

wrath of god

Wrath of God Mack was a typical case. He was yet another casualty of the white genocide-by-stealth agenda that the Jews, their race-traitor affiliates and non-white slaves, were fanatically bent upon completing. He was a drifter, living hand-to-mouth, sleeping in shelters and in the gutter, tucked away in alleys and dumpsters, living a life in a daze without a hope for tomorrow.

He was nonetheless not without a care, given that he knew he was undeserving of such a fate. He had been born and raised, it's such a thing called, in a respectable home, at least publicly, outwardly respectable. Inside, he had visceral experience of the contrary, the merry-go-round affairs his father would conduct, absenting himself from the home and forsaking his duties as a paternal figure, coming home only to consume the choice of steaks his fat income could obtain, and then leaving his wife, Mack's mother, to amuse herself with the bottle and whatever partner she could escape with into the dead of night, leaving Mack to care for his younger sister, who had suffered brain damage owing to his mother's alcoholism.

The latchkey kid procedure had left Mack a mere feral child, not receiving any upbringing or guidance, and thus floundering throughout life, becoming an object of scorn and derision, treated as a veritable pariah in the school system by the student body and teachers alike. The white genocide agenda had the white man posited as villain who could do no right, and Mack was the archetype of white villainy in the purblind eyes of the non-white Jews and upper-class white virtue-signalers, who went out of their way to harass and abuse him as he was not visibly wealthy, but bore in their mind the mark of Cain for being poor and white, a target justifiably attacked without mercy to sate their egocentric desire for dominance and power. The abuse he received nearly compounded the fire abuse of his neglectful parents, who had never a kind word to present to him, and thus he carried on until his high school years, when he eventually dropped out and found work as a laborer in a sawmill.

He observed how the trees were being clear-cut, devastating the landscape in the name of profit, and was pained every time he was forced to send a log down the chute to be cut into timber, the sawdust flying from their being in his mind little different than the blood of a tree, the ground being soaked in the expelled soul of the once vital beings, the clear-cut areas being visible from his workstation, crying out with the pain of their rapine and murder, the stumps and wood shavings standing starkly against the welts and ruts of heavy machinery tires which had torn up the environment as in a battlefield. Nature versus anti-nature, the anti-natural forces of mechanization winning out against the forces of organic life, if only temporarily, and in that singular battle. Mack was looking upon his fellow co-workers, or looked upon Biden as a freak, given that he lacked the social skills necessary to integrate himself with his boorish fellows, whose lives consisted of an alternation between alcoholism and wage slavery, without any purpose

beyond that.

He had a dim understanding that he was not living as he should, and that he was suited to better things, and he had a larger purpose to serve, but could not understand what that might be. He felt a longing for a home or place that he had never been before, some poorly understood sense of longing. He had never identified his home with that of his youth and childhood, it being merely a place of periodic strife and isolation, cold comfort indeed, the temperature of which corresponded to that of his schoolroom.

In his place of work he felt a similar sense of despond, of persecution and harassment, as if his only form of involvement with others entailed either a hostility of aggression, slander and insult, or a cold shouldering. His apartment was similarly cold comfort, being a sparsely furnished room with a folding chair and table, and a space where he placed his bed, consisting of a thin mat and blanket. He appreciated the spartan furnishings, having no desire for anything beyond in terms of ostentatious decor, which desires he associated with the other, the persecutive upper class, the non-whites and Jews, and he had to admit the lower class whites as well.

Most all people, save the rarest exception he had overheard, centered their lives around the procurement of lucre based on what they discussed or rather bragged about endlessly, namely their money and their position in society. His dissatisfaction with his position in life led him to an increasing longing to venture out on his own, to find a place in the world, or somewhere he might attain a sense of authentic being, a being where he was suited to be, fulfilling some uncertain purpose he couldn't explain, given his lack of intellectual sophistication and perhaps the worry he had to have a supposedly developed intellect he would still never be able to explain. As the purpose or home he sought was inexplicable, perhaps owing to his lack of intellectual sophistication, he had a greater understanding of that purpose.

This led to his decision. He was walking, working a night shift one day, one time, and the moon was full, and he was about ready for a break. He headed out of the building, which was used for cutting the rough logs into timber, and gazed out upon the graveyard of tree stumps under the moonlight with a regretful sadness for having to destroy that which grew of its own accord and strove to fulfill its destiny, to destroy, to nip in the bud its life's flower.

He did not help noticing, with the brightness of the moonlight, the incandescent glow of an apparition kneeling before the tree stump that was just out of a small band of trees that obscured the moonlight in shadow. The apparition was a humanoid shape, and approached him. It had the male face of a Nordic man, only of a slightly stronger appearance, more somehow divine, not like anything he had seen in movies or in person.

The forehead was high and the skull large, larger than anything he had ever borne witness to before, though not lacking in beauty. Still proportionate, aesthetically

canonical. The features were regular and symmetrical, with a snub-nose, bow-lips, angular cheekbones, and, as he approached Mac, could observe his blue eyes and whitish-blond hair, which was illumined by the apparition's form, which glowed incandescently in a luminous light.

The being stood before Mac, and, without his lips moving, communicated in a language more felt than formalistic, not assuming the guise of words. Mac received his meaning without need of reflection. It was a presentation of an immediate transmission of meaning that Mac understood immediately.

He, the apparition, was a friend. He could assist Mac in finding his true purpose. He would, if Mac would allow, work through and with him in helping him to come to his true home.

All of this constellation of ideas entered into Mac's conscious awareness, and he was impressed by its meaning in a series of images and sensations as if a movie was presented before him, only in 4D, a sensation of full immersion into a reality that, however, overarched his lower conscious awareness, and which amplified his understanding of what he had heretofore only dimly grasped. The apparition paused the moment as if waiting for the consent of Mac to merge with him and to begin to carry out his mission. Mac gave his silent consent, the apparition reading its thoughts, and strove a few more paces toward him so that he was face-to-face with the apparition.

Images of a strange world, shrouded in a strange, diaphanous mist and translucent light, half immaterial, were presented to Mac by his guide, who showed him a world that existed still, but which, a moment later, was overheard with the crust of material, was overlaid with the dust of the sky. A world of pollution and material density whose entropic downward spiral could only but continue to its own destruction, but for one thing, for Mac and people and people such as himself. The apparition communicated this to Mac, again voicelessly presenting Mac with an impression of images and sensations, showing himself as a warrior, a hero, armed with weapons of war and destroying a group of beings who all looked similar to his boss, teachers in the past he had had, and to some of his mother's friends, all a swarthy group with hooked noses and pasty faces, a nasty and hostile group.

This group was then presented, devastating the earth through their manipulation of financial markets and controlled corporations, which chewed up the earth for profit, leaving a wasteland of environmental devastation behind. The apparition looked into Mac's eyes and Mac returned his gaze, becoming imbued with the power and strength Mac gazed into his eyes and was brought into yet another world, a vortex of sorts, of images and scenes of violence. These creatures, who looked like his boss, were dressed in black robes and had strange black hats on their heads in one scene and were ritually stabbing a young white boy with spiked knives so that the blood ran in the ribulets from

his body, which was then collected in drinking vessels and imbibed by the Jew.

The child, trussed up on a cross as a sacrifice for their god Jehovah, writhing in pain but unable to cry out with the gag in his mouth. The scene was replaced in seamless succession with another, that of an ancient city in the Near East with beautifully carved stone sculptures ransacked by this same group and hordes of filthy desert nomads who relentlessly skewered the white women on their schmittars and hacked the white population to shreds, their feral black eyes looking cruelly about for the next white victim's blood to stain their blade with. The history of the world seemed to pour into the mind of Mack as the apparition stared into his eyes, different clothes, uniforms and technology but always the same result, a devastation of the white population through plague, famines, foreign invasions, outright murder, etc.

The white bodies crumpling onto the ground, raped, tortured and executed, their bodies piled up on carts and thrown into mass graves, their cities destroyed through bombing and burning, always the same figures, these swarmy shadowy figures hiding in their secured areas while others burn and suffer torment at their expense, while they let the savage hordes do the dirty work for them and absorb the blood of the innocent afterwards, feasting vampirically on the dead, sacrificing them to their demonic god Jehovah, feeding their vampire masters the souls of the dead. Mack felt shaken by the flood of images and sensations of the pain and suffering he had had to endure through his contact with the apparition, whose name he did not know, yet who was a friend or rather a spiritual guide he knew he could trust, the guide put forth through whatever mysterious, acausal process, through his magnetic gaze, another stream of images and sensations bombarding Mack's conscious mind and impressing its meaning thereon, images of heroics striving against these creatures and their bestial horrors, at certain times armed knights, bearing the equal-armed Red Cross, fighting against the hostile mind-controlled slaves of their own people, with the cross of Christ in sanity, controlled by their Jewish masters, who remained in the castles from which their legions emanated, and at most in a protected area on the fringes, issuing commands as the secret advisors of generals and ambassadors of their Cajal. Mack bore witness to the heroic combat on the part of his ancestors, kinsmen of old who fought and died so that he could take a breath of life.

He observed stern-faced card men racing past machine gun fire and male-clad warriors of ancient civilizations, unrecognizable to him than a fish-scale-like male glimpsing in the sun, surrounded by gait tongs as it clashed with rude hordes of barbarian creatures, the latter's heads wrapped in cloth, their black eyes staring out with fanatical hostility at the noble warriors who met them in combat. The apparition communicated to him in this voiceless way, making him understand who he was, speaking to his blood memory, and tingling therein the dormant divine spark that lay latent within, calling him forth to combat against the cosmic enemy, the swarthy-faced one, the Jew whose name was now revealed to him only in a wordless way. The appearance was adequate for him to

understand what his mission was.

The apparition reached out, extending his hand, and touched the shoulder of Mack who felt its light weight, which was accompanied by an electrical sensation as of a current of empowering force that tingled and activated his nerves so that he shuddered upon a touch. The apparition looked into his eyes and then communicated again without words, through his eyes the windows of his soul. The apparition wanted to merge with Mack, to work with him, to become with him and embark upon a combat.

Mack gave his silent consent through his mind, able to be read by the apparition he could read his thoughts. The apparition then stepped toward Mack and felt as if his entire nervous system and beyond to his surrounding aura was empowered by this being's merger with his own. He felt his consciousness amplified, somehow as if growing bigger, becoming more powerful and yet himself somehow relinquishing control to some extent, as if he were a copilot of the body with this new pilot whose superior skills, divine gnosis, had supplemented his own and yet were somehow separate from his own so that he came to understand his true self to an even greater extent and that he was not the body or a being that was comprised of mere matter.

He was a being of brain cells and neural connections, a nervous system and muscle, bone and blood, but rather a being that merely operated through that body, this physically dense body and who used it to act in the physical world. His strength was amplified as he and his copilot both moved the body and upper limbs, stretching it out and extending the arms to the side, taking in the moonlight and breathing deeply it of the night air. His shirt and clothes having somehow become burned up through the luminous light of the divine being who had merged with himself.

