

# Patriot Act

A novel of resistance



*D.A. Häns*

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**We must prevail, or we shall certainly perish.**



## Foreword

**“In your new war of oppression, you may take a man’s house, his land, all his property, and even his life savings for speaking out against you; you may take all that is dear to him but remember, when a man has nothing left, *he has nothing left to lose*. Take what is mine, and you will face a warrior unlike any you have ever battled before. Do not try to squelch us, for you will only invigorate our pride.”**

**D.A. Hänks; 2003.**

How far is too far? When will America open her eyes to the gradual envelopment of Totalitarianism of her citizens over the past six decades? What will it take to regain control of our once-great nation, or is it already too late? What will you do when the Government declares you a terrorist because of your beliefs, and targets you? Has the Statue of Liberty become meaningless to the children and grandchildren of tens of thousands of immigrants who passed her on the way to Ellis Island?

On Wednesday, October 24, 2001, the 107th Congress voted H.R. 3162, better known as the Patriot Act, into law. “Patriot Act” deals with the ramifications of this legislation. If unchallenged, the law will sunset in 2005, but with the broad new powers the government has tasted it is very likely that it will be legislated into permanence, with even more Draconian measures added. In “Patriot Act,” this is exactly what happens. The story begins in the year 2000, but fast-forwards to 2020, and deals with the ramifications of the legislation; government power gone amok. The country has become very Orwellian, and Snark Hauser, a teenager when the story begins, is now an adult.

Snark, like so many other Americans, remembers pre-9/11 America. He has witnessed firsthand, his once-proud country turned into a giant prison as the government uses its unchecked power to oppress the people, and imprison those whose ideas have truly remained American and dare to speak out against the machine.

Many state parks have become concentration camps for gun owners and those who pose a threat to the government’s iron fist. The sequestered locations, and the fact that many once housed NIKE missile silos during the Cold War, make them ideal holding facilities. Once nuclear targets, these parks are now medium to maximum-security prisons where most of America’s hope remains trapped.

All personal firearms became outlawed in 2010, and although many people wisely stockpiled in anticipation of a future uprising, they

are impossible to use for everyday defense. The result is a society of rampant minority crimes and a government that will neither help the people nor let them help themselves. Finally, a few people begin to unite, after the President issues an executive order requiring mandatory National Identification Cards for all Americans over the age of eighteen, with the implementation of implanted microchips in *every* American within ten years. A few lone wolves then take matters into their own hands and begin symbolic acts of rebellion, their own personal “Patriot Acts”.

As others see the resulting pressure imposed on themselves for the Patriots’ actions, they become increasingly angry; not at the rebels as the government had hoped, but instead at the leaders who have sought to punish all for the deeds of a few. The final straw comes, when yet another government standoff against innocent Americans coincides with the discovery of not only Israel’s involvement in 9/11, but also key figures in the United States government itself.

In the nineteen years since the Act’s inception, Americans who had previously accepted change and ignored the simmering pot of governmental control, have now realized how blind they had actually been; that the “lunatic fringe,” always on the cutting edge of political analysis, was indeed correct in their assessment of dwindling liberty. Now, the beast is loose; Pandora’s Box has been opened, and all the evil our government had been hiding for so many years is now unleashed on the population.

With firearms a scarcity, the public turns to creative yet effective measures to rebel against the Federal government. Many simple yet important items are classified as “terrorist tools” and banned as a result, creating even more oxygen to fuel the fire of resistance. Even those who had remained comfortable in the false veil of “protection,” are now affected by the new rules. As restlessness and resentment grows, so do the number of acts of patriotism by those who refuse to be controlled.

Snark and his girlfriend Sallee have become prominent in the Resistance, and teach others in the ways of a new guerilla warfare, the likes of which have never been encountered by the government before. The result is a technically-challenged citizenry that devises creative and ingenious ways to combat the technically-superior government. The past becomes present, as the rebels borrow long-forgotten tactics from ancient history that makes most of the military’s equipment useless. The high tech weaponry and equipment turns into an Achilles heel for the government, as the Patriots put things back on a more even playing field. The confused military now must rely on old-fashioned tactics instead of computerized advantages.

As the tide begins to change, the White members of the military begin to coup against the minority leaders that have been empowered with favorable positions because of rampant reverse discrimination. After the successful detonation of a suitcase nuke in Washington, D.C. by the organized Resistance, resulting in the annihilation of the entire Congress, the President retreats to Camp David and addresses the nation. White sailors mutiny on the nuclear-equipped submarine USS Grand Rapids, as the President urges the military to strike against cities with high Resistance memberships; sacrificing entire cities to eliminate the threat of revolt! Instead of targeting revolutionaries, the Patriots instead target Camp David, and Jewish and Black strongholds such as New York, Newark, Chicago, Richmond, Detroit, Baltimore, and Tel Aviv. The message is clear, and waves of change sweep the entire military, as White soldiers eliminate or imprison Black troops. Can a now all-White military force the remaining fraction of government to step down and allow the re-constitutionization of the country?

In the end, will the determination of the American people triumph in the new war of independence, or are we doomed to a future of oppression and gloom? Only the reader can answer that question, as the future is ultimately in our very hands right now. The future is *ours*. The choice is *yours*.

“Patriot Act” presents the hidden dangers in this piece of un-American legislation, and ways that the people can combat them should the need ever arise. From homemade weaponry, to tactics and implementation, “Patriot Act” empowers the reader with the knowledge that may one day actually win the true war on terror; a war against a government that has awarded itself vast powers that it does not constitutionally have, through the manipulation of crooked politicians and a Zionist-controlled media.



## **A disclaimer and note from the author**

Patriot Act is a fictional novel based on recently-enacted legislation. All characters in this book are fictitious, although some scenes may be *based* on real-life occurrences resulting from post-9/11 legislation. For example, the character of Dan Shanks is based on a real-life experience that actually happened to me.

I left a roll of film for processing, while visiting out of state, and the photofinisher called the police for two pictures of my cat lying on the shrouded barrel of my semi-automatic Browning 1919. When I went to pick the finished prints up an hour later, I was accosted by the local police and asked to explain the pictures. The developer had called the police to report “pictures of a machine gun,” and they wanted an explanation from me, as Class 3 weapons are prohibited in that state. I was delayed for almost an hour, had my entire day ruined, and was subjected to a warrants check.

In addition, the photofinisher had taken it upon himself to print an entire second set of prints, which he then gave to the officer responding to the call, without my knowledge or consent. I subsequently took legal action for violations of the 4<sup>th</sup> Amendment, common-law copyright violations, and a special law unique to that state involving rights of privacy (score one for the good guys), although the District Attorney refused to press charges against the police department, and my case against the lab ultimately wasn’t worth pursuing.

Fortunately, it never went any further than the local police department, and my home was not searched the way Dan’s was. However, it very well could have ended in a similar scenario, with weapons alterations and false imprisonment. The entire situation was almost humorous in its ridiculousness, if not for the possible ramifications it may have ultimately led to.

While many scenes are indeed based on fact, please keep in mind that this is a work of fiction. Many statements made by characters are opinion or outright conjecture on my part, as this is a novel and not a history book. Please research any statement I make in this story before repeating it as a fact.

This book is about patriotic, red-blooded Americans who refuse to give up any more of their freedom to an oppressive government. The result is an all out assault against the government; a revolution.

There are many formulae in this book that empower the reader with a virtual arsenal to use in the event a revolution should ever arise. While some may seem far-fetched, all are viable and have been personally tested by myself, including the use of mirrors to ignite



combustible materials and melt metal, or witnessed firsthand by either myself or credible sources.

Because of the content of this book, I will most likely be targeted by Federal agencies in retaliation. Because I am an avid firearms collector, I can expect to have my house searched and guns seized; possibly resulting in conversions being done to them to set me up on a firearms violation, much the same as happened at Ruby Ridge, Idaho. They need only remove some material from a stock or barrel to make the weapon shorter than the law allows, or simply remove the disconnecter from my AR15s to make them slam-fire at the full-auto rate. I may also have drugs or explosives planted on my property, or have false accusations made against my person in an attempt to discredit me. Many current and retired law enforcement officers, several of them Federal agents themselves, have quietly forewarned me of such tactics by the Government, and to expect such measures to be taken against me.

Like many other authors of similar material, I was urged to write under a pseudonym. I have chosen not to, because the Government would still find out my true identity. What good then, would it do to hide behind a pen name?

This book is written for entertainment purposes only. It is a hypothetical ending to a currently bad situation. No one wants to go to war against his or her own government. We all prefer a peaceful solution, but many people are disenchanted with their rights being taken away and to them, this provides an alternative solution. However, this is only a story. It is *not* intended to be a historical documentary, a bible, a plan of action, a blueprint, or an otherwise call to arms. It only proposes tactics for hypothetical, similar situations. You, the reader, are ultimately responsible for your own actions. I cannot be held responsible for the actions of those who may take notes from this book and use them for their own agendas, and I cannot condone any illegal acts, or acts of terrorism committed by people who read this book. It is for *academic theory* only.





## Prelude to conflict

Today I looked around, and saw my world was dark.  
The years of multiculturalism had finally made their mark.  
There are no more individuals to separate our lives.  
We are as one now; just drones within the hive.

There is no more pride in heritage or past.  
For that is now illegal, within this Zionist-led caste.  
The beauty of the Aryans, like the dinosaurs has died.  
Some had tried to tell us, oh my goodness how they tried!

A few fled from here years ago to parts unknown.  
To carry on in secret, and keep the pure seeds sown.  
How I wish I had listened to those who warned of this.  
But I was much too busy; for ignorance is bliss.

Now everywhere I look, I see an endless sea of mud.  
If only I'd stood bravely and sacrificed my blood!  
I am much too old now, it's too late for me to fight.  
Too late, I have discovered who was wrong and who was right.

I accepted all the lies that were told to me, as truth.  
How was I to know; they indoctrinated me in my youth!  
Now it is too late, and there is nothing I can do.  
Except look around and wish that I had left this place with you!

From the poem, "The Wistful Old Man," by D.A. Hänks © 2004

*May 6, 2019*

The cool night sky was clear and full of stars, as the small rebel force made its way toward the rendezvous location in the Sauraton Mountains outside of Danbury, North Carolina. They had encountered two wayward Army vehicles earlier that evening alongside a rural road in southern Virginia, and had successfully ambushed the occupants as they stopped to answer calls of nature. A silenced .22 short into the ear of one soldier, and into the left eye of the other as he turned at the sound of the first muffled "pop," had dispatched two of the five troops.

The ten members of the Resistance had then quietly approached the two vehicles from behind, and suddenly opened fire on the three remaining soldiers as they awaited their comrades' returns. Their bodies were subsequently dragged into the brush alongside the road, and the vehicles commandeered. A quick search of the larger vehicle revealed several wooden crates. Upon opening them, the freedom fighters were elated to discover that the vehicle was an ammunition supply truck, apparently en route to restock the local concentration camp at the former Hanging Rock State Park outside of Danbury. Why else would it have been on a secondary road heading south?

Tens of thousands of rounds of ammunition for their AR15 and M16 rifles, a case of grenades, an M60 machine gun with a crate of belted ammunition, and several LAWS rockets compiled the booty they had just successfully looted. In addition, they had five more M16 rifles from the dead soldiers, as well as their uniforms, credentials, and a collective one hundred, eighty-seven dollars. They also now had five sets of seventh-generation, color night vision goggles.

"Looks like we hit the jackpot!" one of the fighters said jubilantly, as he jumped out of the back of the truck. "It's probably headed to Hanging Rock. We can either take all this stuff, or keep some of it and take the rest to the camp ourselves posing as the guys we just popped. We might be able to do a little damage from the inside to coordinate with what the Commander has planned at the same time. Maybe even take out a bunch of troops before they get us."

"That's pretty risky." someone cut in. "We need all the help we have, plus more. We don't need any martyrs on this one. Let's take the stuff to the Commander and see what he has to say. He may agree, or he may have an even better idea. He didn't reach his post in three months by being incompetent. We can try out this new night vision once we get off road too."

"Yeah," the first man responded, "you're right. Let's head out then."

With that in agreement, the now heavily-armed guerilla unit continued on to their rendezvous location with the addition of the two military vehicles just outside the confines of the park, which had become a concentration camp for firearms owners and any who refused to follow the rules of the system. Like many other state parks during the Cold War, it too had housed NIKE missiles, and the underground silos and facility that had once caused it to be the target of a ten-kiloton nuclear missile, now served to imprison some of the greatest assets to the Resistance.

The Hanging Rock Camp incarcerated prisoners from the Carolinas, Virginia, parts of West Virginia, and eastern Tennessee, as well as a few political prisoners from Washington, DC. It had been decided that a strike against the compound to release the prisoners would be crucial to not only adding to the size and strength of the Resistance, but in gaining valuable information from the political prisoners. The psychological affect on the Federation would be enormous too.

The vehicles turned off the road, followed an old logging road through the rolling, forested hills of Stokes County, and emerged into a small clearing overlooking a small valley to the east. The sky suddenly illuminated with a brilliant white light as though a bolt of lightning had flashed, but instead of immediately flickering out, the blinding light remained steady for several seconds before slowly waning in brilliance. The small group of fighters came to an abrupt halt and exited their vehicles, staring at the eastern horizon in horrified fascination. Although too far distant to be audible, a glowing, grotesquely-shaped mushroom cloud was clearly visible, looming ominously into the sky above the horizon. The cloud rapidly lost its luminescence as it arose high into the atmosphere, until it became invisible in the night sky.

“My god, a nuke!” someone exclaimed.

“But where?” the man who had suggested they try and infiltrate the compound mused. “From that direction, it could have been DC, Baltimore, Richmond, or even Philly or New York. Too hard to tell.”

“DC.” a voice responded from the darkness. “Right on schedule too. Hot damn, they pulled it off! Thank the Lord above, they did it!”

It was the voice of the Supreme Commander; a thirty-five year old leader who had been successful in gathering all the loose factions of anti-government and racist groups, and patriotic individuals to join the large, already-existing Resistance. If he knew about it in advance and was planning this operation to coincide with it, it must have had strategic importance, rather than being a random act of retaliation.

“Was it ours then?”

“It was. Most of the personnel at Hanging Rock Camp will be bugging out for the DC area now. So will a few others on the east coast. The camps will be operating under a skeleton crew, so we can hit them hard and fast. We’ll take out their communications, get the prisoners, and blow the mountain behind us if we need to. We have members at the local school, ready to head up there with buses as soon as we give them the word. I don’t see why we can’t get every one of them out of there and bring them home.”

The Commander checked his watch.

“We’ll wait until morning for them to get the essential personnel on the road, then we head in. Those two trucks will come in right handy too. Nice job! I’ll see to it that you all get recognition from Cheyenne for that. There’s no need to cut any fencing and try sneaking in now. We’ll just roll right through the gate and hit ‘em from the inside. By the time they realize who we are, it’ll be too late.

“This, Ladies and Gents, is the beginning of the end for the reign of terror our government has been dishing out for the last fifty years. From here on out, it will be winner-takes-all. This is a full-scale war now, and if we lose, so does every other free man and woman in the world. Now, let’s go in there and bring our friends and families home! We must prevail, or we shall certainly perish!”

## **MELTING POINT**





## CHAPTER 1

*“The tree of Liberty must be refreshed from time to time with the blood of patriots and tyrants.”*

**Thomas Jefferson; Declaration of Independence**

*August 17, 2000*

The shadows lengthened across the quiet Mojave Desert, as the setting sun dipped behind the Carbon Mountains to the west. Fifteen-year-old Doug "Snark" Hauser trudged alongside Highway 14 dreading his arrival home. He had left the house earlier in the evening with some friends, who had had subsequently ditched him in town for a better time with some girls and a nickel bag. His expected return time of eleven o'clock was less than two hours away, and he still had over ten miles to go before he made it home. It would be at least midnight before he got in, and Snark knew he was going to be in serious trouble when he finally got home. His father's German temper could sometimes act as a powerful deterrent for disobedience. Snark had hoped that a passing car would stop and give him a ride, but no one had driven by for over an hour, and the few cars that had passed had sported out of state license tags and had not responded to his thumb. He would never make the deadline now.

Snark was your average teenager, with a slight build and short, light brown hair. At 5'10" tall, some would have considered him skinny, but his lightweight bones allowed him to pack more muscle on his frame without gaining noticeable pounds, and his relative light weight and strong upper body allowed him to climb rocks with ease.

The sun dropped below the horizon beyond the mountains, and the desert became dark as Snark plodded onward. He checked the luminous dial on his watch and to his dismay, saw it was already eleven thirty. His shoulders sagged as he continued onward with two more miles to go. The sound of a car approaching from behind grew louder, and suddenly the entire area became bathed in flashing blue light.

Snark looked over his left shoulder, as a Sheriff's Patrol car pulled alongside him and stopped. It was the new sheriff, with whom he had had a brief but benign encounter in Artesia a few days previously, and the sheriff recognized him.

"It's kind of dangerous to be out here by yourself at night, this time of year." Sheriff Wilde remarked. "Rattlesnakes come out at

night. You never know what you might walk into or step on out in the desert. Get in, and I'll give you a ride home."

The boy's face lit up

"Thanks." Snark replied as he climbed into the car. "I thought maybe you were going to give me a hard time or something."

"Did I give you one the other day?" the sheriff inquired, as Snark put his seatbelt on.

"No Sir."

"Then why should I start now? What's your name?"

"Snark Hauser."

"That's kind of an odd name; 'Snark'." the sheriff commented, as he cut off the blue lights and accelerated down the desolate highway. "Is it a nickname?"

"Yes Sir. My real name is Doug, but when I was little, I used to like to watch Captain Bob on Saturday mornings. He would talk about the ocean, and draw pictures and stuff. I used to like him talking about the sharks, but I couldn't say 'sharkie' properly. It always came out 'snarkie' instead. The name just kind of stuck. When I got older, it just shortened to 'Snark.'"

"Interesting." the sheriff said. "Doug's my name too. Which way to your house?"

"I live off Yucca Road." Snark answered.

"I live right on it. We're neighbors, apparently. Why were you walking home, anyway?" Sheriff Wilde inquired, changing the subject. "That's a long hike from town."

"I was out with some friends of mine." Snark said disgustedly. "At least I thought they were friends. We were supposed to spend the evening at the arcade, and that was fine with my parents so long as they brought me home. George was driving and he was supposed to drop me back at the house, but he and a couple of the guys met some girls there and they decided to do something else. Since there wasn't a girl for me, and the something else also involved weed, I told them to drop me off at the house because I didn't want to be around anyone smoking that crap. They wanted me to come with them and act as a lookout if I didn't want to try it, but I said 'no.' Since they were going in the other direction to the old borax mine, they just left me behind. I didn't want my parents to think I had bad judgment in friends, so I started hitch hiking. I thought I could get home in time, but now I'm really late. They probably won't trust me again, now."

"Well," the sheriff said, as he turned onto Yucca Road, "hitch hiking *was* using bad judgment, but your reason for doing it was

completely understandable. You did the right thing by not going with them. I'm sure your parents will understand that."

"I hope so." Snark said in a worried tone. "Make a right here. It's the last house at the end of the drive."

The sheriff turned to the right, onto a dirt lane that wound slightly around and over several small hills. They passed a few houses and a trailer, before the drive ended at a house atop a scrub-covered knoll. Like the sheriff's own yard, there were a few Mojave yuccas growing. In addition, a large Arizona-native Saguaro cactus grew near the front door. It obviously had been planted, but was doing well in a xenotropic habitat. Sheriff Wilde and Snark got out of the car, and the front door opened. A woman hurried over to them, as a man ambled out behind her. She rushed up to Snark, and threw her arms around him tightly.

"Where have you been?" she cried. "And why didn't George bring you back? Is he okay? Are you okay?"

She looked at the sheriff.

"Oh my god! What have you done? Are you in trouble? Is he in trouble Sheriff?"

Sheriff Wilde smiled.

"No Mrs. Hauser," he assured her, "he isn't in trouble."

"Well he is now!" Mr. Hauser rumbled.

"He's fine, thanks for asking," the sheriff admonished. "Did it occur to you that maybe something happened to him?"

"Well, not after we saw you bring him here." Mrs. Hauser stated grudgingly.

"You should be proud of your son." Sheriff Wilde told them. "He made a choice tonight that will affect him for the rest of his life. Some of his friends were going to smoke some dope out at the old mine. They tried to persuade him to go along, but he wouldn't do it, so they dumped him. He didn't have any way to get home."

"Why didn't you just call us?" Snark's mother said, looking at him. "Your father or I would have come out there to get you."

"I didn't want you to think I was hanging around with bad kids. I thought you would come down on me for that."

"Look at how you're treating him with me here." the sheriff said to them. "How would you have handled the situation in town? Your son didn't want to worry you, so he walked around for awhile looking for someone to take him home. When he couldn't find anyone, he came over to my office."

Snark's eyes widened as the sheriff covered for him, but he remained silent.

"We met the other day in town, and he saw that I was working late. He knew I live nearby, so he asked me if I would bring him home. I suppose he should have let you know that, but fifteen-year-old boys don't sometimes think about the same things that adults do. Would you rather he went with them, and made it home at a reasonable hour?"

"No." Mrs. Hauser answered, hugging Snark once more. "I'm sorry Son. I should have given you the benefit of the doubt."

"Me too." his father added. He turned to the sheriff and put his hand out. "I'm Cliff Hauser, Sheriff. Thanks for bringing my boy home."

"You're welcome." Sheriff Wilde replied, shaking his outstretched hand. "I'm Doug Wilde."

Cliff Hauser looked at Snark.

"Son, if you ever get in a situation like that again, call us. We might seem mad at the time, but we'll realize soon enough that you did the right thing."

"Okay Dad, I will."

"Come on inside when you're ready." his father said, turning away. "And if I ever see that George Bernkie again, I'll tear him a new-"

"Come on Cliff." Tina Hauser urged, cutting him off.

Snark's parents headed toward the house, as the sheriff looked out across the desert. He could clearly see the mercury vapor light mounted on the front of his garage, about three miles distant. To the left, the sky glowed faintly from the lights in Artesia. The front door shut, and Snark stood next to the sheriff in the quietness of the dark country night.

"Thanks Sheriff." he said appreciatively. "You really covered my butt. Why did you tell them I came to your office, instead of what really happened?"

"I was fifteen once." Sheriff Wilde answered. "I got into a few tight spots myself."

"Anything like this?"

"No, but if I had, my father would have picked me up. He would have understood, and he wouldn't have given me a hard time about it so long as I was honest with him. I'm a pretty good judge of character and I believe what you told me, but if I find out that there was another reason that you were late, I'll never believe you again."

"It's true Sheriff, I swear."

"Then everything's cool. I'll see you around." Sheriff Wilde remarked, as he headed for his car and got in. "Good night Snark. Take care now."

“You too, Sheriff. Thanks again.”

Sheriff Wilde started the car, and shut the door. He waved to Snark, as he drove away.

“*Jimmy was right.*” Snark said to himself, remembering his friend’s comment about the sheriff’s character as he watched the sheriff’s taillights disappear over the rise. “*That’s one cool guy.*”

Neither the sheriff nor Snark had any idea that this had been a momentous night for the youth. The sheriff had had a profound impact on Snark’s future. No longer would he waste away his afternoon hours, wanting to become a mechanic in his uncle’s service station after graduation. He would devote all his spare time to his books in the three remaining years of high school, to graduate with honors and pursue a career in law enforcement. Sheriff Wilde had unwittingly created a fateful set of circumstances, which would one day lead to a dramatic upheaval in the nation’s fate and help return America to her people. Snark would come a long way from Artesia, California.

Snark shut the front door behind himself and locked it, before heading for his room.

“Good night, Mom. Good night, Dad.”

“Good night, Son.” his parents replied in unison.

Seeds for the future had been sown tonight, under the magic light of the desert moon.

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Four-year-old Sallee Schoenbraun opened her eyes at the sound of crashing thunder, and hugged her teddy bear tightly. The vivid lightning and deafening thunderclaps terrified the little girl. Her ears were very sensitive, and the raging summer storm was directly overhead. Sallee pulled the covers tightly over her head and hugged the teddy bear once again. The thunder began to diminish in volume as the cell passed, and Sallee drifted off to sleep once more. When she awoke once again, sunlight was streaming in her bedroom window.

Sallee stared up at the cartoon characters painted on her ceiling by her mother while she was pregnant with her. She smiled and rolled the covers back, climbing out of bed and looking for her bathrobe. She slipped it on over her pajamas, and trotted downstairs to the kitchen where her father was drinking a mug of coffee while reading the Sunday paper.

“Hello Pumpkin,” he said with a smile, as she dragged a chair out from under the table and climbed up to hug her father.

“Good morning Daddy.” Sallee replied, as she hugged her father tightly.

Kurt Schoenbraun was proud of his baby girl. He had always dreamed of having a son, and although disappointed that his wife could no longer have children, Sallee more than made up for the space. Perhaps she would one day marry a wonderful young man that he would be proud to have for a son in law. That would still be okay, he decided.

He had emigrated from Trier, Germany with his parents when he was seven, and had met Susan McCoy in high school, when she moved to Estes Park Colorado from Louisville, Kentucky. Half German, and half Irish, she had immediately captured his heart. Her long, auburn hair had attracted the attention of many young men, but Kurt had been the lucky winner of her affections. They had married soon after graduation when Kurt became a US citizen, and Sallee had been an answer to a prayer for both of them. Unfortunately, due to a fallopian tube pregnancy, Susan's one good ovary was now useless.

Sallee had brought the young couple much joy in her four years of life, and the setting of mountainous Colorado made a perfect compliment to their lives. They had decided to stay in the area after graduation, as Denver had a large gang problem and a corresponding crime rate. Kurt worked in a machine shop, and commuted to Denver to attend a community college, where he was learning to become an architect. He had one year left to go, and already his employer's brother who owned a respected architectural firm in the area, had expressed in interest in hiring the young man when he graduated.

He looked at his little daughter, with her straight auburn hair, and saw his wife in her. She would grow up to be a beautiful woman just like Susan, he decided.

"Mommy!" Sallee exclaimed, as she spied her mother emerging from the basement of the house they shared with Kurt's parents.

"Hi Precious." her mother replied. "Did you hear the storm last night?"

"Yes Mommy, but I wanted to be brave like you said I should be, so I didn't go in to see you."

"That's my girl!" Kurt exclaimed. "I'm proud of you Honey. Give Daddy a Big Girl kiss."

Sallee planted a large kiss on her father's cheek and smiled broadly at the compliment.

"Just for that, I'll take you for ice cream this afternoon." Kurt informed her. "One day you'll learn not to be afraid of anything, if you learn to face your fears."

Sallee's eyes grew wide.

"Really?"

"Yep. You can do anything you set your mind to do." Her mother assured her in a pleasant Kentucky drawl.

"Can I be a warrior princess like Xena?"

"Well, there isn't too much need for warrior princesses anymore," her father mused, "but with the way things are going in Washington, you never know."

He looked up to catch a sharp look from his wife.

"What?" he protested.

"Not yet, Kurt. Wait until she's older."

"By then it may be too late. We discussed this before, Susan. She needs to know while she's still young. I don't want her corrupted by any ZOG school! She's starting kindergarten in a few weeks, and she needs to know some things before she starts."

Susan sighed, as Sallee looked at her father inquisitively.

"Know what, Daddy? And what's a zog?"

Kurt placed his index finger vertically against his chin and pursed his lips. He had elected to open a complex issue, and now had to decide how to go about informing his daughter of certain things without telling her too much. She was a very intelligent little girl, and had been accepted into kindergarten a year early, so he felt confident that she was old enough to comprehend what he was about to tell her.

"Well Pumpkin," he started, "you know how when we go to Denver, you see people that look different from us?"

Sallee nodded.

"You mean the niggers?"

Kurt had let the word slip from his lips two months earlier when a Negro asked him for money while they waited at an intersection just outside of Denver. He had half expected little Sallee, who was always the polite and friendly one, to walk up to a random Negro on the sidewalk the next time they were in Denver, and not knowing any better, greet him or her with an enthusiastic, "Hi Nigger!"

"Yes." he replied, "but don't use that word, except around us, until you get older. Call them Blacks for now. There are others too. Your mother and I will show you how to tell them apart; Mexicans, Asians, Jews, Arabs. They are all different races from us."

Sallee looked puzzled.

"Races? Like when you and I run out to the barn and back?"

Susan smiled, as she began to wash Kurt's breakfast plate in the kitchen sink.

*"This is going to be a lot harder than I realized,"* The native Deuschlander thought to himself, as he fumbled for the right words, *"but she'll learn. She'll learn that it's okay to be White, and more so,*



*to be proud of her skin color; not ashamed or brainwashed into imitating a jungle savage."*

***September 11, 2001***

"Is the sheriff around?" Snark inquired of the receptionist at the Sheriff's Office.

Fourteen months had passed since Sheriff Wilde had given him a ride home, and his interest in law enforcement had behooved the sheriff to offer him a junior position, similar to the Boy Scouts Explorer program. Although he had no law enforcement powers, Snark participated in ride-alongs, and sometimes answered the phone or dispatched in Communications. He was just as much a member of the Sheriff's Office as any sworn deputy or communications officer, in the eyes of the Department.

The receptionist nodded; her face grim.

"He's in the break room, along with everyone else. They're all watching the news."

"What's wrong?" Snark asked in bewilderment.

He had never seen Debbie act that way before, and he became slightly concerned.

"Two planes flew into the World Trade Center around nine o'clock." Debbie explained. "Another hit the Pentagon awhile ago. Not little ones either; they're saying they're commercial airliners. One of the twin towers is gone. When the first tower was hit, they thought it was an accident. Then another one flew into the other tower. That's when they knew it was no accident. Then a third plane crashed into the Pentagon. They're saying it's terrorists. People are jumping out of windows to avoid being burned."

Snark rushed past Debbie to the break room, where at least a dozen officers and non-emergency personnel had gathered to watch the communal TV. An aerial view was showing the two magnificent towers of the World Trade Center on fire, and huge columns of smoke billowed into the sky.

*"She must have heard that wrong."* Snark thought. *"They're both still standing."*

Sheriff Wilde turned to face the youth as he entered the room; his lips pressed together grimly. A voice on the television was recounting the scene of horror, and then added, "all this just moments ago. We now return to live coverage." Suddenly, the screen showed only one tower, and a massive cloud of dust and smoke enveloping the area. The sheriff placed his hand on Snark's shoulder as he stood next to him, watching the events unfold.

The female voice on the television was quivering, as she said, "and once again, those horrible images of the south tower collapsing."

Once more, there were two towers visible against the Manhattan skyline, when one of the skyscrapers began to disintegrate, crashing down upon itself; floor-by-floor. Snark stood speechless as he watched the monolith implode. Debris and dust rolled toward the camera like a tidal wave, as the cameraman turned to flee. He ducked behind a car to shield himself, as the cloud enveloped him and day turned into night.

"Jesus Christ." Snark muttered quietly. "What happened?"

"They're saying four planes have been hijacked." Sheriff Wilde explained quietly. "Two hit the World Trade center, one hit the Pentagon, and they don't know where the fourth one is. What are you doing home from school, anyway?"

"I have a doctor's appointment at eleven." Snark replied.

"Not anymore." one of the deputies remarked. "I think the whole country is about to shut down."

The news was interrupted by a studio shot of a newscaster.

"We've just received word on that missing plane." he stated. "It apparently crashed southeast of Pittsburgh, just south of Shanksville, Pennsylvania. There is no word yet on whether it was shot down or if it crashed on its own."

Snark ran his fingers through his hair, trying to collect his thoughts, when an attractive woman with long, light brown hair pulled into a high ponytail rushed into the break room and threw her arms around the sheriff. It was Tammy Peterson, sister of the sheriff's chief deputy, and the fiancée of the sheriff himself.

"Tommy called me." she said to Sheriff Wilde, referring to her brother. "My god, this is horrible! Hello Snark."

"Hi, Miss Peterson." Snark responded.

His eyes returned to the television, and as he watched intently at the telephoto shot of the tall antenna atop the remaining tower, he thought he saw it vibrating. The camera appeared to pan upwards, as the antenna slid down the screen.

"It's going too!" Snark burst out in disbelief, as a cloud of dust arose where the aerial had stood only seconds before.

The north tower collapsed in much the same manner as the south tower; from the top down, showering nearby buildings with debris as it fell to Earth. An enormous cloud of dust and ash billowed out from the area, mimicking the collapse of the first tower.

This time, it was live action unfolding, and none of those present had seen the first tower fall until after they had heard about it. The sheriff's thoughts dashed back to 1986, when he too, had stayed home

from school one day. He had turned the television on just in time to catch the final countdown of a space shuttle launch. Having never seen one before, he stared fascinated at the television, as the Challenger lifted off the newly completed Pad B and thundered toward the heavens. He was perplexed as the flaming contrail suddenly split in half. After several minutes of confusion and live camera shots of various locations at Cape Canaveral, a young Doug Wilde had watched as family members were informed via loudspeaker, that the Challenger had exploded. His heart wept for those who dropped to their knees, some fainting, at the news.

Snark was now experiencing the same feelings that the sheriff had felt in 1986, and now again at the senseless loss of so many lives. Snark felt lightheaded, and sat down heavily in a chair, as Tammy and the sheriff embraced tightly; their eyes full of tears. No eyes were any longer dry in the break room, including Snark's, and several people held their faces in their hands.

"How many people were in those two buildings?" Tammy asked softly, her voice trembling. "My god, how many people just died?"

"Thousands. This is the beginning of the end for this country." Sheriff Wilde said quietly, as he loosened his hold on his fiancée and sat down numbly.

It was fairly well known that he had no love for the Federal government, and had in fact even incarcerated two FBI agents for their role in a drug smuggling operation into the heart of Mojave County, via a remote location known as The Badlands, the year before. The sheriff was extremely pro gun, and most of Snark's passion for not only law enforcement, but also for the second Amendment, had been inspired by him. The sheriff seemed to have a sixth sense when it came to sniffing out cover-ups and conspiracy theories.

"What do you mean?" Tammy asked, sniffing and wiping the tears from her eyes. "The end of what?"

"They've been looking for an excuse to seize our Constitutional liberties." the sheriff explained. "It wouldn't surprise me one bit if they vote some haphazard law into effect to 'protect us,' that doesn't end up violating every amendment to the Constitution. They could snoop on us, take our guns; who knows what else. Big Brother has already become a reality but now, if they take off with this, we'll be worse off than the Soviets ever were. It'll be the same kind of governmental control over the people, but with all kinds of modern technology to back it up. This country will never be what it once was, unless the people stand and fight to get it back. This is all just too convenient."

He looked up at the television, where they were broadcasting a live shot of the Pentagon in flames.

“Look at that! A commercial jet did that? Bullshit! Where’s all the burning aviation fuel? Where’s the wreckage? And where the hell did the wings go? There’s no gashes on either side of that hole. If they tore off, they’d be laying on the ground.

“They found unexploded military ordnance strapped to the piers under the Murrah Federal Building in Oklahoma City, after Tim McVeigh supposedly blew it up. That episode just happened to coincide with Clinton’s battle against the gun owners and militias. Blame the militias for it, and use it as an excuse to burn the Constitution to fight them. I don’t know who they’ll try and pin this one on, but I can almost guarantee you, whoever it is, we’ll be at war with ‘them’ soon.

“I’ll bet a brand new Beretta they already know who’s behind it. That cowboy we’ve got running things in Washington now, is in bed with Israel. It wouldn’t surprise me one bit if they’re even behind it themselves.”

### *October 25, 2001*

“Sheriff Wilde was right!” Snark exclaimed, as he watched the Thursday evening news. “Damn!”

His father overheard the outburst, and ambled into the living room to see what Snark was commenting on.

“About what?” he inquired.

“They passed something called the Patriot Act yesterday. Sheriff Wilde said they would shove some new legislation at us last month when those planes hit the towers. He was right.”

“What is it?” Cliff asked, as he sat to watch the rest of the news story.

“They gave the government all kinds of sweeping new powers to go after terrorists, but a lot of people are saying it’s all just a cover to take away more of our rights. They’re saying almost anyone can be designated a terrorist under the new laws, and that all their rights can be taken away. They can be held indefinitely without even being charged with anything! Someone was saying that they can even deny you a lawyer, and keep you from seeing your family; that they don’t even have to tell your family they have you in custody!”

“It may be.” Cliff replied. “A whole lot’s changed in this country since I was your age. Hell, they gave the Blacks everything but the White House back in ‘64, and it’s all been going downhill ever since. Then they passed the Gun Control Act in ‘68 which started most of the

modern gun grabbing bullshit. I don't know that much about it, but your friend the sheriff sure does, I'll bet. If there's anyone that can tell you about gun laws, it's him. He's really on top of that, for some reason."

"The sheriff knows his guns all right." Snark acknowledged. "He's taught me a lot, that's for sure."

"I can tell you plenty about all the problems desegregation has caused, and why the Civil War was really fought, but I never was one to get interested in guns. I guess maybe I should have. With this new law they just passed, maybe I ought to learn before it's too late. Hell, it may already be too late."

"What does desegregation have to do with the Civil War?" Snark inquired, directing his attention away from the TV for a second. "Other than the fact that the war was fought to free the slaves, and the Civil Rights Act was passed to keep them free?"

Cliff Hauser snorted.

"The Civil War had nothing to do with slavery!" he exclaimed. "They'd have you believe that crap, the way they teach you things in school, but the Civil War was fought over power; power that the Union wanted, but couldn't have according to the Constitution. They wanted a federation and they got it. What do you call the government in Washington?"

"Uh, the Federal government?" Snark guessed.

"Yup. This country was founded as a democratic republic, not a democracy or a federation. Lincoln wanted a federation, and all the power to tax that went along with it. Johnny Reb told him to fuck off, and the South seceded from the United States, as they had every right to do under the Constitution. That traitor knew they were right, and that the public would never support a war over States' rights, so he made slavery the issue instead, to throw everyone off track. It's worked too. That's all they teach you in school nowadays about the war; that it was fought over slavery and emancipation of the niggers. Bullshit! He sent thousands of them back to Africa before John Wilkes Booth put a hole in his head.

"Did you know that several Northern newspaper reporters were banished to the South for the duration of the war for reporting the truth? How's that for muzzling the Press?"

"I never heard that before." Snark said somewhat incredulously. "Why don't they teach us that in school if it's the truth?"

"Because truth is knowledge, and knowledge is power." his father replied. "Go up in the attic and go through the old encyclopedias that are boxed up. They were my Uncle Fritz's. They were printed before

the Second World War. They're long since obsolete, but they were printed before the Jews made a mockery of our history. You'll find a lot of what I just told you in there."

Snark was surprised to hear his father speak of the Jewish people in that manner. It was almost as though he were speaking in contempt about them. His thoughts drifted back to Sheriff Wilde's comments the day of the World Trade Center attacks. He had made a rather seemingly callous remark about Israel, and now his father's comments about the Jews puzzled him.

"I've been hearing a lot about Jews and Israel since this all started." Snark remarked. "What's it all about?"

Cliff Hauser looked at his son for a few moments before replying. Unlike Kurt Schoenbraun, he had elected to let his son discover the ways of the world on his own; to judge people by his own experiences with them, not the by the words of others. Due to a combination of recent circumstances and now his son's inquiry, Cliff decided it was time to have a father to son talk entirely different from the kind most adolescents get.

\*

"Mrs. Petrillo, would you send Sallee Schoenbraun to my office please?"

The words of Frank Carlson, principal at Sallee's elementary school, interrupted the class's discussion on the Revolutionary War. A chorus of "oooooooooh," filled the classroom, as Sallee stood and left the room.

"Hello Sallee." Mr. Carlson said with a smile, as he closed the door and sat back down behind his desk.

"Hello Mr. Carlson." Sallee replied politely. "Am I in trouble for something?"

"Oh no, Sallee. It's just that I wanted to talk to you about something. How do you like the first grade so far?"

"Oh, I really like it, Mr. Carlson!" Sallee exclaimed.

"Mrs. Petrillo says you like to read, and that you are very advanced for your age. She says you read better than any other student in her class does, even though you're a year younger than everyone else."

Sallee looked blankly at her principal.

"What I'm trying to say, is that we have special classes for boys and girls such as yourself. I talked to your parents, and they agreed with my assessment of your abilities. Would you like to attend a special class for a few hours each day, where you would be able to read books and stories that were more at your level?"

Sallee brightened.

"Oh yes, Mr. Carlson!"

"Your math and writing skills are advanced also." Mr. Carlson continued. "It's possible that you may be able to go directly into the third grade next year, if you keep your marks up. Do you remember that strange test you were given last week?"

"Yes."

"It's called an IQ test, which stands for 'intelligence quotient.' You scored extremely well on it. In fact, you are performing at a fifth grade level in most areas, although your math skills weren't quite as high as the other areas."

"I don't like math." Sallee said frankly. "I don't see why I need to learn it. It won't do me any good."

"You use math in almost everything, Sallee." her principal explained. "Almost every job requires the use of arithmetic."

"Not for what I want to do." Sallee assured him.

"What do you want to be when you grow up then, Sallee?" Mr. Carlson inquired.

"A warrior. Like Xena."

Frank Carlson scratched his head.

"Well, I suppose you could go into the military, but they don't allow women in combat. Besides, your IQ is 147. You could be anything you wanted."

"I *want* to be a warrior." Sallee insisted. "My daddy said I could do anything I put my mind to."

Her principal sighed.

"Okay Sallee, but if you change your mind, I have a whole list of things that would better suit your talents."

"Okay then, I'll become a doctor."

"Well now, that's more realistic!" Mr. Carlson said enthusiastically. "What made you change your mind?"

"Nothing," Sallee replied, "but I guess it would be helpful to know how to help people that will get hurt fighting."

"You're still wanting to be in the military, huh? Well, I suppose our soldiers could use a smart lady doctor."

"I don't want to be in the Army." Sallee stated emphatically. "I'm going to be a mercenary."

"A mercenary!" her principal burst out. "As in killing people? Where in the world did you ever come up with that idea? Where did a five-year-old girl come up with the idea to make that kind of a living?"

"I read it in the newspaper. Mrs. Petrillo gave me an assignment to read about Israel for extra credit, and I read about them hiring

mercenaries to go into some place called Palestine. I didn't know what the word was, so I looked it up in the dictionary."

"Sallee," Mr. Carlson said quietly, leaning forward in his chair, "you must not talk about things like that to people; especially grownups. There are rules that certain people like police officers or school principals, are supposed to report certain things. They would want to know where you got the idea, and immediately suspect your parents. The Department of Social Services would go to your house and talk to your parents. If they thought your parents were teaching you things like that, they could take you away."

"No!" Sallee exclaimed vehemently. "I wouldn't go!"

"You wouldn't have a choice. It's the law."

"The law is wrong!" Sallee said tearfully, as she thought about not seeing her parents again if she were taken from them.

The thought terrified her. Why would someone want to take her away from her parents? They were the most wonderful people in the world. Surely, Mr. Carlson was wrong about this, but Sallee decided to listen to him since he was an adult.

"I agree, but you mustn't talk about things like this again, until you are older, okay?"

"Okay."

"By the way, what did you learn about Israel?"

"No one seems to like them very much. Daddy helped me find information on the computer. It looks like it's their own fault though."

"I see. Why don't we keep this little chat to ourselves, Sallee?" the principal suggested. "No sense in getting some of the other kids jealous of you by taking a special class. And remember, no more talk about being a soldier for hire, okay?"

"Okay." Sallee responded.

Frank Carlson dismissed the girl back to class, and thought for a moment. He hadn't really gleaned enough from her to determine exactly where her interest for battle came from, but he decided to call her parents and set up a meeting. Maybe that would shed some light on the subject. He had never before run across a child as young as Sallee Schoenbraun that was as intelligent as she was and exhibited signs of anti-Israeli perception. Some it had to be coming from the parents, he decided.

Sallee's principal picked up the telephone and dialed a long distance number. After several rings, a male voice on the other end picked up.

"Yes?"



“It’s Frank Carlson. I’m an elementary school principal in Colorado. I’m with the local group here in Estes Park. There’s a little girl here with some very interesting views on Israel, and wanting to become a mercenary. I’ll keep an eye on her and interview her parents, but I think we may have found one worth watching.”

*February 17, 2002*

“You’ve got mail.” Snark’s computer greeted him as he signed on.

There was the usual spam, and an email from his friend Jimmy titled, “The real Saddam; you need a strong stomach.” Snark clicked on it with interest, as Jimmy didn’t usually send him junk.

“These are from tapes smuggled out of Iraq.” the foreword stated. “This is real. It takes awhile to download, and do not do so unless you have a strong stomach. It may also cause nightmares if you are watching this in the evening. Part of this video shows a machine normally used for shredding plastic, converted to a torture device. Men were thrown into it, while others were forced to watch. The lucky ones landed head first, but some of the more unfortunate ones were pulled into the shredder feet first. Their screams would wake the dead.”

Jimmy’s comment was also typed in, “This will make you cry. And maybe puke.”

“*What?*” Snark thought, as he clicked on the download button. “*That sure doesn’t sound like Jimmy.*”

After fifteen minutes, the “file complete” icon displayed, and the video began playing. Snark watched in horror, at an Iraqi man’s tongue being cut out and thrown on the ground. A woman found guilty of waving in greeting to US soldiers, was stripped naked and dragged into a public market, where she was hanged in front of her family, her nude body twisting in the air as she strangled. Another clip showed several screaming men thrown to their deaths from a rooftop by Iraqi soldiers, who then danced and waved at the camera.

Then, the most horrifying scene of all unfolded, as a man was dragged kicking and screaming, by members of Saddam’s elite Republican Guard along a catwalk suspended over a machine of some sort. There was a lot of noise apparently emanating from the machine, but the man’s terrified screams could clearly be heard over it. A group of perhaps seven terrified men was being forced at gunpoint to watch the scene unfold before their eyes. The struggling man was thrown into a hopper on one end of the machine, and his shrieking erupted into guttural screams of pain and terror, as Snark realized this was the plastic shredder, and the prisoner was being consumed by the machine feet first.

The hapless man was showered in his own blood, as first his feet, then his legs were sliced off an inch at a time in the razor-sharp blades of the machine. Several drops of blood splattered the camera lens, leaving unfocused crimson dots on the screen. Snark shrank back in repulsion as the man slowly disappeared into the whirling blades, his screams clearly audible over the roar of the machine. They stopped only when his lungs entered the shredder.

Snark felt sick to his stomach, and turned to see his father standing in the doorway to his room, his lips pulled into a tight grimace. He had heard the Iraqi man's screams of agony on the computer and recognizing them as genuine, had decided to investigate. Cliff stared silently at his son for several seconds before speaking.

"Unbelievable what some 'people' will do to others, isn't it?" he inquired of his son. "Are you a little more willing to listen to what I have to tell you now?"

Snark nodded.

"That's not even the bad guys in the Middle East." his father continued. "That's peanuts compared to what the fucking Jews do to their prisoners. They shove wires up their ass or clamp them to their nuts and turn the voltage on. They cut off their fingers one joint at a time, slowly dismembering them until they either talk or die. I've heard they even shoved a red-hot rod up one guy's ass trying to get him to turn over on someone.

"After the Second World War, they got hold of some of the Nazis we captured. Jesus, the stuff I heard your Uncle Fritz talk about! They'd lay some poor bastard's balls on a block of steel and whack them one at a time with a hammer. Sometimes just hard enough to make them puke or pass out from the pain, or sometimes they'd smash 'em so hard they'd pop. I mean literally explode with a popping noise like a paper bag makes when you blow it up and smash it with your fist. The guys would actually beg the sadistic fuckers to cut their balls off to stop the pain. Then, they'd beg to die. The Jews would just laugh at them and do something else equally gory or agonizing. All the things they accused the Germans of doing to them, came right out of their own torture chambers. They're animals. They aren't human. They aren't fit to exist on this planet with us. They're nothing but users and destroyers.

"The White race is the only civilized race on this planet, Son. All the mud races are violent beyond your imagination. You've had a few dealings with niggers in town when they've stopped for something on the way to L.A. or Phoenix, so you know how they are. Listening to

that subhuman jungle music and threatening people for looking at them the wrong way. They think they can intimidate everyone.”

“That’s only some of them.” Snark protested. “They can’t *all* be like that.”

“They are, trust me. And we wouldn’t have the problem with them in this country, and in the world for that matter, if it wasn’t for the Jew-boy businessmen, judges, and politicians that control this country. They’re deliberately elevating the niggers to our level to take our jobs away and cause strife. They’re bent on dumbing us down to their level so that they can control us easier. And now, here we are losing even more good men to the sand niggers in Camel Land, in Bush’s war for Israel.”

“It’s a war on terror.” Snark informed his father.

“No it’s not.” his father corrected. “It’s the fucking Israelis getting us to do their dirty work for them. Just like they tried to do when they were at war with Egypt. Blew up US ships and tried to make it look like the Egyptians did it so we’d go after Egypt ourselves and fight their war for them. Yellow-ass bastards. They’re no good, Son.

“They’re a mongrel race that stole the identity from you and me, and go around claiming that *they’re* the Chosen Ones. The true Israelites were White. The Jews are nothing but a race of liars and thieves. A tribe of murderers and thieves that killed anyone who wasn’t one of them, until they were all that was left of the religion.

“When their new king took the throne, he converted to Judaism. His subjects were then forced to take on his religion, so they all became Jews. He did it to trick the rest of the world into believing his tribe of subhuman trash was special. He killed off the true Children of God and led the rest of the planet to believe that his people were they. We could just as easily be calling those same people Buddhists, Christians, Hindus, or Muslims today had he taken their faith, but the power was in the stealing of the Israelite faith. Those people are no more Jews, than you or I are Negroes. It would be like the niggers becoming Odinists a thousand years ago, and then killing all the Norse people off and calling themselves Vikings.

“Most of the Jews don’t even believe in God; they’re atheists. That’s like a White atheist calling himself a Christian, simply because most Christians are White, and most Whites are Christians. They’re cunning all right. I’ll give them that, but they want us all dead. They use us to give them more, but one day, they’ll have everything, and we’ll be of no more use to them. Then you’ll see a *real* Holocaust, Son. Not like the Holohoax they purported happened in Germany.

“Once they have total control of this country, they’ll put us all in concentration camps, or kill us all outright. They know that can never happen as long as we are armed, which is why you have all those Jewish politicians in New York, New Jersey, Maryland, and here in California trying to disarm us.

“Take away a country’s ability to defend itself, and by country I mean the citizens, and the government has complete and total control over them. In states where concealed weapons carry is legal, it’s a proven fact that crime rates plummet. Muggers are less likely to stick someone up if there’s a chance they’ll get shot for their trouble.

“The same thing holds true for a country’s citizens. An armed citizenry is free, and a country with guns has citizens, whereas a country without guns has subjects. A government agent is a lot less likely to kick in your door and try to enforce some illegal bullshit if they know you’re waiting on the other side with an AR15 to shoot them for it.

“The politicians know this, and they see guns as a threat to their master control plan; a plan that involves doing worldwide, what their Jewish brethren in Israel have done to Palestine. They want to disarm us so we can’t fight back. They take away more and more of our liberties and tell us and every other country in the world, what to do.

“They’re slowly succeeding too. That’s why all those countries over there hate us, Snark. They see us helping Israel; a country that murdered and stole it’s existence. Therefore, in their eyes, we *are* Israel, and as long as we help those cowardly bastards in their agenda, we’ll be targets of terrorist attacks. The Israelis marched into Palestine and slew forty thousand people. They killed women and children, while their fathers and husbands were away. They slit the bellies of pregnant women open, and eviscerated the fetuses, leaving both to die long, drawn-out deaths. They raped thousands of women in front of their families and then killed them, or stripped them and forced them to walk naked through the town streets while others raped them, urinated on them, or tortured them with bayonets. Some were then publicly hanged or run over. A few were allowed to live after their breasts were cut off.

“They took their “Promised Land” by force. They stole it from the Palestinians, and we’re supposed to feel sorry for those Jews when they get ambushed and get what’s coming to them. They stole the whole country of Israel like that. They’re like Blacks; they want your Nikes, so they kill you for them, only with the Israelis, it’s killing for land while claiming to be God’s Chosen People. They want it, so they kill

the Palestinians and simply take it. Where's the civility in that, for Christ's sake?

"They kill Palestinians by the dozens daily, in the West Bank. Someone kills an Israeli soldier though, and they'll massacre ten Palestinians in reprisal. All you see on the news though, are the weepy Jews when one of theirs gets taken out. They never show the bastards dragging people from their cars at random roadblocks, robbing them, and then shooting them in the head.

"They still shoot Palestinian children for fun, and laugh as they lie screaming and bleeding in the street, then they shoot them in the head to kill them when the fun is all over. I'm not making this up, Snark. I've seen pictures of it; photographs of parents holding their child to shield him, while the Israeli soldiers keep firing, then pictures of all of them laying lifeless in the street, while the Jews rifle through their pockets. Then they go about their merry ways, laughing and smoking cigarettes as though nothing out of the ordinary had happened, and you know what? To them, I guess it really *isn't* out of the ordinary.

"It's no wonder the Palestinians blow them up in retaliation every chance they can. I don't blame them at all. Hell, I'm on their side in all this, truth be known. If the Canadians invaded the West coast and killed you and your mother for fun, you bet I'd be the first one to strap a bomb on my ass and drive straight into the heart of Ottawa and take as many of the bastards with me as I could."

Snark was still having a hard time believing all this, but he knew that number one; his father wouldn't lie to him, and number two, after what he has just watched on tape, anything was possible.

## CHAPTER 2

*“They that can give up essential liberty to obtain a little temporary safety deserve neither liberty nor safety.”*

**Benjamin Franklin; Historical review of Pennsylvania, 1759**

*July 18, 2003*

Twenty-five-year-old Seth Baker escorted his girlfriend Judy Thomas along the concourse at Eppley Air field in Omaha, Nebraska. He had planned a romantic getaway for the couple that would take them to Puerto Vallarta, Mexico for the weekend. They had been dating seriously for almost fourteen months, and Seth had a special surprise for Judy when they got to Mexico. After a nice dinner and maybe a moonlit walk along the beach, he planned to propose to her. He had been making payments on a ring for three months, and had just made the final payment on Wednesday. It had been cutting it close! Nothing could dampen Seth's spirits, as he was ninety-nine percent sure that Judy would say yes. Seth was about to find out how the Patriot Act affected him personally, and out of three separate incidents that occurred almost simultaneously at various airports across the country, Seth was going to be the luckiest.

Under the act, all airport personnel became federalized. Rather than simple, private security workers, they were now all Federal agents, and with that title, came a newfound power. Invasive searches, and unconstitutional demands became commonplace by the screeners. If the targets of these demands refused, they were denied flight authorization. As more and more citizens were subjected to unreasonable searches and seizures, many chose not to fly. For those that had no choice however, the “scareports” became a nightmare.

Seth checked his bag at the screener, and emptied his pockets into a plastic tray before passing through the metal detector. He stepped through the detector without incident, and began reclaiming his possessions when his bag emerged from the X-ray scanner.

“Is this your bag?” the screener inquired gruffly.

“Yes,” Seth replied, with a startled look on his face, “is there a problem?”

Without answering, the screener unzipped the bag and dumped its contents onto the polished terrazzo floor. Unbeknownst to Seth, the screener, Ralph Berger, was a lonely man who had never had a girlfriend. At the age of forty-three, he was still a virgin, and hostile to any man with a wife or girlfriend.

"What the-!" Seth exclaimed, as the screener began pawing through his belongings.

"Stay where you are!" the screener demanded authoritatively.

He dug through the contents of the bag until he came to Seth's shaving kit. He tossed it to Seth, who caught it with both hands.

"Open it." the screener instructed. "And dump it on the ground."

"For what?" Seth asked angrily.

Judy's ring was in a wrapped box hidden in the shaving kit where she wouldn't accidentally find it. It was plain to the screener what it was, and he was delighting in tormenting the traveler, but surely he wouldn't push it to the end. *No one* was that mean.

"Open it or you don't fly."

Seth's hands were shaking, as he opened the kit and spilled the contents onto the smooth floor. Among his toiletries was a small, neatly wrapped package with a silver ribbon and bow.

"What's that?" the screener demanded.

"You know what it is." Seth replied. "You could see it on the X-ray."

"Open it." the screener instructed.

"Come on, you know what it is. Don't do this to me. Please, Mister."

"I said open it. It looks suspicious to me."

"Why are you doing this to me?" Seth asked, as tears welled up in his eyes.

He tore the paper from the box and opened it. There were several gasps of dismay, as onlookers realized what was happening to the young man.

"Oh Seth," Judy said quietly, "it's beautiful."

Seth pulled away from her and began stuffing his belongings back in his bag.

"It's okay Seth." Judy said reassuringly. "I know you wanted to surprise me, but it's okay."

"No it isn't!" Seth blurted out. "I had the whole weekend planned, and now it's ruined. I only had one chance to make a proposal, and it's ruined."

Tears rolled down his cheeks, as he picked the bag up.

"Thank you for your cooperation Sir!" the screener hollered at Seth as he walked away dejectedly. "Your country thanks you too!"

"What was the sense in that, Ralph?" a second airport employee inquired, as he walked up to the screener.

Ralph Berger shrugged his shoulders.

“It was fun. Besides, I hate people in relationships. Why should he enjoy his weekend when mine’s all fucked up? If I’m not happy, then they’re not going to be either. Fuck ‘em.”

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Forty-year-old Reba Henning hurried through the corridors of Tulsa International Airport. Her elderly parents would be arriving shortly, and she had secured special permission to meet them at the gate due to her mother’s requiring a wheelchair. Reba waited impatiently in line, as the minutes ticked away. She was bipolar, and her patience was wearing thin; particularly when it came to people who in her mind, were not qualified for the position they had been granted.

Reba removed her jewelry and stepped through the metal detector, but not before the squat Jewess monitoring the objects as they passed through the X-ray scanner, spied her Waffen SS honor ring and decided to single her out.

“Would you step over here please?” the screener asked roughly.

Reba complied and followed the short, dark-haired woman to the side of the area. She had no idea that anything was wrong, and was anxious to greet her parents at the gate.

“Empty your pockets and turn them inside out, then take off your shoes.” the screener instructed.

Once again, Reba did as she was asked. Upon finding nothing satisfactory in Reba’s pockets or shoes, even after she ran the woman’s shoes through the X-ray, the screener decided to perform a more personal search of Reba’s person.

“I need you to come with me.”

“I have to get to Gate B.” Reba responded. “My parents are waiting. My mother needs assistance, and I have to get her.”

“She can wait.” the swarthy woman retorted. “Now come with me.”

“No.” Reba replied. “I have to go. I already had special permission to be able to go back there to meet my parents without a ticket. You know if I got that, that I’m certainly not a terrorist. I’m not going anywhere with you.”

“Then you’ll have to leave the airport.”

“I can’t! I have to get my parents!”

“You’ll leave or I’m getting Airport Police out here.”

The woman stormed to a microphone, and suddenly the P.A. blared with her nasally voice.

“Airport Police to Checkpoint Adam!”

Reba looked concerned as a uniformed officer raced up.



“Officer!” the woman hollered. “Escort this woman off airport grounds.”

“I’m not going anywhere!” Reba responded angrily. “I need to get my mother! What is with you people, anyway?”

“Then you’ll be charged with trespassing.” the security officer, who also happened to be an off duty highway patrolman stated. “Put your hands behind your back.”

“No!” Reba exclaimed. “I need to get my parents!”

“I said put your hands behind your back!” the officer repeated, grabbing Reba’s arm and twisting it painfully behind her as he attempted to drag her off the concourse.

Instinctively, the woman lashed out at the person who was hurting her, striking the officer in the jaw. He grabbed her and began trying to wrestle her to the floor. Two other officers dashed up and attempted to subdue Reba, one of whom received a Doc Martin boot in his groin for his interference. The other two security officers finally succeeded in throwing Reba to the ground, and pinning her arms behind her back, clamped a set of handcuffs on her wrists. In the scuffle, Reba’s shoulder was dislocated, and having her hands cuffed behind her back was excruciating. She winced visibly at the pain, and the Jewess smiled evilly as she bent down.

“Got yours, you filthy Nazi bitch.” the swarthy woman breathed into Reba’s ear.

Less than four hundred feet away, Reba’s parents anxiously awaited her arrival. After twenty-five minutes, her mother looked at her father.

“I hope she hasn’t gotten arrested.” she said half jokingly, but with a worried tone to her voice. “With everything going on, there’s no telling what may have happened.”

“You’re in serious trouble!” the officer who first approached Reba said, as he lifted her to her feet. “You’re under arrest for trespassing, and assaulting an officer.”

Two weeks later, Reba would awaken to intense knocking at her door, only to find herself facing six FBI agents who promptly handcuffed and arrested her, charging her with “interfering with airport security screening;” a Federal offense and a felony. She would ultimately be found guilty in a Federal court overseen by an overzealous judge who would not allow surveillance tapes to be entered into the defense; tapes that would clearly have exonerated the woman. Additionally, it would turn out later that the airport authorities had even withheld another tape showing the scene from a different angle altogether; one that contained evidence damning enough against

the trooper, that it was never recovered. Reba would spend the next three years wondering what had happened to her rights to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. Another precedent had now been set in the erosion of even more Constitutional rights in the fraudulent war against Terror.

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Thirty-five-year-old Dan Shanks returned to the photo lab in Bridgehampton, Long Island, New York where he had earlier dropped off a roll of film for processing. He was on vacation from Council Bluffs, Iowa, and visiting his aunt in nearby Water Mill for several days. The previous afternoon, he had gone to South Beach to photograph some unusually large ocean swells; the result of several days of strong winds blowing in from Bermuda, and had discovered a forgotten roll of film already in the camera. The full twenty-four frames were exposed, and Dan removed it from the camera and placed in his jacket pocket. Unable to recollect everything he had exposed on the roll of film, he had innocently taken it to the photo finisher for development that morning to find out what else was on it.

Dan paid for the prints and exited the shop, noticing that a Southampton police cruiser had pulled up to the curb outside the front door while he was inside, and that the police officer was talking to someone. It had not been there when he arrived, but Dan paid no attention to the officer or the person he was talking to, as he passed them and returned to his car to review the photographs.

He thumbed through the pictures, pausing to smile at two photographs of his black and white kitten, Skunkie, sitting on the shrouded barrel of his Browning 1919. He had completely forgotten about snapping the two pictures almost two months previously, when he had left the carrying case for the semi-automatic version of World Wars 1 and 2, .30 caliber machine gun open, after having cleaned the heavy rifle after a day of shooting. He had found the scene so cute that he had decided to take a few pictures.

Dan had taken pictures of the little kitten posing next to firearms before, but had always had them developed in Council Bluffs where guns were no big deal. It was never an issue there, but he was soon to find out what kind of an issue could be made from it in such a strongly anti-gun state as New York; especially in an area as exclusive as The Hamptons, and less than ninety miles from Ground Zero on 9/11.

He was startled to hear a knock on the driver's window, and looked up to see the same officer that had been standing in front of the photo shop. He rolled his window down and addressed the young officer.

“Yes?”

“Would you mind explaining these pictures to me?” the officer inquired, waving an entire set of prints duplicate to Dan’s, in his face.

Dan was stunned. The roll of film also contained photographs of a pioneer village, in addition to the pictures of Skunkie and several shots of a thirteen star Betsy Ross flag. Obviously, the officer was referring to the pictures with the gun, but he was taken aback as to why.

“Sure.” Dan replied, still amazed but not at a loss for words. “My kitten was sitting on the rifle and I thought it was cute, so I snapped a few pics. What’s the big deal?”

“Where is it?” the officer inquired. “Is it here in New York?”

“Oh no.” Dan responded, suddenly realizing that this was about New York’s strict firearms laws, and that they did not accept Federal laws regarding Class 3 ownership. “It’s in Iowa where I’m from. It’s semi-auto and totally legal.”

Not that Iowa’s laws had anything to do with those in New York, but he was also aware that even the semi-automatic version that he owned was illegal in the state. He wanted to make it exceptionally clear that the firearm was not only in a different state, but was quite legal in that state as well.

“Well, the owner called us saying something about ‘pictures of a machine gun’.” the officer explained.

“So what!” Dan burst out. “It could have been a demilled dummy gun or a prop, or a semi-auto version, which it is, and it could have been taken anywhere, which it was. That rifle is a Browning 1919, and the difference between semi and full-auto versions is in the side plates. You can take that picture to any firearms expert, and they’ll confirm it’s semi. Anyway, if you look at this picture, you can see a dark round edge. That’s a Whammer Hammer, and it makes the gun shoot at almost the full auto rate by bumping the trigger. If it was a machine gun, I wouldn’t have any need for that.”

“Okay,” the officer responded. “Why would you even need it to begin with though? I mean, it’s not like you can use it for hunting or anything.”

He had no knowledge of firearms whatsoever, but felt certain that Dan was being honest with him. He had looked him in the eye when answering all questions, and was smiling when looking at the pictures. These were not the normal actions of someone hiding anything, and he seemed comfortable in talking to the officer.

“Because it’s a lot of fun to go out and blow off a couple hundred rounds just for giggles sometimes.” Dan replied. “Besides, it’s a collector’s item just like the gun. They don’t make them anymore. As a

collector, anything like that increases the value, so I have a lot of stuff like that. It's not about hunting anyway, it's about the Second Amendment to the US Constitution that says I can shoot if I want too. I don't just like looking at my guns; I like to take them out and shoot them. Heck, that's what they were made for!"

"Okay. Um, I need to see your driver's license." the officer said, somewhat uncomfortably. "If you don't mind."

He hated having to pursue the matter, but protocol demanded it. Once the call had been placed to 911, he had to follow it through. That included asking for verification of identity, although no Federal laws had yet been passed requiring anyone to identify themselves to a police officer simply for the asking, although it had been brought before Congress on more than one occasion.

Dan rolled his eyes, but handed the officer his identification.

"Home phone and a local number?"

Dan gave his telephone number in Iowa, as well as his aunt's house in Water Mill. He was annoyed, not with the officer so much, who was only doing his job and responding to a crank call from a liberal who was trying to be a hero, but the photo finisher himself.

Not only had he called the police for no reason other than to cause trouble, but also he had printed additional copies of the pictures and distributed them to the officer without Dan's knowledge or permission, and he felt this was an invasion of his privacy. What if there had been nude pictures of his girlfriend on that roll? He would be talking to an attorney about this, that was a certainty. Even if the photo finisher hadn't violated any laws by copying and giving away his pictures, he must still have some sort of legal recourse against the lab personally.

"Thank you, Mr. Shanks." the officer responded. "I had to follow up on this, as ridiculous as it all appears."

"It's a picture of a kitten on a gun!" Dan said, exasperated. "It's a cute pic, and you know it."

The officer smiled.

"Yeah, it is." he agreed. "Look, I don't see any problems on this end; as far as I'm concerned, this was just a bogus call."

He turned to walk back to his car, and Dan called after him.

"Hey, can I have my pictures back?"

"These belong to the photo lab." the officer replied.

"*Oh no they don't!*" Dan thought to himself. "*They aren't theirs to give away. They're mine!*"

Dan drove back to his aunt's house, muttering to himself the entire way. The incident was ludicrous, and he was rather upset about it. Upon entering the house, he took a beer from the fridge and sat on the

couch. It would almost be humorous, if not for the sinister implications that it created. Fifteen minutes later, his aunt returned home and called to him.

“Dan! There’s a police car parked out front. Any idea what’s going on?”

“What the hell?” Dan muttered.

He stalked outside and saw the same officer from the photo lab looking at his license tag. Dan strode to the cruiser and the officer rolled his window down. He looked rather embarrassed as Dan addressed him.

“What’s going on?” Dan demanded.

“I’m sorry, Mr. Shanks.” the young officer apologized. “I need your date of birth.”

“Didn’t you get it off my license?” Dan inquired. “I assumed you would run a warrants check on me.”

“I was satisfied with your explanation.” the officer replied. “I didn’t see any need to check you out, but my sergeant tore into me when I got back for not pursuing it further. He wanted to know why I didn’t run a warrants check, and he wants to see the pictures for himself and he wants to talk to you.”

Dan was furious.

“This is going too far!” he burst out. “This is America, not Russia. This isn’t a Police state! If he comes by, I’m calling an attorney. This isn’t right! I haven’t done anything wrong. This is crap!”

The officer returned to his station and finished his report. Upon reviewing it, the duty sergeant still wasn’t satisfied. In fact, he rather disliked Dan’s remark about contacting an attorney, and decided to place a call to the FBI in Omaha to check on Dan. Armed with a call from another agency involving a firearm, it was all the reason they needed to get a search warrant and tear his house apart.

Unable to find anything illegal, one of the older agents opened an AR15 belonging to Dan. He removed the disconnecter from the trigger assembly and dropped it into his pocket, reinstalling the trigger without it and pinning the upper receiver closed.

“Hey look!” he called to another agent, cycling the action with his finger on the trigger. “This thing will slam-fire. We’ve got him on a Class 3 violation. We can take his pretty little collection, and maybe his house too. Put a warrant out for his arrest.”

Skunkie cowered in terror under the couch, as the agents bustled about the small house, yelling, knocking holes in the walls, and destroying furniture. Luckily, the FBI apparently had no malice against cats like the ATF (now officially called the BATFE, for Bureau of

Alcohol, Tobacco, Firearms, and Explosives). Upon their departure, the tiny black and white cat ventured out, looking for the reassurance of Dan. Unable to find him, she returned to huddle in the comfort of the darkness beneath the couch until his neighbor arrived to feed her the following morning. The little cat would have kittens of her own however, before she ever saw her favorite human friend again.

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Twenty-one-year-old Carol Dalton pushed the stroller carrying her eight-month-old daughter, Christy, toward the security checkpoint at Los Angeles International Airport. Her husband of two years, Walter, accompanied her as they prepared to visit her family in Seattle for the weekend. They were looking forward to spending time with Carol's family, as it would be the first time that her parents had seen their little granddaughter.

The line moved rather slowly, as security agents patted most of the potential passengers down and had them remove their shoes for inspection. A few were detained for baggage inspection, or were instructed to follow an official to another location. Finally, Carol and Walter arrived at the metal detector and placed their bags on the X-ray conveyor belt. Upon passing through the metal detector, a security officer thoroughly searched the stroller, demanding that Carol remove little Christy from the stroller prior to doing so. This caused the baby to begin crying, and an irate Black screener held Carol's bag aloft.

"Is this your bag, Ma'am?" he inquired in an irritated tone.

"Yes." Carol replied. "Why?"

"I need you to empty it." the Negro said curtly, without offering an explanation.

Walter looked at the man's nametag, as his wife began removing the contents of the bag. He intended to file a complaint if things became too unprofessional. Walter was no fan of large government, and he had agreed to fly only because of Christy's young age.

Carol placed a paperback book, some diapers, baby powder, and a few other necessities for both herself and her daughter, including two bottles of her own breast milk onto the stainless steel table. She had packed her breast pump into the bag they had checked in, and she wanted enough to keep her daughter fed until she had access to the pump again, or was in a location where she could nurse.

"What's in the bottles?" the screener demanded.

"It's my breast milk." Carol replied in a hushed tone, as her face flushed with embarrassment at the question.

"How do I know that's what it really is?" he inquired rudely. "It could be poison, or a biological or chemical agent, or there could be something hidden in it."

"There isn't." Carol said reassuringly.

"Show me." the screener instructed authoritatively.

Carol looked bewildered.

"W-what?" she stammered.

"Drink it."

"It's breast milk. You expect me to drink my own breast milk?"

"If you want to get on that plane, you'll drink both of those bottles."

"I'll do it." Walter offered, in a gesture to not only show it was harmless milk, but also to make his wife feel better. Surely, it didn't matter *who* drank it.

"No you won't." the Negro smirked.

He was feeling very important, and he wanted these two White people to know just how important a Black man he was. Unless they did what *he* instructed, they would not be allowed to board their plane and fly to Seattle.

"I told *her* to drink it, and until she drinks it all, none of you are getting on that plane. Understand?"

Carol unscrewed the top of the first bottle, tilted it to her lips, and drank the entire contents. She repeated the process on the second bottle, drinking almost twelve ounces of her own milk in total. She was humiliated beyond words and on the verge of vomiting, as the screener pointed to her bag.

"Okay. Put your stuff back in. You can go now."

Walter checked the man's tag one more time just to be sure. Marcus Jackson. He would remember that name, and he now had more in mind than a simple complaint. Walter was also a Reservist in the newly-formed United States Marine Corps Reserves, and Marcus Jackson had sullied his wife's honor. Marcus Jackson would soon get a taste of his own medicine. Quite literally.

### *July 30, 2003*

Snark turned on the evening news to catch up on the week's events. The reporter was commenting on a story out of North Carolina, where a man accused of running a crystal methamphetamine lab out of his trailer, had been charged with possession of materials capable of manufacturing chemical weapons.

Snark stared at the television in disbelief, as he listened to the story. Apparently, the suspect had eluded prosecution several times on

drug manufacturing charges, and the District Attorney had decided to use some of the legislation contained in the Patriot Act to prosecute on the chemical weapons charges instead.

“Hey Dad!” Snark called. “Come in here and look at this!”

Cliff ambled into the living room to see what his son was hollering about.

“They just busted some drug cooker in North Carolina on a chemical weapons charge!” Snark said incredulously.

Cliff shook his head.

“They’re going too far.” he stated. “They keep pushing and someone’s gonna snap. A branch will only bend so far before it breaks.

“The problem is that people are so used to having their liberties stolen from them, that they don’t even pay it any attention any more. Take one here, one there, a little at a time. You don’t notice it, but they start to add up. After awhile, you get to where we are now. If all the restrictions and outright illegalities were thrust on us at once, we’d be at war with our own government tomorrow; people wouldn’t stand for that. But it’s happened a little bit at a time, so they’ve just accepted it.

“It’s like the frog in boiling water analogy. I’m sure you’ve heard of it.”

Snark shook his head.

“Well, it’s a metaphor that a lot of gun owners and anti government groups like to use for what is going on right here. You see, if you have two identical pots of water on a stove, and one contains boiling water and the other is sitting at room temperature and you throw a frog into each one, two very different things will happen with each frog. Obviously, the frog will immediately jump out of the boiling water.

“The other one will swim happily around, and if you turn the burner on underneath him, the water will start to heat gradually. He’ll accept it, swimming around as the water gets hotter and hotter, never paying attention to the fact that he’s slowly being cooked alive. That frog will stay in that water and boil to death, whereas if he were thrown into it directly like the first one, he would jump back out as well.

“We’re the frogs. The government and its erosion of our rights, is the water. People are rapidly approaching the point where they’ll have to decide to jump out and revolt, or stay in and boil.”

### *August 20, 2003*

Forty-eight year old Steve Timmons walked into the Brookshire branch of the DMV in Charlotte, North Carolina to renew his commercial driver’s license. He had been driving a tractor-trailer for



over fifteen years, and except for a short tour of duty in Gulf War One as a Reservist, that had been his only line of employment.

