

(((6 MILLION))) GUN SHOOTER

a story of the wild west



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Eden, a place of apparent peace and quietude situated adjacent to a crystal-clear stream that led onto a river, the length of which snaked through the rolling hills of the semi-desert and beyond the limited experience of the townsfolk whose lived experience confined itself to the borders of the town. All was not so pacific within the borders of Eden however unbeknownst to the majority of the townsfolk whose daily affairs centered around citizen duties and the gossip and petty problems of a stereotypical small-town small-mindedness. Enter into the town dear reader and look about you – there are rustic buildings of wood seemingly put together in slap-dash utilitarian style but given the touch of grace which shows the creative genius of the white man in its ornate carving and elegant structure. On a sunny day (which was every day in these parts) the beauty of the town stood happily against the backdrop of the sky but as day turned towards evening and night the seedy underbelly of the town showed itself to those who preferred the cover of darkness for their activity, those positioned both high and low from the gutters of the speakeasy which doubled as a house of ill repute to the polished brass banisters of the seats of power and their secret inner workings. For the townsfolk these things existed though they turned a blind eye to them not wanting to turn from the righteous path along which their lord Jesus walked, though surreptitiously they would gossip and speculate as to the nature of the shadow world they knew existed. And indeed their speculation was not wide of the mark however wild its nature, as the unknown visitors with hardened faces who spoke with New York accents and dressed in the latest style burdened with leather valises and carrying sawed-off shotguns testified to. What their trade entailed could be seen from the gaunt cheeks of some of the more unseemly residents of the town who had decided to follow a broad and winding path towards the night-side of Eden and into the gutters of the town, sometimes appearing on display in the local undertakers as a model for a new casket design. Yes the residents knew that the town was shiny on its surface but underneath it was a place pregnant with violence and that such traps were best avoided through treading the straight and narrow path to church and workplace and home. Continue dear reader down the street past that den of iniquity called ‘The Lightbearer’ for it offers nothing but perdition and gaze at the beauty of the town such as it is for nothing is perfect and we must take things as they are. Here’s a shop – let’s stop inside and see what there is to see: ‘Hymie’s Dry Goods’

Scene 1:

“Herschel! Herschel! Come away from those porno books and greet da custamas – they are here already! Hurry Herschel we must make des visitas welcome!” The shopkeeper, wiping down his apron of flour rushed to the door and leapt out of the way in time to avoid being smashed as the two gargantuan New Yorkers entered, their hawk-like faces gazing outwardly seeking targets. They held in their ham fists two leather valises bursting with unknown goods the sides bulging outwards. The shopkeeper presented an unctuous grin and spoke: ‘What can I get you two gentlemen? Would you appreciate a glass of’ – at which point he was cut off by the one with a scar running down his cheek whose eyes stared penetratingly into the shopkeeper’s. “Cut it Hymie! We’re here on business not to get comfy in this backwater.” At this the shopkeeper, Hymie by name, recoiled and fawned over his two business partners for such they were. “This way gentlemen,” and quickly led them towards the back of the office shouting “Herschel! Get the ‘bread’ ready!” His son raced into the back office and quickly turned the dial on the safe that was concealed behind the door. He brought out a small valise which was stuffed with cash and set it on the table. By this time the men had all crowded into the back office which was lit by a small kerosene lamp. Hymie spoke to Herschel in a harsh whisper: “Go man da store and keep intruders out – we don’t need no trouble from da goys!” Herschel slipped out and pulled the door shut but it failed to catch on the mechanism which enabled it to remain shut and bounced back against the jamb leaving a slight crack unbeknownst to the three ‘businessmen’ who were crowded in the room and who were unable to detect the fact focused intently as they were on the goods and cash to be exchanged. Herschel returned to the counter and monitored the front. Soon a woman came by and he

greeted her inquiring if she needed any assistance. She indicated a certain type of dry good that was kept in the basement and Herschel stated he would return rushing off to the corner of the store opposite to that of the office. The woman continued to browse around the store. As Herschel raced to the basement he slipped on a wet patch from a leaking overhead pipe and cracked his skull on the stone floor terminating his life creating no noise as the tightly packed earth and clay damped the sound and he had insufficient time to cry out. Thus Herschel met his end. Above the trio in the office were still largely oblivious to the goings on without and were busily counting cash as payment for the heroin that the two Mafiosi had brought. “Twenty-five kilos...” Hymie was reckoning as he matched cash with ‘product’. “We’ll create a lot of damage with this haul,” he chuckled meeting with a sneer from his affiliate

the New York Mafiosi. At this point the woman had been standing outside and overheard the goings on within the office. Fearing for her life she turned to go and leave the premises without her goods to escape the probable fate she would meet when one of her shoes struck a floorboard protruding from the ground and caused her to stumble creating the noise she had desperately tried to avoid.

“Whazzat!” Hymie gasped as the trio wheeled round and discovered the woman who froze on the spot: “Please I...didn’t hear anything...I...Just let me go!” The trio rushed her into the back room and gagged her, Hymie turning the kerosene lamp off and rushed into the store under his characteristic guise of shopkeep taking up a broom and pretending to sweep the floor. Just then a wiry labourer named John Dogsboddy rushed in responding to the scream and looked with suspicion at Hymie who was maintaining his pose as shopkeep cleaning his floors. John looked at Hymie scrutinizing the floor – “Don’t look like it’s in need of a dustin’. That scream from in here – what’s it all about? Are you hiding somethin’?” The labourer searched around the room and checked around fumbling with the knob to the office. “Hey you can’t go in der! Dats private!” Hymie swooped down on the man attempting to physically subdue him. The man turned round and grabbed the shopkeep by the ear forcing him to his knees then grabbed him by his greasy locks stating: “I’m gonna investigate this place – or I’ll go to the sheriff!” Hymie replied, knowing the corruption of the sheriff who was involved in the narcotics trade with him stated curtly: “Fine go and rat! See who cares!” Cogitating a moment and realizing that the administrative apparatus was more likely to side with Hymie than himself given the classistic nature of those of the upper orders such as Hymie and his administrative affiliates he then reached into his belt and brought his six-gun out aiming at the head of the shopkeep with the threat to either show him around the shop or he wouldn’t be selling anything to anyone again. The shopkeep acquiesced and speaking in a voice loud enough to be audible to his affiliates stated “I have ta get da key ta my office downstairs – so we’ll check der first – ok?” The labourer nodded and accompanied Hymie down the wooden steps. At the bottom Hymie witnessed his dead son and cried out in anguish: “Oy vey! My dearest Herschel!” he raced down the steps with the labourer behind him and stooped over his son. The labourer spoke with suspicion: “Something strange going on here...” Hymie opportunistic as always was quick with a response: “The scream must have been Herschel’s! He’s dead, dead!” and so saying he stooped over the youth making strange bobbing motions with his head muttering some form of arcane speech

juxtaposed between cries of “Oy, oy, oy”. The labourer however was not fooled by this pantomime and spoke callously towards the Jew: “The scream came from a woman – where is she?” Hymie shrieked back: “My son is dead, have you no compassion you goy! Check where you will all is lost to me now” so saying the Jew bent over his son wailing with tears pouring from his face. The labourer looked at the Jew with disgust and pushed past him down the passage. As he passed by Hymie still keeping up the pretense of sobbing reached into his shirt and extracted a lead cosh he kept handy. Now that the labourer was past and Hymie out of his range of vision the latter continued shedding his crocodile tears intermittently articulating ‘oy vey’ and stood up bringing the cosh down on the labourer’s head which brought him down into a heap. Triumphant Hymie cried out “Tob shebbe goyim harog” (even the best of the gentiles must be killed) and rubbing his hands with glee he cast an apathetic glance at his son and

climbed out of the basement. Looking around cautiously he discovered no one in the store and approaching the office door giving a series of knocks corresponding to the syllables of the above Yiddish phrase. The door was opened and Hymie got a view of what the two Mafiosi had accomplished. The woman was trussed up with the belts of the two men and was wriggling on the floor her mouth gagged with a handkerchief. Hymie reported that they had another sacrifice victim in the basement and that his son was dead. If they were ever exposed they could blame the occurrence on the labourer and Hymie would be giving a habeas corpus of his son to the sheriff today with whom they would undoubtedly have an ally, a partner in crime so to speak. At which statement the Mafiosi laughed understanding how their Cabal worked. The woman lay on the floor looking up with a frightened face dripping with sweat. Hymie looked down at her recognizing her for a frequent customer a certain Mrs. Blonde, wife of the rancher Ezekiel Blonde who lived on one of the nearby ranches. "So Blondie," Hymie stated, "out for a bit of shopping?" He gazed down at her heaving bosom and slowly licked his lips with relish. "How's about a little porridge Blondie?" he said as he patted her cheek with his ruby-ringed hand hairy knuckles caressing her reddened cheeks. "But first you'll need a porridge spoon... and I've got just the thing." So saying he looked into her blue eyes with his beady black soulless eyes and stated to the Mafiosi: "How's bout a nightcap?" They looked down at the woman and one of them replied: "Dat would be my pleasure." Hymie shut the shop down early that day. Unbeknownst to the trio the woman's acacia-wood cross she wore around her neck lay against one of the shelves nearly wedged into a crack and not readily apparent. A drop of her blood from when one of its sharper edges when the cross was pulled from around her neck bespattered the cross.

Scene 2:

Mayor Samael Goldblatt was the defacto town despot, a position so appropriately held by a member of his tribe, ruling over and micromanaging the every movement and breath of the townsfolk. The heavy tax burden and seemingly endless laws and bylaws enacted by the mayor came increasingly with the increase of his power and the concomitant diminution of that of his kids as he increasingly cast from key positions of power, non-Jews who were actual or merely potential threats to his own supremacy and replaced them with members of his own tribe thereby through this gradualistic praxis attaining a monopoly on power. Raised in New York of an immigrant family of Polish Jews he made his bones in the ghetto of Brooklyn and through his connections made his way to the lower levels of power in the kosher nostra of his area. This however was never enough for Sammy so when his mafia boss offered him the position of mayor in an obscure town called 'Eden' he jumped at the chance and packed his bags for wine, women, and the greatest aphrodisiac of all – raw power. He basked in his leather-backed chair smoking a cigar and cradling a snifter of brandy in his other hand. His garish dress bespoke a man knowing no limits to excess, the gold cufflinks and silk cravat testifying to a man of an ostentatious mind motivated by materialism, a devotion to Mammon. Across from him sat a red-cheeked man with handlebar moustache dressed in equally ostentatious garb wearing a large cowboy hat and a string tie with masonic emblem stamped upon it was the sheriff his badge clearly declaring the fact, a six-pointed star connoting the great architect of the universe before whom the Jew and his masonic puppet bowed in obeisance. Surrounding this gap were a few toughs with six-shooters gazing lackadaisically out of the glass windows into the streets. The mayor spoke: "This town is indeed an Eden and we are the gods of this paradise. Our great work is building nicely and soon we will be equipped to branch outwards and assimilate the other neighbouring settlements. Eden will then become a kingdom of heaven upon earth and we will rule uncontested once we eliminate those cursed Christians and their congregation." So saying he took out a mirror and a bag of cocaine from his desk drawer and set it on the table. He rolled up a dollar bill he extracted from his silver money clip and snorted – "Is there no help for the widow's son' his accomplice stated indicating his own banknote roll tapping it with impatience. The mayor looked irritated

and reluctantly poured a little of the white powder on the mirror passing it to the sheriff who coarsely snorted the line like a bull in a bullfight. The mayor's face bore a look of disgust taking back the mirror and another sip of brandy. "On to business. The savage gang have been too lackadaisical of late with their grooming of the Christian girls and a few of them have escaped during their captives' drunken carousing. The Christians are getting all hot and bothered about the disappearance of the girls and blame you Sheriff for not doing your job. They are beginning to mistrust the administration and some of their more outspoken members are beginning to say things, things that call into question our altruistic motives as to their well-being. One man in particular, a certain rancher by the name of Ezekiel Blonde. I'm sure you're aware of him Cuck?" At which he glanced in the direction of the fat sheriff whose bloodshot eyes stared outwards in apparent anger upon hearing the name. "I know 'm all too well Sam." He growled, "Been a thorn in my side since the scandal over the expropriation of his brother's estate for the resettlement of Mexican labourers and its conversion into a work camp. Been trying to agitate the goyim in the town to oust me from office – hope we'll put a stop to that soon though – right Sam?" The mayor smiled grimly his black beady eyes staring penetratingly into those of the sheriff. "Our kosher pastor in the church has attempted to subdue the concerns of the locals through his preaching of tolerance, etc. – all the universalist mind control that had been developed by the hierarchy in London to browbeat the local white population into submission to our despotism. The Mexicans will be, over time and with much brainwashing of the women of the white goyim, integrated into their communities and eventually brown out their demographic through our plans – given greater benefit to the greasers and stripping it away from the whites. I estimate one generation should be enough to genocide the whites." At this the sheriff sneered and took a gulp of his brandy. "What's next on the agenda?" he asked. The mayor took up a small silver bell and rang it. The door was opened and in walked a Redskin accompanied by a squaw dressed in a loincloth her firm breasts bouncing with each step. The Redskin had scars crisscrossing his cheeks and was pompously dressed in the latest fashion, a top hat and cravat with an eagle feather projecting from it. His feral black eyes darted about the room taking in and sizing up the bodyguards who met his stare with challenge. The Redskin motioned to his squaw to attend to the sheriff who leaned back in the leather chair and accepted her into his arms his gold-ringed ham fist squeezing her breast and his tongue licking his lips – 'sweet' he growled.

The squaw put on a display of flirtatious pleasure and fumbled at his crotch cooing as he squeezed. "Enough!" the mayor spat, casting a side glance at the sheriff. His eyes returned to the Redskin: "You are the representative of the savage gang?" The Redskin replied: "Ugh. Me come for peyote and firewater." The mayor asked: "Do you have the girls?" to which the Redskin replied again in affirmation: "Ugh." "Your gang has been too incautious – the townsfolk are beginning to suspect that something in the town is not right. You must not let them get away again – understand?" The Redskin met his stare with his own and eventually looked away under the gaze of the mayor. He spoke: "Many brave have too much firewater. They will be punished for not keeping girls safe."

The mayor in satisfaction replied: "Less firewater for you this time. If it happens again there will be worse consequences." He motioned to the squaw: "Sheriff Cuck here will keep company with your squaw and ensure that things progress towards our intended purpose. Ensure also that you keep your raping to a minimum as the buyers want fresher girls – one of them complained that he had gotten one who was pregnant with a half-breed. They had to incur the expense of an abortion. No white squaws for Redskins capishe!" At this the Redskin's brow darkened and he stared at the mayor with a look of hatred in his eyes – "Ugh" he last uttered knowing that he lived in virtual thrall to the mayor and his hired thugs all of whom had been deputized as law enforcement officers to facilitate his plans. The mayor then gestured to the Redskin towards the door: "My assistant will tender you your peyote and firewater. Do a better job next time and you get more firewater." The Redskin turned silently and left. "Next order of business..." the sheriff stated, "one of our spies caught a young punk putting up posters on the saloon calling for your abdication. He's waiting out in the foyer under armed guard." "Bring him

in,” the mayor declared. The sheriff picked up the bell and rang a series of rings which served as a signal ushering in a pair of toughs who were carrying forward a youth who was thrashing out with his legs and attempting to shout from behind his gag. He was a youth of about 19 with brunette hair and a white shirt which had embroidered upon its chest pocket a Christian cross. The mayor sneered exclaiming “You want your representative to abdicate do ya!” He stood up and approached the youth who was being held some distance away. He shoed him in the stomach which buckled the youth over who writhed with the pain his gaunt and haggard face showing the bruises of his handlers punishment. The mayor screamed, “I ain’t never going to abdicate!” He spat in the face of the youth who continued to writhe in the grip of the toughs. The mayor put his hands on his hips and laughed aloud hysterically kicking the youth again in the solar plexus. The youth lashed out at his abuser and the mayor took a shoe on the knee. He became even more enraged and sucker-punched the youth in his belly indicating for the toughs to drop him. The youth curled up on the floor in the fetal position and wretched, discharging a stream of vomit onto the Persian rug of the plush office. The mayor shoved his face in the vomit and screamed: “Clean it up!” The youth stared up at the mayor challengingly ready for whatever abuse he had yet to endure. The sheriff squeezed the breast of his squaw and exclaimed: “I have his poster here,” handing a piece of printed parchment to the mayor who took it up and read it aloud: “Stop the grooming gangs – stop the Jewish mayor and his masonic sheriff – in the name of Jesus, Lord.” The mayor smirked and looked down contemptuously at the youth who still had the gag in his mouth which had partially obstructed his vomit. “So you want to stop me?” he said sarcastically. “In the name of Jesus? Maybe you’re gonna have to take it up with your lord...” at this the sheriff and his squaw laughed out loud at the joke knowing what it portended. “It’s Christians like you who are turning this Eden into an inferno. We want peace here in this town and your kind are nothing but troublemakers.” He turned towards the sheriff: “Any other business or should we go and pay a visit to Jesus?” The sheriff replied: “Hymie the dry goods store owner says he wants to talk to you. He says he’s got a present for you.” “He here?” the mayor replied, to which the sheriff responded, “He’s over at the store.”