He stood naked in the moonlight and shouted, or rather shouted in unison with the divine being who shared his material vehicle with himself, Victory or Valhalla! and raised his hands toward the moon, clenching into fists and shouted again, Victory or Valhalla! He was bathed in sweat and was the only person on sight and could thus be heard by none in the town nearby. A place of some remoteness was a couple of miles away even should the sound reach it, no one would care, the only people up at that time being the drug addicts and criminal elements whose mind was too addled with corruption to care. Mac knew what he must do, now was the time for him to carry out the deeds of his ancestors and to destroy the enemy in whatever form it might manifest.

He hurried back to the mill and rummaged through his boss's office after smashing the lock off at the end of the hatchet that lay nearby. The boss's office was festooned with papers and the desk and the heavy floor safe that were nearby with a computer and motion sensor security system monitoring the cameras which were positioned around the site. The boss, one of his smarty types, a Jew as his blood memory recalled, had entrusted him in the position as he was, to all appearances, too stupid to think of

stealing anything.

However, his near autistic appearance, a sort of staring into space and stillness of quietude had allayed the suspicion of the Jew who, being paranoid, no paranoid and thought the worst of all people, all of the going in, was not suspicious enough to have come to an understanding of Mac's psychology and motivational capabilities, how he might be capable of sabotaging the entire works of the Jew and absconding with all of his property kept on site. This indeed was a plan that Mac and his divine holy guardian, for lack of a better word, his David, intended to implement. The boss had a closet with a suite of janitorial overalls that were used for the cleaning crew, no additional room on site being available for its storage.

Mac, who had been rendered naked through his merger with the David, dressed himself in the clothes and took up a pair of aviator shades and placed them on his head. All of his body hair had also been singed off and his skin was unscathed and only his eyelashes and eyebrows remained attuned to body hair. He was thus able to better disguise himself as his hairstyle of before the meeting when he was merely Mac, with no David, with a dirty blonde mullet that had to some extent obscured his features, as had his full-faced beard.

Now that it was also shaven off through the fire of the luminous light, he looked a new man who was completely unrecognizable save by the security cameras which had captured his transition from man to Superman. The cameras stored the information in a computer database which was on the desk. Mac had overheard his boss saying that one time to a visiting Jew who was his business affiliate and thus had necessary information to wipe clean any traces of his transformation, that no one he associated with outside of work and that no one knew what he looked like would provide perfect cover for his operations.

The daemon convinced him of this and in fact was, him, integrated perfectly such that what he thought was the thought of the daemon. Strangely, he seemed to be in a process of perpetual learning by osmosis or proximity of all that what the daemon's consciousness had to offer. He was synchronizing, in a way, his consciousness with that of the daemon, empowering himself yet not separate, merely the same being viewed from two perspectives, one greater than the other, but the lesser rounding out his deficiencies through a transference of conscious awareness or knowledge to his latter part.

Thus the two were merging together, becoming in effect one. Mac was an avatar and the daemon was guiding light. Mac, or daemon, searched through the office area of the Jewish boss.

The computer was off and the password protected, but with the conscious awareness of daemon, the avatar body, once known as Mac, found it no difficult task to gain access to

the computer and its files. He, they, used a paperclip to pick the lock of the drawer in the desk and once opened, a kiddie porn magazine and a USB stick was discovered, along with a strange pastel-shaped container that had Hebrew markings on top, looking as if it had been staffed with a corporate logo of some sort. Luckily, underneath, a label in English was affixed that revealed the contents.

Cyanide powder. Scheidung Laboratories. Paper.

Daemon, or Mac, pocketed the container, whose weight suggested that it was full of a fine-grained powder tightly packed. He opened up another one of the drawers in the desk and extracted a Desert Eagle Israeli-made pistol and two spare clips, which sprang up as the drawer was opened, testifying to the paranoia of his boss. A pancake holster was also contained inside, which he shouldered, possessing full knowledge of its expert use as Daemon could read the Akashic records and register in his consciousness the subtle art of gunslinging in its modern gas-powered context of a pistol.

Thus, equipped, he, Daemon, or Mac, the hero of a new world, moved toward the safe in his hand and jointly manipulated the dials of the safe. LRLRL. Left, right, left, right, left.

Stopping on a number and hearing a metallic crack as he twisted the wheel, the bars in the door snapping over the safe housing and allowing the door to be opened, which came swinging out with a tug in a smooth and ponderous sway, revealing the treasure within, several sacks of velvet, which upon examination contained diamonds and one of emeralds, a fat stack of gold wafers encased in plastic and bearing the markings of a flying eagle, American-made fresh from the Federal Reserve, the Jewish-controlled private central bank that owned the U.S. Treasury. Additional stacks of kiddie porn mags and videos, etc., were contained therein, and Daemon filled the sack with a loop, weaving up the abominable material. A pair of micro-loosies with extra clips and a couple of boxes of 9mm ammunition were also included, a large stack of lower-denomination, untraceable money bills, mostly 10s, 20s, and 50s, amounting to around 20 grand.

Daemon, or Mack, hefted the backpack, which had been hanging on a hook in the door, and went over again to the computer, which by that time had turned on, as it had a delayed period for starting up. He inserted the USB and found what appeared to be lists of business affiliates, all Jew, judging by the name. Though the heightened consciousness of Daemon appeared to be such, he could see their faces, read their thoughts and emotions, observe their lives in a moment of time, simply through the letters of the list, given that they were quantumly entangled with the thoughts of the boss and his relations and experience of them.

Though not omniscient, Daemon was of a superlatively developed consciousness, which enabled him to read the ectashic records and understand how, or know, reality at a higher level of intuitive understanding. Daemon observed through the eyes of a physical vehicle that called itself, at one point, Mack, and that was Mack, in his physical

crystallization on the earth, the screen of the computer. He observed thereon a series of documents pinned to the background of the screen, which displayed an image of the company's letterhead on the background of a clear-cut section of ancient forests.

Timbertown Sawmill From Mother Earth to You Daemon, or Mack, frowned in disgust at the coarse humor and wanton disregard of the living nature which this corporation had devastated for so long, just so that a few consumer filth could lounge about in their box mansions and dedicate their excess into a porcelain bowl. Daemon quickly scanned through the files through observation, connecting it to their maker, the boss, his mind, and taking in their contents, mainly accounts and files, listing names and addresses of buyers and affiliate companies. Daemon filed these away for future reference.

They would be a high priority on his list of targets. He exited the office and observed while descending the staircase a stock of fuel jugs adjacent to a shed a few meters away. He grabbed up one in each hand and returned to the office area of the workspace where the saws operated, overlooked by the office, which was soundproof to allow the boss to observe his slaves working while he floored in and over them.

Daemon walked toward the equipment with the saws and electrical apparatus and began to pour the gasoline all over it so that the gas seeped into the machinery. He then went up to the office and dumped gas from the computer and upholstery of the couch in the waiting room. He then exited and made his way to the exit, stopping at the door and turning around.

He raised his arm in a Roman salute, directing thought energy towards the office, which suddenly burst into flames, spreading outwards in a whoosh in the waiting area and engulfing the soundproof office like a ball of fire, a veritable holocaust. Daemon raised his arm in another Roman salute, directing his conscious energy towards the machinery, which also caught fire in a blaze of electric blue flame and yellow-orange flames. As the gas ignited and engulfed the machinery, which spit sparks, the flames began to spread across all the logs piled up, a worthy sacrifice to Gaia.

Daemon exited the building and headed towards his vehicle, Max's vehicle, now Max slash Daemon's vehicle, and sped off into the night, observing in his mind's eye the burning wreckage of the worksite. He smiled and thought of the red tape tangle that would awake the boss when he had to pick up the bits with the insurance company. Of course, Daemon knew this would be what would be as he was not bound to temporal linearity, could read the Akashic records and knew of events to play out on the material plane before they occurred, could even view them as he dwelt in the eternal now in Eternia, the realm of forms spoken of by Plato, realm of the immortals like himself.

He observed the boss, a swarthy fat Jew full of rage as he heard of the incident and then his involvement with the insurance company litigation as he attempted to sue and was claimed to have committed arson as means of collecting insurance money, etc. The boss

managed to recoup his losses, but Daemon would be back for more. Max Denning consulted the list of affiliates the Jew had been affiliated with and decided to simply go down the list in order of sequence, no one particular individual appearing any more or less significant in terms of their social role as a cancer in society.

The first name on the list was one Reuben Stern, proprietor of a chain of building supplies stores called Timbertown. Daemon read the Akashic records and came up with a profile of the proprietor, his address and affiliates. He was, as were all the Jewish cabal, comfortably well situated in his gay community, surrounded by security professionals, all of whom were Jewish and who constituted a clandestine nation within a nation.

Many others other names on the list were located in the area, as this was a hotbed of crime, though garbed in the social respectability of dignified positions, doctors, lawyers, accountants, yes apparently dignified, publicly, yet privately they were of a different color. Under the white mantle of peace and humanity there existed the vampiric corpse of a Dracula, a blood-sucking exploiter of the white population, bent on the absorption of their bioelectric energy that of his victims, doctors, patients, accountants, clients, and the investors and companies, stockholders, the tax-paying slaves put under duress by usury and wage slavery. These veritable demons of society took pleasure in their exploitation of the white poor, especially the poor who were reachable by virtue of their lack of power to oppose their own subjection to the will of these vampiric despots.

Damien, Damier, Mack, drove the dilapidated two-door car over the river across the bridge into the privileged enclave. The Jews occupied and sped past the large synagogue, which stood against the river, shrouded in trees and protected by a wrought-iron fence and electrified gate. He made note of striking later and foresaw the conclusion of what would be, he drove further into the gate community and, intuiting where the security patrol cars would be, took chance to circumvent their surveillance of the area, which was undergoing on a 24-hour basis.

He moved toward a large mansion nestled amongst a grove of trees, flanked by two others of its kind. Looming and sinister in their cubic architecture, he pulled up to the gate, parking his car in a grove so that it was concealed from sight. The 12-foot-high brick wall made it impossible to scale without a graft mill.

The electrified fence prevented him from entering. Mack, or Damien, equipped with his janitor's clothes, moved forward toward the brick wall and pressed himself up against it, and through it his physical body and all that which was touching him dematerializing and winding up on the other side having rematerialized. He was in.

He observed in the shadow the light of the house, still on, and some sort of party occurring with the rich Jews of the place congregated in the living room and drinking it up. The big room was elevated above the ground so that those within could not have a direct line of sight to the ground below, upon which Damien stood, but he could see

them, his vision penetrating the walls and observing their decadent revel, the well-dressed, privileged few swilling their booze. He made his way to the front door, kitted out with his shoulder rig, with one Uzi-H holster now in his hands.

He paused, passed through the door, dematerializing and rematerializing, and coming up with his Uzis out striding across the plush carpeted staircase leading from the porch into the living room. Before he was even detected, he had a bead on the group, and the Uzis made their staccato brat sound, and the corpulent bodies of the Jews did a rigor mortis shuffle, their wine bottles and wine guts bursting with sanguine liquor as they tumbled upon the plush rugs and leather-backed couches. A corpulent Jew, who Damien knew to be the proprietor of the timber-time chain store, coughed out bloody sputum and glared up at Damien, whose imperturbable features sent ripples of terror through the Jew, whose eyes bugged out with a mixture of fear and hate.

