

## **THE LAW OF THE TALON**

The Law of the Toweling. Chris had always been an introverted young man ever since childhood and had typically avoided contact with the more boisterous crowd of alcoholic youth, given that his own father had been a drunken deadbeat dad whose liberal values were fully expressed in his degenerate life of irresponsible hedonism and the shirking of his paternal duties to his only son. This impression of a boorish, loud, and irrational father made an indelible mark on the consciousness of Chris, and he consequently avoided having any contact with the likes of his father, whose values he shunned, understanding as he did that the self-serving irrationalism of his father's behavior was the logical consequence thereof, maximizing pleasure and minimizing pain as the be-all and end-all of life, an economics of libertinism, where anything that entailed sacrifice of self or the suffering of hardship was anathema, and anything that gave even the slightest fleeting sensational thrill was taken up and adopted as the good, even at the expense of discarding the greater good of the survival of his family and race as a collective.

Thus, to avoid following a similar path to his father and his ilk, he simply hung around by himself, given that he could find no one else to associate with. One day, when he was hanging around his high school building in the winter, a young girl in his class came around the corner and began to slip on the ice. He instinctively reached out to catch her and prevent her from injuring herself.

She smiled up at him, her blue eyes and blonde hair, the very picture of Aryan beauty, and he stuttered an apology. She replied that there was no need to apologize, and that she was grateful to him for saving her from cracking her skull. He laughed nervously and looked down as she straightened herself.

She asked him his name, and he gave it to her. She waited for him to ask her in turn, and eventually introduced herself, citing her name as Catherine. She then asked him if he wanted to attend church with her, and he consented.

She skipped away, dodging icy patches, and they parted ways. Chris was brimming with nervous energy in anticipation of the coming Sunday when he was to meet her for the service. His father was home that day, having a day off from his business, which he left in the charge of one of his few minimum wage employees that he left to collect the money from customers.

One of his booze buddies that always hung around in his store was with him in attendance, and his father was chattering on like a homosexual hairdresser, hearing the sound of his voice while he guzzled the liquor down. Chris made his way silently out of the residence, wearing his Sunday best, a rather shabby and ill-fitting suit that he had purchased from the thrift store using his allowance money that he had saved up. He

exited his house and made his way toward the church, which was located on the main hill of the town, and met a few of the parishioners entering the building.

They all seemed friendly to him, and yet he detected a degree of artificiality to their friendliness, as if it were forced, adopted as a matter of form, an obligation, rather than a genuine behavior derived from an instinctive affinity for others. They all seemed to have this behavior, and he also sensed a covert nastiness which concealed itself behind their smiles, and much braggadocio was the exclusive content of their apparently friendly exchanges. He felt awkward and unpleasant hanging around the church, and the parishioners held aloof from him, especially those whose garments were of the latest fashion.

Those who had the most false smiles were perpetually chuckling meaninglessly and to Chris's mind insanely, like something had infected their minds and was forcing them to behave in a completely anti-natural manner. He lingered a little while longer until Catherine came by and met up with him. She greeted him and they talked a little, although Chris was very nervous and found it difficult, if not impossible, to keep up with their practiced and artful discourse, since he was a virtual recluse and merely hung around by himself so that he had not cultivated the social graces that marked the bourgeois, of which class she was clearly a member.

They went in together and he quietly and respectfully attended the service, which progressed through a series of tedious stages in which morose and morbid passages from the Bible were recited, and then bringing in the sheaves was sawed, at which time it was over, and he and Catherine went for a walk behind, and they shared their first kiss. He hung out with Catherine on the playground throughout the week and attended church again with her that weekend. At that service the Reverend presented what he termed a refugee family who had recently arrived from the dark continent of Africa and who had been dressed up by the churchgoers in the latest trendy clothing, while they all looked over at Chris with a subtle contempt for his shabby garments, which were both out of fashion and ill-fitting.

Chris muttered under his breath about the stench of Africa and this elicited the ire and hostility of the churchgoers who coughed and sniffed having overheard his comments. They fawned on the nigger family for the remainder of the service and went overboard to exalt their virtues and broadcast the great suffering and difficulties they had had to endure coming to their western country. Chris told Catherine that his family had come in virtual rags from Europe and had had to view a civilization of the wilderness.

She smiled politely and then looked saddened and an uncomfortable silence came between them like a wall for the remainder of the service. As it expired she took him aside under the gaze of the other parishioners and told him with a pained and at the same time hostile look on her face that she could no longer see him as he was a racist

and that that was what she hated most about this world of violence and cruelty was racists like him and that it was racism which was the cause of all hatred in the world and that therefore she could no longer have any contact with him. As she walked away the reverend approached him with a fanatical look on his face and frowningly said the lord condemns you for a hatred which is born of satan you must leave here and never return this is a house of god and god is love not hate.

He continued to stare with hostility at Chris who turned and walked out with a mixture of anger and sadness as well as righteous indignation as he had merely stood up for his ancestors and their achievements which had been sullied by the non-white invaders. Chris became more aware of the behavior of the christian subsequent to this time when a small group of refugee children attended school. They were paraded by the jewish teacher as an example of the triumph of struggling victims overcoming the oppression and persecution of the colonialist europeans as she stigmatized them fairly spitting out the word with hostility and a suppressed rage eliciting a reaction of hangdog shame from the white youth in the classroom.

Accompanying the children was the that Chris had encountered in the church and he gave a brief sermon on christian charity and emphasized that the europeans had caused much pain and suffering to the negroes in africa and thus owed them an unpayable debt for their victimization and exploitation of the negro. He continued to harangue the student body verbally assaulting them and attempting to induce feelings of shame and guilt in them. The young girls were most affected sensing that it was the proper thing at least to imitate the feelings that had been presented to them as expressed in the substitute teacher who was a white woman while the boys sat somewhat idly back and looked down a few of whom in the back snickered as a preacher poured out the hostility fairly spitting out each marxist buzzword bigoted hater colonialist etc.

The preacher overhearing the snickering shouted maniacally a racist will not be tolerated in a free and democratic society. The teacher also standing up and with her arms on her hips spat go to the principal's office now the two boys who had laughed stared angrily at her and hanging their heads walked to the principal's office. Chris at that point came to an understanding of the fact that all the holy smoke the preacher had popped out of his fat face was little more than hypocrisy given that anyone claiming to be about love would certainly have displayed a behavior more consonant therewith thus he decided at that point that living in a society where the pioneering whites would have who had created a society of the barren wilderness and which their descendants were now giving away without any resistance was an intolerable world to live in.

He felt anger at the priest and that the entire class of elites and money people who enabled their society to be overtaken by these stinky foreign invaders who did nothing that was a benefit to the whites who had created the town. He wondered what motivated such people as the reverend and the teachers to have such hatred toward white males

and such a fawning admiration for such obviously low-minded and violent savages and why people like Catherine behaved as they did when they seemingly genuinely seemed genuinely friendly in other circumstances. He sensed a kind of madness in them all an extreme hostility born of some form of self-hatred or sick perverse desire to masochistically self-flagellate to derive some kind of pleasure from self-abuse and the abuse of their own race.

Regardless he was left with a feeling of foreboding as if there were there existed a generalized madness in society that needed to be eradicated he knew not how. Later that day he still preoccupied himself with these thoughts and feelings decided he would attempt to find out through internet research he typed in the phrase christian retards and it was met with all manner of search results after scrolling through a few and coming to a website called exposingchristianity.org he came to understand that the religion had been created by jews as a means of manipulating people's minds and psychologically conditioning them to slavishly venerate jews as a chosen people. Many of the articles on the site most of them brief well referenced and to the point discussed how jews actually adhered to the old testament and babylonian talmud and that the religion of judaism was a theocratic religion wherein they looked upon themselves the incarnation of the absolute deity they called Yahweh on the earth and that their intention was to have global dominion over the earth.

Further research confirmed in his mind that this was a case a simple perusal of quotations from these books the talmud in the old testament corresponded in his mind with the violent and hostile temperament of both the preacher and jewish teacher confirming the truth of their dogma. He thought back further as he discovered a document how to recognize and identify a jew by John Doe Goy about his personal experiences with jews and what a despotic and manipulative group they were how they had in subtle ways negatively affected his own life in key ways and apparently deliberately and with malice aforethought at this point he became angry and decided to the that to the extent he would could rectify the wrongs which had been committed against himself and work against the nemsis this nemsis as best he could that he would do so he continued to do internet research over the course of the next week and entered such phrases as how to defeat jews how to how to fight against zionist occupation government he discovered a document called siege which outlined a revolutionary plan for opposing the system through insurgency terrorist action and this led to his research into what had been termed lone wolf activism and leaderless resistance on one of the websites he encountered a document called the white resistance manual which enabled him to understand how to utilize firearms and munitions to fight against the police state and to minimize traces to the activists he discovered another book entitled hunter by william I pierce and another entitled hitman a manual for contract killers piecing this information together he got a vague understanding of how to set about his activities and began to formulate a plan for action given that the preacher had been so offensive and

insulting to his ancestors and communicated this hatred toward the class thereby virtually replicating it in the younger impressionable youth he decided that he would have a personal confrontation with the preacher and then settle scores with this anti-white hater he discovered from the white resistance manual that weapons could be obtained on the streets and thus decided to roam the ghetto of the town where all the niggers hung out and attempted to buy a pistol with his allowance money he wandered the area where all the drug dealers transacted business near the crack house and encountered a young nigger patrolling the streets a flashy gold chain draped about his neck signifying that he must be one of the dealers chris inquired whether he had any guns and the dealer sizing him up took him back to the crack house after knocking in a predetermined sequence the door was opened and a fat nigger bitch opened sizing chris up and down with a quizzical sarcastic look on her face the dealer brought him into the den and showed him an assortment of smgs some machine guns pistols and sawed-off shotguns chris having only enough for a pistol at the marked up street prices the dealer was charging had to content himself with that and a couple of spare magazines he selected a walter pp 7 as he had encountered plans on the net to construct a benchmade silencer for the weapon the dealer and himself walked to a nearby atm as chris had prudently not brought money with him to the dealer but had ensured that the transaction occurred in broad daylight with witnesses chris instructing the dealer who kept him in his sight to remain on the park bench and then to make a handoff transaction the backpack with the gun in it being traded for the money he came away through the alley having scanned the area for cops and made his way back to his place chris was aware of the fact that the preacher hung around in his church most days presumably justifying his ill-gotten gain somehow through baby minding third world immigrants or adjusting his accounts and redistributing the parishioner's wealth taking a substantial cut for himself the point is he would be there and there would be minimal to no witnesses chris assumed he walked out of his room and encountered his liberal father who was pressing about in the kitchen making himself some dainty snacks while he listened to a pompous lecture from some leftist marxist windbag on the radio a few open containers of alcohol arranged on the countertop his father adopted the pompous look of what he assumed was a an air of sophistication as he sucked back his liquor and pretended not to notice his son with whom he had become estranged of late given the latter's condemnation of his anti-white values of course he had never been much of a presence in chris's life and hence chris merely further came to an understanding of the fact that his father had become or perhaps had always been one of the mentally ill masses of this society he wrote him off as incorrigible someone he might perhaps have to deal with later in his attacks upon society which he had come to look upon as the zog zionist occupation government chris left the house and made his way to the local mall where he quickly changed into an alternative pair of clothes and disguised himself with a wig and beard making his way to the church on the hill equipped with his pistol and recently fashioned homemade silencer made out of an oil filter he approached the church and knocked with a heavy knocker after a few more knocks and a fairly lengthy