Scene: Hymie’s Dry Goods

The mayor and his coterie walked down the street with the youth who had a bag placed over his head and up the few steps to the dry goods store. A predetermined series of knocks opened the door which had been shut while the woman was being held prisoner in the basement by Hymie and his accomplices. Hymie greeted the mayor: “Mazeltov Sam, I got a present for you waiting in the basement. She won’t be squawking for long.” The group entered the store and the door was shut behind, Hymie looking puzzled at the youth and then inquisitively at the mayor: “What gives?” he said to which the mayor responded: “Just another Christian punk who wants to spill his guts,” laughing at his own black humour. The shopkeep shrugged his shoulders sarcastically: “If that’s what he wants.” They all laughed as Hymie turned the sign to ‘Closed’ and he led them down into the basement past the still warm corpse of his son. It was the mayor’s turn to look puzzled and cast a similar look of inquiry to Hymie who replied: “Accidents happen – I’m in the market for an assistant, got any leads?” The mayor replied casting a snide glance at the sheriff who had brought along his squaw: “Maybe old Cuck here wouldn’t mind putting his chattel to work – for a small fee of course.” “How small?” Hymie replied. “How about sloppy seconds?” Cuck frowned unwilling to part with his prize but a look from the mayor resigned him to his fate: “She can work during the business hours – but I want her back after.” They had by now entered into an inner chamber carved out of the stone foundation upon which the dry goods store had been built. It opened up and was lit only within the central area, the fringes being wreathed in darkness. Kerosene lamps were affixed to the stone pillars which terminated in a board ceiling. Gold tapestries with red pentagrams were positioned inversely on each pillar facing the passage entrance and were contained within a square and compass itself contained within a six-pointed star of black. Within the centre of the room was placed a smooth-surfaced stone slab with ornate carvings upon its side of demons and other

entities circling the thick table legs themselves carved from the same stone, straps were dangling from the table with buckles attached and grooves were scored into the sides of the table which let out into corner openings which overhung earthen terracotta jars. Adjacent to the table were pairs of chains and manacles hanging down from the stone pillars and corresponding pairs at their bottom. The mayor went over to the all-too-familiar closet which was positioned against one of the walls and pulled out a black robe which had emblazoned upon its back the design of a unicursal hexagram in red. He handed another robe to Hymie and a pile to the others who were congregated around with the exception of the squaw who he instructed to sweep around the table. Hymie called out into the darkness: "C'mon out gang! We got another fish to fry!" The two Mafiosi came forth from the darkness the sound of a shutting down echoing about the chamber. They escorted the woman, Mrs. Blonde towards the manacles and trussed her up like a hog both ankles and wrists confined therein. She writhed against her bonds and spat from behind her gag which had become slightly dislodged: "You'd better not touch me you greasy kike or my husband will come after you!" The mayor and Hymie as well as the sheriff had by this time approached, the former said: "You mean touch you like this Blondie?" as he cupped her breast. She squirmed in disgust and he backhanded her laughing: "We'll see if Mr. Blonde can save you and your village from me. I've got orders from the highest levels that give me a virtual license to carry out my every whim. I'm unstoppable!" He gave her another squeeze. The Christian was then led towards the sacrifice table and strapped in by his handlers. The mayor approached the table upon which the youth was strapped down observing his shirt soaked in sweat. The mayor reached into his vest and extracted

a bone-handled knife, its blade shining as it was extracted from its sheath. Perspiration beaded on the head of the Christian youth whose chest heaved in fear. The mayor sneered with disdain for the youth and said: "You wanted to see Jesus didn't you..." as he plucked the buttons from his shirt with the blade poking at the cross embroidery. The shopkeeper and sheriff began to chant ominously: "Lu-ci-fe-ro-yod-he-shin-vau-he" repeating the cadence as it reverberated throughout the catacomb. The lights from the kerosene lamp appeared to dim and a strange heavy presence fell upon the room. The woman screamed as an apparition coalesced into humanoid form seeming to overarch the writhing body of the Christian. "Jesus!" the youth screamed from behind his gag. The woman screamed as the mayor plunged his knife into the heart of the youth through his cross embroidery, a gush of blood spurting from the wound. The apparition was upon the victim as the mayor screaming in bloodlust cried: "O' Lucifer bring the light into me, bestow upon us your power! Lu-ci-fe-ro-yod-he-shin-vau-he!" The gang crowded the table and held their goblets up as the arterial blood spurting into them draining draughts down their throats with vampiric glee. The woman had by this time fainted and remained hanging by the chains. The squaw danced about the table lapping up the blood which splashed upon the ground, a rite she was familiar with in her tribe and which she routinely participated in, especially when the blood was from white, Christian male sacrifices as she lusted for the spirit energy of the whites just as all the rest of her tribe did. The apparition seemed to have had its fill and darting towards the squaw took possession of her body which gyrated uncontrollably and tore the loin cloth from her body. The fat sheriff disrobed and fornicated before the congregation with the demon-possessed squaw, the mayor and Hymie intoning: "Lu-ci-fe-ro-yed-he-shin-vau-he."

Scene: Blonde's Ranch

Ezekiel Blonde was a man of 40 who had occupied the territory since he had come over from the old world as a pioneer. Life had been hard on him and he had hardened himself in its furnace becoming steeled against the deprivations of life: the near-starvation condition of the semi-desert topography, the lack of water until he had stumbled upon the river with his fellow townsfolk who had staked out the land and had been involved in many wars with the Indians which had perfected his skills as a gunfighter to a degree beyond those he had developed in the army in his home country. He was a borne soldier but too much of an iconoclast to submit to the yolk of the oppressive regime of Judeo-Masonry which had put his homeland into subjection.

And so he had ventured to the new world in search of freedom unrestrained by the despotism of the conspiracy of the dark forces of the world. To carve out of the rugged terrain of the semi- desert a future in his own image. His upbringing as a Christian had left its psychological scars which had developed a broader spiritual constitution honed in the fires of his gnostic researchers and spiritual practices which followed the path of natural law and apotheosis under the guiding principle 'do no harm.' Though he had no great animosity toward Christians he understood that a rough world of dog-eat-dog made of Christians, lambs to the slaughter and that such a destiny was foreign to himself. He refused to bow submissively before any lord or master. He was master within his own sphere and lived his own life as well as let live the lives of others. However he was no solipsist or individualist who snubbed his own kind but was a defender of his clan against all threats external as well as internal. After a hard day of farming on his ranch he was sitting on the porch reflecting upon how his family had been one of the original founders of the town which had, with the evil influence of the recently arrived mayor and his corrupt assistant Sheriff Cuck turned a once peaceful town into a nightmare of drugs and gang warfare, sex slavery, and outright murder. The mayor's cabal, he reflected, had showed up almost overnight with heavy financial backing ousting the current mayor through what had been made to appear as an 'accident', a band of redskins being unleashed upon him as we tending to his herd of cattle. Not the rancher alone but the entire herd of his cattle had been laid waste burnt in a holocaust as a sign-veiled but apparent to those such as himself who could read between the lines that the power of the former mayor had been fallible and that that of the new 'that Jew devil' Ezekiel called him was incontestable as since no raids against either him or his men had occurred since their assumption of office five years before during which time Eden had become a hell on earth. Ezekiel knew that the savage gang which had plagued the community ever since their arrival was working with the sinister administration and that they had been the ones giving weapons to the redskins reconciling the prior tribal animosity so that they could be used as a terrorist army and criminal gang surreptitiously affiliated with the administration whom Ezekiel referred to as the dark force which plagued the town. Recently also the priest from the local church had died mysteriously having fallen out of the belfry of his church and been discovered the day after by his wife during the early morning hours. It appeared to Blonde that this was the infiltrators way of decapitating the leadership of the town in accordance with the tenet of their religion derived from the Babylonian Talmud: "Kill the best gentiles" as a levelling process of reducing everyone to the lowest common denominator so that they might be ruled over by the cabal. Even going so far as to import non- white savages from Mexico, what Blonde called 'Latrinos' as they stunk of urine and could be found lounging around the town outside of the saloon in a drunken stupor drugged up on peyote, one of their favourite pastimes outside of picking crops and rolling around with their squaws. The priest who had been brought in was a crypto-Jew himself his pasty face and beady black eyes and hooknose belying his claims to being of Welsh origin. It was this man – or demon rather – who came preaching a new gospel of tolerance and integration and was especially keen in playing upon the sensibilities of the women getting them on the side of the meshitsos (Mexicans) portraying them as victims to the more emotional and perhaps gullible fairer sex so as to drive a wedge between those whose role was to serve and protect the town of Eden, namely the men and those who were by nature nurturers and caregivers, deliberately distorting and shifting their material instincts to these creatures with their shit-coloured skins. Thus a turnover of leadership had occurred and the good had been jettisoned the vacuum being filled by the bad. The minds of the townsfolk were beguiled by the serpents who had infiltrated and who had introduced a wholly new ethos, new problems which the townsfolk had never before experienced and which suddenly descended upon them like a torrent of brimstone. Between the mind control emanating from the preachings of the universalist crypto-Jew priest and the pretense of democratic representation going on in the political system and the townsfolk being conditioned to accept the new and to discard their tradition Blonde understood that it was nearly time for a hero figure, a saviour if you will, to go against the powers and principalities that worked

hand in glove in secret amidst the shadows and to bring forth the true light into the darkness of the false light which was little more than an inversion of the natural order of things. Though he himself sought a return to the traditions of his ancestors he understood that most of the townsfolk were too wedded to their faith to discard it and that a new doctrine was necessary to steer the sheep towards his side.

Blonde's right-hand man Hasker was a trained priest who had through his researches into Gnosticism discovered the hidden god within and become enlightened through his white magic spiritual practices overcoming his previously dogmatic frame of mind burdened with false theology that had no correspondence with the original texts upon which the bible had been based. It was Blonde's intention to somehow – he knew not – win the masses over to the side of this new spirituality and convince them that it underpinned what they in their naiveté

adhered to as the 'word of god'. By this means he also hoped to awaken the masses and lead them to a revolution against the administration either through pacifistic or forceful means. He gazed into the sunset: 'Big dreams, but dreams they remain' – how to realize them that is the question." He continued to ponder what course of action to take for a time then came out of his reverie as the sun was going down over the horizon and he was reminded of the time and that his wife had not yet arrived who usually returned in the evening when she went to town visiting with her sister who lived in there. Just then he heard a coach arriving down the road and recognized it as his wife's sister and her husband, accompanied by their two teenage children. He stood up and called out to his son and daughter to attend to their horses and went off the porch towards them in greeting: "Hail Sister! What news?" but then as he saw her worried expression: "What's wrong – where's Gudrun" which was his wife's name. The sister shouted that she didn't know and that because her sister always came at the same time when she came to town and that she had seen her in town earlier that day and promised to stop by she became worried when she didn't arrive and thus decided to come out to Blonde's and check up in the event she had been abducted by redskins or some other misfortune had befallen her. This news brought worry to Blonde's face as he informed her that she was not here either. The husband of his step-sister and their two boys had gathered round Ezekiel looking towards him for leadership. He pondered and eventually spoke to the throng: "Given the time of day we will have to organize search parties.

The neighbours will have to be alerted and we will head to town and, though I know the mayor and his cronies can't be trusted he will have to be alerted so that the pressure can be kept on him and he can be held accountable for her disappearance if she's not found by sunup. We will have to set out immediately to increase the chance of finding her. I hope you brought your six-guns and rifles as there are all manner of redskins crawling around at night – being nocturnal animals they usually carouse with the firewater into the dead of night but remain sober enough to be dangerous especially when they are hopped up on peyote." The husband of his step-sister whose name was Jake stated: "We always come prepared," displaying his bandolier belts of ammunition and twin six-guns. Even his two sons were similarly accoutred and carried rifles in their hands, the new repeating rifles that the redskins didn't have for lack of supply because of stinginess on the part of the administration had failed to supply them with. Hence they were adequately prepared for their journey. The group began to saddle up their horses and prepare to inform the neighbours who, given their altruism, would undoubtedly come along for the ride. Just then the

noise of a war whoop was heard heralding the signal of a redskin attack. The group froze for an instant and as if drilled in a predetermined procedure split off into their respective corners around the farmhouse itself constructed of kiln-dried bricks surrounded by a chest-high wall that served to shield much of the farmhouse from attack and which was penetrated with gunports intermittently. Blonde had had a special turret constructed which could be rotated around the perimeter entrance from which all intruders had to enter given that the ranch was situated in a type of canyon flanked by craggy and inaccessible hills themselves carpeted with cacti that Blonde had grown as a further strategy of self-defense in the event a sniper with excellent climbing skills had managed to ascend the rocky peaks and take a pot shot at himself as his family. "Man the corners!" Blonde cried as he leapt into the pivoting

turret and fed the ammunition belt in the Gatling gun. On the horizon just as the sun was fading to its extreme position came scores of redskins shooting wildly as they rode whooping with feral glee at what they anticipated would be an easy kill and the prospect remaining of robbery and rape to quench their feral lust for white flesh.

Blonde cranked the Gatling gun as he took aim pivoting the platform with the special levers he had contrived to enable it to move in its tracks emitting hot death as the rounds mowed down the onrush of savages leaving neither horse nor rider standing; the screams of the savage blending with those of the horses each as animalistic as the other. The other men fired upon the savages as they took pot shots at the wall in desperation at having been robbed off their easy victory. The riders and horses fell in heaps as the screams of the savages penetrated the night. At last realizing the formidable nature of the enemy the few remnants rode off apparently in defeat. Blonde scanned the horizon in attempt to make certain none of the redskins were not merely faking death and hiding behind their horses as was their characteristically sneaky propensity. Blonde detected motion out of the corner of his hyper-alert eye and directed the Gatling gun at its source peppering the carcass of a horse with rounds until a scream of rage was heard as the rounds penetrated both horse and redskin behind who had attempted to play dead and presumably return later in the night to finish off the group. Blonde observed that no further movement could be seen and that it was still enough on the battlefield to warrant a check-in with the other members of the group: "Hasker you alright? Anyone hurt? Go and check while I man the gun." The aforementioned went around to all members of the group and returned to Ezekiel with the news that all were present and accounted for. "Now we will have to wait until we can be sure that there will be no more returning." As soon as he had spoken however there came another whoop and again a crowd of redskins this time riding on the sides of their horses came pouring in a spread out formation zigzagging as they approached the ranch compound. Blonde was undeterred as his box magazines still had ample ammunition to blast away this slinking crew of feral marauders. He again cranked the weapon pivoting with eagle eye accuracy as the horses buckled under the fire screaming and obstructing the band of redskins from behind they becoming entangled within one another in piles of dead and dying horse flesh, smoking with the heat of rounds of ammunition while a mist of blood erupted in the atmosphere as rounds chewed up the carcasses. Just then the gun ran out of ammunition Blonde having been overexuberant in his intense desire to mow down as many savages as he could knowing as he did what vile creatures they were and how they had been instrumental in the abduction of white women who they raped and sold into sex slavery to the administration's underground buyers. Blonde had his pair of six-guns out and had leapt off the platform: "To the farmhouse – hurry!" he bellowed as he retreated further within the compound. His fellow defenders turned and ran into the farmhouse as he followed, over the wall a redskin leapt his scarred body streaked with blood which poured from a wound in his shoulder. His feral eyes stared into the darkness and were illuminated by the moon reflecting an animalistic gleam as of a hunting predator. Predator become prey the next moment as Blonde blasted a hole where one of his eyes had been, they having been as beacons to enable him to target the enemy. As Blonde saw out of the corner of his eye the remaining member of his group flood in he raced into the farmhouse and closed the heavy iron door behind him inserting the bar locks which were also of thick iron and which were embedded in the walls of brick. Whoops were heard through the windows which were also barred with a lattice work of iron as the redskins poured into the compound. The group spread out around the house instinctively manning each part in a 360 degree circumference of the large room which diverged onto a few smaller rooms. The rear exit was shut and comprised of the same heavy iron door and bar locks. They were sufficiently well-equipped to withstand an army let alone a relatively disorganized band of savages. The redskins beat upon the door with one of the implements from the farm attempting to smash it down but were immediately scattered with a barrage of gunfire leaving two of their members dead. Blonde cried out to the group: "Watch for snipers through the windows!" as he sped off down the cellar which led to a secret entrance to a gun turret and Gatling gun that would enable him to finish off the redskins

who had surrounded the house. Creeping down the passage he surfaced in the turret which was similarly structured as the other and observed the compound which was surrounded by approximately fifty redskins who were examining the building seeking a means to gain entry, so far to no avail as the roof itself was molded from

the same materials as the wall and was affixed to the ground making any attempt at penetration impossible. They were apparently planning to camp out as their leader was speaking to them in their vile tongue indicating in the moonlight that lunar orb and giving the universal gesture for sleep thereby seeming to indicate that they should 'sleep on it'. –Sleep? “No rest for the wicked,” muttered Blonde as he observed them hunkering down for the night’s vigil – “Time to light up the night!” as he cranked the Gatling gun discharging a stream of hellfire into their devilish hides watching as they attempted a war whoop of surprise cut off midway by the hailstorm of hot lead which had no effect on the farmhouse given its depth and solidity having been comprised of super-hard ceramic which had been forged using the latest technology Blonde had devised. The illumination of tracer rounds enabled Blonde to observe the explosive mists of blood erupt from the instant cadavers of the redskins as they in their panic attempted to flee the scene and wound up doing the rigor mortis shuffle to the abyss, gore showering down upon the compound as the Gatling gun continued to bring the light of Lucifer to them. Finally Blonde relaxed his pumping action and let the smoking gun cool in the moonlight. His keen eyes observed the throng and bore witness to the dead. One of their number bedecked with more vulture feathers than the others was crawling away from the compound attempting to hide himself from the unknown assailants and escape the fray. Blonde, realizing he was the only one left took his six-guns from his belt and hopping out of the turret he descended the craggy escarpment upon which the turret was built. He encountered the redskin in the moonlight as he came out of the compound crawling with his shattered legs having been wounded by the Gatling gun’s ammunition. He observed Blonde and with hate in his eyes muttered as the latter approached “White Devil...” to which Blonde responded with a laugh pointing his guns at his head: “Who sent you?” he said coldly. The redskin looked fearful at that and Blonde then knew he was onto something. “Speak up savage,” he stated as he cocked his six-guns. The redskin, with sudden quickness drew out a flint knife and cut his own throat the look of fear passing into one of hopeless despair as his life drained onto the ground before him. He collapsed upon the ground dead. Blonde turned over the carcass with his foot and observed that there was a piece of parchment contained within the redskin’s wampum pouch. He took it up and saw a picture of himself, how it had been obtained he knew not but it looked as if it were a blow-up of a wedding photo of his and a caption on the bottom said: “Kill him – the sheriff.” Blonde now understood that the sheriff had put a bounty on his head and that the redskins were hired assassins who had been sent against him. He now faced the imperative of having to go to town and bring the administration to justice. The group piled the bodies of the redskins away from the ranch after piling them in the covered wagon and throwing them out amidst the other carrion at the front of the ranch

where the battle had primarily been waged. At this point dawn was breaking. Blonde took up a little brush and strew it around the sage which carpeted the ground as kindling. As they headed to town the battleground became a scorched earth of flame as the demonic spirits which pursued the redskins feasted upon their spirit energies released from their physical bodies and, unable to ascend given their chthonic lower vibrational frequency were greedily consumed by their metaphysical parasites which they attracted to themselves through their rituals of torture, murder, and rape which caused the pain of their victims to invoke these same entities who fed on the pain and suffering of innocence. Though far from innocent, the redskins constituted a tasty morsel for their demonic affiliates who, like all lower beings, turn on their kind in a trice without reservation.

