

THE COLONY(mp3)

The Colony After the bombs dropped and the smoke cleared, the global population had been reduced by between 85 and 90 percent, just as those who had brought about the conflagration had intended. What they didn't intend, however, was that they themselves would perish in the conflagration, and that their plans of becoming the absolute rulers over a world of race-mixed slaves, who would depend upon them for food and shelter in exchange for their slave labour, would blow up in their faces, and in the most literal sense. What the bunker-buster bombs didn't eliminate, in terms of this parasitical 1 percent, was through bio-weapons, specifically a contagious strain of Tay-Sachs and avian flu virus, that quickly eliminated all of those who were susceptible to this virus, wherever it was carried and disseminated.

The global forces of nationalism had banded together to combat those of the internationalists, and had eventually triumphed through clandestine agreements between nations and military coups within their own borders, decapitating the traitorous minions of the oligarchic elite, the Jewish supremacists and their Freemasonic and Jesuit affiliates. The oligarchs had attempted to sequester themselves within the earth in underground tunnels leading into the hollow earth, but what the aerosolized bio-weapons didn't reach, the battalions of the German imperials in the inner earth dispatched. The only Jews left in the post-apocalyptic ruin of the world were those of the lower tiers, the shopkeepers and lower-level middle-man merchants, who had had insufficient time to make aliyah to Israel before the chaos descended, and thus buried themselves into their hosts, who were in many cases still all but oblivious to who they were.

Thus, they constituted a parasitical remnant who were tolerated until such time as the nationalists of all nations embarked upon the great expulsion of those not indigenous to their territory, of those not wanted, not of the native ethnic population. The Jews were pushed on a trek out of every nation they came to upon the global dissemination of a message as to who had been the cause of world unrest, namely themselves, a message shared throughout the world by the survivors so that never again would such a conflagration occur and finally there would be peace on earth. The Jews were in many countries, especially those occupied by the whites, rounded up and sent to a remote island, which was big enough to accommodate the remnant and sufficiently fertile to grow crops for those industrious enough to grow them.

The whites left them with the necessary equipment and thereby discharged themselves of any karma they might have incurred. The other Jews were kept as a segregated cast of servants, few in number, who were stripped of all their property and power and reduced to doing day labor and menial tasks. Every Talmud, Koran, and Bible was burnt in a bonfire globally to efface all memory of the Abrahamic mine pollution that had infected the global population and which had led to the Armageddon just experienced.

The majority of the deceased lived in the cities, which had become havens of vice and infamy up to the beginning of the end and which had degenerated rapidly into a chaos of warring factions once the bombs began dropping. The police and military fragmented along ethnic lines and maintained loyalty to their ethnic group exclusively and ethnic gangs formed and community defense organizations were established which battled intruders who pillaged for food and loot, robbing and raping to the limit of their ability, the white population being especially targeted by all other ethnicities, but who clearly played them against one another and used their great intelligence and knowledge of technology as well as overreaching influence in the political system to defend their territory and property. The pacifistic altruism that was instilled in the minds of so many whites dissipated rapidly as the food ran out and the angry hordes of savages pillaged their neighborhoods.

Those whites still possessed of healthy instincts rallied around one another and shunned and expelled neighbors who were racial strangers from their communities, finally having an excuse to excise the brown and yellow cancers in their midst. Those not possessed of healthy instincts went out as martyrs on the cross of their pathological altruism. The savage hordes descending upon them in their ravenous frenzy and returning to their savage state of jungle law, of the ape, the strongest being, he who possessed right, the right to feed, fornicate and propagate.

This life lesson struck most of the whites hard in the cities and the death toll reflected their unpreparedness and naive unwillingness to ignore the reality of the lawlessness of beast man when the latter was finally unleashed from the iron fetters of the police state and the decadent lifestyle he had come to look upon as his right by virtue of perceived past injustices. Thus, the death toll in the cities ranged from a low of 65% to a high of 95% in most cases save those of predominantly black, brown and yellow cities, the whites managed to rally and gain victory in spite of a decimation of their numbers. The countryside was predominantly white and despite food shortages, the overwhelming majority survived thanks mainly to the hunters, fishermen and small local farmers who serviced the nearby community with their crops.

The preppers who had had no willingness to share their hoarded food were forced by the local police and townsfolk to divide their supplies amongst the people which wiped the grins of sociopathic arrogance from their faces, from the faces of those who subscribed to a more libertarian view that they were as islands unto themselves and could live the high life at the expense of others or independently thereof. They swiftly learned the lesson that a society will by virtue of its collective strength subject the individual to the collective will and that no individual can survive in a collapse society as the collective imposes its claim upon him and if he refuses to acquiesce to its greater might, it skewers him on the sword of its will. Such was the fate of many of the preppers who thought they would be the last man standing amidst the ruins of the chaos, the remnant that required minimal to no involvement with others and were wholly self-sufficient, what they

neglected with their macho rhetoric of putting buckshot up the backside of those who came within a thousand feet of their property was that many others, rivals vying for territory and booty, thought the same and gave them what they had wanted to dish out.

Thus struggle of all kinds ripped through the nations of the world, both in urban and rural environments. Those with the greatest force overcoming others and those wanting more than their fair share being overrun by the teeming multitudes and roving bands of brigands who had made their exodus from the city and town and went on raiding parties into the countryside with its cornucopia of resources to enrich themselves at the expense of others, some out of necessity for bare survival to acquire their basic needs, others out of a greedy avarice for booty and plunder. Soon the cities became stinking pits of carry-on, the bodies of non-white whores littering the streets as if a plague had swept through, and in many cases it had.

The release of bioweapons between nations serving to lay waste to major cities, hitting the Orientals particularly hard with avian flu. The whites, whose immune systems were more resilient, managed to avoid whatever sickness they incurred, becoming terminal, whereas in the case of the former, their population globally had been devastated by over 80%. The Third World was hit hardest, of course, once the foreign aid and what amounted to the same, fair trade, was no longer forthcoming from the white population, given that their nations had been devastated in the conflagration and that whatever outgroup altruism they had disappeared with the rumblings of hunger as the supply chain was severed in brute necessity, pulled the scales of idealism from their eyes, and smashed the rose-coloured glasses from off their face.

The non-white savages either returned to a state of nature over the course of the few years succeeding the conflagration, or were rapidly taken over by whatever remnant of more intelligent foreigners overran their territory and reintroduced slavery and colonialism, discarding any notions of charity or outgroup altruism. All the lower races, no longer bearing the appellation race, but being construed from a bio-anthropological perspective as beast-men, fit for slavery and to be discarded when no longer of use, and whose lives were managed from birth unto death as literal animate tools in Aristotle's sense. They were given no education save what enabled them to carry out the rudimentary tasks they were needed for, and a crude basic language was developed that they were taught from birth, no more sophisticated language being permitted.

A new religion was created with the white man established in the role of the gods, who came from the sky, and who were here on this earth to prepare the world for the One, a white god-man leader who would come and liberate the non-whites from work in the afterlife, the condition of their gaining this state in the afterlife being a willingness to work in this life. Thus the non-white hordes were governed so that white civilization could be established once again over the earth, given that all the so-called higher, lower races, such as the Orientals, had been so decimated that they were incapable of any

expansion of their territory as the white centers of power still maintained their power and sophisticated technology, such that the Orientals' capabilities were known and were understood to be largely ineffectual against any but localized threats. Of course, they were to be subjugated as well, and this was the plan of a new white federation, which went by the name Pax Albus, Latin having been adopted as the universal language of the white race globally at the time of the post-apocalypse, as some of the Christian remnant called it, the dawn of a new age, as the vast majority of whites called it, echoing the leadership of the Pax Albus.

The mission now was expansion and colonialism over the third world, and those chosen for the work were all of those who were either restless and enterprising or of the more unruly element that the local government had neither use for nor willingness for than to remain amongst them. As with the colony of Australia in the time before the new Aeon, there were many of the riffraff and criminal element who were yet genetically gifted to a sufficient extent that they could be utilized as pioneering colonialists and advanced scouts to carry out the necessary tasks of establishing a new satellite of the Pax Albus, and get their chance at glory and conquest. After the dust settled, many of the raiding white ethnic gangs established themselves as the de facto rulers of their own ethnic enclaves, which they attained through sheer might and force of arms, of willpower that they directed toward the establishment of a better world for their people.

Those who gravitated toward them out of necessity for food, shelter, and security. The eventual formation of the Pax Albus arose under the microstates and the remains of the militaries of the white nations, which later served to consolidate them into a larger federation. This then branched outwards internationally until the notion of the international itself was practically dissolved as far as whites were concerned.

All borders serving as more flexible bounds for the preservation of historical identities, which nonetheless enabled the crossing of these barriers through osmosis. Those compatible within the nation were permitted entry and exit, and all others, including those incompatible who were of that nation itself, were cast out. Those of, for example, the raiding parties who had put the townsfolk under duress, or those who had been in the mad dash and struggle for power amidst the chaos, came out the loser and had had their reputation defamed, were subject to ostracism on the part of the ruling power as a means of castrating their opposition.

Banishment was a charitable punishment for the victor, the general rule being execution as the ruthless leaders enforced their iron will with the iron rod of primitive justice. All notions of justice being put away with the Bibles and Korans, which underwent the mass burnings and destruction overseen by the administration in conjunction with the military forces. Those towns that were devoted adherents to Christianity were subject to roaming assassination squads who infiltrated their borders and executed the leadership, the priestly caste hierarchy and which were replaced by Gnostic-Ariosophic preachers who

preached a new gospel for the new Aeon, which because of their connections to the Pax Albus and its control of resources were welcomed by the townsfolk, most of whose experience didn't extend beyond their borders, especially with the temporary shutdown of telecommunications.

Thus the world at first became narrower in social scope, but broader in understanding of reality, now that the Talmud visions had been unplugged and the Jewish mind control of Hollywood had been permanently switched off. Thus the population was ready for a new horizon of thinking and the Ariosophic preachers, who adhered to the Ariosophic Christianity of Jörg Lanz von Liebenfels, were a perfect vehicle in bringing the new Aeon in the consciousness of the population. Outside of the historically Judeo-Christian demographics, the remnant mainly concentrated in the cities and in areas which were of a more luxuriant natural surroundings, were whites with a hierarchy dwelt.

The new Aeon was welcomed, especially given that it was accompanied by a complete absence of the new non-white hordes who had been all but expelled from the white territory by the military forces and white gangs who filled the power vacuum. When the traders were brought to justice, the new ideology of Arianity, as it was called, was both an exoteric and esoteric crypto-astro-theological wealth and schwag, which adhered to the laws of the cosmos and mandated that all of its adherents live lives according to nature, the laws of the cosmos, which governed and influenced their being, and which they influenced and turned through their right or wrong actions. Those actions considered right were those which harmonized with cosmic law, and those deviating therefrom were considered wrong.

The ostracism for severe violation of these laws were punished by death or banishment as prisons had ceased to be used, being that they were vehicles of psychological torture. Infractions of the laws consisted of such acts as theft of another's property, rape, murder, homosexuality, pedophilia, child molestation, as it was called in the old Aeon, and racial treason. The latter was the ultimate sin in Pax Albus and was punishable by public execution.

All collaboration with the enemy, Jews, non-whites, and other race traitors who put their own self-interest before the group and whose self-interest conflicted with that of the group, were brought into the public square in front of all the townsfolk and in larger centers. This was broadcast on the new networks of Pax Albus, which was in the process of forming its own Aryanized and sanitized media, the spectrum of media from news to movies and education. All media being, of course, educational and oriented around truth and enlightenment, not a dogmatic regression to anthropic and anti-national principles such as those of secular humanism and egalitarianism, which the populace came to recognize through the chaos as empty verbiage without any correspondence to reality, and who thus rejected the sane and reverted to their natural state of consciousness as Aryans.

The mass executions took place before the angry mob who cast rotten vegetable matter at the traitors as their sentences were read, the specific acts they committed and what consequences arose from same. All the crocodile tears the traitors cried, and those genuine, elicited no sympathy from the crowd who understood that they were cried only for self-pity and not out of love for the white race, out of contrition for the wrongs they had imposed upon countless thousands to, in some cases, millions of people. The punishment for their sins could, in most cases, never be adequately atoned for, even in the event of years of torture.

So a quick exit from the world into whatever higher dimensions was all that could be asked, and whatever additional punishment they would undergo at the hands of the Cosmos, through their failure to resonate harmoniously therewith, would be their fate. They would be attuned to the sum total, with or without their consent, for or against their will, and would suffer whatever pains in the process of attunement come what may. The only thing the administration of the Pax Albas could do was to speed them on their journey to their swift death, and let the Cosmos sort them out.

One such town experienced just such a set of circumstances with the hegemon, who had established himself in power, being ousted from the town, with his cronies, who had seized power through brute force, over a mid-sized city of leptists, and who had violently deposed the establishment, conscripting into his ranks the local police and military forces. However, once the Pax Albas had been formed over the nation, the locals, still largely clinging to their leftist beliefs, and harboring a grudge against the hegemon for his strong-arm tactics and executions of some of their celebrities and political hacks, they had strong emotional ties to, they accordingly informed against the strongman, whose name was Von Stan, to the central organization of Pax Albas, who then issued an order to him that he would, on the basis of the popular will, have to forfeit his power, and would be given the option of serving as the leader of a colonial mission to the Dark Continent. If he refused, he would be forcibly deposed.

Given the options, Von Stan chose the path of least resistance, as that of greater would result in certain execution, given the command of power and resources of Pax Albas, had it being the de facto global government in all territories populated by whites, and which was embarking on its colonial, colonialist expansion phase. Von Stan gave his reply to the organization's representative in a cordial manner. All right, you can consider me the Duce of Africa.

I was getting tired of trying to re-educate all of the leptards in this area, and their constant whining. Time to head for greener pastures, he said, smiling as he took the extended hand of the representative, and was greeted with a returned smile, the latter informing him that his ship was already docked in port, and ready to set off the following day to the Dark Continent. His crew consisted of all of the members of his organization that had taken control of the leftist city, and were approximately 200 in number, most of

whom had been military veterans and criminals in the nation prior to the collapse, and were all tough fighting men, able to easily subjugate the leftist dissidents in the city, whose natural tendency towards self-service made them willing to acquiesce to the greater force of the revolutionary vanguard led by Von Stan.

His inner circle of revolutionaries, who had been loyal to him from the beginning, were small in number, but competent men, whose abilities in the command of others and adroitness in strategy and tactics were surpassed by none he had ever encountered, and his own background as a former sergeant in the army was extensive. He had toured the world, killing for money and prestige, collecting medals and ribbons of all shapes, sizes, and colors, and had become a one-man army, honing through his experience his skills in an elite commando unit, seeing action in the Dark Continent on several occasions. One of his inner circle, his right-hand man named Stevers, had accompanied him on many of his tours of duty and was a member of the elite commando unit with himself and a few others of his current inner circle members.

Stevens was an expert in military intelligence and had played the role of a mercenary assassin for a paramilitary company, honing his skills in tracking and methods of clandestine execution in addition to having been an elite soldier in the commando unit. He would, in Von Stan's opinion, play a pivotal role in carrying out the colonialist operation, as it would entail an expert in all of these martial specialties. He, Von Stan, was willing to go along with Pax Albus and carry out his mission.

He had no difficulty forming a loose affiliation with the organization given that it had a willingness to grant him some degree of autonomy in his operations. Now that the Jews' United Nations government was eradicated from the earth with most of the biological and spiritual Jews also meeting their demise at the hands of the nationalists in their respective countries, there is no longer any rhetorical blather respecting human rights, as only white people mattered within the structure of Pax Albus. All else were considered either slave chattels or animals to be butchered without remorse if they impeded the survival, expansion, and advancement of the white race in its recolonization of the earth.

Thus, Von Stan was released from any potential backlash, any overarching military or physical restraint that would punish him for any alleged transgressions, and to whom he would be beholden. He was his own law and could do what he wished, free from all restraints. The burning of all historical books that propounded the sickly creed of Judeo-Christian insanity had served as a public declaration to the broad masses that the law tables of the Semite were smashed upon the craggy rocks of natural law, which became the de facto law of the land and which was subject to the interpretation, implementation, compliance, or transgression of all.

