

DOUBLE *ARYAN*

BASED!



“Double Aryan”

Scene: Long Island, NY, Don Palumbo’s Compound

The Sicilian Don paced back and forth inside his plush office across his Persian rug as he glanced at his diamond-encrusted Rolex watch – ‘late again!’ he fumed muttering under his breath. He grasped the decanter of 50-year-old brandy and filled his crystal goblet, ham fist nearly breaking it in rage. ‘Fifteen minutes late – too late...’, setting the goblet down on his mahogany desk he opened a drawer by its brass handle and a spring-loader holster containing an odd-shaped gun sprung out. He looked up into the nervous eyes of the rat-faced man on the leather sofa who swallowed and looked with wide eyes and shrinking pupils into the granite face of the Don who bent over the desk as if rummaging for papers, the gun invisible from the point of view of the rat-faced man who took a swig of brandy from his glass, sweat beginning to bead on his forehead and greasy dago hair. “You’ve been with my organization for two years – that right Jakie?” The man stammered a reply, “Bout that Don Palumbo...” The man was too nervous and intimidated to correct the Don in addressing him by the name his mother, the Don’s cousin, called him. The Don, not expressing his emotions, took amusement in emphasizing the name by way of disparagement knowing the man detested being belittled even by the Don himself. The Don continued, “That man you recommended me to hire – what was his name?” Jakie jumped in his seat knowing that he was accountable for having the man, who was fifteen minutes late, hired and that the Don’s use of the past tense meant that the man was finished in this world. “Just give him another chance, Don Palumbo, I swear he must have some excuse – I swear on my grandmother’s grave – just, just give him another chance.” The Don appeared to ponder his words weighing them as if this decision had not already been made and could be overridden or swayed by his cowardly nephew. “Will you answer for him Jacob,” this time using his proper name. “I swear Don Palumbo, I swear!” The Don beckoned his nephew forward around the desk and Jacob stopped short seeing the glistening gun projected from the drawer only now visible. “Something wrong?” the Don queried nonchalantly. “What’re you gonna do, Don Palumbo? You’re not gonna ice me are ya?” The Don appeared taken aback and looked with wounded reproach at his nephew. “Would I make your mother lose a son? We’re family. No, the gun is not for you – at least not to dispose of you. No you are gonna make right your mistake of hiring that good-for-nothing.” “But...you said...” Jacob stammered. “You stated you would answer for him,” the Don stated matter-of-factly. “Does the thought of blood disturb you?” “We’s like brothers Don Palumbo,” Jacob whined, supplicated the Don’s pardon, “we been through thick and thin together. Could you...could you just give him another chance?” At this a knock was heard at the door, that specially decided upon between the Don and his right-hand man, Stern. The Don looked icily at the prostrate Jacob who kneeled before his Don in religious supplication but then Jacob nervously arose in embarrassment upon hearing the knocking, dabbing his brow of sweat with his mismatched handkerchief a purple silk on olive-coloured suit. He looked towards the door. The Don buzzed Stern in who escorted an equally nervous man dressed in rakish apparel with a bright orange suit and shiny shoe buckles. Stern looked at the Don with a look of significance as if of reproach for both Jacob and the man. The door was closed and Stern remained within barring the exit of the man. Don Palumbo repeated his prior statement still yet unanswered by Jacob: “Does the thought of blood disturb you?” Jacob’s knees weakened and his Adams’ apple bobbed up and down, “I...I...don’t know... I...can’t Don Palumbo, I can’t...” at which conclusion he stooped forward with head and eyes bowed before the Don not looking at his friend. The Don appeared to consider, and let his features soften. He reached out his arm and drew his nephew towards him in a gesture of reconciliation, Jacob reciprocating his apparent familial kindness. “You were always a softie Jakie!” At which pronunciation the Don wrapped both arms around his nephew and squeezed hoisting him up into the air at the Don’s full height. The nephew squealed at the pressure of the Don’s massive arms enwreathing him like two anacondas squeezing the life force out of him. Jacob attempted to pull away and struggle beating the Don wildly as his face empurpled, eyeballs protruding and cranial and jugular veins standing out like ropes on his beet-coloured skin usually a pale opalescent. One final gasp of panic and Jacob fell limp

into the arms of the Don who dropped him to the floor like a sack of groceries. The man near the couch stared open-mouthed in horror both at the prodigious strength of the Don and in expectation of the same treatment. The Don spoke: "Jakie said he'd answer for you, you need have no fear." The man let out a ragged sigh of relief and opened his mouth to speak but was silenced by the Don's beckoning gesture. He approached to the desk from in front and the Don leaned over concealing the gun from view. He queried, "What did you find out?" The man answered stammering that he couldn't find where the girl was dropped off. That he had lost the trail and that traffic was too dense. The Don said: "Jakie answered for your lateness. I can forgive you...that." The Don extended his ring and offered it to the man to kiss. "Swear you'll do better next time." The man stammered again and stated he would. "Kiss the ring," the Don instructed. The man brought his lips to the ring and upon contact was engulfed in a wave of blue electrical fire, the ring discharging millions of volts into the man's body which was held against the ring by the Don's hand, tendrils of blue fire licking his hand with no visible effect or harm. The man was smoking, his body trembling uncontrollably in rictus. Suddenly the electricity stopped and the smoking body fell to the floor on the Persian rug. The Don looked upon the corpse which was curled in the fetal position and smiled a satisfied smile. His law was infallible for he served the One who ruled the world from behind the veil of appearances, and who demanded sacrifice by way of propitiation.

Scene: alleyway behind Ivan's Grocery Sieg and Tod, two white male youths in their late teens, are practicing martial arts with a heavy-bag hanging from a fire escape. Sieg, a blonde-haired, athletic youth is doing roundhouse kicks against the bag held by the darker-haired Tod. "C'mon Sieg you can strike harder than that! Even the Coonskin gang can strike that" – mention of the Coonskins elicited a rage response from Sieg who landed a forceful kick against the heavy-bag knocking Tod sprawling into a pile of fruit crates – which broke under his 175 pounds of lean body mass. Arising to his feet Tod congratulated his brother: "That's more like it..." he said not fully confident in his words still rubbing his back. Both brothers had been orphaned in their youth, their mother having been raped and murdered by the Coonskin gang who had viewed both her and her husband as easy prey. They had both fallen for the preachments of egalitarian dogma with its emotive slogans of 'Brotherhood', 'One Love', etc. and so had decided to volunteer in the 'underprivileged' neighbourhood out of sympathy for the media portrayal of the negro youth. Their confrontation with the culture of the negro ended nearly as soon as it had begun – through abduction and cruel voodoo ritual torture by the negro gang youth who were practitioners of their vile 'culture', one of predation, bloodlust, and licentious self-gratification at the expense of others if need be. Indeed the principle 'do no harm' was the very antithesis of their black creed. The two boys were adopted by kind-hearted Ivan, a recent émigré from the old country who had lost his wife in the holodomor under the Jewish tyranny of Eastern Europe. Having no means to pass on his legacy however economically humble he had made the decision to take under his wing the two boys who were in need of a home and were of sound genetic stock even that exceeding Ivan's who was a former military officer in the old country. He needed protégés to pass on his initiatic tradition, a most ancient teaching that made of its practitioner an apotheosized god-man whose martial arts skills were no mere mechanical endeavour but were the seat of occult power used to combat the dark forces which governed the terrestrial plane and the city in which he now lived, the crucible of vice, New York. Sieg and Tod moved on to the next part of their training session that of harnessing the occult power they were in process of developing to manifest as a concentrated projectile weapon, a ball of energy gathered from the aether which pervaded their surroundings, interpenetrated them and constituted the very fabric of reality. They established a target constructed of wooden vegetable crates with a drawing of a Coonskin member head and face, wearing the characteristic black bandana of the gang with its red fist patch. Recalling the pain and suffering of their lost parents at the hands of this savage gang, Sieg and Tod both positioned themselves into a ready stance, knees bent, torso erect, and hands cupped facing one another. They concentrated their forces within breathing regularly and slowing their sympathetic nervous system function, reducing their heart rate and concentrating their energies within,

drawing in energy from without through the creation of a vortex focusing its development within the space created between their cupped hands. A small vortex of energy opened up gradually widening to the inner surface of the hands. They were on the brink of its release and direction at the target when – “Boys, boys, we got customers!” the old man Ivan broke in, the energy balls not fully developed flew off in a wild direction and ignited one of the boxes which the old man rushed to douse with the herbal tea he carried. Then, beating out the flame from the smouldering wreckage he cried, “You must concentrate boys – no interruption should prevent your striking the target! But now – go and serve the customers for we must have bread and the hooknose tax farmer has been by today already. Hurry to your posts boys!” The two scrambled to assist the customers leaving Ivan in the alleyway who took a moment to ponder as he looked over the tops of the skyscrapers to The Source Of All– “Will they ever be ready? They must be for soon the Cabal will make its move.” He turned and attended to his duties.

Scene: Adams’ Manor: Kristina Adams, daughter of the industrial magnate and philanthropist, Colonel Adams, shared in her father’s zeal for assisting the poor. She had only recently started attending the soup kitchen at the encouragement of one of her classmates, Esther Glumwitz, one of the ‘innocent’ Jews whose grandmother was killed in the holocaust by the Nazis as Esther had told her. Kristina didn’t entirely understand the history of the 3rd Reich and what had gone on or what motivation Hitler might have had in persecuting the Jews but she sympathized with Esther who, though a fabulously wealthy society woman from Manhattan, appeared to have undergone great suffering through the trauma of this historical event and though not having had any direct involvement in it nevertheless took on the suffering of her grandparent. In fact every time Kristina made mention of her family history Esther was quick to reference her grandmother and the Nazis. This seemed out of place to Kristina and perhaps even intended as a subtle reproach against her, as if she herself were to blame for the historical events she had only second-hand knowledge of and could see no way how they connected to herself and her family. However these allusions of Esther still left her with a strange witch’s brew of feelings of shame, guilt, and obligation to Esther and the Jews as a whole. Her attendance at the soup kitchen though primarily motivated by altruism was directed away from her initial desire to help the white youth she had seen gathered in the street and seemingly malnourished, dressed in rags. Though many of these were also gathered in the food bank line it was mainly populated by negroes and mestizos many of whom were dressed in expensive name-brand clothing and had gold jewellery on their bodies and were loudly declaiming against ‘white privilege’, ‘white supremacy’, and ‘racism’ which they seemed to give expression to as weapons directed against those who were bestowing free things upon them as charity. Esther was also stating that ‘we whites were evil and owed all the minorities’ for past injustices, etc. These types of statements elicited doubt in the mind of Kristina as the Jewish background of Esther was clearly not white? Why would Esther say these things to the minorities if she were Jewish? Nevertheless Kristina continued to ladle out soup and hand out cheese and tins of sardines to the non-whites always making sure to smile and behave in a friendly manner. Perhaps they were only hostile towards her because they had been ‘kept down’ and ‘persecuted’ as Esther had been? Still the idea that ‘white folks’ as one of the negroes referred to white people were capable of ‘slavery and colonialism’ in some hateful and evil way didn’t correspond to her own lived experience of white people and their behaviour. She continued to ladle out soup attempting to be of good spirits. On another occasion she encountered Esther in conversation with some blacks outside of her prep school before they were to go down to the soup kitchen. The blacks looked with arched eyebrow at Kristina and then back to Esther who signalled to them with her own strange look the meaning of which was unintelligible to Kristina suggested somehow a compact between the two, a secret relationship of some sort. Esther left the group which stared at Kristina in a silent mockery, sardonic looks plastered to their faces, concealing a none-too-subtle malevolence. Esther approached saying that they would be late for the soup kitchen if they didn’t hurry. On the way there the chauffeur kept looking back through the rear-view mirror and Kristina was curious as to what he was looking at, her eyes drifted towards the mirror scanning it intermittently as Esther played with her phone communicating with

someone, a smirk playing about her features. A souped-up '64 Impala was following them as this was the only vehicle Kristina saw throughout their ride. Before catching sight of the soup kitchen the chauffeur veered off into an alleyway and the '64 followed all but blocking the rear-view mirror with its closeness of proximity. The limousine ground to a halt with the driver rolling up the electronically controlled divider between front and back passenger seat. Kristina was startled by this turn in events and began to speak but stopped as she observed Esther leap out of the limousine and slam the door behind her. The chauffeur locked the doors with child safety lock in place effectually imprisoning Kristina who, panicking, began to beat against the door and window with her shoe heel attempting to break through the bulletproof glass windows. She shouted to be let out as she continued her fruitless exertions observing that the '64's occupants were exiting the car and that Esther and the driver were conferring with the crew of negroes who were attired in what looked to be gang uniforms, a black bandana and a red fist patch covering their heads, their torsos clothed in ostentatious colours and limbs covered with tattoos and gold bracelets and watches. They congregated around Esther who laughed saying, "She's all yours boys," to which their apparent leader a huge black with deep bestial voice stated, "Cracka ho gonna pay her dues!" Just as she was observing the group breaking up and the four negroes approaching the vehicle in which she was imprisoned, two aside, she witnessed two other figures come into the scene she was watching through the rear window, one blonde and one darker-haired muscular white youths. The darkhaired youth accosted the chauffeur and Esther with a question: "What do you think you're doing here?!" The chauffeur reached into his jacket and Esther into her purse both at the same time withdrawing gleaming metal objects which appeared to be guns. The two white youths gave a snap-kick to the jaw of both, effectually dispatching them into unconsciousness. Meanwhile the two sets of negroes were rushing towards the youths talking about 'donchu touch mah money muhfuka! Dats muh meal-ticket!' They reached into their pockets the two nearest the youths for their guns but were met with a roundhouse to the skull which left them swaying drunkenly given the protection afforded by their thick negro skulls, a sweep kick knocked them off their feet and an elbow to the Adams' apple dispatched them from this world. The two other negroes were upon them and attempted to slash them with their switchblades, alternately thrusting and slashing with frenetic mania at their hated white foes who adroitly dodged the gleaming blades. Tod, the dark-haired youth snap-kicked the blade out of the onrushing negroes hand and followed up with another to the face whilst Seig ducked a slashing blow and sent a fist into the solar plexus of his foe, tangling up with his feet and burying his own knife in his belly pulling it out with a gush of blood and slicing across his throat for the finisher. Tod did a roundhouse to his assailant's head and then a knee to his belly; whilst the negro beast curled in winded pain Tod brought his elbow smashing down on the cervical vertebrae of his foe shattering his spine.

