

## **HERO OF THE NEW WORLD 1**

The skyline of the city was a dreary gunmetal gray which threatened rain. The winter had finally abated and all the snow had melted, leaving the dirty concrete bare of all save the detritus the non-white hordes perpetually cast into the pristine white world they had so rudely invaded, courtesy of the race-traitor upper class and their Jewish puppet masters. Many of the older generations understood all too well, and painfully so, the contrast between the pristine, whiter, brighter world of their youth and the dirty, polluted hell world they had bequeathed to posterity, who would not have the fortune to experience what it was like in a world of beauty and wholesomeness that they had grown up in.

The sad reality was that most of the older generation simply didn't care about posterity and what it had to endure in this multi-cult nightmare that they, the older generation, had been instrumental in bringing into being. The older generation, the baby boomers who were born between the years 1945 and 1964, had had a life of comparative ease, leisure, and happiness, and had let it all slide down the drain into the sewer of the nations that had become Western society. The Jewish elites who constituted the hidden hand that ruled society from behind the had laid out the bait for the upper class whites and they had partaken of the forbidden fruit, a life of hedonism, parental abandonment, materialistic inquisitiveness, theft of their ancestral inheritance, and the ruination of the lives of their own offspring through failed parenting had largely delivered up into the hands of the Jew the wealth of their ancestral culture, supplanting it with a crude culture of the Jew, a raceless globalist empire of the shopkeepers, heading toward a cybernetic prison of the post-modern commissars of Jewry who sought to rule over all through a technological apparatus of panopticon control, cameras everywhere, non-white police and security forces perpetually monitoring the environment at all times, and ensuring that the white creators and producers in the private sector continued to drudge and generate tax revenue the Jews could exploit for their own personal benefit.

The dirty streets had few pedestrians on them that day as it was only morning on a Saturday and the workforce had yet to attend their work that day. An older woman, now in her late 50s, walked along the street thinking about her past and how all of that which had constituted the background of her thoughts, her youth as a denizen of the trendy bohemian district, was now completely substituted with a foreground of post-modern chaos, race mixing, advertising, dirty needles, and condoms on the street, the wailing of police sirens in the distance echoing through the high-rise buildings. Her youth had been a time of great fun and amusement and she had a great time thumbing her nose at the uptight nature of her parents, themselves hard-working immigrants who had built a business with their own efforts, coming up from the bottom of extreme poverty and creating a thriving commercial enterprise.

She'd inherited most of the money and after her second divorce had blown it all on thrill-

seeking, vacationing around the world and having illicit affairs with tall, dark, and handsome men, as she put it, in reality romping about with beasts and further defiling her genetics. She had relied upon her pension as a teacher to keep her in business, squandering money, but when the economy had undergone a downturn, she found her pension cut off, her social security barely enough to make ends meet. Now she walked the streets in the early mornings to avoid the potential encounters with the non-white savages with whom she was forced to live in her apartment block, the same block she had occupied decades before as a student, crusading for the so-called rights of those same brutes who routinely menaced her, standing in her path and threatening her person and what little property she now had.

She contemplated her fate, callously disregarding that of her son and daughter who had dissolved ties with her through her irresponsible parenting and the traumatic abuse she had subjected them to through her alcoholism and illicit affairs. She thought of her past and how it had all come undone around a decade ago when the non-white savages had been pumped in by the teeming multitudes she had at first even assisted in the process, as it was part and parcel of her identity as a leftist virtue-signaler, but as she became equalized with those she implicitly and subconsciously understood to be unequal. Though the money that she had taken from her husband began to dwindle away and her own income having to have recourse to living in the ghetto with the savages after she was forced to sell her house and then her condo spiraling down to her current state of impecuniousness she faced as she walked the streets of her youth, she now came to understand as she passed by a homeless girl who was the age she was when she first lived there decades before that she and her generation had had everything and had done everything contributory to the suffering of that young girl who would have no ability to have a family or any happiness outside of her escapism through her drug paraphernalia.

The old woman walked past for the first time in her life expressing empathy for her own kind but it was too late. The sirens wailing in the background bore testament to the chaos of the post-modern dystopia of multi-cult hell that she and her generation had been instrumental in creating through their negligence of posterity and ultimately self-absorption. She had paid the price for her selfishness.

Living for herself she would die by herself. Sadly the same fate the younger woman just out of her teens must almost certainly suffer. The sirens of the police cruisers echoed through the buildings on their chase after the non-white criminal element.

The woman looked up from the homeless girl she was passing by and observed a vehicle with tinted windows speeding by and a black arm extended from the vehicle with a mac 10 submachine gun held in its fist blasting at the police cruiser which neared her position. The gangbanger squeezed off another burst of rounds ripping into the torso of the old woman who dropped to the pavement as the vehicle sped by. She was now lying

a few meters away from a girl who was passed out against a concrete barrier and escaped the fusillade unscathed.

The old woman was bent over in pain her life's breath exhaling as the blood poured from her torso onto the dirty concrete. She looked at the young girl tears streaming from her eyes as she gasped for breath and observed the features of the youth. A blonde girl with piercings who nonetheless bore the same features as she now gray-haired had had in her youth only now gaunt and no longer rosy-cheeked as she had been.

Her eyes eventually shut the pain abated as she expired. The dystopian iron gray skyline of the postmodern age loomed over the body of the baby boomer woman whose life of selfishness was now terminated. The future looking bleak for the blonde girl who still slept oblivious to the goings on around her to the dead body of the baby boomer woman who at her age had spent all of her time gallivanting around in bars involving herself in hedonistic abandon outside of her public life of memorizing her Marxist courses and volunteering to help non-whites as a means of padding her resume.

What would the future have for the posterity of the postmodern age and the Jewish despotism which overarched the lives of all imposing its tyranny with an iron rod in the form of the police state and military operatives? The fallout created during the negrito phase of the dialectic of the dark enlightenment that was the baby boomer generation would precipitate a final conflagration that would reduce everything into the crucible of the chaos into a mass of genetical-spiritual substance from which the dross would be excised and discarded leaving the philosophical gold of the white race and their ultimate attainment of their destiny of purifying the earth of burning up the impure dregs and bringing about a return to the golden age of hyperborea. Whether this would occur or no there is no choice but to stand and fight against the forces of darkness and disintegration else one would cease to exist both in the physical and spiritual planes. Hence his future is in the stars if combat is brought forth against the enemy failing that his future is a black night of extinction.

If he attains victory he has achieved dominion over the earth in addition to the securing of his future in the afterlife. As a hero he fulfills his destiny else as a coward he escapes the prey and finds his way to the grave an ignominious death stripping him of his status as a hero. The new aeon is dawning on the horizon of being like a black sun the previous son of the sickly Nazarene's light is fading eclipsed by the black light only the hero can make it in this new aeon the previous aeon of pines of pathos and melodrama wherein the timid sheep cry over the meek and weak and genuflect before their dark lord Jehovah and his minions with fear and trembling crawling on their bellies for blessings and looking over their shoulder to avoid their cursings is nearing its end that which is falling must be pushed the pathos of the Nazarene in his lacrimose tear-stained face attempt to turn the other cheek but the razor's edge of the dagger of a hero slashes across his throat pouring forth the blood of a lamb onto the dried dead grass of Gaia

bringing forth fresh green shoots heralding a new dawn that of the black sun the hero hastens the day and triumphs even in death the coward is eclipsed in its light the city's gray skyline stood starkly against the brick building of the once venerable institution of learning that was now little more than the communist indoctrination center run by the Jewish establishment who had taken over the academic institution nearly 80 years before after the great conflagration of a so-called great war which they perpetuated against the whites as a collective whole pinning brother against brother to their mutual destruction dividing and conquering the nations reaping their bloody harvest of the temporal wealth and soul energy of the white race the building's brick walls bore testament to the ingenious architectural capacity of the white race how it encoded in stone the sacred geometry of the cosmos only corrupted through the anti-national influence of a Jewish mind poison of Christianity and its esoteric equivalent free masonry the limestone statues of lions bespoke the lines of Judah of the Jews who arrogantly broadcast their supremacistic intent to those entering the once hallowed halls of learning of course even their claims to supremacy were derived for the most part from the whites of Babylon and from the Jews the original so-called Jews all was plagiarism and bastardy the desecration of the historical culture and perhaps the very being of the white race on earth the Jews had come for dominion an arrogant supplantation of the whites and an attempt to usurp their rightful place a young man with blonde hair and blue eyes walked toward the building with his backpack on his back his plain clothes bespeaking his minimalistic aesthetic tastes his disdain for gaudy apparel and ostentatious displays of self-worth like so many of his peers indeed he only possessed a phone another status object of the youth of the university as a utility to look up information on the internet and to receive lectures clandestinely to review afterwards and make notes if needed though he found most of the course content unappealing at best and consisting largely of an implied denigration of whites he was familiar with the politics of the world in which he lived and had done a fair amount of internet research into the falsification of history which the university itself served as a vehicle of he was aware of the Jews who who they were and what they were doing as a collective group to the white race how they intended to bring about its destruction as a whole through the endless influx of non-whites and creating conditions that disempowered it in its own society and that encouraged it to deliberately mongrelize itself out of existence through interspecial breeding with the savage hordes of non-whites the Jews brought in under the guise of temporary foreign workers students refugees and whatever other excuse they deemed necessary to pacify whatever protestations of the more healthy-minded white demographic that had a greater willingness to oppose them than the self-indulgent burnouts of the baby boomer generation or those who had fallen victim to the anti-white ideology of christ insanity or liberalism that had been laid out as a trap to ensnare the white demographic and which had wrought such destruction against them throughout its history the youth whose name was rudy understood the situation he was now immersed in and that it was a do or die situation that either he would have a bright and glorious future or he would wind up in Valhalla either way the conclusion was the same to fight

