

Five Smooth Stones

A Novel

by T.L. Winslow

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From The Book of I Samuel, Chapter 17

- 33 And Saul said to David, You are not able to go against this Philistine to fight with him; for you are but a youth, and he a man of war from his youth.
- 34 David said unto Saul, Your servant kept his father's sheep, and there came a lion, and a bear, and took a lamb out of the flock;
- 35 And I went out after him, and smote him, and delivered it out of his mouth: and when he arose against me, I caught him by his beard, and smote him, and slew him.
- 36 Your servant slew both the lion and the bear: and this uncircumcised Philistine shall be as one of them, seeing he has defied the armies of the living God.
- 37 David said moreover, The Lord that delivered me out of the paw of the lion, and out of the paw of the bear, he will deliver me out of the hand of the Philistine. And Saul said unto David, Go, and the Lord be with you.
- 40 And he took his staff in his hand, and chose him five

smooth stones out of the brook, and put them in a shepherd's bag; and his sling was in his hand; and he drew near to the Philistine.

- 41 And the Philistine came on and drew near unto David; and the man that bore the shield went before him.
- 42 And when the Philistine looked, and saw David, he disdained him: for he was but a youth, and ruddy, and of a fair countenance.
- 48 And it came to pass, when the Philistine arose, and came and drew near to meet David, that David hasted, and ran toward the army to meet the Philistine.
- 49 And David put his hand in his bag, and took thence a stone, and slung it, and smote the Philistine in his forehead; the stone sunk into his forehead; and he fell upon his face to the earth.
- 50 So David prevailed over the Philistine with a sling and with a stone, and struck the Philistine and killed him; there was no sword in the hand of David.

From The Book of Daniel, Chapter 11

- 29 At the time appointed he shall return and come into the south; but it shall not be this time as it was before.
- 30 For ships of Kittim shall come against him, and he shall be afraid and withdraw, and shall turn back and be enraged and take action against the holy covenant. He shall turn back and give heed to those who forsake the holy covenant.
- 31 Forces from him shall appear and profane the temple and fortress, and shall take away the continual burnt offering. And they shall set up the abomination that makes desolate.
- 34 And many shall join themselves to them with flattery.

- 35 And some of those who are wise shall fall, to refine and to cleanse them and to make them white, until the time of the end, for it is yet for the time appointed.
- 36 He shall exalt himself and magnify himself above every god, and shall speak astonishing things against the God of Gods. He shall prosper till the indignation is accomplished; for what is determined shall be done.
- 37 He shall give no heed to the gods of his fathers, or to women; he shall not give heed to any other god, for he shall magnify himself above all.
- 38 He shall honor the god of fortresses instead of these; a god whom his fathers did not know he shall honor with gold and silver, precious stones and costly gifts.
- 39 He shall deal with the strongest fortresses with the help of a foreign god; those who acknowledge him he shall magnify with honor. He shall make them rulers over many and shall divide the land for a price.
- 40 At the time of the end the king of the south shall attack him; but the king of the north shall rush upon him like a whirlwind, with many chariots and horsemen, and with many ships; and he shall come into countries and shall overflow and pass through.
- 41 He shall come into the glorious land. And tens of thousands shall fall, but these shall be delivered out of his hand.

From The Book of Revelation, Chapter 13

- 1 And I saw a beast rising out of the sea, with ten horns and seven heads, with ten diadems upon its horns and a blasphemous name upon its heads.
- 2 And the beast that I saw was like a leopard, its feet were like a bear's, and its mouth was like a lion's. And

to it the dragon gave his power and his throne and great authority.

3 One of its heads seemed to have a mortal wound, but its mortal wound was healed, and the whole earth followed the beast with wonder.

4 Men worshipped the dragon, for he had given his authority to the beast, and they worshiped the beast, saying, "Who is like the beast, and who can fight against it?"

5 And the beast was given a mouth uttering haughty and blasphemous words, and it was allowed to exercise authority for forty-two months.

6 It opened its mouth to utter blasphemies against God, blaspheming His name and His dwelling, that is, those who dwell in heaven.

7 Also it was allowed to make war on the saints and to conquer them. And authority was given it over every tribe and people and tongue and nation.

8 And all who dwell on earth will worship it, every one whose name has not been written before the foundation of the world in the book of the life of the Lamb that was slain.

9 If any one has an ear, let him hear.

10 If any one takes captives, to captivity he goes; if any one slays with the sword, with the sword must he be slain. Here is a call for the endurance and faith of the saints.

Chapter 1. The Last Sunday.

I

Pennsylvania, 6 P.M.:

"Kids, this is the the Dopey Turtle. He just dropped off your birthday presents..."

The Kids Net went off the air. Sirens wailed, then suddenly went dead like a mistake had been made. Dr. Pete De Gaygarden looked up from his high-backed easy chair in his simulated walnut-paneled, soundproofed study, an open laptop computer in front of him. The computer had gone dead.

A pitcher of Amway ready-mix virtual-alcohol margaritas was in one hand, about to be poured into a glass on an end table. He had on Sunday summer clothes, shorts, sandals, Hawaiian shirt, and his trademark Panama hat. Guaranteed not made in Panama. By Amway. Everything they used practically. He and his wife were Amway distributors, to bring in extra money.

It was late October, 2033, but there was a heat wave due to an El Nino and there was summer in the air.

His little daughter and son were peeking around from the living room at him, their eyes wide and blinking, staring. The study was sunken and with the door open he could see the back of the sofa and keep one eye on the kids. He had taught them never to come past the shagged steps while he was working.

He saw the snow on the wall screen immediately, next to the big picture window that was wide open to the street and the big blue sky. Snow was unusual. Usually the screen just turned into an artistic painting simulator, when it wasn't being used as a sound and light show. Otherwise, it was now quiet. Without the all-entertaining screen they would be all over him and he didn't want that.

He put the pitcher down with a "damn!", because the glass tipped over and he couldn't let go of his laptop to catch it. Who would clean up the mess? He went to the living room, remembering to first whip his dick back in his shorts, and zip up his fly, and tighten his belt. Not that nudity wasn't okay in the house, but years of habit couldn't be

changed easily. His daddy whomped him for nudity when he was growing up, hmmph. His kids both ran around naked everywhere now, good for them. They would not grow up sexually repressed like he did, hmmph.

The Kids Net often taught them about sexuality, and nudity was encouraged at school. Dopey Turtle would sometimes spread his legs, and a fully formed adult penis would hang out. His boyfriend Nutsy Squirrel would sometimes engage him in mutual masturbation, oral or anal intercourse. And then there were Sally Clam, who had human breasts ballooning out of the shell, and a woman's torso from the belly button down coming out the bottom, with a very neat bobbed hair pussy, that is, shaved between the legs but the top of the bush natural. She would sometimes have 'fun with vegetables', and Marcy Mermaid would often have oral sex with her, and with Pastor Octavia Octopussy.

Then the other combinations would be tried, the heterosexual ones, with all the different characters two at a time, three at a time, four at a time. All sexualities got equal time. And all races, hmmph.

Sometimes the kids would be confronted with issues such as swallowing vs. spitting, menstruation and blood, sexual hangups, rape, kiddie porn and child molesters, incest, bondage and sado-masochism. Even horse women. Nothing was taboo.

Masturbation, hmmph. The kids don't need to be taught by strangers. Pete often stroked off while viewing pay porno on the Net via his laptop, and he had been pleasantly engaged, watching supposedly live women in a studio, stroking his fat hot happy piss pickle, drinking, and flipping back to his serious computer work at intervals. He wore a condom to catch the cum, and it ran on down the shaft all the way ending in a latex ring tight against his veiny skin. He left it on as he put it in his pants, still erect and standing up.

The wife had been watching, as usual, in her bedroom behind the double mirror, with her vibrator faintly humming. She was probably looking at herself and him both through the

mirror, and her firm tits were sticking out in the air like fried eggs, while she used the free hand to rub her mound and erect clitoris. A large one too, hmmmph. The kids were too young to notice or care about it yet anyway. All those lessons taught on Kids Net just passed over their heads now.

He had those two kids by mistake anyway, he thought, and she had talked him out of abortions at the time. As he experienced the miracle of childbirth and being a daddy, and fell in love with the kids, he tried to make her forget that, hmmmph.

He had to cum three times a day to live (five until he turned twenty-two, hmmmph) yet lately he couldn't have intercourse with her, it would grow limp inside her until he backed off, then grow hard again. She would suck it like during their courting days and it'd grow soft just the same, in her mouth. The closest she could come to it in its erect state was about where she was now, hmmmph.

He had grown so used to the more beautiful women in the porno that his wife didn't turn him on any more. And she had caught him watching white women all the time. She was black, he was white. Unspoken waters between them. So for weeks she had to resort to vibrating herself while watching him jackoff by day to porno. At night they both were too exhausted to have sex, but they fondled, kissed, and snuggled beautifully, white and black limbs entwined like piano keys. They were in love. Platonic love, hmmmph.

Modern problems, hmmmph. He wanted a wife to beat the onus of loneliness and give the insecure boy in him the stability of having a mother available, not to mention a public front of stability. And it was often clumsy and embarrassing to go to social functions alone. And being on the make was not his cup of tea. So he was trying to reach a sexual arrangement with her and keep that marriage stable. There's more to marriage than fucking like rabbits all the time, hmmmph. Just her female smell was like vitamins to him, and he couldn't go without that.

And he liked his women black, as a lifetime of seeing too many dumb monotonous whites made him want to experiment, and



years of watching blacks playing sports on TV, while they still called it that, made him yearn for their women. He had an inkling he'd like ink, hmmmph.

In his school years he never met any women at all except very brainy white ones, who were all infested with feminism and spoiled, not to mention usually plain, scrawny, unathletic, or outright lesbians. He was uncomfortable in what people called Partymerica, being unable to dance, approach women, talk to them, probably because he had virtually nothing in common with them. Too great a burden to forget all his education, turn off his constant deep thinking and swim in shallow intellectual waters with them, hmmmph.

And he loved funny looks from white people. Hmmmph, there goes the neighborhood.

He actually suspected the white supremacists might persuade him and others that they might be right if given too much leash, and that made him want to do anything to slow them down, because he was more afraid of what they might do than he was of not doing anything. So forcing the issue of race mixing seemed the fastest way to peace.

So whites have higher IQs, and blacks are better athletes. Who has proven that mixing them won't result in people as smart as him, and as athletic as her? Does the IQ get drowned in the black genes, and the athlete survive? Why not the opposite? Maybe the race-mix is more fit for survival than either one by themselves? The damn supremacists wanted to stay with a sure thing. What retros, hmmmph. Don't they remember how they had lost World War II? They thought the white race was a fragile reed, and one drop of black blood ruined an entire family line. He'd show them, hmmmph.

Besides, he'd learned to love the wild thing with African women, even if now he was experiencing a backslide seeing cosmetically-retouched pure white flesh on the Net. He still loved to wake up in bed with her, pull down her panties exposing her exotic black African bush on her slim-waisted curvy body, and rub it, the black hair crinkling under his

fingers, then dip a finger into her vagina and bring it back to his nose, loudly sniffing in approval. Just what is wrong with interracial sex anyway? Don't knock it till you tried it, it's beautiful, hmmmph. And he still sees white people stiffen up when they see him just holding hands with her, hmmmph.

Pussy, he got pussy full time from her. The magical pie. Good in any color. Smells so bad it smells great. Black sugar. Chocolate pudding. Jungle rarebit. Her presence calmed some searching starving beast in him and made him feel as if he weren't searching anymore. She looked like a female New York Giants or Philadelphia Eagles running back with curves, tits, pussy, and cute face, and a really tight end, hmmmph, that turned him on. The black guys could have his white women, more power to them all, the women'd get dick that was bigger than his and never grew soft, like his wife had to put up with. He was the lucky one actually, he thought. Her brothers all had dicks much bigger than his, he had seen them.

She even gave a female look to the house, starkly different than his digs looked in his buck single days, where he thought about sex every 15 seconds and never came close to getting enough. He was incomplete without her, he thought, and she without him.

He remembered how she would suck his dick while she sat on his face and he ate her while fantasizing about white people's reactions. What happened that he lost his libido with her? Having the kids? She was ugly, gross, during her pregnancy, yes. She discovered him jacking off the first time during her late pregnancy. And understood. But now she had her figure back and smelled like the old days. So he was the one who had changed.

His dick was nicely hot and bulging in his pants now, a stick of joy that made him proud to be a man. The boss. Bwana. He Tarzan she Jane, hmmmph, the movies made it up about him saving himself until a white woman scooted in.

His kids were not Crisco white like him, but they were beautiful, no shit, and he loved the little things and had

all kinds of plans for them even though he knew the game was to keep from giving them a hint, hmmmph.

So fast was his mind that all this passed through it in the space of time it took him to walk to the living room.

He began fiddling with the electronics box after swinging the paper-thin monitor away from the wall. He knew all about TVs. He had dissected a few for curiosity, had read books, all the way back to the analog circuits used in the '50s. The design of the television signal itself was interesting. Now they were all digital and nothing could go wrong, and if it did he couldn't fix it, hmmmph. It wasn't really television anyway, just the all-embracing Net, totally computerized and no longer broadcast willy-nilly into thin air, but stored and sent to monitors on demand, random retrieval.

Was this a stored program, maybe it was their local random access memory system on the blink. He pushed the self-test button and it checked out OK. Now this was unusual. Was his set trying to restore the program and the connection to the Net was on the blink?

He thought it was the fiber optics cable, so he tried calling the cable company from his wrist phone, although the appliance should have called on its own. The phone was dead. He reached for his palmsize on the coffee table and tried emailing them. His connection to it was dead too.

He had a sudden panic and went right out the front door of his suburban home. He saw a number of his neighbors doing the same. He never talked to the neighbors and only knew them by sight. Except once when he and his wife went door-to-door selling Amway. No takers.

Little Flo fell and began crying. He went back in, picked her up, and went back out carrying her in her arms, little Pete following along and nuzzling up to his leg, holding his belt. Then, from the step of his porch, he saw it, in the distance, from the direction of the big city, The Big Apple, 80 miles away. The mushroom cloud. It was so real, compared to the various movies he had seen, which made

it safe to look. It had a kind of bluish tinge around the edges. The air was still fresh and good to breathe, he thought ironically, breathing shallowly, something akin to panic welling up inside him.

He noticed something else funny, hmmph. A jet airliner, in the distance, in the direction of the cloud but off to the right some. Its smoke trail showed it had been approaching the big city. Then, it started going straight to the ground, as if it had hit a glass wall.

He looked back down at his kids. They didn't return his gaze. They were staring and blinking. He realized they were blind.

Then a a terrific boom rolled in, in the direction of the cloud, as he stood peering scientifically almost, for a moment, at how dark the mushroom stalk was compared to the head. Look high. The topmost part of the head seemed to turn to ice. Fire and ice, the hell down below where man lived, in the worse place. The sound now rumbled all around the sky like thunder, but not only in one place, all around.

He visually estimated the yield of the nuke as in the range of 1-2 megatons, because the death radius is about 15 miles per megaton, the size of New York City, and if it were, say, 10-50 megatons, he'd already be dead. Each megaton of bomb yield would cause about 100,000 tons of dust, soil, and debris to be launched into the mushroom cloud.

Within one day, the larger particles, containing about half of the cloud's radioactivity, would come raining back down to Earth, just where depending on the winds. The other half of the radioactivity would be lofted into the stratosphere or upper troposphere and have a potential global range, although much diluted by the gigantic volume of the entire Earth's atmosphere and surface area.

And he would sometimes get sick just standing too long over the barbecue grill cooking veggie burgers, hmmph.

He remembered something about 250-300 mile per hour winds

five miles from a nuclear blast epicenter. Out this far it would still be well over a hundred. But over the total distance, the average speed would be 200 mph, so it would take less than half an hour to travel 80 miles.

Know-it-all, hmmmph.

He grabbed little Pete and ran back in the house panicked but firming by the second. He had to be rational now. He ran through the house looking for mother. He found her looking for him, dressed in an open pink nightgown with nothing on underneath. Neither said anything, panic in their eyes. She ran and got a blanket for the kids.

He led the way to the basement, where he stored his Amway products, the kids both crying now.

But not without commanding his wife to bring his laptop. He heard trouble coming as he herded them into a corner, opened the door of the refrigerator, ripped out shelves and frozen goods, tossed his squirming kids into it and hesitated but finally slammed the door on them. He didn't know where he got the strength, but he tipped over two big file cabinets and moved a steel desk around the fridge, making a tepee. All the walls were lined with steel shelves, filled with Amway products, in cardboard boxes.

Shouting "Lay down flat on your stomach, honey!" he laid the laptop over his wife's head with both hands and threw his body over her as best he could, as manly as Tarzan protecting Jane. Who was he kidding? He was afraid. What was it like to die? Funny, but if they all survived, or even just the kids did, and the neighbors didn't, the future would be automatically more race mixed, hmmmph. Oh, but the kids are blind. Maybe it is not permanent, hmmmph. How old was the fridge? Wasn't it the law now that they had to have catches inside so kids could let themselves out? I love my kids more than myself, he thought.

God, save my kids, he thought. He didn't believe in God. He never had time for God. He was a man of reason. He had reasoned God didn't matter, didn't exist, would screw the world up if he did. Now was a life-and-death crisis. That was from whence all belief in God truly sprang. He didn't

have time to rethink his entire stand now. But the strength of his feelings for his children was religious. The devil and the deep blue sea, hmmmph. He felt the same emotion now as anybody who did. Give him more time to think and reason it out.

Then the hurricane-like winds came, the heat, the shock of things smashing into things. Their house was being blown away over their heads.

He tried to keep his wife from looking up. It was a furnace. He couldn't breathe, hear, see, feel. Then he lost consciousness.

## II

Colorado, 3:55 P.M.:

The beautiful mountains to the west ran north-south as far as the eye could see. The highway going south from Denver to Colorado Springs and then on to Pueblo was busy too. The interesting sights along the highway, such as the Castle Rock, foothills, golf courses, interesting ranches with manure and hay smells, blazing red rock and pine tree formations, coupled with the big blue almost cloudless sky and mile high altitude, made this stretch of highway seem surreal.

Then there were the frequent cops. They brought you back to reality. Watch your speed, keep it under 80. You're a sitting duck out here sometimes. They could see your speed by the roadbed sensors, but by law they couldn't ticket you unless they could safely pull you over, so stay in heavy traffic. At least enough smart voters are left to have abandoned the automatic photo-taking machines that sent you a ticket via email and docketed your bank account.

As the cars came into Colorado Springs, they would pass a roadside tourist center telling them of the local sights.

The breathtaking Cave of the Winds, Garden of the Gods, the stately Broadmoor Hotel. Tourist delight, if you kept to the beaten paths. From almost any point in town, you

could look up and see the majestic Rocky Mountains, and Pikes Peak, looming over you, attracting you with their gravity slightly, making you swear you saw yourself leaning as you walked.

But it was also home to Cheyenne Mountain, the Air Force base, the Air Force Academy. The latter was where Scientology cult founder L. Ron Hubbard had predicted, in a novel, that ugly cruel godless aliens from space would have their last battle with the human race before conquering Earth and mining it out.

Why put these government facilities, dedicated to death, in a gorgeous tourist town? Only way to get people to work in these grim fields probably. Without all the tourists and government-related personnel the Springs was otherwise a small conservative rather narrow-minded and unc cosmopolitan town.

The home of a newspaper and publishing empire that had promoted Ayn Rand's objectivist pro-capitalist anti-welfare-state philosophy for decades. Yet many locals had never been as far as Denver in their lives, and many banned all Net access to their homes.

The home of the conservative Christian action group that started a national civil war with their attempts to get state constitutional amendments enacted through ballot initiatives, denying equal protection under the law to homosexuals. The pro-homosexual forces won, in the State Supreme Court, and, surprisingly, in the United States Supreme Court, when the national pressure mounted. When the 2030s came, and national legislation decriminalizing drugs and public nudity and sex, the Springs police would hassle those doing it anyway, trumping up loitering charges, trespassing, anything, until the federals themselves intervened.

Now all the major cities in Colorado except the Springs were homo-lesbianvilles, especially in the city administrations, where they enjoyed the right to legalized marriages, and spousal benefits. The same government denied religious Islams even the right to a reserved space for

their daily prayers on government property, even those who were government employees. Yet a large copy of the Ten Commandments stood on government property right in front of the state capitol building in Denver, with nude tourists crouching on it and giving head all day long.

But Denver was not the Springs. The high-turnover immigrants from all over gave it the feel of a salaried border town, where the 'real' locals were friendly, very friendly, with the immigrants, but never accepted them as their equals.

All-in-all, Colorado was one the most hated areas by Islamic fundamentalists on Earth, because of its anti-Islamic, pro-Christian, and pro-sex Net propaganda activity, all coming from the safety of its inner position in the American land mass. Not just pay per view pornography, which had helped finance governments of small countries and large. Free sex, no money in it for anybody.

From the south, Cheyenne Mountain, a bright flash, and a mushroom cloud. The devastation would easily carry the 60 miles or so to Denver.

### III

California, 3 P.M.:

The highway winding in from Barstow, China Lake, the desert and the hills and opening up on the San Bernardino valley below. The cars were thick and speeds of over 95 were the norm. The sun was changing from the hot beating-down kind to the gentle diffused kind known and loved by Southern Californians. By 6 P.M. the sun would look in less pale than usual from the west but was now clouded out.

Some of the cars obviously belonged to beachy types, college types, some to government employee types, the bland leased look of the cars told you. The number one slow lane was extremely crowded, with the large aged population securing their rights to drive no matter how many laws had to be bent or changed. This area was a mecca for them.



Plenty of 18-wheelers too, in their own lanes.

Cars out here in California are all built for cruising the highway. Manufacturers have to carry two versions of all their cars because of them. A California car is a miracle of advanced technology, the hoses, pipes, valves, and economy saving widgets outweighing the engines. People live in their cars here, it's a way of life, and more chances to get fresh air. Some people will drive a 200 mile round-trip to meet for a cup of coffee. Immigrants at least stay mainly off the main interstates, preferring the anthill-like fester of the big cities.

The desert behind them included the famous Death Valley, home of Ronald Reagan's mule train and Borax, and a testing ground for airplanes, missiles, and other weapons, now inactive. The coastline of California around Los Angeles was thickly littered with ex-government defense contractors, like Lockheed, Grumman, McDonnell Douglas, Fairchild, Northrop.

Like TRW, with its once-famous once-modernistic campus-type main buildings that were once used in a Star Trek TV episode about giant flying brain cells that stuck to the ceiling. It was now a theme park, as TRW had grown from the 1950s until the demise of the Soviet Union, then, like the other American defense contractors, suddenly taken a nose-dive, finally divesting itself of its defense business and sticking with its commercial business, credit, automobiles, entertainment and virtual reality.

TRW had once been the center of design for America's anti-ballistic missile defense systems, Star Wars, or, as Reagan's administration called it, Brilliant Pebbles. All scaled down to research-only after the self-destruction of the Soviet Union in the 1990s, even though their nuclear arsenals remained intact.

America never feared a few nuclear missiles, only an armada of them, which would be impossible to stop, as the expensive research reluctantly concluded. So, ironically, when the funding was restored by Congress, that left them with no way to stop just a few, even one, until the early

years of the 21st century. Luckily, no missile was launched in the meantime. But nuclear devices could be delivered by many means other than an intercontinental ballistic missile.

Off in the distance Los Angeles could be seen, or rather, inferred, from the stultifying smog cloud.

In its center was Hollywood, where many unemployed defense engineers in the 1990s and twenty zeros found work creating virtual reality segments for the movies and other entertainment products. Entertainment was one industry that suffered no decline. Another world, Hollyweird, a second Israel, with all its Jews, many wealthy and powerful, overrepresented in the industry, explicitly trying, from way back in the 1920s on, to propagandize America and the world without ruining its entertainment product so much people wouldn't pay to see it any longer. Developing their market as they went, as they euphemistically called it.

But that was before the Japanese moved in and purchased it from under their feet. After that, the Jews had to get permission to pursue their pet projects first. Always granted, if there was no Japanese bashing. A second generation of Japanese absentee landlords controlled the local politicians like the British once did in Ireland, but less openly, the broad face of America never having been under any one group's total control at one time. A cavity flourishes in a tooth only as long as it doesn't generate so much pain as to cause itself to be yanked out.

But Los Angeles itself was now a second Mexico City, with millions of legal and illegal immigrants. Added to this, millions more from Asia, giving parts a Hong Kong look and feel. A world border town. Rumors that the censuses for the year 2000 and subsequently were rigged to disguise the true numbers of recent immigrants. Many 18-wheelers had cargoes of illegals headed for America's heartland.

Suddenly, the beautiful horror of an atomic bomb going off in Los Angeles, right over the San Andreas fault, where it could kill the most people the most ways. A common subject of many a Hollyweird movie in days past, reality was now born out of fiction. A mushroom cloud rising like giant

wings over the City of the Angels. Los Angeles was a brilliant pebble now. The ants caught in the fire would not have been surprised, they had danced too long on the cold cold grill. Still, this couldn't happen. They had sold America out to everybody, who could still be so mean?

There were five mushroom clouds in all pock-marking America's face all at once, over New York, Los Angeles, Washington D.C., Boston, and Colorado Springs.

All the books in the world couldn't describe the enormity of the loss those clouds carried in their dust. No choir of angels, no multitude of orchestras, could play music even beginning to suggest the magnitude of the sorrow in that dust. No philosopher or mathematician could express in any number a mind could conceive, the loss of genetic material to the world gene pool that dust symbolized.

The United States of America was hit in the head and was dead. This was her last Sunday.

Chapter 2. The Week Before.

## I

La ilaha illa Allah, Muhammada rassul Allah. There is no god but Allah, and Muhammad is his (last) prophet.

The five Holy teams would not have had any sleep for three days. Nor any women for three months. No matter, their lives were almost starting, not almost ending. They would live forever in paradise, the most blessed of Allah's children, soldiers in a Holy War, a Jihad. Hareems of beautiful women awaited them in paradise, forever fulfilling their every need and desire. This old world was a test, the pain and work a temporary fire to forge the shining swords of their souls for eternal display in paradise's halls. Even their swarthy complexions were a test, a necessity in the hot sun of that part of the world. But in paradise they would be as white as they pleased, and as beautiful.

But first their swords had to be wetted with the blood of the infidel. No greater enemy of Allah than America, the Great Satan. Four hundred million infidels against over one and a half billion Faithful. So big and powerful, so sure of itself, so racist, they had humiliated Iran and Iraq and lorded it over the entire Middle East. They even let women parade around uncovered and half naked, and let them be soldiers on the battlefield, the infidels.

Their atheistic sexually-degenerate culture was flooding in even now via the insidious satan of the Net. The American government worked hand in hand with Israel to infiltrate their political and military organizations, and, by a process of divide and conquer, neutralize the power in their mighty numbers.

An era that would end without them knowing it. The Great Satan had a great surprise coming. Allah knew no borders, no divisions. That was a folly of man alone. The entire Middle East had secretly decided to unite into a United States of the Middle East, and declare holy war on the entire infidel world.

They had rejected the satanic influences of the Americans, but they had at least learned the value of unity. E pluribus unum. From many comes one. That would work in the Middle East far better than for them in the land the infidels plundered from the American aborigines. Great Satan was the public enemy number one, and destroying it utterly was not an option. It was directly on the road to paradise for the soldiers of Islam.

Just when their guard was down, the killer blow would be struck. The Great Satan had made much of the Japanese Pearl Harbor. They said it was infamous to attack without formal warning. But infidels have already been warned, by Allah, submit or die! They didn't submit, so their own actions got them what was coming to them, at the hand of Allah's soldiers.

It was time to use the grapefruit-sized nuclear bomb kernels purchased from money-hungry Russians, some as far

back as the 1990s. Five of them, only ten pounds of plutonium each. Just like in the Sacred Scriptures, five smooth stones to take into battle against mighty Goliath and his Philistine army. A megaton or more each.

But to be effective the stones must be aimed very carefully, at the Great Satan's forehead, for a quick kill. What was America but the Goliath of the modern Philistines, the Western coalition of infidel nations, and what were they but the chosen people of Allah, alone submitting to his will?

There was no security in the haughty United States. The borders were open on all sides like a sieve. The whole population was preoccupied with sex, sports, making money, vices. The country thought of itself as a global island insulated from the rest of the world. The teams could walk in almost. But no unnecessary risks were taken. They all would come in through different routes, via different devices and ruses.

The Los Angeles team would come up from Mexico, disguised as wetbacks, each carrying part of their nuclear bomb. The stupid Americans don't know the difference between Mexican and Arab, Libyan, Iranian, Iraqi. All the same to them, brown. Or black.

In America if you weren't white you were a foreigner even if you were born there. The whites, once 99% of the population, were down to just over 50% now. Yet despite all official pronouncements they still ran everything, and obscenely separated themselves by numerous devices physical and economic from the rest. If you didn't speak American you were even more coarsely lumped into a snake basket. So even the authorities would take them for simple Mexican wetbacks trying to get a lowly job or welfare.

They had whole areas of the southwest of America filled with millions of legalized wetbacks, but no matter how many they legalized, giving token citizenship to, more millions would follow. A movement to admit Mexico into the U.S., and extend all its laws and welfare system as well, permitting whites to mass migrate down there and start up a new

economy, new cities, was gaining ground, on both sides of the border, causing border enforcement to become even more lax.

But if they did absorb Mexico into the U.S., adding 20-30 new states, the soft underbelly of America would seal up, and it would be that much harder to penetrate its borders if they wanted to increase security. If they also absorbed Central America, America would become a true global island, more able to defend itself militarily. We didn't want that.

They had already admitted Puerto Rico, and Cuba after Castro's death caused his Communist regime to evaporate overnight in the American mafia's mad scramble to return the degenerate tourist empire along with the American dollar.

The five daily prayers to Allah were a problem with these holy secret agents in an infidel land. Their solution was silent prayer. The stupid authorities would think they were either whispering chatter to each other, or mumbling to themselves. They would make up for it in paradise by a year of constant public prayer, forgoing women as a further atonement for this breach. But the sweet smell of burning infidel flesh would come to Allah's nostrils, and he would give them a hero's reward in paradise.

The dirty filthy lazy infidels, who didn't bathe five times a day like a true believer did, would have to stand their stink as they had this religious rule suspended also for the duration of their mission. Their iman (faith) was not in question on such a holy mission as this.

The Colorado Springs team would come in from Canada, disguised as American tourists without even needing passports. They would have their bomb in pieces mixed in with their tourist luggage and fishing gear. Not even checked.

The Washington D.C. team would come up from Florida, compliments of disgruntled drug dealers, their associates for years in siphoning money from the U.S. in exchange for hashish.

The New York team would come in legally with visas, right through the airport. Their bomb would be smuggled in at night in a boat in the Hudson. Right up to the docks, disguised as frozen fish. A few payoffs to the mafia and in free.

The Boston team would come in disguised as athletes on three different countries' teams. They were athletes, as well as holy soldiers. We selected those who could perform in athletic events to avoid arousing suspicion. Their bomb would be cleverly hidden in luggage, weightlifting and gym equipment, and even trap doors in their shoes. The security was almost backwards, a rumor had been started that they might be the target of a terrorist attack or demonstrations.

They had to act as if nothing unusual was happening all day, and then stay up all night doing their real work. It took two nights to assemble their bombs, all in out-of-the-way places. An extra day was allowed all teams for contingencies, as all bombs had to be set to go off at about the same time, for maximum surprise.

At first we planned to hit on a weekday when the bureaucrats in Washington were in their offices, and Congress was in Session. Then we decided that we needed a day like Sunday with less traffic for our plan to succeed better, and it wouldn't matter if the bureaucrats were in their offices just as long as they had been on the Friday before, and would be planning to be on the Monday after. They knew Americans did all their vacationing in August, and were usually back by mid-September to get down to their frantic work and money making. So we picked late October.

In New York we would just break into an abandoned warehouse at the waterfront and assemble it in a filthy restroom in the basement.

In Los Angeles we would use the basement of an accomplice, who had conveniently left for the Middle East on a vacation. Right on the San Andreas fault line that gives the devils so many troubles with earthquakes. That would surely cause a mother of all earthquakes, and, if we were lucky, all of California would fall into the sea, and the

new Pacific shoreline would be in Nevada.

In Colorado Springs we had our only real problem in that we needed to kill the hardened mountain bunker south of the city in Cheyenne Mountain, which was atomic bomb proof, so we literally had to get a bomb through the safe-like door inside the entrance tunnel dug into solid rock.

We discarded the idea of hijacking a tourist bus and disguising the bomb inside it. The military had contact with every bus, and personnel on it, and their mere not checking in might blow the caper. We discarded the idea of flying a civilian plane over the door and dropping the bomb when it was open. The location made this infeasible. We could drop a bomb a couple of hundred yards from the opening of the tunnel leading to the safe door, but that might not knock the complex out. We had to get a nuke right up to the open safe door, exploding right into it, like a shaped charge blowing a tank apart.

There were over 6,000 federal employees and thousands of private contractor employees who came in and out of the complex. But the security was tight, and even if they could get one or two of their holy team inside the door, they couldn't get an atomic bomb in because they had radiation detectors and would be detected long before they could get any bomb that close.

Then the idea came to us from Allah, knock the door itself out first, and depopulate the area of guards by using biological weapons. A stone in the forehead of the mountain. Then explode an atomic bomb in the defenseless door.

Two holy team members, each with half of a non-nuclear and non-radioactive bomb planted in body cavities and inside false arms, would go with a tourist bus to the complex, hook their halves together by hugging each other face to face, and try to run into the open door before it exploded, like a 4-legged horse. In addition, their bodies contained concealed ampules of deadly biological weapons that would be dispersed during the explosion and kill any security personnel present.



They had to have their stomachs and intestines, and one arm each surgically amputated to make their bodies into bomb carrying devices, no problem for soldiers of Allah destined for paradise in the holy trance. This bomb would not be atomic, but would be powerful enough to knock the door off its hinges, as long as the door was open even a fraction. It would probably be, since it had to have been open for the tourists in the first place, and took several seconds to fully close, even if activated by an alarm they set off.

Then a hand-assembled gyrocopter would be unloaded from the back of a truck, down the highway from the complex, and take off, heading straight to the door, with the nuke bolted to the frame. 3 holy team member would man it, but that was only for evasive maneuvers, to shoot Stinger missile shoulder launching personnel, and to draw fire that might have otherwise gone to the payload. It was computer controlled and preprogrammed to fly into the entrance tunnel and crash into the door and explode on impact, or even if the gyro went down and became inoperable for any reason.

## II

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Nasser looked over his shoulder, smiling brightly at the Canadian border guard. He was driving a Ford Taurus station wagon, dark green, a 2019 model, able to use either gasoline or natural gas, or both at the same time, with battery power a third option. At his side was his cover wife, Nadiya, and in the back seat his two 'young adult sons', 'Drake', and 'Renaldo'. He and his cover wife's cover names were Martin and Sela Hayatt. Supposedly they were second-generation Indian immigrants, worshipping the silly Hindu gods and

believing in reincarnation. Good Americans.

"Do you have anything to declare, Mr. Hayatt?" asked the guard, a pure white English type who could have been a distant relation to Peter Jennings.

"No," replied Nasser.

"Did you have a good stay in Canada?"

"Oh yes, we liked it very much."

"You're from Colorado?"

"Yes."

"How about them Broncos. Another Super Bowl this year don't you think?"

"Heck yes. They are a class organization, good coaching, and the greatest fans. I just saw them demolish the Raiders before I left on this trip. They have a killer pair of safeties this year don't they?" Nasser glanced to the back of his wagon where his Broncos orange and blue logo was pasted, smiling some more.

"I know. I watch them myself all the time. Canadian football isn't the class act American football is."

"Why won't they join the WFL like every other country, even England and Australia?"

"I guess we Canadians are jealous of our identity," the officer said cheerily.

"Methinks you Canadians protest too much," Nasser began, then stopped himself suddenly when he saw the officer's official smile dropping. Not from false loyalty to Canadian football, but because he had decided that Nasser was passing his 'American test' and his job was done.

"Anything else, officer?"

"Can we have a look at your wagon, sir?"

"No problem officer. Go ahead, look."

The guard took the keycard from Nasser, went around to the tailgate, and opened up the door. He rummaged through fishing equipment, camping gear, half-eaten food packages. A portable electric generator, several tackle, bait, and gear boxes. A nasty Canadian tourist guide packed with porno and ads for local prostitution, hidden under a false bottom with the spare. The Americans had nothing to hide, he decided. His elaborate electronic drug and bomb sniffing suite wasn't needed here.

He opened a thermos bottle up, sniffed. Coffee. Arabic, strong. He was in a hurry, there was a line of American tourists behind this wagon, waiting, including a suspicious truck. America admitted anybody to citizenship now, he grunted to himself. The old lady in the front seat couldn't give a rapist an erection.

"Everything's all right," said the guard, stepping away from the wagon and starting to turn to the next vehicle in line. "See ya! Come back to Canada soon!"

Nasser restarted the car and slowly, not too eagerly, cowboyed it away from the border guard station and into the forests ahead. Now it would be the capacious American interstates all the way to Colorado.

Passing through Montana, the wide open spaces and big blue sky caused them to reflect on the awesome majesty of Allah, about to give them this land. Still as unpopulated as in the old cowboy movies. They resisted the temptation to stop the car and bow down in prayer many times. The many Christian crosses atop Christian houses of worship, in country and city, made them all the more grimly determined to do Allah's will. The richness of the countryside, the obscene dress and behavior of the city infidels, made them glad Allah was using them as their instrument to scourge this godless land with fire and sword and pestilence.

As they were coming into Colorado Springs, along I-25,

they looked for the Colorado Avenue exit. A right, and west, past a heavily-scented barbecue pit restaurant, then a few more turns, and into a ranch style house on a hill with a large circular driveway. Getting out, the four weary passengers stretched, yawned, rubbed their necks, and looked around. No cowboys in sight.

From the front door came the last member of their team, an engineer from India on a visa. He was a Moslem, but he passed as a Sikh, turban, beard, and all. Name of Jawa.

"Welcome, welcome!" he said expansively. "Have a good trip?"

"Long, but pleasant," said Nasser. He noticed Jawa's gaze scoping out Nadiya, who was almost naked here in this infidel hellhole without her traditional dress and veil. But then, Nadiya was a fake, a man impersonating a woman, and very well too. And Jawa knew it. Besides, public nudity was legal in America now, and one couldn't avoid seeing nude women even looking out one's living room picture window.

How sick of infidels to think they could ever attain to paradise after having their sex, given them by Allah, changed. When they got to paradise, do they think their souls also stayed changed? No, they would be just what Allah gave them. A woman on Earth is a woman in paradise, a man a man. There is no fooling Allah. But then, no infidel went to paradise anyway.

Nadiya had been castrated and given female hormone treatments in order to successfully fool infidels and help to kill them all the more. He knew full well that when he went to paradise, his manhood would be restored.

They all began unloading the wagon into the garage, carefully stacking every item, then leaving the wagon in front of the closed garage door and going into the house.

In they went into an American style house, with huge wall entertainment center, no symbols of Islam or their true political beliefs evident anywhere, as American as apple

pie. Down they went immediately into the basement, where Jawa opened an innocent-looking compartment, tapped in a code against its blank back wall, and a secret door opened. They went in, and shut it behind them.

In here they could safely talk without fear of being bugged or overheard. The whole room was built inside a wire cage, which caused all electronic emissions to be blocked. Even then they spoke in a mixture of Arabic, Farsi, and Hindi, and in very low guarded voices.

"When do we undergo our surgical operations?" asked Renaldo.

"Tomorrow night, as late as possible. You are to gorge yourselves with dates, cheese, and honey now and up to the moment of surgery. When we remove your intestines, you will have to live on stored energy in your blood after we have to remove the IVs for you to go on the tourist bus."

Jawa had been specially trained to do the necessary operations, although he had not been a medical student. Nothing to it, he had told them after successfully practicing on sheep, then on foreign prisoners, back in the training base in Pakistan. The main worries were preventing death from too much blood loss, and in not letting the wounds get too infected that drugs wouldn't let them survive long enough to do their missions.

"If it be Allah's will, we will start gorging ourselves now," said Drake. "Do you have the food here?"

"Yes," said Jawa. "Look in that locker over there, to your right."

Drake opened the locker and it had shelves neatly stocked with the required items, also drinking water and yogurt. No refrigeration, but it wasn't needed anyway. Drake began handing it off to Renaldo.

"Let me review my part," said Nadiya. "After our 'boys' blow the vault door..." She made eyes at them, in jest, then backed off, the atmosphere was too serious. She also

dropped her falsetto.

"... the rest of us will be waiting in the truck off the main highway. You and Nasser will unload the gyrocopter, and we will all board it in the assigned positions."

"Yes," said Nasser, "and where is the gyro now, Jawa?"

"In a rented truck. It was out front of the house as you drove in. The word was spread that I sold the house and am moving."

"They won't stop us on the way to the complex?" inquired Nasser matter-of-factly. This America, there was no security here, but this was a top secret military treasure.

"No, they don't care what people do here away from military installations," replied Jawa. "People travel in rented trucks all over that area all the time."

"We have the item," said Nasser, referring to the atomic bomb. He never said the word bomb even in a secure facility, out of habit. "The works are disassembled now, but if we start immediately we will have it ready in 24 hours."

"Where is the grapefruit?" asked Jawa, referring to the nuclear core. "Inside the electrical motor housing," said Nasser. "We removed the motor and inserted it in its place. It will be easy to remove after we jack up the car."

"Glory be to Allah for the ease of our mission so far," said Jawa. "In less than 3 days we will be in paradise."

They all glowed warmly from the face outward, nothing more being said. Soon they were praying on the floor, preparing to go to work without sleep until their mission was accomplished the coming Sunday, to be in a holy trance up to the minute they were ascended to paradise.

Their operation went smoothly. When the door blast was heard, the gyro was unloaded out the back and the mini jet engine quickly started. Nadiya and Nasser sat in the fore

and aft cockpit seats, his legs wrapped around hers like in a bobsled. Jawa lay on the gyro's landing struts, to be able to look straight down and back, and fire protectively. All three had anti-biological suits, but not the usual protective thickness, just enough to keep them alive for 60 seconds. Weight had to be saved, and full suits were too clumsy for the work expected of them.

They had allowed an extra five minutes in flight time thinking the enemy would have thought of something to block the gyro from reaching the door, and that it would have to maneuver around evasively before homing in, or even blast its way through. There was no such problem.

The gyro reached the tunnel without opposition other than a few rifle shots from some guards, surprised to see the gyro coming in from a blind angle, thinking at first it was a hospital emergency copter. Not even a Stinger missile shoulder launcher like they had drilled for was seen.

Nadiya, Nasser, and Jawa were top marksmen with pistols and rifles, which they were heavily armed with, and were trained to go for the legs and arms to prevent them from setting up and firing. They had lightweight body armor on, but in their Allah trance they could sustain many hits from weapons without feeling a thing. The gyro also had its own anti-Stinger missile missiles, which either person could set off manually if they didn't fire automatically.

Even if the gyro had gone down, its nuke would have gone off instantly, but every inch closer to the safe door they could get first, the better, to inject the nuclear blast into the bowels of the mountain. That they got it so far up the mountain in the first place, in a rented truck, showed the folly of America's haughty pride. "U-Haul" said the truck in big proud letters.

When the gyro flew into the long tunnel leading to the safe door, there was surprisingly little traffic, nor an expected tunnel block. There was some rescue equipment, and some guards, in protective body suits, near others who were dead, probably from the biologicals. Their shots got lucky and caused the gyro to catch on fire and lose flying power,

to the point that the gyro was barely skimming over the road. But too late, it just slid into the area where the safe door had been blown.

They were the only one of the five teams that was early in setting off its nuke, by five minutes. Five minutes later the other four nukes would go off at the same time, and Cheyenne Mountain's formerly penetrating eyes wouldn't see anything.

If the Cheyenne nuke had been five minutes earlier, the President might have had time to take off from Washington into a high flying jet, and avoid being nuked. If they had had the intelligence and the procedures in place, that is.

It didn't matter now. The President was nuked.

Chapter 3. The Week After.

I

Dr. Pete De Gaygarden was speaking at the podium at the hotel convention for academic shitheads like him. He could speak at length on his pet subject, on topics so deep and therefore small they amounted to talking about nothing in a code language.

Deep rather than wide. That's the ticket to getting papers accepted for presentation. And non-controversial, not threatening anybody's power or position. He was game. His tenth convention in 10 years. Not bad for a man still only 31.

At the ripe old age of 29 he had had a crisis. All the great physicists had made their great discoveries by that age, hmmph. Einstein, Bohr, Newton, Planck, Fermi. Was he a physicist? As a hobby maybe, not a career. Physics had no more great discoveries to make, hmmph, all farmed out. He was a cyberpunk too, he just couldn't get paid for it, hmmph, without landing behind bars. He got his Ph.D. at age 21, in Computer Science, big deal, hmmph. It was no



science. It was a bastard science. If he were really good he would have dropped out of college like Bill Gates and done more to feather his bank account, then have a hundred Ph.Ds waiting to answer his every beck and call just by tapping a buzzer on his desk.

If he had been born two hundred years earlier he would have devoted his life to pure Mathematics, like Euler and Gauss, his Gods on Earth. But now that seemed impossible to do. Mathematics was a field farmed far too well, literally too much discovered for one person to even learn in a short lifetime. The ultimate in living for nothing, hmmmph.

What if one day an artificial intelligence was built that studied Mathematics, and declared it all to be trivial, combining all its currently disconnected subfields into one? Like a professional chess player devoting his life to a silly kid's game, just to beat other chess players, only to be beaten at the end by a chip of silicon that cost 1 cent, hmmmph. That was the problem, to do work that gave his life meaning, not robbed it of meaning.

But there were great discoveries left to make in artificial intelligence, and so how could he not be lured into it? Maybe he should pick genetics, cloning, the decipherment of the code of life. Nobody had yet made a real Jurassic Park. Too early, hmmmph. But it would be possible only with better Computer Science, so that's what kept him in it, in the area of genetic program reconstruction, which he invented.

Assume you're a cell, a machine that lives off water and air and nutrients from them, and can maybe move a little, but above all, can reproduce, all with the aid of a genetic program. Imagine what this program has to have in it to turn a single cell, by repeated divisions and intake of nutrients, into a frog.

First, the entire structure and development of the whole frog has to be in each cell's program. But it also has to be supremely overlaid with a set of 'entry points' for genetic 'program counters', so that, for instance, a given cell knows that it is supposed to be part of the eye of the

frog, while another knows it's supposed to be part of its tongue. In each cell is the entire code for the frog, but each cell gets created by dividing off, in a sequence, from the original single fertilized cell created by its parents, its program counter set to its unique entry point in the genetic program. The key to the whole system is a highly accurate biological clock in each cell.

Aging of the higher organism itself is part of the program, hmmmph. It goes with sexual reproduction itself. The system seems to know when it has lived long enough to have spun off enough sperm or egg cells to insure the survival of the species, and then it goes into system shutdown, each individual cell systematically attacking itself as in an auto-immune disease. The latter were precisely the aging program going off prematurely.

It would be for real genetic researchers to find the part of the genetic code responsible for the clock, and maybe find timing constants embedded in it that say when to begin auto-immuning, and double their values, or disable them completely. Then theoretically an individual body could live forever, for it replaces all its cells regularly, and all that stands in the way of immortality after that is life's accidents, man himself, and the failure of the genetic copy mechanism itself, lumped under the name of cancer.

Many of the feeblenesses of 'old age' are not traceable to the genetic program itself, but to the fact that people didn't take care of themselves, didn't exercise, didn't eat right. Abused themselves. Got too much radiation exposure. He'd never get too much radiation exposure if he could help it, hmmmph. Why does a lobster turn red in boiling water? What is old wrinkled skin except sun damage built up for decades? All right, he admitted that he had advanced the age of the skin on his dick to Methuselah's, through rubbing, and probable exposure to radiation from fragments of tobacco and marijuana tar on his hands. Dirt too, hmmmph. And it was a miracle the thing still stood up at all without drugs, which his pride would not let him use. Had he just been out in the sun without protection? He felt hot all over, like a rock lobster in a pot.

What were the last words of the rock lobster, hmmmph.  
Turn it up.

But his work was not laboratory level, it was all done on his laptop, a mind product. Instead of trying to break down real cells and reverse engineer the program, a labor for biologists in laboratories, which Pete felt out of place in and hated even the smell of, he tried to just sit down and mentally derive what a program must do, by pure logic, aided by the observation of real lifeforms in various stages in their development and life cycles.

Black box reverse engineering, hmmmph. His crowning work, that gave him his doctorate, was to specify the entire program for making an algae out of a single cell, and simulating its development and verifying its subsequent functional performance on a computer complex grinding out teraflops of processing power and groaning under the strain. Green chlorophyll, that was quite a trick, hmmmph.

His colleagues were soon busy passing his achievements up with their own, with the holy grail being the genetic reconstruction of the program for growing a human mind.

He was jealous of the wealthy and successful. Perhaps that's all he cared about, getting credit for doing something, not the pursuit of knowledge itself. Every time a colleague got credit for something based on his work, he winced. He gave up his patents to his university by his prior signed agreements with them, which left him with little but academic credit anyway, hmmmph.

The day he reached 29 he had a crisis. His great discovery days were over, he knew he wasn't getting any younger, he was financially strapped with the demands of having children. All he really wanted was to be wealthy and just slow down, try to keep looking and feeling young, have good sex.

Bill Gates. There was a marketing genius, who rose above the crowds of merely technical geniuses and became their boss while getting them to like it. Richest man in the

world. Could give away more money in one day that he would probably make in his entire life. Never invented a thing. A nerd's nerd. Got rich by never giving anything away. By destroying competitors without mercy. By stealing ideas. By using people. Life wasn't fair. Not that he cared to be that old himself, even with the money.

That is what led him to Amway, which he considered founded by equally great marketing geniuses, but in contrast to Microsoft, actually tried to impart its knowledge to its distributors, with extensive seminars and training materials flowing like a gusher, new millionaires being minted almost daily. This was his only hope of becoming a millionaire now. He never tried to sign up academics to be distributors, though. They would be a waste of time, hmmph. His upline Diamond distributor was The Twin, quite a contrast to other Diamonds who were into promoting religion with their soap powder, hmmph.

He poured a glass of water before speaking. He always did that, and then he could peer at the audience without seeming to waste time. The usual collection of shitheads like himself. Wouldn't even be listening, except to the niceties at the beginning, nor read his paper. They just wanted academic credit for presenting a paper like he did.

This is how they all made their living. Publish or perish, the savage law of institutions that paid handsome salaries, as long as you kept publishing, paying the price of living under high mental strain. High price prostitutes of the brain pan. A young man's game. Could make you a mental vegetable by 40. He had seen it, some of the older faculty, hmmph. Brain dead. He saw himself in their shoes and felt like a migraine coming on.

He always wore his Panama hat, even with his business dress suit. White. Chalk it off to being young, but he had to have a style. If he got too old for a style, shoot him please. Maybe then he could go nudist, hmmph. And next to him at the podium, his wife. Black.

The audience was almost all white, a few orientals and a bearded turbaned Sikh. One black man, a high yellow, hmmph.

Dry types. It was paradise for the few. The best bullshitters. The evenings out on the town were the real payoff. Expenses paid by the university. Boondoggledom. A brief respite from the intense mental strain. He just loved a shot of tomato juice followed by a shot of tequila, what a buzz.

As a student he couldn't get them to pay him a nickel for years, but when he earned his union card, his Ph.D., they put him on this gravy train, and it seemed worth it, compared to being a corporate employee computer analyst like his father, hopping jobs every 3 years until 50, then bailing out of the corporate rat race to a lower paying but more stable career as a mortuary representative. His own burial was a neat form of severance pay, hmmmph.

He finished the water, looked down to place the glass ever so neatly on the table, pushed a button, and looked up. Stalin was known for always having a big pitcher of water on his desk, and chugging down glass after glass all day. Good for the health to drink plenty of water. Surprising nobody poisoned him. Maybe they did.

A mechanical sound. The floor was raising towards the ceiling, fast. Now his and everybody else's head were sticking out through the white roof, the bodies hidden. Fitting, as they were all paid for their brains and nothing else. Now he could begin speaking.

The heads sticking out through the roof, now that brings back some of my proudest moments, hmmmph. He was a 98-pound weakling and no athlete, it is true, but he made up for it all for years every weekend in Computer-Aided Chess (CAC) tournaments, where he rose to a star before retiring at the ripe old age of 27.

His team was sponsored by Amway. That's how he learned of its distributor system and plan. His computing gear was state-of-the-art, and his main opponents were always the Microsoft team, and the Borden-Brainfoods Division Team. The latter was a leading supplier of brain supplements, which millions of people relied on to get them through their workday. Amway had their own line of competing brain foods,

and he got them supplied at wholesale cost, hmmph, by agreeing to become a distributor. The cheapsakes never gave it to him for free, hmmph. Turned out to teach him a lesson about economics, but at the time, hmmph.

The tournament computer would spin the rules, as they called it, for every game. Old classic Chess, before the computer creamed every world champion and made it obsolete, had a fixed set of rules, fixed board size, and professional competition was dominated by those who studied and memorized openings since childhood. Now tournament players were more like race car drivers, using their talents to drive a hot rod computer set-up into rules that were laid down as the game itself started, and this was still an area where pure computers were not capable of beating human-computer teams, hmmph, they could look ahead so many moves, yes, but never enough, there were too many combinations that grew exponentially. And no way to consult opening libraries built up from collating the results of years of human tournaments.

So, after the computer had done its best, the human still had to judge which of several good lines of moves was the most promising, and the final value of this judgment often took many moves to prove or disprove. Which is where he came in, hmmph, CAC East Champion 5 years in a row, United States Champion 2 years, Third Place in the World Competition behind Mitsubishi and Nestle-Brainfoods. N-e-s-t-l-e-s, Nestles has the very best, brain-foods, hmmph.

Some rule changes involved new piece types, such as Capablanca's Archbishop, which could move like a bishop or a knight, but never both in the same move. Or sometimes it could, hmmph, the tournament computer didn't just pick random pieces and rules and throw them at you, it actually played out several games in its memory to make sure the rules jived or worked harmoniously and didn't lead to absurdly long or short wins, hmmph. Sometimes the board was given odd shapes, triangular like in Klingon Chess, hexagonal, star-shaped, hmpph, the Star of David. Sometimes certain board spaces were given special properties, such as causing any piece landing on it to freeze for two turns.

Sometimes the board was made into a hypersphere, with pieces going off one edge landing on the opposite edge, like a Moebius strip, or a Klein bottle, hmmmph, big topological words, hmmmph.