The two brothers inquired of each other if they had any injuries and discovering none they formulated a plan to dispatch the bodies of the negroes. They approached the limousine and opened the doors after retrieving the keys from the chauffeur. Kristina stepped out of the vehicle and was assisted by the brothers asking if they had been hurt, to which the brothers responded that they would only be hurt if she were. She stated she was fine but what was to be done now? The brothers asked if she knew these negroes to which she responded in the negative. They told her they were of the Coonskin gang and that if the other two (indicating Esther and the chauffeur) had any dealings with them they were just as corrupt. The two began to come to, Esther moaning and looking around eyes suddenly lighting upon Kristina who stood over her with a hostile expression on her face. "Bitch!" she spat smacking Esther back into unconsciousness. The two brothers were monitoring the chauffeur who gazed up at them with a rat-like expression of fear and anger, eyes darting around for an escape route. "Looks like another Jew devil," Seig said, fully aware of the plague upon the white civilization that the Jews represented as Ivan had instructed both him and his brother through his pedagogical influence and personal background as a military officer. "Clearly they were seeking to make you their sacrifice and use the negroes as their tools. This is the secret relationship between blacks and Jews one of reciprocal use and

abuse, reciprocal hatred and yet mutual dependency. The negroes hung around Jews for the gain they acquire through the Jew's master-minding of their evil devices. This has been their relationship since before time on this earth according to occult lore." Kristina responded, "I thought this bitch, Esther, was attempting to create a negative situation for me given her apparent insinuations with the negroes in the soup kitchen and other places that white people were an evil group who had committed all manner of past injustices. Given the evidence the evil appears to lie with them." So saying she gave a swift kick to the body of Esther which elicited a reaction of feral survival instinct from the prostrate form. The chauffeur too was still seeking a way out looking at the brothers for signs of weakness, for a window of escape with his beady black rat's eyes. The trio of victors were contemplating the next course of action. Looking down they noticed a yellow star tattooed on the hand of Esther. "The star of Remphan," Seig declared calling attention to the tattoo with a gesture. "They are members of the cabal." "The Cabal?" queried Kristina. "Yes," replied Tod, "it is the Jewish cult who worships The One, the evil dark force which has gotten hold of this world and is enslaving the population, attempting to use their non-whites to freeload off the system and eventually to use as fodder in a revolution against the whites." They both looked at Tod in astonishment at his emotional outburst, but Seig corroborated his brother's statements saying "once we dispatch these bodies perhaps you would like to have a discussion about this issue with us. As you can see even in this particular instance the general principles which my brother Tod has spoken of apply: these negroes were hired goons of these two Jews here to attempt to sacrifice you for whatever reason..." he was abruptly cut off as he observed Tod pull back and whip a throwing knife he carried past Seig's chest on a downward arch. Seig turned abruptly to see the chauffeur holding a small derringer in his dying hand

gasping out his breath without the strength to get a shot off. Muscles spasming in rictus, nerves sending interrupted signals to his limbs being poorly guided and controlled by a dying brain. He slumped to the ground and his companion eyed the brothers with stereotypically Jewish rat-like ferocity. "My name's Seig by the way," he stated addressing Kristina, who replied in kind introducing herself to the brothers. "We will have to dispose of the bodies," said Seig, and looking around they observed the '64 Impala. The bodies were lying about and Seig indicated the vehicle stating: "We can drive this vehicle into an old abandoned construction site I know of and give the two Jews the holocaust they've all been wanting – only this time it will be they who pay for the sins of their fathers as well as their own." Accordingly the trio began stripping the bodies of their ostentatious jewellery which the brothers intended to sell as a means of paying some of old Ivan's debts to the loan sharks of the cabal to whom he was indebted for 'protection money' and to pay a tariff on his imported goods to the Cabal's middle man, an importer of foods from Israel and the middle east, mainly Saudi Arabia which the Cabal had coerced Ivan to adopt as his sole connection. Thus Ivan had been put into thrall to the Jewish cult of which Esther was also a member. Tod unbuckled a belt from one of the negroes and trussed up Esther in the even she might escape. "What are you doing goy! I know people at the highest levels! You can't get away with" – but her vituperation was cut short when Tod ripped the bandana off a negro and thrust it into her mouth leaving nothing but the red fist projecting outward. "Nothing worse than a noisy kike! They've been squawking in the Jews' papers and the Talmud-vision for far too long. At least this one's had her say." The trio hurriedly loaded the trunk and rear of the impala with the negroes on bottom and the Jews on top so that they were crushed against the ceiling. Lucky for them the windows were tinted and thus no one would see the pile of bodies in the back. The vehicle rode high but with the souped up shocks it appeared to be a typical gangster ride the Coonskins favoured thereby serving as a perfect disguise in travelling to the site of the ritual burning where the trio would turn the tables on the Jews in a gesture of poetic justice and vacate the premises in the limousine which Seig and Kristina would drive. Tod rode in the '64 bumping the tunes the negroes had 'enjoyed' for lack of a better term, the lyrics, hardly intelligible broke out in mumbles and slurs: "Hoe ass bitch, gonna kill me a white muthafucka" – Tod endured the music to maintain his cover while inserting the earplugs he kept handy to drown out the city noise. "Payback's a bitch!" the music spat and Tod had to second that thought,

again thinking that poetic justice had descended upon the negroes' head like a ton of bricks and that a few more angry and hateful negroes would be prevented from continuing their cold race war with the whites reflected in the horrific trail of crimes they committed from rape to theft to murder of the most torturous and inhuman kind. 'Inhuman,' yes, Tod thought – that was the word. Clearly neither they nor their Jewish masters were human. Tod wheeled the vehicle into the abandoned construction site whose buildings and cranes towered against the setting sun as the arms of Moloch, the Jew's god of sacrifice. He parked the vehicle between these two spires – a set of metal girders projecting into space ready to transmit the energies of the soon-to-be holocausted towards wherever 'Remphan' might be in the firmament above. The trunk had room enough for spare gas canisters which Tod proceeded to douse the leather interior with making sure to splash the kike bitch in the face so that her beady black eyes would cease to glare at him. She wriggled on top of the bulk of negro flesh beneath still pinned between it and the roof of the vehicle. Tod dug around in the waistcoat of the chauffeur for a cigarette lighter but found none. He decided the only way to ignite it would be to blow the gas tank with one of the negroes pistols. Rummaging amidst the bloated girth of the Coonskins he came up with a semi-auto .45 and slammed the door shut locking it from within. He observed the limousine at a distance approaching and gestured for it to stop. He then ran towards it halfway and turning still within rage took aim and fired a round into the gas tank. It had an immediate effect creating a whoomp sound and blowing the vehicle off the ground, the gas catching fire and increasing the flames which engulfed the vehicle. "Come on let's go!" Seig cried from the window as Tod turned and ran to the limousine. The flames licked the vehicle which had been thrown from its original position and soared upwards arms reaching towards Remphan, bestowing upon it the energies of sacrifice. The limousine drove off into the sunset. Over the course of the next few weeks Kristina, 'Kris' to the brothers, would take trips into town from Adams' manor to visit her friends and to help the inner city white youth as she had become aware of the false claims of the Jews in their media mind control apparatus and its portrayal of non-whites as 'innocent victims' and how this representation of fact had no correspondence with reality but was merely an illusion designed to undermine and demoralize the white population so that the Jews could take over their society, mix them with non-whites, and subject them to genocide. Kris' father Colonel Adams, upon hearing of her becoming aware of the Jewish problem had expressed concern over her being too vocal about these issues knowing the danger of the Jewish Cabal and their influence. Kris tried to reassure her father stating that she knew how to maintain the necessary façade of political correctness and would be cautious in dealings with those who were potentially upset by politically controversial topics. At Ivan's grocery she and the boys were playing a chess variant called 'H8' (pronounced 'hate') a microcosm of the macrocosm of the global spiritual war which had been going on since the beginning of time and in which they had become immersed through their initiatic rite of ritual murder of some of their enemies, representatives of the Coonskins and the Jews Esther and her chauffeur, the latter of whom were (at least in the case of Esther) clearly signified figures in the Cabal's reckoning given that only initiated members of the Cabal were tattooed with the yellow star of Remphan, The One, their god of dark forces. This game was a 3-dimensional chess game with a matrix of three octagonal boards representing the material plane and higher dimensions within leading to a pinnacle region wherein the ultimate power – for both dark and light side – was attained transforming one into a god, an apotheosis of man, man become superman. The brothers became more expert at the game with their new combatant Kris who brought a more subtle and intuitive form of gameplay given her female consciousness which itself grew through conflict with the polar opposites of the boys, both of whom had very idiosyncratic qualities. This game Ivan told the trio when they had time to discuss the spiritual situation of the world during lulls in business activity, had developed in the mists of time back in the old country, derived from long dead civilizations of the white race which had fallen through non-white invasion and in some cases through employing the non-whites to do their slave labour which led to their either being led by the Jews in slave rebellions or through the whites granting them citizenship and leading to inter-breeding and the

dousing of the divine spark of the white race through genetic devolution. In spite of the collapse of these ancient multi-millennial old civilizations whose history had been deliberately obscured by the Jewish tyranny and its media and state indoctrination monopoly, the game 'H8' continued to serve the secret societies of the white race of which Ivan was a member as a mental training exercise, with its complex logic and infinitude of permutations and combinations. To concentrate and focus one's mind on the game was to undergo an alchemical transmutation of consciousness the end result being a function of the gameplay and the individual qualities of the players which manifested in that gameplay and its effect on consciousness. Around this game and the martial arts training the two would undergo they developed greater spiritual powers than previously taking further steps towards godhood. Ivan would intermittently come out and deliver the lectures to them about the history of his people, a subgroup of the Aryan race and touch upon the Jewish influence historically and all of the notions they had invaded and destroyed. Throughout his lectures he would reference their psychology, tactics, and other forms of cunning which they would employ as a means of gradually and imperceptibly taking over the societies of others and subverting them from within. He had a large library of rare and difficult to find books that discussed 'how to recognize and identify the Jew' (one of their titles) and various strategy in overcoming them, matching in intensity only for the good, the fanatical loyalty the Jews had to their self-interest which was bound up with their diabolical kind by all white racial loyalists who had the ethical obligation to serve the greater cause of their own kind not merely for their own self-interest which was the dark side. One day Ivan appeared in the alleyway from the shop and took them aside. "I feel that you are now ready brothers for the next stage of empowerment. Kristina, you must forgive me for exempting you from this honour as it passes only by way of the masculine line. In the Arya which as you know is the name of our society the females play a different role from the men. They serve as medians, channels for the divine force and as a connection to the divine spirit world. The men are the agents, the women the patients although both play both parts at times. The men are involved merely actively in the spiritual combat with greater force whereas women are in a way the more knowing, more understanding in their intuitive nature. Hence at this stage of initiation we require you, a young woman, to serve as a donor of magnetism to these two pendants – upon saying 'pendants' he raised up two metallic circular objects intricately engraved with runes and symbols all of which were unintelligible to

the trio. "These two pendants are sources of great occult power which when activated and endowed with the appropriate type of magnetic life force, from a young woman preferably endowed with blonde hair such as you Kristina. They are forged from a metal which knows no earthly origin and which is believed to have derived itself from a far off planet in another galaxy from whence the Aryan race originated." Ivan closed up the shop indicating to them to follow him to the rooftop. As it was evening they witnessed the setting sun bordered by the skyscraper skyline. The rays of sun shone upon them and the boys knelt as Ivan indicated on two reed mats gazing into the rays of the sun. Ivan instructed Kris to take the pendants and clasp the metal surface of the disk between her fingers still exposing them to the light of the sun. He told her to look into the sun while holding them above her head with arms forming a 'V' shape, that of the life rune. Ivan began to intone in a strange, guttural language unknown to the trio who remained in their positions at Ivan's behest. Ivan then arose and instructed Kristina to place the pendants around the necks of the brothers who knelt bare-chested in the sun, still gazing into its rays. They felt a strange vibration or perhaps radiation would be a better term emanating from the pendant invigorating them with some subtle power. Ivan told them to stand which they did still looking at the sun in semi- hypnotic fashion. He then spoke: "At this point in history we are nearing the final confrontation with the enemy, called Ragnarok. The enemy, the Jews, the dark forces they propitiate and whose powers they harness, the powers of their god Remphan, are now making feverish preparations to finally annihilate the white race from this earth so they may become supreme ruler of the world and bring into it dark spiritual forces – for they, the Jews, are merely earthly emissaries of their god preparing the earth for these same Lucifer spirits. We must annihilate them both for our own

and for the survival of all life on earth which would otherwise merely be food for their god who like them is a vampire. Accordingly I have performed this ritual as a means of preparing you for Ragnarok. I have conferred upon you great powers through the possession of this pendant which should be worn at all times and will amplify your spiritual powers of foresight, clairvoyance, enhance concentration and enable the bringing to bear of great force in battle with the enemy. I also will present to you these weapons” – so saying he took out of a leather case he had positioned on the rooftop prior to bringing them there and opened it. He produced a set of gloves with hard metallic knuckles, presumably of the same alloy as the pendants, and the remainder of a strange flexible material which appeared like a breathable latex or skin. He motioned to Seig: “Since you are the better boxes these will be as suitable addition to your fighting skills. Put them on.” So saying he held them out to Seig, who put them on his hands. “They don’t feel like they’re...there,” Seig stated in astonishment. Ivan pointed to a brick chimney nearby. “Strike that,” he stated. Seig approached and threw a right jab at the chimney which exploded in fragments upon the gloves’ contact. Seig stared open-mouthed at the force impact. “Handy in a trice,” he quipped. Ivan then reached into the leather case and brought out an intricately carved small gleaming blade and small magnetic circle which, when twisted (it was in fact two circles placed on top of one another as a stack of coins) would come apart from the knife which presumably had a magnet of a similar nature within it. Ivan twisted the ‘coins’ again and the knife hopped onto the coin, the blade disappeared instantly within it housing handle. He approached Tod and handed him the device. “You may place the magnet on your pendant,” he said. Tod did so and the magnet seemed to weld itself to the metal inextricable therefrom. “It will never come off,” Ivan state matter-of-factly. “Turn around and come to the other side of the chimneys.” The trio did so and observed a grouping of thick iron rebar projecting from a section of broken bricks on the tenement building. “Twist the magnet,” Ivan stated which instruction was followed by Tod. The knife blade projected with lightning speed from the handle. “Throw it at the rebar – hard!” Ivan shouted. Tod with practiced knife throwing skill did so and the rebar was shorn from the brick, the knife lodged handle deep into the brick wall. Tod gazed open-mouthed just as Sieg had done. “Now twist the magnetic to return the knife,” Ivan commanded. Tod did so and the knife popped out of the hole it had bored into the brick returning to the magnet with minimal impact though it flashed across the space between the brick and Tod. “Now attempt to remove the knife,” Ivan stated. Tod did so with great ease and juggled the knife in his hand. Ivan walked up to the iron rebar lifting it towards their faces. It was shorn as with a laser. “Extend the blade by twisting the magnets,” Ivan instructed. The knife in Tod’s hand was pristine with no scratch upon it. The trio gazed in amazement. “There is one more thing,” Ivan stated reaching into his grocer’s apron, “this philtre is a life-giving draught which, though not conferring immortality, has the power to heal all maladies of poison and virus and to accelerate the healing process within one’s own body. I give this to you Kristina for the woman has always been a healer and to heal herself is a means of healing others. Take a draught and save the rest for emergencies – for yourself or others. Only a sip now!” Kristina did so and placed the remainder in her purse. The trio now equipped to give battle the enemy decided to go with Kristina to Adams’ manor to meet their father. Ivan still accompanying them to the shop inquired as to who her father was as he was yet not acquainted with Kristina’s background. Kristina informed him that he was Colonel Adams and that he was a philanthropist and inventor who had served in the military. At this piece of news Ivan’s curiosity was further piqued leading him to inquire whether the colonel had a birthmark on his arm in the shape of a lightning bolt. Astonished Kristina confirmed his suspicion stating that it was a green mark, a sort of zigzag pattern, “yes – just like a lightning bolt.” Ivan stopped the trio in their path down towards the store. “Know this,” he stated with gravity, “that Kristina is of the bloodline of the Arya and that is prophesied in the ancient texts that this bloodline will deal the decisive blow against the legions of Remphan. She must be guarded – you boys must make this your task – to guard her from the Cabal and to give battle with the Cabal and its non-white legions executing and thereby disbanding the Cabal brick by brick – as with your fists Seig, you must crumble to dust this monster, this dark force! I have given you the weapons which have been

transmitted throughout time and which are beyond time in their powers as I now feel it needless for you to train any further. Now you must put your training into practice through the helter-skelter of battle—that is the only training you need.” The two boys swore an fealty oath to Kristina to guard her as the bearer of the superman to come against the dark forces of the cabal. Later they accompanied Kristina back to the manor in the limousine they had appropriated from Esther and ultimately the Cabal though having taken it to a chop shop to modify its external appearance so as to be largely undetectable to any members of the Cabal. As added precaution they parked the vehicle several blocks away and made sure that they took circuitous routes so as to avoid detection by the Cabal’s agents. Once arrived at Adams manor they were introduced to the colonel, a middle-aged gentleman of immense height with iron grey hair and a monocle leaning on a brass-handled cane of black walnut wood. The elderly (or nearly so) gentleman had an eight-pointed star affixed to his lapel and a star of Malta above glistening in the warm sunlight as he stood on the marble steps to greet the brothers as he had had foreknowledge of their arrival apparently, they knew not how. The two brothers followed Kristina up the steps to the Colonel who shook both of their hands with a vigorous handshake seemingly radiating an unusual and strange energy, projecting a magnetic influence into their own hands leaving them feeling more invigorated as if he, an aging cripple, had imparted some of his superabundant life force to their already robust constitution. “You are the two...brothers I mean,” the colonel said with a smile as if wanting to reveal a secret but recovering at the last moment as if the time for the impartation of such knowledge were not yet mature. They replied that they were the brothers who had saved Kristina as she had already informed the colonel of this fact and that they would do their best to protect Kristina from any future repetitions of entanglement with the Cabal. They approached the veranda overlooking the lush gardens of the Adams’ estates. The colonel began to inform them of how Kristina had come to the realization – he could not have convinced her otherwise – that charity should exist only towards one’s own kind and that to be charitable with others, in her case the non-whites she had attempted to help in the soup kitchen before she was set up by the Cabal and ambushed by the non-whites and through that experience became aware of the evils of out-group altruism, which was merely the act of feeding and building up an enemy who would then turn around and destroy one and one’s own kind. ‘The 88 precepts’ of David Lane, I ensured became available to Kristina to, as it were, remove the scales from her eyes, and then the rose-coloured glasses. Now she sees with lucid perception that all types of creatures in the world serve their own and that this is the law of nature, of the cosmos. The colonel informed the boys that he had many irons in the fire of charity, though himself keeping a low profile unlike the self-promoting Jews who trumpeted their ostentatious charities seeing their name in lights while skimming the majority of donations off the top to fatten their own pockets. Such hypocrisy was foreign to the colonel who gave without expectation of reward and clandestinely so as to avoid the public eye. Simply to see the good prevail was enough. “The good being,” he said, “the survival of the white race,” and accordingly he bestowed his largesse only upon sympathetic affiliated organizations who helped exclusively white children. “What about the influx of non-whites Colonel – is there nothing that can stop it?” The colonel replied that he was working with affiliates but that the power of the Cabal was still too strong and had to be weakened before any legislative enacting could be brought into play – else the Cabal and its minions, the other non-white gangs would simply assassinate whomever attempted to introduce any changes in public policy. He himself was targeted for assassination. Tod asked why and the colonel looked inquiringly at Kristina who nodded her head and stated, “It’s okay father, they are already knowledgeable about the situation. They have even been initiated by Ivan.” The colonel looked pleasantly surprised though concealed his surprise as best he could. “So you know Ivan?” he asked which Tod answered in the affirmative: “He is our foster father and told us that you were yourself an initiate.” In so saying the colonel pulled up his brass-buttoned sleeve to reveal the green lightning bolt tattooed on his forearm. “I am indeed,” he stated, “and have known Ivan for many years. He has told me about you. I may as well reveal what so far I have attempted to conceal – that we believe you and Seig are those destined to bring about the