And no overarching judge or jury would convict those who had no knowledge of or involvement with and who therefore could not possibly judge of the circumstances of the

events they had not personally experienced. It was the recourse of a family unit and a larger local community unit to enforce national law in their area, and this based upon the agreement of the citizens and their relative strengths and weaknesses. Given the biological similarity amongst the members of the society, however, there was minimal strife once the mental pollution of egalitarianism had been largely effaced from their minds, save in the most incorrigibly humanist areas, which had been populated with intellectuals and government workers who had had deep emotional ties to the ideology of equality, whose very lives oriented around these false premises.

Pax Albus established the leftist equivalent of preachers to correct the mind control of the masses, who were subject to re-education presentations in the form of historical and ideological lectures, in other words, the truth, and who had the entire educational curriculum revamped to cultivate the new man in the image of the archetypal Aryan. As a condition of their affiliation of Pax Albus, its protection from roving hordes and its furnishing of food stores, which would not be locally grown, the leftist enclaves were forced to submit to the re-education, and eventually were brought around to the truth that the laws of nature guaranteed no right to life, and that the notion of equality was a mind-polluting myth that dragged all down to the lowest level and enabled only those who existed, or rather subsisted, at the lowest level to fulfill their potential and manifest their identity in the earth plane. Accordingly, the simple-minded dogma of humanism that had governed the consciousness of the broad masses evaporated over time, and the broad white masses became attuned to the creed of the new Aeon, that of the Superman, the Aryan.

Those caught harboring any of the savages or race-mixers or mongrels were banished from the community, and their property, save what could be packed into a vehicle or carried on foot, was expropriated and redistributed amongst the local community. All Jews who remained were, as Afor said, reduced to the state of menial labour in fixing up the community, and were then deported to a barren island region of the earth where they were forced to fend for themselves. Many of these Jews were given the option of volunteering as menials in the colonies and were taken there by the colonial parties to scout out terrain and carry out those unpleasant tasks that the colonists deemed beneath them, such as digging and cleaning latrines, etc.

Bonstam and his crew had taken a small group of Jews with them who they thought would be just worth their trouble, as they could be used as cannon fodder in the event of any trekking of niggers in the dark continent that was necessary. Stevers commented sardonically to Bonstam after he bore witness to the Jews who were walking the plank into the ship. "'Some comic relief for the journey, Captain?' Bonstam stroked his handlebar moustache, returning Stevers' look.

"'Human shields,' he replied. "'Human?' Stevers retorted. The journey was about to begin as all of the cargo had been boarded on the ship, the weapons having been placed under

lock and key, and a supervision of a First Mate, Kreis, who was an ex-navy man who had served on many tours and had amassed much sea time and was an expert marksman with small arms.

The arms' cache consisted of big-bore semi-automatic and bolt-action rifles, perfect for stopping lions in their tracks, and submachine guns, MAC-11s and Heckler & Koch MP5 submachine guns, one for each of the crew members, and three extra-large capacity magazines. Each crew member was also equipped with a sidearm, a Beretta or Colt .45, again with extra magazines, and attack pass. The niggers in Africa still had weapons, though they were of the most primitive variety and would be unlikely to subjugate a well-armed, combat-hardened cadre of elite veterans.

In addition to the firearms they carried with them, fragmentation grenades and explosive plastic and dynamite, Kevlar helmets and plate carriers for body armor. All other necessary supplies consisted mainly of food staples and basic equipment necessary to set up camp. There were also two electrical vehicles that could be powered from a solar battery.

Accompanying the soldiers were ten women who were the Inner Circle's girlfriends and had accompanied them in the journey as advanced scouts to bear witness to the establishment of the colony, to ensure its safety, and to serve the role of reporters, taking photographs and journaling the sequence of events so that the future colony could be proud of its history and that it could be incorporated into the larger Pax Albus as a jewel in its crown. The ship was a large naval vessel that was powered by a crew of experts, who were operatives of the Pax Albus military forces, who were tasked with operating colonial ships that emanated from the nation, which served as Pax Albus' central hub of operations. They would deliver the colonial expedition force and their equipment and then return afterwards.

No refueling was necessary given that the ship operated through a nuclear-powered engine, which by virtue of its advanced technology had no need of replenishment outside of every multiple years, and through most nuclear plants, though most nuclear plants have been either shut down or destroyed through the global catastrophe, there were still a couple operating in the nation that served to replenish the ship's fuel rods. Pax Albus was in the process of introducing coal fusion and electromagnetic free energy devices and would be decommissioning all plants, save those which were essential in developing hydrogen bombs for both attack and defense from the collapsed foreign nations, mainly the Oriental Bloc, which was clandestinely working to build up their technology for use against the white nations. The spy network operated by Pax Albus, which was based upon their few remaining satellites, observed that the Oriental Bloc was attempting to steadily rearm, though in an underdeveloped and posed no threat, nor were likely to ever do so.

Nonetheless, according to cosmic and karmic law, they merited their punishment for having put into practice their intention to destroy Pax Albus. It would only be a matter of time before they were met with an unpleasant surprise. As the ship set out from port, the whites said their silent farewells to their now former homeland.

Never again would they bear witness to the soil upon which they had dwelled through much of their lives. Von Stamm and his fellow veterans looked upon the entire world as their personal property, that it was up for grabs to all comers, insofar as they had the willpower and ability to seize it for themselves and could wrest it from the hands of others. Might was right in the mind of Von Stamm, though he acknowledged that such a creed applied universally amongst all, it was qualified by the allegiance one owed to his tribal group of which he was a necessary part.

Thus infighting only applied when one or more of the members behaved in a manner incompatible with the collective will of the tribe, and at such time it was a matter of sorting out grievances inter-tribally. If, as was the case with himself and his crew of colonialists, the tribe and its members couldn't remain in a harmonious set of circumstances, the dissenting faction would, with the approval of the tribal organism, splinter off and form its own autonomous group. He was thus practicing what he preached, and participating in this venture, and the fact that he had received the approval of the organism, Pax Albus, in playing the role of a child that has attained manhood, and ventured off to establish himself in the world with the approval and support of the parent, was sufficient for him to recommend himself to the gods.

The first day brought with it a blistering sun, and the crew lounged about on the deck and engaged in collective training in sports, discussing tactics and poring over old maps of the dark country, developing plans as to where to journey once they landed. They were headed toward the centre of the dark continent, by way of the coast, and their plan was to establish a sustainable settlement after clearing out the remnant of niggers and from thence to import additional whites from Pax Albus' global outposts, which were the remnants of the former white countries of the earth, gradually expanding outwards in a 360 degree radius from the centre, and forming ties with other colonies that would be distributed around the dark continent, and which would meet up with one another and create an overlapping network of Pax Albus over the entirety of the dark continent. The whites who had previously attempted the colonization of the dark continent had been heavily influenced by Jewish Christ insanity, and had been overrun through their willingness to assist and support the nigger demographic, which had quickly outbred them and, once sufficient power had been conferred upon them by their Jewish masters, who had incited them to violence against the whites, had brutally murdered and tortured the whites so that all of them were annihilated from the region.

This is apparently their karma for violating the laws of nature and ascribing to the lower kinds, which they called human, their own qualities. Such a judgment was based upon

the Jewish Bible and its installation in the minds of the whites with the creative pathological altruism they called Christian love. The consequences of their love were harrowing indeed with the genocide of the indigenous whites who had created the region, effacing all higher culture from the earth, and the niggers falling back into savagery and cannibalism, and eventually largely starved to death, given that they depended on the whites for food.

Such was their karma, von Stamm reflected. They were all subject to his laws, and none was above it. All were part of the cosmos, but were by no means equal.

They had to abide by the laws which governed their being, and those who stepped outside of those bounds were brought back into them through suffering, and those who insisted on enduring that suffering through a perpetuation of the violation of those laws would cease to exist in the physical. They would thus continue on in whatever other dimension, in whatever other form, governed still by the laws of the cosmos. They would, in the language of Jewish Christianity, become reconciled with God.

The Lord would sort them out, and they would pay for their sins. Von Stamm abided by a law intrinsic to himself, the law of the Aryan warrior, a leader, whose duty consisted of the protection of the tribe and of crusading for victory in glorious battles for the increase of his tribe, whose prosperity reflected favorably upon himself. His victory was a victory for the tribe, for the white race, and his defeat was the defeat of the tribe, if only to the extent of his own membership therein, his own participation in the whole.

He was now the captain of the ship and would serve as the leader of the collective tribal offshoot upon landing. His role now was to pore over strategy and tactics and assign tasks to his crew and prepare those unprepared for their duties once the ship arrived, delegating tasks where appropriate. He was sitting with Stevers and Christ on the fourth day of the journey when a woman's scream arose from below, followed by the woman whose blouse was torn and who had a scratch running across her upper chest as she ran up the ship's quarters.

She rushed over to the captain and shouted, The Jew killed Christina! As she was about to speak again, her eyes wide with horror, a gunshot muffled by the deck echoed from below, the sound ricocheting across the deck. The men were on their feet and had their side arms out ready for action, the woman hiding behind the captain as they heard another shot welling up from below, followed by an animalistic screech of a Jew, a feminine cry that contained within itself a violence as of a cornered rat, which was then muffled by adult thud. After a few seconds, the men still maintaining their position, unsure what to do, a shout went up from below.

It was one of the white crew, Little help! Requesting assistance, two of the crew members went below and after a short time came up the steps carrying the Jew, one of the ten that had been brought aboard. He was knocked out, his noodle neck hanging at

an odd angle, his stumpy body limp as the crew members hefted him up the steps and out into the noonday sun. Von Stamm shouted to the crew, what's all this about? And immediately one of the crew members began relaying the incident and the horror they had borne witnessed you below, how Christine, the woman, had been lying in one of the rooms, her abdomen exposed and her entrails hanging out, a carving knife lay nearby which the same which had scratched the woman who had alerted them to the emergency in the first place.

The woman's throat had been cut and a pool of blood lay at her feet, there were black candles lit and their flickering flames had worn away the candles by only a short span and were the only light cast about the room. Von Stamm stared at the stumpy creature who sprawled at his feet, his evil face pasty even in the noonday sun, as if the life force had never been within him. The woman came from behind, Von Stamm spoke in tones of sobbing, horror, in recollection of the event.

Christine, I discovered her when I went to visit her, I heard a scuffling and cry and attempted to force the door, it was open and I came upon this creature, this ghoul, stooping over her body with the knife. She hid her face in her blouse and neck scratched, causing a streak of blood to stain her white garment. Von Stamm comforted her, prompting her to continue.

She stated the Jew had taken out a small pistol and fired a shot in her direction, but missed the bullet ricocheting off into the hallway. The Jew attempted another shot, but the gun jammed and he spun and lashed out at her with the knife, slashing her. She indicated her wound which mashed in thickness, the blade of the carving knife which the crew members had brought on deck and Von Stamm interjected, patting her shoulder.

The Jew will stand trial upon reviving, he will be given his just punishment, this very day and all of the other Jews will be placed into one of the berths so that they will not cause any trouble for the rest of the trip, but first, he motioned to the crew members standing nearby, gather the Jews onto the deck, they will serve as mute witnesses of the fate that awaits those who practice the black arts on this ship and who defile the flesh and soul of Aryan kind. Additionally, he motioned the two of the others to cover and bring forth the body of the Aryan woman and prepare her for a funeral pile on one of the lifeboats. The first to arise from the berths were the group of Jews who had been playing cards below deck at least till they claimed and they, the nine of them, shuffled on board deck with worried expressions and looks of theatrical innocence.

Captain, captain, their leader, the one first to come on deck cried out, these ruffians, but at this, outburst Von Stamm waved his hand in disgust and shouted, you Jews must bear witness to one of your tribe, he indicated toward the Jew who had yet to revive, for his violation of one of the women on board ship. The Jews attempted to raise their hands in protest and began shaking their heads in supplication but the captain continued in

growling tones, cowering them to silence, you must bear witness to what happens to those who violate the laws of nature and threaten the survival of the white man and his women. As he finished, the other crew members ascended the stairs carrying the woman whose body was wrapped in a sheet and whose neck was covered with a silken cloth to conceal her ragged wounds.

She exhibited a look of pallor, indicating a lot of blood had been lost, possibly even drunk by the ghoulish Jew who lay prostrate at her feet. This was soon to be discovered as the crew member presented both knives in a shallow basin of silver, marked around with Kabbalistic Hebrew letters and demonic sigils. The crew member placed both artifacts before the Jew's head and as the deceased woman came near, the Jew's head twitched as if struck by her discarnate soul, twitching and grimacing as if he had stolen from the woman that most intimate part of herself.

The captain took a cup of water from one of the crew members and tossed it into the face of the Jew, who sputtered and awoke, his bleary eyes blinking in the noonday sun. Oy vey, what, who? He articulated in a panic of desperation, Oy vey, it was all an accident, became suddenly to his senses evidence of his guilt, easily inferable on his wild and crafty features, his eyes looking from one crew member to another for exoneration. The captain spoke up, Jew, you have perpetrated the atrocity you see before you in the unfortunate person of this woman whose life you have so barbarously taken in your inhuman ritual sacrifice.

By the powers vested in me by Pax Albus, I hereby condemn you to death. By a similar procedure of torture, you are to have your naked body tied to the guns of the ship and flogged with chains until they have lacerated your living body and brought forth that which you have stolen from this poor woman. Then you are to be tied to the chain by your feet and tossed into the salty ocean where you will be towed from the ship until the sharks consume you as you have consumed this woman's soul.

As you say in your book of megalomania, the Bible, the Old Testament, all of which are now burned and lost to human memory, an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth, the captain gestured to the crew members toward the Jew and toward the ship's guns, lashing to the gun barrel. The Jew, going into a fight or flight state, attempted to dash away, but the crew member's sinewy limbs, accustomed to hard labor, quickly fell upon him and grabbed his legs and arms as they carried him toward the gun. He cursed them in Hebrew, his body writhing in animalistic frenzy, as he attempted to escape his fate, to go where he knew not, but simply to live, at all costs.

One of the crew members took out a blackjack and smacked him on the skull, reducing his ardor but not rendering him unconscious. The crew took out the length of chain, which was wound around a metal pipe which served as a spool, and quickly prepared the Jew for his whipping, three of them taking off their belts and tying the Jew's hands and

feet together. One of the men took out a fixed blade knife and cut the Jew's clothes down the middle, tearing them from his plump body.

One of the crew members took out some bolt croppers from the area where tools were stored and began to cut sections of the chain, which were an inch wide in diameter, measured across the lake when flat. The captain came forth with the first mate and stevers, and each took up a length of chain which was rusty from being exposed to the salt spray on the ship's perpetual journey. They spread out in the Jew, anticipating what was coming, screamed out, CURSE YOU, CURSE YOU GOYIM, MAY YOU BE CONSUMED BY YAHWEH, GOD OF THE HEBREWS.

The captain spoke in a formal tone, pronouncing the sentence, Jew, you have desecrated the person of the Aryan woman. Now I will avenge her in the name of Allfather and the Aryan race. So saying, he lashed the Jew with a whip, the links whipping toward the pasty flesh of the Jew and landing with a dull, smacking thud, as the pasty flesh split and welds, the first mate's blow crashing shortly thereafter and stevers following.

Each would give nine lashes, so that the Jew's body was amassed of wounds at the end of the ordeal, and he was then taken down, more dead than alive. The crew had then been instructed by the captain to remove the Jew and chain him by the feet to be thrown overboard into the salty ocean. The crowd of onlookers watched as the Jew, whose eyes were open but vacant, moaning inarticulately, was brought to the edge of the vessel and thrown into the sea with the chain tied to his feet.

He was allowed to sink for a short while to slacken the chain, and it was then hauled up by the crew and wound around one of the moorings on the side so that the Jew was dragged just on the surface of the water, his arms thrust straight back. The blood from his wounds soon attracted a shark who tore his arm from the body. The Jew, as far as the group could see, just sufficiently aware of his fate as to give off the look of hopeless despair, as if looking into the jaws of death.

Soon his torso was torn in half as the shark came upon him and engulfed his upper body, tearing it from its lower half. The crew looked upon the scene with satisfaction, as if a miasma had been discarded from their midst, the Jews looking on with horror at what fate might await them should they transgress the Aryan man and his woman. A funeral was held for the woman after the Jew's carcass had been wrenched from this chain, which was then left to dangle in the water and wash away the miasma that had infected the ship with its presence.