Random chance was never allowed though, for instance, dice like they used in Backgammon, or shuffled cards. CAC had its limits too, before it became something else. Computer-aided wargames, hmmmph, but always totally deterministic. That's what made it such a mental trip, nothing to blame failure on but yourself, hmmmph.

After years of perfection, CAC was a virtual trip of the mind bar none, pure mental delight, pure intellectual absorption. Better than sex, not, hmmmph. The blood all went to the cerebrum and the sex layers of the brain were shut off, hmmmph. Funny how the fact that the rules of the game changed from game to game didn't hold you back, because the computer made it impossible to pick illegal moves, and looked ahead so far for you that you intuitively grasped the rule locus itself in the space of all possible CAC games, like a traveller in space knows what kind of galaxy he is in and adjusts his travel accordingly, hmmmph. The presence of an equally-matched opponent speeds up the ride, dizzying and exciting and completely emotionally-intellectually satisfying.

Almost as good as a major movie, hmmmph. Or maybe better, yes, it's the ultimate movie, since you totally control its outcome, hmmmph. The ancient duel of mano y mano, the pleasure of trying to crush your opponent in single combat while he tries to crush you. No fun to just crush a weakling, hmmmph. A close contest, both combatants equally-matched, and a dazzling exertion and will to win must be there or anyone can lose a given game, hmmmph. When the win comes, the mental-emotional payoff, endorphins, hmmmph. Loss is very painful though, almost like a total realization of life inadequacy, hmmmph, especially after the grueling series of matches draining your brain juices. The world tourney ends many a career, hmmmph, ask him about it.

Flying through game space in a hot match was like space

travel, hmmph, the moves flowing by, creating rivers, valleys, mountains, plains, sand dunes, snow drifts, storms, hurricanes even, hmmph. Big and strong, hmmph. Hot blasts of wind on your face, hmmph. Yet, at any time, the board just stood there serenely, on the audience's viewscreens, in the convention center where the tournament brought in thousands of eager spectators, all feverishly working their own laptop and wrist computers, hmmph. Just like the shitheads now, their heads serenely sticking out through the roof just waiting for his speech.

## II

He fell out of his musings and remembered the shitheads.

His kids' heads were among the shitheads. "Daddy, go home!" they cried. What was he to speak about? He suddenly thought he didn't remember. He reached out for the papers he was supposed to be reading from. The bleachers he was sitting on were white painted, and barren.

He was at the track, where his wife, before she was even his girlfriend, was a star in several track and field events, a budding Olympian. She even looked like Florence Griffith Joyner, Flo-Jo. Or was that Jackie Joyner-Kersey? He always got them mixed up. Weren't they sisters? Flo-Jo was the prettier of the two, too bad about her bad heart, amazing what the heart can take but when it goes it no longer flows, hmmph. If she had lived today they could have easily saved her, hmmph, people are living too long as it is now. Up close his wife was the prettiest of the three, to him, hmmph. Up close, hmmph.

There she was, at a distance, hmmph. She had on a white and green track suit, with a big number 19 on her back. He remembered seeing the 1 as symbolic of his dick, and the 9 as symbolic of her mouth. Her conked hair held back behind her head by a ribbon. A white sweatband. Hard nipples sticking out through the tank top, no bra. There were almost no spectators. The two other spectators were leaving. Now he was alone in the stands. The sky was perfect blue. The sun was not to be seen, and he didn't want to catch it if it was. He caught her peeking out of



the corner of her eye. Kommen Sie kloser, madchen, ich wollen sprachen mit Sie, mit dir, dear. Coward, can't open my mouth, hmmmph.

A jet airliner was falling out of the sky again, hmmmph. That would speed her up. Sitting in the cockpit, his hand on his cock, hmmmph, joystick, he'd ram it between her legs, no matter how fast she ran. Yes, here she came, sprinting over to his side of the field. But not to talk, not even to look at him. She turned her behind to him like he wasn't there, but he was there, and she knew it, for she knew just exactly where to point her behind at, hmmmph.

Ready to put on your little show, like the last time I was here, and the time before that, dear? Thank the heavens. She bent over, standing up, for a long time, pretending to be stretching, letting him slobber at the thrilling ephemeral sights, the tight buns, the long legs, the mound sticking out and begging for attention, the sensation of seeing a fleck of panties, maybe a patch of crotch hair.

He kept staring and undressing her with his eyes appreciatively, half-proud of being the recipient of this exclusive show, half-embarrassed if somebody should be watching him watch her. Hmmmph, so far they had never exchanged a word. He got a hardon and wished he could rub it to orgasm. He shifted his weight and forced the hard penis down one trouser leg, where it throbbed so blatantly she couldn't miss it if she were half-blind, hmmmph. That would do his talking for him, hmmmph.

Nudism, and drugs, were legalized simultaneously some years later, throughout the United States, in what they called the NMBR, the New Millennial Bill of Rights. But at that time women maybe benefitted more than they lost by having to wear something, for the imagination is the ultimate sex organ, hmmmph.

Lordosis they called it. Like when female animals present their rear ends to the male during mating. Human females did it but it was more abstract and sophisticated. They almost never looked you in the face, they couldn't do that,

you were lord. They showed you they liked you by turning their ass straight at you, and bending over. The secret of many businessman-oriented coffee shops with the cook's order shelf always positioned just so, hmmmph. Human beings worshipped their own asses, or rather, female asses. Even females worshipped their own asses.

Men don't worship their own asses, they worship their dicks, hmmmph. He never wanted to admit it but he had had homosexual tendencies all his life. Sometimes he surreptitiously crept over to gay male web sites just to get his mind off a real person he had had thoughts about. The explicit scenes of hard bodies, ripped abdominal muscles, with huge hard cocks, being sensuously sucked and kissed by other men, without shame, without his hangups, hmmmph. Pictures of a man licking another man's balls and rimming his asshole, hmmmph. One man pulling another man's long cock out of his pants and sucking it off during a hike in the foothills, like it was as natural as having a can of beer, hmmmph. Swallowing the other man's sperm like sweet cream, sweetened condensed milk, Eagle brand, hmmmph.

Why did he think it okay for a woman to suck his cock, but not okay for a man to suck another man's cock? Why does being a specific gender alter one's taste buds, or enjoyment of what they ate? Oral sex isn't real sex, that is, fucking. Is it? Remember President Clinton, hmmmph.

If he could do it over, maybe he would have come out, declared to the world he was gay, and gone into the gym to workout and meet other gays, take them home, suck cock and even swallow sperm, get his total fulfillment from another man's organ. Funny but coming out had the effect of making sure you were studiously ignored now, rather than constituting a personal threat, hmmmph.

If he had just met the right boy when he was a boy, and they had grown up together, experimenting with each other, he could have gotten used to sucking cock before they were old enough to cum, and then slowly got used to the sperm as they got older and their nuts manufactured more, hmmmph. Taking a shower together, kissing and making out, too young to have beards yet. Then laying him on his back on the bed,

and sucking his hairless cock, hmmph. Years later, sucking his hairy but still teenage cock out of his jockstrap, hmmph. Would the smell of his sweat turn him on, like that female gym teacher in that hilarious classic movie Porky's? Seeing him join the Navy, sailing away, and then, on furloughs, sucking his fully mature and raunchy cock out of his sailor suit, hmmph. Maybe as time goes on one learns to prefer it raunchy.

Could gays be faithful to each other? Did they ever feel the need for female ass? Did he want his cock black too, like his pussy? Funny that he never thought about Indian pussy or dick, hmmph. Or Mexican, hmmph. Asian, he'd take that if he could get some, hmmph. Asian pussy, he didn't know about dick, hmmph. If it were young enough, hmmph. Asian women were the best cock suckers, hmmph. Why do they all have slanted eyes? From squinting, and saying, "Suck what?" Hmmph. Yoko Ono and John, hmmph.

But he was married to a woman now, and he loved women, worshipped their asses, and if they kept him satisfied he'd forget all about men for months at a time. Maybe when he got to his forties, hmmph. When the kids were grown, his wife no longer young. He could become a middle age fag, hmmph. Make up for lost time by eagerly sucking every young cock he could get. Plenty of time for that, hmmph. Or, no time left for that, he had blown it already, too old, he had shot his best wads on women, hmmph. All for what? Two kids? He probably only spent 20 minutes actually making them, all told, hmmph. But that great smell, how could he function without that, hmmph.

He had never actually done it for real anyway, and maybe he wouldn't like it as much as watching the porno made him think he would, hmmph. Men always have sex with each other like animals, raw, uninhibited, what does love got to do with it, hmmph. Anything to get you through the night, hmmph.

But women never just do it like animals. They have to 'talk' first. Humans females differ from the animals in that the male animals just go for what they want, while the human males have to get past their ever-wagging tongues

first. They never made a move on you, you had to chase them and they had to be caught, you had to win and they had to lose. That made them automatic losers for life, but they didn't care. Even if they were winners in track and field, like her, hmmmph.

You have to act like a child, smiling and laughing at nothing, or they think you don't like them. It's impossible to think deep thoughts and have a big smile on your face at the same time, that's the real reason women smile all the time, hmmmph. Never have deep thoughts. That's why they make you smile to be with them long enough to get some sex. They want to make sure you don't have deep thoughts. Real men don't have to put up with that from women, like The Twin, hmmmph. If real men didn't just take what they wanted from women, the dumb would totally inherit the earth, hmmmph.

Even in porno flicks, the writers and directors behind the scenes have to tell women what to do, to look like they really do it like men do. Like animals, hmmmph. Men have their best sex when it's done like animals, women when it's done in the mind and just finished off physically, hmmmph.

A man looks at a woman as a vagina, a woman looks at herself as a womb, hmmmph. Where did he hear that first? Or did he make it up himself? Hmmmph.

So the male has to start out by saying hello, exchanging names, small talk, what's your major, where you from, how old are you, fill her mind up with verbal nothings, then, if you can keep her talking to you, slowly change the physical location until you're doing the wild thing without even mentioning it verbally. You can lose a woman you had dirty sex with just by talking dirty. If you had really dirty sex with a prostitute, that automatically made her unable to ever love and marry you, hmmmph, even though it made you want to marry her more than women you had had what they called 'relationships' with for years.

Hmmmph, when he was an adolescent he had thought he just had to wait for them to come to him and jump in the sack, until he had to turn away the extras. Smart women would know he was a catch and that he has no defenses against

their advances, so they would crowd around trying to be the one he would pick. A few years of actual experience proved the situation reversed. Every man wants a woman to say yes to him and no to every other man. Must screw their minds up totally, hmmmph. What is pornography but a male dreamland where women are over their hangups, hmmmph.

Never had gay sex even once, hmmmph. There was that one time, when he cruised Forty-Second Street on a lark one night, and found himself in a porno shop, in a draped video booth. He was watching a heterosexual porno flick, very raw and cum flowing everywhere, and found himself masturbating. Suddenly a woman thrust herself in his booth, and asked to suck his cock, visibly throbbing in his hand. How could he say no, she had caught him red-handed, hmmmph. Nature can't be denied, hmmmph. She had on a babushka, like a gypsy, hmmmph.

He watched the porno and she gave him the best damn blowjob he'd ever had, keeping her mouth on it after he orgasmed, to catch ejaculation after ejaculation, and neatly swallow it. As she was wiping her lipsticked mouth off with a kleenex, he had a sudden urge, and grabbed her chin, to say something to her. That's when he felt the stubble. He got up at once and left, his dick neatly licked clean and shrunk back to baby size, popping back into his pants as he zipped. He never saw her again, never knew for sure, hmmmph. But it was the best blowjob he ever had, hmmmph.

What was the best cunny he ever had? Once he had visited Washington D.C., and, on a lark, called one of the many 'escort services', honestly thinking a pretty girl in an evening gown would show up in front of his hotel room and show him the town. A woman did show up, but she wasn't in an evening gown. She had on a trenchcoat, and inside she had a credit card machine, and took his card, placing a call on a cellular phone to verify his credit. Then she had her clothes off and was lying in bed, asking him what he wanted.

He looked down instinctively and saw that her cunny was shaved as bare as a baby, and he just dove down on it like a swimmer, eating it like a breast stroke. It was the cleanest, sweetest cunny he had ever eaten, before or since.

Smoother than sealskin, just like in that hit pop song She's A Sealskin Cunny by Fill Fire. As she moaned and juiced and he lapped her juices, he felt like he was in a hareem in the days of the sultans.

Curiously enough, after he couldn't eat her anymore, and came up, she started telling him that she was Egyptian, on a visa, and how all the Moslem girls back home shaved their pussies and ate each other, before marriage, since sex with a man outside marriage, or infidelity afterwards, could get them killed. He begged her to marry him, which she deftly parried with lies and promises, hmmmph. She asked him to fuck her now, and to his embarrassment, he had cum in his pants, without even undressing, and was impotent.

Just then his co-author started knocking on his hotel room door, telling him it was time to go to dinner. Embarrassment, hmmmph, they both lay quiet and played dead till he left.

She left the room with him, going down the elevator with him, promising to see him soon, giving him a special telephone number. Then when the elevator opened into the lobby, she disappeared into the crowd without a trace. His co-author was sitting right there in the lobby, and he seemed to suspect what happened but never actually stated it, hmmmph. He told him he was asleep and didn't hear his loud banging, hmmmph. They went to a buffet and gorged himself on all-you-can-eat raw oysters on the half shell and french fried jumbo frogs legs, hmmmph. Every time he ate one after that, he had to have the other, and the joy of shaved Egyptian poon would be recreated quite vividly. Hmmmph, he had come close to cumming in his pants at dinner tables after sensuously eating oysters while people around him didn't get it.

The number turned out to be phony. He should have tried it when she was still there, hmmmph. His failure to fuck her hard probably was why she gave him a false number, hmmmph. He honestly never looked at her face long enough to remember it anyway, hmmmph. A girl at a bar later that night tried to hit on him, and he passed her up like shit, hmmmph. He was not horny again for a week, hmmmph. Women never hit

on him in bars, hmmph. Must have been the smell on his face.

Maybe this went to prove he was secretly gay inside, hmmph. Can he be gay and still like eating pussy, hmmph, his impotence problem with his wife suddenly came to mind. No, he was very potent with his wife for years, for years, hmmph. Not that his white dick was not prone to some potency failures even in the best of times, in the best of pussies, hmmph. But she had asked for it when she married white instead of black.

Here come the other runners for a foot race. None half as attractive as she, hmmph. There is an official too. Funny he didn't notice anybody out there but her till now. Did he have a gun in his hand? Why was that face so grim? Like Death? An old Frog? From Chariots of Fire? Hmmph.

Her name was Jackie, just like the Olympic star. Jackie de Gaygarden, hmmph. Salt and pepper. Brains and brawn. That ass. Concentrate on that ass. He'd name their kids Flo and Joe, hmmph.

His kids' heads both popped out of the ass, upside down, along with a big red cooked lobster. "Daddy, wake up!"

The gun went off, and the other runners took off without her. She looked straight at him now, right in the face. She had no ass now. The ass was on separate legs, like another kind of ass.

### III

Wake up?

He woke up and found himself buried in hot ash. Like the ancient residents of Vesuvius. He was so numb, but sometimes scary pains were noticed, so he was glad for it. He tried moving. He didn't remember where he was. Where was his wife? She had been sitting at the table in front of the hotel audience. Was that her bony body under him? What was he doing laying on top of her?

He dreamed he had killed his kids and dismembered them and put them in a fridge in his basement. She was a headhunter from darkest Africa and had spoiled him on missionary stew. He felt hungry. Time for a leg or two. Get up, wife, he thought. Serve your master some supper. Bend over while you're doing it.

"Daddy! We can't breathe!"

Shut up, I'm talking to your mommy, hmmmph.

Can't his wife talk? When she did talk it was like a child in a woman's body. He liked her the more for it. She couldn't even use polysyllabic words, hmmmph. She could barely read and write. She got into a major university on her athletic ability alone. She got into his bed with few words ever being spoken, strange, he had just been thinking of that, what was it? Few words past hello how are you?, what is your major?, where were you born?, how old are you?, where do you live?, what do you like?, what is your sign?, my you're sexy, are you attached?, did you just break up?, want to date?, my place or yours?, you're so beautiful, I can't resist you anymore, will you make love with me?, my your pussy is beautiful, can I eat it?, can I kiss it?, would you like to fuck me?, fuck me harder?, did you cum?, will you marry me?, I do I do.

Was it all just questions until the marriage ceremony? Remember her black family and your white family sitting in the church, segregated like in those network segments from Deep South in the '60s, huh Pete? Just looks, moves, animalistic signals, and two separate worlds meet in a church and trivialize history. The single black men were eyeing the single white men almost expectantly. Who am I talking to? Am I talking out loud to myself again? Who is writing this?

After years of marriage she had no idea of his intellectual life, but respected it enough to leave it to him, just as he left her to her athletic life. Did she have an intellectual life? He doubted it, she had an animalistic life, athletics, sex, food, motherhood, Amway. Voodoo superstition was probably her intellectual life. She must



have a secret she kept from him, and he wanted to ask her if that was it. Was she into voodoo?

She never talked about her prior lovers, and she always wondered if she had had any other whites before her, or he was her first. Had she had black dick, and if so, why was she so satisfied with his? Had she ever experimented with lesbianism, and if so, with who? Did she ever turn tricks? Whenever he tried to lead her to the subject of her past, he was led to accounts of her life yes, but sex didn't come up. If he tried asking her outright, if she had had any lovers before him, she said that she didn't kiss and tell, and if he loved her he'd respect that, and do the same.

This time he'd make her talk. He'd demand she tell him all her dirty little secrets, or threaten to leave her forever, to die even. He held his face right up to her face, and summoned his will to talk like he had never talked before.

Nothing came out of his mouth. His vocal cords were frozen.

He grabbed that chilled Chilean lobster tail from the refrigerator and bit into it, feeling suddenly weak and needing some protein. He would tell her now, his eyes staring directly into hers, face to face, kissingly close. She was black and blue, wasn't that a gas. He had once turned blue from eating too much shellfish at a party, hmmph. He would tell her about it.

No way, his mouth couldn't talk, it was filled with dirt. Yet he could taste lobster tail on his tongue. With dirt in the butter. He was coated with butter. Not cold butter, but hot melted butter. What does that have to do with pussy? Was he eating her pussy? He would get up and have a look.

He couldn't get up either, hmmph. His body was paralyzed, stuck to the floor, hmmph. He started testing himself, moving anything that would move, wiggle anything that wiggled. No luck yet, hmmph. How dry I yam, how weak I yam, hmmph.

Sounds of dirt flowing. He panicked. Now he remembered the mushroom cloud. His kids! Were they alive? Did they suffocate? His wife? How was she? No, that was a dream. He was dreaming.

He suddenly realized that the door of the fridge was right at the end of his right arm. And his hand on the handle. I love my kids! God, my whole life has been for nothing if I can't do this! Power, great power... He struggled but opened it with that hand, and pulled it open a little. The dirt kept it from opening more. He was losing consciousness again. This time there would be no dreams. He was sooo comfortable. So were his family. Ungrateful too, hmmph.

"I really love ...", she was trying to say. He couldn't think of what to put in her mouth, but he was sure she named a black man, hmmph.

He woke up in a tent. A military tent. Weak and sick, dehydrated from diarrhea and full body sweats. It was a full day before he fully regained his mind, finding that his wife was near death, but his kids were alive and sitting on his cot. They had both been crying when the army rolled into the devastated suburb looking for survivors, attracting attention. He, like everybody else not dead, had radiation sickness, and the prognosis was fatal.

"I've been nuked," he said out loud. "Who turned it up? Hmmph."

Chapter 4. Win One for Allah.

## I

Notre Dame University in the fall. A beautiful, wooded, laked 1250-acre campus dating back to the 1680s. Reeking of history, of French-Indian wars, fur trappers with thick French accents, loggers with plaid flannel shirts. Of

priests wearing funny black clothes with funnier hats, nuns wearing ugly unflattering habits. Of 20th century visits by the Pope.

Its very age reminded the astute of the legions of dead alumni who must be burning in hell or suffering in purgatory because they had not gone with the program. Yet the shining smiling faces of the young, their whole lives ahead of them, many away from home for the first time. A factory of guilt and hope at the same time.

You could claim to be an intellectual searching after truth here, yet cling to self-debasing grim medieval superstition, hypnotise yourself with repetitive chants, pray to statues and images for favors, and be told what to do by a priesthood that claimed to have absolute authority and a handle on the truth. Above all, you could avoid losing your faith, as it had been spanked into you by your parents, while getting marketable job skills and connections.

But American Catholics always had been a lot for Rome to handle, going their own way in a loveable but, the Roman hierarchy knew, futile attempt to make the Church change its teachings.

In recent years you could claim vows of chastity, yet be a lesbian nun or gay priest. Rock star Madonna, who went into politics and ran often but unsuccessfully for office, as a radical lesbian feminist, had made a sizeable donation for the construction of a lesbian dormitory and the endowment of a lesbian scholarship fund, which added an additional feel to the atmosphere of people getting away with something terribly exciting and sinful behind closed doors because the hierarchy liked money.

The international university community had accepted it into the mainstream, especially in computers, architecture, and law. But the biggest thing earning NDU acceptance was its sports program, especially men's football, although women's tennis and soccer were building fame each year.

Many spectators of the latter were men who like to watch

lesbians and fantasize about lesbian sex. They wore trench coats in the stands and masturbated when the women bent over in their short shorts with no bras and panties, exposing bush or labia, or held hands, kissed, or anything else sexual, with the officials looking the other way if they were in good standing with their university donations.

To be a Catholic, sex had to be regarded as sinful, to be indulged in only after marriage, and only for procreation. The idea of each egg and sperm containing a potential human soul, that could go to eternal fire, was the driving force behind the teachings of the deep thinkers of the Church. To be a good Catholic was to suffer, and sexual tension was the cheapest and most universal source of suffering the Church could impose and get away with.

But with the 20th century rise of the common person, particularly in America, they had to back off, permitting at first same-sex in the mind only, then as the 21st century came on, same-sex with the body, while still frowning on hetero sex outside marriage, on the very same theory, that no new soul could be created so it was at the most a venial sin no more serious than masturbation. And the priesthood that does not grab and keep all the money it could get, was not doing its job, for any religion, much less the Universal (Catholic) one of Rome.

When drugs were decriminalized in America, though, the Church would not yield. Too many centuries of good friars and bishops happy with tobacco, beer, and wine. Even the homosexual ones.

For a high price, the richer patrons, male or female, could get to watch the women's locker rooms, showers, nude bathing pool, or steam room, via microscopic hidden cameras. A dirty little secret of the university, which had always distinguished itself from others that had to close their doors by its resourcefulness in attracting funding from all types of people, Catholic or not.

The women athletes did not disappoint. After a big match, their tensions would be eagerly released in lesbian sex orgies more raw and real than anything porno directors

could script or stage. This was, after all, the university that had once accepted payment for tuition "in kind", by the rendering of services or the payment of livestock. These girls got free tuition if they performed, not in the field or the court, but in the back rooms. Of 51 Catholic colleges that had existed in America at the high water mark of 1861, NDU was one of only 3 left now. A survivor.

But football wasn't necessarily taken over by homos the way women's sports were taken over by lesbians. Men that didn't do it with other men often got none at all, for years at a time -- the wellspring of new Catholic seminary recruitment, as well as big Catholic families, for decades. Men could go into the seminary for a year to decide if they wanted to study for the priesthood, and after a monk taught them mutual masturbation, and worked them into the courage to receive and give fellatio, moving on to anal intercourse, they usually knew all right.

The fact that Notre Dame was a Catholic school, run by priests through the front of a predominantly lay board, made it an ideal target for militant Islamics, who regarded the priests as arch enemies and officers of the Great Satan's high command. All in all, a glorious jihad target. The members of the holy team could expect highest honors in paradise.

The big football game was scheduled for Saturday at 1 p.m. Forty thousand cheering spectators would watch Notre Dame take on Michigan State, with worldwide media coverage, including on its own web site. Gold versus green. The Fighting Irish versus the Trojans.

All the preceding week, the custodial crews were busy cleaning and fixing up the stadium and the field to regulation conditions. To more than regulation conditions, to Notre Dame conditions. Security was minimal, as this was a friendly, cosy, Catholic campus atmosphere, with masses held every day, and priests with their medieval uniforms scurrying about or peering through windows. A badge I.D. system kept lookie-loos and potential pranksters out, and the occasional spy for the other team. The tightest security was at the store where Notre Dame trademark items

were sold to the public.

The jihad team of 60 Islamics arrived separately from all over the United States. They had planned this great infidel roast for a whole year, and the network of over 600 underground jihad holy operatives in America had no lack of volunteers for this glorious suicide mission, whose success would put all at risk. To put so many of their eggs in one basket, the plan had to kill many infidels. 100 to 1 was the minimum ratio they always aimed for. The fear and terror multiplication factor was also very high, the highest, praise Allah.

None of them knew about the Five Stones plan, which was still a year away from implementation. This was the largest fish kill ever made by Islamic terrorists in America, and they knew it, and were justly proud to sacrifice their lives to it. The seemingly total effort put into this one attack made it all the more convincing to Western analysts, that this was the Islamic terrorists' big play of all time.

They couldn't mount something this big again for 5 to 10 years, they were to conclude. It could have been worse, they could have tried this at a convention of Catholic officials, or worse, government officials. Why did they pick a football game at a college? They'd need 5 years of study at least to figure that one out.

With all the many visitors to this college town all the time, 60 more weren't noticed filtering into town, for the past several weeks, checking into local hotels and motels in South Bend, renting apartments, posing in various disguises.

There was no security in Indiana, or the town of South Bend. Their luggage was not checked, there was no security police examining their i.d.'s, no equipment for sniffing out explosives like at airports. Americans freely travelled around without military checkpoints like the Middle East had. The local Michiana Regional Airport had so little security that 3 more jihad team members got jobs there as baggage handlers.

The government gave them far too great a sense of false

security, here in America's heartland. Indiana University, St. Mary's College, Holy Cross College, the College Football Hall of Fame, this town is full of infidels engaged in blasphemy and unholy activities of false learning and they all deserved to die. American football is an obscene immoral unholy godless game, not like real football, what they call soccer.

South bend of what? The St. Joseph River. They even had a modern superhighway giving easy access to Chicago. Or easy escape. The Indiana Toll Road. American infidels always wanted to make money on something.

Ten members of the jihad team had no problems getting jobs on the custodial staff working on the stadium. Inside help is always a plus. They posed as Mexicans with obviously questionable i.d.'s and green cards, and were accepted readily, along with real Mexicans that had the same problem. Mexicans always did menial work for the American ruling class while they looked the other way.

As members of a holy squad doing Allah's will, their usual 5 prayers a day were suspended while they did their secret agent work. They would soon be in paradise, praising Allah forever, and accepting his favor for their holy work in America, the Great Satan.

## II

Saturday morning arrived. The weather was warm, the foliage in the trees was dazzling, the air clear and bracing. The slow life of the campus wakened little by little. A car here, a bike there. Joggers. Supply trucks. Around the stadium itself, the stadium personnel were manning their posts, the news crews and cameramen doing tests, electrical cabling being run by workmen.

The two football teams and their staffs were practicing on the field. The Fighting Irish banners were everywhere.

Soon the stadium was filled to the rafters with people. Orderly, clean, almost ritualistic. The band, the cheerleaders. The media people. Security people.

The game began normally. People around the world loved to watch Notre Dame football. All college football seemed to owe its existence to Notre Dame somehow, and be almost like copycats, extra layers to a nut they were the kernel of. Many colleges founded in the late 20th century and immediately establishing a football team seemed like simulations of the 'real thing' here at Notre Dame. Notre Dame was college football. The thing that had taken this struggling university over the top, leading to its current magnificent endowment, especially after going coed in 1972.

Everybody remembered the movie Rudy. Knute Rockne. Ronald Reagan. Win one for the Gipper. Regis Philbin. Ra ra ra crowds. The old uniforms and the funny way they originally played the game in old film footage, replayed constantly.

The holy team in town now wanted to win one for Allah.

As the game ran into the second quarter, an occasional helicopter flying by, the campus itself was almost deserted, all the people bunched up in the stadium, just a few people trickling in and out like ants from a lazy anthill. Notre Dame was ahead, 13 to 10. Their campus tour always mentioned how the first successful helicopter was designed by the brother of one of its Presidents, Father John Zahm. In bars around the local town, multiple screen monitors were showing the Notre Dame game along with several other college games around the nation.

Another so many bucks for the university's coffers. Another neat nice tidy sound byte for the media. Another addition to the databank of sports statistics for betters and sports announcers. Money riding on the outcome of the game worldwide ran over a billion dollars.

But things were going wrong for the local authorities, very wrong. All the radio frequencies used for communication were being jammed, overpowered by a strong noise signal that made it useless for communication. The media were having problems too, with their local communications. Their satellite link was working okay



though. The broadcast was uninterrupted.

Suddenly the power was cut off to the stadium. One broadcasting crew had an auxiliary backup generator, which fired up. The others didn't. The game went on, the players and crowd unaware. Slowly everyone became of explosions that were not part of the usual game sounds.

Around the stadium, 50 Islamic terrorists, wearing all-black uniforms, covering their entire bodies, including their heads, were at work. Their suits were actually biological and chemical hazard proof, sealed, with gas masks built-in. They quickly killed any security personnel present in and around the stadium exits with nerve gas, and set up their own guards at every exit, while other team members placed explosive charges, and yet others ran through office and media areas spraying nerve gas. When they returned they blew up every exit, trying to make egress impossible. Some didn't seem sealed well enough, so they started tossing grenades in the exit tunnels to seal them better.

Now the crowd, normally very noisy, was quieted by all the explosions. The loudspeakers were dead, and crowd members who had cellular phones, boomboxes, wrist or laptop computers, found all of them unable to communicate.

The football teams stopped huddling on the field, and ran to the sidelines. Cheerleaders stopped cheering. The band stopped playing. Everybody had a searching look in their faces, like they wanted some authority to tell them what was going on and what to do.

The explosions ended. A distant airliner could be heard lazily droning high in the sky, unconcerned with their troubles. Some people took this as a sign to start chattering with each other. Some people made loud shouts they intended to be humorous. "The Trojans must have had too many beans for supper last night." "What a way to get a breathing spell." "Just when we were about to score a TD the Irish pull the plug on their stadium." Flirting soon took over the crowd's attention span. Shubaka Shanahan was the Michigan quarterback, a tall mulatto with long blonde

surfer boy hair, and tight buns with an obviously overstuffed jock cup. Offers of dates, marriage, sex, blowjobs on the spot, rained out of the stands, from women and men.

Then two helicopters came into the stadium, over the center of the field, hovering triumphantly. A murmur arose from the crowd, many thinking help had arrived to fix the problems with the stadium. The helis then separated to midpoint positions in the stadium, and hovered again.

Suddenly, they both exploded in two giant fireless clouds. Before the crowd knew it, their bodies were being sliced and diced by millions of tiny flying razor-blade-sharp jagged metal pieces.

Utter silence for a while, then scattered screams, shouting, moans, chaos.

Many were instantly blinded, killed, or gravely wounded, bleeding to death, and all were spattered with blood, their own and others'. Others were luckier and were still able to do something. The football teams and coaching staffs were visible on the sidelines, human meat confetti.

Total terror soon ruled inside the stadium.

After an initial ducking reflex, thousands sprang up and trampled each other trying to run for the exits, fighting to move people in their way, slipping on blood. The crowd still did not know about any terrorists, and the only enemy they had seen so far had disintegrated. But the unknown was a fear greater yet, so they stayed in herds.

When they got to the exit tunnels, those who found them blocked panicked and ran back into the stands, only to find the next one not blocked yet, but black-suited terrorists had locked the gates, which they smashed up against, piling up like rats. When the gates were 5 or 6 deep, the terrorists sprayed nerve gas on them, causing them to turn into instant corpses, blocking the exits quite effectively.

When more showed up, and tried clawing at the dead bodies

to move them out of the way, the terrorists began firing automatic weapons at them and throwing grenades. They fled in panic back to the stands, cowering. The firing sounds panicked everybody now, even the holdouts. Some tried going to the top and searching for a way to jump out of the stadium. If they did, they would break their legs, and terrorists were there to shoot them like rats. If they didn't they would be shot at by the terrorists from the ground.

A few shots broke out from the crowd, from people carrying illegal concealed weapons, or perhaps from off-duty cops who were packing. This caused the ground-based terrorists to find cover, but they still had the fire lines to stop anybody trying to escape.

A couple of police cars had already arrived and were being blown apart by mobile high-explosive missiles fired by the well-trained holy warriors.

A last helicopter now quickly descended into the stadium, hovering just above the top level.

A few shots rang out from the crowd, trying to shoot the copter. They bounced off the armored bottom of the heli like piss off a tank. They waited until the shots ended, the ammunition ran out. That took only a minute and a half.

The crowd roared with cries, wailing, whimpering, protesting, some begging for mercy. Of the forty thousand Americans that had just minutes before been enjoying an entertainment in a rich land of ease and comfort, none had been spared some damage by the razors of Allah, which they had no way of knowing were all coated with a cocktail of deadly viruses and nerve poisons. The moans and groans sounded like a scene from Dante's Inferno.

Perhaps twenty thousand were laying dead, fifteen thousand more so wounded they were unable to move, and the remainder startled to find they were trapped and defenseless. Some tried to play dead, to hide under piles of the dead. Some were even having obscene sex with corpses the wounded, taking liberties as if it was the last request

granted a condemned person. This would cause them to cut themselves more when they came up against the razors of Allah in their sex objects.

Everybody was weak and sick now, woozy, dizzy, having heart problems.

The merriment of Allah began. From the doors of the helicopter a supergun began firing ten thousand rounds a minute at the crowd, in a systematic fashion, like a gardener mowing the lawn of a mansion. Up and down the stands it went, zooming to within feet, chewing up the American bodies like a mulching machine. Nobody could survive this fire, unless they had cover from some I-beam or cement pillar. At the same time grenades were being lobbed out of the heli at clumps of bodies, causing a meat splash, accompanied by cheers from the terrorists. They were playing their style of American football now.

Allah's men were not lingering over their kills, wasting time. They kept to business, concentrating on doing a thorough job of killing infidels, and after blasting every corpse in the entire stadium, they went around for a second pass. Then the guns grew silent, apparently out of ammunition. No more grenades were thrown.

The people of the infidel world were seeing the whole thing because one satellite link was still operational. The TV cameras were on robot control, and the robots followed the action automatically, pitilessly showing Americans being exterminated like roaches and rats. The images were soon rebroadcast to Islamics worldwide, to great cheers, like the day they announced to the black Americans that O. J. Simpson had been acquitted.

The firing had seemingly stopped, and now the very few survivors now thanked their God that they had been spared, making obscene prayers to their infidel God for having mercy on them. Some probably had visions of making millions from selling their stories. Some were shell-shocked and, even if that had lived, would have suffered permanent schizophrenia. One or two had a bullet or two left in their guns, which they might have used with effect. But none did. There was

no thought of being a hero now, just surviving.

But there would be no survivors on what they later called Black Saturday. The Islamics now turned on nerve gas cannisters from inside the heli, and used the helicopter blades to spray the entire stadium with it. As it swept over the stands, everything it touched turned dead instantly, their nervous systems short-circuited.

By then there was a distant sound of other helicopters, and military jets streaked overhead, flying low. The American military was responding. Police sirens also could be heard approaching. John Wayne and the cavalry to the rescue of the stagecoach being attacked by Indians. General Patton smashing the Nazi war machine from France to Germany. Too late. General Eisenhower liberating survivors of Auschwitz. No, too late even for that.

It was just too late. As the military closed in on the stadium, the jihad members all committed suicide, either by taking off their face masks and breathing the nerve gas, or by ripping off their body armor and exposing themselves to enemy fire until they were shot to pieces.

The entire attack had taken 8 minutes.

The military personnel entered a stadium of dead meat. Then they had their hands full trying to prevent the nerve gas from spreading to the surrounding community, which was on hazard alert, and ordered to evacuate. On the lucky broadcasting network with the scoop on the action, top journalists were busy pontificating from the security of their studios, replaying the pictures they now claimed copyright on. Careers were being made or saved. Sound bytes worth millions were being copyrighted, bigger than O.J. Simpson's white Bronco chase, Big Mac's 62nd homer, a U.S. President blowing his brains out on TV to avoid impeachment over a sex scandal, bigger.

About 5 minutes after the military personnel landed in the stadium and secured it, five fuel oil car & truck bombs planted by the other 10 terrorists around the campus and stadium went off simultaneously, blowing the stadium,

library, Knights of Columbus, and golden dome to bits and scattering pieces in every direction for a mile. The earth tremors could be felt out to the West Coast.

The evacuation turned into a panic when the bombs went off, and many people killed those in the way of their cars, trucks, even feet, in their mad scramble to get away from there. The interstate became a parking lot choked with refugees on foot. Rape, robbery, ribaldry, gallantry, all added a carnival atmosphere to the insanity, terror, and desperation. Many already were feeling sick.

But the biological weapons had a delayed effect, infection being transmissible from initial infection to final death via body fluids, even those in the breath.

Before a month had elapsed, an additional 20,000 people died of disease spread from the campus to the surrounding community. The university was shut down and never reopened. So was the town.

### III

Not one terrorist survived to talk. When soldiers tried to examine the corpses later, they found they were booby trapped and blew up into globules of flesh and blood to make identification harder. The last corpse was left untouched until a bombproof shell could be lowered over it, and a team put in place to defuse it. Too late, the body also had a timer fuse causing it to blow them all into goulash under glass.

A massive police and military investigation costing two hundred million dollars uncovered a hundred broadband communications jamming boxes, some battery-powered and thrown on top of roofs, hanging from statues, inside campus park garbage cans, and in cars. Others plugged into the wall outlets and left in the hotel & motel rooms, and some dormitory rooms. The campus security buildings and local police station had been suicide-attacked by jihad members driving fuel oil bombs on wheels, in stolen cars, and they had blown the little police stations to bits at the start of the stadium attack, triggering auto alarms to the military.

For years some police organizations had wanted all their communications to be satellite-based, to prevent this very prospect of local jamming. But it had been vetoed because an anti-satellite device could have disabled all communications for all the police departments using that satellite.

They figured how the terrorists got their hands on those helicopters, from the local airport. It was a cakewalk, they later concluded. The nerve gas, biological weapons, fuel oil bombs, those they couldn't trace exactly, although there had been unsolved robberies of nitrogen-rich fertilizer and fuel going back to the 1990s, and factories in the Middle East had been suspected, and destroyed, for decades.

They did figure out the power was cut from inside, tracing the custodial personnel as far as the Mexican border before losing track of their prior movements.

All around the campus, statues of priests, such as university founder Father Edward Sorin, were found defaced with Islamic graffiti. The 26 dormitories on campus were found filled littered with dead, mutilated students and faculty. The lesbian dormitory was hit worse than the others, with the women all found naked and dismembered with swords, their orifices filled with semen and feces.

The resulting national furor caused a host of reprisals by the American military on targets in Islamic countries that supported terrorism. Thousands of innocent Islamics died, and several hundred not so innocent ones. The Islamic terrorist underground in America was hunted out and most if not all of them were thought to be killed. Not really, but the surviving terrorists had found some way to fool them.

American Islamics took great heat, and were the subject of community reprisals. Visas for all Islamics of all nationalities were summarily withdrawn. Great victories were announced to the American people on the media constantly. It sure made one proud to be an American again.

But sixty thousand Americans in the American heartland had died, including many notable figures, world-famous professors, medical researchers, jurists, Congressman Schwarzenegger, Madonna's daughter Lourdes and her lesbian lover. Even, of all people, Monica Lewinsky, visiting from Israel, where she had a seat in the Knesset.

And, despite initial cries of war from many quarters, they never were sure who was responsible, who to blame, other than the entire Islamic world, which would have necessitated a World War III declaration on them all at the same time.

The wise President of the United States addressed her nation, from the lawn of the White House, green and perfect as always, the only difference from such addresses in past decades being the virtual reality background imposed on the opaque white Security Dome encircling the entire White House complex, just like other domes covered the Capitol, Supreme Court and other key government buildings in Washington, and other major cities now.

She told them that war is wrong, that only a tiny number of people were actually responsible, that the nation was still basically safe from terrorism from abroad, and to wait for justice, as a coalition of Western powers were commissioning a huge effort to track them all down and punish them under the new World Anti-Terrorist Laws permitting summary military court martial and execution in the field, with minimal supporting evidence sufficient for conviction. More legislation was in the works that would get tougher with terrorists.

They would not win anything through violence, said the President, except status as world criminals, to be subject to a world police action. They didn't want themselves to be regarded as criminals, but as policemen. Already the Russian President was calling America a brash keystone cop, dashing out to pummel somebody over the head, anybody, without taking time to decide if they were really suspect first.

The media had a great sweeps month filled with story



after story of every minutae they could dig up about Black Saturday, impressive funeral speeches, families getting their 15 minutes of fame, church sermons, prayer meetings, candlelight vigils, people holding hands in public, conspiracy theorists, actor reenactments, televised court proceedings. Movies, books, and other entertainment products in the works, rushing to be first to get paying customers. America was still basically undamaged organically, and business as usual came back to the fore.

Millions of Protestants secretly felt that the Catholics had gotten what was coming to them, for worshipping false prophets, priests, and Popes, relics, statues. They detested the rise of Catholicism in what was originally a Protestant country. The entire Western Hemisphere had originally been demarcated into Catholic and Protestant halves, and the Catholic half had proved a colossal failure, a large part of what people still called the Third World.

The immigration of a hundred million Catholics from Third World countries, and their subsequent attainment of citizenship, followed by high birth rate, gave Catholics effective control of many Congressional seats, Governorships, mayors offices. National politics was always a fight now to defeat the Catholic-backed candidate, or the one least subject to slavish belief in their superstitions and least subject to influence by their priesthood.

There was a feeling that sixty thousand less mainly Catholics was, if anything, a step in the right direction. It was the thinkers graduating from these Catholic universities that had moved into the mainstream and foisted the Kennedys and other liberal politicians on America, opening its borders to the tide of Third World Catholic immigration in the first place.

America had too many people anyway. White American Anglo Saxon Protestants, the root core of what had started it all, had to limit their family size voluntarily, only to see everybody else fill the vacuum by breeding like cockroaches.

The reaction to Black Saturday was therefore, after the initial shock, not surprisingly quite complacent as a whole

after just 6 months.

A year later, the American public had all-but forgotten this entire incident, as the college football season was heating back up, and Notre Dame for the first time didn't participate. UCLA was having a great year. All public sporting events now had military security. There was no sequel to this unique event.

The entertainment industry was pumping out blockbusters using virtual reality technology that often made Americans think they were gods living outside time and space and history. Most of America's big cities had one continuous big party going full time. Partymerica.

Drugs had been decriminalized, as had public nudity and sex, hetero and homo, ironically as a Congressional tactic to show the Catholic Church that they didn't run America, although many nominal Catholics rebelled against Church teachings on drugs and sex anyway.

Mass numbers of people refusing, since the Great Party, as they called the Millennial celebrations, to wear clothes anymore, scofflaws, made the issue one of basic respect for law itself anyway. Who could refuse a beautiful lady her right to go Lady Godiva? Or a man to be the God Apollo? Sure, nudity offends some, and titillates others. So, overcome them both by encouraging free sex.

The insidious viruses that had made sex a potentially fatal mistake to make since the 1980s, had been tamed to where they were no more of a nuisance than the flu, and the older people now were the former American Baby Boomers, who had once themselves gone naked in public spectacles way way back when they were young, so how could they deny this to the younger generation now, especially after decades of sex being slowed down by fear of the old viruses?

Of course the giant corpus of laws the religious right and feminist left had gotten passed on rape, date rape, sexual harassment, went into headlong conflict with this quite often, resulting in many arrests, and police harassment, leading to a seething in the body politic that

some demagogues made use of. The genetic engineering of kiss or suck monkeys came out of it.

Race was considered to be a non-issue now by the majority. There was no such thing as race. But, mixing race would be helpful to the country, through hybrid vigor.

All Americans were turning to hedonists, if not pagans, who just didn't care about anything serious. The decade itself was called the Don't Care Decade, its young people the Don't Give a Generation.

But people were not nihilistic, like the children of The Bomb had been once. The failure of the Millennium to bring a religious-style end to the world, and give satisfaction to the Bible thumpers, had not failed to give the mass of areligious, materialistic Americans a message, that they were God's chosen people, this his paradise. Billy Graham had been misguided. Everybody was saved. Loosen that tie, that girdle. Take them off. Spread that beaver. Party.

The new Millennium would be America's. A golden age, maybe. As the majority rushed into it, a few held their breath, some closed their eyes, but all agreed it was inevitable now.

Islamic fundamentalists, like all religious fundamentalists, were thought to be the new millennium's dinosaurs, kicking their heels in their death throes. The rest of the 21st century would come out all right, Americans believed. Americans would show the world how to do it, how to live, how to party. Being serious was a choice now, not a necessity. A choice made by few percentagewise, but since there were hundreds of millions of Americans, there was still a large scientific-technical and academic establishment.

One day every nation would be a suburb of America, if not an outright part of it. Anybody could see this when, in the late 1980s and early 1990s, the Berlin Wall came down, the Communist Party was abolished, and the Soviet Union dissolved in a sea of national independence movements. MTV and the Internet had infected the core of the Soviet Union, and the young generation took over, wanting to have what the

Westerners had. Coca-Cola came to Russia. A McDonald's hamburger franchise was opened in Moscow, soon becoming more popular than Lenin's tomb. That was the ultimate proof.

Even China would follow America's lead. Just give MTV and the Internet time to break into the mainstream there and the rest would happen quickly.

All this giant's plans went down with the giant itself on Five Stones Day.

Chapter 5. The Turban of a Turk.

## I

It was called The Delilah, a top-secret U.S. military system that was supposed to track all nuclear weapons-grade materials and payloads in the world, the factories and equipment capable of manufacturing them, the technical data, even the scientists and personnel that had the knowledge to do it or even learn how to do it. A global-range commando force assisted by satellites and high-altitude flying wings to assassinate anybody who threatened world stability.

Dedicated to keeping The Bomb out of the hands of anybody who didn't already have it, and destroying any new kid on the block for trying it. Barbing the beards of potential Samsons. Run at the highest levels of the Pentagon. Despite much pressure it never became a U.N. joint effort, because America still thought of itself as the only country that should even have The Bomb. The program thus even tried to hamper the nuclear programs of America's allies.

It never worked. They couldn't even warn the President about the 1998 nuclear tests of India or Pakistan in advance. The Indian test had even been announced in Indian newspapers. All that Delilah did was show how impossible the nuclear genie was to get back in the bottle. No matter how much information was tracked, the really dangerous stuff

slipped through the system. But that didn't stop the program, nor dampen its gung-ho attitude.

Nor improve the government's track record of lying to the public. Even though the existence of The Delilah had long been public, the government still denied it. The President even lied to the American public's face that the anti-American Islamic Middle Eastern countries did not have The Bomb, while trying to deny the existence of the very program that would be the main effort to keep it that way. But she knew the public could guess the real truth with no problem, so that showed her true honesty.

Ever since Clinton it was officially okay to lie to the public's face habitually. Or the representatives of the public. Part of the job itself. As long as they get away with it. "I have no specific recollection of that, Senator." If a Special Prosecutor was closing in they would ask for forgiveness while thumping a Bible, and America would forgive him or her.

Nobody, not even in the heartland, ever believed a U.S. President's straight word again after Clinton. Everybody assumed all politicians, regardless of party affiliation, lied to the public by mandate, and analyzed speeches on that basis, that it was their game to guess which lie was the least false. The U.S. had come a long way since I Cannot Tell A Lie George Washington, and Honest Abe Lincoln. But didn't it have to, as the world became more complex, and more dangerous? The United States didn't require honesty in its officials any more. Their job descriptions don't even mention it. Just so the economy was booming, and the nation is safe. They were almost proud of it. The People, not the politicians.

Even having a woman President didn't change that. What does squatting to pee have to do with the head of the nation or what it says to the nation? Giving pussy in the hallway outside the Oval Office to a human head, instead of giving head to a human mouth dick or head harmonica.

It was common for Presidents to lie all the time to the public, but William Jefferson Clinton caused it to go over

the top. As Clinton himself promised, he had truly built a bridge to the 21st century. Some said it served him right for taking on Microsoft so arrogantly.

His Presidency was a constant source of jokes and legends, and size did matter. Monica Lewinsky once tried to justify giving her President a blowjob in his private White House offices as "serving her country", and he tried to justify blowjobs from her, Gennifer Flowers, and others, as "an advanced massage technique".

Or, that it was sanctioned by the Bible, because in Genesis 38:8-10, Onan is reluctant to impregnate his brother's widow, so he "spills his seed on the ground". How does the Bible sanction fellatio, when God slays Onan in the next verse? Oh, said Bill, God slew Onan for not impregnating his brother's widow. Spilling his seed on the ground was okay otherwise. How does this justify fellatio? "People are made of the dust of the ground, Genesis 2:7, right?", he replied.

But that was the 20th century, this is the 21st.

Now it was okay to have sex services put on the White House budget. Many whore ranches in Nevada and elsewhere called themselves The Oval Office, and oval office itself caught on as slang for whorehouse. Many in the media called The White House 'The Whore House' routinely, not even for a reaction. Our current President refrained from such expenditures, only because she has a truly sexually fulfilling marriage.

It wasn't even a job sought by honest or bright people anymore, that of President. Would Bill Gates have accepted it? Or his highest-paying employees? It wasn't even sought by dishonest con-men claiming to be the Messiah, such as The Twin or Reverend Sun Myung Moon. Seeking it proved one not to be a Messiah, didn't it?

It didn't pay anything, was too high pressure, too short-lived, and too many dangers and pitfalls attended it. A power trip, a power rush, yes. For people who aren't powerful to begin with. The fancy electronics. The

executive offices. The executive travel arrangements. The public platform. Ironically or not, the really powerful don't want the job, they prefer to simply manipulate the man or woman who has it. So, being able to stand manipulation also comes with the job.

When a grassroots movement started to pay the President a huge tax-free lump sum at election, to make the Presidency more attractive to talented people, and make them more immune from bribery, the media merely cackled that it would also give the President more money to bribe others with, so the movement fizzled.

Yes, subsequent Presidents had feverishly worked to build the powers, privileges, and immunities back up to almost half what it had been before him, but without outside help they could never again enjoy the powers that Lincoln, FDR, Truman, or even Kennedy enjoyed. Above all, power that comes with no way to exercise without risking your job, was no power. Just a preretirement goal for career bureaucrats and little else anymore.

Even jaded rich America didn't want a government with nothing in it but career bureaucrats. They couldn't be trusted to rule themselves. The Presidency had to be the People's choice, not the bureaucrats' choice. So why not change the Constitution to make the President immune from civil and criminal prosecutions while in office? The power of impeachment vested in Congress was the only safety valve needed.

But even before the Presidency weakened, everybody knew that real power was to be had by being a businessman, or a criminal. No successful one could avoid being some of both, and decriminalization of more and more of the simple work of voluntary free enterprise worked to decriminalize businessmen themselves. The dollar was just as green for the white and black markets, but taxes on business reduce taxes on individuals.

So what if our President was backed by Microsoft money, and they pulled her chain all the time, as the Moonies constantly harp about? What was good for Microsoft was good

for America. She was adamant in blocking any federal attempt at breaking them up as a monopoly, yes, in the interests of America's world economic position, although she did not fight the successful attempt to get them out of the legalized prostitution and drug business, showing she is no mere puppet, but works for the People first. Can the Moonies say they're as clean as Microsoft?

When people grow tired of people dying in chemical and biological terrorist attacks, of their politicians lying to them, of slanted news coverage, of poor Net service, or buggy software, a company is out there ready to deliver. Microsoft Net 2030. Order your v62.1 update now and receive a 10% discount.

Shelley Merci Goldbright ("Mercy, mercy" was the usual compliment), was idly listening to this show on the Net, her thoughts interspersed with theirs, while sitting in Madeleine's bathroom, on the toilet, to the sound of her pee tinkling into the water, and the slow crunching of celery being eaten. She stood up as it automatically flushed, kicked off her jeans and bikini panties, turned around to face the mirror, removed her t-shirt, her voluptuous breasts bobbing out like a spring, checked that she hadn't gained any weight, turned on the water in the shower with a clap, and stepped in. She left the sound on, but could no longer hear it, or see the monitor.

After the usual preliminaries with the shower head, a bodyful, a headful, a faceful, and a mouthful, she removed the shower attachment from its hook, turned it on, started the whirlpool filling, and, still standing, went right to her genital area with it. She was in need of a tension release, also known as an orgasm, now. The virtual reality environment was tuned to her tried-and-true sexual fantasies, and pulsating warm water on her clitoris always did the trick.

The tension would build up to a climax, then the sudden release of the orgasm. Her mind always had thoughts of lovers she wanted but couldn't have. The ones she could have would disappear, vanish, from her memory. Just the ones she couldn't have would arise in her fantasies of



masturbation. Men and women. Modern VR technology actually made them come to life around her, even if it couldn't always re-create their faces and bodies as perfectly as she seemed to picture them herself.

Her breasts were aroused, and she felt the nipples harden under the drops of warm water from the shower. She began massaging one nipple with the free hand. She was getting seriously towards her plateau now. She squatted down on her haunches, her legs spread, and dropped the shower attachment, rubbing herself with both hands, circularly, up and down, and squeezing her nipples hard.

Her dildo, where did she leave it from last time? There, on a shelf with the conditioner and shampoo jets. Now she took it and carefully inserted it into her vagina, twirling it to make sure it was lubricated enough. She fell on her ass doing it. And stayed that way, using one hand to massage her mons and the other to fuck herself with the plastic dick. One tool that had no computer chips in it, she thought. Call her old-fashioned.

She had an orgasm in waves of color and tastes in her mouth. She lay like that, in the whirlpool, for minutes, non-thinking, non-needing, in pure bliss of release from the tensions of the flesh.

A little later, in a Turkish bathrobe, she was laying in bed watching the Microsoft Net news again, on the lavish mirrored wall monitor, via the mirror on the ceiling, her shaved pussy neatly smiling at her, glowing with satisfied tension.

There she was, looking back at herself, then down on the floor. Not her real self, her recorded image, in a formal length dress, on her knees, and the President on her knees too, behind her ass, seemingly looking up her dress.

She remembered that dinner suddenly. Her pearl necklace had broke open and they were only picking up pearls. She didn't ask Madeleine to help, but nobody could stop her. A regrettable photo-op. Cheap shot.

Then, on the wall monitor, a report about the President's girlfriend, who they jokingly called the First Lezzy, having all-but disappeared from the public eye till that dinner, and a male commentator joking that she had it on good authority she still slept with her because the President's breath still smells like gefilte fish mixed with perfume. She and the President were married lesbian lovers, she 35 years the junior. The gefilte fish jibe referred to the President being Jewish.

