his chest making him do the rigor mortis shuffle shucking and jotting as his life poured from his form rendering in a conduct will pull himself up on the chalkboard said score a victory for the white side will send a message to my affiliates on the inside of the military who will spread it outwards time for a cool internal housecleaning anyone not white is forced out one way or another before they get forced out themselves the US Marine Corps has now officially disbanded the army divided along color lines and it's a war of all against all rahula racial holy war as the chaos continued to rock San Diego Sammy Cohn and his crew of Mishpuka Mafiosi were basking in Tijuana in a plush resort Greenberg was standing by monitoring the environment as Mr. Cohn talked with one of his associates a corpulent copper-toned skinned white baby groomer by the name of Mr. Cuck.

Cuck I told you already that our boys in San Diego will sweep away the military we're all like kings once he's going in white races I've taken out power nothing can beat us it's written in the stars prophecy by God that we'll win a victory the Freemason Cuck looked

doubtful and pounced on are you sure your insider can pull off a coup inquiry expressing his doubts Mr. Cohn responded with a tone of assurance and masking with condescending disdain he felt for his Freemasonic Shabaz Goy. We got a whole crew of muds doing a hard labor they'll serve as the negrito phase and break down the white order they will consolidate power and expand afterwards taking over the whole of the world once those pieces of human excrement the white racists are done away with there'll be nothing to stop our progress we'll eliminate all the muds we don't need to do backbreaking labor and then sweep aside whatever other group we don't want mix all of them going together as our puppets then they can all be one one humanity one world government Zion. Cuck fondled his Mexican whore and sneezed with apathetic disregard at the fate of his people as he squeezed her fat breast in his hand his bejeweled fingers twinkling in the sun of the Mexican midday.

Carl, Will and the crew sped eastward toward the edge of the city having decided they had had enough damage done enough damage to the Latinos effectively breaking up their criminal organization leaving perhaps a few stragglers behind squirreled away like rats in their warren as the chaos raged around them. Good job Carl you have avenged your family and have struck a blow for the white race in its survival, Will said. As he drove out of the city the dawn of a new day grieving the group could become heartened through battle and empowered themselves in a transformative way through that process.

They had become as gods through the conflict though the conflict had overcome any pusillanimous Christian virtues and gone beyond the good versus evil of the Semitic sickness which had plagued the white race for nearly 2,000 years. Though never really infected with that creed they now truly embodied the will to power strength of will and stoical apathy that enabled the transcendence of the lower ego overcoming the self through sacrificing their lower self to their higher self that which was bound up with the collective consciousness the bulk soul. They had put their lives on the line for the white race and now reap the fruits of their labor in the spiritual planes materializing the physical and the higher vibrational energy body one crafted under the aegis of the war gods who they had communed with through that conflict against that which threatened both themselves and their extended family the white race.

They now bore in their soul the stamp of the Aryan which was indelibly impressed upon them. The dirt road kicked up dust as they sped along it toward Mr. Calkey's ranch. As they approached the ranch Mr. Calkey was waiting for them near the electrified fence apparently having a premonition of their arrival as the armored van Will drove was virtually silent in its passage into the compound.

The only slight sound being caused by the crunching of the occasional gravel which was strewn upon the dirt road. Will brought the van to a halt and the four climbed out Carl walking ahead and embracing his father. I received the message from the war gods that

you had gained the victory he said somberly.

You are now a full member of the white hand and have demonstrated your capacity to defend your land and people from the invader. He gestured toward Calkey the weapon he had invented which Carl still held in his hands. You may keep Calkey now that you have imbued it with the blood of the enemies of the white race.

Both it and you have gone through an initiation process together and have established a special bond with Calkey. He lives through you and you are empowered by him. In this age call it the wolf age, iron age, Kali Yuga, whatever.

You must become war to make it through and remain one of the remnants of this earth. Failing that you will resurrect and live again to fight again or to build the future world on this earth if the evil is swept away and hold the ancient text prophecy that that will be the case. The Jews and their savage hordes will be wiped from the earth and a white remnant will reign in the earth for eternity living amidst a golden age of glory and creative striving in a harmonious relationship with the gods.

You Carl are one of the Einherjar, one of the warriors in this wolf age, one of the white wolves who will sweep away the evil, all of the sheep who clutter the earth with their excrement and clear a path for a better world. As he spoke the other members had come up and listened politely as Mr. Calkey discovered discourse upon a future world and what it had in store for those who had a willingness and an ability to shed blood for victory if need be their own. Will spoke up facetiously.

Why Mr. Calkey I knew you were a preacher but a prophet as well. Tell us what we're doing here and what will come about from this point. Broad-brush theories are great but what must be done is a real issue and once we know that we can figure out the means.

Let's have it. Give us your prophecy as you are clearly working with spooks or something right? Mr. Calkey stared at Will with a sarcastic look and replied we'll see what the gods advise. Will he continued in a tone of warning I would be careful about making the gods the front of your sarcasm.

Both they and you know that they take things mighty seriously. Will clapped Mr. Calkey on the back you're listening to growl from the old man and laugh. Alright let's consult the Oracle Mr. Calkey we need marching orders.

Mr. Calkey threw off Will's head in rough good humor and the group followed him into the ranch house. Ingrid was cooking up a storm in the kitchen and turning favored Carl with a smile which she reciprocated. Carl's mother was with Ingrid in the kitchen and she attempted to greet Carl but Mr. Calkey interfered saying enough mushiness we got business to attend to.

The group followed Calkey as he made his way down the winding staircase into the

armory. From there he continued along the length of the room toward an elevator which he said led up to an observatory that could only be accessed from the basement and was a locus wherein he concluded his ceremonies and propitiation and invocation of the gods. The five ascended the elevator which opened up upon a room that was illuminated by the starlight and a ring of candles surrounding a circular pattern of black tiles which had silver inlaid runes.

At the center was the emblem of the Black Sun whose 12 arms radiated from its central black circle were formed in the shape of the sawilo rune representing success and victory. The Sun and which black circle had an inlaid gold swastika. Mr. Calkey and the veteran members stepped toward the right of the elevator and approached the white robes which were hanging on a wooden statue of the Irmin Sul pillar and began slipping them over their heads.

Carl remained standing where he was and Mr. Calkey waved him over to him once he was fully robed. The robe having a hood and black swastika with red border emblazoned on the back. Carl his father escorted to the center of the circle and instructed to kneel facing the north with his eyes fixed upon the emblem of the swastika on the far wall.

A shining gold emblem on a white marble background which caught the starlight and candlelight filtering in and blazed its luminosity outwards to the members of the white hand. In silence the members assumed positions around the circle. Mr. Calkey positioning himself at the top of the circle at the odal rune and the three others equidistant so that the circle was divided into quadrants.

Mr. Calkey raised his arms above his head and in tone. Oh after which Wills who stood opposite in tone. I was followed by Jack Martin and enriched the ubermatch.

The four began to shift position Widdershins to the next room vibrating its name. This continued until all of the rooms had been sounded. Mr. Calkey again raised his arms and repeated the initial room from where he stood.

Oh as it died down the room seemed to be imbued with an enhanced vitality and harmonious resonance as if the environment had been purged with any negative influence. Even the endless candles seeming to shine brighter. Carl continued to kneel in his position and then Mr. Calkey began to invoke the war gods.

His voice vibrating the words. Odin Thor I call upon you to show us the way to victory. To send us a sign of where we must tread.