Her body was placed in a lifeboat, and lumber and linen were placed underneath and adjacent. Von Stamm presided over the ceremony and gave a eulogy. This young woman gave her life in a noble venture, serving as a reporter of events for the establishment of a new world for the Aryan race to prosper.

She was cruelly and mercilessly dragged to her death, and was made to suffer horribly at the hand of a Jew who has now gone to hell to suffer the second death. This woman was not able to conceive children and bring into being a future to the extent she would have to contribute to her race. She was denied that chance.

We will keep her memory in our hearts and wish her well in the afterlife, that she might resurrect on this earth to bring to being a future. With that, he signaled to the crew to hoist the ship down to the water, and a second lifecraft was lowered upon which one of the crew members, who had taken matches and kindling, to kindle a fire and burn the funeral pyre to send the woman into the afterlife. There was no wind that day, and the boat drifted away from the ship as the flames burned higher around it, engulfing the woman and speeding her soul into the next dimension.

The remaining Jews had already been placed in a berth under lock and key and were put under guard 24 hours a day until the ship reached land. No other occurrences worthy of note had occurred. Upon land, von Stamm directed the crew to unload the ship's goods and to establish a base camp.

According to the satellite photos provided by Pax Albus, the nearest tribe to our location is called the Makapupu, and they are a tribe as yet unknown to the Whites, having apparently migrated from the jungle underbrush of the interior and somewhat recently established themselves near the coast. Most of the historical records of the tribe on the Dark Continent were destroyed in the chaos of the global conflagration, and thus the region became once again, as before, its rediscovery by Whites, an unknown region of curiosity and boundless potentiality, the perfect locus for von Stamm to establish a new Aryan world in his own image. The construction of dwellings was deliberately provisional, a de facto military camp being established with only the most utilitarian structures, serving as a basic means of support for the crew.

Von Stamm had no intention of establishing his base of operations on the coast where they could be pressed against the sea by savage tribes, and would have a reduced probability of survival in the event of any coordinated strikes against them. The intention was to move toward the interior and establish a solid base of operations there. Von Stamm sensed that this would be the place that his glory would be attained, and where his destiny realized.

Some occult force seemed to draw him thither, and he responded to it, directing his intentions and motivations toward this hidden destination. The first thing on the agenda for von Stamm was to strike out at his tribe and obliterate them, as this dark continent and its dark denizens had had their chance at life, and had turned their jealous hatred against the White population, slaughtering them wholesale, those who were not able to escape their corrupt influence and selfish desire to expropriate from the White population what they had lost it for, namely everything they had set their eyes upon,

from the clothes and houses of the Whites, to the women who they raped and tortured, and even to the very flesh and blood of the Whites, who so courteously gave them everything they had, including their very lives, falling upon their bedders in vampiric and cannibalistic lust, tearing them limb from limb in torture of utmost brutality in attempts to appease their voodoo demons through blood and pain sacrifice. The laws of karma dictated that the balance of justice be tipped in a more equilibrrious way, and that the deaths of the nigger cannibals could only be cancelled out through blood, and their being terminated in their physical lives to be reconciled to God through karmic processes in higher dimensions.

Von Stamm understood this much of the history of the savages of Africa. He would play his part in ridding the dark continent of its pestilence, brightening the darkness, and bringing into the world the sun of illumination from the citadels of the Pax Albus. The Muka-Pupu tribe was of a blue-black hue, blackest of the black, nigger in the truest sense of the word, denoting black in Latin.

These niggers were practitioners of the black arts, of the Obia and the Wonga, and invoked those demons they referred to as the Orishas, those lower astral entities who fed on the pain, energy, and blood of human sacrifice. The more elevated, particularly in the case of whites, the more pure and higher vibrational their energies, the more empowering to their Orishas and their priests. Von Stamm needed to pinpoint their location and have a topographical map of the region made to better enable him to understand how best to approach the savages and how to strike them from the earth, given that they constituted a threat to the white population in its expansion.

Von Stamm called the Jews before him and gave them directions as to what to do. He thrust a folder into the hand of a leader with writing instruments and a compass and said, Make sure you report back by nightfall. He turned to Stievers and stated, We want to strike the tribe by the next day when they are asleep, he said, turning to the Jewish leader.

As they are nocturnal animals, they won't be able to prepare as good a defense. The Jews gathered around one another in a feigned, obsequious manner, chattering erotically amongst themselves, giving off an air of innocence. Von Stamm looked at them with suspicion, recognizing that they were up to no good and that they were clearly conspiring to pull off some type of stunt.

He decided he would break them up into groups and keep two of their members around as surety that they would carry out his orders. If any of you Jews cause trouble for the crew here or in any way jeopardize the mission, we are in the process of realizing the two remaining Jews will be mercilessly tortured by Stievers, who is an expert in torture tactics, which he was schooled in throughout his military career. At this, Stievers glared at the Jews in his psychopathic cold blue eyes and they all collectively swallowed and

trembled with fear and recollection of the fate which had befallen their comrade, who had violated the woman.

The head Jew, a jumpy and portly type with swardly features and liver lips, stammered with an ingratiating smile on his face and with exaggerated humility, said, Yes, Captain, we will do our best to carry out our duty. We swear our loyalty to you, sir. Von Stamm sniffed with disgust and instructed them to go about their duties.

The Jews dispersed in three groups of two and one leaving two to remain as surety. The crew remained to carry out further work in preparation of the camp and to await the reports of the scouts. The Jews, meanwhile, had regrouped and arranged themselves in a conspiracy once more, discussing what they could do to destroy the white camp and Von Stamm particularly.

We must be cautious, said the head Jew. The white possesses, though he doesn't know it, the second sight, he may come to know us and then we will be finished in this area of the earth. No longer will we be able to have our way with the white women and destroy the Goyan slaves.

Another Jew spoke up, his liver lips forming a configuration expressive of apathy. What about the two at camp? How do we get out of the crew where they have held our brethren captive? Must we let them die? The leader spoke again. I know it is a sad fate for them, but there is no other way.

We must serve them up as a sacrifice for the children of Israel. Their memories will be forever in our hearts and their souls will be with God. They furthered their conversation of hypocrisy and finally bent around to the topic of what must be done specifically and how they could make a gambit for its implementation.

The leader spoke. Shmuel, you had an idea before, while we were poor persecuted children of Israel, were confined in the bowels of a floating prison by those accursed Goyan pigs, that we would ingratiate ourselves with Asparta, with Ham, and persuade them to attack the white Goyas for us, once we could break away. The other Jew, to whom this statement had been addressed, nodded his head and prompted the leader with a gesture to continue.

The leader went on. We can do this thing, but the question remains how. We know not of this tribe we seek, whether they are friend or foe.

What makes them tick? How can we borrow into their inner workings and discover their mainspring of action? He paused a moment and looked toward the sky in supplication. Oy vey, we must call upon the angel Michael to guide us through these troubled waters. So saying, he took out from his backpack a dusky, leather-bound volume inlaid with Hebrew letters and surrounded by gold filigree.

The leather was of a sickly hue, as of a skin whose source was too terrible to name, that of a victim of human sacrifice, whose poor form had been violated into being incorporated into the arcane rites of the Jews' capitalistic demonology. The Jews, through some form of instinctive collective consciousness, gathered round the leader in a circle, and he then opened the book and began reciting in hypnotic cadence the Jews bobbing their heads rhythmically. Raphael, Gabriel, and muttered in Hebrew a slur of words, a string of words whose structure took the form of an incantation.

G-I-G-A-L-R-E-S-H-I-N-B-E-T Each syllable being vibrated with all the power the Jew could muster, the other Jews repeating his words in a robotic sequence, while they bowed their heads rhythmically like reptilian entities about to strike their enemy. Their beady black eyes concentrated upon the book, which bore upon its human skin parchment a sigil traced in blood of the capitalistic demon the leader was attempting to invoke. N-G-O-G-N-S-H-I-M-R-E-S-H-A-L-E The leader vibrated, calling it to being a discarnate entity.

He continued being echoed by the other Jews, who all raised their voice to a progressively higher decibel level as the apparition took form above him, and eventually he assumed the form of a winged bat, with a simian face and head. The body being a pasty, fleshy toad. You beckoned the rabbi, the bat-ape creature queried his pallid eyes, gazing dully at the leader.

The latter replied, Go to the Makapupu tribe and tell them that we are come to help them gain much profit. We require only that they side with us against they who have done so much harm to the world and to us, the chosen people of God. The leader paused, the ape bat still hovering in space, unresponsive, the latter's eyes staring blandly out in apathy at the leader.

The leader then spoke, Repeat to them exactly what I have said and report back to us with the response of their chief. The bat-ape responded, I will do as you command, oh rabbi. The creature disappeared, fading into the aether, into another dimension, and after a brief pause reappeared.

The leader pressed him for a response and the ape bat replied, The chief agrees to meet with you given that much profit is to be had. They are located north by 5,000 paces and eastward by 1,000. They will find you when you near the village.

The leader closed the book and upon shutting it the apparition disappeared. The Jew packed up their backpacks and began the march toward the Makapuku tribe territory. Upon entry into the tribe's area, the Jews were beset by the nigger warriors who brandished leaf-shaped spears in their faces and spoke in their gun-rolled monkey language, Mapuku, thrusting their spears toward the Jews.

Their white eyes opened wide and white teeth bared in a feral snarl. Their faces were ritually scarred and scars stood out on their flesh, having been impregnated with ashes

during their rituals. These same crisscrossed their cheeks and face and their ears and noses were pierced with large bones.

They had a necklace comprised of animal skulls and a shrunken head depended from the center of it. Their bodies were coated with dry blood and wore of a reddish hue, which could easily be seen in the daylight. The Jewish leader put on an ingratiating smile and displayed his hands to the savages, showing that he meant no harm.

They spoke again this time in more soft tones, as such tones could be ascribed to a savage. Mapuku! Pafuku! The leader took out his book again and opened up the page, which had even the sigil written in blood. Instantly appeared the ape bat and the warriors leapt back from their creature.

Though they had seen it before in their camp and had been instructed by the chief to seek out the Jews, who they were now confirmed in their belief, were they who they sought. The leader spoke again this time in Hebrew to the bat and requested that the savages be informed of their purpose in the jungle. The head warrior spoke again in his bombastic dialect, enunciating and punctuating every sentence with an exclamation mark, as was his want and the nature of his tribal language.

He stated that the Jews were the newcomers who their tribal god Bangawanga had said would arrive and lead them to much gain. The warrior gestured for the group to follow him, and they did so, being led down a jungle path winding through a dense bush, which eventually led to a clearing of straw huts. Cooking fires were lighted and meat was roasting over the spit.

The Jews beheld a spectacle of an open-air butcher shop, with the limbs of niggers hanging down from cross poles that had been elevated in the air on upright vertical poles, which were sunk into the ground. A red-eyed nigger manned the carry-on as it dangled in the air. He smiled a ghoulish smile, his eyes widening, as the Jews entered, presumably aware of the fact that they were the group spoken of by Bangawanga as they who would bring much profit to the tribe.

The Jews were their typical sanctimonious and ingratiating selves, and had smiles all around for the nigger throng who gathered round them and began to jump up and down in childlike glee, shrieking and singing in their characteristically nigger way. The Jews at this point joined in and began doing their tribal dance and calf dance, circling around one another and waving their hands in the air as the niggers began beating their skin drums with a frenzy. At this point, the nigger nearest the Jew took a heavy cudgel and dashed out the brains of his companion, the niggers quickly falling upon the carcass, with the Jews finally falling behind and becoming enraptured by the Dionysiac frenzy, cannibalizing the fallen victim and rending their flesh, bolting it raw.

The drinking attained a fever pitch, drumming attained a fever pitch, and the tribe

members and Jews stripped naked and began imitating the behavior of animals, gyrating and shrieking with the music of the drum, involving themselves in their Dionysiac revels of ecstasy. At this point, the priest came out of his skin tent and raised his arms above his head and his heavy staff be decked with animal furs and shrunken heads, brandished above the throng. He cried in his guttural way.

Over his head a strange vortex began to form, the sky strangely casting off a luminiferous glow. Again he expostulated. He cried in his guttural way.

Over his head a strange vortex began to form, the sky strangely casting off a luminiferous glow. The shade began to take shape from the amorphous swirl of energy into a looming worm-like creature, its bulk pulsing and writhing as it breathed, its face the shape of a preternatural human hybrid, partially ape, partially human. It opened its mouth, exposing rows of razor-like teeth and uttered an ululating cry.

Scream! As the Jews and niggers involved themselves in abominable fornication, the drums setting the rhythm of their Dionysiac frenzy, the corpse of their victim, now nearly entirely cannibalized, saved for the head. Thus the leader of the Jews, arising from his vile tryst with one of the niggers, took it up and raised it into the atmosphere for the demon, offering it in supplication as the blood dripped down from the severed neck into his maw. The Jew cried out around the bloody flow.

Resh, alev, shiv, met! And the demon, hearkening unto him, approached, and with one snake-like movement, coiling, struck with his maw and hooked into the head, tossing his simian head back and swallowing the head into its worm-like body. The demon responded to the Jew and paused a moment after having imbibed the head of its sacrifice. The Jew looked toward the demon, his arms upraised, and cried again in Hebrew.

Met, shin, resh! The priest approached and mimicked the movements of the Jew, their hands upraised. Bunga bunga, urlala! At this the creature made clockwise turns in ever-increasing rapidity and disappeared in a swirl of energy, its strange light being absorbed into the vortex, into another dimension. The drumming continued for a time, and the Jew and priest embraced one another in homosexual fornication to consummate their union.

Meanwhile, von Stamm and his crew had been hard at work constructing a fortified barracks just off the coast on elevated ground, deep within the undergrowth and amidst a craggy rock hill, which provided the perfect cover for the view and enabled the women to receive protection from the hostile savages. The walls of the barricade had been constructed of sand mixed with an exotic variety of sap that was produced plentifully from the surrounding trees and which, upon congealing, produced an impenetrably hard substance that could resist ballistic barrages. Given that most of the savages in von Stamm's reckoning possessed no firearms, there was minimal danger of any antagonists breaking through their defences and carrying away the victory.

The fortress was comprised of this material, which was made into large slabs, placed into moulds and fired from beneath so that it formed solid blocks, which were then stacked one upon the other. Through a temporary location, it would serve as a base of operations, providing adequate security so that only a minimal defensive force would be required to remain and the remaining force would be able to fend off even a siege, given their arsenal and supplies. The other parties could then exit the place and move outwards on excursions into savage territory.

After a few days of preparation, von Stamm and his crew were on the verge of leaving to go on a crusade against the nearest savage tribe. Given that the Jewish scouts hadn't returned after the initial five days, which was the limit assigned to their mission, von Stamm had written them off as casualties and ascribed it to their urbanised consciousness and inability to survive in harsher conditions than a boiling hot desert without any bestial dangers or savage ambushes, given that everything surrounding them in their ancestral territory was barren sand, a dead zone in the earth without any life, no plants or lakes, or much in the way of living creatures. Thus they had gone to their proper destiny as the living dead, dead beings who had no inner vitality and thus had no capacity to live in a harmonious manner with the world of nature.

Hence their natural penchant was to adopt a value system of anti-nature and create a world, however fantastical and perverse, in their own image. However, von Stamm and his crew had no need to go on a raiding party to find the nearest tribe as the muckapoopoo were at that very moment being led against him and his crew. Jungle drums began to beat and were heard only a short distance away, a sound recognisable to all animal and human, the sounds of war, a harsh staccato beat, of regimentation and impending violence.

Von Stamm shouted out, To your post, men! We're under attack! After which a mad scramble occurred and the women ran into the underground quarters, the men taking up positions in the turrets and at the gun ports, their automatic weapons aimed in the direction of the drums. Out of the bush came from seemingly all sides a mad rush of savage forms, black bodies with glowing eyes and teeth, as the firelight of the camp and moonlight above caught their jet black forms. Muckapoopoo! Muckabucka! The savage horde expostulated as they burst from the woods and their spears glinting in the light.

Von Stamm gave the signal to fire and as the hordes rushed toward the fortification, automatic gunfire ripped into the dark forms like the onrush of a host of demons, their limbs in the forms of the savage niggers writhing and twitching as the gunfire ripped them apart, their forms dancing in jerky movements, doing the rigor mortis shuffle, emitting shrieks of savage fury as their forms crashed to the earth, their souls being feasted on by the demonic forces which accompanied them. Spears hurled as an Olympian hurls a javelin, harmlessly bounced off the impenetrable wall of errant invention and the gunfire continued its staccato song of death. The odds in terms of

numbers had been overwhelming, but soon they were even and reversed in proportion to their original state.