destruction of the Cabal, that one of you as yet I know not which..." at this he looked indirectly at Seig "- are destined also to marry my daughter Kristina and to continue the bloodline." The two brothers looked at him then at Kristina in slight embarrassment knowing not what to say. "I myself, as I was beginning to say, have been the subject of assassination attempts and narrowly escaped. I was much more active in fighting the Cabal until I was run over by a Cabal assassin which crippled my right leg. Prior to that I had been an expert – more so even than Ivan, I was at a higher grade than himself in the Arya of which you two are now members – in the martial art of the order which I employed against the Cabal on numerous occasions. Now however I am looking for a replacement and two are better than one." He looked at them ponderously and with a look of expectation and hope. "I have released a work of the Cabal's which was discovered on one of their members' bodies who had failed to breach the defenses of one of my factories, a manufacturer of ozone generators – a work called "A Plan for Global Dominion" which outlined the Cabal's general plan for the subversion of white society through infiltration and using the media to manipulate the minds of the population to accept subversive activity such as the inversion of sexual roles and the influx of non-white invaders euphemistically called 'migrants', 'refugees', 'temporary foreign workers', or whatever excuse can be made to bring as many in to serve as voting blocs through the democratic system to vote white people out of power and ultimately out of existence, to breed them out or even outright murder them if need be. This book I have been publishing using my own clandestine publishing house for all of one year and already I have had multiple assassination attempts on my life." So saying he produced from his waistcoat a copy of the work, a thin and easily accessible volume with a yellow star of Remphan around which a serpent was coiled on the verge of biting its own tail. He placed it on the table and dug again into his waistcoat, this time producing what looked to be a letter on parchment with a wax seal. He turned the latter to the boys who witnessed that the letter bore the seal of Ivan, the same he had used for all his business correspondence only in this case it contained also another indentation – a specialized logo the same as their pendants. They looked inquisitively at the colonel who began to read: "Please see to it that the boys are welcome in your manor. I know they are the ones spoken of in prophecy. They may stay there with you indefinitely as I can no longer train them beyond their current level. If they will I would have them pay a visit sometime. – Ivan." The colonel stood up and said: "The time for Ragnarok has become just as in the old texts – all circumstances are now ripe for the final battle – the final solution to the Jews and their god Remphan." The time at the manor with the colonel, though brief, was extremely productive. At the training centre the boys honed their skills with the colonel's men, ex-servicemen who had attained special forces status and were proficient with firearms and all weapons used by the lower tier minions of the Cabal, the gangs whom the boys had previously had encounters with such as the Coonskins – the negro gang – and the Scorpion gang, a coterie of Arab jihadists who operated sex slavery rings and assisted the Jewish leadership in the subversion and demoralization of white society selling the exotic drugs imported from clandestine labs in Israel and China. These were only the lower tier of the Cabal though their leadership had status within the Jewish hierarchy and were themselves crypto-Jews of a more Sephardi background adhering to a mystic occult tradition called 'the pure' – and who lived an ascetic life of denial of passion and worldly desire as a means of attempting to ascend to the 7th heaven and to have a harem of 666,000 virgins from which to manifest their suppressed sexual instincts which were considered merely of 'fleshly concern' of the 'tomb of the spirit', the body. These ex-servicemen served the colonel as a security task force which monitored the compound 24 hours a day and which accompanied the colonel on his infrequent business trips in an armoured vehicle which was thoroughly inspected for explosives prior to driving. The boys cultivated a rapport with the team and were taught in their brief stay many technical aspects of booby traps, bomb making, and other useful guerrilla combat information that would prove useful for their operators in their inevitable clash with the Cabal. In consultations with the colonel, the brothers decided that a full frontal assault on the Long Island compound of Don Palumbo was unfeasible given their lack of battle experience beyond skirmishes with the lower level Coonskin

dealers who would often be sent around Ivan's to solicit the old man for funds, 'dues' to the Cabal who looked upon such ilk as Ivan as unworthy of their attention and thus under their radar save as an entry in their account ledger. Apparently they had no knowledge that he was an initiated member of the Arya and credible opposition to their operations which he sought to undermine to the greatest extent while still evading detection. The plan the Colonel, Seig, and Tod devised was to create instability and breakdown within the cult through severing the chain of command between lower and higher tiers by striking against accessible targets who had significant enough power to cause the Cabal irritation at a low level. Thus sabotage and the war of the flea were the strategy and through interrogation of prisoners to gain greater insight into the workings of the Cabal so as to more efficiently throw monkey wrenches into its gears. This would be facilitated through table turning on the Jews' dividing and conquering' that which they themselves had built up through those same tactics. Taking out Remus Jackson and portraying the hit as the act of the Scorpion gang was the first mission.

Scene: Long Island, NY – Don Palumbo's compound

The secret underground passage opened up onto a large chamber replete with alcoves with sputtering candles held in iron braziers. The cold cement walls made the ambience like that of a dungeon – or a tomb. Ali Mahfouz stood with Don Palumbo as Stern approached escorting a negro Coonskin member who looked frightened out of his wits – eyes bulging and sweat beading on his forehead, his black bandana soaked through. The Don turned towards Stern with a querulous look on his face, eyebrows arched in sardonic confusion. "What do you bring me Stern? I though zoo animals were locked up at night?" At which Ali sneered with a reptilian countenance offering his opinion in facetious disdain: "They take their stink with them too." "Enough!" the Don growled. "Stern, bring him close," at which request Stern gave the Coonskin a shove towards the Don who was positioned ear the center of the room outside of a reverse pentagram scored into the cement in a triangular trough-like indentation with the central square opening up into it and the trough extending into a deeper trench outside of the pentagram. "You were given a task – weren't you boy?" The Don emphasized the last word knowing it triggered the negro's given his Cabalistic mind control in the pop culture. "Ye..ye..yes Don Palumbo." "What was that task?" the Don asked rhetorically. "I was sposed to acks the rep from dem Scorpion gang to meet up with the rep of da snake gang fo' de transaction." The Don looked puzzled: "Did you?" Desperation showed on the face of the Coonskin who stuttered, "No..no..no Don Palumbo." "Why?" the Don asked in a whisper. 'F-f-forgot Don Palumbo...you see...I... it's like this...see"--"Stop" Don Palumbo said flatly. "You were given a task and failed to make good. But I will excuse you. Now go and apologize to Mr. Mahfouz here the representative of the Scorpion gang – maybe he will forgive you. Well, Mr. Mahfouz – why not shake and make up with this – beast," Don Palumbo said with evident sarcasm. Mahfouz stretched out his hand and the Coonskin mirrored his gesture, relief coming over his countenance in the belief he had escaped punishment. Mahfouz, a burly man with cold, burning black eyes grabbed the hand of the Coonskin and dropped to a knee pulling the negro forward. Mahfouz rolled around and grabbed the negro around the neck shouting hysterically: "That missed meeting cost me 20 keys of China White!" So saying he pulled the negro's head back and rabbit punched him in the occiput and then in the back of the neck which shocked the negro who fell forward in a daze of disequilibrium. The Don and Stern were upon the group pinning the arms of the negro to the ground in the pentagram. The Don intoned "Ra-ba-ka-la-grav- mem-shin-on!" reverberating the syllables in repeating cadence. The negro tried to struggle but his limbs were pinned as with manacles of adamant. Mahfouz slid a hooked dagger from his silken suit and waited for an opening while the Don continued his cadence which rang out in the chamber. "The Scorpion's sting is the best vengeance!" Mahfouz hissed as he plunged the dagger into the heat of the negro eliciting a spurt of blood spattering his coat. Stern held down the legs preventing them from doing the rigor mortis shuffle while Mahfouz slammed his sanguine blade into the throat ripping it from ear to ear sending a torrent of blood cascading into the pentagram while the ominous presence of a lower astral entity eagerly fell

upon the blood welling from the neck of the negro the remainder draining into the pool. The trembling of the sacrificed negro ceased

and Stern rushed to produce three golden goblets from which the sinister trio drank after dipping them into the pool. "Every dog has his day," the Don stated grimly.

Scene: Ivan's Grocery, New York City

Seig and Tod traveled in their modified limousine with Kristina to pay Ivan a visit prior to their embarkation on the mission decided upon with the colonel. They parked the limousine in its usual place several blocks away and walked the remainder of the distance towards the store. Rounding the final corner before the store came into view they heard the sound of smashing windows and the thud of furniture falling on the ground. Shouts of inarticulate Ebonics were broadcast from the smashed open window as the trio ran towards the store rushing into the fray. They witnessed the blacks, members of the Coonskin gang by their characteristic berets – black with a red fist emblazoned upon it – throwing the groceries around the store shouting: "Give us your muhfukn money ol' bitch!" As Ivan wrestled with one of them who was attempting to slam his head into the cash register, an old vintage heavy metal special. Sieg shouted – "Hey niggers! Why don't you take on a challenge instead of harassing an old man" At which a few of the gangsters turned towards him some throwing groceries at him. Perceiving that these bad apples were irredeemably degenerate he slipped on his fist gloves and gave a right cross to one, metal knuckles crashing against the black bandana-covered head and appearing to take away the bandana like a piece of laundry on a clothesline, a spray of blood, brains, and bone fragments gushing in a stream with his fist like a bullet crashing through a wine bottle. "Keep back Kris!" Tod said as he twisted the coin on his pendant thereby releasing the knife and extending its blade. As he did so a Coonskin pulled a heavy bowie knife from a leather sheath depending from his belt and began tossing the knife back and forth in mockery of Tod with his apparently pusillanimous blade that nevertheless emitted an eerie light. The negro kept up his taunting until suddenly Tod let fly the blade in a backhand toss, a gleaming missile imperceptible to the naked eye which plunged into the mouth of the negro making him appear as if he had swallowed the knife, it exiting clearly the back of his skull and returning with equal speed as Tod again turned the magnet. The negro looked agape at Tod as if uncertain that anything had happened until suddenly blood gushed forth from his mouth and he sank with a thud to his knees. Tod gave a roundhouse kick to the side of his head cracking the rest of his skull in an explosion of bone. Kristina hung back pressed against the pinball machine Ivan had in the corner for the local kids to play with and to keep them out of trouble. Seig was pummeling the Coonskins left and right exploding heads and caving in chests with his hammer blows while Tod slashed with his knife filleting the negroes like a butcher on amphetamines – black sheep to the slaughter. The fray continued with shouts and crashes the brothers unable to tell which direction they were in knowing only that any black face was an enemy and thus must be struck out at without restraint. Battle lust darkened their vision to blood red whilst adrenaline pumped out inflaming their ardour. All of a sudden it grew quiet and the last negro thumped to the ground dead. The brothers looked at one another and scanned the room paranoically in 360 degrees taking in a complete panoramic perspective. – All clear. But wait – where had Kristina gone! – And Ivan. They gazed down at the body of Ivan with his white balding head and saw that he still lived. He muttered, "Kristina – get her..." and the boys on instinct rushed to rescue her from the negro hordes who had apparently escaped. They observed another souped up '64 swinging around the corner out of reach and returned to the store to check Ivan. He was labouring for health and frantically trying to tell them something. A black blade projected from his side, a stream of blood pouring around it and soaking his shirt. "Do you know their...headquarters..." he gasped. Tod answered in the affirmative. "It is too late for me...boys. Use the entrance...on the roof to get...without...seen..." at which he died in the arms of Seig. The two boys gathered up Ivan and took the elevator to the roof. There they burnt Ivan's body in a shed that was used by the janitor to force Ivan's soul to ascend. It was again sunset and a bloody sunset it was. Kristina was now their objective. They had to find her tonight before the animals who were the

Coonskin gang had their way with her defiling her pure body with their vile seed and ruining the bloodline of that branch of Arya. The two brothers went downstairs and hurriedly washed the blood from their bodies in the event the police or curious passers-by would investigate the damaged shop. They clothed themselves in black and took additional weapons Ivan had stockpiled on site. A bandolier with hand-grenades for each and some C-4 satchel charges as well as MAC-11 submachine guns and extra ammunition. their raid on the Coonskin compound would be the first strike against the Cabal. They were ready.

Scene: Coonskins' headquarters

Remus Jackson was a typically slick negro whose adept communications skills and ruthless strong-arm tactics had enabled him – with Don Palumbo's approval – to rise to the top of the black gangs of the streets of New York and to consolidate power over the lower tier of the Cabal's gangland. He was not yet 40 years of age as most negroes rarely lived past that age through a combination of drug usage, alcohol consumption, venereal disease, and gang violence. He had in his short years positioned himself above the competition to an apparently unassailable position within the Coonskins – that of priest, the leadership role of the gang. It was so-called because of the voodoo rituals which the Coonskins partook of as means of increasing their occult power, an atavism to their inner nature once the white hand of justice and its iron rod were removed. Remus reclined casually on his panther-skin covered chaise lounge, a mahogany cane topped with a shrunken head cradled in his bejewelled hand, thick golden rings and multiple Rolexes glimmering dully in the subdued light cast off from brass lamps with human skin shades painted with the blood of their victims in primitive designs and sigils of demonic spirits. The room was clouded with marijuana smoke and two white female slaves knelt before the priest rhythmically beating out a cadence on skin drums. They had chains attached to their necks which were capable of being shortened or lengthened through a mechanism which the priest controlled. Now he let them play, let them invoke the demons. Remus felt at home in his abode, reminiscent of the Motherland. In New York City, New Africa rose as the spirits of his departed ancestors, arising from the pain and suffering at the hands of the white man's lash. How he angered over the genetic memory of his tortured people who – he mistakenly believed – had been so cruelly tormented by the white race. He had insufficient learning outside of Jewish propaganda of course to understand that the Jews were behind the slave trade and that the whites had been a benevolent influence on the negroes bestowing upon them the gift of civilization and ending the cruel hardship of slavery for both black and white through legislative reform. Nevertheless in self-righteous egotism he revelled in his abusive mastery over his 'white hoes' as he called them delighting in keeping them in subjection to his every whim. At this point they had largely lost the will to live and subsisted in dependency upon that of the priest. Around the room hung lion skins and a cage with a white child hanging from the ceiling. This cage was connected via wires to a controller the priest held and when the priest desired he would press the button to discharge electricity into the bars and floor of the cage which would make the child leap about crying with the pain. "Vengeance was a dish best served cold" – was a quotation he was fond of. Stacked adjacent to him was a mahogany table carved in the likeness of an African fertility goddess carrying a jug on her head and upon it was a stack of books featuring W.E. Dubois, Marcus Garvey, and Malcolm X. Open on the table was a human skin bound book with weathered skin pages open to a section which the priest intermittently glanced at covered with more sigils written in blood. The priest raised his bloodshot eyes to the light and his cane simultaneously barking out in a strange barbarous tongue: "Obaba - wonga – odlala!" The drumming continued but the light seemed to dim upon the cessation of this utterance. He repeated the formula while simultaneously pressing the button on the controller such that the child screamed in fear and pain as the light further dimmed. The cage rocked back and forth as if impelled by an invisible force. "Tawanga! Tawanga!" he shouted in a voice of command as from the alcoves in the shadows appeared two muscular initiates of the voodoo cult. They adroitly raised their hands in gestures of propitiation while the priest again pressed the button this time holding it down so that the electricity rocked the cage and sent sparks in all

directions. The child screamed while the mute white girls continued to drum rhythmically. The cage continued to shoot sparks, the child's body spasming and shaking with the current transmitted through it. But it was not the voltage alone which rocked the cage = it was the demon who amidst the marijuana smoke began to take shape so that its features crystallized revealing a gaping maw and hollow cheeks – the features of a negro distorted in a surreal manner like a concretization of the negro oversoul.