His current position was on the evening shift with a local paper recycling company, so he was fortunate to have his days available for important things such as this without having to take any time off. Steve wasn't in the best of relationships with his wife either, so with her working days and him nights, it made things a little easier around the house.

Steve looked around and was relieved to find the office fairly empty. Usually, it was crammed full of Mexicans jabbering in Spanish, and Negroes babbling in Ebonics. There was only one other person waiting, a White woman standing in line to get the necessary number to be called to take the tests.

"I need to renew my CDL." Steve explained to the uniformed officer behind the counter. "It expires in two weeks."

"Okay," the official responded, "what endorsements do you have?"

"Everything except Passenger." Steve replied.

"Oh, you're lucky then!" the man commented, as he looked at Steve's paperwork and handed him a paper tag with a number printed on it. "You'll just squeak by with your Hazmat endorsement."

"What do you mean?" Steve inquired with a puzzled look on his face. "Squeak by what?"

"Your company didn't tell you?" the officer asked in a surprised tone. "About the Federal background check?"

"What? A Federal background check? For what? For a commercial driver's license? Are you serious?"

"For your Hazmat endorsement." the officer explained. "I'm as serious as a heart attack. Part of the Patriot Act requires that a complete Federal background investigation be performed on anyone that gets a Hazmat endorsement after September. Your company should have notified all drivers whose birthdays allowed them to renew their licenses before it kicks in. Save a lot of hassles. Since you can renew up to six months before your birthday, a lot of people are trying to beat the deadline by renewing earlier than they normally would."

"You're kidding!" Steve exclaimed. "That's crazy!"

"Sure it is." the officer agreed. "Once it kicks in, it'll take months for all the new applicants to be processed. It's the same kind of background check they give the FBI or Secret Service. Drivers are going to be out of work until they get approved too. They won't be able to drive legally without it. I'm sure a lot are going to run anyway, but if they get caught... It's going to be a nightmare for everyone.

“The paperwork is going to be a headache on our end too. It’s totally stupid. Like a terrorist is going to get a special endorsement to legally drive some truck he hijacks.” the officer added, rolling his eyes dramatically. “Make sure he’s legal to carry that load of fertilizer to meet the fuel truck his buddy just held up. Give me a break!”

“Well you can bet I’m not going to do that the next time I renew my license!” Steve burst out. “That’s ridiculous. If they want to subject me to the same Federal background check as the FBI, they should make me a Federal agent too.”

“Neither will most people.” the officer agreed. “A lot of drivers have felonies on their records. They can’t drive into Canada, but they can still legally operate within the States as long as their company trusts them. Now, these new regulations will automatically disqualify them from being eligible to carry hazardous materials even here in this country. It’s going to put a lot of guys out of a job. I’m willing to bet that a lot of law abiding drivers won’t stand for it either. There’s going to be a huge shortage of Hazmat-qualified drivers after the few of you that are grandfathered in expire. The whole country is going to suffer for it too. I’ve even heard that they’re going to make a Hazmat endorsement mandatory for *all* CDL drivers by the end of next year too. That means that all drivers will eventually have to go through the check. That’s just too darn intrusive, as far as I’m concerned. I suspect that a lot more drivers will find other areas of employment too, if that happens. I certainly don’t blame them. I wouldn’t put up with that; being treated like a criminal for no reason, other than having a certain type of license. It’s starting to go too far.”

“People are so shortsighted.” Steve responded.

The DMV officer nodded in agreement. “Really, all most people care about is what happens right now, regardless of how it affects others on down the road. They want a quick fix; ‘man the torpedoes and full speed ahead.’ They don’t see what the ramifications of their actions today will do tomorrow.”

### *August 25, 2003*

“Okay Guys,” Walter Dalton whispered, as Marcus Jackson exited his car in the parking garage that served his apartment building, “we’ve got him. No one’s around. Let’s teach that smart-ass nigger a lesson he won’t soon forget!”

It had taken a few weeks, but Walter had contacted a few friends that were able to get him the information he needed to locate Mr. Marcus Jackson. He had recounted his story to several Marine buddies who had vowed to help him retaliate. Now, Walter and five of those

buddies sat crouched behind a car in the garage as they waited for their target. They had cased the garage for almost a week, and like clockwork, he had arrived exactly at 7:45 PM.

The group pulled black balaclavas over their faces to mask their identities, as they prepared to pounce on Marcus as he walked by. Walter pulled a plastic soda bottle from his jacket as his five friends suddenly sprang on Marcus and pinned him to the ground. One of Walter's friends produced a Springfield 1911 and pointed it at the Negro's face.

"Hey Motherfucker." Walter greeted the stunned Negro, who had no idea what was going on.

"Who are you?" Marcus demanded. "I'm a Federal agent you're fucking with!"

"I don't give a god damn if you're Jesus Christ walking on water! You're nothing but a fucking monkey with a shiny badge!" Walter snarled. "You think you're such hot shit in that uniform? You humiliated me and my family. Payback's a motherfucker, Motherfucker."

"Who are you? What are you going to do to me?" Marcus asked, his voice clearly tinged with fear.

"Someone who's about to teach you a lesson." Walter replied, producing the bottle.

"Drink it!"

"What?" Marcus asked.

"You heard me, you cocky son of a bitch." Walter responded, as he unscrewed the cap and shoved the bottle into Marcus's mouth. "I said drink it!"

Marcus gulped and gagged, as Walter tipped the bottle and slowly poured eight ounces of stale dog urine down his throat.

"We're even now, you god damned cocky motherfucker." Walter snarled. "Anyone comes looking for us, and I'll find you."

He took the 1911 from his friend and cocked the hammer menacingly, as Marcus vomited the sour urine back up.

"I'll kill you, and we'll put your body somewhere where no one will ever find it, you hear me? You think you're such hot shit? If I ever hear of you pulling anything like that ever again, or if you pursue this, this you're a fucking dead god damned nigger, you hear me?"

Marcus nodded, and another one of Walter's friends struck him in the back of the head with a steel bar. When he regained consciousness, no trace of his attackers or the bottle remained. Only a stinking puddle of vomit and regurgitated urine, reminded him of what had transpired.

Marcus Jackson had discovered that White pride runs deep, and that people were beginning to tire of forced multiculturalism and government interference in their lives.

*February 9, 2004*

“Hi Daddy. This is my friend, Sallee.” Eleven-year-old Betty Johnson said, as her father stuck his head into her room to say hello.

Sallee had met Betty at school, and they were best friends. They were often paired up together for class projects, and that suited them both. They were in Betty’s room now, making notes on a project for Social Studies.

“Hello Sallee.” Tim Johnson said, extending his hand and smiling broadly.

He was a friendly-looking man that reminded Sallee somewhat of her own father although a bit older, and she immediately took a liking to him. He seemed to be a genuinely nice man, and Sallee felt at ease with him.

“Hello Mr. Johnson.” she replied cheerily, shaking his outstretched hand and smiling in return.

“Sallee’s only seven.” Betty informed her father. “She’s in special classes at school.”

“You’re in Intermediate School?” Tim inquired impressively. “Wow!”

Sallee smiled, and blushed slightly.

“I started a year early, then I skipped a few grades.” she explained. “They really seem to be concentrating on my reading and writing for some reason. I read ‘Catcher in the Rye’ over the weekend. Mrs. Emmermann didn’t believe I read the whole thing.”

Sallee giggled.

“I had to give an oral report on it, so I kind of gave a general overview. Oh, and I wrote a short story last week too.” She added proudly.

“Really?” Tim inquired. “About what?”

“It was about a girl who is looking for her soul mate. She spends her whole life searching for him, and then one day, she meets him and knows who he is. I called it, ‘Mates in Heart and Soul.’ It was kind of corny, I guess, but I got an ‘A’ on it.”

“Good for you!” Tim exclaimed. “You keep it up, and some day you’ll be a famous author. You like romance novels?”

“Kind of.” Sallee replied. “They make me wonder if I have a soul mate, and if I do, where he is.”

“We all have one Sallee, but very few of us ever have the opportunity to meet them. Sometimes we do and don’t even know it. Our soul is divided when we are born. One half goes to a man; the other to a woman. The Lord gives us little clues, but it’s up to us to follow them and find our one true love.”

“What if we never meet them?” Sallee inquired.

“We can still fall in love, get married, and have wonderful children; it’s just that it isn’t with the one God intended for us to be with. We can be just as happy though. What made you wonder about your soul mate Sallee?”

“Sometimes I dream I have a boyfriend.” Sallee confided.

She really seemed to trust her best friend’s father, and for some reason, it felt natural to talk to him about this. He seemed very knowledgeable about it too.

“We meet in different places, but we always remember each other. It’s so nice to see him again, and when I wake up I love him. Sometimes it lasts all day.”

“Always the same boy?”

Sallee nodded.

“Yes, but what’s weird is, he’s not a boy. At least not my age.”

“Older fellow, eh?” Tim inquired with a smile, although he was not prepared for Sallee’s response.

“He must be.” she replied. “He drives a car.”

“Things don’t always make sense in a dream.” Tim explained. “I’ve seen little kids flying planes in dreams sometimes.”

“It’s not like that.” Sallee countered. “He’s not a boy. I told you it would sound weird.”

“Not really.” Tim replied. “I’m nine years older than my wife, so I guess when she was seven, I was sixteen. You seem like a very intuitive girl. I believe in soul mates, Sallee. I knew about Betty’s mother long before I met her. I saw her in a few dreams myself over the years. It’s very possible your soul mate is communicating with you, and you don’t even know it.

“Well, I have some work to do on the computer,” Tim added, “so I’ll leave you two alone. What are you working on, anyway?”

“We’re going to build a pyramid for Social Studies.” Betty explained.

“Out of what, plaster?” her father asked curiously.

“Oh no.” Sallee said quickly. “Plaster is too heavy and messy. We’re going to make it out of cardboard, and spray it with craft adhesive and sprinkle sand on it to look like stone.”

“That’s a good idea, Girls.” Tim complimented. “Good luck with it. If you need help with anything, let me know.”

Betty’s father retreated to his office located in what had at one time been a spare bedroom. He had heard about an internet site for people who were proud of their White heritage, and being almost entirely of Celtic descent, that description fit him. He decided to check it out before he started looking for a site that gave the formula for making thermite. Tim had a small utility trailer that needed a broken weld fixed, and being rather handy, he thought he would try making a small batch of the powder to re-weld the seam himself, instead of finding a welder.

In a fluke of fate, an FBI agent who was monitoring the White Pride website decided to plant a tracking cookie into Tim’s computer. Under the Patriot Act, it was now legal for the FBI to commit such an invasion of privacy. White supremacists had been reclassified as terrorists, and if a terrorist was found seeking information that could theoretically be used in an act of terrorism, they could be detained indefinitely, without charges or council. In fact, they weren’t even required to notify the person’s family!

Tim Johnson was by no means a White supremacist; just a man who wasn’t ashamed of his skin color, but that didn’t matter to the FBI agent who planted the cookie into his computer. He had accessed a “terrorist” website, and forty-two minutes later, the FBI documented his access of a website that not only supplied instructions for making thermite, but also black gunpowder, C4, and an electromagnetic pulse bomb.

Although he had committed no crime, Tim was now erroneously determined by the FBI to be a terrorist looking for information to manufacture a terrorist weapon. In less than twelve hours from his access of the second site, he was handcuffed and taken from his home at submachine gunpoint; his computer was seized, house ransacked, and the antique lever action Whitney rifle passed down from his great-grandfather, to his grandfather, to his father, to himself, and several books, were confiscated. Tim would never see the rifle, books, or his computer again, although he was not guilty of any crime, and all the items were legal to possess. It would be seven months before he was permitted to see his wife and daughter again and return home.

In addition, his coin collection and several hundred dollars in cash also mysteriously vanished from the small safe in his office. The safe had been pried from the wall and peeled open. Tim was never reimbursed for the missing items because the government never acknowledged any wrongdoings on their part. His insurance company

would not pay for the damage to either the wall or the missing items, because they occurred during a government raid, and the insurance company was not liable for losses or damage incurred due to the actions of law enforcement, regardless of whether they were made in error or not.

Tim Johnson was never arrested or charged with any crime, yet he would be incarcerated in the US Naval brig outside of Monck's Corner, South Carolina for those seven long months. Upon his release, no apology or explanation was ever given by the government. Tim's wife could not afford to make the house payments with her husband gone, and it was subsequently repossessed by the bank. His job was understandably lost during his incarceration and given to someone else. With no job or house upon his release, Tim's life was ruined. He took his wife and daughter, their remaining possessions, and left for parts unknown. Sallee would never see or hear from her best friend again.

### *June 3, 2006*

Snark smiled as he opened the package that had just arrived in the mail. It contained twenty partially finished, forged, tempered T6 aluminum AR15 lower receivers. They had eighty percent of the work completed on them, the most allowed by law without requiring any paperwork, and Snark enjoyed finishing them into completed rifles. The most difficult portions, the magazine well and fire control pocket were already milled out. All that remained was the drilling of several holes and the tapping of a few, but it appeared deceptively easy. The most difficult hole to drill and tap was the buffer tube hole, but Snark had a jig that allowed him to drill most of the holes correctly, and to thread the large buffer tube hole properly.

Snark counted the lowers to be certain there were indeed twenty of them, before removing a few from the carton. He had recently contracted with a well known firearms and weapons publisher to write a do-it-yourself book on finishing the eighty percent lowers into complete, working rifles. He had already finished five partially complete castings into rifles, and looked forward to working on the new forgings.

He had spent close to five hundred dollars on the jig, specialty drill bits, and the monster-sized tap for the buffer tube, but since he had made several rifles in this manner, the jig had more than paid for itself in savings. In addition, the royalties from the instructional book would more than make up for the expense, as well as pay for all the rifles he had ever built. Snark figured he was still ahead of the deal. He could

use the jig on his follow-up book as well, so all the royalties would be gravy.

It was legal to manufacture firearms for personal use without any kind of paperwork or registration, as long as the guns were not sold or traded. As long as the individual was legally able to own the firearms he was making, it was legal to make one. The only exception was that homebuilt firearms must follow a commercial design, such as the AR15. That was the reason zip guns were illegal; not because they were homemade firearms as conventionally thought, but because there was no such thing as a commercially manufactured zip gun. Most people that made zip guns were felons anyway, and couldn't legally purchase a firearm.

There was no limit as to how many firearms one could make a year, although the ATF might raise their eyebrows if they found out someone was making twenty rifles for personal use. Snark had gotten a good deal on the receivers by buying them in bulk, and these were machined forgings, not castings like the earlier available lowers had been.

The beauty of finishing your own receivers was that there was no record of your firearm; no one knew it existed, as not only was there no initial paperwork to purchase them, but the homebuilder was not required to register them or even stamp them with a serial number. While the BATFE strongly recommended some sort of marking on the receiver in case the gun was ever stolen, it was not the law, and Snark was not inclined to do any more than he needed to when it came to building rifles.

He set aside the forgings that he would use for the photographs in his book, and placed the carton containing the rest, into one of his freestanding safes. Due to the recent interest in do-it-yourself firearms, the BATFE was seriously considering an edict classifying eighty percent castings and forgings as finished lowers, requiring the same paperwork as a complete firearm! Snark wanted plenty on hand in case the rumors became reality. They would make good bartering items, or if anarchy ever ran rampant, he could finish them into completed lowers or even rifles. Chances were, that even if the unthinkable happened, and firearms were outlawed, parts would still be available, much the same way as one could purchase a parts kit for a submachine gun minus the receiver, or a demilled war relic. An AR15 upper receiver was an unrestricted item, so there were far more of them available than lowers anyway.

Snark had found a demilled M16 at one of the gun shows, and using his knowledge of the weapon, been able to mill out the aluminum



block and correct a few other “problems,” including a new barrel in less than five hours. He now had a select-fire M16 that was neither stolen, nor on the records. Snark had it well hidden in a separate location however. He was extremely careful not to have any parts or accessories that could make any of his weapons illegal, in the event that any law enforcement agency, Federal or friendly, ever had reason to serve him with a warrant.

Snark was looking forward to working on the AR15 book, and already had a few follow-up books planned, including one that showed the average do-it-yourselfer how to construct an AR15 lower receiver from commonly available brass bar and sheet stock. The design required no milling of the magazine well or fire control pocket; the two most common reasons that zero percent forged blanks usually ended up becoming paperweights or added to the scrap bin. His design, like finishing the eighty percent lowers, allowed the hobbyist to use simple woodworking tools for the processes. Snark’s brass AR15 design utilized a simple method of soldering pieces together, and then drilling and tapping them to hold everything together. He had successfully test-fired over one thousand rounds of ammo through the prototype, and was confident of his design.

The no-serial number rule that Snark abided to on the aluminum lowers had been broken on the brass project, however. Due to the uniqueness of the prototype, and the fact that it was going to be prominently displayed on the cover of his follow-up book, he had decided to make an exception. He polished it to a brilliant shine and used a Celtic cross metal stamp to emblazon the image into the side of the receiver. He then chose the serial number of 1488 to stamp just below the cross. The editors would never pick up on it when they printed the book, yet every White National would notice the symbol and number when they bought it. The Feds would probably pick up on it too, but if they didn’t have a sense of humor, that was their problem.

\*

Steve Timmons guided his truck along Interstate 85, as he headed for Cowpens, South Carolina with a load of scrap paper. His afternoons usually started out with a run down to Cowpens, or up to Winston-Salem. This shift was a little different from most evenings though, as Steve had brought his wife Shannon along for the evening.

She had been pestering him for months about riding along some evening, and Steve thought it might be a way to spend some time together and maybe be able to work out a few problems. The last thing Steve needed right now however, was a backseat driver and a mouth that wouldn’t quit.

Shannon could talk the paint off a '57 Chevy, and usually what came out of her mouth was a lot of repeated conversation and redundancy. This afternoon was no exception, and Steve became increasingly annoyed at the animated Ms. Pac Man sitting in the passenger's seat, jabbering about her day at work. Four times, she had told Steve the same story about an irate caller who was yelling in broken English and demanding reimbursement for his time on the phone.

"Why aren't you listening to me?" Shannon demanded, as Steve checked his mirrors and changed lanes.

"I'm driving, Honey." Steve explained as he merged into the hammer lane. "I'm not ignoring you, but I need to keep my mind on the road. This truck weighs seventy-seven thousand pounds. It's not like driving a car."

"You just steer and look." Shannon said sullenly, as she looked at the highway ahead. "It's not that difficult."

*"Don't tell me what's difficult."* Steve thought. *"I know how to drive this fucking truck."*

"This thing bounces an awful lot." Shannon complained, as they hit a rough section of asphalt.

Steve said nothing, but made a conscious effort to hit every hole and rough spot he could find, for the rest of the shift.

"I'm getting hungry." Shannon announced. "Why don't you get off at the next exit so we can get something to eat?"

"Because there's no place for me to pull into." Steve explained. "There's only two exits on this run that I can eat at. This isn't a sedan. It's about seventy feet long. I can't just whip in someplace."

"I don't see why you can't just park on the road." Shannon grumbled.

Steve clenched his teeth tightly but said nothing, as he continued south.

"The sun is shining right in my eyes."

"Then pull your visor down!" Steve snapped.

"You don't have to be so testy." his wife responded. "Honestly Honey, I really think you need anger management. You have absolutely no patience."

"Look," Steve said, trying his best to keep his temper in check, "why don't you just sit back and relax? All you have to do is ride. I'm doing all the driving, so you can even go to sleep if you want."

"I can't sleep with the truck bouncing like this. It's too noisy anyway."

*"That's because you won't shut up."* Steve thought.

He exited at Cowpens, and headed for his destination. It was fairly cut and dry; this stop was usually just a drop and hook. It would only take about fifteen minutes once he got there, then he would head up to Asheville to pick up a load, bring it back to Cowpens, and take an empty trailer back to Charlotte. He could stop in Greeneville and get some dinner, and maybe Shannon would shut up a little then. At least she wouldn't be complaining about being hungry.

Steve pulled into the gravel drop yard, and backed the trailer into an available spot. He pulled the trailer brakes and backed against the trailer to release pressure on the kingpin so he could unlock it and pull out.

"Why are you trying to go backwards?" Shannon inquired. "You need to pull out."

"I need to do what it takes to take the pressure off the kingpin." Steve growled. "Why don't you let me do my job? I don't tell you how to answer the phone at work."

He exited the cab and slammed the door behind himself, as he unhooked the light cord and airlines. Steve cranked the landing gear down, leaving about an inch and a half of clearance, so that the yard switcher and next driver could simply back under without worrying about the trailer being too high, and causing the kingpin to ride over the fifth wheel and lodge behind it.

Steve reentered the cab and released the brakes on the day cab, putting it in gear and pulling slowly forward. As was quite common when pulling out from a heavy load, the weight shot the cab out from the under the trailer, jerking Shannon against the back of the seat, then lurching her forward.

"What did you do that for?" she exclaimed.

"Can't help it." Steve explained. "It happens every time you pull out from under a heavy load."

"Oh."

Steve zipped the bobtail down to the area where the empties were, and pulled around in front of one of his company's trailers. He shifted into reverse and backed slowly under the trailer. The fifth wheel was in need of grease, and the tractor hesitated as Steve applied more pressure to the fuel pedal. The tractor suddenly lurched backwards and slammed into the kingpin of the trailer, throwing Shannon violently against the back of the seat.

"Ow, my neck!" she exclaimed. "You did that on purpose!"

"No I didn't!" Steve said defensively. "That happens to me about three times a night. I can't help it. The fifth wheel sticks sometimes."

“You must not know what you’re doing then!” Shannon said accusingly. “All you have to do is back it under there. It’s not that difficult. There’s no reason it should slam against the trailer like that. I think you gave me whiplash, and I think you did it on purpose!”

Steve’s face turned purple with anger, as thirteen years of hellish marriage suddenly came to a head. He had listened to this almost every day that they had been married, and Steve suddenly snapped. He turned to his wife; his nostrils flared, his upper lip curled back, and his teeth clenched tightly.

“You have three choices.” he snarled. “One, you can sit in that seat, let me drive, and shut the fuck up. Two, you can drive this fucking truck yourself if you think you can do such a good fucking job. Three, you can get your henpecking ass out of this truck and walk the fuck home!”

\*

“Okay Sallee! That was good! Try it again!”

Sallee wound up and let another softball fly underhanded toward her coach. With school out for the summer, she had decided to sign up for the softball team that the school offered as part of a summer curriculum for students that were taking extra classes, or just wanted to keep busy and out of trouble during the summer vacation. She had never participated in any sports before and had signed up on a whim, but she seemed to have a natural talent for pitching.

“Excellent! Great job Sallee! Go ahead and take a breather if you want.” her coach called. “I think your arm needs one, and I know my catching hand certainly does!”

Sallee dropped her glove and trotted to the shade of the dugout.

“That’s some arm you have there!” Becky Smith commented, as Sallee entered the dugout and sat on the bench to rest for a few minutes.

“Thanks!” Sallee replied. “I never realized I could pitch until Tuesday.”

“You’ve never pitched before at all?” Becky inquired incredulously. “Wow! I’d like to see what you could do if you’d been playing for a while.”

Sallee blushed and thanked the girl again.

“You gonna try out for the softball team when we start up in the Fall?” Becky asked. “We sure could use an arm like yours!”

“I don’t know yet.” Sallee replied. “I’ll have to see what high school is like first. I may be too busy with my new classes, I don’t know. If I have time, I’d sure like to try out though. I think it might be a lot of fun.”

When Sallee returned to school in a few months, she would already be starting her freshman year in high school. She was revered by many in her classes, and was regarded as almost a prodigy by not only her peers, but the entire faculty as well. Her IQ still hovered at 147, and she was well ahead of even a lot of her classmates although they were three to four years her senior.

Sallee took regular classes at school until 11:00 AM, and then she and four other students attended advanced courses for the academically gifted for the remainder of the day. In addition, one weekend a month, her father dropped her off at a location somewhere outside of town for a different kind of study for four hours on Saturday. These special classes had been going on since she had skipped her first grade, and Sallee was learning things that weren't taught in public schools, or even most private ones for that matter.

Sallee learned real history at the weekend classes. History about Israel and what really happened during the Second World War. There was no Jewish genocide or Holocaust, as claimed by the Jews. She learned that the majority of Jewish deaths occurred when the Allies invaded and cut off supplies to Germany. They could not feed themselves; much less waste what little food was available on the Jewish people. Most Jews who died during the Holocaust starved to death; they were not gassed or shot by the thousands. Yes, there were mass graves, but they were full of casualties of war, not of victims of genocide. The "ovens" were used to cremate the disease-ridden corpses to help prevent the spread of death.

The girl listened attentively, as she was shown how the Jews have used the Holocaust story repeatedly to gain sympathy for themselves, or to redirect scrutiny from themselves when needed. They have used their imaginary plight to swindle many countries, but predominantly the United States, out of hundreds of billions of dollars since the end of the Second World War.

On two separate occasions, Israel had blown up American ships overseas and tried to make it look as though Egypt was responsible, so that our country would declare war on the Egyptians and fight Israel's war for them. They were a devious race of cowardly mongrels that used whoever, whenever they could. It was not just in the marketplace, as seen by unscrupulous Jewish businessmen, or the jewelry industry where they had cornered the market on gems, and made virtually worthless stones an over-inflated thing of treasure, but anywhere a Jew could obtain personal gain. Anyone who was not Jewish was fair game in the eyes of the Jewish people, as stated in their book of Torah, and they followed the philosophy religiously.

Sallee read with horror, excerpt's from Queen Noor's book about the invasion of Palestine by Israel, and saw pictures of the atrocities committed against the Palestinians by the Jews. She was sickened, as she read and saw for herself what Cliff Hauser had explained to his son. The images were shocking, and stuck in her mind.

"I know this is difficult to look at," her teacher commented, "but it is very important that you see these people for who and what they truly are."

Sallee saw graphic photographs of Palestinians who were murdered by Israeli forces at road checks, of women and children who were killed for no reason; sometimes the wombs of pregnant women were slit open and they were left to bleed to death alongside the fetuses lying next to them. She could not help but feel sorrow for the people who's land had been stolen by massacring them by the tens of thousands.

She also learned the truth about the American Civil War and Abraham Lincoln's federalization of America; that slavery was not an issue until well into the war when he needed to justify his illegal actions. The fact was that Lincoln wanted to take away each state's sovereign nation status to create a single powerful centralized government with the power to tax the people. Several books had been authored on the subject, and Sallee was extremely interested in learning all she could.

She also learned who commits most of the crime in this country, and was given rap lyrics to read, to see the contents of the blabbering nonsense the Blacks call music. She was disgusted with the words in their so-called songs, and her contempt for their subhuman behavior increased dramatically.

Sallee Schoenbraun seemed to have a benefactor that guided her from the shadows, steering her in a path of enlightenment and education. It was almost as if her entire education had been carefully tailored to place her in a specific niche when she finished college. She often wondered why she seemed to have been chosen for such an education, and what was expected of her in return. Her father became vague whenever she tried to discuss it with him, although she did occasionally have long talks about the subject matter at Saturday school with him and sometimes her mother.

As she became older, Sallee noticed more and more, that her parents seemed to live a life similar to what she was being taught in her Saturday classes. Could they be the ones behind her mysterious education, or was it someone else? In due time, she would learn that there was in fact someone responsible for her higher learning, and there

was in fact a method to the madness. She would also soon come to realize that her name was no random choice; Sallee Schoenbraun had been deliberately named to give her the initials of S.S., for the German *schutzstaffeln*, the fiercely loyal security force of the Fatherland.

## CHAPTER 3

*“You do not know you need the Second Amendment until they come to take it away.”*

**Thomas Jefferson**

*September 3, 2006*

Steve drove silently but swiftly along the two lane highway as the night wore on. This was a lonely stretch of two-lane road, and his thoughts darted back to Shannon briefly. They had separated the day after she called her aunt drive to Cowpens to pick her up, and Steve was a much happier man now. As he refocused his attention on the road in front of him, he noticed a set of taillights that appeared to be traveling much slower than he was, in the lane ahead of him.

“Aw crap!” he muttered aloud, as he bore down upon them.

He had been making good time, and being loaded, getting caught behind a slow car would cost him a lot of time, especially if it kept him from getting a run on a long or steep hill. His truck was governed, and lacked the power to regain speed. If he was unable to get his speed up to gain some momentum for the grade, he would end up slowing to around 20 MPH for the entire climb. It had happened before, and it infuriated him, especially when the culprit was a Negro that was either doing it on purpose or just out of sheer stupidity.

As Steve bore down on the car, he flashed his bright lights several times, but the car did not speed up. Steve began to lose momentum, and clicked his brights on again illuminating the interior of the sedan. He groaned as he clearly saw the back of a nappy-haired head in the driver’s seat.

“That nigger’s not going to move.” he growled to himself. “I’m stuck now.”

It had been his experience that Blacks would not move out of the way no matter how many times he flashed his lights. Steve had once drained his air tanks by continually blowing the air horns for almost five minutes at a Negro that had cut in front of him on the interstate and refused to either speed up or move back over.

Up ahead, Steve saw a passing zone, one of very few along the winding stretch of road. He was familiar with the highway, and knew it would be difficult to gain enough speed to pass, even though the road was deserted at this time of night. As Steve approached the passing zone, he moved into the oncoming lane and accelerated. The car also accelerated as he came alongside, and Steve was unable to pass.



“You son of a bitch!” he shouted at the car, slamming his fist against the steering wheel. “Why do you fuckers always have to fuck with everyone?”

Steve pulled back in behind the car, which immediately slowed back down to 45 MPH again. Steve cursed the Negro again, and flicked his brights into the interior of the car again. The car accelerated slightly, and then slowed again. This happened twice more, and by then Steve was furious, yelling all kinds of obscenities at the Negro’s car. They were now traveling up a winding hill, but Steve was still able to maintain his speed, due to his load being unusually light tonight. He was very familiar with this particular stretch of road, and knew that there was a passing zone at the top of the hill, and partway down the other side. If he could get a run on it, he might be able to pass the Negro, provided he didn’t speed up again.

As Steve reached the apex of the hill, he looked for oncoming lights but saw none. He had not yet reached the passing zone that was at the end of the curve, but seeing no lights shining ahead, decided to chance it. The Negro was not expecting the big truck to attempt a pass on the curve, so Steve got a slight jump on him. As the car began to accelerate again, Steve had crested the hill and had gravity on his side. He slowly gained on the car, and was thankful that the highway was devoid of any oncoming traffic. It was beyond his comprehension why some people, Negroes in particular, thought it was a joke to do this to trucks. Darnell Williams was about to discover why it wasn’t wise to play this game. Steve was almost past the car, but the passing zone was quickly reaching its end. Even with his turn signal on, the Negro would not back off.

Without checking his mirror to see if he had fully cleared the car, Steve angrily cranked the wheel and brought his truck back into its original lane. Darnell suddenly realized the trailer was about to hit him and jerked the wheel sharply to the right to avoid being stuck. As Steve brought his truck back into the right-hand lane, he checked his mirror and was surprised to no longer see any headlights. He knew this stretch well, and there were no side roads for the Negro to have turned onto. Steve wondered all the way to his destination and back, about what had happened.

He passed by the area on his return two hours later and there were no emergency vehicles alongside the highway; no tow truck, no ambulance, no police cars. Darnell Williams’s car had struck a stout oak tree ten feet in the air at 55 MPH, and there were no other cars on the road for six miles in either direction to witness the event. It would be five years before a father and son hiking team stumbled across the

wreckage of the car in the thick brush at the bottom of the wooded ravine. By then, there was nothing left of Darnell except some clothed bones in the driver's seat.

\*

"Okay class," Mrs. Ranson addressed her new students, "as part of the new curriculum, we will be spending the first week discussing school bullying."

Several of the students exchanged surprised looks.

Sallee raised her hand.

"Yes, Sallee is it? You have a question?"

"Yes." Sallee replied. "What do you mean by school bullying, and what does that have to do with the curriculum?"

"It has come to the school board's attention that bullying is a major problem in schools all across the country. After the Columbine incident, several universities looked into the matter and found that many students are the victims of bullying in some form or another. We will not stand for that here! We will spend the first week of this homeroom discussing actions and punishments, and then we will be discussing racism, and the affects it's having on our youth."

"I don't believe this." Sallee muttered. "Who appointed the School Board to be my personal mentor regarding issues of race and who I like and don't like? What business is it of theirs? Do they think that forcing us to 'like' someone is going to work? Don't they know it will have the opposite affect?"

Priscilla Ranson stared at the young girl who was actually making more sense than she was. Liberals hated it when facts were presented to them, because they had no defense for the truth.

"It's school policy," she replied flatly. "If you don't like it, then you can leave. You can report to the principal's office instead. I'm sure your parents would like to meet with the two of you regarding this matter."

"I'm sure you're right." Sallee agreed, as she arose and left the room to cheers of approval from her older classmates. "I'm quite certain they would like to know that their tax dollars are being wasted on pointless discussions like this that are designed to do nothing more than to take away our individuality."

### *April 28, 2009*

Snark stared in disbelief at the television, as he listened to a news anchor excitedly commenting on the on the bill that had just been signed into law by the president. It was officially titled, "The Fair Treatment and Anti Hatred Enforcement Act," but was commonly

referred to as the Rainbow Act, for both its embracement of all colors and cultures, as well as homosexuals, who often used the rainbow as their sick symbol of gay and lesbian pride.

“What a tremendous leap this will be in racial relations in this country!” she was saying. “Now, there is clearly no definitive line in race or sexual orientation. With this new law, people will be forced to accept people for whom and what they are and keep their insulting comments to themselves.”

“I don’t believe this!” Snark said aloud. “They’ve actually made words illegal! It’s against the law now, to make certain sounds in your throat because they’re offensive to some people?”

Another commentator was expressing opposing views on the subject, protesting that this was clearly a violation of the First Amendment. Free speech was imperative, he insisted, to keeping a country free.

“It’s not free speech!” the first anchor responded furiously. “It’s hate speech! What place do those words have in today’s society? They serve only to divide us as people.”

The second anchor looked at her with disbelief. David Conner was by no means a racist, but this concerned him for far greater reasons. The implications of this Draconian new legislation were ominous.

“What happens when they decide that other words are to be banned?” he inquired. “You’re missing the point. I don’t like those names any more than you do, but if you take away our right to voice them, how long before other words become ‘harmful’ to us as well?”

“It’s all fine and dandy when this serves your views, but what happens when the press is forbidden to use words like ‘police brutality,’ or ‘government intimidation’?”

David was correct in his assessment of the new law. It had been passed under permission from the Patriot Act, which when voted into permanence in 2005, created a mass of new governmental authority in addition to the new restrictions. Sweeping new measures had been added to it, and “racialists” were now considered terrorists. With the new law in place, it was now a *felony* to express hatred of other races, ethnic groups, or people of dubious sexual orientation. Not only were words like ‘nigger, kike, wop, spic, or faggot’ banned from use in public, even an expression of dislike or intolerance would bring harsh penalties if prosecuted. The slippery slope had been lubricated with the blood of Revolutionary patriots dead for two-hundred, fifty years. Their sacrifices no longer mattered under the new rules of American Federalism.

The popular, "Welcome to America, now speak English!" bumper stickers were now illegal to display, carrying the same penalty as hollering "You sick faggot!" Also banned under the new law was the Confederate naval jack, commonly referred to as the Confederate flag. The Negroes were so tormented by the image of the flag, they claimed. It stood for hate, not heritage, and it served only to remind them of their enslaved ancestors who were brought to this country in chains.

Never mind the fact that the naval jack never flew over *any* slave ship. Most slave ships had been owned by Jews and sailed under Dutch flags, but this new law affected neither the Jews nor the Dutch flag. The Negroes were so proud of the American flag, because it stood for freedom, they said. They forgot that a few slave ships actually bore the American flag, yet it stood for freedom they said, and the naval jack represented slavery.

Snark shook his head once more.

"They've been chipping away at the Second Amendment since 1934." he said half aloud, although there was no one else with him to hear. "It's not surprising that they're going after the First Amendment now. I wonder how long it will be before they realize that in order to enforce their decimation of the First Amendment they have to repeal the Second. This country is fast going to Hell in a hand basket."

### *November 7, 2009*

Snark read with concern, the newsletter from a well-known Second Amendment defense league. Senators Rosencrantz, Epstein, Greenberg, Goldblatt, and Kennedy had all collaborated on a stunning new bill that seemed to be gaining terrifying momentum in the House. It would most likely pass the Senate as well, and that the president would sign it into law was a certainty.

The bill had been named the "Law Enforcement Act of 2009," and in addition to adding sweeping new powers of law enforcement to various state and government agencies, the bill also called for the outright repeal of the Second Amendment!

The Second Amendment defense leagues had all joined forces on this one, nicknamed the Gun Ban Bill, and even a few unlikely allies, such as the Jews for the Preservation of Gun Rights, and the Battered Wives Foundation had had made their voices strong on this issue.

The National Firearms Defense League was at the forefront of the discussions as usual, citing historical incidents and crime statistics. They had run several television and radio commercials, and although the public actually seemed to be listening this time, it was too late. A few people had called their representatives and senators, but it was not

an election year, so the Congress felt safe to ram the legislation through.

The JPGR was trying desperately to remind everyone of the dangers of a disarmed country, citing Hitler's famous speech on gun control. They warned of another Holocaust, oblivious to the fact that the first one never existed, and that their Jewish brethren were mostly behind this one. Sol Reuben predicted concentration camps for those who resisted the new oppressive government or who posed a threat to their machine. Two days after his remarks on the subject, Sol was struck outside his office by a delivery truck, which then disappeared into afternoon traffic.

The most heartfelt arguments came from the Battered Wives Foundation, as women tearfully recounted stories of being beaten by drunk or drug crazed husbands, sometimes into comas. One woman bore the fresh bruises of a recent attack, and explained how if not for being able to reach the .38 under her mattress while being savagely beaten by her boyfriend and shooting him in the chest, she would be dead instead of him.

All the arguments seemed to fall on deaf ears, as the politicians had been working on this strategy ever since the Crime Bill of 1994 had gone into affect. They couldn't care less about crime statistics, history, or self defense. They already knew the truth; guns didn't kill people, people killed people, and that firearms are a deterrent to crime. They also knew that an armed society was a free society and that in order for a government to have complete control over its people, those people had to be disarmed, for as long as the people had arms, they were a threat.

A government agent was much less likely to kick in your door if he knew there was a good possibility that you might be waiting on the other side with an M16. If he knew you were unarmed however, he felt much safer, and more inclined to use his position of power to intimidate you or worse.

In addition, only criminals would now have guns. Gun control wouldn't reduce crime anymore than a lock would deter a thief. It was only a guise for the misinformed to dissuade law-abiding citizens, the same way the lock would keep an honest person from opening the door.

Snark set the letter on the table and began an assessment of what he would need to order. If this legislation went through, he felt certain that the entire supply of gun parts would dry up, as all firearms would now be illegal, and required to be turned in for confiscation. He needed enough parts kits to finish the remaining lower receivers he had

purchased, as well as barreled upper receivers to make complete rifles or pistols. All in all, he needed fifteen lower parts kits, and fourteen barreled uppers.

Spare parts would probably go sky high if the law was passed, but the upper receivers would be pretty much useless to dealers, as few people would have a need for them. Snark decided it would be wiser to buy as much ammo and parts as he could for now, and hit the gun show dealers when they were desperate. It would be a gamble, but one he felt confident would go his way.

Snark decided to get some difficult to obtain parts first for some of his older and more scarce weapons, before he did anything with the AR15s. He located his catalogue for Everything Guns, and spent forty-five minutes compiling a list. He gave the woman on the other end of the telephone everything he needed, and she tallied it up.

“Is there anything else I can get for you today?” she inquired.

“No,” Snark answered, “that will do it.”

“We have a special today on ‘Building an 80% AR15 Casting Into a Complete Rifle,’ by D.Q. Hauser.” the woman said convincingly. “It’s been one of our bestsellers recently.”

Snark grinned, in spite of the situation.

“No thank you.” he replied.

“Do you already have it?” the woman inquired. “If not, I can make you a deal on some lower castings too. Kind of a package deal.”

“Ma’am,” Snark said with a smile, “I don’t mean to sound rude or egotistical, but did you pay attention to the name I gave you for this credit card?”

“Why yes,” the woman replied, somewhat taken aback, “Doug Q. Hauser- oh my god! Is that you? Did you write it? Is that your book?”

“Yes.” Snark responded.

“Oh my god!” the woman repeated. “This is *so* cool! I guess you wouldn’t be interested in ‘Building an AR15 From Scratch, Using Brass Bar and Sheet Stock,’ then.”

“No,” Snark laughed, “but I heard it is rather informative.”

“My brother built a bunch of guns using your books.” the woman commented. “He built one of those brass ones too. Where did you come up with the idea for making that?”

Snark smiled. It was the first time he had gotten feedback from an anonymous source.

“I learned how to solder from making weathervanes for Christmas presents.” he explained. “I’ve made various decorative gun parts from brass over the years, so it was only natural to try and make a lower out of brass after I had finished several aluminum ones.”

"That one you made was beautiful!" the woman exclaimed. "And my brother and I absolutely love that cross and serial number! That was so cool! And posted right on the cover too! We all got a laugh out of it here.

"I've sold a few of those books to Blacks. I figured they were too stupid to be able to build one, and owning that book with that statement on it without them knowing it, was so priceless! Several of them wanted your other book, but I figured those were possibly within their scope, so I always said we were out. Won't have to worry about it much longer though." she said wistfully. "I've been working here for five years, and I'll be out of a job if that law goes through."

She sighed audibly.

"I guess you think it's going through too, or you wouldn't have spent over four hundred dollars on this order. I guess I'll have to look for a new line of work."

"Well, best of luck with it." Snark said. "I didn't catch your name the first time around."

"Rachel. Rachel Pickford."

"Well Rachel, you have a nice day." Snark responded. "It was nice chatting with you."

"You too." Rachel replied. "I can't believe I was talking to Doug Hauser. My brother will never believe me."

"Call me Snark. I only use my first name on the credit card."

"Okay Snark. Take care."

Rachel hung up the phone and quickly dialed her brother at work.

"Randy! You'll never guess who I was just talking to!"

\*

"Hey Baby!"

Sallee turned to see who was calling her. She had thought she was alone in the hallway after school hours, so whoever it was must be addressing her. As she turned, the sight of a Negro leaning against a row of lockers nonchalantly, repulsed her. He eyed her, paying attention to her sweater and jeans.

At thirteen, Sallee was beginning to fill out, and she attracted a lot of attention, even though she was jailbait to most of the boys in her class. This didn't seem to bother this particular Negro, who saw her as simply another White trophy to try and collect. He had no idea the mess he was about to get himself into.

Several of them had transferred from Denver at the beginning of the school year, and they continually harassed all the White girls, feeling their breasts and stalking them in an intimidating manner. A few of the girls had given in to pressure and gone out with them, only

to find themselves regretting it soon into the date. Diane Nelson had even been drugged and raped by one of them, although in Sallee's opinion, she had gotten what she deserved for betraying her race in the first place. All this had transpired in less than two months!

Sallee eyed the Negro coolly, as he approached her. She had been instructed what to do in this situation, and she sized him up. About eighteen years old, she decided, and certainly not expecting what was going to happen to him if he touched her.

"Yo Girlie." he said, trying to sound charming. "How you be doin'?"

"None of your business!" Sallee snapped, as he stepped in front of her. "Now get out of my way!"

"Chill Baby." Clifford Jones said. "I was jus' tryin' to be sociable."

"Go do it somewhere else. I don't have time for you or your shit."

"Now that ain't no way to be talkin' to a Brutha!" Clifford said haughtily. "I thinks you be owin' me a 'pology."

"Go fuck yourself!" Sallee exclaimed angrily. "I don't owe you shit! Now get the fuck out of my way!"

Clifford was not used to being talked to in this manner, and he wasn't about to take no for an answer. He reached out to grab Sallee's sweater, and instinctively she dropped her books but not her metal Betty Boop purse, and knocked his arm away with the purse. Before Clifford knew what was happening, Sallee's other hand came up and pushed him away, and she buried one of her clunky, calf-high black leather boots into his groin. She then swung her metal purse and struck a stinging blow to the side of his face.

Clifford screamed and fell backwards, cupping his testicles in one hand, and his face with the other. As he lay on the cold floor, Sallee gathered her books up and started to walk away.

"No means no!" she said fiercely over her shoulder. "What part of that didn't you understand? If you ever put your hands on me again, I'll kill you! Got it? You leave me the fuck alone!"

Clifford moaned an unintelligible reply.

"I'll let other people know what happened today." she snarled. "You're outnumbered here, and if anything happens to me, they'll know who to go after. Don't ever fuck with me or any of my friends again. We don't want anything to do with you, so leave us alone. And don't even think of doing what you did to Diane." she added.

"That wasn't me." Clifford said, sitting up and leaning back against the painted cinder block wall..



“I don’t give a rat’s ass.” Sallee responded. “I’m simply telling you. I’m leaving this here. If you don’t, you’ll have more trouble than you ever bargained for.”

“Okay. I’m cool.” Clifford panted, trying to catch his breath.

Sallee turned on a boot heel, and walked briskly away. Her father had been paying for self-defense classes for her, and she had picked up on it quickly. She couldn’t wait to tell her instructor the good news.

As Sallee left the school, she couldn’t help but wonder if Clifford had taken her seriously or not, but she decided to be very careful from here on out. She would always have a buddy with her whenever she had to stay after school, or would wait in a safe place until her mother came to pick her up. As her mother pulled up to the curb, Sallee glanced over her shoulder and climbed into the car. Clifford was nowhere to be seen. He would never mess with Sallee again, as he believed she had many friends that would avenge her. It wasn’t worth the risk, but Clifford had primal sexual urges that couldn’t be controlled by his primitive Negroid mind, and it wouldn’t be long before he was in prison for the kidnap and rape of another student.

Niggers just couldn’t take no for an answer.

### ***November 8, 2009***

The speaker for the National Firearms Defense League addressed the talk show host, as he explained the need for personal firearms. John Stoddard had been the president of the organization for over ten years and was very well respected in his position.

Phil Adams, the host of the popular, self-named Phil Adams Show, had invited the president to present his arguments for keeping the county’s citizens armed.

“Good afternoon, John.” he welcomed the illustrious speaker. “Thank you for joining me today.”

“Thank *you* for inviting me, Phil.” John Stoddard replied. “You know, a lot of people are under the impression that this bill will make them safer, when in fact just the opposite will occur. Criminals will always be armed, yet if this legislation passes, law abiding citizens will lose their ability to defend themselves.”

“I can understand that.” Phil responded. “But many of these guns are just plain evil. They’re not good for anything but killing.”

“*All* guns are made for killing, Phil. That’s their entire purpose. I suppose however, that you are referring to the adage ‘you can’t go hunting with an AK47?’”

Phil nodded.

“That was my next point.”

“There are two things wrong with that statement, Phil. First of all, the round that the AK47 uses is an extremely good deer round. It’s a poor choice for hunting only because the barrel is too short for good accuracy. The fact that it has a high capacity magazine is irrelevant too; it could easily be replaced with a smaller one in locales where it is not legal to hunt with a thirty round magazine. With a folding stock, it would be a nice compact camp gun for carrying on a backpack.

“Secondly, that statement alludes to the idea that a firearm must have a ‘sporting purpose’ to be covered by the Constitution of the United States. Not so. In fact, the Second Amendment makes no mention whatsoever about hunting. It specifically states, and I quote, ‘A well regulated Militia, being necessary to the security of a free State, the right of the people to keep and bear Arms, shall not be infringed.’

“What that means Phil, is that the ‘people,’ and at the time of the writing of that wonderful document the word ‘people’ meant ‘individual,’ and not the public, had the specific, unregulated right to carry arms. Those were the very same arms that the military had, and the reasoning behind it was that an armed society was much safer than an unarmed one.

“Had our forefathers foreseen repeating and automatic arms, and such things as tanks, they would have been more specific. What that means is that they had no concern about needing firearms to put food on the table; they had just finished an armed revolt against a tyrannical government, and they wanted to be certain that the people had the means to defend themselves against the government should the situation ever arise again, which incidentally, it has!”

“Come on, John,” Phil said somewhat self-assuredly, “are you trying to tell me that we should have AK47s ‘just because?’”

“That’s exactly what I’m saying, Phil. An armed Gestapo is not going to be so willing to come after you or force you to quarter them if they know you are carrying the same weapons as they are.

“Our founding fathers thought this was such an important issue, that they placed it second *only* to the right to free speech. The Second Amendment is what keeps all the others in place. Take away our right to ensure those laws are followed, and I’ll guarantee you that the others will all fall behind it.

“Most people don’t completely understand what the Second Amendment is *really* about. Even people who enjoy it don’t understand why it is so important.”

“Why don’t you enlighten us?” Phil Adams inquired. “Everyone is just dying to know why it is so important to have a gun, pardon the pun.”

John looked straight into the camera as he replied.

“‘You do not know you need the Second Amendment until they come to take it away.’ Thomas Jefferson said that, and he could not have been more correct. Only when your right to freedom has been taken from you, will you realize what it meant. It’s like getting rid of your dog because his barking irritates you, and having your house burglarized because he is no longer there to scare away intruders.

“You learn after the fact, how important he really was to you, but then it’s too late. He’s already gone, and the burglar stole your money so you can’t replace him. Our guns are our country’s guard dog. Once they’re gone, we won’t have any way to force the government to give them back, or keep them from stealing our ‘money.’ Only in this case it isn’t cash, it’s our freedom. Not only are firearms our watch dog, they are also our bargaining chip.

“We have long since passed the point where according to the Declaration of Independence, we are not only at rights to, but are legally bound to, overthrow this government. Those too, were Thomas Jefferson’s words of wisdom. That man was ahead of his time. It is not only our right, but also our duty, to replace a government that become too controlling of our lives. Our Federal government knows this. They know they have been extremely lucky that no one has actually called them on this and taken up arms. They know that it won’t be too much longer before the people begin to figure this out for themselves, and they need to ensure that that does not happen. They also know the only thing that stands between them and unopposed rule, are our guns.

“Say what you will, but the lunatic fringe has always been the last bastion of defense in our eternal struggle for freedom. Our historical heroes, George Washington, Ben Franklin, Thomas Payne, John Hancock, and Thomas Jefferson just to name a few, were all declared enemies of the state and common criminals.

“It is distinctly possible that the brave men and women of today who stand and fight this blasphemy, may indeed be imprisoned as criminals or terrorists, or even killed, but it is also possible that one day, their names will to be looked upon in our history books as the names of heroes.”

## CHAPTER 4

***“The most foolish mistake we could possibly make, would be the subject races to possess arms. History shows that all conquerors who have allowed their subject races to carry arms have prepared their own downfall by doing so.”***

**Adolf Hitler; 1938**

***February 21, 2010***

**“Second Amendment Repealed! Congress Bans All Private Ownership of Firearms; President Signs into Law.”**

The headlines struck Snark like a ton of bricks.

Another read:

**“Gun Owners Have Sixty Days To Turn In All Firearms Or Face Prosecution.”**

In addition:

**“Law Enforcement Act of 2010 Passed! Possession of All Guns and Ammo a Felony After April 22. ”**

The Gun Ban Bill was now the Gun Ban *Law*.

The news was devastating. Although he had known in his heart that it would pass, the news was like being struck by a sledgehammer. The gravity of the situation began to sink in, as Snark read the articles.

All firearms and ammunition, as well as all gun parts and accessories, were to be turned in to the local branches of the BATFE for destruction. There was a grace period of only sixty days, and in order to be credited for turning in arms, it was suggested to comply as soon as possible.

Of course most people were not going to turn their guns in; at least not all of them. Many firearms had been passed from father to son, to grandson, and were cherished family heirlooms. This presented a fine line of exemption for the BATFE. Antique and black powder weapons could be retained, providing they were demilled to non-firing condition. This of course, also devalued them. Even museums were not exempt from the demilling rule, and many fine weapons were immediately shipped overseas and sold. The Smithsonian Institution was even forced to abide by the insane regulations, and instead sent their extensive collection of Revolutionary War muskets and pistols to France, rather than ruin them.

Only law enforcement officers and federal agents were allowed to carry firearms under the new law, and Congress had seen to it that almost every state and federal government agency was now authorized

powers of arrest and carry. This covered everything from child protective services to HUD, to FEMA; even mail carriers were now empowered with the authority to arrest and carry firearms. The Congress had also seen fit to include themselves under this protection as well, and were now all sworn law enforcement officers under the Gun Ban Law.

Violation of the Law Enforcement Act of 2010, as it had been renamed after the first of the year, varied in severity for each offense, but *all* were considered felonies. Every round of ammunition carried the penalty of one year in jail, so a box of rifle rounds would get you twenty years in Federal prison, a box of .22s, fifty years!

Accessories were good for five years, regardless of the amount of items. This was a very debatable area, as theoretically, gun oil and pipe cleaners could be declared “firearms accessories” if the Feds really had it out for you. Ultimately, these would be reclassified as “terrorist tools” under even more stringent legislation in the not-too-distant future. While things were indeed bad at the moment, it was only a prelude to what would happen in the years to come.

Firearms themselves carried a penalty of ten years in Federal prison for each weapon. Therefore, if a person was found with a loaded AR15, they could theoretically be sentenced to fifty years in prison; ten for the gun and thirty for the thirty rounds in the magazine, plus additional time for any “accessories” found on it, including the high capacity magazine itself!

This was enough to make even the hardcore rednecks fearful, as was the intention of the law. Of course, the violent Negroes would still retain their stolen guns, and use them to terrorize the rest of the populace.

Many people did in fact, turn in everything they owned almost immediately. The majority kept some and turned the rest in. The BATFE had a list collected from every gun store in the US, and used a computer to match that list of names and addresses, to the names and addresses of those who turned weapons in. Those who turned in nothing were put on a special Red List, and were targeted by law enforcement agencies for complete property searches within three months of the law’s passage. Many were charged with firearms and ammunition possession under the new law, and sent to hastily-constructed prison compounds, while the construction of mass new detention camps were created for firearms and political violations.

These “detention camps” were nothing short of concentration camps, and most were located in former state parks. State parks were chosen for a number of reasons; most were reasonably remote and/or in

rough terrain. Several were actually the sites of underground NIKE missile silos during the Cold War and had large underground chambers that were almost, if not completely, impossible to escape from. Lastly, many of these parks had been used as training facilities by the Federal government and UN troops since the mid Nineties, and were already set up to accommodate large numbers of people. The idea had been around for a long time, and was now just coming together. In actuality, the underground facilities had this dual purpose in mind, when they were designed by the Hoover Administration.

John Stoddard was subsequently arrested for making “terrorist statements” on the Phil Adams Show, since firearms owners were terrorists now, and imprisoned in the fortress-like underground complex at the Hanging Rock Camp in northern North Carolina. It didn’t even matter that his statements were made prior to the law’s inception; the Constitution no longer applied to everyday life anymore, and the law could be twisted or interpreted however anyone deemed appropriate for any given “crime.” Accusations were made, kangaroo courts upheld the decisions, and people were secreted away to the concentration camps, or “units,” as they were officially called, sometimes without even getting a trial.

Within the first two years of the Gun Ban Law’s inception, over thirty thousand American citizens were labeled “terrorists,” and shipped off by the busload to the fifty-seven camps across the country. In scenes reminiscent of Nazi Holocaust fables, thousands of innocent American citizens arrived by the dozen at the various camps. The only major differences were that they arrived by bus instead of rail car, and all women were detained at the Carlsbad Caverns and Mammoth Cave units, unless they qualified for Hanging Rock status.

The Hanging Rock Unit would in time, become the most feared location to be sent to; the new Alcatraz of the 21st Century. It was where the people labeled most dangerous to the New Order of Government were sent, provided they weren’t simply assassinated by a Federal Special Weapons and Tactics Team like William Cooper had been, in the early days of the new millennium.

Murdered in his driveway by a Federal SWAT team in front of his wife, it was a special tactic that would become all too common in the new days of America’s terrible slide into totalitarianism. The slightest movement of a targeted suspect would result in a volley of automatic gunfire from the Federal teams. It was their preferred method of apprehension, as it not only saved money in court and incarceration costs, it provided an enormous intimidation factor as well, as no one

wanted to end up dying in a hail of gunfire, dying Butch and Sundance style.

The Hanging Rock Unit was better than being murdered, at least in some peoples' opinions, but not by much. Horror stories of the atrocities committed against the citizens incarcerated there, leaked to the public from time to time. Torture for extraction of information was commonplace in all the camps, as well as rape at the Carlsbad Caverns and Mammoth Cave units, but Hanging Rock was where the prisoners with the most knowledge that could disrupt the Government's plans, were interrogated by the best of the best, that the CIA or Jews had to offer.

Snark assessed his vast collection of firearms, ammunition, and accessories. Although he was himself a sworn law enforcement officer, the new law did not call for immunity to law enforcement officers for their *personal* weapons. In all the previous gun control laws that had been passed in the United States, law enforcement officers were exempt from the laws. Not so with the Law Enforcement Act of 2010. In fact, how dare the people that voted it in, even place such a title upon it! Ninety-nine percent of the police officers in the country were against it to begin with, not only because of their own loss of personal weapons, but because they recognized the Beast for what it was; loss of liberty, and the opening of the door to further losses of freedom.

Snark was actually looking at 20,000 years in prison for his ammunition, and an additional six hundred years thrown in for good measure for his firearms and accessories, should he fail to turn them in. His hunch had paid off on the AR15 uppers, and he had called a few vendors that in combination of his law enforcement background and needing quick cash for what was left, had sold him enough barreled uppers and a few spare barrels to finish all his receivers and then some, for a very reasonable price. One vendor had even included half of his spare parts kits, although he made certain he had a lifetime supply for himself stashed away, prior to his shop mysteriously burning down one night and destroying all his paperwork.

Snark was not alone in his amount of armament, as extensive as it seemed. In fact, there were many enthusiasts who required FFLs for their collections, because they either numbered over one hundred firearms, or one hundred thousand rounds of ammunition. As incredible as it seemed, a competition shooter could easily fire one hundred thousand rounds of ammunition in a year, while practicing his shooting skills. No, Snark was not alone in his armament, and that is what terrifies our government.

He had been purchasing anything he could get his hands on for several years, fearing this very scenario. He had amassed a large collection of low quality “junk guns” to turn in, and could even part with a few that were in much better condition, to look more genuine to the authorities. He still had several dozen firearms that had been purchased from individuals in private sales that no one knew anything about. Snark had been very calculating in his methods of procuring arms for a cache.

Since it was well known that he had written a few books on the manufacture of AR15s, Snark added some of his earlier home made rifles as well. He made sure that they were all castings; not the better-quality forged lowers, and ones that had mistakes. There was no way they were getting his 1919, or the .50 sniper rifle he had built on one of his self-finished, forged lowers from a purchased upper. That rifle didn't even exist on paper, because AR15 upper receivers weren't regulated and required no paperwork, much like his unfinished lower receivers.

He would still have to part with a few cherished guns, but most were duplicates or even triplicates of others he owned. The one exception was the gold-trimmed, commemorative .30-30 he had received for the anniversary of 9/11. That really chafed his ass, but since it had been a gift from Sheriff Wilde, no one knew he had it. He could lose a substantial portion of his collection however, and still have a rather impressive arsenal to equip a small army should the need ever arise.

Snark began the arduous task of preparing all his weapons and ammunition for long-term storage. He started by separating his weapons into two separate groups; those he was keeping, and those he was declaring.

Of those he was keeping, he completely disassembled every single one, and thoroughly cleaned them prior to packing them inside and out with military rifle grease. He had purchased a dozen cans of it, and used almost half of them in the process.

Snark wrapped each weapon separately in oil-soaked brown paper and placed them in various containers according to size. Each container was air and watertight, and could be sealed with gasket material in case the rubber seal ever failed. All the containers were plastic; none metal, so they would last forever, and could be buried. All were actually used military containers of varying sorts.

Snark had three olive drab plastic hexagonal cylinders with a screw cap on one end that had originally housed mortar rounds. They were approximately three feet long and eight inches in diameter, and



could hold three long guns of appropriate length. He also had purchased four plastic storage cases used for transporting military computers. Not only were they air and watertight, they also had an air pressure valve built into them for altitude variation.

He carefully packed his firearms into the containers in oily rags, and placed a large package of desiccant into each container before running a bead of gasket around the rim and sealing it. Snark removed the floor plates from all his high capacity magazines and removed the springs and followers. He greased the springs and wrapped them in oily brown paper. For his steel AK47 magazines, he also greased the inside and outside of the steel bodies thoroughly. He then slipped them into greased paper bags he had purchased from his local ABC store. Made for bottles of liquor, they were the perfect size to hold one AK47 magazine each.

Snark then prepared his ammunition for storage by heating the ammo cans and ammunition in a warm oven, then placing a bag of desiccant in each can and sealing it. When the hot cans and ammo cooled, the air condensed, forming a partial vacuum. Snark then packed the cans into the remaining computer cases and sealed the cases as well.

His preparation was complete. Now, he had only to cache the weapons and ammunition in different locations, where they could never be found or damaged by natural conditions.

The mortar tubes could be buried vertically, so that infrared scans from the air would turn up nothing but what appeared to be a single shovel of dirt. The government had started taking thermal scans just after the turn of the millennium, looking for symmetrical images. When a hole was dug into the ground, the dirt reflected the heat back differently than compacted soil. Any symmetrical images were investigated, for possible cache sites, regardless of location, be it on private land or state parks. Now the searches would be even more intense, with burying and caching of weapons and ammunition a certainty.

### *March 2, 2010*

“Thank you for coming in, Mr. Hauser.” the ATF agent greeted Snark, as he entered the large confiscation stockroom, pulling a wheeled cart behind him. “I know this is a difficult thing for a collector and writer of firearms books such as yours to have happen.”

While the agent secretly enjoyed what was going on, he still was required to treat each gun owner respectfully. All the agents spoke in low, quiet tones, being as respectful of the mostly men, and a few

women, as could be, yet remain authoritative in outward appearance. More leeway was given to fellow law enforcement officers such as Snark, than the average Joe however, due to both comradery and the knowledge that most officers were armed to the teeth. The agents safely assumed that most officers had confiscated weapons that they weren't declaring, and wanted to stay in the good graces of the officers. Should the situation ever turn ugly, they didn't want to be remembered as ball breakers, and be paid a special visit. The agents weren't *that* naïve.

Snark gave the agent a stony look in response. He wanted to appear genuinely enraged at having to turn in his entire collection of weapons and accessories. Not that he wasn't, but if he didn't appear entirely distraught at the confiscation of his hobby and book subject matter, the agent would certainly suspect something was up. He was also a little taken aback that the agent knew who he was. It was good he had decided to come in then. They most likely had a special list of people like himself who were noted in the firearms field, either as writers, experts, or shooters.

"You bet it's difficult!" Snark exclaimed in genuine anger. "This is plain wrong and you know it. Well, here's all my stuff. Everything I own. I hope you and all those politicians are happy when some thug breaks into my house with a gun he didn't turn in and shoots me.

"Here's twelve guns, one thousand rounds of ammo, some unfinished receivers, and some miscellaneous parts and accessories. I'm sorry I don't have more to turn in, but I sold most of what I had after the Crime Bill went into affect in the Nineties. Looks like the guys that bought it all got the shaft with this deal."

The agent said nothing in reply, but made a note of every weapon and serial number, and a description of the other parts and accessories, including the four unfinished castings, and the ammo cans full of outdated 7.62x39mm and 5.56mm military ammunition, and various calibers and gauges to fit the civilian caliber weapons he had brought.

He then typed Snark's name into the computer, and had him sign a statement of surrender. That was it. It was official now; he had turned in his guns in the eyes of the law and was thus removed from the Government's "Red List."

"That was quite a stockpile you brought in." the agent commented. "If it wasn't for the fact that you are in the firearms field, I would wonder why someone would feel the need to have that much armament."

*"This ain't shit, you moron."* Snark thought. *"If you knew what some people still have, you'd be taking your wife and kids to the*

mountains, 'cause they're gonna come after you for this one day. I'll bet most won't even turn in as much as I have."

"Why should you care who has what, anyway?" Snark demanded. "We didn't need a reason. The Constitution guaranteed it."

"At least you'll still have your duty weapon for defense in case that thug chooses your house. You aren't totally unarmed." the agent added, almost as an afterthought. "Thank you for turning everything in though."

So that was it! He *was* on a special list! Cops were being scrutinized as well, maybe even more so. Police officers had a unique knowledge of the law, and most saw what was happening in a far different light from most other people. It was why a large majority of White officers were not only racist, but strongly anti-government as well.

Chances were, they had some extra weapons that had been confiscated from time to time. Snark personally knew a state trooper who had once stopped a driver for operating under the influence. He had routinely searched the car and found a fully automatic M60 and five thousand rounds of linked ammunition for it in the trunk. He had simply told the man to put it in his own trunk and forget he had ever been pulled over. The man was only too happy to oblige. He might have lost out on an expensive sale, but it was better than losing ten years of his life in Federal prison for a Class 3 firearms violation.

Between their positions both official and political, municipal police officers posed a threat to the government, should a war ever erupt. While most Feds were assured of support from local cops, a few agencies like the BATFE, were wise to the fact that they could not be counted on for support in targeting civilian warriors. In fact, many agencies would be outright shocked to know that their blue brothers would probably shoot them instead of the populace. Not so with the BATFE. They knew what was up and this proved it, as far as Snark was concerned. No one was safe anymore. Not even a badge was an assurance of safety when it came to the New Order of Government.

### ***December 24, 2013***

Sallee peered through the windshield of her Mustang into the cold December night, as she headed north on Route 7 toward Estes Park, and home from college for two weeks of Christmas Break. The snow was beginning to fall more heavily now, and she turned her windshield wipers on to keep her visibility clear. The weatherman had called for an additional six inches of snow to fall on the already more than three feet that had accumulated since the first snowfall in early October.

Sallee had been driving for a day and a half, but she was less than ten miles from the house now, and soon she would be asleep in her own comfortable bed once again. She thought about the goose down throw on her bed, and imagined herself snuggling beneath the warm covers. It would be much nicer though, she thought somewhat wistfully, to have someone to snuggle under those warm covers with.

When she awoke in the morning, it would be Christmas Day, and she looked forward to the turkey her father would already have roasting in the oven. Sallee smiled at the thought, and unbuckled her seatbelt in preparation for the brisk walk to the house from the car. It was well below zero, and she hated the cold.

*"Someday, I'll move down South where it's warmer."* she thought, as she reached into the passenger's seat to set her coat within easy reach. *"Maybe Georgia or the Carolinas."*

Sallee set her Betty Boop purse on top of the jacket to keep it handy as well. She was now seventeen and in her junior year of college, and although still very much ahead of her peers in intellect, she was somewhat immature in many aspects. This included carrying around the old metal purse that she had been given for her twelfth birthday. She still looked very young, and the girly purse added to the effect.

Sallee was suddenly jolted from her thoughts, as she looked up and saw an oncoming car rounding a curve in her own lane, and no more than two hundred feet ahead of her. Her heart jumped, and she leaned heavily on the horn, jerking the wheel to avoid a head-on collision, as the driver of the other vehicle made no effort to move. The little Mustang swerved off the road and careened wildly, clipping an aspen tree and rolling. Sallee's head struck the window post, knocking her unconscious, a split second before the driver's door flew open. Her seatbelt no longer restraining her, she was flung from the car like a rag doll into the wintry landscape, plowing through the snow and striking the frozen ground at almost forty miles per hour.

The second impact to her head interrupted the electrical impulses from her brain to her organs as she slid to a rolling stop through the waist-deep snow. At 10:14 PM, Christmas Eve 2013, Sallee Schoenbraun died from blunt force trauma to her head.

\*

Snark yawned and stretched, as he turned left at the traffic light in Raymond, Colorado onto Route 7. Why the impulse had hit him to take the scenic route around Denver instead of staying on the interstates eluded him. It wasn't like he hadn't seen enough snow on Interstate 70 all the way across the state. Had he stayed on the interstates, he would

most likely be in Cheyenne by now. The fender-bender in Nederland had tied up traffic for almost an hour, and he could have maintained a steady speed on Interstates 70 and 25.

"Oh well," he muttered. "I'll probably never be this way again; I at least got to see the area anyway. Merry Christmas, and bah humbug."

He had no sooner said that, than it began to snow. He had been driving in and out of flurries since Rifle, back on the interstate, but it began snowing more heavily now as he approached the town limits of Meeker Park. Snark could see the falling snow illuminated by the sodium vapor lights in the parking lot of the town's grocery store, as he waited for the light to change. Snark took the opportunity to glance at his road atlas, and noticed Estes Park lay about ten miles to the north.

"Looks like a fairly good-sized place," he said half aloud. "I think I'll spend the night there if I can find a room. I'll still get to Cheyenne in good time tomorrow. Lucky I gave myself an extra day in case I wanted to stop and sight-see somewhere. I still don't see why this had to be done the day after Christmas though."

Snark drove out of town, and into the quiet darkness of the snowy night once again. Several minutes later, he rounded a curve, and was horrified to see an overturned car in his headlights. It lay about sixty feet off the road near the edge of the woods, and its wheels were still spinning.

*"It must have just happened!"* Snark thought, as he slowed the car and brought it to a stop behind another car, which had already stopped.

Its occupant was tottering back toward the car, and Snark could clearly see the second car's tire tracks in the oncoming lane before they moved back into his own lane, where it was now parked. Snark donned his gloves as he leapt from the car and approached the figure. It was a man in his early fifties he judged, and something about the man's demeanor alarmed him.

"What happened?" he shouted to the man who appeared to be ready to leave.

"I dunno," the man slurred somewhat huskily. "Car ran off the road."

Snark suddenly realized the driver was inebriated, and about to flee the scene. He had apparently drifted into the oncoming lane and run the other car off the road. He was trying to leave before anyone caught him.

"Hold it!" Snark shouted. "Get back here!"

He grabbed the driver, and began grappling with him in an attempt to keep him from leaving the scene, as another vehicle stopped to see

what was going on. Two men exited the vehicle, and Snark called to them.

“Help me with this guy!” he hollered. “I’m a police officer. He’s drunk and he ran that other car off the road from what I could tell. He’s trying to leave!”

The first of the two men approached Snark and the driver, and picked Snark’s opponent up. The man was no less than six feet, three inches tall, and pinned the driver’s arms to his sides.

“I’ve got him! He’s not going anywhere. See if everyone’s okay!”

“Thanks!” Snark called, as he walled through the deep snow toward the overturned car as fast as he could.

He looked inside the car, but found no occupants. A brown leather dress coat was lying on the snow nearby, and Snark began calling.

“Hello! Are you all right? Hello!”

Receiving no answer, he surveyed the area. It was fairly easy to see in the snowy dark, due to the reflectivity of the falling snow and the cars’ headlights. His attention was drawn to a furrow in the snow, and he hurriedly floundered over to it. Snark began feeling through the snow as he called out.

“Hello! Can you hear me?”

There was no reply, and Snark felt something hard in the snow. He fished around and grabbed the object, pulling it from the snow. It was a metal Betty Boop purse, and Snark realized at least one of the victims was a girl. He set the purse on the leather coat and looked around.

He saw something dark in the glistening snow ahead, and made his way to it. To his horror, Snark discovered it was the lower section of someone’s denim-clad leg and a clunky black dress boot. To his relief, he discovered that it was still attached to a body that was otherwise entirely buried in the deep snow. He began pawing at the snow, as the second occupant of the car that had stopped, joined him. Within a few seconds, they had uncovered Sallee, and Snark removed his right glove to check for a pulse. Finding none, he immediately prepared to perform CPR on her. He replaced his glove, and feeling through her shirt, slid his finger up her belly until he felt her sternum. He placed the palm of his right hand, the width of two fingers further up her chest to avoid compressing her xiphoid into her liver, and placed his left hand on top of it; arms locked straight. Five long minutes had already passed since Sallee’s young heart had last beaten.

“Do you know CPR?” Snark inquired of the young man standing next to him.

The man shook his head.

“No.”

“Okay. See if you can get some help!” Snark responded, as he began compressing her heart in an attempt to circulate her chilled blood. “Do you have a cell phone?”

“Yes. I’ll call the sheriff.”

The man turned and floundered back toward the road in the bitter cold.

“Fred!” Snark heard him call. “Where’s the phone? Girl’s hurt real bad. She’s dead. That guy’s trying to bring her back.”

Snark looked at the girl’s face, as he alternately counted chest compressions to himself and breathed into her mouth. She was very pretty he noticed, with long, reddish-brown hair, and a face that reminded him of childish innocence. She didn’t even look old enough to be driving, he thought. Her eyes were closed, so he couldn’t see them, but with her auburn hair, he imagined they must either be brown or green. He felt an attraction to her although she was at least ten years younger than he was, and felt helpless as he desperately tried to resuscitate her lifeless body.

“Come on.” he muttered to himself, as he breathed into her mouth once again. “You’re too young and pretty to die out here like this. Come on!”

He was vaguely aware of the sound of sirens approaching in the distance, as he feverishly continued trying to revive her. After what seemed like an eternity, Snark suddenly saw the area around him illuminated by the bright flashing headlights, and the red and blue strobe lights, of fire and law enforcement vehicles. The sirens stopped as the vehicles rolled to a halt.

“Okay, we’ll take it from here.” a voice said a few moments later. “Let me count your compressions and we’ll switch okay?”

Snark looked up to see several emergency personnel at his side, preparing to take over the duty of trying to bring the girl’s lifeless body back to life.

“No pulse yet?” one of them inquired, as he positioned himself over Sallee’s mouth, while another swapped positions with Snark.

Snark shook his head.

“No.” he replied as he stood, shivering in the intense cold. “I’ve been working on her for about fifteen minutes. I still can’t get her to come around. It’s a wonder she isn’t frozen stiff.”

“We’ve got AARDVARK on the way!” a voice called through the snow.

“Okay!” the EMT over Sallee’s mouth responded. “Phil’s about to de-fib.”

The paramedic was busy readying a portable defibrillator while the others continued CPR, and placed the paddles on the girl's chest.

"Stand back," he cautioned, as the two emergency medical technicians stopped CPR.

A jolt of electricity caused Sallee's slim body to arch reflexively, as the defibrillator sent 10,000 volts of electricity into her chest.

One of the EMTs checked for a pulse, but shook his head.

"Try it again!"

A second jolt coursed through Sallee's young body, and this time the man felt a weak pulse.

"Got one!" he exclaimed exuberantly. "My god, it's a miracle! Get her on a respirator!"

"What's Aardvark?" Snark inquired, as the situation eased.