At least it doesn't smell like pickled herring, like yours, another female commentator joked, trying to put the first commentator down. Pro-Administration since day one she was.

Later that night, a nasty late night Net live talk show added a cigar to Madeleine's hand, and had her dip the wet end in and out of Shelley's crotch, sniffing it, exclaiming 'smells great', and putting it in her mouth. Ever since Clinton, that gag went with the Presidency. At least they didn't accuse her of having a fishy smell.

Funny, thought Shelley, how, no matter how often they both stressed that they were married, the media continued to slip and label her as the President's girlfriend. They had a full traditional Jewish wedding, with Madeleine dressed up in a dark mannish suit, and she in a white, flowing wedding gown, stunning and radiant, a joy to the eyes. People cried.

At the wedding party, two Jewish yarmulked men gayly carried Madeleine around, on an upraised chair. Not that there weren't women at the party too, but they wouldn't have been strong enough. Some of them sure liked kissing the bride, she smiled. If they only knew that under the dress she had crotchless panties, garter belt and hose, and had freshly shaved, powdered, and perfumed her crotch for Madeleine's wedding night. It smelled nothing like fish, the jealous motherfucker. Madeleine never shaved her crotch, it naturally was free of hair except right on the lips. And those lips held a tender, sensitive flower, that didn't smell of fish either, after a bath anyway.

Yes, she did like to smoke cigars, Madeleine did, and expensive ones too, and privately she had done that cigar trick with her, and it had worked, causing her to get wet and willing. Once taboo, lesbian marriage was now accepted officially, by the government, and most organized religion, but after the ceremony, people still acted like it was just a stunt. No holiness to it, no sanctity. Enough to make her into an atheist sometimes, work to abolish all marriage, get back at them.

Madeleine had had a long career as a politician and statesman, after selling out her Internet company to Microsoft, culminating in the Presidency, and they had met in of all places a home decorating store in New York, in the bathroom department. She lived in a lesbian sorority house at the time, but she was looking for kinky new shower attachments, and was unattached between orgies. Madeleine was just looking for a virtual reality whirlpool that didn't try too hard to save water like the Japanese models. To be honest, stores were obsolete now, except as meeting grounds for sex anyway.

Visits to Madeleine's bathroom at her posh condo near Central Park led to sex so naturally she didn't have a chance to think about it. The gentle but firm way Madeleine made love to her made her melt, want to give her everything she had, to be used, made, spread her flower petals for the honeybee. The great experience and wisdom of this woman awed her. Wealth and power also helped. In her previous life she must have been a lioness, what a tongue.

Madeleine's body, old as it was, was surprisingly sexy and clean and well-kept once she opened it up, certainly better looking and smoother than most men past 25. Modern advances in genetic engineering allowed everybody to kill body odors, eliminate skin imperfections, extend their youthfulness. And did she ever show Shelley 69 different ways to orgasm, and her hands were so expert. She made Shelley feel so perfect. A day never went by without multiple orgasms.

But it was mainly a unidirectional tongue relationship, and Madeleine, after she had satisfied her salt lick hunger

for her sex parts, didn't mind if she romped with other women, or men, just so she didn't bring in any diseases, any problems, or any children. Or any photo-ops. She was totally confident of dominating Shelley's heart, and so it turned out.

Madeleine didn't talk or even think like a stereotypical woman. For instance, telling her what she was wearing looked nice, and talking silly gossip, drew calm silence. Call her sexist, but Shelley couldn't help but observe that the majority of women were still like that. Madeleine almost had a man's mind, struggling with ideas and concepts to the exclusion of all personal concerns. A great man's mind. Yet a great sadness underneath. Some horrible memories in her past she carried around perhaps. Jews are like that. Madeleine looked on powerful men as inferiors sometimes, but was looked up to by all. Her dream husband. So what does what she has between her legs got to do with it?

Shelley moved in with her after the semester was over, and after trying to keep their relationship secret in vain, Madeleine made a chess-like move and 'came out' with a formal letter handed to her press agent. It was the news item of all of 5 minutes on prime time, not much surprise really. Madeleine had been single for decades since her first and only male husband died of colon cancer, and people had suspected. This was while she was Secretary of Defense. Three years later she was President. January, 2029.

Many were glad she wasn't totally asexual. People were used to going around naked in public now, and having sex in public places too, even within sight of the White House, even though nobody in it could have seen through the new Security Dome that encased it, white and opaque, with a virtual reality holographic background imposed on it.

Sexuality was no longer an issue with the great masses like it had been in the 20th century. The Miss America Pageant was actually saved by sexuality, after years of trying to please everyone at the same time caused the audience to shrink and shrink. Originally a beauty contest judged by white men, a backlash almost killed it off,

leading to years of manipulating the winner selection behind the scenes, one year to have a black winner, the next an Asian, the next a Cuban immigrant, or some other non-white me-too. A blond haired blue eyed white came in once very 5-10 years like a gimmick. Not as winner, as runner-up. The low point came with a string of winners who were 'beauty-challenged', just plain ugly, on top of the usual sound bytes glorifying being frigid, childishly religious, and pretending to want college scholarships in fields they thought sounded like winners.

People did want beauty contests, and not just classic beauty, but sexual beauty, and finally real businesspeople won out, ironically as the white population had completely abandoned it.

Shelley remembered the thrill of the first Miss America who won the talent contest by showing how she could be the perfect cunny job for America, and promote her proposed platform of public school cunny instruction.

She danced nude, with two lovers, a gymnastic Cinderella and Snow White. Just when the audience had fallen in love with the contestant, who titillated them by quick snatches of her spread legs, she surprised and delighted the audience by finally mounting, like a statue, on her back, her shaved pussy laid out like a serving tray, her legs in a full split, supporting herself so that her ass practically floated in the air, and her breasts stuck up in the air like a garden of roses, as one lover ate her, and the other one just stood waiting, facing the audience from the far side, making them know they were thinking the same thing, that there she is, Miss America. Ratings soared to all-time highs, with white males and white females embracing it again.

But that was show biz, this was politics.

On the campaign trail Madeleine and Shelley wine and dined and slept together all the time, and it was an existence all in all satisfying, even if hectic. Madeleine often played the man to her woman in public, in formal dress functions, always wearing a suit or tuxedo, to Shelley's

beautiful dresses. At other times Madeleine could play the mother, at yet other times the sister, while sometimes Shelley sometimes played her secretary. But when she sat on Madeleine's lap anywhere in public, and they kissed and hugged, and she crossed her legs that way that says there's a clitoral erection, there was no more play acting. Everybody loves a lover. It was truly beautiful. High summer for both of their lives.

Now the country demanded her time so much that she only saw an exhausted face trying to sleep it off and suddenly get up and take off, with nothing but a quick buss, a hasty cunny job, appreciative love talk.

## II

That's when the loneliness began.

Her own life was at first taken up with public functions, such as visiting conventions, factories, homeless shelters, a blur of tours. Even in an age of information overload, personal appearances still ate up a President's schedule, but the public increasingly allowed the First Lady to do this for her. It helped delay the creeping loneliness, but creep it did.

Shelley was like a combination of a First Lady and Princess Di (back when the British monarchy was still intact), people knowing she was sexually on the make in an open marriage, but still unapproachable. The NASA One Presidential Orbital Shuttle was a gas. The Secret Service always made her life a parole. Even the royal privacy they left her in wasn't useful. She couldn't go find lovers to bring to bed, and she couldn't do it with SS men, they had rules and supervisors. So she was practically celibate after Madeleine got so busy.

Shelley was a natural blonde, with full sensuous lips and exaggerated curves, wasp waist, the kind of girl that said pussy factory, the kind you'd expect on the cover of a video with the words cum-soaked in the title: the star. Definitely the kind you'd eat before you fucked, or even after, if you were a man. Wedding bells would ring for

anybody still on the make who merely crossed paths with her.

Shelley had brains too, a straight A student in school, and a scholarship to CUNY with a pre-med degree. All right, some of her As were earned by giving sex to male and female professors, teaching assistants, and students. She knew she was no genius, but she was a straight A student. She perhaps could have been a genius, but with a body and face like hers the problem of handling all the looks and passes and broken hearts taxed her.

She never went to medical school. She got married to Madeleine and then there was no time. But she took up Madeleine's field from studying her library and papers. Not really made of paper anymore, an anachronism, everything's electronic now. So if she ever went back to school she wanted to study political science, economics, and history instead. Nearing 30, she needed something to fall back on when the body beautiful wouldn't be able to last forever.

Then, soon after Black Saturday, she decided to take matters in her own hands. She demanded her lover give her a job in the Administration. In Defense. In an area directly fighting Islamic terrorism. She wanted to be a serious person too. If she had to be lonely, at least let her feel accomplishment.

She didn't want to attend public functions anymore. She was never cut out for it, she really wasn't a people person, the crowds only made her more lonely now.

Who would do it then, asked Madeleine, if not her? Nobody, replied Shelley. Just put your foot down and say no to personal appearances. Virtual appearances would just have to do. Blame it on Islamic terrorism if you have to. That night, Shelley and Madeleine made the hottest love they had ever made. Time itself stopped for them to get off.

She got her job. As an analyst for The Delilah, at the Pentagon. But she could only have a 3-day workweek, and after a year had to go back to a partial public function schedule, unless terrorism really did threaten her.

She agreed, and jumped into the new meaningful work with enthusiasm, first taking care to unisex her looks with unflattering business clothes, heavy glass frames (for looks, no prescription lenses), and little makeup, in an attempt to be judged in the workplace on her abilities alone. Extensive douching to remove vaginal smells was not overlooked now.

When she looked at her new look in the mirror, she couldn't help remembering an old Marilyn Monroe flick about how to marry a millionaire. She already had. Maybe Marilyn was a lesbian too and lost in a world that was harder for her than people could ever guess. Back then to admit to being a lesbian was the kiss of death, despite the hard-to-break habits many lonely stranded women picked up while the men were out fighting WWII. Their own men treated their women like the Nazis and Japs did, fresh from fighting those very devils and their way of life.

That's how she met Col. Peggy Wetworth. Peggy was born Paul Wentworth, and had gone through a full sex change operation after rising to Lt. Col. in the Army. She was the operations head of The Delilah, in her early 50s. Peggy was exquisitely aggressive, which was a refreshing change from her outside life, and she fell into her arms like a basketball dunk by an 8-foot NBA star into a basket when Peggy pulled the cigar trick on her in Peggy's private office.

It was a thrilling love affair, making out in her private office with the SS agents kept out of the vault area by army sentries. How Peggy would slowly undress her each day, starting with the ugly glasses, the suit and tie, the pants, and expose a voluptuous bunny under the asexual bindings of those traditional male workplace clothes. Hot and throbbing, wet and willing, lonely, yes, very lonely. An older woman scores her again.

Peggy had obscenely red hair, a gene job, probably originally belonging to some kind of tropical parrot or monkey. More likely a spider. But she just loved red, wore silky red undergarments under her military-regulation uniform, which were thrilling until the thought of spiders



began to flash on and off.

Military-regulation haircut, man style. She had full surgically-made breasts, and quite a curvy figure.

And a carefully shaved pussy. Yes Peggy had a pussy, a very lickable one, fashioned by clever surgeons. The smooth skin, the smells, were all right. Peggy was adept with her tongue and hands. The head and face and hands and feet were too big for a genetic woman, mannish, but then Shelley was bisexual anyway, so if anything it was a turn-on to her. Peggy had a wall cabinet filled with love tools too, right in her office, and was quite an ace with them.

eggy talked a lot. Especially about her 'former dick', what trouble she got in with it, and how she was glad to be rid of it, those balls that always filled up with sperms and began tormenting her mind with the devilish thoughts of the libido. How she had so little libido now, and could think with her brain instead of let tiny sperms do her thinking for her. When Shelley suggested that maybe males just use that much more of their brains, Peggy gave her a love bite.

She had been a member of Wanna Lose That Thang, a support group for males wanting to become transsexuals, for three years prior to 'the big O', and she had a stock of anecdotes ready to try on Shelley in an evident attempt to humor her between sexings. Like the poker player whose dick had a tattoo that read "RUSH" when soft, but turned into "ROYAL FLUSH" when erect. "He traded his royal flush for a royal bush", she quipped. Conversation was always one-sided though, Shelley quiet and pensive between moans.

Shelley broke it off suddenly, from the pressure of the very same loneliness that brought her here. The private office was too lonely. She didn't want another powerful protector who kept her behind closed doors. She wanted to have a workstation out in the tank with the regular guys, to live, socialize, hear about people's ordinary lives.

One new workmate, besides Peggy, was Dr. Tom 'the Bomb' Tesh, a mid-30s nuclear physicist. He tried to act like sex didn't exist at work, which was just what she thought she

wanted, at first, even though she tried to imagine him shaving his dick and wearing women's underwear to give herself a rise. She would have done it with him anytime if he just asked, but he never did. She hated not being propositioned, but felt thankful somehow too. This made her understand a little of Madeleine's sadness.

He never smiled unless something was very, very funny. Just like Madeleine. She tried to not look at him. He was also blonde, not as blonde as she, dirty blonde. Short hair, a metallic satellite antenna medallionette sprayed on a shaved forked spot on his pate, sun-reacting heads-up display glasses, a brainy facial expression showing much use of the cerebral cortex. A key team member, and knowing it.

Men didn't have curves like women. With slacks on you had to imagine what was between their legs. She imagined him pulling a big hard cock from his slacks and she just sitting on it with her tits bobbing in his face talking shop talk, while his handy man chopped her meat. But it was never like that. Men were often afraid of being charged with sex harassment, rape, date rape, you name it, with a load of laws big enough for a dump truck to worry about, and huge government agencies watchdogging them. And if women weren't very careful then even being sexually aggressive with men in the workplace caused them to run.

Peggy had enough power that she could get away with anything, thought Shelley. Why? She made it a point to find out sometime. Maybe she could slip GBE in her drink at a bar after work and take her to a hotel and get her to talk, she fantasized.

Tom worked in front of a large computer complex tracking signals of nuclear materials from a variety of sensors. He always had too much work to do. He smoked Mary Boros, a Marlboro product laced with marijuana, with a smokeless ashtray attached so all smoke went through a filter, and into his lungs, then back into the ashtray, with none wasted into the environment. A government law prohibiting smoking in all public buildings neatly gotten around. That was a sign of how much power he had, Shelley mused. Not much, but greater than zero, and he must have been proud of it.

Still she expected some flirting, and it never came, even with other beautiful beavers she saw him with. Was he a homosexual? If so, would he mind if she sucked his cock? If he was there were no rumors floating around, as there usually would be. No pictures of any lover of either sex at his workstation. She thought he resented her, either because she was a lesbian or because she was the First Lady.

Some men resented lesbians. She wish she could understand why. It was those very men who never asked her for sex and could have got it. Maybe he was impotent.

She didn't hate men, or only want to have sex with women. She, like many other women, just couldn't have sex only with men, especially with just one man. Them days were long gone. She'd get that hot feeling for another woman and nothing else would satisfy it, no man could, they didn't have the equipment.

Nothing beat eating good pussy. Nothing could keep her from loving smooth skin and curves as much as others did. Men that couldn't accept them as they were, wouldn't be around after their lust was satiated, and they got a sometimes equal lust for male body parts. At least women couldn't make each other pregnant by accident, and with the population too high already, having children was not socially cool anymore.

So any man so hung up about lesbian lust that he couldn't see that it just made her a better lay for him, if she was willing, was his own enemy. People could all have orgasms any way they wanted and be friends.

Then there were exclusive lesbians, like Madeleine. She absolutely froze up like a dead cod at the touch of a man. But she wasn't very attractive to men in the first place, so maybe it was a feedback process gone to maturity. Shelley was fascinated by both pussy and dick, and was determined to have plenty of both. Madeleine couldn't care less, as long as she kept it discreet. And if the press breaks it, then deny it. But don't be another Monica Lewinsky. Just laugh it off without giving any more details. And never kiss and tell,

you don't know who might be recording it. The American public was very tolerant of successful liars.

Did he resent her for being the First Lady? Or maybe just respect her too much to relax? He was a very good boy, a very good boy. She bet he masturbated every night and had a towel soaked with cum spurts, some months old, behind his bed, along with some old-style lesbian pornography paper magazines hid in his freezer. She felt sorry for herself if she were in love with him. He must be sick. He could have had her and her life story both.

Lt. Col. Debby Ciccone, Peggy's assistant, now there was a mystery rapped in a tasty enigma. She had the last name as the rock star Madonna, and was a wringer for her as well, in her 30s. She was a commando, able to kill you 20 ways as soon as look at you. She was not often around, at the Pentagon, for she was always out halfway across the world on some kind of mission. When she was around, she would be seen always working out, running, doing calisthenics, judo, karate, kung fu, weapons practice, at a nearby military training base, and coming into the secured vault area to meet with Peggy in full military uniform, walking past Shelley's bullpen desk both ways.

Peggy told Shelley that she and Debby had once been lovers, before, during, and after her sex change. But they had broken up, and that was history. Best pussy she had ever eaten, Peggy told her, other than hers. When Shelley broke up with Peggy too, Peggy took it without bitterness, and maybe Debby had something to do with that too, she suspected.

Once she had gotten to talk with Debby alone, in Peggy's office, while Peggy stepped out briefly, and Debby kind of licked her lips and leaned her hip against her leg suggestively, while verbally sticking to pure business. But when she grabbed back, for her leg, she was gone and out in a flash, like a cat that didn't know you yet. Ever since she had waited for another chance to pet that cat in vain.

Another time she had seen her holding hands with a young male private commando type with shaved head, in a corridor

of the Pentagon. She was wearing khaki pants and a t-shirt with no bra, like she had just been doing some physical activity, her shirt wetly sticking to her hot not-oversize tits with exciting pointy nipples. She was squeezing his tight butt and cozying up to him like a teenager. This was during the mop-up of Islamic terrorist cells in America begun after Dark Saturday.

Had a fabulous laugh. A killer smile. Him not her. She was jealous. Of them both. She could just see her sucking his candy coated cock out of those pants, like Monica Lewinsky did with Clinton in the private hall outside the Oval Office. She could see herself diving her muff in a sleeping bag in a tent, the private feeding his long cock in Debby's mouth from behind, the shaft passing over her forehead and his balls resting in her eye sockets like eggs. But she never even got brave enough to say hi to them, with her bodyguards making maneuver difficult. So she let them both go, left with her fantasy to live out later, several times, long after they had gone. And she didn't even know who the private was. And never saw him again.

But she did some homework on Debby later. Debby's file was marked Top Secret, but at the same time there were several non-secret files in different government data bases, creating a total picture of no reliable information, about her sexuality, politics, or anything else. Including how to contact her off work.

Then there was Moammar. She forgot his last name, too long and foreign. He had been born in Libya but his parents moved to the U.S. when he was only a few years old. He was a Middle East language expert, a whiz, and did their translation work. Even after 90 years of computers they couldn't handle all the subtleties of human language translation. He had no trace of an accent, other than maybe a little Ivy League, Yalie.

She couldn't get any sexual feeling about him at all, he just wasn't sexy, sorry. She automatically suspected his loyalty from day one, but there wasn't any reason to justify it. He was more American than a hot dog and a baseball game. He didn't eat hot dogs actually, but he was an avid

baseball fan. That was America for you, a melting pot. A good sign. Even though she herself was a vegetarian, her experience with hot dog meat being limited to the living kind.

Moammar was married and had 4 or 5 kids, she didn't know or remember if she had been told. His wife wore a semi-veil, but from what she had seen she was a rare beauty, an exotic flower. Too good for him. But then Islamics didn't necessarily marry for love, or for looks, or for pleasure. They weren't Americans. But then, these two were supposedly raised in America, puzzling.

His political credentials were impeccable. He was an active conservative Republican, and had even worked on a fund raiser for Madeleine, who was of the same political persuasion, and that could be how he landed his job here. He tolerated all anti-Islamic jokes at the office, even though he was a practicing Islamic and had permission to lay his prayer mats down and pray several times a day in a private office. He often said he loved his people and their religion, but their leaders and government were insane and he hated them, and he often quoted Jefferson, Lincoln, JFK admirably. So Shelley grew to trust him after all. Surely he had been checked out to the nth degree, silly of her to be prejudiced.

His sexy wife had only been with one man her whole life, Shelley knew, but she wondered if she didn't have lesbian tendencies, like dreaming about living in a hareem. Could she have lived with Moammar as one of his hareem, knowing he'd only be able to service her part time, leaving her much time with his other wife? Scenes of eating her lilly in a perfumed veiled bed, with a fountain burbling, and incense burning, got her wet, made her eyes dilate.

But that was one woman she didn't dare mess with, even if she could have met her personally, which she never did, although she saw her accompanying her husband as he did all the talking once at a political function she attended with Madeleine. Three paces behind him, silent, eyes down toward the floor. Her sensuous walk did not go unappreciated. So near but so far. Tough luck.

But then the main ops room of The Delilah had as many as a hundred people working at a time, too many for Shelley to get to know even their functions, much less their names.

### III

But now back to her work.

The world population was now at an all-time high of 7.5 billion, with the United States ballooning to 400 million after a total failure to control immigration. As late as 1980, world population was a mere 4 billion, by 1998, up to 6 billion. The African population, triggered by high fertility rates of 30% per decade, went from 700 million to 1.3 billion, before famine leveled it off. China had, despite good control of fertility rates, gone up to 1.5 billion. Advanced countries had actually achieved a negative population growth, it if weren't for immigration.

So, with so many people sharing one little planet, the troublemakers into mass murder would have a historical chance. This was Islamic terrorism's century.

Years earlier, intel had come in indicating what could be a plot to set off a nuke in Rome. A Libyan terrorist known only as Z-9, wanted in half the countries of the world, had recently been spotted in Istanbul, Europe's age-old city of spies, like in "From Russia With Love". Shelley remembered Yesilkoy airport and the chauffeur who was working for the other side picking James Bond up. The ancient underground tunnels and the rats. A spy town. The very place where ancient Rome had split in two, and Christendom with it. A.k.a. Constantinople. The Turks had finally taken it, forever splitting Europe at the Bosphorus.

What year? 1453? Something told her she'd have to look that up right now on the Net, and read all about it again to refresh her memory. The James Bond movie was made in the early 1960s, she remembered the Beatles.

Constantinople. A stronghold for 1000 years. Three sets of walls, and massive impregnable towers. Then the Islamic

Turks had finally captured it, permanently securing a foothold in Europe, for half those many years again.

Ah, here was a good summary. They plundered the captured city, after the final assault on May 29th, after a 50 day siege. A city that had withstood 22 previous sieges since 340 B.C., the last in 1437 A.D., was depopulated, poor, undermanned, cut off by the Turkish forts, scared shitless, and maybe witless, still believing in a miracle that never came.

A city that had once numbered a million, down to a tenth of that. Its elite and intelligencia already had moved West. Eight thousand that could arguably be called Christian soldiers against the Sultan's 150 thousand. Plundered for 3 days, in accordance with the religious law SerCat.

The Sultan, Muhammad II, often called Mehmed II, a young but very intelligent and ruthless leader, constantly underestimated, entered the church Hagia Sophia and prayed to Allah after claiming the conversion of the Christian Church into a Mosque: "Hereafter my capital is Istanbul". A defining moment of world history. That church was erected in 532-562 in the time of Roman Emperor Justinian. Originally known as Byzantium, it was founded in 660 B.C. by the Greeks, and finally conquered in 196 A.D. by the Romans, to be later renamed after himself by the first Christian Emperor Constantine in 330 A.D, and selected as the seat of the Eastern Roman Empire and Church thereafter.

Ironically, it was the savage sack of Constantinople by the Crusaders themselves (Fourth Crusaders, in 1204) that made it impossible for the Greeks to ever reunite with the Latins, the Greek Orthodox with the Roman Catholic Churches, and save their city from the Turks with reinforcements.

Even if they could have resolved their theological and organizational differences, such as whether the bread of the Sacrament was leavened or unleavened, and the Latin doctrine of Purgatory. Grand Duke Notarus himself once publicly stated that he'd rather see the turban of a Turk in Constantinople than the hat of a Cardinal. The heretic



Crusaders had actually considered them, the true Christians, as heretics on a par with the followers of Muhammad, especially when it came to the main object of the Crusades, plunder.

Above all the Christian creed didn't spread by the sword, it was more like a virus that moved in in peacetime, engulfing the former pagan Roman Empire. The Christian creed was based on a pansy, who taught believers to turn the other cheek. It got to you when you were weakest. Crying. Then made you a bigger and bigger idiot until you died. Christians always had the contradiction of having to survive by denying on a day to day basis everything they professed to believe.

The Moslem Turks were a newly born military force, but it was the fighting of the unbeliever that was the highest duty of Islam itself, and this creed made a deadly difference. Whole armies of their men could be slaughtered and new ones spring up.

The Islamic creed was a military mind drug. The sins and even crimes of a believer would automatically be cancelled if he fought the infidels, and if he died in this fight, he does not have to worry, because he will immediately go to heaven where women will dance for him and serve him everything he desires. In the Christian heaven there is no sex, and dying in battle means nothing. Every jihad warrior for the World Islamic Front is a clone of a perfect fighting zombie, she thought.

Shelley wondered what living in a hareem would be like. The baths. Lesbianism all month, and the occasional night with the big man. Everybody having kids by the same man's sperm. If he were ugly, the next ten generations paid for it. No wonder they always wanted new conquests, to get fresh beauty genes into their swamped-out gene pool.

The Turkish capital for over 400 years, in 1918 the Allies occupied it, and the Sultan was deposed in 1922. In 1923 Ankara became the capital of the New Turkish Republic, although Istanbul remained a province of northwest Turkey. Everybody has seen The Midnight Express and the Jim Carrey

takeoff on it in one of his duller movies.

If he could only see his son now, after the sex change, using realistic oversize penises and vaginas as props to get laughs. "You might be a pervert if..." "... your idea of a first kiss involves the choice of swallowing or spitting it out." "... you wake up at night with indigestion if you haven't had enough Milk of Manesia." "... your twin brother has a bandage on his member." "... you and your twin sister share a single bed, with one pillow at each end." Jim Jr. goes into a greasy spoon restaurant, a large black penis hanging on a chain around his neck, and the waitress asks him, "Sucking or Non-Sucking Section?" At the table, the waiter asks him if he wants something to drink, and he pulls out the fake penis, opens a trap door on the balls, and says, "fill 'er up". So the waiter whips out his dick and begins frigging himself and squirting into the trap door. Jim Jr. stops him, opens his mouth wide, and says, "Make mine to go."

This was no longer even the early 21st century, it was the 2030s. America was into wealth, fun, sex, drugs, kind of like Constantinople in its heyday, despite many ominous signs of false security all around.

Constantinople or Babylon. Or Sodom and Gomorrah.

The historians would have called it 'moral decay' if it were 1453, but now modern morality was unmorality. Science is used to justify unmorality now, or at least, pseudo-sciences like economics or psychology. People had given up on religion and religious morality generally after the vaunted Millennium came and went with no Second Coming, and the next Millennium a full thousand years away, when by then everybody thought science would conquer the known universe and people would be gods living forever anyway. Morality is not for gods.

The preceding decade was called The Rolling Twenties. Funny that a hundred years earlier they had called it the Roaring Twenties, and for a similar reason. Then it had been the Christianity-inspired government prohibition of alcohol that had caused general disrespect for all law,

ironically letting many people have the time of their lives. The country wised up in the 1930s, and decriminalized alcohol, but the religious right wised up too, trying to get in the back door by the creeping criminalization of drugs, starting with opium, heroin, marijuana, cocaine, all with spurious arguments that worked on legislators, to the effect that people should not be trusted to be good, the government must force them, or kill them for not being good if necessary. That only the government could be good.

The creeping style was hard to stop, finally leading to the prohibition of tobacco, with alcohol still decriminalized. With trillions of dollars already having been spent in a futile effort to end use of all other drugs, this new step backfired bigtime, resulting in a general breakdown of all respect for law again, with marijuana lumped in with tobacco in the new speakeasies, gaining many new admirers, and finally making marijuana gain universal acceptance, many people preferring them mixed together.

By the end of the 2020s, and the religious Millennium proving a dud, the people at last decided to give decriminalization of all drugs a long-awaited chance, with a 20-year trial period, 2031-2050. The 2030s then finally saw the law enforcement payroll contract, and new revenue sources from taxation of drugs helping the economy, all boosting Madeleine's Presidency. The income tax and the hated IRS were finally abolished on the same wave of enthusiasm, one that said that a new Millenium doesn't need an IRS. This was actually Madeleine's second term, after she won the 2032 election in a landslide.

The post-WWII Baby Boomers were now in their undisputed old age, and many used marijuana constantly for what ailed them, even ones who had avoided it in youth. And they usually got, as a group, what they wanted from the American political system. So the trial period just happened to coincide with their final exit from the stage of the world. They were the last good crop of mainly pure whites, and seemed to know it, and were throughly spoiled to savor it, as if the American buffalo could have planned its exit by eating itself to death on drugged-up grass. The standard saying was that, at their age, they deserved to get high.

This was 2033. There was de-facto decriminalization for the last 10 years anyway, but who's counting? So the familiar chronic problem of drug lords causing crime in an area, then milking the loot from the addicts in exchange for drugs, and paying off the law enforcement, was history.

What did happen to all those crime lords? The American ones, Italians, Jews, Asians, and Hispanics, had been so thoroughly busted up by overzealous law enforcement enjoying a leap in bugging technology, that organized crime in America was all run and controlled by foreigners, Islamics chief among them. The former Italian-Jewish mafia families, that had escaped prison with some cash left, were so heavily into legal drugs and sex now that they liked being legit, and the unions they controlled were practically extinct anyway.

But there will always be a mafia of some kind, since America always has some lobby criminalizing something that people will want to buy. So now there was a bustling trade in child porno and prostitution, cannibalism, contract murder, etc., handled by any opportunist who wanted it.

Ironically, the classic American mafiosis had always been patriotic Americans, and their control of unions, docks, shipping, and the street made foreign terrorism or spying harder that it was now without them around.

Devout Islamic fundamentalists were the world's greatest gangsters now.

And their gang members were controlled by a far greater power than the Sicilian Omerta, the Code of Silence, which had repeatedly proven to be expendable in the face of offers of government deals. The real secret of the Islamic religion was forced hypnotism, demanding that you hypnotize yourself by endless public chants and prostrations, as a prayer leader wails out in a beautiful sing-song about how there was only one God, Allah, and Muhammad was his only and last prophet, from beautiful solitary minarets and mosques that made you seem to be watched over by somebody in the sky, way up high.

The illusion of the up and the down and the flat. Great, if the world were flat and the stars just pinpricks in the fabric of Allah's tent. Silly, when you knew the immensity of the known universe, and its countless stars, the lack of a real up and down. Still, the hypnotic effect is overwhelming, and manufactures human robots on an assembly-line basis.

The secret was that your mind couldn't resist enough self-hypnotism. You hammer it into your own head until that's all that was left there, just reflexes. No room for Jesus, Jehovah, the Holy Ghost, any of that crap. No need to believe one thing in private and profess another publicly. You didn't need to be embarassed to submit to Allah in a nation of others submitting to Allah. And Allah was not a wimp. Anybody not submitting would be easily spotted, so his head could be severed and his offending individuality disposed of. If the stick didn't work they also had the carrot. Allah gave you good, solid, desirable things for submitting, like a real paradise with plenty of good food, sex, and slave labor.

An offer of a government deal to Islamic gangsters meant nothing, since the government didn't control paradise, Allah did.

What did Christ offer to beat this? Sex guilt. The English had shown the entire world how silly Anglo-Saxon sex guilt was when they 'colonized' the world via the sea, and stunk it up trying to make 'good Englishmen' of the 'savages', who we Americans spent most of the 20th century learning how to have a real party from. It was a winner.

The English would do anything to hang a 'colored' who had sex with one of their white women, but every white man would go after all the colored pussy he could get, in private. When the 'master race' invited some of its colonial coloreds to fight in WWI and they saw them killing each other off like cockroaches, for reasons so silly they amounted to garbage, the spell, such as it had been, was permanently broken, and by the end of WWII Britain had not only lost its Empire, the white race had lost its chance to tell the world

what to do.

Shelley suspected that all the world wars had been secretly caused by a Jewish conspiracy to destroy the power of the Christian white West, by getting them to kill each other off while they waited in the wings, but then, what for, since Israel could never rule the world with such tiny numbers? Was Hitler really a Jewish fanatic leading them to their own destruction, like the Pied Piper of Hamelin? He sure didn't look like the Aryans he claimed to lead. A mystery inside a riddle wrapped in a bacon slab of enigma. Jews didn't eat bacon. She would ask Tom if Muslims ate bacon to have a chance to flirt. Later.

If there were a Jewish conspiracy, she concluded, it was sure backfiring by setting the stage for the rise of anti-Jewish Islamic world forces. The Jews would have done far better to have cut a deal with the whites, in exchange for giving up on belief in God like most of them had already done, and split the world between them. The Holocaust had proved to many Jews that there was no God, or if there were that they were not his Chosen People. Then how could there have been a Jewish conspiracy in the first place? Her head spun. She was thinking of joining The Kill Club, but she didn't know how people would take it, Madeleine in particular.

Too bad that without the daily public prayers nobody could follow Islam seriously. It wouldn't even be Islam anymore. Islam meant submission. Its practice included constant submission of the body by acts of prayer. It was not a belief but a habit. She couldn't even stomach the thought for herself. It literally wasted your life, for its pie in the sky promises. What kind of God would make people pray to them all day anyway? Something stinks. All in all, a retarder of progress.

Was that why the Muslims rediscovered Greek science, and did some things with it, but only went so far, until the Christian world's top thinkers began to doubt the existence of God, and picked it up from them, devoting their lives to its pursuit, even braving great persecution from the established Church, without any need for wasting time doing

the Islamic fugues in C every day?

Modern science knows the power of brainwashing, it's the stock in trade of every political regime. Islam is a mind-trick for aspiring political regimes, its top leaders must know that religion is just the opiate of the people and be milking it like a cow for their worldly benefit. Oh well, Shelley would never be an Islam. What did Islam even promise a woman? She grinned out loud and Tom the Bomb actually caught eyes with her for once. Maybe he was just shy and she had to do the propositioning. Later maybe.

Ever since the Nairobi bombing in 1998, and the publication in the London-based Arab newspaper Al Hiyat of the haunting warning that, "the coming days will guarantee, Allah willing, that America will face a black future", Islamic terrorism against America had been a way of life. In a way, becoming a terrorist was to Islams what living Jesus' lifestyle had been to Christians, a brave way to show you had bought the whole line with the hook and sinker. So it was for the few.

The pattern of fundamentalist Islamic-inspired terrorism, backed by Arab millionaires such as Osama bin Laden, was getting to be a constant buzz, like mosquitoes that never go away. But never were they more of a nuisance to the mighty United States than mosquitoes.

Some commentators criticized the very term Islamic fundamentalist, pointing out that the Quran (Koran) is not like the Hebrew Bible, full of silly miracles that many no longer believe, necessitating sophisticated, non-literal interpretations of its meaning. All Islamics are true believers in the Quran, and hence fundamentalists. No, it would be more accurate to simply call the ones who take the call to terrorist action more seriously than others fanatics. Islam means submission, an act. The fanatics submit themselves more than the rest, which, in the Islamic world, is like being more holy would be in the Christian world. A terrorist shows his faith by his acts like Christian martyrs once showed their faith by theirs.

To Islamic fanatics the West's old rivalries were silly and petty, and Russia and Germany, France, Britain, Japan and Korea, were just as much the enemy as America. But America was the head of the serpent, that had to be chopped off to win, even though hacking at the other sections had its allure.

China was in yet another self-imposed isolation period, and it had closed its borders, its people's minds, to all outside influences, despite flirtations with the West. Having access to the Net was a serious felony there, despite the probability that with cheap universal Net access, China could have flooded the software and intellectual product market and changed the world economic balance of power. The desire for order was far greater there than the desire for anything else, their ancient funk that stultified rational analysis.

So Allah's people more or less considered them as non-entities, being obsessed with the Great Satan of the West, rather than the Lame Senile Satan of the East.

Z-9 was the terrorist's terrorist. Backed by his own billions, stolen from a daring robbery of vast gold reserves in South Africa, a probable inside job. His appearance was remarkably fluid, indeed his most dangerous feature was that he wasn't just one person. He had what appeared to be a thousand clones, perhaps actual ones created in a laboratory, more likely plastic surgery work. The Delilah helped hunt down all the Z-9s it could, and was sure it was down to one or maybe two left. So when he showed up in Istanbul the manhunt was massive and determined.

Z-9 slipped out of the grasp of his pursuers, but an associate had been captured and interrogated. He had not talked, but new techniques allowed people who didn't talk to be gotten much out of anyway, by little eye flicks, nose flicks, tongue movements and pressures, anal pressures, penile and scrotal movements, all monitored while he is held in a virtual reality tank being fed suggestive pictures and sounds. A kind of full-body organismic lie detector.

It was somewhat of a black art, but the gurus, led by



Moammar, said that they believed Z-9 was putting out a call for suicide squad jihad soldiers. A nuke was to be smuggled into Rome and set off during a worldwide Catholic church conference scheduled for that summer, at which many high American dignitaries and church officials would be caught. They would never come back from this mission, but the entire Islamic world would enshrine their names as martyrs. The nuke would be donated by Iran. That's where The Delilah analysts got really interested.

Col. Peggy had sent Lt. Col. Debby to lead a commando raid of Iran, and, though they reported success in finding Iran's nuke and capturing it, along with killing key scientists who they thought could have designed such a working bomb, there was something Debby was holding back when she returned, something that caused her to break off their love affair, and kept them on official business speaking terms only ever since.

During the past year, hundreds of Islamic terrorists hiding underground in America were systematically turned-up and eliminated by American anti-terrorist forces, with The Delilah's help. Debby was a lead commando in several raids. It was said she was responsible for the final mop-up, and that, thanks to her, there were no more Islamic terrorists left in America.

It was said Debby's very name caused Islamic terrorists overseas to break into sweats. She was said to taunt a captured terrorist by showing him her body, doing dirty things with herself using sex tools, causing him to get an erection, then biting his cock and balls off with a single bite, like a geek does with chicken heads. Debby Does De Allahs, so the joke went, rhyming Allahs with Dallas.

Shelley often wondered if all those sex tools had been used previously on Debby. They were kept surgically clean, so sniffing didn't give her any clue. Those two could fill a football field with secrets they had surgically cleaned.

She hadn't seen Moammar in a week, and she had translation work due from him.

Just then the President buzzed. Could she accompany her SS agents to a waiting helicopter? There was trouble at the Norad complex and she wanted her by her side now, at the White House. They might be taking off in the emergency jet so come back on the double she ordered.

She got up immediately and, passing by Tom the Bomb, hesitated, tried to think of something to say, and didn't. As she went through the door she saw her reflection and suddenly remembered how she had tried to unisex herself down, and no wonder Tom didn't go gaga over her. Maybe the unisex clothes made her look fat. Sudden panic. But no time.

Three minutes later they were all dead.

Tom the Bomb died a virgin, a very lonely virgin, having only had sex with his daddy, when he was too young to know what they were doing, and suppressing the memories ever since, while unable to initiate sexual contact, forever looking for a new daddy to do that. He would lie in bed at night, with all the doors unlocked, hoping to get lucky. When nobody came, he would turn on the Net and frig himself frantically while fantasizing that he was a woman instead of a man. Because everybody initiated sexual contact with women. Even other women did. He went to bed dressed in panties, garter belt, and hose.

What do you do when you step up to the plate? What do you do? Your lover does a Miss America for you, spread out like a plate, waiting. What do you do? The shaved pussy hole, the elusive little clitoris. The white dildo inserted in the hole. So clean at first, waiting to be soiled by your face. Do you lick the hole first, or the clitoris? Hard when? Soft when? There's her face, eyes closed, waiting for you to do her right, judging you by the second, your entire future hanging on what you do. The dildo, do you leave it stationary, slowly twist it, thrust it? What do you do? What happens when it juices? When the vagina contracts in orgasm? Will you win her love forever, or lose it? What do you do?

Shelley...

Chapter 6. A Sleuth Saves the World.

I

We are The Sleuths, a super-secret U.S. government entity that operates above the law, spying even on our own government. We have a special charter that allows us to even spy on and deceive the President. We were created by the now-defunct IRS, from unemployed drug enforcement agents, and don't even know who our own top brass are, or where our funds come from. But the funds keep coming, and we are given missions and priorities to follow.

One is to godmother The Delilah operation. So, more than once we had to penetrate Iranian defenses and locate their nukes, and steal or destroy them. Many times we had to run dangerous missions in Pakistan and India. Some of our missions included assassination of scientists, others the destabilization of governments, yet others the spreading of disinformation. All for the good ole U.S.A., y'all.

Remember Three Days Of The Condor? I'm a butter and egg man for The Sleuths. I have no name, only a number. And that is Top Secret. For the purposes of this report I'll call myself Witless, Jay Hova Witless. I saved the world and couldn't tell anybody.

In the Tigris River, outside Baghdad, there is a top secret island called Canteloupe Island, from the main fruit product. The name is a secret joke, because, like a canteloupe, there are many seeds deep inside. And it was not canteloupe, but grapefruit, that was the treasure kept here. The ancient Hebrew name for the river is Hiddekel, if you know what I mean.

Before his assassination, Saddam Hussein had secretly spent billions having it laboriously dug out right under the noses of spy satellites, the dirt being slowly sifted into the river, to flow downstream into the Persian Gulf. Its

sole purpose was to devise a plan to defeat the West militarily, using suicide jihad soldiers who would do anything to succeed, like human robots.

Iraq had medium range ICBMs, to act as a deterrent mainly against other Middle Eastern threats, Israel not the only one. We wouldn't let her have long range ICBMs. But for America, Hussein had a plan to knock her dead with but a slingshot. He was a Bible believer, and admired David for his military leadership, and found the story of his victory over the Philistines inspiring. The Islamic world were the only truly righteous tribe in the world now, and the West were the Philistines. Just pick up and read the story, and history could, would repeat itself.

Saul had his thousands and David his tens of thousands. Wasn't he King David himself? The modern world had made distinctions among Hebrews, Assyrians, Persians, Egyptians, less important than between believers in Allah, and infidels. The whole world was the stage of his planning, his unique position of power a boon from Allah that came with equal responsibility. He sensed the weakness of America when the wimpy President Bush had decimated his huge army in 2 weeks, yet pulled out without killing him. This was symptomatic of organic weakness in the whole Great Satan, he concluded. They had won the battle but lost the war. The wimpy President Carter was not an aberration. The strong President Reagan was. He had Alzheimer's disease, and Allah gave that to him as a sign too, praise Allah.

If he died before his plan could be successful, the underground fortress complex would be humming away full time and the next Hussein would fully support it, and the next, and the next.

But the entire plan would only work if America could be deceived as to their true intentions. So the main work at Canteloupe Island was to manufacture false intentions.

Saddam spent billions manufacturing a fake final attack on Israel like they expected, one involving chemical and biological weapons, a 100,000 man invasion force, multiple organization fronts, fake leaders, even fake armies with

special environmental fighting suits, sealed compartment vehicles, amphibious vehicles, submarines, advances in military technology. Cargo planes disguised as commercial aviation. Not fake in their gory reality. Fake as to their entire origin and purpose. They were just a smokescreen to draw down their guard while they waited for the moment to spring the finesse move of the five stones.

Even the supposed insanity of the terrorist leaders, including the Husseins themselves, was part of the plan. Not that some or all of them weren't crazy, crazy as a fox. Flamboyant appearance, dress, mannerisms, and speeches made great propagandistic sound bytes. Nobody is really afraid of The Three Stooges dressed up as Hitler, Mussolini, and Hirohito.

In contrast to this constant and stepped-up terrorism, which chewed up the terrorists regularly, although many killed 50, 100, or 200 times their own number of innocent people first, usually outside America itself, Americans were truly fearful of the threat of a nuclear ballistic missile capability in Islamic hands, and simultaneously believed the cover story that Islam had no nuclear weapons, and was feverishly trying to build some.

Every time they had a nuclear power plant project going, a commando squad moved in and bombed it out, often with our help. Both sides declared each other's leaders outlaws and criminals, put prices on their heads, and held trials in absentia.

The actual fact was that Saddam had dozens of grapefruit sized nuclear kernels, purchased from the decaying U.S.S.R. military colossus, in the economic and political crisis that followed perestroika and the demise of the Communist party in the 1990s. And that the West never really knew it.

Several instant Russian millionaires were made this way, although they always made up a cover story that they made it some other way, such as by drug dealing. Sometimes the Russian capitalist-wannabe economy was so bad that selling nukes, state secrets, and government property was all that seemed to be keeping it from total death. Even when the

cover story of bad bookkeeping was put out, and the cover cover story that a total accounting was now made and every grapefruit locked up tight, Saddam knew how easy it would be to keep dozens of grapefruit, if he let a few go. So he let the West discover deliberate errors in the accounting, and, at great expense, track them down, finding the grapefruit, always in time to keep it out of his own hands.

No, it wasn't the obtaining of the nukes that hindered Saddam, it was finding a way to use them to destroy the Great Satan West. If he just sent his men willy-nilly trying to pull off some stunt like blowing up the United Nations building in New York City, or Washington D.C., he would likely trigger the total annihilation of his country. Even more certain if he tried to nuke Israel, which had its own nukes and would likely strike back on automatic even if it had been destroyed. No, the way to destroy Israel was to destroy its protector, America, first.

Even letting the West know he had them was fatal, unless he used them in a knockout blow on America. If some of his nukes even got close to being compromised, he had devised elaborate deceptions to let the West capture them after fronting them off to puppets. By the time of his death, the cases of grapefruit held deep inside Canteloupe Island were secure.

Experience is the greatest teacher, and makes today's survivors into tomorrow's conquerors. A cliché, yes, but the stinging defeat Saddam suffered, added to the way the Great Satan united so many Islamic countries in a military-political coalition against him, made him a Ph.D., with a dissertation he had the power to put into action.

He had to admit that the Great Satan was powerful because some of the things it did were right, and to beat the Great Satan, those things had to be copied. What was it that made the Great Satan so powerful? The answer was unavoidable: unity. If the United States were a coalition of independent states rather than one superstate, it could never have become a world power at all. It was easy for the states in America to federate, since they were all newborn states, with no ancient history telling people what to do, no

ancient rivalries, tribes, religious sects, traditions, customs. Not even racism, because the American states, during the critical years, were basically uniracial, unicultural, unilingual, almost unireligious. Potential troublemakers, such as negroes and indigenous aborigines, were shut out of the process. Catholics could go south of the border anytime they wanted, or north.

Their swift and complete union was a startling new force in the world, even 250 years ago, completely changing history. Very much like an atomic bomb itself, whose atoms are imploded, and, when they reach a critical mass, startle the world with the release of incomparably more energy than it took to unite them.

This critical mass had to be reached among his own people, the believers in Islam. It would take an implosion, creating a United States of Islam that united all world believers in Islam, even the Turks and Afghanis, the Saudis, the Jordanians, the Pakistanis, and his old enemies the Iranians. Especially the Iranians. Even his former rich bad wayward liberal children the Kuwaitis. Then the resulting explosion would be unstoppable, shaking the world even more than the infidels had.

Look how the Americans tried to ignore the Islamic religion and deal with Islamic states as if they were hedonistic materialists, opportunists, like them. Making temporary liaisons. Courting, spoiling and buying off a single ruling family and thinking they had won over the country. Trying to play one Islamic state against another. Making too much of their supposed divisions into what family relation of Muhammad had the right to succession.

The Great Satan had made a great mistake trusting any children of Allah to be their tamed guard dogs. The dogs would suddenly go for their throats with superhuman intelligence and ferocity.

Like in that American movie series "The Planet of the Apes", based on a book by a French frog. Saddam loved it, and watched it over and over on his VCR. Apes landed in a space capsule in America, were treated like pets at first,

then slaves, and finally they overthrew the humans, and took over the entire planet by involving the humans in self-annihilation via nuclear war. He wasn't clear if the apes had deliberately led them into it, or were just lucky and had been in a position to benefit from it. But his kind were the apes now, and the rest of the world the alien species that had to be gotten out of the way, without mercy.

He sneered and grinned at one scene where two talking apes were being interviewed by a team of Western scientists and religious leaders, and a woman said she and her mate had been lawfully wedded in their world where humans were dumb animals and they the lords. The human religious leader, an infidel Christian minister, rises in a huff, and the moderator says something about getting back to that issue later. Where Saddam came from, the marriage of infidels had the same value as marriage of apes, yet the infidels looked on their marriages likewise. The planet was too small for them all.

The greatest obstacle to uniting Islamics politically was the tradition of each country of having its own royal ruling family, often with fierce tribalistic rivalries. Saddam had himself overthrown one such ruling family. Tribalism, the will of men to rule, had to be overcome, by submission to Allah, in the name of one united nation of believers, which ruled the world itself. He was the man to do it, he often thought, because Mesopotamia was the cradle of civilization itself, and if he would agree to submit himself to a federal power greater than he, itself in submission to Allah, others would surely follow.

An initial impulse to find traitors to the royal family in each country, and to assassinate the families and install pro-federal families in their place led way to a higher sense, that even those families with pro-Western ties could be persuaded into the cause just by being directed to examine the degenerate moral state to which the West had fallen. By a gentle process of education. More gentle than the education the Satan George Bush had given him. He had been disillusioned also by the clumsy attempts to penetrate the British power structure by having an al-Fayed court Princess Di, and it was at his orders that they were both



killed in an 'accident', in which her own husband was later suspected.

Besides, openly lecturing about a union like this would certainly cause the West great alarm, with the inevitable result that they would work to destroy it by every means fair and foul, creating traitors in their own ranks chief among them. The Jews would certainly throw their entire weight against it. It would be two hundred more years before it could be achieved that way, if at all. So it had to be a top secret political reformation, a holy jihad, all of whose agents had to sacrifice their lives in advance for it.

The initial top secret overtures for an Islamic world state would at first be confused with the call for a Khilafa, a Caliphate, that were by then old hat. So the task of explaining how a modern federal structure, such as the United States of America had, could serve Islam as a more powerful model, must be made by religious leaders, not political. There was no official distinction between church and state anyway, but the idea of multiple Islamic states could be seen to be a mistake, the sheer multiplicity an affront to Allah, to Whom all submitted daily. An error of religious dimensions. So, healing this error had to be at the urging of the most holy, with politicians stepping back, and falling to their faces before Allah.

It worked. Saddam had extensive connections with Islam's holy men, and he humbled himself to the size of a grain of sand before them, in order to win them over, and impart the concept to them. Everyone, even ruling families that were anything but fundamentalists, knew that they could not keep petting the head of the Great Satan without incurring Allah's wrath, and eternity always overrode the temporal for anybody who had laid his face down on the carpet, neck exposed to Allah's mercy, and got back up with it not severed, overwhelmed by His power, justice and mercy.

The Great Satan was a nation of liars, from the top down, they all agreed, who didn't even have a right to have their heads attached to their necks. And severed heads couldn't talk at all, or listen. So it was the holiest of causes to

lie right back, to deceive the Great Satan that they were still at war with each other over petty differences, and would never unite, while the real negotiations soon went on at a feverish pace, with a sense of mission, a sense of catching up with lost time.

The fact that something was going on couldn't be hidden, but it could be given a cover story, and, since political leaders were not directly involved, just religious ones, even Western spies and moles thought it was only a kind of religious unity revival, or an ecumenical movement reconciling the Shiite and Sunni sects, of limited political import.

## II

So was born the United States of Islam, the USI, under the noses of the West.

The founding states of the USI: Iraq, Iran, Pakistan, Saudi Arabia, Egypt, Sudan, Libya, Turkey, Kuwait, UAE, Bahrain, Yemen, Algeria, Morocco, Jordan, Albania, Serbia, Oman, Qatar, Bulgaria, Ethiopia, and several former Soviet republics including Mongolia, Turkmen, Kazakh, Armenia, Azerbaijan, Kirgiz, Tadjik, Uzbek. Indonesia abstained from joining but left its options open. They joined later, after being promised Australia. India's Muslims joined under cover, pending a little future genocide. It was agreed that Muslims residing in mainly Christian countries were on their own, a fifth column, but expendable if Allah required mass killings. The faithful will have their reward in paradise.

Of these founding states, Afghanistan, Bahrain, Egypt, Kuwait, Morocco, Oman, Pakistan, Qatar, Saudi Arabia, Syria, Turkey, and UAE had opposed him in the Great Satan's military coalition of 1991.

The former Soviet Union had been Saddam's ally, and after it split up, many of the new Republics still were, Russia quite strongly, not because these atheists feared Allah, but because these former Soviet imperialists still played world power games. This would make the decision of the Islamic

Republics to join the USI easy for Russia in particular to accept, without threatening another war. When Russia saw America decapitated with their own refined nuclear materials, they should count their blessings, thought Saddam. The once-great Russian army was now in tatters, and in no shape for a major war anyway. Only two or three nukes in their major cities could do them in too, no doubt.

Saddam vacillated about the simultaneous nuking of the key cities of non-Islamic Europe: London, Paris, Berlin, Zurich, Amsterdam, etc. He decided to wait, since he didn't think the destruction of America would automatically trigger any European power to declare war on him, but rather cause them to celebrate that the biggest kid on the block was gone, and scramble to fill the void.

So, he made extensive plans for their eventual nuking, but put them on a basis of their own, with America left out of the calculations. He had plans to follow-up nuking of major targets with dirty biological and chemical attacks, killing as many infidels as possible. If it caused their lands to be uninhabitable for years, that was Allah's curse on them, not his fault. But his scientists studied the physical phenomenon of nuclear winter and told him just how many nukes they could safely get away with using, and the gaps had to be filled in with something.

Saddam's sense of history demanded that the USI have a magnificent capital city. He was personally divided between putting the capital in either Baghdad or Istanbul, and he graciously abstained from the secret voting on it, because of conflict of interest.

In the voting debate, Cairo, Tehran, Riyadh, Jerusalem, Lahore, even Karachi all had their factions. Finally Istanbul, to be renamed Allah's Sword on Earth, was selected by a unanimous vote.

It had the best world location and access, and a grandiose plan for rebuilding its fortifications with modern technology was hatched, even a plan for making it a spaceport one day. The entire world was to be ruled from here, for ten thousand years at least, until al-Mahdi comes.

The most sacred places of Islam would always be in Saudi Arabia and Jersusalem, and all wanted the federal capital to be far away, as an insurance buffer. Even lifelong politicians would have to make their pilgrimage sometime, and make them go on foot, as far as possible, fasting all the way, in both directions, the holy men said.

There was a lot of talk about instituting a common language, like America had. Nobody would accept Farsi, or English. The proponents of Arabic had much in their favor. What was the Koran written in? What was the most beautiful, pure, language ever known? The one with the most beautiful alphabet? The one in which the Prophet expressed his own thoughts?