pause the door was opened by a scarecrow of a woman her features gaunt and neurotic her eyes staring at chris with the look of an inquisitor ready to burn him at the stake chris asked if he could see the reverend as he had an important message to give him the woman eyed him with suspicion and said that usually the reverend doesn't receive visitors outside of church service chris then asked why churches were considered sanctuaries in the past only now no one could enter them the woman became enraged at the exposure of hypocrisy and then calming herself invited chris in and stated that he could wait in the vestibule as she went and got the reverend as soon as the church doors were closed chris decided he wasn't interested in waiting and taking the pistol out of his bag he brought it up and shot her twice in the head as she was beginning to walk away to fetch the reverend the bullets rocked her head on her frail neck slightly as her scarecrow body crumpled in a heap like shooting ducks in a fairground chris thought he turned around and locked the door behind him to prevent any interlopers from getting in he then moved forward into the church and passed the peers hunting game the reverend had to pay for his sins all anti-whites had to pay for the endless series of assaults rapes and murder that innocent white victims have sustained throughout their history in white countries which the anti-whites had allowed it was preachers like this sick individual who were infected with a hatred for superiority for greater intellect greater creative ability who by omission or commission enabled these crimes to occur he chris was a hunter now and had been initiated by the blood of the land he would slaughter all the lands of the society to the extent he was able he was the wolf and it was his duty as such to thin the herd he crept into the interior of the church the crucifix with the morbid figure of the dying semite ghoulishly looking down upon him blood dripping from his wounds chris made a mental note to desecrate this fiendish object after he dispatched the priest he worked his way into the interior and observed the light from behind a closed door upon knocking he heard an irritable voice yes he didn't respond but knocked again and eventually the priest opened the door with an expression of exasperation on his face his features turned to astonishment as he encountered the unusual appearance of chris and the gun which is pointing at him he ejaculated what's the meaning of this and attempted to reach out grab the gun but chris was too quick leaping back he shot at the kneecap of the priest causing him to cry out and stumble rolling on the hallway carpet and shrieking with pain chris kicked him in the mouth scattering bloody chiclets flying and spoke to the priest in hard tones you and your kind are responsible for the desecration of my homeland you want to murder white people evil people like you must perish the priest cursed him through his broken teeth which sprayed blood he's still grasping his knee and staring up at chris with a fanatical hatred in his eyes chris raised the pistol and fired two shots at the priest who was hit in the chest and then sunk back to the carpet his life force drained from his wounds chris left him there and went back into the room that was used to conduct sermons approaching the crucifix and corpse like semite he reached up with his gloved hands and tore it down twisting off the head and casting out of the pulpit death to christianity he muttered as he walked out of the church his first mission against the terror of christianity had come to an end and he now had to find other targets to

make sure that this plague virus was stricken from the earth he understood now that any jew was a threat to the survival of whites and any devoted anti anti-white christian was also to be targeted with extreme prejudice first he had to settle accounts with a jewish teacher who had brought the preacher into the classroom and had been instrumental in demoralizing the white youth chris brought his pistol to the school yard next day and hid it behind a tree as his school had a gun-free policy and a security guard monitoring the scanner which had been placed around the door entrance to detect weapons chris accordingly decided to retrieve his pistol later after hours of monitoring the teacher's exit from the bushes and once the time was right to shoot the jewish bitch as the school bell rang his jewish teacher came out after a few minutes walking with another jew the principal who had harassed chris ever since he had heard he was a racist and thus chris had ample opportunity of killing two dirty pigeons with one stone his silence 22 lr ruger mark 4 which he had with him and which was fully loaded with hollow points as they jabbered away in front of the teacher's vehicle chris sprang out from behind the bushes in front of the two and stunned by his sudden appearance they froze as chris discharged his lead payload into their shocked bodies pulling the putting the final nail in their coffin as they crumpled before the vehicle chris quickly spirited away sprinted away into the school and was gone he had luckily been dressed in his disguise the same he had in dispatching the priest the other day he dog trotted back to his house and burned his disguise in a barrel making sure to leave no traces to himself now that the costume was almost certainly captured on camera a few more of abraham's seed were cast into the fiery pit more to come the next day chris attended school so as to minimize any trace to himself any suspicion as to whether he was a shooter he had buried his pistol in the backyard of his property in the event that peace police might break and enter and scrounge his stuff at school there was a candlelit vigil held out in the parking lot at the scene of the murder and the students sung a song of hope which had been composed by one of the refugee children and his handler a greasy jewish sociology teacher who led the chorus chris was as with the others forced to attend and was amused when one of the bad boys in the audience took a knee and was forcibly evicted during the middle of the song afterwards chris was walked down the hall when he was accosted by two undercover police officers who identified themselves and questioned them one of them was a dumpy jew with a hostile attitude who allowed the other police officer a negro to question him in a more neutral manner jumping in every now and then to pressure chris into making errors and expose what they suspected namely that he was the murderer the black continued you were on bad terms with the police with the principal weren't you chris replied that he didn't care one way or the other the black recorded but then you don't feel any contrition over his debt chris said he wasn't interested one way or the other i mean he was indifferent the jew interjected roughly indifferent when he lived and died chris simply said i have nothing further to say and after additional badgering let him go back to attend his classes upon returning to his residence chris was met by his father who aggressively shouted did you do anything did you know when the police were here they tore the place up chris stated that was nothing to do with him and that he was

simply a victim of circumstances persecuted because of the anti-white society and its fanatical desire to genocide the white race through replacement migration and mongrelization chris's father spat how dare you make such a racist statements in my property i'm hereby disowning you and will give you a thousand dollars to go wherever you want i won't stand for racism so saying his father still nursing a bottle of beer in his hand took out his wallet and rudely thrust the money into chris's hand chris took the cash and began packing his few belongings in a large military surplus rucksack his grandfather had had in the war he took up a hunting knife and holstered and a couple of changes of clothes and a few of the books he had printed from off from the internet the white resistance manual and a novel insecurity a story of race war by an anonymous racist which outlined various ideas to facilitate race war and the destruction of the czar he left the house and decided that he would go on a hunt doubling down on his enemies which were simultaneously those of the white race and knowing that his time was short he was all the more keen to bring about the conflagration he knew was necessary to bring about the race war that would collapse the system he went to the homeless shelter and spent the night amongst drug-induced vagrants and alcoholics who shook with delirium tremens on the bunk bed where he was forced to sleep and woke in a state of exhaustion and anger he decided that such a place was not conducive to optimal functionality so he switched to nightship and decided that he would simply return to his own house which by rights he should have inherited but for his drunken baby boomer father and operate out of it he took an ephedrine hcl tablet to put him into a state of hyper alertness and enable him to take care of business he rented a storage compartment from a storage facility and put his rucksack in it intending to use it as another basis of operations to avoid any police searches given that he was able to pay the proprietor cash and not record his name the place being run by some old veteran who extended trust to people based upon his gut instinct and he took a liking to chris who his youthful intensity reminded him of himself during his war years chris made his way to the ghetto to retrieve additional ammunition and higher firepower now that he had a potentially much greater income source according to his plans if they worked out he purchased a mac 11 smg firing nine millimeter hollow point tips with the remainder of his disinherited father's cash which his father had expropriated from his own hard-working father spending his life draining it away in the form of an endless carouse an alcohol-fueled sensationalism he worked his way back still cranked up with adrenaline from the ephedrine tablet and by this time night was descending the street lamps and lights and houses were were on bathing the suburban manicured blondes with their artificial glow chris went around the neighbor's house via the alley and observed through the fence his father and a couple of his drunken buddies who were gyrating in dionysiac revelry to the feral beat of his father's degenerate music he observed them making waving their hands about and draining liquor down their throats he hopped the fence with his mac 11 out and with a box magazine inserted in the handle ready to go time for action and revenge against he who had caused destruction not only of his ancestral culture and history but of his own family line through severing ties posterity with his

dead beat failed parenting chris knew his childish father had no prudence and left his patio door open the better to go outside during his drunken revels and urinate if one of his booze buddies occupied the bathroom and he had to disgorge some of his alcohol to make room for more chris decided he would simply walk in and spray them all with hollow points clearing away some of the dead wood from society first however he dug up the shoebox he had buried with the ruger pistol and oil filter sound suppressor and affixed it to the mac 11 loading up the pistol and slipping it in his waistband he climbed up the deck railings and observed his father and his friends screaming and shouting and drunken revelry as they poured down the liquor he slid the screen door open and raised mac 11 turning turned on full auto and let fly a fusillade of sound suppressed hollow points tearing into the beer belly baby groomers whose bladders erupted disgorging gallons of urine as they dropped their bottles and smashed them on the ground his friends died with a few more bursts of gunfire precisely targeted toward them but his father who is still alive though examining his wounds in astonishment looked up with tears in his eyes and cried out and for the voice of irrational weakness i raised you chris spoke you raised me to the extent it reflected favorably upon you you only care about others as a means of looking good in the eyes of others his father seeing that his end was near frowned with an animalistic fury and cursed chris i hope you die in jail you little brat chris fired a volley of rounds into his father's face eviscerating it and quickly set to work to gather whatever resources he could from his father's place knowing as he did that to remain in the house would almost certainly elicit police investigation though then through the neighbor's perpetual spying which had been a constant ever since his drunken father had belligerently accosted the police in their investigation of the murders and had made the neighbors feel threatened in their false reality of materialistic consumerism he had no desire to live the life of a hypocrite and thus decided that his initial intention of remaining within the house as he carried out his strikes was imprudent and unworthy of his nobler purpose of destroying that which attempted to subjugate his own people and which had virtually obliterated the culture and ancestry of his people now all but forgotten as well as his own insignificant life he wanted to do what he could for his people to destroy the zog and salvage the remains of the beauty of the world which embodied itself in the Aryan race he would do what little he could with what resources he could muster from his father's house his mother had died in an accident when he was young and he had only faded memories of her he had been abandoned in large part by his father whose self-serving lifestyle of debauchery and hedonism left no room for the responsibilities of parentage he had avenged himself upon his father who had been a traitor to his race for all the time chris had known him always making an ostentatious display of his broad-minded objectivity and fawning on non-whites he would meet always denigrating and insulting through word and deed a memory of his ancestors chris rummaged through the house and discovered in his father's room a floor safe that contained after he tried it open with a crowbar he had discovered in the garage a sizable amount of gold coins dating from half a century previous and which could be sold or bartered without any middle man to monitor the transaction such as with bullion he

