

northside story

North side story. In a small city located in a picturesque region of the country, there lived a group of whites who, for better or worse, got along tolerably well with one another, in spite of the petty backstabbing and infighting that goes on in any city where anonymity comes at a premium, and where one is obligated to mind his Ps and Qs and to be, if not on their best behaviour, then to maintain at least the façade of common civility, as means of continuing to derive whatever satisfaction he may squeeze out of his generally. Indeed, the denizens of the city, beyond the petty intrigues or rivalries with the surrounding cities and towns, were quite comfortable and quite happy in their daily life of routine that not a care in the world existed in their mind save that which concerned this small world of quaint domesticity. That is, until the trouble arrived.

It was on an overcast day, threatening rain by the looks of a dark-laying cloud cover, that the strangers came to town. They were brought in by the local churches, those worshippers of the Lord of Darkness, Jehovah, whom they had sold their souls into bondage to. The churches, the churchgoers specifically, of course, had a fanatical desire to bring them in as it was the very substance of their religious insanity.

Those who were being brought in, of course, were the swarthy and case-to-face Jews, who had established themselves as the self-proclaimed Master Race through the distortion of the traditions of the Arian, which had come to be the blueprint of the minds of the churchgoers, who had ceased to operate in a rational manner and simply became the virtual automaton of these so-called Chosen Ones, who were indeed chosen, but by no benevolent deity and for no benevolent purpose. They, these Chosen Ones, were nonetheless trafficked in, claiming to have been persecuted in another land and fleeing the anti-Semitism of the host nation with whom they had had their inevitable disagreements given their naturally troublesome nature. Many of the denizens had expressed reservations about the invasion of their territory by these so-called Chosen Ones and had created a deal of strife in the Arian with their protests.

They stated that this group of criminals, they called them, were merely claiming of persecution that didn't apply and that they were, far from being persecuted victims, persecuted billions who simply had stolen the wealth of the previous nation that had served as their host and absconded with it, opening up the borders to foreign invaders and inciting violence against the nation. The churchgoers who worked on an international scale with the Jewish elite, of course, vehemently defended the Jews they were bringing in, calling them by the euphemistic appellation newcomers as well as portraying them as merely harmless and even potentially helpful people who were of no threat to the community, though the protesters amongst whom numbered predominantly the white males of the middle class who recognized the danger that the Jewish invaders represented, many amongst whom were quite aware of the history of the group and how they sabotaged nations as a natural tendency, were quite aware of the

fact that these newcomers were far from denied. This group of privileged perennial victims who made a living through the continuance of victim narratives with themselves as star of the show, suffering Chosen Ones and an absolute deity who is predestined to rule over the entire world and to absorb all of its wealth within themselves, such was the narrative, a black magic spell which kept the churchgoers in a state of mental intoxication, their minds in a state of ecstasy over the self-proclaimed Chosen Ones and their fictional deity.

The Jewish community, as per their usual modus operandi, set to work destabilizing and looting the society of the whites of the city. Over the course of two decades, they had ingratiated themselves with the privileged class of whites and had intermarried into positions of power such that they had acquired a virtual monopoly over the major sources of power, such as the economy, with a monopoly on trade, controlling all of the franchises and using their international connections to choke out small business, consolidating all competition through buyouts and mergers into only the appearance of competition with themselves holding all of the alleged competing businesses and using that facade to charge exorbitant prices during the driving of poor into greater poverty and hardship. The legal system they also controlled, courts and police, they monopolized in large part through rival factions though rival factions still existed who resisted the attempted Jewish takeover of their town and who were staffed by many senior members who had been young protesters during the days of the arrival of the Jews and who had, in a sense of duty and justice, passed the torch to posterity to ensure the survival of their own kind.

The international financial backing of the Jews enabled them to buy most of all the media and those who wouldn't sell out to them were threatened with mafia-style tactics and in one case a newspaper man made the front page news himself, being blown up in his car one morning after repeated attempts had been made at a buyout of his paper. Thus, in the end, the Jews had managed to acquire all of the media for their own personal propaganda and set to work attempting to vilify the establishment who had not been thoroughly corrupted by them through their corruption of the Masonic lodges which they had done so throughout the years and their mind-control influence in the churches which had been exercising its poisonous influence of spiritual terrorism for the nearly two millennia before as a means of subjecting the masses to the will of a dark lord and his minions, the Jews. Thus, the Jews had control of a tripod of power of the system, economy, law and media and used this influence to carry out their protocols which were to put the under their influence, transforming from a society based upon the invention and manufacture of essential and life-affirming goods into one based upon a madness of production as in itself whose only value consisted of commodifying all life into a lifeless product that could be bought and sold, all profits being absorbed into the system of usury through taxation by the Jews and giving only enough to their goyim tools as an incentive for their further continuance of their life of labor and serfdom.

The courts and police had been perverted from those of a just order into an inverted form when the scales of justice weighed heavily in favor of the Jew and were enforced through the heavy iron heel of its enforcers. The media, rather than being a vehicle of truth, was merely a distortion of truth into a continual lying narrative that suppressed any dissent through refusing to give a voice and created a completely false reality that only the dullest failed to see through as the conditions of society worsened, all justifiably thrown at the feet of the Jew as cause, though no one as yet had publicly done so without being jailed owing to the new laws the Jews had contrived, which they called hate laws, designed to censor those who might have a willingness to oppose them. The Jewish community had begun their next phase of their agenda, which was practiced as a direct result of their nature, the way in which they existed, their essence being by nature a destructive force upon the earth.

The next phase entailed the opening of the gates to their savage hordes, who they had historically brought in under cover of night to the white societies that they ingratiated themselves in and armed them in advance with the slaughter. In contemporary times, they had opted for subtler techniques, at least at first, though the technique paralleled in many cases that of their past history, using the rhetoric of humanity and love the Jews plucked at the heartstrings of the upper class of whites and at their purse strings with the prospect of cheap labor. This was adequate motive to facilitate the invasion of what the Jews intended to be a de facto private army that they controlled at the point of a gun, held in the hands of their police and military and through their control of a system which had the power of conferring upon them rewards and advantages based upon the whims of the Jews and their control of the minds of the upper class, the most corrupt elements of whom had been converted to spiritual Jews, meaning those who were Jews in behavior, thought, and action, who had been placed under the influence of a dark lord, Jehovah, and his minions, the Jews, and who had become a de facto mind-controlled slave catering to the whims of their masters, being enticed to serve the Jews for money and temporal power.

The beasts from the jungles of darkest Africa were brought in under the cover of economic development as an incentive for the wealthier bourgeois class, and those who had any shreds of conscience remaining were given a safety valve in the form of the excuse that they were brought in as refugees fleeing persecution in their own country and that the moral majority of whites would be able to recruit to themselves social capital and to keep their conscience over their materialistic glee. The invasion was going at a rapid pace, several hundred a month being brought in, until after just a few short years they amounted to about 10% of the population. At the 5% point, the savages began to show their true colors and the formation of ethnic gangs was the inevitable result, both black and white.

Born for mutual aid and for the accumulation of power, as in the case of the savages, amongst the lower class of whites especially, those most intimately involved in the chaos

that inevitably resulted in the confrontation between the different biological groups, gangs were a self-defense mechanism, a reaction to the attempt on the part of the savage hordes to push whites out of their areas. The violence of the drug gangs of non-whites had the effect of chasing out the white population who had to move to different sections of the inner city, creating the inevitable white flight phenomenon. Whites attempted to escape the violence of the predatorial savages.

Those who had no willingness to flee or who had no ability, given that such ability was derived from the cash flow they did have and thus were forced to unite into ethnic enclaves, renting apartments and buying homes on the same streets and areas, and those who did not have the means were forced to room with one another in a similar manner as the mafia, going to the mattresses. With this set of circumstances to work with, the more prudent whites recognized the writing on the wall, put aside their petty differences and formed a gang from all of their associations. It was named the Order of the White Hand, its logo being a black diamond with a red border and an upraised right white hand.

The diamond shape signified the diamond body and the formation of the absolute personality, the immortal diamond body and the gnosis of Areosope, the gnosis or wisdom of the Arian. Its rank structure was based upon that of the pyramid, a 3D structure of initiatic orders, wherein the leader was at the top, having the power of absolute decision-making and a hierarchy of the inner circle followed, with subordinate steps on the pyramid in ever-widening quantity so that the order and its gnosis were concealed from outsiders. In order to be a member, one had to undergo a series of tasks, and in order to pass these tasks, he must be pure white, the criteria modeled upon the Nuremberg Laws of the Third Reich, only even more stringent.

He must also be without any involvement with any non-whites and Jews especially, be drug and alcohol free, and be willing to develop his time and effort to the organization as well as pooling his money derived from work into the organization. The test of the other god entailed physical tests of strength and endurance based upon standard military testing procedures and a rigorous examination of one's value or character based upon question and answer interrogative procedures, subjection to various trust exercises and background searches. Those who rose up the ranks derived more knowledge and influence in the organization which also came with the price of greater obligations and more testing as a means of ensuring that the candidate was trustworthy.

The organization was started by an entrepreneur who had made his way in life from the ground up obtaining a master's degree in philosophy and having a background in army special forces wherein he had attained the rank of captain, having served overseas in foreign wars and then as a mercenary on a few tours of duty fighting against what you've come to understand as the evil of Europe, which he designated with the term the JOG, J-O-G, the Jewish Occupation Government. Matt Price was his name and he had with

several of his army buddies decided to cut loose their ties to the JOG system and form a PMC, a private military contract company, which would serve as a holdings company to finance their establishment of a secure seedbed for an ethnostate in a region that was defensible in the country, i.e. one which didn't have a surfeit of non-white savages dumped upon the white founders. Mack and his crew had relocated into the area and had bought up a small suburb just on the outskirts of the city with the money they had derived from their mercenary activities, which latter entailed the fortunate occurrence of being able to have taken a large amount of profit from one of the theaters of war in which a few of the members had lucked out in a lottery of life and discovered a large pallet of currency in one of the drug lord's mansions they had raided.

They concealed it from the company they were working for, one of the JOG's unofficial arm's length mercenary armies. Mack and his crew took in a sizable sum, enough to easily finance them and that would come to be the Order of the White Hand, a secret society and paramilitary cadre which masqueraded behind the facade of a security company and which is formally qualified as a subsidiary of a holdings company called White Properties, which was also the property management company that controlled the suburb. Mack had selected the area based upon demographics in conjunction with his affiliates when had been caught by surprise with the sudden importation of the savages the Jews had strung on him.

Luckily there was a boulevard that separated the suburb from the downtown core and it was more easily defensible with this infrastructural barrier in place. Mack and the crew financed the construction of a wrought iron fence with electronic gate around the suburb and used their financial clout as a taxpayer to receive a permit from the city hall to install the gate around the suburb which looked out onto a larger green space for the children to play in away from the chaos of the downtown. The fortification served to keep out the unwanted savages to keep them on the other side of the boulevard and in spite of their chronic gang-related violence the protected enclave of whites furnished the residents with a modicum of security and safety that the city police were not as well able to provide.

Mack had connections in the police and the army reserve unit which belonged to the city through which ladder he had decided upon the place as his seedbed ethno-state. Mack had established de facto barracks that would serve as a protective bulwark of white resistance against the hordes of savage invaders. All of the bourgeois bohemians in the area surrounding the ghetto that had been claimed as the savages' territory were mere sitting ducks but were too blind to see what was being done to their town, too creed-bound with their egalitarian values to think that the ghetto savages next door were anything other than a fellow human being who simply needed to be given a choice and a chance by which was meant more free advantages, jobs, academic bursaries and scholarships, increased handouts to the extent of straining the budget to the breaking point.

The bourgeois bohemian intellectual elite who thought they were hip and trendy associated with the savages even if only at arm's length would soon come to an understanding of the error of their ways and in a sudden and harmful manner. To Mack's mind it was just a question of how much harm others had to suffer before they, the ultimate cause of the harm, would be dealt with and he intended to minimize the harm to the extent he could. Working around the draconian censorship laws that the Jews and their shabaz goyim had only recently instituted debilitating Mack and his order from alerting the citizens to the problem.

Thus they lived under a climate of censorship and oppression and were not able to put forth any open activism that expressed their disapproval of the Jewish power structure and their genocidal plans of enabling the invasion of the savage hordes. He thus had to operate clandestinely as did his crew for fear of detection by the jog and its operatives who were perpetually monitoring the environment by way of cameras, police helicopters and their antifa operatives who would spend their time outside of drug and alcohol use spying on the white suburb which had been slandered continually in the Jewish controlled media as a place of insulationism and a fascist, racist enclave, a source of gentrification that excluded the oppressed and marginalized minority demographic. It was this climate of tension that existed in society that had Mack and his crew come to look upon the suburb as a barracks in a real sense.

Mack and his senior affiliates were well acquainted with the non-whites, however, with their years of experience or received in tours of duty and were well equipped and prepared to secure their place making of the enclosure of six square blocks of fortified barracks in all but name. The residents were appreciative of Mack and his organization for furnishing them with the needed security and they all developed a security mindset that enforced in-group altruism and standards of good conduct and out-group exclusion and minimal involvement and contact with the non-white audience. Most of the residents were military or ex-military rather in their families and they constituted by and large an extended family whose children were taught communally by homeschooling and whose education was modeled on that of the Third Reich.

Activism to reach others was undergone through the few remaining outlets of free expression, those being the internet radio show which was prohibited from being broadcast on the radio by the telecommunications and radio bureaucracy of the nation and which could still be heard on shortwave. The fact that it couldn't be proven to be related to Mack as the hosts were not portrayed and their voices were disguised using sophisticated sound manipulation software and hardware enabling it to spread by word of mouth in the community reaching others and eliciting in conjunction with flyers and leaflet and sticker drops a greater interest in the organization which swelled its ranks in power by slow degrees. Mack had been going strong with the organization and was moving toward amassing enough power to enter into the political arena by way of the democratic process merely for publicity's sake as he knew he would never have a victory

in a rigged shell game of the false dichotomy of left versus right and the kosher political parties that were allowed to run and receive some degree of representation as a means of creating the appearance of an open participatory democracy which the blind masses naively subscribed to and which kept them within their cages.

Not so Mack and his order. They may have wound up living in a cage of their own merely as a temporary defensive tactic but they would do so only as a means of building power and breaking free of the cage of the matrix of Zion which the Jews and their dark lord Jehovah had placed over their heads. Mack's campaign began with great fanfare and he represented himself as a candidate for a new order which would be one of neither capitalism with its rapacious vampirism of the life's blood of the corporate wage slaves nor the similar form of communist socialist statism which was a vampire of the same kind only garbed in different clothes that of the public instead of the private sector.