The niggers continued to be decimated as rounds of hollow point destruction tore apart the barbarous hordes. Soon the numbers of the assailant became sufficiently small that the remaining niggers gave up their bloodlust and decided to save their skins, racing away into the jungle night. Von Stamm used his infrared scope to scan the horizon and instructed the guards to keep vigilant as the remnant of the crew eventually returned below and went to sleep.

The next morning, around midday, Von Stamm and his crew were out of the barricade again, preparing to move out with the intention of finishing off the remnant of the savages or at least of discovering their trail and tracking them to their village to eliminate them and from thence expand beyond the village, conquering the region for themselves and assimilating it into the new nation of Arianna, which was the proposed name of the region. As they were finishing their preparations, checking their packs and inventorying their equipment, the Jews came out of the jungle, the leader making a big scene, feigning relief and expressing an ecstatic happiness to have finally returned to his salvation. He approached Von Stamm, who looked suspiciously at the Jew and attempted to shake his hand, as if he had discovered a long-lost brother.

Oy vey, Captain! You gotta believe what we went through! Von Stamm, not extending his hand, spoke. Why are you all together? And why are you coming here now? For he suspected, of course, some relationship between the Makapupu tribe and the Jews, given their past treachery, and was attempting to extract information that would prove it convincingly, given that the coincidence of the Jews showing up just after the raid on the Kampong clearly indicated guilt. The Jew, apparently caught off guard, blinked his eyes, his artificial smile faltering, and responded, We found one another amidst the bush.

There were savages all around, and by the grace of God, we managed to discover one another. It was the hand of the Almighty which brought us here, and unto a sanctuary from the predatory beasts. May God curse them! He wiped his brow with his caftan and looked toward the sky with the look of rapture on his face, soothing the pain of his sufferings.

Von Stamm, knowing of the theatrics of the Jew, however, was not so easily deceived. He told the Jew to get his fellow Jews, bring his fellow Jews into the barricade, and they did so, complying with bonding obsequiousness. And once they were in, Von Stamm gestured toward the stevers and to the gate, indicating that he should shut it and seal the exit, so that none of the Jews could escape.

The latter did so, and the gates were closed with an audible click, the Jews becoming agitated, as if knowing what that said, sound portended. Von Stamm called out to the crew, Attention! The crew stopped what they were doing and faced Von Stamm giving a

salute. He continued, These Jews claim they discovered themselves amongst the jungle brush.

Is that right? He asked the leader. The leader, looking surprised and even implying a slight offense, responded, Well, yes, Captain, that's right. Von Stamm walked around the Jews and observed them in their filthy caftans, their backpacks lying on the dirt of the ground.

He stopped abruptly, looking down at one of the packs and looked up to the Jew who was nearby and asked rhetorically, What is your name, Jew? The Jew replied, Shmuel, Captain, at your service, sir. The captain stared at him with a frosty look and asked again, Why, Jew, do you have a shrunken head attached to your backpack? Shmuel, becoming nervous, given that the head had derived itself from the Muckapoopoo tribe, answered in stammering tones, I thought it was in the jungle. It was one of the savages.

Von Stamm paused a moment and responded after taking up the head and exhibiting it to the crowd, tossing it to the nearest member, who began passing it around after he looked at it and glared with anger at the Jew, for the head was that of a white boy, one of the baggage handlers who had accompanied the crew and who had gone missing the day before the Jews went off on their raiding party. I give you Andrew's head, Von Stamm growled, staring at the Jew and continued, One may have found a shrunken head in the bush, plausible. One may have found the head of a boy from his own camp.

Not so plausible, but I will grant the premise. But the inscription on the head, by branding of a Hebrew letter, a letter of Satan, Shin, is damning evidence that you, Jew, and that this Von Stamm began to raise his voice, have been to the Makapupo tribe, that you and your fellow Jews have ritually murdered Andrew, a white boy, and that you were collectively responsible also for leading a horde of savages against us, just last night. The evidence is irrefutable.

He shouted out as the knees of the Jews quaked and shook, sweat beating on their foreheads, I condemn you all to death by hanging this very day, this very noon hour. You will all pay for your crimes against the Aryan. At this, the Jews attempted to flee, but were surrounded on all sides by crew members who lowered their automatic rifles at them.

The Jews, with the fear of death in their eyes, prostrated themselves before Von Stamm, the leader, supplicating him as one would God, Captain, forgive us our transgressions. Let us suffer punishment in the afterlife. Let the Lord do his work, just so that we might lead to him to carry out his divine justice and absolve yourself of the heavy burden of punishment.

We submit to him, Captain, please. Let us suffer our punishment in hell, in the afterlife. Von Stamm grabbed the Jew by the throat and answered, All Christ's insanity has been

purged from the consciousness of the Aryan.

We are no longer poisoned by that noxious creed. We are the gods of this earth, and don't answer to any god, let alone his humble children, the Jews. He thrust the Jew into the earth, who, in feral vengefulness, came out of his caftan with a sacrificial knife and attempted to thrust it at the Captain, who leapt away in time to avoid the poisoned blade.

The Captain pulled out his double-edged fighting knife, which glinted in the sun. A now approaching noonday, he gazed at the viper-like eyes of the Jew, whose beady black soulless eyes gazed hastily at him, seeking signs of weakness, places to strike. Von Stamm feigned left, then parried the blow of the Jew, which thrust into his center of mass, the Captain darting aside as the blade stabbed through the air.

The Captain slashed upward and across the Jew's face, opening up a wound from which welled the sanguineous elixir of the vampire, eater of souls. The Jew leapt back as a snake when struck on its head and rallied, attempting once more to thrust with his poisoned black blade knife into Von Stamm's general area. Again the murderous intent was thwarted, and Von Stamm sidestepped it, moving back and using his momentum and kinetic energy, thrust forward as St. George into the belly of the beast, the burning blade sending waves of electric pain through the Jew, who screamed aloud, dropping his blade and curled up on the dirt ground, his glaring black eyes attempting to bore holes in Von Stamm, whose icy blue eyes met his, the blood and life force drained from the Jew, who sunk further into the grave, uttering one last statement before he expired, Prepare for the nameless God's wrath, Aryan devil, you won't win against the nameless, so saying he sneered as his life expired.

Von Stamm stared at this strange creature and observed how the remainder of the Jews also were staring at him with barely concealed looks of contempt and malice. Von Stamm ordered the crews to set the ropes out, which they had brought, and to gather the Jews together, to bind them with leg irons and handcuffs to bring them out of the compound into the clearing. When they were brought out, he held a public trial.

You Jews have been a millstone around the necks of the white race for millennia. It is my duty as an honorable Aryan to ensure that no further harm comes to the white race by your hands. You stand guilty of having defied the person of an Aryan boy and having cruelly mutilated his physical form.

Moreover, you stand accused of having involved yourself in a conspiracy against the settlers of Ariana, this place upon which you stand, through conspiring with the feral niggers of this region in hopes of slaughtering the white population. For those actions shall die by hanging. Your carcasses will serve as food for the fauna of this region and for whatever demonic spirits you have brought into this place through your cabalistic demonology.

I sentence you now to death. Crue, he began, indicating the Jews with his swagger stick. Execute these Jews by the act of lynching.

The crew gathered around the Jews and pushed them toward the trees, whose lush branches formed a canopy overhead in which had been stripped bare of its nourishing fruit to satiate the hunger of the crew. The ropes were thrown overhead and wound around twice to ensure they didn't slip. A portable gallows stand, which had been constructed out of boards, was brought over and the nearest Jew made to ascend the platform through struggling and looking over his shoulder and downwards at the crew member, who shoved him upward with a barrel of his gun, one of the elephant rifles that would have bore a hole into the Jew should he have escaped.

The Jew angrily and aggressively ascended the podium with the crew member close behind. Von Stamm pronounced, as a young Aryan boy bounded up the platform, This is Andrew's brother, Richard. He will avenge his brother's death and serve as the executioner's hand which dispatches these creatures to another world.

Richard took the noose and slipped it over the neck of the struggling Jew, who attempted to break free of the boy who had him in a headlock and was straining against his back, tightening the noose. The Jew attempted to leap off the scaffold, but the crew member kicked the lever that discharged the trapdoor, saying, Hang on, and the Jew and Richard both fell through the trapdoor, the latter clinging tightly to the rope around the Jew's neck, applying added pressure as they both came down and the rope pulled taut, jostling their bodies and causing them to collide together, the life force draining from the Jew as Richard deprived an ecstatic sense of exhilaration with a snap of the Jew's neck, who had destroyed his brother's life, now having his own taken from him. An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth, Richard said, shaking the Jew and standing upright on the latter's shoulders, jumping up and down on the corpse.

After a few more jumps, Richard scaled the rope and went back to the scaffold with the crew member who raised his hand in a Roman salute to Richard who responded with one of his own. von Stamm set the remainder of the crew above their tasks, lynching each Jew and Richard supervising the work with one of his charismatic leaps onto their shoulders to ensure that their neck was broken. The Jews were left to hang, given that their carcasses were of a sufficient distance from the barricade and wouldn't contaminate the area, were to be left on von Stamm's orders as a warning to whatever tribe or intrusive group that came into the area, that they were better off keeping a distance from the Aryan base or they would meet with the same fate.

As they returned to the base and began checking through the Jews' packs, they discovered a metal container and reading the label discovered more of the iceberg whose tip had been uncovered by the captain as far as the plans of the Jews were concerned. It read, Ashkenazi embryos and was apparently contained in a hermetically

sealed portable cryogenic case which was as large as a briefcase that the leader had stowed away in his pack with a Kabbalistic book of black magic. A diary was also discovered which von Stamm took from the crew member and read aloud to seers in cries.

Day One The white goys are dumb enough to let us on the ship and to enable us passage out of the cursed pack's outposts, the place we made for our own to serve as our meeting place of the nations under our rule. Now we must begin again. We must have with us a briefcase of 10,000 frozen embryos which have been cryogenically frozen and micro-concentrated into a portable form.

Once we reach the nigger land, we will use these embryos. We will first appeal to the nigger tribes in our savage creed. We will buy their loyalty with promises of loot and once they are no longer useful for our purposes, we will lead them into war with others.

In this wise, we will use our embryos to insert in the females of the tribe who will serve as our wombs and give birth to our serpent seed. From thence we will build up an army of Jews breeding according to the matrilineal line in the old way and will build up our numbers in weapons of war. We will take the dark continent and then make our way to the east, to the old land of Edom, and will expand to the far east from there.

Yes, it may take the track of many ages, but someday we will triumph over the Goyans and rule the world as undisputed rulers, the master race. All others will be converted to slaves as they will not have the power to resist. By means of infiltration, we will usurp the thrones of kings and drop ourselves, drink ourselves in the mantles of power.

Von Stamm closed the diary and conferred with Stevers about what should be done. Stevers advised the captain that the journal should be brought back to Pax Albus once a new ship of colonists was brought back and that Pax Albus should be informed of the Jews' plans. Von Stamm agreed and put the diabolical book and journal away.

The pressurized container had an electromagnetic lock that could be opened with a key of the opposite magnetic polarity when it was held up against the lock, fitting it into the grooves of the box of embryos. As the lid popped off with a hiss of liquid nitrogen, the embryos were exposed to the blazing sun of a dark continent and were destroyed once the temperature reached 100 degrees Fahrenheit. This occurred rapidly as the captain examined one of them, holding it out for Stevers, and, Christ have you, serpent seed, he said with a wry grimace.

He tossed it on the ground and crushed it under his boot, the crunching of glass seeming to making the sound of an alien being screeching out its death cry. He then sealed up the box after having verified its contents and packed it away in the Jews' pack. I want you, Christ, to return with this Pax to Pax Alba and inform them of the events which have thus far transpired.

I sense that this is merely one among many of these cases, these Pandora's boxes of iniquity that must be hunted down and eradicated. Christ saluted and took up the Pax, stating that he would deliver it personally and store it until the ship arrived in the underground cellar that served as a safe and bunker. He sequestered the case in a safe cabinet and returned above.

Von Stamm, aware that the ship with additional settlers would be arriving within the week, sent the crew to work in expanding the compound into an array of multiple buildings ringed round the central fortification and also comprised of the same impenetrable brick combining sand and tree sap. The naturally occurring substances created some type of piezoelectric negative ion-generating effect which boosted the life force of the inhabitants and the surrounding compound, increasing its vibrational frequency. That the compound was also built upon the ages-old craggy hill further increased the life-giving effect, giving its altitude and closer proximity to the sun.

This enables the structure to be out of the way of any potential flood tide or brush fires as it was far enough away from the surrounding jungle to protect it. Its difficulty of scaling increased the security of the place. The work of brick making, which was done on site, consumed most of the time before the ship was to arrive.

Upon the time of arrival of the ship and its colonist cargo, the new buildings had been constructed in time to accommodate the 500 soon-to-be residents. The buildings were structured along a pattern of concentric circles which arose with the hill itself approximately 200 feet in height. The larger and more fortified dwellings being positioned at the first 50 feet and were modeled on townhouses so that multiple families could dwell within them, each having a yard of their own separated by a wall of bricks and the entire compound being surrounded by a double-thick brick wall, making the compound virtually impenetrable to any attack by even highly sophisticated military equipment, such as rocket launchers or smaller IEDs.

Von Stamm, once the construction was completed, held a ceremony to quote-unquote christen the compound to give it acknowledgment as an organism, a symbol of Aryan vitality, and a new beginning upon the savage continent. We are gathered here today, us Aryans, to consecrate this our new world, a world in the making, a white world, a world for the prosperity and evolution of our noble kind. Each resident is allowed to live here in this compound for all time, that either we or it can be sustained here on earth in the physical.

Each member, so long as they abide by the constitution of this land, which is heretofore called Aryana, may dwell here without worry, without fear that any Jewish tax cheat may rob the bread from the mouth of their children or may intrude into the sanctity of their community with a vile and accursed beast man, who they had historically before the cataclysm that brought into being this new world, insisted upon imposing upon whites to

give them free reign to murder, rape, and destroy our kind in impunity. And yet there was no escape from punishment as the laws of karma decreed they would suffer their just deserts, which they have thus far. Still there remain many more of these treacherous savages, and possibly still, if the case of frozen embryos is any indication, exist sufficient Jews scattered throughout this region and possibly in other colonies also to pose a threat to the establishment of our humble colony of Aryana.

Thus we must be ever vigilant in ensuring that all the serpent seed are eradicated from this, our future Aryan homeland. The constitution of our Aryana will be on display for all to see and will serve to govern the affairs of our land in each and every community settlement. Those failing to abide by the constitution will be cast out of the community and not permitted re-entry if they cannot reform.

The communities themselves will uphold and enforce the constitution and pass judgment on the transgressor according to the old ways of our Aryan ancestors did at the All-Thing. If on stem had the constitution engraved upon the bricks of the compound, upon the bricks of the entrance arch for all to see, as the new colonists arrived, they would be appraised of the regulations of the community and given a copy of the constitution which von Stamm had transcribed and had printed up by a printing press which was on board the ship and which was operated by the women who made a thousand copies for the future colonists. The constitution is sufficiently simple as to be read in an hour and can be memorized and recited.

A few musicians who had accompanied the colonists with von Stamm had composed an anthem of the future nation of Arianna while the village was being constructed. It went as follows and was intended to be sung with the rising of the sun when everyone in the village would wake to greet the new day. Arianna, white land for me, we have defeated the enemy.

They came upon us with bombs and guns. We fought valiantly for the right cause. The new world is lighter.

Darkness has left. We see the future. Destiny manifests.

The white race triumphs against the foe. The dark hordes defeated. To hell they go.

Arianna, white land and free. We are the victors. Our destiny.

White world so free. Our destiny. After a few days, during which time von Stamm and his crew prepared for the next expedition, the ship arrived with the colonists.

The gleaming metal hue of the proud hog glinted refulgent in the tropical sun. Sean, as a colonialist, predominantly blonde, descended from the walkway that lowered onto the lifeboats which were to transport them to the new land. Von Stamm watched through his binoculars and observed with pleasure the beautifully young women and strong young

men who would make a perfect addition to the colony and rapidly increase its population with only a few short generations.

