

CHINK IN THE ARMOUR

I am a friend of Dong Hua My brothers are all in the military and have been in the army for several years I'm happy to be in the military and not to be a consumer I have been in the casino and made a lot of money before I get married I have a big house and run fast and have big ears I'm always drunk but I never get drunk I'm here to beat you up I'm the leader of the party I'm the big fish Let the fish fly Let the fish fly I'm like a hippopotamus You are a fool You are a fool San Francisco stood out on the horizon as a peaceful city surrounded by a pristine bay in the center of which was a famous prison of Alcatraz. It served as a lone reminder for those in the know that their lives of bourgeois comfort amidst the stability of a seemingly eternal social condition were untouchable by any foreign or unknown influence from without or from within. They had a prison to put those kinds into.

That's where the criminals went. The law would protect them from the stranger, from the endless stream of foreigners who poured over the border from China, and from those domestic elements of unrest whose pent-up rage couldn't possibly burst the bonds of what they called law and order. However, there were those who were in the know and those who were only of the belief itself a delusion of being possessed of knowledge.

These were the insiders, they who had more than an inferential guesswork as the basis of their understanding of reality, who had an intimate acquaintance with the facts of what lay behind the appearances of a stable society and who were knowledgeable about the chinks in its armor, inherent weaknesses that would lead to its destabilization and inevitable collapse. They looked toward Alcatraz not as a symbol of the virtue of law and order, but rather as a future home for those same infiltrators who threatened the law and order that was above the law and order of the state, of the artificial structures of an artificial, anti-natural society, the laws of nature, of blood and soil. These were the guardians of the folk, the Aryan warriors who served not only as watchmen on the wall, but as a cleanup crew whose work was desperately needed given the contamination of the city with racial pollution from the non-whites, foremost amongst who counted the Chinese.

This was indeed the major problem faced by the white denizens of the city and the greatest real threat to their safety and security, not the random acts of the few non-Asian minorities or drugged-out white proletarians who struck out at random at the white majority whose work propped up the city. The problem had been deliberately fomented by the Jewish infiltrators who had crawled into the developing white society when it had yet to reach its peak and began their plans of subversion to attempt a takeover of the country and destruction of the white founders and settlers and their culture over a few generations. The chaos and trauma of the World Wars, Great Depression, and cultural degeneration of the 1960s set falling a row of dominoes that the Jews intended to collapse the edifice of the white society.

One of the major dominoes in this row that they hoped would be the final solution to the genocidal plan was the importation of non-white immigrants who the Jews had designed to elevate to the highest positions in the white society in hopes of, through social pressure in the media they had gotten control of, subtly coercing white females to interbreed with the non-white hordes, thereby creating a low-IQ dumbed-down slave class. So far their plans had been working and the gullible white sheep had stupidly lived only to continue to graze on their decadent fare and bask in the comfort of their domestic Alcatraz, which constituted the limitation placed on their mind. So far the Jews had been able to anesthetize the white population and insidiously introduce into their minds a gradual erosion of their historical memory, their ancestral culture.

The white genocide agenda was moving forward at a rapid pace and the whites in the know were beginning to backlash as the whites who thought they were in the know but knew only what the system informed them were becoming gradually aware of what the whites who already knew knew. Thus it was time for a reaction against the tyranny and whites from higher echelons from the socio-economic ladder, who had not been corrupted by the Jews through money and the false light of the Freemasonic lodges, were poised to see that the law of blood and soil was enforced. They called themselves the White Hand and had international cells scattered around all white-founded countries on earth.

They were the true patriots, patriots of the blood, and owed allegiance to soil only when it was occupied by those of blood kin, unlike the false patriots who worshipped their egos and the abstract state form they called their nation, though it was inclusive of teeming multitudes of non-whites who bore no blood relationship to themselves and who thus served those openly hostile to their own people in the name of their own egotism and hypocritical façade of altruism. The White Hand, true patriots of the blood, were at the spear point of the vanguard, at the forefront of a revolutionary movement which operated clandestinely to clean house of the corrupt elements of government and their foreign affiliates, who insisted on an attempted colonization of the white-founded country. San Francisco was a microcosm of the macrocosm, and both factions were poised to fight out to the end over the territory, each pushing against the other for supremacy in a zero-sum game of life or death.

There was no compromised option. It was the either-or of total victory or total defeat. Kitty Chan's Massage Parlor was a thriving business of ill repute in the downtown area, in the heart of Chinatown, and Max Rubin was a frequent customer.

He parked his Porsche a block away and dipped into the alley adjacent to that which led into the rear entrance of Kitty's so as to avoid detection. He walked swiftly, looking over his shoulder in the event someone had seen him or was following. His Jewish paranoia in hyperdrive as he carried the briefcase filled with money into the back of Kitty's, knocking on the door of a predetermined sequence of knocks, mimicking his favorite song, Ava

Nagila.

A mongoloid female opened the door and beckoned him in, being careful to conceal herself in the shadows, shutting the heavy steel door behind her. Max gave the female a crooked smile and she led him into the parlor room. He observed the mahjong table in the center of the room and four Chinese gamblers sat on either side with stacks of colored money bills piled up next to one another.

Each had a mirror next to them which was dusted with cocaine powder, and a small bag set next to them on an ornately designed lacquer table. The wail of oriental music pervaded the atmosphere as the men expostulated and shouted at one another, placing their mahjong tiles on the table in an aggressive manner. Above the din, the female spoke in Chinese in her harsh nasal tone, That Jew is here.

He wants to do business, so finish your game later. The men looked at her with aggression, but upon seeing the Jew, the largest of the four, apparently the leader, uttered more harsh staccato words as orders for them to make room for the Jew. The other three unctuously moved aside, bowing obsequiously as the leader gestured for the Jew to sit down, who put on his false smile and seated himself on the lacquer chair with its ruby red backing.

The leader sat down across from him and spoke in broken English. What have you for me, Mr. Rubin? The addressed opened his briefcase and turned it around, displaying a rose of colored paper. The Chinese man's face was apparently neutral, though the Jew detected a slight change in his physiognomy, an opening of the eyes to a slight extent, which Mr. Chow, the Chinese leader of the tribes of the city, attempted to conceal through a subtle relaxation of his facial muscles, which Rubin also detected.

Perhaps Rubin thought he had been too generous with the offer and could have gotten away with less. No matter, it was only money and more could be printed up in the Federal Reserve. Still, he couldn't help but feel a sense of regret in letting one of the Goyim get away with more than they should have.

He made a mental note not to repeat the mistake. Two million in thousand dollar bills, fresh from the Federal Reserve, he said matter-of-factly, placing his cards on the table. Mr. Chow responded, The pills are in this case, Mr. Rubin, he said, indicating a large plastic case that was resting on wheels at the feet of the mahjong table.

The Jew looked at the case, attempting to estimate its contents, and asked the tribe leader to have one of his men open it. The leader gestured to the nearest man, who obsequiously moved into action and removed the top, popping the tabs on the sides, revealing the piles of purple pills encased in their plastic wrappings. The Jew, still not satisfied, took out a knife and slipped the bag with a graceful gesture, the tribe leader's stoical face not able to mask a slight wrinkling in the brow, as the Jew violated the

propriety of the transaction, in effect treating the pile of pills as his own property, without giving over the consideration.

If the Jew were a small-time player, Mr. Chow would have had him killed and the money taken, but this was just one of many transactions the cabal had promised to undergo with the triads, and the Chinese leader decided that it would be more prudent to hold his tongue, given the rewards the Jews could offer. He would deal with them later through the proper military channels, once the city could be taken for the master race, the Chinese people. The drug trade was merely one means amongst countless others to insert his sandaled feet into the door of the foolish whites.

They, the Chinese people, thought Chow, would soon rule the world and eliminate all of those they had no need of, niggers, Mexicans, Jews. The white men would be killed and the white women would serve as their sex slaves. They would keep enough white men around to serve as sperm donors, so that they could impregnate the white women and so that they would continue to generate more white women for themselves.

Until they had perfected cloning, which would eliminate any need of the white men altogether. By that time, they would be living in a paradise on earth and would not have to do any work. Only the robots and slaves would be needed to carry out their drudging tasks that the whites had forced them to do as factory slaves, to serve their endless greed for more useless products.

The Jews were clever enough, Chow speculated. They had the stupid whites serving them through guilt-tripping them into thinking they had an obligation to make up for past sins. That was the master key to the weakness of whites, their regard for others.

Well, Chow thought, we will insert that key and open up the golden gates and fill our coffers with their loot. If it worked for the sneaking Jews, it will work for the Chinese master race. He turned his attention to the Jew who was pawing through the pills with his bejeweled hand, a thick gold ring set with a six-sided ruby twinkling in the dim light of a mahjong parlor.

The Chinese waited patiently and the Jew continued to root through the drugs, extracting random samples every so often from different regions of the bay and setting them on the table. Finally, when he had extracted nine and lined them up on the table, he took out a pill crusher and glass dish with a vial of a magenta liquid and began to crush up the pills into a powder. He then transferred the powder into the dish and applied a drop of the liquid to the powder.

The purple-colored pill was transformed into a bluish paste as the Jew stirred the slurry with a glass rod, adding each pill to the mash and discovering no change in coloration. Appearing satisfied, he replaced his equipment in a leather satchel, which was marked with Hebrew characters in gold paint, and finally pushed the briefcase onto the table

toward the Chinese. Looks good.

Have it delivered to the back alley of Sal's Furrier's and we'll take it from there. The Jew got up and, wearing his fake smile, shaking the outstretched hand of his affiliate, said, How about a little R&R, Mr. Chow? I like the look of your little lady at the door, the Jew said, looking up and down at the Oriental sex worker who displayed herself before him. His lizard-like tongue protruded from his wide reptilian mouth and licked his liver lips.

Mr. Chow nodded to the female, who approached and grabbed Rubin's crotch with a lascivious smile. She said, Come with me, Mr. Rubin, and, broken English, I led him down a darkened hall toward a room. The wealthy industrialist, Roger Kingsley, reclined in his leather chair and gazed out upon the city.

His forehead beaded sweat, even in spite of the air-conditioning system. It was not a result of external temperature, but rather the anxiety and stress that had been mounting over the last day, upon his being informed that his son had been abducted by the Cabal as ransom for an exclusive contract with one of their subsidiaries in the Orient, who manufactured a key component necessary for the automobiles Mr. Kingsley manufactured in his motor company, Kingsley Motor Company. Roger Kingsley, the heir to his father's company, which had been created by his father from the ground up through the patriarch's genius in engineering and invention, would have made this key component himself, but it entailed a rare element that could only be found in two regions of the earth, one domestic and one in a region controlled by China in East Asia.

The mining of the domestic mineral in the local region was boycotted by the Cabal, which desired to keep Kingsley Motor Company under their thumb and to prevent the heir, Roger Kingsley, from continuing to sponsor pro-white organizations with the proceeds of his sales, thereby effectively neutralizing the magnate as opposition to their protocols for world government. As an added incentive, in the event profit was not a sufficient motive to prevent their opponent from continuing his opposition, they had now abducted his son to serve as added leverage to coerce the magnate to do their will. Roger had received the ransom note the other day and had merely stated in brief, Back off Kingsley or your son gets it.

