

IMMIGRANTS

Immigrants. The problem with Carl. Scene 1. Moe's Tavern was a fixture in the town of Springfield for the blue-collar crowd of average everyday citizens, those who worked in a local power plant and in a variety of trades, those who were the very backbone of society and without whom society would be unable to function.

It was to Moe's that the blue-collar workers went after work or after dinner, depending on whether their wives preferred the one or the other. It was a place to unwind with a cool glass or bottle of forgetfulness. A place to escape from the troubles of life in the workaday world.

The regulars were there that day and as usual, Moe was serving the drinks. Let's have a listen to what's on tap. Homer.

Homer. We lost again to Capital City. When will we ever have a stroke of luck? Moe.

Now, Homer, you gotta give the boys some slack. They don't have the budget those big league guys have. But what we've got, we're doing pretty good.

That's the beauty of a small town. You might not win a big league tournament, but you have a sense of pride nonetheless. Pride that you did your best.

Homer. You're right, Moe. We ain't much, but at least we have each other.

At this, the two clink glasses and the discussion shifted toward the influx of the refugees. Moe. One thing Capital City got, that's capital crime.

The crowd sobered up a little at that, aware of the increasing crime rate occurring in the nearby city, which had enabled a steady influx of third world non-white immigrants in the last few years, which was accompanied by a proportional increase in crime, rapes, robberies, even murder, as well as the formation of rival ethnically based drug gangs, which spread the poison of drugs throughout the community. Homer. As some damn liberals bring in those immigrants, they need them as a voting block to keep themselves in power.

Moe. That may be, Homer, but I know that they're replacing the white workers for jobs. Slave wages keeps the capitalists happy.

It's all about profits for these clowns. The humanitarian claim, it's just a cover to swell their profits. Lenny.

Them Christians are pretty keen too, Moe. I don't see them getting more profit out of it. I think they're just crazy because of what the Bible tells them.

They want all the world to worship Jesus. At that, the members of the bars laughed, and

Homer said, they can worship him down at the crack house. At this, Moe interjected, no, Homer, be fair.

My old mother was a devout Catholic, God bless her soul. They don't do no good to bad mouth religion. Let's just say that they all have their reasons, and their reasons are all bad.

It leads this society down. Homer. I hope they don't come here.

Lenny. They'll bring their problems if they do. Moe.

Well, they better not come around my knee, so they get more than they bargained for. Carl. Cops.

Don't start with me, Carl. What? A cop? What's this all about? You got a nigga problem, Cracker? So saying, he took his bottle and smashed it against the bar, spilling beer all over and fragments of glass, holding up the jagged bottleneck threateningly at Moe and lunging forward. Moe picks up a baseball bat from behind the bar and stepped out from around it, as Homer and Lenny attempted to restrain Carl, who was shouting, Racist Cracker, I'll kill your ass.

Moe. You're finished here, Carl. Don't let me catch you here again, he said as Homer and Lenny escorted Carl out slamming the door behind him.

I'm gonna get your cracker ass, Moe, as he stalked off. Homer. Sorry for the trouble, Moe.

I guess some guys can't deal with controversy. Moe. No problem, Homer.

I sleep with one eye open. I always carry a loaded pistol around with me just in case, given the craziness I gotta deal with here. Lenny.

Yeah, the world's going crazy. Can't trust anyone. Moe.

Not the cops, not no one. You're on your own in this world. Homer.

All you have is your family. Moe. We're all family here.

I protect this bar like a father protects his house. Lenny. I guess we're your children, eh, Godfather? Moe.

That's enough of that. Keep it in your pants. Scene two.

Springfield Elementary School Yard. Judas. Bart and Milhouse are hanging around with one another in the school yard.

Milhouse. Hey, Bart, do you know that Einstein was the most intelligent man in history?

Bart. So what? Milhouse.

He was Jewish like me. We're the most intelligent people on earth. Bart, taken aback by the implicit affront against himself.

Why do you say that? What did Einstein create? What made him so good? Milhouse. He made the atom bomb, and my dad said if the whole world would attack us, then we Jews are gonna nuke them. Bart, go peddle your papers.

Just then, Bart observed a gang of refugee kids crowding around his sister Lisa and her friend, who were playing on the jungle gym. The refugee kids were looking up the skirt of Lisa's friends and leering, making remarks, jostling one another, daring each other to assault the girls. The oldest and largest refugee child, who was around eight years old, came forward and spoke in broken English.

How come you hate me? You're racist? Lisa came forward and attempted to be friendly with the Negro. We don't hate you. We love all people.

The Negro said again, you're racist. Give me six. Lisa screamed and attempted to run, but the refugee child reached out and grabbed her dress, which tore.

The other youth, incited by this act of force, gathered around Lisa and her friend and fell upon them. At this point, Bart raced in and dropkicked a Negro, who had prostrated himself upon his sister in the back of the head, knocking him out cold. The other refugee children ran away, and Bart spoke to his sister.

Are you all right, Lisa? Lisa gathered her dress around herself, began crying as the other girl followed suit, screaming, help, help. At this, the female teacher, who was monitoring the schoolyard, rushed up and approached Bart with hostility. Did you do this? Answer me.

Millhouse approached and stated that Bart had assaulted the refugee children. He hit them, and the teacher turned on Bart and said, I won't stand for racism. You're going to the principal's office immediately.

As Bart was being dragged away, Millhouse jeered, we Jews have a duty to cleanse the earth of racists like you, Bart. We are the master race. Bart stared at Millhouse with disbelief and a stony-faced silence.

He swore to himself that he would have his revenge against Millhouse and the refugees that had assaulted his sister. Scene three. What must be done.

Moe's Tavern. Moe. They did what? Charge Bart of the hate crime? For defending his own sister against those filthy animals? They've gone too far.

This world's a madhouse. What did they give him, life? Homer. They gave him 200 hours

of community service picking trash off the street.

He also has to go to a guidance counselor and be instructed in the evils of racist bigotry, they called it. Lenny. Racism, schmacism, it's always us white guys who get pushed around, like we don't count or nothing.

Gee, if it wasn't for us, the whole town would fall apart. Moe. The whole town, the whole world.

I tell you, this world is upside down and inside out. They let rapist kids scratch that, animals, young beasts, rape young white girls, and if a white kid like Bart comes to the rescue to save them, hey, you're the problem. They lock him up and throw away the keys.

What are you gonna do? Do we gotta go busting heads here or what? Homer. They just get the cops after us and we know the cops are no friends of us. They pondered for a bit and Lenny offered his advice.

How about a lawyer? They all waved their hands in disgust as Lenny continued. How about writing the congressman up? He continued in spite of their disgusted looks. We can complain to City Hall.

Complain? Said Moe. They're the problem, chucklehead. It's them corrupt political hacks at City Hall who are the problem.

What are we gonna complain about? Them? No, what we need to do is to take matters into our own hands. We need to start a movement to get rid of these corrupt liars in office and then we can get rid of them, immigrants, and clear all of the crime out of this town. It may not be capital city here yet, but it didn't take capital city long to become a cesspit as it is now.

Well, I remember my mother, God bless her heart, used to take us to visit the big church in, Homer interrupting, yeah, yeah, we all know what it was like before the immigrants were jammed in, but what can we do? We're just regular guys. He looked at Moe seeking answers as the barman cogitated, clearly cleaning a mug with a rag. Moe began, we're gonna get organized.

We're gonna start a grassroots movement and start recruiting members and then we're gonna form a pressure group to offset their policies and if they don't give in, we're gonna smash it. Letty, gee, Moe, are you sure that's a wise idea? What, what can we do about it? They got cops with all sorts of guns and Moe interrupted, what are you, a man or a mouse? We the people, it says in the constitution, and the government exists to serve we the people, not these clowns in office. We've made of this town their own personal fiefdom, whatever it takes.

That's what we're gonna do. The room fell silent for a time while the group thought this over. Homer interjected, what are we gonna do first? We gotta get more people.

Moe, that's right, more people. We gotta reach the people and the only way we can, through word of mouth, through the word, the printed word. We can spread messages around the town to get more people on our side.

I got a program on my computer we can print off and design leaflets and spread the message that way. We can even get t-shirts printed up and badges with a logo for this movement. What will you call it? It's gotta have some sort of catchy title, something that lets a reader know who we are and what we're about.

Lenny, what are we about exactly, Moe? Moe, what are we about? We're about getting that corruption out of society, getting the immigrants out. We'll call it Springfield against immigrants. Homer, but not all Springfield is against them.

Moe, fine, call it Springfield anti-immigrant, anti-immigrant league. That sounds classy, a real \$50 word. The group looked with satisfaction at one another, glad to have come to a realization.

To the Springfield anti-immigrant league, they all cried in unison. Scene four, moral inferiority, Moe's Tavern. The three were gathered this night in a state of ebullience, for they had now made their initial gambit in spreading propaganda.

The evening news with the Jew Kent Brockman was about to begin and Moe gestured to the other two to quiet themselves down as he turned up the volume with a remote control. Brockman began as the intro music faded. Today, hatred rears its ugly shadow in a small town of Springfield.

Leaflets and flyers were distributed around the town last night bearing the caption immigrants cause crime and immigrants rape girls. The newscaster Kent went on in a sanctimonious, moralizing tone pontificating on the virtues of the citizenry for turning in these leaflets, which were publicly burned in a rally against hate that evening, accompanied by a candlelit vigil for the refugee children, accompanied by Imagine by John Lennon. The clip of the rally was shown with a large crowd of bourgeois people and their refugee victims replaced by footage of the leaflets with sinister sounding music.

Brockman then went on to interview the chief of police, a Miss Goldstein, who looked like a commissar from the Soviet regime, her fanatically hateful eyes staring out in rage at the camera, leading Lenny to explosive, Dear God, if there was ever a devil that walked here. As Moe crossed himself, memories of his childhood in the church were brought before his eyes. The police chief spoke in forceful tones about erasing hate and that those who spread these flyers would be dealt with to the fullest extent of the law, and that there was no place for bigotry in our diverse community, that such an act was

against our values and on and on.

At this point, spokesmen of the Jewish community, one Rabbi Kook, was brought in to the discussion and he repeated the above points, stating that such bigoted hatred is what led to the destruction of six million Jews in Germany during the trial of Hitler, etc. Moe turned off the TV and discussed, I can't stand the lies of this society. We've got to get more people in on this.

This ain't cutting it. We got to expand operations. But how? All the people are against us.

At least, that's what it looks like to me. Homer broke in, TV isn't real life. There are plenty of people at the power plant who are against these immigrants.

We just got to be more effective in reaching out to them. We got to try all sorts of techniques from word of mouth to private meetings here in the bar. Moe answered, you're right, we got to hold meetings here, but we got to reach out to the people first.

Scene five, radical. Lisa was walking home from school one day, her thoughts turning toward her studies and Mr. Johnston, her gym teacher, and how he was so cute and on and on, imagining him taking her up in his arms and living in a tropical island where he would hunt the wild animals and bring them home for supper, and how they would just, just then, Lisa was stopped abruptly in her tracks by the refugee boy from the previous day, the one who Bart had kicked. He stared at her out of his soulless black eyes, his simian features working, spare tire lips protruding, opening in a feral snare of bestial aggression.

You white bitch, you're racist, right? His statement was the arrogant challenge of a jungle ape attempting to dominate a rival, his body language standing in close proximity and blocking her path along the sidewalk. You racist? Again he asked as Lisa attempted to sidestep him. She replied in a frightened voice, leave me alone.

The sneer on his simian face as he sensed her fear widened. His feral instincts detected the fear in her eye and encouraged him to take things a step further. He began to reach out for her, his body moving closer as she attempted to pull away from his grasp.

She cried out but her cry was infused, was muffled by his hand as he dragged her down. At this point two more of his fellow youth gang members ran up and helped hold Lisa down, one of them covering her mouth with their hand to stifle her screams. They had sequestered her into the bushes and began to state their feral lust upon her helpless form.

When it was over they began to beat her saying, take that the white bitch, racist bitch, and other similar statements before they finally broke up and ran off down the street. Later a resident of the neighborhood discovered Lisa in a fetal position, her prostrate form shivering through though the day was warm, it being only early fall. The neighbor

knew who she was and took her back to her house.

Marge was there and she immediately embraced Lisa and wrapped her in a blanket, thanking the neighbor and asking both her and Lisa, what happened? Lisa, tell me. But the girl couldn't answer other than saying, I'm not a racist. Repeatedly the mother called Dr. Dr. Bombata, the black doctor, whose nurse instructed her to attend the mental health clinic and book an appointment with Dr. Steinschitz, the resident psychiatrist who would prescribe her her meds.