"Medivac," the first EMT replied, as Sallee's face was covered with a plastic mask. "It stands for Air Ambulance Rescue Deployment Vehicle and Recovery. They'll fly her into Denver, and hopefully get her there in time. She's pretty bad off, though. Poor girl. She can't be more than sixteen or seventeen."

Snark stepped further back, as the crew loaded the girl onto a stretcher and floundered through the deep snow toward the warmth of the awaiting ambulance. Once the medivac arrived, it would get her to the hospital in Denver much quicker than an ambulance on a snow-covered road could ever hope.

"Do you think she'll be okay?" he inquired of one of the rescue workers as he climbed back onto the pavement. It was snowing quite heavily now, and all traces of the tire tracks on the road were covered with newly fallen snow.

The man drew his lips into a thin line.

"I don't know. She was gone for an awfully long time. If it weren't for you giving her CPR, she'd be beyond all hope. Even if she makes it through, she may still have permanent brain damage. It's cold though. That may be the only thing she has going for her. Hopefully, it slowed her metabolism enough that her brain didn't suffer from lack of oxygen. She may have fared a whole lot better if she'd been wearing her seatbelt though. We probably wouldn't even need to be here. At least not with AARDVARK, anyway."

Snark turned his attention to the driver of the car that had run the girl off the road. Although the temperature was almost five degrees below zero, he wasn't shivering. A deputy was trying to get a statement from him, but the driver was being uncooperative. Snark suddenly felt a wave of rage envelop him, as he thought of the pretty, young girl lying dead in the snow.



His thoughts drifted back twelve years, to the scene of a deadly accident back in Artesia. Three-year-old Sharon Blain had been ejected from the passenger's seat of her mother's car after being struck by a drunk driver. He had watched helplessly from the seat of the sheriff's truck, as rescuers tried feverishly to revive the little girl. It had been hopeless however; she had hit too hard.

"You drunk son of a bitch!" Snark yelled, lunging at the driver. "You killed that girl! She's dead!"

Before the deputy could intervene, Snark landed a hard right hook to the man's jaw, dropping him to the snowy road. Two other deputies dashed over and grabbed Snark's arms, dragging him about twenty feet away.

"Whoa!" one of them cautioned quietly. "I know how you feel, but you can't do that! I could charge you with assault for hitting him like that. You tried to save that girl, and I'm sure your emotions got the best of you, but he can press charges against you now."

"I know." Snark said sullenly, as the man slowly got back to his feet. "I'm a police officer. I'm reaching for my ID."

He reached slowly for his wallet, and displayed his badge and identification card for the deputy. He turned back toward the inebriated driver.

"You'd better pray that girl doesn't die. And you're god damned lucky these guys are around."

"Damn straight!" the driver hollered, as he rubbed his jaw. "I want you charged with assault! They're witnesses!"

"For what?" the deputy trying to take his information inquired. "It's not his fault you slipped. Maybe if you were sober, it wouldn't have happened. You're so fubared, you don't even have a sense of reality."

He had noticed the familiar gesture of an off duty officer displaying a badge. He nodded slightly to Snark and the two deputies with him.

"Better go." the deputy closest to him said quietly.

"Do you need a statement?"

"No." the deputy replied, shaking his head. "You didn't actually see it happen anyway. We photographed his tire tracks before they got snowed in. We have his ass. We never saw you here. I don't even want to know your name, in case this guy tries to pursue anything. Best you just leave."

Snark nodded.

"Ten-four."

“If that girl makes it, she’ll owe you quite a bit. Thanks for all you did. If you hadn’t given her CPR, she’d definitely be dead. I don’t think her daddy could handle that. She’s his pride and joy.”

“You know her then?” Snark inquired.

The deputy nodded.

“This is a small town. Everyone pretty much knows everyone else around here. Her daddy and I went to school together.”

The sound of the approaching helicopter began to drown out the deputy’s words. The wind from the rotors drove the snow around them in a blinding maelstrom as it landed in the center of the otherwise quiet road. Snark watched as Sallee was quickly loaded into the aircraft, and turned back toward the deputy.

“Nothing else you can do now.” the deputy remarked. “Go on; get back in your car before you get hypothermia. No one will see you leave when that chopper takes off.”

Snark nodded, and headed for the car. Snow once again began swirling blindingly around him, as the helicopter lifted from the road. He started the engine, and put the car in gear. AARDVARK passed overhead as he passed the other vehicles and accelerated gently up the snowy road. The last of the flashing red, white, and blue emergency lights disappeared from view, as he rounded a curve in the road and continued toward Estes Park for the night. It was now after midnight, and Snark hoped he could still find a room somewhere.

\*

“*Mein Gott!* What happened?” Kurt Schoenbraun exclaimed, as he and his wife looked through the glass window of the intensive care unit. “What happened to my little girl?”

He held his wife closely, as he stared at the myriad of tubes protruding from Sallee’s nose and mouth. It was now 7:00 AM, and Sallee was recovering from almost seven hours of delicate surgery. Her brain had swollen from two separate blows to her head, and the pressure was in danger of killing her. There had been no option but to open her head to relieve the swelling. Sallee’s long, beautiful auburn hair was now gone, and a drainage tube had been inserted into her skull to drain excess fluid from inside her cranium.

This was the first opportunity the parents had had to view their daughter, as she had already undergone emergency surgery when they arrived at University Hospital. No viewing was permitted during surgery, and it had been a long night for the couple. Their prayers for a Christmas miracle in the little chapel downstairs had been answered, but it was still unclear as to whether or not this was a good thing.

Now, Sallee lay comatose in the ICU, awaiting her fate. It was too soon to determine whether she had sustained any brain damage, from either the swelling or the more than twenty minutes that she was clinically dead. She was breathing on her own however, which heartened the doctor.

In addition to the brain injuries, Sallee had also suffered frost nip, a collapsed lung, shattered pelvis, and her left femur had been broken in three places. Her shattered bones were now held together with pins and surgical glue, and a cast stretched from her waist to her knee. Almost beyond repair, the surgeon had succeeded in piecing her pelvis back together with three pieces of titanium. Even so, the damage was so extensive that there was a fair-sized portion he could not rebuild. This left Sallee with a rather large indentation on her left hip that would always be there.

Dr. Dennis O'Leary turned to the couple, and shook his head.

"It's in the Lord's hands now," he said quietly. "We won't know for awhile, the extent of her injuries. The lung and bones were obvious, but head injuries, you just can't tell. Her body temperature was down to sixty-eight degrees when they brought her in. That's the only thing that may have kept her from being totally brain dead. If it slowed her metabolism enough, there is a good chance that the damage was kept to a minimum. Only time will tell. Just keep praying."

"When will she wake up?" Susan Schoenbraun inquired; her voice shaking uncontrollably.

"I don't know, Mrs. Schoenbraun." Dr. O'Leary replied as gently as he could. "She's in a coma. Sometimes, it's only a matter of hours; other times, it can be weeks, months, or even years. Depending on the extent of her injuries, it's possible she may never be conscious again. Like I said though, the cold probably helped considerably. If her metabolism slowed enough, it may have put her brain into a sort of stasis."

Susan Schoenbraun burst into tears, as her husband tried to hold his own composure in check.

"We don't want our daughter to live for the next thirty years as a vegetable," he said with all the strength he could muster. "If she is brain dead, then we want her to die with dignity. Sallee would want that too."

Dr. O'Leary looked uncomfortable. He was no proponent of living wills, but he respected the decision of patients, or their guardians in those regards.

"Let's just see what happens," he said quickly, glossing over Kurt's comment. "The next forty-eight hours are critical. We'll know

better then. Then, you can make your decision as to how you would like to proceed.”

Kurt nodded, and led his wife back to the waiting area. They would not be allowed to see Sallee in person until that evening, and time seemed to be going in reverse. Kurt sat silently for a while, mulling the situation over in his head. He was startled to hear his name, and looked up to see a Larimer County sheriff’s deputy standing before him.

“Mr. Schoenbraun?” the deputy repeated.

Kurt nodded.

“Yes.”

“My name is Deputy Henson.” The officer explained. “I wanted to let you know that the driver that ran your daughter off the road has been charged.”

“He was drunk?” Kurt inquired.

Deputy Henson nodded.

“Yes, but in addition to that, we have also charged him with vehicular manslaughter.”

Kurt Schoenbraun looked confused.

“I don’t understand.” he responded. “Our Sallee isn’t dead.”

The deputy drew a chair, and sat across from the couple.

“The District Attorney has decided that since Sallee was clinically dead for over twenty minutes, that he did in fact kill her. The fact that she was resuscitated shouldn’t be a factor. The fact remains that she was killed due to his actions. He shouldn’t benefit from the miracles of modern medicine.”

Susan Schoenbraun nodded.

“I agree.”

“This is totally new legal ground; it has never been pursued before, but if the DA prosecutes successfully, it will be a landmark case. It will open the door for many more cases like this in the future. We all realize it’s a very long shot, but the District Attorney is tired of drunk drivers getting away with murder, literally. It’s time they were held accountable for their actions.”

“*Wunderbar!*” Kurt exclaimed. “It’s about time somebody stood up for the victims of these people who do not think they are responsible for killing someone if they are under the influence of alcohol.”

“How is she doing?” the deputy inquired. “I know she was in pretty bad shape when they airlifted her out of there last night.”

Kurt shook his head.

“She is not well. We won’t know for some time, whether or not she will be normal again. She may be a living vegetable.”

"I'm very sorry, but maybe some semblance of justice will prevail here if the District Attorney is successful."

Kurt nodded slightly.

"Perhaps. Who was the young man that saved my daughter's life?" he inquired of the deputy. "Do you know? The doctor said something about it when we first got here. He said that Sallee would be dead for sure, if he hadn't performed life saving procedures on her. I want to thank him."

Deputy Henson dropped his gaze for a moment, for he was one of the two officers that had dragged Snark away from the driver after he hit him.

"We don't know." he answered finally. "He left before we could get a statement from him."

"I wish I knew who he was." Kurt mused quietly. "I would like very much to shake his hand."

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Sallee's eyes fluttered open, and she looked around for several seconds before her eyes rested on her parents, who were sitting at her side; looks of apprehension on their faces. She had been comatose for seven days, and she had no idea where she was. Her last perceived moment of consciousness had ended with the vision of snow and darkness.

"Where am I?" she inquired hoarsely.

She was very thirsty, and the tubes that had just been removed from her throat had been an added irritant. It was more of a whisper than a spoken question.

"You're in the hospital, Dear." her mother said, tears filling her eyes.

"What happened?"

"You were run off the road by a drunk driver." her father replied.

Sallee looked around again, and her eyes fell on the doctor and three nurses that had rushed to her bedside when her monitor had indicated a return to normal brain activity.

"God, my leg hurts." she winced, looking down at her lower body. "Eek! What happened to me?"

"You're a very lucky young lady." the doctor commented. "You were dead for almost half an hour. If it hadn't been for a Good Samaritan stopping and giving you CPR until the paramedics arrived, you wouldn't be here now.

"You have a shattered pelvis, and your leg was broken in three separate places. You also suffered a collapsed lung, and a very serious head injury. We were afraid you might have suffered serious brain

damage. We'll have to run some tests after you've had a chance to recover a little, but I'd say from the way you're acting and talking, that you most likely suffered little or negligible damage. You may have trouble remembering simple things in the future though."

"My head hurts too." Sallee added, reaching up to touch it. "Oh my god! What happened to my hair?"

Tears welled up in her eyes at the thought of her long, beautiful hair having been shorn off.

"You were hurt really badly. You died." her mother explained. "You had a very bad injury to your head. They had to open your head up to relieve the pressure. That's why your head hurts, and why they had to shave your head."

"I want a mirror." Sallee quavered.

"We'll get you one shortly." Dr. O'Leary responded. "Just lay still for now and maybe you'll start to remember some things."

"I remember seeing a car in my lane." Sallee said slowly. "I swerved to avoid it, and that's the last thing I remember until now. Except..."

Her voice trailed off, as a vague mental image flashed into her mind.

"Except what?" the doctor prodded gently. "Do you remember something else?"

"I'm not sure." Sallee replied hesitantly. "It's vague. I seem to remember feeling like I was floating or something."

"They brought you in by helicopter." the doctor responded. "You had been brought back by then. That must be what you remember."

Sallee shook her head, which still hurt from the surgery, and winced at the throbbing it produced.

"No," she replied, as the memory became clearer, "I was floating above the snow. I could see myself. Who found me?"

"We don't know." Susan said quietly.

"It was a man." Sallee stated emphatically. "I saw him. Who was it?"

Sallee's parents exchanged incredulous looks with the doctor. There was no way she could have known that Snark had been the one who found her.

"You must be remembering one of the medics." her mother said soothingly.

Sallee shook her head again, harder this time, and ignored the pain.

“No!” she whispered forcefully. “He was wearing a leather jacket, and he was bent over me. I saw his eyes. He wasn’t a medic or a cop. Who was he?”

“We don’t know, Honey.” Kurt said gently. “He left before the sheriffs could get any information from him.”

“He saved me.” Sallee said quietly. “He was there to save me, and I want to thank him. Now I’ll never get the chance. I’ll know his eyes if I ever see them again though. I could look through them, into his soul. They were like windows; I could see right through his eyes.”

Sallee sighed, and her head dropped painfully back to the pillow.

“He was my soul mate. I could feel it. I found my soul mate, and now I’ve lost him. He didn’t recognize me.”

“Just try and get some rest, Dear.” her mother said gently. “I’m sure it was all just a dream.”

“Wasn’t a dream.” Sallee retorted dejectedly. “He was there. Mr. Johnson told me my soul mate was real when I used to dream about him. This was different. I could sense him, and he was still just as much older than me.”

“Well, if he was,” Susan said, in an attempt to placate her daughter, “and he really *is* your soul mate, then perhaps you’ll find him again one day. If you are meant to find him, and you are meant to be together, the Lord will see to it that you will be.”

“Thanks Mom.” Sallee whispered with a smile. “I needed to hear that.”

## CHAPTER 5

*“When police officers don’t even believe in the laws they are sworn to enforce, we have a serious problem in this country.”*

**D.A. Hanks; remark to retired officers, 1999**

*March 16, 2014*

Steve rolled westward along Interstate 40 west of Amarillo, Texas. He and Shannon had been forced to sell their house in the divorce and split the money. He had taken his portion and purchased a new tractor, deciding to become an owner/operator and drive over the road. He had no mortgage, utilities, or yard work to contend with.

Steve used his sister’s address in Huntersville, North Carolina for his mail and tax address, and had a dedicated route that ran him from Charlotte, North Carolina to Bakersfield, California and back, hauling lemons and oranges. Every other trip out and back, Steve had two days off to spend with his sister’s family. It wasn’t conducive to meeting anyone new, but he was trying to make and save as much money as he could and retire fairly early, buying or building a house mortgage-free with what he had saved.

He wasn’t in any major financial crisis; he had invested in a 401k at work and had a sound financial investor put a good portfolio together for him. He had deposited regularly into that for many years as well, so he had a nice nest egg to live off of after he found his own Blue Heaven somewhere in Anytown, USA.

Steve was enjoying an old country tune; Johnny Paycheck singing “Take this job and shove it,” when a flatbed trailer passed him in the high speed lane and signaled to come back over in front of him. Steve grabbed the mic on his CB and spoke into it.

“Come on over, Mr. Skateboard.” he said cordially to the driver, indicating it was clear to move into his lane.

“Why thank you, Mr. Carolina Sun & Citrus,” a cheery female voice greeted him as the flatbed moved over, “but it’s Miss Skateboard.”

“I didn’t even look.” Steve laughed. “I’m sorry. Been on the road too long.”

“Where ya headed?” the woman inquired.

“Bakersfield.” Steve replied. “I run dedicated.”

“Oh okay. I’m running a load of drywall from Charlotte to L.A.”

“Hey, I’m from Huntersville!” Steve exclaimed. “It’s just north of there.”



“No kidding?” the woman replied. “I know it well. Small world out here on the open road. I live in Matthews.”

Steve laughed.

“Well, I was kind of farting along, but I’ll give it a little fuel if you want to talk along the way.”

“Sounds good to me.” the woman replied. “They call me Dixie Lass, by the way.”

“Well Dixie, I’m the Rebel Yell. Let’s take it up to 23 and while away the time.”

After a few hours of casual talk, Steve had a suggestion.

“I don’t know about you Dixie, but my stomach’s starting to growl. I’m going to pull into Santa Rosa and throw some food down my neck. Can I get you a cup of coffee?”

“You certainly may!” Dixie Lass responded. “I’m getting hungry too. Why don’t we continue the conversation over a dried out pork chop?”

Steve backed into a space and waited for her. He climbed out of his truck and approached her as she walked across the parking area.

“Hi!” he greeted her. “I’m Steve, by the way. Steve Timmons.”

“Rachel Pickford.” the woman replied. “My, aren’t we the handsome cowboy!”

Steve blushed noticeably, and Rachel laughed.

“I’m sorry,” she apologized, “you’re probably married.”

“Actually I’m not.” Steve replied. “I was once, but it didn’t work.”

“I was too.” Rachel said, as they walked toward the small restaurant. “He was killed in Desert Storm though.”

Steve stopped.

“I was over there too.” he responded. “I’m so sorry to hear about your husband.”

They entered the restaurant and found a booth near the back. Rachel continued as they looked over their menus.

“His name was Mark.” she said. “He was coming back to base, guarding a bunch of Iraqi prisoners, when the truck he was riding on hit a land mine. Shrapnel killed him.

“I didn’t know what to do at first. I felt as though my world had ended, and I guess it had, but I don’t mean to bore you with this.”

“It’s okay.” Steve assured her. “I was there; I know how things were. You aren’t boring me in the least. Take your time.”

He noticed that she was rather attractive, and perhaps forty-five years of age. Steve was himself close to sixty now, and it was nice to be in the company of a somewhat younger, attractive woman.

“What did you do over there?” Rachel inquired.

“MP.” Steve replied. “I was in the Reserves for that one. I was a helicopter pilot in Vietnam, but they said I was too old the second time around. So, they gave me an M16 and a badge, and I got to play cop for awhile. It was that or desk jockey, and I wasn’t up for that.”

“Mark was an MP too.” Rachel said quietly. “That’s how he got killed. Bringing those prisoners back.”

“I’m very sorry that happened.” Steve said gently.

“It was almost twenty years ago.” Rachel replied. “I was twenty-seven, and I had to go on. The world doesn’t stop to accommodate your problems. It was hard at first; almost unbearable, but life has to go on.

“I got a job at a gun parts supply house, and I worked there until the Law Enforcement Act of 2010. They had to go out of business when it went into law, and I had to keep working, so I decided to learn how to drive a truck. I moved to the Charlotte area in early ‘13, and up until recently was running local.”

“Same here.” Steve added.

“I really don’t like this new company.” Rachel said. “They send me all over hell and high water. Your company hiring?”

“Actually, I’m a gypsy, but I think Sun & Citrus is looking for a company driver. Tell ‘em I sent you.”

“Okay,” Rachel said brightly, “I think I will.”

“So you worked in a gun store?” Steve inquired.

“No,” Rachel responded, “it was a mail order supply house called Everything Guns. I really liked it.”

“Were you into firearms then?” Steve asked. “Or was it just a job?”

“Oh yes. I’ve been shooting since I was a girl. My brother’s big into it too; at least he was before they passed that stupid law. How do they expect us to protect ourselves now? I don’t feel safe anymore unless I’m on the open road. That’s why I started driving trucks.”

“That legislation will be the downfall of this country.” Steve commented. “I don’t think they want us to protect ourselves. I think they want us to come to them for protection, but that will never happen here. There’s too much crime from people that didn’t turn their guns in because they were stolen to begin with.”

“I agree.” Rachel responded. “The Blacks are having a field day now too. Crime has gone sky high since they took our right to self defense away.”

“You’re quite a unique lady.” Steve said with a smile. “Not many like you in this country anymore.”

“Oh, I can be the right feisty one.” Rachel said slyly, as the waiter brought their food to the table.

After they finished eating, Steve walked Rachel back to her truck.

“It was really nice meeting you.” he said.

“Yes it was.” she replied. “I’m glad we got to talk.”

“Me too. Maybe um, we could meet up and do it again when we get back to town?” Steve suggested rather awkwardly.

Rachel smiled warmly.

“That would be nice.” she said. “Let me give you my home number.”

Steve reached into his shirt pocket and retrieved a pen to write it down. He scribbled something else and tore it off the piece of paper, handing it to Rachel.

“Here’s my cell number.” he said. “You can call me anytime.”

Rachel took the slip of paper and smiled.

“You can count on it.”

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“There you go, Sallee!” Frank Spofford, her physical therapist encouraged. “You can do it! Keep it up, you’re doing great!”

Sallee managed a half-hearted smile as she strained to make the few last steps. She was using a walker for now; her pelvis had been so badly damaged that it had required three pieces of titanium to hold it together. This caused her leg movements on her left side to be somewhat stiff and awkward, and it affected her balance as well.

The therapy had been excruciating for her, due to the pain of her regenerating hip, as well as the slight brain damage she had suffered. Once several years ahead of her peers, Sallee was now an average teenager, at least as far as general knowledge went. The blow to her head or maybe the time her brain went without oxygen, had contributed to a few problems that would plague her for the rest of her life.

Not only had her above-genius IQ slipped considerably, Sallee now had a problem with short-term memory; a permanent case of CRS. She also was prone to radical mood swings and sometimes acted childishly. Her immaturity before the wreck had increased somewhat, and she frequently fell back to younger behavior.

In addition to her head and hip injuries, Sallee had also broken several ribs and damaged her sternum. The injury to her sternum caused her to swallow tiny bits of air when she breathed, which sometimes resulted in stomach pains. She was also plagued by a case of hiccups at least once a day.

She was now considered legally handicapped, and although she could lead a normal life upon recovery, she would never be the same.

Her balance was poor, due to her somewhat stiff hip, and she was unable to walk great distances without stopping to recuperate. Since the brain damage had caused problems with her memory, Sallee would be unable to become a doctor as she had hoped. She would be forced to collect Social Security for several years until the insurance company of the drunk driver who ran her off the road finally settled with her attorney out of court.

She eventually moved to a warmer location as she had hoped on that fateful Christmas Eve, a night that would one day lead to an even more fateful set of circumstances. In due time, Sallee would even come to thank the Lord and the drunk driver for what had happened.

### *June 30, 2019*

Snark impatiently stood in line at the checkout at the grocery store. He only had a few items to pay for, and the two Negroes in front of him were really beginning to annoy him. There hadn't been that many in Artesia, or even the scattered locations he had lived over the years. He had eventually found himself in Charlotte, North Carolina, and although he loved the state with its scenic mountains and coastline, he hated the huge minority influence that also resided there.

He was subjected almost continually to their subhuman activities, and this was a perfect example of the results of the Rainbow Act and Gun Ban Bill being enacted. They knew they could say or do almost anything and get away with it, because if a person dared say something, he could be charged with racism. The Blacks certainly were no longer afraid of being shot in self-defense, although every now and then they were surprised to accost an armed victim. These were usually police officers, but occasionally illegally armed citizens shot them for their actions.

The two Negroes continued "cutting up" as the line slowly advanced. Snark glanced over his shoulder at the girl behind him and smiled in spite of his irritation with the two Blacks. She was very pretty, with long auburn hair, and something seemed vaguely familiar about her, but he couldn't quite put his finger on it. Having lived in so many different places, it was possible if not probable, that she reminded him of someone he had seen in another state.

Sallee Schoenbraun smiled back at the man standing in front of her and shifted her weight. Her hair had grown out almost to the same length it had been prior to her accident, and she tossed it slightly in an unconscious reply to Snark's smile. She moved stiffly on her left leg and set her groceries on the conveyor belt behind his.

“Thank you.” she responded, as he placed a green plastic divider between his groceries and hers.

Snark nodded and looked at the two Negroes in annoyance. They were now rapping aloud and eying the White cashier leeringly. She was visibly disturbed, and fumbled with their change and receipt.

“Yo Baby!” one of them said to the cashier. “Why you be ‘voidin’ us? We don’t be doin’ nuffin’ to you.”

“Why don’t you try acting civilized, and not like you just swung off a vine in the jungle someplace?” Snark snapped.

He had had enough, and had now lost all patience.

“Fuck you, White Boy!” the second one hollered. “You be wantin’ a piece o’ me, Cracker?”

By now, most people would be afraid to say anything else for fear of racial accusations, but Snark knew exactly what to say and what not to.

“Get your scrawny ass and bad breath away from me before I kick it through that window!” Snark snarled. “You think I’m supposed to be scared of you just because you’re Black? Get a real fucking thought!”

The cashier smiled noticeably, and several eyebrows arose in approval at Snark’s public display of defiance. Most of the people within earshot were White, and secretly felt the same way, but dared not start anything themselves.

“Man, you better be glad we’s in a hurry.” the first Negro said. “Otherwise we’d stay aroun’ an’ kick yo’ ass.”

“You bes’ be watchin’ yo’ White ass.” the second one chimed in. “We’s gonna be watchin’.”

“And I’m supposed to be scared?” Snark inquired sarcastically. “Get out of here! I hope you’re stupid enough to try something.”

“We’s gonna be waitin’!” one of them hollered, as he headed for the door.

Snark suddenly moved in their direction, and they broke into a run. He shook his head and waited for the cashier to ring his items up.

“No one’s ever talked to them like that before, at least as long as I’ve been here.” the cashier remarked with a laugh. “I don’t think they knew how to take it.”

Snark shrugged.

“Tough break.”

He picked up his groceries and stuck the receipt in the bag.

“Have a nice afternoon.”

Sallee looked at Snark in amazement and respect, as the cashier began ringing up her groceries. Her eyes followed him out the door as the cashier stated her total.

“Eighteen, seventy-seven, please.”

Sallee handed the cashier a twenty-dollar bill.

“Keep the change!” she exclaimed, and hastily made her way to the parking lot after Snark.

“Sir!”

Snark turned to see the pretty, young woman from behind him at the checkout walking in his direction. Although he had noticed she appeared to have a slight limp as she moved slowly in line, her gait was now fairly smooth as she made her way toward him. Her long hair blew slightly in the warm June breeze, and Snark once again noticed how attractive she was.

“That was good the way you told those jigaboos off!” Sallee said brightly. “I wish more people would stand up to them like that. I have to be careful now, I can’t move like I used to. If I say the wrong thing and there are too many, I can’t get away.”

“You don’t like them either then, I take it?” Snark inquired with a smile.

His first thought had been that Sallee had followed him to fill him full of politically-correct multicultural nonsense.

“Hell no!” Sallee burst out. “I kicked one in the nuts when I was in high school for coming on to me.”

“Good for you!” Snark said with a smile.

He was relieved to discover not only that she was pretty, but intelligent too. He stuck his right hand out in greeting.

“I’m Snark.”

“Sallee.” the young woman replied, shaking his hand with a strong grip.

Snark looked at Sallee’s left hand and saw no ring. She was perhaps ten years younger than he was, but he felt an intense attraction to her. He decided to go for it.

“Would you like to have dinner sometime?” he inquired. “Maybe we could talk some more about things like this.”

“That would be awesome!” Sallee said brightly. “You know, this is going to sound strange, but you look really familiar. I don’t recall seeing you around before, but you definitely remind me of someone though.”

“I noticed the same thing.” Snark replied. “I’d swear that I’ve seen you someplace else.”

“Not unless you used to live in Colorado.” Sallee said smiling. “I just moved here six months ago.”

“Nope, I never lived there.” Snark responded with a smile. “I passed through there though once; about five or six years ago.”

His smile vanished, as his thoughts changed to Sallee's lifeless body lying in the deep snow on that cold December night.

"What's wrong?" Sallee inquired, looking at Snark's expression.

"I was just thinking about that trip." he replied. "It was horrible. It was Christmas Eve, and this girl had been run off the road and killed by a drunk driver. I found her lying in the snow and gave her CPR. I couldn't get her pulse back, but they jumpstarted her and airlifted her out. I have no idea what ever happened to her. I decked the guy that did it, and the deputies kind of ushered me away. I never knew what happened to her."

Sallee stared in shocked disbelief at Snark's words. She dared not hope that he was actually the man who had saved her life so many years ago, but this was too bizarre to be a coincidence. She had to know more. She was at a loss for words.

Now it was Snark's turn to be inquisitive.

"What, is something wrong?"

Sallee fumbled with her words as she tried to answer him.

"That was me." she finally replied. "That was you? My god, it *was* you! It *is* you! You're the one that saved me! I've wanted to thank you for so long, but no one ever knew who you were."

Snark tried to fathom the meaning of Sallee's exclamation.

"A white car." he mumbled. "She had a white car. Did you have a white car?"

Sallee nodded vigorously.

"Yes! A white Mustang."

"And a Betty Boop purse?"

Sallee held it up. Even after all these years, she still carried it with her.

"Oh my god." Snark said quietly. "I can't believe this. What a coincidence!"

"It's no coincidence!" Sallee said firmly; her thoughts more clear now. "My mother told me that if we were meant to be, that I would meet you again someday."

Snark was stunned. He looked into her eyes, wanting to know the answer to the question he had wondered while she was unconscious. Rather than being green or brown as he had imagined, they were a deep, piercing blue; as blue as the clear desert sky of Artesia. He didn't know what to say, but as Sallee held out her arms to him, he embraced her tightly.

She was a stranger to him, but he once again felt the same strange attraction that had enveloped him before, as she lay dead in the cold snow. Somehow, it felt right to be holding her like this.

“God, it’s so good to see you again.” she murmured. “Please don’t ever leave me again.”

“I guess we have a lot to talk about.” Snark managed to whisper.

Sallee released her hold on him and looked into his eyes. They seemed to melt before her, and once more, she felt as though she was staring into his soul.

“Yes we do.” she whispered back. “But not here.”

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“I still can’t believe this is real.” Sallee said quietly, leaning over the dinner table at the restaurant.

Snark stared helplessly at her. He could not take his eyes from her beautiful face. When they had first met, Sallee was not wearing makeup; she rarely put any on, as her natural beauty shone through, but with the addition of makeup and clear lip-gloss, she was stunningly beautiful.

“Neither can I.” he replied. “What did you mean before, when you said your mother had told you ‘if we were meant to be’ that we would meet again?”

“I used to dream about you when I was a little girl.” Sallee replied. “You would take me for a ride in your car. I was only like seven, but I was so in love with you. I never really thought you were real, until I saw you working on me. I recognized you as the boy from my dreams.”

“I’m not certain I follow you.” Snark responded. “You used to dream I would take you for a ride in my car? How could you see me the last time we met? You were dead.”

“I had what is called and out of body experience.” Sallee explained. “I could look down and see myself.”

She smiled.

“You were wearing a black leather jacket.”

“Yes, I probably was.” Snark replied. “I have an undercover coat that has a hidden badge tab and ID panels. I probably didn’t even think to pull them down though, so it would have looked like any ordinary leather jacket. Now what’s this about you being in my car?”

“I used to dream about an older boy, a young guy I guess, that I would meet in my dreams sometimes. We would go places and he would take me for a ride in his car sometimes. It would go really fast.”

Snark laughed, in spite of himself.

“It’s not funny!” Sallee admonished. “It was real.”

“No, I’m sorry; I didn’t mean it like that.” Snark apologized. “What I meant was, if it was a red Chevelle, you’re right; it would go



like hell. I used to get it up to one twenty-five out on Highway 14. It'd kick ass. I built it in my uncle's garage. I loved that car."

He remembered it fondly, and had been crushed when it was stolen and wrecked, most likely by a Negro punk, on him in St. Louis.

"What else did we do?" he inquired.

"Sometimes, you would just be where I was. Other times, you'd find me. It was like you were picking me up for a date sometimes. We even—" Sallee suddenly stopped and turned noticeably red, even in the subdued light of the restaurant.

"What?" Snark inquired. "We'd what?"

He too, suddenly turned beet red.

"How old were you?" he demanded.

"I don't know. Ten or eleven. You were really sweet though."

"Thanks." Snark responded. "Sweet or not, if it had been real, it would've gotten me five years in San Quentin. How old are you, by the way?"

"Twenty-three." Sallee replied. "And you?"

"Thirty-four. We're eleven years apart. I'm sorry, I don't ever remember taking you for a ride in my car in any of my dreams, and I certainly would have remembered you had we, uh—"

Sallee laughed.

"Dreams are different for some people. Just because I was with you in my dream, doesn't mean that you actually knew it in yours. If I was more receptive to it, I would pick up on it more so than you."

"Receptive to what, though?" Snark inquired.

"You're my soul mate." Sallee replied matter-of-factly.

Snark scratched his head.

"We're given clues when we're born, to find our other half." she explained, seeing his clueless expression. "Mine were visual. Did you ever feel anything special about a mysterious someone?"

"Well, I've always been attracted to long, brownish hair." Snark replied.

Sallee tossed her hair suggestively.

"And now that I think about it, I always expected there to be some kind of a problem with all the girls I've dated. I don't mean a problem *between* us, I mean a physical or mental problem; more like a disability I guess. Something that required patience and understanding. None of them ever felt right."

"What about me?" Sallee asked, looking at him intently. "Do I feel right?"

"I felt this bizarre attraction to you when I found you in the snow, and again today." Snark replied. "Every time I look at you, I feel this deep feeling, like I love you."

Sallee nodded.

"I feel it too. It's called love at first sight. It's what happens when two lost souls find one another. It's a rare gift."

### *July 4, 2020*

"What time is that picnic again?" Sallee inquired.

"We should be there around noon or so." Snark replied. "Ron has the pool all cleaned, so we can hang out there all afternoon, or stay inside. It doesn't matter. We'll probably start on the fireworks around 7:30. At least *those* haven't been banned by the Feds yet."

"The key word there is yet." Sallee replied, putting her arms around Snark and kissing him on the lips. "No telling when they'll get paranoid about people disassembling them to make bombs or something."

"I'm very surprised they haven't yet." Snark responded. "I would have thought that that would have been one of the first things on their list. Sometimes, their logic makes absolutely no sense to me."

Since their meeting the previous year, Sallee and Snark had spent every minute of their lives together. It seemed more like forever, than a year, and they were very comfortable together.

Snark ran his fingers through Sallee's long hair and stroked it gently.

"Mmm," she whispered, "you know how to make a girl putty in your hands."

Snark smiled and kissed her on the forehead. Sallee suddenly erupted into a volley of hiccups and frowned.

"There they are." Snark commented.

"Damn, they just irritate the crap out of me!" Sallee exclaimed.

"I think it's cute." Snark remarked.

"Well I don't." Sallee retorted. "It happened in the middle of a really sad movie at the theater once, and it just embarrassed me to no end."

"Honey, don't you ever be embarrassed about anything regarding yourself and that accident." Snark said quietly. "It was a miracle that you survived, and every time you hiccup or have trouble remembering something, you just remember that it could be a lot worse. Those things remind you of how special you are."

Snark seemed to have a way of making Sallee smile, and this was no exception.

“Okay,” she replied, smiling and tousling his hair, “you win, but I wish I wasn’t so special this often.”

Snark laughed and picked up the bag of fireworks he had purchased for this symbolic and uniquely American holiday.

“I love you.” he said pointedly.

“I love you too.” she replied.

“I love you more.”

“I love you most.” Sallee responded. “Top that.”

Snark thought quickly.

“I love you more than most.” he responded.

Sallee laughed and patted Snark good-naturedly on his butt.

“I forgot; you’re just as clever as me. At least as I *used* to be.”

Snark kissed her, and ushered her toward the door.

“Let’s just have fun. Ron told me there would be others there like you and me. I think we might make some new friends together today, or at least some contacts.”

“That would be nice.” Sallee responded. “I hardly know anyone here. I just picked Charlotte off the map and moved here.”

\*

“Hi Snark.” Ron Marino greeted him as he opened the door. “I see you brought a guest. Great! Come on in.”

Ron was an acquaintance of Snark, and a police officer as well. They had first run into each other at the firing range at the police academy. Ron had struck up a conversation with Snark after noticing his unique method of instinctive shooting. Although frowned upon by the range master, Snark often practiced his method, which he referred to as “point and click.” After sighting in a laser on his handgun, Snark would spend hours pointing the pistol at different objects and then activating the laser to determine how close he was aiming at his intended target.

He had perfected the technique to the point where he could hit almost any object he looked at, with his duty weapon. Although he was only a reserve officer, his method of shooting had once been witnessed by the Chief, who was rather impressed and had requested Snark train a few full time officers to participate in a head to head competition versus standard trained officers.

The results had been mixed, as not all the officers were able to pick up on the technique, which required a certain degree of natural ability. The Chief had thereby dropped the idea as standard operating procedure, which gave Snark a superior ability when it came to simulated testing. Ron however, had picked up on it quite well.

Snark and Sallee followed Ron to the kitchen, where Snark dropped the bag of fireworks and picked up a cold beer instead.

"Hey everyone, this is my shooting buddy, Snark, and- I'm sorry, I don't know your name..." Ron introduced the couple, as they exited the kitchen onto the concrete patio.

"Sallee."

"...Sallee." Ron finished.

Several people nodded in acknowledgement as Snark and Sallee sat under the shade of a large umbrella next to the pool. A man close to Snark leaned forward and extended his hand in greeting.

"Steve Timmons. This is my wife, Rachel."

"Snark Hauser. This is my girlfriend, Sallee."

Rachel peered around Steve in amazement.

"You're D.Q. Hauser, aren't you?" she exclaimed.

"Why, yes." Snark replied, somewhat taken off guard.

"I used to work at 'Everything Guns'." Rachel continued. "I tried to sell you your own book once. You called right after the Gun Ban Bill was introduced and ordered almost everything under the sun."

Snark smiled.

"I remember." he replied. "I timed it well too. I still have a hard time believing that they actually abolished the Second Amendment."

"The Blacks have had a field day with it too." Steve spat out. "Sticking people up with guns they kept that they stole in the first place. An honest man can't even protect himself or his family anymore. Something's got to give soon, or we're all gonna end up in a ditch somewhere, or hooked up to some government gadget. I don't know who's going to do us in first, the spooks and the spics, or the government."

"My," Snark said with feigned horror as he twisted the cap from his beer, "such things I've never heard. Why, you're an anti-government racist! The horror of it all. A White man that still has some pride in his race."

"Damn straight." Steve responded, raising his beer and clinking it against Snark's. "There's a lot more where I come from too."

"I agree." Snark replied. "But they're all too afraid to do anything about it. The last chance to rise up, was when they took our guns. Sure, Jerry Medlin had his standoff, but he stood alone. He told them that they could pry his guns from his cold, dead fingers, and that's exactly what they did. They stormed his compound and killed him and his wife, and their four kids. No one still knows for certain if they died in gunfire or burned to death when they torched the place with flamethrowers."

“Jerry basically stood alone, except for a truly dedicated wife that he was blessed to have met, and some kids that bravely shot back alongside their parents. Rumor has it that his seven-year-old daughter Michelle, was the one that put that shot through Daggett’s left eye at almost five hundred yards. But no one else stood up. All that talk about ‘they can have my guns, bullets first,’ and they all rolled over. We need to stand together, or eventually we’ll all hang together.”

“That seems to be the Government’s method of operation,” Steve snorted, “torching people that see them for who and what they are. They did it to Bob Matthews, the Branch Davidians, then Jerry Medlin, Dusty Sanders, the list goes on.”

“I’d forgotten about Robert Mathews.” Snark mused. “Waco and Ruby Ridge got a lot of press, but you never heard much about what happened to him. They tried to bury him in obscurity by touting him as a criminal. He was before my time anyway. He died about a year before I was born.”

“Maybe you’re his reincarnation.” Steve commented. “From what I’ve heard from Ron, you certainly fit the bill.”

Robert Jay Mathews had founded a revolutionary group known as The Order, in 1983 to revolt against the federal government. Inspired by the plight of farmers in the Pacific Northwest area who were losing their farms, Bob Mathews had splintered the group, also known as Bruders Schweigen (silent brotherhood) from the Aryan Nations, to raise money for arms and an overthrow of the United States government.

The group had come under harsh criticism from law enforcement and the public, and even from other White Nationalist groups, for their method of raising funds for their goal. Counterfeiting and bank robbery raised millions of dollars for The Order, but also bore a negative image. This was furthered by the murder of Jewish Denver talk radio show host Alan Berg, by David Lane, another member of the organization, for making continual derogatory comments about White supremacists.

Bob Mathews was eventually cornered into a standoff with Federal agents on Whidbey Island, in Washington State, in 1984. A conflagration erupted during the ensuing shootout after an incendiary grenade was fired into the house. The fire and exploding ammunition burned Bob and his family to death, and it became a rallying cry for many White Nationals in the years to come, much like “Remember Waco”, and “Remember Ruby Ridge,” became in the 1990s. Only a few hardcore Patriots and White Nationals still remembered his speeches or standoff against the government that tried to silence him.

In 2011, Dusty Sanders, from rural Whitingham, Vermont, had stood off the FBI for sixty-four days in an underground bunker. Sanders, a Patriot preacher, had been accused of sexual misconduct by the Department of Social Services in an attempt to abort his teaching of Christian Identity to the children of many local parishioners.

Like Randy Weaver, Dusty had refused to show up in court or partake in any of the local government's foolishness. Local authorities attempted to remove him by force, but were surprised when gunfire erupted from the hillside house. Eventually, the FBI was called in after three days, and after sixty additional days of intense firefights resulting in the death of seven Federal agents, they set fire to the house by flame cannons mounted on an armored vehicle on the afternoon of the sixty-third day.

The house burned for several hours and was completely incinerated, along with Dusty, the agents presumed. The following morning they attempted to search the charred remains, looking for Dusty's body, when suddenly, automatic fire burst out and two grenades exploded in the smoldering ruins, killing thirteen more agents.

Dusty had retreated to a subterranean bunker located below the house and built into the hillside. The agents were caught off guard, and only three of them made it back to the command post. Realizing that Dusty was still alive and holed up in a fortified bunker, the agents called in for air support. Forty-five minutes later, an Apache gunship arrived and hovered five hundred feet from the smoking remains of the house and fired a barrage of missiles at the site. A massive fireball erupted, as not only the missiles, but also one thousand gallons of stored diesel fuel exploded. A fraction of a second later, the five thousand pound tank of propane detonated, sending a blinding flash of light, a searing wave of heat, and a shockwave that knocked the helicopter from the air, and reduced it and the entire FBI command post to ashes. Dusty Sanders had been killed, but in the taking of his life, the FBI and BATFE had lost a combined fifty-seven agents while the United States Army, four soldiers and one multi-million dollar aircraft.

"Have you seen on the news, where they're going to make Spanish the official secondary language of America?" Rachel inquired. "Imagine that, two languages here! In America!"

"What?" Snark burst out. "I hadn't heard anything about that. What kind of shit is that?"

"They're removing English as the primary language," Rachel explained, "and making everything bilingual like it is in Canada. All the signs, billboards, and media will be in English and Spanish.

"White kids are going to be taught Spanish as their primary language in school, so that they are forced to learn it. They say the spics are almost as many in number as we are, so it's only fair."

"Fair my ass!" Sallee burst out. "They come to America; they need to speak our fucking language, pardon mine. We don't need to learn theirs!"

"True enough." Steve agreed.

"Well, *our* kids aren't going to learn it." Sallee stated emphatically. "Snark and I decided we're going to home-school our children when we have them, if I can manage to squeeze them through my hips."

"If it's still legal by then." Snark commented dryly. "I expect a lot of people are going to do it now that this crap is going into effect. The Feds have been frowning on it for years, because the kids aren't brainwashed like they are in the ZOG schools. They can't control them as easily when they're home-schooled. It wouldn't surprise me if they try to ban it before too long too.

"A lot of home-schoolers are Patriots. They're teaching their kids how to survive; how to prepare for a war, and live off the land if they need to, in addition to correct history. Sallee was part of a special schooling program. That's where she really became racially aware. That scares the Feds.

"They knew when they took our guns away, we wouldn't be as apt to try and do anything about it. Now, we have gangs of nigger rapists running rampant in the streets, and we can't do a damn thing about it."

"It's getting to be too much." Sallee added. "An average of four murders a day now. We can't fight back, and even if we did, they'd charge us with racism because our attackers were Black."

"That's the idea, Hon." Snark responded. "By taking away our ability to protect ourselves, not only can we not protect ourselves from the government, we can't protect ourselves from the Blacks. So we have to turn to the very government that took away our protection, for protection! It's just like the old Welfare system; take jobs away to put people on the dole, and then promise them more benefits if they vote for you. It just spirals out of control with no way to stop it.

"The problem here, is that the Feds can't protect us from the spics and jigs. There's too many of them. It's a bigger problem than even they can control. At some point, someone will snap, and all hell will break loose.

“It doesn’t matter who starts it, the Feds or the niggers, it will end up White citizens against the niggers, spics, and the Feds. Most of the guns in this country were in the hands of angry White males before they were banned. If we revolt against the government, they’ll deputize Sambo; give him guns and a chance to kick Whitey’s ass. Shit, they’ll be on that like flies on a turd.

“If we decide to start killing the Blacks first, the Feds will jump in and help stamp out the racists. Either way, it will end up White men, women, and children fighting the niggers, spics, gooks, and all the other mongrels, and they’ll be supplied by the fucking Feds! We’ll even be fighting our own brothers and sisters in the military, unless they refuse to kill their fellow Whites. Who knows, the Blacks in the military might even throw them in the stockade or kill them anyway, so that they won’t be a threat at all.

“It’ll be like Charlie Manson’s dream of a race war where the Blacks won and were too stupid to lead themselves, so he would be their leader. You’ll have a bunch of Blacks being told to kill Whites by the Jews passing themselves as Whites. Then, the Jews will tell the stupid monkeys everything to do, and use them more than they could have ever used us.

“That’s our future unless we start doing something about this shit, and take our country back. It’s time that this country was led by the same White people that founded it and told Britain to take a flying fuck. This country was founded by White men, for White people, not Jews and niggers, by God!”

Steve nodded.

“That sounds about right, Brother.” he replied. “The thing is though, that even though the time is almost past, if not too late already, the average Joe isn’t going to take a stand. I don’t know what the hell it’s going to take to open their eyes. Sure they yelled about Ruby Ridge and Waco, but no one really took a stand and fought back. We should have all driven to Waco and shot back alongside the Branch Davidians. The Aryan Nations and a few other groups rallied near Randy Weaver’s cabin, but none of them pulled any triggers.

“Tim McVeigh supposedly blew up the Murrah Building in retaliation, but I still think it was Clinton trying to make it look like a militia group. I wouldn’t be surprised if he’s alive and tanning on some tropical island somewhere with a new face and a couple of million bucks in a Swiss bank account.

“They found him too quick, and there was one shot that was only showed live; you never saw it replayed, where a guy came running out of the building shouting, and a second explosion went off. They



interviewed him and he said the entire support structure of that building had *military* ordnance strapped to it.”

“I’ve heard that before.” Snark commented. “The sheriff back in my home town mentioned that when they blew up the World Trade Center in ‘01.”

“There’s another one!” Sallee exclaimed. “I believe the Arabs were behind that like I believe Martin Luther King was really trying to help the nig-nogs.”

“There were a lot of anomalies there.” Steve agreed. “There may very well have been camel jockeys flying those planes, but I’d bet a hundred bucks it was Jews that posed as Arab terrorists that got them to do it. They still can’t explain why four thousand Israelis didn’t show up for work at the World Trade Center that day. Only one Israeli died in the attacks, and he was a tourist. Four thousand of them all came down with something that day? Bullshit!

“It wouldn’t surprise me if ol’ Jorge Boosh knew it was going down too. He made some strange comments just before and right after, that seemed to indicate he knew more than he was letting on.”

“I saw pictures of the Pentagon right after it got hit.” Rachel added. “At first there was no wreckage, then all of a sudden there was wreckage and a big furrow plowed into the ground that wasn’t there before.

“The fire was miniscule compared to what was burning in Jew York. If it was a plane loaded with aviation fuel, why wasn’t it a raging inferno?”

“Because it was hit with a missile.” Snark retorted. “Even if Bush didn’t know about the attacks beforehand, he sure knew pretty soon after. If a missile hit that building and it was covered up, one has to ask one’s self why.

“Did the Jews do it to get us to fight their war like they tried when they blew up the USS Liberty in 1967 trying to blame Egypt so we’d wage war against the Egyptians for them? Or maybe we did ourselves as an excuse to get a foothold in the Middle East.”

“We’ll probably never know what really happened or why,” Sallee replied, “but if they ever find out it was the fucking kikes or our own government and the people don’t do something then, I’m going to myself.”

Everyone nodded in agreement.

“I’ll be right by your side too, Angel.” Snark responded. “Thing is, what could we do, and if it would work, why even wait?”

Steve looked at Snark.

“It would start with acts of domestic terrorism. It would be rather helpful if there was something going on that it could signify retribution for. No one’s going to dig up their guns and go to war over an incident; only after the ball is rolling will they jump on the bandwagon. Most people are followers, not leaders. They’re scared of what will happen to them. Only if their backs are against the wall will they finally react.

“If all bets are off, and they know it doesn’t matter if they fight or not, then by God, they’ll fight! It’ll just take a little kick in the ass. Like you said, finding out it was our own government that blew up the World Trade Center, or something that damning might do it, then again, we may get another Waco, and people just start showing up to help out. Who knows? I can tell you this though; if you want to light a fire under their asses, you have to make them angry enough to do something about it. You need another ‘remember the Alamo!’ or ‘remember Pearl Harbor!’

“You need something to invigorate their spirit; a rallying cry or slogan works, but you need a situation worth rallying over. Now, if they were to find themselves suddenly without their cars, comforts, or everything else that makes life easy, they might just do something about it.”

“Martial law!” Rachel exclaimed.

“That might do it,” Snark conceded, “but not just a curfew. It would have to be something that would cause the Feds to turn off our computerized cars, or scare them into withholding some other basic necessities.”

“Now you’re thinking like an old soldier!” Steve remarked with a wink. “Riots won’t be enough. It has to be something big enough to put a lockdown on the entire country. Then anyone with a uniform or public office becomes a target. No offense intended with the uniform comment though.”

“None taken.” Snark replied. “You are correct, and I suspect that many officers, if not most, will no longer be in uniform if that scenario happens for two reasons. First, they’ll have their and the safety of their families to contend with, and second, many if not most think like you and I do.

“See, no one sees the real crime statistics like a cop. They’re out there every day, pounding the pavement and seeing how the mud races act. They know who’s responsible for most of the crimes committed. A lot are vets; full time or Reserves, and know the lowdown of the government’s agenda. I know an awful lot of cops Steve, and most of them think this is all just as much bullshit as you and me.

“When police officers don’t even believe in the laws they are sworn to enforce, we have a serious problem in this country, and cops haven’t believed in a lot of our laws even longer than I’ve been a cop.”

Steve nodded.

“Good point. But it still leaves us with the big question; how does one, or two, or four, get the initial ball rolling?”

“By saying ‘Damn the torpedoes, and full speed ahead!’” Rachel interjected. “Look, we’ve known Ron for two years, and I know he’s trustworthy. If he says he’d trust his back to you, then I would too. Besides, I know your reputation Snark. You put your ass on the line with those books. Sometimes, you have to say ‘what the fuck,’ and go for it. If this country is ever going to pull itself out of the situation it’s in now, someone’s going to have to say that and just do it.

“Christ, if someone doesn’t do something soon, I’d almost rather not be around to live in that kind of a society anyway, so why not go for broke and do it ourselves?”

“Just talking about it would get us ten to twenty in Leavenworth, but you’re right.” Snark acknowledged. “If we’re going to do something, we need to do it now.”

“But just the four of us?” Sallee inquired? “What can only four of us accomplish?”

“Not much in the beginning, but if we’re careful about what we do for maximum effect, it could very well lead to a whole lot more than just four of us. We’d better think long and hard about what we’re going to do, because once we start, there’s no turning back. The Camps are full, and a revolutionary would most likely get a bullet. We’ll have to be prepared to lose everything if we fail, including our lives.”

“Live free, or die.” Steve said, quoting the New Hampshire State Motto. “Fuck it, let’s come up with something really kick-ass, and if we think we can pull it off, then let’s roll with it.”

“Sounds like a plan.” Snark remarked. “I’m in.”

Others could stay in the pot and boil if they wanted, but a few citizens had decided to take matters into their own hands and attempt to fix them. They could only hope that they were not alone; that others would see their efforts and weigh in. God, let them be right! One thing was certain now; the situation had finally reached the boiling point, and a few wise frogs were about to leap from the pot.

## **BOILING POINT**



## CHAPTER 6

*“The spirit of resistance to government is so valuable on certain occasions, that I wish it to always be kept alive.”*

**Thomas Jefferson**

“Okay, we have all the time in the world to plan this out.” Steve said confidently. “Let’s really make this something that not only can’t be tied to us, but will make people stand and take notice. We have to plan for everything foreseen or unforeseen that might happen. We have to cover *everything*.”

“Agreed” Snark responded. “I think that we also need to start getting people on the same side. There are too many different factions of White Pride organizations out there. Everyone’s bickering all the time; ‘you’re not Christian so you aren’t one of us,’ or ‘you don’t believe in Nazi socialism so you aren’t a true Aryan.’ I mean come on, gimme a break. We’re all White, and we all hate what this country has become.

“We all hate the mud races, or at least we believe the White race is *superior* to them. I think most of them know who is really responsible for the problems we are facing now too. There wouldn’t be any nigger problem or loss of freedom, if not for the Jews in office and those contributing to politicians for the past hundred years.

“We need to put our differences aside and come together as one. United we stand, divided we fall. We’ve been divided since Lincoln federalized this country and caused the deaths of tens of thousands of good White men on both sides. It’s time we stood up and stood together. I have an idea; it may or may not work, but it’s worth a shot. I want to invite all the White Nationals we can find, together for a cookout somewhere. We can all sit down and talk shop as White brothers and sisters. If we can all be friends, then I’ll see what I can do about contacting local racial leaders from across the country for the same thing. Then they do the same thing on a local level. We could establish a network of thousands, maybe even tens of thousands, if everyone sticks together.”

“That’s a tall order to fill.” Steve commented.

“Sure it is,” Sallee responded, “but he’s not a nobody. A lot of people know him from his books, but even more people know him from his handle at White Squall.”

White Squall was an online forum for White Pride people to discuss various racial issues. Even though “hate” forums had been

banned in the US, one could still access forums located in other countries. White Squall had started in Arizona in 2002, but had changed to an Australian server in 2009, after passage of the Rainbow Act made it a violation of hate speech laws. It had over fifty thousand members worldwide, with a little over forty thousand of them in the US alone.

Special internet sites were created to access illegal forums, by randomly changing the logger's IP address several times a second. The technology was brilliant, and allowed surfers to log into sites anonymously. Coupled with special invisibility software one could download, complete anonymity was assured.

Snark had been a member of White Squall almost since its inception, and due to his vast knowledge of firearms and overall writing ability, had become one of the top twenty-five most popular members. His popularity and natural ability to ensnare others with his words put him in a good position to formulate such a plan. He was well respected on the forum, and his leadership skills were obvious to those who read his posts.

"Snarkie!" Steve exclaimed exuberantly. "I should have guessed! I knew 'Snark' sounded familiar, and everything you know about guns. Damn! You're Snarkie on White Squall, aren't you?"

Sallee put her arms around her boyfriend, hugging him tightly.

"He sure is!" she purred, kissing him tenderly on the cheek. "My little Snarkie. It turns out we talked a few times on there before we even met."

"Small world." Steve remarked. "I'm Ranger Danger."

"Hey, no kidding?" Snark exclaimed. "Well, you've had my back a time or two on a few discussions with Antis."

"I'm no different in real life either." Steve replied. "You know how to present a case, that's for sure. If anyone has a shot at a powwow, it's you. I might be able to help a little too; at least locally.

"I know several people in this area that are on White Squall, and most of them are in some kind of loose-knit group. All the big ones died out with the Rainbow Act; the Klan, Creators, the Alliance. No one wanted to risk being infiltrated. You got a lot of cells and lone wolves now, but everyone knows someone who knows someone, etc. It doesn't take very long to get a lot of people together. A lot of them still adhere to the values of the old school groups. The Klan is still there, it's just gone underground and individualized. Those people still exist, Snark. We just need to get them all to listen, and more importantly, believe and *act*."

“Even wolves have to mate sometime.” Sallee replied. “If the call of the wild is strong enough, those lone wolves will join a pack. I think I may just know an Alpha male too.”

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“Mr. Carlson?”

“Yes.” a voice on the other end of the phone responded.

“It’s Sallee Schoenbraun.”

“Sallee!” her former elementary school principal exclaimed. “How are you?”

“I’m well, thank you.” she replied.

Sallee had found out shortly before her accident, that Frank Carlson was her “benefactor” in her special tutoring. He had been heartbroken to hear not only of her near fatal accident, but of her resulting brain trauma. He had hoped that she would become a well-positioned physician or writer to help the White cause. Upon learning of her inability to continue with medical school, he had lost a lot of hope. Hearing her voice now, caused him to wonder if something was wrong.

“Mr. Carlson, I know you were very disappointed when I had to drop out of med school, but I think I may be in an even better position now.”

Sallee knew better than to say anything more on the phone, for there was a distinct possibility that the conversation was being monitored, or even recorded, compliments of the revamping of wiretapping laws under the Patriot Act.

“Sunshine?” Frank inquired.

It was code for a brighter day, AKA good news regarding the White Pride cause.

“Oh yes, it’s very sunny here.” Sallee responded. “The forecast is lots of sunshine, so long as the weather cooperates.”

“School’s out for the summer.” her former principal replied. “It’s been rainy here. Maybe I can visit and soak up some of that sunshine.”

“That’s why I called, Mr. Carlson. I live in Charlotte, North Carolina now. The forecast looks very promising too. I thought maybe I would come back to visit though. I’d like to bring my boyfriend home to meet Mom and Dad and you as well. He’s my own little gift of sunshine. I wanted to be certain that you would be around though.”

“I see.” Frank replied. “I’m not going anywhere. Bring your boyfriend by too; I’ll be interested to meet him. Give me a ring when you get home.”

“I will. I’ll see you soon.”

Sallee turned to Snark.



“This will be great. You can meet my parents and the man who is responsible for my instruction.”

“Instruction?” Snark inquired.

“Yes. My elementary school principal saw potential in me, and set me up in a bunch of specialized training. I went to White history classes on the weekends and got self-defense training too.”

“Jesus.” Snark breathed.

“What?” Sallee responded.

“I’ve heard rumors of that. Taking academically gifted kids and training them to be the future leaders of a new secret society. They have a whole network of doctors and specialists; scientists working on shit; you name it. There are even supposed to be children delivered by their own doctors with no record of birth. They don’t exist. No social security number, they go to private schools and receive the same kind of instruction as their parents, except there is no way to trace them because no one knows they were even born. They’re supposed to be our secret hope if all else fails. Jesus, I kind of believed it, but to know that it’s real is very reassuring.”

Sallee looked intently at Snark.

“You think that’s what Mr. Carlson was doing? Preparing me to be part of that? Now that you mention it, it all started when I told him I wanted to be a doctor for White soldiers of fortune.”

“If he was a principal, he was in an excellent position to keep an eye out for gifted students.” Snark replied. “I’d be very interested to meet him.”

“You know, Mr. Carlson said almost the exact same thing about you,” Sallee replied, “that he was interested in meeting you. Maybe because I said you were my sunshine. Maybe he hasn’t given up hope on me, and trusts my judgment in finding someone good for the cause.”

“Perhaps he never gave up hope on you and still thinks you’re important enough to keep tabs on. I’m sure he already knew where you were living before you even told him. If he invested that much in you, he may be waiting to see what you decide to do with your life, now that you can’t be a doctor. This may be the part of the test where you pass with flying colors and don’t even know it. What have you really done with your life since the wreck?”

“Not much of anything.” Sallee admitted. “I sat around for a few years feeling sorry for myself and got addicted to the Endoset they gave me for the pain. I worked myself off of it, but I’m not proud of what I was for a while. I kind of gave up hope on a lot of things; life in general I guess. I couldn’t do a lot of what I used to. I can’t really go hiking much now. My balance isn’t that good with my hip, and I lost a

lot of my mental edge. I'm still smart, but nowhere near what I used to be. It was kind of a blow to my ego. Then knowing that you were so close and that I didn't get to tell you... it all added up. That's why I finally moved here; to try and get my life back in order and start fresh.

"Now that I've found you again, and we've got this plan, it makes sense now. Maybe I can't be the doctor that Mr. Carlson wanted, but maybe I still get to be Xena."

"Who?"

"Xena, the warrior princess from TV. It's from when I was a little girl. I always wanted to be a warrior princess like her. Mr. Carlson said I should do something else; that there wasn't much need for warrior princesses anymore."

Sallee laughed.

"I guess he was right to a certain extent, but how ironic it would be if all the training I got, ends up being used in a rebellion, and actually brought you and me together?"

Snark shrugged.

"Stranger things have happened," he acknowledged. "The way things have fallen together for you and me, nothing would surprise me anymore. If your Mr. Carlson is who I think he may be, then you are still very valuable to him and many other people too. They may be able to provide the network that we need to spread our message and bring everyone together.

"George Lincoln Rockwell was successful back in the 1950s, and if he hadn't been assassinated, we may very well have not had as bad a struggle as we have now, if even at all. He had the charisma to enchant people; to make them listen and believe. And his stature commanded attention too. Not that I'm a believer in Socialism, because I'm not. That's why I don't subscribe to Nazi beliefs; they are based on telling others what to do. That's the very thing we're fighting now, but George Rockwell had that character. If we could find someone like him again, we might just have a chance of bringing the White people together.

"There have been a few over the years, but just about every one of them have been assassinated, mostly by the Feds. George Lincoln Rockwell was killed by one of his own, but there was Robert Matthews, and William Cooper that were killed by Government goons. Not that Cooper was a White National, but he was intent on exposing the Government for what it really is. All the others are in prison. The only one that died of natural causes was Dr. Pierce. He had a lot of respect, and he had reasonable visions. It's too bad it all went to hell after he died."

"I know someone with that kind of charisma." Sallee said slyly.

“Oh? Who?”

“You.”

“Shit!” Snark snorted. “I don’t even come close.”

“You’re very convincing.” Sallee responded. “With a little polishing, I’ll bet you could stir up a hornet’s nest under our people.”

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“Daddy!” Sallee shouted, as she shut the car door and ran up the front walk of her parents’ house.

“Hey Pumpkin.” he greeted her, smiling as he gave her a big hug.

Snark ambled up the walk and caught up with his girlfriend.

“Daddy, this is my boyfriend Snark.” she introduced him to her father.

“Hello Snark.” Kurt Schoenbraun greeted him, extending his hand.

Sallee had told him and her mother quite a bit about her new love, but had neglected two things. One was the fact that Snark was eleven years older than his daughter, which made him exactly eleven years younger than himself. Kurt looked at Snark, who was closer in age to be his brother-in-law than his son-in-law.

“Heard a lot about you.” Kurt finished.

“Not everything yet!” Sallee responded, her voice tinged with excitement. “Where’s Mom?”

“She’ll be here in a minute.” Kurt replied. “What else?”

“I’ll tell you at dinner. You’ll never guess in a million years what I’m going to tell you!”

Sallee had been keeping a secret from her parents, that was just bursting to come out. It was all she could do to drop the bombshell on them later, and not spill it first.

“Okay,” Kurt said, as they all sat down to eat dinner, “what’s this big secret you can’t wait to tell us?”

“Are you pregnant?” Susan inquired.

“Not yet.” Sallee replied. “No, it’s nothing like that. Listen! Mom, do you remember how you told me if things were meant to be, that I would find my soul mate again?”

Susan thought for a minute.

“After your accident? Yes.”

“Well you were right! And Daddy, you get your wish too! Snark’s the one that found me.”

“Oh my god!” Susan murmured. “Of all the people in the world, how did you meet again?”

“Like you said, if we were meant to be, we would find each other. We did. We couldn’t believe it either. We just hugged for about twenty minutes.”

Kurt pushed his chair back and approached his daughter’s boyfriend.

“Words can’t express what I want to say to you.” he said quietly, holding his hand out. “I told my family I would like to shake the hand of the man that found her. We were told by the sheriff’s deputy you just left the scene without telling them who you were. We had no idea who you were.”

“Neither did the deputies.” Snark replied. “I decked that SOB right in front of them, and they sent me on my way.”

“He was convicted of involuntary manslaughter.” Susan interjected.

“What?” Snark exclaimed. “They did what?”

“The District Attorney wanted to set a precedent.” Kurt explained. “He felt that even though she was brought back, that he was still responsible for killing her. The fact that you brought her back was irrelevant. The jury agreed. He got five years for it.”

“Damn. That’s stretching it a bit. I’m glad he got it though. I was so pissed when I thought of what he did to her. I never knew until we met again, that she even made it.”

“Well she did, thanks to you, and you are always welcome in this house as long as you live. I owe you a debt I can never begin to repay.”

Snark smiled.

“Thanks. As far as owing me anything, forget it. I have Sallee with me now. We found each other again, and that’s all I need. Call us square.”

“Snark thinks like we do too, Daddy. That’s why we’re here; to talk to Mr. Carlson. Snark has some really good ideas.”

“Oh really?” Kurt inquired, raising his eyebrows. “Like what?”

“Well, I can’t be really specific just yet.” Snark responded.

“I understand,” Kurt replied, “but let me tell you something; we named our Sallee so that she would have the initials of the *schutzstaffeln*, the elite *Waffen* SS. While I don’t believe in the Nazi policy of forced Socialism, I do take pride in my county’s warriors. Aryan pride runs deep in my veins, as it does in hers. Whatever you are planning, you have friends in us that will never give you up.”

Snark looked at Sallee, who nodded, and took a deep breath.

“We’re going to take this country back. We’ve decided that it’s time someone did, and we have a few friends that agree.”

“You’ll need more than a few friends.” Kurt remarked. “How do you plan on carrying this out?”

“By talking to local contacts; people who know people, and get an informal meeting together. I’m trying to get to key people that can do this across the country, and get all the local areas to encourage meetings of all the lone wolves and splinter groups.”

“That’s why you want to talk to Frank Carlson.”

Snark nodded.

“Yes.”

“He’s a good man to talk to as far as reaching people, but talk won’t get you anywhere.”

“No, but action will, and if the people are aware that these actions are caused by us, they may listen more. Copycats will come out and help even more. The more confusion we create, the more distressed the government will become, and the more hostile. They’ll start cracking down on everyone, and when it gets to be too much, we’ll have the people and resources to stand up. People will have two choices; shit or get off the pot. I’m gambling that most will shit, pardon my language Mrs. Schoenbraun.”

“What are you thinking of doing, if you don’t mind my asking?” Kurt inquired. “It had better be pretty high-profile.”

“A little anarchy.” Snark replied. “You need anarchy to create the background for people to respond. Only with anarchy can the lawless become the law.”

“Controlled mob rule.” Kurt said, nodding his head slightly. “I understand the concept, but how do you propose to accomplish it?”

“Through God, guts, and glory. Some high-profile damage ought to get everyone’s attention. A little old-fashioned domestic terrorism. We’re just waiting for the right moment.”

“They’ll kill you if they catch you.”

“We don’t plan on getting caught, but in the event we do, we are prepared to give our lives for our cause. We won’t give up. They’ll have to pry our guns from our cold, dead fingers, and we’ll take as many of the bastards with us as we can. Once it hits the fan, it will be all or nothing; victory or death.”

Kurt chewed his lower lip for a moment.

“Frank Carlson is the one to tell all this. Maybe not the terrorism part, but definitely the part about getting people together. I believe he can help you.”

“Who exactly is he then?” Snark inquired.

“I’ll let Frank answer that.” Kurt responded. “It’s not my place, but I can assure you he’s in the position to inform a lot of people.”

“You know about everything then?” Sallee inquired. “Why I was chosen?”

Kurt nodded.

“Frank had a long talk with your mother and me, when he wanted to bring you in. We agreed, and became part of it ourselves. He was devastated when you had to drop out of medical school. He never gave up hope though. He hoped that by some miracle, you would find a way to better this world, even with your new difficulties, maybe that you would even regain some of your lost gifts. It looks like you have.”

Kurt looked intently at Snark.

“You’d better make this thing work,” he said quietly yet emphatically, “or else everything you did that night will have been in vain.”

\*

“Sallee!”

“Mr. Carlson! This is my boyfriend, Snark.”

“Hello Mr. Hauser.” Frank responded.

He noted Snark’s look, although it wasn’t as major a reaction as he had expected. Apparently, the young man was more in tune with things than he initially thought. That was a positive sign, and the man made a mental note of it.

“Yes, we know who you are. Sallee was one of our prodigies, and we didn’t just abandon her when she was unable to serve our best interests in the manner we had originally hoped.”

“You owe her some explanations then.” Snark replied, somewhat overstepping his bounds. “With all due respect Mr. Carlson, she deserves to know what you had planned for her; the bigger picture she was a part of. And please, call me Snark.”

Frank Carlson motioned for the pair to have a seat on the couch.

“And you think you know, maybe, Snark?”

“I have an idea.” Snark responded. “Of course only an idiot would claim to know something he has no knowledge of, but I think I have a good idea.”

“An idiot or a politician. Sometimes both, occasionally, neither. What’s your analysis?” Frank inquired with genuine interest.

“I think you recruited Sallee into a secret organization that is building a functional society of ‘special’ people. Gifted children that will produce more gifted children; perhaps the second and third generation don’t even exist? Maybe your first generation of prodigies is to allow the others to remain hidden. No birth certificates, fingerprints, or social security numbers. Creating a shadow organization of ghostly geniuses that are infiltrating our government,

and our laboratories, creating biological eugenics and taking key offices. How am I doing so far?"

"Not bad." Frank replied. "You're off on a few things, but all in all, you're pretty much on the mark. I'm telling you this only because I know who you are, and what your background suggests you are still. Also because I trust Sallee's judgment on things such as this. If she thinks you can help with our agenda, then I'm all ears, especially from someone as ingenious as you."

"I was kind of hoping you could help *mine*."

"Well now, that's interesting. What makes you think *yours* is more important than *ours*?"

"It may not be more important, but great minds think alike. A lot of great minds thinking together create serious brainstorming power. That's the whole purpose of a think tank, isn't it?"

Frank thought for a second.

"Okay, you have my attention. Actually, I'm interested to hear what you have to say regardless. I've read your books, and no one that I know who's followed your instructions has ever gotten hurt. I make it a policy to read no books such as yours, by any author with less than ten fingers."

Snark laughed, and held his hands aloft.

"That's pretty good advice." he replied, wiggling his fingers. "Do you know people who have built rifles off of my designs?"

"Yup. Made a few myself. Some of the aluminum ones, and I made one of the brass beauties too. That's a hell of a design you came up with. Who'd think to solder brass together to make a gun? I ran a thousand rounds through it and nothing came loose."

"Well, soldering is easy." Snark explained. "I learned how to solder, making silencers in the garage."

It was Frank's turn to laugh.

"Whatever works, but I know of at least twenty AR15 rifles and pistols that were built because of your books. Now, let's powwow."

"I want to organize all the various factions and individuals." Snark started.

"That's easier said than done. We'd all like to do that."

"Yes, but you're probably trying to do it as one unit." Snark replied. "I'm talking about keeping everyone as who and what they are, but introducing them to one another. Everyone meeting with no infighting; just a lot of White brothers and sisters who want to have a good time and meet some new friends. It doesn't matter if they are of the same faith, or even the same level of White Pride. Just so long as

they are not ashamed of their race and want to do something about all the crap that this country has endured since the 1960s.

“I think I can unite all the lone wolves and cells. That’s what we need. Organization is almost non-existent, but the numbers are there. Cells are an excellent way to be able to mobilize large numbers of people. Everyone knows a few people who know a few more people... they’re almost impossible to infiltrate too, because almost everyone involved is a personal friend of someone already in the cause. We don’t need a single resistance as such yet, just the ability to raise a standing army if we need it. We’re all united, yet still separate.

“I want to organize a series of White cookouts across the country. Every White National is welcome to attend. We find someone in an area to put it on, and it’ll be a place where Whites can come together and talk, without any niggers or other non-Whites around. Everyone can talk about White issues, and what to do about our current situation. I think we can ally a lot of people, Mr. Carlson. Sure, it’ll take some time, and there are bound to be infiltrators, but I think it’s a viable plan.”

“Well, there will always be infiltrators, Snark, but being careful and weeding them out is imperative. Your plan sounds like an excellent direction to take. It’s so simple I don’t know why no one hasn’t thought of it before. You can catch more flies with honey than vinegar. It’s patterned off the French Resistance of the Second World War, but through the guise of family cookouts. God damn, I like it. It’s got to work. We can’t afford to lose this battle once it begins. This is our last shot, pardon the pun.”

“I agree.” Snark replied. “I’m sure there will have to be a few late night trips to the woods if any snitches are discovered, but this is a war. The rules are different now. There aren’t any, anymore.”

\*

“Honey!” Sallee called, “Look at this!”

“What is it, Sweetie?” Snark inquired, as he joined his girlfriend in front of the television in the living room.

“Look! You won’t believe what this asshole just proposed in his State of the Union address.”

“I didn’t even know he was on.” Snark replied, as he sat next to Sallee, and watched intently as the President addressed the country in an unscheduled State of the Union address.

President Eugene Rothstein Rosenbaum had narrowly squeaked by in the last election, but the damage had been done nonetheless. The Jews now had one of their own to select issues and to sign certain bills into law. He was about to reveal a new executive order in the address,



and it most likely could not be for the good of the country; not for the majority of the populace, anyway. Snark and Sallee watched together, as the President began talking about his plan.

“Due to a perceived threat of possible violence against this government,” he began, “I have decided to expand the National Identification Card Program...”

“What the fuck!” Snark burst out. “What is that asshole about to do?”

He felt certain he already knew, and the sinking feeling in his stomach lent credence to his fears.

“...As you well know,” President Rosenbaum continued, “in 2007, we implemented a policy requiring non-resident and resident aliens of certain countries of origin to carry at all times, an identification card with their name, picture, fingerprints, and their credit information encoded in a magnetic strip on the back of the card. This was so that we could keep track of their spending habits, and instantly identify them should any suspicious activities or transactions occur.

“This came about because of the shopping habits at a grocery store by one of the 9/11 hijackers. It was later determined that had we been aware of his shopping lists, we would have targeted him as a suspect before the attacks ever even occurred, possibly staving the attacks off altogether, by intercepting the knowledge of one of the attackers.

“After the Patriot Act was passed in 2001, the government got the authority they needed to implement this process to be certain that all potential terrorists were watched and weeded out. All aliens living, working, going to school, or visiting the United States from countries known to harbor or sponsor terrorists, were required to get these cards and have them on their person at all times. Failure to do so would result in immediate deportation; no exceptions. They were required to have the card scanned along with every transaction they made, to avoid missing another potential such attack.

“This policy was expanded in 2011, to encompass *all* aliens, regardless of residency status or country of origin, and in 2015 to all persons convicted of a felony. I have decided to expand this program even further for the safety of our nation.