and oppose the white genocide agenda to the extent he was able or else to cease to exist both in this physical life and in the next though allowing his soul to become weak and to be vampirized by the demiurge the gods of the god of the jews of course he was yet not entirely aware of these metaphysical realities not ever having stumbled upon the works of miguel serrano the esoteric hitlerist or the arminists or other works however he knew intuitively that his destiny lay in combat against the dark forces and that should he fail to put forth his best efforts indefatigably and without regard for his personal life save as a vessel of this combat he would have failed to fulfill his purpose on the earth and thus have merited his fate a fate he only dimly perceived with his higher level intuition he was of the pure blood undefiled by the genetics of the beast man and thus was attuned to higher forces was able to transcend the pull of the intervention the lower vibrational states of consciousness generated by the matrix the electromagnetic mind control grid the jews control through the cell tower arrays and which manipulated the consciousness of the masses through the circulation of electromagnetic fields technotronic mental slavery inducing states of lower vibrational frequency in the mind of the populace as means of conditioning them to experience sensations of fear lust greed hate whatever the jewish mind manipulators desired to subject their slave class to in tandem with their presentation of a simulacral fake reality in their media hate this fear that rudy was not above the influence of the black magician jews but he unbeknownst to himself was guided by a being above the physical plane which can be seen couldn't be seen by visual means or sensed by the lower senses he understood that it existed nonetheless as a dim sensation or presence he had always experienced it as a product of his environment he had always thought of it in purely psychological terms and not in terms of spiritual realities as a living presence separate from his from him yet united with him he spoke of it to himself and had to his family before as his conscience his sixth sense the devia had been guiding him from birth and had stood watch over him carrying out its operations in different dimensions simultaneously it assisted him in understanding what he considered right from what he considered wrong and this intuitive sense or rather instruction from above often conflicted with what both his parents and a larger society imposed upon him as their code of ethics diametrically opposed in many cases to his own to that of what his blood memory dictated and with influence of the devia ran against the system's code of values winding him up in trouble more often than not his values centered around strength and power the development of the self and had no place for the accommodation of weakness least of all in himself his serious demeanor was an object of mockery on the part of the hostile mass who went the way of all flesh drinking liquor and failing to educate themselves in a more holistic manner through bushcraft and communing with the elements around him though artistic activity through artistic activity and through a rigorous regime of physical training his life had consisted of such activity from the beginning and was his natural inclination toward the cultivation of a higher self through the ages of a devia his life had been lived largely in the shadows away from the boorish crowd whose tendency was towards stealth self-stimulation and the innoble scooping of the beast man to which level jews intended to

bring the white race through a culture of low-minded hedonism and a supplantation of their culture with that of the brute manufactured in jewish hollywood rudy had lived his life alone as he had no place in this world save to oppose it and to impose upon it his own brand of values only as at this young stage of his life he was yet unaware of it and only instinctively opposed anything outside of his heroic value system as other as enemy he was often told throughout his life by his parents counselors and peers to relax and when told to do so he was angered and shunned the person or did his utmost to avoid them understanding that their appearance of friendliness was merely artificial and designed implicitly to attack and undermine him to wear away in his senses of sense of self-worth and to dominate him in some surreptitious manner his highly developed intuition enabled him to discern sincerity from falsehood and those of an honorable nature from the false this was the natural tendency of his life throughout and he now found himself still alone but in solitude with the devia alone yet more aware than others in his self-awareness of who he was what was around him and that it was his enemy other nonetheless in spite of his aloofness he had a superlatively developed empathy and had a great appreciation for the natural environment as well as for those of his kind who were few and far between he especially had empathy for the street people and those in the poorer class those whose mind was not so intellectualized as to divorce themselves from their intuition as was the case with most of the bourgeoisie who had atrophied their faculties of empathy toward their own their instincts becoming blunted by excessively excessive brain metabolism cerebration without proper integration becoming a left-brain robot carrying out the dictates of the jews rudy had always had a greater kinship toward the poor whites of society than those who had floated to the surface of society through their connections he was not of a poor family himself but understood the plight of the poor and how they had had to endure the yoke of the traitors and the traitorous elite and their jewish mind manipulators who encouraged the upper class whites to psychopathically discard their own people into the trash can of history as his personal background was one of a similar form of abuse his prodigal son father having squandered all of his parental inheritance after living a life of comparative leisure at the of his parents and through his psychopathic god complex lording it over his own personal family and at every opportunity he could find attempting to crush his only son under his boot heel as a means of amplifying his own sense of importance though this was done typically in a veiled manner given that his baby boomer father was a coward and not able to make the grade of a family man his own father had been thus living in the shadow of his father and attempting to overcompensate for his defective nature like so many baby boomer males he was a chronic inebriate who spent much of his time outside of his lazy job which he considered of pretending to be an artist a proprietor of a makeshift art gallery photography studio pouring the liquor down his throat and failing his parental duties the traumatic abuse that rudy had been subjected to by his alcoholic father had rendered him a stoical figure which in conjunction with his naturally introverted nature had led him to a complete avoidance of the boisterous crowd of inebriated youths which constituted the sum total of his peer group outside of

the baby outside of the bible bangers who displayed an unhealthy mind in their devotion to the sickly creed of the nazarene the fictional entity called christ who was created by the jews as a means of enslaving the masses to themselves thus rudy had lived a life up to that point of reclusion and this as a silver lining of what many would construe as a dark cloud of isolation merely assisted in amplifying his consciousness and his latent psychic ability which would stand him in good stead enabling him to come to a greater understanding of the world he lived in and have a greater empathy toward those who had suffered abuse and trauma at the hands of others in the case of the white poor having suffered marginalization and ostracism through the systemic bias directed against white people who are not fortunate enough to bypass the barriers of exclusion that only the privileged and well-connected could achieve the nasty arrogance of his father product of his low-minded life of egocentrism was discoverable if not to a great as a great degree in the bourgeois class who constituted the bulk of the population of the university to which he which he attended rudy was though having had no discipline at home from his alcoholic father a straight-a student nonetheless studying engineering he intended to have a meaningful career in spite of the latent chaos of a low-scale race war which perpetually surrounded him at every turn he was riding the tiger and doing his utmost to endure the slings and arrows directed against him by the jews their shabazz goy white race traitors and flying monkeys from the third world who serviced their jewish masters for their money the latter justifying their presence in the white society on the basis of a falsified historical narrative that the jews professionally created in their think tanks to stoke the fires of race war and strife endless strife thus his activity consisted of researching and studying and reading up on the literature and reality of a jewish supremacist agenda this and working out constituted the backdrop of his world he was alone as usual only he never felt alone only isolated above the fray or as an angel in the whirlwind of racial chaos which surrounded him the looming sky overhead outlined the brick building of his school and as he walked into the cluster of surrounding buildings which surrounded the old building new modern style architectural monstrosities made out of throwaway materials glass and metal and synthetic materials which purported to usurp the old world of white culture engulfing it within itself and the material detritus of the jew world order further plasmations of the demiurge burning the eternal culture of the white race and its chaos of temporality its disproportionate nature attempting to taint the cosmic proportions of the beauty of the arian concretized in stone and brick yet another defilement of the white culture on the part of the usurping dark forces of jehovah rudy passed by into the nearest building a neglected part of the institution that was avoided by the boisterous minorities the quiet of the old stone held out a strange strange ward against those who would defile the institutions constituting a sanctuary of sorts or rather a holdout a citadel against the forces of chaos the old stone building was engulfed on three sides by the ugly utilitarian structure and was not visible to the teeming multitudes who passed into the main entry into the university which was when viewed from a distance structured to resemble the the arms of moloch accepting sacrificial victims rudy typically entered by this almost hidden route drawn to it by some