Of how we will defeat our enemies and what we must do to gain victory. At this the candles suddenly flared up as if a presence had descended and imbued them with a new vitality. Indeed all the members present sensed this etheric change and concentrated all their thought force upon Carl.

At whom their gaze was directed. Mr. Calkey stated again. Oh Thor.

Oh Odin. Bestow upon this young man your blessing. Imbue him with your power that he may attain victory over the enemy of the white race.

Carl remained passively kneeling and suddenly the candles again flared up and he jerked upright. His back arching as a wave of electrical energy seemed to course through his spine. His form became illuminated by an inner light which radiated outwards.

Almost as if he were engulfed in a white ball of fire. His limbs shook and Mr. Calkey intoned. Oh Thor.

Oh Odin. Imbue this vessel of your spirit with your divine energy. Animate this vessel with your divinity.

Carl was beating sweat by this time. The candles flared again. His skin covered in goosebumps and hair standing on end.

Give us a sign of our divinely appointed mission. Oh Thor. Oh Odin.

Lead us to victory. At this Carl's body began to utter words. Even as he shook.

Tijuana for victory. At this the candles were doused and a room fell silent. Carl falling prostrate on the tile floor.

His sweat bathing the tiles. Mr. Calkey began to chant the runes again. Followed in sequence by the other white hand members who circumambulated Widdershins around Carl.

After three rounds they ceased. Each stopping on a tile they had served on. From that point they stepped into the circle and touched Carl on the shoulders.

Arise Calkey avatar. Mr. Calkey said. You are now empowered with the life force of the gods and will lead us to victory over the hordes of savages and their Jewish puppet bastards.

The four helped Carl to his feet and then backed out of the circle. Mr. Calkey clapping on the back as he exited. We know where to head now.

Tijuana here we come. Mr. Cone cuffed the white girl with a backhand. His heavy gold rings making a sickening smack against her cheek.

Tearing a piece of her skin away as a myriad diamonds of the ring grated against her soft skin. She fell back tumbling prostrate into the silken cushions as Mr. Cone grabbed the gold plated iron chain that was attached to her neck and yanked her toward him. Come here you shiksa.

I got plenty more where that came from. He gave her another backhand as she whimpered helplessly. Her frail body being held by his chain which he had wound in his fist.

The other girl another blonde attempted to help her companion but was cuffed by a backhand of Mr. Cone whose rings cracked against her face like his gold Rolex watch glinting in the light of the chandelier which over the hung the giant bed. You shiksas are gonna be sorry. You ain't friendly to me.

I'm a big wheel in the cabal. You better give me my due respect. He spat at the blonde who lay whimpering in the sheets and took up the snort of cocaine from one of his rings.

Nuts slackening in the tension of the chain which he wound in his fist. At that moment his gold plated phone rang. He bounced off the silken sheet of bed.

His hairy nude body pouring sweat from his exertions and picked it up. What do you want? He shouted and listened to the voice on the other line. What? They killed them all.

Who? He paused and then replied. What do you mean they don't know who? Well find out dammit. And he hung up the phone.

His rage at having lost what he believed would be a sure gambit at taking out the whites in San Diego while he waited at his leisure soaking up the rays. Now his hopes were dashed and he his security was jeopardized as the enemy had information on who he was and what he had done and were surely keeping records. The only thing they might not know was where he was.

Might not. He thought all of this in an instant of panic. His rage jacking up his adrenaline and putting him into a fight-or-flight state.

He took another snort of cocaine from another one of his rings and turned his hostility against the two young girls who were cowering in the sheets huddled together. He approached them in his shadow fell over them as he prepared to take out his anger on them. His fists still gripping the chain that was wound around one of their necks.

Goddamn whites. Goddamn schixxes. He cried as he brought down his fist.

Ingrid bustled about the kitchen preparing breakfast as the rays of the morning sun filtered through the white curtains that she had pulled aside. They're being patterned with swastika designs intricately woven into them by her artful hand. Mozart played in the background that she set the table with ornate ceramic plates designed with rune wheels and Celtic knotwork.

Upon these she piled honey cakes of buckwheat and fresh eggs and a dish of butter as well as fresh squeezed juice and fresh raw milk. The table was laid and at that moment

Carl walked in being an early riser. He greeted Ingrid with a smile and a bow and invited her to sit down with him.

He asked her about her time here and whether she felt at home and she responded that she did but that she missed her family in South Africa and was lonely that she was nearly 23 and still didn't have a husband. She asked him if he would ever marry again given that he had only recently lost his wife and child and he replied that he would if he ever found the right woman. They looked at each other and a bond was formed that conveyed to them both that it would be a good match between them.

Their conversation shifted toward the chaos which broiled around them and Ingrid expressed her concern for Carl in the fight. Carl thanked her and stated that he appreciated the woman who had concern for her own race as so many had unfortunately decided to betray their people and side with the Jews for profit. She replied that though she was a strong woman and had endured much hardships she would always be loyal to the white race.

Carl touched her shoulder and expressed his appreciation for her concern. At this moment Mr. Kalki entered and the two broke away from one another finishing their meal in silence. Carl's father blurted out, you two lovebirds eating on the sly don't want to have an old man like me intrude eh? He laughed as he sat down and said a prayer to the gods.

The remainder of the order members and Carl's mother came in and had their breakfast. As it reached its end and the superficial conversation continued on, Mr. Kalki took Carl and Ingrid aside and invited them to accompany him outside. Ingrid took up her wide-brimmed sun hat and was wearing her Sunday dress, a well-fitting garment of white that revealed her supermodel figure.

Carl led her by the hand as Mr. Kalki opened the door, the two stepping out into the morning sunshine. Mr. Kalki led the conversation and began discussing the issues of society and how Ingrid's home of South Africa was undergoing civil war in a hotter form than had previously occurred over the past few decades since the Jewish cabal had imposed their international pressure to destroy the white-founded nation and presence in Africa, building it up to a genocide of the whites as they had been doing in all white countries. San Diego is merely another microcosm of the macrocosm and Carl's former wife and child were becoming a routine occurrence in even the whitest areas.

Now that things are changing we must do what we can to help each other, Mr. Kalki said. Ingrid has suffered a loss of her family as you have also, Carl. He had arrived with them at a tree that was positioned overlooking an embankment that descended toward a river and in the distance San Diego.

Carl's destiny is written in the stars, Ingrid, and he will gain a victory that will be

instrumental in purging the nation of our enemy. Mr. Kalki pointed towards San Diego. That city is undergoing a cataclysm that, once the dust settles, will almost certainly serve as a secure home for whites.

Ingrid, he said, looking from her to Carl and drawing their eyes together, has a home here but no husband and Carl has lost his wife and child. We must, he said, taking up their hands, respectfully move forward onto the next chapter of our lives and remembering the past, not let it weigh us down. He placed their hands together and their eyes met.

Both have suffered and grown strong through suffering. Now both must celebrate their strength together and unite together as one. He then stepped away from them and moved toward the tree.

Oh Freya, bless this union between this Aryan woman, Ingrid, and this Aryan warrior, Carl, so that they might find happiness together amidst the trying times of this world of chaos and grow together, strengthening their bonds through these trials. Oh Freya, bestow upon this union your grace so that these two noble souls may find completion in their bond. Mr. Kalki turned toward the couple and, taking out a braid of wheat he had made, tied their hands together and pronounced, Wunjo, signifying a blessing of joy and happiness and unity.