Signed, The Cabal. This was the cause of Kingsley's stress and why he, though a devout teetotaler, now cradled the glass of brandy which he had obtained from the secretary's liquor cabinet and gazed out blankly on the cityscape, trying in vain to develop a strategy to retrieve his son from the clutches of the Cabal. He attempted to put himself in the shoes of the Cabal, a global widespread and nebulous network of predominantly Jewish gangsters who had most, if not all, of the resources of the world at their beck and call.

He explored in his imagination where his son had last been seen and where and how he could have been taken, a confused welter of images swirling around in his conscious

mind. Eventually, his brandy glass having been drained, he focused his attention on members of the Cabal he had encountered, those who were of the highest levels to his knowledge and who would most probably be involved in the intrigue or know of it. Mr. Kingsley picked up the antique telephone his father had used during his lifetime and called his longtime friend, who he anticipated might have an ability to solve the problem for him, or at least advise and recommend solutions.

John Garrison, a retired military intelligence officer and ex-special forces operative, now of middle age, answered his cell phone as he sat bent over his desk going over contracts for a security company. Garrison, he answered, Mr. Kingsley speaking almost immediately, knowing how Garrison was a matter-of-fact person who was business-like in his dealings at all times. Garrison, Kingsley said, they got my son.

The Cabals abducted him. I need your help. Garrison listened silently and after waiting a moment said, go on.

I've got to meet you in person to discuss this. The phone's not safe. The two arranged to meet at Garrison's later that day and Kingsley got his bodyguard and chauffeur, Chris Wilson, to drive him to the security company HQ, which was located on Garrison's estates on the other side of town.

The armored limousine sped along the smooth pavement as the well-trimmed hedgers and topiaries raced up to meet it, the iron gates of the privileged community sealing off the privileged few from assault by any of those they deemed above and beyond. Most of the upper-class, Chris thought as he drove his boss towards his destination, were decadent garbage who only lived to indulge themselves in a life of dissipation and ease while their own blood relatives were tossed into the streets to die of starvation and drug addiction. There were those such as his boss and Mr. Garrison who actually cared, however, those who were the born leaders of the people and who led from the front, as was the Aryan way, putting their own lives on the line when necessary for the greater good.

Unfortunately, most of them worked in the private sector as those who worked in the public sector were the vetted sellouts whose corruption was something that Cabal wanted and could rely on. Short-term self-interest among the upper class of whites was the usual means through which they were bought and paid for by the Jewish establishment and their non-white affiliates. The vehicle drove up to the gates of Garrison's estate and the chauffeur pressed the button on the intercom, a servant answering and giving the go-ahead as the gates rolled back on their wheels.

As Chris manoeuvred the limo into the circular driveway, Mr. Kingsley spoke, Keep watch out here, Chris, we might need a point man. The address complied as Kingsley stepped out of the vehicle and shrouded up the wide stone steps of the mansion, which overlooked the wide sweeping grounds the estate and the butler were there already with

the door open. Kingsley nodded to the butler and said, Good day, Johnson, as the butler returned to salutation and escorted him along a plush carpeted hallway toward the study wherein Mr. Garrison sat.

The latter looked up from his study and said, as he strode to meet him, I'll do what I can to help you, Kingsley. Come and sit and we'll discuss matters. The latter took his seat and Garrison proffered his opinion.

You and I both know that the Cabal members occupy high levels in both private and public sectors and that the only way to get your son back is to either take the risk of their keeping their word or to retaliate through bumping off some of their key guys at the top or abducting one of their children. Beyond that, I can think of no other option. At the idea of abduction of the Jew's children, Mr. Kingsley frowned, expressing his disapproval.

I know that we would be playing their dirty games, Kingsley, but that's the way it must be played. There can be no marquis of Queensbury rules of demons as they bend and break rules as it suits them. The options are clear then, Kingsley said, abduction, assassination, or acquiescence, the latter being the least reliable and trustworthy.

However, you fail to consider that there may be other options. Garrison paused and asked, those being? A combination of yours. We can take out a few of their top men and abduct one or more of their children in retaliation.

That should be a sufficiently credible threat to get me back my son. Garrison offered his partner a drink and picked up the phone, preparing to call his associate, gesturing to Kingsley to hold a moment while he did so. Garrison here, yes, come over as soon as you can, we got a project that can brook no delay.

I'll tell you when you get here. Garrison turns to Kingsley and said, my associate is an expert in disposal. He knows all the ins and outs is on our side.

An ex-special forces member, he learned the trade through all of his wet work internationally when he was working for the military. He came to realize through his experiences there, as so many of us did, that it was an evil cabal and something we couldn't and wouldn't tolerate. This project should assist in his payback to the cabal for all the trauma he sustained through his combat experience and through their having screwed him out of his pension.

The two attempted to lay out a preliminary strategy, which Garrison said he and his contact Don Simonson would implement on a tactical level once the consultation was over, and Kingsley need not be privy to the details. In fact, it was better if he weren't, as that would establish plausible deniability for any potential conspiracy charges that might be laid by the cabal's lawyers if they ever attempted any legal form of retaliation. Kingsley agreed and asked why Garrison wanted him to stick around at all, and the latter

stated that he wanted Kingsley to meet the instrument of justice who would carry out the retaliatory acts needed, in tandem with Garrison himself of course, to ensure that Kingsley's boy was returned.

Kingsley thanked his friend for the bond jest and the two mulled over local targets of the cabal who might have had a hand in the kidnapping ransom or who could be used to send a message to the cabal to lay off and return the child. Both Kingsley and Garrison knew that any acquiescence to the cabal would be highly unlikely to lead to the return of Kingsley's son, and the desperation in the father's eyes focused itself on the formulation of the plans that would be necessary to bring about the return of his son, or at least the beginning of a devastating revenge. Garrison began, Joe Moritz is one of the big wheels in the cabal and the private sector.

He owns all of the casinos and controls the gambling and uses the venues as a means of pimping young white girls he traffics in from Eastern Europe, running the sadomasochistic ring behind the scenes of his prostitution business. The dark outposts of his operations are multi-layered, and it's an open secret among the police that the elite Freemasons and Jews involve themselves in torture and murder of most of the girls who are trafficked in. Myself and Don have been monitoring the prostitution ring for some time, and with our contacts inside of the police, who aren't thoroughly corrupt, we have been planning to take them down for some time, and now we have yet another reason to target them.

Joe the Sleaze Moritz, as he's called, would be first on our list of targets in my opinion. Agreeing, Kingsley said, adding, if my son is anywhere, I'd be there. I only hate to think of what he might, must be going through, and as he said this, I see blue eyes staring into the fireplace, which crackled in the background, cradling his drink in his hands, his knuckles going white as he squeezed the glass.

It's a strong possibility, Garrison said, however, there are other possibilities given the scope of the cabal, and that its tentacles reach nearly to every nook and crevice of the white society, attempting to tear it apart at its weakest points. What others would seem a strong possibility, Kingsley asked, his voice flat yet earnest in his attempt to extract answers from the vast knowledge database of Garrison. The latter replied, Samuel Harmon, Kingsley's eyes shifted towards his partner and conveyed an appreciation of the significance of that name.

The mayor of a mid-sized city such as this would send a clear message to the cabal that their criminal actions won't be tolerated any longer. Of course, it would almost certainly accelerate things, but that was bound to happen anyway. Now that we are forced into a corner, I have no choice but to devote myself to opposing the tyranny of the cabal.

I propose, Kingsley continued, to strike both targets and to abduct as many of their demon seed as you can get your hands on, leaving ransom notes from a fake source to

scramble your patterns and throw them off the scent. Both assassination and abduction should be the way to go, Garrison reflected, assassination, but not of the mayor, not at first. That way, we can send a message to the supportive government agents that we are the good guys, at least to some extent, and most importantly, keep the mayor alive so that he can be used as our puppet and not the other way around, to the extent that's possible until it's time to strike hard against the cabal with our operatives and security forces, police and military, to decapitate it once and for all.

We are definitely coming to a point, a culminating point in history that will necessitate a total global worldwide takedown of the cabal and its operatives. We must do our part so that there is a future for our people and we aren't overrun and subjugated by the Jews and their mixed multitudes of foreign imports, the Chinese especially. There are, for example, many Russian women who have been abducted by Chinese sex slavers and brought here by the triads who are in bed with the Jews.

It's all a witch's brew of gangs, drugs and slavery, murder, torture and rape, even organ harvesting and sale of organs on the black market are fair game. Kingsley frowned as he thought of his son being in the clutches of the cabal and their sinister black magic perversity. They will pay for what they have done and for what they are doing, whatever it takes, Garrison.

Kingsley stated with air of finality, I want my son at all costs, and whether he lives or dies, I'll make it my mission to exterminate those cockroaches from this earth. At that, he crushed the glass in his hand and the glass and the remaining liquor falling on the rug. Garrison observed his friend and said, we don't have a choice, Kingsley, it's either them or us.

There is no compromise with corruption and no coexistence with those who want to kill you. At this point, Johnson knocked at the door accompanied by Don Simonson. The three greeting each other and Garrison appraised Don as to what had transpired in their conversation thus far.

Don gave a rundown of his background to Kingsley, explaining how he had been an electrical engineer in the army and was an expert in the art of assassination, of poisoning and had a background in chemistry, which he had applied in his wet work for his former employer, the JAR, Jewish Occupation Government. Kingsley stated that he was sure his son's failure was in competent hands and that he would leave the two to discuss the details of their plans. Kingsley rose from his seat and shook the hand of Don Simonson.

Thanks for taking on this mission, Mr. Simonson. My son means the world to me and I'm sure you'll do what you can to rescue him. Kingsley left and the two got down to the discussion of their plans.

The mayor has a daughter who he parades around in public all the time, as you know, if you've ever seen the newspapers and their glorification of that fat scum. I've caught a glimpse here and there by the Jews papers, but the Jews papers are not even fit to line the cage of my canary. I've seen them, both he and his little kike bitch are a pasty faced group of devils, the perfect target to send a message to the cabal.

Don replied. Garrison spoke. Harman operates out of City Hall during the week, but is frequently gone on vacation given that he's a lazy Jew and has no qualms about dereliction of duty.

His daughter, however, is tied to the Yeshiva school she's sent to and has a more or less fixed schedule, so she should be easy to nab. Her place of residence is in the downtown of the school, which is a boarding school. We can snatch her up there and then send a further message to the cabal through torching the place.

Simonson responded. Kike cabals, I like it. What about Moritz the sleaze? He's your secondary target, right? Garrison said.

The casinos he operates in the downtown and out on the outskirts, he usually shifts around between and at random, so it will be a difficulty to target him. Maybe the best course is simply to strike out at whatever higher level operatives are left to run the various casinos and then to take out the casinos themselves, if only one or two. Good idea, Simonson said, then added.

Given that the sleaze also owns a baseball team, the Giants, maybe we should send the message that way as well, throw a curveball into their operations. That way we don't just look like a rival gang taking up the gambling competition. Garrison agreed and the two got down to the discussion of details and consulting maps of the local area.

This required greater research than the internet could provide, and over the course of the next week, both Garrison and Don were busy in the archives and driving around the local area, getting a feel for the street layout and architecture of the buildings and gathering the necessary supplies for the demolition job. Kingsley was on the phone to Garrison later that week with another update. He had been keeping a ladder abreast of what had transpired between himself and Cabal, and had largely been in mute.