strange vibration the old stone gave off perhaps a space a last remaining space that the old gods who had been long forgotten dwelled in the city and who had perhaps been responsible for the construction of the building through their agents through the fallen areas the fallen heroes who were the whites who engineered the society from the ground up a hundred and more years ago out of the wilderness as he was passing down the passage leading into the inner sanctum of the institution he stopped abruptly observing a poster which had been put up since he last came through which proclaimed club hero become who you are the elects elect surrounded or the text surrounded an image of a roman warrior with his gladius sword drawn his oddly nordic features staring in challenge at the viewer rudy took the challenge and took a photo of the poster with his phone for further investigation noting the email address that had been appended to the poster throughout the day rudy gave no thought to the poster again caught up as he was in his studies and reviewing notes from the previous day in preparation for his upcoming exam when he exited his last class and again took a look at his schedule which was on his smartphone he rediscovered the poster with the figure of the stone teutonic gladiator staring out at him and again challenging him to become who you are rudy was again intrigued by the professionalism of the poster its minimalistic aesthetic and was curious as to what exactly the club was accordingly he sent an email to the address and after around half an hour he received a reply come to 928 bakersfield road today at 1630 hours he responded that he would do so as he had nothing remaining to do in his day and felt that he could spare the time for a little expansion of his consciousness rudy journeyed toward the destination which was located in yet another old heritage building just off the downtown surrounded by high-rise condominiums of approximately 15 to 20 floors the small stone building stood just off the main street and it was tucked away in a trendy in a treating area the only area where any trees seem to grow in the city it was as if he had as if as has been the university building that connected to the main campus monstrosity a sanctuary enclave of white culture and the cultural decay that teemed around it and beset it from all sides with its utilitarian right angularity and throwaway materials steel glass and concrete the old stone building made of limestone and having stained glass windows and wrought iron gates surrounding its garden that led up to the ornate engraving which bordered the building not crowding it ostentatiously but elegantly complementing its round structure a border of celtic knotwork and concealed ruins which were hidden in the structure contrasting with the linear design of the buildings which surrounded it rudy observed the address which was affixed to the iron gateway by a placard and which had over it the words club hero written in gothic script he approached the building which was larger than it had appeared from street level and as he made his way toward it was overcome by a sensation reminiscent of an electricity electrically electricity a not unpleasant sensation but one which emboldened him and made him feel he had entered an oasis in the spiritual desert of a demiurgic matrix of steel and concrete he approached the door which was a heavy wooden door on brass hinges tarnished with age and used the knocker to announce his presence he looked at his phone and discovered it was precisely 16 30 the time he had agreed to arrive after a

brief moment the door was opened by a young girl her shoulder length chestnut brown hair tied back from her face in braids her statuesque germanic features and round gray blue eyes appraising him in greeting she spoke commit and stopped stepped aside out of the way of the door enabling him to get a view of the room and enter in to the inner sanctum rudy observed that the club was a gym with equipment positioned around and a front desk as well as a set of doors off to the side the girl introduced herself as he walked inside hi i'm tara and you are rudy he replied with a nervous smile she made eye contact with him for a moment the magnetism of attraction exchanged between the two and she then gestured to him to accompany her to the desk where there were stacks of paper and a laptop computer this is our club rudy tara said our motto is become who you are what do you think that means she asked with a mysterious smile on her face rudy was uncertain and looked confused for a moment before his puzzle look turned into an embarrassed chuckle no idea she continued it means that we are all more than we are at this stage of our lives we are all evolving in other words but that evolution requires a conscious facilitation the assistance of the person themselves do you think this is something you would like to learn more about rudy again looked puzzled but eventually said i suppose what does this facilitation entail exactly tara looked pleased that he was playing along with her revelation of the mysteries of her organization it entails she replied again with that same mysterious smile on her face the development of the person mind body and soul we assist people in the cultivation of their faculties through countless means as you can see before you she gestured toward the equipment our facility is state-of-the-art this being more basic equipment there are other techniques that require one-on-one training she trailed off rudy meeting her eyes for a moment then becoming embarrassed and shifting his gaze toward the equipment at this point a man exited the wooden door at the end of the hall and looked at rudy whose eyes met his feeling drawn to the man as if possessed as if he possessed some strange magnetic quality which impelled attention but simultaneously radiated power an imperceptible refulgent light that brightened the environment into which he entered tara looked from rudy to the man and down approached a muscular blonde-haired nordic man who was in some of his features similar to rudy though of a more mature cast his chiseled jawline and icy blue eyes bespeaking a severe nature yet one not untempered with empathy seeming to take in the whole of rudy's being in an instant he strode over to where the two were standing his six foot six brain towering over rudy and tara who though tall were not near his height and smiling extending his hand looking directly at hi i'm dan and you are rudy the youth replied taking the proper hand and receiving a vigorous shake from dad i'm the owner of the club i assume you're interested in joining rudy hesitated a moment before your reply i'm not sure i don't really know enough about about it to make a decision dan looked at tara with a playful look of reproach now tara you were supposed to but we'll forget about it he said looking toward rudy i'll give you the rundown while tara's monitors the desk he gestured to rudy to follow him toward the gym and equipment that was positioned around the room they came before a machine that looked like a strange satellite dish this dan said is an elf machine it helps to modify your

brainwave activity and can put you into certain states of consciousness that enable you to transfer to transcend the situation you are in to pick up your mood and to enable you to attain higher states of consciousness that though possible to attain through basic meditation would be very difficult given the nature of this world and the chaos that perpetually surrounds and impinges upon the mind you i assume are well aware of what is going on in the world right rudy rudy looked at denner but all too well dan whose clairvoyant understanding enabled him to read the thoughts of others but who out of courtesy deliberately refrained from doing so nonetheless could read the emotions and sentiments in the aether of the youth and the aura of the youth and decided further to probe him for information as he continued to demonstrate the machine's mechanism you and i both are in need of some happy vibes i think he said as he adjusted the knob of the elf machine this machine was based on tesla technology developed around the turn of the last century i assume you have heard of nikola tesla rudy said they had heard of him and that he was studying engineering at the university dan expressed his appreciation for his efforts we like people who seek to better themselves here although i know it is nearly impossible given the situation that people your age face with all the bias against you rudy looked toward dan as if finally finding someone who understood the situation of the world and blurted out if you're white and male you can't get far in today's world dan clapped him on the back and continued i suppose you know what is preventing us from continuing to exist murray responded yeah and becoming uncomfortable decided nonetheless to out the jews dan look dan's look grew serious but he smiled grimly and responded that's right rudy we're the only line of defense left between our survival and the victory of the dark forces of the world however i i know they they will that we will win and that gives me hope rudy looked puzzled and asked how do you know that we're going to win to which dan replied because we already have at higher planes he continued after a pause still looking at rudy with his icy blue eyes nikola tesla had designed his technology to help break that make through what is called the matrix an electromagnetic field which overarches the earth and traps us all within it in a lower vibrational state of consciousness his technology was hijacked by the jewish rosenfelder family whose adopted anglo name is rockefeller and has been using the technology ever since to keep the populace within the matrix in a state of lower vibrational frequency of fear anger lust and sadness all lower egoic states of consciousness that disable the higher true self from functioning here he said turning a knob which was marked with various numbers and turning on a button on the machine as it started up feel those vibes and let me know if what i'm saying sounds so far-fetched he did so and after a brief moment rudy's form shook as the elf coursed through his aura manifesting in the physical and giving him a giddy sensation causing him to tremble in shame dan asked do you feel that turn up turning up the knob to a still higher vibration rudy's form trembled and he laughed out loud the happy vibes coursing through his aura boosting his vibration great rudy stated i feel like i'm alive for once dan laughed along with him as the elf affected his form broadcast from the micro satellite that was affixed to the machine suddenly dan turned off the machine and rudy felt as if magic particles were falling out