He denounced both and stood above both crushing them under his jackboots in his public speeches. Epogees of a corporate fat cat with suave features and money bags and an equally bloated figure with a communist output on also with the stereotypically semitic features which he and Mack proceeded to smash apart with his swagger stick that he carried and which was capped with a brass eagle's head emblematic of the phoenix which was the logo of his party. The party calling itself the Hand of God though being openly anti-Christian advocating a new spirituality that was neither creed bound nor entrenched in the grooves of the Jewish system and its magian egalitarian wealth and slang.

He lived with a worldview of the iron laws of nature at all levels and dimensions and which did not seek to curry favor with the lowest common denominator but to uplift the valuable and enable them to achieve what they may and pleading the lot of society as a whole toward higher standards. The message after a few speeches and appealing theatrics was gaining popular favor with the broad masses excluding the ultra-rich especially the Freemasons and the communist rabble who had an instinctive aversion to superiority as it represented a mirror which reminded them of their ugliness, a mirror which they sought to smash in irrational frenzy seeking to snuff out the light of those who shone brightly as they couldn't shine brightly enough themselves. Mack was gaining popularity and this disturbed the cabal greatly fearing that he might be able to build political power.

The cabal decided it had to take more extreme measures in dealing with Mack and decided to arrange for his assassination. Paying off one of the communist rabble or even a group of his state was too much of a risk to take given that Mack might be able to escape a failed attempt and then go into hiding using his assassination attempt as a means of acquiring further publicity and creating even more popular favor toward himself. They accordingly arranged for one of their Mossad operatives skilled in the art of assassination to take him out through sniper rifle.

Mack when making one of his speeches against the communist left as means of exposing a fallacy of communism was gunned down a sniper's bullet burying itself in his heart and instantly killing him. The white community who had supported Mack and who had constituted his predominant voting bloc held a funeral for him in the gated community many of whom were not members but who had come to understand through the speeches of Mack that his wealth and swagger and promise for a new order were not the diabolical plans of a madman but rather the sound plans for a happy future that hidden enemies had sought to destroy. This helped to alert the community to the problem which existed in the market of Mack was shared by the white community as a whole.

Most whites who were still of a somewhat sound mind understood that the assassination of him who simply spoke the truth and advocated for the interests of whites in a manner not adversarial to others was a display of the hypocrisy of the system who flew in the face of their rhetoric of inequality and tolerance. In the act of assassination and the media's failure to report upon it in any non-biased manner slandering Mack under the facade of objectivity, the powers that be mainly exposed themselves for what they were, namely a coterie of nasty hypocrites and despots. Their actions with respect to the assassination merely confirmed what Mack had been saying about a Judeo-Masonic conspiracy and its anti-white genocidal agenda for the destruction of whites through replacement migration.

The message was received by the white community as a whole and assisted them in their shifting their consciousness away from the anti-white narrative of egalitarian rhetoric with its self-abasement, guilt-tripping and other forms of psychopathology the Jews had instilled into the collective consciousness of the white masses. The figure of Mack was commemorated by a larger-than-life bronze statue, a perfect replica of Mack cast by a professional sculptor who was a member of the community. To it was affixed a plaque reading, Mack Price, harbinger of the new order.

The guerrilla gang existed as a coterie of thugs who worked hand-in-glove with the cabal as its street-level drug dealer, an excuse to build up the police state so that the white citizens could be disempowered under the guise of safety and security given the ongoing violent crime perpetuated by the gang. The relationship was one of reciprocal backstabbing, with the guerrillas, as they called themselves, working with their Jewish and Freemasonic masters to derive personal profit at the expense of the white population whose members constituted the largest users of the drugs, the gang traffic. An especially noxious poison called REC was a combination of other street drugs that accelerated one's metabolism so that they could not sleep for a day at a time and was creating an epidemic amongst the white citizens of the society whose lives became destroyed through the extremely addictive nature of the substance.

C. Doc's Candy Store. Members were present, Doc, an elderly Jew with a balding head and graining hair who speaks with a Jewish accent, Tyreek, the leader of the guerrillas,

and Naga, his second-in-command. Doc, at the counter, seated, counting money.

Tyreek approaches. Hey, yo, Doc, what's up, man? Doc looks up, having observed the cameras upon the guerrilla's entry. Doc, looking toward Tyreek and Naga with a false smile plastered to his face, spoke, My good friends, you have come for some candy, have you not? Tyreek reached over the counter, extending his hand, and Doc slapped his hand, giving him a fist bump.

Tyreek. You know about that candy, Doc? What you got? Doc looks up at the cameras overarching his counter and shuffles around to lock the door, flipping an open sign to the back in five minutes. The three moved into the back, and Doc opened up a floor safe, dialing the numbers, and then pulling it open with a crack, revealing the contents.

Several bags of pills that resembled cartoon characters, which he displayed to Tyreek, had been silent until then. Ta-da! Tyreek expostulated. Naga whistled and rubbed his chin with his gold-ringed hand, the gold bracelets clinking against one another as he did so.

Do you think shipment this time, Doc? The Doc responded, You bet, Tyreek, my boy, but this is only the beginning. He looked at Tyreek with a cunning, confident look, confiding look, and continued, We've got a shipment of plenty more, but, he paused. Tyreek and Naga raised their eyebrows in expectation.

Here is the kicker. We will lace the next batch with, he rummaged in his coat pocket, this. He held on a vial of clear liquid, which he shook with his right hand.

You will never guess what this is, boys. Their looks of puzzlement heightened, and the Doc continued, It is a special formula from the Holy Land, from Israel. It is made of a substance, not of this earth.

The gorillas stood in a vacant expression on their faces, waiting for the Doc to continue, Yes, it is a special formula that is derived from angels. It is crystallization of their energy, and through, if the user's soul is bound to the angel and to good, almighty. It is our way of draining the energy of the Gentiles into ourselves and to our good above.

He stared in his beady black eyes into theirs, and they were at first somewhat put off, but the disturbing behavior of Doc had not displayed any such behavior before. After a few minutes, the hypnotic stare of Doc captured their attention and placed them under hypnosis. Their bodies rigidified as if held in place, and the Doc replaced the vial of liquid in his overcoat.

He raised his hands above his head and began an invocation of an angel, Raphael, Sepharial, come to me. I have for thee two souls to battle for your power, for your favor. He stated vibrating words.

A dark form appeared in the white-walled room, growing larger, manifesting out of a different dimension, a form of a humanoid nature with the gaunt features of a skeleton, only whose skeletal head was of a reptilian shape, and whose form was similarly shaped as a reptilian with an elongated torso and with poison-green skin, its form somewhat diaphanous and not being concretized in the material plane, but being within some lower astral plane of existence. Its form split into seemingly diaphanous bodies, and the reptilian form passed through the forms of the guerrilla gang members, overarching them and seeming to attach itself to their souls from behind, appearing as if the reptilian angel was connected with them. Doc knew that the angel would now have complete control over his charges, and that they were as good as mind-controlled slaves, whose soul energy would be vampirized post-mortem, and whose life force would be vampirized throughout their nasty, brutish, and short lives.

Doc had made his revelation of the angel energy vial for the guerrillas as a revelation of a method, a means of revealing to him what he was going to do before he did it, and in doing so that they had not taken the opportunity to stop him when he had given them the chance, a split second in which to do so, they were the bearers of blame. Such was his specious thinking that enabled him to discharge his karma for his bad deeds, at least in his own mind. The reptilian angel that had bound itself to them faded away from the sight of Doc in the lower astral realms, occupying higher dimensions, invisible to the heightened senses of Doc, who was a generational catalyst, black magician, in whom he himself was bound to and controlled by an angelic being of a similar nature.

Doc snapped his fingers in the faces of the guerrillas, and they came to, now no longer in their state of hypnosis. She, the unbeast! Tyre, Doc! Tyreek said. Doc replied, I can get you something for that, and fished around in his pocket, came out with two of the wrecked pills in the shape of the Star of David, a Shiva Yantram, the six-pointed star that the Jews had stolen from the Aryans in Benedictinia.

The two guerrillas popped the pills and shook with nervous energy as a powerful substance was absorbed into their bloodstream via their mucous membranes, giving them an instant shock to their metabolism. The Doc handed them the pills and prepared to part ways with the two. Naga stated, We ain't got them plenty on us, Doc.

Like usual, we forgot it this time. Tyreek looking cunning as was his accomplice. But the Doc just said, Don't worry, boys.

You are good boys. I would never suspect you. Now go, we have much business to take care of exterminating those white devils so that we can take over this entire town and rule it as the King's.

He slapped Tyreek and Naga on the back, and they moved out relieved that the Doc didn't suspect them of having swatted the money on their expensive gold chains and diamond-crusted grills. They exited the store and door, and Doc smiled, pretending to be

smiling after them, but merely having his private joke at their expense. Stupid goy and slackers, you are now going to pay in spades as you are bound to good and must serve good in order to continue to live.

He burst out laughing and then abruptly turned and resumed his position at the meal store. Chris was a youth of about twenty-three and was enrolled in the city's university taking an engineering degree. He was an introvert and had been living in the enclave created by Mac and had interiorized the values of National Socialism and had decided to make it his mission to safeguard and defend the interests of whites against the oppressive nature of the tyranny of Zion.

He had been taught while a resident of the community by elders in the order of the White Hand to keep silent about his views so that he could build himself up in society and become an effective force against the jod system, building power and making a contribution to his own people. He had a class to go to in a few minutes and was waiting around to walk toward the lecture hall, not liking to associate with the non-whites who crowded the whites out of their former area and behaved in a rude manner toward them. As he was waiting, he observed his friend Ice pass by, going to one of his classes, and gave a whistle they used to signal to one another, as did all the members of the order, using a runic mudra to signal that he wished to speak.

Ice, a year older than himself, taller and more lean and less muscular with wavy brown hair and ice blue eyes, strode over, his sports team sweater conveying his athleticism and implying an affiliation with the creme de la creme of the varsity team. His sport was karate and he was a black belt. All members of the order of the White Hand were encouraged to adopt a fighting art to hone their warrior skills and prepare themselves for the race war to come.

Ice approached and Chris hailed him. Hail, comrade. We have got just a few minutes before class.

I wanted to let you know that we have got a mission tonight. He handed Ice a note that was written in the cipher of the order in which both were proficient in. It was a code that was based upon ancient Sanskrit and Orphic Kabbalistic numerology, completely indecipherable by the jod and its agents, and if any note ever made its way into their hands, it would, upon being read, merely bring curses upon them and they would have received no benefit.

The genius of the area would punish them, as would all the old gods of whomever amongst them desired to do so. The order members deliberately left these messages around so that enemies who were observing them, and even those who weren't, merely the idly curious, would become cursed upon reading the note. Ice looked down at the note and read its contents with his penetrating gaze.

Tonight, under the bridge, 2100 hours. Ice gave Chris a look and the latter reciprocated it, moving off of the hand sign toward another class. Chris, a youth of athletic frame, stared after him, the hordes of non-whites swallowing him up in their midst, many of whom stared at him with hostility, his blonde crew cut and blue eyes shining in the sun.

Under the bridge, the order members of Chris's unit congregated, arriving at around 2055, ensuring they were slightly early to avoid holding one another up. The group of five members finally arrived, with Ice having arrived first with another member. All five stood in a semicircle with Carl being the focal point.

Carl spoke. I have gathered you together here as I want to address a serious problem that we are all aware of and that has been engaging onward for the last few months. A certain Trixie Beldane has set up shop on the edge of the guerrillas' area and has been putting drug dependent women into her so-called massage parlor and transforming them into prostitutes for a fee, that being drugs.

They die by slow degrees and when no longer used by the Jewish madam, suddenly disappear. You all know as I do what happens to them. They are subjected to J.R.M. treatment, Jewish ritual murder, and are sacrificed to a Jewish angel.

It's time Trixie was taught a lesson for her trips. Chris brought out the plan. I have sequestered a cache of silent pistols, which I have bought, and concealed them in this alcove.

He indicated gesturing toward a well-concealed case that was locked into what appeared to be a culvert entrance, which was covered with a grill and time lock. Chris moved towards it, fishing the key out of his pocket, and opened up the lock with a click and swung open the rusty culvert's grating. He pulled out the brown briefcase, which had a fair amount of pep to it, as his muscles were under tension under the mass, and he allowed it to descend to the on-plank in a controlled motion, placing it upon the concrete and turning it over.

He thumbed the combination lock and popped it open, revealing the contents to the crew. Identical Ruger Mark 4 .22LR pistols with silencers contained in a separate compartment and 20 extending box magazines holding 30 rounds in each. The ammo I had made specially.

Each round has liquid nicotine and garlic embedded in its wax tip, so that it would be a certain kill once it entered the body of the person. He stepped back with one of the guns and three spare clips and a silencer, and each of the other crew members took theirs, fitting them into their belts as they came in a holster. Chris stepped in again, opened up the lower compartment of the case, exploding yet another in surprise.

Fairbairn Sykes Commando knife with blue-black treatment sticks to their ribs. He

grabbed up the knife and passed them around to the crew, who affixed the blade in its reverse sheath to their, on the other side of their belts. They were ready.

Chris replaced the briefcase in the crew and congregated together again in a semi-circle, waiting for instructions. We all know that Belle Dame's idea of a den of iniquity is located on the edge of Gorillaville, Chris said. It's time she paid the cost for her atrocities against the white population.

At the whorehouse, a young woman sat in the corner, hallucinating as she stared at the wall of her dark features, bearing witness to a life of trauma that she had been subjected to by her life of deprivation and parental abuse, her raging alcoholic father having driven her from home and into the streets. From there, she was picked up by a gorilla gang member who had beaten and abused her and got her hooked on drugs. The gorilla had served as a substitute for her drunken father, and she had eventually run away from him as well, and into the arms of Trixie Belle Dame, the Jewish madame who exploited her and drew her by degrees into a life of drug dependency and slavish subordination to herself and to her god Jehovah, the chief vampire of the angelic host, who consumed the soul of the weaker elements who were not strong enough to overcome his influence.

The girl sat on the floor and observed the patterned wall shift and contort, the roses and paves redesigned, metamorphosing into the appearance of demonic forms, a few of which seemed to separate from the wall and crystallize, a translucent hazy sickly gray apparition of which there were three. The three stood before the girl and watched her out of their unblinking beady black eyes. They looked like some form of gray alien hybrid that was portrayed in the movies, and the girl stared ahead, herself unblinking, held rapt by the forms who stared hypnotically, placing her under a state of hypnosis and binding her to them, if only for a moment.