The two turned to one another and kissed, embracing a consummation of their formal union. Mr. Kalki left the couple and returned to the ranch. The news media had been largely inactive during the conflagration and the only news of what was actually occurring came from people within formal networks who had boots on the ground in the regions which were subject to the chaos which the Jews had been attempting to end and near for decades and which had blown back in their face as juvenile delinquents playing with dynamite.

Insiders within the military that Mr. Kalki and Will knew had supplied them with video footage of the gunship battles between the Mexican and US military and how San Diego had been taken by the whites who were now seeking to ethnically cleanse the non-white population from their midst, either loading them on ships and sending them back to China and East Asia or lining them up against the wall and finishing them off. Given that they were qualified as belligerents, the mestizos and Negroes, most of whom had loose or intimate gang affiliation, were dispatched and loaded into barges to be thrown into the ocean or on transport reefer trucks to be tossed into the Grand Canyon which was then napalm so that any potential disease would be eradicated as well as any lingering spirits. Mexican army and Air Force had been pushed back further into Mexico and desperately attempted to defend its soon-to-be rapidly shrinking borders.

Mr. Kalki heard further that the drug cartels along the border were attempting to harass white citizens and that his assistance was needed in conscripting fighting-age males to

lay waste to the parasitical infestation given his broad network of contacts. He was requested to form a company of men that would carry out a hack and slash protocol and clear away the deadwood along the border. Mr. Kalki, upon hearing the news, which he had received by radio, announced to the order that they would be needed to strap up and carry out a mission to purify the region of vicious remnants of La Raza, which gang had assimilated all of their rivals through a ruthless power grab and now comprised the United Front, working unofficially in tandem with the Mexican army.

Thus, as George Lincoln Rockwell prophesied, the uniform of the next war will be the color of the skin, and his prophetic words in the 60s were proven true. Mr. Kalki brought his cadre of soldiers into the war room and had them kit up with body armor, frag and smoke grenades, as well as an SMG, sidearm, and assault rifle of whatever make they preferred. Rich the uberman, she equipped himself with his standard machine gun and bandolier of ammunition, and Jack Martin affixed a M203 under his M16 and prepared himself to strike.

Will carried a rocket launcher and extra rockets in addition to his standard MP5, and Carl took Kalki and extra drum magazines. Mr. Kalki spoke up. Carl, I've designed another appurtenance for Kalki, as he fumbled in one of the sliding metal drawers that were inserted into the workbench and brought out a strange-looking headlamp with a short cable that terminated in a sensor pad.

This device is beyond space age, Mr. Kalki said. He pointed, indicating the sensor. That sensor can be affixed to the left temple and perceives electrical impulses from the brain to fire upon its targets at the speed of thought.

The device is a laser gun that can be mounted either on the forearm or on the forehead using the attached velcro strips. He attached the device to Carl's head, and the latter gave his father a concerned look. How do I know it won't take out allies as well as enemies? Mr. Kalki chuckled and responded, as I said, it's a space-age device.

Anyone who is white, it won't fire upon. Only those who aren't. He paused a moment, appreciating the look of incredulity on Carl's face.

You're too rational for your own good, Carl. Not everything in the world operates on the basis of logic. This device maps onto your most intimate thoughts and is a form of AI.

It can recognize what you recognize, and anyone who is deemed a foe will be dispatched within a split second, the laser beam burrowing into them like something out of Star Wars. This is alien technology, Carl, and the device derives from off-planet, from our Aryan ancestors who came from Elbeberoth. Carl, having borne witness to the occult power of Mr. Kalki and the Order, was willing to assume the hypothesis.

Mr. Kalki continued, there's no danger of its harming whites, for even if you, you as

wearer, with whom it interfaces, are mistaken about whether the target and the crosshairs is white, it itself is not. That's the nature of the AI. It is programmed to strike only non-white targets.

He took out a pair of glasses that looked like goggles and put them on Carl's head. Carl observed how the sights were the same as a single aiming scope, though he didn't see it in binocular vision, only as a unity overlaid upon his natural perception. It has a night vision function, too.

Once it becomes sufficiently dark, it darkens. The brightness increases to maintain a stable quantity of light that makes it look like midday, all day, around the 24-hour clock. The crew had finished kitting up, and Mr. Kalki then shifted their focus to other issues.

I've been instructed by my contacts in the military to arm and train, within the next week, a fighting force to take out the cartel drug gangs who are marauding along the border. Will, I need you and your crew to reach out to your fellow skinheads in the city and have them conscript recruits. Price is no option, as once we will, once we win, we'll have all the loot, once the Jews are cast out completely and the dust settled.

Tell them to drive out here with whatever armaments they can gather, especially automatics and assault rifles and SMGs and plenty of ammo. Carl and I will send a message to the local and surrounding area and set up the obstacle course and training camp. Ingrid and my wife will assist the other local women in feeding the recruits and whatever other preps are needed.

With this, Will departed, promising to return with the caravan and all of his stock of armaments at the headquarters within three days. Carl and his father were busy with the neighbors, who assisted in constructing additions, assisted in constructing additions to the obstacle course, transfixing, transforming the semi-arid, semi-desert region into a training facility with pull-apars and a fighting area for close-quarter combat training, in addition to the pre-existing shooting range that had introduced Carl to the marginal path he now tread. Soon the caravan arrived, a motley assortment of ages and shapes and sizes of white recruits, many of whom, given that they had lived in the inner city, were already hardened by a lifetime of abuse and harassment at the hands of non-whites and Jewish overlords, who controlled the factories and companies they worked in.

The rustic element who lived out of the city as farmers and ranchers were hardened through their life of labor on the land and were accustomed to wielding a gun, though not within the context of the inner city. They had, in many cases, seen combat either as military vets or in skirmishes around their property with the non-white mestizo border hoppers and drug mules and their coyotes, who trafficked contraband, animate and inanimate, to and from the cardboard box shantytowns that dotted the border like a rash. The training carried on smoothly as most of the recruits from 18 to 45 were in tolerable shape and those who weren't soon found themselves doing double duty on the

treadmill, an obstacle course under Carl's tutelage, given that he had taught gym and had always been proficient in physical culture.

By the time the work week was up, the crew looked tough and hardened for battle. For the approximately 100 men assembled, there was adequate body armor and Kevlar helmets supplied by Mr. Kelke, and each recruit had brought with him a gun, supplemented by whatever their commander Mr. Kelke could add to their arsenal. Mr. Kelke's ranch served as a de facto military camp, though the ranch house itself was off-limits to recruits to preserve its pristine nature and not disturb Ingrid and Mrs. Kelke, who spent a full day's work shift cooking and cleaning.

Many of the recruits had brought RMEs and camper vans, which had kitchens and food of their own so as not to be a burden to their proprietor, who some looked towards as a savior figure that would enable them to survive these trying times and dispatch the plague of brown stubbies who insisted upon claiming their territory as their own. The promise of loot had brought some, but most were driven by a double motive. The survival of the white race, including themselves and the prospect of untold riches, served as both a carrot and a stick, or more like a pitchfork, driving them into Mr. Kelke's capable hands.