The smoke from the carcasses plumed high as the dawn came, the small band heading out in Blonde’s specialized armoured carriage which was fitted with the same super-hard yet super-light ceramic material and galvanic rubberized carriage wheels to prevent any arsonist who would attempt to destroy yet another of Blonde’s sources of greater power. A Gatling gun was affixed in a similar turret on the

roof which could be angled in all directions along a panorama and the interior periscope enabled the shooter to view the exterior while he was shooting within the ceramic carapace of the vehicle. Blonde's prior military experience had enabled him to hone his gunsmithing and machinist skills in the development of other incendiary devices such as grenade launcher and flamethrower, both of which were attached to the vehicle and which could be detached for commando-style operations also. This vehicle struck fear into the heart of the administration as they didn't have adequate firepower to stop it nor were there any similar machines devised in the world that Blonde knew of, neither with the speed nor with the defensive capabilities. Should the horses fail to continue through being shot or wounded the vehicle could detach itself from its reins and be steered from within though at a slower speed through a pedal mechanism similar to a bicycle only as many as three pedallers could sit up front and propel the vehicle forward it being manoeuvrable through a steering wheel connected to the front wheels. Upon entry into the town the group disembarked with the following plan: Blonde would monitor the vehicle and the others would make inquiries as to the whereabouts of his wife. The sister of his wife went off in one of the directions and stopped by a few shops without any leads, other than the last one, the shopkeeper mentioned that she had been in and went to Hymie's dry goods. Upon her arrival at the dry goods store she encountered the shopkeep who asked her if she was in need of something. Knowing the nature of the Jews, that they are a rabidly supremacist group who congregate with one another on an exclusive and illicit basis, she decided to pretend that she was just browsing so as to better inspect his

shop. Rounding a shelf she looked at a shining object on the ground, what appeared to be a cross of acacia wood with drops of blood on it she saw as she picked it up. She surreptitiously pocketed it knowing that Hymie and his store must have been the place of the disappearance of her sister or at least connected therewith and she upon standing upright picked up an item from the shelf to mask her discovery and avoid detection, paying for the item and leaving with a cordial goodbye so as to alleviate all suspicion in the Jew's mind knowing that they had an in-built hypersensitivity often called 'Jewdar' a pun on radar that enabled them to detect those who became aware of them and their deceit which was the means through which they exploited others representing themselves as allies so that they could stick a knife in their back when they had outlived their usefulness as Jews looked upon non-Jews as nothing but animals to be used for their purposes exclusively. Returning to Blonde's vehicle his step-sister informed him of what had transpired displaying the cross before him. "It's her cross alright," he said brow furrowing in anger. "Hymie's going to have an interrogation he'll never forget." So saying he exited the vehicle which had been parked in an obscure location of the town discreetly concealed from passers-by and locked it up making it impervious to break and enter given the ceramic shield which he pulled down and locked with a special type of locking mechanism impossible even for trained locksmiths to pick. The pair headed outwards and he stated to his step-sister to return to her home as there was no need for her to further involve herself but to find her husband as a witness as his good reputation in the town would be needed to ensure a conviction should Hymie be found to be involved in what appeared to be the murder or at least beating and abduction of his wife. As he approached the store he saw Hasker come out of another and whistled over to him gesturing him to come over. He explained what had occurred and that his wife and children would be returning home and that he required his presence as a witness. The two approached Hymie's store and the shopkeeper fawningly greeted them in his most characteristically unctuous manner. Blonde seized him by his coverall straps and extended him to eye level as Hymie was a typically stumpy Jew and met Blonde only to the height of his chest. "What do you know about this!" Blonde stared menacingly as the shopkeep's eyes bulged from his pasty face, sweat beading down his face. "I...uh...oy vey I know nothing!" Hymie exclaimed. this reaction merely confirmed in Blonde's mind that Hymie had some connection to the disappearance of his wife. Hasker flipped the sign on the door and locked it with an ominous click. "You're gonna talk Jew!" He threw the shopkeep upon the ground and the latter screamed with a mewling girlish shriek as he twisted in pain. "I swear to god sir...I don't know nothing about nothing...please sir...I gotta three

wives and six kids I mean...two wives and..." Ezekiel levelled a kick at Hymie and drove the tip of his boot into his gut

making him shrivel up like a worm shrieking "Murder! Murder!" Blonde stooped down again and shook the shopkeep like a barn cat shaking a rat. He looked over at Hasker and said "Get the keys, he's gotta have her stashed here somewhere!" Hasker observed behind the till a set of keys hanging from the wall and snatched them up. "You're gonna show us your place shopkeep, and we'll decide for ourselves your innocence or guilt." The Jew Blonde trussed up with some packing string he found behind the counter binding him both hand and foot as they searched the store. The office turned up nothing but scattered cocaine powder on the desk which was used for Hymie's business dealings, a scale had on one of its pans a bundle of what appeared to be peyote which showed the shopkeeper had been at his work prior to the entry of the two. Aside from that the upstairs was empty and the trapdoor leading down into the cellar had been artfully concealed by the shopkeep to prevent anyone discovering his sacrifice chamber. Blonde cuffed Hymie across the face causing him to go sprawling onto the floorboards of the store. "Take us to your shed out back – I'm sure you're hiding something there." He pushed Hymie ahead of him and the latter looking apprehensively over his shoulder stumbled towards the shed which was covered by a heavy iron door that was padlocked with a giant thick-hasped padlock whose mechanism was apparently insuperable without the key. Hasker fumbled with the keys but found that each was inappropriate. Hymie stuttered, "There's no way...to...to get in...I lost the key...honest" Blonde grabbed the greasy kike whose beady black eyes bugged out of his skull, his rat-like face twitching with neurotic paranoia drooling at the mouth uncontrollably. Blonde's steely blue-eyed gaze penetrated the Jewish devil's and he spoke: "You're a liar like your father – the devil." So saying he reached into Hymie's shirt and brought out an intricately forged iron key which could be none other than that which fitted the lock with its three-dimensional grooves and complex angles which the lock seemed to have its hole having all manner of wards and delicate spring mechanisms. Blonde wrenched at the gold chain upon which hung the key and broke it from Hymie's neck who let out a despairing wail of self-pity as his expensive gold chain was ruined and fell clattering to the ground. Blonde threw Hymie against the iron door and the latter smacked his head against it. His scalp split open letting out a well of blood onto the rubble – he screamed: "Persecuted! Always persecuted! Oy vey when will it end? Shalom, shalom!" he went into a state of hysterical whimpering as Blonde opened the padlock, throwing it into the sand. The heavy iron door swung inward on its hinges revealing a large room that was replete with bottles and jars which, by the light of the morning, appeared to be filled with blood and human organs as well as heads and limbs. The place reeked of detritus and decay and a heavy pall of dark energies filled the environment with their lower vibrational frequency. Blonde and Hasker both looked outward with rage at the scene taking in the red

six-pointed star of David and inverted pentagram on a black tapestry hanging from the ceiling and a menorah of sickly looking unlit candles presumably of human fat. Hymie was dragged from the dirt by Blonde who in a rage took the Jew and smashed his head against the glass jars and their contents causing a deluge of blood and body fluids as well as the organs and remains to spill outwards into the shed. The Jew again being a theatre actor played possum and cried out: "Please...I know nothing of this...it was like this when I...uh" – Blonde aimed a kick at the Jew's head and started taking out his six-gun: "Either you bring me to my wife or I'll kill you Jew boy!" aiming the gun at Hymie's head, his steely blue eyes icily looking down at the furtive Jew whose glance darted from right to left. The Jew stuttered "Okay...okay...I was set up...it wasn't my fault sir...I" – Blonde cocked the gun and stated "Where is she?" to which the Jew retorted "B-b-basement...honest...it wasn't my fault..." Blonde and Hasker stepped back while Hymie made his way out of the shed being compelled by the gesture of Blonde's six-gun indicating him to move. The Jew stumbled bleeding, intermittently crying out "Oy vey" and holding his head as they made their way to the cellar which had been cleverly disguised under a display rack that Hymie had set up. He pushed aside the rack which contained Christian propaganda magazines about the virtues of tolerance and looking piteously at the caption which read 'One world,

one love' he pushed it regretfully aside revealing the rough-hewn trapdoor that went downwards into the dank cellar. As they descended and entered into the inner catacomb Hymie turned on a kerosene lamp to illuminate the darkness himself still being held by the rope which Blonde had wound around his neck from the shed. "Please sir...I...I...couldn't stop 'em...they'll kill me if they find out..." The lamp was now sufficiently bright for the two men to witness what had become of Blonde's wife: a figure hung from the chains which had been placed in the ceiling and which were also attached to her ankles – Blonde's wife, stripped nude her body decorated with welts and bruises as well as lashes from a nearby whip which lay on the floor. Her legs were soiled with excrement, probably a result of a loss of bowel control through the beatings she had been administered. Blonde rushed up to the woman who stared vacantly into his eyes unresponsively her blue eyes meeting his as if he were merely part of the scenery. Blonde spoke: "Gudrun? Gudrun?" She didn't respond so he took out a vial of smelling salts and held it under her nose its pungent odour being adequate to revive her. "Ezekiel..." she said, her eyes opening wider with recognition, a tortured smile coming to her lips as she beheld her saviour. "I am here darling, we'll make sure that whoever did this to you pays the ultimate penalty! Tell me, who hurt you?" She slumped down however at this time and was unable to respond further having fallen into a semi-comatose state. Blonde turned towards the shopkeep who swallowed hard meeting with an ingratiating whine: "They made me honest sir!" "Who are they!?" Blonde asked coldly yet with insistence that bore the tone of command. "Sheriff Cuck – please don't kill me sir...oh sir Ezekiel." Blonde detached the manacles from the woman and threw her over his back and, grabbing the rope to which the Jew was tied began to exit the chamber and ascend the steps followed by Hasker who ensured that the shopkeeper would not be able to escape the punishment to come.

Scene: Sheriff Cuck's Office in the jail

Cuck sat on the plush leather office chair fondling his squaw that he shared with the shopkeeper and looking over to the holding-pen area behind the bars he spat a gob of tobacco juice at the prisoner who leapt up and rattled the bars of the cage shrieking: "Sheriff Cuck you can't treat a Christian this way!" The man's face was gaunt and of ashen hue his lean frame comprised of rope-like muscle under his white linen shirt and suspenders. Cuck leaned forward again and spat his shirt striking the emblem of the cross with tobacco juice: "Shut it churchie!" he growled "You're not in heaven...yet" his menacing tone brought a screech of enjoyment from his squaw who cackled with laughter at the helpless Christian. "I have done nothing, me a poor Christian man humble before the lord – you shan't get away with this! You are not a man of the law!" The sheriff sneered again and replied: "Render unto Caesar the things that are Caesars" and, with a salacious grin he cast his gaze down upon the supple breasts of his squaw squeezing one with his other hand. He bent down to kiss her and spat a gob of tobacco juice into her mouth which she spat back in his face, both amusing themselves in this childish fashion bursting out into guffaws of laughter. He reached over to the desk and picked up his brandy glass as the Christian was crying out: "If there is any conscience left in you for the love of god release me! I won't cause you any further trouble...but will leave it for the lord to have pity on you!" At which point having downed the last of the whiskey he hurled his brandy glass at the bars and it sprayed glass shrapnel all over the cell splashing the Christian with brandy who threw his hands up to protect his eyes from the shards. The sheriff spoke soberly in spite of his alcoholic stupor: "You're the one who's been workin' with that other Christian punk putting up posters calling for the impeachment of me and the mayor – that right?" The Christian picked himself up and wiped the detritus from his face as blood from the fragments poured across his vision: "You have dishonoured the laws of this town Sheriff, selling the poor girls into slavery to your 'associates'. Do they not deserve a chance at life? Do you not yourself have a daughter? How could we – and where is Bradley anyway, perhaps you have murdered him also? How could we not try to stop the mad course along which this town has gone dragging us all into the abyss – I beg of you in the name of Chr-" At this the sheriff again spat tobacco at him this time in the area of his face so that the Christian

was choking on the juice, coughing to expel the poison. The sheriff sneered again: "Yeah I gotta daughter. So what? She likes the savages more than she likes the Christian fags! But I got me plenty more chillins where she came from "he burst out laughing as he pointed to the belly of his squaw "– A young womb like that can make plenty more!" The squaw shrieked with laughter as the sheriff fondled her breasts some more. "You're the one who's gonna pay – Christian!" he spat the word out of his mouth with another gob of tobacco. "We gotta find a scapegoat for the crime see, and now that you have been apprehended for possession of cocaine that my boys planted on you we're gonna hang the crime of pimping on you too as the townsfolk are becoming alert to the fact. We forged your signature on a confession that admits to the act and already have plenty of witnesses we can bring to vouch for your guilt. You're gonna hang alright Christian! Just like Jesus hung on the cross you're gonna hang!" He and his squaw burst out in fits of laughter while the Christian stared hopelessly at the sheriff in impotence: "I go with a clear conscience," the man said, "willingly to meet my maker. Pray that god will forgive you your sins..." The Sheriff became serious and tapped the masonic sheriff's badge on his chest: "I am god Christian. A lucifer like me lives only in order to buck god – that's why they call me a goat!" and with this declaration he again fondled his squaw who giggled in amusement as he made humping motions with his gargantuan bulk that rocked the desk. Just then a rapid knock was heard at the door to the office and the sheriff bellowed in response: "Whaddya want!" The door opened at his utterance and a lanky deputy with an apathetic expression said: "Got a man here to see you sheriff, a Mister Blonde." This name was uttered in a tone purporting to connote significance. The facial expression on Cuck's face darkened and he heaved up his bulk thrusting aside the squaw who tumbled aside but immediately came up again and snatched the brandy bottle behind the sheriff's back sneakily eyeing him with caution to avoid his wrath. The sheriff however was looking at the deputy and pulled his heavy bandolier belt with its six- shooters up to his belly: "What does he want?" he asked. Without waiting for a response he elbowed the deputy aside and strode into the foyer. Mr. Blonde was standing there a woman thrown over one shoulder and the shopkeeper dragged by a rope in his other hand. "What's this all about?" the sheriff barked attempting to sound manly in face of the fearsome look cast by Blonde. Blonde whipped the shopkeep forward onto the ground and declared: "I know your administration is corrupt Sheriff but I want this man brought to justice," he booted the shopkeep in the ass which latter cried out "Oy vey...Sheriff don't let him hurt me oh please Sheriff." The sheriff looked down upon the shopkeeper in disgust and spat a gob of tobacco juice in his eye. The shopkeep curled up with a shriek rubbing his eyes in vain attempts to clear the poison the sheriff queried: "What's the charge Blonde?" To which the latter replied: "Rape, assault, and abduction. You know the penalty for rape Sheriff." The addressed nodded gravely thinking of the value of Hymie's property and how he could embezzle it for himself once the shopkeep was done away with. "Hanging," he said with gravity, the word eliciting a desperate response from the shopkeeper who threw himself onto the boots of the sheriff clutching them and mewling: "Please Sheriff, it wasn't me-"and the latter knocked him out cold. At this Blonde observed that the shopkeeper had been right in implicating the sheriff else why would he have been silenced in so abrupt a manner? His icy blue eyes penetrated the depths of the sheriff's soul and the latter nervously spoke in his most professional sounding tone: "Of course there must be witnesses and a fair trial before a conviction can be made..." he trailed off as Blonde's gaze never left his own. "Naturally," Blonde stated. "when will the trial be?" "Today," the sheriff uttered and looking at Hasker queried: "Is this your witness?" Blonde nodded relaying to Cuck the details of his encounter with Hymie and his step-sister's discovery of the bloodstained cross which he presented to the sheriff who looked at Hymie in disgust grovelling on the floor and again spat a gob of tobacco juice in his face. "Raping women are we Hymie? That's a serious offence, very serious...hanging serious. You'll have to pay for your sins Jew boy." At which the shopkeep let out a loud wail as Cuck grabbed him by the rope around his neck and, opening the door leading into his office/jail cell opening up the cell and throwing him in with the Christian. "Two sex offenders – together for the rest of their lives!" and slammed the cell door before either the desperate

Jew or outraged Christian could escape the cell, the former out of a desire for escape the latter out of a desire to confront the sheriff in marquis of Queensbury rules pugilistic standoff. They both crashed into one another knocking heads as Hymie attempted to rush out of the shutting door and the Christian fired with righteous anger attempted to follow in the footsteps of his saviour and pull a miracle walking through the bars. The sheriff returned to the foyer and informed Blonde that the trial would be held this afternoon and to ensure he would intend. The latter, trusting in the greed of the sheriff to ensure justice would be served at least to the extent of terminating the life of the shopkeep, confirmed he would be there with his witness and walked out the door letting Hasker know that he would save his revenge against the sheriff for a later time as though the law of the town had been corrupted he wanted to uphold its principles to the extent the conformed to natural law and that given that the sheriff was above the law defacto, a vigilante response was warranted to rectify the injustice he had committed against his wife and the innumerable other girls who had fallen victim to the rape gangs and sex slavery orchestrated by the administration. For this he would pay and as cosmic justice called by some providence by others karma through individuals he would be the judge who would judge the judges working within the fallible constraints of man-made traditions which must needs deviate from the natural law as they operated only in the transient realm of illusion though they strove for eternity. Hasker was charged with the duty of dropping his wife off at his step-sister's.

Scene: Mayor's Office; court

The mayor's office let onto a larger room which served as the town's court though kangaroo court would be the more appropriate term as it was notorious for its corruption, all verdicts being given by the mayor and only his cronies being allowed any leniency all others being given the harshest penalties especially the Christians who the mayor had subjected to many a mock trial and frame up with the false accusations / charges levelled at them. The mayor sat in his plush leather-backed chair drumming his gold-ringed fingers on the arm. He looked like a cornered rat, ferality displayed on his features, eyes staring at the clock on the wall for when the court would commence its proceedings pupils shrinking to pinpricks in anticipation of the exposure his regime might have to endure through a public scrutiny of his affairs given his close involvement with Hymie and illicit narcotics trade that was run surreptitiously from behind the scenes and which had ties to his office that might be possible to trace. Accordingly he had formulated a plan to convince what he referred to as 'the dumb goyim' to hang Hymie out to dry through rendering a guilty verdict after pretending to weight the evidence with great consideration ensuring that he played the role of impartial judge and altruistic mayor knowing that this was indeed the only role necessary to play given Hymie's obvious guilt which was more obvious to the mayor than anyone given his involvement. In order to allay suspicions of his own involvement he had visited Hymie in secret, taking the underground passage which led from his office to the sheriff's and confided in the latter that the only way he could placate the rancour of the goyim was to convict Hymie and enable him to escape before the public hanging which was scheduled for the day after should he be convicted. In his place he would hang the Christian and dispose of the body before anyone could take notice. He would then maintain his valuable agent in the narcotics business who would receive plastic surgery from the surgeon thereby disguising his countenance enabling him to continue his operation in the town transforming the dry goods store into some other type of venture and obtaining a monopoly on the dry goods trade through making it a public concern which would simply funnel more money into his pocket. The only loss was Hymie's features which were of no great appeal in any case and were, in his estimation, in need of reconstruction. However, he contemplated, there was always the chance that one of the goyim, especially that Blonde goy rancher who started all this trouble, would cause yet more trouble he knew not what but instructed himself to remain ever vigilant so as to anticipate whatever move he might make.