“I have, by executive order, mandated that due to unforeseen events that could happen, and an uncertain political climate in this country, the implementation of this policy to *all* Americans, regardless of citizenry...”

“What the hell is he doing?” Sallee burst out. “Everyone? Us? He’s fucking crazy. Bull fucking shit!”

“Everyone in this country over the age of eighteen, regardless of whether they were born here or not, will be required to carry on their person at all times, a National Identification Card. Failure to do so will be punishable by up to five years in a detention camp.”

Snark was silent. He had long suspected this was on the way; a method for the government to track whomever, whenever they so wished. Every purchase, every sale, every paycheck, would be tracked by using the National Identification Card. It was impossible be used by someone else, as one also had to have their fingerprints scanned when using it. This meant mandatory fingerprinting and submission of a DNA sample by everyone in the country! If only our founding fathers could see what their wonderful country had degenerated into, they would surely roll over in their graves. All their blood had been shed for nothing, if our rights and liberties could be snatched from us in a second, with the mere stroke of a pen.

In an instant, the government could now know a person’s financial history, what they last purchased at the grocery store, where they were traveling, or any other number of sinister things. All the information was to be fed into a supercomputer and monitored by software operating at a terra-second. Any unusual patterns were instantaneously recognized by the computer, and if something didn’t appear right, further scrutiny was given to that individual, by both machine and special government agents.

What it boiled down to, was the complete tracking and monitoring of everyone in the United States at the whim of any bureaucrat’s desire. The dangers of this were unspeakable, and had been brought up when the original idea of requiring foreigners to carry these cards had been presented. This very scenario had been the predicted result. Even more terrifying than the cards, was the next step. Foreseen and voiced by almost every member of the lunatic fringe, civil liberties group, and reader of the Bible; it was nothing short of the mark of the Beast itself.

Snark gritted his teeth and set his jaw as the President continued, confirming his worst nightmare.

“This policy will go into effect at the beginning of next January. Everyone will have until June 30<sup>th</sup> to be fingerprinted and have their ID cards made up at their local Departments of Motor Vehicles...”

“What business is this of the DMV?” Snark wondered aloud. “As if they don’t have enough to contend with now registering automobiles, now they have to register American citizens too? Why isn’t the Department of Defense handling this? Is the DMV the only agency

with the ability to make ID cards or something? Fucking asshole! Does he even realize how long it will take to implement that policy? It'll take years, and everyone is supposed to get printed and checked within six months? Fuck if I'll do it. It's time to start shooting, right now."

"...By 2025, we will begin replacing the cards with implanted microchips on the back of everyone's left hand..."

There it was; the mark of the Beast! Foretold for thousands of years by those who believed in the predictions of the Bible, it forewarned of the world's population being marked by Satan prior to Armageddon. People had always assumed it would somehow incorporate the number 666, but since the 1980s, after the largest computer in the world was nicknamed "The Beast," the opinion had shifted more to a tattooed bar code or microchip being implanted beneath the skin for identification purposes.

"...This will eliminate the physical identification card and make the process much easier. This will also eliminate the need for hard currency, which will save billions in annual costs for printing and minting paper currency and coins. All transactions will be done instantaneously by computer scan of those parties involved. Our lives will be made much easier and safer than they have ever been before in history.

"Never again will we fear for our safety, or having our wallets stolen by criminals, because there will be no money or credit cards to steal. We can monitor all criminals and keep a close watch on them and their whereabouts. We have, for the first time in history, a viable plan for eliminating crime in this country!"

The President stepped back and eyed the audience of journalists and television reporters, expecting a thunderous round of applause. Instead of clapping, the only thing the President received were cold, stony looks from everyone attending the address, including the stunned members of his own cabinet.

It was obvious, at least to anyone with a brain in his or her head, that there would not be a decrease in crime at all. In fact, crime would now skyrocket, with even more criminals, because many people would not get their identification cards as President Rosenbaum instructed. They would therefore steal from those people who did have them, food, clothing, and other items they could no longer purchase themselves. The swarthy, slick-haired, cologne-soaked Jew standing in front of the multitude of media personnel was not pulling the wool over anyone's eyes. He could call his program an improvement all he wanted, but the fact remained that it was nothing more than the final thumb of

governmental control pressing down on the American public. Big Brother was no longer a hypothetical scenario, but a stark reality.

As for eliminating hard currency, all it would accomplish would be a virtual explosion in the barter system and organized crime. Black markets would thrive in an economy that wanted certain items but didn't want to attract attention in purchasing them. Gold, silver, and gems would still carry purchasing power on the black market, so theoretically, jewelry stores and those wearing jewelry would be at an exponential risk for being targeted by criminals.

Many cunning Jews would probably in fact, stage phony robberies and use the "stolen" precious gems and metals to get items that they wanted, or trade them for the services of unscrupulous individuals who might need a quick drug fix, or food in their empty stomachs.

The President looked imploringly at the audience, as they made no attempt to applaud him or acknowledge his treachery in the least. He had expected wide support and had called in reporters from around the world to cover his bombshell address. The reaction however, was completely the opposite and backfired spectacularly. There were no questions from the reporters, no hands arose, and the room was entirely devoid of any sound whatsoever. Several people in fact, rose and left the room without so much as a gesture or acknowledgement.

Even the blind, left-wing media realized the implications of what they had just heard. They had been silent in the previous years when the rules or changes didn't affect them, or were to their advantage, but everyone knew in their hearts and souls, the only purpose of this new policy was to eliminate individuality, and make the New Order of Government part of the New World Order.

## CHAPTER 7

*“A little rebellion now and then... is a medicine necessary for the sound mind of government.”*

**Thomas Jefferson; letter to James Madison, 1787**

Snark looked lovingly at the Winchester model 1896 commemorative 9/11 rifle in his white-gloved hands. He had decided almost immediately, not to turn it in after the Law Enforcement Act became law in 2010. Since it was only a lever action rifle, it did not demand as much attention as a Vietnam commemorative M16 would have, and no one knew he had it anyway. The source of the rifle certainly wouldn't reveal its true whereabouts. Now, as beautiful a rifle as it was, it was worth ten years in a Federal internment camp.

Snark had not buried it along with the other firearms, ammunition, and accessories. It would certainly have affected its outward condition, although not its function, and he couldn't bear to do that to the beautiful rifle. Instead, he had secreted it in a wall of the house, where it would remain at room temperature, yet still be safely hidden from any burglars or basic searches.

It had taken some time to retrieve the firearm, but he just had to look at it, to remind him of the freedom for which it symbolized. As he turned it over in his hands, he felt a stir of emotion, not just in remembrance of 9/11, but in light of the recent executive order that had spurred himself, Sallee, Steve, and Rachel into action. The time was quickly approaching, where they would begin their debut acts of symbolic resistance.

Snark examined the polished, stainless steel receiver, engraved and inlaid with 24-karat gold. On the left side, it depicted a jet crashing into the second tower while the first burned, from which a cloud of 24-karat gold smoke billowed skyward. “9/11, we will never forget!” was engraved below the scene. On the right side of the receiver, a smoldering Pentagon adorned the area in front of the gold plated cartridge latch, while to the rear, the inspirational words of Todd Beamer, “Let's roll!” were engraved proudly into the shining silver metal, and gold filled. Across the top of the flat, stainless steel bolt, the words, “Proud to be an American,” adorned the rifle, with an American flag waving proudly in the breeze behind the Statue of Liberty.

The stocks were burly black walnut with a glossy finish, and the lever, trigger, butt plate, barrel rings, front sight hood, and magazine tube and cap were all plated in gleaming 24-karat gold.

As Snark looked at the rifle, he remembered being with Sheriff Wilde on that terrible day, watching the towers collapse and listening to the sheriff predict the events that had come to pass as a result. It was because of that shared moment that Snark was the owner of this beautiful rifle.

Snark had received the rifle as a gift from the sheriff, when his first book had been accepted for publication. The sheriff had recognized Snark's potential, and although he had two sons of his own by that time, Snark had been his protégé. Sheriff Wilde knew that Snark would appreciate the firearm as much as he had, and had presented the rifle in its original case, complete with all the original correspondence the sheriff had been sent from the commemoration company. This included the dated letter of invitation, an 8 ½ x 11 photograph, and full color leaflet showing all the details of engraving and gold accents, in addition to the certificate of authenticity that also bore matching issue and serial numbers.

Such additional pieces of literature to the original owner added considerable value to the rifle, and would one day have increased the value dramatically. Now, all the extras in the world meant nothing, as the rifle could never be bought or sold again, at least not in the lifetimes of anyone alive, unless something was done quickly to derail the freight train of tyranny that was barreling unchecked down the tracks of Americana.

Sheriff Wilde had placed his order by phone immediately upon receiving the brochure in the mail, and it had been the first one processed. The first available rifle had been shipped to him after the executives and a few other select persons had received theirs, and it was marked #14 of 1000. By sheer chance, the rifle also bore the serial number of 1776911, a coincidental number that had apparently been overlooked by everyone involved in the commemorative issue. A more symbolic rifle for the future of free, White Americans could never have been thought of. In fact, that rifle would one day stand for everything Americans held dear. It would become the most valuable firearm in the world, and take its rightful place next to the United States Constitution and Declaration of Independence; displayed proudly for all to see for the next thousand years, as a symbol of freedom and defiance to tyranny.

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Angry chants filled the air, as hundreds of protestors lined the sidewalk in front of the Mecklenburg County courthouse complex in Charlotte. Many waved signs, emblazoned with angry slogans

denouncing the President's recent order, and all were shouting many of the same slogans.

There were representatives of every civil liberties union, culture, and religion. A few old-time Klansmen had even dared to put their robes on, and were marching alongside Negroes, waving signs and shouting! The scene was unbelievable, as people who had waited for too long shouted, only to have their words fall on deaf ears.

Snark watched the demonstration on the early evening news, and although he and Sallee would have loved to have been there in person, shouting and marching along with the rest, they dared not do anything to attract attention to themselves. They had to distance themselves from any group, organization, or most especially, a rally at the moment, not only because of Snark's involvement in local law enforcement, but the fact that they might be targeted for investigation once things began to really heat up. It was difficult to sit and do nothing for now, but soon, their actions were going to be very well noticed, indeed.

The scene unfolding at the Mecklenburg courthouse was being duplicated all across the country, as people began to wake up to what was really happening. Of course, their actions were in vain, as it would take something much larger, and more violent to get anyone's attention, than simple demonstrations. No; marches and sign wielding would no longer accomplish anything. It was much too late for that now. It would take violence; pure, rebellious violence akin to the Boston Tea Party, or the tarring and feathering of the politicians responsible.

Since neither scenarios were plausible in the New Millennium, something else would have to suffice; something just as attention grabbing, yet still included the weak judges and Jew-influenced, crooked politicians that were responsible for the degeneration of our once-proud nation. If the people would only stand together and eliminate a politician every time he voted for a Constitution-defying law, or a judge that turned a murderer free on a technicality, they would soon realize that their lives were not worth the decision. What the country needed, was a few good-old-fashioned lynchings, either in reality, or in equally stark symbolism. A .308 to the chest would accomplish the same effect.

Suddenly, the events began to turn violent, as several protestors began throwing rocks and bottles at the Charlotte/Mecklenburg police officers who had been appointed to watch over the proceedings. There were several muffled reports, and tear gas began issuing from grenades fired into the crowd. Police and citizens clashed, as anger and frustration built to a frenzy.

The people mistakenly viewed the local uniformed officers as the enemy, when in reality, local police officers had nothing to do with the laws that had swept the country in the last hundred years. Many people mistook cops and Feds as one in the same, when in reality, it was like comparing apples to oranges. Soon enough, the people would see most police departments ally themselves to the people, as opposed to the government, but for now, their blind fury was misdirected.

Dozens of people scuffled with the police officers, but with the use of the tear gas, Tasers, and batons, most were quickly subdued. A few managed to escape, however their freedom would be short-lived, as the thousands of face-recognition cameras across the city trained their electric eyes upon them. The cameras were tied into a nationwide network of such surveillance systems, and anyone wanted by any law enforcement agency that had their image on even one camera, could be easily located.

It wasn't just the police departments that had these cameras either. In fact, most were located in retail stores; from grocery stores, to adult bookstores. Originally designed for identifying shoplifters in the 1980s, they were quickly adapted with new technology in the 1990s for customer service issues, predominantly in grocery stores. The cameras focused on anyone who paused at one location for more than ten seconds, and noted what items they were looking at. The series of cameras would then follow the customer to the checkout, and when he or she presented their savings card, it would automatically print custom discount coupons and mail them similar offers later on. Any time that customer returned to any location of that grocery store's locations, the cameras would instantly remember them and follow them to see if their shopping habits had changed, and update their file accordingly.

The cameras looked at several factors when reading a person's features. It wasn't simply recognition the way most people recognized a familiar face, but by the distance between one's eyes, shape of head and face, thickness of cheekbones, etc. Even a disguise such as a beard, wig, makeup, or gender change would not fool the software, as it had been designed to see through all these. Only the complete reconstruction of one's facial bone structure, or feature-altering theatrical makeup would elude camera identification.

The system, like most technological intrusions, began with experiments such as these. Just as implanted microchips had been tested on our beloved pets as "lost doggy or kitty ID" in the late 1990s and early Millennium, the "customer friendly" supermarket cameras also had devious purposes. They did in fact recognize the customers, and after fifteen years of study, the Government felt they were reliable



enough to become part of a nationwide network of surveillance. Every security camera in every store, on selected street corners, and in almost every parking lot, was now tied into the national network. The network of cameras employed across the country now numbered in the millions. It was almost impossible for anyone to evade recognition and eventual capture in this day and age, once they were identified by one positive camera image. Always touted as remedies to keep America safe, technological invasions of privacy were now advanced enough to threaten the very safety they were supposed to be protecting. The whole thing was a Catch 22 in reverse.

Big Brother was indeed watching America's citizens every move, although with those now in control of the Federal government, it was more akin to Big Mensch.

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Snark carefully worded the thread on White Squall calling for action of its members to march and demonstrate against the President's recent executive order. He was accessing the website from a site in Denmark that connected him to White Squall indirectly. In addition, he was using a computer at the library, so there was no way to trace the character of "Snarkie" back to him. He was free to print his call to arms as blatantly as possible, to attract the attention and support of his fellow White brothers and sisters. The Feds might eventually trace his origin to this computer, but all that would give them would be a city. Anyone could be accessing the computer. Once they detected the computer, they could monitor it directly, hoping to catch him in the act of accessing White Squall. He would keep that in mind, and switch locations, even driving to nearby towns if need be.

His plan called for the demonstrations to continue, although they were utterly useless as far as changing anything was concerned, but they did help to keep the public somewhat interested in the wave of retaliation that was beginning to swell across the country. It was a wave that would either quickly subside to a ripple, or if carefully pampered, grow to a raging torrent. In addition to the demonstrations, Snark was issuing a call to arms; a battle cry for others to follow his lead.

What lead could this be? What could he do to summon the others to risk a revolution? Snark wasn't quite sure himself yet, but he decided now was the time to commit some sort of symbolic retaliation against the Government, while the majority of the public was still reacting to President Rosenbaum's executive order. If others would join in and commit similar acts of rebellion, it might be enough to sway the rest of the people to action as well. It was a huge gamble, but one

that he and Sallee felt was worth the risk. The time was now, and he had to find the seismic calamity to turn the wave of protest into a full-blown tsunami of rebellion.

\*

Snark drove carefully along the darkened countryside of northeastern Georgia. It was 3:00 AM, and he was headed south on Highway 77 toward Elberton, and the first target of symbolic destruction.

In 1979, the Georgia Guide Stones had been erected atop a small hill in the rolling pastures northeast of Athens. These mysterious granite slabs, also nicknamed America's Stonehenge (in defiance of an archeological location in New Hampshire already claiming that title) stood nineteen feet tall and weighed one hundred, nineteen tons. Each side of each of the four guide stones bore the ten precepts for the New World Order in one of eight languages.

Due to the inscriptions and the fact that the monolith was strategically located on a natural Power Point and geodetic alignment, the site had become popular with many ritualistic groups, from American Indians to UFO fanatics. The main theme was One-World in its message however, with a limitation on the world's population among other things, and Snark had decided that it would be a symbolic place to begin destroying all memorials and promotions of the destruction of individuality and liberty.

The messages carved into the granite were chilling. Snark had memorized them to remind him of what he was fighting:

**Maintain humanity under 500,000,000 in perpetual balance with nature.**

**Guide reproduction wisely - improving fitness and diversity.**

**Unite humanity with a living new language.**

**Rule Passion - Faith - Tradition - and all things with tempered reason.**

**Protect people and nations with fair laws and just courts.**

**Let all nations rule internally resolving external disputes in a world court.**

**Avoid petty laws and useless officials.**

**Balance personal rights with social duties.**

**Prize truth - beauty - love - seeking harmony with the infinite.**

**Be not a cancer on the earth - leave room for nature - leave room for nature.**

It was pitch black out here, due to its remote location and the fact that there was no moon. Snark slowed about a mile from the monolith, turned into an abandoned dirt path, and parked. He had scoped the area

out a week earlier on his motorcycle, and had found the location would suit his needs perfectly. The path petered out about two hundred feet from the highway, so there was not much chance of anyone else happening upon the rented pickup truck.

Snark donned a military chemical suit that sealed his scent in by containing all shed skin particles. There was no way for a dog to track his scent; especially one of the specialty German shepherds that could literally follow his skin cells from a moving vehicle all the way back to Charlotte, providing it didn't rain. He also donned a pair of gloves, and removed a trash bag from under the seat that contained almost twenty pounds of homemade plastic explosives. He put the bag into a brand new knapsack that he had purchased while wearing leather driving gloves. His fingerprints were nowhere on the knapsack or trash bag.

A pair of night vision goggles guided him through the woods to the edge of the open area where he began crossing open ground. Wire cutters eliminated the challenge posed by the fence, and Snark made his way cautiously to the looming monument. He carefully packed explosives into the viewing holes in the granite, and against the face of the massive stone slabs. He then inserted homemade blasting caps consisting of cigar tubes packed with black gunpowder into the soft explosive mixture. Model rocketry igniters inside the tubes would ignite the primary black powder charge, which in turn would detonate the secondary C4 explosive. Coated wires protruded from a hole sealed with hot melt glue in the cap of each cigar tube, and Snark connected them all to a homemade timer constructed from an old alarm clock. The clock itself sat on a half-pound blob of explosive, so when the charges detonated, the clock would be blown into oblivion, although Snark realized full well that the BATFE agents scrutinizing the area would still find enough pieces to probably tell from what the timer had been constructed, although they could never trace it. It too, had been purchased wearing gloves and constructed in the same manner.

In less than ten minutes, everything was in place, and Snark set the clock for thirty minutes; more than enough time to get back to the truck and leave the vicinity. He jogged back quickly, and paused to pick up a piece of deadfall about two feet long, before getting back into the truck. He placed it into the trash bag which he then stuck under the seat, and leaving the night vision on, backed slowly out of the pathway onto the road without touching the brakes. He shifted into drive and accelerated up the highway, switching on his lights once he was underway and out of the general area. Snark then removed the night vision and checked his watch. He still had eighteen minutes before the charge detonated.

He rolled the window down and crossed over to the wrong side of the road as he approached a short bridge spanning a creek. The weighted garbage bag and knapsack were tossed over the side as he drove over the water, and they splashed into the creek; free to float away from the scene and eventually into the Atlantic Ocean. Now, several miles away from the old farm where the stones stood, he pulled to the side of the road and quickly removed the chemical suit. He stuffed it into the trash bag it had been stored in for the trip down, and stowed it under the seat, along with the night vision.

Snark checked his watch again; still seven minutes to go. By the time the clock ignited the charges, he was almost back to Interstate 85. He then headed north on the interstate and away from the area. He was careful not to exceed the speed limit which might draw unnecessary attention to himself, and within four hours was pulling into his driveway. Snark thoroughly washed the truck and vacuumed it out to remove any and all traces of anything that might have accumulated on or in it before returning it to the rental company. The first job was over; now there was no turning back. It was all or nothing; go for broke.

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“It made national headlines!” Sallee called. “Look at this!”

She was bouncing excitedly on the sofa, as Snark rushed from the kitchen to the living room. The TV was tuned to a national news channel, and the camera was focused on a heap of rubble which twelve hours earlier had been the Georgia Guide Stones. The monument to the New World Order now lay in ruins; its message of world population control and eradication of local law enforcement, nothing more than potsherds.

“Turn it up!” Snark urged, as he slid onto the couch next to Sallee.

She complied, and the volume increased as the reporter commented on the scene. The screen was split between the reporter and the anchor, and the newscaster was talking about an anonymous email that had been sent to the news agency two days previously. Snark was familiar with it, as he had sent it not only to them, but also to every major network in the country, as well as leaving a copy at the monument.

Snark had sent the email via the same anonymous router in Germany he used to access White Squall, and the government could trace it no further than Stuttgart. He had been careful to print the copy that he left on site, at a do-it-yourself copy shop while wearing his leather driving gloves. There were no fingerprints on the paper, as it

was packaged by machine, and the girl who had loaded the printer had never touched any part other than the top and bottom sheets.

The anchor read the copy of the email sent to his network to the viewing audience.

“So once again, this is the message that was sent to our agency in New York two days ago: ‘Some of the people of this country have decided that it is time to take our country back. We have seen our Constitutional rights eroded over the years, and it is time we take this country back by force if need be, and return it to the people for whom it was founded. President Rosenbaum has finally pushed the people too far, and we are fighting back. A federated government is an illegal government, and it is our obligation as free Americans to replace it with a legal one that returns the rights of government to the individual states. We have chosen our first target to be symbolic of the New World Order and the evil it represents; it is only the first of many such acts of rebellion against this government that has chosen to betray its people by engaging in a one-world union of tyranny. We will not stop until the People, for the People, once again govern our country or until we are all dead. You have your Patriot Act; this was ours.

‘In your new war of oppression, you may take a man’s house, his land, all his property, and even his life savings for speaking out against you; you may take all that is dear to him but remember, when a man has nothing left, he has nothing left to lose. Take what is mine, and you will face a warrior unlike any you have ever battled before. Do not try to squelch us, for you will only invigorate our pride.’

“It would appear that this may only be the first in a wave of ‘patriot acts’ designed to bring attention to their cause, and with the recent executive order signed by President Rosenbaum, they may actually get some sympathy.”

“John,” the field reporter put forth, “do you think it’s possible that there may even be copycat responses to this bombing as well?”

It was David Conner, the former anchor who had spoken out against the Rainbow Act in 2009. He had lost his prominent position with Millennium News after his comments against the loss of free speech as a result of the act, and was now a field reporter with another global news group.

Snark detected a tinge of hopefulness in his voice, as David had become extremely bitter toward all those involved in the loss of his former job. In reality, David was quite happy that the Guide Stones had been bombed, and sincerely hoped that more acts would indeed follow. That was why he had made the inquiry; kind of a reverse psychology question to plant the idea into someone’s mind that might be watching.

“Well David, it’s hard to tell if someone may copy this attack, but of course it’s always possible I suppose.” John Pullman replied. “I’m sure however, that similar targets will be well guarded from here on out though. There won’t be much chance of something similar happening again, unless it’s a totally different target. It’s hard to tell how terrorists think, and make no mistake, these *are* terrorists. No matter what they may call themselves, they are nothing more than common criminals. They aren’t the heroes they think they are. They aren’t like the patriots of Lexington and Concord.”

“If I remember correctly,” David commented, “those patriots were labeled common criminals by the British Parliament as well. It all depends upon whose side you are looking at.”

“Damn straight!” Snark hollered at the television. “And from our side, we think we’re pretty damn patriotic.”

He put his arm around Sallee’s shoulder and squeezed her tightly. She smiled and hugged him back. Her disabilities prevented her from participating in most of the missions that were planned for their cell of resistance, but she supported her boyfriend unconditionally in whatever he accomplished. Sallee wasn’t entirely out of the picture either, as far as carrying out some of the plans herself; in fact, her youthful beauty and disabilities would be very useful in later plans of attack. For now however, she was content to rejoice in the successes of Snark and the others.

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“Ladies and Gentlemen, the President of the United States.”

President Rosenbaum stepped forward to address the nation yet again, this time in response to Snark’s attack on the Georgia Guide Stones.

“My fellow Americans, I address you tonight in response to the despicable act of terrorism committed in northeastern Georgia last evening. I understand anger in response to my recent executive order, but acts such as this are inexcusable, and *will not be tolerated*. You have destroyed a great monument to the future of this country. That monument represented a great future; a future of peace and harmony, where we can all live together in friendship. You have attacked that friendship with your act of destruction and hate.

“To those responsible, I assure you; you *will* be hunted down and found. You cannot commit acts such as this and expect to get away with it. We... *will*... find you. You are not patriots; you are terrorists! You are common criminals and you will get the punishment you deserve. To anyone who may commit similar acts of terror in the future, let me forewarn you: you will be caught and punished.

“You have committed acts of war against this country, and that is treason. When you are caught, you will receive the penalty of treason: death. *This behavior will not be tolerated!* That is all I have to say. No questions.”

President Rosenbaum turned on his heel and abruptly left the podium, exiting out a side doorway.

“Short and sweet.” Snark commented dryly. “Death penalty eh? I must have hit a sore spot. That proves they don’t have a fucking clue.”

“Just the same,” Sallee said with concern, “he sounded serious. Please be careful. I don’t want to have to do a suicide bombing to join you this soon into the battle.”

She was half joking, but serious nonetheless. She and Snark had discussed at length about what to do if a Ruby Ridge scenario ever presented itself to them. They would stand together, and die together if need be. Should one be killed, the other would avenge them by taking as many of the enemy with them as possible before joining their soul mate in the afterlife. Neither would let the other spend the rest of their lives rotting in prison or in the hands of an information extraction team. If one was seriously wounded and capture seemed inevitable, the other would end it for both of them. To some that would appear outlandish, extreme, or even cultish, but it takes more love and dedication than most people have or understand, to end a loved one’s suffering, or to even prevent it in the first place.

“He’s just pissed.” Snark assured her. “I imagine I would be if I were in his position as well. But he’s grasping at straws. He has no idea where to even begin looking. The fact he’s so miffed only proves that. There’s nothing he can do about this, and he knows it. That’s what has him so worked up. He hit us with attacks on our liberty, and we struck back.”

He snorted.

“Monument of peace and friendship my ass! The genocide of almost five billion people to achieve their harmony with nature? The enslavement of the survivors to force the harmony onto them? I hope people look up what I blew up, on the computer and read for themselves what was on those stones.

“He’s just trying to drum up some public support, which I doubt he’ll get much of. In fact, by drawing so much attention to it, he may even help our cause a little bit. There’s no such thing as bad publicity, which means it’s probably time to make some more. I’ll turn this into a double whammy, and the follow-up right after his national speech will make him look even more helpless in the eyes of the public.”

Snark grinned.

“I love it when these ideas hit me like this.”

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The August sun was hot, as it bore down on Snark's back and head. Even in Upstate New York, the sun was still strong during this time of year. Record heat had been recorded from Boston to Savannah, and as far west as Phoenix and Missoula. Power loads were at their maximum in most places, and several Western areas had once again resorted to rolling blackouts, while purchasing power from Eastern grids as well, in an attempt to reduce the load. This put a drain on almost every power grid in the country, and Snark was gambling that a sudden overload on a weak system would cause a domino effect, much as the Great Northeast Blackout of 1965 and the 2003 Blackout had done.

On November 9, 1965, almost all of New England went dark after the Niagara Falls Station in Ontario had overloaded and blown much of its circuitry. It was blamed on everything from UFOs, to sabotage, to outdated equipment. Either way, the result had been an immediate overload on the adjacent grids, which could not handle the massive drain on their systems. They overloaded and shut down as well, cascading even more power drains down the line as generators shut down or burned out. Maine was mostly spared, due to its relative isolation from the rest of the New England grid, but the overloads continued as far south as New Jersey, before the lines could be isolated. The result was that 25,000 people across 80,000 square miles were without power for up to twelve hours.

On August 14, 2003, a similar event occurred, this time originating in Ohio. Interestingly, the power companies involved, were quick to assure the public that no act of terrorism was involved, yet they had no idea where the problem even originated! This led many to believe that the blackout was indeed the work of terrorists, whether foreign or domestic. The power was restored in due time, before any looting or crime began, unlike the New York Blackout of 1977, where widespread looting had arisen. By the time it was over, more than 3,700 arrests had been made.

Snark was counting on two things, should his plan work: First, that the grid would overload and shut down in a massive sequence like the 1965 and 2003 blackouts, and second, that widespread crime and looting by Blacks would be the result.

This was a test in a manner of speaking, for should it be successful, it could be employed on a mass scale in the future, with damage that would be more permanent to power grids, resulting in longer outages. The general public would see the resulting crime sprees



of minorities, mostly Blacks, and would also see how dismal a failure their government would be in keeping their power on by failing to stop the Resistance.

Snark had left the main road and headed toward the main 765,000-volt power line that fed Metropolitan New York. There were tens of dozens of high voltage lines feeding the city, but this one carried more power than the others did, and Snark hoped that by shorting it out, he could create a system overload to rival the infamous, earlier ones. If nothing else, he would at least interrupt the main power feed to the city, resulting in *something*. It was a gamble, but one he hoped would work for two reasons. First, the sudden drop in power toward New York would cause the city to add to an already taxed power grid. That might trip circuits in nearby grids as they attempted to crank out more power to New York in a sudden response, as opposed to a gradual increase as was normally experienced.

Secondly, by shorting out such a large power line, there would be a massive overload on the generators powering it, that they would shut down to avoid burning out. This would divert the extra power to other grids, effectively overloading them as well. In theory, when the extra power reached the stations that were already at peak output to make up for the loss of power to New York, they would not be able to handle it and would have to shut down. That would redirect the entire output back to the stations that may have managed to avoid shutting down from the initial overload.

By choosing late afternoon for his plan of attack, Snark hoped that he could maximize the effect. During this time of day, the power grid was operating at peak usage. People would be at their homes, enjoying their air conditioning, watching television, washing and drying clothes, and cooking dinner. The drain on the power system would be enormous, and any sudden diversion to another grid would have no trouble overloading it as well.

He arrived at his point of attack; a stretch of high tension wires atop massive steel towers. Snark had only seen power lines and towers as massive as this, in one other location in the country. It was located along a stretch of Interstate 80 in Ohio, and evoked awe the first time he had seen it.

Snark surveyed his target, and was pleased to see that the area beneath the towers had not been defoliated for quite some time. It would afford satisfactory cover for him to work. He had donned an NBC suit, shouldered a heavy pack, and headed for the closest tower. The hum of electricity in the air was slightly unnerving, growing louder as he approached the massive steel pylon. Upon reaching it, he

dropped the pack and removed several canisters of thermite that he had made himself, from rust and magnesium.

The thermite had been quite easy to make; it was approximately 72% powdered rust, and 28% aluminum or magnesium powder, so it was roughly a 3-1 ratio. Sanding rusty sheets of metal had provided the powdered ferric oxide, and an old magnesium wheel rim had provided the metal to grind to make the magnesium powder. Aluminum would work equally well, but the advantage to using magnesium, was that it would light with an ordinary flame, whereas aluminum required magnesium to start it, by using something like magnesium ribbon or a sparkler.

Snark had thought about the different methods with which to ignite the thermite, and rather than wasting another clock timer utilizing model rocket igniters, he decided to use cigarettes and matchbooks instead.

Before he started, he did something he had done in Georgia only as an afterthought; he left a calling card. It was a symbol; something to identify him as the perpetrator of this act, and to hopefully stir others to use it as a sign of rebellion.

Snark took a small can of spray paint from the bag and drew a round Celtic cross on the concrete base with it. It was a symbol of an old web site that promoted White Pride, and Snark hoped it would become the symbol of the new revolution.

He placed the paint back in the pack, and spread the thermite around the base of each pylon, heaping it over the bolts that held them to the concrete bases. In each batch of thermite, Snark placed a book of matches and inserted a lit cigarette between the match heads. He was careful to light the cigarette by flame only; not by drawing on it, so there was no DNA left on the butt to incriminate him even though it would most likely be consumed in the blazing thermite. He was taking no chances.

The cigarette/matchbook acted as a fuse, and gave him approximately five minutes before the thermite ignited. By the time the authorities determined where the chain of events had originated, he would be far away from the scene, most likely at home, or close to it.

Snark hurriedly jogged back to the rented pickup truck and quickly left the area. He left the NBC suit on, as hot as it was, to mask any scent or DNA traces as he drove away. Five minutes later, the thermite ignited, and burned through the bolts and steel anchors of the massive pylon. Due to the balancing effect of the high tension wires however, the pylon did not topple. While it was completely severed from its base, the heavy tower remained standing. Snark had no way of

knowing this, and it added precious time to his escape, although it totally defeated the timing of his efforts.

Snark's trip home was uneventful, and he followed the same protocol with this truck as he had with the pickup he used for the destruction of the Georgia Guide Stones. Sallee greeted him as he entered the house.

"How'd it go, Sweetie?" she inquired, as he dropped his equipment on the floor in the living room.

"Okay, I reckon," he replied. "You haven't heard anything?"

Sallee shook her head, her long, auburn hair dancing as she did so.

"No. There's been nothing on the news about it."

"Shit!" Snark exclaimed. "Something must have gone wrong. Maybe the matches didn't light or something."

Sallee shrugged.

"I don't know. Maybe. Nothing's come over the news though."

Snark dropped dejectedly onto the couch.

"Crap. Well, I suppose nothing goes right one hundred percent of the time. I wonder what went wrong though."

"Don't worry, Honey." Sallee said soothingly. "You have plenty of other good ideas. Who knows, maybe it did work, and it just didn't have the effect you thought it would."

"It was a long shot," Snark admitted. "But I was so sure it would overload the grid."

"What exactly did you do?" Sallee inquired.

"I burned through each base, and every bolt holding it down," Snark replied. "If they all burned through, there should be nothing holding them in place."

"Honey," Sallee said quietly, "You burned them all off at the base?"

"Yeah," Snark replied. "Why?"

"Shouldn't you have burned one side higher than the other?"

Snark stared dumbfounded at his girlfriend. The simplicity of her question was obvious. Even when buildings were imploded, they always blew one side before the other to topple the supports. How could he have missed something so elementary?

He closed his eyes and pinched the bridge of his nose, and nodded.

"Yup. Shit! How could I have been that stupid? Of course! I should have burned through two legs further up. I wasn't even thinking. There really wasn't a way to hold the thermite in place though, so it never crossed my mind. How stupid! What a dumb mistake! It's carelessness like that that will get me caught! Shit!"

Sallee put her arm around Snark's shoulder reassuringly.

"It's okay Sweetie." she said condolingly. "It will still come down. It's just a question of when. At least it gave you plenty of time to get home again. You'll have an excellent alibi when it does come down."

"But the timing!" Snark protested. "It was perfect. Peak load and everything. For all I know, it may come down in the middle of the night when there's no demand, and just be absorbed by others. I needed the peak power usage if it was to overload the system."

"Things don't always work the way we expect them to." Sallee remarked. "Just try to think of all the variables next time."

"Hindsight's always 20/20." Snark grumbled.

Unbeknownst to him, nine hundred, twenty-seven miles away, the wind had changed direction over the last eighteen hours, and was now blowing from the north, northwest. This placed the movement of the wind perpendicular to the power line, and the massive pylon had enough surface area to catch the breeze slightly. Even though the breeze never blew more than five miles per hour, it was enough to make the tower vibrate, and creep a fraction of an inch or so at a time.

As the afternoon wore on, the power consumption increased and the tower crept slowly to the southeast. The day was even hotter than the previous afternoon, with temperatures at one hundred, thirteen degrees in Upper Manhattan. Never before, had it been this hot, and the power grids were almost at their maximum output, trying to keep up with the demand for power, as the wealthy New Yorkers turned the dials on their air conditioners ever lower.

At 5:14 PM, the east leg of the power pylon drifted into space. The tower was now top-heavy in that direction and it began wobbling in the breeze. At 5:38, a cool front sweeping down from Lake Ontario reached the power line and the breeze increased to a steady fifteen miles per hour. The tall pylon began undulating like the old Tacoma Narrows Bridge in the stiff breeze, and suddenly it dipped sharply as it passed the balance point.

Almost silently, the tall pylon toppled to the ground, tearing the three-inch-thick aluminum wires from the ceramic insulators, allowing them to contact the steel pylon. Massive arcs of electric fire erupted from the tower as 765,000 volts of electricity shorted out. Below the break in the lines, lights went out as the power supply was interrupted. The power company automatically compensated for the drop in power, pushing their generators to their maximum potential. To the north, the Niagara Power Station could not re-absorb the excess power, and like November of 1965, shut down to avoid overloading the system and burning out the generators.

The wave of excess power spread across Massachusetts, overloading the grids there, then south to Connecticut, shutting down all three power companies. From there, the overload spread back to the New York/New Jersey grid, where the generators were screaming at maximum output to make up for the drop in power from the Niagara Station.

All across New England and New York, generators burned up as the oil pumps used to lubricate the bearings failed, due to lack of power. How ingenious to run your generators' oil supply from the power grid! A few power companies managed to avoid being overloaded by the wave of electricity racing across the grids, but they were unable to supply partial grid power. To avoid overloading and damaging their own generators, they were forced, one by one, to shut down as well, adding to the area affected by the outage.

Snark and Sallee looked at each other as their own lights flickered out.

"No way!" Snark exclaimed. "This can't be part of it. Something must have failed here."

Things certainly had failed. From New England and New York, south to the power grid based in Baltimore, and into North Carolina, where both power companies had failed to absorb the wave of voltage flooding the grid, homes and businesses were suddenly dark and silent. Only when then the overload reached halfway into Florida, did it subside, as the huge grid based in Tampa was not tied into the grids to the north.

"Looks like Reddy Kilowatt wasn't paying attention." Sallee remarked, in reference to Carolina Power and Light's mascot, a glove-wearing bolt of lightning.

"Lucky we have a generator." Snark replied. "I'd better get some gas before everyone else does. Shit! No power, no gas! I'll have to siphon it out of my truck. Lucky it has dual tanks on it. Lucky I filled them both the other day too. Forty-three gallons will last us a while."

To the north, the wave of power swept into Pennsylvania and Ohio, overloading and shutting down almost every power station along the way. The massive power lines along Interstate 80 literally roared, as they overloaded faster than the breakers could shut down. A breaker was manually shut down near the Indiana border, stopping any further surge and causing the power to build in the static lines. Having nowhere else to go, over one million volts of electricity jumped the twenty feet of insulators between the wires and one of the pylons, when an unfortunate crow glided by for a landing and created a path for the power to follow. The short arced for almost ten seconds, draining the

entire power supply from seventeen states and one Canadian province into the ground in a continuous bolt of manmade lightning. The charge traveled through the ground to a nearby propane company, arcing against three storage tanks the size of railcars.

In an instant, over three square miles of landscape were leveled in a fulguration of white light. Cars on the nearby interstate were blown for hundreds of feet through the air, and a locomotive parked near the propane company was lifted from the tracks and hurled almost one hundred feet, landing on the concrete surface of the westbound lanes of Interstate 80. The visible shock wave traveled in front of the blast, continuing to level small trees and utility buildings, and blowing windows out of their frames close to five miles away in all directions.

Hydrogen is the most powerful non-nuclear explosive, and propane ranks very close behind in its destructive power. This unfortunate collateral damage would give Snark an idea that would become commonplace in the tactics of the Resistance in the near future. Propane was still readily available in discount stores, camping and plumbing supply houses, and for use in rural gas appliances and industrial forklifts. For now, the enormity of the situation would take precedence however, as Snark grappled with the consequences of his actions.

The entire scene had lasted less than a minute, but resulted in the loss of power to almost thirty-seven million customers across seventeen states and southern Ontario, and eventually cost six hundred, fifty-nine people their lives. Not only had the exploding propane killed over three hundred people outright, but also another three hundred-plus were killed or later died as a result of accidents at failed traffic lights and railway crossings, and from injuries initially suffered in the Ohio blast. Snark had inadvertently caused the most widespread act of terrorism on United States soil in history, with a death toll second only to the 9/11 attacks against New York and Washington DC. Collateral damage could indeed be a very unwelcome companion at times.

## CHAPTER 8

***“So I say to this to the militias and all others who believe that the greatest threat to freedom comes from the government: ‘if you appropriate our sacred symbols for paranoid purposes, and compare yourselves to Colonial militias who fought for the Democracy you now rail against, you are wrong. How dare you call yourselves patriots and heroes! If you say the government is in a conspiracy to take your freedom away, you are just plain wrong. There... is... no... freedom’.”***

**President Bill Clinton; Freudian slip while addressing the nation**

It was almost becoming routine to see President Rosenbaum addressing the nation after the recent acts of patriotism. This time was a little different however. Three days had passed since the pylon fell in upstate New York, and the source of the blackout had finally been discovered. It was now apparent that the blackout was no accident, but was in fact a deliberate act of sabotage.

By sheer coincidence, President Rosenbaum's aunt and uncle had been driving past the propane farm in Ohio when the power drained into the ground and ignited the tanks. They had been killed outright in the massive explosion, due to their close proximity to the tanks; less than one thousand feet. They never showed up at their Newark condominium and were only identified as killed, by the aluminum license tag found alongside the interstate. It was registered to one Maury Goldblatt, the president's uncle by marriage. Somehow, the tag had been blown clear of the car and hadn't been vaporized like the rest of the car or the two occupants riding inside.

Initial grief had turned to rage, as the President now had a tangible culprit to hold responsible. The act had affected him personally, and he was turning the investigation into a personal vendetta. Oddly enough, Eugene Rosenbaum never stopped to consider that he was ultimately responsible for the death of his family. Had he not decided to tamper with the Constitution in the first place, the acts of retaliation that were beginning to spring up like early blooming crocuses across the country would never have occurred. As most high school physics students know, every action has an equally positive reaction, and the President was about to discover that the more actions he imposed upon the people, the more reactions he would create.

He appeared oblivious to that fact, as he looked into the camera and addressed the nation for the sixth time in two weeks. His anger was obvious, and anger often clouded one's judgment.

The President skipped the usual, "My fellow Americans," and jumped right into his speech.

"Today, it was discovered that the massive power outage across the country three days ago was not an accident. It was caused by the deliberate toppling of a power line leading to New York City. This appears to be the work of a Patriot terrorist, and resulted in the deaths of hundreds of people, including my beloved aunt and uncle..."

"I think I'm going to cry." Snark muttered, rubbing his fingers together mimicking the world's smallest violin. "Touch our hearts with your story of woe, Jew. Remind us all about the Holocaust."

"You think you can terrorize us all with your acts of hate, but we will not fear you. We will find you and hunt you down like the dogs you are. You can't persecute us. You want to see us all in concentration camps, but it is us who will put you in camps..."

"You already have, you slime ball." Snark muttered at the television. "You have thousands of American citizens incarcerated in prison camps, just like the ones you always wail about. I knew he couldn't pass up the persecution card."

"Where did he get that, anyway?" Sallee inquired. "He seems to be jumping to conclusions right away."

Snark shrugged.

"Maybe it has something to do with the Celtic cross I painted on the concrete base. It's not Nazi, but it symbolizes White pride. I scratched it into one of the slabs in Georgia too. I was hoping it would be mentioned, so that it would become the unofficial symbol of this revolt."

"Well, it was a nice gesture, Honey." Sallee replied, patting him reassuringly on the shoulder. "It's the thought that counts."

"...Had my National Identification Card system been in place, this could not have happened!" the President continued. "There would be records of gas purchases, and motel rooms. There would be a trail to track..."

"Not if it was caused by someone without a card, you moron." Snark responded. "You could determine I did that from the five million other motorists on the road that day? Nice scare tactic though."

"...So I am moving up the date of inception to October 1<sup>st</sup>."

"What? Are you out of your mind? Okay you fuckhead, you wanna play hard? It's time to hit you back tenfold!"



There had been several copycat acts of vandalism since the Georgia Guide Stones had been blown up, and now Snark decided to take his campaign up another notch. He was going to ask others to join him in targeting DMV agencies, the locations where the President's ID cards would be issued. It was time to rally the masses on White Squall and separate the wheat from the chaff. Snark became a modern day Paul Revere, riding the countryside via the internet shouting, "The Jackboots are coming, the Jackboots are coming; to arms, to arms!"

The winds of White Squall were about to come screaming onto the shores of America, growing stronger as they gained momentum. Soon the squall would become a full-blown hurricane, as the strength of America's pride began to flex its muscles. Before long, it would turn into an unstoppable, howling maelstrom, which would cease only when the winds of change had blown the nation's traitors into the tyrannical abyss of defeat.

Reports began rolling across America's news desks like ticker tape. In Omaha, two DMV offices had been blown to bits. Little Rock reported a DMV office and the building that housed the Department of Homeland Security, no longer existed. Charlotte, North Carolina; Jackson, Mississippi; Cheyenne, Wyoming; and Albuquerque, New Mexico all reported DMV offices having been blown up. In addition, Columbia, South Carolina and Atlanta, Georgia had their local branches of the FBI hit with car bombs. The message was being delivered to the President loud and clear, but he turned a deaf ear on the retaliation and pressed onward with his agenda.

On August 21, he declared by yet another executive order, that no one was to travel out of state by car unless they had booked reservations at stopping points along their routes. This was to discourage random acts of violence, the President assured the people. Persons discovered at roadside checks not to have a valid itinerary, would join the thousands of other Americans in the detention camps. Records would be kept, and perpetrators of violence would be caught and executed.

The public however, was beginning to tire of both the President's failed attempts at curbing the violence, as well as having even more of their liberties flushed down the toilet. If he didn't produce some positive results very soon, he would have uncontrollable mob rule changing his directives, and that was something that frightened Eugene Rosenbaum very much. The future of the country was balancing on a razor's edge, and it wouldn't take very much to tip things in one direction or the other.

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“Senator Epstein’s gonna be in town next week to tell everyone on President Rosie Palm’s behalf, how all these new edicts are supposed to make us so much safer.” Snark said to Steve, as he set his bottle of beer down on the travertine coffee table in his living room.

Senator Allen Epstein, who represented California, had been extremely anti-gun in his earlier years, prior to their total ban in 2010. The senior senator was now hell-bent on restricting the remainder of freedoms Americans were still trying to savor. Using the guise of public safety as a platform to pitch his communism, the senator was traveling around the country speaking on behalf of the President while furthering his own agenda. He hoped one day, to replace the prefix of “Senator” with “President.”

“You mean, make us into loyal subjects, unable and afraid to stand up to their takeover of this country.” Steve replied, his speech somewhat slurred by several beers.

“I have an idea.” Snark said crisply.

“What?”

“We take him out.”

“How?” Steve inquired. “Wherever he is, the security will be so tight that no one will be able to get close enough to shoot him or blow him up. I suppose someone could snipe him, but you’d need a weapon with enough powder that it couldn’t be silenced. You’d give your position away. Even if you could get away from there, they’d block all the roads and check everyone. You’d get caught for sure.”

“I was thinking of a hybrid of the two.” Snark responded. “I was laying in bed this morning, awake but still dreaming, you know, when you sometimes get cool ideas? When my conscious and subconscious minds work together, I come up with some of the coolest shit. That’s where I got the idea for my early AR15 books. I always wondered what I could have written if I drank absinthe-”

“Your plan?” Steve interrupted.

“There are only a few places where he could make a pitch to the people en masse.” Snark explained. “I’m betting that he’ll want to do it outside, because there isn’t really a threat of being shot anymore, and also because he can address a whole lot more people in an outdoor arena.”

Steve nodded.

“Sounds logical. But where? And what is this hybrid idea of yours? I want to hear more about that. What are you going to do, tie a bomb to a bullet?”

"In a manner of speaking, yes. But more like tying the bullet to the bomb. There are really only two places that will work for a mass outdoor audience; the stadium, and Independence Park."

"The stadium we can forget about; there's no way for us to get in there and plant anything, but the park; that's an entirely different story." Steve commented. "Okay, let's say it's the park, then what? They're going to do a check beforehand."

"Of course." Snark replied. "But if it doesn't look like a bomb or smell like a bomb, they aren't going to see it as a bomb."

"What the hell are you talking about?"

"Ever been camping?"

"Of course."

"What did you heat your water and stew with?"

"Sometimes with a fire, sometimes with a camping stove."

"Exactly. Ever seen one of those camping size canisters go off? There's enough gas in one of those to blow a two story house to splinters if it leaks into the basement."

Steve rubbed his chin.

"There's no place to leach it into though. And you'd smell it anyway."

"True, but if you leave it intact, it has no odor. The explosive force won't be as much, but it will still be enormous. When I was a kid, my grandfather told me about the time he and his father were at the dump when they were burning it. One of those canisters went off and blew a crater in the ground at least fifteen feet across. On top of that, the steel canister will act like shrapnel."

Steve nodded.

"So how do we hide them?"

"We don't. We leave them in plain sight. Peel the labels and paint them black to match the fiberglass light poles. Put them on top, and they look like a decorative feature. Do every pole around the speaking platform like that. I can even glue some kind of globe on the end too, to make them more decorative."

"That's so simple, it might just work. How do we get them there?"

"A local power failure. We have the girls drop us off, and we go in and plant 'em. I can still shimmy up a pole like nothing; one advantage to my build. I take a cordless drill, make a hole in the plastic end cap with a hole saw, put the canister's nipple into it and hold it in place with Dumb Gum."

"It's supposed to rain tomorrow night sometime after midnight. If we can do it before it rains, any DNA we drop will be washed away. And since it's a public park, hundreds of people will be standing under

those poles between the time we do it and Epstein gets there, provided that's where he goes. If he doesn't, we leave them there. Never know when they might hold something else there."

"How do we set 'em off?" Steve inquired.

"Tracers."

"Anything that uses a tracer that needs the kind of range we need, can't be properly silenced." Steve pointed out.

"You can suppress the muzzle blast." Snark explained. "What you can't suppress in a high-powered rifle, is the hypersonic crack that comes from the bullet breaking the sound barrier. Normally that would be a problem, but in this case, it will be hidden by the explosion of the propane."

"Provided we *hit* the propane." Steve responded.

"Anyway," Snark continued, "after the first one goes off, there will be so much panic; people screaming and yelling, that it will be almost impossible to tell where any follow-up shots will be coming from."

"You know," Steve said, setting his now-empty bottle on the table, "it just might work. Let's just hope that bigmouthed weasel picks Independence Park, and not the Convention Center or the stadium."

\*

"Okay," Snark said, checking his watch, "that charge should go off any minute now."

He had lobbed a knapsack containing the last of his homemade C-4 over the wall surrounding the substation that boosted the power for the area encompassing Independence Park. When it exploded, it would knock at least one, maybe as many as three of the transformers out, causing the others to shut down to avoid overloading. Since it was a style unlike any Snark had employed before, it would appear to be the simple work of a copycat. The odds of anyone connecting the substation to the senator's visit were extremely long.

The lights suddenly went dead as far as the eye could see in the section of city in which they were driving.

"That's it!" Steve exclaimed. "Rachel, get us there as quickly as you can!"

Rachel nodded, and turned the corner. At the end of the block, she stopped and allowed Snark and Steve to exit the vehicle.

"Stay close." Snark advised. "I'll hit you on the phone when we're finished. Keep it on vibrate."

Snark and Steve quickly ducked against the underbrush alongside the parking lot, and surveyed the area for several minutes with night vision.

"It's clear." Steve whispered. "Let's head out."

Keeping low to the ground, they dashed across the open area to the pavilion, hugging the walls and surveying their target area once more. Still seeing nothing, Snark nodded at Steve, who followed him to the first pole. Snark was wearing rubber-coated gloves used for carrying drywall, that would leave no fingerprints yet still allow him to maintain enough of a grip to climb the fiberglass light poles.

Steve kept watch, as Snark reached the first of the six poles and ascended it. Snark reached over his shoulder and removed a cordless drill. It had a small hole saw in it that bored a hole the same size as the fitting on the end of the canister. The saw quickly cut through the fiberglass cap and Snark removed a towel-wrapped propane canister from the knapsack. He dropped the dark blue towel down to Steve, who stuffed it into a small pack he had removed. Snark placed the painted canister, complete with a plastic globe glued on the end for decoration, atop the pole and pushed it into a blob of hobbyist mounting putty. He slid down the pole and crouched next to Steve.

"Two minutes!" Steve whispered. "Not bad."

"I've got the hang of it now, I think." Snark whispered back. "The next one should be quicker."

"If we can get out of here in fifteen minutes, we'll be looking good." Steve responded.

Snark nodded, and shimmied up the next pole. This time it only took him a minute and a half to accomplish the job. After the third pole, he swapped packs with Steve, trading the drill for the towels. Steve's pack contained the remaining three canisters, and Snark removed the towels and placed the drill in it before re-shouldering the knapsack and ascending the fourth pole.

Meanwhile, Rachel and Sallee cruised uneasily around for several minutes, before finding a parking lot belonging to a Thai restaurant. Here they would wait, until Snark beeped Rachel on the walkie-talkie, indicating they were on their way back to be picked up. They sat for several minutes in silence before Sallee spied a police officer approaching the car. He had seen it pull into the darkened parking lot and after no one exited the vehicle, had decided to investigate. The restaurant was closed at this time of night, and he wanted to know what the car was doing there.

Sallee didn't have much time to think of something to tell the officer, so she turned to Rachel instead.

"Rachel!" she whispered.

Rachel turned, and was surprised to find Sallee's mouth suddenly pressed against hers. She squirmed and started to pull away, when she

heard a knock on the driver's window beside her. Sallee released her hold on her friend, who turned to see the officer looking in the window. She gave a noticeable start, as she was not expecting anyone. She now understood Sallee's simulated affections and rolled the window down, her heart beating furiously.

"Um, what are you doing here?" the young officer inquired, although he thought he understood quite well, from what he was supposed to see.

"I uh, we uh..." Rachel stammered.

"My friend just lost her boyfriend, Officer." Sallee interjected. "I was trying to console her, and it got a little out of hand, that's all. She needed someone to talk to, and we didn't want to go to a bar or anything, so we were just driving around. We saw this parking lot and pulled in. We didn't mean anything by it."

Rachel felt her phone suddenly vibrate against her thigh. She had regained her wits by now, and turned to the officer.

"We'll just go on home, if it's okay." she said smiling. "I'm feeling better, and I don't want a ticket or anything."

"Okay." the officer replied. "You ladies have a good night now. Drive safely going home. The power's gone out, so it's difficult to see as well as you normally could."

"Good night." Rachel called, as she rolled up the window and started the car.

She pulled around and exited the parking lot.

"I didn't know what you were doing there for a second!" Rachel exclaimed to Sallee, as she pulled onto the street and headed for the park. "I thought maybe you were going to reach inside my blouse next."

Sallee laughed.

"You never know." she said teasingly.

Rachel brought the car to a stop, as Steve and Snark piled in, throwing the knapsacks in front of them.

"Go!" Snark said crisply. "Let's get the hell out of here!"

"How'd it go?" Sallee inquired.

"Like clockwork." Steve replied. "You ladies do alright? Any problems?"

"We were fine." Sallee replied. "Some cop caught us French kissing, but other than that, it went okay."

"You were doing what?" Snark inquired. "Sounds interesting. Tell us more."

"We were waiting in a parking lot." Rachel started to explain.

“Why?” Snark interrupted. “As you apparently found out, that draws attention. You should have just cruised around a bit.”

“I thought driving around late at night might draw attention too.” Rachel said defensively. “I was hoping to stay quiet and not draw attention.”

“Okay.” Snark conceded. “It doesn’t matter now. I take it a cop saw you and you started kissing to throw him a curve?”

“Yes, although I didn’t see him walking over. All of a sudden, Sallee grabbed me and practically slid her tongue down my throat.”

“Did he buy it?” Steve inquired.

“Ooh, I think he’s still got a boner!” Sallee giggled. “I think he was waiting for me to take her top off and invite him to join us or something.”

“So long as he doesn’t ever put two and two together.” Snark said quietly. “I’m glad you made it look innocent enough, but from here on out, if we need to be dropped off, start driving in a loop that will bring you back about the time we’ll need you, okay? It’s very important that nothing ties any of us to this area, or anything else in the future. This isn’t a little act of vandalism we’re setting up here; people are going to die.”

Rachel nodded, and stopped for a red light. They were out of the dark zone and back into a functioning power grid.

“I’m sorry.” she apologized. “I really thought it was the best choice.”

Snark softened a bit, as he realized just how green Rachel was to the concept of sabotage and anarchy. Her heart was in it, he had no doubt of that, she just needed a little guidance and training. For now, he would have to be certain that she wasn’t in a position to make any decisions that could jeopardize the outcome of any future missions.

“I know, Rachel.” he said quietly. “I didn’t mean to sound so hard. You did a good job tonight; you both did. It saved us a lot of time. By not having to worry about parking the car and walking in, it shaved at least a half hour off our time. Now, let’s head back to the hacienda and crash. You two take the spare room so you don’t have to drive home tonight, okay?”

Snark looked over at Steve.

“We’re halfway there. That was the hardest part, but the most dangerous part is still to come. All we can do now is wait, and hope I picked the right spot.”

\*

“How’s it look?” Steve’s voice whispered in Snark’s earpiece.

“Just like the practice.” Snark responded quietly. “Everything looks sweet.”

His phone was clipped to his belt beneath the NBC suit he wore, and a wire ran from the side of the phone and out the top of the suit to an earpiece.

“Another half hour or so, I figure. Crowd’s huge. There should be nothing but sheer pandemonium when those things go off. We shouldn’t have any trouble evacuating the area. I hate to leave this gun behind though. Even though it can’t be traced to me, I hate to leave it there for them to find. Not only will it show them exactly where the shots came from, because they *will* eventually find it, it will leave me short one rifle.”

“Can’t risk getting caught with it.” Steve reminded him. “Besides, you still have like what, thirty or so of them?”

“Twenty-six.”

“Okay. Regardless, you still have a shitload of them; enough for a few disposables, plus all the others you stashed away. Twenty-six AR15s will go a long way.”

“I suppose.” Snark grumbled. “I’m taking the scope though. I’ll stash it in the air filter. Even if they do pull us, they won’t be checking *that* thoroughly. They’ll be looking for bigger things, like a gun.”

He had a clear view of the speaking platform a little over one thousand feet away. He was situated on a slight knoll overlooking the park, and a fairly busy street separated him from the park.

Snark had draped himself with a piece of camouflaged burlap. While it wasn’t as good as a Ghillie suit, it still broke his silhouette up and blended him into the surrounding rhododendron he was peeking through. Behind him lay several acres of woods, and beyond that, some businesses. That was where Steve was awaiting his return.

Snark peered through the scope, and checked the range finder and bullet drop compensator. There was almost no breeze, so there was no need to accommodate the crosshairs for windage. The day was almost perfect for sniping; not too hot, not too cold, and almost no wind. Snark was confident that he could hit the canisters without any problems or misses. While he waited, Snark took a stick and carved a Celtic cross into the dirt beside him. When the location was eventually discovered, the symbol would be visible as a reminder to those involved, that these demonstrations were the result of careful calculation, and not simply random acts of violence.

Senator Allen Epstein arrived in a black limousine and paraded pompously up the sidewalk, stopping occasionally to shake hands with a commoner or two, if a reporter or cameraman happened to be nearby.



He arrived at the podium that was placed toward the rear of the platform and Snark smiled. He was underneath, and almost dead center between, the two center light poles. Dead center. How fitting a phrase for the situation at hand.

Senator Epstein began speaking and gesturing in the typical New Jersey method of speaking with one's hands.

"Thank you all for coming today," he began. "It's good to see so many patriotic Americans here in Charlotte. I'm talking about true Americans, not the so-called patriots who have tried to take this nation hostage by blowing up landmarks and power lines; by murdering innocent Americans who had nothing to do with their insane agenda.

"I would like to talk to you today about President Rosenbaum's plans for securing this country-"

Several catcalls erupted from within the crowd at this remark, and the senator glared at them.

"I see there are traitor-sympathizers within our own midst!" he growled. "You sympathize with these murderers; these extremist right wing Nazis! We will find you and send you to the detention camps along with them!"

There it was; the Nazi card again. When in the world would these people realize that just about everyone was sick and tired of listening to their wailing and moaning about something that was almost one hundred years in the past? The public was always forced to listen to their tales of woe, from their persecution in Biblical times, to the concentration camps of the alleged Holocaust.

The Zionist controlled government was operating the only real concentration camps. There were no Jews in these camps; no Blacks, no Mexicans. Only people with white skin, yet there was no talk of racial prejudice against Whites. More and more of the population was beginning to realize this, although they still felt personally, there was nothing they could do about it.

Snark smiled once again, as he quietly chambered the first round by hand, instead of letting the bolt carrier slam shut with its distinctive metallic sound, then quietly pushed the loaded magazine into the rifle. He then dropped the visor on the "instant-on" variety of welding helmet he wore over his hooded suit.

The senator was now calling for a moment of silence in remembrance of the people who died as a result of the Great Blackout of 2020, as it was now officially being called. The silence ended, and once again, Senator Epstein's high, shrilly voice blared over the loudspeakers.

He resembled a bespectacled shrew waving his arms and shrieking, and Snark decided that all his noise would effectively mask the hypersonic crack of the tracer round, as it sliced through the air at two thousand, three hundred feet per second.

Snark took a breath and exhaled slowly, his finger tightening slowly yet smoothly, against the trigger. The rifle jumped slightly from the recoil, but not enough to cause him to lose sight of the senator. The tracer found its mark on the canister of propane mounted fifteen feet above Epstein's head.

With a blinding white flash, and a crack as loud as a thunderclap, the propane exploded, blowing shrapnel and pieces of the light fixture toward the podium. Screams of terror arose from the crowd, which immediately began stampeding out of control. No one even heard the five more shots that came in rapid succession, only the terrifying explosions that lit the area up even brighter than the daylight surrounding it.

Snark quickly twisted the thumbscrews that held the scope atop the rifle with his glove-clad hands, and slid it loose. He slung the rifle by its barrel into another rhododendron thicket about thirty feet away, and surveyed the area with the scope before retreating into the wooded acreage.

Senator Epstein lay on the platform next to the podium, along with five more people of his staff, including two Secret Service agents. Snark could not see any civilians lying in the now-empty area surrounding the platform. The fifty-foot barrier space between the stage and first row of spectators had been sufficient to keep them relatively safe from the propane. Although they felt the heat and a few felt some stinging shards of shrapnel, no one in the audience had been seriously hurt.

The haughty senator on the other hand, was dead. A large pool of blood surrounded his lifeless body, draining from the many shrapnel wounds and piece of aluminum rod that was stuck completely through his torso.

Whether the blast, pieces of red-hot shrapnel, or the aluminum arm of the light fixture that impaled him, or a combination of all the above, had killed him, Snark did not know. He also did not care. He had been successful in his assassination of the President's favorite political puppet, and that was what was important. All that mattered now was getting out of the woods and away from the area, without being spotted or detained.

Snark dashed through the shady woods, stopping just short of their end, to remove the helmet, burlap, and NBC suit that had locked his

scent and DNA in while at the scene. He folded the burlap and suit, tucking them under his arm along with the helmet, and emerged from the woods. Any scent picked up here would be meaningless. He could have merely stopped here and walked into the woods to pee. He strolled nonchalantly but briskly, to the car and climbed in.

“Go-go, Gadget Get-the-hell-outta-here!”

## CHAPTER 9

***“Rebellion to tyrants is obedience to God.”***

**Thomas Jefferson; motto on his seal**

President Rosenbaum was shaking visibly, as he addressed the nation yet again. Partly from rage, partially from fear of the unknown, his hands trembled slightly as he began to speak.

“Today,” he began, swallowing loudly, “I carried the casket for my good friend Allen Epstein, a man that loved his country more than anything.”

“Oh please!” Rachel interrupted, talking to the television, “Give me a break. The only thing he loved this country for, was the power it gave him to take kickbacks and bribes. Be still my bleeding heart.”

“Senator Epstein was a great man, and his murder will not be in vain.” the President continued. “I will hunt down his murderer or murderers, and make them pay for this egregious act. It will not go unpunished.

“You think you can intimidate us into bowing to your cowardly acts of terror, but it only makes us stronger! We will break you! I will show this country that its government will not succumb to terror, or the demands of terrorists. For sixty years, my brethren in Israel have lived in fear and terror, but this will not happen here! If I have to put a camera and microphone in every living room in this country to keep us safe, I’ll do it.”

“That’s it,” Snark said encouragingly, “show this country just what you really have in store for them. Big Mensch involved in everything we do, from taking a shit in the morning, to counting our calories at dinner.”

The president was so emotional, that he wasn’t thinking clearly. He was about to add a great advantage to Snark’s plan.

“We know the same person or persons that were responsible for the deaths of my beloved aunt and uncle was responsible for the death of my good friend, Allen Epstein...” he continued.

Steve looked at Snark quizzically.

“How?”

“I left a little calling card.” Snark replied. “I wanted a symbol for our cause.”

“What did you pick?” Rachel inquired.

“The round Celtic cross.” Snark answered. “White Pride Worldwide.”

“Ha!” Steve exclaimed. “That old Jew must really hate that!”

“...At both locations, we discovered the symbol of the Celtic cross; a symbol of hate and White supremacy. You think you can mock us with your acts and your symbols, but we will prevail. We will take additional steps to ensure the safety of our citizens and you will be caught and executed!”

His voice shrilled a bit at the last remark, and Steve snickered.

“Does he have any idea how desperate he sounds? God, everyone should be able to see through that. It can’t be much longer before he snaps and does something really stupid.” he muttered.

“Crowds are targets.” President Rosenbaum stated emphatically. “Therefore, I am restricting any and all public gatherings, to no more than two hundred and fifty people.”

Steve shook his head.

“There you go.”

“You dumb bastard!” Sallee exclaimed. “What about rock concerts and football games? That includes trade shows and a thousand other publicly-involved activities, including political fundraisers.”

“Particularly political fundraisers.” Snark interjected. “At least as far as Rosenbaum’s concerned. He’s scared we’ll hit him like that again.

“The whole idea here is to get him to do stuff like this so that the rest of the people will start to tire of this shit as well. The more he limits them, the better off we are. Eventually they’ll reach the boiling point too. Then, it’s only a matter of time before everything reaches the flash point.”

“Agreed.” Steve said, nodding his head approvingly. “I wasn’t even thinking of that. It pissed me off so much that I totally forgot that was our intention.”

“Chances are, it pissed a whole of other people off as well.” Sallee added, putting her arm around Snark and pulling him close to her. “If it got you angry enough to forget what your intentions were, then I expect it hit everyone else even harder.”

“Here, here!” Steve exclaimed, raising his bottle of beer and clinking it against hers as she raised it in return.

\*

Over the next several weeks, the nightly news reported many instances of bombings involving propane cylinders and even larger, commercial sized propane and acetylene tanks from across the nation. DMV buildings were still the prime targets, although the governor of New Jersey, Myron Baumgartner, had been killed from an improvised grenade using a small propane canister detonated by a cigar tube filled

with homemade black powder, and set off with a short length of cannon fuse.

Governor Baumgartner had been instrumental in passing recent legislation in New Jersey that restricted travel within the state. Based on President Rosenbaum's plan, but much more restrictive, it curbed almost all non-essential travel within the state, by both residents and visitors alike. Touted as a measure to reduce fuel consumption, it was nothing short of travel control. By keeping citizens from traveling freely, it was much easier to keep them in line should the need arise due to martial law or revolutionary actions of the Patriots, as they had now begun to be referred.

By taking away the food and water supply of the people, and their ability to travel to find more, it was very simple to keep them in line. Simply threatening to starve them again would bring rapid compliance; in fact, starving people would gladly sell themselves into slavery to keep food in their stomachs. A hungry people was a submissive and agreeable people.

It seemed that more and more people were beginning to retaliate against the oppression that they were feeling, although they still had no real enemy to target. Lashing out in frustration against the only approachable enemy for the moment, DMV agencies, they were in fact spurring action by the government that would soon lay the foundation for a real conflict.

Snark and Sallee lay curled up together on the sofa watching the local news report, as yet another story aired about the latest act of "terror," this one from Henning, Tennessee. Apparently, this one had been racially based in its intentions, as the Alexander Haley Museum had been blown to bits using a still as-of-yet unidentified explosive. The small building was leveled, and the smoldering ruins were visible in the background, as the reporter commented on the story via satellite.

Additionally, the perpetrator had left a calling card; a large Celtic cross spray-painted on the sign in front of the "museum." The media was of course blaming Snark, and referring to the act as a hate crime, and violation of the Rainbow Act, as well as an act of terror. It was now akin to painting a swastika on the wall of a Jewish target after torching it or blowing it up. The camera zoomed in on the cross, which happened to be the same symmetrical cross that Snark had chosen. Apparently, whoever had chosen to leave the mark, was familiar enough with White Pride symbolism, to use it instead of the common Celtic cross, which like a Christian cross, had a longer arm on the under side.

The Celtic cross of White Pride had four equal arms, and a very large circle that reached almost to the ends of each arm. It vaguely resembled the crosshairs of a rifle scope, and had in fact been mistaken for that when it was initially discovered on the concrete abutment of the power pylon in New York, by local authorities. Only the scrutiny of an Irish police officer had pointed out that it was indeed a Celtic cross, but at the time had made no sense. Now, it appeared as though the New Rebellion had a symbol of solidarity.

"Well, it wasn't me, but it's nice to know they care." Snark laughed.

"Imitation is the most sincere form of flattery." Sallee commented.

Snark nodded.

"Looks like our strategy is starting to work." he responded. "Everybody with a chip on their shoulder is starting to do something about it. It doesn't necessarily help us directly, but every act of rebellion makes the rest of the public just that more wary of the people that are supposed to be protecting them, *and* it throws the trail off of us. The fact that whoever did this used my cross, is encouraging too. It makes me feel kind of like a proud parent."

He was interrupted by the sound of the telephone ringing. Sallee reached over and picked the receiver up.

"Hello?"

"Hi Sallee." a familiar voice responded.

"Hi Mr. Carlson!" Sallee exclaimed. "How are you?"

"Fine thank you." her former principal replied. "When are you coming out to visit your parents again, Sunshine?"

Sallee stiffened slightly. Frank Carlson needed to talk; she was certain of that, and his use of the code word "sunshine", alerted her it needed to be in person.

"I'm not really sure." she replied. "I've been thinking of them a lot lately. Probably sometime soon though."

"Well, we all miss you, Sunshine." Frank replied. "Your friend too. If you're out this way, look us up."

"Okay, I will. Thanks for calling."

Sallee hung up the phone and looked at Snark.

"How's he doing?" he inquired.

"He called me 'Sunshine' twice, and he made a vague reference to you too."

"Vague?" Snark responded. "He didn't use my name?"

Sallee shook her head.

"No. He just called you my friend."

"We need to get out there then." Snark replied. "It sounds like he's concerned about something. Probably everything we've been doing, as well as the copycat stuff. We'll leave first thing in the morning. I wish Colorado wasn't so far away. It's a long drive. We'd better invent an itinerary, in case we get pulled for anything."

\*

"Come on in." Frank Carlson said, gesturing to Snark and Sallee. "Can I get you anything to drink?"

"A glass of wat-er if you don't mind." Sallee hiccupped.

Her daily dose of sternum spasms had hit during the drive from her parent's house to Frank's rambling farmhouse. Frank nodded, and returned a minute later with a glass of water and handed it to her.

"Thanks." Sallee said, taking the glass of water and inhaling some of it as she hiccupped again.

Snark removed a portable bug detector from his pocket and swept the room. Nothing appeared to be out of the ordinary, and Frank shot him a pained look.

"I check it every time I return home," he said, "and that wasn't necessary, although I do understand your reasoning. It was still kind of rude though."

"Not when it comes to my personal safety, it's not." Snark said dryly.

"True enough." Frank responded. "Now that that's out of the way let's talk, okay?"

"Shoot." Snark replied.

"I assume you know why I wanted to see you?" Frank inquired.

Snark nodded.

"I have a pretty good idea, but they're not all mine." he said, rubbing the bridge of his nose with the side of his finger. "All I did was get the ball rolling. If people want to make a statement as well, well that's not my problem."

"And rolling it is! I don't want to know what you're responsible for and what not, and I doubt you would tell me anyway, but I can safely assume that the attack on the Georgia Guide Stones was your baby."

Snark gave him a blank look.

"The what? Who?"

"I'll take that as a yes." Frank responded, rolling his eyes slightly. "Anyway, the point is, your targets have become symbolic, and the Celtic cross is quickly becoming symbolic in its own right as well. I never expected others to jump on the bandwagon so quickly, so we're kind of caught off guard here. Hell, we never even got a chance to try



out your picnic idea. Doesn't matter now, it looks like this may snowball too quickly for cookouts anyway. We'll leave those for the Fourth of July when we take our country back."

He reclined in his chair and sighed deeply.

"I'm getting old," he said quietly. "Christ, I remember when Sallee was just a little thing, sitting in my office, wondering why I called her in."

Sallee smiled fondly at the recollection, as her former principal continued.

"I've always thought of you as the little girl I never had," he explained, turning his gaze to her. "My wife Margaret and I, God rest her soul, couldn't have any. Don't know whose fault it was; doesn't even matter now, but I kind of adopted you in my own little way. I made sure you got the best learning and education; I always made certain that you were prepared to become one of 'Us.' I was so hopeful that you would one day become part of the New Order."

"Us?" Snark interrupted. "New Order? A new order as something new, or a new, 'The Order'?"

Frank Carlson gazed intently at the young man sitting opposite him.

"Bruders Schweigen. Do you know what that means?"

Snark nodded.

"Silent Brotherhood. It was also known as 'The Order'."

He began to recite the Fourteen Words of David Lane, the member incarcerated for life, for his role in the assassination of Alan Berg.

"We must secure the existence of our people..." he began.

"...and a future for White children." Sallee finished.

"Very good. You not only know the Fourteen Words, you know their origins. Sallee learned this in our school as well. I hope that you continue to live by them, and provide a future for not only your children, but also those of every other Aryan alive in this world today. I trust that you will, for the actions that you have taken thus far, more than exceeds what we would have asked you to do.

"The Order never died," he continued. "It just went underground. So far underground, that you couldn't find it with an oil-drilling rig. It's not an organization in and of itself. Sallee, your parents aren't even aware of its existence. It was always my hope that you would one day be a part of it, but then you had your accident.

"You see, as you brought up during our last meeting, there *is* a secret society of untraceable children, and their parents are all members of *die neue schweigsame Bruderschaft*, the New Silent Brotherhood, or

DNSB. Members must have some sort of special skill or training that allows them to function outside of normal society.”

“For a Pioneer Little Europe!” Snark exclaimed.

Frank nodded.