Von Stamm observed the ship's captain, a noble brown blonde with chiseled features and piercing blue eyes, sitting erect in the boat and speaking with the first mate. Once the boat arrived on shore, the captain met von Stamm and shook hands with him. They were the first ship to arrive and the captain informed the head of Arianna that he had had no difficulties with the journey and that the young colonists were eager to begin the tasks ahead and that he was sure that they would be well looked after under von Stamm's capable ages.

The latter thanked him and they began to greet the arriving entourage. Eventually von Stamm, the captain, returned with the newcomers to the nearby compound for the celebration that was to be held as a welcoming party and initiation into the community of Arianna. During the course of the party, the anthem was sung and the constitutional booklets were handed out to the colonists who numbered 800 people, a quarter of whom were males, the remnant being females.

The intention was for the formation of polygamous marriages wherein the best men would be given the best women and this by consent so that a eugenics upgrading would be undergone and so that the community would be strengthened through breeding only the best elements with the best. Those others who remained, who would of course be only a few, consented to a life of celibacy and to play the role to the extent their abilities enabled them of a warrior priest or cleric who would devote themselves to the rights of the colony, which were modeled upon the Ariosophy of Jörg Lange von Liebenfeld. Eventually, more colonists would arrive and more women and civilization became built and required more wives to populate the lands.

The men currently residing in Ariadne would have their choice priorities based upon their genetic value and paired to women of an appropriate sort. Astrological matching was used when possible to pair women with men so that a harmonious state of existence could be developed. Each townhouse would be owned by a man and his wives would occupy the women's quarters which were large enough to accommodate five people with comfort.

The man having a smaller section that consisted of a room for study and one for work. The community also used astrology in the conception of children and ensured that the appropriate time of year was selected during which time such would occur, thereby ensuring the optimal health of the child. The community also had designated areas for collective activities such as martial arts and sports as well as classrooms for the instruction of students.

The intention was to quadruple the population in ten years with the addition of thousands more whites being brought to the continent by ship every three months and

the newly arrived population expanding the territory outward and creating many small villages in the same model spread out all over the territory that would be freed from the nigger savages and their Jewish masters if any of the latter still existed in the area at that time. The plan was to recap the population of each village which was a de facto military compound at 1,500 people with a surrounding cluster of dwellings arranged in a circular manner within the kilometer around the perimeter comprising a small number of people. The outer cluster would be a paramilitary force and within that well-armed families and young adult males thereby serving as a protective force for the priest caste.

Polygamous families and children within who were the more vulnerable element of the community This would constitute where geographically possible the template for all regions that would be established along lay lines to maximize the drill force that the inhabitants could imbibe. Von Stamm and his crew saw the captain and his off again and would be there to receive them in three months and this was the interval the ship would come to deliver people from between 800 to 1,000. As more colonial outposts were established more ships from Pax Alba would be sent thereby logarithmically increasing the white population who would then continue to develop the areas and take over the infrastructure which had been established by the former white colonists who had either been slaughtered by the niggers or driven out through the pressure of the old Jewish tyranny which had controlled the world before the conflagration.

The crew consisted of 30 men of well-trained combat vets packing Heckler and Koch MP5 SMGs as extra-large magazines a bandolier rig with fragmentation grenades and C4 plastique as well as their sidearm. Extra ammunition in a backpack with MREs and supplies rounded out their kit. They were going on a search and destroy mission and wouldn't stop until they had cleared a large perimeter around the compound of any tribes within a hundred kilometer radius.

The ship's captain had provided them with the coordinates for the tribes which existed nearby and who had had a history of a slaughter of whites that had built the infrastructure they parasitically leached off and inherited after they had forced up the remainder. After having done so of course the cities that had been built and that had been under the aegis of the white colonists veritable paradisiacal oases of a jungle of savagery quickly fell to ruins under the inept influence of the Simian hybrid humans. These would as was the intention of Pax Albus and von Stamm be easily resettled and remade according to their original design plan with necessary supplies that couldn't be obtained locally being sourced from elsewhere and supplied by Pax Albus.

They took some of the armored all-terrain vehicles that Pax Albus had supplied them with which could take them over the course of the perimeter from tribe to tribe with ease and decimate the enemy. Each was modeled on the pattern of a reiki vehicle with mounted machine guns and was equipped also with two rocket and two grenade launchers. According to the maps supplied by Pax Albus based upon recent historical

data prior to the cataclysm the nearest tribe was the Jigaboo tribe a tribe of race-mixed mulattoes who had been deported from the white territory after enduring a revolution and conflagration that had led to the purification of the white lands of their non-white pests and had been transformed once again into a pure and uncontaminated nation Pax Albus.

The Jigaboos were a violent tribe whose violence not only traced itself to the nigger genetics but to the perverse hybridity that constituted their genetic chaos. The strife that the divergent genetics created manifested itself outwards in the form of a penchant for violence and that violence had led to the subjugation of rival tribes by the Jigaboos and the genocide of the males and assimilation of the females into the tribe which spawned four of its numbers of mongrel offspring at a rapid increase. Given the tropical climate and plentiful food supply the savages quickly reverted back to their nature and adapted to the environment after the escort from Pax Albus had left them there with adequate supplies that would have enabled whites to develop civilization at their expense.

Thus the whites discharged their karma for interbreeding with the non-whites and the debts were cleared. The Jigaboo tribe had used their resources far from wisely and had gone around their territory to the limit of their ability and slaughtered their foes expanding their territory. Of course their territory was still admittedly small in comparison even to that which would with only one year's time be established by Von Stamm in Pax Albus as networks of communities being thus far only amounting to a central nucleus from out of which more would be formed as more colonists were brought from Pax Albus.

The base of operations or capital as such it may be called occupied the former city of Leopoldstadt and was a mere exquise upon the ruins of a once flourishing city. The stone buildings still stood and so too did all of the brick and mortar high-rises which formed the downtown and which could be seen from a distance given that the ability of the savages to source gasoline or to manufacture it from coal was nonexistent the gas-powered vehicles they had been given by the whites of Pax Albus these which had been left in the old colony by the former whites who had had to flee remained Von Stamm and his crew of thirty would be able to expropriate them and utilize a hand-held coal fusion cell that could be attached to the vehicles to power them indefinitely and would run beneath the motor without gasoline. Pax Albus had been hard at work developing these devices in their engineering lab which took minimal materials to create.

The captain of the ship had supplied Von Stamm with a crate full of these which were could convert any gas-powered engine into a free energy device requiring no charging or external fuel source. This would also minimize pollution which would in turn maintain the beauty of their natural environment. Outside of the ruins of Leopoldstadt looking upon it from a distance out of the bush Von Stamm and Stever approached on the armored Reiki

vehicles whose engines ran without producing noise given that they were powered by the coal fusion cells.

They were prepared for the strike and would take the stronghold of the Jigaboo tribe surrounding it and advancing upon it under cover of darkness using their infrared night vision. Now they would wait and spread out while the daylight lasted the sun already moving downward on the horizon as the afternoon wore on. In Leopoldstadt the head of the Jigaboos Koko Afrika was dressed in the robes of a Kang his gold chain draped around his neck with a Mercedes-Benz logo depending from it and a multicolored silk shirt that flowed around his corpulent form.

The skins of leopards were draped around his waist and the feathers of exotic birds festooned his afro haircut. He wore a pair of sunglasses that were considered fashionable prior to the time of the cataclysm and had myriad gold rings on his fingers each encrusted with gemstones. He had been a civil servant in the old world when the Jews had enabled non-whites to push the white population out of their own countries and the Jews desperate attempt to genocide the white population.

Once the chaos had begun he had sat on the fence and taken no part in the race war which raged around him primarily out of fear and also out of the conviction that the whites could take back their countries and that if he were at least neutral so he reasoned in his cunning mind he would have the best probability of being kept around afterwards. This plan had borne fruit and now he sat as a king on a throne with a harem of bitches and his soldiers who lorded it over the slaves he kept as his prisoners of conquest ensuring to castrate them and to keep them on chains and under armed guard. The slaves were used to harvest sugar cane and fruit from the trees while their hunting of animals was left to the guards.

They hadn't been supplied with any firearms but were given their traditional spears bow and arrows and knives. Coco had taken power from the previous nigger who had been put into that position a pompous intellectual wannabe who had been a professor at a university in a former white nation and who had been appointed by Pax Albus to superintend the formation of their own colony. Coco had destroyed his foe in an internal war which led to the reduction of the population by half but soon had built up and even doubled the numbers through his conquest of rival tribes that had existed.

Their conquest and the consequent rape of the females led to a down breeding from the mulatto state into one of an even darker mode of consciousness the chilens born of their union being of a more masculine In an odd array of baseball shoes and animal skins their bodies marked with blood various sigils and designs on their purpose for the purpose of evoking the orishas that they propitiated. They stood stoically as they monitored and guarded the king as he lounged back in the chair his feet up on the mahogany desk and he puffed a cigar looking object comprised of some local psychoactive plants which grew

in the area which elicited a hyper alertness and aggression bordering on madness adding fuel to the fire of his already aggressive and violent nature. At his feet three jews prostrated themselves with fawning obsequiousness their greasy caftans gathered up under them as they kneeled on the leopard skin that served as a rug before the mahogany desk.

They were explaining to coco their plan for attempting to destroy the neighboring tribe the wonga when coco interrupted them enough of your chitter chatter kike i heard about enough of that for a lifetime fool we's gonna take him with force we don't need no sneaking shit we ain't no bitch so saying he flicked his cigar ash at the jew who spasmodically reached up and rubbed his face where the burning ash had fallen the jew attempted to twist his features in the grimace of fawning friendliness and stutter did you hear you right coco you coco interjected keep your mouth shut fool we's about to head out and take down the enemy y'all here i keep watch we know y'all ain't nothing but a bitch so saying he leapt out of the swivel chair leapt over the desk and knocked the jew whose hands were held out in supplication before him sprawling with a leopard-skin rug come on niggas we's gonna take down the enemy the warriors took up their spears and left the city hall the jews remaining where they were pretending to bow in obeisance to their nigger overlords the leader king as was his title coco africa strode proudly forth his dark horde out of the city and was observed with distance by von stem and his crew who made a rough count of the denizens of approximately 30,000 they passing in some degree of regularity at a similar pace for a certain amount of time seemingly without a gap von stem recognizing that given that they were headed in a contrary direction from both ariana and his small party that they were clearly on a war campaign and that accordingly they would be gone for a while as the niggers were nocturnal animals and hunted during the night meaning they wouldn't be back until probably day von stem radioed into ariana with the news of requested backup of 200 men to be on site by nightfall this would coincide perfectly with his intention which was to take leopold stat and then await the jigaboo warring party should they be victorious and to lay ambush to them he requested that grenade and rocket launchers be brought as well as each man having his complement of weapons and to make haste ensuring that they took some of the sympathetic nervous system stimulant from a local plant that would ensure that they were cranked up for battle all night and able to give battle after a few hours moving toward the side along the rough terrain as he exited the clearing the city was all but deserted save the nigger bitches who had been left in the city to do the washing and mending and in order for them not to run away had been chained to their posts on leg irons which were removed when the tribe would return from their raids these chains were run through heavy iron o-rings embedded in concrete which served as work stations and could be moved in a trolley cart but would make any escape too difficult and thus the bitches were able to move themselves about the city and tend to their tasks the crew were driving nearby at about the same time the bitches were caught by surprise doing their washing and sewing of clothes they attempted to flee as the vehicles

converged upon the small city square responding to one another shouting here they pulled up in front of the city hall on full alert with guns drawn and von stamm approached the bitches where are your warriors going the bitch directed his question to her rolled her eyes and put her hands on her head responding what are you kidding me von stamm bemused at her response to his presence asked again the nigger bitch looking at him like it was crazy said I ain't saying a thing nothing von stamm having his fill of the repulse of this creature approached and suddenly turned the nigger upside down her chains clinking and brought her down on the ground taking out his leather handed glove and smacking her ass cheeks repeating the question as the The nigger screamed. Where are they going? The nigger responded after relenting to his blows, which von Stamm knew would break her like a wild mare. She has quit to go and kill the wild goat.

Can't it go, mister? Von Stamm, after giving her another spank, let her go and took out his pistol. Mister, please, please! But instead of shooting her, he shot at the chain and severed it from the concrete block. You are free now, he said.

Go and free the others. You may hide out in the city hall. We won't harm you.

She uprighted herself and spoke in a tone of confidentiality. Mister, the city hall, if it had been taken by the Jews, they would be powerful and mean. She trailed off.

Von Stamm told her to get the other nigger bitches and take them to the sports complex, which was off the city square and had been designed along the lines of an ancient Roman Colosseum. He gestured to one of his men and told him to use their sledgehammer and bullet cropper to sever the chains of the bitches and escort them into the Colosseum. A crew member embarked upon his task and the remainder of the crew gathered round.

Von Stamm began, according to the nigger, the city hall is occupied by Jews. We had better terminate them all with extreme prejudice. This is part of our noble mission here in Ariadne.

Captain, what about the bitches? Stievers asked. They can be kept around for menial tasks so long as no interbreeding occurs. They can be left to fulfill their natural life's course as they are not responsible for what was transpired.

To any great extent, most of them being captives of the Jigaboos. At that point, a shot rang out, the bullet ricocheting off a fountain. The figure of a severe figure dressed in military regalia mounted on a white horse being astride the large podium, which partially obscured them from the city hall entrance.

The crew immediately shrunk inwards, hiding themselves behind the thick fountain. Let's get on. Let's get it on, Von Stamm said, issuing the battle charge as the small group took

out their bulletproof plexiglass shields and jumped into the two vehicles, which sat idly nearest them, bringing them around and making a full frontal charge against the city hall.

The mounted machine guns gave them cover as the gunner peppered the entranceway. The dull-fed machine gun rumbling and smoking as the vehicle raced toward the opening. The vehicle and its companion rushed into the city hall courtyard and up the steps, bouncing and jostling as the engines revved.

By that time, whoever was shooting had decided to give up the fight and had gone into whatever hidey hole they could find. The crew members leapt from the vehicles, their plexiglass shield held as more of the crew piling up behind them exited with SMGs drawn up and ready as they bounded up the marble steps and into the darkened entrance, which was only dimly lit by torches that were sputtering in the alcoves, casting crazy shadows over the former seat of administration of Leopold Stack. The hard men of the crew swiveled left and right, seeking targets as they stalked forward, moving slowly in expert fashion, clearing the rooms as they penetrated deeper into the stately building.

The leopard skins were placed over banisters and desks that bore testament to an age of nobility and heroism now sullied by barbarism. Above the winding staircase was the balcony to which it led and above that was a coat of arms during the swastika, the symbol of the constellation of Orion viewed from the northern region of Hyperborea at the solstices and the equinoxes, symbol of the Aryan race and prosperity and luck. Von Stam looked upward at it and took it to prophecy the future glory of the coming world that he had taken the responsibility to make a reality through the power of his will.

He searched around as the crew members continued their room clearance and out of the corner of his eye spotted the tip of a shoe poking out from underneath the velvet curtain at the far corner of the hall, which was also obscured through being hung with leopard skins. Von Stam took aim and fired at the wooden tribal shield that was hanging on the wall adjacent to the curtain and the Jew leapt in fright attempting to bolt and becoming entangled in the curtain, the whole coming down from its fastenings in a unit and smothering the Jew. Von Stam and the crew members raced toward the Jew now visible amongst the curtains who was fumbling in his caftan and cursing, go away, damn you, attempting to withdraw a pistol from his belt.

The Jew was in process to turn to Von Stam when the latter gave him a swift kick in the head. Watch it, kike, your tricks won't work on me. The Jew sprawled to the ground and covered his head in a pathetic display of wounded dignity.

I beg you, mister, please, I'll do whatever you say, just don't kill me. Von Stam looked at the Jew in disgust, pointing his MP5 at his head. Tell us where the others are or I'll blast you.

The Jew squirmed and uttered a desperate cry. Why, they, all right, mister, sir, they all left and went to the library. Von Stam probed for further directions, and upon receiving the information he sought, discharged a nail into the caftan of the Jew, his silenced MP5 stuttering softly as the lead of Saturn struck its target.