Only one other message had been sent prior to that which motivated his call, and that had come three days after the first, that being, time's coming to an end, agree to the terms or else. This last had been, time's up, tomorrow's the deadline. Kingsley's voice barely concealed his pain and anxiety as he said, you have got to get my son back tonight Garrison, I just received a note today that had been sent to me by mail, time's up, tomorrow's the deadline, if we don't get him tonight, he's done for.

Garrison said he would strike that night. Kingsley hung up the phone and took another

gulp of brandy. Don Simonson drove his nondescript black van along the street, the night shrouding him in protective darkness, concealing him from the sight of his intended targets.

He wore a disguise, his features obscured behind the tinted windows of his vehicle and sunglasses, as well as a fake prosthetic nose and facial hair, a mustache and beard, which all but obscured his features. The black wig he wore and white facial makeup gave him the appearance of a Jew and his upper class professional clothing, complete with elbow patches on the jacket and a fashionable bow tie, cast him in the role of a Jewish intellectual, a lone visitor to a Jewish school coming with gifts for the little Jewish kiddies. He carried with him a backpack that looked like it contained a child's school materials, a humble fellow with nothing but benevolent intentions.

Of course, he knew that the paranoia of the Jew would spot him immediately and that he had prepared for in bringing with him a taser that discharged 50,000 volts of lethality into any gatekeeper whose questions became too onerous to involve himself in giving lengthy answers to. In the backpack were a series of makeshift IEDs, which were all wired and controlled by a radio detonator he carried inside his jacket. Accompanying it was a silenced micro Uzi and spare magazines in the event things got hairy.

He decided he would approach in a direct route and parking his vehicle a block and a half away, walked toward the school, a somber and dreary brick building. He approached in disguise, the backpack slung over his shoulder and buzzed the button to gain entry. The Jewish security guard peering out at him with paranoid suspicion, a false smile plastered on his face.

Can I help you? He said. The man, Don Simonson, answered in his best Jewish accent. Hello, I have some school supplies for my dear daughter, Rachel.

She desperately needs it for class tomorrow. May I come in to give it to you? The security guard's suspicion somewhat allayed, buzzed on to the foyer, which was in a bullet proof area that the security guard could monitor and prevent anyone from entering the main area and thus gaining access to the demon seed who resided within the veritable fortress that was the Yeshiva school. The dumping security guard remained behind his bullet proof glass cubicle and Don stepped in with an air of passive aggressive offendedness, implying that his dignity was wounded by the unwillingness of the security guard to come out and greet him.

The guard recognizing the meaning of the hesitant gesture and look of subtle astonishment on the face of his apparent fellow Jew said, I'm sorry, but we have a policy here. Never greet guests in person. Anyone, even the chancellor of the school, must be wounding down with a metal detector if they had to come in.

Don smiled a pained smile of regret, yet conveying an understanding of the issues he

stated. Would you be so kind as to give this backpack of school supplies to my young daughter? He said, beginning to take it off his shoulders. The Jew observing the gesture became again hyper alert with paranoid fear, fear that a bomb was concealed inside and sent by way of probing the visitor as to their authenticity.

Your daughter's name is Rachel? What is the last name, please? He said, looking toward the computer he sat in front of. Don feigned exasperation and began to throw up his hands in a gesture of capitulation. All right, all right, I give up.

He extended his hands toward the Jew who was again instantly on the alert, given the anomalous behavior of the guest. I admit it, I'm secretly a Muslim terrorist here to blow the place to smithereens. I got a backpack nuke here that I just got shipped in from Iran.

Are you kidding me? All I'm trying to do is give you my daughter's some school supplies for good sake. Maybe you should take me to the dungeon first. The guard, worried that the guest might have power and influence that could negatively affect his job security, again feigned sympathy with Don and said tactfully, I'm sorry, sir, but I need a name to see what, to understand who to give the package.

Don paused a moment as if considering the position of the guard, and finally threw up his hands again, stating to the Jew in a quiet voice of defeat. All right, I see your point. I apologize for my error.

I see that you take your duty seriously. I don't respect that. He leaned closer as he spoke to the guard, at first not recognizing that the guest was closing the gap, and Don finally bent down as he reached the bulletproof glass shield and continued, my daughter's name? The guard said, go ahead.

Is this? Don stated as he came out of his picot with a double-sided commando dagger and shot it through the slit behind which the Jew was hiding, impaling the Jew's fat neck with his steel blade, the jugular vein being sliced, and as a hungry Italian impaling spaghetti on his fork, a gush of red blood splattered the bulletproof glass as the Jew sprang back from the blade and reached for his throat, his bulk toppling him over in his swivel chair and striking his head against the steel counter which was welded to the wall, breaking his neck, his body crumpling in an awkward heap in the corner. Don took out a coat hanger from his bag and reached into the slit, pressing the button that opened the door and taking his backpack of school supplies, heading into the yeshiva school, the door automatically locking behind him. He stared about in the hallway and observed the ugly mixture of gaudy religiosity and crude utilitarian structures which pompously conveyed to the visitor the supremacistic bigotry of the Jew which hid behind the facade of humility.

Torah tapestries hung down from the wall and Hebrew letters in gold filigree thread amidst ornate oriental designs festooned the inner sanctum, a podium which had a copy

of the Torah on it sat next to the staircase which wound up to the lecture halls and dormitories. Don had scouted the place for a week before and had ensured that the mayor's daughter's face was known to him so that she could be abducted. Don entered the guard's cubicle, kicked aside the fat form of the security guard which was blocking his path, stuffing it into the corner.

He entered the name of the mayor's daughter, Rebecca Harmon, and mentally recorded her room number which was located on one of the upper floors. He then dumped the beverage the Jew had onto the computer which short-circuited it and exited the cubicle, having ensured not to shut the door. Exiting, he made his way down the staircase into the boiler room which was adjacent to the security cubicle.

He was in the process of setting one of the IEDs there when he heard the echo of footsteps on the tiled floor down the hall. He came out with a micro-uzi and hid himself behind the boiler, peeping through the chaos of pipes and dials which obscured him from the door. In stepped a wiry, middle-aged Jewish security guard whose gaunt features made his hooked nose look all the more prominent.

The Jew attempted to radio in with his walkie-talkie. Thought I heard something in there. Must have been my imagination.

How's it going with you, Sol? At this, Don swung into action and went out from behind the boiler, his uzi up and before the Jew could open his mouth to cry out, Don had discharged ten rounds of hollow points into his head, the silenced uzi rumbling on full auto, the sounds in the boiler room silencing whatever noise might have been detected by any others nearby. The guard's wiry form crumbled in a heap and Don returned to affixing the IED to the main boiler which would create a chain reaction that would send the school of demonology to hell. He strode past the Jew and went up the staircase and back to the main foyer.

From there he decided he would start at the top and make his way down from there, lacing the halls of each floor with IEDs at opposite ends so that the entire building would be as an explosive chain of fiery destruction, maximizing the kill ratio. By this time it was getting onto 2200 hours and all of the demon seed would be wrapped up tight in their own little cubicle rooms, their own future graves. Garrison awaited nearby with the getaway car and the two had arranged to transport the mayor's daughter to a shack out in the country where they could videotape her and send the tapes to the mayor.

Don was hurriedly placing IEDs along the hallways, going along each floor, winding down the staircases when he encountered a fat middle-aged woman into whom he slammed, knocking her bulk down on the ground. She was about to scream after observing him but he took out his Michael Uzi and drilled her in the chest with a burst of hollow-point death. She flopped down and lay still as he continued to race along his course, hell-bent on the capture of the Jewish.

At the room she was concealed within, Don stopped and got out his lockpicks, an electromagnetic lockpick which, when held against the electronic door mechanism, disengaged the lock through flipping the polarity, thereby opening it. He held up the credit card device against the door and the mechanism made a muffled, chocking sound as it opened. He grasped the handle with his leather-gloved hand and turned the door latch and pushed it open, coming onto a scene with a Jewish girl lying on her bed, half asleep.

He pounced upon her and held a rag soaked in ether to her mouth as she desperately attempted to wriggle away but was soon rendered unconscious. Don thrust up her legs and hands and blindfolded her as well as gagging her with a ball gag to tossing her over his shoulder and exiting the room, placing another one of the IEDs into her room too if the forensic team had any evidence left over after the demolition, which signaled to the cabal the demolition team's capacity for violence. He took the elevator with the girl on his back down and radioed it to Garrison to attend to the scene as the elevator began its descent.

Opening up to the lobby, he strode toward the side door and opened it after Garrison gave a series of predetermined knocks and verified via radio that he was there. He opened the door and handed the demon seed to Garrison, who took her and placed her in the trunk of his nondescript car and gave Don a thumbs up to continue with his mission. The latter returned to the building's interior and walked up the staircase, continuing along the halls to lay CIEDs at key points along each floor.

Midway up, he was placing an IED onto one of the pipes that ran through the janitor's closet when he heard a sound from behind him. He turned and saw a little Jew boy filming him with his smartphone in a look of hostile anger on his face. The Jew boy said in his arrogant whiny voice, My dad is a rich man.

You're in big trouble, mister. Once my dad sees this video, he's going to have you tortured to death by his Mossad agents. You can't do anything to us, mister.

We Jews are the master race and you're just a slave. I can tell you're not a Jew because your mustache came off. Don took note of the fact that his mustache had slipped and immediately struck out at the Jew, wiping the impudent little smile from on his face.

The Jew boy flew back in a spray of blood and teeth as Don's right cross laid him out flat, his earlocks and yarmulke flying off his head and his body tumbling to the carpeted floor of the hall. Don came up with his commando methods and sliced the throat of the Jew, a sanguine liquor erupting from his jugular vein. He continued his task of laying out IEDs, though this time doubling the pace to ensure that no more potential alarms might arise, having been careful to stuff the body of the Jew boy into the laundry chute.

Soon the task was done and Don took out the radio detonator device from his pocket as

he approached the lobby, the elevator signaling that he was almost to the ground floor. The doors opened and he strode along the foyer and exited the side entrance, garrison still waiting for him in the vehicle which was running. He hopped into the door and garrison drove along the alleyway at the back of the building, crossing the next street and down the next as Don then hit the switch, making the Yeshiva school a holocaust of flames as a fireball erupted behind him, turning night into day, the sky brightening as stone shrapnel raked the surrounding buildings and the ground rumbled with seismic fury.

Garrison put the pedal to the pedal as they put distance between themselves and the site, speeding away through the city, taking roundabout routes, following zigzag and random patterns until they reached this edge and drove off into the country to the designated site. Samuel Harmon sat in his plush office overlooking the downtown and stared out at the burnt out husk where the Yeshiva school had stood only the night before. He had been notified as soon as it had happened and had been on the scene in attendance in hopes of assisting the forensic team in uncovering any remains of his daughter.

He felt a psychic connection to his daughter and sensed that she was not among the other children, his precious chosen seed of Israel. He had immediately phoned his rabbi, whose occult powers were greater than his own, and had, after the forensic team had uncovered nothing, told them to come to his office so that they could develop a strategy, try to find answers as to where she had been taken. The rabbi, Marvin Cohen, had come immediately and they had set up a Kabbalistic ritual circle with Hebrew characters surrounding it and a central stone slab for the sacrifice.