“There are others as well, but ours is completely anonymous. In addition, we are not only White Separatists, but also White Nationalists. We want our country back as I said before, and that is by any means necessary, even if it means using force.

“We have adopted the Jews’ philosophy of infiltrating the political powers, but that will take more time than we have. The revolution must begin soon, or we will be too far gone to ever recover this country to what it once was. You have done an excellent job of initializing resistance, but we need something to start a full-scale revolution. We are ready, but without the support of mainstream America or the majority of the military, we will fail. We need a smoking gun, and we need it soon.”

Snark and Sallee nodded in unison.

“I agree,” Snark concurred, “but *that* is beyond my control. It was hard enough trying to come up with a plan to try to start a resistance, let alone a full-scale revolution. Acts of rebellion are one thing, but convincing everyone to take up arms and battle their own military and police is something entirely different, although I suspect as soon as it starts to go down, the police will quickly take sides; mostly with us.

“Most people today have little or no experience with firearms and those that do, have them hidden so well that the Lord Himself couldn’t find them. It would take something definite to get them to dig their guns up and use them. I mean, marching soldiers or something like that. There aren’t many guns left either. We’ll be extremely outgunned. The people are going to have to learn alternative methods of engaging the military until they capture enough arms to start shooting.”

“I was hoping that was where you would come in.” Frank explained. “First off, I’m sure you remember what the original Bruders Schweigen were doing and how they were going about it. While our funding methods are completely different, the end result was the same. However, our new organization is built on Libertarianism, not Socialism. We don’t like telling others what to do, anymore than we like being told what to do, so it was agreed to remove Socialism from the equation. There are no more ties to Nazism in the New Order. Sympathy maybe, but no ties.

“Secondly, you seem to have a vast knowledge of improvised weaponry; not just firearms, but all kinds of gadgets and recipes. We need someone with that kind of knowledge to teach our people how to

fight back. We have a structure, and a damn good one at that, but no real leadership on the battlefield. It takes strategy and ingenuity to fight a government as advanced as ours.”

“A military as advanced as ours can’t be defeated in the conventional way.” Snark replied. “As you said, they are too advanced. Hell, they can see through buildings, or put a missile up your ass from a hundred miles away. However, it’s made them cocky. They think they’re indestructible, but take away their toys, and they’re back on an even playing field. They can’t do squat without their gadgets. All it takes are some electromagnetic pulse bombs and they’re back in the Stone Age. EMPs aren’t that hard to configure either. All you need is a high explosive and a lot of copper wire. Well, it’s a little more involved than that, but not much.

“They also tend to forget about simpler technology. Sometimes, the obsolete can become high-tech once again. Things they never even dreamt of, can come back to bite them in the ass.”

“Okay,” Frank said, “I’ll take the bait. What?”

“No bait.” Snark replied. “I’m as serious as a heart attack. How’s your ancient world history?”

“Fair.”

“Remember the story about the Greeks setting the ships on fire in the harbor?”

Frank thought for a moment.

“Vaguely. Was it the Greeks or the Romans?”

“The Greeks I think. They set the Roman ships on fire. Anyway, it’s irrelevant. You remember the story.”

“How does that involve us?”

“They focused their polished bronze shields on the ships, and the concentrated light was hot enough to set them ablaze.”

“That’s only a legend,” Frank responded, “and I don’t see how we could benefit from it anyway.”

“I’ll prove it to you,” Snark countered, “and then I’ll show how we could benefit from it. Find me four or five mirrors. Do you have some; bathroom, shaving, small wall mirrors, something like that?”

Frank looked at him quizzically. He was familiar with Snark’s ingenuity and ideas, but this seemed a little far-fetched, even for Snark. Something as simple as a bathroom mirror wouldn’t be enough to challenge a modern army or air force, would it?

“I think so, but what are you going to do with four or five of them? Surely that’s not enough to do anything.”

“Humor me.” Snark replied. “You said you wanted someone to show you how to defeat a modern army, and I’m full of all sorts of

ideas as to how anyone can do it until they're able to get a supply of small arms. What I'm going to show you is a small example. That's not even getting into making a maser from a kitchen microwave."

"A maser?"

"Yes, it works like a laser, except that the energy it uses is microwave, as opposed to light waves. Basically, it's like whatever part of you it touches, is equivalent to sticking it in a microwave oven."

Frank shook his head.

"Okay, maybe the mirror thing will work. Let me see what I have."

Five minutes later, Frank, Sallee, and Snark were standing in Frank's back yard. He had managed to locate five mirrors of various sizes, Snark and Sallee each held two, while Frank held the fifth. Snark aimed both of his mirrors at the same location on the ground, and nodded to Sallee, who followed suit.

"Okay, Mr. Carlson," Snark said, "shine yours at the same place and put your hand into the light, but do it quick."

Frank moved the mirror in his left hand until it aligned with the bright patch of light on the ground. He then moved his hand into the light, and suddenly dropped the mirror he was holding in his left hand.

"Hot! Hot!" he hollered, as the mirror clattered to the ground. "Damn!"

Frank looked at his hand and picked the mirror back up. It had not broken in the fall, and he looked at his reflected image for a second.

"I would have never guessed it was that hot." he commented. "Gadzooks! I'll bet it was almost hot enough to set something on fire."

"You can take a one-foot-square board and glue one hundred, forty-four one-inch-square mirrors to it so that they all focus on one location, and it will melt a piece of copper tubing." Snark explained. "Now make it an even one hundred, fifty mirrors two feet square, and you can melt through steel. It's called a solar furnace, and can be used for smelting iron. It gets that hot."

"The Greeks, or Romans, or whoever the hell it was, used polished bronze shields to reflect the sunlight onto the ships in the harbor." Snark explained. "Bronze isn't going to reflect anywhere near the amount of light as a commercial mirror, so imagine what they could have done with real mirrors."

"I remember watching a show on TV when I was kid, about a place somewhere in New Mexico I think, where they focused either a hundred, or a hundred and fifty full-size mirrors on a concrete tower that was like twenty feet thick or something, and the patch of light was white hot. It was almost too bright to look at; even on the TV screen."

All this smoke started billowing from it, and it burned through that tower in less than half an hour. What do you think that would do to a tank or aircraft, much less a standard vehicle? It would only take a few seconds to melt a hole through a tank and fry everyone inside, or at least get hot enough to make them bail out before it finished burning through.

“A plane or helo is a whole heck of a lot thinner and more delicate than a tank. It’d zip through the skin in just a few seconds and fry all the circuitry, not to mention what it would do if it hit a fuel tank. Granted, most planes are flying too fast to do anything to, but focused on the front of a slower moving aircraft, a helicopter for example, even though it was moving and not everyone could line up on it accurately, the light would still burn the retinas out of the pilot’s eyes, and cause him to lose control and crash. It would be like having a dozen searchlights shining in your face simultaneously. By the way, your grass will be dead in that spot by tomorrow. Actually, it’s already dead. It just doesn’t look it yet.”

Frank chewed his bottom lip for a second before replying.

“You’ve sold me. We have a lot to discuss now; more so than last time. I have several recommendations to make to those who supercede me, but I think that if you are interested, you have a lot to teach us.

“We’ve all studied classic guerilla warfare tactics, from the American Indians, to the Viet Cong, to the Iraqi rebels, to the Paris Uprising, but your ideas are completely unique. And that thing with the mirrors; I’d have never guessed it would do that.

“This war will be unlike any war we have ever fought before. There can be no rules, only victory. It was once said that the Third War would be fought with technology, but the Fourth War would be fought with stones. Well, the Third World War lasted for decades in a cold war with the Russians. Thank God we didn’t blow ourselves up in a nuclear Armageddon, but the fact remains that the war did come to pass, and the resulting technology has made any attempt at warring against our military in the conventional sense, impossible.

“All we have in reality now, are weapons that pitted against the massive computerized firepower of this country’s military, makes them as obsolete as stones. We may as well run screaming at them and waving sticks, for all the good they will do.”

Snark nodded.

“I agree. That’s why these methods are so important. We still can’t win by numbers alone though. A few government goons can still dictate what goes on by keeping those in high positions scared. We need to take control of a good portion of the military, or at least some

key locations, AKA nukes, to have an even tactical advantage. Until that happens though, we will need to fight back by some pretty unconventional means and ideas.”

“Which you happen to be full of.” Sallee interjected.

She had been sitting quietly for the most part, listening to her former principal and her boyfriend discussing the matters at hand.

“What would happen if someone nuked Washington?” she inquired.

“All hell would break loose!” Snark exclaimed. Depending on circumstances, it could turn into a nuclear free-for-all with every rogue nation in the world, or it could cause everyone to run wild in the streets.

“There would be retaliation, but against whom?” he continued. “If our government tried to take action against those responsible, how would they do it? Who would they hit and how? Nuke ‘em back?”

“That’s a concept we’ve considered.” Frank responded. “The possibilities are too endless to speculate at this point though. It could cause total separation of every structure of society in this country; complete and total anarchy. We need a little, in order for the people to rise up and fight, but not total anarchy. No one could handle that. It could plunge us into another Dark Ages. On the other hand, if it was done when the government was about to come down on the public in general, with some new Draconian law, who knows? If we had enough people in key positions, it might work.

“We have people in the military and politics, but at this point, there aren’t enough of them, and it is too uncertain whether others would join them in a time of crisis. In time we will have those key positions with enough support, but not now, and we are running out of time quicker than a dead man walking.”

His last comment was in reference to the phrase used by inmates on Death Row, of an inmate on his way to the executioner. “Dead man walking” was called, as he or she made their way to the gas chamber, electric chair, or lethal injection chamber.

“I have an idea on that too.” Snark commented.

“I’m sure you do.” Frank replied. “I’d like to hear more about that maser thing you were talking about before, too.”

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In Atlanta, Georgia, radio personality Freddy Fitzgerald prepared for his nightly broadcast. Syndicated in almost every metropolitan area and many small towns as well, his popular show was transmitted via satellite across the nation from the Peachtree City. Airing at nine

o'clock sharp five nights a week, millions of people tuned in to hear his financial advice.

Recently his show's ratings had soared, due to peoples' fears of the economy making a turn for the worse. President Rosenbaum's executive orders, Snark's escapades, and a growing distrust of the government as a result, had caused investors to balk. Trading was down significantly, and everyone wanted an inside "scoop" as to what they could do to retain as much of their investments and savings as possible, if the economy dropped or the government didn't back the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation. Freddy Fitzgerald was now the most listened-to talk show host in the nation, surpassing even Dr. George Carrera, in ratings.

Outside the studio, a team of New Silent Brotherhood members waited in a nearby car. They had a Brother inside the studio who was loyal to the cause and part of their plan. He had given them detailed maps of the layout of the studio, and a security card that would get them inside the building.

Disguised as Metro Atlanta police officers, with professionally applied theatrical makeup to alter their appearances not only for visual identification, but to confuse the face-recognition cameras as well, they were to enter to the studio. Once inside, they would make their way to the studio where Freddy was broadcasting, and take control of the studio long enough for one of the members to read a brief speech to the American people before the broadcast was terminated and authorities called. With their law enforcement uniforms, they would blend in with other officers who arrived on scene, and make a clean escape, or at least if everything fell into place, this was the plan.

Sean Ford looked at his watch and nodded to his uniform-clad brothers-in-arms.

"Nine o'clock, straight up." he said crisply. "By the time we get in there, the opening segment and commercial break should be over, and anyone who wants to tune in should be by then."

Ted Clemmons nodded in agreement. His non-prescription eyeglasses and putty cheek pads were slightly annoying, but altered his appearance totally. Only his voice gave him away, and that was about to change.

"Ya dahn roight!" he exclaimed, in a convincing Australian accent. "Toim ta tache thase blokes a thing o' two. Let's gow!"

The team of five "officers" exited the vehicle and headed for the rear entrance. The Negroid security officer was busily watching a Black sitcom on a small television in the guard shack. He slapped his knee, as he laughed and guffawed loudly in typical Negro fashion. He

paid no attention to Ted and his comrades, as the team of White Brothers made their way across the parking lot. He was oblivious to everything except the husband and wife cutting up on the television screen.

Ted swiped the security card with a black leather gloved hand, and opened the rear door to the studio. The quintet walked briskly to the elevator and rode it to the third floor. Upon exiting the elevator, they quickly made their way to the studio where Freddy had just gone back on air after his commercial break.

He looked up in surprise as what appeared to be a group of police officers suddenly barged into the studio. One of them struck his producer over the head with a baton, knocking him unconscious. This was followed immediately by the drawing of firearms by every member of the group, and leveling them at the bewildered talk show host.

“W-what’s going on here?” Freddy demanded. Who are you? What do you want? Is this some kind of a joke? Did Alfred put you up to this?”

“Tell them this radio station has just been hijacked,” Ted instructed, pointing his .40 Smith and Wesson handgun at the host’s chest, “and then tell them you are going to read something, or the next thing they hear will be the sound of a shot, and your brains splattering all over the microphone and walls of this studio. Do exactly what I tell you, and you go home and kiss your wife and kids tonight. You have my word.”

He had decided at the last minute, to have Freddy read the statement himself, so he would not leave a voice recording that could be analyzed. Freddy began to tremble, as Ted cocked the hammer of the pistol menacingly.

“Read it!” Ted demanded.

“The-the st-studio has j-just been hijacked.” Freddy stammered into the microphone, before regaining his professional composure. “They want me to read something on air.”

Ted thrust a sheet of folded yellow paper in front of the host, as the four other members covered him with their own weapons. Freddy took the paper and unfolded it. He perused it briefly, and began to read the statement aloud.

“The Federal government of this country has hijacked our Constitution, and held us hostage for the last century and a half.” Freddy read. “Recently, you, the American citizen, have witnessed countless acts of treason by both this government, and our coward of a President, Eugene Rosenbaum.



“President Rosenbaum has illegally declared himself a virtual dictator by issuing Executive orders that have no merit or Constitutional basis. The Supreme Court has ignored these illegal, blatant acts of tyranny, and has in fact condoned them and encouraged even more, by doing nothing. That makes them all just as guilty of treason as the Congress, FBI, CIA, President, and a myriad of other governmental agencies that have to legal basis for existence according to our Constitution.

“The Federal government of this country was created to *manage*, not dictate, our group of nation-states. The United States of America was set up as group of separate, sovereign nations, with a common government to bind them together, not rule them. The idea was, that if you didn’t like the laws in your state, you could change things by moving to another state with laws more suited to your tastes. The Federal government, like the Federal Bureau of Investigation, legally only has jurisdiction over US citizens in the District of Columbia, and over non-citizens only, in the fifty states. Gradually, the Federal government encroached on our republic by declaring itself a federation, and giving itself the appearance of having powers that it does not constitutionally have.

“We witnessed this firsthand in Europe, after the European Union came into power. France, Italy, England, and Germany were once separate, sovereign nations, like Georgia, Carolina, Virginia, and Connecticut. Now they too, have become a cesspool of forced multiculturalism and Zionist-controlled policy. They didn’t learn from us, any more than you have learned from them.

“The time has come, for the people of this great country, to make a stand and take America back! We must stand up for ourselves, and not let one more day pass where an illegal government subjugates us. We are Americans! We are proud and we are strong! We stand by idly, while our fellow brothers and sisters rot in prison camps for having the courage to stand against this government; a government funded and controlled by Israel.

“The Israelis, and all Jews worldwide, remind us of the concentration camps of the Second World War, while they build their own to imprison those of us who see them for what they are; leaches who live and prosper from the fruits of others’ labor. We are constantly reminded of places like Auschwitz, Dachau, Treblinka, and the Warsaw ghetto to feed upon our sympathies and make us feel guilty somehow for their problems; problems that persist to this day, almost eighty years later!

“They have used this sympathy to secure loans, and have bought into our media; they now control what you see on TV, hear on the radio, and read in the newspapers. They feed you lies in their Zionist-controlled schools we call public education, and it terrifies them that there are parents who want to teach their children *real* facts and history, by home schooling them instead of having them brainwashed by teachers who are just as clueless as the rest of you, and believe what they teach is truth.

“We assure you, it is not. It is nothing more than distorted facts and outright lies. Lies contrived to make you believe that they have been oppressed and subjected to attempted genocide. They never mention that they in fact, as Russian Orthodox Jews, started the Bolshevik Revolution, which resulted in the murder of over thirty million White Christians. How convenient!

“Through this façade, they have gained power through sympathy. They now control our money, our politicians and our police forces; they dictate the price of gems by controlling production of plentiful diamonds and calling them rare. Now, they officially run this country through our President himself. By enslaving and killing those of us who dare to speak out against this, they have attempted to silence us, but no more! What began as random acts of rebellion against this illegal government has now turned into a full-scale resistance. We will make you aware of the acts of treachery committed against your friends and family members, and we will ask you to join us in our struggle to return America to her people.

“We ask you, the American citizen, to stand with us and fight back. Are you not tired of paying over sixty percent of your income to illegal Federal income taxes? Do you not have loved ones in the internment camps? Do you not cherish your God-given rights of life, liberty, and the pursuit of hap-”

Freddy suddenly stopped, as the sound of his own voice ceased to emanate from the speaker next to him. Someone had terminated the broadcast elsewhere in the facility, and he was now off-air. It also meant that the authorities had been called, and were most likely already en route to the studio. Ted snatched the manifesto from Freddy’s hands and motioned to his comrades.

“Let’s go!” he hissed. “Time to leave.”

He turned to Freddy who recoiled in fear, expecting execution now that his job was complete.

“You did well.” Ted stated.

“You’re g-going to kill me, aren’t you?” Freddy inquired, swallowing hard; his voice shaking again.

Ted shook his head.

“No.” he said in a crisp voice. “Contrary to what the Government tells you, we aren’t terrorists or cold-blooded murderers; just Patriots that love our country, and want to see justice served, and liberty restored to our once-proud nation.

“I told you that if you did as I instructed, you would go home tonight, and you will. Our *word* is our *honor*, Mr. Fitzgerald. That’s something we take very seriously. If nothing else, you can trust us to keep our word. We kill those of our own who do not hold to their word, as traitors to our race.

“Now, I’m going to thump you over the head and put you in la-la land for a while so we can make our escape, but other than a hell of a headache when you wake up, your life will go on as planned, okay?”

Freddy nodded and clenched his teeth in anticipation. A split second later, Ted’s baton swooped toward the back of his head with a solid blow. A flash of green light exploded inside his head and he dropped to the floor alongside his producer in a jumbled heap. His head would hurt when he regained consciousness, but he would also be alive and thanking his lucky stars, that he could go home to his wife and children and hold them tightly. He would also consider himself a wealthy enough man, to quit his job the next day and forfeit the seventy-five million dollars remaining on his contract; a contract held by the Jewish media giant, World Entertainment and Journalism.

Ironically, the acronym for the conglomerate, WEJ, also happened to be an anagram in reverse, for the word Jew. Since nothing the Jews ever did was by accident, it was simply yet another clever little way to sneer at the rest of the world and declare their corporate superiority over the others.

News of the talk show hijacking reverberated across the country, while all stations contracted to, or owned by, World Entertainment, denounced the mission as nothing short of an act of terrorism and Jewish hatred. The President vowed to track down the five “terrorists,” and swiftly punish them for violating the Rainbow Act, in addition to their hostile takeover of the studio.

The following morning, a rival news agency interviewed Freddy Fitzgerald on their breakfast edition, and reported that he never felt threatened by the team of Patriots. The talk show host described the incident in detail, stating that he believed his aggressors had been sincere in their promises of not wanting to hurt him, and that he did not view them as cold-blooded murderers, but rebels with a cause.

He added that he knew some of the statements he was forced to read were in fact true, and was interested in looking into the others. By

the time his live interview was over, Federal agents had arrived at the news studio. Upon his departure from the news set, Freddy was detained and questioned, before being whisked away to parts unknown, with no explanations or notifications to anyone. Only the security officer, who witnessed the abduction by black-uniform-clad agents, was aware that Freddy had not simply vanished into thin air and disappeared without a trace.

Although threatened to keep quiet by the jackbooted thugs or face probable detention himself, the officer instead ignored the threat and notified the studio executives, who subsequently contacted Freddy's wife. Although she now knew her husband had been detained, it would be a long time before she or the children would see her husband of twenty-six years again. Freddy Fitzgerald, talk show host extraordinaire, was headed for the same dreaded location where the biggest or most well-known political troublemakers, and those considered "intellectually dangerous" toward the Government, were all detained. It was a place whose name struck the same degree of terror to Americans as the word "Dachau" had to Jews during the Third Reich; the infamous Hanging Rock Camp in northern North Carolina.

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Snark high-fived Steve, as they watched the evening news. The takeover of the radio station in Atlanta had brought some much-needed public attention to the Resistance, and many people had actually listened to it and researched some of the statements themselves. The public was beginning to grow restless, and it wouldn't take much more before they exploded in frustration.

How they exploded, was key to success and that was Snark's latest quandary. He needed to formulate a plan that caused the public to erupt in violence, yet also cause them to direct that violence in a controlled manner toward the Federal government.

Snark and Sallee had both become members of not only the Resistance, like her parents, but also the secret society of the New Silent Brotherhood, *die neue schweigsame Bruderschaft*, still sometimes referred to as the New Order.

"Looks like that stunt is getting plenty of publicity." Steve commented. "Every station is keeping it at the top of their lineup. Maybe it's an excuse to keep it going."

"Could be." Snark agreed. "I think it opened a lot of peoples' eyes. Not only that it could be done, but what was said. It's too bad they got cut off. It was just starting to get to the good part. They got most of it through though."

Steve raised his eyebrows.

“And just how would you know that?” he inquired. “I know you weren’t there. Even though you could have been, you weren’t in Atlanta.”

Snark shrugged.

“Let’s just say that the consensus by some in the media, that the explosion at the Georgia Guide Stones and the close proximity to Atlanta means the same group was involved, isn’t entirely without merit. It actually is, but they’re just grasping at straws, and hit a coincidence.

“I picked the Stones because they represented the New World Order. Freddy Fitzgerald’s show was targeted because he’s the top banana in the talk show business, and the studio he works out of had some security flaws.”

“You know this to be fact?”

Snark nodded.

“Just remember who used to write books for a living.” he said with a smile.

“Shoot!” Steve exclaimed. “You *were* a part of it! You wrote that?”

Snark shrugged.

“Does a bear shit in the woods?”

Steve scratched his head.

“Dunno. I never followed one that closely. That means you’re a bigger fish than the average White Patriot. Anything you can elaborate on?”

“Not at the moment, but rest assured Brother, we are a lot closer than you or I ever thought possible when we first discussed things at that picnic. It’s so close we can almost taste it. All it needs is for the right set of circumstances to fall into place. If that happens, there are forces ready to go. We may not win, but we’ll give it a better shot than anyone else can or will.

“The resources involved here are enormous. Offshore accounts, commercial interests, silent partnerships; there is a master plan with a lot of financial backing. I’ve been appointed Mr. PR, and now I need to figure out how to convince the rest of the country that our position is the right one. I also need to devise a way to make it happen. That’s the hard part. Depending on how it starts, the populace can go either way. It’s my job to convince them of that, and bring the change about from within.”

“That’s no small task.” Steve noted. “Looks like you have your work cut out for you.”

“Ya think?” Snark inquired. “I have the opportunity to show this country which direction to go, and to instruct those that will be instrumental in turning the tides, on how to achieve it.”

“A regular General Washington.” Steve remarked.

“I’m serious.” Snark retorted. “It’s no game. You and I, and the girls, we’re nothing compared to what’s about to happen. Trust me, I can’t tell you more, but the dam is about to break. All it’s going to take, is the right incident at the right time, and it’ll be like Hoover Dam letting go. The dominoes are set; all they need is the proper little push to send them all tumbling down.”

He turned to face the television, as a special report page flashed across the screen, along with an ear-splitting tone.

“What’s this?” Steve inquired, as Snark put his hands over his ears until the annoying tone stopped.

“We interrupt this program to bring this story from Chicago, where the broadcasting tower of World Entertainment and Journalism has reportedly just been toppled in a large explosion. Several people are dead, and there are numerous injuries, in what local authorities are calling an act of terrorism.

“Apparently, someone drove a propane delivery truck through the gates and detonated the truck near the base of the tower. The blast knocked the supports for the transmitting tower out, and blew a large hole in the side of the broadcasting complex. It isn’t yet known if the driver died in the explosion or if he made it out before he detonated the charge. Here, you can see live images now, as we get a satellite feed from a local affiliate in Chicago.”

An aerial view of the broadcasting facility appeared onscreen, and amid a billowing cloud of smoke issuing from the building, a large portion of it seemed to have the façade blown completely off. The huge transmitting tower lay on the ground; a twisted jumble of red and white metal, and stretched out for two hundred, fifty feet away from the blast site. The large satellite broadcasting dishes for worldwide transmission lay in ruins as well.

“Damn!” Snark exclaimed. “Look at that!”

“You know anything about it?” Steve inquired.

Snark shook his head.

“Nope.” he replied. “It’s news to me, but whoever did it picked a good target. World Entertainment is the biggest media corporation in the world, and it’s Jew owned. Sends a clear message. First, their biggest radio show gets hijacked, then their main transmission site gets blown to bits. Things are starting to escalate.

“It’s not just DMV offices anymore. It’s government, *and* Jewish targets; not to mention the Alex Haley Museum, if you even want to call it that. It’s a little hole-in-the-wall celebrating one of the biggest phonies of all time, except for Martin Luther King. Fucking ramshackle place across the street from their little Podunk PD. Blowing it up was doing the place a favor.

“I got turned around coming back from Paris, Tennessee one time. I ended up in Henning, and there it was. Town was a little shit hole too. You have to drive through a pipe to get out of town.”

“What?” Steve exclaimed. “Drive through a pipe?”

“Yeah. The railroad track goes overhead, and there’s this little pipe about twelve feet around that you have to drive through. You can only fit one car at a time through it, like an old covered bridge. Whole town was full of niggers too. Never seen so many lounging around on the streets, and the town isn’t that big.”

Their attentions were drawn back to the television, as the commentator frantically began reporting on another explosion in Los Angeles, where one of the major west coast television stations had just come under a similar attack.

“Holy shit!” Steve exclaimed. “Now that looks like a coordinated effort.”

“Sure does.” Snark concurred. “If there’s a third, no one will be able to dismiss it as a few crackpots. They’ll have to realize that there is a major force at work here. It’s not enough to disrupt communications; hell, they can still broadcast at one hundred thousand watts without a transmitter in a time of crisis, but it’s certainly getting a point across; a *major* point.”

In Los Angeles, the transmission tower had fallen across the television station and destroyed a large portion of the building. In that instance, a propane truck had been used as well; the driver had barreled across the front lawn of the station and run the truck beneath the huge tower. He had been observed fleeing the scene a minute or so before the truck exploded, and a massive manhunt was underway.

Since this incident occurred less than two hundred feet away from a camera crew that was preparing to leave and film a hot air balloon race, some of the event had been caught on film. The last few seconds of the truck’s wild course showed it slam under the tower, and the driver running away. Fearing an explosion similar to the one in Chicago, the film crew had hastily retreated to the edge of the studio grounds, shooting tape as they retreated. No sooner had they reached the outskirts of the compound, when the truck exploded in a massive

blast of blinding white light. The tower actually lifted slightly from the ground, as it was blown clear of the earth in the massive explosion.

Two hours later, yet a third scene of similar destruction occurred in Dallas, although the driver had been mortally wounded by armed security as he crashed through the gates. He had managed to get the truck fairly close to the transmitter, and blow the truck manually before he died however.

In light of the near thwarting of that incident and preparedness of every broadcasting station in the country, no more explosions occurred. While the effect and number of successful explosions would have increased dramatically had they all occurred simultaneously, or nearly so, they still had a tremendous impact. The public would continue reeling from the impact for almost a week, while yet another set of circumstances came into play. Things were indeed, beginning to fall into place.



## CHAPTER 10

*“Whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends (life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness), it is the right of the people to alter or abolish it, and to institute a new government.”*

**Thomas Jefferson; Declaration of Independence**

President Rosenbaum stood behind the podium in the pressroom of the White House; the Great Seal of the President of the United States on the wall behind him, and addressed the nation.

“My fellow Americans, in light of the recent attacks on our nations’ television and radio stations, and in addition to the attack in Charlotte that killed my good friend, Allan Epstein, I have decided that propane gas has become a favored method of attack by terrorists in this country, and as of this moment declare it a “terrorist tool.” Any person found to have propane on their person or property after forty-eight hours from now, shall be found guilty of possessing terrorist tools, and will be dealt with accordingly and harshly.

“Propane will be removed immediately from the shelves of all stores, and will no longer be available to civilians in any form. This includes bulk shipments too, I am afraid, but the risk of having more propane used in attacks against this country, is more than worth the comfort of those Americans who rely on propane for heating and cooking.”

“Is he insane?” Sallee shrieked at the television. “Ban all propane? Half of rural America relies on propane heat and appliances. Jesus, I knew he was stupid, but he’s going to turn the breadbasket against him too.”

“Or us.” Snark added. “It’s a really fine line, but I tend to agree with you. I think the majority of people are starting to see this for what it is, and even though we are responsible, they don’t like being punished for our crimes.”

The President mopped his brow, and began speaking again.

“In addition,” the portly Jew continued, “Because of the destructive potential of so many other gases in bottle form, I am also declaring all bottled gases to be terrorist tools; to be surrendered immediately. Until further notice, no bottled gases are to be sold in any form, except to hospitals for official use, and any use will be regulated and documented, down to the last pound of pressure.

“To many of you these policies may seem harsh, but you have your Nazi terrorists to thank for all of this. There is no one to blame for this but them. I am only trying to protect you, by banning the tools that they employ to kill and maim us.

“To these vicious terrorists I say this: you will be found and punished. When you are caught and found guilty, you will be executed for your heinous crimes against our people. May you rot in Hell for your actions. That is all. Good night.”

The President turned on his heel and strode out of the room. Murmurs among the reporters on hand filled the room, as the camera returned to the commentator of the news channel. His face bore the expression of stunned disbelief, as he tried to fathom what he and the rest of the nation had just witnessed.

“I-I cannot believe what I just heard.” Roger Sanborn stammered in shock. “Banning propane and bottled gases? How will people heat their homes in the country? How will they cook their food and wash their clothes?

“People won’t be able to purchase oxygen because it is a bottled gas? People are going to die because of this. They are going to freeze to death and suffocate. I don’t understand this. You don’t punish the many for the deeds of a few.

“If a raccoon enters a farmer’s barn and eats all the feed, you don’t stop feeding the other animals to starve him out. This is ridiculous! These cannot be the actions of a sane man. When is this going to end? When is someone going to hold the President accountable for his actions? When will-”

Roger was suddenly cut off, as his producers pulled the plug on the broadcast, and the normally scheduled program resumed on the screen. He would certainly be sent to a reeducation camp for his outburst, and they wanted no part of it themselves. Throwing Roger to the wolves was no problem if it meant saving their own skins as a result. The people of America were quickly beginning to think like the subjects of the former Soviet Union; squeal on someone else before they squealed on you, or simply hang them out to dry.

As the days progressed, reports began to fill the news of elderly patients dying from emphysema. These were slow, excruciating deaths, as they gradually suffocated from lack of oxygen; oxygen that would certainly save their lives as it had been doing for years, but now was unavailable. It was now illegal; classified as a terrorist tool and banned on the President’s orders. All across the nation, demonstrators filled the streets in front of hospitals and courthouses, waving signs and banners,

and shouting angrily at the buildings and calling for the impeachment of the President.

Eugene Rosenbaum's plan was backfiring. Instead of becoming angry with Snark and other members of the New Order, and the other rogue Patriots around the country, the majority of citizens were in fact furious instead with the government, the President himself in particular, and were demanding their Constitutional rights back.

The implications of the President's actions were staggering. Not only were people unable to use propane for heating and cooking, but campers and outdoorsmen were now unable to use it for their cook stoves and portable heaters. Plumbers were also unable to use propane for soldering pipes, and the entire industry had come to a screaming halt, causing the Unions to rally in Washington as well.

Carnivals no longer carried helium balloons, and the Goodyear Blimp had been grounded; preventing them from fulfilling multi-million dollar contracts for aerial broadcasts of sports events.

Fire extinguishers containing halon or carbon dioxide also came under the new ban, as did home oxygen supplies. In addition to the scores of deaths from emphysema, dozens of people had lost their homes or died, because they no longer had working fire extinguishers. The resentment and legal implications were quickly mounting, and Snark was determined to continue herding the public in that direction. The sheep were beginning to respond to a new shepherd; resentment.

\*

With propane and other explosive gases now eliminated from the market, the Patriots were switching to other means of improvised explosives. Although talked about in the 1990s after the bombing of the Murrah Federal Building in Oklahoma City, ammonium nitrate fertilizer had not been banned from sale, due to the ridiculousness of the attempt, and the its use by millions of farmers and gardeners.

When proportionately mixed with diesel fuel or home heating oil (they are one in the same; just dyed different colors for separate uses and identification purposes), powdered ammonium nitrate fertilizer makes a tremendously powerful secondary explosive. Ammonium nitrate is in and of itself an explosive booster, but when ground to a fine powder for quicker and more complete combustion and combined with diesel fuel, the resulting mixture is astonishing in its explosive power.

The United States government began using ammonium nitrate/diesel explosives to simulate nuclear testing after the testing of actual nuclear weapons was banned. The resulting explosions were fully one-half those of the original atomic bomb dropped on Hiroshima

in 1945. Although the amount of explosive needed to generate such a blast was beyond the means of almost any individual or party, it demonstrated the awesome power of the explosive.

As a secondary explosive, the mixture could not be set off from heat or electricity, but needed the shock of a primary explosive to detonate it. Blasting caps, gunpowder, or powerful firecrackers could all serve this purpose, and the resulting explosion was devastating.

In Hartford, Connecticut, a utility trailer packed with homemade ammonium nitrate explosives detonated outside the state capitol building, after the governor declared that tobacco would no longer be allowed grown in the state, starting the following Spring. Harvests would be allowed for the season, but after that, growing of the crop was forbidden.

Connecticut River Valley tobacco was the finest in the world, and grew only in Connecticut and Massachusetts, under partial shade. The combination of soil composition and netting caused the tobacco to be unusually mild, which was what made it so desirable. Prized for wrapping the finest cigars on the planet; most notably, the famous square Cuban cigars, Connecticut tobacco was the best of the best and commanded a premium price. Without it, millions of dollars in profits would be lost to the farmers, in addition to creating a serious shortage on the world market, resulting in huge price increases for cigars worldwide.

Whether or not a disgruntled farmer or someone taking advantage of a convenient situation at hand had detonated the bomb was unclear, but the result was the almost immediate statewide ban of ammonium nitrate fertilizer. No sooner had the explosive been identified, than the Governor announced all fertilizer containing ammonium nitrate was to be pulled from the shelves immediately, although farmers could still keep what they already had on hand. This was only one step better than the President's ban on all bottled gases and propane, declared law just a few days earlier.

Connecticut had been the first state to ban assault weapons per state law, separate from, and predating, the Crime Bill of 1994. It was an outright ban of all such weapons, and had set a precedent among other anti-gun states such as California, New York, and New Jersey for banning high capacity weapons and magazines. Once again, the state was attempting to set a precedent, and with the recently implemented nationwide gas ban, this local ban on fertilizer was certain to attract the attention of many other states.

While temporary in its inception by the Governor, it was certain to be upheld, and passed into law by the State's lawmakers. That didn't

do anything to ease the farmers' angst on the matter however, and many angry demonstrations erupted on the streets of Hartford, New Haven, and Waterbury.

In Hartford, mounted officers were called in to disperse the crowds of farmers and their supporters marching in front of the Governor's house, and in New Haven, protestors demonstrating on the Green were driven back with water cannons by the Fire Department. This only served to strengthen their will and protest louder. It appeared that perhaps, people had finally had enough, and were beginning to not take 'no' for an answer.

Inspired by the farmers' resolve in Connecticut, others across the country began renewed attacks against Federal and Resistance-related targets, this time with ammonium nitrate and diesel fuel packed vans and trucks instead of propane tankers.

In Memphis, the IRS facility was heavily damaged by a US Postal Service tractor-trailer loaded with the explosive. Hijacked at a rest area outside Knoxville, the trailer had a section of its aluminum skin removed, to allow most of the mail to be unloaded without damaging the seal on the trailer doors. Enough mail was left at the rear of the trailer to appear full of parcels upon inspection, and the rest of the trailer loaded with ammonium nitrate/diesel explosive. The panel was riveted back into position, and the load delivered to its destination by a disguised driver with a license created by a Resistance member employed by the Colorado Department of Motor Vehicles.

Upon arrival at the Memphis facility, the driver dropped the loaded trailer and picked up an empty to make the return run appear legitimate. Once outside the gates, the driver instead made a beeline for the nearest truck stop and abandoned the rig, after carefully removing all DNA traces with a cordless vacuum cleaner. Since many commercial drivers wore driving gloves, he had left no fingerprints and attracted no unnecessary attention by wearing them, even to sign the paperwork with a phony name. The real driver was to be released unharmed in a wooded area near Morristown the following morning, after a successful detonation of the trailer in Memphis. The Resistance had no interest in killing innocent people unless it was part of collateral damage, and the driver would help to reinforce this aspect of their methods of operation, by relaying that message upon his release.

At ten o'clock in the evening, the yard switcher picked the trailer up from the drop yard and backed it into the dock for unloading. Precisely thirty minutes later, the primary charges in the barrels of fertilizer/diesel fuel detonated the powerful secondary explosives. A massive blast tore through the facility, sending a roiling ball of fire

hundreds of feet into the night sky. Burning envelopes and tax returns drifted through the air and set the nearby grass on fire, adding to the conflagration that followed the initial explosion.

The resulting fire that spread through the IRS complex consumed most of it, and destroyed the entire computer system. Arriving firefighters were hesitant to enter the complex to extinguish the inferno, fearing further explosions from additional bombs. The fire raged until dawn before the go-ahead was given to enter the facility and attempt to fight what was left of the blaze, which by this time had almost burned itself out.

The destruction of the Memphis IRS facility severely impaired the entire IRS system, as it was the center of operations for the entire east coast. Without paper or computer records to verify tax records of every business and individual east of the Mississippi, the entire system was in chaos. For some unknown reason, the Memphis and Dallas facilities weren't connected on an intranet computer system, and there were no backup files in Dallas to curb the bedlam raging in every regional IRS office from Bangor, to Miami, to Dayton.

Unknown by the Resistance, who had only sought to damage a significant target, the destruction of millions of tax records only added to the chaos and pandemonium already gaining momentum across the country, by an ever-increasing number of frustrated and angry Americans fed up with the System.

Once the BATFE and local arson investigation teams had determined ammonium nitrate fertilizer mixed with diesel fuel had caused the explosion, word quickly spread to President Rosenbaum. The President was more than enthusiastic to jump on the fertilizer bandwagon and declare it a terrorist tool for immediate removal from sale, and prohibited from possession by anyone, including farmers, who were instructed to either turn theirs in or use it within seven days or face Federal prison time in one of the notorious detention camps.

In addition to the other tradesmen who had been inconvenienced or put out of business, and those who had loved ones die, as a result of the propane/bottled gas ban, farmers and chemical plants were now affected as well. The far-reaching implications of such a sweeping declaration were beginning to surface, and the public wasn't reacting well at all. In fact, they were becoming dangerous to the Government, who if they didn't sway public opinion in their favor soon, or outright curb it with Soviet-style authority, would soon find themselves on the wrong end of the stick when it came to a head.

How could their plan have gone so awry? They had cameras on every corner and in every store. They arbitrarily tapped peoples'

phones without their knowledge or consent to keep them fearful of such rebellious action. Their collective thumb was pressed on every citizen in the country, yet something was succeeding in prying that big thumb loose. Only the fact that the public had been disarmed, kept things in check. What if the people still had firearms? Would it have gone this far? Would they have still accepted things? Possibly, but most likely not, which was the reason for removing them from civilian hands in the first place.

The answer to the politicians' questions was obvious; they demanded too much too soon. They didn't give the public time to accept each new rule and regulation before implementing new ones. President Rosenbaum's recent spree of executive orders only added fuel to the fire of resentment. One after another, they had come; sometimes only days apart, and everyone was sick of it. They wanted their freedoms back, but they had been deluged with even more restrictions instead.

Now, rather than finding themselves in cool water that gradually rose to a boil as had happened throughout the decades before, the people instead found the water at the boiling point when they were thrown into the currently bubbling cauldron of Totalitarianism. Things had now progressed from the boiling point to the flash point, and a full-blown conflagration was about to erupt.

## **FLASH POINT**





## CHAPTER 11

*“Guard with jealous attention, the public liberty. Suspect everyone who approaches that jewel. Unfortunately, nothing will preserve it but downright force. Whenever you give up that force, you are ruined.”*

**Patrick Henry**

“It has come to my attention,” President Rosenbaum stated to several high-ranking members of his cabinet, “that an entire generation of children is being taught at home. We can’t control what is being put into their young heads. Home schooling is a serious threat to the future of this country, if we intend to keep the upper hand.

“It’s taken us over fifty years, but we’ve been pretty successful in reprogramming the average American’s mind. Slowly but surely, we’ve convinced them that racism is evil, and multiculturalism is good. We’ve also been successful in lowering the average IQ of most students in public schools. For the past twenty-five years or so, every National Spelling Bee champion has been schooled at home.

“This makes our public school system look like a dismal failure, which is of course what it is supposed to be. A nation of ignoramuses is a lot easier to hoodwink than a nation of academically gifted scholars.

“We attempted to regulate home schooling in the 1990s by requiring all parents that teach their own children at home, to register with their state. While a lot of them complied, most of them didn’t. A few examples were made, like in Charlotte, North Carolina in 2003, when the Department of Social Services went in and grabbed nine kids from an interracial couple that hadn’t gotten their permit, but for the most part, no one really paid any attention to it.

“Well, something else has come to my attention; an entire community of home schoolers in Kansas. Apparently, they’ve set up something called a ‘Pioneer Little Europe,’ and all the children are being brainwashed by their parents that things like the Holocaust never happened. Can you believe that? Anyway, it’s time to put an end to this home schooling crap once and for all. None of those parents has a home schooling permit, and I want every child taken into custody of the county DSS. I want it on national news; kids being rescued from these fanatics. As I understand it, these Pioneer Little Europes are nothing but a bunch of White Supremacists and Nazis anyway. We can kill two birds with one stone.

“I want a coordinated effort with local law enforcement and DSS officials, and this administration. I want to go talk to those kids personally, and show them that their parents’ beliefs are wrong, and that need to be in public schools, surrounded by people who genuinely care for them.”

“Mr. President,” Amos Carter, his national security advisor interjected, “these Pioneer Little Europes, or PLEs as the Nazis that run them call them, are entire towns and communities now, not just a few people or even a neighborhood anymore. It’s how they set up strength in an area to swing local voting. I studied the concept when I was in college, in my freshman year. We learned all about hate groups and how they operate.

“There was even an attempt at something called the Free State Project for about ten years or so, where people flocked en masse to Wyoming to try and overtake the elections there. It was supposed to start in New Hampshire, but for some reason, it wasn’t working out well, I guess being sided by Massachusetts and trying to deal with a lot of established Democrats. Many of the supporters went to Wyoming instead, because there was a much smaller per capita population there. It wasn’t even White Supremacists for the most part there, just whacko pro-Constitution types that wanted to set up their own nation, separate from this one.

“Fortunately, local legislators caught wind of the plot and enacted new laws regarding immigration to the state. Can you imagine the ramifications of such a plan, had it been successful? They could have theoretically taken over the entire state, a county at a time, until the majority of power was in the hands of one party, including the Governor! That would have allowed them to enact laws that protected the people and excluded the Federal government from state affairs, effectively allowing them secession from the United States!

“After that was quashed, favor began falling back to the individual communities; the Pioneer Little Europes. They ranged from a few families, to entire towns. We tried infiltrating them, but our agents were always found out, and disappeared without a trace or died in no-fault accidents, without ever establishing whether they existed or not.

“We know they are still out there, and they don’t publicize it for obvious reasons, so we really have never seen an ‘official’ one; it’s only word of mouth. We only know *how* they operate, not where. If you have in fact located one, the local police aren’t going to cooperate with you, I’m sure. They’ll be part of it. They’ll be supportive of the parents, and just as hateful of you and me as the rest of them.”

“Then we send in the FBI to back them up.” the President responded. “Those local cops give *them* any shit, and they arrest them on the spot for obstruction.”

He slammed his fist on the table and looked at Amos.

“I want those kids!”

“Yes Sir, I understand. I’ll contact the Bureau immediately, and get them rolling. I’ll also notify the DSS in Sunflower County that they’re en route.”

“Good. And make sure they get the kids and get them out of the area. In and out; wham-bam, thank you Ma’am. The last thing I want is another Waco.”

\*

Snark and Sallee sat on their couch watching the evening news, while Steve and Rachel cuddled together in one of the reclining chairs. The four were together quite often, at either Snark and Sallee’s house in Charlotte, or Steve and Rachel’s place in Matthews. A pot roast simmered on the stove while they caught up on the day’s events via the television.

“Coming up,” Jennifer Conrad announced, “families in Kansas refuse to turn their kids in to the Department of Social Services. See why the DSS wants them, and why they won’t give them up.”

“Sounds interesting.” Sallee commented, as she arose to check the roast and stretch her legs. “They need to mind their own business most of the time anyway. I’m glad someone is telling them to fuck off.”

She ambled out to the kitchen, leaving the other three in front of the television, and hollered back to them.

“Call me when it comes back on!”

“It’s coming on, Angel!” Snark called a few minutes later.

Sallee hurried back to the couch and sat alongside her boyfriend, as Jennifer began the story.

“Authorities in western Kansas ran into problems this morning, when they attempted to remove about twenty-five children from their parents for home schooling them.” Jennifer began.

“Twenty-five kids!” Sallee burst out. “They must have been busy.”

“What the hell is this?” Rachel exclaimed, ignoring Sallee’s misinterpretation of Jennifer Conrad’s statement. “Taking the kids for home schooling? Since when is that a crime, unless they’re teaching them home pornography or something.”

“While schooling your children at home is allowed, it is legal only with a home schooling permit.” Jennifer continued. “Apparently these

parents had no such permit, and the authorities had no way to know they were home schooling, and monitor them.

“President Rosenbaum sent a group of officials from the Department of Education to meet with local DSS officials in Sunflower County, and coordinate a joint effort. The FBI was sent along to assist in the removal of the children.”

“Now that’s bullshit!” Steve exclaimed angrily. “What business is it of the President, and where in the world does he get off ordering the FBI in to ‘assist,’ unless he knew it would turn ugly? I wonder just who these ‘parents’ are anyway, and why he’s so interested in these particular kids.”

“I’ve got an idea.” Snark offered. “There are groups of people like us, that get together and form communities. No one knows it’s a bunch of White Nationals, it just looks like an all-White town somewhere that doesn’t happen to have any minorities. No one pays it any attention; they’re usually in rural areas in the Midwest where there aren’t a lot of people to begin with, and where most of the population is White. Under the surface however, they teach their children about White values and racial pride, and true history, not the contrived Zionist bullshit they brainwash all the kids in public schools with now and pass off as education.”

“I’ve heard of that.” Steve responded. “Wasn’t it called Little Europe, or something like that?”

“Close.” Sallee answered, recalling one of the topics she had been taught in her extracurricular classes. “Pioneer Little Europe. And it wasn’t just one. They’re spread out across the entire West, from Missouri to Arizona, and north across Idaho, Montana, and the Dakotas.

“Some are tiny towns of only a few dozen, while others are larger towns, and even one entire county in Texas has been converted. It’s small, with only three towns, but it means the sheriff, all the mayors, and local police departments are White Nationals. What’s really cool about that one, is that *everyone* in the county is an auxiliary deputy with the Sheriff’s Patrol. They all have powers of arrest, so in case anything ever goes down, they won’t be regulated like civilians.”

“Damn!” Steve exclaimed. “Now that’s called beating the System at its own game.”

“Yup.” Snark responded. “Plus, the Sheriff is the highest authority in his county, even superceding the FBI. That was upheld in the Supreme Court when a bunch of county sheriffs in Montana pursued the matter about twenty years ago. The Feds tried throwing their weight around, and the local sheriff told them to take a flying fuck. He

got enough of the other sheriffs together, that they formed a class action lawsuit that upheld the fact that the County Sheriff is the highest-ranking official within *any* county in this country. That said, if it gets really technical, the sheriff can order his posse to detain the Feds!”

“Cool.” Rachel said. “It looks like someone knew what coming down the pike a long time ago.”

“A lot of people did.” Snark acknowledged. “There’s even more, but it gets into a place neither of us can go right now.”

Steve stared at Snark intently.

“Whatever you’re part of, if there’s any way we can help, let us know. I know there’s secret societies out there, and some of them have even more secret societies within them. You have to be careful; I realize what’s at stake, but with what we’ve collaborated on and pulled off together, I think you know who’s got your back.”

Snark nodded.

“That’s true enough. However, some things are beyond my decision, and for those, I have to honor the oath I took.”

“Oh I understand that completely.” Steve replied. “I wasn’t fishing for info, I just meant that if whatever it is you’re not involved with needs more hands, I have two of them.”

“As do I.” Rachel added.

Snark nodded.

“I will pass that along to the powers that be. Until then, trust me when I say that what we were just discussing is only the tip of the iceberg. The Pioneer Little Europe concept was no secret; just the locations weren’t public knowledge, but there is a whole system of invisible people with no social security numbers or fingerprints, that are unknown to the Feds.

“Prodigies that mate with other prodigies to create more. Sallee was supposed to be one until her accident.”

“A master race!” Rachel burst out. “Eugenics!”

“Sort of,” Snark conceded, “but not like Hitler’s idea. This is a fail-safe in case something really bad happens to our race. They will be there with the knowledge and technical skills to rebuild a White society.”

“Sounds like a post-nuclear, chemical, or biological apocalypse.” Steve mused.

“Most likely.” Snark agreed. “Even we don’t know the particulars on that. It’s safe to say though, that if it comes down to it, we can push the button ourselves and start over. We have our own scientists that are developing certain compounds, shall we say, but that’s only as a last

resort. We were hoping for political change, but that's not going to happen. Our next step is war. You and I have been doing our best to precipitate that, but I don't know; if it doesn't happen soon, it may not have enough juice to keep going. People only ride the bandwagon for so long, before they get bored and jump off again.

"We're so close right now, we can taste it, but unless a few more keys are turned at exactly the right time, the locks won't move, and the door of opportunity won't open for us. If that happens, we'll be locked out for a long, long time."

He shifted his gaze back to the television, where Jennifer was now explaining that over a dozen sets of parents had refused to turn their children over to the Department of Education, and that the FBI had tried to arrest one family for obstruction of justice, but the local police had intervened. The FBI had then tried to arrest the police officers involved, and weapons had been drawn on both sides. The result was a Mexican standoff, where neither side had an advantage over the other, and the result was a draw, whereupon the agents had decided a tactical retreat was in order.

They had regrouped just outside of town, and called in for reinforcements. Now, a command post was set up, and the FBI was intent on taking the children by force. A live shot of the post showed at least two dozen agents suited up ninja style in black ballistic armor, preparing to advance toward the closest house with home schooled children, and storm the property.

"We now go live to Sunflower County, Kansas, where one of our local affiliates there has set up a satellite link to the network." Jennifer explained. "Let's take a live look at what's going on with the situation."

"They're making a mistake." Snark muttered. "That's what's going on with the situation. They're sticking their noses where they have no legal reason to stick them. I hope those people squirreled some stuff away."

The others nodded, and watched as the group of armor-clad agents darted furtively toward the house, M16s and MP5s pointing forward. As they approached the house, a voice from within could be heard shouting faintly in the background.

"Get out of here and leave us alone! We've done nothing wrong; we've broken no laws. Don't come on this property, or we will interpret that as a blatant act of war. This is private property and you have no business here!"

The agents ignored the warning and pressed on. No sooner had the first agent stepped on the lawn, when a single warning shot rang out

from somewhere in the house. The agents immediately dropped to the ground and began a barrage of automatic gunfire at the single story brick structure.

Return fire struck one of the agents in the face and he rolled over, clutching his forehead for a few seconds before he died. Several other agents were struck as well, although not lethally, due to the ceramic plates on their body armor. They were capable of stopping .30-06 rounds, as well as the shorter 7.62x39mm AK47 rounds. Even the armor piercing NATO SS109 carbide core projectiles for the M16s couldn't penetrate the ceramic plates on the front and back of each vest, although the force of any of these rounds striking the plates could be lethal in and of itself, due to the shock of such an impact.

One round that the vests couldn't stop however, was the old Chinese steel core ammunition for the AK47s, and that was something the FBI hadn't counted on, as they had been banned from importation in the early 1990s. Hundreds of thousands of rounds had been squirreled away prior to the ban, and almost all had been cached in 2010. The agents would discover soon enough, that some of those rounds were cached in Sunflower County.

"Hold your fire!" the voice of the incident commander could be heard screaming over a bullhorn. "Hold your fire! Pull back! Pull back!"

The agents retreated, dragging their deceased associate with them as they left the area. Moments later, the sound of sirens filled the air, as the local police department arrived on scene and exited their vehicles with their own M16s pointed at the command of Federal agents.

"Get your jackbooted asses out of here now!" one of the officers bellowed over the PA system of his car. "Leave this town immediately, or we *will* open fire on you! You have three minutes to evacuate this area!"

One of the agents approached the camera with his hand outstretched, and suddenly the screen went blank. A moment later, Jennifer Conrad reappeared on screen.

"It appears that we lost the satellite link." she stated. "I expect this is going to last awhile."

"Damn straight!" Snark exploded. "I sure hope it does, anyway. It'd better. This is our chance, if only people would open their eyes and see it!"

He was interrupted by the sound of his cell phone ringing, and he unclipped it from his belt to answer it. The voice of Frank Carlson greeted him, and his tone was urgent.



“Go for a drive.” Frank instructed. “I’ll call you back in five minutes.”

“What is it, Honey?” Sallee inquired, noting the look on Snark’s face. “Is everything all right?”

“I’m not really sure.” Snark responded. “Frank wants me mobile, so it must be important. Entertain the guests, would you? He’s gonna call me back in five minutes. I need to go for a drive.”

Sallee nodded, and Snark looked at Steve and Rachel.

“Sorry guys.” he apologized. “I’ll be back in a bit.”

“No problem.” Steve replied. “We’ll still be here, I expect. We wanna see what else happens with this anyway. It’s going to get interesting. I’m sure we’ll all still be glued to the tube when you get back.”

“I suspect I’m about to find out.” Snark mumbled, as he picked the keys up and headed for his pickup truck.

“Have you been watching the news?” Frank inquired, as Snark answered the phone again.

“Sunflower County?”

“Exactly. They’re our people. It’s not just some little White Thing a bunch of rednecks set up out in the prairie. Every one of those people is in the Resistance, and a few are in the Brotherhood as well.

“We’re not going to stand idly by, while the Federal Bureau of Incineration turns that town into another Waco. We’re going to show up and make a stand with them; maybe others will take our lead. There’s a cache of weapons there; it’s one of our strongholds, so everyone will be armed well enough, plus whatever they manage to bring in without being caught. This is our chance to stand up against those bullying bastards, and we’re going to make it count!”

“I understand.” Snark replied. “Sallee and I can be on our way shortly. We have some friends too.”

“No.” Frank responded. “That’s why I called. Not yet. Don’t jeopardize your law enforcement position yet. We’ll see how it goes. While we could use extra hands, I need you far away from Sunflower County.”

“Why?” Snark inquired.

“Because we need you for something a whole lot more important right now. It came down from the top; they want you out front. We need you to train our people with that unconventional warfare stuff you told me about.

“You have charisma Snark, and you are still popular, whether you realize it or not. A lot of people still remember your books, and a whole hell of a lot more respect what ‘Snarkie’ has to say when he

posts on White Squall. If they knew they were actually following Snarkie, and not just someone we picked on a whim, they'd be a lot more receptive to you as a leader too.

"What I'm asking is this; would you be interested in not only teaching the Resistance, but in leading part of it as well?"

"What?" Snark exclaimed. "I'm no soldier! I mean, I'm willing to die for my race, but I never had any military experience. What makes you think I could lead them better than a bona fide general, or even a colonel for that matter? Hell, a corporal has more experience than me."

"You have just as much experience leading people, just in a different way." Frank replied. "Obviously, you don't have combat experience, at least not in the conventional manner, but we have the right people for that.

"What we need you for, is not only teaching our soldiers your methods, but showing them how to employ those methods in the field. You would work in conjunction with our field commanders, much the same way that McArthur worked with his. We need a figurehead. That is what the powers that be in this organization, want you to represent. Now, are you interested?"

Snark thought in stunned silence for a moment before replying. The enormity of Frank's statement was mind-boggling.

"I'm extremely flattered and honored," he responded, as he began to collect his wits again, "but the choice isn't mine alone to make. I need to discuss this with Sallee first, before I can make any kind of commitment."

"I understand that, and it is to be expected, but I suspect she will back you in whatever decision you make regarding this matter." Frank replied.

"Oh, of course. I'm sure she will, but I still need to talk to her about it. This decision will affect the both of us if I accept it. Also, I have two friends that I trust my life with, that would like to become members of the Resistance. One of them has helicopter experience from Vietnam, and would make a good addition to the Brotherhood as well. He knows nothing about it, but I'm fairly certain that he would be proud to serve as a member."

"I'll talk to the Command of Chairs about it," Frank replied, "but if you accept the position, the decision is ultimately yours anyway. You'll have just as much say so in the matter as anyone else in a commander's position. I'm certain you have your reasons for trusting him with your life, so I won't even ask; it's not my place, but I'm assuming it's from experience. Anyway, it's your call. You're in charge if you want to be."

"It's a couple, actually." Snark responded. "Husband and wife, and I trust them both implicitly."

"Then it's done." Frank stated. "Check with your sweetie and let me know what you decide. A lot of people are waiting. You've done more to facilitate a public response to this intimidation bullshit our brothers and sisters are facing in Sunflower County, Kansas than anyone else, and that kind of activism shows true color. Your participation in certain, shall we call them incidents, didn't go unnoticed. Whether they realize it or not, a lot of people are dependant on your actions if they want to remain living in the land of the free, and the home of the brave."

"I'll talk to Sallee and get back to you." Snark replied. "Thanks Frank."

"Don't thank me, thank yourself. You're the one that stood up and took the bull by the horns. Now, it's your job to wrestle him to the ground."

Snark returned to the house and sat next to Sallee on the couch. The television was still broadcasting replays of the brief shootout between the FBI and the still-unidentified homeowners, and Jennifer Conrad was commenting on the death of the agent. They had not released his name yet, pending family notification.

Snark lowered the volume on the television via the remote, and looked at Steve and Rachel intently.

"They've got reinforcements on the way." he stated. "Gonna make a show of force; take a stand against the Feds this time."

"Who?" Steve inquired.

"You're about to find out." Snark replied.

He put his arm around Sallee and drew her close his side.

"Sallee and I are part of a network of people like you and I that want this country returned the people that founded it. It's a complete underground; a Resistance that has eluded the scrutiny of law enforcement and Federal task forces, until now, that is. That town is made up entirely of Resistance members. Not only are they fellow Patriots, they are White National brothers and sisters.

"The Resistance isn't going to let them hang alone. Several thousand members are on the way to not only support them, but to pick up arms and stand with them. It's high time something like this happened, where we can all stand in solidarity against the Government. If enough people see support growing, they might join the standoff. That's what we need.

"I'd like to ask you two to join the Resistance; to become members not only of the Resistance itself, but the underground network

that looks to the future. It's a brotherhood, a silent brotherhood; the new Bruders Schweigen."

"Thy're still around?"

Snark nodded.

"They just went into hiding. They still fund and supply; just by different means now. New York stockbrokers make the coffers grow, instead of robbing banks and the like. From what I understand, they've done a hell of a job too. We're talking tens of millions here. The only other difference, is that they are no longer Socialists. There are no longer any ties to Nazism, and have taken the Libertarian view of self-rule.

"Steve, your combat experience and flight skills could be extremely useful. Normally, this faction of the Resistance is reserved for those who possess either superior intellect, like Sallee, or who have skills that can aid a secret society in its existence. Because of your participation in certain recent events, I know that you are valuable in other ways, namely dedication."

Sallee stared intently at Snark. She was shocked that he would share details of the New Brotherhood with anyone; much less have the audacity to invite them to join the organization. Snark sensed her angst, and smiled.

"It's okay, Honey." he said reassuringly. "I have the authority to discuss it; even to invite new members in, with whom I trust my life. That's what the call was about. I've been offered the opportunity to teach the organization how to fight back with the unconventional guerilla tactics I've developed. We can leave almost immediately, but it's not my decision alone."

"That's great!" Sallee exclaimed. "I knew you had the ability. I told you that you could be a great teacher if the right person would listen."

"Oh, they listened all right." Snark responded dryly. "Maybe too well. Apparently, there are some that think Snarkie is well-known enough, that if they find out he's the guy that wrote the old books on workshop guns, that they will listen to me and follow my direction. It's gone from simple Public Relations, to Big Cheese. Not Top Dog of course, but it's still pretty far up the totem pole. They want me to be Third Level Instructions Commander for now, and I get the feeling that if that goes well, there's room for advancement."

Sallee's jaw dropped.

"You're kidding, right?" she inquired. "Late April Fools? Is there a hidden camera here somewhere? Are we on 'Surprise, You're on TV'?"

Snark shook his head.

"It's no joke." he insisted. "I told Frank I needed to talk it over with you. It's not my decision alone to make. It involves you just as much as it does me. I would never do something like that without consulting you first."

"If you have this opportunity and don't take it, I'll beat you over the head with a rotten carrot!" Sallee exclaimed. "I'll support you in anything you do, you know that. Even if you are dead wrong, I will still defend you."

"I know that, Angel." Snark replied. "That's one reason I love you so much, but I still wanted your input."

"Well now you have it." Sallee responded. "Now call Frank back and tell him you'll do whatever it takes to get this country back and return it to the people."

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The sun rose above the horizon, as another new day dawned in western Kansas. The short-grass prairie shone in the early light, as the sun sparkled off the dewy blades of grass. Throughout the night, supporters of the Sunflower Home Schoolers, as they had come to be called by the Press, had begun arriving in droves. Most were Resistance members, but a few individuals had come to show support as well. In addition to the local townspeople, there were almost two hundred Patriots shouting encouragement to the families, and waving banners proclaiming the rights of the People.

The FBI had responded by calling in the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco, Firearms, and Explosives, since a shot had been fired from the house. That represented a Federal firearms violation, and that was the jurisdiction of the BATFE. Almost one hundred, fifty agents from both agencies were now set up on the east side of town. Tensions were mounting on both sides, as agents became more and more uneasy at the growing number of supporters showing up to side with the Home Schoolers.

Over the next several days, Resistance members continued to pour in, until they numbered over five hundred strong. The agents had no way of knowing who they were, and assumed they were all average citizens responding to the situation. This alarmed them greatly, so the Army National Guard was called in on Day Seven to attempt to balance the power, and roadblocks were set up on every road leading into the county, to stop any more supporters from arriving. This did little to dissuade the Resistance, as most members had off road vehicles capable of traveling through corn fields and pastures to avoid the

checkpoints. The situation was growing increasingly volatile, as the ranks grew on both sides.

Snark, Sallee, Steve, and Rachel were now in southwestern Colorado, close to the Utah border, where the group leaders of the Resistance had gathered to listen to Snark lecture, and watch live demonstrations of his innovative weaponry. They would take the knowledge learned from him and return to their respective units to pass the tactics along to every other member of the Resistance.

The journey from North Carolina to Colorado had taken thirty-five hours of nonstop driving. Stopping only to eat and switch driving positions, the quartet had made the trip in good time. There had been a close call in Oklahoma, when Rachel had been singled out for a random inspection stop. Snark had produced his ID however, and explained that they were headed to Las Vegas to elope, and Steve and Rachel were along as witnesses. The trooper had subsequently waved them through the checkpoint, alleviating any further delays or searches. The arms and ammunition were well hidden under the bed of the large pickup, but it had still been a harrowing situation. That, in spite of what Frank had said about not going to Kansas, Snark was intent on helping his fellow White Patriots take a stand against tyranny in the prairie west of Salina. After his crash course in training was complete, if the situation had not improved, he and the others had every intention of helping the Home Schoolers in any way they could, even if it meant taking a stand against the Federal agents and National Guard troops.

After two weeks of explanations, diagrams, and actual demonstrations of solar furnaces and a homemade maser, Snark decided that a trip to Sunflower County was in order. Since the standoff had begun, shots had been exchanged a number of times, when the BATFE and FBI had attempted nighttime assaults on the houses. The situation was now on the brink of turning into a full-blown clash, and Snark wanted to be there if things got ugly. He had a few grudges of his own against the ATF agents, for their part of the gun grab in 2010.

He turned off the main highway and using a topographic state map, maneuvered the pickup through fields and scrub growth, evading the eyes of the soldiers posted along the way. The map contained minute details and showed not only jeep and foot trails, but also wooded and non-wooded locations with colored shading.

They arrived at the town center at two in the morning; driving with no headlights and using night vision for navigation. Several people armed with rifles, approached them as they exited.

“Don’t move.” someone ordered. “Who are you?”

"Friends." Snark replied. "We're with the Resistance, and we're here to help. We must secure the existence of our people and a future for White children, if we are to survive."

"Sign?"

Snark slowly raised his hand in a Roman salute, and was greeted with the same. He then inconspicuously ran his right hand through his hair and turned it so that his hand passed down the back of his head in reverse; the sign of the Brotherhood.

"Welcome brothers and sisters." the man responded.

He turned to the others.

"These are friends." he instructed, for he had recognized the gesture. "They are ranking members. Treat them with respect."

He turned back to the quartet and addressed Snark.

"We're glad to have you here." he stated. "More people are joining us every day, but I don't know how we could hold up against the Guard if it goes sour."

"Better than you think." Snark replied. "We're here to show you some things you didn't know were possible with what you have on hand."

"I know you are well-armed; that this was a cache location, but you're still limited to range and takedown power. One gunship is all it would take to wipe this town from the map forever. I brought a few weapons, and some of the new tactics it's going to take to put us on an even playing field."

"Were you at the seminar, then?"

"I instructed it." Snark responded with a smile. "I'm the new Level Three Instructions Commander."

"Glad to have you here, Sir!" the man exclaimed, holding his hand out in greeting. "I'm Corporal Tommy O'Shea."

"Snark." Snark replied. "What's the tally on both sides Tommy, do you know?"

"As near as we can figure, there are close to a thousand of us, and about two hundred Feds, and another two hundred and fifty Guard. We still outnumber them about two to one, but like you said, one gunship is all it would take to turn this town into cinders. They'll do it too. There are no more rules when it comes to squelching liberty. They don't care if they kill women and children, and it doesn't matter how they do it. They've proved that time and again, at Waco and Ruby Ridge, by shooting unarmed women, and burning children to death."

"That's true enough." Snark agreed. "The Geneva Convention doesn't apply to Patriots. This is my girlfriend Sallee, and our friends, Steve and Rachel. We'll do our best to ensure that doesn't happen here."

We brought food, medical supplies, weapons, and ammo with us. Is there any place we can store them?"

"Sure, at my place." Tommy replied. "I lived here before this all went down. I still have a little extra room as well. You're welcome to stay at my place for as long as you are here."

"Thank you." Sallee responded. "That is very kind of you."

"Not as kind as you showing up to have our backs." Tommy answered. "Follow me, and you can get some rest. I suspect you're going to need it. I don't know how much longer this situation is going to keep bending. Something is going to break soon, and when it does, about fifty years of pent up frustration is going to accompany it."

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"Mr. President, the situation in Kansas isn't changing." Amos Carter said frankly, as he sat across the small table from the President, aboard Air Force One. "We're getting nowhere, and I think the public is starting to sympathize with them."

"We have the Guard in position." President Rosenbaum replied. "Send them in. It'll be over in about ten minutes, and we can all go home."

"It's not that easy, Sir." Amos responded. "First of all, I'm not certain that they would be that willing to fire on their fellow Americans, and secondly, if they do, the public may start to riot. We can't afford that Sir."

"What do you suggest, then?"

"It might not be a bad idea to call a truce on this one; let it fade away." Amos suggested. "The public might take that favorably, and forget quickly what happened. It would let things cool down, and we could try again later, in a different way."

"I'm not backing down!" the President snapped. "At least not yet. Give it another week, and if they haven't given up by then, I want the Guard to roll in and flatten that burg, or blow it off the fucking map!"

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Snark surveyed the troops and agents through a pair of binoculars. They appeared restless, as if anything could set them off. From his location atop a slight rise just past the edge of town, he could clearly see several soldiers pacing back and forth, smoking cigarettes and looking about nervously. The tension was evident, even from a quarter of a mile away. Things couldn't hold out much longer, and something as innocent as a barking dog could ignite a raging inferno of hostility.

"It's getting strained." he remarked to Steve, who was standing beside him. "The rope is getting stretched to its limits, and it won't take



much to break the camel's back. Let's head back and get the .50 ready to go. That's one thing they won't be counting on us to have."

Snark carefully unpacked the scope for the .50. It was packed in viscoelastic foam inside an aluminum case for protection against jarring during transport. The scope, which featured an illuminated reticule, bullet drop compensator, and laser rangefinder, had cost him over fifteen hundred dollars when he purchased it in 2004, but it was well worth the price for its accuracy and range. He had successfully hit a paper plate at over a mile and a half once, when conditions were nearly perfect; not too hot, and no cross breeze to change the density of the air or make the bullet drift. Normally, he could still hit that same plate at close to a mile on any given day, save a windy one.

Snark slid the scope onto the Weaver style rail atop the upper receiver of the rifle, and tightened the screws securely. He then fit the AR15 lower receiver he had completed from an unfinished aluminum forging to the upper receiver, and secured it with stainless steel hitch pins in place of the standard hardened aluminum pivot and detent pins. It was an extra precaution due to the heavy recoil of the powerful weapon.

"She's good to go now." Snark stated, as he set the heavy rifle on the floor and wiped it with a clean, lightly-oiled cloth.

It was almost six feet long, and at only twenty-five pounds, was one of the lightest .50 caliber rifles on the market before the ban. It was still heavy to tote a long distance however, but other rifles weighed as much as thirty-nine pounds.

With a thirty-six inch barrel, the rifle was capable of hitting a target the size of a tire at almost two miles under ideal conditions, and a vehicle at close to five. Snark had reloaded military armor piercing rounds for the rifle that were capable of penetrating over an inch of armor plate, as well as tracers, and spotter-tracers, which burned both red and yellow and made a visible flash three feet in diameter upon impact, even in daylight.

They were no match for the Raufoss rounds the FBI had in their Barretts, which contained a small RDX charge, but they still packed a sizable wallop. In addition, they were capable of igniting anything flammable or explosive that might be stored in containers or tanks, such as fuel tanks or gas cans. The armor piercing incendiary rounds could penetrate and ignite even thicker tanks, such as those on a tanker truck, or even those found in tank farms. While the Raufoss rounds were mostly in the hands of the Government, a few had made it to the private sector as well at seventy dollars a pop. Snark wished he had

been able to find some, or even some SLAP rounds before everything was banned, but had never been successful.

The .50 caliber rifle was a formidable weapon, especially in the hands of a marksman, which was why it had been banned in California in the 1990s and throughout the country in 2008, almost eighteen months prior to the nationwide Gun Ban Bill of 2010. The Government had feared its possession by civilians because they wanted superior penetration, without the risk of having the same amount of penetration being fired back at them. This was very one-sided, which was of course the way things are supposed to be in a Totalitarianism. Give the peasants no advantage, lest they use it against you! The FBI wanted a weapon that would penetrate cover that they could not see through, such as a vehicle or dumpster, but that alarmed gun and civil rights activists, because if you cannot see your target, how do you know at whom you are shooting?

The answer was that they wanted to be capable of shooting through walls and vehicles to take out individuals or groups that they felt posed a danger, regardless of their threat at that moment.

Snark smiled to himself, as he envisioned the surprise that the agents and soldiers on the other side of the line of sandbags strung across Sunrise Avenue would soon experience, as someone with firepower equivalent to theirs actually had the audacity to shoot back. How dare they stand up for themselves like that!

## CHAPTER 12

*"I have sworn upon the pillar of God, eternal hostility against every form of tyranny known to man."*

**Thomas Jefferson**

"Sir," Tommy called to Snark as he turned his television on to catch the news for an update on their standoff, "You might want to take a look at this!"

"What is it, Tommy?" Snark inquired, as he entered Tommy's small living room. Is the standoff on TV again?"

"It looks bigger than that, Sir." Tommy replied. "This is a special report that just cut in, live from Tel Aviv. Listen to this!"

Snark looked at the screen, as Sallee, Steve, and Rachel entered the room as well. An elderly, Jewish-appearing man was speaking with a thick, Hebrew accent.

"Sounds Israeli." Snark commented.

Tommy nodded.

"He is. It's coming from there, in Tel Aviv. It's on every network and news channel, so it must be for real. Wait until you hear what he's supposed to say!"

The five Patriots watched the screen and listened intently, as the man continued speaking.

"My name is Menahem Benjamin Rabin. I am scheduled to retire from the Israeli government after almost fifty years of dedicated service to my country. During my years of service, I have seen many things, and I have done many things that I am proud of, and some that I am not. It is those things that I am not proud of, that I wish to address to the world tonight. You all have a right to know.

"I have been diagnosed with lymphatic cancer. It is in an advanced stage and is inoperable, so I do not fear the death that will follow my statements. I have no family, so there is no one that will be harmed by my statements except me, and I will no longer hide behind my country's image. I am about to relay to the world, the truth behind many things. I want the world to know the truth before I die, and the truth they shall know!

"For the past five thousand years, we Jews have been looking for our Promised Land from God. During the Second World War, we collaborated secretly with the United States to help us get our own country. Germany was forced to pay for it with war reparations, and for the past eighty years, Israel and other Jews around the world have

constantly reminded the world of the atrocities bestowed upon us by the Nazis to give us more money, more land, and more power. Now, the Israeli government has decided that Israel is not enough; that we will never get anywhere battling the Palestinians.

"I understand the Palestinians anger toward Israel. We invaded their country and stole their land. Our soldiers murdered their people by the thousands, and every time they strike back, we retaliate with even more bloodshed. This is wrong, and it must not continue. You all must know this so it can stop! I am a Jew, and proud to be a Jew, and because of this, I cannot die knowing what other Jews have done in the name of God."

"Holy shit!" Steve exclaimed. "Somebody's gonna have his head for that. I'll bet five dollars he's assassinated before the sun sets."

"No takers." Snark replied.