Marge was distraught after attempting to get through and finally managed to book an appointment three months into the future. She then called the emergency center and spoke to a nurse who told her to bring her daughter down. By this time Homer had arrived from work and though slightly intoxicated from having stopped by Moe's, he held his daughter closely and took both down to the emergency room.

He managed to hear from Lisa that the word refugee, though garbled by her sobs, was given utterance and that she must have been raped by one or more of them. Who were they? He said in a cold and eerily calm manner. His eyes, though welling up with tears at seeing his daughter in a near catatonic state, gazing at her, searching for answers, for faces or names that would enable him to revenge himself on the little beasts who had so crudely violated his daughter.

Lisa replied, I'm not a racist, parroting the propaganda she had had inserted into her mind by the indoctrination system. Homer embraced her and stared out of the hospital into the night, uncertain as to how to defend his daughter against the unknown assailant, which was not only ubiquitous but unidentifiable, other than through the simple label immigrants, he said under his breath. The black night representing in his mind this looming terror.

Homer's rage enabled him to work at an even more frantic pace around the clock, his having taken time off work for a family emergency. He spent most of his days in Moe's tavern with Moe, generating propaganda and discussing tactics for its spread. With Lenny, they hit the capital city in a propaganda blitz, hoping that targeting the larger city would create enough media hype to awaken people in Springfield, and if that helped the people in capital city solve their problems, then all the better for them.

They went in on night raids in Homer's station wagon, smearing mud on the plates to attempt to minimize detection, as well as dressing in disguise. The propaganda this time advocated solutions to the effect, immigration is crime, and throw the bums out of city hall, start getting organized, and the like, attempting to encourage others to facilitate activism of a similar nature. Back at the bar, they celebrated their raids while watching the news, observing more of the same anti-white rhetoric, spewing forth from the frothing mouths of the news anchors.

In the bar, more patrons had been coming, hearing through word of mouth that Moe and his crew were the activists who had been distributing the leaflets. Of course, this message had only been spread clandestinely through reliable channels, those who had already earned trust in not being a blabbermouth, and having sufficient honesty to keep a secret, and sufficient honor to seek to further and uphold the cause of white well-being, those who had expressed and were known to advocate anti-immigration views in the past, and consistently upheld this value system, which reflected itself both in word and deed. All of those who were brought in had to compromise themselves by videotaping themselves doing something damaging to their reputation, and which would be something they would not want released to their co-workers, or to the public at large, such as dressing in women's clothing, and pirouetting in front of the camera, and also filming themselves distributing a propaganda, an act which had recently been deemed illegal under the newly instituted hate speech laws, and which had a penalty of several years in jail if caught.

Thus, Moe and his crew could be reasonably assured that so long as the new recruits were properly vetted through background checks and reference checks, as well as through compromising acts, that they were as legitimate as could be, and that the probability of police infiltration was minimal. The meetings continued on for a while along the lines of strategies for recruitment, and the establishment of ways they could get the immigrants to leave, as well as strategies to get these townsfolk who had aided and abetted them to cease their supportive role in enabling them from entry. Various ideas were banded about.

Letty. Why don't we hold demonstrations outside of where they hang out, you know, like churches and stuff, where they go to church? Moe. What are you kidding me? We want to keep a low profile and minimize exposure, or we haul them to the Crowbar Hotel for sure.

Homer. We should burn the churches to the ground. They can go to hell with their Jesus.

Moe. Homer, I thought I told you not to blaspheme in here. We don't want to kill people.

We just want the immigrants out. Homer. And the corrupt government.

Moe. That too, Homer, that too. Letty questioned.

What do we do, Moe, if you want to keep secret and not bring heat, but you don't want to create heat? What options are there? Moe replied uncertainly. We can't, we can't vote them out. There are too many against us.

We can't burn them out, as we don't want to harm anyone. What does that mean? Homer piped up threat. We don't have to kill anyone.

We just have to make it uncomfortable for them to continue their activity. The question

is how? We've got to flesh out the details. Scene six.

Revenge is a dish best served cold. Marge Simpson was busy preparing the evening meal when she heard the phone ring. Homer was idling away in front of the TV, a rare moment for him, given that he had all but quit watching during the course of his activism.

But he had decided to stay home with his wife, given that she had wanted him to remain and discuss some things, as she said. Marge quickly rushed over to the phone and answered it. She handed the phone to Homer, saying, it's for you.

It's Waylon Smithers from the power plant. Homer took another gulp of duff from the can to bolster his courage and answered in a somewhat apprehensive tone. Homer here.

He listened for a moment and took another gulp of beer. I understand. I'll come by and clear out my desk tomorrow.

He looked up at his wife, who looked not only worried, but crestfallen at the same time. First Lisa, and now you lose your job. Why did you take this time off? Don't you know that you were needed at the plant? But I guess now you're not, she said as she began to cry.

I guess I wasn't worth the sacrifice of your time. You only wanted some time to hang out with your booze buds at Moe's. Homer attempted to explain, but Marge cut him off.

I can't handle this anymore. I can see you value your duff beer more than me. I'm leaving you.

When I come back from unpacking upstairs, I don't want to see you again. Homer decided to reach out to Marge, but she broke away from him. This was the beginning of the end of Homer's formerly average everyday lower middle class life.

A week later, after he had seen his wife for the last time, he received a call from the psychiatric institute that Lisa had committed suicide through overdosing on psychiatric meds, and she was showing such progress. One of the nurses informed him over the phone. Homer asked in suppressed rage, why wasn't she put on suicide watch? That was your responsibility.

You were her caregivers. The nurse responded in a typically haughty and defensive tone of thinly veiled contempt about taking all precautions, and that she didn't display any signs of suicidal inclination, etc., covering herself in the event that Homer may have connections or the knowledge of how to sue for medical malpractice. Homer hung the phone up as he cracked open another can of duff.

This time the system bureaucrats will pay, even if it means my life. Later that day,

Homer attempted, attended and sought to see the body of his daughter. The nurse denied him access and told him that she had been taken to the morgue, and that if he would wait, he could attend at the morgue.

After an hour, during which time Homer attempted on numerous occasions to get a response from various nurses and doctors who passed by and referred him to the front desk or made false promises, then they disappeared. Homer had had enough and decided to find Lisa himself. He slipped into a room and donned a doctor's smock, wrapping a stethoscope around himself so as to avoid being prevented from searching the hospital.

He made his way down into the basement and searched along the hall, questioning one of the janitors where the morgue was in his most doctorly accent. The broken English of the non-white janitor directed him vaguely to his destination, and he wound up inside the morgue. On a slab stretched out lay Lisa, a pale corpse whose blue eyes had opened, staring at the harsh lighting from above.

He closed them, and bending over her said, If there is one thing I will do in this world, that will be to avenge you for all the sufferings this society has visited upon you. He took up her body and carried it into the night air, walking towards a station wagon, and drove his daughter out of the city into a secluded place his father had taught him to fish, a little creek in a tree-den area. He took out an emergency shovel he carried with him as part of his roadside emergency kit, and began digging a grave for his daughter.

He was finished with society, with its norms and values. Only Bart remained now. That was his only tie to the world, his only hope for the future.

He swore to himself that he would be a better father than he had been, and that he would do his utmost to develop himself into a better man than he had become. Yet another week later, Homer was still hard at work on his activism, transferring all of his time and effort to Moe's Tavern, and developing strategies with his fellow organization members. The ranks of the Springfield Anti-Immigrant League had grown in proportion to the rash of criminality that had spread throughout the town, proportional to the numbers of non-white immigrants.

With every rape and rape victim, always of course non-white males on white women, and every robbery and theft, the residents of Springfield, at least those who were the victims of these crimes, the lower middle and lower class, became more and more aware of the fallacy of egalitarianism and how the alleged values of society didn't in any way map onto the realities of life. Accordingly, they were driven into the arms of the organization, at least the men were, those men who still had sufficient drive to play their traditional role of protector and defender of their families and society at large. Still underground, they steadily built their ranks and underwent various training exercises in the manner of a militia group, out on property, on one of their members, one of their members' own.

The paramilitary exercises and training were seen by the group as a necessity, given the increasingly violent nature of a non-white crime and that only the wealthy bourgeois class had the means to buy their way out of the problems of life. Bart was due to be released from the juvenile detention center a few days after the burial of his sister Lisa. He had not been informed of her suicide and Homer thought it best to allow him to return home out of the sight of government agents before he informed him in the event that a reaction on his part, the part of his son, would encourage the agents to attempt to hold him there and possibly subject him to some type of sedation.

Homer drove Bart back in the station wagon in silence after having greeted his son in the reception area. He spoke, I know that what you did was right, Bart, and I did what I could to stop them from taking you. Just know that I did what I could.

He trailed off as his eyes started to well with tears. I only wanted the best for you and Lisa. It's the government, Bart.

They are our enemy, but we must endure their tyranny. There's not much we can do to fight against it. Bart was silent and looked out the window as they approached the house.

They were both walked silently toward it and Bart noticed that the curtains in the kitchen window were gone and said, how come mom turned your curtains down? Homer was silent as he unlocked the door and they both entered. Bart looked around and observed that much of the decor had been removed and that the place had been rearranged a great deal. Homer observed Bart's reaction and said, Bart, I don't want to upset you, but it's just you and me now.

I can't tell you any other way. His eyes again began to well with tears and he stammered out, your mother left and Lisa, she committed suicide. She's dead.

He grabbed Bart close and hugged him. Bart was crying when his father released him. He looked up at Homer and said, we'll get them dead.

Homer nodded and repeated the words of Bart, we will. Bart went to his room from that point on and Homer let him go. Feeling would be better for Bart to be left alone to ruminate over things and to come to grips with the situation he now faced.

Being without either his mother who had absented herself completely, he knew not where, or his sister whom he had loved deeply in spite of their differences. Once out of sight from his father, Bart escaped up to his upstairs bedroom and climbed down the latticework to the garage. He scrounged around in the toolbox and came up with a tire iron, a nice hefty item for exacting punishment against he who had instigated a series of events in the first place, namely his Judas friend, Milhouse.

It was a weekend and Bart knew that Milhouse's parents usually remained within their

house on Saturday and Milhouse was forced to remain with them in one of their strange Jewish rituals they conducted at that time. Bart had of course been made painfully aware of Milhouse's Jewishness through the latter's making endless references to Hitler and the Nazis and the Holocaust, which Bart couldn't care less about, though he found the National Socialists to be an inspiring and noble group of figures which he came to an understanding of through leafing through World War II books and the school library, admiring their sternness and healthy strong constitutions, something decidedly absent in that of the Allied powers, who Bart looked upon as corny and with a disdainful aversion to their arrogant claims to moral superiority, as if they had something to prove or to deny. He noticed that Milhouse's residence, being a block away, was occupied, as in spite of the curtains being drawn, there was a light on and faint outlines of figures could be seen moving about.

He crept up to the house and approached the side entry, peering, peeking into a window that wasn't curtained off. In the house he saw Milhouse dancing about with some form of incense burner and an odd cape-like costume with his mother and father tied up naked to a cross. Milhouse brandished a whip and struck his mother and father on the legs with it, the incense burner emitting an incandescent greenish haze which was lit up with the menorah.

Bart pressed his ear to the wall as he could detect dim sounds of timbrels and a strange oriental sounding music. He decided he would take the risk of attempting to open the window and creep in, and to his surprise, in spite of the secrecy and paranoid atmosphere of the place, the window lifted with ease and he stole in, carrying his tire iron. The noise of timbrels and oriental flutes wailing in ecstasy met his ears and he crept forward until he had reached the living room.

Milhouse's parents were gagged with a ball gag and his father was fully erect as Bart observed Milhouse whip the two and flick hot ashes at their naked bodies from the incense burner. Milhouse was in a state of ecstasy, crying out in ululating tones, Raphael, Zazazel, vibrating each syllable as he danced around in elliptoid patterns, waving his arms about which contained the incense burner and whip. The parents' eyes fell upon Bart as he stood there observing the scene.

Their eyes flew open and they attempted to struggle on their crosses. Milhouse, possessing the judar of his Jewish nature, turned after one after he saw that his parents were upset by something and ceased his ecstatic motions, facing Bart. Bart spoke, you caused my sister to die, now it's your turn, as he raised the tire iron and brought it down upon the skull of Milhouse, shattering his cranium in a spray of blood and muck, brains spattering in all directions as Bart again brought up the heavy cudgel and struck down repeated blows upon his erstwhile friend who had betrayed him for the last time.