At week's end, Mr. Kelke sounded the siren he had on the ranch, an old air raid siren he had been given by his father, who had been a survivalist and had purchased the ranch, when he retired from active duty in the Marines in hopes of keeping his family safe from what he perceived was a communist menace threatening America. His son, Mr. Kelke, had become even more deeply acquainted with the conspiracy and its depth, becoming as Jew-wise at a young age as he could read between the lines, literally, of his father's conspiracy literature, and found the missing piece of the conspiracy puzzle. Now he was manifesting his destiny as a commander of an unofficial cleanup crew of hard men, of Aryan warriors, some of whom had let themselves go down the broad, winding path of degeneracy, but who had picked themselves up to the limits of their capacity under his rough and ready tutelage.

They were gathered by their commander around a folding table which had taped to its surface maps of the region south, east, and west of Mr. Kelke's ranch. The owner instructed the lieutenants who had gathered round, those he deemed most physically and mentally confident, to split her off into groups of five, with one lieutenant serving as commanding officer of their unit, themselves under the command of only the members of the Order of the White Hand and himself. The units broke up and directed their assault toward the border, where the gang had several outposts, nests of plague rats whose only desire was to rape, murder, and steal everything they could get their hands on so long as it was white.

The caravans spread out yet remained together under Mr. Kelke's recommendation, that

being to strike with maximal force all small cells of drug-dealing gangbangers who would be more easily dispatched one by one and pushed back into Mexico or into San Diego, into the arms of the military, and from thence into the Pacific. They would gather their rotten fish into an electrified net and terminate them as they went first east to gather stragglers, then reversed course south and west. The first group they came upon was holed up in a caravan of pull trailers and RVs, which amounted to about a dozen, and these were quickly dispatched by rockets, grenades, and sniper fire, leaving only a few remaining for Rich, the ubermensch, and his machine gun, as well as the others to mow down with the lead and broom.

Leaving only debris behind, they swept along their charted course and a few miles later stumbled upon a small ghost town that played host to this nest of vipers. The pasteboard houses and a few dilapidated log cabins surrounded a central brick building that served as a city hall at the time when the town was thriving and functional, but now served as the main garrison of the Latino thieves. Upon hearing the approach of the caravan, the lookout who occupied the guard shack put down his tequila and picked up his assault rifle, poking it out of the brick shack and firing into the center of the caravan.

The rounds peppered the vehicles of the oncoming group of Aryan warriors, but failed to strike any of the assailants. Postmodern cowboys in Kevlar cowboy hats riding metal horses to victory. As willed, the front man of the unit took aim with his rocket launcher and he rode in the back of a pickup truck of one of his men and took aim at the shack as a vehicle raced towards its targets.

Its spring is squeaking as a vehicle jostled over the semi-desert turf. He squeezed the trigger discharging a rocket at the brick shack, which blew apart in a pop of concrete dust and brick shrapnel, which rained down upon the pasteboard shacks and then purported to guard. Now the entire town was up and ready.

The inebriated days the Mexicans had been in disappearing as a bucket of ice water was thrown on them. Only it wasn't ice water that doused their fire water, but firepower. Rich the Übermensch's machine gun fuselage tearing apart the shacks and brown bodies that protruded from them as so many targets in a shooting gallery.

Indeed, taken by surprise as they were, the latrinos were a little different than the pop-up targets of the firing range on Mr. Kalki's ranch. And the Aryan warriors continued their target practice as they raced into the compound, fanning out and engulfing it in a crescent formation. They brought their vehicles up as the Mexicans fired from the windows of the antique buildings, like gunfighters in the Wild West, old saloons and dry goods buildings, and a central church served as makeshift fortresses to protect the brown bodies, which had been the occupied of former times.

Now they were the occupiers. Now the Aryan warriors were wild berserker barbarians from the wilderness, who were engaged in the assault against the inert foe. The church

snipers struck one of the whites, a dumpy 45-year-old who had had greater need of training and who thus brought upon himself his doom through his life of excess and inadequate intensity of training.

He had left the sock, led the sock bite, and let it overcome him. And now he would experience the hard earth of an early grave as his plump body crashed to the ground, a sniper's bullet burned in his flesh. Jack Martin strapped the church as he sprinted away from the van he had driven in, and zipped up the sneaking Mexican who tumbled in the window of the church, shattering his skull on the stone slab where the bronze figure of Mary was standing silent vigil at the entrance.

No divine intervener would save the skin of the savage hordes as the gods were on the side of Aryan man, and Mary, who was Ostara, stood over the crumpled body of the creature with silent condemnation. Jack Martin raced into the church as Mac 11 stuttering instant death as more gangbangers were laid to waste and to die the second death in the afterlife before they dissolved into nothingness through their karmic load they bore. Will was off the truck bed before the vehicle came to a stop and had his MP5 stuttering its word of judgment as the brown bodies flew, his rocket launcher slung over his shoulder.

Carl had come up with Jack Martin and had Kalki primed and ready at seven barrels rocking a brown mass as a stream of lead snapped bodies and skulls chewing up the Mexican meat and its leaden jaws. Kalki screamed a war cry of Aryan victory as flames disgorged from its maw and the brown stubbies scattered attempting to seek shelter behind the pasteboard houses which, given Carl's second sight, were a little more than tissue paper that provided no concealment for enemy targets. The crew ran maneuvers around the buildings, expertly taking the Mexicans in a pincer strike, forcing them into the brick building that once served as a city hall and courthouse.

The few stragglers who couldn't make it in time were mowed down as they ran, their bodies carpeting the semi-desert hardpan. Back shooting was not outside of the bounds of race war which was kill or be killed. There were no marquisse of Queensbury rules, no international law.

Might was and always will be right and the Aryan warriors embodied this ethos understanding that what is good for the white race is of the highest virtue and what is bad for the white race is the ultimate sin. They subscribed to no universalist morality but valued themselves and their extended family and their natural environment exclusively. This was a mission of ethnic cleansing and no satiric humanitarianism need apply.

Will shouldered his rocket launcher as the remnants of the Latinos piled into the garrison, attempting to take potshots at the whites before being taken down in a fusillade of lead and hail. He raised the rocket launcher and aimed it at the building just as Jack Martin took up his grenade launcher from his vantage point in the church and

both squeezed their triggers nearly simultaneously, the rocket hitting home first and blasting a large hole in the front of the building as Jack Martin's grenades came through to cover any retaliatory effect on the part of the enemy. The Aryan warriors arraigned front further hammering lead nails into the yet open coffin as Will sent another rocket into the Vipers nest.

This last brought down the house which rained down brimstone upon the animal cartel burying the remnant in rubble making what was once a survival retreat a grave. Indian burial ground, Will said with a tone of finality. The only good Indian is a dead Indian.

The crew slapped each other on the back and took stock of the wounded. Only one man had died and him they buried off in the cemetery which still existed and which had become overgrown with desert scrub brush. During the funeral, Will gave an eulogy as the warriors gathered round.

We pay our respects to our comrade who did his utmost to fight for the survival of his people. He had led a soft life and had been given over to excessive comfort allowing himself to be corrupted by the society of Jewish degeneration. He had recognized this at the last however and at the stirring of the blood memory of his ancestors.

He heard the call of the blood and answered it. Let his death be a lesson to us all to constantly strive to develop ourselves and purge our race of all weakness else we must suffer the same fate as this man. We pay him our respects for his willingness to sacrifice, though acknowledge that he had not trained adequately to build himself up to fighting strength.

The consequences of which lie before us. Both he and his mistakes will be remembered. They kept that evening and before the Sun went down had salvaged what useful stocks they could from the building.