Damien nearly stated, Justice, and fired his Uzis, remaining rounds of the corpulent form of the Jew, who curled up like a worm in a rug, blood oozing from his open mouth. The African statue which stood before the fireplace, a figure of a fertility goddess, with distended belly and giant hips and breasts, Damien took up, though it weighed over a hundred pounds, and stuck it into the fireplace. He took a nearby bottle of lighter fluid and doused the Mojave statue as the head began to ignite, flames spreading quickly in a whoosh over its corpulent form, spreading out onto the carpet, and outwards its tendrils creeping toward the once festive throng who now lay in pools of blood against their decadence.

Damien slipped away into the night before the police and security could be alerted, his discharge of the Uzis having been only a few seconds, and not long enough to be able for those further away to hear, this being a party night also, and this particular party having extended into the early morning, all of the others in surrounding dwellings were asleep and unalert to the goings-on. Damien knew as he could anticipate what would be before it came to be, reading the acacia that the proprietor had no sprinkler system installed and the flames would not be doused, nor, given the mode of entry of Damien, would the security company be alerted, since no forced entry of the property was made. He entered into the vehicle and drove off toward the next section of the estettle where another target was located, far enough away that he could make the strike without proximity to the last and run the risk of having to take stronger measures to avoid detection.

Losing out on his planned sequential strike, he thus moved across the estettle toward his next target. In the mind's eye of Mack Damien was presented the profile of a cutthroat criminal defense lawyer who defended the most degenerate of the criminal elements, pedophiles, rapists, drug dealers, and murderers, most of whom were non-white savages. The Jewish rulership allowed them to play cops and robbers and involved themselves in recidivism, going from a short stint in a crowbarred hotel to a return to

their life of chronic vice and chaos.

This lawyer was embodied into the Jewish mafiosi type, an aggressive brute who was forever starting chaos and contention in the court system, defending animals whose crimes could be proven easily, finding loopholes and casting the faintest shadow of a doubt to get off those whose just punishment would have been the rule. Damien made his way to the mansion of a lawyer, which was located in the opposite end of the suburbs. By this time, he could hear sirens whirling in the night, responding to the emergency of the burning man that Damien had just greeted on the opposite end of the suburbs.

The mansion came into sight as Damien, or Mack, rounded the bend, moving up the hill, around which the suburban area was splayed, looking down upon the townspeople in the small city. A few of the houses were lit, alerted by the sirens apparently, but the lawyers were still dark, all was peaceful and calm, and Damien made his approach. He paused as before, outside of the inn store.

Damien leapt out of his vehicle and had his desert eagle drawn, the brace of ease he had fully loaded out and ready, and approached again the brick wall that was covered by ivy. As he rematerialized on the other side, a vicious governing creature wrested him from the shadows, but Damien merely looked at it, transmitting via telekinetic vibrations of calm and peace, and this allayed the dog's snarling, the animal being continually bombarded with the magnetism of Damien, who influenced it to return to its kennel somewhere in the shadows, and sleep having been put under hypnosis. Damien continued toward the house, walking around the side and entering via the rear.

The entrance was a grandiose arched double door, flanked by stone lions, representative of the lions of Judah, an allusion to the Jewish lawyer's pompous self-understanding as one of the chosen of his dark god Jehovah. Damien dematerialized through the door and came through, rematerializing into a spacious garage which contained multiple collector cars and various other luxuries. A bronze statue of the lawyer stood forth in front of the entryway into the house, itself an Olympian frame with mighty muscles and dressed in the garb of a David, a sling being in his hand extended in the position of readiness that features threatening and vainglorious.

Attempting to suggest pomp and dignity but merely suggesting arrogance egocentrically, the perfect depiction of a Jewish time. Damien took up an oxyacetylene torch, cutting torch, and began to go to work on the statue, carving a swastika on the chest of the bronze figure which penetrated the quarter-inch metal easily and left his mark. He then, using his reflective capacity, checked the attached records as to the whereabouts of a lawyer who was situated in one of the upper floors, it being a three-storied mansion.

He made his way up the stairs from the garage into the kitchen and from there procured

a razor-sharp carving knife of Swedish steel, putting it in his shoulder holster rig and continuing to move upstairs toward the room where the lawyer was. At that moment, a Chinese male appeared from around the corner, but Damien was ready. He had his carving knife out in a flash of gleaming steel which reflected the moonlight streaming in from the skylight and slashed across the abdomen of the chick, his pasty flesh tipping open like a Ziploc bag and intestinal spaghetti in sanguine tomato sauce pouring forth onto the rug.

As the chick fell onto his knees, opening his mouth to scream, but a backward slash across his throat silenced him, his windpipe severed with the razor's edge of Swedish steel. Damien stepped forward to continue his work, the chick falling down onto the carpet with a dull thud, his blood pooling out, soaking into the carpet like a cup of red wine or tomato sauce in a TV commercial. Damien continued up the spiral staircase to the third floor where he heard the grotesque strugglings of two males involved in their revelry.

A Jewish lawyer, as Damien had read in the Akashic Records, was a sexual deviant who partook of all manner of perversions. The chick Damien had taken out was one of the lawyer's quote-unquote partners. He made his way to the large double-door room which was open, a crack, the chick having forgotten to lock it, and ties it open further with his hand, the other holding the Desert Eagle pistol.

He observed the lawyer amidst his sexual revel with a Negro who was reaming him with a dildo. The lawyer was screaming out, Intermittently another partner, an Arab, was choking up the Negro from behind in some perverted display of hedonistic abandon. Damien raised the Desert Eagle in an arm's-length quasi-Roman salute and blasted the Arab in the head, muck and bone showering the other two, and before he could register what had occurred, the Negro had a similar encounter with the reaper, his nappy head exploding like a melon.

The Jew, ever alert and wily, attempted to duck and cover, rolling away from the sheets of the bed, but was too little too late. Damien discharged him yet another round from the back of his occiput, getting him in mid-roll, his body continuing to flop under the floor of his neck at an odd angle. The work done, Damien decided he would seek more armaments and usable material that he could utilize in his assault against the forces of the Dark Lord on this terrestrial plane.

He had no fear of anyone coming around to search the premises as the entire house he knew to be soundproof, thus negating any ricochet from the Desert Eagle. He headed down toward the safe, which he knew to be concealed in the floor of the basement, sunk in concrete. He descended the small staircase and went into the living rooms on his way to the basement.

In it, he discovered a briefcase that he knew had been brought by the Chinese Fae, who

he had gutted like a pig on the stairs. He opened it, knowing in advance the combination, and revealed its contents. A stack of money bills bound with a rubber band, and a space-age weapon which he knew to be a particle beam weapon, also known as a maser, or microwave weapon, which was used by the criminal cabal of Jewry for covert assassinations of its opponents.

He took it up and observed the sleekness of the design, a weapon no larger than a Colt .45, and comprised of a shoulder-trouted barrel and microwave cell, which looked like a space-age Marvel and Martian type weapon. Its only components were the slide switch that enabled it to use high to lower power in the trigger itself. The entire weapon was a smooth, one-piece structure that had rounded corners and was comprised of stainless steel with knurled, handled plates serving as a grip.

The rest of the briefcase contained the balls, piles of pills, and a few mini-CDs, as well as an external hard drive. David scanned the drive in his mind and gathered the intel, lists of Mafia connections in their whereabouts, accounts, logging payments, and shipments of contraband, and sources of the material. Some of the content was the usual kiddie porn that the cabal trafficked in, and David quickly scanned past it, registering the pain of the children and their parents, and the perverse delight the cabal found in their gruesome acts of murder.

David had already had a plan of dealing with these creatures, and this strike against being shuttled was simply the beginning of that process. From this point, he would radiate outwards and continue to lay waste to the cabal and all of their affiliates, the Freemasons and Christians who had slaved before the cabal as a means of deriving their profits from the usury system. Now was the time to strike, but first he would head to the basement before he carried out another holocaust in this environment and obtain whatever information he would need to coordinate his plans effectively.

Descending the stairs, he came upon a small room in which he could perceive through the wall a small group of white children, boys and girls under the age of 10, who were restlessly attempting to sleep, their sad faces contorted in pain, having to be kept in the cellar, life conditions of a room which was poorly ventilated. Damon opened the door, piercing the lock with the paper clip he had in his jacket and scub roll's pocket, the door silently moving outwards as fresher air entered, the children seeking to become alert to the surrounding conditions and being comforted somewhat by the presence of Damon or Matt. He used his telepathic abilities to lull them to sleep with pleasant dreams and took them out of the room, one by one placing them into the cart that was used for laundry and continued outwards into the basement, knowing that they would be protected as he had placed around them an aura of protection to prevent any of the astral entities from vampirizing their energy.

The basement floor safe was easily prized open with the deft manipulation of Damon's

safe-cracking skills and its contents were divulged, a set of fake identifications he could use to go anywhere, anytime, and also credit cards which gave him virtual unlimited access to funds that he would use for his missions. He pocketed these and scoured the safe some more, bringing out another easy in ammunition as well as more storage devices containing information, linking more of the members of the crime syndicate. There were also a few sticks of dynamite that he had used in making a lawyer's house into a wicker man ritual.

He exited the room and wheeled the laundry cart with the sleeping children up around that led to the garage, ensuring to stop first on the way and attach the bundle of dynamite to the furnace, setting the time delay mechanism for 15 minutes. By the time he was at his next location, there would be yet another bonfire of the vanities that were the cabal members. He loaded the trunk of a Porsche with the children, shutting it, ensuring that they were asleep and taken care of.

He then dragged the bronze statue he had marked with a swastika out onto the lawn at a distance somewhat away from the inevitable explosion and fire and headed back. He opened up the garage with the door opener and had been on the 17th hanging on a hook adjacent to the garage entrance and started up the Porsche exiting the property and off to the next strike at another one of the ends of the subway. The Jewish synagogue stood out adjacent to the river as a lone citadel, a fortress of Zion, asserting itself pugnaciously against the mere Goyim who were forced to live on the other side of the river, challenging them to cross the divide, to go beyond the pale of their socioeconomic class, and challenge the so-called chosen ones who had usurped the best area of the city for themselves as a gesture of contempt and disdain against the white populace.

Damon drove down in a swooping movement along the boulevard like a great white shark, pursuing its prey, the dark and gloomy cubic structure of the synagogue coming up, meeting a challenge. Cameras festering the structure and a wrought iron electronic gate enclosed it, shutting out the other, the Goyim, in a contemptible coldness. The brick wall which continued the border of the synagogue of Weiss, further implying an aversion to those who were beyond the pale.

Damon was fully accoutered with his kit of death-dealing weapons, embracing the refugees in the desert eagle, the perfect irony to dispatch those who had taken everything from the kinfolk he held dear and continued to enslave through their system of mutiny which absorbed and vampirized the energy of the Goyim into the Jews via spiritual means. Enabling the latter to feed off their slaves and transmit in exchange a portion of that energy toward their god Jehovah, who held the non-Jews in that spiritual bondage in conjunction with his robotized slaves of Jews, who were his earthly emissaries. Damon exited the vehicle, parked it in the bushes.