loaded the coins into a sack so that he could take them to a coin dealer and continued looking through the house careful to keep his gloves on and his firearms in a backpack he had retrieved from the closet he went up to the attic and rummaged through his grandfather's old things taking a photograph of his grandfather's family which fortunately excluded his father his grandfather had been a military veteran and had been acutely aware of a communist threat which had he had misunderstood to be purely political or predominantly a russian and not a jewish creation accordingly he had gathered all manner of munitions tucked away in a corner grenades mortars and a grenade launcher that could be used to shoot the mortars as well myriad clear more mines and sticks of dynamite he loaded these in a submachine gun in a burlap sack and headed out of the place hot wiring his father's van and deciding he would sleep out of it instead of renting a storage facility he would hit the road and cause the chaos that would enable his war of vengeance to rip apart the zog even if it meant his death he traveled out of the town the next day after grabbing his rucksack from a storage facility and traveled to the mid-sized city nearest to his town the better to blend in and escape captured for the acts he had committed and what was now his former home now he had no home and in fact he had never really had one given that he was born in a society which cast aside and shambled in the mud the tradition of his ancestors there was no home in a world of alienation and he would have to give combat against the enemy in order to secure a place to call his own even if it be in some other dimension through self-sacrifice this earth had minimal to no appeal for him now now that the natural environment had been devastated and his people overrun with foreigners he slept in an industrial district during the night the first night he had had to sleep at any sleep and awoke to the dull roar of city life it being the weekend there was no commercial activity on the site he decided he would do some training in the park nearby and wait until night to get down to work chris went for a run in the nearby park getting some sun as he did so doing intervals of sprints and then progressed to a full body weight resistance circuit at the jungle gym playground equipment an hour later he hit the grocery store and grabbed up packs of dried fruit and nuts as well as some sardine cans and jugs of distilled water he spent the day driving around the town looking for a coin dealer and eventually found one selling a few coins in exchange for cash he then sequestered the remainder of his coins in the van and cleaned the firearms to prepare for the operation of the evening and night he had seen a billboard advertising a fundraiser to be held at a local church to enable the importation of a drove of arabic invaders who were spoken of as refugees and required housing at the expense of course of the white majority the largest church in the city was hosting the event and it bore the pompous title of humanity's universal church an address was given and chris researched his whereabouts in the city and the surrounding territory it was located in a trendy district in the downtown and surrounded by the hollow halls of academia that had once been called a university campus a constellation of buildings that had been carved out of limestone blocks by the skilled white craftsmen who had pioneered the city over 100 years before now these noble structures lay next to utilitarian modernist buildings constructed of

synthetic materials of plastic and metal and concrete holding themselves out as cutting edge radical and chic while in reality being a matter of cost effectiveness and experience made to fall apart and be replaced with the next phase of the zone and its imposition of tyranny and serfdom under the guise of progress and humanity humanity's universal church stood forth in all its pomp and circumstances as the night shrouded chemtrails sky and darkness chris had driven his van within visual and mortar range of the structure and had prepared his grenade launcher as well as mortar rounds to be fired upon the people once there was enough of the throng gathering and they had settled into a passive state of spectatorship imbibing the wine and feral drum music that the african musicians had been conscripted to play chris took a sack of claymore mines and dressed in a disguise and black suit dog trotted over to the church placing claymore mines around the front and rear of the church making sure there were no police observing from a distance he addressed himself in blackface in the event of a capture on any capture on camera which would transmit his image via satellite to whatever central intelligence depot to whomever was watching he would appear to be a negro his facial appurtenances large nose and lips being unmistakable under any lighting conditions he turned to scatter the remaining claymore mines around the cars to create an even greater conflagration hopefully setting off a chain reaction as he then turned the church into rubble he sprinted back to the van and took out the mac 11 taking aim at the claymore under one of the larger cadillac suvs and bearing witness to an explosion as a drumming was drowned out in a hellfire the chain reaction around the church began to go off scattering shrapnel like debris at the church flying through stained glass windows erupting all over the parkade and around the church laying siege to the stone structure he took up the grenade launcher and began shooting mortars at the church effectively blocking exits as the timid bourgeois decadence were too frightened to make an escape they sentenced themselves to a death trap as the stone rubble and flames crashed in on them the walls bringing down the house in an ovation of brimstone a fitting end to a decadent cadre of parasites and a striking message to send to the cabal which had attempted to demonstrate its hegemony by imposing more of the unwanted invaders upon the white man's land chris closed the door and drove away ripping around the corner and out of the downtown court before the police could arrive it had taken a matter of four minutes for the assault and he now found himself five minutes later relaxing in the industrial district reading the white resistance manual and gathering ideas for a strike against system targets that the immigration issue had been and was continuing to be forced upon him and was largely being run through the churches he had more than a bone to pick with those who would pick the bones of their ancestors queen and desecrate their graves in order to fatten their corpulent forms with the inheritance unfortunately left to their charge he would strike their flesh and flab from their bones and send a message that their traitorous behavior would not go unpunished he went to a pawn shop later that day and purchased a samurai sword from a filthy jew wearing a disguise a woolly haired wig and a pair of thick coke bottle glasses coating his face with a pasty face paint to render him his skin tone a sickly corpse color the jew was oblivious

to his arid nature as Chris played the part of the Jew well a sarcastic and chatty nervousness being an effective facade behind which he hid he took such precautions as he would almost certainly be separated be reported by the Jew after he carried out his deed passing through the downtown he observed the police congregated around the burnt out church he had destroyed the other day the site being cordoned off with yellow police tape and the rubble being picked over by detectives Chris was on a journey out of the city to an event he had heard about that was being put on by the Universal Church congregation one of the worst of the race mixing sects of the city who was fanatically bent on violating the laws of nature and facilitating the white genocide agenda attempting to destroy their territory and identity through non-white infiltration and miscegenation causing white people to be thrown into the streets and gradually starved to death through malnutrition poor sleep and a lack of sanitation many of whom fell into a life of drugs and became a hopeless derelict spat upon by the upper class who callously walked past about their business living for vanity and self-interest maximization Chris's anger rose to a fever pitch as he thought over the cases of how so many poor white street people had been reduced to a state of beggary he boiled with rage at the race trader Christians and their perverted anti-natural creed he would avenge the people in the street and ensure that they were resurrected with the dignity they deserve even if only as they lay dying in a state of physical decay through drug addiction he approached the edge of the city and headed toward the campsite where the Christians were having their bourgeois fun time with the non-white invaders who were occupied building a teepee in homage apparently of the Redskins whose land the anti-whites claimed this was Chris approached the caravan of vehicles which were parked in the parking lot and gathered together in two rows he parked his van sideways so that he would prevent any of the throng from exiting by vehicle they were in effect trapped in their woodland Eden lambs to the slaughter he carried with him his Mac 11 with two extra box magazines and one loaded in the gun and ready to go his samurai sword he clutched with him in his right hand still sheathed and any uh and around a lassie which he wore around his waist as he approached the refugee Arabs caught sight of him and entered into their feral mode going on full alert their animal instincts detecting an opponent and preparing to enter into a fight Chris raised his Mac 11 and let his sword drop bringing his right hand up to cradle the weapon he sprayed the Arabs with a spurt of hollow point copper jackets which bore rents in their bodies leaving them a bleeding massive flesh as they danced a bizarre whirling dervish dance macabre and crumpled in a heap and life as lifeless puppets released from the puppet master's tired hands Allah had left his channel to the grave and Chris was quick and turning the gun toward the Christians after he plugged the Arabs a few more times their corpses jittering with the impact for shock value Chris cried out murderers of whites murderers of your own ancestors as he shot one of the preachers who was standing before him with a look of hostile hatred plastered to his face but not for more than an instant as Chris cut up his portly visage with the butcher's buzz saw hollow points lacerating his beefy cheeks and turkey neck with hard copper the other Christians most of whom were teenagers screamed and ran into the teepee as he

directed them thither with gunfire mowing down the more brave of the lot who attempted at first to attack him and a few others attempted to flee most of the remained a couple of frigid women and younger yuppies who attempted to smooth talk chris and supplicate him for mercy he gestured inside the teepee and barked mercy will come with a final judgment now get inside as he backed away into the teepee he tumbled a length of log that had been used as a seat and set it upright before the teepee he gestured toward the log behold your judgment seat when i call out christian you one of you at a time is to come out of the teepee and approach on your knees the teepee's entrance was off to the side of the log so that the occupant's view of the log was obscured the teepee's entrance was off to the side of the log so that the occupant's view of the log was obscured when the tent flap was removed though not was opened chris took up a portable cd player that had been left on the ground and began playing some of the christian music a trendy rock version of amazing grace he called out christian the flap flooded a little and one of the counselors came out on his knees and attempted to supplicate chris but the latter ignored him simply saying prostrate thyself laying thy head across the log the christians in the tent apparently couldn't hear as they were completely quiet in the tent the counselor muttered a prayer and then angrily looked up as chris muttering the lord will punish you as he laid his head across the log chris responded it is you who will be punished race traitor and so saying unsheathed his samurai sword and swept off the head of the christian carrying it carving it into the log the head flopping unceremoniously onto the ground disgorging a sanguine liquor onto the soil chris decided he didn't want to dull the blade of the sword this way so he dragged the corpse and log aside and continued with his roll call eventually all the christians were dead by a sword and he left their unburied decapitated corpses to the ravens to peck out their eyes given that they had never seen the true light they may as well be blinded in the afterlife he left the campsite after cleaning his blade and returned to his van as the music continued to play on a loop amazing grace how sweet the sound he then transported himself back to the city chris lived out of his van and over the course of the next few days transported himself around the city switching sleep locations to get a better overview of the city layout and to deter detection by the enforcers of the system's perverse laws at one night he would be in a box store parking lot in the alley at another he would be in an industrial district typically avoiding residential neighborhoods to ensure that any of the nosy neighbors wouldn't call a tow truck and evict him from their precious property which was the basis of their lives namely possessive individualism he intended to pull the rug out from under them and upset their apple cart he intended to create a generalized condition of fear and terror to be spread about the city and the means through which he would do so would come in the form of violent acts against all that they venerated as sacred cows and idols before which they prostrated themselves given that they had a hyper focus on property he would send a message to them that their property rights were tenuous bonds that could be easily severed by the blade of violent activism he ensured that he continued to keep abreast of the local news and select targets that would have maximum impact with minimal risk to himself he