"We *do* deserve our land back," Menahem continued, "but not in this way. Not by the blood of so many innocent men, women, and children, and not by tricking others to fight our battles for us. This has happened several times since we invaded Palestine, when we could not destroy them of our own accord. Because of this, Israel staged attacks on the US to frame other countries we wanted eliminated but could not possibly attack on our own.

"In 1967, we were at odds with Egypt, and we wanted the United States to help us, but they would not. They would not publicly stand with us, although those in command understood their role in our country's evolution. We were then forced to invade Egypt ourselves, in the Six Day War. We drove them back as far as Cairo, yet we could not hold them on our own. We needed the United States to send troops to help us keep the Egyptians at bay, but they did not, so we were forced to withdraw, waving our finger and saying, 'we showed you, now don't make us do it again.' The truth is, we could not do it again without the use of nuclear weapons, so we devised a way to dupe the Americans to go after another enemy of ours several years later, Iran, because we needed their oil, and Khomeini would not deal with us.

"We were extremely upset with the United States' refusal to help us in our war against the Egyptians, so on June 8<sup>th</sup>, 1967, we deliberately attacked an American ship, the USS Liberty, in an attempt to frame the country of Egypt for the assault, yet make our message clear to those who really knew. We hoped that Egypt could be blamed for it, and that the American people would rally their country to war against the Egyptians, but it did not work. Our planes fired on the ship, hoping to destroy and sink it with no survivors, but we were unsuccessful. When we failed to destroy the ship and everyone on

board, leaving witnesses to the real culprits, we claimed it was all a tragic mistake. We claimed that we thought they were someone else; that we thought they had fired on us, that somehow we did not see the American flag waving proudly in the breeze, or hear the frantic cries of those American sailors in our radios. Ten servicemen were killed in that attack, and we were entirely to blame. There can be no denying that any longer. The truth must be told.

“Time passed, and as we became more dependant on Iran for oil, we realized it would be in our best interest if we could control that oil ourselves. Again, we asked the United States for help, and were refused under public policy. Once again, we met in secret with those who could make certain decisions, and set up an event to get the US involved in Iran, now that the Shah was deposed, and Khomeini was refusing to deal with us, unless we paid his new, outrageous prices. We were desperate, and needed control of those oil reserves.

“In 1979, we posed as Muslim clerics and set up the taking of hostages in Tehran, Iran by students there. Jimmy Carter almost caught wind of it, but we managed to shoot down several helicopters of elite Delta Force personnel who came to rescue the hostages, and blame it on the Iranians. Still, the United States would not declare war on our enemy. What was wrong with them? Did they not care about their people or us? We were determined that the next time we needed help with an adversary, that there would be no choice for America, but to wage war against those we wanted eliminated. Twenty-two years later, that is in fact what happened.

“In 2001, we were having much trouble with Palestinians again, and we needed help and support to keep the Muslim nations at bay. We needed them destroyed, so we devised a plan with the knowledge of the United States government to attack New York and Washington, and blame it on Muslim terrorists. That way, the United States would have an excuse to invade the oil-rich countries and remove leaders they considered threats. This time, the deal was struck, as both of our countries could benefit from an invasion of Muslim territories.

“This would give them a foothold in the Middle East to be able to easily enter any country in the future, and attack it by air and land. It also gave us the support that we needed to fight our Muslim enemies.

“Several of our Mossad agents posed as Muslim clerics and recruited terrorists who wanted to be remembered as heroes to their fellow Muslims. We trained them how to hijack airplanes, and paid for their flight training in the US. That way, when the United States ‘discovered’ their identities to show the world who was responsible, it was Muslim fanatics who were blamed, not Israeli Jews.

“We trained them to kill the pilots and flight crew members, and gave them targets to fly the hijacked planes into. We warned our fellow Israelis not to go to work in the World Trade Center on the morning of September 11, 2001. If you check work records, you will find that over four thousand Israelis who worked at the World Trade Center did not report for work that day. In fact, only one Israeli citizen was killed, and he was a tourist that apparently had no forewarning of the impending attacks.

“The United States Air Force shot down one of the airliners in Pennsylvania, because the passengers had overtaken their abductors and most likely figured the truth out for themselves. The American government could not afford to have their claims made public and silenced them instead, by shooting them from the sky. The result was an illegitimate war on terror that served no purpose other than to invade Muslim countries and overthrow their leaders, so that we Israelis would not have to contend with the problem ourselves.

“Now, I have learned that Israel is not enough. As I mentioned earlier, the United States government knew that we planned to attack New York and Washington, and they also know of a plan that will devalue their currency and make them dependant on Jewish investments around the world to bail the treasury out. In exchange, power will be given to those investors, and America will become the new home for Israelis, where they can reap the rewards of others.

“They plan to abandon their dried-up hole in the Eastern desert and start anew in America, where the Christians will become the new Palestinians. I cannot have this on my conscience any longer, as I-”

The man suddenly stopped in mid-sentence, as a barrage of automatic gunfire from Uzis and M16s drowned out his last words and slammed into his chest. Five Israeli soldiers emptied their thirty round magazines into the man, continuing to fire even as he fell back and dropped to the floor. Menahem Benjamin Rabin died almost instantly, and was dead well before he hit the floor. Almost one hundred, fifty bullets riddled his body, leaving it an indistinguishable mess.

Unseen by the camera and unidentified by the viewers, the soldiers reloaded and executed the terrified photographer as well, destroying the camera in a hail of bullets. The television screen turned into white “snow” as the broadcast came to a screaming halt.

“That ought to get someone’s attention.” Snark remarked as casually as he could at the moment.

“Mossad, you think?” Steve inquired.

“Most likely.” Snark replied. “I told you no takers on that bet. Hell, it wasn’t more than ten minutes before they found him. He should

have at least had the intelligence to leave the country and broadcast from somewhere in America or Europe for Christ's sake. If anyone should have known what the Israeli Special Forces were capable of, he should have."

"Maybe that was the idea." Sallee commented. "Make sure the world saw what happened to him, to make it look more credible. If he just broadcast his claims from somewhere else, it might have looked like a simple attempt to discredit Israel, but by letting himself be cut to pieces on live television, damn, you can't beat that for credibility! He was dying anyway, so why draw it out when he could have them end his suffering and prove his statement by taking him out?"

"They were behind 9/11!" Rachel exclaimed. "He admitted it! And those bastards in Washington knew it!"

"I think the shit's about to hit the fan," Tommy commented, "Sir."

"I think you're right." Snark replied. "I suspect our boys on the other side of those sand bags down there are about to become very busy in the next little bit too. If this doesn't push the rest of the American people over the edge, then nothing will."

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Across the country, special bulletins interrupted every network and channel, as word of Rabin's statement and subsequent assassination spread like wildfire. One segment of his statement was being broadcast repeatedly, and it enraged the American public more than anything; even the statement about Christians becoming the next people of mass extermination at the hands of the Israelis.

Quote: "In 2001, we were having much trouble with Palestinians again, and we needed help and support to keep the Muslim nations at bay. We needed them destroyed, so we devised a plan with the knowledge of the United States government to attack New York and Washington, and blame it on Muslim terrorists."

Played almost nonstop, the impact of this statement hit the hearts and souls of every red-blooded American as hard as the attacks themselves had in 2001. It was the equivalent of hearing Winston Churchill claiming that had not only the US known about the attack at Pearl Harbor before it happened, but had also been a collaborative effort with Britain to get us into a war with Japan, so that the American people would rail behind the new war enthusiastically.

The public was enraged at this revelation, and in conjunction with the standoff in Kansas against the Sunflower Home Schoolers, many decided that it was the time to make a stand and do something about it. Crowbars and shovels were pulled from garages and sheds, as

thousands of people pried back floorboards or unearthed buried caches, to retrieve their hidden weapons and ammunition.

Many headed toward Sunflower County, Kansas to aid the Home Schoolers and take a stand with them against the Government. Others began assassinations of public officials who had voted against their liberties. The President called the National Guard to service as riots broke out across the country, and the military was dispatched to trouble spots. He ordered the immediate invasion and destruction of the Home Schoolers' Pioneer Little Europe, and at dawn on June 29, the Army National Guard, BATFE, and FBI launched an assault against the residents and their supporters.

The sound of automatic gunfire jarred everyone in town to their senses, and they all reached for their respective weapons. Snark had dispersed some of his steel core ammunition for the AK47s and SKSs, to others with weapons chambered for the 7.62x39mm round, and about a dozen people now had the rounds in their possession.

Bolts slammed shut as weapons were readied for battle, and the Patriots assumed defensive positions in their houses and atop the slight knoll on the western outskirts of town.

"Steve!" Snark hollered. "Come with me! We'll hit them from the top of the hill. Girls, you two stay here and hole up with Tommy. You'll be safer. Tommy, treat them as though they're your own."

"Yes Sir!" Tommy replied with a salute. "Ladies, we'll head to the basement. We can shoot through the windows and duck below grade if they fire back. You'll be safe there."

"We'll see you soon." Steve said to Rachel.

"You'd better!" Rachel called, as she and Sallee followed Tommy toward the cellar door. "I love you!"

"Let's go!" Snark urged.

He and Steve each grabbed a small knapsack loaded with extra ammunition and magazines, as well as an automatic rifle and a scoped rifle each. Snark grabbed his .50 by a top-folding handle mounted on the barrel shroud, similar to the type on an old Browning 1919A6.

From their vantage point atop the knoll, Snark and Steve, along with about twenty others, could easily see the agents and soldiers on foot, and in seven lightly armored vehicles known as Armadillos. Small arms fire broke out along the way as the townspeople engaged the Government in small but intense firefights.

"Start sniping!" Snark commanded. "Go for the head of you can. I'll hit those light armored carriers."

Rifles began to bark around him, as the others sighted in on agents with scoped weapons and carefully pulled the trigger. Snark aligned the



crosshairs of his scoped .50 on the radiator of the lead vehicle and touched the trigger. The rifle roared and Snark momentarily lost sight of the Armadillo in the scope, as the recoil caused the gun to lurch backwards against his shoulder with a kick like a mule.

The steel-cored round struck the engine block at 3,200 FPS, and completely penetrated it, shattering the casting in the process and igniting the raw fuel spraying from the broken feed line. The round continued through the firewall, and struck the driver just above his web belt with enough remaining energy to tear his spine loose and truncate him, a split second before striking another passenger in the rear of the vehicle. It struck him in the chest with similar results and exited the rear of the vehicle, while the other occupants stared in horror at the two men literally torn in half before their eyes.

Snark ejected the spent shell and quickly loaded another into the chamber, sighting on the grille of the second Armadillo. The second shot produced similar results as the first, attracting the attention of the other soldiers, who immediately began turning their vehicles around. They were not expecting to encounter firepower of this magnitude from the Home Schoolers, and were at a loss as to how to proceed.

Snark next aligned his crosshairs on the man who was now firing an M60 in their direction, alerted by the tremendous blast of Snark's powerful rifle. He touched the trigger and the soldier was knocked backwards almost twenty feet, from the impact of the massive round. Someone on the hill had managed to set up a tripod-mounted, semi-automatic Browning 1919 with a Whammer Hammer crank attachment, and began spitting out .308 rounds with almost the same rate of fire as the M60.

Loaded with tracers every ten rounds, the Patriot's gun roared as the belt-fed weapon churned out a hail of bullets that could be tracked visually, with no real aiming required. Soldiers and agents alike began dropping like flies, as the .308 rounds cut them down like tin cans on a fence rail. Out in the open, they were totally unprotected, except for their ballistic armor.

Even the ceramic plates on their ballistic vests were of no use however, as the rounds struck them in not only the chest, but head, shoulders, and legs. The shock also transferred through the ceramic plates to the soldiers' and agents' sternums, which caved in chests, stopped hearts, and collapsed lungs.

Most of those not killed outright by the shock of the rounds striking their chests, either died from loss of blood from their massive limb wounds, or faced the loss of affected extremities from surgical amputation after they were airlifted to the infirmary at Fort Carson.

Those soldiers and agents however, would never make it to the infirmary to face the horror of awakening to the discovery of bandaged stumps where their limbs had been. While Life could indeed be cruel, sometimes it could be kind in a strange, ironic sort of way.

The remaining forces immediately halted their advance and broke off the attack. Their commander could be heard barking unintelligible orders through a megaphone in the distance, as the bewildered attackers retreated. Most of the soldiers were green recruits; weekend warriors that had never seen battle of any kind, and only a handful of the Federal agents had ever encountered gunfire before, much less an adversary armed with weaponry equivalent to their own. A chorus of cheers and shouts erupted from the Home Schoolers and Patriots, as the Feds hastily retreated yet again, dragging and carrying the dead and wounded with them as best as they could, although a few were left behind to fend for themselves.

“Nice going!” Snark called to the Patriot who had set the 1919 up. “That thing was a big help!”

“Thanks.” the man replied. “I haven’t been able to wind her out like that for years. What a rush! It was like hitting a row of ducks in a shooting gallery!”

“I’ll bet.” Snark responded. “I’m Snark Hauser, by the way.”

“Dan Shanks.” the man said in reply.

“Nice to meet you, Dan. How long have you had that baby, anyway? I have one just like it, myself.”

“Oh, I got it not too long before the ban.” Dan answered. “This guy was trying to unload a few of them he had manufactured, and I got a good deal on it. It got me in trouble though.”

“How so?”

“I picked it up from the guy that had the FFL I used to get it shipped, and brought it home. It was sitting in the hall, and my kitten got in the case and laid down on it. I thought it was cute, so I snapped a few pictures of it. I forgot all about it, and I was visiting my aunt in New York and had the film developed there. The motherfucker in the photo lab called the local cops about pictures of a ‘machine gun,’ and they grilled me about it and called the local FBI in Omaha. Those fuckers got a bogus warrant on hearsay and searched my house in Council Bluffs. They altered one of my AR15s and nailed me for possession of a machine gun. I spent five years in prison for it. They took my guns and my house too. I remember all their names though. I’m going to do my best to find them, now that this has started. They’ll find out how much of a bitch payback can be!”

“How’d you get this one back?” Snark inquired. “Or did you have a secondary location too?”

Dan winked.

“Never keep all your eggs in one basket. They taught us about this place called Pearl Harbor when I was in school.”

Snark nodded.

“Well, they may just be teaching our grandchildren about this place called Sunflower County too.”

“Son of a bitch!” someone next to Snark yelled exuberantly. “We held ‘em off and drove ‘em back!”

“Not for long.” Snark responded. “They have all kinds of technical gizmos that can wipe us out if they get them brought in. Computerized battle dress uniforms for synchronized assault communications, color night vision, fiber optic covered assault vehicles that make them invisible by bending the sight picture around them... you name it. For some reason, they apparently underestimated our capabilities. They must have sent in inexperienced troops that don’t have that training or ordnance at their disposal, which is good to know. Only the mainline military has it at their disposal. They won’t make the same mistake again though.

“I’m betting that they’re calling in for additional support, and the fastest form I know of is a gunship. A missile strike would be too broad. They haven’t left the area, so I’m betting it’s a helo. They won’t need any more ground troops if they hit us with 20mm cannons and rockets. We don’t have much time. We need to get everyone together, and mobilize them. How far is the closest post?”

“McConnell Air Force Base in Wichita, Smokey Hill Air National Guard Range in Salina, or Fort Riley in Manhattan.” a young man of perhaps twenty-five years of age responded. “No, wait! Fort Carson. It’s just outside Colorado Springs.”

“That’s less than a hundred and fifty miles from here.” Snark replied. “That means they can have a gunship here in less than an hour. I doubt they’d send in jets from McConnell, but then again, you never know. I have an idea on how to stop the helo, but for now, we’re sitting ducks against planes. Let’s get everyone together.”

The group hastily made their way back to the neighborhood, where hundreds of Patriots were swarming from their houses and slapping one another on the back. Snark and Steve spied Sallee and Rachel, and made their way through the throng of Resisters to meet them.

Steve picked Rachel up and swung her around high above his head before returning her to the ground. Snark and Sallee exchanged a warm embrace for half a minute before finally separating and kissing.

"We did it Honey!" she exclaimed. "They turned their yellow asses around, and we drove them back! Look at those trucks burning. That's payback for everything they've done over the years."

"There're more where they came from though." Snark replied. "They aren't going to accept defeat, most especially from a bunch of Patriots who believe in the Constitution. What good is it to trample on that document, if people are going to shoot back and kill them for it. We need to get ready; I'm certain help is already on the way. That doesn't give us much time."

He saw Tommy O'Shea carrying a bullhorn, and motioned to him. Tommy trotted up and faced Snark.

"Yes Sir?"

"I need your horn." Snark responded.

"Yes Sir." Tommy answered.

He pulled the trigger on the bullhorn and spoke into it first.

"This is Corporal O'Shea. Your Level Three Instructions Commander wishes to address you. Everyone be quiet now, and listen to what he has to say. Your lives depend on it."

Snark nodded at Tommy and took the bullhorn from him.

"As Corporal O'Shea informed you, I am the new Level Three Instructions Commander." Snark stated crisply. "You are about to get a crash course in defensive maneuvers. I need about a hundred and fifty beefy guys to meet me in the firehouse *now*. That is all."

Snark returned the bullhorn to Tommy, and struck out for the fire department. Inside, he could address the volunteers without having to shout through the megaphone and alert the enemy of his intentions.

The "enemy;" it seemed somewhat strange to be referring to his own country's military and top law enforcement agents as the enemy, but as long as they drew weapons against those that resisted tyranny, that was unfortunately, the term best describing them at the moment.

"You are about to learn something about improvised weaponry." Snark stated, as he addressed the group of no less than two hundred volunteers, which had crowded into the fire station to hear what he had to say and assist him in whatever it was he needed.

"The reason I wanted guys with muscles, is because we need mirrors on top of Freedom Knoll. I know this will sound crazy, but we are going to use them as weapons. Since mirrors are heavy, I need you get them up there and aim them when their air support gets here."

"What kind of mirrors?" a voice inquired.

“Any kind.” Snark replied. “The bigger, the better, but if all you can find is a shaving mirror, give it to someone smaller. Ideally, I’m talking at least as big as you would find over the bathroom sink, but if you can carry something like a dresser mirror, that would be even better.

“Everybody grab what you can, and meet us on top of the hill as quickly as you can. We only have about thirty minutes left I’m guessing, before a gunship or worse gets here. My guess is that they’ll try and take us out from the air, and then send in the rest of those Armadillos to hose down whoever is still alive.”

Within fifteen minutes, over two hundred Patriots stood atop Freedom Knoll, as Snark had dubbed the scrub-covered rise to the west of town.

“We’re still at an excellent vantage point to use these mirrors.” Snark said quietly. “The sun is almost directly overhead, so we can hit anything to the east or west. In the morning, we’re limited to an eastern range, and in the afternoon, the west.

“Here’s what we do; everyone line up side by side, so that no one is in front of you. This is very important. See that old tractor sitting in the field over there? One by one, I want everyone to start on this side and focus their mirror on that tractor. Don’t take forever either; I mean bip-bip-bip!”

Snark watched as the group of men began aiming their mirrors at the abandoned tractor situated approximately half a mile away. Smoke arose from the ancient Farm All workhorse, as the paint burned from its skin and the tires caught fire. As the last of the two hundred, fourteen mirrors trained on the tractor, it began to glow brightly and sagged. Ten seconds from the initial reflection from Charlie Becker’s mirror, the abandoned tractor was a glowing blob of molten steel surrounded by smoldering soybean plants.

“My God!” someone breathed. “I would have never believed it if I hadn’t seen it! How did that work?”

“Believe it.” Snark replied. “You increased the heat of the sun by over two hundred times. That’s pretty hot. Now, get ready to do it again. I hear that gunship coming it hard and fast. They’ll probable come in for a look-see, and slow down before they open up on us, so be ready. Most of us are camouflaged, so stay down until the last minute, then do your best to focus on that helo, okay?”

“I know most of you won’t be able to hit him directly, but even if only a few of us do, we may at least cause it to crash. Then, we incinerate what’s left of that command post over there. I’m tired of

defending myself. It's time to take the offensive here. This is war; a real war and we are America's last hope. Let's make it count!"

The gunship, a heavily armed Raptor, slowed as it approached the outskirts of town. Raptors had replaced the formidable Apaches in 2015, and were half again as large, with over four times the amount of armament. The crew did in fact want to survey the situation prior to unleashing a barrage of artillery against the residents as Snark had suspected. Not wanting to hit their own comrades, who had withdrawn a short distance to the east, the pilot prepared to circle the town. He slowed the aircraft to approximately thirty-five miles per hour and surveyed the area below.

"Now!" Snark commanded.

A row of mirrors suddenly pointed toward the aircraft. The crew, curious to the shining light off their port side, looked to see what was causing the glittering. At that moment, the light from twenty of the mirrors shone simultaneously into the cockpit, illuminating it with a hot light brighter than that of an atomic blast. The pilot who was looking directly at them, was instantly blinded, and lost control of the helicopter. The concentrated light had seared his retinas, and he let go of the controls to put his hands over his eyes. Unable to control the aircraft due to his blindness and without his hands on the controls, the helicopter suddenly pitched to the left and dropped in altitude. One of the other crewmembers, his vision a multicolored spectrum of residual light from an indirect glance at the beam, grabbed the controls from the pilot and attempted to level the flight path of the huge aircraft.

"Look out!" Snark barked through the bullhorn, as the gunship veered in their direction. "Everyone move!"

The line of mirrors split, as the Patriots dropped their improvised weapons and headed in opposite directions. The large helicopter leveled off for a few seconds, then dropped into a hard landing atop Freedom Knoll. Somehow, the lucky crewmember had managed to set the ship down without damaging it, although everyone on board was injured to a degree. The crew's luck was about to get much worse, however. Several Patriots dragged them from the aircraft and dispatched each of them with a single shot to the head.

"Steve!" Snark hollered, above the noise of the engine and rotors. "Do you think you can fly this bird?"

"It shouldn't be too much different from the old ones!" he shouted back. "We'll find out though! Wanna take a ride?"

"Let's go!" Snark yelled. "Corporal O'Shea, you too!"

They piled into the helicopter, and Steve took the controls in his hands, while Snark sat beside him in the weapons command station.

"Damn, it's been a long time!" he shouted with a grin. "Controls look about the same, except for a few more doohickeys on the right stick. I'm assuming it's for the weapons system, although you seem to have that option on your side too."

In a standard gunship, the pilot had control of two joysticks; one controlling flight, the other the weapons systems. These were both present in the new Raptors as well. However, due to its larger size and additional focus to navigate, the pilot's basic weapons system was only to be used in the event of the loss of the gunner. It was basically an emergency backup.

The Raptor was the first gunship to have a weapons system exclusively in the hands of someone besides the pilot. The gunner's position sported two sticks as well, but one managed the miniguns and 20mm cannon, while the other controlled the Spider missile batteries located under each of the short wings the aircraft sported.

In addition, the gunner also had a three dimensional holographic sight projected in front of him that allowed all senses to play a role in the engagement of an enemy in either an offensive or defensive position.

Should the gunner be killed or otherwise incapacitated, the basic weapons stick in the pilot's right hand could still arm and fire the guns and rockets, but only one at a time. It was only a last resort, that the pilot had control of both the ship *and* the advanced weapons systems.

Steve looked at Snark and grinned.

"Let's go kick some jackbooted ass!"

He increased the throttle and pulled the control stick toward him. The helicopter lifted from the ground, and Steve moved the stick slightly to the left, bringing the aircraft around in a gentle circle.

"It's like riding a bicycle!" Snark called. "It'll come back to you. Take her to the west and get a feel for it before you come back. Tommy, you man the M60. Buckle yourself in!"

Tommy nodded, as Steve gave the aircraft more throttle and accelerated westward. They flew in a large circle, with Steve changing altitude and speed until he felt fairly comfortable with the controls.

"Got the weapons figured out yet?" Tommy called to Snark over the din of the engine.

Snark nodded.

"I think so! Let's find out!"

Steve nodded in reply, and brought the helicopter around. A holographic image above the secondary stick in front of Snark showed him where the weapons were aimed, as he moved his weapons control sticks.

It consisted of a three-dimensional image with an orange floating crosshair that moved in conjunction with the stick in his right hand, and a chartreuse crosshair for the stick in his left. The guns and cannon were controlled with the left stick and represented by the chartreuse crosshair, while the orange one represented the Spider missiles guided by his right stick.

By using two separate sticks, he had the option of firing either the mini guns or 20mm cannon, and the battery of Spider missiles mounted under each wing of the gunship at the same time.

“Let’s rock and roll!” Snark shouted, as he positioned the toggle on the side of the stick to arm the Spiders. “Slow her down!”

Steve slowed the speed of the ship as it approached the Feds’ position. Unaware that the ship had been overtaken when it touched down atop the hill, the agents and Guardsmen looked up at the Raptor as it hovered one thousand feet away. They had merely assumed that the ship was looking for errant Patriots, as it made its way around town in a large circle, and waved at the large aircraft as it sat one hundred feet above the blowing, golden prairie grass.

Snark lifted a toggle switch on the right stick to arm the rockets, and pressed the orange button with his right thumb. A black and silver Spider missile shot from under the right wing of the ship and blazed toward the federal command post. He watched in fascination, as a thin trail of smoke wavered slightly in the breeze behind the six-foot-long missile. The Feds however, watched in horror, as the rocket zoomed toward them at breathtaking speed.

The small missile struck the flank of the remaining troops and agents. Over one hundred had been killed in the last assault, mostly from the 1919, and the remaining four hundred or so, including the injured, were situated in the five remaining Armadillos, and two buses the Feds had brought in. A few were standing outside, leaning against the vehicles when the first Spider struck one of the buses directly, sending a massive ball of smoke and fire into the air.

Cheers arose from the Patriots in town, as two more missiles struck the other bus and an Armadillo. Snark then fired the 20mm cannon at the other two Armadillos. Steve brought the Raptor around, as a few of the surviving agents and soldiers raised M16s and MP5s at the ship. Tommy began strafing the area with the M60, as Steve passed over the area at approximately sixty-five miles per hour. After three more passes, nothing moved from within the flaming mass of vehicles or surrounding area, except for the small fleet of news crews camped a quarter mile away from the Federal command post.



Steve flew low over their position, and Tommy leaned out the side door, hand raised in salutation to the news crews. The gesture was returned by several people on the ground, and Steve continued back to Freedom Knoll. Smoke billowed high into the clear, blue Kansas sky from the burning wreckage, as he set the Raptor on the ground and shut the engine down.

The entire force of Home Schoolers and Patriots was waiting to greet the trio as they jogged down the hill toward town.

“You did it!” Charlie Becker yelled.

“We *all* did it!” Snark shouted back, over the din of jubilant cheers and whistles. “Each and every one of us. If it hadn’t been for you guys with the mirrors, we couldn’t have gotten that ship. All we did was clean up the mess.”

“And what a mess it is!” Sallee exclaimed.

She and Rachel had pushed their way to the front of the crowd, and now stood with their respective mates. Someone handed Tommy’s bullhorn to Snark, and he addressed the force of White Patriots.

“We were successful today!” he proclaimed exuberantly. “But make no mistake, we took them by surprise. They will never underestimate us so greatly again. From here on out, we will face an enemy that is bent on destroying us, and our way of thinking. They will not stop until either they are dead, or we are. The only way around that is to conquer them and take the power they now hold, and distribute it to the hands of the American people where it belongs!

“My White brothers and sisters, we have a long, hard battle ahead of us. It may take years, possibly even decades, to succeed in our battle to regain our country from the Jewish hordes that have overtaken it, and given our jobs and tax money to the niggers, Mexicans, and other illegal mongrel immigrants that come here by the thousands annually, but *we will win!*”

“Most of America is on our side now, whether they are gutsy enough to admit it or not. The peoples’ eyes have been opened, not only by what was revealed about the events surrounding 9/11, but by what has happened here as well. Millions of people watched as you took a stand for what was right, and resisted the illegal seizure of your children by a Zionist-controlled government!

“They watched, as we reclaimed this town from the clutches of a government that would rather kill innocent men, women, and children simply to make a point, then to abide by the Constitution of these United States. They would kill you to get your children, and they would kill your children to prevent you from keeping them! How insane is that? That is not American, and it was never what our

Founding Fathers had in mind when they died in places like Concord, Cowpens, Guilford, and Trenton!

“For years, they have been putting a match to the Constitution of the United States, but today my friends, we have put a match to them! They are now burning the way Waco burned, the way they have torched our rights over the years, and it is a beautiful sight indeed.

“If nothing else, this stand we all made today, has made America realize that the jackbooted thugs they have been calling Federal agents, can no longer trample our Constitution by simply deciding to do so! Today marks the beginning of a new era for America, an era where Americans will no longer tolerate being spit upon by the very government that would not exist without us!

“Comrades, as victorious as we have been today in our struggle against this Jewish led tyranny, it will only make them more determined to squelch us. I know that most of you here have called this town home for a good number of years, but at least for now, we *all* must leave. Not only those of us who have come forward to help you take a stand against oppression, but those of you who gave us shelter in your homes while we stood with you. There are other towns like this one, and you will be just as welcome there as you have welcomed us. In fact, I expect that the majority of you will be welcome in the home of any brother or sister that came here to defend your position. Perhaps one day, you can all return to your homes here, but for now, we must abandon this place and set up elsewhere from which to launch a new wave of attacks.

“This war has only just begun. Across the country, people are digging up their guns and fighting back. In Omaha, citizens demanding change have overtaken the city. The entire infrastructure has been incarcerated. The mayor, city council, and the judges who have repeatedly ruled against the people; they all now sit behind the bars of the County jail they built to suppress people like us.

“The tide of change is sweeping this country like an epidemic. Soon, its waters will crash upon the shores of every man, woman, and child in this great country, regardless of race or religion. For some, the change will be a positive thing; for others, it will spell the end of their lives and the façade that they have held in front of our eyes for the last century, but it will affect every last one of us! We must prevail, or we shall certainly perish!”

From a half-mile away, the news crews beamed Snark’s message across the nation via satellite to every network television station, as a tremendous roar erupted from the band of Patriots a thousand bodies strong, and echoed across the open, windswept countryside. Although

they could not see the crowd or the person addressing them, the message coming through the bullhorn, reached the microphones loud and clear. The cameras zoomed in on a large inverted American flag, as it was hoisted to the top of a tall flagpole situated atop Freedom Knoll. As it waved in the breeze, the symbolism of the flag flying upside down was clear; America was in distress, and so were the people the flag represented.

Soon, homes all across the country would begin to fly their flags upside down as well, as it became a symbol of solidarity against the Zionist government. Snark's rousing speech had stirred the hearts of millions, as they listened to him express his pride in his racial brethren and his hatred for those who would destroy them.

The television cameras had captured the entire rebellion on live national television, and a column of heavy armor was preparing to roll toward Sunflower County from Fort Carson, just south of Colorado Springs. America had watched spellbound, as the Federal forces came under heavy fire in the initial assault of the day, then as Steve, Snark, and Tommy swept the remainder of the jackbooted thugs under the carpet with their own armament.

Almost thirty years had passed since the atrocities of Waco and Ruby Ridge, but many still remembered seventeen little children burning to death in the compound eighty miles south of Fort Worth, Texas at the direct order of the Attorney General. For them, this was a victory not only against the Federal agents killed on this day, but liberation of the souls of every Branch Davidian, and Vicki and Sam Weaver as well.

In Estes Park, Colorado, Frank Carlson watched the television screen with tremendous pride, as he recognized the voice of the leader addressing the members of the Sunflower Rebellion, as the historic battle would come to be known in later years. A single tear rolled down his cheek as he realized his dream of Sallee Schoenbraun becoming a heroine of the Resistance had come true, and that her significant other was leading her in the revolution. His dreams had been fulfilled, and now he was free to join his wife for Eternity.

Frank moved to turn off the television but never finished the act. He sighed deeply, as he joined Margaret to watch the daughter he never had, participate in the securing of the existence of her and Snark's people, and the future of White children everywhere. His hand twitched slightly, and then all was still, in the quiet Colorado farmhouse where the plans for the retaking of America had been born.

## CHAPTER 13

*“...a revolution of government is the strongest proof that can be given by a people of their virtue and good sense.”*

**John Adams; diary entry, 1786**

“Let’s get this bird fired up again.” Snark called to Steve.

He turned to Sallee and Rachel.

“Girls, take the truck and head for the camp outside Cortez. Steve and I are going to scout ahead from the air and make sure the route is clear between here and Trinidad. We’ll come back and I’ll have Steve drop me off, and he’ll take the Raptor on to Cortez. I’ll call Field Command there and let them know he’s coming, so they don’t try and shoot him down. We’ll find you, so don’t worry, okay?”

“I’ll still worry,” Rachel replied, “but okay.”

“See you soon.” Snark said, as he kissed Sallee and headed for the helicopter.

The gunship lifted from the knoll and accelerated westward for approximately eighty miles, before Steve and Snark spied the armored convoy routed in their direction from Fort Carson. Snark armed the Spiders as the Raptor approached the convoy, which consisted of fifteen vehicles, and moved his control stick so that the lead vehicle was in his holographic crosshairs.

Snark fired five Spiders in rapid succession, striking the lead vehicle, an armored personnel carrier, and four others behind it. The vehicles erupted into huge balls of fire as the rockets detonated, and the fourth vehicle, a weapons carrier, exploded with a blinding flash of white light as the ordnance on board went off. This secondary, and much more powerful explosion, consumed the two Armadillos following close behind, leaving eight vehicles intact.

Snark moved the stick slightly, pressing the orange button as the crosshairs aligned on each vehicle in rapid succession. In less than five seconds, the remaining eight vehicles were destroyed, and Steve brought the Raptor around and headed back toward Sunflower County.

“We must be on radar!” Snark hollered to Steve. “Head north for five minutes, then bring it below fifty feet. Stay below the radar screen until we reach the girls, then you keep it there until you reach Cortez.”

“Ten-four!” Steve responded. “They’ll think we got hit and crashed, or headed toward Cheyenne.”

“Take it down by Santa Fe.” Snark instructed. “Whatever you do, stay the hell away from the Cheyenne Mountain Complex. They’ll be

patrolling there for sure. Let's follow 60 back toward Kansas; see if we spot the girls."

Steve nodded, and headed in a southeastern direction. Just outside of Walsh, Colorado, Snark spied a tan pickup speeding along the desolate highway.

"There they are!" Snark called. "Set her down!"

Steve piloted the enormous gunship around, and came in behind the pickup. Inside, Rachel looked over at Sallee.

"Do you hear something?" she inquired.

Sallee nodded and checked her mirrors.

"Shit!" she exclaimed. "Look behind us!"

Rachel looked out the rear window of the cab and saw the huge Raptor pacing them like a giant wasp. It slowly passed overhead and Sallee slowed the truck.

"I sure hope it's the boys!" Sallee said somewhat nervously, as the helicopter landed alongside the road.

"If it wasn't, we'd be a smoking hole in the asphalt." Rachel replied dryly. "It's them."

She and Sallee exited the truck and greeted their mates as they emerged from the Raptor. Both couples embraced for several seconds before Sallee inquired the status of their mission.

"Did you see anything?"

Steve nodded.

"There was a convoy headed right for us." he replied. "Fifteen vehicles; APCs and a weapons carrier. Made a hell of a boom when it went off too. They were on their way to Sunflower County; no doubt about that."

He looked to the northwest but saw nothing, as the burning wreckage lay seventy-five miles away, and well over the horizon.

"You know," he speculated, "maybe we should have tried to get the weapons carrier intact."

"Fuck that!" Snark exclaimed. "Maybe some other time. Right now, the safety of the ladies is what counts. I'll make sure they get there intact; you just be certain you do too, okay?"

Steve nodded.

"You got it. You take good care of my wife, you hear?"

Snark clapped him on the back.

"You got it. We'll see you soon."

Snark got behind the wheel, with Sallee in the passenger's seat, and Rachel in the back seat. As he accelerated down the highway, Steve lifted off behind him and flew over. Snark tooted the horn as the mighty Raptor passed over and rapidly disappeared into the distance.

“Welcome, Commander Hauser.” a Patriot in desert camouflaged BDUs greeted Snark with a salute, as he stopped at the barricade outside the training compound located in the scrubby desert southwest of Cortez, Colorado. “Your friend is waiting for you. We’re sure glad to have that bird added to our arsenal.”

Snark nodded in acknowledgment.

“Nice to see you again, Bill.” he replied. “I need to speak with Commander Jenson immediately.”

“Yes Sir. I’ll notify him to meet you at the commissary.”

The gate opened, and Snark drove into the compound. He parked the truck and the trio entered the commissary. Rachel rushed over to Steve, who embraced her and twirled her above his head; his favorite form of greeting.

A tall, stately looking man in his early fifties entered the room and saluted Snark, who returned the gesture. Western Operations Commander Hal Jenson had spent twenty years in the military, before retiring from the Army as a colonel, and now served the Resistance and the Brotherhood. He was one of the Commanders who had recognized Snark’s potential and recommended his position as Level Three Instructions Commander.

“LTI Commander Hauser, you wanted to see me?”

“Commander Jenson. Yes, we have about a thousand brethren scattered all over Kansas, Colorado, Nebraska, and Oklahoma at the moment, looking for new quarters. I think they all have places to go, but we need real camps like this one to get everyone organized.

“They all performed flawlessly under fire, and deserve praise for their fight. I need to contact Frank Carlson in Estes Park to inform him of our victory. I know he will be excited to hear how things went.”

Commander Jenson furrowed his brow slightly.

“One of our local contacts in Estes Park couldn’t reach him by phone, so he stopped by his house to investigate. I’m sorry, but he’s passed away.”

Sallee buried her face in Snark’s chest, and he held her tightly.

“What happened?” he inquired softly.

“Looks like natural causes. The TV was still on, and he was sitting in his recliner. It was tuned to the National News Network, so I think he knew how things went. Maybe that was enough for him, and decided it was time to go.

“Anyway, the contact said Frank knew you, and that you would want to know, so he contacted us.”

“Thank you.” Snark responded. “Frank was like a father to my girlfriend, and I need to be with her right now. I’ll be back in a few minutes. We can talk then, if it’s okay with you.”

Commander Jenson nodded.

“Take your time.” he replied. “I understand.”

Sallee sobbed as Snark held her tightly.

“It’s okay Angel.” he said soothingly. “We’ll leave in the morning, okay?”

Sallee sniffled and nodded her head. Snark wiped the tears from her eyes and kissed her on the forehead.

“You can spend some time with your family. That will help. We’ll see who is responsible for his estate, and see if it’s okay if we bury him on the property. I need to speak with Hal for a bit about what went down yesterday, but then I’ll be back. I know what Frank meant to you, even though you didn’t realize it until recently, but more so, I know what *you* meant to *him*, and that is even more important.

“He is actually responsible for our victory yesterday, because if he hadn’t gotten us involved, we would have never gone there in the first place. I think after what happened yesterday, some time with your parents is in order anyway. It will give you a chance to sift things out, it being your first experience with combat like that. I’ll come back here and make some plans on what to do next, but I think you should stay in Estes Park for a while.”

Sallee nodded.

“I’d like to spend time with them.” she agreed. “I’ll worry about you though.”

“I’ll be all right.” Snark assured her. “We have plenty of rockets and cannon rounds left on the Raptor, not to mention the mini guns. We can still do a fair amount of damage, as long as we can keep it fueled. Hopefully, we can use it to secure some more ordnance too.”

“Hey!” Sallee responded. “I never got the chance to tell you, I got three of them yesterday! Rachel hit one too. They were right outside the house. Then all of a sudden, I heard this huge report and one of the Armadillos ran off the road and caught on fire. I guess it was you. Then someone let loose with a machine gun, and they really started dropping. They scattered, and we couldn’t hit any more as they were running away.”

“Well, that’s an important thing to forget to tell me,” Snark commented, “but I’m proud of you. Good job! I think we all deserve a little pat on the back for what we were able to pull off.”

He kissed his girlfriend and returned to the commissary.

“Commander, we need some time to pay our respects to Frank. Sallee has family there, so she’s going to stay with them awhile. I’ll come back and go over some strategies with you, if you don’t mind.”

“After the success of what happened in Sunflower County, I’d be thrilled.” Hal Jenson replied. “Your friend with the Raptor tells me you took it down with mirrors? Brilliant! Then, to use their own armament against them, what a kick in the face.”

“About that Raptor,” Snark responded. “I’d like for Steve to have it. He flies it well enough, and I seem to have a knack for the weapons system.”

“I have no problem with that,” Hal replied, “but you’re kind of high ranking to be flying combat missions. The way you took charge of things in Kansas proves you have natural leadership abilities. You would serve us much better if you remained on the ground as a Division Commander. After what happened yesterday, it’s been suggested; field promotion to Division Commander if we all agree, and I for one, certainly do.

“We’ve scored some big points with the public on this one. They’ve been showing replays of it almost nonstop since it happened yesterday. They’ve been interviewing people on the streets, with their faces blacked out so you can’t tell who they are, and most of them are supportive not only of what we did, but of a revolution as well.

“You were mostly responsible for the success of that rebellion and everybody recognizes it. I don’t think there isn’t one person in this organization, or that wants a revolution, that wouldn’t be proud to serve under your command.”

Snark stared at the Commander.

“Division Commander?” he managed to inquire huskily. “But I’ve only been a member for a month!”

“You have potential and charisma.” Hal replied. “In addition, you also have a head on your shoulders that is full not only of intelligence, but from what I’ve heard and seen, some god damned unique ideas that standard military minds are never going to be able to see coming until it’s too late.

“We’re on a roll. We took them by surprise, and if we can continue to hit them with unconventional tactics like you used in Sunflower County, we can continue to keep them guessing.

“If we could somehow swing the military to support us, we’d be set. Thank God, more Whites started enlisting after the Gun Ban Bill went into effect in 2010, to be able to practice their shooting skills. If this was happening back around the turn of the new millennium, we’d be outnumbered by the niggers, and it would never fly.”



"I agree." Snark concurred. "If ever there was a chance for this to work, now is the time. Win or lose, we'll never have this opportunity again in our lifetimes, if ever. It's now or never; we have to succeed if we are to be free. We must prevail, or we shall certainly perish."

"Now that sounds like the voice I heard on the television yesterday." Hal remarked with a grin. "War cry and everything. You'd make a good politician."

Snark feigned a look of chagrin.

"Now why would you want to go and insult me like that?" he inquired.

\*

Sallee sat quietly on the couch in her parents' house, and stared out the window at the mountains surrounding the town. Snark sat beside her and pulled her tightly against him. Sallee smiled and squeezed him back.

"That was a nice ceremony." Susan Schoenbraun commented, as she set her handbag down on the end table.

Snark nodded.

"It was. I think Frank would have really enjoyed it if he was there. All of those teachers had such nice things to say about him, and all those former students that showed up, it was heartwarming. He had a lot of friends. I feel privileged to have known him."

"Me too." Sallee answered. "I only wish I had known sooner just what I meant to him, and how much he affected my life."

"Oh, I think he knew." Snark replied. "It may have only recently come to be, but I think you made an old man very happy."

The sound of the telephone ringing interrupted him, and Kurt reached over to answer it.

"Hello? One moment please."

"It's for you, Precious." Kurt said to Sallee, and handed her the phone.

"Hello? Yes, this is she... he what? Tomorrow? Yes, we'll be there. Can you give me an address? Okay, we will see you then. Thank you, you too."

"What was that all about?" Snark inquired.

"Mr. Carlson put us in his will." Sallee replied.

"Us? As in both?"

Sallee nodded.

"Yes. That was his lawyer. He wants to see us tomorrow at One."

Snark took a deep breath and exhaled slowly.

"He must have just recently changed it then. I think you meant more to that man than you can possibly know."

"You apparently made an impression on him too." Sallee said quietly. "He left everything to us."

"What?" Snark exclaimed

"We'll find out the details tomorrow, but knowing Mr. Carlson and what he said to us the last time we were there, I think he wants us to do our best to secure a future for White children by having some of our own."

\*

"Good afternoon, Miss Schoenbraun; Mr. Hauser. I'm Jack Hogan. Please come in and have a seat."

Snark and Sallee sat across the desk from the attorney; a man in his mid-forties, as close as Snark could judge.

"You have been named co beneficiaries to the estate of Franklin Wayne Carlson." Jack stated. "His house and contents, and the two acres of land accompanying it. In addition, some accounts and portfolios are included as well.

"It's pretty cut and dry; all assets are to be shared equally by both of you. In the event you have children, there is an investment account set aside for their educations. If you do not, there are instructions as to what it is to be used for.

"I am very sorry for the loss of your friend; I knew him for several years, and he was a terrific man. You couldn't ask for a nicer guy." Jack stated, running his fingers through his hair and turning his hand around so it came down the back of his head heel first.

"That is very true." Snark agreed, returning the gesture.

Sallee had noticed it also, and stroked her long hair in a similar manner. Jack smiled and raised his hand in a Roman salute.

"I'm glad Frank left everything to Brethren." he commented. "I feel a lot better now, although if he hadn't found any to trust, I suspect he would have left everything to the organization.

"If you ever need any kind of legal advice or help, you be certain to contact me. I'll help you any way I can. That's my contribution to the Brotherhood. What are yours, if you don't mind my asking? It's just kind of nice to know who can help, and how."

"We're warriors." Snark replied. "We fight for our race."

"We are all warriors." Jack replied. "I meant, what are your strengths to the New Society?"

Sallee smiled.

"You don't understand." she explained. "He's D.Q. Hauser."

"The author?"

"Yes." Snark replied. "You may also know me as Snarkie on White Squall."

"I sure do!" Jack replied. "You post some informative threads, especially in the Weapons forum. I had no idea that was you."

"It keeps me out of jail." Snark responded with a smile. "There are some other things that I can't divulge, but Frank thought we stuck our necks out enough to qualify, even though we had no extraordinary trade skills like most others have. We make up for it in other ways

"Sallee was destined for membership from childhood. Frank picked her out in school and sent her to all the prep academies, but she had an almost-fatal automobile accident in college that severely limited her abilities.

"Frank was devastated. He spent years training her to be his protégé, and she was unable to continue med school. They lost touch until recently, and we all met not long ago. I guess he believed in us, and was happy to see his 'foster' daughter contributing to the rebellion of White Patriots against this Jew-owned government of ours."

"You must have made some impression on him!" Jack exclaimed.

Snark picked up a pen from Jack's desk and drew a round Celtic cross on a page of his notebook. Jack's eyes widened, as he realized the implication of the symbol.

"I'm pleased to have made the acquaintance of someone so dedicated." he stated respectfully. "Many others were inspired by your actions. It led to a lot of strife in the concerns of the Government. It probably led to the rebellion in Kansas too. Maybe they wouldn't have been as determined to take a stand if they didn't think that others were willing to take a stand against current issues as well."

"A lot more have been inspired than that." Sallee said proudly. "Perhaps you saw him raise the flag upside down the other day."

Jack stared at Snark for a second.

"I had no idea that was you that led them in their standoff and rebellion. I see now why things progressed in the manner that they did, however. You succeeded in repelling the Government from invading that town and murdering everyone there. I'm honored to meet the person who led a thousand of our brothers and sisters to victory against enemy forces. May you continue to lead us in the future."

"Thank you." Snark replied. "I certainly hope so. We must leave soon though, so I can continue. I'd like to take Sallee by the house so we can try and get things in order first though, so I don't mean to be rude, but we need to be going. Thank you for all you have done."

"I understand." Jack answered. "Frank wouldn't have wanted it any other way though. I think he'll be watching over your shoulders from here on out. Best of luck to you both."

“Thank you.” Snark replied as he shook Jack’s hand, and Sallee followed suit. “We’re going to need all the luck we can get, if we are to win this war.”

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“What are we going to do, Dad?” young Johnny Martin inquired of his father.

They were crouched on the floor in the basement of their log cabin atop a wooded hill in the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia, overlooking the Shenandoah Valley outside the town of Alma.

Thomas Martin stared at his nine-year-old son and wife for a few seconds before replying. The Martins had been home schooling their son, and had been targeted for roundup like the families in Sunflower County, Kansas. Like the people in Kansas, Tom and his wife had elected to stand their ground, and not allow the seizure of their only child. Now, the small family found themselves surrounded by Federal agents who were intent on taking the child, even if it meant killing him in the process.

“I’m not sure, Son.” Tom responded finally. “If they try and take you from us, we will die defending you. I don’t know what is going to happen.

“We’ll kill as many of them as we can before they get us though. If it comes down to it, we’ll destroy this place and leave through the basement. It will be our only hope, if they don’t leave us alone.

“I taught you how to shoot, Johnny. You just remember, those men will kill your mother and me to get you. Don’t you feel one bit bad about shooting them first if they start shooting at us in here. I built this house with my own hands, and I’ll be damned if I’ll let those bastards take it from me and sell it to someone else after they put me in prison or kill me. I’d rather destroy it first.”

Tom had indeed built the small house entirely by hand. It was a labor of love that had taken over three years to complete, but he had cut every log, notched it, and set it into place by himself.

Tom had purchased the seventy acres at an auction, when the previous owner had died without a will, and planted the entire property with aromatic Balsam fir. Over the last fourteen years, the trees had grown well in the rich soil. The iron-rich limestone substrata provided an abundant water source, and Tom had located a large spring on the property, which he had enclosed and tapped into for a water supply.

With a solar pump, he brought the water to a cistern located at the very top of the ridge, and gravity-fed not only the house, but also an elaborate irrigation system down each side of the hill. With the turn of

a valve inside the basement, water flowed downhill to hundreds of overhead sprinklers that kept the trees perpetually moist.

Tom also had something else tied into his irrigation system however, and it was his last resort should anything ever happen like he was experiencing now. Buried near the house, was a five hundred gallon fiberglass tank, filled with gasoline that he purchased when prices dropped below four dollars a gallon from time to time. At present, the tank contained nearly three hundred gallons of gasoline, and aside from the petcock that he could use to fuel his equipment, there was a secondary valve that diverted the flow of gasoline to the irrigation system. With the twist of two valves, the gasoline would flow through the system, and spray over sixty of the seventy acres with the highly flammable liquid. A simple spark or flame would turn the entire tree farm into a raging inferno in just a few seconds.

Tom was a survivalist, and had envisioned a world where the Government would become so powerful, that it would feel invincible, and come after men like himself that possessed the knowledge and determination to fight back. Built into the side of the ridge, the basement was dug down to the limestone, and Tom had discovered an opening in that limestone that he had investigated.

The Shenandoah Valley was strewn with hundreds of caves and caverns, some open to the public for touring, others remaining private, or even undiscovered. Tom's cave was no less impressive than any of the commercial show caves strung along Interstate 81, and after months of investigation and mapping, had discovered a secondary opening located almost two miles away from his log house.

Tom had carefully covered the other entrance, situated along a remote country road, and planted mountain laurel in front of it to further block its accidental discovery and subsequent exploration.

Over the opening on his ridge, Tom had built a walk-in vault, and secreted it into the wall away from the exposed wall protruding from the low end of the basement. The ceiling of the vault was poured concrete, and doubled as a section of side walk along the side of the house. Downstairs, the solid steel door was disguised by a cabinet fastened to it, which just barely cleared the floor when the door was opened. To the average eye, it appeared to be resting on the concrete floor, but in reality, masked the dial to unlock the massive tumblers.

Inside the vault lay a veritable arsenal. Dozens of rifles, shotguns, and pistols, along with canned and dehydrated food, medical supplies, and several thousand rounds of ammunition lined the walls. In the floor, lay a padlocked manhole cover that when moved aside, revealed a hole in the concrete that turned into the natural vertical entrance of

the limestone cavern. Tom was certain that no one would ever find their way into his basement cache, but the padlock reinforced that theory.

The sound of a gruff voice shouting through a bullhorn at the cabin, attracted Tom's attention.

"Mr. Martin! You are wanted for questioning in the illegal activities of home schooling, and teaching hatred to a minor. You have ten minutes to turn the child over to us, or we will take your residence by force."

"This is it." Tom stated to Ruby, his wife of thirteen years. "They'll either gas us and storm in, or burn us out. Well, if they want fire, by God they're going to get it!"

Ruby nodded.

"I love you." she said quietly.

"I love you too." Tom replied. "Better get the gas masks ready."

"Mr. Martin!" the voice hollered once again. "Your time is up. Come out now, or we are coming in!"

"Fuck 'em!" Tom yelled angrily. "Fuck all those bastards. Let them try and come in here!"

He was interrupted by the sound of glass breaking in the living room over their heads, and the hiss of tear gas escaping from a canister. Tom, Ruby, and Johnny all donned the old gas masks, and Tom perched atop a table against one wall to peer through a high basement window.

Masked agents advanced toward the house, rifles in hand, and Tom raised his SKS. A volley of shots barked from the rifle, and three agents fell to the ground, their ballistic armor pierced by forty-year-old Chinese steel core ammunition. The rest of the agents immediately began a barrage of gunfire toward the sturdy house, but Tom and his family were safe, well below grade and inside poured concrete walls a foot thick.

Tom once again opened fire at the agents, and this time after the second one dropped, they turned and began retreating much in the same manner as they had in Kansas. Tom didn't stop firing however, and he shot four more agents in the back as they fled.

"That's for the Weavers!" he shouted through the broken window. "You fucking bastards, you won't shoot my wife in the head!"

Tom noticed one of the agents he had shot first, crawling along the ground toward the edge of the woods. He was wounded, and trying to catch up to his cohorts for help. Tom aligned the sights of his rifle on the tyrant's head, and tightened his grip on the trigger.

“Here’s the same chance you would have given me.” he muttered, and placed a round through the black-BDU-clad agent’s Kevlar helmet.

He jumped off the table to check on Ruby and Johnny, and noticed for the first time, that his wife and son had also taken similar defensive positions on the opposite wall. In his adrenaline-fueled firing burst, he hadn’t even noticed the shots of their rifles barking out in the cellar behind him.

“I got one, Dad!” Johnny proclaimed proudly, waving his lever action Marlin 336 .30-30 above his head. “Right through his face shield!”

Tom placed his hand on his son’s shoulder.

“Good shooting. I’m glad you were able to make a stand when the time came,” he said quietly, “but just remember, it’s never in cold blood. What we did here today, we did because we had to. We were being attacked, and we were forced to defend ourselves. It’s going to happen again real soon too, only worse the next time. I wouldn’t be surprised if they got a tank up here or something, to blast us out.”

“Maybe we should leave.” Ruby suggested.

“If we leave now, they’ll find the tunnel, and they’ll put out an APB for us. No, it’s not time yet. We have to wait until the last possible minute. It won’t be long though. They’ll try to kill us all for sure now, and that’s when we have to make our move.

“If we can get over to the Wilson’s place, Jerry will help us out. He told me about an underground of some sort for Patriots once, like the kind that helped Eric Rudolph down in North Carolina back at the beginning of the century. He kind of hinted that he was part of it or something, but then again, he had a few beers under his belt too. Either way, he’ll at least let us stay there for a few days until everything dies down. He’s a dependable friend, that’s for sure.”

“Hey Dad, why don’t we put some of our guns and stuff in the cave.” Johnny suggested. “We could always come back for it later.”

“They’d find it when they found the vault.” Ruby answered. “They’ll see that cover on the floor and open it.”

“Not if they think we’re dead in here.” Tom responded. “If they were to burn this house down, they might not look that hard. It can’t hurt, Johnny. It’ll pass the time, and the most we can do is waste a little energy.”

Tom climbed down the rocky passage, which was almost like a natural pair of stairs, and stood up.

“Okay,” he called, “Start handing stuff down. Guns first, then ammo. Supplies last.”

After fifteen minutes, Tom climbed back out and rejoined his family. As he sat against the cool concrete wall, Johnny suddenly looked up.

“Something’s coming, Dad.” he said tensely.

Johnny, like most children, still had excellent hearing. Children can often hear things their parents cannot, like low-frequency traffic lights, high-frequency fluorescent lighting, and sometimes, even bats. It was the low-frequency sound of an approaching Raptor’s exhaust, which Johnny heard faintly in the distance.

“A helicopter! It sounds like a helicopter!” he exclaimed.

“They’re going to blast us out!” Tom shouted. “Down in the cave, now!”

As his wife and son dashed into the vault, Tom dropped his SKS, and ran to the valves controlling his irrigation system, opening the flow of gasoline into the main pipe. Tom joined his family inside the vault and closed the door behind him, turning the handle to lock it closed. He pulled the manhole cover over his head, and followed Johnny and Ruby’s flashlight down the rocky passage to the small chamber at the bottom.

By now, the sprinkler heads had begun to spray gasoline in a circular pattern over Tom’s beloved Balsam firs, and thirty-two BATFE, FBI, and Department of Education Enforcement agents.

“Oh my God!” one of the agents shouted. “It’s gas! Get that chopper out of here! It’ll burn us all!”

The Raptor crested the ridge, and the gunner aligned his sights upon the sturdy log house that Tom had toiled on for so long. No one in the gunship noticed the two agents emerge from the woods waving their arms frantically. Their radios were on a different frequency from the military’s, and there was no way to reach them in time by relaying the message through Command.

“Stop!” the agents screamed at the top of their lungs. “Stop! Stop! Nooooo!”

They could only watch in horror, as three Spider missiles rocketed toward the house and detonated in a spectacular blast, sending burning chunks of pine logs hurtling through the air. The first chunk of log landed within ten feet of one of the sprinkler heads, and a massive wall of fire arced in all directions from it. Within three seconds, over sixty acres of highly combustible Balsam fir trees, and thirty-two Federal agents were enveloped in a fiery inferno.

“What the hell?” the pilot shouted.

“Get out of here before we burn up with it!” the gunner screamed back. “Get the fuck out of here now!”



The Raptor made a hard turn to starboard and accelerated, moments before the wind shifted and a wall of flame eighty feet high swept over the area. A second later, the flames traveling underground through the irrigation system, reached the tank buried next to what was left of Tom and Ruby's dream house. A massive ball of flame and black smoke erupted from the ground behind the Raptor and illuminated the interior of the helicopter in the late afternoon light.

"What was that?" the gunner shouted.

"I don't know," the pilot responded over the communications headset, "but I'm switching to Base.

"Fort Indiantown Gap, this is Lima Two. Mission accomplished, and returning to Base. Unknown incendiary devices in the area have left a Scorched Earth. Assuming any agents in the area to be dead."

"Roger that, Lima Two. We'll send another team in to scout the area in the morning. Return to Base."

The Raptor veered to a north, northeast bearing, and rapidly accelerated toward the Fort Indiantown Gap Military Reservation, located about twenty miles northeast of Harrisburg, Pennsylvania.

Fifty feet below the surface, Tom, Ruby, and Johnny had heard muffled explosions, accompanied by frightening tremors in the limestone that caused small flakes of loose rock to tumble from the ceiling of the cavern.

"Let's go!" he instructed.

His family needed no urging however, and as he snapped a few chemical lightsticks to illuminate the tunnel in a an eerie green glow, they each shouldered a small knapsack and followed him through the twisting, speleothem-covered passageway.

Two and a half hours later, Tom pushed the stones out of the way and emerged from the cavern, caked in clay and perspiration. His wife and son exited the horizontal passage a few seconds later and stood beside him. From their location, they could see the sun setting behind the Alleghany Mountains to the west, and the long shadows stretching across the Shenandoah Valley.

"It's beautiful." Ruby commented quietly.

"Yes it is." her husband replied. "It's a great day to be alive and free."

## CHAPTER 14

*“At Waco, was there really an urgency to get those people out of the compound at that particular time? At Ruby Ridge, was it necessary for federal agents to go up there, shoot a 14-year-old in the back, and shoot a woman with a child in her arms? What kind of mentality does that?”*

**Clint Eastwood; Parade magazine essay published January 12, 1997**

In Dallas, Texas, fierce fighting had broken out in the streets between Whites and Mestizos. Infuriated with changes over the past two decades, giving benefits to illegal Mexicans and preferential treatment to all Mexicans over Whites, particularly in the Lone Star State, people were beginning to tire of the constant immersion in Mexican culture. It had been a novelty for the first hundred years or so, Tex-Mex culture, the intertwining of Mexican food and customs with those of America, but in many locations throughout the state, particularly along the Rio Grande, the populations had become nothing but Hispanic. Spanish was spoken as a predominant language there, sometimes solely, and almost nothing was printed in English, but instead in Spanish.

With the recent Federal decision to forcibly mimic this sort of Spanish-dominated language immersion across the country, many saw the end result as a nationwide version of what was happening in Texas. Not just limited to the border towns anymore, even large cities such as Dallas, Amarillo, Houston, and Austin had entire portions of Spanish-only signs and speaking. It was no longer a novelty, such as Chinatown, but a huge problem. The plan of Aztlan, the reclaiming of the American Southwest as part of Mexico, was quickly becoming a reality.

Unable to read or speak English, many Mestizos were injured or killed for failing to obey signs or warnings shouted at them. The Hispanic community then demanded that everyone else learn Spanish instead of their learning English. This demand was met with staunch outrage by most of the Whites in the community, who now realized just how jeopardized their way of life had become.

The result was a surge in attacks on Mexicans by Whites, which only resulted in further legislation and restriction of their liberties. This of course created even more hostility toward the outsiders, who refused

to acknowledge the language and customs of the country they now called home. The cascading effect could only go so far before something broke, and in Dallas, such a break had occurred.

It happened with the Redistribution Act, passed by Congress amid the standoff in Kansas. The Redistribution Act took money and stock holdings from White businesses, and redistributed them with minority-owned companies, and certain individuals. It was however, nothing short of Communism.

This elevated Black and Latino businesses to equal corporate heights with White-owned companies. One Jose Martinez or Tyrone Jackson, could now have enough stock in a White company to become a board member, or initiate a hostile takeover in conjunction with another minority-owned company.

In Dallas and other Texas communities, this was commonplace with Mexicans taking over oil companies outright, or at least having enough stock to dictate new directives. All across America, stocks were plummeting and businesses going bankrupt, due to inept non-Whites attempting to control companies that they were nowhere near qualified to oversee.

It was the equivalent of taking a street Negro, making him a construction foreman on a bridge, and expecting the framework to be structurally sound. The bridge would not survive more than a few months, due to inferior engineering, and such was the case with incompetent Mexicans attempting to run oil companies.

The Jews were ecstatic at the financial ruin, as it allowed them to reap the rewards of a careening stock market. That was one of two benefits to the legislation they had ramrodded through Congress, the other adding to social disarray, and the anticipation of more dependence on the Government for support. That of course also meant more votes in the next election, when they would promise reform in exchange for office.

The wealthy Texas oilmen however, were not so happy with the situation. Many lost millions of dollars in the fiasco, not to mention their own companies. This led to the current situation in Dallas, where several Mexican "oilmen" had been thrown from office windows by furious cowboys.

Several other Mexicans were shot by renegade businessmen, leading to demands by the Latinos for justice. Wealthy Texans and police clashed in angry riots, and the Texas Rangers were called in to help stabilize the dangerous situation. It did not help, and since many of the ten-gallon-hat-wearing oilmen held extensive gun collections

prior to the Gun Ban Bill, thousands of rifles and pistols suddenly appeared in their hands.

On one evening along Commerce Street, gunfire suddenly erupted between the White businessmen, and local police and Rangers. When the smoke cleared, several dozen of the surprised lawmen lay dead, and the others fled as a deafening roar of voices filled the streets.

The victorious Texans crossed the street, and overtook the Federal buildings, shooting all non-White employees on sight. As in the case in Omaha, additional support was quickly mustered, as five decades of forced integration disintegrated. People were all too happy to join in the retaking of the city, and before daybreak, the mayor and the Black Chief of Police were dead. Many White officers, realizing the eventual outcome, either incarcerated Black and Mexican officers at gunpoint, or simply turned their badges in and went home.

Officers sympathetic to the retaking of their city by Whites, unlocked doors or gave their key cards away to allow unlimited access to the courthouse, Federal building, and Law Enforcement Center. The Chief managed to kill one Oilman and wound two others when they stormed his office, but was quickly subdued by the enraged mob.

Dragged downstairs and out the door, a length of chain blocking a section of sidewalk was wrapped around his neck and thrown over a lamppost. Cheers of victory drowned out his screams, as two burly cowboys hoisted him from the ground by the chain around his neck. The Chief kicked for several seconds, as the chain cut into his windpipe, and then relaxed as the life drained from his incompetent body.

"It's about time we had us an old-fashioned lynching!" someone shouted.

"Damn straight!" another voice rang out. "It's been time for a long time. Let's see if we can find us that nigger-faggot child molester that keeps getting reelected to City Council! We'll hang that motherfucker by his dick, by God!"

This was met with a chorus of war whoops, and the crowd fanned out across the street in search of more public figures. When the sun rose over the city the next morning, the striking figure of Heathcliff Washington, former Chief of Dallas Police, still hanging by his neck from the lamppost, loomed as a warning to all non-Whites and White race traitors alike, what was soon to be in store for them.

Sometimes a little street justice got a whole lot more accomplished than the judicial system. As Snark had remarked to Kurt Schoenbraun some months earlier, anarchy was crucial to restructuring

of a country, for without initial chaos and lawlessness, change could not hope to appear.

What if a boatload of tea had never been dumped into the harbor at Boston, or Paul Revere and William Dawes had not alerted every Middlesex village and farm? What if the Ku Klux Klan had not been initiated to keep the Union at bay after the illegal War of Northern Aggression?

The Texans would soon retake their oil companies and head for parts unknown, to participate in the emancipation of the White man and woman from the clutches of the Jewish, Negro, and Mexican stranglehold. Yes, sometimes it takes a few willing cowboys to grab the bull by the horns and take the law into their own hands; the hell with taking them to court!

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"I've just gotten a bit of distressing news." Commander Jenson stated crisply to Snark. "Apparently, the majority of uprisings are occurring west of the Mississippi, and the military is moving to counteract that offensive.

"One of our military members is a Brigadier general, and he just informed me via an encrypted computer transmission, that several large posts are on alert to move out, including Fort Bragg, Fort Campbell, and Fort Benning.

"Bragg and Campbell will link up in Little Rock, at Camp Joseph T. Robinson where they'll pick up a division of Marines, and head west. They'll get more reinforcements at Fort Chaffee, and roll an entire division right into OKC. From there, they plan on dividing into separate columns to take back Omaha, Denver, Cheyenne, Sioux City, and Idaho Falls.

"The column from Fort Benning will meet up with and escort, just about everything from the Redstone Arsenal. They'll roll straight into Dallas, Phoenix, and L.A.

"The western posts and bases will remain as is; for whatever it is the bastards have planned next. They can also refuel and quarter at those bases. That's all the info the general was able to give me, but if they take out those cities, that's our main base of support."

"That's more than just a bit of distress." Snark responded. "It's a god damned hole in the ship, the size of Rhode Island."

"I know." the Commander replied. "They're talking about sending our own troops to launch attacks against their own people."

"A lot won't do it." Snark stated.

"No, but they'll be court-martialed and thrown in the stockade for refusing to obey orders, and there will still be plenty that will be more

than happy to do it. Look at where they're mostly recruiting from; southern states that are loaded with niggers and spics. That's who they'll send to do it. They know the White troops are more likely to refuse to fire on the Whites leading these rebellions. The Muds will jump on it in a heartbeat. 'Here's our chance to shoot Whitey,' and don't think they won't give anything to do *that*."

"I know damn well they will." Snark replied, rubbing his hand across his cheek. "That Raptor sure as hell won't take out a full column, let alone an entire division on top of it. We've got to come up with something else."

"Which is exactly why you have been informed of the situation." Hal Jenson said matter-of-factly. "We need you to pull a white rabbit out of that magic hat of creativity you seem to have."

"Rabbit my ass!" Snark countered. "White elephant maybe, but no rabbit. Not unless I can find one as big as those genetically-mutated bunnies from Night of the Lepus."

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In a remote area of Sully County, South Dakota, a team of Federal agents was preparing to assault the Aryan Church of the Lord. The FBI had been watching them for years, convinced that it was no more than an armed White supremacist faction disguised as a church and bible school.

In reality, it was a place for people of Nordic, Germanic, and Celtic descent to meet and study their religion, away from the prying eyes of busybodies. A few of its members also happened to be part of the Resistance, but not as a whole. Something that would prove very fortunate for the members of the Aryan Church however, was that one of them was a unit leader for the Resistance, and had attended one of Snark's seminars on the improvised tactics of anti-Government guerilla warfare.

As with most Patriots and red-blooded Americans across the country in recent weeks, the Church had unearthed its cache of weapons and ammunition in anticipation of Federal persecution, or aiding in an armed insurrection. While the FBI was unaware of this move, it was fairly certain that White Supremacists were bound to be armed, although to what extent, they were not certain.

The church and other buildings that comprised the Aryan Church of the Lord compound were situated on three hundred acres of tall-grass prairie. Although the views were expansive, advancing troops or agents could easily hide in the tall grass as they approached the compound. Only the immediate twenty acres surrounding the buildings were kept mowed.

One advantage that the tall-grass prairie gave was that it in effect, acted as a sort of natural moat. The blades were razor sharp, like witch grass, and were known in the early days of the Frontier West, to slash the bellies of horses to bloody shreds as the pioneers crossed the vast plains.

This was a fact that the agents were ignorant to, but about to learn in an agonizingly harsh way. For now, they were set up about five miles from the church's location, awaiting orders to move in. They were more prepared for a standoff than they had been in Sunflower County, Kansas, although they expected little resistance from the members here.

They were primarily interested in "rescuing" the children, and sending them to reeducation camps to learn the values of multiculturalism. Since they expected to find arms during their warrantless, although Patriot Act-approved search, they felt certain that they had to storm the compound without much resistance. Unlike Sunflower County, where they had announced their presence, this time the agents planned on attacking during a surprise nighttime raid. In other words, a sneak attack. Perhaps they *had* learned something from Pearl Harbor after all.

They would breach the compound's perimeters, and approach from several sides at once through the tall prairie grass. Once they had the area surrounded, they would quickly break through the doors unannounced and begin taking everyone inside, prisoner. If they were determined to be innocent of any of the myriad of charges leveled against them, they would be free to return to whatever was left of their homes.

At precisely 2:37 A.M., Central Daylight Savings Time, the group of Federal agents, one hundred fifty strong, cut through the three strands of barbed wire that marked the compound's limits. The agents ignored the large yellow and red signs reading, "Private Property, No Trespassing. All Unauthorized Persons Keep Out," and proceeded into the dark grass.

Before long, the sharp grass had begun to cut through their cotton BDUs, and the agents quickly found themselves in the Western equivalent of a three hundred acre briar patch. Their arms, legs, and faces became bloody welts as the grass continued to cut through the thin material.

Agent Brian Hernandez paused to wipe the bloody perspiration from his eyes. They had only permeated a few hundred feet into the wild prairie, and still had three times that distance to go before they reached the mown grass. Instead of leaving their four-wheel drive

vehicles at the fence, they should have driven them right to the edge of the tall grass, but fearing someone would hear the engines running, they had opted to leave them behind. They never expected to encounter such hostile conditions, as most of them were from not only the city, but also recruited back East, and had no idea the tall grass would be so formidable an obstacle.

Unbeknownst to the advancing agents, the members of the Aryan Church already knew of their presence, and waited patiently behind concrete-filled, rebar-reinforced cinder block walls, armed with scoped rifles equipped with night vision. The instant the fence had been cut, a low wattage current had been broken, setting off a differently toned alarm for each strand. Even though they had cut the power line into the compound, the backup generators had immediately kicked in, just as they were supposed to. The three alarms now rang in a tuned chord at the security station, and every adult member had taken his or her place in the upper stories of the buildings. The children were placed into an internal tornado shelter that also doubled as a protective bunker in case of attack.

Seventy-year-old, Pastor Stephen Hart pressed the button on the side of the microphone he held in his hand, and his voice suddenly blared across the dark and quiet open range.

A stately man reminiscent of Lorne Greene, Stephen Hart had a distinguished voice that commanded respect and authority.

“This is Pastor Hart! You are trespassing on private land! Identify yourselves at once or we will assume we are being attacked and will defend ourselves by firing on your position!”

The dark prairie remained silent; not so much as a cricket chirped, and the entire three hundred acres was suddenly ablaze in blinding light, supplied by clusters of mercury vapor, stadium-type lighting. The tall prairie grass waved eerily under the lights, as the steady breeze created rippling waves across the sea of grass.

The black-clad agents were easily discernible against the pale green grass, and Pastor Hart’s voice boomed over the public address once again.

“You there! Drop your weapons and approach this compound with your hands in the air!”

This demand was met with the sound of automatic gunfire, as the agents attempted to shoot the bright lights out. Blinded by glare, as they attempted to shoot at the lighting, most shots missed their mark. Only a few lucky hits succeeded in breaking a few fixtures, and dozens of church members in the high windows, immediately returned fire.



From their vantage points, they could easily see over the range, and every agent attempting to hide in the tall grass.

Within seconds, almost half the agents were dead, and the rest were running for their lives across the prairie, indifferent to the stinging cuts of the razor-sharp grass as they fled for their lives. Not being the type to shoot others in the back, the Aryans stopped firing and let the agents flee.

The screams of wounded agents lying in the grass reached the ears of both parties, but neither the remaining agents nor the Aryans made a move to rescue them. The wind was blowing steadily, and the flash of a lighter's flint attracted someone's attention.

"They're going to try and burn us out!" he hollered. "Sprinklers!"

Like Tom Martin, the Aryan Church also had an extensive irrigation system, but theirs was filled with water only, and had the sole purpose of wetting the prairie grass in case of fire. It would keep the flames of a range fire from reaching the main compound, whether they were borne from wildfire, or a cigarette lighter. Fortunately, the agent was having trouble getting the lighter to work in the stiff breeze, and this gave the church a few precious seconds to saturate the area with high-pressure sprinklers.

"I can't believe it!" Pastor Hart exclaimed. "They were going to torch the place with their buddies still out there! My god, what cowardly, evil men! They would sacrifice their partners to burn us out, or perhaps even blame it on us! I hope someone got this on camera."

"Yes Pastor." Charlie Grimes responded. "We've got them on film shooting first, and then trying to set the grass on fire to burn us out, just like Waco, except this time it didn't work. I can get the film transferred to a computer upload, and send it by satellite phone to every news agency and Patriot I know. It won't be as fast as DSL, but we can still show the world just what kind of monsters these people really are."

"Good." Pastor Hart replied. "Do what you can. They will be back in the morning I'm sure, and with reinforcements too. May the Good Lord watch over us, and bless our people. May we be strong and prevail over these evil men."

"Amen!" the entire compound chimed in chorus.

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The morning sun arose as bright as a shiny new penny, illuminating the misty prairie as the night's condensation began to evaporate. Church members watched the range in nervous expectation of what would happen next. News crews arrived from Pierre and Aberdeen, anticipating yet another standoff between Federal agents and a passive church group. They quickly erected satellite links and trained

their cameras on the agents, and the open area of the compound where the buildings stood proudly, as if in defiance of the Government; stark white cinder block buildings juxtapositioned against the bright green of the waving prairie grass and cumulous cloud-dotted azure sky.