He then turned to the parents who stood staring at him with hatred for having destroyed

their demon seed. Your son, he shouted at them, caused my sister's death, I'm tired of hearing about your holocaust, it's time you experienced a real holocaust. He raced out of the house the way he came and went into the garage.

He discovered a jug of gas and a pile of rags as well as discovering a barbecue lighter amongst the copious quantities of household items they possessed. Bart raced back into the house and discovered that Milhouse's father had managed to destabilize himself from the cross and lay still affixed to it, only lying supine facing the ceiling, ceiling fan still gagged with a ball of gas. Bart splashed gas in his face and around both crosses in a wide area so that it would ensure for the greatest probability their burning as a sacrifice or a wicker man to whatever demon they had invoked.

As he was about to light the rags, an idea came into his mind. Since the Jews are always bragging about their stuff, why not raid their place before sending them to go on the highway to hell? Bart scrutinized the place and found the door leading down to the basement. He was sure that if there were any secrets, they would be found in that subterranean lair.

He saw a few rooms, one of which was shackled with a heavy padlock, the door itself being of a heavy metal, though hollow inside and sunk into a metal doorframe embedded in concrete. Bart smashed the lock off with a tire iron after a few strokes and pulled the door open, revealing a sinister ensemble of items he would never have anticipated in his wildest dreams, bottles of human organs, hearts, severed hands, bags of what appeared to be cocaine or crystal meth, and various vials of pills, a bandolier rig with grenades, abrasive Uzis with extra grenade, extra magazines, and various other sinister bottles of nondescript character, most bearing labels with weird looking letters, though some in English that have the names of different pharmaceutical labs with an Israeli address. Bart took the Uzis and grenades and left disturbed and at the same time angered by the organs which had presumably been obtained in some similar black magic rituals.

He ascended the staircase carrying a duffel bag he had found downstairs with the goods. He observed how both of Milhouse's parents were still strapped to their crosses and incapable of movement. Their beady black eyes stared at him with an alien look that sent creepy vibrations down his spine.

Time to light up your life, Bart chuckled as he lit the rag on fire and making his way to the kitchen, tossed it still burning on the gas-soaked rug. With a whoosh, the flames engulfed Milhouse's corpse and his parents, who were powerless to scream, and Bart, as he crawled out of the window, was met with a rush of flame as the fire spread, fueled by the oxygen-rich atmosphere of the midday morning. He rushed off, slamming the window shut and dog-trodden back to his house by roundabout ways, making a zigzag escape route, ascending the latticework with his duffel bag and returning back to his

room from whence he came.

He pushed the duffel bag under his bed and took out the family album that he kept on a bedside shelf. Flipping through the memories crystallized in Kodak moments, he discovered a photo of his sister from last year at the park, the sun streaming upon her as she looked outward into the future filled with a promise of a happy future. Now there would be no such future for her and no future for the animals which had defiled her.

Tucking her photo in his jacket, he shouldered the duffel and again descended the latticework, seeking vengeance for what had been done to her. He vowed to himself that he wouldn't sleep until the savages were wiped from the earth. As Bart approached the convenience store, which was run by one of the non-white Somalian immigrants, he slowed his pace and shifted his course to approach the building from behind.

It was getting dark as he had spent the day doing reconnaissance on the immigrants, tailing them from the distance and ensuring they couldn't see him. He observed their tribalistic behavior, the way they ganged up on the white children and harassed the white girls, groping them and attempting to force their way upon them. He observed as they played their feral music, its electronic drumbeat serving as a postmodern activism to the primitive culture of voodoo and violence.

They hung out at the court for hours and various white kids attempted to play at the schoolyard but were beaten off by the thugs. One approached, an older boy and what appeared to be a drug transaction occurred where he distributed to the gang packets of an unidentifiable substance, some form of pill it looked like. Bart observed his features and noted that he looked Jewish.

After some time, he went away, having received some cash from the gang. A while later, a young white boy who appeared to be from a poorer class came up to the gang and spaced gaunt and heavy bags under his eyes. His clothes were stained and bore the logo of the popular TV show, *Wrecked*, which was a presentation of a dysfunctional family of a popular musician whose main gimmick was biting the heads off chickens in his concerts and whose song, *Christ Killer*, was at the top of the charts in the Jewish controlled media.

Bart felt sorry for the boy and the fact that these creatures from another world, one of savagery and violence, were a contributory cause to his drug dependency and downfall. This enraged Bart all the more and furthered his resolve to eliminate this problem in his community. He tailed the gang back to the convenience store as it began to get dark and began to slow his pace, approaching from the rear as the gang went into the front entrance.

The fact that a few of the older immigrants were hanging around in the front indicated to Bart that the store was their territory and it would be the perfect place to strike, given that it was, so to speak, their hive of bites. Nevertheless, Bart decided to make

absolutely sure and so hung back by the dumpsters where he could gain a view of the ingress and egress into the store. After a time, a seedy-looking middle-aged Jew exited one of the two cars along the street and walked up to one of the Negro adults who greeted him.

Hey, Sammy, he called in broken English. Want your pick of candy tonight? To which the Jew replied with the spirit, I'm in the mood for sweets. You know I got a sweet tooth.

To which both of them laughed. The Negro walked into the store followed by the Jew and after a short period of time, they exited the back going into the alley. Given where Bart was positioned, he could see both front and rear entrances having only to move from one side of the dumpsters to the other, which were piled up parallel to the side of the store.

They made an exchange and the Negro walked back in for a moment returning with a young white girl who looked as if she had been using drugs. Her eyes sunken into her head and her features were gaunt and emaciated, though she still displayed the beauty of the Aryan woman in spite of her corruption. She had on a skimpy outfit, showing all of her youthful curves, youthful and hardly developed.

She must have been all of 15 years old. The Jew approached with a sleazy grin on his features and whispered to the girl, Chick says like you I like. You're a real sweet meat.

After which he smacked her in the liver lips and a pale serpentine tongue flicked out and lapped at the spittle which was forming on his lips. The girl stared apathetically at the Jew. Do you want to do it here or on the mattress by the dumpster? Indicating where Bart was, who had sequestered himself behind the dumpster.

The Jew looked over at the mattresses on the ground and nodded his head. You lead the way, Chicksa. He said as he groped her rear end, smacking her forward as drool pooled on his lips.

Bart decided he would wait until the Jew was distracted before making his move. The girl lay back on the mattress and spread her legs as the Jew lay on top of her. Bart crept around the dumpster with the tire iron in his fist and swung it full force at the balding skull of the Jew, the bludgeon crashing into his skull and shattering it into fragments, a spray of muck descending on the girl.

The girl rolled out from under the Jew with a feral flightiness, charged with the adrenaline rush of the survivor and raced off away down from the property down the alley. Bart hefted the Jew's body into the dumpster and took out his bandolier rig of grenades and his brace of uzis. He inserted the high-capacity magazine and flicked the safeties off.

It was go time. As he approached the convenience store from the rear, its rear door

being still open a crack, he pressed his body against a concrete wall and peeked in. He saw the young Negro gang smoking some form of drug in glass pipes, which emitted a repulsive smoke that filled the convenience store, which gave off a reek of rancid rotisserie chicken and a rotten stench reminiscent of a sewer.

The gang babbled in some form of African language, giving utterance to whatever crude savagery entered their barbarous minds. Bart observed them for a few minutes as they underwent a few drug transactions with various lower-class whites who handed them crumpled money bills. Many of them looked homeless.

Bart waited until the store was clear to patrons, all of whom came and went for drugs, either to buy for themselves or to pick up packages to sell on the streets. The Negroes continued to babble endlessly in their rude tongue, and Bart decided he had had enough. He primed two grenades and waited five seconds before he lobbed them into the other side of the store.

The Negroes' attention was distracted by the noise, and they, coming from a failed state which had failed through their own savagery, recognized it for what it was. They shouted in unison a word, presumably, grenade, in their language. Just before all hell broke loose, the grenades detonated, and the Negroes didn't have a chance to escape the hail of shrapnel, which lacerated their bodies.

The adult Negroes rushed behind the counter, shouting obscenities in their guttural tone as Bart kicked the door inward, bringing his twin oozes up and spraying them with copper jacquard and hollow points. The remaining Negroes danced like marionettes on strings, held in the hands of a wild man, their bodies bursting with sprays of blood like a sprinkler. Bart looked around the room in a 360-degree circle, his guns following his line of sight and body position.

As he was looking down upon the still-dying Negro nearest to him, he cried, This is for my sister, you animal, raising his uzi and firing a few rounds in the skull of a young gangbanger. At this, he winced in pain as a shotgun blast rang out, and Bart turned quickly, his side seared with pain, taking into his sights the Negro convenience store owner, who was pumping another round into the weapon. Bart aimed and fired the uzi's remaining rounds into the Negro's chest, who threw up the weapon and screamed as the rounds punctured holes in his vital organs, leaving welling red stains on his shirt.

He slumped over the counter and Bart fell to the ground, the only living soul remaining in the store. At this point, he heard police sirens wailing in the distance and the squealing of police tires and slamming of doors as they crashed through the door with guns drawn. A police helicopter was soon heard in the distance as the officers searched through the property.

One of the officers stooped over Bart and attempted to interrogate him. Are you part of a

gang? He asked, attempting to pump Bart for information. Bart replied as he breathed out his last breath, Why didn't you stop them? She's dead and you didn't.

He looked into the eyes of the police officer and then lay still. Scene 7 Father Todd Homer knelt on the floor of the room he had once shared with his wife. When life had been a comfortable lower middle class, relatively happy situation, and stared at the picture of his wife and family, all now disappeared from memory.

Even the dog had run away, possibly sensing that the place was no longer home. Homer put the photograph back inside the album and placed it back on a shelf. He didn't need it anymore.

His world had come to an end and the world he had now come to face was nothing but a war everlasting and himself a poor excuse for a soldier. He knew he had to get himself into shape, both psychologically and physically. He made a vow to himself that he would no longer drink any alcohol and that he would work out daily to keep himself in as perfect condition as he could.

He would not rest until the immigrant invaders were cleansed from the land one way or another. It was time he made a show of strength against the evil of this world, against the politicians who had brought these invaders in and those traitors among the upper class who enabled them to be there. He would double down in his efforts and encourage the anti-immigrant league to start cultivating survival skills and paramilitary skills as a means of self-defense if it ever came to that point.

Scene 8 Moe's Awakening Moe was watching TV and observed the head rabbi of the town, Rabbi Kook, accompanied by Krusty the Clown, making a presentation on the so-called Holocaust. They were ranting on and on about how their own grandmothers had been interned at Auschwitz and they had been gassed in the gas trucks by the Nazis and turned into lampshades, their fat turned into soap, and on and on. Sad violin music played in the background and the presenter, Kent Brockman, went into a rage about the Nazi evil and how the leaflets distributed throughout the town was how the Holocaust started.

And it must be stopped, as the townsfolk had to be extra alert for hate crimes and that anyone who observed a hate crime should come forward and inform the police. Hate crimes unit. Know that they were morally, more that they were morally obligated to prevent another Holocaust from happening by erasing hate.

Moe was unsettled by this news as he knew that he was in the right and distributing his propaganda, and yet he didn't want to create another Holocaust. Someone at the bar spoke to him, observing his doubt and misgivings. There's a lot of Jewish privilege in the world today.

Moe, leave them alone. They suffered under Hitler. They deserve a break, patriot.

You don't believe that happened, do you? Moe reacted with anger. Now, come on, I don't like that they got so much control either, but I won't have you. Patriot, what? Blaspheming their holy hoax? Moe replied that he didn't believe in Holocaust denial.

The patriot responded, interesting that you should use the word believe, almost like it's a religion, right? This gave Moe some pause for thought. The patriot continued, come on, Moe, don't be a sucker like all the rest of the lemmings. You really think that those who control the media don't control society? Moe shrugged his shoulders as he cleaned out a glass with a rag.

And if, the patriot continued, they control society, they can pretty much create whatever story they want in the media they control. After all, the victims write history, right? Or the victors write history? Victors? Victors are what? What do you mean? What are you attacking the Jews for anyway? Are you some kind of Nazi or what? The patriot responded with infinite patience. Who won the Second World War? Moe, the allies, us, who else? Patriot, who else is a good question? Do you really think that white people, us, we, control the society? Now when the Jews can put themselves on TV and prevent people from speaking about them? If we won World War II, why would they, the Jews, be filling up society with all these immigrants? Moe pondered and said, I see your point.