observed in the jews paper that the country's minister of economic development would be in town to consult with the local planning board about the establishment of a trade deal with a multinational chinese conglomerate to begin mining a rare earth mineral which existed in a forest outside of the city there had been much protestation from the local environmentalist organization and several demonstrations had been held but without any effective results in preserving the forest which was a pristine haven of animal life the minister had expressed views favorable to the establishment of the mine which would devastate the environment as well as pollute the water table of the city with heavy metals but his but her rhetoric that she used to justify her pro stance was that a healthy environment must be balanced with a healthy economy she had committed herself to not only the devastation of human health but of the environment upon which she depended chris made the decision to act only contrary to the environmental organizations to act effectively the minister was scheduled to arrive the next day and when she arrived she would be making a public speech in the amphitheater of city hall she would be heavily guarded by secret service members who would ensure her safety chris smiled at that knowing as he did that safety was a commodity that came at a premium and that even those who could afford it could just as easily be robbed by those who had nothing to lose chris had obtained a sniper rifle from his grandfather's stock of weapons and had used a cutting torch on the interior of his van to cut out a mailbox style flap under one of the windows that he had put a one-way mirror film on so that no one could see while he could see out he had added a dark tint to the windows of the van also to obscure any visual from without and could flip up the mailbox flap and snipe at targets from the interior of his van replacing it immediately and latching it shut with a latch from within he could then scramble to the front and vacate the premises without detection as he had also added fake color film over his lights which could be removed when needed so as to obscure any signs of the vehicle being started he intended to bring his vehicle as close as was reasonable to get a shot at the minister then escape the speech was to take place at noon during the lunch hour and all of the big wigs of the city the all of the political hacks were in attendance the white race traitor shabaz goyim the jewish community elites and a varied assortment of non-white and white moral majority types crisp drove in a part and in part once the vehicles began to become more numerous so as not to draw attention to himself the mayor of the city who was a greasy jew who had enabled the influx of non-whites to his transforming the city into a sanctuary city a haven for the criminals from the third world to loot and pillage the once pristine white town he had it coming and chris had just the thing a semi-automatic rifle firing 0.22 winchester ammunition and equipped with a silencer as well as a recoil pad to ensure that target reacquisition would be more effective should he miss or need to instantly reposition himself to target the mayor also as the gallery of throng attended chris finished cleaning his and had it loaded another magazine nearby as well as the loaded mac 11 in his shoulder rig should he need to either exit the vehicle or take a stand with higher firepower and go out in a blaze of glory the greasy oriental mayor took his place on the podium before the microphone and began to pontificate on the

necessity of creating greater economic prosperity and the necessary environmental costs underscoring his euphemistic language with a positive with positive sounding buzzwords like prosperity and well to give his multinational earth raping crusade palatability in the mind of the golden masses he introduced the minister and waved her up in this she was a swarthy looking black woman with capped teeth and a cosmetic grin on her face she spouted off some verbiage about the black community suffering and need of an economic facelift which could be provided by the mining project the audience cheered her references to martin luther luther king and the overcoming of oppression etc as a means of browbeating the crowd to adopt her plan most of whom were business types who were only there to ensure they further line their pockets and various establishment whites and uncle toms who were only there for the take the environmental protesters who shouted and screamed on the other side of the fence and were easily shouted down by the minister who simply raised her voice with a false smile on her face and continued her speech it was at this time that chris struck he flipped open the mailbox slot through pushing his gun barrel through and sighted down the iron sight through the window breathing deep and exhaling as the rifle cracked off his shot the round exploding the skull of a talking head nigger her brains and blood spraying in a 360 degree radius while chris shifted his position and immediately fired up fired upon the mirror whose eyes were just beginning to widen in shock too little too late as his corpulent form exploded in the center the top half flying forward the lower backward as both corpses fell on the p on the podium chris yanked in his rifle effectively shutting the mailbox slot and lashed it shut racing to the front of the vehicle which he had left running as soon as the bitch began her loud boorish speech and drove off in front of the line of cars as the pedestrians scattered in all directions racing to their vehicles for safety to escape a similar fate chris glided his vehicle around a building's corner and sped off winding down the streets in a zigzag pattern heading into the general stream of traffic on the major thoroughfare the better to quickly make his escape and blend in he had ruined the plans of the cabal in transferring transforming their intended rapine of the earth into a rapine of their persons they wished to gouge wounds into the earth so he would gouge wounds of his own the financial loss brought about by his strike would result in inevitable riots on the part of the niggers who had been promised a sizable amount of the loot and would be disappointed in their failure to reap their ill-gotten gain they would translate this disappointment into overt aggression especially since the former minister was a nigger who would take it personal and act accordingly this would further strike at the pact at the pocketbooks of the white majority who had become more and more hostile to the government given that it had taken away more of their precious property that they obsessed over chris was not done not by a long shot he had heard of another site location where a natural gas pipeline had been installed on the outskirts of the city and which was one of the major centers of economic activity of the territory he would ensure that it no longer be so viable the pipeline was according to his research comprised of a couple of inches thick steel and thus would be impenetrable to any ammunition that could be discharged from any of the weapons he had on his person and

was located in a sufficiently isolated clear-cut area so that it can be seen from a distance and if he succeeded in striking at it he would not have a high probability of escaping capture thus he decided that only a drone strike would be possible and accordingly set about selling off the remainder of his coins to another dealer a greasy jew who ran a jewelry and bullion shop in the trendy jewish district chris had disguised himself as a wealthy jew obtaining a store a suit from a thrift shop and girded himself with his mac 11 in the event trouble might occur that he might feel a bit squirrely and decide to take out a few more jews fanning the flames of their paranoia and generating terror in the high bond of the jewish community upon entering the store and observing the fat jew lounging his chair bent over his account books chris was immediately enraged by the greed and narrow-minded self-interestedness of the jew and simultaneously reminded of the whites on the street who had sons such as homeless artists and were selling their paintings for food or struggled on drugs and had lean and haggard faces this fat jew's pasty jowls contrasted markedly to that of the homeless whites and white decided that he was no longer interested in making a simple transaction but that he would be making a transaction in blood and lead was his purchase price therefore he would gain philosophical gold in addition to the jew's goal which he would use to finance his cause as he approached the greasy jew the jew looked up firmly with a plastic smile spread across his face and asked how can i help you sir chris immediately brought up the mac 11 and said in an even and suddenly menacing tone hands above the counter i want all the money in your safe the jew slowly brought up his hands and raised them a rat like look of caution jockeying for position against spread upon his face as chris approached the jew led him back toward the safe and attempted to open it it won't open he said trailing off chris threatened him with blowing his toes off if he didn't make it open and that you attempted again this time shrugging his shoulders and feigned astonishment backing away from the safe and chris as it opened chris instructed him to lie on the floor and said he was going to take him up with a roll of packing tape he observed nearby the jew apparently sensing that chris would simply kill him attempted to twist around in a preemptive strike and chris simply drilled him with a few rounds in the back of his skull his head flopping on the ground like a madman dribbling a basketball as a hollow points found purchase the safe cracked cracked when chris began to load up the stacks of money bills that contained apparently laundered money from the illicit drug deals and fill the sack he decided he would loot the entire store then burn it afterwards as a sacrifice to whatever unknown god smiled upon him as he was opening the nearest cases with a key he had found in the back an old jewess came out of the back by a different entrance presumably from the apartment upstairs and she opened her mouth to show him brandishing a large kitchen knife he spun and drilled her corpulent form which crashed into one of the cases almost certainly sounding off an alarm he quickly dashed into the back and ripped a few wires out of the camera system and placed them in a glass of water starting an electrical fire which coursed throughout all the the store and began igniting the final material the jewelry store was composed of cheap fiber board and sawdust insulation which the jew had been too cheap to replace with fiberglass chris

dashed off still in his jew costume with his sack of loot and raced through the rear exit off towards his van the smoke from the store still not visible to the public outside while the fires raged within before the police could establish it was a murder or rather an execution chris would be long gone and saved from any observers or witnesses chris then prepared for the next attack on the pipeline which spanned some kilometers along the perimeter of the city and was presumably monitored by police using some form of motion sensor technology and night vision thermographic cameras which could detect body heat and motion from a distance running along the pipeline for a certain distance of course what they didn't bank on was that not all those who justifiably hated the system were not so stupid as to place themselves at the system's uh electromagnetic spider web but would have studied it from afar studied blueprints and archives and whatever information was publicly available on the net and formulated their strategy on that basis instead of blindly striking out at targets this is exactly what chris occupied his day with pouring over the archives at the city's archives of course disguised as a wealthy chinese investor his disguise artfully concealing all of his noticeable area features with scotch tape over his eyes to create a slanty look and a black toupee wig and black contact lenses as well as white face paint and a nondescript dark suit he had obtained from a thrift store his conclusions where the pipeline was where the pipeline was concerned was that the only way to remotely approach it was to obtain a drone and install a portable camera live streaming video footage to enable him to guide it to the site and attach a power powerful ied with an impact detonator that would blow through the heavy metal casing the pipeline was surrounded with and set off a chain reaction which would lead to a citywide breakdown of what the zog referred to as law and order namely the severance of the endless chain of production and consumption and the continual tax enslavement and gradual replacement of the white population this chain reaction would put the city out of commission and lead to the complete cessation of commerce and the inevitable rioting of the savage horns in the ghetto whose existence was based upon their free handouts and when the slightest disruption of infrastructure occurred shutting off their heat and electrical power it would inevitably lead to rioting and damage to the downtown core this was exactly as chris had intended and he went out in his chinese costume and purchased a drone and miniature wireless camera he gathered together the necessary supplies for the construction of the ied and ensured that the bomb was surrounded by nails and other scraps of metal that would assist in lacerating the pipe he went out to the edge of the city parked in his van in an industrial area that bordered it concealing his van in an alcove out of the sight of helicopters and sufficiently far from the edge of the city to minimize detection when the police inevitably were sent around to monitor and inspect the area he set the ied under the drone projected beyond the nose cone and strapped it with packing tape then affixed the camera and turned it on so that he could view the flight he started up the drone and navigated it at a level around the buildings and once out in the open directed it at the pipe it taking only a couple of seconds to ram the bomb into the pipe detonating it and an explosive reaction that caroled throughout the open space fireballs of flame shooting