She was too drug-addled, too weak to appease their influence, and thus simply sat there staring. The first of the apparitions to coalesce spoke, a being of a larger stature than the rest, and seemed to be a leader of sorts. Yo girl, you will come with us, we need your energy.

So saying, the gray alien and his three two accomplices seemed to emanate from themselves a misty blanket, a tissue of ectoplasmic substance which enveloped the girl, and moments later seemed to disintegrate her, from which they vanished. The drug paraphernalia she'd been using left on the ground. A Jewish madam came in at that moment as if detecting that something had gone amiss, or wasn't right, and upon opening the door, her barely visible look of surprise was placed by a knowing smile, and she shut the door.

She walked down the hall toward the other girl's rooms, and opened the one on the end. She reached into her jeans pocket, and pulled out her phone, sending a text message to her associate in the downstairs, a disheveled Jewish fag who worked with her in

prostituting the girls in the brothel, who then went downstairs into the basement to prepare for his gruesome work. The madam opened up the room with her key, and stared at the girl who was sleeping, and turning on the lights, clapped her hands, Wake up! We are going to have a surprise visit! The girl groggily awoke, and raised herself off the bed, which squeaked on its rusty springs.

She stood off in her pajamas, and accompanied the impatient madam down the flight of stairs to the main level, and from there to the basement, which was illumined by a bare bulb, and whose walls were of packed earth, the floor space tapering slightly into a hole in the earth. The girl looked at the madam, but the latter ignoring her, speaking only to the Jewish fag, whose distended body heaved as he attempted to inhale and obtain the oxygen his fat bulb needed in order to function, his pasty, doughy flesh, and woolly black hair making him out to be a stereotypical Jew, a Sephardic caricature in the flesh. Trixie, the Jewish madam, gestured to the girl to stand over by the nearest post, one of a rough-hewn log that served to prop up the basement foundation, and which was embedded in a concrete cast in the earth, with a heavy iron plate surrounding the circumference of the bottom to support the edifice.

The plate had what appeared to be dried blood on it, and the girl, upon seeing this, started to turn around and stop in her tracks, beginning to sense with her higher intuition that something potentially dangerous was afoot. The madam, sensing her hesitation, gestured rudely to the fag who grabbed the girl and spat out, Don't try to run! No one can hear you! The Jewish fag grabbed the girl and roughly thrust her against the wooden post. She cried out, and the fag smacked her face with his flabby arms, reaching into his pocket and pulling out a ball gag, which he wound around her face as she was beginning to flee, then forcing the ball into her mouth, reaching again into her pocket, and coming out with some rope, which she began to wind around her waist, binding the two together as she struggled behind the pillar, and then winding yet more around her ankle so that she was immobile, though she strove against the taut ropes, tears pouring down her cheeks, knowing that her time was short.

The Jew and the two Jews came together a few feet before her, both pulling out a tube-like sacrificial instrument that was perforated with holes and which was traditionally used by the Jews to perpetrate their atrocities against the whites and other non-Jews, the torture and murder of a child and drink their blood as they drained it from their bodies into vases, cannibalizing the flesh afterwards in a culture slaughter of the innocents. The Jews went in for the bloodletting and pierced the girl with their cruel implements, hawk marks of blood welling to the surface of her form, her eyes wide with pain, her face and body tense in desperate struggles to break her bonds but to no avail. The two Jews continued to dart in and out, stabbing the white girl with their darts, releasing riverlets of blood, then suddenly, as if through some form of telepathic communication, the Jews both stepped back, sensing perhaps that enough pain vibrations had been released to carry out the yet more sinister part of their work.

The girl's body was painted with her life's blood, which continued to stream down into the basin in which she stood, collecting as the arteries continued to pump out the adrenochrome-saturated blood. The madam raised her sacrificial knife over her head and was followed by the fag, both of whom untuned, Raphael! Zephariel! Enter! Thee I invoke! For thee we have sacrificed! Thee! Thee I invoke! At this point, a dark shape coalesced in the atmosphere and assumed the shape of a reptilian creature, its beady black eyes and dirty green-colored body hovering in the air, and its wide mouth open, leering over the girl whose eyes, wide with fear and pain, stared at the creature. The two ghoulish jewers stood back with eager anticipation as the reptile tense, poising itself to launch its frond-like limbs, raised with claws brandished and then left in one smooth motion upon the girl and began to gorge itself on her remains.

The girl was no longer, and a repulsive reptilian continued to feast upon her form until, after a brief moment or two of gluttonous imbibation, the creature had consumed the entire girl into itself, its distended body spasming with digestive processes as the poor girl's form was assimilated into itself. After yet another moment, the reptilian urinated in the pool of blood that had collected at the base of the wooden pillar and turned toward the jew, voicelessly communicating to it that they may take their portion of the cruel sacrifice. The form dissipated, dematerializing into the aether, and the jew's ears sprang forward to step upon the effluent that was collected in the basin.

Chris and his crew of five youth were, at that point, making their way to the brothel, which masqueraded as a massage parlor. They were all dressed in a disguise, christened Design, a beard and mustache, dark gloves and pasty white-colored face paint, as well as prosthetic noses reminiscent of a jew. Pasty white, they looked a perfect ghoul, a perfect house guest for the ghoulish jews who inhabited this den of iniquity.

The filthy ghetto loomed before them as they came up from under the overpass and observed the house in the distance, its lights still on in spite of the late hour. The group dog trotted up to the place, sandals on combat boots, their knives and sidearm tightly affixed to their belts. As they approached, they took out their pistols and began to fan out as a gesture from Chris, Ice, and two of the crew, heading one way, Chris and Roddy heading the other around the back.

The old manor house was situated at the bank of a river, was on a periphery of the ghetto, and served as a citadel of vice, representing the divide between good and bad. Between the good of the whites across the boulevard and the bad of the dark ghetto, those were the lower vibrational frequencies of the dark denizens who dwelled therein. Chris came up to the manor house and knocked on the door in a playful way, attempting to mimic one of the guerrilla gangs, knocking a musical sequence, shave and a haircut, which he knew to be the code they used to announce themselves.

After a time, he heard shuffling steps and motioned for Roddy to step aside out of the

fish-eye bubble in the door. The shadow of a person came in front of a light that was cast in the fish-eye, and a whispering, effeminate male voice was heard through the intercom. Here I am, it asked with a disgusted tone.

Chris mimicked the accent of a ghetto Jew. Eshnoo, I have just come from Brooklyn and I'm on a visit delivering some goods. I hear you've got some goods of your own.

I'd like to sample them. Open up. It's cold enough.

The fag on the other side of the door asked another question, attempting to probe and verify that the figure was a Jew. If you're from Brooklyn, tell me what the name of your synagogue is. Chris, who had done some research in advance to create an alibi, gave him a name and the fag's suspicions were allayed as the sound would pop through the door bolt.

As soon as the door was opened and the fat Jew stood aside, with a queer-less look on his face, Chris pushed his way in with his Ruger Mark IV up and ready, drilling the fag in his fat paunch as he pinwheeled backward, comically, like his duck in the reeds who had just got blasted with buckshot, flopping down in the easy chair with a muffled thud, his body opening up the reclining chair and stretching out like a customer in a barbershop. He wasn't dead yet as he gasped and wheezed, his weakened limbs attempting to staunch the blood that was pooling on his shirt. His breath ragged.

Chris operated like a Dean Barber of Fleet Street and drilled into his throat and head, giving him a shave and a haircut. Ronnie was in, and checking the downstairs room, his gun out and ready to take care of business. A burly Jew, groggy from some form of narcotic, apparently came out of the kitchen upon seeing the two, had taken out his pistol and had it trained on him until he was stretched out with hollowed points by ice who had come in from the kitchen entry at that moment from the rear.

The figure did the rigor mortis shuffle, his body tensing from the round as he perforated it, the heavy muscular form crashing down on the hardwood floor in front of the TV, which was playing reruns of an old horror movie starring Boris Karloff. The crash was still audible enough over the noise, and the whorehouse madame could be heard shouting out, Tight down! What's going on up there? As she came up the stairs, Chris gestured to the crew, who were now present to form a circle around the staircase, and as Trixie came up, Chris came up from around the hallway adjacent, his gun out in the full view of the madame, as she angrily came up the stairs, seeking to put a silence to the noise. She froze as she encountered Chris, and the barrel of his gun pointed directly at her face, which gazed back with a look of shocked anger.

Chris spoke. We want all the information you have on your cabal, whore of laundry. Take us to the safe.

Trixie attempted to look at the credulous, but Chris put a stop to that in one quick motion, pulling back and smacking her in the face with a pistol, the force of which threw her upon the hardwood floor. She groggily got up to her feet and spat out blood as he welded her nose on the carpet. Fucking guy, why do you always set me up? Can't you imagine? She continued to ramble for a few moments until Chris tipped her in the stomach, causing her to retch, regurgitating the remnants of the sacrifice blood she had bought and spewing it on the paisley rug.

Chris leveled the gun to her head again and stated in a cold voice, Enough. We want info on the cabal. Tell us of your sacrifice.

Take us to your office and give it up. Trixie shot a look at Chris, but held her tongue, pulling herself off the floor and swaying through disorientation. She said, They're just going to kill me anyway.

Why should I? You're fine to last, are you? Chris said, matter of fact, before he was done, her abdomen. She hesitated and then made a commitment to move toward the office, looking for a means of escape all the while. As she led the crew down the hall, each member walking single file, the last keeping a watch in the rear, and some distance between himself and others.

The office came into sight and the computer sitting on the desk. The Jew began to whine as the computer started up with the touch of a button, pleading for her life. Let me go if I do this for you.

You'll let me go, right? Chris looked at her grimly and stated, I just want the information. The doubt in the face of the Jew evaded slightly, but was still visible. At this point, she must have sensed that Chris was going to carry out his act of assassination after we retrieved the data lists of all members and their locations, and she attempted to make an excuse for opening a drawer with a key around her neck that she'd held.

She stated, after handing him the USB to which she had copied all the data, she had showed him, wait, there's more. He gestured with his gun to make her go ahead and continue, and she stated, in the drawer, there's another hard drive with more data. He gestured for her to open it, and she did.

A strange ectoplasmic substance emanated from the drawer, as if it had been contained in there like a spring, falling out of the room. The Jewish, taking advantage of the shock on the part of the crew's face, attempted to escape out of the door leading outside from the office, but too little too late, as the ectoplasm formed, in concrete form, a reptilian figure, one of whom, spying the Jewish, leapt upon her and began cannibalizing her, her form. The crew members discharged their animals into the three figures, who hissed and screeched, their bodies writhing from the hollow points and crashing to the ground.

The madam had been decapitated in her bloating form, lying on the floor of the pool of blood, oozing onto the carpet. The reptilians began to dissipate their forms, dematerializing, evaporating, and suddenly there was silence. The crew stood in readiness for a short moment before they relaxed and Chris said, Now that this haunted house has been all but vanquished, we need to get moving.

We'll check the basement to see if there is a safe that might contain some valuable items. Usually the Jews have their goodies stocked away on their property. They don't trust their own banker buddies.

The crew backed out of the room and headed down the stairs toward the place of sacrifice they had just recently gone about. Noticing the TV was still on, the haunted house they occupied made all of them more freaky by the screams of a horror movie. They headed down into the basement and Ice observed an air conditioning unit against the wall that looked out of place and unattached.

Upon closer inspection, he discovered that it contained a mini-safe in the dimensions of a cubic fridge. Being an expert locksmith, a trade skill he had acquired as an apprentice with a local locksmith, he pressed the gear to the safe and began spinning the dials, whistling for a click. After a short time, he twisted the handle of the safe and when it cracked, the bolt shot out from the housing and he swung open the door, revealing the safe's content.

Ten 9mm micro-Uzis and what looked to be a tranquilizer gun with a package of tranquilizer darts filled with a pale yellow liquid and a small label upon which was written TETERODOXIN, PUFFER FISH TOXIN. Useful in the trikes, Ice commented as he brought out the containers. He rummaged further in the safe and came out with a bundle of laundered money bills wrapped around an elastic band.

Looks like my tuition's paid for, Lonnie stated procedurally. Chris took up the laundered cash, which was a collection of hundred and hundred dollar bills, and rifled through it, estimating it at about a thousand. A hundred thousand for the community, then we can take whatever isn't needed.

Lonnie slapped his knee with a facetious look over Gretel's face, and the goods were distributed to each of the members who now had acquired a brace of micro-Uzis and several spare clips for their arsenal. The safe had in the rear several jars of what appeared to be human organs of brine, the ghoulish snack of the cannibal Jews who were the proprietors of this den of the nuclear. As they were prepared to go and had shut the safe under the shadows, yet another apparition manifested itself, the same reptilian that had consumed the girl who had been sacrificed minutes before.

Apparently they had woken it from its slumber as it appeared sluggish and not entirely alert, as if surprised by the group. It coalesced into a physical material form and

attempted to assault Chris, lunging toward him over the short space in the basement. But Chris drilled the beast in his face with a rapid succession of 22LR hollow-point rounds, which dropped it, the creature dissipating as had the others.

Chris and the crew looked around their pistols up and ready for more, but there were no other contenders. Let's move under here, Chris said, and the crew followed him up the stairs and into the living room. Chris decided as they were about to depart that a den of the nuclear of this sort must not be allowed to stand and stated that the crew should go room to room and get the girls out and then they would burn the place to the ground.

The crew spread out and began their search, Chris taking one of the rooms down the hall. He opened it and found the girl on the mattress, attempting to sleep but being overshadowed by a diaphanous spectre, a reptilian creature who had not fully materialized but who was apparently vampirizing or absorbing the soul energy from the girl who attempted to sleep, here restlessly turning about as she was harried by the creature. Chris coughed and the reptilian turned its head toward him, its beady black pupils and yellow irises staring out at him in a feral look and challenge.

Chris would meet the challenge, gesturing with his hands, he taunted the reptilian to coalesce and challenge his neck. The beast rose from the bed and as it came off of the girl at this time waking, emitting a scream of fright as she observed the creature approach Chris. Chris brought his pistol up and drilled the creature in the chest which came as a shock to the being who flailed his arms and came crashing down on the hardwood floor.

A similar crash was heard in one of the rooms and Chris called out, Everybody out! The crew moving gradually down the stairs with the girl from their respective rooms. There were now a crew of ten, each order member having brought one of the girls downstairs. Chris turned on the gas jets of the element, lit a rag and cast it onto the carpet floor which ignited the rug.