Amidst the unsanitary conditions, copious bottles of tequila and the stench of urine, they gathered a stock of M-16s and crates of ammunition as well as mortar rounds and C-4 plastic explosives. Bags of marijuana and cocaine they also discovered as well as a large quantity of pills. These they transported into the broken shell of the brick administrative building and piled high with wood from those buildings that were no longer salvageable, lighting it up like a bonfire, making sure that the wind direction was blowing away from them and toward Mexico as the fire burned, sending a reek of smoking carcasses and potent drugs south of the border.

They rested and prepared for the next day's journey which, according to the instructions of Mr. Calke, would be Mexicali, a small border city that served as a stronghold for the cartel. Though at one time it had been nearly a first-world city, they had deteriorated through the influence of the Jewish occupation government which had utilized the strategy of welfare statism to erode the economy and plunge the city into a condition of

two-tiered corruption with Jewish oligarchs and their Freemasonic shabaz goyim ruling over the broad swathe of peasants, most of whom were left to slowly starve to death on government handouts of corn and beans. The cartels had, with the tacit permission of the Jewish supremacist establishment, gained a stranglehold on power and had merged with the government which became indistinguishable from the cartel.

Thus the city was nothing but a crucible of crime, a den of vipers which had to be eradicated as it served as an incubator of future brown animals who sought to spread like a cancer virus into the White House body. Mr. Kalki had arranged for his contacts to await Will's team 100 kilometers outside of Mexicali with a fleet of gunships and attached canisters of bioweapons which would fly over the city and distribute contagious Bastilla over the population. Soon the viruses would spread and it would reduce the teeming multitudes to a fraction of their current number.

The remainder would die of starvation and any stragglers attempting to cross the border would be mowed down by the Apache gunships, sacrifices to their long-dead Aztec gods. Will and his crew would play the role of a fence that would contain the virus of Mexicans on their side of the border. A caravan headed out and toward the pre-arranged meeting place.

As they closed the distance the Apache gunships, black birds of prey on a desert horizon, could be seen, the sun's rays glinting dully off their windows and steel hulls. A group of hard men dressed all in black congregated around the Apaches and prepared to make their journey south to play the role of Mexican cockroach exterminators. The glinting steel canisters of bioweapons affixed to the undercarriage of the black bird, like steel mammary glands, swollen with the milk of death and ready to nurse the teeming hordes of latrinos like Mother Callie.

As Will's driver pulled up he hopped into the truck bed and ran up to the hard men. A man wearing sunglasses, his square jaw pronounced cheekbones signifying he was fit and ready to do his duty for his race. His uniform was a jet black color and bore a white Totenkopf symbol of the same style as that of the Third Reich SS.

His close cropped blonde hair further signified his Aryan nature. The two shook hands and the man stated, we shouldn't be too long in the mop-up process. Within a day the food will run out and the majority will have largely perished from the contagion.

Will inquired, and that is? A special sauce formula of tetrodotoxin cyanide and scorpion venom with a little anthrax thrown in for good measure and some nerve gas to add a little kick to the rigor mortis shuffle they'll be doing while they travel down the river Styx. From there we anticipate that the remnant, mainly the elite Jews and their hired goons, the rest, the best the Mexican peso can buy, will be rushing north to raid and pillage after they escape the bunkers with whatever stores they can bring. Given that Mexicali is the furthest point from nowhere down Mexico Way, they'll wait some, they'll want some

of Uncle Sam's sweet pie to sustain themselves and we'll be heading right through this corridor.

We'll interject it, and you want us to take them out as they pass? Precisely, the blonde warrior responded. We have engineered a line of bunkers here, all that needs to be done is to occupy them and once within range to tear down the desert camo netting and blast away. They couldn't detect this site even with binoculars.

We'll lay a trap for them, some RVs and camper vans that will make the site look like a school day trip. The hill will conceal any people behind creating an illusion that the occupants have simply gone sightseeing. What they believe will be easy prey will be their own demise.

This is all a hypothetical however, as you can never be sure that we won't waste the entire population with bioweapons. Never hurts to be prepared, Will replied. At that they separated, Will giving the blonde man a Roman salute and receiving one in return.

The Apaches began to ascend as their rotors kicked up dust, the steel containers they carried shining with a cold necessity as they headed south. Will ordered his men to park their RVs and vehicles on the other side of the hill, out of sight of the inevitable Mexicali tourists. They bunkered down in a line of bunkers and awaited the caravan.

The noon day sun beamed in her effulgent glory as a troop of blackbirds, harbingers of death, entered Mexicali airspace from the north. After a few minutes, rival ships ascended the sky to meet them, the cartels own gunships equipped with machine guns and tomahawk missiles. The gun battle ensued as the ships maneuvered in the sky, the expert pilots of the Aryan black ops easily sidestepping a barrage of fire and chewing up the missiles with fire of their own, as well as heat-seeking missiles they themselves fired, making quick work of the amateur pilots the Mexicans had.

One of their craft remained and the big blonde pursued it as it weaved in and out of their airspace, over and around buildings. The pilot radioed into the blonde and said in an American accent with the southern twang of a Texan, I give up boss, we can call it quits, I'm just a hired hand. The blonde decided to show mercenary plot, you're on the wrong side partner, but I'll make an exception in your case, join us or die.

We'll give you the world or they'll give you the grave, take your choice, Aryan or anti-Aryan. The pilot on the other hand chuckled, y'all know by my accent I'm American born, a mercenary's pay ain't worth dying for and I never had loyalty to any but the weds, just the money. The blonde injected was too sweet not to take the bait.

The latter replied to the gulp, yep boss I gotta admit it, me and the wife need to pay the rent. The blonde asked him where any possible targets might pop up and the Texan replied, they got a gun battery over by the edge of town which is where the hardware is

kept, might want to send a salvo that way. You first, blonde replied, lead the way and the Texan immediately turned his craft around toward the destination and the two were off.

As they approached a fusillade of fire met them, peeling off the armor of the blondes and patching the Texan's craft, ducking under the salvo. The two acting in sync discharged the tomahawk and the gun battery was incinerated in an eruption of flame and shrapnel. The two wheeled around and the blondes spoke, good job Tex, we'll see that you get to your family tonight.

Meanwhile the remainder of the Apaches had spewed their aerosolized basilis amidst the air and the sky was all but covered with a haze of white mist. The sun's rays having difficulty penetrating the hazy blanket of terminal illness that descended gradually over the city like the reaper's sigh. The blonde noted that some of the citizens were attempting to escape along the highway and spoken to the comlink, nine o'clock we got escapees, gun them down.

The Apaches wheeled and acquired their targets in their crosshairs like birds of prey, swooping down on bolting rabbits. The machine guns whined as flames erupted from the guns and vehicles below capsizing and running into the ditch, a few occupants attempting to find cover but failing to escape. The car pileup served as a choke point effectively trapping the citizens inside their open-air sepulcher.

Move out, mission accomplished, the blonde said, the Apaches racing across the sky toward their point of origins. As a flock of warbirds reached the site where Will and his men had set up shop in the bunkers, laying in wait for whatever enemy, the unknown breakaway elite, the blonde had warned him about. He heard the crackle of a comlink as the head Apache pilot called in.

Stand down, Will, no need to meet the dead, they're not getting out of town save on Cheron's ship down the River Styx. Will replied, Roger that, Mr. Blonde, we'll prepare to move out toward next target. As the Apache fleet came within range, the Aryan warriors were gathering their gear together and ready for the next set of marching orders.