They obviously want him here and putting themselves on a pedestal as leaders, as pro-immigration, but maybe even some of them pretend they don't want him here, but they're all part of the same game. They created controlled opposition and play people off of one another, you know, divide and conquer. But in the end, they're all operating on sort of the same playbook.

Moe replied in credulity, and what playbook would that be? The Bible, for Christ's sake? The patriot responded, no, not the Old Testament. They adhere to the Babylonian Talmud, which claims that only they are human and that all those who aren't them are animals. Moe became angry at that and went on a rant about how his mother was a devout Catholic and went to church every week, saying prayers daily, and the Old Testament couldn't have been anything but a book about the Jews, as it says in the Bible itself.

The patron waited for him to finish and said, the Bible, as you know it, has been distorted and mistranslated thousands of times throughout its history. The word Bible comes from the Greek word biblos, which means book. The Jews spoken of in the book, the Bible, comes from the Greek word judeos, which refers to the tribe of Judah.

Those who call themselves Jews today are not of the tribe of Judah, but are an Edomite and Canaanite mixture, which comes from the fallen angels. Moe's eyes bugged out of his head and he raised his voice and shouted, who are the tribe of Judah then? Who are

the Israelites? The patron smiled and rummaged in his bag and pulled out a book called Our Heritage by Bertrand L. Comperay. He stated matter of factly, we are.

Just read it and you'll know. Moe shrugged his shoulders and took the book. I ain't no anti-Semite.

The patron responded and stated, if you read the book, you'll understand. Moe again coughed and looked up at the TV, observing how the trio of Jews were still jabbering on about the Holocaust, displaying video footage of piles of corpses, et cetera. Moe's brow furrowed and he pointed to the screen, stating in a challenging tone, what about that thing? The patron replied calmly, Ukrainians from the Holodomor genocide.

The Jews made up their story to attempt to cover up their crimes against what they did in the Soviet Union. Here's another book. It'll clear things up.

He rummaged in his bag and placed the book, The Myth of the 20th Century by Arthur Butz on the table. Moe took that one as well and glanced back up at the screen, which this time displayed the image of a human skin lampshade. Maybe you're right, he said.

I doubt anyone would have done that. No German I know ever made a Jewish skin lampshade. He smiled at the thought.

The patron smiled with him and added, your organization is just getting off to a start, Moe, and I'd like to do what I can to contribute. I hate to see the decay of my hometown before my eyes. Here, I know the Jewish media hypes up the hate around this little gem, he stated as he reached once again into his bag, but it's got a lot of practical advice for organization and how to beat the Jews at their own game.

He placed a copy of Adolf Hitler's Mein Kampf on a table. The game is rigged and it favors the house. They're nothing but a criminal cabal, a mafia.

Moe took up his book and looked at it. Stalag additions, he said. What's that for the concentration camp victims? The patron replied, it's the only authorized English version Hitler's party ever made.

All other translations are botched jobs and most are by Jews or they're puppets. I'll teach you all you need to know about what we need to do. Moe looked at the cover and stated, guess I better get to reading.

This TV hype is too difficult for even a guy like me to take seriously. He turned the channel to a sporting event. He thought a moment and looked back to the patron.

I guess we got to change our strategy to him against our little tip of the iceberg. Scene nine, name the Jew. Moe and his group gathered together around the bar.

He had done much in the way of research with the material the bar patron, whose name

he discovered was Pierce, had given him. Pierce had further guided him in his awakening to the Jewish world peril, the cause of world unrest, the world's foremost problem, and had divulged his own plans for solutions, which in the main follow the formula set out in Mein Kampf. Pierce, Moe found out through his discussions with him, was a veteran and had been in special forces, but had had his fill of action and all of the hypocrisy of the system and decided he would take early retirement in a quiet, out of the way, small population center.

He had, he said, come to understand the degree of difficulty and working within the system for change and felt that it was too much of a struggle, like Sisyphus attempting to roll a boulder up a hill, that if one didn't get out of its path, he would inevitably be crushed either through being used as cannon fodder or through assassination or simply through losing one's conscience and turning to the dark side. Thus he explained to the gathering of people in all about 30, he had decided to just as he said, slip away, adopt an assumed name and keep a low profile array from the radar of Zog, his name for the Jewish occupation government and its affiliates, what others called Zog, Zionist in place of Jewish, as there were many non-Jewish players in the game, such as Freemasons and high level Judeo-Christians, all a number of what were referred to in the mainstream conspiracy theory community as the Illuminati. He held his audience's attention wrapped as they were exposed to information they had never heard of before, though Moe had been briefed beforehand and corroborated what Pierce was saying, thus lending credibility to his statements.

He handed around various booklets and pamphlets from such organizations as the National Alliance and the Creativity Movement, as well as much of his own material, which is a condensation of that of others as well as his own personal insights, as a special force operative who had a background in military intelligence and psychological warfare. Much of this material centered around immigration and crime correlations verified by statistics, as well as bioanthropological scholarship, which explained the differences between the so-called races and further facts about the Jews and their religion based upon the Talmud and what injury they had caused along their trek through the ages. Much of the material derived from the Third Reich, which Pierce considered to be a very accurate and concise presentation of materials, such as the Racial Biology of the Jew, a book on how to identify Jews through their physical and behavioral characteristics, and the film The Eternal Jew, which contained documentary evidence of how the Jews lived and what they had perpetrated against Germany during the Second World War.

It was decided that in order for the propaganda campaign to be effective, it had to implicate the ultimate cause of the problem and link that cause to the problems which proliferated in society, i.e. immigration and all of its rotten fruits, crime, rape, white job loss, and homelessness, the destruction and erosion of white culture and identity, to feminism and its destruction of the nuclear family, and to a general cultural decay. All of

this, with the propaganda Pierce had and developed in conjunction with the Springfield Anti-Immigrant League, was designed as a means to awaken the population to the danger in their midst, which masqueraded as a humble group of persecuted victims concealing themselves behind this veil, the better to operate. Thus, the general strategy was to create, firstly, an awareness in the population of the existence of Jews as a malevolent group, and secondly, to elicit a reaction on the part of the Zog to further expose their tyranny, thereby further awakening the populace to their enslavement and to encourage them to push back against the system.

With enough chaos over time, things would become so intolerable that those redeemable elements of the system who existed would be encouraged to act in their own best interest and in those of their people. In the event things went south and the hordes of non-white immigrants were brought against the population by the system as a means of subjugating opposition and enforcing its tyranny, they would be ready. Accordingly, Moe and the League bandied about ideas to succinctly embody the facts of their situation and to expose the evil which was causing it.

Moe, I got an idea. How about the Jews brought the immigrants in or the Jews caused Jews behind immigration? All agreed that the slogan was a brief caption citing particular leading Jewish figures in the community who sat on boards and directors of non-profit organizations such as Friends of the World and One World, both of which were pro-immigration groups that lobbied the city to bring in the immigrants, as well as Unity First Coalition, a group of ostensive philanthropists, most of who were Jews, as well as media celebrities such as Krusty the Clown and Kent Brockman, the news anchor. Another slogan was recommended by Pierce, namely Jewish Supremacism and a list of statistics demonstrating their disproportionate share of political power in the town council, etc.

Displaying the faces of prominent Jews with yellow stars adjacent, they're bearing the caption Yudah, a satirical reference to the yellow Jewish star the Jewish infiltrators were forced to wear during the Second World War. Pierce advised that the Holy Hopes be exposed first and pulled out from his bag leaflets which bore the caption, did six million really die? And a presentation of columns of claims made about the Holocaust and counterclaims calling into question the alleged facts, which would convince even the dullest and most conformistic member of the populace. This was necessary to pull the scales from the eyes of the populace who had been indoctrinated since childhood in the mind-controlled institutes called schools to believe this narrative of the Jews.

Once the Jews facade, which served them as a shield of their victim status, was dispelled, the populace would not be so willfully blind to the evils that were being perpetrated against them. The distribution of these leaflets was again, was a great success, all members operating simultaneously in different sectors of the residential areas of the town. At two in the morning, one person driving another, throwing Ziploc bags weighted with rocks into people's yards and different spots so as to prevent bigoted

do-gooders from collecting all the bags and preventing the spread of the message.

Others ran or biked down the streets with satchels of leaflets and inserted them into the windshield wipers of people's vehicles, careful always to wear gloves to minimize traces from the purchase of the paper to printing to distribution. The next day at Moe's, those members of the league who had a day off or no employment at all congregated around Moe's and watched the midday news report. Kent Brockman was screaming into the camera, his face beating in sweat, shouting, erase the hate, never again! And Moe just had to laugh at the reaction they had enlisted in.

Pierce said, you got to hit him where it hurts, that's the first principle of warfare, race war. Moe stated, taking a cue from the creativity movement book, Rahoah, toward a bloody racial war. Rahoah! The few gathered in the bar let out a whoop and Homer bellowed out, that's for Lisa, that's for Bart, you dirty Jews, we'll get what you deserve.

Moe stood up on the bar, towering over his crew, I propose we rename the organization to the Anti-Jew League, to the Anti-Jew League, Pierce cried, the AJL. Scene 10, the boys in blue serve the Jew. The propaganda spread was going strong with teams circulating around both Capitol City and Springfield at random days during the wee hours of the morning in different areas doing different forms of propaganda, leaflets, stickers, banners, etc.

The police and private security guards the Jewish establishment had hired couldn't be everywhere at all times, and with the covert nature of the operations, the disguises worn, the driving of vehicles without discernible markings, license plates covered with a special synthetic spray that obscured their video capture on camera, and lights off, always occupied by a driver and one other member running a scanner throughout the ride to minimize police detection. The membership in the organization grew to a swell and was nearly double what it had been at the month before, now amounting to 50 members. Homer had volunteered to take some of the members to his house, which he had converted into a satellite of the organization, given that the bar was too full and the new members had to be given the proper scrutiny, which required more space in order to subject them to the trials.

Moe and his driver and his advisor Pierce had developed as a means of interrogating and vetting new members using a lie detector machine and monitoring skin conductance when subjecting the potential members to a battery of questions that had been previously asked of the applicants, references via payphone, and using a voice changer device in disguise from Capital City, so as to eliminate all traces to any of the active members. The vetting process was done over the weekend and entailed high stress behavioral manipulation techniques with the usage of a transcranial electromagnetic device that transmitted low hertz frequency voltage of electricity with electrodes into the skull of the recruit as a means of increasing their stress levels and creating states of

confusion as strobe lights pulsed into their eyes, which were taped open as questions were bombarded at them from all angles by members. Immediate answers were demanded to disengage the recruit from the prefrontal cortical activity, the rational brain, thereby bypassing the potentially contrived stories that any infiltrator might concoct as a means of sabotaging the organization.

Given the extensive interrogation period and once verified as a clean, a non-governmental operative, the recruit would then be given a period of indoctrination over the ensuing weeks and forced to read the required reading material as well as to listen to audio recordings when not actively reading. He would then be tested on the material and move ahead by stages through a series of ranks correlated to a military ranking system with soldier being the lowest and general being the highest grade or rank. Moe being the originator of the organization was deemed the general and Pierce his lieutenant.

Under him there were captains two of whom were Lenny and Homer and subordinate to them were sergeants who supervised the activities of the soldiers of whom there were nine each for five sergeants. This ratio being decided upon by Moe in consultation with Pierce as optimal in monitoring a tight organizational structure. Each group of nine soldiers and their sergeant were splintered off into a separate cell whose sergeants would meet periodically as per the situation and circumstances of the moment.

Each cell was assigned a handheld radio which accompanied the sergeant at all times and which was to stay open on a certain frequency at all times to receive emergency communiques outside of daylight hours and regular traffic during daylight hours. A special code system was devised to maximize to minimize eavesdropping or the accidental interception by outside parties and all messages were to be kept as brief as possible using only a coded language developed for the purpose. Thus all communications were kept as insular as possible within the group and only among the proven inner core of the group who had the power in the event of their being caught by the police or assassinated or that some accident might befall them that left them incapacitated to delegate authority to whomever they deemed worthy to replace those of the higher ranks and this on the basis of the advice of the captains and lieutenant which advisement could be vetoed by the general.