The flames began to spread over the room. By this time the crew were out and away into the night, as the flames lit up the tenebrous darkness of the ghetto and the beacon of hope for a fallen world. Doc was screaming mad as he and those he called his boys discussed the assassination of a Jewish war monger.

Doc. Instead of beating those damned Nazis from their white area, if it weren't anyone else they would have been taken out by the Alohians. Doc was surrounded by two swarthy looking youths whose beagle brows and hook noses gave away their Jewishness from a distance.

The dumper of the two, who sported their frizzy moth and strawberry hair, piped up. We gotta get him for what they did. What do you say, Doc? Doc nodded his head somberly and reflected.

Yes, my boy, we must. He paused a moment as the two looked on, waiting for his sage wisdom to be dispensed, and finally he snapped his fingers and said, They have killed some of the Alohians. We will ensure the Alohians have a chance at vengeance.

He gestured over to the two boys as he went into around the counter and flipped the sign around, wandering into the back room. The two boys accompanied him and he closed the door, turning on the light. He gestured to them to stand on either side of himself and raised his arms over his head and began to intone, Mikael, Gabriel, we have need of thee.

We have blood for thee. He waited for a moment and suddenly out of the ether, the appearance of two distinct forms coalesced in the air, floating in front of the three who held out their arms in supplication before the beings who were the reptilian transdimensional entities that Chris and his crew had encountered the night before. As he was still possessed in the zombie-like forms of Tyreke and Naga, the guerrilla gang leaders, Doc intoned once more, O Elohim, thou art here to partake of the soul energy of two youths, of your own children of Israel.

Behold, they stand before you. Doc indicated each with a wave, the two Jewish youth being transfixed into a zombie-like state, the hypnotic influence of reptilians placing them into a willless state of inertia, ripe prey for the predatory vampires. Doc again lifted his hands and placed them on the shoulders of the youths, pushing them forward toward the reptilians, saying, Now, O Elohim, thou may feed upon these thy children.

And so saying, the youths stumbled toward the creatures, who ceased to hover and who dissolved themselves into the youths, taking possession of their souls, making of them an avatar in form, without sufficient power of self-control that they might overcome the reptilian creatures. Now they were merely vehicles of the enemy, who had commanded over their material form, their souls being displaced and held in bondage by the creatures. Doc spoke again, clinching his instructions, For this gift, O Elohim, I request you strike against the white area and terminate as many as you can.

Now go. He opened the door and two forms of the Jewish youths went out into the zombie-like state of Catatonia, their movements jerking as the reptilians began to adjust their control over their forms. Doc stood at the entrance of the store watching them, as they went away into the alleyway and toward whatever destination the reptilians, who could read their thoughts, would find best.

Undoubtedly, they would tap the memories of the two Jews and discover where their parent's private armed staff was hidden. Doc smiled a cold smile and contemplated the news headlines regarding the strike on the white area. Later that evening, Chris, Ice, and Ronnie were hanging around in Ice's house and playing a game Chris had designed, a four-dimensional chess variant that served as a model, a microcosm of the war between the children of light and the children of darkness, which was the situation they found

themselves in at this point and had perhaps since the beginning of the cycles of time when the demiurge Jehovah had intruded into this former world of eternal being, introducing decay and death.

The children of light, the white race, were they who had resided in the realms of eternal forms, what were later called Hyperborea, and chose to enter into matter to destroy the children of darkness who had facilitated the corruption of that realm and who were themselves governed by their dark lord Jehovah. The game served as a mind-expanding exercise that enabled the members to develop strategies for countering the violent nature of the children of darkness, minions of the dark lord, the Jews and their deuce races, products of the demiurge. The game was programmed to mimic the behavior of the latter, their cunning and devious nature, and the players had to circumvent their strategies and defeat them in a manner similar to chess.

This the three were occupied with when they heard a scream being emitted from the park two blocks away. They strapped on their uhus and made their way out the door through sound of the scream. A dog tried to warn the female voice, which led them onto the scene in the playground where a young girl was being hung from the jungle gym by a rope and beaten with fists and drop-kicked with karate kicks by the two Jewish youths, who were struggling for and writhing in pain as a light force drained out of her.

Another crew member came out from another direction and shouted at the youths, Hey, come here! drawing his pistol and getting ready to shoot. The Jew who had a unique substance pulled out his micro-use and let loose a burst of gunfire tearing the youthful order member, whose body shucked and gyrated and spun around 360 degrees, emitting a guttural, primal scream before it dropped onto the sand, getting tangled in the sling set, rivulets of blood pouring out of a lifeless form. Chris took aim at the youth and drilled him with a fusillade of rounds, pouring into his midsection.

The youth, seemingly oblivious, took aim once more, and the crew members ran for cover behind a playhouse, which was comprised of metal plates mimicking a suburban dwelling. The Jews fired off their rounds, the blood welling up from the Jew who had been hit, gunfire being exchanged by both parties. The white crew carefully concealed behind the metal house and took hot shots at the Jews who came toward them, uncaring as if they were hit by any gunfire, as if possessed, and indeed they were possessed.

The rounds of the crew seemingly to be of no effect, save tearing apart the forms of the Jews, whose face and torso were reduced to a ragged mass of meat and muck, like a cadaver in a slaughterhouse. One of the Jews echoed a surreal scream, sounds of a lizard, a velociraptor, or some other worldly being, as the two continued to move toward the house, shooting their remaining ammunition and fumbling in their tactical belt for another magazine. Chris said by that time he was up with ammunition, and he decided to make a break for it back to the house and to rearm.

The trio, as the Jews were loading their SMGs, split off at a sprint pace and ran through the woods, converging on the house via the rear entrance. We can take them down with gunfire. Can't take them down with gunfire alone.

As long as their forms last, the reptilians will be able to use them, and until they're used up, they won't be able to be destroyed. Mack told us that when they hijack the soul of a humanoid, they're invulnerable until the latter form is destroyed. Then they are as vulnerable as in the whorehouse.

Chris proposed that they make up Molotov cocktails and burn the bodies of the Jews so that the reptilian possessors can be destroyed. The trio went around to the garage and gathered the necessary supplies, filling old spring water bottles with gasoline and stuffing oily rags in the ends, each having a lighter to do the dirty work of igniting a flame that would banish the darkness of the Elohim. They came out and observed that the reptilian avatar Jews were still making their way toward the house.

By this time, many of the residents had been woken by the gunfire and had brought their entire armory with them, drilling the Jews with slugs, which caused them to jerk and stutter like a Tourette's patient as the reptilians screeched their lingering screech and shot off their oozes into the throng. A few of the residents were injured by the gunfire and had fallen amid the trees bordering the residential area. Chris and his crew came up to the two Jews whose forms looked like a post-apocalyptic scene, their torso, limbs, and faces horribly twisted by shrapnel, blood coursing down their faces, their muscles hanging in tatters from their limbs, but still they came along.

Chris shouted as he pulled back, igniting one of the cocktails. Here's to you, Miss America, hurling a glowing candle into the gunfire of a Jew which exploded in front of the Jew's face, sending glass shrapnel and flames coursing over their forms. This was followed by the remnants of cocktails that bathed the Jews in flaming gasoline as a bizarre christening of the damned, their bodies flailing on the grass wildly attempting to extinguish them.

The Jews' bodies soon turned to char and corpses, their flesh roasting and emitting a noxious reek of barbecue. Nonetheless, they still moved and attempted to resurrect, but by that time the residents had converted under their shovels and axes and began hacking their forms to pieces. At this, reptilians lost their grip on the bodies and detached from their forms, attempting to crystallize and burn densely.

The residents, most of whom were unaware of the reptilian cousins, and even those who were, but who had never borne witness to any, stepped back in shock, summoning screams of fear in the scuffs of the form's collects. Chris yelled, Get back, at which most of the townsfolk did, save one, an older woman, who was too shocked to move. A reptilian nearest her grabbed her, and she cried out, but the beast descended upon her throat with jagged teeth, tearing through her jugular, emitting a spray of sanguine liquor,

which pumped out of her throat.

Chris shouted, Die in the surge of darkness, and sprayed a fusillade of gunfire into the two creatures, whom he shucked and jogged, leaving the rear mortars shuffled, their forms collapsing on the grass with a smoldering charm to choose, serving as a cushion. The reptilian form dissipated, leaving the ashes of the Jews behind. The next day a funeral was held for the whites who had been killed in the chaos, and all gathered round to mourn.

Carl Feist, who had taken over as a furor of the community, read the oration of the young girl and six other people who had been killed. There are framed photos lined up in a row adjacent to the funeral pile, which is placed behind the podium in the park where Carl was standing. Today we pay homage to the valiant warriors who died fighting the dark lord and his minions.

The young girl, who had never received the chance to become a young mother. The old woman, who had never had a chance to see her grandchildren grow up to adultery. The young and old men who had stood firmly against the onslaught which had been brought against them.

We must stand immovable against the invading hordes brought in from the dark continent, brought in to do war with us and destroy us by their masters and children of darkness, the diabolical Jews. He paused a moment and gestured toward the dead. This is what they want to be your future.

Will you let them? He looked out at the community who had gathered around 100 people altogether. Never! We will fight to the death. We will secure this area for ourselves and move outwards, striking at our enemies.

Though I would confront them all openly, we cannot. They are too strong. Someone from the crowd interrupted.

Kill them! Better to die on our feet like warriors. Carl stood stony-faced and replied, addressing the man in the crowd at the same time. Yes, kill them, but not openly.

We must be discreet, clandestine. It is the only way a victory can be achieved. Else we will be slaughtered by the hordes of darkness.

He continued. For the honor of our dead ancestors, for the hope of our posterity, we will ensure our victory and take this entire city and from there the world. He raised his right fist upon saying this and gave a Roman salute to the audience.

Hail victory! Hail victory! Which was reciprocated by the crowd who echoed his words. Hail victory! A funeral pyre was lit and flames reached the height of the trees bordering the park, burning away, releasing the souls of the dead to Valhalla. A band played a

funeral dirge and the music accompanying the souls migrations their destruction to their destination.

It was finished. Carl and a group of young women went to the gates of the community and worked a magic spell invoking the protection of the gods to prevent the entry of any of the legions of darkness from entering past the gates. The throng gathered round and called against both.

I hereby call this community Elysium. None may enter here save those in the blood. Here you will find protection from the vice of the world beyond.

Here not in Elysium, but you will be protected by the gods. So saying, he raised his arms above his head and looked inwards into the community and at its iron gates, blessing every benediction. The next few days the gate had been had a wrought iron sign or maybe blacksmith which proclaimed Elysium.

The guerrilla gang was carrying out their characteristic activity according to their natural inclination, harming wives through drug dealing and prostitution, through assault, rape, and murder, through stealing from them in the form of welfare and involving themselves in the vulgar behavior characteristic of the legally caught. Now that Trixie Bellgane's prostitution policy had been served up as a wicker man's sacrifice for himself as a main course by the order, the guerrilla gang swept in to fill the vacuum and corner the market on prostitution. Their technique was to entice the naive young white girls with prospects of sexual favors.

The young black bucks strutting about attempted to display their self-conceited sexual prowess in front of other young girls on their high school campuses and to entice them to attend their parties. Once they were enticed they fell prey to the drug culture intoxicated with their rubbings with the black beasts and with the chemical poisons that came in the form of candy coated pills trafficked in from Israel and distributed to the guerrilla gang by Doc, the apparently benign Jewish candy store owner who concealed his sinister intentions behind a facade of humanitarian concerns. The guerrilla gang headquarters was a ghetto's major drug den and was occupied on a 24 hour basis by at least four of the guerrilla gang The ramshackle two-story, turn-of-the-century building also had an annex attached which served as an area where the guerrillas would get high and involve themselves in their sex perversions with the girls they enticed at their den and which had rooms in which though they managed to keep dependent on drugs stayed, or rather in which they were virtual prisoners.

A slave to the drug and the guerrillas trafficked it. Tyreke came to the annex, followed by Naga, his right-hand goseman, and they knocked on the door of one of the rooms. A young girl still in her teens opened it and Tyreke hauled out a package with a pill and a drug called colloquially RET.

The girl reached out toward the outstretched hand of Tyreke and he pulled it away dangling it over her head. Beg for it, bitch! Just like a dog, crack a hole! The dog featured initiated through drug abuse contorted in a sad expression of misery and she gasped out No! I've got to have my pills! in a whiny tone collapsing to the ground and attempting to cling to Tyreke's baggy pants. Get off me, bitch! He said as he kicked her in the belly which caused her to crumple up like a worm sobbing with pain.

The pain of not being able to feed her addiction. Sheep, Tyreke said. Maybe if you suck my dick I'll give you some.

He said as he stroked his sparse beard examining his gold grill in his ring hand. Come on, bitch! Suck that dick! The whole squalid episode continued onwards and when finished, Tyreke tossed the pill into the corner of the room which the crying girl crawled toward, her body wrapped in the pain of withdrawal. Chris and the crew had been assigned to guerrilla gang headquarters as they were tasking.

Take them out and free whatever white girls might be residing on the premises. The drug gang had a large armory and stock of ammunition. So far as Chris had been informed that to take out the gang on their home turf would be a big blow to the forces of darkness as they were one of the main arteries of transmission of vice into the white host body with the drug trade they served as front men for operating through themselves and street level dealers to cut their silver cords and to sever that line of vice to the white community.

Chris had his five man crew ready and they were ready to converge on the hideout. They intended to fire a bomb in place as the girls inside would be could not afford to as the girls inside would be sacrificed. They had to shoot it out with the guerrillas in a wild west gun battle on the north side of town.

It was night and the crew had disguised themselves in black face and liver lips with the appropriate guerrilla gang apparel. Banky black cargo pants and long shirts that bore the symbol of the guerrilla gang on them. They had bested themselves with gaudy jewelry they had got when they had knocked off a Jewish pawn shop on the way there, drilling the owner with a 9mm hollow point from the sound depressed Uzi and Chris and the crew had acquired in the portholes dead iniquity.

They had torched the place as yet another demonstration of rebellion against the jaw and had served up the kosher meat as a wicked man's sacrifice to the god. They looked apart as gangsta as a guerrilla in the concrete jungle strapped up and ready to rock. The surrounding houses were also gang houses and all the members were there in attendance at a party held in the crack house and surrounding areas.

The lights were on and gangsters were out in full force. Come what day there would be a fight to the finish and whosoever was left standing would have a much greater

advantage than previously. Chris and the crew were equipped with bulletproof vests under their shirts which were rated for high caliber ammo so that even .357 magnum slugs wouldn't penetrate.