Cogitating thusly he looked up at the clock which announced that it was a minute to the time of opening the court. He gave a glance to the court security guard who stood and opened the door for those waiting outside. Cuck entered with Hymie on the rope he wore around his neck thrusting him

forward to make a great display of his righteous anger before the throng who hung back behind him as he made his way into the docket bumping Hymie in with his barrel of a belly and slamming the gate behind him. The jury were motioned in, the mayor wearing an expression of grave solemnity leafing through his law book which was still in brand new condition as he only brought it out as a theatrical prop in his kangaroo court to 'blind the eyes of the goyim' he said to himself. The pious women entered, those who took an interest in such matters as the self-appointed enforcers of the mores of the town and seated themselves in the jury stand as church-goers awaiting a sermon from their preacher. A few of Mayor Samael's minions also took their seats in the jury box to keep up the appearance of a representative democracy the women feigning offence at their presence yet subtly making eyes at the 'bad boys' whose latent dangerousness they detected with their female intuition and which gave them a sexual thrill in spite of their neurotic inhibitions that had been entrained in their consciousness from birth through their Jewdeo-Christiansanity religion. Hymie looked somewhat at peace with himself yet still agitated at the possibility of his actually receiving punishment in place of the Christian fall-guy who still lingered in the jail cell unaware of what the mayor's plot consisted of. Sweat beaded on his forehead given the audience the impression of his guilt which served his interests. At this point Blonde came into the courtroom and removed his hat displaying the golden blonde hair which was the basis of his cognomen, his icy blue eyes staring with eagle-like penetration into mayor's beady black eyes which latter shrank to pinpricks and began blinking uncontrollably under Blonde's gaze. The mayor attempted to over-compensate for his loss of face by bellowing out: "The court is now in session," and, consciously attempting to avoid the gaze of Blonde, began the court proceedings. Blonde scrutinized him then Hymie the both of whom he held in the utmost contempt and discerned some unknown connection existing between the two apart from their obvious Jewishness, aware of the existence of their being connected in some way that was indiscernible to him. The trial went by the book with all proper ceremony the judge performing his duty according to procedure and both Hasker and Blonde were brought out to bear testimony. Blonde's wife who had by this time recovered displayed her bruises and welts and broke down in tears on the witness stand over her treatment at the hands of Hymie. However, for whatever reason she failed to recollect the mayor or sheriff perhaps having blocked out their memory through the trauma they had induced in her the mayor being an expert in hypnosis and an ability to 'wipe the brain slate clean' rendering the woman, at least in those particulars essential for implicating himself or Cuck as complicit in the rape and abuse, amnesiac which he had achieved through heavy doses of belladonna and hypnotic black magic derived from the Kabbalah. Hence the woman could only implicate Hymie through recollection of memories he conjured up in her mind all of which became associated with him exclusively rendering him the perfect scapegoat though himself still having been the principle orchestrator of the abuse and sacrifice of the Christian youth whom the woman had witnessed being sacrificed. The trial began to wind down to a close as Hymie was asked to take the stand in his own defense. He looked about at the crowd with a look of wounded innocence, a pained smile spreading his pasty flabby cheeks in a look of contrition for the woman and then ascended the stand next to the judge who looked upon him with cold indifference creating in the minds of the jury the appropriate impression thereby subtly influencing their opinion which always followed authority as lemmings gravitate to power as surely as iron to a magnet. Hymie spoke this time revealing his true intentions, knowing well in advance that the verdict would be guilty and that he had no chance but to rely upon the mayor's plan. He decided that, through his whole life of living a lie he now had an opportunity to speak the truth. Hymie shrieked with a fanatical look on his face, veins standing out on his neck and forehead: "You gentiles!" he shouted, "I accuse you! Yes I did the deed, but was it not you who made me? For I am the victim, I am the persecuted one and it was all that I could do not to murder that shiksa as I had the donkey Christian – and with my own hands!" At this the audience hissed with rage, the women gasping in astonishment and muttering under their breath. Blonde balled his hands into fists and stared menacingly at the shopkeep who continued his diatribe: "I could not but do what I did you gentiles! You're history of persecution of people of my kind, the people

humble before god, has gone on unrelentingly throughout the history of the world and my vengeance could not be suppressed any longer! I did what I did because of you! Because we want a world of our own free of persecution, a world where peace will reign and all of those whose souls you have destroyed will be able to live and love and laugh.” The mayor looked uncomfortably at the shopkeep who he deemed to be laying it on too thick and risking exposure, coughed subtly under his hand. “No longer,” Hymie continued, “must we be forced into ghettos to slave our hands to the bone only to be a bootlick to a king, a footstool to a prince! I had to do what I did – there was no other way to revenge myself, in the name of the equal rights of all mankind then to kill and rape and torture! For the sins of your fathers are upon you, you gentiles, and must be atoned for!” The room had fallen silent as the shrimpy shopkeep screamed out his defense concluding with: “I know that I have made peace with my god though it would never be enough to rectify the balance of justice. Go on! Hang an innocent man; I am accustomed to your hatred!” With this he spat at the wife of Blonde who immediately rushed at the shopkeep but was restrained by the minions of the court. The mayor banged his gavel on the table attempting to bring order to the court. “The jury will now render its verdict.” All members having been assigned a voting card

upon which was displayed a set of boxes, one for ‘guilty’, one for ‘innocent’. These being tallied and summed up the verdict was a unanimous ‘guilty’. Hymie was led out of the courtroom and the mayor ended the trial by saying: “The court finds the shopkeeper Hymie Weinstein guilty of rape, assault, and crimes against humanity, namely murder through sacrifice, and is sentenced to death by hanging. The hanging will take place tonight after sundown at the town fountain in the central square.”

Scene: The Fountain The townsfolk gathered around as the sun was beginning to set, many of them having brought unlit torches to view the spectacle which was to happen once the sun had gone down over the horizon as a symbolic act of the passing of a life which was a time-honoured tradition of the town, a gesture which implied that a life taken had to be taken away in turn to rectify the balance of justice, ‘an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth.’ The throng gathered as an ox cart with what appeared to be Hymie was brought into the center square driven by Sheriff Cuck who wore his cleanest apparel, clean and pressed and his six-pointed sheriff’s star shining brightly flashing in the torchlight which the townsfolk generated from their torches now that the sun had set. The mayor was seated beside Cuck and the man appearing to be Hymie was trussed up and gagged with a hood over his head so no one could positively identify him. Two armed guards on horseback flanked the ox cart ensuring that the struggling hooded man would be unable to escape his fate. Arriving at the fountain the cart stopped and the sheriff roughly threw the man onto the ground out of the cart leaping after him and spreading his arms wide for all the throng to witness: “Behold, justice comes swiftly to the guilty – in the form of a rope!” and so saying he held aloft a rope displaying it for all to view. His two toughs grabbed the man by each elbow as he came out of his daze and began to attempt to free himself from his hood as if he wanted to reveal to the audience his visage. The toughs grabbed him and pulled him upright so that his manacled feet dragged behind as they led him to the podium under the scaffold. The sheriff and mayor both followed suit behind the dead man. The mayor held a piece of parchment in his hand and the sheriff held the rope, each stood on their respective sides of the convicted facing the crowd, created an air of solemnity. The mayor extended his hands in a manner similar to the sheriff before and began his prepared speech: “This man stands before you convicted of crimes against humanity. It is our opinion that justice will be served this day and that it is our hope that the grievous wrongs perpetrated against an innocent woman will be redressed to the extent that such may be possible. The life,” his voice rose to a crescendo to emphasize his speech and elicit an emotional reaction from the audience, “...of an innocent, her very soul, has been irreparably damaged to the point that it could be said that in the very core of her being she has ceased to be who she was – is instead now a living dead.” He waited as the emotion built in the audience. Continuing with his neuro-linguistic programming mind control he reverberated using a certain beats-perminute cadence. “And as her life has been destroyed so another...must...be... destroyed – for does it not say

in the holy scriptures ‘an eye for an eye...a tooth for a tooth...’ He trailed off and letting the parchment drop to his leg he turned towards the squirming hooded man throwing out his pointing finger in accusation: “You, Hymie Weinstein, monster of iniquity, I find an abomination in the sight of our lord.” He stabbed again at the hooded man in vigorous condemnation each word being accompanied by the gesture: “An – eye – for – an – eye – a – tooth – for – a – tooth!” and finishing gestured to Cuck who placed the rope around the man’s head which writhed with great intensity as every fibre of the man’s being struggled for self- preservation, the two toughs with difficulty restraining him and preventing him from escaping his fate. The sheriff placed the noose around the man and the four stepped away from the platform which caved in as the sheriff pulled a lever releasing the trapdoor. The man plunged into the pit of no return and his neck snapped killing him instantly. At this time the hush of the crowd was interrupted by a small group of men riding into, at the head of which Blonde rode. He approached the platform as the crowd parted from his horse to avoid being trampled. Blonde spoke clearly and distinctly but without excessive volubility: “Let me have a look at that dead man sheriff,” at which request Cuck became flustered his bloodshot eyes bugging out and beet red face becoming blustery as he rushed towards the body attempting to block it with his corpulent body. “You can’t do that Blonde! I’m the law around here!” - At which Blonde unsaddled and approached the sheriff. “The townsfolk have a right to know whether justice has been served. Stand aside so I can remove the hood.” The sheriff refused to move and the mayor looked furtively about for a way of escape but was hemmed in by the crowd and had no means to escape. The sheriff reached for Blonde saying, “You’re under arrest for obstructing jus-“ and was immediately dispatched with an uppercut from Blonde who then brought an elbow crashing down upon his neck with enough force to render him unconscious. The fat sheriff collapsed under his own hulking bulk and the mayor met the gaze of Blonde with trepidation, a stream of sweat falling from his brow: “Mr. Blonde, you have struck a man of the law...but...” he said in attempts to avoid the same fate, “You are right – yes...the people do deserve a chance to see who... Sheriff Cuck has brought here to be hung. My own...” he continued with nervousness, “...implicit faith in the sheriff preventing me from questioning...” he trailed off as Blonde moved towards the hanged man. The mayor backing away with a gaze of apparent curiosity attempting to convince the crowd that he the mayor was in favour of what he had imposed upon him by Blonde. The big man reached out and cut the rope from around the man’s neck, his body falling to the ground in a heap. The citizens with their torches moved nearer to illuminate the darkness as Blonde worked to extricate the hood revealing the Christian man from the cell. The crowd gave a collective gasp, some exclaiming: “It’s Joshua,” “The man who went missing a week ago.” The mayor feigned surprise and looked with apparent outrage at the sheriff who was still unconscious on the ground: “What kind of a game is this! An innocent man...” but Blonde and his small band were off, Blonde parting with “Time to take justice into our own hands fellow citizens! We must tear this town apart to find that butcher!” He lifted his six-gun in the air and waved the townsfolk forward to scour the town. The mayor whined after them: “Don’t wreck the infrastructure! We must abide by the rule of law oy vey! That’s vigilantism! You’ll be sorry Blonde!” After this outburst he brought out the smelling salts and attempted to wake up the sheriff smacking his rosy cheeks while the toughs brought him up to a sitting position. Dazed, the sheriff came to questioning the mayor as to what happened. “No time for that Cuck! We gotta get the savages here for when they come back and wipe ‘em out.” “You gonna wipe the whole town out Sam?” the sheriff queried with an amused smirk on his face. “Just Blonde and the other principle figures – whatever casualties are lost is their own problem. We’ll come in after and make it appear that we saved the town and that Blonde was the cause of the problem. We’ll pin the blame on him and make ourselves look like heroes. We’ll claim he substituted the Christian goy for Hymie and that he had his wife knock you out with smelling salts in the jailhouse so you didn’t know. Those dumb goyim won’t suspect a thing.” The sheriff sneered and became energized over the prospect of revenging himself on Blonde. He rose to his feet and collected his wits: “I’ll go and see Chief Firewater now.” So saying he leapt upon the donkey he rode and signalled with

masonic hand gestures to the toughs to follow him. The mayor looked about him with trepidation and finally leaped onto his horse and chased after the already departing sheriff.

Scene: Redskin Camp

The mongoloid sub-humans who had poured into the Americas over the land-bridge that connected the continents together had brought into the civilization of the whites nothing but chaos, violence, and disease. Given their animalistic tendencies these redskin invaders had outbred and driven whites from their created territories through sheer numbers leading to a near wholesale genocide of the white pioneers who had created the Americas thousands of years ago as colonists from Atlantis. However this concealed historical reality had been swept under the rug by the Jewish establishment who used their savage slaves as a terrorist army against the white settlers as a means of demoralizing them and destroying their created territories through creating a false historical narrative that the redskins were the first occupiers of the land and therefore had a moral entitlement to dwell there in accordance with the prevailing Christian morality of egalitarian universalism which claimed that everything that walked on two legs upright was 'human' and therefore was entitled to equal treatment which was a non sequitur outside of that hegemonic moral discourse which the Jews had invented as a means of subverting and usurping white society. The redskins thus were mind-controlled to perceive themselves as victims of white villainy and entitled to reparations if need be in the form of slaves and blood. Their savage sub-IQ mind was incapable of grasping the fact that everything they had was simply given them by whites without which they would have stagnated in Stone Age poverty for eternity and that the only reason why they had been allowed to live was because of the mind poison called Jewdeo-Christianity which had been injected into the Whites' consciousness by the Jews themselves as a means of rendering them docile slaves who had a sin-expiation complex imposed upon them by their subtle mind manipulators.

The gang

calling itself 'The Savages' lived a short distance from the town and which – so far as the townsfolk of Eden knew – was a tribe of 'indigenous peoples' who were victims in need of love and Christian charity by the whites. There were many more conscious whites however who were aware of the abduction of white girls and even boys for sex slavery and that the savages were the pawns of a larger, more sinister regime that sold them across the border in Mexico and perhaps shipped them all around the world. These were typically the more healthy-minded who had not allowed Jewdeo-Christianity, a religion of suicide, to snuff out their more healthy instincts which enabled them to arm themselves and undergo rigorous training as a means of preparing a defense against the redskins when the latter would inevitably be led against them in a racial holy war (RaHoWa) at the instigation of this shadowy regime. Many amongst the congregation who adhered to a radical splinter sect of Jewdeo-Christiansity interpreted this regime as being led by the Jews themselves against those they deemed the Israelites, namely the white race. This apparent theological inversion of the Jews' mind control where the Jews were put into the position of the devils of the earth and the whites as the children of god was at the very least a practical theology that accorded with the natural law edict of selfpreservation. The unfortunate reality was that only a small group of these existed, those instrumental in the formation of the paramilitary organization they called the 'Adamic knights' after the theological interpretation that the Adamites or Adamic race was equivalent to the white race. The vast majority of the small town of Eden adhered to the standard issue Jewdeo-Christian ideology wherein the Jews were looked upon as the children of god and wherein all beings who walked upon two legs were equalized regardless of merit, the latter disproven through the sum total of history, a history which was glossed over with the term 'pagan' as a diminutive epithet designed to minimize the reality of history that it was a white creation and in absence of which nothing but stone age violence and a bellum omnia contra omnes world of chaos would reign. Thus at this juncture in the short history of Eden the veil of deception had been placed over the eyes of the populace and only a few could pierce its tenebrous tissue. The naïve townsfolk still continued to feed the problem which only exacerbated itself leading to their own loss through conferring upon the unworthy the fruits of their labour and knowledge. By arming the savages

with a knowledge of the white man's ways they simply revealed the chinks in their own armour and made of themselves a target for the savages which manifested itself in the abduction and rape of the women and children and the commission of arson against their property, etc. Sheriff Cuck and the mayor entered the redskin camp accompanied by two of the terrorist gang members carrying repeating rifles and bearing the self-inflicted scars which testified to their rite of passage which crisscrossed their cheeks, their topless bodies tattooed with various demonic markings which they used to invoke the lower astral entities which they propitiated for occult power in exchange for the blood of sacrifice. They ostentatiously wore large gold donkey ropes around their necks and had gold rings in ears and nose as well as gold rings on their fingers. They entered into camp with the sheriff and mayor riding in front the two toughs flanking them slightly behind and the redskins on their sides. The camp was made around a