All of this procedure was carried out to ensure that the organization maintained loyalty amongst its members and eliminated any possibility of fragmentation or infiltration. At least that was a naive assumption of Moe and even Pierce in spite of his special ops background had allowed their guard down after the implementation of the security measures resting on their loyals and placing over much trust in their intellect in spite of its fallibility. This proved the case as they were fated to discover.

Homer and his crew of soldiers now occupied the house he had shared with his family

now living only in memory in a photo album. His new family was the organization the Anti-Jew League AJL and he was fully committed to its success in its mission to return the sovereignty of the town to its founders the whites who had created it. They had converted the downstairs which previously had served as a playroom for the children and a rumpus room for Homer and his friends to play darts and pool but all of these dainties had sold and acquired fitness equipment to better develop his crew and himself.

He had given up the booze and through working out had developed a hard body corded with muscle and tough as iron. He had set up the standard military style equipment dip station and pull-up bar as well as sets of interchangeable dumbbells and a power rack with barbells. A padded area was also allocated around which punching bags hung from the ceiling and which served as a sparring area to practice his brand of martial arts called Judo a mixture of Jiu-Jitsu, Karate, Kung Fu and Judo as well as whatever dirty fighting street fighting techniques he had gleaned from a series of martial arts videos he had mail-ordered.

The training entailed blunt edged weapons the latter being special order shock implements which were used in police training. The blunt instruments being collapsible batons, baseball bats and lead pipes which were used in conjunction with padded football and hockey gear Homer had obtained at garage sales. To increase the intensity of the workouts the cell members took a Fedra Sinica capsule a Chinese herb that rapidly increased metabolism and caused a massive adrenal and hormone spike thereby putting the combatant into a fight-or-flight state mimicking a real-life scenario.

The martial arts practice was based upon sudden conflict being placed directly into the situation members fighting each other solo or in groups or many on one. The development of propaganda occurred upstairs with the ground floor reserved for daily activities maintaining some degree of normal appearance in the event of visitation from the police or nosy neighbors. Upstairs the propaganda assumed two forms one physical the other electronic through social media and forums using the latest IP blocker technology and special browsers designed by hackers to minimize zog spying and surveillance.

The physical propaganda is printed out on leaflets and nylon computer sticker paper to prevent rain damage and buckets of wallpaper paste were made to permanently adhere the stickers to infrastructure as well as posters. The cell would leave in groups always ensuring that at least three members were present at all times to prevent any break and enter on the part of zog or the increasing number of immigrant gangs who became bolder as their numbers increased and they wormed their way into political power through sheer numbers using the corrupt system of democracy as their key to the kingdom like a thief in the night. Well Homer said to himself we'll see if the thief doesn't get his head cut off stealing from the cookie jar I've made this my life's mission to avenge my daughter and son for what they and their Jewish masters have done to this

town.

Unbeknownst to Homer his nosy neighbor Mrs. Flanders had been monitoring the house ever since Marge had left and the incidents with Lisa and Bart had occurred convinced her that it was Homer who was to blame and that he was a born criminal who worshipped Satan as he had absented himself from attending church ever since Marge left. She began to become even more suspicious and informed the police that there was a constant coming and going of strange men in the house and that they left at odd hours of the night that she was often woken up by their car coming and going in the middle of the night. The police informed her that they would investigate but nothing came of it their surveillance turning up nothing but a house of presumed renters however over the next few days the monitored they monitored the place just in case.

Mrs. Flanders was instructed to continue to monitor the house and one of the Jewish agents who attended advised her to obtain a parabolic ear and eavesdrop on the place if she wished and record conversations using a tape recorder and submit it to the police. Mrs. Flanders did just as instructed and one night got up on the pretext of checking on the cat Ned her husband crying out please Ma just leave Homer alone he's had enough suffering but her husband's words were disregarded and she crept out grabbing the parabolic ear and voice recorder she snuck across the lawn dividing the properties and peeped in the window which had the shade down but she could see through the small crack which allowed her a view of the place. She gasped but she saw Homer and two other men carrying out a banner which proclaimed with Jews you lose and had a website reference to what the Jewish community organization had labeled a hate site and one of their circulars that her church had received.

Racists! Ma hissed under her breath and began recording the events as she held the parabolic ear near the window to overhear the conversation. She listened as a man shouted time for the kikes to suffer another loss with this little item capital city won't know what hit her. She cowered in the bushes as the door was opened and the men piled into the vehicle and held her breath like a feline alley cat seeking to avoid a pack of dogs.

As the vehicle raced away she crept back to the house and turned off the cassette which she had forgotten to do in her nervousness. The thrill of working to erase the hate had made her feel sinful. She knelt before the cross and prayed to Mother Mary that she might be successful in erasing the hate from Springfield and that these sinners these satans would be put under lock and key for their criminal acts against the formation of global unity.

She went to her bedroom and found that Ned had once again taken her blankets. She roughly pulled the blankets over herself as Ned had no right to take part in his fair share. She justified herself.

Ned moaned in his sleep don't erase hate mod. Homer's good guy erase your mod and then silence. Back at Moe's the sergeants were convening over what to do with the new recruit which one of their soldiers had met.

A new hire in their workplace who seemed sympathetic to the cause and was loudly declaiming the immigrants and crime that existed in society. The soldier had approached him afterwards and communicated with him inviting him back to Moe's for drinks where he could have a talk. The prospect was now in the bar conversing with some of the sergeants who were beginning to feel out the prospect through discussion about the correlation between the immigrants and crime and how the town had gone downhill ever since they were allowed in.

The prospect made an indirect remark it's the garbage politicians who control this town with a real problem they think they're god or something and it ain't just money to these guys they're all of a similar tribe if you know what I mean. A few of the sergeants leapt to the bait they're a tribe all right they think they're the chosen ones I tell you they're only chosen for destruction. Just then a SWAT team of police burst through the door with their guns out scream freeze police you're all under arrest for committing a hatred a hate crime.

Moe stood where he was stony faced looking at the prospect and spat you dirty rat punk betraying your own people for 30 pieces of silver and he was struck in the mouth by an open-handed gloved fist of the police which had Kevlar knuckles and left a bruise on his face. He doubled over in his swoon but was caught by one of the cops who straightened him up again. The officer who assaulted him threw another uppercut into his midsection knocking the window down.

Let's go team the police sergeant said as they finished cuffing the league members and stood them up pushing them out of the bar and into the waiting van. Moe was careful to note that the prospect was separated from the men as they were brought in for fingerprinting and disappeared afterwards confirming his suspicion that the member about the member they were held in the jail for two days the maximum allowable detention within the bounds of the law and were released when released they made their way to their respective homes. All of the members but one had had to pay hefty bail money and the one who didn't was forced to accept the promissory bail whereby he had to agree to comply with his bail conditions failure to do so being immediate imprisonment or the payment of a fine of the bail monies which he couldn't pay.

The bail conditions for all were prohibition of all weapons and passports as a means of preventing any of the league members escaping the country. They were also forced to check into the police weekly and if they failed to do so it would be considered a breach of the bail conditions leading to a loss of the monies taken or imprisonment. When they returned to their residences they found them ransacked their personal possessions

rummaged through and scattered about all over the place.

One of the members was fired for his job for failure to attend even though he had attempted to send a message through the police through the police to his place of work. His family was now in dire straits the mother having to work overtime while he found other employment. The welfare department comprised predominantly of Jews refused to allow him to claim that since his wife was over the poverty line they were deemed sufficiently financially stable.

They ended up defaulting on their mortgage payment and had to relocate with their children to an apartment which was in a more seedy area of the town. Their children too afraid to go out at night or even after school given the level of criminality the non-white immigrants generated. The common denominator in all of these circumstances was of course the perfidious Jew.

The Jewish police state's arrest followed by a Jewish employer's firing decision, the Jewish welfare department worker refusing benefits, the Jewish financial institutions Jewish employee deciding to call in the mortgage debt and the only Jewish rental property manager having a willingness to rent to the family being a non-white immigrant who owned a couple of buildings in the downtown and who was in need of a stable renter as the Jewish rental property managers had no willingness to rent to the family. In short the men arrested previously upright citizens the average blue-collar workers were now subject to a complete ostracism which rendered them de facto unpersons whose citizenship wasn't worth the paper was printed on. Thus they had become through the machinations of Zog radicalized now willing to double down in their efforts and force upon the system the greatest amount of opposing force they could Moe had met up with a couple of the sergeants after waking the next day from his release and told them to spread the message to their soldiers that they would be moving the base of operations out of town on a piece of farmland that Pierce owned where they could escalate their operations with minimal detection from the Zog.

The area was a perfect location a mixed farm with livestock chickens and small ruminant animals sheep and goats a creek which ran downhill and a few greenhouses with hydroponic gardens of fresh vegetables. Fish swam in the creek and given that its source was a freshwater lake freshwater some distance from the town it was minimally polluted. The area was well treed and Pierce had man had placed camouflage netting over most of the area visible only say for a small section of clearing that any aircraft would have to maneuver over directly and thus would be taken down by high-powered sniper rifles which Pierce had.

The compound for such it was was furnished with all manner of traps leading up to the summit of the hill upon which it was placed. Each night Pierce would drag a log that had been spray painted in multiple earth tone colors to match the terrain as seen by a

vehicle across the bend in the road leading up to the compound this would stop any incoming vehicles in their tracks. There were motion detectors along the route as well as motion detector security cameras that capture whatever movement was to be detected.

He had placed electrical fencing around the compound hidden behind trees and bushes and had dug two escape routes under the earth lining the passage with a latticework of boards similar to a mine shaft so that a quick escape could be made from the compound if necessary and camouflaged were concealed therefore a quick escape struck stocked with extra fuel and survival gear. The compound itself was a prepper's paradise stocked to the gills with beans bullets and band-aids wood stoves fuel stocks of propane and diesel to run the vehicles on as well as myriad other survival goods and barter items so long as the compound remained unknown and undetected it would be a safe sanctuary from jog and if it came down to crunch time and a raid on the compound was undergone there would be hell to pay for the treacherous sog agents. Pierce and a team of 20 men could dwell in the compound indefinitely and he had constructed an underground system of tunnels serving as a veritable dedalian maze and a bunker that was at least 20 feet underground with entry and exit points in all directions radiating off and meeting at the three exits which led out of the hill.

Moe had decided to relocate to Pierce's compound only returning himself with Homer and Lenny to the bar to check up on it as it was surely bugged he was still uncertain as to how the Zog had discovered that it was his group carrying out the propaganda campaigns but obviously it indicated that security required improvement the vehicles used had to be substituted for others and the screenery screening for new recruits if they should even be had at all had to be increased in its severity so that only those who are willing to undergo extreme test batteries would merit inclusion it was Homer who discovered the rat one night he was outside taking out the garbage which was unusual for he usually did this during a day when he discovered Mod Flanders snooping on him with the parabolic ear next to the living room window he approached her from behind and grabbed her arm so you want to snoop eh he demanded she wilted before him and too scared to scream you criminal let me let me go Homer dragged her still holding onto the parabolic ear and took her over to his house he knocked loudly on the door until Ned came out and with a look of astonishment then anger on his face cried out Mod why are you spying on Homer don't you know he lost his own children loved by a neighbor Mod flew into a rage accustomed as she was to having her henpecked husband cower before her and acquiesce to whatever demand she had how dare you speak to me like that he's a common criminal a loser couldn't keep his own home to get her words were cut off with a smack to the face by Ned who shouted at her as she fell onto the porch while Homer stood by stoically holding the parabolic ear I'm tired of your dominatrix attitude the bible says that Eve shall be a helpmate unto thee unto me the man of the house he shouted onto the street as he pointed to himself we're through now that the kids are off at private school and will be until they come of age we don't need a woman in the house