He observed helicopters flying over the shuttle, a privileged area the Jews occupied, and

the smoke lit up their searchlights, billowing up from some of the mansions which he had struck out against and which had spread to others nearby. He observed in his mind's eye the firetrucks and police patrolling the area with great vigor, restlessly searching for the offender, as they called him. He was here, acting out his mission to rectify the balance of justice they themselves had offended through their inquisition upon the populace of the unitary slave system, the population replacement agenda, and the ensuing violence against them, the savage hordes entering their territory brought with them as an inevitable function of their being, a society that for the first time in the history of human history had become a place of war.

It provided them no outlets for their savagery, save the crime they had literally committed. Damon exited the vehicle and entered through the wall of the synagogue, dematerializing and rematerializing on the other side, running up to the gates, unconcerned about the cameras, as he had no need to concern himself about the police. His having shrouded the vehicle in an aesthetic shell which generated the illusion of the normal, virtual surroundings which could be seen at a panoramic 360-degree angle by all who would reflect back the original visual field with the car missing.

He had surrounded himself with a shell of the same nature, and thus blended in seamlessly with the environment, undetectable by the cameras. He entered into the building by the front door, dematerializing and rematerializing on the inside, keeping his shell surrounding him. The sepulchral interior appeared reminiscent of the Addams Family, a set of seven candles burning on a gaudy menorah that was surrounded by Mahogany in gold and laid with the Hebrew letters which announced the name of the synagogue, indecipherable to the Goyim, but not to the Divya, the God-man, Damon, who had merged with the involuted Viryat, Matt.

Damon could read the letters clearly. He was of a light beyond the darkness, and they were of that darkness. Entities propitiated in blood rituals dragged down into this plane and trapped in earthbound souls by the curses they had been subjected to by the Jewish cabal.

The Jews had dispatched in their ritual murder, and who also kept them in bondage to the Dark Lord, enforcing the spiritual bondage and perpetuating the cycle of abuse. He went further into the room and anticipated what would be coming. A dumpy security guard exiting the plush washroom, his coke-bottle lenses magnifying his eyes so that he looked like some kind of insect.

Damon came out of his janitor's uniform with a carving knife he had appropriated for the lawyer's residence and stuck it in his chest right under the embroidered tag which said security. The guard coughed and gazed at him in astonishment, staring stupidly as Damon extracted the knife and slashed it across the throat of the guard, blood welling up in his throat. Damon stepped back as the corpse collapsed to the ground with a dull

thud and wiped the blade across the yarmulot which had fallen off the Jew's balding skull as his head smacked against the linoleum.

He made his way further into the inner sanctum and toward the area where the rabbis spewed their Talmudic hatred and saw that a menorah was burning brightly at the head of the aisle behind the podium where the rabbi would give his poisonous diatribes. Damon proceeded to the large menorah and took it up, its large candles alight, and held it under the gaudy tapestries which had emblazoned on them Hebrew letters, When the Messiah comes, every Jew shall have 2,800 slaves. The flames ignited the cheap fabric and spread upwards toward the roof, crawling up the walls which were made of a wood whose varnish was apparently flammable.

Damon went to the next tapestry and performed the same action eliciting a whoosh as the flames engulfed it and rose according to the laws of nature to the ceiling on the other. The lake of fire was fast spreading and with his psychic power he disabled the sprinkler system preventing it from dousing the flames and the fire alarm and smoke detectors. As he was heading out of the room, a wiry Jewish security guard with furtive eyes darted in, apparently having been alerted by some psychic sense of danger.

Damon had the desert eagle out and drilled into the chest which pinwheeled him backward with a feral snarl contorting his features. His body struck one of the piers and his skull struck the hard wood of the craft, tumbling over like a puppet whose strings had been cut, and indeed his silver cord had been cut by the lead sickle of Saturn. Damon made his way to the exit, confident that the arsenal of the synagogue would be a fait accompli.

He anticipated he would have sufficient time to find things and made his way to the basement from which he would make his exit. He headed down toward the boiler room and encountered nothing but a sepulchral silence on the way he observed a heavy metal door with a metal panel riveted to it for added security and shut tightly against a concrete door frame. This he knew through his heightened senses would reveal the sinister secrets of the Jewish cabal, which could be shared with key people who might have a willingness to do some similar damage to the cabal and its destructive operations.

He dematerialized and rematerialized through the door and discovered inside a long room in which there were rows of iron cages in which were contained white children who, alerted to his presence, awoke and stared out forebodingly at Damon, whose resonance seemed to calm them and present itself as a hope of liberation from their prisons. Damon wordlessly created a harmonic musical lullaby which he telepathically transmitted to the children, calming them and communicating to them in a non-verbal way by way of a magical, hyperborean language. They responded by looking out at him in words that seemed revealing to others, leaving his thoughts with their permission,

their entreaty.

The abuse they had suffered and abusers who had harmed them. The room exited through two double doors, which looked onto the expansive parking lot that overlooked the river. He used his telekinetic ability to transport the children out the doors and into the moonlight, which awakened them to their liberation from the musky concrete cell which had been their prison for so many days, and in some cases months.

They, Damon knew, were as so many other children in the world, especially white children, prisoners in the most literal sense of the word, awaiting sacrifice by the Jews who followed their natural tendency, that of Homo neanderthalensis, a cannibal, abused. All the children Damon had escaped had been escorted out of the synagogue and understood he was being tied into the sum total of being to the world of Eternia, a form spoken of in Plato that many others have been subjected to brutal abuse, torture, murder of the most painful kind, the vaporization of their blood, the life force from their living forms by the ghoulish Jew, transmitting their bioenergy to the world of Eternia. They were taking their dark lord Jehovah and taking their share of the loot.

Damon telepathically communicated to the lone patrolman who was of good conscience on the other side of the river and showed to him the scene of the children and their location, alerting him to the danger. This would be an adequate time to further the carnage and damage to the synagogue before the policemen arrived to protect the children from the Jews who would undoubtedly cover up their evidence, sequestering the children away and to reattempt their torture, murder only on other premises. Damon reentered the room, which had a few hard plastic pelican briefcases of different sizes and shapes, as well as crates of ammo with Hebrew letters on them, stating 9mm Uzi hollow point and 7.62 NATO, all of which was accompanied by a brace of Uzis and the FN FAL he picked up, knowing it was the firearm in the case.

He also selected a crate of grenades and one of C4 plastic with radio detonator devices. He extended a package of C4, extracted a package of C4 and wired it up with a time delay entering back into the interior while simultaneously telekinetically moving the crates of ammo, grenades and C4 and the FN FAL toward his awaiting vehicle at the front entrance. He raced to the boiler room, dematerializing and rematerializing from room to room and planting the C4 with a countdown of three minutes.

He raced back the way he had come and stood adjacent to the children and raised his arms over the dimming aura of protection, creating a protective bubble of ether impenetrable to the intended shrapnel from the synagogue. As the large C4 package set off a chain reaction that would blow a crater in the interior of the building, gutting it out from within, yet only sending a small array of shrapnel onto the exterior. Time was ticking down and Demian was out before the police officer was near.

He, who Demian had telepathically communicated with, was on the road. He would be

first on the scene to superintend to the children. The etheric bubble which surrounded them could only be penetrated by those who had a sufficiently high vibrational frequency, those who were pure of heart, whose hearts, as in Egypt, was as light as a feather and could be balanced in the scales of justice.

He was a man of dharma, not karma, as was the conception of ancient white Vedic India. Demian entered the vehicle which he had loaded with the items he had procured from the synagogue and sped off in the Porsche across the bridge. The helicopter was in the distance, still patrolling the sky, wildly searching for the culprit who had been decimated in a shtetl.

He encountered the police cruiser which was on its way and gave the officer, a blue-eyed Aryan, a look of understanding, of urgency. As the latter passed, his eyes becoming increasingly alert. The Porsche whipped out of sight and disappeared into the pedestrian houses of the Hoi Pah Loi and the police cruiser was nearly over the bridge when the seafloor detonated and the synagogue rocked on its foundation as a grenade going off under a helmet.

The exterior walls, only billowing out slightly from the blast, kept maintaining intact, keeping a super-hard, three-foot-thick reinforced concrete the synagogue was constructed out of. The cop continued to drive forward, keeping a safe distance, the bomb blast being muffled sufficiently to have not been detectable by the patrolling helicopters and other police. Then he moved forward along the avenue toward the light industrial district of warehouses, some of which he knew were empty and could thus serve as his base of operations.

The cabal had committed one too many atrocities to the white race as the imprisoned white children testified to him and they had held the pay. He would ensure that, as an agent of their karma, he would rectify the balance of cosmic justice they had upset through their history of intrigue and sabotage of everything pure and good on this earth. Damon, he materialized his vehicle and drove it through the chain-link fence of the abandoned warehouse.

The streetlights illuminating the alley and showing its ill-kept junkyard full of rusty engines and oil barrels and spray-painted walls, tattooed with gang signs and coarse ethnic graffiti. Damon drove his vehicle further inside the building and re-materialized on the inside. He observed a small office space overlooking the mechanics garage, not unlike that of the industrial site where Mack had worked.

He ascended to the office space and began checking out the hardware. He took out the black arm-shell case and examined its contents. An automatic military-grade rifle and bullpup design with extended box magazines and sound suppressor in jet black color with blue barrels.

It contained additional mags and a black tack vest with some fragmentation grenades. These would go well with the creative grenades he had gathered at the synagogue. Damon made his plan for the following day and weeks ahead.

His mission was, as always, the same, to strike down against those who were destroying his people and who had decided that the deliberate destruction of whites was preferable to living a harmonious existence, simply living and letting live and not impeding the survival, expansion, and advancement of the white race to Godhood. Those bent on their agenda were, in most cases, incorrigibly devoted to their genocidal plans and had no ability to behave in any other way. The white race traitors had to do what they had to do, as they were now spiritually bound to the Jews and their dark lord Jehovah.

Only a few who were not possessed of a seared conscience and in complete slavery to that being, his minions, were redeemable. However, Damon had no intention of playing the role of savior of traitors. He was on a mission of justice, of extermination of those who were insistent upon carrying out their crimes and who had done sufficient harm that merited their extreme punishment, that of a traitor, that being death.

The Jews, of course, were all complicit in the genocide. All of them went along carrying out their dark lord's commands, controlled and involved to facilitate the death of whites by a mongrelization, bringing low the semi-divine hirga, or white heroes, who in their fallen states still possessed the latent faculties conducive to Godhood, which they, those of them still aware of their first estate, still sought to develop, in most cases wordlessly, without conscious awareness of what they were seeking. This Novalis called homesickness, a return to Hyperborea.