It was agreed that Arabic would be the official language of the government but that the common people could still speak their native languages until a federal education program for young children could kick in and have a generation to work its effect. The 21st century would eventually see an Arabic-speaking USI stretching from the Atlantic to the Mediterranean, to the Bosphorus, and on to Pakistan, and the Pacific. The Golden Age of Allah on Earth. Allah is the greatest.

The rest of the world was to be either converted to Allah or put to death mercilessly. The land could be environmentally spoiled for habitation even, as long as its contamination could be kept from spreading back to the USI. A land could lie fallow for a thousand years, then repopulated with true believers. Or bombed back into the Stone Age, and conquered at leisure. All countries other than the USI would be declared to not exist, and be regarded as unincorporated states. Even Russia and China, although their existence would be tolerated until it suited their purposes.

The Net, created by the West, but spread worldwide, ironically had made the preservation of all of the technological and scientific knowledge of the West easy, making its people all the more expendable. The new USI would be a garden for the flowering of science, in

submission to Allah this time. Wasn't it Islamic thinkers who had taught the backward Christian westerners science in the first place? Algebra, alchemy - the West stole these ideas, but stubbornly wouldn't accept Allah, and deserved extinction.

All Western moral decadence would be put to the sword or the flame, without mercy. Indecent women would die. Once poisoned by decadence there was nothing else to do. Butt-fucking in baths, however, and a little lesbianism in the hareems, that would be officially ignored. Harmless to the order. A little safety valve letting excess steam out. The rich and the elite, and the high church officials, could keep a stock of pornography, and indulge in a lechery, as the prerogative of wealth and power, but with discretion and a ruthless punishing of lower classes caught doing the same.

The State of Israel was also studied, from the point of view of how they kept the ultra-religious rabbis and their followers in harmony with a mass of the most educated Jews, who often didn't believe in God and weren't religious at all, how they kept them from stoning them as atheists or having them executed. No solution was found. They'd have to experience it on their own and wing it when the time came, just like Israel did. The USI would accept all who submitted themselves to Allah, even if they weren't devout fundamentalists. The new world would witness the thrilling sight of every person on its 25,000 mile circumference falling on their face five times a day for their salats to muezzin crying from a worldwide minaret.

Israel itself was of course to be utterly destroyed as soon as America wasn't able to defend it. This became a supreme selling point to all from the extreme left to the extreme right of the Islamic spectrum. Their mere existence stank the Earth up intolerably. There is no God but Allah, and Muhammad is his Prophet (Rasul). The Jews are not Allah's chosen people.

Former Islamic countries would be federated states in the new United States of Islam, which they ironically also called the USA, the United States of Allah. The state governments had their jurisdictions, and the federal

government its own jurisdiction, but all was under the jurisdiction of Allah, as expressed through its holy men. So their religious council was the real seat of power.

The new USI would have a Constitution like America, but many key features were reversed, such as the complete union of church and state, the lack of a Bill of Rights, and the underlying idea that all power is in the hands of Allah as judged by his holy men, not "the People", and there is a Truth, the Truth is known, and anybody not submitting to it had no rights to even live. All who bowed their heads to Allah daily only had a right to live because Allah had not chopped it with his Sword, and those who would not bow would have it chopped off by those who did.

The 200 years experience of America in balancing the conflicts between states rights and federal power was used in favor of leaping ahead to a uniform holy federal criminal code and the new idea that state legislatures didn't make laws, they petitioned the federal government to ratify laws.

Capital punishment was death by beheading, in rare cases, death by stoning, burning at the stake, drawing and quartering. Amputation of limbs was a non-capital punishment frequently to be exercised, and the use of prosthetic devices thereafter was a capital offense. Freedom of speech and thought was reversed. It was a crime to not report one's thoughts to the authorities and have them approved before publication. There would be real, holy law and order in this USA.

The whole plan was drawn up in Canteloupe Island, in Arabic and ancient Sanskrit, and secretly ratified by the high priests of each Islamic country, and the King or ruler. They fooled the Westerners by making them believe they were merely retranslating the Koran to make a 21st century official polyglot edition for all Islam. The new constitution was highly encrypted using Arabic and Sanskrit symbols, and peppered in microdots throughout the sacred translation document, which was never computerized but written in the ancient way on parchment. The Westerners weren't even interested in what they believed was boring Islamic religious foolery.

Meanwhile, billions were spent on the plan to release nerve gas and Ebola virus at a Nato summit meeting in Geneva, while staging an invasion of Israel. Saddam and a few of his top Five Stones men alone knew that the plan, while it would be nice if it succeeded, was only another step in fooling the West that they had shot their bolt, and were defeated.

Twenty-two thousand loyal jihad commandos, one hundred and twenty thousand regular troops, and ten thousand civilians were killed in this defeated plot, and it came back to Saddam when the West's retaliations triggered a revolt among his own people leading to his assassination. Of course, the West 'defeated' Saddam again through a coalition which included Islamic countries, and Israel came through pretty much unscathed. The West occupied Iraq, and forced a USA-style democracy on the people, holding one of Saddam's lookalikes in bondage and claiming he was their abject prisoner that was being brought to Western justice in Western-owned courts.

But the real Saddam died smiling. He was expendable if his Five Stones plan would work and immortalize him as the new David. He secretly had a case of advanced AIDS anyway from his fondness for young boys, so the rumor goes. (I know but I can't say here, out of respect.) He had his victory speech carefully staged in an expensive virtual reality product, ready to be shown to the world upon the Five Smooth Stones Plan's success, which he couldn't mention in it directly for fear of the speech being overheard by spies, or be captured.

Another plot to send biological and chemical weapons armies to America, which they knew we knew about, was scrapped at Saddam's death, as if without him it was untenable. Canteloupe Island, which we had recognized was the center of this plot, was opened to U.N. inspection, and supposedly disarmed, and converted back to pure agriculture, growing, among other things, canteloupes and other sweet melons. So America thought it had won, again, in its war against terrorism, and went back to swatting terrorists like mosquitoes.

In its place, the conspirators now spawned a number of false leads for the enemy to follow and to keep them occupied. Many plots, who can remember them all? A plot to ally with New Confederacy forces in the American South, cut off all oil to everybody in America but them, and bolster their new claims of independence. A plot to make America and Russia launch nuclear war against each other while leaving the Middle East out of it. A plot to ally with white supremacists in the American Northwest, and kill all Jews with a special virus developed from Tay Sacs disease. Even one to ally with Mexican anti-unionists (against the union of the United States and Mexico), cause a rebellion, and help Mexico reclaim several states from them. Starting with Osama bin Laden, fake "oddball extremist" Robin Hood style leaders were created to waste Western resources in capturing, only to see two new ones sprout where one old one had been struck down. Like the red cape before the bull, who never sees the real matador, which he could easily kill if he did.

All things were tailored to lead the Western analysts into thinking that the Islamic terrorist movement was weak, disorganized, fighting among themselves, stupid, desperate, and could be beat repeatedly. Anything but united and planning one overwhelming unanswerable blow. But we knew they must be planning one anyway, because we aren't stupid. So they gave us one, tailored to our expectations.

This ultimate false lead was a terrorist project called Win One For Allah. If it worked, then America would be so puffed up with pride and self-assurance that it had defeated domestic Islamic terrorism, that it wouldn't know what hit it when five smooth stones were slung at its forehead with them looking. Like in baseball, a strike with the batter looking. No, a ball. A baseball right in the forehead. But a lethal one.

The security at Canteloupe Island always had been mind-numbing. Now you had to work your way into the higher clearance levels by death-defying work for the cover story projects. Many died for a cover story thinking it was real. Only if you had proved your loyalty beyond any limits of human deception did they let you know what the real plan



was.

The teams that would implement the Five Stones plan were so few in members that they could pass almost unnoticed in this giant complex with thousands of other more interesting-looking 'agricultural workers'.

When the teams left to begin their holy mission, they weren't even missed. A team member couldn't leave until he had officially been either killed, or discredited as an incompetent, drunk, womanizer, homosexual, or pro-west traitor, and fired. No women were allowed in such important holy work. Even after firing, they couldn't leave on their missions until they were officially dead, the victim of crime, accident, disease, government action. Some were even supposedly beheaded by sword outside the nearest Mosque after the noon prayers, which is the reason we often recruited twins. All got new identities, manufactured with such care that, if captured, they couldn't disprove them themselves, even if they tried. This went on for 20 years until Go Day.

Then to be safe, they assassinated their entire first three Five Stones teams, and recruited the final teams after the rumors had had their effect inside the Island. In all they had six teams ready for Go Day, five for the work itself, one to be sent ahead into America to do undercover work. Only the commanders of the operation knew where the grapefruit were, and could get them and pass them to the five teams when the time was right.

So how did I save the world? I kept the President from knowing about The Five Stones Plan until it had succeeded. I killed any other Sleuth who was even close to finding out. I helped remove troubles in the path of the program everywhere possible by turning in false translations to The Delilah. I turned Assistant Delilah Operations Chief Debby Ciccone into a double agent for our holy cause through manipulation of her lesbian lusts for my wife, after I discovered she had compromised my cover.

There is no God but Allah, and Muhammad is his Prophet.  
'Moammar' Hussein out.

Chapter 7. The Eagle Stops.

I

The United States of America, in the space of five minutes, suffered five of its key cities being nuked, without a missile launch being detected by their satellites and radars.

She had over 10,000 strategic and theatre nuclear warheads. About 6,000 megatons. Half a million Hiroshima-sized bangs. The rest of the world had about the same. All in all, more than enough to nuke the entire surface of the Earth, and serve it a nuclear winter for dessert liked a Baked Alaska.

But the control system was based on the President and his super-secure launch codes. Now there was no President. No Vice-President. No Speaker of the House. No House. No Senate. No Pentagon. No Joint Chiefs. No codes.

For years the U.S. had an Anti-Terrorism Czar. How successful he had been at preventing a major biological or chemical attack. He disappeared and nobody could find him now.

The land-based silos just sat there, on alert, with no orders. The submarines were in the same pickle. Nobody in a sub could even find out what if anything had happened, and they were in no position to give themselves orders to launch nukes. They didn't even know what to shoot at. They were way out to sea, and their access to the world was limited to military channels. With no direction, they went on defensive maneuvers.

Back on land, the American military establishment was frantic. Satellites had seen it all. They transmitted devastatingly clear pictures of the five bombed-out cities to bases in Oklahoma, Texas, Utah, Nebraska, Iowa. It was like a sudden plastic surgery job, and it was hard to absorb, to comprehend all the implications.

The immediate reaction was confusion in deciding who was the boss, who was higher than whom, who was in charge, in control. The winds would be carrying nuclear fallout nationwide soon, and some switches went off somewhere in the system to trigger the FEMA system and the big sirens around the country. Like in the old days, the '50s and '60s, when they had drills. The FEMA itself had no idea who was in control either, but claimed control of everything, countermanding the orders given by others, further adding to chaos. Since the main purpose of FEMA had been, for decades, fighting self-styled American patriots, white supremacists mainly, and keeping them from forming militias to defend themselves, the net result was that most of America's military was ordered to the disaster areas, effectively dissolving its fighting capability -- the one time a native American grassroots militia was really needed.

The average American was interested in the events, the way they are interested in every event. Like it was not really happening to them. Their country was too big, too powerful, too distant from the rest of the world and its problems. They had been immersed in so much virtual reality entertainment that seemed even more real, and more apocalyptic, but they knew their country would always be there when they turned it off.

Way back in the 1970s and 1980s when America armed Islamics to fight the Russians, and the CIA trained them in terrorism, it seemed like a good idea, even when they knew many of them hated America as bad as they did Russia. Some Americans almost idolized the Afghan people, and their noble looks, austere lifestyle, great carpets and dogs. But the Soviet Union empire was number one on the agenda, and it did seem to help in its eventual dismantling to give Russia a defeat militarily, a Viet Nam. In hindsight, some would say they should have worked with the Russians to nip Islamic terrorism in the bud. Hindsight is 100% accurate, so the saying goes.

But with America, hindsight is only what they show on the major networks. When these same Islamics began, in the 1990s, to attack America, it had been taken as a sound byte

on TV and the America Online screens of millions of Americans, thinking that the demise of the U.S.S.R. had ended the main threat to their existence and even to war itself. Instead, calls were made to dismantle all remaining nukes in the U.S.A. and Russia, and to dismantle the U.S. military. Maybe the Islamic demands were just, because America was an annoying imperialist with endless military presence in the Middle East and Africa. Maybe America started it. The few times Americans helped Muslims, such as their interdictory bombing of Slobodan Milosevic and his Orthodox Christian Serbs in support of the Muslim Kosovo separatists at the turn of the Millennium, was considered as insignificant as a few good brain cells in a serial killer's brain.

The few times terrorists had set off big bombs inside the continental U.S., the damage was highly localized, and the reaction more of a sound byte orgy, with people seeming to be lining up for the cameras to get their 15 minutes of fame, safely outside the perimeter of the bombed areas, which were officially blacked-out and entry prohibited by unauthorized personnel.

When one particularly startling bomb was found to have been planted in America's heartland by disgruntled American Christians, this gave the Islamics a welcome breathing space to plan their next attack.

This time too, the sound bytes came, far away from the nuked areas. Almost no difference except in scale. And in the minds of millions, that was no difference at all. The big centralized government would handle this, like everything else, while their taxes paid for it.

Every citizen waited for their leaders to do their thinking for them. This time, the entire United States Government was beheaded, and the key infrastructure holding the country together vaporized, but nobody could tell them this, and even if they had, it was just another sound byte, before the rollicking music and light shows were switched to, and the parties resumed.

And to whole groups of Americans, it came as a welcome

victory to their causes, a sign from God, a call to action.

Despite the many years that had elapsed since the threat of this very thing had been made plain, the haughty government had failed to decentralize its vital functions out of the main cities, dragged its feet to the point of stupefaction. Decentralization would have saved the United States -- that, combined with redundancy, just like any military system used in combat. The people of the United States could never admit their mainland itself was subject to the rules of combat.

The 200-plus-year-old U.S. Constitution had no provision for a line of secession of the Presidency this long. If America had forseen this catastrophe they might have even abolished the House and Senate chambers themselves, and left each representative or Senator at home, using the more-than-adequate communication facilities available at that time to hold virtual sessions, so that no one nuke could take out the members all at once. The Pentagon would have done the same thing. Washington itself would have been virtualized, spread out into mini-Washingtons in every U.S. state, communicating with secure hardened electronics.

## II

Too late now.

Rev. Tavius Timothy McVeigh switched off his America Online channel on his home entertainment system. The tone of its news commentaries had sure changed since L-Day, he thought. L was for liberation. Amazing how the Islams had thought out and carried out what his own people should have done.

Tavius was not really a descendant of the martyr Timothy McVeigh. He just took his name from Aryan brotherhood, as a blood brother. One of his Aryan Alliance's first missions after L-Day was to liberate Tim's son, in federal prison. When they got to him, they found him drugged, babbling. They had infected him with brain-killer virus. He was just a pumpkinhead now. They got him out but he was just a vegetable to sit in a corner now and hand-feed.

But the Five Stones had proved that Timothy McVeigh had been telling America something, and had been right, was a saint, totally vindicated now.

There had long been more than one United States of America coexisting on the same soil, held together only by the central government and the propaganda engine.

The one that had the bragging rights was in many ways an occupation government, starting in the 19th century with the Civil War, thought Tavius, and escalating overnight with the blank check power-grab euphemistically called the New Deal, and growing to massive proportions during WWII when the Constitution was itself technically suspended, then reaching a kind of deadlock struggle ever since, at how far it could go without open rebellion.

The original Constitution had effectively been short-circuited and was just a shell of empty words that required libraries of notations to 'really' interpret. People could get jailed for defending its original interpretation. Tavius and all his friends had prison rap sheets.

Each generation of new Americans were tested to see what they would stand, Tavius rehearsed in his head, such as income taxes over 50% of their income, army troops forcing institutions that were too-white to welcome strange non-whites, raids by government agents on their homes to kill then if necessary in order to seize their 'unlicensed' guns and ammo. The use of the army to do law enforcement, when it involved people who made a constitutional stand against government agencies. The passing of national laws that could be evoked on trumped-up pretexts of terrorism, to abolish the entire Bill of Rights, without which the Constitution was a legal dictatorship.

By 2030, there was no more need for even testing the People anymore. They gave up. They were so happy and prosperous, if you ignored the size of their debts. Who cared about the silly prejudices of old dead sexist racist crackpots who couldn't even rock and roll with old Ted

Nugent? The great masses were like broken horses.

There was by then a de facto government not of the white Anglo-Saxon Protestant male people, or any other people, but especially not them. To even admit to being WASP had long been politically incorrect. To be anything else was politically correct.

For him to even court his white wife, Gennifer, he had to fight off several black men, and a couple of black women, who were ahead of him in line. Then he had to wrestle with her lifelong race-mixing indoctrination until he finally made her see the error she would have made by not breeding true to her kind, to marry him in other words. He even taught her not to go around naked showing her tiddies and twat in public anymore by introducing her to Bible reading, and showing her the shame of nakedness.

They were married in mock KKK white hooded uniforms, tailored fancy into wedding quality suit and gown, although Tavius' organization had long been at odds with the Klan and they didn't speak to each other. No KKK members were invited, nor any non-whites. Her only parent, her father, refused to attend. It was a very white wedding, the cake and car included. How did he know his wife would have miscarriage after miscarriage later? He did his part.

His wife Gennifer's father was a real character. He operated a Museum of the Self, built on municipal bonds in a depressed, high-crime, mainly black area of Olympia, Washington. People would come in nude, or undress inside, and become the exhibits, mounting themselves on pedestals, behind walls with holes cut in various places, in swings, gym equipment, trampolines, mock school rooms. They would then accept money from other people coming just to look, to show something more clearly, or to do a sex trick, from racy to very dirty, all legal now. He raked in a decent living from this, and Gennifer claimed to have never been an exhibit or even been in the museum during operating hours, but somehow he had trouble believing that. He would wince every time he saw interracial sex going on in there.

He had heated arguments with Gennifer's father over God,

religion, race, politics. Just about everything he believed in her father was against, and vice-versa it seemed. He said he'd have been perfectly happy if Gennifer had married a black man and he didn't care if his descendants were no longer white. "People go nuts when their hair turns white," he'd laugh. Nobody forced them to do it, he said, so it was nobody's business but theirs. Live and let live. Life is too short to worry about other people. All are worthy of our respect and love. Erotic love.

Tavius was mortified at these kind of statements. He tried, oh did he try, to show him the error of being colorblind, immoral, ungodly. But especially colorblind. The ancient Egyptians, Persians, Hindus, all made that mistake, and look at them now. America was great only because it was white, and even though it was losing its whiteness fast, it was still more white than non-white, and still great only because of that.

Great, he said? Great what? Wasters? Despoilers of nature? Makers of war? Assholes?

It was hard to prove an overt conspiracy, of the Jews, the Communists, the left, to the average white, so he gave up with Gennifer's father. The average white tried to confuse him with a generation struggle, a lifestyle struggle, a sexual struggle, a cultural struggle, thrown in just when he was trying to make sense. Just so the WASP male was what was shit on, the future would be a better place -- the guiding light of 20th century liberalism, of all colors, thought Tavius. That was the conspiracy.

But Tavius never got that angry with Gennifer's father, because he had come to realize she had married him precisely to rebel against him, like young adults often do, and so he shouldn't fix something that wasn't broke.

The United States had entered the 20th century 90-plus percent white, Protestant, and totally dominated by male Anglo-Saxons. It left that century with those very people still in control but losing it, often with their own help, conspiring against themselves, or at least their women and children being taught to. Tavius was a kook, an activist,



trying to reverse this tide of history with a pitifully small band of comrades.

For decades now millions of Americans barely spoke English, or knew anything about the Constitution. Immigrants streamed in, decade after decade, millions a year, 90-plus percent non-white, non-Protestant, non-Anglo-Saxon, like a great cook mixing a great white dough with a second multi-grain dough. What was wrong with the white dough in the first place?

The movies and TV shows of the earlier decades, showing all-white faces everywhere, seemed like another world, a look in a virtual zoo. Another America that was already gone, that had disappeared with the coming of color TV.

But not entirely. Millions of the former ruling class, in the new classless society, still remained, and, while on paper they were irrelevant, they were still 80% of the population in the 1990s, 70% in the 'zeroes, 60% in the '10s, probably still over 50% then. So many just retreated to the rural heartland, to self-imposed isolation and segregation.

It wasn't racism like the Germans had experienced, more of a desire to just live with their own kind and be let alone. They wanted to see non-white faces only electronically, from the safety of their enclaves. With physical contact they might lose their daughters or sons to race-mixing or wild cults. For their children, they claimed the right to control what they saw and heard. They had been losing even that right to new laws in later years.

Tavius and his Aryan Alliance had flirted with Nazism, but they eventually abandoned it, because they just couldn't be good Nazis, with the regimentation, the unquestioning obedience. Hitler? Who was he? A degenerate sicko. He often mouthed the name of God in his speeches, but they suspected he was either an atheist or a mystical pagan, who rejected their Christ.

They were above all good Americans, and good Americans had to be wild sometimes, to raise a little hell, to be

different. Good Americans had fought Nazis and killed them, but were still for the white race being supreme back home when the war was over, no different than the British had been with the subjects of their Empire, no different than the Egyptians had been with their Nubian subjects. Boy were American soldiers slow getting the joke when they did get back and saw that the enemies of white supremacy had stolen the store.

Maybe America would have been better in the end, with the white supremacists dying of old age after failing to win the hearts and minds of the youth, and the continent no longer being a haven for whites at all, any more than India or Egypt were, though they had once been.

Maybe the whites were superior but not that superior, or not really superior per se, just different and self-sufficient, but replaceable by other races in combination. Maybe fighting for white supremacy now was an illusion, because they had already lost when they had the world to divide among themselves and gave it away fighting each other in World Wars I and II, proving they didn't deserve it, could never unite and have peace, could never keep from being haunted by racial equality fantasies.

Tavius was split between a desire to fight for a white homeland, and just give up and live the folly of his life out, leaving his dreams in writing for others one day perhaps. He knew he was saved, would go to heaven, and surely there God would give him peace in an all-white eternity.

Blacks could not reach heaven. Surely this was obvious, thought Tavius. God made some men black as a curse, color-coded their skin for inferiority, just as he made others white as a blessing, a color-code for superiority.

Whites weren't taught racism, thought Tavius. It was God-given. People who had spent their whole lives without ever coming into contact with a thick-lipped kinky-haired armpit-stinking black negro, literally cringed at the thought of touching one, breathing the same air, drinking the same water, much less kissing one, sleeping with one,

giving their intimate embraces to one. It took massive brainwashing after birth to overcome their God-given natural aversion to them, not the other way around. This kind of racism is natural, and would be there even if the negro weren't also mentally inferior, or incompatible with white civilization itself, and therefore incapable of permanent absorption into the same body politic.

God had decreed that the negro was to live separate from the white, in separate lands, geographically separated. America had had a long and bitter experience with the two races trying to live together on the same land, with what they called segregation, or in South Africa, apartheid. It just didn't work. Too much injustice to the little guy on both sides.

That Martin Luther King deceiver had lied to millions, claiming that America should judge people, not by the color of their skin, but by the content of their character. But God himself is the ultimate judge of character, and he color-coded skin to save white people the time to find out the hard way. That the African race were genetic liars, thieves, and thugs, not up to the individual demands placed on people by the burden of high civilization, where everybody has to specialize economically and pull his own weight.

Instead, they were a race of big children, wanting to have fun, to sing, dance, play kid games, and live off stolen loot. There were only two uses for a negro, one, to do menial labor for white men, two, to entertain white men. For ages white men had used black men for manual labor, which was what God intended, making the black men physically stronger, with more endurance, black skin even helping them work longer in the sun without exhaustion. He gave them thicker vocal chords so they could sing strong and beautiful, gave them the ability to jump higher and run faster so the white men could own them and run them in athletic competitions, and keep the winnings for themselves, like with race horses.

In the last hundred-plus years alone, white men had gone mad and released their negroes into society as equals, with

the disastrous results he saw everywhere they were the majority. What really rankled him was how they cited the Bible, and the teachings of Christ, to justify it.

Of course, arguments based on race results were used by atheist white supremacists such as The Twin, but he couldn't help adopting them himself. When The Twin pointed out that, if God existed, he shouldn't care about the economic success of people, anymore than the milk yield of cows, only their spiritual state, his mind just went into 'hold', as it also did when The Twin argued that belief in God and the con-game of heaven is precisely what the inferior races need to weaken and defeat the superior races now, preventing the evolution to a heaven on earth where everybody has a place.

The one good sign among negroes, their taking to Islam such as preached by Malcolm X, and wanting to be separate from whites, even going back to Africa, made him wonder about the Bible and Christianity, that they couldn't accept this as readily as believers in the Koran did. The way the Black Muslims called white people devils he could understand, since their incompatibility on the same land made it impossible for both to be angels.

And even the whites who wanted total racial integration qualified it by requiring blacks to whiten-up to their standards, using federal funds to send them to college, for instance, only to waste tens of thousands of bucks on a black 'graduate' who couldn't read and write past a white sixth-grader level, even though they had memorized long and hard their 'dance', 'jive', and other things that they were cut-out for.

He was mortified at the resourcefulness of white backers of 'racial equality' in getting around the clear message sent by the IQ tests, where the differences were actually quantifiable, showing a racial gap across all other 'environmental variables'. If ten million negroes had an average of a 20-point deficit compared to ten million whites, that meant that the group had a deficit of 20 million points, and that is God's doing, the reason He told white to live separate from them, not integrated with them.

White men were inherently different because every white person would identify himself by what he 'did for a living', not 'who he was', 'how he walked', 'how he talked', 'how he looked'. This was not a mere cultural heritage, it was genetic, and IQ tests could never be perverted to cover it up. They used to complain that IQ tests were 'culturally biased', but when the tests were actually changed to eliminate it, using references to conditions more familiar to American blacks than whites, the blacks actually scored worse, and the whites better. The blacks did not have a problem, they were the problem. When a black walked across the street, the problem walked across the street. The mistake was whites thinking they, or their government, could or should have to solve their problem.

Like race horses, whites could always welcome and support a few, quite a few. But if they bred too many, they couldn't support them any more, without lowering their own standard of living. This was the story of America since the Civil War, white man's biggest mistake since the Revolution.

Blacks treated as equals to whites in society would be like cancer cells in a healthy body. What is a cancer cell? It is one that is very close to a healthy cell, but has something wrong with it, so that it can't function in the body pulling its own weight, and usually multiplying itself as fast as it can absorb nutrients. The body has defenses against alien cells, but the way the cancer cell survives is to fool the body into thinking it's just as good as non-cancer cells, just like blacks want to be 'judged on an individual basis', rather than as a group.

In practice, especially when asking for government handouts, blacks want to not be judged at all, just left to multiply off the nutrients they suck out of the body of whites. Eventually, when the mass of cancer cells is too great, the entire body dies, because, after all, the cancer cell is not as good as a non-cancer cell, after all, and when called upon to pull its weight, it won't. America was therefore sick, and its government made it that way.

He would laugh when he heard black preachers telling blacks that whites owed them reparations, for 'living off

the sweat of their backs' for generations. Without whites telling the blacks what to do, when to do it, how to do it, and whipping them into doing it, they'd have starved and not even be here today to begin with, he thought. It was their own fellow blacks that sold them into slavery back in Africa, and why? Because they basically hate each other, and it's really only the white race that has even tried to like them, to its own regret now. Even blacks discriminate on the basis of lightness of skin tone among themselves, and always, the whitest is what is on top.

Blacks just are on a different level than whites, as far as their level of potential civilization itself is concerned. This is not the fault of the whites, it's not even the fault of the blacks, it's just their nature, and cannot be changed by blacks or whites, just accepted or not accepted. It is not wrong or bad to recognize or accept this reality, nor should it be a cause of hatred either way. It just is reality. In the genes.

Every area of big cities where they moved in, displacing whites, turned overnight from a prosperous, low-crime area to a little jungle, where everybody was out for himself, seeking what he could score by violence and deceit. Blacks were like big kids, who stopped evolving when they reached puberty, and never economically specialized, but stayed generalists, out for themselves, rising no higher in socioeconomic organization than the tribal level.

The purpose of governments is to protect the little guy. Mixing races together throws everybody into a day-by-day war, making the problem as bad as it can get. America had responded by pumping up the powers of the government to tyrannical proportions, taking away individual rights along with it. But where does government come from? Where does it get its power? It was like a balloon growing larger and larger, until it finally touched a pin, then blew up in everybody's face.

Crying for decades how they were economic failures because the whites kept them down, only to find Asians moving into the very same situation, with whites trying maybe even harder to keep them down since they could get

away with anti-foreign bias, and prospering, it was hard for Tavius to understand why the white majority still couldn't wake up and react, repealing all the laws passed since the Civil Wars that had made this mistake possible, and going back to the 'real' Constitution, which reached its high-water mark in the Dredd Scott decision, namely, that non-whites weren't even people, just animals, and consequently couldn't even file a lawsuit, or vote, or be citizens of the United States of America.

Tavius had not always been an activist. He was just a Christian minister who did a lot of reading and thinking. Sometimes, when he saw negro gospel choirs singing about love and understanding, how they would overcome, would be free at last, tears would come to his eyes. Thoughts that maybe he was all wet. That despite everything he knew, all races were equal after all, or race itself an illusion. That there was no problem other than hate, and he should just look to his own soul. That it was just an emotional problem, to be solved emotionally, by love overcoming hate. Yet when the tears dried, and his reasoning mind came back online, the hard cold issues wouldn't go away. There is no real solution if the reason isn't satisfied, the reasonable questions aren't answered. Could he kiss a negro and just make up? He wished it were only that simple, and that those who had trivialized it like that would somehow prove right despite daily proofs to the contrary.

The airing of his views one day to the wrong member of his congregation decided the issue, when the government started to persecute him out of the blue, and mobilised him from passivity to action, making him finally go underground. So they at least considered him dangerous, making it impossible to believe there was no problem or that he could be totally wrong.

If America had been an island too far out to sea for terrorists to venture to attack, at least it could have time to settle all its internal differences one way or other the other. But the Five Stones attack changed all that. Now one had to be an activist or die.

Why did America crumble so fast after the Five Stones attack? Perhaps it was because America had not settled its internal differences at all, but just buried them in increasing levels of polarization, and so she was ripe for it.

It was to the advantage of the Islamic terrorists to find an America that was not pure WASP, racist, rich, imperialistic, united, like in the 1940s or 1950s. Right or wrong, de jure or not, de facto white supremacy was what made America invulnerable to external foes. Now, it was ready to blow up from within like a rising cake if pricked just right. They took the greatest advantage they could, with merciless efficiency.

Fairly pure whites still controlled farming, or at least, farms. Tavius was a farmer now, and his Alliance was self-sufficient that way, depending on nobody for their daily bread.

Nobody was sure who controlled the gigantic agricultural corporations buying farm goods up, dominating the market, keeping the main profits and squeezing the farmers dry. For decades white farmers had made ends meet by exporting food out of the country to non-whites who could afford it, particularly Asians. If the Asian economy sneezed, American farmers caught a cold.

In the last decade, exports all-but ceased. America could no longer afford that. It needed all the food it could produce for its own. But since so many former Asians and Africans now lived here, it was a nitpicking point anyway, thought Tavius. A negro doesn't ask to be born, anymore than a cockroach does. But when a white family works to turn a barren prairie into a fertile farm, and erect a farmhouse, the cockroaches move into the kitchen every chance they get. And the farmers step on them. There are more seeds of life on Earth than the available surface area can support if they all sprouted at once, that's the Law of Nature.

But the United States government prevented cockroaches coming in to where the food is even from other countries



from being stepped on now. The final result of uncontrolled Africanization of America would be famine anyway, just like in every other land they multiplied like cockroaches in, thought Tavius, and it was just a matter of time before America was known as the world's biggest Third World nation.

So, when the news was finally put together, in the rural farming belt, that the wicked witch of the federal centralized government was dead, there was a quiet relief, if not a feeling that parades should be held, ticker tape parades, among a broad band of the former ruling class of whites.

So, to the delight of Tavius and his brethren, there began another conspiracy, much bigger than their group could start, to not retaliate against the Muslims at all, rather, to grab power from the dead witch as fast as possible, and to keep it from rising again. And they were just in a position to do it, by the Five Stones' very success.

But others said, throw a parade for whom? Islamic terrorists? Who rejected Christ? They are not our friends, perhaps we have no friends left. Band back together and defeat them first, then clean our own house. They were hooted down, Tavius leading the hooting locally.

He thought of Arabs, Egyptians, Persians, Iraqis, Libyans, all as old white stocks that had been Africanized through millennia of race-mixing with African slaves imported the very way America had done. An object lesson now. The Israelis were basically much whiter than their Moslem neighbors, and that's the real reason they had been able to hold their own. They were genetically smarter than their Africanized neighbors.

It was hard for Tavius to understand why the Jews didn't accept Christ, but if it were not for that, he would accept them as racial brothers, in peace. They weren't true Aryans like he was, but compared to the other races, they were worthy of preservation. Christ had been a Jew. Yet his own people had had 2,000 years to accept Him, and by now were died in the wool about it, and so their extermination wouldn't cause Tavius to shed a tear. Funny how the Jews

didn't accept Christ Himself, but quoted his teachings to promulgate race-mixing among non-Jews.

### III

As alluded to earlier, Tavius had heard speeches by The Twin, as he called himself, to the effect that whites should abandon all religion, all Gods, all Saviors, all hope of heaven or life after death, and only then could they deal with race rationally and scientifically. Sometimes those speeches made sense. What kind of heaven did the Jews believe they would go to, if any? They were always foggy about it.

More than a few times he had attended a 'Kill-In', a meeting of The Kill Club where screened members of the public were invited. Screened is right, thought Tavius. They strip you naked and make you pass through 40 yards of devices before they let you attend.

His first Kill-In was forever etched in his memory. The Twin, a huge muscular white man with a huge head and obviously good gene lines, was standing on the stage. In the front rows were beautiful totally nude white sex bunnies, a few wearing only half t-shirts with the word Slut on the front, over their taut bobbing breasts. They were obviously his concubines, thought Tavius. Nothing wrong with his taste in women.

He was giving a speech on how the white race was superior to the negro, on the basis of intellectual structure. He said that whites are made to rule, to command, because they have the ability to handle higher abstract thinking, while negroes do not. Instead, negroes are good at memorizing timing patterns, and coordinating them with their muscles, which is why they excel at 'jungle music', 'jungle dancing', and 'jungle fighting'.

Asians, he added, had great memories for abstract things, and were superior to whites in this dimension, but they lacked the individuality that makes for leaders, or a master race. They were like ants in an anthill, bees in a beehive, and men are not insects, he said, exploding in rage,

somewhat similar to the way Adolf Hitler did in his speeches, mesmerizing the audience.

The Twin snapped his fingers and an old banner piece of negro music, Thriller by Michael Jackson, started up, loudly, with a throbbing jungle beat. The Twin started swaying his massive body in a clumsy dance, mocking negroes, who all seemed to identify themselves by how well they move in a dance.

As the beat went on, The Twin started to chant, "I'm a niggah, look at me go!" "Oooh!" went Michael Jackson. "Oooh!" went The Twin, in a mocking echo, his voice nowhere near as musical, but reeking of great power. "Look at me do mah thing!" mocked The Twin, aping Jackson's famous Moon Dance, heavily, half-falling. The Twin started swishing his hips, flapping his wrists back and forth like he was a woman carrying a purse, and now, maybe like a monkey masturbating, then like a rooster strutting, then like a street hood flicking a switchblade.

He didn't grab his crotch like Michael Jackson, Tavius thought. Maybe he forgot about that.

Suddenly the music went off. "This goes to show you all that the mental capacity of the negro is tied up 24 hours a day with this level of bullshit, and, while they are quite good at it, and somebody has to entertain us whites, we whites have our minds free the same 24 hours a day for higher things, for instance, running this planet." Tavius thought this argument well-done. His eyes wandered over to the slut bunnies, and he noticed some were making out with each other. This made him get an erection.

"Michael Jackson, now there's the king of the misguided negroes in the 20th century for you. He actually tried to whiten himself up, got plastic surgery, conked his hair to the bone, bleached his skin. To that he added female hormone treatments, to make himself sexually ambivalent too. He then tried to use his highly-developed negro talents, disguised on the surface only, and the wealth and audience success gave him, to win over the white race to race-mixing, especially the young, and seduce them to become negroids,

under the guise of making people color-blind, as if race didn't exist, was only skin deep."

At that moment his butt whistle went off, and flared. As if on cue, hundreds more butt whistles flared off in the audience. The Twin had invented and popularized butt whistles, which were like straws stuck in the anus that emerged from the clothes, and had electronic ignitions and sensors, so they could take the methane fart gas and light it, while making a variety of sounds, including simulated voices. The Twin's whistle said "Bad!"

"If it were a matter of bleach, he would have then got a degree in a higher abstract subject like genetic engineering and left something behind other than music and dance videos."

"Oh yes race exists, and blind people have a problem, not a strength. They will lose the world to those who can see."

"Michael Jackson was a nice negro. I wish I had owned him. He could have made me a lot of money. Everybody ought to own a good negro. They need to be owned and cared for by a white master, especially those who can't get white people to buy tickets to their performances."

"Didn't he look a lot like one of those talking apes in that 'Planet of the Apes' series?" Everybody laughed. "Ever see the scenes where the apes whoop it up?" He rolled his eyes to a picture of Michael J., and his butt whistle flared "Cheep! Cheep! Beat it! Beat it!" More laughter.

"It was a great stunt to marry the daughter of Elvis Presley after he was caught doing it with white boys even though it was as illegal then as now. That took the heat off, along with a few payoffs." Laughter.

"Elvis, the white man who made big money by wearing makeup like a woman back when America was dominated by the stinking churches. And singing like a negro to white audiences that at that time wouldn't take a record by a negro for free. I can see how negroes boycotted Elvis Presley for the way he stole their market for years right

out under their feet, like Gene Autry did with Mexican music. But Michael Jackson's success made up for it, didn't it? Then dead Elvis' daughter giving her white pussy to Michael's black dick settled the old family score, right? Elvis probably had a little negro in him, anyway, which is what gave him the talent. When she found he was impotent, and didn't like to eat pussy, how could it last?"

"Jackson would have rather done it with young Elvis Presley, ha ha. He just loved young white dick and ass." His butt whistle went off again, "Oh boy!" Then the music blared, "Billie Jean's not my lover." "But I get off on her brother" said a voice from nowhere. Laughter.

When some male shouted out he liked young white dick and ass too, and what was he going to do about it, he replied, "Fine, I don't care. If the stinking Christians still didn't have power in the government, if America still weren't a haven for the Puritans, I would decriminalize it in a microsecond. As long as the parents okay it, and it's voluntary, man-boy love is a pleasure to both, and it's only Jesus Christ and his sick followers keeping you from it now. Long before the Christians fucked this world up, man-boy love was considered beautiful among the Greeks for instance. The Christian-influenced laws now treat a white man worse than a nigger for it. A suck monkey has more rights than a human under the sick Jesus Christinsanity culture." Hooting from the audience, chanting. "Kill Jesus! Kill Jesus! Kill Jesus!"

"Me, I prefer pussy," he added, rolling his eyes to his slut bunnies and licking his own lips, and now doing the crotch holding maneuver. "White pussy." The audience started hooting in some kind of chant, sounding like "kill fuck eat kill fuck eat!" The slut bunnies were now going down on each other, eating each other in the front row, their luscious white skin and sensuous curves causing everybody in the audience, male and female, to get aroused at the same time.

Some of the men already had their hard penises out and suck monkeys giving them head, and the uglier women were having their suck monkeys eating them. Beautiful women

usually had their pick of other women and men to eat them, as did the beautiful men. Everybody here was beyond old labels like hetero or homo or bi. There were just the beautiful people, and the non-beautiful, who gratified themselves with suck monkeys. But everyone was gratified.

The Twin had genetically engineered monkeys that never grew into adulthood, but remained young and cute, almost human, and genetically regarded human penis and vagina and anus as their mother's teats, and their human owner as their mother, and loved to suck their owner lovingly and swallow all the juices, however dirty, thinking of them as milk.

They had no teeth, and gave better blow jobs and cunny jobs than humans because they had long, raspy tongues, and would learn from experience to please their masters, for example, licking a man's scrotum and ass before finishing off his penis with a suck job, and using their cute little hands to massage the balls while bobbing their cute heads up and down on the hard penis, and swallowing all the sperm and licking their master's crotch as clean as a cat. Some like to have the blow job first, then their balls and ass licked second. Ditto with women.

Afterwards the monkey would clean and preen himself, and his breath would always smell sweet and clean afterwards, even if he had licked a plateful of chili out of a fat man's ass with diarrhea. They could take anything you could give. Amazing, fantastic little pets.

The Kill Club held the patent for, and trademark rights secured to, what were variously called suck, love, kiss, face, or lick monkeys, and raked in billions in royalties. A monkey had a lifespan of about 3 years, so people would joke about being married to their monkey and getting a divorce every 3 years. They were Amway products now, and many of the audience members were Amway distributors.

The audience was full of people carrying suck monkeys in their pockets, on their shoulders, or in pouches on their lower stomachs, like kangaroos. Whenever the owner would pull out his penis hard, or expose her pussy and spread her legs, the suck monkey would jump out and go to work until

they were sexually gratified.

The Kill Club had worked to relax or find loopholes in laws around the world to permit such gratification publicly, and constantly preached for the decriminalization of all consensual sex worldwide. It was considered a religious rite in a Kill-In to have a sex orgy, so they claimed First Amendment protection for it, and usually got away with it, even in the heartland of the Bible Belt states under the New Millennial Bill of Rights, as long as they weren't caught letting minors do it with non-minors.

Tavius felt mad about the members of The Kill Club having to struggle to exercise their freedoms under the shadow of a melange of laws passed by religion-dominated legislative bodies, some a century or more old, and totally invasive of their rights. Even he held a Bill of Rights to be almost as sacred as his Bible. Yet, he was a married minister, and his morals came from the Bible, so he politely refused to join in the orgies at the Kill-Ins he attended, and always came fully dressed, wearing his clerical collar.

You have to hand it to The Twin for this invention, he thought, for it civilized humanity more than all the laws and jails put together, and practically eliminated sex crimes.

Sex crimes. The Twin's speeches on this subject caused Tavius to fume, although he couldn't answer him logically in an open debate. Rape, said The Twin, should be a non-crime, decriminalized. It is no business of the state to make the act of sex itself a crime. If a person is assaulted, kidnapped, killed, that is okay to criminalize, per se. But the fact that a dick was inserted into a pussy should not even be admissible evidence in a criminal court. It was at most a civil matter, for damages, for instance, if disease was transmitted. If a woman got pregnant during rape, that was her fault, and not the man's, and her responsibility, never his, although he would permit a woman who grew the child to term, and acted as its mother, to petition the state to try to find out who the father was, and tell her, so she could establish the child's family tree, but no more.

If some nigger tried to rape his white wife, Tavius fumed, he'd cut his balls off and stuff them in his mouth. No need to call any cops, that much was true.

The core America, said The Twin, was started by the Puritans, and, even though they were often claimed to be extinct, and the United States was a new start, they still held enough of that core to be able to ram Puritan-inspired laws up the United States' ass all the time.

Remember the Sunday laws, the Blue laws. Laws against having oral sex, or masturbating. Remember Prohibition, first of alcohol, then marijuana, then any drug they pleased almost, then even tobacco, until the real America woke up and decriminalized all drugs, recognizing that legitimate government has limits to its ability to tell you how to live.

Putting a healthy man in prison for decades, or life, just for having sex with women against their 'consent', was just as insane, said The Twin. The women often had no more physical damage afterwards than they gave themselves in the shower with a dildo. Their organs were meant to be used, and those who made 'fair natural use' of them had rights too.

'Victims of rape' would be turned into 'psychological victims' by a prosecutor drunk with power, the Twin said, and parade in court telling juries how they had 'lost their innocence', 'been scarred for life', and other imaginary damages, so that the overpowerful state could then truly hurt the man, ending his very right to be free and pursue happiness.

At most, 'rape' should be a petty offense, like disturbing the peace, with police having the authority to come when called, stop it, and cite the 'rapist' for a maximum of 30 days in jail and a thousand buck fine, "or whatever a top whore in that area commands for one throw, and however long the backlogged court takes to see what prisoners have been thrown in jail, and release them".

At that point in the speech, a squad of police burst into



the meeting, marched up to The Twin, and placed him under arrest, putting handcuffs on his huge wrists, after some trouble to make them stay clicked. There was a confused murmur coming from the audience. Tavius was making ready to pull a gun and shoot his way out if he had to, anything to avoid arrest. A police captain came onto the stage, faced the audience, and told them they were all busted. Tavius felt an adrenaline rush. His hand went into his shirt. His eyes darted around sizing up the heat and the possible escape routes.

Then she busted her top open, exposing enlarged breasts, as big as watermelons, and The Twin came up behind her, ripping the cuffs off like foil, then carefully, tenderly, sensuously, squeezing them until the nipples hardened, the fake captain moaning with her mouth open in a sensuous lipsticked white-toothed oval, ripping off her pants and dancing her ass around like a belly dancer, then bringing her arms up around behind The Twin's head, one of his sluts.

Everybody had a good laugh. Back to his speech. All the cops had been sluts, and they threw their clothes away, and went back to their reserved spaces on the front rows.

Instead of this rational approach, decriminalizing rape, the Puritans turn it into legalized persecution of a 'rapist', a witch hunt, their favorite perversion. They demonize the 'rapist' in court, until he/she is burned at some stake, and everything they own confiscated, and the loot kept by the prosecutors.

Sometimes the sentences for the 'crime of rape' were so distorted that rapists felt it more safe to murder every person they did it with, since dead people can't testify against them in court, and a conviction of murder is not only harder to get, but has a sentence that is easier to get parole for. So the law itself breeds murder.

Not that he is against killing per se, said The Twin, for everybody has to die some time, but it's a material world, and murder has material consequences, and in this case, if the slut is young and has a lot of mileage left in her blowholes, why waste it for nothing? Hundreds, thousands

could have enjoyed her during her good years. Jesus Christ is behind it all, he concluded, ruining our world. So kill Jesus Christ off the face of the planet, to set people free.

It was Jesus Christ that was the demon, His influence that was putting guilt and shame into the natural appetites of the flesh, and their enjoyment. Women who didn't enjoy a big black dick in their pale pussies, just because they hadn't mind-tripped the jock for weeks first, and 'got to know him', and 'said yes', were the criminals, themselves products of the devil, Jesus Christ. All white women should love big black dick, just like they love suck monkeys. A product of nature, for their enjoyment. "If you women believed in God, why don't you believe God made black men so you would have good dick while your white men used his brains to support you all in style?"

Jesus Christ had raped them in the brains first, and they were the ones the state should jail, for mental therapy, until they learned to enjoy sex and realize they had no "right to say no and have the superpowerful police state work for them against an innocent black boy who just wants to get his rocks off and is burning with lust while she tempts him mercilessly. If the rapist is a white boy, it is even more outrageous to involve the state in simple love."

In other words, tempting is more of a crime anyway, and men can't call the police and have them order a woman not to tempt them, and to give them some relief, so why should the government get involved at all? Legitimate government has to have limits to the abuse of power.

"Of course," he added, "if the white woman has a white boyfriend, and he catches the nigger fucking her and cuts his balls off through jealousy, that's no business of the state either, for the white man may have been misguided, or fucked in the head himself, and suffering wrongful rage, and maybe should have been glad for his white woman getting a good fuck with a dick bigger than he has, but the white is superior to the black in that they have the right to rule them, and no government on Earth that can stand should be able to change this natural relationship."

"Hopefully education will stop misguided white jealousy, and instead of trying to cut the black man's balls off, and feel personally threatened by his inferior, he will try to get his title and feed him and house him as long as he gives it to his wife good. As long as the white man controls all breeding, sexual gratification is not to be confused with it anymore."

Tavius took these last few remarks right between the eyes. Why was The Twin such a genius among men, yet espoused such wild views?

Didn't he remember back to the great days of America, the first half of the 19th century, when the virtue of the weaker sex was the responsibility of all white gentlemen to protect, and rapists were summarily strung up at the nearest tree without a trial?

Back then America didn't even have police. The idea of a standing army in peacetime was explicitly prohibited by the Constitution, and European police state regimes were just what early Americans had crossed the dangerous ocean to get away from. But we couldn't do without the police today, thought Tavius, especially after the niggers were set free among us. It was absurd that there was just one set of laws on the books for whites and blacks though, and the whites had always won the fight, until recent decades, to make sure the police enforced the laws as if there were two sets.

Back to The Twin. He said he had personally genetically engineered his suck monkeys to look like white women anyway, since everybody wants to look down over their stomach and see a white woman giving them head, so now why couldn't convicted rapists petition for parole after showing how they had a good thing going with their suck monkey? Of course, all blacks should have white owners anyway, he said, so the fact that a large percentage of the black race in America was in prison or parole should tell Americans it was time to repeal all the laws treating blacks as human beings equal to whites, and capable of citizenship by right, and instead parole them to white owners, who would look after them and keep them flying right.

"What if the attempt to repeal the misguided laws that prop negroes up to the status of whites, is blocked by the blacks themselves, exercising their rights to vote? Simple, don't count those votes. If the whites vote for it, by a majority, that nullifies the black vote by the very fact that until the whites gave blacks the right to vote in the first place, they didn't have it by the original Constitution."

But many whites would vote against repealing the laws propping blacks up to their level, the Twin said, and the reason is that Jesus Christ had raped their brains. Without denying Jesus Christ totally, the whites would forever be their own worst enemy.

One person started heckling him, saying that God would strike him dead. The Twin asked him how he knew that? He replied from the Bible. The Twin asked him if he believed everything the Bible said. The heckler replied that the Bible was God's word, and was inerrant. The Twin produced a black-covered old-fashioned paper Gideon Bible, and immediately thumbed through it, looking for a verse. The heckler did the same, using a wrist computer.

"Read Matthew 10:5-10," asked The Twin of the heckler.

Sensing a trap, he replied, "Why?"

"You believe that the Bible is inerrant, don't you?"

"Yes."

"Read it then. Out loud. Maybe you can convert us."

Laughter.

The heckler hesitated, then read, solemnly:

"These Twelve Jesus sent out, charging them, 'Go nowhere among the Gentiles, and enter no town of the Samaritans, but go rather to the lost sheep of the house of Israel. And preach as you go, saying, The kingdom of heaven is at hand. Heal the sick, raise the dead, cleanse lepers, cast out demons. You received without pay, give without pay. Take

no gold, nor silver, nor copper in your belts, nor bag for your journey, nor two tunics, nor sandals, nor a staff; for the laborer deserves his food."

"So what's your point?" asked the heckler.

"Well, other than the problems intelligent modern people have in believing that Christians have ever healed any sick, raised any dead, cured any lepers, or cast out any demons, much less ever worked for free..." Laughter.

"... does the Bible here not say that Jesus' Twelve were to take no staves, or walking sticks, with them?"

"Yes, that's right," said the heckler, hastily checking his wrist computer for the Greek, rhabdos meaning staff or walking stick.

"And the Bible is inerrant?" asked The Twin. "It never makes a mistake, and if it did, could not be perfect, and therefore could not be the product of a perfect being, and hence, the God who wrote it is no God at all, but an imposter?"

"I don't think I'd go that far," said the heckler, "but yes, if the Bible were not inerrant, my God would not allow that."

"Fine. So turn to Luke 9:1-3."

The heckler quickly did so, read ahead, and replied, "So what's your point?"

"Read it aloud, please."

The heckler read aloud:

"And he called the Twelve together and gave them power and authority over all demons and to cure diseases, and he sent them out to preach the kingdom of God, and to heal. And he said to them, 'Take nothing for your journey, no staff, nor bag, nor bread, nor money; and do not have two tunics.'"

"What is your point?" the heckler repeated, getting louder, anxious.

"Oh, I must have skipped a gospel," he joked. "Yes, let's go to the last one carrying an account of The Twelve, namely, Mark 6:7-9. Read that one aloud now."

The heckler read ahead, seemed to pale, gulped, but read:

"And he called to him the Twelve, and began to send them out two by two, and gave them authority over the unclean spirits. He charged them to take nothing for their journey except a staff; no bread, no bag, no money in their belts; but to wear sandals and not put on two tunics."

"It's just a minor discrepancy," said the heckler, as if to cut The Twin's expected statement off.

"Minor discrepancy? You mean minor error?" gloated The Twin, exultantly.

No reply from the heckler.

"If something is palmed off on the people as inerrant, then there is no such thing as a minor error. This minor, as you call it, discrepancy, is rock solid proof that your God is a fraud, buddy! This isn't right, buster! The losers who palmed these gospels off on the ignorant were all copying from each other, or from some lost source, and one of them copied wrong. What does God have to do with it? You made God up! Wake up now! Give it up!"

"By the way," he added to his own speech before the heckler could say anything, "I have many more where those came from. For instance, look at the story of Jesus Christ riding into Jerushalaem on the back of an ass. One of the gospels has him riding two jackasses at the same time, all because he couldn't translate Hebrew too well, from the Old Testament so-called prophecy he was copying and pretending his fairy-tale Jesus fulfilled. They all just made Jesus up, from a Bible school that collected a bunch of texts from the Old Testament, and tried to create a literary character

out of them."

"Jesus Christ was not a real man later made into a myth, but a myth that later losers turned into a God!" Silence, people in thought.

The Twin looked the heckler down, like Moses might have railed at his people holding the stone tablets in his hands.

"The Bible is the work of men who were either suffering under an illusion, or outright frauds, or maybe misunderstood. But it is not inerrant, and is not the work of any God."

"My God would not make an error!" replied the heckler.

"So, if there is a God, what happened? Did he fail to leave an inerrant Bible for his people? How could that be if He exists? I am not sorry, but I know there is no God, or else He would not only strike me down now, but He would have not let that error creep into every copy of the Bible in circulation. Clearly, He is not able to either strike me down or strike the error out of that text, because He doesn't exist! Get out of here!"

"Would you want us to burn the Bible then? Like Hitler?" the heckler managed to say.

"Oh no, let's leave it around, for laughs!" said The Twin. "To wipe our asses with!" And at that he tore a few pages out of his Gideon Bible, and ran them up his ass crack, pulling them out, holding them out to the heckler. "Here, sniff!" Great laughter.

The heckler started to talk, but his mouth tied up, and he did as he was told, clearly reeling at having his entire belief structure shattered. The Twin uttered a demonic laugh that followed the heckler step by step out of the room. "Ha ha ha! There is no God, and Jesus Christ is a fraud! Kill Jesus Christ and eat His face! Fuck Mary! Fuck the Holy Ghost! Kill the Pope and make some soap!" He went into a chanting, calculated to totally kill religious feeling out of any hearer, and show no God would strike him

down for sacrilegious blasphemy, that it was all right, the sky would not fall like Chicken Little feared.