They would consult with the demons as to the whereabouts of his daughter. The night had quickly turned to morning, not the greatest time for his demonic magic, but time was of the essence and he felt they had to move quickly to recover his lost child. Rabbi Cohen spoke, Oy vey, Sammy, your little Jewish Rebecca still lives, even in spite of a lot of the deaths of the little Jewish thots who had been engulfed in the Holocaust.

These accursed goyim had precipitated just hours ago, yet she escaped a miracle from good. We will avenge ourselves on these anti-Semitic murderers. She will help us in our vengeance, bring forth the sacrifice.

He shouted his hands, reaching up to his demiurgic deity, and almost immediately, a swarthy Mossad agent came forward into the room, each grabbing one of the ends of the upturned white child, who had been gagged and stripped down to his underwear. The two agents muscled the youth onto the stone slab and smacked and punched him to attempt to reduce his struggling resistance. They strapped him to the slab with a heavy iron buckle, leather belt, and hung from it, and he was rendered immobile, though he strained at his bonds and futile attempts to break free.

The rabbi, a teflon on his head, dressed in a white and black robe, his hands and wrists wrapped in a black leather cord, took up his position at the head of the broken circle in the Hebrew letter Aleph. The mirror and Mossad agent standing back, allowing the rabbi to do his work. The latter began, O Raphael, O Mikael, Watchers of the Threshold, Guide me to the young girl, Rebecca Harlan, Tell me where she rests her young head.

He took out an incense burner and lit it up, beginning to walk withershins around the circle, chanting, Resh-men-shin-ber. Vibrating each syllable as he circumambulated the circle, the incense burner leaving a trail behind him of greenish-colored smoke. He gestured for the mayor and his hardmen to chant along with him, and they did so.

Resh-men-shin-ber. This they continued to do as the rabbi took out a cylindrical tube-like pick, which was poked with holes and had a sharpened end. The special instrument of Jewish ritual murder with which Jews dispatched their victims and their vampiric rites of torture and murder.

The three continued to chant the same words as the rabbi broke off and began to speak in quavering, vibrating tones, attempting to address the demons. O Raphael, O Michael, I give unto thee a blood sacrifice, the spirit of a young boy, virgin and untainted, by the knowledge of the sins of the flesh. To thee I bestow this gore soul, so that he will render unto us a knowledge of the whereabouts of Rachel Harmon.

So saying, he ceased his circumambulations and subtly gesticulated to the three who took out from under their garments golden bowls with which to cast the blood and a sacrifice knife of their own. Brandishing their knives toward the ceiling, they shouted in unison, Raphael, Michael, Baal, and began puncturing the child in cruel cold-bloodedness, the pain and muffled cries of the child having no influence on their reptilian consciousness, which sought only its egotistical self-interest, and not of its fellow serpent seed. Their knives, making vicious wounds in the child, and then making eager movements with the bowls to cast the blood of their victim.

After some time they had filled the bowls and the remaining blood ran rivulets from the stone table into the grooves in the floor and pooled in an attachable receptacle made of gold and shaped like a skull, having a lid which lay nearby. One of the hard men took up his position near the skull and waited for it to fill with blood before sealing it with a golden lid that could be screwed on to seal its contents within. Ringed round the sacrifice table were more of these skulls, which the Jew proceeded to fill with the lifeless blood of the white boy, who they proceeded to bleed white as the rabbi invoked the demon, Raphael, Michael, Baal, and Baal.

As he brandished his hands above his head, an apparition took form in the atmosphere and coalesced into being from its original inky blackness to a reptilian creature with leather wings, its black scales glistening in the light of day, and its distended belly protruding in and out as it hovered over the table preparing to strike. The rabbi

gesticulated toward the sacrifice and intoned, Resh-meh-mehl, at which the figure, its body coiled as if in readiness to pounce upon the victim, did so, and its teeth and claws went into the flesh of the child, which it bolted raw. The child was still living as its body was torn apart.

The creature, with piranha-like swiftness, consumed the child, its distended body swelling as it imbibed its form, the remaining blood having been bottled by the Mossad agent, who continued his task of placing the golden skull in a cluster adjacent to the table. The forward backed away from the creature, who was feeding, and the rabbi, upon the completion of his repast, shouted, O demon, inform us of the whereabouts of Rebecca Harmon, the young Jewish girl who was kidnapped just this past night. O demon, bestow upon us an answer, for we have sacrificed unto thee.

The creature turned toward the rabbi and uttered the words, Kings lay, and had that it faded from the sea, and dissolving its physical form into the aether, disappearing. The rabbi looked at the mayor and returned his stare. That gory devil will teach him a lesson he'll never forget.

The rabbi answered the mayor, he has been a thorn in our side for a long time now, and we need to pluck at that thorn. What do you propose we do? The mayor responded, give him his son back, he said, laughing cruelly. Do I understand you correctly, Samuel? The rabbi said with an evil grin on his face.

The latter looked at him, returning his grin. I am of the same tribe as you, rabbi, we can each read each other's thoughts. Later that day, Harmon received a video of his daughter held at the farmhouse, and a note stating, give Kingsley back his son, and you'll get back your daughter.

Deadline is tomorrow. Harmon crumpled the note with a look of sadness in his eyes, knowing that it was hopeless. His daughter would have to serve as a sacrifice to Israel, in its long history of persecutions.

He would never see his daughter again, given that he couldn't extend trust to Goyim, and that his former chairman Goy Kingsley's son would never get his daughter back. Thus his only option was to strike in vengeance against Kingsley as soon as possible. He phoned up his associate Raymond Chow, who, being the leader of the tribes in the area, was heavily steeped in the arcane arts of torture, which had been perfected by the Jews when they had been working with their puppet Mao Zedong, experimenting on Chinese nationalists using their extensive knowledge of the occult anatomy of the human form, meridians and chakras.

Acupuncture was merely the external face of the dark black magic manipulation of the human being, which, with the Soviet experimentation, perfected itself in a human abattoir of the Maoist regime, slaughtering 60 million or more of the chinks and the false

idols of equality and love, which was merely cryptic doublespeak for the supremacy of Jews in their takeover. Mr. Chow answered the phone. Yes, Harmon answered.

Chow, I got the perfect doll for your acupuncture specialty. Immediately, the interest in a tone of Chow's generally flat monotone displayed itself as a prospect of sadomasochistic pleasure that Mr. Chow, true to his mongoloid nature, was presented with. Harmon? When do you want this done? The address confirmed that it was he and stated ASAP.

They then arranged for Mr. Kingsley's child to be brought to the Chinese embassy that day. Before Harmon hung up, he said, Chow, make sure that all of your film equipment is set up. We're going to sell this gem on the black market afterwards, but I want 90 percent of it, since it's my property we're dealing with here.

Chow grudgingly agreed and hung up the phone. Dunn, Simonson, and Garrison were on the phone in a three-way call with Kingsley, the latter speaking. Garrison, great work, but where's Charlie, my son? It's great that we struck at the cabal, but that doesn't return my son to me, Garrison replied.

We just finished sending a tape of the grill to Harmon, which should reach him soon, and sent a demand letter to him earlier this morning, which I'm sure he's received by now. If, and that's still debatable, he has any shred of decency, he will meet our demands. If not, we'll have to cause more chaos with the cabal.

We'll be doing that anyway, Dunn interjected, but that's the only hope for getting the return of your son, Mr. Kingsley. I'm afraid the devils don't play nice. They don't have the compassion you or I have.

They aren't noble like us. Arian. Kingsley said he understood that, and the trio ended their conversation, Kingsley getting in the go-ahead.

As they were about to hang up, Garrison said, better hide yourself, Kingsley. You're no good to us dead. We need you and your connections to help take out the cabal.

My recommendation is to go into hiding off your estate and remain out of sight but in touch with us, maybe out of the city, Kingsley said. I'll hide away and keep in touch. Keep me posted and let me know any news about my son.

Joe and his crew of triads set up the lighting equipment and video cameras around the ornate Chinese decor, wall hangings of gold-colored bamboo, festooned with dragons and lacquer furniture upon which golden and jade-handled inclements of torture were arrayed. A yangjin played in the background. The triad members were all dressed in black and throwing around Mr. Chow, who directed them in their tasks.

A member approached from the doorway, which led into the high-ceilinged room. Mr. Chow, the addressed, wheeled around with rage as he had been disturbed in a manner

he deemed an impropriety. Having ordered his cronies to use a small silver bell, which was placed on a lacquered table, resting on a silken cushion adjacent to the entrance, the servant, fearful of the wrath of Chow, bowed down apologetically.

His fear dissipated, a little as Chow, adopting a friendly expression, waved him into the room. The servant timidly walked in and Chow gesticulated subtly for him to speak. The servant delivered his message to Chow.

Mr. Hummin is here, Mr. Chow. Chow continued to wear his smiling mask. He clapped the servant on the back and walked with him away from the scene.

The servant smiled, reciprocating with him secrecy in his child's grin, as the latter commended him for his loyal service to him for so many years. They approached the silver bell, which the servant had failed to ring, and Mr. Chow looked at it appraisingly and with a fondness as if for a love object, took it up and rang it, the tinkling bell summoning all of those cronies in his attendance, who immediately set down what they were doing and gathered round. Mr. Chow spoke adjustingly to the crowd.

Such a good servant as this, he said, indicating the man around his shoulder so he could place his own, deserves to advance in the ranks of the triad. At this point, Mr. Harman and Mr. Kohen walked in. We must reward a faithful servant with a promotion, he said with fatherly regard, escorting the servant before Harman and Kohen, who he acknowledged with a slight bow.

Mr. Hummin and Mr. Kohen will appreciate your service. Also, I'm sure, Chow said. He took up the silver bell and rang the moving cameras to which the servant was oblivious, turning around to capture the ceremony, which presumably Mr. Chow was orchestrating.

Another servant nimbly approached a golden-handled sword in hand, its red tassel dangling as the servant looked at it, presuming it was part of a ceremonial rite of initiation. Chow instructed the servant to kneel, which the latter obeyed and instructed him to hold the silver bell in his hand and to ring it three times with an interval between each. The servant rang once and Chow took the sword out of its scabbard, placing the scabbard on the ground.

The servant rang a second time and Chow faced away from the servant after bowing before him. On the third ring, Chow twisted round, his fat bulk serving as leverage, imparting centripetal force to the blade, which spun like an airplane prop, decapitating the servant, the sanguine liquor erupting from the stump at him and his head, the body falling onto the wooden floor. Chow took up the blade and inverted it so that the point was facing down, directed at the servant, and with a furious descent impaled the servant's heart, which further issued forth a geyser of rubicon fluid, staining his white neru jacket with a crimson flower.

Chow took up the bell and turned it over so that it served as a cup and held it under the torrent of blood which poured from the neck of the servant, taking it up and daintily pouring the liquor down his throat. His yellow turkey neck gulping it down like an animal, he gestured toward the Jews who approached and gave them each a small china cup to dip into the servant's blood, the two taking it extra helping. It is difficult in today's fallen world to find good help, Chow stated apologetically.

Harmon wiped his mouth with his silken kerchief he kept on his corpulent form. The party's just getting started, Mr. Chow. We got a real live one waiting out back in a truck.