The remnants of worthy targets, of course, would be dealt with en masse once the conditions were right. Once an adequate number of traitors and Jews had been taken out, creating a generalized chaos that would condition the broad masses of white sheep to overcome their imagining values of weeping for non-whites and obsessing over whether their felings were hurt or not. Once the teary pathos of Christ's insanity dried up in their mind's eye, they would be more moldable and amenable to the restructuring of their ebullient world of materialism and sentimentalism.

He scanned through the lists he had attained and scrolled down the list, his God's-eye consciousness bringing up faces and families and entire life histories of vice and infamy, the hardened visage of the criminal cabal standing out starkly and reminding him of the old adage, Monster in the face, monster in the soul. He selected a particularly spar of the individual, a media mogul who was also part owner of a local basketball team. A wiry and furtive looking Jew, whose merry smile came up in magazines and newspapers and television interviews in a similar mode, creating the popular image of a humanitarian philanthropist, working toward a world of justice and truth, and perpetually alluding to his roots as a struggling freedom fighter in Israel for the IDF.

Abe Goldman was his name, whose media corporation, Matrix Media, featured the height of what represented itself as edgy content, pushing the envelope of moral convention and breaking down barriers, which was a model of the corporation. Goldman occupied during regular business hours, which were never entirely regular given his penchant for attending the local gay bar at random times when the mood struck him, and to partake in his fleshed pleasures with the young children who were kept as in a synagogue in cages, being allowed out only for a brief period of exercise, and the perverted recreations of Goldman and his fellow Jewish pedocrats who availed themselves of the age-old vices of their ancestors. Sometimes the children would return to the cages, and others they were never seen from again by human eyes.

Goldman had held the pay, and Damon would be the reaper sending him to his ultimate destruction. Damon had appropriated a three-piece suit from the local tailor's, absconding with it in the night, materializing and rematerializing through the walls and taking the finest of nondescript apparel. He'd have no remorse, as he intuited by his heightened Uranian consciousness that the tailor was a lazy Jew who simply ripped off hard-working Italians in the nearby metropolis and in the mother country and employed third-world Chinese labor to be the tailor.

Goldman sat in his plush office puffing a cigar and cradling a brandy glass while he discussed the politics of the day with his affiliates. Another Jew on the list Damon had, one Jerry Perlmutter, a senior executive of the local Jew's Paper Ray. Damon walked in the body of Mack, as Mack, dressed in a glossy three-piece suit and carrying a briefcase inside which the microwave weapon he had appropriated from a Jewish lawyer's residence was contained.

For backup, he carried a brace of food using a shoulder rig, fully loaded with 9-millimeter hollow points. He went around the rear of the building toward the alleyway where the loading bay of the media studio was located and ascended the metal staircase leading inside. Upon entering the bay, he dematerialized and rematerialized through the wall of the broadcasting station and walked along a hallway toward the elevators ascending to the wall of the broadcasting station and walked along a hallway toward the elevators ascending the other floors.

Along the way, he took out a satchel charged with C4 from the briefcase, one that had packed around it metal flechettes and was comprised of a beefed up formula with nitroglycerin around the outside, wrapped up in a time-delayed detonator device. He got it primed and ready and inserted it into the air conditioning duct, stepping out from the elevator a floor below the penthouse and sent the elevator to the basement where the boiler room was situated. Anyone affiliated with the media at this time was brought to the core and was facilitating the white genocide agenda.

Accordingly, they merited death, a one-way ticket to the grave for their carnal perpetual

slander and vilification of whites and sentence of violence against the white population. He paused the elevator once it hit the bottom, frozen at the depth of the shaft and incapable of repair by any elevator repairman, given that it was held by spiritual ties, controlled by Damon, who had by that time walked the staircase to the foyer where the secretary was seated at her desk. Not hesitating for a moment, Damon raised the microwave weapon and beamed her skull with it, rupturing her blood-brained barrier, her form crumpling to the desk like a marionette who had its strings cut.

Damon was past her before she struck home and continued on into the office, dematerializing and rematerializing with the shiny gun up, looking like an Aryan version of Lieutenant Black, pointing the device at the fat cat, Goldman, who stared at her in awe as the microwave beam penetrated his skull, rupturing his blood-brained barrier and sending him crashing through the plate glass window, his skull shattering the window as it smacked backwards in a spasmodic reaction to the perceived threat. It was too little, too late. The accomplice, Perlmutter, had hardly a moment to turn around when he was subjected to the same treatment, his form falling on the plush carpet with a dull thud, arms and legs splayed out of the ceiling.

Damon observed it ticking down her numbers on the C4 bomb, O2-30. He had to move. He raced up the steps out of the foyer and toward an awaiting elevator he had ensured would be stationed there for him to enable his passage down and out of the soon-to-be-burned cinder rubble.

He was only half a block away, sprinting to victory, when the ground entered a thunderous roar and the world shook as the media broadcasting center began to totter its rusty injuries. Damon used his telekinetic powers, observing the building with mine's eye, as he sprinted and ensured its topple in the opposite direction, which it did when it crashed through plate glass windows and spewing metal beams, stinging sparks and billowing smoke like a corporate giant brought to its knees. The organized Jewish community was having a candlelit vigil, which would be broadcast on the auditing network of the city.

Damon read in the Jews' paper that day. He planned his next strike. He traveled in his Porsche, whose color he had changed through his psychic power and whose license plate he had made unreadable by police scanners, through the creation of an etheric shield which covered the plate and sent back alternative plates that would pass the police scan and be identified with other similar makes and models of vehicles.

He had his silent fringes and bandolier rig in a jar of cyanide powder. He would be making a ripple in the lack-the-most pool of tears the Jews poured forth in front of their cameras, making a display of their alleged victimhood as means of continuing to enforce their tyranny. He sped toward the secluded area where the Jews would be having their pathetic display of victimhood.

He observed police and military helicopters flying around monitoring the area and plainclothes police and what appeared to be predominantly a contingent of non-white and Jewish police and private security who were interspersed amongst the shrubbery and parked vehicles, which led along the driveway toward the event, which was held in the pavilion where a decadent dinner would be served. They even observed the Jews hanging their heads, making a concerted effort to put forth a sad-sack look of wounded dignity. He walked past the Jews, his expression neutral, and was observed by the paranoiac security detail as he made his way toward the pavilion in a green-spaced period, which boarded the mansion of the mayor of the city, a stereotypical Jew, one solemn in diet.

The mayor, as Damon intuited, had a speech he was preparing but had taken a short nap to refresh himself in his mansion. Damon pretended to use the restroom and entered the public building, somewhat adjacent to the large open-air tent, as if to relieve himself. From there, he materialized with his shoulder rig and kit going with him, covered by his black overcoat, and exited the concrete structure making his way toward the mayor's mansion, observing in his mind's eye the mayor with a silken sleep mask on and a sound machine emitting white noise to assist him in his sleep, his speech on the desk still mourning the so-called victims of the scheduled shooting.

Damon entered the large, hazy wooden door of the stone mansion and made his way past a fat Jewish cook, whose fat body was trembling around the kitchen and baking his kosher food. Damon approached from behind and took out the carving knife he had appropriated from the lawyer, burning it into her neck. She became rigid as if 50,000 volts of electricity had been shot into her nervous system.

The knife blade protruding from her windpipe had burst to blood. Damon caught her bulk and brought her to the ground, the kosher food still boiling in the pot. He turned the element off in case it might elicit a smoke alarm and continued to make his way up the stairs after wetting the blood from the knife on the cook's uniform.

Damon was still sleeping on his silken sheets, the white noise machine generating its monotonous melody of imitation birds and bubbling brook, as Damon dematerialized and rematerialized through the door, brandishing that same Swedish steel razor's edge which he raised in a smooth motion and brought down like an eagle's talon, the smooth arc punching a hole into the mayor's chest and the region of the heart. Which could be seen through the etheric vision Damon possessed. To make the scene all the more memorable, Damon decided to create a shocking display that would send a message to the cabal that he would no longer tolerate the displacement of his people and desecration of their culture.

He pulled out the knife from the mayor's heart and began his gruesome work of decapitation. He sawed through the tissue and bone, the blood pooling on the purple-

colored silken sheets, soaking the flushed mattress with its sanguine effluent. He grabbed the mayor's head by the few remaining hairs on his balding cape and took it up and skewered it on the bedpost so that the head was impaled upon the end, crushing it down so that it stayed.

He then, using his heightened awareness and knowledge of the arrangements of the mayor's possessions, took out a stack of kiddie-porn magazines the mayor had sequestered under his bed and screwed them above the bed around the bloodied mayor, which had formed a congealing pool in the middle center around his fat body. Damon then took out a copy of the Shoshanna Roots and Toro page whereon was written, Tob Shabby, William Huron, and stuffed it into the mouth of the mayor. He then placed the book on the head of the mayor open so that it looked like a hat and, in one rapid motion, brought up the Swedish steel and impaled the mayor's skull with it, the steel penetrating bone with a sickening noise, as if a woodcutter splitting a log of wood.

Damon then exited the residence, still grasping his fancy overcoat, having dematerialized upon exit and entered the bathroom stall, rematerializing when no one was looking, his visit having taken only ten minutes approximately, even the hyper-paranoid security forces would be unconcerned about his spending only that much time in the washroom. The festivities were underway and Damon observed the spread of the feast, a large punchbowl sitting out with glistening plastic cups and a swarthy fat Jew administering over it paranoically, looking around in the event that someone might do something, and that was exactly what Damon had in mind. He made his way to the punchbowl and adjacent stupot, which was the luncheon that was to be served up to the privileged elite who had congregated to make their displays of moral indignation against anti-Semitism, anti-virtue signaling the most public way their sympathy and broad-minded love for the other.

All of them were rotten to the core and all of them deserved what they would be having dished out to them. He approached the Jew using his telepathic and telekinetic power to induce the Jew to leave for the washroom, no one else luckily having been seen as he opened up the capsule of cyanide powder and stirred it into both beverage and main course with a quick motion that took only a few seconds. He then left off and took up his position near the end of the rows of chairs.

The head rabbi came out of his pasty face and liver lips and a sad look on his face combined with a look of stony-faced righteous indignation, hanging his head in a display of sadness over the fate of the so-called brethren. The bourgeois congregation had at this time brought their ponchos and school balls to their seats and the rabbi began with an air of solemnity, of pompous gravitas. It is a sad day, he paused there fighting back tears of blood, it is a sad day when a community must suffer, he spat out as if the pain was almost unbearable.

Such a crime, no, a crime is not a strong enough word for such an event. Such an abomination, such a holocaust. The bourgeois congregation sipped their punch and ate their stew, soaking up the psychodrama they got off on in their inhibited world of neurosis.

The rabbi was to begin again, but as he was opening his mouth to pluck at the heartstrings of the goyim, he was abruptly cut off by an erection and choking of the affluent class of parasites, who began crashing from their chairs in a heap as their bodies fell to the ground. Their bodies rigidified during the rigor mortis shuffle as their silver cords were cut by the reaper's saw. His security detail swarmed into motion, seeking to secure the ground and the rabbi froze in astonishment, an expression of puzzlement and agony on his face.