“Tawanga! Tawanga!” shrieked the priest in his bass voice. The child's skin seemed to be melting from its body while its spirit energies attempted to flee but the demon absorbed it within itself the already dead body smoking from internal electrical fire which had caught the flesh as its kindling and began producing oily smoke as the fat crackled like a pig roast. Suddenly an explosion of brick erupted into the room as Seig

pounded the walls with his fists sending fragments into the sacrifice chamber. Tod sent his knife honing in on the nearest initiate which buried itself in his heart sending streams of blood spurting onto the tiger skin rug. However the blood seemed to disappear and become sucked back into the body as the apparition flew about the wound and vampirized his own draining the blood from the body so that it took on a whiter hue of an ashen grey. During these moments Seig hurled his fist at a initiate who managed to duck out of the way but was met with a roundhouse to his thick skull. Swaying drunkenly the priest attempted to grapple with Seig and overpower him. A spear penetrated his chest and narrowly missed making a shish-kabob out of Seig and his assailant – the priest had launched his leaf-shaped spear which he had kept next to his table. Tod's knife had returned to his hand and he attempted to throw it into the body of the priest. However mid-flight it stopped and hung suspended as if being resisted by a counterforce. The priest strained as a battle of wills began Tod finding that he could accelerate the speed of the knife through a magnetic influence. However his knife was ineffectual. Twisting the magnet on his pendant he fell back on his spiritual weapons as Seig thrust his impaled opponent to the floor preparing to battle the priest. The priest cried: “Tawanga! Obaba – odlala!” which elicited a reaction from the demon who, having finished lapping up the energy of the impaled initiate now whirled upon the targets of the priest and prepared to descend upon them. The priest intoned “Tawanga! Tawanga! Odlala!” while the two white girls continued their drum beating in apparent obliviousness to the surrounding events. The demon thrust out at Seig who was forced back by its assault. Tod cried out as the priest continued to chant and the drummers continued to drum: “Use the pendant Seig!” The both of them placed their left hands on the pendant and raised their right arm at a 45 degree angle from their body their fingers outstretched and slightly raised. From the pendant which was placed over their heart chakra a brilliant green energy welled up and followed the path of their arms meeting together in a burst of energy at the demonic target. Showers of sparks and rays of electrical energy poured forth from the demon which struggled to free itself from the ball of energy which engulfed its amorphous form. Its shaking accelerated until a high-pitched buzzing sound amplified in pitch culminating in an eruption of the demon into a burst of light. Once Seig and Tod recovered their eyesight they checked the room in panorama but found nothing but the two girls who had by this time ceased running and were rubbing their necks looking around in wonder as if awoken from a daze. Seig approached them. “We've got to get you out of here. Are there keys to your manacles?” One shook her head but the other stated that the priest had it and wore it around his neck along with the key to where the other girl was kept. At this Seig prompted them eagerly: “Other girl? She had blonde hair? Where is she?” The one who had spoken before was about to speak when the other silenced her saying with a significant look “He'll find out”. Seig overhearing attempted to allay their suspicions but was met with silence. Tod approached and proposed: “If you let us know where she is we can let you free from this place – no one will know and we can smash a hole through this wall for you to escape from.” The one who had initially spoke inquired: “But the Cabal is too powerful.

They've inserted tracker chips into our

bodies which they can use to track us. No matter where we go they'll find us.” Seig responded that he knew a powerful man who could help them and that he had at his disposal a large array of professionals

who surely would be able to extract the chips. In so saying he noted a glimmer of home in their dull eyes and they agreed to help him. He let them know the address of the colonel and Tod used his knife to cut through their bonds delicately cutting the neck band without doing any harm to their body. Seig gently pushed against the brick wall so as not to make excessive noise. A large section fell outwards and the shine of the streetlight bathed the room in its ghostly glow playing over the bodies of the initiates and the incinerated corpse of the child swaying in the breeze ushered in from outside. The two girls ran out without a 'thank you' into the night to find the colonel and have him remove their chips to enable themselves to break free from the Cabal. "We gotta find Kris!" Tod stated prompting Seig out of his astonishment at the fact of the ingratitude of these former captives. The two raced out of the sacrifice room and in hyper-vigilance scanned the interior of the Coonskins headquarters which opened up into a centralized room with walls of cracking plaster and a bare bulb hanging over the whole with a zigzag staircase rising to a second storey. The pair had come down the fire escape and had heard the intoning of the priest and so had broken in at that point knowing that only primitive beastmen would be causing such a scene and that Kristina would not be harmed given that the Cabal had issued orders for her abduction to be held for ransom to blackmail the colonel in ceasing the publication of the book "A Plan for Global Dominion" which was circulated amongst the white elite and the more influential classes to influence them to oppose the Jewish tyranny. The garbage and 40 oz. liquor bottles strewn around the floors reflected the harsh light of the overhead bulb testament to the animalistic life of the negro. The two brothers crept further up the stairs until they heard the sounds of rap music coming from one of the upper rooms, all rooms along the way being quiet and eliciting the sensation on the brothers heightened awareness of being empty. Given the time of day it was reasonable to assume that the Coonskins were out partying and cruising the boulevard in their '64s as the brothers had seen them doing so frequently before in their work at Ivan's grocery. They ascended creeping cat-like up the stairs with their MAC-11s drawn at the ready sound suppressors screwed into the barrel to minimize a reaction from potential hearers, the rap music also was sufficiently loud to cover the muffled sounds of suppressed fire. They positioned themselves at 45 degree angles to the door from which the music emanated. Seig knocked out the song 'Shave and a Haircut' to give the impression that it was one of the Coonskins with their characteristic nonchalance wanting something from their fellow Coonskins. A doped up negro stuck his head out and Tod slammed the stock of the gun on his head downing him to the ground. They scanned the room and found nothing but more 40 oz. bottles and a few bags of marijuana in process of being divvied up into smaller portions for sale, presumably to the local teenagers. Many thought that such a 'benign' commodity was harmless but in reality it was a brain damaging substance and the brothers strongly opposed the trafficking and usage of drugs looking upon dealers as a contaminant in the system of an otherwise decent society. The probability of the drugs being contaminated with other possibly lethal poisons was just another reason why gangs whose main source of income was drug sales needed to be stamped out. The negro came to after the brothers had dragged him into the room and shut and locked the door throwing the dealer on the bed amidst the pile of 40 oz. Bottles and a bucket of half-eaten KFC. "Muhfukr – what duh..." The negro groaned in a daze feeling the lump on his head. His eyes came to rest on the brothers who had their guns levelled at him. "Tell us where the girl is – the new one named Kristina," Seig demanded cocking the gun threateningly. The negro gulped and slurred, "She be...down in de basement...cool?" He attempted to pacify Seig in a fawning way. Seig pretended to consider and looked down at the table at the marijuana cigarettes called 'blunts' by most of the negro gangs. Putting down his weapon he picked up a Bic lighter and a cigarette and nonchalantly gave the negro the items saying: "Relax bro – we just want her back." The negro seemed to relax at this and struck up a 'joint'. Seig asked a further question: "Good shit? Bet that be laced with some extra special shit right?" mimicking the slang of the negro gang to ingratiate himself further with the negro to elicit the desired response. The negro looked with satisfaction at Seig, a crafty look coming into his eyes. "Fo sho bro – it's China White and gasoline – dis be the hard sheet!" Seig's act continued: "Bet dat fetch a high price bro," – the negro

replied: "Bout 100 times what she worth playa!" chuckling to himself at his clever business sense. The look on Seig's face clouded and the negro, still oblivious to the white man's change in countenance continued: "Sheet I been selling dis sheet to dem white folks in da burbs – dez trippin' off dis sheet – yup!" His eyes fell upon Seig and the smile faded from his face. He took an extra-hard pull off the joint and Seig stated: "Just say no to drugs Coonskin," before ramming his gloved fist into the negro's skull, a spray of wet muck exploding from what used to be his head extinguishing the joint. The negro fell forward onto the table scattering the packages around and crashing on the table. "Let's go Tod," Seig said picking up his MAC-11 and exiting the room. The two crept downstairs and to the ground floor from whence they came. Underneath the stairwell they noted a carpet and as there were no other evident points of entry indicating a basement they kicked aside the carpet revealing a removable panel which looked down upon a staircase carved into the concrete spiralling down into gloom. A distant noise could be heard rather like an animal's roar, a lion or other big cat. The pair descended the staircase with MAC-11s pointing the way. As they crept closer they heard increasingly the roar of the animals reminiscent of the lion in the logo of the Jewish Hollywood company. They observed brighter light as they continued down the passage dully glowing overhead lights intermittently placed along the passage and smeared with some type of greasy pitch to dull the brightness for whatever reason. Tod speculated that given that negroes were nocturnal animals they had a desire to reduce the brightness which was more suitable to their constitution and which was also more conducive to their voodooistic practices enabling the invocation of demons such as that seen as they entered into the priest's chamber. They were now overlooking a catwalk which entailed a group of steroidally muscled negro gang members armed with automatic military-grade rifles who stood over the ground floor of what appeared to be an amphitheatre or platform similar to a boxing ring without ropes that was separated from the surrounding concrete walls by this same type of catwalk. Remus Jackson was standing dressed in the Coonskin uniform of red pants, black bandana, and green gloves looking agitated and alert. He had Kristina with him on a long chain which was manacled to her neck. Adjacent more bodyguards tightened the grip on their rifles in readiness for some form of event that appeared to be of pressing moment. He spoke in boisterous volubility: "Dis bitch be de cause of da trouble! Her white bros be coming to us here if we don' take action. Dey killt the cacodemon but not da boss demon dat control dis 'ere crib! Da only way to invoke da muhfuka is to give a virgin pure sacrifice – and only da lions in da cage o'er dere can bring it in. Only da might of da lion canst invoke da muhfuka. No one here..." – he gestured with great solemnity around the congregation – "...touch da bitch or dey die by ma hand." So saying he brandished his shrunken head cane and rattled the chain at the end of which Kristina strained with the other attempting to remove herself as far as possible from both the lions and the priest. The priest gestured towards the lions' cages which were positioned on the platform and intoned in a deep bass: "Konunga! Konunga! Tuga mekeki!" All the lights dimmed and the room became ominous in its vibration. The negroes positioned against the walls clanked the barrels of their automatic weapons on the railing of the catwalk which offered protection from the reach of the lions. The priest continued to intone the demonic cadence while dancing in a bobbing fashion around the lion's cages leading Kristina before them which elicited growls of excitation from the beasts who thundered against the bars of the cages sweeping their claws outwards in wide arches as they sprang. The priest attempted to ascend a platform overhead while pushing Kristina towards the cages whose front bars were being raised by the negro attendants. The priest was ascending the scaffold continuing his voodoo chant when he stopped suddenly pierced to the heart by Tod's knife which was imperceptible to the audience yet let out a torrent of blood which splashed upon the platform. Sensing the slackening of the chain, Kristina looked up towards the priest and observed his tottering on the scaffold. She yanked vigorously and he came down spilling a stream of blood from his torso and screaming out unintelligibly. The lions were nearly out of the cage and scraped past the uplifting bars to rush upon the priest whose corpse fell between them and the girl who flung herself onto the staircase and raced up the platform. The negroes in the audience were moving madly about seeking the assailant. Both Seig and Tod rushed out of the

alcove still undetected and Seig shouted “Lie down Kristina” who flattened on the platform as primed grenades exploded in the catwalk area of the audience, Tod burying his knife in some of the guards whilst discharging a full MAC-11 magazine into the audience. The lions tore into the priest but were themselves soon blown apart by the grenade flechettes which turned the once noble beasts into mincemeat. Gunfire rattled from the automatic weapons while Kristina flattened herself on the platform forgotten by the negro gang. Seig hammered out blows with his fist spraying blood and muck in all directions while the pair let loose their grenades around the audience whose only exit was barred by the brothers. Soon all gunfire ceased and the brothers checked one another observing that both were unscathed. They shouted to the girl: “Kristina! You alright? It’s all clear now!” She cautiously raised her head peering around the room in hyper-alertness. “Thanks for saving me Seig – oh, and you too Tod.” The brothers looked her over and informed her that it was time to go. They told her that Ivan had been killed by the Coonskins in their raid on his shop. Seig spoke: “We have no place there anymore Kristina. Your father as you know has initiated us to the fullest extent of his ability. It’s only you two we have now. Our first mission is accomplished.” As they ascended the staircase and returned to the main floor they gathered together as much armament from the compound they could, discovered in one of the ground floor rooms which entailed a secret compartment. This same contained rocket-propelled grenades and launchers as well as crates of grenades, 9mm hollow-point ammunition, and more C-4 satchel charges. They moved these out into the back alley and Tod ran back to place satchel charges throughout the compound as the Coonskin gang was now finally obliterated from the earth. It was only left for them to erase all memory of this cancer on society. Seig and Kristina had already loaded one of the ‘64s with the crates when Tod entered the vehicle. “Got two minutes before she blows,” he stated as Seig sped away in the vehicle into the moonlight. “Looks like the boss demon will go down with the ship,” he exclaimed chuckling over the poetic justice of how the Coonskins’ attempted sacrifice led to their own sacrifice and the demon they fed with their sacrifice was itself a sacrifice. “Black humour,” laughed Kristina who had now learned her lesson that there was no innocence in nature, least of all amongst murdering voodoo practitioners.

Scene: Scorpion gang hideout, Ithaca, New York

Over the past two decades, the immigration of Muslims into the New York area had increased exponentially owing to the legislative legerdemain of the Jewish Cabal and its infiltration into politics at the highest level of the administration. Legislation had been introduced that was designed to replace the white majority of the country though with more easily controllable as lower IQ populations of non-white third-world invaders whose primary motivation for their migration was to exploit the productive white society to the fullest extent draining away its resources into their own empty coffers heedless of the consequences to themselves as they devolved their host’s vitality (culturally and economically) through their parasitism, in consequence leaving a ruined society behind in the image of their own societies which they had largely destroyed through overpopulation and inability to cultivate the land in a sustainable fashion. The base consciousness of these black and brown denizens of primitive societies prevented them from far-sighted rational planning and immersed them in the transience of momentary existence what the Hindus called ‘Samsara’. Not all of these violent invaders had such short-term motivations however and yet violent they most definitely were. These invaders were comprised largely of two groups: the first and perhaps most threatening as least discernible and most cunning were the far eastern Asians, the Chinese whose ties to their communist home country made them the greatest threat. This force stationed itself both within and without New York as well as in the Pacific Northwest which was the staging point of their invasion of America. The Chinese concentrated their forces in the form of the snake gang with affiliates scattered about the country hiding behind the appearance of mercantilism representing themselves as humble traders who simply wanted to ‘live the American dream’ outside of their communist stronghold which they portrayed to the naïve white population as an ‘oppressive regime’. The name of their gang was an appropriate image given that their strategy was that of a snake, sneaking around and concealing itself in