of his body as its electro electrical transmission reduced and he began to normalize again dan spoke though this building is shielded with specialized electromagnetic film and metal foil you can sense the contrast i'm sure rudy nodded outside dan continued the entire city is bathed in electromagnetic fields generated from cell towers and harp arrays positioned around the world which keeps the earth trapped in the matrix and ourselves perpetually bombarded with harmful electromagnetic fields staying here staying healthy at this time is a near impossibility which is why the ending needs to be taken down and in a big way but how rudy asked they control the entire system are the system in fact how can they be defeated dan smiled again turning the knob of the elf machine and pressing the on button you answered your own question in a way rudy he said they are the system and the system itself will have to be taken down and in a big way and moreover they themselves and this is not all in not only a material but in a spiritual way as well he paused looking at rudy as a machine emitted its extra frequency electromagnetic fields which seemed to activate the energy body of rudy who felt as if called to war feeling exhilarated and at the same time challenged feeling like he could physically bash a jew at that very moment dan turned off the machine in the atmosphere normalized to a degree dan continued our warfare in this club is a club of warriors make no mistake about it is carried out on a spiritual basis to an even greater degree than that of them on the mundane planes as you've just experienced viscerally there's more to life than mere meat and bone and i'm sure you are aware of that rudy rudy returned his look and dan continued showing him around the gym with all of its specialized equipment this club is by invitation only but we front as a gym so that it can serve as a cover to deter investigation on the part of the jews and their hired goons and police so far it's worked well for nutting people like yourself i assume you're interested in joining if so you have just been formally invited dan said as he extended his hand rudy took it up and said i only want to combat the jew and what they've done to the white race merits nothing but death total annihilation down to the last frozen embryo dan said slapping him on the back we'll do our best to help you become who you are rudy was invited back later that night for an initiation ceremony which another recruit named carl was to undergo he said goodbye to both and promised to attend that night the initiation having been scheduled for 2100 hours rudy usually stepped out slept at that time but was willing to make an exception as he had no classes to attend and had a and had already studied more than enough during the day he spent the time interval propagandizing people on the net waking them up to the jewish agenda for white genocide and posting comments in the forums he frequented the press of non-white savages and the impudence of the jewish elite of the city haranguing everywhere he went and was always in the back of his mind like a swarm of insects relentlessly occupying his thoughts he thought of the initiation to come out of the powerful figure of dan whose icy blue eyes stared out at him in memory and of tara the attractive german girl whose canonical features were the epitome of teutonic beauty the night was upon him as rudy walked toward club hero a moonlight from the full moon shining down upon him as he made his way from his small apartment just off of downtown toward the stone building which was his destination as he was

rounding the corner that led to the club he heard a menacing voice from behind stop right there cracker motherfucker he stopped his his thoughts racing thinking how he might defend himself and then recall that he has small folder knife in his pants pocket the voice again spoke from behind yeah cracker bitch i want all your shit give it up the nigger who was approaching him crept up from behind and was on the verge of grabbing for his wallet when suddenly rudy heard a grunt and smack the nigger sprawling on on the ground and coming out of a roll his baggy ghetto clothing cushioning the fall rudy observed another youth of about his age in a ready stance his legs spread in a state of readiness preparing to discharge another kick at the nigger rudy recognizing he was white and apparently on his side assumed a similar stance and kicked at the nigger who was at this time coming out with his hunting knife rudy rudy's kick missed and caught the air and he retracted his law his leg preparing to strike again the nigger slashing out with his knife and tearing a slash out of rudy's shirt the cruel knife ripping a superficial wound in his abdominals the electrical sensation putting rudy into a state of fight or flight motivating him to go all out the newcomer kicked out of the nigger again and struck his rhinoceros-like thigh which made the sound of a rocky balboa striking at a side of beef the nigger sneered his bloodshot eyes and gleaming white teeth reflectively reflecting the street light and the moon shining on his bald head now slick with sweat i'ma kill you ass cranking motherfucker he was cut off as rudy managed to give him a snap kick at his jaw sending him sprawling again like a like a marionette in the punch and judy show the nigger lunged again his bloody knife seeking purchase really leaping back the newcomer aimed another kick at the nigger and this struck home connecting with his neck the black bull roared with anger his bloodshot eyes rolling in the moonlight as a feral animal overcome with blood lust rudy decided to make his move as the nigger hesitated as to which target to strike and winding up kicked him in the teeth which sent him sprawling again when he came up from his role some of his teeth were missing and blood poured from his mouth he let out a feral cry which echoed throughout the downtown office buildings which were luckily empty and charged his knife out still grabbing grabbing rudy and coming down on top of him his animalistic bulk crushing the youth to the concrete and raising the knife over his head preparing to strike rudy twisted an attempt to wriggle out of the gorilla's grip but to no avail he was all but given up he had all but given up and watched as the moonlight glinted on the blade of the knife threatening to descend an arc of death the newcomer came in at the last moment and placed an expertly aimed kick at the throat of the nigger sending him sending shockwaves through the silverback who was rocked backward just enough time for rudy to wriggle out of the clutches and escape as a brute wretched vomiting up blood and muck he was down but not out and began to rise again after disgorging his stomach's contents the acid liquor reeking of malt liquor and greasy fried chicken rudy and the newcomers surrounded the coon and played jean-claude van damme rhythmically kicking at the coon's vital areas in an exchange of blows as the heavily muscled beast was taken down his body body sprawled in the old cobblestone alleyway after a few moments more blows a newcomer whose hands were encased in gloves knelt down and

felt the pulse of the still nigger who had finally been subjugated by the fusillade of blows he spoke in a whisper looks like he's dead rudy looked around the perimeter seeking any witnesses who would tie him to the incident what are we going to do he said at that point from the alley which ran alongside club hero down came out wheeling a wheelbarrow and whistling the streets of laredo he parked his barrel adjacent to the nigger and addressed the two no need to keep quiet boys all those offices are empty at this hour no one can see or hear any anything glad you both could make make it to but to uh could make it by the way dan said his chiseled lantern jock cracking a smile the two boys helped lift the rhinoceros into the barrel and dan slapped them on the back a little introductions in order rudy this is carl carl rudy he gestured from one to the other and two shook hands now let's get this thing off to its proper destination he wheeled the barrel away from the hero club and toward the alley that separated two buildings at the end he then took out a crowbar and prized off a manhole leading into the sewer another stinking brown blob flushed down the sewer of life the two boys helped guide the refuse into the manhole and dan replaced the lid when that's discovered if it's discovered it'll be a long ways from here given the flow of the sewage out into the ocean no trace to us well let's get back to the club they all returned to the area that had they had been and followed dan around the back alley which led into a garden which was surrounded by a wrought iron fence dan returned his barrel to the shed from whence it came the moon's rays cascading downward onto the gathering magnus should be here in a moment dan stated and uh reminded of the fact that neither of them knew who magnus was continued by way of explanation he's an initiate of the order rudy queried club hero dan replied with a mysterious smile no the order it's an inner order for all club members both of you are already sufficiently familiar with the situation in this world and who is the ultimate cause but there is no need for you to go through the wake-up phase which is what i call it you can skip right to the end phase the order he continued as the trio went in following him as he unlocked a heavy steel door which was embedded in a steel frame and into the stone itself rendering it all but tank proof the order is an inner esoteric society that has a tradition that descends from ancient initiates in atlantis who have been doing their utmost to overcome the tyranny of the dunes on the earth ever since the latter's creation by their reptilian alien overlords which you may not believe as it sounds incredible but which will be revealed to you as we go forward if you have what it takes he looked at them significantly as they entered into a large room the moonlight illuminating it and dispensing with any need for additional light there was a room carved out of stone that looked like an ancient cave of some sort or underground catacomb the limestone creating a strange vibrational frequency that was palpable and that amplified the consciousness of rudy opening him up to the higher forces that those he was accustomed to he felt as if he were being transported back in time to the creation of this particular room which dad intuiting the sensation of the two with his knowledge of metaphysical realities began to discourse about this room was created over seven millennia ago by the whites who occupied the americas before they were murdered by the redskins who invaded the area and slaughtered them raping the women and