Will radioed Mr. Kalki and gave him a progress report, the latter responding, Mr. Blonde has informed me Mexicali should be possible to resettle and occupy within the next few days, unless of course you want to wait a year for the bodies to rot and the bones to bleach in the sun. Will chuckled, we got a janitorial crew of refugees from Phoenix in Los Angeles who want a new chance at freedom out of the sewers they lived in before. They'll be heading south that way under armed escort by a private military contractor I'm affiliated with.

Once Phoenix and LA are sorted out, some may return, some not. Oh, and in case you haven't heard, Mexico City just suffered its karmic payback, Montezuma's revenge you might call it. The volcano just outside of it blew and the entire city is a superheated lava

zone.

What military remains is involved in a heated battle with a former US military and it should be just a matter of time before the entire country is under our thumb. The military coup has worked like magic and we've sent the Jewish elite to their destiny with a one-way ticket to Israel. As to northern Mexico, it's all clear save for Ciudad Juarez and the Texans are doing an expert job of fighting another Alamo against the redskin hordes.

Tijuana is a holdout of the LA Jews and their white race trader elite. Your mission now is to play the role of a buzzsaw sweep west through Tecate and then the resort capital. From there we can rest our heads in a wide-brimmed sombrero or rather cowboy hat and consider it our domain free and clear of any thieving greasers.

I'll hang around the ranch and await your victory. It should be a rough go as they're well-prepared and dug in. There, the cabal having hired their multiracial mercenaries to defend their plush resorts.

Radio me when you win. Will told him he would and went over to the landing area where the Apaches were landing and seeing Blonde went over to him as he exited the winged bird of prey. Will relayed the communique from Mr. Calke to Blonde and let him know that Tecate was the next target and all points in between.

Blonde said that they were low on fuel but could make it that far at least and that they were out of bioweapons. From there a crew of his men would have to transport fuel to the landing site once it was cleared of the Mexican rats who infested Tecate. Hence the best strategy would be to do a scorched earth maneuver and cleanse the area from above and then have the caravan clean up the stragglers and cockroaches who infested the buildings.

From there the town would serve as a depot and a resupply station from which to make the move against Tijuana. Blonde and his crew decided to take a rest and do a night strike equipping the undercarriage with napalm to take out military targets which would constitute the local police and small outpost of Mexican army which was garrisoned outside of a small city near the airport. As evening descended the crew began to load the choppers with napalm bombs and prepared for the strike.

The army would likely have a few anti-aircraft batteries at ground level and these can be taken out with the tomahawk missiles the fleet still possessed. The crew hopped in the choppers and started up the rotors. The gunships taking flight toward Tecate followed by the caravan of RVs and pickup trucks who ran without headlights, the drivers wearing night vision goggles and a sniper in the passenger seat ready to knock out any patrol vehicles or gatekeepers the highway might throw their way.

The fleet sped forward as the small city lights appeared on the horizon. A patrol car

turned its siren on in the distance and attempted to spin out of its place of concealment on a cross street but the driver was blasted by one of the caravan who was a crack shot as he split the melon of Mexican cop like a pinata. The sirens continuing to flash and whine as the car tumbled into the ditch in its death throes.

Blond spoke into the radio. Looks like the alarm has been sounded. Prepare to strike.

Caravan hang back while we rock Tecate's world and paint the town red. In an instant he made his promise come true as a napalm death lit up the downtown in a blinding blaze of fury. The Apaches carrying on to the military targets and the edge of the city.

Their mini guns rang out flames spewing from the Dragon's Maw as the Central Police Station and its escaping officers met with a fusillade of blood and death. More napalm burning up the tarmac like Kuwait on a bad day. The Apaches swept toward the army base and were barraged with machine gun fire as the anti-aircraft guns cheered into the hull of one of their flock sending it down in a wreck of flames.

However its pilot, a noble Aryan warrior, directed its course kamikaze style to the very guns which brought about its downfall striking blow for blow. The ship detonated on impact knocking out the anti-aircraft guns and neutralizing the target. Blond spoke into the comm link.

Looks like it's time for the caravan. Go team. We'll make another pass and take up the stragglers.

Will commanded his motley crew of Aryan warriors to move ahead and they penetrated the borders of the city along a variety of routes ensuring that they were spread out enough to avoid any pincher attacks. To spread their forces like a steamroller flattening the enemy with a lead in a rolling pin of inexorable justice. Crushing redskins like cookie dough.

Gangbangers took potshots at the vehicles from various angles as they sped past and Will's and his team fired rockets and grenades into windows as well as automatic weapons fire. A few of Will's team were hit by the SMG fire of La Raza and one of the vehicles of the caravan was taken out of commission but the main oppositional targets were largely neutralized. Blond's team chewed up the highway with napalm preventing any exit to the east and south.

They were fully armed and as they concentrated their forces in a west end of the city where all of the victim all the victims lived they effectively blocked the hordes of gangbangers and their drug wheels from exiting the city. They now had only to deal with a privileged few who ran the city and could maintain order from behind the concrete barriers and iron gates of the affluent community which spanned the length of the west and north side. The Apache Jew parked their whirlybirds of prey within the park of the

community that enabled them to be concealed from the sight of the remaining cartel members.

Throughout the night the caravan went door-to-door doing roundups of the wealthy elites most of whom were either Jews or whites with the small minority being ethnic Mestizos. They kicked and fussed as the caravan underwent their roundups but had no comparable strength to give battle to their bodyguards being easily dispatched, outgunned and lacking the body armor. The caravan had been supplied by calci, the latter also having the element of surprise, storming into the gated community from all exits in a pincer movement.

The helicopter gunships taking out the security and their guards, guardhouses who had become accustomed to the soft life soaking up the rays in the veritable resort the town had remained up until that time even in spite of the chaos which had surrounded them for weeks. Will and his crew had a tough time with the mayor's mansion which was a large stone building in a sprawling estate and was staffed with more guards than the other privileged few who lived around them. The caravan surrounded the gated estate and Will broadcast in a loudspeaker, come out all residents with their hands up or we bomb the place from above.

We have Apache helicopters ready and armed with napalm to deliver you with a holocaust of flames. At this the guard close to the fence who was occupying the shack answered to save his own skin. Por favor senior, I am only a guard.

The boss, the mayor, he will surrender senior. He knows his goose is cooked. All these servants they would go but he hold them hostage.

He got plenty of guns. Will responded issuing a warning into the loudspeakers. Any servants who want to save their skins and heads out down into the country, come out with the mayor and we'll let you go.

Otherwise we'll firebomb the mansion. We'll give you ten minutes. The guard again shouted.

I surrender senior. See I hold up my hands and he stuck his hands up in the window. Just then a shot rang out.

The guards screamed as a sniper's bullet blasted off his hand. There was another shot from within the mansion and a muffled cry and then shout. Senors, we have him, we have the mayor.

May we come out? Will answered in the affirmative and the servants filed out of the front door dragging the Jewish mayor before them as the mansion's security lighting revealed his pasty face and pasty body. The figure struggling futilely as the servants dragged him outside. Will gave the go-ahead to enter the compound as a security guard whimpered

pathetically.

Will recognized that all the non-whites were complicit in the rape and murder of his people and that if they had had the power would have tortured and murdered all the whites they could but for the greater power held and maintained by their hated foe. Accordingly he took out his Walther pistol and put a bullet in the portly security guards head which stopped his whining over his lost hand and upon dispatching him issued a command. Kill the servants.