Let us prepare the scene first, gentlemen, Chow said. We must ensure that our production is of the best quality. But, he said, looking down at the body of the servant, it is such a pity to let me go to waste.

Is it not, gentlemen? The two sneered and coincided. Looks kosher to me. Mr. Chow clapped his hands and the body was taken away by two of the servants, another following with a basin that caught the blood, and still another chasing after them with a towel to mop up any blood that might have been spilled.

Chow, the sleeve is more rich, sat amidst the silken sheets of his opulent penthouse in the temple casino that he had designed to be a replica of the Temple of Solomon. The two blonde shiksas he had changed to the bed with a golden chain attached to their necks and two nigger females were also chained to the swimming pool and were engaged. In a sapphic episode, he was observing while he beat the two blonde women with a leather wrapped stick, saying as he tugged on their chains, You see those two niggers, you blonde bimbos? They were slaves to your grandfathers.

Now you are my slaves, see? Tugging on their chains and wanking, working himself up into a paroxysm of Dionysiac frenzy. Suddenly a knock on the door occurred and interrupted his perverted entertainment. His ecstatic state of consciousness was interrupted and he flew into a rage, taking out his pistol from his holster which was hanging from the brass bedpost and left from the bed toward the door, his corpulent pasty flesh bouncing with each step.

He flung open the heavy door and screamed into the face of his valet, an Ethiopian negro. What do you want, cushy? The nigger stuttered. The triads have a large shipment of fentanyl fresh off the boat.

They say they want you to supervise the transaction with the old men and to inspect their product. Maurice calmed down a little as he came to his senses and replied, You tell them I'll be there in a minute. I just gotta take care of some business here first.

He trailed off as his nigger valet smiled in comprehension. Okay, boss, I go tell the triads now. At which he obscenely bowed, Maurice slammed the door in his face.

Maurice exited the room after his having to speed up his revels to accommodate the drug transaction which promised him a large amount of money, which in his mind outweighed the momentary thrills he was seeking with his harem of shixes. He was wearing his black suit with dark purple necktie and kerchief and drug-testing paraphernalia that he used in all of his dealings with the fentanyl pushers as he had been burned by one of the Chinese gangs in the past and in retaliation had the cabal of which he was a prominent member use their assassins to lay waste to the Chinese gang. The remaining gangs, being the triads, had monopolized the fentanyl trade which was overseen by Maurice.

Chinese triads also trafficked in the sex slave industry and the sale of human organs and body parts from abortion clinics that were sent to China and consumed by the wealthy as a delicacy. Maurice was a go-to man in San Francisco through which the Chinese would go to purvey their vice amongst the white population. It was thus Maurice and his that the white hand had in their crosshairs.

The fat Jews stumbled toward the delivery entrance area where the triads usually offloaded their product and went towards their go-between, Mr. Fong. Fong was waiting with his barrels of fentanyl pills and armed escort which were looked upon with suspicion by the cabal's hard men who sized them up in feral competition for dominance each eyeing the other with a challenging look, jockeying for power. Maurice put on his most artificial smile which was reciprocated by Fong and the two came together and shook hands, greeting one another.

Maurice spoke in his usual nervous, chattery fashion. Glad to see you, Mr. Fong. I hope your vacation on mainland China proved lucrative one.

And so on, the two becoming involved in necessary niceties of their business relationship. After a short exchange, Fong brought things back to the brass tacks. Mr. Horace, please have a look at our product.

It is 100% pure and of high potency. Guaranteed to make occasional users addict with only a couple of pills. You can't just take one.

I like it, Maurice ejaculated, slapping Fong in the back. This is better than my granddad's bootlegging business. Minimal manufacturing cost and maximal return.

A perfect product. He began unbuckling the seals on the drums of pills and took out his gold letter opener and testing equipment, gesturing to one of his associates to bring a table and chair upon which he could test the product. He laid out his testing apparatus and slipped the bag open and began randomly selecting pills from all sections of the drum, laying them out on the table and gesturing to his associates to test them, which he had been doing.

He replaced the lid after completing his selection of the first drum and began in the second, repeating the process. He then inspected the paste, which had been a powder and to which had been applied a special chemical which could authenticate its purity. All things checked out and Maurice took some of the fentanyl paste into his mouth and swallowed, expostulating as he felt the rush of the drug.

Oy vey, that's kosher, all right. He went into some jerky movements as the drug coursed through his body and then continued on addressing the agent nearest him, who held the briefcase. Pay this to Fong for his product.

Maurice clapped Fong on the back again and invited him into the casino for a game of roulette, Fong dismissing all but two of his men, those leaving, taking a briefcase of money, which they split in two and placed in both their vehicles, leaving the casino down the back alley. Don Simonson had been, unbeknownst to the gangsters, monitoring them and video recording this transaction. The evidence might not be useful in submitting to the police, given that most of its members were affiliated with the cabal, wittingly or unwittingly, and thus would be largely powerless to stop them.

However, Don felt the need of keeping records of his exploits as a means of having tangible proof of the righteousness of his actions. He had left a little kike with garrison and a tape and he had been sent to harm it earlier that day, which had been sent to harm it earlier that day. Now it was Don's mission to send a message to the cabal that their intention to harm the whites of the town through vicious addictions of all kinds, from sex to gambling to drugs, were intolerable and had to be put aside, put a stop to, and would be by Don himself.

All of the vice that the cabal trafficked in and facilitated was embodied in this and other similar dens of iniquity. It was thus an ethical imperative, in light of the survival of the white race, to destroy the corruption of the town. He had with him a collapsible silent sniper rifle and more charges of explosives, which he had the previous night planted around the casino, which would light up the night.

Evening was already turning to night and Moritz and Fong had made their way with their escort of hard men into the casino. Don was on the move and following him through the air conditioning ducts, which served as a clandestine pathway around the casino. He had planted a bug on Moritz through shooting it out of an air pistol from the duct above, which was of insect size, black, and adhered to whatever it landed on.

Moritz would undoubtedly not be able to feel it, given his fat bulk, and Don observed on his wristwatch wonder that it was on the move. He could trace the movements of Moritz, which were superimposed and to scale on a 3D map of the casino, such that wherever Moritz went, he could follow. Crawling through the duct work, which was large enough to accommodate a man, Don had found it easier to use a mechanic's rolling platform to enable him to roll along the ducts.

And when he needed to move to a higher or lower level, he could just take the roller with him and continue to wheel along. He peeped out at one of the vents and observed Moritz and Fong with four women of Asian extraction hanging around the roulette wheel. Moritz took out a ring with cocaine in it and snorted, his fat bulk trembling with ecstasy as the high coursed through his body.

He took up a bottle of champagne and poured a drop down his throat, fondling one of the Asian girls who laughed gleefully as he squeezed her breast. She screamed and he spat his mouthful of champagne in her mouth. Don, disgusted, decided to send a message to Garrison as he recorded Moritz requesting an update on the kike and Kingsley.

Garrison sent the message back to him informing him that Kingsley had gone underground and was in hiding and that the kike was trussed up, causing no more trouble than usual, which said little to recommend her behavior. Don continued to wait and monitor the sleaze and Fong until they began to depart toward the elevators. He followed them up to a penthouse suite the same Moritz had occupied before and observed as they sent the bodyguards outside the oriental females they had begun to strip and gyrate as Moritz played his techno music in the background, sending them into ecstasy.

Don had had enough of observing their mild decadence and began to assemble his sniper rifle. As the two gangsters continued their revels with the oriental women who would now be decked with chains around their necks and ankles and reveling on the bed with Moritz and Fong. Don pointed his rifle at Fong whose yellow black bulk came into view and decided he would make the hit a double whammy dispatching both gangsters with a quick succession of shots.

He acquired the target, Fong's head, in the crosshairs and pulled the trigger observing the skull of the triad drug pusher fragment like a grenade scattering meat and bone and blood shrapnel over the silken sheets. He quickly acquired Moritz in the crosshairs who immersion in the state of ecstasy blinded him to the kill that had just occurred an instant before next event. As Don pulled the trigger one of the oriental females sprang in front and took the bullet and ricocheting off her shattering clavicle and grazed Moritz who screamed and dove off the bed with feral survival instincts dictating to him to fly through the scene.

Don cursed as he wheeled his cart back away from the room and out of the range of the retaliatory fire that erupted from below as Moritz and or the gunman attempted to seek vengeance for his kill. In Don's estimation it was a beat the clock scenario almost certainly Moritz would seek to escape with his henchmen fearing the unknown assailant and Don had to make his getaway also in hopes of catching Moritz and his henchmen in a holocaust as he triggered the bombs he had laced around the casino like a psychotic

Easter Bunny laying eggs of death. He raced down the air conditioning duct and on his roller and attempted to beat Moritz and his crew out of the casino and be a safe distance away before he blew the lid on the debt of iniquity.

He was out the door and running and had taken out his detonator Don preparing to flip the switch to doomsday but an armored limousine squealed around the corner and flew past almost certainly taking Moritz to safety. Don dog-trodded across the street to put some more distance between himself and the casino and then hit the switch turning night into day as a hive of vice exploded in a fireball of poetic justice. There would be a few less addicts and a few less pills and prostitutes to make new converts to the religion of hedonism.

On to the next target he thought continuing to jog towards his vehicle which was parked a block and a half away. The armored limousine sped off toward the casino on the edge of town which was also a hotel and water park that bordered the ocean and was an international destination for the decadent and privileged globetrotter elite who had personal relations with the cabal and the owner Moritz. The latter was in a state of great agitation as he shouted to the driver through the divider Speed! We gotta get away from whatever boy did that.

He, they, probably, probably chasing us right now make evasive maneuvers we need to get out of the blocks he said, sweat pouring down his pasty face. He had taken off the jacket which still had the bug affixed to it and had stuffed it into a corner one of the hard men attempting to fix his wound with a first aid kit and was applying rubbing alcohol to the wound. Moritz screamed as the alcohol seared into his arm which had only been superficially lacerated by the round itself having sped by him.

He reached into the mini fridge of the limo and took out a mickey of tequila and twisting the cap sucked it back shaking his head in a spasmodic gesture. Drive! Drive! He shouted drunkenly. The driver accelerating on command the triad hard men looking stoically out of the back windows attempting to detect any pursuer.

Don, meanwhile, was watching the vehicle through his electronic tracker screen as it sped zigzagging down the street two streets towards his destination. He had parked his vehicle in a Walmart parking lot bordering the city and was doing inventory on his munitions cache in his back seat. The windows were tinted and thus obscured the Walmart camera's views of the interior of the vehicle.

He rummaged through the double bags he carried there a brace of Uzi SMGs with 10 extended box magazines a sack full of fragmentation grenades and a bundle of C4 plastic with electronic detonator mechanisms which could be detonated by a radio detonator a high-powered sniper rifle with starlight scope and a maser a microwave gun that discharged high-power microwaves that could rupture the blood-brain barrier of targets. He continued to monitor his watch as the limousine sped toward a destination

presumably somewhat outside of the city given its trajectory. As the glowing green dot reached the extreme end of the city map it stopped and remained stationary.

Don zoomed in via the interactive map of his device and got the general layout and coordinates of the site. The Pacifica was the name of the casino and Don knew it well by reputation though his activity thus far had not involved him in that most notorious dead of vice. It was long overdue for him to pay a visit.