the grass – ‘hiding in plain sight’ ready to strike at the heel of the white race and inject its venom to anaesthetize and eventually kill the host body. They had established operations within the heart of New York City creating for themselves a segregated area as in all other major cities called ‘Chinatown’ and operating under the guise of being ‘Christians’ which enabled them to ingratiate themselves in the good graces of the gullible white majority who still laboured under the mind control of Jewish-created Christ-insanity, a religion of slaves who worshipped Jews and advocated living simply to follow their dictates awaiting a fictional world beyond. The other major threat was of an even more violent caste, that which was also cryptically racially based – that of the Arab and their black subordinates who they tricked into defacto serfdom just as whites had been tricked into serfdom by the Jews. Indeed the Jews and Arabs both had much in common along racial lines and had an unstable relationship of friendly enmity in which ‘the enemy of my enemy is my friend’ of course temporarily and treacherously. Being also of a race- mixed constitution the Arab was a wellspring of violent and chaotic energies which manifested in the religious fanaticism of Islam which was the iron hoop that bound them together as a collective enabling them to have functionality, order within the chaos of their political machinations which consisted of initially consolidating power hand in glove with the Jewish Cabal through commerce and subsequently political infiltration. This was done through guileful terrorism and as with all other non-white invaders creating the appearance of humanitarianism and loving kindness, etc. This face enabled them to disarm the whites while subtly building power for themselves through swelling their population and using the democratic system to vote in their own people once they became wealthy enough through heroin trade based out of their home countries. The Arab drug gangs largely controlled the Coonskins through being the wholesaler of narcotics in relation to the retailer who had more street-level presence. The Chinese cornered the market on cocaine, crystal meth, and various pharmaceutical products which were both highly addictive and deadly to the user and were trafficked largely in white areas and to white youth. Just as the snake gang had its surreptitious mode of operation and thus deserved its name, so too the Arab gang had its own guileful treachery and would frequently strike without warning at the enemy who was all who had not been initiated into Islam and who did not follow its tenets which were embodied in its law called ‘sharia’. The leader of this gang had given it the title ‘Scorpion’ as connotive of the sudden violence of its practitioners and its mesmeric quality which appeared to those confronting it benign or at least non- malevolent until they found themselves skewed by its sting. The leader’s name was Farouq Akbar, a self- proclaimed Ayatollah who was the harbinger of the living god to come and who communed with him in the higher planes. According to this seat of Islamic theology, the function of Farouq Akbar the Ayatollah was to serve as a medium through which the absent god could communicate his intent and whose dictates uttered through the Ayatollah as his mouthpiece were absolutely binding on the gang, questioning of which was punishable by torturous death. The Ayatollah lay on a bed of nails in a barren room wearing nothing but a loincloth and his turban. His greying beard projected from his gaunt face emaciated with fasting and illuminated by a small skylight above-the only source of light within the room. His eyes gazed vacantly at a tapestry of Arabic writing spelling out the name ‘Allah’ in black ink on a white square of linen. He sensed – or so he thought in his depleted state – that the djinn who conferred power upon him were pervading the room with their strength – the strength of god’s love, “Blessed be Allah!” and who had come to enable him to be of greater strength in his service to the one true god- “Allah peace be upon him”. His fanatical gaze drilled into the tapestry as if wanting to make Allah appear before whom he could prostrate himself in obeisance to the One. ‘Smite the unbeliever O’ Allah! I humble myself before thee and will strike them all in thy name! They will burn forever blessed be thee O’ Allah! For you are my strength and to you I give my life in devotion!” Such ramblings continued in his mind when suddenly the door of the chamber emitted a timid knock, a quick staccato tremulous with a latent fear of disturbing the Ayatollah. The gaunt figure was awoken from his reverie and screamed: “Allah Akbar! What disturbs me at this hour?!” Leaping from the bed of nails he rushed to the door with scimitar in hand, loincloth wrapped around his emaciated form. The door opened inwards and the entrant jumped

back just in time to avoid being slashed across the chest with the sword. The Ayatollah fell exhausted upon the barren floor too weak to pick up the sword yet his beady black eyes blazed forth with fanatical rage at having had his religious ecstasy interrupted by this fawning figure who now grovelled at his feet. "Allah's curse be upon you Hasim!" The Ayatollah screamed, fever sweat pouring down from his body. Hasim responded in anguished timidity, "Ayatollah please in Allah's name – a thousand apologies. I must tell you an important piece of information...it..." The Ayatollah shouted: "You were instructed not to interrupt me! – During..." he panted, "...my communion with Allah!" The Ayatollah paused, a look of craftiness coming to his senile face. He continued feigning friendliness: "Surely Allah is merciful," he said reflectively as if in contrition. "He alone can forgive you... but what is it you have to say – out with it!" he said impatiently. Hasim informed him that the Coonskin's had had their headquarters destroyed and that all of the members save a handful had been ruthlessly slaughtered by two young white men whose identity was unknown but whose features had been observed by one of the survivors. They had had a white girl with them whom they had called 'Kristina' and who had been abducted

by the Coonskins at the behest of Don Palumbo himself. At this the Ayatollah became more curious than angry. "They were seen? What do these boys look like?" Hasim handed the Ayatollah a sketch of the two boys which had been done by based on one of the witnesses' descriptions: one blonde, one dark-haired; both with chiselled features, muscular bodies, and high foreheads. They were both shown in full with their black suits and grenade bandoliers. "Tough guys – as they say in America," the Ayatollah mused, a look of disdain plastering his face. "We will show them who is tough! Yes Allah will smite them; these infidels and have no mercy! We are his agents. Peace be upon him!" He looked over to Hasim with a cold look of hostility. "You... Hasim...you will be the one to dispatch them. Now go to your room and beat yourself for violating the sanctity of Allah and his humble servant your Ayatollah. Go!" Hasim backed away bowing in reverence before the Ayatollah. The latter turned towards the tapestry upon which was written the name of his god "Allah smite them the infidel! Make them as if they never were!" He reached for his scimitar and cut across his chest in a gesture of self-mortification, eyes riveted on the name of god, drawing sustenance from the name. "Allahu Akbar" he whispered in reverence and fainted through the weakness induced by his exertions.

Scene: Adams' Manor, New York, New York The refurbished limousine cruised towards Adams Manor with Seig and Kristina in the back and Tod driving. They were all in good spirits having successfully completed their first mission sweeping away more of the maggots of the rotten Apple of New York. "Now that the Coonskin gang has been destroyed," Tod said through the divider. "The children on the streets of New York have only the Scorpions to contend with – and their minions are far less than the Coonskins. We're on our way to a whiter, brighter world," he laughed as he accelerated the limousine which careened around the bend escalating towards the manor now in view. As their eyes fell upon it, Kristina cried out observing the smoke coming from the main building, the manor house: "What's happening Seig? Hurry Tod we have to get to father!" Tod accelerated the vehicle which whipped towards the manor house. As they approached they observed that the heavily fortified gates had been blown apart leaving a tangled wreckage of wrought iron with the remains of an ornate signpost reading: "Adams..." for the name of the manor curling in twisted shape towards the clear blue sky as smoke billowed up behind. Several armoured vehicles belonging to the security force of Adams Manor had been reduced to scrap by mortars whose fragments had detonated their gas tanks tearing into the hull of the machine. The doors of the manor were also ajar and wrenched from their hinges hanging twisted in their frames by an apparent bomb blast. Shouts from within could be heard even at that distance by the trio in the car. "Stay inside the vehicle," Seig instructed Kristina as Tod pulled into a discreet location adjacent to the manor

where they could not be seen. "Be safe Seig, Tod," she replied softly kissing Seig on the cheek as he jumped out putting on his MAC-11 shoulder rig and ammo vest. He waved back to Kristina while he and Tod raced up the manor steps in hyper-vigilance hugging the corners and approaching from

opposite extremes to cover a panoramic view of the interior. They spotted one of the security team who luckily identified them before he could get a shot off and gave a Roman salute, his other hand cradling a Heckler and Koch MP5. He signalled to them to ascend the left staircase which spiralled upwards in the central hall to an upper landing which was overarched by a domed skylight depending from which was a chandelier that was partially obscuring the sight of anyone who entered through the front door. The shouts from beneath the staircase they were ascending became louder as submachine gunfire stuttered. A group of swarthy Arabs came forth with the colonel, pushing and prodding him forward at the point of their Scorpion machine pistols. By this time the brothers had ascended the leftward staircase whilst the security team member had ascended the rightward. Both were concealing themselves as best they could behind statues, imitations of Roman centurions with bronze spears held in their fists. The colonel was thrust upon the Persian rug which covered the ground floor in a sprawling and undignified manner, his cane flying from his hand as he flung his hands out to brace himself. The smallest of the men, bearded with hollow cheeks and sunken eyes rushed in front of the colonel blocking his potential exit from the manor and gave him a swift kick to the stomach. "Infidel!" he cried. "Where are the boys who have insulted Allah!? Bring them to me!" and so saying he gave another swift kick to the thigh as the colonel struggled to rise and face his opponent, buckling and wincing in pain as the leather shoes of the Arab connected with his femoral artery area and surrounding nerves. The Arab raised his Scorpion machine pistol and levelled it at the colonel's head. "Where? Where?!" he screamed working himself up into a frenzy. The colonel stared coldly into his dead black eyes preparing to go down without betraying the future of his bloodline, of his race and the hope that was revealed in the prophecies of the ancient texts. Just then appearing as if from nowhere a spray of blood erupted from the Arab's hand who dropped the weapon on the ground screaming in pain. In an instant the other Arabs whirled round only to confront the gunfire of the boys and the security member. They danced with machine gun fire spraying the ceiling and crashing the skylight in which fell deadly fragments onto the upper floor where the three were stationed. A long sliver of glass impaled the security member through the neck nearly severing his head from his body while he did the rigor mortis shuffle, feet beating out a tattoo in homage of his long career of service in spasming rictus. The Arabs below lay in pools of blood but for one. The short man who was about to deliver a death sentence to the colonel had escaped leaving only one Arab, a big burly steroidal-looking figure whose muscles burst from his traditional dress. The MAC-11s had chambered on empty and the bandoliers of the brothers had been without extra magazines and were only stocked with C-4 satchels as they had intended to use them as spares for demolition work, their other vests having been placed in the trunk. The Arab raced towards them perceiving them to be largely defenseless. He looked around furtively and espied the Roman centurion with his bronze spear held in his grip. The Arab pulled it from the statue with a metallic sliding noise as a sword drawn from its scabbard. He advanced upon the brothers sweeping the spear before him shearing off smaller statues from the banister as he ascended and the two brothers leapt back out of range. They came around the dead body of the security member on the other side and Seig reached for the spear pulling it free of the statue just in time to meet and parry the thrust of the Arab. They clashed again and again Seig's spear thrusting at the Arab who parried it aside with sheer muscular force. Seig was being pressed back down the rightward staircase while the Arab went in for the kill, ready to impale Seig with the spear. Seig was knocked down lying angled downward on the staircase and rolled hard as the thrust came, a chip of marble flying off as the spear bent against the stone. "Didn't...your mother..." Seig gasped, "... tell you to clean behind... your ears!" The Arab looked puzzled then angry but the anger was to no avail as when the Arab lifted his spear as a club to smash Seig the latter popped up with his metal-knuckled gloves and struck the Arab on the cheek, his head shattering with a spray of muck that splattered upon the red carpeted marble stairs. His body fell off the balcony and crashed with a thud to the ground below. Both the Colonel and Tod clapped as vigorously as they could at the performance: Seig picked himself up inflating his lungs: "Back to Allah beastman!" The brothers raced down the staircase to inquire as to whether the colonel was in need of

assistance. "I'm as fine as I'll ever be boys. That was the Scorpion seeing to carry out an assassination attempt. They've been here before; they are a lower tier of the Cabal but are used for more skilled operations than the Coonskins. "The Coonskins are wiped out Colonel," Tod said. "We took care of both them and their headquarters last night. Whatever dark entities they were using as a power source are now banished from this plane, unless they found another host to operate through." The colonel replied, "You can never be sure – the higher planes, even the astral planes which are the only ones accessible to the negro race outside of material existence – a strange place governed by strange laws. But you say you completed your first mission? Good for you boys," the colonel seemed genuinely pleased. "Why were they here? Was it another attempt on your life? The little fellow was asking about us..." The colonel replied grimly, "It wasn't only you he was after... Kristina too. Where is she now?" he asked, the boys faces taking on a worried expression as Seig dashed out of the foyer and towards where the vehicle was parked. Moments later he rushed back with the news: "She's gone! Looks like that little raghead abducted her!" The colonel looked crestfallen: "Out of the frying pan and into the fire," he muttered. He then began to instruct them in the whereabouts of the Scorpion gang's headquarters in Ithaca, New York, and how the compound was a greater fortress by far than the Coonskins'. He took off his pendant he wore around his neck and handed it to Seig. "This pendant enables a psychic connection between the wearers. There are two – the other of which Kristina wears. Only true members of the Arya bloodline can sense each other's resonance and communicate through non-verbal communication by way of this device, it being of as ancient lineage as yours and of an extraterrestrial origin. Once you approach the compound you may be able to detect where she is located. You may take one of the remaining armoured vehicles and further arm yourself in the armoury. The next mission is to free Kristina and destroy the Scorpion gang which would be a major blow to the Cabal and its drug and sex trade operations.

Scene: Tel Aviv, Israel

Don Palumbo accompanied by his bodyguard Stern pressed his hand against the wailing wall, muttering a cabalistic incantation to 'The One', dark lord of the earth. Accompanying him were two orthodox rabbis who maintained the appearance of solemnity and quiet dignity to mask their natural inclination towards vice of all description, a behavioural emanation of the Talmud which was the basic book of their religious philosophy they fanatically adhered to construing all non-Jewish people as mere 'animals and excrement', what they called 'goyim' (meaning 'animals', in yiddish). The Don was here on business, the only kind he trafficked in, namely murderer for hire, pain and suffering through drug addiction, sex trafficking, and organ harvesting – the funding and fomentation of wars and genocide of peoples. He, being a big-time player in the Cabal, the heavy calibre operating out of New York, took frequent trips to this Jewish ethno- state which prided itself on being the homeland of the 'chosen' of The One, the earth's dark god. Rabbi Moshe Mendel confided in Don Palumbo calling him by his Hebrew name 'Yakob' for Palumbo was a Sicilian crypto-Jew who masqueraded under the cover of Italian Mediterranean ethnicity when it suited him amongst the goyim. "Yakob, why not? Why not do dis ting for your people – for Israel," the rabbi entreated with an ingratiating smile revealing his crowded teeth and wizened face bedecked with scraggly beard and gesticulating with his hands. "You have given so much and I don't want to impose...but there is much suffering in the holy land and ve could use dis...dis boon on your part." Don Palumbo continued to walk alongside the rabbi seemingly deep in thought as if considering the proposed course of action whose onerousness was only counterbalanced by the effrontery, the chutzpah of the rabbi. "So you want me to pull the strings I hold in my hand...?" said the Don. "What would profit you would profit me of course as we all share a common bloodline, of the seed of Israel, but – it can only be done with much risk and expense..." he trailed off and shook his head subtly as if in denial of the possibility, upping the ante with the rabbi for what he sought in the bargain. "Perhaps ve could sweeten the deal," the rabbi said. "Come...let us attend the bathhouse where dey serve de best kosher wine and we can discuss it further." So saying, the Don nodded in satisfaction. The bathhouse was a flimsy cover for a homosexual and pedophilic sex

brothel which was favoured by the rabbis and which served as the environment in which their more clandestine dealings occurred given the controversial nature of the activity, even for Israel, the world's den of iniquity. Once seated they were attended by naked boys with silver plates bedecked with lines of cocaine and a straw as well as goblets of a red liquor reminiscent in appearance to blood (as it was the very thing). The Don, taking a snort of coke and a gulp of blood waited for the rabbi to finish his goblet which he slurped down with evident relish licking his lips and wiping his beard on his greasy caftan. He took a snort of cocaine in preparation for the negotiations he knew would inevitably ensue and was determined now pepped up with vigour from both the drug and adrenaline-filled blood to minimize his losses now that his prospect of a free lunch was hopeless. The Don, knowing what he sought in advance waited for the rabbi to speak and begin negotiations. The rabbi taken off guard by this cautious approach began conjecturally: "The neighbouring country of Arabistan is an extreme threat to de security of the nation...we need tde goy army of the States to intervne and bomb dem back to the stone age – de animals. Just last veek...my aunt's boyfriend's daughter vas wounded in a terrorist attack by de filthy animals! Ve got 'em back but...it vas horrible..." he trailed off shaking his head in apparent anger and sadness. Don Palumbo adopted the appropriate facial expression of outrage and sympathy mirroring the rabbi. "Go on Rabbi... let me know what I can do to help and to take vengeance against these accursed animals..." The rabbi continued after the necessary pause of prayerful sympathy. "Dere are benefits to be had in bestowing dis favour. Ve could for example create an inflation in de price of the gold shares and..." he saw no effect was had as the Don's bored look conveyed disinterest. "Vell...ve could pull some strings with de Saudis to lower oil prices..." Still Don Palumbo was reserved appearing irritated and slightly offended by the proposal. "Well..." the rabbi said in amused exasperation, "Vhat can I offer? Vhat is it you want?" Don Palumbo cradled the goblet of blood in his hand and ponderously spoke: "The One came to me last night in a dream. He spoke to me and said that there existed a representative on earth who had the power to give me a slight portion of his own power and that I required this to fulfill a very important mission against the hated white race whose awareness of our secret power is growing. This gift exists in the holy land in the keeping of a rabbi...it is a ruby in which is concentrated some of the energies of 'The One'...perhaps you know of this stone?" the Don asked with difficulty badly suppressing his greedy lust for power. The rabbi looked at him and said: "Dhat is a tall order Jakob...it is not entirely vithin my power..." he trailed off. The Don knew it was and that he had final decision in the Sanhedrin that his ruling was decisive. "I can promise you Arabistan will become a parking lot in two months' time," the Don said adding an incentive to get what he sought. "Make it vone," the rabbi responded,""Dhere is much grievance vith dhis nation of dogs in de holy land." "Consider it done," the Don replied grinning ghoulishly. The masonic lodge in Tel Aviv was one of the most elaborate and ornate on the planet. Its occult symbolism was an arcane text codified in stone hiding in plain sight before the lesser brethren of the Sanhedrin, its spires arching skyward in homage to the horned king the G.A.O.T.U. On the outside of the building the cornerstone had writ upon it in Hebrew the letters Yod He Shin Vau He, connotive of the demon to whom it was dedicated over a masonic square and compass surrounded by a six-pointed Magen Dovid star of Remphan, the very demon to whom the dedication was made – 'The One'.