The vests were made of space age ceramic material that was as lightweight as aluminum and was structured as a series of small quarter sized scales that appeared as fish skin. This and the bulletproof shorts they wore would serve quite well in protecting all major areas of the body save the skull and neck which with the dull set color of the face paint would obscure their features in the night reducing the probability of them being struck. As the group came up upon the scene Chris spoke in muted tones the vision split up into two groups one taking on the brothel entrance with three members led by himself Ronnie and another and the remainder with Ice the last member taking the rear.

Ice and his accomplice went around another house keeping out of the street lamps and made their way to the rear entrance where they would begin their strike. They had their Uzi's out with extra large magazines firing a three round burst mode with plenty of clips to spare. Ice and his fellow member came up from behind the house and zipped up the gangbangers sitting on the porch with their females giving back 40 ounces and listening to the simian music that was an electronic representation of their archaic bestial consciousness the jumbled drums accompanying the staccato thrap thrap of the Uzi and the gangbangers caught unaware and stalled from the porch and down the stairs with hardly a whisper their dull brains barely able to register what was going on before the hammer fell discharging lead death into their autochthonous hides sending their souls to the reaper Chris and his crew meanwhile had entered into the front door of the place with bells on following the death knell for the gorilla gang as the partiers in the living room did the rigor mortis shuffle against their leather back furniture the black vinyl looking hide of the couches gushing with red elixir as the rounds tore up the gorillas on a modern day urban safari a few of the gangbangers got off the shot which ricocheted off the body armor of Chris and the other crew member sending the alarm for all the comers racing footsteps were heard upstairs coming down and shouting was heard both inside and out of the property what the fuck stop some shit and various other muffled noises Chris spotted eyes coming into the house from the rear entrance which looked on toward the kitchen and gave him a signal to cover the staircase coming up as he and the crew fanned out the living room to cover the front entrance into which now came a couple of charging gorillas who had decided to puff their nuts up and go in for the kill the Uzi stuttered dropping the newcomers onto the plush carpeting one of their technines discharging its payload into the ceiling and the trigger man and the pinwheel slip on a banana peel ending up crashing down and throwing at his fellow gorillas his skull splitting open on the coffee table the other gorilla conveniently blocking the doorway entry over which yet another tripped and never got up again as he was tempered with hollow point nails which sealed him in his flesh coffin.

Down the stairs staircase poured the hordes of beastmen their technines up and ready to belch the fire of death into the hides of those mysterious intruders but they were taken down from behind by ice and his accomplice then caught in a crossfire one of the members spied out and made their way back up the stairs and muffled sounds were heard, a sharp whispering and then silence. Chris gestured to Ice to check the downstairs doors and he posted a man to cover the stairway. Knowing that the gorilla would be calling more of his crew, Chris and Ronnie made their way to cover, concealing themselves along a hallway that looked out into the living room but which shrouded them in blackness after a few minutes a cautious voice called out into the house sup nigga, come out fat bitch, I know you're decent there.

Chris followed Ronnie and went slightly further down the hall and observed the light of the moon illuminating the hallway and looking out toward the gorillas who had converged on the house, looking in and preparing to make their move. They motioned to Ronnie to move toward another one of the windows in the room that lit off on the hall to cover those who were hanging back most. He gave a countdown gesture, three two one and then the two met with a fusillade of fire as the gorillas shook and jived, their rounds tearing into them.

This was accompanied by Ice and his man's tech nine which caught the gorillas in a state of confusion and gave the order members a brief moment to capitalize on enabling them to come up with a win. Ice and his man exited the house from the kitchen and Chris and Ronnie covered them as they scanned the body with a flashlight. Ice held up a small satchel of grenades which he had shouldered and the crew went back into the house.

Chris indicated for Ice and his men to monitor the staircase where the gorillas had gone and were remembered where more than one was apparently hiding while Chris went around with his crew room by room and discovered the area where the white prostitutes were concealed in the attic. Chris opened one of the doors and observed the gorilla beast man holding one of the prostitutes hostage in his hand and her mouth. Both of them were naked and the gorilla held a machine pistol to her head ready to splatter her brains in the cracking walls of the room.

A dare ball swayed gently back and forth over the couple creating a surreal shadow effect when the gorilla said Make your move, bitch! Chris made his play bringing up Susie and drilling the gorilla in the head before his nervous reaction could depress the trigger and terminate the life of the gorilla. The gorilla collapsed onto the bed and the gorilla screamed and tore the wound past Chris and into the night. Ronnie checked other rooms and observed yet more of these white girls addicted to drugs and sitting in fear in their rooms waiting for whatever fate decided to throw their way.

Ronnie moved him out and they dashed off into the night without a thank you. It was go time. Time to take up the trash.

The remaining gorillas in the upstairs could be heard shuffling around getting antsy. Chris knocked on the window and gestured to Ice to return to the upstairs and lob a grenade or two up into their midst. He and Ronnie backtracked their guns up and ready as they rounded the corner and approached the stairwell after ensuring that the living room was clear and no one was keeping from the outside.

The police usually deliberately allowed a delayed response in all ghetto entanglements and most residents never called police looking upon them as the enemy though they were at least to some degree two sides of the kosher coin that kept the rulership in power. Those who created the problems and those who purported to be the solution to the problems by keeping the average white citizen bondage to the police state. Thus the gunfire wouldn't draw the attention of the jog and its operatives and the order to get to work without interference and the potentiality of being arrested or having to entangle themselves in a gunfight with the iron-wielding forces in the system.

Ice had made his way to the living room and he and his men were taking grenades priming grenades ready to lob them up the stairs. Chris provided cover fires. Ice expertly banked one of the pineapples off the mahogany statue of a gorilla, African fertility goddess that was positioned at the top of the brass banister the gorilla had erected as some form of totemic object for African roots.

His partner lobbed another grenade and after a few moments it exploded in the bay and a harsh cry came out followed by an odd screeching sound as of an alien presence. Down the stairs came the gorilla three in all Tyreek, Naga and another all lacerated with the grenade blast, wounds gaping in various places yet seemingly unaffected by it. Wounds that would have killed any normal biped and yet they came down with a vengeance emitting reptilian screams as the Jews on a previous night their clothes stained with blood and gore.

Staccato gunfire emitted from the sounds across SMGs as the entire crew unloaded their magazines and holopoints, the forums stuttering as they moved forward, possessed by the reptilian transdimensional who avatared their forms. Their meat machine bursting apart as the rounds poured into them as a meat tenderizer in a butcher shop wielded by a madman. The bodies kept coming and Chris who had witnessed their capacities previously with ice and rawness on the other occasion stated, Back! Regroup on the front porch! The crew moved back on their heels keeping the pace of their opponents sluggish with gunfire each slapping them clip after clip and discharging rounds making of the bodies a living lead coffin yet animate as the gorillas continued to move forward emitting the same reptilian screams.

The crew members split around back as the gorillas followed by way of the front entrance losing sight of the crew and the crew regrouped in the back amidst the jugs of gasoline in the garage which had two ghetto vehicles inside six floor Impalas on

hydraulics with fancy gold rims and candy colored paint Chris conceded the idea of luring the avatar gorillas in and then detonating them with grenades he primed the grenades and as soon as he could ice following him following his instructions placed the grenades around the gasoline jugs and the gas tanks of the ghetto vehicles as the gorillas began to enter into the door leading into a trap the crew members followed Chris out the back as the gorillas finally gained access and the crew sprinted away out of the line of sight of their adversary who was all the way in surrounded by gas shot grenades when all hell broke loose and the garage exploded like a grenade of its own sort the shrapnel and the grenades and various other items lacerated the form of the gorillas as they were scorched by the flames the crew stopped after jogging a walk and made their way back to Elysium they had neutralized the gorillas who were now an extinct species save but a few remnants the garage continued to burn and bore testament to the light of truth the Aryan warriors shone upon the world of darkness, banishing the false light of the corrupt drug dealers and heralding the dawn not yet arisen on the horizon there was work to be done and yet the crew needed to regroup to plan out a strategy against their enemies the next day the media reported on the event struggling youths murdered in an underprivileged area as white supremacy took way Ronnie put down the paper whose headlines had attracted the attention of the crowd he had had just about enough of the double standard hypocrisy and vilification of whites by the jaw he confided in himself knowing that he had struck out against the system and that actions spoke louder than words that the system had received a bloody nose and perhaps a few teeth missing though their main source of violent crime being negated and their drug revenue cut off all to slander was just the irrational flailing about of the beast not able to effectively react to subjugate its opposition Ronnie was walking with his head down as he headed to class when he bumped into a Negress who was rounding the corner and the two collapsed on the ground spilling their books and falling upon each other Ronnie clumsily attempted to rise and as he was doing so cupped the breast of the Negress who snorted into his scuff what you touching me for, pervert? Ronnie apologized and the Negress started going to work on it I should charge you with sex yourself Ronnie again apologized and feeling that it might lead to something incriminating given the cameras that were positioned around campus he attempted to pacify her and offered to buy her a drink using his most ingratiating manner which his winning smile usually achieved with the ladies she eventually acquiesced and they went to the local juice bar and he bought her a juice they talked for a time and found they had a lot in common she was a business major as was he and they had a few classes together this served as a basis for further relations over the next few weeks and they found themselves together fairly frequently initially Ronnie had been overcome mainly by the prospect of carnal activities allowing his lower self to take advantage of his higher self who thought of her large breasts and buttocks crowding out his better judgment they arranged for a date and found themselves involved in an illicit relationship which Ronnie attempted to conceal from his fellow order members knowing as he did that such an act would not only get him expelled from the organization but would get him a death sentence for violating both its

and the community's rules against miscegenation thus he had to live a double life doing what he could to conceal his transgressions from his fellows which was difficult at best one day Ronnie and his negroes were talking around the school of monuments, the monument of the city's founder, a pioneering adventurer whose name the city bore and who was a former fisher former fighter of the Redskins savages who he and his crew had slaughtered mercilessly after they had reneged on their agreement for the exchange of rubies for land and who attempted to scalp and torture all the whites left alive after they had murdered the fighting man the negroes were oblivious to the history of the whites of the city and like most of their time merely lived off the whites for personal benefit as they were talking, Ice passed by and observed them managing to conceal himself before he was detected slipping around one of the buildings and watching him from a distance, taking a video recording and pictures of the monument which he immediately sent around to his fellow order members saying that it would be best if all keep up appearances as the penalty had to be exacted in the old way Chris communicated that and gave a go-ahead using coded language in the event that the conversation could someday be used as evidence against him, sending images of the runic sign Nauthenes connoting negation for the greater good there was plenty of clearing away of rotten timber, Ice reflected as he went to his class once he was completed he journeyed over to the local curio shop via its rear entrance down an alley and gathered up what he had come for a replica double edged sword that looked similar between a medieval sword and a roman gladius its blade razor sharp and its mass sufficient to skewer thick-eyed rhinoceros he placed it back in its sheath and paid the proprietor who was a friend and who could be trusted not to divulge whether he had sold it or no the blade, covered with the fingerprints of countless customers who had examined it over the years made it virtually undetectable or untraceable to Ice that the proprietor didn't have the cameras in the store ever turned to conceal the doer of a deed Ice made it his mission over the next few days to survey the two Roddy and his Negress from a distance and to observe to where they went to engage in their illicit union the Negress had an apartment a short distance from the downtown and Ice monitored it from a distance in his tinted window Volkswagen observing them enter and exit within about an hour interval Roddy left by the fire escape apparently wanting to lose a trace or not be noticed but he had nearly exposed himself even more giving Ice a clear view of the room from which he exited the next time the only way he would exit would be in a body bag that day came next and Ice wanted to ensure that the order got a sound understanding of the justice he would deal of and that it had been done of a certainty strapped his phone to a black face mask he wore and ensured that both his arms were covered with a long sleeved black shirt at his hand with Tedlar knuckled black gloves so that the footage would capture nothing but a black figure even in mirrors if mirrors were present he exited his vehicle a block and a half away the night having descended shrouding the landscape in blackness safe for the areas illumined by the housing glow of the street lamps Ice observed Roddy and his negroes entering the apartment complex and he headed for the fire escape his glass cutter in his pocket and a suction cup that he intended to use to open a window as he

ascended the fire escape he encountered no problems all being wrapped up in their own affairs in their apartments which were pompously called condos as a means of siphoning off copious resources from the status seeking yuppie demographic who desired to live a life displaying their self importance Ice ascended the fire escape and came out on the walkway pressing himself against the building to avoid being seen he observed the couple inside disrobing and pressed his stethoscope against the window he carried it in his bag and listened recording it on his phone which was captured both in video and audio I must suck out all that wet seed from your dick to that Ronnie the negro said as she fumbled in his belt Ice could hear the feral music of electronic drums playing in the background and knew that he could now sit about his work without detection he suctioned his suction cup onto the glass and pulled out the glass cutter, cutting a sizable piece out of the window and pulled it off so that he could slide the door open and slip in. The two were immersed in the salacious behavior and the warm night air didn't create any sensation different from the interior temperature Ice slipped in and slid the door behind and the two now involved in their play of a two-back feast on the mattress Ice captured the entire scene on camera and stood behind the two unsheathing his double-edged sword. The negro was on top of Ronnie whose face was buried in her giant breasts and Ice hefted up the sword reversed it in his grip and steered it through the back of the negro and into the abdomen of Ronnie both of whom contorted as the steel impaled them both, unable to scream as their lungs had been pierced and they were in shock Ice removed the sword with a jerk and the negro's body fallen lifeless upon her dead lover Ice went over to the sink and cleaned off the blood from the blade before sheathing it again He went into the pantry and gathered together flammable cleaners lighter fluid and various other materials that would make a funeral pyre He then turned on the stove element and ignited the bathroom towel which he had doused in lighter fluid tossing it on the pile of flammable material which ignited with a whoosh of flame and engulfed the bodies of the transgressors spreading rapidly to other areas of the apartment.