Damien, at that moment, standing in shade next to the bushes, dematerialized, and taking out one of his silenced pincers, pointing it at the rabbi, depressed the trigger, unleashing a fusillade of hollow points, which stitched up the rabbi like a voodoo doll in a black magic work. The rabbi's arms flailed as he crashed to the ground as Damien made his way to his purchase, which he had also dematerialized. He locked the wheels and started the vehicle without starting it, silently using his telekinetic ability.

He set it in motion, running silent past the racing guards and whirling helicopters, which circled manically in the sky like a nest of predatory birds disrupted by his copper stones of 9mm hollow point death. He wouldn't be found, however, as he was already racing away to victory to the next mission. Back at the warehouse, Damien reclined in the leather-backed user chair, his arms stretched out to the end of the armrest, his legs fully extended on the extendable leg rest.

He looked at the star of Venus on the horizon, which heralded the dawn. It was 0400 hours, and he knew it was time to head out for the mission. This time, he had selected another major event that was being held in the city as Military Industry Convention, where all of the bigwigs of arms manufacturing and private military companies were to gather and showcase their latest death-dealing paraphernalia, and enter into contracts mutually beneficial.

Damien understood the plans of the cabal, reading the Akashic records. The writing was on the wall. The Jews and their Shabaz-Groy race traders intended to beef up the PMCs, private military contractors, as a means of employing them, having them ready to turn against the white population when they were ready to go in for the kill.

During the race riots and the declaration of martial law, the private military contractors were run by big-time white race traders who were freemasons and who had pledged their loyalty by a blood oath to the cabal, to their Jewish masters, in exchange for occult and temporal power. Their true loyalty lay with themselves prior to this pact, now it lay with the cabal, which held them in spiritual dominion. They were now de facto slaves.

Damien knew that one especially, a Shabaz-Groy named Derek King, whose company, Architect, was waving the wings to strike against pro-white organizations around the country, and that he had come to the trade show, mainly to sign a contract with a military drone company to use the drones as a risk-reduction protocol to minimize loss of his men. A cowardly means of striking against enclaves had been a major enemy of the Jewish cabal, the white resistance. It was imperative that Derek be taken out, if anything, as then the information could be leaked to the pro-white faction and enable them to lose a trace and or strike out preemptively against their selected targets.

Damien had Derek in his sights, in his mind's eye, and observed him in his hotel being palliated by a negro prosecutor to get orders from a euphemistically styled escort agency. A gargantuan form of a steroidal warmonger overarched the curvaceous Negress, and Damien observed as the mercenary beat and abused the Negress as was his want, a means of releasing his pent-up aggression that rankled within, owing to his racial treason, which nodded him like a kangaroo worm. Damien was off in the forest, which he had endowed with a new color and license plate and side trim as a means of camouflaging the vehicle, employing his aesthetic shield as a means of avoiding the security forces who prowled the area where even the privileged few congregated.

Damien parked his vehicle in the adjacent hotel's parking area and created a fake parking tag out of the ether, which to all appearances was genuine, buying himself time. The night had almost faded by that time, and most partying guests had simmered down for the night. Not so Derek, however, whose steroidal rage had led him toward a frenzied state of hostility, which he took out on the Negress he had hired from the escort agency, her dead body thrown into the corner with Derek's necktie wound around it, his head engaged where as he raped her, preventing her screams from entering the ears of the nosy neighbors.

It was Don't Ask, Don't Tell at the Ritzy Motel, and Derek just couldn't help himself. He contemplated about disposing the body, but decided he would get some shut-eye for the convention tonight before he cast the whore into a manhole. Such were the thoughts going into his calculating, psychopathic mind before Damien materialized in the room, bringing his silent Fousey, but with his suit jacket in a swift motion, and burning up the cliff in Derek's massive steroidal form, which flopped and jarred on the king-sized bed like a madman breakdancing.

Damien, to ensure that no resuscitation was possible, took the other ooze and placed it against Derek's skull, depressing the trigger and letting fly a fuselage of copper-jected death, Derek's skull shattering like a ripe melon, his face being a horror scene in gore and muck. Damien stripped up Derek's identification card in a newly developed plasma gun that one of the space-age military-industrial companies had newly manufactured, and which had not been released as yet in the public. He buckled it around his waist, the trenchcoat he wore neatly concealing it, a gizmo that was self-powering, drawing its

energy from the aether at which it could operate without cooling, shooting blasts of plasma at targets that would rupture their body like a sonic boom, exploding their tissues in a splatter of gore.

Damien knew all too well the horrors of the military-industrial complex the Jews controlled and what they imposed upon others in the Third World and what they intended to do with those weapons now that they had them perfected on the brown and black foyer. The whites were next in the crosshairs of the military-industrial complex and Damien intended to put a stop to the genocide by way of ultra-sophisticated weaponry such as the plasma gun. He had no intention of sitting idly by and allowing his own people to be chewed up as so much white meat by the Jews to feast upon with their dark lord Jehovah.

Damien made his way to the convention center where the military-industrial complex trade show was to be held with his Porsche loaded down with the C4 plastic explosives and the creative grenades. He would set this up around the room and the air conditioning ducts in the central meeting hall where all the bigwigs would be congregated. He parked his Porsche and camouflaged it with an etheric shield so that none could remove or view it and any vehicle attempting to enter its sphere would be blocked from doing so.

He opened up the trunk and began to use his telekinetic abilities to transfer out the C4 onto the sidewalk. Himself camouflaged with a similar etheric unhook so that he was all but invisible to the observation of the passers-by. He would have figured it out, the convention being a large international one.

Damien cracked open a large air conditioning vent and began assembling the C4 charges, equipping them with a time delay device set for 10 minutes. He used his telekinetic ability to shift the C4 packages around the air conditioning system so that they created a concentrated blast radius around the interior of the convention room, sufficiently powerful to annihilate anything in the premises and the surrounding rooms. At the bathroom was nearby was a lucky brick, as he could ensure no straggler could escape his death grip.

The crushing hand of a plastic explosive bomb blast in the debris that would be hurled at the people, there are so many slings and arrows, a fitting enough end for war mongers. His etheric vision monitored the scene and his clear audience enabled him to pick up on the sound again, almost as if he were watching a movie from multiple perspectives all at once in real time. The timers on the C4 charges were ticking down, 0630, 0629, and he was out of the area, still monitoring the scene in his mind's eye.

The DP war mongering Zionists were congregated around the podium and were shaking each other's hands and displaying their characteristic alpha male dominated behavior. He was racing away back toward the industrial district when a charge was detonated and

sent brick mortar and concrete dust spreading inwards, amidst the fire of the charges like a rain of hellfire engulfing the sinners, tearing apart their carnal forms and raising them to ashes and dust. Damon sped back to the industrial area to further meditate on his future course of action.

The integration center in the town served as a Trojan horse to enable foreign invasion. Anyone who was welcomed was considered a victim entitled to a free ride at the expense of the white population who were coerced by the Jewish occupation government to fund their own replacements. The lower and much of the middle class, of course, wasn't too keen on being replaced by the savage hordes, but they had no choice given that their pedophatic Shabazz boy race traitors insisted on serving them up as a sacrifice on the altar of their ego, and to be then served up to the Jew as a countable feast.

The integration center was an ugly utilitarian building, which was dressed up with a mural painted by a non-white savage, which depicted non-whites being persecuted by whites who were portrayed as demonic figures who placed suede collars on the necks of non-whites and coerced them to do all the work while they derived all the sweat of their brows, which they drank down in the form of champagne. The tears flowed from the cheeks of the black and brown children, a very image of innocence. Such a ludicrous mural Damon ensured would no longer exist once he got through with the place.

He drove the horse toward the parking lot overlooking the center and exited the vehicle, veiling himself in the etheric envelope that shielded him from the sight of the ubiquitous cameras surrounding the place. He disguised the force similarly to the previous sojourns, and it now was also obscured, all but invisible to anyone himself. He took out the plasma gun and adjusted its dial, immediately understanding its mechanism of action, endowed as he was with a heightened sensibility.

He pointed the weapon at the center and began to erode the mural with the plasma, the paint flying off and being burnt by the heat, which blackened the side of the building so that the mural was erased. He then increased the heat and carved into the brick in two grooves, so that the script was readable from the highway to all passers-by. He made his way over toward the center through the telephone cable that was stretched across the road from the parking lot, and he glided across it, using his manipulation of the ether to propel himself as if on skis toward the migration Trojan horse from the higher altitude of the parking lot to the roof of the center.

Once there, it was no time. He took out his plasma gun and burnt a hole in the metal door that constituted the fire escape and descended the stairs toward the offices below. He left the gun on, and its plasma charge remained at maximal power so that he could eviscerate the bodies of immigration workers.

He rounded the corridor and encountered a brown sand maker Arab who was gossiping with a Jew at the water cooler, aimed the gun, and blasted their bodies, melting them

into a greasy pool of bloody muck, the plasma being set creating scorch marks on the walls as if a spontaneous combustor. He approached the office adjacent, upon which was a plaque reading, Director, and opened it. The Director, a hostile-looking Jew, looked up with her beady eyes like a rabid and caught in binding chains, and Damon deemed the plasma of her features evaporating like a mirage in the dirty desert of Israel, her body crumpling to the floor in a charred mess, kosher barbecue.

Damon set a satchel charge, timed ten minutes to doomsday, and continued on his spree, running and gunning, as the lunch hour came, and the greedy office workers made a beeline to the heating trough in the lunchroom. He watched as niggers and noodle-necked Jews in a varied assortment of non-whites poured out of their offices, accompanied in some cases by the detritus of a third world, non-white parasites whose presence justified their wages. Damon waved up the elevator foyer for them while they, with uncertainty, approached, many of them staring rudely at him, given that he was an Aryan, and they, being only a beast of the field, had an instinctive hatred for their embeddings.

Their hatred didn't last long, as the feebling intensity of their hate vibrations was overcome by a blast from the plasma gun, which laid waste to the savage hordes as so many carcasses into a giant barbecue of charred bones and muck, flopping on the carpeted floor with a sickening smack. Damon observed in his mind's eye the time of the charge, 0730, 0729, still plenty of time to plant more charges, and wait for new arrivees at the barbecue of the theater arena. He opened up one of the elevator doors and sent it down to a basement, holding it there upon its arrival with his telekinetic ability, and opened the other, sending it to mid-level, a few floors down, freezing it, yet more creatures poured out of the offices congregating in the elevator.

Damon, who had dematerialized, re-materialized, and caught them by surprise to an even greater extent, they haven't stopped in shock as they observed the bodies of their comrades. Damon wiped away the shock on their faces as his plasma gun discharged yet more scorching effluent, like the phallus of a demon, disgorging its incendiary scene, burning up the corpses of the immigration workers, leaving nothing but smoking charred bones with a sickly sweet scent reminiscent of barbecue. Damon observed the time, 0430, 0429.

He had only a few minutes to exit before the charges which he had synchronized would blow. He re-ascended the staircase from which he had come, and slid up the telephone wire back into his vehicle and burned rubber in the opposite direction. He ascended the parking ramp that was half a block away from the explosion that rocked the noon day with a ball of fire, brighter than the sun, creating behind it the cloud of brick and mortar shrapnel, the sounds of breaking glass, and the rumble of explosions, facing him in the distance as he sped to the Bight Industrial District.