It was a gamble he was sure to win if he played his cards right and the Sleaze Moritz was running out of luck. Snake eyes for the serpent seed Don said chuckling as he threw his vehicle into gear and sped out toward the site. He journeyed along a different route intending to go in by way of different coordinates through a culvert which ran adjacent to the line of trees that bordered on a forested area overlooking the casino and Pacific Ocean.

He grabbed his sacks of beer and hefted them on his back. Don trotted away from the line of trees and along the culvert which was taller than the man in circumference following along its length in the direction of the casino he observed that a natural gas pipeline ran parallel along the inside of the culvert ceiling and began planting explosive charges when he arrived in the area that was directly under the casino. The place was clearly little used as only a few bare bulbs and cages cast any light on the stepladder toward whatever inner workings in the place lay beyond was the only way ahead.

Disposing of the remaining plastic he concentrated all of his gear on a tack vest he wore transforming it into a strange fashion item decorated with fragmentation grenades and his bracelet Uzi's a sniper rifle he shouldered on its strap and began ascending the ladder to the top. He had on him the same disguise he'd worn in the previous casino a fake handlebar mask, mustache and mod wig as well as his pasty makeup and prosthetic nose and lips creating a completely different appearance from his regular features. His black suit he had stuffed with padding to create the appearance of a dumpy, out of shape person which contrasted markedly with his lean and wiry physique.

As he ascended the ladder to the concrete platform above he took out his tool case and ratchet and began rationing off the bolts which sealed the metal trap door. He removed the plate and climbed up and into the basilica. He heard the rumbling of the boiler room on full alert ready for whatever the situation called for as he walked around the boiler room's interior.

He saw a fat Jewish security guard reading a child pornography magazine. He was out with his garrot and crept up behind the Jew-like lightning wrapping a fat neck in the perimeter with a steel cord lacing into his turkey neck. The fat Jew struggled and kicked out of the machinery his boots harmlessly thumping against the metal and soon went limp his life's force draining from him as his silver cord was cut by the garrot.

Don grabbed up his keys unbuckling him from his belt and made his way to the casino interior after placing a fragmentation grenade next to the boiler in the event additional explosives were needed. He still had a backpack filled with C4 plastic enough to bring down the house and rain down hellfire and brimstone on the sinners. He glanced at his wristwatch and it displayed only the same dot immobile and located in a vehicle outdoors.

He was now making his way into the kitchen his double-edged fighting knife at the ready in the event he might encounter trouble. The kitchen staff were minimal supper having been served and the dishes cleaned up by that time which was going on to midnight and only a couple of lazy Mexicans sat idling by the kitchen soup which was simmering on the stove. Don crept by and would have passed on sparing their useless lives for a moment longer when suddenly one of the Mexicans sneezed and as he was wiping his nose he turned his head catching sight of the figure in black.

The greaser stared not knowing what to make of the figure and instantly flew in action his fighting knife shooting out like a lightning bolt electrifying the dim bulb of the Mexican as it plugged itself into his throat a geyser of crimson liquor spewing out. The Mexican attempted to cough and slumped over his companion observing the scene with horror upon his sudden discovery too little too late as the knife was retracted leaving the beater to flop on the linoleum floor and then thrust into the fat belly of the Mexican impaling him on its sanguine blade his hooded bloodshot eyes bugging out of his head. Don pushed the beater off the knife and flopped onto the linoleum curling up like a worm.

Don strode toward the stoves and started turning on the gas time for the privileged elite to be served up in a barbecue. He exited the kitchen and went to find the security room where he could monitor the cameras and find out where Moritz was. Before exiting he put on a weird uniform and a little black coat which gave him the appearance of a corpulent and corpulence and sauntered out to the dining room.

He pretended to fumble with some dishes and cutlery and he done his way past the decadent patrons who guzzled their wine and gobbled their expensive delicacies amidst boorish laughter and observed a security guard by the door and edged towards him. The guard was a swarthy Arab luckily received a communique from headquarters and having to take over about having to take over the monitoring of the cameras and a taciturn man radioed back that he would be there in a minute he had to hit the washroom first. Don thanked his lucky stars for the break and followed the guard who left his post and wandered down the hallway.

Don followed him and checking to see that no one else was present took out his maser and pointed at the guard's skull as he stood urinating in the urinal. Don waited for him to finish and shake himself dry before firing a burst of conductive microwave energy in the

skull of the Arab who suddenly jerked as the blood-brain barrier was ruptured mimicking the induction of a stroke. Man collapsed, his skull smacking against the tiled floor.

Don quickly maneuvered the man into a stall and began to undress him preparing to switch uniforms with him. He propped the man up against the stall on the toilet and left him there escaping toward the security room which he had seen from the opposite end of the hall. He entered at the open door and pointed the maser at the skull of a Jew who was monitoring the cameras.

The Jew was oblivious observing one of the pinhole cameras and one of the penthouse suite ceilings and had the volume turned up observing the fornication of a couple who were involved in that. Shut the door, will you? I don't want any trouble. The Jew sensing something at the last moment began to turn but by that time it was too late and the maser was discharging its microwave burst rupturing his blood-brain barrier which elicited a jerky head movement followed by the collapse of the guard onto the floor.

Don shut the door as requested and it locked automatically behind him. The sound effects of the fornicating couple still playing on the speakers which he turned off. He had bigger fish to fry.

He panned the cameras after shutting aside the Jew and taking his place at the monitors searching all of the rooms and getting a feel for the general layout of the architecture of the hotel. Most of the guests were already hidden away in their rooms but they all had pinhole cameras in them which enabled him to monitor the occupants. He went room by room eliminating possibilities and discovered no one until he began to search the sub-basement which apparently contained secret underground rooms that served as safe spaces that would enable the sequestration of cabal members from the police or any of their numerous enemies.

One of these was fully lit and contained his marks Moritz and his henchmen and triad affiliates. They had with them a coterie of negroses with whom they were involving themselves in feral revelry. He turned on the audio for the room.

Moritz was shouting amidst the din of African drumbeats as the triad members sat in front of dishes of cocaine and before a mahjong table. Fuck that shit brawl that took out my casino we're gonna start a war with that crew and I know who it is. A triad member looked up at Moritz from his cocaine mirror with a questioning look on his otherwise impartial face.

That's right, Moritz said. I know the perp. It's that damn white hen.

That gang of anti-Semites. We're gonna inform the cabal and let them all know who we're gonna target. Don smiled and shut off the audio letting the gangsters return to their revelry.

He had seen enough, now it was demolition time. All that was needed was to bury the cockroaches in the rubble as there was no hope for escape given the room's proximity to the explosions Don had planted. He made his way out of the room and went back into the kitchen which was positioned above the room of revelers leaving his backpack of plastic explosives and a wire to a remote-controlled detonator.

By that time the gas in the kitchen had completely filled the room and he covered his mouth as he made his way out the fire escape through which he had come descending the metal ladder and racing down the Colbert pipe into the fresh atmosphere. He started up his vehicle and prepared to roll flicking a switch on the detonator lighting up the night as the casino exploded from its foundation burning the safe room in a pile of debris and rubble the car racing away from the scene and back toward the safe house with Garrison and McKay. Mr. Chow led his affiliates, Cohan and Harmon back from the dining room toward the theater room which by that time had been fully established by his triad minions.

A cage lay on the ground before the camera and was being filled inside of which a pair of turtle bells were warbling. A pedestal of polished granite carved with ornate Chinese designs was before it and Mr. Chow gestured with unctuous politeness for Cohan and Harmon to take a seat behind the camera. Mr. Chow came before the camera and bowed speaking Mandarin to the audience for whom the video was predominantly marketed namely the elite of China.

Mr. Chow switched to English and repeated his statement Behold, good viewer, our exercise of power we are beyond the good and evil of Christian morality we are beyond the values of the old aeon you see before you the dome of peace I will show you what becomes of peace when a godman confronts it. He opened the lid of a small lacquer box which was lying beside the granite table and outrushed a cobra at the dove so its fangs striking that nearest him and sinking into its neck. The other dove beaded the cobra with its wings and attempted to flee the confines of the gilt cage but was trapped helplessly within.

The snake had meanwhile begun to drain the life force of its captain and the latter soon laid to rest. Untiring, the snake decided to go for more but Mr. Chow was quicker flicking his jade knife at the creature and cutting the snake's head off its body writhing in paroxysms of nerve twitches eventually becoming still. Mr. Chow approached the cage and took up his jade knife bringing it out of his pocket a small handful of bird seed which the turtle dove began pecking at.

He smiled at the camera and said that was the morality of the old aeon of the Christian world. He opened the gilt cage and allowed the bird to walk up onto his hand which was gloved in black leather. It continued to peck at the grain he held out to it and smiled again at the camera.

All things fight for life. All things want to live. That is the nature of things.

He stroked the bird as it pecked the grain in seed. Suddenly he turned the jade knife around in his other hand and impaled the bird blood spraying out as it spasmodically flapped its wings and attempted to flee even as the life force drained from it. Mr. Chow took up the bird by its feet and bit its head off shooting it with a crunching sound and laughed talking around the bird's head.

We all seek life. He discarded the carcass and spat on the bird's head. We know that only might makes right.

We are the new aeon. He got up from where he was kneeling and signaled to one of his men to bring in the larger cage which is positioned across the room. The triad members wheeled the cage forward on its dolly and up to the stone table.

The rabbi Kohen and Harmon approached. They're having donned black robes emblazoned with the astrological symbol of Saturn and having a teplim placed on their head. The triad leader Mr. Chow placed his head on over his head a light robe and the three gathered around the cage which was obscured by a black sheet also emblazoned with the Saturnian sign of death and silver thread.

Chow pulled off a sheet revealing Kingsley's naked son Charlie whose wrists and ankles were cuffed with plastic cuffs and which dug into his flesh. A ball gag was placed in his mouth and he looked around with a fearful gaze. His gaunt features a testament to the many hours of suffering and deprivation he had been subjected to by the cabal's abuse.

The rusty iron cage gleamed dully in the light as a yang jing played in the background accelerating its cadence to lend drama to the scene which was being recorded by the cameras for a distribution in the black market. The three black robes Saturnian priests congregated around the cage and lifting it from its base after having clamped they raised it over the child and Cohen took it tossing it out of the camera's field of vision. The three stooped and picked up Charlie whose futile struggles did little other than to exacerbate the cuts in wrists and ankles.

They placed them on the stone slab and began to buckle him on with the leather belts which depended from it tightening his wrists and ankles as they stretched his body to its full length. They then took up a black candle which was concealed from the camera's view from behind the altar of sacrifice and placed it on a candle holder on each of the three sides lighting it with a match. At this the lights were turned off in a sense of quietude and foreboding descended upon the scene as the music continued to play unabated.

They took out from their robes a tube punctured with holes which gleamed the candlelight and raised their arms above their heads in towing. At this point the candles

seemed to dim and an apparition began to coalesce in the atmosphere above the sacrifice victim who trembled and shrank into the cold stone. Its form a translucent greenish yellow which gradually densified and cast its eerie glow upon the throng.