By 10:00 A.M., the agents still had not regrouped, but instead remained just outside the perimeter of the compound, now seemingly respectful of the boundaries. They trained their binoculars on the buildings and reported unknown messages into their radios from time to time.

“Something’s not right.” Lloyd Ferguson commented quietly to Eric Bauer, who was standing beside him. “It’s too quiet.”

Eric nodded.

“They should be demanding medical attention for the guys that haven’t finished dragging themselves out of there yet, and allowance to get the deceased.”

“Something makes them think it won’t be much longer before they can do it without permission,” Lloyd mused, “but what? What the hell can they have up their sleeve, an air attack?”

“I doubt it.” Eric replied, extinguishing his cigarette on the windowsill and exhaling. That would toast their boys as well as us. They must know that the fire would spread to the open range and incinerate them too. No, it must be something else.”

In addition to being the local unit leader for the Resistance, Eric had been a mule deer and varmint hunter for almost twenty years, and his sharp eyes suddenly spied something odd in the dirt road leading into the compound. It appeared almost as a shimmering heat wave; nearly indiscernible against the background, but if one watched closely, the wave appeared to be moving toward the church buildings at a snail’s pace.

“They’ve got a god damned fiber optic tank!” Eric called softly. “Alert everyone, and get them up here with mirrors. We’ll handle those chicken-shit bastards the same way Commander Hauser did in Kansas! Thank the Lord today is a sunny day, and they’re all to the east of us.”

Lloyd nodded and dashed out of the room to alert the rest of the church members. Eric watched intently, as the armored vehicle drew ever nearer to the main yard. It was still about two hundred feet out, but that was more than close enough to fire on the buildings, unless the idea was to creep right up to them and suddenly storm them. That was unlikely however, and Eric watched nervously as the shimmering wave crept closer. They couldn’t get too much closer to the buildings without being affected by the blast themselves. What was it they had in mind, Eric wondered. He would never find out.

Fiber optic attack vehicles had been developed near the end of the 1990s, and consisted of a fairly standard armored vehicle completely swathed in millions of fiber optic cables that essentially projected a picture from one side of the tank to the other, rendering it effectively invisible.

While it was not invisible to radar or infrared, for all practical purposes, to the human eye it was nearly so. The only giveaways were dust if it moved too quickly over dry areas, visible tracks behind it in media such as mud, soft ground or tall grass, or a darker area over the top if viewed from a high elevation, due to its picking up the shade beneath the vehicle and transferring it to the top. In overcast weather however, that was not a problem, due to even lighting. The result was a slightly shimmering, mirror image of the background directly behind the camouflaged vehicle, similar to the "alien camouflage" of several science fiction movies near the end of the last century.

They had avoided the grass because they would leave easily identifiable tracks, and had to travel at less than one mile per hour along the dusty road, due to the lack of recent rainfall in the area. Any faster than that, and the dust from the tires would be easily discernible to lookouts.

Church members began filing into the area, carrying wall mirrors to set up a reflective solar furnace. All in all, there were only one hundred, thirteen people, including the thirty-three children. Eric was unsure if it would be enough to disable the vehicle, but it was the only option they had.

He had fabricated one of Snark's homemade masers from one of the large, commercial-sized microwave ovens in the kitchen area, and successfully set a sheet of plywood on fire he had erected against the gates, eight hundred feet away. The maser, which stood for Microwave Amplified Stimulated Emission of Radiation, concentrated microwaves in the same manner as a laser concentrated light into a tight beam.

While almost impossible to build from scratch, every microwave oven contained a maser in the form of a magnetron, to generate the microwave energy, which was then diffused to evenly cook food. Imagine keeping the energy confined into a concentrated beam and training it on anything flammable, or living. The result would be akin to placing the same material into a microwave oven and turning it on. Almost everyone had heard horror stories of blue-haired old ladies attempting to dry their wet cats or poodles in the microwave, with tragically horrifying consequences.

The energy would not pass through metal, which is why you are safe when you turn your microwave oven on, and why the weapon was

useless against an armored vehicle. The energy would simply bounce off the metal armor with a great deal of sparking, as it does with smaller, yet spectacular results in your kitchen microwave when you forget to remove the aluminum foil from a food item. Even a car provided a safe refuge, although the electrical system would be damaged or destroyed, as in the case of the new electronic ignition systems.

The dangers to building an *aimable* maser were extremely great however, if it was not completely sealed on every side except that which was to be pointed at the intended target. Rogue electrons could escape and bombard the user with the same deadly radiation as the intended target, killing or severely injuring the person.

Eric directed the church members to aim their mirrors at the mysterious "heat wave" on the road. As the spot of light on the area grew brighter, smoke began curling from what would have otherwise appeared to have been a dusty gravel road. The "road" suddenly transformed into a patchwork of three dimensional, olive drab and black surfaces, as the fiber optics melted and lost their "mirage" effect, revealing the large white letters, BATFE.

"The bastards borrowed a tank from the ATF!" Lloyd shouted. "They were going to shell us with a tank!"

The gun turret began to swing in the direction of the church, but as more and more heat built upon the tank's surface, the crew was obliged to exit. One of the occupants had the misfortune of opening the top hatch and sticking his head directly into the superheated spot. His body fell back into the tank; a smoking black cinder attached to his shoulders where his head had been only moments before, and a few seconds later the rear hatch opened away from the compound, and the three remaining agents abandoned the tank in a dead run for the gates.

The superheated ammunition inside the tank exploded, destroying the vehicle and leaving it a flaming hulk, while the loaded shell in the gun shot the explosive 20mm projectile in a wild arc that carried it away from the church buildings and over the open range where it collided with the side of a rolling hill and detonated. The explosion ignited the seed heads of the tall prairie grass, and the wind fanned the flames even higher, which raced across the open range almost as fast as gasoline, toward the agents and camera crews.

Located just outside the gates, the two camera trucks raced into the compound as the sprinklers once again began soaking the area. They were allowed to enter, but the agents located to the north by fifteen hundred feet, were not going to be so graciously accepted.

Eric plugged the maser into a wall outlet and clumsily aimed the gadget toward the agents' positions. Two of the men dropped to the ground, rolling in agony as their uniforms burst into flame and their brains began to cook.

"Oops." Eric muttered. "Wasn't trying to do that. They deserve it though. Nothing they wouldn't do to us if they had the chance."

He moved the invisible beam to the right by at least fifty feet and concentrated it on a fixed spot. After several seconds, the grass ignited and cut off the agents' route into the compound through the road. The flaming agents meanwhile, had succeed in setting the grass ablaze much closer to their comrades, who now began running through the range on foot instead of attempting to return to their vehicles and outrun the raging grass fire by vehicle. They were all quickly overtaken by the flames, and their screams of agony could faintly be heard in the distance as the fire consumed them and seared their lungs. Had they chosen to run *through* the flames instead of away from them, the chances were quite good that they could have easily made it, although somewhat burned.

A burst of rifle shots rang out from one of the windows, kicking up a cloud of dust in front of the three agents fleeing from the burning tank, and they immediately stopped running.

"Put your hands in the air!" Pastor Hart commanded via the public address.

The agents willingly complied, as they were the only ones still alive out of the initial group and wanted to keep things that way. They dropped their rifles and placed their hands on top of their heads.

Television cameras rolled, as several men armed with AR15s advanced toward the men and escorted them back to the main yard. Pastor Hart greeted the news crews personally and allowed himself to be interviewed. He handed the videotape of the previous night's events to one the reporters.

"This tape will show what happened here last night; that we were fired on by a hostile force that never identified itself. Only by the good grace of our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ, we were spared unnecessary loss of life here today. He watched over us, and protected us; he kept us safe from the hordes of jackbooted thugs sent by Satan Himself, the President of the United States, Eugene Rosenbaum."

"What exactly happened, Pastor?" Charlene Barlow inquired. "Can you tell us? We received word last night that a raid had gone bad, and we came here to see what happened. All we have now are more questions. What is going on here?"

She was one of the reporters sent from Pierre to cover the story, and her youthful attractiveness bore her the first question to be asked of the stately pastor.

“Several of our perimeter sensors were activated last night.” the pastor explained. “We don’t even know what is going on here ourselves, or why. We illuminated the area and discovered an unknown number of trespassers on our land. I instructed them over the PA system, that they were trespassing on private, posted land. In response, they fired at our lights and at us, so we returned fire. They then attempted to set the range on fire, as they apparently succeeded in accomplishing today, but thank the Lord, our irrigation system worked, just as it again did this morning, saving our compound and lives from a fiery consumption.”

The cameras had captured the exploding tank and subsequent fires, but not the source of the microwave-started blaze that consumed the agents along the northern section of the east boundary. It did indeed appear that they had once again attempted to set fire to a compound and burn its occupants alive, mimicking the atrocities of Waco and Whidbey Island. It’s no wonder people say the FBI stands for the Federal Bureau of Incineration!

“It was not until just now, when their tank malfunctioned and we saw the acronym for the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco, Firearms, and Explosives, that we even knew who they were. They are Government agents! They attacked us without provocation or identifying themselves in any manner. Then they snuck into our home and planned to attack us with a cannon.

“They had a tank! A tank! They were going to blow us up with a tank! Innocent women and children. Look at what they sent in here; an invisible tank! This is the technology our government has, and they use it against their own people? My god, what has this country turned into, when the agents sworn to protect us are murderous outlaws more deserving of prison than those they accuse of nonexistent crimes?

“We have done nothing to them. We teach our children the word of God, and this frightens them. Are we so much of a threat to them because we dare to speak the truth? What is it that scares our government so, about people that actually think for themselves and refuse to be treated like subjects? Is it because we still actually dare to think for ourselves, is that the real reason?”

“You do have firearms, Pastor.” Charlene responded. “They are illegal to own or possess.”

“And thank God we have them!” Stephen Hart exclaimed in reply. “If not, we would all be dead by now. We used them only to protect

ourselves from an unprovoked attack. The Second Amendment to the Constitution of these United States protects those firearms! 'A well regulated Militia, being necessary to the security of a free State, the right of the people to keep and bear arms shall not be infringed.' *Shall not be infringed!* Do you not see why?

"The Second Amendment was created exactly for this reason. Would they have come in here so sneakily if they thought we were armed? No! The whole reason the Second Amendment is second only to the Right of Free Speech, is because it is so important! It's the one amendment that guarantees the existence of all others. Without it, you have what we have indeed seen here today.

"The Government knows fully well, that they are not as inclined to break down your door and violate your rights, if you are able to shoot them with firepower equivalent to their own."

"I suppose they will be back with reinforcements and a negotiating team to get their men back." Charlene commented.

"We will stand and fight, to every last man, woman, and child!" Pastor Hart exclaimed vehemently. "They can send in their reinforcements. We will never betray our rights as free Americans!"

Charlene had been correct in her assessment of reinforcements, but not in a negotiation team, or in the manner the reinforcements were to be delivered. They had been sent from Grand Forks Air Force Base along the North Dakota/Minnesota border at nearly the speed of sound, and from twelve miles away, a pair of laser guided missiles launched from an aging Stealth fighter.

The roar of the incoming missiles attracted everyone's attention, and one of the cameramen barely had enough time to find them in his lens before they struck the housing barracks and church building. The Aryan Church of the Lord disappeared in a massive explosion of boiling flames and smoke. The concussion knocked the cameraman from his feet, and Charlene's screams of anguish and panic could be heard above the sound of the wind blowing across the microphone.

"My church! My people!" Pastor Hart wept, as he staggered to his feet. "My wife, daughter, and grandchildren. Those bastards murdered them all!"

He turned to the camera and fixed a stony stare into the lens, tears streaming down his face at the loss of his family and friends.

"You have witnessed the massacre of over one hundred innocent men, women, and children. There were thirty-three children in there! Thirty-three! They even murdered three of their own men to kill us! When will you people see what has become of this country? When will

you realize that we have become slaves to the Zionist agenda? When will you take back your country from these murdering bastards?"

The camera panned back to the burning rubble where only minutes before, five buildings had stood in proud defiance of a tyrannical government. At the sound of a gunshot however, the camera found itself re-trained on the image of Pastor Stephen Hart; husband, father, grandfather, and leader of Christian Patriots, now laying on the ground with a Colt 1911 pistol in his hand and a pool of blood draining from the back of his head. Unable to face the horror of what he had just witnessed; the death of his wife, daughter and son-in-law, and their two sons, the pastor had placed the 1911 in his mouth and pulled the trigger to rejoin them.



## CHAPTER 15

*...no arsenal, or no weapon... is so formidable as the will and moral courage of free men and women."*

**Ronald Reagan**

The stark reality of what occurred in Sully County, South Dakota struck the American public like the blow from a giant sledgehammer. Public outrage at the murder of thirty-three innocent children regardless of their parents' beliefs was well founded. It was an atrocity, not to mention the other ninety church members including Pastor Hart, and the three Federal agents inside the barracks when the missiles struck.

Two things were now abundantly clear; first, the Government had learned not to send any more agents in to squelch an assumed enemy in an actual assault. From here on out, attacks would come swift and deadly, from dozens of miles away. The Government had changed its tactics to resemble full-scale war. If that was how they were going to play, then that was what they were going to get.

Secondly, it became crystal clear to almost every person alive, that the Government was intent on maintaining a Police State, at the expense of the Constitution. It had tasted that absolute power that many had warned of in the immediate aftermath of the Patriot Act's hasty inception, and like a crocodile with a struggling springbok in its teeth, it wasn't about to let it go.

Except for the initial live broadcast of the events in South Dakota, the Press was forbidden to ever replay them again, with dire consequences if they did. Since this translated to internment camps or outright murder, they quietly accepted the threats. Bootlegged copies of the broadcast from those fortunate enough to have taped it as it unfolded however, spread like wildfire. The media was threatened with severe penalties should they ever air something so damning again; they had been effectively muzzled.

Now, in addition to most of the other Amendments having been forsaken, the one that most affected the media worldwide had been stifled, the Right to Free Speech. Too late, they realized the validity of the others when they meant nothing to them personally. How so many of them wished now, that they had believed in and protected, the Second Amendment then.

If only they had purchased guns when they could! Surely, they would join every other red-blooded American in an uprising to take

back their cherished First Amendment, but “now” was too late. “Then,” was when they should have used their powers of speech to convince the others that firearms really were a necessity. Too late, they learned the lesson that every powerful nation eventually realizes; that power tends to corrupt, and absolute power corrupts absolutely.

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“Bragg’s already left.” Hal Jenson said crisply to Snark. “After what happened the other day in South Dakota, they decided to speed things up before the public has a chance to react. They want a double shot; quash everything at once. They blew up the Aryan Church, now they want to roll into the western cities and level them too. Crush all hopes of regaining freedom to this country. Well by God, we’ll do everything we can to stop them. Have you come up with anything?”

Snark nodded.

“I think so.” he responded.

“Lay it on me.” Hal suggested.

“Has the column left Fort Benning yet?” Snark inquired.

“No. They’re leaving in the morning.”

“Perfect. That should get both columns where I want them at almost the exact same time. It couldn’t be better if I was coordinating their plans for them. Okay, here’s my plan. Have Steve and four other guys take the Raptor to the Louisiana/Mississippi line on the I-20 at Vicksburg. The convoy will be traveling that way, so they will have to cross the Mississippi there, via one long, Erector Set-looking bridge.

“Take several pounds of thermite, and as many hundred-pound tanks of propane as you can spare. Mix the thermite with Vaseline to make it sticky, and goop it on the underside of the steel girders on both ends. The bridge is steel, so the thermite should work. That will trap them in the middle.

“Put the propane under the center sections of the bridge to blow the column up after it stops. Steve can make one hit with the Raptor and take out the propane. There should be enough explosions to set off a chain reaction, especially if they’re loading up at the Redstone Arsenal. Just be sure the guys cut the section on the far side of the bridge first. Then they can drop the section behind them and effectively trap the sons of bitches out in the open with no place to go. After that, they’ll be sitting ducks.”

Hal nodded.

“How do we get the stuff to the bridge? That Raptor will certainly draw attention, especially if it sets down near it.”

“See if you can get some local Resistance there to meet them and take the stuff and the guys to rig it, to the bridge. They can set up, and when it’s time, Steve can come in with the Raptor.”

“That should work. And the main convoy?”

“They’re taking the I-40 all the way to OKC. I’ve looked at the maps, and while they can refuel along the way at various posts and bases, there’s a dark territory in Arkansas. Most of the vehicles can make it to Camp Joseph T. Robinson from Fort Campbell, but the ones from Bragg will need to stop sooner.”

“Where?”

“Universal Oil built a colossal tank farm outside of Jackson, Tennessee in the early Teens, and all the others decided to add to it in later years. It’s so big that it covers both sides of the interstate. It’s nowhere as big as the Government’s own complex at the Hanford Site in Washington State, but it’s a whole hell of a lot bigger than the one in Greensboro, North Carolina.

“My guess is that they’ll simply pull into the tank farm and commandeer all the fuel they need; gasoline and diesel alike.”

Hal nodded again.

“Sounds realistic. And the convoy from Fort Campbell?”

“My guess is that they’ll stop at the Milan Arsenal and load up, so that they’re equivalently supplied like the Southern Column. They’ll have enough fuel to make it to Camp Robinson, so they don’t need to stop. Chances are though, that even if they don’t stop for fuel, they’ll still pull to the side of the highway and wait. It’ll give their boys a break, and it will keep the show of force when they head out as one giant convoy flexing its muscles.

“Right now, they want to make a show of force as they roll westward to retake the lawless New West. They’re not going to worry about leaving themselves open by putting all their eggs in one basket; they want to show off. They want everyone to see how massive their authority is, just like the Soviets used to do with their missile parades during the Cold War.”

“Okay,” Hal said, his attention clearly taken, “but suppose they don’t fuel there, then what?”

“That tank farm covers *both* sides of the 40.” Snark responded with a grin. “Even if they’re just passing through, most of them will get caught in the biggest boom since I accidentally blew up that little propane tank farm in Ohio, back in July.”

“You were responsible for that outage too? Hell, I should have known. Okay, so assuming they head through the farm and stop, and everything lines up according to your predictions, how are you going to

set off the chain reaction? Steve will be in Louisiana, so you won't have access to any of his ordnance."

"I have my Ferret with me."

Hal gave him a look reminiscent of a deer staring blankly at a set of oncoming headlights.

"It was a .50 caliber AR15 conversion I bought back in '00. I have armor piercing incendiary rounds for it. The range of that rifle is slightly over five miles. Now, it's accurate enough to hit a man at well over a mile, and a car at close to two miles, given even weather conditions. Any one of those tanks should be a snap at three miles, and the round should still have enough energy to puncture one of those babies. The phosphorus ignites, and whoomph! Up goes Tank Number One. Just one of them going off should set off another, and so on. It shouldn't stop until they're all on fire, except maybe for crossing the interstate, and a second shot should handle that. They'll never know what hit them.

"We can't rely on Steve for both missions, just in case something happens, and besides, I don't want any unnecessary attention being drawn to that helo of his. I can lone wolf this better than a team effort, and with my ID, I shouldn't have any trouble getting there in time."

Hal Jenson nodded.

"Sounds good. I'll run it by Commander Heinrich."

Snark shook his head.

"That's *my* helo and *my* friend. This is *my* call and I'm taking it. We have no other options, Commander Jenson. This is it. We lose this opportunity, and we lose this war. I'm not going to risk that by waiting on the Good Housekeeping Seal of Approval. I have authority, and I'm taking it."

Hal smiled, in spite of the situation.

"Do what you need to do, and Godspeed, my friend."

"Get me your brightest demo guys. I'll need them."

"You've got it." Hal replied. "I pray that this works. If it does, we'll almost be on an even playing field with them. Thank God, that Bill Clinton reduced the military so much. The dumb bastards never brought it back to where it had been before, in spite of all their talk about reinstating the draft back in 2005."

"If this works," Snark said solemnly, "it will reduce the number of Army personnel by fifteen percent, and the Marines by several thousand troops, all Black and Hispanic. It will give us a much greater concentration where we really need it; the western bases. The posts that they left will be mostly White then too. It will help us more than they realize. Their pompousness is about to cost them tremendously."

\*

“Good morning, Captain Timmons.” a young man with a shaved head and goatee greeted Steve, as the rotors slowed on the Raptor. “Commander Jenson sent orders to meet you. I’m Zig Hale.”

Steve raised his eyebrows.

“Zig Hale?”

Zig smiled.

“Yes Sir. My parents couldn’t resist naming me Ziggy Hale, so my name would sound like Sieg Heil.”

“Well Zig, I need you to get my men to the Mississippi River Bridge tonight, so that they can plant some explosives.”

“Not a problem. I’ll do whatever you need.”

“Good.” Steve replied. “We need some rest right now, then we’ll need to go over what we’re doing tonight.”

“I understand. Do you have a Gunner’s Mate?”

“No. My usual gunner is on assignment at the moment. I suppose I can do it myself if I have to though. The controls allow the use of two joysticks by the pilot if need be, but it would be better if I had one.”

“I’ve got experience.” Zig coaxed.

“Then consider yourself my Gunner’s Mate for this mission.” Steve responded with a smile. “Glad to have you on board.”

“Yes Sir!”

\*

Snark surveyed the huge tank farm in the distance, through his binoculars. He was situated atop a hill approximately three miles from the farm, with an unimpeded view. He checked his watch for the seventeenth time, and took a drink from a bottle of spring water.

Fifteen minutes later, a check of the farm revealed the first vehicles beginning to roll in. The convoy was impressive; several hundred vehicles, ranging from HUMVEEs and APCs to semi trucks bearing tanks, comprised the massive convoy.

Snark waited an additional twenty minutes while the rest of the Fort Bragg convoy entered the north portion of the farm and the vehicles from Fort Campbell parked alongside the interstate.

“Perfect.” Snark breathed. “You didn’t learn a *thing* from Pearl Harbor did you, you arrogant motherfuckers?”

He slid an API round into the chamber of the twenty-five pound rifle and closed the bolt solidly with a satisfactory click. The rifle was sighted in at 1500 yards; not quite a mile, and the tank farm was just a little over three miles away. The trajectory of the .50 round was the flattest of any cartridge however, and Snark merely pivoted the rifle on

its bipod, and held the crosshairs near the top of a white tank not far from the interstate.

"Not that one." he said aloud, changing his mind and picking another tank almost dead center of the complex.

Snark exhaled slightly, and gently applied pressure to the trigger. The gun roared, and two seconds later, a massive fireball erupted from the tank. It had worked! Snark quickly removed the brass casing and slipped it into his pocket, then chambered a second round and fired at a tank on the south side of the interstate.

Snark didn't need his binoculars to see that his plan had worked. One after another, the exploding tanks ripped into the nearby tanks and detonated them as well. On both sides of Interstate 40, explosion after explosion ripped through the five hundred acre tank farm. The sound of the explosions reached Snark's ears, and due to the distance and number involved, sounded more like one continual rumble. Suddenly, several blinding flashes erupted from the interstate, as the trucks loaded with ordnance from the Milan Arsenal exploded.

Tons of heavy ammunition for the tanks detonated in unison, blasting a crater in the interstate and sending errant explosive projectiles hurtling through the air in all directions. The scene resembled an aerial fireworks display, only on a much grander scale. The warheads landed as far away as a quarter of a mile and detonated, which was still spectacular, considering they had no barrel to achieve any real velocity.

Then, in the mother of all explosions, a weapons carrier loaded with two tons of C4 detonated, as the truck's diesel tank exploded with enough force to set off the secondary high explosive in its canvas-covered bed.

Snark could feel the earth shaking slightly beneath him as the additional sounds of the exploding ordnance reached his ears, and decided it was time to leave. He removed the upper receiver from the lower, and placed them both into their hiding spots under the bed of his faithful old pickup truck. He glanced back at the tank farm, and saw a sight reminiscent of old war footage from Desert Storm of the burning Kuwaiti oil fields. Blinding orange and yellow flames reached hundreds of feet into the air, and twin plumes of thick, black smoke billowed skyward from both sides of the interstate and drifted east toward North Carolina in the air currents.

The interstate between the two sections of the tank farm had virtually disappeared. A crater wider than the highway and almost thirty feet deep was all that remained of Interstate 40. On either side of

the crater, the asphalt was burning fiercely. It looked like a scene from Hell. Snark took one final look, and climbed into the truck.

He headed down the side road, and noticed a farmer in his mid forties staring at him from the edge of a cornfield to the left, as he approached. Undoubtedly, the man had heard the twin shots from his Ferret, and was interested in the unfamiliar vehicle now approaching.

Snark slowed to a stop and produced his badge.

"Hey there!" he called. "I'm a police officer. Have you noticed anything suspicious here?"

The farmer nodded.

"Heard a couple of loud explosions up that way," he said, indicating the direction Snark had just come from, "just before all that happened over there. Like an old twelve gauge shotgun, but even deeper and louder. Nothing like any gun I've ever heard before. Then I heard the most God-awful rumble you've ever heard in your life, coming from over there."

He pointed toward the plumes of smoke billowing a mile into the sky, easily visible across the open field.

"Then I saw all this smoke and fire."

"Anyone else around here hear it?" Snark inquired, slowly reaching for the semi-automatic .40 Smith and Wesson handgun between his legs.

"Dunno." the man replied with a shrug. "I'm the only one here, and the next farm is back that way about a mile. Any idea what it was I heard?"

"Too much, I'm afraid." Snark replied sadly.

\*

"Here they come." Fred Lansdale whispered to his munitions buddy for the operation, Ted Hall.

They were located on the east side of the long, steel bridge spanning the river, that as Snark had described, resembled a giant Erector Set. He picked up a short-range walkie-talkie and radioed to Sam Walker and Mike Braun on the opposite side of the river.

"Get set." he said crisply into the radio.

"Ten-four." Sam replied. "On your mark."

Both teams had packed the thermite/Vaseline mixture around every horizontal support of the bridge in two sections, on both ends of the bridge. This required some tolerance of heights, as each feat was accomplished some one hundred feet in the air. The men had to crawl across the steel box beams in the dark, which helped to lessen the sensation of height, and pack the thermite around each beam and insert

an igniter attached to a wire. They then had to crawl back and repeat the process on every beam on the westbound side of the bridge.

Steve and Zig meanwhile, had stopped at regular intervals along the bridge and rolled the propane tanks onto the narrow catwalk beside the roadway, used for accessing the vertical supports.

The entire process had taken over seven hours, and the men were exhausted. They were ever alert to the mission at hand however, and realized full well, the importance of completing it successfully.

“They’re on the bridge!” Fred called into the radio.

“We have a visual. Burning now.”

Mike flicked the toggle switch, and the thermite began blazing under the bridge like a welder’s torch. Within seconds, it had cut completely through the steel, leaving only the roadway above to carry the weight. The thin steel pans used to hold the reinforced concrete in place would not last long, and the team could only hope.

The first and second vehicles rolled onto the weakened section without fanfare, but as the third, a heavy tractor-trailer loaded with an Abrams tank crossed the zone, the concrete suddenly gave way. The first vehicle, an APC crashed nose first into the section of roadway on the other side, as did the second, before the heavy truck smashed into them, and all three dropped along with the section of bridge.

Unable to stop in time, five more vehicles in the convoy sailed over the edge and dropped into the river. Tires screeched and white smoke filled the air, as the others skidded to a perilous stop.

“It worked!” Mike shouted, high-fiving Sam. “Son of a bitch!”

The entire convoy was now stopped on the long bridge, and Ted made the connection on his handheld detonator on the other end as well. The thermite cut through the section of bridge on the Mississippi side, even as several Negroes in smaller trucks began turning around and heading back from the damaged side of the bridge.

As with the Louisiana side, the first few made it onto the weakened Mississippi section before it collapsed, sending their trucks into the mighty river below. One hundred, fifty military vehicles, some equipped with the same ordnance from the Redstone Arsenal as the convoy from Fort Campbell had picked up at Milan, were now stranded on the bridge with no way off except straight down.

“We did it! We did it!” Fred sputtered into the radio. “Captain Timmons, you’re good to go.”

“Ten four.” Steve replied. “Good job. We’re on the way.”

On the bridge, several of the older troops were wise to what had happened. Anticipating an attack, they accessed one of the weapons



carriers and secured six LAWS rockets, or Light Antitank Weapon System, and hid inside the canvas covered bed of another truck.

Within a minute, Steve's Raptor appeared over the trees, and Zig armed the remaining fifteen Spider rockets on the right pod. As he pressed the orange button on his control stick, a streak of smoke raced toward them from the bridge, followed by another.

"Incoming!" Zig shouted as he fired two rockets simultaneously.

Steve veered hard to the left and the two incoming rounds sailed harmlessly past them. The Spiders hit dead center between two of the propane tanks, setting off a tremendous explosion. Although thrown to the ground by the blast, one of the Negroes picked up his LAWS rocket and fired at the Raptor. Steve banked hard to the right, but the rocket slammed into rear of the gunship, blowing the tail section off.

Out of control, the large helicopter bore down on the bridge at sixty miles per hour.

"Fuck!" Zig screamed, and released the entire battery of Spiders at the bridge.

The thirteen rockets struck about twenty feet apart, igniting dozens of vehicles and several more propane tanks, and blowing sections of the bridge out. Unable to pull up, the Raptor slammed into the bridge and burst into flames, coming to a rest on top of another weapons carrier before the fuel tank exploded. Loaded with warheads for surface to air missiles, the carrier vaporized and most of the bridge collapsed, as its overhead supports and a majority of the roadway were blown out. The few remaining propane tanks ruptured from the subsequent explosions of other vehicles and ordnance, leveling the last section of the Mississippi River Bridge. Only one vertical column in the middle of the river remained standing; the rest of the bridge lay in a twisted mass in the river. Burning gasoline and diesel fuel floated on the surface of the river, slowly drifting southward.

During the War of Northern Aggression, the first Battle of Vicksburg had been a victory for Federal forces. This time however, the outcome was entirely different, with the victory going to the New Confederacy; the Resistance. The victory was bittersweet however, as the Resistance had lost its only gunship, and the best friend of the soon-to-be-appointed Supreme Commander.

The four Patriots stared in solemn silence at the wreckage in the river, and the burning fuel dancing eerily across the water. An occasion piece of ordnance exploded every now and then, making them jump in the otherwise otherworldly quiet of the moment. The last of the flames flickered and died, as the fuel burned out.

The second Battle of Vicksburg was over.

## CHAPTER 16

*“I know not what course others may take, but as for me, give me liberty, or give me death!”*

Patrick Henry

News of the destruction of the two convoys spread through the media like wildfire. Reports of full-scale military takeovers of the country by the Government surfaced, due to the size of the convoys, and the troops and ordnance they were carrying.

The method of attack that Snark had devised for each convoy, gave the impression of a well-coordinated effort from a fair-sized Resistance force, and the Government was alarmed. Never would they have thought that the “ordinary” people could inflict so much damage upon them.

President Rosenbaum demanded an immediate Press conference to address the situation at hand and attempt to explain away any doubts that the Government was on top of things, and that they were not intent on rolling into the country’s cities to occupy them in direct violation of the Constitution. At 7:30 P.M., an emergency State of the Union address cut into all programming, including cable channels.

“Today, there were two attacks on the United States military. These attacks occurred on American soil in Vicksburg, Mississippi and Jackson, Tennessee by domestic terrorists. These military convoys were en route to various military installations for restocking of supplies and troops. They were in no way operating under malicious intent, and contrary to internet rumors already circulating; they were under no direct orders to occupy any cities.

“In light of today’s actions by these terrorists however, I have no choice but to declare martial law. As of midnight tonight, a curfew will go into affect restricting all US citizens and visitors alike, to their homes or properties from 10:00 PM through 6:00 AM, except for those involved in legitimate business dealings, such as truck drivers or businesses operating during those hours, like restaurants or twenty-four hour facilities.

“In addition, daylight ventures will be limited to intrastate travel only, except in the event of business-related travel, or those currently away from home to return to their homes. There will be a seven-day grace period on the latter stipulation, to ensure that honest Americans have the chance to return in a timely manner.

“In the event that any persons are caught violating the curfew or interstate travel restrictions, they are to be immediately detained and sent to one of the internment camps for a period of not less than one year, and not to exceed ten years. Anyone found to be violating these restrictions with malicious intent, is to be dealt with in the same manner as looters; that is, the arresting authorities have the permission to shoot them on the spot.

“While I admit that these measures may indeed seem harsh, in light of today’s attacks, they are in fact, a necessity. Any person found to be conducting terrorist activity will fall under the jurisdiction of the military War Tribunal and will be either hanged or placed before a firing squad.

“Full details will be posted at your local Post Office within five days. A complete copy of this order will be issued free of charge. I suggest that each of you carries a copy with you at all times, to be certain you are not violating any laws.

“Martial law is to be enforced by the five branches of the United States military; Army, Air Force, Navy, Marines, and Coast Guard, in conjunction with local, State, and Federal law enforcement agencies. If you are approached by any of these branches or agencies, you are to comply with their orders immediately, or be subject to arrest and detention in the internment camps.

“That is all. For any questions, refer to your local Post Office. Good night, and God bless America.”

Every single American sat in stunned silence at the news. It was official; America was now a Police State, subject to the wanton rules and regulations made up at the whim of any member of a law enforcement agency, or branch of the military. And people thought there had been wanton abuse at the airports in the years following 9/11! Those episodes would pale in comparison to the unchecked power of a simple order, enforceable at the direction of a single person at any given time.

That could encompass anything from search and seizure to unreasonable requests, including demeaning behavior, forfeiture of personal property, and even sexual demands. The latter could very well be expected from Negroes in positions of power, especially when it came to presiding over women of the beautiful, White race. The very thought of this unchecked power chilled every man, woman, and child that was old enough to understand what was going on, to the bone.

The members of the Resistance knew that it was now or never to make a calculated move against the Government, and since every man

and woman in uniform was now officially “the enemy,” they were also now officially “targets” as well.

News of Steve’s death had hit everyone hard; particularly Snark, Sallee, and most especially Rachel. Beside herself with grief at the loss of her second husband and best friend to an act of war, the medic had medicated her to ease her emotions somewhat.

Snark drove up to Estes Park to pick his girlfriend up and bid farewell at least for now, to Kurt and Susan Schoenbraun. Upon their return to western Colorado, Snark called for a meeting of Resistance members in the area and addressed his brothers and sisters in arms in the open area outside the commissary.

The address was also being sent out via computer, to a ship in the middle of the Pacific Ocean, where it was being broadcast around the world on shortwave radio. Many Patriots were listening in and taping the address to send to their friends and potential rebels and allies. The Resistance members in person, listened intently as Snark began to speak.

“Racial greetings, my White brothers and sisters. As you well know, the President in his infinite stup- I mean wisdom, has declared martial law upon this great nation of ours. No longer are we free to come and go as we please, freedoms that our forefathers fought and died for almost two hundred, fifty years ago.

“As of Zero Hundred hours this morning, we are now prisoners in our own states; states which have effectively become giant reservations. After dark, we can’t even be trusted to leave the safety of our homes. We are all, each and every one of us, under house arrest. We are prisoners in our own homes from ten o’clock every night, to six o’clock in the morning.

“This is America, and it is time to fight back! We must resist this mass of tyranny that has seized control of the powers of this country! We must stand up and regain what is ours. If we do not make a stand now, then we will never be able to again. We will all be enslaved to the Jewish powers that have stolen the authority from the citizens of this country and given it to themselves and a few thousand thugs who would have you believe that they are lawfully in control.

“I assure you, they are not lawfully in control my friends. They are in direct violation of the Constitution of the United States of America! The two convoys that were destroyed in a calculated effort by members of this Resistance were in fact en route to Oklahoma City, where they were to be distributed to places like Denver, Cheyenne, Idaho Falls, and Phoenix. Places like Omaha and Dallas, where the people took back their cities through violence and now hold in custody,

those very officials who robbed them of their right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

“Our government wants to see all the cities with high rates of resistance retaken by entrenching the military, our own military, within them. Their job is to shoot anyone who does not follow their direct orders, to forcibly end the rebellion which has begun to spring up across this nation.

“Instead of dissuading us, My brothers and sisters, this can only force us to fight harder, to recruit more people to stand with us and fight! And fight we must! We must see this through to the end. There is no turning back now, unless we wish to become slaves or corpses, and I have no desire to become either! As Patrick Henry once said, ‘give me liberty, or give me death!’

“Contrary to what the President lied to you about in his State of the Union address, our military is under strict orders to kill us all. By declaring us to be hanged or shot by military War Tribunals, he has effectively declared war on every red-blooded American and Patriot in this country! By treating us as enemy soldiers, he has indicated that he intends to invade us in our own country, and bomb, shoot, and rape us back into submission!

“I say this, Mr. President; in your new war of oppression, you may take a man’s house, his land, all his property, and even his life savings for speaking out against you; you may take all that is dear to him but remember, when a man has nothing left, *he has nothing left to lose*. Take what is mine, and you will face a warrior unlike any you have ever battled before. Do not try to squelch us, for you will only invigorate our pride.”

A loud burst of applause and cheers erupted, temporarily drowning Snark’s voice out. As the applause waned, he continued.

“Well, here is *my* submission: I submit that every politician, and soldier be shot on sight. If you see soldiers invading your neighborhood, dig up your guns and shoot them! To the police officers of this country, I say this; if you support the illegal laws now in place and enforce them, then you too, are the enemy. Every officer in this country needs to resign immediately. Those that do not, will be considered traitors and treated as such per the President’s declaration of treason.

“If you have a gun, use it. If you have several, share them! If you have no guns, carry a pitchfork, an axe, a butcher knife, or even a sharpened stick, but carry *something*. Do not simply roll over and die! If you must die, then die on your feet fighting like a warrior!

“Judgment Day is near, my friends. When it arrives, we *will* once again control our lives, but it will take guts. Guts to stand up; guts to take a bullet and die. My best friend just died for this country by taking on the Southern convoy in Vicksburg, Mississippi and blowing those followers of tyranny into the next millennium!

“They shot him down, but not before he took most of them with him, and when he crashed, he crashed into a truck full of missile warheads that were intended for use against you and me! They also effectively ended any further action on the part of the convoy.

“This is war! Make no mistake, it is a war that we must win. If we do not, then we are all dead as a race and as a nation, for we will never again be as great as we have been. Our society is in a decline, and the only way to regain success is to throw out the garbage and buy fresh produce. We must prevail, or we shall certainly perish!”

With Snark’s final and now famous, words, a roar of agreement and support exploded from the crowd once again.

“Are you with me?” Snark shouted.

“Yes!” roared the crowd.

“Then take the fight to where you live! *We must prevail, or we shall certainly perish!*”

“We must prevail, or we will certainly perish! We must prevail, or we shall certainly perish!” chanted the crowd.

“Let’s go!” Snark shouted. “This camp is now closed. We no longer need a place to train. We are ready, we are warriors; now let’s fight back!”

\*

“It’s good to see you back home.” Snark and Sallee’s neighbor Georgia Belford exclaimed, as she answered her front door. “The National Guard or the Army has been riding through here for two days now. People are worried. They don’t know when they may be singled out for something.”

“I understand.” Snark replied.

“They would fight if they could, but most of us have nothing to fight with.”

“This has been my home for many years,” Snark stated, “and you are all my friends and neighbors. Anyone who wants something to fight back with can have it, at least for now. I believe Santa Claus shall make some deliveries tonight.”

Sallee looked at Snark.

“Christmas will come just a little early this year?” she inquired. “Maybe I can put in an order.”

“Oh Santa never listens to me.” Snark replied. “Every year for fifteen Christmases, I used to ask Santa for a little Skin girl, complete with M16 and grenades, but I never seemed to find one under the tree.”

“Well, you did find her one Christmas a few years back.” Sallee responded. “The gift was just a little delayed in getting opened, that’s all. Not only did you get your Skin girl, she came with all the important accessories too.”

Snark eyed Sallee in mock lewdness.

“I’ll say.”

“Oh, get your mind out of the gutter. Georgia, is this what you’ve had to put up with all these years?”

The next morning, every White-owned house on the block had a rifle or pistol tucked inside the porch door, along with a few hundred rounds of ammunition and a note. Each note was identical; printed on a copier and read, “My friends, there is only one person in this neighborhood from whom this could have come. When all this is over, if I am still around, please return it. If I do not make it, then consider it my gift to you. *Santa Claus.*”

\*

“How are you doing, Rachel?” Snark inquired, as she opened the door.

She looked haggard, and Snark and Sallee both hugged her.

“Okay, I guess.” she replied, motioning Snark and Sallee in. “God, I didn’t want to ever have to go through this again! I can’t take losing two husbands like this. First, Mark, now Steve. The house seems so empty without him, and the worst part is, I can never report his death or have his remains. He deserves a proper funeral.”

“He deserves a hero’s funeral.” Sallee responded. “Complete with a flag. One day, he WILL have one.”

Rachel managed a feeble smile.

“Thank you.” she replied. “That would be nice. I feel so helpless. I couldn’t do much before; it was mostly you two. Maybe now I can pick up a gun and start shooting the bastards on sight. Maybe I can take some of them out before they get me.”

“Perhaps,” Snark replied, “but maybe you’ll find something even more meaningful.”

“Like what?”

“Give me some time, but I’m going to try and convince the High Command that this war will not drag out. It will be over quickly, and we need an early ace. I think I have that ace, and maybe even a royal flush.

“If we can get an old KGB suitcase nuke, we’ll need someone to get it in place. They’ll have to impersonate Feds, but it won’t be too hard to get what we need for that. It can be placed and left on a timer or remote, but if there are volunteers that will detonate it as soon as it’s in place, then it will definitely go off.”

“A nuke? In America? Where?”

“Washington.” Snark replied. “We can take out most of the crooked bastards that are responsible for turning this nation into a slum of Negroid culture; a multicultural cesspool that promotes interracial marriage and mongrolism, homosexuality, and Jewish seizure of our finances and political power.”

“But how much damage can a suitcase nuke do?” Rachel inquired. “They can’t be more than three kilotons, if that.”

“No, but strategically placed, it can take out all of Congress and ruin the entire infrastructure of DC.

“There’s only one place tall enough to do it,” Snark replied, “and it also happens to be smack dab in the middle of everything.”

“Tall? Of course! The Washington Monument!” Sallee exclaimed. “It would reach the Capitol, White House, even the Pentagon. Old George would be proud, if he knew the monument built in his honor was the location of the new tyrannical government’s destruction! The people that laid everything out, had no knowledge of nuclear weapons, but they sure designed it with a self-destruct built right into the city. Damn!”

“There *is* a down side.” Snark acknowledged. “The Smithsonian Institution will be destroyed as well, and many *innocent* people will lose their lives, the rebels included.”

“If I can take Congress with me, it would be worth it!” Rachel burst out. “If you can get one, I’ll certainly volunteer to take it up there and set it off!”

“I’ll see what I can do.” Snark promised. “I want you to know how sorry I am for what happened. I never expected anything to happen to Steve like it did. I am so damn sorry, Rachel. You don’t know.”

Rachel nodded and hugged her friend tightly.

“I do know, and we all knew the risks when we made that pledge on the anniversary of our country’s liberation.

“I don’t blame you, Snark. I blame our President and all the yellow-bellied politicians in the Jews’ pockets for his death. The only solace I have right now, is knowing that there is a slight possibility, that one day soon I can make the people responsible for his death, and the deaths of all those people in South Dakota, Waco, and the 9/11



attacks pay for the crimes and atrocities that they have committed against our people for so many years.

“If I can take them out in the same violent way they like to kill us, in a raging inferno, then I can die happy, and ready to rejoin my husband, wherever he may be, only if it’s in someone else’s memories.”

Rachel closed her eyes and sighed, as she remembered the first time she met Steve at the truck stop. Tears rolled down her cheeks, and Snark and Sallee both hugged her tightly, their own eyes moist.

“We loved him to, Honey.” Sallee said quietly, as a tear rolled down her cheek. “He will live forever in our hearts, and so will you.”

\*

Snark followed Sallee out the door of the grocery store where they had first met, what seemed like many years, but was only a little over a year before. Over the past several days, the military presence had increased everywhere, and everywhere one looked, there was now an armored vehicle or troops at every major intersection and public gathering place. The shopping center where they now were was no exception to the latter.

An Armadillo was parked in the center of the parking lot, and two woodland camouflaged Negroes were lounging by the entrance to the supermarket. They had not been present when Snark and Sallee entered the store, and appeared to be waiting for someone to exit. That someone happened to be Sallee.

Always the one to turn heads, she had attracted the attention of the Negroes when she and Snark crossed the parking lot. Unfortunately, the majority of the Army and Marine soldiers in the area were Negroes, with some Mexicans as well, and they loved the power they now carried over everyone else.

“Yo, Shorty!” of them called to Sallee, as she and Snark exited the store.

Sallee paid them no attention, but tightened her grip on Snark’s hand in anticipation.

“Yo, Red! I be talkin’ to *you*, Bitch. Stop!”

Sallee stopped, as did her boyfriend, and eyed the pair as they approached.

“Why you be walkin’ like dat?” one of them inquired. “You be carryin’ somefin unda yo’ britches?”

“No.” Sallee replied.

“Leave us alone.” Snark instructed. “We’re not doing anything.”

“Don’t you be tellin’ me what to do, mothafuckin’ cracka!” One of the Negroes exclaimed, raising the barrel of his M4 carbine and shoving it into Snark’s chest.

“I’m a police officer!” Snark barked. “Get that fucking gun out of my face!”

“You ain’t no cop!” the Negro sneered. “Not unless you be one of dem yella ones dat turned in his uniform. Now stay where you is while I talks to yo’ girl, or I’ll cap yo’ ass right heah! Even if you is a cop, you ain’t gonna do nuffin’ less I tells you. You makes trouble fo’ us, an’ yo’ jus’ anotha White boy makin’ trouble fo’ us Black folk.”

Snark seethed, but dared not even reach for his ID. The Negro would shoot him and claim racial intimidation. He just hoped that things were not going the way they appeared. He might still be able to reach his .40 and get off a shot if the Negro was distracted, but with his finger inside the trigger guard, it was a tough bet to call.

“Yo Bitch. I think maybe you’s hidin’ somefin unda yo’ clo’s’e. Take ‘em off.”

“You son of a bitch!” Snark snarled.

“Shut up, Mothafucka! One mo’ wort outta you, an I caps yo’ ass! I wants to see what dat bitch got unda dem clo’s’e, and we’s all gonna see!”

He grinned like an ape peeling a banana, at the thought of making Sallee strip in the parking lot, and dragging her naked to the Armadillo to service him and his friends before killing her in front of her horrified boyfriend. He looked at Sallee, and leered.

“Take off dem clo’s’e Bitch.” he said menacingly. “Start wif yo’ top firs’. I wanna see dem big ole titties o’ yo’s.”

Sallee didn’t move.

“Strip Bitch, or I’ll shoot you in da fuckin’ head!”

Sallee slowly reached in front of her chest and began unbuttoning her blouse.

“You want to see my titties, Boys?” she inquired, smiling at the two Negroes. “You want me to show them to you so’s you can suck on them right here?”

The pair nodded in unison, their tongues lolling at the thought, relaxing the grip their rifles and their guard right along with it. Sallee reached into blouse as if to remove her bra, and retracted her hand. Before the Negroes could react, the small .380 she clutched fired, striking one of them in the shoulder. In an instant, Snark’s Smith and Wesson cleared his waist, and fired two quick shots from the hip. Both Negroes fell back; clean holes drilled dead center of their foreheads. Snark’s instinctive method had worked in application.

Snark and Sallee immediately grabbed the select-fire carbines from the ground and wheeled to face the expected backup in the Armadillo. Four more soldiers exited the armored vehicle; three Negroes and a Mexican, who raised their rifles. Snark and Sallee's carbines barked in three round bursts, as they squeezed the triggers. Two of the soldiers fell, while the other two retreated rapidly back into the Armadillo.

"Grab their stuff!" Snark exclaimed, and he and Sallee each retrieved a few items from the dead Negroes' vests.

They ducked behind the bricked corner of the entrance as the first shots rang out in their direction from firing ports in the Armadillo.

"What did you get?" Snark inquired.

"Two mags. You?"

"A grenade. We won't last long. That only gives us an extra thirty rounds each. If they called for backup, we're fucked."

"Well," Sallee said with a rueful smile, "it looks like your little Skin girl has the proper accessories now, I'm complete with M16, well M4, and I have at least one grenade."

"And I couldn't love you any more." Snark replied, leaning over and giving her a kiss on the forehead.

A momentary lapse in firing from the Armadillo gave him an idea.

"They have all kinds of ammo to waste." he said. "They aren't too quick on the reload, either. Must be their first battle experience. When they reload is the time to use this grenade."

"How far is that Armadillo?" Sallee inquired, as the firing began again, and she stuck the rifle around the corner and barked off a few rounds.

"About fifty feet." Snark replied. "Why?"

"It's well within pitching distance." Sallee responded with a grin. "Those little baseball grenades should fly just like a softball at that range."

"Hell yeah!" Snark exclaimed jubilantly. "It's worth a try. Next time they reload, do it. I'll cover you. There's a small door they're firing out of. Can you get it through there?"

Sallee peeked around the corner for a second.

"I think so. I'll sure try."

"We only have one shot at this." Snark stated. "Make it count!"

He handed Sallee the grenade, and she pulled the pin, holding the lever tightly against the side of the little bomb. The shooting paused, and Snark looked at her.

"Now!"

They emerged from cover, and Snark began firing as Sallee stood and whipped her arm in several loops before letting the grenade go. Snark pulled her on top of him as they fell back behind the corner.

The grenade sailed through the air as Michael Roosevelt and Jose Rodriguez slammed fresh magazines into their compact M4 carbines. Jose looked over as something small passed through the entrance to the armored vehicle and bounced off the bulkhead.

“What the fuck-?” Michael began.

It was as far as he got. The grenade exploded, killing the two men and setting off the ammunition and grenades in their tactical vests, as well as those stored inside the vehicle. A horizontal jet of orange flame shot from the door a split second before the roof of the Armadillo blew straight into the air.

“It worked!” Snark whooped. “Nice shot! Let’s get out of here before anyone else shows up!”

He grabbed the bag of groceries in one hand, and the M4 in the other, as Sallee snatched the tactical vests from the two Negroes and the other carbine. They dashed across the parking lot and jumped into the pickup, Snark backing out of the space and accelerating past the burning Armadillo.

Dozens of onlookers watched, as they screeched through the entrance to the shopping center and onto the street. Many had missed the entire episode, which lasted less than a minute, but had no ill feelings toward the occupants of the pickup as it sped away. The majority of people were sick and tired of the recent interference in their lives by the overly intrusive government and secretly bade the pair luck.

Several minutes later, the sound of sirens filled the air as a fire engine arrived on scene, followed by a pair of police cars and a few minutes after that, several military vehicles.

Firefighters doused the inferno with water, in an attempt to extinguish the flames and keep the fire from reaching other vehicles and setting them ablaze as well. After several minutes, the flames died and four firefighters cautiously approached the black and smoking shell of what only minutes before, had been an Armadillo lightly armored vehicle.

Potential witnesses were sequestered from the area, and the Armadillo and supermarket were cordoned off. Everyone else was ushered from the area and ordered not to speak one word of what had happened.

Authorities were hard pressed to get any useable information from any witnesses, as most had either seen nothing, or reported completely false information about what they had seen.

Snark and Sallee were described as Black, White, or Hispanic, and either as two males, a man and a woman, and even as an entire gang of Asians! Their vehicle ranged in description from a Volkswagen Bug, to a black pickup, and even a military vehicle!

No one seemed interested in seeing the couple punished for their actions, as most felt threatened by the military presence, and several had been verbally and physically intimidated by them.

"I was strip searched yesterday by that one there!" a woman said, pointing at the first Negro killed by Snark. "He felt me all over and stuck his tongue in my ear. As far as I'm concerned, he got what he deserved!"

A murmur of approval wafted through the witnesses, and a Black sergeant with the Army looked at her angrily.

"These men were United States soldiers!" he shouted. "They were murdered by terrorists, and you won't do anything to help us! I've got half a mind to shoot you all for aiding terrorists!"

"You do," one of the police officers remarked, looking at him and putting his hand on his sidearm, and I'll put one through you before you have the chance to kiss your ass goodbye. There will be no reprisals here! This is not the Soviet Union!"

He turned to the witness.

"You people are dismissed. You're all free to go. Leave."

The Negro strode over to the officer menacingly, and the officer drew his .40 Smith and Wesson. The sergeant found it planted squarely between his eyes and froze.

"Don't fuck with me, Sergeant!" the officer snarled. "I'll drop your sorry ass right here!"

The Negro thought for several moments, before slowly backing up.

"All right." he said roughly. "You win, but you'd better watch your ass."

"I intend to." the officer replied authoritatively.

He holstered his sidearm and looked intently at the Negro.

"We won't be on the same side forever, Sergeant. See you soon."

He turned and strode back to his car, eyeing the Negro one last time to remember his face before getting in.

"Dispatch, this is Charlie Sixteen. Be advised this is a military matter, and I am leaving it in their hands. I'm taking lunch now. Show me as 8."

“10-4, Charlie Sixteen. Showing you 8, as of 14:56.”

Officer Ron Marino chewed his bottom lip for a minute, stewing over what had just happened.

*“Aw, fuck it!” he thought. “I’m not going to put my ass on the line for this bullshit any more. They can have my badge when I get back. Time to look up Snark and Steve, and see how they’re doing. I haven’t talked to either of those two since the picnic. Maybe they know someone who can use my services.”*

\*

After the incident at the shopping center, the local military presence became even greater, evoking images of early World War Two Europe. Cars were routinely stopped at checkpoints, with female occupants being harassed, stripped, and raped by Black soldiers at an alarming rate.

Women refused to leave their homes, even to work, and male motorists were frequently beaten and even shot, as the grip of unchecked power tightened around the civilian population. Fear turned to anger, and anger finally to action.

A few Negroes were shot while attempting to physically abuse White motorists, but the Whites were quickly executed on the spot by other soldiers for their insurrection. Citizens began perching on overpasses, waiting for military vehicles to pass below, and dropped Molotov cocktails on them. Several vehicles wrecked in this manner killing and severely injuring the personnel inside. One lucky rebel was successful in dropping his glass jug of gasoline through the windshield of a halftrack, as it passed below a railroad bridge over a side road. The casualties of that attack were one hundred percent.

In uptown Charlotte, tanks rolled ominously down Tryon Street, looking for anything to train their large guns on. The soldiers were looking for an excuse, any excuse, to use their powerful instruments of terror against any civilian that so much as looked in their direction.

Fear was a powerful weapon, and the soldiers were high on the adrenaline running through their veins, as they flaunted their power. It soon came to a screeching halt on Tryon Street however, as wastepaper baskets, trashcans, water cooler bottles, and anything else the people could get their hands on, dumped homemade napalm on the tanks as they passed below.

The employees of several buildings had collaborated on the effort, and filled any large container they could get their hands on, with gasoline siphoned from their cars. Into the gasoline, went all the Styrofoam cups, peanuts, and box packing they could find. As the tanks slowly cruised through the streets below, windows suddenly

smashed, the liquid was ignited, and the flaming containers were dumped or thrown on them.

The burning gel seeped through the hatch seals and firing ports, and even passed directly through open top hatches, causing severe burns to personnel and damage to the tanks' interiors. Three tanks were lost to the explosion of ordnance inside them, when the flaming homemade napalm detonated it.

As the soldiers abandoned the remaining tanks that were ablaze, the citizens rushed to beat them with whatever they could find. None of the soldiers survived the gauntlet, and their bodies were dumped into storm sewers. A few of the tanks were still operable, and a few curious businessmen were successful in learning the simple T-stick controls. The tanks rolled on, this time piloted by Gucci suit-wearing civilians who would cause a huge surprise when they met up with other tanks, under Federal control.

Everyone now assumed that gasoline would be banned, as it had the capability to be converted into napalm with the addition of Styrofoam. Oh, what about that commodity? Would that disappear from the marketplace now too? Mirrors had destroyed millions of dollars worth of military equipment; did that mean that they too, deserved to be removed from sale to the public? What else could possibly be deemed a "terrorist tool" in the eyes of the panicked Government?

The logical conclusion to that question was simple: thought. Without the ability to let our minds wander, society would become a scene from Harrison Bergeron; forced equality through handicapping devices, and intracranial sirens to disrupt free thought. While the concept sounded ludicrous, so would the current situation, had it been suggested back in 1776.

The civil disobedience and unrest in Charlotte was not unique. While it was the most concentrated area of rebellion on the east coast, it was far from being alone, especially west of the Mississippi, where other cities had joined the likes of Dallas, Omaha, and Idaho Falls.

Snark's message had been transmitted and recorded all over the country, and copies of his speech were being played or handed out to anyone who would listen. In many of the Western cities and towns, people had taken it to heart, and were in fact shooting all military personnel on sight.

They were hard pressed to gather or parade in public like they were doing back East without taking a bullet. In retaliation, reprisals were taken against the citizens in direct violation of not only the Constitution, but the Geneva Convention as well. Many White soldiers

refused to participate in such wanton violations of the Oath they were sworn to uphold when they joined the military, and were either shot or sent to the stockade for their refusal to obey such orders. Many simply went AWOL, or shot Black and Hispanic soldiers instead. The situation within the United States military was becoming extremely unstable, and it wouldn't take much to topple it or encourage a *coup d'etat*.

All it needed was a strong push, and that push wasn't too far away. With Resistance and Brotherhood members in key locations within the four main branches of the military, a few strategic bases could likely be overtaken by Whites. The situation was still somewhat shaky however, and no one dared expose the plan yet. It still needed that final shove, to send everything spinning wildly out of control and toppling over the edge of the precipice.

Anarchy was indeed in place, the first step in Snark's plan of action, but still needed a guiding force to use the anarchists in a controlled plan of attack. If some semblance of order could be restored and guarantee the public that their dreams would soon return, they would gladly support that new force in return for a normal life.

Snark and others had to be certain that their plans ensured that they controlled that force, or else all would be in vain, and the White race would still disappear from the face of the earth, along with the last bastion of freedom on the planet.

There was still hope. The actions of the people all across the country gave hope to Snark and the others. As long as the uprisings and rebellions continued the way they were in Charlotte and the western towns, America had a chance to reverse the tyranny imposed on her by the Jewish power mongers. No more were the people standing idly by while more and more freedoms were lost and increased power given to those who would trade their honor for power.

In Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, furious citizens had overtaken the entire occupational force. Dragged from their armor by hordes of citizens, many of whom died in the process but only fueled the fire of determination in others, the entire bank of soldiers was shot and strung from telephone poles along Eisenhower Boulevard. The armored vehicles then rolled across the Susquehanna River on Interstate 76 (how ironic), leveling the toll plazas on both sides of the river, and overtook the Defense Distribution complex in New Cumberland.

People had had enough, and finally, they were doing something about it. The patriotic red, white, and blue of American courage had begun to replace the formerly overwhelming shade of complacent yellow.



## CHAPTER 17

***“I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country.”***  
**Nathan Hale; final words before he was hanged by British troops, September 22, 1776**

“Commander Hauser, how are you this morning?” A distinguished-looking silver haired gentleman of perhaps seventy-five years of age inquired.

He was one of seven chairmen chosen to govern the body of the Resistance and the Brotherhood as well. The Command of Chairs, made recommendations, and direct orders in some cases, to the eleven Regional Commanders of the Resistance, as well as the Field Commanders, and Snark’s former position, prior to his field promotion to Division Commander.

“Fine Sir.” Snark replied.

“Glad to hear it. Please be seated.”

“Thank you.”

Snark took an empty chair, and sat along one side of an oval table. He had been summoned to Cheyenne with only four days to spare before the traveling clause in the martial law was suspended. Why he had been called on such short notice was unknown at this point, but he sensed urgency in the voice of Noah Foster, the man who had just greeted him, when he called him two days prior. He had driven almost nonstop from Charlotte to Cheyenne to meet the deadline of travel in both directions. He was exhausted, yet realized he had to remain cognitive until the meeting was over.

“Welcome to Cheyenne, Snark.” Noah said accommodatingly, as the six additional Chairs turned to face him. “I know this was extremely short notice, but as you well know, in four more days, the luxury of a personal meeting between all of us will no longer exist. Time is of the essence here, and this needed to be done on a face to face basis.”

Snark looked puzzled.

“I don’t follow you, Sir.”

“Time after time, you have gone above and beyond your call of duty for your rank. You have taken the risk of a platoon leader, demolition man, and flight gunner, all at the request of no one. In addition, you have also shown enormous leadership ability and commanded the respect of every man, woman, and child in this cause.

They would follow you to their deaths to say they had served under one of your engagements.

“This Resistance is in its infancy in regard to any kind of strategic military organization. We have appointed leaders, but no real structure for our members. We never expected this phase to happen so soon. We need a figurehead; a George Patton or Douglas MacArthur that will command the respect and admiration of not only the men, but the senior officers as well. None have garnered that kind of respect the way you have.”

“But Sir-”

“Word has spread faster than any range fire, of your tactics in Kansas and Tennessee,” Noah continued, cutting Snark off, “and at the moment, you’re about as popular with the rebels as General Washington was during the first revolt.

“This organization needs an effective Commander-in-Chief, and since we have no governmental structure within our confines as of yet, there is no ‘President’ to fit that bill. Therefore, this committee has discussed at great length and drawn the same conclusion, that you are the closest thing we have.”

“What?!” Snark burst out. “Com-”

Noah Foster cut him off yet again.

“We have created the position of Supreme Commander, our equivalent to a five star general, or a modern day Robert E. Lee, and wish you to fill it. Until now, each Division Commander has controlled his own territory, except when we wished a certain measure be taken, but with a real war on our hands, we need someone to make decisions, or at least voice the requests of us as a direct order. We would like that someone to be you.”

Snark was stunned. Six months ago, he hadn’t even heard of this organization and now, he was being asked to front it. Even if the position was merely a façade, it was a tremendous honor.

“You are a valuable asset to the Resistance.” a stern-looking woman in a white pants suit added. “You have the ability to make people listen to you. You are a tremendous boost to our PR. Not only do your actions speak volumes, your voice carries the weight of a thousand men. That not only encourages our own fighters, it encourages others to join us as well.

“You are an excellent public speaker, and people listen to you. I would wager that we have gotten at least five thousand inquiries to our members from people that heard your addresses, either live on the news, or in taped recordings played for them.”

She suddenly stood and faced Snark directly. In a tone change that shocked him due to her curt appearance, she removed her glasses and blurted a short paragraph.

“Look, we’re not here to blow smoke up your ass. These are the reasons for our decision, now will you accept it?”

The rest of the group stared at her incredulously, for Jean Stewart was not known for uttering so much as the word “fart.”

Snark’s mind raced for a few seconds as he pondered the implications of his answer, whatever it might be. There was only one answer he *could* give however, and he knew what it had to be.

“Yes.”

“Good.” Jean responded, sitting back down. “Now, do you have any recommendations for us? We need something to encourage the rest of this country that they can stand with us; that we have the means and determination to see this through.”

Snark nodded.

“I think I may. What does our situation look like in the military? Can we secure a base or post anywhere?”

“We have a general at Offutt, and some high-ranking officers at Cheyenne Mountain, who would take the chain of command should something happen to the Niggeral in charge there.” a well-worn old timer with a crew cut replied. “We also have a large White majority at Bragg, Campbell, and Benning now, thanks to the evacuation of all the Muds that you and your friend Steve managed to take out.

“Places like Vandenburg, the missile fields in Montana and North Dakota, and Miramar, all have a fairly balanced White to Black ratio and can probably be taken if we coordinate a swift strike. China Lake is mostly White, due to the high level of security and intelligence it takes to operate there. Same with Nellis and Groom Lake. No telling what-all those fuckers have, but it would be nice if we could put it at our disposal.

“The areas I see problems with, are Wright-Pat, and the majority of the Marine camps and Army posts. They’re more heavily Black than White. We concentrated our efforts more on the Air Force and Navy, due to the nuclear advantage they possess. Ground troops won’t be shit, if we control nukes. Wright-Pat is the only Black-majority base in the Air Force. I hope that clarifies your question.”

“Yes it does.” Snark replied.

“Snark, this is General George Phelps.” Noah interjected. “He’s retired from the Air Force himself, but still has many contacts and a great deal of influence within the military, in *all* branches.”

"That's good to know." Snark responded. "And it's a pleasure to make your acquaintance Sir."

"Sir my ass! Call me George." the general replied.

Snark smiled.

"Okay. The reason I was inquiring, was in trying to determine where we stood if something *major* were to happen in this country that would force everyone to pick one side or the other; the Government or us."

"Did you have something in mind?" Noah inquired.

It was clear that his words carried more weight than those of anyone else present.

"Actually, I do. I've been mulling over the idea of something my girlfriend suggested when she and I were talking to Frank Carlson one time."

"Go on."

"When the Soviet Union disbanded back in the '80s, so did the KGB and with it, several dozen suitcase nukes. If we could get one, it could be enough to upset the balance of power."

"We'd have to use it." General Phelps responded. "If we simply threatened them with a nuclear strike, they would either choose to not believe us, or find it before we could use it."

"Exactly." Snark replied. "I'm talking about using it."

"That would be extremely dangerous." the general stated. "It could set off an entire chain of events that no one can envision, from automatic retaliation against Russia by computers that don't know the Cold War has thawed out, to rogue nations using theirs against us as well if they think we are vulnerable."

"Not if we can take control of key facilities at the same time, or as a direct result." Snark countered. "If we can get enough military support from those within our organization or sympathetic to us, then we become a nuclear power ourselves. That makes us a player in the economics of this country, and globally as well. The Feds wouldn't dare do anything except abide by our wishes, if they know we have anywhere from a dozen to several hundred nukes at our disposal to counterstrike with."

"That could be anything from secession of several states, to the actual *coup d'etat* of the Government. They would have no choice but to play ball with us or risk thermonuclear chess. I'm betting they won't."

"What about countries like North Korea, Iran, or China?" General Phelps inquired, his interest piqued. "Those are certainly rogue nations that are nuclear capable, and unstable doesn't even begin to describe

them. Thank God, France joined the European Union, or they're itching to nuke someone too. I never did trust those snail eaters anyway."

"They wouldn't dare." Snark replied. "If we have nuclear capabilities and we're considered a guerilla army, they know we'd turn them into a cinder if they fu-, uh, attacked us."

"I tend to agree." the general concurred. "Let's say for shits and giggles, that we can get an old suitcase nuke. Then what? How do we get it into the country? Where do we put it, and how do we get it there? And how in the hell do we ensure that we don't get nuked in retaliation?"

"We tell them we have more, placed in key locations around the country. Anyway, if it's done properly, there won't be many left to make that order. If we put it in the right location, we can take out the majority of the government in one clean swoop."

"I assume you're talking about Washington." Jean said, entering the conversation again.

"You assume correctly." Snark answered. "We hit them while Congress is in session, and we eliminate most of the moth-, uh, people, that are responsible for the shape this country is in, as well as a huge Negro population. Most of DC looks like the Congo transplanted to our capital."

"In addition to many Whites, the Library of Congress, the Smithsonian Institution, National Archives, etc." Jean responded.

"Most of those Whites are traitors to their race;" Snark replied calmly, "lawyers, multiculturalists, fags, and Jews claiming to be White. I agree, many innocent Whites will die, and the Library of Congress and the Smithsonian would be a sad loss indeed, but the National Archives are bombproof, and collateral damage *has* to occur if we are to take this country back. Certainly, many treasures will be lost, but what is more important, those treasures in a nation where we are slaves, or our freedom? I don't think that requires a whole lot of reflection."

"So where does it go?" George inquired. "We can't get a plane in there, and a ground explosion wouldn't do much unless we got it right on the steps of the Capitol itself."

"It's just as simple as New York, Seattle, Chicago, Toronto, or any other city with a tower or skyscraper." Snark answered.

"Most of Washington is only a few stories high." George mused. "The only thing tall enough to properly disperse the blast is the Washington Monument..."

His voice trailed off as realized Snark's plan.

“Of course! It takes out the Capitol, White House, and the Pentagon in one shot, not to mention the Secret Service, FBI, CIA, and all the embassies. It’s a strategic location all right, but they’re watching it now.”

“It’s their one Achilles heel, and something they always overlooked until 9/11.” Snark explained. “They closed it for a while, and then reopened it again. They just search your bags if you have any now when you go up inside. There’s no major security there. You have more at any given airport than they do at the one place that can turn their city into a smoking crater.”

“It’s so simple it’s scary, except for one thing.” George noted.

“What’s that?”

“How to get it there. Let’s say we actually can find one of those old nukes and that we decide to blow our entire fortune on it, as opposed to small arms and supplies for our members, how do we get it to Washington without being detained, and how in the hell do we get into the Washington Monument? The Park Police and Secret Service wouldn’t let anyone take anything like a suitcase up there.”

“Unless they did it themselves.” Snark replied slyly. “Okay, let’s go over all the issues, one at a time. First, if you can in fact locate one of those from a Third World arms dealer, then the question is as you said, is it worth spending our entire budget on it, or are we better off using it for supplies? Well, let me say this: we can’t win a ground war, plain and simple, even if we had some big guns like Stinger missiles. I’m sure George will agree with me on that.”

General Phelps nodded, and Snark continued.

“We’re greatly outnumbered, and the Air Force would cut us down in a heartbeat. We can’t do this without the help of at least some of the military. So, if we can’t win a ground war, why even bother? The logical choice would be to move on to bigger and better things. That would include things like that helo that Steve and I stole, planes, big missiles, and nukes, whether in missile or suitcase form.

“Now, the price of a gunship, and certainly a plane, far exceeds the price of a small nuke. We can also continue to steal aircraft if we are lucky, as well as all kinds of small arms from small Federal forces. We *can’t* steal nukes, so if we can buy one, then it’s the logical choice.

“Secondly, if we do manage to locate one, we need to figure out how to get it into the country. That’s easy; the same way Mexico got most of its Illegals here before Bush Number Two opened the frigging borders and welcomed them all in with hugs, for votes; Canada. It would be easy as all get out to sneak across the border somewhere through the woods and get it into this country.”

“Then what?” Noah inquired, obviously intrigued.

“We have members disguised as Federal agents, so if they’re stopped, they flash their credentials and draw no attention. I would suggest Secret Service or FBI. Disguised as uniformed Secret Service, they approach the real ones at the Monument, and take them out. Then they simply carry the nuke up the elevator and leave it up there, or to be sure it isn’t found, detonate it on the spot. In that instance, I have a volunteer who will set it off.”

“Nuke themselves?” Jean asked incredulously.

“Steve’s widow. She wants very much to rejoin her husband and take as many of the people responsible for this mess with her as possible. I discussed it with her, and she volunteered. All we need is one more to make a team and it’s a go, provided you agree and can get that nuke.”

“I believe we can.” Noah finally stated, after several moments of intense thought. “I know someone in Bolivia that can probably arrange it. It will probably cost about thirty-five million dollars, but I think we can get the funds for it. We all just have to be in agreement. All in favor?”

Everyone raised their hand except Jean, which didn’t surprise Snark.

“Opposed?”

Jean’s hand remained down.

“Undecided?”

With that, Jean’s hand arose.

“This is our only chance at tipping the scales on a massive level.” Snark coaxed. “We’re basically at a stalemate now, and we’re going to lose that real soon as well. We need to shock the world into listening to us. Sure, we’ve gotten good publicity from the Sunflower County standoff and the Sully County Massacre, not to mention the exposure of the massive columns Steve and I took out, but we need to eliminate our enemy and make the public aware of our potential as the logical replacement at the same time. We need shock value, Jean.

“I think we can also use the attack as a diversionary tactic as well. The Government is going to send all available personnel to DC in the aftermath, and it’s going to leave a lot of the internment camps in surrounding states virtually devoid of staff. We can have teams assembled and ready to hit them as soon as they bug out for DC. We can free a lot of political prisoners at the same time with this. It’s more than just shock factor. Hanging Rock Camp in North Carolina is within that zone I think, and it houses the most feared of all ‘dangerous thinkers.’ If we can at least get them out, it will be worth it, but the

camps in Pennsylvania, New York, and maybe even New Hampshire and Indiana should also be affected. We're talking thousands of liberated Patriots here.

"Look Jean, I know you're partial to the history in Washington, but you can't let it sully your decision on this matter. If this goes right, we can actually have a chance at winning this war. It will take a lot of variables to come together I admit, but if they do, we can wrestle this country from the clutches of those who want to turn it into another Soviet Socialist Republic. We can't afford that. I would gladly give my life if I could ensure the freedom of all Americans for the next thousand years.

"If I could make a deal with some supreme deity or alien species with the power to control destiny, I would not hesitate to say, 'take me now, and let freedom ring. I will give up my life to you right now, if you will guarantee me one thousand years of total freedom and liberty in this country.' No hesitation."

"What if you're wrong?" Jean inquired, looking at Snark with a stare that could burn a hole through concrete.

"Then we fail anyway. We can't hold out without the support of the military, or at least a good portion of it, and that won't happen until they have the ultimate choice to make. If the President orders them to fire on fellow Americans, I'm betting they won't do it. They'll be prime candidates for mutiny. Our commanders over them can sway them to help us."

"You're gambling on the lives of millions." Jean stated. "Tens of millions."

Snark's response was instantaneous and required no thought.

"Including my own."

\*

"Operation Candlestick is green light." the voice of Noah Foster crackled briefly from the shortwave radio.

Five weeks had passed since Snark's meeting with The Chairs, and travel restrictions were well in place. To keep in communication, shortwave transmissions of no more than two seconds kept Commanders informed of current situations. For specific orders, mobile phone calls from moving vehicles were employed, but still limited to several seconds each.

Snark smiled in grim satisfaction at the words of Noah's short message. With the acquisition of the small nuclear bomb, their plan of temporarily and possibly even permanently, crippling the Government was now feasible. While he realized the odds were still extremely long,



he also felt within his heart, that the outcome would be favorable to their planned *coup d'état* with the members inside the military.

While it meant the loss of many innocent lives, Snark had come to realize that collateral damage was all too necessary in their war of resistance. He had grappled with his conscience for almost a week, after the explosion of the propane tanks in Ohio that killed hundreds of innocent people, yet he understood that it had been necessary. Even though it had been a tragic and unforeseen consequence of his actions in upstate New York, it had spurred events that might not otherwise have happened, or at least not as soon or as effectively.

This time, he knew all too well, the consequences of what was going to happen in the next few days, and although it chilled him to the bone, he knew it must be done. The lives and futures of tens of millions of Whites were more important than the loss of a few tens of thousands, and most of those lives lost would be minorities, Jews, and race traitor politicians and lawyers anyway.

He had been successful in his pitch to the Command of Chairs for the acquisition of a small nuclear bomb, and they had subsequently liquidated tens of millions of dollars to afford the purchase. The advantage to having gone underground as legitimate businesses to fund their cause, was a huge step forward to the Resistance. Having learned their lesson from the failures of the original Bruders Schweigen, they had taken the route of the Jew, and invested in markets that gave them power and wealth legitimately. Ironically, much of the money was derived from business dealings with the Japanese, and unsuspecting Jewish run corporations that no idea they were funding their own demise.