Just before the heckler got to the door, The Twin shouted, "Hey! You forgot your prize! A free face monkey!" The heckler just kept going, and was gone.

The audience was silent now. The Twin was going into a stock speech they had heard before.

When The Twin started in railing against God, saying that Jesus Christ was a fraud, a phoney, had never even existed, was a made-up fairy tale story, a product of a school of sick thinkers themselves bent on ruling the world by deception, Tavius got up suddenly and headed for the exit. This was where he exited the time after, and after that. Yes, his arguments were well-rehearsed and seemingly irrefutable. But what does it profit a man to gain the whole world if he lose his soul? Get behind me Satan.

Funny but Tavius had never seen The Twin having sex, even while his followers had long orgies with him presiding over them. It was like The Twin was the Son of Lucifer, but if so, he acted more like one of the Saints. Some of his associates told him The Twin should be assassinated, but no one ever did anything, they were so pleased by his political stand on the race issue. Besides, the Bible did say that the Antichrist would rule the world, and to oppose his work would be to oppose the will of God for sure. He had Divine Insurance.

Maybe The Twin was deceived by Lucifer, but he was not the devil, thought Tavius. Not and be doing the work of God.

But back to the recent tragedy that had befallen the United States of America.

#### IV

The fact that most of the Jews in the U.S. had now been wiped out instantly by the Islams was noted with quiet relief by many, not just white supremacists. There had been



more Jews in New York and Los Angeles than in Israel. Although their percentage in the U.S. population was miniscule, 3%, their effective influence, often caused by their own commendable habits of education and hard work, was more like 25%. And with their concentration in the news, entertainment, and finance industries, they had an effective majority voting bloc in Congress.

Compared to other ethnic groups, the Jews took the largest percentage hit from those five smooth stones. And their domination of journalism and news commentary left the rural soapboxers with the field for the first time since even oldtimers could remember.

They had made the Aryan Alliance an outlaw band equated with the Islamic terrorists, and struggling to keep one ahead of the authorities, with the help of many white families who protected them, fronted for them, stuck their necks out even.

Tavius had long been living under wartime conditions. When the Islamics struck, he was ready to spring into action, but not against them, not at first anyway.

There was talk about resurrecting the United States government with a new constitutional convention. But without the original white bloc that had founded the U.S. leading the way, no new central federal government was ever resurrected. Things were better than ever before in the heartland for a time. No federal taxes to pay. No giant government agencies telling them what to do. No more extensive computer files on every person. No more constant stream of images and sounds they found offensive from the entertainment-news juggernaut. Criminal records and the federal crime database gone.

And the eagle had stopped shitting. Millions no longer received welfare, retirement, disability, and other 'benefits'. One could afford to be haughty and heartless to them now, to be proud to have private employment or own their own business.

Hordes of new beggars appeared, reminding people of

Islamic countries and further hardening their sympathies. Somehow, it was these freeloaders who had caused America's problems anyway.

A constitutional convention was actually scheduled in Lincoln, Nebraska, then cancelled after it failed to get the necessary permits, and funding collapsed.

Federal prisons just opened their doors and ceased operation. Since many were in prison for old obsolete drug crimes, income tax crimes, and a host of obscure federal crimes that bordered on political arrest, there was no interest in keeping them up anymore on funding that was not federal. A few really bad felons were soon rounded up committing some state crime anyway. States righters had a moment in the sun again. The Aryan Alliance came out of hiding, and often out of prison, and Tavius had helped organize a states rights rally on the steps of the Iowa state capitol.

The nuclear fallout did come, and killed millions. But that was out of hundreds of millions, a few percent, and many beggars among them. The damage to the farmland was more insidious and long-term, hard to measure at first. The Geiger counter and the radiation dose detector became common consumer items quickly, clothing accessories. The Aryan Alliance abandoned farming.

Before the jihad had destroyed them, the remaining big cities had degenerated to non-white against non-white, a breakdown of law and order, like in the old Watts riots. People would just grab anything that wasn't nailed down, and live for the day. White heartlanders didn't want government to intervene and stop this, at their expense. Tavius believed that non-whites had killed more of their own kind than they had in their whole movement.

Then South, when it realized that Washington D.C. was nuked -- with Congress in session, taking out the President, Vice-President, Speaker, everybody, and the Pentagon, the headquarters of every federal agency, including the U.S. courts, and their top bureaucrats -- had quickly taken the opportunity to secede again, from what they called the hydra

of the U.S. federal occupation government that had strangled their homeland for 150 years. And soon there was fighting going on between Americans. Like the old Nero infidel fiddling while Rome burned.

The Northwest states had also quickly seceded, declaring a Christian whites-only nation, called the Aryan Nation of Christ (ANC), with more fighting, and a quick victory declared by the new government. Microsoft's assets were seized and the government's newly-issued script was worth more than the American dollar. For a few months.

The light-headed feeling among separatist soldiers at the time was typified by the campground story going round that the army troops guarding Fort Knox had finally rebelled and stolen the gold and set themselves up in luxury. The truth was that it was still safe, but there was a tension and an explosive situation that might well make the story come true at any time; just a few more key officers had to give their asset to the growing cabal.

The Aryan Alliance had been ousted by the ANC for petty differences, the boiling point being reached when the roundup and slaughter of all non-whites was seriously called for. It had always been that way, Tavius grumbled. Whites are their own worst enemies, they don't band together, but split apart, by nature it seemed, their fatal flaw being their greatest strength, what caused them to love exploration, conquest, the glory of the individual getting to the top. White people basically considered each other rivals, not really racial brothers. Racial loyalty usually stopped with family lines. They could conquer and rule other races, but always lost it when their subjects fucked their way into enough of their families.

In just weeks fresh waves of jihad attackers on the fatally weakened continent caught them all with their pants down. These attackers didn't fight to win pitched battles, they tried to plant mass-destruction weapons, nukes as well as dirty weapons, biological and chemical, and gladly sacrificed themselves with them. They were not open to negotiation with any of America's factions. They considered themselves already dead the moment they left on their

missions, and serving as Allah's instrument, to kill all Americans. But they always concentrated on the cities.

America had a tiny group of Islamic citizens. What did they do? Most did nothing, a few joined the terrorists, and all waited for ultimate Islamic victory, considering their own lives as nothing in the balance. Reprisals by Christian Americans soon hardened even the moderates to this stand.

The Southwest soon became a province of Mexico, all-but officially. Especially after Mexico City was nuked and the USI claimed all of North America as its subject, millions of Mexicans swarmed into Texas, New Mexico, Arizona, California, and took anything they wanted. Not that Mexico had a government now either. But it was always a land of lawless infidel bandidos. The Aryan Alliance was planning on pulling up and moving there soon, hoping to live as bandits and take their chances. They feared the Northeast, where most of the Southern blacks had pulled up stakes and fled to, and were running riot, looting, reprising against whites and Muslims alike.

The Northeast was soon plagued by mass riots, strikes, and plagues of Biblical proportions, and not just by blacks. The USI had thrown wave after wave of jihad suicide teams lacing Eastern coastal cities with biological weapons that included the dreaded brain-killer virus, that ate the brain in less than 24 hours, and, if not fatal, left permanent brain damage.

They wanted the Yankees to become the intellectually inferior breed of America, after centuries of them claiming they were the master race. No cure was ever found for this virus, nor a vaccine. Only people with natural immunity or luck survived it at all, but always with some brain damage, and often some paralysis.

The process of secession saved the South and the Northwest, ironically, from this for a time. Seeing Americans fight each other was a glad sight unto Islam's eyes, and they wanted them healthy and cunning for that fight. But when they finally ran out of Northeastern targets, nobody could stop Allah's ever-replenished jihad

teams from getting their glory trip to paradise -- and they hit the Northwest first.

The Aryan Nation of Christ, and its armed forces, were valiant in their stand against the jihad, which they usually called 'the horde'. They had had time to organize defenses, recruit and train anti-terrorist reaction teams. They lasted for months before they were defeated. If Tavius had lived long enough to hear of the total extinction of whites in that region of the country, he would have wept, but not long. He would have been glad for his own ass. They had, after all, asked for it by ousting him and his forces.

Curiously, ANC money still had value long after the ANC was destroyed, because of persistent rumors that they had buried great hordes of gold somewhere, and that Islamics honored it. Or maybe people just couldn't accept their demise.

The large numbers of Mexicans in the Southwest alone saved it from biological weapons, so far. Mexicans were raping and killing gringos like cattle at will, enjoying the release of centuries of anger, while the American blacks and invading Islams tried to join in.

All Americans who were white, or even middle-class or above, were now like the old American buffaloes, with the trains steaming through merrily shooting away at the herds, while they went back to grazing among the dead carcasses later.

Some of the infrastructure of America was still intact, particularly away from the big cities. Plumbing, highways, some radio and TV, and some Internet. Satellites were still up there if people could access them. Buffalo-like Americans were trying to hold onto their hedonistic ways with one foot slipping back into the Stone Age.

Since the government serpent had its head chopped off, there was no clear announcement of their plight, just announcements of confusion, no contact, broken contact, lack of direction, broken chains of command, broken supply lines, hopes, pipe-dreams, folly, gloom and doom, apocalyptic

chaos. Anybody trying to tell them like it is, Tavius' group included, they were already conditioned to tune out, even with their new soapbox giving them their ears.

Not that some Americans didn't fight back. They were not as heavily armed as in the preceding century when individual gun ownership was not all-but illegal. But starving, cold, sickly, surrounded, unorganized people couldn't make use of even the guns they had, with no mass invasion giving them anything to shoot at.

The Middle East of course cut off all of America's oil, and this made sending an army back over there out of the question. The so-called strategic oil reserves had proved to have been a hoax, secretly used up during years of dry well disappointments.

There was a loser mentality infecting them worse than a physical plague. Religion probably. It was the infidel Bible, many said, that had predicted the fall of America. Many actually cried for someone to finish them off. They had seemed to think they had it coming. Their domain was contracting, as a business analyst might put it. The economy was going dead, money becoming worthless, barter and theft and robbery more likely. Cannibalism was seen in some areas. These were the End Times said the religious.

Perhaps most fittingly for a dying, once-proud eagle, masses of young American men just chickened out when called to defend their country. They were so used to letting the authorities -- the teachers, the police, the probation officers, the university administrators, the employers -- handle things. They hadn't reached that age of responsibility yet and didn't want it.

Many didn't think America was worth defending anymore. It was racist to do so, they said. Sexist too. Who wanted to be a John Wayne, a Gene Autry, a Roy Rogers now? Who could make them kill? War is wrong. Give peace a chance. Cluck cluck went the eaglets. All efforts by Tavius and his brothers to change this went to waste.

Then the Islamic invaders, who had up till then been a

trickle, stepped up to a higher gear. Tavius McVeigh was last seen in Tucson, Arizona, with Arab semen up his chitlins.

## Chapter 8. Living Off the Land.

### I

Ride 'em cowboy! Shy Boy Abdul, all 320 pounds of him, was pounding his dark brown peter up the white sickly ass of an American man he had found in a hotel in Tucson, Arizona, soundly asleep.

His big belly towered over the lower back of the belly-down prone American, who was gagged and his hands and feet handcuffed behind his back at the same point. He got those two sets of handcuffs from the last cop he had killed.

Abdul had black eyes, brown-olive skin, and ears that stuck out like Mickey Mouse. A short beard. Eyes that popped out like a frog. Bad teeth, with a gap in the front. He usually wore an Arab headdress, but he had gone cowboying with a bare head because he considered himself undercover in an alien land. Until full adulthood he was cute in a way a mother could love.

The cowboy's wife was also gagged and tied, lotus style, with a lampcord, belly up, freshly raped, and unconscious, next to him. Her furry bear mound was still sensuous, if you ignored the beaten up face and the cowboy's belt wrapped around her neck. The cowboy had had a clerical collar, an infidel priest sign. It was stuffed in her ass crack.

He began jizzing, pulling his cock out and stroking the white stuff in spurts onto the American's ass and backside. He forced his nuts to empty by repeated contractions.

Casually, he pulled up his pants, only to have them drop down again, and waddled to the head of the bed where the American was grunting through the gag.

He took a puff of the American's Marlboros, the kind without hashish, that he had stolen from him, and threw the cigarette into the bed. Then he began striking matches and setting the sheets on fire.

The American's eyes widened with terror. The grunting grew frantic. Abdul finally had the bed on fire good, and he added torn pages from an infidel Bible he found in the drawer. Then he found a whole old-fashioned cellulose newspaper, something about Aryan Alliance, although he couldn't read English and didn't know that, set it on fire like a torch, and placed it underneath the bed.

The smoke was becoming thick and dark now. The American was hollering in pain through the gag, as flames licked his tanned legs and white jizz-splattered cowboy ass. Abdul stabbed the cowboy in the eyes with his thumbs, then peed in his face, but not too much, just enough to coat the face. So that would burn last.

He tore some curtains off the window, and threw them on top of the American for good measure. Then took out a knife and stabbed him in the butt repeatedly, then the legs, the side, the arms, the shoulders. That would take care of any ability to escape.

He thought he heard the woman move and moan so he grabbed a heavy glass ashtray and smashed her skull in with it. He was grinning rapaciously now, as he took out his silencer and stuck it up her vagina and pulled the trigger. Then he did the man too, up under his bag.

The bed was ablaze now, and Abdul pulled his pants up awkwardly as he made for the door, glancing backward to see the entire bed ablaze.

Outside in the hotel hallway he carefully shut the door. Then went to the next available door, kicked it in heavily, and found no one inside. He went to the door opposite it, kicked it in, and found no one. Down to the next door, and this time he heard something inside before he kicked. He raised his gun cockily and kicked the door in with glee in



his eyes.

What luck, a couple this time. Both were trying to hide under the bed, and he thought he saw a handgun for an instant. But no shooting came from them. So he took his time unscrewing and screwing the silencer in better, then he started shooting, like in a shooting gallery at a carnival, through the mattress, pop pop pop.

He went over to the bed and pulled them out. The woman had the hotel visiphone in her hands, and he jerked it out, then ripped it out of the wall. A double tap in each head made sure they were dead.

He quickly stripped the woman's panties off and got a good look at the pretty young hair pie, and it turned him on so much he was sorry he had tapped her out. Back at home he had been so shy with women, and it was forbidden to have sex before marriage, and he had reached the age of nearly 26 and had still been a virgin, not even able to get to the talking stage with a woman's parents. Of course he had enjoyed men's asses, in the steamrooms, thank Allah, the Merciful and Beneficent. Now he was a kid in a candy store.

He pulled her by the legs across the carpet into the bathroom, into the tub, whipped out his sword-knife from its holster, and carefully cut off her head, tossing it into the sink. He took a towel and wrapped it over the stump, then wrapped a pillow case over that. He was a butcher, like his father. Good work. He may have been a shy boy, but he was no lazy boy.

He heaved the beautiful body, veiled like a devout woman, on his shoulder and swiveled back and forth trying to figure out what would be funnest. He finally decided to throw her on the bed, then spread her legs wide, and went down on her, sniffing her pussy pie appreciatively while retracting the lips and exposing the clitoris.

How many times he had burned just for a sniff of pussy, a gander of it, no more. In his country women were forbidden even to show their faces, for fear their beauty would drive men to desperate wildness, to rape. Why couldn't they just

have a sniff and a little lick from time to time as a safety valve against rape? Allah was wise, he was sorry for thinking that suddenly. Here was an infidel given to him by Allah, and he was questioning His wisdom.

His tongue felt salty and he wanted to eat the pussy now. Just then a gob of jizz came dripping out of the vagina. He huffed, and leered at the dead man on the floor. Spoiled. A man cannot eat another man's semen.

He took his switchblade and began carving the pussy lips out of the crotch, thinking he'd take it as a prize and clean it off later and do things with it. But he botched the job and spoiled the symmetry, besides, it came apart in pieces of yellow and white fat that no longer looked appetizing.

So he set fire to that room too, after hanging the woman's body out the window by a lampcord tied to the ankles. Before taking off for the door, he took a sensuous sniff of the panties, which he had stuffed in his shirt pocket, and stuffed them down in his pants, wrapping them around his dick.

Out in the hallway again, the smoke hung in the air like a haze. No alarms. No authorities. He went on eagerly looking for loot and fun.

In the parking basement he found the Mercedes they had stolen, and both of his friends were there, keeping lookout with AK-47100s. Abdul got in the back seat and the others got in the front.

They slowly cowboied their car out of the garage into the bright Tucson sunlight. The sparse traffic was almost all Islams like them, living off the land and enjoying themselves hugely. A pile of wallets and wristwatches, rings, and electronic curios lay next to Shy Boy on the back seat. Shy Boy hoped the others couldn't smell cigarettes on his breath. Pussy smell was mixed with body sweat and semen odors, and garlic and onions.

They were cruising down the cowboy boulevard now, palm

trees lining the sides, sun beautiful in the sky. Adobe was prominent in the buildings. Beautiful homes were seen, and so many commercial buildings, stores for rich Americans. A string of half-naked Americans were hanging by their necks off a street light, hands tied behind their backs, slowly twisting on the ropes. Half-starved dogs were barking and trying to jump into the air to snap at their meat.

At a 4-way stop, Islamics in 4 separate tow trucks stolen from a tow yard, were having sport of quartering captured Americans, all nude and raped in the tow yard office beforehand. The Islamics were all dressed in policeman uniforms, and there were two police cars parked in the yard as well. They must have stopped Americans passing by posing as infidel policemen, Abdul decided admiringly.

They would wrap chains around the arms and legs, and shove swords through the chains and limbs to secure them, then race to tear the screaming squirming carcass into four pieces and see who could get back to the tow office first for more.

Dogs merrily chased along, barking and snapping at the carcass, and making off with prizes, sometimes while they were still alive. Bloody dirty quartered pieces of meat-stripped bone littered the street and gutters, along with torsos, some doused with gasoline and burning.

Abdul wondered where the dogs came from. Did they bring their own this time, or were these lucky local dogs? The taste of infidel flesh is especially pleasing to a dog, just as the smell of his burning flesh is pleasing to Allah.

They passed the downtown police station, on fire, littered with dead cops, many beheaded and smoldering into ashes, doused with gasoline. The jihad team had hit it early this morning and Abdul had missed it. He loved to behead infidels, especially when he purposely botched the job and they suffered. The clean white neck bones against the pink flesh. Made them look like the pigs they were.

He always wondered if the severed head were alive, what it felt, if it could speak, why it couldn't speak, say

something, think some thoughts. From living one moment to dead the next, a philosophical mystery.

That cop they found in the parking garage, complete with a paper bag full of foul pork sandwiches. They had shot his arms and legs, then stuffed the sandwiches into his mouth, and taped his mouth to the tailpipe of his police car with duck tape they found in it, covering his head round and round like a turban, and ran the car engine until he was probably dead, then shot his head off his body with AK-47100 fire. His shiny badge was poking Abdul's pants pocket now.

He only regretted they had neglected to roll the car back and forth over his beheaded body, the cursed infidel. And to butt-fuck him. In too big a hurry, who could blame him? He looked like the cowboy satan Roy Rogers, but until he had a beautiful blonde infidel woman movie star he was too impatient.

A scared-looking American man limped out in the road ahead of them, crossing the boulevard, and they sped up to hit him. They speared him nicely, and he whomped around the grille and under the car. Another cherplunk as the back wheels rolled over him. Abdul didn't even look around. He found a gun on the floor and aimed it out the window, looking for targets of opportunity.

As they cruised another car came even with them from behind. It had a naked white woman stapled onto the hood with a construction-size staple gun, her legs spread exposing her full mound and sex, like a hood ornament, getting fucked by the street. Her body had been sawed off at the belly button. Just the bottom half remained, like an obscene titillating rack of antlers.

Abdul looked over to see an Islamic brother driving, with a naked black American buck bound in the front seat, alive, but his genitals taped into his mouth with duck tape. And in the back seat, another brother raping a white American woman, a naked little half-white girl's hairless pussy visible at moments and grabbing your eye as she half-stood on the backseat car floor like a scared doll, weeping, wringing her hands. Hand. One of them had been hacked off

at the wrist. Abdul absent-mindedly looked around for the hand, half-expecting it to be stapled to the car too. It was stapled to the trunk, waving bye-bye to the road.

"Death to the infidels!" shouted the driver to them through his open window, the tits of the dead woman suddenly visible on his dashboard, hacked off and stapled down with the nipples pointing into the air, like party hats.

Abdul's friend in the passenger side of the front seat responded by sticking his AK-47100 out the window, pointing it in the air and shooting off a clip on full automatic. He started to aim at the hood ornament but his own driver swerved and told him it might set the car on fire so don't do it. He obeyed casually, a bored look coming to his face and his eyes rolling away.

They passed a school for young infidel children. Could it have been actually in session in times like this? Abdul didn't think so. Yet there were a number of young children, in the baseball field, all being beheaded by a pack of enthusiastic brothers, wielding shining traditional swords. Not without the better looking boys and girls being taken to the stands and raped even more enthusiastically first.

Inside the school was shouting and firing. A line of men and women were now being herded out one of the doors to another killing field on the other side of the school, that he could only now see. These weren't teachers, from their appearance. That one looked like a grandpa, with his grandma. That one she was fairly young and pretty. There was a bush that gave his serpent a sensation.

Maybe it was now being used as a family shelter, Abdul concluded. His dick was stinging with the hard fucking it had just had, trying to recover, like a serpent coiling itself for another strike. So much sexual satisfaction in one day, praise Allah.

An American military helicopter whizzed through the air, off in the distance, trailing smoke, falling like a meteor. Funny he didn't hear the anti-heli missile being fired. No matter. He had seen some brothers packing them.

A sudden idea struck the driver, Laserdad. They were passing by a large American store, with the parking lot in front and the building way back from the street. A Wal-Mart. He suddenly veered the car off the street, raced through the almost-empty lot, doing fancy turns and circling round and round.

Then he drove the car straight through the front wall of the store. Whee. Cowboys. Aisles went crashing by the car, articles flying. A few people went running. Laserdad had his gun out of his shoulder holster and was taking pot shots. His gun had no silencer, and was of a high calibre, .44 or .45 probably. Very loud and beautiful booms.

They got their car temporarily stuck in an area filled with candies of every kind, although about half the shelves were bare. Abdul reached out the window and scooped some in. A few minutes more of this grew tiring at last, and they crashed out the front and went back onto the street.

Abdul was finishing a large Snickers candy bar as the Mercedes sedan pulled up to the entrance to another hotel parking garage, went in and started cruising for a parking place. An American man's head lay severed on the lot in the way of the car, the neck area pointing up, filled with human dung, or it could be a big dog's. They deflected it as they drove past it. It was almost time for prayers. They had no time to waste in getting to their luxurious suite in this spread-out hacienda-style hotel, and getting out their prayer mats.

As Abdul got out of the car he could see the USI flag proudly hanging out of a second-story balcony, a thing that caused pride to well up in his heart.

The lobby was deserted, except for other Muslims. No, there was an elderly American white woman, with white hair, nude on her knees in front of another nude elderly American black woman, eating her hairy tar-colored pussy at swordpoint while the Muslims were going through their purses and clothes and conversing in Arabic. The black woman was spreading her pussy lips open for the white woman, serving

it to her by command most probably.

His eyes craning to see, as they walked past, suddenly the black woman began peeing, and the white woman tried to lap it up and drink it, and get her mouth over the stream, her chin dripping heavily. An Islam angrily poked her neck with a sword to direct her to be more careful.

An American man, evidently a military officer, from his clothes, was sitting on his knees bound and gagged. With his dick stuffed in his own mouth, the balls hanging from it. There was a belt tightly wrapped around his head keeping the genitals in place. A smell of gasoline wafted by Abdul's nose. The man looked like the former American President Oliver North, thought Abdul. Ride 'em cowboy.

They passed through the lobby into a courtyard with a pleasant fountain. A bunch of clothes on the sandstone deck, and naked American women kneeling in the fountain, giving Islamic men head as they stood in front of them, some having bras and panties draped around their necks. A few dozen dead women and men piled like cordwood against a wall. Another pile of genitals, male and female, including female breasts, vivisected probably. The women giving head had their eyes cut out probably, from the look of them. Abdul couldn't imagine a woman giving a man head without joy, kissing the organ of joy and generation. So he imagined them as being allowed to enjoy themselves before being beheaded, by the grace of Allah.

A quick look up to the upper level railing and there were two AK-47100 snipers with their guns robo-aimed at the women's heads, the end halves of the barrels rotating to follow their slightest movements, while the rest of the gun parts were gyro-stabilized. Their heads were pasted to the monitors on the stocks, having a visual feast. An American woman lay sprawled on the balcony floor beside their feet, half-propped against the railing, nude, her mouth shot out. A quick glance and a USI flag was noticed hanging over the railing near them. The sword of Allah.

They passed through a large sitting room. It looked like a brothel and a butcher shop both. But oh was the meat more

delightful and heavenly than he had been allowed to work with back home, praise Allah. Immediately inside the door lay a nude white American woman, sitting on a chair, a sword stuck up her cunt to the hilt. Her legs spread. Like a placard announcing the day's activities at the hotel.

Abdul felt a pang of unwanted jealousy as he passed what he thought was a blonde American movie star woman, on her hands and knees like a female dog, on a fine chess table, getting it from both ends at the same time by two panting happy Muslims, acting like male dogs.

She had no clothes except a garter belt and long white stockings. Her breasts bobbed heavily back and forth with the motion. Classic beauty, like in the American movies. Did she use American toothpaste to get those teeth so white? There was no satanic Hollywood to make the movies anymore.

The one in back was staring down at her beautiful pussy clamped around his lucky dick, her heart-shaped ass cheeks smiling at him, while his bearded face returned the smile, his merry eyes studying her natural wonders like a zoo visitor, his hands holding her hips and steadying it for his sword thrusts. A little glimpse of paradise on earth granted by Allah. Farrah Fawcett. Dolly Parton. The oldies of the golden age of movies before they started using virtual reality actors.

But the time for prayers was approaching, else they would have stayed and got in line. They couldn't stay long enough to see if the lucky brothers had time to get their nuts off before they too had to get their dicks back in their pants and get on their prayer mats. Smiles were exchanged, that was all.

They were living off the land, a favorite pastime now for the Muslims. After the nuke strike had taken out America's seats of federal government, banking, finance, publishing, defense, and records, the United States of America was in a chaos. There really was no federal government anymore. Even the nuclear subs they had waiting to retaliate against America's enemies with their own nukes were floating around without orders, using up their supplies.



When a city was conquered by an Islamic army, 3 days of looting were granted by religious law. But these cities weren't considered conquered yet, they hadn't seen any army. They were open to those seeking Allah's special favor of fighting infidels on the loose.

The chaos was a grand thing for the faithful, all of whom wanted to bag as many infidels as they could to earn their prize in heaven of 70 women each. A regular veritable tourist service was bringing them into the former United States of America in a stream.

Living off the land. Kill as many infidels as you can, then if you are killed, so much the better for your prize in heaven. If you aren't killed, you go back to the US a hero. Richer to boot.

## II

Abdul Mohammed (Shy Boy), Muhammad ibn Salim (Sammy), and Salah Muhammad Azziz (Laserdad, from his love of laser gunsights), were childhood friends who were on a royal package living off the land junket that was to include the main clean cities of the American Cowboy West, Phoenix, Dallas, Houston, Denver, and Kansas City. All had been actually nuked by jihad teams who had followed in after the initial nuke had cracked America's remaining defenses apart. But they hadn't been bioed yet, and the suburbs were mostly intact and full of infidels waiting to be raped and killed.

Yes, Shy Boy thought, America is a grand continent plentifully stocked with good game of infidels to hunt. Allah is Good. He wasn't poor now.

No attempt will made to match-up these 3 Islamic terrorists with the romantic, poetry-spouting Aramis, the brooding, guilt-ridden Athos, and the fun-loving womanizer Porthos, made famous in French quadroon Alexandre Dumas' famous 19th century novel, because there isn't any way to compare apples to pomegranates.

One might wonder how Islams can act like this, when their

religious texts are filled with an extensive moral code, which even says that being cruel to an unbeliever is worse than being cruel to a believer, and being cruel to an animal is worse than being cruel to an unbeliever? Because this is jihad, and the normal rules don't apply.

It made perfect sense to them. Logic depends on basic assumptions, basic definitions. Killing is prohibited by Allah, not the punishment of the guilty. The alcohol-slurping, marijuana-smoking, pig meat-sucking, dirty, unclean infidels were always on a level just above the animals to true Muslims anyway, by that same moral code, and it was Allah's orders now to cleanse the land of all its uncleanness, with paradise offered as a reward.

Since the infidels were already dead anyway, as far as Allah was concerned, having some fun with them first was exempt from all moral codes, which don't apply to soldiers in holy war, their place in paradise already safe and secure. After all, these were no animals. They could shoot back, and had killed Muslims.

Even in times of peace, for over 1400 years, it has been part of the Islamic Shariah that any Muslim who insulted the Prophet, became an Apostate, could have the fatwa, the sentence of death, pronounced on him by an appropriate religious authority. And there is no appeal, no way to recant. No, he is to be killed by any means, at any time possible, a knife in the back, a car bomb, anything. It is a strictly internal matter. Even if he tries to join some other religion and claim its protection, or some other country and claim citizenship. Salman Rushdie was not a unique case, other than the large reward offered.

So how much more fun could Allah's soldiers have with a whole nation of enemies of Allah now, all under a death sentence, their nation's wealth itself the reward to the first taker? They had let themselves grow weak, so it was their fault that their God didn't protect them.

Many Americans had taken to the hills, to the wilderness, in all the confusion. These would take time to hunt down, maybe years. Best left to the US military. Those who had

stayed in cities and suburbs were Allah's gift to them, so perhaps they were like Dumas' Three Musketeers after all, working, not for the King, but for Allah. It is doubtful if they ever heard of Dumas, but they sure got more pussy than he or his Musketeers ever did.

This junket had brought more than five hundred Muslims like them all at the same time, on two super-high altitude airbuses that landed in the dead city of Phoenix. One airbus carried the passengers, another the cargo of weapons, and road buses for ground transportation. All using encrypted comm equipment.

Once outside the dead city, the old rich America seemed to start back up like a magician's trick. The traffic on the highways was light but military presence was small, easy to elude if attention was not drawn to oneself.

They passed what they believed were real American ranches filled with cowboys and cowgirls, but it was dark and so they couldn't catch one on the hoof and rape and kill it. They had arrived in Tucson in the wee hours of the morning and gone to work with glee, after their first prayers.

The desert sun of Arizona reminded them all of back home. The luxury of Tucson was grand, what a vacation they were having, what stories they would bring back home. They had actually just walked in the hotel that morning and checked in like real tourists, and paid with ANC money. They said they were Hindu tourists, having a livestock husbandry conference with American ranchers.

The hotel was only partially booked, and the manager was happy to have so many new paying guests. They left their heavy weapons in the parking lot, and secreted only handguns and an Uzzi or two on their persons. The eager manager didn't even have them frisked, how haughty. When they reached their suite they found a completely stocked wet bar, and had poured the evil liquor down the bathtub drain.

After they had finished their midmorning prayers and were going out to live off the land, they saw that their brothers had already killed the managers, and taken the entire hotel

hostage. No matter, the town had plenty more hotels to visit.

Now that they had returned, and their evening prayers were done, they had only just stored away their prayer mats when three nude white American women were literally chased into their suite by some other Muslims, laughing merrily.

These women had 'surrendered', they called it, come out of hiding, and wanted to become members of a hareem. They were stiff with fright but smiling big, and trying to flatter all the men by undulating their bodies in a crude makeshift belly dance, alternating with bowing movements, and trying to get near their balls and stroke them invitingly.

One moved too fast and Sammy slapped her face hard with the back of his hand. She picked herself up, ignored her bruises, and crawled back to him, making a fig with her finger and sucking it to show him what she wanted to do for him. Sammy stroked his beard thoughtfully and something in his pants moved.

Another laid back on a bed and raised one leg high and held the foot with her hand, showing a beautiful bearded clam and breasts like jewels, spread out like a welcome mat, smiling big and flashing beautiful white teeth, working the leg back and forth at the knee. Laserdad had his gun out of his shoulder holster, fucking the woman with the red point of the laser light, back and forth. She tried to look like she liked it. Her skin was so very nice and white, not a mulatto like Sydney Simpson and millions of young Americans like her, an unspoiled white.

The American Satan TV had for years fostered an illusion that there was little or no race mixing of their precious white race, when it was actually practised by millions. It was the demise of American mass TV itself when they tried to tell it like it is. The remaining pure whites retreated into the non-broadcast media like the Net, so they could put on their blinders and act like nothing has changed, nothing was changing, nothing would ever change.

Even when live actors became unemployed and corporation-owned virtual actors cooked up on computers became more popular, it was the pure white women that dominated as sex objects, even with non-white paying customers. Still, to Abdul, even a half-white mulatto was more white than he could get back at home, and he'd take every one he could get.

Like Farrah Fawcett, this spread white woman was. Pure white stock preserved for centuries by Allah for their fun today.

Abdul felt his serpent rising in his pants, tugging him to the white pussy and threatening punishment if he didn't obey. Everybody wants their pussy white but nobody knows where it's coming from next, like a well in an oasis that has too many taps and finally dries up. America had been the world's greatest oasis, and despite being heavily abused still had its springs. Shy Boy would get his piece.

But Shy Boy and the others didn't want any blood in their suite, so they huddled together awhile, and, talking in Arabic, decided they'd fuck them and then strangle them during their orgasms. Meanwhile the Islams who had chased them in, left without comment. More women were screeching down the hallway. A gun went off in the hotel somewhere.

A while later there were three dead white women on the luxurious triple wide bed, and three happy sleeping dark Islam adventure boys dreaming of eternity in paradise, cuddling their dead women like teddy bears. A gnawed-to-the-bone leg of lamb, and a plate of dates and goat cheese, lay on the floor beside the bed. Abdul's panties were strewn on the floor in a little heap, dotted with blood.

The American tank crashed through the wall, flame throwering them all before they could reach for their weapons. Soldiers broke through after them and riddled their burning bodies with bullets to make sure. Follow-up men came in with fire extinguishers.

At nightfall the Americans had moved a battalion of

troops and tanks into town, from a base down below Tombstone, and taken the town back and killed all the Islamic terrorists. The problem with terrorists was really bad now. Wave after wave, like cockroaches in high summer. No replacements coming in for their own men. Kids in their teens drafted into service on sight, and hastily given a joke of a training course.

It was Army policy to not even announce terrorist raids or atrocities on the military-controlled public press and airwaves for fear of spooking the civilians more than they had been. Or reveal that the Army base itself had no contact with any other, no idea who was in charge anymore, if anybody.

Or that there wasn't any government any more, more like a chicken without a head still going through the motions of belly dancing.

Chapter 9. Remember the Alamo.

I

"Estan bien, muchachos? Yo tambien!"

Back in 1836, the gringo Texicans had really badly humiliated the Mexican nation. Our first Emperor, Augustin de Iturbine, should never have allowed gringos to colonize part of Mexico, but it was only supposed to be on the condition that they were Catholic, which the weasels only pretended to be to get in.

A cruddy mission on El Camino Real, turned into a fort, held by 183 men, who originally were supposed to destroy it, but decided to squat and defend it. They resisted an attack by 1400 of our men for almost 2 weeks, killing 800 before we finally wiped them out on March 6. The loss of 10% of our entire army was accompanied by the loss of half of General Santa Anna's left leg. Very symbolic. The so-called hero David Crockett was captured alive, and whimpered trying to

save his own life before we executed him. We burned the gringos in a big heap and left their ashes to blow in the wind.

Then we lost The Alamo, and the northern part of our state of Coahuila-Tejas to the gringos, temporarily we thought. But a decade later the gringo government annexed Tejas and declared war on us for not accepting it. That's when we suffered the ultimate humiliation, capture of Mexico City in August of 1847, causing the Mexican government to flee north, of all directions. The Treaty of the town of Guadalupe Hidalgo of 1848 stole half of Mexico from us, destroying all hopes of a New Spain. Texas, Arizona, Nevada, Utah, Colorado, all once ours. And the loss of New Mexico and California particularly was never forgotten, never gotten over.

For decades the gringos had been using The Alamo as a tourist attraction, gaining more visitors than their White House, millions a year. Erecting insulting museums and libraries, even gift shops around it. Treating us Mexicans who snuck over their illegal border like shit, sending us back to go hungry in our overpopulated underdeveloped land, made so by taking the best part of it for themselves. Glorifying in made-up stories about the Cartwrights, the Big Valley, the Ewings, always with us Mexicans acting as their lowly servants, or the bad guys, the banditos. Never getting any gringo pussy.

Now, almost 200 years later, we have recaptured The Alamo, and San Antonio, and gringo pussy!

Alamo means cottwonwood tree, poplar. Alameda means grove of these trees. The words are of Islamic origin. Funny how the Spaniards and the Islamics go back so far, and have now met in both the Old and New Worlds.

The word gringo comes from those times. We'd overhear their men singing some song with the words "green grow the lilacs", or lillies, who knows. With gringos you can never turn your back, or they will pick your pocket. You have to always watch where the green goes, get it?

I, General Jesus Lopez de Santa Anna (that's not my real name but I renamed myself for effect) run the new tourist attraction, the gringo pussy review. Five hundred choice beautiful white gringo women, naked, dancing like in the Radio City Music Hall, showing their hairy tacos as their long white legs swing in perfect sync, their beautiful white breasts a wall of white cones and nipples under their locked white arms.

Thousands of lusty Mexicans will hoot and cheer from the audience, hanging their tongues out as if to get a taste, some running up to the edge of the stage, to the pit with the poisonous snakes, pulling their chilis out and rubbing them red hot until they squirt off in the air.

After the Islamic attacks had reduced America to anarchy, along with Mexico itself, it had been every man for himself, and a kind of land grab movement to go norte and take what we can from the norte americanos was unstoppable. 'Remember the Alamo' worked for us too.

This time there were not 1400 but more like 100,000 invaders, some regular Mexican army troops included, and officers like myself. We made short work of their police and scattered military resistance, and vigilante defenders, cowboys, rednecks, musclemen, bikers, boy scouts and such. I personally showed some of them gringos how to stuff a burrito, up their asses, si si. Not that I go for male white gringo ass, when I can get white gringo taco. But my red chili up something white is a hot dish either way.

They made their last organized stand on their Riverwalk, finally begging for their lives like their hero Crockett, so we did it like my namesake did, executed them, and burned them in great piles, pouring tallow on them to keep them from burning too fast. They were heretics anyway, so El Dios would give them far worse.

We had a line of pickup trucks running up and down town transporting captured gringo women, only the best looking, and shipping them to The Alamo for our shows. We had another line of pickup trucks shipping young white men and children to our priests' camp, and I know nothing about that



myself. But I heard rumors there's a fortune to be made in selling child and homosexual pornography to priests throughout Latin America, or what remains of it, and why shouldn't I get my rakeoff?

We had 13 shows a day, from 10 a.m. to 12 midnight, with a one hour siesta. We had visitors to our Alamo too, not as many as the gringos, but thousands a day, paying us good silver pesos, bottles of tequila and whiskey, new clothes, good food items.

The first part of the show is the dancing girls, coming out to show us their most private parts without shame. We found it very easy to train the gringas, because they all seemed to fear disfigurement by fire, acid, and knives, imagine that.

I personally train 5 gringas a day in my quarters, to worship my hot red chili pepper and spread their legs and wrap their moist white tortillas around it, while I fondle and suck their chest chilis. They all know they'll never get white dick again, and that fires my chili pepper even hotter, si si.

I am not being racist, no, I love a brown woman's chilis, and she of course loves mine, and would never have an orgasm for a gringo. These white bitches had to convince me they had an orgasm or I would hang them by their feet, put a bucket under them, and slit their throats like the pigs they are. If any of the gringas would wince or make even the slightest notice of my advanced syphilis, the sores on my chili, or the green color of my chili juice, I would madden up like a toro and hack their limbs and sexual parts off with a machete, then have the whole jumble of parts and still-living carcass fed to live hogs.

The second part of the show is the Alamo defense. We round up 183 gringo males from our prison camp, arm them with staple guns, because they made a good bang sound, but could do no damage to our men, then put them up on the fort and have them defend it. Yeehaw, the Yellow Rose of Texas, Remember the Alamo, Ride Texas Rangers Ride, Sam Houston, Hoss Cartwright, John Wayne, J.R. Ewing, the Dallas

Cowboys. Mama mi pene, burro estúpido.

The audience watches from a safe distance while those who want to get in the show on the Mexican Army side have to pay for the privilege. But it's worth it, and I usually have a waiting line. Some amigos even can trace their families back to the historical soldiers by rote, that's what I meant when I said we never forget.

For 100 pesos one gets a sawed-off double-barreled cowboy Remington shotgun with 2 shells in the chambers, or a Mexican-made Automatico Kalashnikov AK-4790 with a 2-shot banana clip. 2 shots for 100 pesos. No pistolas, only rifles allowed, for the show.

For 500 one gets a Molotov cocktail to throw at a gringo after he has fallen off the ramparts onto the ground. No cheating now, ai chihuahua.

Aiyaiyai our men can be lousy shots. A gringo often took 10 or 20 shots before he collapsed, and several more to die or bleed to death.

So, for 1000 pesos you can get a robot-controlled 100th anniversary AK-47100 with a full banana clip of 100 bullets, that we got off dead Islamicos, that would permit even the blind to chew the shit out of the Alamo defender cowboy gringos with delightful accuracy. The RAM has been preprogrammed with some delightful programs, such as the Leggo My Eggo program, which neatly shoots the arms and legs off one joint at a time, then butchers them down to a rolling stump, still alive usually, then uses the remaining bullets to remove the face, skull, ribs, until they are like a medical model of human guts, still not brain dead, with their dick and balls still attached, along with both eyeballs and eye stalks. Beautiful. Fabuloso.

Another popular program is Grassy Ass. The damned gringos make fun at our lenguaje, so this one cracks me up. I'll leave it to your imagination what happens, yee haw.

Some amigo asked how the 100th anniversary of the AK-47 could be so soon, when the AK-47 was invented in 1947. I

replied it means the anniversary of the inventor's birth, in 1919. Illiterate paisanos. The gringos invented all this automatic weapon shit in the first place, the Russians stole it and gave it to the oppressed peoples of the world cheap, and now we're all having a party using it on the gringos, as El Dios intended. Gracias a todos. Vaya con Dios.

The Molotovs were great party surprises, sometimes missing the gringos, sometimes having funny results like smashing into their faces, or hitting their butts. If a dancing gringo, that is, one on fire, should attempt to charge the crowd and endanger them, my men would cut them up like a tortilla cutter with automatic fire from their AK-47100s. Our establishment uses only genuine Texaco gasolina in our Molotovs, si.

Speaking of dancing gringos. We charged 300 pesos to make a gringo into a pinata. After hacking his arms off, and feeding them to the snakes, and stopping the arteries up to keep him from bleeding too fast, we put meat hooks in his back and raise him on ropes in the courtyard. You could then hack him with a machete, smear him with tar and pitch with a big mop and set him ablaze, or both. If he screams too much, which isn't usually possible over the crowd's cheers and laughter, just stick your machete in his mouth and clip his vocal chords, snap.

It's even funner to put two gringos up on hooks at the same time and send them swinging into each other, one on fire, one not. Putting one on the hooks upside down, and then making the gringos lick each others ass cracks and suck each others dicks to avoid the torch. A million laughs.

But frying a gringo had its problemas, no?

Once you claimed a gringo kill, for 200 pesos more you could cut out the gringo's dick and balls, and eat cowboy oysters, prepared on the spot by our chefs, complete with fresh salsa and lime, and tortillas, flour or corn, your choice. Sabroso, tasty. It is best if the gringo is still breathing when they are severed. Adds to the taste. Even better is to dine on him while he is made to watch, pinning his eyelids open with a fork.

We don't consider this to be cannibalism, which is against our religion, no, no. We consider this no different from cattle gelding, and why waste good oysters, eh muchachos?

The third and final part of the show is fucking the gringas. Those who want some pussy bid on it, and the auction starts at 2000 pesos, sometimes running as high as 5000, for the choicest white pussy. 500 more to do it in private instead of on the stage with the others watching and commenting on your prowess, although they will throw pesos on stage if they like your show.

Speaking of pesos, some people think I'm a bank, and will accept dolares, cruzeros, colons, quetzals, gourdes, lempiras, cordobas, balboas, guaranis, pesetas, even bolivars, instead of good Mexican pesos. I will, but don't expect me to give a good rate of exchange, it's dundo y dando, cash and carry, in my place.

Our pussy revue is so good now we make and sell videos of it back in Mexico too. We made costumes for some scenes from clothes we got from the Alamo museum, soldiers uniforms and ladies clothes too. One of the best shots is an entire line of 500 gringas, laying on their backs, with their legs up in the air, feet touching, showing their figs poking out of their asses as the camera scans down the line one by one. Then they turn on their sides and up come the legs, the pussies opening all at the same time like a flowerbed to the rising sun. I wish we had a swimming pool so they could do a synchronized swimming pussy revue, but we ain't got running water anymore, and unless it's crystal-clear, you can't see enough.

Each woman in my revue is smooth, soft, slender, narrow at the waist, but rounded at the hips and breasts. Female fat is like no other, Dios can do things with it that defy comprehension.

And the mystery of the beautiful pussies, hell and heaven all at the same time. Where we all came from, and want to get back into or burn. Where a man spends 99% of his entire

mental life, but less than 1% of his physical life.

But this isn't my mama's pussy, or my sister's, or my daughters. This is white gringa pussy, existing for no other reason than to give pleasure to brown men like me and my soldiers. When we're done using it, we sacrifice it, on camera, making what gringos would call a snuff movie, and get another batch from the field, of which there's still a good supply, if you know how to dig it up where it's hiding.

Once some Islamicos, heavily armed, came into town, and pushed their way into The Alamo, and, seeing the white pussy show, tried to get up on the stage with them. Seeing the snake pit blocking their approach, they shot our snakes with their AK-47100s, and lowered themselves down into the pit, then helped each other back up onto the stage. Four or five of their men stood watching the crowd with their guns ready, while about 30 of them started chasing the naked screaming women around like foxes in a henhouse, jumping them and raping them like mad toros on the stage, our Mexican audience dying of jealousy.

We never messed with the Islamicos, even though they had bombed the Vatican and killed El Papa. He was negro, a Nigerian, so personally I can't get too worked up about it. The Church brought it on themselves, and it was God's judgment. As long as we are killing gringos the Islamicos left us alone, so, they finally left our town, after torturing and killing a few hundred gringos of their own for sporte.

## II

I've now had more white pussy than any white man since Elvis Presley, and I owe it all to the Islamicos, our religious enemy yes, but for now, our asshole buddies. They're the buddies we're the assholes. We're people of the earth, and we'll have our day with them too. Nobody gets the best of us for long.

Once back in Mexico I ran a jewelry store in a border town catering to gringo tourists. It was a rough town, but we didn't mug the gringos as long as we were sure we were

fleeing them, but never enough so that others wouldn't come.

My store was heavily crowded with junk items with ridiculously high price tags hanging from the ceiling and shelves. A well-dressed gringo man with a 5 o'clock shadow came in accompanied by a lovely lily white gringa woman, and he seemed duly scared shitless of me and my bouncers, but I swear he was up to no good, although I couldn't prove it.

He left his gringa at the entrance and slowly took the tour of the shop, never touching anything, just looking. He got to the halfway point, where the direction reverses, and motioned to his gringa to look at some necklaces, which were my only really valuable and worthwhile merchandise. He asked to handle the most valuable one, and carefully held it out with both hands and put it around his gringa's neck, to let her gaze at herself in the mirror with it. She suddenly fell to the floor, and got right back up, with it still on.

We suspected a trick, so we immediately took the necklace back, and examined it closely to see that it had not been switched. It hadn't. The gringa and the man left arm in arm, without buying anything. They both looked so cool they must have been scared to death.

Late that night the guard was surprised to find the very gringa, her neck, arms, wrists, and legs, filled with our best jewelry, trying to hacksaw out a back window by the alley and escape. He caught her, and after torturing her, we discovered that she was one of triplets, the 'gringo' who had come in earlier being two of them tucked into one man's clothes, the front one having makeup to make her look male. When the third one fell, the second one broke away from the first one's clothes, and hopped out so fast it seemed it was the second one rising, when in fact the second one had then crawled down under the overladen table, under the tablecloth, and stowed away for when we closed.

All gringos are liars, thieves, con artists, and general trash, but there's nothing like white pussy for sweeping the clouds away. To get their sister back, the other two had to surrender themselves, and give us every inch of their white

bodies, for our pleasure. When we were supposed to let them go, we told them we'd keep them and sell their pussy on the side.

So, for 9 months we kept them chained in the back, in a harem that turned thousands of American dollars a night, until they were all so wore out and beat up and stinking nobody would want them for free. Then we handed them over to the policia on robbery and drug charges with their vocal chords cut out.

I gave their clothes to my sister and her husband for a wedding present. I confessed my sins later to the local priest, and he got me out of hell for a 20% rake on the prostitution take, and a hand job on his chili pepper.

Chapter 10. Dead Man's Curve.

I

Federico reviewed, one last time, the document displayed on his palmtop computer. It was older than the hills, but had the recommendation of age, so he honored its wisdom.

Beginning of Document.

THE AUDIENCE

Oratory is simultaneous communication par excellence, i.e., the orator and his audience share the same time and space. Therefore, every speech should be a different experience at "that" moment or particular situation which the audience is experiencing and which influences them. So the audience must be considered as "a state of mind." Happiness, sadness, anger, fear, etc., are states of mind that we must consider to exist in our audience, and it is

the atmosphere that affects the target public.

The human being is made up of a mind and soul; he acts in accordance with his thoughts and sentiments and responds to stimuli of ideas and emotions. In that way there exist only two possible focuses in any plan, including speeches: the concrete, based on rational appeals, i.e., to thinking; and the idealized, with emotional appeals, i.e., to sentiment.

For his part the orator, although he must be sensitive to the existing mass sentiment, he must at the same time keep his cold judgment to be able to lead and control effectively the feelings of an audience. When in the oratorical momentum the antithesis between heart and brain comes about, judgment should always prevail, characteristic of a leader.

#### POLITICAL ORATORY

Political oratory is one of the various forms of oratory, and it usually fulfills one of three objectives: to instruct, persuade, or move; and its method is reduced to urging (asking), ordering, questioning and responding.

Oratory is a quality so tied to political leadership that it can be said that the history of political orators is the political history of humanity, an affirmation upheld by names such as Cicero, Demosthenes, Danton, Mirabeau, Robespierre, Clemenceau, Lenin, Trotsky, Mussolini, Hitler, Roosevelt, etc.

#### QUALITIES IN A SPEECH

In general terms, the most appreciated qualities of a speech, and specifically a political speech in the context of the psychological action of the armed struggle, are the following:

- o Be brief and concise. A length of five minutes [line missing in Spanish text]...that of the orator who said: "If you want a two-hour speech, I'll start right now; if you want a two-minute one, let me think awhile."
- o Centered on the theme. The speech should be structured



by a set of organized ideas that converge on the theme. A good speech is expressed by concepts and not only with words.

- o Logic. The ideas presented should be logical and easily acceptable. Never challenge logic in the mind of the audience, since immediately the main thing is lost -- credibility. As far as possible, it is recommended that all speeches be based on a syllogism, which the orator should adjust in his exposition. For example: "Those governing get rich and are thieves; the Sandinistas have enriched themselves governing; then, the Sandinistats are thieves." This could be the point of a speech on the administrative corruption of the regime. When an idea or a set of guiding ideas do not exist in a speech, confusion and dispersion easily arise.

#### STRUCTURE OF A SPEECH

Absolute improvisation does not exist in oratory. All orators have a "mental plan" that allows them to organize their ideas and concepts rapidly; with practice it is possible to come to do this in a few seconds, almost simultaneously with the expression of the word.

The elements that make up a speech are given below, in a structure that we recommend always putting into practice, to those who wish to more and more improve their oratorical abilities:

- o Introduction or Preamble. One enters into contact with the public, a personal introduction can be made or one of the movement to which we belong, the reason for our presence, etc. In these first seconds it is important to make an impact, attracting attention and provoking interest among the audience. For that purpose, there are resources such as beginning with a famous phrase or a previously prepared slogan, telling a dramatic or humorous story, etc.
- o Purpose or Enunciation. The subject to be dealt with is defined, explained as a whole or by parts.

- o Appraisal or Argumentation. Arguments are presented, EXACTLY IN THIS ORDER: First, the negative arguments, or against the thesis that is going to be upheld, and then the positive arguments, or favorable ones to our thesis, immediately adding proof or facts that sustain such arguments.
- o Recapitulation or Conclusion. A short summary is made and the conclusions of the speech are spelled out.
- o Exhortation. Action by the public is called for, i.e., they are asked in an almost energetic manner to do or not to do something.

#### SOME LITERARY RESOURCES

Although there exist typically oratorical devices of diction, in truth, oratory has taken from other literary genres a large number of devices, several of which often, in an unconscious manner, we use in our daily expressions and even in our speeches.

Below we enunciate many of their literary devices in frequent use in oratory, recommending to those interested moderate use of them, since an orator who over-uses the literary device loses authenticity and sounds untrue.

The devices that are used the most in oratory are those obtained through the repetition of words in particular periods of the speech, such as:

Anaphora, or repetition of a word at the beginning of each sentence, e.g., "Freedom for the poor, freedom for the rich, freedom for all." In the reiteration, repetition is of a complete sentence (slogan) insistently through the speech, e.g., "With God and patriotism we will overcome Communism because...":

Conversion is the repetition at the end of every phrase, e.g.: "Sandinismo tries to be about everyone, dominate everyone, command everyone, and as an absolute tyranny, do away with everyone."

In the emphasis, repetition is used at the beginning and at the end of the clause, e.g., "Who brought the Russian-Cuban intervention? The Sandinistas. And who is engaged in arms trafficking with the neighboring countries? The Sandinistas. And who is proclaiming to be in favor of nonintervention? The Sandinistas."

Reduplication, when the phrase begins with the same word that ends the previous one. For example: "We struggle for democracy, democracy and social justice." The concatenation is a chain made up of duplications. For example: "Communism transmits the deception of the child to the young man, of the young man to the adult, and of the adult to the old man."

In the antithesis or word play, the same words are used with a different meaning to give an ingenious effect: e.g., "The greatest wealth of every human being is his own freedom, because slaves will always be poor but we poor can have the wealth of our freedom."

Similar cadences, through the use of verbs of the same tense and person, or nouns of the same number and case. For example: "Those of us who are struggling we will be marching because he who perseveres achieves, and he who gives up remains."