central fire before which several white girls whose necks were manacled to an iron chain were sifting grain and pounding it into flour and putting it into sacks for transport and sale. The chief's corpulent body lolled on his stacks of blankets which served as his throne surrounded by more white girls and a white boy that he kept on his knee a chain wound around his fist. The boy was kept in a small cage which the chief dropped scorpions into through an opening in the top and which the boy attempted to bat out of the cage to prevent them from stinging him. The chief was in process of drinking another brown bottle of firewater which he would smash against the cage so that fragments would bombard the white boy as a means of getting his jollies. The chief was being fanned by the white girls he allowed to stand and these were intermittently spat at by the squaws who thronged round the chief. The redskin male youth danced around the fire in ecstasy screeching out some type of arcane language in propitiation of whatever entities hovered round the camp. Tom-tom drums beat out a cadence which was punctuated by the youth's cries as the group entered. The sheriff approached the chief after dismounting from his donkey and gave a masonic hand sign in greeting which was reciprocated by the chief. "We got a problem," the sheriff stated matter-of-factly. The chief finished his bottle and smashed it against the cage which again caused the boy to cower in the corner in fear. He wiped his fat mouth with his massive ham fist bloodshot eyes staring at the sheriff who stared back unperturbed. The mayor walked up to the chief and pointed his finger in his face – "Listen up Firewater, we've got no time for your games. We gotta hit for you and your braves see!" The mayor took out a sketch of Blonde and held it up to the chief's face. "This guy's causing trouble for us and that means trouble for you capishe? We need him taken out tonight. Send all you got but only take out those who shoot back and those men who surround the guy. We don't need a massacre, all those goyim have gotta be used as tax slaves to generate revenue see...just take out the leadership – strike the shepherd and the sheep will scatter..." The chief's alcoholized gaze stared out at him from his bloodshot eyes. "Mayor," he began, "We redskins are a simple people, we only want peace. You want us to fight. But how can a peaceful people be made to fight?" he asked rhetorically kicking a stash of gold he had at his feet. "You want more than you deserve redskin," the sheriff replied, "but we need you now so what's your price?" The chief smiled in self-satisfaction pretending to ponder what would be a just price and finally said: "Fifty per-cent of the pale-skin money," by which he meant the sex slave trade, and in his greed added "...and fifty per-cent of the peyote money." The mayor gnashed his teeth in anger but suddenly an idea came into his head – that he would bring in hard men from back east and clean house of the redskins whose irresponsibility was jeopardizing his illicit operation, threatening exposure amongst the goyim of the town as the recent Christian sacrifice had proven. Once they had them properly trained they would take back what money the redskins were given. Finally appeasing himself with these reflections the mayor consented urging the chief to hurry as their contact Hymie was threated and he was an asset having connections from back east that were of considerable value that would bring in more profits for the organization. The chief then clapped his hands above his head and shouted above the din of the drums and screeching of youths: "Prepare for war against this pale-skin. Only fighters must die, kill no one else!" And so saying he passed the picture of Blonde around to the braves who

gazed at it imprinting his image on their memory. The chief then let out a whoop and stood up, his massive bulk illuminated in the firelight. He took up the cage in his two hands and held it aloft saying “Taka tubba wasin! Taka mihela wasin!” The drums instantly began to beat as if in preparation for battle a martial dirge tramped out in monotonous staccato beat while the braves leaped into the air and circled the fire in counter-clockwise directions intermittently screaming out: “Taka tubba wasin! Taka mihela wasin!” as they brandished their spears in the darkness. At this moment an apparition seemed to crystalize over the fire assuming a humanoid form, its gaunt hollow cheeks and eye sockets suggestive of a long-starved and tormented soul, its wild shock of black hair spilling out over the fire yet still an impalpable shape semi-translucent in the fire existing in both physical and metaphysical dimensions bending over the fire yet too timid to reach out to the prize of the white child who clung desperately to the cage bars as the chief shook it seeming to taunt the creature inflaming its ardour and greed. The chief took out a flint knife and screamed out “Taka taka wasin!” at which point he poked at the child with the flint, a course of blood accompanied by a scream emanating from the child’s body. The apparition trembled with eagerness as the chief again struck out at the child who emitted another scream of pain – the blood flowed out as the chief shook the cage over his head. Finally he shouted “Tubba wasin!” and hurled the cage into the flames at which the apparition leapt upon it and gorged itself upon the child, its jaws moving in two dimensions spraying blood into the fire which hissed with each drop. The chief stood by with arms over his chest relishing the sight as the mayor and sheriff laughed with glee over the entertainment their toughs sampling some of the fried chicken the chief had in buckets around him. “We go! War on the paleface!” the chief cried out, the terrorist youths leaping onto horseback to ride upon the town. The mayor and Cuck looked down upon the white girls and the mayor said: “Time we taught these girls a lesson eh Cuck?” The sheriff sneered with a salacious look on his face and licking his lips took up one of the liquor bottles and drained it down.

Scene: Eden

The townsfolk had turned up nothing in their search of the jailhouse or of the saloon and brothel. They now at the instigation of Blonde made their way to Hymie’s store and stopped outside. Blonde ascended the steps and said: “You all go and surround the town so no one can get out. Hasker, myself, and a few others will go inside and if we find him we’ll come out and hang him and give the Christian a proper burial.” Blonde reached into his gun belts and fisted his two six-guns kicking the door of Hymie’s open which opened up onto the store which had the kerosene lamp turned out. Hasker lit it and wrenched it from its moorings holding it up so that a view of the interior was possible. The group felt the oppressive atmosphere around them as if some demonic energies haunted the place. The interior room was barren as if someone had been clearing the shelves of its goods in preparation for leave-taking. Blonde held out his arm suddenly barring Hasker from heading into the office room. He indicated a trail of blood which led down into the basement. The trapdoor was opened by one of the men upon instructions from Blonde who then descended the steps with the men behind. A faint light could be seen at a distance and Blonde extinguished his own so as not to be detected. They went forth into the inner chamber and observed Hymie bent over a leather-bound volume of Yiddish characters, the binding seeming to be of skin and the lettering to be of a bloody hue. A menorah was lit in front of Hymie, the candles giving off an odour of animal – perhaps human fat – and he was busying himself bobbing before the book, his arm and hand wrapped in a black leather tassel and a black prayer box on his head. Below the menorah a child was strapped to the sacrifice table, its mouth gagged and its blonde hair streaming sweat. The shopkeep muttered Yiddish phrases in a whiny alien tongue as a strange entity coalesced on top of the menorah, a hybrid serpent humanoid creature which hovered in the atmosphere over the child. Hymie was beginning to go into ecstasies as he bobbed back and forth, his left hand grabbing a silver sacrifice knife and preparing to strike into the heart of the child. Just then a shot rang out as Blonde terminated the life of the floating creature sending a magnum slug into its brain. It fell on the floor squealing and writhing as Hymie whirled around the daze he had been put in interrupted by the discharge of the projectile. The child he

ripped from its moorings and giving an apprehensive look over his shoulder he twisted round and held the silver knife to its throat while it writhed in his arms attempting to break free. Blonde let another shot off knocking the knife from his hand which blew apart in fragments. Hymie dropped the child and prostrated himself before the group of men. "Please, have mercy!" he cried, "I am a victim of" – Blonde cocked his guns as the group approached Hymie surrounding him and trussing him up with the straps he had had the would-be sacrifice victim in before. "You're going to stand trial Hymie," Blonde said, "You've sinned and must compensate those you've injured." He gestured to the men who began to move him out instructing Hasker to find some gasoline to burn the building down "as an evil place such as this must be wiped from the earth". The group exited Hymie's and were welcomed by the crowd who heaped vitriol upon the criminal. Blonde wound a length of rope around the prisoner's neck and leapt upon his horse leading it at a trot with the Jew stumbling behind holding the rope which would be used for his own hanging. The throng gathered around the place of execution and Blonde ascended the scaffold with Hymie behind, his associates following in tow to prevent the Jew from escaping. The Jew had to be dragged up the steps as he attempted to resist his fate, the men prodding him with their rifles up to the platform which Blonde had reset. The rope was thrown over the scaffold and Hymie was brought over the trapdoor. Blonde in the spirit of lawfulness made the standard request for last words to which Hymie screamed out: "You may destroy me goyim but you can't stop what the evil one has planned for you. Even the best gentiles must be killed!" At this the trapdoor was released and Hymie fell through, the rope not being taught enough to snap his neck so Blonde pulled his body up and down as a tolling of the death knell of the Jew whose body was jerked up and down his feet running beneath him in a perverse comedic display of his death throes. Eventually his body went limp and Blonde tied the rope's end around an iron rail spike which had been pounded into the scaffold leaving the Jew dangling into space so there would be no possibility of his coming back from the lake of fire. The townsfolk cheered aloud and began to celebrate the destruction of an evil in their midst when the shots from a repeating rifle were heard in the distance. One of the men of the scaffold fell and Blonde yelled: "Get back to the sheriff's and the jail – we can seek shelter inside," as the walls were made of thick slabs of granite and the building was all but impenetrable to assault from without. The townsfolk rushed to the jail while the shouting picked up. Blonde covered their rear firing intermittent shots when he realized that most of the shots were directed at himself he decided to draw the fire away from the crowd who rushed to comparative safety in the jail. Blonde sped towards his vehicle as the whoops of the redskins approached believing themselves to have discovered easy prey. Blonde headed down the alley where he had left his carriage. Unlocking it he leapt inside and twisted a lever which enabled the bulletproof visor made of diamond-coated glass to pop up thus shielding him from any bullets directed into the cabin and twisted another lever which enabled the Gatling gun turret to project outwards and acquire targets. He pedalled the vehicle out of the alleyway and into the crowd of oncoming savages who shot at him as they rode their emaciated horses screeching their savage war cries piercing the quiet of the town turning Eden into a hell on earth. As Blonde could see up the street past the savage horde most of the townsfolk had managed to attain sanctuary in the jail though a few had been shot down before they could make it inside both women and children as well as men. The horde pressed on towards Blonde and now that he had a clear field ahead without any of the townsfolk in the way he opened fire with the Gatling gun mowing down the redskins who were then caught in a pincer movement of sorts between Blonde and the men in the jail who opened fire through the bars now having access to the town armoury. The Gatling gun continued to blast away in its staccato melody of death turning on its turret in a tightly controlled formation controlled by Blonde who manoeuvred the vehicle from side to side to present a more difficult target and introduce confusion into the minds of the savages as to whether he would approach or not. The lines of Redskins kept charging forth seemingly in waves of red bodies their feral eyes and teeth being the only visible brightness on their bodies bathed in the firelight of Hymie's store which Hasker had apparently doused with gasoline and begun the burning of prior to the townsfolk's retreat to the jail.

The bodies of both horse and rider fell to the ground writhing in pain and gaping wounds erupted on their flesh exploding in bursts of blood and muck as the redskins screamed their war cries of death. The onslaught against Blonde had become an onslaught against the redskins by Blonde as he turned the tables on the feral terrorist army and continued to reap a bloody harvest. The dim light of reason finally dawned on the remaining savages who then reared their horses around and attempted to flee from the barrage of Gatling

gunfire but not a single one escaped. Silence again descended on the town as the smoking Gatling gun wound down and the moans of the wounded redskins ceased, the jail snipers knocking them out one by one leaving a carpet of detritus in the form of carcasses on the main street of Eden. Blonde exited his vehicle after parking it next to the jail cell exhausted after having stayed awake for such a long period. He approached the jail visible to its occupants and raised his six-guns high into the night sky in a symbolic gesture of victory. The crowd cheered and the men inside the jail came out to congratulate Blonde on defeating the savage gang. To his reckoning it appeared as if he had defeated most of their numbers in his two recent skirmishes all within the period since he had last slept. At this juncture at the edge of town two figures rode towards the group bearing torches. The men levelled their guns but when they saw that it was the sheriff and the mayor they hesitantly dropped them to their sides and waited for them to approach. The two entered into hearing distance and the mayor bellowed out: "Thank the lord y'all are safe. We got caught up with a band of redskins when we were looking for Hymie and narrowly escaped. We couldn't pursue them as we'd have been done for sure. We tried to circumvent them and warn y'all but they were already upon y'all," the mayor stated with theatrical intonation pretending to be winded and full of anxiety over their fate. "Why not search for Hymie in the town," queried Blonde rhetorically. "Why exit the town's perimeter and why would a large group of savages appear shortly after your disappearance almost as if you were the cause of their presence?" The mayor entered into his theatrics again feigning righteous indignation: "Mr. Blonde! Surely you, yes even you, would find it hard to impute a motive to me for such nefarious action. Why the sheriff and I are only looking out for the best interests of the townsfolk. We want everyone to get along...and you! You've killed them. Granted they are a savage breed but surely you can see to it as a Christian to forgive their trespasses..." To which Mr. Blonde staring icily at the mayor responded, "If you are acting in the best interests of the townsfolk why then did you hang an innocent man in the place of Hymie?" The sheriff snorted: "Blonde! I already told you why – I was drugged and someone with vested interests substituted the two bodies. I ought to arrest you for striking me – but I'll forgive you as a true Christian, only on the condition that you drop this issue and cease to undermine the law of which I am a humble representative," he looked indignantly at Blonde whose eyes displayed a sarcastic humour. "I," he began, "as everybody here knows, am no Christian though I have no objection to the adherence to the real teachings of Christ. As to the law it appears to have been put away here. If you are indeed a Christian you would not invite savages amongst your flock, wolves into the sheep's pen. Now I and my wife and children will leave to return to our ranch and hope that you will adhere to the laws of Eden as they were enacted at their creation generations before." In saying this Blonde returned to his carriage to pick up his wife and children from his step-sister's turning his back on the two representatives of an inverted law and order in a world gone mad.

Scene: Church of Universality

After these events the mayor and sheriff decided it would be best to lie low as they waited for their heavy hitters from back east to arrive as they intended to finally take out Blonde once and for all. That day a man arrived in the town who had never been there before. He was a young man with blonde hair and blue eyes dressed in a formal suit and riding a horse which pulled a small cart behind inside of which was his every belonging. He wore a brace of pistols on his belt and a white brimmed hat neither the latest fashion nor anything unfashionable like himself an implacable and non-descript character outside of the intensity of fervour which radiated from out of his icy blue eyes and gaunt features baked in the sun a ruddy hue. As he entered into town and approached the church of universality his gaze

looked down with a stern fanaticism at the priest whose corpulent body was wheezing as he attempted to water the cacti which grew on the grounds of his church. The man passed by with contempt having no willingness to greet what he deemed a 'pharisaical hypocrite' who led the flock into the wolves den and into the flames of the lake of fire. "Truly," the man cogitated, "the worldliness of the priest manifested itself in his rotundity and flabby appearance, an abomination in the sight of god. The outer is the inner and the inner is the outer. "It would be," he thought, "a great shock to the people of this Edenic paradise to have the scales wrenched from off their purblind eyes and to behold the truth he had come to enlighten them with. Many would be resistant as they still clung dogmatically to the teachings of men and the distorted letter of that what they in their ignorance construed to be 'the law'. Such laws were not for such as he and soon those who were receptive would understand the true law and overcome their dogmatic slumber. He made his way to the recently reconstructed building that had been Hymie's dry goods where he would be establishing his new Church of the Divine Gnosis which would serve as a mechanism of deliverance from the dark age ignorance the townsfolk had come under and which was facilitated by the hypocritical administration as it was in all places throughout the world – the peasants subordinating themselves to the priest class who would feign humility before an abstract anthropomorphic deity as a means of perpetuating their mastery over their serf class. He would do his utmost to sever the chain that bound them in subjection to the tyranny of universalism embodied in the Jewdeo-Christiansanity church of the universal and the Jewdeo-Masonic administrative apparatus all of which was merely part of the same despotism, which ruled under the guise of representation of the popular will and tending the garden of god via priestly caste hegemony. As the man approached Hymie's he was met by the mayor and a small delegation of the town establishment. The mayor approached and vigorously shook the hand of the man: "Greetings," he said unctuously beaming before the man, "we are all very glad you decided to purchase this building and establish a rival church. Diversity is our strength we like to say in Eden. It's the town's new motto." The women in the audience smiled with welcome, some amongst them attempting to elicit his attention in turn intimating to him that they were more than pleased with his arrival and his lithe physique and rugged constitution. One of the men having overheard the mayor's 'Diversity is our strength' slogan made a sourlooking face and recovering himself attempted a smile keeping up appearances. "We welcome you good sir. Your name is Eckhardt is it not?" he questioned with ingratiating unctuousity. "Hans Eckhardt," he said smiling politely if not with a tone of mirth and took the mayor's hand in his own giving him a vigorous handshake. "You must be Mayor Goldblatt," he enunciated his Jewish name pretending to have a great veneration for the Jewish self-proclaimed master race. The mayor appeared to get the hint and filled his chest with pride, his sixpointed gold star puffing outwards reflecting the sunlight revelling in his own vainglory, his purple silk cravat crisscrossed with gold threaded Yiddish characters and black silk suit bespeaking a man too big for his britches or rather like a child stepping into his father's clothes. After further introductions the delegation left and Eckhardt was left alone with the store. He had purchased the building while in St. Louis having recently arrived from the old country on the basis of photographs and reports of property assessors who worked for the town. Observing it now he saw it was in need of repairs but given the prize was not too self-critical of his purchase decision and perhaps naïve reliance upon the administrations' representation and altruistic regard for the buyer. Over the next few days Eckhardt worked to fix up the building for conversion into the Church of the Divine Gnosis (C.D.G.) and had finished painting the sign which he was expert at having been trained in the fine arts as well as having followed a mystical path whereby he had attained enlightenment. The demonic entities that Hymie had enticed into the building had been purged the day of his arrival as his heightened sensibility enabled him to detect their presence which to him was no different than vermin easily discarded through the higher consciousness that he channelled through himself as a conduit of the Divine Absolute. These lower entities dispersed as they could not dwell within the light radiated from the higher god-man Eckhardt had made himself into. The satanic torture chamber had been the reservoir of these lower astral forms which lingered even after Hymie's had been burnt down and

another edifice erected in its place. The church of the divine gnosis was in direct competition with that of its rival the church of universality and over the weeks the townsfolk came to appreciate and recognize the more meaningful and sincere sermons delivered by the preacher which were more interactive and where they were given exercises, meditations, and tasks of a spiritual nature to undergo as opposed to merely to passively spectate as the preacher of the other church Jude Barrabas broadcasted his platitudes of universal brotherhood and love and peace always intimating that submission to the church was essential and all one had to have as a means of ensuring their ticket to the pearly gates was a blind obedience to the dogma which was contained in his bulletins which were little more than a religious reflection of the administrations politics of 'integration' (i.e. race mixing) and boundless tolerance for all manner of sick and weak forms of societal decay, as a representative of god upon earth he was the arbiter of all truth justice and his truth and justice corresponded to the policies of the administration without deviance therefrom as he was himself a member thereof. Such acts as sodomy, which he called 'brother love' and pedophilia which he persuaded the congregation was merely a natural tendency for all those who welcomed Jesus into their hearts, he sermonized about in a rapture of ecstasy absolving all who committed such acts of punishment and declaring that god the 'lord' recognized no sin if only belief in Jesus were had and the laws of his earthly administration of Eden were upheld. Given the extreme changes to the lives of the townsfolk which this created now that they had an alternative gathering place for their spiritual development and edification many of the townsfolk perhaps also beguiled by the aesthetic appeal of the young priest as opposed to the doughy corpulence of Barrabas would much rather take in his positive vibrations than the doom and gloom preaching of the latter who deliberately though unbeknownst to the majority would play upon their emotions as a means of mind-controlling them, created states of fear and depression and then appear to offer them the solution afterwards which was always the instruction to adhere to and obey the law of the town which according to him was merely the application of divine law on earth which worked itself through the instruments of the divine will, the priest himself and the mayor and sheriff. At a basic intuitive level of consciousness the masses understood that the church of universality was a source of depression leaving them feeling that they had been stripped of their willpower which in fact they had as a deliberate ploy to dumb them down and drive them into the vices which the administration was only too happy to offer them such as prostitution, and alcohol and drug addiction. Also on this level of consciousness the white majority of the town knew that the term 'integration' meant the destruction of their ancestral culture and identity and that, in spite of the preachings to the contrary, it was in no way a desirable thing for them to be replaced in their own town in spite of the jargon of 'diversity' and 'acceptance' – they knew instinctively it was wrong but the mind control was so entrained within them that it merely led to a demoralization and chronic depression. For this the pastor Barrabas would administer special 'pep pills' that he said contained the elixir of angels which would help to lift their spirits of the congregation. Many of the townsfolk had gotten addicted to these pills and that was one of the reasons they continued to return to the pastor and would simply endure his depressing sermons as a means of getting their fix. In spite of this more and more were leaving and finding their way to the Church of the Divine Gnosis and to the priest Eckhardt who would lift their spirits through what he called 'discourses' instead of sermons where after there would be a question and answer session where he would divulge his personal experience and the trials and tribulations of his adventurous life in the old country and in the larger cities of the new world as a means of illustrating his principles and lessons on the higher mind and the potentiality of all of becoming who they were, their true selves and that there was indeed an eternal hereafter that was available should the individual have sufficiently developed their higher self which meant a freedom from the slavish adherence to others such as the priest and government, the powers and principalities which reigned with arbitrary sway over the destinies of their charges who had been convinced that they only freedom they were entitled to was that which was dispensed by the regime. "Freedom is before the law," he stated, "but before which law? The laws of man...or the laws of god!