Rabbi Mendel and the Don both dressed in the black hooded robes of this higher initiatic order of the Cabal, made their entrance into the tomb-like sepulchre, the inner chamber of the lodge which was constructed of black marble walls, the floor a masonic tracing board depicting the heavens above and the ceiling a surreal two dimensional representation of a 4-dimensional hyper-cube of black and white squares. The room was dimly lit by lights embedded in fissures where the wall met the ceiling and the room had a cool and vacant quality outside of the latent sensation of the presence of lower astral entities which gave the Don a sense of affinity, of the promise of the greater power he lusted for. The rabbi approached a menorah situated in the center of the room and uttering words in Enochian while bobbing his head, he proceeded to light the nine candles in their holder from right to left looking

upwards and pausing after lighting each in silent prayer of invocation. All of the candles being lit he discarded the long sulphurous match which still smoked into a golden brazier at the feet of the menorah which was shaped like the tree of life, each candleholder being one of its branches. The Don knelt before the candle holder in silent prayer swinging one of the tassels on his robe as if to invite the entities which pervaded the room to bestow upon him the power he sought. This gesture of his was of course preliminary for the entities would not give without first receiving and they required blood. There would be much blood spilled that night. The rabbi raised his arms with the commencement of his prayers and spoke in a commanding voice: "Ve are born to die ve mortals! But it is immortality ve seek! Remphan,!Remphan! Ve would be vith you in your immortal beth-el (house of god)." In a quieter tone he spoke to the attendant: "Bring dem in." The rabbi raised his arms again and repeated the invocation. A stirring in the aether occurred and the Don eagerly anticipated the new power he was to acquire. A slight squeaking was heard as the attendant wheeled in a cart reminiscent of a clothes rack only in place of clothing there were chained three Palestinian youths manacled to the top and bottom by their wrists and ankles. Their fearful faces conveyed the youthful desire for life against all odds, sweat pouring from their dark curly hair and down their naked forms. The attendant wheeled the cart before the menorah, the moonlight streaming down from the skylight surrounded by the surreal checkerboard design. The rabbi used his remote control to dim the lights in the fissures enabling only the starlight cast down from Sirius to illuminate the youths whose ashen-looking skin glistening with sweat. The rabbi, continuing to invoke the entities above drew from his cloak a hollow tube dotted with holes and ending in a point. He gestured for the Don to rise who in turn drew out his own device. The Palestinian youth, knowing the tales of what Jews did in their rituals wriggled against the rack, threatening to topple it as it swayed back and forth. The attendant grasped it firmly to steady it but the rabbi gestured him away. He produced his remote and held it up to the faces of the youths. Pressing the button they writhed as 100,000 volts of electricity reverberated through the device and into the youths whose bodies stiffened as the current coursed through them. The rabbi released the button and gestured to the attendant who held the cart steady: "Remphan! Remphan! Ve offer dee sacrifice!" he stated brandishing his sharpened tube. The Don also brandished his above and both plunged their tubes into the body of the nearest youth who convulsed as rivulets of blood spurted from his body into the golden basin held by the attendant who attempted to catch the blood, the remainder flowing down into the grooves, the tracing board pooling in a larger indentation what was a representation of the moon. The Don and rabbi worked like sewing machines puncturing sackcloth as they impaled the youths over their bodies streams of blood shooting forth from their blood vessels bright scarlet blood pumping out in arterial jets. Once the youths sagged and became less convulsed with their dying life force, the rabbi screamed, "For Dee Remphan!" as he removed an obsidian sacrifice knife from his robe. He sliced across the chest of the one nearest and a flap of skin fell forth the intestines spilling out on the tracing board steaming in the cool room with vital elixir. He handed the knife to the Don who shouted in his bass: "For Dee Remphan!" as he slashed across the remaining two youths, their dying bodies ceasing to convulse as their life force drained away.

The attendant opened the gift box attached to the cart and in the light of Sirius a ruby shone twinkling in the night. "None but de elect may see the Star of Remphan, de ruby of all power, and live!" The rabbi screamed knifing the attendant in the throat who fell to his knees issuing forth his life's blood over the stone. Around them gathered the entities who dwelled within the lodge lapping eagerly the blood at their feet, pouring their own energies into the stone. The Don took up the stone which was partially encased in a gold border attached to a chain and placed it around his neck, that source of power he so craved. His body vibrated with its occult power amplifying its own demonic energies through this stone of violent sacrifice which contained the pain and suffering of countless souls for thousands of years. "Remphan! I am close to you now!" the Don shouted feeling the power course through him as the light of the lodge illuminated him.

Scene: Ithaca, NY The armoured vehicle wound its way through the placid suburban landscape of New York – ‘Ithaca’, the sign read. A town apparently at rest with no need to fear anything in the world save whether one’s infidelity was made known to one’s neighbour or whether the family down the block had an alcoholic mother or an abusive father or whether the children skipped school to do drugs down by the river where the vagrants hung out. Little did the denizens of the quiet town suspect that a notorious gang of fundamentalist Muslim terrorists had quietly moved onto the outskirts of the town under the cover of warehouse workers in an apparently operating business that was created out of an abandoned mine site which had now been fenced off and was covered with spirals of barbed wire. The fence had been electrified after two youths had gone missing and the townsfolk had raised an uproar over their disappearance. To deter investigation into their premises, the fence had been electrified as teams of investigators comprised of searchers from the townsfolk had been commissioned. The Freemasons on the town council had filibustered the search in time for the jihadist gang to create this defense – for had this been investigated the Cabal’s plans of using Ithaca as a jihadist training centre would have failed. They had chosen Ithaca as it was more clandestine and the Muslims could build up their power slowly, ingratiating themselves into the good graces of the population and worming their way into the political system for an eventual forced conversion of the population to sharia law and Islam. At such point the Cabal reasoned they could within a matter of a decade or two merge Christianity (the prevailing religion of whites) with Islam as the new slave religion controlled by the Judeo-Masonic hierarchy of priests. Seig and Tod arrived at a local hotel as the sun began to set having spent quite a while on the road; they needed recuperation time before their raid upon the compound which they decided had to be done that night given that Kristina might have become lost in the subterranean network of the Cabal which virtually spanned the globe. Once she left New York it would be difficult to track her even with Seig’s heightened awareness and its amplification through the pendant the colonel had given him. They knew that she would be unharmed by the Scorpion’s given that the Don desired her for himself for sacrifice, to imbibe the blood of the Arya into himself and get a glimpse of eternity through his vampiric ritualism. As the boys were parking the armoured car they espied an Arab with gaunt features buying groceries at the local supermarket. As he drove away in the cube van Tod decided to approach one of the locals who was also unpacking his groceries in the parking lot and looking with suspicion long and hard at the Arab who then drove away down the street. Tod asked the man what he thought about the presence of the Muslims in his town and the man responded that he looked upon them as a threat to the security of Ithaca. Tod nodded his head in agreement and continued to pump the man for information as to the whereabouts of the mosque. The man whispered that he speculated it was located in an abandoned mine site and that this was some type of jihadist training center wherein two local boys had been probably abducted or murdered. Tod continued his gossip for a while to find out more particulars on the compound as a means of developing a detailed plan of attack. The man said his cousin delivered concrete to the compound once and that the compound had now constructed a concrete wall around it as a means of avoiding the townsfolk from spying into it. The electrical fence was located on the exterior with the perimeter wall within. Beyond that he knew little else than that the compound was situated largely beneath the earth in the catacomb of mine shafts. “Who knows what dey got in der,” he said, speculating that the myriad delivery trucks may have been bringing everything from automatic weapons to sex slaves. Tod listened to the man’s rambling discourse for a time longer and then excusing himself he headed into the grocery store to buy provisions. Upon exiting he looked across the street at the local convenience store and saw an attractive young white girl leaning against the wall seemingly solicitous of the attention of the passing men. A greasy Arab with an angry face exited the side entrance and confronted the girl. He held out his hand to her and became increasingly angry eventually erupting in loud aggressive epithets: “White cur!” he shouted as he backhanded the girl who fell sobbing at his feet. “Next time you try harder!” Tod had had enough. He raced across the street towards the two and cuffed the Arab across his greasy face, the

latter's front jowls flapping with the impact. The tough Arab looked up with rage and anger boiling in his dusky features and shouted: "Allahu Akbar!" drawing out a dull-looking curved blade from his grease-stained white apron. The Arab swept towards Tod with the knife who dodged the knife whistling past his midsection. The thrust unbalanced the Arab who lurched forward making contact with a knee from Tod which cracked a few teeth out of his mouth spewing blood on the greasy concrete. The Arab fell to his knees but rage-induced adrenaline propelled him forward to thrust once again at Tod's midsection raking the knife across his body, the point scratching the skin as his shirt opened up in a tear. Tod responded immediately through twisting the magnet on his pendant which dropped the open blade in his hand. As the Arab again lunged Tod swept his knife across the latter's throat like a knife through butter severing his head. A geyser of blood rushed forth out of his neck and spilled all over the girl who crouched trembling in the corner drenched in his blood and shrieking with horror at the disgusting scene. Another Arab rushed out of the convenience store with a soundsuppressed submachine gun already raising it to aim at Tod. In time the latter flicked his knife at the would- be assailant which buried itself in his wrist causing him to drop the weapon. As the Arab grabbed his wrist in agony it dangling obscenely by a twisted section of sinew and bone spraying the girl with arterial pumps of sanguine liquor, Tod gave a snap kick to the belly and the Arab buckled. A roundhouse to the back of the head crashed the Arab against the brick wall splitting his skull like a ripe melon. The girl stared in shocked horror at Tod saying: "Don't...don't hurt me please..." Tod told her to relax and asked if there were any other Arabs in the store. She stated that one of them had gone to the compound where they would often go. Tod prompted her to come with him and, shouldering the machine pistol and keeping out of sight of civilians he crept with her back into the alleyway. Her tight-fitting clothes were covered with blood almost to the point of dying them completely. They were now out of reach of the civilians and nearing a carwash. He told her to undress and he would clean her off with the spray hose. Outside of the carwash there was a clothesline in the neighbour's yard and he adeptly hopped the fence and returned to the carwash with the clothes for her. Drying herself with the dryer she then donned the clothing looking cautiously at Tod. "Tell me more about this compound," he said. She told him that it was the hidden mosque centre where the imam dwelt though she hadn't seen him when she had been taken there for her training. "Training?" queried Tod. She said that the Muslims had forced her to dance for them as they said this was most enticing for the clientele, that it seduced 'buyers', they said. Tod's face darkened in a frown at seeing his own people reduced to such abject servitude and debasement before a group of half-savage desert dwellers. He prompted her to tell him if she had seen another girl called 'Kristina' who was also blonde. The girl responded that there was and that she had recently – as of yesterday she had been told by one of the Arab women whom the Arab men called their 'wombs' as they were used as incubators of future jihadists in preparation for the takeover of the white society they always spoke of making such statements as "Ithaca first – then the world!" Tod suddenly looked at the girl and recognized that she might have been one of the one's at the Coonskins' headquarters they had freed. However he kept silent about it and let her continue. "It's inevitable anyway. Both they and the Coonskins are too powerful – we'll all be Muslim soon so we better join now before they kill us all..." Just as she said the words she met his eyes and came to the realization of the fact that he was one of the one's who had freed her in the Coonskin compound. "Oh please!" she cried, "don't hurt me...I... didn't mean it..." she looked around her frantically for an escape route and suddenly turned and ran down the alley away from Tod. He let her escape as she seemed to be uninterested in the survival of her own people. If she wanted to submit herself to the jihadists, that was her concern. Someone so mind controlled to look upon their own racial kinsmen with fear and to seek a violent slaver as her protector was a lost cause who had no redeemable qualities. At least he had struck a blow against the Arab sex slavers at a low level and had redeemed a useful weapon in the process. Tod decided that he had best return to the motel room and kit up for the invasion which had to be bumped up in the schedule given that the Arabs might become alerted to their presence now that some of their

members had been slain and would inevitably be discovered by the police soon and thereby be transmitted throughout the networks of the Cabal to all of their minions. He doubled back over his tracks and observed from a distance that the bodies were still visible from the road. He quickly slipped into the store through the side entrance which was still open and turned off the lights flipping the sign to 'closed' and locking the door. Dragging the bodies behind the cash register would buy him time even if the girl ran to the Cabal and informed on him. He took the video tape from the video camera as the Arabs had been too cheap to upgrade their technology once they purchased the franchise from an old retiring white baby-boomer couple who simply wanted to blow their wad on gambling and vacationing and who had disinherited their own children. Tod locked the bodies in the meat freezer where they wouldn't decompose and attract insects and vermin. He then exited and used the spray washer to wash away the blood from the side wall down the drain into the sewer. This would buy a little time keeping heat off the boys as they struck the compound at least from official channels such as the police, etc. "That's what I get for my heroics," Tod stated thinking of the girl and his risk-tasking. "Best not to be distracted from the mission – no good Samaritan has a role to play in a RaHoWa for the survival of one's race. Casualties are bound to be incurred." Back at the hotel Seig was cleaning weapons and setting up his rig equipped with grenades and C-4 satchels. Tod informed him of his recent experience and the necessity of striking A.S.A.P. Seig agreed stating: "A damsel in distress is a dangerous Pandora's box. The word to the wise is to tread carefully." Tod nodded in agreement recognizing his own weakness when it came to women. They exited the room and stuffed bedding under their blankets to make it look like they were in the room, leaving the TV on also as a cover and left to where they had parked the vehicle at the rear of the hotel. They threw their duffel bags in the backseat of the armoured vehicle and took off their coats they had concealed themselves under not wanting any passers-by to inform on them to the police. Thus equipped they left the hotel without needing to return as they had checked in with forged identification and thus no trace to themselves could be made. They headed towards the compound as the sun set on the horizon leaving the residents of Ithaca in blissful ignorance of the dangerous threat to their community at the hands of the Scorpions.