pack your bags and leave Mod stared at him in anger cried out I'll see you in court I will take you for everything you have so it's me Ned responded you got nothing I want Mod rushed away from them both and began to pack her bags and call a cab to a hotel Homer invited Ned over to his house and out of the street a few of the guys were over the others out on a raid in the city which was an hour's drive away Homer introduced them and thanked Ned for his defense Ned stated that Mod had been getting on his nerves more and more over the last few years after she had begun her involvement with the unity first coalition and helping the refugees come in he stated that she had changed radically ever since she began hanging around one of the Jewish women in the group becoming more and more bossy and demanding criticizing everything he did and forcing him to go with her to all sorts of meetings and escorting refugees around a person that can't stand the sight of them is refugees they're a bunch of animals he said but stopped himself uncertain whether he was committing some sort of sin and expressing his true opinion Homer relaxed a little now that he understood he might have a sympathetic ear we got a lot to talk about Ned it just so happens that there is a whole history to this world you may never have heard about scene 11 revelation over the course of the next few days Homer and Ned became more acquainted than they had previously been given that Ned's wife had largely castrated her husband through her constant henpecking and intervention in her affairs and his affairs preventing him from developing any relationships with male friends and having recourse only to bible study as a means of escaping his wife living in an aesthetic an aesthetic life as he did abstaining from all forms of carnal indulgence avoiding all drugs and alcohol Ned had developed a supreme vital force through his spiritual practices and this transferred itself into his devotedness to his god and to the development and raising of his children now that his wife was gone however and Ned through his spotless reputation had been able to retain ownership of his house through having to pay nearly half its value to his wife and so many costs well here is it was well worth it given that i now have my freedom and can devote my time to the good lord at which he chuckled appreciating his victory over the lower purposes of life which had in his mind become embodied in mod as a lower self from which he had distanced himself through divorce his discussions with homer began to by degrees homer bringing him into spar with the other soldiers at which ned proved proficient his wiry body seething with the energies of a lifetime of pent-up aggression and spiritual development through his nearly celibate life and personal empowerment he received in service to the divine in his meditative practices however homer invited him to share his faith to the group as though only a casual christian he still had belief that there was something beyond the self and beyond the material world that could not be fully comprehended by human reason or explained away he gave net a copy of our heritage by bertrand alcompere and also biblical anthropology by dan gammon as a means of attempting to bring ned into the group over the weeks net in his conversations with homer and then mo and pierce at the tavern though he didn't drink and mo had decided to encourage his patrons to back off on the alcohol in their attempts to harden the organization over the weeks ned became thoroughly acquainted with the juden fraud or

jewish question as it was translated into english through question and answer dialogues with mo and the other members of the tavern the tavern had been swept clean of bugs by pierce and he had given the okay to re-establish things amongst the organization members all of whom were allowed entry but who all were disguised as an entering and exiting and parked their vehicles several blocks away so as to avoid detection by zog spies mo had been given copious amounts of literature by pierce among which were the all-important works he had given mo previously in addition to the practical guidebooks how to recognize and identify a jew by john doe goy ned felt as if it were divine providence which had finally brought him to see the light and to pull the scales from his eyes no longer did he deliberately blind himself to the jew and go into a state of cognitive dissonance as he had previously he now had a willingness inability now that the shackles of his marriage were thrown off to test his faith and he found it faulty for the lord he was worshiping was lucifer and his children the jews had become for him an object of unquestionable authority and all things spiritual now however with the insight gleamed through these books into the international jewish cabal the scriptures made perfect sense now he understood the scriptures in their proper context there was no such thing as spiritual israel he had no relationship to these non-white immigrants as mo called them he was himself an israelite a member of one of the 12 tribes of israel the white adamic race the jews were not of the tribe of judah but were a peace off and came the literal offspring of the devil now all his lifetime a biblical study made perfect sense it all very neatly corresponded to the history of the world as it was known through older academic works those which pre-existed the end of the second world war when the jews took power over the world through the united nations in terms of the migrations of the arian adamic race and the similarities of language between english and hebrew it went on and on now that his sons were away at school and then had enough investments to keep his family secure he decided he would quit his job and devote himself full time to the movement acting in the capacity of a warrior priest only he had no longer preached the judeo-christ insanity of his past now it was dual seedline christian identity the creed which understood the world in terms of a battle of two seed lines emanating from eve the female archetype of the adamic white race one seed line conceived through adam a line that was pure and was a race the other which was impure an evil hybridization with the serpent or fallen angels which resulted in cain and his descendants both seed lines battling it out on earth for supremacy one the white race fated to rule and have dominion over the earth the other the jews fated to lose the war ned's newfound faith became infectious and several of the other members became converts given ned's extensive knowledge of scripture and ancient texts this helped the organization to develop a spiritual dimension and give it greater concentrated focus like a laser beam heretofore somewhat lacking in all but a latent form a training of the organization carried on at a rapid pace and the organization as per mo's decision decided that it was time to shift their focus from exclusively propaganda to a strike against the system itself they gathered around the bar and discussed the matter we got to get the system most stated emphatically hit it where it hurts but how ned came up close to the bar and whispered as

if he wanted to avoid even the slightest probability of being overheard by zog and its controlled master lucifer we can send a message to the refugees you mean refugees one of the men interjected in seriousness ned nodded his head yes we need it we need to hit it where it hurts and before you all have to stand trial we need chaos the lord god will provide through us as his instruments and this is how we're going to do it he lowered his voice and the men gathered around their faces grinning with anticipation of the strike against the system scene 12 unwelcome house guests mo and homer drove at a distance from the target side a block away and slowing down pulled into the curve they were on reconnaissance and their mission was to get a panoramic view of the site in photographs for which purpose both had brought cameras with telephoto lenses to get a series of images to feel out the weak points on the target site the billboard next to it stated refugees welcome and listed a number of organizations which were participants in sponsoring at taxpayers expense of course the non-white immigrants in this case a mixed bag of negroes from northern africa and the middle east who had apparently been victims of a civil war in arabistan which country was nowhere near their obvious ethnic origin of ethnic homeland in spite of this contrivance this deliberately overlooked logical disconnect they were refugees of the conflict to criticize which being considered anatha maranatha the sponsors listed were the usual cast of hypocrites friends of the world which was fronted by the mayor diamond jew crimby one world an organization of affiliated judeo-christian churches the unity first coalition which was largely comprised of frigid old women who sought a big big brown teddy bear for themselves and the springfield jewish community listed last out of presumably false humility and yet the name all would remember when reading down the list a photo op on the sign portrayed a mixed multitude of non-whites and white women with two prominent jewish rabbis on each side and the mirror front and center his twisted grin playing about his liver lips garbed in his ostentatious suit and gold star of david depending from his pasty neck by a thick gold chain mo and homer walked in opposite directions from the vehicle mo snapping a few photos from the position of the vehicle given the out-of-the-way area where the refugee building was located in the industrial district and that it was a civic holiday the entire district was deserted and no cameras were present that either of the parties had seen they snapped more photos of the layout of the building and then retraced their steps they were disguised in wigs and beards and tourist outfits and the vehicle had also been disguised with a new paint job and different license plates in the event any cameras were present they returned to the tavern by roundabout ways in a zigzag pattern to lose any possible tail and set to work on the strategy the immigrant gang who appears referred to as an invading army were due to arrive within the next day or so and would be set up in the place with all that they could desire big screen tvs video games high quality food and comfortable beds etc they would have an attendant on hand to supervise them garnering a large wage extracted from the productive white male taxpayer who would so show them how to become westernized i.e to wipe their own ass and turn on a tap something that even five-year-old white children were more proficient in than themselves i tell you these jews are running this town into the ground

when he expostulated pierce commented that's the method of their madness their mad method infiltrate demoralize subvert soften up the population through feminism and decadence and then brainwash them to open their doors to the invaders who will then be used to kill them that's something that we intend to put a stop to once these invaders have gotten into a comfortable routine it'll be go time he smiled an icy smile as he took aim at the dartboard and let fly at dark right into a picture of one of the negro refugees bullseye he said darkly the anticipation was building like the calm before the storm the weighty thunderheads were building ready to unleash their fury upon the hapless mortals below the anti-jew league intended to ride the lightning in a blitzkrieg of righteous vengeance the jewish security guard accompanied his equally jewish companion on a walk around the perimeter of the refugee center she was a fat dumpy creature similar in body type to the guard who strolled about with her as per the policies of the institution being away about how those white golem were going to get what they deserve for all the persecution they had made them suffer and how these sons of ham were going to be useful as an instrument of their destruction once we're done with the whites the blacks will go it'll be checkmate for the both of this chess game his female companion said i've always said life is like a game of chesfs and we jews are the grandmasters all of these golem are checkmated at square one when we choose to play they might have had victories in the past but that was god way of chastising us for our sins they continued to circumambulate around the perimeter unaware that they were being spied upon by a pair of infrared binoculars homer had them in his sights and reported in hushed tones to mo that the pair were making their way into the building and that all the refugees were already asleep given that their lights were on the jewish pair sat around the table and played cards as mo and homer each opened their door on the vehicle and met in the back the trunk had already been popped and homer took two jugs of gas in his gloved hands they both had another disguise on and had taken different vehicle vehicle a vehicle each wearing a small pack which contained a suction cup and glass cutters to allow entry into the building so that he could each they approached as per their modus operandi either side of the building and got other glass cutters and a shoulder holster they had a sound suppressed 22 lr pistol ready in the event things got hairier and they had to do damage control they each lost sight of the jewish pair who were obscured by the internal layout of the building and suctioned a portion of glass adjacent to the alarm system as the door was locked through an electromagnetic locking mechanism they cut out a circle of glass with the glass cutter around the suction cup and yanked it off immediately they took out a demagnetizing device and attached it to the proxy card reader scrambling the code and enabling the locking mechanism to disengage they were inside and assumed the works that the silent alarm had gone off and that they had minimal time to carry out their operations but both unfamiliar with the environment entered into the interior and scanned the environment a hallway presented itself to them and they each took it seeking the boiler room both jugs of gas they were carrying proved largely useless given that the building was comprised of inflammable material but that was not the plan they had no intention of burning it with gasoline both

headed down a staircase their slippers they wore padding soundlessly on the linoleum they ended on the basement floor having wound down the staircase and met one another at either end they couldn't have worked out better the hum of the boiler room grew louder as they met in a central hall and pursued it to the boiler room which was a simple opening into a maze of pipes and valves they took out a small pack of plastic explosives and wired up a time delay bomb onto the main boiler surrounded by the gas jugs which would spread fire and flames throughout the basement and into the electronic inner workings of the building they exited the boiler room and placed more plastic explosive charges at intervals throughout the basement complex having set the countdown timer to 10 minutes allowing themselves just enough time to make a smooth getaway however as they were moving around the turning of the hall they ran into one of the negroes who screamed out as he saw these masked figures but his scream was quickly stifled with a bullet in his chest discharged by mold who was quicker on the draw than horror who had slammed into the negro and had jerked back coming out with his sound suppressed pistol discharging another two shots as the negro pinwheeled backward and crashed in on the linoleum the timer of the charges was still ticking down as most signaled to homer to take the opposite direction and ascend the stairs assuredly the alarm had been given and they would only have a few minutes to make their escape but that was perfectly coincident with their plans given the countdown to doomsday they raced up the stairs on padded shoes no longer feeling the need for excess caution it was run and gun time the fat jewish security guard was fumbling in his holster when homer observing him in the window reflection down the hall swung around the corner and snapped off a trio of shots nailing the guard in the head over the bulletproof vest he wore the other jew attempted to run but homer stopped her in her tracks in another shot to the back of the skull he rushed out the door and into the night as mo did likewise on the other side of the building the pair meeting in the vehicle and gunning it down the road to the sound of sirens fading behind them as the police converged on the refugee center to the surprise of the latter the building detonated as they approached its shockwave rolling cars over and sending lethal shrapnel and debris crashing into their cruisers a ball of flame erupting into the night as mo gunned it in his characteristic zigzag pattern two blocks one way one block the other and then the reverse homer observed the scene in the rear view the police helicopter searchlights scanning the horizon wildly in hopes of discovering the culprit the car was driven to one of the members properties on the outskirts of town and sequestered in a covered garage where it would undergo a detailing change of plates and paint in the event it might ever be traced to the league that that night the league sent a message to the zod that there would be no easy access to foreign invaders in springfield a declaration of war had been made and the battle lines had been drawn it was zero sum the zod versus the descendants of the founders of springfield chapter 13 pierce's compound the cadre of elites who ran springfield were of a decidedly jewish physiognomy and diamond jew quimby was no exception his beady black eyes and pasty face beamed arrogantly into the mirror as uh his east european mail order broads massaged his flabby body he took