Ronnie opened the fire escape door, letting air rush in, fanning the flames and slipped out shutting the door behind him descending the fire escape and away into the night Doc hung around in his candy store and rubbed his hands nervously as his two tots cracked nuts and popped them in their mouths They'd better stay alert Doc screamed in an irrational fury as he pounded his fist on the desk where the two were cracking nuts with a nutcracker, the shells flying all over the floor No more fooling around The two tots stared up at him with a look of comedic apology on their faces and scurried to pick up the shells he'd scattered about We're on it, Doc! Don't worry! The one closest to him said Both swarthy Jews were bodybuilders and their steroidal muscles made their movements lumbering and awkward as they swept up the shells and deposited them in the wastebasket next to the counter Doc sighed We must learn to be ever vigilant The Nazi going could come any minute and we must be ready for whatever they throw at us The one who had previously spoken patted the bulging desert eagle on his hip and replied

with assurance We got it covered, Doc! No problem! If any of the Nazis show up, we won't let them take any candy from you Both tots laughed and Doc shrugged his shoulders raising his hands Holy God, we're never in! But he acquiesced and fell back to reading the paper the headlines of which read Mixed Couple Murdered by the Fires of Hate which detailed the killing Isaac perpetrated just the other night I am A, Doc sighed again in nervous apprehension First Trixie then the boys, then the gorillas Now this! exasperated He threw the paper on the linoleum floor and went around to the other side of the conference muttering under his breath as he took out his account book and began adding figures Just then, Isaac and Chris came into the store, the bell alerting the two goons and Doc but the two were too quick for the kikes their silenced goons often stuttering to death now, ripping apart the meatheads turning them into hamburgers and the Jew took out one on his shoulder before his cunning instincts caused him to fall on the floor, escaping the fuselage The two tots were tangled in a heap on the ground amidst the nutshells and Chris came around the counter with his fusi extended at arm's length covering, covered by ice both honing zeroing in on Doc who had at that point attempted to grab for his desert eagle, he kept hitting under the counter, but he made his play too late Chris opening up and kneeling in his own linoleum He stared into Chris' eyes with a furious look of hatred and spat out blood, oozing down his mouth, Nazi God the Elohim but curse he shook at the death rattle, cut off his speech, and collapsed on the ground at that point a young Jew came up from behind, and wildly blasted his desert eagle by ice spun in the shield before he could get off another, more than a few rounds and knocked his legs up from under him and then a Jewish teen collapsing like a marionette without his strings cut, screaming out Carousel, Gaian, Carousel driving in pain his pistol having been knocked out of his hand and clattered away amongst the candy eyes ice was on him before he could make a mad dash to the gun and swooped it up before he had a chance of retaliation, the teen's legs broken from the fusillade of hollow points one of his kneecaps shattered, ice said let us know where the safe is we want intel on your cabal names, addresses the teen screamed out, fuck you you're nuts you guy but the gun barrel of the 18 and the ice-cold look of ice decided his compliance, grasping for straws in hope that he might live again and continue his life of vice and humanism the Jew indicated the room in the back, there now let me go, you promised, my legs he screamed, ice gave him a cruel look and stated the praise of a Jew is a the promise of a Jew is a promise of a dark lord Jehovah, and taking out his aim at the knee of the black-eyed Jew, as the knee-knee black-eyed Jew shrank in fear aiming at his face and turned in the midst of it, a brat and an oozy silenced his scream which a Jew in hope would prolong his life for another day now the two headed toward the safe room and opened it ice began his work clawing the scale of the safe and soon the bolt shot out of the house through the safe and it ice twisted the handle opening it, revealing the contents a stack of CD mini-discs and USBs as well as more of the same hardware they had picked up from the whore-mongers boxes of fully loaded oozy magazines and several oozy as well as a large cube of C4 plastic with radio detonators ice began boxing up the material but they heard a scream from behind the door, Chris was out with

his oozy needed and nearly collided with a fat Jewess who was watching the bloodbath and had just transpired Chris cuffed her, kicking her to the floor and she attempted to lash out at him but was met with a swift kick to her ribs which knocked the wind out of her he stoned her from behind and ice grabbed her other arm moving her toward the apartment in the rear of the store from which she came their other hand around their oozy covering the room in the event of the appearance of any additional targets the woman Chris thrust onto the black and white checkerboard carpeted checkerboard carpet the room adorned with gaudy apparel and reminiscent of a porno set as the woman came out she stared at Chris and spat out my dear, hello here, come Chris was about ready to stitch the woman up like a rag doll when out of the center of the room pulled last two of the reptilians directly in front of the owner members Chris brought up his weapon but too little too late as the reptilian slashed her with his clawed forelimb and attempted to engage Chris in a wrestling match, ice getting off his shot which missed before he had to grapple with the beast through the vault thrusting backward, an SMG stumbling across the carpet the Jewish attempted to grab the weapon and managed to gain purchase she aimed blindly and got off the burst which missed the target Chris and ripped into the shoulder of the hulking reptilian who screeched and distracted by the gunfire twisted around and raped the Jewish with his clawed, tearing off a chunk of her face which sent her sprawling on the rug, writhing in pain Chris capitalized on the distraction and breaking free of the monster's grip lunged for the Uzi which had fallen over the hands of the Jewish gathering it up and discharging a heavy payload into the torso of the reptilian whose limbs flailed as his chest was torn into by the volley of lead death, crashing on top of the Jewish who was still howling over her wound ice meanwhile was grappling with the other creature and had begun to overpower him with its face coming close to that of ice its claw opening wide to bite into the neck of the order member when direct, the Uzi made its marks, splashing blood on the face of ice as the reptilian's skull burst asunder under the barrage of lead death the creature fell back and ice managed to spring away from the creature as it crashed at the coffee table he bent down and picked up a doily to wipe away the blood from his face saying with a smile all well that ends well, eh Chris you voted brother Chris replied in a tooth set out toward the kitchen which led into the interior of the apartment time to have another wicker man serve these devils up to the dark lord their master he scrounged around it in the sink and came up with cleaning fluid that Gordon labeled flammable and began spraying it over the bodies of the dark minions the reptilians for some reason not having dissipated but retained their corporeal forms ice came in the living room with a lit rag and tossed it on top of the carpet which had been soaked in the cleaning fluid with a whoosh the carpet caught fire and the flames began to spread over the cadavers engulfing them in a holocaust ice and Chris headed out the back and disappeared into the night rabbi Yitzhak Ginsburg stared out of the window into the darkness of the synagogue which was a veritable fortress positioned on the edge of the downtown court leading into the gated area that constituted the Jewish community he observed the flames rising high in the city as Doc's candy store as Doc himself burned in a holocaust of flames he shook his

head muttering under his breath the cursed Nazis they are always persecuting Israel when will it end he cast a look at his right hand man a thin sallow faced Jew who stared stonily out the window and asked rhetorically I wish the other Jew looked toward him perhaps it is time that the hand of God was brought upon these Gentiles why he addressed again stared stonily at the window and sighed acting his part in the theater of the real as the master was initiated I suppose they must pay for the sins of their fathers for what they have done to Israel the rabbi raised his hand and gestured toward Ariel come my son we will adjourn to the inner sanctum and reach out our hand to good that he may accept our supplication the two took one final look at the wicker man and made their way toward the interior room that was accessed by tipping of a menorah placed against the wall which initiated a mechanism that split open the bookshelf revealing a set of stairs leading downstairs into a subterranean chamber the two walked down toward the interior of the synagogue down the spiral staircase which terminated in a marble floor decorated with black and white tile forming the shape of a six-pointed star at each end of which were set a set of Hebrew letters that conveyed a message when read in clockwise fashion Tom Shavei Goyim Hira killed the best Gentiles the rabbi walked toward a podium upon which was placed a copy of the Zohar and opened its gilt-edged pages to a section his accomplice moved toward the opposite side of the room the rabbi took up the book and intoned in a loud voice vibrating in the inner chamber O God Elohim we come upon thee to humbly beg thee a sacrifice we beg a system to overcome an evil which has come into our midst O good Elohim come unto me and bestow upon us that power it might have good the assistant had taken up meanwhile a gong and mallet and began striking it in a rhythmic sequence bong bong bong the rabbi repeated his words to the cadence of the gong and soon enough an apparition manifested itself a reptilian who was a larger statue than those the order had previously encountered its skull having horns and its skin a poison green color. The apparition coalesced into physical form and demanded in an arcane tongue unintelligible to all but the rabbis bring unto me sacrifice then I will unleash the hand that did. The rabbi gestured toward Ariel and beat the gong with greater prudence.

Bong bong bong bong bong bong and out of the shadows moments later concealed in dark rooms came two pasty heavily muscled men whose visage were as a zombie their sunken eyes and vacant stares bearing witness to their being near automaton under the control of the rabbi. They presented themselves to the rabbi standing on the edge of the six pointed star the reptilian hovering above its center and the rabbi commanded sacrifice Ariel beat the gong in thrice quick succession as previous and the minions returned to their lairs in the darkness. After a brief moment they returned with a boy a white boy between them ready emaciated in pasty look on his face his ribs showing through his form the lack of nutrition his mouth bandaged with a gang.

The minions presented themselves before the rabbi who gestured toward the reptilian who was hovering still in the center of the six pointed star and commanded give him this

sacrifice the minions thrust the child into the magic symbol and the reptilian grasped him as a youth though drugged attempted to struggle away from the reptilian but to no avail his youthful form being gobbled up by the creature who tore him apart leaving nothing but a bloody stain on the marble tile and then stated to the rabbi the hand of good legion of the Elohim will be ready soon so saying this he dematerialized and the rabbi in ecstatic supplication cried out raising his hand good is great oh Elohim good is great falling to his knees and laughing the remaining blood of the child Elysium stood out against the still gray sky the flag of the black sun flying in the breeze over the iron gates of the community heralded a new day Carl Feist stared out at the sky toward the other side of the boulevard toward the area where the children of darkness dwell his grim features anticipating what would inevitably occur that day he could sense that today would be a day to record the annals of the ages and whether he lived or died would be indelibly impressed in the Akashic testament to the heroic standoff between the children of light and the children of darkness he sent a text message to all of the members of the community to get prepared for today Dean Sandheim would see a great flash of force and assault against Elysium and they had better be prepared Chris and his crew took the message to heart messaging reasoning that all of the previous weeks largely unrequited strikes against the forces the enemy would be thirsting for vengeance and would throw all they had against the community knowing it would be the only threat to their total hegemony over the city each residence had underneath a bunker which the basement had been converted into and could serve survive shelling with mortars if need be a separate entrance leading from the house to the backyard to furnish the residence with an escape if their properties were ever demolished within the bunker each member was obligated to cash the created grenades a rocket launcher with rockets and two military grade hard rifles in addition to two mac 11 submachine guns and additional stocks of ammunition gas masks and ballistic armor rounded up to kit making each residence an autonomous unit about able to withstand an assault for weeks with their compost toilets cisterns of water and food stocks if one dwelling were destroyed then another could take its place serving to cover any losses the community might each dwelling was a barracks a unit in a squad of units and each squad was a smaller unit in relation to the entire corps which comprised the community itself Carl had ensured that drones had been purchased which he had C4 plastic explosives affixed to with a housing of carpentry nails to serve as makeshift grenades an armored personnel carrier stood at each of the two entrances with a mounted minigun and box of ammunition as well as side rockets anyone attempting to come in would find themselves in a hell of a lot of trouble they were ready and Carl in the inner circle of the order knew it was they were ready for as did the rest of the community they knew who it was now that they had borne witness to the reptilian aliens who had avatar the bodies of the two Jewish teenagers that had infiltrated their community and murdered some of their members now the battle had to be fought out in the open no more cloak and dagger pretense of humanity and peace could serve as a mask behind which the job could conceal itself the cabal knew the white community was aware of them and would give them no quarter as the previous few

weeks strikes had revealed however it didn't want to expose itself as the cause of the intended destruction of the community of Elysium lest the remainder of the white demographic woke up as they had with Mac during the electoral campaign the cabal Carl knew would work as always by proxies who could shoulder the blame as a sacrificial scapegoat this time Carl had been informed by one of the devias who worked with the community assisting in its evolution the big guns would be brought out the entire legions of Elohim that had been working with the local cabal Carl and the community were ready as the reptilians were just as much flesh and blood once they concretized the physical as any other organism and they had no greater power either save perhaps whatever advanced technology they would bring to the table their energy bodies were too weak to avatar or spiritually enslave the whites and thus they had to combat them on a physical plane in order to do any damage that was just fine with Carl as he preferred a direct confrontation with the surreptitious behind the scenes action the cabal had been playing since time immemorial only coming out in the open on the scales of war the balance of relative strength and weaknesses favored themselves by a large margin then and only then they showed no mercy then boundless ruthlessness their boundless ruthlessness displaying itself in the countless slaughters they helped to perpetrate in Canaan, Babylon, Samaria, Egypt, Greece, and Rome, in Southeastern Europe and all throughout the world building power by stealth and then going in for the kill using their savage forwards to accomplish their victory this time the cabal wouldn't attain such a victory Carl was certain he had prepared the order members and the subordinates in advance in advance fighting techniques and the siege warfare they were certain to have visited upon them was the main battle he had focused on they were as ready as they would ever be and the date was zero so he intended that the zero should be their portion the gray sky loomed over a reasonable threatening rain when suddenly a rent in the clouds occurred a diaphanous space that seemed to open itself up and from another dimension poured forth the legions of Elohim, reptilian aliens coming forth on what appeared to be a shining metallic platform and laser cannons maneuvered by each of the reptilians, hundreds of these entered into this earth plane blasting laser beams at the gates of the legion none of these penetrated however as an etheric shield had been erected as a barrier to prevent any such happenstance reptilians zoomed in seeking purchase with their laser cannons but the beams were ineffective merely striking against the individual barrier then smoldering out with a crackling noise the reptilians zooming off on their platforms in confusion but too little too late as a turn fire erupted from the community the machine gun fire laid waste to many of the reptilians whose vehicles careened into space crashing down in other areas of the city the reptilians regrouped and attempted to bombard the gates of the community in one onslaught, sending laser charges and bombs against it but to no avail, at this point the captain of the reptilians came forward from behind this man and screeched in broken English, we like to make bargains, come out Carl hearing this pretended overture of friendliness took up his megaphone and laughed and said, we alone here want to make a bargain, why should anyone here trust you the reptilian blaring furiously across the gate from his podium which hovered in the