conceiving a lighter skinned breed of savage who became the remnant upon this land a land which rightfully belongs to us it is a room which is a remnant of an ancient temple to wotan it is protected by a genius who has the power to ward off all dark forces which seek to destroy this area of the world and encroach upon our ancestral inheritance taking it for themselves this is the reason why this small house has been left standing in spite of all the surrounding chaos of metal and concrete the genius whose name is santour protects it and there are no more powerful forces on the earth who can overcome him tonight we will meet santour i damn santour bear the name of the genius and i'm the carrier of the tradition that must never be allowed to cease you boys are the future and we must all train together to overcome the pestilential miasma on the earth the jews minions of the dark lord jehovah rudy looked around the decor of the room which was spartan ancient plates made of varnished gold hung from the walls and glittered in the moonlight revealing their ornate designs which were traced around the circular plates in the center of which was a black sun image with a swastika centrally located and around which a border of swastikas the floor was made of limestone tiles and laid with gold ruins and ruins of various semi-precious stones which could be only indistinctly seen as to their type in the moonlight themselves surrounded by borders of gold arranged in a circular pattern forming a concentric circle parallel with the circular walls which were barren of windows the skylight above being large enough to illuminate the room dan invited the two boys to seat themselves on the floor and said we only need only wait for magnus to arrive tara is here she will serve us as a soror mystica of the order he slipped out of the room and into the main area where tara was and soon came back with her she was dressed in a traditional germanic costume of white linen and decorated with runic insignia stitched into it her brunette hair and braids and tied with ribbons that were patterned with celtic knotwork her canonical german features illumined by the light of the moon tara greeted the two youth who smiled with nervousness her beauty having a captivating influence on the two and with a word from dan they seated themselves on the chairs which were positioned in a ring around the central black sun each separated by a runic tile and then another runic tile which left a blank a space blank the fehu rune the five chairs occupying five of the twelve in a circle facing inward to where the moonlight was directed illuminating the black sun dan conferred with tara has magnus arrived yet she replied in the affirmative and said he's just gathering the supplies necessary for the right initiation they all took to their seats and after a short time magnus came in robed in black carrying three other black robes which he distributed silently to the others tara was seated adjacent to the empty tile with dan on the other side of it and the three others positioned opposite rudy occupied the thurzo's rune and carl the eyewas rune tara occupying that of gabo and dan the odal rune magnus seated himself after the three had slipped on their robes and began the chant which was picked up by the other members prompted by dan who signaled to carl and rudy we have for thee two initiates who seek entry into the order of the white hand we seek that they be judged worthy or unworthy we seek that they become a party of judged worthy to the hidden gnosis of the order that they prove themselves worthy

through the tests they are about to undergo and that they devote themselves to the advancement of the white race that through their devotion to their duties they may advance it to the stage of the arian race that it may undergo its evolution to godhood and that it may have dominion over the earth odin odin test and prove the candidates for the order worthy or prove that they are unworthy at this the vibrating tones of magnus which echoed throughout the circular domed room which accompanied were accompanied by an apparition who manifested in the circle of a black sun emanating through another dimension manifesting into being via the fehu rune between dan and tara tara was at this point entered into a trance state and the apparition entered into the inner circle over the black sun it was a diaphanous silver u that reflected the moonlight like a projection of a slide projector and was a heavily muscled powerful figure with chiseled jaws of nordic features a large skull testifying to its superlatively developed spiritual capacity it stood in the center of the circle and the seating attendees chanted after magnus and dan began to intone tara remaining silent tiras is i jupon tally lands the apparition then spoke after having allowed the group to finish I am known to some of you, but to two I am unknown.

I have come here to bestow upon you the secret power of the Gnosis of the Order at its most basic level. You have projected a will-power and worthiness of such power. You may step into the circle in the ships." At this the two rose as if on command and stepped into the circle.

The apparition spoke. I am Santur, the genius of a lodge. As you know from my representative on the Moondane Plane, I am of Atlantean origin, or rather from another dimension beyond time and space, beyond the finitude of the hateful demiurge who has engineered this material plane of entropy and finitude.

I am here to ask if the fallen ones, such as yourself, redeem yourselves from your fallen state and to attain the state which I have attained, occupying more than one dimension, manifesting on the physical when appropriate, and assisting all members of the Order from higher planes. Ask not how this is done, know simply that it is. I have judged you pure of heart and that you may continue with the training to become initiated into the Order of the White Hand.

You may be confident that you can contribute to the betterment of your race and to assist its survival against the hordes of the darkness and its ascension to godhood. I am a devia, an immortal, able to traverse time and space, to be in many places at once, and to be immune to the material forces of the demiurge and his legions, both here on earth and in higher planes. At this point he reached out his hands and moved them in a semicircle around the heads of the initiates who trembled as a subtle electrical fire of Odic force was transmitted through them and which fell, felt as if amplifying their energy bodies, empowering them and conferring upon them a heightened awareness of what was going on around them beyond this spatio-temporal plane of being which is where

their mind had largely confined itself prior to that point.

The energetic influence of the passes made by Santur, which were repeated three times, knocked both Carla and Ruri to their knees as the occurrence of magnetism coursed through their body, rigidifying them as they experienced a welter of sensations and images, scenes of ancient battles and of empires of stone and pyramids surrounded by water and lush vegetation, of higher entities like Santur and different realms beyond the earth, of the dark forces which oppose the white race, the reptilian aliens and their master Jehovah and their invocation and employers upon the earth and their seamless history of murder, torture and destruction of the white race and its culture. The apparition, after the brief moment during which these sensations and images bombarded the consciousness of the two initiates, spoke again. I, Santur, will assist you in your training.

Dan, the representative of the white hand on the earth plane, will work with Magnus in further instructing you. The apparition dissipated and the group were left as before. Carl and Ruri were soaked with sweat, their limbs still trembling with the current of will that Santur had bestowed upon them.

Dan spoke up. Well, guys, how do you feel having come into contact with the deviant? They were still breathing heavily and yet Ruri managed to get out a laugh as releasing part of the pent-up tension. Oh, I feel so powerful.

How about you, Carl? Carl laughed as well, expressing his giddiness. If that's spiritual enlightenment, let's have some more. I feel like I just hit the gym only about a hundred times better.

Dan shared in their laughter. When you become spiritually empowered, you transcend the lower states of consciousness obtained by the common man. Even the above average white man, such as yourselves, had prior to coming here.

That is why I brought you here. You are possessed of traits that qualify you as Arya, if only endured. You and those like you, such as Magnus here, who I have initiated on a previous occasion, and who is my pupil, are capable of giving battle to the enemy and defeating him.

Santur is our guide. All of ours, not just here in the city, but all over the world where the white man dwells. There are many places such as this hidden away and which serve as outposts for the development of Aryan warriors such as yourselves.

Your performance with the nigger outside was a slight indication of your aptitude to employ fearlessness and willpower in the face of death. While that creature represents the lowest level of the tier of our enemies, it was a fair proof of your capacity. We will undergo many other such trials in the weeks to come, which should speed you all on

your way toward a better development of your latent and atrophied faculties, which are dormant in all Aryan men.

Now, Dan continued abruptly clapping his hands. Let us meditate and give thanks to Santur for assisting us in our operations. He gestured to the initiates to clasp hands around the circle, which they did, stretching out their arms in sexi and suni, mani, majra lands, urni, jupon, kaki lands.

We thank you, Santur, for your noble efforts in empowering these two young Aryan warriors that they may enter into the combat and give battle, if need be, unto death for the survival and evolution of the white race to godhood. Rudy felt a strange sensation coursing through his form, directed by both Dan and Magnus on either side, each of a similar degree of power, the latter though a pupil of the former, having his power amplified through Terra the Median. Dan rose, followed by the rest, as they replaced their wooden chairs back into the corners of the room away from the moonlight and followed Dan to the main area of the building again.

It was late, yet Rudy felt no tiredness, having been empowered by the diva and received additional real force from Dan and the initiates. Dan spoke again as Magnus left and disappeared into the double doors, which were just off to the side, away from the front desk in the room Rudy had visited earlier that evening with its exercise and specialized equipment. We are always improving here at Club Hero.

We are an international network, as you are now aware, and have many affiliates who are experts in the design of equipment that assist in the development of the subtle bodies of the human individual in the cultivation of the higher self. He gestured expansively at the surroundings of the main room, which had a full complement. The guys gathered around Dan, who brought them into the interior of the room, which had windows around its perimeter, looking out at the surrounding skyscrapers, carved out of the stone, surrounded by further ornate designs.

In the center was a machine on a trolley card that had been wheeled out from the corner and which was displaying a series of digits on its LCD screen, the machine having a paddle on it as well with knobs and dials. Dan spoke up and began his lecture on the machine. This device is a state-of-the-art technology that is used to amplify frequencies that can be directed through the aether to a specific or generalized location based upon the programming of the device.

We have no essential need of this machine, but it helps to carry out operations in a trice, as it requires no conditions established to bring about the desired effect. No special conditions such as you, Rudy, and you, Carl, have experienced in your initiation. Magnus, who had returned at that point, said to Dan, Terra has gone to bed and wanted to wish the boys luck in the initiation process.

Dan continued, this is the beginning of your initiation process. You may sleep here tonight in the guest rooms after we complete the initial phase, though I doubt you'll feel very sleepy, in which case you can cool down by using the gym afterwards. First, we will demonstrate this piece of equipment.