Through his contact in Bolivia, Noah was able to arrange the transaction of the bomb in Quebec. Getting it into Canada was fairly simple, by bringing it on board a fishing vessel several miles off the coast of Newfoundland. Once inside the waters of the Gaspé, the cargo was transferred to a private yacht, where it headed into the St. Lawrence and docked at the little riverside town of St.-Dénis.

There, the crate was loaded into an SUV, which followed Route 287 to its terminus in the wilderness eight miles from the US border, thirty miles west of Dickey, Maine. Two miles from the end of Route 287, was a small finger lake named *Lac de l'est* (Lake of the East), that fed the Chimenticook River, a tributary of the St. John River. Following a bumpy logging road, the SUV reached the lake and a small boat that was awaiting the truck's arrival.

"*Bon jour. Bienvenue a Québec.*" the driver of the SUV greeted the captain of the boat.

*"Bon jour."* the captain replied. *"Comment ça vas?"*

*"Tres bien, merci."*

The precious cargo was loaded onto the boat for smuggling into the US, as the boat's captain made a call from his satellite phone. He nodded to the two men who had brought the crate, and they opened it for inspection. The captain motioned to another occupant, who inspected the contents of the crate, a large traveling suitcase that contained the small nuclear weapon. An expert in nuclear arms, the man was satisfied that the weapon was real. He nodded to the captain, who spoke into the phone again. With a second nod from him, one of the SUV's occupants made a similar call. He received word that thirty-seven million dollars had been deposited into a Swiss account, and stuck his hand out in a parting gesture. The captain shook his hand and smiled.

*"Merci beaucoup, Monsieur. Au revoir, et bon voyage."* the Québécois said crisply.

*"Vous aussi."* the captain replied. *"Bon jour."*

The boat entered the Chimenticook River and passed quietly into Aroostook County, joining the St. John River and floating eastward to Dickey, where it was transferred from the boat to a black sedan, occupied by a man and a woman wearing business attire and dark glasses.

The sedan headed east on Route 161 into Fort Kent, where it turned onto Highway 11 and proceeded south until its junction with Interstate 95 in Sherman Mills. From there, it was a straight shot to Washington DC. In three days, the bomb would be in place atop the Washington Monument and detonated.

The woman, "Special Agent Rowe," in reality Rachel Timmons, smiled at her partner in crime, a former Marine Reservist named Walter Dalton, posing under the name of Special Agent Mendelheim.

Three years after Walter and his friends had paid Marcus Jackson back for his forcing of Walter's wife to drink her own breast milk, the young man and his family were attacked along Seaside Boulevard in southwest Los Angeles, by a gang of Blacks and Hispanics.

Walter was beaten almost unconscious when he resisted, then forced to watch as his lovely wife was stripped, forced to perform oral sex on each of the gang members, and raped repeatedly before his eyes. He clutched his precious four-year-old daughter in his arms as he pled for his wife's release. His pleas fell on deaf ears, and as the last Negro raping her reached his climax, he increased his twisted fantasy by taking the knife he held to Carol's throat, and sliced the sharp blade deeply through her trachea and jugular vein. Carol gasped and tried to

scream as blood filled her lungs, but only the sound of gurgling blood escaped.

Walter struggled free from the Negro holding him and cradled his dying wife in his arms, as several shots from a stolen Llama .380 barked out from behind him. Two of the shots struck his daughter, killing her instantly, and the other three hit Walter in the back. He fell on top of his wife of five years, as the laughing Negroes and Mexicans ran down the alley, zipping their pants up and slapping each other on the back at the success of their sexual encounter and murder of three Whites.

Walter survived the attack, but for the next seventeen years, often wished he hadn't. He had executed at least a dozen gang members over the years in multiple vigilante-style excursions along the docks, but aside from one, had never found any of the others that had murdered his wife and daughter. This had done little to appease his hatred for Negroes and Mexicans, and had been made aware of the Resistance by a mutual Marine buddy.

Only knowing at first that a volunteer was needed for a one-way mission, Walter had eagerly applied for the position, being much like Rachel in the fact that he could rejoin his loved ones and take a lot of the enemy with him at the same time. Because of his experience as a Marine, he was selected for the operation, due to the fact that he would most likely remain cool under pressure and not change his mind at the last minute and back out.

He and Rachel subsequently received specialized training in the arming of the weapon in question. Two FBI agents from Bangor, Sharon Rowe and Stanley Mendelheim, were chosen to forfeit their lives and credentials, in exchange for a comfortable eternal dirt nap in a remote area of Hancock County. Local agents had been chosen so they wouldn't be missed until the imposters had made it to Washington.

There, they would exchange their FBI credentials for the black and gold uniforms of the Uniform Division of the US Secret Service. Those uniforms had been taken from the residences of vacationing officers who would never return from their trips.

A little makeup and hair dye on both Patriots transformed them into convincing facsimiles of the two agents they were impersonating for the mission. As they rolled to a stop at the New Hampshire state line checkpoint on I-95 at Portsmouth/Kittery, Walter displayed his ID to the trooper checking the vehicles.

“Special agents Mendelheim and Rowe; FBI.” he stated authoritatively.

Rachel opened her badge case as well for the trooper's inspection and he glanced across the car's interior, nodding and waving them on.

"Thank you Sir. Have a nice day, and welcome to New Hampshire."

\*

In Matthews, North Carolina, the BATFE and FBI surrounded Steve and Rachel's house. As careful as they had been, Steve had still managed to arouse the suspicion of the Feds by traveling after the inception of martial law. The Beast had compiled pages of information on his habits, and coupled with his appearance in a Quickie Mart in Missouri, had flagged him as a suspicious person. That flag was given to agents who perused his file, and determined that because of his trucking and military background, he had the means and knowledge necessary to be dangerous to them.

Steve was targeted for detention and interrogation by the authorities, who had no idea he was already dead, and that his wife would soon be. If they determined him a threat to the Machine, which was usually the case, he would take a one-way trip to a detention camp somewhere. Rachel was well on her way to Maine when the search warrant was executed, so no one answered their knock. The agents knocked the front door off its hinges, entered the brick house, and began rifling through Steve and Rachel's belongings, and knocking holes in the walls.

Rachel had left everything to Snark and Sallee, who would properly distribute the estate to her rightful heirs after the war was over. The armament Steve had collected was still in the house however; locked securely in a thousand pound safe in the cellar.

"Look here!" one of the agents called from the cellar, as he discovered the safe draped under a sheet. "A safe! Must be guns in there. Get Harold down here and burn it open. We'll have his ass surer than shit now!"

Five minutes later, Harold Kirschbaum donned a set of goggles, and began cutting through the lock on the safe. Unbeknownst to him and everyone else present, the safe contained not only several firearms, but several cases of ammunition as well; some of it belonging to Snark. That included a .50 caliber ammo can full of ammunition for his Ferret. In addition, ten pounds of smokeless rifle powder for reloading were stored in the safe also.

Agent Kirschbaum exclaimed jubilantly, as his torch cut through the door of the safe and started to cut out the lock. His jubilation was short-lived however, as the flame also cut into the side of one of the ammo cans. With a thundering blast, the ammunition and powder

detonated; the force greatly increased by the containment of the safe, which acted like a giant pipe bomb. Pieces of framing and roof shingles landed in the yards on either side of what had been only moments before, a comfortable house.

Sometimes, justice really was served.

\*

Thirty-year-old Kira Thomas left the drug store and headed back toward her apartment in Seattle. The day was cold and dreary; typical Seattle weather, and the main reason she had moved there. Never caring for the heat and humidity of the Nebraska summers, she had relocated two years prior. She was the sister of Judy Thomas, who had accepted Seth Baker's hand in marriage in spite of the setback at Eppley Air Field in 2003, when Seth's surprise weekend getaway/proposal had ended in disaster at the airport's checkpoint.

Seth and Judy visited Kira from time to time, and were expected from Minneapolis the following day. Kira had picked up some hair dye so she could color her hair that evening, in preparation for her sister and brother-in-law's visit. As she hurried home, an unknown assailant from behind suddenly knocked her into an alleyway. A witness to the scene dashed across the street to assist Kira as she disappeared from his line of sight.

Kira found herself confronted by a Mexican, and the large Negro who had knocked her into the alley.

"Hey hot Mama, whatchoo got in da bag?" the Mexican inquired, grinning.

"None of your fucking business!" Kira snapped, her grip tightening around the Ruger P85 9mm pistol in her coat pocket.

The pistol was a double-action semi-automatic, so it could be carried with the hammer on a chambered round, yet have the hammer cock and drop with a pull of the trigger like a revolver.

"You's gonna tell us what's in da bag, o' we's gonna split yo' he't open, Be-itch!" the Negro snarled, raising a length of pipe menacingly.

Kira turned to face him and tightened her finger on the trigger as she leveled the pistol inside her coat pocket. Too late, the Negro realized she was armed.

"We's only kittin'!" he hollered hoarsely, as Kira's finger tightened even more.

"Bullshit!" she replied, squeezing the trigger.

The pistol made a muffled crack through her heavy wool coat and the Negro fell backwards; a hole in his liver. Kira turned toward the greasy Mexican, who looked all around for an avenue of escape, but due to the enclosed alley, had none. The pistol fired twice more,

dropping the Mexican behind a blue dumpster. Kira turned to run, and was startled to see a White man facing her from the head of the alley. His arm was outstretched, and his hand held a pistol as well. Sensing Kira's next move, he dropped his arm.

"I'm friendly!" he hollered. "I thought you could use some help, but it doesn't look like it. Come on! Let's get out of here!"

Kira was more than happy to oblige, and took the stranger's now-empty hand as he offered it to her. They glanced furtively around the corner before dashing into the dusky gloom of the late Seattle afternoon.

Stopping to rest and catch their breath several blocks away, the panting man offered his hand once again, this time in a gesture of friendship. Kira shook it.

"Thank you for coming to my aid." she said quietly.

The man grinned.

"My pleasure. I saw that nigger come up on you, but he knocked you into the alley before I could do anything. I was going to blow them away, but you beat me to it!"

"My first time too." Kira responded.

"Really? Well your secret is safe with me." the man replied. "Carrying a gun and all, I don't think you agree with our System."

"Hell no! I don't much like Muds either."

"Well then, I know some people that you would love to talk to. They think just like you and me."

"Cool." Kira answered. "My sister and brother-in-law think the same way too."

The initial adrenaline had worn off, and she began to shake.

"It's okay." the man reassured her. "It'll go away in a bit."

"You've had practice then, I take it?" Kira inquired.

"A little." he replied.

"Oh my gosh! I forgot to introduce myself. I'm Kira Thomas."

"Kira, it's nice to meet you. My name is Dan Shanks. You said your sister and her husband think like you do as well?"

"Yeah. Seth hates the Feds. He was going to propose to Judy on a romantic cruise, and the asshole at the airport made him open the ring box right there in front of her; spoiled the whole thing."

"What an asshole."

Kira brightened.

"Hey, they're coming in tomorrow to visit for a few days. Why don't you come over for dinner and meet them? You can tell us all about these people you know and...I'd kind of like to see you again." Kira finished somewhat shyly.

"I'd like that." Dan replied. "I'd really like that."

\*

"Not long to go now." Snark commented, as he glanced at his watch for the nine thousandth time that day. The afternoon was half over, and he was unsure how much longer it would be before the nuke in Washington detonated, if at all. It was after all, over forty years old. Even if Rachel and Walter were able to get it into position, would it still function?

This question and a thousand more, ran through his mind as he watched his restless team. They were on the farm of a Resistance member in rural Stokes County, of North Carolina. He had about fifty members present, with several more on the way, and seven at the intermediate school several miles away.

Rachel had called to report they were outside DC, at Silver Spring, Maryland around noon, and would approach the Washington Monument just at dusk, after the last of the tourists had left. This way, they could take out the real Secret Service personnel guarding it, without any tourists to witness the act. Even if someone else saw what was happening, they could still make it to the top of the towering penotaph and detonate the bomb before help could arrive.

They crossed into DC on Highway 29 and headed south, approaching the infamous Rock Creek Park, where investigators had searched for the body of the Jewish Federal intern to Gary Condit, Chandra Levy in 2001. Her remains were discovered the following spring within the confines of the huge, wooded park, and it had become notorious for that event. As they approached the Military Road entrance to the park, Walter suddenly noticed flashing blue lights behind him.

"What the hell?" he muttered. "I wasn't doing anything wrong."

In fact, Rachel and Walter had both been extremely careful in their trip from Maine, not to exceed the posted speed limit or do anything else that might attract the attention of law enforcement, even though they had Federal credentials. If no chances were given for anything to go wrong, the risks were greatly reduced.

Walter pulled around the corner into the park, and stopped alongside the road. He produced his badge case as the officer approached the car, and identified himself.

"FBI. Agents Mendelheim and Rowe. What's the problem?"

"No problem, Sir." the uniformed Secret Service agent replied.

The Uniform Division of the Secret Service routinely conducted traffic stops in the DC area, and many visiting motorists were shocked

to get a speeding or parking ticket with a US Secret Service letterhead on it.

"I was doing a random vehicle check," the officer explained. "Are you carrying anything illegal? Any guns, drugs, or nuclear weapons?"

It was a standard question; designed to trip up someone who might be hiding something, but it was certainly not designed for another law enforcement officer. He had apparently just recently been released on his own. If a subject missed the nuclear weapons part of the question, it usually meant he was hiding something, and his thoughts were fixed on something else. Walter had expected this, but was still stunned at the fact he actually did have a nuclear weapon in the car.

"Of course we have guns," Walter replied. "We're Federal agents, like yourself. No drugs, except for Agent Rowe's allergy meds. Nuclear weapons eh? I've got one inside my pants, or at least that's what my girlfriend says."

He burst out laughing, and the officer joined him.

"Okay, Agent Mendelheim. You wouldn't mind if I had a quick look in the trunk though would you?"

Walter looked at Rachel. Of course they would mind; very much so. There were two uniforms identical to the ones the officer was wearing folded in the trunk, as well as a nuclear weapon capable of leveling much of New York City.

"Of course not," Walter responded coolly. "All you'll find is our luggage though. We're on our way back from New Haven. We're due at J. Edgar Hoover in about ten minutes though."

This was exactly why he had been picked for the mission over the sixteen other volunteers.

"The lock sticks," he added. "It's kind of tricky."

"Would you mind opening it then?" the officer asked politely.

"Of course not," Walter replied cheerily. "Here."

He exited the vehicle and played with the lock on the trunk for several seconds before actually releasing it. He lifted the trunk and pointed to the black bag containing the bomb, and a trash bag, in which the uniforms were folded.

"See? Just our bags."

As the officer leaned forward to inspect the black bag, Walter's sidearm cleared his shoulder holster. Before the Secret Serviceman could react, the pistol discharged and the bullet struck him in the side of the head. He tumbled forward, and Walter guided him into the trunk and slammed the lid. He stuck his head around the car and hollered to Rachel.



“You drive! “I’ll take his car. Into the park. There’s a side road. Let’s go!”

He tossed the keys to Rachel and got behind the wheel of the marked car, following her onto the side road. He opened the trunk, and removed the bomb and uniforms before shutting it again.

“What an idiot! He had no reason to pull us, much less go through our trunk after we identified ourselves. It just goes to show how arrogant they’ve become; searching each other. Let’s change here. We can use his car, and with our uniforms, we won’t attract any attention. We can pull right up to the Monument without raising so much as an eyebrow.”

They quickly changed clothes, and Walter put the black sedan in “drive” and let it meander across a short grassy area and over an embankment. By the time anyone discovered the car, the park would have been contaminated for years with radioactive fallout.

“We’re close to schedule.” Walter commented, as they resumed their drive toward the center of the city. “You know it’s a funny thing, how Congress has decided to stay late all this week, trying to ram the last of that bullshit legislation through at the last minute. Normally they wouldn’t be in the Capitol at this time of day. They usually aren’t even in legislation at the same time, but their own greed and lust for power has sealed their fate.”

Rachel nodded in agreement.

“I’m nervous though.” she admitted.

“Me too. Who wouldn’t be? We’re about to die for our country, but we’ll soon be joining our families, so it’s a consolation.”

“Yes, these past few weeks have been so hard without Steve.” Rachel sighed. “It will be good to see him again.”

Walter smiled, and put his hand reassuringly on Rachel’s arm as they rounded the corner onto Virginia Avenue, and the Washington Monument loomed directly ahead.

“Soon.” was all he said.

The car stopped in front of the circle of flags waving in the stiff breeze, and Rachel looked at the two guards standing rigidly on either side of the entrance. Walter exited the car and nodded at the two officers in uniforms identical to his.

“Come on,” he said lightly. “I’ve been doing this for ten years. In spite of what they teach you at Quantico, you don’t have to stand like a fucking statue.”

The guards smiled faintly, and relaxed slightly. Walter smiled back and suddenly drew his .40 caliber sidearm and planted a quick shot to the forehead of each officer. Rachel dragged the suitcase from

the car, and lumbered toward Walter as he fumbled through the guards' pockets, looking for the keys to the crypt-like structure. He found them, and glanced straight up the side of the tallest masonry tower in the world. At five hundred, fifty-five feet, it was more than tall enough to glean the maximum affect of the blast.

Walter unlocked the door, and as he entered the forum, he tripped an electronic beam. Not having the code to turn of the system, the elevator would not work. Walter shot the padlock off the bronze door to the stairwell, and he and Rachel began lugging the heavy suitcase up the dark stairs.

With only the beam of a flashlight to guide them up the narrow, twisting passageway, the going was not as fast as they had hoped. Sirens could be heard approaching the Monument, as they cleared the last of the steps and opened the suitcase.

They had armed the bomb when they switched cars in the park, so all that remained was to activate the switch. This was in case they were caught anywhere, they could detonate the bomb, although without anywhere near the maximum potential.

A mile and a half away, Representatives and Senators evacuated the North and South Wings of the Capitol, as word spread of an impending possible act of terror. In their unusual act of simultaneous legislation, and long hours, they had unwittingly set themselves up not for more expedient work, but for a more successful strike by the Resistance. All one hundred Senators were on hand for the passage of President Rosenbaum's pet bills, as well as an almost full house for the Representatives. Only John Holshauser from Iowa, and Jeff Simpson from Wyoming, both having voted repeatedly for Citizens' rights were absent. They had been sent fictitious death notices of loved ones, and departed the city around noon.

Walter turned the key on the detonator, which illuminated with a flashing red LED number 10. He flipped a chrome toggle switch and the number began counting down. Shouts and footsteps could be heard, as Park Police and Secret Service personnel dashed up the steps of the towering monument. Rachel looked intently at Walter, and the pair embraced tightly as the number read 3, then 2...

"We did it." Rachel whispered. "See you on the other side."

Walter smiled at her.

"May God have mercy on our souls."

For a nanosecond, a strange cooling sensation enveloped the pair, and then all sensory perception stopped. A blinding burst of light illuminated the sky above DC with a brilliance brighter than the sun, and a temperature ten times as hot as its surface. The top of the

monument vaporized, and a shock wave traveled outward from the epicenter at over one thousand miles per hour, leveling the Pentagon, White House, J. Edgar Hoover Building, and most of the Capitol in an instant.

As the fulgurant explosion faded, the vacuum caused by the blast pulled the outwardly traveling atmosphere back into itself at eight hundred miles per hour, and erupted into a massive column of billowing smoke and radioactive ash, reaching several miles into the sky and taking the ominously-familiar mushroom shape of an atomic cloud. A smoke ring seven miles in diameter hung over the now ruined city like a sentinel.

In Richmond, less than one hundred miles from the detonation zone, people stared in shocked disbelief at the towering cloud that loomed grotesquely into the evening sky. Screams of terror echoed through the streets as people frantically scrambled around, some heading home to get belongings, others simply piling into cars and public transportation to flee the city in anticipation of an impending nuclear strike on their city.

Two hundred, fifty miles to the southwest in Stokes County, North Carolina, the ragtag band of rebels watched in horrified fascination as Washington DC vaporized under a glowing bulbous cloud. They began preparations to move on the soon-to-be nearly empty internment camp at the infamous Hanging Rock facility. Some of the greatest intellectual minds were locked inside the mountain, and they deserved to be free; free to think and speak for themselves to whomever, and whenever they so chose. Things were about to become very different for the fate of the country, and they were dependent on not only the outcome of events directly related to the nuclear incineration of Washington DC, but also the determination of the Resistance, and the amount of knowledge imprisoned within the granite mountain formerly known as Hanging Rock State Park.

Back in Washington, the scene was nothing short of devastating. Everything within a one mile radius was decimated, with severe damage extending another three miles. The White House, FBI headquarters, Martin Luther King Memorial Library, IRS, and most of the Smithsonian Institution were well within the zone of complete destruction. The Capitol Building and Pentagon were just outside the range of total devastation, but still mostly destroyed, with nearly 100% casualties at the Capitol, and 85% at the Pentagon, all of which would climb to 100% within a matter of hours, due to burns and massive irradiation. The lucky ones had perished instantly.

The Vice President also perished, at home in his residence at the US Naval Observatory. The force of the blast easily knocked the old house off its foundation, and the collapsing structure killed Marlon Washington Moses, the first Black vice president, and presidential hopeful in the 2024 elections.

President Rosenbaum himself had escaped the attack, by being in New Hampshire campaigning for the primaries to be held there in three weeks. Within minutes, he was on board Marine One, bound directly for Camp David, located about twenty miles to the east of Hagerstown, Maryland in Catocin Mountain Park. Time was of the essence, and the retreat was easily within range of the mighty helicopter, so there was no need for the official Presidential jet, Air Force One.

Built to withstand a ten-megaton direct hit, the National Archives had survived the blast, and would one day be unearthed for display in the new capital city. The Declaration of Independence and US Constitution would stand side by side with a new relic of the Second Revolution where Americans could be continually reminded of the Dark Years.

Amazingly, at Ground Zero, the statue of John Paul Jones had remained intact, escaping the destructive force of the explosion by being almost directly beneath it, although most of the trees surrounding it were gone. The symbol that the surviving monument projected would remain emblazoned in Americans' minds for decades, as the inscription of his famous words had also survived without so much as a scratch: "Surrender? I have not yet begun to fight!"

Neither had the Patriots, and the Government was in for a rude awakening.

## CHAPTER 18

*“It is error alone which needs the support of government.  
Truth can stand by itself.”*

**Thomas Jefferson**

Snark carefully watched through a pair of powerful binoculars, as the string of vehicles exited the former entrance to Hanging Rock State Park. Once he was satisfied that no more were on the way, he motioned to his troops through the early morning mist. It had taken most of the night for the camp personnel to get their orders to move out, and collect all the food and medical supplies for the relief effort in DC.

“We’ll use the vehicles Jack’s team commandeered on the way in yesterday evening.” Snark informed the Patriots. “Up until then, we were going to try and sneak in through all the detection equipment with most likely dismal results, or shoot our way in with a probable high loss of people. Now, we can waltz right in and take them out from the inside. Let’s move out.”

He contacted the team still awaiting orders at the local school via his cell phone.

“Stand at alert.” he ordered into the phone. “Be ready to leave at my orders.”

“Yes Sir.” a voice replied.

The three military vehicles approached the guarded entry to the prison camp, and slowed as the sentry raised his arms. Snark rolled down his window, as he was driving the lead truck, and stuck his head out. He was wearing military-issue BDUs, as were the others in view, and the sentry paid no attention to his face.

“They told us to come back!” he hollered. “They think there’s a chance that we may be attacked while most of us are gone. We need to set up a defense, just in case.”

The Negro nodded and retracted his head from the small window overlooking the roadway, and opened the reinforced gate. As the first truck passed through the gate, Snark saluted the sentry, who in returning the gesture, took his eyes from the two other vehicles. Several quick pops rang out, and he dropped to the floor with .22 bullets through his right eye and ear.

Snark stopped the truck and nodded to two of his men.

“Okay, you two are the new sentries. You know who’s friendly, and who isn’t.”

“Yes, Commander.”

The vehicles continued up the winding road with occasional views to the right, of the Blue Ridge Mountains along the North Carolina/Virginia border twenty miles to the northwest shining in the early morning sun. One of the Patriots was shooting the entire operation on a DVD camera, so the world would be able to see exactly whatever they found inside the forbidding mountain.

The road forked, and what had once been the road continuing to the top of the mountain and the Visitors Center, along with a clear reservoir for the town of Danbury's water supply, was now cordoned off with a heavy chain.

The vehicles turned to the left, following what used to be a dirt road, but had been asphalted in 2010, when the facility was turned into a subterranean prison. After another ten minutes, they arrived at a hole in the side of the mountain which sported a massive steel door that could be shut in the event of an air strike.

"Lucky it's open." Snark whispered, as they passed into the cool interior of the mountain. "If we'd had tried to shoot our way in here, they would have shut it, and we'd have never gotten through it. I think it could probably take a near direct hit."

He put his arm around Sallee, whom he had let come on this mission. He had originally intended for her to stay with the buses where it was safer, but when he got word that they would be able to roll through in armored vehicles, he decided she would be safe to remain as a driver if things went sour.

"Hang tight, Angel." he whispered, kissing her on the cheek. "We'll wrap this up as quickly as we can."

Sallee nodded and kissed him back.

"I love you, Snark Hauser. You'd better come back."

Snark stopped the truck at the end of the entrance tunnel, which was about three hundred feet from the opening to the outside, inside a spacious room carved from the granite mountain. While not cavernous in size, it was still large enough to accommodate a great deal of computers and equipment designed for maintaining an underground missile complex.

Three separate tunnels led in different directions, toward what Snark assumed were once the underground silos, but were now converted to holding facilities. While nowhere near as spectacular as the Cheyenne Mountain Complex in Colorado, the facility was impressive nonetheless. Heavily barred, steel gates covered the openings to the tunnels, further reinforcing Snark's theory. As he pondered his next move, a voice suddenly boomed over an intercom:

"What are you doing here?"

Snark leaned out the window and hollered in response.

“John sent us back!” he shouted, making up a common name in hopes someone with the same name held a position of authority. “There’s a possibility of attacks on the mountain.”

A burst of automatic gunfire strafed the three vehicles in response. Fortunately, they were armored and the projectiles merely bounced off.

“I guess there’s no one named John in command.” Sallee whispered.

“Ya think?” Snark retorted.

He reached for his radio.

“Run the gates!” he barked. “Crash ‘em and we’ll have a better chance than sitting here!”

He accelerated the Armadillo toward the tunnel to the right, while the other two went straight and left. The bars tore from the concrete covered rock, as the heavy truck crashed into them at twenty miles per hour. Once inside the tunnels, the trucks stopped and Snark ordered return fire. Almost fifty Patriots exited the vehicles and began firing at the catwalk surrounding the large room. Two figures fell, but shots came from two more locations.

“So much for a surprise attack.” Snark shouted ruefully. “They know we’re here now!”

He had no more uttered those words, when he felt a jolt in his left arm akin to being shocked with 220 volts, and his arm was knocked violently to one side.

“Shit!” he hollered. “I took one in the arm! Concentrate your fire on that observation window above the entrance tunnel! That’s where they saw us from. There’s another group behind that equipment over there too!”

Holding his M16 with his right hand only, he began firing toward a large bank of archaic reel-to-reel computers that had been left behind when the facility was abandoned, due to their age and obsolescence. He was rewarded with a figure falling backwards, but more fire erupted from the area.

“Grenades!” he hollered. “We need grenades!”

Sallee had seen him struck, and now joined him as he slid down the cool concrete wall to a seated position on the floor. Blood ran from the wounds; the bullet had passed cleanly through the muscle of his forearm above the ulna, and left two holes.

“I’ll get you stitched up!” Sallee assured him. “It’s not that bad. You’re lucky it didn’t hit you in the bone, or it would’ve torn your arm off. I’ve still got some of those baseball grenades left over from Food King. If they can cover me, I’ll put one right up their asses!”

“Cover her!” Snark shouted.

A burst of rifle fire spit from their assortment of unearthed and stolen weapons, as Sallee wound her arm and pitched the small grenade directly between two banks of computers.

A deafening blast filled the chamber and reverberated off the concrete walls for what seemed like minutes. A ball of fire illuminated the computers, and three more disciples of tyranny were blown clear of their cover.

An overwhelming stillness filled the manmade cavern, as everyone glanced around.

“Nice shot!” someone commented.

“They’re holed up in that observation room!” Snark said, as he stood and held his arm tightly.

A barrage of gunfire aimed at the window did little except throw the deflecting bullets in every direction. Screaming ricochets twanged around the room, and Snark held his good arm aloft.

“Hold it! That glass is bulletproof. We’re not accomplishing a thing. Sallee, do you think you can toss another baseball up there?”

Sallee peeked around the corner and nodded.

“I think so!”

“Cover her again!” Snark ordered.

In the ensuing barrage, Sallee succeeded in landing the baseball-sized grenade on the catwalk almost directly in front of the bullet-dimpled window.

“Everybody down!” Snark bellowed.

The Patriots all retreated behind corners, as the grenade exploded, and sharp shards of glass and shrapnel rained down in all directions. The lights went dark, and backup lights blinked on a moment later.

A series of audible clicks echoed down the passageways, as the electronic locks failed. They were not included on the backup system, as the government upfitters felt that the internal generators would never be disrupted. The lights came on only because they were part of the original design.

A chorus of whoops arose from all three tunnels and echoed for several seconds.

“Quiet!” Snark ordered. “I think I hear someone shouting. Everyone be quiet.”

“Hello?” a hollow-sounding voice could be heard calling from the depths of the mountain. “Are you here to help us?”

“Who are you?” Snark shouted back.

“My name is Freddy Fitzgerald.” the voice called back. “Who are you?”



Snark grinned.

“We did it!” he burst out. “It’s the voice of investment radio himself. Thank God they’re still alive back there.”

He cupped his hands to his mouth and shouted back.

“Friends! Are there any hostiles with you?”

“No! We were locked in here alone. It sounded like the locks all popped after that last explosion. There’s no light back here, so we’re feeling our way out of our cells and down the stairs.”

“Stay put!” Snark called. “We’re on the way. You’ll be breathing fresh air in half an hour. Everyone proceed through the tunnels. Watch for signs of life. Everyone report when you’ve found Patriots. Carl, you keep that camera rolling! I want the whole world to know what we find in here.”

Another chorus of whoops erupted, and the liberators piled back into the three Armadillos. Within five minutes, dozens of unshaven and disheveled men in their underwear appeared in the headlights, holding their hands in front of their faces to shield their weak eyes from the glare of the lights, as Carl’s camera captured the event on DVD.

“Oh thank God! It’s a miracle!” one of the captives whispered, tears in his eyes. “We thought we would never be free from here except by death.”

“How many of you are here?” Snark inquired.

“Hundreds of us. We don’t know how many exactly. We’re mostly kept in solitary confinement, except when we are tortured for information, or given ‘reeducation programs’.”

“What are those?” Sallee inquired.

The man shuddered.

“They drug us and make us watch movies on obedience over and over again. If we don’t answer their questions properly, they beat us, withhold food and water, and hook us up to ‘The Persuader’.”

“Persuader?” Snark echoed. “What in God’s name is that?”

“It’s a helmet they put on us.” someone else explained. “It’s sensory-depriving, but you never know for how long, because it’s also a shocking device. It shocks your neck, and every muscle in your body tightens up. I’ve actually kicked myself in the back of the head with it on.”

“My god.” Sallee breathed. “And they commiserate about what happened to them in Aushwitz?”

“Many people have died here.” the man continued. “Those that refused to learn were either shot, or tortured until they died. Some had their balls cut off, others had coat hangers shoved up their ass and they

hemorrhaged. You can't begin to imagine! Sometimes the bastards did it in front of us."

The man buried his face in his hands and wept openly.

"There used to be a few women here too," he choked, "but they were raped daily in front of us to demoralize them and shock us into submission. If any of them are still alive, they must be insane by now. We haven't seen them in so long, they must be dead by now. We were never intended to be freed, except by death. These aren't detainment camps; they were never intended to be anything but death camps. It was the only way out. Some managed to commit suicide by tying their pants around their necks, so then they stripped us. They finally let us wear underwear again last year I think, maybe it was two years ago. It's hard to tell, we can't keep track of time in here. What is today's date?"

"August 26<sup>th</sup>, 2020." Snark replied.

"My god!" someone wailed in shock. "I've been here for nine years!"

"You're getting out now." Snark replied soothingly. "Follow us back, and we'll see what kind of clothing and supplies we can find for you. Then we'll take you outside."

"Outside!" the prisoner of nine-years exclaimed. "I've almost forgotten what outside looks like."

Carl returned from the former silo which was now filled with cells around its perimeter, stacked one over the other for twelve stories on rows of catwalks. Two hundred, fifty cells filled the silo, and there were two more of them identical to this one. Almost seven hundred men were stacked in the three silos with only one light fixture hanging in the center of the space for illumination.

"You wouldn't believe what it's like in there!" Carl exclaimed. "It's worse than any Nazi horror story you ever heard!"

Snark nodded, and tried his phone. To his amazement it worked.

"They must have a repeater in here somewhere to be able to call out like they have in the tunnels in New York City." he mused.

He called the team at the intermediate school and gave the order to proceed.

"I'll need you here with as many buses as you can get." he instructed. "There's hundreds of people in here. I don't think we'll even have enough to get everyone in one trip."

"There are twenty buses in the lot here, Sir."

"Good. I'll send a dozen more guys to meet you there and grab every single bus. Hang tight."

The three Armadillos regrouped in the large entrance room, and the Patriots began searching for supplies, while Sallee cleaned Snark's oozing wounds, and stitched them shut with medical supplies she found in the infirmary, if one could call it that. It appeared to be more for the benefit of the captors than the captives.

"Lucky you heal quickly." Sallee commented. "It will be at least a week before you can take that arm out of the sling though. You'll just have to baby it."

"I'll try," he replied, "but I can't guarantee anything. Our freedom is more important."

"Not if you get it infected and lose it!" Sallee chided. "Listen, I was going to be the doctor, not you. Those are *my* orders, Commander."

Snark smiled.

"Yes, Doctor Sallee." he responded.

"Commander! You need to see this!" a voice called.

"What is it?"

"Sir, you must see this." the man answered, tears in his eyes. "Have Carl bring the camera too. As awful as it is, we need to show every man, woman, and child in this country what is up there."

Snark followed the young man up a set of stairs into the control room located behind the observation window Sallee had blown out. Beyond, the main control room, lay several chambers where the personnel who ran the camp were housed. In each room, one of the missing women was chained to the wall, completely nude and there to service their individual captors.

"Find bolt cutters!" Snark ordered, as Carl shakily swept the camera over each cowering woman. "Somebody find something to cut these chains and get these beautiful, White women free!"

"You're not here to rape us?" one of the women inquired in a terrified voice.

"Hell no!" Snark replied soothingly, as a Patriot returned with a pair of bolt cutters from the supply room.

He cut the handcuffs from the woman, a pretty blonde of perhaps twenty-six years of age, and helped her to her feet.

"We're here to take you home."

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"Mr. President, Washington is gone!" Amos Carter said grimly, as the President entered the command center at Camp David.

"What in God's name happened?" Eugene Rosenbaum exclaimed. "Oy vey, this is horrible! I want reports! How many are dead? What about Marlon?"

“He’s dead, Sir. So is the entire Congress, except for Representatives Holshouser and Simpson. They survived, as they were called away at the last minute.”

“They were always against us!” the President spat. “They must have been in on this! Find them and arrest them! Then do whatever it takes to get the information you need! I don’t care if you cut them to pieces to do it!”

He sat down in a chair, shaking with rage and shock at the massive blow struck against his regime by the Resistance.

“I will go on television to talk to my country.” he stated. “I must assure them that this will not shake our nation; that we will maintain law and order! We must regain control, even if it means sacrificing more of our citizens, but it must be done!”

“Sir?” Amos inquired apprehensively.

“We will retaliate! We will bomb those cities that harbor these terrorists into oblivion! We will crush them like bugs! I’m the Commander-in-Chief, and I will lead our military to victory over these insurgents, even if it means the destruction of half of this nation to accomplish it!”

“Sir,” Amos repeated, “you aren’t making any sense. You cannot simply bomb our own cities. Are you talking nuclear retaliation here?”

“I sure as fucking hell am!” the President screamed. “They killed ours, we’re going to kill theirs!”

“Sir, that is nonsense, and I’m doubtful that you are in your right mind. Perhaps you-”

“Perhaps nothing, you sniveling, traitorous coward!”

Eugene Rosenbaum drew a Colt .45 Officers Model from his belt, the first president in modern times to carry a firearm, and promptly shot his national security advisor in the chest. Amos Carter staggered backwards, as blood sprayed from the hole in his heart. He collapsed to the floor, clutching his chest and murmuring incoherently, as blood issued from his nose and mouth as well, and then lay still.

Stunned silence filled the room, as all those present began to realize their President had turned into a madman; a raving lunatic bent on the destruction of the country to satisfy his own agendas. They were powerless to stop him however, as they lacked the authority to impeach him. Only two people alive in the world could still do that, and they were not available at the moment.

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“This is the President.” a familiar voice cut in over every radio and television station in America. “I am broadcasting from Camp David because Washington, DC has been destroyed by a nuclear

attack. This was evidently the work of the same terrorists who refer to themselves as Patriots, and I assure you, we will retaliate!

“Many cities have openly harbored these terrorists, and begun aiding them in their efforts to overthrow this government. This will now end. Every time we send our military to strike these terrorists from their strongholds, they are the ones who suffer the losses, not the terrorists! This will also now end.

“In response to the atomic bombing of Washington, I am retaliating against those cities with high numbers of terrorists members, with nuclear strikes of our own. I will end this insurrection by any means possible! They have started this, but I will finish it. When this is over, we can rebuild a new, peaceful society where everyone gets along in harmony. I will institute mandatory interracial procreation so that there are no differences left in our skin tone to invoke racial terror or hate crimes. We will all be the same. This decision does not come easily, but it is one I have been forced to make. Good day.”

President Rosenbaum sat back in his chair, contemplating his next move.

“I’m the Commander-in-Chief, and I’m going to start commanding, God damn it!”

He looked at his Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff.

“Get me a line to Naval Operations.”

“Yes Sir.”

The man shakily handed the President a red phone.

“This will put you through, Sir.”

“Thank you. Isn’t it so much easier when you *goyem* just listen to me in the first place... this is the President, who is this? Admiral Hernandez? Patch me through to the Grand Rapids.”

The USS Grand Rapids was the largest nuclear submarine ever constructed by the US military. At almost twice the length of the Trident class of nuclear submarines, the Grand Rapids was the first in the new Atlantis fleet.

Designed to stay submerged for years at a time, its crew generally stayed on board for half of their six-year enlistment. It was so costly to construct, that were doubts as to whether or not the other two sister subs, the Idaho Falls and Truth or Consequences, would ever see the ocean.

For the President to contact them directly meant one thing and one thing only; a nuclear first strike was eminent.

“Yes Sir.” Admiral Hernandez responded shakily.

On board the Grand Rapids, Commander Matt Kipling took the call.

“Sir, it’s the President.” Commander Kipling reported to the captain.

“Yes Sir?”

“With whom am I speaking?” Eugene Rosenbaum inquired.

“Captain Edward Simmons.”

“Captain Simmons, this is not a drill. I am going to give you the codes necessary to arm the missiles on board your boat. Do you understand?”

“Yes Mr. President!”

“You are to punch in the key numbers I give you, and then arm the system by turning both keys simultaneously.”

“Yes Sir, we are well-rehearsed in this matter.”

“Don’t patronize me! Now do as I tell you!”

Captain Simmons looked at Commander Kipling with a look of alarm.

“They’re armed Sir.”

“Good. Now put in these coordinates...”

Matt Kipling typed the coordinates into the computer, and was shocked to discover that they were all on US soil. The captain also shared his alarm. All of the targets, and there were fourteen of them, were not only on the US mainland, but held the largest number of Resistance members and retaliatory incidents against the invasion of their cities by the Government; Seattle, Charlotte, Dallas, Idaho Falls, Omaha, Kansas City, Los Angeles, Albuquerque, Sioux Falls, Billings, Salt Lake City, Denver, Cheyenne and Phoenix.

“My God!” Matt breathed.

“Mr. President, there is a problem with our navigation systems.” Ed Simmons responded. “I can’t get a computer lock. It won’t accept these codes.”

“The fuck it won’t!” the President screamed. “Arm the fucking missiles!”

“Yes Sir. Trying again. Beginning countdown now. Hold on please.”

“He’s out of his fucking gourd!” Matt exclaimed.

“No kidding,” his captain replied. “I’m not going to deploy those missiles until I hear it from someone else.”

“That’s mutiny!” Ivory Jones interjected. “As third in command, I’m relieving you two of duty!”

“The hell you are!” Matt responded, drawing his .45 and shooting him between the eyes.

“Sir, I’m with you. This whole thing has gone too far. The President is not in his right mind. He’s ordering us to nuke millions of

Americans, and Sir, most of them are White. I believe the President is using his position to commit genocide on our race.”

“That’s a very serious accusation, Commander Kipling!”

Matt looked surprised.

“But-”

“But I agree with you one hundred percent.” his captain interrupted.

“Sir, we have a decision to make.”

“You’re damn straight. Call General Quarters.”

“Yes Sir!”

The alarm sounded throughout the gigantic submarine, and the captain addressed his entire crew.

“We have been ordered by the President of the United States, to attack fourteen cities within our own country. I believe this to be the mind of a maniac who is bent on destroying all those who oppose him by any means necessary, and is declaring a racial war on those outside of the Jewish faith.”

“But protocol says-” someone interjected.

“Fuck protocol! These are our brothers and sisters, our wives and girlfriends! I want a show of hands, who says we should obey the orders of our Commander-in-Chief and launch a nuclear strike against our own soil?”

The hand of every Black, Hispanic, Mid-Eastern, Asian, and Jewish crewmember rose, along with three White hands. Without warning, the captain’s own personal guard raised their weapons and fired at all those who supported the President’s orders. They were knocked backwards by the force of the hard plastic rounds designed for use inside the pressurized boat. They would penetrate flesh and bone, but not the hull of the submarine itself. The last of the brass cartridges clattered to the steel decking with a pleasant tinkling sound.

“The son of a bitch wanted us to hit Omaha for Christ’s sake!” the captain exploded. “The home of the Strategic Air Command at Offutt! What the fuck does he think will happen when they vaporize the big Indian on the side of the insurance building downtown? They’ll think the god damned Russians did it, and it will start a global thermonuclear war. He’s in-fucking-sane.

“The Jews have had their control on us for too long. He wants to kill the Whites, we’ll kill all those bastards first. He’s declared war on our race! We’ll launch a strike all right, against that traitor in Camp David, and against all the cities with high Jew and Black contents. Now, does anyone think *that* sounds crazy?”

Only one young man was foolish enough to raise his hand.

“I do Sir.” he stated nervously. “I know you will probably kill me too, but I want to go on the record saying that-”

A shot to the head dropped him in mid-sentence, and the captain finished it for him.

“That you’re a fucking race traitor. Now, let’s give that piece of garbage a taste of his own medicine.”

Only three men in the US Navy had handpicked the crew of the Grand Rapids, and none other than Major General George Phelps heavily influenced two of them. When it was time to collect on favors, this was the manner he wanted some of them directed. With the exception of the now-deceased Ivory Jones, the entire Command of the sub and an additional thirty-five percent of the crew were in the hands of the Resistance, although only one member was in the Brotherhood. That member was Captain Edward Simmons himself, and though none of the other members knew who was who, he was very much aware of every member who was on the side of the Aryan race.

“What’s going on?” the President demanded, as Captain Simmons returned to the bridge. “Our tracking station picked up what sounded like gunfire coming from your boat.”

“Yes Sir, it was.” Ed replied, as Matt and two other crewmembers changed the coordinates in the computer. “We had a little resistance here. Some of the crewmembers thought your orders were too ‘Dr. Strangelove.’ The others didn’t.”

“You took care of them then? That’s what the shooting was? You killed the traitors that wouldn’t obey my orders?”

“No Mr. President, we killed the traitors that *wanted* to obey them. We’re coming for *you* now.”



## CHAPTER 19

*“Only the dead have seen the end of war.”*

Plato

“Mr. President, our satellites indicate multiple missile launches from the Atlantic Trench.” Alex Gill, the Director of Homeland Security advised.

Eugene Rosenbaum dropped into his chair.

“Oh my god! They’re launching those missiles against us! Where are they headed? How many? How much time do we have?”

“Calm down Sir. Eight missiles launched. Seven moving toward the US, and one toward the Middle East.”

“The Middle East? Where? Palestine? Egypt? No! They’re heading for Israel! Those motherfuckers are going to bomb our precious homeland! Call the Prime Minister! Alert him!”

“Mr. President! Those missiles are no match for our defense system. They’ll be shot down well outside of the US. We’ll alert Israel to evacuate all important personnel from Tel Aviv, their likely strike zone. Most likely they can shoot it down with one of our patriot missiles.”

“You don’t understand, you stupid *Goy!*” the President screamed, shaking the Director by his lapels. “The missiles on the Atlantis fleet are unlike any others in the world! That’s why I tried to use them! They don’t fly to the edge of space where they can be shot out of the sky, they fly below five hundred feet, where our radar can’t see them, and there is no way to shoot them down! There is no way to stop this attack!”

Alex paled.

“Then this is a true Broken Arrow. Mr. President, prepare for Looking Glass.”

Broken Arrow was the code name for an incident involving the potential detonation of nuclear weapons against the US, either by accident or hostile action. Looking Glass was the term for putting the President onto Air Force One during such an emergency and keeping him aloft indefinitely, where he would run his office from the sky until it was safe to return.

The President once again boarded Marine One, this time to fly to JFK Airport in New York, where Air Force One would meet them on it’s return from Concord, New Hampshire, it’s place of waiting while the President was campaigning in that state.

JFK effectively shut down while the President transferred from one aircraft to the other, without a care for those passengers involved. Within an hour of his departure from Camp David, he was cruising at nearly fifty thousand feet, nervously waiting the outcome of what was to happen. He hadn't gotten out of New York with any time to spare either. Fifteen minutes later, most of the city vaporized under the impact of a ten-megaton hydrogen bomb. So did Newark, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Richmond, Detroit, Atlanta, and Tel Aviv. The major strongholds of the Jews and Blacks in America, and the Israeli jewel in the desert, all disappeared within a period of forty-five minutes. Now, anarchy truly was about to run free, if something wasn't done to contain it for the Resistance. The government of the United States would need to realize that they no longer controlled all that was dear to running the nation. It was now or never to take control of as many US bases as humanly possible, to get them into the hands of White Americans and retaliate against any nation that attempted to seize the opportunity for themselves.

At the Cheyenne Mountain Complex, General Willie Williamson was quickly detained and placed in the stockade, along with the few dozen other Negro and non-White personnel there, after the strike on Tel Aviv. It was abundantly clear at that point, who had deployed the strikes, and the new commanding officer, Major Jonathon O'Reilly, was going to ensure that his complex remained in the hands of Whites. He immediately contacted as many other air bases and complexes as he could, in an attempt to keep the ball rolling in the White Man's court.

The Montana and South Dakota Missile Fields were under Resistance control within twelve hours although in Montana, the general in charge, also a Negro, had to be permanently relieved of his command. Across the nation, the White-majority bases of the US Military either imprisoned the non-White troops, or in the case of Vandenburg Air Force Base, and Forts Bragg, Campbell, and Benning, simply killed them. Pope Air Force base, adjacent to Fort Bragg, had also been overtaken, although the minorities lives were spared there.

Seven military bases; Fort Polk in Louisiana, Wright-Patterson Air Force Base in Dayton, Camp Pendleton Outside San Diego, Camp Lejeune in North Carolina, the Marine Corps Air Ground Combat Center in Twentynine Palms, Forts Tucker and McClellan in Alabama, and Camp Atterbury in Indiana, were overtaken by Blacks, who promptly slaughtered every White man and woman on the facilities. At Camp Atterbury, the Blacks were not satisfied with simply killing all the Whites on base, so they spread out into the nearby town of Columbus to rape and pillage the local population there as well.

At Wright-Patterson, the Black general in charge of the air base prepared to send long range bombers to carry out what the USS Grand Rapids had refused to do. This order was overheard by intelligence sources at Cheyenne Mountain, who promptly ended the threat with a small, three-megaton Minuteman missile. Similar tactical strikes on the other six Black-held bases eliminated them as a threat as well, and spurred the remainder of the bases across the country to join forces with the Resistance or face a similar fate. Playtime was over; this was not a game, and weakness simply would not be tolerated. It harkened back to the days of old, when it was either, "you're for us, or your ag'in us." There was no in between.

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"Commander Hauser, we have control of eighty-seven percent of the military bases in this country!" the jubilant voice of General Phelps exclaimed over the shortwave set, as Snark emerged from the subterranean prison to breathe fresh, North Carolina mountain air again. He had stayed behind with twelve others, to determine the amount of damage and begin cleanup in preparation for what he believed would soon be the influx of politicians and the country's chief race traitors.

There was no longer any need for secrecy; it didn't matter who overheard what, now. The game was in the last inning, and all they needed to hit the ball out of the park was the surrender or incarceration of the President.

"Terrific news!" Snark replied. "How many air bases?"

"We have all that are left. Once the other bases around the globe heard what was happening, they wasted no time in dumping their non-White military and siding with us. Wright-Pat is a glowing ember, by the way. We even got Nellis!"

"Good. When this is over, I want to land at Groom lake and see what the hell they've been doing at Area 51 that they claim doesn't exist."

"You may not actually want to know." the general responded jokingly.

"Nonsense!" Snark countered good-naturedly. "If they're talking to Mr. Spock, I want in on the conversation! Now, if we have all the air bases, that means we have command of Air Force One, or at least the capability to shoot it down or force it to land, whichever they prefer."

"That's correct."

"Where is it?"

"I thought you might want to know, so I took the liberty of locating it for you."

"You're a dear, George. Where is it?"

"Over Greece at the moment."

Snark thought for a minute.

"Have a squadron of fighters dispatched from Ramstein Air Base in Germany to intercept the President and escort him to Denver International Airport. We'll take him to Fort Carson from there, and put him in the Stockade. I want to be there personally, when he lands. I can be at Pope in an hour and a half. Have something fueled and waiting for me, preferably something big and black that doesn't exist."

"You've got it, Commander." the general chuckled. "That was nice going at Hanging Rock, by the way. We got seven hundred and sixteen, good White men and women back. I think all of those grateful ladies would marry you too, if they had the chance."

"They'll have to wait." Snark responded. "First things first. Let's get this country back. Then I can worry about who I'll marry, and when. I've got my heart set on a certain young lady at the moment though, if she'll have me."

"Then you'd better open your mouth and tell her." General Phelps replied. "Let me know how things go with the Kike-in-Chief."

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The waning, crescent moon hung low over the Colorado prairie to the east, as Air Force One landed at Denver International Airport. Snark watched, as the graceful 747 taxied to a stop in the middle of the tarmac. It was immediately swarmed by scores of personnel from Fort Carson, who had sworn allegiance to the Resistance, now officially the United Sovereign States of America.

"Clear the plane!" Snark ordered. "I want everyone except Rosenbaum off that bird when I go in there."

"Yes Sir!" Colonel Jerry McFadden replied.

Within five minutes, the giant symbol of America's presidency was devoid of everyone except the former President, and three MPs. Snark climbed the stairs and entered the side of the plane, admiring the extravagance of the aircraft as he did so. Snark was an artisan, and appreciated the fine craftsmanship that adorned the special jet. He found Eugene Rosenbaum seated at the table in the center of the plane, with three MPs standing over him.

"Hello Eugene." Snark greeted him smugly.

"Who are you?" the nervous Jew inquired.

"The Supreme Commander of the United *Sovereign* States of America." Snark replied calmly. "One of the liberators of this nation from the clutches of your Jew World Order. The man who is going to put you on trial in front of the entire world in a spectacle that will make

the Nuremburg Travesty look like a joke. Not that it wasn't, but it sent many innocent people to their deaths."

"They were murderers!" Eugene exclaimed. "Just like you! But like them, you will one day pay for your murderous ways."

"Shut up." Snark commanded, suddenly filled with rage at the events of the past several years, and the thousands of victims of the Government agents.

He struck the fat, disgustingly pompous man before him in the face with such force that he was knocked from the chair.

"You arrogant bastard! For four years, you've been playing God with the people of this country!" Snark snarled, "but you're about to find out what happens to false deities. You ordered the nuclear attack of fourteen American cities because they resisted your tyranny. We only took out seven in retaliation, plus Tel Aviv, which I understand, was home to your parents? Aw, shucks."

Snark wiped an imaginary tear from his eye, mimicking the infamous gesture of Bill Clinton after the funeral of Ron Brown.

"You murdering son of a bitch!" Eugene shrieked, jumping to his feet and lunging at Snark.

Before the MPs could react however, a side kick from Snark's left foot caught him in the side of the head, and he dropped like a sack of wet sand.

"Get up!" Snark growled. "As much pleasure as I would get from killing you with my bare hands, I'm going to take you off this plane in handcuffs for the entire world to witness."

He motioned to one of the MPs, who handed him a set of blue, hinged handcuffs. Snark clamped one tightly around Eugene's right wrist, and twisted it violently behind his back. He then brought the man's left arm behind him and cuffed it as well.

"Eugene Rosenbaum, I am placing you under arrest for the crimes of treason, and committing crimes against your nation and humanity. See, I also happen to be a police officer, and when people such as myself realized that the laws we were enforcing were wrong, we decided to do something about it.

"Just for your peace of mind, I'm the Celtic Cross 'terrorist.' You wanted so badly to kill me; well now, it looks like you have been charged with the very crime you accused me of; treason. Thing is, when a man rebels against laws that are unjust and illegal, he is not a terrorist, but a Patriot. You on the other hand, violated the Constitution of this country and attempted to control us and imprison those who resisted or kept their minds thinking freely. You betrayed the laws of this land. You betrayed your country, and you betrayed your oath of

office. That makes you guilty of treason, and by your own executive order, you *will* be sentenced to death.”

Eugene Rosenbaum began shaking uncontrollably, as Snark shoved him toward the door at the front of the plane. He was very much afraid of death and the thought of being executed terrified him. Cameras rolled, as local media filmed the historic event taking place in their very own city. The once snide, now terrified man in front of them was almost laughable, as almost everyone around him dwarfed his 5'1" frame.

He had used low camera angles to create the illusion of dominance in all his broadcasts and speeches, but in reality he was nothing but a cowering wimp, shorter than most women. He was shoved headfirst into an MP's car and driven to Fort Carson, where he would spend the next week in solitary confinement, experiencing what he had ordered against the Patriots sent to Hanging Rock, who had stood so bravely in defiance against him and his administration.

The hundreds of internment camps around the country had been liberated of the Patriots incarcerated inside, and over the next several weeks were replaced with the White politicians, lawyers, judges, actors, musicians, and media personalities who had used their positions over the years to betray the American people. Where once they had been taking the Patriots away, the straw had finally succeeded in breaking the camel's back and now, it was the traitors who were being led away to their prison camps, where they would spend the rest of their lives reflecting on the consequences of their treachery.

The American public had time to grieve for its losses of many loved ones, and several hastily-released documentaries were aired on national television. Not just limited to the major networks, they were aired on every channel across the nation, for the entire country to see. The public witnessed firsthand, the horrors at Hanging Rock Camp, listened to the voice of Eugene Rosenbaum ordering the nuclear strikes against American cities, and were all given a lesson on the Constitution, and what it really empowered them to do.

By showing real case law from the infancy of the country, and how over the years men like Lincoln and Madison had twisted the meaning of words, many Americans were finally able to grasp the enormity of the power that had been held over them for more than a hundred years. The majority of Americans were stunned at what they were really able to do now, now that the veil of deceit had been lifted from their eyes.

Most Americans were angered at the Liberals who had known of these things, yet claimed the Republicans and Libertarians were lying

when they came forth and attempted to enlighten the people. Intense hatred of the Federal law enforcement agencies responsible for killing or imprisoning innocent Americans to perpetuate the lie, prompted dozens of vigilante-style lynchings of the few remaining agents in hiding.

State and local law enforcement agencies, recognized the legality of the *coup d'etat*, and began enforcing only Constitutionally-legal laws. They waited for rulings from the new Government regarding controversial laws that according to the Founding fathers, were in fact protected by the Constitution.

The former President was found guilty of Constitution-tampering, conspiracy to commit genocide, war crimes, and over one thousand counts of murder, for his ordering of Federal agencies to incarcerate citizens who had been killed as a result. In addition, he was also charged with forty-two million counts of involuntary manslaughter; the body count of all the nuclear attacks combined, much the same way the surviving member of a police shootout is charged with the deaths of all involved on both sides.

On the morning of September 11, 2020, Eugene Rosenbaum was led from the Stockade at Fort Carson in handcuffs and shackles, to a large arena-like area once used for the firing squad. Snark stood behind a podium and addressed not only the former President, but the entire world as well, for every news agency on the planet was present to witness the enforcement of justice against the last remaining iota of the former tyrannical government of the United States.

“On this very morning nineteen years ago to the hour, the first of two jets crashed into the World Trade Center in New York City.” Snark began. “Those planes were under orders by Israeli and American Jews who conspired to send us to war to kill their enemies for them. It is very fitting that on the anniversary of those attacks, one of those conspirators will be executed before your eyes.

“Eugene Rothstein Rosenbaum, you have been found guilty of treason, and a multitude of other crimes against humanity, including more than one thousand counts of murder, and forty-two million counts of manslaughter. Per your own declaration of the crime of treason, you have been sentenced to death; a sentence to be carried out now.

“This is not intended to be a show of force of the new governing body of the United Sovereign States of America, but a reminder of what will happen to any politician who in the future, attempts to take away the liberties of the American people.”

Snark picked up a rifle case and opened it. He removed a beautiful silver and gold colored lever action rifle and held it aloft for everyone to see, and several cameras zoomed in on it.

“In the words of Charlton Heston, ‘from my cold, dead fingers Mr. President’!”

A chorus of shouts erupted from all over the base, as thousands of men and women cheered in agreement.

“This is a very special rifle.” Snark continued, as the noise abated. “It was given to me as a gift from my friend and mentor, Sheriff Doug Wilde, of Mojave County California. It is a special commemorative rifle remembering those horrific events of September 11, 2001.

“It has an issue number of 14 of 1000, and for those of you who do not understand the meaning of this, the number 14 is very symbolic for the men and women who have struggled over the years to return America to the people and values upon which it was founded. It represents the Fourteen Words of David Lane; ‘We must secure the existence of our people, and a future for White children.’

“The serial number of this rifle is 1776911, a combination of dates historically significant to this country; 1776 being the year of our first declaration of independence from Britain, and 9/11, the day for which today is payback. It is on the anniversary of 9/11, with a rifle commemorating that event, having a serial number with that date in it, that the murderer and traitor, Eugene Rothstein Rosenbaum shall be executed. Today, September 11, shall henceforth be known as Judgment Day, and judgment has indeed been passed.

“This rifle shall be placed alongside the Declaration of Independence and the United States Constitution, both of which survived the DC blast, in the new American capital of Estes Park, Colorado where it will stand as a solemn reminder to all, of the American spirit, as well as the penalties for attempting to quash that spirit.”

Snark fed a single cartridge into the side of the receiver and set the rifle on the podium.

“Eugene Rosenbaum, do you have any last words?” Snark inquired.

The man looked around in a panic, the terror reflected in his eyes. He was on the verge of hyperventilating, and perspiration poured from his brow, despite the chilly morning air.

“I didn’t do anything wrong!” he screamed, as clouds of vapor issued from his mouth and flaring nostrils. “I was only trying to protect the American people by making them safer! I murdered no one! I



didn't kill those people in South Dakota! I didn't detonate a nuclear bomb in Washington DC or annihilate millions of people!"

He began sobbing hysterically.

"Please, I don't want to die! Don't kill me, please."

He dropped to his knees and clasped his cuffed hands, looking up at Snark imploringly.

"Please don't kill me!" he begged, grasping Snark's pant leg.

Snark stared in utter disbelief at the man groveling before him, on his knees and begging for his life. No one ever wanted to face execution, but most died with some semblance of dignity; clenched jaw, rigid pose, and staring straight ahead. A few even made sensible speeches. The cowardice of the crying man only made more people realize how weak a person he really was.

"Would you like a blindfold?" Snark asked quietly, the seriousness of the situation upon him.

There was no room for hate or piousness now, and he had to present an air of stern authority, if the world was going to listen to, or respect him. Snark had been named Interim President, until a new primary could be held in the Spring of 2021, with a final election in the Fall.

Eugene shook his head.

"No! No, don't do it! Please!"

Snark set his jaw and cycled the lever of the Winchester rifle with two solid clicks; one to feed the cartridge into the receiver, the second to chamber it. He shouldered the rifle, and pointed the muzzle at the back of the trembling man's head. In a true shot heard around the world, the last remaining symbol of the Dark Years of American tyranny collapsed to the cool concrete, a rapidly-spreading puddle of crimson blood and steam issuing from what had been his face.

Snark ejected the spent casing, which clattered to the concrete and bounced several times. The sound of the clinking brass was picked up by the microphone on Snark's collar, and echoed through the sound system of the base, and was transmitted by satellite around the world.

Once again, Snark's words filled the ears of those listening, as the steaming trail of blood trickled across the white concrete in stark contrast.

"How ironic that in the year 2020, peoples' vision of the last government was cleared to that same number of visual acuity. With 20/20 political eyesight, we can now push into the New Millennium with new understanding of technology, and the potential harm it represents if it is abused.

“We are at a very dangerous time in our evolution; a time when technology and the power it represents, has the ability to corrupt even the best of intentions. It is up to you, the American people, to learn from this tragedy and avoid it ever happening again. As Plato so famously stated, ‘Only the dead have seen the end of war,’ and that statement still holds true today, even with our recent triumphs over tyranny.

“As a people, we are destined to war against those who may oppose and attempt to oppress us, but it is my sincerest hope, that those who oppose freedom and liberty shall be struck down before they ever get one percent as close as they got this time. We must continue to prevail, or we shall once again face perishing from this Earth. We must never forget this.

“We must hearken back to our noble Founders, and this time we *must* pay attention to the visions they foresaw. We must learn from our mistakes or we are doomed to repeat them. We cannot ignore the predictions that have come true, as history is destined to repeat itself time and again. We have a long, hard road ahead of us; the next few years will not be easy, but if we are patient and take the time to think rationally, we can once again restore the America that George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, and Benjamin Franklin envisioned.

“My fellow Americans, I give to you the greatest gift that any President could ever hope to give his people; I give you, the gifts of Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Happiness without governmental interference. May you possess the knowledge to use them wisely.”

## EPILOGUE

*"The price of freedom is eternal vigilance*

**Thomas Jefferson**

In the weeks and months that followed, sweeping changes overtook the nation. All persons convicted of non-violent firearms violations were released from prison, receiving Presidential pardons, as every firearms law ever passed, was deemed unconstitutional and repealed. Once again, any citizen was allowed to carry whatever firearm he or she so chose wherever they so chose. There were no longer any restrictions on automatic weapons, sound suppressors, or firearms length, and companies were once again free to manufacture any accessory they wished. Importation of firearms was also restored, overturning the Federal bans on weapons and ammunition.

Additionally repealed, were any Federal laws concerning a person's own rights to do whatever they wished with their own bodies, so long as it did not affect the welfare of others. This included motorcycle helmet and seatbelt laws, personal drug use at home, prostitution, and the age-old issue of abortion. These issues were left to the discretion of the individual states to govern and prosecute if they so chose, they way the Constitution had originally intended. All federal interference was eliminated.

New laws concerning Constitution-tampering were debated by temporary state-issued delegates, resulting in the passage of a final amendment to the document that made the act, and any further alterations, a capital offense. One word was changed in the Second Amendment before passage of the new law however, the word "people" was replaced with the modern definition; "*individual.*"

After careful review of almost two hundred, fifty years of crime statistics in the country, the decision was made to return the foundation of the nation to those who originally created it.

Illegal Mexicans were shot on sight, and the rest of the Hispanic population was forcibly returned to Mexico, whether it was their country of origin or not. Towering concertina wire-clad chain link fences were erected along the entire US/Mexican border, with watch towers every half mile. Any person seen within the five hundred foot buffer zone was shot on sight, to deter any future border crossings.

With the reduction in crime due to most of those responsible for it leaving, police departments were reduced, allowing many of the officers to become Border Patrol agents. The remainder were absorbed

into the civilian job market, which was booming due to the elimination of the over inflated paper dollar and the reinstatement of the Gold and Silver Standards.

Blacks were given two choices; return to Africa or go to Mexico. Those that chose neither were simply eliminated. The Blacks that fled to Mexico became cheap laborers, competing with poor Mexican families for the few available jobs. Most were eventually killed by angry Mestizos and fed to their livestock, as they could no longer afford to buy feed for the animals.

Blacks sent to Africa were detested by the natives there, who saw them as traitors to their race. Most American Negroes were of mixed blood, and the real Africans saw them as mongrels to be hunted down and eliminated. Since most African nations were already destitute and starving, the newcomers were quickly forced into starvation and cannibalism.

Civil war broke out between the native Africans and the refugees, as both sides fought for the little food available. The number of dead on both sides reached the millions, as the two factions of the most violent race on Earth clashed in murderous rampages.

Disease from the starving and dead spread throughout the entire continent, taking their toll on the Negroes, and within five years most of the Black Africans were dead. A few Afrikaners, or White Africans, managed to survive by living in the high forests on Mt. Kilimanjaro, and in 2057, killed the last Black African on the continent.

Europe took note of America's new policies, and not much caring for forced multiculturalism themselves, forcibly removed all non-White people and Jews from their own countries. Hardest hit in Europe however, were the Turks and those from other Muslim countries of the Mid-East.

Americans eventually returned all non-White people to their countries of origin. No longer was America the cesspool of multiculturalism it had been for so long; the so-called "melting pot" of the world. Mongrels of mixed blood were given their country of choice, but most were shunned by those people upon their arrival, or outright killed.

America closed its borders to all non-White immigrants, although any person of Caucasian birth was more than welcome to come and make a living, provided they had a job waiting for them upon arrival. Non-Whites were no longer permitted into the country, even as tourists, to eliminate all threat of terrorism.

Since all non-Whites were returned to their lands of ancestry, a quandary arose as to what would become of the American Indians.

They had never been much a part of American crime, and since they already had reservations, they were allowed to remain Americans. They had the same freedoms of any White American, to travel wherever they wished, but they had to reside on the reservations.

Many Indians looked White and simply kept their mouths shut. Only those who had remained mostly pure, ended up on the Reservations. Allowed to keep their casinos, most of those tribes flourished in the booming economy and really didn't mind if they had to live on the Reservation, as long as they could travel anywhere they wished. It was a solution agreed on by most, although there are always going to be those to dissent about most things.

As for the all the Jewish politicians, media giants, bankers, movie directors, and record company promoters who had pushed their agenda for global domination by stealing America from her people, they were sought out and shot on sight for the crime of treason.

American forces entered Israel and destroyed what remained of her military forces and nuclear weapons. Over the next several months, every American Jew was detained and deported to Israel. For years, they had clamored about their Promised Land, and now, they were about to see it, at least what was left of it that hadn't been irradiated or decimated by the millions of scrounging hordes that now occupied it.

With no military left to protect them and their US guardian gone from the picture, The Muslim countries began an all-out invasion of Israel. The atrocities that had been committed against the Palestinians were repaid a thousand fold by the forces that now occupied the region. After several months, every Jew had been hunted down and exterminated in the same barbaric methods that they had used against the Palestinians for so many years.

Jews were run over with tanks and bulldozers, disemboweled, and shot to pieces as they tried desperately to claim they had nothing to do with what the Israelis had done. Just as Palestine's pleas had fallen on deaf ears, so did the Jews'. Once again, Palestine was whole, a country dedicated to beliefs of its *own* people, not those of a savage, invading bully.

With Israel gone and the actions of the new American nation recognized by Muslims everywhere, terrorism came to a screeching halt. There was no longer any need to strike out against America in retaliation for her support of Israel. This was also strengthened by the promise of swift nuclear reprisal against *any* country that harbored so much as a single member of any group that kidnapped or killed even one American in an act of anti-western terrorism. The threat was real, and carried out one year later in 2021, against Saudi Arabia. After that,

there were no more attempts at Jihad. Bush's bogus war on terror was finally over.

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*June 23, 2030*

Snark and Sallee sat on the back porch of their little farmhouse in Estes Park. After the destruction of Washington, DC, the country needed a new capital city. Snark had suggested the little town nestled in the Rocky Mountains outside of Denver for a number of reasons.

First, it was in the heart of America where a capital should be, not along the coast. The heartland represented the true American; the one that worked the land to feed his family, and it inspired images of Purple Mountain Majesties and Fruited Plains.

Secondly, it was in close proximity to the Cheyenne Mountain Complex, where politicians could retreat, should another nuclear threat ever arise.

Thirdly and most importantly to Snark and Sallee, it represented the place where they had first met almost twenty years earlier, and later met with Frank Carlson to discuss the plans that laid the groundwork for the Second American Revolution.

Snark had been elected the first president of the United Sovereign States of America, and had easily won the second term as well. No longer were there multiple parties, as the groundwork had been laid out for one uniform government based on the principals of Libertarianism and Constitutionalism. If the Constitution was followed as it was written, there was no need for different political agendas. Only the most qualified candidate to represent the peoples' freedom would win.

Washington, DC had been rebuilt as a new Alexandria of learning, art, and history; a place where all the national treasures recovered from the cities destroyed in the war were put on display, including the Declaration of Independence, United States Constitution, and the 9/11 rifle Snark had used to execute President Rosenbaum, and all the paperwork that Sheriff Wilde had given Snark along with it. Amazingly, many of the artifacts in the Smithsonian Institution had escaped destruction, particularly those stored in the vaults, and the new city, renamed Washington City, as been originally the case before Federalization declared it a district, became a huge museum, more complex and sprawling than the original Smithsonian could have ever hoped to be. The portion never annexed from Virginia was added as well, making the original diamond shape complete.

New York City too, had begun the rebuilding process, and the reconstruction of the Statue of Liberty, although severely damaged by the blasts over New York and Newark, had been the first priority.

Snark had mandated its restoration as his first official act as President, and the plaque at the base that once contained the multicultural words of Emma Lazarus, "send me your tired, your poor..." had been replaced with the Fourteen Words of David Lane.

Across the valley in Estes Park, the gleaming gold dome atop the rotunda of the new Capitol Building shone in the afternoon sun, as the bells atop the belfry of the non-denominational church dedicated as the temporary National Cathedral until the new one was completed in 2057, rang out the Westminster Chimes and struck four o'clock.

Snark smiled at his wife of ten years and held his hand out. She took it, and they stood and walked together across the back yard to where Frank's grave and handsome headstone lay. His wife now also lay beside him, as they remained together in one of the most beautiful settings in the world.

Sallee lay her head on her husband's shoulder as they turned to look across the valley at the tall mountains in the background. Snark looked into her eyes, as their three young, beautiful White children dashed through the thick, green grass, laughing and cavorting in their childish innocence, along with several of the neighbors' children.

They had declined the lifelong Secret Service detail of presidents past; determined to live the remainder of their lives as the ordinary citizens they had been born. Snark also mowed the thick lawn himself, and took pride in his work. They were normal citizens, who invited the neighbors over for coffee, and whose own children played with the neighbors' children as well.

"Do you ever wonder what would have happened if we didn't do it?" Sallee whispered. "Where we would be now, if we would even be alive at all?"

"All the time, but not a day goes by that doesn't remind me of why I wouldn't do it all over again." Snark replied, nodding in the direction of the youngsters. "We must always continue to secure the existence of our people, and a future for White children."



*The end*

## **Some afterthoughts from the author**

I hope you have enjoyed Patriot Act. While the story is fictitious, many of the events are real, and reflect a path down a slippery slope that if left unchecked, will be impossible to reclaim. I hope this book had stirred your heart, but remember, we are still greatly outnumbered in our struggle. Until a viable plan is devised, anyone who takes actions such as Snark, Sallee, Steve, and Rachel, will be deemed a terrorist for their actions. I will most likely be deemed a terrorist for simply writing this book!

The world we live in has changed dramatically, even in the thirty-five years I have been alive. I have witnessed the Gun Control Act of 1968, the mandatory national speed limit, the Crime Bill, "hate speech" laws, 9/11, the inception of the Patriot Act, and a myriad of other laws and executive orders aimed at chipping away our liberties one by one. It is with a heavy heart that I concede they are winning.

We have stood idly by while our freedoms continue to dwindle, and we have done nothing about it! We lament about our position, yet we vote the same politicians into office time and again.

Make no mistake, these attacks against our freedom, our way of life, are real. This is a war against liberty, and against the America that was founded by proud, White men and women over two hundred years ago. Our very existence is threatened by the multiculturalism that has invaded this country.

"America, the melting pot of the world." Over the years, the majority of children in our schools have been indoctrinated with this propaganda. A true melting pot takes like materials and combines them; only similar metals may make an alloy. So was true with America. The melting pot was a kettle of White culture, bringing together the Irish, Italians, Swedes, Poles, Germans, Russians, French, and English into one Almighty White Nation.

With the influx of non-White immigrants over the last fifty years, we no longer live in a melting pot; we live in a chamber pot. A cesspool of filth and garbage that has degraded this once-proud nation



and set an example for the world to follow; the message that race mixing is acceptable and normal. It is not.

By the year 2050, with White immigration halted, and the tide of non-White immigration and procreation rising exponentially, Whites will be outnumbered in this country; *we will be the minority*. Do you think affirmative action will then apply to us? We are within one hundred, fifty years of being bred into extinction. There will come a day when forced interbreeding will become a reality.

This is not fantasy; it is reality. It is a nightmare from which we will not be able to awaken. We have not yet retired, but bedtime is near. We must do something soon to regain control of our country, or we will certainly cease to exist. We mustn't let this happen! We must remain free; free to think and act like the civilized people we have become, not degrade into a concrete and asphalt jungle where your life is worth no more than your jacket or sneakers.

We must elect politicians who will listen. If need be, we can create a third political party based on heritage, that will listen and return this country to the principles upon which it was founded. We have a freedom in this country still; it not yet been taken from us. That is the right to vote. Use this right! It is one of the most precious gifts our Founding Fathers gave us. Statistics show that many times had people voted their conscience and not the lesser of the two evils, we might be in an entirely different position now. The same holds true for those who are eligible to vote but do not. Vote, damn it!

The power is within our grasp. Let us seize it and make the United States of America a name that will once again stand for greatness around the world; a country of the People, by the People, and for the People, that shall endure.

**“We must prevail, or we shall certainly perish!”**