Mission accomplished. Back at the Bight Industrial District, Damon contemplated his next step. Damon observed in his mind's eye a facility situated in the center of the city with a sign out front stating, Biological Research Laboratory, and surrounded by an electronic gate of armed guards, who were stationed in a guardhouse adjacent, monitoring the ingress and egress of the facility.

He decided he would appropriate from the facility the contagious disease strains of Tay-Sachs and of sickle cell anemia, both of which could be used to virally replicate amongst the Jewish and Negro communities, and to also procure a set of vials of Canadian fluid that would swiftly decimate the Oriental community. Indeed, all communities, so-called, would be subject to serious karmic blowback for the decimation of the white population throughout history. From the beginning of time on Gaia, when the whites had lost their first estate and been overrun by the bestial horrors, the men murdered and tortured, the women forcibly raped and held in bondage to conceive the brown masses that became what now existed on the earth, Mongols, Negroes, and any permutation and combination that could be arrived at through the perverse Mongolization Protocol that was a natural tendency of all chthonic beings, namely to sink their barbarous lusts and descend ever lower to the level of the brute, creating degraded life-forms, embodiments of karma, of genetic and spiritual strife, that merely served to drag down into the gutter the higher type of what could properly be spoken of as humanity, the Aryan.

David thought through his higher consciousness, his inner sight, recognized that a new sports contest would be held in the city and that it was an international event that would be attended by most nation states of the world, enabling them to spread the viruses globally and to leave room for nature. Through depopulating the planet with its Shandog slaves and amphiboid subhumans and leave room for the Aryan to create a beautiful world of harmony wherein all may lie in a progressive manner in accordance with natural cosmic law, all Aryans and no humans as the humans would no longer be on this earth, being degraded forms incapable of continuing in the cycle of evolution. Damon was here to ensure that such an earth exists and thus this would provide him with the perfect opportunity to decimate, if not completely obliterate, the numbers and the useless leaders who burdened the earth with their progeny.

David arose and gathered his implements of construction. The maser for silent killing would be all that he required of the sojourner. He didn't want an outbreak until the international teams arrived, who could then serve as vectors of dispersal of the biologicals around the world, thinning the herds of beastmen.

The tournament was a three-day affair and not all nation states had begun to participate in the event, as was a multi-sport affair reminiscent of Olympia with conventional sports paddocks. There was a ceremony to take place at the end of the tournament, a celebration of one world that all was retained. A blimp, Damon intuited clairvoyantly, was to be floated over the stadium with a message proclaiming, one love, a rainbow-colored

blimp, proclaiming it an arrogant bigotry, the virtue of race-mixing egalitarianism that created the postmodern age of Tallulah.

He would be sure to put a stop to the celebration, to rain on the parade without detection the rejection of a level of inequality. The Jewish cabal insisted on forcing upon the white population, a teeming multitude of beastmen. He would bring a revelation upon them that no Jewish Bible had foreseen, and that he, Adivia, knew to be a reality, namely that there was no equality between man and gods, let alone beastmen.

Adivia was entered into the Porsche whose truing collar and license plate he modified into aether on prior occasions, dematerializing through the concrete walls of the warehouse and rematerializing outside of the gates, making his way toward the biological facility. It was a mid-morning, and by now the lazy government employees who crossed into the staff were comfortably squirreled away in their bureaucratic warrants, the lab techs also carrying out their drudging duties, making up bio-weapons and masquerading as research, to unleash upon the enemies of the Jews and their wars everlasting over the earth. It was time for a karmic blowback.

Damon had parked his vehicle in the nearby parking lot and took precautions as before. He cloaked it in an etheric hologram that made it appear different from what it was, and was served to block it from being removed. Damon approached the facility and entered via the main door, which required an ID proximity card for entry in a thumb scan.

He had no need of such a pedestrian mundane tease as he nearly passed through in a state of dematerialization and strolled past the lounging NATO security guard who basked in his chair and stared at the cameras oblivious to Damon's passage. The latter walked into the laboratory area, which had been sealed with heavy security doors and bulletproof glass buttons, or shutters. Chinese and East Indian lab techs stood over tables full of beakers and peered into microscopes.

Damon set to work taking care of business, his microwave weapon out and targeting the psychopathic intellectuals whose sole intention consisted in manufacturing death. They received their reward, waging their sin, as a microwave beam burned through the back of their skulls, rupturing their blood-brain barriers, their bodies crumbling in heat. That lab tech nearest Damon attempted to assault him with a heavy microscope, as upon hearing a thud of the other lab techs he twisted round and groundershook over his head.

Damon gave a karate kick to the neck of a Jewish lab tech as his features contorted. Going into the strike, the microscope clattered on the ground with the tech coming down afterwards, his neck ajar, Damon's forceful kick having broken it, crushing his windpipe so that no screams could be heard. Damon continued his work, moving at a rapid pace, gathering up the vials and beakers he needed to use the appropriate biological material to carry out his cleansing operation.

He was almost out the door when he encountered one of his guests, a burly nigger with a simian look of feral rage plastered to his face, fumbling with his pistol holster ready to drill Damon with 9mm rounds. Damon simply blasted his sick skull with the microwave weapon and dropped him like a bull. He strode past and out back to the porch in a way before any of the other returning guards could sound the alarm.

Damon was ready for the strike against the sports team as soon as he could gather up the appropriate aerosolization material to make the vials and basilis disperseable over the gawking goyid. He found this material in a city public works facility, which was used as a machine that dispersed aerosolized insecticide that was used ostensibly to help eliminate mosquitoes. But this was merely a cover for the Jewish-occupied government's attempt to depopulate the whites in their own country, always targeting only the white and non-white areas for destruction.

Damon would ensure he turned the tables on the table-turner Jews and their shabazz goyim once the ring of death was released. He gathered up the material at the public works and transported it back to the warehouse to equip it with the biological material. He rigged a time-delayed device that would puncture and then release the liquid material into the aerosolization machine at the precise time the blimp was slotted to overarch the stadium.

Like a messiah of multiculturalism with the slogan, one love would soon prove that the love the broad masses of attendance would receive would be a tough love indeed, would nonetheless redound to an overall harmony of existence. Tipping the balance of the scales of justice, of karma, equilibrising the distortion that the teeming multitudes perpetually generated through their cacophonous resonance. With their elimination, the whole world would return to a state of higher vibrational frequency at first hyperborea.

The whites who could attune themselves to this state of being would be as deviant. Only the viria, the heroes, those with the hyperborean blood memory amongst the whites, would make it through all others simply being a dross, cast out of paradise. The day dawned in the area and the deviant was already at the site with the blimp that was to distribute the aerosolized biologicals.

He had employed the microwave weapon to take out the East Indian security guard whose body he threw down a manhole into the sewer so that no trace could be found that day. He was ready for the event in short, a short while later having returned to the warehouse and observed the festivities through his mind's eye. The teens were all in attendance.

Most all-nation states on earth saved a few scattered tribes who posed no threat to whites. The broad masses of attendees began to scream in and the boisterous music, eliciting a feral reaction from the crowd of revelers who gyrated and stampeded, possessed by demonic entities incapable of reason or self-control. The bloated, greedy

throng moved into the stadium and positioned themselves around the bleachers.

Some time later, the master of ceremonies, the Jewish celebrity who had starred in several movies in the capital city, came to the podium where all of the athletes were gathered. They were wearing their medals and celebrating the love of humanity as a grandiose band struck up and played the theme song of the event. The Jewish celebrity taking up the microphone and cheering along with the crowd, her artificial smile glistening in the artificial lighting of the stadium.

As a cloud cover covered the sky, though no prediction of rain had been forecast, the clouds not being rain clouds, merely obscuring the sun and shrouding the stadium in a premature darkness, as a blimp drifted over, proclaiming its slogan, One Love, in blood-red letters that flashed against the darkening sky. The celebrity began her rash and voiceless voice to belch out the anthem of One Love. As David observed in his mind's eye the vapor and particulate of bacteriological death, walked down in the midst of karma over the egregious rod to absorb the infection, even as they shouted and screamed the anthem of One Love.

David had accomplished the mission, and in his mind's eye he observed the sports teams traveling to every corner of the earth and spreading the infection into their host populations, decimating the numbers so that nothing remained but a remnant who would pose no harm to the survival of the expansion and advancement of the white race and the white race alone. He observed how in his own city, a city into which he, a devia, had come, all the Mongol savages sung their swan song, no longer violently screaming, One Love, into the face of the white men, but rather coughing up the blood of infection as they retched and beat up the dogs. He observed a team of men dressed in biological protection suits, carting the bodies of the savages into railcars and having them brought out of the city in a train of thanatos down the river of rails and skips, out to the ocean where they would nourish this marine life and be absorbed into Gaia, thus ridding the earth of their energetic waves.

He waited in meditation on these events, awaiting the next time to strike out at the remnants of white traitors who had caused the violation of convict law. He was the vengeance of this karma, the divine emissary of death, who resurrected the balance on the scales of justice. He needed no food nor any sleep, for he was eternal, and only the physical vehicle of math, the white man in his fallen state, required any sustenance, but not insofar as he was merged with payment, the latter furnishing him with immortal qualities that could reconstitute decay, atrophy, degenerate physical tissue through his etheric qualities.

He waited an eternity, which was no passage of time, but a state above time, and the transience of existence passed in temporal terms a period of four months, during which time all the Mongol savages had perished from the earth in this particular region. It was

a territory now of physically a pure white demographic, but this demographic had incurred amongst especially many of its elites a massive karma that had in a literal sense required divine and mundane intervention to partially rectify the balance. However, there was still much work to be done, and Daemon would be the doer of the deed, for he knew who had been naughty and who had been nice, in preserving the harmony of existence.

Daemon scanned the periphery of his vision and observed the fat, pretty mason dressed in full regalia, pumping his chest up in front of the mirror before which he stood, his uniform festooned with badges and medals, testimonials to his degrees in the so-called great work. Daemon could read his thoughts and revealed the mind of a devious liar, a sociopath whose consciousness was structured according to the blueprints of his ego by central sun and his own personal universe. The deeds the mason had committed served as further testimonial to his karma.

The torture, murder of innocent children, and now the chillings of obese folk who were consumed in orgiastic abandon. The embezzlement of state funds that he had appropriated by himself as an accounting colleague who had falsified accounts while they had invested the money in a drug trade they controlled in the city along with other members of the cabal. Daemon observed his abandonment of his own children to the streets and to a life of drugs as he had no willingness to deal with the hypocrisy of their father and his world of corruption.

He had seen enough of this man, it's such a name called, and his perpetuation of vice in this area. He, Daemon, knew that there were many others like this mason and his coterie of affiliates, now his only whites who existed during the annihilation of the Jewish community in the city through the dispersal of biologicals. Daemon knew that his work would last a century at least, a century of perpetual war against the dark forces who imprisoned Gaia in their low vibrations.