Thus even in chains one is free so long as the chains are the armour of god and not the rusty fetters of the legions of Satan!" Preaching of this sort had brought upon him the rancour of the mayor and administrative apparatus who had initially looked upon him as another seminary student eager to level up in the hierarchy and obtain what pastors such as Barrabas and others from the beginning of time had sought: temporal power and the luxury of a materialistic life. Now that, given the talk of the townsfolk and their rumblings and rumours of discontent the mayor began to suspect that since Eckhardt was the only change that had been introduced into the town since the change of attitude of the populace he must be the ultimate cause. "Eliminate the cause, eliminate the effect," the mayor said as he and the sheriff sat in the office upon holding a meeting to discuss the matter. "We gotta get this goy," the mayor stated. He gestured over to one of the toughs who was guarding the door and whispered in his ear: "That priest punk Eckhardt – take'em. I want it done tonight see?" The tough nodded in obedience. "Make it look like a suicide," he stated. "Here is a silenced weapon," he stated as he reached into his vest and drew out an ornate gun which resembled a long-barrelled machine pistol. "This is a custom-made gun from the kosher arms factory in New York. It discharges in automatic form. One squeeze of the trigger and that's it." The mayor smiled with a smug look on his face contemplating the destruction of the young priest whose gnostic gospel was in direct contravention to his prescribed dogma that his pastor puppet served at the mouthpiece of, the gospel of 'universal brotherhood', in which any being that walked on two legs qualified as a 'human' and was entitled to resources from the labouring peasants, from the white goyim. He knew, or at least believed his delusive beliefs amounted to knowledge, that he alone was a human being of the Jewish people. The sheriff who was in the room with him reached out and fondled his squaw with a lecherous look on his face, his bloodshot eyes a testament to the bottle of whiskey he held in his hand. "Animals," the mayor thought contemptuously as he beheld the fat sheriff, his bulk spilling over the chair. He did indeed resemble a pig in his pink cheeks or jowls would perhaps be a more appropriate word and his wheezing breath. Disgusted the mayor looked out the window of his office at the congregation which were filing into the church. That young punk would soon get to see whatever god he worshipped he thought sneering with contempt.

Scene: Church of the Divine Gnosis

Eckhardt knelt before the image of the Celtic cross and meditated on the divine gnosis of god who he channelled through himself concentrating all his energy upon the cross, a white cross on black background before and to the sides of which were set a candle which further enabled him to concentrate on the cross. Knowledgeable about the spiritual war which played itself out before his eyes in this very town which was a microcosm of the macrocosm of that eternal struggle between the forces of light and the forces of darkness between the Aryan race of divine gods and the demonic race of Jews and their beast-people slaves who they used to attempt to destroy the Aryans and their civilization, the only civilization on earth properly so-called. Eckhardt had been a member of Aryan orders which adhered to gnostic ariosophical kristianity and had broken through this enlightened path from the pietistic church of his formative years after he had stumbled upon works by the ancients and books of philosophy in his grandfather's library who was a local eccentric in his woodland town. He was self-taught and had no dogmatic path which he adhered to, no taskmaster who overarched his activity directing him towards whatever path that was foreign to his own inner nature, a nature that drove itself as a self-propelling wheel, its own motive force needing no impulsion from without. He concentrated unblinkingly at the cross breathing from his diaphragm slowly and rhythmically as he chanted "We must secure the existence of our people and a future for white children" repeating the fourteen words in homage to the Aryan race and its posterity. His fingers formed the mudra signifying 'white pride' where the thumb was brought into a circular formation with the forefinger, the others splayed outwards. He sat with his arms outstretched before him over the pair of six-guns he carried ornately engraved in filigree of gold bearing the markings '14/88' for the fourteen words and eighty-eight precepts of David Lane. The classically blued barrel and metal of the

gun stood out in stark contrast to the gold. His chanting continued for some time in silence the magnetic energies he invoked from the surrounding aether amplified his consciousness and enabled him to perceive all disturbances in his surroundings. Suddenly he sprang into action rolling sideways and picking up his pistols coming up in a crouching run as a stream of silenced bullets pierced holes in the reed mat he had been sitting on moments before. Turning as he ran he fired his six-guns at the target he could perceive hidden in the darkness but which was to him as clear as day given his heightened perception. The figure's head exploded as the projectiles crashed into it blood and muck erupting like a geyser exploding from the earth. The man fell inward from the window which Eckhardt always ensured was kept open to ensure a continual supply of oxygen. Blood oozed from the wound onto the floorboards of the church and the special gun clattered out of the man's hand. Eckhardt began cleaning up the detritus and took the body in a wheelbarrow to be buried. The next day Eckhardt called an emergency meeting of his inner circle of gnostic ariosophists, these members of his church which he had initiated or, like Ezekiel Blonde, were themselves initiates through other organizations they had been involved in from past lives outside of Eden or through their own cultivation in solitude amidst the crowd of sheep who had gathered at the dogmatic church of universality to slavishly bow before the priestly caste in what they believed in their naiveté was the will of 'the lord'. Eckhardt's meeting was his revelation not only of the assassination attempt which had been made on his life but which was his proposal of the formation of a counter-movement that opposed the tyranny of the town and its internal decay brought about by the priestly caste. "I have gathered you here today," he began, "to demonstrate my willingness to work with you all in forming a defensive organization against what in other places has been referred to as Z.O.G., the Zionist Occupation Government comprised of Jews and their underlings the Freemasons and Judeo- Christians embodied in the figures here of the Jewish mayor, Sheriff Cuck, and Pastor Barrabas. These three figures as you all know have been holding the populace of this town in subjection through their mind control and this through the church of universality, the drug and alcohol

monopoly and their usurious tax system which has all but driven the townsfolk into serfdom on the verge of being supplanted by sub-human untermenschen, the mestizos and redskin savages. In order to secure the existence of our people we must oppose with counter-violent force this tyrannical regime else we will surely perish and the memory of our ancestors will be wiped away from the earth." At this the elect order of the Church of the Divine Gnosis nodded their heads in agreement and were engaged in sporadic discussion that was becoming heated until Blonde, ever the voice of reason, interjected: "we must not get over-excited," he said, "let us harden the sword of passion in the cold waters of reason. Clearly what you say Eckhardt is true, this regime has become insufferable and must fall. The question is how, given that the beast-people and toughs of the mayor and sheriff are on their payroll, their loyalties have been bought and the finances are apparently inexhaustible being bound up with the central banking system the Jews run. More replacements could be brought in if we didn't do a clean sweep all at once and wipe out the opposition. Given that the townsfolk are largely mind-controlled through the church they have been brainwashed to view us with suspicion. I have heard rumours that the pastor has been influencing them to view us as Satan incarnate which further binds them to the church. Should we not attempt to win the hearts and minds of the masses through propagand counter to that of the universalist church? Or perhaps we should simply work within our inner circle?" The question was put slightly rhetorically and Eckhardt underscored the point: "The townsfolk being the lemmings they are clearly were only as iron filings in relation to a magnet – and that magnet is power. There is no way that irrational lemmings would be or even could be receptive to the gnosis. They are incapable of being reached and simply assume whatever yolk is placed upon their neck, though all of them have some potentiality to receive the gnosis it would be impossible to break through to them through rational argument. Thus it is only seeing us from the sidelines as spectators scoring victories that will bring them over to our side. To the victor go the spoils and the game is zero sum – total victory or death." The crowd was now held rapt by his rhetorical stance as he continued to particularize his

general principles and course of action: "I propose we elect from an organization modelled on vigilantism and destroy the enemies' key power points to weaken him for the kill. Clearly the beast-folk are one of their strengths and constitute the force arm of their conspiracy in the main, as well as their mules for the trafficking of drugs which they grow out in the desert." Blonde interjected, "Suppose we kill two birds with one stone and set up the pastor who is clearly an affiliate of theirs, entangling him and ruining his reputation and then lynching him after." Eckhardt laughed aloud at the cunning of Blonde and in agreement: "Clearly that Barrabas must be crucified. The only question is how that can be orchestrated." The group fell into a dialogue attempting to strategize how to eliminate this excrescence upon the creation of god. Their conclusion was again Blonde's idea: to assault the mestizo camp and kill all of their squaws enraging them against the white population and leaving a tangible clue behind that pointed to the church of universality leaving one of the universal bibles behind. If the mestizos survived the defensive measures of the administration then they could be exterminated as what they were namely a tangible threat to the security of Eden. If the mestizos killed off the administration then yet another bird would be killed leaving all problems solved. In either case the church of the divine gnosis would escape with clean hands and reap a benefit either way. Whatever members of the congregation wished to seek sanctuary they could do so as Gnostics knowing full well that the lies of universalism would have been exposed in the wrath of the savage mestizos and redskin remnants who had joined their tribe to their cousins. "An excellent plan Blonde," Eckhardt said. "I fully subscribe to it, and now we must confer a name on our inner circle. Given that we are all Aryan and serve the Aryan race that name that I will confer is that of the Adamic Knights as we are according to the scriptures and ancient texts, the Adamites of this world, those whose blood derives itself from the gods and who as it says in those texts are of a ruddy or rosy complexion clearly connoting us. Therefore we are the living gods of the earth and all of these others are as beasts in relation to us." The Adamic Knights rode out from the town at high noon careful to remain undiscovered by the administration. They passed by the church of universality and observed the pastor gobbling his luncheon of bacon and lobster with a jug of wine beside him. He was too engrossed in his meal to pay attention to them as they rode by, one of his squaw helpers massaging his corpulent flesh which would have obscured his view anyway. Eckhardt and Blonde were at the lead and looked back with amused disgust at the pastor as they discussed the affairs of the town. Their passing of the church of universality signified their exit from the town as it was on the outskirts. They headed off into the desert with six-guns and bandolier belts crisscrossing their bodies, repeating rifles hanging from their saddle bags. It was on this day of the week that the mestizos went to pick up their shipment of peyote from Mexico and exchanged their portion of the townfolk's tax money which was tendered to them by the sheriff. Thus the mestizo camp would be largely unguarded and their plans would undoubtedly work without a hitch. The more gruesome the slaughter the more enraged the mestizos would be – fuel to the fire. As they approached the camp from above they were pleased to observe that the fat chief could be observed through the spyglass Blonde carried as they crept on their bellies to observe from the cliff gorging himself on liquor as he lounged around amidst his squaws who danced naked before him on buffalo hides, other squaws drumming a monotonous beat, and the few white women and girls who had been captured were tied via a single chain to a heavy metal object and sat disconsolately apart from the redskins looking outwards towards the sky. The savage terrorist youth also indulged themselves in drink and were busy fornicating on the buffalo hides with abandon. "Easy pickins," Blonde said handing the spyglass to Eckhardt. The latter smiled as the opposition came into view and he stated, "Move out knights. Your mission is to take out the males and gruesomely slaughter the females. While we're at it – we may as well liberate the white women who we can bring back to the gnostic church. They can be of service and given that they will bind themselves to us – their liberators – they won't be a liability." So saying they rode down upon the camp and the inebriated savages were too dull in their consciousness to have any awareness of the fact until they were

upon them. Blonde fired both six-guns simultaneously as his horse wheeled and rose up neighing on his hind legs, his hooves beating back one of the savages who had attempted to rise with his repeating rifle and take aim. A series of bullets penetrated his chest knocking him back against the buffalo hides blood pooling underneath. The chief grabbed a few squaws as shields but Eckhardt blasted through them killing them instantly. The chief's fat belly erupted in a geyser of blood as bullets penetrated his flesh and he went down writhing with muscular tremors, his fat shaking like jello. His massive bulk flapped on the ground like a corpulent pancake with a resounding crash. The other savages were discharged with ease, their bodies riddled with magnum rounds discharged from the six-guns and repeating rifles of the Adamic Knights. The squaws stared around in wonder at the Adamic white males who were so able to overpower their inebriated males. They prostrated themselves at their feet wantonly offering themselves to the white men as their new masters. However Eckhardt, blue eyes flashing icily, stated with cold decision: "The end justifies the means," and blasted a hole in the chest of one of the squaws. He leapt off his horse and ripped his hunting knife from its deerskin holster and slashing wildly at the squaws brought them down as so many laid low with the reapers scythe. His other knights blasted and hacked with their respective weapons until there were no redskins standing. Eckhardt carefully positioned a universal bible next to the chief to indicate to the mestizos when they returned that the deed bore some connection to the church. He approached the white women who looked towards him as a liberator with a look of hope upon their faces and spoke: "We have come here to put an end to the administration's evil. We would like you to join us. Our church, the church of the divine gnosis has a place for you. But we require complete loyalty and devotion – there is no room for traitors in our church." So saying he brought out a skeleton key from his pocket and unlocked the manacles that bound the women and girls who rubbed their necks which had become sore and rashy through the iron manacles. Blonde stated: "Perhaps we should leave them at the ranch given that women's loyalty changes with circumstances." Eckhardt looked thoughtful for a moment and stated looking at the females: "Perhaps I was hasty. We should instead take you to Blonde's ranch and we can initiate you there. There will be much violence to come and it would be best if you are kept out of the fray." The women consented to this and looked relieved to be as far from danger as possible. They took the females into the saddle with them and headed off to Blonde's ranch to undergo the initiation and then sped back to town to warn the congregation of the coming chaos. Eckhardt separated from the group to warn the townsfolk leaving Blonde in custody of the females.

Scene: Eden Once back in town Eckhardt went immediately to his church and sounded the bell in the belfry as a signal for his holding an emergency meeting. By this time it was nearly evening after the ride and the townsfolk had finished their tax slavery roles what they dignified with the term 'working' and had filled their bellies with the local fare. They were now up to entertainment and the special ring of Eckhardt's bell was a welcome sound. Within half an hour all of his congregation had assembled and he invited them in with a sense of urgency that impressed itself on his followers or perhaps fellow travellers would be a better term as he looked upon himself merely as a conduit of the true knowledge, a vehicle of enlightenment illuminating whatever portion of the darkness of the material world of imperfection he could through his finite consciousness. He entered the circle from which he spoke surrounded by the congregation.

Raising his arms outwards he began: "Townfolk – I have intimate knowledge of many significant events which happens in this town and on the outskirts and I can say with assurance that you are no longer safe from the regime which controls it. As many of you know and many others have suspected, the administration is thoroughly corrupt and have caused irreparable damage to both yourselves and the surrounding environment which they have raped and pillaged in the name of Mammon. I know that at this very moment – for I have foreseen it in a dream – the peyote gang and remnants of the savage gang are about to strike against Eden out of a hostility and vengeful hatred borne of their resentment for the better type, the godly Aryan man." The congregation stirred and one of the women asked in alarm, "What should we do? They will slaughter us all." Eckhardt raised his hands in assurance. "Fear not," he

said placatingly, “We can prepare a defense here in the basement. Whatever damage they will do must be the responsibility of the sheriff and his men and if they can’t manage to finish them off we will then come against them. This will serve as a proof of the competence of the sheriff and whether he has what it takes to perform his role. Since your houses lie outside of the main part of town which is between the savage camp and yourselves it is not so likely that they will strike you. The earliest warning sign will be the church of universality which will in all likelihood be targeted first. The basement being a fireproof and separate structure with a passage leading out to the stone shed, if the building burns we will still avoid our deaths. It is safest...” he said reassuringly, “...to remain within this church. I will, with your assistance, summon guardian angels to surround the building and ward away the animalistic beings whose lower consciousness is repulsed by the higher. Then we stand the greatest probability of survival.” A worried discourse ensued amongst the congregation as they decided whether it was not safer to return home and guard their belongings and many were on the verge of leaving when Eckhardt again spoke: “Come with me to the basement there is something I wish to show you.” He opened the trapdoor as the congregation out of deference to his history of prudence and complete lack of triviality decided it would be in their interests to at least entertain what he had to offer. They all made their way into the basement and Eckhardt told them to wait in the large room wherein Hymie had performed his sacrifices but which was now thoroughly cleansed of the demonic Jew and his presence. Eckhardt walked briskly back up the passage and pulled a rope on a pulley that brought a metal column away from the alcoves in the walls which exposed the top part of the basement to the outside through these portals which apparently served as gun ports. The top part of the basement was elevated from the ground enabling them a view of their houses which were just outside shooting distance and from which vantage point they could snipe the peyote gang if they came within view attempting to gain access to their houses. Eckhardt spoke further: “See we are not defenseless at all!” as he opened up a large cabinet stocked with repeating rifles and a large Gatling gun which could be wheeled out and which had a large box magazine attached that was piled high with a belt of ammunition. “If any of the drug-dealing peyote gang come out and attempt to ambush us we can finish them off from here. We would be doing ourselves and the world a favour in ending the degenerate lives of these brutal animals – sex slavers, murderers, and poisoners of our Adamic race! - Unless of course you wish to return to your homes and defend yourselves there.” He looked at the position of the sun and said: “I think it is safe for you to quickly return to your homes and gather your children and whatever arms you believe would be of service for the beast- people always attack at night being of a nocturnal nature. Quickly now, bring whatever would be essential for a fight and we will shelter through the storm here.” The townsfolk began to filter out and Eckhardt said in parting: “Should there be any others worthy of salvation please pass the message on. If they are not willing to be receptive they must find other forms of succour.”