The captain directed his men toward the exit and they made their way to the library, which was visible from the front of the city hall, and which was one building away from it, clearly marked Leopoldstadt Bibliothek in stone on the lintel that was modeled upon the Roman architecture. The crew quickly took up their positions beside the building out of the range of any gunfire from the entranceways, the majority of windows being at the height of the building and to all probability inaccessible to those on the inside, their purpose being as skylights, which were unopenable, and if the city hallway, any indication not adjacent to any hallways or overpass, and thus serving to illuminate the building, not provide any visual from or into the outside. And it grew dark in the late evening, was transitioning to night, the sky having become a deep purple color.

Torchlights shone within the library, and the crew made their silent progress closer to the front entrance, which had been shut, the two large mahogany doors having an advanced locking mechanism concealed within their brass plates. Stievers took out his lock picks and began picking the lock, taking the risk that the small noise he created might be heard on the other side of the door by the tubes. Eventually a popping sound was heard, and Stievers, signaling to the crew to stand to the side, depressed the door mechanism and pulled the door open, concealing himself behind.

Instantly a barrage of gunfire erupted, and the crew concealed themselves behind the door and their bulletproof shields, against which the bullets ricocheted harmlessly. Von Stamm took the lead once the Jews' magazine had been emptied in their frenzied attack, and came out shooting the remainder of the crew following suit and annihilating the four Jews who had positioned themselves on the other side of the large pile of books, which were in the process of being burned, and which the crew had mistaken for torchlights from the outside. The Jews' carcasses flopped to the ground as they did in rigor mortis shuffle and lay prostrate their caftans catching fire, and as the flames ignited the grease that covered them, turning them into effigies burnt in homage to some unknown god.

Von Stamm quickly rushed to where the bonfire was and began dousing it with his jacket until the crew followed suit, and shortly after the remnant of books was salvaged from the flames. The smoke began clearing from the room and the embers dying down as a cool breeze from outside swept away the evil presence that lingered there. From behind a bookcase was heard a noise, that of weeping.

Von Stamm sprinted over his MP5 out and ready to do justice to whatever had caused the apparent sounds of suffering. He crouched below behind the marble statue of Paul and shouted out as a duo came into his visual field, Hands up! Freeze! A Jew was

sprawled over top of a nigger bitch whose naked body lay underneath and the Jew had a chain wound around her neck as he was in the act of raping her in a pseudo-masochistic ritual, presumably gone into a state of frenzy or demon possession, such that the gunfire was not heard as he continued to go through the motions, rising and bucking against the nigger as he twisted the chain around her neck. The demon avatared his body, which went through convulsions, behaving like a vehicle from hell.

Von Stamm shouted again, one last shout of warning, Get off the nigger, you devil! The Jew's head turned around at an odd angle and uttered a bizarre string of arcane words as his body continued to shuck and jive with the nigger. Treshkalashin alef gilagraf mim The litany of archaisms continued and Von Stamm was forced to put a bullet in the head of the Jew, which seemingly was of no effect, given that the avatared body continued to bounce and fornicate with the nigger, who uttered screams of fear as the Jew's blood dripped from the head wound. Von Stamm put his SMG on full auto and burned an entire clip into the Jew's upper torso, which caused the arms to hang limply on the nigger, but still the body quaked and jivery.

At that point, Stievers came up to Von Stamm and showed him a book, one apparently of white magic, called Lilu Pagutu. In it was contained an exorcism rite which banished the Jewish demons. It was apparently of Sumerian origin and was written in cuneiform with German transliteration adjacent.

Given that Von Stamm could speak German as well as Stievers, he took up the book while the Jewish demon continued to rock and roll on the nigger bitch, who caterwalled like a beast in the jungle. Banished demon, banished to the hells from whence you came. This was vibrated and repeated by Von Stamm, who, upon reading the pronunciation key, ensured that he properly pronounced the Sumerian text.

This had immediate effects and the Jew began to convulse, his body jerking as if an entity fighting for possession of the host. Von Stamm continued to read and had to raise his voice as the demon, though no longer able to use the Jew's physical body to give utterance to the words, through the letter's vocal apparatus, somehow, through some dimension, shrieked out, Arian, curse you, curse! And the voice was silenced as the body finally collapsed like a torn rag doll, the demon apparently having been banished by the incantation. The nigger bitch lay sputtering, a chain having dug into her neck.

She tossed the Jew off from her and began to retch as she loosened the chain from around her neck. Von Stamm said, Do you know if there are any more Jews in this place? The nigger responded that they were the only ones and they had come over to the library when they heard the approach of the vehicles. Von Stamm asked what they intended to do in the library with all of the book burning and the ritual.

She replied that the Jews said they were attempting to curse the Arians and that they were burning books that spoke of them so that no one would know what they were

doing. He instructed stevers to bring the nigger to where the others were in the Colosseum, which was closer to where the edge of the city was, and to request that they serve as scouts to monitor when the Jigaboo tribe would return. He instructed stevers to give them a walkie-talkie and telescope and to watch for the arrival of the tribe.

Not being naive enough to rely upon a nigger to carry out their tasks with alertness, he also requested that stevers give each of them a methamphetamine tablet to increase their alertness and to post crew members further inside the city in the event that first line of defense failed, monitoring the almost certain inevitable arrival of the Jigaboos. As stevers was leaving with the nigger, one of the crew brought out the same pamphlet from the caftan of the Jew who had been demon-possessed and presented it to Bonsam. The latter took it and observed its title, New Protocols.

He reflected back upon how the Jewish cabal had followed the blueprint, the Protocols of the Elders of Zion, as a means of attempting to gain control of the world for themselves and to destroy the non-Jewish nations and their peoples, those who were not desired by the Jews as their slave class. The intended plan had, of course, blown up in the conflagration. Apparently, this was an attempt to revamp that which had failed by the remnant of Jews who had managed to either escape capture or who had been kept around as slaves and were simply buying time for the opportune moment when they could stick a knife into their eternal opponent, the Aryan race.

Bonsam began reading the pamphlet aloud so that all the crew present would be a party to the knowledge and what the Jews' plans were. Dedicatory, it began. We, the remnant of Israel, do hereby dedicate this document, which entails our scheme for world conquest, to the fallen comrades of our merciless slaughter at the hands of the brute Kohen, the Aryan race, who have consigned our comrades to a barren island to starve to death in hollow mockery of our dominion.

We, the sons of a covenant who have reformed under the banner of Aliyah, hereby solemnly proclaim that we will realize our kingdom upon this earth, for it is written in the book of life and has been promised us by God, the most illustrious tetragrammaton, the absolute, omniscient, and most high supreme being, who is our holy father forever. Bonsam snorted at the hyperbole and continued. The following protocols constitute a template which we, the children of Israel, will follow in our conquest of this earth.

Number one, gather together our hidden caches of wealth in the form of gold, which has been divested from the coffers of the Gentiles for our usage, and use it to fund. Number two, a mercenary army of savages to utterly lay waste. These, destroyed beyond redemption, the cursed Aryan race who are Esau, according to the scriptures, and who have been the greatest stumbling block to our conquest heretofore.

Three, to them enslaved, what remnant of Goyim remain, through a rapine of the white Goy females and their coerced subordination to our most holy people, and the slaughters

of a genocide by bio-weapons, all of the lowest of the races of the Goyim, who are of no use to us as slaves, for which we have prepared a special basilisk to be released upon them once their use as shields and swords have been exhausted. In terms of the particular implementation of this plan, we will select a resource for each continent of Africa as our starting point and most necessary step in building our strength and numbers. The myriads of embryos, our holy people we have sequestered in impenetrable cases to be implanted into the wombs of Goy females to gestate and bring forth our future kind in legions.

It is the most imperative and significant task. Failure to increase our numbers sufficiently will be our defeat, as the Goy will simply overpower us and eradicate us from the earth. From these future sons of Israel will come the sergeants and leaders of the Goy capital, whom we shall arm through the power of gold with weapons and lead them in an assault upon that most hated of nations, Esau and his seed, the Aryan white race of cursed memory.

Should we succeed in taking Africa, we shall then venture eastward to the Aryan and conscript our teeming horde of survival Goyim. They will, over perhaps merely two or three generations, enable us to possess sufficient strength to make the gambit for victory. Failing victory in the African campaign, we will release our biologicals and at least destroy all of those Goyim who have refused the blessing of the most high and willfully subordinate themselves to his children.

They will be cursed by good, for so it is written that we the Israelites will inherit the kingdom. Bonsam took the pamphlet and said to the crew member next to him, I might not survive the battle of the Jigabu tribe. I want you accordingly to take this pamphlet with an escort back to Arianna and to ensure that the captain receives this upon his arrival and that Pax Albus is alerted to the danger the Jews on the island pose to the manifest destiny of the white race.

The crew member and another nearer symbol exited the library prepared to return at a breakneck pace to Arianna to carry out his instructions. The crew who remained prepared themselves for the battle to come and on their captain's instructions decided to exit the library and shut it down to preserve the information it contained. They would take the battle to around the Coliseum where the Jigaboos would be less likely to strike given that the females were contained within.

The infrastructure surrounding the Coliseum was a small airport with a landing strip and constituted a corridor through which the tribe would undoubtedly enter into the city given that they had exited through the location and its being the furthest extreme edge of the city closest to the direction in which they had left. It was now night and torches had been lit upon the Coliseum as well as in the windows and the nigger bitches were positioned at the windows watching out into the night as they gossiped and fooled about

being visible for a considerable distance from below. The moonlight cast a feeble glow upon the earth barely adequate to render shapes distinct and bounced down through his eyes though his eyes were keen resorted to his night vision as a means of observing the layout of the coming battle.

The landing strip had tankers full of jet fuel alongside and he took this into consideration sending three crew members with high-powered sniper rifles and rocket launchers up to the Coliseum so that they could trap the Jigaboos once they came down the strip. This would start off the battle and if they played their cards right the majority of the Jigaboos would be engulfed in the flames. The remnant could be disseminated through a grenade attack pushing them into rubble and debris of the airport and effectively trapping them there where they would either trample themselves to death or be caught in a crossfire.

The crew amongst their vehicles at a distance but within firing range away from the direction the Jigaboos would likely enter the gunner on back facing the impending foe. They were spread out in a crescent pattern and spanned the entirety of the airport which had roads leading into the city. If need be they would regroup and fight a guerrilla war amongst the buildings but given that the terrain was somewhat unfamiliar it may entail a greater probability of loss and possible defeat given the overwhelming number of the savage hordes.

Of course there were additional troops coming but whether they would come in time or at all was for the face to decide. Von Sten and his crew took ephedra capsules to increase their alertness and prepared for the onslaught. After an hour they heard a noise behind them a shuffling of gravel and looking back observed a group of run silent vehicles like their own converging upon the city having made their way to the remote edge where Von Sten was located.

Von Sten wheeled his vehicle around and met up with the leader of the pack. It was his second mate from the ship Hammer whose background as a veteran of the airborne division qualified him to perform nearly any military operation from espionage to assassination and beyond. The two converged and Hammer was appraised of the situation.

Von Sten instructed him to add his forces to the crescent to amplify its span. Hammer recommended that a portion of his unit be stationed in the Coliseum as a means of taking out the enemy. Death from above he said with a sardonic look of amusement.

Von Sten concurred and delegated command of Hammer's unit to himself so that they would be working in tandem with one another but not at cross purposes. Hammer's unit was broken up and placed in concealment in the Coliseum and would station themselves behind the nigger bitches until the decoy lured in the Jigaboo tribe and then the fun would begin. The firelight of the Coliseum was attracted to the savage mind and as moths to the flame they began to come out of the jungle as gorillas in the mist

screaming and shouting their war cries in celebration of their victory over their weaker foe.

With them were myriad females who they pulled behind them in carts on chains, the carts being constructed of cages made of wood and tied together with the sinews of animals. The females had chains around their necks and feet and they dug to the bars for safety as the lightweight carts bounced and clattered along the dirt road, the chains jingling as they went like a savage Santa Claus bringing presents on Christmas and indeed Cocoa Africa head of the Jigaboo tribe, resembled to a marked degree that mystical figure, his afro being festooned with the feathers of tropical birds, his gold chain depending from his neck and on his body were drawn designs of demonic sigils in the blood of his enemies. The whites of his eyes, von Stamm perceived, were bloodshot and his teeth were stained red with blood as he uttered a humiliating cry until the dead of night.

Von Stamm put down the night vision goggles and radioed to Hammer who was in the Coliseum, the latter as planned got the women to shriek and shout as if with joy at the return of their warrior chief and Cocoa seemingly oblivious of the fact that they had been released from their tasks and the change which bound them to them returned their cry with fervor echoing a mating call through the night. The nigger bitches again responded in kind and the warriors laid down their ropes, they were pulling the captive females in and raced toward the females who were in the Coliseum eager to consummate their bloodlust. As a sufficient amount of warriors, numbering about half, got halfway down the landing strip the hard men in the Coliseum opened fire on the tankers of jet fuel causing a black night to light up with a holocaust of flames.

The niggers who were caught in the pinch of the movement had their silver cords severed by the shrapnel and superheated flame that melted them like butter on a frying pan, frying them like chitlins. The sonic boom from the explosive silenced any screams and the crew began doing the cleanup work as a Jigaboo remnant jockeyed for position seeking an outlet for their anger and an escape from the black widow spider's web. The grenades forced them down further on the landing strip and they were hammered both by automatic gunfire and by the rockets that the crew fired at them.

Soon there were only a few Jigaboos remaining and these were quickly dispatched by SMG gunfire so that nothing remained but scorched earth and meat. Von Stamm called out to the crew and directed them to step back from the debris. He then tasked one of the men with driving one of the more remote jet fuel trucks into the center of the debris, the low burning flames still eating up the barbecue and serving up nigger burgers to their demon gods.

The recruit exited and once the crew were out of range, Von Stamm directed a sniper to detonate the pressurized canister which then further incinerated the pile of greasy muck

leaving nothing but charcoal. The caged females were brought into the Coliseum and freed from their cages. Leopoldstadt had finally been freed from the black plague and was now a new addition of Ariana and by extension Pax Albus for the expansion of the area, another enclave of light on the dark continent.

Von Stamm, after the crew had a short rest in the Coliseum, rose with the dawn and awoke members of the crew to seek out construction equipment that could clear away the piles of ash. However, before the crew were off, Stievers interjected that it would be a good idea for the nigger bitches to sweep away the ash themselves with their brooms and get them to plant a garden therein in memoriam of the battle that Von Stamm, not one, Leopoldstadt, and the Aryans. The captain agreed that that would be a better idea and sent the bitches to work.

Von Stamm decided he would return to the library to briefly inventory the collection and discover whether there was anything of moment that may be useful in the development of the city or the general territorial region. Stievers and two others accompanied him as they took their morning walk across the city heralding the dawn of a new era. They marched up the stone steps of the library and inside Stievers checked the entryway with this SMG out in the event any more surprises should arrive.

The captain marched up and inside and began scanning the shelves, the polished mahogany being accessible by way of a wheeled ladder that ran on grooves. Stievers, an occultist in his own right, observed that the sections were arranged alphabetically and decided to investigate in a copy of the Ariosophist, Jörg Lenz von Liebenfeld's Osterau magazine, which kept on hand, and Stievers could speak German fluently and then devoted his life outside of his military career to the study of German occultism from the fin-de-sicle period prior to the Third Reich. However, he had not ever been able to discover much by this venerable occultist von Liebenfeld and hoped that the library would contain this magazine of profound wisdom.

Von Stamm, always of a practical mind, decided he would search for records of any neighboring tribes and any sources of valuable minerals that could be of use to Arianna and that would produce minimal to no negative influence on the surrounding environment other than perhaps having to excavate it from the earth. The latter began to rummage through topographical maps and the records of mining companies in addition to historical works that related to the city and its history and where it was heading prior to the evacuation and forcible ousting of whites amidst murder, slaughter, and torture. Von Stamm came upon a leather-bound compendium of maps and statistics related to what was referred to as the Prospective Development Region of Leopoldstadt, which existed outside of the city by approximately 200 kilometers to the north in an area of dense jungle near a mountain.

The region was shown in aerial photographs, and as far as the document related, had as

yet to be physically investigated. Apparently the administration of Leopoldstadt had been making preparations to do just that when the Jews had begun their terrorist campaign against the city, forcing the white government to lay aside their plans, eventually being driven out of the region by the communist niggers and their, at that time, Soviet backers and Jewish oligarchs. It appears as if the faiths have smiled on me once again, Von Stamm stated, half to himself and half to Stegers, as the latter asked what he meant.