Scene: Scorpion compound, Ithaca, NY

The armoured vehicle rolled up to a stop on a side road nearest the compound but shrouded in trees. The compound was visible ahead and lights from the top of the walls blazed outwards intruding into the dark forest around the compound which was situated in an indentation in the ground given that it was built on an old abandoned mine site. Though placed in the middle of the mined out area it was still visible from above where the two boys crouched in their harnesses and black suit. They could see below a gathering of Muslims praying all directed towards the star which shone brightest in the sky apparently in reverence of its glory. The man who had attempted to assassinate the colonel came out dressed in sombre clothes wearing a turban, eyes blazing with fanatical religiosity. He ascended a platform so that he was positioned above the congregation. He shouted out loudly enough so that the brothers could hear: "Allah praised be he. He is mighty! The infidels in the town of Ithaca must die like dogs! They are a plague upon the earth! Allah punish them! Be it so that your servants here in this mosque may be used as an instrument of his divine will! – That the true faith of Allah – peace be upon him! – may conquer the world! Ithaca today, tomorrow the world!" The congregation arose from their prayerful posture and faced the star with upraised fists shaking them in religious rapture: "Allahu Akbar! Allahu Akbar!" the congregation chanted. Just then Seig, yawning with boredom nudged Tod and made a gesture of taking off a grenade and throwing it at the congregation. Tod shook his head. This time he would chastise his brother for his imprudence. He held up his hand as a signal to descend on the compound, putting a finger to his lips connotating to infiltrate into the inner sanctum and then escape again and detonate the compound with C-4 satchel charges. Seig nodded in agreement – it was too risky as yet to risk the life of Kristina given that they had no knowledge of what the Scorpions with their lower impulse control would do if threatened. Accordingly as the Muslims faced the star above the brothers crawled down the hill toward the compound now that they were convinced that there were

likely no watchers and that all were congregated above – all save the Ayatollah and perhaps a few minions. The two brothers crept round to be away from that side of the compound and Seig used his gloves to burrow a hole through the wall behind the main building. Having no other choice he also burrowed through the main building and discovered that he had entered into the servants' quarters. A man was bustling about in the kitchen adjacent and could be seen through the open door from the darkness of the room. He was scooping out monkey brains onto a large board which the Muslims used as their collective plate soon to be sharing in a feast in celebration of Remphanadan, one of their holy celebrations. The servant opened a hidden cupboard and poured a draught of what appeared to be wine down his throat hiccupping and swiftly concealing the bottle again peering over his shoulder out of guilt and concern lest he be discovered. His crafty bloodshot eyes bulged upon sight of Seig and Tod who stood in the doorway to the kitchen. Seig held up a hand and the wily Arab looked around nervously for an escape route. Seig's silenced MAC-11 made him think twice and he put on the best actor's smile he could. "And what can I help you with sir," he said sweat beading on his forehead as he looked down the barrel of the sound suppressor. "Where is the girl called Kristina?" Seig asked in a quiet menacing tone, his steel blue eyes gazing with icy coldness at the black eyes of the Arab. The Arab answered hesitatingly not wanting to anger Seig: "She not here. They send her to snake gang for keeping – Allah I swear it is true!" Seig was noticeably angered by the news yet still self-composed enough to make use of his captor: "Where is the Ayatollah?! We have words with him!" The Arab recoiled at the name of the Ayatollah. "I swear on the holy Koran I know not! Allah peace be upon him I cannot say!" Seig raised his submachine gun away from the Arab and threw a hard right punch next to the man who trembled with fright as the kitchen stove exploded into fragments. "I won't ask again," Seig said his calm inducing fear-sweat to tumble from the greasy brow of the Arab. "Okay, okay, I will tell. He down flight of stairs and to right..." he trailed off nervously. "Right?" Seig asked, raising his weapon. "No...I mean left...oh Allah be merciful!" Seig pointed to the hole in the wall which was only partially visible from the kitchen. "Go!" he commanded. "You are free." The Arab hesitated nervously then yanked upon the hidden compartment where the liquor bottle was concealed and with a sly smile and gesture of raising a toast to Seig exited by the hole out into the night. Tod noticed that a fine powder trailed after him – "Cocaine!" he said. "That should buy him a ticket to paradise." The brothers then made their way down to the room where the Ayatollah was alleged to be. They wound their way down rough-hewn wooden steps and turned a corner to the left. "This must be his room," Tod whispered. The two approached the heavy steel door at a 45 degree angle and Seig then used his gloves to pound it off the hinges. The door fell inward knocking over the tapestry of Allah which had been pompously displayed before all entrants who would have to view this calligraphic representation of their moon god Allah. The room was vacant and only a cloud of dust billowed up as the starlight shone upon a bed of nails, adjacent to which were left splayed open copies American pornographic magazines and a bottle of sesame oil. The brothers scanned the room but found nothing. Exiting they continued to follow the hallway which led down another flight of wooden stairs overlooking an open section carved out of the bedrock of the earth. They had a view of the adjacent side of the pit and saw bathed in harsh light that a ritual was occurring: the two blonde girls from the Coonskin gang were gyrating their hips as a Muslim played a wailing chorus of flutes and bongos, the girls having attached to themselves timbrels and bells. The Ayatollah sat prostrate on a Persian rug with legs crossed and a look of rapture on his face as he ogled the gyrating and sweaty bodies of the white girls who were chained together and which chain he held in his fist intermittently whipping it so that the girls were struck with the heavy iron chain leaving red marks on their bodies. This sadomasochistic action was apparently a source of sexual excitation to the Arabs who worked themselves up into a frenzy. They had accompanying them a group of goats who they masturbated. The Ayatollah eventually stood and raised his hands above his head screaming out "Allahu Akbar! In the name of the mighty and powerful Allah I call upon thee o' djinn of this mine! I call upon thee to come to feed upon these young fatlings! Grant power to Allah o' djinn, for thou art a

mere vessel of Allah's will upon earth!" So saying his attendant brought forth one of the goats by his horns and the Ayatollah removed a curved knife from his linen shirt brandishing it in the air so that the shine of the harsh lights were reflected on the blade like a point of light, cruel and pure. The goat's head was tilted mercilessly by the attendant, its eyes upturned and a frightened bleat exited its maw. The Ayatollah's knife struck in a downward arch and sliced across the throat of the animal which trembled in death throes as the attendant struggled to keep a grip on it. The Ayatollah readied a cupped gnarled hand out and filled it with the blood wiping it on himself, and screaming "Allahu Akbar! Allahu Akbar!" - summoning the djinn. The lights appeared to dim to some extent and the Muslims who were not occupied in playing instruments took up incense burners and lit them with a Bic lighter, sending the perfumed particulate wafting into the air. A shape began to form with all the dust in the air and the incense, one gaunt skeletal face which overhung the group on the other side from the brothers. It hovered over the goat and the blood was licked clean absorbed into the djinn. The Ayatollah yanked roughly on the chain which bound the two girls towards him and they obediently unlike the goat walked forward seemingly oblivious to the intent of their master who brandished his dully gleaming knife above them preparing to slit their throats just as he had the goat's. The djinn bent forward over the two girls, its diaphanous body taking visible shape in the incense and dust, a snakelike shape with a humanoid skull its maw gaping in eagerness over the prospect of its vampiric feast. Just then the Ayatollah let out a scream of pain as Tod's knife burst through his belly exploding in a torrent of blood and gore. The chain fell to the earth as the Ayatollah's hand slackened and yet his body did not fall it being taken up by the djinn who tossed it up in the air to more efficiently drain the blood which poured from the wound into its maw. The staccato bursts from the MAC-11s of Tod and Seig mowed down the remaining Muslims, musicians ceasing to play their instruments and the others being mere lambs to the slaughter. The two girls prostrated themselves to the earth as the gunfire peppered the rock walls and ripped apart the congregation of Arabs upon whom the djinn fell upon with relish absorbing their vital fluid within itself. As the two brothers approached on the walkway which bordered the open pit behind them rushed a large contingent of Muslims, those who had been praying above and who had come aware of the chaos beneath them. They attempted to charge the brothers across the walkway but the brothers were nearly on the other side. Tod waited until they had nearly all come upon the bridge before lobbing a pair of hand grenades behind him waiting until the fuse was sufficiently low to explode on impact taking the bridge down with the Muslims who screamed with rage as they plummeted to their deaths into the abyss. The djinn sped after them to feast upon their broken bodies. Now the brothers had reached the two girls and asked them how they could exit the mine. The two pointed to a shaft nearby which was apparently an elevator leading to the surface. Tod held out his hand in a gesture signifying for them to lead the way and they sped forwards toward the shaft. Seig placed one of his C-4 vests on the platform with the Ayatollah and a timer to detonate once they had managed to escape. The brothers went into the elevator and began pulling it up and out of the mine. Once upon the surface they heard the subdued explosion of the C-4 and a rumbling in the earth. The four ran off into the woods where the armoured car had been waiting. "Where are you taking us?" one of the girls asked nervously for it was she who had run from Tod earlier. "Nowhere," came his reply as they approached the vehicle. "You've made your choice to betray your race." The girls looked frightened and attempted ingratiating themselves with Tod as Seig appeared immovable in his cold rationality. "Please don't leave us to die in the woods. we had no choice but to do what they wanted." Tod replied, "You wanted to be independent didn't you? Now you have your independence... do you seek dependence again?" They shuffled their feet and looked nervously into the woods into the unknown world which loomed before them threatening their comfortable lifestyle of pampered indulgence. Seig, knowing the history of the two stated "You can't make a whore into a housewife," but continued saying "but we are not evil like the Jews or any of the other non-whites you have been affiliating with. If you promise to devote the rest of your life to the 14 words we will return you to your parents in New York or allow you to live off the system in Ithaca if you want." Visibly relieved the girls

complied but the one Tod had assisted last inquired, “What are the 14 words?” Tod recited them: “We must secure the existence of our people and a future for white children.” The two girls looked thoughtful, Tod’s acquaintance said: “I promise to do whatever is necessary to secure my people’s existence.” “So that the beauty of the Aryan woman shall not perish from the earth,” Tod replied.

Scene: Snake Gang Headquarters, Ithaca, NY

The people of Ithaca looked well upon their Chinese community – ‘Salt of the earth’ many of them said. The townsfolk didn’t realize of course that the salt was in fact MSG and that, though an addictive substance leaving you wanting more, it had a very deleterious influence on the health of the host body. This was the strategy of the Chinese communists who worked hand in glove with the Cabal at its highest echelons and who had developed a feudal society which operated under the auspices of a Mandarin who benevolently looked after his people according to the precepts of Confucianism. At least comparatively, comparatively benevolent relative to the Maoist murder machine funded by the Cabal to subvert the traditional society and to build it into a military juggernaut to be used as a battering ram against the white society intended for its

ultimate destruction. The policy was to seed as many Chinese immigrants into all white nations on earth and within a few decades to have enabled a takeover of power through the Chinese communist party funding their excess population of colonists who would then buy up real estate and ingratiate themselves into the political system, a policy which was – to a greater or lesser extent depending on the non-white demographic – universal for all immigrants as devised by the Jews to reduce the power of the white population to a nullity in preparation for their genocide. Each Chinatown, though appearing benevolent and an economic and cultural gift, was in reality a criminal Trojan horse which had been put in place until the time was right for the cabal to unleash their terrorist army against the whites. The town council had already quite a few Chinese on it not representative in terms of the proportion of the population exceeding it by a few times thus granting inordinate power to this foreign group who had had no stake in creating the country in its origins let alone the small city which was on the other side of the globe. Sitting in his comfortable office in his traditional Chinese medical clinic, Dr. Chew Li, leader of the Snake Gang, looked placidly over his round spectacles at the two turtle doves he kept in a gilt cage overlooking the window. So peaceful, he stated yet...so dull. He slid a large lacquered box over to the cage from the other side of his desk the holes peppering the side emitting a hissing sound which disturbed the doves and caused them to cease their warbling and cooing. The doctor slid the side wall away out of sight of the turtle doves and this led them to attempt to crane their necks in concern attempting to perceive whether there was a potential threat concealed behind the box. He then opened a compartment on the desk which enabled the snake to crawl in without detection from the birds. He smiled placidly as the snake crawled into the inner maze of his desk outfitted with myriad drawers and compartments ostensibly as cupboards for oriental herbs. The doves cooed nervously but appeared to have relaxed appreciably as the snake (which they had not yet seen) had ceased its hissing and thus exited their bird brains. They went back to pecking in their trough while Dr. Chew Li pressed a button on his desk initiating an electronic mechanism which opened another compartment adjacent to the cage. Sweat beaded on the doctor’s face and he became erect bending over the cage in a state of ecstatic anticipation. Suddenly the snake darted out and struck one of the doves in the neck breaking it and injecting its venom. The other dove attempted to fly away and beat its wings against the snake whose sleek black body stooped over the dove its cobra hood inflated. It arched away from the dove and Dr. Li approached climax, the cobra and doctor both simultaneously expelled their fluids – the cobra its venom, the doctor his semen. The doctor shaking as he hugged the cage, the other dove flapping its wings in death agony as cobra venom splashed into its eyes. The cobra struck at the bird impaling its fangs in its neck. It clung to the creature whose life force drained into the cobra’s body while the doctor heaved in ecstasy over the gilt cage. A few moments later the doctor had put the cobra safely away in its lacquer box and picking up a little golden bell from his desk rang. The door was delicately pushed inward and a

slender youth of about twenty entered standing at attention after bowing obsequiously before the doctor. "Chan," the doctor began with a smile concealing his more sinister motive for summoning the youth, "Have you been in contact with the honourable gentleman Don Palumbo?" "Yes Doctor, he has informed us that he will be returning from Israel this evening and that he has one of the usual 'special guests' accompanying him, a certain Freemason of the thirty-first degree named Sir Reginald Comingsford, an emissary of the royal family. It appears that Sir Comingsford is not compliant with the directive of the Cabal to take out Arabistan. He claims that it would create tension in international relations for the Anglo-American faction to intervene and that resources in the area are spread too thin." The doctor nodded with understanding and reflected: "So the Don wants to cater to his guests? Chinese is on the menu..." he said, glancing at the pigeons which had been infected with cobra venom. "They will make a succulent delicacy fit for royalty." He smiled a cold, hard smile at Chan who returned it respectfully. "Let the Don know that I will be throwing a feast tonight including a very special dancing girl of the Aryan bloodline who we have in custody." Chan bowed and exited the door. The doctor looked again at the pigeons and smiled his cold smile. "Might is right," he thought, "all things go to the grave but some have a more comfortable life and a more comfortable death." At this he laughed hysterically conjuring up in his mind images of himself living in an opulent palace in China surrounded by a harem of young boys that he would find great delight in torturing to death. He turned and was broken away from his reverie as he looked out at the city streets and the McDonald's across the street its arch casting a yellow golden glow which he had imagined as the glow of his sumptuous golden palace with distaste he picked up his golden bell to ring for his servant to begin preparing the birds for the feast. "Curse America and curse the white devils!" Soon he would live his life of luxury as a Mandarin and no longer have to kowtow before fat society ladies and coarse westerners for their filthy petro dollars.

Scene: Dinner table, Dim Loo's Chinese restaurant in the same building as Dr. Chew Li's medical clinic The Don had seated himself in the faux opulent booth, a ruby-coloured red with shiny golden wallpaper, ornate red lacquered latticework with an aquarium nearby filled with many coloured fish. The Don squeezed himself into the booth after the Freemason who was effectually trapped within the booth by the Don's steroidal bulk. Dr. Chew Li waited politely and took his seat once the Don had gestured for him to sit. The aroma of soy sauce and greasy lard filled the atmosphere along with that of white rice. Oriental yang xin music whined in the background as secret service people stood guard at a distance. The Don spoke: "Sir Reginald," he spoke with deliberate insult and at which his companion grew red with anger but had not the fortitude to protest given that the Don was an imposing man. "If I may," he continued,

"inquire as to why you are so opposed to the Arabistan campaign? As you are aware the state of Israel views this as a serious security threat failure to take the appropriate measures meaning the compromise of the ODED YINOM plan for the formation of greater Israel and the formation of Solomon's temple..." he trailed off observing a fortune cookie that had been left from the previous gusts and which had not been cleared away. Dr. Chew Li coughed with disgust like a cat hissing at a child playing too roughly. "Solly Don Palumbo, the waiter will be severely punished." The Don shrugged his shoulders appearing bemused. He looked at the cookie and then at the Freemason: "What will the future have in store...?" He trailed off. "Open it," he said softly though with irrevocable command. The Freemason rolled his eyes sarcastically and took up the cookie with a look of irritation on his face: "Right then if you wish me to play this game" – so saying he cracked open the cookie and unravelled the paper message inside: "Today you will have ill luck," he read with a sneer of disdain. "I would hope the best for you Sir Reginald," the Don continued, "for Israel needs your assistance. Since you are the only one preventing the campaign against Arabistan with your influence amongst the royals and the international community it would be a pity if you could not see it in your heart that Jews must live and that Israel is our homeland." Sir Reginald responded attempting to pacify Don Palumbo who looked at him with a vacant smile of wounded dignity.