Scene: Church of Universality

Pastor Barrabas gazed out of his window as the sun set on the horizon as he reckoned his daily accounts. His market share had dwindled ever since Eckhardt had come to town and led away a large contingent of his flock. He had had to increase the peyote pills to dull the minds of his loyal followers to prevent them from straying from the broad and winding path he had carved out for them in his sermons. His church was now full of those few whose loyalties remained with him and he had gathered them all now to preach a sermon on blasphemy which targeted Eckhardt’s Church of the Divine Gnosis. He liked to make the congregation wait for his sermon, ‘beg for their supper,’ he would say to himself as ‘casting pearls before swine’ required the building up of greater digestive juice than the ‘milk-fed babes’ they were. He chuckled at his cleverness applauding himself for being so much more superior to the ‘common folk’ as he derisively called them. He could hear the squaw working the organ and playing ‘Bringing in the Sheaves’ as the congregation robotically sang the cadence. ‘Bringing in the green’ he chanted sneering at the ‘ignorant rabble’ who he exploited to fatten himself at their expense – ‘like an effendi’. Gathering up one of the pre-packaged sermons he ordered from his

universalist catalogue he exited his accounting room and made his way into the assembly, a smile of false humility plastered to his face as he walked stooping up to the podium. The organ music came to an end and he made a gesture with his left hand in further apparent humility signalling to the congregation that he was about to speak. The latter consisted of quite a few mestizos, some of the Jewish community, a few race-mixers who had hybrid offspring, retarded people, and the deliberately ignorant Mammon worshippers who attended mainly out of a hypocritical desire to maintain the image of a pious

person as a means to maintain their employment and to cultivate business relations. Pastor Barrabas began: "Tonight's sermon has been written by myself and Rosita my housekeeper who is an underprivileged minority in our town. It is " 'Tolerance' and its limitations." He paused significantly so as to allow the weight of the title's meaning impress itself upon the congregation. One of the mestizos in the audience farted and a few of the more hypocritical members attempted to suppress their laughter while they were chided by the women. "Yes...tolerance," he began, "what does this word mean?" he asked rhetorically. "We must all learn the meaning of this word as it is god's will, the very basis of our community, the bedrock of society. There are some," he continued, "who are not possessed of this virtue...and they may learn to embrace OUR values... however...I'm afraid there are others..." and at this he made a grimace, "...who have no understanding of this ideal and who never in all likelihood will. They are the goats spoken of in the bible. They..." he began to speak with increasing volubility as the audience tensed in expectation, thrilled with the harshness of his tone and that there was an 'other' whom they could castigate and shun as a way of gratifying their ego. "...They are anathema!" he paused again waiting for effect and then continued using his hypnotic voice roll speech cadence: "... and they live...in this...very town of Eden! I think you know who they are...don't you good sheep of the universal church? They are those who call themselves Gnostics who claim to have knowledge...a satanic -knowledge- from the very bowels of hell! We are the wheat! They are the...tares!" He spoke in thunderous tones suddenly becoming silent as though exhausted through having to use such force in speech, as though it pained him to have to castigate even the devil himself. He hung his head in exhaustion and finally said in a quiet voice: "We must learn...tolerance...for we...are the sheep...and stray not from the shepherd." The audience, having taken their peyote pills prior to the beginning of the sermon were now put into a state of relaxation and heightened suggestibility. The pastor, having delivered the intended message continued: "Prior to the delivery of the sermon I have prepared for this evening I have only one thing further to say and that is this: Hans Eckhardt - is of the devil! I sensed it given the power vested in me by the lord. As soon as I saw that devil in his white suit, a wolf in sheep's clothing if I've ever seen one, I received a message from the lord - and that was: "Be led not into temptation by those false preachers who would look under every rock...and every bush... ferreting out the knowledge that the lord forbids - and which brings nothing...nothing but vice and sin." The straight and narrow path - follow it and only it...for it is as the lord walked...away from temptation." So saying he picked up his premade sermon and began, the audience still in a state of hypnosis by his voice roll technique. "Tolerance...the virtue of the meek. Springer Publishing..." he inadvertently read the caption of the publisher and some of the audience appeared to take notice and one of the hypocrites coughed. The pastor recovered saying: "I had this sermon published in the...journal of theological studies at my alma mater...the universal cemetery...I mean seminary..." he trailed off and another of the hypocrites laughed at his mistake, his Freudian slip. He began again: "Tolerance - should we learn to love the way the lord loved? For surely he was a tolerant lord...and..." just then shots rang out and the pastor with feral instincts honed

through a life of political corruption and having to always look over his shoulder, dived down on the ground as the stained glass window shattered inwards as a fusillade of shots rang out from repeating rifles, a series of shrieks ringing out into the night: "Arriba! Arriba!" as the mestizos rode their donkeys around the church blasting away with their guns. A few of them had burning firebrands in their hands and tossed them inside in spite of their own people who were shouting in Spanish from within pleading

with them not to attack. The flames spread rapidly around the congregation who attempted to flee from them but most of whom were engulfed and fired upon from outside by the repeating rifles of the donkey riders. The pastor had managed to crawl down into the basement which he had constructed as a fireproof room for himself in just such an event knowing that there were countless enemies forever in pursuit of him given his drug dealing and financial swindles. What had brought about this turn of events he couldn't say but the insurance would cover his losses he reasoned. Clearly the role of preacher had had its day for him and he would have to involve himself more heavily in the drug trade to make his pile of money and then retire down in Mexico to escape whatever uncorrupted sheriffs might pursue him. He rummaged around in the basement for his shotgun in the event any of them would break in and attack and locked the trapdoor leading down behind him which itself was carefully concealed from above by a carpet that overlapped the cut-out area thereby disguising it. Outside the heathens raged as their whoops and chatter of broken Spanglish penetrated his basement hideaway. The screams of the congregation above also met his ears as he smirked at his 'flock's' having to meet the lord before their time sarcastically wishing them luck. Outside the sheriff and his men watched from a distance as the mestizos circled around the church intermittently blasting at those hapless members of the congregation who were trapped in a wicker man of hellfire and the brimstone of repeating rifles. Sheriff Cuck spoke: "Let them vent. Once they've spent their ammo then we can snipe them from the jail if they come into town. If not...c'est la vie – no skin off our nose. As the chief law enforcement officer my duty is to protect the citizens of this town and the citizens can't function without an administration. Accordingly I must protect this town – even should all of those churchies perish in the act," he sneered and the men positioned themselves at a gesture from Cuck taking up their vigil as the church burned before their eyes. The mayor then spoke: "You've outdone yourself Cuck...those greasers must have some reason for acting up – and yet you didn't keep them in line as you stated you would." The sheriff re-joined, "I'd like to see you keep a bunch of animals like that in line," he growled. "Now, now Cuck...there are plenty more mules to serve us way down mestizo way. The main problem lies with that priest punk Eckhardt and his butt buddy Blondey. But I've already made all the preparation we need – got some heavy hitters coming from back east and they are gonna back you up Sheriff. You might say that they will give a professional touch to the flabby arm of the law." Cuck crimsoned at the barb and gave the mayor a scathing look but the latter stared him down and snorted a line of cocaine from a money bill he had rolled up. "Yeah!" the mayor said punctuating his statement: "They're some real heavy hitters alright. Unlike these dumb goy Christians who are heading to hell they know the real law: might is right." The mestizos began to make their way into the town now that they had riled themselves up emotionally, hopped up on peyote and a hostile desire to 'make the whiteskins pay'. Given that the town's commercial district appeared deserted the mestizos were drawn towards it as flies to jam eager for loot. As they approached the jail Cuck gave the signal to his men to begin firing and many of the donkey-riding mestizos came down with their mounts, the streetlights illuminating the sprays of blood the sheriff's men had blasted out of them. Undaunted the mestizos continued to ride down in a veritable army of savages cautiously making sure they avoided the jail and its barrage of gunfire. The administration's men were only too happy to see them head towards the residential section on the outskirts and try their luck with the townsfolk in robbery, looting, and rape. At this point the members of the church of the divine gnosis observed the mestizos approaching their settlement and Eckhardt shouted to them from inside as he raced up the tunnel to the stone shed where he had stowed away a Gatling gun – "Cover me! I've gotta get a better vantage point to wipe away these meshitzos!" As Eckhardt ran the mestizos continued to pour in rushing upon what they believed was an easy kill in the collection of houses which was informally designated the residential zone or 'the village'. Opening the heavy iron door Eckhardt entered into what amounted to a bulletproof gun battery with ports along the walls big enough to gain a view of the target small enough to be incapable of being sniped at in return. The crowd of mestizos moved steadily on their donkeys towards the village shooting wildly as they went until Eckhardt opened fire with the Gatling gun

mowing down whole columns of mestizos whose bodies were ripped apart as a veritable slaughterhouse of gore and exploding bodies as the high calibre ammunition punched into the soft flesh of wetbacks whose sweaty carcasses became bathed in blood. The mestizos caught by surprise attempted to return fire and escape and began to split up to flank the storehouse wherein Eckhardt was positioned. However further fire was discharged from the ports of the basement and this additional fusillade dampened the mestizos ardour for vengeance scattered their remnants in all directions confused as to which way to head. Eckhardt pivoted the Gatling gun sweeping them away with an iron boom until nothing but silence descended on the town, the church on the hill still burning in the night.

Scene: Church of Universality

The pastor sheltered in his fireproof room as the chaos around him continued the screams and gun blasts and falling boards, the rustle of the fire as his church burned to the ground. He opened up a bottle of whiskey and relaxed in his easy chair looking at burlesque images he had had imported from St. Louis. "Nothing like a hot time in the old town tonight," he sneered, taking a pull of his bottle and flipping the pages of his pornographic magazine. After a time the sounds of the mestizo killers diminished as well as the cracking boards, the pitch the church had been constructed of having been a ready fuel source that, when ignited spread the flames throughout causing the structure to tumble in on itself with himself protected in the fireproof underground room. After a short time he heard distant gunshots from repeating rifles and then a shorter time later the barrage of a larger gun, some type of military weapon that discharged a continuous stream of rounds and much screaming of the mestizos. He paused and curiosity got the better of him. Now that the fire had all but dissipated there was only wreckage and burnt bodies remaining he decided to risk a view with his spyglass. He cautiously opened the trapdoor and observed the night sky, flaming boards burning at hip height around but not within reach of himself. Taking his spyglass out he scanned the perimeter of the town from the vantage point of the hill upon which his church was situated. He observed the mass of mestizos being mown down by the Gatling gun which was to him concealed behind the shed and church of the divine gnosis: "Eckhardt!" he spat as he took another swig of whiskey wiping his mouth with the back of his hand. The Gatling gun stopped apparently having wiped out the mestizos. A few minutes later a small group of men came riding up the hill, Eckhardt and a few others of the church of the divine gnosis, pastor Barrabas' rivals. Eckhardt came up leading the pack and observed the wreckage with Barrabas in the midst of it with his clean and pressed suit: "Is this the sermon you have to preach to us tonight Barrabas?" Eckhardt spoke with a sarcastic tone of condemnation. Barrabas reddened as the firelight reflected in his eyes looking the very image of a demon- possessed man. He raised the bottle as if it were a weapon and then checked himself lowering it and like a cornered rat looked around furtively at his surroundings as if for a means of escape. "Now see here Eckhardt!" he began attempting to sound offended by his blustery tone, "I..." "Don't bother Barrabas – like your namesake you were always a robber. Whatever motive you might have had in bringing in these savages to murder those innocent people of your own congregation I don't know and cannot decipher...however I know that their blood is upon you as you stand here in a clean and pressed suit with a bottle of whiskey and no signs of contrition on your face for the dead – and they lie butchered and burnt an unburied mass whose flesh suits are desecrated by filthy Mexican vermin. One thing I know is that you are implicated in their death and that you must therefore suffer for your sin." So saying he leapt from his horse and took a rope from his saddle. Another of the men did so also ensuring that there was no escape for the pastor. "I am an innocent man!" cried Barrabas, "I know nothing of their death! O' Lord forgive an innocent man!" he wailed as the two men bound his hands and neck together so that he could be dragged towards the town square to receive his punishment. Eckhardt and the other man swung into their saddles and trotted away towards the square the fat pastor wheezing behind them. Once they had gotten near the town Eckhardt called out to the congregation who could see him from the ports in the basement of the church: "We've got a traitor in our midst people of Eden! Behold the crucifixion of Barrabas!" One of his men queried: "You're not actually

going to crucify him are you Eckhardt?" The latter laughed and replied: "Such a practice is far too cruel and unusual for an Aryan – that would be something more in the line of Jewish ritual murder. No, he will be given his fair trial and punished accordingly." The townsfolk by this time had congregated in the street and formed a procession around

Eckhardt and the pastor who was still dragging behind his captor intermittently shouting: "An innocent man! For the lord's sake!" etc. and other stock phrases he used to elicit pity from his congregation. Most of the townsfolk knew that Barrabas was indeed a robber and that he stole the souls of his congregation through rendering them mere puppets of his tyranny dancing to the tune of his mind manipulation, his drugs and neuro-linguistic programming techniques. Now that they had recovered through discovering for themselves the real truth they had no longer any pity in their hearts but rather an understanding of the causes and consequences of all the agents of god upon earth and that it wasn't for them to forgive and to judge, but merely to uphold the laws of nature which were simultaneously those of god, the materialization of spiritual reality as it inhered in matter upon earth. At this junction the mayor and sheriff exited the jail and observed Eckhardt and the procession. The mayor shouted at Eckhardt to stop but the latter continued looking straight ahead towards the town square when the trial would commence. Sheriff Cuck raised his pistol over his fat bulk and fired a shot in the air, the toughs he and the mayor were surrounded with standing guard with weapons drawn, repeating rifles at the ready and pistols on their hips, bandoliers of ammo crisscrossing their chests. The mayor repeated his statement now that the crowd noise had been shocked into silence; the townsfolk looking with stern contempt and annoyance but not without a modicum of fear at the administration, just enough to stop the processions. "What's this man accused of? You are unlawfully imprisoning an outstanding member of the community...explain your charge!" Eckhardt laughed mockingly: "Charge? This man was found in clean spotless clothing amidst a pile of bodies of his own congregation. He had no remorse over their death and for all we know was instrumental in the Mexican invasion which could have led to the slaughter of the entire town. Why was he not harmed? How did he escape the flames of his church? Perhaps he had bigger fish to fry than a small town and wanted to collect the insurance money from his church and to perhaps eliminate witnesses. But that alone does not convict him for there are many in the congregation here who have been poisoned by the drugs he trafficks in his church. Perhaps he knew that his time was short before discovery." As Eckhardt spoke he jerked the rope around the neck of the pastor who he had brought close to his horse to prevent him from escaping. "It's a lie!" Barrabas spat looking wildly around his bloodshot eyes bugging out with primal instinct for self-preservation. "I didn't do anything to anyone! I'm as pure as the virgin Mary!" He screamed face reddening. The crowd booed his statement and the mayor, upon hearing the charge of drugs stated, for fear of implication should the pastor reveal his complicity: "The man appears delusional. The trauma from witnessing those mestizo murderers injure his flock must have been too much for him to take. Let us pity this man..." at which statement jeers arose from the crowd but the mayor continued, "...for we are all sinners, all imperfect in this satanic world of sin." The pastor attempted to graft onto this idea by suddenly adopting a nervous tick which he intermittently pantomimed to attempt to confirm the diagnosis of his mental illness. Eckhardt lashed him across the face with the rope: "Stop that clownish behaviour! We all know you're faking – just like you did in your sermons!" The audience having been damaged by the pastor had no sympathy for him and began chanting: "Guilty, guilty!" as the mayor and sheriff conferred with one another on the steps. Finally the mayor stated: "You all, good townsfolk, would know better than I having been most of you members of his congregation. Though he appears an innocent man in my mind I must submit to your judgement as you are all more acquainted with the facts than a mere instrument of the popular will such as myself, I tender his fate into your hands to do with what thou wilt. I can only pray the lord that you have made a sound decision, with impartiality and have weighed the evidence in a judicious manner. You may carry on Eckhardt...only don't make a habit out of it... for there is law and there is... vigilantism, the justice of the mob, is always fraught with error." So saying he turned and with a pompous display of dignity went back into the jail followed

by the sheriff and toughs who eyed the crowd suspiciously slamming the heavy iron door behind them. As the statue of Wyatt Gott, the town of Eden's pioneering founder came into sight the torchlight from the crowd's torches illuminated the hero's rugged features and burly physique which was depicted in a scene struggling with an Indian and pointing his pistol at his fallen savage foe as a testament to the supremacy of the white man and his superior technology over the savage with his stone knife, his violent features and receding forehead testifying to his animalistic mind. The statue had been cast in bronze by one of the local artists who had in miniature immortalized the eternal conflict between the higher and lower type, between reason and passion, between good and bad, noble and base. The statue also featured a tree to situate the scene in the context of a lone promontory, the isolation and barrenness of the semi-desert enabling the viewer to feel a part of the scene given their surroundings. The branches were approximately twenty feet high – the perfect height for lynching. Eckhardt reared up on the horse as they approached the base of the statue and spoke: "What does the town of Eden decide will be the fate of this man? Shall it be guilty or innocent?" The crowd shouted in unison for the former: "Guilty!" and the pastor reeled with madness at the verdict shrieking out: "No!" in the dead of night though he knew his fate was sealed regardless of the priest's question. "Very well," Eckhardt continued: "This Barrabas, this thief, is found guilty before a jury of his peers. The punishment for being an accessory to murder through drug trafficking and poisoning both body and mind of the people as well as the most heinous crime of all – racial treason – what he calls euphemistically 'integration' and 'diversity' – is death by hanging." Eckhardt dismounted and approached the pastor who attempted to flee though he was surrounded on all sides by the townsfolk. Eckhardt threw the rope around his neck and, holding him as he attempted to struggle, threw the other end around the branch of the statue. The firelight from the torches flashed over the plaque which bore the name of the founder of the town 'Wyatt Gott' and the pastor's beady eyes were reflected in it wildly staring around as he cried out: "Let me say at least a few last words! For the sake of the lord!" he sputtered feeling the rope tense around his neck as it flopped to the extent of its length around the branch. "Speak then," Eckhardt said out of a sense of principle more than a desire for any revelations of truth or edification coming out of the satanic priest's mouth. Barrabas straightened eyeing the

crowd and with great solemnity pronounced: "I stand here as an innocent man wrongly injured by a mob of ignorant and hateful bigots. If here I must die, then die I shall but not before I have made you pay for your sins." He began to chant in an arcane tongue: "Ge-gal-ram-vau-resh-resh-nun!" intoning this strange series of words three times his eyes bugging out and yet vacant staring into space as if no longer cognizant of his surroundings. "Ge-gal-rem-vau-resh-resh-nun!" And in the process of this chanting a shape began to crystallize in the space before the statue illuminated by the torchlight. It appeared to be a winged entity with translucent skin, a pale and sickly construct of a greenish yellow hue. It began to coalesce further becoming densified as the pastor laughed malevolently his head thrown back crazily mad with his sense of power over what he construed as a rabble of animals, goyim. As the shape became physical it screamed out in a ululating cry striking fear into the weaker members of the congregation. Eckhardt pulled out his shotgun and before the entity could tense its muscles to strike the townsfolk he shot it dead from the air, it collapsing in a heap of flesh rather like a plucked chicken. The pastor screamed as his vengeance failed and Eckhardt gave a gesture to the man holding the other end of the rope who yanked it down with his body weight causing the pastor to be yanked upward smacking his head into the tree branch. However the fat pastor was too heavy for the man's weight and the pastor came crashing down again his face empurpled by asphyxiation coughing and sputtering, his pants having a black stain spreading from his meeting with the reaper. Eckhardt signalled to another man to add his weight and this time the pastor was erected to the top of the branch which pinned him against it, his legs kicking feverishly as brown muck oozed down his legs and splattered against the statue of the redskin. Finally the spasming muscles relaxed and the dead weight of the pastor hung for a few minutes as the men continued to hang onto the rope to ensure that justice

would be served. The townsfolk cheered with satisfaction and the body was dragged back to the church of universality left for the vultures to feast upon.