The device was about the size of a toaster and had an antenna on it to which Dan manipulated, directing it toward the skylight above. Though the machine operates through the aether by sending its rays up and outwards, it more effectively targets the enemy. Magnus, in that moment, came out of his jacket pocket with a newspaper clipping which he displayed to all the crew.

This guy here, he said, referring to the picture of a Jew whose rat-like features stared out at the camera, beany black eyes, pasty skin, and hooked nose, complementing his simian neanderthal forehead, which receded back and terminated in a bulging skull, his jug ears protruding like a rat, liver lips curled in a surreptitious phony smile. It was named Basil Raw. Dan took the photo after the recruits had observed it and placed it on the machine face down.

The corundum plate upon which he placed it glowing red for a brief moment as the machine's lasers scanned the photo, Dan pressed the button and continued his narrative as the machine emitted an electronic buzz, buzzing sound, as it carried out its operations. This Jew is a notorious pedophile in a town who runs a child, a children's show for the local TV channel. He has been up on charges several times but claims that he was simply being persecuted by the fascists.

There are many complaints that were brought forth by the parents of his victims, some of whom had gone missing. Undoubtedly, they were originally murdered by the cabal, their bodies cannibalized. The Jew's karma is catching up to him now.

This machine, he again gestured to it, can transmit death energy if programmed effectively. The vibrational frequencies that we assume will be transmitting through the aether will have their effect on him and dispatch another one of the cabal members, saving the lives of however many children in the local community. Is there a way to tell if it's succeeded? Carl asked.

Dan smiled, pushing a red button on the machine which caused it to vibrate slightly and said, we can use the old-fashioned techniques to observe the results. By that I mean clairvoyance. The death energy which has been programmed into the machine will instantly kill and we can observe his body wherever it lies.

After a few moments more, Dan shut off a switch powering down the device and took up the photograph which he tore up and discarded into the wastebasket. Now we'll see if we can observe his body and location. He said, inviting the others to kneel down on the floor and place their hands on their knees in the Vajra mudra.

Rudy shut his eyes on command, the command of Dan, and observed a darkened room with a man in it whose balding head was turned toward the wall. He felt as if he were there and moved toward where the man was lying, observing a trickle of blood coming out of his mouth and nose, his tongue hanging obscenely out of his face. The face matched that of a newspaper clipping, only the smile had been inverted and the eyes which had peeked out of the paper were now glazed over, directed toward the heavens above where Basil Roth would never go.

After a brief moment or two, Dan spoke softly. Now return from the trance and back towards the material plane to where you were in Club Hero with Dan and his spooky machine. Rudy awoke out of his trance and breathed deeply and asked, looking toward Dan, is that the name of the machine, Spooky? Yes, Dan replied, it is.

It bears a name as it operates in, so to speak, a ghostly fashion. No one can know the nature of its operations which operate in higher planes beyond the physical or electrochemical dimensions within the demiurgic space-time matrix. It was designed by our top specialist in Scandinavia who designed the technology from the immortals, who derived it from the immortals who dwell in the hollow earth in Agartha.

This technology is a more rudimentary version of that which they have had and known about since time immemorial. Now that the Jew is dead and all of you have been a born witness to the fact through your astral projection, you have ample verification for the efficacy of the machine which is merely a basic design. There are many more such in the basement below this house.

Dan got up and told his comrades to follow him. He led them downstairs to the basement, walking down the spiraled staircase of stone hewn from the rock upon which the city had been built. The house and its foundation being a remnant of the ancient Atlantean colony that the whites had created in this area of the earth thousands of years before.

The basement was a large open space that was separated into two sections. One, an area that was used for research and development for the invention and engineering of equipment such as a spooky machine. The second one was a training area that had a large screen covering the walls and constituting the wall which subdivided the room into two partitions.

The screen was broadcasting on it footage from a drone that was flying around. Dan explained to the initiates the purpose of the room. This second room, he gestured to his right after they had descended the staircase and come to a stop, serves multiple purposes.

It can be used as a security monitoring area, a viewing room for the security cameras of our area or surveillance by a drone as now, or it can be used as a training simulation

area which enables us to train our recruits and to simulate operations we intend to undergo. The environment around our area and in fact globally can be rendered into graphic form and even video footage and we act out our operations so that it appears as if you are in a movie. The weapons we use are all electronically synchronized with the training scenario and programs and we can hone our skills using them without any necessity to carry them out in real time.

We'll have you go through training operations as part of your initiation. Rudy observed the screen and asked, how does the drone stay up so long? How does it avoid knocking into anything? Dan smiled and said, it has a cold fusion engine that powers it more or less forever. It requires no replenishment of fuel.

It is guided by a devia who controls it through telekinesis. For the devias, there is no difficulty as they can multiply their forms at infinitum and possess the same faculties as they did in their original form. In fact, the copies of the original are just situated in a different spatial temporal context.

The devia also conceals the drones with an etheric envelope that bends light so that no one can see where they are or what they are doing. We have about 20 drones perpetually flying around the city, all of which can be remote controlled and directed toward targets as well as equipped weapons such as submachine guns and IEDs to strike at targets. Rudy asked a further question, did you say there were armaments you would be giving to recruits? I feel a little lacking in self-protection giving the nigger to attack us outside.

Dan laughed and said, you'll be assigned a self-defense weapon upon completion of your training here. For now, Dan said, we will begin the training. Rudy was up first and was escorted over to the training area, Dan taking up his position at the desk while the other two hung back and observed from the shadows as Dan turned on the training scenarios switching from the drone camera.

The screens displayed a scene at night with street lamps illuminating the treat area which covered the primary target. Your mission is to strike against a synagogue concealed behind these bushes. There are roving patrols and Mossad agents and staff on site who are armed with Uzis.

You are to get inside the compound and assassinate the congregation and rabbi and get out alive. Turn to your left, there's a set of elbow and knee pads as well as gloves with sensors which will pick up your movements and register them in the scenario. Also on the desk behind you, there's a MAC-10 with sensors inside of it.

We usually use this model of weapon in our operations when we go on the hard side. Rudy picked up the weapon after slipping on the body sensors and examined its drum magazine attachment with curiosity. Dan observing him added, these MAC-10s have

been specially modified with 200 round drum magazine attachments.

This way there's no need to reload, though it adds a bit of weight to the weapon which is also silenced with a silencer. For missions such as this, those operating on the basis of a search and destroy protocol, this is a great equalizer. The enemy doesn't know you're coming and there are many of them receiving more or less of a direct confrontation.

This way many of them can be dispatched from your undisclosed location without having adequate time to respond. In the training scenario, when you strike an enemy they react in a realistic manner depending on the area you hit, but they will react according to the scenario as in as lifelike a manner as possible. You step onto the platform from there and walk or run and the scenario starts.

Rudy had by that time finished putting on his body armor which lay on the desk also, a ballistic vest and secular helmet and face shield, and stepped onto the plate, the black screen going later, showing the scenario of the synagogue on a 360 degree radius which was broadcast on all four sides of the virtual amphitheater, fitting together seamlessly so that the player was fully immersed in the action. The platform onto which Rudy stepped was a treadmill that was attached to a circular cutout on the floor that could rotate 360 degrees depending on the steps taken by the operative. He moved forward from the car from which he exited and began making his way to the synagogue, his Mac-10 up and ready, as the stone wall of the compound came into view.

As Rudy was contemplating which direction to head in, when behind the shrubbery which bordered the stone wall and served as an entry point in the compound, a swarthy looking Jew operative exited his Uzi up and ready, presumably patrolling the area. He spotted Rudy and brought up the Uzi ready to blast, but the latter was too quick, raising his Mac-10 and injecting his torso with a fusillade of lead death, the operative crashing down onto the grass. Rudy dog trotted toward the guard and listened for a moment to the scene around monitoring the environment for sounds as a potential reaction on the part of the others.

Hearing nothing, he dressed the guard, he dragged the guard into the ditch and out of the way of any others who might come around. He poked his head around the wall and observed yet more of the agents roaming the grounds, their pasty faces and fleshy bodies illuminated by the harsh floodlights which were mounted on the synagogue. Rudy dashed off into the next set of bushes and into the compound he was in.