Use of synonyms, repetition of words with a similar meaning. For example: "We demand a Nicaragua for all, without exceptions, without omissions."

Among the figures of speech most used in oratory are:

Comparison or simile, which sets the relationship of similarity between two or more beings or things. For example: "Because we love Christ, we love his bishops and pastors," and "Free as a bird."

Antithesis, or the counterposition of words, ideas, or phrases of an opposite meaning. For example: "They promised freedom and gave slavery; that they would distribute the wealth and they have distributed poverty;

that they would bring peace, and they have brought about war."

Among the logic figures are the following:

Concession, which is a skillful way to concede something to the adversary in order to better emphasize the inappropriate aspects, through the use of expressions such as: but, however, although, nevertheless, in spite of the fact that, etc. For example: "The mayor here has been honest, but he is not the one controlling all the money of the nation." It is an effective form of rebuttal when the opinion of the audience is not entirely ours.

Permission, in which one apparently accedes to something, when in reality it is rejected. For example: "Do not protest, but sabotage them." "Talk quietly, but tell it to everyone."

Prolepsis is an anticipated refutation. For example: "Some will think that they are only promises; they will say, others said the same thing, but no. We are different, we are Christians, we consider God a witness to our words."

Preterition is an artifice, pretending discretion when something is said with total clarity and indiscretion. For example: "If I were not obligated to keep military secrets, I would tell all of you of the large amount of armaments that we have so that you would feel even more confidence that our victory is assured."

Communication is a way to ask and give the answer to the same question. For example: "If they show disrespect for the ministers of God, will they respect us, simple citizens? Never."

Rhetorical questions are a way in which one shows perplexity or inability to say something, only as an oratorical recourse. For example: "I am only a peasant and can tell you little. I know little and I will not be able to explain to you the complicated things of politics. Therefore, I talk to you with my heart, with my simple peasant's heart, as we all are."

Litotes is a form of meaning a lot by saying little. For example: "The nine commanders have stolen little, just the whole country."

Irony consists of getting across exactly the opposite of what one is saying. For example: "The divine mobs that threaten and kill, they are indeed Christians."

Amplification is presenting an idea from several angles. For example: "Political votes are the power of the people in a democracy. And economic votes are their power in the economy. Buying or not buying something, the majorities decide what should be produced. For something to be produced or to disappear. That is part of economic democracy."

The most usual plaintive figures of speech are:

- o Deprecation or entreaty to obtain something. For example: "Lord, free us from the yoke. Give us freedom."
- o Imprecation or threat, expressing a sentiment in view of the unjust or hopeless. For example: "Let there be a Homeland for all or let there be a Homeland for no one."
- o Condemnation, similar to the previous one, presents a bad wish for the rest. For example, "Let them drown in the abyss of their own corruption."

The apostrophe consists of addressing oneself towards something supernatural or inanimate as if it were a living being. For example: "Mountains of Nicaragua, make the seed of freedom grow."

Interrogation consists of asking a question of oneself, to give greater emphasis to what is expressed. It is different from communication, since it gives the answer and is of a logical and not a plaintive nature. For example: "If they have already injured the members of my family, my friends, my peasant brothers, do I have any path other than brandishing a weapon?"

Reticence consists of leaving a thought incomplete, intentionally, so that mentally the audience completes it. For example, "They promised political pluralism and gave totalitarianism. They promised political pluralism and gave totalitarianism. They promised social justice, and they have increased poverty. They offered freedom of thought, and they have given censorship. Now, what they promise the world are free elections..."

End of Document.

## II

Federico Sylvia Allenby Montoya turned his palmtop monitor off and rubbed his eyes with his good hand. The old anonymous manual entitled Psychological Warfare Techniques, supposedly distributed by the CIA to the Contras back in the 1980s, was very helpful for a quick study. As the time approached to go on the air and announce his claim to the Presidency of the New United States, he wanted his speech to be as effective as it could be.

He was the city attorney of Brownsville, Texas when the Islams lopped America's head off. As the Silence became deafening, and the New Dark Ages set in, he saw his government die, his friends and family members die, all on a day by day basis. He had found refuge on the neighboring South Padre Island. A 2-1/2 mile causeway that used to connect it to the mainland and Brownsville was a no-man's land now. The 34-mile-long reef of sand, whose southern third had been developed into a 6-mile-long resort three streets wide, allowed them to create a fort of sorts.

The plague had mercifully spared him, leaving only partial disablement, and minimal brain damage, and he was the most senior government official from town left. He didn't know if it was the right thing to do, but declaring a New United States, and volunteering himself as President, couldn't be helped.

He had always wanted to be President. Why not now? Who would come and stop him? Why not play President? First come first served. The first Hispanic President. The first

gay President, openly anyway. Being gay was dangerous now, he suddenly remembered. Better not mention that.

The first son of a wetback President. Not clear. The first President who was the son of a Mexican wetback. That would be okay. He was born in the USA, a Bruce Springsteen oldies fan like the next guy. He had earned his promotion in city government by his work in rigging the last U.S. census in favor of Hispanics locally.

He was emaciated now, but when he left high school he was almost 210 pounds, a young pitcher able to overpower batters so much. A scholarship to UT Austin, then a stint in the minors, and finally law school at night, and a job as an assistant city attorney, where he abused his petty power like the best of them. He never could overpower people in the minor leagues like he did in high school. He never had a major league fastball. He was slightly bitter about that, but he sure was good with a bat and ball bag in bed, he laughed.

He couldn't help being born gay, and while it was somewhat of a stigma in the generation before his, it was totally accepted in his, and in college his gay dorm was a Roman orgy palace, with some nights including 20 sexual partners. He settled down with a policeman, who was good at gourmet cooking as well as personal protection. He liked to get him on his back in bed, with his big black gunbelt on, and get his cock as big as it could get before he kissed it.

He lost Curtis to an Islamic bullet, and now was celibate. Curtis could have been the First Gentleman. He missed kissing him. He was a good kisser too. Always swallowed. He was tight to the end. Now the plague had left him impotent.

The damned Islams, Federico cursed. We had our chance to nuke them for decades, and all we did was pussyfoot around with 'police actions'. Those idiotic cavemen over there were headed for the refuse heap of history, their idiotic sexism was archaic, their political systems undemocratic and doomed to revolt.

Why did the Iraqi women stop walking 3 paces behind their men after the Gulf War, and start walking 3 paces in front? Land mines. Cracked him up.

How did America go from the biggest baddest kid on the block to the biggest pussy in one day? Who was in charge? Who slipped up?

Federico was starting to get loose in his bullpen in new City Hall. Worked up into an inner frenzy that would show in his speech. After terrorist attacks had destroyed most of the city, killed most government officials, and caused many to flee, the 5,000 survivors had created a new defense zone on this narrow strip of island, manned by computerized eyes, robot guns, booby traps. The terrorists had decided to let it be, because the hunting for easier game was still good. This gave them time to think, and to start laying plans for the day they would break out and reclaim the mainland. They had a mission from God now.

They had a working TV transmitter, two of them, complete, and two radio transmitters. Enough parts to keep one of each running. An underground diesel tank and electric generators. They could run for several hours a day for weeks or even months. There was some seafood that was not poisoned by the biological weapons, chemical weapons, or the plague of dead human corpses in the sea. Turtles. Sea birds. Funny, once they had been the endangered species. As had the Indians he shared blood with. Now the whites were the endangered species.

The Net was a mess, the only links being via satellite, but the ground stations were mostly dead, although some came online sporadically. You couldn't routinely send email from one point to another anymore. Couldn't call up web sites unless by luck. But if you put up a web site you would get hits. The Islams if nothing else. They weren't too successful at jamming the satellites. Too advanced and designed to prevent it.

The signal was given to begin talking.

Quick decision. Should he strike the word provisional?



No, keep it. This was his very first speech.

My fellow Americans, I am Federico Montoya, provisional President of the New United States of America.

I am speaking to you from my Presidential preserve in South Padre Island, Texas, and would like you to hear me out. We have lost a war that was never declared, or even fairly warned of. The Islamic hordes have declared total war on our country, our way of life. Sad to say, they have been very successful. But, they have not invaded in mass, so we still have the advantage of numbers.

As a friend of mine once was fond of telling me, the cucarachas take over your kitchen every night, while you're sleeping. But when you wake up, you prove you're the real boss real quick.

I call on all remaining loyal Americans to rally to my side in the coming days as I attempt to reestablish a United States central government, assess our forces, and give orders for the common defense.

Some Americans say I have no authority to do this. That the lawful government is alive somewhere, and it is presumptuous of me to declare a new one.

Well then, let them contact me and set me straight. Until then, I'm doing what I must.

Freedom must be fought for. Freedom is not free. Freedom is my cause. Is it yours too?

Islamism tries to be about everyone, dominate everyone, command everyone, and as an absolute tyranny, do away with everyone that doesn't bow to them.

Who brought the terrorist intervention we're plagued with? The Islams. And who is engaged in terrorism with neighboring countries? The Islams. And who is proclaiming to be behind all terrorism? The Islams.

Islam transmits the deception of the child to the young

man, of the young man to the adult, and of the adult to the old man.

We used to be rich, and now we are poor. But we are not poor if we are free. The greatest wealth of every human being is his own freedom, because slaves will always be poor but we can have the wealth of our freedom.

Those of us who are struggling we will be broadcasting because he who perseveres achieves, and he who gives up is dead.

We demand a new United States of America for all, without exceptions, without omissions. A new birth of freedom.

Ask yourselves this, my fellow Americans. Because we love Christ, we love his bishops and pastors. And his secular ministers. Under Christ we were as free as a bird. Now under Islamic terrorism we are a dead duck.

The Islams promised you nothing and gave you death; that they would kill all infidels and they have distributed death; that they would bring peace, and they have brought about war, because we are not all dead yet.

The Islamic propagandists have been honest at least, but an honest threat to kill you is not controlling my mind.

Do not protest, but sabotage them. Talk quietly, but tell everyone to resist.

Some will think that these words are only promises; they will say, others said the same thing, but no. This time it is different, we are Christians, we consider God a witness to our words now.

If I were not obligated to keep military secrets, I would tell you all of the large amount of armaments and supplies we have so that you would feel even more confidence that our victory is assured.

But just ask yourselves this, my fellow Americans. If the Islams show disrespect for the ministers of God, will

they respect us simple citizens? Never. So I am declaring my leadership as your new President, that will teach them!

I am but a humble man, a former honest, hard-working, tough but fair city attorney in what used to be the free city of Brownsville, Texas, and can tell you little. I know little and I will not be able to explain to you the complicated things of constitutional politics, why I have the right to do what I do. Therefore, I talk to you with my heart, with my simple patriot's heart, as we all are patriots in our hearts.

The Islamic hordes have stolen little, just the whole country. But they have not stolen our free souls. The divine mobs that kill Islamic hordes like cucarachas, they are indeed Christians.

We have no time for a formal vote, no place to take it. Political votes are the power of the people in a democracy. And economic votes are their power in the economy. Buying or not buying something, the majorities decide what should be produced. For something to be produced or to disappear, this is part of economic democracy. Our economy has all-but disappeared, but the majority can decide to make it reappear.

Lord, free us from the yoke. Give us freedom. Let America be a homeland for us all or let there be a homeland for no one.

Let the Islamic terrorists drown in the abyss of their own corruption. Mountains of America, make the seed of freedom grow. Plains of America, make the seed flower. Oceans of America, repel the Islamic invaders.

Some say do not fight. America is being judged. I say, if they have already injured the members of my family, my friends, my brothers, my lovers, do I have any path other than brandishing a weapon?

They promised our demise, and gave us a scare. They promised total destruction of the infidel, and they have increased our poverty, but purified us and made us stronger.

When will they offer freedom of thought, promise us free elections?

Please spread the message I'm giving to you now. If you can access the Net, email [fmontoya@brownsville.city.gov](mailto:fmontoya@brownsville.city.gov), code word unite.

Tell us your situation, and what you can do. Expressions of loyalty are especially appreciated.

I love you all. Islam has not won the war here. Just some battles. We will win the final battle. I have seen the light. We shall overcome.

This is Federico Sylvia Allenby Montoya, President of the New United States of America, saying goodbye and God be with you.

### III

Federico wasn't aware that his image displayed a nervous tic. He took some strips of breast meat he had jerkied from his dead lover and put them in his mouth with the working arm. He heard some shrill shouts of "Allah akbar!" and nearby shots being fired. He had to go man the defenses now. Everybody was needed. And there could be fresh meat available now.

He limped along like Jan Berry of surfer music fame, who had cracked up his Corvette on Dead Man's Curve, suffering paralysis and brain damage, yet lived for decades, performing his old songs, including "Dead Man's Curve" itself, after listening to them via earphones before each performance to relearn them. Like America itself maybe?

Jan had such a nice tight butt when he was young, thought Federico. White and creamy. Like Curtis'.

He gave a few orders. They were not used to it, but some obeyed. He was the most powerful politician in America now.

One last thought. Take the large plastic crucifix out of his shirt and let it swing prominently for all to see.

These times called for a religious leader.

Chapter 11. The Armageddon Racket.

## I

Benny Lowenstein slowly re-read his article, proof-reading it prior to submission to the editors.

Beginning of Document.

Armageddon is the Biblically-prophesied final battle between God's last loyal forces and the armies of Satan, at Megiddo, in northern Israel, 20 miles SSE of Haifa, and 50 miles N of Tel Aviv-Jaffa, near the junction of the roads to the Sea of Galilee and the port city of Haifa, overlooking the Plains of Esdraelon (Jezreel).

On the surface Megiddo is a shitty 12-acre archaeological digging mound, Tel el-Mutsellim, rising about 666 feet (680 officially) above the plain. It commands a beautiful view of the valley, the city of Nazareth 10 miles away, and Mts. Tabor, Gilboa, and Carmel. The countries of Syria and Jordan loom menacingly around it, Jordan cutting off direct access to Jerusalem 60 miles SSE.

The valley is green and fertile and is cultivated by kibbutz and moshav agriculture communes. The climate is typical Mediterranean, hot summer days and cooler nights, between 70 and 86 degrees Fahrenheit. Low humidity, almost no rain in the summer. Archaeological objects will be well preserved.

Revelation 16:16 doesn't say Megiddo, it says the Mount of Megiddo, Har Megiddo, and, since there isn't one, some say it's a symbol not to be taken literally. The foggy author or authors of Revelation are the ones not to be taken literally.

Megiddo for 3500 years has been strategically located,

controlling one of the most important ancient military and trade routes between Egypt and Syria/Persia/Mesopotamia. Now that Egypt, Syria, and Persia were uniting in a new superstate, this area resumes its historical role of being right where they'd want to put an interstate highway, so to speak. There would be a final battle between the forces of God and Satan there, but both sides thought they were the forces of God, and that the other side were the forces of Satan.

Interestingly, this is the site of the earliest known battle in recorded human history, in the 15th century B.C., between the ancient kingdom of Canaan, led by the city-state of Megiddo, and Egypt and its pharaoh Thutmose III. When the Egyptians won, after a 7-month siege, they were forced to yield 924 chariots and 207,300 kur of wheat to them.

In The Book of Judge Deborah embedded in the Book of Judges, Chapter 5, her 12th century B.C. song of victory over the oppression of the Canaanites, it says (v. 19), "The kings came, they fought; then fought the kings of Caanan in Taanach by the waters of Megiddo." Josiah, King of Judah, was slain by the Pharaoh Necho at Megiddo, says II Kings 23:29-30, his body taken back to Jerusalem to a tomb, and his son Jehoahaz made king after him.

Archaeological excavation found signs of habitation going back to 6000 B.C. Excavation of the mound began in 1903 but stopped when WWII started. Megiddo remained untouched until 1994 when Tel Aviv University and Pennsylvania State University resumed the dig. In 2010 the Israeli government froze all digs, to be explained later.

It had been inhabited for over 3500 years but no such final battle had been fought. But for the last several centuries, one nut case after another tried to create their own Armageddon somewhere else. In recent times, the Jim Jones People's Temple in 1978, the David Koresh Branch Davidians in 1993, Luc Louret's Order of the Solar Temple in 1994.

Enough garbage on Armageddon had been published by 2030 to choke the Plains with trash fifty feet deep. Everybody

in the civilized Western world had their brain pans soaked in Armageddon boogey-man stories. It was the ultimate test of wisdom to be the one who told the most convincing and gripping version of how the story would work out. But the humorous footnote to this was that it was the most ignorant who had the most surety about it. And from whom the most money was made.

It became the great equalizer, making the most uneducated and ignorant able to feel superior to the most educated and experienced. In the great American heartland, it went together with being a Bible-thumping American itself. Knowing how to make, and enjoy, good fried chicken, pea salad, and strawberry-rhubarb pie. Watch Lawrence Welk reruns. Visit Branson, Missouri in a recreational vehicle. Any and every attack on the good old time religion was met by solemn knowing remarks about what will happen to the bad guys when Jesus comes again. Comes or cums?

The popular mind is like a magpie: you never know what it will choose to keep, and what it will throw away. But Armageddon was the keeper of keepers. After all, it was in the last chapter in the Bible.

Some cults made their living off of the Armageddon racket, particularly the Watchtower Society, centered in the wealthy U.S.A., also known as the Jehovah's Witnesses (pardon my spelling, grin).

Charles Taze Russell, autocratic first President of the WT Society, since its start in the 1870s, first predicted Jesus Christ's return in 1874, then moved it up to 1914, when he would probably be dead of old age: "... the 'battle of the great day of God Almighty', which will end in AD 1914 with the complete overthrow of earth's present rulership, is already commenced." (The Time Is At Hand, 1911 ed., p. 101.)

Living past 1914 made Russell alter his date, first to 1916, then 1918: "Also, in the year 1918, when God destroys the churches wholesale and the church members by millions, ..." (The Finished Mystery, 1917 ed., p. 485.) The end came conveniently, but only for Pastor Russell, when he died

in 1916.

Joseph "Judge" Rutherford, his former attorney, after a power struggle, succeeded Russell as President in 1917 and predicted the end as well, on his own new tack. He said post-Armageddon reconstruction would begin in 1925 marked by the resurrection of the patriarchs: "Therefore we may confidently expect that 1925 will mark the return of Abraham, Isaac, Jacob and the faithful prophets of old..." (\_Millions Now Living Will Never Die\_, 1920, p. 89, 90.)

When 1925 came and went, and he had waited for Armageddon in a mansion in San Diego which he christened Beth Sarim, in 1931 he wrote: "His day of vengeance is here, and Armageddon is at hand and certain to fall upon Christendom, and that within an early date." (\_Vindication\_ I, pp. 146-7.) Nine years later, with the distant chaos of WWII to delight him as he enjoyed the year-round sunny climate in San Diego: "The Kingdom is here, the King is enthroned. Armageddon is just ahead." (\_The Messenger\_, Sept. 1, 1940, p. 6.)

Watching WWII come and go with no Armageddon, but only Russell's death in 1942, to be replaced by Nathan Homer Knorr, in 1966 the JW's published the book Life Everlasting In Freedom Of The Sons Of God, where the year 1975 was pegged to mark the beginning of the Millennium.

Watchtower publications continued to hype 1975 right up to the end: "God's heavenly kingdom will rule over the earth for one thousand years after the end of this system of things." (\_Awake!\_, Oct. 8, 1968, p. 14). Two years later they finally replaced Knorr, who had died in 1973, with Frederick Franz, who continued till his death at age 99 in 1992, to be replaced by Milton D. Henschel. A major American corporation, paying no taxes, to the end.

Like all worshippers of their own toilet paper, who didn't think their shit stank, confronting them with their own writings was pointless. They would just take the previously-predicted Armageddon dates, and say that they were actually "anchor dates", starting with the very first one, 1914, promising that the generation of 1914 would still



be alive at Armageddon.

"... there are only about ninety months left before 6000 years of man's existence on earth is completed... The majority of people living today will probably be alive when Armageddon breaks out, and there are no resurrection hopes for those who are destroyed then." (\_Kingdom Ministry\_, Mar. 1968, p. 4.)

Somebody once said, that with all rackets, the key was to just follow the green: "Reports are heard of brothers selling their homes and property and planning to finish out the rest of their days in this old system in the pioneer service. Certainly this is a fine way to spend the short time remaining before the wicked world's end." (\_Kingdom Ministry\_, May 1974, p. 3.)

In other words, the WT Society did nicely off of it. Funny how they plowed the proceeds back into the business, signing decade-long leases for plant expansion. Their empire was worth in the billions.

The Bible itself all along said: "Now as to the times and the epochs, brethren, you have no need of anything to be written to you. For you yourselves know full well that the day of the Lord will come just like a thief in the night" (1 Thessalonians 5:1,2). But the grief, misery, guilt, and consequent control the Armageddon racketeers reaped from publishing and preaching dates anyway beat working for a living. Or selling Amway door-to-door, when that organization began to grow in the '50s and '60s. They even called their supporting door-to-door-going members Publishers for awhile, before switching to the term Pioneers.

A favorite door trick for Americans plagued by the Witlesses door-knockers was to get them to peg a date beyond which they were 'sure' the world would not go, then ask them to sign over all they owned, on the spot, effective one year after that date. No signers. Next door. All proceeds for literature from door-to-door went to the local organization, and then to the mother organization. The more you 'published', the more you dug into your own pocket to make

up for people who didn't pay for everything you gave them.

he 1914 generation had passed by the 2030s, although one could always dig up a Shirpa or two claiming to be that old. Or people in cryogenic storage, technically still alive. But the majority had certainly bit the dust. The Witlesses were definitely getting nervous by then, even in Third World countries which they found to be fertile recruiting grounds.

When the Islams struck, Witlesses around the world rejoiced that it all had not been in vain. Other than for the fact that the main HQ of the Watchtower Bible and Tract Society in Brooklyn, NY, went up in nuclear flames.

Speaking of Amway, it had reached the \$100 billion a year retail sales mark by 2026, and was doing business in over 100 countries. The biggest distributor ever known started about 20 years earlier, and called himself The Antichrist, founder of The Kill Club, telling people that joining his Amway distributor network would let them become financially independent and not be afraid to expose their anti-religious beliefs publicly. His organization made him and others billionaires, and made thousands of millionaires, all vehemently opposed to religion and the state of the world. They had their own Armageddon racket, namely, they wanted to start it themselves, and fight against God's forces and defeat them personally.

Thus, religion's biggest, most powerful and mortal enemy, was born out of pure free enterprise, in America's heartland. And paid taxes. They never gained governmental power or backing, however, until America itself vanished.

End of Document.

## II

Benny typed one last line:

But this will be taken up in future articles.

Benny stopped typing on his keyboard, logged off the

web site. His eyes were aching, he was thirsty, and he had to pee. He was in his forties, overweight, with a big belly, wide hips and fat ass. When he got to the john and started peeing, it took a while to realize the pee was missing the john, hitting his belly instead and wetting his pants leg and/or his underwear. His dick was so short that sometimes his boxer fly caught the flow, and by the time he realized it his boxers were soaking wet. The walls around and behind the toilet were yellow with urine. More urine, mixed with shit juice and hair, graced the area of the toilet lip behind the toilet seat hinge. When he sat down to shit, his ass was so wide that he often left a brown creamy turd on the back edge of the seat, which his wife sometimes complained about sitting in by accident. And other men only have to worry about putting the lid down when they're done peeing. Not that he admired his wife's job of having to handle and launder his filthy shit-shorts. They never did buy the latest robotic-computer toilets, for religious reasons.

He always wore a white shirt and dress pants, black, along with his black suit coat and black hat. He was an orthodox Jew, Hasidic. Long locks. Beard. Had a wife, Ruth, and 8 kids. He emigrated to Israel from Brooklyn, where he had worked for several publishing houses, not all orthodox. He had to make a living. He had grown up watching the Witlesses prosylectize his people, and seen their many prosperous buildings, shipping docks, office complexes. He had studied them, and found anti-Witless web sites on the Net to get ammunition from, and to give ammunition to.

He was orthodox yes, but it was like he was born that way, taught that way from birth, and knew nothing else. He did it by habit. His whole family did it. Observed the holy days, ate Kosher, followed the customs. Studied the Torah and the Talmud. The latter only the male family members did. The women studied to be good Jewish mothers, and there was nothing like a good Jewish mother.

Secretly, he had doubts about the existence of God. But hearing a spate of those beautiful Hebrew words was like a narcotic that made him half-believe again, made his yarmulke

bob up and down without effort.

Sex with his wife was long past the point of boring, but he loved his kids, and yes, he had secretly viewed pornography on the Net, and jacked off to it. His wife's fat hairy body seemed to be a different species from the svelte curvy smooth slim bodies he could see up close on his Net monitor.

Sometimes he wished he could just run away from his life, lose weight, and be a swinging single in Tel Aviv, going to nightclubs and getting laid. This was impossible, for he was one flesh with his wife, and orthodox Jews didn't divorce, although it was possible, it was never done. In theory, the Bible taught men to treat women like cattle they owned. In practice, the cattle owned them, and had a conspiracy to hem them in with Talmudic texts so there was no maneuvering room.

He was so fat, and sweated so much, his bad heart contributing to this problem, that sleeping with him couldn't have been fun anyway. His doctors kept telling him to get an artificial heart, but his religion wouldn't allow it. With his big belly, and his wife's, even inserting himself was a feat. His lower belly often stank from the skin touching skin all day and sweat building up with dirt and germs. There were modern operations to eliminate body odors, but again his religion wouldn't allow it. He used talc a lot, but the problem was it took too much time to dry off enough before he put it on, and if he put it on wet, it spoiled it. If he handled his belly and rubbed his hand on his pubic hair, and raised it to his nose, it would often stink of mildew. Not even a whore would want to give that dick fellatio.

Being married was a security blanket against facing up to improving himself physically. So, he would work all the harder for his family, further deteriorating his physical condition. Maybe a heart attack would mercifully take him away from his responsibilities, he would let God decide.

When he had first emigrated, his family and he worked on a kibbutz, near Tel Aviv. They hated it. Life there was

full of scheisse. They wanted a good old fashioned family life, and honest gainful employment, not this semi-communist lifestyle. They didn't like meetings every day, the use of the meeting to humiliate and control, keep in line, destroy secrecy. They'd take their chances in an unemployment line first.

A hard worker, passionate, despite his heart condition, for a better life, Benny went to night school, combined with correspondence school, and got an engineering degree. This, combined with his journalism degree, made him a hot item on the job market again, even in Israel with everybody having some kind of degree. He got a job with an Israeli defense contractor, who moved his family to Haifa and immediately set him to work on an ultra top secret project for the government. He had had some problem getting past his physical, but accepting the top secret assignment, which precluded him from moving around in the company, did the trick.

A great secret of the Israeli government was that they, under pressure of the ultra-religious element, who didn't admit belief in The Revelation of John, but seemed affected by it anyway, had their nation's final control bunker complex buried deep in the bluffs overlooking the plains. And they had their field of nuclear missile silos buried underneath the plains, neatly hidden by the agricultural activity.

A large contingent of army troops lived underground there as well. Vast stores of supplies. Hardened defenses sunk deep in, like Hitler's old Fortress Europe, his Wolfschanze or Wolf's Lair. Their Cheyenne Mountain, although its very existence and function ultra-top-secret, with instant assassination as the penalty for even being suspected of mumbling about it in one's sleep.

They had never quite pictured it coming like this, Benny was told by his government supervisors. They had thought the old Soviet Union would be the attacker, and upon their demise, and fragmentation, had breathed a sigh of relief. They had always believed their protector the United States would neutralize the many Islamic enemies around them, and

would wipe them out with nukes if an invasion were imminent, and they actually feared the Americans more because they could end everything, the world itself.

So, when they heard that America had been taken by surprise, by a new united Middle East, and Goliathed using their own sacred scriptures as the model, they were suddenly aghast with the reality of really being alone in the Middle East.

The United States had failed to launch its nuclear missiles at the new USI. They couldn't be sure why, either because they had no central government anymore to give orders, or because they were actually trying to save Israel from the consequences of nuclear fallout.

More likely the greedy businessmen who ran things behind government puppets had been afraid of spoiling the precious oil. Funny, the oil reserves were heavily depleted, but they were just as valuable, as the West was still not over its dependence on them.

Another dark thought Benny had. The West was still anti-Semitic to the core in the great heartlands not controlled by Jewish Hollywood-New York propaganda, which was the main thing that made life in America tolerable for his kind. And not bought off by the Jewish-influenced Washington government, which pumped billions over the table, and much more under the table, every year, to Israel.

They would love to have Israel defeated if they could believe it wasn't directly their fault, but God's doing, for rejecting their Savior. Maybe Israel's demise would appease the Muslims and let them negotiate peace. Benny had been subject to personal anti-Semitism in America, and his circle of friends always had their anti-Semite of the week stories.

The United States was not the only major power Goliathed. Just weeks after America's demise, Britain, France, Italy, Netherlands, Germany, Spain, Switzerland, Sweden, Norway, Ukraine, Japan, Korea, India, all lay reeling. Ironically, America had long been the cork bottling up Japan's latent rearmament, and so with America gone, it was defenseless.

Islamic forces had launched medium-range nuclear-tipped ICBMs at the main cities of Europe and Asia, from deep inside Iraq and Iran, from silos hidden in desert sand and the shadows of mountain recesses.

Nothing to stop them now. The Great Satan had made sure that none of these missiles had enough range to reach the continental United States, but only that.

The difference in this second wave attack was that these countries didn't need 5 nukes each to fall. As calculated, the fear of destroying the oil, and the fear of fallout boomeranging, kept what was left of NATO and SEATO from a nuclear retaliation. Boomeranging. The attack on Italy had, indeed, boomeranged for USI, fallout blowing across the Mediterranean and into Egypt. The latter had too many people anyway, so what did the USI leadership care.

So they thought of the USI leaders as madmen for using nukes, and they counted themselves lucky just because only a relatively few nukes, concentrated in major cities, or key military complexes, were used at all. Every nuked country had its experts telling them about nuclear winter, so they braced for a conventional war with what resources they had left.

Then the USI madmen really blindsided them, with hideous simultaneous savage chemical and biological attacks, easy to launch from border or shore incursions, and devastating to their national existence, despite decades of supposed preparations. The bio attacks included devastating attacks on the food supply chain.

Soon governments just caved in from the inside out, like pumpkins left unpicked during a frost. Armies likewise. The struggle for survival took over instead.

China alone was spared among the major non-Islamic countries. The consensus was not to mess with her now, and she wouldn't mess with them.

She had always been a great isolationist, the very meaning of China being Middle or Center of the Earth. Even

Chinese who emigrated to 'barbarian' countries would always dream of returning, sending money back, keeping in touch with relatives. Sort of like a giant human hornet's nest.

If the ancient Chinese prophets had known the Earth was a round ball in space, rather than a flat disk, they might have decided the whole Earth was the Center, and told the Chinese to spread out and cover the globe. If they did it now, they could swamp out every other race on Earth, displace them, their languages, politics, religion, more effectively than the whites had once displaced the Chinese land bridge aborigines squatting in North America.

She didn't, even when they nuked Ho Chi Minh City, Vientiane, Pnom Penh, Bangkok, Rangoon, Taiwan, even Hong Kong. The latter two they figured the Chinese would be thankful for now that the West couldn't prevent it.

One small correction. Russia was also left untouched. Even the USI was afraid to mess with the bear. The vast uninhabited stretches of Siberia scared them somehow, fearing hidden cities, factories, fortresses, even aliens from outer space, with visions of what had happened to Napoleon and Hitler settling the matter. The Ukraine had always been Russia's enemy, so nuking it didn't draw any response from Russia. Stalin had perhaps killed more people there than they had.

Benny got such information from his position on the inside, and was never sure how much other Israelis knew, because he had to never talk about anything he learned to anybody outside, ever.

It was almost embarrassing how weak the strong had proved in the face of the weapons they themselves had brought to the world scene, but had prohibited themselves from using on others. And without the power of the United States, it was every nation for itself.

Funny the Islamics being scared by rumors of extraterrestrial landings in Siberia. The incredible savageness and cruelty of the Islamics against infidels was like being invaded by aliens from outer space in itself, not



humans Benny could half-understand. The enemies of the Jews of 700 B.C. were bloodthirsty, as were the Jews themselves, but they didn't enjoy modern weaponry. In 687 B.C., 18-year-old Assyrian-Babylonian King Sennacherib took King Hezekiah of Judah and his men and had them flayed alive, after using the world's first tank, chariots covered with hides, to break the fortress walls. But compared to the horrors of Islamic warfare, flaying alive would be a mercy killing.

## II

They saved Israel for last, for dessert.

There was no ultimatum from the USI to Israel. Stony silence. The promise of total genocide. No nukes either. Too close to home. This left Israel with the same problem. Nuking some of the USI states wouldn't necessarily poison Israel, but nuking all or even most of them would. Would it be better to kill all on both sides rather than surrender? No, because there could be no surrender to them.

It was genocide the USI wanted, but up close and personal, a hand to hand, eyeball to eyeball, good long genocide. One that would make Hitler's Auschwitz look like a health resort. Besides, they had nukes too, and could much more easily obliterate little Israel than vice-versa.

Finally, it was firmly, resolutely decided, by the Israeli government, that Yahweh would determine the outcome, not them. Allah's vs. Yahweh's believers, in conventional warfare. Millennia of enmity to be carried to the conclusion. Benny and his family were to move permanently into the underground Megiddo complex. Everybody was on a wartime basis now.

Israel was not the aggressor, so they had some advantages defenders always had. And the Torah was out on the table, being poured over for some comfort, accounts of similar emergencies that had been handled by obedience to their Lord, the God of Battles.

The Southern American Confederacy, they remembered how

they had come close to victory, even though they ultimately were defeated. They did have their chances though. They lost because their ideology was evil. God was not with them.

And it came down to this: if they really were God's Chosen People, now was the time for Yahweh to prove it. So many had fallen away from the faith and become atheists in the 20th century. Ironically, the demise of Israel would be necessary to conclusively prove them right, but then there would be no more atheist Jews to say I told you so. Benny's mind was always racing with these kind of thoughts.

So, the Jews braced for the invaders with somewhat of a fatalistic shine, resolutely united, all their differences buried. Even the atheists got the joke, that the Lord has gave them this situation to show His glory, as he reversed it on their enemies by some great miracle. The enemy was only human. There is no god but Yahweh. Trust in Him. He had delivered them from their enemy's hand many times before, just read the Bible. And delivered them to punishment just as often, but didn't they deserve it? In the end He promised them total victory. Even atheists believed the Bible history was substantially accurate.

And he had promised them a Messiah. This gave many a frantic feeling, for if there were a Messiah, where was he? Without a Messiah, He was promising them a punishment now. This gave others the call, to be sure. Many suddenly put themselves forward as the Messiah. There were no lack of Messiahs who only the day before had been no Messiahs. Was the issue supposed to be forced like this by the enemy? Yahweh must have had it planned from the beginning, to happen like this.

But there was no time for a Messiah to gather crowds and preach in meadows.

The attack began swiftly. Scud missiles, thousands at once, filled with deadly nerve gas. There were gas masks, but many didn't put them on in time, and many weren't put on properly, and many of them that were leaked. Many Messiahs cut and ran for the hills.

The Israeli air force was awesome. One Israeli pilot had always been the equal of three Islamic ones. The most advanced military aircraft available was available to both sides though. But ironically, decades of advances in cybernetics equalized the pilot differences, because no human could react fast enough to pilot them any more. So, it was over by sheer decimation. Over for Israel. No replacements from America or Europe this time.

So the bombing runs started over Israel. Smart weapons, similar to but way more advanced than the weapons Americans had used against Saddam Hussein in the 1990s and no-name decade. Israel was bombed back to the Stone Age in 3 days.

At the borders masses of USI troops were soon staging for the final battle, from every side. Their navy had the sea bottled up. Rumors of captured Israeli men being slowly dismembered alive and made to watch dogs eat their parts surfaced. Captured Israeli children used for dog sport, torn apart alive. Captured Israeli woman raped and beheaded. The rumors were a rosy view of the reality.

The bag treatment, where a garbage bag is shit in, and wrapped around the head of a woman, and her arms broken, and her body slammed into a concrete floor, and men began rolling her around on the floor and sitting on her, causing her to drown in the shit, swallowing it to breathe, turning blue and numb, fighting for life.

They told her that the only way to get out of the bag was to lick it clean, and swallow every ounce, every drop. Then as she tried, half-blue and numb, writhing in agony, they'd let her go on until her tongue swelled up like a cow, and she had swallowed so much shit and shit juice, that she had pretty much cleaned the bag, except for what had stuck to her face and hair.

Then they would take the bag off her head, clip off her hair, and wash her head down with a hose into a bucket, and make her swallow that. At least she could breathe now. Just when she had done what they had told her, they would show her their husband's and sons' circumcized Jewish dicks,

lying on a platter, and told her to eat them or die. None did, and they would be beheaded, and fed to the dogs. They had already been thoroughly raped, in both ends, often after their teeth were hacked out with a sword so they couldn't bite.

Other rumors of women being served their own children cooked up into food. Don't eat any food, uncaptured Jewish women concluded. Starve rather than eat Islamic food.

So it was thought better to kill yourself than be taken. But Yahweh said that suicide is a sin said the religious. What were they to do then? All women took up arms, knowing it was no sin to die in battle for the Lord.

There were rumors that the Islams had brought great herds of dogs with them, with the intention of having them eat every Jew they killed, so the land would be purified of the Jews forever, not stinking with their corpses in its bowels. Some displayed Nazi swastikas to insult them. Synagogues were defiled eagerly. And used as dog kennels. Some Islams were rumored to practice the old Nazi trades of making lampshades of their skins, and voodoo heads, and even soap of their fat.

The Wailing Wall became surreal. Despite the air attacks it had stood, and despite huge piles of corpses all around it the faithful dared to rush it and kiss it and pray. The rumor then was that the Islams purposely left it standing so they could have fun killing them as they left. Yes, they always were killed on the way out, not in, and the piles of corpses turned into canyons. Dogs were set loose on them, by the Islams. The living Jews would kill all the dogs they saw as they went to the Wall. It became a process.

Then they poisoned all the water supplies they could get at. Their goal truly was genocide. People couldn't live long without drinkable water. Many started makeshift stills fed with their own urine, using umbrellas and foil, tents that could be wrung out, anything. The death rate was terrific in cities.

All the cities were eventually abandoned as Jews fled to

the hills. They had been prepared for this so for decades, so it was a powerful chess move the Muslims really didn't expect. The Jews already had big diggings in the mountains, in solid rock, and could defend every pebble of it tenaciously.

One Jewish warrior single-handedly held off over a thousand Islamic warriors for 3 days until the latter sent in reinforcements. They dissected him alive with fanatical cruelty, starting with a devilish dentist's chair, and used medical equipment to keep him living on life support until there was little more than a brain left. They then had their fun with that brain too.

But a freak lightning storm caused an entire regiment of Islamic soldiers to be electrocuted while standing in the grounds around the tent, and this spooked many and had to be officially covered-up.

The Jews still had a few spies in the enemy's camp, so they knew, and spread inspiring stories back. The spies were among the bravest of the brave. What they had to stomach to keep from giving themselves away.

Finally the combined armies of the USI rolled into Israel in force, led by huge armadas of tanks and attack helicopters. They met surprisingly light resistance at the borders, and in the cities. They were nonplussed, looking for an army to meet in battle and destroy. So they went to the mountainous areas where the Jews had taken flight to, and met massed firepower coming out of rocky cover, so great that entire fields of killed tanks smoked for days.

Smoke that was a signal of a new phase in the war. The Israelites had another secret defense which they finally revealed, namely, a great weather machine that, driven by fog and smoke generators in the mountains, caused the sky to become permanently foggy and overcast, rendering all overhead satellite observation blind, and creating rain and lightning that hampered the effectiveness of even the most advanced aircraft. Nobody, not even themselves, could move masses of troops in its face. But it had the side-effects of cleansing the countryside of chemical residues, and gave

them much-needed drinking water.

So the war slowed down and became a guerilla war. It became a recurrence of the old American Vietnam, the Russian Afghanistan. But not quite, the Islams had taken Jerusalem, and gleefully destroyed the hated Christian holy places, and all signs of Judaism. They controlled all the cities. Were dancing in the streets. The wailing of Islamic prayers was heard now echoing through the streets.

### III

Then a tremendous surprise to all. England, Sweden, Norway, Switzerland, Germany, the Netherlands, Belgium, Spain, even Portugal, and a few from Greece, arrived by sea in a fleet of naval power larger than any seen in Mediterranean history. This included all the remaining American naval power in the region, including aircraft carriers, which had been kept hidden in reserve in faraway seas.

The troops were all Protestants and Catholics from Europe. From some religious purpose that defies explanation, they forget their quarrels and went to the assistance of the Jews with an apocalyptic fury. They went under no nation's flag, not even the U.N. They were a Holy Roman Empire with roots that preceded the formation of the constituent countries, and even the schisms of Protestantism.

They caught the Islams by surprise so badly that entire battalions of Islamic troops abandoned their tanks and surrendered on the spot. The symbols of the Holy Crusade were seen on the invading armada's uniforms now. This was the New Crusade.

They recaptured Jerusalem, held ceremonies purifying the holy places of Christianity again. It was a crying time. The release of joy. The Jews came out of hiding, turned off their weather machine, which was about out of fuel anyway, greeted the Crusaders with glee, danced, arm in arm, kicked heels, sang, cheered. Funny, but no mention of Jesus Christ on either side. That issue was not decided yet.

Then the Islams regrouped. They had withdrawn well away from the cities, and the Scuds returned, but not with nerve gas this time. With nukes. They nuked Jersualem. Nuked the known mountain fastnesses. Nuked the armada. The nukes were the small kind, fission not fusion, 50 kilotons. But the rescuing armada vanished. The Jews went back to the hills, scrambling to find an overlooked dig. It was grim, and desperation was deep.

This is where Megiddo in Northern Israel comes in. The Islams still had not discovered its secret, its soldiers, its weapons, its supplies, its central command function. The action till then had all been in the south, centered around Jerusalem.

But first there is the unfinished story of The Kill Club.

Postscript.

Recipe for Iowa Pea Salad

16 oz. fresh or frozen peas. 2 stalks finely sliced celery. 4 oz. sharp yellow Cheddar cheese, coarsely grated. 1/2 cup sweet pickle chips, diced. 2 hard-boiled eggs, chopped. 1 teaspoon salt, kosher. 1-1/4 cups Miracle Whip salad dressing.

If using fresh peas, boil until just tender, then cool under running water and drain. If using frozen peas, soak in warm water until defrosted and drain.

Combine all ingredients in mixing bowl, stirring in salad dressing last. Serve cold.

Chapter 12. The Kill Club.

I

This article was published by Benny Lowenstein after The Kill Club forces pulled out of Israel.

Beginning of Document.

In a time when the world went religion-mad, a messiah of sorts did arise, but he wasn't religious, rather anti-religious. He called himself The Kilpope, The Antichrist, and other names. His real name was a well-kept secret. His goal was to destroy all religion off the face of the Earth, and establish a one world government with its capital in Jerushalaem, as he insisted on calling it, where the Roman Empire model would be extended worldwide, with himself as the first Emperor of Earth.

Both Christianity and Islam were diseases on the Roman Empire, he preached. Both had to die. They were responsible for all of mankind's problems. If not for their rise, the Roman Empire would have given man two thousand years of peace, and a golden age. Now that the religions had proved their worthlessness, the clock had to be moved back, and this time the mistake of letting them get started not made.

America had died. Big deal he said. America is not the end of man. It was fundamentally flawed in that it recognized the right of people to believe in religion. Let it die. All nations in Europe had arisen on the corpse of the Roman Empire, and had no right to exist anyway. Let them all die. They were all founded on sheer folly. On the fairy tale of Jesus Christ.

Jesus Christ was a fraud. He never even lived. He was a made-up literary character that fools took for history. If He did really return, most people would roll over on the floor laughing at what a cunt He was; and, in return, He would consider most, if not all, of humanity as His mortal enemies and He would be seeking to destroy them by fire and sword. The danger in Christ was in His built-up fantasy image: and the very fact that He had not, and would not, ever come back, was what made Him so dangerous.

All gods were invented by man. There was no God, and no



one was his prophet. Anybody believing in God had to be put to death by world law. If they believed in Christ, they were to be crucified, so that they could have the Christ garbage stuck up their asses. If they would blaspheme the Holy Ghost, world law would allow them to be taken off the cross, since they had given Jesus Christ up forever.

He got that from the Bible. If they wouldn't, they deserved to die, since Jesus said in the Bible to take up your cross and follow Me. Those who wouldn't should be forced to. Jesus said He was not of this world. So The Antichrist would help give them a boot out of it. Nice and neat.

The Antichrist (he insisted that both words be capitalized) was fond of quoting the Bible, which he had spent much time studying. His interpretation had quite a slant of its own, of course, but was totally rational and logical if you accepted his premises. He said that the Bible god himself had predicted that an Antichrist would arise, and that he would destroy Christendom, and take over the world, and that if Jesus Christ didn't descend with His angels from the sky and defeat his world army, that Jesus was proven as a fraud forever, and the world could go on forever without Him, indeed, would be obligated to exterminated any still foolish enough to believe in Him. So, he said, let's force the issue now and write off the last two thousand years fast.

A true believer in Christ, he would often say, could not lay a finger on him to oppose him, because God himself had decreed that he was to rule the world, and destroy Christendom, so to oppose him was to oppose God. To follow God and Jesus one had to let The Antichrist take over, then take the cross. Instant salvation. The equivalent of an Islam dying in a battle against infidels.

When the Islams struck, The Antichrist had been a man of little power, little following, a kook. This all changed now. Not only did millions of Americans embrace him as their only hope, so did millions of Russians. After all, these two people were basically more alike than different, and when Christianity is abandoned, his message made too much sense now.

He was an impressive man, large, huge of head and built like Andre the Giant crossed with Hulk Hogan after years of weightlifting. A genius IQ that had haunted him with fear of wasting it on things that were beneath his true potential all his life. A freethinker. Widely read, too brilliant with everything from mathematics to science to engineering to software to languages to actually waste his precious life developing them, he could seem to be a Jehovah himself, a creator, able to manipulate and create with his mind alone as much as a small army of people. Ironically, he came closer than others to see the way Jehovah had made the world, even though he didn't believe there had actually been one.

A walking law library. He frequently stated that through law one man may rule the world. He wanted to create a set of world laws, based on the rock principle that there is no God, and all prophets of God are frauds. He wanted to start time over with year one. To have a single world language. A single monetary system. A single religion, which he called The Kill Club. Laws based on Judaeo-Christianity would be abolished in toto. The new world law would be based on ancient Greek and Roman justice.

The Kill Club was a world view, more than a religion, but that too, for it commanded the same deep feelings, and certainty that there is one truth and they have it.

Agnostics were scoffed at for merely doubting the existence of God, or considering it not certain that there is none. He wanted people to go farther, to vehemently deny the very possibility of any God's existence. To blaspheme, commit sacrilege, for a kick, a test of faith. To burn the bridges. No way back, no middle ground, no possibility of death bed conversions or recantations. A life lived against all that the Bible preached. At least it was not a hypocritical way of life.

He advocated burning Bibles and using them to toast marshmallows. Using holy wafers as toilet paper. Not burning churches, but using the to hold meetings of The Kill Club, where Jesus Christ was railed at, and God, and the

Holy Ghost, and where sex orgies and cannibalistic feasts would be celebrated. He found the old X-P symbol to actually signify a spear going through Jesus' side on the cross, and making the head of the P sharp-angled like a spearhead, made that his symbol. The Kill Club was to be a spear in Jesus' side worldwide.

He loved women to give up Christian values such as marriage, and declare themselves to be sluts, as a proud tag. He preached The Kill Club Trinity, which was Kill, Fuck, and Eat. He taught that Christianity was founded to destroy the most basic human urges, and he wanted them restored to their rightful place. It was not wrong to kill, to fuck, or to eat peop (human flesh). It was so right, that Christians spent their lives turning black white and white black, worshipping these very things after turning them from real to unreal 'spiritual' anti-types.

He really lambasted vegetarians, those who were so sick they believed that animal-eaters were Nazis, or even the ones who said it was better for the health. If man hadn't eaten meat any chance he could get it, he would say, he wouldn't even be here, because, before he had developed technology, he was lucky to eat anything, he was so busy being chased for his own meat by the animals. Man is an omnivorous being, with the tooth structure to prove it. He can eat meat, or vegetables, "but meat is more dense and compact nutrition, and its nourishment frees one from the need to spend hours grazing like cows and chimps do".

People who 'believed' in vegetarianism, he said, were just more casualties of religion, doing so out of the prior belief in a God, who 'made' animals and people to 'live together in harmony', in a 'Garden of Eden'. Yet the God in the Bible banished them from it, didn't He, he asked rhetorically. Then told them to eat meat, read your Bible, he said. So, if you gave up God, or not, you should eat meat, because if man did evolve with the animals, it was precisely by eating them. If God had made man to not eat meat, why couldn't he digest cellulose like cows? Then he could graze grass, he mocked. If they could train all women to graze on grass, while they walked on all fours, men could use them as milk cows and sex machines all the

easier, he joked.

Religious vegetarianism was a sick remnant of a sick religion that denied reality, and manufactured hypocrites.

One of the funniest things he had ever seen, was died in the wool American atheists, who were also diehard vegetarians. They just didn't get it, he laughed. For the entire 20th century, the leaders of the fragmented, pointless American Atheist movement were nuts like this, no wonder America was a loose cannon all that century.

Christiansanity meant hypocrisy. It meant believing in impossible contradictions, in ideas that were impractical, then having to live in a real world and deny those very beliefs daily.

For instance, worshipping a man who was killed and hanging on a cross, yet kissing artistic renditions of it. Worshipping a man who had never had sex and was born without sex, yet marrying 'in His name'. And worshipping Him, and His rejection of cannibalism, by eating His body and drinking His blood yourself. Christianity worked by making people pretend to believe the opposite of what they really believed, and using the pent-up unfulfilled desires to control them. This made all their followers into day-by-day hypocrites, and led to all the problems in the world.

The Antichrist would make people real, make them face reality, save them from a zombie-like sleep or trance, a fairy tale. Have a piece of human meat, he said, and that will wake you up faster than anything. It's good, he said, and nutritious, and quite tasty -- "nothing satisfies like good peop".

All through history, anybody who had eaten peop had not only liked it, but grew fond of it, preferring it over animal meat. Ask Alfred Packer. Ask people stranded in the Andes, the Himalayas, people forced to eat peop to survive. Ask African tribesmen. Ask Idi Amin. Ask New Guinea tribesmen. Ask Jeffrey Dahmer. Ask John Wayne Gacy. Ask him, The Twin. He made that sucking tooth noise of Anthony Hopkins from the movie 'Silence of the Lambs', then loudly

clicked his teeth together in a ritualistic manner, that had come to mean 'it's time to eat peop'.

It was sick to poison good peop and stuff it in coffins and bury it in graveyards. What a waste of good peop, he cried. Religion alone prevented the intelligent, scientific use of peop, Jesus Christ religion chief among them. So you could blame Western starvation on Jesus Christ just like you could see it in India among people whose religious hangups kept them from eating cow meat.

You could trace all the world's problems, he often said, to Jesus Christ, particularly as the rise of this mental virus in the Roman Empire is what caused it to quit growing, and decay, throwing the world into the chaos it is in now. There could have been a one world religion-free government working since 500 A.D. if it had not been for Jesus Christ. Nor would there have been any Islam. Or Communism. Science would have been advanced 1500 years earlier. The non-white races would have become extinct long ago.

And man's turmoil at the turn of the Millennium, with so many dissatisfied people, searching, turning from this movement and ism to that, this leader to that, all came from the real true desire to throw Him off permanently, and it was his destiny to be the one who threw the final spear in His side with The Kill Club.

But the grip the religions had on mankind was still extremely strong, and insidiously pervasive, even with those who thought they were free of it.

It would take a New World Order to be sure it was totally expunged forever.

He knew the value of hypnotism, how religions used it to clone their followers, and created an anti-religious liturgy to chant and repeat endlessly -- not to the end of submitting oneself to a God or prophet, but to being immune to them.

He believed his method so powerful that if given a clean start by a New World Order, humanity could be inoculated from

the virus of religion forever.

So the attack on Christendom by Islam couldn't have come at a better time. The Antichrist promptly renounced his American citizenship (as if there was any America left), declared himself The Kilpope, The Antichrist, The Fuckslut, and The Eatpeop, and called for all who wanted a new world to rally behind him, boldly, and take the world once for all away from believers in Gods.

He taught his followers to have uninhibited sex, yet he himself was practically as chaste as an ascetic monk. He sublimated his sexual energy to his work, and didn't want to let any be wasted. He was somewhat like Adolf Hitler had been, virtually ascetic even though the supreme leader of bloodthirsty hordes of rapist Huns. He loved to watch live sex shows and pornography though, as long as others had the sex and he just watched.

Curiously, he admired the works of the Marquis de Sade, who he said was ahead of his time, but he never indulged in the activities himself, because he thought of himself as too superior to. He was The Twin, of Christ, the Antichrist.

In times to come, he would say, he would finally be crowned Emperor of Earth, in a rebuilt Temple of God in Jerushalaem, with the world forced to watch him via satellite, and he would stand naked before the world, and throw himself on his face, and give the world to Lucifer, the shining one, the one of knowledge, forever. Then as Emperor he would make up for lost time having sex like a stud horse, and artificially inseminating whole cities of future Emperors, as the world enjoyed total peace and the pursuit of selfish pleasure without religious restraints, protected by world law.

He did not actually believe in the existence of a Devil or Lucifier or Satan, but he loved the idea of Satan, an enemy of God and all he stood for, just as much as the idea of Lucifer. He often would let himself play Satan's Son for kicks if it would serve his purposes, such as by using the Christians' belief in the Bible against them.

He thought that if the world were to have only one religion, it would have to be that of Satan, but with no God admitted to even exist, only used as a whipping boy like Hitler used the Jews, to give them something they could hate without restraint, and to give the small-minded a unifying principle they could understand. One day even that would disappear, as the very idea of a God would seem impossible to comprehend, an evolutionary relic, along with Jesus Christ, and Satan too.

The traditional so-called Satanists, who believed there was a God but stuck with Satan anyway, he claimed were just as bad as the Christians, and must either forsake belief in the existence of Satan and God or else.

When Christians would be asked why, if there is a God, there is so much evil, and they would respond that it's because Satan is ruling the world, he would counter that if Satan were ruling the world, why do Christians have worldly power at all? Give Satan a chance, he would say, let Satan really rule the world for a thousand years or so, and compare results, and be true to your profession. He had a selling point there, to many who thought Christianity had had its chance and failed miserably.