a sip of champagne and spoke into the phone he held in the other hand yeah he said on edge as the chief of police informed him that the refugee center had been destroyed i'll bet it's that white trash scum at the bar in his group round them all up for interrogation give them the works we want to come down hard on these guys i'll teach you to step on the toes of diamond jew he ended the conversation and relaxed in the hot tub surrounded by mirrors his mail order broad smiled her best artificial smile and caressed his pasty body her prematurely blind forehead spoke of years of suffering and abuse at the hand of the jewish cabal which ran the sex slave trade out of israel and their puppet states in eastern europe and saudi arabia diamond jew took another gulp of champagne and still said menacingly come here daddy needs you the league had decided after this move that all members involved in the affair the sergeants in the upper echelon had to relocate to pierce's compound in the boonies to escape the dragnet that would inevitably be spread over the city and which would then undoubtedly lead to the capture of at least one of the members who would undoubtedly be interrogated massage style and would have false evidence produced to justify conviction the crooked hypocrites knew no end to the hypocrisy and would do whatever was within their power within the realm of physical possibility to subjugate any and all threats to their tyranny thus this first salvo had to be met with another and a continual barrage of fire brought against the system in an attempt to bring it down from within causing it to suffer the death of a thousand cuts the more strikes that were carried out against the system the more emboldened the population would become as they realized that the system was unable to protect them and they would then snap out of their mind control programming and default to natural law wherein blood was always thicker than currency or water losing trust in the system they would come to understand that it was the system itself that had been the ultimate cause of the chaos as a police attempted to dust the constant flare-ups of rush fires and when it intruded into their comfort zones they were then forced to become aware of its tyranny and the only real protection which lay in the arms of their own people accordingly moe pierce and homer along with lenny comprising the leadership of the league formulated more plans to hit him where it hurt barnacle was fast approaching the mayor and his affiliates were planning a great festivity for the jewish community on that date as their publication tikkun olam made clear the synagogue was a protected compound that was situated on the bank of a river or which ran a bridge and around the perimeter of the compound there was a brick wall with wrought iron electronic security gates leading into the parking lot the synagogue was accessible on all sides with the river via the bridge and two intersecting roads that led along streets of the affluent district of the town thus it was possible to strike at the compound from three directions and make a getaway the plan was to go in and out leveling the places had been done with the refugee center in preparation for the strike the lead captains and leadership laid bare the plan to their subordinates and then began a rigorous program training far superior to that of before given that the police response time had been quick enough and that they had to ensure they were mentally and physically prepared to make as quick an escape as possible the training consisted of a multi-hour run in a fasted state

along the road from the compound and back followed by breakfast after which time logistical preparations were undergone and test runs were conducted within certain time limits the members taking their positions in the general layout of the compound which had been artificially laid out by pierce who daily changed the layout and scenario to entail siege and assault tactics and escape and avoid tactics to ingrain in the minds of the league probable scenarios with police response and synagogue security paypal guns were used to as realistic a scenario as possible without creating undue noise that might have been heard by distant passers-by vehicle getaway driving scenarios were played out and the remainder of the day entailed various other forms of physical training from hand-to-hand compact to small arms practice each league member was given a cyanide capsule in the event of a probability of capture as they could afford no exposure and breakup of their unit the fate of springfield depending upon their operations to sabotage the system and clear away the darkness which had enveloped their town after a week of hardcore training they were ready today was a jewish celebration of genocide called hanukkah and they were in for some poetic justice they kidded themselves out with a heckler and coke mp5 with sound suppressor and extra large magazine following high firing hollow point explosive ammo and an attack vest with flashbang grenades and a mac 11 with extra clips also sound suppressed holstered in the shoulder ray the demolition crew carried a heavy payload of plastic explosives and countdown timers for the win extra grenades with carpenter nails were carried out by the demo crew in the event a distraction was needed the sniper crew would run cover and hopefully pick off any enemy targets with their sound suppressed heavy caliber rifles and would position themselves behind the vehicles as the team sprinted to the finish line hoping to compound hopping the compound fence with their draft note the mission was to get in and out leave the gift that keeps on giving bundles of c4 and wired to a countdown timer uh time for 66 seconds in and out no fuss no muss then make a speedy getaway this would light their hanukkah candle real nice it had grown dark on this saturday night saturday day of saturday chronos god of time and judgment of finitude and death as the celebration began to be carried on for an hour after all the guests had arrived all members of the organization organized jewish community and their shabbat go in it would be time for the party crashers to rain on their parade raining hot brimstone on the cabal which intended to bring down the house of their gracious host the white founding residents of springfield it was time to turn the tables and upset the matzo balls and kosher wine time for a sacrifice the team of vehicles converged on the synagogue compound in near silence the head and tail lights have been blackened so as to prevent any trace or detection by distant observers license plates have been switched to those which have been stolen that night from other vehicles and each team had to shoot a shoot to kill mandate for any interlopers police or pedestrian they parked around the tree in area in a crescent shape parallel to the driver so that parallel to the river so that all escape was cut off from the synagogue if it weren't for the police they would have had an enjoyable time picking off the kikes and they sauntered out of the this temple of bail into the night their tips and forms high on kosher wine and cocaine however they

had to make it quick because the donut shops were closed and the cops were on high alert to ensure their jewish masters were able to indulge themselves on their ill-gotten gain reveling in their excess the revel would soon be over for them on this earth and would be returned resumed with their master post-mortem once they left their mortal coil it was go time the teams took their positions the cleanup crew and demolition crew racing toward the walls and gates on soft-soled shoes to minimize noise as a fat security guard who was smoking a camel cigarette suddenly threw his hands up as if swatting mosquitoes his body peppered with a couple rounds of sniper fire severing his windpipe to prevent any scream as his head burst like a mellet the cigarette comically spinning in the air the orange glow forming a semicircle before it crashed in the earth the body slumping in heat the grapples were tossed over the fence and with cat-like grace the cleanup crew leapt up and over the compound walls as they landed in a roll and came up in a crouch spamming the panorama of the synagogue grounds with their mp5s another security guard came up from around the corner of the building finishing his patrol and inhaled as he observed this fallen kike on the ground ready to sound the alarm as his body was riddled with nine millimeter rounds of agonized scream as he jerked and spun falling on the concrete the demolition team had placed their charges around the periphery of the building as more guards poured out of the entrance attempting to fire back gunning but found there was no need given that the snipers had them well covered and so they continued to scale the brick wall and climb over one of the crew checked their watch 20 seconds he spoke softly but audibly enough to be heard by the others who had taken different exit routes yet within range or communications the team sprinted toward the vehicles which were already running each driver being in place with the snipers still covering the synagogue entrance and taking out whatever brick or rack exited in the porch area shattering the manure and fake glass candles with heavy caliber rounds the parting gesture one vehicle left after another within seconds and the last was just out of the tree area as a gigantic call of flame erupted from the synagogue sending debris and the bodies of a couple of kikes who had taken a position to fire upon the escaping vehicles flying as a compound exploded outwards the sounds of sirens in the distance and eventually a distant helicopter were heard but there was little they could do now that the cabal had been taken out other than clean up the bodies the get getaway cars took roundabout escape routes zigzagging the odd benedict patterns as before and finally made their way to their destination out of the town and to relative safety to Kona land most said with a smile as he headed with the crew to the underground bunker on pierce's property the earth has been cleansed of some of its dirt now it's time to take out the trash what do you mean mold homer asked mo looked at homer and smiled again i think it's time we cleaned up our own house homer smiled at that nodded there will be a reckoning watching the news the next day at the compound a special emergency broadcast that was played on a continuous loop mo and his cell were pleasantly surprised that kent brockman was absent and replaced by a chinese female commentator who read the teleprompter very well with her eulogy for the chosen ones and the grave misfortune that befell them in a day that was to be branded the hanukkah

horror much footage of world war ii and sad violin music was played throughout the modman broadcast which mo and the boys muted throughout the cinematic montages not having a stomach to endure the plaintive cries of the jew voiced of course the tones of an oriental and her negro sidekick presenter as there was no longer any jewish community existent in springfield mo allowed himself to relax with a cup of testosterone boosting tea and sighed giving boisterous thoughts that's one parasite flushed down the toilet of life no kikes and good kikes pierce looked over at him and commented by way of introducing another idea you know dieter schwartz wrote a book about freemasonry he paused to glean the full attention of the assembled league members which were comprised of all the sergeants and captains captains mo turned the volume of the side by tv down as images of human skin lampshades were presented adjacent to the comedic look of horror on the black presenter's face they all focused their attention on pierce he resumed and he claimed that freemasonry is a thoroughly jewish infiltrated organization i'm inclined to agree given the freemasons i met they all seem like a bunch of rogues and snakes maybe we ought to capitalize on the terror caused thus far and make our mark again after all they want us all genocided right maybe it's time for a genocide of the spiritual jew wasn't it kalerdi who propounded his plan for integration a code word for white genocide through race mixing and it seems that that is being implemented as we speak kalerdi was a freemason so it follows from the premises that freemasons at least since his time are on board the white genocide agenda and they serve jews and are considered spiritual jews of course goes without saying given their similarity practices and rituals their constant affiliation with jews and subservience there too thus just as in the case of the now infamous hanukkah horror we still apparently have work to do given that the blight on the town isn't wiped out yet what do you say guys should we just sit here and take our ease or should we send him another message at this he raised his voice and repeated his question standing up and raising his testosterone as he did so do you want to sit here like pansies or do you want to hit where it hurts the men's second is in intention with cheers and robs it's settled then most said we're going to put a damper on the false light of lucifer tomorrow they can hold more eulogies and light their luciferian candles of the next batch of baby raping pedophile cannibals there won't be any more missing children in springfield once we're through the next day they sent an emissary to the town library archive to photograph the architectural layout of the town's lodge and to snap some photos homer was a volunteer and he dressed up as a cultured gentleman driving pierces mg and carrying a brass handled cane and moleskin suit he claimed he was an architect from capital city writing a book on fin de sickle architectural designs and at the town's old grand style buildings were intriguing designs it would be useful in the book he was left to pursue the archives and took photos of the layout as well as taking actual physical photos from street level leaving town afterwards with them the league poured over the designs and attempted to discover the weak points of the structure given that it was an old building there was almost it would be almost certain there would be many interior architectural modifications and twists turns and alcoves as such it would be possible for a couple of

operatives to enter into the lodge and slow so uh stow themselves away prior to the attendance of the lodge at the lodge of its members the remaining freemasons of the town usually police protection comprised of higher level police sergeants all whom were masons themselves were stationed around the perimeter of the building as human shield to prevent any curious seeker from entering into the inner sanctum and betraying the secrets of the masons pierce who happened to be a former freemason stated that they usually convened on wednesday nights as an homage to mercury the winged messenger also known as prometheus he who stole fire from the gods which was a masonic symbol of their god manhood the purpose of their illuminist religion two days away just enough time to acclimatize the public to the martial law which had been instituted and just enough time to allow the itching trigger fingers of the police to relax a little just enough time to get out of the crosshairs and purge the lodge of its demons with cleansing fire pierce along with lenny were appointed to this strike given that pierce's special forces skills and lenny well he was just being lenny itching for action it was their time to shine to become an enlightened master killing the king to become the king they studied the maps and blueprints of the building comparing it with contemporary photos attempting to discern a means of ingress it was decided that they would enter the building by the air conditioning in the attic of the building entering from the fire escape of the adjacent building the lodge being situated in the downtown core amidst other high-rise buildings the adjacent building was an old printing company building that had been abandoned for some time and rather than risk demonic possession within the confines of the freemasonic lodge pierce and lenny decided they would establish operations there overnight and into the next day and then transition by grafno over to the lodge once it had become filled with the freemasons once inside it was go time that day pierce and lenny garbed in plain work clothes reminiscent of some form of construction or repair company approached the building from the side street and parked a block away in an alley behind the dumpsters since garbage pickup had already occurred that day there was a minimal probability that their vehicle would be towed or ticketed given that it was sequestered in an alcove of a former delivery platform of another abandoned brick building which had also been on the real estate market for a few years with no prospect of selling anytime soon regardless of whether the vehicle was discovered or no it was stolen and they had a backup getaway team that was scheduled to pick up since the operation was carried out at precisely 2300 hours or 11 p.m. an occult number pregnant with significance in the cabal of judeo freemason and the pickup team would wait five minutes after the hour for five minutes unless police sirens were heard in which case they had instructions to abandon the mission and pierce and lenny would then hold up in the abandoned building for a couple of days hiding in the attic and having left the place in spotless condition so as to minimize traces and the event of investigation by the police the operation moved ahead smoothly and lenny and pierce situated themselves in the building pierce having jimmed the lock with a pick gun they bolted it from the within to keep out the curious and walked up to the top floor given that the building had no electricity and the elevators weren't working they ascended the winding marble