The crew did as their commander required and eviscerated the servants who were surprised the treachery of the whites caught them off guard. They haven't been used to the white Christians who came and gave them free gifts mistaking the whites for suckers. The servants fell from around the mayor who tried to take the opportunity to flee but Carl put a round from Calcutta into his leg dropping him.

Will instructed the crew to truss the mayor up as he was due for a lynching and they grabbed him and threw him into the back of one of the pickup trucks driving toward the entrance gates to the outward community as the mayor's place is the last residence that bordered the desert. Carl and one of the men dragged the mayor out of the pickup truck and the former took out a length of rope that was in the back seat forming a noose and winding around the neck of the Jew who attempted to insert his fingers around his turkey neck and pry the rope from around his head while Carl dragged him toward the flagpole and bore the flags of Mexico in the city. The other man held the mayor while Carl lowered the flags and attached the rope to the end.

Carl heaved the mayor up while the other man helped the cord in the event of slippage and soon the mayor was struggling at the top of the flagpole. A totem of a Reconquista Blanco del Mexico, a triumph of a white man over the intervention. The crew set guards to carry out a night watch but none of the criminals entered into the compound given that it was too far from the downtown for any of the looters, rioters, and gangsters in the downtown who were too busy killing and being killed and avoiding that fate to bother attempting to strike out at the ultra-rich and their posh mansions on the outskirts of the city.

The day dawned and the crew awoke from their few hours sleep. Will called the meeting of the lieutenants of his caravan which included the pilots and they developed strategy for the takeover of the town. Given that the denizens of the city had no exit other than north and west, the area occupied by the whites, it would be only a matter of time before the mass starvation began.

However, the crew couldn't wait that long and so decided to accelerate tensions amongst the citizenry and have them fight amongst themselves, decimating their ranks of their leadership and sufficiently weakening them such that they would be as a body without a head and thus descend into a panic that would ultimately lead to a war of all

against all in the mass struggle for survival, the end result being a strong remnant preying upon the weak and cannibalism. Leaving a guard to ward off the savage masses, it would only be a matter of time before the town was cleansed of any belligerents. First things first, Will said, we've got to dispatch the political elite and in the most ostentatious manner so that a message of fear is sent to the populace.

The church on the hill overlooking the town and which borders the poorer residential areas will serve as a site for the mass lynchings, signifying to the masses that there is a new leader in town, only that he is no benevolent figure. Their dangling bodies will serve as a sign to ward off any potential influx of dissidents. Once we string up the rich, we can go amongst the populace creating panic and making our mark.

The crew set to work in continuing the roundups of the political whores and leadership of the town. Everything from preachers to profiteers to all shapes and sizes of parasites were rounded up from their homes, as had been done in the case of the mayor. Gradually an entire line of fat cats were herded into a group and marched toward the church.

One of the crew members had broken into a hardware store and gathered spools of rope for the lynchings to come. When the fat cats said the mayor hanging from a rope at the edge of their gated community, many of them saw the writing on the wall and it spelled their doom. A few attempted to bolt but were shot in their tracks by the surrounding guard, who marched them steadily toward the church.

The remainder judged apathetically to the row of trees that bordered the church grounds and overlooked the downtown. The bridge extending over the road running parallel to the church property served as a perfect place from which to hang the racial enemies and to send a message to their ethnic kin, not to step outside of bounds of their area. The caravan came into the church grounds and the crew member with the rope drove his pickup truck into their midst.

A few of the fat cats had to have their heads busted with the butt of a rifle so that the message could be sent to the remainder that there is no escape and that they would pay for their crimes as a profiteer from the misery they had inflicted upon the whites of America with their drug peddling and white sex slavery, abducting young girls from America and bringing them into Mexico to serve the predominantly Jewish cartel bosses. Ropes were fashioned into nooses and one end slung around a tree branch, the others around the railings, which depended from the bridge. The city elite were marched to their place at the point of a gun and the rope slipped over their head and snug tightly around their necks.

Those at the trees were yanked upward and those on the bridge were pushed off. The bodies of both ending in the same position dangling like a pendulum. Will instructed a crew of men to get into a defensive position here, blocking off the entrances with heavy

construction equipment and shooting any random intruder.

His crew and a few others would raid the city and take up the remaining leadership of hard men who were undoubtedly few and far between, fomenting gang war amongst the rivals. Once the gang war became heated it would be time to head out toward Tijuana for the final battle. Carl pulled in a van with Rich, the uber bench, and Will and Jack Martin took up a pickup truck, the latter two driving.

A few other more adventurous members of the caravan accompanied and they sped off down the bridge to the ghetto areas following different roads. Will's unit passed by a gas station and he took up his rocket launcher and blew apart the tanks, which detonated a chain reaction that engulfed the tanker trucks that were parked nearby, demolishing the fuel supply of the non-whites. They passed grocery stores whose doors and windows had been smashed, the looters still coming and going in the larger markets, fighting each other for resources.

They passed police stations and saw that they too had had their windows smashed and one had its doors wrenched from their hinges, the place looking like a sepulcher. Will got Jack Martin to pull up and they headed inside, their guns covering the room. The place was grave silent and they began perusing the scene, observing a key safe behind the administrative desk.

Will shot off the lock with his Walther pistol and took up the keys marked STORES. I'll bet it's downstairs, he said, and the two made their way into the subterranean depths of the police building, finally stumbling upon a heavily guarded metal door. Will fumbled with the keys and after trying a couple managed to get the door open.

He stole in and discovered the arms cache of weapons and explosives that had been sequestered by the cops from gang bangers over the years, copious assault weapons and grenades met their odds as well as plentiful ammunition, a veritable cornucopia of instruments of death. We better get back to base with their gear, Will said, and radioed into the other crews to attend at the police department and assist with the loading of the armaments. Rich the Ubermensch answered and stated, not much we can do here.

The rioters and looters have done a good enough job of trashing their own place. There's no need of us taking a risk of our next. They'll all be dead in a fortnight.

Will agreed and they began hauling up crates of ammunition and firearms in the elevator. Once the other crews arrived and they obtained a pair of larger police vans to cart the stuff back, radioing into base. They met in consultation with Blond and the pilots once they arrived and gave instructions to the crew that was to remain to seal off the entrance to the wealthy area, to hold tight until the denizens finished each other off and to keep a 24-hour watch on anyone attempting to get into the wealthy area.

Should they accomplish this or even come within range, they were to be shot on sight so that they wouldn't report back to the fellow savages that the wealthy area was accessible. They were out of the city and on the move that day, heading west to Tijuana. The Apaches had refueled in Tecate and they were loaded up with fresh napalm and ammunition, which latter had been stockpiled on board ship.

It was time for the final solution to the Mexican immigration problem. Mr. Khan sat in his resort with cock and nervously snorted cocaine from a rolled-up money bill. Fucking go in, he cursed.

Mexicali, Tecate, now they're coming here. I don't know who these mercs are or whether they're military or but they're becoming a very big problem and I want to eliminate that problem, cock. He spat, turning to the fat Freemason who lounged in the pool chair next to him and pointed his finger with each word continued.

And if they aren't eliminated, you will be. Get that, cock? The Freemason licked his lips nervously and continued to squeeze the breast of his Tijuana Mestizo whore, who basked in his lap and puffed a marijuana cigarette. What can I do, Mr. Khan? I can't make miracles happen, he said with an exasperated whine.