His hideout was in America, which was in chaos anyway. He used what was left of the Net to reach people worldwide. He had a surprising number of the elite in his camp, scientists, politicians, formerly wealthy businessmen, as well as many of the true hoi poloi, the unchurched, the rednecks, bikers, old hippies, druggies, rock-and-rollers, pornographers, atheistic Jews, old-style Satanists.

He was well over 60, yet looked 40, in his prime, and was a physical strong man that could win weightlifting contests easily.

Slow aging was hereditary in his genes. An ancient Greek reborn in modern times. The body and brow of a Zeus, awakened to find the nightmare of Jesus and Muhammad and wanting to cleanse his people of it, from a two-thousand-year-long dark ages.

In many ways he was the ultimate product of America, but a man without a country, without a time, not content with his times, being truly mentally rooted in the ancient past, before Jesus Christ's name had ever been heard on Earth. He thought of all religion as a giant mistake that had to be corrected, from the standpoint of an ancient philosopher king come back to life, ready to point out its mistakes to stupid foolish humanity. The world's great genius and teacher. Everybody else was inferior to him. He was the focal point of world history, the only begotten Son of Satan, something like that.

For years, before America's demise, he would often show incredulous people that he was, indeed, the focal point of all history, by starting a discussion (usually one-sided) of some subject with them, letting it meander around from topic to topic, then suddenly ending the discussion, and turning on the television to any random station. Within minutes, some announcer or actor would say or do something that was uncannily reminiscent of just what had been discussed before the television was turned on. For instance, if The Twin talked about how he liked rare lambchops, the television would have a cook come on and show how to cook lamb, or there would be an interview with Lambchop the hand puppet, or a new movie about talking sheep would be reviewed.

He literally believed the world revolved around him, that somebody must rule the world, and it couldn't be anybody else but him, or they'd have to take him on first. But, to defeat him one would have to make a pact with Satan, to sell him their soul. Yet he was the Son of Satan, therefore, his Father would give him their "title", and they'd just end up selling their soul to him. Therefore, he would just get stronger.

What about democracy then? "Democracy, the rule of the mob?", he would ask back. Man was not meant to rule himself, but to be ruled, he freely preached. He had to be ordered to be free. Democracy proved what happened otherwise. People would spend their lives trying to get laws passed destroying other people's freedom and happiness, anti-cannibalism laws a good case in point. Laws against



sex, enjoyment of drugs, were other good cases in point.

The world should have one government, that ordered all men to be free, of God, Jesus, all gods and prophets, and all the consequences of belief in them, and all of their orders and laws. The right to vote should be limited to the powerful, who earned it, fought for it. But even their votes could not veto the orders of Satan, to whom he would himself hand the world over to.

Maybe Satan is what the philosophers called Natural Rights, he said. No government can stand against Satan, and that's why those who have existed all fell, or existed as long as they did only by becoming hypocrites to survive. And why there never had been a one world government, and never would be, until it was handed over to Him. This he would do, he assured all. That's why he was seeking power, not for himself, but to hand it over to Lucifer, and establish a one world government for mankind forever, something much greater than he alone.

He had even been spied praying to Lucifer to give him the power and intellect to win his battles. But it was his destiny to free the world of Jesus Christ, he would say, and even he couldn't alter or stop that.

Hitler, he often said, could have been The Antichrist, and ruled the world, but, when he had the world in his grasp, he wouldn't give it openly to Satan, and so Satan stole it back from him, and planted the real Antichrist in America, the safest place to nurture him.

"Hitler was a piece of shit," he said. "I could kick his vegetarian ass with one hand tied behind my back." "His followers were on the right track, but they had the wrong lead horse. He ended up leading them to self-destruction, setting the world back a hundred years."

"What kind of shithead would try to accomodate the Roman Catholic Church, and persecute Jews for their rejection of Christ?" "A Jew that rejects Christ, even if he still won't give up his silly Yahweh, is far better than some Catlick German who dresses up in jackboots and kills Jews for

Christ. Killing has to have a purpose, and this kind didn't. He didn't even cut the atheistic Jews some slack."

"Hitler could have defeated the Soviet Empire with the help of America and the Jews, and destroyed the Catholic Church forever, then defeated America too, seized all the oil fields in the Middle East, destroying Islam while he was at it, and established a one world government, handing it forever over to Satan, and I wouldn't be even needed to clean up the mess now. So that's how much more needed I am now, isn't it?"

He won all arguments, for who could deny that religion was the cause of wars, and folly, ignorance, superstition, sexual repression, resistance to scientific progress? He really just said what many people believed but were too scared for whatever reason to say publicly. Some people just couldn't get over the idea of there being a God, a daddy figure who made them, who they could talk to, who watched over them, who saved them when they prayed, who waited for them when they died. But not from arguments. That was where The Antichrist rose to the occasion. He recognized God belief as a disease, religion a mental virus; not an opiate or drug, but a virus. So he fought the virus with anti-virus antibodies, not with clean sheets and bed rest or counseling.

The Antichrist was as immune to the God virus as some people are to some diseases, and perhaps he was truly an advanced superior human, a human of the future, an evolutionary advance. But he believed that the god disease, as he called it, could be eradicated from people by his work, not that it was a gene he had that they didn't.

It was a psychological problem, of confronting God with your fuckyou finger in the air and daring him to strike you dead, and showing them that when He didn't, He had never been there. Then going on logically from there in all aspects of life. He made a great point of capitalizing the H in He, when referring to God, so that he could treat God as a literary character, fictional, rather than a real living person, and make fun of His self-aggrandizement.

He preached cannibalism as not only good scientifically for the environment, not only tasty and nutritious, and good psychologically, but as a practical way to deny the existence of the soul. He liked to talk about making a fillet of your enemy's face, have it basted with sauce, and sit steaming on your plate as you look at it and try to see where its supposed soul went. One or two good meals and you'll shit all soul thoughts away permanently, he said. Face cookies are good for snacks, he added.

People are animals with a superior brain. Just a code used by cells. All higher life is based on the same basic cells as lower life. The illusion of a soul is a function of the higher intellectual powers of humans, just like computers can be made to seem to be intelligent. No God had anything to do with it.

Worshiping ancestors' souls was profoundly sick. Trying to prevent abortions for the sake of a fetus' soul ditto. He didn't worry about hurting religious' peoples feelings, or offending them, quite the opposite. They needed to be hurt and offended until they grew out of the childishness of it permanently. Because there was nothing to hurt. Or were put to death by world law as human rejects if they just kept it up.

TING + TANG = IMAGE. There is no God, there are no gods, therefore I myself am God existing. You make yourself God. He liked to one-up the pomperly of the Catholics.

He preached hate as good. Hate is the power that breaks the goddisease. Hate Jesus Christ's guts, and you will be eating his face with The Kill Club. "I hate your guts and want to eat your face" was a catechism at all his many feasts and lectures.

He didn't really love war, not because he didn't love to kill and eat and fuck, because it was a waste of good natural resources, and threatened to mess up the Earth itself, making there nothing to fight for in the end. He was a man of law not war. A world ruled by the law that made the belief in God or Jesus or Muhammad punishable by death, after giving them every chance to recant and be put

on probation. One day people will kill, eat, and fuck by law, without messing the Earth up.

Before the demise of America, he had actually been courted by certain Jewish elements, after all, anybody who didn't believe in Jesus had to be a winner with them, used to anti-Semitic persecution by the Christian church. He had nothing against Jews as a race, like the Nazis did, indeed, he thought the Nazi-Jewish conflict a matter of two superior races fighting it out for control of the world.

He wanted Jews to grow up, as he put it, to go from rejecting Jesus Christ as the Son of God and a prophet, to actively working to destroy Jesus Christ and his system of thinking from the face of the Earth. He scoffed at the Jehovah of the Jews as a tribal god only an idiot would think actually ever existed.

Why did they work with the Romans to kill Jesus Christ, he jibed, and then not finish off his disciples as well? It was their own fault when the Christian Church gained control of the State and persecuted them. Then he'd laugh at his joke, for of course Jesus Christ never really lived, and it wasn't their fault at all. The Romans destroyed Jerusalem in A.D. 70 and that let later nuts get away with inventing Him and backdating it to a time precisely when they could not do anything about it, or even have any records to contradict the fictional story. And, by then the Romans had dispersed the Jews, so they had no power at all.

He laughed at the very idea of there being an Aryan race. This was just a made-up race permitting one tribe of whites to fight another, so that each could call itself chosen. Jews were, by and large, a quite superior race. It was their tribal religion that was silly, ridiculous, and held them back. But it made their tribe into a pseudo-race that stuck together on a worldwide basis, the International Jew. That was why the Nazis had had their asses kicked. Jews work by getting other tribes of whites to kill each other off while they rule by deception.

They had made a continent of Americas into zombies going over to Europe to murder their own racial cousins for

nothing, savagely, and quite happy to do it, because the whites didn't have the same tribal unity the Jews did. Other than the Jews, whites don't really think of themselves as a race at all most of the time, but as a non-race, more easily turned into zombies over silly temporary causes, oblivious to the long-range racial consequences, the most powerful and insidious being the meaningless word freedom. What was the point to a free world if it wasn't white?

If Hitler had joined with the Jews instead, they might have already taken over the world and split it up between them, because they could have turned the same Americans to their cause, and defeated the Communists. Instead, the ugly American, thinking he had made the world safe for freedom, found himself in a country with an ever-growing centralized federal bureaucratic dictatorship, and a world where every non-white race outbred him, used him, and stole him blind.

But no government acknowledged the rock principle that God doesn't exist, and Jesus and Jehovah are frauds. So a plague on all their houses. Anyone showing allegiance to any nation, country, or flag, must be declared a rebel by world law, and then by law, the rebellion quelled.

The atheistic Communists were only another religion, one that substituted Marx and Lenin and Stalin for the Trinity. They made the State into God. The economic principles of Christianity, they work only in a non-material heaven, would not work in a real material world. So it was a folly doomed to defeat itself by failing to work once it had been fought for and given a chance.

He was right. Communism had crumbled of its own weight. Leaving many somewhat free of religion, true, but also backfiring in giving atheism a bad name and spurring religion into somewhat of a comeback, since even the atheist Communists acknowledged the communism of the early followers of Christ. The defeat of NATO drove millions of atheistic and backslider Russians to him overnight. Where else could they turn anyway?

The Jewish power in America was great, but, with no enemy to focus on, it was a danger to itself. In WWII, Jews made

use of Hollywood so effectively that after the war they went on for decades manufacturing propaganda for the American masses under the guise of entertainment, until it became a parody of itself, with no actual real program, since there were no Nazis anymore to speak of, or Communists, or white supremacists who had political power. They reached, in stages, the TV series featuring white and black racemixers, homosexuals, hedonist pagans, after starting them out on Ricky and Lucy and spoon feeding them as fast as they could swallow it.

The program to brainwash the pure white majority to race-mix was losing steam, from its own success, as even Jews now could see that the half and quarter blacks, when they got power, often went into Islam and became anti-Semitic, and strangely racist. Or considered Jews as a rival. Or just wanted to take from whitey and hymie and not give back. So the propaganda machine bogged down in its own effluvia by the early 21st century. The rise of the Internet caused mass broadcasting to be undercut by choice demand entertainment, so nobody could control it anymore anyway.

After America's sudden demise, and Israel's invasion, The Antichrist was at first the terror of Islamic terrorists, capturing those who came into his haven in the Rocky Mountains, and using their flesh for lusty public banquets. When he finally gained their military respect, and further word of his crucifixion of American Christians, the main Islamic leadership in the USI issued overtures of friendship, on the basis of his being an enemy of Christ and Jehovah. He was the only Westerner they courted at all.

This alliance was not on a strong permanent basis, rather, more for temporary advantage, based on their mutual hatred of religious Jews. And, luckily, their religion forbade them to read the Antichrist's writings, which they regarded more as humorous fiction.

He impressed them personally by his noble commanding bearing, huge stature and strength, and warlike spirit. And he could talk for hours about how he wanted all Jews to be made into Jew stew. Jew stew, the term made them crack up

with laughter. They thought it meant for the dogs.

So they actually financed The Antichrist's army, recruited from America and Russia, and gave it transport into Israel, on his promise he would destroy the Jewish religion forever or they could have his head on a platter. In return, he was to be given his own kingdom in America. This was the first time The Antichrist had real power, even though the Muslims considered him their puppet. He was nobody's puppet.

The Antichrist wanted to go to Megiddo first thing, because he wanted to bait the Jews out to Armageddon. He read his Bible. This was the Super Bowl of battles. He got game. He would kick ass. The blood would flow up to the breast of a horse. He liked blood. Until that point The Antichrist had never even been in the military or fired anything bigger than a .22 rifle. Now he led a powerful army against God and Jesus Christ.

People all died one day, he would often say, and all he was doing was speeding it up so that there could be a one world government and universal peace. Killing one, two, three, four, five, even six billion, out of a world population of seven billion, was no problem, since this would end millennia of problems and accelerate civilization itself to total life happiness. He couldn't state exactly what that meant, he just preached that getting rid of religion forever and starting the world over with day one would be an unmitigated good. He wished it could be done without war, he stated rhetorically, grinning devilishly, but knew that it couldn't, and he wanted it to be his life's work to do all that had to be done and leave a legacy of total universal world peace, no matter how many corpses he had to make to do it.

He had a secret plan to turn the tables on the Muslims after finishing off the Jews, ultimately making them deny Allah and Muhammad at the point of a sword, like they were used to making others do, and declare him their Prophet and King and subject them to control of his world government.

He thought he could cause vast numbers of defections by

doing what got Islam so many converts in the first place, offering them on Earth what they could never really get in an imaginary heaven. White women. He would re-segregate the world on a global basis, like a farm, with one section for whites to breed true to their kind, one for yellows, one for blacks, one for semitics, etc. No mere ethnic homelands, or political ones. Only for those who could be said to have a real race worthy of the name. He would let races that were savage, sexist, and bloodthirsty practice what came natural under local laws, always subject to the greater world law. Kind of like big Jurassic Parks.

World law would separate sex from reproduction and love, feeding white pussy to the dicks of the non-white races to keep them from wanting to rebel, while the white man would become the master race, the yellow man his science officer, the black man a perpetual child allowed to play and entertain the rest, the occasional bright ones given a non-commanding position on the ship's bridge. Kind of like a global Starship Enterprise, which ironically had once been the vision of a group of American Hollywood Jews. Browns and reds would be basically trimmed down in numbers and turned into servants and owned by the others, but not abused like in Uncle Tom's Cabin, rather, taken care of like capital equipment.

The Semitics, being highly mixed from millennia of wars, would be either considered white, or brown, as they proved to deserve individually, or kept in arms as the earth's house guards and enforcers. Beheading was a great sentence to hand out, The Antichrist thought. Hareems were also a great reward to hand out. He'd keep them.

He thought white man must rule the world, because that's why they were white, as a color code of superiority. If they couldn't rule they couldn't be white. If they were white they couldn't rule. He would quote the Bible itself on this, the Old Testament talking about The Beast, himself: "he sought to make men white" (Daniel 11:35).

He wanted all the races to have homelands, and to have a pure racial stock that bred true to its kind, what Jesse Jackson might have called a Rainbow Coalition, but not the



way he envisioned it. The mistake with the whole black race was in trying to integrate them into the rest of the world, by making them white, like in Daniel, which they had backwards, unless these so-called Christians thought of Jesse Jackson and the Southern Baptists as The Beast.

He thought the blacks were a child race, that had been fucked over by intrusive whites, who sought to whiten them up, make them act white, look white, be white, and it would be a wiseness to put them all back in their home cradle of Africa, pull out all of white man's civilization, technology, culture, religion, Islam included, and let nature starve them back down to their pre-contact level, and the animals breed back up to the vast herds of the old days.

Then let the black man be black. Savage, cannibalistic, tribalistic, dancing and jumping. And develop their own destiny. Be allowed to more or less lie fallow, like a game preserve, for millennia, while the whites and yellows and browns keep peace on earth, extinguish any new flareups of religion, and reach into outer space like in Star Trek.

He almost felt a kinship to the savage cannibalistic blacks, and to the Klingon fantasy race invented for that Star Trek series. Klingon, Kill Club, funny coincidence, no coincidence. Black actors made the best, most satisfying Klingons. Africans had been so immune to the Jesus Christ influence, they had gone to bloodthirsty, lusty Islam rather than go against their instincts entirely with asexual, ascetic, guilt-tripped Christinsanity. Christian missionaries made good stews. They wanted their white women, everybody did.

The spectacle of American blacks, after centuries of oppression, aping their white masters with the Good Old Time Gospel religion, and perverting their great African tribal dancing and jungle beat, to make Gospel hymns, always turned his stomach.

When he learned of the hardened digs of the Israelis, he was steaming at first, wanting a quick decision to the conflict. So what he did was array his forces in the Plains of Esdraelon, after arriving through the Port of Haifa,

supported by USI troops from all over the USI, including some arriving direct from Syria and Jordan, and beat his fists on his chest, inviting the Israelis to come out and play.

He would offer amnesty to anybody blaspheming Jehovah and Moses and joining The Kill Club, he had it be known. The Rabbis, they were full of shit, and if they would hand them over he'd personally guarantee the rest a homeland in America. There was no need for a Chosen People to steal an ancient homeland back from its millennia-old inhabitants, because there was no God and therefore he didn't chose any people. They were strangers in this part of the world that rightfully was a homeland to Islamics, and he would be their savior, helping them out, back to the old American mainland, where they used to be more Jews than in Israel anyway, before the nukes wiped out Los Angeles and New York and caught them by surprise.

They could repopulate that homeland instead, he argued, quite sterlingly, quite incisively. And end a bitter sore in the side of Islam, and avoid a great bloodbath, risking all of their people's lives forever.

End of Document.

## II

The Jews just didn't 'get' The Twin.

The Islams wanted to kill all Jews, believers or not, but The Antichrist actually would have used his army to defend Jews who joined The Kill Club, and gotten them out, if he could have, because they would then be part of his forces, his army. Of course he wanted Judaism itself to be abolished. But the people themselves: if they renounced God, he admired their intellectual accomplishments and thought their genes would be worth preserving in the world gene pool, a one world government in control forever stamping out any outbreaks of the goddisease later.

In the meantime his plan was to lure the incurably religious Jews out onto the plains, and get them fighting

the Muslims to the death, while his forces sat on the sidelines and watched, out-Jewing them all. Then he would conquer what was left, capturing as many Islamic prisoners as possible, and claim Israel as his world capital.

Ironically, they Jews that remained could have lived in this new world capital, not as Jews, but at least at peace.

The USI heads wouldn't be able to gas Israel if he held their own soldiers captive. Then he'd hope his cause would create new converts here, swelling his army, as well as in Europe and America, swelling his reserve armies waiting for the word, and then he could encircle the USI and conquer it, leaving him head of the real one world government, and crowned its first Emperor. He had a secret surprise in the works too, as will be seen, to soften the USI up for him. They shouldn't have underestimated him, he said.

A dazzling sight, the coming of the Antichrist. He didn't know what lay under his very feet.

Chapter 13. The Mother of Battles.

## I

"Stop!" said Jesus Christ to Satan. "Why do you show me all this? If I acknowledge you as the Ruler of the Earth, you will establish peace now in Israel, and throughout the Earth, and none of this will come to pass? I can't win, by following God's plan? You will win?"

"Begone, Satan! For it is written, You shall worship the Lord your God, and only Him shall you serve."

Then the devil left Him, and behold, angels came and ministered to Him.

Satan gave him fair warning. Now Satan would do what he promised, thought The Antichrist. Satan would never serve God. Because there was no God. Jesus Christ was the fraud.

It was a clear day. You could see yourself on any mirrored surface even a long ways away. Nuclear dust had been washed off most things, although there were banks of it piled up in places, changing the landscape from what it had been before. Like the dust of centuries pile on old cities creating archeological digs, Tells. But all in a day.

The Twin, as The Antichrist often called himself, was sitting in his operations tent, surrounded by video monitors, his head in a virtual reality helmet, his arms in a virtual reality suit, his fingers flying in the air, his arms and feet wiggling, manipulating objects in virtual space. With the gear he was using, he could command and control millions of people at the same time, his brain amplified by tentful after tentful of militarized computing equipment. He had spent years gathering intelligence so detailed he had individual track files on each soldier in his and the allied Islamic armies. If they moved, the data in his computers changed with it.

Every electronic signal in the air was intercepted, and analyzed instantly, updating track files on everything. With his virtual reality equipment, he could call up and examine every virtual object as easily as picking a grapefruit up and eating it. But only several a second, not enough, never enough. This was just his front-end processing system, the heavy equipment.

He didn't just use ten percent of his mind. No, his whole mind refused to rest, refused to let the front end do all its processing, forced itself to reach out into the cyberspace and see more than it could digest, forcing the information into the inner mind, the subconscious, that always came through for him and gave him a net picture, a hunch, a feeling, a brilliancy, after it had digested enough to risk interrupting the front end.

He had the Bible out in his virtual field of view, pouring back and forth over every text having to do with Armageddon, the Beast, the end of time, the Messiah, Jesus Christ his arch-enemy. He had the Koran out, but never found anything in it he could get his grip on. No content,

like white bread. Left a taste in your mouth that's all. The Talmud. Not even he could master every word of that. He gained nothing he could use now from it. The Jews would go back to basics now, to the Torah, the books of Moses. The tales of their great military heroes, David especially.

He hypnotized his sexual submind to sleep, lusting would not be tolerated to distract him. He was ascetic, chaste, like an angel rather than a devil, a pure intellect with no fleshly needs to serve, as people often find themselves during a long fast. But through pure will, while living on a high calorie diet, his metabolism feverishly working his thinking apparatus.

His face was frozen, no brain cells wasted even for making facial expressions. His massive muscles in a state of rest, not asking for any of the vital blood supply now welling into his head, his breathing accelerated, huffing and puffing even though he was sedentary. Just the fluttering of fingers and toes, and his eyes darting around at virtual reality objects.

He took massive doses of vitamins, especially antioxidants like C and E, and B complex, also Bilberry extract, an antioxidant for the eyes, which were always red and strained to the max. He also took Melatonin to keep his biological clock working, and let him drop instantly to sleep when he made time. And DHEA, creatine, and lately, even steroids.

He never took steroids unless he was going to war, the rest of the time he found them way too dangerous, too many long-term side effects. He disdained the steroid cowboys into Arnold Schwarzenegger bodybuilding shows, who often dropped dead at 50, or got cancer and either died or turned into sickly invalids living on memories and old photographs.

Yet when he took all the electronic gear off, he would often go around loudly talking to himself, even if other people were around. Naturally his public speeches were recycled at these times. The few times he was completely silent, those were the scariest, for his enemies.

His camp was a seething sheath of electronic nerves, looking for every input so he could stop every sneak attack. He even had seismographs chunking away. That was how he figured it out. The ground beneath his feet, yes, it was not pinging right. He had more seismic pings sent down, and they came back wrong, revealing a hollowness down there. The cockroaches had burrowed down, he concluded. He had them now.

They must have airholes, he surmised. Hidden entrances. He started giving commands to troops to detail scouting parties out, looking for them. He suddenly jumped on his feet, ripped off his gear, and walked out of his tent into the clear day, and grabbed a cigar and began smoking it. He had to do it himself.

He marched to his waiting warcopter, his elite guard standing at attention and looking so beautiful in the red outfits he had had made from watching the evil Emperor in Star Wars movies. Getting in his warplane, alone, he had the same nonchalant aura of his own invincibility that Robert Duvall had in Apocalypse Now. And a lot of insurance. His warplane was an awesome arsenal, with tenfold backup systems all around, and escape systems for every contingency. He could fly into an erupting volcano or an A-bomb mushroom cloud and come out unscathed probably. He had a virtual reality shell custom-fitted that he squeezed into, and he was totally jacked back into the alter ego, the supermind, of it.

It had VTOL capabilities, and that's what he did, take off vertically, straight up, and up, until he could see the Valley of Esdraelon laid out below him, covered with Islamic troops, which, despite being supposedly part of a new federation, still displayed country flags, and segregated their tents, and his own troops laid out around them concentrically, the X-P spear in the cross flag making him smirk. He didn't look at them though. He looked for signs.

He was an engineer. What would he do if he owned this land and wanted to dig a complex in deep? He started scanning all the records of this area, news accounts, government releases, newsgroups from the Net. Bingo, the

government of Israel had froze all archaeological digs in this site years ago. The Tell el-Mutsellim, what a shitty looking thing. It was covered over with caked moist nuclear dust now. Yes, the Tell. The Antichrist's mouth turned into a smirk and sneer at the same time.

He started giving orders as his warplane descended straight back to camp. Earth movers, get all available to the Tell and start digging it up. Dig it out completely.

His men never questioned his orders. Construction engineers started diesling like roaring warthogs over to the Tell, while Islamic soldiers milled around their tents, half interested, half not.

The Antichrist put his men on full alert, gave the signal to the Muslims to do the same. His orders were questioned by the Muslims, but their top brass finally acceded. Where were the Jews and why were they even here in the first place? Why don't they spread out along the hilly areas where they thought they were dug in? So the American cowboy general could dig for artifacts for his collection? No matter, the word was that they would abandon him soon, and go to their own plan once his folly was proved.

They called The Antichrist into the Islamic field HQ, and he told them he was busy, but they insisted, and he came, complete with attendants bearing delicacies, dates, cheeses, sheep eyes, as if for a feast. They didn't get it. He said to celebrate, they be killing Jews soon, and not have time to eat again for a long time.

"What Jews?" the Islamic commander, Saddam Hussein the Sixth, said. "The ones under our feet," said The Antichrist. "We're standing on them."

He looked down with his eyes, while keeping his face level, and the commander understood instantly, breaking into a grin. "So that's what you are digging for, Antichrist, not archaeological relics..." "Ha ha haaaa," laughed The Antichrist, a near-perfect imitation of a red-suited devil. "Give me a Jew, and I'll make some stew. Give me a Rabbi, and I'll make a ragout. Let's eat!"

With that The Antichrist started in on the delicacies, and made fun with the sheep's eyes, relishing them with slurping noises, and his eyes rolling with delight. He would eat just about anything other humans could eat.

"I hate all the Jews' guts!" he lustily shouted. "I want to kill all the Jews in Israel!" "Ha ha! Their faces will be on my plate tonight!"

Some of the Islams half-understood his pidgin Islam, heavily loaded with American words, and made eyes too, too much for them, that kooky American cowboy, wanting to eat dog food.

But The Antichrist couldn't stay. He had an earphone on, and he was instantly reactive to it, not even asking for a leave from the Islamic commander, a typical insolence he could get away with but still noticed with blank stares.

I'll be eating Islam ham too, he thought, to himself.

Out of the command tent of the Islams, he saw the masses of troops on full alert, waiting for they knew not what, for there was no enemy visible. He took his armored car straight to the Tell, climbing the 666 feet with no difficulty like a cat jumps up onto a house roof. A display of physical power, a lion in the desert, smelling a meal.

He sat in the car barking orders to the men on the ground, and requesting any sign that they had found anything. Nothing yet, but he would wait. He wanted to be nowhere else now.

A pipe was found sticking up in one part of the digs. He told them to concentrate in that area, follow that pipe. Soon they found a concrete bunker. He told them to lay charges and blow a hole in it. When they did, surprised Jews could be seen inside, scattering.

The Antichrist already had his tanks ready, with flame throwers. They flushed it with flame. Then he commanded the earth movers back in, telling them to widen the hole.



The word was passed all around that the Jews were underneath them, in an underground city. They were going to flush them out by using what they used on rats, smoke. It took several hours, well into the night, before The Antichrist's tunnel rats had finally found a large ventilation tunnel, and they had the tear gas pumping equipment working. Nothing happened for an hour, as tear gas was pumped in, mixed with a little mustard gas, a little sulfuric acid. The latter would eat pipe valves, gaskets. Some of his men died in this work, many were injured, but more men jumped into the work.

Suddenly a great noise. Metal screeching on metal. Great plates of metal. All over the plain. The missile silos were being opened up. Islamic soldiers were caught in the gaping holes, which the dirt and dust fell into and out of sight. The altitude of this plain was only 300 feet above sea level.

The Antichrist was ready for this. His attack helicopters began firing into the silos, blowing up missiles that were still in the tubes. Only a few made it to launch, and they were shot to pieces before they could make it all the way out of the tubes. A single missile made it into the air, and it was blasted by a hail of fire, causing it come apart in pieces and fall back to the plain.

The Antichrist was on his plan now. More earth movers went to work on the silos, more gas pumping equipment. The sun came up, morning came and went, afternoon, late afternoon arrived. The alert was taxing the troops now, but no one dared flinch.

The earth movers finally had the ground around several silos dug out, exposing tunnels that went straight down at least 50 stories, all lined with blast-resistant fire-resistant concrete. Troops were stationed on the lips, peering down with advanced eyegear, looking, recording.

The Antichrist had disappeared that day, gone on some mission somewhere nearby. He had figured out that the main entrance to the complex was in the city of Nazareth, the

home of his enemy the bastard Jesus Christ. He found it. A tremendous firefight ensued, The Antichrist trying to break in, the Jewish defenders throwing themselves into sure suicide to prevent it.

The Antichrist broke off the attack suddenly, and started broadcasting on a multitude of radio frequencies, and via terrifically loud speakers, a demand to surrender, come out and renounce God and he would spare their lives.

White flags came poking out of the devastated once-hardened concrete entrance hidden in a Jewish hillside. Soldiers, their hands in the air, many holding burning Bibles. Ripping off their yarmulkes. Many could speak English, and "Fuck Moses! Fuck Jehovah! Fuck God!" would be repeated in sing-song fashion.

Thousands came out to surrender. They were stripped naked, body cavities examined, and herded onto trucks.

Many didn't surrender though. Some braved suicide to try throwing grenades into the trucks, and kill their own traitorous former religious comrades. Only a few of the traitors survived to be trucked away, to intensive interrogation, trying to get the plans to the underground complex out of them, comparing details for deception.

The Antichrist didn't care. He wasn't even there anymore. He was in his command tents, having a banquet with some of his elite circle, of Jewish flesh. He tried to make it look like Da Vinci's Last Supper, complete with the long table and white tablecloth.

Not a captured Jew soldier, one of his own men, who had been a Jewish spy, and The Antichrist personally strangled him with his bare hands. He had known all along that he was a spy, he just wanted to save him for the time his meat would taste the sweetest.

His fillet of face, basted with sauce, on his plate, The Antichrist waited until choice roasts and steaks were distributed out by the waiters, and the blood poured into silver goblets. A toast to victory all round. They dug

into the steaming well-seasoned meat, served with American canned beer. A good day.

Suddenly a roar, as the ground under their feet exploded. The Jews had learned, from this very spy, where The Antichrist's banquet tent was, and had dug up from below frantically, and placed high explosives. They timed it quite well.

"The Hitler table trick," the Antichrist grunted, when he found to his delight that the blast had not even scathed him, while many of his Last Supper party lay dead, the food blew to the winds. He extricated himself from some rubble, and walked out of the tent like little had happened.

Rumors flew in all camps that he had miraculously come back from the dead, was a supernatural entity. Just like in the Bible, thought The Antichrist. If they hadn't done it to me I would have had to do it to myself, he said, out loud, to himself, knowing he'd be heard. He had, he had fed the spy the information they wanted on purpose. Just a little inaccuracy in the exact coordinates where he would be.

He broke camp and moved out away from the area he knew had Jews under the surface, and had a very sound sleep.

## II

The Antichrist woke very early, to find, as he looked out onto the plain, almost all the Islamic soldiers laying dead, like cockroaches doused with kerosene. The Jews had released a fine spray through pipes that came up from underground, like a sprinkler system, through the former silos, during the night. It caused instant death. Then evaporated before having time to sink back into the ground.

Many of The Antichrist's own men were dead, about 10%, for they were dispersed around the Islamic men, out of most harm's way.

They were waiting for his instructions now. What a genius he was, some mocked, under their breath, but he could

read it with his virtual reality sensors.

"I am a genius," he told them arrogantly and self-assuredly. "The Jews killed the Muslims for us, like I told you they would. And any Islamic sympathizers in our own camp. They are still trapped underground, and we still have them for ourselves. We will kill, fuck and eat!"

He told them to ready themselves for the final battle. He was happy about it, and showed it. He thought the Jews would now show themselves and the fight would be nasty but final.

They did, but not the way he expected. Word was coming in of a sudden attack from the direction of Mount Tabor, a regular army of Jewish soldiers, fighting for each of ground with great fanaticism. A relief force, they all agreed.

He spent a half hour assessing the threat and dealing with it, but before he left with his elite guard to oversee the final mop-up, he left word that he wanted to give his Jewish rats a hot foot. The Muslim corpses would soon start to stink, and rather than deal with that, he gave orders to soak them with fuel, then dump them, along with all the fuel they could find into the silo holes and set fire to it.

More orders were given to his Muslim associates to find a way to bring in large quantities of oil, through the Port of Haifa, on tankers, and set up a pipeline to pump it into the Plain to make it into a lake of fire. Maybe that would cause them to give up and come out, he told them. After the great loss of their own men had sunk into them, the Muslims readily agreed and promised it would be done in less than one day.

When The Antichrist got to the battlefield, the air and ground were whistling with missiles, shrapnel, dead bodies, explosions superimposed into a constant roar. The Jews attacked their lines like the WWII Allies did Utah beach. They had an armada of perhaps half a million troops coming in waves along a five-mile front, and ten miles deep. His own men numbered a cool million, and he left half of them back at the Plains, so it was an equally-matched battle for

once. One The Antichrist personally wanted to collect his pelts in. He had journalists following him constantly filming it all.

One could fire at oncoming soldiers only so long until one's gun muzzle overheated and couldn't fire any more, even the most advanced air-cooled guns. The Jews had heavy body armor, and wouldn't always go down with one hit. Their fanaticism was so great they would drag themselves along even with no legs and try to fight.

The Antichrist was magnificent, going to the most besieged part of the front, bullets whizzing by him, always missing by inches, and holding two machine guns at the same time like Arnold Schwarzenegger, his biceps flexing, his massive back muscles making him look like a demon.

Soldiers on both sides were flying apart like bugs. In places bodies piled up like hailstones next to the older piles of nuclear washed-out nuclear dust. The Antichrist was looking for the Ark of the Covenant, he hoped they'd have one and flaunt it so he could personally blow it to bits. No Ark, too bad. He'd put one in when he wrote his memoirs.

He gave orders for a hundred thousand of his men back at the Plains to try circling around and flanking the Jews, while simultaneously putting them into a defilade situation. He got news that Islamic forces were being dispatched from Haifa and would arrive in hours.

He heard a distant roar of voices, back from the Plain, with his naked ear. Before the word came in from his men, he knew the Jews had come out to play.

Chapter 14. The Baptism of Fire.

I

Deep inside the Megiddo complex, Benny Lowenstein was

having a problem. His feet and legs were on fire. He had been on sentry duty underneath a silo, 500 feet down from the surface, when it started raining burning fuel. He had ducked behind a door carved in solid bedrock, but it had managed to wet his feet and legs.

He couldn't leave his post, he had orders. He had been called into military service after the Islamic invasion, and though he was not in shape to be a soldier, he could shoot, all Jews in Israel could, they often carried Uzis in public, and there were target practice ranges everywhere, and it wasn't possible to get involved, too many helpers, too much peer pressure. Shooting had become for Israelis what bowling had been for Americans, a Tuesday or Thursday night fling for the boys.

He couldn't feel his skin burning yet. His clothes were acting like a wick, the flames not feeding off his body but on fuel alone. As long as there was fuel. He tried batting the flames with his jacket sleeve. The flames grew instead. A sudden pain. He was in trouble, and needed help.

A fire extinguisher shot at him from a distance, down the hallway. Soda water, refreshing. An old manual type, he reflected, invigorated by the dousing. The robot extinguishers weren't working but wise heads had provided for these trusty backups.

He saw the female army private come closer, aiming for the flames, accurately, dousing them repeatedly to make sure of no flareups. Her helmet was too big for her head, making her all the more cute. She was the first woman he had had a crush on since marriage. The last several months had been very hungry ones, and much of his fat had simply melted away, revealing a husky but handsome virile man. He knew because he was always getting his pants altered and standing in front of some kind of mirror.

He actually could reach his dick now, and feel his manhood, although he had no pornography to view down here, and it was a sin to jackoff. He had regretted it each time he did it, spilling his seed into the ground. Sure he had 8 kids already, but God said it was a sin even if one had 80

kids. But then, what did he know? Maybe the Bible was being misinterpreted and he could get away with spanking the monkey because of a grandfather clause, so to speak.

The private's name was Rachel, and she was about 25, short, like him, curvy, leggy, busty, beautiful of face, and smelled delightful. A Central European racial type like he. These last few months had been happy ones too, because of her. He often wondered if she stroked off, used a vibrator. My it would be wonderful to just work the vibrator for her. Shameful thought, he corrected himself, shameful, drop the subject. It wouldn't drop.

She had more than once come on to him, he had believed, but he couldn't be sure. Each time it could be interpreted both ways, as an accident, or her coming on to him. She was unmarried, he believed, though he was not brave enough to ask her face to face. Maybe she had a husband, or a boyfriend, although he had never seen any sign of it. Maybe she was a widow, a war widow. Many possibilities. His mind spent hours thinking of them all, amidst his constant military duties.

His communications with her were limited to strict military business, very infrequent, always very military-like. Once she had said "yes sir", and kind of let a humph of laughter blow out at the end, like... like nothing. He had a wife and 6 kids. Two had died in the war, bless them.

His wife had also come on to him after he lost weight, and in fact, she had lost weight too, and they had their first real toss in the hay in years only last week. He had said he loved her. But he was struck by the difference in her since the last time she had been that thin, twenty plus years earlier. It was not the same, he had to admit. He released himself yes, in her loose, dry, vagina, but it only made him want a young, tight, wet one more. His wife had grown part way into being a man, her skin no longer so soft, her face having a stubble, her breath stinking, her teeth yellow, her ass caught in a modest poof of a fart too often. She was growing steadily asexual, like an old man with a hairy hole between the legs for pissing. She would come to

bed at night after pissing, her crotch stinking like a toilet sometimes. And now she was in menopause, and flowed like a river some nights, and went into unpredictable mood swings.

And the new sexual release was a feedback loop. The more you did it the more it cocked itself back up, demanding even greater release next time. Before their forced diets, sex had peaked, then slowly become a controlled and even a forgotten volcano, virtually dead. But this new development was putting it back into positive feedback, feeding a positive feedback control system, just like he had studied in engineering school. Very unstable at all times, from even the first feedback cycle. Prone to nonlinear oscillations and even run-away conditions, total loss of control.

Run away. He shouldn't think those thoughts around Rachel. Dangerous.

But she had such a nice ass, Rachel. She was so much younger than his wife, 20 years, young enough to be his daughter. Why did the Jewish patriarchs get to have multiple wives and now men had to settle with one anyway? What's wrong with one old and one young wife? The old one could watch all the children of both, while... No, no! Those thoughts are wrong now. Unless you were rich and famous at least. Another slip, another thought to be regretted.

He had sometimes felt he had missed out on being a man, and his burdens had been a purgatory that made him an old man without having a chance to enjoy youth. He formed a vague, at first, then more and more vivid, fantasy of Rachel and he having a secret affair, rubbing together like two safety matches, making sparks, and finally parting friends with no regrets, and no secrets between them, guiltlessly.

What did God say about adultery? No, he might fantasize, but that's as far as it would go. How nice of God to make it impossible to learn a man's thoughts just by looking at him, or her. No way to push a button and read them, like a computer's memory.



And here he was alone again with Rachel. In a situation of great danger, as the fuel was causing the silo to become a regular inferno, and he had to contact his commander for permission to fall back. After he got it, he noticed Rachel was leaning against the wall of the corridor, her helmet cocked back, her gun on the floor, and her blouse open, exposing her exciting breasts and erect nipples. Her army pants were unbuttoned, exposing crotch hair, and she was smiling knowingly into his eyes, exposing beautiful pearly teeth.

No, she was doing no such thing. She was leaning against the corridor with her jacket zipped up tight, her gun leaning against the wall of the corridor, and her helmet pulled tight over her face. Waiting for his orders. But she was immodest in the way she spread those legs showing a well-noticed jean crotch. He had never had oral sex with a woman before, but she made him want to try it.

Those hips were so round, so luscious, he would love to feel them, follow their curves with his hands, feel the softness of a woman's skin. Would that be enough? Could he do that and then end it, going no farther? Maybe he would pull down her panties and out would pop a dick and balls, like in the European movie *The Crying Game*. That would cool his balls, which were on fire, hotter than in the silo. And his tongue too. That thought snapped him out of his reverie.

He said they were pulling back, and to follow him. He went on ahead, so he wouldn't have to be tempted by looking at her gorgeous ass.

## II

Rachel had a brain too, and she was thinking of Benny, which just years earlier might have surprised even her.

She had been a bad girl before the war, a lesbian, a femme dyke, in the University, in its protected unreal ivory tower world where lesbian love is unavoidable because family life is suspended. She thought of herself as just

experimenting at first, being a rebel, after her very first college roommate surprised her by her constant nudity, flirting looks, sitting close, holding, kissing, even shaving her pussy and douching in her presence.

Always frankly sexual, uninhibited, natural. She hadn't thought about the potential of making love to another woman at that point in her life, although she had of course heard about it, seen some things, like that 30-something woman who changed her major every year and never left the university, but propositioned every woman she met to come to her room off campus. Sad. But never with reference to herself. She finally accepted her roommate's kisses, hugging, french kissing, and mutual feeling. But it was like she was just going along with something that only the other one felt. Until one night, she finally got the idea. It was about orgasms. Suddenly she wanted one real bad.

She felt a hot flashing feeling inside her and melted like chocolate in the hand when her roommate first seduced her, slow, from the first principles, kissing and hugging her, feeling her over, undressing her, helping her feel her body with her fingers, and explore the flower petals of scented skin, and then the utter joy of being eaten and orgasming over and over and falling asleep in her arms.

She didn't eat her roommate that first time, but as she dreamt about the colors of her orgasms, the suspended burden of time, she began to wish her roommate could have an orgasm too. It couldn't be poison, she reasoned, and she had tasted her own pussy on her roommate's lips after the cunny, so why not taste her roommate's pussy and see what all the fuss was about? It was just skin. Probably tasted like chicken.

So the next time her lover seduced her, she surprised her by tapping her, pointing at her luscious crotch, and asking her to sit on her face in an oral 69 position, which she gladly did.

As her lover's pussy parts hung down out of her soft smooth wall, between her luscious shapely butt cheeks, she realized she was not making love to her, or her lover making

love back, but together they were making love as one, totally aware of each other and themselves simultaneously. She was hooked.

She soon found herself wanting lesbian love every chance she could get, having fantasies about new things to try, feeling the tension build up and beg for a release in her arms. And being married, in every way but in name and fact, to her roommate. She was tender, pampered, weak, protected by the relationship. To go a weekend without her mammoth love sessions with her would have been shattering, like a baby going without its milk.

But her lover had been a lesbian longer than her, and this seemed to give her the dyke or aggressive role, to her own femme or passive one. To seem not to need it as much as she did, to be able to go without more easily, yet, when she did it, to go for the maximum she could get out of it. She admired that in her.

Sometimes she was just in from her classes, fresh from the campus, laying down her backpack, sweating from the exercise, when her lover pulled her jeans down to her knees, laid her back on the bed, and ate her into frothing snapping flesh paradise, while she masturbated her own breasts and squeezed her nipples, and time just didn't exist anymore. If death could be like an eternal orgasm, maybe that was what heaven truly was. Both suspended time, which was what life's true goal was. The universe didn't have time, life did. And life's purpose was to conquer time.

Her college philosophy classes made her a deep thinker at times. She read the works of the Marquis de Sade with relish, and the many beautiful porno art works based on it were relived daily and nightly in her dorm room. One great thing about her roommate was that she didn't like to talk too much, but just make love. Real lovers could stay in a room a long time without saying a thing.

Still, she didn't think of her college affair as real, but as a bubble that would be burst when the college atmosphere was left behind one day. She had always dreamed of finding a man, settling down, having a family, and

growing old with him, after college, so she couldn't imagine how this unreal life could fit into that later, real one.

Just a decade earlier she had been a girl with no sex drive, a hairless pussy, no breasts, curves, hips, even her pussy itself green, thin lipped, smelling of nothing else than pee, tight and undeveloped, bloodless. She had played with dolls, played house, dressed up like mommy and daddy, smelled daddy's after shave and put it on, found mommy's smelly vibrator in the table by the bed, seen daddy's hairy chest and ass, and his dick. Admired mommy's breasts and bush in bathtub sessions with her. Seen mommy and daddy fucking, heard the bed rock, admired that, dreamed of having a husband who would make her bed rock one day when she was big. How could she not become what she had been raised to be?

Alas, life is what happens when you're busy making other plans, John Lennon had said. She was giving the best pussy of her life to another woman, and getting it as well. Perhaps after several childbirths, the pussy was no longer the tight, clean, delightful love box it had first been, suffering from the stench of trapped blood pockets, like people with bad teeth get halitosis, and therefore lesbian love for the old was for the really few.

Women past 40-50 used to get diabetes, which caused the circulation to slowly collapse, and arthritis, which caused the bones to freeze up and go into constant pain, and although medicine had all-but eliminated these problems, they still couldn't stop the inevitable aging of the skin itself, caused by radiation damage building up. Sex was a skin thing, truly skin deep, and lesbian love was its ultimate high.

Maybe this was as good as it gets, and she can only enjoy such bliss for a short span of time, having to move aside for the next young woman waiting in line. She understood why residence colleges never died even when the Internet made them technologically superfluous. They were a rite of passage as well. Still, she thought the world would be a better place if all women made love to each other when possible, without guilt or stigma attached, and society

considered it the normal, mature thing to do.

Her roommate was 3 years older, and when she graduated she just disappeared. It didn't take long to realize the truth about the world is that lesbian love was not the normal, mature thing women did at that time. Going without regular lesbian love even for the college semester break was the hardest time she ever had, like going without food and water, her first taste of loneliness, of being on the make. No more of her lover's cunt hairs in the bathroom sink. No one to give her the life of lives, the orgasm ride on the tiger's tail, to surf her pussy and be surfed in return on the ocean of womanhood, anytime she felt the need.

She took a job in an off-campus cafeteria, working the checkout counter (one of the quaint old-fashioned draws of the campus, sans robotics), where she would sit on a stool with tight jeans and no panties, the top button purposely left unbuttoned, and a tight t-shirt with no bra, her nipples sticking out through the fabric when she wanted them to. As attractive women came up to pay for their trays, she would spread her legs and show her love box and tomatoes invitingly, hoping they would want to pick her up and drop the trays. None did. She was used to being the femme, and needed to proposition them, she finally decided. So she tried making propositions, blatantly sexual, and got blank stares.

She was being too fast with other women, like a man, she then decided. Love took time. It was time that she didn't want to experience, but its suspension in sweet lovemaking. After lesbian love had been made, there was nothing the women had done to each other that hurt them, made them pregnant, anything other than suspend time, win a victory for life over the void. One day it would be considered abnormal for all women not to make love all they could, without having to waste time courting like men did, but she was born too early to be that lucky.

Her lit class had made her read Hardy's Tess of the D'Urbervilles, and she couldn't help but get cynical when she equated her situation with the description of the young English milkmaids living together without having sex,

starving for orgasms, while they fawned over unattainable 'higher class' men who just wanted to pork them and make them pregnant, and had insane jealousy over each other's sexual 'conquests', treating them like livestock.

If they had only seen their true happiness was within their grasp in their communal bedroom, they could have frigged and licked and kissed each other before, during, and after trying to get along with the men. Telling them what to do, since they had the real sexual bargaining chips, rather than let it be the other way around. The poor girls instead literally went through life without orgasms, forever trying to figure out why they were so miserable. This was true to life less than a century and a half earlier, so no wonder that women even in Israel still were not totally liberated like she was. Liberated from the domination of men.

Yes she knew exactly why she was miserable. A college boy got an unintended gander at her goodies one day in the cafeteria, and she was cold and cruel in her running rejection then and ever after, until he was seen no more, visions of the shitass supreme Lord D'Urberville coloring her mood. This wasn't her time for men, anymore than when her pussy was green and hairless, sorry. He could go jackoff for all she cared.

Jackoff. For all anybody cared. Her search for lesbian love striking out daily, she had never thought it would be necessary in her whole life, but now she took up masturbation, to release the building tension, guiltily, but without recourse, the alternative being freaking out with loneliness, dreaming of the fish that got away daily in the cafeteria.

She would get lesbian pornography from the Net and fantasize about it as she made full length love to herself, frigging herself into a frenzy, orgasming time and again each night, substituting the locals for the porno models in her mind's eye. Thoughts of running away and working in porno as a model were recurring, but always dismissed, as an abandonment of her college career was unthinkable.

More than once she'd go up to the full length mirror on the closet door, naked, and lay down, exposing her vagina, and gaze at it for minutes, then try to walk her legs up the mirror into a virtual headstand, spreading her legs, exposing and spreading her vaginal lips, and wishing she could reach her neck out and eat herself out. No woman could, she reflected, pulling a hand to her nose to smell her own womanhood longingly, except maybe some circus contortionists. Therefore, God had decreed that women had to eat each other, and had given them the oral 69 position. There had to be a God, and She wanted all women to love other women.

The next year, when a freshman moved in with her, it was like God had answered her prayers, and soon she was the dyke doing the douche and shaving routine and waiting for the chance to do the seducing, remembering how she had been seduced and imitating it desperately. It worked, even how the other ate her out only on the second session, and assumed the femme role. And the cycle continued, with a transfer to another college causing her to say goodbye to her second lover, and finally, her graduation causing her to leave her third and last lover, just as guiltlessly as she had seen her first lover graduate from her.

She was now a well-adjusted, happy, moral woman in her own mind, having only known three women in her life, and, outside of playing doctor and one time fucking a boy in a car before college, innocent of men.

He had prematurely ejaculated, and she could never get the funny Tide smell of his sperm drying on her out of her mind. When it dried it left brown spots on her dress and underwear. Like piss mixed with shit. His cock was so big, and so ugly, she had thought at the time. Not beautiful like a woman.

Now, while she still had lesbian tendencies and didn't know what she would do if left alone in a steam room with a 19-year-old sweet young thing, having seen many of her age pair off with men almost like fish spawning, she had a sense of having grown out of that, graduated through experience with women to the need of a real woman for a real man. That

sperm may be gross, but it was the sap of motherhood, she reflected. She wanted to be a mother, and grandmother, and while they had perfected artificial insemination, which was quite advanced in America, and married lesbians raised families and were more socially accepted each year, she couldn't picture her children growing up without a daddy anymore than she could have. And what would her family think?

She went to work in a kibbutz for a time, and was planning on going to graduate school in America, either a business school or a law school or a fashion design school, she hadn't decided yet, hoping to meet a rich eligible Jew, a doctor or a dentist or, if she had to settle, a lawyer, and, as a last resort, a writer or rising academician.

In her mid-20s now, she suddenly wanted to be fucked by a big dick, to be plowed like a field, to have a deep itch scratched, like a big girl should. To have a hairy bear hug her and feel his beard against her soft face. That would cure her of the feeling she needed another woman at least. That was dumb, immature. Surely she had grown out of that now. If she did need a lesbian lover suddenly, got that urge and that need, and a man could make her not need it, by giving her something different but equally fulfilling, she would be content with her lot. That would be mature love.

As long as he wasn't too big a farter. That was her number one turn-off with men, especially the ones who ate quantities of red meat, which turned putrid in their intestines at night and built up large quantities of horrid gas she never wanted to get even a tiny whiff of, no matter how much she loved the man himself. She heard that the butt whistles were originally invented so that men could have the gas vent off and be torched, preventing the smell from going into the air, but she knew it wasn't perfect, and a tiny whiff might remain. She would have a fan at the head of her marriage bed, always pointing down to the foot.

But the war struck before she could meet someone.

She, like very other Jew in Israel, had been drafted into the war, and had no choice anyway, other than death. The



army was co-ed but highly segregated, and always physically taxing. Being with other women again and not needing to have sex was a hopeful sign to her, but she didn't know if it was for real or just the fact of physical exhaustion and the new environment in which she did not feel coddled, safe, and protected anymore.

She heard The Antichrist calling her to forsake her people, her religious heritage, and join his countryless, anti-religious club, with its enticing ideas about uninhibited sex, lesbian included, and an end to all religion, despite attempts by her superiors to block it out.

It made sense to have a single world government, with all people speaking the same language, having the same monetary system, calendar, and laws. Why did Israel insist on speaking Hebrew when there was no chance it would ever spread elsewhere? Why did so many people seem to worship different Gods, yet all say they worshipped the one true God? How much progress could mankind make if it threw off the past and just started fresh, with no ancient hatreds, no competitive creeds?

Besides, The Antichrist was cute, she admitted. "I'd like to suck his dick, just once, and see if I could turn him on," she heard a barracks mate say once. A lot of women probably thought that. She enjoyed hearing women talk dirty about men for once. Hear them being regarded as sex objects. Have their hearts and minds and fantasies focused on them. There was much talk about sucking dick. Never about eating pussy.

The Kill Club had a strange appeal to her, a feeling of why not. Still, she couldn't explain why, but she believed there was a God. She thought God was a She, but She did exist. Maybe not, maybe it was a misguided notion, after all, surely the sexist primitive tribal god of the ancient Hebrews wasn't her God. The Bible was a valuable historical and cultural document, a record of her heritage, and although she could not be a true believer, she respected those who were. When Rabbis greeted the morning with a song to the effect that they were glad God hadn't made them a woman, she winced.

The Jewish treatment of menstruation as unclean also rankled her. She had eaten her lovers during their periods to make a statement, back in her rebellious college days, that the Rabbis were full of shit. The tampon would, at the appropriate time, be delicately extracted and thrown on a newspaper waiting on the floor. If anything, cunny during the period was more orgasmic and fulfilling, and every bit as clean and safe, it turned out.

Then she met Benny in the complex, was assigned to his squad, spent time daily with him. She suspected all along he was married, but she didn't care about that. She was fresh from the farm as far as men were concerned, and she wanted to give him some pussy, thinking he might want and need it like she had herself, teach him how to perform cunny the way she liked it before he went to work with his big dick, make him fuck his balls off, work that dick out, squeeze down on it with her corrugated vaginal walls and suck the sperm out like a pump into her vital organs, maturing her as a woman once and for all. Regular doses of sperm would end her feeling of needing some kind of juices only women could supply, would cure her.

He was old enough to be her father, but so what? She always heard a man should marry a younger woman, half his age minus 10 years or something, maybe it was plus 10 years. It didn't work out either way, she mused. Maybe this is like not having the right Astrological sign, could be used to console herself one day if it didn't work out in the end.