It assumed the appearance of a simian form a simian form being with a prehensile tail and bloated sac for a body its distended venous belly inflating and deflating like a pulsing balloon and its simian feature as being a strange blend of a simite and ape its hooked nose and fleshy lips appearing gargoyle like. O Raphael, O Samael receive this sacrifice unto thee unto Yehovah. A trio of black hooded mages stepped back from the altar and the apparition opened its hooded eyes revealing black orbs and simultaneously opened up its gaping wide mouth its fleshy tongue lolling out of the corner of its mouth dripping acid onto the stone altar which smoked as it fell upon the stone narrowly missing the boy it spoke.

Your sacrifice is accepted give me the child at which point the three dashed in and began piercing the child with their sacrifice knives darting in and out like sewing machines going into high gear the child writhing in pain as the simian creature watched with unblinking eyes its expressionless features giving no sign of disintent after a while of this brutality the child lay dying his life's blood flowing out onto the stone slab and pooling in rivulets in the interstices of the stone collecting in golden skulls in the corners of the altar the apparition shifted its position as it hung in the air and coiled itself into a ball seeming to develop kinetic energy as it prepared to strike the three mages moving back from the dying child whose body was cruelly punctured with wounds throughout all of a sudden the simian creature struck throwing its bulk upon the child the chanting of the three black magicians the simian creature engulfed the child in his jaws its mouth expanding to engulf the whole of his body tearing him from his moorings and absorbing him into his distended form and then dematerialized until it disappeared and the lights were then turned on concluding the horrible scene the trio took up each golden skull which had by that time collected the blood of their sacrifice and began drinking it down vampirizing the energy of the child they held up their cups toward the camera upon drinking them and that served as a signal to terminate the video the other two members laughed along with him and Corrine added this'll spark a race war to the victor go the spoils they all laughed again and Shao gave instructions to his men to copy and distribute the video to Kingsley as soon as possible Kingsley stared out at the iron gray sky he had no longer any purpose for living his son had been taken from him in most inhuman cruelty and he had just witnessed his passing now he felt nothing but emptiness as if his soul had been torn from his body his business affairs he would delegate to his junior officers now he had no interest in the endless welter of daily affairs he had had everything that mattered to him stolen from him and now thought only of vengeance at least he had that which was the only thing worth living for now and if he had to make himself a martyr for his cause and die in the attempt to avenge himself upon the cabal he would do so he phoned up Garrison from his office and said simply as

the latter answered take the kike out and send the head to Harmon let this signal the beginning of the hot war he hung up and called his chauffeur Chris Chris I need you to come to my office we're going to have to go over some plans after a few minutes Kingsley heard a knock on his office door and buzzed Chris in the athletic young man striding toward him across the plush carpet yes sir Chris asked ready to receive his marching orders inferring from his seriousness to the tone of voice that things had reached the point of no return and that hard action was needed to take down the enemy Kingsley stated I want the Chinese embassy gone not a trace remaining but a tangled mass of twisted metal and rubble I want every triad member you can get to taken out in the most brutal manner possible their bodies displayed publicly and send a message to the others from this point on we were at war with the cabal and our triad affiliates no more cloak and dagger secrecy Chris said he would see what he could do and Kingsley sent him off on his tasks with additional instructions given what Don Simonson has so artfully carried out I want him involved if he is able and willing all white hand members in the area should involve themselves to the extent they are able in an all-out strike against cabal members I'll be calling around today to spread the message use your connections in the military and police and have them do their part Chris saluted and left the Chinese embassy set nestled in a maze of brick and mortar buildings in the Chinatown area a block away from the police headquarters I scrolled in lettering arrogantly proclaiming its purpose for all of the business people and bureaucrats to see as they shuffled about to and from their offices reminding them of the hegemonic influence of the Chinese in what had formerly been their exclusive home and which had now become a satellite state of mainland China its agents and operatives pursuing a relentless course for raw power at the expense of the white founders of the area it was a Trojan horse that enabled through its veil of legality and respectability the trafficking in all manner of vice the endless influx of drugs of Chinese immigrants who in most cases were criminals and exploiters heavily involved in crime and criminal cabal which constituted their government and ethnic group a group of mongoloid psychopaths whose sole motus for them died consistent of amassing power and pleasure to exceed the harems and decadence of a mandarin's feast they were an eyesore on the city in Chris's estimation and had its fill their fill and was time to purge itself of the MSG and pork fried lice that constituted the Chinese invasion he had conscripted a hit squad of white hand members specially trained in the arts of war in their background and special forces and SWAT team of the city some were members but most were ex-members who had had their fill of the corruption of the bureaucracy and had decided to involve themselves in the private sector as security consultants clandestinely forming a military faction of the white hand under a profitable banner now they were about to clean house and had kitted themselves out in black suit wearing black ballistic armor and equipped with ancient KMP5 SMGs with extra extended box magazines fragmentation and smoke grenades and a microwave weapon for clandestine wet work the team was assembled 15 hard men ready to take out the triad leadership which operated through the embassy and to send a harsh message to the mainland that there would be no more tolerance toward the drug

trafficking clandestine power grabs and white sex slavery which went back and forth between the mainland and San Francisco most of the women never being heard from again Don and Chris were the leaders of the team and divided their crews evenly into two after consulting the blueprints of the site and flying a drone in with a live stream audio visual feed they verified the accuracy of the layout of the site the map fitting the territory and no significant alterations to the building having been undergone since its construction in the 70s two entrances presented themselves either directly through the gates which given the concentration of the triad members would be near suicidal and through the sewer system underneath Don reflected as the two poured over the map we could always take it from the roof Chris asked him to elaborate and did so we could obtain draft bills and rappel down one of the adjacent buildings landing on the roof taking perhaps no more time than a few seconds given the relative height of the two buildings Chris agreed that that would be a good choice but that a double-pronged approach would be best he would take a subterranean team through the sewer and enter the embassy from below once they got to that point Don's team would rappel down the apartment block adjacent and enter via the roof store using a cutting torch if needed to gain access by the one-way steel door which opened out onto the roof no cameras could be seen in the drone's lens as it encircled the embassy other than those cameras which looked outwards into the streets mostly being dome bubble cameras which had only a limited field of vision and could probably not see anything other than a half sphere of degrees thus making any view of the roof impossible the two teams split up and Don and Chris parted going their separate ways Chris drove with his crew of hard men in an unmarked van parked to the block and a half away from the embassy in an alleyway near a dumpster and in the middle of which was a large drain leading into the sewer he turned on his electric mapping device which enabled him to have a three-dimensional view of the embassy and the entire infrastructure within the field of vision that the drone had flown onto the roof of one of the nearby buildings broadcast live streaming the images to him through the x-ray camera enabling him to see both his crew and the embassy as well as the maze of the streets and tunnels that comprised the environment Don and his crew meanwhile had concealed themselves in suits and carried a duffel bag with their equipment into the rear entrance of the apartment block which Don gained access to using his electromagnetic pick which disengaged the locking mechanism enabling entry the crew took the elevator to the roof and stripped out of their suits preparing to make their descent upon the embassy Mr. Chow, Cohen and Harmon had all driven to the baseball diamond for a funeral celebration of Moritz whose death had recently been announced and so had left the embassy within the embassy triad members consulted with one another over profits and accounts as they continue to administer the affairs of the quasi-political quasi-criminal cartel's nefarious drugs nefarious doings Bill Lee, the highest ranking triad member present was busy consulting with a government minister from mainland China Mr. Ching, we have an increase in shipment of white horse to go to mainland China we as you know bring them into dependency upon us through fentanyl this is more powerful chain than iron or gold cost

nothing, peanuts he said with evil sneer which was reciprocated on the massage of Mr. Ching the latter inquired what about the meat? there is much in demand back home as you know Lee answered there is plenty meat for the whites abortion clinic doing good business plenty fentanyl death too make lots of meat lots of profit Mr. Ching inquired further about the drug trade and Lee requested more shipments of pills Ching promised to oblige and may mark a down on the ledger in Chinese characters after a pause Lee recollected his special item smiled and conveyed to Ching his latest video production we got a real blockbuster Mr. Ching you wait to see it it's real gold, pure gold and began communicating to the latter whose eyes were wide in anticipation of profits the horrendous act of butchery of the child's sacrifice of Kingsley's son what are you going to call it land boy breed a lot or something of that nature Mr. Ching interjected with his recognition how about white boy to hell? they both began laughing uncontrollably and decided to celebrate their victory against the white race their hated foe Lee clapped his hands and a triad member attended him receiving his instructions bring some wet bitches we got a party now the member exited and set apart about his tasks Chris and his crew of white hand members had made their way into the entrance of the embassy which was barricaded by a solid steel door just as above on the roof one of the members got out a cutting torch and Chris radioed into Don for the go-ahead Don's crew began rappelling off the roof and Chris instructed the men to start cutting the middle door Don's crew followed suit after touching down and both crews were inside it was go time members began placing C4 plastic on the walls and alcohol to the top and bottom which when detonated would collapse the embassy like a cake in the oven crushing the triads amidst the rubble in the event that any members were left alive the crew would be ready with silent sniper rifles from their origin outside of the embassy to clean up the stragglers the crews fanned out through the building blocking off exits dust heads moths infiltrating a Chinese beehive for the kill they had dispersed their explosives and were now in running gun mode turning corners and wasting any chimp you saw from the lowliest secretary to the toughest hard man the mp5 stuttered not wasting any time theirs was a mission scorched earth Lee and Ching had by that time congregated in one of the dining rooms and were snorting china white through a jade straw until their wired minds were disturbed by the chatter of gunfire no strangers to the sound they took out their Daewoo SMGs and began to give battle each covering each entrance as they positioned themselves back to back and then fanned out along a wall concealing themselves behind a stone lion that served as a shield the gunfire drew near and suddenly the ornate doors on both sides blew inward and a fragmentation grenade exploded on the outside smoke blinding into the entrance who could clearly discern their targets in a dim light cast by the skylight window mp5 stuttered as hollow points tips struck home turning the triads triad ministerial affiliate into Chinese hamburger the lions doing little to shield them from the pinpoint accuracy of their marking ship the white hand members exited the way they came placing satchel charges and explosives in the room which was now a Chinese sepulcher and headed downstairs one team at a time no sound was heard as they made their way into the basement and out into the sewer dog