Von Stamm called the latter over and explained. The work of Leopoldstadt had been interrupted, and now I will be the one to take up the torch and carry it to victory. This location, he gestured to the book, allowing Stegers to examine it, almost certainly contains something, some mystery of an occult nature that the former administration sought, and for a good reason.

Given that the compendium was located in a section apart from mining and was labeled special projects, perhaps it contains some form of ancient artifacts or documents that would prove useful in, at the very least, creating a foundation myth for Ariadne. What are your thoughts, Stegers? The latter observed the location and Von Stamm handed the document over to him. Stegers, observing the site in his aerial photographs, gave a look of shocked surprise.

Captain, this is a region of the earth considered to be a sacred site, and according to various ancient texts of the Ariads, would bring about the beginning of a new world as the hero would arrive, a man of war and strength, and discover there a ruby gemstone that is the physical host of a spirit who would merge with its possessor and from plants confer upon that hero a greater power beyond any on the earth. He would go on to found a nation and eradicate the evil which had plagued the world since its inception. Such, Stegers added, is a legend which has, in a variety of guises, appeared throughout the authentic history of the Ariadne.

If these legends have any credibility, which I would say they certainly do, they would certainly imply that you are a perfect candidate for the hero, Captain. Von Stamm, amused at the thought, probed further. How do these stories have credibility? I won't discount the validity of spiritual prophecy, but how specifically do what stories relate to us, here and now, and to that site of ruins? What proof, in other words? Stegers went on, anticipating the Captain.

The prophecies state that after the end of the old world, a new world would exist that was in the condition of a civilization recovering its health. To me that suggests the Pax Albus, given that it is clearly what is being referred to. They also say, these texts, that there will be a lingering of the evil, and that this evil will be rooted out by a hero who discovers a stone of power, and many of the texts of Rubia specifically made reference to, and that upon putting on a chain from which the ruby depends, he, the hero, merges

with a spirit, who serves as his guide, and who works with him in furnishing the second sight, a heightened intuition.

The evil is eventually rounded, and the world cleansed, a golden age established on the earth, ruled by those of light. Of light, von Stamm said, eyebrow raised. That must refer to the Arians, to ourselves.

As to the hero, we can always make the attempt, as that is what heroism consists of, taking risks for higher purposes, risking one's own personal life for a nobler cause. I should say there exists no nobler cause than the triumph of the white race over the earth. We shall take the risk, Stegers.

Tomorrow, we shall head out to the site and search for treasure. Von Stamm and Stegers shifted their focus in the library to data on local tribes, who might pose a difficulty in their march toward the site. One volume they discovered related how a tribe called the Cappiers had moved into the ruins and had established themselves there, information not revealed in the compendium, which was an early collection.

It displayed photos of tribe members taken from the sky, and that they were a well-equipped and apparently violent group, having much in the way of military hardware. As such, they would require more in the way of armaments and manpower. It would be a difficult bout, given that they were unfamiliar with the terrain, and they were attacking a well-entrenched foe.

Von Stamm made the decision to send troops back to Arianna to the compound and to bring back munitions and fresh troops, as well as to request that some of the more hearty young pioneers, young couples, as well as other troops, move into Leopoldstadt and begin a clean-up operation to restore the ruined city to its past glory, to the extent they could. In the meantime, before their troops and pioneers arrived, Von Stamm would set the nigger bitches to work to give the place a thorough cleaning and repair the houses and old brick buildings for the pioneers, who would then set to work, given their trade skills, to remodel Leopoldstadt and make it into a functional city. Given that the weather was tropical, there was no need for any heating and air conditioning could be had as well as power using the cold fusion devices that had been brought from Pax Albus, and that the compound had ample to spare, given that the previous ship's estimate was an overestimate.

Thus, the community would be completely self-sufficient within a matter of months, and from thence could be developed to a greater extent as it went forward. Von Stamm delegated the logistical tasks of the urban development to a junior officer who would ensure that water filtration, air conditioning, and various other infrastructure would be brought that could be used to modernize the city in a more sustainable and environmentally friendly way. A messenger would be sent that would instruct the captain of a Pax Albus vessel to increase the numbers of white colonists and supplies, given that

one of the former cities, namely Leopoldstadt, had been rediscovered and ethnically cleansed of belligerents.

Von Stamm had only to await the arrival of recruits before setting off to the ruins. In the meantime, he would spend his time superintending with nigger bitches and the crew and clearing away the detritus that the nigger jigaboo tribe had spread about the city. Baruch Tikkun was a portly, stumpy Jew who was prematurely balding and had a typically stereotypically neurotic nervousness about him and his mannerisms and form of speech, perpetually gesticulating and flying into fits of exasperation over everything his subordinates did that didn't exactly correspond to his conception of the directions he gave them.

Tikkun was a typical despotic Jew who sought to micromanage every aspect of life, typically the lives of others, and was perpetually looking over his shoulder in the event one of his rivals, whether Cathy or tribesmen or one of his Jewish brothers, might seek to usurp his throne. Throne it was indeed, as the Jew had managed to wind his way with his fellow Jewish brethren after the conflagration to the jungles of Africa in pursuit of the prophecy of the Talmud that he who would take the jewel would be able to form a new world on the ruins of the old. Thus far, however, Tikkun had been unable to discover the stone and was unaware of any of its particulars and thus was at a loss as to where to begin.

All of the stones around the ruined city, mainly semi-precious stones, had already been discovered by himself and his Catheir surgeons, who he had conscripted with promises of power and the ability to serve in his future dominion over the earth as his warriors. Of course, his real intention was simply to annihilate them, after they were no longer of use, and to take all of their Catheir cows, as he called them, for himself and his fellow brethren, who had already made copious use of them thus far in their Chaluric rites. Every gemstone discovered had failed to match the description in the Talmud.

One of the formerly lost tractats, which related how a rabbi who didn't know he was a rabbi would discover the gemstone of promise, it was said in the tractat to be a six-sided ruby of pigeon's blood color, which harbored the angel who would confer its powers upon the rabbi, and merging with him, empower him to the status of a god-man. His intended apotheosis had been delayed, it seemed, indefinitely, and he could only hope to occupy the ruins, which were extensive, comprised of myriad subterranean catacombs and temples, with inner chambers and crypts modeled on the same template as those of Giza and Machu Picchu. Some of his Catheir slaves he had heard speaking in their barbarous tongue, which he spoke of a rival tribe to the south called the Jigaboos, who controlled a city called Leoboldstadt.

Tikkun conferred with his fellow brethren and came to the conclusion that the Jigaboos might have entered the ruins and stolen the stone, given that the Catheirs had only been

in the ruins for a few years, and that the Jigaboos had had skirmishes with them before. One of the Jews spoke up, maybe those white goyim in the city had taken the stone before they caused all the chaos and the conflagration. Tikkun, his eyes half shut, answered with sarcasm, I'm perfectly aware of that conception, Shmuel, but the white goyim have been absent for a long time.

He pondered for a moment. The stone must be in that goy city, we will have to march on it and kill them. The other Jew responded, fear arising in his voice eyes, widening, we don't have the numbers, Tikkun come off, we need a distraction to lead them out on some pretext.

I know, how about we offer them bitches as pimps and lead them out toward an expedition to get more bitches and we could use that as a carrot. Perfect. He leapt up and signaled to the Kafir warrior saying, prepare the bitches, the Kafir cows, for a ritual to give us blessing for the archangels of our journey and so that we may slaughter our enemies of children and the males and take their females for ourselves.

Upon saying this, two of the Kafirs began beating their skin drums rhythmically and escalating the tempo to a fever pitch. The Kafir cows being released from their chains and began dancing, their hips gyrating to the beat. The Jews gathered together in a circle and began to chat, Raphael, Gabriel, vibrating each syllable as the cows surrounded them.

A vortex of energy manifested out of the sky and a strange serpent-like creature, its skin a pasty greenish-golden hue took form. Its face was that of a Jew, elongated nose and beady black eyes, its black hair slicked back along its length. It opened its wide mouth and uttered a cry.

The Kafir cows danced around in a circle of Wittershins while the Jews raised their hands toward the creature. One of the Kafir cows took up their chalm and brought it toward the Jews, her facial expression one of simple-minded ecstasy, her mouth wide with a smile affixed to her features. The circle broke ranks and the Jews allowed the Kafir cow to enter and place her child in a stone slab.

The ghoul still hovering in the air shifted, its head pulling back like a cobra, and it gave another cry. Before it arched downward over the stone slab, engulfing the child in its maw and gulping it down, the infant swarmed being visible as it was absorbed into the worm-like demon. The demon cried yet again as if in response to the Jew's incantation, and from its swarm radiated a glow of eerie light which faded the small circle of Jews.

Tikkun waved his hands above his head as he circled Wittershins around the stone slab, whereon the infant had been placed. He vibrated, bestow upon us your wisdom. The creature again emitted some strange light, this time of a greenish hue as it circled in the air.

Tikkun raised his hands and stated, blessed angel, you may return to your home. You have enlightened us with your blessing. The Jew began to chant again and the vortex of energy opened up, thereby swallowing the creature.

The sky resumed its normal color and the ceremony ceased. Tikkun gestured to the Kafir drummers to beat their drums as they raised the vibrations to a fever pitch. The Jews tore off their caftans and raced after the Kafir cows to celebrate their successful ritual until a revelry of orgiastic ecstasy.

Von Stamm was ready to receive the incoming troops and the supplies they carried with them. The captain of the Pax Alda's ship had delivered extra ammunition and magazines for the troops, as well as grenades and rockets, and a specialized body armor that was made of a tree resin and sand had begun to be manufactured at the compound which could withstand any ballistic assault and which was as light and thin as cardboard. Von Stamm's crew merged with the new recipients, all of which were equipped with the armor, a helmet, face mask, and full body armor reminiscent of a medieval knight with the greater maneuverability.

Each had an H&K MP5 with extra magazines and a bandolier rig with fragmentation grenades accompanied by a MAC-11 with extended box magazines. They carried a lightweight backpack with the bare essentials as the mission was a run and gun search and destroy operation that would require no great expeditionary exploration. They largely relied upon the usage of military vehicles, Reiki jeeps with mounted machine guns, and a couple of APCs that had been left in Leopoldstadt and which had been left by the blacks given their lack of ability to use them once the gas ran out.

The cold fusion conversion kits enabled the previously dormant vehicles to be usable again and the taking of the ruins from the tribes seemed a fait accompli, almost certain to be pulled off without a hitch. Von Stamm gave orders for the troops to move out at night as he intended to cut back to attack the negroes at midday. The next day when they would, albeit asleep, asleep were at the least drowsy as Von Stamm understood that niggers being nocturnal animals, they were most alert at night and would be easily surprised during the day.

The crew set off and left the 3,000 pioneers to continue to clean up and repair the infrastructure they had had. They having had the option of selecting houses based upon their skills and qualification so that the different castes of society were segregated according to their socioeconomic function for the maintenance of an overall societal harmony to each his own. The pioneers represented a cross-section of social demographics and included not a few artists, intellectuals, and administrators all of whom had come to develop the city and build a population of the whites for the purpose of a sustainably developmental expansion of Pax Albus.

Most of these were of a more rebellious nature and had desired the greater freedom that

a relatively undeveloped wilderness had to offer, an opportunity to make a world in their own image. All that was appropriate for themselves given their skills and ability and all derived at first of their labor. Dwellings were apportioned to all with the end of attempting to maximize the quality and quantity of their offspring in the most eugenical manner.

The artists and intellectuals had, with the consent of the women, the option of involving themselves in polygamous marriages and those who had the largest family were granted the largest estates and properties. Those who either had no willingness to marry or were already married but had only a few children were granted condos or small dwellings allocated as closely as possible on the basis of socioeconomic and cultural background. All work to their own interests but as part of the collective interest, placing the collective before the self but not to the exclusion thereof.

Von Stamm appointed before he embarked upon his campaign a former medical doctor named Kree as mayor who was subordinate only to himself. The doctor also had a member been a member of the new Templar order which was an order formed before the cataclysm had smashed the jog Jewish occupation government and which had been instrumental in its overthrow. Dr. Kree had devoted his time and attention to esoteric studies outside of his practice and was an Ariosophist.

The new religion of Leoboldstadt and of the larger Arianna was to be structured esoterically around Ariosophy and exoterically around an Arianized Christianity, a solar mythos that emphasized the society of order and freedom to the extent that you were compatible and freedom to serve the collective and Christ, his son and all father, his father, the solar deity and that which came before him and which was a basis of the being of all things, the creator. Von Stamm and Dr. Kree had been abreast of the plans of Pax Elvis and new Templar order for many years and now had their opportunity to externalize the hierarchy to immanentize the eschaton and bring into being the new order they and their forebears had so painstakingly devoted themselves to and which had culminated in the development of the colony. Dr. Kree had adopted the logo of Jörg Landsman Liebenfels who had created the new Templar order whose logo consisted of a red equilateral cross with four smaller parallel lines extending from the tips and which was white in the center.

The unveiling of this cross which would symbolize Arianna was held in a celebration prior to the departure of Von Stamm. A crowd of pioneers gathered around Dr. Kree and Von Stamm who stood before them at the steps of a library bordered by the statues and eagles another symbol of the Aryan noble nature. Dr. Kree read aloud Von Liebenfels during a speech an explanation of the symbol.

The cross the conjunction of the horizontal and the vertical represents duality in the union of opposites the vertical plane of ascension and divine blood that intersects the

horizontal plane of the fallen material world serves as its one true hope and savior. This my fellow Aryans is our one true hope and savior just as our founder Jörg Landsman Liebenfels had stated before in the conflagration which had liberated us from the evil of the earth the Jew. We are now here my Aryan people to expand our numbers and to advance toward victory and glory toward the establishment of an eternal kingdom over this fallen material world.

We are here to elevate this world and this we're elevating ourselves not as in the past as mere individuals whose egocentrism bordered on the psychopathic but rather as a collective as individuals within that collective who work together toward this common not so common purpose. We wish my fellow Aryans to Aryanize the world for we are a godly people and we alone can make a godly world. The sign of the cross will see us to victory not as a pusillanimous cross of a sickly semitic martyr but rather the cross of white pulsing with the blood of Aryan nobility will elevate our souls to a higher plane of existence within this world and thereby elevate the world.

As our founder von Liebenfels said, God is pure race and pure race is God. We the pure, pure of heart, pure of spirit and by implication pure of race will cleanse the earth of the remaining impurity and bring our world ourselves into harmony with God. The crowd cheered as Dr. Krieg gave a Roman salute indicating the trajectory of the future strivings of the Aryan and the salute was directed toward the right the site of ruins.

Von Stamm blew on a nickel-plated whistle he was wearing around his neck and saluted toward the ruins, followed immediately by the crew and then by a crowd. Von Stamm stamped in military fashion his hands on his side and then saluted again. He began to move toward the beginning of the line of the crew who were fully kitted out and blew his whistle marching them off toward the awaiting vehicles.

The crowd led by Dr. Krieg sang the anthem of Ariana as von Stamm and his crew prepared to set off on their campaign. Ariana, white land for me, we have defeated the enemy. They came upon us with bombs and guns.

We fought valiantly for the right cause. The new world is lighter, darkness has left. We see the future, destiny manifest.

The white race triumphs against the foe. The dark hordes defeated, to hell they go. Ariana, white land and free, we are the victors.

Our destiny, white world so free, our destiny. As the anthem concluded, the dust from the vehicles began to fill up with the departing vehicles who drove off into the setting sun to war. As the campaign rolled along, von Stamm and Sievers communicated with one another by comlink.

Look ahead to your left, I see a small column of dust. Sievers responded, got it, they're

up and early and on the move. Von Stamm switched channels to the crew and his sergeants comprised of one out of ten men amounting to 50.

Prepare for an assault, the enemy has been spotted at three o'clock. The sergeants instructed their men who gathered their weapons up and began on the instructions of von Stamm to spread out around the jungle brush, forming an impenetrable phalanx hidden in the dense foliage, their earthy, tone multi-colored armor blending them perfectly and being all but invisible. The vehicles spread out on either side, preparing to circle around and trap the capyars in a pinch of movement and then to grind them as an advice with the soldiers hidden in the bush serving as a combine harvester mowing down the tares with automatic fire.