He observed the guards doing patrols in a staggered fashion, one going in one direction, another going in another, four in all, each following their route so that the entire perimeter was covered at all times. Rudy waited another couple of minutes to make sure he got a sound understanding of their patterns and as one of them rounded the corner of the path, Rudy, where he was concealed from a distance in his cover of bushes, waiting for him to turn his back and then leapt up from the bush, raking the guard up the back

with the iron broom of the back ten, the guard's body stuttering as it fell, his uzi clattered to the ground and his body fell to the clump of bushes at his feet. Rudy dashed off into the next set of bushes away from the fight to the right of the guard who would be rounding the corner.

At that point, based upon the pattern of the surveillance of the guards, the next guard came into view when Rudy observed him rushing to his comrade in the bushes and upon discovering that he was dead, looked up at a shocked expression on his face just before Rudy gunned him down, his body slumping over his fellow kites. Rudy was away again and backtracking away from the guard's pattern of movement. When the next guard came around the corner, Rudy gunned him down before he had a chance to spot his fellow guard, his body flopping forward only a few paces past the synagogue wall.

Suddenly, he caught movement out of his eye and spun around, his MAC-10 up and ready, taking into sight another adamant black shape of a guard as he depressed the trigger during drilling the Jew in the midsection. The Jew had come out of the synagogue, a small side door still open leading into the interior. Another Jew was rushing out into the clothesline of gunfire that Rudy discharged, his body falling headlong down the embankment that led to the lawn below.

Rudy rounded the corner, his gun up and thus bulletproof, thus became peppered with rounds from a nest of operatives who he blasted before leaping back onto the outside of the synagogue, their gunfire ricocheting out the door. Shots were heard from the roving patrol guard who was coming closer and as he rounded the corner, Rudy blasted him with a burst of stitching him up his neck and face, setting him on a ride down the river Styx. He heard a shuffling noise behind him as a group of operatives crept toward the door out of which pinged a black orb bounced off the open steel door.

It headed toward him and he hurled himself down the embankment as the orb detonated sending shrapnel fragments after him seeking purchase. He was further pushed toward the wall as the shock wave sent him sprawling. The operatives exiting the door and spreading out in both directions, shooting after Rudy who managed to roll away unscathed and out of the compound on the other side of the wall.

He was up and running and the Jews were after him and managed to scale the wall after rounding the corner before the Jews could get him into their sights. He dropped into the interior again and raced toward the synagogue, raising his MAC-10 and gunning down the guard who had remained, taking up position outside of the door as he was yet to ready. As he dropped him and approached the door, he observed motion through the slit-like window and saw a cunning Jew behind the doors seeking to conceal himself behind it.

Rudy fired through the window discharging lead death into the interior, peppering the body of the guard with his ammo who fell down in a heap on a linoleum. The others were

coming up the embankment and he gunned them down on full auto, the barrage of lead hailstones raining down upon them as they attempted to ascend the escarpment, their bodies flying back and tumbling down the grassy hill as a troop of bizarre acrobats performing their last act on earth in the theater of the realm of the Demiurge. Rudy entered into the synagogue, his MAC-10 up and at the ready seeking purchase as he moved into the inner sanctum of the minions of Jehovah.

A menorah was positioned on a desk with electronic lights bathing a room. The hallway led onto an eerie glow, the open area portending danger and death. The shadows cast by the menorah over the polished wood furnishings of the congregation seemed to serve as a concealed space in which dark forces hid themselves, afraid to give combat to Deveria, who was Rudy.

Rudy heard a scuffling sound to his left and he pivoted, a Jewish rabbi in his pasty face and beady black eyes burning with hatred flashing before Rudy's eyes. The rabbi's liver lips twisted in a feral smile as he raised his uzi, attempting to target Deveria. Rudy beat him to the punch, bringing up his MAC-10 and gunning down the rabbi, the flames illuminating the darkness of the shadows banishing the demons.

The rabbi pinwheeled back into one of the pewters, his body capsizing onto the hardwood floor in a heap. Rudy moved past him and toward the menorah. Dan commented from the shadows, take the talmud and burn it, there are matches next to the unlit menorah.

Rudy did so and seemingly from out of the flames arose dark twisted shadowy shapes, the angels of the Kabbalah that flew from the book and attempted to attack Rudy, his form repelling them, a light suffusing it and acting as an electrical fire, the black shadows making a crackling sound when they attempted to bombard him, his superlatively developed spiritual capacity warding off the lower astral entities. Dan commented again, torch the place with your package of C4 that you have in your backpack, set it up to detonate inside the building and make your exit, then you have completed the mission. Rudy planted the large football-shaped blob of plasticine on the boiler room of the basement of the synagogue, not encountering any other targets and prepared to make his getaway.

As he was beginning to exit the building he observed through the glass a few running figures dressed in black riot gear and a SWAT badge attached to their uniform. Rudy hesitated and backtracked to the basement and finding a rear push bar door that thrust himself against it and actually exited into the gunfire of SWAT team members whose rounds registered as bright red flashes on the screen around the cameras then going blank, Dan said. It was nearly hopeless once the Mossad agents began blasting their weapons alerting the paranoid Jews inside the and in the surrounding neighborhood.

You did a good job nevertheless and carried out your instructions and thus you passed

the test. The lesson here is that unless it is a suicide mission only a reasonable risk should be taken and to escape when prudent to live the fight again. We're in a war that has been going on for millennia and is multi-generational and that will only end in the death of the Jew.

There is no other way for if the Jew were to win it would simply lead to his death eventually through his own nature as he is a destroyer the robot of the demiurge a cybernetic construct that has no capacity to act in any other way. He is fated by his nature to destroy and to destroy himself and everything around him if he is not himself destroyed through the destruction of his genetics which enables the manifestation of dark forces on the earth either through being bred out of existence through assimilation or through overt physical destruction. Many would contend that the former is merely a pipe dream that the Jew could never be assimilated and that he would merely corrupt and co-opt that which into which he is assimilated the host nation or genetic stock into which he would assimilate like Dracula corrupting those the bites and who are all and who allow him.

This war can only end thus in the destruction of the Jew and if we don't destroy them they will destroy all others in their mad gambit for totalitarian control over Gaia and beyond. Nonetheless, Dan continued, you have succeeded in your task. The police state serves the Jew and this is why we must carry out these acts ourselves else we will simply suffer the process of disintegration that the Demiurge through his minions on the earth imposes upon us.

We must struggle against the current and go down fighting if need be. The police and military may eventually polarize along ethnic lines and when their paychecks stop coming from the jaw will undoubtedly be forced aside with their own people. Nevertheless, we can expect them not we can't expect them not to oppose us at this time and must do our utmost to avoid any confrontation with them.

That's why in a strike such as this against the synagogue once the gunfire erupted in the grenades it was suicide to stick around to live to fight another day is the policy in cases of relatively insignificant strikes. Unless it's worth your life there is no point in going out by suicide by car. They have too many numbers and their ability to call for backup is more or less exhaustible even should we wish to combat them.

The odds are against us however we want to win our people over to our side and can afford to fall into the Jew's trap of being branded a terrorist as that would merely reflect badly on our mission. Hence we must be clandestine and strike at effective targets. In terms of your martial skill you pass in flying colors Rudy.

You may switch off with Carl now as we have yet another effective target to strike at. Rudy high-fived Carl in the two exchanged places. Carl's slipping into the gear after he was he held off the sweat from the helmet and ballistic face mask.

Dan can continue. Next up guys is an effective target that would send a message to the moral majority types the electorate of a society that naively or hypocritically assumes that their parliamentary democratic heroes the political whores are there to save them from the pestilential opposition upon whom is dumped all the karma that is perpetrated by the cabal of Jews. Blaming the right-wing conservatives for the left and the left-wing democrats for the right.

All a shell game of divide and conquer that shifts attention away from the Jews for the ultimate cause of world unrest. In this next scenario Dan said as he typed a few keystrokes into the computer the republican party convention is held and your mission is to assassinate the candidates for office and their affiliates the Jewish controllers or talent managers who manage them like the shabazz goyim they are meaning stupid animal in Yiddish. Carl replied 10-4 if you're ready when you are.

Dan slapped his knee as he punched some more buttons that's the spirit Carl in the simulation the candidates will be identified prior to your immersion in the virtual reality like being brief for the dossier prior to admission. The screen lit up and before their eyes a series of images rolled by which Carl was supposed to memorize within a brief time. Images of beefsteak cheek political whores dressed in excessive and expensive suits and greasy Jews with off-colored tans and pasty faces with their artificial smiles and furtive looks.

Carl raised his MAC-10 and cocked it ready for action. Dan interjected before the scenario played keep your weapon concealed until necessary. In this scenario you are to blend in with the crowd and strike clandestinely.