into the sky and the night lighting up like a fourth of July fireworks the ground rumbling even where he stood the camera going black as the drone erupted and the electronics melted under the heat of the igniting gas he drove off toward the busier areas of the city and blending with the traffic disappeared from sight he parked his vehicle in a suburban shopping mall and dozed off the next day he went into the local box store and checked the newspaper kiosk for an update of what events might have been set off the front page displayed a caption which read terrorist attack on pipeline power outages caused riots and displayed a picture of a rent and torn pipe which continued to flare up as the gas burned like a twisted candle made by a madman chris decided he would scout out the downtown and get an up-to-date on what progress he had made in setting the city aflame with riot as he approached the downtown he heard a loud repetitive sound like a drum beat and as he worked his way closer he heard it through his van's window the beating of a drum and the repetitive chant which became more intelligible as he rolled down his window end white greed feed black need end white greed feed black need the jews in the crowd becoming more and more hysterical as they led the niggers toward the office buildings the crowd becoming increasingly violent chris parked his van a few blocks away and observed the savages through his monocular spy device some of the signs bore the caption which probably had been created by jews victim hyphen hood and austerity and various other meaningless marxist phrases which the jews had entrained their non-whites to repeat as a weaponized vocabulary against the white population the crowd began to throw rocks and bricks as the cops arrived to contain the powder keg many of the cop cars being scored by the rubble their windows smashed and molotov cocktails bursting randomly about the police had their megaphones out and were uttering warnings and the jews were inciting the non-whites with rhetoric along the lines of fascist pigs racist scum etc and the police were attempting to hide behind their vehicles to avoid the assault firing rubber bullets into the crowd chris had had enough and given the relative strengths of the forces could see that more system enforcers would need to be in to quell if possible the vandalism and chaos the leftist freaks were carrying out their task to his satisfaction stirring up chaos and rioting agitating the non-white hordes as they smashed windows and burnt government offices chris left into their work thinking they were against the system when in reality they were as loose screws in the machinery causing it to fly apart undermining their own golden goose from which they derived their golden eggs chris decided to add fuel to the fire and strike out at opponents who had demonstrated or by virtue of their job capacity their role in the system demonstrated their traitorous behavior and thus merited their karmic backlash it was the kali yuga and chris had plans on sending them to whatever metaphysical dimension they would go to in the afterlife he gathered a couple of propane tanks from the local gas station getting a five-finger discount through cropping a lock on the cage that contained them and rigged up a hose and funnel which was comprised of heavy duty rubber with a wire core and affixed straps on the containers so that they could be positioned in front making it appear as if he had a beer belly the hose he slipped into an overcoat so that he could maneuver it and move it towards his targets were the heads of

the immigration office the greasy jewish whose artificial smile did little to mask her talmudic hatred that radiated out of her bongolian reptilian features he waited until the mid-afternoon when the rioters brought full force in the core several blocks from the office thus providing distraction aboard his maneuvers he dressed in his in an overcoat and looked like an overweight bureaucrat with his balding skullcap synthetic wig that was affixed to it entering via the front entrance with the propane tank strapped to his body he just he ascended the escalator and came up to the executive floor where the bitch resided the secretary there greeted him and buzzed him into the office after he claimed he had an urgent meeting to attend with the executive director upon opening the door he quickly shut it behind him with a greasy smile playing about his lips and stuttering his introduction please uh yeah he then extended his hand she drew away at first but sarcastically took his hand as he suddenly reached into his jacket from behind and turned on the propane knob simultaneously flicking the lighter he had attached to the hose which immediately shot forth a jet of flame which engulfed the bitch her shrieks inaudible as a whoosh of flame entered her mouth destroying her vocal cords and tissues which sizzled as the flames continued to pour out with the release of the gas her flaming body crumpled to the ground acrid smoke rising to the smoke detector and dousing the flames with the water that came from the sprinklers he threw the propane tank through the window and discarded the evidence he went out to the sprinklers having been set off in a torrent of water pouring out destroying electronic equipment and whatever files and work the bureaucrats were heretofore concerning themselves with the alarm sending them into a panic racing to the elevators which had frozen in place by the electrical fires that had occurred in the wall outlets he decided he would send a greater message and lay waste to those who enabled the invasion of non-whites into the country all of them were parasites all of them either race traitors or non-white racial enemies in any case they were anti-whites and had to pay the cost for their self-serving desire to genocide the white population in the name of egotism and personal profits out came out came the mac 11 and discharged its copper jacketed death hollow points stuttering into fleeting bodies causing them to tumble and collapse as crazy marionettes on invisible strings the executive floor cleared he slapped in another clip and bounded down the stairs to the next floor apparently the floor which all of the computer banks were kept with their massive data storage the sprinklers hadn't been turned on here so he deliberately set a fire tossing paper in the wastebasket and using his lighter to bring down the computer banks sparked with anger as their precious information went up in smoke he then dashed out of the room blasting any bureaucrat that showed themselves from their cubicle and observed the lone section of the hallway leading apparently back to the office complex which was a veritable warren of offices and out into another building and down the elevator chris hit the parkade and came out into the subterranean area leading outward into the room into the open air and dashed off into an alley discarding his wet trench coat and mask after ensuring he wasn't captured on camera and then sprinted away in his track suit down another alley at a perpendicular angle zigzagging streets as he put distance between himself and the office complex he returned to the van and

began to contemplate his next course of action here chris uses encrypted laptop to obtain wireless access and research the local news to find targets that would require elimination the riots were covered extensively with the media blaming the government and suddenly commending and supporting the nigger rioters and their jewish handlers through using the conventional marxist buzzwords about gentrification systemic white ism and various other meaningless phrases the niggers had been brainwashed and classically conditioned to react and lash out with aggression and self-righteous wound licking that stroked their egos and sent them into fury into a further rampage against the whites the deputy mayor of the city was a chabaz boy white race trader who was installed to take the heat from the economic hardship chris had instigated and his solution was to have a unity disco wherein the young college and up crowd would attend to integrate and erase the hate the unity disco was to be held at the local hockey arena and was equipped with oversized speakers which belt belched out a crude urban beat that the attendees a motley assortment of negro and other dark males oriental women and white youth attended mainly those of the bourgeois cast who took the opportunity to virtue signal they were all dressed up as something other to their own ancestral culture white women with painted mustaches white males with pink tutus and bras the niggers dressed up in an exquisite suit with brass handled canes and as plantation owners and nazis the orientals mainly just there to gawk at the sights with contemptuous amusement chris was in attendance dressed as gandhi his bald cap and face painted a shitty brown color and himself wrapped in a toga in which he concealed his taser and hunting knife indeed he was the hunter and no bearer of peace he was a white wolf in the clothing of a prophet of peace and stalked his prey he intended his intended action would demonstrate to the broad masses that peace had no place in nature's kingdom and that those who refused to fight for the defense of their lives and who moreover acting contrary to the defense of their kin group were unworthy of living on this earth where the eternal law of life is struggle against the forces of death they had decided to embrace death and therefore chris was happy to oblige he had honed his knife to a razor's edge and cradled it in his toga caressing its cold satin steel eager for the hunt the music was beginning to irritate him so he decided it would be best to get to work so that he wouldn't have to endure the feral drumbeat longer than necessary although it accelerated his heart rate and caused him to resonate with his animal self he became a berserker and yet was sufficiently self-controlled to guide himself prudently and cautiously and thus made his way to the bathroom where the alcohol soaked youth would provide him with plenty of lambs for the slaughter he opened into one of the criminal one of the urinal cubicles and waited for the first victim pretending to urinate in came a big black buck in a kkk outfit and chris immediately leapt into action turning the white robe into crimson as he gouged jagged wounds into the struggling nigger thrusting into his kidneys and torso as his bladder erupted leaving a pool of reeking effluent under him the nigger dropped and chris dragged his carcass using his brown skin-colored gloves into one of the stalls he placed the sign he had made up stating dead nigger storage and slipped behind the wall awaiting his next victim a slender white youth

dressed in a pink tutu and wearing a rainbow-colored wig entered his belly protruded with alcoholic effluent and Chris immediately shot out his sanguine blade mixing blood with blood as the youth crumpled to his knees and expired Chris further skewering him in the temple to ensure he disconnected his silver cord tying him to the earth he dragged his carcass to the stall next to the nigger and decided he had had enough of this abattoir it was time to stalk lively or pray he went into the hallway amongst the congregating and began to search for targets the mob was moving away from the dance floor was largely comprised of young adults groping one another a white girl groping in East Indian who is dressed as a Nazi and an Oriental girl being groped by a white youth dressed as an anime character he almost allowed feelings of pity to lax his feral lust but he made no allowances on principle to race traitors his heart rate was jacked to the max and he went into berserker mode his knife out slashing the East Indian's throat as he went down stooped over blood coursing from his wound the astonished white girl on the verge of screaming as Chris plunged a steel talon into her belly causing a crimson stain of elixir vichy to blossom his knife coming out and slicing her throat from ear to ear Chris then moved over to his next targets and shot out the knife as the Oriental girl lacerating her neck and then knifing upward in an uppercut into the belly of the white youth spilling guts on the floor he decided that would be best to make his escape as quickly as possible now that he had dispatched a diversity of targets to send a symbolic meaning to the public that such acts were punishable by death though they were celebrated by the powers that be as the standard of the good they were good of course only for the purpose of white genocide and his targets had been given what they wanted racial suicide and what they deserved for attempting to precipitate a genocide of whites there were no innocents no victims in this war of race either victory or death was the final outcome the next day Chris decided to check the newspaper kiosk at the box store in the industrial district he was he was camping in and observed the title page attack against unity mystery mysterious murders at multicultural dance displaying photos of the victims he traveled into the downtown to observe the riots and see how they were progressing as he drove into the downtown he observed a billowing column of smoke as the several buildings in the downtown blazed their windows smashed and tongues of flame licking the sides of the building the rioters on the ground were having another day off of battle with the system thugs and Chris decided that the only way to ensure that the Goyam didn't capitalize on this chaos and impose a martial law scenario where they could round up their enemies under color of law and starve them to death in concentration camps in order to throw a monkey wrench into their plans Chris decided it would be a good idea to distribute propaganda to ensure that the whites in the town were aware of just who the ultimate cause of the multicultural mania was and what their hidden agenda was using gloves he printed up a large swathe of leaflets and stickers on sticker paper using a parking lot plug-in for electricity of direct and to the point propaganda with a shocking image of a bloody six-pointed star and a QR code as well as references to a reliable website citing statistical proof bearing the caption Jewish white genocide and another with an image of a Jew referencing a document that he had personally used as a means