But being an immortal devia, god man, he had no concern for what mortals called time, as he existed in dimensions beyond time. He went about his work for the evening, a time in which the Freemasons were congregated in their lodge, performing their black magic workings and serving their dark lord Jehovah in blood rites. Daemon observed that they had acquired a white boy who had been playing on a playground and which was abducted by the corrupt police, agents of the Cabal.

Daemon had his plasma gun ready and tacked best with grace and ooze and was fully loaded as backup, intending to sort out the discordant vibrations the Freemasons sought to unleash onto the world, attempting to invoke their dark astral entities which fed off the pain, vibrations, and blood of the innocents who were sacrificed. Daemon made his way toward the lodge in his horse, again disguised with a jet black color and chrome trim, but better to blend into the night and appear like a vehicle which belonged

amongst the great and the good, who were in reality far from good, only good in the sense of being a tool of the dark lord. He knew where the clandestine police were stationed to monitor the Masonic lodge and decided he would strike them first, as they were enabling the corruption and tyranny to continue serving as a badge of simulacral authority which shielded the corrupt elites from the righteous anger of the mob, or those who knew and who would have acted but for fear of the hired guns of Zion.

He cloaked his vehicle in a holographic aetheric tissue, which made it all but visible to the naked eye, and navigated toward the rear of the police vehicle, which was an unmarked black vehicle with a figure seated inside with a crouton and aviator shades, a sergeant of the police seated next to another cop who was a seasoned veteran steeped in the tabalistic lore of Jewish black magic, which continued to exert its evil influence even after the Jews had ceased to exist on the earth. Daemon crept up behind, taking out his particle beam weapon, and approached the police with a plasma weapon whose sixth sense intuition he disabled through creating a distraction in aether, the image of a thug approaching from the front outside the periphery of the vision away from himself. Their heads turned as if on a swivel as they did so, detecting this mirage generated by Daemon, and Daemon erased the plasma gun and melted through the tinted windows of the unmarked SUV.

Therefore, in turning the scorched barbecue, the glass glowing red-hot, melted down into the door frame, smoking, as did the cord of their corpses. Daemon made his way toward the old brick building, ready for more, a barbecue of shabaz glowing meat. Like a death-sent moth infiltrating a beehive, Daemon immaterialized through the rear door and came out on the other side, coming into the inner sanctum of the lodge, which was a separate section partitioned off from the front, where more public activities were held.

He beheld in the state of invisibility that three masons congregated around the black-and-white checkerboard floor, lined up in a regimented fashion, preparing to lay waste to the struggling child who was tied up, like Jesus on the cross, with a ball gagged in his mouth. The masons chanted an indication of one of the Jewish angels to come and confer upon them the power that they sought in exchange for the blood of the sacrifice. They finished their chant, and Daemon observed the angel, now manifested in a quasi-material form, a ghostly apparition looking like a gray alien with a distended stomach and bulbous head, overarching a trembling child, whose polarist form was bathed in terror sweat.

Daemon could conceal himself from the ghoulish as his power was above that of the creature, and neither the latter nor the three masons could detect him. The only one who could receive his presence and communication was a child whose fear and terror were the slightest bit assuaged by the presence of Daemon, a sense of hope tingling in his despairing heart, which beat rapidly as the birds caught in the claws of the cat. The claws of the masons, their cruel sacrificial points punctured with holes to allow the blood

to flow freely, raised their knives and began moving into the kiln to release the paining energy of the sacrifice.

Daemon at that moment used his telekinesis, a power sourced from beyond, to strike down at the apparition, above which hovered over the child, its belly pulsating with eager anticipation of the energy that it intended to feed upon, the pure energy of a child's innocence. Daemon struck out at the creature, tearing apart its astral form and obliterating it with a psychic spear, formed an aether, which rent asunder the brute, whose form whipped by, then controllably, and which then dissipated, having lost its life, dematerializing into the aether. This all occurring instant, the masons, too eager upon their ghoulish work to attempt the destruction of their genius, the ghoul, the angel who they were held in bondage to, their bloodlustful drive laundered into the goings-on, and they prepared themselves to strike.

That is, until Daemon rematerialized with the plasma gun and discharged a molten stream of plasma which roasted their bodies, their impeccable regalia burning up, the vagaries of metals melting under the heat as they collapsed in a heap of charred bones and smoking, greasy fat. Daemon had accomplished his mission in eliminating the Freemasonic pestilence from the city, at least at this lodge. There were a few others that had participated in the crimes, and he would allow them to stew in terror sweat, waiting for the inevitable strike against them.

He cut down the child who, with instinct of trust, embraced his leg, and Daemon calmed the child down. Daemon opened the door of the lodge and instructed the child in a telepathic way to return to his home. He, Daemon, had more work to do.

The child obediently ran off towards his destination, Daemon guiding him in his telepathic communications and serving as a protector of the child. Daemon wandered the lodge, gathering the necessary information that could be used against the Masons to create mutual animosity amongst them and involve them in a rivalry that would be mutually destructive, if not outright, in large part. He gathered a list of secrets from the databank of the computer which was in the office and submitted a variety of emails amongst the other Masons using coded Masonic language to stir up animosity, understanding that each had secrets he would not like others to reveal.

He went to the basements of the lodge and planted a package of C4 with a time delay device to purge the area of Daemons who infested it. He was out and moving away with the force when the detonator exploded with contents and created a rumbling of the street, sending a radius of shockwaves in all directions as the lodge fell in on itself. A grave of earthbound souls and discarnate spirits who haunted the place, and who would now have to leave for dreamy pastures in Elysium or the Infernal Regions or wherever else their destiny led.

Daemon was back at the warehouse building what those of the immortal world would call

barding his time as the Freemasons fought against themselves, backstabbing one another both literally and figuratively over the ensuing battle. The Freemasons were assassinated destabilizing the remnants of the Cabal and causing a power vacuum which escalated the turmoil and soon the plans of the Cabal to further put the thumbscrews of tax and legislation to become a man were thwarted. Daemon would next strike out against the lodge across town, the second most influential in the area.

As luck, or rather as destiny would have it, he had the opportunity to strike two birds with one stone. A gathering was to be held by all of the elite of the town to mourn for the victims of the epidemic who had suffered the Reaper's side due to biologicals that had been dispersed from the blimp. They were going to immortalize their memory with a day called Martyr's Day which would be accompanied by a statue of a hodgepodge of non-white children in bronze with the date of the occurrence of the epidemic on a plaque riveted into the base of the statue and a caption stating, Daemon would ensure that he taught the elite parasites of the city what tough love meant and that it was to be deservedly meted out in a hot way with C4 explosives and plasma.

The cold calculating elite had had enough time in their transient lives. Their souls were doomed anyway and he would ensure that their service to the Dark Lord Jehovah was met with their proper timepiece as a retirement package, not a gold watch but the sickle of Saturn, Cronos, sweeping them off their feet and into the grave as so many rows of grain. He would ensure they did not contaminate the rest of the week who still had renewable qualities.

Daemon again set up for justice carrying the sigh of the Reaper in the form of a remnant of C4 which still packaged the crate by half and his plasma gun. He brought along a microwave weapon in the event it might prove useful in clandestine dispatch of those who sought to appease his divine mission. He wheeled his Porsche disguised with the etheric envelope that created a cloak of invisibility around him, speeding toward the megachurch which was situated in a gaudy suburb surrounded by green space and atop a hill, he observed with Bond's eye the goings on of the event.

The moral majority types from suburbia were all gathered around the church with their sanctimonious smiles and greasy manners, making their way into the church with the latest greatest clean and pressed suits, having exited their squeaky clean and gleaming brand new vehicles. The cabal had its minions lined up to ensure security and the television and news crew were there broadcasting the event live to the audience at home in their mind-controlled machines. Daemon observed the coterie of elite parasites who had congregated inside of the church, grinning from ear to ear as the news crew had its cameras rolling.

The priest was to recite the interfaith eulogy of sorts was on the podium, his fat body protruding over it and his face glistening with grease from the buttered lobster he had

just finished gobbling down. His red beefsteak cheeks hung over his chin in a flabby way, suggestive of excess, of a decadence in the modern world of one love. Daemon would ensure he gave him a hot drink of plasma from his plasma gun as his just desserts.

As he sped toward the church, his poor screams were heeded by his son turning up the time man. It was go time as he rounded the bend leading up toward the church. He came out gunning with his plasma gun targeting the hired goons of the cabal, his immaterial form being all but undetectable as he left scorch marks on a stone statuary, carved images of bourgeois sentimentalism depicting non-white victims and elites clasping their hands and various other abstract figures.

These he burnt to a blackened husk as he poured out his beams of plasma engulfing the goons with flame and scorching heat like a volcano erupting its contents onto a population of villagers. Their smoking corpses stood in heat as Daemon continued to make his way to the church, whose doors were slightly jarred. He entered into the inner sanctum of a magic temple, temple to Near Eastern and Semitic pathos, Oriental pathos.

Of love and peace, he would show them that the laws of nature had no relationship to peacefulness or sentimentalism. He entered in wordlessly and noiselessly, the congregation looking with rapt attention at the priest whose sanctimonious smile was plastered to his face as he began. My dear people, pausing as if he pretended to express contrition over the loss of non-whites in the city, my dear people, just look at their innocent faces, he gestured toward the wall upon which was broadcast the images of the savages who were decimating the epidemic.

Maudlin sounding music was playing quietly in the background as a means of eliciting sympathy from the congregation. Please let us unite in a gesture of one love and donate to the church so that our monument can be paid for. David had had enough and depressed the trigger of the plasmid gun, directing it at the wall which evaporated the faces of the non-whites, leaving a smoking hole that led to the back room of the building.

Walls catching fire and David shifting his gun toward the priest and depressing the trigger, melting the gaping mouth and beefsteak cheeks of a fat man whose form was a charred mass. The podium igniting, the flames spreading, David began to cover the congregation who had meanwhile turned toward him in astonishment with the plasma that wiped them away like a hot knife going through butter. Their bodies turned to barbecue, the fuse igniting the bonfire of flaming wreckage.

The media crew meanwhile had attempted to duck under the church but not able to see David, David merely ran into the blast of plasma which reduced him to ashes. David continued his barbecue and burnt down the remainder of the church as he stepped back out of the yard. There was yet another news crew outside who had been there to cover the procession and the unveiling of the statue after the sermon, but all they could do was broadcast David's message of incendiary fire and the corpses of the goons who had

been roasted in a heap of charred muck.

He concentrated his plasma gun on the bronze statue which melted under its heat, the non-white children crumpling in a pathetic display of weakness on camera, a symbol of the evisceration of the non-whites who had only months ago passed out of existence. David was spun around and turned on the news crew who were in the process of cutting and running but they too were melted down by the plasma, a live stream capturing the event and transmitting the information to the dull-minded audience. David took up the still transmitting camera which had been knocked off its tripod and looked into it.

Sirens screamed in the background as the police and fire department descended upon a location of land and air and David, through the vocal apparatus of math, stated, Peace is death. Life is struggle. Tossing the camera down and dematerializing, hopping into his Porsche and speeding away.