The drums of the capyars were sounding the command to fight. The savages apparently having been able to either see or hear the whites even in spite of the distance, von Stamm and Sievers had their binoculars up and observed the enemy, each having split off in opposite directions leading the vehicle assault. Both were surprised to observe the Jews who had accompanied the niggers pushing them forward and looking with desperate frenzy toward the whites who, the white units who they confused them as to which way to stride.

Von Stamm solved their problems for them as he and Sievers, on his command, moved their units behind the capyars and passed as if they didn't want any entanglements. Tikkun screamed out, and the capyars stupidly followed their command, taking their AK-47 rifles on the vehicles and letting loose with full clips, the projectiles bouncing harmlessly off both armored vehicles, and then von Stamm ordered a counter-assault, the vehicle gunner operators ripping into warrior flesh and turning the capyars into nigger burgers, the Jews scrambling for cover but being largely mowed down with it. Von Stamm gave a signal to the gunners who trained their guns on the capyars as the 10,000 or so remaining were soon cut down under the reaper's eye of lead death.

The screams of rage erupted from the mouths of the warriors who desperately fired off their remaining rounds. Soon the jungle had been turned to a burial ground of carcasses. As the stuttering of the machine gun fire soon silenced all opposition.

Von Stamm called to Leopoldstadt and ordered the jet fuel trucks and the cleanup crew he brought to help cleanse the earth. The officers awaited the cleaners from the city and conferred with one another about the incident and why the Jews had been there. Stever said, although those kikes got word of the stone of destiny that ruins and had come here to graft with the golden ring of power themselves.

Von Stamm concurred and ordered a search of the Jews in the event that any large ruby might be found. Nothing, however, turned up and von Stamm became concerned whether it was still the ruins. If the Jews hadn't found it with all of their slaves, it will be difficult to discover.

Stever's concurred and they both looked for further at the aerial maps of the ruins in hopes of discovering any significant landmarks that would indicate any place a stone of that value, presumably known to the builders, would have been located. One grouping of statues that were fairly visible in outline portrayed a circle of figures centered around an obelisk looking upward toward its apex and beyond. The notes in the margin of the compendium indicated pyramid apex aligned with al-Nibiru.

Von Stamm noted that this carefully and gestured significantly to Stever's. Might be it? The latter replied, probably the best place to start. Von Stamm had ordered the crew to run their vehicles around the bodies to clear a path so that the funeral pyre wouldn't erupt into an uncontrollable forest fire through flattening a brush and shooting up the earth.

They radioed into the city and instructed the cleanup crew what to do. At that point they had done what they needed to do and decided to move on given that it was not quite noon and they would reach the ruins within an hour. The crew approached the ruins as anticipated before an hour had elapsed and von Stamm was astonished to observe the towering pyramid structures of stone opening up before him as they came through the jungle along the road that had been laid down leading to the site presumably beaten by the Khafir trod under the direction of the Jews.

The pyramid rose up outlined against the cloudless blue sky of the midday. The ziggurat pyramids were stepped and could be ascended to the highest level from below, each level having a ground upon which people could move about and which presumably served some ceremonial function. The pyramids were carved with swastika patterns and arranged in a linear configuration with the largest being in the center.

Stevens given his expertise in occultism spoke as he pointed to one of the aerial photographs in the book. The pyramids are arranged on the pattern of the Delta of Orion wherein is a star Albeberon from whence the Aryan race came to this solar system. They serve as some type of, I would conjecture, communications device that enables communication with Orion, our ancient homeland.

Von Stamm who had implicit faith in Stevens as he had proven he was a man of sound judgment steeped occult lore stated, so this whole site is an antenna of sorts, a radio system. Stevens nodded. The captain wondered aloud how it worked and whether it would be possible to operate and if so how.

Stevens related his further speculation on the pyramids of Egypt on how they were also used in a similar manner based upon his researchers. Given that the stone generates piezoelectric current through sheer mass, the geometrical structure of the radio, which is, I believe, a correct term, energies, could be transmitted from Earth similar to radio waves through conventional electronic radios. The apex of the pyramid would direct the communication toward Orion and would then presumably be able to receive messages

that could perhaps be decoded from the patterns of the vibration of various stones.

Von Stamm looked significantly at Stevers and both thought it were Ruby. The vehicles were parked at the entrance of the clearing and Von Stamm walked with Stevers into the ruins after instructing the crew to set up camp on the outskirts of the ruins, having to be considered off-limits, the site itself so as not to disrupt its function and presumed purpose. Von Stamm spotting motion out of the corner of his eye and turned gun out looking toward the source, spotting one of the capybara cows attempting to hide behind a stone pillar.

However, her posterior was jutting out from behind. Von Stamm took up a stick from the ground and walked over to where the nigger bitch was hiding and gave her ass a swat. She uttered a cry and attempted to lash out at Von Stamm who backhanded her across the face sending her sprawling on the ground.

Von Stamm spoke, are there others here? She nodded indicating the small temple that must have served as a house for the priests when the site was populated with the Aryan. Von Stamm motioned to Stevers, approached with their guns drawn, come out no one will hurt you. Von Stamm spoke in a voice loud enough to be overheard as if drawn by invisible chains the capybara cows exited and presented themselves before Von Stamm.

He said, you must leave this place for it is our ancient home. You may go back to the city and be provided safety and security and jobs. We will help you but you can never come again to this place.

The nigger bitches packed up their belongings and left the temple where they had been residing and Von Stamm instructed a crew to bring them back to Leopoldstadt where they would be put to work assisting in clearing the place. Soon the ruins were cleansed of any niggers and the place was ready to be searched for any stones that might have exited. Of course the capybara cows had all been searched and their belongings also in the event they might have had the ruby the importance of which necessitated the violation of their property rights.

Nothing was discovered however and Von Stamm continued his search with Stevers over the temple ruins. According to the prophecy the ruby is attached to a gold chain and will be worn around the neck of the hero, Stever said. It doesn't indicate that the chain is a later edition however or whether it is discovered with a stone.

They came upon a circle of statues the same which the aerial photo had indicated with the figures looking upward in the pyramid which was pointed toward Aldebaran. The figures bore the features of the Aryan, round-eyed, snub-nosed, and angular cheekbones and bow lips. The corners of the eyes of the statues were lapis, the cornea of the eyes of the statues were lapis lazuli and the pupils were of onyx.

The pyramid they were gazing at was above the height of two and a half men and the figures were themselves approximately nine feet in height and proportioned as a human being. The pyramid itself was carved with figures that resembled the zodiac figures and that were contained with a ring of interconnected swastikas. Each side of the four-sided pyramid was carved in a similar manner and yet had below the zodiacal wheel a strange script which Stevers stated he had never encountered before.

It bears a strange resemblance to the Mayan script and yet also to some extent to the Egyptian hieroglyphics but more of a written script in an entirely pictographic. It has elements of Sumerian cuneiform, clearly Aryan, perhaps older than the others. He paused a moment as if in deep contemplation.

Perhaps I can decipher. Yes, I can make out some meaning. It appears to be a coded script, a key to gain access to something, to a stone.

Yes, it must be the stone the text speak of. It says to ascend to the sky of the largest structure, must be the pyramid that is being referred to and to find the wheel of becoming. Not sure what that refers to.

It's the wheel, to turn the wheel, to unlock the gate to glory. Stevers concluded, von Stein acting as if directed motion to Stevers to follow and began to ascend the steps of the largest of the pyramids mounting up the ancient stone steps. The two ascended to the peak and looked around at the blue sky brought above the canopy of jungle trees and looked out across the globe as if to gaze into the future of their dominion and manifest destiny of the Aryan.

Von Stein gave a laugh of joy as he pointed at the swastika carved upon the top of the ziggurat, its grooves serving as handles as he twisted it away from the surrounding stone. It hadn't been all but invisible, the crack which surrounded it indicating to him its function. He removed the circular plate of stone which served as a kind of manhole cover and hooked down, looked down upon the contents within.

A stone box lay inside of the indentation in the pyramid and taking off the lid he observed within it the double-pointed six-sided hexagonal stone, a ruby attached to a golden chain. He observed next to the stone an ancient and yet space-age device that looked like some sort of laser pistol. He looked at Stevers with a look of profound recognition of the truth of the ancient text which clearly prophesied the outcome which was unfolding before his very eyes.

No space-age device like that could be made by modern hands. The ancients' technology for far outstripped that of his own. He took out the pistol, its weight being surprisingly light and the smooth contours of the device were of a pale chrome-yellow color, nearly translucent, a satin look and feel yet harder than any substance he had experienced under his hand before.

It must be made of some unknown material or alloy, probably from another planet. He took up the pistol which was otherwise nondescript and of one piece, save for its trigger and barrel, and pointed it toward a tree a hundred meters away. Ready, aim, fire, von Stamm announced that from out of the barrel a strange ray emanated and seemed to reach his target immediately without any time to wait between the depression of the trigger and arrival of the target.

The target immediately melted in the place where it was not so hot, caught fire and smoldered. Von Stamm looked impressed and decided he would play the role of sharpshooter, taking aim at a seemingly impossibly distant bird that was flying at some half a kilometer away, barely visible along the horizon. He took aim and again announced, ready, aim, fire.

The bird immediately disintegrated in a bright burst of incandescence, Stever observing through his binoculars. Bull's-eye, and I mean that quite literally for this device was almost certainly derived from our ancient homeland Aldebaran, the eye of the bull in the constellation of Taurus. Von Stamm picked up the chain and placed it around his neck.

I hereby reclaim this sight in the name of the Aryan. I call it Aldebaran, an homage of our celestial homeland. As he placed the chain around his neck, the ruby glowed with a strange incandescence.

From his lips issued a strange series of arcane words, Ilu-ar-santur-mash-tu. Stever's looked with shock as Von Stamm raised his arms in a gesture of the life room, his entire body taking on a strange luminescent quality, bathing his body in a rubescent light. Again he uttered the strange words which Stever, upon reflection, identified as a language cognate with Sumerian.

Ilu-ar-santur-mash-tu. Von Stamm trembled, his body going to spasms as from above, perhaps from Orion itself, a ray of light descended and held him fixed in its glow. A voice was heard seemingly communicating by way of telepathy.

As he heard it in his mind, both he and Stever heard the voice which was speaking in English. Hero of the lower realm, you have been chosen to carry forth the victory, to bring into being a new world of the Aryan, a world of perfection and blessed glory upon earth. Go forth and I will serve as your guide.

As long as you wear this stone, you will be able to communicate with me and none other but yourself. Your friend can hear my voice when near, but none other may hear it. Go now to Arianna, to Leopoldstadt, where I will be with you and will guide you to glory.

There are others with us, watching us, and yourself, guiding you as well. You are now granted the power of the second sight, and are able to understand what may be before it occurs in your realm. Go now, hero.

Conquer for the Aryan. So saying, Bonstam turned about and put his arms by his side. Viewing the jungle from the heights, Stevers reached out a hand and asked him to clap him on the shoulder and congratulate him.

All right, captain, now you're the hero of the new world. The latter looked at Stevers with his icy blue eyes, and they made their way down the pyramid to the awaiting crew at rest. After rest, the captain woke, the moonlight streaming down upon him, and once again ascended the pyramid, still wearing his stone and carrying his plasma ray gun in a side holster.

He was in a trance-like state and was being impelled by subtle forces that brought him back once again to the apex of the pyramid, which was trapezoidal in shape and to the place from which he had derived his stone and pistol. He extended his hands upward toward the night sky and the full moon above and heard the voice of the spirit once more. Look toward Leopoldstadt.

There is great danger approaching. Bonstam began to see images of hordes of nigger savages and random Jewish sergeants arranged outside the city carrying firearms and machetes. You must go now, hero.

You must meet their assault against you and go immediately. Bonstam awoke as if from a daze and moved again back to the camp. He took up his nickel-plated whistle and signaled to the men to move out.

Stevens gave him a knowing look and said, I sense something is going on there too. We'd better hurry. The camp, which was comprised of 500 heavily armed and armored troops, had set off back to Leopoldstadt and, given their rate of speed, would arrive in the early dawn hours of the morning, given that they were moving at double the pace of the arriving trip.

As the dawn rose on the horizon, the officers of Bonstam's crew observed a war party that was arrayed around the borders of the city through their infrared binoculars. The nigger hordes and their Jewish sergeants were armed with AK-47s and machetes as Bonstam's vision had a prophecy. Bonstam put down his binoculars and closed his eyes, attempting to concentrate upon the interior of the city.

He observed the sleepy city oblivious to the looming assault that threatened their lives. However, Bonstam was able to make a telepathic connection with Dr. Krieg in the city and arose the latter from slumber. The doctor, Bonstam observed in his mind's eye, awoke as if from a nightmare and was staring blankly at the ceiling above his head, as if receptive to the connection formed by the captain, like the ringing of a psychic telephone.

Bonstam transmitted his thoughts to Dr. Krieg, the images of the hordes of savages

which surrounded one side of the city and projected the words, under attack, into the mind of the doctor, who was sufficiently aroused to bolt out of bed and race out of his dwelling, which he had situated in the middle of the city in City Hall, adjacent to the river, which ran through it as a means of demonstrating his connection to the people, serving as a central sun of the microcosm of the city universe. He alerted the guards who communicated via a comm link with the troops, who were stationed around the city and who immediately went into the motion of preparing a defense and seeking the city. The buildings which bordered the city served as barracks, as well as dwellings were populated by gunports that served for windows.

Their walls were made of the same material as a compound of impenetrable material that could withstand mortar rounds. Bonstam transmitted yet another thought to the doctor, attack, who then put his words into action and ordered the attack on the unsuspecting savages. Bonstam ordered his own crew to attack and grenaded rockets, chewed up the bodies of the savages who were caught by surprise, firing erratically into the city's walls and harmlessly bounced off while they themselves had their ranks decimated with a neat grinder of lead which ground them into kosher and nigger burger.

The barrage of gunfire and explosions of rockets lasted for a seemingly endless time as the last of the non-white foes were destroyed. Bonstam, as the gun smoke cleared and the remnant had been exterminated, ordered jet fuel trucks to be brought out and the corpses doused with jet fuel from the houses and then set on fire. The smell of roasting meat was, however, nauseating and yet a strange comforting, bringing with it the there is no longer any threats, at least in this area, requiring subjugation.

Bonstam ordered the nigger bitches to clean up the ashes of the enemy and to till the soil and plant embedded flowers, which would stand as a testament to the final battle for Leopoldstadt. As the day brightened, he went about the city with Dr. Krieg, who had been continuing their work of developing the city. The streets were well swept and no detritus could be seen.

The houses had been brightly paved, using special dyes and sap from a certain variety of tree that grew nearby, and each section of the city had gardens and parks which were already in bloom, giving the rapidity of growth and the transplanting of fruit-bearing trees that had been brought from nearby by the pioneers. Dr. Krieg said that he had been busy designing an educational curriculum that would ensure a holistic upbringing for the children of the future who were yet to be born and those few who were already conceived, most of the pioneers being young adults or adults of a mature childbearing age, other than a smaller number of professionals and intellectuals who were unattached. Thus, there was ample opportunity to create a sound society into which would be born the future generations.

The water and sewer systems had been put into place and each home was in the case of

the compound, as in the case of the compound, equipped with a cold fusion-based free energy device that provided the home with an endless supply of energy. A sculpture of von Stamm had been commissioned and the captain instructed the sculptor to begin work on Dr. Krieg and Stieber's afterward. As the day grew brighter and von Stamm and the doctor were continuing their tours of the city, recommending various improvements and planning out further developments, a messenger came up from the compound bearing word that the Jews had been eradicated from the earth, that the few Jews which had been, which had lived amongst them, had just that morning been found dead and that that was a report that had been received from Pax Albus.

Indeed, globally, the Jews seemed to have simply ceased to exist, almost as if a divine intervention had annihilated them from the earth. Von Stamm smiled upon hearing this news, knowing that his discovery of the stone had set the chain of events in motion, which had led to the completion and fulfillment of the prophecy. He was now the Emperor of Ariadne, which the entire continent was to be named.

To formalize this fact, he blew his nickel-plated whistle and summoned all the troops around him, prepare the citizens for a feast. We are now completely free of the Jew and I, Emperor von Stamm, have completed the fulfillment of prophecy and conquered the dark continent with the light of the Ariadne.