air, spat out we too are bound by the laws of karma, do you trust the law? Carl replied, I trust the law but I don't trust you prove your word to be trusted the reptilian contemplated for a moment and then said suddenly we will fight fair we send to you our best warrior, you fight, if win, we go, if lose we take over and put you in chains, we have many more and more powerful weapons than these suggested toward his crew, will you accept Carl paused for a moment, conferring with his fellows we accept your best warrior against our best warrior, send your best into the gates and no one will harm him, the reptilian captain shouting, seven a steroidly muscled reptilian strode forward his chest thrust out with vainglory and saluted his leader with his bracelet in hand pressed against his heart go and bring all honor to good Elohim, the reptilian captain said the warrior moving toward the gates and the small man entrance was open to allow him the entry, his bulk barely able to squeeze through the five foot wide and nine foot high gate Carl stepped forward ready to meet the challenge, both parties lined up against the other side of the gate, coming in closer for a better view and as Carl tore off his shirt the reptilian's gripping muscles pulled through combat an intense train suddenly a voice was heard coming out of the crowd wait Carl, you're needed in the community, let me take this on the crowd gasped and murmured in wonderment as Chris stepped forward, his chest bared and though a heavily muscled youth who was much smaller than Carl, whose 250 pound physique was itself eclipsed by the massive 400 pound form of the reptilian the reptilian warrior stared at him and hissed a sneer clasped to his face Carl attempted to intervene and stop the fight before it began, but the reptilian captain on the other side of the fence shouted, no, the youth has volunteered, he is our warrior as you said, you are too valuable, to your community no leaders, just warriors Carl hesitating finally stepped aside, seeing that it was futile to override the captain's dictates remember what I taught you Carl muttered as the former prepared to grapple the reptilian who was circling around the area which had become the unofficial ring jockeying for position Chris likewise circling defensively pretending to dart intermittently and strike, the reptilian laughed as Chris did so and lost his concentration for a split second enabling Chris to dart around behind his massive bulk and hurl himself against the back of the creature, attempting to choke him out, his arms wrapping around one another in a lock, the reptilian reached his arms behind and attempted to grab Chris, who had clung on for dear life the reptilian used his tail as a counterweight and spun around so that the centripetal force cast Chris off breaking his hold, working his way into the crowd, onto the pavement Chris got up, hobbling his knee, as he crashed against the concrete and the reptilian came in to take advantage of his vulnerability, Chris managed to roll away as the reptilian lunged for him, attempting to topple him over and crush his skull against the ground but luck was on Chris' side he was behind the reptilian again and dropped him in the back of the skull Chris' heel connecting with the occiput of the creature, the creature's bone cracking on both, the reptilian stumbled forward slightly as Chris attempted to get ready to run for cover the reptilian twisted around again and lunged for Chris, who was positioned near the gate he managed to grab Chris and began squeezing him in his massive forelimbs the blood welling up in Chris' cheeks as he was

suffocating under the pressure of the reptilian's embrace of death, Chris attempted to headbutt the reptilian but being just under 9 foot tall the reptilian's head and neck were out of range and Chris' head nearly struck the chest of the creature ineffectually luckily for him his legs were within range of yet another vulnerable target, the sexual organ to the reptilian, which he took advantage of, giving a swift kick hard back kick to the groin area, just as in time to avoid being suffocated the kick connecting the reptilian relaxing his grip enough so that he could escape falling on the concrete, the reptilian doubled over with pain Chris rose with a great effort in spite of the pain side kicked the reptilian in the head which sent him pinwheeling backwards against the iron gates, which he became affixed, 50,000 volts of electricity coursing through his form which writhed and spouted as the electrified gate held him in its embrace the reptilian attempted to shake himself loose but was bound from the gate until finally smoke came walking up his body, which shook and until the form finally managed to break loose and crash to the ground dead. The reptilian hoards on the other side of the gates shouted and hissed, expressing their displeasure as the form of their comrade dissipated, leaving nothing behind. The reptilian captain stared at the form and said, addressing Carl, You have defeated the warrior, but your victory was purely lucky we must go as the lord declares it, he said in a menacing look, but we will return the captain turned his speeder away and followed by the rest of his hordes disappeared into the empty space in the sky which opened up for them enveloping them Carl looked towards Chris with a look of astonishment on his face and reached out and gave him a high five handshake, way to go brother, we rid ourselves of these reptilian demons now, for however long, now we've got to strike out at the ball and clear out The community laid their plans for a total assault against the operatives of the cabal.

Insiders within the police and military were given the go-ahead to take out primary targets, those who held most political power and influence and who had devoted themselves to the white genocide agenda with a psychopathic disregard for their own people, having sold their soul to the Jewish cabal Every Mason and every Christian was slated for termination with extreme prejudice, no holds barred, no questions asked They had made their move and decided to throw their lot in with the evil and now would be forced to pay the piper. Carl sat in the inner circle of the black sun glib, which with twelve members of the order of the white hand surrounding him, all were seated in the lotus position and had their hands in bad drum mudra chanting a runic mantra their thought energy was concentrated on the photograph of the chief rabbi of the city, which was held in their hands. Their thoughts were those of hostility and violence.

Thought forms transmitted through the aether toward the heart of the rabbi seemed to accelerate his heart rate and induce a heart attack. They chanted, focusing on the image of me and the moonlight skewing from the aperture in the roof a hexagonal skylight which allowed the rays of the moon to enter and to amplify their magnetism The next day Carl opened the rolled up new jew's paper he had obtained for free from the local

barber and observed on the front page the image of the rabbi he and the order had targeted the previous night with a caption stating rabbi dead of heart attack family suspects murder mission accomplished, Carl thought as he took a sip of his distilled water Carl and his crew, Chris and his crew had been designated the task of taking out some of the key operatives of the cabal the order warrior priesthood who handled the occult assassination through psychokinetic influence and the wet warrior could be the responsibility of the terror squads of which Chris was one of the leaders The mission which lay before them now consisted of the clergy of the city who after the chaos of the preceding few days had declared amongst themselves an emergency meeting to strategize how they could enforce their tyranny over what they perceived as threatening the community of a region threatened by them The Christian clergy had formed what they called a task force against hate which consisted of many of the police and military who had sworn loyalty to the cabal and who had reduced themselves through freemasonic initiation to virtual automata serving the Jews and bound by to the Jews and their dark god Jehovah. Through a small contingent amongst the police and military the majority of them held positions of power that could forcibly mobilize these at lower levels and use them against the community of Elysium Accordingly, they were a significant existential threat to the community and were to be put in the crosshairs first.

A meeting was scheduled to take place that Sunday which left just enough time for Elysium to gather together the necessary means of disposal of the detritus that called itself Spiritual Israel to gather together and with which would be highly concentrated together on that day Chris used his connection in the community to gather together ammonium nitrate fertilizer and the necessary bomb making materials as a loaded into a cube van that had a catering company logo on the side The van would undoubtedly be viewed though Carl intuited using his clairvoyant vision as the catering company was run by a Christian affiliate of the church It would be viewed in a positive light and was on a security list of approved guests Yes, the van could be driven right up into the loading bay and from there the driver could escape leaving the bomb with a radio controlled device to detonate it once the driver was out of range driving away in the armored Humvee that was to be driven by ICE and that was one of the community's paramilitary vehicles The day before the crew set to work making the bomb mixing the appropriate ingredients together and packing them into garbage pails, C4 was added to assist in the compounding of the explosion and a radio detonator equipped. They were ready on the day of the task Force Against Hate meeting Chris slapped ICE on the back and headed into the catering vehicle Don't fall too close Give me a five minute lead I'll radio you via comm link once the catering goods are delivered They won't leave the party hungry ICE replied with a smile, hopping into the armored Humvee. One of his crew accompanying him loaded down with a rocket launcher and a brace of sound suppressed Mac-11 SMGs firing hollow points Chris drove the catering truck up to the church where the meeting was to be held.

He observed the armored Humvees meeting and police cars nearby with the cops gossiping over their coffee and donuts, the sanctimonious clergy walking by with their false smiles and the coterie of non-whites who they treated with their customary condescension entering the church. It was approximately ten minutes to the hour when the presentation was to begin and most of the higher-ups were congregated around the pews or seated therein Chris could see by the video by the wide open double doors of the whited sepulchre who's name was the Universal Dominion of Zion He approached the guard who eyed him suspiciously and returned a fake smile to the Negro guard who asked in broken English, You're not been here before? Chris flashed an ID badge and put on his most corny Christian appearance extracting extending his hand. I'm new here name's John, what's yours? The Negro suspiciously somewhat allayed and he asked, You're Christian? To which Chris replied, Praise the Lord! The Negro smiled and shook his hand and motioned him toward the docking area.

Chris chose his catering truck on the sides of which were displayed the logo of the company a king's crown on a head of a bearded mazarin around which was placed the words Catering King He drove his vehicle into the docking area and parked it. The area was deserted and he hopped out of the vehicle and flipped the switch on the detonator which initiated the ten minute countdown He walked away from the vehicle and was nearly out of the area when his hand when he bumped into a burly cop who stared at him showing face. Chris smiled artificially and looked puzzled before he could speak.

The cop rejected flatly in a tone of command Who are you and what are you doing here? Chris, without hesitating a moment, lifted up slightly and snap kicked the cop in the belly which caused him to double over the wing being knocked out of him. He was neither down nor out, however, and lunged for Chris, looking to grapple. The cop found purchase, squeezing Chris in his burly arms and Chris's blood rose to his face.

Struggling for oxygen, he attempted to twist out of the python grip of the cop and managed to wriggle free after a headbutt to the mulatto cop's face knocked the tooth loose blood erupted from his nose shocking him and forcing him to reverse to release his pitbull grip. The cop stumbled and Chris was out with his Fairbairn Sykes Fernando dagger threatening to thrust it into his chavage gourd. Chris faked it, the cop jockeying for position and managed to deflect the knife strike on the part of Chris who nearly gouged the heavy muscle forearm of the seaman, tearing a slice in his arm with a bloody gash.

The cop unbuckled his sidearm and was nearly ready to discharge his magazine into Chris when the latter shot his dagger at the pig's neck, burying it into the windpipe, splattering his bag with blood. The cop sank to his knees drove into the knife which had penetrated his thick neck and managed to pull it out, but quickly as Chris gave a swift kick to his face, knocking him down when he expired as life force raining onto the ash log. Chris picked up the knife and sped away, knowing that the countdown was now only

minutes before doomsday.

He radioed into eyes as he raced away from the scene away from the congregation who were by now inside of the church and in the opposite direction of the entry toward the road down the narrow escarpment. As he was running, he was spotted by a few of the cops who put down their donuts and yelled, Hey you, freeze! Pulling up their blocks and shooting their target was shoot to kill orders from their higher-ups. Chris was taking no chances with the police and zigzagging his sprinting as ice came into view around the bend appearing on the edge of a tree line just in time for Chris to leap into the vehicle which sped past and away.

Simultaneously the ground shook as a fertilizer bomb detonated, the police upset by the blast which engulfed the church of Zion's dominion, sending shrapnel raining down in a 360 degree radius, the debris striking any living targets within 300 meters dead. The black Humvees sped away to safety along the emerald green path toward Elysium. Carl sat sipping his distilled water and rolled the newspaper of the community center wherein the members of the community had been gathered and before who he was about to speak.

He stood at the podium and began Another victory for Elysium! Another enemy dead! The crowd cheered as the image of the front page was placed upon the slide projector Carl was operating displaying a photograph of the ruined church which had been reduced to the burned out cinder of its former pomp and circumstance, the caption reading, Zion attacked in bold lettering. Carl continued. Next we strike the Masonic Lodge.

He showed a picture of the lodge in the downtown. This is the gathering place of the so called great and good of Zion. We intend to show them that they are neither far from great and equally far from good.

We will send the squads in as death-head moths to infiltrate this modern liam of dark forces who will receive their just rewards for their complicity with the of all Jewish despots. We will dispose of the traitors first then we will dispose of the Jewish golems of the Demiurge second and last. He raised his right arm in a Roman salute and cried out, Hail Victory! Hail Victory! which was echoed in the community center hall.

Carl stepped off the podium Carl stepped off the podium and made his way over to Chris extending his hand which was taken by Chris. Good job with the Zionist church Chris, Carl said. Now we've got some real combat style action to go about.

We need you and the squads to take out the masons and from there the synagogue as a grand finale. Just like you hit the guerilla gang only more clandestinely. We need a strike tonight to keep the pressure on the cabal.

This last straw will break the back of their power sending the Jews into panic mode. The events which have transpired here in the town have triggered off copycat actions all over the country. Many of the Jews are migrating to the state of Israel as we speak.

More pressure could probably remove them from our midst. Chris laughed and said, I suppose the master race are the mass pastor race now. Past masters, Carl agreed, they were chosen for their proper destiny.

That night Chris and his crew got themselves strapped up and ready. The usual gear was obtained and they were all dressed in a black suit with black combat boots, Kevlar knuckled gloves and face panes under a ballistic face mask and Kevlar helmet. They had the space age body armor as they knew that the meeting of the Freemasons tonight helped to commemorate the fallen masons who had been detonated in the Church of Zion's dominion.

The lodge was a large old limestone building ornately covered with all manner of Roman gods and goddesses, in reality Near Eastern gods and goddesses which had been imported into Rome by the Jews and which constituted their religious pantheon of the Holy Trinity. Asherah, Baal, and Jehovah were all figuratively represented in carved limestone. The lodge was decorated with green copper roof and lamps and bronze statues of yet other gods who were arrayed around the lawn which surrounded the lodge itself masquerading as a public archive and which overlooked the river.

Police and military were patrolling the grounds in a regimental fashion, always in pairs covering most all exits and entrances. Cameras were ubiquitous taking in all of the exterior in a panoptic fashion so that no square inch of terrain was uncovered. What the cabal hadn't anticipated, however, were the subterranean entrances that left the lodge virtually accessible to all.

They covered the sky with the police helicopters grounded with APCs and squads of militarized police and riot gear and shields who were tagged teaming with the military reserve unit. Chris and his crew simply exited their community by way of the sewer system and followed the GPS map of the city toward the lodge going along the walkway. Granted, they didn't care for this stench, but taking on an entire platoon of cabal hard men was more than even trained commandos such as Chris and his unit could defeat.

Hence, stealth was the modus operandi. After wandering a maze of concrete and steel ladders leading to potholes on the surface, they came to the lodge. Chris spoke softly.

We're below it now. Any port of exit as close to here as possible will do. They turned a corner and discovered a walkway leading up to the interior of the lodge's sub-basement.

Chris observed a faint light above which was visible through the manhole and the crew began their upward climb to the interior. They heard a rumbling noise which was the

boiler and Chris inserted a periscope-type instrument made of a fiber-optic cable through the hole and observed the machinery in the area, a network of boilers and furnaces with glass-covered dials and steam valves. All clear, no one around.

They pressed up against the plate that led down into the sewer and came up inside the room with a Mach 11 up and ready in the event of visitors. No one came, however, and the four additional members came up at a point in time. Chris spoke softly.

We split up in three groups, one of one and two of two. Ice, you can buddy up and I'll be the solo operative. You're team B, I'm A and the remainder is C. Each can meet back here after the chaos is over and if any are discovered, they are to take a cyanide capsule provided they are captured, otherwise go down in a blaze of glory.

The crew split up and wandered throughout the basement seeking targets. Walking like black panthers on soft-soled combat boots wearing blue-black SMGs up and ready to discharge a payload of lead, of lead death, to any and all comers. Anyone affiliated with the cabal or employed by them on a frenzy had demonstrated their loyalty to it and disloyalty to the white race.