Dr. Chew Li chimed in: "Here comes the first course – a big bowl of egg drop soup – a delicacy in my country and a cup of orange pekoe tea." As the dishes were placed upon the table the doctor asked in a polite tone who had waited on this table last. One of the servants claimed responsibility and the doctor's pleasant smile immediately hardened as a cobra preparing to strike. He picked up the tea cup and flung the hot tea into the servant's face. "You forgot to pick up your fortune! – Now – misfortune!" at which he laughed aloud while the servant attempted to subdue the pain, muscles contorting as will battled with flesh. "Now go to your duties!" The servant bowed and went away face peeling in reddened pain. Sir Reginald smirked superciliously and swallowed a gulp of tea. The Freemason continued: "Given the negative reputation Israel has in the democratic countries to strike against Arabistan would be to show our hidden hand too clearly even for the common people. This could create a great diminution of trust in the appearance of representativeness of democracy and also to boycott of Israel's goods and refusal to submit to taxation for foreign aid to Israel especially in the European countries." The Don made a rude circling gesture with his hand: "Yeah, yeah Europe's finished anyway, The idiot Christards in America are all the justification we need to get the campaign underway. We will have war with or without you..." he stated matter-of-factly. "But this conflict could escalate and bring about war with neighbouring countries and through diplomatic ties bring about a world war – Solomon's temple will just have to wait for a more opportune moment." The Freemason though a race-traitor found the necessity of betraying his aristocratic lineage as a pure blood British – a distasteful action especially in kowtowing to this 'Jew upstart' as he called him in his mind. They set to their meal to alleviate the tension and the Don made several other attempts at swaying the Freemason finally drifting to other topics concerning China and its role in international affairs and its relationship to Israel and how Britain was a failing nation and that China would be the next world superpower; that Israel and China would form a great partnership and a global order would arise that would wipe away all previous forms of corruption stemming from Rome and the Vatican, etc. At these words the Freemason became angry: "I must protest this slander – without England's backing Israel would not exist. Past history requires" – at which point he was cut off by the Don: "Past history is past history. We're onto bigger and better things and besides with the city of London – what do we need of England?" In saying this he demonstrated the subordination of the former British empire to the financial power based out of the city of London governed secretly by the top Jewish banking houses. At this the Freemason seethed and abruptly turned on the Don his secret service agents becoming attentive and fingering their weapons. At this instance the waiters returned minus the scalded one carrying covered dishes steaming through their cracks, the fine bone porcelain of which they were constructed gleaming in the dim light the yang xin still sounding in the background. The Freemason continued to stare at the Don who shifted his attention to the meal. Chinese chicken balls and wonton soup were the fare for the Don and doctor while a glistening pair of turtle doves sleek with pig lard were that of the Freemason's fare. Rice bowls were supplied on the side with chopsticks. The Don looked apologetically at the Mason: "Sir Reginald, let's eat," he stated with an amicable tone in his voice. They began gorging themselves on the fare and the Don slid a steel chopstick from his rice bowl into his hand reversing it in an ice pick grip. The doctor also seemed to stiffen as if in readiness, an incomprehensible smile plastered to his face. "Food's good..." the Freemason mumbled between bites. Suddenly he hacked, face empurpling and eyes protruding from their sockets. He bent over in his seat hacking. The Don and doctor made a simultaneous move both assailing the secret service agents, the Don coming up and down with the chopstick jamming it into the eye socket of the agent, the doctor striking a few pressure points with his ba gua skills – one to the solar plexus and followed immediately by a punch to the throat then a palm to the nose jamming the nose bone into the brain of the agent. The Don had not been idle his other chopstick jammed into the throat of the agent and grabbing both chopsticks one in the eye and one in the throat dragged the agent down onto the table after sweeping his legs out from under him smashing his head into the porcelain bowl. The Freemason was curled in the fetal position under the table as the venom took effect. The Don drew a knife across the throat of

the agent and a pool of blood welled out into the dish. The Don and doctor both dipped their teacups into the blood and drank a toast: "First New York, then the world," the Don said clinking his cup against the Oriental's. The two got up and shifted booths to get away from the gore and detritus scattered about. They sat down again and began discussing affairs. Dr. Chew Li brought up the topic of Kristina: "As you are aware Don Palumbo, there is alive and in our keeping one of the daughters of the bloodline of the Arya. She is kept in the basement of Dim Loo's kitchen. Would you like to see her?" The Don nodded and said: "There is only one thing remaining for me to become a living god – and that is the blood of an Aryan virgin. Are you sure she is pure?" Dr. Chew Li responded: "We have done genetic tests to verify that she has not been contaminated with the genes of any of the other races and her hymen is intact – this without a doubt proves that she is virgin." At this the Don became excited: "It is rare in today's degenerate age for a woman or even a girl of young age to be virginal – Remphan smiles upon me at this time. Soon the world will belong to Israel...and you of course will share in it Dr. Chew Li as well as your people. We will transfer power from America and Europe to your country as a major superpower and base of operations. We'll rule the world with an iron fist!" The Don arose and demanded: "Bring me to her! I would finalize this project. The blood of the Arya must be mine!"

Scene: Dim Loo's Kitchen basement wherein Kristina is held

The grimy floors and reek of rotting Chinese food which wafted into the dimly lit basement were not enough to defeat Kristina's hopes of rescue. She heard a scraping on the stairs sure that it was the hunchbacked kitchen slave who fed her her daily fried rice and pork come to deliver. However the stairs groaned under what sounded like a great weight descending. She defiantly stood her ground and prepared for whatever would enter. The steel door opened outwards and she came face to face with a giant of a man thickly muscled and dressed in a black suit with a large glowing ruby depending by a gold chain from his neck. He stared at her through his Neanderthal brows and granite jaw clamped shut in a thin smirk the lower and upper lips having the appearance of thin pieces of raw liver, his skin tone a pasty colour yet luminescent as if possessed by some strange occult force. He walked in and stood before her: "Kristina Adams? Your father has caused much trouble for the Cabal," he stated with a menacing tone. "It would be hoped that his daughter would pay for the sins of her father." In so saying he took up his fist with its electric ring and grabbed her transmitting direct current into her arm. She screamed as the voltage cursed through her arm rigidifying her form. The Don sneered and hurled her into a corner. The doctor followed behind and entered saying: "If you will be needing me I will be upstairs with Dim Loo going over accounts," he said bowing and shut the door behind him. The Don towered over Kristina and the star of Remphan on his chest glowed and pulsed as if sensing that what is needed was within reach. The Don reached towards Kristina as if impelled by the star which used him as its instrument. The girl kicked at the Don who became enraged at the sight of Kristina in her red dress as a bull is angered by a red flag. He charged at her but in his blind rage struck a piece of metal rebar projecting from the concrete floor and went crashing with his full weight against the wall headfirst cracking himself against the concrete. Stunned he swayed and Kristina attempted to sidestep him and make for the exit but was pulled down under his bulk and wrapped in his steroidal arms which imprisoned her in that adamantine grip. "I will have blood!" bellowed the Don who shook Kristina like a puppy in his arms.

Scene: Dim Loo's office, Dim Loo's restaurant Dim Loo, a gargantuan Chinese sumo wrestler who had adopted the lifestyle of a sumo in his journeys in Japan found the marital art to be complementary to his gluttonous propensity. This was partly the reason he had established the restaurant – to state his immense appetite for delicacies. His greasy fat face billowed out at the chin taking on a buddhistic appearance. His greasy topknot hung back off his head exposing a large ornate chain with a jade gemstone depending from its golden links. His opulent silk suit patterned with dragons of gold thread shone in the light of the paper lanterns which illumined his office. Two lithesome oriental geisha maids dressed in Chinese schoolgirl outfits waved paper fans to cool his grotesque bulk which sprawled on

silken cushions. The room was large and spacious accommodating his many large meetings which both he and his superior Dr. Chew Li arranged in overseeing the affairs of the Snake Gang. Now the two leaders poured over their accounts which were recorded on paper as no electronic database could be trusted. These were stacked high and Chan their assistant stood by making notes in assigning orders to the gang's members for the collection of debts. Just then a row was heard in the foyer as the remaining kitchen help raced out of the kitchen armed with cleavers and submachine guns. The two leaders looked puzzled and instructed Chan to go and report to them on what was happening as they sealed the room with its sliding door effectually concealing them from detection from whatever problem letting the staff fight it out. They turned towards the screen that showed the front entrance and watched the scene ensue. Two white youths attacking the staff who employed their most highly developed martial arts skills in combatting them. The submachine gun-toting chefs were dispatched with a roundhouse kick from the darker-haired youth and another's head exploded in a rain of gore as the lighter-haired youth dealt an uppercut to the jaw with metallic-looking gloves, followed by a sweep kick to the remaining fire-armed assailant who crashed to the ground striking his skull against the floor. The remainder of the waiters were dispatched by the two, one with a knife thrust through his throat which ripped away his head, the other with a fist to the stomach that broke him in half. The final waiter whose face was scarred with fresh third-degree burns knelt prostrate before the two youths and a conversation appeared to ensue finishing with the frightened waiter pointing back to where the two leaders were and the two youths racing after their target, the oriental waiter rushing out of the restaurant out of sight of the cameras.

The two leaders sealed within their room hurriedly put away their accounts in their lacquer boxes and picked up their ceremonial tasselled swords in preparation for the assault to come. The fat Dim Loo heaved his bulk up and assumed a crouch stance with his sword extended in one arm off to the side.

The doctor covered the

other section of the room both being at forty-five degree angles to the steel bulletproof door. Suddenly fragments of the door burst inwards as Seig's fists pounded holes within the door buckling it on its hinges and eventually sending it sliding across the floor with a scraping sound as nails on a chalkboard. As Seig's last flurry of fists flew the doctor slashed with his sword and brought forth a rush of sparks from the contact of metal on metal. Tod rushed it and met the slash of Dim Loo's sword with his knife slicing the blade in two. Dim Loo looked in amazement at the severed blade then entered into a sumo stance thrusting forward at Tod with his incredible bulk hand after hand attempting to push Tod into the concrete wall and crush the life out of him with his incredible bulk. Tod's knife slashed upward splitting the skin of Dim Loo whose belly burst open spilling its contents on the floor the sizzle of fried fat wafting upwards and mingling with the incense. The jade pendant that hung around the neck of Dim Loo glowed and shook. Appearing in the incense an apparition arose and stood over the group its flat black eyes like those of the dead Chinaman which looked up vacantly from the bamboo matted floor. Seig was too busy to see the apparition which had descended upon the fallen Dim Loo and was feasting upon his vital elixir. The doctor slashed and his slashes were met by Seig's gloves. Seig jabbed at the sword and it shattered into fragments when he used his knuckles. The doctor immediately crouched into horse stance and prepared for the onslaught. Seig hurled punches alternating left and right which the doctor adroitly sidestepped bobbing out of the way, back-flipping some distance away from Seig and onto a low-hanging platform upon which rested a Ming vase. He toppled it over and a wave of sulphuric acid rushed out of the top burning a hole in the floor. Tod utilized the opportunity to whip his knife at the doctor whose silk suit was impaled from the front pinning the doctor to the wall tapestry. Tod twisted the disc on his pendant and the knife flew back to its source causing the doctor to fall into the smoking hole left by the sulphuric acid and down below. The demon which emanated from the jade rushed down after the doctor to imbibe his vital elixir into itself. Seig looked down into the pit and observed that the room into which the doctor and demon had fallen also contained Kristina. "Kristina!" Seig yelled but the girl didn't respond as she was in a hypnotic state a red glow surrounding her. From

below the head of the Don appeared and yelled, face contorted with rage: "C'mon punk! C'mon and put it to the test!" Seig yanked the silken rope from one of the hanging tapestries and tied one end around the lacquer table. He rushed down on top of the demon who still feasted upon Dr. Chew Li's corpse. The Don confronted him, muscular body trembling with rage as veins projected from his skin, he having discarded his suit for the ritual sacrifice of Kristina which had not been able to be completed though she had been put under hypnosis as a preliminary act. The star of Remphan glowed brightly on the Don's chest as if pulsing with life. Even the demon kept its distance contenting itself with the meal of the doctor's soul. Tod came crashing down on the silken rope shortly after Seig his knife sailing at the Don yet shattering to pieces on his flesh, the glow of the star of Remphan brightening in intensity for a brief moment flickering as if mocking the assault. The Don bellowed: "Your weapons are useless! You cannot defeat me!" charging Seig who attempted to buffet the Don with his fists but to no avail the blows landing with metallic sound as of metal on metal. The Don laughed maniacally: "Remphan flows through me – I am demigod soon to be god!" Seig was seized in the arms of the Don who attempted to crush the life out of him. The pendant of Seig glowed which elicited a greater glow and brightness from the star of Remphan. Seig derived greater power through the struggle the formerly steel limbs of the Don becoming flesh and his own taking on a more steel-like hardness. The Don's eyes bugged out in astonishment as he sensed the relative shift in power between his supremacy and the challenge Seig represented. Just then he was struck a blow on the back of his neck by an elbow from Tod which diminished his defenses. A further blow against his lower back by Tod had him loosening his grip on Seig. Both brothers pendants glowed now and even that of Kristina's was also glowing. The demon who had apparently had his fill of the doctor's vital essence rushed back out of the hole in Dim Loo's restaurant. The star of Remphan glowed brightly and the Don let out a cry of anguish as the pendants of the Arya lit up like molten metal radiating outwards their energies. A ringing sound emanated from the pendants and the star of Remphan cracked letting forth a rush of bright light, the light of a thousand thousand souls which had been trapped within the jewel for a thousand thousand years. The Don's body shook and a well of blood erupted from his mouth spewing the contents of his vampiric feasts of a lifetime onto the greasy concrete. "Noooo!" screamed Don Palumbo as his plans for global dominion washed down the drain of a filthy Chinese restaurant in an obscure city on the eastern seaboard. "Yod He Shin Vau He!" he screamed choking on the words. His body slumped to the ground dead. The demon appeared again at the hole in the ceiling and rushed upon his corpse to imbibe the elixir of many victims of torturous sacrifice. "All's well that ends well," Seig said going over to Kristina who was recovering from her hypnosis and helped her to her feet. "Anyone for dim sum?" Tod joked. The three of them left the demon to lap up the remnants of the Don.

Prologue: The trio drove the armoured car towards Adams Manor eagerly anticipating their reunion with the colonel and celebration of the death of Don Palumbo one of the major operatives of the Cabal. They wound their way towards the manor over the rolling hills of green under the blue skies above and came in sight of the manor. Repairs after the destruction at the hands of the Scorpion gang had been underway and were in process of completion. Though the manor had lost its ornate and traditional ironwork and statuary which had been desecrated by the Scorpion gang in their raid upon the manor last they visited it had acquired a sterner more rugged quality, the stone blocks out of which it was constructed being of a black marble to replace the former white. The wall had been rebuilt with double thickness and the wrought-iron gates were doubled, separated by a distance of ten feet to minimize the ability of infiltrators to gain entry. Arriving at the gates in one of the armoured vehicles they were met by a security detail of a similar calibre as the previous one though comprised of new faces given that the old had been largely wiped out by the gang raid.

Tod stuck his head out of the window and stated he and Seig had Kristina with them and that he wished entry to reunite the colonel with his daughter. Kristina poked her head out of the open window and waved to the guard who had become acquainted with her image from family photos. He signalled to the gatekeeper to buzz them in and the sliding gate began to open. Once inside the trio exited the vehicle

and they were escorted inside by the security member who beckoned for them to follow him onto the veranda where they espied the colonel lying down with an ice pack on his gaunt, ashen face looking out over the fields. As they came into his view he brightened at their coming, ashen face showing the ruddy complexion of old: "You've returned! You're alive!" he croaked, lips spreading in a ghoulish grin. He fell back against the cushion wracked with pain. "What's wrong Father?" Kristina asked as she stooped over him. He gestured towards the glass of water on the table and she brought it towards his lips to drink. He took a sip and fell back exhausted yet in spite of his painful grimace he had a look of accomplishment like he had attained what he had been born unto the earth to do, to continue the bloodline of the Arya. He spoke: "Kristina...before I die I must request of you that you marry Seig. For you must continue the bloodline." Kristina looked towards Seig and then back to her father. The colonel continued: "Promise me Seig that you will take my daughter in marriage," at which point he coughed hacking into his kerchief. Seig replied: "If Kristina will have me I will gladly do so." She looked towards him and smiled a token of her consent. The colonel explained to them why he was so incapacitated: "The Scorpion Gang stung me," he laughed hollowly. "One of their members injected me with a bio-weapon which is impossible to recover from. I have only two days to live according to my old and trusted friend Dr. Harrow who has gone to town and who is treating me here. I have implicit faith in his diagnosis. I must accordingly initiate the final solution to the Jewish problem and perish myself in the attempt..." he trailed off in another hacking fit and Kristina attempted to get him to relax to cease struggling. He resisted continuing to finish his statement amidst much coughing: "Seig, you and Tod must continue the fight whatever there is left once my final mission is completed. I want you all to remain here with Kristina and to continue the bloodline to preserve the teachings of the ancients." The plan the colonel had devised he reiterated to the trio: he would use his underground Hanebu craft and internal canisters of bio-weapons which were racially specific targeting Ashkenazi and Sephardi DNA and would fly over the heart of New York City spraying the particulate over the area so that it would be impossible for any Jew to either detect in advance or to escape their inevitable destruction. He would first give the signal telepathically to all other pendant wearers who were members of the Arya and who would initiate similar strikes in all the major cities of the western world and also to operatives who pretended to be Christian evangelists in Israel to detonate a facility of such canisters in Tel Aviv and Haifa. The operatives were Palestinians who had a righteous desire for vengeance against the Jews and would have no difficulty dying in a suicide attack. They were custodians of the pendants through transmission from ancient Aryan bloodlines that had become racially mixed yet retained the external trappings of their forbearers having mutual interests bound up with the Arya throughout their history. All of these acts would occur simultaneously across the power centers of the Cabal. There were even rogue ethnic Chinese agents who descended from Mandarin bloodlines and who had been ousted from power under Mao and who thirsted for vengeance. Indeed the entire world had a dog in the fight against the Cabal and their tyranny over the earth through their system of usury and exploitation. The colonel prepared the next day for his flight – it had to be a suicide mission as that was the only option for a man with only one day to live – the day that he had chosen upon which to die. He intended to crash the Haunebu into the Long Island compound of the Cabal and put the finishing touches on his apotheosis. A selfdestruct mechanism was placed into the Haunebu should additional force be needed to obliterate the compound. The next day the colonel was placed into the cockpit and took off into the clear blue sky. Hours later, order was finally established amidst the chaos that had been the history of the earth. Seig and Tod stood with Kristina on the veranda and welcomed the dawning of a new day.