You better become a miracle worker, cock. And soon, Mr. Khan turned and left the fat Freemason lounging under his umbrella shade, accompanied by Greenberg, who gave him a stone-cold look, pregnant with the promise of violence. Cock swallowed, knowing that his boss was not to be trifled with, and threw off his Mexican whore, getting up from the lounge chair.

He took out his cell as the whore expostulated, puto, and gave him a pouty look as he called his contact inside the U.S. military. This is cock. Looks like we've got trouble.

As the flock of Apache birds and prey swooped toward Tijuana and observed it on the skyline, Blond's radar detected a squadron of jets heading their way. He immediately communicated this to the crew and attempted to make radio contact with the strange fleet, whose approach was rapid, as a fleet of F-16s buzzed over their heads, the Apaches splitting off in different directions, undergoing evasive maneuvers. Blond again attempted to make contact and was met with a, identify yourself Apache.

You are within the airspace of Tijuana, a contested zone. Identify yourself or you will be forced to fire on you. Blond gave his credentials.

As an ex-military serviceman, the F-16s again buzzed over their heads. The response was auspicious. Blond? Is that you? This is Chris.

Blond recognized his old friend from when he was in the military and answered, call your war dogs off, Chris. We got a common enemy. Chris gave the command and the potential foe became friend.

I'll serve as your escort to touchdown in Tijuana, Chris said. Blond radioed into Will, Carl, and the caravan and told them that they'd be going in above board and that they should save their belligerents for the cabal once they routed them, as they had friendlies on the inside. Will responded that he would keep it to a dull roar and stated that they would be there within an hour and asked where to meet.

Blond stated that they could meet at the airport on the edge of town where they would hand and prepare, where they would land to prepare their next move. Upon arrival, Carl and Will met up with Blond and a group of other pilots. Accompanying them were a couple of lantern-jawed higher-ups dressed in expensive suits yet possessed of the bearing of military men.

They shook hands with Will and Carl and began discussing plans. The strategy was to take down the wall of Jews that all but controlled the city. They stabilized their enclaves and finally publicly executed the remainder who survived before the populace and on camera, to be broadcast internationally in the gesture of conquest over the stronghold of the cabal and a reconquest of Mexico itself.

Chihuahua already having been taken by the Texas units a few days before. Tijuana alone remained and it would be just a matter of time before it fell, given that its leadership had forced the populace into complete serfdom and the natives were restless. The ethnically homogeneous population was difficult for the Jewish cabal to sequester itself within and the Jews who constituted the ruling elite along with their white Shabbat goyim had had recourse to an apartheid style structure where they hid themselves away in gated communities on the periphery and only traveled into the downtown core to play the role of political hacks and business people.

The upper tier whom traveled under armed guard and were a disgruntled member of the teeming masses who harbored a justifiable enmity toward their overlords. The military big wheels consulted with Will, Carl, and Blond and informed them that their resort suburb on the periphery was where the elite congregated and that they would be that that would be the location of the strike. They would go in under cover of darkness and clean house.

Undoubtedly the cabal was aware of their presence given that Blond's Apache force had landed safely instead of being blown out of the sky. The crew attended a briefing room in which strategy was discussed and drone photographs of the layout of the suburb were presented. From there they followed the military leaders into another room which was stocked to the gills with armaments from floor to ceiling.

Carl still had calcium and declined taking on any other weapons contending himself with the namesake of the war god to bring him through the flames to victory. Jack Martin took up an Uzi with the comment, what better end for a Jew than being dispatched with his own prized possession, pocketing extra magazines. Rich the Ubermensch grabbed up a

high-powered machine gun whose ammo belt he wound around his waist.

Will took up an M16 with two M203 grenade launcher attachment and added a satchel of grenades to his kit. The crew was ready and Blond and his crew stated they would provide cover by a chopper fire once the action picked up, surrounding the suburb and laying waste with their miniguns. The team moved out and prepared for the strike now that darkness was upon them.

They drove out to the gates of this sprawling compound and crashed through, both teams driving unmarked armored police vehicles and were immediately met with a barrage of fire which ricocheted harmlessly off the bulletproof windshield and body. The gunner, a swarthy Jew with sunglasses, Will ran over, his body thrust aside as it struck the heavy vehicle and was run over a second time by Carl as he pursued the leader. The vehicle sped left and right in opposite directions, Jack Martin positioning a rocket launcher in the narrow window opening and disgorging a deadly payload at the nearest mansion.

The center was turned into a flaming wreckage as responding gunfire rang out pocking against the vehicle like deadly leaden hailstones. The machine gun of Rich the Ubermensch roared as the hired goons of the cabal had their bodies chewed up as in a blender. The vehicles continued along the smooth driveway, grenades flying out of the launcher.

Will had brought, interspersed by rockets courtesy of Jack Martin. The debris was piling up and now the cleanup crew needed to be called as the antagonists were piling out of their dwellings, peppering the vehicles with automatic weapon fire, attempting to block their passage and trap them within the community so that they would be taken down. Will called Blonde on the conlink and said, go time Blonde, lay waste to anything that moves and the two vehicles swung around and attempted to escape the community.

Will was in the lead and picked up a pursuer, an armored limousine driven by hard men with a score to settle and Carl was closing the distance behind, gunning the engine before the compound security guards could be shot, trapping him inside. His vehicle rocked against the sliding metal grill as he slipped through the gates, screeching against his vehicle, emitting sparks as a burst of automatic weapons fire sped past, bouncing harmlessly off the hull. He looked up with his night-vision goggles and saw the Apache fleet coming in toward the compound to mop up the crew of Cabal pimps and their hired goons.

Once the security detail was taken out by the miniguns, the police and military, who weren't loyal to the Cabal, would go back and finish up, rounding up the corrupt political gangsters for political execution the next day. As the two sped away along the avenue, Will's vehicle slipped on some loose gravel and took a nosedive, sliding about a quarter of a block before coming to a standstill. The limousine which had been taking, tailing

him, was clearly up for vengeance as it pulled up with tires squealing and Mr. Kahn leapt out, a mini-usine in his fist, shouting obscenities, his eyes wide with dark circles underneath, clearly on a coke buzz, and as dangerous as the crazy man who just escaped the asylum.

Karl pulled up and stepped out of the vehicle, calci locked and loaded and on full auto. Hey Jew, he shouted, Mr. Kahn turning with a feral snarl on his face, bringing up the Uzi. Karl let loose and the 200-round magazine, feeding all six barrels, burned through the weapon and into the Jew, whose own Uzi sprayed its payload futilely into the dark sky above.

The Jew danced like a crazy marionette on strings, crumpled to the earth, his silk suit festooned with red polka dots. Karl then approached, looking into the Jew's eyes and spoke, you brought these brown filth into my life. The Jew blinked, his eyes wide with fear and hate as his life's blood poured from him.

You dirty Jew rat, you have the blood of all the whites you caused to die on your hands. This is your ticket to a second death. Karl raised calci, communing with the war god and fired the central shotgun barrels in the Jew's face, eviscerating all memory of him in the eyes of mortals.

It was his destiny to meet his judgment in whatever other dimension. Karl had done his duty in handing him this one-way ticket to hell. Out of the police van, Will and Jack Martin climbed as Rich the Ubermensch approached Karl from behind.

Good job, Karl. Looks like this town is all ours, said Will. Karl responded, this country is all ours.

Once we got get the bioweapons out, the Mexicans will be finished and will be a white paradise for all time to come. Blanco, Mexico, Will said. Reconquista Blanco.