As such, they were steeped in corruption and deserved what they got. Team B, headed up by Ice, had found its way into the kitchen area and the two members each had their helmet cameras on, transmitting the incidents in real time back to Elysium. A movie made of the events would be transmitted around to all the underground network of Aryan warriors globally as a psychological means of showing the other members the how-tos, a pedagogical means of showing them the how-tos of guerrilla warfare as inspirational footage capturing the victory of the Aryans.

The intention would be that it would spread virally all over the world and trigger copycat incidents which would light enough of a fire into the Jews to provide them with an incentive to make the jump to the state of Israel. The kitchen came up on Team B's cameras fat, greasy Mexicans screaming and shouting as they chopped up vegetables the ethnic gumbo they were preparing. Ice reached out and touched the nearest cleaner, giving him his just desserts.

As hollow points chopped up his greasy hide, his partner's ball crashed into the floor and yanking a pot of boiling soup down on top of himself, which splashed against the cleaner adjacent, he screamed out FUTUH! and spun around the container ready for vengeance. His bloodshot eyes widened as he took in the black forms of the order members and didn't have a chance to open his mouth to scream before a fusillade of hail silenced him, his body falling against the pig he was butchering, knocking a picture of his blood over him and slipping up in it, cracking his skull on the hard, tiled floor. One last beamer remained and he tried to make a run for it but was shot in the back, the lead coffin nails knocking into the floor.

Team C, comprised of the other two operatives meanwhile, had made its way into the hall and were moving towards the interior of the lodge, the hallway having been inclined, presumably having been used as a means of transporting food to and from the kitchen to the Freemasons who were in attendance. One of the operatives held out his hand, observing a noise coming around the corner and an instant later a smart looking mulatto police officer came around with his partner, a white woman. The operative pointed his MAC-11 and it stuttered out its forbidding tone, drilling the mulatto in the chest.

The white woman froze and held up her hands, held her hands up while the other operative disarmed her with a drop, give me that, grabbing her pistol she had attempted to holster unholstering. He tore a strip of her uniform off and stuffed it into her mouth, taking more and wrapping it around her head to make it go off again. He then took out her handcuffs and those of the mulatto and the mulatto sidekick and cuffed both hands and ankles and placed her on a nearby trolley and sending her down sending her down into the flap doors of the kitchen.

The two continued to move toward the interior, their guns up at the ready. Chris had discovered an elevator that he took to the top floor radiating into ice and informing her about it. I'll come up from the top down and both of you stay on the main level.

If there are any of the higher levels, we can pinch them in a vice movement. Ten-four, Ice responded. As Chris was traveling up the elevator, Ice conceived an idea and radiated it into Chris.

I'm going to kill the lights. We can get them better with night vision. Chris replied in the affirmative.

My ring-shovel, but I suppose your plan is as good as any. The main room where they are congregated is in the central ballroom feasting away. I'll keep them busy from above and you take out any stragglers.

From there, we can make a getaway. Chris was on the third and highest floor of the lodge and stepped out of the elevator and into a party to which he decided he'd crash. As the doors opened, he observed a coterie of bourgeois elitists drinking it up and gossiping in the area that served as a gentleman's club.

A guard was positioned at the entry door and Chris stitched him up with hollow points before he could register what was going on. His hulking form dropped to the ground in a heap. His dusty features contorted in a grimace.

Before any of the other masons could understand what was going on, Chris was in their midst. A death's-head moth infiltrating the Freemasonic fee-hive. His MAC-11 opening up, sending brass casing shooting out onto the floor as its payload made purchase, puncturing the decking throne with hollow-point needles.

A fitting end to the ghoulish horde who had made a habit of torture-murdering the white children of the city. Their bodies shucked and jived, screaming out in pain, no longer the raucous laughter of those who thought themselves untouchable. Like shooting fish in a barrel, Chris thought, as his magazine emptied.

He slapped another in from his tack vest and finished off the last of the crew. Suddenly, he heard the talking of a revolver behind the herd of wolves. Now, stop right there.

Don't try anything. You're going to pay for the damage you did. Just then, the lights went out, and Chris ducked before the unknown party could get a shot off.

Rolling waves springing around, he heard the unknown party attempt to run off toward the elevator, but flipping his night-vision goggles over his eyes and pushing on the on button, the room became illuminated in incandescent green color. The heavy set of discovered, waiting by the elevator, looking around apprehensively, pausing and attempting to hear any noise that Chris might be emitting. Chris aimed his MAC-11 and depressed the trigger, snatching up the opponent who fell to his knees in a lifeless heap.

At that moment, the elevator opened, and Chris, scanning the periphery to ensure all was clear, dog-trotted over to the elevator and began to descend to the second level. He radioed to ICE. Third floor clear, heading to second level.

Prepare to cover the exits on the main level. 10-4, ICE replied. 10-4, the leader of Team C replied.

Chris had made his way to the second floor, which overlooked the ballroom and the coterie of Freemasons and their affiliates, hanging around with their drinks and taking some. Some seated at the large banquet table gorging themselves on lobster and a cornucopia of other fare. A negro jazz band was playing in the corner, and Chris had seen enough.

He was a death's-head mob and was there to destroy the beings in their hide. He took out his MAC-11 and shot off a log that was on the window, keeping it sealed, and then opened it inwards, putting its support underneath, giving him a full view of the action. He took off his small pack and laid out the grenades it contained, radioing into ICE as he defined them.

Give them some pineapples for dessert, Team B. Team C followed suit. The two teams were positioned on the ground floor, prepared their grenades simultaneously, and with a 10-count rolled them in as Chris hurled his out the window and down into the midst of the throng. The jazz musicians threw it away cacophonously, oblivious to the fireworks to come, and soon the musical cacophony was met with a cacophony responding as the black orbs of death detonated, spreading shrapnel around the room, creating a melee the masons below had no emergency plan to overcome, and thus ran about like chickens

with their heads cut off, screaming in as many words, The sky is falling! And indeed it was, the poison fruit descending into their midst.

Many attempted to flee, but were cut down by both teams who trapped them within to be shredded by the exploding orbs. Chris radioed in as he got in the elevator and headed for the basement. Team B, Team C head down to the rendezvous area and prepared to depart.

10-4, the team spoke in unison. Ice backtracked with his men as the three masons lay in a maze of ruin, their bodies laying across the collapsed feasting table and lying willy-nilly in contorted poses like a bizarre fashion show, showcasing their remit fashion to the dead. Ice was back in the kitchen, but to his surprise, the female had managed to get away from the area, a door leaning out back, presumably being the mode of exit.

Ice radioed in. He might have accompanied teams to be on the alert. As he spoke, he was beset by a squad of militarized police who shouted, Freeze! Freeze! But he was Ice, and he was already frozen to human emotion, his gun raised, he leveled it at the troop of goons and blasted away, his partner playing the accompaniment in an orchestra of death.

The goons didn't anticipate such a quick reaction and their reflexes were too slow. They were down and out, doing the rigor-mortis shuffle as Team B sped past. Serves me right for trusting you, Dane, Ice said to his partner when he smeared.

Ice was now in the basement, reading up C-4 plastic charges from his backpack and had timed a time-delayed detonator for five minutes when the entire Team C went in. Just in time, C, where's B? Right here, Ice responded as he and his partner entered the room. Ready to go, boss.

Chris took up the plate leaning into the sewer and slipped down the ladder. Four minutes to go. Speed! The two teams followed suit and Chris, Dog, Trotter along the sewer system walked away and out of the range of the blast.

They were just two or three blocks away when all hell broke loose and the earth shook, the tremors making it difficult to continue to move, but they were out of range of the real hell behind them. After a few more blocks they were back in the comforting security of Elysium. Chris surfaced from the sewer into the fresh night air and quiet rows of houses.

Mission accomplished. Ariel and a coterie of other rabbis bobbed their heads repeatedly in unison as they muttered a Kabbalistic incantation. Fresh Shem Aleph Veth Ayim Fresh Shem Aleph Veth Ayim They continued to mumble this string of words in a vibratory manner, seeking to conjure up their reptilian gods, the Elohim.

After a brief time of circling and undulating around the six-pointed star on a black-and-white checkerboard floor, their coalescing amidst the diaphanous shape that of the head

of the reptilians, his horned skull peering at them from beyond the void. Beady black pupils, surrounded by a sickly-dark yellow iris, attempted to penetrate their minds and read their thoughts. The circle stopped and Ariel presented himself before the reptilian, who looked at him pathetically, and with contempt, apathetically.

Ariel spoke in a whiny, propitiatory tone to him, O mighty Elohim, we thank thee for thy presence here. We request that you assist us in our time of need, for we are under attack by the cursed white Nazis. The reptilians, still not having manifested themselves, uttered to you voiceless communication from beyond the veil of appearances.

Rich, you know you have no power to command Elohim. You have no assistance. We are bound by our oath not to intervene against the hated white schemes.

We have won the contest. We cannot violate the law. The Jew piped up, but surely there is a loophole some way to which the reptilians responded, no, no way.

There are others who have the power to destroy us, should we intervene. You are not to command us, but to attempt to seek our aid. At this, the reptilian disappeared and the Jew, still prostrating himself on the tile floor and weeping convulsively, Ahine! Ahine! We are finished! No! No! Back in Elysium, the Order was preparing the community for a defense against whatever the Jog intended to throw at them.

They had as previously when the reptilians attempted to attack, on the first occasion, stationed APCs at each entrance and Carl in his inner circle had contacted the digas who protected their community and ensured that they would have a continental wall barrier erected behind which they could ensure their safety. The remainder of the white community outside of Elysium had attempted to contact, as in the previous matter, with leaflets and flyers, trying to inform them of what was really going on. However, with the Jews' media broadcasting in an audacity 24-7 on their controlled networks, it was a virtual impossibility to get the message out.

Carl opened up the Jews' paper of the day and observed the headlines. Philanthropists viciously murdered in monstrous spree-killing. White supremacy suspected.

A picture of a Masonic wad with police tape around it and scores of militarized police and military members scouring the scene. Carl scanned further into the article and read aloud his inner circle as he guided around. A policewoman, Constable Rogers, stated that two men in black had shot her partner and had laid capture and that one of the men had icy blue eyes and was lanky, a build.

She managed to escape with her life before they detonated the building. Approximately 120 people had been killed in the blast. Carl clucked his tongue and looked over at ICE who had been invited to the inner circle with Carl and his crew for an appraisal of their actions.

I know, never trust a game, ICE said lamely. We can't afford to take chances. We're in a total war and the terms are zero-sum.

Any opportunity to evolve is just a casualty. We attempt to minimize casualty as not all of them are steeped in corruption, but they chose the wrong side and we must play our hand without mercy. Carl continued.

This media circus has gone on long enough. Time to throw a monkey wrench in the press. He gestured to Chris and the crew to accompany him onto the balcony where a fleet of drones was stationed, each one equipped with an impact detonating bomb about the size of a football packed with dynamite and nitroglycerin and strapped to the undercarriage of the drone.

Each drone had a remote control and there were helmets adjacent which had a camera placed in the visor that enabled the operator to view the flight of the drone. Carl gestured toward the remotes and said, Gentlemen, start your engines. We'll be flying along at the course straight into the brain of the system, knocking out its communication satellite and demolishing its headquarters.

This should clear the brains of the masses of their Jewish mind pollution. He took up one himself and said, as the other members dubbed theirs, Follow me, gentlemen. The carrier unfouled throughout the region and toward the media center which housed both newspaper and television studios.

The birds sped off into the early morning sunrise and their path could be seen by the cameras attached. The building came into sight and each took a different altitude to strike it along the line with the major concentration of the drone being at the bottom of the building and one to the satellites. With a whoosh of flame, they struck as office workers ran for cover like rabbits attempting to avoid the hounds, debris scattering from the impact glass and metal and concrete shrapnel raining down upon the panicky pedestrians who were lucky if they could escape for their lives.

Carl shouted, Hail victory! echoed by his fellow fliers who witnessed their screens go black. The camera particleized in the column of fire. Ariel and Escobar, the rabbis, were now in a panic that their primary means of mental influence in the white population they fed off was destroyed and had been replicated over the country in a series of simultaneous strikes.

Damn those Nazis, they're dismantling our system of mind control. They need to be cursed. We must do something to take them out before they get us.

Quick, he said gesturing to his right-hand rabbi. Call them Assad. We need to take extreme measures to fight against these guards.

The lieutenant dialed a number and spoke briefly, reporting back to Ariel. They said they

could only spare 50 men that he quoted. They are being subjected to the same form of attacks.

Ariel cursed on his breath. Fifty? That is not enough to keep the Shabazz 48 in line. We need four times that amount.

The military and police are already getting restless. They're breaking free of our power. Later that week, a convoy of Black Armoured Humvees arrived in the dead of night outside of the synagogue, arrived out of which out of which poured the cauldron of Assad, their spars and features concealed behind dark glasses, each armed to the teeth with Uzi's and a desert eagle dressed in black suit.

Ariel was there to greet them as they entered the gates. Welcome, brethren, he said with open arms. The agents, the agents exhumed their vehicles.

This is our darkest hour. We must strike out against their cursed community in Elysium before they strike us. There is only so much time left before they come to get us.

Are they the goddams that lions smite them all? Are they After the agents had entered into the synagogue and the gates had been shut, a full boating quiet fell upon the area. The guards who were posted getting antsy, peering out into the darkness expecting any surprise that might occur. After a few hours the lights in the synagogue had been turned off save the harsh glare of the floodlights which shone into the darkness on the periphery.

It was the darkest hour of the 24 hour clock, 0330 hours. And even the latest night owls were, by that time, winding down from their parties. The two guards on duty were beginning to nod off when, under the blackness, came a fusillade of rockets shrinking through the night like damsheets from hell detonating against the synagogue, blowing its reinforced concrete walls towards and creating a mausoleum of death.

Explosions lighting up the night in a hellstorm holocaust banishing the demons who made the tomb of spiritual death their lair. The rockets continued to bombard the building which blew up time and again sending their shrapnel into the local gas station a block away and which ignited some of the trees in the surrounding felted woods that had hidden the synagogue from view of the courtyard. The rocket attack continued for some minutes as the building crumpled in on itself, turning to rubble just as the Jews had turned their cities in the area into rubble throughout their history on the surf.

Now it was time for a karmic blowback and this in the form in which it manifested itself was a holocaust in a real sense. Chris and his crew were accompanied by Carl, who had the building surrounded and had finally discharged all of their stock of rockets they had brought in on their APCs. Each held an office of smoking rocket launcher and wore a big grin on their faces.