of how to recognize and identify a jew the book by the same name and a qr code linking to it these stickers he plastered all over the town as the police and security had bigger fish to fry on bus shelters newspaper boxes inside elevator doors on stoplights and stop signs and public infrastructure and inside of bars coffee shops gas stations and any other public place that would likewise be seen by a large number of people preferably out of reach or within sight so that they could easily couldn't be easily scratched off with any effort he placed leaflets face down in car windshield wipers and even stickers on the bumpers of the cars of wealthier people when their bumpers were turned toward railings or concrete stuff so that it would minimize detection he moved out a large number of these leaflets to sources that would almost assuredly they would almost assuredly rat to the media and publicize them thereby generating greater attention in the public consciousness and an awareness of the existential threat that jews posed to them he also obtained a letter ink stamp and a bottle of permanent marker ink from the stationary store and stamped all of his money bills that he had obtained through the sale of his gold and dressed in disguise deposited them face down in the bank thereby ensuring a continuous circulation of the message jewish white genocide with a website that would continue to awaken people to the threat of their safety and security and further create a backlash against the intended imposition of a fascist dictatorship ruled by jews chris also obtained spray paint and went into a local suburb spray painting the slogan on schools and box stores as well as on local churches so as to maximally spread the message and elicit a reaction of hostility amongst the population if not explicit then at least latent and alerting them to the tyranny of its influence that done over the course of the next couple of days chris ensured to attend to the newspaper kiosks for updates on his activism anti-semitism runs rampant the caption claimed in one displaying the spray-painted slogans nazi hate crime another holocaust imminent in another no mention was made of the continuing riots and the beatings and murder of the white population however the next day he observed the front page of the major jewish rag jewish tot brutally murdered anti-semitic hate crime chris smirked at that seeing that the black community must have gotten the messages about jews and their role in the nigger slave trade he had spray painted in their community the rioting shifted toward the downtown and a few of the jewish office workers were targeted and had their skulls smashed in with bricks and bats the niggers wielded at this point the military was called in and the rioters had a greater fight on their hands the whole downtown core erupting into a war-zoning insurgency chris decided that he should shift his attention to higher political targets now that the downtown had been throwing sufficient chaos to need no further efforts on his part and given that the police and military were off limits as targets and that only in a blaze of glory if need be would he go out by suicide by cough accordingly he relocated his van to the suburban strip mall area and light industrial district which bordered the suburban enclaves of the more affluent and middle class areas he did some research using ip blockers on his encrypted laptop and discovered the location of the local masonic lodge which was a heavily jewish infiltrated organization it had been recently constructed given that the old lodge was located in the downtown

core and was too infested with ghosts to be usable any longer and thus the masons had relocated to the suburb to escape the vandalism and criminality of the urban areas the building was a cheap utilitarian structure that was simultaneously a gaudy imitation of a babylonian ziggurat chris discovered that their lodge meetings would be held on a wednesday night and that was a time chris decided would be optimal to strike given that he was no longer low on firepower he decided to pay a visit to the ghetto and obtain more armaments for his strike and whatever future strikes he would require he parked his van in the light industrial area and bussed down to the ghetto his mac 11 in his trench coat a disguise on his face large sunglasses covering his eyes he wanted especially to obtain more heavy firepower than he had previously had including c4 explosives rockets mortars or various kinds of incendiary devices he wandered the ghetto streets armed with a silenced 22lr as the riots raged blocks away in the business district seeking to entice one of the dealers to offer him a sale for a sale he was given the stare down by a few of the thugs and then went over to the basketball court and sat on a bench giving one of them a syrup tissues head nod the nigger went past him and spoke rapidly once a week and he replied something else and the nigger sat down on the bench playing with his phone pretending to talk on it and asked what you want man chris said he wanted some security and made a gesture with his hand in the shape of a gun the nigger looked thoughtful pondering and said he knew a spot and asked chris if he had any cash on it chris replied that he had it but not on him and that the nigger said that he would work with him but that he'd have to see the cash before the ads chris said he could get it when desired and the nigger told him to stand up and shake on it he gave chris a brief pat down feeling for police wires and seeming satisfied that he was clean said that he would go to the spot chris walked to the nigger confident that he could trust him given the money incentive they ventured through the ghetto warring and around various project buildings into the back alley of one which led up a fire escape into a round shackled building the nigger opened the door with the key and chris followed him in the nigger's place was filthy with red roaches and he was taken into one of the rooms which served as an armament depot for the local gang apparently and observed the inventory mortar rounds a bazooka a box of fragmentation grenades tech nines and a few ak-47s and m16 military rifles as well as crates of ammunition chris selected the bazooka and mortars as well as the one of the m16s and a sizable amount of ammunition as well as a few grenades and some body armor the latter would go well his bulletproof vest and face mask and kevlar mil-spec helmet he had purchased at the military surplus store and enable him to operate more effectively in close quarters for mop-up operations in higher risk environments where he had to get in close he asked the nigger where the transaction could take place in public and the latter told him he would drive him to the spot where he could get the cash and make the transaction immediately chris agreed and they loaded up the truck of the dealer's bmw with the material driving to where chris had parked his vehicle in the light industrial district which served as a border between the middle class suburbs and the offices of the downtown core and commercial shops chris came out with a nigger and they unloaded the stuff after the nigger inspected the

van for any ambush or trap and Chris handed them the cash they parted and once the nigger was out of his sight Chris relocated his van to the other side of the city so as to minimize the probability of being robbed by the dealer that done he began to plan his next strike against the cabal's center of operations the masonic temple that was positioned on a hill next to a thoroughfare for better to allow access to the system enforcer vehicles for the protection of the privileged Jewish elite Chris examined the exterior of the log lodge and jogging around the building in disguise and saw that it had cameras and was a heavily fortified structure made of thick concrete and shielded with faux flower pots and raised concrete barriers that served as a de facto wall to prevent its becoming a target for potential strikes by jihadists or whatever other anti-masonic group or individual with a grudge who had had enough and wanted payback for whatever real or imagined injustice Chris saw that the only way to effectively take out the lodge lodge members was through infiltration and accordingly he planned his strike to entail only weapon systems that could be easily carried and yet exert maximal impact in his strike he would spare none and eliminate all living targets who passed by even if they were mere civilian casualties he knew that the race war demanded a ruthless and callous mentality that left no room for pity he waited for the day he was to strike pre preparing and training to get himself an optimal condition which he had been doing ever since he entered the city only this time adding more sprint drills and running as well as calisthenic speed drills and meditation to increase his awareness of the surrounding environment putting himself on hyper alert as the evening drew on he drove his van to a parking lot on the other side of a waist-high wall which had brush and trees growing around it providing effective cover he girded on his helmet to which he affixed a camera that would record the events and which he intended to send to the media after his operation as well as the black kevlar bulletproof face mask and vest and had dressed himself in black suit the better to blend into the environment given his expectation that the masonic lodge would be dimly lit during the course of the rituals the Jews and other freemasonic affiliates were involved in and planned to get in and get out as soon as possible given the instantaneity of telecommunications and the almost certain proximity of police he guided in girded himself with a bandolier rig with fragmentation grenades and the sound suppressed mac-11 as well as a few spare clips and several packs of c-4 in a satchel with a time-delayed detonator as evening fell he observed the arrival of the bourgeois plutocrats arrived in their posh vehicles some chauffeured and others driven by the playboy elite their tops down with shining chrome and candy paint luxury autos imports from Italy and France Chris would ensure that they would have no opportunity for any more ostentatious displays of vanity in this lifetime he strapped his satchel to his back as the night presented itself with the setting sun and scanned the horizon for any police who might be guarding the cabal he observed the lone nondescript vehicle parked at or removed from the lodge half concealed in the bushes about a block away on the opposite side of the road and heading back to the van got out his son sniper rifle and scope and took aim bracing it against a concrete wall placing the pig with his high and tight haircut in the crosshairs he steadied his own aim breathed in and pulled the trigger