One thing, she wanted her man to be mature, one who knew the ropes with a woman, wouldn't be premature, need her more than she needed him, or ignore foreplay. Would accept her past if he found it out. Or fart too much. So what if he was old enough to be her father? The younger men did most of the farting, since it seemed to have something to do with having muscles and eating too much indigestible protein. She liked older men without reservation, she was sure now. She was in love with Benny from day one.

The pricks her age she called squirts, and that might have been what drove her to lesbianism so easily anyway, and

wasting time with a squirt might even drive her back.

Call it her Jewishness, but analyzing life into neat lessons was irresistible to her. A man should be well over 40 to have what it takes to really please a woman like her, she thought. Her beauty flowered in the 20s, her sexuality peaked in the 30s, and the man in his 40s and 50s was just what was needed to water those flowers, climb those peaks, with style and without having to sow his seeds in one night stands. When he hit his 60s she would be in her 40s, and their sexual cycles would both naturally slow down, in synch, while men her age would be still horny jackrabbits looking to cash a 40 in on two 20s and settle down, or maybe marry for the first time after decades of one nighters.

So, to her, Benny was the catch of her life, her first true love. She secretly found out about his marriage and kids, and thought that yes, he's ready to trade his 40 in for me, God has been good to me. So, she set about to work on him, in subtle and not so subtle ways.

The latter seemed to pass over his head, like the day she sat down at the mess table with him, and boldly peeled a banana and sucked it like a cock, in and out of her pursed lips, her tongue lovingly fondling it. He didn't seem to get it, she concluded, and that made her feel self-conscious and get up in a hurry and leave, because other men did get it, and they were getting ideas she didn't want them to have. Why was it always the ones you wanted the most that were hardest to get, and vice-versa? If she played like she didn't want him, it didn't work, precisely because she did want him. If she really didn't want him, he would probably have been all over her, like some of the pricks in the complex.

Another time she had known he was watching, not for sure, but pretty sure, since he was supposed to be on sentry duty, so she put on her bending-over act for him. Boy did she have to tie those army boots, both of them, just right, it took soo-ooo long, giggle. She pointed her shapely ass in his direction, sucked in her gut, bent over at the waist, and wiggled as she tied, consciously squeezing her pussy shut like a rubber duck between her legs, and releasing it,

again and again, enough to make it do things to the pants material around her crotch. She spent that night masturbating and fantasizing about his handsome, mature face, and coolness in the face of battle.

When he confronted her face to face, she could make out nothing from his voice, his words, all so military-correct. Yet she could see he was distracted, not upfront with her. If he would just proposition him she could say no easily. The no that meant yes. Then he just had to keep propositioning until she couldn't say no. She would make sure she was available to be propositioned. She hadn't been in the habit of smiling all the time like some girls did, that kind of face seemed to indicate an empty jug with no brains inside, something for girls who didn't go to university, and for sales & business girls. But now she got pains in her smiling muscles and asked a dentist for tooth bleaching to the point he refused for her health. Funny how a smile did most of the talking in a courtship.

But it never happened. Meanwhile the worries of having to fight the terrible Muslims and The Antichrist were not exactly as conducive to love as rosebuds in May. She was hungry a lot, and was getting too thin. She had been much more voluptuous in college. But then, thin people look better in clothes, ask any modeling agency. So why wasn't she turning Benny on enough to proposition her?

One day she saw one of her old college lesbian lovers, also drafted into the army. They never even said hi, though they had once ate each other out every night for a semester. The lesbian thing wasn't real anymore, outside college protection. She really did feel straight, she clucked to herself, longing for a man all the time now, a husband, and children, that old lesbian thing being just an experiment. She pictured a dick and balls in bed with her at night, her own special set to grow old with. Maybe after she was secure in her marriage she could experiment a little again, with other married women, in their housecoats, when their hubbys were known to be elsewhere. But now it depended on too many maybes.

She couldn't help remembering the American Jewish writer

Isaac Asimov, how she had enjoyed a funny old novel he had written titled *The Gods Themselves*. It was really 3 novels in one, and only the middle one was worth reading, her friends had told her. It was about another universe where the beings mated in threes, one being the Rational part of the triad, one being the Emotional, and the third the nurturing Parental. It was hopelessly sexist, frowned on by the university, but the idea was that the Emotional part was the middle part of a sexual experience, the female, supplying the energy, while the other two parts were both male, yet one transferred his seed through the middle part to the Parental part, who had the baby and raised it. It proved to her friends that Asimov had been a closet homosexual, because the two male beings had to mate first, and have a homosexual affair, before the third, female being would join the fun.

Maybe she and Benny could work together with his wife, she being the Emotional, he the Rational, and she the Parental. But she wanted to have children didn't she? Okay, maybe Benny would leave her like she wanted, marry her, and later she would meet another woman, and they'd live together, with herself as the Parental, the other woman as the Emotional, the middle, having sex with Benny and her at the same time. She would even let Benny have sex with her alone sometimes, after a while, as long as he didn't make her jealous or feel left out, and she didn't either. What if Benny was the one who met and introduced the third woman to their marriage?

It could work too, she thought. Despite the fact that Asimov was himself a plug ugly sexual loser she wouldn't want to do it for money with, married to his 300 or whatever it was real lovers, his books, and probably a jackoff, a rump ranger, or even a boy bugger. And an atheist of some kind for sure. Against stupidity, the Gods themselves, struggle in vain. The title of his book, from a play by Schiller about Joan of Arc, each phrase a book subpart, the book's in-joke. So many Jews said they were atheists, she thought, yet they all kissed Rabbi ass and wore their yarmulkes and went to Bar Mitzvahs and had Jewish weddings and funerals.

## III

As she followed Benny down the corridor she noticed his butt. It was not a Richard Gere, and the pants material around the hips was baggy, showing where he had recently lost weight. But it was a serviceably tight butt. She would love to dig her nails into it as he had intercourse with her, her legs curled around it. Why do men want to fuck each other's butts anyway, she wondered.

She flushed and got hot when she thought of talking to him, showing him her true feelings. Face it, she thought, I'm a coward. He has to make the first move. I'll make up for it later. If people could push a button, by permission of course, on another person, and read out their thoughts, like an email message on a computer, wouldn't life be an easier experience? Push my button now, Benny, she cried inside.

They got back to the large cave where their barracks was. There was ant-like activity now, many internal functions going on at the same time. The underground complex was self-sustaining, using advanced biosphere techniques pioneered in the 20th century. It could recycle its water and air, and food, for years. It had a population of a million, spread over twenty square miles, and another million Israelites lived underground in connecting complexes throughout the north.

The enemy never knew that all the complexes were interconnected. They continued to be puzzled by all the Israelites popping up here and there, and popping back, like gophers in the plains of America.

Sometimes it was the same ones, but they didn't realize it. Like the way they would shoot American westerns, using the same actors for the cowboys and Indians, and using trick editing. The leaders of Israel were very wise and far-sighted to have spent 20 years building this. She had never even known about it until the war. Now that's a well-kept secret, she thought, with her university grapevine network completely unaware of it.

Still, it could not house Israel's entire population of 4 million, only about half of that. Another 10 years would have been needed to finish that much construction. So, the 2 million left above ground to fend for themselves had inevitably all been killed. Too bad, but the Jewish race had survived. Those sacrificed would be honored. They did not have to know either what they died for. They would all have gladly volunteered anyway.

Some would have been killed anyway no matter how much construction had been completed, for the Islamics' first attack was a sneak attack, and the Crusader fiasco blindsided them again. And they would have had to ask for volunteers anyway to fool the Islams that they were more defenseless than they really were. And many would have insisted on staying above ground for various reasons, including their desire to kill an Islam or two and take their chances.

Funny, she sometimes reflected, how they gave their lives, not for a savior like Christians did, or even for others in the same boat, like soldiers in a secular war did, even though Israel was a country now and some probably did. They were fighting for the Lord, for His Covenant with them. The idea of a covenant was the driving force of Judaism. The Lord made a contract with them, to give them something in return for getting something. Jesus Christ and Muhammad had nothing to do with it. Following them could get them no contract extensions, exemptions, or early completion dates. Other tribes that were not chosen, had no covenant, were just out of luck she guessed, and had picked up on false prophets promising them new covenants out of desperation. Hers was the real thing. She wondered if the Lord really existed, and why She was mistranslated in the Scriptures as He, but her people could be made to understand in due time.

Life underground was spartan, militaristic, hard, tasking, not to be wished for. But esprit de corps, comraderie, and gung-ho attitudes reminiscent of the GIs in WWII, made it tolerable. Love, funny, there was no time for that, even though the sexes weren't very well segregated. Who would wish to have a child in a time like this anyway? Fear made sex hard to have too. And hate.

Everybody wore uniforms now. Uniforms made everybody look uniform, men and women included. A great way to decrease sexual desire.

One dark night, a woman in her barracks crawled in bed with her, and made out with her, and sucked her breasts, and fingered her, and she fingered her back. No cunny though. Would have made too much noise, she was a moaner. She went to battle the next day and never came back. She had cried all the next night. Her name was Rachel too.

Once, a high-up woman in the brass had called her into an office deep inside the officers' area, ordered her to shut the door, and face her at attention. She was a big fat ugly Russian Jewish woman, with reddish hair and tough, rough, thick, tanned, lined and freckled skin.

She ordered her to strip, and to sit on the desk facing her. She did what she was told, without question. The big woman rubbed her big calloused manlike hands all over her, dove her face into her crotch, and slurped it like an oyster uninhibitedly, finally grabbing her breasts and squeezing them for the milk as she licked her out.

This was the most raw sexual moment she had ever had, and she didn't even know this officer, had never even seen her before. She started squirting female cum, pussy juice, into the fat woman's mouth. The woman kept eating her, grunting like a hog. It went on for an hour, until the woman, coming up for air, her face glistening with pussy juice, her tongue exhausted and unable to move, unable to talk clearly anymore, ordered her to put her clothes back on and leave. The last she saw of her she was sitting behind that desk, wiping juice off her face with the back of her big paw, and, it seemed, crying.

She learned later that this officer was the chief of the Megiddo complex. And she had shot herself later that night. Something about her family roots in Russia and Israel all being wiped out, and losing her belief in God.

Soon she heard stories that she had ordered several male



soldiers, one after another, to come in her office, strip, and let her suck their dicks and cum in her mouth. When they invariably couldn't get a hardon for this fireplug ugly woman, she would order young women soldiers to come in and put on pussy and dry lesbian shows for them. That always did the trick.

One female soldier admitted she had been ordered in alone and eaten like Rachel had been. Rachel never told anyone about her experience when she saw how the religious ostracised her.

War or no war, Sabbath was observed, by half of the people in the complex, the ones who were religious. The ceremonies held by the men, while women could only watch from a distance, were very solemn, asking Yahweh for deliverance from the enemy. Many religious funerals were held daily. Few if any weddings.

Rachel never attended religious ceremonies. She knew that Benny always did. His entire family did, even though his wife had to sit in the balcony seats. Sometimes she even wondered if she belonged to the same religion as other Jews, but they accepted her without question, and she was a good competent soldier.

The new chief of the Megiddo complex was a man, a Rabbi, of the orthodox faith. The government leaders took no chances on a potentially weak woman again.

The chief spoke directly to the troops now through a system of loudspeakers, monitors, and intercoms. The decision had been made to leave the complex, and fight the invading hordes head-on. News had been coming in from the battlefield that the force engaging the enemy had succeeded in drawing at least half of The Antichrist's forces away from them, and that the Islams were going to come in from Haifa soon and burn them out with an oil pipeline. This could work, he said, if they got it working, since there was nowhere for the oil to sink in this low altitude at near the sea, so they would be burned alive. The tunnels out of the region were too small for them to try evacuation, and there would be no facilities even if they made it. Better to take

advantage of the temporary situation and come out and fight on ground of their own choosing.

Benny was standing with Rachel, listening to this, near the entrance to the barracks. He looked her straight in the eyes, asking something, but not saying anything. Amazingly, this was the first time she could remember even this much directness from him.

Now the chief gave orders that everyone, even non-military personnel, even women and children, were to be issued weapons, even if only a knife or a grenade, and fight with the rest. Nobody could stay underground now. Fight or die.

Soldiers everywhere waited for the as-you-were-order, then took off looking for their families. Benny didn't take off. He lingered with Rachel. He was trying to say something, but no words came from his mouth. His hand moved up, taking hers, gently. He looked down at it, then back up to her face. "I love you," he said dramatically, fatalistically, the words of one who thought he was dead already and the truth must be told. "I... have been for a long time, Rachel. If it could have been... My wife and children... Love them too... No way..."

She put two fingers softly on his lips to silence him. "I know you love me," she said. "I love you too. Go." She felt like she was pissing inside her own guts, frantic, but resigned.

At that he started off, holding her hand as long as possible until distance broke the grip.

Rachel began weeping. But others came and began telling her about their problems and she saw they didn't notice her tears, so they dried up.

#### IV

Benny was weeping too, inside. He was a good Jew, a good family man, and did what was expected of him. Not that he really believed all the religious stuff it was based on. He

had at least confessed to her his true feelings. She must have been a virgin, he thought, and he would leave her that way, for the next man to come along, if they survived this war. He was noble. His family had been growing distant from him ever since they moved down here, as if they had some secret conspiracy he wasn't a part of, and didn't want to tell him about. Or maybe they had gossip about him and Rachel, although he had done his best to never give anybody any sight or sound they could misinterpret even if they had been noticing. A good family man.

He knew all his children were closer to mother than to him, and, when he was frank, he wished he could just be free of their burden, let their mother raise them and fly away. He loved them, but why wouldn't they understand, if they loved him too, that he had needs their mother couldn't fill anymore? He would be available to support them all their lives anyway, as long as he was alive. Maybe he could marry Rachel and then get visitation rights. What Jewish rabbi would allow that? A secular judge would.

In the barracks, Benny found his family. And a new man in the family. They were all kneeling in their tiny room lined with bunkbeds and family articles, and praying to a crucifix on the wall, with a Christ figure hanging on it.

He pretended ignorance and said, "Come! We'll get you some weapons and then to the troop exits."

"No, Benjamin," said his wife, looking very sweet and tranquil. "We won't go with you. We've accepted Jesus Christ as our Savior. And we will stay here with Him."

"You've become Christians? You? Now? Why, I don't get it," said Benny, his mouth agape, his eyes burning. "Are you afraid to fight for our People? They need you now. Please, come!"

He should have known this was coming. His own doubts about God had not been secret to her, and seemed to strengthen her beliefs in compensation. She had perhaps been working on the children, especially during his long work absences, working on their minds. In a crisis like

this with Jews making their last stand, everybody remembered the age-old warnings of Christians that they would finally accept Christ, and yes they would get their share. This realization only made him see red. A self-fulfilling prophecy. People are so weak.

"No, Benjamin, and that's final. You go if you want, but we can't. We aren't of these People any longer, we're His people. You are an unbeliever, Benjamin, you don't accept Jesus Christ, and you are being judged now. Accept Jesus Christ now, it's your last chance. Otherwise, I have to be true to my Savior. None of us can let you stay with us any more. You are no longer welcome here."

"No longer what?" he started to say, but the words were barely audible. In these extreme times, he knew all people would be totally true to their ultimate feelings. He could not even attempt to change them now. And besides, didn't he just confess his love to Rachel? And was an adulterer?

"Choose what's best for you," was all he said. "Me, I've been unfaithful to you, and I must confess, Ruth, that I have for a long time lost my faith, and now that you have told me your true feelings, I must confess mine."

She said nothing, but one of his older children said, to his surprise, "We know daddy."

"You go now," said Ruth. "We wish you well, and your offer of divorce is accepted."

"Bye, daddy, bye!" said his children, one by one.

He quickly dry-kissed Ruth, and hugged his kids. She could raise them without him, he knew. He couldn't ask her now about being allowed to visit the kids and other such matters, he had no footing for it. As he was leaving, he realized several other Jews had accepted Christ, and they were going to Ruth and his kids, joining hands, making that thing with their eyes looking up as if into a face that wasn't there.

So, his wife and family had become Christians, and had to

follow their God's instructions to shun the unbeliever, even in one's own family, keep him out. "Nuts!", reflected Benny. "I got out of that scrape with my dignity, now let's blow these Jesus Freaks and their lost cause, and join The Kill Club!" At the same time his former family had decided to forsake the Jewish cause, he had too. The propaganda of The Kill Club had finally given him a savior too. And an idea, urgent and clear.

When he came back to where he had last left Rachel, she wasn't there. So he began searching for her, asking people, repeating her name.

Meanwhile, Rachel had been thinking, perhaps her mind was on the same wavelength as Benny's, perhaps not, but her thoughts were along the lines of desertion. What was she even fighting for? The Jewish religion and its detestable straight-jacket of rules and regulations, of authorities she didn't respect? Her friends and family were all mainly dead now. Or going to be. Benny with them. He would die with his family beside him, even after having told her that he loved her.

Over in the makeshift temple the Rabbis were whooping it up, praying in singsong Hebrew, their high voices sounding in the echo like sheep bleating. They had really been pulling out all stops recently, sacrificing sheep and oxen, like in the days of old. This despite the fact that there wasn't any real temple anymore in Jerusalem, no real priests to give the sacrificed animals to. So, the meat was taken to the kitchens after a respectful time.

The elaborately ornate copy of the Torah which they kept, and repeatedly kissed, somehow made her stomach turn, at the thought that her life was being tested on its promises. Somehow it was way too wordy and fat for a contract that anybody could really believe would be enforceable.

The Jewish people, many of which weren't religious, they weren't really a race anyways. She had seen many races of people here, all calling themselves Jews. Thousands of years of race-mixing had all-but lost any original racial stock. She wasn't even sure if she had a drop of King

David's blood in her anyway. Or any of them did. Or even what color his skin, eyes, hair were. The Jews were not a race. They had originally been only a tribe, and had split off for hundreds of years, but that didn't make a race.

And, despite living all her life believing they had the right to do it, it now did seem arrogant and rude of a group of people from all over the world to force and cheat their way into somebody else's homeland, where they were surrounded, and constantly at war. And had to be supported by a far-away superpower, now gone. The jig seemed to be up here in Megiddo. She was a sucker.

"Shit on the damned Torah," she bitterly said out loud, under her breath. "I want a life. I'm not a patsy. I'm not a puppet. Let them die for this antiquated shit, not me."

She finally accepted that she had renounced the Jewish religion completely. Her Benny was lost to her now, and she was alone, but that gave her the final push. The whole complex was filled with Bennys. It would always be Bennys. Benny, she cried again for him. This old antiquated religion was all that stood between them, that kept them from having a wild wonderful sexual affair, and truly living for something that was real, that religion couldn't provide. What was she here for, with a body like this, if not to give it to a man like Benny? And what stood in her way except the very Jewish religion and its mind-control over Benny?

The forces of Islam were going to kill her anyway, as they didn't care, all infidels were to be put to death. But The Kill Club, there was a group of infidels they actually worked hand in hand with, right outside their door, that had offered them refuge, if they would leave Israel.

Hadn't The Antichrist offered any Jew who forsook religion, blasphemed, ate a little human flesh, their life? Safe passage? They let people have sex anytime they want, and didn't even believe in marriage. Just living for this world. No mind-control to make you do what was not natural, like be faithful to an over-the-hill wife. In The Kill Club, ugly women had to move over for beautiful ones, and

beg to join in, not try to have it all for themselves like when they were beautiful.

The Antichrist was the Jewish Messiah. He alone could lead them out of the hand of the Muslims to safety. If they gave up their old religion and grew up. She had done just that.

But hadn't many Jews fled only recently to that safety, their own former comrades trying to shoot them in the back? Now they were supposed to march out onto the Plains and fight these same ex-Jews to the death, and in a surely hopeless battle, all be massacred for some God she didn't really believe existed, a primitive relic of a bygone era, when man was in his infancy? In other words, fight and die for nothing.

She had nothing to lose by deserting to them now. Nothing except Benny. But alone, she couldn't desert. No, she would march out those exits because others would push her, and she couldn't fight them. She sighed deeply. And looked over her shoulder, to see if Benny would materialize out of the air, and, seeing no Benny, hung her head low.

Then he found her standing there, lost in those thoughts. She immediately noticed he was alone again, her eyes darting, her hopes ready to withdraw like a turtle's neck, but coming out again as she became relieved to see he was really alone. And one straight look in her eyes told her all, she instantly knew. Her eyes lit up, to match his, tears welling in all four.

A joyous scene, her arms around him, kissing and hugging. Frantic mutual and self-disrobing, making love on the spot, standing up. Nobody noticed. His cock in her pussy was like a feeding tube injecting her with life force, giving her the will to keep on living. She fed him in return, with her garden of fleshly delights and smells.

About an hour later, the order was given to open the exits and pour out and fight. Neither of them went.

Instead, they had gone into hiding, to make love until

they could make it no more. And talk, and share their true feelings with joy in their tears.

The next morning, they made their way to the main entrance in Nazareth, where, earlier, many had bolted out into the arms of The Antichrist, informing him they wanted to join him. This was their plan now too.

Benny kissed Rachel, they held hands tight, and ran out of the tunnel shouting, "God sucks! Moses sucks! We are atheists! Don't shoot us! We want to join The Kill Club."

They were surprised to find the area deserted, except for two tall hirsute yetis, one hanging crucified on a cross, staring right at them with both eyes, the other nearby, wearing a chef's hat, sitting at an outdoors table full of uncooked pizzas, and trying to get their attention by waving come hither signals with his hairy hand. Both totally mute.

They didn't come. Even if the whole world was turned upside down they would go find The Kill Club and join it.

Chapter 15. The Lame Satan.

## I

Into this super struggle now came a power nobody, except The Antichrist, expected. The Chinese suddenly attacked the USI from Mongolia through Russia into the Middle East.

Their intentions were unclear to the USI brass. Were they mad about Mongolia? Did they want to expand their holdings in Asia, get a land route to the Persian Gulf, what?

The truth had been fear. The Chinese thought they were to be attacked and exterminated after the USI had solidified its position. USI's failure to establish any kind of diplomatic relations, combined with intelligence reports of their atrocities, had caused them to go over the cliff. The



Antichrist had also had a hand, feeding them disinformation, along with much true information, such as suggesting that the Chinese were to be eaten by dogs, and also to be eaten by people, and all ancestor worship was to be destroyed. That all the mens' genitals would be cut off, and the women forced into prostitution and lesbian shows.

He convinced the Chinese that the USI was at its weakest now, and, since it was attack or die a miserable dog's death, there would be no better time to attack than when they were still occupied trying to subjugate their ancient enemies the Jews. To the Chinese, the Jews and Islams were the same thing, like two sides of a coin, which is still a coin whether it comes up heads or tails, as far as they were concerned. The Chinese leaders got a confused picture that the Antichrist was allied with the Jews, and might turn on the USI, defeat them, and then attack China.

The Antichrist had spread rumors of how the Jews wanted to conquer their country for years, while the United States of America still existed, by international high finance and Internet propaganda, and the United Nations, which he said was secretly controlled by the Jews, and how he had saved them from this, even though he had nothing to do with Islam's surprise personally. He thought he deserved credit, it turned out, because he had been warning of it for years, and was routinely ignored. He had the last laugh on it.

The Chinese armies numbered in the hundreds of millions, from a general population of 1500 million. Like the Biblical plague of locusts descended they. Due to the increasing industrialization, with over 400 million automobiles clogging the roads in China, they were surprisingly mobile and mechanized. They absorbed USI's attention completely, causing their attackers in and around Israel to pull out. They rolled through Mongolia, and across India, Pakistan, Kirgiz, Uzbek, through Afghanistan, into Iraq, in days.

The usual chemical and biological counterattacks were made, but they couldn't ever kill enough Chinese. More would just step over their comrades' bodies, like cockroaches, seemingly becoming immune to any bug spray.

And they split into numerous armies dispersing over a wide area, mixing with civilians, making chemical and biological attacks less effective overall. Some even backfired, killing the attackers when the wind shifted -- one of the basic training school dangers, but often haughtily ignored until it actually happens.

By the time the USI finally had a barrier line holding, they got a surprise from the usually-backward Chinese when they discovered that they had introduced highly effective robot soldiers into the fighting, the first time ever seen. They had gotten the know-how when they had taken over Hong Kong in 1997, and were able to secretly lure or coerce top robot scientists into China and help them set-up shop, along with many other industrial experts.

The robots were impervious to chemical and biological attacks designed for humans. They could be used to clean-up an area to prepare it for human soldiers. That's how they survived the early attacks.

When they got too far into USI territory, the dirty stuff could no longer be used, for their own people would be threatened.

As soon as Tehran was threatened, orders were given to nuke Beijing and the other main Chinese cities, Chungking, Wuhan, Shanghai, Hong Kong, etc. Since they only had middle-range ICBMs, not all the targets could be reached, without repositioning the launching sites, which they couldn't do now. Then they learned the Chinese already had launched ICBMs at Baghdad, Tehran, and Lahore, all the major USI cities, from mobile field launchers, beating them to the punch. Long range ICBMs then mopped the USI's major targets up.

Neither side had any defense against ballistic missiles. The Chinese even sacrificed their troops in the target areas to their own nukes, to make the surprise more complete.

The USI didn't want this, but now they couldn't avoid it. Total world war. They had underestimated the Lame Satan, who they had thought would sit this one out. Praise Allah,

they said, the last of the infidels would feel Allah's wrath, and it would be their own fault. At least they didn't shoot off enough nukes between them to trigger a nuclear winter, the major rule of the whole war.

But they drove it to the edge. Multiple exchanges of nukes soon wiped out every USI city, including the new USI capital Sword of Allah. The fanatical Islams responded with cunning ways to get nukes into Chinese cities. That left them both in virtually the same position as the old USA, like snakes with their heads lopped off.

It became like a wrestling match with both wrestlers unconscious on the mat, and the first one to wake up and pin the other's shoulders wins. The Chinese, however, had the better of it, because of their great numbers, and because the Communist Party was much more capable of surviving an assassination of its leadership, since they were just holding other ambitious people down in a multi-level organization humorously similar to Amway.

So new leadership was reestablished, secretly, after a power struggle, in the unlikely city of Lanchow, deep in the central interior.

The USI central government vanished, the former state governments too, and there was chaos, yet there were still massive numbers of troops in the field loyal to Allah.

Using their remaining satellites, the new Chinese leadership was still in sporadic control of their army, and the word was now given to move in the vacuum and take over the entire world, preparatory to a mass emigration out of the long-overpopulated Chinese mainland, to make the entire world into the New China, the Center of Man.

All Islams were to be slaughtered, every man, woman, and child. A Chinese communist central committee made this decision after displaying films of Islamic atrocities against other peoples, and pictures of human flesh banquets held by The Kill Club, Islam's military ally.

The Chinese fielded one half billion new troops, some no

more than boys, and poorly armed and fed, and launched them at the remaining opposition in Asia and Europe in a hammer blow. Now nobody could use dirty weapons, because the troops were too closely intermeshed, fighting to the death.

If the Chinese had been better equipped and could have traded man for man with the enemy, it would have been over quick, but the way it developed, one non-Chinese would kill one, two, five, ten Chinese, before being killed himself, and the next Chinese would pick up his weapons and kill a non-Chinese with it before he was killed, and another Chinese picked up his weapons, and so on, endlessly. In a numbers game the Chinese alone could win, given time, against anything the rest could do, including possible alliances, however desperate. They did.

## II

Meanwhile, on the Plains of Esdraelon, the carnage was epic, the blood indeed ran like a river, and it seemed like the end of humanity itself at time, even though, in the worldwide picture, only a small percentage of humanity was involved.

The Jews came out of hiding as giant hatches opened in the Plain, all the way back to Nazareth, like landing craft at D-Day, from below. The evacuation of the Plains in order to flood it with oil left it open for the Jewish troops to escape. The lake of fire was never completed, but many remaining Islams died trying to set up the pipeline. People were soon frantically murdering each other like a whirlwind of crazed bugs.

The Antichrist had watched the USI being Goliathed with delight, and made light of the Chinese threat after that, his attention riveted on total capture of Israel and on declaring himself Emperor of Earth, gathering up all remaining non-Chinese, and conquering the world. He had plans that seemed to have been laid long in advance, but at the same time there was something improvisational about them, and, tragically flawed. Perhaps people just didn't automatically conclude that he was the answer to all the world's problems, and flock to him like he had thought, but

there was a hollowness, a lack of enthusiasm, to his new followers' pledges of loyalty now.

By now he had spent a million fighting men and women in Israel, and had a million more just arrived to use. The size of Israel's entire population before the war had been 4 million, and he knew at least half of them had died before he even arrived. He was sure they must be down to a remnant by now, desperately hanging on. They had a million fighting men and women.

The battlefield soon grew to resemble an old WWI moonscape on the high parts, but covered with far more corpses, indeed, a deep carpet of corpses and bones. Pools of blood created small lakes throughout the battlefield, and grew daily, sometimes coalescing into larger lakes. The Plains steadily turned into a lake, not of oil as he had originally intended, but of blood, with pockets of oil smouldering like Dante's vision of Hell.

Boats were now used by both sides. No long lulls between battles now, there was constant fighting, attack and counterattack, the same clump of territory changing hands 15 times in one day.

The Antichrist had no regard for human life, he just ran his troops into a meat grinder, satisfied that they had wasted some number of Jews each time. He cynically hated anybody who had once been a Christian or Moslem, even if they claimed now to be atheist, holding their former stupidity against them as a permanent defect. He didn't care how many of them died now, he could think only of being Emperor, how that glory and status would give him the upper hand in future battles, and blandly assumed he could get fresh troops from anywhere later to throw into his one world government, calling people idiots, morons, losers, fools, if they didn't jump into action just because he ordered it. "The new world is just around the corner, just for the taking now. A world that will change mankind forever, last forever. Our lives now mean little except as to how they bring this great change about."

The Jews had children of the age of 8 in the fighting

now, both sexes. No lack of guns or ammunition on either side, just pick them up from corpses and start shooting. The Antichrist used psychological warfare relentlessly, telling them to deny God and he would spare them. They would have to prove it now by eating human flesh, Jewish flesh, blaspheme, and burn Torahs. But it was better than becoming YACC, yet another circumcised corpse, he told them.

If there was really a God, where was he now? Memories of Auschwitz and Treblinka now seemed like fond fair days to God's Chosen People. Hitler seemed like a softy. His persecution of the Jews made sense at least. Maybe the rumors that the Jewish Holocaust was a myth were true, at least compared to this one.

The Western world was bankrupt, religiously and ideologically. This was the end of the road for it. People just insanely trying to exterminate each other for the sake of long-dead ancestors and their accumulated heritages and beliefs. If The Twin had his way, and it seemed like he would, the entire Judaeo-Christian tradition would be exterminated off the face of the Earth, and, while he might succeed in building a new world order, it would be without a God, Savior, or even a morality such as Jews and Christians had at least been able to agree on over the centuries. It would be like the clock had been turned back to the naked gymnasiums of the Greeks, with the accumulated science and technology of humanity at their disposal, but with no hope of progress, if that was the word, towards a religious, spiritual world, because these Greeks had been there before, done that, and were actively seeking inoculation from it happening again.

Suddenly, the true message of Christ began to appear to the Jewish soldiers manning the battlements, the old grievances with Christendom seemed quaint, and Gospels began to be read anew throughout the Jewish camps, surreptitiously at first, behind the backs of the commanding officers, in the family quarters, but more and more Gospels were seen being whipped in and out of hiding places and really, seriously, read and considered. Starvation always helped a person's mind clear, and a euphoric, angelic, contemplative state set in, and fasting had been a part of deep religious

experience even among savage American Indians.

One day, the Jews didn't come out to play any more. They had staged a suicide wave attack and no more troops followed up their rear. There was an abandonment of arms in the field as their remaining forces retreated back into their holes, in the few remaining spots not covered by the blood lake. Scouts brought word of these last dead having been found with crucifixes on their persons, and the Christian symbol of the fish painted on their foreheads.

The he got news that made him madder than a bull. The news that the Jewish remnant had accepted Christ and were calling His name for aid. Wailing, praying, being baptised in water that miraculously sprung from deep rocks. They would never give up God now that they were saved, they informed him.

Christians believe in miracles, and there might be a connection there folks, because the weather itself suddenly became an actor in this play.

Over the hazy battlefield, the hellish lake of blood and corpses that was once Megiddo, the clouds suddenly parted, revealing a brilliant sunlight, right over the remnant. The weather was eerily clear, still, almost on hold. Fighting suddenly ceased, and silence was a shocking psychological weapon now. From the Plains, below ground, was heard a singing, a hymn to the Lord. In English. The Rock of Ages. Some of The Twin's own men dropped their weapons and fell on their faces to the ground, showing their conversion to atheism was not as complete as they professed. If they were standing on ground, and not in a lake of blood, that is.

"Now you're really dead!" he sneered at the Jews, as he still regarded them. Had he ended up being the force that finally converted the Jews to Christ, and ended Judaism, not the way he had planned, but the way Christ had planned? Would they try using Jesus' worst weapon, Love, against his own people now? Would they try to fight his people by converting them out of atheism? Not when he was still in control.

## III

"Come and get me, Jesus!" roared The Antichrist, amplified by powerful loudspeakers that sometimes screeched from feedback, motoring out onto the Plains in a Lexan-enclosed bubble boat, like he had copied from the Pope. "Let's get it over now!" He would show his followers how 'God' could be mocked, railed at, and nothing would happen to him. The bubble was dismantled and thrown overboard and The Antichrist stood proudly, like Rambo, huge rocket launcher in one arm, machine gun & flame thrower in the other, body wrapped in ammo belts, huge knives hanging from his hips, his body pumped, impressive, awesome.

His army lay silent, watching the actor ham it up. Even the ones who were atheists half-expected to see Jesus and his angels coming out of the sky, with The Antichrist there ready to give an order to pepper them with missiles and rocket fire. Many fingers edged toward the triggers, safeties off. Many others edged off the triggers, making ready to clasp hands in prayer and ask God's forgiveness if He really existed, and The Twin were a fool.

As if on cue, a sudden deafening roar came from the sky, so high nobody could see, the clouds around the parted place obscuring vision. It could have been a Titan missile launch, or a spaceship landing, or a host of angels shouting, depending on your imagination. Or maybe Chinese scout jets.

"Is that you, you fucking faggot, Jesus?" screamed The Antichrist, vituperatively as always. "Fuck you, you son of a bitch, you phony asshole, I'm going to kick your butt!" The words suddenly sounded weak, as if The Antichrist were suffering from stage fright. Or perhaps it was due to his boat swaying in the blood lake, and making him suddenly seasick.

He seemed to notice the crack in his voice, in the biggest scene of his life, and breathed out of his mouth defiantly, as if he needed to lift some heavy weights and was loading his blood with oxygen, psyching himself up against some great inner hurdle, then he got his nerve back,



and shouted, madder than anybody had ever seen him, "Where are you, Jesus? I want to kill you and eat your face. Will you show yourself to me now so I can prove you're a fraud for all time?"

He never lived to find out. For his luck finally ran out, and he was slammed by a missile that splattered him apart like a big bug, in one shot, into the lake of blood.

His closest aides later said that he was about to give orders to pull out of the area, nuke it, and head straight to Jerusalem and declare himself World Emperor, when nothing came out of the sky, proving Christianity, Armageddon, Jesus Christ, and God, to be frauds forever.

It could have been from his own men, nobody was sure. By mistake or by design, nobody knew that either. A rumor persisted that it had been a woman. A lot of rumors flew as long as The Kill Club lasted. The worst rumor was that it was a bolt from the sky, from God. People conflicted in their memories of its direction as it hit home. Nobody had taken any pictures, even his own journalists who filmed everything he did. Nobody had seen it take off, or from where. The ham had everybody's total attention at that very moment.

All of The Antichrist's plans to rally the remaining USI forces to his banner, after they gave up Allah just like Jews would give up Jehovah, and Christians Christ, then fight the Chinese, who he considered not even worth converting until he had whittled their numbers down, vanished with him, for he had never told anybody enough details, and left no clear instructions to go by. He was the boss, and thought he would live forever. We only can believe he had a plan, and that it might have worked, if he had lived to have implemented it. Later, all his plans seemed silly, when the Chinese made their real move, migration.

#### IV

But the Chinese were not the immediate problem at hand. Succession was.

The converted Jews were forgotten now in the mad scramble to see if The Antichrist were indeed dead, might not be laying somewhere, or hiding temporarily. After a crowd rushed, in battle boats, into the area where The Twin of Christ had been killed, the bright sunlight suddenly ended as fast as it had begun, and the haze of the smoky stinking battlefield, the cloudy unsure weather, returned.

The confusion among the army was now general, and all fighting of the Jews was forgotten, as many began to scramble for the leadership position, implementing long-suppressed plans. Battles broke out, thousands throwing themselves at other thousands, in several directions at the same time, all along the higher ground around the battlefield, where the blood lake had not risen to. By morning the fighting had stopped, and there was a new leader for The Kill Club, his name not important, since for a year there was an assassination and a new leader almost weekly.

The first order the new leader gave was to pull out of Israel completely, and just in time, for word was received that the Chinese were moving in, by the millions, and their own army was down to less than a million. The new leader now claimed that the old leader had ascended into the sky on purpose, leaving him in charge, and it had all been planned, leaving the new Christians to be finished off by hordes of Chinese, which they would finish off themselves later. Secretly, the new leader must have been scared of suffering The Twin's fate, and was spooked by the aura of this place, fearful of his soldiers being converted to the new Christian message. At least the Chinese would be immune to their message, from language barriers alone.

And he wanted to claim full use of the slut bunnies the first chance he could get. They went with the job now. He was surprised when some slut bunnies later told him that The Antichrist had never fucked them, was practically impotent, and just joined into their lesbian orgies, eating pussy, like a male lesbian. Very adept with his tongue and hands they said.

He had a very small penis too, The Twin did, they said, like a boy's. To tell anybody was a death sentence. He had always talked about plans to have his penis surgically enlarged after the war, and fuck them all after making them stop using birth control, to father a holy city of his sons and daughters, that would be an elite ruling class, having incestuous marriages thereafter, like the Egyptians. His problem with his cock was one of his strengths, allowing him to clear his mind from endless thoughts of the libido, and multiply his effective intellect, he told them. But eating pussy was just a dietary preference, he said.

None of the new leaders had problems with their cocks. They had a hareem of veritable virgins and became exhausted cocksman every time. One reason they were so easy to assassinate. Maybe the reason none could take The Twin's place, take up his slack when he vanished.

When they had embarked for America, they were given news that a Chinese human tidal wave had arrived on the west coast of North America from Alaska, by the tens of millions, more maybe, uncountable. And were rolling south like fire ants, claiming all for China.

Their great stronghold in the Rocky Mountains was no longer tenable, but they landed in Brazil and tried to regroup in what was left of the rain forest there, after a brief battle with the indigenous Indians. Then they moved up north trying to establish a battlefront. When they got there, they realized they were so small and weak a force, in such a sea of humanity, that they could hardly be distinguished from the refugees made by the Chinese, and were irrelevant to the whole situation now. Refugees didn't want to join any army, and a ragtag one at that. They couldn't even manufacture enough bullets to shoot a tenth of the Chinese flowing down from the north, and indeed, it seemed as if they had arrived in China itself, a drop in an ocean. This was no longer their homeland.

They were determined to make themselves relevant, and, talking to themselves a lot, they went to work, strangers in a strange land to use a worn-out metaphor, still thinking the world was theirs to win, when they had become a pimple

on its ass.

## Chapter 16. The New Dark Ages.

### I

By now you readers know that I, Benny, wrote this historical novel all myself, and made-up some of the characters, snort snort. Too bad the wars have caused us to regress back to the 20th century, but we just can't make hypertext video-audio infoproducts anymore, sorry. (You liar! You stole a lot of it from dead people! Not that they care. You need a writing critique class too. I tried to edit it up some, but alas, I could only do so much. You seem to have forgotten a lot of your American English, and/or it has been overwritten by Hebrew, Spanish, and Chinese, leaving it pretty rough around the edges. Still, nobody speaks American English or Hebrew now but us exiles anyway. -- Rachel.)

Twenty years after the death of The Antichrist, things were looking up, plain to see, life's a little better with Lipton Iced Tea. (Stop it, Benny! -- Rachel.)

Whoever said that East is East, and West is West, and never the Twain shall meet, rolled over in his grave now. He should have said Twin not twain. (Now now! -- Rachel.)

The Chinese did to the West what Gyges of Lydia once did to Candaules, the king. Slew him and took his place, after the lecherous king was stupid enough to invite Gyges to sneak into his wife's bedroom to see her beauty. (Stop that, nobody reads Herodotus now -- Rachel.)

The Chinese were swarming all over the Earth now, troops and invading hordes of immigrants, entire families. The non-Chinese had no coherent government anywhere on Earth now. The age of nations had ended. To the Chinese, all other nations had been nothing but uncivilized, savage

barbarians anyway. (Maybe by now the readers realize how your attempts to learn Chinese have affected your English, baby. The war sure gutted your emotional sensitivity: you, who inherited the world from the Baby Boomers? -- Rachel.)

There was no nuclear winter, though there were vast amounts of nuclear fallout to contend with, and great upset in the world weather patterns, causing it to be hard to grow enough to eat. Millions died of starvation, worldwide, Chinese included. But the Chinese had more millions that survived, since they could kill and steal better. And they always had taken the long view. They could wait it out.

It was like a Dark Ages for years. The Chinese had the only centralized government, and it was determined to solidify a one-world Chinese superstate, with all nuclear weapons under their control forever, guaranteeing no more nuclear wars.

The only thing stopping the behemoth of their armed forces was their sheer size, difficulty in supplying themselves, lack of seafaring ships, bad sea weather. Often progress bogged down into infighting, looting, and the setting up of little feudal kingdoms.

Many Chinese marched in long refugee-like lines over the land routes west through Asia, it sometimes snowing in July, but no humans to stop them. There weren't that many bullets left among all the non-Chinese put together. Survival of the fittest was king now.

Within a few years, millions of Chinese a month were leaving China via Siberia, to the Bering Straits and the land bridge through Alaska, down through Canada, creating a moving human land mass of its own. The flimsy makeshift ferry boats faced sometimes terrific sea storms, but the sheer number was unstoppable even by nature. Within a few years the ferries were replaced by modern, reliable flotillas of boats, and the Asian and American continents were officially linked into the New China. The Soviet Union had been swept away in the shuffle, and was a mass of Chinese people now, treating what left of the former

inhabitants like the American cowboys did their Indians.

At first the indigenous population of Canada, the old U.S., Mexico, and Central and South American countries, tried to put up a feeble organized defense to their human tidal wave, teaming up with The Kill Club when and if they met up with it, but it all soon dissipated, with the struggle for survival unmaking soldiers and armies alike.

One could kill Chinese like vermin, and still they came, getting even, bringing China and its millennia-old culture with them. The new squatters treated the non-Chinese like they didn't exist, pushing them out of the way as needed, but more usually, picking their spots and developing them: New Beijing, New Shanghai, New Tientsin, New Mukden, New Wuhan, New Dairen, New Nanking, New Chungking.

All the boundaries on the old maps were erased, if any could still be found. Paper had almost become obsolete for printing by the 2030s anyhow, and remaining paper books had long been scanned into the Net. But now, all paper was used for fire and warmth. Even Bibles.

Did the Chinese plan on at least preserving some homelands, or even some reservations, for indigenous peoples they were displacing, and their cultures? No, that was not their way. Anthropology was invented by the West not the East.

The Chinese considered their genetic pool as destined to inherit the Earth, and all the alien genes as on a par with radiation damage, something to be ultimately absorbed and healed from within by the total pool. Individuals mattered nothing to the Chinese. It was the total genetic locus, marching on, expanding its territory worldwide, swamping all opposition, human and non-human, to heal all humanity's genes. So, trying to preserve pure specimens of what they considered mutants, would have been unjustifiable.

No matter how far Chinese genes spread, the Chinese language and culture went with it, undiluted by local contacts, along with the treatment of ancient China as the center of the Earth, the middle, from which all else

radiated out like the spokes of a wheel. The Chinese leaders at the hub of the wheel enjoyed a unique position of power and authority that local self-advancing potentates themselves had to acknowledge. The Earth was becoming a one world government, with one language, one culture, one calendar, one system of money. And one religion, China's ancestor-worshipping Confucianism, mixed with Communism, and a touch of Buddhism.

What non-Chinese were left were engaged in a struggle for survival, ground down to a virtual Stone Ages. Sickness and disease, starvation, cold, genetic damage, mutations, a lack of people older than 20, a lack of any more education, a loss of language skills, the fragmentation of English itself into as many dialects as Chinese had. Computer terminals were used as fireplaces. People forgot how things worked, how to fix things, how they ever got designed and manufactured, where the raw materials had ever come from. How to read and write. What even 20th century history had been about.

The Kill Club was still around, ground down by having to bear the brunt of fighting the Chinese, who were totally immune to any of their attempts at propaganda or conversion. To the Chinese, they were just barbarians, cannibals, disrespectful of their ancestors, and not fit to live. A tribe of wild people. The ultimate proof of the degeneracy of the West. Cockroaches in their kitchen.

The Kill Club mounted the last organized defenses against Chinese coming through the Rocky Mountains, tried to set up an autonomous state, were outlasted, worn down by attrition, and finally went on the run, into hiding. They didn't make any converts this time. The entire Northern Hemisphere was lost to Chinese immigrants with the suddenness of an insect infestation.

## II

I (Benny) remember the insanity of the escape as well as if it were happening now. We fought a Chinese army until they had run out of ammunition, then fought some more until they lost every last man. By then we had run out of

ammunition, and had lost by winning. We then pulled out, only to find there was no highway, no byway, where there wasn't a sea of Chinese humanity there ahead of us, unblinking, unthinking, considering us irrelevant.

We had lost the war so completely nobody knew that there was one. We called it quits and only wanted to escape the entire continent -- their continent -- as if the discovery of it by Europeans had all been a bad dream.

The old Chinese guys in the knee-lengths and the wide brim hats, pulling carts. The look in their eyes. Like they were seeing strangers in their homeland. It was somewhere near dead Denver. I never learned the Chinese lingo and never will, I have my pride, but I swear I heard them shouting "Yankee go home".

When we weren't bogged down in the slow traffic of Chinese immigrants, we often passed busy Chinese farming communes, which we now know were established all over the American mainland, North and South, and, when those who had hereditary resistance to local background radiation had plenty to eat, breeding Chinese children like rabbits.

Former Americans were reduced to begging for handouts, if they couldn't steal food outright. They didn't fit anymore, were dinosaurs. They were steadily being flushed out of hiding and herded into what amounted to reservations. The new savages. Still amazingly white, since they were from America's hinterlands, farmlands, former small towns. But so much genetic damage that live healthy births were an event to hold celebrations over. Not many were held.

Christianity, Judaism, all religions, were given up, as nobody could read anymore, and the old ones had died and not transmitted their system to the youth very well. Nobody cared about anything other than living to the next meal now. The children all spoke Chinese and forgot their English.

The Chinese army was systematic in hunting down and capturing any nuclear materials that could be used for weapons, as every person, civilian or military, was under orders to report any suspected nuclear materials



immediately. Before the war there had been over 100 tons of weapon grade nuclear material in the custody of the various old nations, and most of it had not been used because of the Goliath effect. The top Chinese leaders were going to make sure it never was, now that they were the only Goliath on the block.

The Kill Club finally retreated East, to the East Coast, and, finding New China after New China, headed back to Europe.

In mainland Europe, the Chinese left not one white person alive, other than some halfbreeds from their own rapes. The Kill Club now frantically sent out scouts to tell them what had happened to the world. In Africa, they found few people alive, and the Chinese were swarming on in, finding the same wild untamable continent that every previous people had found, and struggling to tame it with ant-like industry. In the Middle East, they avoided the desert areas, and billions flooded into the Fertile Crescent, Mesopotamia, the Nile Valley, the ancient cradles of man there, now part of New China.

Israel was no more. It was swamped with Chinese immigrants too. The Jewish people that were left survived by segregating themselves into ghettos in their hilly fastnesses, although they now called themselves Christians, believing that Christ had sent the Chinese to stop The Antichrist, and that He had been the Jewish Messiah after all, a false Messiah send by God to punish them for not accepting Christ. Their version was that Jesus Christ had come out of the sky like it said He would in Revelation, and struck The Antichrist dead. Having been fulfilled in the main, leaving only their tiny remnant as His true believers, Revelation was now to be discarded, and became taboo to even read or publish. All the rest of Christendom had been false, and was struck down by the hand of God.

The Chinese version of the death of The Antichrist was that he was shot down by a Chinese warplane, although no actual Chinese pilot ever claimed credit for the kill, and nobody had actually seen it.

The New Christians quietly dedicated themselves to spreading the word of Christ to the Chinese, even if it took two thousand years more to do it. It probably would take more than that. (Stop it Benny! -- Rachel).

At least when they win this time, the world will come preordained to be one, with no more sects, countries, races, or other divisive forces to worry about, the world war having accomplished this much, fuck it. But then, maybe The Kill Club will finally catch on with Chinese, and the Chinese will split into Christian and Kill Club camps, and have another world war. History will judge long after our time.

Ironically, Marxist-Leninist atheistic Communism was destroyed when it had finally taken over the world, the Islamic attacks at least accomplishing that much. The people of New China went back to the old ways, as Confucianism and some Buddhism swamped it out. The old dead Communist leaders were worshipped just like everybody's ancestors, no more, no less.

There was no real hatred of Christianity per se, any more than any other dead religion. People would add crucifixes they dug up to their altars to worship with other gods and spirits of ancestors, old pictures of Mao and Stalin, whatever. Even The Twin.

### III

Postscript:

We now live in hiding in the hinterlands of Ireland, where The Kill Club has caves, underwater and above water, and a city of 100,000 die-hards, living mainly off the sea, dedicated to preserving human knowledge, libraries, cataloguing artifacts. We have a supply of computers, magnetic and laser storage devices, and parts, although we have lost the knowledge of how they were made. Rachel and I count ourselves lucky to be still living, but our training as Israeli soldiers helped us beat the odds.

It is ironic that the chips developed in the 20th-21st

centuries made it possible to store all of human knowledge in a box that would fit comfortably in a room, but the knowledge of how to make that box, and the viewing equipment, is now lost, along with the manufacturing facilities for it. Among the few paper books we have copies of, is the Bible. The Jehovah's Witless dry translation of it.

The Kill Club still has a foothold in the oceans and seas, the Chinese not being a seafaring people, leaving it mainly alone, while infesting the lands of every continent. We had lived like pirates for a time, out in the South Pacific, the Caribbean, Iceland, Malaysia, Norway, now Ireland. Remember Captain Nemo and the Nautilus?

Rachel and I finally fell out of love, after all, she got too old for me and went lesbian again, and she and I found many lovers, hetero and homosexual, ever since. Correction, monogamous love. She sucks my cock in the library shelves when it comes up stiff. (True, there blows Old Faithful again, your asshole, get it? -- Rachel.) But we remember how we got each other out, and that is a special bond that causes us to work in the library together.

In these fifty years the world population increased back to 3 billion worldwide, the former countries of the world now erased, and new Chinese provinces remaking the map. Chinese genes dominate the world gene pool now, as if I hadn't mentioned that. It's just so hard to really grasp it. It is not clear what happened to other races, why they didn't make a bigger splash, or even what good they had been. You can only just make out some traits in different groups of Chinese that might remind you of them. Rachel and I have seen them on their TV broadcasts, bouncing off old satellites, talking their sing-song gobbledygook, knee how ma, hung how, sure boo sure, wo tsen hun boo she wan knee, and so on. (Ara, uchi no Twin San ga wani ni kuwarete iru yo -- Rachel, 2 years of College Japanese and some pillow lessons from a Japanese librarian. [Look! Our Twin is being eaten by a crocodile.])

They act like China is the only country that ever existed, and nothing has changed except that its size has

expanded. The former races, countries, religions, languages, mean no more to them than the Aztecs and Incas meant to the Spanish Conquistadores. I wonder if the Chinese ever heard of any of them. Almost like they had been planning for this worldwide expansion and the rest of the world's peoples had nothing to do with it. Squatters. So the West will not go down in history after all.

Maybe the Chinese knew all along that the other races would kill each other off with World Wars over trivial philosophical and racial differences while they just waited it out, then marched out and celebrated as they just moved on in. They always thought of themselves as the true master race didn't they? Look at the way Buddha smiles.

Strangely, the only whites we know of left are all in The Kill Club, as well as the only blacks, maybe the only people without Chinese genes in them left. And we have about 3% interracial marriage, the old racial issues still unresolved and nobody in a position to do so. Maybe that is the final irony. The world gets along quite nicely without our white and black races now, much less semitic races or other fine divisions of non-Chinese. There is no more war, and many or all of the old struggles that dominated the world are just a museum footnote, a picture of another world, that you don't want to have to study if you're Chinese, unless maybe you're a scholar. Did the meek inherit the Earth?

The dreams of a succession of new Antichrists turned out to be just as hollow as the pie in the sky of the old religions, and indeed degenerated into a Christian-like doctrine that their Messiah would arrive some day, perhaps a thousand years down the pike, maybe from the sky, maybe after a trip to outer space. Rachel and I don't believe in anything anymore, them included. We're just trying to survive. Why doesn't Rachel weep for the lost billions? (I don't know, but I can't, sorry, I'm fresh out of tears -- Rachel.)

I hate to admit it, but The Kill Club still has a supply of nukes hidden, waiting for a new Antichrist to tell them when and where to use them.

Too bad there's no Western world anymore, or I could win a Pulitzer for this story. (Sail some high seas and check back with me. It's not a story it's a historical novel. If it didn't really happen nobody would ever let you publish such imaginative fantasies that open their minds too much. If the survivors all weren't Kill Club members they'd put you in jail for some thought crime offense. There's that, and there's the problem that you're no Solzhenitsyn or Dostoyevsky. -- Rachel.) (Hey! I said Pulitzer not Nobel! A thousand years from now I'll be considered the Herodotus of dead America. That's why I referred to him. I take exception too! I'm just not as wordy as Dostoyevsky. He had his apocalypse, I have mine. And it's an historical novel, not a historical novel, English Major. -- Benny.)

## IV

Rachel agreed not to touch this last section. (Check -- Rachel.)

"The stars in space, aren't they utterly beautiful?" I asked Rachel one night, after work in the library, like we had once been, holding hands.

"Beautiful yes, from here. From where they sit, if they had watched all the horrors on this ugly ball, and done nothing, they don't deserve our admiration."

"Maybe they were once shitholes like this planet, and blew themselves up, turning into suns," I replied.

"If we had all just tried to love each other, and embrace our differences, instead of trying to judge each other, and eliminate all differences, how far ahead would our world be?"

"And how far ahead of that if the best had truly been allowed to rule, and not been attacked for being different?"

"Nobody can ever rule humanity. That's why it is destined to put out all those stars one day in its future wars."

We still saw eye to eye after all these years.

THE END

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