Scene: Mayor's Office

The Jew stood with a malevolent aura in the office his reptilian hooded eyes peeping outwards with a look of psychopathic indifference. His lean face and square jaw somewhat obscured by the five o' clock shadow which grew from his neck. Adjacent to him and equally diminutive in stature was his partner also dressed in dusky black fatigues carrying a black leather valise. "So you're the guys," the mayor queried rhetorically seemingly nonplussed. The two men nodded. "I don't see how you're gonna be the solution to the problems here..." he trailed off. "The Big Boss back in New York is sending a troop down," one of them said. "We're here to prepare things for them and to...impress upon you the importance of upholding standards..." The mayor stared at the newcomer with hostility and responded: "I'd like to see the Big Boss maintain control down here with such meagre resources..." he trailed off his display of bravado dampened by the stony stare of the Jew. "Let me tell you..." the newcomer said, "...you don't want to make waves..." Then Sheriff Cuck interjected: "Enough! Show us what you have to offer." The Jew took his leather valise and put it down on the desk before the mayor who sat back with his arms folded behind his head in a display of apathy and indifference. The Jew took out a bag of powder: "This is the spice of life...or should I say death..." he sneered cruelly. "It is the most addictive substance our chemists have yet devised. It was developed in Switzerland in a chemical lab and is a compound of heroin, cocaine, and other synthetic chemicals. One hit and you're hooked. You can never have just one..." he continued sneering. The sheriff moved his fat bulk from the chair and the Jew stepped aside to make room. Cuck took out his pocket mirror and a money bill which he rolled into a tube. He scooped out some of the powder and took a snort. Immediately he began coughing and wheezing and hacking up blood, his fat bulk shaking and quaking as he fell to the floor his form a rictus of spasming muscle wreathed in jelly-like fat. His eyes bulged from their sockets face empurpling with asphyxiation. He wheezed gasping for breath and finally relaxed in the arms of the reaper. The mayor stared at the sheriff and then angrily back at the newcomer. "Now what am I gonna do for a sheriff! More responsibility for me! The vultures are already circling in this town. But..." he thought, "how can that poison be any good...other than as an assassination weapon..." The newcomer replied: "The dumb goy wasn't supposed to snort it. It's a sublingual. Only under the tongue. But he insisted..." The mayor stated: "...so it's that addictive is it? And the price...?" "There is no price they won't pay once they're hooked," the newcomer said. "As to a sheriff, I'm your man," he said pointing at himself. "Name's Shem Bronfman. I'm a krav maga expert and one of the inner circle of the Big Boss up in New York. I can manage my crew and whatever toughs you got can be assimilated. We'll train 'em up to our level or whatever level they will be capable of." "Not so hasty..." the mayor put it. "You gotta earn your position." In saying this he rummaged around in his desk and extracted a photograph of Blonde. "This guy lives out in the sticks on a heavily fortified ranch called Blonde's Ranch. Take him out and you can have the sheriff badge." The Jew took the photograph and put it in his valise replacing the powder. "This stuff can fetch a pretty penny," he looked at the mayor significantly. "I'll hold onto it until then. Consider the goy dead. Before I go and take care of business I should introduce my partner Joe Dalitz. He's got another surprise for you." With this the Jew indicated brought forth from his heavy valise a strangelooking hand-held cannon. It was constructed of what appeared to be a length of pipe and a metal container attached. "It's a white phosphorus cannon. This stuff melts flesh like a barbecue and leaves nothing but a smoking pile of grease and bones behind." The mayor looked uncomfortably down the barrel of the weapon: "For Lucifer's sake point that somewhere else." The Jew did as requested and pointed it at the corpse of the sheriff. He pumped the action and it appeared to prime the weapon. A discharge of white powder exited the muzzle and the corpse of the sheriff was immediately a sizzling pile of bacon as if he had been thrown on the grill. The Jew laughed and pumped another spray at the corpse. The substance ate into the clothes and leather belt of the sheriff leaving nothing more than a grease stain behind the stone

floor dissipating the fumes which the mayor was quick to clear away through the open window. “How many of these cannons can be brought down here?” Shem answered the mayor’s question: “We’ve gotta factory in New York that makes them. Takes a long time and a lot of dough to make ‘em though. We could maybe bring a couple down but not for a good year at least.” The mayor thought for a moment becoming indifferent realizing the weapon was merely an assassination device more than a weapon of mass destruction capable of holding hostage large populations which is what he wanted as a means of holding sway over the population of the town and expanding its borders into neighbouring settlements. The mayor snapped out of his reverie of conquest and spoke to Shem: “I’ll assume the sheriff’s role until you can take out Blonde. I want his wife and children dead also – no one on the ranch alive.” With that the Jews left taking their merchandise with them.

Scene: Blonde’s Ranch Blonde’s wife arose as usual with the dawn and meditated before the rising sun which was her usual practice. The chickens were up also cackling in the nearby coop. The cows were lowing in the corral where they had been placed to prevent coyotes from attacking them both livestock were sheltered behind a high adobe wall which further expanded the borders of the compound. The woman continued to meditate until the sounds of falling rocks behind her broke her from her reverie and she twisted round immediately her instinctive mind going into fight or flight mode and she raced to escape the figure, a black apparition only partially visible in the dawn light. The man slipped and fell down the rocky escarpment sliding down towards her with a curse in a strange foreign tone. She was in the process of going towards the house when one of the cattle before her was struck by a smoking canister which emitted white smoky powder. The cow bellowed and attempted to run to escape just as she herself did in the opposite direction now confronted with two threats to survival, the one apparently in front and the other behind. The white powder burned into the flesh of the cow which bellowed again horribly as it emitted smoldering smoke. The woman took out her derringer which she kept in her garter and spun round taking aim at the black dressed figure with brutal pasty face and liver lips blasting a cap in that ugly maw which erupted in a spray of blood and bone fragments, the man dropping the large gun he carried and crumbling on the ground in a silent scream given that a hole in his face had been introduced by her well aimed shot. However, another man behind him brought up his two six-guns and blasted at her with both laughing all the while with maniacal glee as the rounds ripped through her linen dress splattering blood on the dirt. At this moment Blonde came bounding out of the house with his own pair of sixguns and discharged all rounds into the man as he, caught by surprise, fell to the ground in a cry of angry rage, clinging to life even as it fled from him. Blonde ran to his wife who was by now on the verge of death and looked up into his face unable to speak. He held her to him as she died and then laid her onto the ground a few moments later knowing that it would be futile to attempt to revive her, that her spirit had departed to the higher realms and that it was out of his hands what destiny was hers. However, what was not out of his hands was to impose vengeance on her killers and whatever hidden hand had been behind their hire as, investigating the bodies he observed that they were strangers with pale complexions, some type of hired gun. He dug into their pockets for evidence of who they were and found a matchbook ‘Sid’s Pickled Herring Co. New York’. Discarding this he rummaged further and came up with the sketch of himself with the caption in the mayor’s hand: “Blonde Ranch.” The mayor was behind this as he had suspected, hired kosher killers from Jew York City brought in to eliminate opposition to the Jewdeo-Masonic tyranny which had an iron grip on the town and its people through taxation, etc. and which was ultimately enforced through the mind control of the church of universality and the force of arms the sheriff and his toughs could bring to bear against opposition. He looked down at his wife’s body and a rage burned through him. The mayor was going to be in for a hot time. Thinking thusly he buried his wife in the hills overlooking the ranch and prayed with devotion for her passing into the fields of Elysium. As it was still early dawn he began to make preparations for his journey into town. If he could enlist the Adamic knights in the cause it would be liberty for the townsfolk otherwise slavery to the administration and

inevitable assassination attempts to the point of his inevitable destruction at the hands of a greater force of arms or the life of a hunted dog whose children would be perpetual targets for the assassin's bullet. He gathered the bodies of the killers up and left them far outside of the compound for the vultures. The white phosphorous cannon he took up and loaded into his carriage. There would be a hot time tonight if he had his way. Blonde pedalled off into the desert and towards the town.

Scene: Eden, High Noon Blonde pedalled into town at the sun's peak and observed from a distance the arrival of a few wagon loads of hard men descending from their carriages which themselves appeared to conceal Gatling guns, each man, a Jew so far as he could see from the other side of town through his spyglass, carried a repeating rifle and a brace of pistols. They were headed towards the stone jail and the mayor's regular toughs were standing around to welcome them in. Blonde realized that there was no time to attempt to recruit the Adamic knights and that the fight was now his and his alone...at least for the initial salvo. If they wished to enter the fray that was their choice and would have to make their move when the time was right for them as they would undoubtedly hear the gun battle which was to ensue. Given that the majority of the men were still unloading their hardware from the wagons he found it would be an opportune moment to welcome them to Eden: he let rip with the Gatling gun as he approached, aiming high so that the rounds took out a few of the Gatling guns in the carriages before concentrating on the men who attempted to fire upon his bulletproof carriage. Their rounds bounced off harmlessly whining off into nowhere as his dragon's flame of hot death moved from side to side in the turret mowing down the Jewish devils who blew apart under the impact of the Gatling gun ammo, its large calibre punching holes in them like a sewing machine as they shook in death agony vibrating to the beat while doing the rigor mortis shuffle. The men he had not struck rushed into their wagons and began grinding out return fire from their Gatling gun which was only minimally effective against his body armour until he decimated the gun and wagon upon which it was contained. One of the remaining men leapt out of the

wagon and hurled a bomb at Blonde's carriage before being raked over with a barrage of fire. The bomb detonated at the feet of the carriage and cracked the body armour capsizing it. Blonde hurriedly grabbed his brace of pistols and leapt from the vehicle running and gunning into the alleyway out of range from the big guns at the jail. Now it was just himself, a pair of pistols and a pack of kosher killers from New York as well as whatever toughs the sheriff still retained control of. He ran around the back of the jail but was barraged with gunfire as soon as he stuck his head around the corner. He turned around and brought his guns up blasting as other hard men attempted to gun him down in the alley like an old alley-cat being sprayed with the contents of a chamber pot. The hard men went down and he scanned the environment for options. His only hope was up and he began to climb the side of the building adjacent to the jail which was constructed of rough-hewn boards that enabled him to grab a foothold. Up he went as yet more toughs became emboldened and attempted to sneak their way into the alley but were blasted by his six-guns as soon as they entered. He reached the top and ran at a crouch over the saloon adjacent to the jail finding the trapdoor which lead him down into the building. He stumbled upon a penthouse suite in which an adulterous couple was engaged in a tryst, a Jewish hired thug fornicating with a white female who appeared to have been shooting drugs into her veins given the needles which lay beside the bed. He spared them no mercy as he unsheathed his bone-handled hunting knife and ripped a gash into the throat of the Jew who disgorged a stream of blood onto the prostitute. Before she could open her eyes and scream Blonde silenced her with the knife tearing into her throat also as she had to pay the ultimate penalty for racial treason and to avoid detection by the administration though he would have gladly dispatched the woman regardless. He glanced round and discovered the black robe of the Jew which, though filthy with snot and grease, was an adequate cover for his own body to enable him to escape the saloon/brothel in safety. He picked up the wide-brimmed hat of the Jew and covered his hair with it. Exiting the room he made his way downstairs and observed the occupants of the bar who were at this time few in number. Passing out the side entrance out of sight of the administration's men he made his way over to the Church of the Divine Gnosis now discarding

his greasy garments and knocking against the metal door of the shed which led to the secret passage into the church. After a few moments Eckhardt came up after viewing Blonde through the portals of the basement and queried as to what he wanted. Blonde quickly informed him that the administration's new heavy hitters were after him and that he needed Eckhardt's help in dispatching them. The door was opened and Blonde descended with his fellow Aryan knight into the inner sanctum. "I've got a plan," Eckhardt stated. He motioned for Blonde to follow him over to the cabinet which served as an armoury. Upon opening it he displayed two suits of specialized ceramic armour which he referred to as the armour of god. A shield and helmet with transparent vision were also available and two specialized pistols that were belt-fed in the same manner as the Gatling guns which enabled the user to fire on automatic thereby discharging many rounds with a single depression of the trigger. The belts were wound around both Eckhardt and Blonde outside of the armour they had put on and further dynamite sticks were worn around them in belt

fashion so as to do maximum damage. Blonde had left the white phosphorus cannon in the coach and mentioned it by way of warning to Eckhardt who stated that the ceramic suits with their undershirts were incapable of being penetrated by any acid or flammable/combustible material and that though the enemy had undoubtedly sequestered the weapon it could easily be reacquired in the event of its necessity. They formulated further plans and prepared to set them into motion. They both exited by the rear of the church and came up in front of the newcomer thugs in the main street. Shooting as they ran they headed straight for the thugs in parallel, one on each side of the street. The thugs returned fire heading for cover and Blonde darted into the saloon while Eckhardt went into the herbalist shop the latter of which was run by a Jew. Blonde took care of the Jewish barman who was serving drinks to one of the alcoholics of the town a degenerate wastrel who freeloaded from the public purse gunning both down and heading to the staircase and balcony from which he had come upon his earlier entry. The herbalist who was a cabalistic witch Eckhardt dispatched with a round between the eyes and then took up a position up the staircase loft in the blasting her old husband who was puffing away on a marijuana cigarette as he leafed through a pornographic magazine. Both Adamic knights monitored the entrances for the inevitable newcomers and as they began to filter in had retreated out of sight towards the roof hatch planting dynamite sticks below which after a few men had gathered in were detonated blowing apart the hired hard man. These dens of iniquity caught fire as both knights found kerosene lamps and lit them on fire as they exited escaping the blast radius incinerating and burning the sins of the occupants from their houses of ill repute. The two kept going legs pumping as they ran across the rooftops shouting into the fray below those thugs who poured out of the jail angrily sniping at the knights with dynamite being exchanged as well as copious rounds of ammunition from their modified six-guns. The snipers in the jail kept taking pot shots at the knights as they ran past and eventually began climbing and converging on the jail from either side, throwing dynamite sticks into the windows which exploded upon entry demolishing the stone building and leaving it a hull of its former self. The remaining toughs came out blasting seeking vengeance but were hunted down by a barrage of six-gun ammo. Finally the dust settled and the top floors of the building lay in ruins around the foundation. The two knights approached and observed a trapdoor leading down towards an underground portion of the jail. Eckhardt lifted the handle and was met by a shot from a pistol which bounced off his armour. "Who are you shooting at?" he said with a tone of humour in his voice. The rat-like scuttling of someone gave off his position. "Nowhere to run Mayor!" Blonde shouted grabbing some harness rope that had been attached to a stake in the ground. He jumped down the tunnel rolling as he landed, shots bouncing off his armour as the mayor cursed "die goy die!" Blonde threw a punch at the mayor's head which knocked him to the ground. Blonde hogtied the mayor and climbing up pulled him after him still unconscious. At this point now that the dust had settled and the townsfolk saw who it was who had finished off the administration they cheered and clapped the two knights on the back their having taken off their helmets revealing themselves to the crowd. "Now we will have justice," Eckhardt said. "This rat has caused enough trouble for the town,"

Blonde said holding smelling salts under the nose of the mayor who struggled to avoid the scent regaining consciousness. The mayor looked up at the crowd with rat-like eyes looking furtively for a way out. "You'll never take me alive goy!" he screamed as he fished out a derringer and attempted to shoot Blonde in the face but Blonde knocked down his hand and the shot merely buried itself in the dirt. "Hang 'em!" shouted someone in the crowd. Blonde rose with the rope he had slung around the mayor's neck in his hand. "To the statue of Wyatt Gott, our founder!" Blonde cried as he dragged the mayor behind him kicking and shouting out vile curses. The procession moved towards the statue as the sun began to descend from its highest point on the horizon. The same procedure was undergone as with Hymie and the pastor. The rope thrown over the statue and the struggling mayor, sweat streaming down his face was hoisted up in the air spasming with death agony as he expiated his sin for turning Eden into a hell on earth. The body was left to fall upon the redskin statue impaled upon the bronze knife the latter held aloft in the position of an attempted murder of the founder of the town, the pioneering adventurer Wyatt Gott. The townsfolk cheered again as the shackle of tyranny fell from their neck and they were at liberty again to fulfill their destiny. Eckhardt spoke: "Noble Aryan kinsmen, today is the beginning of a new struggle - the struggle to purify this town and build it anew in the image of god. From thence all horizons are open to us for expansion, the world is a place of limitless possibilities and we Aryans intend to branch outwards and build our kingdom of heaven upon earth."