on the exhale letting fly around through the windshield and into the skull of the occupant exploding his skull like a mellet as soon as he ensured that his partner was dispatched also he left the fence and sprinted toward the lodge taking out his mac 11 and leaving his rifle in the bushes he raised a silenced fm smg and fired off a burst of hollow points at the lazy pig who guarded the door who then fell back in the fuselage and crashed to the concrete chris took out a grapnel and whipped it up onto the roof which had a stylized barrier around it finding purchase he pulled himself up walking up the wall and pulled up the grapnel with him he then found the entrance from the roof into the building and used his lock picks to open the heavy duty padlock that sealed the trap door leading into the lodge he felt the ghoulish vibrations of departed souls torn from their material forms and gruesome torture and sacrifice emanating from the lodge the sordid history of black magic and evil and became more enraged as he recalled the missing children posters of white children he had seen over the years who had presumably been sacrificed in just such lodges he would avenge their deaths through talent an eye for an eye a tooth for a tooth he descended into the lodge understanding that there wasn't much time to carry out his work given that the alarm was surely tripped by his entry and then he had to strike fast and hard to ensure if to effectively send his message to the public that being no race traitors were immune regardless of their power or position and that they would be dealt with harshly he raced down the stairs on soft-soled shoes and heard a strange and primitive oriental music emanating from the downstairs growing louder as he descended as he was stepping out into a vestibule at the bottom of the winding staircase whose banister columns were decorated with carved wooden pine cones representing the pineal gland he was met by a swarthy jew dressed in a suit who looked at him descending with a furtive look on his face chris raised his weapon automatically as he descended and mowed down the jew who was in the process of bringing out a micro uzi to take him out chris assimilated his weapon in a spare clip sticking it in the holster on his shoulder rig taking the mason's proximity card and continuing to descend further into the belly of the babylonian temple of the mysteries he detected movement to his left as he came out onto another foyer between levels and observed two fat shabaz goyim cradling brandy glasses with their gold ringed hands and blasted holes into their distended bellies their sleek beefsteak colored jowls trembling with the vibration of the impact as they dropped spilling their expensive poison on the ground and lay prostrate chris had only one thought in his mind and that was to kill indiscriminately and without compassion to direct his berserker rage upon the degenerate capitalists and eliminate more of the corrupt elements of the decaying society he descended yet further coming into the ground level the music wailing in the background oriental flutes whining their middle eastern quaver that purported to be music while drums and timbrels added to the cacophony he came into a gathering of opulently dressed masons in full regalia as they circumambulated weirshins around a black stone altar upon which a white child was strapped his chest heaving and sweat dripping down his chest the child was beyond saving chris realized he was not a his was not a rescue mission better the soul of the child was liberated in a noble death amidst a

conflagration than being ghoulishly evaporized by the masons as he descended on silent soft-soled shoes he unslung a satchel of grenades and stood pulling their pins lobbing them as so many baseballs at the old ball game around the room the masons continuing their circumambulations oblivious to his presence as the timbrels jingled and music wailed in the speakers chris dashed off over the area as a great exploded in their circumference around the throng sending shrapnel flying into the decadent flesh of the masons lacerating him in the process making any escape unavoidable chris continued his progress knowing that the c4 charges would detonate any minute and turned on his heel firing as his vest was peppered by an agent who had just stepped out of a hidden room peppering him with copper jacketed hall appliance and laying him out chris came to the front doors and met a duo of agents who had been covering the door rushing up to him and he mowed them down with automatic fire and crashed through the door out the way he had come encountering the agent he had smoked prior to ascending the building he looked right and left and encountered no signs of police sprinting across the road and to the wall where his van was parked as he leapt over the wall he felt a tremendous wave of pressure come up to meet him as the temple exploded the roof caving in and gouging a sizable portion of it inwards sending debris flying and crushing whatever occupants remained in the rubble he was in the van taking up the rifle he had left and backing out in a way before he heard the distant wails of the sirens and police choppers rotors converging on the seat he drove the van off into the light industrial district zigzagging along the streets with the lights off and away from the sounds of sirens the next day he awoke in the area and headed out to the newspaper kiosk to get an update on the situation of the mass consciousness as it was engineered by the jews media riots continued to blaze as anti-semitic killer or killers still remain at large chris was reminded of the vileness of the jews media and their self-serving bias their wholesale neglect of coverage of any of the white deaths which had been directly incited through their hate propaganda against white people he decided he would kill two birds with one stone and send an angry letter or two to the editor and higher level operatives on the local ray he began to assemble the materials for the strike he went into the ghetto again this time into the arab district and encountered one of the jihadists who he observed outside of their mosque and approached he spoke hello my friend would you help me the arab eyeing him with suspicion and an artificial smile on his face asked what he wanted and chris informed him that he was looking for some items to send a message to someone the arab sensing that he wanted to purchase weapons of some kind instructed him to follow him around the mosque to his vehicle and then he asked chris permission to pat him down which the latter granted being convinced he wasn't wearing a wire the arab relaxed to a degree and asked him what he wanted chris replied that he wanted biological material that would kill rapidly and be detectable the the arab replied that anthrax was the best option and that if chris would come with him he would be able to transact with him however it would be a cost of the item chris agreed and stated that price would be no option the two entered the arab's vehicle and chris was blindfolded and the latter drove him through the route to through roundabout ways to

lose any tail to an apartment block where the arab escorted chris up the steps and into the apartment which had its windows blocked out chris's blindfold was removed and the arab showed him a sealed bag of anthrax powder which was desiccated and as soon as it was inspired into the nostrils or mouth would begin a chain reaction resulting in death in which chris could blow through an air conditioning system or dispense through whatever means also displayed was a vial of tetro doxin the poison from the puffer fish which immediately caused the paralysis of the nerves and stoppage of heart rate leading to more or less immediate death chris decided to take both items and transaction was completed as before with a handoff of money in exchange for the item chris then printed out using an inkjet printer a few leaflets bearing the caption jews get up and an image of a bloody knife under it which he had created for future actions to fulfill his promises and further induce terror to the jewish community and incline the white majority to oppose him with greater force once they saw the disparitive treatment they were receiving relative to jews with all their nigger rioters and whites who had been assaulting whites in much greater and brutal proportion to jews and who had received minimal media coverage this would further create division and alienate jews who would be justifiably resented for their megalomania and perpetual whine about their alleged victim status he mailed out a fairly sizable stack of anthrax letters to lower level media whores and presenters who would have contact with the editor and his other executives and would virally spread amongst their offices at minimal time thereby killing off of the talking head of the jews media almost in one blow tv and radio stations newspapers and magazines he sent the material to address to employees who would have a high probability of coming into contact with the highest level wire pullers of the mind control system he would know within a day or two whether his operation had been effective when the professionalism of the media would display simply a crude sheet in the kiosks notifying the public of the atrocities and various others which occurred and were ongoing throughout the city chris still had a sizable amount of anthrax powder i would make use of it in the coming days to put some of the final touches on his operations and bring his mission in the city to a close from there it would be on to the next in this war everlasting against the evil jog system relocating to very different areas of the country and creating chaos so that it would appear over a broader range and inspire copycat killers to replicate his tactics and take down the system through knocking bricks over its wall weakening the structure and leaving it for others to further pull down he scanned the net for news and discovered that the jewish community center was celebrating a hanukkah that week and that all jews in the community were to gather in attendance he conceived of a plan to disperse the anthrax into the main room which served as a ballroom for the occasion using a portable battery operated fan from the air conditioning system wearing face mask and respirator he would wait until the night time to make his strike he further researched the layout of the synagogue which was situated on a river and adjacent to a bridge and thoroughfare making access difficult chris decided he would go by a water and proceeded to a skidoo store and purchased a motorized shuttle board which would enable him to cross the river undetected in black suit he painted it black with spray paint

and obtained a wetsuit and polymer dry bag from a diving store and prepared to strike he drove his van to the other side of the river and got out his gear the anthrax spores being carried in a waterproof pelican case and brought with him a rapnel lock picks and the sound suppressed mac11 he pushed off into the water on his shuffleboard and switched on the run silent motor which pulls him along across the river as a black invisible shark hunting prey as he reached the opposite side he switched off the motor and glided into the nearby bushes taking out his polymerized rubber satchel and mac11 and shoulder rig slung the pack onto his back and throwing the rapnel over his shoulder he dog trotted on into the bushes soundlessly on softened old shoes and observed one of the greasy jews monitoring the back of the synagogue and smoking a camel cigarette chris came out of the bushes gunning and tore down the swarthy black tuxedo wearing kite who crumpled in a heap his uzi slung smg falling uselessly to the ground chris dragged his carcass into the bushes and took out his grapple as before walking up the wall of the synagogue away from the cameras on the corners he wanted this mission to be clandestine and to appear as mysterious as possible leaving the jews with nothing but question marks those who survived were lucky enough not to be present on the scene he came up on the roof and picked the padlock which sealed the trap door leading down to the synagogue open entered the darkened darkened tomb and searching for an area close to the ballroom he walked down the staircase and toward the music along an ill-lit hallway and found an air conditioning grate large enough to gain access to he prodded off and crawled inside pushing his gear before him it was just large enough to turn around in and he crawled forwards toward the music keeping track where he made a turn he then took out his battery operated fan and pelican case of anthrax and backing away with his respirator on so that he was a distance from the powder sprinkled the powder in front of the fat worrying fan which dispersed the material into the throng of revelers below he ensured that he simply left the fan in case where it was and let it continue to burn its batteries out crawling backward until he was out he replaced the grate to the extent he could make it look as if it was before and headed up on out of the temple of evil he replaced the padlock lock and reversed his course taking the dead jew's body with him and toward the other side he then proceeded to bury the body to minimize any traces to himself with the intention of creating maximal paranoia on the part of the jews of course the camera may have caught the masked black figure and his get his gunning down the jew his ingressive egress into the compound but it was a risk he would have to take no trace being possible to himself as he had paid for everything with cash he took the van back to the industrial district and along the way burned his suit in an alley and tossed it in a dumpster lighting it on fire eliminating evidence he drove off to the box store parking lot and went to sleep his reign of terror had only begun with the jews who by now were almost certainly infected with anthrax and thus would replicate the virus amongst all those they came in contact with and who had not attended the hanukkah festivities the whites in their suburbs were undoubtedly would undoubtedly shun any contact with the jews and quarantine themselves from them as they dropped like flies over the next couple of days luckily it was a lot a long weekend