staircase the wooden banister looking down toward the floor in a vertiginous spiral they were there and unshouldered their backpacks as they jimmed their way to get another room bolting it behind them they assembled their equipment and prepared themselves for the strike the plans and layout of the lodge firmly embedded in their minds Mac 11 submachine guns with sound suppressors and extra clips in the bandolier rig decorated with fragmentation grenades or what they carried in addition to a Fairbairn Sykes commando knife with glued blade and a backup welfare pistol chambered to nine millimeter as with the main gun they each had a satchel of plastic explosives to leave the haunted house a demolition job and liberate the earthbound soul which retracted into all the atrocities committed therein a ghoulish practices of capitalistic black magic demanded obliteration and effacement from the memory of the town and in its place Opine Pierce a monument to Hitler the only man by the solution to the Jewish problem Lenny smiled at the thought of righteous vengeance against the evil which plagued their town and the epitaph they would erect on its ashes like a phoenix ascending night descended upon Springfield and they got ready shouldering their holster gear at their rig and observing their incandescent no spec watches both synchronized which displayed the digits 22 50. they opened the window and slung the graphite across to the lintel of the other building finding purchase on a slab of limestone atop the brick it slipped a bit by hooked onto one of the pigeon spikes embedding itself there as Pierce intended he went first surging out and clambering up using his suction cup and glass cutter to gain entry into the lodge's upper window he lifted the window and entered tossed in a rope for Lenny who followed suit they were both in now but wouldn't exit the way they came as per the plan they looked around the room and immediately a creepy feeling of some ill-defined presence manifested to their consciousness as a sensation of being washed by a conscious entity they shrugged it off not without a shiver as they made their way out of the room pausing to listen to any noise outside and creeping forward to the inner sanctum pompous pet paintings lined the wall of Freemasons dressed in full regalia posing arrogantly with a superior look on their faces attempting to convey the appearance of profound wisdom and their gaudy outfits they passed these by with a glance and continued to move down the hall which opened up to a staircase that wound down as had that of the adjacent building only the carpet was a black and white checkerboard pattern lined with real with red and boarded with gold tassels meaning lending a pompous air to the already ostentatious sight the banisters at every turn were topped with wooden pine cone carvings symbolic of the pineal gland and higher intuition and the chandelier above shown dimly still allowing the moonlight to filter through the stained glass window which depicted a masonic tracing board a skull and crossbones over a coffin with a squaring compass underneath the creeping feeling still pervaded the atmosphere as they descended the staircase on padded sole of shoes racing down the silent steps hyper vigilant through having taken Ephedra earlier that night to ensure it was fully working their system and that they were in a state of hyper alertness ready to rock as they descended the staircase further they began to hear a ululating chant as the masons in tone in whatever magical language presumably attempting to invoke

whatever demonic entity and bring them into manifestation as they reached the lower tier of the staircase they heard shuffling to their right pierced leading and laying position to have a set of stairs behind to cover him should he be needed out popped the freemason in full regalia and spurred of luck turning to shock as he caught sight of the pair racing toward him their mac-11s up and unleashing a burst of subsonic rounds stitching his torso and sending him into a jerky twitch as gunfire tore open his carpets discharging rivulets of blood as he his astonished face gazed stupidly at his assailants they were in inner sanctum now as they rushed past the fallen forms of this illustrious gentleman baptized in blood and heard the chanting going increasingly loud as they followed the checkerboard carpet of wide opening and a final set of stairs which served as a foyer of sorts similar to an opera house they looked out on the group who were oblivious to their presence and gross as they were in their ritual sacrifice for so it was a young white boy was strapped to a stone tablet a black cube and surrounded by menorahs illuminating the darkness with flickering flames of their freemasonic false light and torn the throng and the sacrifice that was produced and held law it's ebon blade a sinister point brandished by the gnarled hand of one of the senior members both in age and rank given the medals and badges which they speckled his costume but before the arc of the cruel dagger could descend there was a bang followed immediately by another as fragmentation grenades exploded on either side of the throng who served as human shields to protect the child a twist of irony like a knife in the back punctuated by shrapnel and automatic gunfire from twin mac-11 stuttering out bursts of lead and death as the maces twished and jerked their attempted sacrifice as the boy foil of the boy foiled in the lead by the lead members out of the shadows raced a crew of guards who had been shocked by the grenade blast and managed to escape they came out firing erratically at any target which appeared to them in their dazed state of display movement their laughable inaccuracy was rejoined by pinpoint bursts of mac-11 fire as these masonic guards presumably police sergeants were ripped apart with a hail of hot death covering one another and moving apart the pair continued firing until the guards ceased coming a pall of silence fell upon the room and a creepiest sensation again haunted them the boy still strapped to the black cube staring wildly around him his heightened sensibility detecting some other dimensional entity attempting to take possession of his form pierce approached while lennie provided cover and took out his fair bearing styx combat knife and cut the bonds of a child who was naked illuminated by the moonlight he took a swathe of velvet from the costume of a dead mason near and cut a makeshift loincloth tossing it on the child say let's go kid we got four minutes before the getaway crew leaves unpacking their satchels with c4 explosives they affixed them to the wainscotting in the room and set their timers for a three-minute countdown pierce picked up the kid and they rushed to the end of the room where an emergency exit was located off in the corner out in the alley where they encountered another freemason guard who was caught by surprise fumbled in his holster but was too late too little too late being drilled through by lenny as both me and pierce raced toward the awaiting vehicles two blocks away at the rendezvous point after reaching the end of one

and it's one block an explosion erupted from behind them rocking the ground and disequilibrating them and their rot but they corrected themselves and came inside the vehicle as the night sky lit up the brilliance of playing as the super concentrated c4 charges detonated and set off a chain reaction in the boiler room of the lodge beneath the getaway drivers looked quizzically at the boy but pierce said simply later drive home they were out in the downtown before the sirens and police chopper came anywhere near the scene score one for Springfield lenny said and high-fived the kid who grinned as he saw the edge of the city limits finally having been taken away from that den of iniquity the next day the remnants of the establishment held a rally titled erase the hate to make a display of their condemnation of the events which had occurred over the past few weeks the army had been called in to quell and the justification for calling the unrest when in reality it was to induce terror in the population and force them into submission to the tyranny of zog the populace remained largely in their homes and the business of the town was shut down for the least going door-to-door and interrogating people attempting to find out whether they had seen any suspicious activity which translated into whether the police could observe any subtle signs of abnormal reactions and the residents or unusual or out of place items in their house that would suggest what the jewish community called hate or anti-semitic paraphernalia the residents were encouraged code speak for psychologically coerced to rat out their neighbors if any signs of hate were visible creating a veritable witch hunt which with neighbor turning against neighbor each spying on each other and living life in a glass house even with a drape straw a climate of fear descended upon the town and the residents felt that they had been put under siege pierce watched the rally on the tv in the comfort of the compound and commented to his men looks like the war on terror continues too bad the terrorists are those who claim they are the ones fighting terror mo interjected maybe we better terrorize the terrorists time for another dose of terror and i've got just the thing he trailed off as the league members present shifted their attention toward him malik bombata was now the leader of the mad lions the negro immigrant gang which had so far arisen to prominence in the downtown core through violence and thereby had cornered the market on the drug trade pushing meth to the white children and youth of the town and who had within with the cabal members most of whom had been destroyed and the hanukkah horde the drugs were easily manufactured and the profits were steady enabling the likes of malik to drive their bmws and mercedes and draped their necks in gold as they ate away at the downtown core as a poisoned canker worm in the once shining apple of springfield malik sat back in his plush leather chair and looked at the mahogany statue which sat upon his varnished desk it was a female figure of negroidal features thick pursed lips and wide hips positioned with hands up up raised above its head malik thought back to the motherland and recalled his youth in the people's liberation army driving out the whites who remained and torturing and butchering that white bitch after he had finished raping her that white bitch she paid ultimate price the lord hate the white devils he muttered as he took a drop on his cigar blowing smoke at the mahogany figure he contemplated what he would do to the whites of springfield

once he gathered enough power he would have all the white bitch men poor excuses for men mere bitches castrated and would line up the white bitches in and make them be as rape slaves forcing them to birth his half-breed chileans malik smiled at the thought that teach them what bitches he muttered again he picked up a glass straw which was resting on mahogany holder and opened his plush desk out came a dish of cocaine and he bent over to snort a line up his nose the only white i can tolerate he muttered again he shoved the door closed and sprang up from his chair his wiry frame bathed in sweat as his heart accelerated silk suit cling to his form on this hot summer evening he picked up a small brass bell that he had on the desk and rang through the window of the brick building where the mad lion gang had their hideout homer observed the lanky black stand up and ring a bell homer raised his high-powered sniper rifle to his shoulder and took aim pulling the trigger with increasing tautness until the rifle recoiled and slammed into his shoulder the projectile rocketing out of the sound suppressor and through the glass of the gang's hideout shattering the window and malik's skull which burst into fragments in a puff of gore homer said to the driver drive and the car was in forward motion zigzagging through the streets to shake any tails that might have followed easy come easy go he said with a smile moe was driving and spoke i guess them goids are gonna have a problem on their hands i wonder who they're gonna blame homer laughed knowing what plan had been formulated i guess the mad lions are gonna unleash their aggression on the spiders he said referring to the spider gang the arab gang from saudi arabia who had had previous tensions with the mad lions this time however they would be blamed for the hit as graffiti had been done on the mad lion's building prior to the hit claiming the scorpions had carried it out through writing jihad on the building and a picture of a spider by one of the league members who had been dressed in the gang colors and had affixed an artificial prosthesis and black hair to his head so the mad lion's cameras picked up what appeared to be a legitimate rival gang member of middle eastern extraction the assassination of their leader given the negroes low threshold for self-control and low iq would undoubtedly spark a retaliatory act which would set off a chain reaction and blow things up to a gang war from there the league would only have to sit and watch as the fireworks started the police and military being sucked into the fray and a message sent to the townsfolk that the mass invasion of non-white immigrants was in no way a good policy and that they had better have regard for the survival of their own kind if they cared in the least to survive at all their lives being bound up with the lives of others over the next few days the townsfolk witnessed a series of events they had only observed in action movies buildings blown up burnt to the ground automatic gunfire in the streets the military worked in tandem with the police to attempt to mass arrest gang members but liberal and judeo-christian protesters blocked their path refusing to step aside claiming that it was racially discriminatory to target ethnic groups and the police were told to stand down the league simultaneously did their utmost to maximize disruption of the town damaging gang infrastructure and taking out rival gang members leaving tag signs as a means of further fomenting chaos given the kill or be killed mentality of the gangs there would be no truce called and it would be a

zero-sum conclusion winner takes all the gullible white establishment did all they could do to attempt to block the military and police from taking down the gangs who were given carte blanche to loot and burn and rape turning the downtown core into a war zone eventually the lieutenant commanding the units declared a state of emergency and arrested the upright citizen brigade comprised of various big-time race traders who had been instrumental in bringing in the savage hordes a group of bourgeois liberals and judeo-christians who were insistent beyond the pale of tolerance in attempting to create a one-world race-mixed society wherein all and sundry were equalized in a melting pot of global mongrelization they were detained in the baseball diamond which was converted into a concentration camp and surrounded by armed guards with shoot to kill orders for any attempting to escape and climb the fences which hemmed them in the gang's hideouts were raided and the members were arrested to be deported or imprisoned those who survived the zog system's raids mo kicking back with a mug tea at the compound let out a satisfied sigh vengeance is mine sayeth the lord as the tv cameras panned over the bourgeois race traders who were being rounded up by the system troops to be put in front of the tribunal the strongman lieutenant was conducting the broadcast had been intercepted by the military it seemed as all of the theatrics of the zog media were in a complete absence the camera panned across the lineup of traders their faces bleak and expressionless no longer screaming and chanting he raced to hate as before now it was their time to be judged and the punishment for treason was death as the guards after the lieutenant gave a thumbs up or down after hearing the story of the accused read out by one of the league members who had compiled a dossier on the traders if the verdict was guilty the trader was led behind the wall and given a lethal injection their body thrown into a waiting reefer transport truck to be transported to the local waste disposal site those few who were let who were let off given lesser transgressions were forced into handcuffs and leg irons to be transported to the re-education center where they would be given the opportunity to atone for their sin of racial treason the lineup was a long one comprised of nearly half the residents of springfield and a single reefer was inadequate another having to be brought in to dispatch the bodies mo looked at the lieutenant on the screen as the camera panned closer to the to his face the lieutenant looked into the camera with piercing ice blue eyes and stated this time the world