There are countless secret service agents around and there are two highly trained professional professionals watching your body language and subtle movement for cues as your motivation. Appear calm and relaxed and just blend into the environment until the time to strike. Now begin.

The scene laid itself out before Carl and they observed Carl exiting a vehicle as he began his mission. He walked past several armed guards who looked at him out of the corner of their eye and then passed passed him by the simulation playing out as a real-life scenario. Since Carl couldn't exactly act out the behavior of the character it was taking for granted that he was adopting a normal enough appearance as he moved through the crowd of moral majority money types walking along the treadmill toward the targeted destination which was a large building that housed the candidates and their handlers.

A sprawling building which was labeled on the outside global corp center. The typical type of environment where a venue such as a political crowd were typically staged and made his way in inside past the teeming throng. Carl was a hunter and his game was the players of politics.

The political sock puppets of the Jews who were dangled in front of the broad masses to mesmerize them and convince them that their fate was in trustworthy hands. He was searching for game and his hunting weapon was his Mac-10 which he kept lowered out of the out of the view of the public which was concealing it in his suit. Dan spoke as Carl walked around amidst the populace.

You were equipped with a knife that is made active by pressing a button on the right glove. This will render it visible. The Mac-10 as with Rudy is silent.

Carl came around into an open area and then made his way through it without seeing any significant targets until he came near to the end where he was when he recognized one of the Jewish handlers of the political hack with fat beefsteak cheeks. This Jew being of a pasty complexion and having a furtive rat-like quality about him was slinking off into an area of the arena that had a variety of rooms outside of the main open space that had been converted to an essential platform upon which the political whores were to give their presentations. Carl continued out of the area into the hallway leading to the rooms tailing after the political pimp Jew who walked forward at a fast pace as if he were being followed.

His six senses must have been alerted, Dan said, as the trio observed the situation, the simulation. The AI in the simulation is state-of-the-art and can take up subtle changes in your skin conductance. When the gloves detect extra moisture and detects this and registers that as a fear response or at least an increased reaction of sympathetic nervous system activity and accelerates this simulation to keep the pressure on.

Carl walked toward the room where the Jew had disappeared and came out with his knife as he observed the Jew via the mirror of the bathroom stall and seeing no one in the area raised it from behind, doing a quick shoulder check to reify that his heightened senses were picking up the correct signals, no one there, it was go time. He came up with his blue-black gladius blade out and ready to bury the talon in the hairy nape of the Jew's neck. The Jew by this time having turned his back and headed to the urinals to drain all the liquor he had bought.

Carl's hand was up in a swift motion, the discreet weapon arcing down in a fearsome descent impaling the neck of the Jew, his body spasmed as if he had had 50,000 volts of electricity discharged in his forearm. He came crashing down, still spraying his pale liquor from his appendage, Carl having agilely stepped aside to avoid being hit and the Jew curled up like a worm on the tile floor as his carotid artery pumped out sanguine liquor onto the white tile which caused it to pool in a crimson lake as it spread out from his body. Carl turned to the sink to wash off the blade and observed that he was garbed in a set of clothes mimicking the Republican crowd, a dress shirt and suit with a cravat and slacks, the color of the suit being a slate gray, an innocuous color enabling him to blend in with the fat cats of the Republican crowd whose sole thought centered around

money and the bible if only hypocritically and neither in either case had any genuine regard for their race but were some of the worst enemies whites could ever have, thus they were slated for death if not reformable and their Jewish masters would also feel the cold steel of the blade of the erring warrior.

Carl made his way out of the area toward the next set of rooms down the hall acting on a hunch that the Jew had been heading in the direction suggested to Carl that he was on his way toward the candidate he had been paired with in the dossier, the fat Republican with his beefsteak cheeks. He would know him when he saw him though Carl when he saw him it would be no difficulty in gathering a positive idea and getting the target fragged with his silenced MAC-10 as he was jockeying as he was journeying in the direction the Jew had been heading in before the Jew had veered off into the wash rooms with a look at his watch he observed the beefsteak cheek blowhard scarfing down a donut in one of the rooms as he looked through his papers. Carl came in with his gun up and not hesitating a moment fragged the sock sack of goo his body shaking like a bowl full of jelly as his arms splayed out outwards his fat form crashing to the ground in a dull thud the bloody welts pouring from his pouring forth his life force onto the designer carpet Carl quickly shut the door which is with his gloved hands locking it from within and making a hasty retreat for another section of the arena.

He continued to walk around seeking targets until he observed another force another face he recognized in the dossier. A thicker set young up and cover who is immaculate suit and designer wingtip shoes marked him out from the crowd as he bowed his way through shaking hands every now and then and walking around with a false smile plastered his face. Carl stole up from behind him as he rounded the corner finding an isolated area in which to discuss matters on his cell and as the mark turned into a completely private alcove Carl came up with a mac 10 not taking any chances and peppered his thick thickly muscled torso with a fusillade of rounds the bull twisting as it electrically shocked the cell phone snapping in his fist emitting sparks as his hand fist clenched around it attempting to cling to life but there was no hope there no one to respond to his death cry.

The the head crumpled in a heap of flesh and Carl though took a tablecloth that was lying nearby and put it on top of the ball bringing him and concealing him from sight so he would have time to finish off more targets as he came out of the area he noticed the Jewish handler of the young Republican yuppie furtively searching the area having lost sight of his charge. Carl marked the target for future work not wanting to stick around in the area to arouse suspicion he was off on a diagonal p-line in another direction heading towards destination destinations unknown searching for the remaining targets who were a foreign number an even split between Jews and Gentiles. Carl entered once again into the throng of attendees the rich plutocrat elite converging on common ground to secure their mutual self-interest at the expense of the white demographic as he searched for faces his penetrating gaze rested upon a mulatto mestizo who the dossier stated had

been instrumental in enabling non-white invasion under the cover of temporary foreign worker visas which he had which he had gone to the event to lobby for to argue in front of the audience of greedy race traitors.

His bloated face shone in the floodlights above with excess grease from his sumptuous repast and his false smile spread his flabby cheeks like a fat pig baring his teeth examined by a veterinarian. Carl took an instant dislike to the Latino savage and stalked his prey who was parlaying with a baby boomer a white woman whose own relatively corpulent form mashed well with his excess they were a perfect pair as he observed from a distance making their way out of the crowd and toward a clandestine area outside of the area followed by another mongrel with sunglasses and a wire microphone attached to his ear. Carl pursued his prey and out of the door keeping a distance while keeping them in sight going behind them and pretending to occupy himself with a flyer that had been placed within visual range of the exit door where the mongrel bodyguard took up his position and folded his hands over one another staring out into the crowd as the two fat cats began this their illicit courtship in the area outside.

Carl moved toward the mongrel guard when the latter's attention was shifted toward the opposite direction and raising the MAC-10 depressed the trigger discharging a burst of nine millimeter auto into the center of mass of mestizo savage finishing him off with another burst to his face as he attempted to give expression to his pain. Carl dragged the creature off from behind the vending machine and stopped stepped outside toward his target checking the opposite side of the door first to ensure no one was concealed behind the door to strike him from behind he observed the sleazy mestizo attempting to grease up the white boomer who was obviously not hiding her intentions her husband possibly having failed to service her endless whims and so having gotten beyond him she decided to shift her focus to sex tourism with foreign flesh well if it was flesh she wanted it was flesh she would provide served up with hot lead he came up with his MAC-10 and drilled their coffins with lead nails causing an eruption sanguine liquor that burst from their bellies like a cask of red wine the honeymoon was over as their cadavers hit the concrete and he was out of sight out of mind whatever cameras were monitoring the area would take in a wealthy fat cat with gray suit and innocuous features disgruntled up the world and taking out his pent-up aggression on those he wished to blame for his life's failings at least this is what it would appear to be to the cameras as he ducked back inside he observed several undercover agents with sunglasses on rushing through the crowd and seeking them Carl knew they were onto him then and Dan shouted out they discovered you you carelessly left the body of the Jew and the washerman didn't conceal it properly or didn't make a hasty retreat afterwards hasty mistakes lead to discovery the simulator continued to play itself out to its logical conclusion it was either a gunfight with the security and possibly every other person in the convention or it was time to make an exit Carl turned to run and was on the way out of the arena when he observed the green the screen go red and shots rang out in rapid succession and the screen went

black fading to black dan turned out on the lights and said since i distracted you carl i will pass you as you almost certainly would have made it out in time let that be a lesson to us all to cover our tracks and conceal all evidence so that we don't get caught in a spider's web like moves in a chess game with every move the subsequent options are reduced leaving less of a chance of success for the mission onto the next phase of the initiation