and they would almost certainly contain themselves within their suburbs or retreat cabins while the jews attempted to tend to the sick the rumor having spread amongst their community like wildfire with the riots in the downtown core blazing continually and the city under lock and key by the iron wheel enforcers of the system chris realized that he had done all he could do in a mid-sized city and thus decided that it was time to venture onward toward better game however to ensure that the white citizens regained their liberty he had yet one other task to carry out to ensure that the iron heel didn't impose its iron clad tyranny on the white population creating a state of oppression and shifting the creative juices of the whites the inner core of the power structure was comprised of an army general who had surrounded himself with fellow those who had not been present at the lodge when chris had struck and they were closely affiliated with massad who surrounded them all were thoroughly corrupted by jews and had been trained in israel and machiavellian military strategy and had loyalty only to themselves still seeking to facilitate the race mixing white genocide agenda through reconciling opposites a black brown yellow and white into a melting pot of brown goo that could be cast in the mold of their freemasonic humanitas and fired in the ovens and trauma-based mind control in the events of the conflagration they purported to be interested in quelling yet were still giving orders to the troops to stand down and allow the nigger rioters to vent with the inevitable casualties of white victims chris thus wanted to put a stop to the hidden tyranny and enable whites to have a chance to free themselves thus he had to coordinate a strike against the general and his war-rooted elites and massad agents but the question was how the general would be driving an apc along with his cadre of elites in a caravan to give a speech to the remaining media in front of the football stadium an emblem of the coliseum in ancient rome for indeed the city had become a bloody gladiatorial contest and the location was a perfect symbol of the imperium the general wished to institute through draconian force chris recognized that there would be no other way to dispatch the general than as he had the immigration minister through stealth van as the general's caravan approached the stadium the technical team released fireworks into the sky which burst in the symbols and colors of the nation cryptic freemasonic symbolism revealing to the crowd of profane onlookers the false light of illuminism and their impending enslavement the masses cheered and a band struck up the anthem of the nation the general saluting the flag as it waved in the breeze of the noonday sun chris took aim from his van a long shot as he was parked some distance away breathed in and exhaled pulling the trigger with the general in the sights of the scope the sound suppressed barrel poking out just slightly from the van's mailbox flap the general suddenly exploded his upper torso flying apart as a subsonic rifle bullet impacted on his chest of metals his saluting hand still gloved in white as the arm pinwheeled toward the crowd blood bursting in a spray of sanguine mist chris stalked back to the front of the vehicle and as the crowds scattered screaming uh and started up his their vehicles chris calmly started up his van and drove off out of the downtown with the other vehicles speeding away in all directions in the chaos he still had a few more of the inner court to dispatch and would have to strike at them on

separate occasions within the next short time before they began disarming the white population who were the only ones capable of opposing their corruption at present only the niggers in the ghetto the oriental arab gangs posed the threat to the power structure the jihadists recognizing that it was an opportune time to seek vengeance on their jewish foes drove a truck bomb into the city's main synagogue crashing through the iron gates of the makeshift plow that had been welded onto the front of the dump truck and detonating a fertilizer bomb upon crashing the vehicle the cameras capturing that he had a dummy switch in his hand that detonated the bomb as soon as he slammed into the building and lost control the synagogue had been playing host to the remainder of the religious jewish community who were holding a memorial service for the anthrax victims the sheer volume of explosives turned the dump truck with its iron hull into a massive ball tearing into the synagogue and turning the majority of it to burnt out rubble and powdered concrete the jewish influence of the power structure had diminished as the oligarchs who remained after the general's assassination became emboldened against the jews given that and loosened around their necks the cadre of massad agents who were in place to monitor the military oligarchs were getting squirreling as the cabal's power waned in the city chris decided that a divide and conquer tactic would be best employed the headquarters of the military was located on a reserve base just out of the downtown on a small hill that was protected by squads and doing 24-hour shifts to prevent any strikes on the power structure and chris observed the ingress and egress of massad agents and occasional appearance of former general's affiliates who would enter and exit under on guard quickly ducking into the apc that took them from one location to another chris observed all this from afar using a remote drone with attached live streaming camera that he had flown in and positioned on one of the adjacent apartment complexes in the suburban area the massad agents would come out randomly to smoke and then enter the building again typically attempting to shield themselves from any possible sniper looking furtively around and coming out as infrequently as their smoking habit would permit chris decided that he would simply attempt a drone strike as he had with the pipeline but first he would create a rift between the shabazz gory freemasons and their jewish handlers who would then transmit the information to their members in tel aviv and replicate the data to all of their global networks themselves thereby increasing the tension on their shabazz goyim and creating further potential splits and reactions all this through exploding exploiting the jewish hyper paranoid mentality he positioned the drone on the building adjacent to an antenna so that it was provided with cover and looked less conspicuous to monitor the entrance and get a 24-hour live streaming action of the building he equipped the drone with a long life battery that allowed it to operate for 72 hours period enough to provide the necessary information for the strike chris drove his van to the suburb on the opposite side of the military installation and parked a block away he then disguised as usual in another of his numerous costumes this time sporting spray tan and dark sunglasses as well as a trendy tracksuit approached the apartment complex and used his lock picks to gain entry the interior doors were all also locked only with a pin and tumbler mortise lock and deadbolt

and he quickly picked it and it was in through the glass doors he took the elevator to the roof as it was around the time that the massad agents came out for their mid-morning smoke break he positioned himself on the roof unshouldering his silenced rifle which he concealed in a guitar case and proceeded to screw in the silencer and load the weapon a semi-automatic rifle equipped with a box magazine he sighted down the scope catching the two agents who appeared out of the building in his crosshairs they looked furtively behind an air-conditioned air-conditioned unit that was blocked from behind by a brick wall given the overcast conditions he was all but invisible the two agents clustered around one another and gesticulated in typically jewish fashion their hands flapping about as they popped on their cigarettes he breathed in and on the exhale his hands steady squeezing off a shot recouping as a massad agent skull burst into sight like a mallet acquiring another target and discharging another lethal projectile into their accomplice's skull before he had a chance to react and dash off at the sight warning the command center chris backed up his gear packed up his gear including the drone in the guitar case and slunk back into the apartment building riding the elevator down dog trotting off the scene back to his van before any alarm could be given speeding off in the opposite direction into the commercial district which boarded the suburb the dispatch of the massad agents would precipitate a chain of events that would undoubtedly further diminish the power of the jews in this region his next target was the few oligarchs when they entered and compound in their apcs his his monitoring over the last couple of days with the drone had enabled him to gather intel on the movements of the oligarchs usually one of them and it was different each time could exit the compound with a trio of armed guards and would one would go ahead after scanning the periphery starting up the apc and driving it around to the interior of the compound where the oligarch would enter and the troop would then drive out of the compound the jeep with armed guards driving in front by 200 meters looking from right to left and a soldier with a loaded weapon facing outward and head on the diagonal chris reviewed the material his drone had captured with a smirk all the precautions in the world wouldn't be enough to secure his life the day the oligarch came out white was flying his drone and had it parked in a nearby tree observing the caravan exiting taking one of the usual routes which made it impossible for any alternative given that the caravan had to enter onto a freeway chris drove his van toward the outskirts of the suburb which bordered it and and parked it in reverse so that the mailbox slot was positioned toward the road at an acute angle of traffic so that he couldn't be seen by the caravan as they passed and so that he could let off a round of the bazooka at the apc in the past he had ample time before they arrived so he rigged up some plastic explosives on an overhanging tree on overhanging tree branch that could be detonated and allow the branch to fall before the caravan causing it to swerve or stop or speed up altering their patterns in any case the front vehicle would crash into the branch causing an accident and this would enable chris to more effectively neutralize the oncoming apc with a rocket whatever targets remaining could be dispatched by the sniper rifle he prepared both weapons and waited for with the detonator for the caravan which the drone could observe from the tree adjacent to the

van that he had that he had flown back to the site the caravan appeared on the horizon the new day sun glinting off the military jeep's windshield the taciturn soldiers poised and ready they approached and chris took up his position observing the live stream ready to shift his focus out the rear with the bazooka he detonated the plastic explosives as the jeep sped past the heavy branch dropping onto the ground the jeep attempting to swerve out of the way but crashed into the branch the soldiers thrown from the jeep against the pavement the apc attempting to swerve but chris's rocket racing to its target finding purchase bullseye the apc suffered an explosive hit and turned into nothing but smoking wreckage chris picked up his sniper rifle and began picking off the two soldiers who attempted to shuffle away from the wreckage to cover he took the remote controls and flew the drone to inspect the chaos and observed no one alive just a tangled mass of lacerated bodies in the apc the jeep's driver having broken his neck as he was thrown from the jeep in the crash he flew the drone back and let it cling to the roof of the van the bottoms being magnetized he then drove off into the suburb to escape any citizen or system response he was nearly completed his mission in the town and had only one strike left in order to provide the window of opportunity for the white community of the town to liberate themselves from the jog purity he configured an ied and attached some radioactive material to it which he had sourced from the arab he had previously contacted and which would rapidly disperse throughout the compound in this immediate area infecting the troops who were still loyal to the system and hadn't defected the grenade launcher and mortar rounds could take care of the escaping oligarchs and troops and he could clear a path through elimination of the troops who provided perimeter security and then initiate the drone strike he rented his equipment and entered his van which he had used a cutting torch to create a trap door in the roof which with hinges and a rubber seal that could be locked internally he would keep the van running from a distance and initiate his strike from the cover of the apartment blocks which bordered the compound he equipped himself with his body armor kevlar helmet and ballistic face mask and drove up to the compound in the dead of night he took up his sniper rifle equipped with starlight scope and night vision and peered through scanning for targets he observed one doing his rounds amongst the vehicles and another standing on the other side of the compound smoking a cigarette he took aim at the first and nearest and fired his body erupting with a projectile as it impacted acquiring his target on the other before he could discover his conrad dispatched him as well and setting aside his sound suppressed rifle he picked up the controls of the drone which he had affixed to the roof the magnetic legs adhering to the metal roof he started it up and the force of the acceleration tore it from the roof sending the drone knifing through space with its incendiary payload radioactive material glowing underneath with incandescent allure like a lethal firefly spinning toward a flower made of stone and iron it zipped across the space and over the perimeter fence impacting against the stone wall and detonating a blinding light of flame illuminating the darkness chris took up his grenade launcher and satchel of grenades and began firing rounds into the compound the explosion setting off a chain reaction amongst the military vehicles and further lighting

up the darkness creating a show of fireworks and leaving a wreckage behind torn and burnt metal and rubber of useless military vehicles soldiers poured out of the compound only to find their needed equipment destroyed while chris remained within his van sniping at them out of the mail slot being virtually undetectable as the soldiers scrambled for cover soon he had nearly all of them either back in the ruined installation or hiding behind debris he quickly shifted to the front and drove off quietly accelerating and being virtually soundless as the vehicles burned the flames crackling merely being more audible than his van that drove away to the night chris's long journey into the night of eden into the night side of eden had enabled him to understand the moral codes proclaimed so loudly from the temples of the multicultural democratic regime were merely chains that had been affixed to the minds of the broad masses and were used to neutralize even the thought of opposition amongst those who had only a few generations before been free but were now slaves fed into the same cruel master who had enslaved them in the old country chris had provided them with conditions to utilize as a means of liberating themselves once and for all from the yoke of the despotism as he drove on to the next destination he knew that for him liberty would be found only in death and that his life was a sacrifice so that others might have a chance at life so that the beauty of the Aryan woman shall not perish from the earth he whispered under his breath as he looked upon the horizon and observed the dawning of a new day 1488