trotting along the catwalk and racing away from the foul reek whose odor drifted only to a slight differed only to a slight degree from that of the embassy once up and out of the sewer in the alley Don and Chris who had the remote detonators took them out and flicked the switches sending a shock wave of flame brick and mortar in all directions burning the triads and their chi-com affiliates in their own corruption Chinese take out anyone? Chris asked sardonically as a wail of police sirens sirens echoed through the buildings giant stadium stood proud of being the new day's sun as the military band sounded a funeral dirge in honor of Joe the sleaze Morris the owner of the baseball team whose picture photoshopped and airbrushed of course was displayed on the jumbotron for all to see the local Jewish controlled media was present and all in attendance being only a small number even in spite of the promise of a free admission to the baseball game which was to play next and which had been scheduled deliberately to entice as many people to the funeral as possible in spite of this bond just on the part of the franchise's owners Morris's most recent wife and his two children have been disappointed which had the effect only of tarnishing the deceased owner's reputation the announcer who was sequestered away in the broadcast booth overlooking the event blathered on extolling Morris and his wonderful philanthropic contribution to humanity and how he an orphan child born in the holy land had immigrated to America with his parents in the 70s to begin a new life away from the terrorism and persecution of the PLO struggling hard to build himself up he took night courses at the local college while working for his father's funeral business a furrier business eventually becoming a major player in the business world what the announcer tactfully omitted was that Morris's furriers was a front to the cabal's drug ring and was the means it had of laundering money in addition to Morris's real estate cooperative which he ran with his other criminal affiliates the announcer droned on filling the silence of the atmosphere with his jabber as Kingsley crept toward the booze dressed in a San Francisco Giants fan uniform and carrying a duffel bag of a silenced high-powered sniper rifle the door was left open as the announcer apparently preferred the outside air to his own verbal fart gas and it was no difficulty for Kingsley to creep in his double-bladed commander knife at the ready as he inched toward the announcer something must have alerted the latter who half turned his head as he whirled into the microphone headset Kingsley appeared before his gaze and attempted to turn around in surprise but too little too late the knife was lodged in his trachea and a gargling sound was the last noise he would ever make again a death rattle as he jerked back and slammed his skull on the floor of the booth creating a muffled thud which echoed through the loudspeakers hardly anyone in the audience noticing the sensation of the announcer's speech which had lulled him to a state of hypnosis Kingsley began to assemble his rifle taking it out of his duffel bag he knew that it was nearly time for the guest celebrity to sing both the anthem of Israel and that of America in honor of Moritz and that this ceremony would be attended by Harmon and Cohan the two associates of Moritz who were also significant figures in the philanthropic sphere at least to all appearances the appearance which constituted the public face behind which the cabal hid the celebrity a slender Jewess with silicon breasts and a gaudy outfit wearing a

giant baseball cap her tight dress going only down to her upper thighs and being slid along the side ascended the podium being accompanied by a group of hotshots who figured prominently within the local circuit Mr. Chow and Cohan being present along with Harmon his fat bulk waddling up the steps a greasy grin plastered to his cloudy face which beaded sweat the group thronged round for photos as Kingsley inserted the detachable barrel into the action of the sniper rifle he looked up from his position being all but invisible in the booth given its tinted glass and observed the celebrity take up the mic that was given to her she took it from the negro attendee and with her most cosmetic smile addressed the audience thank you all thank you she said in a tone of contrition as if to assume that Moritz's death would proceed with sadness attempting to create a reality from her pretense of suffering over his death she spoke again in eulogy to the audience he was a great man we are all thankful he gave us so much he gave us the San Francisco Giants at this the audience erupted in shouts and cheers although there was only a sparse audience the artificial soundtrack which was artfully played on all sides of the arena amplified that feeble cheer a hundredfold at that the celebrity began to sing God bless America in her whiny Jewish voice from the face that Moritz had superimposed upon the American flag which waved in a corny fashion on the jumbotrons Kingsley had finished assembling his rifle I was now sighting down the scope out of one of the small open windows that enabled better ventilation in the booth the fuzzy scope became crisp as it acquired its target but he decided he would wait for a time and see what would be undergone once the anthem had been completed the Jewish was wrapping up the anthem and her whiny voice came to a crescendo God bless America my one true hope at this the audience cheered and chanted and he was playing on the loudspeakers USA USA USA even the audience recognizing that the chants weren't emanating from themselves and began to sit down much to the embarrassment of the Jewish and assembled high rollers who tapered off their clapping and fist pumps and the Jewish again picked up her microphone the Israeli flag this time displaying over the face of Moritz waving in a pixelated image a pixelated image appearing to wave jerkily the wimpy anthem of Israel was struck up and the high rollers all placed their hands on their hearts signifying their allegiance to the rogue bandit state the Jewish's voice quavering with emotion Kingsley had had enough and decided it was go time time to celebrate another funeral or two he dropped the rifle on the counter and got down into a kneeling position focusing upon the Jewish and the crosshairs he would make her the cause celebre this night he focused on the target pulled the trigger as her fake silicone boobs came into view heartbreaker the round hit home silencing a cry as the wolf in sheep's clothing as the Israeli anthem continued to play he shifted his aim and acquired Cohen whose fat bulk was frozen like a deer in the headlights and pulled the trigger his balding head bursting like a piñata on Cinco de Mayo and as the scramble ensued as the anthem continued to play the technician probably having run for cover himself Kingsley popped off another silenced round which struck another fat cat but his desperate attempts to find Harmon were a failure the latter having dashed off the podium and into the waiting arms of the police who were spreading out toward where Kingsley was he knew he had

blown his chance and taking up the rifle and exiting the booth from behind he hopped on his gyrocopter which he had come in on landing on the roof outside of the cameras and took it down a little over the stadium making a beeline for the office buildings and the nearest alleyway where he could dump the vehicle and escape the rotors of police copters in the background sounded as well as sirens which blared from all sides creating a sensation of vertigo Kingsley expertly piloted his craft down between one of the skyscrapers and set it down in the alley jumping off and sprinting off in different directions and up a fire escape into the nearest apartment building through the open window and out of the apartment of an old cat fancier and into the hall from there he took the elevator to the basement and changed out of his clothes into a fresh pair of joggers he had packed in a backpack he sequestered the rifle in a dirty corner of the furnace room he was in and headed back out to street level gradually making his way back to one of his downtown offices Don received a call from Garrison shortly after his strike on a Chinese embassy Kingsley got Cohen and some of the other high rulers but Harmon got away he wants us to find Harmon and let him get his revenge I told Harmon's daughter I've been dispatched and her head was sent to Harmon's office in city hall the mayor looks to have gone into hiding and I personally don't know where to begin I'm told Kingsley said much myself any ideas Don? he addressed chuckle don't worry Garrison I put a bug on his armored car a little before the first casino I thought it would come in handy flew it into his compound in this ritzy area by way of drone and dropped it into the crack in the back window and shrunk the magnets have held it steady there since and no one's wiser I can see on my bug tracker device right now the bug's limo is no longer in the city but rather it was left to go to Alcatraz the signal is being beamed out from the island my drone has got a positive ID on the vehicle from shore using its telescopic lens which can zoom into targets from up to several kilometers I've got a clear visual of Harmon and his crew that chow and his tribe wherever are left of them are also concentrated on the island there's no two ways not too many ways to get them in short of drone strikes or scuba gear it'll have to be the latter Garrison replied we would be too visible in making drone strikes and there would be too great a probability of error given the sheer quantity of explosives that would be necessary to level the rock plus it would be a travesty to destroy a monument to criminality like that he said sardonically Don said it would have to be a frogman op and they hung up on that with instructions to get ready a team of white hand members who could go in for a strike in the dead of night Garrison phoned up Kingsley and over a short period of time a crew was assembled Kingsley though an industrial magnate had a military background and had been an army officer seeing tours of duty overseas he kept himself in peak condition being a sprinter and martial artist whose background in mingpo and hungar prepared him for the dirty fighting of the nitty gritty race war and he was now embroiled in the team assembled at the cabin of Garrison and readied their equipment and looked over plans for how to approach the site armoured and barked orders of the triads who had been muscling the white female sex slaves and were in the process of placing handcuffs and leg irons on them hurry up we got to get them all into the cells and wait for the

barge to come in from china we should be here in an hour we turned to chow from that port we're off to the mainland the den of white boys here are causing too much problems there's no way we can fight but we can't see the only tiger we know of is Kingsley and he's going to hide it there's no way we can do this alone we'll have to relocate to china and then come back later and seek vengeance chow took a sniff of cocaine from his ring that he wore on his middle finger flipping open its secret compartment lid and jerking his head back as a lid as the hit coursed through his bloodstream into his blood into his brain and spoke this is small potato mr harman we bigger than this place we came we come back later with chinese army and take over he laughed and harman followed suit i suppose harman said that this is just a minor setback this is a new beginning not the end he took out a fentanyl pill and popped it in his mouth shaking as the pill took effect the triads and massad agents were finished cuffing the women whom they had chained together with a chain that ran through their legs and which was held in place by leg irons harman ordered one of the larger cells on the bottom tier of the aging prison to be opened and the women most still young and pretty were marched into the cell their silent march a testament to the apathy which set in through their period of incarceration in the chinese embassy sub-basement from which they had been moved prior to its destruction for alcatraz which was a cabal's modus operandi and being easier to traffic them from that point if they couldn't be placed into a sea cannon shipped out to the mainland from port chell spoke up still riding his high high senses hyper alert as the cocaine coursed through his body these women look lonely he looked at them and licked his lips what a pity that they are not given the attention they so recently deserve he approached and opened the sliding door of the holding cell a chain which ran through their legs having been looped through an iron ring and vented in the wall he motioned invitingly for harman and a few of the guards to enter in harman's eyes widening as he envisioned his pending tryst with the buxom young blonde nearest him eyeing her nubile form and licking his liver lips with his pale tongue saliva dripping down his chin the blonde stared apathetically forward her will to resist having been broken chell reached out his fat yellow hand and grabbed the breast of the brunette who feebly attempted to resist but chell was undeterred pressing forward he thrust her up against the bars and he yanked her pants down harman followed suit as did some of the guards the others standing back watching as they began to rape the girls whose cries could be heard through the prison no point in weeping chell said his fat bulk thrusting the blonde against the prison bars no one cared and laughed foolishly as he violently pushed her head against the bars his feral lust turning her into a monster of uncontrollable frenzy at that moment the sound of explosions could be heard as a demolition crew of the white hen came up onto the island fireballs climbing into the night sky as the vehicles of the crew exploded gunfire shattered as the exterior perimeter guards were taken out their screams of agony death agony echoing through the night inside the cell harman and chell were wrenched out of their tryst and attempted to disentangle themselves from the girls but chell's bulk became entwined in the leg chain and he collapsed pulling all the members save the guards who stood against the wall down into the prison rushed one of

the the cleanup crews and mp5 fire cut down the remaining guards leaving only harman chell and a couple of guards lying helplessly in a tangled pile of bodies kingsley came forward his weapon at the ready as chell fumbled in his pants attempting to extricate his daewoo smg but had his ticket punched as kingsley drilled in his fat bulk crashed into the concrete head smacking against the wall spilling forth a bowl of chinese noodles bathed in red tomato sauce harman attempted to plead with kingsley his hands outstretched toward the gutter whose icy blue eyes cancelled out all thought of remorse harman made a desperate last attempt to whip out a dagger but kingsley was quicker and fired a fusillade from hollow points into harman's face the dagger tumbling harmlessly to earth with the corpse the team had all their guns trained on the remaining assault agents who blared up at them with rat like ferality garrison spoke his weapon trained on the assassin how many more of you are in this town we want names addresses etc at this point the massad agent had been fumbling his mouth and bit down suddenly and foam erupted from his mouth as he choked his body tumbling like dead weight onto the concrete immobile kingsley spoke the battle rages on looks like we still have a chink in the armor mother let me long time long time sucky sucky fucky fucky one time hung kong hung kong one time hung kong one time one time one time one time let me long time freedom my long song go back to hung kong kong i'll send you back to hung kong para one time one time let me mother let me long time long time sucky sucky fucky fucky one time hung kong hung kong one time hung kong one time one time one time let me long time freedom my long song go back to hung kong kong i'll send you back to hung kong para one time